In December of 1882, the great American naturalist George Grinnell published an editorial in his magazine, *Forest and Stream*, that called for federal officials to move Yellowstone National Park’s boundary south by about ten miles. Grinnell wanted the border to go all the way to the 44th parallel, an area that today includes the John D. Rockefeller Memorial Parkway, connecting Yellowstone to its much smaller neighbor, Grand Teton National Park. The geyser-riddled landscape that Americans once called “The New Wonderland” had been designated a national park a little more than a decade earlier by an act of Congress. Yellowstone was America’s first national park, and its proper boundaries had been contested from the very beginning.\(^1\)

Grinnell’s editorial included excerpts from a report that General Philip Sheridan had filed with the Department of the Interior two months earlier, also recommending that the border be moved to the 44th parallel. Sheridan oversaw the U.S. Army’s operations in the vast territory that lay between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. In the 1870s, he had opposed efforts by the Texas State legislature to outlaw the killing of bison by white people on tribal lands. In his report to the Department of the Interior, however, Sheridan sang a different tune. He decried the fact that thousands of wild animals were being slaughtered by homesteaders and squatters along the borders of Yellowstone National Park.\(^2\)

“I have been credibly informed...that 4,000 elk were killed by skin hunters in one winter,” Sheridan wrote to Interior Secretary Henry Moore Teller in the excerpt featured in *Forest and Stream*, “and that even last winter, in and around the edges of the park, there were as many as two thousand of these grand animals killed.” The decorated Civil War veteran and famed Indian-killer wanted Yellowstone to be a protective “reservation” for the wildlife found in the American West. The creatures’ migration patterns, however, made it such that the park would have to be bigger in order for it to serve that function. “This year I noticed... that the elk, deer, antelope, and big-horn sheep, from the Big Horn Mountains, are all drifting to the section of the country which would be included in the National Park if it were extended as I recommend,” Sheridan told Secretary Teller. “This extension would not be taking anything away from the people, as the territory thus annexed to the park can never be settled upon.”\(^3\)

It was true that no homesteaders had settled in the area Sheridan identified when the general made his report to the Department of the Interior in the fall of 1882. The reason for this lack of settlement, however, was not that the territory was entirely uninhabitable. Indeed, by the time Congress got around to passing the Forest Reserve Act of 1891, which gave President Benjamin Harrison the power to create the Yellowstone Park Timber Land Reserve out of territory that Philip Sheridan had pointed to nine years earlier,
at least one white couple and their two children had already moved into the area around the 44th parallel that Sheridan had insisted could “never be settled upon.” That couple was John Dudley Sargent and his wife, Adelaide, who had begun living along the northeastern bank of Jackson Lake in the spring of 1890. Their homestead became the land that the UW-NPS Research Station now sits on.

John Dudley Sargent – who went by the name Jack – first came to Wyoming in 1879, when he was 17 years old. He had been born and raised in Machias, Maine, a timber town along the northern coast, about 30 miles south of the New Brunswick border. His parents both came from prominent New England families. Jack’s mother, Alice Hemenway Sargent, was the niece of Augustus Hemenway, Sr., a philanthropist and self-made millionaire from Boston who was widely believed to be the wealthiest man in America at the time of his death in 1876. Gus Hemenway had made his fortune off of trade — selling timber from Maine to sugar barons in Cuba; sugar from Cuba to sweet tooths in England; furniture from England to homesick European merchants in Chile; silver from Chile to the insatiable currency market in China; and porcelain from China to the growing number of middle and upper-class consumers in the newly industrializing, post-war United States. Gus’ company was a family affair, and all three of his living brothers, including Jack Sargent’s grandfather, William Hemenway, contributed to and reaped the benefits of the company’s success.4

Jack’s father, Henry Clay Sargent, was a direct
Figure 2. This map was drawn in 1820, when Maine became a state. Machias has been circled to show how close the town is to the Canadian border. Image courtesy the Library of Congress.
descendent of several early colonial governors in Massachusetts. Henry's great-great-grandmother, in fact, Catherine Winthrop Sargent, was the great-granddaughter of John Winthrop, the Calvinist lawyer whose famous “City Upon a Hill” speech, delivered aboard the Arabella as the Puritans sailed to Boston, set the tone for British colonial settlement and shaped Americans' collective understanding of their place in the world for centuries to come. Winthrop's image of the “model of Christian charity” that America could be for the rest of the world popped up regularly in political speeches throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including those of Ronald Reagan in the 1980s.5

