



The Colonnade.

ANGKOR, A PILGRIMAGE.

1890-1891

BURIED away in the north-east corner of Siam in the Mekong basin, to the north of the inland sea of Tonle Sap lie a forgotten city, and a temple, without doubt the greatest and most beautiful in Asia. If the city were known to Englishmen its name would be on all men's tongues, and newspapers would profane it daily, calling all great and mysterious shrines the "Angkor of the West" or the "Angkor of the New World" as the case might be. But it has been spared the metonymic headline, though in France Angkor is a household word.

Nearly ten years ago I made the pilgrimage to Angkor Wat. Landing at Tavoy I struck across the Burmese frontier, travelling by elephant to the Tennasserim River, then down stream in a dugout canoe as far as Sinbyoodine. Here I left the river and struck West over that picturesque barrier of hills which divides Burma from Siam. Once over the frontier my Karen coolies began to desert, but in spite of their defection, a total ignorance of any language the people of the country could understand, and an equally complete bankruptcy in currency of the realm—for the Indian rupees I took with me were not held good,—I found myself in a few weeks in Bangkok. A crazy bullock