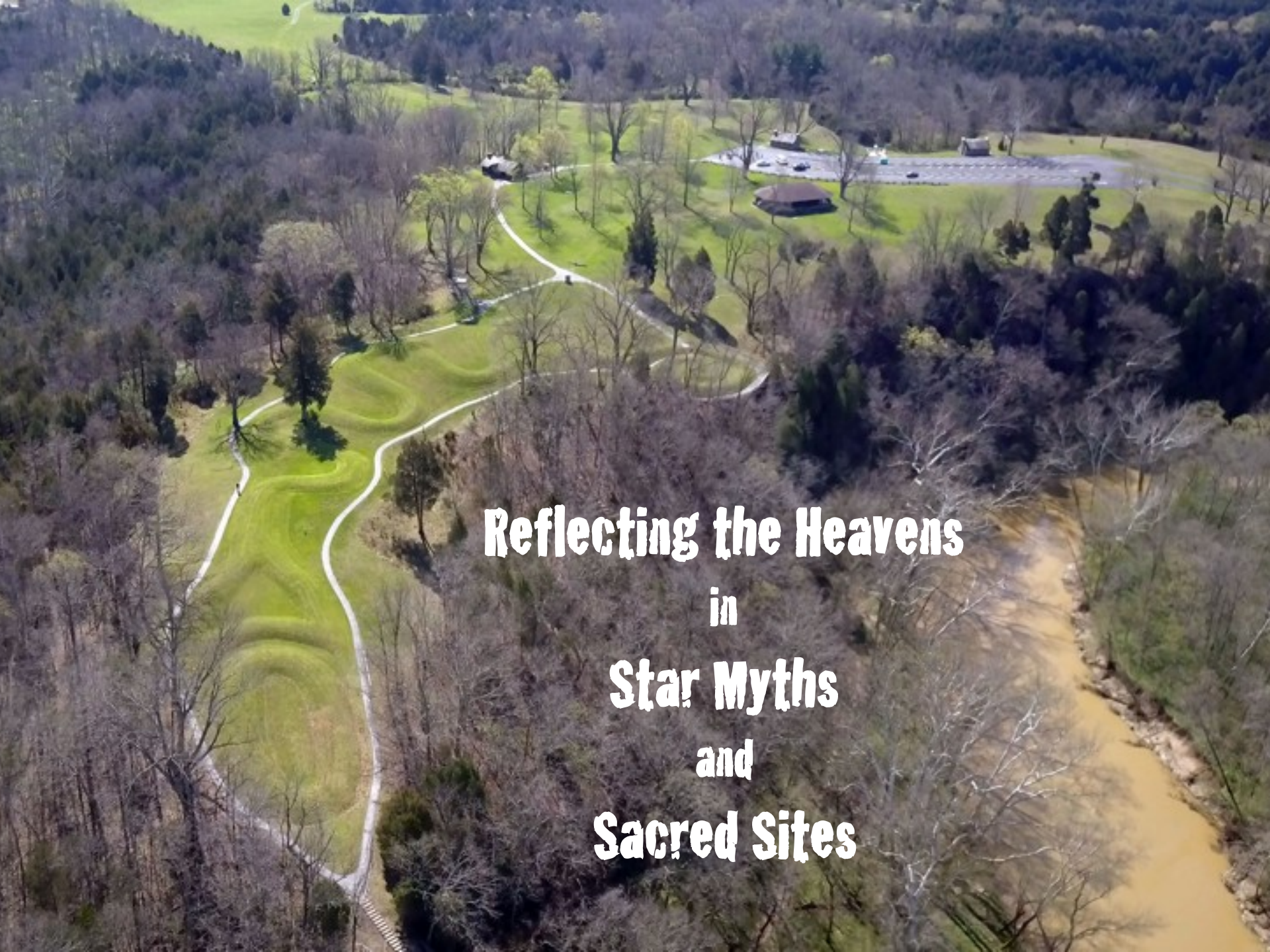
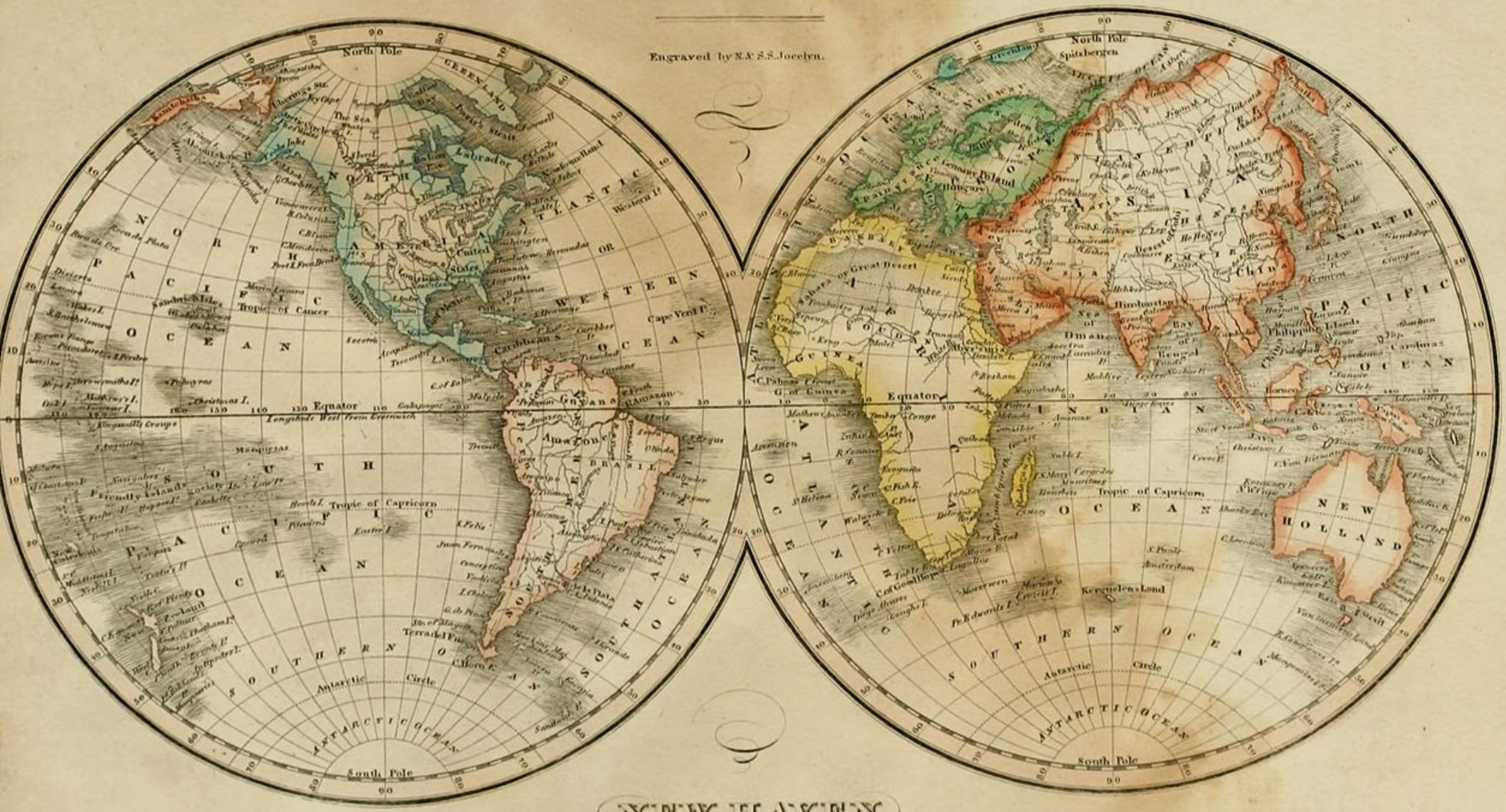

Reflecting the Heavens
in
Star Myths
and
Sacred Sites

THE WORLD.

