old in 1865 and stood at one corner of the barn when it was fired, said that Booth and Herold were brought to Port Conway in an old spring wagon by a "nigger". That Herold rode on the seat with the "nigger" and Booth, because his leg hurt him, lay in the back part. Mr. Garrett claimed that he had never heard of any furniture or anything else being piled on top of Booth to hide him.

Mr. Bates continues St. Helen's tale: "And now having this arrangement perfect in all details, we at once, about 6 o'clock A.M., left on our perilous trip from the Potomac to the Rappahannock river with Ports Conway and Royal as our destination, covering the distance of about eighteen or twenty miles without incident or accident on our march; Herold and Ruddy following along in the wake of the wagon, some distance behind, they told me, so as not to detract from the scene of the plot which was to be taken as one of an old negro moving.

"In my concealment, of course, I had to be very quiet. I could not talk to old Lewis, the old negro driver, and made myself as comfortable as I could be in my cramped position. In my side coat pocket I had a number of letters, together

the Garrett home in Virginia, on the 26th day of April, 1865, and present this volume of collated facts, which I submit for the correction of history, respecting the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln, and the death or escape of John Wilkes Booth.

"Personally, I know nothing of President Lincoln, and knew nothing of John Wilkes Booth until my meeting with John St. Helen, at my home in Texas, in the year 1872.

"In the picture which John St. Helen left with me for the future identifiaction of himself in his true name and personality, was first identified by Gen. D.D. Dana, of Lubec, Maine, as John Wilkes Booth, January 17, 1898.

"The second time by Junius Brutus Booth, the third, of Boston, Mass., (he being the oldest living nephew of John Wilkes Booth), on the 21st day of Febr-uary, 1903, at Memphis, Tenn.

"The third time by the late Joe Jefferson (the world's famous Rip Van Winkle), at Memphis, Tennessee, on the 14th day of April, 1903, just thirty-eight years to a day from the date of the assassination of President Lincoln. I here make mention of this identification because of its importance. Among the personal acquaintances of John Wilkes Booth none would know him better than Mr. Jefferson, who was most closely associated with him for several years, both playing together on

the same stage. I know of no man whose knowledge of Booth is more to be trusted, or whose words of identification will carry more weight to the world at large. While there are many other important personages equally to be relied upon that have identified his pictures there is none other so well known to the general public, having identified the picture taken of John St. Helen, in 1877, as being that of John Wilkes Booth--thus establishing the fact of actual physical proof that John Wilkes Booth was living in 1872, when I met him under the name of John St. Helen, as also when he had his picture taken and left with me in the late winter or early spring of 1878, twelve years after the assassination of President Lincoln.

"It is well in this connection to call attention to other physical proofs of the identification of John Wilkes Booth by referring to the deformed right thumb, just where it joined the hand, and the mismatched brows, his right brow being arched and unlike the left. The deformity of the right thumb was caused by its having been crushed in the cogs of the machinery used for the hoisting of a stage curtain. The arched brow was caused by Booth being accidentally cut by McCullum with a sabre while they were at practice as the characters of Richard and Richmond, the point of McCullum's sword cutting a gash through the right brow, which had to be stitched up, and in healing became arched. And especially attention is called to the identity of these marks in his pictures more particularly the one at the age of 64, taken of

"'Was my father's confidence in me a lie, and did he indeed die with the secret that my uncle still lived untold on his lips?'"

"After several minutes he controlled himself with great effort and said to me:

"'This is a picture of my uncle, John Wilkes, Mr. Bates, and the best one of him that I have ever seen. There is much that I want to say to you, many questions I must have answered, but this discovery has so astounded and shocked me that I must leave you now. I want to talk the whole matter over with my wife, who is with me in this city. To have so nearly met my uncle, and to find that he has been dead less than a month is very distressing."

"Being again overcome by his feelings, Mr. Booth ended the interview, we separating with the promise to meet again the next morning.

"The following morning promptly at the time appointed Mr. Booth walked into my office. We talked long and earnestly. I told him again the story of John St. Helen's long life in the West, of the story he had told me of himself, his crime, and his wanderings. Mr. Booth listened, intensely interested, with excitement and often with tears in his eyes, to the recital, for the first time hearing the whole story, just twenty-eight days after the self-inflicted death of the uncle whom he had never seen, and had always believed to have been killed years before by

Boston Corbett.

"After much further conversation Mr. Booth requested me to call a stenographer, that he might furnish me a voluntary statement of identification of the picture as John Wilkes Booth. I called Miss F. Wolf, who took down the following interview, which was signed and delivered to me by Mr. Booth, whom I count it a pleasure and a privilege to have met, and shall remember with great kindness."

Just how many tears we can shed with Mr. Junius Brutus Booth over the pathetic story told him by Mr. Bates depends upon whether our sense of humor is great enough to laugh until we cry.

Mr. Bates, as is his custom, gives us a sworn statement to accompany his conversational report.

him while he was dead and lying in the morgue. During life Booth carried a small cane between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand to conceal that defect; observe this cane in his hand, in the picture of him at the age of 27. These physical marks on Booth's body settle without argument his identity. However, in all instances of investigation I have sought the highest sources of information and give the conclusive facts supported by physical monument and authentic record.

"Wherefore, it is by this authority I state the verified truth with impartiality for the betterment of history, to the enlightment of the present and future generations of mankind, respecting the assassination of one of America's most universally beloved Presidents and the fate of his assassin.

"FINIS L. BATES."

Throughout his entire book Mr. Bates does not exhibit an instance where he "neither spared time or money in the preparation of this book". A single week spent in Washington, D. C., in the War Department, the Lincoln Museum, and the Library of Congress would have prevented him making such horrible blunders, providing, of course, that he is sincere, which is not proven by the way he presents his thesis for the "Correction of History."

And now we are at the Finis of Finis L. Bates.

thing like George, and that she told him she had seen the mummy at Enid and was sure that it was her Father.