# (REAR)-ENDINGS AND UP-ENDINGS: ANTIPODEAN SEASIDE STUDIES IN LOUISA ANNE MEREDITH'S *MY HOME IN TASMANIA*

**Judith Johnston**

I want to begin by examining that peculiarly nineteenth-century phenomenon of seaside studies, which is linked to all the other collecting and gathering going on in the Victorian period. As Tom Griffiths has written in *Hunters and Collectors* it was at this time that European society became fascinated with the past, and that natural history was "invigorated as a hobby and a science" (11). Within the discourse of seaside studies it is possible to locate ideologies of class, gender and colonisation and in this paper I offer an overview of these in British writing from the 1850s, in particular the writing of Philip Gosse, Charles Kingsley and George Henry Lewes, before I turn to the work of Louisa Anne Meredith. My particular focus is the way in which Meredith, as a British-educated and professional writer, brings these ideologies with her to Australia where they emerge in her writing out of her Australian experiences. Through Meredith's antipodean seaside studies in particular, I will locate how she interprets or translates the land before her.

The "(rear)-endings" of my title is a reference to a *Punch* cartoon from 1858, "Common objects at the sea-side—generally found upon the rocks at low water" (*Punch* 35 (21 August 1858): 76; fig.1). The joke registers how popular amateur seaside studies had become by the late 1850s, inspired and perpetuated by natural history writers like Philip Gosse. This publishing industry, riding the wave of populist education movements that had begun in the 1820s and 1830s, consistently included nature studies of all kinds. Nature study from botany to conchology to entomology, furthered in the eighteenth century by the work of Linnaeus on classification, saw an accumulation of publications of various kinds and levels of information, from the strictly scientific to the ornamental. The advent of an extensive railway system in the 1830s allowed the middle classes to holiday at the seaside in greater numbers than ever before, seeking, says Charles Yonge, "the solace of the sea shore" (8).[1]

In 1907 Philip Gosse's son Edmund described the vandalising of the British coastline caused by the kind of extreme amateur enthusiasm so mercilessly pilloried by *Punch*:

> If one goes down to those shores now, . . . let him realise at once, before he takes the trouble to roll up his sleeves, that his zeal will end in labour lost. There is nothing, now, where in our days there was so much. Then the rocks between tide and tide were submarine gardens of a beauty that seemed often to be fabulous, and was positively

[1] Charles Maurice Yonge was Professor of Zoology at the University of Glasgow publishing in the 'New Naturalist' series, which aimed at interesting the "general reader in the wild life of Britain by recapturing the inquiring spirit of the old naturalists" (Yonge, title-page).

