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Один день из жизни Натаниэля Готорна. Дневниковая запись от 31 июля 1851 года.

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## TWENTY DAYS WITH JULIAN AND BUNNY , By Papa

July 31st. Thursday.

At about six o'clock, I looked over the edge of my bed, and saw that Julian was awake, peeping sideways at me out of his eyes, with a subdued laugh in them. So we got up, and first I bathed him, and then myself, and afterwards I proposed to curl his hair. I forgot to say that I attempted the same thing, the morning before last, and succeeded miraculously ill; indeed, it was such a failure that the old boy burst into a laugh at the first hint of repeating the attempt. However, I persisted, and screwed his hair round a stick, till I almost screwed it out of his head; he all the time squealing and laughing, between pain and merriment. He endeavored to tell me how his mother proceeded; but his instructions were not very clear, and only entangled the business so much the more. But, now that his hair is dry, it does not look so badly as might have been expected.

After thus operating on his wig, we went for the milk. It was another cloudy and lowery morning, with a cloud (which looked as full of moisture as a wet sponge) lying all along the ridge of the western hills, beneath which the wooded hillside looked black, grim and desolate.

Monument Mountain, too, had a cloud on its back; but the sunshine gleamed along its sides, and made it quite a cheerful object; and being in the centre of the scene, it cheered up the whole picture like a cheery heart. Even its forests, as contrasted with the woods on the other hills, had a light on them; and the cleared tracts seemed doubly sunny, and a field of rye, just at its best, shone out with yellow radiance, and quite illuminated the landscape. As we walked along the little man munched a bread-cake, and talked about the "jeu" (as he pronounces it) on the grass, and said that he supposed fairies had been pouring it on the grass, and flowers, out of their little pitchers. Then he pestered me to tell him on which side of the road I thought the dewy grass looked prettiest. Thus, with all the time a babble at my side as if a brook were running along the way, we reached Luther's house; and old Atropos took the pail, with a grim smile, and gave it back with two quarts of milk.

The weather being chill, and the sun not constant or powerful enough to dry off the dew, we spent the greater part of the forenoon within doors. The old gentleman, as

usual, bothered me with innumerable questions, and continual references as to all his occupations.

After dinner, we took a walk to the lake. As we drew near the bank, we saw a boat a little way off the shore; and another approached the strand, and its crew landed, just afterwards. They were three men, of a loaf Erish aspect. They asked me whether there was any good water near at hand; then they strolled inland, to view the country, as is the custom of voyagers on setting foot in foreign parts.

Thereupon, Julian went to their boat, which he viewed with great interest, and gave a great exclamation on discovering some fish in it. They were only a few bream and pouts. The little man wanted me to get into the boat and sail off with him; and he could hardly be got away from the spot. I made him a shingle skiff, and launched it, and it went away westward — the wind being east to-day. Then we made our way along the tangled lake-shore, and sitting down, he threw in bits of moss, and called them islands — floating green islands — and said that there were trees, and ferns, and men upon them. By and by, against his remonstrances, I insisted upon going home. He picked up a club, and began war again — the old warfare with the thistles — which we called hydras, chimaeras, dragons, and Gorgons. Thus we fought our way homeward; and so has passed the day, until now at twenty minutes past four.

In the earlier part of the summer, I thought that the landscape would suffer by the change from pure and rich verdure, after the pastures should turn yellow, and the fields be mowed. But I now think the change an improvement. The contrast between the faded green, and, here and there, the almost brown and dusky fields, as compared with the deep green of the woods, is very picturesque, on the hill-side.

Before supper, Mrs. Tappan came in, with two or three volumes of Fourier's works, which I wished to borrow, with a view to my next romance "Blithedale".

She proposed that Julian should come over and see Ellen to-morrow; to which I not unwillingly gave my assent, and the old gentleman, too, seemed pleased with the prospect. He has now had his supper, and is forthwith to be put to bed. Mrs. Peters, whose husband is sick or unwell (probably drunk), is going home to-night, and will return in the morning. And now Julian is in bed, and I have gathered and crushed some currants, and have given Bunny his supper of lettuce, which he seems to like better than anything else; though nothing in the vegetable line comes amiss to him. He ate a leaf of mint to-day, seemingly with great relish. It makes me smile to see how invariably he comes galloping to meet me, whenever I open the door, making sure that there is something in store for him, and smelling eagerly to find out what it is. He eats enormously, and, I think, has grown considerably broader than when he came hither. The mystery that broods about him — the lack of any method of communicating with this voiceless creature — heightens the interest. Then he is naturally so full of little alarms, that it is pleasant to find him free of these, as to Julian and myself.