Hawthorne and the Virtue of Sin

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My title was meant to bring you to attention with a little shock. But the idea that sin might produce virtue is not a new one. The concept of a fortunate fall—a "felix culpa"—is a Christian heresy of long standing. And Hawthorne knew it well. But, despite his sometimes unorthodox reinterpretations of his Puritan heritage, he had to struggle, even argue with himself, as he does in *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Marble Faun*, about whether in fact sin can produce good results. Could sinners be better off than they would be if they had not sinned? Such didactic formulations are flaws in Hawthorne's work. His best use of the idea is to present it in its mythic form, especially as he does in his remarkable early tale, "My Kinsman, Major Molineux."

Most forms of that "myth"—or sacred story—of the fortunate fall, at least in Western thought, derive from the Adam and Eve story, which tells us the most crucial truth: Our original parents initiated a process which all of us *must repeat* if we are to grow up—that is, escape the static, childish innocence of Eden (which is mainly ignorance) and embark on the active, mature journey of life in the world. We must eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil and thus inevitably sin and suffer and be suffered for to know the joy of redemption and growth. The myth is truer than any of the Judaic or Christian theologies or modern philosophies derived from it, because explications tend to emphasize either the negative or the positive side of the paradox. It best remains, as it is in "My Kinsman," balanced and unresolved—the symbolic story of *every* man and woman. For each of us it is the story of "My kins*men*: Major Molineux, all mankind—even the mob and myself."

It is important to recognize that Hawthorne's story is a kind of miracle. Take it on faith until I can give evidence: This is one of the finest, possibly the best short story ever written. Consider that it was written in about 1830. It was not only one of the first stories by a young New Englander, twenty-five years old, teaching himself, essentially without models or mentors, to write; it was also one of the very first short stories by anyone, because Hawthorne was inventing the

short story *genre* as well. "My Kinsman" is the intuition of genius: It captured in a short, powerful fable the essential and even now unresolved conflict that produced the American Revolution—order versus freedom, old authority versus youthful creativity—and it also expressed the new nation's paradoxical self-confidence and anxious guilt. But in addition it expanded that fable into an initiation story—a *rite de passage* into adulthood for a representative youth—that anticipated Freudian and Jungian psychology and the best insights of Fraser, Campbell, Eliade, the myth critics and the structuralists. And yet Hawthorne was uneasy with the story, did not include it in one of his collections of tales until in 1851 he placed it at the end of his last one, *The Snow Image*. Perhaps that was finally the place of honor, because he wrote, in the introduction to that collection, "In youth, men are apt to write more wisely than they really know or feel; and the remainder of life may be not idly spent in realizing and convincing themselves of the wisdom which they uttered long ago."

Thus Hawthorne, though tardy in recognizing his own best work, was wiser than his critics, some of whom have tended to devalue, or at least misunderstand, "My Kinsman"—precisely because Hawthorne tried to encompass so much, with such a *range* of symbolic structures.[1] This essay will explore how much of what Hawthorne called "wisdom" we can find in this story and whether the story gives the wisdom a unified artistic expression. The key, I believe, is to recognize, or at least consider, that the great range of apparently disparate symbolic structures this apparently simple story evokes, and which some find confusing or overly ambitious, is a range that is fully integrated: The structures are indeed all complementary forms of that first great myth, the fortunate fall of Adam and Eve. Hawthorne first, in a kind of prologue, suggests that this story of a young American colonial coming into Boston to meet his father's cousin, a member of the governing British aristocracy, and then getting caught up in a tarring and feathering of that kinsman, is a parable—both a precursor and a type—of the American Revolution. Robin, the representative rural Yankee, who considers himself both righteous and clever, eventually gets infected by the revolutionary spirit of the age and joins in laughing at the downfall of his kinsman. Depending on one's political point of view, he either, like an ungrateful child, sinfully tramples on the feelings of the parent country—or, like a proper young adult, achieves maturity, comes of age by becoming independent and able to rise in the world without the patronage, and suppression, of the monarchy. Perhaps he does both.

