



## **PEOPLE MENTIONED IN CAPE COD:**

### **JOHN JAMES BABSON**



**“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION,  
THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY**

1602

March 26, Friday (Old Style): [Captain Bartholomew Gosnold](#), Bartholomew Gilbert, [Gabriel Archer](#), the [Reverend John Brereton](#), and others set sail from Falmouth harbor in a small Dartmouth bark, the *Concord*, to make the first English attempt to settle on the "North part of Virginia" coastline of the New World, a region that would eventually come to be known as "New England." There were 8 sailors and 24 gentlemen just commissioned by the Earl of Southampton to establish a colony, half of these gentlemen intending to settle and the other half intending to return directly to England in the possession (if all went well) of many items of curiosity or value. Captain Gosnold was the 1st to aim his vessel directly toward the Azore Islands, rather than making an initial stopover in the Canary Islands to the south. They would name Cape Cod. Gosnold's journals and logs would be available to [Henry Hudson](#).

**Q. When and by whom was New-England discovered ?**

**A. In 1602, by Bartholomew Gosnold, the first English commander who reached America by sailing on a due west course.**

**Q. What was the circuit of former navigators ?**

**A. By the West-India Isles and the Gulf of Florida.**

**Q. What part of New-England did he first discover ?**

**A. A promontory in Massachusetts Bay, to which, from the great quantity of codfish taken by him there, he gave the name of Cape Cod.**

**Q. What further discoveries did he make ?**

**A. Sailing along the coast to the southwest, he discovered and gave names to several places, and touched at two islands, one of which he named Martha's Vineyard,\* and the other Elizabeth Island.†**

**From this place he returned to England in less than four months from the time of his departure: having made the quickest voyage to the new world then known.‡**

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\* Now called Noman's Land.

† The westernmost of the islands that bear the name of Elizabeth.

‡ He resided three weeks on the most western of the Elizabeth islands, on which he built a fort and storehouse. Want of provisions induced him to give up the design of a settlement. The cellar of his storehouse was discovered by Dr. Belknap in 1797.

**VIEW THE PAGE IMAGES**



JOHN JAMES BABSON

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CAPE COD: Cape Cod is commonly said to have been discovered in 1602. We will consider at length under what circumstances, and with what observation and expectations, the first Englishmen whom history clearly discerns approached the coast of New England. According to the accounts of Archer and Brereton (both of whom accompanied Gosnold), on the 26th of March, 1602, old style, Captain Bartholomew Gosnold set sail from Falmouth, England, for the North Part of Virginia, in a small bark called the Concord, they being in all, says one account, "thirty-two persons, whereof eight mariners and sailors, twelve purposing upon the discovery to return with the ship for England, the rest remain there for population." This is regarded as "the first attempt of the English to make a settlement within the limits of New England." Pursuing a new and a shorter course than the usual one by the Canaries, "the 14th of April following" they "had sight of Saint Mary's, an island of the Azores." As their sailors were few and "none of the best," (I use their own phrases,) and they were "going upon an unknown coast," they were not "over-bold to stand in with the shore but in open weather"; so they made their first discovery of land with the lead. The 23d of April the ocean appeared yellow, but on taking up some of the water in a bucket, "it altered not either in color or taste from the sea azure." The 7th of May they saw divers birds whose names they knew, and many others in their "English tongue of no name." The 8th of May "the water changed to a yellowish green, where at seventy fathoms" they "had ground." The 9th, they had upon their lead "many glittering stones," – "which might promise some mineral matter in the bottom." The 10th, they were over a bank which they thought to be near the western end of St. John's Island, and saw schools of fish. The 12th, they say, "continually passed fleeting by us sea-oare, which seemed to have their movable course towards the northeast." On the 13th, they observed "great beds of weeds, much wood, and divers things else floating by," and "had smelling of the shore much as from the southern Cape and Andalusia in Spain." On Friday, the 14th, early in the morning they descried land on the north, in the latitude of forty-three degrees, apparently some part of the coast of Maine. Williamson (HISTORY OF MAINE) says it certainly could not have been south of the central Isle of Shoals. Belknap inclines to think it the south side of Cape Ann. Standing fair along by the shore, about twelve o'clock the same day, they came to anchor and were visited by eight savages, who came off to them "in a Biscay shallop, with sail and oars," – "an iron grapple, and a kettle of copper." These they at first mistook for "Christians distressed." One of them was "apparelled with a waistcoat and breeches of black serge, made after our sea-fashion, hoes and shoes on his feet; all the rest (saving one that had a pair of breeches of blue cloth) were naked." They appeared to have had dealings with "some Basques of St. John de Luz, and to understand much more than we," say the English, "for want of language, could comprehend." But they soon "set sail westward, leaving them and their coast." (This was a remarkable discovery for discoverers.)