Catherine's husband, Epes, was one of fifteen Sargent children born in Glocester, Massachusetts, to William and Mary Duncan Sargent in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Eight of those Sargent children survived into adulthood. They went on to have children of their own, populating New England with hundreds of Sargents, quite a few of whom left their marks on America's legal, cultural, political, and religious landscapes. Some of the more famous Sargents in American history have included Judith Sargent Murray, the early feminist essayist and poet; Charles Sprague Sargent, who oversaw the creation of America's national forest system (including the Teton Forest Reserve that surrounded Jack Sargent's home after the reserve was created in 1897); Fanny Sargent Osgood, the poet whose extra-marital affair with Edgar Allan Poe continues to fascinate historians and novelists today; and John Singer Sargent, a contemporary and distant cousin of John Dudley Sargent, who was descended from Epes' Sargent's first wife, Mary, and was considered to be the leading portrait painter of his day.6

When he first came to Wyoming as a teenager, Jack Sargent “punched cattle” – that is to say, he worked as a cowboy – along the territory's borders with Colorado and Nebraska. Eventually, his uncle Charles Porter Hemenway, Gus' younger brother and a primary shareholder in the Union Pacific Railroad, got him a job working in the railroad's freight offices in Cheyenne. In 1885, Jack married Adelaide Crane, a hometown girl from Machias he'd known his entire life, and brought her and their infant son, Charles Hemenway, to Wyoming. Two years later, Jack, Addie, “Hemenway” (as the little boy was called), and a second child, Mary, moved west, settling initially in Big Piney, Wyoming, less than a hundred miles south of the valley between the Teton and Gros Ventre Mountains that was then known as “Jackson's Hole.” Three years later, the Sargents moved to Jackson Lake.7

John Dudley Sargent's reasons for coming to Wyoming are unclear – though the deaths of his grandfather and mother in November and December of 1874 almost certainly had something to do with his decision. By his own account, Jack Sargent's parents had not had a happy – or even particularly close – marriage. Henry Clay Sargent left Machias in June of 1861, roughly two months after Jack Sargent was conceived, to join an infantry unit that was mustering in Portland. It's possible Henry did not know Alice was pregnant when he left to join the army – but

Figure 3. John Winthrop (1587-1648) was the third colonial governor of Massachusetts and a direct ancestor of John Dudley Sargent. Image courtesy the American Antiquarian Society.
he definitely knew by mid-July, when Alice’s father, William, tracked him down in Massachusetts after his infantry unit had left Maine to travel to Washington, D.C. Eighteen-year-old Henry Clay Sargent and seventeen-year-old Alice Hemenway were married in Boston on July 18th, 1861. Henry continued on to the nation’s capital and was eventually deployed to the Florida panhandle. He saw action in early October on Santa Rosa Island in the Gulf of Mexico, and by the end of that month, Henry was back in Machias on a disability discharge that had been secured through the influence of his wealthy father-in-law. His injury (or perhaps it was William Hemenway’s money…) was serious enough to keep him out of the military for the rest of the Civil War.8

His injury did not keep Henry Clay Sargent in Machias, however. When Jack Sargent was still a toddler, Henry moved to Sacramento, California, where he helped to rebuild that city, which had been destroyed by a devastating series of floods during the winter of 1861-1862 when Jack was born. He stayed there for several years, and according to Jack, Alice Sargent ultimately divorced her husband in 1871, while he was still out west — though Maine did not start preserving its divorce records until 1892, and California’s existing records go back only to 1905, making the accuracy of Jack’s understanding of the situation impossible to determine.9

In 1874, when John Dudley Sargent was twelve years old, his grandfather William, whom Jack and Alice had been living with in Machias for the entirety of Jack’s life, had a falling out with his older brother, Augustus Hemenway. The details of the disagreement are unclear — though it had something to do with William’s management of Gus’ timber interests in Maine during the thirteen years that Gus spent at a private sanitarium in Litchfield, Connecticut, that he had voluntarily checked himself into in 1860 because of his “fragile nerves.” The disagreement — whatever it was — was not a trivial matter. It cost William Hemenway $500,000 — or the equivalent of about $11.3 million in 2019 terms. According to John Dudley Sargent, his grandfather was “heartbroken” by the affair, and he “drank himself to death in three weeks.” A month and a half later, Jack recalled in 1899, “my mother died because her father did.”10