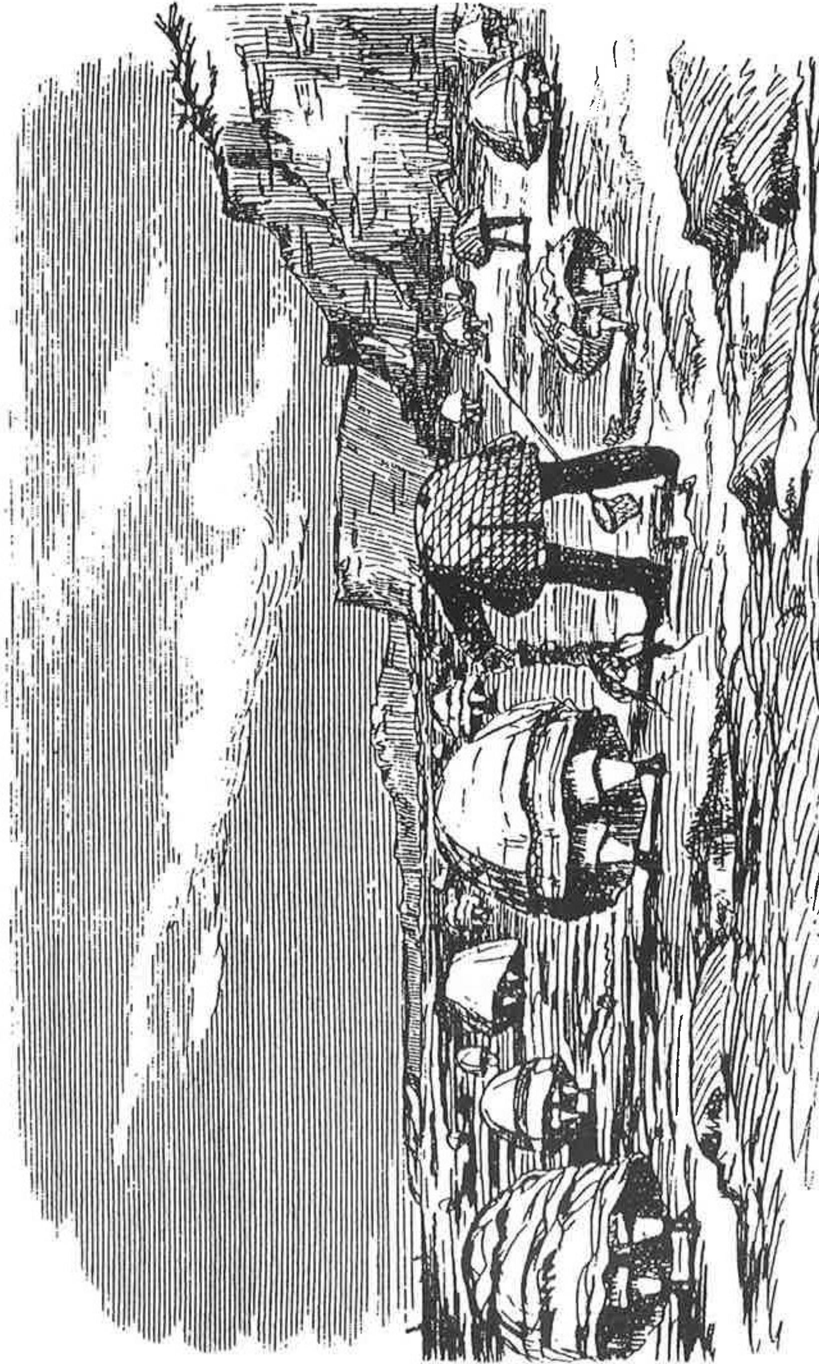

Fig.1 'Common objects at the sea-side—generally found upon the rocks at low water' (1858)

> delusive, since, if we delicately lifted the weed-curtains of a windless pool, though we might for a moment see its sides and floor paven with living blossoms, ivory-white, rosy-red, orange and amethyst, yet all that panoply would melt away, furled into the hollow rock, if we so much as dropped a pebble in to disturb the magic dream. (96)

Gosse uses the language of fairy-tale to describe this lost world over which an "army of collectors" passed (97). His father's work and writing had inspired a fairy-tale rhetoric associated with seaside studies as early as the 1850s, in the writing of Charles Kingsley for instance. But there is another more disturbing and significant discourse in Edmund Gosse's 1907 recollections: that of rape. This is signalled by the use of solid aggressive verbs—*profaned*, *emptied*, *vulgarised*, *ravaged*, *violated*, *crushed*—and framed by unjustified and unjustifiable class indicators: "the rough paw of well-meaning, idle-minded curiosity" (97).

In the 1850s writing on seaside studies fell into two kinds: the scientific and the popular. The latter form is often intriguingly permeated with the discourses of gender, class and colonisation, and of course, religion. This is particularly so in Charles Kingsley's small book, *Glaucus; or, the Wonders of the Shore* (1855).[1] The reader constructed and addressed in Kingsley's essay is middle-class and male. He is paterfamilias, in fact, a "London merchant" (4) who can afford six weeks' rest "free from the cares of town business, and the whirlwind of town pleasure" (3). Kingsley reassures his London merchant that the study of Natural History is not just for his daughters "seized with the prevailing 'Pteridomania' . . . collecting and buying ferns" (4), nor just for his "douce and portly head-clerk . . . a blameless entomologist." It is indeed an "honourable" pursuit (4-5). Kingsley does however gender the activities of the field, if not the sea-shore, declaring that Entomology "is the study most fit for boys (as Botany is for girls)" (166). Despite this determined gendering of natural history activities, Kingsley nevertheless recommends Maria Catlow's *Popular British Entomology* (1848) as a "good work for beginners" (166). He avoids appearing to contradict himself by referring to this work using only the author's surname.

