*The Scarlet Letter* – ch. 10 – “The Leech and His Patient”

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| Original Text | Paraphrase |
| 1) Old Roger Chillingworth, throughout life, had been calm in **temperament**, kindly, though not of warm affections, but ever, and in all his relations with the world, a pure and upright man. He had begun an investigation, as he imagined, with the severe and equal integrity of a judge, desirous only of truth, even as if the question involved no more than the air-drawn lines and figures of a geometrical problem, instead of human passions, and wrongs inflicted on himself. But, as he proceeded, a terrible fascination, a kind of fierce, though still calm, necessity, seized the old man within its gripe, and never set him free again, until he had done all its bidding. He now dug into the poor clergyman’s heart, like a miner searching for gold; or, rather, like a sexton delving into a grave, possibly in quest of a jewel that had been buried on the dead man’s bosom, but likely to find nothing save mortality and corruption. Alas for his own soul, if these were what he sought! | **temperament**: personality; a person’s nature and how it affects their behavior  All his life, Chillingworth had been a good man. When he started his quest to find out who Pearl’s father is, he was doing so only to discover the truth, almost as if it had nothing to do with him personally. But, the longer he searched, the more obsessed he became. |
| 2) Sometimes, a light glimmered out of the physician’s eyes, burning blue and ominous, like the reflection of a furnace, or, let us say, like one of those gleams of ghastly fire that darted from **Bunyan’s** awful doorway in the hillside, and quivered on the pilgrim’s face. The soil where this dark miner was working had perchance shown indications that encouraged him.  3) “This man,” said he, at one such moment, to himself, “pure as they deem him,—all spiritual as he seems,—hath inherited a strong animal nature from his father or his mother. Let us dig a little further in the direction of this vein!” | **Bunyan**: allusion to John Bunyan, author of *Pilgrim’s Progress* (allegory); in the story, the fires of Hell flamed from the hillside across from Christian’s (main character) pathway on his journey to the Celestial City (heaven).  As he searched, Chillingworth’s eyes would gleam (as if with the fires of hell) as he saw signs that made him think he was on to something. |
| 4) Then, after long search into the minister’s dim interior, and turning over many precious materials, in the shape of high **aspirations** for the welfare of his race, warm love of souls, pure sentiments, natural **piety**, strengthened by thought and study, and illuminated by revelation,—all of which invaluable gold was perhaps no better than rubbish to the seeker,—he would turn back, discouraged, and begin his quest towards another point. He groped along as stealthily, with as cautious a tread, and as wary an outlook, as a thief entering a chamber where a man lies only half asleep,—or, it may be, broad awake,—with purpose to steal the very treasure which this man guards as the apple of his eye. In spite of his premeditated carefulness, the floor would now and then creak; his garments would rustle; the shadow of his presence, in a forbidden proximity, would be thrown across his victim. In other words, Mr. Dimmesdale, whose sensibility of nerve often produced the effect of spiritual intuition, would become vaguely aware that something **inimical** to his peace had thrust itself into relation with him. But old Roger Chillingworth, too, had perceptions that were almost intuitive; and when the minister threw his startled eyes towards him, there the physician sat; his kind, watchful, sympathizing, but never intrusive friend. | **aspiration**: ambition or hope of achieving something  **piety**: holiness  **inimical**: tending to cause harm  Chillingworth would dig into Dimmesdale’s inner self and usually would find that Dimmesdale was a good man with good intentions, but these discoveries were not what he was looking for; he wanted to get to the dark secret that he felt was lying beneath all that goodness. Although Chillingworth was very careful not to let Dimmesdale see what he was up to, sometimes Dimmesdale would sense—through his intuition—that there was something sinister lurking about, but when he would look around, all he’d see was Chillingworth, looking like a good and kind doctor and friend. |
