



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Welcome to our Winter Journal! At this time, our organization is in pretty decent shape. Last year, the funds we raised through our shoots and membership fees allowed us to continue to support the Jesse James Birthplace and, of course, we were able to purchase the Frank James items, which we hope some of you have been able to come and see.

Our four CD's, established several decades ago, are relatively healthy and we have, thankfully, never found the need to take money from them. In the past, these were a good source of income but, since 2010, the interest has fallen to nearly nothing.

Our checking account is at about \$4,200. The largest recurring expenses are our million dollar yearly insurance policy for our three shoots and the reunion costs, which, instead of being a fundraising event, we now cover for our membership. The Shoots are one of our most popular fundraisers. With a growing number of participants, last year we made a gross total of \$2250 before our nearly \$200 expenses per shoot for prizes and materials. Thank you for your continued support of these.

Membership dues are a vitally important source of income and this is currently a concern for us. This year to date we have received only 20 renewals. Please do send in your dues for this year so our vital work can continue.

Our planned expenses for this year are our reunion and the printing of Marty's book. We have the copyright ownership and the thumb drive and are now searching for a printer.

The first shoot is April 4th, the second is June 13th and the third is September 19th. Our reunion is set for August 8th. See you all then and there. **BI**



BY BRYAN IVLOW

Membership is due, Folks!

We take this opportunity to remind you that membership fees are due. To continue supporting the Jesse James Birthplace please complete the form on the back of this issue and return it to the Friends of the James Farm.

All correspondence to the Friends should be addressed as follows:

**FRIENDS OF THE JAMES FARM
C/O JESSE JAMES BIRTHPLACE
21216 JESSE JAMES FARM ROAD
KEARNEY, MISSOURI, 64060**

Thank you to those who have already renewed membership.
We look forward to sharing more news, articles and
Reunion details with you during the coming year.

The Friends of the James Farm

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Vice President
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www.jessejames.org



Friends of the James Farm
c/o The Jesse James Birthplace
21216 Jesse James Farm Road
Kearney, Missouri, 64060

AWARD FOR LINDA BROOKSHIER



We know you will all want to join us in congratulating Linda Brookshier, who was named Ambassador of the Year at the Greater Kansas City Attractions Association Annual Meeting in November 2019. "The Ambassador of the Year Award honors staff and volunteers on the front lines of the attractions industry," a press release stated [Courier Tribune, online] and Linda won the award for "going above and beyond to welcome guests to the historic site."

Linda had gone along to the Meeting at the Nelson – Atkins Museum of Art thinking she was going to witness a colleague win the award. "I was just in a state of shock," she said. The acceptance speech was uncharacteristically brief but exuded Linda's personality. "Welcome to the Jesse James Farm," she told the audience, "we hope you enjoy your tour today."

Congratulations Linda!



L-R Kerrie Beisel, Linda Brookshier, Beth Beckett and Emily Vandendaele

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EX-SHERIFF PATTON FLAYS MR. PINKERTON

In late March 1874, Sheriff George E. Patton had defended himself against accusations that he had 'given away' Pinkerton operative Whicher, who had travelled to Clay County in search of the James brothers. Five years later, a vindictive Robert Pinkerton repeated the accusations and again Patton defended himself:

PINKERTON FLAYED.

The Ex-Sheriff of Clay County Tells the True Story of Detective Whicher's Death. Reminiscences of the James Boys, and of Pinkerton's Attempt to Capture Them.

To the KANSAS CITY TIMES.

ST. Louis, MO., Nov. 29, 1879. — In your daily issue of Nov. 22nd, I find an article copied from the New York Star, purporting to be a statement made by Mr Robert Pinkerton, of Pinkerton's National Detective Agency, to a reporter of that paper, concerning the James boys, and in which the then acting sheriff of Clay county, is made to appear a much more detestable and dangerous character than any bandit gang that ever infested any country. I at first thought to let the matter pass, well knowing that nobody in this or any other State, who had ever known me would give any credence to such a false and slanderous statement, but the more I have thought over the matter the more I have been impressed that it is my duty to make a plain statement of the facts connected with the killing of the detective, Joseph W. Whicher [sic], in Jackson county, on the Independence and Lexington road in the year, 1873 [sic].

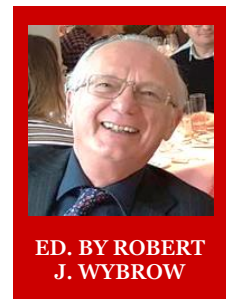
As I am well known in this State, and everybody knows that I was sheriff of Clay county at that time, it is well known what individual person is meant by the "sheriff of Clay county," and I ask the Times, as a matter of justice to myself and the people who entrusted me with the office of sheriff, to publish our side of the story too. I have not the exact dates now in my memory, when all these things transpired, but I can produce them by reference to the records in the Liberty court house, and can bring up more than a score of the best citizens in the county, who are yet living witnesses, to verify and substantiate by oath if necessary, my statement in regard to this unfortunate and deplorable affair. I will here give Mr Robert Pinkerton's published statement and then give you my own, so that all who live may judge between them.

He says: "The other man from our agency was Joseph W. Whicher, a brave and thoroughly experienced detective, and one whose services we could ill afford to lose. He ascertained that the James brothers were at their home at Kearney, in Clay county. Placing the utmost confidence in the sheriff of Clay county, whom he had known for years, he called upon him and confidently laid before him his plans to capture the daring outlaws. This cost him his life, for he was betrayed. His plan was to put on the rig of a farm hand, or tramp, as he had heard the James family wanted some help, and by this means become freely acquainted with the mode of life of the bandits; and, when a good opportunity presented itself, to have them surrounded and taken prisoners. The last we hear of him alive was that he went to the James' house and was at once engaged. While working up the case we established the fact beyond all cavil that two hours after Whicher had made known his stratagem to the sheriff, that official was seen to stealthily enter the house of the James family and forewarn them of the trap that was being laid for the boys.

"Two days after Whicher had been engaged, his body was found in Jackson county, on the cross-roads from Independence to Lexington, with his hands and feet bound, and shot all to pieces. The sheriff of Clay county was a schoolmate of the James brothers, and also served with them in the army."

This is Mr Pinkerton's statement as published in your paper.

