Chicago, Tuesday

My dear Mr.

It was my suspicion

that Mr. Lincoln was not born

with a silver spoon in his mouth,

and that suspicion more than any

thing else induced me to make

the request which I did. Who

least, or Blackhams, whom you

know very well, and to tell me—

I know not with her much truth

of your joint adventure in

rail-splitting and the like, for

wages that would not win ridicule

nearly small. He told me enough

to make me desire to hear

more; and I take it that the

public to whom you are an

object of concern, have the same

curiosity that I feel. In my
way of thinking, you occupy a position, present and prospective, that need not shrink from the declaration of an origin low so humble. If you have been the architect of your own fortunes, you may claim no merit. The best built of the Lincoln family is not like Rotlars, under the ground. Had you not built so consider your supposed talons?

About that late paragraph which you complain: It was done in my absence. As no man is wise or can be omniscient, sometimes in the management of a daily paper must be trusted to verdicts, and sometimes something so wrong. That paragraph was one so wrong. I think Mr. Arnold did it. It seems to have made no stir; perhaps it is ruled observation. I hope so.

Yours Very Truly

C. H. Roy.
Mr. A. Lincoln,
Springfield, Ill.