tardily, but the results of it are

on all hands. Men who work in longer take a large, solid midday ne thought of that high-principled of Sam Weller's acquaintance, who hours of afternoon, used to make real off the joint, and top it with a npets, afflicts our generation with How did they manage in the of old? Was any work done after at midday? Some people declare se days the habits of business were ing that everybody could afford to ternoon away. But it is probable eal explanation lies in longer houre modern German is at his office al earlier than the Englishman, and later, but has a large break in the his day, such was the manner of rians. We like to have more time nore time for sport, for amusement, cannot afford to spend many minidday refection. A short interval We must have something es our sedentary digestions no pain of inefficiency all through the The light lunch has become as tic of the workaday world of modn as the hatless head. Not so long man had no stomach for chop or cut off the joint, he must needs put sandwich or bread and cheese. Then, ning of a new era, came a time when get a scone or a bun, or even a Now the carte of the tea shop im with viandes froides assorties a good restaurant, a little army to choose from, and soup and fish ables. The lunch of one or two light his kind is the fashion of today. No has its dangers. You may see far young people trying to live on bread and tea. But those whose busito watch and aid and follow the ent of public taste will tell you that ar less of this error than of old. The used to support life on a scone and w have soup and an apple dumpling, an egg, or a neat little portion of This change of diet is among the sible examples of food reform which easily find. Some of us will like it worse because it is not the result cal advocacy, but of common-sense mercial enterprise. Whatever we may think about that, it is interesting to variety of the fare which awaits the the modern city worker. You may ole eating the same sort of food. Once time, if they did not choose to have hey must have had steak. So by

### HE AEROPLANE DANCE.

we learn how to live.

exists in Paris an academy of dancters, learned gentlemen who have the story of the terpsichorean art at their nds, and who know everything there is own about dancing and dancers. They see established in Paris a Conservaing just as there is a Conserva-Music. So far their efforts in this dihave not been successful, but they do pair. Meanwhile, they devote themreviving antique dances and inventing

latest effort, due to Professor Lefort, is eronette," a freak dance, suggested by ost topical of things, the aeroplane. It make for hilarity, wherever it is danced nter, involving, as it does, a quickstep ation of the starting of the motor, armg and arm-fluttering for the flight, and with the descent, which the dancers exy stamping their feet and lowering their

ile on the subject of dancing, we might at a leading feature of the Coliseum is Ida Rubenstein, who also hails more lirectly from Russia. This lady is now her Dance of the Seven Veils, which such a sensation recently at the Chateatre in Paris-where they are judges of When the turn begins, the lady is seven veils, and at the conclusion of ace she removes one of the veils till she own to the limit, or thereabouts. The did not have the advantage of seeing ince in Paris, but can quite imagine that ench ideas of the limit, and ours, would er different, and the Coliseum is, above amily house. So that here, at least, specwill get nothing but grace and beauty; there are any other features in the dance dd to its sensationalism; they are not to be seen in this country. Of course, n taste is different from our own, and he Salome dancers over there have been to shorten their London costumes by a r two, in order not to seem prudish.

### APTER AND VERSE FOR IT.

e story goes that a certain collège presin Indiana, a clergyman, was addressing udents at the beginning of the college

observed to them that it was a "matter gratulation to all the friends of the colat the year had opened with the largest nan class in its history.'

en, without a pause, says Lippincott's ine, the good man turned to the lesson day, the Third Psalm, and began to a loud voice:-

ord, how are they increased that trouble

## Sir Theodore Martin

Theodore Martin, the son of an Edinburgh lawyer was born in that city in 1816, and was educated at the High School and University. Like his friend and elder contemporary Aytoun, he was "bred to the law"; but while Aytoun followed the profession with dislike, Martin devoted to it his best hours during many years, and, after migrating to London, achieved success and a fair measure of fortune. It was in 1846 that he came southwards, and set up as a Parliamentary solicitor. Of the hundreds of business people who have consulted the firm of Martin and Leslie, probably only a few have known that the senior partner was a famous man of letters. To almost the end of his days Theodore Martin worked very hard at his legal business, so that in 1902 he was able to write of himself as having passed "a long and very crowded life, of which literature has occupied the smallest part." We may say of this portion of his career what he himself said of Aytoun, that "the discipline of his legal practice was of great use in giving him a power of mastering the details of political and other questions, which was of distinct service to him at a later period." It did nothing for the translator of Horace, but it gave a knowledge of affairs which was indispensable to the biographer of the Prince Consort.