Here is my statement. On the day that Mr Whicher arrived in Liberty I had a sale of some manufactured tobacco and some warehouse and manufacturing implements in the town of Missouri City, seven miles from Liberty, on the Missouri river, south and east of Liberty, and about fourteen or fifteen miles south of Kearney. I had previously levied upon said articles under a judgement and writ from the Circuit Court, and the sale had been



ED. BY ROBERT
J. WYBROW

advertised to take place on the very day that Mr Whitcher arrived in Liberty on the morning train from Kansas City, going east.

About 8 o'clock I mounted my horse on the north side of the public square and rode down on the east side of the square, in the direction of Missouri City, and when opposite the east front of the court house, Mr. S. G. Sandusky, the Recorder of Deeds for Clay County, called to me from the east door of the court house and asked me to come up to his office, as there was a gentleman there that wished to see me. His office was in the east room, lower floor, of the court house.

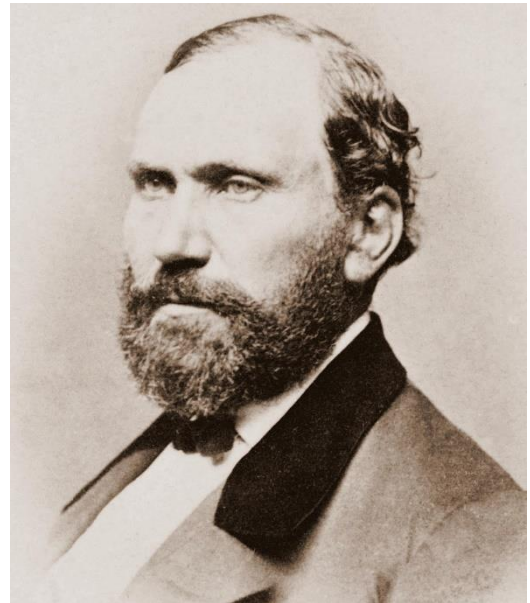
I alighted immediately, hitched my horse and went directly into his office, where he introduced me to Mr. J. W. Whitcher, and informed me of Mr. Whitcher's business. Whitcher had already developed his plan to Mr. Sandusky, had deposited his valise in the vaults of the Recorder's office, and given Mr. Sandusky instructions what to do with it, provided anything should befall him. He had asked Mr. Sandusky if the sheriff had any nerve, and if he would do to trust, before I was called in, and had received satisfactory answers from Mr. S. that I would do to depend on in this emergency.

Previous to this moment I had never seen or heard of this man Whitcher, although Mr. Pinkerton in his statement, says Whitcher had known me for years. Whitcher then and there, in the presence of Mr. S., unfolded his plan to me and asked me if I could come to him at any time with a posse of good men. I told him I could, and freely offered him all the information and assistance I could bring to bear, but I strongly and persistently objected to his plan, and showed him the foolishness, danger and weakness of such a course. Mr. Sandusky and myself both urged him by all the advantages of our knowledge of the James' and their surroundings, to abandon such a hazardous and impracticable plan.

His plan was, as stated by Mr. Pinkerton, to hire as a farm laborer to the James family, and work up the case and call on me for assistance when ready to make an attempt at the arrest of the James gang. This we did our best to get him to abandon, telling him that the boys would "spot him" the moment they laid their eyes on him, and if they were not at home, the old lady, their mother, would "spot him" as quick as either of the boys, pointing out to him our reasons, which were his slender, lithe form, his soft white hands, and tapering girlish fingers, and the neatness and character of his dress, besides his big navy pistol, worn in a scabbard and belt and a Smith & Wesson pocket pistol.

Beside all this, we knew the James family wanted no laborers, and impressed this upon him. They were not in the habit of hiring strangers. I used all my powers to prevent him from going to the James' residence and advised him to go to Mr. Robert Chanselor's, a near neighbor of the James family, and hire to work, as Mr. Chanselor had a large farm and hired a number of hands, telling him that he could work up the case as well as at the James house.

He then asked me if I knew whether the boys were in the county at that time. I answered him that I did not know, that I had not heard of them being in the county for some time, but that usually I learned of their presence in the county from one or two and sometimes three days after their arrival, stating also



Allan Pinkerton, head of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency.



Joseph Whitcher's grave at the Graceland Cemetery, Chicago, Illinois.
Submitted on Find a Grave by R. Lerch

that they did not remain in the county long when they did come in, as far as I was informed.

All the conversations I had with him, and the first, last and only time I ever saw him, was then and there, in the Recorder's office, in the presence, all the time, of Mr. S. G. Sandusky, whose name, reputation and word is as good as that of any man in the United States.

I left Whitcher in Sandusky's office, fully impressed with the idea that he had abandoned his plan and that he had adopted mine and would go to some one of the near neighbors, as the country is thickly settled with finely improved farms, and hire as a farm hand and work up the case as I had proposed. I left the Recorder's office, mounted my horse and rode directly to Missouri City, in company all the way with Mr. John H. Watkins, who is yet a citizen of the county, and who stands as high in the estimation of all good people as any man in New York or elsewhere.

I was a little behind time in reaching Missouri City, having been detained by Mr. Whitcher some time, and had to hurry up my sale. I closed it all out, finished up my business there, and rode immediately back to Liberty, in company with Mr. William G. Garth, if I remember correctly, and two other citizens of the town, arriving there just as the evening train on the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad, from Kansas City, was pulling out for Kearney, and on this train the ill-fated Whitcher took his final passage to Kearney.

After I left him in the Recorder's office, he went to the Commercial Savings Bank, deposited his money, \$60, I think, and made known his business and plans to Mr. Darwin J. Adkins, President of the bank, and asked that gentleman some questions in regard to the James boys. Mr. Adkins referred him to Capt. Perry Moss, the ex-sheriff of Clay county, who was then sitting in the back in company with two or three other prominent gentlemen of the town and county.

Capt. Moss told Whitcher his plan would not do; that if the boys were not at home the old lady would spot him and shoot him as quick as the boys would. While Capt. Moss was sheriff he had made a number of raids after the James boys, and had been at their house many times, both day and night, and had searched the house, barns and premises at all times of the day and night, and had spent much time and money hunting them down. His deputy, Mr. John Thomason, and his son Oscar had had a fight with them near their mother's farm, in which the James boys killed Thomason's horse.

Whitcher's conversation at the bank with Capt. Moss was heard by the parties already referred to, and all of them joined Capt. Moss in his endeavors to persuade him to abandon his foolish and dangerous plan. He stayed in town all day, and most everybody in town, especially those around the court house square, knew his plans and his business before he left the town that evening, on the train for Kearney.

