

**A HOBBLE THROUGH THE CHANNEL  
ISLANDS IN 1858; OR, THE SEEINGS,  
DOINGS AND MUSINGS OF ONE TOM  
HOBLER DURING A FOUR MONTHS'  
RESIDENCE IN THOSE PARTS**

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A hobble through the Channel Islands in 1858; or, The seeings, doings and musings of one Tom Hobbler during a four months' residence in those parts by Edward T. Gastineau

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**EDWARD T. GASTINEAU**

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A HOBBLE  
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IN 1858;

OR, THE SEEINGS, DOINGS AND MUSINGS

OF ONE

TOM HOBBLER,

DURING A FOUR MONTHS' RESIDENCE IN THOSE PARTS.

BY

EDWARD T. GASTINEAU.

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BY TOM HOBBLER.

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## DEDICATION.

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To the reader, these pages are most respectfully dedicated.

In all humbleness of mind, I had intended dedicating them to *myself*, thinking that *I* should most probably be their only reader. But on mature consideration, I have come to the conclusion, perhaps an audacious one, that they may fall into the hands of some one else, in which case such a dedication would be considered both egotistical and conceited. Therefore, kind reader, whoever you may be, I have taken the liberty of dedicating this little work to you, trusting that should you consider it worth a moment's critical notice, you will not forget, in returning that

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most undoubted verdict, of guilty of writing a great deal of trash, to remember your usual kindly and generous feelings, and strongly recommend the Author to mercy, on account of its being his first offence.

THE AUTHOR.

June, 1860.

## P R E F A C E.

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“ Travelling in youth is part of education,” said the great Lord Bacon, and travelling in all stages of one’s life, must also be a means of continued education.

Travelling is a very great luxury ; not only highly instructive, but most amusing, and exceedingly pleasant to all beings intelligently constituted. It expands the ideas, which perhaps before have been woefully contracted ; and it instructs the mind in a manner which books can never do, for many things that we read of, we cannot bring our minds to see in their proper light, without their actual visual confirmation. It also removes false prejudices, and overcomes many absurd scruples ; and certainly to refined minds, is both most amusing and delightful. And not only so to the traveller himself, but it also

renders him a very agreeable companion to others, always provided, however, that he is not much given to prosy descriptions, which it is to be feared is too often the case.

Now, travelling is particularly enjoyable when the tourist is in possession of good health. The case is, perhaps, a little different where the wanderer is in search of that health more than of pleasure; though even here, although the prostration of body from the effects of long sickness, must, of course, act to a certain extent upon the mind, still the mental powers are almost always sufficiently alive to acknowledge, with thankfulness, the delights that change of air, and change of scene must always afford, and more especially so when the invalid has the opportunity of finding those changes amidst some of Nature's richest beauties.

But it is not my intention to write an essay on travelling, a subject very much hackneyed, and though doubtless a most excellent theme, it is possible to have too much, even of a good thing.

Suffice it then, that in the spring of 1858, the subject of these sketches, was slowly recovering from a long, serious, and very painful illness, which had deprived him of his liberty for more than a year and