THE action of Harvard regarding last summer’s Harvard-Columbia race seems to have dispelled the kindly feeling which has for a long time existed between the two colleges, and to have brought not a little discredit upon the former. From the facts of the case as we have them, it seems, however, that the Cambridge crew, though undoubtedly in the wrong, acted under an unfortunate mistake, and hardly deserve the censure which has been heaped upon them. The race, as will be remembered, was to have taken place on June 24, but on account of the sad drowning of Columbia’s coxswain was delayed until July 3. As at first arranged, it was to be rowed on a “fair ebb tide,” although there was no written agreement to that effect. Harvard claimed the right to name the hour, and declined to row on July 3 unless within a half-hour after flood. The two crews were then unable to agree upon an hour, and the Harvard coach, supposing there would be no race, told his crew to go out of training and to start for home when they pleased. They did so; and the morning of July 3 found Columbia alone in New London. On that day, at the hour fixed for the first race, Columbia rowed over the course alone, and the referee awarded to them the race. An apology for Harvard’s conduct has been sent from the alumni of that college to Columbia.

The November Atlantic is full of interest. It is opened by Thomas Hardy’s “Two on a Tower,” and we recommend any undergraduates who may be sentimentally inclined to take to heart the stern good sense of the bishop’s letter in Chap. XXXV. Lieut. George S. Wilson expounds a new plan for the civilization of the American savage, the secret of which is “Give him nothing; help him in everything.” Charles Dudley Warner writes of “A Ride in Spain,” and the suggestive “Studies in the South” are continued. The remainder of the number contains several short poems, and other articles, including an addition to “The House of a Merchant Prince.”

That excellent and eminently practical journal, which has formerly appeared on our table as the Boston Journal of Commerce, comes out with a new and more appropriate title, “Cotton, Wool, and Iron.” The circulation of this paper is already over 10,000 copies; and, with a name which now truly represents the three great industries to which it has always been devoted, it is reasonable to suppose that this circulation can be greatly increased. The wool department, which has not heretofore been a very prominent feature of the Journal, has been placed under new management, and now bids fair to come in for the share of attention which the importance of this industry demands. The present number contains, among other interesting matter, a long and entertaining article on “The Edison System of Isolated Lighting.”

Now that good poetry is so scarce, the College Mercury is to be congratulated on possessing a contributor whose poetry is quite equal to Thomas Hood’s. The production of this genius entitled “Mary’s Ghost” is especially interesting, since it offers a remarkable example of that parallelism of thought which great minds sometimes exhibit. So closely does this poem, published as original, resemble one of the same name by the English wit, that only nine words are different in as many stanzas!

Yale is apparently making strenuous efforts for first place in the inter-collegiate games next spring. The Record offers a valuable silver cup as a prize in the half-mile run. — The Yale Faculty, contrary to the action of that of Harvard, has decided to allow the base-ball team to practise with professionals. The decision gives general satisfaction at Yale.

Although all the colleges with the exception of Bowdoin report “The largest Freshman class which has ever,” etc., there are none where the increase has been so great as at our own Institute. ‘86 has brought us 203 new men, of whom 110 are regular students.