| 5) Yet Mr. Dimmesdale would perhaps have seen this individual’s character more perfectly, if a certain morbidness, to which, sick hearts are liable, had not rendered him suspicious of all mankind. Trusting no man as his friend, he could not recognize his enemy when the latter actually appeared. He therefore still kept up a familiar intercourse with him, daily receiving the old physician in his study; or visiting the laboratory, and, for recreation’s sake, watching the processes by which weeds were converted into drugs of **potency**. | **potency**: power or effectiveness  Because Dimmesdale was suspicious of everyone (like Hester, he’s lost some of his faith in the goodness of man), he didn’t realize that Chillingworth was his actual enemy; he just feels the same level of suspicion toward him as he does toward everyone else. Therefore, he continues hanging out with Chillingworth and watching how Chillingworth makes medicines. |
| 6) One day, leaning his forehead on his hand, and his elbow on the sill of the open window, that looked towards the graveyard, he talked with Roger Chillingworth, while the old man was examining a bundle of **unsightly** plants.  7) “Where,” asked he, with a look **askance** at them,—for it was the clergyman’s peculiarity that he seldom, nowadays, looked straightforth at any object, whether human or inanimate,—“where, my kind doctor, did you gather those herbs, with such a dark, flabby leaf?”  8) “Even in the graveyard here at hand,” answered the physician, continuing his employment. “They are new to me. I found them growing on a grave, which bore no tombstone, nor other memorial of the dead man, save these ugly weeds, that have taken upon themselves to keep him in remembrance. They grew out of his heart, and **typify**, it may be, some hideous secret that was buried with him, and which he had done better to confess during his lifetime.” | **unsightly**: ugly; unpleasant to look at  **askance**: not directly or not straight  **typify**: symbolize  One day, Dimmesdale was sitting by the window looking out at the graveyard while Chillingworth was looking at some weeds (that he would make medicines with). Dimmesdale asked him where he got those ugly weeds, and Chillingworth says he picked them off of a grave that had no other tombstone. He says they may represent a secret sin that the person was buried with and that the person should have confessed before dying. |
| 9) “Perchance,” said Mr. Dimmesdale, “he **earnestly** desired it, but could not.”  10) “And **wherefore**?” rejoined the physician. “Wherefore not; since all the powers of nature call so earnestly for the confession of sin, that these black weeds have sprung up out of a buried heart, to make **manifest** an unspoken crime?”  11) “That, good Sir, is but a fantasy of yours,” replied the minister. “There can be, if I **forebode** aright, no power, short of the Divine mercy, to disclose, whether by uttered words, or by type or emblem, the secrets that may be buried with a human heart. The heart, making itself guilty of such secrets, must **perforce** hold them, until the day when all hidden things shall be revealed. Nor have I so read or interpreted **Holy Writ**, as to understand that the disclosure of human thoughts and deeds, then to be made, is intended as a part of the **retribution**. That, surely, were a shallow view of it. No; these revelations, unless I greatly err, are meant merely to promote the intellectual satisfaction of all intelligent beings, who will stand waiting, on that day, to see the dark problem of this life made plain. A knowledge of men’s hearts will be needful to the completest solution of that problem. And I conceive, moreover, that the hearts holding such miserable secrets as you speak of will yield them up, at that last day, not with reluctance, but with a joy unutterable.” | **earnestly**: seriously, truly  wherefore: why  **manifest**: able to be seen; evident  forbode: understand something dark  **perforce**: inevitably; by necessity  **Holy Writ**: the Bible  **retribution**: punishment  Dimmesdale suggest that the dead person may have wanted to confess his sin but just couldn’t bring himself to do it. Chillingworth challenges Dimmesdale and asks why the person couldn’t confess when Nature itself prompts sinners to confess their sin, sending the ugly weeds to make hidden sin visible. Dimmesdale says he doesn’t know that Chillingworth’s theology is right—that the Bible does not require people to publicly confess their sins here on Earth, but that everything will be known in Heaven on the Judgment Day. On that day, the sinner will be more than happy to give up the burden of their secret. |
