

# ホーソン 悩める心と、一人遊ぶ頭脳

久保田 文\*

Hawthorne, the most moralistic but the most decadent

Aya Kubota

**要 旨** メルヴィルが語ったホーソンの闇の力とは、原罪を根底とする人間の罪を強く凝視するその集中力から生まれたものであり、内なる罪に懊悩するナイーブなキャラクター達は、我々の心を引き付け続けている。しかしその一方で、幾つかの作品は、罪悪感の重荷から全く解放された特異なキャラクターの姿を呈示し、その対照性は読者をとまどわせる。現世的な悩みや喜びを顧みない美の探求者や科学者達のエゴイスティックなまでの現実超越は、ホーソン自身に潜んでいたデカダントな部分における強い憧れであったに違いない。

文学者ホーソンの位置は、地に足をつけたまま深く悩むモラリストと、身勝手なまでの魂の飛翔を遂げる知識の信奉者達の間中に在り、彼の自己投影は作中、心理の追求者の形をとっているように思われる。ホーソンにとっての文学者や心理学者は（彼にとっての科学者達と同じく、冷酷と呼べるほどの偏執性を持ちながら）現実の人間の心の問題から目を離せないでいる人々である。

孤高の作家ホーソンは、人間心理の深淵をのぞこうとする情熱とやましさを、イーサン・ブランドやロジャー・チリングワースと分かち合っていたと推考できる。その観点で、D. H. ロレンスのロジャー・チリングワース分析は若干皮相的すぎるのである。

1. At the age of 15, Hawthorne wrote most of the draft of “Higginbotham’s Catastrophe.” Despite its uncanny shadow relating to a murder and the mystery of a predicted future incident, the dominating atmosphere is rather comic. This is the start of Hawthorne’s comic style which eventually leads up to his favorite romance, *The House of the Seven Gables*.

Though being filled with admiration for his precocious genius for story-telling and creating plots, we appreciate him now as being outside of the tradition of American story-telling. What continually grabs us at heart are his works depicting distressed mortals by a more mature Hawthorne.

His highly spiritualized works don’t play with plots, and in most of them, incidents seem to have happened before, or sometimes whether they actually occurred or not is even vague. Only an anguished spirit is facing his inner sin. Descriptions of characters in spiritual agony give Hawthorne’s works a level of profundity.

Those characters orient their anguish to their inner part too deeply to keep suffering from simply one particular sin. No longer do they worry themselves over a single act, no one specific sin. In this sense, Hawthorne made use of ambiguity in his way of writing. The hero of a very famous story, Goodman Brown kept a gloomy face for what he had dreamt or not. The author never clearly dwelt

\* 本学専任講師 アメリカ文学

on what Ethan Brand found in the box of diorama as a form of “the Unpardonable Sin,” or on the motive of the minister’s black veil.

Yet, the ambiguity is the very answer to our questions. They are suffering from no specified sin but rather from our more common inner ones like original sin as generally mentioned. In this sense, Edgar Allan Poe need not have defined the sin of the minister in the black veil as “a dark crime against the young lady whose funeral takes place in the tale.”<sup>1</sup> If such a conclusion were righteous, why could Mr. Hooper, the minister, dare to say “if I cover it for secret sin, what mortal might not do the same?”<sup>2</sup> and criticize every human being even on his deathbed? Mr. Hooper’s inner sin must be more universal than Mr. Dimmesdale’s in *The Scarlet Letter*.

Though Mr. Hooper shares a profession with Mr. Dimmesdale, I associate him with Goodman Brown. “The Minister’s Black Veil” and “Young Goodman Brown” are parables of men who had not committed earthly sins, but remained in torment for the rest of their lives. Mr. Hooper, like Goodman Brown, gazed at his and every mortal’s inner sin so introvertedly that he was kept in “the saddest of all prisons, his own heart.”<sup>3</sup> The prison of one’s own heart is the most awful, so Hawthorne let Mr. Hooper implore Elizabeth, “Do not desert me, . . . you know not how lonely I am, and how frightened to be alone behind my black veil. Do not leave me in this miserable obscurity for ever!”<sup>4</sup> But he sought her help only once, never giving any explanation for the veil.

