MUSIC--DRAMA--ART.

CHANGES AT THE THALIA THEATRE.

A new management will have control of the Thalia Theatre next season. Mlle. Catrelly, the manager, who has had charge of it since it was opened, will sail for Europe next month. She will remain there for a year or more and will fill several professional engagements. She has resigned her position here, and Heinrich Conried, formerly connected with the theatre and favorably known as an actor, will succeed her in the stage department. The other lessees and managers will be Gustave Amberg and Carl Herrmann. Mr. Conried sailed yesterday on the steamer Main for Europe, where he will engage new attractions for the coming season. Mr. Amberg will follow on May 5, to assist in the engagement of stars. Marie Geistinger will be retained next season and will add a number of plays to her already extensive repertoire. She will play thirty nights more in the present season. After that she will travel through the West under Mr. Amberg's management. The managers of the theatre intend, if possible, to make an arrangement with the Elevated Railway Company by which those of their audience who wish may reach the theatre by a separate stairway extending from the front of the building to a balcony on the road.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. Bartley Campbell's drama of "My Partner" will be represented at Niblo's Theatre this week, with Mr. Louis Aldrich, Mr. Oliver H. Barr, Mr. Frank Mordaunt and Mr. Charles T. Parsloe in the cast. This piece, it will be remembered, was an immediate and unusual success, when first produced in this city, at the Union Square Theatre. Mr. Boucicault will appear at Niblo's, on April 18, as Coy, in "The Shaughraun."

A letter from London says: "Things theatrical here are generally prosperous. The sacred lunatic burlesque burns undimmed at the Gaiety. The Strand, with 'Olivette,' the Opera Comique, with 'The Pirates of Penzance,' the Adelphi, with 'Michel Strogoff,' the Haymarket, with 'Money' and Lacy, and the Prince of Wales, with Burnand's 'Colonel,' are all doing great business."

At Covent Garden this season Mr. Gye's company will include Mmes. Adelina Patti, Albani, Sembrich (the young German singer whose debut at this theatre last season was so successful) and Scalchi and Mlle. Valleria, lately of Mr. Maple's company. Among the men are Nicolini and Gayarre, tenors, and Lasalle, Cotogni and Cotogni, jun. Two novelties are promised—Rubinstein's "Demon," with Mme. Albani, and Mozart's "Seraglio," with Mme. Sembrich.

The spirit in which Mr. McCullough has departed to try his fortune on the London stage, may be inferred from the brief speech that he made, last Monday night, at the farewell dinner that was given to his honor, at Denmonico's: "If I succeed I shall be grateful, but not unduly elated. If I fail I shall not be soured by disappointment. My hope is that I may prove myself not altogether unworthy of the great kindness that has been shown to me in America, and of the good-will and good opinion that are so touchingly expressed in this occasion."

On Wednesday evening, April 20, the Yale Glee Club will give its annual concert for the benefit of the Yale Boat Club, at Chickering Hall. At its concert last year almost every piece received a double encore, and the club this year sings fully as well as last. Its rendering of college songs, glees, warbles, solos, quartets and choruses cannot fail to please all college graduates. Those people especially who have yet to hear the quaint, delightful harmonies peculiar to college song can enjoy a novel and pleasing concert. Tickets are for sale at Chickering Hall and at Schuberth's music store.

Miss Lotta appears this week, at the Park Theatre, as *Little Nell* and the *Marchioness*. The drama in which she acts is the one that was written for her by the late John Brougham, on the basis of "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Charles Dickens. Mr. Raymond's engagement at the Park ended last night. It has been exceedingly prosperous, and this popular comedian, with his new character of *Fresh, the American*, has fairly entered upon a new period of good fortune. Mr. Raymond has given so much innocent pleasure, and exerted such a bright and cheerful influence that everybody rejoices in his augmented success. The marriage of Mr. Raymond and Miss Barnes takes place to-day, at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.

The scenery, dresses, and properties for the spectacle of "Castles in Spain" have arrived in this city, and the piece will be produced, at Niblo's, under the direction of Mr. Alberto Bernis, on May 9. The musical part of this entertainment will be directed by Sig. Rialfi. The business manager of the affair is Mr. F. Roldos. The new spectacle has been adapted to our stage by Senor Arturo Cuyas, the accomplished editor of *La Llumenara*. It consists of seventeen scenes, and the plot is sketched as follows:

