*The Scarlet Letter* – ch. 6 – “Pearl”

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| Original Text | Paraphrase |
| We have as yet hardly spoken of the infant; that little creature, whose innocent life had sprung, by the inscrutable decree of Providence, a lovely and immortal flower, out of the rank luxuriance of a guilty passion. How strange it seemed to the sad woman, as she watched the growth, and the beauty that became every day more brilliant, and the intelligence that threw its quivering sunshine over the tiny features of this child! Her Pearl!—For so had Hester called her; not as a name expressive of her aspect, which had nothing of the calm, white, unimpassioned lustre that would be indicated by the comparison. But she named the infant “Pearl,” as being[105] of great price,—purchased with all she had,—her mother’s only treasure! How strange, indeed! Man had marked this woman’s sin by a scarlet letter, which had such potent and disastrous efficacy that no human sympathy could reach her, save it were sinful like herself. God, as a direct consequence of the sin which man thus punished, had given her a lovely child, whose place was on that same dishonored bosom, to connect her parent forever with the race and descent of mortals, and to be finally a blessed soul in heaven! Yet these thoughts affected Hester Prynne less with hope than apprehension. She knew that her deed had been evil; she could have no faith, therefore, that its result would be good. Day after day, she looked fearfully into the child’s expanding nature, ever dreading to detect some dark and wild peculiarity, that should correspond with the guiltiness to which she owed her being. | We haven’t really talked about the baby yet—Hester’s baby that was born out of Heter’s sin. Because the product of sin, Hester found it strange to watching the baby grow and become more beautiful and intelligent. Hester named the baby Pearl not because the baby was like a Pearl in appearance or personality (no her personality was far more fiery) but in reference to a story in the Bible about a man who sold all he had to purchase one pearl “of great price.” Pearl was indeed her mother’s only treasure and had been purchased at a great price. People had punished Hester for her sin and cast her out, yet God had given her a lovely child. Still, Hester couldn’t believe that something good would come from her sin, so she constantly looked for signs that her child was in fact the product of sin. |
| Certainly, there was no physical defect. By its perfect shape, its vigor, and its natural dexterity in the use of all its untried limbs, the infant was worthy to have been brought forth in Eden; worthy to have been left there, to be the plaything of the angels, after the world’s first parents were driven out. The child had a native grace which does not invariably coexist with faultless beauty; its attire, however simple, always impressed the beholder as if it were the very garb that precisely became it best. But little Pearl was not clad in rustic weeds. Her mother, with a morbid purpose that may be better understood hereafter, had bought the richest tissues that could be procured, and allowed her imaginative faculty its full play in the arrangement and decoration of the dresses which the child wore, before the public eye. So magnificent was the small figure, when thus arrayed, and such was the splendor of Pearl’s own proper beauty, shining through the gorgeous robes which might have extinguished a paler loveliness, that there was an absolute circle of radiance around her, on the darksome cottage floor. And yet a russet gown, torn and soiled with the child’s rude play, made a picture of her just as perfect. Pearl’s aspect was imbued with a spell of infinite variety; in this one child there were many children, comprehending the full scope between the wild-flower prettiness of a peasant-baby, and the pomp, in little, of an infant princess. Throughout all, however, there was a trait of passion, a certain depth of hue, which she never lost; and if, in any of her changes, she had grown fainter or paler, she would have ceased to be herself,—it would have been no longer Pearl! | As Hester looked at Pearl trying to detect some evil or darkness, she couldn’t see it in her appearance. Pearl was a perfect, healthy, beautiful child—“worthy to have been brought for in Eden” (allusion to the Garden of Eden in the Bible, the place where Adam and Eve lived before sin entered the world, a paradise). Hester dressed Pearl in beautiful clothes that Hester had made much like the scarlet letter. The vibrancy of these clothes would outshine the beauty of a normal child, but Pearl was so beautiful, these luxurious and vibrant clothes brought out her beauty even more vividly. Even when dressed in play clothes that were torn or dirtied while Pearl played, Pearl still looked perfect. She had both the “wild flower prettiness of a peasant baby” and refined beauty of a princess. If she ever lost her fiery beauty, she just wouldn’t have been the same child. |
