"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 Rick 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 ain't 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 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 killed our grievances until morning. Then we went on to Pueblo, and never heard anything more about the proposed arrests. When it got noiseless 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 travelers, who had occasion to go that way."
**Miscellaneous Notes: The Old Divide Trail.**

**Jimmy Camp Trail (1845)**

As seen & commented on by P. St. George Cooke, sec. Sc. & Adv. in the Army, Feb. 1845.

**Cheyenne Trail (1835)**

Cheyennes were prior to winter of 1693 in a continued effort in winter. They went from the head of St. Fork of Chey. R. to the Spanish command. Other bands via Chey. Trail, acc. to those who went, 1835 to 1845, report Smallhead (Mr. Dye).

**Old Divide Trail (1835)**

"22 [July, 1835] marched twenty miles, in a direction about 815. The country as we approach the mountains, begins to assume a more rugged and broken appearance. Timber more abundant, pass several sorts of wild fruit, such as plum, cherry, gooseberry, etc. Passed several creeks that were dry, some of them skirted with timber. One of them, Cherry Creek, the timber usually ascends in passing from the Platte to the Arkansas. The distance from the Platte to the Ark. is about ninety or one hundred miles, and this is considered the nearest and most accessible point between them," [2: 80].
In his autobiography, Jack Wodden tells us that a weekly express was established in 1842 between Fort Bent and Fort Laramie. And as a result, more supplies of provisions, and smaller over the road between the two posts; and in 1843 Thomas Sage, on his journey from Fort St. Vrain to Fort El Pueblo and return.

In 1844, Rufus Sage went over this road again in his return to the East from the Rocky Mountain country. The stage was a small train of wagons, carrying goods and letters, which were taken to Bent’s Fort.

To chapter on the Old Divide Trail, add p. 407-416 of Cooke’s Scenes and Adventures in the Army.

Kearney’s crossing the divide (Cooke accompanying him) with Dragoons 1875.