Travel.

FROM SINGAPORE TO NORTH CHINA AND JAPAN.

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We returned to the hotel for lunch, and afterwards hired a car to take us round the Summer Palace, Jade Fountain Temples, and the Western Hills, a circuit of some forty miles to the west of the Tartar City. We left the city by the north-west gate, and then proceeded along a dusty, narrow, ill-paved road which the R.A.C. would describe as third or fourth class. On either side the land is extensively tilled, mostly for garden produce. The Chinese are recognized as adepts at this form of cultivation. We passed through a number of small Chinese villages, which are really aggregations of mud huts. On two occasions we were stopped to pay car tax for the maintenance of the road, and it did not seem strange that we never saw any attempt being made to level or repair the road itself.

The Summer Palace lies about eight miles from the city. Like the Winter Palace, it consists of a number of pavilions dotted about on a hill rising some 300 feet, in front of which is an artificial lake. Only, in the case of the Summer Palace, the hill, buildings and lake are on a much larger scale. The base of the hill must have a circumference of some five miles.

A local guide pestered us by offering his services. Somehow, we preferred to explore the place alone with the help of a coloured contour map, rather than listen to a monotonous repetition of facts, figures and dates. On the northern slopes is a mass of ruined buildings and temples. Truly a devastated city!

These ruins are the remains of the old palace which was destroyed and looted by order of the British Commander of the Allied British and French Force in the Chinese War of 1860 as a reprisal for the brutal ill-treatment and massacre of European prisoners and civilians. The ruins cover a fairly extensive area and it was not too easy to get one's bearings, so we rather regretted not having made use of the guide. We retraced our steps and then walked along the crest of the hill to descend down the further slopes. We passed along numerous covered pathways and small pavilions until we reached the front of the lake. Here the gardens and covered walks are laid out in a very picturesque manner. On the far side was anchored the famous Marble Boat.
It is a two decker, stately, and very ornate barge, marble in parts, the remainder being made of painted wood. From a distance it is quite an imposing object and was used for Royal functions. Looking across the lake one sees a very pretty little island connected to the mainland by the many-spanned Marble Bridge.

To the right is another very picturesque bridge which from its design is known as the Camel's Back Bridge. On the southern aspect of the Palace Hill are two very fine buildings, one of which is situated near the crest, and is known as the Temple of the Five Thousand Buddhas, and the other, standing near-by, is known as the Temple of the Clouds. Nowadays the Summer Palace is unoccupied except by the caretakers. There were a fair number of Chinese soldiers meandering about, but they did not appear to have any particular object in life. For some years after the Palace Build-

![Image](https://example.com/image.jpg)

**Fig. 8.—The Marble Boat anchored near the Summer Palace.**

ings had been laid waste in 1860 the place had remained vacant. Then the late Dowager Empress thought it would be a good thing to reconstruct the buildings and use the place as a summer residence again. For this purpose, she very cleverly misappropriated a huge sum of public money which had been collected for the purpose of building a Chinese Navy. An American writer described the incident as "a woman's $5,000,000 whim." In any case, the old lady might have shrewdly suspected that the proposed Chinese Navy would be a futile force, and might act rather as an internal danger than as an external defence. Still there must have been some misgivings in the war of 1894 when the Chinese were defeated by the Japanese.

We left the Summer Palace, and continued along the fringe of the Western Hills for some ten miles until we reached the Jade Fountain Park. A local guide came forward to offer his services, and on this
occasion we were glad to accept them. He first took us up the steep sides of a cliff and showed us some small Buddhist grotto shrines which failed to impress us much. He next wanted us to climb to the top of the hill to see a high stone pagoda built on the crest. It was a hot thirsty afternoon, and we were content to admire this structure at a distance. So we asked him to lead us on to the Jade Fountain. On we trudged, full of hope at the expected sight. Finally we descended the cliffs and came upon a small shallow pond. "The Jade Fountain" said our guide. Well, the water at least was cool, clear and inviting, and would have made a nice bathing pool. On one side is a moderate-sized spring, and at the bottom of the pond is a green sediment which accounts for the name. The small stream supplies the water for the artificial lakes.

