

www.denholmvillage.co.uk

INAUGURATION

OF THE

Leyden Monument,

AT

DENHOLM,

ON

19<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER, 1861.

REPRINTED FROM THE *HAWICK ADVERTISER*.

HAWICK: JAMES HAINING & Co.



*The Leyden Memorial Committee*  
*Denholm* } INAUGURATION } *J. M. Glymond*  
*26<sup>th</sup> January* } } *Treasurer.*  
*1862*

OF THE  
**Leyden Monument,**

AT  
**DENHOLM,**

ON  
**19TH OCTOBER, 1861.**

~~~~~  
REPRINTED FROM THE HAWICK ADVERTISER.  
~~~~~

\_\_\_\_\_  
HAWICK: JAMES HAINING & Co.



MANAGING COMMITTEE.

JAMES DOUGLAS, JUNIOR, ESQ. OF CAVERS.  
REV. ALEXANDER M. McCOLL, CAVERS.  
REV. JOHN McROBERT, DENHOLM.  
ANDREW HADDON, ESQ., HONEYBURN.  
EPHRAIM SELBY, ESQ., MINTO.  
JOHN YOUNG, ESQ., SURGEON, DENHOLM.  
ROBERT BULMAN, ESQ., TOFTS.  
JAMES TURNBULL, ESQ., SPITTAL.  
MR WILLIAM SINTON, DENHOLM.  
MR WILLIAM LEYDEN, DENHOLM.  
MR ROBERT MOODIE, DENHOLM.

A. HADDON, ESQ., *Convener.*

TREASURER :

REV. JAMES McCLYMONT, DENHOLM.

SECRETARY:!

REV. JAMES DUNCAN, OLD MANSE, DENHOLM.



INAUGURATION  
OF THE  
LEYDEN MONUMENT.

---

OUR townsmen who are old enough to remember the Reform procession from Hawick to Jedburgh on the 21st March, 1831, may have been reminded of that memorable day, when they crowded to Denholm on Saturday, 19th Oct., to honour the memory of Dr John Leyden. It is highly creditable to our manufacturers that with one consent they agreed to shut their mills and workshops at 10 o'clock, to allow all who wished to witness the ovation to be on Denholm Green in goodly time. At an early hour solitary pedestrians and little groups of friends began to take the road. As the day wore on a continuous stream of vehicles of all sorts, equestrians and strollers crowded the way from Hawick to the centre of attraction. At noon the two companies of volunteers, commanded respectively by Captain Chisholme and Lieutenant Fraser, and headed by their bands, marched away animated by the influence of martial strains. The drum and flute band followed. We never saw our beautiful valley so lively. Nature was all bountiful and smiled beautifully from the face of a pensive unclouded Autumn sky, on fields whose full harvests had been snugly stacked in well filled barnyards. The many tinted woodlands never looked more lovely, and the sweet stream of our valley sang on to the sea as if conscious of the importance of the day. The



spirit of the poet seemed to come upon us as we turned back and caught a glimpse of our bold border town, and we exclaimed—

"Boast! Hawick, boast! thy structures rear'd in blood  
Shall rise triumphant over flame and flood,  
Still doom'd to prosper, since, on Flodden's field,  
Thy sons, a hardy band, unwont to yield,  
Fell with their martial king, and, glorious boast!  
Gained proud renown where Scotia's fame was lost."

John Leyden knew the metal the men of Hawick were made of, and in these brief lines, partly retrospective and almost prophetic, it is not vain to say that the poet has indicated the characteristics of "the callants" well.

Away we trotted, passing many groups of blythe pedestrians. The woods of Cavers lay before us, the beech and the ash gay with the golden livery of the season and contrasting richly with the evergreen fir, again we were compelled to exclaim—

"Green Cavers, hallow'd by the Douglas name,  
Tower from thy woods! assert thy former fame!  
Hoist the broad standard of thy peerless line,  
Till Percy's Norman banner bow to thine!  
The hoary oaks, that round thy turrets stand—  
Hark! how they boast each mighty planter's hand!  
Lords of the border! where their pennons flew,  
Mere mortal might could ne'er their arms subdue:  
Their sword, the scythe of ruin, mowed a host;  
Nor Death a triumph o'er the line could boast."

"Where rolls o'er Otter's dales the surge of war,  
One mighty beacon blazes, vast and far,  
The Norman archers round their chieftain flock  
The Percy hurries to the spearmen's shock;  
'Raise, minstrels, raise the pealing notes of war!  
Shout, till broad arrows dim each shrinkling star!  
Beam o'er our deeds, fair sun, thy golden light;  
Nor be the warriors glory lost in night!  
In vain!—his standards sink—his squadrons yield;—  
His bowmen fly:—a dead man gains the field."

"The song of triumph Teviot's maids prepare,  
Oh, where is he? the victor Douglas where?  
Beneath the circling fern he bows his head,  
That weaves a wreath of triumph o'er the dead."

Conning these spirited lines, and contrasting our brave Volunteers who were marching proudly down the valley, with the followers of Douglas who fought at Otterburn 500 years ago, we catch a glimpse of Hassendeanburn, and are reminded of the exquisite peroration of "The Scenes of Infancy." We must quote the lines, and impress them on the memories of our readers, as almost matchless. No passage illustrates more clearly the poetic faculty of Leyden, so finely ideal—so richly descriptive, and so thrillingly pathetic. The poet writing in India, supposes himself on the site of the old churchyard of Hassendean, which was almost entirely washed away by the Teviot. So he exclaims:—

"The silvery moon, at midnight cold and still,  
Looks sad and silent o'er yon western hill;  
While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,  
Rear'd on the confines of the world below.  
Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?  
Is that blue light the moon's or tomb-fire's gleam,  
By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,  
The old deserted church of Hazeldean?  
Where slept my fathers in their natal clay  
Till Teviot's waters rolled their bones away.  
Their feeble voices from the stream they raise—  
'Rash youth, unmindful of thy early days,  
Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot?  
Why didst thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,  
The ancient graves, where all thy fathers lie,  
And Teviot's stream that long has murmured by?  
And we—when death so long has closed our eyes,—  
How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,  
And bear our mouldering bones across the main,  
From vales that knew our lives devoid of stain?  
Rash youth, beware; thy home-bred virtues save,  
And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave! "

The self-imposed admonition came too late. Soon after it was uttered the ardent temperament of the poet, and his unquenchable thirst for knowledge, precipitated his death, amid circumstances of peculiar sadness. The enthusiasm of Teviotdale on Saturday, however, has gratefully indicated that while Java holds his dust, his



memory is foundly cherished in the quiet valley which his genius consecrated and celebrated in strains that cannot die.

As we approached Denholm the excitement became more intense. There was no levity in the crowd. A quiet demeanour indicated the solemnity of the occasion. Inanimate nature seemed aware of it too. Rubberslaw and Minto rocks, around whose rugged summits the poet had woven the graceful tributes of his verse, stood proudly up like giant sentinels of the celebration. A Sabbath quiet was over all the fields—

“Calm was all Nature as a resting wheel.”

