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The scarlet letter reading guide answers

Library of Congress Between Hawthorne's earlier and later productions, there is no solution to literary continuity, only increased growth and embrace. Rappaccini's daughter, Young Goodman Brown, Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure and The Artist of Beauty, on the one hand, are a promise that is fulfilled in the Scarlet List and the House of the Seven Peaks, on the other; although we should not understand the promise that we have not fulfilled this. Shorter stories have a lyrical quality, but longer romances express more than a simple combination of lyrics; have a rich, multifaceted life. The material is so forged as to become a random lotter and larger thing for which our previous analysis of the egg content has not prepared us. Scarlet Letter was the first, and the trend of criticism is to pronounce it the most impressive, too, with these ampler productions. It has the charm of unawareness; The author did not realize while he worked that this most prolix among the stories lives with the miraculous vitality of genius. It combines the strength and essence of oak with the subtle organization of the rose and is great, not malice, but inevitably. It goes to the roots of the case and there are unconventional conclusions, which, however, would not be stopped by no reader out of twenty. For the external or literal meaning of history, although in close correspondence with the spirit, it hides this spirit from the literal eye. The reader can choose its depth depending on its inches, but only a tall man will touch the bottom. The punishment of the scarlet letter is a historical fact; and, in addition to the symbol thus ready for the author's hand, such a book as Scarlet Letter undoubtedly never existed. But the symbol gave a touch in which Hawthorne's detached thoughts on the subject were united and crystallized in organic form. Of course, similarly, he was a source of inspiration, suggesting new aspects and features of truth. - a kind of witch hazel to detect spiritual good. Some such graphic emblem, introduced in a material way but gradually infused with supernatural attributes, was one of Hawthorne's favorite devices in his stories. We can realize it value, in this case, imagining a book with a missed scarlet letter. This is not practically relevant to the plot. But the scarlet letter raises the subject from material to spiritual level. It is a concentration and a kind of whole argument. It transforms prose into poetry. It serves as a model for conveying ideas otherwise too subtle for words, as well as to enhance the gloomy picturesqueness of the moral scenery. It turns on the user's chest, sheds a lurid glow along her path, isolates her among humanity, and at the same time is a mystical talisman to reveal her guilt hidden in other hearts. It is recommended that Black Man's sign and Pearl's first baby fun. As history progresses, the scarlet letter becomes the dominant character— everything is sedated with ominous brilliance. By the ghostly miracle his appearances are replicated on the minister's chest, where the Eye of God saw it angels jump on it forever! the devil knew this well and constantly amazes him with a burning finger! - and finally, to Dimmesdale's crazy imagination, his spectre even appears in the night sky, as if the sky itself caught the contagion of his so zealously hidden sin. So strongly is the scarlet letter rooted in every chapter and almost every sentence of the book that bears its name. And yet it's probably unsay with the average writer. Prospero's wand, so far from being unutilized, tours him and scorches his fingers. Between genius and any other attribute of the mind is the difference not degree, but kind. Each story can be seen in two aspects: as a logical evolution of the proposal, and as something stained and modified by the personal characteristics of the author. If the latter has genius, his participation in the product is comparable to nature in the work of human art. — giving him everything except abstract form. But most fiction-mongers are able to handicap rather than amplify the beauty of the abstract form of their conception. - if, indeed, it holds any to begin with. In any case, there is no better way to determine the value of a part of a writer in a given work than to consider working in what can be called its prenatal state. How much, for example, was scarlet letter ready before Hawthorne touched? The date is historically determined around the middle of the XVII century. Stage properties, so to speak, are well adapted to become furniture and the background of a romantic narrative. A gloomy and energetic religious sect, pioneers in pristine land, with a wolf and Indians at their door, but with memories of England in their hearts and English traditions and prejudices in their minds; weak in numbers, but strong in spirit; without cultivation except the Bible and the sword; sacrifice, moreover, dark and bloody superstition— such a people and scene give admirable relief and color to the story of human weakness and sorrow. Among such an environment stands the figure of a woman, with a scarlet letter on the womb. But here we come to a pause and we need to ask the author for the next step. Where does the story begin? The twentieth number of novels, such as Dickens or Thackeray, will begin with Hester's girthing, and most narratives will treat the genesis and realization of the crime. There are also hints that they want this stage of the subject to be canvassed in Hawthorne's mind. We have flashes of the heroine in the ancient gentility of her English home; we see her father's bald forehead and venerable beard, mother's love and anxiety. we see the girl's own face, glowing youthful beauty. He meets a pale, elderly scholar, with his weak but penetrating eyes, and marriage, without love on her part and stupidity on his side, takes place, but they did not see the bale of fire of a scarlet letter burning at the end