| 12) “Then why not reveal them here?” asked Roger Chillingworth, glancing quietly aside at the minister. “Why should not the guilty ones sooner **avail** themselves of this unutterable solace?”  13) “They mostly do,” said the clergyman, gripping hard at his breast as if afflicted with an **importunate** throb of pain. “Many, many a poor soul hath given its confidence to me, not only on the death-bed, but while strong in life, and fair in reputation. And ever, after such an outpouring, O, what a relief have I witnessed in those sinful brethren! even as in one who at last draws free air, after long stifling with his own polluted breath. How can it be otherwise? Why should a wretched man, guilty, we will say, of murder, prefer to keep the dead corpse buried in his own heart, rather than fling it forth at once, and let the universe take care of it!” | **avail**: take advantage of  **importunate**: persistent  Chillingworth presses his argument farther: If it’s such a great joy to confess the sin and get rid of that burden, why doesn’t the guilty person go ahead and confess now?  Dimmesdale says a lot of people do confess here on Earth—to him, their minister—sometimes on their deathbed and sometimes while still full of life and having a good reputation. He says each time someone makes the confession they feel so much better! |
| 14) “Yet some men bury their secrets thus,” observed the calm physician.  15) “True; there are such men,” answered Mr. Dimmesdale. “But, not to suggest more obvious reasons, it may be that they are kept silent by the very constitution of their nature. Or,—can we not suppose it?—guilty as they may be, retaining, nevertheless, a **zeal** for God’s glory and man’s welfare, they shrink from displaying themselves black and filthy in the view of men; because, thenceforward, no good can be achieved by them; no evil of the past be redeemed by better service. So, to their own unutterable torment, they go about among their fellow-creatures, looking pure as new-fallen snow while their hearts are all speckled and spotted with **iniquity** of which they cannot rid themselves.” | **zeal**: passion; enthusiasm  **iniquity**: sin  Then, Chillingworth says that even though some people confess during life, some—like the man from whose grave he picked the weeds—go to their graves with unconfessed sins. Dimmesdale concedes that point, saying that some people don’t have the courage to confess here on Earth or that some people feel that if they confess they will no longer be able to do God’s work as effectively. So, they endure the torment of their guilty conscience so they can try to bring others to God. |
| 16) “These men deceive themselves,” said Roger Chillingworth, with somewhat more emphasis than usual, and making a slight gesture with his forefinger. “They fear to take up the shame that rightfully belongs to them. Their love for man, their zeal for God’s service,—these holy impulses may or may not coexist in their hearts with the evil inmates to which their guilt has unbarred the door, and which must needs propagate a hellish breed within them. But, if they seek to glorify God, let them not lift heavenward their unclean hands! If they would serve their fellow-men, let them do it by making manifest the power and reality of conscience, in **constraining** them to **penitential** **self-abasement**! Wouldst thou have me to believe, O wise and pious friend, that a false show can be better—can be more for God’s glory, or man’s welfare—than God’s own truth? Trust me, such men deceive themselves!”  17) “It may be so,” said the young clergyman, **indifferently**, as waiving a discussion that he considered irrelevant or unseasonable. He had a ready faculty, indeed, of escaping from any topic that agitated his too sensitive and nervous temperament.—“But, now, I would ask of my well-skilled physician, whether, in good sooth, he deems me to have profited by his kindly care of this weak **frame** of mine?” | **constraining**: compelling or forcing  **penitential**: expressing regret or sorrow at one’s wrongdoings; repentant  **self-abasement**: humiliating oneself  indifferently: unconcerned; having no interest  **frame**: body; physical self  Chillingworth says Dimmesdale is fooling himself with that kind of argument: The guilty ones don’t hide their sin because they’re trying to help others but because they don’t want to endure the shame brought on them when people know the truth about their sin. And, Chillingworth says, if the guilty sinner really wants to bring people to God, then let him confess and demonstrate true repentance. Maybe because Chillingworth has hit a nerve, Dimmesdale then changes the subject and asks Chillingworth if he thinks that he (Dimmesdale) has benefited from Chillingworth’s care. That is, is Chillingworth’s medicine/treatment helping Dimmesdale get better? |
