

University of Richmond

UR Scholarship Repository

Honors Theses

Student Research

Spring 1937

Edward Gibbon Wakefield

J. E. Orschel

University of Richmond

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/honors-theses>

Recommended Citation

Orschel, J. E., "Edward Gibbon Wakefield" (1937). *Honors Theses*. 255.

<https://scholarship.richmond.edu/honors-theses/255>

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Research at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Honors Theses by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.



Richmond, Virginia

April 2, 1937

Dear Doctor Mitchell,

When I last saw you, I was taking the course at the Law School. However, since that time I have found it necessary to terminate my course there. In the meantime I have been enjoying a pleasure which is largely denied college students because of the press of time.....I have been reading a bit.

In this pursuit, I followed a subject pointed out by you; that is, I read what I could find on Edward Gibbon Wakefield. Unfortunately there is only one rather sketchy biography (Builders Series), and something of his own work, which shows little of the personallity of the man.

However, I pieced together what I saw and adjusted it to what is required for an hours broadcast. A copy is enclosed, which I hope will meet with your approval.

Sincerely,

J. E. Orschel
J. E. Orschel

P. S. I am sure that you have done too much good in the world to be condemned to read papers from both present students as well as past students, but the good are always imposed upon.

CHARACTERS

Edward Gibbon Wakefield: This interesting man was an enigma. Nothing about him was ordinary. Even his faults were extraordinary, but generally of an amiable kind. He faced the world with two extremely potent weapons: a vision capable of piercing the thickest problem, and a mastery of the art of convincing and persuading. His ultimate aims were always laudable; but he applied, without quibble, any effective means of execution at his disposal. As a widower with a passionately loved little daughter, a kidnap-marriage put him on the road to prison as well as on the highway to fame. During his incarceration he became the father of an idea which he reared with deep devotion, single care, and remarkable success. Joining the galaxy of spirits who conceived masterpieces while in prison, he wrote the Art of Colonization and dedicated himself to the British Empire...to Englishmen both at home and in the colonies. Parliamentarians and ministers crossed swords with him in vain. His foibles were earthly; his fortes divine. He loved humanity!

Miss Ellen Turner: was the daughter of an English merchant prince and politician. She was reared in the doubly distilled atmosphere of a country estate and a private school for girls in Liverpool. Under these influences, she arrived at the age of physical maturity with polished manners, but with little knowledge of the world and none of her fellow man. Since everything was decided for her, she was relieved of the burden of making decisions. Her will was dormant through disuse.

Nina Wakefield: It is seldom that a man, father or husband, is blessed with the companionship of a woman who, through sheer devotion, finds her happiness in life and reason for existing in him and his activities. Nina Wakefield was such a woman, or rather, precocious child. Her father was to her the model Prince Charming. His colonial essays were followed with breathless interest and raft approval. No research or tedious literary revision dimmed her devoted ardor. When the uncertain flame of her short life flickered and died out, Wakefield was crushed.

Lord Durham: One of the most enlightened statesmen of the nineteenth century was Lord (Radical Jack) Durham. He possessed the rare ability to pick exceptional assistants. His social and political entrée and Wakefield's genius formed an impregnable combination. In him Wakefield found a congenial spirit and an appreciative friend.

Lord Monteagle and Lord Mormanby: were colonial secretaries.

PRELUDE

While awaiting the appearance of Miss Turner, Edward Gibbon Wakefield's eyes behold with interest the reception room of an exclusive girls' school. His glance runs rapidly over furniture from the more renowned English masters. Chairs with ladder backs, shield backs, and one lovely oval back, which he instantly recognizes as the work of Sheraton, flank the doors at each end of the oblong, low ceilinged room, and stand guard at other advantageous points. In the middle of the room, and to the left of the heavy oak door through which he has just been ushered, a brisk fire throws grotesque images upon a Chippendale knee-hole desk of Cuban mahogany that fits snug against the outer wall of the room and is bounded on each side by two, wide lattice windows. He approaches the far end of the room, near the door through which he expects Miss Turner to emerge. Across one corner a typical Hepplewhite sofa stretches its graceful, but none too comfortable, form. Its arms join the back of interlacing hearts from the side. Beneath are reeded, tapered legs with spade feet. The other corner is occupied by a drop leaf, satinwood table, most likely the work of the Adam Brothers, standing on crossed legs of classic contour. Wakefield smiles and shrugs, then retreats to the hearth.

On reaching it, the fire lights up his features and costume. Chestnut hair parted on one side covers his large head. The face is open and bright; and the lips alert as if anxious to amuse themselves, on the least pretext, by smiling. About his neck is a high linen collar, supported by a black satin stock. A white ruffled shirt shows above a blue silk, decorated waistcoat, which can be seen beneath a coat of deeper blue that is cut away in front. His trousers are cream in color, full at the waist and hips, and held down by straps under plain, black shoes. Standing there perfectly at ease, he is a man at whom any woman would unconsciously look the second time.

