

## THE LEGEND OF MAHONEGON

As early as 1770, settlers were pushing their way westward from the colonies. The first area to be conquered by these courageous frontiersmen was a mountainous land of deep forest and glistening streams called the Allegheny region.

The brave few who first entered this trackless wilderness found it boundless and uncharted. Here under the shade of the mighty oak, chestnut and hickories, they found life of all varieties. They found flowers more beautiful, more colorful than any others known to civilized man. The land was plentiful in that it provided deer, fish of all kinds, and the mighty bison, food for the white man.

The land was rich in fresh sparkling water, hundreds of mineral resources, one of which was the black diamond that shined like the sun. This, white man called coal. The soil seemed too eager to grow corn, beans and other food needed by the white man. This land was truly a paradise.

Yet, this land of plenty was not inhabited. Every year during the summer and fall months, the Delaware nation of Indians traveled into this bountiful region to replenish their meager food supply.

Wise and most honored of this fearless breed, was the chieftain Buckongehannon. The chief was known throughout the land, among Indian and white, for his cheerfulness of spirit and willingness to be of service. It was Buckongehannon's belief that all men should live in harmony. At the chief's side stood the bravest of the Delaware nation, Mahonegon "Running Wind", son of Buckongehannon.

The cheerfulness of spirit held by Buckongehannon was shared by a pioneer scout of the frontier, Captain John White.

The two brave warriors agreed in solemn oath to make it their aim to keep peace among the red and white.

However, peace was to be broken in this happy paradise beyond the mountains.

It was the custom of the Indian to lay in wait for game at salt-licks in the forest. White chanced upon the hidden Indian salt-lick. Mistaking the crouched figure in the thicket for an ambush, White fired his rifle, immediately killing his target.

Approaching his victim, White found much to his surprise, the man he had killed was his friend brave Mahonegon. He bent down and touched his friend. Seeing that he was dead, he covered Mahonegon, and placed a sprig of greenery on his chest.

Later, the chief came upon his son. He had heard the echoing sound of the shot earlier and fearing Mahonegon's safety, he had hurried to the scene. He tore aside the cover and gazed in silence on the handsome features now engaged in rigid death. Deep groan burst from his breast; "Mahonegon, Mahonegon" were the grief laden words that fell from his lips.

Gently lifting the form, he carried it to the summit of a high mountain, and there he buried it in a shallow grave.

Placing his hands on the rock mound covering his beloved dead, Buckongehannon moaned in the vengeful silence – "Mahonegon, Mahonegon Siwasi farewell."

Old timers say that the grave of Mahonegon is Eagle Rock. Buckongehannon can still be heard in the land of the running wind mourning for the loss of his son.

"Mahonegon, Mahonegon Siwasi farewell."