We were reminded of the beautiful lines of Scott, and realised their meaning more clearly than we had ever done before :—

“Call it not vain: they do no err,  
Who say, that when the poet dies,  
Mute nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies:  
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone  
For the departed bard makes moan;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill;  
That flowers in tears of balm distil;  
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,  
And oaks in deeper groans reply;  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave.”

When we reached the village, the monument stood before us, a gem of florid Gothic masonry, the conception of Mr Orrock of Edinburgh, who made a gratuitous gift of the design. Apart from the Scott monument, we have seen nothing so beautiful. It was surrounded by admirers of all classes, from all districts of the county, and by men of letters, who had been attracted from distant parts of the country by the occasion. Such a day had never dawned on the village; joy shone on all faces; men forgot for the time the grudges of years, as if ill feelings were profane. Our finest nobleman and the amiable representative of our county had come to do honour to the memory of the poet scholar, and were not

ashamed to bow to his genius amid a vast assembly composed chiefly of the peasant class from which Leyden had sprung. Learned professors and doctors of laws, were mingling their homage, too, with hard-headed tradesmen, who were not so utterly worldly as to avoid such a scene. There must have been upwards of 4000 persons present. It was one of these rare occasions in a lifetime in which one is privileged to mingle in the ovation of an entire community assembled to honour a great man's name.

The various bands alternated appropriate music, till 2 o'clock afternoon, when a procession of the rifle corps was formed at the Free Church Manse, where the committee had assembled. Those who were to take part in the proceedings immediately proceeded to the platform erected on the Green at the west front of the monument.

On the monument are the following inscriptions :—

SOUTH FRONT.

“John Leyden, born at Denholm, 8th September, 1775. Died at Batavia, 28th August, 1811.”

NORTH FRONT.

“To the memory of the Poet and Oriental Scholar, whose genius learning, and manly virtues were an honour to his country, and shed a lustre on his native Teviotdale, this monument was erected by public subscription, A.D., 1861.

On the east side the following lines from Leyden's “Scenes of Infancy” :—

“Dear native valleys, may ye long retain  
The chartered freedom of the mountain swain,  
Long 'mid your sounding glades in union sweet  
May rural innocence and beauty meet,  
And still be duly heard at twilight calm  
From every cot the peasant's chanted psalm !”

On the west the following lines on Leyden by Sir Walter Scott :—

“His bright and brief career is o'er,  
And mute his tuneful strains;  
Quenched is his lamp of varied lore  
That loved the light of song to pour;  
A distant and a deadly shore  
Has Leyden's cold remains,”



On the platform were the Right Hon. the Earl of Minto and Admiral Elliot; Rev. A. M. Maccoll of Cavers; Rev. J. McClymont, Denholm; Rev. James Duncan, Denholm; Sir William Scott, of Ancrum, M.P. for the county; Harry Scott, Esq., younger of Ancrum; David Pringle, Esq., of Wilton Lodge; E. H. Maxwell, Esq. of Teviot Bank; John Wilson, Esq. of Ladylaw; Professor Pillans; Rev. Dr Aitkin, Minto; Dr Hodgson; Dr W. Brown, Melrose; Mr Riddell-Carre of Caverse-Carre; Mr Robert Elliot, Wolflee; Mr Haddon, Honeyburn; Mr Moodie, Denholm; Dr Hume and Messrs John Hilson and Alexander Jeffrey, solicitor, Jedburgh; Mr. W. Irvine, Hawick; Mr. J. A. H. Murray, Hawick Academy; and Andrew Leyden, only surviving brother of the poet and scholar, &c., &c. The Countess of Minto, with her sister-in-law, Lady Dunfermline, and other ladies from Minto House, also graced the platform, along with Lady Scott of Ancrum, and the Misses Scott.

The chair was occupied by Sir William Scott. The Volunteers, who were all under command of Captain Scott, formed a square round the platform, within which ladies only were admitted. Beyond the line of Volunteers an enormous crowd was collected, and the attendance on the whole must have numbered upwards of four thousand persons. Among the gentlemen surrounding the platform were Provost Grainger, Jedburgh; Mr Walter Wilson, Orchard; Mr Walter Laing, manufacturer; Mr Robert Anderson, solicitor; Mr George Wilson, manufacturer; Mr J. H. Fraser, merchant; Mr Purdom, solicitor; Mr Carmichael, solicitor; Mr McKie, manufacturer, Hawick; Mr D. D. Scott, Brieryards; the Rev. John Thomson, St Mary's, Hawick; Dr Bell, and Dr Ballantyne, Jedburgh; Messrs J. B. Crease, manufacturer; William Elliot, solicitor; Charles Anderson, banker; A. O. Turnbull, solicitor, Jedburgh; Mr Simson, Bedrule; Mr Oliver, Denholm Mill; Mr Selby, Minto; Mr Alexander Rutherford, solicitor; and Mr Peter Coldwell, Galashiels; &c., &c. Professor

Blackie, Sheriff Gordon of Edinburgh, and, Sheriff Glassford Bell of Glasgow were prevented by pressing engagements from being present and sent letters of apology.

The Rev. Mr MACCOLL, at the request of the Chairman, offered up the following prayer:—

O Lord our Heavenly Father, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, we praise and magnify thy most holy name, giving Thee thanks for all Thy goodness and loving kindness to Thy creatures, especially that Thou hast not left us to seek Thee if haply we might find Thee, but hast made thyself known to us in Thine only Son, our Lord. Glory be unto God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to the children of men.

O God, Thou art the Father of light from whom come down all good and perfect gifts. We acknowledge Thee as the source of everything that blesses and enobles the race of man. Thou hast made man in Thine image, and crowned him with glory and honour. We thank Thee for the good gifts of reason and conscience, for the power of knowing Thy will and of tracing Thy name and laws throughout Thy works, and that Thou art pleased from time to time to endow some of Thy creatures with a high measure of these gifts for Thy glory, and for the welfare of the world.

And now heavenly Father we especially thank Thee at this time that Thou wast pleased to raise up from our midst one whom Thou didst equip with the choice gifts of genius and knowledge. We thank Thee for the beauty and nobleness of his life, for the value of his memory, and now in erecting this monument to commemorate his name, we acknowledge Thee as the source and inspirer of all wisdom and knowledge. The light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world. Glory be unto Thee O God.

We pray Thee that Thou wouldst enable us to profit by the example of virtuous and good men. Help us to remember that we are members of the body of Christ. Enable each of us to do the work that Thou hast com-



mitted to him, that trading with the talents Thou hast entrusted to our care, Thou mayest at Thy coming receive Thine own with usury.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. Amen.

The CHAIRMAN said that having been asked to take the chair on this most interesting occasion, he had agreed to do so with the greatest pleasure, and that for three good reasons—first, he was very proud at having been asked to take a part in the inauguration of this most beautiful monument; secondly, that in contrast with several foreign cities which have for ages been and still were contesting to which belonged the honour of being the birthplace of Homer, the claim of Denholm to the birthplace of Leyden was undeniable; and thirdly, that the grandson of the man who was such a kind and generous friend to Leyden in life, the grandson of Lord Minto, who, when Governor-General of India, was so much associated with the poet and the scholar of Teviotdale, should have been chosen to offer up the grateful tribute of his country's praise, to strew the laurel leaves on Leyden's bier. (Cheers.) Further, he (the chairman) was extremely glad to see so many of the inhabitants of the district assembled to do honour to Leyden's name. He would now ask Lord Minto to address the meeting.

