

Account of a visit to the Hamner Plains  
Hot Springs during May 1889.

On the 30<sup>th</sup> of April Hastings and I left Ch. Ch. by the morning train for Culverden en route to the hot springs. Mr. S. P. Hill and Mr. P. Campbell were of our party and remained with us about ten days. After lunch at the railway terminus we proceeded on our journey in Mr. Perrotti's new drag which he always drives himself - and which was put on for our special convenience. The day was bleak with piercing wind and we were rather overcrowded, so that we could not admire the scenery which requires sunshine to light it up - but which now looked gloomy and desolate. We arrived at Jollic Pass Hotel at half past five, cold and weary and glad of the blazing logs in the open fireplaces and a substantial tea. That morning began our course of baths - and with great curiosity we drove down to the springs. There are eight or nine in number that is, there are so many separate pools - enclosed

in a reserve of some acres in extent. As you approach, the peculiar mineral gases assert their presence strongly, and the steam is seen ascending from the pools. The grounds are nicely planted with valuable trees and shrubs, but their growth is slow owing to the exposed situation and the cold cutting wind that blows straight from the snow clad hills. There are two bathhouses, one contains eight baths, the other four, each in separate rooms. The caretaker is a delicate looking man, he keeps well out of sight; and the assistant, a ruddy robust young fellow comes forward to keep up the credit of the place, as certainly his chief looks like a warning instead of an encouragement. In answer to searching enquiries we elicited that they seldom use the baths themselves after the well known precedent. The assistant told me that once in two months he took one and always felt very weak after it. There is