PEOPLE OF  
CAPE COD

JOHN BRERETON

BELKNAP



JOHN JAMES BABSON

JOHN JAMES BABSON

CAPE COD: "The 15th day," writes Gabriel Archer, "we had again sight of the land, which made ahead, being as we thought an island, by reason of a large sound that appeared westward between it and the main, for coming to the west end thereof, we did perceive a large opening, we called it Shoal Hope. Near this cape we came to anchor in fifteen fathoms, where we took great store of cod-fish, for which we altered the name and called it Cape Cod. Here we saw skulls of herring, mackerel, and other small fish, in great abundance. This is a low sandy shoal, but without danger; also we came to anchor again in sixteen fathoms, fair by the land in the latitude of forty-two degrees. This Cape is well near a mile broad, and lieth northeast by east. The Captain went here ashore, and found the ground to be full of peas, strawberries, whortleberries, etc., as then unripe, the sand also by the shore somewhat deep; the firewood there by us taken in was of cypress, birch, witch-hazel, and beach. A young Indian came here to the captain, armed with his bow and arrows, and had certain plates of copper hanging at his ears; he showed a willingness to help us in our occasions."

"The 16th we trended the coast southerly, which was all champaign and full of grass, but the islands somewhat woody."

Or, according to the account of John Brereton, "riding here," that is where they first communicated with the natives, "in no very good harbor, and withal doubting the weather, about three of the clock the same day in the afternoon we weighed, and standing southerly off into sea the rest of that day and the night following, with a fresh gale of wind, in the morning we found ourselves embayed with a mighty headland; but coming to an anchor about nine of the clock the same day, within a league of the shore, we hoisted out the one half of our shallop, and Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, myself and three others, went ashore, being a white sandy and very bold shore; and marching all that afternoon with our muskets on our necks, on the highest hills which we saw (the weather very hot), at length we perceived this headland to be parcel of the main, and sundry islands lying almost round about it; so returning towards evening to our shallop (for by that time the other part was brought ashore and set together), we espied an Indian, a young man of proper stature, and of a pleasing countenance, and after some familiarity with him, we left him at the sea side, and returned to our ship, where in five or six hours' absence we had pestered our ship so with codfish, that we threw numbers of them overboard again: and surely I am persuaded that in the months of March, April, and May, there is upon this coast better fishing, and in as great plenty, as in Newfoundland; for the skulls of mackerel, herrings, cod, and other fish, that we daily saw as we went and came from the shore, were wonderful," &c.

JOHN BRERETON



JOHN JAMES BABSON

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CAPE COD: "From this place we sailed round about this headland, almost all the points of the compass, the shore very bold; but as no coast is free from dangers, so I am persuaded this is as free as any. The land somewhat low, full of goodly woods, but in some places plain."