Kingsley re-affirms that the contempt for the study of Natural History is "now ill-founded," although he notes that some still regard it as a somewhat effeminate amusement (34). This anxiety about the gender status of Natural History permeates Kingsley's writing, to the extent that he cites peninsular soldiers who were amateur botanists and geologists in order to make a case for Natural History's manliness, even its heroism. He draws an analogy between the perfect naturalist and the "perfect knight-errant of the Middle Ages," suggesting that nature study can be viewed as "outdoor physical science." More interesting is his anxiety that middle-class young men "are growing up effeminate," a disadvantage in "an age of enterprise, travel and emigration," because they will "cut but a sorry figure in Australia, Canada or India" (45).

Clearly Kingsley's essay reveals that the study of Natural History is an obvious colonial tool, but also that colonialism itself is a romantic enterprise. His discourse

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[1] This text is based on Kingsley's article for the *North British Review* 22 (1854): 1-56 in which he reviews six recent books on seaside studies.

captures all the wonder and excitement of discovery contained, for instance, in Keats's poem "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." In Keats's sonnet the predominating image is that of the explorer Cortez surveying the world with a colonist's ambitious gaze:

> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Kingsley's use of the discourse of exploration (as a precursor to colonisation) to describe clambering over the rocks on the sea-shore in quest of specimens reproduces an identical romantic moment to that in the Keats's poem, in which that microcosmic (and microscopic) world is presented not only as vast, but as similarly redolent with possibility:

> As we descend the rocks, we may compare ourselves . . . to those who, descending the Andes, pass in a single day from the vegetation of the Arctic zone to that of the Tropics. . . . Down [those] awful cliffs, swept by cool sea-breezes, the traveller looks from among the plants and animals of the temperate zone, and sees far below, dim through their everlasting vapour-bath of rank hot steam, the mighty forms and gorgeous colours of a tropic forest. (102-03)

Romantic colonialism, rather than its earlier form of orientalism, is Kingsley's distinct contribution to the genre of seaside studies.

In his essay Kingsley advertises Philip Gosse's summer shore-classes to be held at Tenby and at the back of Gosse's own book, *A Manual of Marine Zoology* (1856), Gosse advertises a "Marine Natural History Class" at Ilfracombe, in which he offers to teach "ladies and gentlemen" both how to collect specimens and how to identify them. (These were not clients from the "rough pawed" lower classes anathematised by his son as responsible for the rape of the British sea-shore.) The lessons were to include such activities as "dredging the sea-bottom," "surface-fishing" and "shore-collecting" (n.p. [251]). Of Philip Gosse's other highly influential seaside study publications, *A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast* (1853) was unanimously described by reviewers as "charming" and *Tenby: A Sea-Side Holiday* (1856) as "delightful."

It was Philip Gosse's evocative writing which lured George Henry Lewes and his partner Marian Evans to Ilfracombe in 1856, Lewes producing "Sea-side Studies" for *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. These studies, Charles Yonge suggests, "breathe a very different spirit from Gosse" because Lewes was not a naturalist but rather interested in "the fundamental problems of comparative anatomy, of physiology and of generation" (12). The style of Lewes's writing is conversational but there for the most part his similarity to Kingsley ends—although Lewes was conscious of the competition nevertheless, writing to John Blackwood on 29 October 1857 that if "Kingsley could sell 3 editions of Glaucus which had nothing whatever new in it, nothing of his own

except the preaching, we ought to be able to get off 1250" (qtd Haight viii, 179).[2] Delight and a turn for the comic (as in much of Lewes's writing) is the predominating tone of his seaside studies, as this passage shows:

> As we pass along, the staring excited by our incongruous appearance of dirt, damp, and utensils suggests ludicrous reflections on the way we all judge of each other, and reflections of the utterly foolish disposal of time which the majority of sea-side visitors make. (194)

