

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

land was once ours, we gave it to our Father, (the King,) the King gave it to Georgia, and the state of Georgia says it is theirs yet, and that we shall not have it. Moreover, part of the land on which we now live, was given to us by the Creek Indians for killing the white man. When the white man first drove us from the Holston river, we were about to bury the war club. But the Creek Indians said, let us fight the white man again; we said no, the white man has got all our lands but a little, and if we scalp any more of them, they will take all, and we will have no homes. The Creeks said if you will fight again, and the white man should beat you back and take your lands, you may crop to the south side of the Hightower river and there live on our lands. We then took up the war club and scalping knife and marched against the whites, but they were too strong, they beat us back and took more of our lands. We then crossed the Hightower and settled on the Creek lands; the Hightower having been the line before that time. Now the Georgians say that the Creeks could not give us land, and that she is entitled to all the land to the Hightower river, because that was originally the Creek boundary.

In the second place, if it was true that we could get no better title to the land beyond the Mississippi, than we have to the land in Georgia, we ought to go. That country is more congenial to our Indian habits; there we can have our own laws and our own customs; here we cannot. But Mr. John Ross says, we will have them here—that he has been to see Judge Johnson at Charleston, and that he will stop the Georgia Sheriffs and Constables from coming over here and taking our people—that the United States' Court will set aside the Georgia law. Will the poor Cherokee be again deluded and deceived by this god of the nation, (one of the mongrel breed?) Did he not tell us that Congress would stop the laws of Georgia and secure to us our lands, our laws, and our customs? Well that was false, Congress refused to do it; and said we had no right to any laws or customs, but that the Georgia Sheriffs and Constables might come here as often as they pleased.

But say these head men, when sharing the loaves and fishes, "we have employed Mr. Wirt, that great lawyer, to talk and write for us, and that he will give it to the Georgians." Now who is Mr. Wirt? What power has he? It is true he can write and he can talk, but we have had plenty of that, unless there was more truth in it. Mr. Boudenot's book of the 14th August says, look at Mr. Wirt's opinion, it will be found to be a very able and learned discussion of the interesting subject on which it treats; be it so. But it is the same story (almost verbatim) that has been ringing in our ears, from these half breeds, and William Penn, for the last two years; and what good does it do? none. But what has the opinion of Mr. Wirt cost the poor Indians? \$10,000!!! But our head men say the Indians do not pay it, it is paid out of the treasury. Admit it, is not the treasury made up with the money that the common Indian should have had. What does this opinion prove, or what does it decide? Does it decide that the General Government was the proper owner of this land, and that she had given it to us? Now so far as I can learn, Georgia admits that fact, but denies that the General Government has any right to dispose of her land. Then these head men (be their color what it may) have given Mr. Wirt \$10,000, to prove a fact which was already admitted. And in this way have our big men been doing for years. We are an oppressed people; not from abroad or by the laws of adjoining states, but by the stern mandate of our own rulers. It is treason here to speak the truth; we are not allowed to utter one word in favor of a removal to the West, on pain of incurring the severest kind of punishment. Every town and village is haunted by these half breeds and missionaries, who are so much opposed to a removal, and who are daily belching out the most horrid threats against any one that may utter one word in favor of emigration, and at the same time holding out the most flattering (and most false) prospects to those who will cling to their mother country. It is a crime here to utter one word against those pretended friends of the Indians to the North, or to speak one syllable in favor of the State of Georgia or her citizens. We are taken up, lashed, and even shot, to please the whim of one who may chance to be more in favor with our rulers. We are not allowed the law of self-defence. We have no voice in the councils of our nation; but our doom is meted out to us by these aristocratical half breeds, without regard to our wishes or feelings.

The fact is, we are not allowed to think, say or do, any thing contrary to the whim of our half breed rulers. We would not have them as our masters, could we concentrate the wishes of the Cherokees. We do not claim them as Cherokees, and would to God they were out of our country. But it is an evil we have brought upon ourselves, and we must bear; for each Cherokee, notwithstanding how much he may despise this tyrannical people, well knows that his life would be the ransom for one single mutinous step. Therefore we are compelled to linger out a weary existence with no hopes of relief, unless it comes from abroad. Give us Georgia law, emigration, or even extinction, but rescue us from our tyrannical masters. We know not what to do; to day we are called on to render obedience to the Georgia law; to morrow we are kicked and buffeted by our masters for doing so; and our masters require of us to do one thing, and the Georgia laws requires us to abstain from it; if we obey the one, we are punished by the other.

In this state of confusion, what shall the poor Indian do? Our Father the President says, go to the west; there I will give you land, peace and plenty, and you can live happy under your own laws and customs, in a land that you may call your own, abounding with game and all things that will make for your peace.

The State of Georgia says here you may stay, but you must be subject to our laws and abandon your own. You must not expect your oath against a white man in our Courts of Justice, because you know too little about the obligations of an oath, (too true) but you must be subject to all our municipal regulations and pay a tax.

These despotic rulers of ours say, you must not go to the west, you must not obey the laws of Georgia, but you must serve us.

We cannot obey all, and which will we obey? The poor Cherokee must now make a choice, the time has come when delay is pregnant with danger; of the three evils let us take the least; let us go to the west; the President will pay us for our hunting grounds (as he calls them) he will remove us to better hunting ground; and he says it shall be ours forever; there he says he will protect us. Come let us go; the President has the power to do all that he has promised, (but he may lie) our big men have also promised many good things, but we know they will lie, for they have not the power to do what they have promised, not even with Mr. Wirt to help them. We cannot remain in Georgia, we do not like the Georgians; and they do not love us, we never can be brothers. We had better try the Arkansas, we cannot be worsted. I will go. I will no longer be the dupe of these half breeds. Come all you Cherokees and go along with me. Let us go and leave these half breeds and white men, and the missionaries too, we can do better without them. They have brought our fathers down to the grave in sorrow and poverty, and they will serve us so if we longer tarry. Therefore, let us with one voice say, that we will try the west; if you do not go now, you will soon be compelled to follow.

A CHEROKEE.