

*Penguin Popular Classics*

# THREE MEN ON THE BUMMEL

JEROME K. JEROME



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BY JEROME K. JEROME

**JEROME KLAFFKA JEROME (1859-1927).** Best known for his timeless comic novel *Three Men in a Boat*, Jerome was a popular figure whose long and varied career encompassed London's theatrical and literary scenes.

Jerome was born in Walsall in 1859, the son of an unsuccessful ironmonger and evangelical preacher. He gained his unusual second name from an exiled Hungarian general with whom his father was acquainted. The family moved to London's East End when Jerome was quite young and he attended Marylebone Grammar School. When he was fourteen he left school to become a railway clerk, the first in a long line of jobs that included acting, teaching and journalism. He spent some time touring with various theatrical companies, and he lodged for a while in Tavistock Place in London with his friend George Wingrave (who later became the model for George in *Three Men in a Boat*). His first book, *On Stage and Off*, is a collection of humorous pieces about the theatre which was very well received on its publication in 1885. He followed this with a series of sketches entitled *The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* in 1886, and its success enticed Jerome to take up writing and journalism as a profession. He married in 1888 and settled the following year in Chelsea Gardens in London, where he wrote his most famous work, *Three Men in a Boat*. Working from his 'little circular drawing-room', he commanded beautiful views of the River Thames and of the Surrey hills beyond. A sequel to *Three Men in a Boat*, entitled *Three Men on the Bummel*, appeared in 1900 and tells of a hilarious cycling tour through Germany's Black Forest.

In 1892 Jerome founded *The Idler* together with some friends. This illustrated monthly magazine gained a reputation for publishing humorous work and in its time published pieces by Robert Louis Stevenson, Mark Twain and fellow American Bret Harte. When the paper folded Jerome turned once more to the theatre and became well known as a playwright. His play *The Passing*

*of the Third Floor Back* (1908), a sentimental moral fable set in Bloomsbury, enjoyed a long and successful run in London's theatres. During the First World War Jerome served as an ambulance driver in France. His eventful life is recorded in his autobiography, *My Life and Times*, which was published in 1926. He died in 1927.

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## CHAPTER I

*Three men need change - Anecdote showing evil result of deception - Moral cowardice of George - Harris has ideas - Yarn of the Ancient Mariner and the Inexperienced Yachtsman - A hearty crew - Danger of sailing when the wind is off the land - Impossibility of sailing when the wind is off the sea - The argumentativeness of Ethelbertha - The dampness of the river - Harris suggests a bicycle tour - George thinks of the wind - Harris suggests the Black Forest - George thinks of the hills - Plan adopted by Harris for ascent of hills - Interruption by Mrs Harris.*

‘WHAT WE want,’ said Harris, ‘is a change.’

At this moment the door opened, and Mrs Harris put her head in to say that Ethelbertha had sent her to remind me that we must not be late getting home because of Clarence. Ethelbertha, I am inclined to think, is unnecessarily nervous about the children. As a matter of fact, there was nothing wrong with the child whatever. He had been out with his aunt that morning; and if he looks wistfully at a pastry-cook’s window she takes him inside and buys him cream buns and ‘maids-of-honour’ until he insists that he has had enough, and politely, but firmly, refuses to eat another anything. Then, of course, he wants only one helping of pudding at lunch, and Ethelbertha thinks he is sickening for something. Mrs Harris added that it would be as well for us to come upstairs soon, on our own account also, as otherwise we should miss Muriel’s rendering of ‘The Mad Hatter’s Tea Party’, out of *Alice in Wonderland*. Muriel is Harris’s second, age eight: she is a bright, intelligent child; but I prefer her myself in serious pieces. We said we would finish our cigarettes and follow almost immediately; we also begged her not to let Muriel begin until we arrived. She promised to hold the child back as long as possible, and went. Harris, as soon as the door was closed, resumed his interrupted sentence.

‘You know what I mean,’ he said, ‘a complete change.’

The question was how to get it.