On his arrival at Kearney, which was just about dusk of the same day that he arrived at Liberty, he went immediately to the livery stable and tried to hire the keeper to send him out to the James farm in a buggy. The stable keeper refused to do so. Not more than twenty-five minutes afterwards, he was seen walking on the main road about one-half mile from Kearney, going in the direction of the James farm, only two and a half miles distant. That same night between 12 and 1 o'clock he was taken, bound, guarded by two men, across the Missouri river, at Blue Mills ferry, seven miles south of Liberty, and his dead body was found

DONATION TO THE JESSE JAMES BIRTHPLACE MUSEUM



Joe Hall, a descendent of Dr. Samuel and Zerelda's daughter, Fannie, has very kindly donated a copy of the New York Times dated February 1, 1875.

The newspaper contains an article about the Pinkerton bombing that took place at the James-Samuel homestead in January of that year.

Thank you, Joe, for your generous donation.

early next morning, at the cross roads, as already stated, with his hands and feet still bound, and three or four bullet holes in his body.

These are the facts in detail, and they can be verified by as good men as live in any country, and there can be no blame attached to any one, either officer or citizen, for the inglorious taking off of poor Whitcher, except his own foolish, reckless daring.

I leave the public to judge, every statement being true, whether or not Whitcher was “a brave and thoroughly experienced detective.” As to the slanderous statement of Mr. Pinkerton that they had established the fact beyond cavil that two hours after Whitcher had made known his stratagem to the sheriff, that official was seen to stealthily enter the house of the James family and forewarn them of the trap that was being laid for the boys.

I think that the public can readily see from my statement, which can be verified, that I have shown him to be a villainous slanderer and falsifier. I can prove an alibi by better men than he has ever had the fortune of knowing, or associating with. Where I am known, I am proud to say, I do not need proof to refute such slanders, but there are thousands of people who know nothing of these things except what they read, and I think it but just that they should have an opportunity to read my side as well as that of Mr. Pinkerton, who is no better in the eyes of just and righteous men than the James gang, or any other gang.

He and his entire agency have been thwarted, beaten and vanquished by these bold bandits in every attempt they have ever made to capture them, and they are sour and spiteful toward the entire State of Missouri and all its people, and, as a matter of course, must throw the responsibility and odium of their failures on somebody else’s shoulders. His men have always found assistance, freely offered, from the officers and citizens of Clay county, in every attempt he and his force have made for the capture of these men, “the James boys,” and in every instance they have thrown the responsibility of the failure on somebody else, and have “given away” every time that the very citizens who most aided them.

Who does not remember the killing of poor Dan Askew. He took Pinkerton and his men to his bosom, lodged them in his house, fed them, watched and guarded for them, rode through the dark, the wind, the rain, the cold and the snow to warn them, was deserted by them and left to be shot like a dog.

An attempt was made to capture the James’, a hand-grenade was thrown into their house, their mother maimed and crippled for life, and their innocent little seven year old brother tore to shreds almost by the diabolical hirelings of Mr. Pinkerton’s Detective Agency. A few shots were fired from the house by a half-witted negro boy, and Pinkerton’s men lost no time in getting back to their special train on the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, and in doubling regulation time to Chicago.

It was a failure, a devilish, cowardly, inhuman deed. The press of the country lashed them; public opinion railed out against them, and they squealed on poor Dan Askew and on Samuel Hardwick, a prominent attorney of Liberty, both of whom had been particularly zealous in aiding the detective force of Mr. Pinkerton, and tried to saddle the disgraceful hand-grenade business upon these two citizens of Clay county. What was the result? Poor Askew lost his life and Samuel Hardwick had to leave the country, forsake a good home, a lucrative practice and move his family to a distant State.

Right here, I know the question will be asked, why didn’t the officers and people of Clay county defend and protect these men? What people of [or?] set of officers could protect an individual man, who lived and stayed away out in the country on a farm from the stealthy aim of the assassin’s deadly hand? Is there any defense against the hand of an assassin? Do Mr. Pinkerton and his men protect the citizens of

Shoot Dates



April 4
June 20
September 19

Registration 8am Shoot 9am
\$25 entry fee

See you there!

Chicago or New York from being assassinated? I think we hear of such things occurring once in a while in those centres of civilization, as the assassination of some unsuspecting citizen.

Why did Mr. Pinkerton [? one word] out this hand-grenade part of the story in his statement to the New York Star man? Is it any wonder that the people of Clay county ceased to aid such men as these? Could any intelligent officer trust such men? Why was Pinkerton and his men in search of the James boys, and why were they so anxious to capture them dead or alive? Was it not for "blood money," the price that had been put upon the heads of these outlaws?

Could any highminded, honest, intelligent citizen of a great and free republic take upon himself such a calling? Did they, and could they, feel the same interest in having these outlaws brought to justice that the people of Clay county did? Did they care what befell the people of Clay county, so they secured the price of the head of the James boys?

The detectives took their lives into their own hands, blood for blood, against the James gang, the detectives for money and the James gang for their lives. The detectives were beaten, and with them is the failure, and with them the blame and the odium should and does rightly rest, and no amount of slander and falsehood upon their part, can place the blame on other than their own shoulders.

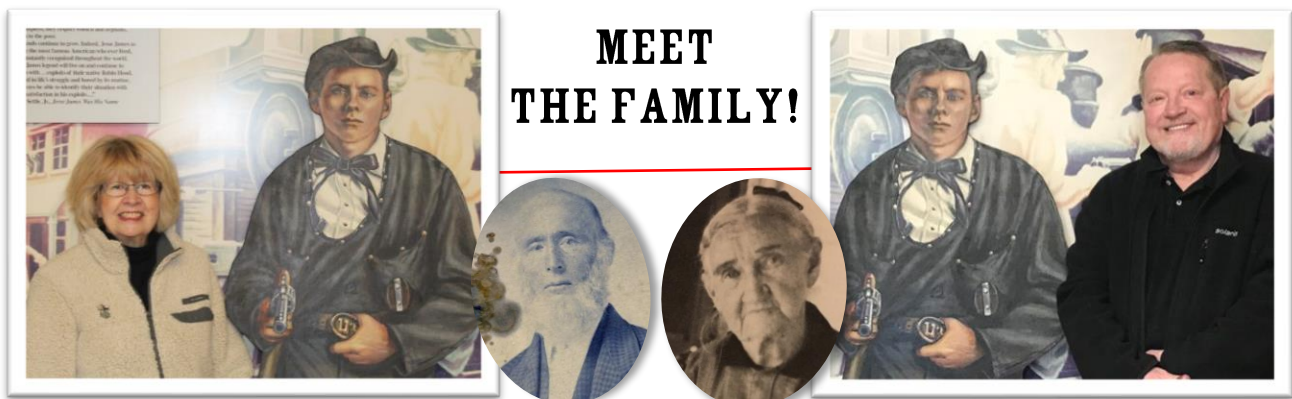
I never was a schoolmate of the James boys, though better men than I went to school with them. I was raised about four miles south of where they were raised and in a different school district. I knew the boys well before the war, and never heard aught against them prior to the close of the war. I never served in the army with them, and didn't even know they had been guerrillas until I returned home from the South, nearly one year after the close of the war.