The dreadful solitude originates from the time people come to have secrets from their most beloved. In “Roger Malvin’s Burial” another man, Reuben Bourne, who hadn’t accomplished the burial of his bride’s father at war, also became a taciturn person and kept blaming himself for a very long time. That agony found expression in phrases such as “a chain, binding down his spirit” and “a serpent, gnawing into his heart.”<sup>5</sup>

For those who are prisoners in their own hearts, the result of a guilty conscience, their too severe self-reproach is already a punishment in itself. At this, Hawthorne criticized the ignorance and intolerance of his ancestors at the times of “Endicott and the Red Cross”; he wrote, “It was the policy of our ancestors to search out even the most secret sins, and expose them to shame, without fear or favor, in the broadest light of the noonday sun.”<sup>6</sup> Rather than one particular sin like adultery, Hawthorne intended to write about our deep original sin and our other more universal sins like sitting in judgment on others. In such turmoil, Hawthorne’s naive moralists get obsessed with pangs of conscience; losing their bright smile, they spiritually become recluses.

2. As I analysed in Section 1, Hawthorne’s writings focused on a sense of sin. This continued even to his last romance, *The Marble Faun*. Irrespective of this, however, we sometimes find rather eccentric characters who seem to be completely free from such a burden. They don’t undergo mental conflict in contrast to the moralists in Section 1 who sense sins against God. This is unique to scientists, researchers of great knowledge, and some artists that stand aloof from earthly distress and happiness, and sometimes challenge Mother Nature.

The scientist in “The Birth-mark” didn’t accept “the best that earth could offer,” and he tried to get rid of his beautiful bride’s birth-mark.<sup>7</sup> The creator of the Eden of poisonous flowers in “Rappac-

cini's Daughter" plotted his daughter's marriage with the youth newly made to emit poisonous breaths like her. His way of thinking overwhelms our common sense, and his paternal love is not earthly but very paradoxical. Outstandingly, he says to his daughter dying from an detoxicant, as follows.

Miserable! . . . What mean you, foolish girl? Dost thou deem it misery to be endowed with marvellous gifts, against which no power nor strength could avail an enemy? Misery, to be able to quell the mightiest with a breath? Misery, to be as terrible as thou art beautiful? Wouldst thou, then, have preferred the condition of a weak woman, exposed to all evil, and capable of none?<sup>8</sup>

While their egoism could make offerings of even their beloved to their own fatal love of science, their spirit of pursuit is extremely pure in a sense and we are strangely attracted by their unearthly existences.

Copies of early *Fanshawe* were withdrawn and thrown away by the author, whereas it had already displayed a Hawthornian theme. Had it not been for the last part, and Fanshawe had died just after his heroic act, it would have been only too sentimental a work. Actually, he resumed concentration on his study after Ellen's rescue, and he gave her up to his friend for his own questing mind. He chose not to take an interest in worldly affairs.

Despite his fragile figure, the result of his excessive study, Fanshawe had superhuman strong will, and his expression had so much nobility and strange power as to daunt the villain. In the same way, Doctor Rappachini had "an expression of piercing and active intellect" and "wonderful energy" although he moved "feebly, like a person in inferior health."<sup>9</sup>

Where does their unworldly energy arise from? They have eccentric power which doesn't belong to ordinary men. The Moralists in Section 1 became unhappy, after having once wished for happiness in their relationships with the people around them. Goodman Brown must have hoped for happiness among good-natured people, so his suspicion of human beings made him deeply melancholic. What Reuben Bourne had truly wished to have was conjugal love without hypocrisy, but as he couldn't, he became an absentminded unhappy man, with a severe sense of alienation. By contrast, highly intelligent seekers choose their alienated state, aloofness, giving up on or throwing away earthly human happiness. It is undoubtedly because what they would like to obtain is not something from common human relationships but from their own intellectual pursuits or the search for perfect beauty. And this is the very reason for their eccentric power and energy.

In the course of analyzing "The Artist of the Beautiful," Millicent Bell suggests, "Art is not a social activity, consequently. Not only is it irrelevant, it may even be inimical to the normal human pattern of love and happiness."<sup>10</sup> Opinion may be divided on this subject. Some people would think that art without being parallel to social activity is pointless, but Hawthorne's view of art was different. His is an attitude of the artist who in the end creates beauty having a level of coldness which belongs only to the people who have attained some eminence. He was not agitated even when his mechaical butterfly was crushed.

Even though Frederick Crews strongly regards art as a substitute for sexuality and masculinity, righteously he points out that the mechanical butterfly is “Owen’s brainchild as the real baby’s rival.”<sup>11</sup> For the artist who has now reached aloofness, a brainchild is a mere toy at his will, and he therefore does not feel any real sadness or agitation at seeing his broken brainchild, to which he had given birth without earthly love. His cold attitude is well contrasted by Annie’s admiring her own baby.