| 18) Before Roger Chillingworth could answer, they heard the clear, wild laughter of a young child’s voice, proceeding from the adjacent burial-ground. Looking instinctively from the open window,—for it was summer-time,—the minister beheld Hester Prynne and little Pearl passing along the footpath that **traversed** the enclosure. Pearl looked as beautiful as the day, but was in one of those moods of **perverse** merriment which, whenever they occurred, seemed to remove her entirely out of the sphere of sympathy or human contact. She now skipped **irreverently** from one grave to another; until, coming to the broad, flat, armorial tombstone of a departed worthy,—perhaps of Isaac Johnson himself,—she began to dance upon it. In reply to her mother’s command and **entreaty** that she would behave more **decorously**, little Pearl paused to gather the prickly burrs from a tall burdock which grew beside the tomb. Taking a handful of these, she arranged them along the lines of the scarlet letter that decorated the maternal bosom, to which the burrs, as their nature was, **tenaciously** adhered. Hester did not pluck them off. | **traverse**: to travel across or through  **perverse**: showing a deliberate and obstinate desire to behave in a way that is unreasonable or unacceptable  **irreverently**: showing no respect  **entreaty**: pleading  **decorously**: with decorum; properly  **tenaciously**: keeping a firm hold of something  Before Chillingworth could answer Dimmesdale’s question, they hear laughter, and they turn and see Hester and Pearl walking through the cemetery. Pearl is hopping from one grave to another, even dancing on top of the graves. Hester tells her to stop doing that because it is not proper, and then Pearl grabs some prickly burrs from a burdock plant and throws them at the scarlet letter. The burrs stick to the letter and Hester does not take them off.  Hooked burrs |
| 19) Roger Chillingworth had by this time approached the window, and smiled grimly down.  20) “There is no law, nor reverence for authority, no regard for human ordinances or opinions, right or wrong, mixed up with that child’s **composition**,” remarked he, as much to himself as to his companion. “I saw her, the other day, bespatter the Governor himself with water, at the cattle-trough in Spring Lane. What, in Heaven’s name, is she? Is the imp altogether evil? Hath she affections? Hath she any discoverable principle of being?”  21) “None, save the freedom of a broken law,” answered Mr. Dimmesdale, in a quiet way, as if he had been discussing the point within himself. “Whether capable of good, I know not.” | **composition**: the elements that make up the whole  Looking at Pearl and Hester, Chillingworth remarks that Pearl has no regard for rules of any kind and that he recently saw her splash water from an animal trough on the Governor. He wonders whether there is any good in her. Dimmesdale agrees also commenting that Pearl has gained freedom because of her disregard for rules but also comments, almost to himself, that he is unsure if there is good in her. |
| 22) The child probably overheard their voices; for, looking up to the window, with a bright, but naughty smile of **mirth** and intelligence, she threw one of the prickly burrs at the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale. The sensitive clergyman shrunk, with nervous dread, from the light missile. Detecting his emotion, Pearl clapped her little hands, in the most extravagant ecstasy. Hester Prynne, likewise, had involuntarily looked up; and all these four persons, old and young, regarded one another in silence, till the child laughed aloud, and shouted,—“Come away, mother! Come away, or yonder old Black Man will catch you! He hath got hold of the minister already. Come away, mother, or he will catch you! But he cannot catch little Pearl!”  