



SUNSHINE STATE STANDARDS

Literary Analysis

Benchmark LA.1112.2.1.7 Analyze, interpret, and evaluate an author's use of figurative . . . language (e.g., symbolism). . . .

Benchmark LA.1112.2.1.8 Explain how ideas, values, and themes of a literary work often reflect the historical period in which it was written.

NOTABLE QUOTE

"Show freely to the world, if not your worst, yet some trait whereby the worst may be inferred!"

FYI

Did you know that Nathaniel Hawthorne . . .

- achieved his first literary success writing stories for children?
- was a mentor to Herman Melville, who dedicated *Moby Dick* to him?
- wrote a campaign biography for his college friend Franklin Pierce, who became the 14th U.S. president?

Author Online

For more on Nathaniel Hawthorne, visit the Literature Center at ClassZone.com.

The Minister's Black Veil

Short Story by Nathaniel Hawthorne



Nathaniel Hawthorne

c. 1804–1864

An intensely private man who allowed few to know him well, Nathaniel Hawthorne was fascinated by the dark secrets of human nature. In his greatest novels and short stories, including his masterpieces *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables*, he explored such themes as sin, hypocrisy, and guilt. One of the first American writers to explore his characters' hidden motivations, Hawthorne broke new ground in American literature with his morally complex characters.

Legacy of Guilt Born in Salem, Hawthorne was a descendant of the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts. His great-great-grandfather was a judge at the infamous Salem witch trials—the only one who refused to apologize for his role in sentencing innocent people to death. Though he tried to distance himself from his family's dark legacy, Hawthorne shared the Puritan belief that people are basically

sinful. But where Puritans believed that society could be purified by the actions of a righteous few, Hawthorne was more pessimistic: he believed that perfection was impossible and remained skeptical of all attempts to reform or improve society.

Difficult Compromises Throughout his life, Hawthorne was torn between his literary calling and his desire for a stable, respectable profession. By the time he left for Bowdoin College in 1821, Hawthorne knew he wanted to write. After graduation, he lived alone for 12 years, dedicated to building his literary career. By 1842, he had achieved some success and had married his great love, Sophia Peabody. Their otherwise happy marriage was constantly shadowed by financial woes. When times were tough, Hawthorne had well-connected friends set him up with government jobs, whose dull routines choked his imagination and limited his time to write. Although he never stopped writing, work, illness, and family duties dominated Hawthorne's later years. He died in 1864 of a sudden illness.

Challenging Questions One of Hawthorne's great talents was his mastery of symbolism. He often chose symbols whose meaning was ambiguous, forcing readers to think deeply about his characters and their conflicts. Despite his pessimism, he found hope in the redeeming power of love, a theme he developed in his mature works. Hawthorne's efforts to come to terms with his own past inspired profound reflections on American identity that still resonate today.



*How does someone
become a*
STRANGER?

KEY IDEA Your best friend suddenly doesn't like the things she's always liked. Your brother comes home from college with a new haircut, listening to strange new music. What happens when someone you thought you knew changes the way they act or look? Can you still recognize the person you knew, or do his or her new behaviors lead to estrangement?

QUICKWRITE Recall a time when someone close to you changed in a way that made him or her seem like a different person. Write a paragraph to describe the change. Explain why it made you see the person so differently.



LITERARY ANALYSIS: SYMBOL

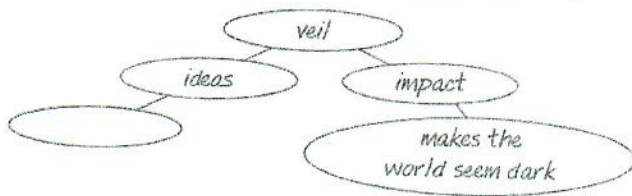
A **symbol** is something concrete—a person, a place, an object, or an action—used to stand for an abstract idea or feeling. In some works, symbols may be subtle and hard to identify. In this story, Hawthorne identifies his main symbol outright:

Know, then, this veil is a type and a symbol...

The challenge, then, is to decide what the symbol means. A rich symbol has many possible interpretations rather than a single precise meaning. To interpret a symbol, pay close attention to its context in the work, including

- what ideas and feelings are associated with it
- its impact on characters and events

As you read, use a concept map to note details about the minister's black veil, the main symbol in this story.



READING SKILL: IDENTIFY CULTURAL CHARACTERISTICS

The characters' reactions to the events of this story may not make sense to a modern reader. Keep in mind that the story is set in an 18th-century Puritan town. The parishioners' responses to their minister are meant to illustrate the traits that, in Hawthorne's eyes, define Puritan culture. As you read, think about the values, beliefs, and social constraints that are revealed by the parishioners' behavior.

VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

The boldfaced words helped Hawthorne tell his tale of Puritan life. Use context clues to write a definition of each.