Annie has attracted the artist in the workaday world, but he partly came to hold her in contempt. He is now realizing that “there were no such attributes in Annie Hovenden as his imagination had endowed her with.”<sup>12</sup> With this statement the artist of the beautiful is noticing that even the image of his lover is only his own creation. She would not, however, be able to make him truly unhappy. That is the creator’s toughness which differentiates them from ordinary people.

As for love, the poet in *The Blithedale Romance* has a similar feeling. Long before he confesses his love for Priscilla at the ending, he had looked at his own love very objectively, telling a bird, “if any mortal really cares for her, it is myself, and not even I, for her realities . . . poor little seamstress, . . . but for the fancy-work with which I have idly decked her out!”<sup>13</sup>

While Hawthorne’s artists or creators have a coldness which lets them admit that their love and its objects are nothing but their own works, Mr. Holgrave, the daguerreotypist in *The House of the Seven Gables* is exceptional. He can compromise with reality and accept earthly happiness. In this romance, other main characters are also exceptional. The author intentionally gave no tragic beauty to the heroine who is setting up a cents shop. His way of depicting her awkwardness let readers feel sympathy while laughing at her. Miss Pyncheon, for instance, was at a loss to handle a young gingerbread eater.

Hepzibah’s final operation was with the little devourer of Jim Crow and the elephant, who now proposed to eat a camel. In her bewilderment, she offered him first a wooden dragoon (sic), and next a handfull (sic) of marbles; neither of which being adapted to his else omnivorous appetite, she hastily held out her whole remaining stock of natural history, in gingerbread, and huddled the small customer out of the shop.<sup>14</sup>

To break a curse caused by the ancestor’s bad deed, *The House of the Seven Gables* needed such wholesome offsprings like Phoebe and Holgrove, who can well adjust themselves to reality, with unpretentious activity. It was Hawthorne himself who wished to compromise with reality in spite of his own ancestral obsession, through this work. Though being the author’s favorite, this romance should be appreciated exceptionally in his literature.

To return to the topic, Hawthornian artists and other rater maniacal inhabitants in an excessively intellectual world always chase the women around them into tragic situations. Not only do they separate themselves from women’s love like the moralists in Section 1, but they make women victims to their self-content. In contrast with Pygmalion, the scientist in “The Birth-mark” brings a woman not to life but to death. Nevertheless, women are ideally laudable. Rappaccini’s daughter is outstandingly innocent, notwithstanding her history of being confined in a distorted world. Even if

her body, given from her father, decayed, her soul would be sent to the true Eden. Who could expect so much purity in such surroundings? Even the lover doubted her good nature once.

Hollingsworth in *The Blithedale Romance* is an unsuccessful creator of his new world reforming criminals. His “heart is on fire with his own purpose, but icy for all human affection.” Yet Priscilla keeps on giving him her love, “like casting a flower into a sepulchre.”<sup>15</sup>

It is not enough to understand women who permit such cruel seekers to adhere to their egoism, only in terms of the social background at that time. Those women were also half awe-struck at being confronted with these fatal creators’ unearthly passion and aloofness. The wife in “The Birthmark” almost believes in the husband’s defiance of nature.

Her heart exulted, while it trembled, at his honorable love, so pure and lofty that it would accept nothing less than perfection, nor miserably make itself contented with an earthlier nature than he had dreamed of. She felt how much more precious was such a sentiment, than that meaner kind which would have borne with the imperfection for her sake, and have been guilty of treason to holy love, by degrading its perfect idea to the level of the actual. And, with her whole spirit, she prayed, that, for a single moment, she might satisfy his highest and deepest conception. Longer than one moment, she well knew, it could not be; for his spirit was ever on the march—ever ascending...and each instant required something that was beyond the scope of the instant before.<sup>16</sup>

Overwhelmed by his perfectionism, her heart is filled with a deeper love and awe, while trembling. Even when dying, she says, “You have aimed loftily! you have done nobly! Do not repent, that, with so high and pure a feeling, you have rejected the best that earth could offer.”<sup>17</sup>

Further reading leads us to the understanding that it is Hawthorne himself who was attracted by such seekers’ abnormal purity and aloofness. Even Fanshawe, his early hero, had a peculiar high-mindedness. Just after being told about Rappaccini’s satanic nature, Giovanni cannot but question, “And yet . . . is it not a noble spirit? Are there many men capable of so spiritual a love of science?”<sup>18</sup>

Not enjoying this world completely, Hawthorne was at all times distressed by his stinging consciousness of original sin as a moralist. It was natural for him to yearn for an unworldly strong will and a soaring soul in an intellectual world. In that created world, the author let noble maniacs daringly give his intellectual curiosity priority over morals, and it was also typically Hawthornian, as he was always fascinated by something outside everyday experiences.

