

The mbure is not only the place where feasts are given, and strangers entertained, but is the usual lounge of the chiefs, in which they often sit for hours together, particularly if they can get any one to talk to, or to tell them stories. Among other subjects, they are very fond of asking questions about foreign countries; and in this way they have been told that the world is round—a statement which was observed to be received with incredulity, and an obvious expression of unbelief on their countenances. Their own idea is, that the Feejee Group is the centre of the world, and the term they apply to the whites—Papalangi—signifies “beyond the sky,” because they suppose that, in approaching their islands, we sail through the visible heavens.

I was one day amused at an intelligent old chief, who, after many other questions had been put to him, through Whippy, was asked if he could believe that the world was round. After hesitating some time, he said yes; and on being asked why, he said, because the Papalangi told him so: it might be true, for the sun, and sometimes the moon, were round; but he thought the Feejee country was flat, and not like other parts. They could seldom be induced to look at the globes that were hanging up in my cabin, and invariably turned away from them when the Feejee Islands were pointed out. Whippy said they had talked about the balls as they called them, and thought them all lies.

The mode in which the people of the Feejee Group regulate the distribution of their time, is in conformity to the nature of their climate. They usually rise very early, and, before going to work, wash and take *ava*. Among the chiefs, the latter is, in some places, attended with great formality, of which an instance has been given in another place. They then go to their work, in which they are engaged until ten or eleven o'clock, when they return to their houses, bathe, and anoint themselves with cocoa-nut oil. When this is done, they take a light meal, which they call “*vasse*,” and their white associates, a “snack.” During the afternoon, they remain sleeping and lounging about, and the higher classes undergo the pleasing labour of the toilet, which occupies a large portion of their time. When this is over, they resort to the mbure, pay visits, or lounge about, looking at what is to be seen (*sara sara*). In the evening, they take their principal meal (*vakasi ya levu*), over which they spend much time.

In their toilet, the hair claims the first attention among all classes. The barbers of the chiefs are always important personages in their suite, and the size to which they contrive to dress out their masters' hair is almost incredible. In one case, the bush of hair was measured, at Ovolau, and found to be sixty-two inches in circumference. The more hair they have, and the wider its mass is distended, the