I enlisted under Gen. Sterling Price, at Lexington, Mo., in the fall of 1861, at the age of 16, went south with him, leaving the James boys at their house in Clay county, and after the battle of Elkhorn, or Pea Ridge, I was transferred to the east of the Mississippi river, where I continued to serve till the close of the war, and where I stayed until the December following the close of the war and never heard of the James boys from the time Price's army retreated from Springfield, Mo., to Arkansas, until I returned home in December, 1865. So I did not serve in the army with the James boys, either Mr. Pinkerton. But better men than I did serve with them.

These are the facts in regard to all the false and slanderous statements made by Mr. Pinkerton in his interview with the Star reporter, concerning myself, and I can bring the proof for my statements at any time. I hope this is the last time I shall ever be called upon to refute these statements and defend my name from the insults of these vile curs, cloaked under authority, un-republican and un-American.

GEO. E. PATTON,
Ex-Sheriff Clay county, Mo.

This article is dedicated to Liz in Scotland for everything. **RJW**



Two members of the family visited the Jesse James Birthplace on the same day recently! The second great granddaughter and third great nephew of Reuben and Zerelda Samuel.

ON THE TRAIL OF A KILLER



RESEARCH
BY LINDA
GAY MATHIS

WORDS BY
MICHELLE
POLLARD

Research can sometimes lead to unexpected places. It was while researching the Gallatin robbery and murder of 1869 that I first came across the story of Jonathan Brosius. He had been a partner of Capt. John W. Sheets, the ill-fated cashier of the Daviess County Savings Association at Gallatin, running a mercantile business together there. On 21 December 1864, Jonathan Brosius was murdered by a man identified in the newspapers only as P. B. Hunter, a teamster who had demanded and been refused extra money by Brosius for hauling goods for the partners from nearby Hamilton.

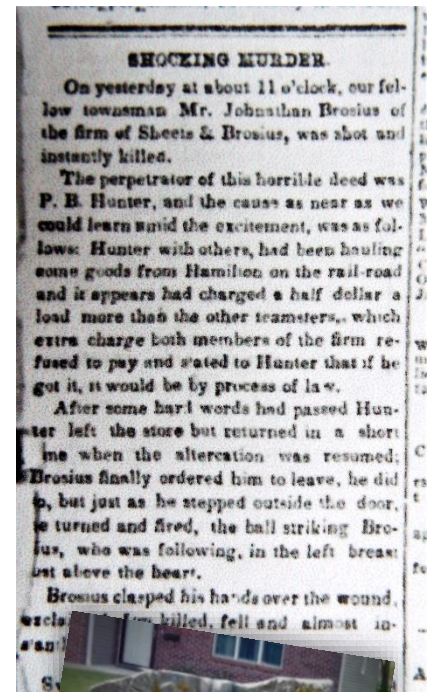
After the murder, Hunter was immediately arrested and bond was set at a surprisingly high \$20,000. Two local brothers, Daniel and Thomas Smoote, acted as bondsmen but their actions were later questioned - "Whether it was understood or not, the bondsmen said they would take their chances as to the criminal leaving, and they did for Hunter left for parts unknown." The Smootes subsequently stood trial on the legality of the bond and "proving it illegal escaped payment."¹

Four years later, on 7 December 1869, Daniel Smoote, one of the bondsmen in the Brosius case, was met by the murderers of Capt. John W. Sheets as they retreated from Gallatin. Forced by them to hand over the horse he was riding to replace the one they had abandoned in the town, Smoote later sued the James brothers for the theft of the horse after they were named as prime suspects.² Daniel Smoote, whether he intended to or not, appears to have allowed the murderers of both Jonathan Brosius and John W. Sheets to escape. Something told me, I needed to spend more time looking into the history of Daniel Smoote!

One of the things that intrigued me was – why would Daniel and his brother, Thomas, risk \$20,000, the value of Daniel's 540-acre farm before the war, on a known murderer? I put the question to friend and expert researcher, Gay Mathis. Gay and I have been researching together for years and she constantly amazes me by the information she is able to find. Our search essentially hinged on finding more information on P. B. Hunter, but we had almost nothing to go on; merely his name and the fact that he had been in Gallatin working as a teamster in December 1864. After a long search, it seemed as though we may have to give up and turn our attention to other aspects of Smoote history.

There was no shortage of material there. We found details from local census' and slave schedules, farm census' and newspaper reports. Gay discovered his probate papers, while Jeff Thoele helped us find details of Smoote's attempts to undermine well known and respected Gallatin resident and Judge, Samuel Richardson. We learned that Daniel had eight children, all but two of whom died in their twenties, and that he moved the family to Belton sometime around 1876, fashioning himself as a 'retired merchant'. After months of trawling through paperwork, I thought our collaborative work on Daniel Smoote was done.

Then, out of the blue and several months later, I received a message from Gay. "Circumstantial evidence to ponder," it began. "So, I think, right at this moment, that P. B. Hunter (aka Powhatan Bowland Hunter) may have



Gallatin North Missourian,
22 December 1864.
The grave of Jonathan Brosius,
Lyle Cemetery, Gallatin.

been the one that shot Jonathan Brosius.”³ I stared at the sentence for a moment or two; I had no idea how Gay could have ferreted a name out of the information we had but, trusting her research, I read on.

“There is a letter that places a P. B. Hunter in Daviess county, Mo., in 1864,” Gay continued, and followed this with a barrage of information that not only seemed to confirm Gay’s suspicions but also, through the same letter, highlighted the story of P. B. Hunter’s rather interesting younger brother, Thomas. What follows is all the fascinating information Gay sent to me after her exhaustive search...

