

Chapter 1 : John Terelak, Wreck of the Hesperus-State of the Art

Norman's Woe is a rock reef on Cape Ann in Gloucester, Massachusetts, about feet offshore. It has been the site of a number of ship wrecks including the "Rebecca Ann" in March, during a snowstorm.

Affiliate notice Affiliate links may be included in posts, as on sidebar ads, for which compensation may be received. Often literature crosses paths, or crosses swords, with history. All ten crewmembers were swept out to sea, and one survived by holding on to a rock in the water. The Blizzard of wrecked many ships. Twenty bodies washed ashore, among them that of an older woman tied to a piece of the ship. It is only a clump of granite jutting from the sea just offshore of Gloucester, and looks quite innocuous. It is foreboding and macabre. There was a time when poetry was entertainment, and a poem with a regional flavor was like a guidebook, its descriptions substituting for photos, and ironically making us think we know the place better than a photo would. Below is the poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax, Her cheeks like the dawn of day, And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds, That ope in the month of May. The Skipper he stood beside the helm, His pipe was in his mouth, And he watched how the veering flaw did blow The smoke now West, now South. Then up and spake an old Sailor, Had sailed the Spanish Main, "I pray thee, put into yonder port, for I fear a hurricane. Colder and louder blew the wind, A gale from the Northeast, The snow fell hissing in the brine, And the billows frothed like yeast. I hear the church bells ring, Oh, say, what may it be? I hear the sound of guns; Oh, say, what may it be? I see a gleaming light. Oh say, what may it be? Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark, With his face turned to the skies, The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow On his fixed and glassy eyes. Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed That saved she might be; And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave, On the Lake of Galilee. And ever the fitful gusts between A sound came from the land; It was the sound of the trampling surf, On the rocks and hard sea-sand. The breakers were right beneath her bows, She drifted a dreary wreck, And a whooping billow swept the crew Like icicles from her deck. She struck where the white and fleecy waves Looked soft as carded wool, But the cruel rocks, they gored her side Like the horns of an angry bull. Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice, With the masts went by the board; Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank, Ho! At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach, A fisherman stood aghast, To see the form of a maiden fair, Lashed close to a drifting mast. The salt sea was frozen on her breast, The salt tears in her eyes; And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed, On the billows fall and rise. Such was the wreck of the Hesperus, In the midnight and the snow! Posted by Jacqueline T.

Chapter 2 : 26 Norman's Woe - Gloucester HarborWalk

On the Reef of Norman's Woe "It was the schooner Hesperus That sailed the wintry sea; And the skipper had taken his little daughter To bear him company.

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Chapter 3 : Near Reef of Norman's Woe Â· Newportal

Norman's Woe, a reef off the cape's east coast, has been the scene of numerous shipwrecks, and it is the setting of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem "The Wreck of the Hesperus." Halibut Point forms Cape Ann's northernmost tip.

It was the stern-wheeled tub Amenhotep, which churned her way up and down the Nile, scraping over sand banks, butting the shores with gait embarrassing--for it was the time of cholera, just before the annual rise of the Nile. Fielding Bey, the skipper, had not taken his little daughter, for he had none; but he had taken little Dicky Donovan, who had been in at least three departments of the Government, with advantage to all. Dicky was dining with Fielding at the Turf Club, when a telegram came saying that cholera had appeared at a certain village on the Nile. Fielding had dreaded this, had tried to make preparation for it, had begged of the Government this reform and that--to no purpose. He knew that the saving of the country from an epidemic lay with his handful of Englishmen and the faithful native officials; but chiefly with the Englishmen. He was prepared only as a forlorn hope is prepared, with energy, with personal courage, with knowledge; and never were these more needed. With the telegram in his hand, he thought of his few English assistants, and sighed; for the game they would play was the game of Hercules and Death over the body of Alcestis. Dicky noted the sigh, read the telegram, drank another glass of claret, lighted a cigarette, drew his coffee to him, and said: If there was one man in Egypt who could do useful work in the business, it was little Dicky Donovan, who had a way with natives such as no man ever had in Egypt; who knew no fear of anything mortal; who was as tireless as a beaver, as keen-minded as a lynx is sharp-eyed. When Dicky offered himself now, Fielding said, almost feverishly: In an hour they were on the Amenhotep, and in two hours they were on the way--a floating hospital--to the infected district of Kalamoun. There the troubles began. A handful of good men under two leaders of nerve, conscience and ability, to fight an invisible enemy, which, gaining headway, would destroy its scores of thousands! At the end of the first two months Fielding Bey became hopeless. This afternoon I found the huts these gentlemen call their homes. Fielding fretfully jerked his foot on the floor, and lighted his pipe, the first that day. Steady, sullen opposition meets us at every hand. Has Norman gone back? He looks ten years older. He has influenced the whole district against Norman and our men. Norman--you know what an Alexander-Hannibal baby it is, all the head of him good for the best sort of work anywhere, all the fat heart of him dripping sentiment--gave a youngster a comfit the other day. Dicky looked up inquiringly, and Fielding continued. He spread a report that this business was only a scare got up by us; that we poisoned the people and buried them alive. What does Norman do? Then he said, with his girlish laugh, not quite so girlish these days: As Dicky wrote he read aloud in a kind of legal monotone: The citizen Mustapha Kali having asserted that there is no cholera, and circulated various false statements concerning the treatment of patients, is hereby appointed as hospital-assistant for three months, in the Cholera Hospital of Kalamoun, that he may have opportunity of correcting his opinions. Fielding lay back and laughed--the first laugh on his lips for a fortnight. He laughed till his dry, fevered lips took on a natural moisture, and he said at last: You and Norman have the only brains in this show. I get worse every day; I do--upon my soul! Think it fills the bill, eh? He never comes back. Dicky, things must be pulled our way, or we go to deep damnation. He was about to say something, however, when Fielding continued. For in that case you wait to die, and you fight to the last, and you only have your own lives. But this is different. His fingers moved over the maps on the table, in which were little red and white and yellow flags, the white flags to mark the towns and villages where they had mastered the disease, the red flags to mark the new ones attacked, the yellow to indicate those where the disease was raging. His fingers touched one of the flags, and he looked down. Here are two new places attacked to-day. He seemed to set so much store by this particular business. Two hours later Fielding, Dicky, and Norman were in conference, extending their plans of campaign. Fielding and Norman were eager and nervous, and their hands and faces seemed to have taken on the arid nature of the desert. Before they sat down Dicky had put the bottle of whiskey out of easy reach; for Fielding, under ordinary circumstances the most abstemious of men, had lately, in his great fatigue and overstrain, unconsciously emptied his glass more often than was wise for a campaign of long endurance. He looked like a man that was haunted. There was, too, a

