

Verne Jules

Round the World in Eighty Days



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Jules Verne

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CHAPTER I

In which Phileas Fogg and Passe-partout accept, relatively, the positions of Master and Servant.

In the year of grace One thousand eight hundred and seventy-two, the house in which Sheridan died in 1816 – viz. No. 7, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens – was occupied by Phileas Fogg, Esq., one of the most eccentric members of the Reform Club, though it always appeared as if he were very anxious to avoid remark. Phileas had succeeded to the house of one of England's greatest orators, but, unlike his predecessor, no one knew anything of Fogg, who was impenetrable, though a brave man and moving in the best society. Some people declared that he resembled Byron – merely in appearance, for he was irreproachable in tone – but still a Byron with whiskers and moustache: an impassible Byron, who might live a thousand years and not get old.

A thorough Briton was Phileas Fogg, though perhaps not a Londoner. He was never seen on the Stock Exchange, nor at the Bank of England, nor at any of the great City houses. No vessel with a cargo consigned to Phileas Fogg ever entered the port of London. He held no Government appointment. He had never been entered at any of the Inns of Court. He had never pleaded at the Chancery Bar, the Queen's Bench, the Exchequer, or the Ecclesiastical Courts. He was not a merchant, a manufacturer, a farmer, nor a man of business of any kind. He was not in the habit of frequenting the Royal Institution or any other of the learned societies of the metropolis. He was simply a member of the "Reform," and that was all!

If anyone ever inquired how it was that he had become a member of the club, the questioner was informed that he had been put up by the Barings, with whom he kept his account, which always showed a good balance, and from which his cheques were regularly and promptly honoured.

Was Phileas Fogg a rich man? Unquestionably. But in what manner he had made his money even the best-informed gossips could not tell, and Mr. Fogg was the very last person from whom one would seek to obtain information on the subject. He was never prodigal in expenditure, but never stingy; and whenever his contribution towards some good or useful object was required he gave cheerfully, and in many cases anonymously.

In short, he was one of the most uncommunicative of men. He talked little, and his habitual taciturnity added to the mystery surrounding him. Nevertheless, his life was simple and open enough, but he regulated all his actions with a mathematical exactness which, to the imagination of the quidnuncs, was in itself suspicious.

Had he ever travelled? It was very probable, for no one was better informed in the science of geography. There was apparently no out-of-the-way place concerning which he had not some exclusive information. Occasionally, in a few sentences, he would clear away the thousand-and-one rumours which circulated in the club concerning some lost or some nearly-forgotten traveller; he would point out the true probabilities; and it really appeared as if he were gifted with second sight, so correctly were his anticipations justified by succeeding events. He was a man who must have been everywhere – in spirit at least.

One thing at any rate was certain, viz. that he had not been absent from London for many a year. Those with whom he was on a more intimate footing used to declare that no one had ever seen him anywhere else but on his way to or from his club. His only amusement was a game of whist, varied by the perusal of the daily papers. At whist, which was a game peculiarly fitted to such a taciturn disposition as his, he was habitually a winner; but his gains always were expended in charitable objects. Besides, it was evident to everyone that Mr. Fogg played for the game, not for the sake of

winning money. It was a trial of skill with him, a combat; but a fight unaccompanied by fatigue, and one entailing no great exertion, and thus suiting him "down to the ground!"

No one had ever credited Phileas Fogg with wife or child, which even the most scrupulously honest people may possess; nor even had he any near relatives or intimate friends, who are more rare in this world. He lived alone in his house in Saville Row, and no one called upon him, or at any rate entered there. One servant sufficed for him. He took all his meals at his club, but he never shared a table with any of his acquaintance, nor did he ever invite a stranger to dinner. He only returned home to sleep at midnight precisely, for he never occupied any one of the comfortable bedrooms provided by the "Reform" for its members. Ten hours of the four-and-twenty he passed at home, partly sleeping, partly dressing or undressing. If he walked, it was in the entrance-hall with its mosaic pavement, or in the circular gallery beneath the dome, which was supported by twenty Ionic columns. Here he would pace with measured step. When he dined or breakfasted, all the resources of the club were taxed to supply his table with the daintiest fare; he was waited upon by the gravest black-coated servants, who stepped softly as they ministered to his wants upon a special porcelain service and upon the most expensive damask. His wine was contained in decanters of a now unobtainable mould, while his sherry was iced to the most excellent point of refrigeration of the Wenham Lake.

If existence under such circumstances be a proof of eccentricity, it must be confessed that something may be said in favour of it.

The house in Saville Row, without being luxurious, was extremely comfortable. Besides, in accordance with the habits of the tenant, the service was reduced to a minimum. But Phileas Fogg exacted the most rigid punctuality on the part of his sole domestic – something supernatural in fact. On this very day, the 2nd of October, Fogg had given James Forster notice to leave, because the fellow had actually brought up his master's shaving-water at a temperature of eighty-four instead of eighty-six degrees Fahrenheit; and Phileas was now looking out for a successor, who was expected between eleven and half-past.

Phileas Fogg was seated in his arm-chair, his feet close together at the position of "attention;" his hands were resting on his knees, his body was drawn up; with head erect he was watching the clock, which, by a complexity of mechanism, told the hours, minutes, seconds, the days of the week, and the month and year. As this clock chimed half-past eleven, Mr. Fogg, according to custom, would leave the house and walk down to his club.

Just then a knock was heard at the door of the room, and James Forster, the outgoing servant, appeared and announced, "The new young man" for the place.

A young fellow of about thirty entered and bowed.

"You are a Frenchman, and your name is John, eh?" inquired Phileas Fogg.

"Jean, sir, if you have no objection," replied the newcomer. "Jean Passe-partout, a surname which clings to me because I have a weakness for change. I believe I am honest, sir; but to speak plainly, I have tried a good many things. I have been an itinerant singer; a rider in a circus, where I used to do the trapeze like Leotard and walk the tight-rope like Blondin; then I became a professor of gymnastics; and, finally, in order to make myself useful, I became a fireman in Paris, and bear on my back to this day the scars of several bad burns. But it is five years since I left France, and wishing to enjoy a taste of domestic life I became a valet in England. Just now being out of a situation, and having heard that you, sir, were the most punctual and regular gentleman in the United Kingdom, I have come here in the hope that I shall be able to live a quiet life and forget my name of Jack-of-all-trades – Passe-partout!"

"Passe-partout suits me," replied Mr. Fogg. "I have heard a very good character of you, and you have been well recommended. You are aware of my conditions of service?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. What o'clock do you make it?"

"Twenty-two minutes past eleven," replied the valet, as he consulted an enormous silver watch.

"You are too slow," said Mr. Fogg.

"Excuse me, sir, that is impossible!"

