

# Sources of plagiarism in the Henry Debosnys papers

Poem transcripts and images from Adirondack Enigma by Cheri L. Farnsworth.

Thomas Moore - From Life Without Freedom

<https://www.public-domain-poetry.com/thomas-moore/from-life-without-freedom-27012>

Thomas Moore - Love's Light Summer Cloud

<https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=tF1CAQAAMAAJ&pg=PA373&lpg=PA373&dq=>

Thomas Moore - And Doth Not a Meeting Like This

[https://www.poetrysoup.com/famous/poem/and\\_doth\\_not\\_a\\_meeting\\_like\\_this\\_16325](https://www.poetrysoup.com/famous/poem/and_doth_not_a_meeting_like_this_16325)

Thomas Moore - ?

<https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=gTMPAQAAAMAAJ&pg=PA49&lpg=PA49&dq=#v=onepage&q&f=false>

Thomas Moore - Oh! Think Not My Spirits are Always as Light

<https://www.contemplator.com/ireland/thinknot.html>

Thomas Moore - The Vale of Avoca

<https://www.bartleby.com/360/1/233.html>

## The Valley of the death

By Henry Debosnys.

From the prison without freedom! Oh who would not fly  
For an eternity of freedom! Oh who would not die.  
In death's kindly bosom my last hope remain  
The dead fear not chains, nor tyrants, the grave has no chains!  
And oh! Even if freedom from this world be driven,  
I despair not, at least I shall find her in Heaven.  
Rest dear bosom! No more sorrow shall pain thee,  
Beam, bright eyelid! No more weeping shall stain thee,  
What softened remembrance come over the heart,  
In gazing on those, that we have been lost so long!  
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part.  
Still round them like visions of yesterday throng  
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,  
When held to the flame, will steal out on the sight.  
So many a feeling that long seemed effaced,  
The warmth of a meeting like this makes amends  
For all the long years I have been wandering away?  
To see thus around me my youth early friends,  
As smiling and kind, as in that happy day!  
So many a feeling that long seemed effaced from sight  
The remembrance of a meeting like this bring to light.  
Shall I ask the only friend who fights by my side  
In the cause of today, if our creeds agree?  
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,  
No, no, never, I like to see everyone free-  
The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows-  
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined.  
And I care not how soon I sink to repose  
When I know all my friends are dear to my mind.  
It was that friend, the beloved of my bosom that was near,  
And who made every scene of enchantment more dear

Who felt how the best charms of nature improve  
When we see them reflected from the look that we love  
Sweet Valley of the deaths! How calm could I rest-  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friend I love the best,  
Where the storms that I feel in this world should cease  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.  
There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As that valley in whose bosom the bright waters meet.  
Oh! The last ray of feeling and life must depart  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

-August 29, 1882

Thomas Tod Stoddart - The Death-wake, Or, Lunacy: A Necromaunt, in Three Chimeras  
<https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=8QgUAAAAQAAJ&pg=PA115&lpq=PA115&dq=>

-Henry Debosnys.-

## The Solitary grave

Or the hermit dying alone.

Like the hermit-he take a solitary grave  
Below the pine trees, and he sang a stave,  
Or two, or three, of some old requiem  
As in their narrow home he buried them  
And many a day before that blessed spot  
He sate, in lone and melancholy thought,  
Thinking upon the grave; and one had guessed  
Of some dark secret shadowing his breast.  
And yet, to see him, with his first gray hair  
Floating alone in the valley-borne air,  
And features chastened in the tears of woe,  
In short, it was merely sad to see him so!  
As a wreck of nature floating far and fast,  
Upon the stream of time, to sink at last!  
To his own heart that lonely hermit man  
A tale of other days when passion ran  
Along his pulses like a troubled stream  
And glory was a splendor and a dream!  
Of the fierce sunbeams fell upon its face,  
And of his young life have-but the trace  
Of some old thought came burning to the brain  
Of the poor hermit, and he shrunk in pain  
Too deadly to be shadowed or forgiven  
To do such mockery in the sight of Heaven.