At last the door to Wakefield's right opens and a lovely young girl glides into its frame and pauses. The last rays of a departing day dart through the lattice windows near by to light up, for a moment, a bewitching picture. Her flaxen hair forms a halo of ringlets about her head, while one stray curl rests softly upon her white shoulder. The outline of her face is even and delicate. She wears a dress, light in color and texture, with low neck, leg-o-mutton sleeves, short, close bodice, long full skirt held out at the bottom and with flounces and puffs. Low, heelless slippers are just discernable beneath the skirt. One shapely hand extends outward from the waist; the other hangs limply in the folds of her skirt. Wakefield's face becomes serious. He advances and says:

Wakefield: I am Edward Gibbon Wakefield, Miss Turner...a friend of your fathers. Upon his request, the mistress has consented to my speaking to you alone. I fear that you will have to suspend your schooling for a week or two and accompany me to your home in Shrigley.

Miss Turner: Is it my father....is my father....is he....?

W. Please be calm, Miss Turner, your father is quite alive, though temporarily indisposed.

Miss T. You are kind to try to console me, sir, but he must be fatally ill to call for me in such haste, and in such an odd manner. Oh, please pardon me! You were so good to come. I am distracted.

W. If you are unduly disturbed, it is my fault. I should have left it to Miss Daulby to acquaint you with this news. I introduced my message bluntly and explained it rudely. The truth, and you have my word for it, is that your father is in no immediate danger. I have no doubt that he will be himself again within a short time. However, he was thoroughly perturbed when I left him at Shrigley, and he hurried me here to bring you to him.

Miss T. Pray God that you are not painting a dark picture bright for my benefit! No matter that the wind has blown his ships from the sea, that his shares have lost their value, that the workers have burned his factories.....nothing matters when I balance it against his life.

W. Your father's treasure, my dear Miss Turner, does not sail the seas in ships, it is not clothed in dividend laden stocks, it hides in no factories. It smiles or sighs, laughs or cries in you. When disturbed and sick at heart, as he is now, he turns to you as naturally as a miser to his gold, but the miser turns to the material....your father to the spiritual.

Miss T. And you, sir, you, Mr. Wakefield, put into words what we hold in our hearts for each other. He has only me, and I have both father and mother in him. I shall pack immediately. It is growing dark. By dawn, I shall be ready to leave Liverpool. With a change of horses, we shall reach Shrigley by tomorrow night. Even with your tender assurances, I shall find relief only at his side.

W. I anticipated your concern. I have a carriage with fast horses at the gate. It is a pity to let a whole day separate you and your afflicted father. If you will gather your immediate necessities within the hour, I shall carry you on into Cheshire tonight and place you at your father's feet by the time the night give way to the dawn. As I came up, I ordered fresh horses to await us at Chester. The sky, even now, is taking on a scowl, but my driver has his orders and he knows the road by the inch. Trust me to carry you through the night.

Miss T. How could I have thought of waiting. Tonight it shall be. Let the sky put on its blackest face; I shall confound it. Since you are my father's friend, although this is our first meeting, my friendship with you began and flourished with his. I can do no better than to follow his example. Where he has put his faith, there I entrust mine. Have your carriage ready, Mr. Wakefield.

Like a greyhound, the carriage carrying Wakefield and Miss Turner, twists and turns its way through Liverpool's narrow streets, then stretches itself out upon the highway in smooth, rapid motion. A town is reached, halfway between midnight and morning.....presumably Chester. Wakefield leaves Miss Turner in the hands of a well-paid innkeeper while he sees to the change of horses.

W. Well, Miss Turner, I have seen to the change of horses. The four of them are sniffing the night air as if to scent the dawn. Have you been well provided? The innkeeper was reluctant to leave his bed. He faced me across the hesitant fire like a sleepy bear. However, the first flame which scampered up the chimney sent a beam of light which danced off the gold pieces in my hand and propped each eye as wide open as a church door. His frown melted, his lips parted, drawn back by a smile which had lost all the frost of indignation. One hand drew up his apron as if he were about to genuflect before the crown pieces; the other went out mechanically for the fire rod with which he gave the logs such a flogging that they sent a drove of sparks frolicking up the flue. I left him furiously brewing tea, toasting bread, poaching eggs.

