THE CONCEITED SPARROW OF NEEMUCH

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The conceited sparrow of Neemuch by A. P. F

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A. P. F

THE CONCEITED SPARROW OF NEEMUCH



THE CONCEITED SPARROW

OF

NEEMUCH.

3 Conceit in Jour glights of Jancy.

BY

A. P. F.

"See I get paper in a blink,
And down goed stumple in the ink;
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it;
And if I canna mak it clink,
By Jove, i'll prose it

Sas I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme or press or both thegluher,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither
Let time mak proof;
But I'll just scribble down some blether
Just clean aff louf."—Burns,

Mondon:

REMINGTON AND CO.,

133. NEW BOND STREET, W.

[Removed from 5, Arundel Street, Strand]

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THE STORY AS I HEARD IT.

"A world of fowls beneath the sunbeams fly
That are not fit t' inform a prophecy."
Chapman's Homer, "Odyssey."

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PREFACE.

THE STORY AS I HEARD IT.

"A world of fowls beneath the sunbeams fly
That are not fit t' inform a prophecy."
Chapman's Homes, "Odyssey."

A July evening in 187—, the notes of a harshly braying bugle ring out through the sultry, oven like atmosphere their nightly and startling declaration that—

"Officers' wives have puddings and pies And soldiers' wives have skilly,"

proclaiming that it is eight o'clock and time for dinner. We assemble as usual round the table of the Station Mess at Neemuch, where were, at that time, quartered three companies of Queen's Infantry, a regiment of Native Infantry, a regiment of Native Cavalry, and a battery of Artillery; with the exception of the last, all the European officers (including the Staff) combined to form one mess.

Meeting night after night in a small place where nothing occurs to vary the daily round