Lewes's "New Sea-side Studies" was published side-by-side with Marian's first work of fiction, "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton." It was at the seaside, then, that the translator, journalist and editor Marian Evans had dredged up for herself a new identity and a new career as the novelist George Eliot; meanwhile her delight in seaside studies matched Lewes's own. He reported of her in Part I of his "Sea-side Studies," that "quick female eyes have discerned, and nimble fingers have delicately secured, one of the loveliest of sea-charmers—an *Eolis*, of about three-quarters of an inch in length, with transparent body, tapering into the most graceful of tails" (192). Her own "Recollections of Ilfracombe" written in 1856 record:

> I felt delightfully at liberty and determined to pay some attention to sea-weeds which I had never seen in such beauty as at Ilfracombe. For hitherto I had been chiefly on chalky and sandy shores where there were no rock-pools to show off the lovely colours and forms of the Algae. There are tide-pools to be seen almost at every other step on the littoral zone at Ilfracombe, and I shall never forget their appearance when we first arrived there. The *Corallina officinalis* was then in its greatest perfection, and with its purple pink fronds threw into relief the dark olive fronds of the Laminariae on one side and the vivid green of the Ulva and Enteromorpha on the other. (221)

There is no mistaking Eliot's pleasure in the scientific names as they roll off her pen and her lively interest in the scientific pursuits of her partner, but above all else her writing reveals a cheerful enthusiasm: "These tide-pools made one quite in love with sea-weeds" (221). There is no mistaking, either, the debt both Lewes and Eliot owed to Philip Gosse's *A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast* (1853), as the following description by Gosse (when compared to Eliot's writing above) shows:

> It is a beautiful and fascinating sight for those who have never seen it before, to see the little shrubberies of pink coralline— . . . that fringe those pretty pools. . . . But there are many others which give variety and impart beauty to these tide-pools. The broad leaves of the *Ulva*,

[2] Lewes was not alone in his disparagement of Kingsley's *Glaucus*. Margaret Oliphant, reviewing the work for *Blackwood's*, called Kingsley "the weedy Muse of Natural History" and questions the intellectual advantage of "poking" into rockpools (218).

> . . . of the brightest emerald-green, . . . adorn the hollows at the highest level. . . . All these are lovely to behold. (qtd Kingsley 105)

Curiously, in *My Home in Tasmania* Louisa Anne Meredith produced a descriptive piece that could easily have been written on rockpools in England, so similar is it to the writing of both Eliot and Gosse. Her description, however, is from Port Sorell on the northern coast of Tasmania:

> Most delightful was it to peer down through the clear water of the countless basins and hollows in the rocks, and see whole families of *Echini*, all unconscious of our alarming presence, rolling to and fro on their ever-moving *chevaux de frise* of spines, and various species of star-fish, . . . all most brilliant in colour, and shining amidst floating kelp and through the sunny water, like great marigolds, poppies, and purple anemones. (206)

In the nineteenth century seaside studies were not necessarily limited to professional writing either. In an autobiographical fragment the prolific writer for children Charlotte Yonge recalls in ecstatic prose her childhood joy (in the late 1820s) in the lure of the seaside:

> Above all there was Whitsand Bay . . . an exquisite beach of white sand, over which curled and dashed waves from the Atlantic, bringing in razor shells, tellinas of a delicate pink, cockles, and mactras. It was the most delicious place that I ever knew, and to this hour a windy night will make me dream of the roll and dash of its waves and the delight of those sands. (Qtd Battiscombe 36-37)

The adult autobiographer and didact does not fail to introduce a few minor technical terms probably learned from some manual of seaside studies, perhaps even Philip Gosse's *A Manual of Marine Zoology for the British Isles*, which provides written descriptions and illustrations of both shell types Charlotte Yonge mentions, *tellina* and *mactra*. But the remembered delight is palpable and dominates her brief account.

Charles Yonge has noted the impossibility of writing "on the shore life of Britain without mentioning Gosse" (9). However, the adjectives used by reviewers to describe Philip Gosse's various seaside studies, "charming" and "delightful," were often used in critiques of women's writing in the period. This suggests that botany and seaside studies crossed gender boundaries at this time and became activities for men, for women, and for the young, as Gosse's advertisement of his "Marine Natural History Class" implies, and as Kingsley's anxiety proclaims. This investigative fervour was not of course confined to the British Isles. The impulse to locate and to name—to identify—had been for centuries very much a part of the colonialist imperative and later helped to confirm British possessions and British possessiveness.