But Hawthorne clearly has larger interests as well. As Robert Grayson has recently shown,[2] Hawthorne uses precise details from his sources to locate Robin at a precise place and time—Boston on June 23, 1730, the virtual centennial of Winthrop's original self-rule charter, revocation of which by James II was the historical cause of the rebellion we see brewing. But then Hawthorne intentionally generalizes the historical reference; he makes events drawn from sources centering in the 1765 Stamp Act rebellions appear to come forty years earlier, encourages our recognition that it is Midsummer's Eve, and invests the account with mythic references and an increasingly ambiguous, dream-like atmosphere that points to more universal and inner struggles: The story proper takes us immediately into the world of both classical and Christian myths. The youth, with a pilgrim's traditional wallet and staff, is ferried across a river at night into an increasingly hell-like town, a confusing labyrinth. He takes on, sometimes directly and sometimes in parody, the forms of Aeneas or Odysseus crossing the river Styx into hell for some kind of message or insight; or of Theseus or Perseus, the young hero on a quest into some kind of maze where he confronts a monster; or of the Christian pilgrim, in reverse, journeying towards *hell* not heaven; or of Dante descending *into* hell before he can ascend to Paradise.

But this is no divine comedy, despite the constant ironic humor about Robin's naive "shrewdness" and goodness and the repeated theme of laughter. The laughter comes to a genuinely tragic climax as Robin himself uncontrollably joins in, right after he finally meets his kinsman at last: "They stared at each other in silence, and Robin's knees shook, and his hair bristled, with a mixture of pity and terror."[3] Those are, of course, Aristotle's definitive tragic emotions, but Hawthorne even reaches back behind classical tragedy, to its origins in ancient ritual, that is, the dramatized supplanting of the old king by the new, the father by the son, which occurred at the annual celebrations at the winter solstice and Midsummer's Eve, December 23 and June 23. These are the times of most dramatic change in the essential natural order that governs our lives, when days begin to get longer as the sun returns or shorter as it leaves. From before history we have celebrated these changes with rites of fertility, of initiation, of rebirth, of scapegoating—that is, as symbols of the most dramatic changes in human life.

Hawthorne, who like Shakespeare drew on such ancient associations, makes explicit connection of this story to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He does this through reference to Moonshine of the Pyramus

and Thisbe farce and by deriving one of our young hero's names from Robin Goodfellow, which is one of the names for Puck. Shakespeare's Puck (or Robin) is a "shrewd and knavish" spirit "who misleads night wanderers, laughing at their harm." Hawthorne's Robin *thinks* he is shrewd; he finally becomes both shrewd and knavish as he joins those who mislead night wanderers like himself and laugh at their harm. But there is a deeper connection to the play in the spirit of ancient saturnalia—of uninhibited but ritual release—that Hawthorne so effectively captures, and which seems to derive from the divided, contradictory emotions that accompany any deep change of old to new or child to man.[4] Such celebrations were usually presided over by a "Lord of Misrule," a mock king who acted out, and led the people in temporarily acting out, their normally suppressed rebelliousness. He takes upon him as scapegoat the sins of the community and then is ritually (but only symbolically) "killed" so the new king or the real one can rule and a return to order, but with new life, can occur.

Often, in the surviving folk rituals descended from ancient myths and ritualized practices, the old and new kings are played by the same person, or by related persons such as father and son. This of course intensifies the contradictory emotions that lie at the heart of the myth: change—whether from innocence to knowledge, from one government to another, from childhood to adult life—in each case *may* be good, even necessary. But it is also painful and costly. We see this most clearly in the form of the myth called the Oedipus complex. By naming it that, Freud was recognizing how central the conflict was to Greek drama. Any youth, in becoming fully adult, in leaving the Eden of childish innocence, confronts a parent who is model and guide and has powerful authority. Thus the parent is also perceived as a barrier, an opponent, the very one who must be supplanted for the youth to achieve his or her own real identity and freedom from exterior authority—the one who in a sense must be killed. There is, of course, great ambiguity of feeling on the part of both child and parent, and thus the need for suppression and substitute rituals.[5]

Hawthorne anticipated the modern mythologists and psychologists of maturation in linking folk rituals to these ancient and interior origins.[6] Robin is searching for his father's cousin, but as the reader increasingly sees, the "shrewd" youth constantly ignores the fairly clear hints he is getting about who Major Molineux is and what is to be that kinsman's fate. But then Robin's journey takes him down into his own unconscious mind in the form of a dream of his

family circle, which ends with his father closing the door, apparently on him. He wakes to see a pageant that Hawthorne suggests might well have issued from Robin's own brain and in which Robin rightly suspects he will find himself a chief participant;[7] he feels the guilt and horror of destroying the authority of a substitute father, but he also shouts with the laughter of released inhibition, the inebriating joy of becoming independent of his kinsman. And he achieves that freedom only by joining the community of adults and disgracing his kinsman in a ritual that, while it mockingly honors him, forces that official from his position of power and literally threatens his life.

