

Good News

First like an eerie whispering
Upon the forest breeze;
And then like a mighty hurricane
That snaps the stoutest trees.

It rose and fell, 'midst furious snorts
And thundrous, plunging boom:
A sibilant shriek, like Satan's fiends
Let loose at the Day of Doom.

"Thank God! the sun is up, my lads,"
Came from the captain's lips;
And every man braced himself to meet
The dread apocalypse.

All in a trice a monster rose
A cable's length away;
It hissed as it spouted a copious stream
That drenched them all with spray

A billow carried away the jibs.
Oh! how the ship did quake;
For never before, on sea or land,
Was seen so huge a snake

What kraken from the nether deep
Or dragon from its den,
Was ever so hideous as the sight
That sore appalled them then?

Full twenty feet its viperous head
And neck of scaly mail
Protruded above a trunk which had
A barbed ten fathom tail.

Its gleaming, phosphorescent eyes;
Its black, ferocious maw;
Its horrid appearance, monstrous size,
Smote one and all with awe.

Ridged was its back of mottled brown,
Sleek saffron underneath;
And it writhed through the water to the ship,
Showing its saw-like teeth.

On on it came! A crested wave
Rose high before its breast;
Its wake with a viscid slime was left behind
And spread due East and West

While every eye in the alarm
Was fixed upon the scene,
A terrible cry caused each to turn
The man of frenzied mien