

THE HARVARD CLUB DINNER.

TENTH ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE ASSOCIATION—ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT CHOATE—THE TOASTS.

Last evening the Harvard Club, of this City, held their tenth annual dinner at Delmonico's. The occasion proved a most enjoyable one, as an unusual number were present. The dinner hour was fixed at 6:30, though the great majority of the diners assembled at 6 o'clock, and enjoyed the pleasure of social converse with old friends and classmates. When the word was given to file into the banqueting room, there were present about ninety-five gentlemen, exclusive of the celebrities and invited guests, who sat on the dais. The latter included Hon. Joseph H. Choate, the President of the association, who occupied the centre of the table; President Eliot, of Harvard University, upon his right hand; Prof. Peirce, of the Coast Survey, upon his left; Dr. Bellows; William M. Pritchard, a well-known lawyer of this City; James C. Carter, who succeeded Mr. O'Connor in the charge of the Ring suits; John O. Sargent, who is better known to the public through his brother, Epes Sargent, of Boston; Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, and Dr. John O. Stone, one of the oldest and most respected medical practitioners of the City.

After the dinner had been discussed and every man had stirred his coffee and lighted his cigar the President, Mr. Choate, gave a few tremulous strokes of the gavel upon the table to enforce silence, and when it had been obtained began his inaugural address. He said that he had promised and proclaimed when the members of the club had done him the unmerited honor of electing him last year that nothing short of some tremendous catastrophe, not likely to occur, would induce him to allow his name to be presented as candidate for a third term. [Uproarious applause.] It was no longer possible to disguise the fact that the unforeseen catastrophe meant was simply their willingness to elect him. [More laughter.] And now that it was done he presumed that they must content themselves with his solemn promise not to tamper with their electoral franchise. Presidents, he could assure them, even thrice elected, were of common clay, like unto themselves, and in this there was no distinction between Presidents of associations like their own and of the widest spheres. He could only account for the mystery of his being elected for a third term by the supposition that, as in the general country every State wanted to name the President, so in the Harvard Club every class desired to gain the same distinction. And as they could none of them succeed, they were all more willing that the old incumbent should retain his honors than that they should be worn by a hated rival. And as there was nothing in their constitution or by-laws to prevent such a catastrophe, it fell out that he was there again to make the inaugural speech. He congratulated them heartily on the fact that their Alma Mater was more vigorous, more prolific, than ever before, but complained, as usual, of her impecuniosity, though she had gathered no less than two hundred and fifty freshmen to her teeming breasts, and like Cornelia of old times, pointed to them and cried aloud, "These are my jewels." It was no wonder that with such an increase the President was continually calling for more professors and tutors to carry on the business of nursing the numerous children. The report of fair Harvard, which he dutifully read for the occasion, testified plainly that Harvard was becoming every year a harder place to get into, a harder place to stay in, and a harder place to get out of. [Great cheering and laughter.] Nor was this the worst, for there was no knowing to what altitudes the ideas of Prof. Eliot might stretch on the subject of higher education. Of what use was it that hard working Alumni should rear up families when the stony-hearted curriculum was becoming a thing beyond the conception of ordinary men. For instance, he might suppose the case of Dr. Bellows and himself presenting their latest born scions in the beginning of the twentieth century, but by that time to what celestial sphere might not the ever-rising grading of examinations have ascended? How would their ineffectual fires pale before the electric lights that will flash forth in those days? But for the men of past classes it was a melancholy business to study the rising flames of this higher and higher education, for as it advanced so did they recede in geometric retrocession back into the mists of ignorance. By comparing the papers of the freshmen of to-day with those of the youngest alumni present at that dinner, the conclusion was inevitably reached that the truly dark ages existed about the time of the famous Classes of '29 and '32, and it became doubtful if they ever knew anything at all. [Roars of laughter.] Speaking of the wonderful Class of '29, he would congratulate them on the presence of two of the most distinguished members, Dr. Clarke and Dr. Peirce, who needed only the assurance of your welcome to respond with a hearty acceptance to my invitation. Dr. Peirce was specially delighted to accept, when he was assured that most of those who would be present were eager students of the higher mathematics, resolute seekers after the knowledge that is unknowable; and after solutions of the problems that are unsolvable. He regretted the absence of a blackboard, without which he had been given to understand that Prof. Peirce could not dine with altogether absolute comfort, but from observation he believed that he had managed to dine. [More laughter.]

He had been to Harvard in pursuance of his duties as President, and had seen new faces, new studies, new systems. Occasionally he came across old relics, such as Holden Chapel and Prof. Peirce, whose professional reign dated back to the golden times of Jared Sparks. There was one virtue that he had always noted in the Professor. Whenever bonfires or disturbances of a similar nature had occurred in Cambridge he had always stoutly maintained that the trouble was outside the walls of fair Harvard and not within. [Applause and laughter.] Seriously, they could not be sufficiently thankful to these gentlemen of '29, one of whom had left to dine with them his unfinished sermon, and the other his unfinished problem. [Laughter.] And he was glad to tell them, in all soberness, that the Harvard Club was an important fact in the matter, for its influence was steadily employed in making known the virtues, and the honor, and fine feeling of the Alma Mater. And the results had been important. Formerly, the New-Yorkers entered at Cambridge were scanty stragglers, and now they constituted one-eighth of the whole number of Freshmen. [Great applause.] And in his inmost heart he rejoiced at this, for Harvard was the best thing within his knowledge, and its increase could only be an influence for good ends. During 240 years it had been the one noble institution of Massachusetts and the one saving grace of Boston. [Hear! hear! laughter, and applause.] Everything else changed with the world's changes, but their Alma Mater ever remained the faithful mother of them all. Therefore should every effort be made to extend her influence and to extol her merits to increase her numbers. The Harvard Club of New-York numbered 180, but there were twice as many Alumni resident in or near New-York, and he, for one, would not be satisfied until the last man of them became a member. It would be strange if in this year of historic memories any number of Harvard men could assemble without making some reference to the Centennial. He would not enlarge upon this theme, nor make it the centre of any allusions. But there was one thing he would say, and that was, that from the beginning until now, the sons of Harvard had distinguished themselves pre-eminently for their manhood. They had no more faltered in '61 than in '75. His class-mate, Paul Revere, had said to the family that sought with tears to keep him from the ranks of war, "I should feel humbled if I did not do my whole duty by going." Then they desisted, and he went and gave up his life on the battle-field. And as there were Paul Reveres in 1861, so there were also Warrens, for there was one who led the brave colored people in the blood-stained trenches of Charleston, and laid down his life nobly in the assault of Fort Wagner. Faithfully can that Warren be laid by the side of the older Warren, and that Revere alongside of the hero of the Continental war. Surely, surely the enduring manhood and spirit of fair Harvard were as much exemplified in these latter days as in the former. [Cheering and applause that lasted for many minutes.]

The following toasts were then presented in due succession: "The President and Faculty of Harvard," responded to by President Eliot; "Sons of Harvard in War," Artemus H. Holmes; "Alma Mater," Dr. Bellows; "The Overseers of Harvard," Prof. Clarke; "The University," Prof. Peirce; and the "Dinner Committee," by Secretary Francis M. Weld.

A MISSING MERCHANT.

William H. Ward, a Broadway fancy goods merchant has been missing since 6 P. M. on Thursday, and Superintendent Walling sent out yesterday a general alarm to all the Police stations in the City, directing that the hotels and hospitals be searched. The friends of the missing man are at a loss to account for his mysterious disappearance, as he was