

**THE HAWKS OF HAWK-
HOLLOW. A TRADITION OF
PENNSYLVANIA. IN TWO
VOLUMES. VOLUME II**

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The hawks of Hawk-hollow. A tradition of Pennsylvania. In two volumes. Volume II by
Robert Montgomery Bird

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ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD

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THE
HAWKS OF HAWK-HOLLOW.

A
TRADITION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CALAVAR," AND "THE INFIDEL."

Where dwellest thou?—
Under the canopy,—*in* the city of kites and crows.
Ceriolanus.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Philadelphia:

CAREY, LEA, & BLANCHARD.

1835.

UNPS 1099
CALIFORNIA

H3
1835
V.2
MAIN

THE
HAWKS OF HAWK-HOLLOW.

CHAPTER I.

I will discover such a horrid treason,
As, when you hear't, and understand how long
You've been abused, will run you mad with fury.
BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER—*The Prophets.*

It has been seen how the rejoicings at the promontory were interrupted in their very beginning, by the sudden discovery of the refugee, so

Drad for his derring-doe and bloody deed,

that his mere name had thrown all present into confusion. The crowning climax was put to the general panic, when some of the late pursuers were seen returning, early in the afternoon, whipping and spurring with all the zeal of fear, and scattering such intelligence along the way as put to flight the last resolution of the jubilants. The news immediately spread, that Oran Gilbert had burst into existence, not alone, but with a countless host of armed men at his heels; that he had attacked and routed the pursuers, hanging all whom he took alive, especially the soldiers; and that he was now, in the frenzy of triumph, marching against the

devoted Hillborough, with the resolution of burning it to the ground. Such dreadful intelligence was enough to complete the terror of the revellers; they fled amain—and long before night, the flag waved, and the little piece of ordnance frowned in utter solitude on the top of the deserted head-land. It is true that there came, by and by, couriers with happier news, but too late to arrest the fugitives; and as these riders made their way towards the village, expressing some anxiety lest it should be attacked, they rather confirmed than dispelled the fears of the few inhabitants of the valley. From one of the coolest and boldest, Captain Loring, who fastened on him at the park-gate, learned that there had been no action indeed, and that the fugitive had made his escape; but, on the other hand, it appeared that there *were* refugees in the land,—that they had hanged a soldier named Parker, and made good their retreat from the place of execution—that the greatest doubt existed among the pursuers in relation to the route they had taken and the objects they had in view, some believing, on the evidence of a certain quaker, who had been their prisoner, that they were marching by secret paths against the village, while others insisted that this was a feint designed only to throw the hunters off the scent, and to secure their escape,—that, in consequence, the party had divided, pursuing the search in all directions, in the hope of discovering their route,—and, finally, that it was now certain, the band, whose number was supposed to be very considerable, was really commanded by the notorious Oran Gilbert. From this man also, Captain Loring learned a few vague particulars in relation to the two greatest objects of his interest, namely Henry Falconer and the young painter, who had fallen into a quarrel in consequence of some misunderstanding about their horses, the officer hav-

ing used harsh language not only in regard to the unceremonious seizure by Herman of his own steed, but in reference to a similar liberty the refugee had previously taken with the painter's, which, Falconer averred, was an evidence of intimacy and intercourse betwixt Mr. Hunter and the outlaw it behooved the former to explain, before thrusting himself into the company of honest men and gentlemen. This quarrel, it seemed, had been allayed by the interference of Falconer's brother officers; and the informant had heard something said of a proposal to drown the feud in a bowl. As for the man of peace, Ephraim, it appeared, that his spirited assistance during the chase, and especially his success in exposing the secret haunt of the Tories in the Terrapin Hole, the scene of Parker's execution, had not only removed all suspicion in relation to his character, but had highly recommended him to the favour of his late captors.

With such news, the Captain strode back to his mansion, and awaited, with his daughter and kinswoman, the return of the officers to the Hollow, and their appearance at the hall, which he doubted not, they would instantly make, after returning. He waited, however, for a long time, in vain; and by falling sound asleep, as he watched the sun creeping beneath the western hills, escaped the intelligence, which was soon after brought to the house, that the officers had returned to the Hollow, and instead of reporting themselves forthwith under his hospitable roof, had made their way to the widow's inn, where they were carousing with a zeal commensurate with the spirit they had exhibited during the troubles of the day.

