

**HOURS OF MUSING:
BEING A COLLECTION
OF POEMS**

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Hours of Musing: Being a Collection of Poems by C. S. Percival

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C. S. PERCIVAL

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BY

C. S. PERCIVAL.

loc

"It was, indeed, a wondrous sort of bliss,
The lonely bard enjoyed, when forth he walked,
Unpurposed,—
Nor meant to think; but ran, mean time, through vast
Of visionary things." POLLOCK.

UTICA:

BENNETT, BACKUS, & HAWLEY, FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1841.

CP

TO
SIMEON NORTH, A. M.,
PRESIDENT OF
HAMILTON COLLEGE,

this little volume

is inscribed,

with every sentiment of

regard and respect,

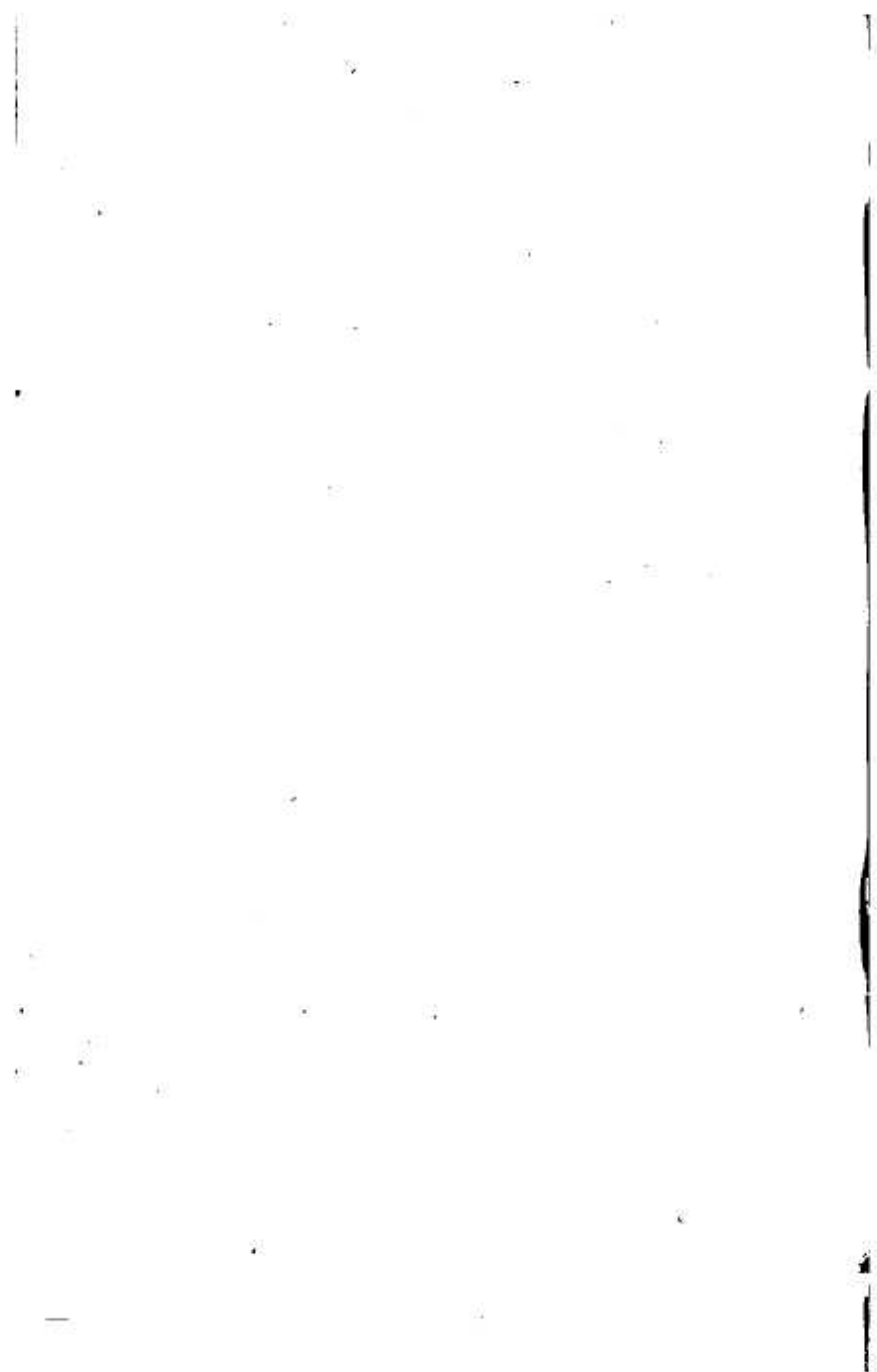
by his

GRATEFUL AND OBLIGED PUPIL,

THE AUTHOR.

Hamilton College, June, 1841.

WOR 19 FEB '36



ADVERTISEMENT.

An apology for publishing a book has long ago become so stale a thing, that little or no attention is paid to it. But, nevertheless, the author of this little work, begs to be heard "*only this once*," while he says, that the publication of these poems was not so much in accordance with his own inclination, as with the stern demands of necessity. Having entered college with means inadequate to his support, he found that, unless some plan could be devised for his assistance, he would be under the necessity of abandoning his studies: and it was not without the advice of those whose capability of advising he can not doubt, that he took the present step. The following pieces have been thus brought to light, with the hope that a kind and indulgent public will see in them some things, at least, commendable, and, by giving them a liberal patronage, will afford him some assistance in the prosecution of his studies, preparatory to a station of importance and usefulness in active life. The volume is now before the world, with whatever of imperfection it may possess; and, with Byron, the author must say, "would it were worthier"—but "what is writ is writ;" and if the result should show that it has failed both to please the public and profit the author, he must submit it to the fiat of a just oblivion.



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