The self-centered intellectuals in this section are obsessed by their love of art or science, not by moralistic burdens. While the moralists are dispirited by their obsession, the egotistic creators’ or destroyers’ obsession is a stimulant and source of their unworldly energy.

Irrespective of that strong spiritual power which cannot be acquired by people who rely on others, the author knew that the self-complacent artists’ unadaptability to the real world was their limitation. Without physical and influential power in this world, they have fragile bodies and not very keen insight; they cannot attain earthly success. They have to meet the deaths of their beloved or their own. But their superficial defeat doesn’t seem very tragic to the artists. Their lost battles on this earth have little meaning. At any ending, it is as if we could see their insolent smile while dream-

ing about their victories in their own created worlds.

3. In real life, Hawthorne himself was an artist struggling with moralistic anguish; he took a middle position between the moralists in Section 1 and the creators in Section 2. Then, who shares such a position in his literary works? Intellectuals in Section 2 were fully free from the consciousness of sin against God, whereas Ethan Brand had never been released from it and still couldn't help trespassing on an forbidden territory.

Long ago, Ethan Brand was "a simple and loving man," but the seeking throughout the world for "Unpardonable Sin" [the blasphemy against the Spirit...Matthew 12 : 31] made him "a cold observer" having looked into every heart.<sup>19</sup> That search was "the sin of an intellect that triumphed over the sense of brotherhood with man, and reverence for God, and sacrificed everything to its own mighty claims."<sup>20</sup> Ethan Brand was once torn between humanity and his curious desire, but, after all, he yielded to his intellectual temptation. It resulted in the growth of Unpardonable Sin within his own breast, and only there he could finally find it.

Ethan Brand is now the most awful existence who left even the devil behind him on his track.<sup>21</sup> Within him, there is no more thirst for knowledge left. His throwing himself into fire and his nihilism are partly punishment given to him, but his words like "What more to achieve? . . . My task is done, and well done!"<sup>22</sup> have a somewhat victorious feeling of accomplishment which can be obtained only by the person who has looked into an abyss. Among Hawthornian characters, he chooses ultimate seeking and his own death like Fanshawe.

Ethan Brand's sin has some similarity to literary men's psychological one. The object of his intellectual pursuit was human psychology rather than science or beauty. Even though his too ardent pursuit robbed him of his own humanity, it has kept on being in the forefront of his mind. Compared with common people, Ethan Brand has full knowledge of the human mind, and this situation makes him so solitary as to make a tender little boy shed tears somehow sensing his terrible loneliness.

A distinctive trait of "Ethan Brand" is pointed out by Rita K. Collins.

From the start, his idea of home has been devoid of all intimacy: There is no one to welcome him, and nowhere to rest his head. In no other character and in no other story did Hawthorne more starkly define a disjunction between individual and community or between head and heart. . . . His only mother is Mother Earth, his only father the God he displaced, and we know of no woman in his life but the one he has "wasted." For the man who had trampled on the "great heart" of mankind, there can be no friend but the "deadly element of Fire."<sup>23</sup>

What does such an anonymity, a loss of specific identity suggest? Basically, it must mean that Ethan Brand's loss of humanity, and his anonymity gives him a legendary existence. Hawthorne repeatedly described Ethan Brand's appearance without any special characteristics. Therefore, I guess he had no intention of writing about Ethan Brand's very personal individuality in a specified setting. Hawthorne's intention might be describing a part of the author's own heart in his most inner world. I assume he challenged himself to express the most evil, most profound, maturest part of his heart

through this story.

Despite of his morality, Hawthorne, as a literary man, must have been fully aware of his own nature of peeping into the most terrible part of human nature, the desire to touch what would burn his fingers. And at the same time, he had a presentiment of his final returning to Fire and Earth, with his dark passion and the secret of mankind which he grasped.

To some extent, T. Walter Herbert altered our understanding of what Hawthorne had been like for his wife, Sophia. "As Sophia kept vigil over her husband's body, she wrote an incantatory prose poem declaring that her husband had been as remote from her as from the world at large. . . ." Here's a part of her prose poem.