Thomas Moore - The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan

<https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=ze7kAAAACAAJ&pg=PA333&lpg=PA333&dq=>

Thomas Moore - Paradise and the Peri

<https://www.bartleby.com/library/poem/3665.html>

Thomas Moore - The Odes of Anacreon (translated to English)

<https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=0rwDAAAQAQAAJ&pg=PA17&lpg=PA17&dq=>

Thomas Moore - Lalla Rookh

<https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=ugJGAQAAMAAJ&pg=PA395&lpg=PA395&dq=>

Thomas Moore - Odes of Anacreon

<https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=ugJGAQAAMAAJ&pg=PA395&lpg=PA395&dq=#v=onepage&q=studious&f=false>

Thomas Moore - Elegiac Stanzas

<https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=1g5gAAAACAAJ&pg=PA247&lpg=PA247&dq=>

## The City of the Death

By Henry Debosnys

Strangers! Who pass near this grave,  
Let awhile your studious eyes engage in your head,  
And when returning to your home, you may say,  
We have seen the last home, where we have to go and stay.  
From which is no return no more, no, no more-  
And never feel the splendor of the sun, no more.  
They turned their head, and as he spoke,  
A sudden splendor all around them broke  
And they beheld an orb, ample and bright.  
Rise from the holy well, and cast its light  
Round the rich city of the death, and the plain-  
Shane out to bless the breaking of the chain  
That now sink beneath an unexpected arm  
And in a death-gloom, give its last alarm.  
Its hand full of joy, proclaim through Heaven  
The triumph of its own soul forgiven  
Joy, joy, here forever, my task is done  
The gates of misery are passed, and Heaven is won.  
The scene which I have journeyed over-  
Return no more-no! No! No more.  
This awakes my hourly sighing  
Drairy is the thought of dying.  
Let me resign a wretched breath  
Since now that remain on me.  
No other calm than kindly death,  
To soothe my last trouble, my last misery.  
But having sworn upon the holy grave  
To conquer or perish, once more gave  
Nor less in number, and we let them all stay:  
Come with me now, I will give my life away  
Yes, poor wretched-thine is such a grief,  
Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;  
And dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,  
Or warm, or brighten, like the water on the lake.  
Liberty now for me would be of a short season,

After my terrible suffering in this poor prison.  
Though in my earliest life bereft  
Lost in that sweet dream, such a change in life  
Though hope deceived, pleasure left-  
I wish to sigh my latest breath-  
And go meet my poor wife into death.  
To you all, my soul's affections move  
My life had burned here like a stove  
If your sorrow faith be over. I will try  
To bless you, and your names, and go to die?

-September 18, 1882 (Essex County Jail)

### Thomas Moore - Lines Written in a Storm at Sea

<https://internetpoem.com/thomas-moore/lines-written-in-a-storm-at-sea-poem/>

### Thomas Moore - Elegiac Stanzas

<https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=1g5gAAAACAAJ&pg=PA247&lpg=PA247&dq=>

## Our Last Meeting

It is true, they talk of danger nigh  
Of slumbering with the dead tomorrow,  
Where pleasures throb, or tears of sorrow  
No more shall wake the heart or eye.  
For ah! My heart, how very soon  
The glittering dreams of youth were past!  
And long before it reached its noon  
The sun of my poor life is overcast,  
Glad with the beautiful evergreen summer,  
Forever the splendor of the sun everlasting  
With all our friends of other days forever  
We will sing the immortal song of the Holy King?  
-Henry Debosnys

### Thomas Holley Chivers - To Isa in Heaven

<https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=paey5bBiCTAC&pg=PA144&lpg=PA144&dq=>

## March 5, 1882

Oh, my dear Celestine, I long for death-  
For anything I wish to be with thee  
I did not inhale, alas thy dying breath,  
That it might have power on me  
To make me what thou art but thou art dead  
And I am here it strengthened me instead  
My dear Celestine, joy, here is none.

It went into the grave with thee  
And, grief, because my spirit is alone  
Is all that come to comfort me.  
The very air I breathe is turned to sighs,  
And all my soul is wilting from my eyes  
Oh my dear Celestine day after day  
I seek thee, but thou art not near  
I sat down on thy grave in the cold clay  
And listen for thy soul-Oh dear-  
And when some withered leaf falls from the tree  
I start as if thy soul had spoken to me.  
- By her husband Henry Debosnys

### Daniel Clement Colesworthy - Kind Words

<https://discoverpoetry.com/poems/daniel-clement-colesworthy/kind-words/>

A little word in kindness spoken  
A motion or a tear  
Has often healed the heart that's broken  
And made a friend sincere  
Then deem it not an idle thing  
A pleasant word to speak.  
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring  
A heart may heal or break.  
- Henry Debosnys, circa 1883

### Thomas Moore - Ode XXXVI

<https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=C4FDAQAAMAAJ&pg=PA254&lpq=PA254&dq=>

Why do we vainly weep at fate  
And sigh for life's uncertain date?  
The light of gold can never illumine  
The dreary midnight of the tomb.  
- Henry D. Debosnys