- Miss T. He met me at the door as you left for the stables and placed me here by the hearth. I had not thought of leaving the carriage to rest between the change, food was forgotten, my feet were cold, but I did not remember that all inns have fires. You have thought of everything...left nothing undone...yet not a minute has been wasted. Now, before we begin our journey again, you must have some refreshment. The time will be well spent. My father would scold me for driving you in my service without considering, at least, your necessities.
- W. Very well. I have sent the master of the Flowing Bowl back to his bed. There is enough of everything prepared. The tea-kettle still plays a merry tune, I wanted to speak to you concerning a very important matter, but every turn of the laboring wheel encouraged me to procrastinate until now, before the day finds me truant. I must speak.
- Miss T. Then my father is more seriously ill than you made me believe. I should have known that your words were spoken more in pity than in truth.
- Wakefield: No, thank God, I can now assure you that your father is in no physical danger and tell you, in more privacy, that which could not have been revealed before.
- Miss T. In no physical danger! That is enough to assure me. I shall bear any other misfortune bravely.
- W. Excellent! It is difficult to forgive myself for keeping you in this constant suspense; but, although I would have put down my embarrassment at speaking, it was impossible, since my lips refused to form the words which my mind created.
- Miss T. Does my father's business flounder? Do not let yourself hesitate in recounting his reverses. Has he been forced to sell his estate? Is he ruined beyond repair? They are little troubles if we consider them along with greater ones.
- W. You are making my former fears ridicule me. Your father has lost none of his wealth....yet. All moves as before at present. However, in the magnanimous spirit which has endeared him to all the working people of Cheshire, he has thrown his support to those who advocate the People's Charter. The Charter demands universal suffrage, annual parliaments, secret ballot, equal electoral districts, the abolition of property qualifications, and the payment of members of Parliament. It is his heart's desire to make England once more Merry England.

- Miss T. But what you tell me is good, not evil. You say that he has lost none of his wealth...yet. Even though he lose some, could it go to a more patriotic cause if used in perfecting the government?
- W. Let me make it clearer, Miss Turner. Each of your words make my task easier. Because of your father's actions in furthering the People's Charter, he has attracted to himself many powerful enemies. They are determined to crush him. His honor has been woven of such stout stuff and his affairs conducted with such keen judgment that none has been able to attack him. However, he is fighting selfishness, a weed found in the most highly cultivated gardens. There is a definite plan afoot to deal his honor a fatal blow.
- Miss T. Are there really men who could do that. We hear of no such demons at our schools. We know nothing of the people, of business, of the government. I have judged all men by my father; thus, I have found each man honorable.
- W. Then you have blithely judged all men by the exceptional man. Your father has borrowed heavily from the Bank of Liverpool. In turn he is owed much more than he has borrowed by the planters of the southern United States. This is the season of extending the planters credit. It is their custom to settle when their cotton and tobacco is sold in the fall. The bankers as well as the merchants know this. No one is asked to pay until that time. But the bank plans to call your father's loans at the time when he finds it impossible to pay. Bankruptcy and the subsequent loss of honor are his lot unless you intervene.
- Miss T. But how can I help. My inheritance, though at his disposal, is not enough to launch one of his ships, or pay a fraction of his necessarily vast accounts.
- W. It is true that you do not have enough money to help him; still it is within your power, by a word, to save his honor and restore his peace of mind. More than enough to settle his debts is within my grasp. He could not hesitate to accept a loan from his son-in-law.
- Miss T. A word from me...save his honor....a loan from his son-in-law. I do not understand, Mr. Wakefield. You terrify me. Are you not his friend? Can it be that you ask such a security for your loan? Speak again so that I may judge you man or beast.

- W. Call me neither man nor beast. Call me something in between. Call me fool. My first words frightened you, these words have terrified you. Will my last words crush you? I shall whip the grossness from them though it takes my last breath.
- Miss T. Tell me rather that you did not say them.
- W. They have been spoken, but poorly chosen. Your father is my friend. I would lend him my purse if it were possible without the condition that you become my wife. I cannot touch my inheritance without a certificate of my marriage. Thus I can help him if you will. I was prepared to sacrifice myself for my friend by marrying, without his knowing or even suspecting the motive, his daughter for whom I had no regard save that reflected from her father. I stepped upon the altar believing myself the victim of a noble cause. Now I find that instead of victim, I stand here as priest, as executioner. Fate, that bizarre trickster, has transferred my love from father to daughter and doubled it. As it was, I sought to serve him through you. As it is, this is no longer possible. In your hands rests his honor and my happiness. Never was tragedy so capable of being dispelled by a word from a woman; never before has a woman had the key to such supreme tragedy!
- Miss T. It is I who have spoken in haste, sir. You came on a mission of friendship, though you now find it a mission of love. Your actions speak of faithfulness, mine of selfishness and distrust. I have thought of myself and mine; you have thought always of others. You came to offer me decency without love and my father credit without charity. You remain to give me both love and respectability and my father his honor. Forgive me for saying no more than that I admire and respect you, while remembering that I have never thought nor said as much of any other man except my father. Lead me, I shall follow. You are mine. Fate shall say whether I am yours.
- W. Has man ever blundered into more happiness? Truly I am yours. We shall dash to the Scottish border. Then on to Gretna Green, the garden of minute marriages. From there to Calais. This much I swear to you: Whatever flaws you find in my past actions will have no companions in the future. I shall love you as my wife, but I shall live with you as with my sister until the day that your admiration turns to love and your respect to devotion. Your body shall come to me only when it is shielded by the fluttering hands of love.
-

After the marriage ceremony, the pair hasten to Calais. Wakefield hand-picks a suite high on the lip of the harbor, where he carries the wife whose love he is determined to win.

