

CUTTS COVE

PJ 23 Sept 76 --

AN AUTUMN RAMBLE.—CUTTS' COVE.—
The changes time has wrought in other rural regions at the outskirts of Portsmouth, recalls the time when Cutts' Cove was for many successive summers a favorite resort of the Penobscot Indians; the women employing their time in making fancy baskets, while the men shot at cents put up for them as marks in Market Square, or disposed of such notions to the boys as bows and arrows of their own manufacture; the "medicine man," as he strolled the streets with his bundle of roots and herbs, sometimes finding employment from invalids disposed to try the virtue of his remedies,—full well assured that if they did them no good, they would do them no harm.

Not a particle of romance was there among these red-skinned visitors of the rougher sex, and it may be said with equal truth that if the rhymes of some unknown bard did not apply to even one of the number in the first of these stanzas, they did in the second to *all* the others :

"He leaned against a grand old oak,
That dark-brow'd forest child—
A chieftain tall as ever woke
His war-cry 'mid the sulphurous smoke
Of battle fierce and wild.

* * * * *

No eagle feather graced his brow,
Torn trowsers, sad to see,
Embraced his loins—but where or how
He hitched them on, the poet now
Can't tell—no more could he."

Quite as destitute of the romantic was the feminine portion of these "children of the forest shades," having no such "bright Alfaratta" among them as gave grace in the song to "the banks of the blue Junia-ta" or Indian maiden such as she to whom Tom Moore gave grace for all time in his musical verse, who

"—all night long by her firefly lamp
Paddled her white canoe."

Notwithstanding their deficiency, however, in the graces with which the poets and writers of romance are wont to invest their race, they did not want for visitors each time they came to their quiet retreat on the banks of the Piscataqua. Most welcome were they to the schoolboys who flocked thither on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and not less so in the evening time to youthful pairs drawn together by the same species of animal magnetism that made the seven years Jacob served for Rachel seem to him "but a few days."

A mishap once occurred to a party of young gentlemen, arrayed in the most spotless of white pantaloons. Finding an Indian boy in one of their birch canoes, they took a fancy for a sail by such a conveyance, and taking seats in the end where the water was deepest, supposed he would thus gratify them as they asked him to do; but no sooner had they done so than the youngster, either for the purpose of playing them a trick, or doubtful if they would compensate him for his services, retreated ashore, when the boat instantly turned upon its side, leaving them to wade ashore through the black mud that lay knee-deep beneath the shallow water, at that hour, of the Cove. It was rather late when they returned home, after remaining in some obscure retreat until the sun had gone down and ere the moon had arisen, but having added to their stock of experience that of never entering an Indian canoe unless sure that one of the dusky tribe would remain to keep it upright—a skill, it is said, they alone possess.

The pleasantly located mansion, in the same neighborhood, the home of Mr. Emery in these later years, wore the like cheerful aspect as now, and youthful lovers in their moonlight rambles to the Cove, could well have fancied it a scene where "the lords and ladies bright" of old romance might have figured in bygone time; one, indeed, at any time, might seek in vain a happier resting place on moonlit summer eves, or golden sunset hours. Other localities for building scarcely less attractive, remain, not far away, for Portsmouth enterprise to adopt as homes in some future day, when the spirit of improvement, so rife in other sections, has reached that portion of the city's suburbs.

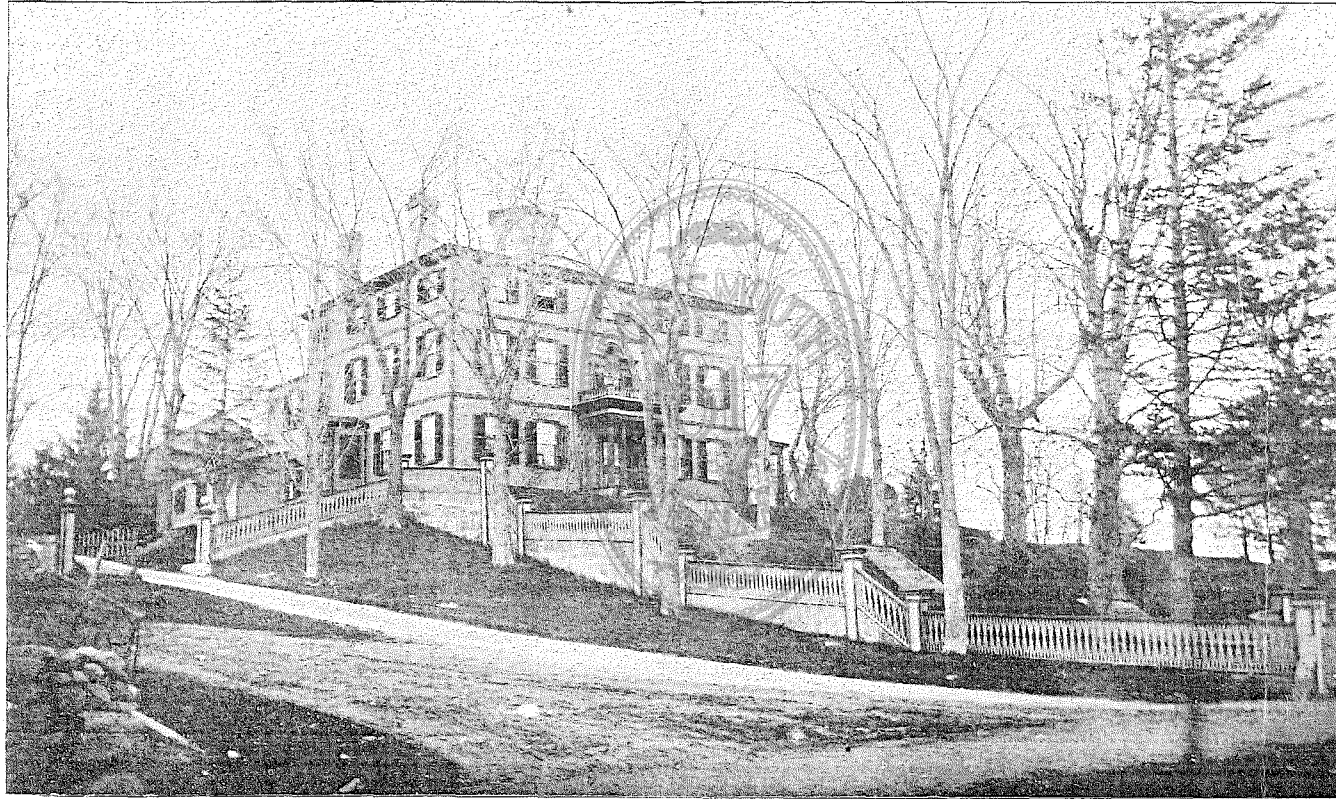
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Whether "Cutts' Cove" was on the north side of the North Mill Pond or on the river itself, isn't clear from the text. But the Cutts mansion, still stands high above Mapewood avenue, as it has since being built in 1810 for Edward Cutts.

From "New Hampshire Homes", by James A. Woods 1895

Street names: maple wood

NEW HAMPSHIRE HOMES.



RESIDENCE OF HON. SAMUEL W. EMERY, PORTSMOUTH.

THE residence of Hon. Samuel W. Emery, judge of the Portsmouth municipal court, situated on Maplewood avenue, is one of the oldest family seats in that city, and came into the possession of its present owner from the heirs of the late Hon. James W. Emery. The grounds with their handsome terraces form no small share of the beauty of the place, and all in all, interior, exterior, finish, and convenience, this residence possesses all that could be demanded by one desiring a homelike and comfortable roof-tree.