"You are four minutes too slow. Never mind, it is enough to note the error. Now from this moment, twenty-nine minutes past eleven o'clock in the forenoon upon this 2nd of October, 1872, you are in my service!"

As he spoke, Phileas Fogg rose from his chair, took up his hat, put it on his head as an automaton might have done, and left the room without another word.

Passe-partout heard the street-door shut; it was his new master who had gone out. Shortly afterwards he heard it shut again – that was his predecessor, James Forster, departing in his turn.

Passe-partout was then left alone in the house in Saville Row.

CHAPTER II

Passe-partout is convinced that he has attained the object of his ambition.

"Faith," muttered Passe-partout, who for the moment felt rather in a flutter; "faith, I have seen creatures at Madame Tussaud's quite as lively as my new master."

Madame Tussaud's "creatures" are all of wax, and only want the power of speech.

During the short period that Passe-partout had been in Mr. Fogg's presence, he had carefully scrutinised his future master. He appeared to be about forty years of age, with a fine face; a tall and well-made man, whose figure was not too stout. He had light hair and whiskers, a clear brow, a somewhat pale face, and splendid teeth. He appeared to possess in a very marked degree that attribute which physiognomists call "repose in action," a faculty appertaining to those whose motto is "Deeds, not words." Calm and phlegmatic, with a clear and steady eye, he was the perfect type of those cool Englishmen whom one meets so frequently in the United Kingdom, and whom Angelica Kauffmann has so wonderfully portrayed. Mr. Fogg gave one the idea of being perfectly balanced, like a perfect chronometer, and as well regulated. He was, in fact, the personification of exactness, which was evident in the very expression of his hands and feet; for amongst men, as amongst the lower animals, the members are expressive of certain passions.

Phileas Fogg was one of those mathematical people who, never in a hurry, and always ready, are economical of their movements. He never made even one step too many; he always took the shortest cut; he never wasted a glance, nor permitted himself a superfluous gesture. No one had ever seen him agitated or moved by any emotion. He was the last man in the world to hurry himself, but he always arrived in time. He lived quite alone, and, so to speak, outside the social scale. He knew that in life there is a great deal of friction; and as friction always retards progress, he never rubbed against anybody.

As for Jean, who called himself Passe-partout, he was a Parisian of the Parisians. He had been for five years in England, and had taken service in London as a valet-de-chambre, during which period he had in vain sought for such a master as Mr. Fogg.

Passe-partout was not one of those Frontii or Mascarilles, who, with high shoulders and snubbed noses, and plenty of assurance, are nothing more than impudent dunces; he was a good fellow, with a pleasant face, somewhat full lips, always ready to eat or to kiss, with one of those good round heads that one likes to see on the shoulders of one's friends. He had bright blue eyes, was somewhat stout, but very muscular, and possessed of great strength. He wore his hair in a somewhat tumbled fashion. If sculptors of antiquity were aware of eighteen ways of arranging the hair of Minerva, Passe-partout knew but one way of doing his, namely, with three strokes of a comb.

We will not go as far as to predict how the man's nature would accord with Mr. Fogg's. It was a question whether Passe-partout was the exact sort of servant to suit such a master. Experience only would show. After having passed his youth in such a vagabond manner, he looked forward to some repose.

Having heard of the proverbial method and coolness of the English gentleman, he had come to seek his fortune in England; but up to the present time fate had been adverse. He had tried six situations, but remained in none. In all of them he had found either a whimsical, an irregular, or a restless master, which did not suit Passe-partout. His last master, the young Lord Longsberry, M.P., after passing the evening in the Haymarket, was carried home on the policemen's shoulders. Passe-partout, wishing above all things to respect his master, remonstrated in a respectful manner; but as his expostulations were so ill received, he took his leave. It was at that time that he heard Phileas Fogg was in search of a servant, and he presented himself for the situation. A gentleman whose life was so regular, who never stayed away from home, who never travelled, who never was absent even for a day, was the very master for him, so he presented himself and was engaged, as we have seen.

Thus it came to pass that at half-past eleven o'clock, Passe-partout found himself alone in the house in Saville Row. He immediately commenced to look about him, and search the house from cellar to garret. This well-arranged, severe, almost puritanical house pleased him very much. It appeared to him like the pretty shell of a snail; but a snail's shell lighted and warmed with gas would serve for both those purposes. He soon discovered the room he was to occupy, and was quite satisfied. Electric bells and indiarubber speaking-tubes put him into communication with the rooms, below. Upon the chimney-piece stood an electric clock, which kept time exactly with that in Phileas Fogg's bedroom.

"This will suit me exactly," said Passe-partout to himself.

He also remarked in his room a notice fixed above the clock. It was the programme of his daily duties. It included the whole details of the service from eight o'clock in the morning, the hour at which Mr. Fogg invariably arose, to half-past eleven, when he left the house to breakfast at the Reform Club. It comprised everything – the tea and toast at twenty-three minutes past eight, the shaving-water at thirty-seven minutes past nine, and his attendance at his master's toilet at twenty minutes to ten, and so on. Then from half-past eleven a.m. until midnight, when the methodical Fogg retired to bed, everything was noted down and arranged for. Passe-partout joyfully set himself to study the programme and to master its contents.

Mr. Fogg's wardrobe was well stocked and wonderfully arranged. Every pair of trousers, coat, or waistcoat bore a number, which was also noted in a register of entries and exits, indicating the date on which, according to the season, the clothes were to be worn. There were even relays of shoes and boots.

In fact, in this house in Saville Row, which had been a temple of disorder in the days of the illustrious but dissipated Sheridan, cosiness reigned supreme. There was no library and no books, which would have been useless to Mr. Fogg, since there were two reading-rooms at the Reform Club. In his bedroom was a small safe, perfectly burglar and fire proof. There were no firearms nor any other weapons in the house; everything proclaimed the owner to be a man of peaceable habits.

After having examined the house thoroughly, Passe-partout rubbed his hands joyously, a genial smile overspread his rounded face, and he muttered:

"This suits me completely. It is the very thing. We understand each other thoroughly, Mr. Fogg and I. He is a thoroughly regular and domestic man, a true machine. Well, I am not sorry to serve a machine."

CHAPTER III

In which a Conversation arises which is likely to cost Phileas Fogg dear.

Phileas Fogg left home at half-past eleven, and having placed his right foot before his left exactly five hundred and seventy-five times, and his left foot before his right five hundred and seventy-six times, he arrived at the Reform Club in Pall Mall, and immediately went up to the dining-room and took his place at his usual table, where his breakfast awaited him. The meal was composed of one "side-dish," a delicious little bit of boiled fish, a slice of underdone roast beef with mushrooms, a rhubarb and gooseberry tart, and some Cheshire cheese; the whole washed down with several cups of excellent tea, for which the Reform Club is celebrated.