1. messages filled with confusion and **ambiguity**
2. a **zealous** speaker whose eyes blazed intensely
3. a tale of sin and **iniquity**
4. an event so unusual that it seemed **preternatural**
5. an **ostentatious** costume that made people stare
6. **imbued** with great hopes for the future
7. her **tremulous** voice that revealed her nervousness
8. a sign that might **portend** trouble ahead

THE MINISTER'S BLACK VEIL

Nathaniel Hawthorne

BACKGROUND In the Puritan town of 18th-century Massachusetts, the meetinghouse was the center of the community life. Used for both religious and civil gatherings, meetinghouses were simple and plain, with no obviously religious decorations. Families did not sit together during religious services, which lasted most of the day on Sundays. Men and women sat on opposite sides, and worshipers were seated according to their age and social standing. The oldest and most distinguished citizens were rewarded with seats closest to the pulpit, the raised platform from which the pastor delivered his sermons. As services began, all eyes turned expectantly toward the pulpit, awaiting the pastor's entrance.

The sexton¹ stood in the porch of Milford meetinghouse, pulling lustily at the bell rope. The old people of the village came stooping along the street. Children, with bright faces, tripped merrily beside their parents, or mimicked a graver gait,² in the conscious dignity of their Sunday clothes. Spruce bachelors looked sidelong at the pretty maidens, and fancied that the Sabbath sunshine made them prettier than on weekdays. When the throng had mostly streamed into the porch, the sexton began to toll the bell, keeping his eye on the Reverend Mr. Hooper's door. The first glimpse of the clergyman's figure was the signal for the bell to cease its summons. **A**

1. **sexton:** church employee who takes care of church property and performs various other duties.
2. **mimicked a graver gait:** followed their parents' example and walked in a more dignified way.

ANALYZE VISUALS

Simplicity was a central value of Puritan life. What elements of this painting help create its simple style? Consider the use of color, line, and texture, as well as the composition of the image, in your answer.

- A CULTURAL CHARACTERISTICS**
Reread lines 1–9. What details reveal the importance of Sunday worship for the people of Milford?

Church at Head Tide #2 (1938–1940),
Marsden Hartley. Oil on academy
board, 37 1/4" x 31 1/4" x 2 1/4". Gift
of Mr. and Mrs. John Cowles. The
Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

10 “But what has good Parson Hooper got upon his face?” cried the sexton in astonishment.

All within hearing immediately turned about, and beheld the semblance of Mr. Hooper, pacing slowly his meditative way towards the meetinghouse. With one accord they started, expressing more wonder than if some strange minister were coming to dust the cushions of Mr. Hooper’s pulpit.

“Are you sure it is our parson?” inquired Goodman³ Gray of the sexton.

“Of a certainty it is good Mr. Hooper,” replied the sexton. “He was to have exchanged pulpits with Parson Shute of Westbury; but Parson Shute sent to excuse himself yesterday, being to preach a funeral sermon.”

20 The cause of so much amazement may appear sufficiently slight. Mr. Hooper, a gentlemanly person about thirty, though still a bachelor, was dressed with due clerical neatness, as if a careful wife had starched his band, and brushed the weekly dust from his Sunday’s garb. There was but one thing remarkable in his appearance. Swathed about his forehead, and hanging down over his face, so low as to be shaken by his breath, Mr. Hooper had on a black veil. On a nearer view, it seemed to consist of two folds of crape,⁴ which entirely concealed his features, except the mouth and chin, but probably did not intercept his sight, farther than to give a darkened aspect to all living and inanimate things. With this gloomy shade before him, good Mr. Hooper walked onward, at a slow and quiet pace,
30 stooping somewhat and looking on the ground, as is customary with abstracted⁵ men, yet nodding kindly to those of his parishioners who still waited on the meetinghouse steps. But so wonder-struck were they that his greeting hardly met with a return.

“I can’t really feel as if good Mr. Hooper’s face was behind that piece of crape,” said the sexton.

“I don’t like it,” muttered an old woman, as she hobbled into the meetinghouse. “He has changed himself into something awful, only by hiding his face.”

“Our parson has gone mad!” cried Goodman Gray, following him across the threshold.

40 A rumor of some unaccountable phenomenon had preceded Mr. Hooper into the meetinghouse, and set all the congregation astir. Few could refrain from twisting their heads towards the door; many stood upright, and turned directly about; while several little boys clambered upon the seats, and came down again with a terrible racket. There was a general bustle, a rustling of the women’s gowns and shuffling of the men’s feet, greatly at variance with that hushed repose which should attend the entrance of the minister. But Mr. Hooper appeared not to notice the perturbation of his people. He entered with an almost noiseless step, bent his head mildly to the pews on each side, and bowed as he passed his oldest parishioner, a white-haired great-grandsire, who occupied an armchair in the
50 centre of the aisle. It was strange to observe how slowly this venerable man became conscious of something singular in the appearance of his pastor. He seemed not

3. **Goodman**: the Puritan equivalent of Mr.

4. **crape** (krāp): a piece of dark material worn as a sign of mourning. Also called *crepe*.

5. **abstracted**: preoccupied, or lost in thought.

fully to partake of the prevailing wonder till Mr. Hooper had ascended the stairs, and showed himself in the pulpit, face-to-face with his congregation, except for the black veil. That mysterious emblem was never once withdrawn. It shook with his measured breath as he gave out the psalm; it threw its obscurity between him and the holy page, as he read the Scriptures; and while he prayed, the veil lay heavily on his uplifted countenance. Did he seek to hide from the dread Being⁶ whom he was addressing?

