

# The Sunbury American.

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## The Sunbury American.

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## Select Poetry.

### STAND TOGETHER! HOLD TOGETHER!

From the London American.

Stand together! hold together!

We are now Earth's awe and wonder;

We are red-blooded, if we sander;

Through all time, oh answer, whether

You'll not march in glory under

The old banner? Hear it thunder,

"Stand together! hold together!"

"Peace, my children! stand together!"

Stand together! hold together!

Strong and mighty while united,

Wrongs by the people are righted.

Hark! our fathers' blood asks whether

Their deeds shall be requited?

Hark! their glory cries, alighted,

"Stand together! hold together!"

"Peace, our children! stand together!"

Stand together! hold together!

How despots mock the breaking

Of the power that theirs was shaking!

That made nations ask them whether

They might not their thirst be slaking

With the freedom ours was taking.

Stand together! hold together!

Close your ranks, and stand together!

Stand together! hold together!

All our fathers' blood asks whether

Shall we to our sons be leaving

Shame and weakness? Answer whether

For this sin there's no retrieving!

Stand together! hold together!

Brothers rally! stand together!

Stand together! hold together!

In our anxious England's claiming

Part! Shall men to be naming

"Us with scorn? Oh, answer whether

We must part, or great defaming—

We must sink, our great blood staining!

Stand together! hold together!

Now and always, stand together!

Stand together! hold together!

Who'll be false to those who bore us—

To the heroes who built for us

All our fathers' blood asks whether

All for ever shall labor of?

"No," we thunder in one chorus—

"Stand together! hold together!"

Still we'll stand—we'll hold together!

W. C. BASSNETT (An American in Spain).

Stand together! hold together!

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Still we'll stand—we'll hold together!

you know as much of the redskin as I do," re-

sponded Boone. "I tell you," he added, "that

war more hidden behind that apart at the foot

than you hot heads seem to imagine."

"What d'ye mean by that?" eagerly de-

manded many voices.

"I mean this," unhesitatingly responded

Boone. "Them Injuns wouldn't run off after

the first fire, if they hadn't had some object

in view, an' I'll tell you what that object war,

The far-seeing pioneer hesitated a moment,

as if to give better effect to his words.

"What?" loudly demanded a hundred

voices.

"To draw you after them," into an ambush!

A moment's deep silence followed this an-

ouncement, and many of the settlers began

to show signs of siding with Boone.

"Already," continued the intrepid pioneer

impressively, "we may find our way cut off

if we attempt to retrace our steps; but never-

theless, the best thing we can do is to get

back again as soon as possible. We are in

condition to meet the Indians in open bat-

tle, especially if they come as in my force,

as I think they are likely to do now. At any

moment General Logan may arrive, (he was

heavily expected) an' then we shall be bet-

tter prepared to meet our common enemy. As

for this venture, I'm anxious, an' if ye aren't

lost to all reason, follow me back to the set-

tlements."

"And I call all who are not cowards to fol-

low me!" quickly shouted the hot-headed and

imprudent Major. "We are one hundred and

sixty brave men, and eighty

brave Kentuckians are good for twice that

number of whooping redskins, at least, and

there isn't quarter as many as that in the

party ahead of us. As for an ambush, I for

one will run the risk, and where is the coward

who will turn his back upon me and shoot

away. Kentuckians never fear to face danger.

Come on, then, if you are brave and true men.

And don't let those red devils escape. I lead

the van. Who'll refuse to follow?"

"Still, I tell you, my friends, ye'd better go

back and wait for General Logan!" exclaim-

ed Boone, in clear and cool tones, without

noticing the objectionable language of the

Major.

"I say wait for nobody!" shouted McGary.

"Follow me, Kentuckians, to victory and ven-

geance. On I go!"

Waving his hand and shouting for oth-

ers to follow, McGary dashed and plunged

into the stream. Many instantly followed

him, and even those who wavered for a while,

in a few moments rushed after the rest, com-

pletely carried off by the excitement.

"They will go, and I will go, and I will go,"

exclaimed young Boone. "They're angry, Israel,"

responded the father. "Howsoever we must see

the end of my boy, so come along and keep as

close to me as you can, for that's going to be

hot work soon, or 'n a hot foot."

"McGary'll have it all to answer for't

yet," rejoined the young man as he entered

the stream along with his parent.

"That Major is strong-headed," an' pro-

ceeded, "an' not fit for a leader," said Boone

as they followed along, a little apart from

the main body of the pioneers.

In due time the whole band reached the

opposite shore, and led on by McGary, dashed

abed in pursuit.

Everything was now confusion and disor-

der.

Suddenly a few Indians were discovered in

the distance ahead.

"Look! there is our enemy now!" wildly

shouted McGary, dashed ahead with re-

newed speed. "On, Kentuckians, on!"

"Huzza, huzza!" cried the settlers, as they

rushed along after him.

The redskins in the distance now turned

and fled.

"Halt, for God's sake, halt!" yelled Boone.

At a glance comprehending that the ath-

letes had been misled, he called out, "An am-

bulsh! an' ambush!" he added, in desperate

tones.

No one heeded the warning, however, if

indeed it was heard at all.

In a few minutes the Kentuckians entered

a spot every way favorable for an ambush—

"Hurrah!" shouted the beleaguered pion-

ers, in ringing tones.

The redskins answered with a yell of de-

fiance, but did not renew the attack. On

the contrary they took to their heels and precipi-

tated to the depths of the forest.

"Pursue them! pursue them!" was then

the cry of the excited settlers.

"Stop, men stop!" cried Boone. "Pursue

under such circumstances would be the worst

step ye could take. Follow my advice and

stay where ye are for the present."

At the moment, however, the fiery-headed

pioneers were too intensely excited to take

anybody's advice—even Boone's, who, most

of the time, was an oracle to them. Still the

cry was, "pursue the Indians," and finally one

hundred and eighty men, madly thirsting for

the blood of the redskins, started on the trail

bending their