of their path. A poorly ordered couple make their first home in Amsterdam; but in the end, the tidings of the Puritan colony in Massachusetts reach them, preparing to emigrate thither. But Prynne, himself delaying the adaptation of certain matters, sends his young, beautiful, wealthy wife in advance to take over in a pioneering settlement. In the wild, open air of this new world, her spirits ignited, and many unaware tendencies of her impulsive and passionate nature were revealed to her. A rich, sensual oriental characteristic of her temperament, her fervent love of beauty, her strong intellectual fiber, as well as her native energy and ability— such elements needed a strong and wise hand to limit and guide them, almost disguised as light and graceful leaves of her innocent, feminine charm. However, left for two years to his own erroneousness, her husband had no reason to think when, after leaving the forest, the first object that met his eyes was Hester Prynne, standing, a statue of disgrace, in front of the people. She was undoubtedly heavily tempted to fall; and while the author leaves the matter there, as far as any explicit statement is concerned, it is clear that if he had written what was already pictured in front of his imagination, a few pregnancy cuds scattered across the tomb would have been developed as a post-inducuous and laborious narrative, as any most purposeful English or French writer might crave. For his forbearance, he received much praise from good-intentioned critics who seem to think he was restrained for reasons of morality or decency. It seems a little tense. As an artist and as a temperamental man, Hawthorne treated this side of the subject, which seemed stronger and more interesting to him. But a writer who works with deep insight and true purpose can never be guilty of a lack of decency. Obscenity is creation, not God or nature, but obscene. And who takes it for granted that obscenity is necessarily involved in telling the story of illegal passion studied human nature and good literature for the wrong purpose. The truth is that the situation chosen by Hawthorne has more scope and depth than the one he went through. It is with the subjective consequences of the deed of the sinner that our understanding of Him begins. The blow of the murderer tells us nothing about his character; but in his remorse or joy over his deed, his mystery is revealed to us. So Hawthorne sets the starting point for his love affair at Hester's prison-door, and not in any earlier era of her career because maybe from there, as it was, move both ways at once; all the necessary things from the past can be collected as expected, and memories and self-knowledge of the characters can complement the author's analysis. The plot rounds up immediately, catching light and casting a shadow, and Hester's previous life seems familiar to us at the moment when he stands on the scaffolding. - because in the case of an experience like her, a bare hint tells the whole sad story. As long as women are fragile and men are egotists, the prologue of the Scarlet Letter will not have to be written; is already known a thousand times. But what is to come is unknown; no newspaper publishes it, no whisper goes from mouth to mouth, nor does it cry at home peaks. But is there a great need for it to be taught, because such teaching serves practical moral use. Everyone has felt tempted, but few are aware of the continuation of their submission. This sequel is exhaustively analyzed in romance, and thus a deep and constant interest in the plot. No sinner is so eccentric, but he can find a statement about his personal problem here. Such an achievement touches on the sublime reach of art. The form does not have the symmetry of the carpenter of French drama, but the spontaneous, living symmetry of a tree or flower, developing with force inside. We pay attention not to the outline, but to the essence that claims the affinity for the deepest nooks and crannies of our nature; so that the Scarlet Letter is self-assignment, regardless of who takes it. In the history of this caliber, a complex of incidents would be superfluous. The use of incidents in fiction is twofold, — to develop characters and awaken the reader's attention. But the personages of this story are not technically elaborated; gradually become transparent in the current situation until we see them through and through. And what we see is less individual peculiarities than the characteristics and devices of our general human nature, under stress in the given conditions. Individuals are there, and may need to be particularly sharp enough; but this part of them that we deal with lies as far below the surface as they inevitably exhibit more general than personal characteristics. Individual general veins to the degree of its individuality; and since the result of the incident is to emphasize individuality, the best value of the Scarlet Letter, if it were based on an incident, would be weakened. As for the postponement of the reader's drowsiness. — the victims of the inquisition slept on a stand, and people who were too long awake over Zola's sprightly subtleties, or The Daedalian involution of Mrs. Henry Wood, no doubt sibilated over the revelation of Dimmesdale's sin, and grew heavy-eyed at the spectacle of evilish pearls of obstruction. Dimmesdale is, artistically, a follow-up to Hester; and yet the average writer would not be able to hit him as a likely strangu. The in which he certainly shows a commendable lack of respect towards Mrs. Hibbins whose smug of morality was just as the modern journals of society, can barely acknowledge their own conviction, stories most imaginative — whispers the other minister goes into the process. Many church members saw the following music that danced with hell to the same degree when someone was a violinist! It's just a trifle when a woman knows the world. But this minister! This is, of course, what sophistication makes it more accessible at the ends of the story. A fat, sensual man would make