The Earl of MINTO on rising was received with loud cheers. He said he had been induced to undertake the duties which devolved upon him that day, not merely because he felt interested in seeing the memory of Leyden perpetuated, not only because he felt, as every native of Teviotdale and Roxburghshire should feel, proud of the man whose fame had shed a lustre on their native valley—(cheers)—but because it so happened that Dr Leyden and his (Lord Minto's) grandfather, who was for some time Governor-General of India, who were both born so near this spot, were much brought together in a foreign clime, and laboured together in that distant land,

where many have achieved a high and dazzling reputation; but where an almost equal number have found an untimely grave. His grandfather and Dr Leyden had in India worked together in common — (hear) — not certainly in the same career, for while the one was a politician and a statesman, the other was eminent as a scholar and Oriental linguist; but still they worked towards a common end. (Hear.) They sailed together in an expedition of very great importance, the expedition fitted out for the conquest of Java. Though it was decreed that neither should again revisit the valley of the Teviot, it was reserved for Lord Minto to follow the remains of Leyden to the grave in that far distant land. (Hear.) He (the noble Lord) would not have been doing his duty, then, if he had refused to assist on this occasion, when the inhabitants of Teviotdale were assembled together to put on record their admiration of the scholarship and the genius of Dr John Leyden. (Cheers.) Dr Leyden was best known in his native valley as a poet, and this was very natural in the locality where he first saw the light, for he made it the scene of those songs and legends with which they were all so familiar. There was scarcely a place in the neighbourhood which he had not put into rhyme and verse. Ruberslaw which stood up before them was described in powerful strains, which he (Lord Minto) would not venture to quote, but which most of them had often read; and every hill and dale, every stream and rivulet in the district, had been described with equal force and beauty. (Cheers.) It was therefore no wonder that the reputation of Dr Leyden in his native valley should chiefly rest on his poetry. (Hear.) But great as was his poetical genius, and versatile as were his talents, he was most eminent as a scholar and as an Oriental linguist. He began his studies with the view of acquiring the knowledge of as many languages as possible, in order to trace out the affinity of races, and by such means arrive at some knowledge of the history of the world during the pre-historic age. He was thus one of



the earliest pioneers in the science of philology—a science which has since made rapid progress, and which, taken together with other sciences, particularly that of geology, has been the means of showing almost to a demonstration that this world is of much higher antiquity than was formerly supposed to be the case. It might be interesting to those present to know what the personal appearance of Dr Leyden was, seeing there was no portrait of him in existence. But his biographers had fortunately been particular in describing his appearance; and as they had not forgotten to admit those weaknesses in Leyden's character which, less or more, no human being is without, the descriptions might be taken as correct. Sir Walter Scott says:—"In his complexion the clear red upon the cheek indicated a hectic propensity, but with the brown hair, lively dark eyes, and well proportioned features, gave an acute and interesting turn of expression to the whole countenance. He was of middle stature, of a frame rather thin than strong-built, but muscular, and active, and well fitted for all those athletic exercises in which he delighted to be accounted a master." This last characteristic would be considered not a little remarkable by the villagers of Denholm, since the Doctor was not the only man of the name of Leyden who had been distinguished by athletic exercises. (Loud cheers.) Dr Morton thus describes Leyden:—"Leyden was of middle size, well-proportioned, and of a slender rather than robust form. He had a clear complexion, brown hair, and dark eyes full of animation and intelligence. His looks and gestures were quick, and expressive of habitual cheerfulness and activity. He possessed considerable muscular power and athletic skill, and was fond of displaying his prowess in feats of strength and agility, for which he had been famous in his early years among the rustic youth of his vicinity." Henry Cockburn also describes Leyden, and does not treat him with such reverence as people in this neighbourhood will think he

might have done. "He was a wild-looking, thin Roxburghshire man, with sandy hair; his physical energy was as vigorous as his mental; so that it would not be easy to say whether he would have engaged with a new found Eastern manuscript, or in battle, with the more cordial alacrity." Dr Morton further says—"He was licensed to preach in 1798. He frequently appeared in the pulpit in different churches in Edinburgh. His manner of delivery was not graceful, and the tones of his voice, when extended so as to be heard by a large audience, were harsh and discordant." Sir John Malcolm says:—"He was fond of talking; his voice was loud and had little or no modulation, and he spoke in the provincial dialect of his own county." Lord Minto continued—Leyden had many noble traits of character, before which any deficiencies which his biographers have instanced are cast quite into the shade, and his energy and industry in acquiring knowledge were most remarkable. (Hear.) Some idea may be formed of the extent and variety of his studies from the following passage, which appears in a letter to Ballantyne, written shortly after his arrival in India:—"The languages that have attracted my attention since my arrival have been Arabic, Persic, Hindostani, Mahratta, Tamal, Telinga, Canara, Malayalam, Malay, and Armenian." Again, he says in a letter to Sir T. Stamford Raffles—"Pray contrive to get me a few copies of the best Malay manuscripts; above all try and get me the works of the famous Bugis Suveri Zudanz, and anything you can in Bali or Siamese. Do try to get me the best alphabets of the Eastern tribes. Have you no Batta that can read the lingo of the man-eaters. I have got a book, but cannot read it." The noble Lord then went on to say that, remembering how Leyden had accompanied his grandfather to Java, he had thought there might be some memorials of the friendship among the papers at Minto, and on looking amongst them was fortunate to find a letter from Lord Minto, in which mention was



made of Leyden. Lord Minto was describing the passengers in the vessel which took him to Java, and Dr Leyden among the rest. He would venture to read the passage relating to Dr Leyden to the meeting. It was never intended for publication, and had never before seen the light, so it might be interesting from its originality. Lord Minto then read the letter as follows:—

H.M.S. Modeste, at sea, May 1811.