In the most retired privacy it was the same as in the presence of men. The sacred veil of his eyelids he scarcely lifted to himself. Such an unviolated sanctuary as was his nature, I his inmost wife never conceived nor knew. . . .<sup>24</sup>

When Hawthorne, seemingly wholesome and warm-hearted, was in his unviolated sanctuary remote from anyone, he must have been "a cold observer," and solely with Ethan Brand could he share cruel aloofness and terrible solitude.

We can find another satanic seeker, who appeared in *The Scarlet Letter* and was brought to a full realization of human nature. As for this very famous romance, the four main characters' artistic nature was indicated by Edwin Haviland Miller.

While the four characters have separate identities, collectively they constitute a subtle and complex self-portrait, Hawthorne being the sum total of all his characters. Each is an artist: Hester in embroidery, Dimmesdale in the outpourings of the tongue of flames, Chillingworth in his concoctions for body and soul, and Pearl in her fashionings of natural objects. Like artists they brood over and live in the "interior kingdom."<sup>25</sup>

Truly, some brilliance of the romance depends on each main character's artistic element like the author's own. Hawthorne wrote about the characters living in their inner worlds, and again, a writer made a success having dwelt on his familiar types, like other masters. My assumption is that the most artistic character in this romance is no one else but Chillingworth, for this doctor has changed himself to a pursuer of human psychology.

A part of D. H. Lawrence's essay. "Nathaniel Hawthorne and the Scarlet Letter" which explains about a role of Chillingworth is a little unconvincing.

Roger Chillingworth is of the old order of intellect, in direct line from the mediæval Roger Bacon alchemists. He has an old, intellectual belief in the dark sciences, the Hermetic philosophies. He is no Christian, no selfless aspirer. He is not an aspirer. He is the old authoritarian in man. The old male authority. But without passional belief. Only intellectual belief in himself and his male authority. . . . He hates the new spiritual aspirers, like Dimmesdale, with a black, crippled hate. . . . You can't keep a wife by force of an intellectual tradition. . . . Dimmesdale has a "coup" in the very end. He gives the whole show away by confessing publicly on the scaffold, and dodging into death, leaving Hester dished, and Roger as it were, doubly

cuckolded. It is a last revenge.<sup>26</sup>

Certainly, once Chillingworth had been a mere big-headed scientist regarding his young pretty wife as a kind of diversion; he had been a self-centered seeker like the creators in Section 2. His understanding of women and human psychology had been only intellectual. However, through Hester's marital infidelity and through his hatred for the lovers, Chillingworth's humane passion experienced a remarkable growth. The more closely he looked into Dimmesdale's heart, the deeper his understanding of human nature became. To grow a poisonous flower within Dimmesdale's life became Chillingworth's artistic creation. It is hard not to think there was a striking amount of passion.

He observed the object too carefully and his incessant obsession made Chillingworth understand Dimmesdale too thoroughly; a kind of assimilation occurred, as Edwin Haviland Miller suggests, "Chillingworth is the sadistic side of Dimmesdale's masochism."<sup>27</sup> It must have been a strange assimilation, as if two people made one, or as if one's existence came into the other's and they mingled together. As a consequence, Chillingworth's hatred became similar to some form of eccentric love. The author himself offers an analysis of this phenomenon.

It is a curious subject of observation and inquiry, whether hatred and love be not the same thing at bottom. Each, in its utmost development, supposes a high degree of intimacy and heart-knowledge; each renders one individual dependent for the food of his affections and spiritual life upon another.<sup>28</sup>

Chillingworth reached the domain of psychologists and literary men, and for him, Dimmesdale became his laborious work. That is why Chillingworth's attachment to Dimmesdale is conspicuously more than his to Hester's, especially in the last part. Dimmesdale's death meant the loss of his great work for Chillingworth, so he repeated, "Thou hast escaped me! . . . Thou hast escaped me!"<sup>29</sup> instead of yelling with delight. Beaten down by the forfeiture, Chillingworth became a mere shadow of himself from then on. D. H. Lawrence's interpretation cannot easily explain Chillingworth's last will to bequeath his considerable sum of property to Pearl. Lawrence's interpretation makes this bequest into an unnatural atonement.

In the past, Chillingworth's knowledge had been disproportionately medical, and Hester's appearance and her outward womanliness had been agreeable only to his eyes. However, his observation of human psychology, though caused by hatred and vengeful thought, led him to the fuller understanding of Dimmesdale's and Hester's mind. It must have been something like the beginning of true love, even though this attachment akin to love was so distorted that Chillingworth's spiritual rebirth could not help inviting Dimmesdale's and his own deaths.

