

# GREAT BAY SCENE OF MUCH HISTORIC INTEREST

At the close of graduation exercises in an Ohio high school, a pupil with a diploma in his hand, asked the writer where he intended to pass the summer vacation.

"Mount Washington, perhaps."  
"O, yes, that's the capital of Rhode Island."

The scribe was somewhat startled at his own geography of New Hampshire, when, the other day, he found that Great Bay was so great that it overran Rockingham county into Strafford. He was not surprised, however, when a walk of several miles along the borders of its water revealed an expanse of beautifully indented shore beyond in either direction, and brought into view the farms of the rich uplands, or the highway shaded by fine old trees, and extending for miles in the pleasant perspective of a June morning. This beautiful basin of water is really a small inland sea, feeling the tidal influences of the Atlantic, and joining with the ocean in its moods of peace and reflecting, to some extent, the milder wrath of its storms.

Great Bay is enclosed between Durham and Newfields on the north, and Greenland and Newington on the south, and was known by the present name as long ago as 1643. At one time it was called by the more picturesque name of Lake of Pascataquack. It is generally supposed to be formed by the union of the Winnicut, Squamscott and Lamprey rivers, but it is by no means wholly dependent upon these streams for its supply of water. It is a tidal basin that depends chiefly on the ebb and flow of the ocean, so that there is a great difference in its appearance when the full sea covers the basin to its shores and when the ebbing tide leaves the rocks exposed to view.

The history of New Hampshire involves an account of the earliest settlements at the mouth of the Piscataqua and on the shores of Great Bay. Indeed, it might almost be said that every acre of land washed by its waves or watered by its tributary streams has been the scene of the pioneer's struggles; his combat with the hardships incident to the times, the peril from wild animals and constant alarm from the treachery of savages. From the terrors of the Oyster river forays, where now the Woodman garrison stands as a reminder to the little powder house at Exeter left as a monument of the danger of foreign invasion, the materials are profusely scattered that might be woven into columns of thrilling and romantic history.

The Woodman garrison at Durham is

the last of the Oyster river defenses; it is still in a good state of preservation. It was a fine outlook for watching the approach of an enemy, as well as a charming view in every direction; at the east may be traced the winding of Oyster river on its way to the sea, and near at hand, but separated from it by a deep ravine, is the field where occurred the massacre of 1689.

In tracing the boundaries of Great Bay we seem, whichever way we turn, to be treading on the very battleground, where for years some of the best yeomanry of those old days fought against terrible odds to make the history of the seaboard section of New Hampshire. If we stop at Newington, they tell the story of the bloody assault by the Indians on Fox Point, in which homes were destroyed by torch and arrow. So frequently were instances of barbaric warfare practised upon the defenseless settlement that the town received the name of "Bloody Point," which it retained for many years. Today, now that the waves of the stream of time have washed the savage's lurking footprints from Newington's bordering shores, Great Bay is a scene of quiet summer beauty.

Greenland, whose northern boundary touches upon Great Bay, was one of the earliest towns to awake to the importance of the Revolutionary struggle, and in May, 1775, we find the little community buying firearms and a barrel of gunpowder.

Looking out upon the tranquil waters of the lake from the Stratham shore, visitors of today find it difficult to realize that there still stands a house within the borders of the town, where, 170 years ago or more, during the Indian troubles, that was a nightly resort for safety to the people of that neighborhood. Now there are fine houses, whose owners are princes of hospitality, and there are fine farms where the horses and cows are something to brag of, and the guest of summer or winter takes away with him a pleasant remembrance.

Continuing around on the north and crossing Exeter river the old historic ground broadens out into the one progressive town of Newfields. Here again much of the territory has been paid for by the lives of brave pioneers who settled not only by the borders of Great Bay, but all along Exeter river. From the time of the Indian wars to the Revolution the integrity and patriotism of the frontiersmen are part of the annals of the seaboard towns of New Hampshire.

In the long ago days of Indian treachery, the trail of the savage led in many directions across the clearings and through the woods of Newfields.

There is not another sheet of water in the United States around which, if a circle were struck, such historic ground would be enclosed, as that bordering upon the shores of Great Bay.

Being near the sea, and rich of soil, the country naturally attracted very early, an intelligent and thrifty class of settlers. Great Bay, and its associated

rivers reaching out into land worth fighting for, became the common highway to Portsmouth and the ocean. But while the Pioneers traveled upon its waters by daylight, their savage enemy prowled by night along the unseen trails of the forest.

Exeter, being on the frontier, was for a long series of years greatly exposed to the incursions of savages. Many citizens lost their lives and others were carried into captivity during this trying period of history. The old powder house built in 1760 has undergone little change since that time. The structure according to good authority was built to hold military stores during the French and Indian wars. It was opened, no doubt, a few years later to receive a part of the powder captured by the provincials in the raid under General Sullivan upon Fort William and Mary in Portsmouth harbor in December, 1774. The fine old town of Exeter comes within the Great Bay's historic circle. So little do the people boast, and so quietly do they follow the even tenor of their ways, that farms rivaling the best lands of the western reserve, and mansions as fine as any in the country are comparatively unknown.

Durham was originally included within the limits of Dover; and enough of romantic incidents might be gathered here to fill columns, but the following interesting story must suffice for this article: It was customary in colonial times for all those living on back roads to attend worship together, for the sake of protection. Thomas Chesley, a young man, was betrothed to a Miss Randall, residing in what is now Lee. As the people were returning from the meeting house one Sabbath, the old people on horseback, the young ones afoot, Chesley and the young lady loitered behind. As they were talking of future prospects, an arrow from the bow of some lurking savage pierced the neck of the young girl, and she fell back dead in the arms of her lover. A shout from Chesley brought the others back, and they bore the girl to the nearest house. As they entered some blood fell to the doorstep, and to this day the stone is pointed out with the blood marks of 200 years ago still visible. From that time young Chesley swore vengeance against the Indians, and ended his days fighting. It is asserted that at one time, meeting 12 savages skinning a steer, he killed 11 of them.

Following on through Madbury to Dover, the early annals of this county are the record of heroic struggle against the incursions of the Indians. The rigor of climate, the east wind of winter and the privations of pioneer life are set down in a dozen lines of history. From cottages, mansions and tall chimneys of factories the smoke of firesides and the art of peace remind the visitor that he is in the land of hospitality, thrift and prosperity and that Great Bay and all of its fine bordering lands have long since passed out of its peril and into the harmony of prosperous industry.—Manchester Union.

## RUSSIAN SCIENTIST CLAIMS SEX EXISTING IN STONES

Leningrad, Dec. 31—Sex exists in stones, it is claimed by Prof. Peter Manuloff, of the Russian Physico-Therapeutic Academy.

Prof. Manuloff is confident of prov-

INSIST UPON  
**KEMP'S BALSAM**  
for that COUGH!

Ep  
ing-  
S, w  
day,  
the c  
Fe  
elect  
gran  
gran  
Mrs.  
Mrs.  
will  
in Ju  
The  
serm  
Sund  
Enco  
titled  
en la  
char  
event  
Tw  
called  
Sund  
Noti  
form  
and  
ter s  
ed fr  
CO  
W  
Ch  
been  
tract  
cont  
struc  
are l  
A  
pres  
disci  
vant  
that  
attra  
to av  
wage  
enced  
"T  
the a  
ter s  
Lync  
and  
more  
ing c  
the n  
overl  
"It  
the q  
be u  
the c  
of he  
a mil  
one. I  
inter  
of on  
"Or  
in th  
mend  
of va  
only  
natur

BO