Wakefield: Ellen, dear, do you see the clipper ship out there to windward, based on the foamy sea with its tiny top-sail in the blue of the sky? Do you see its bow, its delicate white nose, just above the sides, the lips which seem to open for the sea to pour in? Do you see its hull, its heart, tossed by the wild emotions of the sea, putting aside wind and tide in its restless battle to reach the mouth of the port below us, lined with its pearly-sided, tooth-like barks? That, my dear, I like to think of as your love, disdainng the headwinds of the short time and peculiar circumstances of our association, in a relentless progress to the port which is my heart.

Miss T. How am I to answer the man who makes love to his wife? That unusual man who puts his wife's love before her body. What shall I say to the husband that will not even touch my lips unless they are parted by my heart. I am being hypnotized by degrees. My will becomes confused, then shamelessly withdraws from before my heart, which brazenly begins to disrobe to the throbbing tones of your love call until, covered with confusion, it blushinglly loosens the last veil. Yet, let's wait until the clipper out there arrives. Maybe it will bring in something for me and mayhap something for....for my....Edward.

W. So be it, my dear. I shall leave you here in the window with your face in the murmuring breeze. May it whisper to you, as it swings our ship into port, the words which I long to hear. I shall tell your maid not to disturb you. The whole evening shall be yours; then may the whole rest of your life be mine!

The Clipper that serves Wakefield so faithfully as a symbol is one belonging to the fleet owned by William Turner, Ellen's father. Mr. Turner is on board, crossing from England in search of his daughter!

Miss T. Oh! Papa. It is really you. I watched the clipper ship anchor. Then I saw a dory hurry away from it with a man in the stern. For some strange reason, he held my eye. I saw him step upon the quay. He passed up a street, and my eyes followed him until the houses and ships hid him. There was something so familiar about his walk, so natural in his contour. Now I know who that man was: he was my dear papa!

W. T. Yes, your dear papa! Your dear, deserted papa! The papa who sheltered your life and guided your thoughts. The papa who loved you more than his wealth, his fame, more than life itself. The same...no other. To repay me and show your worthiness you chose to run away with a worthless philander, after beguiling Miss Daulby with the hypocritical story of my illness. Shame on you...shame I say!

Miss T. But papa, Edward, Mr. Wakefield, did not wish to tell the mistress of your financial distress. He did not wish to embarrass you or me. Is that the manner in which to speak of the one who was ready to sacrifice his very happiness itself for you? Do you address me with the word "shame?" Did he not send you the authority to use his inheritance with which to meet your debts? If there is shame, if there is ingratitude, it rests on neither of us. Did he not marry me to save your honor from the stain of bankruptcy? Could another man have married a woman and kept her untouched to this very minute through a delicacy unknown to grosser men? Papa, I should rather say that you are mistaken than that you are unjust.

W. T. My financial distress...his inheritance...honor from bankruptcy...what nonsense is this? I have never been in better financial condition, I know nothing of his inheritance, my honor is as good as that of any man who must race about the world to retrieve his runaway daughter. This Edward that you speak of, this Wakefield is a scoundrel and a liar. Pack. We shall be off to Dover immediately. Thank God that you did not enter willingly into this foul adventure. Wakefield will be brought back to England and answer to me for this.

Miss T. Papa, can it be possible? Though he has done all that you say...I cannot doubt it since you say it... still he is not the wicked person that those facts would prove. He does not act like a bad man, his language is that of a gentleman, he is kind, considerate, handsome...he is everything that a woman values and more than one could reasonably hope for. Won't you let him explain? I am sure that he could do it! Besides I have learned almost to love him.

W. T. So is the devil a fine talking gentleman. The world is full of men who would be kind and considerate to a pretty, innocent young girl, particularly when she is an heiress. This villain has turned your head, child. He has tricked you into this pseudo marriage. It is my wealth that he wants. When the courts lay his black character bare, your regard will turn to loathing. I shall await you below. Hurry, my child.

Miss T. Edward's ship came in truly, but it will bear me away without him. His tenderness stole my heart rather than won it. Now I redeem it because another has returned what I would have happily lost, because that has come to light which I wish were forever hidden. But for this melancholy news, he would have come to me at twilight master of all that I possess. Now at my father's command, I must depart from one proven false. Still I have not the courage to reproach him. I submit to what the world calls right and leave what the world labels wrong. I am frightened by convention and must obey it. But, now for the first time, I question these arbitrary rules. I wonder whether they were invented to free or to shackle me. It is impossible to think. I am led by the last strong will that I have encountered; for I am a woman. Good-bye, dear, charming Edward!

(2)

Once back in England, an act of parliament annulled Wakefield's marriage to Miss Turner; and a court order sent him to prison for three years, where his solitude was punctuated by the faithful visits of his devoted daughter. During his forced retirement, his incisive mind encountered and solved a problem which meant life or death to the British Empire.

Wakefield: Lord Monteagle, I believe.

Monteagle: Upon my word, Wakefield! No, not lord to you, just the same old Spring Rice. What brings you to the colonial office, old chap?

