|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Глава I (оригинал)** | **Chapter I (Кареник А.С. начальная версия)** | **Chapter I (Кареник А.С. проверка)** |
| В ворота гостиницы губернского города NN въехала довольно красивая рессорная небольшая бричка, в какой ездят холостяки: отставные подполковники, штабс-капитаны, помещики, имеющие около сотни душ крестьян, словом, все те, которых называют господами средней руки. В бричке сидел господин, не красавец, но и не дурной наружности, ни слишком толст, ни слишком тонок; нельзя сказать, чтобы стар, однако ж и не так, чтобы слишком молод. Въезд его не произвел в городе совершенно никакого шума и не был сопровожден ничем особенным; только два русские мужика, стоявшие у дверей кабака против гостиницы, сделали кое-какие замечания, относившиеся, впрочем, более к экипажу, чем к сидевшему в нем. "Вишь ты", сказал один другому, "вон какое колесо! Что ты думаешь, доедет то колесо, если б случилось в Москву, или не доедет?" – "Доедет", отвечал другой. "А в Казань-то, я думаю, не доедет?" – "В Казань не доедет", отвечал другой. – Этим разговор и кончился. Да еще, когда бричка подъехала к гостинице, встретился молодой человек в белых канифасовых панталонах, весьма узких и коротких, во фраке с покушеньями на моду, из-под которого видна была манишка, застегнутая тульскою булавкою с бронзовым пистолетом. Молодой человек оборотился назад, посмотрел экипаж, придержал рукою картуз, чуть не слетевший от ветра, и пошел своей дорогой. | At the gate of the inn of the provincial town NN drove a rather beautiful spring-driven small chaise, which is popular among bachelors: retired Lieutenant-colonels, staff-captains, landowners who have about a hundred souls of peasants, in short, all those who are called middle-class. In the chaise sat a gentleman, neither handsome nor ugly, neither too fat nor too thin; neither old, nor young. His appearance made absolutely no noise in the town and was not accompanied by anything special; only two Russian peasants, who were standing at the door of the tavern opposite the inn, made some remarks, which, however, were more likely directed to the carriage than to its passenger. "Look here," said one to the other, " what a wheel! I bet it won’t make it to Moscow if it needs to!" "I bet it will," said the other. "And what about Kazan?" - "to Kazan it won’t," - replied the other. That’s where the conversation was over. Moreover, when the chaise drove up to the hotel, it run into a young man in white rosin trousers, very narrow and short, in a tailcoat with claims to fashion, from under which a shirt-front buttoned with a Tula pin with a bronze pistol can be seen. The young man glanced back, looked at the carriage for a second while holding his cap that had almost been torn off his head by a whiff of wind, and then went on his way. | At the gate of the inn of the provincial town NN drove a rather beautiful spring-driven small chaise, which is popular among bachelors: retired Lieutenant-colonels, staff-captains, landowners who have about a hundred souls of peasants, in short, all those who are called middle-class. In the chaise sat a gentleman, neither handsome nor ugly, neither too fat nor too thin; neither old nor young. His appearance made absolutely no noise in the town and was not accompanied by anything special; only two Russian peasants, who were standing at the door of the tavern opposite the inn, made some remarks, which, however, were more likely directed to the carriage than to its passenger. "Look here," - said one to the other, "what a wheel! I bet it won’t make it to Moscow if it needs to!" "I bet it will," - said the other. "And what about Kazan?" "To Kazan it won’t," - replied the other. That’s where the conversation was over. Moreover, when the chaise drove up to the hotel, it ran into a young man in white rosin trousers, very narrow and short, in a tailcoat with claims to fashion, from under which a shirt-front buttoned with a Tula pin with a bronze pistol can be seen. The young man glanced at the carriage for a second while holding his cap that had almost been torn off his head by a whiff of wind, and then went on his way. |
