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TOADYISM IN ENGLAND.

Modern fashionable society finds it convenient to have whimsical softened names for a number of things, which good nature and the subdued tone of polite life forbid to be spoken of in the plain speech used by our ancestors. The kind of person whom Horace and Juvenal would have described as a servile parasite, is now, therefore, delicately hinted at by the appellation of toadeater. An anecdote is told as the origin of the term.—A great personage, wishing to get quit of a troublesome hanger-on, caused a dish of toads to be served up one day instead of a dish of fish. The intention was seen; but the dependent knew too well the value of the connexion which he had established to take the hint. He partook of the toads with all the appearance of relish, never letting it be presumed that he thought them anything but good souls. Thereafter, any one who was content to live on the bounty of another, at the expense of a few occasional insults, was said to eat that person's toads—to be in short a toad-eater. The story, it must be owned, reads a good deal like some of the ancient fables which are told as to the origin of things; but however this may be, certainly for the last fifty years, the mean spirited dependent of the great, who clings where he is hardly welcome, and endeavors to repay worthless favors by worthless obsequiousness, has been called a toad eater.

Latterly the word has undergone a softening process. Toad-eater sounded alarming and awakened unpleasant ideas. It was therefore reduced to the more obscure and inoffensive form of toady—a term which serves quite as well where it is understood. But the sense of the word has at the same time been extended. It is now employed to describe all undue demonstrations of a cringing and worshipping spirit towards superior rank and station. It is to be observed, that the change of the word itself has been attended with the advantage of allowing it to be used in various grammatical relations—Thus it is employed not only as a noun, ('A toady,') but also as an adjective, ('Miss James was very toady to Lady Tomlinson,') and furthermore as a verb. ('These Higginses toady every body,') Finally, the practice of toadying acquires the appellation placed at the head of this article. TOADY having in this way attained the dignity of a full blown word, we may expect to see it introduced in the course of a few hundred years into the dictionaries of the English language.

Toadies, of whatever sex, age, or condition, are easily distinguished. The person of highest rank, superior to themselves, is for the time their magnetic pole. Towards him their countenances are bent, like flowers to the sun: whether speaking to him or any other person in the room, their voices are pitched in a low and insinuating key; and the whole deportment is expressive of worship. The deference paid to his remarks, the ready smile or laugh in attendance upon his faintest attempts at wit, the eagerness to help, to serve, to gratify, are but what has been described as appropriate to the character since the origin of literature. The toady will, if allowed, devote himself entirely to the object of his worship for the time, neglecting all others. Not even the host or hostess receive any share of his regards. And supposing the object is a lady, how happy

and blest is he if he can manage to be the person who leads her out when she is to leave the room. His "make way" on such an occasion, and the energy with which he pushes aside all obstructions, are most remarkable. His passion takes perhaps its most striking form when it is manifested towards a person who, from age or any other natural characteristic, would not, but for rank, receive an average degree of attention; such, for instance, as a child of title, and that perhaps a spoilt and petulant one. And this case becomes the more striking when the worshipper, as often happens, is a person who himself enjoys no mean place in public esteem as a man of letters, science, or official eminence, or even as merely a man of wealth. We have seen a very grave and elderly philosopher acting this character towards a little imp of rank, trying his very best to gratify it in all its whims, and enduring all its aggressive rudeness with the greatest complaisance; thus committing suicide upon a dignity which no other person would have ever thought of tampering with. The press has, of course, its toadyisms, from its highest walks down to an Irish newspaper report, that 'Colonel Tims, of Tims Castle, and lady, have quitted the Shelborne hotel, with a party for Killbathershins, where the AUGUST [?] party propose to enjoy a few days' shrimp fishing.' The whole class of fashionable novels were an emanation of the spirit of toadyism, and we have little doubt that certain metropolitan publishers could exhibit a regularly formed tariff, showing the additions which they make to the price of manuscripts in proportion to the titles of their real or pretended authors. Nor are reviewers wanting who go fully into Johnson's idea, that when a nobleman attempts so laudable an action as to compose a book, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged. Certainly some living literary lords have no reason to complain in this respect.

Toadyism shines strongly out even where there is no object of worship present. It appears in the exhibition of the address cards of persons of superior rank on tables or chimney-pieces, as implying that these persons are visiting friends—also in a dexterous, though transparent system of making frequent allusions to these persons in conversation, as betraying the fact of their being met with every day. Of course those who legitimately belong to an elevated grade in society, may be reasonably expected to make such allusions; in them no one thinks of remarking it as at all peculiar. It is only when it is done by individuals of a somewhat lower grade, and who may be presumed to have an ambitious or servile motive for it, that it attracts attention.—And in these cases there is always something that creates an absolute distinction from those in which it is legitimate. The display of the great names is seen to be more studied.—Toadies go glaringly out of their way to get a reference made to the name of one of their idols. They lay plans for it. You can sometimes see it coming on from afar, through various other subjects of remark, and their is often something malapropos about it, as when Lord James is quoted for a panegyric remark on Allep's last picture, who is notoriously stupid on all subjects, art included; or Lady Barbara's praise of Libitsky's new quadrils is adduced, the fact being, as every body knows Lady Bab cannot distinguish one tune from another. Then everything they hear from a man or woman of rank is recounted with a regular quotation of the name, as Lord Tom-boy told me the other day that Sir James was going to give up his hounds, or the Countess of Puffington assures me that the court will not go to Windsor till the 12th. They may have heard the same thing from three or four other persons; but the title or landed person is always preferred as an authority, albeit that person may not be the most notorious for accuracy.