W. Colonies!

M. To be sure, and that's our business. Depend upon Wakefield to come to the point. Are you thinking of emigrating? It must be rather uncomfortable here since...since....

- W. You mean since I left Lancaster Castle Prison. No, I do very well. Except for my daughter's future, I have no regrets. I have been freed of the hypocrisies of polite society, my friends have been sifted, sorted, and evaluated. Most of all, I have an interest in life to add to the interest in people which I have always possessed. Although I am not emigrating myself, I am here to speak to you, His Majesty's Colonial Secretary, in behalf of those who wish to better their economic condition.
- M. Well, my dear fellow, pardon my surprise. You are still the unpredictable Wakefield. So you are founding colonies. That's your interest in life. Where does your interest lie: Canada, Australia, South Africa?
- W. My interest lies in all unoccupied lands. They must be brought under the British sway. At present, I am centering my attention on Australia, that part known as South Australia, and the plan called the South Australia Plan.
- M. You are a little late there, Wakefield. Buller, Grote, Molesworth, Torrens, Warburton, in fact, twenty or thirty gentlemen from the South Australian Association have been here on the same mission. Although I have not been persuaded to assist them, their ideas have been defended in so large a number of pamphlets and books that a list of them would surprise you. However, that whole affair has a certain tinge of mystery. There is some power behind the movement which has not come to light. I am a bit wary. I must be careful. The opposition is forever watching for an opening.
- W. Yes, you are still the same Spring Rice of old. I know that I can trust you. That is why I am here, not too late, my friend, but, I hope, just in time. The South Australian Association was formed by me. The pamphlets and books you speak of were either written by me, or by my friends. There on your desk are two books: The Art of Colonization and England and America. I wrote both of them. The mystery you speak of is me, the power behind the movement is mine. My name has not come before the public and it cannot, as you so well understand. I bear the stigma, the sign of the prison. But I was not idle those three years. Is it unusual that a prisoner should have thought of freedom in free lands, free colonies?

- M. My word, Wakefield! So you are the man who has made England colony conscious. You are like the Sun, you won't stay down. You have made a marvelous recovery. What do you have to say that your associates have not already urged?
- W. They have spoken to you of the evils of transportation. Colonies cannot be founded with prisoners. Settle a few felons in a virtual colonial paradise, and you have made it a hell to which honest settlers refuse to emigrate. We want a charter grant in South Australia with the authority to sell land, rather than give it away, and use the money thus obtained to pay the passage of future colonists. In addition we want your active support in the House of Commons. That's my task this morning. I am here to bring you around.
- M. Why are you so set on my support? Suppose I should get it through the House, the lords will surely kill it.
- W. Give me your word to push the affair in the Commons; and I will give you mine to get it through the Lords, or under them, or over them. At any rate the bill will pass.
- M. The Cabinet will not hear of a chartered company. I have canvassed that idea. A crown colony would have some chance. But even that should be held off for another year.
- W. The colonists are ready to sail. A year's delay would make it necessary for the stage to be set again. That would take a bit of doing.
- M. It would take even more to get the affair settled in the week that remains. I see no other alternative.
- W. I had hoped that you would help us, Spring Rice. You must have settled scores with banker Baring.
- M. What, that scoundrel Baring! He spent a thousand pounds to keep me out of the Commons. Anything which he backs is sure to be to his benefit and to the detriment of England. I would as soon come to terms with the devil as with Baring.
- W. We agree there at any rate. However, his power, without your support, is our only obstacle. I have given years to this cause. It is unfortunate to have it squashed by a man like Baring.

- M. The devil take it! You tempt me, Wakefield. Prove to me that you can get your scheme through the House of Lords and I am your man.
- W. That's the old Westminster spirit, my friend. I knew you had it in you.
- M. Your troubles are not over yet. You haven't met my condition.
- W. One name will meet it.
- M. Call it.
- W. The Duke of Wellington.
- M. The man who defeated Napoleon is won by Wakefield. I promise you a victory in the House of Commons. Wakefield, you are incorrigible!

Although Wakefield won his battle in parliament, he had to compromise on many vital points. However, he left it to time to heal these necessary faults while turning his energies to other matters in the same field.

Wakefield: Lord Normanby, the fittest portion of the earth today for colonization is New Zealand. It is an Elysian field in the Pacific near Australia. A pleasant climate and rich solid make it a land of milk and honey. It is a garden of opportunity and abundance to which Lord Durham and the members of the New Zealand Colonization Company propose to send, and have chosen, with the aid of the English bishops, a group of the finest characters among our needy citizens. Your predecessor in the Colonial Office gave the New Zealand Company a pledge that should it acquire a 250,000 capital the government would issue it a charter and eventually a constitution for the colony of New Zealand. This condition has been met; but, since you entered office, the organization has applied for the promised charter in vain.

Lord Normanby: The pledges of my predecessor, Lord Glenelg, do not bind me, Mr. Wakefield, in such grave matters. I must have time to study the case. It would also be necessary to consult Lord Durham as to the particular objects of the company. I am surprised, Mr. Wakefield, that since this interview was given to Lord Durham and the gentlemen associated with him, with the object of discussing fundamental technical details, that he saw fit to delegate only one person to attend.

