

<p>SEMI-WEEKLY RALEIGH REGISTER, July 6, 1861, p. 2, c. 5 At a flag presentation on the 25th of May at Bellefonte, Ala., to the Jackson Hornets, the following young ladies stepped forward, one by one, representing the seceded States as they left the old Confederacy, carrying with them all those rights and liberties bequeathed to them by our ancestors of the Revolution, repeating the following beautiful, appropriate and patriotic lines, written and composed by Laura Lorrimer, one of Tennessee's most gifted poetesses:</p> <p>Miss Matilda Fennell.—South Carolina.</p> <p>First to rise against oppression, In this glorious Southern land; Home of dead and living heroes, South Carolina takes her stand.</p> <p>Miss Lucinda Frazier.—Florida. And I come with greeting sisters, Where, amid her orange-bowers, Waves fair Florida her sceptre, Crowned with rarest, sweetest flowers.</p> <p>Miss Alice Eaton.—Georgia. Lo! and Georgia uprising, Burning with the blood of yore, Sends her children forth to conquer Peace from haughty foes once more!</p> <p>Miss Kate Fennell.—Alabama. In the new born arch of glory, Lo! where shines the central star, Alabama, and her radiance, Never cloud of shame shall mar.</p> <p>Miss Cornie Caperton.—Mississippi. Sisters! room for Mississippi! Well she knows the martial strain; She has marched of old to battle, She will strike her foes again!</p>	<p>Alice's Version</p> <p>Miss Nannie Champ- South Carolina First to rise against oppression; In this glorious Southern land; Home of dead and living heroes, South Carolina takes her stand</p> <p>Miss Mattie Parker- Florida And I come with greeting sisters, Where, amid her orange bowers, Wave fair Florida her scepter, Crowned with rarest, sweetest flowers</p> <p>Miss Ella Slater- Georgia Lo! ^and Georgia uprising, Burning with the blood of yore, Sends her children forth to conquer Peace from haughty foes once more</p> <p>Miss {sara Wyman?}- Alabama In the new-born arch of glory, Lo! where shines the central star, Alabama and her radiance Never cloud of shame shall mar.</p> <p>Miss Mattie Sweatt- Mississippi Sisters! room for Mississippi! Well she knows the martial strains; She has marched of old to battle. She will strike her foes again!</p>	<p>[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, July 13, 1861, p. 4, c. 1 At a flag presentation on the 25th of May, at Bellefonte, Ala., to the Jackson Hornets, the following young ladies stepped forward, one by one, representing the seceded States as they left the old Confederacy carrying with them all those rights and liberties bequeathed to them by our ancestors of the Revolution, repeating the following beautiful, appropriate, and patriotic lines, written and composed by Laura Lorrimer, one of Tennessee's most-gifted poetesses:</p> <p>Miss Matilda Fennell.—South Carolina: First to rise against oppression, In this glorious Southern land; Home of dead and living heroes, South Carolina takes her stand.</p> <p>Miss Lucinda Frazier.—Florida. And I come with greeting sisters, Where, amid her orange bowers, Waves fair Florida her sceptre, Crowned with rarest, sweetest flowers.</p> <p>Miss Alice Eaton.—Georgia: Lo! and Georgia uprising, Burning with the flood of yore, Sends her children forth to conquer Peace from haughty foes once more!</p> <p>Miss Kate Fennell.—Alabama: In the new born arch of glory, Lo! where shines the central star, Alabama, and her radiance, Never cloud of shame shall mar.</p> <p>Miss Connie Caperton.—Mississippi: Sisters, room for Mississippi! Well she knows the martial strain; She has marched of old to battle, She will strike her foes again!</p>
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<p>Miss Sallie Snodgrass—Louisiana. A voice from Louisiana, Lo! her brave sons arise, Armed and ready for the conflict, Stern defiance in their eyes!</p> <p>Miss Parthenia Bryant—Texas. Texas, youngest, mid her sisters, Joins her earnest voice to theirs; Forth she sounds her gallant Rangers, With her blessings and her prayers.</p> <p>Miss Sallie Fennell—Virginia. Wave, wave on high your banners! For the "Old Dominion" comes, With her lightning speaks the thunder, Lo! where sounds her army's drums!</p> <p>Miss Sallie Carter—Arkansas. Long Arkansas waited, hoping, Clinging to the flag of stars, Now she tears it down forever, Ho! away, then, to the wars.</p> <p>Miss Jennie Armstrong—N Carolina. Over vail [sic] and over mountain, Peeling forth in triumph high, Comes a lofty swell of music, The "Old North State's" battle cry.</p> <p>Miss Kate Mattox—Tennessee. Last but far from least among ye, Spartan band of brave and free; Like a whirlwind in her anger, Wheels in line old Tennessee!</p>	<p>Miss Fannie Parks- Louisiana A voice from Louisiana, Lo! her brave sons arise, Armed and ready for the conflict, Stern defiance in their eyes!</p> <p>Miss {Sarina?} Parks- Texas Texas, youngest amidst her sisters, Joins her earnest voice to theirs; Forth she sends her gallant Rangers, With her blessings and her prayers.</p> <p>Miss Alice T Hawkins- Virginia Wave, wave on high your banners, For the "Old Dominion" comes, With the lightning speaks the thunder Lo! where sounds {?} her armys drum</p> <p>Miss {Sara?} Smith- Arkansas Long Arkansas waited, hoping, Clinging to the flag of stars, Now she tears it down for ever, Ho! away then for the wars.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Alice</p>	<p>Miss Sallie Snodgrass.—Louisiana: A voice from Louisiana, Lo! her brave sons arise, Armed and ready for the conflict, Stern defiance in their eyes!</p> <p>Miss Parthenia Bryant.—Texas: Texas, youngest 'mid her sisters, Joins her earnest voice to theirs; Forth she send her gallant Rangers, With her blessings and her prayers.</p> <p>Miss Sallie Fennell.—Virginia: Wave, wave on high your banners, For the "Old Dominion" comes, With the lightning speaks the thunder, Lo! where sound her army drums!</p> <p>Miss Sallie Carter.—Arkansas: Long Arkansas waited, hoping, Clinging to the flag of stars, Now, she tears it down forever, Ho! away then for the wars.</p> <p>Miss Jennie Armstrong.—North Carolina: Over vale and over mountain, Peeling forth in triumph high, Comes a lofty swell of music, The "Old North State's" battle cry.</p> <p>Miss Kate Mattox.—Tennessee: Last but far from least among you, Spartan band of brave and free; Like a whirlwind in her anger, Wheels in line old Tennessee!</p>
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