

by S. M. Mohamed) show the various aspects of the sword and the otter board.



FIG. 1

The weapon *in situ*



FIG. 2

The damage caused to the timber

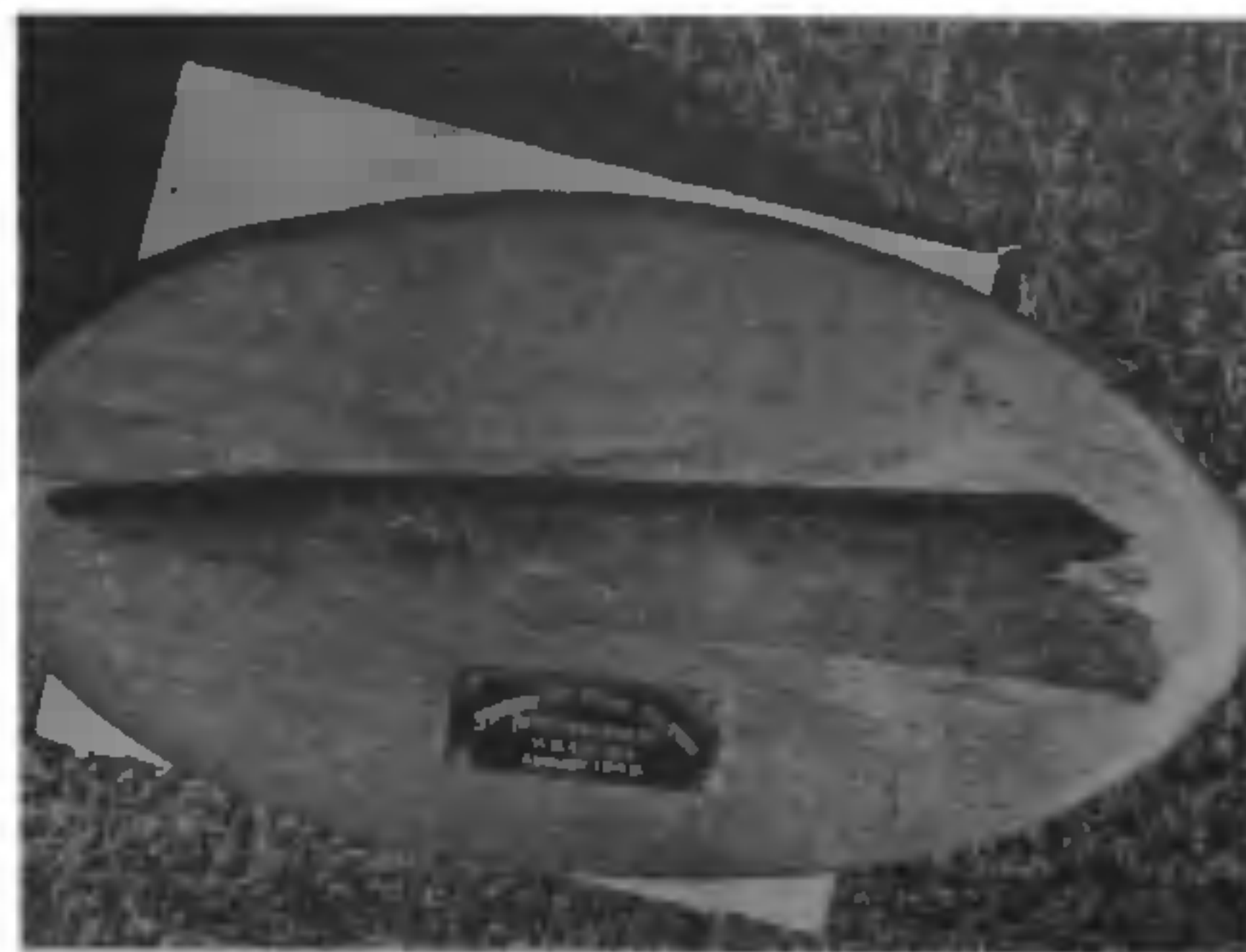


FIG. 3

The detached sword (16.1 inches) mounted on board and now placed in Head-quarters of the Ceylon Naval Volunteer Force, Colombo

The attack took place when both the fish and the vessel were moving in the same direction. There was no shoal of fish following this vessel.

