

CURRENT LITERATURE.

* A novel which professes to describe student life in Trinity College, Dublin, is one calculated to attract the attention of many of our readers, who, no doubt, feel interest in the great University which has sent so many of her alumni to teach and minister among us. One would expect to find in "Old Trinity," as Mr. Mason Jones familiarly calls a University whose degree he does not happen to hold, some such description of College life in Dublin as we have read of that in Oxford, in "Tom Brown," or, at least and lowest, in "Verdant Green." Trinity College is a field comparatively little worked. Since Lever's early novels, no attempt has been made to describe it. And apart from the fact that the doings of Charley O'Malley and his friend Power refer to a period before the Union, to the palmy days of Jacky Barrett, the last survivor of whom died a few years ago in good old Vice Provost Wall—apart from this, Lever wrote *his* description of "Old Trinity" some thirty years ago; and good and graphic as it is, coming from the hand of a gentleman and an alumnus of whom "Old Trinity" may well be, and *is*, proud, it is not the work of one acquainted with Trinity College of the present day. New schools of teaching have grown up; the study of classics, and, in connection with that of comparative philology, has emerged from the "cold shade," to meet with encouragement and recognition long denied—nay, more, the zeal and the genius of the late Professor of Sanscrit has given the philological school of T. C. D. no mean rank in Europe. With methods of study, the class of students has changed; a far greater number now come from England, with a view to prepare for the various competitive examinations in the public service. And the very position of the College, in the midst of a crowded city, affords, one would suppose, material for romance not to be found in Oxford or Cambridge. In the latter the students take little part in town life, which is very limited, and entirely subordinate to that of the University. Even when a certain amount of love-making has, of necessity, to be introduced, as in "Tom Brown at Oxford," the young ladies have to be brought up from the country to attend convocations, and flirt there in a manner obviously impossible to the native Oxford people.

Whereas in Dublin, the city world is far greater than the little College world in the midst of it. The noble façade of the College gateway fronts one of the most crowded streets. Once past its portal, there seems no limit, within reasonable bounds, to the number of interesting adventures into which the novelist might induct his undergraduate hero—who might, besides, return at regular intervals, during the plot, to the ordinary College novel routine of lectures, examinations, and supper-parties. But, judging from what we have been able to bring ourselves to read of "Old Trinity," Mr.

* "Old Trinity," a Novel. By T. Mason Jones. London: Bantley & Co.