Young Jack Sargent spent the next five years going back and forth between Maine and Massachusetts, spending some of his time with his paternal grandfather, Ignatius Sargent, who lived in Machias, and some of his time with his maternal grandmother, Elizabeth Tileston, Alice’s mother, who’d been a servant in the Hemenway home when she became pregnant with William’s daughter and never actually married the father of her child. Instead, Elizabeth left her infant daughter in Maine and made her way down to Lynn, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston, where she eventually married John Howard Tileston, a cousin of Gus Hemenway’s wife, Mary Tileston. She named Jack as her only grandson in her will and left him the surprisingly small sum of five dollars — or about a hundred fifty bucks in today’s terms. To each of
Figure 5. William Hemenway’s house in Machias, Maine, where Jack Sargent was born and spent the first twelve years of his life, is now the “Hemenway Annex” of the Machias Valley Christian School. Photo credit: Maura Jane Farrelly.

her nine nephews, Elizabeth Tileston left twenty times that amount.\textsuperscript{11}

The relations within John Dudley Sargent’s family were complicated, to say the least – and they became even more complicated throughout the course of his adult life in Wyoming, as my research into the history of the first “owner” of the UW-NPS Research Station has revealed.

No one seemed to really want Jack Sargent following the death of his mother and grandfather when he was 12 years old – which is why in 1879, Augustus Hemenway, Jr., Jack’s 26-year-old cousin who had inherited an estate worth 35 million dollars in 1876 after his father, Augustus Hemenway, Sr, died, gave Jack the money he needed to go to Wyoming.\textsuperscript{12}

It was something Americans had been doing ever since the early seventeenth century, when Jack Sargent’s ancestor, John Winthrop, had joined a group of British Calvinists who didn’t want to be persecuted in England anymore. The group decided to leave, heading west – in this case, to Massachusetts – to start over and have the humiliations and torments of their former lives be forgotten.

“The West” was a place where Americans could go to reinvent themselves – a region wild enough to be unencumbered by the traditions, institutions, and reputations that always make it difficult for anyone to start over. Of course, by the time Jack Sargent decided to leave his old life behind, the boundary that marked where “the West” began had moved considerably from where it had been in 1630, when the Puritans reinvented themselves in the wild region that is today the tenth-largest metropolitan area in the United States.\textsuperscript{13}

In 1790, when the first U.S. Census was taken, government authorities had classified the part of Maine where John Dudley Sargent was born in 1861 as “wilderness” – meaning there were fewer than two people per square mile living in the region. By the late 1870s, however, hardly any areas east of the Mississippi River could meet the Census Bureau’s formal definition of “wilderness.” Certainly there was no way a person could re-invent himself in the highly developed portion of the country known as New England – especially if he were a Winthrop, a Hemenway, and a Sargent.\textsuperscript{14}

The southeast corner of Wyoming that Jack initially migrated to, however, wasn’t exactly “wilderness,” either. It was very much a frontier when he arrived in 1879 – a transitional zone of settlement far away from the dense populations and technological and commercial infrastructures that were then the marks of modernity, and beyond which lay a vast swath of unsettled territory, home to nomadic tribes like the Bannock, Crow, and Shoshone Indians and almost entirely untouched by the trappings of the modern age.

Cheyenne was the territorial capital when John Dudley Sargent arrived. It was home to the Wyoming Stock Growers’ Association, a group founded in 1872 by a collection of cattlemen who wanted to press their industry’s interests with lawmakers in Washington. The town, therefore, needed to be connected to the east coast, no matter how remote it was – and in fact Cheyenne was highly connected by the time Jack Sargent arrived, not just by the railroad, which ensured that for the right price, a person could travel from Cheyenne to Washington, D.C., New York, or Boston in about four days, but also by the telegraph, which first connected Cheyenne to the rest of the...
country in the late 1860s and made it possible for important messages to be sent to any major American city in less than an hour, depending upon the staffing situations at the various telegraph offices along the way.\textsuperscript{15}

Jack Sargent didn’t stay in this highly connected transitional zone for very long. Part of his impulse for moving west, after all, had been his desire to start over, which required that his New England identity be forgotten. In Cheyenne, working for the Union Pacific Railroad as he did, Jack was always going to be a Hemenway – the Hemenway who couldn’t make it work back home. The Hemenway nobody wanted. To start over, he needed to find a place where he could give new meaning to his old names.

