

the little spires of Sulphur shone with the most sparkling lustre that can be imagined - The Sulphur was hot and under the hill - lock the water was boiling and burst out in several places - There was one spring where the water was almost as thick as Batter Pudding, and nearly as white as Snow and water - I went as near as I could to examine it, but the ground would not support my weight but gave way with me when within a few feet - and I sunk with both feet about one foot into this thick white Batter, and found some difficulty in returning, as the ground shook every step and the surface broke - The whole surface of the neighbouring ground had the appearance of Volcanic Eruption.

There was one Spring where the water was boiling hot, and another where the water was cold - The land for some miles is full of springs, and swamps, very barren, composed principally of white sand, Pipe clay, and Peat - Here and there I observed small quantities of Sulphur in the roots of trees which had been burnt at some former period, but I saw no appearance of Coal, Iron, or