

criticised then all should be but that primarily a bibliography should be a record and not a collection of 'pemmican' reviews. However these were only mere drops in the ocean of accurate well arranged information.

But one voice which might have been heard appeared to be silent — in fact might by now be silent for all time — Collier, with whom Hocken had offered to collaborate twenty years before. Unknown to Hocken, Collier was still alive, in Sydney, whither he had gone over ten years earlier. Although Hocken was himself to die the following year, Collier lived on until 1925. His papers might have found a resting place in some Australian library. Enquiries by the researcher during the following months both from the Hocken Library and likely Australian sources failed to bring to light any further information. If a door had been opened into our bibliographical history and the light turned on, a strong feeling remained that the whole text had not been read.

And so the search shrank to a mere subconscious alertness to any possible clue until a few months ago. A careful resorting of A. H. Turnbull's correspondence and accounts then brought to light a most dramatic letter from Hocken to Turnbull written only three months before his death and six months after the publication of the bibliography; a letter which from its significance in a number of contexts had almost culpably not been available to Dr E. H. McCormick when preparing his lectures on *The fascinating folly* in 1960. It is given in full:

Dunedin, Feb 28/10

My dear Turnbull,

I must not allow a second of your kind letters to pass unanswered though I am in a sadly crippled condition & do not know what the end may be. However I can & do still do some work though mostly in bed. I am very pleased that you derive so much assistance from my bibliography which I am quite sure is of great value. I was somewhat annoyed & still more so as unable to answer from illness that odd & curious criticism of Collier's in the — I forget what. He took & gave in the same breath. A most jealous spirit seems to have pervaded him — very very different from the correspondence I had with him before ever he commenced his bib. 25 years ago when I offered to work conjointly with him. Fortunately I kept this correspondence, not certainly with the least idea that it might ever prove useful but simply as a pleasant reminiscence of what an able man like himself might say on the whole subject. His solar myth business I was on the ace of rejecting as it is now virtually valueless & superseded but at the time I was pushed for time to make further research & as the matter was of no great importance I accepted his remarks. I thought he was dead until at the last moment his 'Sir G. Grey' appeared which whilst interesting appears to me to be unfinished & somewhat erratic. Still the book did not profess to be more than a sketch of some incidents in his life. I hope in about 10 days to begin forwarding the collection to its final home. Still it is a great regret that I cannot superintendent its proper distribution — especially the pictures. Few can understand this but you will most thoroughly. I was sorry indeed to pass twice through Wellington without seeing you — the first time I have ever done such a thing. But I was simply unable & had to