George suggested 'business'. It was the sort of suggestion George would make. A bachelor thinks a married woman doesn't know enough to get out of the way of a steam-roller. I knew a young fellow once, an engineer, who thought he would go to Vienna 'on business'. His wife wanted to know 'what business?' He told her it would be his duty to visit the mines in the neighbourhood of the Austrian capital, and to make reports. She said she would go with him; she was that sort of woman. He tried to dissuade her: he told her that a mine was no place for a beautiful woman. She said she felt that herself, and that therefore she did not intend to accompany him down the shafts; she would see him off in the morning, and then amuse herself until his return, looking round the Vienna shops, and buying a few things she might want. Having started the idea, he did not see very well how to get out of it; and for ten long summer days he did visit the mines in the neighbourhood of Vienna, and in the evening wrote reports about them, which she posted for him to his firm, who didn't want them.

I should be grieved to think that either Ethelbertha or Mrs Harris belonged to that class of wife, but it is as well not to overdo 'business' - it should be kept for cases of emergency.

'No,' I said, 'the thing is to be frank and manly. I shall tell Ethelbertha that I have come to the conclusion a man never values happiness that is always with him. I shall tell her that, for the sake of learning to appreciate my own advantages as I know they should be appreciated, I intend to tear myself away from her and the children for at least three weeks. I shall tell her,' I continued, turning to Harris, 'that it is you who have shown me my duty in this respect; that it is to you we shall owe -'

Harris put down his glass rather hurriedly.

'If you don't mind, old man,' he interrupted, 'I'd really rather you didn't. She'll talk it over with my wife, and -'

well, I should not be happy, taking credit that I do not deserve.'

'But you do deserve it,' I insisted; 'it was your suggestion.'

'It was you gave me the idea,' interrupted Harris again. 'You know you said it was a mistake for a man to get into a groove, and that unbroken domesticity cloyed the brain.'

'I was speaking generally,' I explained.

'It struck me as very apt,' said Harris. 'I thought of repeating it to Clara; she has a great opinion of your sense, I know. I am sure that if—'

'We won't risk it,' I interrupted, in my turn; 'it is a delicate matter, and I see a way out of it. We will say George suggested the idea.'

There is a lack of genial helpfulness about George that it sometimes vexes me to notice. You would have thought he would have welcomed the chance of assisting two old friends out of a dilemma; instead, he became disagreeable.

'You do,' said George, 'and I shall tell them both that my original plan was that we should make a party — children and all; that I should bring my aunt, and that we should hire a charming old château I know of in Normandy, on the coast, where the climate is peculiarly adapted to delicate children, and the milk such as you do not get in England. I shall add that you overrode that suggestion, arguing we should be happier by ourselves.'

With a man like George kindness is of no use; you have to be firm.

'You do,' said Harris, 'and I, for one, will close with the offer. We will just take that château. You will bring your aunt — I will see to that — and we will have a month of it. The children are all fond of you; J. and I will be nowhere. You've promised to teach Edgar fishing; and it is you who will have to play wild beasts. Since last Sunday Dick and Muriel have talked of nothing else but your hippopotamus. We will picnic in the woods — there will only be eleven of us — and in the evenings we will have music and recitations.



Muriel is master of six pieces already, as perhaps you know; and all the other children are quick studies.'

George climbed down – he has no real courage – but he did not do it gracefully. He said that if we were mean and cowardly and false-hearted enough to stoop to such a shabby trick, he supposed he couldn't help it; and that if I didn't intend to finish the whole bottle of claret myself, he would trouble me to spare him a glass. He also added, somewhat illogically, that it really did not matter, seeing both Ethelbertha and Mrs Harris were women of sense who would judge him better than to believe for a moment that the suggestion emanated from him.

This little point settled, the question was: What sort of a change?

Harris, as usual, was for the sea. He said he knew a yacht, just the very thing – one that we could manage by ourselves; no skulking lot of lubbers loafing about, added to the expense and taking away the romance. Give him a handy boy, he would sail it himself. We knew that yacht, and we told him so; we had been on it with Harris before. It smells of bilge-water and greens to the exclusion of all other scents; no ordinary sea air can hope to head against it. So far as sense of smell is concerned, one might be spending a week in Limehouse Hole. There is no place to get out of the rain; the saloon is ten feet by four, and half of that is taken up by a stove, which falls to pieces when you go to light it. You have to take your bath on deck, and the towel blows overboard just as you step out of the tub. Harris and the boy do all the interesting work – the lugging and the reefing, the letting her go and the heeling her over, and all that sort of thing – leaving George and myself to do the peeling of the potatoes and the washing up.

'Very well, then,' said Harris, 'let's take a proper yacht, with a skipper, and do the thing in style.'

