

view, takes on the aspect of a commercialised commodity whose use has the character of private property which can be sold by its possessor. Medicine, along with the art of the apothecary, had long possessed such a character whose institutionalisation was expressed in the set fees for consultation and a form of licensing via restricted membership in legally recognised societies which themselves were descendants of the medieval guild. With the professionalisation of science during the first half of the nineteenth century, scientific knowledge took on the same character; and those with validated credentials were able to 'sell' their knowledge through an enlarged set of opportunities, especially as popular lecturer and writer to an expanding audience of a literate middle class eager to know the latest conquests of science.

Gideon Mantell quite clearly saw the practical benefits which Walter's collection could provide. 'Do not let the matter rest,' he advised, 'but be on the qui vive for any new facts so as to have your name inseparably connected with the history of these marvellous relics. It will give you consequence in the eyes of those who will be able to advance your interests.... Professor Owen will write to Governor Grey & recommend you to his notice in the strongest terms; & after I have made the subject more known, I hope to get some more powerful influence in your favour;' and in a last minute postscript, he noted that 'Professor Owen has written to Governor Grey recommending you to his especial notice.'⁴¹ Introducing the practical element of self-interest into what had been, on an ideal level at least, the dispassionate search for truth, the interests of science were thus linked with those of career.⁴² Nor did Walter let the matter rest. Even before he knew that his collection had reached England but in a continuing state of anxiety at their fate—'I shall be almost broken hearted if the bones do not reach you,' he wrote a year later after sending them⁴³—he was busily getting his notes together to provide the details which he knew his father would demand. Once the collection was finally shipped, he wrote euphorically but still anxiously of his discovery: 'the flat was covered with the fragments of bones, of men, moas, seals & what not. As these had been extensively selected from by Rev. R. Taylor . . . I began to dig under the pa . . . and found a great many mostly perfect in shape but so soft that if grasped strongly they would most of them change as if by magic into clay.' The natives, he continued, were so excited and dug so enthusiastically that the bones were not allowed to dry and were so trampled on that most of them were destroyed. 'You can imagine how exasperating it must have been to see specimens destroyed before my eyes, but from your ignorance of the excessive mulishness of the native I fear that some of your indignation will be directed at me; if so