all the drama blatant and obvious. But Dimmesdale's social position, as well as his personal nature, seems to elevate him beyond the possibility of such an expiration. This is necessary for the scope of treatment, which, dealing with the spiritual aspects of the crime, requires a form of spiritual inclination. Hester's lover will therefore be a servant, because the priest on that day was at the forefront of the social system, and moreover, the main subject of the story is to show that no sacred vows or lofty aspirations can free mortal man from the common human responsibility for guilt, Dimmesdale himself must commit the most sinful of the sins against which the priest is to provide protection; he is the actual spiritual counselor he is ruining. Young and one must be, for the sake of artistic harmony; but his physical organization is delicate, he is morbidly conscientious, and the Creator has never made another being as sensitive as this. It is also very intellectual, as the author slightly discriminates, not too widely. In no state of society would he be a liberal-minded man; it would always be important for his peace to feel the pressures of faith about him. He also never went through the experience calculated to take him beyond the scope of universally received rights, even though in one case he so horribly surpassed one of the holiest of them. It is it through such subtle but important caveats that the author's mastery of the character is revealed; they would escape the average mind, which in this way would be embarrassed to show why Dimmesdale did not follow Hester's example, and seek relief by speculatively questioning the validity of all social institutions. Nor could this mediocre mind see a weak spot in such a capacity that the violence of passion, which, interspersed with more than one, with its higher, cleaner, softer qualities, was in fact part of what the devil claimed and through which he sought to win the rest. It's on this flaw that Chillingworth puts his finger up. See how how passion grabs this man and hastily takes him out of himself! As with one passion, so with the other! He's done a wild thing ere now, it's pious Dimmesdale, in the hot passion of his heart! For the rest, except in one apparent case, the minister plays Prometheus to the Chillingworth musty. As Hester suffers public exposure and sincere ignominy, so is wrapped in secret oracles; and every way of punishment tries to be powerless for good. Nervous sensibility and the immense power of restraint are a young man, and these, combined with his sophisticated selfishness, make him defenseless against Chillingworth. Dimmesdale cares more about his social reputation than anything else. His respect for himself, his peace, his love, his soul, — everything can go; just let his reputation remain! And yet it is that self-false reputation that daily causes him the hottest agony of all. Pearl, however, is a true work of the book: every touch of her portrait is a bit of genius, and her concept itself is an inspiration. But the average mind would find its burden. Any excuse would be corrected to send her out of the room as it was, and limit her statements, when she needs to appear, to monosyllables or sentimental common. Not only is she free from repression of this kind, but she avouches herself as the most vibrant and active figure in history. Instead of being woefully in the background, as a blameless unfortunate whose life was destroyed before it began, this strange little being, with laughter defying precedent and decency, takes the reins in his own childish hands and dominates everyone he contacts. This is an idea that led Hawthorne to come up with: ancient or modern fiction delivers parallel to Pearl. By giving it existence, the great law was broken. ... The minister's passionate condition was the medium through which the rays of his moral life were transmitted to the unborn infant. ... First of all, the war of hester's spirit, in this era, was perpetuated in the Pearl. The mother felt like the one who evoked the spirit, but through some misdeeds in the process of conjures up the main word, which should control this new and incomprehensible intelligence. Pearl instinctively composes her position as a born outcast from the world of baptized infants and again expresses their contempt and contempt with the most hatred, - the torment of hostility, which she inherited by the inalienable law, from hester's heart. In her childish plays, her always creative spirit communicated, with the wild energy and fertility of inventions, to a thousand unlikely objects; But— and here again the mother felt the making in her heart — Pearl never made a friend; she seemed to be sewing the transmission of the diabolical, at which the harvest of armed enemies jumped, against such she threw herself into battle. And this strange genesis of placing her in her own realm, also gave a phantom quality impression she made on Hester: just like a unique event, a crime without remedy. It seems unrealistic and dreary in retrospect. However, Pearl was, all the time, the most inexorably true fact of her mother's ruined life. Standing as an incarnation, instead of a sacrifice, of sin, Pearl gives a unique opportunity to shed light on the inner nature of sin itself. Taking advantage of this, Hawthorne touches a land that, perhaps, would not dare if he did not first protect himself from exaggeration and audacity, making his analysis (so to speak) with the definition of a child's personality. Pearl, as he often reminds us, is a scarlet letter created alive, capable of being loved and endowed with the various power of revenge for sin. The principle of its being is the freedom of a broken law; she is a developed, beautiful and immortal flower, with the rank of luxuriance the fault of the ordain, but as irresponsible and independent, as if the distinction between good and evil does not exist to her. Like nature and animals, it is froth to moral law; but, unlike them, she too is human. It shows the unflagging vigor and