An old sergeant, who has been with the Army in Flanders, and who builds castles in which he sees himself a General of the Army, has two daughters who are in love with two students. Imbibing their father's views and hoping to wed noblemen, they jilt their lovers, who seek the aid of a witch. She invokes the powers of darkness, and they evolve a scheme. Not far away lives an old marquis, who has two nephews, absent for many years, serving in a foreign army. The students impose themselves upon the marquis as his nephews, introduce the witch to the castle as duenna and invite thither the sergeant and their sweethearts with a view to marriage. At this point the marquis's real nephews arrive, and the plans are thrown into confusion. The students deny the nephews admission to their home, and they depart for the encampment of a body of soldiers in the neighborhood to invoke aid to enforce their rights. Meantime the witch, in the guise of a matadore, visits the encampment, gets the soldiers drunk and changes them into monkeys, and their uniforms are donned by a party of students. An assault upon the castle by dwarfs ends with an explosion which makes a breach in the walls. The affrighted inmates take refuge in an enchanted cave, from which they only escape on the marriage of the students and their sweethearts, which dissolves the castles built by the girls and their father. The piece ends with an act wherein the four seasons are represented, and these dissolve into one another, beginning with autumn and ending with summer.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

FIFTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

We have received from a friend of the artist a vigorous protest against the hanging of two pictures in the corridor, Nos. 47 and 89, painted by Mr. W. M. Brown. These pictures are fruit-pieces, and they are hung, the one on the west side of the corridor, the other on the east side, and both close down by the floor. This sounds, to read it, rather ignominious, but, in reality, the place to which Mr. Brown's pictures have been assigned is much better than some others that seem to be more advantageous. In hanging the pictures this year, an innovation was made on the old order in putting a large number of works in a line close to the floor, just enough above it to escape the visitors' feet, and yet, owing to the angle at which they are set, almost as easily seen as if they were on what is technically called "the lines." All pictures cannot be hung on the line; nor outside the line, can all pictures have an equally good place. This new arrangement was honestly devised to give a number of pictures that found themselves crowded out of the good place on the wall other places, where they could at least be seen. It is certainly better to have one of these floor places than to be skyed. But our correspondent is not satisfied with the situation assigned to Mr. Brown's pictures because, as he says, they are "masterpieces," and he draws an indignant moral from the contrast between the "trash" that is given a comfortable place on the line, and the "masterpieces" that are allowed to gather dust along the floor. Here we are reluctantly obliged to part company with our correspondent, for, as mildly as we can, we would regret the absence from this exhibition of any work of art to which the term "masterpiece" can rightly be applied. And certainly Mr. Brown's labored and conscientious pictures are among the very last to which we should apply the much abused term. No doubt it is true, as our correspondent says, that "they must have taken months to execute." But they might have taken him years to execute, and been none the more masterpieces for that. Labored, conscientious pictures, but inartistic and uninteresting, is the verdict we should, if left to ourselves, pronounce upon these canvases. They show unflagging diligence, close observation, a true eye for certain facts and an uncommon amount of technical skill. But they show, also, a want of artistic perception, an eye unaccustomed to selection among the crowd of objects it surveys, and perfectly satisfied to work for months at copying things intrinsically ugly, or, at least, uninteresting. To an artist, or to a person who values things for their artistic merit, these pictures are by no means pleasant to look at, and all the skill employed in them cannot outweigh the discomfort produced to the eye by these crude and inharmonious colors, and to the mind by the vulgarity of the objects chosen for study. The very color of the curtain introduced into both pictures, with out rhyme or reason—a mere conventional or stock piece of picture-making—is enough to condemn these two paintings, to any educated eye. And how ugly are the dishes and other porcelain vessels introduced as accessories into No. 47! They are merely accessories, too, and cannot escape our indictment on any plea of usefulness. They thrust themselves before us as proofs of the artist's want of discrimination, the result of his want of familiarity with really beautiful or picturesque objects. And this want of knowledge, this want of taste, spoils for a great many people two pictures which are, from certain points of view, worthy of high commendation. No. 89 is, to our thinking, much the better picture of the two; the ugly silver basket is not obtruded, the peaches are studied with great fidelity and look very tempting, and the pearl-handled knife is prettily painted. The grapes, too, are excellent. In No. 47, as we have said, the accessories are as ugly as they can well be. A common yellow earthen-ware bowl with blue flowers or birds rudely scrawled on a white unfeeling hand, such as we often see, with other cheap crockery, laid out on the sidewalk for sale, is worth more to an artist for his picture—nay, an artist would rather have it about him in daily life—than one of these polished insulties of French, German, or English manufacture. If we wanted a text from which to preach the mistakes an artist is liable to make in treating such a subject, we could not ask him for a stronger one than this No. 47. And yet we are inclined to think that want of taste is, after all, the worst of its faults. And our correspondent is undoubtedly right in claiming that many worse pictures here are better hung.

