

Well, sir, there is a remedy for all this, and it is very easy to apply it; but how are we circumstanced there? Is it supposed by some that we are deriving great aid from the army, and that the greatest portion of the disposable forces of the United States is in Texas, and protecting it? How can they protect us against the Indians when the cavalry have not horses which can trot faster than active oxen, and the infantry dare not go out in any hostile manner for fear of being shot and scalped! Can they pursue a party who pounce down on a settlement and take property, and reclaim that property? Have they ever done it? Did the old rangers of Texas ever fail to do it, when they were seated on their Texas ponies? They were men of intelligence and adroitness in regard to the Indian character and Indian warfare.

Do you think a man fit for such service who has been educated at West Point Academy, furnished with rich stores of learning; more educated in the science of war than any general who fought through the Revolution, and assisted in achieving our independence? Are you going to take such gentlemen, and suppose that by intuition they will understand the Indian character? Or do you suppose they can track a turkey, or a deer, in the grass of Texas, or could they track an Indian, or would they know whether they were tracking a wagon or a carriage? Not at all, sir.

We wish, in the first place, to have men suited to the circumstances. Give us agents who are capable of following out their instructions, and who understand the Indian character. Give us an army, gentlemen, who understand not only the science of command, but have some notions of extending justice and protection to the Indian, against the aggression of the whites, while they protect the whites against the aggressions from the Indians. Then, and not till then, will you have peace.

How is this to be done? Withdraw your army. Have five hundred cavalry, if you will; but I would rather have two hundred and fifty Texas rangers (such as I could raise), than five hundred of the best cavalry now in the service.

Cultivate intercourse with the Indians. Show them that you have comforts to exchange for their peltries; bring them around you; domesticate them; familiarize them with civilization. Let them see that you are rational beings, and they will become rational in imitation of you; but take no whiskey there at all, not even for the officers, for fear their generosity would let it out.

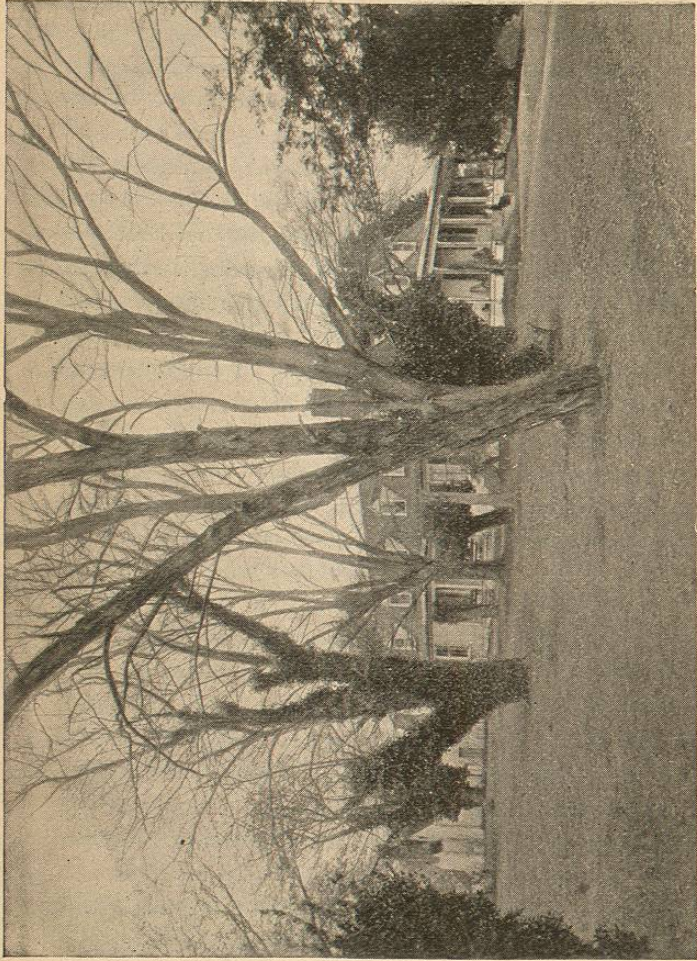
I would have fields around the trading houses. I would encourage the Indians to cultivate them. Let them see how much it adds to their comfort, how it insures to their wives and children abundant subsistence; and then you win the Indian over to civilization; you charm him, and he becomes a civilized man.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL PRESTON.

1794-1860.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL PRESTON was born in Philadelphia, being one of the Preston family of Virginia who afterwards went to South Carolina. He was educated at South Carolina College, being graduated in 1812, studied law under William Wirt, and later went to Edinburgh, where he had Hugh Swinton Legaré as fellow-student. He travelled in Europe with Washington Irving, and was introduced to Sir Walter Scott.

