

is ever above them, and can crush them at his pleasure. The love of flattery ever betrays a weak or wicked mind, and speaks its possessor unworthy of real praise; it has cast a shade over the most illustrious characters, it blinds and misleads those whom it possesses, and sometimes tempts them to wanton acts of lawless barbarity on those who refuse to soothe their vanity. Alexander the Great, though adorned with many good and amiable qualities, was, through the pernicious influence of this vice, guilty of an action that must create horror and disgust in every humane bosom, I mean his cruel treatment of the philosopher Callisthenes, who had been bred up with him under Aristotle, because the philosopher would not gratify his pride in calling him a God. As an excuse for his inhumanity, Alexander charged him with being accessory to the plots and conspiracies that were formed against him; then he caused all his limbs to be mangled and chopped in the most inhuman manner; he also commanded his ears, nose, and lips to be cut off, which not only gave the poor wretch infinite torment, but also rendered him a most deformed and miserable spectacle to others; and, to complete his revenge, he caused him, in this doleful plight, to be carried about *in terrorem*. He even carried his brutal resentment so far as to order Lyfimachus, one of his generals, (who had been a disciple of Callisthenes, and gave him poison to put an end to his miseries) to be cast to a very fierce lion; but Lyfimachus, by an extraordinary effort of courage and presence of mind, having slain this dreadful antagonist, not only gained his pardon, but maintained a higher place in Alexander's esteem ever after. Praise is justly due to merit, and when unalloyed with flattery, affords real and desirable pleasure; while it rewards virtue it shows the discernment of the bestower, and creates satisfaction to both the giver and receiver.

The character of a flatterer is detestable; like the butterfly he displays his gaudy colours in the sunshine of prosperity; but when black clouds and frigid blasts succeed, and the cold winter of adversity strips the gay scene of all its blooming pride; like that painted insect all his splendid appearances vanish, and he dwindles to an insignificant and despicable worm. A flatterer is necessarily a coward; a brave man learns to cringe with servile adoration at the foot of Majesty itself, when stained with tyrannic cruelty and lawless ambition; nor will he lavish unmerited encomiums on

To guard their rights, shall, for a grasp of ore,
Or paltry office, sell them to the foe.*

He detests such meanness, and boldly weathers the storm of ministerial vengeance, which (for a steady adherence to the rights and interests of his country, and a strenuous opposition of the measures taken to enslave it) is raised against him, and (maugre the unruly blasts of malice and disappointed pride) guided by the helm of probity, he steers safely into the harbour of conscientious integrity, or bravely splits upon the rock of virtue. I cannot close this essay without a word to the fair sex, on a subject in which they are so highly interested; their tender bosoms too easily admit the plausible arguments of flattery; and how fatal has it proved to many! Milton, finely describes Satan, the first flatterer, tempting our general mother:

‘ Wonder not sov’rign mistress, if perhaps,
Thou can’st, who art sole wonder; much less arm
Thy looks, the heav’n of mildness with disdain,
Displeas’d that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Infatiate, I thus single nor have fear’d,
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir’d.
Fairest resemblance of thy maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on: all things thine;
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore,
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld,
Where universally admir’d: but here,
In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
Beholders rude and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who should’st be seen,
A goddess among gods, ador’d and serv’d,
By angels numberless, thy daily train.—
So glaz’d the tempter, and his proem tun’d.
Into the heart of Eve his words made way’—

We all too well know what dreadful work they made there. If flattery could thus seduce Eve, in a state of innocence, how is it to be wondered at, that our modern Eves should listen to its enchanting voice? The lovely sex are too apt to admire their own charms, and indulge a secret pleasure in hearing them admired by others; they think a man secure when once they have ensnared him, and too seldom consider, that he who sighs at their feet, and vows the warmest love and con-

‘ Those vipers,
Who singled out by a community