certain air of helplessness about him, a primitive intensity almost painful. Dicky saw Fielding respond to this in a curious way--it was the kind of fever that passes quickly from brain to brain when there is not sound bodily health commanded by a cool intelligence to insulate it. The three were sitting silent, having arranged certain measures, when Norman sprang to his feet excitedly and struck the table with his hand. I neglect my duty. I was to be back at Abdallah at five. I forgot all about it. A most important thing. A load of fessikh was landed at Minkari, five miles beyond Abdallah. I was going to seize it. There were only two things to do: But there was no chance for shooting till things got very much better. The authorities in Cairo would never understand, and the babbling social-military folk would say that they had calmly gone shooting while pretending to stay the cholera epidemic. Fielding also ought to have a few days clear away from this constant pressure and fighting, and the sounds and the smells of death; but it could not be yet. After all, they had got a system of sanitary supervision, they had the disease by the throat, and even in Cairo the administration was waking up a little. The crisis would soon pass perhaps, if a riot could be stayed and the natives give up their awful fictions of yellow handkerchiefs, poisoned sweetmeats, deadly limewash, and all such nonsense. So Dicky said now, "All right, Norman; come along. There are the horses. Practise it, my son! Is it a bargain? Henshaw, widow of Henshaw of the Buffs, had insisted on his taking with him a year before, saying that it would be a cure for loneliness when away from her. During the first of these black days Fielding had played intermittently for a few moments at a time, and Dicky had noticed that after playing he seemed in better spirits. But lately the disease of a ceaseless unrest, of constant sleepless work, was on him. And Dicky knew that presently there would be no time to eat, and then no time to sleep; and then, the worst! Dicky had pinned his faith and his friendship to Fielding, and he saw no reason why he should lose his friend because Madame Cholera was stalking the native villages, driving the fellaheen before her like sheep to the slaughter. If Fielding would but play it would take the strain off his mind at times. He did not notice that one of his crew abaft near the wheel was watching him closely, while creeping along the railing on the pretence of cleaning it. Fielding was absorbed in making notes upon a piece of paper and moving the little flags about. Now he lit a cigar and began walking up and down the deck. The Arab disappeared, but a few minutes afterwards returned. The deck was empty. Fielding had ridden away to the village. The map was still on the table. With a frightened face the Arab peered at it, then going to the side he called down softly, and there came up from the lower deck a Copt, the sarraf of the village, who could read English fairly. The Arab pointed to the map, and the Copt approached cautiously. A few feet away he tried to read what was on the map, but, unable to do so, drew closer, pale-faced and knockkneed, and stared at the map and the little flags. An instant after he drew back, and turned to the Arab. He sends the death to the village by moving the flags. May God change him into a dog to be beaten to death! The red is to begin, the white flag is for more death, the yellow is for enough. See--may God cut off his hand! It was music through which breathed the desperate, troubled, aching heart and tortured mind of an overworked strong man. It cried to the night its trouble; but far over in the Cholera Hospital the sick heard it and turned their faces towards it eagerly. It pierced the apathy of the dying. As the day wore on, however, his spirits fell, for on every hand was suspicion, unrest, and opposition, and his native assistants went sluggishly about their work. It was pathetic and disheartening to see people refusing to be protected, the sick refusing to be relieved, all stricken with fear, yet inviting death by disobeying the Inglesi. Kalamoun was hopeless; yet twenty-four hours earlier Fielding had fancied there was a little light in the darkness. Wherever he went open resistance blocked his way, hisses and mutterings followed him, the sick were hid in all sorts of places, and two of his assistants deserted before noon. Mustapha Kali had been sentenced to serve in the Cholera Hospital of Kalamoun, that he might be cured of his unbelief. At first he had taken his fate hardly, but Dicky had taunted him and then had suggested that a man whose conscience was clear and convictions good would carry a high head in trouble. Dicky challenged him to prove his libels by probing the business to the bottom, like a true scientist. All the way from Abdallah Dicky talked to him so, and at last the only answer Mustapha Kali would make was, "Malaish no matter! No good is in a dog the offspring of a dog. Whenever these dogs scratch the ground the dust of poison is in the air, and we die. On the first day there came word that Norman, overwrought, had shot himself.