Verses and Translations

At the same time, Theodore Martin's humor and versifying power found scope outside his profession and he and Aytoun, in the years that followed his coming to London, published in Tait's Magazine and in Fraser the ballads and parodies afterwards collected under the Rabelaisian name of "Bon Gaultier." Sixteen editions of this admirable book were called for between 1845 and 1902. The two friends soon afterwards worked together upon a transla-tion of Goethe's Poems and Ballads, and published it in 1858. Nine years later, after the friendship had been severed by death, Theodore Martin produced a memoir of Aytoun, which contains many interesting details of their literary collaboration. Meantime, his name had become well known in other directions. He was popular in society, and was a great friend of Thackeray and other leaders of the generation. He had married the cminent actress Miss Helen Faucit, for whom he prepared a translation of Hertz's play, "King Rene's Daughter"; and he had made a mark in the well-worn path that has been trodden by so many translators of Horace. The translations of the "Odes" appeared in 1860; a small biographical and critical volume on the poet followed in 1870, in the series called "Ancient Classics for English Readers"; and in 1882 the two were, in a sense, thrown together, with the addition of a verse translation of the Satires and Epistles, in a complete two-volume edition. But only a year after the first appearance of the "Odes," the translator came into the field with a version of Catullus; and at intervals during later years he produced translations of "Faust," of some of Heine's poems, and of Dante's "Vita Nuova." Among these 'Faust' has passed into about a dozen edi-

In all these works the same literary qualities are apparent; copiousness, grace, and, as a rule, an understanding of the author's meaning. They are exceedingly pleasant to read. They have a "go" and a melody that command our admiration; they are the work of a man whose words run 'naturally into verse, and who can use the English language with readiness and ease. But it would be untrue to call them translations, in the strict sense which the scholarship of Oxford and Cambridge applies to the word, or to seek for the true inwardness of Horace and Catullus in a writer whose style seems to have been formed upon that of Thomas Moore. Conington, a few years later, came as near to Horace as an Englishman is ever likely to come; and he laid down and followed the simple rule-simple, but difficult to follow—that an English metre must be chosen which shall as nearly as may be correspond to a Horatian metre, and that this shall be used uniformly in dealing with the odes to which it applies. Thus Conington employs for all the Sapphic odes one four-lined stanza, for all the Alcaic odes another; and in every case his aim is to keep as close as possible to the phrasing as well as to the thought of the original. This is a method entirely opposed to that of Theodore Martin, who gives us one kind of galloping metre for "Vixi puelis," another for "Natis in usum," and a set of rhymed couplets for "Non semper imbres." This variety pervades the whole translation, so that the last thing in the world that it can do is to recall or suggest Horace. Nor is there that difference between the version of Horace, read as a whole, and the version of Catullus, which the scholar demands. The originals might, for all the English reader knows, have peen one and the same. Still, when all is said, the versions are not to be spoken of slight-They are full of melody and happy turns of phrase, and it may be truly said of them that they read much more like original poems than like translations.

### The Life of the Prince Consort

It was while Theodore Martin was engaged upon the life of Aytoun that Queen ictoria requested him to undertake a work of very different order of importance—the Life the Prince Consort. It is commonly supposed that he had some official position at the ourt which suggested her Majesty's choice; t this is an entire mistake. As he himself says in the dedicatory letter in the first volhe had not been personally acquainted with the Prince Consort; recommended by his friend Sir Arthur Helps, he came to the task from outside, with no other qualifications than those which might belong to any accomplish-

ed man of letters who was at the same time a man of the world. Naturally, this important undertaking completely possessed him for many years, for the work to be done was immense, and the interest of it absorbing. The task was approached in a spirit of natural diffidence, for Theodore Martin well knew what arduous work it would be, and how difficult he would find it to do his duty at once to the Queen, to history, and to the public. He wished, as he said, to prove himself "at once warmly sympathetic and austerely just." The task, as he again and again admitted, was greatly lightened for him by the confidence and kindness shown towards him by her Majesty, by whom "nothing, however confidential, was withheld which might reflect a light upon the Prince's character or enable the biographer to present him in his true colors before the world." It is not necessary here to discuss over again the manner in which Theodore Martin performed the great labor of his life, or to write a new criticism of those five invaluable volumes. Enough to say that in them he produced a book which must ever remain a standard authority for the political history of the first half of the Queen's reign, and which, by the picture it gave of the real occupations of the court, did as much to strengthen the Monarchy as it did to raise the reputa-

