THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

BY M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL. MEMPHIS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1859. VOLUME X.—NUMBER 29.

Daily Appeal.

A LITERARY FEAST.

The Poets of New England on Burns—Original Poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, and John G. Whittier, and Speeches by N. P. Willis and William Cullen Bryant.

The occurrence of the centennial anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, and its celebration in all parts of the country, has drawn from the tribute minds that the nation boasts, tributes to the peasant poet, of unexampled beauty. We have already devoted a great deal of our space to this Burns literature, but we are sure that we can now receive no apology for presenting the following original poems, from the most distinguished of the song writers of New England, which were read at the Burns Festival in Boston, and the "speech" of N. P. Willis, (the only one on record, and the last, we presume, as well as the first of his efforts at public speaking,) at the same place, together with a passage full of poetry from the speech of the greatest poet America has produced, William Cullen Bryant, delivered at the celebration in New York. We quote from the Boston Courier:

1. *Pathos and Humor*—Twin sisters of true poetic genius, were illustrated by Tam O'Shanter," "Hoosh Bigelow," and the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was designated to respond, and he responded to the following poem. He was rapturously received:

POEM OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

JANUARY 25TH, 1859.

Ho brother—hey, we couldn't do it
The same each heart it beats;
Each thistledom yet will thistle, thick
In lights and Scotch mists!

We meet in our conviviality,—
One corner of wild mirth,—
A little Scotch—a little Yankee
Kelts in the Western world.

As when yon thistle, apartment mine
Sings yet each spiked spear,
The swelling tower of Ayr and Tweed
With sea-green warders spikes.

The country Burns lov'd was a country—
The poor peasants the presents—
And here to-day, and not to-day,
We meet the same land.

While Shenandoah strolled in Scotia Bigtree
With Carrick and Phillis—
While Walter was Sir Alexander's keeper
To match the Scottish Miles.

Who heard the wailing infantile cries—
The babe Burns, the sister—
Whose song to-night in every air
Will shake earth's starry dome—

Whose passion breathing voice survived
And kept life warm—yes to
Whose ringing lay of friendship speaks
With false's accustomed

The President introduced Prof. James Russell Lowell:

Mr. Lowell said he came too late double-barrelled—with a piece about seven minutes long and one about three minutes and a half long. Which would they have? (Cries of "both, both.") Well, said he, I'll give vanilla first—the first. Mr. Chairman and fellow-free, I beg you to remember that what I read is based on a Scotch ballad, of which the one whose birthday we celebrate, was fond; and hence, I am the same as a clergyman who was educated in Edinburgh, and from whose pulpits I hope I have not disputed. (Laughter.) I desire to say that I feel very greatly the advantage—the disadvantage, rather, of them the advantage—of my position here as a junior. Almost everything that I have to say has already been said, but I have the best chance of anybody that has yet spoken to see the next centennial. (Laughter.)

POEM OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A modest guest I enter here,
With my brothers and sisters,
To share the feast of the poet dear
Their mutual own sturdy sire—
And with the best of the land
Their shared of our and shallow,
Who drew their strong nurture
From the same mother's breast.

II.

A modest guest! Ah! doubt's power
Too great, alas! for boldness!
Shall I, who but yesterday
Was a stranger to the land,
If the world lies to-night, so
Add not one slow
To spread its fame? Ah!

III.

Alas! I doubt, what worth or grace
Have brought I to this board?
To speak what voices in applied hearts
With Burns's native tongue?
A theme like this would from an Homer
Longwhile to be inspired
If my poor lame muse dare, the same chance
Her rustic lyre and play her

IV.

As I to subject what is or
Is not to be answer to Burns?
Not single my wife to slumber
And ask me what he was?
Which I will put to answer
Of Burns's soul as Burns
Who the good be, Burns

V.

Her cheaper sounds to please
Her native sounds,
But some like these, Heaven's footsteps,
Spirit-shaped, pass by
Be loved much I dare to speak good,
Most to speak good
Poor comers round the cross was here,
Of low lowest, ye alone could.

VI.

If want be service alike with
Be Burns's poetic
From Chaucer that left to hedge and lash
Thy Scottish Burns
The nearest to nature from
Is lost Burns is every
The chief's page is the chief's
If chief's a site, I'd or he, he
Is alike as Burns

VII.

No Willie turned another
"There's many other have found
To the pure and grief of true hatred,
And have found
Thou only is to have
Burns's
Thou art Burns

VIII.

I think my profile on the
Of life, though, dead, yet
Shall spare the mortal
Behoveth her death long

The warbling sons, the warbling
Shall spare the mortal
The centuries wave his proper
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XXII.

Thou Burt Heaven's purple wide apart
And, at their golden thrones,
With cordial smile and, mo hear!
Still throbbing, full of wisdom,
Thou 'Tam O'Shanter' the
Hoosh Bigelow of
And hast a celestial Charter
To sit the first and fairest!"

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The company gave three cheers for Lowell, and called for the "24 minute piece," and after hesitation he produced and read it. It was of a more humorous nature than the first, and concluding with a toast to the "girls," which was received with great laughter.

The President then expressed his regret at the absence of Mr. John G. Whittier, and announced that he had sent a poem, which would be read by Mr. Emerson. It was as follows:

LETTER AND POEM FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, 23d Ist Mo., 1859.

DEAR FRIENDS: I gratefully acknowledge, through thee, the invitation to the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birth-day of the poet of Nature, the most genuine, the truest and sweetest of all who have ever sung of home and love and humanity.

As I may not be able to be with you, I enclose a poem, which, though wholly inadequate to the occasion, is at least a sincere tribute to the World Singer.

Very truly thy friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

John S. Tyler, Esq., President of Boston Burns Club.

[Note. Omitted for want of space.]

Hence with your idols, ye lady graces,
Who wreathe a laureled brow
Upon the sons of song!
Ye cheer, ye glad, ye inspire
Your favorites with
Your smiles, your
Your lyre, your
Your lyre, your
Your lyre, your

[Note. Omitted for want of space.]

Ye lay on your hands, and
Ye lay on your hands, and
Ye lay on your hands, and
Ye lay on your hands, and
Ye lay on your hands, and
Ye lay on your hands, and