Hawthorne is here, of course, evoking another mythic form of the fortunate fall, one closely related to the Oedipus myth—that is, the rite of passage or initiation of an innocent youth into the guilty but genuinely "shrewd" and responsible adult community. Most cultures have well-developed rituals to ease this universally necessary process. Adults, feeling fear and hostility as well as affection and hope for the younger generations that will take their place, arrange ritual mockeries of themselves, even mock killings, and the youths themselves go through symbolic death and resurrection. Thus Robin has encounters, in his one-night initiation, with hostile authority figures, temptations, and also apparently friendly guides. He confronts that old Christian triumvirate, the world, the flesh, and the devil; and he succumbs most clearly to the world as he joins in the unfettered, ridiculing laughter of the crowd and thus with them "tramples on an old man's heart" (a violation that comes close to what Hawthorne elsewhere calls "unpardonable sin"). Robin thus becomes one with the mob through common guilt and, after a significant pause for reflection, considers leaving, going back home to innocence. But he is subtly reminded by his final and most powerful guide that he can no longer be a boy, cannot go home again. He appears to be ready to accept membership in adult society, to "rise" in the human community without his kinsman, Major Molineux, to accept the mob—and himself—as his true kinsmen.

Thus far we have seen that Hawthorne effectively integrated, in what seems a simple tale set in colonial America, a number of forms of the great original myth of the fortunate fall: The coming of age of a young nation, through rebellion against fatherly political authority; the mock coronation, and then ritual replacing, of a scapegoat king; the classical quest of the young hero into the underworld—or labyrinth—to confront some monster and emerge with wisdom or maturity; the specific Oedipal form of that quest where the son confronts

and replaces his father; the more general rite of passage or initiation of innocent youth into the sadder but wiser adult community. But we are not yet through. Hawthorne masterfully anticipates much modern psychology and literary criticism by re-creating one of the most evocative forms of the old myth, what has come to be called the "night journey." This myth encompasses many elements from the others we have described, and, of course, it can be found in the rituals and sacred stories of all civilizations. It also emerges in much of our literature, such as Jonah, *Beowulf*, *The Divine Comedy*, *King Lear*, Conrad's *The Heart of Darkness* and *The Secret Sharer*, and Albert Guerard's modern novel actually named *The Night Journey*.

In the archetypal night journey, a young, usually untried hero goes, or dreams he goes, into or across water and into some dark realm; he passes various trials and temptations and receives various kinds of instruction and help, sometimes from a guide or mentor. He confronts and slays some monster of the night realm or recognizes some unknown aspect (sometimes an outlaw double) of himself. And he returns no longer innocent but capable of mature responsibility, often replacing the old authority figure or father who has provoked the journey. Many things suggest this is a powerfully concentrated and emotionally useful allegory of a conscious mind's regenerative journey within, to benefit from its own subconscious, suppressed qualities. There, in the relaxed condition of a dream, the power of the active, rational will is finally reduced enough for the psyche to face and accept important truths. For Robin there are two such important truths: He faces the first only when he succumbs to increasing loss of consciousness and dreams that he is ultimately rejected from his boyhood home and by his father. The second he faces soon after, when he joins in rejecting and trampling on the heart of his substitute father.

Now let me tell the story again as such a night journey: A young rustic is ferried at nightfall across a river. He has seven (an important ritual number, that) mysterious encounters in a moonlit, hell-like labyrinthine city, encounters that "try" him in various ways. He receives largely grudging or accidental assistance from these ambiguous guides until a "kind stranger" attaches to him as mentor through his initiation. He is brought to confront his deeper self, with pity and terror, as he joins in the ritual displacement of his kinsman, Major Molineux; then he is invited into the adult, that is to say, complex and guilty, but real, community, to rise morally rather than materially and without the patronage of his kinsmen. He experiences self-revelation

and sharing of guilt with the adult community through joining, and then leading, the mob's laughter. That laughter starts with his various "guides" again and signals his loss of moral inhibitions; it sweeps him up into willing complicity with mankind as they trample on the heart of his kinsman. His final guide acknowledges without irony that Robin is now truly a "shrewd youth" and can rise in the corrupt, but mature, world of civilization. The reign of riot conducted by the double-complexioned Lord of Misrule will undoubtedly be brief, and some kind of order will reassert itself in the community. Robin may be part of that order, but in any case he is now free of his past, has the power of mature self-determination and can and must share the burdens of personal and communal freedom. And that brings us full circle, because that is precisely what the new American nation of Hawthorne's youth was learning to do. It, like Robin, had experienced a fortunate fall, had gone through its own dark night of the soul, its night journey, as the land was redeemed—but only by the shedding of blood. Innocence gone, it could now struggle to find mature virtue.