“Dr Leyden’s learning is stupendous, and he is also a very universal scholar. His knowledge, extensive and minute as it is, is always in his pockets, at his finger ends, and on the tip of his tongue. He has made it completely his own, and it is all ready money. All his talent and labour indeed, which are both excessive, could not, however, have accumulated such stores without his extraordinary memory. I begin, I fear, to look at that faculty with increasing wonder, I hope without envy, but something like one’s admiration of young eyes. It must be confessed that Leyden has occasion for all the stores which application and memory can furnish to supply his tongue, which would dissipate a common stock in a week. I do not believe so great a reader was ever so great a talker before.” . . . The following passage, said Lord Minto, occurs after some remarks by my grandfather on the excellent conversational powers of some members of his family, addressed to one of them in particular:—“You would appear absolutely silent in his company, as a ship under weigh seems at anchor when it is passed by a swifter sailer. Another feature of his conversation is a shrill, piercing, and, at the same time, grating voice. A frigate is not near large enough to place the ear at the proper point of hearing. His audience is always suffering the same sort of strain which the eye experiences too near an object which it is to examine attentively. One peculiarity more, which is the most remarkable in so great a learner of languages, he has never learned to speak English either in pronounciation or idiom. In all these respects

he is as faithful to the ‘Scenes of Infancy’ as if he had never quitted Te’ot Water, or seen anything more like a ship than a pair of trows in Cocker’s haugh pool. . . . I ought to correct this, however, by saying that it applies more to pronounciation than idiom, for he uses, of course, the words of learned conversation, with a good mixture indeed of native phraseology and forms of speech. . . . It may perhaps be rather in written than spoken language that he is so astonishingly learned, and it may be the gift of pens rather than tongues that has fallen upon him. If he had been at Babel, he would infallibly have learned all the languages there, but in the end they must all have merged in the ‘Tivitdale.’ . . . I must say, to his honour, that he has as intimate and profound a knowledge of the geography, history, mutual relations, characters, and manners of every tribe in Asia as he has of their language. On the present occasion, there is not an island or petty State in the multitude of islands and nations amongst which we are going of which he has not a tolerably minute and accurate knowledge. His conversation is rather excursive, because on his way to the point of inquiry he strikes aside to some collateral topic, and from thence diverges still wider from the original object. . . . His pen is sober, steady, concise, lucid, and well fed with useful as well as curious matter. His reasoning is just, his judgment extremely sound, and his principles always admirable. His mind is upright and independent, his character spirited and generous, with a strong leaning to the chivalrous, and in my own experience I have never found any trace either of wrong head, or of an impracticable or unpleasant temper. . . . I have indulged myself in this portrait, because I feel an interest in which you all share in so distinguished a worthy of Teviotdale.”

Lord Minto was loudly cheered as he concluded the foregoing interesting testimony to Leyden’s genius and worth, and closed his address by alluding in complimen-



tary terms to the monument which the committee and the architect had erected.

The Rev. JAMES DUNCAN then rose and said—It has been thought desirable that I should make a short statement at this stage of the proceedings, regarding what I may venture to call the history and statistics of the monument, the completion of which we are this day met to celebrate. Not quite two years have elapsed since steps were first taken to erect some memorial to Dr John Leyden, and to remove the reproach which had been sometimes cast upon us, that we did not sufficiently appreciate the merits of our distinguished townsman, nor do him sufficient honour in the spot where he most desired to be honoured, in the place of his birth, in Denholm green, and mid the scenes of his infancy. We adopted the measures usual on such occasions. We set forth a statement of his claims on the public gratitude—the excellence of his character, his noble and independent spirit—the fervour of his genius—the power and pathos of his poetry—the services he had rendered to general literature, and especially the light he had thrown on the varied, complex, and difficult languages of the East. (Cheers.) To this appeal the public, upon the whole, responded nobly. The late Mr Douglas of Cavers—a name not to be spoken without reverence—headed our subscription list—(cheers)—the late Lord Minto, whose father was Leyden's chief patron in India, and at his death one of his warmest eulogists, contributed with equal liberality—(hear, hear, hear)—the Duke of Buccleuch, ever forward at least in the intention of doing good, followed their example. (Cheers.) These three are our subscribers for the highest amount. A second class contributed half the sum, and we have ten subscribers for £5 each. Most of the subscriptions, however, have been obtained from individuals scattered over the rural parts of the district; and it is gratifying to think that a large proportion of them are in small sums, from the class to which Leyden himself ori-

ginally belonged, namely, the peasantry and working-classes of the district. (Cheers.) Of the towns, Hawick has at last contributed the largest sum, although she was slow to countenance us, and has all along required a considerable amount of squeezing. (Laughter.) On Kelso our case can scarcely be said to have made any impression whatever; Dr Mackenzie's and one or two other small subscriptions are its sole representatives. Jedburgh has done better, and we have been encouraged in our undertaking by knowing that we had several warm friends in that quarter. We obtained a trifle from Glasgow, and a respectable sum from Edinburgh. Through the kind attention of the Hon. Walter Elliot of Wolflee, nearly £12 were collected for us at Madras;—(cheers)—Mr Turnbull of Jedburgh, procured some contributions from New Zealand, and we can boast of one subscription from North and another from South America. Denholm cannot be accused of calling upon others to act while she, herself, remained passive; and I am proud to have it in my power to say that Denholm has raised upwards of £40—(cheers)—a sufficient proof of the earnestness of her desire to do honour to her favourite and gifted son. The result of the whole is that our contributors altogether amount to about 350, and the sum which we have thus been enabled to realise is about £330. When it became necessary to decide on the nature of the memorial, I applied to various artists to embody for us, in drawing, their idea of what would be most suitable. I requested that this, under the circumstances, should be done gratuitously; and they all, with one exception, most kindly and generously complied with my desire. Several of these designs (they amounted altogether to 9 or 10) were of great merit, but none of them such as we thought we could adopt, save that by Mr Orrock. This attracted us from the first; my own fancy, I confess, it particularly caught, and I at last succeeded in getting all parties to agree with me. Apprehensive that our funds would not allow us to carry



it out in its original and entire state, we had variously modified forms of it prepared; with these, however, we could not feel satisfied, and we at last resolved to erect it according to the architect's original conception, almost without change. We could get no contractor to undertake the work—it being a kind of structure in which builders had no experience—and we resolved to have it erected under our own superintendence. In accomplishing this a young man belonging to the village, Mr Andrew Ferguson, has been of great use to us, and to his talents and zeal we owe many obligations. (Cheers.) The erection, according to the design in question, is now before you. It is not yet complete in all its details; but it is sufficiently so to enable you to form a perfect idea of it. The chief want is a cinerary urn to be placed under the canopy, for at present it is a canopy covering nothing. The design, I need scarcely say, is Gothic, of the early decorated period of architecture, prevailing about the beginning of the 14th century, and partaking of the elements of the Venetian school of Gothic, thereby giving greater breadth of effect to the structure, as well as warmth of tint by the introduction of coloured material in the columns. The colour is here obtained by using pillars of red Peterhead granite, and the effect, I think, is admirable. The figures of the four evangelists were to have been executed by Mr Handyside Ritchie, but he having retired from business, they were sculptured by his successors, Messrs Walker & Johnston. They may be regarded simply as monumental, or as emblematical of Leyden's Biblical pursuits, for he was much employed, while in India, in translating the gospels into the languages of the East. The capitals of the shafts supporting the figures are enriched with the symbols by which it has become customary to distinguish the different evangelists. The monument is forty-seven feet high. I need only further say on this head, that the stone of which the monument is built was obtained from Swinton quarry in Berwickshire—the sole