| This outward mutability indicated, and did not more than fairly express, the various properties of her inner life. Her nature appeared to possess depth, too, as well as variety; but—or else Hester’s fears deceived her—it lacked reference and adaptation to the world into which she was born. The child could not be made amenable to rules. In giving her existence, a great law had been broken; and the result was a being whose elements were perhaps beautiful and brilliant, but all in disorder; or with an order peculiar to themselves, amidst which the point of variety and arrangement was difficult or impossible to be discovered. Hester could only account for the child’s character—and even then most vaguely and imperfectly—by recalling what she herself had been, during that momentous period while Pearl was imbibing her soul from the spiritual world, and her bodily frame from its material of earth. The mother’s impassioned state had been the medium through which were transmitted to the unborn infant the rays of its moral life; and, however white and clear originally, they had taken the deep stains of crimson and gold, the fiery lustre, the black shadow, and the untempered light of the intervening substance. Above all, the warfare of Hester’s spirit, at that epoch, was perpetuated in Pearl. She could recognize her wild, desperate, defiant mood, the flightiness of her temper, and even some of the very cloud-shapes of gloom and despondency that had brooded in her heart. They were now illuminated by the morning radiance of a young child’s disposition, but later in the day of earthly existence might be prolific of the storm and whirlwind. | Pearl was a bit of a wild child. She did not follow rules. Hester could see herself in the child, since when Pearl was conceived and was growing in her mother’s womb, Hester had also transgressed the rules. |
| The discipline of the family, in those days, was of a far more rigid kind than now. The frown, the harsh rebuke, the frequent application of the rod, enjoined by Scriptural authority, were used, not merely in the way of punishment for actual offences, but as a wholesome regimen for the growth and promotion of all childish virtues. Hester Prynne, nevertheless, the lonely mother of this one child, ran little risk of erring on the side of undue severity. Mindful, however, of her own errors and misfortunes, she early sought to impose a tender, but strict control over the infant immortality that was committed to her charge. But the task was beyond her skill. After testing both smiles and frowns, and proving that neither mode of treatment possessed any calculable influence, Hester was ultimately compelled to stand aside, and permit the child to be swayed by her own impulses. Physical compulsion or restraint was effectual, of course, while it lasted. As to any other kind of discipline, whether addressed to her mind or heart, little Pearl might or might not be within its reach, in accordance with the caprice that ruled the moment. Her mother, while Pearl was yet an infant, grew acquainted with a certain peculiar look, that warned her when it would be labor thrown away to insist, persuade, or plead. It was a look so intelligent, yet inexplicable, so perverse, sometimes so malicious, but generally accompanied by a wild flow of spirits, that Hester could not help questioning, at such moments, whether Pearl were a human child. She seemed rather an airy sprite, which, after playing its fantastic sports for a little while upon the cottage floor, would flit away with a mocking smile. Whenever that look appeared in her wild, bright, deeply black eyes, it invested her with a strange remoteness and intangibility; it was as if she were hovering in the air and might vanish, like a glimmering light, that comes we know not whence, and goes we know not whither. Beholding it, Hester was constrained to rush towards the child,—to pursue the little elf in the flight which she invariably began,—to snatch her to her bosom, with a close pressure and earnest kisses,—not so much from overflowing love, as to assure herself that Pearl was flesh and blood, and not utterly delusive. But Pearl’s laugh, when she was caught, though full of merriment and music, made her mother more doubtful than before. | Parents back in Hester’s day were much stricter than they are now. Parents would frown at, scold, and spank their children even when they hadn’t misbehaved, just to mold them into a good child. Still, Hester wasn’t like that; she tried to discipline Pearl in a more tender manner, but getting Pearl to obey and behave was beyond Hester’s