tion of the Prince. The story of Theodore Martin's relations with the Oueen and court is told at length in a little volume entitled "Oueen Victoria as I Knew her," which he printed for private circulation at the end of 1901, and issued to the public seven years later. In this he collected a number of the letters written to him by the Oueen from the time of his first undertaking the Life of the Prince Consort down to the very end of her reign. These letters afford fresh evidence of the Queen's kindliness of heart and simplicity of character, and of the real comfort which she derived from friendly intercourse with a few persons who had no official connection with the court, and who were not in the literal sense of the word her servants. Of these persons Sir Theodore Martin and his distinguished wife were among the most noteworthy. Although, indeed, there seems an odd contradiction between the formal third person method in which the letters were written and the intimacy of their contents, this, we suppose, is only the manner of courts, which appears quite natural to those who live among them. In one of the letters (June, 1869), Her Majesty's words bring out in an almost painful way the isolation of the Oueen's position, while at the same time they are a tribute to Sir Theodore Martin's honesty and tact. Her Majesty

The Queen has received Mr. Martin's most kind letter of the 3rd. . . She realy is at a loss to say how much she feels his constant and invariable kindness to her, and how deeply grateful she is for it. In the Queen's position, though it might sound strange, she has so many to serve her, she feels the assistance rendered her by others in private matters, in which her official servants, from one cause or another, seem to feel little interest, and to be very helpless, is of immense value; and she considers it most fortunate, to say the least, to have found so kind a friend as Mr. Martin. The Oueen likewise feels that in him she has found an impartial friend, who can tell her many important things which her own unbiassed servants

cannot hear or tell her.' This is the burden of many of the letters, while now and then, we have a really valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Queen's own life and character. For example, on the publication of the "Leaves from a Journal," at the beginning of 1868, the Queen felt almost the proverbial pleasure of the young author in reading the reviews of her first book, while

at the same time she demurred to some of the remarks simultaneously made by the Press as to the long continuance of her retirement. The following words from a letter to Mr. Martin (as he then was) on January 19, 1868, give a painfuly interesting exposition of the Queen's feeling, even so long after her bereavement, as to the difficult and arduous nature of her public duties :-

"Two things there are in some of the reviews which the Queen wishes Mr. Martin could find means to get rectified and explained: (1) That the Queen wrote 'The Early Years.' Pray have that contradicted. That it is the Queen's sorrow that keeps her secluded to a certain extent. Now, it is her overwhelming work and her health, which is greatly shaken by her sorrow, and the totally overwhelming amount of work and responsibility-work which she feels really wears her out. Alice Helps was wonder-struck at the Queen's room; and if Mrs. Martin ....!! 'andat it, she can tell Mr. Martin what surrounds

her. From the hour she gets out of bed till she gets into it again there is work, work, work -letter-boxes, questions, etc., which are dreadfully exhausting-and if she had not comparative rest and quiet in the evening, she would most likely not be alive. Could the truth not be openly put before the people? So much has been told them, they should know this very important fact, for some day she may quite break down.'

Married Life and Last Years.

Sir Theodore Martin's marriage and married life deserve more than a passing word; for of his celebrated wife it may truly be said, in the sentence from Lady Ritchie which is quoted on her tomb, if 'the charm of her goodness was for her home and for her friends that loved. her,' yet 'her gracious gift of genius belonged and had already had a brilliant career of 16 ler dans le monde."

