

TO THE READER.

I AM a plain man in all that I say and do; but I shall not be the less acceptable to you on that account. I do not write for the perusal of empty-headed coxcombs, but to give a certain quantity (I hope it will be found a *great deal*) of information to plain, homely, industrious, and intelligent English farmers and mechanics. Idle and drunken people had better lay out their money (if they have any) in some other way than in buying this book—it will be so much waste-paper to them—it is only the honest, sober, and active farmer or mechanic, who may have scraped up a trifle of money, that the following pages are written for. I have spared no pains to avoid *hard words* and *fine speeches*, and all such stuff: in Lancashire, I believe they call it *flummery*.

London, 1833.