vitality of spirits combined with premature and almost premature intelligence, especially with regard to the shameful badge of the mother. In addition, her interest constantly returns and always with a peculiar smile and a strange expression of eyes, almost suggesting acquaintance on her part with a secret spell of its existence. The wayward, joyous mockery with which a small creature always approaches this hateful subject, as if she thought it were a ghostly species, is a terribly significant accent and almost justifies confirming her mother's fear that she brought the devil into the world. However, physically, Pearl is worthy to be left in Eden, to be the play of angels, and its aspect, as it must be in the case of a child who symbolizes sin, which is found in all regions of human society, was steeped in a splendor of infinite diversity; in this one child there were many children, understanding the full extent between the wild-floral prettiness of the peasant and the pump, in the little, infant princess. The plan of its nature, although it probably has its own order, was proportion to our disgust of evil, which emphasizes her manifestations. The same discrimination could not be so severely initiated (if it could indeed be done at all) in the case of the Pearl, which has reached maturity unchanged. For her character would then be formed, and the evil came to her through her inheritance, so that she would shade and form her natural shades, that she should inevitably draw poison and perfume in one breath— attributing evil to the charm that exales from good, and pollute the good with gloomy shades of evil. The history of this race abundantly shows that the main cause of moral perversity and false rule was the assumption of the absolute owner of both the good and the evil of our deeds. Pearl, still in an instinctive stage of development, shows us the way out of this maze. Because pure sunlight enlivens harmful as well as beneficial forms of existence, such evil tendencies of the child's nature are fed, though they do not form, the divine source of its essence. It would be interesting (by the way) to draw a similarity between the child and Beatrice, in Rappaccini's Daughter. Both are researching in the same direction, albeit from different points of view. Beatrice is fed poisonous plants until it becomes poisonous. Pearl, in the mysterious prenatal world, imbues poison the guilt of his parents. But in both cases, behind this imported evil is a personal soul; and the question is: Will the soul become a victim of its involuntary circumstances? Hawthorne, in both cases, tends to have a clearer alternative. But Beatrice's problem is more complicated than pearl. She was not born in wine; but she was brought up (to translate symbolism) among the guilty associations, so that they came to be very breathless in her life. But they turn out to be powerless to proclaim her heart, and she is finally able to proclaim to her infuriated lover: Was there more poison in your nature than mine from the first? Although God may deem it appropriate for indestructible purposes to enmac us into evil, our souls will not suffer from corruption in this way; perhaps indeed such a evil incarnation can draw harmlessly, because unconsciously, some mortal evil lurks in a spirit that would still destroy both the soul and the body. Pearl, on the other hand, has a unique moral environment: her evil is not, like Beatrice, imbedded with it; and what comes out of a man's mouth defiled, her troubles seem hopeless. But, in truth, the demon Pearl was called to exist, not by his own deeds, but by the act of others; and, unless with its informed consent, must not pollute it. Meanwhile, with this deep instinct of self-sufficiency, which both reason and conscience in the human child is at every opportunity called upon to investigate and confirm his cause— the causes of the scarlet letter. He will not accept the blame for his actions; he mocks and persecutes his mother, as long as the latter disguises herself before her for the true meaning of the badge. When Hester throws she stamps and cries passionately and won't be paroled until she is replaced. He does not trust the minister, except when, as in his appeal to Hester in the governor's room and his night vigil on the scaffolding, he approaches the recognition of his true position. His promise to appear with his mother and himself on the great Day of Judgment amuses her contempt. You were not brave, you were not real! - crying. You don't promise to take my hand and my mother's hand, to the concave nuptial! - and washes with her forehead a kiss that gives her during an interview in the woods. In a word, she will have the truth in all things: without truth, nothing is good; nor, truthfully, can there be anything wrong. In the deepest sense, this is not only true, but it is the truth of the book. Man's perfection is infinite, the best man and the worst man must fall infinitely lacking perfection; but every sincerely account for such talents as him; and it is always a motive, never an achievement, an sincerity, not a sound that divine Justice considers. A thug who should piously believe in the holiness of his mission would do better with an evangelist who should lead a thousand souls to salvation, not for the glory of God, but for himself. So when little Pearl sincerely develops the banner of the scarlet letter and openly fights under it, we feel that God will give her victory, not over her apparent enemies, but over herself. She is so alive that she lives independently of her actual performances in history. The imagination that her bodies did so well that she gave the reader some of her power; and we can imagine Pearl in other scenes and other eras in her career, and she might even argue about her fate if the conditions were different for her. For example, suppose Hester and the minister fled Boston well, or that his religion was delayed until Pearl passed his teenage years. In one or more of these or more possible alternatives, the progress of