

wines, and he will again beware of drinking too much fluid of any kind.

Soup and fish are badly borne by most dyspeptics. I mean in the latter part of the day. I do not see any objection to fish for breakfast, and neither do I see any reason why a basin of good soup should not form part of the matutinal meal. It would do far more good in most cases than tea, or even cocoa.

I suppose there are those who will not thank me for saying that there is far too much refinement or far too much Frenchification about the making of soups. I love an honest soup as much as I hate a doctored one. Seasoning, flavouring, and colouring do not assist digestion, and a *purée* is often more wholesome, and far more nutritious, than a clear soup, with or without its tiny morsels of floating vegetation. But, happily for the digestive organs of the community, soups nowadays are merely served to be trifled with; nobody would dream of sending his plate a second time to the tureen.

It is a pity that better and more honest soups are not to be had at large railway stations. A basin of any of the following, with stale bread, is often of more service in a nutritious point of view when travelling than a meal of vegetables and meat would be, especially as the quality of the beef or mutton is seldom, if ever, first-class at a restaurant:—Mulligatawny, ox-tail, hare, giblet, good gravy, kidney, lentil, pea, beef, or Scotch mutton broth. But at railway stations no soup should be eaten that is not beyond suspicion. *Example*: You pay one shilling for a bowl of soup, with bread, at a railway station; but if you find

force-meat balls in the bowl, it would be better to pay some one else two shillings to eat the mess for you. I cannot say that railway fare is, on the whole, very appetising, and reform here is loudly called for. Hard-boiled eggs are good for canaries, the refreshment-room pork-pie and sausage-roll an emu might eat with relish; wise travellers avoid them, and give even sandwiches plenty of sea-room.

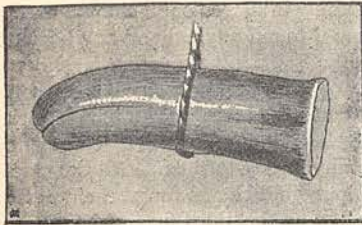
#### FACTS ABOUT MEAT.

Over-done beef or mutton is quite as indigestible as hard-boiled eggs; it should be well cooked to be healthful, but rather inclining to under-done. Roasting retains the juices of the meat; boiling does not, but the liquor in which meat has been boiled may be used as soup. Made dishes are not so wholesome or easily digested as joints, and if much flavouring or rich sauces be used they are bad indeed for the dyspeptic. Veal does not suit the dyspeptic well. The fat of beef is digestible, that of mutton less so, and that of game is apt to disagree. Much of the flavour of meat lies in the fat immediately beneath the skin.

A word about *vegetables*. The potato is king of them, but very seldom well cooked. Potatoes ought to be very well mashed, then stirred with a little milk till as white as snow and smooth withal. All green vegetables are better mashed, and they should be eaten separately, and not with the meat. They ought to form a dish, indeed, and might often take the place of soup with great advantage to the diner.

## A PILGRIMAGE TO BUDDHA'S TOOTH.

BY WILLIAM TRANT.



THE TOOTH.

THE invitation to accompany the Prince of Wales from Colombo, the modern capital of Ceylon, to Kandy, its ancient capital, to see "Buddha's

Tooth," reached me along with an intimation that punctuality must be the order of the day, as there was much to do and to see, and little time for the work.

I had looked forward to the pilgrimage to this celebrated shrine with very great interest, over and above that given to it by the presence of the illustrious personage to whom I was indebted for the privilege of forming one of the party. In the first place, there is a sort of mischief-joy in being permitted to see what is denied to most men. There are, too, the extraordinary adventures of the wonderful tooth, that have made it the most remarkable relic ever seen in the

world, excepting, of course, the "invisible hair of the Virgin Mary"—which, by the way, being invisible, no one has seen—and the "shadow of Buddha," that, so far as I know, has been seen only by Fa Hian, the Chinese traveller.

Then, too, the sublime grandeur of the Buddha himself, seen dimly through misty ages in the glimmer of the world's dawn, draws one irresistibly to the grand reformer of the past. His mythical birth, his great sacrifices, his meditation in solitude for seven years, his profound sympathies, all lend attractiveness to everything and every incident associated with his name. Above all, his "exceeding great love," that prompted him to request, "Let all the sins that have been committed fall upon me, in order that the world may be delivered," places him in the first rank of men, especially as he pretended to no inspiration or personal contact with God.