years upon the stage that Helen Faucit married Theodore Martin, in the old church at Brighton. They spent their honeymoon in Italy, and after no long time she returned to the stage, as they had all along agreed that she should do. Till well into middle life this fine actress and admirable woman, who had been encouraged as a child by Edmund Keen and had long acted "leading lady" to Macready, held the first place among English actresses of serious plays. She made her debut as Julia, in "The Hunchback; she moved great houses by her rendering of the stilted part of Mrs. Haller—the great part, as we remember, of Pendennis's Miss Fotheringay, and later she 'created" Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons." But it was as Juliet, as Imogen, and as Hermione that she achieved her greatest triumphs; and those were the parts she really loved. But all through her 46 years of married life she was much more than an actress. She was her husband's best friend and counsellor, the joy of his home, and the friend of his friends. She helped him in his literary work, for, as he himself points out, it was not for nothing that she had studied the great masters of English style. Perhaps it was partly from the knowledge that Lady Martin had been so sound and helpful a critic while the "Life of the Prince Consort" was in progress that Queen Victoria first extended towards her that friendship and affectionate regard which never failed for over 30 years. Some time after Lady Martin's death her husband was betrayed into the one error of taste-a very natural one in the circumstances-that has been recorded against him. He wished to place her monument near Shakespeare's, in Stratford on-Avon Church. There vas an outcry on the part of the more vociferous of those who felt the immeasurable distance between the master and even the best of his interpreters; and the monument, with Foley's fine relief, was set up in Llantysilio church, near Lady Martin's home. But Sir Theodore, at the same time, gave a marble pulpit to Stratford, and a sermon was preached from it in Helen Faucet's honor, by the churchman who of all in our time, has best appreciated the drama and the stage, the late

anon Ainger. On the appearance of the last volume of the Prince Consort's life, in 1880, Theodore Martin was made a K.C.B., and in 1896, on his eightieth birthday, the Oueen sent him the insignia of a Knight Commander of her newly-founded Victorian Order: In 1881 he was chosen Lord Rector of St. Andrews' University, and about the same time the family of Lord Lyndhurst asked him to undertake the biography of that most combative of lawyer-statesmen, and the book was published in 1883. The acrimonious discussion to which some portions of it gave rise are not yet forgotten. A volume of fresh translations from German poets followed in 1880, and this was succeeded by other books, such as the memoir of his wife (1900), and the sixteenth edition of "Bon Gaultier," with an interesting preface.

The Martins were very constant and unchanging, at least during the last half of their lives, in the matter of dwelling-places. In 1861 they visited the Vale of Llangollen, fell in love with the house called Bryntysilio, and four years after bought it. Here they lived a good deal of every year; here the Prince Consort's Life was mostly written; and here on August 26, 1889, Queen Victoria paid them a visit. Here, too, on September 15, 1906, Sir Theodore celebrated his ninetieth birthday, with some ceremony and much cordiality on the part of neighbors and friends. It is sad to record that his latest relations with his London home were not so pleasant. It was on the east side of Onslow square, and the once quiet thoroughfare that runs before it, has lately been invaded by the motor-omnibus. readers will remember the moving letters from Sir Theodore which we published three years ago. He was not content with merely writing to protest, he worked hard, as an old lawyer can, to find some way of bringing those cacophonous monstrosities under the control of the law; and if that control is ever effectively granted, much of the initiative will have been that of Sir Theodore Martin, at a time when

Generally speaking, the death of a nonagenarian is the occasion for reminiscences of a distant past, and little more. It is otherwise in the case of Sir Theodore Martin. Till a very short time ago, he remained strong in body and mind. It was no uncommon thing to meet him out at dinner, where he took his full share of the conversation, and discoursed with ready familiarity of the politics, the literature, the art and the drama of the day. He was often seen at the Athenaeum Club, and he used to mount he staircase with an alacrity that put many vounger men to shame. He had long outlived almost all of his contemporaries and the friends not only of his early life, but of his middle and later years-such as the late Sir Frederick Burton, at one time director of the National Gallery, who had lived on terms of the closest friendship with the Martins, and whose portraits of Lady Martin were among her husband's most treasured possessions. Of these friends he would always talk with a charming freedom, but he never lived wholly in the past he kept his faculties alive by facing the present and enjoying it.

his ninetieth birthday was at hand.

Madame de Navarro.

Among the guests entertained by Miss Marie Corelli at the formal opening of Harvard House, at Stratford-on-Avon, was Madame de Navarro, who, but a few years back, was fascinating England and America alike by her beauty and talents, as Miss Mary Anderson "our Mary," as she was affectionately called by her compatriots. Madame de Navarro is one of the very few women to turn her back on the world when on the pinnacle of success, for the sweets of domestic life, finding, as she herself admits in her memoirs, in the expresto the world.' It was in 1851, when she was 34 sive French phrase, "il coute trop que de bril-