In fact Philip Gosse's first successful publication was precisely this kind of colonialist activity, a book published in 1840 titled *The Canadian Naturalist*, which

Kingsley suggests in a *North British Review* article "ought to be in the hands of every lad who has the least chance (as thousands have) of passing his manhood in Canada or South Africa, India or Australia" ("Wonders of the Shore" 56). Philip Gosse had spent some time in North America where he had written on the entomology of Newfoundland and produced many illustrations of Canadian flora and fauna. He subsequently spent some eighteen months in Jamaica (1844-46) collecting tropical birds and insects for the British Museum and on his return to England published *Birds of Jamaica* (1847), and with Richard Hill, *A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica* (1851). The very word "Sojourn" in this title suggests the temporary nature of Gosse's colonial activities, and after 1846 he never left England again.

By contrast, when Louisa Anne Meredith published *My Home in Tasmania* in 1852, the title marked indelibly the *end* of her construction of herself as a traveller and tourist. It signalled her acknowledgment that her dream of returning to life in England with her family was over and that she was now a settler and a coloniser. On learning their investments had failed utterly and their stay in Australia was now irrevocable, Meredith wrote: "Until now the thought of returning to England . . . had abode with us like a pleasant, although rather distant, prospect, . . . but at this cruel blow the fairy-picture shrank and faded away into the smallest and dimmest shadow of its former self" (76).

As a traveller and settler Meredith brought with her that body of Victorian knowledge and education which could be considered her "cultural capital" as Janet Wolff adapts the term (116). To what extent her dislocation originated a "new vision and original description," as Wolff terms it (7) is the issue I now wish to address. As John Urry has so persuasively written, the gaze of the tourist or traveller is "socially organised and systematised"; it is "constructed through difference" (1). I would argue that the gaze of the settler on the other hand strives to mediate difference into sameness, to seek the familiar and the ordinary in the unfamiliar and the extraordinary. Meredith, for instance, sailing along the "picturesque coast of Tasmania," notes that the southern promontory of Fortesque Bay is composed of columns, "forming groups of mimic towers and chimneys" (5).

Accepting the up-ending of her dream of returning to England to live in wealth and comfort, perhaps to settle down as a woman of letters who writes because she can and not because she must, Meredith instead reinforces her position as an English settler by reinscribing what Englishness means in relation to her new environment. In *My Home in Tasmania*, she presents Australia to her readers—her part of it anyway—in terms that make the best of the situation. She becomes a standard-bearer for the empire, that empire's representative and woman in the field, the epitome of Englishness upholding as best she can English standards, manners, and niceties. The more freely observed details and natural prose of her first Australian book set in New South Wales, *Notes and Sketches of New South Wales* (1844), give way to this determined reinscription of Tasmania as an antipodean England. In chapter two she writes of gardens:

> . . . full of sweet English spring flowers, looking happy and healthy, like the stout rosy children that everywhere reminded me of HOME;

> so different to the thick white complexions and tall slender forms so prevalent in New South Wales. The houses, too, . . . were more snug than showy, as if the English attribute of comfort more especially belonged to them. (9)

She later adds that being in Tasmania "seemed like being on the right side of the earth again" (10), and admits that her most usual term of praise is "English-looking" (11). This fact was not lost on her reviewers. Henry Morley observed in the *Westminster Review* that Meredith's *My Home in Tasmania* "points out [Tasmania's] comparatively English character" (588).