ability. She tried various ways to discipline Pearl, but nothing worked, so Hester basically let Pearl do what she wanted. Pearl would get a mischievous look on her face and Hester knew that any attempt to control Pearl would be a waste of effort. In fact, when Hester saw that mischievous look in Pearl’s deep black eyes, Hester sometimes wondered if she were fully human. (Note: Hester is a Puritan, so Puritan ideas would be ingrained in her mind. Seeing that look in her child’s eye might make Hester wonder if Pearl was a “bad seed,” a little devil, since she was conceived in sin.) When these kinds of thoughts came to Hester, she would chase Pearl and grab her and hug and kiss her to assure herself that she was actually a human child. Pear would laugh, and the sound of the laugh (though a happy laugh) made Hester wonder even more if Pearl was just a normal human child. |
| Heart-smitten at this bewildering and baffling spell, that so often came between herself and her sole treasure, whom she had bought so dear, and who was all her world, Hester sometimes burst into passionate tears. Then, perhaps,—for there was no foreseeing how it might affect her,—Pearl would frown, and clench her little fist, and harden her small features into a stern, unsympathizing look of discontent. Not seldom, she would laugh anew, and louder than before, like a thing incapable and unintelligent of human sorrow. Or—but this more rarely happened—she would be convulsed with a rage of grief, and sob out her love for her mother, in broken words, and seem intent on proving that she had a heart, by breaking it. Yet Hester was hardly safe in confiding herself to that gusty tenderness; it passed, as suddenly as it came. Brooding over all these matters, the mother felt like one who has evoked a spirit, but, by some irregularity in the process of conjuration, has failed to win the master-word that should control this new and incomprehensible intelligence. Her only real comfort was when the child lay in the placidity of sleep. Then she was sure of her, and tasted hours of quiet, sad, delicious happiness; until—perhaps with that perverse expression glimmering from beneath her opening lids—little Pearl awoke! | Thinking about all of this, Hester would sometimes burst into tears. When Pearl saw her mother crying, sometimes she would get mad and show no sympathy, sometimes she would laugh at her mom, and sometimes—although rarely—she would cry too and tell Hester that she loved her. The only time Hester could feel at peace was when Pearl was asleep. |
| How soon—with what strange rapidity, indeed!—did Pearl arrive at an age that was capable of social intercourse, beyond the mother’s ever-ready smile and nonsense-words! And then what a happiness would it have been, could Hester Prynne have heard her clear, bird-like voice mingling with the uproar of other childish voices, and have distinguished and unravelled her own darling’s tones, amid all the entangled outcry of a group of sportive children! But this could never be. Pearl was a born outcast of the infantile world. An imp of evil, emblem and product of sin, she had no right among christened infants. Nothing was more remarkable than the instinct, as it seemed, with which the child comprehended her loneliness; the destiny that had drawn an inviolable circle round about her; the whole peculiarity, in short, of her position in respect to other children. Never, since her release from prison, had Hester met the public gaze without her. In all her walks about the town, Pearl, too, was there; first as the babe in arms, and afterwards as the little girl, small companion of her mother, holding a forefinger with her whole grasp, and tripping along at the rate of three or four footsteps to one of Hester’s. She saw the children of the settlement, on the grassy margin of the street, or at the domestic[110] thresholds, disporting themselves in such grim fashion as the Puritanic nurture would permit; playing at going to church, perchance; or at scourging Quakers; or taking scalps in a sham-fight with the Indians; or scaring one another with freaks of imitative witchcraft. Pearl saw, and gazed intently, but never sought to make acquaintance. If spoken to, she would not speak again. If the children gathered about her, as they sometimes did, Pearl would grow positively terrible in her puny wrath, snatching up stones to fling at them, with shrill, incoherent exclamations, that made her mother tremble, because they had so much the sound of a witch’s anathemas in some unknown tongue. | Pearl grew up quickly and got to an age where Hester would have loved to have watched and listened to Pearl playing with other children. But, of course, Pearl had no friends. She, like her mother, was an outcast. Pearl seemed to understand this instinctively. Pearl was always with Hester. Never had Hester been anywhere without Pearl in all her life. Pearl watched the little Puritan children playing at the types of games Puritan children played—going to church, persecuting Quakers, fighting with Indians, pretending to be witches; however, Pearl never attempted to join the Puritan children in their games. If someone spoke to Pearl, she would not respond. If the Puritan children gathered around Pearl (like they did to Hester), Pearl would yell at them and throw rocks at them. |
