

**THE POEMS OF HENRY  
TIMROD.  
EDITED, WITH A SKETCH  
OF THE POET'S LIFE**

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The Poems of Henry Timrod. Edited, with a Sketch of the Poet's Life by Henry Timrod & Paul H. Hayne

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THE  
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BY

PAUL H. HAYNE.

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TO THE  
POET'S WIFE AND SISTER,\*  
AND TO HIS EARNEST FRIENDS, THE  
HON. GEORGE S. BRYAN,  
OF CHARLESTON, S. C.,  
AND  
DOCTOR J. DICKSON BRUNS,  
OF NEW ORLEANS,  
THIS VOLUME IS  
Dedicated.

\*This Sister died soon after the "Dedication" was penned.

## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
Memoir of Henry Timrod.....	7
Dedication.....	71
Katie.....	73
Carolina.....	80
A Cry to Arms.....	83
Serenade.....	85
Why Silent?.....	86
Two Portraits.....	87
Charleston.....	97
Ripley.....	99
Ethnogenesis.....	100
Christmas.....	104
La Belle Juive.....	107
An Exotic.....	109
The Rosebuds.....	111
A Mother's Wail.....	113
Our Willie.....	114
Carmen Triumphale.....	118
Address at the Opening of Richmond Theatre.....	121
The Cotton Boll.....	125
Spring.....	131
The Unknown Dead.....	134
The Two Armies.....	136
A Vision of Poesy.....	137
The Past.....	162
Preceptor Amat.....	163
Dreams.....	166



	PAGE
The Problem.....	168
The Arctic Voyager.....	172
A Year's Courtship.....	173
Dramatic Fragment.....	176
The Summer Bower.....	178
A Rhapsody of a Southern Winter Night.....	180
Flower Life.....	184
Youth and Manhood.....	186
A Summer Shower.....	189
Baby's Age.....	190
Hark to the Shouting Wind.....	191
The Messenger Rose.....	192
Too Long, O Spirit of Storm!	193
The Lily Confidante.....	194
On Pressing Some Flowers.....	196
A Common Thought.....	197
SONNETS:—	
Poet! If on a lasting fame be bent.....	197
Most men know love but as a part of life.....	198
Life ever seems us from its present site.....	199
They dub thee idler, smiling sneeringly.....	199
Some truths there be arc better left unsaid.....	200
I scarcely grieve, O Nature! at the lot.....	200
Grief dies like joy; the tears upon my cheek.....	201
At last, beloved Nature! I have met.....	202
I know not why, but all this weary day.....	202
Were I the poet-laureate of the fairies.....	203
1866, addressed to the Old Year.....	204

## MEMOIR

or

# HENRY TIMROD.

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THE name and writings of HENRY TIMROD have been long known and appreciated at the South. Nor are they wholly unknown at the North. I have before me a letter from the Quaker poet, WHITTIER, in which he warmly commends the poems of TIMROD he had seen, while expressing a regret for his early death.

Frequently, in his critical essays, RICHARD HENRY STODDARD has referred to TIMROD, as in his opinion the ablest poet the South had yet produced—a verdict fully sustained by some other (Northern) writers of high position, to whose notice the poems had been brought.

These facts may prove, in some sort, an introduction to the present volume, so far as the Northern public is concerned. They may win for it a candid examination, all that is necessary, doubtless, for its success.

Meanwhile, I purpose to give a sketch of TIMROD's life, which, though comparatively brief, and to an exceptional degree uneventful, is still of interest, as throwing much light upon the character of his verses, and the development of his genius.

HENRY TIMROD was born in Charleston, S. C., on the 8th of December, 1829. He was the son of WILLIAM H. TIMROD, whose father (HENRY TIMROD), a native of Germany, had married Miss GRAHAM, a gifted and highly educated lady of the north of Ireland, though of Scotch descent, and in good, if not affluent, circumstances. Mr. TIMROD had been for a considerable time a resident in this country, and was, it seems, a widower, when Miss GRAHAM came to Carolina. Sometime in 1792, their only son, WILLIAM, was born on a plantation not far from Charleston.

Upon the death of his father, which occurred unfortunately while the lad was quite young, his mother married again; a step by which the family means, already reduced by the exigencies of a revolutionary time, were still further squandered.

Nevertheless, an effort was made by the mother to educate her son for the Bar. It was frustrated in a manner at once ludicrous and provoking. At the age of eleven, WILLIAM, then at school, became possessed of an *idea*—a brilliant, fascinating conception—which he must seize the first opportunity of practically testing. To the boy's fancy the most enviable of mortals appeared to be, not a king or a conquering soldier, but a *bookbinder*!

Reasoning from his narrow premises, he concluded that this lucky craftsman must, by the necessities of his position, have access to innumerable volumes, and to stores of untold learning. In order to realize this personally, and to live thenceforth in a beatified atmosphere of Russia leather, he ran away from school, and having found his Phoenix—a complacent bookbinder—placed himself deliberately under his tuition. Of course the intelligent lad must soon have perceived how his dreams of the trade and its æsthetic facilities had deceived him; but whether actuated by self-