

## Southern Rivers

M. V. MOORE

WHERE are all the rhythmic rivers of our sunny Southern clime—  
Rivers named in Indian legend or in tongue of later time;  
Rivers quaint or rivers noble, rivers grand or rivers wee;  
From the trickling o'er the pebbles to the sound, or gulf, or sea?  
From their fountains gushing, through the mountains rushing;  
    Dashing deftly, splashing swiftly;  
Over ledges leaping, through the valleys sweeping;  
By the busy cities creeping, in the murky marshes sleeping;  
    Through the forests and the bayous wending;  
    With the ocean and its myriads blending;—  
From the mosses and the ferns, how with tireless toil and turns,  
    To their sea-home, with the sea-foam—  
    How do all these rivers flow?  
    Where are kept their restless slumbers?  
    Where are heard their plashing numbers?  
    Listen how these rivers go.

Old Virginia, north and eastward, shows Potomac blue and wide;  
Northward lovely Shenandoah through the Valley pours its tide:  
Southward sweeps here dark Blackwater, deep Meherrin, Nottoway;  
Eastward ripples Rappahannock, spreading into placid bay,  
With the York, and Back the curious, and the slow Piankatank.  
Here's Pamunkey, deep and murky, with its dank and slippery bank;  
Here are Occoquan the quaintest, Hazel and Yeocomico,  
Robertson and darting Rockfish, and the bounding Buffalo.  
Here New, Holston, Clinch, and Powell wind in meadows of the west;  
Mingling in their merry music comes the welcome mountain Guest.  
Here Elizabeth comes greeting Nansemond, and sisters Anna,  
Rapidan, and Mattapony, and the rollicking Rivanna.  
Pedlar's here, with Slate and Hardware; (and still playing thus on names)  
Let's go down the Jackson, finding green Cowpasture in the James—  
Chickahominy there meeting Appomattox with their fames—  
Finding North and South united, here with sighing Tye they blend;  
Piney, Willis, from its willows, and Calfpasture all here wend.  
Here in Roanoke gather Staunton, Dan, and mountain-bright Blackwater  
Banister, and Smith, and Mayo, and Hycootee, Pig, and Otter.  
Noble rivers! noble country! noble peoples! Nobler ones  
Ne'er hath known the dark'ning shadows or the lights of circling suns!  
And the daughter, West Virginia, from the rocks and mountain chains,

Pours her torrents swiftly gulfward through her pastures, vales, and plains:  
 Northward makes Monongahela, green Buchanan, and the Cheat;  
 In Ohio fleet Kanawhas, Guyandotte, and Sandy meet.  
 With the Elk, and gay Greenbrier, forking Tug, and Birch, and Holly,  
 Bluestone, Hughes, East, dingy Coal and Pocotaligo and Gauley.—  
 Westward pouring, northward roaring, sparkling all in meadows gay;  
 Wandering like an exile ever, here they scamper, splash, and play,  
 Ne'er returning for her greeting, from the mother run away.

Carolina! Land of waters! Here the strangest rivers are:  
 Arrarat, and Alligator, and the famous stream of Tar.  
 Broad and Rocky here are rivers; here are rivers old but New;  
 Yellow Black, and silver Green, and Whiteoak, Bay, and Reddie too;  
 Here the whirling, wild Watauga, leaping Elk, and crooked Toe,  
 Tahkeestah, by the Paint Rock, and the wingless Pigeon's flow,  
 Tennessee, and swift Hiawassee, gulfward all through mountains go.  
 Where the Cherokee still lingers is the nimble Nantahala;  
 In the land of Junaluskee is the Vallee, gurgling gayly;  
 In the dismal lake-land is the viny festooned Scuppernong;  
 In the cloud-home and the sky-land Swannanoa skims along;  
 In the pine-lands over marl beds ruby-wine-like Cashie creeps;  
 In the fern-land from the balsams Tuckasegee grandly leaps.  
 Here Oconaluftee laughs, and wee Cheowee frets and clashes,  
 And 'mid towering canyons Linville's silvery spray spurts and splashes;  
 And here John, with sand all golden, 'neath the rhododendrons dashes.  
 From Virginia come Meherrin, Nottoway the deep and slow;  
 In the gray and yellow hill-land, where tobaccos golden grow,  
 Tumbling, Dan and Mayo, Fisher, Mitchell, Flat, and Eno, go.  
 Here is Yadkin winding over like a serpent 'mid the hills;  
 Here Catawba, pearly pebbled from a thousand brawling rills;  
 Here's Uwharie with its hurry; here the lazy Waccamaw;  
 Here is heard the humming spindles on the busy Deep and Haw;  
 Here in field and swamp and forest are the Lumber and Pedee,  
 And upon her breast Cohera, Colly, and the Mingo wee;  
 Here the Cape Fear's storied waters grandly go to open sea.  
 Here Contentnea and Trent, pouring into Neuse, find Ocracoke;  
 Where the herring comes in spring-time are Chowan and broad Roanoke,  
 North and Newport, Yeopim, Pungo, Pasquotank, and Pamlico,  
 Pantiego, and queer Perquimans—here the millions come and go.—  
 Dripping, gurgling, gushing, rushing, tumbling, creeping, so they be,  
 Carolina's matchless rivers from their fountains to the sea.