| The truth was, that the little Puritans, being of the most intolerant brood that ever lived, had got a vague idea of something outlandish, unearthly, or at variance with ordinary fashions, in the mother and child; and therefore scorned them in their hearts, and not unfrequently reviled them with their tongues. Pearl felt the sentiment, and requited it with the bitterest hatred that can be supposed to rankle in a childish bosom. These outbreaks of a fierce temper had a kind of value, and even comfort, for her mother; because there was at least an intelligible earnestness in the mood, instead of the fitful caprice that so often thwarted her in the child’s manifestations. It appalled her, nevertheless, to discern here, again, a shadowy reflection of the evil that had existed in herself. All this enmity and passion had Pearl inherited, by inalienable right, out of Hester’s heart. Mother and daughter stood together in the same circle of seclusion from human society; and in the nature of the child seemed to be perpetuated those unquiet elements that had distracted Hester Prynne before Pearl’s birth, but had since begun to be soothed away by the softening influences of maternity. | Puritan children (like their parents) were the most disagreeable people ever, and they saw something different in Hester and Pearl so they were mean to them. Pearl sensed their hatred and returned the sentiment. Pearl’s hatred for the Puritan children brought some comfort to Hester because at least those feelings were explainable and human; yet, Hester also worried since those feelings could be the signs of evil within Pearl that she had inherited from her mother. |
| At home, within and around her mother’s cottage, Pearl wanted not a wide and various circle of acquaintance. The spell of life went forth from her ever-creative spirit, and communicated itself to a thousand objects, as a torch kindles a flame wherever it may be applied. The unlikeliest materials—a stick, a bunch of rags, a flower—were the puppets of Pearl’s witchcraft, and, without undergoing any outward change, became spiritually adapted to whatever drama occupied the stage of her inner world. Her one baby-voice served a multitude of imaginary personages, old and young, to talk withal. The pine-trees, aged, black and solemn, and flinging groans and other melancholy utterances on the breeze, needed little transformation to figure as Puritan elders; the ugliest weeds of the garden were their children, whom Pearl smote down and uprooted, most unmercifully. It was wonderful, the vast variety of forms into which she threw her intellect, with no continuity, indeed, but darting up and dancing, always in a state of preternatural activity,—soon sinking down, as if exhausted by so rapid and feverish a tide of life,—and succeeded by other shapes of a similar wild energy. It was like nothing so much as the phantasmagoric play of the northern lights. In the mere exercise of the fancy, however, and the sportiveness of a growing mind, there might be little more than was observable in other children of bright faculties; except as Pearl, in the dearth of human playmates, was thrown more upon the visionary throng which she created. The singularity lay in the hostile feelings with which the child regarded all these offspring of her own heart and mind. She never created a friend, but seemed always to be sowing broadcast the dragon’s teeth, whence sprung a harvest of armed enemies, against whom she rushed to battle. It was inexpressibly sad—then what depth of sorrow to a mother, who felt in her own heart the cause!—to observe, in one so young, this constant recognition of an adverse world, and so fierce a training of the energies that were to make good her cause, in the contest that must ensue. | Even though Pearl had no friends among the Puritan children, at home, she had many “imaginary” friends; that is, Pearl had a vivid imagination and could make a playmate out of anything—"a stick, a bunch of rags, a flower.” She was always playing pretend. She could imagine the tall dark pine trees to be the Puritan leaders and the weeds growing around them were their children; Pearl would stomp on the weeds and pull them up out of the ground. Pearl was very smart and energetic. However, she never imagined a friend; instead, her games were always full of conflict. It was as if she was always in battle against the world, as if she understood that all the world was against her and so was in training to fight back. |