Hawthorne in this story neither merely approves nor disapproves of this central human experience. He *recreates* it through a marvelous intertwining of its mythic strands until they are unified in the fable of one representative American, an Everyman named Robin Molineux, who embodies the costs and benefits with proper complexity. Hawthorne implies that the experience is a fact of life, part of being human—potentially fortunate, but a fall nevertheless. And that is where many critics have gone wrong with this story: They unlock the paradox, then choose to emphasize either the fortune or the fall, the bad or the good side of the experience.[8]

The first readers tended to see a patriotic fable of the victorious American Revolution, but a careful look shows Hawthorne has little sympathy for his Yankee mob. More recent analysts, discovering the initiation ritual in various guises, exulted in Robin's achievement of manhood by joining the community as they overthrow his substitute father. But just as Hawthorne is not on the side of the violent patriots against Major Molineux, he is not impressed with Robin's manhood if it would trample on an old man's heart. In fact, as the most recent critics have recognized, Hawthorne consciously contradicts our expectations as he attends to the inherent ambiguity of the old rituals, in which the old and new kings are played by the same persons. For instance, his main historical source was the account by Thomas Hutchinson of the Stamp Act riots of 1765. The account describes

an attack on Hutchinson's own house, with many details used by Hawthorne in *his* mob scene. But that source names one of the prominent patriots leading the *rebels* as one "William Molineux."

A misunderstanding of Hawthorne's ambivalence is also apparent in early work that established the *Autobiography* of Benjamin Franklin as a source for this story. There are remarkable parallels to the famous entrance of young Benjamin Franklin from across water into Philadelphia, his encounters with tempters and guides, and his rise to wealth and wisdom as Poor Richard. Though early scholarship implied a positive relationship between the two stories, it should be clear by now that Hawthorne, rather than being supportive, gives a bitter mockery of the naive contemporary image of Franklin's way to wealth. Hawthorne later remarked to his son that Poor Richard's adages helped galvanize young America but "they teach men but a very small portion of their duties," and in his story "The Celestial Railroad," Hawthorne mocked Franklin's narrow, self-serving, merely prudential morality, as well as the liberal Christianity descended from it into Hawthorne's own time.

By the early nineteenth century America was already experiencing a mature ambivalence—about its earlier "innocence" and heedless optimism—in the face of the realities of its underside of slavery, exploitation of Indians, destruction of the literal Eden, the forests of early America, and its head-long pursuit of self-reliance and industrialization at whatever spiritual and moral costs. Like Cooper, writing at about the same time, Hawthorne illustrates the more complex vision of the price of maturity and lost Eden. But the critics who carry their revisionism too far are just as wrong. It is misleading to see the story merely as a negative satire on the innocent young American, like Ben Franklin, who at whatever the cost is out to rise in the world. And it is limiting to see in "My Kinsman," as one critic does, a simple condemnation of youth, deficient in character and cunning, who descends into Dante's hell and joins in what was for Dante and the Bible ultimate sin, rebellion against one's rightful master (for which Dante punishes Brutus and Judas by immuring them with Satan in the frozen lake at the bottom of Hell). That critic narrowly summarizes the story thus: ". . . a country boy, seeking exclusively his own profit, discovers in his naively selfish heart a capacity for the most heinous sin of all."[9]

Some other recent critics focus too much on Robin's obvious naiveté and self-delusion in constantly misreading the obvious hints about what is happening, or on his alternate obsequiousness and

defensive hostility with authority figures. They look too exclusively at Robin's human weaknesses, his nearly succumbing to the prostitute, as well as his uncontrolled shout of laughter that bursts out at the climax. On the other hand some emphasize too much the genuine shrewdness, even dry wit, Robin achieves at the end, and take too optimistically his sympathetic guide's implication that Robin will rise without his kinsman. But *both* realities must be recognized *at the same time*—the fall and the fortunateness—as well as Hawthorne's artistic power in confronting us with both in a unified significance.