The shift in perspective, that "new vision" created by dislocation of which Wolff writes so compellingly as a liberating force, does gradually emerge in Meredith's narrative as it proceeds. While Meredith conventionally dismisses her New South Wales book as "gossiping" and apologises in advance for the "minute, perhaps trifling, detail" (xv) of the Tasmanian one, she reveals a wish to identify herself with the "simple realities" (vii) which surround her. She writes:

> I have found from my own feelings in the perusal of works of somewhat similar character, that the interest of such unvarnished histories is proportionally enhanced, according to the degree of identity preserved by the narrator; and, acting upon this hint from experience, I have unscrupulously practised the plain matter-of-fact candour and individuality which we ourselves like to find in the narratives of other dwellers in new countries. (xv)

Rather than attempt to address her narrative in its entirety, it is possible to locate this sense of individuality—perhaps even liberated individuality—within Meredith's seaside studies, studies which predate both those of Charles Kingsley and George Henry Lewes, and which occur primarily in chapters nine and thirty-two of *My Home in Tasmania*. Just as four years later Marian Evans would discover identity at the margins (literally at the water's edge), so too Meredith finds, in abandoning her traveller status, a new and stronger voice: that of the expatriate coloniser affirming herself and her place in her published writing.

Like George Eliot Meredith discovers that the sea-shore is a "constant source of delight," confessing that in her seaside rambles "many a long morning I idled pleasantly away" (55). But the demand for "mental enjoyment" soon submerges this deceptively dilatory beginning and shell-gathering burgeons into a "quest." The great appeal in Meredith's seaside writing lies not with lyrical descriptions such as those from Kingsley, but in her careful, close observations that are often scientific in their nature, if not in the lexis used. For instance:

> I found that both live and dead shells of some two or three kinds would be thrown up in considerable numbers for some days, or even weeks, and then perhaps months would elapse without the same

> species being seen at all, or but very rarely; but by this nice distribution we had always some kinds in season. (55)

In our own century Rachel Carson describes the sea-shore as a "marginal world," a strange and beautiful place which is also an "area of unrest" (1). It is here that the larvae of the rock-dwellers come "ready to colonise whatever suitable land may lie in their path" (45). Carson uses the language of invasion and colonisation to describe the processes by which the shore becomes inhabited with a wide variety of plant and marine life. This metaphoric language is singularly apposite for my discussion because it links so decisively the two activities of colonisation and seaside studies. Louisa Anne Meredith roams this "marginal world," literally colonising whatever lies in her path. For instance, she takes a small area (a particular region of coastline) and tries to enumerate and describe every species of shell, every specimen of marine life existing there, capturing that region's topography even as she expresses anxiety about precisely where she is:

> [O]ften when I thought we had only rambled a very moderate distance, and turned to retrace our steps, it seemed as if those smooth tantalizing sands were interminable; and the few landmarks telling us the whereabouts of our goal, the creek, . . . appeared to recede as we approached them. (55)

While Meredith claims her knowledge of conchology is limited, forcing her to list only the "genera," she uses the Latin tags with what appears to be an easy familiarity, producing a kind of scientific seaside litany: "*Serpula*, *Spirorbis*, *Pholas papyracea*, *P.[holas] dactylus*, *Solen ensis*, *Anatina rostrata*; *Tellina radiata*; *Tellinides*. *Donax*, *Astarte Danmoniensis*, and others" (56).

The scientific impulse to record her observations in this way is of course as much a part of the colonising imperative as other, more literary forms of description of the style found in Kingsley's work, and of a kind Meredith also inscribes. But this scientific impulse is also governed by a need to capture the minutiae in the hope that in mediating the land back to the centre she will be granted some kind of authority over it. In direct contrast to her scientific litany, Meredith subsequently delivers a purple passage of description in which the alliteration which figures at the end is almost comic and ruthlessly undercuts that earlier, drier enumeration of types. She seems more comfortable with this kind of writing and almost always returns to it in some form in all of her work. While in this instance it is shells she is describing, the passage is almost identical in tone and lexis to her other numerous descriptions of plants, flowers, insects and frogs from various books on Australia:

> Quantities of a small, transparent, and most fragile species of *Avicula* were repeatedly strewn over the sands; these were most delicate pellucid little shells, like the thinnest glass, or *crisp* goldbeater's skin, tinged with nicely-pencilled shades of green, brown, olive and red; but

> I never found one with a fish in it, and delicate indeed must be the denizens of such dainty domiciles. (56-57)

Meredith also appears to locate the familiar and the edible, but not for the practical reasons we might first think:

> In Little Swan Port beds of living oysters now exist. . . . In Prosser's River, another estuary, farther south, are beds of live oysters. . . . At East Bay Neck, a low isthmus, . . . large banks of cockle-shells occur. . . . At Piccaninny Point . . . immense quantities of dead cockle-shells are constantly thrown up after a gale.