Still further, the fact that out of the thousand millions of inhabitants which it is computed people this earth, no less than 450,000,000 are Buddhists—more than belong to any other religion—should attract one

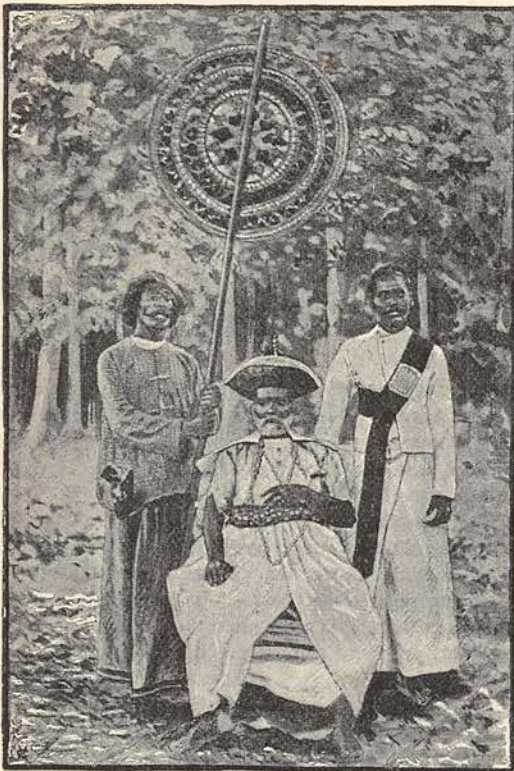
to the shrine which contains all that is left of him, viz., his left upper canine tooth. It is an odd relic, and in this is in keeping with its owner's teachings.

The conception of Nirvana, a "blowing out," an "extinction," as perfect happiness, the reward of the just, is hardly satisfactory.\* One would almost prefer that the "series of existences" in which the Buddhists believe should last for ever; for transmigration of souls is the Buddhist's purgatory, through which the soul must pass before being finally "blown out" for ever. It is funny to think that, according to this fantastic theory, your favourite mare may contain the soul of your great-great-grandmother, or that, in stroking a poodle, you may be caressing the Duke of Wellington.

"Atmaram," I once heard a young Buddhist say to his Hindoo friend, "when you die, would you rather your soul entered a horse or an ass?"

Atmaram replied, with some disdain, that of course he would prefer "the noble, the generous, the elegant animal called a horse."

"Ah!" retorted the Buddhist, "I should prefer to enter an ass;" and on being pressed for his reason, added quietly, "Did you ever know a horse made a justice of the peace?"

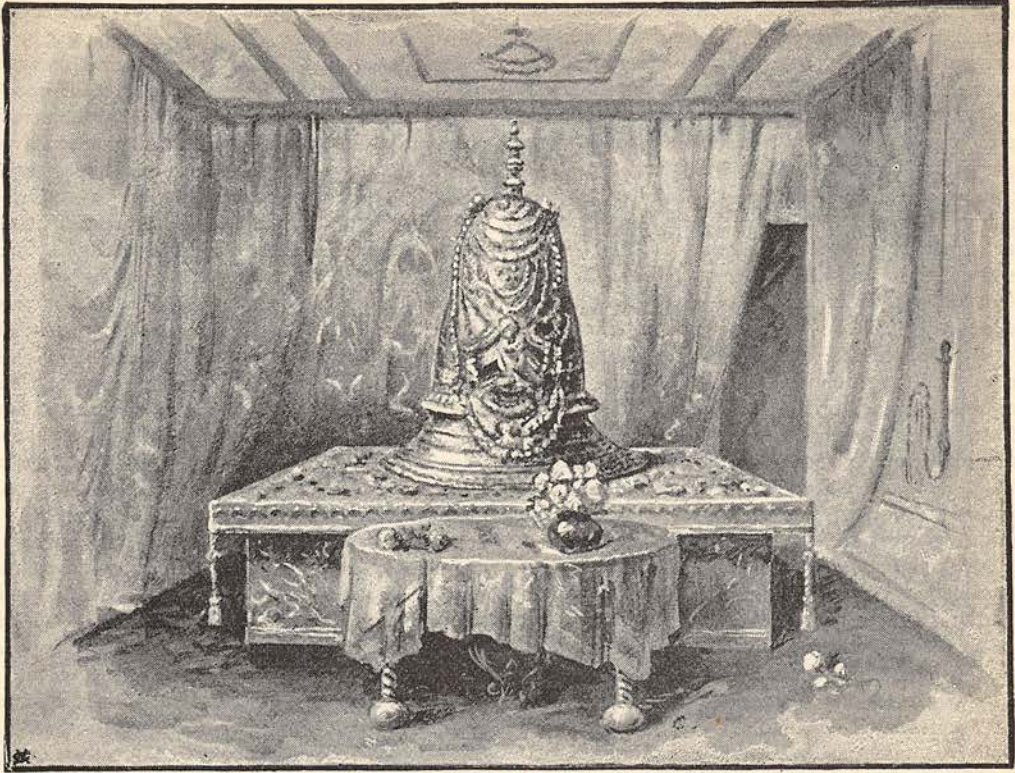


THE DEWA NILLEME, OR PRINCIPAL KANDIAN CHIEF.  
(From a photograph.)