Powhatan Bowland Hunter, a native of Kentucky, was born in 1834, the son of Burrell and Elizabeth Hunter.⁴ Powhatan’s childhood was spent in his native land and he remained there until Burrell moved the family to Missouri where both Powhatan and his father engaged in farming.⁵

1850	1860	Burrell Hunter	40	M	Farmer	Virginia
		Eliza	36	F		Kentucky
		Powhatan	16	M	Farmer	"
		Harriet	16	F		"
		Marshall	13	M		"
		Westley T.	12	M		"
		Alexander	4	M		Missouri
		Albert	1	M		"
		Catharine Brook	21	F		New Jersey

1850 census, Boone, Boone county, Missouri

On Christmas Day, 1859, Powhatan married Ann Elizabeth Settle at Monroe, Missouri, and all must have seemed well but, as Civil War approached, the Hunter family found themselves in a state divided in loyalty and in the maelstrom that followed, Powhatan’s brother, Westley Thomas Hunter, earned himself a reputation as one of the vilest guerrillas operating in Missouri during the American Civil War.⁶

The situation in Randolph county seemed typical; the county was home to 504 slaveholders with 2,619 slaves and a white population of 8,777. The wealthiest citizens tended to be pro-slavery Unionists – men who wanted to keep the institution of slavery while at the same time maintaining strong links with the industrial north and, especially, the railroad. “It is no surprise then that during the latter part of the war you saw Huntsville, the county seat, controlled by a local Union militia, while the countryside served as safe harbor to such bushwhackers as Bill and Jim Anderson, Jim Jackson, Bill Stephens, and Thomas Hunter.”⁷

This was not the only time Thomas Hunter found himself listed alongside such well known guerrilla leaders as the Andersons. Col. Carlton B. Fisk thought Hunter equal to Anderson, although the records show very little of Hunter’s prowess.

On August 26, 1863, “Thomas Hunter led guerrillas to Rocheport for more excitement.” They fired on an unidentified steamer that was landing passengers by yawl or ketch, but “the passengers landed anyway.” After this sport, “some of the bushwhackers rode their horses into a few homes in the village.” Then, on September 10, “Thomas Hunter, with eight to ten southern irregulars shot at a freight train three miles north of Sturgeon at about the corner of Boone, Audrain and Randolph counties. The bushwhackers fired about 25 shots but inflicted no real damage. Hunter’s men then rode north seven miles and raided two stores in the village of Renick, southeast Randolph county. They harmed nobody but carried away ‘a considerable amount’ of goods.”⁸

Still, such was the feeling against Thomas Hunter that his wife was arrested in Macon, Missouri, and accused of being a spy for the Confederacy. “Hunter, also known by her maiden name, Fannie Embree in the records, was believed to be the wife of a guerrilla named Thomas Hunter,” reported the Columbia [Missouri] Statesman on 29 July, 1864. “She had been living in Quincy, Ill., for several months but had travelled extensively, drawing the attention of military detectives.”⁹

The testimony of Sarah E. Stover, a friend perhaps of Ms. Embree, not only provided Gay with the link between the famed guerrilla leader and P. B. Hunter, but also a contradiction to Ms. Embree's assertions. Stover claimed that Embree could, in fact, "tell of the whereabouts of Thom. Hunter whom she acknowledged to be her husband, that they were married in March 1864. She seemed afraid of being banished," Ms. Stover continued, "and requested me to write to Tom's Brother living in Davis [sic] county who could let Tom know it. She said that it would be all right meaning that Tom would find it out. She stated that Tom Hunter's Brother was a Southern man. She did not use the harsh word Rebel. She frequently stated that she would not be made to tell where Thos Hunter was."¹⁰

After being arrested, Ms. Embree kept her word. When she arrived in St Louis, she was equipped "with papers that show the charges against her were little more than conjecture based on her travels." Defiant under questioning by Union authorities, Embree claimed she did not know why she had been arrested and refused, on several occasions, to say who was depicted in a photograph she carried. "I decline giving the name of the gentleman whose picture I have," she said. "I have not seen him for two years." Then, almost to tease the authorities, she commented, "I have not seen Thomas Hunter for about that period."¹¹

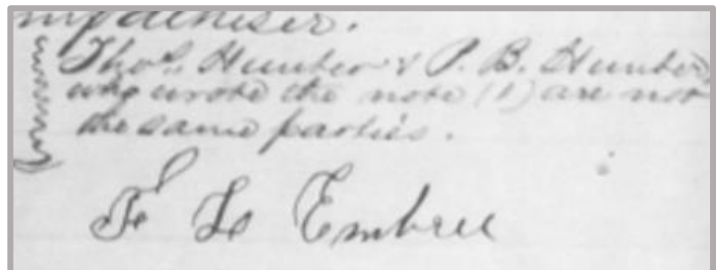
While being questioned about her travels, Ms. Embree stated that "she was arrested as she was returning home after visiting with friends and relatives for four months. After leaving home, she told examining officer Lt. George Shinn, she spent six weeks with a friend in Quincy, Ill.. She then travelled to Shelbina, staying with a friend, Mrs. John Davis, who she knew from Randolph County."¹² She denied being the wife of Thomas Hunter or knowing of his whereabouts but the line of questioning suggested the authorities might have been considering her comments true on a technicality – perhaps Thomas Hunter and the 'brother', then living in Daviess county and receiving letters from Embree, were the same person.

They referred back to correspondence between Ms. Embree and the brother in Daviess county. She was asked, Who is the P. B. Hunter who wrote the note marked (1), to which she replied, I have nothing to say, but that he is P. B. Hunter. When asked where Hunter lived, she stated that he had been a farmer living in Boone county but that she thought he had gone to Texas. The last time she saw him was "at preaching in Randolph co. He was there as a Private Citizen," she said, "unarmed." Embree claimed not to have seen P. B. Hunter in more than a year and thought he had sent the letter referred to as a way to "advise me as a friend." She knew nothing of any secret organisations.

The questioning then turned to Thomas Hunter. Ms. Embree had last seen him "at church in Roanoke, Howard Co." and, at that time, Thomas had expressed a wish to go "where there was peace." She was asked, "Was his name Thos. or P. B. Hunter?" to which she replied, "I won't say." Nevertheless, "Thos. Hunter and P. B. Hunter who wrote the note marked (1) are not the same parties," was noted in the record margin.¹³

Despite the efforts of Ms. Embree, Thomas Hunter was arrested in late 1864 in Salt Lake City while on his way to California. The Denver Rocky Mountain News claimed that he was found to have \$300,000 on his person, taken during the 1863 robbery of the Bloomington bank. This seems unlikely but no doubt bolstered his reputation.¹⁴

In 1863, the town of Bloomington had lost the position of county seat to Macon out of "military necessity". The people of Bloomington could raise no real protest as the town was "outside of the Union". That same year, "Bloomington was raided by a company of guerrillas." They targeted the Western Bank of Missouri, who's



A page from the Union Provost Marshal file showing the note in the margin.

