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### Lansingburgh *Northern Centinel*, 1 January 1788 (excerpt)

Envy is said to be painted with all the malignity of a swelling toad: she ever affects to despise in others those qualifications she finds herself unable to attain; and the more effectually to depreciate their worth she does not hesitate to make use of the meanest artifices,—thereby discovering her malign, ugly, worthless disposition:—And as she is the genius of malevolence, 'tis no matter of surprize to find her second to nothing but avarice in the passions of the antifederal junto. A recent instance of her ascendancy over that class of wrongheads may be seen in the Albany Gazette, of Dec. 20, where one of their anonymous, grub-street paragraphists, under the connecting epithet of correspondent, has, like an animal he so much resembles, brayed out his observations. This sophistical cyst sees no difference betwixt truth and falshood—is as much delighted with the fallacious reasonings of Cato as with the candid, cool demonstrations of Publius; and would be thought to feel no anxiety about any thing but present gain. His sophistry, however, is too thread-bare to deceive one federalist.

'Tis plain that he supposes all mankind as sightless as himself; hence his low cunning, in blending antifederal essay writers with honest men—He hopes to impose his own weak opinions upon the public, and has doubtless the vanity to expect that those he terms geniuses will be handed indiscriminately for such to posterity. But with all his seeming indifference, it is obvious he belongs to the junto, and is highly interested in the destruction of his country. He foresees that unless the political body is torn, there will be no picking for crows; and, as his only dependance for that purpose was on Cato and Bryan, whoever attempts to throw light upon their fallacious sophistry, is sure to make this grub an enemy. But what makes him particularly malicious at the authors of the several ingenious poetical pieces that have appeared in the Lansingburgh Advertiser, is his inability to perform any thing of the kind. He doubtless owes the author of the Syren's Songs peculiar spite, because in him he sees a superior as he loses sight of his hopes: He sees that these Songs contain the real and implied sense of his beloved Cato without its hypocritical daubing; and with their continuation he foresees the punishment of knavery, consequently the defeat of all his projects.

Who this Cloacinean is seems a matter of doubt, although it is probably one of those honorable gentlemen who feel themselves dignified while they endeavour to screen a monied knave from justice, or procrastinate a suit to the utter ruin of the honest, needy plaintiff. But whether he be one of those scourges of society or not, this much every one may observe, that he seems sufficiently immured in filth, and filthy researches, to be a Yahoo, or a cub of a Yahoo, and would doubtless taint a large extent of country if once raised (where probably he may be) on the bleak hill west of Albany. The last word on his scrawling seems to confirm the conjecture and

looks very much like a signature; if it be so, it is likely this intelligent Yahoo is surrounded by his filthy brethren.

I now leave this pretended associate to grovel in his native filth, and to enjoy with his friends his pristine nastiness, and shall in future shun him as the source of stench. I cannot, however, dismiss all his brethren until I expose their meanness: They are so ashamed of their own cause, that they seek to hide it, and would be thought enemies to what they secretly avow. In this town I lately overheard their dirty proceedings, and found characters concerned that I should not have suspected from any thing except their occupations. The junto in New-York have sent up to these their brethren antifederal essays, fraught with malice, sophistry and falsehoods. These declamatory pieces, when they arrive in Albany, are, by their patrons, repacked, inclosed with anonymous letters, and sent in numbers to the counties of Washington, Montgomery, &c. This wonderful production of vice is called the Centinel, said to be written by a certain superannuated Bryan, of Pennsylvania, of whom the following is a genuine ANTIDOTE.

“This old man was called upon by a tradesman a few months ago for a debt under thirty pounds, which had been due above twelve years and which had not been demanded, from a tenderness to the old man’s circumstances. As soon as our antifederal author saw the account, he said, ‘I will not pay this bill. The time for paying it has expired by the statute of limitations, and I will not set so bad an example as to pay a debt under such circumstances.’ Quere. Whose opinion or advice should we now follow respecting the new federal government—this dishonest old scribbler’s, or the great and good General WASHINGTON’s?”

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