It is not quite clear on which side of the Cape they landed. If it was inside, as would appear from Brereton's words, "From this place we sailed round about this headland almost all the points of the compass," it must have been on the western shore either of Truro or Wellfleet. To one sailing south into Barnstable Bay along the Cape, the only "white, sandy, and very bold shore" that appears is in these towns, though the bank is not so high there as on the eastern side. At a distance of four or five miles the sandy cliffs there look like a long fort of yellow sandstone, they are so level and regular, especially in Wellfleet, — the fort of the land defending itself against the encroachments of the Ocean. They are streaked here and there with a reddish sand as if painted. Farther south the shore is more flat, and less obviously and abruptly sandy, and a little tinge of green here and there in the marshes appears to the sailor like a rare and precious emerald. But in the JOURNAL OF PRING'S VOYAGE the next year (and Salterne, who was with Pring, had accompanied Gosnold) it is said, "Departing hence [i. e. from Savage Rocks] we bore unto that great gulf which Captain Gosnold overshot the year before." ["Savage Rock," which some have supposed to be, from the name, the Salvages, a ledge about two miles off Rockland, Cape Ann, was probably the Nubble, a large, high rock near the shore, on the east side of York Harbor, Maine. The first land made by Gosnold is presumed by experienced navigators to be Cape Elizabeth, on the same coast. (See Babson's HISTORY OF GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.)] So they sailed round the Cape, calling the southeasterly extremity "Point Cave," till they came to an island which they named Martha's Vineyard (now called No Man's Land), and another on which they dwelt awhile, which they named Elizabeth's Island, in honor of the queen, one of the group since so called, now known by its Indian name Cuttyhunk. There they built a small storehouse, the first house built by the English in New England, whose cellar could recently still be seen, made partly of stones taken from the beach. Bancroft says (edition of 1837), the ruins of the fort can no longer be discerned. They who were to have remained becoming discontented, all together set sail for England with a load of sassafras and other commodities, on the 18th of June following.

PEOPLE OF  
CAPE COD

JOHN BRERETON

BABSON'S HISTORY



JOHN JAMES BABSON

JOHN JAMES BABSON

1809



June 15, Thursday: [John James Babson](#) was born. His father was William Babson, born in Annisquam Village, Gloucester, and his mother Mary Griffin, born in the same village. James Babson, who died in 1683, had been the American progenitor of this family. The generations in between had been John Babson, John Babson, William Babson lost at sea in 1750, and his grandfather William Babson. He would be educated in the public schools of Gloucester to the age of 14, and would go into his father's store. He would be cashier of the Gloucester Bank for 19 years, bank commissioner for 2 years, a selectman for one year, a Representative to the General Court for 5 years, a State Senator for 2 years, a member of the school committee for 28 years and its chairman for 25.

French forces threw the Spanish back at María, southwest of Zaragoza.

A great service was held in memory of Franz Joseph Haydn in the Schottenkirche, Vienna. The Requiem of Wolfgang Amadeus [Mozart](#) was performed. The French army sent an honor guard.

Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*5th day// The meeting met this mornng at 8 OClock buisness was not got through with untill a few minutes before it was time for our Public meeting to begin - Public meeting was large & much favord. James Green as usual began the service. Anne Merrott began with the text "Why seek ye the living among the Dead &c & preached sweetly - then Micajah Collins preached powerfully & livingly confining his remarks mostly to the parting of friends to go to their little Meetings at home the solemnity of the occasion &c he also gave the dry sticks a shaking & encoraged the Youth - James Mendenhall reverted instructingly to A Merretts testimony adapted to those who are standing off & those that are not particularly within our Society - It was to me an excellent meeting & the impressions that I felt may they long remain - This Afternoon at the Shop I had the company of my much Valued little friend David Smith of Bolton we conversed on our religious advancement - it was a season of refreshment indeed, we both I trust were brought livingly near to other in the bond of true brotherhood & Oh Saith my Soul may we go up together hand in hand to the House of the Lord the God of Jacob - my dear friend Philip Dunham has also been with me I love him & O may our love continue - Micajah Collins & wife & Matthew Purinton & wife called to see my dear H in the Afternoon but I was not at home -In the evening I went to father R's to see Micajah & wife -*

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RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



JOHN JAMES BABSON

JOHN JAMES BABSON

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT





JOHN JAMES BABSON

JOHN JAMES BABSON

1832



June 17, Sunday: [John James Babson](#) got married with Mary Coffin Rogers, daughter of Timothy Rogers. The couple would produce four children only one of whom would survive to maturity.

In [Providence, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*1st day 17th of 6th M 1832 / Our friend Margaret Parker accompanied by her Husband Benj Parker, & her Sister Sybel Allenson were at Meeting with us this Afternoon, & Margaret had acceptable Service. – In the Morning we were silent.*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS





**JOHN JAMES BABSON**

**JOHN JAMES BABSON**

**1842**

Mary Coffin Rogers Babson died.