The section of northwestern Wyoming that Jack ultimately chose to make his home was extremely remote in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. As late as 1904, Jack recalled coming back to his ranch after spending the winter in New York, and the trip took him a total of 14 days – four days on a train to St. Anthony, Idaho; three days in St. Anthony while he waited for the tri-weekly stage coach to Squirrel, a tiny settlement on the western edge of the Tetons that consisted of a post office and a ranch where Jack knew the manager; and then seven days on skis over the Conant Pass, into Berry Creek Canyon (which dropped a thousand feet over the course of just half a mile, according to Jack), through a valley that was prone to avalanches, and across the Snake River, which Jack had to ford naked from the waist down – \textit{in April} – holding his belongings in a waterproofed leather pouch high above his head. Fourteen years earlier, Jack’s friend and business partner, Robert Ray Hamilton, had drowned while crossing this same river. The week-long trip on foot amounted to slightly more than 50 miles.\textsuperscript{16}

As anyone who has ever been to the UW-NPS Research Station can attest, the remote location where John Dudley Sargent had his ranch is stupendously beautiful. It is no exaggeration to say that first-time visitors almost have to remind themselves to breathe as they stand amid the bright yellow balsamroot and pale purple lupines that decorate the shores of Jackson Lake in the summertime and stare across the water at the massive cathedral of mountains looming on the other side.

Jack Sargent, too, understood that the view was pretty impressive. Gazing at those same peaks one evening during a period in his life when he lived at the ranch alone, Jack described the mountains as being “afame with sunset colors of indescribable gorgeousness.” He’d been living in northwest Wyoming for 14 years by the time he scrawled those words into a journal that he planned to use as the basis of his autobiography – and the man from coastal Maine still could not help but be humbled and awed by the glory of the Teton Mountains.\textsuperscript{17}

It probably would not surprise John Dudley Sargent to learn that today, well-heeled vacationers are willing to spend as much as $600 a night to stay at the Grand Teton Lodge Company’s hotel along Jackson Lake, just so that they can have the same view he had nearly every morning and evening for 23 years.\textsuperscript{18} Indeed, Jack Sargent more or less anticipated that this would be the case – which is why he and his partner, Ray Hamilton, built a ten-room lodge on Jack’s property in the early 1890s. It’s also why Jack frequently wrote to state and federal officials, begging them to build a usable wagon road that would connect his ranch to Yellowstone National Park, about twenty miles to the north.

“I should like to take a contract for building a part of the road down from the Thumb,” Jack wrote to Yellowstone’s superintendent George Anderson in June of 1895, after he had learned that a road the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers was building from the West Thumb Geyser Basin to the southern entrance of the park had been delayed by the Corps’ inability to get enough soldiers to the region to finish the work. “There are plenty of qualified teams here,” Jack assured Anderson, whom he knew quite well. “I can get them on the ground quick.”\textsuperscript{19}

Later, Jack wrote to Wyoming’s governor William Richards, nudging him about a proposal Richards had made to build a road that would connect Yellowstone’s southern entrance to the hot springs at Thermopolis, about 200 miles southeast of the park.
Wyoming had recently acquired the rights to those therapeutic springs from the Shoshone. “What was done about your recommendation for a State Road from the Big Horn Hot Springs... to the southern line of the Nat'l Park,” Jack asked the governor in March of 1896. Referring to the same army road within the park that he had written to George Anderson about, Jack noted that “a State Road as you recommended, connecting with this new Park Road, when completed, will give Wyoming the most picturesque drive into the Park and the shortest route to the great points of interest for Wyoming’s people.” 20

A road from Thermopolis to the southern entrance of the park would also run right by Jack Sargent’s homestead, which is exactly what he wanted. He was hoping, ultimately, to run a stage service down from Yellowstone to his lodge, so that visitors to the national park could easily add a stay in the Tetons to their itineraries. 21 Grand Teton National Park had not yet been established, of course – but the stately and stunning mountains were there, and John Dudley Sargent believed fervently that wealthy vacationers would want to see them if they could.