— The notorious Missouri guerrilla Hunter was recently arrested at Salt Lake City, while on his way to California, with \$300,000 in greenbacks, stolen from the bank at Bloomington, Missouri, over a year ago. He was sent back by Governor Conness and will be taken to Huntsville, Missouri, and hung.

Denver Rocky Mountain News, 30 March 1865.

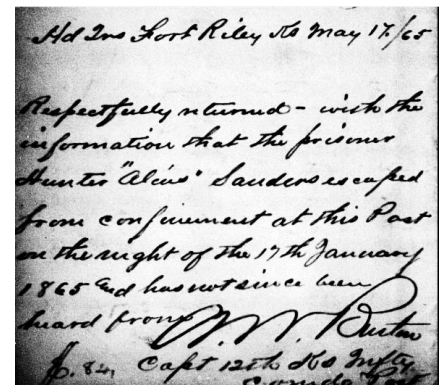
cashier, George Shortridge, handed over \$16,000. "The commander of the raiders was not known" but Dr. Winn, one of the directors of the raided bank, "said that the leader claimed to be Quantrill." With no records that Quantrill had ever travelled that far up the state it was suggested that the culprit had been "Anderson or some others who confined their operations to central and northern Missouri."¹⁵ Dr. Winn provided a statement of the robbery –

The gang first went to the house of the cashier and made him go over to the bank with them. A guard was left at the cashier's house to prevent anyone from leaving to give the alarm. With drawn revolvers, the robbers forced the cashier to open the vault, from which they took about \$16,000; a large portion of the money was the bank's paper, in big, uncut sheets. The day after the robbery, Mr. Shortridge came to Macon, enlisted the aid of a company of Federal soldiers and pursued the robbers to a point between Bloomington and Bevier. There, a place was found where they had evidently halted and divided the money, as there was several pieces of paper scattered about. The soldiers were unable to get any clue of the bandits.

Not long after this there was another alarm. The rumor was that an outlaw band was headed for Bloomington for the purpose of robbery. The directors of the bank hurriedly met and decided to remove all the specie that night. Every man took a portion of the money, leaving a receipt for it and was responsible for its return.¹⁶

With Hunter in custody, a telegram was sent from Macon to Commanding Col. Chivington on December 8, 1864, with an order to "receive and hold Hunter from Salt Lake City in irons." The message ended, "he will be sent for." A month later, January 6, 1865, another telegram enquired if Hunter had been received yet which prompted, in March, a message to the effect that Hunter had been sent "to Denver to be forwarded to St Joseph for trial," but "nothing heard since". This message ended with a question "– is he still in custody?" The answer came back that Hunter had indeed been sent to St Joseph by Commanding Col. Chivington on December 19, 1864, in the charge of Lt. R. W. Jenkins, who had instructions to hand the prisoner over to Gen. Fisk. This message was followed ten days later, on April 10, 1865, by a request for an update on his movements and contained an emphasis on the fact that Hunter was a "violent guerrilla who committed many outrages in the area."¹⁷

Then, on May 2, 1865, a statement arrived from Ft. Larned in Kansas. Like the others, it stated that "bushwhacker Hunter, alias John Sanders; was to transport from Colorado to St Joseph," but unlike the others, this message pointed out that he "could only get transportation to Ft. Riley, Kansas." And it was from Ft. Riley that Hunter, their 'important prisoner', escaped on the night of January 17, 1865 "and has not since been heard from."¹⁸



Confirmation of Hunter's escape.

Thomas Hunter went on to survive the war. The 1870 census shows him living with his wife, Fannie Embree, and their three year old son, Frank, in Colorado.

426 413	Hunter Thomas	31	1861	Carpenter	—	Colorado	1
	Fanny	29	51	Keeping House	Good	Kentucky	
	Frank	3	1861			Missouri	
						Colo	
						Chillicothe	

1870 census, Arapahoe, Colorado territory.

He seemed to do rather well for himself, appearing ten years later in the same place raising stock and in a household that included a farm labouring servant.

227	227	Morrison Anna W	7/21	Servant		Domestic Servant
		Hunter J W	4/24		1	Stock Raising
		- F. L.	W 7/35	Wife	1	Keeping Horses
		- Walter Lee	W 7/7	Son		at Home
		- Roy W	W 7/3	Son		at Home
		Greg. Henry	W 7/13	Servant		Farm Laborer
228	228	Bowman Albert W	7/35		1	

1880 census Littleton, Arapahoe, Colorado

There are no records to show that his brother, Powhattan, ever took part in the Civil War. His Civil War Registration Papers, 1 July 1863, state that he was born in Kentucky in 1834, was married and lived in Prairie, Randolph County, Missouri.¹⁹ From the testimonies of Sarah Stover and Fannie Embree, we can tell that P. B. Hunter was living in Daviess county in 1864 and then possibly moved to Texas. Was this move prompted by the murder of Jonathan Brosius?

The History of Daviess County stated that the whereabouts of P. B. Hunter was, at that point, still unknown but Gay tracked him all the way to California. In July 1869, Powhattan Bowland Hunter was among the voting population of that state and he appeared on the 1870 census for Alisal, Monterey, California, as thirty-six year old Virginian, F. B. Hunter, living with his wife, A. Hunter, 29, and their four year old son, Jard R. Hunter.²⁰ This provides us with two possibilities, either P. B. Hunter was deliberately giving false information, or innocent mistakes were made, either by the person giving the information or by the census taker.

Ten years later, he was still there, now a forty-seven year old carpenter, like his brother, Thomas. Powhattan's first wife had died on 29 November 1876 and, on 25 November 1877, he married H. J. Elliott.²¹ Noted on his marriage records as being born in Kentucky and in the 1880 census [below] as hailing from Missouri, Powhatan was then living with his wife, Hanna; fourteen year old son, Robert, and eight year old daughter, Eliza, from his first marriage; and ten year old stepson, John Elliott.

