

GHEWAHTOK and WANHULTA

The Legend of Chiques Rock
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Illustrations by Ramona Sell

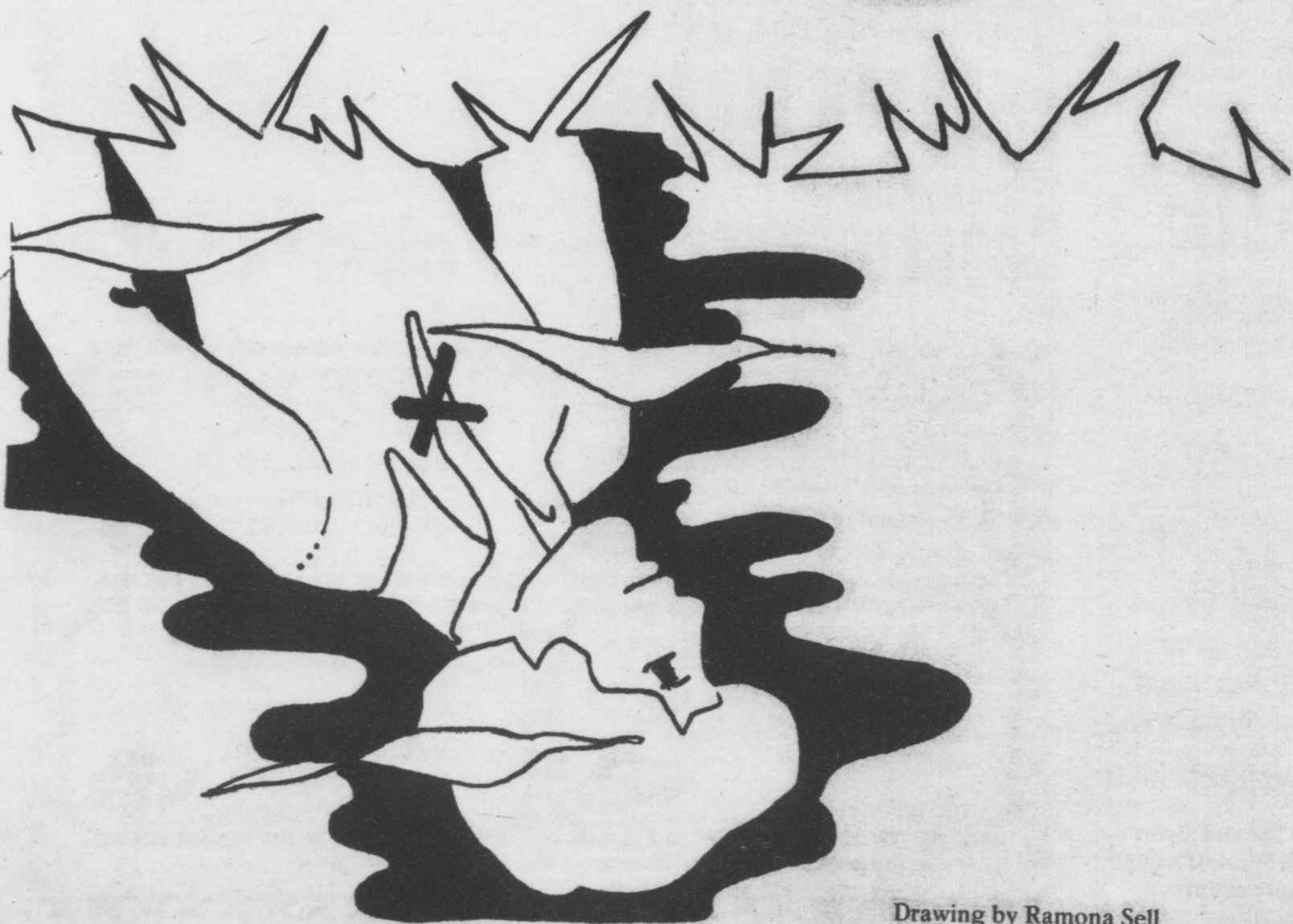


Where Susquehanna's tranquil tide
Quickens its current slow and wide,
And, narrowing, bends around the joint
Of that long finger, called the "Point;"
A precipice abrupt and sheer
In solemn grandeur rises. Here
The wanderer in awe may stand
To view a scene sublime and grand,
Letting his gaze in rapture fall
Upon the plains of Donegal,
Where smiling fields of wheat and corn
With verdant hue the land adorn;
Or, looking downward to the left,
See how the swirling rapids cleft
A bouldered passage, dark and deep.
Between the ridges high and steep
Then, if of courage stout he be,
He may step to its edge to see
And scan the perpendicular
Of the dreadful and appalling scour
Whose base to reach must plummet drop
Three hundred feet ere brought to stop:
So looms that cliff, named "Chiques Rock,"
Whose walls of stone the secret lock
In silence that forbears to tell
What here unwitnesses once befell.

In days of yore agone 'tis said
When by the lure of conquest led,
The white man came with ruthless hand
To pilfer and possess the land,
An Indian brave, Ghewahtok named,
Looked on the scene with eye inflamed
By such undying hate that he
Swore vengeance on the enemy,
And to that end, or soon to late,
Vowed he would lurk and lie in wait.

Now in the tribe there dwelt a maid,
Dark, lithe, with raven hair abraid,
Whom did Ghewahtok love; but she
As lissom as a bird and free
His love with such indifference met
As youth and coyness oft beget.

Try as he would, he could not gain
The secret vails that love sustain,
Nor win by wooing's tender art
The warm requital of her heart;
Though half in pity, half in pride,
Some slight regard did she divide,
Which, given parcel, heartened him
And made him vassal to her whim.
But maugre all the charms of love,
Such dole distrust could not remove,
Nor could her casual smile dispel
The doubt that made his life seem hell;
And oft as sank the evening sun,
When day its wonted course had run,
And 'round the campfire, stern and squat,
In converse grave the tribesmen sat,
His dark eyes glared with jealous flame
Upon her as she went and came.



Drawing by Ramona Sell