| Gazing at Pearl, Hester Prynne often dropped her work upon her knees, and cried out with an agony which she would fain have hidden, but which made utterance for itself, betwixt speech and a groan,—“O Father in Heaven,—if Thou art still my Father,—what is this being which I have brought into the world!” And Pearl, overhearing the ejaculation, or aware, through some more subtle channel, of those throbs of anguish, would turn her vivid and beautiful little face upon her mother, smile with sprite-like intelligence, and resume her play. | Sometimes Hester would pray, Dear Father—if you are still my Father—what is this child you have given me? Pearl would overhear Hester in these moments and look at Hester with that mischievous look and then go back to her play. |
| One peculiarity of the child’s deportment remains yet to be told. The very first thing which she had noticed in her life was—what?—not the mother’s smile, responding to it, as other babies do, by that faint, embryo smile of the little mouth, remembered so doubtfully afterwards, and with such fond discussion whether it were indeed a smile. By no means! But that first object of which Pearl seemed to become aware was—shall we say it?—the scarlet letter on Hester’s bosom! One day, as her mother stooped over the cradle, the infant’s eyes had been caught by the glimmering of the gold embroidery about the letter; and, putting up her little hand, she grasped at it, smiling, not doubtfully, but with a decided gleam, that gave her face the look of a much older child. Then, gasping for breath, did Hester Prynne clutch the fatal token, instinctively endeavoring to tear it away; so infinite was the torture inflicted by the intelligent touch of Pearl’s baby-hand. Again, as if her mother’s agonized gesture were meant only to make sport for her, did little Pearl look into her eyes, and smile! From that epoch, except when the child was asleep, Hester had never felt a moment’s safety; not a moment’s calm enjoyment of her. Weeks, it is true, would sometimes elapse, during which Pearl’s gaze might never once be fixed upon the scarlet letter; but then, again, it would come at unawares, like the stroke of sudden death, and always with that peculiar smile, and odd expression of the eyes. | The first think Pearl ever noticed about her mother was not her mother’s smile, like most other babies. Instead, the first think she noticed was Hester’s scarlet letter with its sparkling gold thread. One day when Hester was leaning over the cradle, Pearl, with a gleam in her eye, reached up and grabbed the letter. Feeling the pain inflicted by Pearl’s attention to the letter when Pearl was just a sweet little baby, Hester grabbed at the letter herself. Then, Pearl smiled. Since that day on, Hester never felt calm; days would go by without Pearl seeming to look at the letter, but then all of the sudden, she would look at again with that mischievous little smile. |
| Once, this freakish, elvish cast came into the child’s eyes, while Hester was looking at her own image in them, as mothers are fond of doing; and, suddenly,—for women in solitude, and with troubled hearts, are pestered with unaccountable delusions,—she fancied that she beheld, not her own miniature portrait, but another face, in the small black mirror of Pearl’s eye. It was a face, fiend-like, full of smiling malice, yet bearing the semblance of features that she had known full well, though seldom with a smile, and never with malice in them. It was as if an evil spirit possessed the child, and had just then peeped forth in mockery. Many a time afterwards had Hester been tortured, though less vividly, by the same illusion. | One day while Hester was looking at her own reflection in Pearl’s eyes, she saw a different face look back at her in Pearl’s eyes—a devilish face. It was as if the devil was mocking Hester in Pearl’s eyes. This was a delusion, probably the result of Hester’s troubled heart and loneliness, but Hester had this same experience multiple times. |