5	5	Hunter Powhattan	W 7/27		1	Carpenter
		- Hanna	W 7/99	Wife	1	Keeping Horses
		- Robert	W 7/14	Son		at Home
		- Eliza	W 7/8	Daughter		
		Elliott John	W 7/10	Step Son		

Listed as Senior Warden for the Salinas Lodge No. 204 of Masons, P. B. Hunter remained in California for the rest of his days.²² He died there on 15 June 1881 and is buried at the Garden of Memories, Monterey county, California, forever rendering the statement in the History of Daviess County true –

“So far as is known, the murder of Jonathan Brosius is still unavenged.”²³

1. *History of Daviess County, Missouri*, Birdsall & Dean, 1882, p498.
2. All the documentation for the Daniel Smoote vs Frank and Jesse James case can be found at, sos.mo.gov/archives/mdh_splash/default?coll=james
3. Correspondence with Linda Gay Mathis, 30 August 2019.
4. Burrel/Burwell B. Hunter married Elizabeth Brooks first and, following her death, married Elizabeth Lightner on 11 July 1854 in Monroe, Missouri.
5. 1850 Boone county census. The birth of Alexander highlights their move to the state some four years earlier.
6. Missouri Marriage Records, 1805-2002.
7. historichuntsvillemissouri/civil-war-in-randolph-county.

8. *Guerrilla Warfare in Civil War Missouri, Vol. II*, 1863, Bruce Nichols, online version, page numbers not given.
9. Columbia [Mo.] Daily Tribune, "150 Years Ago" by Rudi Keller, 29 July 2014.
10. Statement of Sarah E Stover, 29 July 1864, Union Provost Marshal Papers 1861 – 1866: 1861-1866 (Fannie Embree), F 1345.
11. Columbia [Mo.] Daily Tribune, "150 Years Ago" by Rudi Keller, 2 August 2014.
12. Ibid.
13. Union Provost Marshal Papers, op cit.
14. Denver Rocky Mountain News, 30 March 1865.
15. *General History of Macon County, Missouri, Vol. 1* edited by Edgar White, 1910, pp184-185.
16. Ibid.
17. Union Provost Marshal Papers, op cit.
18. Ibid.
19. Civil War Draft Registration Records 1863-1865.
20. California voters' register, 1866-1898 online – 1869; 1870 census.
21. Memorial at the Garden of Memories Salinas, Monterey County, California; California County Birth, Marriage and Death Records, 1849-1980.
22. *Journal of Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of California Vol. XII, 1875 and 1876. Returns of the Sub-Ordinate Lodges to the Grand Lodges of California*, 1 August 1875 and 1 August 1876, p291 and p673, Frank Eastman, Printer, San Francisco, 1875.
23. *History of Daviess County, Missouri*, op cit, p498. LGM

RARE JESSE JAMES LETTER SOLD AT AUCTION

Recently, a letter written by Jesse James to Joseph Flood was sold at auction by Bonhams.

Mr. Flood had publicly accused the James brothers of stealing Dr. Yates' horse after the Pinkerton raid on the family farm in January 1875, an accusation overheard by several of the James' friends.

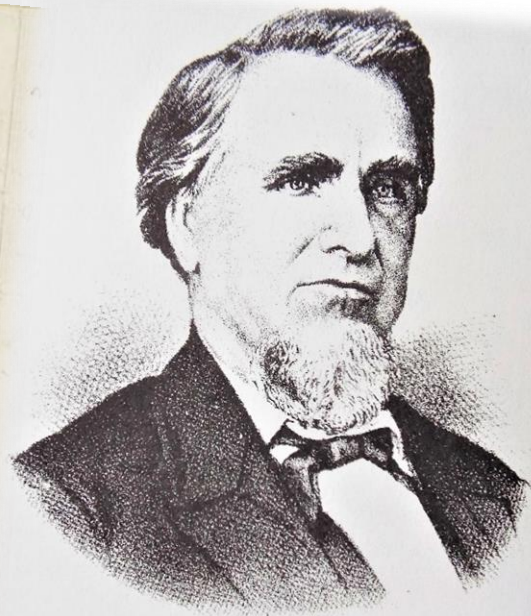
Jesse's response was a hand delivered letter denying the charge.

"Do you suppose if we were thieves we would Steal a horse from one that has been so kind to Mother as Dr Yates has," Jesse asked. "No, far from it." Dr. Yates had been one of the physicians who had attended the family after the attack. "They [sic] are no men in Mo. who scorn horse thieves more than we do," Jesse assured, "and if we were free men we would do all in our power to put it down."

The note required Mr. Flood to visit Mrs. Samuel and explain himself to her and warned, "if you value your life you had better retrace your slander."

Extraordinarily, it seems Jesse initially handed the letter to Dr. Yates and included a note to him – "Dr. Yates," it read, "Pleas read this letter and hand it to Mr. Flood and oblige, JW James."

It may be of some interest to note that Joseph Flood was one of the men sent to determine the reason behind Jesse wishing to remove his name from the Mount Olivet register in 1869.



Yours Truly
Joseph Flood
 OF KEARNEY, MO.

REMEMBERING THE HOT SPRINGS ROBBERY

To ease your Winter Blues, I have transcribed for your entertainment a James Gang adventure from 146 years ago. The Stage line near Hot Springs Arkansas was robbed the 15th of January 1874. Near \$1900.00 in cash was stolen from the express and passengers, as well as watches and jewelry. The article is directly from The Daily Arkansas Gazette out of Little Rock, dated Jan 18, 1874. This is believed to be the most accurate accounting of the robbery. Our storyteller is one Mr. Crump, a passenger of said stage, relating the excitement to the press two days later...



BY MICHELE
WELCH-
POYNTER

THE STAGE ROBBERY THE FEATS OF DICK TURPIN ECLIPSED – ONE OF THE MOST DARING HIGH- WAY ROBBERIES EVER COMMITTED.