- W. Lord Durham sent me here, sir, because I am the one person best able to give you prompt and exact information concerning the project. I founded the original association, I handled all the preliminary communications between the company and the Colonial Office, and I have contributed numberless pamphlets and articles to further the aim of colonizing and annexing New Zealand for the British Empire. You will not find my name mentioned anywhere because I cannot openly father any cause. I am not accepted by the public.
- N. You are in an unenviable position, Mr. Wakefield. However, it is rather generally known by this time that you are the author of the new and rather startling books on colonization. I must admit, though, that I did not realize that you were so deep in the New Zealand affair.
- W. I am furthering the cause of England and Englishmen. We must lead in colonization as we have led in trade and humanitarian enterprises. Five years ago, in 1833, every slave in the Empire was bought and freed. Can we do any less for our needy citizens. They must be freed from the lack of opportunity in this land and given new homes and brighter vistas in the colonies. Under the New Zealand plan, which awaits only for the promised charter, land will be sold to settlers recognized in their home communities as good citizens. The money thus obtained will be used to pay the passage of other emigrants. Young persons have been chosen. The mistake of sending only men will be avoided. Every young man will take his young wife. At first, the colonists will make their own laws which will be administered by the officers of the Crown.
- N. I am told that New Zealand already has a native population. What will become of them under your plan? Will they suffer the fate of the American Indian?
- W. Every precaution will be taken to safeguard them. When each block of land is sold, an amount equal to one tenth of that amount will be set aside for the native population. We shall make their worthless land valuable and then give it back to them. Of course, they will be paid for the original land bought from them with implements and clothing, rather than with the customary trinkets.
- N. Your plan has a flavor of the ideal. It will have to be tested in the crucible of practicality. Possibly by the time Parliament assembles again, I may be able to recommend a revised plan.

- W. And in the meantime?
- N. You will have to disband your colonists at Plymouth and await the sanction of the government.
- W. That is to be regretted, Lord Normanby. The French, as you have no doubt heard, under Baron de Thierry are planning an expedition. If they land first, the whole country goes to France. If we must wait until the next Parliament assembles, we must wait forever. That would be unfortunate for you as Colonial Secretary!
- N. What authority have you that this French expedition is forming. It has not been brought to my attention.
- W. Mr. George Fife Angas of South Australian fame is my informant. It is remarkable that Lord Glenelg did not tell you of this. The Baron elicited Angas' aid. Angas communicated with Lord Glenelg. However, since you are determined to wait until the assembly of a new parliament, it is needless to discuss the matter further. New Zealand is a gem which will lend luster to the French nation.
- N. Wakefield, it astounds me, sir, how you know more of the colonies and the colonial office than those who officiate in such matters. This affair must be reconsidered. The French must not be allowed to beat us to New Zealand. I will be accused of losing the country for the English. Continue to assemble your emigrants. I shall bring the matter before the Cabinet and give you an answer within the week.
- W. Then if the colonists set foot on New Zealand before the French you would be given the credit for saving the country for the Empire.
- N. Not individually. The Cabinet would have to share the credit as well as the blame. I dare not assume the whole burden.
- W. I have assumed it for you. The Tory, with a group of colonists aboard, sailed this morning from Plymouth.
- N. That's highly irregular, Sir!
- W. A warship may still be despatched to order them back. Of course, that action may lose us New Zealand. In that case, the opprobrium would be yours alone, whereas, I am taking that chance as it is.

- N. You have tricked me into this, Wakefield. You know that I cannot order them back. The chance is too great. If the colony fails, you know your fate.
- W. I know, sir, only the glory of its success for England. Thank you, Lord Normanby, for your cooperation. After "the utmost happiness which God vouchsafes to man on earth, (is) the realisation of his own idea."
-

Thus, with indefatigable effort and against every obstacle, Wakefield succeeded in establishing new worlds beyond the seas. On the other hand, he worked unremittingly to improve conditions in the older colonies, as well as at home.

Lord Durham: As you know, Lord Normanby, the prime minister, Lord Melbourne, has requested me to leave at once for Canada. His instructions are to quell the revolution now in progress and to report on a means of preventing other such uprisings. I have only to obtain your sanction to the staff which I have selected.

Lord Normanby: My lord Durham, that sanction is readily given. It is a mere formality. We are aware, sometimes painfully aware, of your capacity in matters governmental.

D. Still, sir, there is one member of my staff whom I dare not take without your personal sanction. The man's name is Edward Gibbon Wakefield, and he must go!

N. Wakefield! You cannot mean Wakefield. Why the public would be outraged. The government would be open to the gravest criticism. The Cabinet might be forced to resign. Wakefield is...and all England knows it... a kidnapper of women, a jail-bird. a whole national scandal.

D. But he is something besides, my lord. He is the one Englishman who knows colonies, writes colonies, speaks colonies, in fact lives colonies. I would not dare touch a colonial matter without him at my elbow.

