

Cantonment Clinch Ill<sup>o</sup> 1 Sept 1837

Mr Wilson Price Hunt

Dr Sir

I read a book the other day  
I think was call'd Astoria  
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 Buffalo, and other Vermints  
And from their skins make all their Garments  
And how they Robb the Traders Poor  
As bad as Arab Turke or Moor  
How You and Lisa dodged each other  
And tried your Passions hard to smother  
Until a quarrel You had had  
You found old Lisa want to bad  
Then from the Indians You bought nags  
To tote Your packs, and Saddle Bags,  
And left the baddeals in their Camp  
To take Your long and tedious tramp  
How at Mad River You took water  
When You could find no Game to slaughter  
To make things any how Poor Old Soul  
You put Your Plunder in a hole  
And started off with naught to Eat  
Except a little horses meat  
How rocks and rapids stop'd Your rout  
Until You had to turn about  
And then retrace Your steps by land  
O'er rocky hills and burning sand

over

Mong Piestly Pears on rocks like Pine  
Soft had to eat Your moccasins  
You said You always shun'd the Signs  
Of them Black & dirty Aborigines  
The Snakes and Crows and various others  
Who did not love the white like Brothers  
At length Your Troubles at an End  
You sleep around a river side  
When Fort Astoria leaves in view  
To welcome wanderers such as You  
I want to know if it is true  
That mong the Russians You got Blue  
And a'd about each hole and rook  
That I have read in Irving's Book  
I wish You'd write and let me know  
As to Astoria I shall go  
And take along my Warriors Brave  
Where we can see Pacifics wave  
Where we can fish and hunt and more  
Away from this Currid's stumpy Shore  
Where long as I shall draw my Breath  
I'll be Your Servant Untill Death

Oscola Aug 1<sup>st</sup>  
King of the Seminoles