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one of the places where suttee used to be performed before English put a stop to the cruel practice. One corpse was that of a man of about forty years of age. His widow, in the white garments of widowhood, came down to the water's edge, and, dipping up some of the blessed Ganges, poured it over the face of the dead. When the body was lifted on to the pyre she helped to pile wood over it and it was her hand that applied the torch. When the sickening crackling began, and at a gesture from a relative—perhaps a command, for we were not near enough to hear—she picked up a stone, and, putting her hands alternately on the ground, she broke off the pretty glass bangles from her wrists and walked up the bank, a desolate widow, done with pleasures, ornaments and even respect, perhaps to endure treatment which will make her wish for the olden, sharper, but speedier death by suttee.

The dust of the burnings is strewn upon the beautiful stream, whose origin, according to Hindu mythology, is too revolting to mention. In the burnings much of the body is not reduced to ashes, owing to the very primitive arrangements. Near one of the pyres we saw a gaunt pariah dog gnawing away on the remains of a previous burning, and, on looking closely, we saw that his booty was a human skull. This, my first view of a burning-ghât, I hope may be my last.

Many strange and pathetic scenes were transpiring on all sides. The fakirs, or holy men, were to be seen everywhere—some at prayers, some in meditation and some bathing. A Brahmin priest was leading a young woman into the water. We were told that he was