Mr. Nelson Price, Esq.

To Sir,

Read a book the other day,
I think it was called "Narrative"
How you and others started out
To take a long and tedious rout

Across the Rocky Mountains near
Where Indians live by killing deer,
And buffaloes and other varmints,
And from their skins make all their garments.
And how they rob the traders poor
As bad as Arab Turks or Moors.
How you and Sigah obliged each other.
And tried your passions hard to smother
Until a quarrel you had, half
You found out of Lead Grant to pay
Then found the Indians you bought negroes
to tote your packs, and saddle bags,
And left the bad caves in their camp
to take your long and tedious tour

Now at Mad River your trip was met
When you doubtfully no game to slaughter
To make things easy, you poor old soul
You want a town Plunder in a hole.
And started off with naught to eat
Except a little horse meat
Few rocks and rapids stop up your rout
Until you half to turn about
And then retrac your steps by bands
On rocky hills on to Burning Sandy.
Along quickly I hear on rocks like this

coffee had cheated your moccasins

I see that you always follow the signs

Of the blacks daily. I imagine

The snakes and crows and various others

Who hide and love the white like brothers

At length your troubles at an end

Your chief around you

While Fort Astoria leaves in view

To welcome wanderers such as you

I want to know if it is true

That among the Russians there is one

And what about each loke and book

That I have read in strings books

I wish you'd write and let me know

As to Astoria I should go

In to take along my warriors brave

Where I can see Pacific town

Where I can fish and hunt ever more

Away from this cursed Manny Shores

More long as I have drawn my breath

I'll be your servent until death

Osceola the 1st.

King of the Seminole.