

North should give you its sympathy on this occasion. She sent you no aid in the hour of your greatest need. It is a blessed thing to give even a cup of cold water in a right spirit: it was not then possible to do even that. All honor must be awarded to the South, since she was left to herself alone in the hour of her utmost peril. The romance of the American Revolution has its scenes for the most part in the South; and the battle of King's Mountain, of which we celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary to-day, was the most romantic of all. The achievement was opportune. The American army for the South was routed and dispersed; Charleston was in the power of the enemy; the Government scattered; the paper currency all but worthless; GADSDEN a prisoner, doomed to the dungeon of St. Augustine; SUMPTER forced to retreat beyond the State, on the one side and PICKENS on the other; CORNWALLIS hoping "to extinguish the rebellion" by a system of imprisonment, confiscation and hanging; the British Minister promising himself that before Winter "the whole country South of the Delaware would be subjected." The Genius of Liberty never bows his head in despair; but there was cause for anxiety—the faultless partisan, the lion-hearted MARION, stood alone in his impenetrable fastnesses as the sentinel of Carolina. Such was the almost hopeless distress, of which the things penetrated the hardy dwellers on the Watauga, the Nollichucky, and the three forks of Holston. All the difficulties which stood in their way could not make them hesitate. They had distance to overcome in collecting their forces; but swift runners hurried up the valley: they had to cross the highest range of the Alleghenies, where there was not so much as a bridle path; they could drive no heaves, but must depend mainly on parched corn for their sustenance; meeting from remote districts, they had to organize themselves on the instant for action with unity. The movement commended itself still more to our admiration as a voluntary act of patriotism. It was planned by no Congress—it was ordered by no Executive. All that is best springs from the heart, and the expedition to King's Mountain sprang from the heart of the common people west of the Alleghenies. They were cheered by no martial music, as your orator has truly observed; they had no gilded banners, no nodding plumes; they were Southern farmers in their every-day dress, come to exercise, though in a most signal manner, their every-day courage and love of country and virtue. The dangers which they encountered were those from which the bravest might shrink. Do you think I refer to the fact that they attacked an enemy superior in numbers and still more in the munitions of war, posted on yonder height which you see is precipitously steep, and bristling with the slaty rock which crops out all along its sides and summit? No, those things had for them no terror. But their departure, they knew, was the signal for British emissaries to excite hordes of worthless savages to burn their homes and murder their wives and children. Every breeze from the West might seem to bring to their ears the echo of the Indian's war-whoop, the dying groans of those they loved best. This was the fear which they had to cast under foot. Let us rejoice, then, that the success of the men engaged at King's Mountain was as they expressed it, "complete to a wish." The firing was as heavy as could be conceived for the numbers engaged; the dislodging of the enemy from their advantageous situation was "equal to driving men from stony breastworks;" the vigor of their resistance is proved by their holding out till every man among them was wounded or slain; and all of the British force which was to have formed the central point of British power in the back country, and which FERGUSON had commended to CORNWALLIS for its courage and ability, not more than twenty, perhaps, not even one of the survivors escaped captivity. To finish the picture of this battle, the consequences of the victory must be called to mind. It struck dismay into the Tories, and checked the concerted system of house-burning and domestic carnage which was filling Carolina with the deadliest horrors of civil war; it was "the turning point" of victory which cheered on SUMPTER and Col WASHINGTON and MORGAN to their successes, and enabled GREENE to collect an army; it was the "fatal" blow which utterly disconcerted the plans of CORNWALLIS and forced him into that change of policy which had its end at Yorktown. The men of that day fought not for Carolina not for the South; they fought for America and for humanity, and the ultimate effects of their heroism cannot yet be measured. The States are bound together by commerce, and dovetailed by canals and rivers and railroads; but the recollections of the crowded hours of this glorious action of our fathers speak to the heart, and make us feel, more than all the rest, that we are one people. Let the battle-ground before us be left no longer as private property; let it be made the inheritance of the people, that is, of all who are heirs to the benefits that were gained on the day which we commemorate. Let a monument rise upon its peak as a memorial of the heroism of our fathers—as an evidence of the piety of their sons. The deeds that were there performed bid us ever renew our love of country. Let the passions for Freedom flow forth perennially, like the fountains that gush in crystal purity from your hill sides; let the Union stand like your own mountains, which the geologists tell us are the oldest and firmest in the world.

Celebration of the Battle of King's Mountain—Speech of George Bancroft.

Abridged from the Charleston Standard.

The anniversary of this event was celebrated with great éclat at King's Mountain, S. C. There was a general gathering from the Carolinas, East Tennessee, and Western Virginia. The battle, as every one knows, was fought in October, 1780, and resulted in the victory of a small band of American militia over the British regulars of CORNWALLIS. The President of the day was Col J. D. WITHERSPOON, and the orator WILLIAM C. PRESTON. The procession numbered about three thousand, and the military alone about five hundred. After the review of the military, during which the cannon were brought pretty frequently in operation, prayer was offered by Rev. J. M. H. ADAMS, of Yorkville. Hon. J. D. WITHERSPOON then introduced the orator of the day, who was received with a perfect storm of applause.

Mr PRESTON gave a vivid description of the battle, after which Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT, in answer to the following sentiment—"Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT—The patriot, the statesman, the truthful and impartial annalist; his presence among us inseparably links his time with the memories of King's Mountain. We bid him welcome"—said: The President of the day assigns me a few minutes to express to you my sincere delight in being a witness of this great panorama of Southern life and beauty and patriotism, and joining with this countless multitude, assembled in the mountain forest under the shadow of the battle-ground, and animated by the spirit of the heroes whose virtues they are gathered to commemorate, I come among you not to address you, but to share silently in the scene; to receive instruction from the eloquent lips of your distinguished orator; to enkindle my own love of country by the fires of your enthusiasm. No State may celebrate the great event of the American Revolution with juster pride than South Carolina. At the very beginning of the struggle in 1765, South Carolina was the first to adhere to a general union; and to her it is due that the colonies then met in Congress. When in 1774 a tyrannical government endeavored by the slow torture of starvation to crush Boston into submission, South Carolina opened her granaries of rice and ministered abundantly to its relief. While the sons of the Scotch covenanters in Mecklenburg were the first to sever the connection in Great Britain and institute government for themselves, the immediate harbinger of the great reform rose within the borders of this State; the victory gained at the Palmetto Fort by MOUTRIE was the bright and the morning star which went before the Declaration of American Independence. Wherever the camp fires of the emigrant shall light up the forests of the West; wherever the history of our country is honestly told; wherever the struggles of brave men in the cause of humanity are respected, high mountain and at Cowpens, and to that sad victory at Eutaw Springs, when the voice of exultation is changed by sorrow for the brave who fell. For the North to take an interest in your celebration is but an act of reciprocity. Everywhere in my long pilgrimage to be present with you on this occasion, I found evidence of the affection with which the South cherishes the memory of every noble action in behalf of liberty without regard to place. Beautiful Virginia, land of mountains and lowlands, rich in soil, abounding in healing springs, and the storehouse of all kinds of mineral wealth, builds a Lexington in the very heart of her most magnificent valley; North Carolina repeats the name in one of the loveliest regions in the world; and South Carolina designates by it the great central district of her State. There is a still stronger reason why the