

## THE MEMORY OF MONBODDO.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

AIR—*The Looking-Glass.*

'T IS strange how men and things revive,  
 Though laid beneath the sod, O!  
 I sometimes think I see alive  
 Our good old friend Monboddo!  
 His views, when forth at first they came,  
 Appeared a little odd, O!  
 But now we've notions much the same;  
 We're back to old Monboddo.

The rise of Man he loved to trace  
 Up to the very pod, O!  
 And in Baboons our parent race  
 Was found by old Monboddo.  
 Their A B C he made them speak,  
 And learn their *Qui, quæ, quod*, O!  
 Till Hebrew, Latin, Welsh, and Greek  
 They knew as well's Monboddo.

The thought that men had once had tails  
    Caused many a grin full broad, O !  
And why in us that feature fails,  
    Was asked of old Monboddo.  
He showed that sitting on the rump,  
    While at our work we plod, O !  
Would wear th' appendage to the stump  
    As close as in Monboddo.

Alas ! the good lord little knew,  
    As this strange ground he trod, O !  
That others would his path pursue,  
    And never name Monboddo !  
Such folks should have their tails restored,  
    And thereon feel the rod, O !  
For having thus the fame ignored  
    That's due to old Monboddo.

Though Darwin now proclaim the law,  
    And spread it far abroad, O !  
The man that first the secret saw  
    Was honest old Monboddo.  
The Architect precedence takes  
    Of him that bears the hod, O !  
So up and at them, Lánd of Cakes,  
    We'll vindicate Monboddo.

The Scotchman who would grudge his praise,  
Must be a senseless clod, O !  
A MONUMENT then let us raise,  
To honour old Monboddo.  
Let some great artist sketch the plan,  
While Rogers\* gives the nod, O !  
A Monkey changing to a man !  
In memory of Monboddo.

\* The Rev. promoter of the Wallace Monument.

*September 1861.*