No. 140, in the North Room, by Widney Griswold is a picture of the same kind as these of Mr. Brown, and, while treated in a more conventionally artistic way, is yet almost as much a sinner on the score of taste as they are. A dead duck, a cabbage, a cut lemon, some shrimps, a pressed glass tumbler with a spoon in it, and a white table-cloth or napkin are the incongruous ingredients of the composition. Mr. Brown's pictures are respectable at least for the industry shown in bringing them so near the point of imitative perfection; to use they are more interesting as genuine, if unmatured, productions than so many still life pictures one sees that have not blunted a certain studio cleverness to balance a taste as little developed as that of Mr. Brown.

Mr. Minor Ramsey's "Still Life," No. 61, is a well-composed picture, and might teach many valuable lessons to a person who needed to know how to look at subjects of this sort, and who yet was not able to see in the masterpieces shown Mr. Ramsey has evidently studied the old Dutch painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and applied a science in the treatment of still life as rare the French Chardin, or, as he, the French Vollon. Although the results Mr. Ramsey wants could look cold and dead, and, as Mr. Brown's fruit looks hardier than the peaches in No. 47, so Mr. Ramsey's country will not [illegible] the Dutch in [illegible] a hard major [illegible] Mr. Brown's "Apples" or Mr. Ramsey's "Fruit," is one American artist whom they may [illegible] the old Dutch masters. [illegible] Mr. Brown's hands. Either who would be [illegible] the old Dutch masters, [illegible] Mr. Ramsey's "Fruit" [illegible] Mr. Brown's "Apples" [illegible] Mr. Ramsey's "Fruit." [illegible] American artist [illegible] a potato or a turnip. It is a mere [illegible] and the drawing [illegible] a basket of fruit to make them look as they really were [illegible] learn how to paint these things very simply [illegible] possible—and this shall be to paint them in more acceptable, the artist needs to learn next how to make a picture out of his common place material [illegible] Mr. Brown's apples [illegible] expect the editor to accept them as [illegible] Cole's Oxbow from the exhibition, and count on their [illegible] according to a picture. This painting is hard in its position, cold in color and barren in subject, but it is respectable for the proof it gives that the artist is trying to find out how things really look. Only let him consider this: that three or four apples in a plate would have taught him all he has learned from this jug basket full; that if all the three or four apples had been of different colors and kinds he would have learned more than he can have learned from painting apples all alike; in short, that had he made his picture pleasant to look at, instead of making it dreary, both he and his picture would have been better off. The simple fact is, that if we want a big basket full of apples and asked an artist, we go to our marketman for it; we don't go to an artist. The only excuse for a painting of fruit, still life, or game of fish, is that the artist shall know how to make the colors and forms of his subjects pictorial.

Mr. Adam Lehr has two game subjects in the Parlor, Nos. 748 and 749, which show no little technical skill. For ourselves we take no interest in what gives pleasure to many people, the imitation of boards grained and marked like the natural woods, with game suspended by would be real cord from a would be real nail. This is not only lost labor, but it is essentially inartistic, for art works not by imitation but by suggestion. Suggestion has no limit, but imitation has an easy limit in the inquisitiveness and pride of the senses which quicken them to spy out defects and to resent being fooled. So that, when the deception is once found out, it soon grows stale, and is flouted for a cheap toy good to take in children but unworthy of men. Mr. Lehr, however, it is fair to say, does not risk his talent on too much of this sort of thing, but drops his imitative tricks when he comes to the main matter, and paints his birds in a straightforward, manly manner, with good drawing, true local color, skillful grouping and successful rendering, up to a certain point, by texture. If it be not too bold to say so, we may report that Mr. Lehr has graduated, like hundreds of good painters before him, not from any so-called academy, but from the shop of the house painter. His education has been a practical one, and the criterion to which his work has been exposed thus far is the criterion not of the studios and the writers, but of the street and the business men whose signs he has painted. This is an experience which ought to be valuable, but the chief value of it should be found in the foundation it gives the artist to work on. He must build higher, or he will always be a sign painter. He ought to throw away the taking arts by which he has pleased the crowd, and show them something better which can please them more permanently. He certainly has the skill which comes from long study and practice, and he ought, in our opinion, to apply it to painting things as he sees them, and not as conventional rules teach him they should be seen. These birds are well done, but they are well done in the same way in which a dozen other men do them; they are perfect colored lithographs, extremely clever which easily match them in excellence. In other words, there is no style about these paintings. This is not Mr. Lehr's way of looking at dead birds, it is the copy-book's way, and distinction can only be arrived at by burning our copy-books behind us and launching out alone.

PUBLIC OPINION.

When a man is set up higher than his party, the man must either come down a peg or the party will go down altogether.—[Albany Journal (Rep.)

In any issue between Garfield and Conkling, Southern Senators should not hesitate a moment to back the former in his nominations against the latter.—[Augusta Chronicle (Dem.)