Engraved by N. & S. S. Jocelyn.



NEW HAVEN,

Published by S. J. & S. S. Jocelyn.

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DAYS LONGER THAN NIGHTS:
Heaven, Promised Land, Greece, etc.

NIGHTS LONGER THAN DAYS:
Hell, Egypt, Troy, etc.

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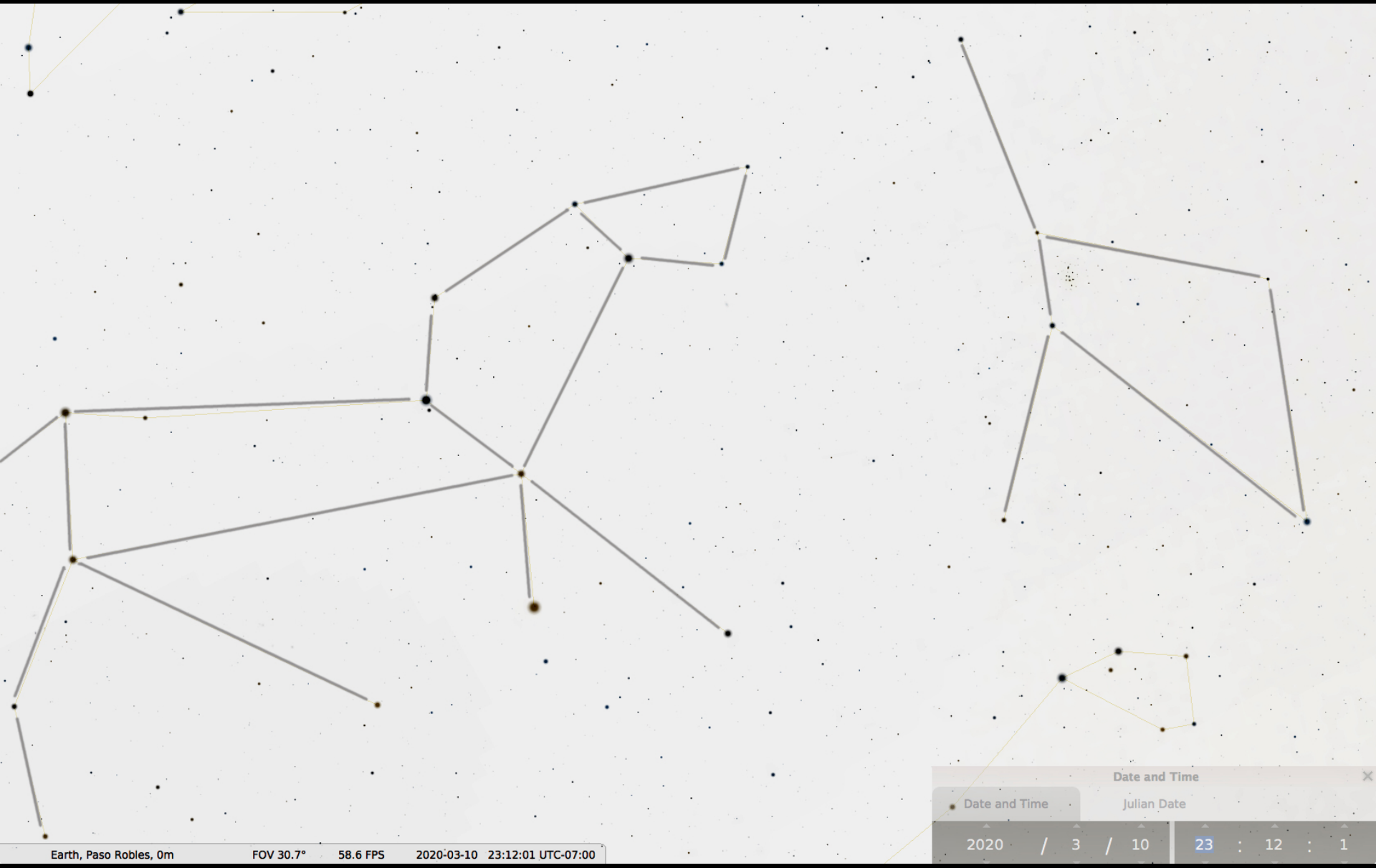
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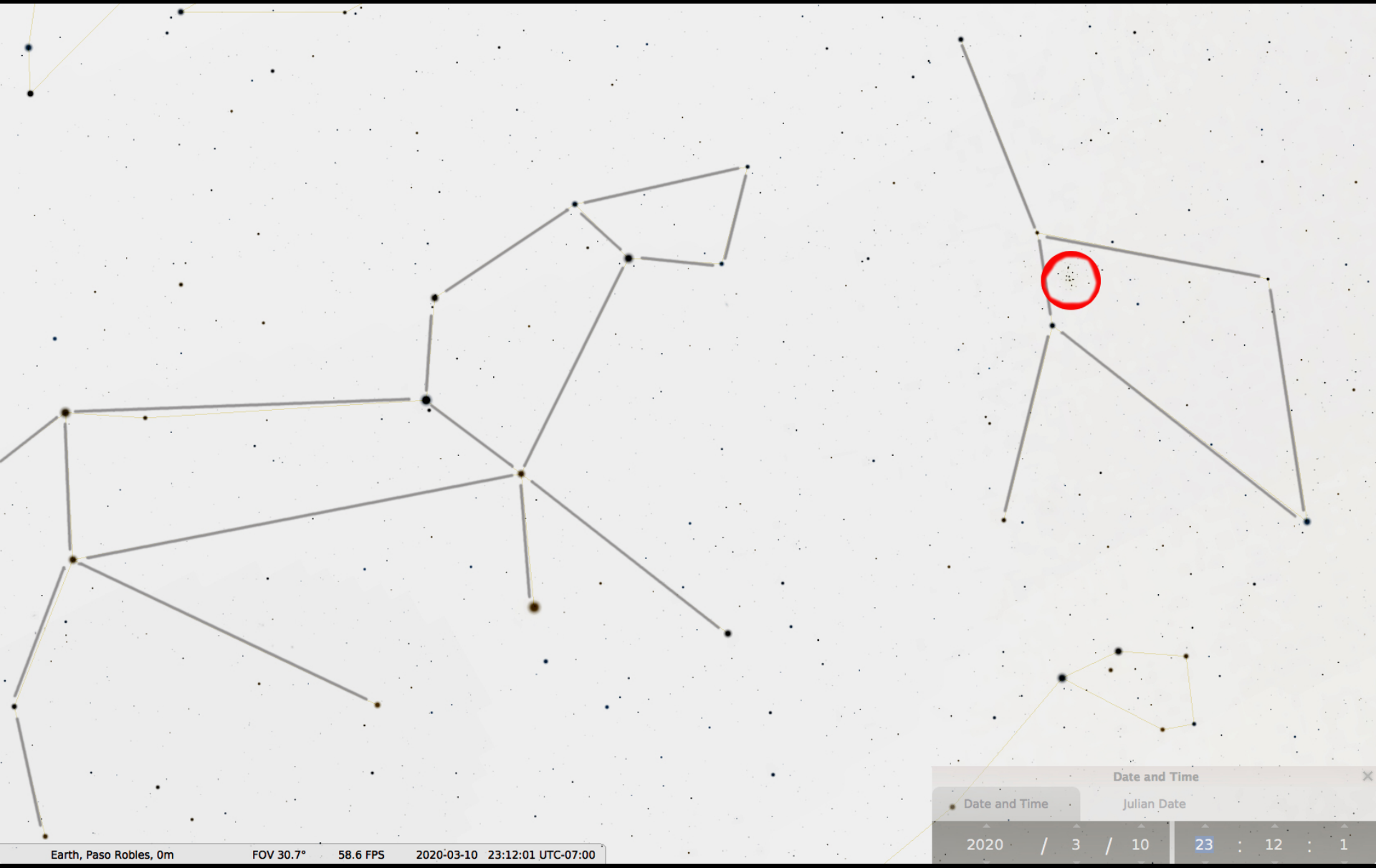
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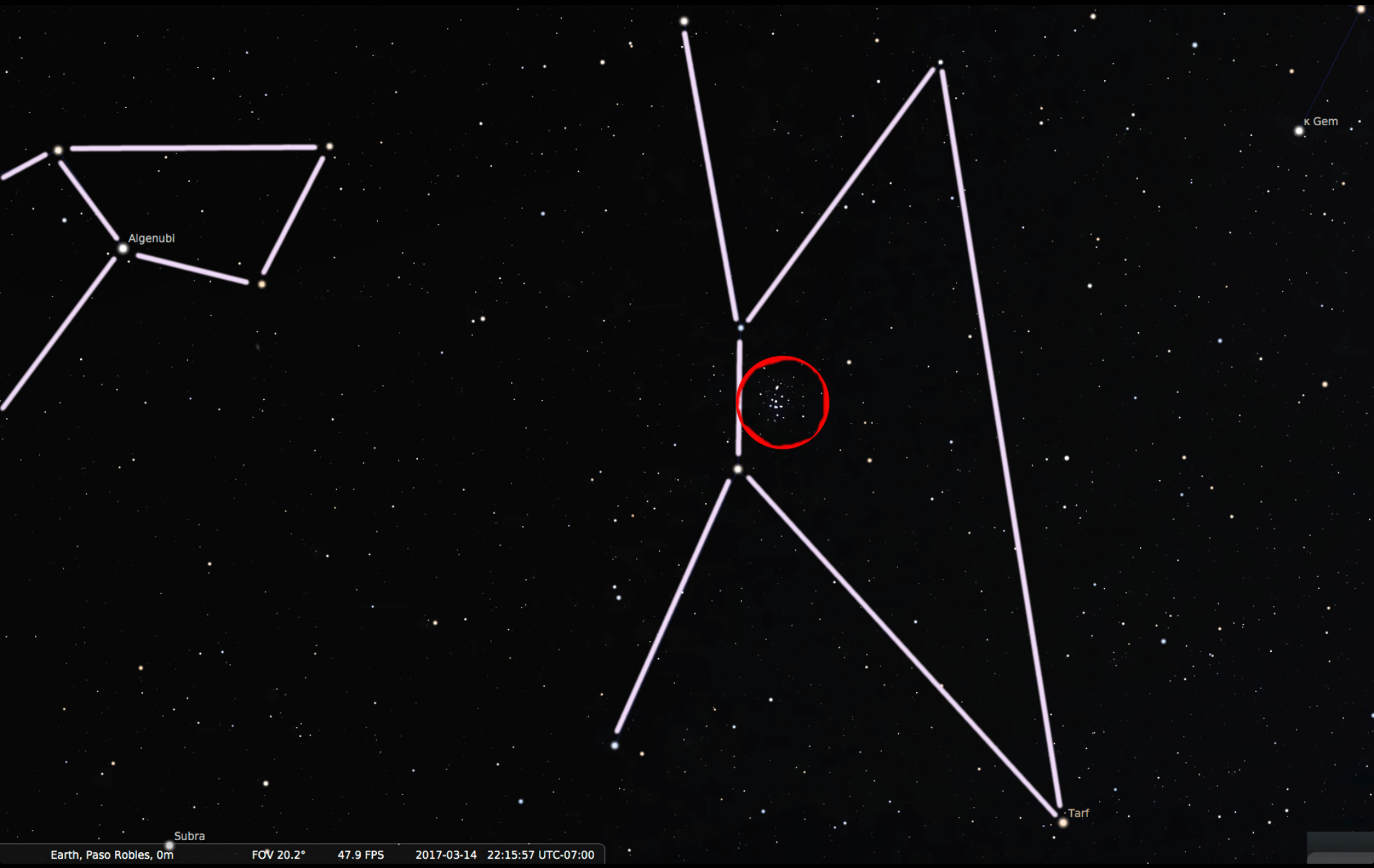
