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A COUNTRY DIALOGUE.

Rural Chloe and her swain,
Tripping o'er the russet plain,
Fell to chat and conversation
'Bout the matters of the nation.
Tom, says he, 'tis my intention
That our State shall hold convention,
And complete the institution
Of that noble constitution
Formed by the grand convention,
Which has caus'd no small contention;
But I hear there is great plenty
Of the antifederal gentry;
I don't so rightly understand 'em,
I wish, my Chloe, you would brand 'em
With some opprobrious epithet,
Which, when they hear, will make 'em sweat.
Chloe, smiling, thus reply'd,
Your request can't be deny'd;
I 'spose you've read in antient story,
The mighty feats of whig and tory,
As how they fought tremend'ous battles,
Destroying lives, and goods and chattles;
But what I am about to relate
Is something of more modern date,
And first of all then be my plan,
To sketch you out a federal man,—
A federal man is one content
With our new plan of government;
And in the next or second place,
I'll paint you one of spurious race;
The caitiff[1] is illegitimate,
And wants to overturn the state,

And should we judge by reason's rule,
An antifederal is a fool;
It puts him on the rack of pain,
To think we must refund again
The money which we took on loan,
(The knave would keep it as his own)
It give the villain ague-fits,
To think of paying his just debts.
Thus you may see the antifederal's way,
They love to borrow, but they hate to pay;
And I aver, by sacred reason's rules,
That antifederal men are knaves and fools.

1. A base, mean, despicable "wretch," a villain.

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