Such was the effect of this simple piece of crape, that more than one woman of delicate nerves was forced to leave the meetinghouse. Yet perhaps the pale-faced congregation was almost as fearful a sight to the minister as his black veil to them.

Mr. Hooper had the reputation of a good preacher, but not an energetic one: he strove to win his people heavenward by mild persuasive influences, rather than to drive them thither by the thunders of the Word. The sermon which he now delivered was marked by the same characteristics of style and manner as the general series of his pulpit oratory. But there was something, either in the sentiment of the discourse itself, or in the imagination of the auditors, which made it greatly the most powerful effort that they had ever heard from their pastor's lips. It was tinged, rather more darkly than usual, with the gentle gloom of Mr. Hooper's temperament. The subject had reference to secret sin, and those sad mysteries which we hide from our nearest and dearest, and would fain conceal from our own consciousness, even forgetting that the Omniscient⁷ can detect them. A subtle power was breathed into his words. Each member of the congregation, the most innocent girl, and the man of hardened breast, felt as if the preacher had crept upon them, behind his awful veil, and discovered their hoarded **iniquity** of deed or thought. Many spread their clasped hands on their bosoms. There was nothing terrible in what Mr. Hooper said; at least, no violence; and yet, with every tremor of his melancholy voice, the hearers quaked. An unsought pathos came hand in hand with awe. So sensible were the audience of some unwonted attribute in their minister, that they longed for a breath of wind to blow aside the veil, almost believing that a stranger's visage would be discovered, though the form, gesture and voice were those of Mr. Hooper. **B**

At the close of the services, the people hurried out with indecorous confusion, eager to communicate their pent-up amazement, and conscious of lighter spirits the moment they lost sight of the black veil. Some gathered in little circles, huddled closely together, with their mouths all whispering in the centre; some went homeward alone, wrapped in silent meditation; some talked loudly, and profaned the Sabbath day with **ostentatious** laughter. A few shook their sagacious heads, intimating that they could penetrate the mystery; while one or two affirmed that there was no mystery at all, but only that Mr. Hooper's eyes were so weakened by the midnight lamp as to require a shade. After a brief interval, forth came good Mr. Hooper also, in the rear of his flock. Turning his veiled face from one group to another, he paid due reverence to the hoary heads, saluted the middle-aged with kind dignity, as their friend and spiritual guide, greeted the young with mingled

iniquity (i-nīk'wī-tē)
n. wickedness

B **SYMBOL**
Reread lines 62–82.
Describe the change that occurs in Mr. Hooper's preaching. What seems to cause the listeners' unusual response?

ostentatious
(ös'tēn-tā'shəs) *adj.* loud; overdone

6. the dread Being: the awe-inspiring God.

7. the Omniscient: a title for God, signifying that he is all-knowing.

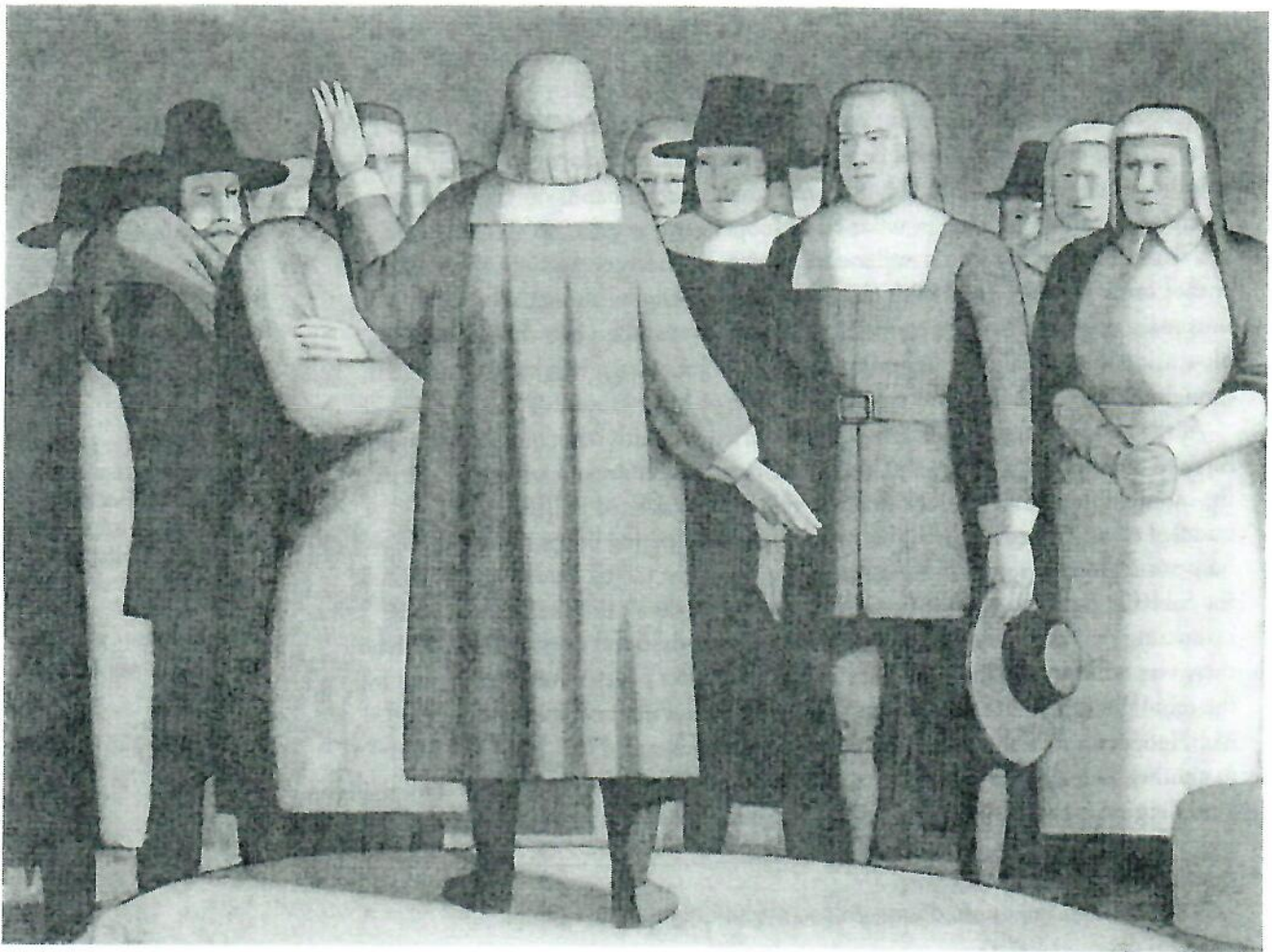
authority and love, and laid his hands on the little children's heads to bless them. Such was always his custom on the Sabbath day. Strange and bewildered looks repaid him for his courtesy. None, as on former occasions, aspired to the honor of walking by their pastor's side. Old Squire Saunders, doubtless by an accidental lapse of memory, neglected to invite Mr. Hooper to his table, where the good clergyman had been wont to bless the food almost every Sunday since his settlement. He returned, therefore, to the parsonage, and at the moment of closing the door, was observed to look back upon the people, all of whom had their eyes fixed upon the minister. A sad smile gleamed faintly from beneath the black veil, and flickered about his mouth, glimmering as he disappeared. □