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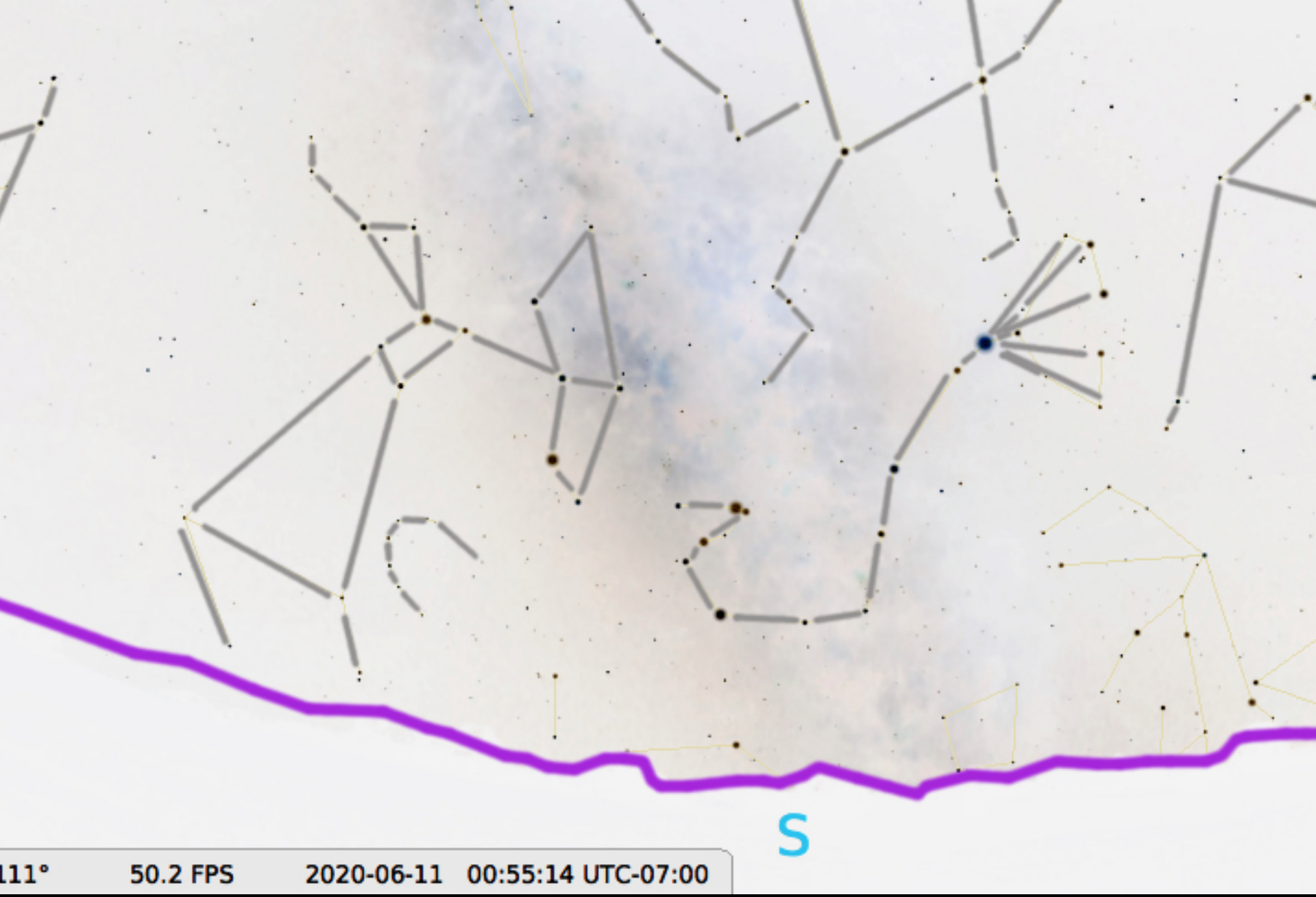
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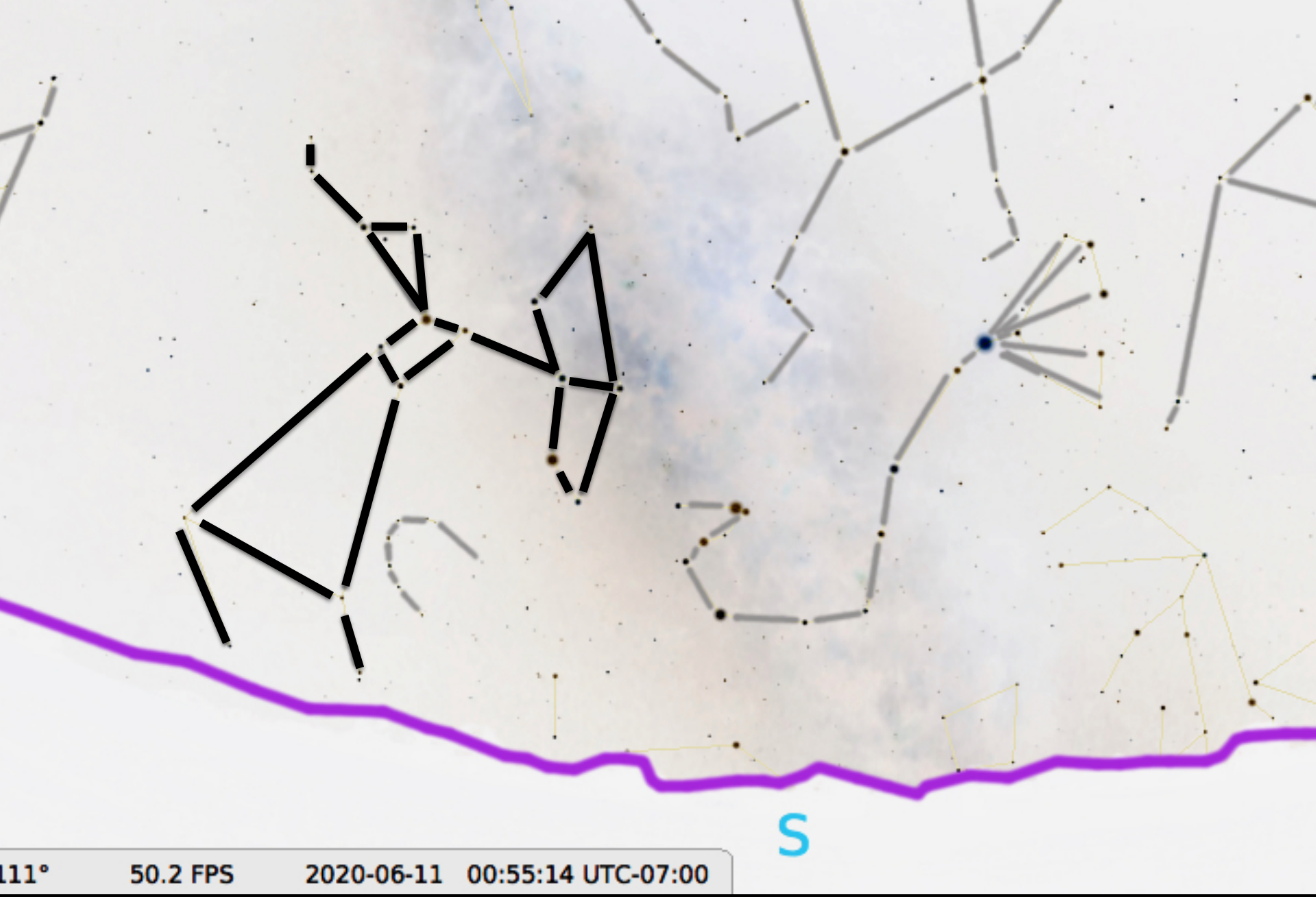
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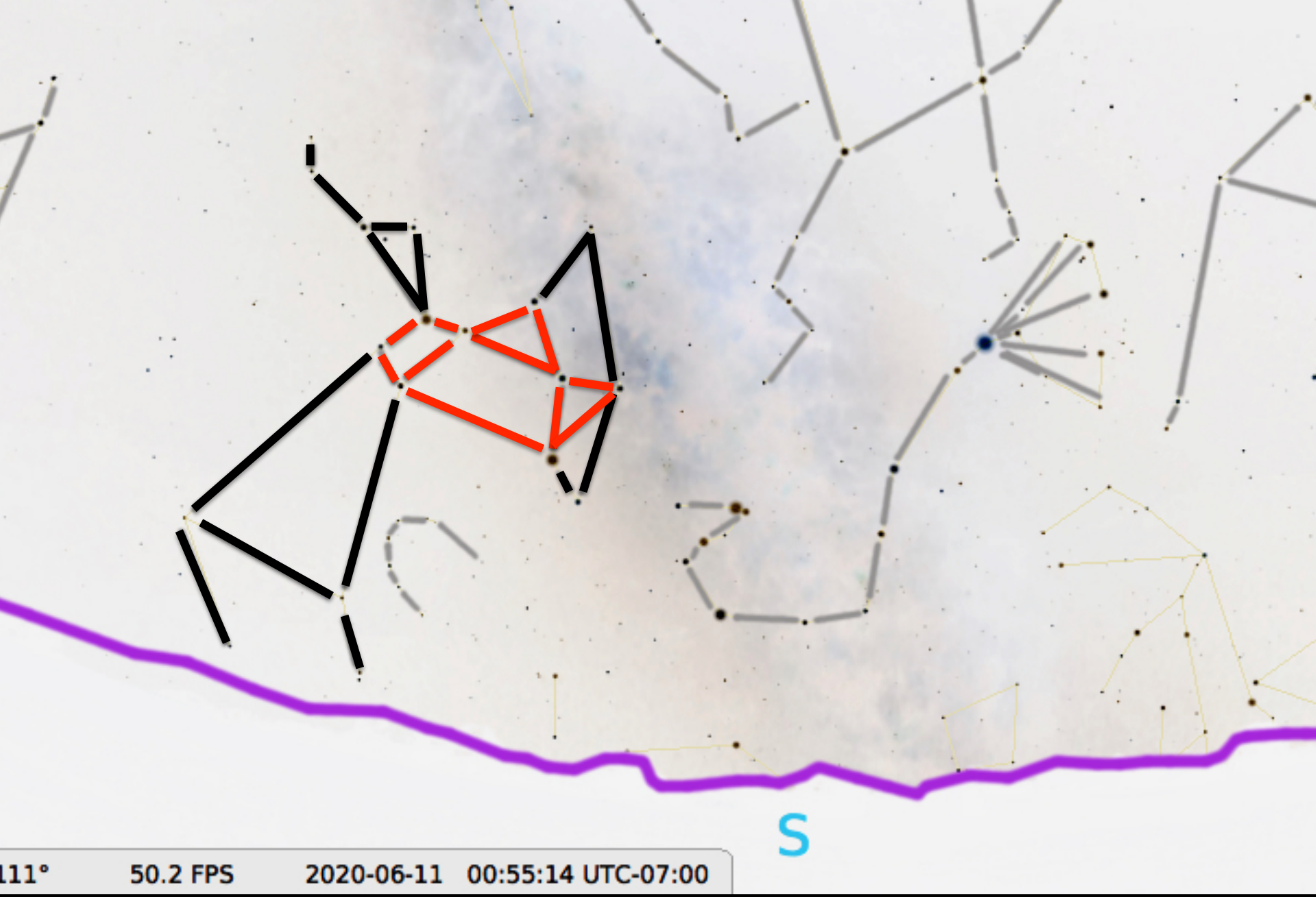
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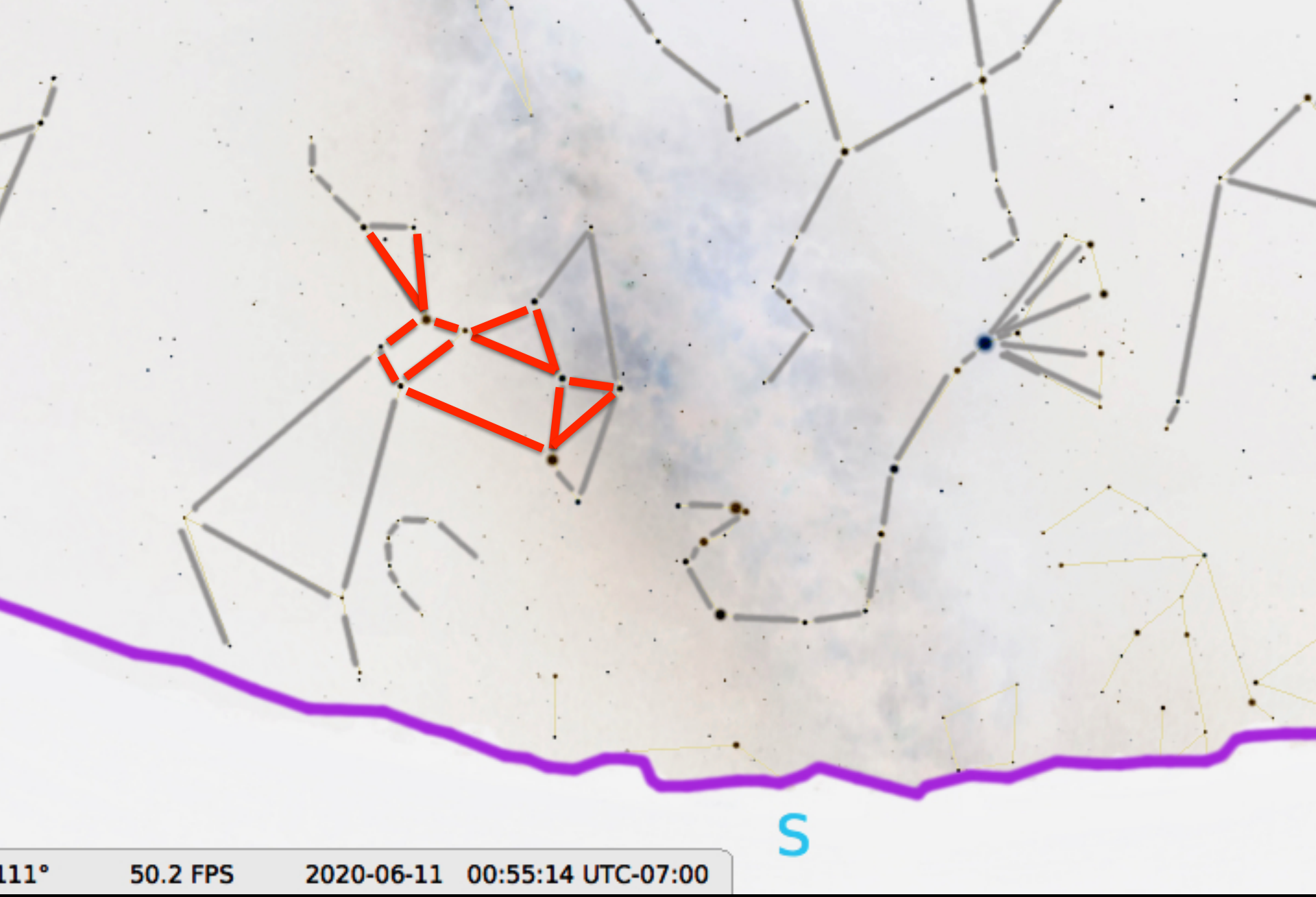
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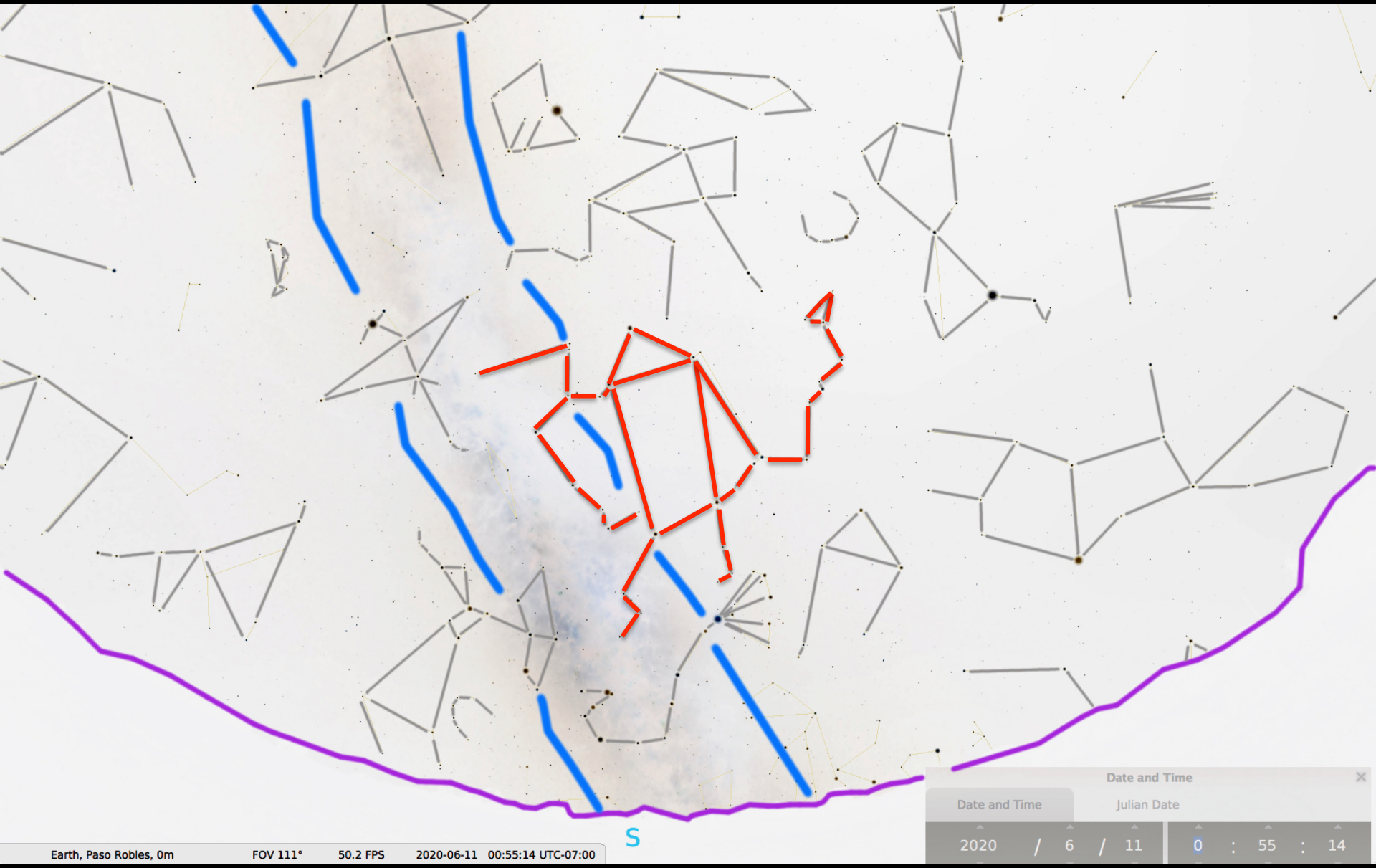
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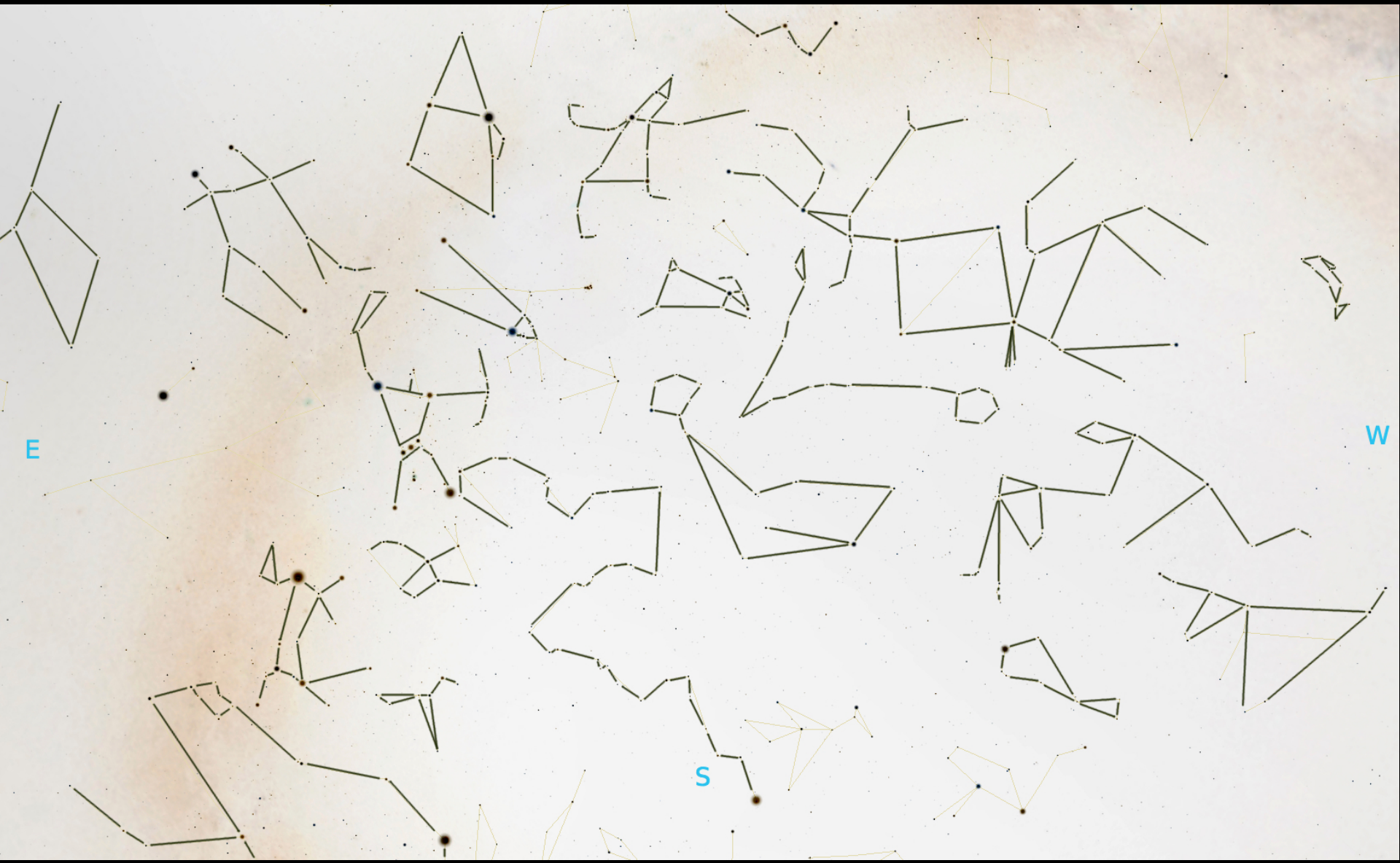