23) So she drew her mother away, skipping, dancing, and frisking fantastically, among the hillocks of the dead people, like a creature that had nothing in common with a bygone and buried generation, nor owned herself akin to it. It was as if she had been made afresh, out of new elements, and must perforce be permitted to live her own life, and be a law unto herself, without her eccentricities being reckoned to her for a crime. | **mirth**: enjoyment  Hearing Dimmesdale and Chillingworth’s voices, Pearl looks up with a mischievous smile on her face and throws one of the prickly burrs toward the window where Chillingworth and Dimmesdale are. Dimmesdale, being the nervous type, jumps back and his reaction makes Pearl jump up and down clapping. The four people (Chillingworth, Dimmesdale, Pearl, and Hester) stand looking at each other in silence. Then Pearl laughs and shouts, “Come away, mother! Come away, or yonder old Black Man will catch you! He hath got hold of the minister already. Come away, mother, or he will catch you! But he cannot catch little Pearl!” Skipping and dancing, Pearl drags her mother away. |
| 24) “There goes a woman,” resumed Roger Chillingworth, after a pause, “who, be her demerits what they may, hath none of that mystery of hidden sinfulness which you deem so grievous to be borne. Is Hester Prynne the less miserable, think you, for that scarlet letter on her breast?”  25) “I do verily believe it,” answered the clergyman. “Nevertheless, I cannot answer for her. There was a look of pain in her face, which I would gladly have been spared the sight of. But still, methinks, it must needs be better for the sufferer to be free to show his pain, as this poor woman Hester is, than to cover it all up in his heart.” | After witnessing this scene, Chillingworth asks Dimmesdale whether Hester is happier because she wears the scarlet letter? After all, Dimmesdale said people who confessed their sins were happier, and Hester’s sin is out in the open. Dimmesdale says, yes, he thinks she is happier, but that he did see a look of pain in her eyes that he wishes he did not see. He cannot speak for Hester, but he does feel that it is better for people to show their sin openly than to try to hide it. |
| 26) There was another pause; and the physician began anew to examine and arrange the plants which he had gathered.  27) “You inquired of me, a little time agone,” said he, at length, “my judgment as touching your health.”  28) “I did,” answered the clergyman, “and would gladly learn it. Speak frankly, I pray you, be it for life or death.”  29) “Freely, then, and plainly,” said the physician, still busy with his plants, but keeping a **wary** eye on Mr. Dimmesdale, “the disorder is a strange one; not so much in itself, nor as outwardly manifested,—in so far, at least, as the symptoms have been laid open to my observation. Looking daily at you, my good Sir, and watching the tokens of your aspect, now for months gone by, I should deem you a man **sore** sick, it may be, yet not so sick but that an instructed and watchful physician might well hope to cure you. But—I know not what to say—the disease is what I seem to know, yet know it not.” | **wary**: cautious  **sore**: extremely, seriously  Now, after a pause, Chillingworth returns to Dimmesdale’s question about whether his (Chillingworth’s) treatment was helping him (Dimmesdale). Chillingworth says that Dimmesdale’s sickness is a strange one; from Dimmesdale’s outward symptoms, Chillingworth says he should be able to cure him, yet he can’t quite figure out what to do. |
| 30) “You speak in riddles, learned Sir,” said the pale minister, glancing aside out of the window.  31) “Then, to speak more plainly,” continued the physician, “and I crave pardon, Sir,—should it seem to require pardon,—for this needful plainness of my speech. Let me ask,—as your friend,—as one having charge, under **Providence**, of your life and physical well-being,—hath all the operation of this disorder been fairly laid open and recounted to me?”  32) “How can you question it?” asked the minister. “Surely, it were child’s play, to call in a physician, and then hide the sore!” | **Providence**: God or God’s will  Dimmesdale says, I’m not quite sure what you’re getting at, so Chillingworth says, “Well then let me get straight to the point. I’m wondering if you’ve told me everything about your sickness?” Dimmesdale says, “Well of course I have; it would be stupid to call a doctor and then not tell him what’s wrong.” |