"How strange," said a lady, "that a simple black veil, such as any woman might wear on her bonnet, should become such a terrible thing on Mr. Hooper's face!"

"Something must surely be amiss with Mr. Hooper's intellects," observed her husband, the physician of the village. "But the strangest part of the affair is the effect of this vagary, even on a sober-minded man like myself. The black veil,

C CULTURAL CHARACTERISTICS
Reread lines 92–100. Identify details that convey Mr. Hooper's social status in Milford. What does the change in the villagers' behavior toward the minister suggest about their values?

The Last Halt: Stop of Hooper's Band in East Hartford before Crossing River (1939). Alton S. Tobey. Study for East Hartford, Connecticut Postal Office. Oil on fiberboard, 26" x 44 1/2". Transfer from General Services Administration, Smithsonian American Art Museum, Washington, D.C. Photo © Smithsonian American Art Museum, Washington, D.C./Art Resource, New York. © Alton Tobey Collection/www.altontobey.org.



110 though it covers only our pastor's face, throws its influence over his whole person,
and makes him ghost-like from head to foot. Do you not feel it so?"

"Truly do I," replied the lady; "and I would not be alone with him for the
world. I wonder he is not afraid to be alone with himself!"

"Men sometimes are so," said her husband.

The afternoon service was attended with similar circumstances. At its conclusion,
the bell tolled for the funeral of a young lady. The relatives and friends were
assembled in the house, and the more distant acquaintances stood about the door,
speaking of the good qualities of the deceased, when their talk was interrupted
by the appearance of Mr. Hooper, still covered with his black veil. It was now an
120 appropriate emblem. The clergyman stepped into the room where the corpse was
laid, and bent over the coffin, to take a last farewell of his deceased parishioner. As
he stooped, the veil hung straight down from his forehead so that, if her eyelids
had not been closed forever, the dead maiden might have seen his face. Could
Mr. Hooper be fearful of her glance, that he so hastily caught back the black veil?
A person, who watched the interview between the dead and the living, scrupled
not to affirm that, at the instant when the clergyman's features were disclosed, the
corpse had slightly shuddered, rustling the shroud⁸ and muslin cap, though the
countenance retained the composure of death. A superstitious old woman was the
only witness of this prodigy. From the coffin, Mr. Hooper passed into the chamber
130 of the mourners, and thence to the head of the staircase, to make the funeral prayer.
It was a tender and heart-dissolving prayer, full of sorrow, yet so **imbued** with
celestial hopes, that the music of the heavenly harp, swept by the fingers of the
dead, seemed faintly to be heard among the saddest accents of the minister. The
people trembled, though they but darkly understood him, when he prayed that
they, and himself, and all of mortal race might be ready, as he trusted this young
maiden had been, for the dreadful hour that should snatch the veil from their faces.
The bearers went heavily forth, and the mourners followed, saddening all the street,
with the dead before them, and Mr. Hooper in his black veil behind. **P**

"Why do you look back?" said one in the procession to his partner.