its growth would have a new and important interest, leading to fresh regions of speculation. But Hawthorne never allows part claims to replace the whole thing; the artist in it would not allow anything other than its proper proportion; and Pearl, for all her indomitable vitality, is kept strictly to her place and function in history. Where she says one word for his personal, he says two for his representative, character. There seems to be no bias on the part of the author; on the other hand, there is no difference. The same silences light of love irradiates every character in the story, and he does not make a pet of it, nor a scapegoat Roger Chillingworth Dramatically, the last named personage plays perhaps the most important part of the four, communicates with the plot, regardless of what movement it shows. But what makes him above all remarkable is the fact that although he stands as an injured husband, and therefore with the first claim to our sympathy and kindness, he actually does not obtain either; but seems more uneasy than any other character in the story. This seems to be an unconventional and rather frightening course of action; for the average mind, in modern English fiction, there is a moral obligation to take all precautions so that the reader does not fall into any error as to the legitimate objects of grace and reparations. Contentful writers, to be sure, have a sort of perverse pleasure in opposing the Anglo-Saxon taste in this particular, and do not shrink from making a legitimate partner of the wrong wife either disgusting or ridiculous. But it pays to ask to what extent the American romance or deviates from these two methods of treatment. It is clear, of course, that the fact that the man was injured has nothing to say, in one or more as to its personal character, and the only reason why a writer should portray him as sympathetic, not the opposite, is (in a case like the present) that the reader might otherwise, dislike him, consider too flatty the crime of which he is the victim. Hester Prynne and Dimmesdale, however, are not so presented as to invite such an uneasy sensitivity on the part of the reader; while Chillingworth, on the other hand, though certainly not sympathetic, is very far from an absurd or contemptuous figure. The strength, reserve and dignity of his attitude earn our respect at the beginning, and the accents of quiet pathos in his first interview with Hester prepare us to feel a more cordial feeling. But the author's goal is deeper and more radical than could be met by this obvious and superficial way of dealing with the situation. His attitude is not the attitude of a sentimental lawyer, but an impartial investigator; it examines the nature and effect of sinful passions and only accidentally deals with specific persons who are his exponents. Therefore, he refuses, as we are not long in finding out, to allow the course of events to be influenced by the alleged moral rights or wrongs of each party. He simply penetrates into the heart of everyone, and reveals the mysteries hidden there - mysteries whose general and constant compass their personal is still special meaning. Chillingworth's relationship with Hester was prone to have a capable critic, the most original feature of the book. But this does not seem in the mind of the author. This was a necessary result of his plan and seems more original than the rest of the story, just because the pervading originality of the whole is more strikingly evident in Chillingworth than elsewhere. But given Hester and the minister, and the punishment being asked, and Chillingworth becoming inebriate. For the purposes of controlling the history underlying all other purposes, there are lists of the different ways in which wine is punished in this world, whether by society, by the guilty themselves, or by the persons concerned who take it into their own hands. The method of society was an example of placing a scarlet letter on Hester's womb. This is her punishment, the heaviest that a man can touch her. But, like all legal penalties, it aims to protect society much more than the reformation of the culprit. Hester has to stand as a warning to others tempted like her: if she regains her own salvation in this process, the better for her; but for better or worse, society has ceased to have any concerns about it. We are flinching you down, society is actually talking to those who are violating its laws, not in any way to save your soul. - for the sake of this problematic complement to your civic personality is a matter of total indifference to us, but because by some act, you have lost to demand our protection because you are clogging up our prosperity, and the spectacle of your agony can discourage others with similar unlawful tendencies. But it is clear that the only crime that society recognises is the crime it finds itself in, because a society made up of successful hypocrites would be much more able to meet all social requirements than a society of such heterogeneous ingredients as (human nature is what it is) necessarily falls into it now. In a word, society, as currently administered, presents the awkward spectacle of most successful hypocrites, on the one hand, fighting a minority of discovered criminals, on the other; and we are reduced to the paradox that the salvation of humanity depends above all on the victory of criminals over hypocrites. Of course, this is just another way of saying that hypocrisy is most destructive to the soul of all sins; and in the meantime we can take comfort in the old proverb that hypocrisy itself is a tribute that vice pays virtue, or, if that era of society were in harmony with its exterior seemingly, heaven will appear on earth. Hester, then, a social absolutist, finds no invitation to repent other than that crushes her. The only alternative it offers is self-extinction, abject, or defiance. She opposes the latter; but at this point her courage is shaken by a providential circumstance with which society had nothing to do. God, as a direct