N. It is impossible, Lord Durham.

D. Then I shall resign the appointment. I am aware that I was appointed in order to get me out of England. The responsibility was accepted because I was willing to risk my political position in order to serve the Empire. The government may get rid of me only on my own terms. You not only want to strengthen your none too strong ministry by my temporary removal to Canada, but insist that I destroy myself forever by refusing me the man who is indispensable to my mission...I do not move without Wakefield!

- N. Oh, papa, it has been so lonesome without you! That must have made me sick. I should have known that you would find me out. I must have come down stairs just for the pleasure of having you carry me up again as you used to do when I was a little girl. I am grown-up now, you know. I have appointed myself your hostess. We shall go to all the affairs in London together. All the members of parliament shall meet me and I shall meet only those whom I like and whom like you. Now I am ready for the latest news. Poor Lord Durham is much discredited. He arrived a month ago. His report...no one knows what it contains...has been buried in committee, and it is said that both the report and his lordship will be forgotten within the year. It will ruin him.
- W. Here, let me tuck you in. Take this pillow. That's a sweet girl. Don't you worry any more about Lord Durham and his report. The Report will be reviewed and Durham will win the credit which he deserves. I must run back to London in an hour to attend to that. Then back to you for ever and ever without end.
- N. My papa is the busiest papa in all England. He devotes an hour to me in a whole year and then talks of running off again. You must tell me what the Durham Report contains before you go; and then, you must promise to return for dinner and stay with me until we are able to go to New Zealand, as you promised.
- W. My word on it, sweetheart. We are in danger of losing Canada, and in fact all the colonies, through mismanagement, as we lost the United Colonies. The crown colonies are exploited from every side. The influential get large grants of land, the useless rich are given all the public offices, trade is restricted, the colonies are being mercilessly exploited and the colonists used shamelessly. Every injustice issues from far off London, and everybody there is distrusted. The Report condemns all this. It declares that the colonies are destined to become great states. They will never consent to a subordinate position. All the colonies eventually, and Canada immediately, must be allowed to administer them rather than leave that vital office to political appointees sent out from London. Canada is an adult state. Its rights and responsibilities must be recognized if we are to retain our connection.
- N. These are all your old principles, papa. You have advocated them for years.

- W. Yes, that is true. Now is the time for them to be put into practice if Canada is to be saved. She is destined to have responsible government one way or another. Since England cannot be supreme, she must be the mother of a vast confederacy. After the political tie is broken, we shall be doubly secure through peace and good will. What has England and Canada in common? One democratic ideal, one inheritance, one language, one continuous trade, one foreign policy, and one common representative, the Queen! That's the long and short of it, dear. The Report must be accepted, for England's sake. Now I must leave you, but before your donkey can walk a league, I will be back at your side; and we shall have a jolly time planning our voyage to New Zealand.
- N. And you promise me that you will persuade the committee to release Lord Durham's Report.
- W. You are a monkey, Nina. I promise you that the Report will be the common property of all London by nightfall.

It is Wakefield's aim to bring the Canadian Mission to a successful termination, then take his daughter to New Zealand where she will not have to face an old society surrounded by ancient taboos. He works feverishly to accomplish this purpose.

-
- Durham: Well, Wakefield, I am glad to see you. I heard that you arrived this morning. I expected to see you earlier.
- Wakefield: Yes, I had planned to come earlier. I went home to see my daughter and after that attended to a bit of business, and here I am.
- D. Of course, you know how fully I have been discredited. I knew that I was taking a great risk when I went to Canada, but the problem there was easier than the one here. My career as a statesman is flickering. Our Report will never see the light of day.
- W. Your enemies in parliament have large pockets, that's how they got into office; they have little minds, that's why they are opposing the Report.
- D. What they lack in wits is easily bought in the open market. They have me this time, Wakefield. It is to be regretted that a great nation must reduce its size to fit the selfish politicians. Canada will go the way of the United States all for the lack of a little foresight.

- W. There is still foresight in England. If the report appears, there is no doubt that Canada will be saved.
- D. True. But the report is buried in committee. If it could be circulated generally, our aims would be accomplished; but they will never release it.
- W. They won't, but I have. It will appear in the London Times this evening.
- D. In a newspaper! The government will be furious. Parliamentary secrecy and all that, you know. And yet, it will save the Empire!
- W. That's all that matters. Their bought wits can be matched, and their lack of foresight can be supplied as long as there are men who put more value upon the Empire than upon a few rotten boroughs.
- D. You are a builder of the British Empire, Wakefield.
- W. You must remember, my lord, the report is the Durham Report. I shall confine my building from now on to erecting castles in the air for my daughter.

The strife of the world is largely over, and Wakefield hurries back to his courageous little daughter. His great heart is brimming with affection, while his active mind ruminates upon far, sunny lands and smiling waters.