140 "I had a fancy," replied she, "that the minister and the maiden's spirit were
walking hand in hand."

"And so had I, at the same moment," said the other.

That night, the handsomest couple in Milford village were to be joined
in wedlock. Though reckoned a melancholy man, Mr. Hooper had a placid
cheerfulness for such occasions, which often excited a sympathetic smile, where
livelier merriment would have been thrown away. There was no quality of
his disposition which made him more beloved than this. The company at the
wedding awaited his arrival with impatience, trusting that the strange awe, which
had gathered over him throughout the day, would now be dispelled. But such was
150 not the result. When Mr. Hooper came, the first thing that their eyes rested on
was the same horrible black veil, which had added deeper gloom to the funeral,
and could **portend** nothing but evil to the wedding. Such was its immediate
effect on the guests, that a cloud seemed to have rolled duskily from beneath the

imbued (ĩm-byoo'd) *adj.*
deeply influenced by
imbue *v.*

P **SYMBOL**
Paraphrase lines 133–138.
In this context, what
could Mr. Hooper mean
when he refers to "the
dreadful hour that should
snatch the veil from their
faces"?

portend (põr-tẽnd') *v.* to
serve as an omen of; to
signify

8. shroud: burial garment.

black crape, and dimmed the light of the candles. The bridal pair stood up before the minister. But the bride's cold fingers quivered in the **tremulous** hand of the bridegroom, and her death-like paleness caused a whisper that the maiden who had been buried a few hours before was come from her grave to be married. If ever another wedding were so dismal, it was that famous one where they tolled the wedding knell.⁹ After performing the ceremony, Mr. Hooper raised a glass
160 of wine to his lips, wishing happiness to the new-married couple, in a strain of mild pleasantries that ought to have brightened the features of the guests, like a cheerful gleam from the hearth. At that instant, catching a glimpse of his figure in the looking glass, the black veil involved his own spirit in the horror with which it overwhelmed all others. His frame shuddered—his lips grew white—he spilt the untasted wine upon the carpet—and rushed forth into the darkness. For the Earth, too, had on her Black Veil. ❸

The next day, the whole village of Milford talked of little else than Parson Hooper's black veil. That, and the mystery concealed behind it, supplied a topic for discussion between acquaintances meeting in the street, and good women
170 gossiping at their open windows. It was the first item of news that the tavern keeper told to his guests. The children babbled of it on their way to school. One imitative little imp covered his face with an old black handkerchief, thereby so affrighting his playmates that the panic seized himself, and he well-nigh lost his wits by his own waggery.¹⁰

It was remarkable that, of all the busybodies and impertinent people in the parish, not one ventured to put the plain question to Mr. Hooper, wherefore he did this thing. Hitherto, whenever there appeared the slightest call for such interference, he had never lacked advisers, nor shown himself averse to be guided by their judgment. If he erred at all, it was by so painful a degree of self-distrust
180 that even the mildest censure would lead him to consider an indifferent action as a crime. Yet, though so well acquainted with this amiable weakness, no individual among his parishioners chose to make the black veil a subject of friendly remonstrance. There was a feeling of dread, neither plainly confessed nor carefully concealed, which caused each to shift the responsibility upon another, till at length it was found expedient to send a deputation to the church, in order to deal with Mr. Hooper about the mystery, before it should grow into a scandal. Never did an embassy so ill discharge its duties. The minister received them with friendly courtesy, but became silent, after they were seated, leaving to his visitors the whole burden of introducing their important business. The topic, it might be supposed,
190 was obvious enough. There was the black veil, swathed round Mr. Hooper's forehead, and concealing every feature above his placid mouth, on which, at times, they could perceive the glimmering of a melancholy smile. But that piece of crape, to their imagination, seemed to hang down before his heart, the symbol of a fearful secret between him and them. Were the veil but cast aside, they might speak freely of it, but not till then. Thus they sat a considerable time, speechless,

tremulous (trēm'yə-ləs)
adj. trembling; quivering

❸ **SYMBOL**
Reread lines 162–166. Compare the references to veils in this passage with the earlier reference in lines 133–138. In what ways has the veil's meaning become more ambiguous, or unclear?

9. If . . . the **wedding knell**: a reference to "The Wedding Knell," a story by Hawthorne in which a bell-tolling appropriate for a funeral is sounded at a wedding.

10. **waggery**: mischievous merriment.

confused, and shrinking uneasily from Mr. Hooper's eye, which they felt to be fixed upon them with an invisible glance. Finally, the deputies returned abashed to their constituents, pronouncing the matter too weighty to be handled, except by a council of the churches, if, indeed, it might not require a general synod.¹¹ **F**

200 But there was one person in the village unappalled by the awe with which the black veil had impressed all beside herself. When the deputies returned without an explanation, or even venturing to demand one, she, with the calm energy of her character, determined to chase away the strange cloud that appeared to be settling round Mr. Hooper, every moment more darkly than before. As his plighted wife,¹² it should be her privilege to know what the black veil concealed. At the minister's first visit, therefore, she entered upon the subject, with a direct simplicity, which made the task easier both for him and her. After he had seated himself, she fixed her eyes steadfastly upon the veil, but could discern nothing of the dreadful gloom that had so overawed the multitude: it was but a double fold of crape, hanging

210 down from his forehead to his mouth, and slightly stirring with his breath. **G**
"No," said she aloud, and smiling, "there is nothing terrible in this piece of crape except that it hides a face which I am always glad to look upon. Come, good sir, let the sun shine from behind the cloud. First lay aside your black veil: then tell me why you put it on."

