

Vassar June 16, 1872  
Sunday afternoon

My dear Parents,

After carefully considering the several letters which I have received from you of late, and after reading and re-reading the letters returned to me and after thinking much upon the subject of my newly formed correspondence I came to the conclusion, that it was I who acted in an unlady like manner and have written a note apologising for my conduct and asking If I might not at least deserve respect since I could no longer have a place In the affections I put nothing in my letter that called for an answer – so I do not whether to expect any reply or not. In my last Sunday's letter I told you of the Junior party to the Seniors and how beautifully they had the parlors fixed– Last evening we had our last sociable in the same place and with out describing how the rooms looked I may give you some idea how lovely they were when I say that the Juniors confessed themselves entirely out done I never had so good a time at any sociable before.

After most were assembled Miss McBain our class historian stood just between the two parlors – in a little place all dropped in flowers where she read our famous Class History to us – It was perfectly comical from beginning to end every body in the room just was kept in a continual laugh

After she finished Ella Seidel took her place and read us the loveliest poem. I can't tell you what it was like but it made every person seem breathless it was so pretty. The poem was followed by the prophesy read by Miss Maltby– she was very (unusual?) in her very many different predictions. And so she took pains to slight no one she made her self a great deal of trouble for by the time you got to the 76th person I should imagine that your wits would be quite at a loss to prophesy for the 77th. Suppose it may interest you to hear what she...

Lucy (Sellers) Barnes, '75