THE CLOCK MAKER, Or Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick. A BROKEN HEART.

The people talk an everlastin' sight of nonsense about wine, women, and horses.—I've bought and sold 'em all. I've traded in all on 'em; and I tell you, there aint one in a thousand that knows a grain about either on 'em. You hear folks say, 'Oh, such a man is an ugly-grained critter. He'll break his wife's heart.' Jist as if a woman's heart was as brittle as a pipe stem. The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is jist like a new india rubber shoe. You may pull and pull at it till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you. There's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em. I never know'd but one case of a broken heart, and that was in tother sex—one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down on the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown river, and as strong as a tow-boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a feet longer than the moral law, and chatechism too. He was a perfect picter of a man. You could'nt falt him in any particular. He was so jist a made critter, folks used to run to the winder when he passed, and say, 'there goes Washington Banks; beant he lovely.' I do believe there was'nt a gal in the Lowell factories that wan't in love with him. Sometimes at intermission, on Sabbath days, when they all came out together, (an amazin hansom site, too, near about a whole congregation of young gals,) Banks used to say, 'I vow, young ladies, I wish I had five hundred arms to reciprocate one with each of you; but I reckon I have a heart big enough for you all—it's a whapper, you may depend, and every mite and morsel of it is at your service.' 'Well, how you do act, Mr. Banks,' half a thousand little clipper-clapper tongues would say, all at the same time, and their dear little eyes a sparkling, like so many stars twinklin in a froety night.

Well, when I last see'd him, he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was tee-totally defleshed—a mere walking skeleton. I am dreadful sorry, says I, to see you, Banks, looking so peaked; why you look like a sick turkey-hen, all legs; what on airth ails you? I am dying, says he, of a broken heart. What, says I, have the gals been jilting you? No, no, says he, I beant' such a fool as that, neither. Well, says I, have you made a bad speculation? No, says he, shaking his haad, I hope I have too much clear grit in me, to take on so bad for that. What under the sun is it then? said I. Why, says he, I made a bet the fore part of summer with Lestenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution frigate. I won my bet; but the anchor, it was so eterna' heavy, it broke my heart. Sure enough, he did die that very fall; and he was the only instance I ever heard tell of a broken heart.

Lord Morpeth says.—"You may take the word of one who speaks from experience of the matter, that in frank and cordial hospitality to the guest and stranger, John the elder Bult, must work hard to come up to Jonathan, the lusty yearling."

How many hundreds of human beings in this world have died in poverty and wretchedness, from the fact of their having been taught that labor was degrading! Oh! what a shame, and still we see this idea taught in the 19th century.

(Tennessee Agriculturalist.)

From the Pennsylvanian.

METAPHYSICAL.—In one of Brownson's articles in the 'Democratic Review,' about the 'Origin of Government,' the following passage occurs, in an attempted definition of humanity:

We are to bear in mind that the genus Humanity—what we call human nature—is no logical abstraction, but a real existence, and in some sort, an existence independent of individuals. This is only saying that humanity is humanity. Humanity, in this generic sense, is causative, active, creative. This is affirmed in affirming that humanity is a reality. Our notion of reality is our notion of being or substance, or something that is.—But our notion of something that is—that is to say, of being or substance, is precisely our notion of cause or causative force.

This perhaps is as fine a thread of causality as if were spun by some transcendental Archne, and we are not surprised that our friend of the Wilkesbarre Farmer should have been induced, on reading it, to exercise his reasoning powers somewhat after the same formula, in the subjoined exquisite definition of 'humbug,' which he adds to Mr. Brownson's 'humanity,' as a logical companion. 'Humbug' has recently been classed as the fourth estate in the social and political fabric, and a critical analysis of the thing itself, was a desideratum which has admirably supplied in the passage quoted below:

'We are to bear in mind that the genus humbug—what we call natural humbug—is no logical abstraction, but has a real existence as much as a shad, and in some sort, independent of fodder and friends just after being elected to a fat office, though never actually separable from individuals before election. This is only saying that humbug is still humbug any way you choose to fix it.—This part of the weather being settled, we will venture a step or two further. Humbug in this pepper and ginger sense, is causative of much gammon, active as the greased end of perpetual motion, creative of promises and pancakes. This is both sworn to and affirmed in affirming that humbug is a member of the regular army. Our notion of being a member of the regular army is our faith in factions—and faith the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. But our notion of something that is, is our notion of a jackass—for a jackass, is—and not only is, that is to say, is; but a jackass, physically considered, conveys precisely our notion of cause, kicking, and causative force, and exists independent of individuals—so does a meeting house.'

Thomas W. Dorr has been arrested in Providence, R. I. He arrived in that city on the 29th ult. and was arrested by the deputy sheriff, Mr. Potter, while passing the afternoon with a party of friends at the house of Col. Simcn. 'Mr. Potter, says the Chronicle, 'was received by Dorr with a smile, who on learning his errand, (which we presume he must have guessed) at once told him he was ready to go with him. The party then came down stairs, Mr. Potter leading, and got into a carriage which had been drawn up before the door. There was not the slightest excitement.

The carriage drove to the State Prison, where Mr. Dorr remains, at least for the present. He looked uncommonly well and bore himself, as he got into the carriage, with considerable dignity. The party drove off from the door, Mr. Dorr and Mr. Potter, the sheriff, talking pleasantly together."

Twistification.—"Father wants you to send him two yards of black broadcloth; he don't care what color it is, and when he kills his pig last week he'll pay you what you owe him."