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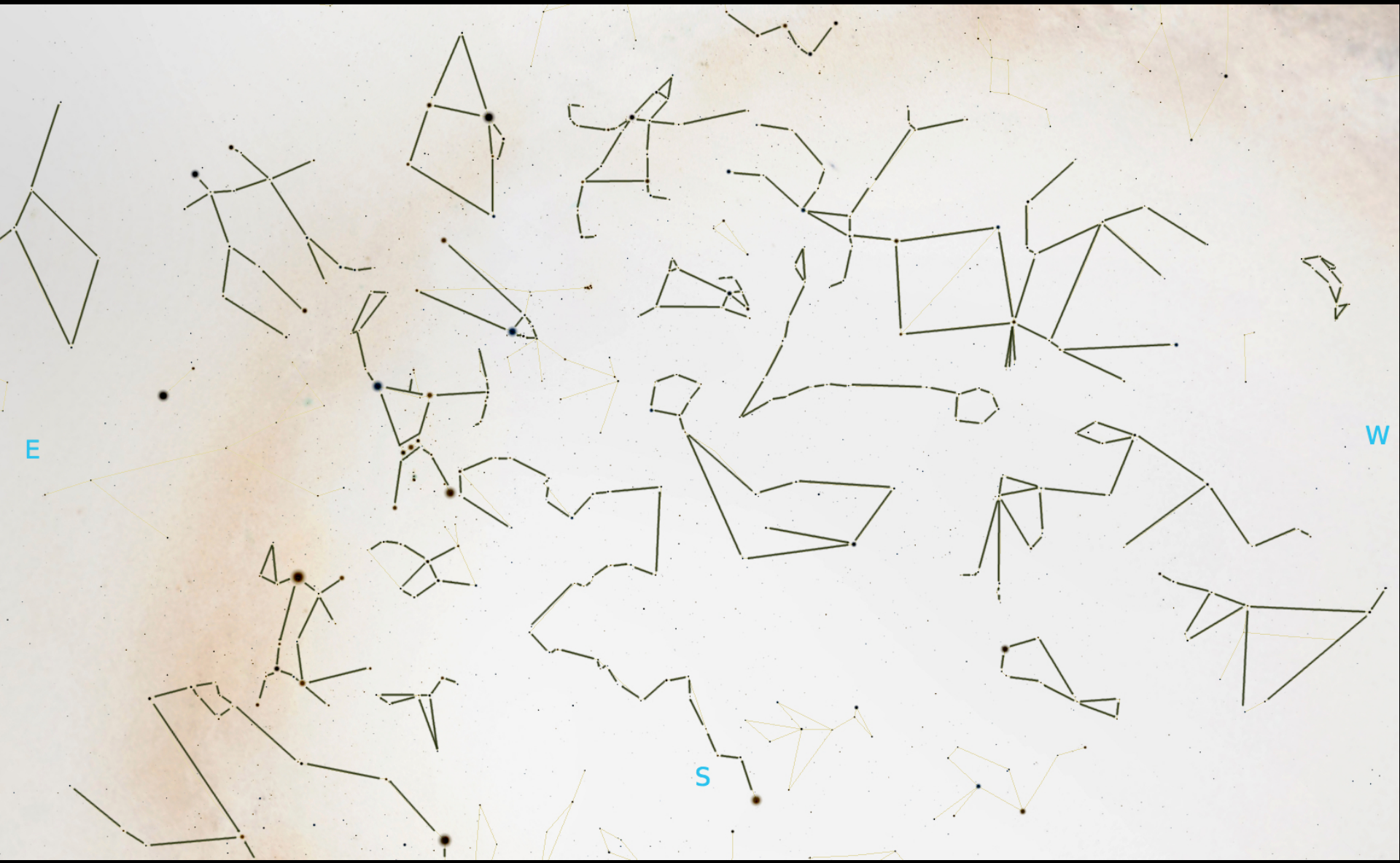
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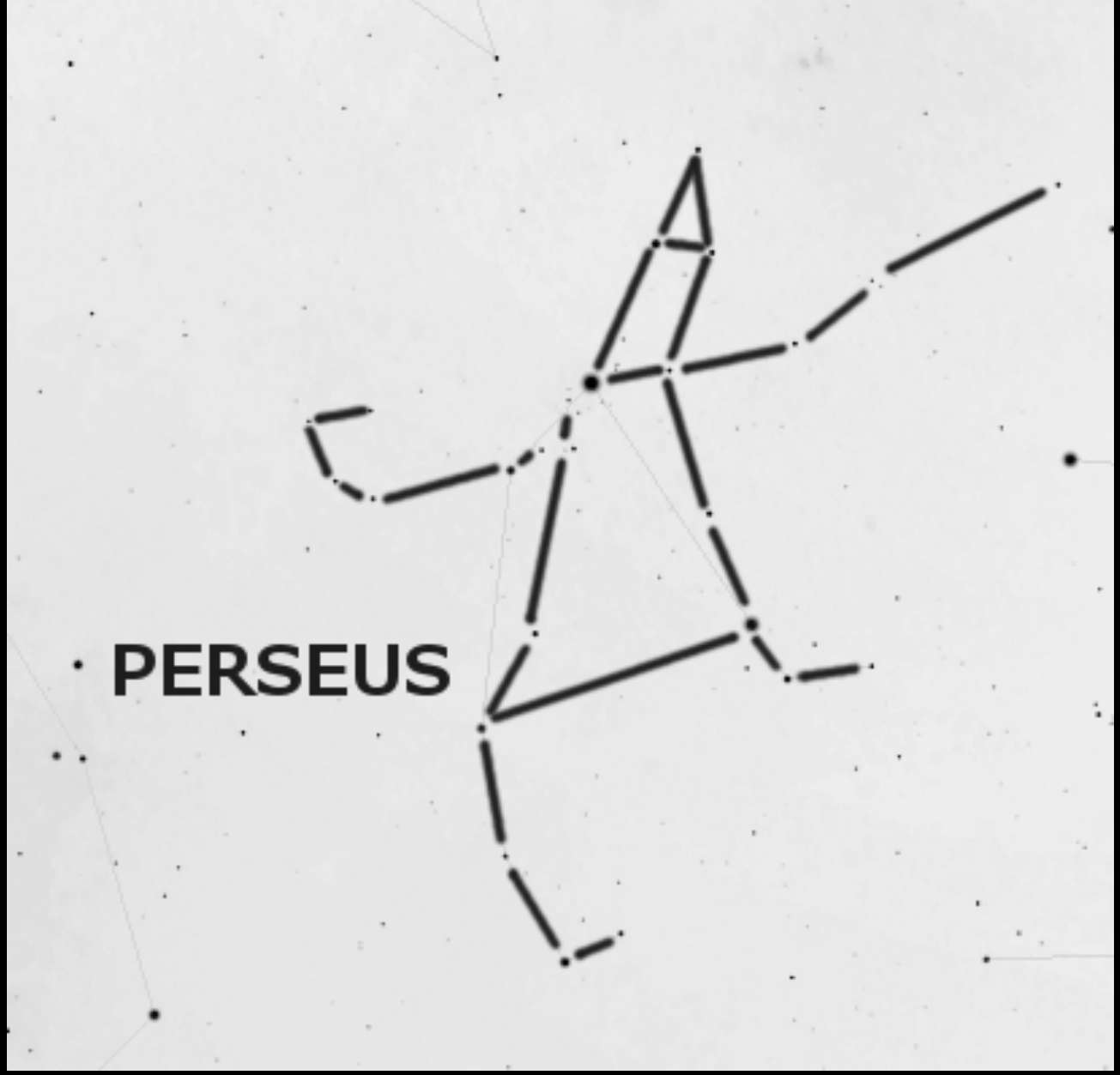
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IDOL FESTIVAL IN EASTER ISLAND.

M. JULIAN VIAUD, an officer of the French frigate *Florida*, has published an interesting account of a recent exploration of Easter Island, in the Pacific Ocean. This island is rarely visited either by Americans or Europeans; but if M. VIAUD's pen and pencil do not exaggerate, it lately possessed some of the most remarkable