| 33) “You would tell me, then, that I know all?” said Roger Chillingworth, deliberately, and fixing an eye, bright with intense and concentrated intelligence, on the minister’s face. “Be it so! But, again! He to whom only the outward and physical evil is laid open, knoweth, oftentimes, but half the evil which he is called upon to cure. A bodily disease, which we look upon as whole and entire within itself, may, after all, be but a symptom of some ailment in the spiritual part. Your pardon, once again, good Sir, if my speech give the shadow of offence. You, Sir, of all men whom I have known, are he whose body is the closest **conjoined**, and **imbued**, and identified, so to speak, with the spirit **whereof** it is the instrument.”  34) “Then I need ask no further,” said the clergyman, somewhat hastily rising from his chair. “You deal not, I take it, in medicine for the soul!” | **conjoined**: joined with  **imbued**: filled with  **whereof**: of which  So, Chillingworth says, “You mean to tell me that you’ve told me *everything*. Sometimes a physical sickness is connected to some spiritual problem. The body and spirit are strongly connected. And you, especially, have a really strong body-spirit connection.” So, Dimmesdale, jumping up out of his chair says, “Well, I guess we’re done then, since you’re a physical (medical) doctor and not a spiritual doctor.” |
| 35) “Thus, a sickness,” continued Roger Chillingworth, going on, in an **unaltered** tone, without heeding the interruption,—but standing up, and confronting the emaciated and white-cheeked minister, with his low, dark, and misshapen figure,—“a sickness, a sore place, if we may so call it, in your spirit, hath immediately its appropriate manifestation in your bodily frame. Would you, therefore, that your physician heal the bodily evil? How may this be, unless you first lay open to him the wound or trouble in your soul?”  36) “No!—not to thee!—not to an earthly physician!” cried Mr. Dimmesdale, passionately, and turning his eyes, full and bright, and with a kind of fierceness, on old Roger Chillingworth. “Not to thee! But if it be the soul’s disease, then do I commit myself to the one Physician of the soul! He, if it stand with his good pleasure, can cure; or he can kill! Let him do with me as, in his justice and wisdom, he shall see good. But who art thou, that meddlest in this matter?—that dares thrust himself between the sufferer and his God?”  37) With a frantic gesture he rushed out of the room.  38) “It is as well to have made this step,” said Roger Chillingworth to himself, looking after the minister with a **grave** smile. “There is nothing lost. We shall be friends again **anon**. But see, now, how passion takes hold upon this man, and hurrieth him out of himself! As with one passion, so with another! He hath done a wild thing erenow, this pious Master Dimmesdale, in the hot passion of his heart!” | **unaltered**: unchanged  **grave**: serious  **anon**: soon  Although Dimmesdale is getting upset, Chillingworth continues talking calmly, although he stands up and confronts Dimmesdale—short, dark, deformed Chillingworth face to face with thin, pale Dimmesdale. Chillingworth says, “How can you expect me to treat your physical sickness if you don’t reveal to me what’s inside of you—your spirit.”  Dimmesdale gets really upset and fiercely tells Chillingworth, “That’s none of your business! If I have a spiritual problem then I’ll take it God (the Great Physician). Who are you to pry into my heart?” Then, he runs out of the room.  Chillingworth is not worried that he has angered Dimmesdale and knows they will still be friends (Dimmesdale will get over it). He actually takes Dimmesdale’s emotional outburst as a sign that he has an emotional and impulsive side that has probably led him to do other passionate acts. |