As to that Robertson nomination, Conkling resembles the dog that started to chase the wolf. He ran so well that he passed the wolf and went ahead, and suddenly the wolf chase turned into a dog chase.—[Indianapolis News (Ind.)

There is no foundation whatever for the report that Governor Foster is going abroad. He would not accept a foreign mission. The Democrats are very anxious that he should leave the country, at least until after the October election. He won't gratify them.—[Cincinnati Gazette (Rep.)

PATIENCE RECOMMENDED.

From The Boston Journal (Rep.)

While Republicans may be annoyed or anxious respecting the struggle in the Senate, they should bear in mind that the men who are leading on the Republican side are Senators Dawes, Hoar, Sherman, Edmunds, Morrill, of Vermont, Hawley, of Connecticut, Anthony, Burnside, Harrison, of Indiana, Frye and Hale, of Maine. Many of them have been long in public life, and during that period they have never brought reproach upon their party or betrayed Republican principles. All of them who were in Congress at that time fought the corrupt schemes of General Butler; all of them stood up for specie payments and for the maintenance of the public credit. In short, they have always acquitted themselves in a manner which has been creditable to the Republican party. There have been seasons before when we could not fully understand their motives, but in the end have we not come to the conclusion that they were right?

YES, WHY!

From The Galveston News (Dem.)

Senator Hill, who now so eloquently declaims against the defection of Mahone, declared in an eloquent letter, just after the defeat of Hancock, that the Democratic party ought to be disbanded and replaced by some party less embarrassed by sectional prejudices and more abreast with questions and exigencies of the hour. He even now admits that it would be a good thing for the country if both parties were disbanded, so that the people North and South, untrammelled by attachments to old party organizations, could divide on new and healthy issues. He admits that the present cohesion of the two old parties is so conditioned as to exclude unity of sentiment or action upon such issues. He admits that neither of these parties can give any exclusive reason for its continued existence. Then, in the name of conscience and common sense, why should he join with other oratorical gladiators in wreaking vengeance upon Senator Mahone for his defection to one of these parties?

SENATOR CONKLING DISSECTS THE DEMOCRATIC CRY OF A BARGAIN.

From an Interview in The Pittsburg Commercial Gazette (Rep.)

It was amusing the struggles the Democrats made to capture Mahone. Talk about bargaining for his vote in the organization of the Senate. There will be some rich history published some day that will not reflect great credit on them. They fawned on him, they ran after him, they vied with each other in saying nice things of him. They actually appointed special committees of their distinguished Senators to wait on him and offer him his pick of all the places about the Senate, as many as he wanted, to give him his choice of committees on which to serve, and chairmanships too. In short they took him up to a high elevation and offered him all the real estate in the neighborhood if he would do their bidding. He declined to serve them, and how they pitch into him now! He voted with us to organize the Senate committees. He had a political friend he desired made Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate. The Democrats would have been glad to give him the place, but now they denounce him as a repudiator, a rebel, and everything else to conceal the real grounds of their opposition. This defection of Mahone's is of the utmost importance to us. He has a strong following in the State of Virginia of 30,000 determined men—men who carry shotguns and who know how to use them—and in a battle like this in the South, for the purity of the ballot, such men will be of service. If the Bourbon Democrats attempt to bulldoze and drive away from the polls this fall the colored men and the white Republicans they will get into trouble. It is the entering wedge for breaking up the Solid South.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

SUGGESTED RELIEF FOR SCIO.

MR. THURLOW WEED PROMISES TO CONTRIBUTE LIBERALLY TO HELP THE SUFFERERS.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

SIR: Confident that the American heart has been deeply touched by the appalling intelligence of the earthquake which occasioned unparalleled destruction and suffering in the Grecian isle of Scio, I have been impatiently and anxiously waiting for a movement designed to relieve the houseless, naked and starving survivors. Such a movement would have been general and spontaneous had the calamity fallen upon our neighbors. But the fact that relief cannot immediately reach the sufferers should not stay our hands or repress our sympathies. The magnitude of that calamity calls for immediate relief. From our great abundance that relief can, and I doubt not will, be cheerfully extended. Let an appeal be made from an organization in this city, and tens of thousands of hands and hearts from every section of our country will respond. The Government surely will dispatch a steamer conveying food and clothing for the relief of those so greatly in need. A United States ship cannot in any other way render a service acceptable to our people and less honorable to our Government. Should this suggestion be acted on, my contribution to the fund will be $500.

T. W.

New-York, April 10, 1881.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE STREETS.

SOME ELEMENTARY COMMENTS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE BLATHERSKITES.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: You warned us a few days ago, and we decidedly felt, of course, the force of your remarks upon the inadvisability of the [illegible] of the [illegible] Board of Aldermen [illegible] Board of Aldermen [illegible] Board of Aldermen