

**AN EDITOR OFF THE LINE:  
OR, WAYSIDE MUSINGS  
AND REMINISCENCES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649053513

An Editor off the Line: Or, Wayside Musings and Reminiscences by Edward Miall

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Cover @ 2017

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**EDWARD MIALI**

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*WAYSIDE MUSINGS AND  
REMINISCENCES.*

BY  
EDWARD MIALL.

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LONDON: ARTHUR MIALL, 18, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

1865.

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INSCRIBED,

WITH HEARTIEST LOVE,

TO

MY WIFE

AND CHILDREN.

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## P R E F A C E.

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A FRIEND of mine, on reading the advertisement announcing this volume, exclaimed, "*An Editor off the Line!*" I hope he won't come to grief." I suppose I need hardly respond, "I hope the same thing," particularly as I am happy in being able to say that no accident has happened to the train which he stately drives.

During the last six months, I have had on hand a few odd intervals of leisure—an evening or two weekly, according to circumstances—and was tempted to fill them up with some engagement which would take my thoughts

clean away from controversy, ecclesiastical or political, and set them at liberty to follow their own bent. My special object in doing this was to give my mind just that change of exercise which might relieve it of a too continuous strain upon one set of faculties and feelings, and call into play another. In fact, the bulk of the following pages was written with a view to divert myself by performing what was to me a novel as well as self-imposed task. I frankly confess I contemplated from the first the publication of what I should write ; but that, of itself, was no part, or a very trifling part, of my inducement.

Most of the topics treated of were suggested by ordinary incidents which came under my notice in a daily walk. I have dealt with them just as my mood at the moment might determine—sometimes in a light, sometimes in a serious, and, I fear, some of my readers will judge, sometimes in a

heavy manner. I worked up, if work it can be called, to no preconceived plan. The choice of my subjects, and the way in which I have used them, are alike due, in most instances, to that mental caprice which is not uncommon, at least, as far as I am concerned, when mere intellectual recreation is the object. The slender thread which holds the series of papers together, and gives them the slight connection one with another which they may be found to possess, consists of the fact that, with one or two exceptions, they all have reference to exercise out of doors. Their secondary title truly expresses their character and drift — they are “*wayside musings and reminiscences.*”

I ought to apologize, perhaps, for having made such frequent use of the first personal pronoun. I should have been glad to avoid it if I could have done so without giving to the papers an air of formality quite inconsis-