

**REGINALD TREVOR: OR, THE
WELSH LOYALISTS, A TALE OF
THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
IN THREE VOLUMES. VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649255825

Reginald Trevor: or, The Welsh Loyalists, a tale of the seventeenth century. In three volumes.
Vol. II by Edward Trevor Anwyl

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Cover @ 2017

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EDWARD TREVOR ANWYL

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REGINALD TREVOR;

OR, THE

WELSH LOYALISTS.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY

EDWARD TREVOR ANWYL.

Those were troublous times. *The Antiquary.*

.....

Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst ye, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech ye all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter.

Cymbeline, Act I. Scene 5.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.

1829.

REGINALD TREVOR.

CHAP. I.

As monumental bronze, unchang'd his look ;
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook.
Train'd, from his tree-rock'd cradle to his hier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook,
Impassive, fearing but the shame of fear,
A stoic of the hills—a man without a tear.

Gertrude of Wyoming.

WHILE affairs were thus situated in Merionethshire, the mountain recesses of Snowdon and Beddgelert were resounding to the war-cry of insurrection. A small, but well-united band of loyalists, had risen, under the direction of an

VOL. II. B extraordinary

privations to which he himself had been exposed. Notwithstanding the extreme delicacy of her frame, Meirion Edwards had participated in her brother's perils and fatigues, without murmur or complaint. Her ardent and heroic spirit, disdainingly and bursting through the earthly clog which shackled it, carried her through scenes and hardships, the bare recital of which would shock the tender sympathy of a modern heroine; and, gaining strength from experience, and from the stern necessity of unavoidable endurance, she became eventually inured to that mode of life, which man himself has often considered terrible. Hunted about from one mountain solitude to another—afraid, for her brother's sake, to mingle with the inhabitants of the plain below, the solitary shepherd's shed, or the cold rocky cavern, was frequently the only shelter which shielded herself and her brother from the fury of the tempest, or the discovery

covery of their enemies. Alas! that a creature so tender, gentle, and affectionate, should be doomed to such an existence! But she endured all in unrepining patience. Without father or mother, or kindred of any kind, she and her brother were left alone, amidst the withering desolation which reigned around them; and, with all the fervency of woman's love, and with all the strength and constancy of woman's heroism, she unshrinkingly bared her head to the blast, and braved, undismayed, all the terrors of the tempest.

The success which had attended the loyalists in Caernarvonshire had placed Einion Edwards once more under the shadow of his paternal roof; but his spirit had become too deeply bruised, and his mind too keenly excited, to permit him to sit quietly in his father's hall, while the din of insurrection was raging around him; and having now fairly and freely embarked on the tempestuous

B 3

ocean

ocean of civil discord, he was resolved to weather the storm, or to be overwhelmed in its fury; so securing a peaceful haven in that blessed land, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"

It was at Einion's residence, which was called *Caer Einion*, that his sister sat waiting for him, rather late one evening. She knew that he had gone to meet some of his associates in arms, and became somewhat anxious as the hours passed on. Meirion sat in the great hall, which, in the old Welsh mansions, extended the whole length of the house, and was usually paved with large blue flags. Over the huge mantelpiece hung some fire-arms and swords, which had been in the family probably since the days of its founder, *Einion ab Edward Vychaw*, for they were of a most strange and uncouth fashion. In other respects, also, the apartment was rudely enough furnished. A large table, made of the
mountain

mountain oak, was placed before the maiden, and the chair she sat on had been roughly constructed out of an unpeeled fir tree. Before the fire, on the hearth stone, was a dressed sheep skin, on which one of those large ferocious wolf-dogs (the breed of which is now extinct in Wales) was reposing, in all the snug indolence of a favourite; and the dark oaken panels of the wainscot were unadorned by any thing, save here and there the antlers of a Snowdon stag, or the shrivelled visnomy of a Snowdon fox.

Meirion was embroidering a sword-belt for her brother, and by her side sat Catty Reece, the buxom daughter of one of Einion's tenants, and selected by Meirion as her handmaiden, at her brother's request; for the father, old Jacob Reece, had been mindful of him in his necessities.

Meirion had turned the hour-glass for the tenth hour, and still Einion came