That also I objected to. I know that skipper; his notion of yachting is to lie in what he calls the 'offing', where he can

be well in touch with his wife and family, to say nothing of his favourite public-house.

Years ago, when I was young and inexperienced, I hired a yacht myself. Three things had combined to lead me into this foolishness: I had had a stroke of unexpected luck; Ethelbertha had expressed a yearning for sea air; and the very next morning, in taking up casually at the club a copy of the *Sportsman*, I had come across the following advertisement:

TO YACHTSMEN. – Unique Opportunity. – ‘Rogue’, 28-ton Yawl. – Owner, called away suddenly on business, is willing to let this superbly-fitted ‘greyhound of the sea’ for any period short or long. Two cabins and saloon; pianette, by Woffenkoff; new copper. Terms, 10 guineas a week – Apply Pertwee & Co., 3A Bucklersbury.

It had seemed to me like the answer to a prayer. ‘The new copper’ did not interest me; what little washing we might want could wait, I thought. But the ‘pianette by Woffenkoff’ sounded alluring. I pictured Ethelbertha playing in the evening – something with a chorus, in which, the crew, with a little training, might join – while our moving home bounded, ‘greyhound-like’, over the silvery billows.

I took a cab and drove direct to 3A Bucklersbury. Mr Pertwee was an unpretentious-looking gentleman, who had an unostentatious office on the third floor. He showed me a picture in water-colours of the *Rogue* flying before the wind. The deck was at an angle of 95 to the ocean. In the picture no human beings were represented on the deck; I suppose they had slipped off. Indeed, I do not see how anyone could have kept on, unless nailed. I pointed out this disadvantage to the agent, who, however, explained to me that the picture represented the *Rogue* doubling something or other on the well-known occasion of her winning the Medway Challenge Shield. Mr Pertwee assumed that I knew all about the event, so that I did not like to ask any questions. Two specks near the frame of the picture, which

at first I had taken for moths, represented, it appeared, the second and third winners in this celebrated race. A photograph of the yacht at anchor off Gravesend was less impressive, but suggested more stability. All answers to my inquiries being satisfactory, I took the thing for a fortnight. Mr Pertwee said it was fortunate I wanted it only for a fortnight – later on I came to agree with him – the time fitting in exactly with another hiring. Had I required it for three weeks he would have been compelled to refuse me.

The letting being thus arranged, Mr Pertwee asked me if I had a skipper in my eye. That I had not was also fortunate – things seemed to be turning out luckily for me all round – because Mr Pertwee felt sure I could not do better than keep on Mr Goyles, at present in charge – an excellent skipper, so Mr Pertwee assured me, a man who knew the sea as a man knows his own wife, and who had never lost a life.

It was still early in the day, and the yacht was lying off Harwich. I caught the ten forty-five from Liverpool Street, and by one o'clock was talking to Mr Goyles on deck. He was a stout man, and had a fatherly way with him. I told him my idea, which was to take the outlying Dutch islands and then creep up to Norway. He said, 'Aye aye, sir,' and appeared quite enthusiastic about the trip; said he should enjoy it himself. We came to the question of victualling, and he grew more enthusiastic. The amount of food suggested by Mr Goyles, I confess, surprised me. Had we been living in the days of Drake and the Spanish Main, I should have feared he was arranging for something illegal. However, he laughed in his fatherly way, and assured me we were not overdoing it. Anything left the crew would divide and take home with them – it seemed this was the custom. It appeared to me that I was providing for this crew for the winter, but I did not like to appear stingy, and said no more. The amount of drink required also surprised me. I arranged for what I thought we should

need for ourselves, and then Mr Goyles spoke up for the crew. I must say that for him, he did think of his men.

'We don't want anything in the nature of an orgy, Mr Goyles,' I suggested.

'Orgy!' replied Mr Goyles; 'why they'll take that little drop in their tea.'

He explained to me that his motto was: 'Get good men and treat them well.'

'They work better for you,' said Mr Goyles; 'and they come again.'

Personally, I didn't feel I wanted them to come again. I was beginning to take a dislike to them before I had seen them; I regarded them as a greedy and guzzling crew. But Mr Goyles was so cheerfully emphatic, and I was so inexperienced, that again I let him have his way. He also promised that even in this department he would see to it personally that nothing was wasted.