consequence of the sin which man thus punishes, gave her a beautiful child whose place was in the same disgraced womb, in order to forever connect his parent with the race and descent of mortals, and finally be blessed with a soul in heaven. The sacred duty of motherhood— all the more sacred to Hester because it seems the only sacred thing left to her - prevents her from recklessly sinking into the abyss of sin, to which her punishment will naturally scare her away. Make him my excuse, so I ask you, he says with a triumphant smile to Hibbins' old mistress, in response to the latter's invitation to meet the Black Man in the woods. I need to take art to home and watch over my little pearl. If they had taken it from me, I would gladly go from you to the forest and sign my name in the book Black Man, and with my blood! But although it is thus saved from further over degradation, it is as far from repentance as ever. Standing, like her, alone with pearl in the midst of an enemy world, her life turned greatly away from passion and affection for thought. She rejected fragments of the broken chain. World law was not a law for her mind. She assumed the freedom of speculation that her neighbours, if they had known about it, would have considered a deadly crime rather than scarlet letter. Dark guests entered her lonely cottage, which would be just as dangerous as demons for their artist if they were seen as much as knocking on her door. Around her was a wild and spooky scenery, and the house and comfort nowhere. Sometimes a terrible doubt tried to possess her soul, or it was not better to send pearls immediately to Heaven and go to such futurity as eternal justice can provide. The scarlet letter did not make his office. As a result of society's management of the case, let us see how successful the individual's efforts have taken to take the law into their own hands. This is an example of this phase of the theme that Roger Chillingworth exists; and his actions are obviously not directed against Hester (I left you on a scarlet list, he speaks to her. If that didn't average me, I can't do anything else), but against her accomplice. This partner is unknown; that is, society has not found it. But he is known to himself, and consequently to Roger Chillingworth, who is a symbol of a morbid and merciless conscience. Chillingworth was robbed with his wife. But between this and other types of robbery is this difference— that the one who is robbed does not want to recover what is lost, but to punish the robber. And his object in the task of this punishment is not the good of the robber, nor the good of his wife, nor even the public good; but revenge, pure and simple. The theme or passion that runs it, in short, completely selfish. It was deeply provoked, without a doubt; but yes, also, in another way, there was a crime that would be requite. Unlike the latter, there is no risk involved; on the contrary, it is enforced by the full weight of public opinion. If a man really or selflessly loved his wife, he would not have acted that way. His wish would be to protect it— to protect the sanctity of the marital relationship, as it is characterized in it, from further pollution. His hostility to the sinner, even, would be more public than personal— hatred of sin, not individual; for men support with a significant balance of the destruction of someone else's marital happiness. But, bringing the matter to a personal level, Chillingworth professes his indifference to all but personal considerations, not to mention his indifference to God. When it comes to religion, he declares himself a fatalist. My old faith explains everything we do and everything we suffer. In the first step of awry you do not plant an embryo of evil; but from that moment everything was a dark necessity. You who have wronged me are not sinful, except for some kind of typical illusion. Nor am I the devil who snatched the devil's office from his hands. This is our fate. Let the black flower bloom as much as it can! Therefore, Chillingworth is an image in a small society; and the external difference between its action and that of society is due to the reluctance of the inwards of the theme, but external conditions. The revenge of society lies in the publication of the disgrace of the sinner. But this method will surprise Chillingworth's revenge only where he designed it to be most effective; because, leaving the sinner unlaith of the mystery of guilt in his heart, he is inadvertently merciful in his very mercilessness. The true agony of sin, as Chillingworth clearly noted, is not in his commission, which is always delightful, nor in open punishment, which is a kind of relief, but in fear of its discovery. The revenge he plans depends primarily on the secrecy of the victim. By rejecting all brutal and obvious methods, it gains entry into a much more sensitive region of torture. She won't poison Hester's baby because she knows she's going to live to make her mother the most touching she can feel. He will not sacrifice Hester, because what could I do better for my subject than to let you live than to give you drugs against all the harms and dangers of life, so that his burning shame can continue to burn in your womb? Finally, it will not reveal the minister's guilt. Don't think, he says, that I will betray him on my own side to deal with the law. ... Long live! Let him hide in honor outside if he can! Not the more he will be mine! And then, when the years justified the devilishness of his judgment: He died right away! crying out, in a terrible triumph. He wanted him to give himself to the devil, to be tortured with horrific dreams and desperate thoughts; a sting of remorse and despair of forgiveness, as a foretaste of what awaits him beyond the grave. But it was the constant shadow of my presence, the closest proximity of the man whom the most subdued wronged, and who grew into existence only by this eternal poison of the nearest vengeance! But this carnival of sophisticated cruelty, as it is abundantly obvious, can