Alas, the same wilderness that he had craved as a part of his plan to re-invent himself also worked against his plans to make money off the beauty of the Teton range. While my research has led me to believe there were other factors that would have made
it difficult for Jack to thrive in the hospitality industry – factors that had to do with the fragile and sometimes volatile disposition I believe he was born with, and which was exacerbated, then, by the lonely and unstable circumstances that characterized his childhood – the fact of the matter is that the roads Jack needed to operate his lodge successfully were not built until after he had died.

The road within the park that Jack wrote to Superintendent Anderson about – the one from the geyser basin down to Yellowstone’s southern boundary – was, in fact, completed during Jack’s lifetime. But it was a horrible road and not one that any tourist would ever want to travel on. In 1900, one of the army’s own engineers described it as a “disgrace to the Government” because it was in such a “wretched condition,” with “stumps left in the roadway for most of the distance.” Equally important to Jack, the road extended only to the Army’s Snake River Station within the Yellowstone Timber Land Reserve. That was still about twelve miles away from his homestead.

The road that he hoped Governor Richards would build from Thermopolis to the southern entrance of the park never did become a reality; indeed, it wasn’t until 1917, four years after Jack Sargent had died, that any usable road came within an easy traveling distance of what had been his property. As a consequence, Jack’s lodge, which he called “Marymere,” never saw the visitors – or the income – that he had imagined.

Marymere Ranch didn’t attract tourists, but it did attract a great deal of attention – as did Jack Sargent himself during the years that he lived in Wyoming. The 1890s were the height of “yellow journalism” in the United States. Thanks to the scandal-mongering of newspaper publishers like Joseph Pulitzer, William Randolph Hearst, and Gordon Bennett, everyone in America knew where John Dudley Sargent’s ranch was, even if most of them didn’t have the fortitude to trek fifty miles across the Conant Pass to visit the place themselves.

Here, then, was the great irony of Jack Sargent’s life: The far-flung wilderness that he had gravitated toward so that he could start his life anew was so wild and so unsettled that it prevented him from making a living off of tourism in what is now the eighth-most-visited national park in the United States. That wilderness, however, was not so wild and unsettled that it could provide Jack with the autonomy and anonymity he needed to start over and have his old life on the east coast be forgotten.

To be sure, the railroads and telegraph lines that connected places like Cheyenne to the rest of the country were not close to Jack’s homestead – but they also weren’t all that far away. Post offices were cropping up all over western Wyoming. Jack’s first wife, Addie, had even planned on opening one shortly before she died in 1897; she was going to call it “Hamilton, P.O.,” after Jack’s business partner who had died trying to cross the Snake River seven years earlier.

The U.S. postal service delivered more than just letters, bills, and contracts; it was also how newspapers were delivered, not just in the West, but pretty much everywhere in the United States. And newspapers were how reputations – the very thing John Dudley Sargent had forsaken in his native New England – took root and spread.

The U.S. Census Bureau seemed to recognize that things were changing fast. The year Jack Sargent moved to Jackson Lake was the year Census officials announced they would no longer track population growth in terms of “westward expansion.” The West already had plenty of settlers; it just didn’t make sense anymore for government officials to speak of America’s population as “moving into” the region. There were still pockets of wilderness left in the West, of course, and Jack and his family certainly lived in one. But the country was basically settled. The way Census officials famously put it in 1890, the “American frontier” was finally “closed.”

This announcement shocked a young historian at the University of Wisconsin named Frederick Jackson Turner. It prompted him to formulate a powerful argument in 1893 about the development of American cultural identity known as the “Frontier Thesis.” According to Turner, the rugged, isolated, and untamed nature of life beyond the frontier had shaped the character of America’s people. Even when it was
Figure 7. This map shows the modern-day boundaries of Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks. The red marks indicate where Jack Sargent’s homestead was in relation to Thermopolis and the West Thumb Geyser Basin in Yellowstone.

just an idea—a place that people thought they might someday visit or move to, though they never did—the frontier shaped Americans’ understandings of themselves. It turned them into fiercely independent people who believed it was their right to re-invent themselves and control their own destinies, the way John Dudley Sargent did. Americans thought they could do this because the frontier had always given them the option of being forgotten.

