

AL/1882

Bedford College

Feb. 3rd. 1884.

Very dear Mother + others.

I don't think there is anything exciting this week, - except the Matriculation. I went down yesterday afternoon with two girls from here: the list was already up, so we eagerly looked for the numbers, & were successful in seeing most of those we hoped to see. There were 430 numbers altogether, & the last was 838, so more than half must have passed. I was very glad indeed to see Alice's

but the one I cared next most about - Annie Escott's was not there. And I had promised to send her a post card, - I did not know what to say, & simply put the fact that her number was not there.

I left the other girls in the corridor & went to the Vigo Street P.O., to send the telegram & that post card, & then ~~came~~ ^{went} back to watch the people coming in. It was not so exciting as the B A lists but it was interesting to see them. A young man came in alone, ~~was~~ trying to look unconcerned, shook hands with an acquaintance, & then searched the paper; his face gradually fell & he walked away. Then two ladies came in; the younger pressed eagerly into the

middle of the crowd, looked anxiously, gave a little cry "I've passed," & turned round beaming to the other, who must now needs come too, & be shown the very number. Then another young man alone, with a set anxious frown, who walks up, & lets his face gradually relax into a calm smile, so that anyone can see he is through.

Here is a boy of twelve, holding his elder brother's hand, & followed by a kind-looking clergyman: the bigger boy gives a glance, & looks a hundred degrees happier, as he tells the other two, who also must crowd in & see for themselves. Two young women walk in together go straight to the board & straight away again looking very disappointed. One of the most interesting groups consisted of a fine-looking young man, his tall sister, & little brother: he looked &

sounded so happy as he exclaimed
"There's my number," & the others seemed
so glad with him, but the sister
looked again, & I think she was
trying to find the number of some
friend, which did not appear so
~~she~~ her joy was somewhat damped.

All the while an elegantly got up
boy was pacing to & fro across the
vestibule ~~just~~ arranging himself
his hat & stick in various melodramatic
attitudes of disappointment, to ~~the~~ our
considerable amusement. He seemed
to be waiting for a friend, & when the
friend appeared, he was worse than
before.

A girl from here had been in
but dared not go down to look, so we
were to bring her word. As we were
talking about going back, she suddenly
appeared, & we rushed to tell her she
had passed. She said "Yes, Papa told

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me" & straightway introduced us to her Father, who was with her.

She afterwards said that he had waited .3 hours ^{in the hall} for the lists, & then rushed up to tell her: she added "and I thought he did not care a bit about it". Now she had come down to see for herself. We began to say now she ~~to~~ must prepare for B.Sc. (she had been hesitating between between that & B.A.), & appealed to her father, a fine tall man to let her, whereupon he delivered himself thus: "It may seem a strange thing to tell ladies, but we once had to make a new nose for a man who had lost his, & the question was whether it should be a Roman nose or a Greek nose: ~~so~~ we tossed up, & the Roman had it. So we made him a Roman nose, & he wears it still." We did not

discuss the B.Sc question any more,
& as we went home, we indulged in
speculations as to Mr. Syson's business.

There has been a toothache
epidemic in the Boarding house
last week: ~~was~~ four or five people
have had it in succession. I think
it was due to the weather, so unhealthily
warm & moist: ~~was~~ a dentist assured
someone that they are quite overworked
in such weather.

The Magazine project has
~~always~~ almost dropped: we think
it would be so very weak if it were
started; & it would require an able
Editor with plenty of time on her
hands, - & such a person is not
easy to find. The fate of the Debating
Society will be settled to-morrow.