be productive only for all concerned; evil for the sacrifice, and even more bad, if possible, for the executioner, who, finding himself transformed by his own practices from peaceful scholar to hell, makes Dimmesdale responsible for the misfortune and proposes to sow fresh revenge on him in this regard. And this shows the truth that the only punishment that man is justified in the task of his neighbor is punishment, which is accidental to prevent him from further attacking in crime. Such restraint acts as punishment, because a wicked impulse cannot seem in this way; but it is by nature an act of vengeance, but love, because the offender is thus preserved before increasing his sinful burden by actually achieving what he meant. Puritan was selfish and brutal, only; Chillingworth was satanic mischievous; but they are both powerless to do anything but inflame the evil they pretend to be assuage. In this way, it occurs that after seven or any greater or lesser passage of time, the culprits are as far away from true repentance as they were when sin was committed. Both society and the individual have been incapacitated in dealing with the great problem of human error. Neither suppression nor torture is available in any way. The devil always wants to be dragged against himself, but his reasons are totally transparent. When Hester and Dimmesdale meet again, they are mature to fall deeper and irrevocably than before. The woman boldly faces the prospect, thinking more about her lover than about herself. He trembles in his body, but he is ready in his heart, but there is no sincere hesitation on both sides. One hour of genuine remorse would give them a glimpse to see that no device as shallow as a flight would bring them peace of mind; or showed them that the source of their misery was not persecution, which we experienced without, but an internal self-deed. Chillingworth understands the situation perfectly and silently prepares, not to make it difficult for them to escape, but to accompany it. This is the most hideous episode ever, and well represents the bottomless slough of iniquity that awaits the deliberate choice of evil. And he elevates Chillingworth to the evil eminence of the main offender of the three. Not only is his actual wickedness greater, but the eviction is less. Lovers can invoke their love, but he only hates them. They can ask for each other's forgiveness and ask for God's mercy when, in this final scene of death, triumphant disgraces make the greatest atonement in their power; but for Chillingworth, merciless and merciless, there can be no forgiveness or mercy. When, in short, there was no longer the devil's work for him to do, it was only left to the inhumanized mortals to take on whether his master would find him the job enough, and pay him his salary duly. This interpretation of his character can be profitly considered by the disciple of the human soul. From the fates of Hester and Dimmesdale we learn that he does not use the sinner to let the sins' deeds and purposes, but to be true; do not spit, carry a bag, or redeem other souls, but openly accept his shame. The poison of sin is not so much in sin itself as in secret; for all men they are sinners, but he who hides his sin pretends to be superhuman holiness. The recognition of our sins before God, in the ordinary sense of this expression, is an expression, not more, of unproductive absolution. But the recognition of our sins before men is, in truth, recognition of them before God; for the fact that the appeal to the human conscience, and the human conscience, and the human conscience, and the human conscience, is the miraculous presence of God in human nature, and from such recognition absolution is not distant. The reason is that such recognition captures everything that is most expensive for an ungenerated heart and thus involves bad pride that eradicates sinful appetite. All sin is based on selfishness; but the supreme abdication of the self, postulated by voluntary and unfounded self-appearance, leaves no future for the use of sin. A man who has never been guilty of actual sin is peculiar rather than happy; but in all events there is no reason to boast of immunity, which at best indicates that he was spared the right temptation. Sins forbidden in the decalogue are mortal only after the sinner has deliberately sated. Evil, be my good! or, in the sublimous form of Scripture, blasphemed the Holy Spirit. Hester and Dimmesdale, in history, stop by to take this step, but Chillingworth actually starts by taking it. This is an execrable sin, not because God desires mercy on him, but because his nature is to cause his perpetrator to withdraw from all mercy. He hugs him as a virtue, as a virtue of virtue; and the more you get lost, the more virtuous he is himself. It consists, in general, in the denial of one's human brotherhood and renunciation of the claim (under any pretext) to personal and special grace at the hands of God. Such a person will contemplate with compesis the condemnation of all the rest of humanity, so that his own adherence to divine applause is safe. In his earlier works (especially in The Man of Adamant and Ethan Brand), Hawthorne has not once touched on this subject, but in history Roger Chillingworth gets it more growth. Chillingworth begins by believing that he has the right to exact revenge. This is a very common concept; many respected people have it. Indeed, this is not only in line with social respect, but is beneficial to it. But revenge, when prosecuted with the deliberation and prudence observed by Chillingworth, has this exceptional quality. - that it gives free self-atic to the most cruel and hellish passions of which the human heart is capable, unmodified by the fear of social odium; whereas, although here and throughout, a clear distinction must be made between the idea of sin and organised and the idea of humanity or humanity; the first is a purely artificial parody and a pervert of the divine benevolent order, which we already catch occasional errors