HDT

WHAT?

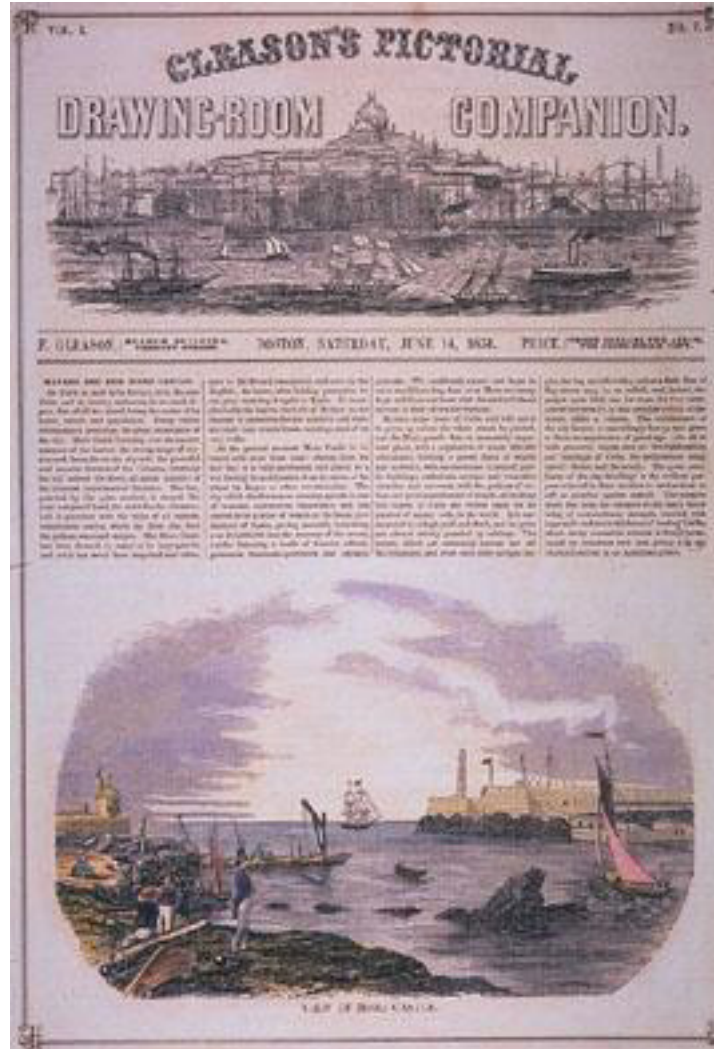
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JOHN JAMES BABSON

JOHN JAMES BABSON

1851

June 14, Saturday: [Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion](#) published a nicely colorized picture of Morro Castle in the harbor of Havana, Cuba:



CONSULT THE WIKIPEDIA

[John James Babson](#) got married a second time, with Lydia Ann Mason, daughter of Alpheus Mason. The couple would produce a son, [John James Babson](#).



June 14, Saturday: Full moon last night. Set out on a walk to Conantum at 7 pm. A serene evening – the sun going down behind clouds, a few white or slightly shaded piles of clouds floating in the eastern sky – but a broad clear mellow cope left for the moon to rise into– An evening for poets to describe. Met a man driving home his cow from pasture and stopping to chat with his neighbor.– Then a boy who had set down his pail in the road to stone a bird most perseveringly –whom I heard afterward behind me telling his pail to be quiet in a tone of assumed anger because it squeaked under his arm.– As I proceed along the back Road I hear the lark still singing in the meadow. & the bobolink –& the Goldrobin on the elms & the swallows twittering about the barns. A small bird chasing a crow high in the air who is going home at night All nature is in an expectant attitude– Before Goodwin's House –at the opening of the Sudbury Road The swallows are diving at a tortoise

CAT

## JOHN JAMES BABSON

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shell cat who curvets & frisks rather awkwardly as if she did not know whether to be scared or not— And now having proceeded a little way down this Road, the sun having buried himself in the low cloud in the west and hung out his crimson curtains How quietly we entertain the possibility of joy —of —re creation, of light into our souls —we should be more excited at the pulling of a tooth.

