The Minstrel Show.

On Friday afternoon, at the Hollis Street Theatre, Technology made its début in the stage world with complete, surprising, and unprecedented success. Even the most sanguine were satisfied with the Minstrel Show. From beginning to end everything went with a professional smoothness and dash, and one of the largest and most fashionable audiences that the Hollis has had this season went away delighted with so pleasant an afternoon’s entertainment.

Those who attended the public rehearsal Monday would scarcely have recognized the performance of Friday, so thorough had been the work of the coaches in revising, rearranging, and changing the various details.

The programmes were tastefully gotten up in Tech. colors of red and gray, and contained besides the cast, and several half tones of different scenes in the play, the following verses which appeared anonymously:—

TECH.
No lover’s song, and no jigging reel,
To an orchestra’s thrill and beck:
The clangor of steel on hammered steel—
That is the note of Tech.
The flowers we gather are hardy and few,
But little of that we reck:
To sow seed of science the man-world through—
That is the work of Tech.
The trumpet song that is Action’s cue,
The song of the engine deck,
The song of the men who learn to do:
That is the song of Tech.
The living force in the heart of the ship,
Not the grace of the quarterdeck,
Pulse of the heart, not word of the lip:
Those are the men of Tech.

The musical numbers of the programme were remarkably well rendered, and showed great improvement since the rehearsal. The work of the chorus especially showed the effect of hard and conscientious training in the intervening three days. The hesitancy in beginning, which was so painfully in evidence at the dress rehearsal, was largely eliminated. The orchestral accompaniment was well nigh perfect, there being none of the "brass band" effect, frequently so prominent in even professional performances, to drown the voices of the chorus. Mr. Mul-laly certainly belongs in the front rank of orchestral conductors.

The solos were, on the whole, excellent, and enthusiastically received by the audience. Davis, in "Scared Up," carried out his part to the letter. "De Massa ob de Sheepfol," by Brush, and the "Transcription from Siegel," a mandolin solo by Hall, possessed the most musical merit, and were correspondingly appreciated by the genuine lovers of music. "My Ann Eliza," by Grant, scored a decided hit, and the appearance of the lady in question, with her "Lawson pink," brought down the house. The allusions to Technology affairs by Merrick in "What I Know," were thoroughly appreciated, and deservedly encored. "Mr. Johnson, Don’t Get Gay," by Emery, was a decided success. The stage presence of Messrs. Merrick and Emery is deserving of especial note. Waldron Holmes Rand, Jr’s "Owl Song," as sung by Messrs. Johnson, Derby, Emery, and Brush, proved to be one of the most popular numbers on the programme.

The end men, fortunately, had been supplied with a lot of new jokes which were, with the exception of one or two brought over from Monday, highly amusing. Plumb made a capital interlocutor.

The work in the sketch showed the good effects of two or three rehearsals, but in general it did not compare with the high standard of the rest of the performance. The faults were due as much to the inconsistencies of the sketch itself as to the acting. Nevertheless, it held the attention of the audience, and was in places very clever.

The selections by the Banjo Club were appreciated highly by the audience. The experiment of bringing in the Plantation Shuffle at this point, instead of at the end of the ballet, was an improvement over Monday,