We then left the Jade Fountain Park and continued the journey for some miles until we reached the Western Hills Hotel, where we were glad to refresh ourselves. The hotel itself must have been an ambitious scheme, but appeared to be suffering at the time from the world-wide depression. Dotted among the Western Hills are numerous shrines and temples, ancient and modern. Some of these are rented to foreigners for the hot season, and here they can enjoy pleasant walks and a relatively invigorating atmosphere, compared to the hot stagnant and dust-laden air of the city.

At one period tigers roamed over the Western Hills and provided sport for the Royal households. After having had some tea, we left the hotel, and then took the southern road back to Pekin. The scenery differed little from that first described. The road-surface, if anything, was rather worse. The driver had to slow down repeatedly to cross culverts, or avoid pot holes. So we arrived back at the Hotel du Nord, weary, dusty and somewhat shaken.
A tour that we particularly wished to make was a visit to the Great Wall, or rather the Southern Section of the Great Wall. In the same area are the famous Ming Tombs, the burial places of the Ming Emperors. The distance is rather less than a hundred miles north of Pekin, and can be reached by either rail or car, but better still by a combination of both.

Unfortunately travelling at that time was rather precarious, and in addition our time was short. Also the Japanese had begun to send aeroplanes over Pekin, though only to drop pamphlets, and the aeroplanes had been fired on by the Chinese troops. Altogether the situation was becoming critical.

The following day we visited the Temple of Heaven, an extensive enclosed area lying on the southern side of the Chinese city. The rickshaw drive was a long tedious affair, through congested, ill-paved streets and alley-ways. We were thankful to reach the entrance gates at last. Here the ubiquitous local guide was waiting to offer his services, and in this instance there was little alternative but to accept. He was a keen fellow and anxious that we should see and understand everything. If we asked a question he would advance closely, so closely, in fact, that the smell of garlic or whatever it was, was almost asphyxiating, so we quickly learnt to accept his statements without comment.

**THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN GROUNDS.**

The park in which the Temple of Heaven is situated is very extensive and contains avenues flanked with cedars. Some of these trees are reputed to be nearly a thousand years old, but if that is the case, either the
soil or the climate must be against them, for they are neither tall nor imposing. The Temple of Heaven buildings occupy a relatively small area and extend in a north and south direction, located approximately in the middle of the park grounds. At the southern point is a circular marble edifice built in three terraces, rising some eighteen feet above ground level, and having a diameter of about fifty feet. This is the Altar of Heaven. It had been the custom for some 4,000 years, so we are told, for the Emperor to make obeisance and offer up prayers for the people to the "One Supreme Being," twice yearly. And here the Emperor
with his numerous retinue came from his palace three miles distant. According to a writer's description it was a magnificent pageant, while the form of ritualism accorded by tradition involved a considerable amount of preparation, training and experience. The Altar is constructed with geometrical precision, in which the predominant factor is the numeral 9, the Chinese lucky number.

Each terrace is approached by nine steps, and the upper terrace is paved with nine concentric circles of marble. At a distance of a stone's throw, is an incinerator-like structure standing some nine feet high. This was
used for animal sacrifice, when a "bull-calf of unmixed colour and without flaw" was the unfortunate victim. To the left of this structure are eight openwork metal braziers which were used for burning rolls of silk, and prayers written on silk during the sacrificial celebrations.

