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Either the Governor of Georgia or the executive of the United States sent into the nation secret agents, who have put down on paper the names of individuals, in some underhanded way, and reported them as those who are thus disposed to come under the laws of Georgia. Upon this, Gov. G. has made a grave Message to the Legislature, and suggests the expediency of authorizing the President to grant reservations to all the Cherokees as choose to take them. But the whole affair is a fraud, as will be seen from the following:

CARMEL Dec. 31, 1830.

MR. BOUDINOT,

SIR—Although we do not wish to wound the feelings of any of our white neighbours, yet we think the following statements are due to the cause of truth and fair dealing. We understand that sometime ago a gentleman came into the nation to see what Cherokees were willing to take reservations and live under the laws of Georgia. We hear that he was told by a white man residing in the nation that probably we, our brother David, & our sisters, would take reservations &c. and that our names were put down accordingly. We feel it our duty to say that neither this man, nor any other has ever had the least right to put down any of our names as being willing to take reservations. And we do not know of one Cherokee in the nation who has ever authorized any one to put down his or her name for a reservation under the laws of Georgia. We know of no Cherokee citizens willing to do this except a few white men with Cherokee families.

Your with respect.

GEORGE SANDERS.
JOHN SANDERS.
ANDREW SANDERS

The following is an extract of a letter from the Secretary of War, to his Excellency G. R. Gilmer, dated Nov. 12, 1830.

"SIR—The treaties recently made with the Indians clearly prove, that a feeling of cupidity governs; [the Secretary of War?] and that to succeed with them, reservations should and must be admitted. Georgia having the ultimate fee, when the country is acquired, [this is sound doctrine—Georgia will have the fee, *when the country is acquired*.] it will not be competent for the United States to grant reservations as they have done in other cases, as I which will be likewise insisted on by the Cherokees when they come to treat. [How does the Secretary know that? The Cherokees are not going to insist upon any such thing, because they are not going to treat.] It does not necessarily follow, that, because threats and bribery have been successful with the Choctaws, they will be so with the Cherokees.]

From the Southern Recorder.

The Legislature adjourned *sine die* on Thursday morning last, after a session of nine weeks, the longest we believe ever known in this State.—The number of important acts passed is not in proportion to their time spent in legislation; but it may afford our readers some satisfaction to know that if much has not been effected for the public good during this tedious and boisterous session, but little harm has been done. The act for the survey and distribution of the lands in the occupancy of the Cherokees, one of the chief measures of the session, will probably undergo the revision and correction of the next General Assembly. The shape in which it has passed cannot reasonably give offence even to those who affect to feel most sympathy for the Indians. It authorizes, for the present, merely for the surveys of the Indian Territory into *Sectional* Districts, which, besides preposing the country for the immediate operation of the District surveyors after the compact between the United States and Georgia shall have been fulfilled, will in the meantime, enable the State to enforce her jurisdiction and laws more effectually over the Cherokees, by the appointment of civil officers within the several sections; the preparatory surveys may also furnish additional information as to the extent of the gold region in that quarter. The bill passed the House of Representatives in a shape to create apprehension that the enforcement of its provisions might produce collision between the State and General Government. Its modification in the Senate, by the addition of the following section, leaves no cause to anticipate any such unpleasant result:

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the sectional Surveyors shall, with as little delay as possible, proceed to the performance of the duties assigned them, under this act; and on the completion and return thereof to the Surveyor General the Governor is authorized and requested to direct the election of two justices of the Peace and two Constables, being white men, resident in said territory, in each such section, to be held at such time and such place, to be superintended and returned to the Executive by such person or persons, in every of such sections, as his Excellency shall direct, which justices and constables shall respectively take the oath and execute the bond required by law, and shall hold their commissions and appointments as now directed by law; and that all white males of full age resident in said territory, shall be entitled to vote for such justices and constables.

And in the event that the President of the United States shall at any time during the recess of the Legislature, succeed in executing the compact between the United States and the State of Georgia, in relation to the Cherokee lands; then the Governor shall order the district Surveyors to proceed to the discharge of their duties and to the completion of the survey of the districts, as required by this act and the occupancy of said territory. Otherwise the survey of said districts shall be suspended until the next meeting of the General Assembly, and until further enactments for this purpose.

From the Christian Examiner.