# The Way to See Elephants

The way to see elephants is to choose some grey hour, either when the day is closing in or when clouds and rain serve the double purpose of making almost a cathedral light withthe elephant house and of keeping other visitors away. Sit, then, on one of the benches which are set back against the wall, and if you choose your seat rightly you will have four elephants before you in plain view at once. Not a sound comes from them, but they are hardly ever still. Occasionally one may for a while become immobile as if sleepbut is is only for a minute or two; for the rest, all are constantly on the move, rocking, swaying, shifting uneasily from foot to foot, switching their tails, twitching their great fan-like ears, their trunks swinging almost ceaselessly. Look at them now through half-closed eyes, and in the silence and the dim light, as the huge bulks heave and oscillate it needs no great stretch of the imagination to see that the thick upright poles which make the cage bars are really tree trunks and the shade is the shade of forest branches overhead. Out there amid the crowds by the great lawn and the bandstand, the elephant is, for all the majesty of its "voluptuous gait," no more than a plaything, a sort of animated vehicle; but these in here, undistracted by the presence of the public, have forgotten that they are captives, and they rest as unconcernedly as in some deep covert among the Indian hills, wild things again leading

their quiet lives Among their old contemporary trees. It is an experience worth trying. You begin to feel that, with Mulvaney, you are "by way of bein' acquaint wid an elephint mesilf", and, indeed, you might go elephant hunting for many years without getting so good a view of four of the great "serpent-handed ones" at their ease together. Such scenes as those of which Captain (afterwards Sir) Cornwallis Harris tells in his "Wild Sports of Southern Africa," where on one occasion "the whole face of the landscape was literally covered with elephants," are not for every sportsman nowadays. The African elephant, it is true, is more often seen in the open and in numbers than its Asiatic relative; for the latter is no lover of the sunlight, but prefers the shadows of the forest thickets, where its great body is often so hard to see that Colonel MacMaster tells how once he waited for some time "within a few feet, not yards" (so it is written) of a huge tusker, "unable to see anything more than an indistinct dusky outline of the form, until at last the elephant took alarm and, bolting, made good its escape. General Hamilton records how, when a party of hunters were creeping in Indian file upon a herd which they knew was close at hand, a cow elephant, hitherto unseen, thrust out her trunk and blew at the chest of the leading man so suddenly that he fell back into the arms of the man behind him. The African elephant in many districts haunts not the forests but open expanses of thick scrub or grass, no higher than itself, so that its back remains exposed to all the heat of the tropical sun; but even then, so dense sometimes is the scrub or grass that, writing of East Equatorial Africa, Mr.

Neumann (quoted by Mr. Lydekker) says:-"In such places you may hear and even smell the elephants; but unless you approach within a few yards you are not likely to see them. And even when, by perseverance and caution, you have arrived almost within arm's reach, perchance only a foot, a forehead or a

waving ear may be visible. Even when not screened by any cover, in spite of its size, and, indeed, often largely by reason of it, the elephant may be extremely difficult to see under the shadow of trees, the eye failing to take in the whole contour of the animal or to recognize it for what it is. Happily, however, if the elephant is hard to see, it is, though possessed of the finest sense smell perhaps of any animal, itself shortsighted. Were it not so, elephant hunting on foot would, as Mr. Neumann says, be "almost equivalent to suicide."

The elephant's legs are different from those any other animal, straight and columnar, excellently adapted to support its weight; and their shape, coupled with the fact that elephants so seldom lie down, was doubtless responsible for the old belief that they could not bend their limbs. So Shakespeare:-

"The elephant hath joints, but not for courtesy; Its legs are for necessity not flexure."

It is still doubted whether they ever lie down in a wild state. Gordon Cumming thought that he found evidence, in marks upon the ground, that the adult bulls did stretch themselves out full length for a few hours' rest about midnight, but the young and the cows, he believed, remained always on their feet. Mr. Selous doubts whether even the old bulls lie down, and he has known a herd to keep moving and feeding throughout the twenty-four hours. "Except when rolling in mud and water," he thinks it likely that an African elephant "never lies down during its whole life." All authorities seem to agree that elephants "sleep less and more lightly" than any other animal, and Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling estimates the period of slumber taken standing up to average about four hours in the twenty-four. But the life of an elephant is placid, and it is free from the worries of a conscience; so that, though sleeping so little and in spite of the continuous strain of supporting its huge bulk (the still lamented Jumbo weighed 6½ tons), it lives to an age almost great enough to justify the poet's fancy "contemporary trees." Aristotle said that elephants lived for 200 years, and he may not have exaggerated, for there seems to be 'an authentic record of one living to be 130.

