

The Historic Huntsville Quarterly

Volume 18 | Number 3

Article 4

9-1-1992

The Legend of Monte Sano

Virgil Carrington Jones

Follow this and additional works at: <https://louis.uah.edu/historic-huntsville-quarterly>



Part of the [Historic Preservation and Conservation Commons](#), and the [History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Jones, Virgil Carrington (1992) "The Legend of Monte Sano," *The Historic Huntsville Quarterly*: Vol. 18: No. 3, Article 4.

Available at: <https://louis.uah.edu/historic-huntsville-quarterly/vol18/iss3/4>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by LOUIS. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Historic Huntsville Quarterly by an authorized editor of LOUIS.

The Legend of Monte Sano

The Indian maiden refused to accept the offer of the white man. With him, she knew, would come others of his race, ready to change the land in which she had lived her life as the carefree daughter of an Indian Chief.

Axes and fallen trees! Paleface hats and smoking chimneys! Guns and a scarcity of game! Cleared fields and beaten paths! These pictures flashed through her mind as his words fell impassably upon her ears. She was solid with an inherent firmness.

Not even the slightest stir of a falling leaf was noticeable on Monte Sano to disturb them as they talked, seated upon a ledge overlooking a heavily wooded valley which had seen only a few of the covered wagons in which the white man had come. He sat with his arm around her, his mouth pressed against the ebony hair so smoothly held by the ribbon he had given her. As if in deep thought, she leaned slightly forward, her head bowed, her hands folded in her lap:

"When the air was sweet and balmy,
Softly blown by Southern breeze,
Indian maid and paleface lover,
Loitered 'neath the forest trees.

"Now they climb the rugged mountain,
Gain at last its lofty height,
Sitting by a giant boulder,
Gaze upon a wonderous sight.

"Hill and valley, glen and wildwood,
In a panoramic view;
Waving tree tops, blooming flowers,
Tiny streamlets trickling through".

The Indian maid and her paleface lover sat in silence broken only by the man's pleading words. But they were not alone. Concealed in the rocks behind them lay a young brave, deeply torn with grief, for he, too, loved the Chief-tain's daughter. Stealthily, he had followed them each foot of the way.

"Must he lose his childhood's idol,
Will the white man win her heart?
Leave him crushed, his fond hopes blasted,
Living from his kind apart?"

The warrior was battling with a love which had followed him since he first had roamed the forests with this dark-eyed girl. Her memory had led him into more than one battle, or had encouraged him during his jousts with other young bucks of his tribe. Now this paleface had come between them.

"He hears the white man: 'Darling Monte,
Tell me I may ever stay,
With you in this land of beauty;
Do not, darling, tell me nay!"

These words brought an uncontrollable shudder from the young brave:

"But she answered not, for near her,
In her own tongue whispered low,
Pleads her Indian lover softly,
'Monte, say no! Monte, say no!"

"Then she turned to the white man,
Bade him to his friends return,
Should she wed him, ever after
For her own her heart would yearn.

"She would wed her Indian lover,
They would roam the forest wild;
Not for her the white men's dwelling,
She was ever nature's child."

Thus ended that romantic scene upon the mountain many,

many years ago. A white settler's love refused by an Indian girl to keep unspoiled her beloved forests!

"Years have passed, and man and maiden,
Each a lowly grave has found;
But their spirits ever wander
Through their happy hunting ground.

"But to us they've left the mountain,
Glorious in the sunset's glow,
As when christened by the warrior,
"Monte, say no! Monte, say no!"

In this way, Monte Sano got its name, according to the legend of an unknown author. From the depths of a warrior's torn heart behind the rocks that day came a combination of syllables which was to be carried in time to many distant corners .





Photo by STEVENS

The McCrary Home