I also left him to engage the crew. He said he could do the thing, and would, for me, with the help of two men and a boy. If he was alluding to the clearing up of the victuals and drink, I think he was making an underestimate; but possibly he may have been speaking of the sailing of the yacht.

I called at my tailors on the way home and ordered a yachting suit, with a white hat, which they promised to bustle up and have ready in time; and then I went home and told Ethelbertha all I had done. Her delight was clouded by only one reflection – would the dressmaker be able to finish a yachting costume for her in time? That is so like a woman.

Our honeymoon, which had taken place not very long before, had been somewhat curtailed, so we decided we would invite nobody, but have the yacht to ourselves. And thankful I am to heaven that we did so decide. On Monday we put on all our clothes and started. I forget what Ethelbertha wore, but, whatever it may have been, it looked

very fetching. My own costume was a dark blue, trimmed with a narrow white braid, which, I think, was rather effective.

Mr Goyles met us on deck, and told us that lunch was ready. I must admit Goyles had secured the services of a very fair cook. The capabilities of the other members of the crew I had no opportunity of judging. Speaking of them in a state of rest, however, I can say of them they appeared to be a cheerful crew.

My idea had been that so soon as the men had finished their dinner we would weigh anchor, while I, smoking a cigar, with Ethelbertha by my side, would lean over the gunwale and watch the white cliffs of the Fatherland sink imperceptibly into the horizon. Ethelbertha and I carried out our part of the programme, and waited, with the deck to ourselves.

'They seem to be taking their time,' said Ethelbertha.

'If, in the course of fourteen days,' I said, 'they eat half of what is on this yacht, they will want a fairly long time for every meal. We had better not hurry them, or they won't get through a quarter of it.'

'They must have gone to sleep,' said Ethelbertha, later on. 'It will be tea-time soon.'

They were certainly very quiet. I went for'ard, and hailed Captain Goyles down the ladder. I hailed him three times; then he came up slowly. He appeared to be a heavier and older man than when I had seen him last. He had a cold cigar in his mouth.

'When you are ready, Captain Goyles,' I said, 'we'll start.'

Captain Goyles removed the cigar from his mouth.

'Not today we won't sir,' he replied, '*with* your permission.'

'Why, what's the matter with today?' I said. I know sailors are superstitious folk; I thought maybe a Monday might be considered unlucky.

'The day's all right,' answered Captain Goyles, 'it's the wind I'm a-thinking of. It don't look much like changing.'

'But do we want it to change?' I asked. 'It seems to me to be just where it should be, dead behind us.'

'Aye aye,' said Captain Goyles, 'dead's the right word to use, for dead we'd all be, bar providence, if we was to put out in this. You see, sir,' he explained, in answer to my look of surprise, 'this is what we call a "land wind", that is, it's a-blowing, as one might say, direct off the land.'

When I came to think of it the man was right; the wind was blowing off the land.

'It may change in the night,' said Captain Goyles, more hopefully; 'anyhow, it's not violent, and she rides well.'

Captain Goyles resumed his cigar, and I returned aft, and explained to Ethelbertha the reason for the delay. Ethelbertha, who appeared to be less high spirited than when we first boarded, wanted to know *why* we couldn't sail when the wind was off the land.

'If it was not blowing off the land,' said Ethelbertha, 'it would be blowing off the sea, and that would send us back onto the shore again. It seems to me this is just the very wind we want.'

I said: 'That is your inexperience, love; it *seems* to be the very wind we want, but it is not. It's what we call a land wind, and a land wind is always very dangerous.'

Ethelbertha wanted to know *why* a land wind was very dangerous.

Her argumentativeness annoyed me somewhat; maybe I was feeling a bit cross; the monotonous rolling of a small yacht at anchor depresses an ardent spirit.

'I can't explain it to you,' I replied, which was true, 'but to set sail in this wind would be the height of foolhardiness, and I care for you too much, dear, to expose you to unnecessary risks.'

I thought this rather a neat conclusion, but Ethelbertha merely replied that she wished, under the circumstances,

we hadn't come on board till Tuesday, and went below.

In the morning the wind veered round to the north; I was up early, and observed this to Captain Goyles.

'Aye aye, sir,' he remarked; 'it's unfortunate, but it can't be helped.'

'You don't think it possible for us to start today?' I hazarded.

He did not get angry with me, he only laughed.