Mr. Hooper's smile glimmered faintly.

"There is an hour to come," said he, "when all of us shall cast aside our veils. Take it not amiss, beloved friend, if I wear this piece of crape till then."

"Your words are a mystery too," returned the young lady. "Take away the veil from them, at least."

220 "Elizabeth, I will," said he, "so far as my vow may suffer me. Know, then, this veil is a type and a symbol, and I am bound to wear it ever, both in light and darkness, in solitude and before the gaze of multitudes, and as with strangers, so with my familiar friends. No mortal eye will see it withdrawn. This dismal shade must separate me from the world: even you, Elizabeth, can never come behind it!"

"What grievous affliction hath befallen you," she earnestly inquired, "that you should thus darken your eyes forever?"

"If it be a sign of mourning," replied Mr. Hooper, "I, perhaps, like most other mortals, have sorrows dark enough to be typified by a black veil."

230 "But what if the world will not believe that it is the type of an innocent sorrow?" urged Elizabeth. "Beloved and respected as you are, there may be whispers that you hide your face under the consciousness of secret sin. For the sake of your holy office, do away this scandal!"

The color rose into her cheeks, as she intimated the nature of the rumors that were already abroad in the village. But Mr. Hooper's mildness did not forsake him. He even smiles again—that same sad smile, which always appeared like a faint glimmering of light proceeding from the obscurity beneath the veil.

"If I hide my face for sorrow, there is cause enough," he merely replied; "and if I cover it for secret sin, what mortal might not do the same?"

F CULTURAL CHARACTERISTICS
Paraphrase lines 175–186. Explain what motivates the parishioners to confront Mr. Hooper. What do their fears reveal about Puritan culture?

G SYMBOL
Reread lines 200–210. Contrast the response of the minister's fiancée to the veil with the responses of the other villagers. What might explain the difference in her response?

11. a general synod: a meeting of the governing body of the churches.

12. plighted wife: fiancée.

ANALYZE VISUALS

In what ways does the woman depicted in the painting on page 466 reflect the character of Elizabeth as described in lines 240–244? What could the woman’s white dress symbolize?

And with this gentle but unconquerable obstinacy did he resist all her
 240 entreaties. At length Elizabeth sat silent. For a few moments she appeared lost in
 thought, considering, probably, what new methods might be tried to withdraw
 her lover from so dark a fantasy, which, if it had no other meaning, was perhaps a
 symptom of mental disease. Though of a firmer character than his own, the tears
 rolled down her cheeks. But, in an instant, as it were, a new feeling took the place
 of sorrow: her eyes were fixed insensibly on the black veil, when, like a sudden
 twilight in the air, its terrors fell around her. She arose, and stood trembling
 before him.

“And do you feel it then at last?” said he mournfully.

She made no reply, but covered her eyes with her hand, and turned to leave
 250 the room. He rushed forward and caught her arm.

“Have patience with me, Elizabeth!” cried he passionately. “Do not desert
 me, though this veil must be between us here on earth. Be mine, and hereafter
 there shall be no veil over my face, no darkness between our souls! It is but a
 mortal veil—it is not for eternity! Oh! 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 forever!”

“Lift the veil but once, and look me in the face,” said she.

“Never! It cannot be!” replied Mr. Hooper.

“Then, farewell!” said Elizabeth.


260 She withdrew her arm from his grasp and slowly departed, pausing at the door
 to give one long, shuddering gaze that seemed almost to penetrate the mystery of
 the black veil. But even amid his grief, Mr. Hooper smiled to think that only a
 material emblem had separated him from happiness, though the horrors which
 it shadowed forth must be drawn darkly between the fondest of lovers.

From that time no attempts were made to remove Mr. Hooper’s black veil or,
 by a direct appeal, to discover the secret which it was supposed to hide. By persons
 who claimed a superiority to popular prejudice, it was reckoned merely an eccentric
 whim, such as often mingles with the sober actions of men otherwise rational, and
 tinges them all with its own semblance of insanity. But with the multitude, good
 270 Mr. Hooper was irreparably a bugbear.¹³ He could not walk the streets with any
 peace of mind, so conscious was he that the gentle and timid would turn aside to
 avoid him, and that others would make it a point of hardihood to throw themselves
 in his way. The impertinence of the latter class compelled him to give up his
 customary walk, at sunset, to the burial ground, for when he leaned pensively over
 the gate, there would always be faces behind the gravestones, peeping at his black
 veil. A fable went the rounds that the stare of the dead people drove him thence.
 It grieved him to the very depth of his kind heart to observe how the children
 fled from his approach, breaking up their merriest sports, while his melancholy
 figure was yet afar off. Their instinctive dread caused him to feel, more strongly
 280 than aught else, that a **preternatural** horror was interwoven with the threads of

preternatural
 (prē'tər-näch'ər-əl) *adj.*
 supernatural

13. **bugbear**: a source of dread or fear.

