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.

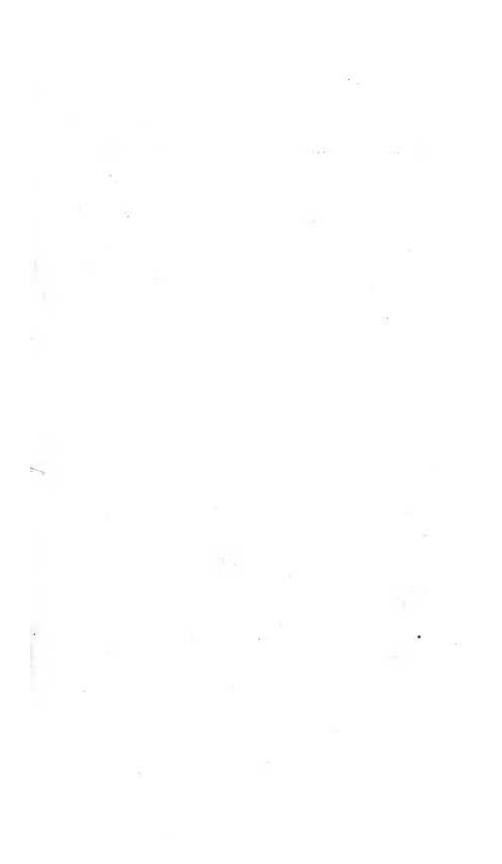
A wonderfully fascinating book, conveying vivid pictures of the charm of Egypt and the marvels of its antiquity. Loti, as is his wont, endeavours to get at the heart of what he same, as he steeps himself in the enchantment of muconlit temples ersetted by the most ancient of civilizations, watches the sum set behind the illimitable wastes of the desert, gliese over the darkening waters of the half-submerged island of Philae. "Pearl of Egypt," or listens to the mournful song of the hoatman as he drifts on his dahabieh down the Nile; and grarieally a comprehensien grows upon him of the reasons that made Egyps the first country to awaken from the torpor of barbarism and to build mountments which are the wonder and admiration of the whole of the modern world. He realises the greatness and feels to the full her spell.

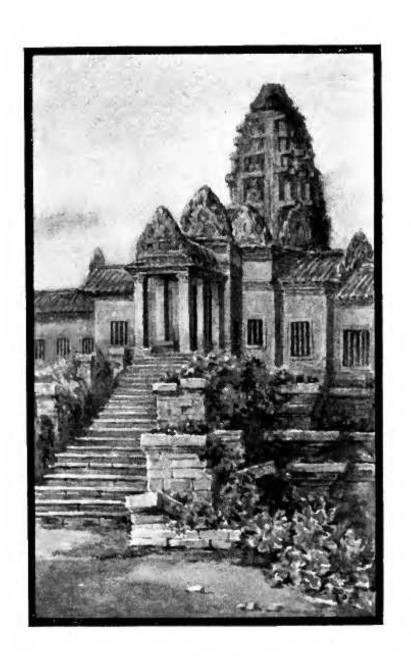
INDIA. By PIERRE LOTI. A third and revised and cheaper edition entirely reset and now first illustrated with eighteen plates in colour and half-tone by A. Hugh Fisher, Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Fisher. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Lot'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 ruled temples of the ancient
Gode, fastooned with jungs flowers; he rises in the
carly mournful dawn, and penetrates where European
feet have seldom trod; he listens to the langucrous
oriental music on moonlis nights; he expertences
nameless dreads, indescribable terrom. He visits
the secred city of Benarss, and watches the wrapt
worshippers on the banks and the smoke ascending
from the funeral pyro of an exquisitely beautiful
Indian girl. He even the little children, living
skeltons from famine, pitcously begging for bread,
and finally he visits the high priests of Theosophy
who have sought roings in India away from the
rumult of life, and inde what his soul craves for.

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





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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 Governor-ship—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