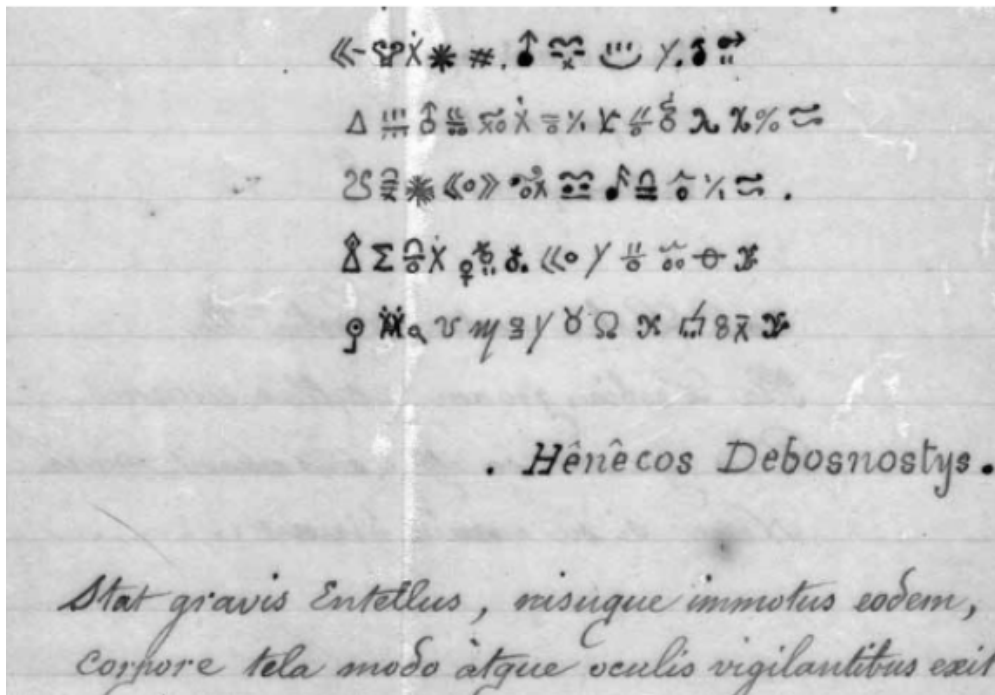
### Thomas Tod Stoddart - The Death-wake, Or, Lunacy: A Necromant, in Three Chimeras

<https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=8QgUAAAAQAAJ&pg=PA115&lpq=PA115&dq=>

She died like golden insect in the dew  
Calm and pure; and not a chord was wrung  
In her deep heart, but love, she perished young

But perished wasted by some fatal flame  
That fed upon her vital, and there came  
Death sweeping lightly, like a stream  
Along her brain, she perished like a dream

- Husband H. Debosnys, Elizabethtown,  
Essex County, New York, December 12, 1882



Stat gravis entellus, nisuque immotus eodem,  
corpore tela modo atque oculis vigilantibus exit

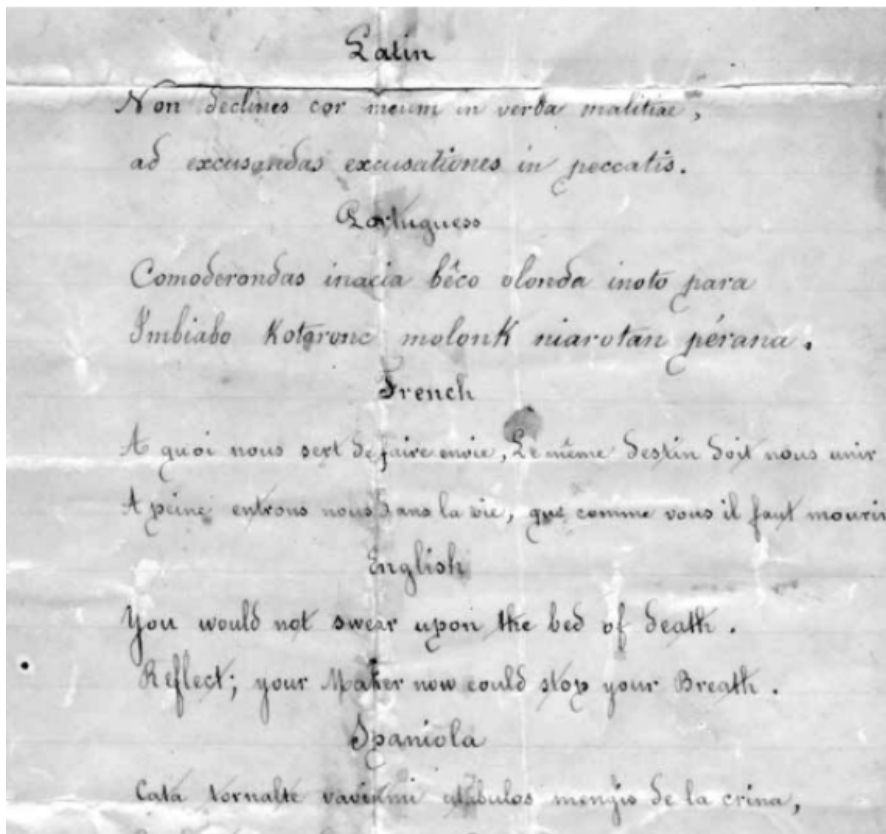
Virgil - The Aeneid

<https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=kCZICgAAQBAJ&pg=PA68&lpg=PA68&dq=>