She is in fact pondering on whether "these little facts are worth recording for aught beyond the evidence they afford of considerable and geologically recent changes having occurred in many parts of the Tasmanian coast" (58). This statement highlights Meredith's sense of herself as an interpreter or translator of what to her and to her readers at "Home," is "an alien land world." Again, this is a phrase employed by Carson to describe the "pioneering species" which have "colonised" the higher high-tide rocks (32-33). If for Carson "the edge of the sea remains an elusive and indefinable boundary" (1), Meredith's language neatly encapsulates the elusiveness, the indefinable mystery of the Australian bush for any coloniser seeking to penetrate beyond the boundary of high-water mark. As Meredith records on travelling inland, "all forests here, and all parts of them, are to me so exactly alike, that the power of knowing which is the right way to turn round one of many thousand similar trees seems, to my unpractised comprehension, to border on the miraculous" (27-28).

What is significant in Meredith's statement is that she cannot locate herself within the land's topography, she has no bump of locality, no sense of place. The only possible way in which to locate herself is by the seemingly inadequate expedient of consulting books and memory from the old world and layering this information onto the new world like a transparency which labels the details of the picture underneath, but fails to take account of the whole. Compliance with this process, regardless of whether that labelling can pretend to any kind of meaningful relation to the immediate world around the coloniser, produces contradictions that are most obviously captured in Meredith's account of discovering a shell she labels a *Volute*, which she classifies as a "fine, smooth, heavy, important-looking shell" of "about three inches or more in length, by about one and a half in breadth; its colour a pale buff or nankin colour, and this softly clouded with dim purple, and marked most singularly with fine brown zig-zag lines forming deep points and angles; the symmetry and connection of these delicate, yet bold and distinct pencillings being most curious." Meredith remarks that she has seen one very similar "in the coloured plates of a conchological work" but comments that "the artist evidently had not enjoyed my good fortune in seeing perfect and live shells, for it was a very sorry portrait of my favourite" (61).

The conchological work to which Meredith refers may well have been *A Conchological Manual* by George Brettingham Sowerby, Jun. The first edition of this work was published in 1839 before Meredith left England for Australia; the colour