At forty-seven minutes after twelve he rose from table and went into the drawing-room; there the servant handed him an uncut copy of *The Times*, which Phileas Fogg folded and cut with a dexterity which denoted a practised hand. The perusal of this journal occupied him till a quarter to four, and then *The Standard* sufficed till dinner-time. This repast was eaten under the same conditions as his breakfast, and at twenty minutes to six he returned to the saloon and read *The Morning Chronicle*.

About half an hour later, several of Mr. Fogg's friends entered the room and collected round the fireplace. These gentlemen were his usual partners at whist, and, like him, were all inveterate players.

They comprised Andrew Stuart, an engineer; the bankers, John Sullivan and Samuel Fallentin; Thomas Flanagan, the brewer; and Gauthier Ralph, one of the directors of the Bank of England; – all rich, and men of consequence, even in that club which comprised so many men of mark.

"Well, Ralph," asked Thomas Flanagan, "what about this robbery?"

"The bank must lose the money," replied Stuart.

"On the contrary," replied Ralph, "I am in hopes that we shall be able to put our hand upon the thief. We have detectives in America and Europe, at all the principal ports, and it will be no easy matter for him to escape the clutches of the law."

"Then you have the robber's description, of course," said Andrew Stuart.

"In the first place he is not a thief at all," replied Ralph seriously.

"What do you mean? Is not a man a thief who takes away fifty-five thousand pounds in bank-notes?"

"No," replied Ralph.

"He is then a man of business, I suppose?" said Sullivan.

"*The Morning Chronicle* assures me he is a gentleman."

This last observation was uttered by Phileas Fogg, whose head rose up from the sea of papers surrounding him, and then Phileas got up and exchanged greetings with his acquaintances.

The subject of conversation was a robbery, which was in everyone's mouth, and had been committed three days previously – viz. on the 29th of September. A pile of bank-notes, amounting to the enormous sum of fifty-five thousand pounds, had been stolen from the counter at the Bank of England.

The astonishing part of the matter was that the robbery had been so easily accomplished, and as Ralph, who was one of the deputy-governors, explained, that when the fifty-five thousand pounds were stolen, the cashier was occupied in carefully registering the receipt of three shillings and sixpence, and of course could not have his eyes in every direction at once.

It may not be out of place here to remark, which in some measure may account for the robbery, that the Bank of England trusts greatly in the honesty of the public. There are no guards, or commissionaires, or gratings; gold, silver, and notes are all exposed freely, and, so to speak, at the mercy of the first-comer. No one's honesty is suspected. Take the following instance, related by one of the closest observers of English customs. This gentleman was one day in one of the parlours of the

Bank, and had the curiosity to take up and closely examine a nugget of gold weighing seven or eight pounds, which was lying on the table. Having examined the ingot, he passed it to his neighbour, he to the next man; and so the gold went from hand to hand quite down to the dark entry, and was not returned for quite half an hour, and all the time the bank official had not raised his head.

But on the 29th of September things did not work so nicely; the pile of bank-notes was not returned; and when the hands of the magnificent clock in the drawing-office pointed to the hour of five, at which time the bank is closed, the sum of fifty-five thousand pounds was written off to "profit and loss."

When it was certain that a robbery had been committed, the most skilful detectives were sent down to Liverpool and Glasgow and other principal ports, also to Suez, Brindisi, New York, &c., with promises of a reward of two thousand pounds, and five per cent on the amount recovered. In the meantime, inspectors were appointed to observe scrupulously all travellers arriving at and departing from the several seaports.

Now there was some reason to suppose, as *The Morning Chronicle* put it, that the thief did not belong to a gang, for during the 29th of September a well-dressed gentlemanly man had been observed in the bank, near where the robbery had been perpetrated. An exact description of this person was fortunately obtained, and supplied to all the detectives; and so some sanguine persons, of whom Ralph was one, believed the thief could not escape.

As may be imagined, nothing else was talked about just then. The probabilities of success and failure were warmly discussed in the newspapers, so it was not surprising that the members of the Reform Club should talk about it, particularly as one of the deputy-governors of the bank was present.

Ralph did not doubt that the search would be successful because of the amount of the reward, which would probably stimulate the zeal of the detectives. But Andrew Stuart was of a different opinion, and the discussion was continued between these gentlemen during their game of whist. Stuart was Flanagan's partner, and Fallentin was Fogg's. While they played they did not talk; but between the rubbers the subject cropped up again.

"Well," said Stuart, "I maintain that the chances are in favour of the thief, who must be a sharp one."

"But," replied Ralph, "there is no place a fellow can go to."

"Oh, come!"

"Well, where can he go to?"

"I can't tell," replied Stuart; "but the world is big enough, at any rate."

"It used to be," said Phileas Fogg, in an undertone. "Cut, if you please," he added, handing the cards to Flanagan.

Conversation was then suspended, but after the rubber Stuart took it up again, saying:

"What do you mean by 'used to be'? Has the world grown smaller, then?"

"Of course it has," replied Ralph. "I am of Mr. Fogg's opinion; the world has grown smaller, inasmuch as one can go round it ten times quicker than you could a hundred years ago. That is the reason why, in the present case, search will be more rapid, and render the escape of the thief easier."

"Your lead, Mr. Stuart," said Fogg.

But the incredulous Stuart was not convinced, and he again returned to the subject.

"I must say, Mr. Ralph," he continued, "that you have found an easy way that the world has grown smaller, because one now go round it in three months."

"In eighty days only," said Phileas Fogg.

"That is a fact, gentlemen," added John Sullivan. "You can make the tour of the world in eighty days, now that the section of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway is opened between Rothal and Allahabad, and here is the estimate made by *The Morning Chronicle*:

London to Suez, by Mont Cenis and Brindisi, Rail and Steamer.. 7 days.

Suez to Bombay, by Steamer.. 13 "

Bombay to Calcutta, by Rail.. 3 "
Calcutta to Hong Kong, by Steamer.. 13 "
Hong Kong to Yokohama, by Steamer.. 6 "
Yokohama to San Francisco, by Steamer.. 22 "
San Francisco to New York, by Rail.. 7 "
New York to London, Steam and Rail.. 9 "
Total.. 80 days."

"Yes, eighty days!" exclaimed Stuart, who, being absorbed in his calculations, made a mis-deal; "but that estimate does not take into consideration bad weather, head-winds, shipwreck, railway accidents, &c."

"They are all included," remarked Fogg, as he continued to play, for this time the conversation did not cease with the deal.

"Even if the Hindoos or Indians take up the rails? Suppose they stop the trains, pillage the baggage-waggons, and scalp the travellers?"