reason for preferring that to material nearer at hand, being that it is easier wrought, and therefore better adapted to delicate sculpture. (Cheers.) The actual expense of the erection has considerably exceeded our calculations. This will not surprise those who have been much engaged in building of any kind, and especially building of a fanciful nature into which much sculpture enters, the artist naturally exerting himself as the erection proceeds to improve on his original conception. The consequence of this is that we have incurred a small amount of debt; and hence the little plot we have formed against the purses of the public in the form of a bazaar. I can truly say, on behalf of myself and the other members of committee, that we have left no legitimate measure untried which we thought calculated to promote the object we had in view. Dilligence and zeal at least we had it in our power to employ, and these we can conscientiously affirm we have exerted. The result of these exertions you now witness, and it is for you to say whether to dilligence and zeal—which are common qualities—we have added the less common ones of sound judgment and good taste. (Loud cheers.) The verdict, I think I may venture to assume, has already been given in our favour—(hear, hear)—and it has been a matter of no small satisfaction to me in particular, because I advocated the adoption of it from the first, that the fair structure we now inaugurate has met with such unanimous approbation. We could at once have saved ourselves a world of trouble and anxiety—we could easily have escaped some calumny and all debt—had we adopted some common and stereotyped form of memorial; but we were willing to incur labour—we were ready to make sacrifices—to procure what should be something more than a mere exaggerated tombstone—something which should represent the present advanced state of the arts, and on which the eye could rest with pleasure. (Hear.) We reflected that this was a rare occasion, that we were not only erecting



a cenotaph to departed genius and virtue, and were called upon to make it worthy of the occasion as such, but that another purpose might be served, perfectly consistent with the former, that of ornamenting our village, and producing what should be an object of interest throughout Teviotdale. We felt with the poet—

“That a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,”

that the contemplation of it tends to exalt both the moral and intellectual nature—that it not only refines the taste and improves the perceptions, but helps to make wiser and better men. (Cheers.) We wished for something which should not only be worthy of Leyden—worthy of being dedicated to the poet, the antiquary, the scholar, the patriot—but which should be worthy of us who combine our means and labours in order to do him homage. We wished to show to our posterity that we could appreciate excellence, and were ready to make strenuous efforts to do it honour. We desired to secure an architectural work worthy of being embosomed in the midst of the beautiful district wherein we dwell, and that art should endeavour to do something where nature has done so much. (Loud cheers.) In the attainment of these objects, gentlemen, we have ventured to think, we hope not presumptuously, that we have been successful; and if we are this day so fortunate as to obtain your approbation of the results of our labours, than we shall be certain of it. (Cheers.)

Professor PILLANS next came forward and addressed the meeting. He said—After the two addresses to which they had just listened the proceedings might properly close, and there was no reason why he should be called upon to say a few words except on one account, that he possessed a privilege enjoyed by no one else in that vast assembly, a privilege none of them would purchase at the price of having lived as long as he had. (Hear.) But as one of the few still remaining who were personally acquainted with Dr Leyden, he would crave their attention for a few minutes. Leyden was three years older

than himself, and when the great scholar attended college he was two years in advance of him in his studies, so that there was not much chance of their being acquainted at all, except that Dr Leyden happened to occupy a very humble lodging in the same tenement where his (the Professor's) father and his family lived. That was a very long time ago, extending some years back in the last century of the Christian era. From that acquaintance, which never was very intimate, he (the Professor) could bear testimony to the faithfulness of Sir Walter Scott's description of Leyden's personal appearance, quoted by the noble Lord. That countenance had impressed him from the first moment he saw Leyden, and lived in his memory to this day. It was a very handsome face, and might have served as a model for the statue of Apollo. There was no acquaintance maintained after their college days. After Leyden's departure for India, though he saw no more of him, he heard with pleasure of his extraordinary success. Leyden was a man of pleasing manners, and made his way into the best society in Edinburgh, and was well acquainted with the great ones of that day, and in particular with Sir Walter Scott, who had written a memoir of him, which was no caricature, but an excellent portrait of the poet by a friendly hand. At such a place and such a time it was impossible to resist quoting Sir Walter's beautiful lines:—

“Sweet Teviot, o'er thy silver tide  
The glaring balefires blaze no more  
No longer steel-clad warriors ride  
Along thy wild and willowed shore.  
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,  
All, all is peaceful, all is still,  
As if thy waves since time was born,  
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,  
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,  
Nor started at the bugle horn.”

These were the words of a man who loved the scenes of Leyden's infancy, as Leyden did himself. The meeting had heard with pleasure the beautiful testimony of Lord



Minto's grandfather to the genius of his friend and *protégé*, and all present would be delighted at the prospect of seeing that letter in print, for the perusal of themselves and the public. (Loud cheers.)

Mr PRINGLE of Wilton Lodge could not, like his venerable friend who had just sat down, claim friendship with the individual whose monument they had that day met to inaugurate—who was truly one of the sweetest poets and most genuine characters the Scottish Borders had ever produced. (Cheers.) For the poetry of Leyden he had formed an early attachment, which was impressed upon him by the circumstance that when leaving his home for the first time, in 1825, for a foreign and, on board the ill-fated ship Kent, which was burned in the Bay of Biscay, he was engaged the night before the fire in reading aloud Leyden's "Scenes of Infancy" to some of the assembled passengers, whose thoughts, like his own, reverted to that dear land they had left. (Cheers.) There were both Scotch and English in the party, but that found a chord to respond to it in every breast; or, as Sir John Malcolm, Leyden's early patron, has beautifully expressed it in a stanza written in pencil on returning to its author the volume of the "Scenes of Infancy,"

"'Tis songs like thine that lighten labour's toil,  
That rouse each generous feeling of the heart,  
That bind us closer to our native soil,  
And make it death from those we love to part."

To which our poet as speedily replied—

"Careless of fame, nor fond of praise,  
The simple strains spontaneous sprung,  
For Teviot's youths I wrote the lays,  
For Border maids my songs I sung."

(Cheers.) He was proud to say that his ancestors had known and esteemed Leyden, who was first employed on his father's estate of Whytbank as schoolmaster, and who used to acknowledge his obligations to the library there for its varied stores of information. He had often heard his early friend, Sir John Malcolm, speak of Leyden, and seeing so many of the Volunteers here, he was reminded

of the enthusiasm with which Sir John told the story of his reading a letter from Eskdale, to Leyden when he was prostrated from sickness in India, which stated how when the beacons were lighted, on the occasion of the false alarm, the Borderers so nobly responded by marching into Hawick on the following morning, to the Border tune, the gathering of the Elliots, "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" he sprang from his bed, and with all his native energy sung aloud, "Wha daur meddle wi' me!" There was a more important circumstance, however, in Leyden's life, which seemed to him especially deserving of note; he alluded to the remarkable preparation which his early studies for the church might be supposed to afford for the great work in which he was afterwards to be employed, the translation of the sacred scriptures. (Hear.) When Leyden sailed for India, he was supposed to be acquainted with seventeen languages, and before his lamented decease he had rendered several of the Gospels into six of the Eastern languages, he believed—a circumstance which had suggested the idea of the four Evangelists, whose figures now appeared at the corners of his beautiful monument, a fitting remembrance of the last work in which he was then engaged—one in which we might well desire to be found employed when our summons to leave the earth should come. They were much indebted to Lord Minto for producing the very interesting letter he had read to them, as they were to Professor Pillans for the particulars connected with Leyden's early history, which no other man could now have supplied. (Loud cheers.)

