

*The Cherokees.*—A letter from John Ridge, one of the Cherokee delegation at Washington, to Mr. Boudinott, dated the 11th January last, of which the following is an extract, was placed in our hands a day or two since for publication. The gentleman who presented it to us on our route from Tennessee to Georgia, the pamphlet alluded to below was given him for perusal, on the outside sheet of which was the letter, which he took pains to copy. Mr. Boudinott is, believe, principal editor of the Cherokee Phoenix :

“ I have written a long letter to Mr. Ross on the subject, than my letter to you, which I presume you will see. Also, a letter to Maj. Ridge before this, on our prospects, which you would do well to publish. From private and public sources, we are induced to believe that Henry Clay is our friend, and will enforce the treaties.

Bear up my friends for two years longer, and we are victorious—let the people understand that. Tell it to them, and be not at ease, because you have the advantage of hearing when they have not ; now is the time to be up and doing. As soon as our memorial is printed, I will send it to you. We have heard that New Jersey is on our side. This argument of Mr. Wirt, I send to you, is not perfect as it will be made, when a motion is made for a writ of Injunction. You must then fail not to publish it; but it can be made known to our people, all by friends. My heart is with them, and it is my earnest desire to see them once more happy; we must all be united as brothers.”

It would seem from the above, that the last hope of the Indians now rests on the election of Henry Clay to the next Presidency. Judging from present appearances, this hope must be a very faint one, or Mr. Ridge is unacquainted with the public sentiment. Thus it is, the Indians are induced, by artful and insidious declarations from pretended friends abroad, or designing men among themselves, to hold on a little longer to their possessions. The same course has been pursued for years—the same false hopes have been held out, and as often as the time has arrived for their accomplishment, they have been found illusory. What subterfuge will next be resorted to, remains to be seen. We think, however, that the prospect of Henry Clay's election to the Presidency will not take this time; and unless some inducement more flattering than this, is held out for them to remain, we shall soon see them quietly emigrating to the territory provided for them by the bounty of the General Government—a country well adapted to their pursuits, and the best calculated to promote their happiness.