

*Mr. Editor.*—It is due to God and my country, that the true situation of the Cherokee tribe of Indians, should be known to those who have promised them protection, and who I conceive, are doing all in their power to perpetuate this sinking tribe. I have waited with an anxious solicitude, hoping that the Cherokees would discover their error, and take up with the kind offer of our Father (the President.) But it is in vain, time will not dispel the error, so long as we are constrained by threats and menaces, to yield obedience to the designs of our avaricious rulers. Sir, it is a lamentable fact, that a large majority of the Cherokees are taught to believe, that it is a higher offence to offend against the talks of their head men, than it is to offend against the laws of God; for of the laws of God, they know nothing. I say we are a sinking people, notwithstanding the many talks the President has heard to the contrary. We were once a numerous tribe, we were loved in peace and feared in war, we knew no vice, except that which is incident to ignorance.

But lo! the white man came among us, they asked us for our lands, and we gave them. They came among us by our consent, and they took our lands by our consent. The white man was the weak; we were the strong. Then the white man came and went when we pleased. But, oh!! how things have changed; the white man has grown up to a powerful people, and we have gone down to a little people. We must now do, and go where the white man pleases. This is not all; the white man has brought among us whiskey; they have learnt us how to get drunk. They have destroyed all our game, and here we can no longer stay.

But, says Mr. Boudenot's book, that *Indian curse*, "the Cherokees begin to plant corn, and can do without game." I deny it. When the white man came among us, they asked us for our daughters, we gave them, and they have raised up a kind of mongrel breed of people, who do plant corn and can do without game; but they are not one of us, they are not Cherokees; and it is this mixed breed of people that has by their false pretences, and pretended friendship for us, placed themselves in power, and made themselves the gods of the Cherokee nation. They tell a tale that fits their case, but when applied to the common Indian, is positively false. They have deceived the weak and unsuspecting Cherokees. They have all our offices, and get all our money, in the same way that the white man got our lands. We are a wretched people, we once had lands, we once had game: the white man has got the one, and has destroyed the other. We once had offices; we once got money from our Father, (the President.) But this mixed blooded people (who are neither of the white man nor the Cherokee) has got all our offices, and receive all our money, and tell us that they must keep it to pay the expenses of the nation. Now are we not a wretched people.

But, says Mr. Boudenot's book, we are "becoming a civilized and Christian people." I would to God it was the case. But so far from it, we are growing in every kind of vice, and becoming more and more degraded, by the bad examples that are daily set before us, by those pretended ambassadors of the living God, who are sent here to disseminate the gospel, but who come to deceive us and get our money. And it is these missionaries (I would say of vice) together with the half breeds, that prevent us from going to the land set apart for us by the President. Strip our country of these two curses; and we will gladly go to the west of the Mississippi, where we can again embark in the chase and be beyond the reach of vicious white men.

But these two classes of people, tell us that we must not go from our native land, *the land of our fathers*; that we can get no better title to the land beyond the Mississippi, than we have to the land here. Now in the first place, this is not true, we have never given the land beyond the Mississippi to the white man; but on the contrary, the President proposes to give it to us. It is his, and he can give it; the land here in Georgia never was his, therefore he could not give it. This