Mr W. IRVINE, of Hawick, said—Sir William Scott, a pleasant duty has been deputed to me, and it shall be briefly and heartily done. I have to propose a vote of thanks to the committee for their unwearied and gratuitous labours to consummate the object of our gathering here to-day. (Cheers.) We have just been informed by the secretary that two years have scarcely elapsed since a few admirers of the genius of Dr Leyden resolved that



a becoming memorial of his illustrious name should adorn the green of his native village. The labour of the committee is over—a beautiful pile stands before us; and it is no longer a reproach that the name of Dr Leyden is not fondly cherished amid the scenes which have been hallowed by his poetic fancy. All the members of committee have wrought well, but the constant and ungrudged efforts of the president, Mr Haddon, and the secretary, Mr Duncan, are worthy of special notice. (Hear, hear.) To these two gentlemen in particular, then, and to the committee generally, it is my pleasant duty to convey the hearty thanks of this great assembly for the spirited and efficient way in which they have projected, carried on, and completed the elegant tribute to the memory of Teviotdale's great poet-scholar. (Cheers.)

Dr BROWN of Melrose, in seconding the motion, said—I have much pleasure in seconding the motion for a vote of thanks to the committee for their diligent labours in the cause which has brought us all here to-day, and to congratulate them upon the successful result of their labour of love, in the monument which has this day been inaugurated—a just, though somewhat tardy, recognition of one whose genius and whose name will ever be linked with the village of Dornholm and the vale of the silvery Teviot. It has long appeared to me a shame and disgrace to us men of the Border side that no monument of any kind was ever erected to the memory of Leyden. I am glad to think this disgrace and shame have for ever passed away, and that this is owing in a great measure to the diligent efforts of the committee. The passer by or through your most sweetly sequestered village will, as his eyes rest on this memorial, be reminded of one who was both a glory and an ornament to our country, and that however long it may be before posterity puts a man in his right place, yet if that man has in him the elements of the true, and the good, and the noble, the time will most assuredly come

when these will be recognised, and he will take his place and be hailed as one of the immortals. I should have liked if time allowed me to show you how much there was in Dr Leyden of what may be called out-come of the old, wild Border spirit—that the spirit that helmed him was as true a moss-trooper spirit as ever appeared in any Elliot, Scott, or Kerr who put foot in stirrup and rode over these wild hills of yours into “England to drive a prey.” As, for instance, what more Border like than the story of him, when lying on a sick-bed, and all but a death-bed, being told of the marching of the Liddesdale men into Hawick at the time of the false alarm of French invasion—being, I say, told of this most creditable action of the Liddesdale men, he sprung out of bed, and with strange wild melody, and with still wilder gesticulation, shouted out the old Elliot slogan—

“ Wha daur meddle wi' me?  
Wha daur meddle wi' me?  
For my name it is little Jock Elliot,  
And wha daur meddle wi' me?”

(Cheers.) With these few remarks allow me to say how much pleasure it gives me in being here to-day, and to second Mr Irvine's motion of a vote of thanks to the committee. (Applause.)

Mr HADDON, Honeyburn, in reply, said—In my own name, as chairman, and on behalf of the committee, secretary, and treasurer, with whom I have acted in this undertaking, I return you my most sincere thanks. Since I came to reside in this district—13 years ago—I have, on every occasion that I possibly could, urged the incumbent duty that lay upon the inhabitants of Teviotdale to erect a suitable memorial to Dr Leyden; and since it was first resolved to discharge this duty, till this day, I can assure you we have had no sinecure of our office. (Hear.) But amid many discouragements we have persevered, and we may this day be pardoned if we feel proud in seeing our labours brought to a successful termination in the ornamental pile now before us—(cheers)—which is surely a fitting memorial of him to whose me-



mory it was raised—(hear)—a credit to the rising and talented architect who designed it, and those engaged in its erection—(hear, hear)—an ornament to Teviotdale, and more especially to Denholm, the place of Leyden's birth. (Cheers.) We have had to curtail in some degree the architect's original design, but, from the proceeds of this day, I am sure it will yet be fully completed. (Cheers.) It is very gratifying to me, as it must be to all the members of committee, to have our labours so kindly acknowledged by this vast assembly; and I am sure this is the greatest day ever witnessed in this village. (Cheers.) I cannot conclude without saying, that in our labours we have met with the kindest sympathy and encouragement from the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, from the feuars and inhabitants of Denholm, and from many valued friends in Hawick and Jedburgh, as the subscription list and contributions to our bazaar abundantly testify. Allow me also to say that we were most fortunate in having the services of such a secretary as Mr Duncan, to whose unwearied diligence and attention to the duties of his office we, in a large measure, owe success. (Cheers.) Mr McClymont has also rendered us great service as our treasurer, attending all our meetings, with often at a considerable sacrifice of his valuable time—(hear)—ever ready with his support and advice; and as a good treasurer by his constitutional caution, keeping in check some of the more sanguine and ardent members of committee. I feel much gratified at seeing such an assemblage of the respectability and beauty of Teviotdale this day, and also of those gallant defenders of our country's liberties and independence—(cheers)—liberties and independence which no man ever felt more grateful for, or would more readily have fought and died in defence of, than Dr Leyden. (Loud cheers.) What Scotsman will ever forget the scene described of Leyden's feeble and worn-out frame, stretched on a bed of sickness, when the news was brought him that the men of Liddesdale had come to join the flower of

his own loved Teviotdale, to repel the invader from our shores—(cheers)—he raised himself upon his arm, and, with fearful defiant brilliancy in his eye, repeated those memorable lines—

“Wha daur meddle wi' me?”

(Loud cheers.) I feel satisfied that no one can look upon the elaborate workmanship and fine proportions of this monument without being pleased and gratified; as whatever is beautiful in nature or art has the undoubted tendency to elevate and refine the mind. Mr Haddon concluded by again thanking the meeting for their cordial expression of approval of the labours of the committee.