\* Some scholars state that Nirvana means an "exhaustion" without "destruction," the "close" of life, but not its "extinction." To me, however, these seem very subtle distinctions, and, plainly speaking, Nirvana signifies "annihilation."

In the circumstances above indicated it will readily be imagined that I was early astray on the morning of our departure from Colombo. Indeed, I was up and dressed long before my "boy" brought me my usual morning cup of tea, refreshing everywhere, but especially in Ceylon, where the tea is so good. "It is the best tea I have tasted anywhere, except in Moscow," the Prince was often heard to say.

After a railway journey up the mountains, through magnificent scenery, Kandy was reached, buried in the bosom of the hills, a mountain city, hill-engirdled, and seemingly so secure in its mountain retreat that there is no wonder it was for a long period the impregnable home of the Kandian kings. The next day was set apart for the visit to the Dalada Malgawa, or Palace of the Tooth. Amongst the crowd that thronged the hall were about fifty Ratamahatmeyas (literally, country gentlemen), or Kandian chiefs. These chiefs were peculiarly, though magnificently, dressed. On the head was a huge four-cornered cap, hat, or turban—for I really do not know by which name to call a head-covering resembling a large pin-cushion more than anything else. Some were of scarlet cloth, others of green, others of white, and all were richly embroidered with gold, and from the centre of each rose a plume surmounted by precious stones. The jacket, in keeping with the hat, is very short, and has short plaited sleeves, very full at the shoulders, and fastened with buttons of jewels. On the lower part of the body, over white trousers, which are tight at the ankle and terminated by a frill, a vast number of white muslin and gold-figured cloths are wrapped in cumbersome folds round the waist, being secured by a broad gold belt, profusely set with gems. The Dewa Nilleme, or principal chief (who is also head trustee of the property attached to the Tooth Temple), told me in excellent English that he had no less than three pieces of cloth wrapped round him, each piece being twenty-four yards long. He could give no explanation or reasons for such an accumulation of clothing in so tropical a climate except "custom," nor have I found anybody or any book to enlighten me on the subject. The Dewa Nilleme gave me portraits of himself and some of his companions, from which it is seen that their sartorial encumbrances give them an appearance of corpulency that does not naturally belong to them. All the chiefs wore in profusion long gold chains round their necks, and most of them had on the third finger of the right hand a ring, which had a circle of precious stones attached to it, so large that it extended across three fingers. In conversing with these chiefs, the Prince's good nature had to give way to a peculiar point of Kandian etiquette. His Royal Highness had presented the Dewa Nilleme with a diamond ring (specially valued, as the diamond is the one jewel not found in the isle of gems) and a gold medal, and was anxious to show similar marks of favour to the next in rank, when it was stated that there was no second chief, and after the Dewa Nilleme, none was before or after another. It would therefore have been difficult to select one to honour without arousing the jealousy of the others.



THE KARUNDUA, OR SHRINE OF THE TOOTH.

The "Palace of the Sacred Tooth" is a meagre erection to have such a dignified title. The building is small, has no pretensions to architecture, and is so dilapidated that the rain comes through the roof. The Wihara, or chamber in which the relic is kept, is a small room, about twelve feet square. At the entrance are two sentry-box-looking constructions with glass windows. These are lamps kept perpetually lighted, the flame not having been allowed to die out for many years. The sanctum is very splendid, the roof and walls being lined with gold brocade, and the frames of the door inlaid with carved ivory. The air is oppressive with the perfume of flowers and spices. Flowers especially are a favourite offering at Buddha's shrine, and are always present in great profusion. On one occasion no less than 6,480,320 flowers were counted at the shrine, and it is recorded that in the fifteenth century a royal devotee sent 100,000 flowers a day for a considerable time, and each day the flowers were of a different kind. The karundua, or vessel containing the tooth, stands covered on a table of massive silver, richly chased, in the midst of a profusion of valuable articles of jewellery, which are either relics or offerings. The most beautiful in the collection is a bird with wings spread. It is formed entirely of diamonds, rubies, blue sapphires, &c., set in gold, which is hid by a profusion of gems. While we were all admiring this magnificent offering, the priests or monks removed

several folds of muslin from the karundua, and discovered a sort of dome of gilded silver, about five feet high, studded with a few gems. When this was removed, another was found underneath, made of beautifully carved gold. This was festooned with jewelled chains, and literally encrusted with all the glittering gems for which Ceylon is so celebrated—sapphires and emeralds of extraordinary size, cats' eyes (much prized), rubies, amethysts, and pearls. Another similar covering, and still another, were taken off, when at last was reached a small case of gold, covered externally with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, in which, resting on the leaves of a gold lotus, was the tooth itself. The Prince was about to take up the relic when he was stopped by the Dewa Nilleme (who is associated with the priests as guardian of the tooth), and informed it was too sacred to be touched by human hands.