ΕΠΙ Διδύμοις ταπεινῶν. (Greek translation.)  
Τῆϊός ποτ' ἄρ' ἠελίου  
Ἰαρογέλου κείτου,  
Μεθούντε καὶ λυρῶν  
Ἀρφί' αὐτὸν οἱ δ' ἠριότες  
Ἄπαλοι εὐνεχόμεναί  
Ἐποιεῖ, ψυχῆς οὔτ' οὐκ  
Ὅδε λευκά πορφύροισι  
Κριναὶ σὺν βοδοισί' ἀλίζας,  
Ἐφίλει στεφάνων γρόντα·  
Ἡ δὲ θαμν' ἀνασσα,  
ΣΟΦΗΗ ποτ' ἐξ Ὀλύμπου  
Ἄβελ· Ἐσθραῖσ' ἀνακροῦντα,  
Ἄρ' ἔτι καὶ τὸν ἄνθρωπον  
Ἰστοῦσ' ἀποδοῦντα·  
Σοφῆ, δ' ὅδε Ἀνακροῦντα  
Τὸν σοφώτατον ἄπακτον,  
Ἐκαλεῖσεν οἱ σοφίαι,  
Ἐπὶ γέρον, σὺν θύοντι  
Ὡς διαπύον γαλήνην ?

Thomas Moore - Ode of Anacreon

<https://books.google.de/books?id=e1YJAAAQAAJ&hl=de&pg=PA11#v=onepage&q&f=false>



#### Latin

Non declines cor meum in verba malitiae,  
ad excusandas excusationes in peccatis

#### Vulgate Bible

<https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Psalmi%20140%3A4&version=VULGATE:NIV>

#### English

You would not swear upon the bed of death.  
Reflect; your Maker now could stay your Breath.

#### James Fordyce - Answer

<https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=YMNgAAAacAAJ&pg=PA208#v=onepage&q&f=false>





Debosnys sketch, presumably of wife Celestine. Courtesy of the Collection of Brewster Memorial Library/Essex County Historical Society.



Peterson's Magazine - June 1879

<https://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/pt?id=umn.31951002807891h&view=2up&seq=448&skin=2021>



Peterson's Magazine - Feb 1879

<https://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/pt?id=umn.31951002807891h&view=2up&seq=116&skin=2021>



Peterson's Magazine - November 1879

<https://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/pt?id=mdp.39015074629380&view=2up&seq=10&skin=2021>

### From Debosnys's autobiography

"... was built and furnished by Mr. Midole D. Debosnys in 1740. In its dimensions and ornaments, it is such a one as presents the characters and fortune of the family. It stands upon an elliptic plain, formed by cutting down the apex of a mountain..."

Boston Lyceum (description of Thomas Jefferson's Monticello) - Jan 1827

<https://books.google.co.uk/books?id=VjdBAAAAYAAJ&pg=PA8&lpg=PA8&dq=>

"It possessed a very fine garden from which the most enchanting views were obtained of mountain, river and valley. Part of it was arranged and most carefully kept as a bowling green.  
..."

New York Times (account of a duel from 1770) - Feb 12 1882

<https://www.nytimes.com/1882/02/12/archives/a-mysterious-duel-in-1770-from-an-old-manuscript-in-two-parts-part.html>  
<https://ahfi.org/the-duel/a-mysterious-duel-in-1770/>

"Captain Maurice Debosnys of the Dragoon, came riding through the wood in a southerly direction, through the ruddy glow of the glorious sun of Giromond now nearing its setting..."

A Rebel by Julian Hawthorne (Saturday Evening Mail) - 29 July 1882

<https://newspapers.library.in.gov/?a=d&d=SEM18820729.1.7&e=-----en-20--1--txt-txIN----->

"In all the papers of the country relating the story of the duel and describing the deceased very minutely..."

Account of a duel from 1770 (part 2)

<https://gahistoricnewspapers.galileo.usg.edu/lccn/sn84024798/1883-05-20/ed-1/seq-1/>