Turner’s Frontier Thesis continues to animate Americans’ popular conception of themselves and the West, even as it has been criticized by subsequent generations of historians for ignoring the role of the federal government in promoting the settlement of the frontier, exaggerating the extent to which people in the West relied upon only themselves for their survival, and failing to adequately consider the experiences of women, indigenous Americans, and racial and ethnic minorities.

The Frontier Thesis remains powerful in spite of these criticisms because Turner was right to recognize that the “closing” of the American frontier was significant. It marked the end of one chapter and the beginning of another in America’s cultural development. John Dudley Sargent’s life exemplified that fact.

Jack had moved out to Wyoming in 1879 as a lone-some and unknown teenager bearing a prominent name and coming from several prominent families that had shown no real interest in claiming him. By the time he died in 1913 at the age of 52, John Dudley Sargent had become notorious, known to business-men and housewives across the continent. His lonely suicide in his lodge along Jackson Lake was covered by newspapers as big as the New York Times, the Boston Globe, and the Baltimore Sun, and as small as the Omaha (Nebraska) Bee, the Montgomery (Alabama) Advertiser, and the Edmonton (Alberta) Journal.

Jack’s notoriety tells us a lot about the closing of the American frontier and the personal and cultural costs of that closing. John Dudley Sargent was an early casualty of a media and communications revolution that now touches the lives of all of us, making it difficult for many of us to recover from our mistakes and indiscrections and sparking a debate about whether human beings in this digitally connected age can or should still have a “right to be forgotten.”

The reputation that John Dudley Sargent took to his
Figure 8. This sign is on display at the UW-NPS Research Station. It features a photograph of John Dudley Sargent’s second wife, Edith D.M. Sargent, who had trained as a violinist in the 1880s in France. The photograph was taken on Jack’s homestead. Edith was from New York and came to Wyoming around 1906, fleeing her own set of east-coast demons.

grave with him stemmed from his involvement in two incidents that were shrouded in mystery: the death of his business partner, Robert Ray Hamilton, in September of 1890, and the death of his first wife, Adelaide Crane Sargent, in April of 1897. Unraveling the mystery of what actually happened to Ray and Addie, understanding why Jack was blamed for their deaths, and exploring the culture that led to Jack’s notoriety is part of what this project is about.

The project I am working on builds on some extraordinary archival research that was done by Kenneth and Lenore Diem in the 1980s. A biologist by training, Kenneth was the director of the UW-NPS Research Station when it moved to its current location in Grand Teton National Park. That location along Jackson Lake, near Sargents Bay, was purchased by the National Park Service in 1976 – nearly 40 years after Grand Teton National Park was created and nearly 60 years after county officials sold the property, which had been John Dudley Sargent’s homestead, to pay the back taxes that had accumulated on it following Jack’s death.33

Kenneth and his wife, Lenore, spent years collecting records and conducting interviews about the history of the property’s various owners and caretakers. The couple used the records they gathered to write two books about the history of Jackson Hole.34 Following Kenneth’s death in 2005, then, Lenore donated the records to the American Heritage Center at the University of Wyoming. That collection proved to be an incredibly important starting point for me, as I began to research this project.
The books the Diems wrote are great introductions to the people and events that make up the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth-century history of northern Jackson Hole. The books are recitations more than they are narratives, however, and as such, their appeal is somewhat limited. For those who already have a keen interest in the human history of the Greater Yellowstone Area, the books are a real find. Anyone who doesn’t already have an interest, however, is unlikely to develop one after reading the books.

The Diems were scientists – not storytellers or historians. One of my goals for this project, therefore, has been to bring the skills of both to not just John Dudley Sargent’s life and the time he spent in northwestern Wyoming, but also to the lives of his business partner, Robert Ray Hamilton, and his second wife, Edith D.M. Sargent, neither of whom gets extensive treatment in the books written by the Diems.

