

LETTER TO FARMERS.

Beloved Farmers :

Agrikultur iz the mother ov farm produce : she iz also the step-mother ov gardin sass.

Rize at haff past 2 o'clock in the morning, bild up a big fire in the kitchen, burn out two pounds ov kandels, and grease yure boots.

Wait pashuntly for da brake. When day duz brake, then commense tew stir up the geese and worry the hogs.

Too mutch sleep iz ruinous tew geese and tew hogs. Remember yu kant git ritch on a farm, unless you rize at 2 o'clock in the morning, and stir up the hogs and worry the geese.

The happiest man in the world iz the farmer ; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, he watches for da lite tew brake, and when she duz brake, he goes out and stirs up the geese and worrys the hogs.

What iz a lawyer ?—What iz a merchant ?—What iz a doktor ?—What iz a minister ?—I answer, nothing !

A farmer is the nobless work ov God ; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, and burns out haff a pound ov wood and two kords ov kandles, and then goes out tew worry the geese and stir up the hogs.

Beloved farmers, adew.

JOSH BILLINGS.