By the rice fields and the sand hills run the rivers small and great,  
 From the mountains to the ocean, of the grand "Palmetto State."  
 Leaping, hurrying, foaming, splashing, gently, smoothly—then they flow;  
 Once they find her sunny borders, ne'er across them do they go.  
 From Savannah bounding southward, to the eastmost Waccamaw;  
 Past Catawba, where the Indian once untroubled kept his squaw;  
 Pacolett and brown Saluda, Reedy, rushing Ennoree,

Broad and Tiger, coming southward, seek the turbid still Santee;  
 Here are murky Winnee, Mingo, sleepy Stono, and a New,  
 Combahee, and sluggish Wando, and the narrow Ashepoo,  
 Coosawhatchie, Congaree, Wateree, and small Chehaw;  
 Circling Charleston, in the Indian Etowan and Wasmasaw;  
 Eastward flowing only Coosaw; by her islands, Edisto;  
 Here Salkhatchie and Keowee, and slow Pocotaligo;  
 By the countless fields of cotton spread the small and great Pedee;  
 Near the sea sands May is sleeping, southern Broad, and Checkeese.—  
 From the rich hills to the barrens, gloomy rivers, small and great,  
 Run by factory and plantation in the grand "Palmetto State."

Where the orange grows and gladdens, and the summer never sleeps,  
 Florida in summer stillness all her many rivers keeps:  
 From Perdido, bordering westward, to St. Mary's eastern flow,  
 By Suwanee, sung in ditties, winding, creeping, there they go:  
 Who that e'er has seen them wonders why the Spaniard loved them so!  
 Where the swan and water-eagle and the bittern make their nest,  
 Amaxura, Pea, and Charlotte there go crooking to the west.  
 There end Alaqua, Ocilla, grand old Appalachicola,  
 Choctawhatchee and Escambia, Ocklockonnee and Chipola.  
 Where the screeching wild fowl gather, there to dream the night away,  
 Tawny Indian creeps in stillness into broad expanse of bay.  
 Here St. John's in peerless grandeur widens from Ocklawaha;  
 Eastward crawls the gray Opossum, brackish Lemon, and Nassau,  
 St. Sebastian by Matanzas, and St. Lucie by the sea;  
 Where Caloosahatchie steals from Okeechobee, Kissinee,  
 Gallivant, and Young, Caximbas, all go wandering in the south,  
 There the Shark is throwing open from the glades his watery mouth.—  
 O'er the sands or reefs here broadening into ocean, gulf, or bay  
 Where the countless wild fowl gather, there to dream the years away,  
 From St. John's in all its glory, from Suwanee's gentle flow,  
 Who that e'er has sailed there wonders why the Spaniard loved them so!

From the mountains on the northward how do Georgia's rivers flow?  
 How to southern gulf and ocean by her islands do they go?  
 From the sandy Chattahoochee, from the golden Etowah,  
 To the smiling grand Savannah, by the grim Allapaha,  
 From the turbid Ocklockonnee to the crystal Tugaloo,  
 From Chestatee to Chattooga, Georgia's rivers come and go.  
 Northward Tennessee, Hiawasse, Notley, and Tocoa pour;  
 Here's Ulaffie's liquid laughter, here Turoree's toss and roar;  
 Here leaping, terrible Tullulah; Soquee, rapid Appalachee;  
 Little, Broad, Alcofauhatchee, Santee, sauntering Auچهatchee;  
 Coosawattee with its clatter, Salacoa and Ellijay,  
 Oostenaula, Connasauga—five in Coosa roll away.  
 Here Ogeechee, and the Medway, and the dark Santilla creep  
 Through the barrens, by the cypress, and morasses wide and keep.  
 Thronateeska flows here southward, and Cannouchee's murky tide;

Here's Ocmulgee, Tallapoosa, and Altamaha the wide;  
 Ocopilco, and Oconee, and Ocoee, bright and small,  
 Withlacochee, and Weelawnee, Chickasaw, and all.—  
 From the Chattahoochee chattering, to Savannah murmuring low,  
 Where is heard the Ohoopee, there Georgia's rivers come and go.

