

"Twas such a night as this: There was not a  
breath of air to ruffle the smooth surface of the calm  
Adriatic: no light was heard save the distant tinkling  
of the solitary sheep bell, & the low bawling of the  
honest watchdog. He stood beside a tomb - a  
deep high rent his bosom, & even & anon as he  
cast his tearful, languid eye to the pale, chaste  
moon, ~~and~~ ~~heaven~~ he exclaimed: Oh look!  
what a night for catching coons!