"All included," replied Fogg quietly. "Two trumps," he added, as he won the tricks.

Stuart, who was "pony," collected the cards, and said: "No doubt you are right in theory, Mr. Fogg, but in practice – "

"In practice too, Mr. Stuart."

"I should like to see you do it."

"It only rests with you. Let us go together."

"Heaven forbid," cried Stuart; "but I will bet you a cool four thousand that such a journey, under such conditions, is impossible."

"On the contrary, it is quite possible," replied Mr. Fogg.

"Well, then, why don't you do it?"

"Go round the world in eighty days, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"I will."

"When?"

"At once; only I give you warning I shall do it at your expense."

"Oh, this is all nonsense," replied Stuart, who began to feel a little vexed at Fogg's persistence; "let us continue the game."

"You had better deal, then; that was a mis-deal."

Andrew Stuart took up the cards, and suddenly put them down again.

"Look here, Mr. Fogg," he said; "if you like, I will bet you four thousand."

"My dear Stuart," said Fallentin, "don't be ridiculous; it is only a joke."

"When I say I will bet," said Stuart, "I mean it."

"All right," said Mr. Fogg; then, turning towards the others, he said: "I have twenty thousand pounds deposited at Baring's. I will willingly risk that sum."

"Twenty thousand pounds!" exclaimed Sullivan; "why, the slightest accident might cause you to lose the whole of it. Anything unforeseen – "

"The unforeseen does not exist," replied Fogg simply.

"But, Mr. Fogg, this estimate of eighty days is the very least time in which the journey can be accomplished."

"A minimum well employed is quite sufficient."

"But to succeed you must pass from railways to steamers, from steamers to railways, with mathematical accuracy."

"I will be mathematically accurate."

"Oh, this is a joke!"

"A true Englishman never jokes when he has a stake depending on the matter. I bet twenty thousand against any of you that I will make the tour of the world in eighty days or less; that is to say, in nineteen hundred and twenty hours, or a hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred minutes. Will you take me?"

"We do," replied the others, after consultation together.

"Very well, then," said Fogg, "the Dover mail starts at 8.45; I will go by it."

"This evening?" said Stuart.

"Yes, this evening," replied Fogg. Then, referring to a pocket almanack, he added: "This is Wednesday, the 2nd of October; I shall be due in London, in this room, on Saturday, the 21st of December, at a quarter to nine in the evening, or, in default, the twenty thousand at Baring's, to my credit, will be yours, gentlemen. Here is my cheque for that sum."

A memorandum of the conditions of the bet was made and signed by all parties concerned. Phileas Fogg was as cool as ever. He had certainly not bet to win the money, and he had only bet twenty thousand pounds, half of his fortune, because he foresaw that he would probably have to spend the other half to enable him to carry out this difficult if not actually impossible feat. His opponents appeared quite agitated, not on account of the value of their stake, but because they had some misgivings and scruples about betting under such conditions.

Seven o'clock struck, and it was suggested that the game should stop, while Mr. Fogg made his preparations for the journey.

"I am always ready," replied this impassible gentleman, as he dealt the cards. "Diamonds are trumps," he added; "your lead, Mr. Stuart."

CHAPTER IV

In which Phileas Fogg astonishes Passe-partout.

At twenty-five minutes past seven, Phileas Fogg, having won twenty guineas at whist, took leave of his friends and left the club. At ten minutes to eight he reached home.

Passe-partout, who had conscientiously studied his programme, was astonished to see Mr. Fogg appear at such an unusual hour, for, according to all precedent, he was not due in Saville Row till midnight.

Phileas Fogg went straight up to his room and called for Passe-partout.

Passe-partout did not reply. It was evident this could not refer to him, it was not time.

"Passe-partout," cried Mr. Fogg again, but without raising his voice; "this is the second time I have called you," said Mr. Fogg.

"But it is not midnight," replied Passe-partout, producing his watch.

"I know that," replied Fogg, "and I do not blame you. We start for Dover and Calais in ten minutes."

A sort of grimace contracted the Frenchman's round face; he evidently did not understand.

"Are you going out, sir," he asked.

"Yes," replied his master; "we are going around the world."

Passe-partout at this announcement opened his eyes to their greatest extent, held up his arms, and looked the picture of stupefied astonishment.

"Around the world!" he muttered.

"In eighty days," replied Mr. Fogg; "so we have not a moment to lose."

"But the luggage," said Passe-partout, who was wagging his head unconsciously from side to side.

"We want no luggage; a carpet-bag will do. Pack up two night-shirts and three pairs of socks, and the same for yourself. We will buy what we want as we go along. Bring my mackintosh and travelling-cloak down with you, and a couple of pairs of strong boots, although we shall have little or no walking. Look alive."

Passe-partout wished to speak, but could not. He left his master's bedroom, and went upstairs to his own, fell into a chair, and exclaimed:

"Well, this is coming it pretty strong, and for me too, who wanted to be quiet!"

Mechanically he set about making preparations for departure. Around the world in eighty days! Had he engaged himself with a maniac? No – it was only a joke. But they were going to Dover and to Calais. So far so good. After all, he did not object to that very much, for it was five years since he had seen his native land. Perhaps they would even go on to Paris, and he would be delighted to see the capital again. No doubt a gentleman so economical of his steps would stop there; but on the other hand, this hitherto very domestic gentleman was leaving home. That was a fact.

At eight o'clock Passe-partout had packed the small bag which now contained his master's luggage and his own, and in a very troubled frame of mind he quitted his room, closed the door carefully, and went downstairs to Mr. Fogg.

That gentleman was quite ready. Under his arm he carried a copy of "Bradshaw's Continental Guide." He took the small bag from Passe-partout, opened it, and placed therein a bulky roll of bank-notes, which will pass in any country.

"You are sure you have not forgotten anything?" he asked.

"Quite sure, sir."

"You have my mackintosh and travelling-cloak?"

"Here they are, sir."

"All right, take the bag;" and Mr. Fogg handed it back to the man. "You had better take care of it," he added, "there are twenty thousand pounds in it."

Passe-partout nearly let the bag fall, as if it were weighted with the twenty thousand pounds in gold.

Master and man went downstairs together; the door was shut and double-locked. Phileas called a cab from the bottom of Saville Row, and drove to Charing Cross Station. It was twenty minutes past eight when they reached the railway. Passe-partout jumped out. His master followed, and paid the cabman. At this moment a poor beggar-woman, carrying a baby, looking very miserable with her naked feet and tattered appearance, approached Mr. Fogg, and asked for alms.

Mr. Fogg drew from his waistcoat-pocket the twenty guineas he had won at whist, and handing them to the beggar-woman, said: "Take these, my good woman. I am glad I have met you." He then entered the station.