At less than a quarter of that age the fine Indian elephant presented to the Society by his majesty when Prince of Wales is—since the death of Guy Fawkes, the old hippopotamus-the father, or more correctly the mother, of the gardens. She is probably now about forty, having been brought back by his royal highness from his Indian tour in 1876, and, as indeed she ought to be, still in the prime of life, for an elephant is not considered to reach its best till somewhere between the ages of 30 and 35. The mantle of doyen of the zoo is one which falls on strange shoulders, for before Guy Fawkes it was worn (not over gracefully, one is tempted to believe) by a thinoceros, whose predecessors had been in turn a parrot and a pelican. It may be that there are other creatures in the gardens older than Gaj Bahadu, for many things, such as tortoises and snakes, ravens and eagles may well live to be over forty; but no other inmate of the gardens has been there for 33 years. And it seems one of the saddest things in connection with the zoo that this noble animal, the king's elephant, cannot be allowed at large. Once, many years ago, when she was out walking, an employee attached to the commissariat department of the gardens slapped her in passing. For some reason she resented it and, picking him up in her trunk, she swung him once-only a few feet-and then dropped him. The man seems to have been more frightened than hurt; but the order had to be given, and since then, year in and year out, she has stayed rocking behind her bars. It was necessary, but it seems hard; for from that moment, as she had always been before, she has shown herself the most docile of creatures, with a repertoire of tricks which, under proper guidance, she is never reluctant to show off; and when she makes salaam, bringing her trunk up, with a rasping phr-r-rut, till touches her forehead between the eyes, it is done in so lordly a fashion that he must be a graceless mortal who does not, remembering that she is a lady, at least take off his hat in return. But nearly all the elephants have some way of their own of cultivating the friendships which may result in buns or bits of biscuit.

Second in size of the Indian elephants is that presented in 1903 by the Maharajah of Benares, and it is one of the two which now carry children. She "speaks" when nicely asked and gives evidence of that reasoning power which makes the elephant so splendidly useful a servant of man in having learned when a piece of biscuit or other dainty falls to the floor where neither you nor she can reach it, to blow it out to you, as she cannot get it to herself, that you may pick it up and give it her again-a small thing, but one step further than most animals commonly carry their thinking. The government of India has officially pronounced the elephant a "stupid animal"; but it is worth remembering that in Hindu mythology it is Ganesha, the shrewd witted god of worldliness, the patron of successful business undertakings, who wears the elephant's head and brain.

Of the five elephants now in the gardens only one is African (and it is the only male), which, like the others, has his tricks, for he waltzes absurdly to command, although no one who has known elephants well, or has sympathy with them, can be especially glad to see him do it. There remain two young ladies at the other end of the row, one a plump maiden of five, which the present Prince of Wales also brought back from his more recent Indian tour (this being the other of the two which now carry children), and, last, a mere slip of a girl of three, presented by Sir John Hewett, now looking round and hearty, though for some time after her arrival she fetted herself "to skin and bone." But even so, when reduced to skin and bone, there is a good deal of an elephant left, though she be but three years old.

It is perhaps curious that neither in the Old nor in the New Testament is the elephant directly mentioned in the canonical books of the Scriptures, though references to ivory are frequent enough from the time of Solomon onwards. In the Apocrypha, however, the eleohant figures conspicuously. In the first book of Maccabees we have details of the army of Antiochus Eupator, which included "two and thirty elephants exercised in battle":-

"Moreover they divided the beasts among the armies, and for every elephant they appointed a thousand men, armed with coats of mail and with helmets of brass on their heads; and, besides this, for every beast were ordained five hundred horsemen of the best.

"And upon the beasts were there strong towers of wood, which covered every one of them, and were girt fast to them with devices; there were also upon every one two and thirty strong men that fought upon them, beside the

Indian that ruled him." Thirty-two men on one elephant is doubtless an exaggeration, but the reference to the mahout, "the Indian that ruled him," is cu-Later in the same book we learn how Eleazor, the son of Mattathias, earned the surname of Saravan, for that he "crept under an elephant and thrust him under and slew him." The elephant, then, was primarily a great engine of war, and in Oriental legend it is always the symbol of power and prowess in battle. But it has not always been a comrade in arms to be trusted. It was not only at the siege of Arcot, when the British bullets threw the elephants into panic and drove them back to spread havoc in their own ranks, that the "castle-bearing elephant" has been more dangerous to his friends than to his enemies. Alexander, we are told, in invading India, found himself opposed by "ol (Continued on Page 11)