relics of an extinct race, civilization, and religion ever discovered in the New World. The *Florida* anchored off Easter Island one fine morning, and was immediately boarded by the captain of a whaling ship lying there, who informed the captain of the frigate that a Dane was living on the island, and that the native inhabitants numbered about five hundred, the Dane being the only European there. The captain of the whaler was accompanied by a native islander, apparently not more than twenty-five years of age; his slight, but well-proportioned figure was nearly nude, and tattooed in a very rude manner, the tattooing, consisting of broad straight lines interspersed with delineations of birds, so completely covering the body as nearly to conceal the original color of the skin. His lips were tattooed blue, and his face was disfigured by the application of a kind of red clay mixed with oil. In his dark, bushy hair were fastened plumes, quills, and tufts of feathers. His eyes were immoderately large, and had a soft, melancholy expression. His name was PÉTERO. He did not remain long on board, but after entertaining the crew with several fantastic melodies, departed, accompanied by M. VIAUD, who with him entered the skiff, and sailed toward the island. No sooner had these two landed on the beach than a crowd of tattooed savages issued from the smallest imaginable huts, brandishing shapeless grimacing idols, and spears pointed with flint. The natives immediately surrounded the officer, but evinced no signs of a hostile disposition. He noticed that they possessed a mild, timid expression of countenance, in spite of the rude tattooing, which imparted a fierce and malevolent aspect. The islanders, in turn, scanned the stranger with evident curiosity, and forming a circle around him, made gestures and demonstrations of a most extraordinary nature. They first poised their bodies in surprising attitudes, and chanted a plaintive, lugubrious melody. Suddenly the rhythm grew more animated, the languid tones changed to loud and harsh vociferations, and ended in a frantic, maniacal dance. No pictorial illustration could convey any but a faint idea of the scene. There was something in their movements incon-

IDOL FESTIVAL IN EASTER ISLAND.