It was in the year 543 B.C. that Buddha died, and it is then that, to us, the legendary history of the tooth begins. When Buddha was cremated, his left upper canine tooth was, so the story goes, saved from the flames by one of his disciples. He delivered it to King Brahmadata, in the city of Dantapoor, where it remained an object of veneration in the Temple of Juggernath (then a Buddhist foundation) for eight hundred years, when the Emperor of all Jambudorpa determined to destroy a relic and a religion that were shat-

tering Brahminism. He sent for the tooth, and it was taken with a grand procession away from the people, who watched its departure with weeping and wailing. The emperor ordered the relic to be burnt, and the ashes buried deep in the earth; but, spurning so dismal a home, the tooth re-appeared above the spot in the centre of a gold lotus flower that had grown up in a single night. It was then cast, by order of the emperor, into a deep and filthy pool, which at once became clear as crystal and covered with lotus flowers, on one of which the tooth was resting. It was afterwards decided to crush the relic to pieces. It was, therefore, placed on an anvil, but as the ponderous hammer descended the piece of bone sank into the iron, and remained safe and immovable; from which it afterwards disengaged itself in answer to the supplications and offerings of the Buddhists. These wonderful "miracles" seemed to satisfy the emperor that the relic was genuine, and it was therefore taken back to Dantapoorra, and placed in the great temple there. Afterwards, in A.D. 309, a neighbouring monarch determined to possess the tooth, and marched on Dantapoorra, but the king and queen (the Princess Kalinga) of that place escaped, the latter with the relic hid in her hair, and they safely reached Ceylon in the reign of Kirti-Sni-Meghawarma, in A.D. 311. For a long time the precious tooth had sundry adventures, was often the cause of wars, and was concealed in various places, until at last it settled down in Kandy. In A.D. 1560 the tooth was taken away from Kandy by the Portuguese, and before an imposing assemblage was pounded in a mortar at Goa by the archbishop of that city.

There can be no doubt that, as a matter of history—apart from the foregoing extravagant fable—the tooth, even if it were really genuine, was utterly destroyed. History is very precise on the subject, and informs us that the Kandians offered 400,000 cruzadoes, as well as alliance and services, and a promise to provision the Fort of Malacca whenever required, if only the relic were restored to them. This offer was made, not only on account of the veneration in which the tooth was held, but because it was regarded as a palladium—a belief that still exists, and which reconciles the Kandians to British rule, because our Government possessing one of the three keys to the Palace of the Tooth (the other two being held respectively by the Buddhist priests and the Dewa Nilleme), it is believed that justice and prosperity are with the great Queen

across the waters. However, the Archbishop of Goa, to discourage idolatry, destroyed the tooth as related above, and threw the fragments into the sea.

Thus its actual history ends; not so, however, its traditional history. The priests derived too much revenue from the relic to allow it lightly to perish. It was soon given out that the sea had once again yielded up the lost treasure, and that it was duly preserved at Colombo, awaiting an opportunity to restore it to Kandy, which was not long in presenting itself. It soon became literally a bone of contention. In 1566 the King of Pegu was anxious to marry a certain princess, but his suit was not favourably received. Indeed, the king's chamberlain was diplomatist enough to bring that state of things about, and offered his own daughter to the king, adding as an inducement that he would give as her dowry the genuine tooth of Buddha, which he had kept secretly in his possession. The ruse succeeded. At this the King of Kandy was so wroth that he offered *his* daughter and the only acknowledged genuine tooth. The King of Pegu, however, would not acknowledge that he had been duped, so there are now two left upper canine teeth of Buddha held in veneration, though that belonging to the King of Pegu has few worshippers, while that at Kandy, as already intimated, numbers more devotees than any other relic on the face of the earth. It is, however, rarely exhibited, and only on great occasions, such as the visit of the Burmese Ambassadors *en route* home from England, after which it was closed until the visit of the Prince of Wales. The English took Kandy in 1815, since which time they have been one of the three guardians of the tooth.

The sanctity associated with the relic becomes extremely extenuated in the eyes of all but Buddhists when its history and its tradition are so irreconcilable. Whether the relic at any time was Buddha's tooth is, I think, extremely doubtful. An old writer describes it as like the "tusk of a boar," while the Portuguese historians say of the one destroyed by them that it was the tooth of an ape. The present relic, in my opinion, is not a tooth at all, but a piece of ivory yellow with age, rudely shapen to represent a tooth. It is about the size of a man's finger, fully ten times as big as any man's tooth. I am convinced of this—that if the bone I saw was Buddha's tooth, then Buddha never lived; and if he ever lived, then it is not his tooth.