Just like Jack, Ray and Edith came from prominent families on the east coast. Edith’s father was a wealthy investment banker in New York who owned a “cottage” along the tony Bellevue Avenue in Newport, Rhode Island, where he raced yachts and played tennis with other Gilded-Age elites. Ray’s great-grandfather was Alexander Hamilton, the first secretary of the U.S. Treasury (and more recently of Broadway fame). His grandfather, John Church Hamilton, was a highly respected historian, and Ray’s father, Schuyler Hamilton, was a decorated army general who served in the Mexican and Civil Wars. Unlike Jack, Ray and Edith were not unknown when they arrived in Wyoming. The reputations they fled belonged specifically to them and were not merely those of their famous and powerful families, as had been the case with Jack. Long before they picked up and moved west, Ray and Edith had gotten caught in the media snare that would eventually snag Jack, as well – each for different reasons. Their migration to Wyoming was a last-ditch effort to get away from the clutches of the yellow press, and in Edith’s case, at least, the strategy worked, in spite of the closed frontier. Ray, however, was still being “remembered” by newspapers across the country nearly a quarter of a century after he had died.

Edith had an advantage that neither Ray nor Jack had: Her name changed when she married Jack Sargent in Wyoming in 1906. As a consequence, the yellow press lost track of her. Edith’s personality remained the same, however, and the eccentricities that had attracted the media’s attention when she lived in New York soon attracted the attention of locals in northwestern Wyoming, as well.

People in Jackson Hole loved to tell stories about how Edith Sargent sunbathed naked and wandered the woods around her husband’s ranch playing the violin and “gobbling peanuts.” No one ever seemed to realize she was the same “Edith” who had generated headlines across the country twenty years earlier, when her Egyptian lover was convicted of murder and guillotined in Paris. Nevertheless, Edith Sargent was the subject of many rumors in Wyoming during the seven years she was married to Jack, and she continues to be a bit of a cult figure in Jackson Hole to this very day. In 1989, the Jackson Hole Chamber
Figure 10. This is the only surviving photograph of Robert Ray Hamilton. It was published in the Illustrated American. Newspapers described Ray as “handsome,” and during his wife’s trial for attempted murder in 1889, dozens of infatuated women from across the country wrote letters to him.

Figure 11. Edith D.M. Sargent around 1906, when she married Jack. Image courtesy the American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming.

of Commerce used her image in its advertising for the town’s annual music festival. In 2000, Edith was a character in a musical entitled Petticoat Rules that was first staged by the Performing Arts Company of Jackson Hole and has been performed several times since by the Off The Square Theater Company in Jackson. And in 2010, Jack and Edith Sargent were the subjects of an opera entitled Marymere that had its debut at the Jackson Hole Fire Festival. The opera was also workshopped at the Mannes School of Music in Manhattan.37

Before receiving a grant from the UW-NPS Research Center, I traveled from Boston to Laramie, Wyoming, to review the Diem collection at the University of Wyoming’s American Heritage Center. I also visited the Jackson Hole Historical Society and Museum in Jackson, Wyoming; the Chicago History Museum in Chicago, Illinois; the National Archives in Washington, D.C., and the County-Clerk Records Office in New York City. Additionally, I flew to Haines, Oregon, to interview John Dudley Sargent’s only surviving grandchild, Bill Fessell, who is the youngest child of Jack’s daughter, Catherine Winthrop Sargent. Catherine was at the center of a very disturbing incident that happened on Jack’s homestead during the winter of 1896-1897.

Since receiving the grant, I have re-visited the American Heritage Center in Laramie and the County-Clerk Records Office in New York. I have also examined records that were new to me at the Wyoming State Archives in Cheyenne, Wyoming; the Yellowstone
Heritage and Research Center in Gardiner, Montana; the Philips Library of the Peabody-Essex Museum in Rowley, Massachusetts; the New York Historical Society in New York City; the Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Columbia University; and the Registry of Probate in Machias, Maine. Later this spring, I will travel to Lincoln, Nebraska, to interview Kent and Ann Seacrest. Kent is the grandson of Katherine Beatrice Hamilton – formerly known as Beatrice Ray Hamilton – the adopted daughter of Robert Ray Hamilton. Katherine/Beatrice was at the center of the scandal that sent Ray to Wyoming in 1890.

Should there be any funds remaining in the grant after I have visited Nebraska, I would very much like to use them to travel to Albany, New York, to examine the records of the Middletown State Homeopathic Hospital for the Insane, which are kept at the New York State Archives there. Edith was a patient at the Middletown Hospital from 1897 until some time before 1904, when she was found wandering along Bellevue Avenue in Newport, Rhode Island, “richly gowned,” according to one newspaper, and speaking in an incoherent manner.

