

## AFFECTATION.

For the Calliopean.

"There affectation with a sickly mien,  
Shows in her cheek the roses of sixteen,  
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,  
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride:  
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming wo,  
Wrapt in a gown for sickness and for show."—POPE.

How true a picture of one of the most disgusting species of evil, and one which has insidiously crept into almost every vein of society. The rich and noble, the poor and mean pay their homage at the shrine of this subtle goddess; though it is but too true, that the female part of the community forms a large part of her willing votaries.

To change themselves, or at least to appear what they are not, seems to me to be the great aim of many of both sexes at the present day. One would imagine that a species of weakness, (for no truly great mind would descend sufficiently to practise it,) fit only for days of chivalry, when love formed almost the only motive for action, had seized unshaken hold of every mind. Sad is it for mankind, that affectation survived the fall of chivalry. They surely should rest in one common grave.

But one might ask, whence is affectation, and when did she commence her career? Affectation may be truly said to be the offspring of vanity. What but self-love could tempt one thus to practise hypocrisy in its meanest forms, but the hope of producing a favorable impression. See yonder child—beauty's impress is on her open brow and beams from her laughing eyes; but the seeds of vanity have been sown in her youthful heart, and the fruit is even now appearing. Instead of candor and childish simplicity, behold the graceful airs assumed, and even truth often sacrificed, to gain the praise she has so soon learned to love. Nor need we look to childhood alone for examples. Youth, and even middle age, exhibit many, who, endowed by their Creator with brilliant powers, offer even these on the altar of self-love; and, as if forgetful of their high destiny, endeavor to conceal their true character under a mask of their own construction.

No matter how bad the heart is, if a pleasing exterior may only be successfully assumed. Virtues, with no corresponding seat in the heart, are called into action; and even passion may rage within, if it may but be concealed from human observation. But there is One eye, which can pierce through those tinsel coverings, and penetrate to the deepest recesses of the soul.

When, however, began affectation its work of deception? It is not coeval with time, for our first parents, in their state of primeval innocence, needed no veil to hide depravity, for they were good and holy. No! it was not till that purity was lost, that this hellish influence, fresh from the bottomless pit, lent its aid to debase mankind even to a level with brutes.

Its influence cannot be more clearly shown, than by contrasting it with its opposite. In simplicity we behold an emanation from the bright world above. Lovely and pure in itself, it adds new lustre to, and heightens the charms of every other virtue. It seems indeed too pure for this depraved world, and all its beauties are seldom exhibited. But wherever its influences appear, love and confidence towards its possessor are at once excited. There is, in such an individual, no effort to cover her heart with an artificial garb—and when sin reigns not supreme, why need there be? No! like yon rippling stream, whose pebbly bottom is visible through the clear, transparent waters, that make sweet music above it, so that heart needs no false covering which has no miry depths underneath. We love to dwell upon the character of the unsophisticated child of nature, for we behold in it some faint delineations of the lovely and glorious Being by whom it was formed.

But oh, how different the influence of affectation. Instead of being holy, it is degrading and hellish—armed with barbed arrows forged in the fiery pit, it darts them unperceived into the very hearts of its victims. It leads its possessor to give utterance to mild and loving words, while fierce hate and anger are rankling within; and it is the more fearful in its effects, as, like the prince of darkness, it sometimes appears as an angel of

light. How needful then, to beware of its insinuating influence, to avoid it as we would the desolating miasma, for it will not only excite contempt for us in those around us, but bring destruction and everlasting death in its train. EVA.

To the Editors of The Calliopean.

MADAM.—If not incompatible with the rules of your excellent publication, have the goodness to give insertion to the following question in "The Calliopean."

Yours, very respectfully,

Glanford, Feb. 28, 1848.

ARITHMETICUS.

"A cylindrical tower, consisting of uniform materials, closely cemented together, is 20 feet high, and the diameter of its base is four feet—how far may it deviate from its perpendicular position, before it is in danger of falling?"

N.B.—Olmosted, in his Natural Philosophy, has given an erroneous solution to this question.

## Origin of Genias.

- Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.
- Rabelias, son of an apothecary.
- Claude Loraine was bred of a pastry cook.
- Mohler, son of a tapestry maker.
- Cervantes was a common soldier.
- Homer was the son of a small farmer.
- Demosthenes, son of a cutler.
- Terance was a slave.
- Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer.
- Howard, an apprentice to a grocer.
- Franklin, a journeyman printer; son of a tallow chandler and soap boiler.
- Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, son of a linen draper.
- Daniel Defoe was a hosier, and a son of a butcher.
- Whitfield, son of an Inn-keeper at Gloucester.
- Sir Cloudsley Snowal, rear admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoe-maker, and afterwards a cabin boy.
- Bishop Prideau worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford.
- Cardinal Wolsey, son of a butcher.
- Ferguson was a shepherd.
- Dean Tucker was the son of a small farmer in Cardiganshire, and performed his journeys to Oxford on foot.
- Edmund Hally was the son of a soap boiler at Shoreditch.
- Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, was the son of a farmer at Ashley de la Zouch.
- Lucian was the son of a maker of statuary.
- Virgil, son of a porter.
- Horace, of a shop-keeper.
- Shakspeare, of a wool-stapler.
- Milton, of a money-scrivener.
- Pope, the son of a merchant.
- Robert Burns was a ploughman in Ayrshire.

**MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF THE FLY.**—The eye of the common house-fly is fixed so as to enable its prominent organs of vision to view accurately the objects around in every direction; convey perfect images to the optic nerve—all slightly convex—all acting as so many cornea—8000 included within a space no larger than the head of a pin!—all hexagonal—all of the best possible form to prevent a waste of space! This is so wonderful that it would stagger belief if not vouched for by being the result of the microscopical researches of such men as Lewenhoevel, and others equally eminent.

THE highest inhabited places in the known world are in Peru. The cottages, at the source of the Ancumarca, are at an elevation of 15,720 feet above the level of the sea. The village of Tacora is 14,275 feet high. Potosi, once containing a population of 150,000, is 13,000 feet above the level of the sea.