I hear while sitting by the wall the sound of the stake driver<sup>1</sup> at a distance —like that made by a man pumping in a neighboring farm yard —watering his cattle —or like chopping wood before his door on a frosty morning — & I can imagine him driving a stake in a meadow— The pumper— I immediately went in search of the bird —but after going <sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub> a mile it did not sound much nearer —and the two parts of the sound did not appear to proceed from the same place— What is the peculiarity of these sounds which penetrates so far on the keynote of nature. At last I got near to the brook in the meadow behind Hubbard's wood, but I could not tell if were further or nearer than that— When I got within half a dozen rods of the brook it ceased —and I heard it no more— I suppose that I scared it. As before I was further off than I thought —so now I was nearer than I thought. It is not easy to understand how so small a creature can make so loud a sound by merely sucking in or throwing out water —with pump-like lungs— As yet no moon but downy piles of cloud scattered here and there in the expectant sky.

Saw a blue flag blossom in the meadow while waiting for the stake driver.

It was a sound as of gulping water.

Where my path crosses the brook in the meadow there is a singularly sweet scent in the heavy air bathing the brakes where the brakes grow— The fragrance of the earth —as if the dew were a distillation of the fragrant essences of nature. When I reach the road The farmer going home from town invites me to ride in his high-set wagon —not thinking why I walk —nor can I shortly explain— He remarks on the coolness of the weather. The angelica is budded a handsome luxuriant plant. And now my senses are captivated again by a sweet fragrance as I enter the embowered willow causeway —and I know not if it be from a particular plant or all to together— Sweet-scented vernal grass —or sweet briar— Now the sun is fairly gone —& I hear the dreaming frog & the whipporwill [*Caprimulgus vociferus*] from some darker wood. It is not far from 8. & the cuckoo. The song-sparrows sing quite briskly among the willows —as if it were spring again —& the blackbirds harsher note resounds over the meadow, and the veery's comes up from the wood. Fishes are dimpling the surface of the river —seizing the insects which alight —a solitary fisherman in his boat inhabits the scene. As I rise the hill beyond the bridge, I found myself in a cool fragrant dewey up country mountain morning air —a new region— (When I had issued from the willows onto the bridge it was like coming out of night into twilight the river reflected so much light) The moon was now seen rising over fair haven & at the same time reflected in the river —pale & white like a silvery cloud —barred with a cloud not promising how it will shine anon Now I meet an acquaintance coming from a remote field in his hay-rigging with a jag of wood —who reins up to show me how large a wood chuck he has killed, which he found eating his clover. But now he must drive on, for behind comes a boy taking up the whole road with a huge roller drawn by a horse —which goes lumbering & bouncing along —getting out of the way of night, and making such a noise as if it had the contents of a tinker shop in its bowels —& rolls the whole road like a newly sown grain field.

In conants orchard I hear the faint cricket-like song of a sparrow —saying its vespers —as if it were a link between the cricket & the bird— The robin sings now though the moon shines silverly —and the veery jingles its trille I hear the fresh & refreshing sound of falling water —as I have heard it in new Hampshire— It is a sound we do not commonly hear.

I see that the white weed is in blossom which as I had not walked by day for some time I had not seen before. How moderate —deliberate is nature —how gradually the shades of night gather & deepen giving man ample leisure to bid farewell to day —conclude his day's affairs & prepare for slumber— The twilight seems out of proportion to the length of the day— Perchance it saves our eyes. Now for some hours the farmers have been getting home.

Since the alarm about mad dogs a couple of years ago —there are comparatively few left to bark at the traveller & bay the moon.

All nature is abandoned to me.

You feel yourself your body your legs more at night —for there is less beside to be distinctly known —& hence perhaps you think yourself more tired than you are.— I see indistinctly oxen asleep in the fields —silent in majestic slumber —like the sphinx —statuesque Egyptian reclining. What solid rest —how their heads are supported! A sparrow or a cricket makes more noise. From conants summit I hear as many as 15 whipporwills —or whip-or-I-will's at once —the succeeding cluck —sounding strangely foreign like a hewer at work elsewhere. The moon is accumulating yellow light & triumphing over the clouds —but still the west is suffused here & there with a slight red tinge —marking the path of the day. Though inexperienced ones might call it night, it is not yet—

Dark heavy clouds lie along the western horizon exhibiting the forms of animals and men —while the moon is behind a cloud. Why do we detect these forms so readily —? Whales or giants reclining busts of heroes —Michael Angelic. There is the gallery of statuary the picture gallery of man —not a board upon an Italian's head but these dark figures along the horizon. The board some Titan carries on his head— What firm & heavy outlines for such soft & light material!