Natural death of Death.—It seems to us strange, it seems as if all were wrong, in a world where, from the very constitution of things, death must close every scene of human life, where it hath reigned for ages over all generations, where the very air we breathe and the dust we tread upon was once animated life—it seems to us mos. strange and wrong, that this most common, necessary, expedient, and certain of all events, should bring such horror and desolation with it; that it should bring such tremendous agitation, as if it were some awful and unprecedented phenomenon; that it should be more than death—a shock, a catastrophe, a convulsion; as if nature, instead of holding on its steady course, were falling into irretrievable ruins.

And that which is strange, is cruel. strangeness to this event. Call sickness, we repeat, call pain, an approach to death. Call the weariness and failure of the limbs and senses, call decay, dying. It is so; it is a gradual loosening of the cords of life, and a breaking up of its resources and resources. So shall they all, one and another, give way. "I feel"—will the thoughtful man say—"I feel the pang of suffering, as it were, piercing and cutting asunder, one by one, the fine and invisible bonds that hold me to the earth. I feel the gnawing current of life within me to be wearing away its own channels. I feel the sharpness of every keen emotion, and of every acute and far penetrating thought, as if it were shortening the moments of the soul's connexion and conflict with the body." So it is, and so it shall be, till at last, "the silver cord is loosened, and the golden bowl is broken, and the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern, and the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit returns unto God who gave it."

No; it is not a strange dispensation. Death is the fellow of all that is earthly; the friend of man alone. It is not an anomaly; it is not a monster in the creation. It is the law, and the lot of nature.

Not to thy eternal resting place,
Shalt thou retire alone.
Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world
with sages,
The powerful of the earth, the wise
and good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages
past.
All in one mighty sepulchre. The
hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun;
the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods, rivers that
move
In majesty, and complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green, and
poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy
Waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all,
Of the great tomb of man.

But of what is that tomb? Does the spirit die? Do the blest affections of the soul go down into the dark and silent grave? Oh! no. "The narrow house, and pall, and breathless darkness," and funeral train—these belong not to the soul. They proclaim only the body's dissolution.—They but celebrate the vanishing away of the shadow of existence.—Man does not die, though the forms of popular speech thus announce his exit. He does not die. We bury, not our friend, but only the form, the vehicle which, for a time, our friend lived. That cold, impassive clay, is not the friend, the parent, the child, the companion, the cherished being. No, it is not; blessed be God that we can say—*It is not!* It is the material world only that earth claims. It is "dust" only that "descends to dust." The grave!—let us break its awful spell, its dread dominion. It is the place where man lays down his weakness, his infirmity; his diseases and sorrows, that he may rise up to a new and glorious life. It is the place where man ceases—in all that is frail and decaying—ceases to be man, that he may be, in glory and blessedness, an angel of light!

Why, then, should we fear death, save as the wicked fear, and must fear it? Why dread to lay down this frail body in its resting place, and this weary aching head, on the pillow of its repose?—Why tremble at this—that i the long sleep of the tomb, the body shall suffer disease no more, and pain no more, and hear no more the cries of want nor the groans of distress,—and far retired from the turmoil of life, that violence and change shall pass by, the storms shall sigh above, around us, and the elements shall howl and the storms shall sigh above! around us, howls but—Say, ye aged and infirm, is it the greatest of evils to die? Say, ye children of care and toil! say you afflicted and tempted! is it the greatest of evils to die?

Oh! no. Come the last hour, in God's own time!—and a good life and a glorious hope shall make it welcome. Come the hour of release!—and the affection shall make it welcome. Come the hour of reunion with the loved and lost on earth!—and the aspirations, yearnings of affections, and the strong aspiration of faith, shall hear us to their blessed land. Come death to this body—this burdened, tempted, frail, failing, dying body!—and to the soul, come freedom, light, and joy unceasing!—come the immortal life!—He that liveth—saith the conqueror over the Devil—the that liveth and believeth in me shall *never* die.

THE CHEROKEE PHOENIX.

OLOGWA SPELA PHOYA TOOLA TSPT O-GOWA DESGO AON AGWA ORAW YW GWAGA, OGOGA DYLO DE SAY. GWY TSOLA DAGWA TSY U-GY, TSA-IGO YWA DGOYT. GOIR A-D TY SAG, DAGWA OZIP GLAGO GA DA GAY GLA, DE DA DAGWA TSA-GO YWA-GLA. DAGP TOLA-GWYO, TOAGY LOO GAGO. DE AD OGOHO, DAGL OGA AA OHSGP AS-GOLP TSLGALA GAW GLIP TSLAGLO-AGLA GY, DDAWG O-UNYGP. D