| 39) It proved not difficult to re-establish the **intimacy** of the two companions, on the same footing and in the same degree as **heretofore**. The young clergyman, after a few hours of privacy, was sensible that the disorder of his nerves had hurried him into an **unseemly** outbreak of temper, which there had been nothing in the physician’s words to excuse or **palliate**. He marvelled, indeed, at the violence with which he had thrust back the kind old man, when merely **proffering** the advice which it was his duty to bestow, and which the minister himself had expressly sought. With these remorseful feelings, he lost no time in making the amplest apologies, and **besought** his friend still to continue the care, which, if not successful in restoring him to health, had, in all probability, been the means of prolonging his feeble existence to that hour. Roger Chillingworth readily **assented**, and went on with his medical supervision of the minister; doing his best for him, in all good faith, but always quitting the patient’s apartment, at the close of a professional interview, with a mysterious and puzzled smile upon his lips. This expression was invisible in Mr. Dimmesdale’s presence, but grew strongly evident as the physician crossed the threshold.  40) “A rare case!” he muttered. “I must needs look deeper into it. A strange sympathy betwixt soul and body! Were it only for the art’s sake, I must search this matter to the bottom!” | **intimacy**: close companionship; friendship  **heretofore**: up until now, before now  **unseemly**: not appropriate  **palliate**: make something bad seem better  **besought**: asked, begged  **assented**: agreed  After Dimmesdale had some time to cool off, he actually feels bad about lashing out at Chillingworth the way he did. He thinks Chillingworth is only trying to help me and I got mad at him because of my own guilt. So, he goes to Chillingworth and apologizes for his outburst. Chillingworth accepts his apology and continues treating Dimmesdale. Every time Chillingworth would leave Dimmesdale’s room, he would have a mysterious smile on his face (as if he knew something) but he never let Dimmesdale see it. Chillingworth knows he’s on to something and decides he has to keep searching! |
| 41) It came to pass, not long after the scene above recorded, that the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, at noonday, and entirely unawares, fell into a deep, deep slumber, sitting in his chair, with a large black-letter volume open before him on the table. It must have been a work of vast ability in the **somniferous** school of literature. The profound depth of the minister’s **repose** was the more remarkable, inasmuch as he was one of those persons whose sleep, ordinarily, is as light, as fitful, and as easily scared away, as a small bird hopping on a twig. To such an **unwonted** remoteness, however, had his spirit now withdrawn into itself, that he stirred not in his chair, when old Roger Chillingworth, without any extraordinary precaution, came into the room. The physician advanced directly in front of his patient, laid his hand upon his bosom, and thrust aside the **vestment**, that, hitherto, had always covered it even from the professional eye.  42) Then, indeed, Mr. Dimmesdale shuddered, and slightly stirred. | **somnifierous**: causing sleep  **repose**: sleep; rest  **unwonted**: unusual; unaccustomed  **vestment**: garment, especially one worn by the clergy  One day, just a few days later, Dimmesdale is asleep in his chair in the middle of the day. He is in a very deep sleep, which is odd because usually Dimmesdale is a very light sleeper. But, Dimmesdale is now in such a deep sleep that Chillingworth walks into his room, not worrying about being quiet or trying not to disturb Dimmesdale. He walks straight over to Dimmesdale and looks under Dimmesdale’s shirt. Never before had Chillingworth seen Dimmesdale’s bare chest, even though he was his doctor. When Chilling worth does this, Dimmesdale rustles around a little. |
| 43) After a brief pause, the physician turned away.  44) But, with what a wild look of wonder, joy, and horror! With what a ghastly rapture, as it were, too mighty to be expressed only by the eye and features, and therefore bursting forth through the whole ugliness of his figure, and making itself even riotously manifest by the extravagant gestures with which he threw up his arms towards the ceiling, and stamped his foot upon the floor! Had a man seen old Roger Chillingworth, at that moment of his ecstasy, he would have had no need to ask how Satan comports himself, when a precious human soul is lost to heaven, and won into his kingdom.  45) But what distinguished the physician’s ecstasy from Satan’s was the trait of wonder in it! | After a minute, Chillingworth leaves. The look on his face is CRAZY! He does a crazy little dance—throwing his hands up toward the ceiling and stomping around—looking kind of like a demon. Hawthorne says, if anyone saw Chillingworth at that moment they would see what the Devil himself looks like when he steals the soul away from Heaven and into Hell. |