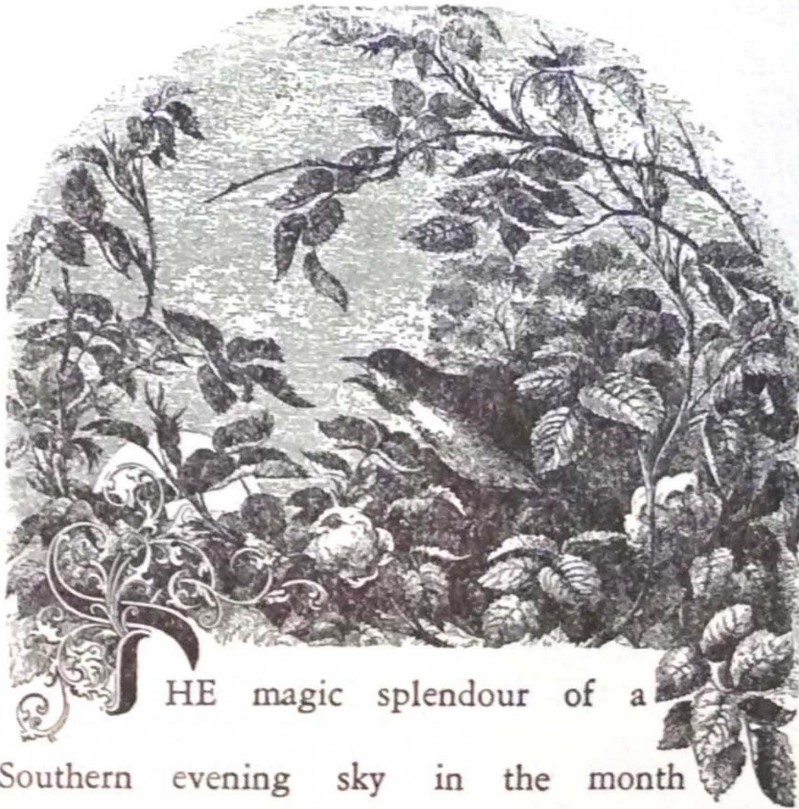




THE magic splendour of a Southern evening sky in the month of May hung over * * * * and its charming neighbourhood. The landscape smiled, lighted alternately by the kisses of the most luxuriant spring and those of the mildest evening. . . .

Joesph Cornell, *Maria*, 1954
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