Where the Indian, fleeing southward, hard by lake-side foemen pressed,  
 Found a hunting home in peace, is Alabama—"Here we rest."  
 Past the Rock and Flint here came he; over sucking, tumbling Tennesseee;  
 From the Warrior, raging darkly, down Cahawba did he flee;  
 Leaving Elk, Louksahpatilla, seeing Sipse, crossing Coosa;  
 Past Tombeckbee, Oaknoxubee; paddling pretty Tallapoosa.  
 Then in peace he rested, hunted; fished he then in Hillabee,  
 In Conecuh, Yellow-water, Choctawhatchee, Styx, and Pea;  
 Crossed the waters fringed with mosses in the glades—Kantappahaw  
 And Escambia, Fish and Tensaw, Bonsecours and Chickasaw.—  
 From the border by Perdido, to the westmost Escatappa,  
 Sailing Mobile in its splendor, fishing, hunting, dreaming, happy,  
 Here the Indian, fleeing thither, hard by northern foemen pressed,  
 Found the game and grave forever—Alabama—Here they rest.

All along the west meandering, here, far up, full Mississippi,  
 Restless monarch, always marvel, from his burdened mossy lip he  
 Out on live-oak and magnolia bottoms prodigally spills  
 A Sunflower—once Socktatafoota; Tallahatchee from the hills  
 Eastward drinks it, with Coldwater; changing into Yazoo where  
 Yalabusha, Loosascoona seek the flitting "Father" there;  
 They and Black, and Homochitto, and, from bayou, deep Pierre.  
 Northward, in the knob-lands, warbling Wolf and Hatchie hie away;  
 Loitering Leaf, Fox, Buckatunna, in the far south find the bay;  
 Pascagoula, Chickasawha, with the Tullahoma blending,  
 And Boughhomo, slowly southward, darkened currents here are sending;  
 O'er east borders Escatappa and Oktibbeha here break;  
 Here Noxubee, Buttahatchie, Wolkee, part of Mobile make;  
 Tangapahoa, Pearl and Tipsaw, Strong and Amite, meet in lake.—  
 Sombre waters, sombre borders, where the languid saurian dwells,  
 'Neath the live-oak's mossy mantle in the grand magnolia dells.

From the Pearl to Sabine westward, by plantation and savanna  
 And her rice-land, gulfward, ebb the rivers of Louisiana.  
 Here's Chifuncte and here's Bogue Chitto, Sara with her cypress stain,  
 Tangapahoa, Amite, Tickfaw, Comite—all to Ponchartrain;  
 Here the Grand, Lafourche the sluggard, Terre Bonne with spreading bayou;  
 Teche and Crocodile here crawling on to red Atchafalaya;  
 Creeping through the dikèd cane-land goes Vermilion to the bay;  
 Further westward, still and lonely, Mermenteau and Calcasieu;  
 From the far northwestern border, through its yielding ochery bed,  
 Rio Roxo brings its driftwood wonder, fitly named the Red—  
 Saline, Black Lake, Cane, and Bodcau—by their currents filled and fed;

Southward, washing through the loamy vales of fertile Arkansas,  
 With Bartholomew and Tensas, and the Bœuf, is Ouachita;  
 Here "the Father" Mississippi, half a hundred fathoms deep;  
 In his plash a hundred rivers still their fretful murmurs keep,  
 In his mighty bosom nestling twice a thousand brooklets sleep;  
 Gathered here the countless waters, half of all a continent,  
 Seething, like a serpent writhing, all in awful volume blent.—  
 From the Black Hills and the lake lands, from the western snow and gold lands,  
 From the Appalachian summits, and the eastern oil and coal lands,  
 Past a hundred crowded cities, through the lonely forest hush;  
 Fled from fearful height and boulder, and the frothing cascades' rush,  
 By the cot and painted palace, from the wigwam of the savage,  
 Through the peaceful southern bayou, from the western floods and ravage,  
 Gathered in this Father bosom—artery of the continent—  
 Seething, like a serpent writhing, all in awful grandeur blent.

