

Three Men in a Boat

英 汉 对 照



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——泰晤士河漫游记

〔英〕杰罗姆·K.杰罗姆 著

商 务 印 书 馆

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SĀN RÉN TÓNG ZHŌU
— Tǎiwùshìhé Mǎnyóujì

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内 容 提 要

本书系英国幽默小说的代表作(作者为英国小说家 J. K. Jerome, 1859—1927), 于 1889 年出版后不久, 即有欧洲各国的多种译本, 迄今一直畅销不衰。全书描述伦敦三个年轻绅士由于闲得发慌而带着一条小狗驾小艇沿泰晤士河漫游。他们四体不勤、笨拙无知且又主观武断, 不通人情世故, 因而一路上出尽洋相, 吃足苦头, 最后狼狈而归。书中并无惊心动魄的情节, 而是串连着一个又一个令人笑破肚皮的小故事, 语言幽默, 于诙谐中夹以针砭世事和感叹人生的深刻议论。此英汉对照本可作初、中级英语课外读物, 亦可供广大英语自学者学习和欣赏。

AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

THE chief beauty of this book lies not so much in its literary style, or in the extent and usefulness of the information it conveys, as in its simple truthfulness. Its pages form the record of events that really happened. All that has been done is to colour them; and, for this, no extra charge has been made. George and Harris and Montmorency are not poetic ideals, but things of flesh and blood—especially George, who weighs about twelve stone. Other works may excel this in depth of thought and knowledge of human nature: other books may rival it in originality and size; but, for hopeless and incurable veracity, nothing yet discovered can surpass it. This, more than all its other charms, will, it is felt, make the volume precious in the eye of the earnest reader; and will lend additional weight to the lesson that the story teaches.

LONDON, *August* 1889.

第一版序言

本书之所以妙，倒不一定是因为它的文章很美，也不一定是因为它涉及的内容很广泛很有用，主要的恐怕还是因为它有一种简单明了的真实性。本书只是老实地记录了确曾发生过的事情，作者的工作不过是加些色彩上去罢了——不过，可没有因此而多收读者半分钱。乔治和哈里斯和蒙西^①都不是什么富有诗意的十全十美的家伙，而是实实在在有骨有肉的东西——尤其是乔治，连骨带肉大概有一百六十八磅重。别的作品在思想深度方面，在对人性的认识方面，可能超过本书；别的作品在见解新颖和篇幅方面，也许可和本书相媲美。但是，在无法改变与无可救药的真实性这一点上，任何一本已经出版的书籍都无法超过本书。作者相信：恰恰是这个特点，而不是本书的许多其他引人入胜之处，必然会使认真的读者珍惜本书，而且一定会使本书所记述的事情的教训更加富有特殊的意义。

1889年8月于伦敦

^① Montmorency, 狗名。在书中简译为“蒙西”。

CHAPTER I

Three Invalids—Sufferings of George and Harris—A victim to one hundred and seven fatal maladies—Useful prescriptions—Cure for liver complaint in children—We agree that we are over-worked, and need rest—A week on the rolling deep?—George suggests the river—Montmorency lodges an objection—Original motion carried by majority of three to one.

THERE were four of us—George, and William Samuel Harris, and myself, and Montmorency. We were sitting in my room, smoking, and talking about how bad we were—bad from a medical point of view I mean, of course.

We were all feeling seedy, and we were getting quite nervous about it. Harris said he felt such ~~extraordinary fits of~~ ^{fits of} giddiness come over him at times, that he hardly knew what he was doing; and then George said that *he* had fits of giddiness too, and hardly knew what *he* was doing. With me, it was my liver that was out of order. I knew it was my liver that was out of order, because I had just been reading a patent liver-pill circular, in which were detailed the various symptoms by which a man could tell when his liver was out of order. I had them all.

It is a most extraordinary thing, but I never read a patent medicine advertisement without being impelled to the conclusion that I am suffering from the particular disease therein dealt with in its most virulent form. The diagnosis seems in every case to correspond exactly with all the sensations that I have ever felt.

I remember going to the British Museum one day to read

第一章

三个浑身是病的人——乔治和哈里斯的病情——同时患107种恶疾——有效的药方——儿童肝病疗法——我们一致认为我们是操劳过度，需要休息——到波涛汹涌的大海上去过上一周如何？——乔治建议去泰晤士河——蒙西反对——原议以三比一多数通过。

我们一共四个人——乔治、哈里斯和我，还有蒙西。我们一伙坐在我的房间里，一面抽烟一面聊天，大家都说我们实在糟透了——当然，我是说：从医学观点来说，我们糟透了。

我们都觉得有点不舒服，大家对这种现象愈来愈惶惶不安。哈里斯说他常常会一阵阵的发晕，弄得他自己都不知道自己在干什么。乔治接着说他也常常会头晕，也常常会不知道自己在干什么。至于我呢，则是肝脏出了毛病。我知道我的肝脏有毛病，因为我不久前看过一张推销肝病丸药的广告，那上面详详细细罗列着肝病的各种症状；如果谁有这些症状，那他准是肝脏出了毛病。这些症状我一个不漏地全有。