How sweet & encouraging it is to hear the sound of some artificial music from the midst of woods or from the top of a hill at night —borne on the breeze from some distant farm house —the human voice or a flute— That is a civilization one can endure —worth having— I could go about the world listening for the strains of music. Men

1. The "stake driver" is the American Bittern [*Botaurus lentiginosus*].

## JOHN JAMES BABSON

## JOHN JAMES BABSON

use this gift but sparingly methinks. What should we think of a bird which had the gift of song but sang but used it only once in a dozen years! like the tree which blossoms only once in a century. Now the daw bug comes humming by the first I have heard this year. In 3 month It will be the harvest moon –I cannot easily believe it. Why not call this the Traveller's Moon? It would be as true to call the last (the May) the Planter's moon as it is to call Septembers the Harvest moon– For the farmers use one about as little as the other. Perhaps this is the Whippoorwill's Moon. The bull-frog now which I have not heard before this evening –it is nearly 9– They are much less common & their note more intermittent than that of the dreamers.

I scared up a bird on a *low* bush –perchance on its nest– It is rare that you you start them at night from such places.

Peabody says that the Night Hawk retires to rest about the time the whipporwill begins its song– The whipporwill begins now at 7<sup>1/2</sup> I hear the Night Hawk after 9 o'clock. He says it flies low in the evening – but it also flies high as it must needs do to make the booming sound.

I hear the lowing of cows occasionally –& the barking of dogs. The Pond by moonlight which may make the object in a walk, suggests little to be said– Where there was only one firefly in a dozen rods –I hastily ran to one –which had crawled up to the top of a grass head & exhibited its light –& Instantly another sailed in to it showing its light also –but my presence made them extinguish their lights –the latter retreated & the former – crawled slowly down the stem. It appeared to me That the first was a female who thus revealed her place to the male who was also making known his neighborhood as he hovered about –both showing their lights that they might come together It was like a mistress who had climbed to the turrets of her castle & exhibited there a blazing taper for a signal –while her lover had displayed his light on the plain. If perchance she might have any lovers abroad.

Not much before 10 o'clock does the moonlight night begin. When man is asleep & day fairly forgotten –then is the beauty of moon light seen over lonely pastures –where cattle are silently feeding. Then let me walk in a diversified country –of hill and dale with heavy woods one side –& copses & scattered trees & bushes enough –to give me shadows– Returning a mist is on the river. The river is taken into the womb of nature again.

Now is the clover month –but haying is not yet begun.

Evening

Went to Nawshawtuct by North branch –overtaken by a slight shower The same increased fragrance from the ground sweet fern &c as in the night –& for the like reason probably.

The houstonias still blossom freshly as I believe they continue to do all summer –. The Fever root in blossom –pictured in B's Med. Bot. *Triosteum perfoliatum* near the top of Hill under the wall looks somewhat like a milkweed. The *viburnum dentatum* very regularly toothed just ready to blossom sometimes called arrow wood. Nature seems not have designed that man should be much abroad by night and in the moon proportioned the light fitly. By the faintness & rareness of the light compared with that of the sun she expresses her intention with regard to him

BIGELOW





JOHN JAMES BABSON

JOHN JAMES BABSON

1860

John James Babson's HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF GLOUCESTER, CAPE ANN, INCLUDING THE TOWN OF ROCKPORT (Gloucester MA: Procter Brothers).

## HISTORY OF GLOUCESTER

CAPE COD: "From this place we sailed round about this headland, almost all the points of the compass, the shore very bold; but as no coast is free from dangers, so I am persuaded this is as free as any. The land somewhat low, full of goodly woods, but in some places plain."