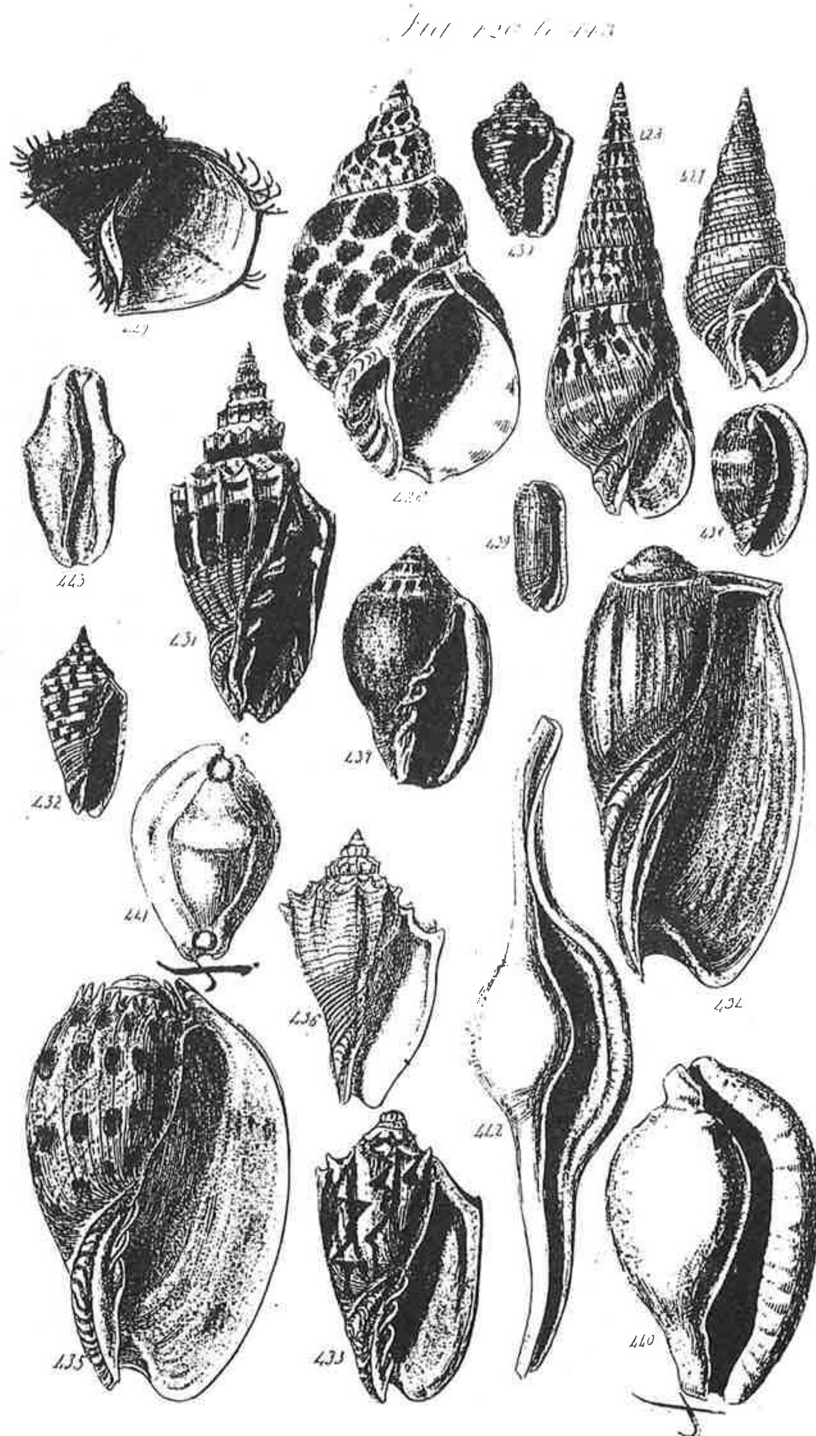

Fig. 2 Volute

plates at the back of the manual contain an illustration of the "volute" which does indeed seem a sorry representation, both in size and in colour, of the shell which Meredith so vividly describes (fig.2). William Wood's *General Conchology* published in 1835 and illustrated with "plates drawn and coloured from nature" (British Library Catalogue) is another possible contender. Sowerby, in masculinising his "Science," determines that ladies "could not be expected to handle with pleasure and perseverance, these fleshy substances, [the soft parts of the mollusca], which in order to be preserved from putrefaction, must be kept in spirits" (4). But fleshy substances never deterred Meredith who squeezed "porous, prickly, slimy" sponges in fresh water hoping to preserve their brilliant red colour, and only gaining an inflamed rash on both arms for her trouble (62).

Metaphorically, just as Meredith expels the slimy matter from the sponge—and is left not with the dazzling potential of its "vivid scarlet hue," its "brilliant colour," but a quiescent "dull brown"—so, as Chris Prentice puts it in another context, the "excess of the *real* body upon which the colony is dependent—that is, the *otherness* of the colonial *land*" is expelled in the colonial struggle (46). Certainly Meredith's seaside studies reveal minor physical struggles with the land, but in the variations of discourse, in the shifts between the scientific and the literary, we can also locate an intellectual struggle that is more significant. Meredith has to come to terms with the fact that the body of knowledge she brings with her may no longer be relevant.

Towards the end of *My Home in Tasmania*, Meredith writes that in a new country "it is no small solace and pleasure to possess the habit, . . . of deriving interest and amusement from the perusal of whatever page of the great book of Nature lies open to us" (210). Meredith then turns back to reflect on nature study in "old countries" where "we can always refer to books for information respecting all that interests us." In Australia, she then adds, it is a very different situation: "here, if we would learn from Nature, we must strive to read her own untranslated history, and no one who has not tried can tell how pleasant a book it is" (210).

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