

To the Fetter.
Prof' John M'Lean.

There is not a more well established fact, than that the world is ever slow in doing justice to the merits of many of its most illustrious and deserving citizens. The celebrated personage whose character I shall endeavour to delineate is a striking example of a nation's ingratitude to one of her noblest sons. In searching the "Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans" we look in vain for the name of Joannes M'Lean, D.D., L.L.D., F.R.S., A.S.S., &c. &c. &c. Wonderful anomaly! Base injustice! The man whose pretty picture should first salute our eyes, lives in comparative obscurity & we fear is doomed to die "unwept, unhonoured & unsung."

Those remarkable traits of character which shine forth so conspicuously in the after part of this gentleman's life, in early childhood, dawned strikingly forth & marked the future career of the man. I have been credibly informed, that when he was yet a lad, he was the terror of all the little negroes in the village. He is said to have

whipped a whole legion of them one Sunday at
a cock fight, for applying to him the well known
couplet, "giddy giddy gout, shirt tail out." It
will be perhaps just to remark, ^{however} that the gentle-
man's appearance has improved since that
day, and he has been seldom if ever seen with
his graceful appendage to his after parts. The
genuine character for spirit which he thus
early acquired, is still undiminished & he will
ever be remembered as one who was at all
times ready to "fight for his country."

A description of the person of so extraordinary
an individual cannot fail to be interesting.

He is of the middle stature, has a short neck bent
a little forward with a greasy stock around it, projecting
an inch above his chin - one fore foot with a piece of
a shoe on it & a boot on the other - a short red nose
and a cock eye - a big mouth & a double upper
lip. He has finely shaped ears, though bearing
rather a strong resemblance to his name sake
Jack's. Forehead high, though unfortunately con-
cealed by a rich profusion of raven hair, which
hangs down & sticks up with ^{all} the grace of a
horses tail in rainy weather. I would speak
of his face were it not unluckily concealed

behind, his moderate shirt collar, the two corners of which peak up most gracefully between his eyes, leaving a small space for the projection of the nasal organ. His manner of peeping through his gold, green specs, over an embankment of a foxy cloak collar, (said to have been the property of his remote ancestors) is inimitable, & renders him at once prepossessing. His countenance is usually lighted up with a most winning & benignant smile, and he possesses the rare qualification of talking with his mouth shut. Indeed, it has been conjectured by some, that he is a firm believer in animal magnetism, since he has the ~~power~~ & often exercises it, of putting his clafes to sleep by mumbling.

His correct principles form not the least admirable trait of his character. He is a firm supporter of temperance, but a lover of good wine. Is an enemy to abolitionists, but ~~is~~ remarkably fond of a black skin. A dear lover of the ladies but avoids an alliance.

To speak in any other than the highest terms of his mental acquirements & professional character would be to do him the greatest ~~in-~~justice. In short, "you may talk as

you please of Bonaparte, Cromwell or Caesar,
but Johnny McLean is a perfect Master!

Cheese Toaster.