实在巧极了，每逢我看到什么卖药的广告，总是毫无例外地必然得出这样一个结论，那就是，我正闹着广告上所说的那种病，而且病势十分险恶。每种病的诊断结果似乎和我所有的感觉总是完全一致。

我记得有一天，我到大英博物馆去，想找些书看看有什么方

up the treatment for some slight ailment of which I had a touch—hay fever, I fancy it was. I got down the book, and read all I came to read; and then, in an unthinking moment, I idly turned the leaves, and began to indolently study diseases, generally. I forget which was the first distemper I plunged into—some fearful, devastating scourge, I know—and, before I had glanced half down the list of ‘premonitory symptoms,’ it was borne in upon me that I had fairly got it.

I sat for a while frozen with horror; and then in the listlessness of despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever—read the symptoms—discovered that I had typhoid fever, must have had it for months without knowing it—wondered what else I had got; turned up St Vitus’s Dance—found, as I expected, that I had that too—began to get interested in my case, and determined to sift it to the bottom, and so started alphabetically—read up ague, and learnt that I was sickening for it, and that the acute stage would commence in about another fortnight. Bright’s disease, I was relieved to find, I had only in a modified form, and, so far as that was concerned, I might live for years. Cholera I had, with severe complications; and diphtheria I seemed to have been born with. I plodded conscientiously through the twenty-six letters, and the only malady I could conclude I had not got was housemaid’s knee.

I felt rather hurt about this at first; it seemed somehow to be a sort of slight. Why hadn’t I got housemaid’s knee? Why this invidious reservation? After a while, however, less grasping feelings prevailed. I reflected that I had every other known malady in the pharmacology, and I grew less selfish, and determined to do without housemaid’s knee. Gout, in its most malignant stage, it would appear, had seized me without my being aware of it; and zymosis I had evidently been suffering with from boyhood. There were no more diseases after

可以医治我那时正患着的一种小毛病，我得的是枯草热吧，我想是这么回事。我把书打开，把要看的都看了。随后，又漫不经心的随手翻了几页，懒懒地看起各种疾病的症状。我忘记了首先看的是什么病了——反正是一种吓坏人的要命的玩意儿吧。我看了一会儿，还没有把《前驱症状》的一半看完，我便知道不用说我害的正是这种病。

有好一会儿我坐在那里一动也不敢动，简直害怕死了。在绝望中，我又无精打采地翻了几页。我看到伤寒那一节——把病症看了看——发现我原来还在生伤寒病，一定是得了好几个月，可自己还一无所知。——我继续想自己到底还有什么病，于是又翻到舞蹈病看看——果然不出所料，我也得了舞蹈病，——我开始对自己的疾病发生了兴趣。我决定寻根究底，看看我一共害了多少种病。于是我顺着字母从头查下去——先看疟疾，发现自己正患着这种病，大概再过两个礼拜就是急性期，肾炎呢，我松了一口气，原来病势还不重，根据我的病情来看，或许还可以活好些年。霍乱我也得过，而且有严重的并发症。白喉呢，我好象是一生下来就有了。我小心翼翼地按着 26 个字母一个一个查下去，最后我断定，我唯一没有得的病是通常女仆才得的膝盖骨粘液囊炎。

起初，我真有点不高兴，似乎多少受到了蔑视。为什么不让我得膝盖骨粘液囊炎？为什么这么讨厌，还要留一手？可是，过了一会儿，我比较心平气和了些，没有刚才那么贪得无厌了。我仔细地想了想，除了膝盖骨粘液囊炎外，药理学上所开列的病，我全都有，我也就慢慢地不那么自私，决定不要膝盖骨粘液囊炎了。痛风症看来在不知不觉中我也得上了；而且现在正处于最严重的阶段。发酵病我显然从小就有。发酵病后面就没有再排上别的病了，因

zymosis, so I concluded there was nothing else the matter with me.

I sat and pondered. I thought what an interesting case I must be from a medical point of view, what an acquisition I should be to a class! Students would have no need to 'walk the hospitals,' if they had me. I was a hospital in myself. All they need do would be to walk round me, and, after that, take their diploma.

Then I wondered how long I had to live. I tried to examine myself. I felt my pulse. I could not at first feel any pulse at all. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed to start off. I pulled out my watch and timed it. I made it a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my heart. I could not feel my heart. It had stopped beating. I have since been induced to come to the opinion that it must have been there all the time, and must have been beating, but I cannot account for it. I patted myself all over my front, from what I call my waist up to my head, and I went a bit round each side, and a little way up the back. But I could not feel or hear anything. I tried to look at my tongue. I stuck it out as far as ever it would go, and I shut one eye, and tried to examine it with the other. I could only see the tip, and the only thing that I could gain from that was to feel more certain than before that I had scarlet fever.

