

"It was really a ghostly-looking kind of manifestation, and as the party stood looking at it for a minute or two, without saying anything, I thought the men were half inclined to stampede and run away from the place, without making any further investigation.

"Finally, one of them said: 'Might as well see what it is'.

"Then they all got down off of their horses and approached the place as cautiously as though they thought themselves in danger of being, at any moment, impaled on the bayonet of the ghost sentinel.

"Not one of them uttered a word above a whisper, until they reached the grave, and discovered that the light they had seen, and regarded with so much superstitious dread, came from a real fire. Then one of them blurted out:

" 'It's Sick Wootton's camp fire, and I'm a natural born liar if he haint been asleep on Wagan's grave'.

" 'You're right, partner, as sure as I've got a front and a hind name', said another one of my midnight visitors. 'That fellow would camp in a sepulchre without having any bad dreams, or risk going to sleep in a powder magazine with his pipe lit. He aint far away from here now either. Let's call him'.

"The discovery that I had slept in 'Wagan's camp', seemed to dispel all their fears, and their voices rang out on the night air, calling me by name.

"I had learned by this time that I had nothing to fear from that ~~xxx~~ party, and when I joined them I found five friends, who were getting away from Denver as hurriedly as I was myself, and for the same reason.

"We didn't look for another camping place, but raked together the remains of my fire and piled on more fuel. Nobody cared much about sleeping, but we sat around the fire and talked over war matters and ~~and~~ nursed our grievances until morning. Then we went on to Pueblo, and never heard anything more about the proposed arrests. When it got noised around that I not only stayed all night in 'Wagan's camp', but had actually kindled a fire on the grave, and slept alongside of it until I was awakened by the party looking for me, it spoiled a very pretty ghost story, and 'Wagan's camp' was no longer avoided by the mountain men or other travellers, who had occasion to go that way."

Jimmy Camp Trail (1845)

As seen & commented on by
P. St. George Cooke; see
his Scenes & Ads. in the
Army, pp. 415-416.

Trails swel.Cheyenne Trail. (1803?)

Cheyennes ~~and~~ were prior to winter of
1803-4, accustomed to make (in 1 month) expe-
ditions from the head of S. Fork of Chey. R. to the
Spanish Settlements: Lovell, via Chey. Trail, acc.
to Jean Valle who wintered 1803-4 at Spanish fork
Chey. R. (S. Fork), improved Lewis & Clark. (See Dry Fork
L. & C. I. p. 176.)

Old Divide Trail (1835.) Trails swel.

"22 d. [July, 1835], marched twenty miles, in a
direction about S. 15° E. The country as we approach
the mountains, begins to assume a more rough
and broken appearance; timber more abundant,
saw several sorts of wild fruit, such as plums, cher-
ries, gooseberries, &c. Passed several creeks
that were dry, some of them skirted with timber.
One of them [Cherry creek] the traders usually
ascend in passing from the Platte to the Ar-
kansas. The distance from the Platte to the Ar-
kansas is about ninety or one hundred miles,
and this is considered the nearest and most
accessible point between them." [L. & C. p. 20.]
of Thompson's Journal of Dodge's Exped.
to Rocky Mts. 1835.]