This action of his master brought the tears into Passe-partout's susceptible eyes. Mr. Fogg had risen in his estimation. That eccentric individual now told him to take two first-class tickets for Paris, and as he turned round he perceived his five friends from the Reform Club.

"Well, gentlemen, you see I am about to start, and the visas on my passport on my return will convince you that I have performed the journey."

"Oh, Mr. Fogg," replied Gauthier Ralph politely, "that is quite unnecessary. We believe you to be a man of your word."

"All the better," was Fogg's reply.

"You won't forget when you have to come back," observed Stuart.

"In eighty days," replied Mr. Fogg. "On Saturday, the 21st day of December, 1872, at forty-five minutes past eight in the evening. *Au revoir*, gentlemen."

At twenty minutes to nine Phileas Fogg and his servant took their places in the train. At 8.45 the engine whistled and the train started.

The night was dark, and a fine rain was falling. Mr. Fogg was comfortably settled in his corner, and did not say a word. Passe-partout, still rather in a state of stupefaction, mechanically gripped the bag with the bank-notes.

But scarcely had the train rushed through Sydenham, than Passe-partout uttered a cry of despair.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"Oh dear me! In my hurry I quite forgot –"

"What?"

"I forgot to turn the gas off in my room!"

"Very well, my lad," replied Mr. Fogg coolly, "then it must burn while we are away – at your expense."

CHAPTER V

In which a New Kind of Investment appears on the Stock Exchange.

When Phileas Fogg quitted London, he had no doubt that his departure would create a great sensation. The report of the bet spread from the club to outsiders, and so to all the newspapers in the United Kingdom.

This question of going round the world in eighty days was commented upon, discussed, and dissected, and argued as much as the Alabama Claims had been. Some agreed with Phileas Fogg, but the majority were against him. To accomplish the tour in fact was an impossibility, under the present system of communication. It was sheer madness.

The Times, *The Standard*, *The Morning Chronicle*, and twenty other respectable journals gave their verdict against Mr. Fogg. *The Daily Telegraph* was the only paper that to a certain extent supported him. Phileas Fogg was generally looked upon as a maniac, and his friends at the Reform Club were much blamed for having taken up the wager, which only betrayed the want of brain of its proposer.

Extremely passionate but logical articles were written upon the question. We all know the interest that the English take in any geographical problem, and readers of every class devoured the columns in which Mr. Fogg's expedition was debated.

For the first few days some bold spirits, principally women, espoused his cause, particularly when *The Illustrated London News* published his portrait, and certain gentlemen went so far as to say: "Well, why should he not after all? More extraordinary things have happened." These were chiefly readers of *The Daily Telegraph*, but they very soon felt that that journal itself began to waver.

On the 7th of October a long article appeared in the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, the writer of which treated the question from all points of view, and clearly demonstrated the futility of the enterprise. According to that article, everything was against the traveller – all obstacles material and physical were against him. In order to succeed, it was necessary to admit miraculous concordance in the hours of the arrival and departure of trains and ships – a concordance which could not and did not exist. In Europe perhaps he might be able to reckon upon the punctuality of trains, but when three days are occupied in crossing India, and seven in traversing the American continent, how was it possible that he could count upon absolute success? Were not accidents to machinery, runnings off the rails, collisions, bad weather, or snowdrifts all against Phileas Fogg? On board ship in winter-time he would be at the mercy of hurricanes or contrary winds. Even the best steamers of the transoceanic lines experience a delay of sometimes two or three days. Now, if only one such delay occurred, the chain of communication would be irreparably severed. If Phileas Fogg lost a steamer by only a few hours, he would be obliged to wait for the following boat; and that fact alone would imperil the success of the whole undertaking.

This article made a great sensation. It was copied into almost all the papers, and the "shares" of Phileas Fogg fell in proportion.

For the first few days after his departure a good deal of money was laid on the success or failure of the enterprise. Everyone knows that people in England are great gamblers; it comes natural to them. So the public all went into the speculation. Phileas Fogg became a sort of favourite, as in horse-racing. He was of a certain value on the Stock Exchange. Fogg bonds were offered at par or at a premium, and enormous speculations were entered into. But five days after his departure, subsequently to the appearance of the article above quoted, the bonds were at a discount, and they were offered to anybody who would take them.

One supporter was still left to him, and that the paralytic Lord Albemarle. This worthy gentleman, who was unable to leave his chair, would have given his whole fortune to have made the tour of the world, even in ten years, and he had laid fifty thousand pounds on Phileas Fogg; and when

people explained to him at the same time the folly and uselessness of the expedition, he would merely reply: "If the thing can be done, the first man to do it ought to be an Englishman."

Now as things were, the partisans of Phileas Fogg were becoming fewer by degrees and beautifully less. Everybody, and not without reason, was against him. People would only take fifty or even two hundred to one, when, seven days after his departure, a quite unexpected incident deprived him of support at any price. In fact, at nine o'clock on the evening of the seventh day, the Chief Inspector of Metropolitan Police received the following telegram:

"From Fix, Detective, Suez, To Rowan, Commissioner of Police, Scotland Yard.

I have traced the bank-robber, Phileas Fogg. Send immediately authority for arrest to Bombay. – Fix."

The effect of this despatch was immediately apparent. The honourable man gave place to the "bank-robber." His photograph, deposited in the Reform Club with those of other members, was narrowly scrutinised. It appeared to be, feature by feature, the very man whose description had been already furnished to the police. People now began to recollect Fogg's mysterious manner, his solitary habits, and his sudden departure. He must be the culprit, and it was evident that under the pretext of a voyage round the world, under shelter of a ridiculous bet, he had no other end in view but to throw the detectives off the scent.

CHAPTER VI

In which Fix, the Detective, betrays some not unnatural Impatience.

The circumstances under which the foregoing telegram had been despatched were as follows:

On Wednesday, the 29th of October, the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Mongolia* was being anxiously expected at Suez. This vessel made the passage between Brindisi and Bombay through the Suez Canal. She is one of the swiftest of the Company's vessels, and her usual speed is ten knots an hour between Brindisi and Suez, and nine and a half between Suez and Bombay, and sometimes even more.

Pending the arrival of the *Mongolia*, two men were walking together up and down the quay in the midst of the crowd of natives and visitors who thronged the little town, which, thanks to the enterprise of M. de Lesseps, was becoming a considerable place. One of these men was the British Consular Agent at Suez, who, in spite of the prophecies of the English Government, and the unfavourable opinion of Stephenson the engineer, beheld daily English ships passing through the canal, thus shortening by one-half the old route to India round the Cape.

The other was a small thin man with a nervous intelligent face. Beneath his long eyelashes his eyes sparkled brightly, and at that moment he was displaying unquestionable signs of impatience, moving hither and thither, quite unable to keep still for one moment.

