CROKE, A CURIOUS RELIQUE OF ANCIENT POESY, TO WHICH IS ADDED A SHORT MEMOIR OF JOHN BEAUGAPHLYNS, ESQ., BETTER KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC AS THE BOLD BEAUGAPHLYNS Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649308101

Croke, A Curious Relique of Ancient Poesy, To Which Is Added A Short Memoir of John Beaugaphlyns, Esq., Better Known To the Public As The Bold Beaugaphlyns by J. B.

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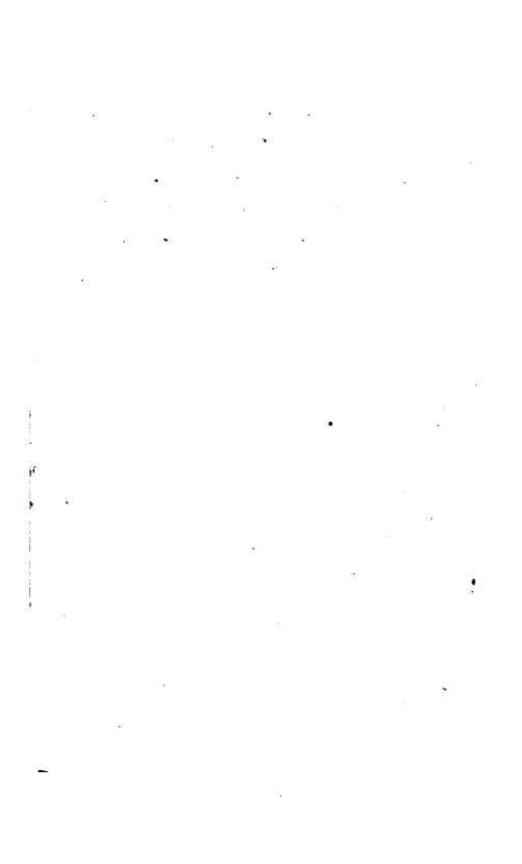
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ROTTED WITH COPIOUS NOTES,

By J. B.

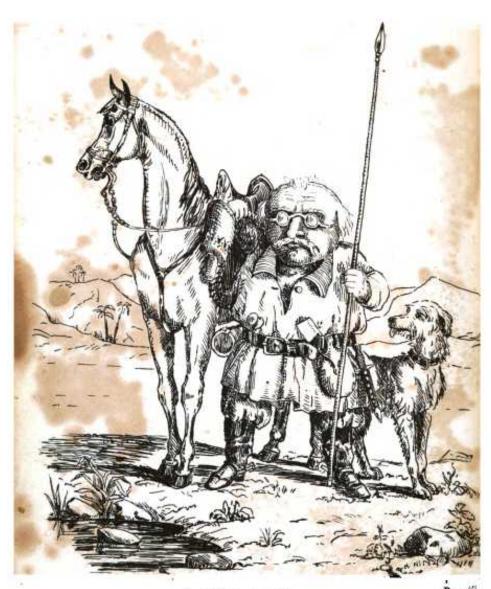
WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS, SEVERAL OF WHICH ARE RESTORED FROM THE ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT.

Cambridge:

PRINTED BY W. METCALFS.

FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1858.



J. BEXUGAPHLYNS,
FROM THE PICTURE BY JAMES SYPHAX, R.A.
IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.

A SHORT MEMOIR

OF

JOHN BEAUGAPHLYNS, ESQ.,

BETTER KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC AS

THE BOLD BEAUGAPHLYNS.

THE subject of our present Memoir was born of poor but honest parents at Eisteddfodd, a sweet little village on the borders of Gwdrlln, South Wales. His taste for a nomadic life displayed itself in his Nurtured on the bony knees of earliest childhood. Penury, he disdained the honors which a grateful king and country would have showered upon him, and chose rather to seek a precarious livelihood amid the sterile mountains of the West, ever exploring new territories, and visiting new countries, kings, and peoples. But our object is now not to give to the world an elaborate description of the deeds of this Prince of Travellers, but to afford a succinct account of the marvellous manner in which the following curious and invaluable Manuscript fell into the hands of its present possessors, who are now, for the first time, about to present it to an appreciating public.

El Bokim Nutkut, the well-known tyrannical Pasha, after a sumptuous feast, reclined in state on his luxurious divan, as he gently puffed the fragrant smoke, inhaled from the bowl of his diamond-set Narghillé. The dancing girls footed their best. The mozums had trilled their most enchanting lays. The musicians were still sounding the tinkling Dramut; but yet the Pasha was not easy, frown after frown swept across his brow, like dark clouds across the face of the Ocean, proclaiming to the intelligent observer, a mind, whose every thought was evil, a heart, whose every impulse was for bad. Suddenly he started from his couch, and clapped his jewelled hands; 2000 ebon slaves instantly rushed up the marble steps, and prostrated themselves abjectly before his throne. "My soul is heavy, call the story-teller," said the Pasha. The story-teller or tale-bearer being absent, Beaugaphlyns who happened to be on a visit to the court at the time, here stepped forward to recite an ancient poem of his native land. Beaugaphlyns commenced. The Pasha composed himself to listen-Beaugaphlyns read on. The Pasha slept - Beaugaphlyns continued. The Pasha snored, At this well-known signal, the too-officious mutes stepped up to the unconscious traveller, and in another