-
- Wakefield: Here I am Nina, dear, on time and with my promise fulfilled. Everyone in London may read the Report right here in the Times.
- Nina: What Report, papa? I don't remember. You have been gone so long, papa. A whole year in Canada. It was dreadfully unpleasant here alone. Is the carriage ready? We must hurry to catch the boat for New Zealand.
- W. You are a bit delirious, sweet. Rest a little now, and we shall talk of New Zealand tomorrow. I shall call the doctor.
- N. No, papa, I feel jolly well now. Everything is so bright since you drew back the curtains. I am quite ready to start for New Zealand. We shall play games on the boat and listen to the sailors calling to one another: "Avast, there! The wind's a-stiffning. Man the sails." And when we draw near land, one will shout: "Land-ho! A speck o'land on the starboard, sir." And that will be New Zealand. Then we shall give presents to the natives and plan an all-day picnic. The men will build a great fire at night and then, papa, you will tell us stories.

- W. Yes, dear, I will tell you stories.
- N. But not sad stories, papa. I always cry when I think of the poor, mad sheepstealer you saw in prison. It is dreadful that they hang people who are insane.
- W. Forget such things until you are well, my Nina darling. Won't you sleep a little for your papa?
- N. Oh! Papa, I am decidedly improved. I feel so light. It seems that I am floating. Why, we are on the New Zealand boat. You do such marvelous things, papa. From my bedroom to the boat in a twinkling. All the things I want you give to me. You devote all your time to helping people. The sea is very smooth today. Let's have a picnic right here on deck. Pickels and crackers. The sailors will spread an awning over us. Why, papa, you are crying.
- W. No, sweetheart, it is just a lash in my eye. Now, that is better. A picnic it shall be; but you must promise to be very quiet.
- N. But, papa, people are not quiet at picnics. I can only be quiet when you are telling stories.
- W. Then, I shall tell you a story.
- N. Of my own choosing?
- W. Yes, dear, we shall call it Nina's story.
- N. Then I shall have the one about you and mama. You know, how you took her from her uncles.
- W. You have heard that a dozen times, sweet.
- N. But it's such a pretty story the way you tell it, papa.
- W. very well. Once upon a time, I was staying at Tunbridge Wells in Suffolk. There also lived at the same place two old men and their niece, who was a very, very beautiful young lady. Her hair was golden and it curled around her face like a lovely frame. When the wind blew, her curls would scamper about and one could see beneath them two tiny, pink-white ears, just like Nina's. Her face was soft, delicate, and bright. It is difficult to say which was the more beautiful, her mouth or her eyes. I used to settle the question by telling her that of all mouths hers was the smallest and most well formed,

- W. (cont'd) and of all eyes hers were the bluest and most sparkling. She always wore blue because I told her that I liked blue. It mingled so well with her golden hair, blue and gold, you know. The smallest hands and feet in all England were hers. It was delightful to have both of her hands hide in one of mine. On top of all those blessings, she still had one other supreme virtue: A sensitive, glowing spirit.
- N. Now the rest, papa dear, about how you took her off and married her, just like a gallant knight.
- W. Then one July evening the two old uncles were amazed to see a carriage stop at their garden gate, and a man, dressed as I usually dressed, alight, swing open the gate and very quickly assist a young lady, all in blue and with golden hair, into the carriage and swiftly drive away toward Bury St. Edmunds. The uncles were outraged. As quickly as they could command a gig, they hurried off in pursuit of their supposed niece, heaping abuse upon my head at every turn of the wheel.
- N. But mama trusted you, didn't she, papa? People have always said shocking things about you, but I know that they are bad people and that you are good.
- W. Yes, love, your mama trusted me. I arranged with a peasant man and girl to have the act carried out. With the aid of our clothes, the trick worked perfectly. No sooner had the uncles rounded a bend in the road, leaving dust and threats in their wake, than I drove up to the gate in another carriage, your mama was lifted in, and we drove off in the opposite direction toward Ipswich. We arrived there while the town was slumbering. I secured a boat, rowed my beautiful Nina up the Orwell to a safe place and we were married.
- N. Then three more Julys passed and poor mama died.
- W. But before she died she left me you, Nina darling. You are just like the lovely lady who used to walk in the garden with me in Suffolk. Like you, she used my eyes for seeing, my ears for hearing, my joys and sorrows were hers. She gave her life to give me you.
- N. Papa, dear, I think I am dying too. Your story is so much more real this time. I saw mama very plainly. The sea is getting so boistrous. I believe a storm is brewing. The sun has gone and I can hardly see the forward cabins. I can't feel my arms and legs any more. Oh, there is mama out there standing on the

N.
(cont'd)

water! She is holding her arms open for me. Papa, please come with us. We will have a jolly picnic, just the three of us, in the garden down in Suffolk. We will wear blue dresses for you, papa. Please... it will make mama and I so happy.....so.....so.....

W.

My lovely Nina's stolen from me by death a second time. What a frail thing happiness is. My world ends twice in one lifetime. A cold world has lost all its warmth. The frost of death kills the tenderest flowers first. Move on, world. Leave me in the garden down in Suffolk.