This man was Fix, the English detective, who had been sent out in consequence of the bank robbery. He carefully scrutinised every traveller, and if one of them bore any resemblance to the culprit he would be arrested. Two days previously, Fix had received from London the description of the criminal. It was that of the well-dressed person who had been observed in the bank.

The detective was evidently inspired by the hope of obtaining the large reward offered, and was awaiting the arrival of the *Mongolia* with much impatience accordingly.

"So you say that the steamer is never behind its time," remarked Mr. Fix to the Consul.

"No," replied the other. "She was signalled off Port Said yesterday, and the length of the Canal is nothing to such a vessel as she is. I repeat that the *Mongolia* has always gained the twenty-five pounds allowance granted by the Government for every advance of twenty-four hours on the regulation time."

"Does she come from Brindisi direct?" asked Fix.

"Yes, direct. She takes the Indian mails on board there. She left on Saturday afternoon at five o'clock. So be patient She will not be late. But I really do not see how you will be able to recognise your man from the description you have, even Supposing he be on board."

"One knows him by instinct more than by feature," replied Fix; "by scent, as it were, more than sight. I have had to do with more than one of these gentlemen in my time, and if the thief be on board I guarantee he will not slip through my fingers."

"I hope you will catch him – it is a big robbery."

"First-rate," replied Fix enthusiastically; "fifty-five thousand pounds. We don't often have such a windfall as that. These sort of fellows are becoming scarce. The family of Jack Sheppard has died out – people get 'lagged' now for a few shillings."

"You speak like an enthusiast, Mr. Fix," replied the Agent, "and I hope you will succeed, but I fear under the circumstances you will find it very difficult. Besides, after all, the description you have received might be that of a very honest man."

"Great criminals always do resemble honest men," replied the detective dogmatically. "You must understand that ruffianly-looking fellows would not have a chance. They must remain honest or they would be arrested at once. It is the honest appearance that we are obliged to unmask; it is a difficult thing, I confess, and one that really is an art."

It was evident that Mr. Fix thought a good deal of his profession.

Meanwhile the bustle on the quay increased. Sailors of all nations, merchants, porters, and fellahs were crowding together. The steamer was evidently expected shortly.

It was a beautiful day and the east wind cooled the air. The rays of the sun lighted up the distant minarets of the town. Towards the south the long jetty extended into the roadstead. A crowd of fishing-boats dotted the waters of the Red Sea, and amongst them one could perceive some ships of the ancient build of galleys.

Fix kept moving about amongst the crowd, scrutinising professionally the countenances of its component members.

It was half-past ten o'clock.

"This steamer is not coming," he said, as he heard the clock strike.

"It can't be far off," said the Consul.

"How long will she stop at Suez?" said Fix.

"Four hours, to take her coal on board. From Suez to Aden it is thirteen hundred and ten miles, so she is to take in a good supply."

"And from Suez the boat goes directly to Bombay?" asked Fix.

"Direct, without breaking bulk."

"Well," said Fix, "if the thief has taken this route, and by this steamer, it will no doubt be his little game to land at Suez, so as to reach the Dutch or French possessions in Asia by some other route. He must know very well that he would not be safe in India, which is British territory."

"I don't think he can be a very sharp fellow," replied the Consul, "for London is the best place to hide in, after all."

The Consul having thus given the detective something to think about, went away to his office close by. The detective, now alone, became more and more impatient, as he had some peculiar presentiment that the robber was on board the *Mongolia*; and if he had left England with the intention to gain the new world, the route *via* India, being less open to observation, or more difficult to watch than the Atlantic route, would naturally be the one chosen.

The detective was not left long to his reflections. A succession of shrill whistles denoted the approach of the steamer. The whole crowd of porters and fellahs hurried towards the quay in a manner somewhat distressing for the limbs and clothes of the lookers-on. A number of boats also put off to meet the *Mongolia*.

Her immense hull was soon perceived passing between the banks of the Canal, and as eleven o'clock was striking she came to an anchor in the roadstead, while a cloud of steam was blown off from her safety-valves.

There were a great number of passengers on board. Some of them remained upon the bridge, admiring the view, but the greater number came ashore in the boats, which had put off to meet the vessel.

Fix carefully examined each one as they landed. As he was thus employed, one of the passengers approached him, and vigorously pushing aside the fellahs who surrounded him, inquired of the detective the way to the British Consul's office; at the same time, the passenger produced his passport, upon which he desired, no doubt, to have the British *visa*.

Fix mechanically took the passport, and mastered its contents at a glance. His hand shook involuntarily. The description on the passport agreed exactly with the description of the thief.

"This passport does not belong to you?" he said to the passenger.

"No," replied the man addressed; "it is my master's."

"And where is your master?"

"He is on board."

"But," replied the detective, "he must come himself to the Consul's office to establish his identity."

"Oh, is that necessary?"

"Quite indispensable."

"Where is the office?"

"In the corner of the square yonder," replied the detective, indicating a house about two hundred paces off.

"Well then, I will go and fetch my master; but I can tell you he won't thank you for disturbing him."

So saying, the passenger saluted Fix, and returned on board the steamer.

CHAPTER VII

Which once more shows the Futility of Passports where Policemen are concerned.

The detective quickly traversed the quay once more in the direction of the Consul's office. At his particular request he was at once ushered into the presence of the official.

"I beg your pardon," he said to the Consul abruptly, "but I have great reason to believe that my man *is* really on board the *Mongolia*." And then Mr. Fix related what had passed between him and the servant.

"Good," replied the Consul; "I should not be sorry to see the rascal's face myself; but perhaps he will not present himself here if the case stands as you believe it does. No thief likes to leave a trace behind him; and moreover, the *visa* to the passport is not necessary."

"If he is the sharp fellow he ought to be, he will come," replied Mr. Fix.

"To have his passport examined?"

"Yes. Passports are no use, except to worry honest people and to facilitate the escape of rogues. I have no doubt whatever that this fellow's passport will be all right; but I hope you will not *visé* it all the same."

"Why not? If the passport is all regular I have no right to refuse my *visa*," replied the Consul.

"Nevertheless, I must keep the fellow here until I have received the warrant of arrest from London."

"Ah, Mr. Fix, that is *your* business," said the Consul; "for my part I must –"

The Consul did not conclude the sentence. At that moment a knock was heard, and the servant introduced two strangers, one of whom was the servant who had lately interviewed the detective on the quay. The newcomers were master and servant. The former handed his passport to the Consul, and laconically requested him to attach his *visa*.

The Consul took the passport and examined it narrowly, while Fix from a corner devoured the stranger with his eyes. When the Consul had perused the document, he said:

"You are Phileas Fogg?"