I had walked into that reading-room a happy healthy man. I crawled out a decrepit wreck.

I went to my medical man. He is an old chum of mine, and feels my pulse, and looks at my tongue, and talks about the weather, all for nothing, when I fancy I'm ill; so I thought I would do him a good turn by going to him now. 'What a doctor wants,' I said, 'is practice. He shall have me. He will get more practice out of me than out of seventeen hundred of your ordinary, commonplace patients, with only one or two

此我知道我也再没有别的病了。

我坐在那里寻思起来。从医学观点来看，我这个病例够有意思呀。医学院得到我这么一个病人，真是太幸运了！有了我，学生们大可不必去“跑医院”了。我这个人就是一个医院，他们只要围着我转就行。然后，他们就可以领取文凭了。

然后我又在想我还能活多久。我想自己检查一下身体。我摸了摸自己的脉搏。起初我根本感觉不出来，可是突然之间，脉搏一下子跳了起来，我掏出怀表，看看跳多少次，结果是1分钟147下。我试着摸摸我的心脏，没有摸到，它停止了跳动！我历来有这么一种想法，以为我的心脏老是在那里，而且一直在跳着，可是我无法说明它为什么忽然又不跳了。我在我身体的正面敲敲打打，从我把它叫做腰的那一部份一直敲到头顶，并且在身体的两侧也敲打了几下，还伸手在背上敲了几下。可是什么也摸不到，什么也听不到。我想看看自己的舌头，我把舌头尽量往外伸，我闭起一只眼睛，用另一只眼睛去看，充其量只能看到舌尖。忙了一阵，唯一的結果是，我比以前更加肯定了一个事实——我得过猩红热。

我走进阅览室的时候是个愉快健康的好人。等我拖着脚步走出来的时候，我却是百病丛生，不成模样了。

我立刻去找我的医生。他是我的老朋友，我平日以为自己有病的时候，他就给我摸摸脉搏，看看舌头，和我聊聊天气，而且从不收钱。所以我想我这次还是报答报答他，去找他吧。我说：“医生需要的就是多多实习。好得很，拿我实习好了。拿我来实习比你的1700个平淡无奇的、只有一两种疾病的普通病人好得多，得的益

diseases each.' So I went straight up and saw him, and he said:

'Well, what's the matter with you?'

I said: 'I will not take up your time, dear boy, with telling you what is the matter with me. Life is brief, and you might pass away before I had finished. But I will tell you what is *not* the matter with me. I have not got housemaid's knee. Why I have not got housemaid's knee, I cannot tell you; but the fact remains that I have not got it. Everything else, however, I *have* got.'

And I told him how I came to discover it all.

Then he opened me and looked down me, and clutched hold of my wrist, and then he hit me over the chest when I wasn't expecting it—a cowardly thing to do, I call it—and immediately afterwards butted me with the side of his head. After that, he sat down and wrote out a prescription, and folded it up and gave it me, and I put it in my pocket and went out.

I did not open it. I took it to the nearest chemist's, and handed it in. The man read it, and then handed it back.

He said he didn't keep it.

I said: 'You are a chemist?'

He said: 'I am a chemist. If I was a co-operative stores and family hotel combined, I might be able to oblige you. Being only a chemist hampers me.'

I read the prescription. It ran:

'1 lb. beefsteak, with

1 pt. bitter beer

every 6 hours.

1 ten-mile walk every morning.

1 bed at 11 sharp every night.

And don't stuff up your head with things you don't understand.'

处更大。”于是我径直去他那里找他瞧瞧病。他说：

“说吧，你有什么病？”

我说：“老兄，我不告诉你我有什么毛病，这会浪费你的时间。生命短促得很，也许我还没有说完你就死掉了。可是我可以告诉你我没有得的是什么病。我没有得膝盖骨粘液囊炎。为什么我单单没有得这种病呢，我自己也说不上来。可是事实就是这样，没有得。至于别的病呢，我全都有。”

接着我告诉他我是怎么知道我有这些病的。

于是他叫我张大嘴巴，往里面看了看，抓住我的手腕，然后，冷不防地在我胸脯上捅了一下——我看这实在不是好汉干的——马上又侧着脑袋撞了我一下。随后，他坐了下来，写好了处方，折好后交给了我。我把它放进口袋就走了。

我没有打开处方看，我一直拿着来到最近的一家药店，交给了药剂师。他看了看，还给了我。

他说他没有这种药。

我说：“你是开药店的么？”

他回答：“我是开药店的。如果我开的是合作商店加家庭旅馆的话，我也许可以替你办。正因为我开的只是一家药店，所以没有办法可想。”

我看了看那张处方，上面写着：

“牛排一磅，苦啤酒一品脱 每 6 小时服一次。

每天早上步行 10 英里。

每晚 11 时整就寝。

不懂的事，别往脑子里乱塞一通。”

I followed the directions, with the happy result—speaking for myself—that my life was preserved, and is still going on.

