PREFACE.

Some person has said that "a good "book needs not a preface, and a bad "one never ought to be written," but the following pages are purposely written for a special class, viz., my Brother Farmers. I need not fear the criticisms of the "English Bards," and "Scotch Reviewers." It is not composed to instruct in the Arts or Sciences, or for the Philosopher's Studio, or the Dominie's Desk, but a few simple hints, written in a homely style, and compressed into a small compass.

For more than twenty years my