"Yes," replied that gentleman.

"And this man is your servant?"

"Yes; he is a Frenchman named Passe-partout."

"You have come from London?"

"Yes."

"And you are bound – whither?"

"To Bombay."

"Very well, sir. You are aware, perhaps, that this formality is unnecessary, even useless. We only require to see the passport."

"I know that," replied Fogg; "but I want you to testify to my presence at Suez."

"Very well, sir, so be it," replied the Consul, who thereupon attested the passport. Mr. Fogg paid the fee, and bowing formally, departed, followed by his servant.

"Well, what do you think, sir?" said the detective.

"I think he looks a perfectly honest man," replied the Consul.

"That may be," said Fix; "but that is not the point. Do you not perceive that this cool gentleman answers in every particular to the description of the thief sent out?"

"I grant you that; but you know all descriptions –"

"I will settle the business," replied Fix. "It strikes me that the servant is more get-at-able than the master. Besides, he is a Frenchman, and cannot help chattering. I will return soon, sir." As he finished speaking, the detective left the Consul's office in search of Passe-partout.

Meanwhile, Mr. Fogg, having left the Consul's house, proceeded down to the quay. There he gave his servant some instructions, and then put off in a boat to the Mongolia, and descended to his cabin. Taking out his note-book, he made the following entries:

Left London, Wednesday, 2nd October, at 8.45 p.m.

Reached Paris, Thursday, at 8.40 a.m.

Arrived at Turin, *viâ* Mont Cenis, Friday, 4th October, 6.35 a.m.

Left Turin, Friday, at 7.20 a.m.

Arrived at Brindisi, Saturday, 5th October, 4 p.m.

Embarked on *Mongolia*, Saturday, 5 p.m.

Reached Suez, Wednesday, 9th October, 11 a.m.

Total of hours occupied in the journey, 158-1/4, or 6-1/2 days.

Mr. Fogg made these entries in a journal ruled in columns, commencing on the 2nd of October, and so on to the 21st of December, which indicated respectively the month, the day of the month, and the day of the week, as well as the days at which he was due at the principal places *en route*— as, for instance, Paris, Brindisi, Suez, Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore, Hong Kong, Yokohama, San Francisco, New York, Liverpool, London. There was also a column in which the gain or loss upon the stipulated time could be entered against each place. This methodical arrangement of dates showed Mr. Fogg whether he was in advance or behindhand, and contained all necessary information.

So on that occasion, Wednesday, the 9th of October, was recorded as the day of his arrival at Suez, and he perceived at a glance that he had neither gained nor lost so far.

He then had his luncheon sent into his cabin. It did not occur to him to go and look at the town; he was one of those gentlemen who are quite content to see foreign countries through the eyes of their servants.

CHAPTER VIII

In which Passe-partout talks a little more than he ought to have done.

It was not very long before Fix rejoined Passe-partout on the quay. The latter was looking about him, as he did not feel he was debarred from seeing all he could.

"Well, my friend," said Fix, as he came up to him, "has your passport been *viséd* all right?"

"Ah! it is you," replied the valet. "I am much obliged to you. Yes, everything was in order."

"And now you are seeing something of the place, I suppose?"

"Yes, but we are going on so fast that it seems to me like a dream.

And so we are in Suez, are we?"

"Yes, you are."

"In Egypt?"

"In Egypt, most decidedly."

"And in Africa?"

"Yes, in Africa."

"Well now," replied Passe-partout, "I could scarcely believe it. In Africa, actually in Africa. Just fancy. I had not the slightest idea that we should go beyond Paris, and all I saw of that beautiful city was from 7.20 a.m. to 8.40, between the terminus of the Northern Railway and the terminus of the Lyons line, and this through the windows of a fiacre as we drove through the rain. I am very sorry for it. I should like to have seen Père La Chaise and the Circus in the Champs Elysées again."

"You are in a very great hurry then?" said the detective.

"No, I am not in the least hurry," replied Passe-partout. "It is my master. By-the-way, I must buy some shirts and a pair of shoes. We came away without any luggage except a small carpet-bag."

"I will take you to a bazaar where you will find everything you want."

"Really, sir," replied Passe-partout, "you are extremely good-natured."

So they started off together, Passe-partout talking all the time.

"I must take very good care I do not lose the steamer," said he.

"Oh, you have plenty of time," replied Fix; "it is only twelve o'clock."

Passe-partout drew out his great watch. "Twelve o'clock," said he.

"Nonsense. It is fifty-two minutes past nine."

"Your watch is slow," replied Fix.

"Slow, my watch slow; why this watch has come to me from my grandfather. It is an heirloom, and does not vary five minutes in a year. It is a regular chronometer."

"I see how it is," replied Fix; "you have got London time, which is about two hours slower than Suez time. You must take care to set your watch at twelve o'clock in every country you visit."

"Not a bit of it," said Passe-partout, "I am not going to touch my watch."

"Well, then, it won't agree with the sun."

"I can't help that. So much the worse for the sun; it will be wrong then." And the brave fellow put his watch back in his pocket with a contemptuous gesture.

After a few minutes' pause, Fix remarked, "You must have left London very suddenly?"

"I believe you. Last Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, Mr. Fogg came home from his club, and in three-quarters of an hour afterwards we started."

"But where is your master going to?"

"Straight ahead – he is going round the world."

"Going round the world!" exclaimed Fix.

"Yes, in eighty days. He says it is for a wager, but between ourselves, I don't believe a word of it. It is not common-sense. There must be some other reason."

"This master of yours is quite an original, I should think."

"Rather," replied the valet.

"Is he very rich?"

"He must be; and he carries a large sum with him, all in new bank-notes. He never spares expense. He promised a large reward to the engineer of the *Mongolia* if he reached Bombay well in advance of time."

"Have you known your master long?"

"Oh dear no," replied Passe-partout. "I only entered his service the very day we left."

The effect which all these replies had upon the suspicious nature of the detective may be imagined.

The hurried departure from London, so soon after the robbery, the large sum in bank-notes, the haste to reach India, under the pretext of an eccentric bet, all confirmed Fix, and not unnaturally, in his previously conceived ideas. He made up his mind to pump the Frenchman a little more, and make certain that the valet knew no more concerning his master than that he lived alone in London, was reported to be very rich, though no one knew from whence his fortune was derived, and that he was a very mysterious man, etc. But at the same time. Fix felt sure that Phileas Fogg would not land at Suez, and would really go on to Bombay.

"Is Bombay far off?" asked Passe-partout.

"Pretty well. It is ten days' steaming from here."

"And whereabouts is Bombay?"

"It is in India."

"In Asia?"

"Naturally."

"The devil! I was going to say that there is something on my mind, and that is my burner."