the black crape. In truth, his own antipathy to the veil was known to be so great that he never willingly passed before a mirror, nor stooped to drink at a still fountain, lest, in its peaceful bosom, he should be affrighted by himself. This was what gave plausibility to the whispers that Mr. Hooper's conscience tortured him for some great crime too horrible to be entirely concealed, or otherwise than so obscurely intimated. Thus, from beneath the black veil there rolled a cloud into the sunshine, an **ambiguity** of sin or sorrow, which enveloped the poor minister, so that love or sympathy could never reach him. It was said that ghost and fiend consorted with him there. With self-shudderings and outward terrors, he walked continually in its shadow, groping darkly within his own soul, or gazing through a medium that saddened the whole world. Even the lawless wind, it was believed, respected his dreadful secret, and never blew aside the veil. But still good Mr. Hooper sadly smiled at the pale visages of the worldly throng as he passed by.

Among all its bad influences, the black veil had the one desirable effect, of making its wearer a very efficient clergyman. By the aid of his mysterious emblem—for there was no other apparent cause—he became a man of awful power, over souls that were in agony for sin. His converts always regarded him with a dread peculiar to themselves, affirming, though but figuratively, that before he brought them to celestial light, they had been with him behind the black veil. Its gloom, indeed, enabled him to sympathize with all dark affections. Dying sinners cried aloud for Mr. Hooper, and would not yield their breath till he appeared; though ever, as he stooped to whisper consolation, they shuddered at the veiled face so near their own. Such were the terrors of the black veil, even when Death had bared his visage! Strangers came long distances to attend service at his church, with the mere idle purpose of gazing at his figure, because it was forbidden them to behold his face. But many were made to quake ere they departed! Once, during Governor Belcher's¹⁴ administration, Mr. Hooper was appointed to preach the election sermon. Covered with his black veil, he stood before the chief magistrate, the council, and the representatives, and wrought so deep an impression that the legislative measures of that year were characterized by all the gloom and piety of our earliest ancestral sway.¹⁵ 

In this manner Mr. Hooper spent a long life, irreproachable in outward act, yet shrouded in dismal suspicions; kind and loving, though unloved, and dimly feared; a man apart from men, shunned in their health and joy, but ever summoned to their aid in moral anguish. As years wore on, shedding their snows above his sable veil, he acquired a name throughout the New England churches, and they called him Father Hooper. Nearly all his parishioners, who were of a mature age when he was settled, had been borne away by many a funeral: he had one congregation in the church, and a more crowded one in the churchyard; and having wrought so late into the evening, and done his work so well, it was now good Father Hooper's turn to rest.

ambiguity

(ăm'bi-gyōō'ĭ-tē) *n.*

unclearness; uncertainty

CULTURAL CHARACTERISTICS

Once Mr. Hooper is perceived to have intimate knowledge of sin, he becomes a famous and respected clergyman. Based on this fact, what would you conclude is the main concern of Puritan worshippers?

14. **Governor Belcher's**: referring to Governor Jonathan Belcher (1682–1757), colonial governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony from 1730 to 1741, and later of New Jersey.

15. **earliest ancestral sway**: the Puritans who held power in 17th-century America.

zealous (zēl'əs) *adj.*
eager and enthusiastic

Several persons were visible by the shaded candlelight in the death chamber of the old clergyman. Natural connections¹⁶ he had none. But there was the decorously grave, though unmoved physician, seeking only to mitigate the last pangs of the patient whom he could not save. There were the deacons, and other eminently pious members of his church. There, also, was the Reverend Mr. Clark, of Westbury, a young and **zealous** divine, who had ridden in haste to pray by the bedside of the expiring minister. There was the nurse, no hired handmaiden of death, but one whose calm affection had endured thus long, in secrecy, in solitude,
330 amid the chill of age, and would not perish, even at the dying hour. Who, but Elizabeth! And there lay the hoary head of good Father Hooper upon the death pillow, with the black veil still swathed about his brow and reaching down over his face, so that each more difficult gasp of his faint breath caused it to stir. All through life that piece of crape had hung between him and the world; it had separated him from cheerful brotherhood and woman's love, and kept him in that saddest of all prisons, his own heart; and still it lay upon his face, as if to deepen the gloom of his darksome chamber, and shade him from the sunshine of eternity.

For some time previous, his mind had been confused, wavering doubtfully between the past and the present, and hovering forward, as it were, at intervals,
340 into the indistinctness of the world to come. There had been feverish turns, which tossed him from side to side and wore away what little strength he had. But in the most convulsive struggles, and in the wildest vagaries of his intellect, when no other thought retained its sober influence, he still showed an awful solicitude lest the black veil should slip aside. Even if his bewildered soul could have forgotten, there was a faithful woman at his pillow, who, with averted eyes, would have covered that aged face, which she had last beheld in the comeliness of manhood. At length the death-stricken old man lay quietly in the torpor of mental and bodily exhaustion, with an imperceptible pulse, and breath that grew fainter and fainter, except when a long, deep, and irregular inspiration seemed to prelude the flight of his spirit.