The secret of Hawthorne's success lies, I believe, in his fidelity not only to the most ancient forms of that myth of the fortunate fall and to a specific historical expression of it, but also to his own balanced version of the contemporary theology about it. The central concepts are what the Puritans called "justification" and "sanctification." We know that Hawthorne read the classic Puritan texts on these subjects, from John Winthrop to Cotton Mather to Jonathan Edwards; we know that he was also taught (at Bowdoin College) by one of the prominent leaders in the development of "perfectionism," Thomas Upham, and continued to read his work and that of others. As the critic Claudia Johnson writes,

> These . . . works describe justification as a classical journey to hell, which was given what the modern reader would recognize as a psychological dimension—a dark night of the soul that every person had to undergo in the underworld, or hell, of the self. . . . Man hides a flawed heart, the perilous depths of which he must explore or be damned in this life.[10]

Of course, in Puritan theology, all men are totally depraved because of the Fall; they are given a second chance by the second Adam, Christ, who provided the Covenant of Grace which *could* soften God's justifiable anger. But that atonement was not automatic; the sinner had to prepare his heart, and then if God chose He would give the sinner a vision of his absolute depravity and helplessness. That step, called "justification," was the first movement of regeneration—a downward movement to debasing self-knowledge and a letting go of all pride and false "props," of all self-sufficiency and self-righteousness. Then, seeing himself as a child, totally helpless, the sinner was able to be "vivified," to turn to Christ and be lifted out of hell.

The "perfectionists" of the early nineteenth century took the first part of the myth just as seriously as the Puritans, but they emphasized the subsequent process of what was called "sanctification."

They created a new history of the soul, focused on the ascent rather than the fall. But before the sinner could ascend, he had to come out of the self-centered isolation of introspection necessary during the initial descent. He had to become a social being in the community of saints. The great evangelist and orator Charles Finney, like other leaders in this "perfectionist" movement, emphasized the terrible danger of becoming trapped at the bottom of the descent, when self-esteem is lost and one becomes locked in hellish preoccupation with self. "Perfectionists" called Christians to active fellowship and usefulness in the world.

There were actually *two* great dangers in this myth of the soul's "regenerative descent." The first was that the sinner might not make a true descent to full self-knowledge, to recognition of his true condition of sin. Puritan sermons were a constant warning, to those who *thought* themselves justified, that they must retain no false sense of innocence or pride. But the second danger was that one might begin the journey and never return, might not let Christ lead him out into sanctification and thus might remain trapped in his own lonely and premature but real hell. Something very much like this second fate comes to the protagonist of Hawthorne's later and more famous story, "Young Goodman Brown." You remember that Brown leaves his significantly named wife, Faith, travels into the dark forest in a night journey where he confronts the devil (who looks very much like his father, and thus, of course himself). There he has revealed to him the fiends of his own inner hell, sees evidence, he thinks, of the depravity of all mankind, including his wife, and emerges to a life of isolated disillusionment. He has failed to make a true descent to self-knowledge, has seen others' sins but not fully his own. Rather than turning back to faith in Christ and in the human community—particularly in marriage—for sanctification, he remains "a stern, a sad, a darkly meditative, a distrustful, if not a desperate man," with no hope of salvation.

As John Calvin said of those who failed such a journey: "Therefore, their repentance was nothing but a sort of entryway of hell, which they had already entered in this life."[11] That statement may well have influenced John Bunyan's powerful image, in *Pilgrim's Progress*, of the passage directly to hell that is found right by heaven's gate. And Hawthorne clearly had that image in mind when he had Robin turn directly from looking into a church at an open Bible to the temptation to join a fiendish pageant. But in this story, Robin makes the entire journey, costly but still potentially successful, of both justification

and sanctification, which is why I think "My Kinsman" an even greater achievement than "Young Goodman Brown."

Hawthorne's brilliance, and his worth to us, lies in his having captured the *experience* of that richer theology developed from the Puritan heritage by the perfectionists of his time. If we can respond to "My Kinsman" and thus be aided by a brilliant blending of all mankind's most powerful mythic versions of the fortunate fall, we become again the original and universal man and woman. We enter, with Robin, into a landscape of the human heart and mind, and thus into our own minds. We struggle like Robin, making false hypotheses, shunning the true one, until our wandering minds move deep enough into the dream world that the barriers to self-knowledge break down. We see our true condition of alienation and then act it out in spontaneous, awful participation with the human community of sinners, laughing in complicity with them as our inhibitions give way and we trample on the heart of an old man, our enemy, our kinsman. We recoil at this betrayal of ourselves, but then, in our journey with Robin into ourselves, we also feel the new conviction that, though our innocence has been lost, virtue and human solidarity are now *possible*.