This unexpected termination of a day of heroism—a termination that surprised and irritated Miss Falconer as much as it perhaps secretly

pleased the Captain's daughter—was a consequence of the late quarrel, or rather a mode of burying it in oblivion, devised by captain Caliver, who had contracted an esteem for the painter, and preferred 'his ease in his inn' to all the delights and blandishments that might be expected in the society of Gilbert's Folly. As the superior officer, he had taken the command into his own hands, and besides arranging his forces so as to watch all the approaches to the valley, and despatching lieutenant Brooks to the village, to communicate with the authorities there, he declared his resolution to erect his head-quarters in the Hollow, at a place like the Traveller's Rest, where, while still commanding the road, he would be near enough to protect the females and non-combatants in the Captain's house. "And besides," he added facetiously, while riding up to the little inn, "as we men of the sword are protectors of widows as well as orphans, we will thus protect a forlorn old woman from mischief, and put a penny into her pocket, and drink our wine at our ease—for you remember, Falconer, my young brother, you swore by all the gods you would have some of the where-withal smuggled up to this identical old woman's whiskey-house!"

"I swore it 'by the eternal Jupiter,'" said Falconer, with a grin; "and, by the eternal Jupiter, I am as ready for a blow-up now as another time; only that we must blow fast, so as to run up to Hal, to be scolded before bed-time, as soon as Brooks comes: and as for Mr. Hunter here, why he and I can blow out one another's brains in the morning."

"If thee talks in this evil-minded, blood-thirsty manner," said Ephraim Patch, indignantly, "I give thee warning, I will have nothing to do with thy wholesome wines and thy goodly brandies, whereof

thee has spoken, and whereof much good may be said, in regard of them that are faint and weary. If thee will eat, drink, and be merry, all in a civil, Christian way, without drawing any weapons more dreadful than corks, pulling only at the bottle instead of the pistol, and neither swearing profanely nor drinking foolish irreligious healths, thee shall have me in company to give thee good counsel, whereof thee has considerable much need, as well as thy long-nosed friend here, (not meaning any offence,) which thee calls captain, and the youth also, friend Hunter. Verily, I am both hungry and thirsty, and will sooner enjoy the creature comforts in this quiet hovel, than even the satisfaction of bringing the breaker of laws into the hands of justice. Verily, the thought of these goodly wines doth make my mouth water; and I shall rejoice, even to the bottom of my spirit, if they have already reached the house of the widow."

We do not design to relate the joys of the banquet shared by the four worthies, and some two or three young men of the county, who had shown themselves men of spirit, and remained bravely by the side of the officers, resolved, as they said, to contribute their aid to the defence of the Hollow. It is only worthy of remark, first, that the ill blood between young Falconer and the painter gradually wore away, and was succeeded, on the part of the former, by a sudden friendship, which bade fair to ripen into fondness, and on that of Hyland, by what was at least a show of reciprocity; secondly, that honest Ephraim, gradually displayed as much spirit in the least as he had before manifested in the fray, and became, to the surprise of all, the soul of mirth and drollery, so that young Falconer, clapping him on the back, swore, with the favourite oath of his friend Caliver, he 'had never seen a jollier old broad-brim;' and thirdly,

that this capricious young gentleman grew so enamoured of his company, that he ceased to talk, as he did at first, of the necessity he was under of paying his sister and friends a visit at the Folly, until he was roused to recollection by the sudden retreat of his new friend from the cottage. The painter was detected in the very act of stealing, or as they chose to call it, sneaking from the apartment; and Mr. Falconer, uttering a loud 'Hillo! halt, deserter!' volunteered to bring him back to the punishment immediately ordered by the captain of cavalry, of a glass of salt and water. He rushed from the room, and plainly beheld the youth, in the light that flashed from the window, spring from the porch, and dive into the midnight shadows of the oak trees—for it was now completely dark. As he retreated, he stumbled over some obstruction in the path; but instantly recovering himself, he leaped over the little brook, and was soon out of sight.

"Hillo, Hunter, my boy!" cried the lieutenant. "Why zounds! there he goes up the road like a light-horseman! Why, gad, here the fool has dropped his handkerchief;—no, gad's my life, 'tis a paper. Hillo, painter! you've dropped something! A letter, as I'm alive!—Ehem—hiccup!—a very handsome constellation that Great Bear! never saw the Pointers shine so brightly in my life.—Gad's my life, and adzooks, as Captain Loring says, 'tis the lights in the Folly, after all! and here am I, carousing like an ass, instead of playing off the Romeo to Catherine by starlight. Now Hal will scold like twenty housekeepers, Catherine will look sulky, and as for the Captain, why I suppose he will fall into one of his patriarchal rages. Gad, but I feel rather warmish and particular; but this cool night air is a good thing for settling one's nerves. I warrant me, that rascal Hunter has gone