| Когда экипаж въехал на двор, господин был встречен трактирным слугою, или половым, как их называют в русских трактирах, живым и вертлявым до такой степени, что даже нельзя было рассмотреть, какое у него было лицо. Он выбежал проворно с салфеткой в руке, весь длинный и в длинном демикотонном сюртуке со спинкою чуть не на самом затылке, встряхнул волосами и повел проворно господина вверх по всей деревянной галдарее показывать ниспосланный ему богом покой. – Покой был известного рода; ибо гостиница была тоже известного рода, то-есть именно такая, как бывают гостиницы в губернских городах, где за два рубля в сутки проезжающие получают покойную комнату с тараканами, выглядывающими, как чернослив, из всех углов, и дверью в соседнее помещение, всегда заставленною комодом, где устроивается сосед, молчаливый и спокойный человек, но чрезвычайно любопытный, интересующийся знать о всех подробностях проезжающего. Наружный фасад гостиницы отвечал ее внутренности: она была очень длинна, в два этажа; нижний не был выщекатурен и оставался в темнокрасных кирпичиках, еще более потемневших от лихих погодных перемен и грязноватых уже самих по себе; верхний был выкрашен вечною желтою краскою; внизу были лавочки с хомутами, веревками и баранками. В угольной из этих лавочек, или, лучше, в окне, помещался сбитенщик с самоваром из красной меди и лицом так же красным, как самовар, так что издали можно бы подумать, что на окне стояло два самовара, если б один самовар не был с черною, как смоль, бородою. | When the carriage entered the courtyard, the gentleman was met by the inn-servant, or the floor-man, as they are called in Russian inns, who was so animated and agile that it was impossible to even recognize what kind of face he had. All long and in a long demicoton coat with the back almost on the back of his head, he rushed to the gentlemen, holding a napkin in his hand, shook his hair and quickly led the men up the entire wooden gallery to show him a “God-sent” chamber. "There was of a certain kind of chamber; for the inn was also of a certain kind, that is, just such as there are inns in provincial towns, where travelers get a quiet room with cockroaches peeking out like prunes from all corners for two rubles a day. The room with a door to the next room, always filled with a chest of drawers, where a neighbor, a silent and calm person, but extremely curious, interested in knowing all the details of a resident. The exterior facade of the inn conformed to its interior: it was a long, two storied building; the first floor was not chipped and remained in dark-red little bricks, which were already dirty in themselves, and become even darker because of the dashing weather changes. The upper floor was painted with always yellow paint; at the bottom there were little shops filled with clamps, ropes and Russian bagels. In corner one, or rather in the window of it, there was a man with a samovar of red copper and with a face as red as the samovar, so that from a distance one might have thought that there were two samovars in the window, if one samovar had not had a pitch-black beard. | When the carriage entered the courtyard, the gentleman was met by the inn-servant, or the floor-man, as they are called in Russian inns, who was so animated and agile that it was impossible to even recognize what kind of face he had. All long and in a long semicolon coat with the back almost on the back of his head, he rushed to the gentlemen, holding a napkin in his hand, shook his hair and quickly led the men up the entire wooden gallery to show him a “God-sent” chamber. "There was of a certain kind of chamber, for the inn was also of a certain kind, that is, just such as there are inns in provincial towns, where travellers get a quiet room with cockroaches peeking out like prunes from all corners for two rubles a day. The room with a door to the next room, always filled with a chest of drawers, where a neighbour, a silent and calm, but extremely curious person, wishing to know all the details about a resident. The exterior facade of the inn conformed to its interior: it was a long, two-storied building; the first floor was not chipped and remained in dark-red little bricks, which were already dirty in themselves, and become even darker because of the dashing weather changes. The upper floor was painted with yellow paint. At the bottom there were little shops filled with clamps, ropes and Russian bagels. In the corner shop, or even in its window, there was a man with a red copper samovar. A man with a face as red as the samovar, so that from a distance one might have thought that there were two samovars in the window if one samovar had not had a pitch-black beard. |