That real possibility does not diminish the costs—costs that the new America, after its Revolution, must pay, and that the now shrewd but no longer bright-eyed Robin—we ourselves—must pay. But we are strengthened to live more maturely as flawed persons in a flawed world whose reality we cannot escape. Though he has been sinful and cruel, Robin's basic goodness and moral and religious training will help him rise above his fall; he can ascend, if he will, after this successful descent. Unlike Young Goodman Brown he has learned the sinfulness of his own supposed innocence and has come, with the help of his guide, to perceive the virtue that lies past sin.

NOTES

[1]Influential early articles were Q. D. Leavis, "Hawthorne as Poet," *The Sewanee Review*, 59 (1951), 198–205, 426–58, Daniel G. Hoffman, "Yankee Bumpkin and Scapegoat King," *The Sewanee Review*, 69 (1961), 48–60, and Seymour L. Gross, "Hawthorne's 'My Kinsman, Major Molineux': History as Moral Adventure," *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, 12 (1957), 97–109. Specific studies of the disparate elements include the psychoanalytic reading of Simon O. Lesser, "The Image of the Father: A Reading of 'My Kinsman, Major Molinuex' and 'I Want to Know Why,'" *Partisan Review*, 22 (1955), 372–90, and the more generally maturational investigation of R. E. Abrams, "The Psychology of Cognition in 'My Kinsman, Major Molineux,'" *Philological Quarterly*, 58 (1979), 336–47, and Rita Gollin, *Nathanial*

Hawthorne and the Truth of Dreams (Lousiana State University Press, 1979), 115–23, 133–38. A good summary of the literary sources is Alexander W. Allison, "The Literary Contexts of 'My Kinsman, Major Molineux,'" *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, 23 (1968), 304–11. A good demonstration of how the mythic sources are integrated with the American Revolution theme is Peter Shaw, "Father, Sons, and the Ambiguities in 'My Kinsman, Major Molineux,' " *New England Quarterly*, 49 (1976), 559–76. An excellent recent review of the historical sources is Robert C. Grayson, "The New England Sources of 'My Kinsman, Major Molineux,'" *American Literature*, 54, (December 1982), 544–58. Michael Colacurcio's meticulous study of the theological and historical contexts of this and other Hawthorne stories, *The Province of Piety*, will be available from Harvard University Press in 1984; in his section on "My Kinsman" he explores in detail Hawthorne's sophisticated, ironic criticism of the tendency of his contemporaries, especially after the jubilee celebration of 1826, to exalt the American Revolution into a myth of divinely approved national maturation.

[2]Grayson, pp. 553–55, demonstrates that Hawthorne used his sources to create a precise (and to his contemporary New England audience recognizable) route through Boston to the sites connected with American Revolutionary action, such as the Old South Church and the Province House.

[3]*Centenary Edition of the Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne* (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1974), XI, 229.

[4]See Peter Shaw, pp. 566–69.

[5]This paragraph is much indebted to the detailed work of Peter Shaw, pp. 570–74.

[6]A good summary of this work, particularly helpful in relating it to literary forms (though she neglects "My Kinsman" entirely), is Kathryn Hume, "Romance: A Perdurable Pattern," *College English*, 36, (October 1974), 129–46.

[7]Gollin is particularly good on the psychological and mythic significance of the dream process, pp. 120–21.

[8]Robert E. Abrams gives a good summary of the critical controversies that have been waged, usually in the form of excessively positive versus negative evaluations of Robin's initiation into adulthood. Alexander Allison shows this tendency as he overcorrects for previous optimism. And Dennis M. Murphy, in "Poor Robin and Shrewd Ben: Hawthorne's 'Kinsman,' " *Studies in Short Fiction*, 15 (1978), 185–90, overcorrects for the earlier optimistic reading of Hawthorne's use of Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography* as a source.

[9]Allison, p. 311.

[10]Claudia Johnson, *The Productive Tension of Hawthorne's Art* (University of Alabama, 1981), p. 12.

[11]Johnson, p. 16.

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