In the practice of law he was very successful, and he made a high reputation as a popular orator, even rivaling,



Old Plantation Home.



State House, Columbia, S. C.

it is said, his uncle, Patrick Henry. His style is abundant, classical, finished. He was in the State Legislature 1828-32, and in the United States Senate 1836-42.

From 1845 to 1851, he was president of his Alma Mater, South Carolina College, and during his office it rose to a high point of efficiency and became the most popular educational institution in the South.

WORKS.

Addresses.

As an example of Mr. Preston's simpler style and a description of the charming social life of Columbia—the spirit of which still lives and graces the capital of South Carolina—the following extract is given. It is from a newspaper article on the death of Mr. Preston's former law-partner, Col. M'Cord, and is a noble tribute to him and to his distinguished wife, Mrs. Louisa S. M'Cord.

LITERARY SOCIETY IN COLUMBIA, 1825.

(Written on the Death of Colonel David J. M'Cord, 1855.)

Many will bring tributes of sorrow, of kindness and affection, and relieve a heaving bosom by uttering words of praise and commendation; for in truth, during many years he has been the charm and delight of the society of Columbia, and of that society, too, when, in the estimation of all who knew it, it was the rarest aggregation of elegant, intellectual, and accomplished people that have ever been found assembled in our village. Thirty years since, amidst the sincere and unostentatious cordiality which characterized it, at a dinner party, for example, at Judge De Saussure's, eight or ten of his favorite associates wanted to do honor to some distinguished stranger—for such were never permitted to pass through the town without a tender of the hospitality of that

venerable and elegant gentleman—whose prolonged life exhibited to another generation a pattern of old gentility, combined with a conscientious and effective performance of not only the smaller and more graceful duties of life, which he sweetened and adorned, but also of those graver and higher tasks which the confidence of his state imposed upon his talents and learning. To his elegant board naturally came the best and worthiest of the land. There was found, of equal age with the judge, that very remarkable man, Dr. Thomas Cooper, replete with all sorts of knowledge, a living encyclopædia,—“*Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto*”—good-tempered, joyous, and of a kindly disposition. There was Judge Nott, who brought into the social circle the keen, shrewd, and flashing intellect which distinguished him on the bench. There was Abram Blanding, a man of affairs, very eminent in his profession of the law, and of most interesting conversation. There was Professor Robert Henry, with his elegant, accurate, and classical scholarship. There were Judges Johnston and Harper, whom we all remember, and lament, and admire.

These gentlemen and others were called, in the course of a morning walk of the Chancellor, to meet at dinner, it might be, Mr. Calhoun, or Captain Basil Hall, or Washington Irving; and amongst these was sure to be found David J. M'Cord, with his genial vivacity, his multifarious knowledge, and his inexhaustible store of amusing and apposite anecdotes. He was the life and the pervading spirit of the circle,—in short, a general favorite. He was then in large practice at the bar, and publishing his Reports as State Reporter. His frank and fine manners were rendered the more attractive by an uncommonly beautiful physiognomy, which gave him the appearance of great youth.

M'Cord entered upon his profession in co-partnership with Henry Junius Nott; and when a year or two subsequently, this gentleman, following the bent of his inclination for literature, quitted the profession, Mr. M'Cord formed a connection with W. C. Preston,—thus introducing this gentleman, who had then but just come to Columbia, into practice. The business of the office was extensive, and the connexion continued until their diverging paths of life led them away from the profession. The association was cordial and uninterrupted throughout, whether professional or social; and the latter did not cease until the grave closed upon M'Cord. While in the law, however, although assiduously addicted to the study of it, his heart acknowledged a divided allegiance with literature; which he seemed to compromise at length by addicting himself to cognate studies—of political economy, the jural sciences, and political ethics.

When he left the bar, and retired from the more strenuous pursuits of life, he found occupation and delight in these favorite studies—stimulated and enhanced by the vigorous co-operation and warm sympathy of his highly accomplished wife, who not only participated in the taste for, but shared in the labors of, these studies—and amidst these congenial and participated pursuits the latter years of his life were passed. As his early life was amidst struggle and bustle—the *funum strepitumque* of the public arena—so his latter years were amidst the repose of an elegant and lettered retirement, in his well-cultivated fields and amongst his books. His last moments were solaced by the tender assiduities of his congenial helpmate, of his children, and of his old and long-familiar friends.