

The history of the Fen alluvials does not end here. The clay upon which the forest grew is a soft alluvial deposit, with a surface slightly undulating, like that of shoals in the Wash, and varying exceedingly in depth from a few inches to 20 feet, filling up a bay of irregular bottom. It is guttered in many places with silted-up channels or creeks, and it would appear that an elevation must have occurred before this wet mud could have been clothed with wood. Sinking through this "blue buttery clay" is found sometimes the Oxford clay, or other upland stratum, or beds of boulder-clay, of sand or gravel. But over large portions of the Great Level the soft clay reposes upon a second subterranean forest of oak, yew, and other timber, rooted in drift clay, as at Boston, 18 feet from the surface of the land. Some of the trees are of enormous dimensions, representing growths of several centuries. There was plainly a depression of the country before this earliest forest was submerged for the disposition of the blue clay. The age of this forest is fixed after the dispersion of the boulder clay, but before the accumulation of the yellow drift gravel of Deeping, which has been found overlying the lower peat and its embedded trees. A remarkable circumstance is that this forest may be seen far out in the Wash Bay in particular states of this tide; and a stone axe has been discovered in the cleft of a blackened trunk, two miles from high-water mark, off Hunstanton. Certainly the Great Level possesses abundant written records of its physical condition in the Saxon times; it abounds with Roman and British antiquities; the relative levels of its alluvial strata and entombed forests, in juxtaposition with an ocean artificially barricaded from the flat, tell of elevations and depressions within the human period; and I believe that careful study of the various deposits (estimating the age of the warp beds by the rate of accretion of modern inclosures, and the age of the forests by the season-rings of the trees) would go far to solve the question of the antiquity of man, and to throw a bridge of years across the chasm now sundering chronology from the era of the stupendous glacial convulsions.

HAY MAKING.

There is something beautiful in the operation of making hay when the weather suits. This is so with Timothy, with all kinds of grass, but especially with clover. Cut it when in blossom, when stem and head are tender, and juicy and fragrant. The scythe—if you are so unmannerly as to cling to the old poetic usage—will "walk" through with the greatest ease, showing what a tender thing you have. It is precious, and requires careful handling. Let the sun wilt it; though it would be better if the sun did not see it at all. His rays are too fierce, and will scorch it and hurt it. Better if in the old fashioned winrow, than spread with the machine. If mowed with the machine, and there

is time, put it in winrows, broad and somewhat thin, so that the air can get in. This will measurably relieve it from the sun. Then, if there is warm, dry air stirring, a few hours will sufficiently wilt the grass to fit it for the cock. It should always be cut when the dew is off. Then throw it in small cocks, say of half a hundred weight to the cock. Consult your barometer, and if you are sure of your weather, leave your cocks untouched for about three days, or nearly that. If rain threatens, clap on your hay-caps, or you are safe in doing it in the start if you like. They will interfere little with the curing process, and will shed rain. Then, if your weather is warm, with a little air in motion, let a hand precede the wagon, and turn over the cocks, loosening up the hay a little. This, with the stir the hay will get in loading and unloading will be sufficient. And now you have hay that is hay—given, with a slight touch of amber. You have every head entire, not falling into chaff. Every leaflet is there, tenacious of its stalk; the entire stem as the scythe left it, is there—pliable, not brittle and dried to a crisp, with the heads and leaves missing, or lodged on the barn floor, in the mow-seat, in your neck and bosom, and scattered on the field. But here you have heads with the huc of the blossom still there—a flower "pressed"—that is making hay. In this—"pressing your flower"—is the whole secret. Wilt and cure, but dry not. *Cure* is the only word. The wet weather in many parts of the country during the hay harvest has brought into requisition hay-caps. We are glad to see it. On the whole, they are a benefit. If the weather should continue wet beyond the time allotted for its cure, in with it the first moment it is dried off on the outside. Your hay is cured; but there is still some moisture left; and you have no means to give this to the air, so sprinkle a little salt on each load, amount according to moisture. Your hay, when fed, comes out about the same; is as readily taken by the stock. Even should it change a little in the mow, how much better so than a bulk of brittle sticks, with all the sugar and the starch out, and all substance. Such "hay" will starve cattle, and is a pity to look at. There is no poetry in such "hay," neither in the making of it, nor the feeding. There is less labour in making it in the right way; and the wettest season will not spoil it, as in the other cases. Such hay—or grass cured—will fatten your stock. It will have the summer effect upon your cattle, upon the horses. They will eat it with avidity, and brighten up over it. Roots may be dispensed with in the presence of such hay. 'Tis thus one may harrow summer with his cattle. Such a man is a benevolent, as well as an economical and wise man. The sight of such hay shows the prosperity of a man. There is but little in the country as yet, but it is fast increasing. It will soon be the only hay; and then a better era has dawned for the cattle, horses included—and man also—*Valley Farmer.*