Ford Motor Company

FACTORY AND GENERAL OFFICES
DEARBORN, MICH.

ALEXANDRIA, VA. January 13, 1938.

#8.

Mr. F. L. Black,
The Edison Institute,
Dearborn, Michigan.

Dear Mr. Black:-

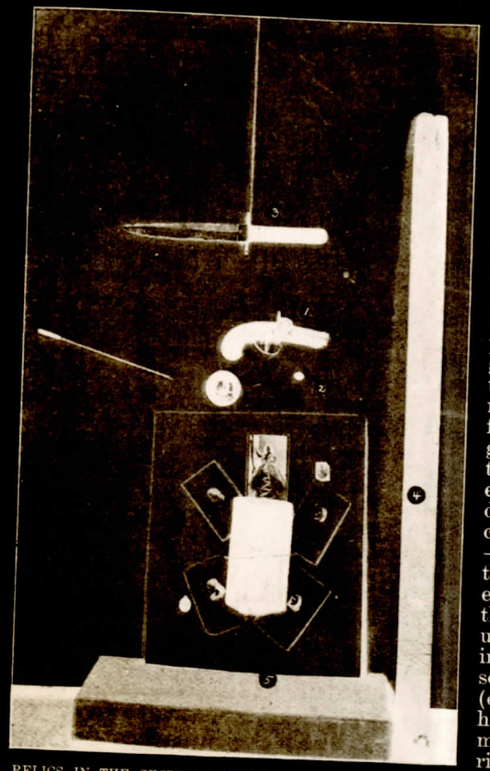
Herewith a photostat of Pages 906 and 907 of "The Century Magazine", for April, 1896. This shows, on page 907, two pages of the Booth diary; and on page 906 are shown, in one picture, certain of the Booth exhibits in the possession of the War Department, consisting of dagger, derringer, bullet, metal probe, covered glass containing pieces of Lincoln's skull, the wooden bar and the leather covered diary surrounded by the small pictures found therein.

Writer visited Mr. Pitts, the Custodian of the Booth collection, in his office this afternoon and we compared this photostat with the same pages of the diary - and it checked OK. We could read the photostat much better than we could read the original writing in the diary as it is now! If you want writer to have photostats - negative or positive - made of the entire article in "The Century" by Victor Louis Mason, 1896, kindly advise. Am endeavoring to procure our Roadman's report on Garrett family.

Yours very truly,
FORD MOTOR COMPANY,

J. W. Connolly
Traffic Department.

JWC/c



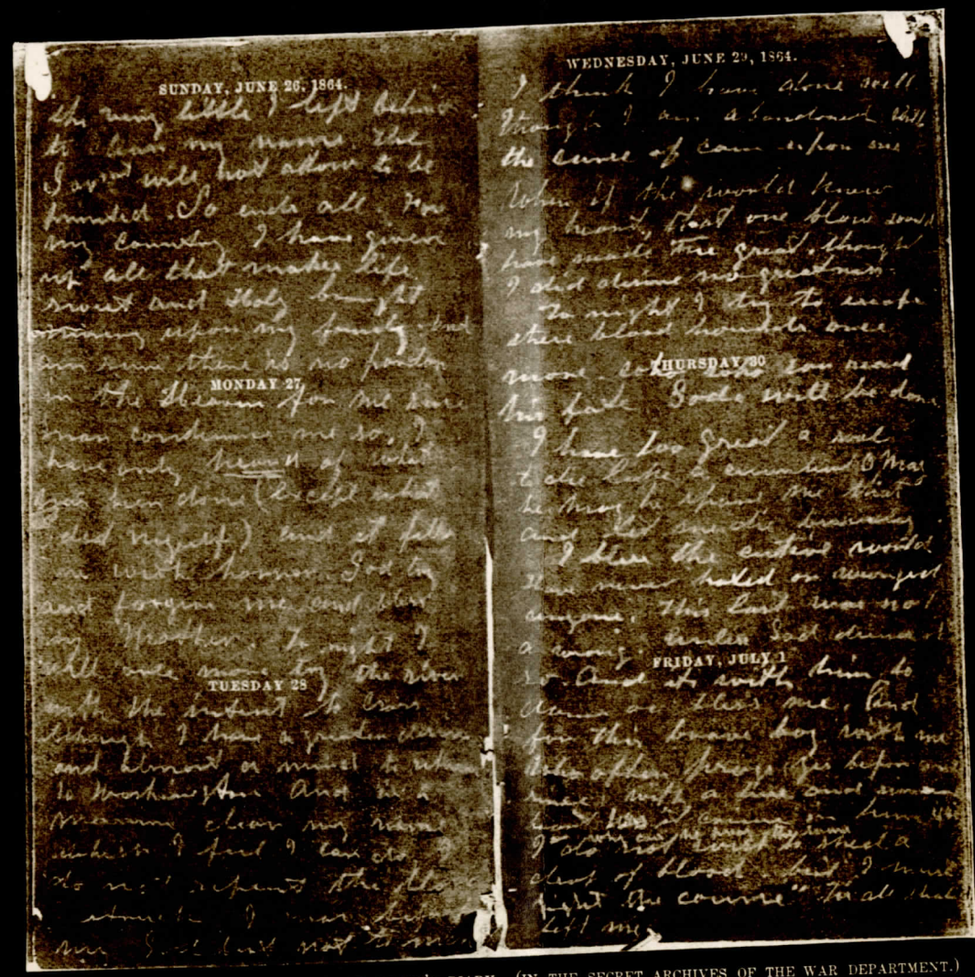
RELICS IN THE SECRET ARCHIVES OF THE WAR DEP'T.