Within Chillingworth something humane and very passionate was newly born; and it is, ironically, a consequence of Dimmesdale and Hester's love. In this sense, Michael Ragussis's seemingly a little reckless opinion appears to be persuasive.

The father's refusal to recognize his real child leads to his production of a mock child...to his engendering the enemy in and by himself. In this light Pearl (the child) and Chillingworth (the enemy) play a similar role. Both seek to expose Dimmesdale's secret: both ask him leading questions, both frighten him, both riddle him. . . . But who is Chillingworth anyway, and why do his questions often coincide with Pearl's? The man "Chillingworth" comes into being only because of Dimmesdale's and Hester's passion: he is as much their child as the unclaimed Pearl.<sup>30</sup>

It may be closer to the truth to observe that Chillingworth came to feel some affinity to Pearl in the course of time.

The track of Chillingworth's spiritual history was the reverse of Ethan Brand's; he had been a cool observer in his youth. But both of them have approached human secrets. Though playing an evil role, Chillingworth reached the stage of a dreadfully passionate creator, and it gave him some humanity. Hawthorne maybe adored Hester, felt pity for Dimmesdale, and gave Pearl elfin charm born in "the neutral territory," but it was Chillingworth to whom the author gave invitation to his own veiled inner world which even his wife couldn't trespass on, as examined. There the author shared his awesome aloofness and his passionate spirit of inquiry into human secrets...sometimes so passionate as to become what might be called evil, he was afraid...only with his fictitious friends like Ethan Brand and Roger Chillingworth. The author's darkest side might burn itself out as their figures in his imagination.

#### References

- 1) Terence Martin, *Nathaniel Hawthorne* (Boston: Twayne's United States Authors Series, 1983) p. 74.
- 2) Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Selected Tales and Sketches* (Penguin Classics, 1987) p. 194.
- 3) *Ibid.*, p. 197.
- 4) *Ibid.*, p. 194.
- 5) *Ibid.*, p. 63.
- 6) *Ibid.*, p. 219.
- 7) *Ibid.*, p. 277.
- 8) *Ibid.*, p. 420.
- 9) *Ibid.*, p. 400.
- 10) Millicent Bell, *Hawthorne's View of the Artist* (State University of New York, 1962) p. 95.
- 11) Frederick Crews, *The Sins of the Fathers: Hawthorne's Psychological Themes* (University of California Press, 1989) p. 169.
- 12) *Selected Tales and Sketches*, p. 374.
- 13) Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Blithedale Romance* (Penguin Classics, 1986) p. 100.
- 14) Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The House of the Seven Gables* (World's Classics, Oxford University Press, 1991) p. 67.
- 15) *The Blithedale Romance*, p. 100.
- 16) *Selected Tales and Sketches*, pp. 274-275.
- 17) *Ibid.*, p. 277.
- 18) *Ibid.*, p. 394.
- 19) *Ibid.*, pp. 435-436.
- 20) *Ibid.*, pp. 427-428.
- 21) *Ibid.*, p. 427.
- 22) *Ibid.*, p. 436.
- 23) Rita K. Gollin, "Ethan Brand's Homecoming." In Millicent Bell, Ed. *New Essays on Hawthorne's Major*

- Tales* (Cambridge University Press, 1993) pp. 96–97.
- 24) T. Walter Herbert, *Dearest Beloved: The Hawthornes and the Making of the Middle-Class Family* (University of California Press, 1993) p. 278.
  - 25) Edwin Haviland Miller, *Salem Is My Dwelling Place: A Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne* (London: Duckworth, 1991) p. 296.
  - 26) D. H. Lawrence. “Nathaniel Hawthorne and *the Scarlet Letter*.” In Harold Bloom, Ed. *Hester Prynne* (New York: Chelsea House Publishers, 1990) pp. 50–51.
  - 27) Miller, p. 297.
  - 28) Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter* (World’s Classics, Oxford University Press, 1990) p. 260.
  - 29) *Ibid.*, p. 256.
  - 30) Michael Ragussis, “Family Discourse and Fiction in *The Scarlet Letter*.” In Harold Bloom, Ed. *Nathaniel Hawthorne’s The Scarlet Letter: Modern Critical Interpretations* (New York: Chelsea House Publishers, 1986) pp. 68–69.