In the present instance, going back to the liver-pill circular, I had the symptoms, beyond all mistake, the chief among them being ‘a general disinclination to work of any kind.’

What I suffer in that way no tongue can tell. From my earliest infancy I have been a martyr to it. As a boy, the disease hardly ever left me for a day. They did not know, then, that it was my liver. Medical science was in a far less advanced state than now, and they used to put it down to laziness.

‘Why, you skulking little devil, you,’ they would say, ‘get up and do something for your living, can’t you?’—not knowing, of course, that I was ill.

And they didn’t give me pills; they gave me clumps on the side of the head. And, strange as it may appear, those clumps on the head often cured me—for the time being. I have known one clump on the head have more effect upon my liver, and make me feel more anxious to go straight away then and there, and do what was wanted to be done, without further loss of time, than a whole box of pills does now.

You know, it often is so—those simple, old-fashioned remedies are sometimes more efficacious than all the dispensary stuff.

We sat there for half an hour, describing to each other our maladies. I explained to George and William Harris how I felt when I got up in the morning, and William Harris told us how he felt when he went to bed; and George stood on the hearth-rug, and gave us a clever and powerful piece of acting, illustrative of how he felt in the night.

George *fancies* he is ill: but there’s never anything really the matter with him, you know.

At this point, Mrs Poppets knocked at the door to know

我按着方子去做了，结果很满意——我说我自己满意——我的命保住了，而且到现在还活着。

这一次，还是说说肝病丸药的广告吧。肝病的症状我全有，这绝不会错。其中最主要的症状就是‘对任何工作都不大想干’。

我受的痛苦实在难以描述。早在婴儿时期我就让这个病给缠上了。到我幼年的时候，这病一天也没有离开过我。可是那时他们不知道是我的肝在作怪，那时的医学比现在差远了。因此他们老是说我这生的是懒病。

“你这个小懒鬼，”他们常说，“起来做点事情好么？”——当然，这是因为他们不知道我生病的缘故。

他们没有给我药丸吃，他们给我的是头上的包。奇怪的是，这些包往往可以把我的病治好——暂时治好。我知道头上的一个包比现在的一大箱药丸的效力还大得多，对我的肝脏更有益处，更能使我乐于去做他们要我做的工作。而且说做就做，毫不迟疑。

事实上，情况常常是这样的——那些简单的老处方，有时比现在药店里的新药更为灵验。

那天，我们坐在那里聊了半个钟点，互相诉说着自己的病情。我对乔治和哈里斯说，我早上起来的时候怎么不舒服；哈里斯对我们说，他去睡觉的时候怎么不舒服；乔治呢，他站在壁炉前面的地毯上给我们表演，一边动作灵巧地给我们表演，一边绘声绘色地描述他在夜里又是怎么怎么不舒服。

乔治不过是自以为生病罢了。你知道，他压根儿就没有病。

这时候，房东波柏兹太太在外面敲了敲门，问我们要不要现在

if we were ready for supper. We smiled sadly at one another, and said we supposed we had better try to swallow a bit. Harris said a little something in one's stomach often kept the disease in check; and Mrs Poppets brought the tray in, and we drew up to the table, and toyed with a little steak and onions, and some rhubarb tart.

I must have been very weak at the time; because I know, after the first half-hour or so, I seemed to take no interest whatever in my food—an unusual thing for me—and I didn't want any cheese.

This duty done, we refilled our glasses, lit our pipes, and resumed the discussion upon our state of health. What it was that was actually the matter with us, we none of us could be sure of; but the unanimous opinion was that it—whatever it was—had been brought on by overwork.

'What we want is rest,' said Harris.

'Rest and a complete change,' said George. 'The overstrain upon our brains has produced a general depression throughout the system. Change of scene, and absence of the necessity for thought, will restore the mental equilibrium.'

George has a cousin, who is usually described in the charge-sheet as a medical student, so that he naturally has a somewhat family-physicianary way of putting things.

I agreed with George, and suggested that we should seek out some retired and old-world spot, far from the madding crowd, and dream away a sunny week among its drowsy lanes—some half-forgotten nook, hidden away by the fairies, out of reach of the noisy world—some quaint-perched eyrie on the cliffs of Time, from whence the surging waves of the nineteenth century would sound far-off and faint.

Harris said he thought it would be humpy. He said he knew the sort of place I meant; where everybody went to bed at eight o'clock, and you couldn't get a *Referee* for love