350 The minister of Westbury approached the bedside.

"Venerable Father Hooper," said he, "the moment of your release is at hand. Are you ready for the lifting of the veil, that shuts in time from eternity?"

Father Hooper at first replied merely by a feeble motion of his head; then, apprehensive, perhaps, that his meaning might be doubtful, he exerted himself to speak.

"Yea," said he, in faint accents, "my soul hath a patient weariness until that veil be lifted."

"And is it fitting," resumed the Reverend Mr. Clark, "that a man so given to prayer, of such a blameless example, holy in deed and thought, so far as mortal
360 judgment may pronounce; is it fitting that a father in the church should leave a shadow on his memory that may seem to blacken a life so pure? I pray you, my venerable brother, let not this thing be! Suffer us to be gladdened by your

16. natural connections: relatives.

triumphant aspect, as you go to your reward. Before the veil of eternity be lifted, let me cast aside this black veil from your face!”

And thus speaking, the Reverend Mr. Clark bent forward to reveal the mystery of so many years. But, exerting a sudden energy that made all the beholders stand aghast, Father Hooper snatched both his hands from beneath the bedclothes and pressed them strongly on the black veil, resolute to struggle, if the minister of Westbury would contend with a dying man.

370 “Never!” cried the veiled clergyman. “On earth, never!”

“Dark old man!” exclaimed the affrighted minister, “with what horrible crime upon your soul are you now passing to the judgment?”

Father Hooper’s breath heaved; it rattled in his throat; but with a mighty effort, grasping forward with his hands, he caught hold of life, and held it back till he should speak. He even raised himself in bed; and there he sat shivering, with the arms of death around him, while the black veil hung down, awful, at that last moment, in the gathered terrors of a lifetime. And yet the faint, sad smile, so often there, now seemed to glimmer from its obscurity, and linger on Father Hooper’s lips.

380 “Why do you tremble at me alone?” cried he, turning his veiled face round the circle of pale spectators. “Tremble also at each other! Have men avoided me, and women shown no pity, and children screamed and fled, only for my black veil? What, but the mystery which it obscurely typifies, has made this piece of crape so awful? When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friend; the lover to his best beloved; when man does not vainly shrink from the eye of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his sin; then deem me a monster, for the symbol beneath which I have lived, and die! I look around me, and, lo! On every visage a Black Veil!” ❶

390 While his auditors shrank from one another, in mutual affright, Father Hooper fell back upon his pillow, a veiled corpse, with a faint smile lingering on his lips. Still veiled, they laid him in his coffin, and a veiled corpse they bore him to the grave. The grass of many years has sprung up and withered on that grave, the burial stone is moss-grown, and good Mr. Hooper’s face is dust; but awful is still the thought, that it mouldered beneath the Black Veil! ❷

❶ **SYMBOL**

Explain Father Hooper’s reproach in lines 380–387. What do his comments suggest about the meaning of the veil?

Comprehension

1. **Recall** What is the topic of the first sermon Mr. Hooper gives while wearing the veil?
2. **Recall** What reason does Mr. Hooper give Elizabeth for wearing the veil?
3. **Summarize** As time goes by, how do Mr. Hooper's relationships change?

Literary Analysis

4. **Identify Cultural Characteristics** What does the story reveal about Puritan religious beliefs, rules of behavior, and values and ideals?
5. **Interpret Symbol** Review the concept map you created as you read. Based on this information, what does the black veil represent? Explain your answer.
6. **Analyze Irony** To highlight his criticisms of Puritan society, Hawthorne uses verbal irony, where what is stated differs from what is really meant. In each of the following examples, explain what is ironic about the narrator's comments. What behavior, value, or belief is being criticized?
 - Squire Saunders's insult to Mr. Hooper (lines 98–100)
 - wild rumors (lines 125–129)
 - the deputation's visit to the minister (lines 195–199)
 - Mr. Hooper's new reputation (lines 295–297)
7. **Examine Character Ambiguity** The minister is an ambiguous character: he can be seen as an innocent victim of others' fears or as a man driven to isolate himself, convinced of his own moral superiority. Identify at least two details that support each perspective. Which interpretation do you find more compelling? Give reasons for your answer.
8. **Make Judgments About Character Motivations** Mr. Hooper's wearing of the black veil leads to his **estrangement** from his congregation. Based on the following passages, what argument would you make about the real causes of the villagers' discomfort in the minister's presence?
 - the first sighting of the minister (lines 34–39)
 - parishioners' comments after services (lines 105–113)
 - his arrival at the wedding (lines 147–152)
 - the attempt to confront him (lines 190–197)

Literary Criticism

9. **Biographical Context** Reread the biography of Hawthorne on page 456. Explain the personal motives that inspired Hawthorne's critical portrayal of Puritan culture. In what ways might Mr. Hooper represent Hawthorne's struggle with his own guilt?



SUNSHINE STATE STANDARD

Literary Analysis

Benchmark LA.1112.2.1.8 Explain how ideas, values, and themes of a literary work often reflect the historical period in which it was written.