From Mr. C.R. Crump, a representative from the wholesale tobacco and cigar house of Edmonds, Pettigrew & Co., of Memphis, who arrived from Hot Springs last night, and who was on Thursday's stage, going to the Springs, at the time of the robbery referred to in Friday's GAZETTE, we learn the Particulars of the affair. There was one stage and two light road wagons, or ambulances - the stage being in front and the other two vehicles immediately in the rear. At the Gaines place, five miles this side of Hot Springs, the stages were stopped to water the stock. While watering five men rode up, coming from toward Hot Springs, and passed on by. Each man wore a heavy blue army overcoat, but neither of them were masked. Nothing was thought of the matter, and the vehicles moved on. After going about half a mile, the men who had passed them at the Gaines place rode up from behind, and the first thing that Mr. Crump - who was in the front stage - heard was an order to the driver to stop, or his head would be blown off. The stage was stopped, and on throwing up the curtain he saw a pistol pointed at him and others in the stage, telling them to get out quick, accompanied by an oath. They got out, and, as they did so, were ordered to throw up their hands. Three men were in front of them with cocked pistols and another with a shotgun, while on the other side of the stage was still another - all pointing their weapons toward the passengers and the driver. After getting the passengers out, they made them form in a kind of circle so that all of them could be covered by the pistols and gun. The leader then went through each passenger, taking all the watches, jewelry and money that could conveniently be found, that were of special value. From Ex-Gov. Burbank, of Dakota, they obtained \$840 in money, a diamond pin and gold watch. A gentleman named Taylor, from Lowell, Mass., went up for \$650 in money. A passenger from Syracuse, N. Y., gave up his last nickel, \$160. Mr. Johnny Dietrich, our boot and shoe merchant, lost \$5 in money and a fine gold watch. He had \$50 besides this in the watch pocket of his pants that they did not find. Mr. Charley Moore, of the ice house, gave up \$70 in money and his silver watch, by [sic] they returned the latter, stating they did not want any silver watches. A Mr. Peoples, who resides near Hot Springs, lost \$20. Three countrymen lost about \$15. The express package, containing about \$135, was also taken. Mr. Crump had his watch and about \$40-\$45 in money gobbled. After getting through with the passengers, they tore open several mail sacks in search of registered letters, but did not get any. While the main party was engaged in this work, another took out the best horse in the coach, saddled him, rode up and down the road about 50 yards two or three times, and remarked that "he would do".

- After all this the 'captain' went to each passenger in turn and questioned him as to where he was from, and inquired if there were any southern men along. Mr. Crump spoke up, as did one or two others, that they were southern men. They then asked if there were any that served in the confederate army during the war. Mr. Crump answered that he did. They questioned him as to what command, and remarking that he looked like an honest fellow, one who was telling the truth, handed him back his watch and money, saying they did not want to rob confederate soldiers; that the northern men had driven them into outlawry and they intended to make them pay for it.

Coming to Mr. Taylor, of Lowell, they asked where he was from,

"St. Louis," he responded.

The "captain" eyed him closely. "Yes, and you are a newspaper reporter for the St. Louis Democrat, the vilest paper in the west. Go to Hot Springs and send the Democrat a telegram about this affair, and give them my compliments."

Gov. Burbank asked them to return his papers, saying they could be of no benefit to them. The "captain" squatted down on his knees, and commenced examining them. Turning round to his followers he said, "Boys, I believe he is a detective - Shoot him!" and forthwith, he was covered with three pistols. "Stop," said the chief, looking further, "I guess it's all right," and handed the governor his papers. Coming to the gentlemen from Syracuse, N.Y., who was going to the Springs for his health, he asked them to give back five dollars so that he could telegraph home. Eyeing him closely, the chief responded that if he had no friends nor money, he had better go and die— that he would be little loss any way. The fellow with the shot-gun kept pointing it at the "St. Louis Democrat" man, as they termed him, making such cheerful remarks as these: "I'll bet I can shoot his hat off, without toughing a hair on his head."

All of them seemed to be jolly fellows and enjoyed the fun very much. None of the passengers were armed, and, as Mr. Crump expressed it, "they had the drop on them." One passenger with rheumatism, so badly afflicted that he could not get out of the coach, they did not touch, refusing to take anything he had.

The affair occurred about 3 o'clock, Thursday evening, on the main road to Hot Springs. From the talk of the "Captain," it is thought they were from Missouri. They took breakfast on the road between Malvern and Hot Springs, Friday, and, from the description, it is thought the chief is a celebrated Missouri brigand (whose name we now forget), who has been outlawed by the authorities of that state, and for whom there is a standing reward of \$10,000. It may be the same party who rode into Cape Girardeau last spring, about 9 o'clock in the morning, and deliberately walked into a bank, pulled a pistol on the cashier, and robbed the institution of several thousand dollars, and then rode deliberately out of town, before the people knew what was going on. They were so heavily armed, that Mr. Crump described them as walking armories.

Source: The Daily Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock) Sunday January 18, 1874. **MWP**

ITEMS STOLEN FROM HISTORIC HOME

On 31 January 2020, the Jesse James Home in St Joseph, Missouri, was broken into and several items were stolen.

One of these items was the "God Bless Our Home" sign, which had hung over the bullet hole for many years and always hung crooked to remind visitors of how Jesse had reached up to straighten it before he was killed. "Notable items such as vintage guns, souvenirs and the gift shop's cash register were left untouched," Museum Director, Gary Chilcote, told reporters. The burglar evidently entered through a small window that was not connected to the security system and, having removed the embroidery from the wall, the perpetrator also stole a selection of books, "including a Bible of Jesse's that his mother gave him."

The St Joseph Police Department have taken a recording of the robbery caught on the Home's security cameras and DNA and fingerprint searches also took place.

At the time of going to press, there are no new developments and the perpetrator has not been caught.

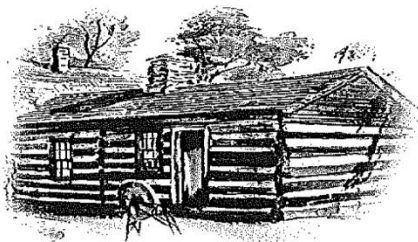


Above: The Jesse James Home in St Joseph, Missouri.
Left: The needlework stolen during the robbery.

Source: newspressnow.com

Friends of the James Farm

c/o Jesse James Birthplace
 21216 Jesse James Farm Road
 Kearney, MO 64060
 www.jessejames.org
 816.736.8500



James homestead cabin —
 Original art by Jim Hamill

Return Service Requested

YES, I want to renew my membership with the Friends of the James Farm or begin a new membership. I have checked my level of membership in the box and enclosed a check or money order for the amount indicated.

Name: _____

Mailing Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____ Country: _____

Telephone: _____ Email: _____

Please mail membership form and payment to:

Friends of the James Farm

c/o Jesse James Birthplace
 21216 Jesse James Farm Road
 Kearney, MO 64060



You can also scan
 QR Code to visit our
 website.
 www.jessejames.org

Membership Levels (Mark One)

- ☐ Bushwhacker \$25
☐ Clay County Irregular . . . \$50
☐ Road Agent \$100
☐ Long Rider \$250
☐ Home Guard \$500

Is this a renewal? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Outside the continental U.S.,
 please add \$5 to your membership
 contribution.