The Rev. JAS. MCCLYMONT was the next speaker. He said—Sir William Scott, ladies, and gentlemen, I have been requested to propose a vote of thanks to the contributors, and to the ladies providing and superintending the bazaar. (Cheers.) My motion will be all the more acceptable to you, inasmuch as, with regard to a great many among you, it is just a vote of hearty thanks to your noble selves. But I cannot refer to the contributors for a moment without being sadly reminded that the first two on my list, the late James Douglas, Esq. of Cavers, and the late Earl of Minto, have been removed from this earthly scene before the monument they so generously aided could be finished. The former, in a communication from him at the time, told us that “he thought most highly of the genius of Leyden, and that he deserved a monument greater than there was any chance of being erected in Denholm,” and the latter affixed a condition to his subscription—that the monument should be an ornament to Leyden's native village, and we call on you to witness this day whether or not we have fulfilled that condition. (Hear, hear.) There are only three other names that I shall particularise—Professors in the Universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Oxford, —the Professor of Oriental languages in the University of Glasgow, Professor of Oriental languages in the Uni-



versity of Oxford, and the Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh—Professor Pillans, whom I rejoice to see in the midst of us, this day, after half a century's labour in the instruction of the youth of our land. (Cheers.) There is only one objection that I have learned from any of our contributors to the appropriateness and excellence of the monument, and I should like much in a few sentences to endeavour to remove that objection. It is this—that there is a want of propriety in putting these statues representing the Evangelists around this monument to John Leyden, as it is not known (beyond a very few) that he had any connection, in his labours in the East, with any religious society. I am very happy in being able to supply accurate information on this most important subject, I hold in my hand a volume containing the Reports of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the years 1811-12-13. In these reports I find that this, the largest, one of the oldest and most important religious societies in our country for the dissemination of the Scriptures throughout the world, testifies frequently, with high commendation, to Dr Leyden's vast labours in the translation of the Gospels. Two or three sentences I shall quote in proof of this. "Your Committee have the satisfaction to lay before the members of the Society a prospect of a still more ample diffusion of the Holy Scriptures, in various Eastern dialects, which have not been enumerated, and in which they have never appeared. Dr Leyden, whose extensive knowledge of these dialects is *unrivalled*, has submitted to the corresponding committee of Calcutta, proposals for procuring versions in the following languages:—Siamese, Macassar, Bugis, Afghan, Rakheug, Maldivian, and Jagatai, comprehending the colloquial dialects in use, from the eastern boundary of Bengal to the Island of Borneo and Celebes inclusive." And further on it is stated—"This engagement has been fulfilled with respect to four of the proposed versions." (p. 22 23). The proposal was made early in 1810, and

early in 1811 this was the result. One more sentence from the report of the corresponding committee, a short time later in 1811—"Dr Leyden has delivered to the secretary the following gospels in manuscript, viz—1. Pushtu or Afghan—Matthew and Mark; 2d, Maldivian—the four Gospels; 3d, Baloch—Mark's Gospel; 4th, Macassar—Mark's Gospel; 5th, Bugis—Mark's Gospel. In all, nine gospels"—in five languages. I confess Sir, that when I read this I was filled with amazement, and venture to say, that, considering the shortness of time directly engaged in the work—less than a year and a half; the difficulties surmounted in languages that had never before a letter written or printed, till John Leyden did it, and yet the vast importance of the work, I venture to say that this was one of the most extraordinary achievements that ever the human mind attempted and succeeded in. (Cheers.) And who, sir, were in those committees in England and in India when Leyden was thus engaged, approved, and at his death deeply lamented? I shall mention but one name in England, among many eminent for talents and piety, William Wilberforce, and in India but two, Wm. Carey and John Marshman. And why is it that none of Leyden's biographers' have recorded these things, which I regard as the greatest, the most important, because the most lasting,—yea, of everlasting value? (Cheers.) Just because, I believe, they were so occupied in relating his vast public labours that these others, which were comparatively his more *private*, but on that account, we fondly hope, all the *more loved* labours, were in a great measure unknown. For in truth, Leyden was at one and the same time doing the work of three or four ordinary men, and doing it well, so as to justify the expression of Sir T. Stamford Raffles concerning his death, that "in his single person we have lost a host of men." (Cheers.) Thus, Sir, that peasant's son of Denholm—besides being a sweet and delightful poet—an earnest preacher of the Gospel—a learned



doctor of medicine—Professor of Hindostanee in the College of Fort William—Judge of the 24 Pargunnahs of Calcutta, and Commissioner of the Court of Requests—was at the same time, in 1810 and 1811, Assay-master of the Mint to the Government—interpreter of all the Oriental languages to Lord Minto, and Translator, to the Corresponding Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, of the blessed Gospels into five different languages, and these among the most difficult and complicated in all the East. I have thus, Sir, added a short supplementary chapter to the biography of Dr Leyden, and one that you will search for in vain in any memoir that has yet been written of him—however excellent in some respects these may be. (Cheers.) And now, as to the last part of my vote of thanks, that to the ladies in providing for and superintending the bazaar, I have only to say—to show how much they deserve our thanks—that whereas generally they are said, with great propriety and truth, to be the better half of society, they are here in reality three-fourths, or say nine-tenths of the whole affair—(hear and laughter)—leaving to the gentlemen literally nothing to do, but the very simple and easy operation of putting their hands into their pockets and pulling out their purses, and in return for the elegant and useful articles presented to them, handing them over to the fair stall-keepers. (Cheers and laughter.) One word more, and I have done. I should regret much, Sir, did our proceedings close without expressing my conviction that the vein of native talent is not yet exhausted in Teviotdale—(cheers.)—and that I trust the young will take encouragement from the proceedings of this day to dig still more deeply in the precious mine of learning and true science. Those of us who are advancing in years can assure them that there are nuggets to be got there more valuable by far than all the gold Leyden found in India, or our friends have yet dug up in Australia. We are not yet come—in spite of Sir Walter Scott's authority to the contrary—to the

lay of the last minstrel on the Borders. Two poems have within the last few days been composed in honour of this occasion, and as our modern bards are too modest to stand up now, as they were wont to do in days of old, on occasions like this, of high festival, and recite their poetry, perhaps you will allow me to read two or three stanzas from the close of one of these native productions,

“Not His the loss—it was the worlds and ours;  
 But lo! the pillar upward points, and says:—  
 ‘The fevered tale of life’s few stormy hours  
 Shall write its sequel through eternal days.’  
 Leyden has reared his own bright monument,  
 And every Border scene’s the poet’s shrine;  
 Yet would we add our tribute, and present  
 Our grateful homage in a lasting sign.  
 ‘Tis well—’tis well you carve the chiselled block  
 To shapes of beauty, and artistic plan:  
 Love is embodied in the living rock—  
 Reverence is shadowed in the sculptured stone.  
 Accept it, spirit of the bard!—thy fame  
 Shall hover like a halo ’round the scene;  
 Enshrined in every Border heart, thy name  
 Shall never be ‘unmentioned on the Green.’”

—(Loud cheers.)