'Well, sir,' said he, 'if you was a-wanting to go to Ipswich, I should say as it couldn't be better for us, but our destination being, as you see, the Dutch coast – why there you are!'

I broke the news to Ethelbertha, and we agreed to spend the day on shore. Harwich is not a merry town, towards evening you might call it dull. We had some tea and watercress at Dovercourt, and then returned to the quay to look for Captain Goyles and the boat. We waited an hour for him. When he came he was more cheerful than we were; if he had not told me himself that he never drank anything but one glass of hot grog before turning in for the night, I should have said he was drunk.

The next morning the wind was in the south, which made Captain Goyles rather anxious, it appearing that it was equally unsafe to move or to stop where we were; our only hope was it would change before anything happened. By this time, Ethelbertha had taken a dislike to the yacht; she said that, personally, she would rather be spending a week in a bathing-machine, seeing that a bathing-machine was at least steady.

We passed another day in Harwich, and that night and the next, the wind still continuing in the south, we slept at the King's Head. On Friday the wind was blowing direct from the east. I met Captain Goyles on the quay, and suggested that, under these circumstances, we might start. He appeared irritated at my persistence.

'If you knew a bit more, sir,' he said, 'you'd see for your-

self that it's impossible. The wind's a-blowing direct off the sea.'

I said: 'Captain Goyles, tell me what is this thing I have hired? Is it a yacht or a house-boat?'

He seemed surprised at my question.

He said: 'It's a yawl.'

'What I mean is,' I said, 'can it be moved at all, or is it a fixture here? If it is a fixture,' I continued, 'tell me so frankly, then we will get some ivy in boxes and train it over the port-holes, stick some flowers and an awning on the deck, and make the thing look pretty. If, on the other hand, it can be moved -'

'Moved!' interrupted Captain Goyles. 'You get the right wind behind the *Rogue* -'

I said: 'What is the right wind?'

Captain Goyles looked puzzled.

'In the course of this week,' I went on, 'we have had wind from the north, from the south, from the east, from the west - with variations. If you can think of any other point of the compass from which it can blow, tell me, and I will wait for it. If not, and if that anchor has not grown into the bottom of the ocean, we will have it up today and see what happens.'

He grasped the fact that I was determined.

'Very well, sir,' he said, 'you're master and I'm man. I've only got one child as is still dependent on me, thank God, and no doubt your executors will feel it their duty to do the right thing by the old woman.'

His solemnity impressed me.

'Mr Goyles,' I said, 'be honest with me. Is there any hope, in any weather, of getting away from this damned hole?'

Captain Goyle's kindly geniality returned to him.

'You see, sir,' he said, 'this is a very peculiar coast. We'd be all right if we were once out, but getting away from it in a cockle-shell like that - well, to be frank, sir, it wants doing.'



I left Captain Goyles with the assurance that he would watch the weather as a mother would her sleeping babe; it was his own simile, and it struck me as rather touching. I saw him again at twelve o'clock; he was watching it from the window of the Chain and Anchor.

At five o'clock that evening a stroke of luck occurred; in the middle of High Street I met a couple of yachting friends, who had had to put in by reason of a strained rudder. I told them my story, and they appeared less surprised than amused. Captain Goyles and the two men were still watching the weather. I ran into the King's Head, and prepared Ethelbertha. The four of us crept quietly down to the quay, where we found our boat. Only the boy was on board; my two friends took charge of the yacht, and by six o'clock we were scudding merrily up the coast.

We put in that night at Aldborough, and the next day worked up to Yarmouth, where, as my friends had to leave, I decided to abandon the yacht. We sold the stores by auction on Yarmouth sands early in the morning. I made a loss, but had the satisfaction of 'doing' Captain Goyles. I left the *Rogue* in charge of a local mariner, who, for a couple of sovereigns, undertook to see to its return to Harwich; and we came back to London by train. There may be yachts other than the *Rogue*, and skippers other than Mr Goyles, but that experience has prejudiced me against both.

George also thought a yacht would be a good deal of responsibility, so we dismissed the idea.

'What about the river?' suggested Harris. 'We have had some pleasant times on that.'

George pulled in silence at his cigar, and I cracked another nut.

'The river is not what it used to be,' said I; 'I don't know what, but there's something – a dampness – about the river air that always starts my lumbago.'

'It's the same with me,' said George. 'I don't know how it is, but I never can sleep now in the neighbourhood of the