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Department of Fisheries,
Ceylon Naval Volunteer Force,
Colombo,
December 16, 1940.

¹ *Memoir of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal*, 1940, 2, 215.

OUR EARTH LORE

Twice two milliard years before
Was born our Earth of fiery core;
Her infant days she suffered in vain
From burning bowels and colic pain.

For countless eons she wept in woes
And groaned, uncared, in anguished throes;
In time, hardened to chronic case
Endured she, certes, with stony face.

Her fevered core when turned to cool
Her sweat gathered in liquid pool;
In denting thus the face of Earth
These pools attained the ocean girth.

The elements fought with craggy flanks,
The rolling waves—their rocky banks;
They pounded both with powerful hands
And ground the rocks to myriad sands.

The shattered sands were whipped by waves—
In beetling cliffs, to cut dark caves;
To rush frenzied with ruthless mind,
Like maddened fiends, to mow their kind.

The hurling brooks hewed hilly-heads
And swept the clipt to ocean's ledge;
Their loads they laid in sorted beds,
Which rose later as mountain wedge.

Remained the Earth in single state
For a thousand million years, un-mate;
The smallest lives in jellied cells
Then came to crowd her ocean wells.

The land and lakes and floating cells
Were all which hailed that infant Earth;
No bouncing beasts, no flowering dells—
To rouse her face to smiles of mirth.

The weathering rage when waned a while,
The Crust cooled down to breathe a bit;
Rose then the lives in rank and file
To crowd Earth's seas then rendered fit.

Those diverse creatures, few backboneed,
Did reign supreme in lake and land;
The fish and coral and three lobed crab
Out-filled those seas of old world drab.

Arose on wane of first flush life,
Which stretched in years to crores fifty,
The flowerless plants, in species rife,
And pristine, Saurian souls plenty.

Those flowerless ferns and equisetales,
Buried unwept in watery wealds,—
For ages hid in Pluto's vales,
Saw light of day as rock coal fields.

The land did groan with reptiles' reign
Through Jura's, Trias, and Chalk-age day;
Those monstrous beasts with meagre brain
Did roam and fight in spined array.

These bulky beasts of mid-life band,
Like mounts alive and dancing jig,
Hopped uncouth that dismal land
Unknown of man or small or big.

Some loathsome monsters reached such length
Their craning necks brushed moon from earth—
The tallest man beside that gang
Would look like Gulliver in Brobdingnag.

Their hideous howls were heard afar,
Their clashing dins awoke the dead,
As they bit and cut and rent in war
To pick the carrion which each one bled.

With Saurian sway the world did groan
For a hundred million years on end;
Our Earth then shook with ireful frown
And hurled the giants to direful end.

The Earth set out to heave a change
Of land and sea of mid-life age;
To raise creatures of varied range
To lead to those of Recent age.

Then Gondwan land convulsed in grief,
In molten tears its face did sear;
The Central sea did break, in brief,
Its bed to lift in mountain tier.

Those lifted mounts looked down on Ind
Of sylvan glades and monsoon wind;
The hairy mammoth and ungulate roan
Roamed these vales of sea-lift zone.

Arose varied the suckling brands
And fragrant trees of flowering kinds—
To fill the world in several lands
And wait advent of ruling minds.

Our Earth bethought of tailless one
To rule her world with erect mien,
She tried some apes and ape-like men
Of Piltdown, Peking, and Rhodesian brain.

Evolved at last the present man
With filtered blood from varied spine,
To live his life of ephemeral span—
A speck of dust in endless line.

The developed man of present race
May die away in coming days;
Lives come and go on Earth's surface
Like flecks of foam on ocean waves.

Whither, oh! whither does all this legend lead?
Does Earth evolve in heavenly ways
And fill her world with angel race,
Or shatters she like Rupert's drops
And end with grumbling, grabbing, human

crops?

R. R. B.