Mr JEFFERY, solicitor, Jedburgh, said—Although the part allotted to me in this day’s proceedings is limited to a motion of thanks to Mr Orrock, the architect of the monument, I shall in the outset take the liberty of saying that I yield to no one in the admiration I feel for the man to whose memory this structure is erected in the green of his native village—in the centre of his infant scenes—(hear, hear)—from Teviothead to Edenmouth—from Alemoor loch to Woodenlaw—a circle of territory as fair as the eye can rest upon, and unsurpassed, I will venture to say, for braw lads and bonnie lasses. For ages the men of pleasant Teviotdale have been noted for their sturdy independence, bravery, and patriotism. They fought at Banockburn they bled at Flodden; they carried the standard of the bloody heart through many a well-fought field victorious. Dr John Leyden was a true



son of Teviotdale; and had he lived in the olden time, when it was the privilege of the bards to act as aides-de-camp, and to incite the tribes to battle, he would have been found in the van, chaunting the song of war. We have every right to feel proud that we can claim him as a native—born of a class who make their bread by the sweat of their brow. (Hear, hear.) The inhabitants of his native village, in particular, have reason to be proud that such a man drew his first breath within the village bounds; and they may well feel gratified at the monument which has been erected in their midst. The design is certainly original and full of beauty, reflecting credit alike on the genius of the architect who conceived it, and the taste of the committee who made the selection. (Applause.) All monuments convey a moral, in whatever style erected; even the rude block on the hillside tells its interesting tale of other days—how race succeeded race, and how the plough of the Christian has passed over the Pagan temple. But a monument, beautifully designed like this, has the tendency to elevate the minds of the people among whom it stands in all its fair proportions. I had intended to make a few more observations upon this memorial to departed worth, but I find how powerless my tongue is to do it justice—the eye alone can take in its beauty. (Hear, hear.) The thanks of this assembly are due to the architect not only for the skill he has displayed, and for his goodness of heart in presenting the efforts of his genius to the subscribers; but also in having furnished the working plans gratuitously. (Cheers.) I trust that he may not suffer by his liberality, but, on the contrary, that his connection with this monument may turn to his advantage—may be the means of wafting his name to places where he has had no opportunity of exhibiting his skill and genius. (Hear, hear.) It is worthy of notice, and it may be gratifying for him to know, that although Teviotdale has produced many eminent men, he has had the honour of being the architect of the first

monument erected in the district to the memory of a man of letters. Not wishing to detain you longer, I simply move a vote of thanks to be given to the architect of the monument. (Cheers.)

Mr ROBERT ELLIOT, Wolflee, moved a vote of thanks to Sir William Scott for his conduct in the chair, which was carried by acclamation.

Sir WILLIAM SCOTT acknowledged the compliment, and said no thanks were required for what he had done as he could assure the meeting it was a labour of love. (Cheers.)

Mr HADDON said he had great pleasure in moving a vote of thanks to the illustrious nobleman who had taken such an active part in the proceedings of the day. (Cheers.) Lord Minto's many and estimable qualities were familiar to all in Teviotdale, and wherever he was known he was deservedly admired. He had given a renewed proof of the interest he felt in the district by the courtesy he had manifested when asked to discharge the duties he had that day so ably performed, and was well deserving of the hearty thanks of all present. (Cheers.)

Lord MINTO, in reply, said he was glad to have given satisfaction, and any services of his had been rendered with the utmost cheerfulness. (Hear.)

Mr MAXWELL moved a vote of thanks to the volunteers for their presence.

The motion was responded to with loud cheers, and the inauguration proceedings then terminated.

The vast assembly congregated round the monument rapidly dispersed in various directions—some to the bazaar, others to the places where refreshments were provided, and where viands and liquors were discussed with great gusto, after the long walk many had to the scene of the ceremony. There were a number of tents erected in the Green, and these were soon filled to overflowing, while the public houses were also crammed to



suffocation. Though the vintners in Denholm had catered liberally for their expected guests, the sitting and even standing accommodation were so inadequate for the crowds who desired to occupy it that those who could bellow most lustily, and elbow their way most vigorously, first got their wants supplied. By-and-by, however, all were satisfied and the village and its green were once more clad with strangers who promenaded up and down to enjoy the beautiful evening. The volunteers were marched off the ground by Captain Scott, and each company proceeded to their appointed rendezvous, where arms were piled, and the refreshments in waiting heartily discussed. The companies were then dismissed, and soon the gay uniforms were mingled in the crowd.

Not only the villagers and the visitors, but the village itself was in holiday attire. Flags were displayed in different directions, — one marking the spot where Leyden's "bright and brief career" was begun eighty-six years ago. The entrance to the green, the entrance to the bazaar, and the doorway of the Fox and Hounds Inn, where another Leyden, famous in days gone by in the gymnastic ring, discharges the duties of mine host in a style few Bonifaces can surpass, were all decorated with flowers and evergreens tastefully arranged. The village school-room was also profusely decorated with the flowers of the garden and field. Though these marts where fair ladies display their wares in tempting array, afford rather an opportunity for selling in the dearest than buying in the cheapest market, purchasers were on this occasion so numerous that it was with the utmost difficulty they got forward to lay out their money. Business was consequently brisk, and the articles were so soon disposed of that the amateur auctioneers had an easy task in clearing off the remains. The stalls were presided over by Mrs Hall, Horsleyhill, and Miss Haddon, Honeyburn, assisted by Miss Margaret Turnbull, Spittal, Miss Anderson, Hawick, and Miss Turnbull, Bourtree Place, Hawick; Mrs Selby, Minto, and Mrs and Miss Jeffrey,

Jedburgh, assisted by Miss Eliza Turnbull, Spittal; Miss Leyden, Miss Moodie, and Miss Laidlaw, Denholm, assisted by the Misses Little, Hawick. The Misses Gray, Ormiston, had charge of the refreshment stall. The stalls were arranged with the greatest taste, and many very valuable articles were displayed. As usual several of the most costly wares were disposed of by raffle, and the chief subscription sale drew a great number of subscribers. We append the numbers of the tickets to which the principal prizes fell,—77, the gold watch; 341, the silver watch; 217, the cruet stand; 386, the toast rack; choice of engravings, 695, 971, 137, 419, 613, 657. Choice of oil paintings, 905, 797. The butler of Mr Sprot of Riddell was the fortunate recipient of the gold watch, Mrs Goodfellow, Minto House, got the silver watch, a servant girl at Spittal Tower the cruet stand, and Mr John Bunyan, Hawick, the toast rack. We must not omit to notice dusky 'Aunt Sally,' who occupied her somewhat uneasy throne on the green outside, where a host of her devotees paid court of her. The drawings at the door amounted to a large sum, and the total proceeds reached £180. From this a considerable balance for purchased articles and other expenses falls to be deducted, but the net amount realised will, we are glad to hear, enable the committee to complete the original design of the monument in all its details, and clear off every obligation.

But this, the gayest, busiest, and most remarkable day that ever Denholm saw drew at length to a close. The sun, which had beamed its brightest smiles for the occasion, sunk below the horizon, and darkness descended on the animated scene. The bugle calls of the volunteers resounded in the valley, and the men in warlike garb mustered and stood to their arms. The order to march was given, and they were soon, with steady tramp, wending their way homewards up and down the Teviot. Well laden vehicles dashed along the roads crowded with weary but happy pedestrians. When the last notes of



the riflemen's music had died away in the distance the throng in the village had become sensibly diminished, and an hour before midnight the latest strangers had departed. Then the villagers were left alone to contemplate, with glad and grateful hearts, the beautiful monument which had been the means of making the by-gone day so memorable in their annals, and which will remain a lasting incentive to honourable emulation for the youth of Teviotdale—for those whose scenes of infancy are the same of which Leyden sung so sweetly, and loved with a surpassing affection which the more gorgeous charms of distant lands could never diminish; the hills, the dales, the woods, and the streams which, when he was far away, ever held the foremost place in his wonderful memory, and to his latest hour were more highly prized than the honour and the fame he so nobly and so dearly won.