| In the afternoon of a certain summer’s day, after Pearl grew big enough to run about, she amused herself with gathering handfuls of wild-flowers, and flinging them, one by one, at her mother’s bosom; dancing up and down, like a little elf, whenever she hit the scarlet letter. Hester’s first motion had been to cover her bosom with her clasped hands. But, whether from pride or resignation, or a feeling that her penance might best be wrought out by this unutterable pain, she resisted the impulse, and sat erect, pale as death, looking sadly into little Pearl’s wild eyes. Still came the battery of flowers, almost invariably hitting the mark, and covering the mother’s breast with hurts[116] for which she could find no balm in this world, nor knew how to seek it in another. At last, her shot being all expended, the child stood still and gazed at Hester, with that little, laughing image of a fiend peeping out—or, whether it peeped or no, her mother so imagined it—from the unsearchable abyss of her black eyes. | One day when Pearl was a little older, she was taking wildflowers that she had gathered and throwing them like darts at her mom. Anytime she would hit the letter, Pearl would dance around happily. At first, Hester was tempted to cover the letter, but then she thought maybe enduring this game of Pearl’s was part of her punishment, so she just sat there allowing Pearl to throw the flowers at the letter. Even after Pearl ran out of flowers to throw, she would stand there looking at Hester, and Hester would see that devilish look in Pearl’s eyes. Whether this was real or not, Hester imagined it. |
| “Child, what art thou?” cried the mother.  “O, I am your little Pearl!” answered the child.  But, while she said it, Pearl laughed, and began to dance up and down, with the humorsome gesticulation of a little imp, whose next freak might be to fly up the chimney.  “Art thou my child, in very truth?” asked Hester.  Nor did she put the question altogether idly, but, for the moment, with a portion of genuine earnestness; for, such was Pearl’s wonderful intelligence, that her mother half doubted whether she were not acquainted with the secret spell of her existence, and might not now reveal herself.  “Yes; I am little Pearl!” repeated the child, continuing her antics.  “Thou art not my child! Thou art no Pearl of mine!” said the mother, half playfully; for it was often the case that a sportive impulse came over her, in the midst of her deepest suffering. “Tell me, then, what thou art, and who sent thee hither.”  “Tell me, mother!” said the child, seriously, coming up to Hester, and pressing herself close to her knees. “Do thou tell me!”  “Thy Heavenly Father sent thee!” answered Hester Prynne.  But she said it with a hesitation that did not escape the acuteness of the child. Whether moved only by her ordinary freakishness, or because an evil spirit prompted her, she put up her small forefinger, and touched the scarlet letter.  “He did not send me!” cried she, positively. “I have no Heavenly Father!”  “Hush, Pearl, hush! Thou must not talk so!” answered the mother, suppressing a groan. “He sent us all into this world. He sent even me, thy mother. Then, much more, thee! Or, if not, thou strange and elfish child, whence didst thou come?”  “Tell me! Tell me!” repeated Pearl, no longer seriously, but laughing, and capering about the floor. “It is thou that must tell me!” | Hester asked Pearl, “What are you, child?”  Pearl, dancing around like a little elf, said, “I’m your little Pearl.”  Hester said, “Are you? Are you really?” While this question was somewhat playful, on some level, Hester wondered if Pearl, being so smart, really understood who she was and the circumstances of her existence. Sometimes, Hester would playfully say to Pearl, “You’re not my child. Tell me, where did you come from?”  One day, Pearl said, “Tell me where I came from, mom,” and Hester replied, “God sent you to me.” However, Hester had hesitated before answering Pearl, and Pearl noticed. So, Pearl (sensing that Hester had not been completely honest with her) decided to play back: “Nuh-huh; God didn’t send me. I’m not a child of God.”  Hester said, “Pearl, don’t say such a thing! We are all children of God. He made all of us. If he didn’t make you, then where did you come from.”  Pearl said, “That’s my question, mom. You have to answer it for real.” |
| But Hester could not resolve the query, being herself in a dismal labyrinth of doubt. She remembered—betwixt a smile and a shudder—the talk of the neighboring towns-people; who, seeking vainly elsewhere for the child’s paternity, and observing some of her odd attributes, had given out that poor little Pearl was a demon offspring; such as, ever since old Catholic times, had occasionally been seen on earth, through the agency of their mother’s sin, and to promote some foul and wicked purpose. Luther, according to the scandal of his monkish enemies, was a brat of that hellish breed; nor was Pearl the only child to whom this inauspicious origin was assigned, among the New England Puritans. | But Hester did not answer Pearl truthfully. In fact, she sometimes doubted the truth since she had heard the townspeople’s rumors that Pearl’s father was actually a demon since they couldn’t figure out who her father was. There was an old belief that demons (incubi) could impregnate women, who would give birth to demon offspring. Enemies of Martin Luther (of the Protestant Reformation) said he was a demon offspring. |