

Thorheim May 30, 1887-

My dear Wife:

Well, I have passed the eventful day and still survive. I worked all day. Mr. Bush came in to dinner, Daisy and Will came for a rubber of whist, and tatem all through the day was very pleasant. Your letter yesterday Sis would not let me read because the package had not arrived. So I am yet in ignorance of what awaits me.

Today is bright but cool. It rained all night. The trees are not yet leaved out here but the grass is very advanced. This gives the country a rather greenish look - green grass and brown trees. One or two very warm days would soon make the outlook delightful.

The ball at New York ended as it deserved to end. On the whole the celebration in Chicago was the best - four great successes.

with two or three eminent speakers
at each. Whittier's ode, in my opinion
compares very unfavorably with his
76" centennial which is unquestion-
ably, the finest thing of the kind of
the age. Indeed I doubt if in ex-
altation of sentiment and sound-
ness melody, it has often if ever
been excelled.

DeFoe's oration was what
was to have been expected — a
well-manufactured article —
a pettifoggery plea rather than an ora-
tion — neither resonant, original,
nor glowing — a sort of literary
crayon quilt. It is a pity Ingersoll
was not selected. He would have
said something and said it so

that it would have attracted
and held attention till the next
centennial came around. De-
foe's oration is a fine example of
the referential style of oratory —
scraps, shreds, headlines, excerpts
— but no one great thought
running through the whole.

I have not yet decided
what I will do today — or
tomorrow or tomorrow,
but suppose I shall, live
to hodie. Yours
Albin