Leaving the Altar of Heaven and proceeding in a northerly direction we came to a circular walled-in enclosure. Standing in the centre of the enclosure, one's voice gives a distinct echo. Our guide was very insistent that we should thoroughly appreciate this phenomenon. For some reason a guide always seems happy if he can produce an echo. But, in this instance, it appears that the Emperor utilized the idea as a form of oracular demonstration. Beyond the enclosure is an elevated causeway extending a quarter of a mile. Walking along this causeway we approached two buildings. The first is the Temple of the Happy New Year. The blue-tiled triple roof rises ninety-nine feet. Here, the ancestral tablets were kept, and here again the Emperor used to come in the springtime to make offerings for a propitious harvest. Beyond the Temple of the Happy New Year is the Temple of Agriculture, a similar but smaller structure. This contained the Tablet of Shen Nang, a prehistoric Emperor known as the First Farmer, who was supposed to have lived about 3,000 B.C. The Emperor and his retinue came once a year to pay his respects to the Tablet. This completed our tour of the Temple of Heaven and we retraced our steps along the cedar-tree avenues towards the entrance gate. We then went back to the Tartar City by the Chien Men Street.

The entrance into the Tartar City is by way of the Chien Men Gate, or Gate of Prosperity. The original gateway was burnt down during the Boxer riots in 1900, and was afterwards rebuilt. Passing through the gateway we turned to the right and entered the American Legation Area. The quiet orderliness of this Quarter formed a marvellous contrast to the noisome slums just outside. The American Legation has a large and effective radio station, the tall masts of which assist the tourist as a landmark.

The next morning (May 14) we met Miss Punnett who is connected with the well-known local firm of Punnett and Co., carpet manufacturers; she very kindly showed us some of the better-known Chinese shops selling porcelain and such like articles. Miss Punnett then took us to the Peiping Union Medical College, where we were introduced to Dr. Maxwell, the gynaecological specialist on the staff, who showed us over the hospital buildings. The P.U.M.C. is a very modern, efficient and complete unit. Apart from the very well-equipped hospital buildings, it has its own college, teaching staff and research department. It was founded in 1906 by various Protestant Missionary Societies. In 1915, its maintenance was taken over by the Rockefeller Foundation, and no expense seems to have been spared to make it thoroughly up to date. Speaking of missions, it is said that there are seventy-seven different missionary societies operating in China, and that they expend over £3,000,000 sterling annually in connection with their work.
In the afternoon we caught the 4.30 p.m. train back to Tientsin.

While I was in Pekin, I had expected to see evidence of many battle casualties since China had been undergoing civil war, and war against the Japanese, for at least two years.

Actually I only saw one Chinese soldier with any sign of a disability, and he had one arm bandaged.

And this reminds me of a passage I read in a book on China, Korea and Japan, written by the late Lord Curzon, in which he mentions that one of the ancient rules of strategy in warfare recommended by the early Chinese military authorities was as follows:

"If the enemy threatens to attack, send an orchestra into his camp to play soothing music which might soften his heart."

(To be continued.)

Current Literature.


This account of the first and only system of public water supply in Bermuda is published by permission of His Excellency The Governor. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it tends to alter the current ideas as to what is required to support the layer of underground water usually tapped by shallow wells. Writers in general describe this as being done by the first impermeable stratum which the water reaches in its downward passage through the soil. It has been found, however, that a solid stratum is not always necessary and that, under conditions such as exist in Bermuda, the subsoil water may be supported by a layer of salt water.

The islands consist of a coral formation resting on a deep volcanic base and the porous limestone takes up sea water like a sponge. There are no rivers, streams or springs and wells are few and of limited capacity. The rainfall, however, is usually plentiful and this has in the past been collected from prepared areas for the supply of the inhabitants.

With the increase of the resident population and the very great influx of visitors the need for additional supplies became urgent, and the Watlington Waterworks for the supply of the town of Hamilton and houses in its immediate vicinity are the result of this demand.

The system of supply adopted in these works is based on the fact that rain falling on a hill consisting of porous material soaks downwards until it meets some obstacle, which in this case is provided by the sea water which permeates the base of the hill, and that a cushion of fresh water then forms on the heavier sea water, depresses the level of the latter and is separated from it by a thin layer of brackish water formed by the mixing of a small amount of rain and sea water.

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