

**SIAM**

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Siam by Pierre Loti

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**PIERRE LOTI**

**SIAM**



SIAM



UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME.

**EGYPT.** By **PIERRE LOTI.** Translated by W. P. Baines, and with Plates in full colour from paintings by Augustus O. Lamplough. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

A wonderfully fascinating book, conveying vivid pictures of the charm of Egypt and the marvels of its antiquity. Loti, as is his wont, endeavours to get at the heart of what he sees, as he steepers himself in the enchantment of moonlit temples erected by the most ancient of civilisations, watches the sun set behind the illimitable wastes of the desert, glides over the darkening waters of the half-submerged island of Philae, "Pearl of Egypt," or listens to the mournful song of the boatman as he drifts on his dahabieh down the Nile; and gradually a comprehension grows upon him of the reasons that made Egypt the first country to awaken from the torpor of barbarism and to build monuments which are the wonder and admiration of the whole of the modern world. He realises the greatness and feels to the full her spell.

**INDIA.** By **PIERRE LOTI.** A third and revised and cheaper edition entirely reset and now first illustrated with eighteen plates in colour and half-tone by A. Hugh Fisher. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Loti's idea in going to India was to discover if in the Buddhist faith he could find anything to replace the Catholic religion in which he could no longer believe. He visits the ruined temples of the ancient Gods, fastooned with jungle flowers; he rises in the early mournful dawn, and penetrates where European feet have seldom trod; he listens to the languorous Oriental music on moonlit nights; he experiences nameless dreads, indescribable terrors. He visits the sacred city of Benares, and watches the wrapt worshippers on the banks and the smoke ascending from the funeral pyre of an exquisitely beautiful Indian girl. He sees the little children, living skeletons from famine, piteously begging for bread, and finally he visits the high priests of Theosophy who have sought refuge in India away from the tumult of life, and finds what his soul craves for.

Mr Hugh Fisher has caught admirably the spirit of the East, and his sketches and paintings give a great additional charm to the text.







# SIAM

BY

PIERRE LOTI (pseud.)

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY  
W. P. BAINES

*ILLUSTRATED*



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## AUTHOR'S DEDICATION

*To Monsieur Paul Doumer*

DEAR FRIEND,—It was during your Governorship—made notable by your so admirable talents—that last I visited Cambodia. And I owe it to your charming courtesy that I was able in a few short days to penetrate as far as Angkor. May I ask, then, that you will accept the dedication of this little narrative, as a token of my affectionate remembrance, and also of my esteem?

And will you forgive me for having said that our Empire in Indo-China would lack grandeur and, more especially, would lack stability—you who have worked so gloriously and so patiently to ensure its permanence? But so it is. I do not believe in the future of our distant colonial conquests. And I mourn the thousands and