Chapter 4 : Reef of Norman's Woe, Gloucester, Mass. "Wreck of Hesperus" | Flickr

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Inspiration[edit] Longfellow combined fact and fiction to create this poem. His inspiration was the great Blizzard of , which ravaged the northeast coast of the United States for 12 hours starting January 6, , destroying 20 ships with a loss of 40 lives. All hands were lost, one of which was a woman, who reportedly floated to shore dead but still tied to the mast. Then I went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines, but by stanzas. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. April Adaptations[edit] "The Wreck of the Hesperus" was adapted into films of the same name in [7] and For example, in the film *The Big Circus* , one character tells another: For example, in the Australian film, *Picnic at Hanging Rock* , the headmistress forbids a student from participating in a school outing because she has failed to memorize lines from the poem although in the original novel, the headmistress wrongly attributes the poem to Felicia Hemans rather than to Longfellow. Although identical in nearly every respect to the initiation rites of "Crossing the Desert" and the "Unblinking Eye", the "Wreck of the Hesperus" is a possibly superfluous ordeal suffered by Homer Simpson as part of his acceptance into the secret society of Stonecutters. She saves the child, but dies herself. Namesakes[edit] The poem has inspired the titles of a variety of popular culture entities. The Pleasure Island amusement park in Wakefield, Massachusetts - , 18 miles south-west of the site where the fictional Hesperus sank, featured a ride named "The Wreck of the Hesperus". The English poet Roger McGough recited a one-minute version of the poem, complete with sound effects, on the album *Miniatures* produced by Morgan Fisher in Parodies[edit] Mad magazine parodied the poem[when?

Chapter 5 : New England Travels: Norman's Woe

Note: Comments that contain obscenities or are abusive to other readers may be deleted. Commenters who repeatedly break these rules will be banned. Comments are open for a minimum of 21 days and will stay open longer if the conversation is still active.

Blue were her eyes, as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That open in the month of May.
Then up and spoke an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main, "I pray thee,
put into yonder port, For I fear a hurricane.
Last night the moon had a golden ring,
But tonight no moon we see.
I hear the church bell ring, Oh say what may it be?
I see a gleaming light O say what may it be?
At daybreak on the bleak sea beach
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Float by on a drifting mast.
The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And her streaming hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the waves did fall and rise.
Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
A few of the "actual stories" regarding the origin of this poem. One of the bodies washed ashore was, in fact, lashed to a spar. This gave the poet his theme. The real Hesperus was docked when it was hit by such strong winds that it sailed across the street into the third story of a building. This prompted him to write the poem although he changed the victim from a 45 year old woman to a young girl. The Favorite was indeed a total loss with all on board, including a female. Apparently, there was a ship named "Herperus. His poem is "The Wreck of the Hesperus" note the "s" in the middle, not the "r". Seventeen schooners were wrecked and 40 lives were lost. Unable to sleep after reading the news in the Boston Post, Longfellow sat up one night long after midnight and composed the poem effortlessly. John Liptrot Hatton was mostly self-taught as a musician. He enjoyed an enormous popularity during the nineteenth century for his ballads which are often of the highest quality. He also produced two cathedral services, eight anthems, a mass, an operetta and two operas. He was also well known as a performer, mostly of his own songs, which he interpreted in such a way that he invariably had the audience at his feet.

Chapter 6 : Norman's Woe - Wikipedia

*And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.*

Chapter 7 : Postcard Gloucester Massachusetts MA Reef Of Normans Woe | eBay

The location is undetermined, certainly not off Norman's Woe reef, which juts off the rockbound western shore of Gloucester Harbor. It could be a pastiche of a few scenesâ€”the headland is reminiscent of Stage Rocks in Gloucester Harbor.

Chapter 8 : Longfellow's "Wreck Of The Hesperus".

"The Wreck of the Hesperus" is a narrative poem by American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, first published in Ballads and Other Poems in It is a story that presents the tragic consequences of a sea captain's pride. On an ill-fated voyage in win.

Chapter 9 : Norman's Woe | reef, United States | www.nxgvision.com

Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe. Such was the wreck of the Hesperus, In the midnight and the snow! Christ save us all from a death like this.