

Lansingburgh *Northern Centinel*, 27 November 1787

Messrs. Printers, *By inserting the following in the Northern Centinel, you will oblige a large Number of your Readers.*

A parody of the news-mongers' song.

Odd news brother dealers in prose and in rhymes,
Some *law-quack* lampooners are blacking the times;
They're patroniz'd daily by black & nut brown,
And the tune of each ruffian is down derry down.

Fal lal, &c.

Some fancy they're sages, and say with a jeer,
Sit omnibus annus each skunk has his year.
Queen Ann's was an æra of geniuses past,
Arguendo a day's come for parchment at last.
Now Draper, Meigs, Powers, Green, Thomas, Hall, Haswell,
Childs, Stoddard, Green, Goddard, Loudon, Oswald, and Russell.
Morton, Greenleaf and Webster, and Babcock and Claxton,
May thank for their luck the sly readers of Blackstone.
Come on brother scribblers, 'tis high time ye learn.
The calf must be catch'd that's got out of the barn;
A feast boys is cooking, the whiskey is good,
We've fire & molasses, we've Honey & Wood.
Of Holland the orange, of Can'an the goards,
Of Greece the law-sophists, of Britain the lords.
American Shayites, antifedrals and laws,
All fine twisting matters adopted to flaws.
Much joy to ye, printers, ye'll now get your part,
The *law* and *land jobbers* are losing the start:
The *new constitution* has still to undo her,
In front, the *sly CATO*—in rear the *ROUGH HEWER*.
Huge commets are strolling and rambling this way,
The moon at the full is as bright as a bay;
Old Saturn is rolling, the sun's all on fire,
And *Satan himself* has a *fee* like a 'Squire.
All Europe we hear is most horrible mad,
They sue, jockey, bully and all that is bad;
In Holland where freedom is cowardly squeeling,
All's cussing and robbing and cheating & stealing.
The empress of Russia is sitting her work,
While Ireland is starving, she sports with the Turk;
The Algerine Dey struts about in his robe
And swears by Mahomet he owns all the globe.

In blaithe bon[n]y Scotslaundt a bannok's the cheer,
In Derry they've cherry, good ale and strong beer;
America and Holland in England's the theme,
And faction *pro more* dismembers each scheme.
Will. Henry's relinquish'd the whores for the waves,
And rides like a Don o'er dead heroes and knaves;
Yet none but the long robe, the fops nigh the crown,
And fools of the nation sing down derry down.
Adieu growling Europe, atlantic's between us,
Blest free-born Columbia can better convene us;
Hail *governors, assemblies, mobs, Shayites and kings,*
Quacks, bankrupts and know ye's and all *needless things*.
Our timber is fallen air castles to build,
And tho' *roughly hew'd* many coffers has fill'd;
To share in the booty each knave huddles round,
While sweeps on the chimneys cry down derry down.
Write then brother scribblers, your talents prolong.
This ball is a concert and life is a song:
When the music is o'er, at the end of each strain.
Kings, heroes and waiters are equal again.
Old raw-boned Time, with his lamper jaws ope,
Will soon eat an Ossian, a Dryden or Pope:
And who, when all things are eat up by old Time,
Can tell but *Song Scribblers* were writers sublime.
Albany Nov. 17. Fal lal, &c.

Cite as: *The Documentary History of the Ratification of the Constitution Digital Edition*, ed. John P. Kaminski, Gaspare J. Saladino, Richard Leffler, Charles H. Schoenleber and Margaret A. Hogan. Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 2009.

Canonic URL: <http://rotunda.upress.virginia.edu/founders/RNCN-02-19-02-0002-0110>
[accessed 28 Jan 2011]

Original source: Ratification by the States, Volume XIX: New York, No. 1