1. The little derringer used by the assassin; 2. The fatal bullet; 3. The dagger with which he wounded Major Rathbone. This knife bore the inscription "AMERICA—Liberty and independence—THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE." 4. The wooden bar used to prevent admittance to the box after the assassin had entered. 5. The exterior of Booth's diary, and photographs found in it.

While hiding in the marshes of Nanjemoy Cove, Booth probably wrote the diary found upon his person when shot, which, in addition to being full of interest, is full of errors:

April 14, Friday the Ides.—Until to-day nothing was ever *thought* of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture. But, our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others, who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends, was stopped, but pushed on. A Colonel was at his side. I shouted *sic semper before* I fired. In jumping broke my leg. I passed all his pickets, rode 60 miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never repent it. Though we hated to kill, our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment. The country is not what it was. This forced Union is not what I have loved, nor what I will love. Now I bless all and permit not a curse on my country. I have given up all that makes life sweet and Holy, for it. My love for her as deep as ever. May God forgive me for what seems to be wrong, but my conscience is at rest. Hereafter I will be hated and shunned, but the world will yet see that I have been a benefactor, and not a monster. I have never shed innocent blood, but have adopted the course of conduct that I have for the best. Our country owes all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment. The country is not what it was. This forced Union is not what I have loved, nor what I will love. Now I bless all and permit not a curse on my country. I have given up all that makes life sweet and Holy, brought misery upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon in the Heaven for me since man condemns me so. I have only *heard* of what has been done (except what I did myself), and it fills me with horror. God! try and forgive me and bless my mother. To-night I will once more try the river with the intent to cross, although I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington, and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to men. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, *that one* blow would have made me great, though I did desire no greatness. To-night I try to escape these blood hounds once more. Who, who can read his fate? God's will be done. I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. O may he, may he spare me that, and let me die bravely! I bless the entire world. Have never hated or wronged anyone. This last was not a wrong unless God deems it so. And it 's with him to damn or bless me. And for this brave boy with me, who often prays (yes, before and since) with a true and sincere heart, was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but «I must fight the course.» 'T is all that 's left me.[1]

Sometime during Saturday they were discovered by a negro, who reported what he had seen to one of the detectives of Colonel Baker, who was in charge of the Federal secret service. The negro's testimony was regarded as so important that he was taken



FACSIMILE OF THE LAST TWO PAGES OF BOOTH'S DIARY. (IN THE SECRET ARCHIVES OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.)

immediately to Washington to appear before Colonel Baker in person, who, after examining him closely, became satisfied that he had seen the fugitives, and despatched the body of cavalry to Virginia which ultimately overtook the assassins.

Saturday night Booth and Herold again attempted to reach Machodoc Creek, but the light of morning came upon them before they could do so, and they were forced to enter Gambo Creek, a small inlet on Machodoc Point, about one mile from Mrs. Quesenberry's, up Machodoc Creek.

Eleven o'clock Sunday morning Herold appeared at the house of Mrs. Quesenberry, stated that he had been directed to call upon her for assistance by Mr. Thomas A. Jones, Abe Lincoln is within a mile of the house.» Mrs. Quesenberry and Mr. Thomas Harbin, a guest at her house at the time, accompanied Herold to the hiding-place of Booth, in a secluded spot up Gambo Creek, where they found him stretched on the ground, suffering much from his leg. Booth talked little, but stated that he thought the worst of his trip was over, and that while his journey thus far had been attended with much danger, he anticipated little difficulty over the remainder of the course, as he soon expected to be among friends. He desired Mrs. Quesenberry to secure a conveyance in order that he might reach the residence of the nearest physician, Dr. Richard Stuart, about eight miles distant.

Mrs. Quesenberry sent dinner to Booth and