Edith died in 1947, and under federal law, I am allowed to review her records, since she has been deceased for more than 50 years. New York State, however, has a higher law that essentially says your medical privacy never dies with you. Earlier this summer, I had a hearing with an institutional review board, to see if I could get their permission to review Edith’s records. That board was required to reject my request because of the law, but two people from the board wrote to me privately to say they felt my request to review Edith’s records was entirely appropriate and in accord with the standards of basic medical ethics. I have tried getting access to her records by receiving the permission of Bill Fessell, her husband’s grandson. But because Bill is Edith’s step-grandson and not a direct descendant, that request was also denied.

I have not given up on the possibility of reviewing Edith’s records – but my quest to access them has been put on-hold for now, while I am teaching.

Notes


5Winthrop Sargent, Early Sargents of New England (Boston, 1922), 88; Larry Witham, A City Upon a Hill: How Sermons Changed the Course of American History (New York: Harper One, 2007); John Winthrop, “A Modell of Christian Charity,” (1630), in Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Third Series (Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown, 1838), 7:31-48; Larry Witham, A City Upon a Hill: How Sermons Changed the Course of American History (New York: Harper One, 2007), 1-6; Ronald Reagan, “Election Eve Address: A Vision for America,” November 3rd, 1980, and “Farewell Address to the Nation,” January 11th, 1989, available at Ronald Reagan Presidential Library and Museum Archives, accessed on November 2nd, 2019, https://www.reaganlibrary.gov/research/speeches/011189i. Catherine Winthrop Sargent’s father, John Winthrop, was a member of the Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge. He is therefore identified by historians as “John Winthrop, F.R.S.” – i.e., “Friend of the Royal Society” – to distinguish him from the other prominent John Winthrops in New England’s history. John Winthrop, F.R.S. was the son of Wait Still Winthrop, who was the son of John Winthrop, the Younger, who was the son of John Winthrop, the colonial governor who coined the term “city upon a hill.” Catherine Winthrop Sargent’s son, Paul Dudley Sargent, was the father of John Sargent, who was the father of Ignatius Sargent, who was the father of Henry Clay Sargent, who was the father of John Dudley Sargent.


John Dudley Sargent, JOURNAL, 1904, Diem, AHC; Jackson’s Hole Courier, April 16th, 1914.

Ibid.; Inventory of Books, Estate of John Dudley Sargent, WSA, compiled by B.D. Sheffield and Valdez Allen, December 26th, 1913.


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itage and Research Center (YHRC), Gardiner, MT, Letter Box 7, S-Z.

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21 John Dudley Sargent to Major John Pitcher, June 8th, 1907, and First Indorsement [sic], Office of the Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, Major John Pitcher, Acting Superintendent, April 27th, 1907 and May 8th, 1907, Letters Received, September 30th, 1906-December 31st, 1908, Bound Vol. 238, p. 81, YHRC.


23 Daugherty, A Place Called Jackson Hole, 194; L.L. Newton, “South Entrance Now Open to Yellowstone Park,” Jackson’s Hole Courier, August 2nd, 1917.


31 New York Times, July 26th, 1913; Boston Globe, July 26th, 1913; Baltimore Sun, July 27th, 1913; Omaha Bee, July 27th, 1813; Montgomery Advertiser, July 27th, 1913; Edmonton Journal, August 7th, 1913.


34 Ibid.


36 John D. Sargent and Edith A. Drack, Record No: 29513, Marriage Records, Book 30, p. 53, Uinta County, WSA.


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Teton: The Magazine of Jackson Hole, Wyoming
Wyoming Tribune

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Hemenway Family Papers, Philips Library of the Peabody-Essex Museum, Rowley, MA.

Jackson Hole Historical Society and Museum, Jackson, WY.

National Archives and Records Administration, Washington, DC.

Wyoming Archives, Cheyenne, WY.

Yellowstone Heritage and Research Center, Gardiner, MT.

Censuses

U.S. Census, 1860 and 1870, Washington County, Machias, ME.

Websites


Farrelly, Compliments of Hamilton and Sargent