

little imprint on the community. The present generation no longer is satisfied with the bare necessities of life. They regard luxuries as necessities, and have broken with the old rigid life. Dresses, frocks, pictures and radios reveal the transition from the old to the new.

LIFE IN THE SECOND PENAL SETTLEMENT.

Extracts From The Diary of the Rev. James North, 1846.

May 12th. Landed to-day at Norfolk Island.. a solitary rock in the tropical ocean.. a fit place of banishment. Lemon, lime and guava trees abound, also oranges, grapes, figs, bananas, peaches, pomegranates, and pine-apples. The climate just now is hot and muggy. The approach to Kingston - as the barracks and huts are called - is properly difficult. A long, low reef.. fronts the bay and obstructs the entrance of vessels.. The surf washes almost against the walls of the military roadway that leads to the barracks. The social aspect of the place fills me with horror.

May 14th. First to the prisoner's barracks, which stand on an area of about three acres, surrounded by a lofty wall. A road runs between this wall and the sea. The barracks are three storeys high, and hold 790 men.. There are 22 wards in this place. Each ward runs the depth of the building, viz. 18ft, and in consequence is simply a funnel for hot or cold air to blow through. When the ward is filled, the men's heads lie under the windows. The largest ward contains 100 men, the smallest 15. They sleep in hammocks, slung close together as on board ship in two lines, with a passage down the centre. There is a wardman to each ward. He is selected by the prisoners, and is generally a man of the worst character.

The barracks look upon the Barrack Square... The hospital is a low stone building, capable of containing about 20 men, and faces the beach... There are two gaols, the old and the new. The old gaol stands near the sea, close to the landing-place. Outside it, at the door, is the Gallows. I touched it as I passed by... The new gaol is barely completed, is of a pentagonal shape, and has 18 radiating cells approved by some wiseacre in England, who thinks that to prevent a man from seeing his fellow-men is not the way to drive him mad. In the old gaol are 24 prisoners, all heavily ironed, awaiting trial by the visiting Commission from Hobart Town.

May 15th. There is a place enclosed between high walls adjoining the convict barracks, called the lumber yard.