in the latter. This peculiarity of vengeance first weakens the voice of conscience in the perpetrator, and then has it in complete submission, and can lead him through the depths of a bottomless well without him once suspecting that he is out of reach of archangels. Roger Chillingworth is a good citizen, his private and public reputation is immaculate, he is on the best terms with the governor and the clergy, and his intellectual abilities and scientific achievements give him general respect and admiration. No social test can be applied to it, from which it will not come unscathed. His hypocrisy is without even yourself. He is a complete type of man of the world, a social ideal— polite, well informed, indestructible. Nevertheless, its moral nature is a poisonous and irresistible desert in which not a single flower of heavenly parenthood blooms. For he has placed his hellish list for vengeance in the place of God, and day after day he worships him and performs his bidding. Well, dimmesdale exclaims: There's one worse than even a contaminated priest! The revenge of the old man was darker than my sin. In cold blood, he violated the holiness of the human heart. However, society does not have the stigma to fix on the breast. Hawthorne, however, with characteristic love, forbears demand a verdict even against his reprobate. For all, he says, we would be merciful, and he goes so far as to present speculation as to whether hatred and love would not be the same at the bottom. But hatred grows out of love for oneself; and if love and self-love are not opposites, then neither are light and darkness, nor good and evil. On the other hand, we cannot, without doubt, justify treating the most abused persons as identical to their iniquity, although verbal discrimination cannot always be made when discussing them. In real life there will always be austerity cases, mitigating circumstances and special conditions in which the naked fragility of the abstract present is modified, because the soil and vegetation soften the hard contour of the rocks or when the atmosphere dissipates light and tempers darkness. I also wouldn't want to appear as super-efficiently detecting theories in the mild content of Hawthorne's artistic concepts. He himself felt disgusted with the theory and was generally list to suggestions and intimidation; he knew how accurate the truth was to escape the seriousness of the logical deduction. Probably, moreover, he was uniformly innocent of any didactic purpose, sitting down to write. He imagined the moral situation, with the characters that fit it, and then allowed the subject to grow in such a form as its innate directed power, enriching its roots and decorating its horses with the accumulated richness of his experience and meditation. In an ordinary novel episode, this system can be dangerous to implement, there is no fundamental law of development for such things: they are built, but do not grow, and if the constructive skill is insufficient, there is nothing else to keep them symmetrical. A tree or flower must only be planted to the right, and wisely observed and nurtured, and will be well his own way of being; but the house of sin depends absolutely on the built, the reason that the foundation, unlike the second, has life and pattern in itself. And that's the difference between stories in Hawthorne's life and other stories. He is a 19th-century art writer; he has the same kind of literature, which is more of us, to current information. In fact, we have content to imitate life, but such an imitation has been carried out as close to perfection as, perhaps, it is profitable. The next step is great, but it can't be avoided unless we get back on our tracks and re-invent the costumes of the past. And what is the new step? It is not easy to put a definition in words; and it's certainly not intended that we should turn to and write like Hawthorne. But what lies beyond the imitation of life? Nothing more or less, one has to admit, than life itself. It's a difficult saying, but I don't know how we're going to get to get away with giving him an uche; no doubt, however, most people will not believe, under any circumstances or in any sense, that a novel or story can ever be exalted from the imitation of life to life itself. Yet Shakespeare's plays are more than an imitation of life; and yes, it seems to me, this is a story like Scarlet Letter. Live art, history is alive. The soul is in it; is conceived on a spiritual level. The soul receives the body, like other souls, and this body can be seen and supported; but the body exists, because the soul, before, is, and the second is independent of the first. How this life can be communicated is another matter; but, without a doubt, this process can not be easy. Whoever gives life cannot have the life to give to save his own. It's not about nouns, it's about observation, it's about learning, it's about cunning. The workshop from which the problem works that lives is very internal chamber indeed; and only those who have lived long, perhaps even they, can reveal its secrets. Discreet readers won't interpret me too literally when I seek the opinion that the day of dead or ghoulish fiction is coming to an end. Let the circulating libraries have no doubt; nothing is more certain than the fact that for many days and years, their shelves will be warning, as with yore, with admirable examples of class alluded to. Moreover, Shakespeare lived longer, so that it may seem that the danger at stake were safely imposed on us, not to mention the fact that only at present, there seems to be more than the usual amount of cleverly forged wax paintings at hand. Contrary to these arguments and guidelines, one can only insist that human progress probably means much more than the electricity and control balloons for which we have been prepared, and that the true conquest of matter by the mind, being religious rather than scientific, can be felt, vaguely and vaguely, long before it can be firmly understood and acknowledged. Confirmed.