It is not quite clear on which side of the Cape they landed. If it was inside, as would appear from Brereton's words, "From this place we sailed round about this headland almost all the points of the compass," it must have been on the western shore either of Truro or Wellfleet. To one sailing south into Barnstable Bay along the Cape, the only "white, sandy, and very bold shore" that appears is in these towns, though the bank is not so high there as on the eastern side. At a distance of four or five miles the sandy cliffs there look like a long fort of yellow sandstone, they are so level and regular, especially in Wellfleet, — the fort of the land defending itself against the encroachments of the Ocean. They are streaked here and there with a reddish sand as if painted. Farther south the shore is more flat, and less obviously and abruptly sandy, and a little tinge of green here and there in the marshes appears to the sailor like a rare and precious emerald. But in the JOURNAL OF PRING'S VOYAGE the next year (and Salterne, who was with Pring, had accompanied Gosnold) it is said, "Departing hence [i. e. from Savage Rocks] we bore unto that great gulf which Captain Gosnold overshot the year before." ["Savage Rock," which some have supposed to be, from the name, the Salvages, a ledge about two miles off Rockland, Cape Ann, was probably the Nubble, a large, high rock near the shore, on the east side of York Harbor, Maine. The first land made by Gosnold is presumed by experienced navigators to be Cape Elizabeth, on the same coast. (See Babson's HISTORY OF GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.)] So they sailed round the Cape, calling the southeasterly extremity "Point Cave," till they came to an island which they named Martha's Vineyard (now called No Man's Land), and another on which they dwelt awhile, which they named Elizabeth's Island, in honor of the queen, one of the group since so called, now known by its Indian name Cuttyhunk. There they built a small storehouse, the first house built by the English in New England, whose cellar could recently still be seen, made partly of stones taken from the beach. Bancroft says (edition of 1837), the ruins of the fort can no longer be discerned. They who were to have remained becoming discontented, all together set sail for England with a load of sassafras and other commodities, on the 18th of June following.

PEOPLE OF  
CAPE COD

JOHN BRERETON

BABSON'S HISTORY



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The Georges fishery was quite disastrous this year, there having been five vessels and forty-eight lives lost in its pursuit; one vessel was lost in the mackerel fishery, with, eleven men; thirteen men were lost from vessels other than Georgesmen, making a total of seventy-three lives. One vessel was lost in the Prince Edward Island trade. Lost overboard, on passage to Newfoundland, schooner *Sarah E. Smith* a man named Myers. Lost overboard, on Georges, from schooner *Typhoon*, Samuel P. Huse. Lost overboard, from schooner *Sarah B. Harris*, Haynes Low, of Rockport. John Marstons was found drowned in the dock of the wharf of A. Merchant & Co.





JOHN JAMES BABSON

JOHN JAMES BABSON

1876

John James Babson's NOTES AND ADDITIONS TO THE HISTORY OF GLOUCESTER.

## HISTORY OF GLOUCESTER

LIFE IS LIVED FORWARD BUT UNDERSTOOD BACKWARD?  
— NO, THAT'S GIVING TOO MUCH TO THE HISTORIAN'S STORIES.  
LIFE ISN'T TO BE UNDERSTOOD EITHER FORWARD OR BACKWARD.



JOHN JAMES BABSON

JOHN JAMES BABSON

1886

April 13, Tuesday: [John James Babson](#) died (a new edition of the history of Gloucester was said to be almost complete).

**“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING, HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY**





**JOHN JAMES BABSON**

**JOHN JAMES BABSON**



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"It's all now you see. Yesterday won't be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago."

- Remark by character "Garin Stevens"  
in William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST



**Prepared: May 16, 2014**



JOHN JAMES BABSON

JOHN JAMES BABSON

# ARRGH AUTOMATED RESearch REPORT

## GENERATION HOTLINE



This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, someone has requested that we pull it out of the hat of a pirate who has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (as above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture (this is data mining). To respond to such a request for information we merely push a button.

Commonly, the first output of the algorithm has obvious



**JOHN JAMES BABSON**

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deficiencies and we need to go back into the modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and recompile the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

First come first serve. There is no charge.

Place requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>. Arrgh.