Where the hot Gulf ne'er at rest is, tossing white-caps o'er its green,  
 Coursing 'twixt the Rio Grande and the Red and bronze Sabine,  
 Drag the dreamy Texas rivers: Neches first, with Angeline;  
 Then from northern sand and wax-land Trinity through forest flows;  
 Next historic San Jacinto, where the star of Houston rose;  
 From the wavy mesquite prairie, where the wild-dog builds his town,  
 Brazos comes, with Navasota, Bosque in the bottoms brown,  
 And Paloxey, Gabriel, Noland, and Keetumsee trickling down,  
 From the Llano Estacado, through the barren mountain shadow,  
 Over sandstone, granite, marble, to perennial blooming meadow,  
 Past the cedar brake and highland, always grand, is Colorado;  
 In her current mixing Concho, Llano, stony Perdinales,  
 And San Saba from the sand wilds, and Pecan from nutty valleys.  
 Next, with Navadad, Lavaca; then the purple Gaudaloupe,  
 Where there rung in war-time deadly savage Santa Anna's whoop,  
 Where blend Blanco, and San Marcos through its mossy stone bed run,  
 And the Comal glittering brightly, like 'twere dew-drops in the sun.  
 'Mid her ancient city springing, San Antonio darts away,  
 With Cibolo and Medina, full of mosses, to the bay.  
 Mission and Aransas, Neuces with the Frio, Hondo deep,  
 And Leona and San Miguel, sickly sluggards, wind and creep,  
 Where the cactus spreads in splendor and coyotes revels keep.  
 To Del Norte purls the Pecos, from where yet the savage paints,  
 Scalping cow-boys, and San Pedro—he and various other saints.  
 Eastward is the gloomy Cypress; snail-like Sulphur's in the pines;  
 And Attoyac 'mid cotton-woods there his southern bride he finds.  
 Eastward Keecheeahquehono and the Wichitas are whirled;  
 And the long and red Canadian, like a pennon, is unfurled  
 In the north land, from the red man's war camps in the sunset world.

Tennessee—how were her rivers in the mellow Indian tongue?  
 What syllabic rhythm had they ere the white man's changes rung?  
 Wasioto and Shewannee—thus the Cumberland was known—

With Red, Canee, Rocky, Obee, Harpeth, Sulphur, New, and Stone.  
 Holston once was Hogohegee; and from mouth of French Broad down  
 (Which was then the Tahkeestah), Cootcla thence to Chota town—  
 It an Indian "refuge city," true in honor and renown—  
 Where there emptied in Tanisse, now the Little Tennessee.  
 Then began great Kallamuchee, Chelaque in Cherokee.  
 Once Hiawassee was Euphassie, with the brawling small Chestoe,  
 Estinaula, "where they rested," and Amoe, or Ocoee.  
 Through Chilhowee comes the Little, once the red man's swift Canoe;  
 Where the wingless Pigeon flutters, there the Agaqua they knew;  
 Where there fell from high Unaka Salaqua is Tellico;  
 Where was Nonachuckee, "dangerous," simply Chucky now we know.  
 Thundering through the Alleghanee with the Doe is yet Watauga;  
 Out and in, with Georgia pranking, straight to gulf goes Connasauga;  
 Out, but never more returning, "Stream of Death" is Chickamauga.  
 Down through Alabama rattling, Rock and Flint and Elk they go—  
 White man's rivers—they and Sandy, Whiteoak, Beech, Duck, Buffalo.  
 But Sequatchie keeps her beauty from the vandal changes free;  
 Obed, and the ancient Daddee, still run on to Emmoree.  
 Where is now the Clinch with Powell, once they had the Pellissippi.  
 Chucagua and Mechesepe—these were names for Mississippi.  
 Thither going Nona Conna, Loosahatchie, Forked Deer,  
 Wolf, Obion with its Reelfoot, and Big Hatchie lapsing there.  
 By these waters fought the Shawnee, Uchee, Choctaw, Cherokee,  
 Chickasaw and Chickamauga, and the Creek, or Muscogee.  
 Dead are now the scalping warriors! But the music of the river,  
 And the sweet syllabic rhythm of its name, shall live forever.



*Troy! and that Troy has a mount Ida!!* The names of places in this country are truly astonishing. Troy, Syracuse, and Rome are pretty well in this way, but the state of New York alone, I believe, boasts of a Manlius, a Homer, a Virgil, an Ovid, a Cicero, and a Socrates, whose second appearance in this world is in all the glories of flaming red bricks, new boards and white paint.

—Frances Anne Butler, 1835.