"What burner?"

"Why, my gas-burner, which I forgot to turn off when I left London, and which is still alight at my expense. Now I have calculated that I lose two shillings every four-and-twenty hours, which is just sixpence more than my wages. So you see that the longer our journey is – "

It is not very likely that Fix paid much attention to this question of the gas; he was thinking of something else. The pair soon reached the bazaar, and leaving his companion to make his purchases. Fix hastened back to the Consul's office, and now that his suspicions were confirmed he regained his usual coolness.

"I am quite certain now," he said to the Consul, "that this is our man. He wishes to pass himself off as an eccentric person who wants to go round the world in eighty days."

"He is a very sharp fellow, and he probably counts on returning to London, after having thrown all the police off the scent."

"Well, we shall see," replied Fix.

"But are you sure you are right?" asked the Consul once more.

"I am sure I am not mistaken."

"Well then, how do you account for the fellow being so determined upon proving he had been here by having his passport *viséd*?"

"Why – Well, I can't say," replied the detective; "but listen a moment." And then in as few words as possible he communicated the heads of his conversation with Passe-partout.

"Well, I must confess that appearances are very much against him," replied the Consul. "Now what are you going to do?"

"I shall telegraph to London, with a pressing request that a warrant of arrest may be immediately transmitted to Bombay. I shall then embark in the *Mongolia*, and so keep my eye on my man till we reach Bombay, and then, on English ground, quietly arrest him."

As he coolly finished this explanation, the detective bowed to the Consul, walked to the telegraph-office, and there despatched the message we have already seen.

A quarter of an hour later, Mr. Fix, carrying his light baggage and well furnished with money, embarked on board the *Mongolia*. In a short time afterwards the vessel was ploughing her way at full speed down the Red Sea.

CHAPTER IX

In which the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean favour the Projects of Phileas Fogg.

The distance between Suez and Aden is exactly three hundred and ten miles, and the steamers are allowed one hundred and thirty-eight hours to do it in. The *Mongolia*, however, was going at a speed which seemed likely to bring her to her destination considerably before time.

The majority of the passengers from Brindisi were bound for India, some for Calcutta, some for Bombay; and since the railway crosses the peninsula it is not necessary to go round by Ceylon.

Amongst the passengers were many military officers and civil servants of every degree. The former included officers of the regular as well as the Indian army, holding lucrative appointments, for the sub-lieutenants get two hundred and eighty; brigadiers, two thousand four hundred; and generals, four thousand pounds a year.

Society, therefore, on board the *Mongolia* was very pleasant. The purser feasted them sumptuously every day. They had early breakfast, then tiffin at two o'clock, dinner at half-past five, and supper at eight; and the tables groaned beneath the variety of dishes. The ladies on board changed their toilettes twice a day, and there was music and dancing when the weather was sufficiently favourable to admit of those amusements.

But the Red Sea is very capricious; it is frequently very rough, like all long and narrow gulfs. When the wind blew broadside on, the *Mongolia* rolled fearfully. At these times the ladies went below, the pianos were silent, singing and dancing ceased. But notwithstanding the wind and the sea, the vessel, urged by her powerful screw, dashed onward to the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb.

And what was Phileas Fogg doing all this time? Perhaps it may be supposed that he was anxious and restless, thinking of the contrary winds and the speed of the ship, which was likely to be retarded by the storm, and so compromise the success of his undertaking. At any rate, whether he did or did not concern himself with these things, he never betrayed the least anxiety on the subject. He was as taciturn and impassible as ever; a man whom no eventuality could surprise. He did not appear to be any more interested than one of the ship's chronometers. He was rarely seen on deck. He troubled himself very little about the Red Sea, so full of interest, the scene of some of the greatest incidents in the history of mankind. He never cared to look at the towns standing out in relief against the sky. He had no fear of the dangers of the Arabian Gulf, of which ancient writers, Strabo, Arian, Artemidorus, etc., have always written with horror, and upon which sailors of those days never dared to venture without first making a propitiatory sacrifice.

How then did this eccentric gentleman occupy his time, cooped up in his cabin? In the first place he regularly ate his four meals a day, for neither pitching nor rolling had the least effect upon his appetite. And he played whist, for he had made the acquaintance of some lovers of the game as enthusiastic as himself, a collector of revenue *en route* to Goa, a clergyman, the Rev. Decimus Smith, returning to Bombay, and an English general officer bound for Benares. These three were as madly devoted to whist as Mr. Fogg himself, and they spent whole days silently enjoying it.

As for Passe-partout, he had also escaped sea-sickness, and ate his meals with pleasing regularity and in a conscientious manner, worthy of imitation. The voyage after all did not displease him; he had made up his mind; he gazed at the scenery as he went along, enjoyed his meals, and was fully persuaded that all this absurd business would come to an end at Bombay.

The day after their departure from Suez, viz. the 10th of October, Passe-partout was by no means ill-pleased to meet upon deck the person who had been so civil to him in Egypt.

"I'm sure I cannot be mistaken," he said. "Have I not the pleasure of meeting the gentleman who was so polite to me at Suez?"

"Ah yes, I remember you now. You are the servant of that eccentric Englishman."

"Exactly. Mr. —"

"Fix," replied the detective.

"Mr. Fix," continued Passe-partout, "I am delighted to find you on board. Whither are you bound?"

"Like yourself, to Bombay."

"All the better. Have you ever made this voyage before?"

"Frequently. I am an agent of the P. and O. Company."

"Oh, then you know India very well, no doubt?"

"Well, yes," replied Fix, who did not wish to commit himself.

"It is a curious part of the world, isn't it?"

"Very much so. There are mosques, minarets, temples, fakirs, pagodas, tigers, serpents, and dancing-girls. It is to be hoped that you will have time to see the country."

"I hope so too, Mr. Fix. You must be aware that a man can hardly be expected to pass his whole existence in jumping from the deck of a steamer into a train, and from the train to another steamer, under the pretence of going round the world in eighty days. No; all these gymnastics will end at Bombay, I trust."

"Is Mr. Fogg quite well?" asked Fix, politely.

"Quite well, thank you. So am I. I eat like an ogre. I suppose that is the effect of the sea-air."

"I never see your master on deck."

"No, he has no curiosity whatever."

"Do you know, Mr. Passe-partout, that I fancy this pretended journey round the world in eighty days is only a cover for a more important object, a diplomatic mission perhaps?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Fix, I know nothing about it, I declare; and what is more, I would not give half-a-crown to know!"

After this, Passe-partout and Fix frequently chatted together; the detective doing all in his power to draw the valet out, whenever possible. He would offer the Frenchman a glass of whisky or bitter beer, which the latter accepted without ceremony, and pronounced Fix a perfect gentleman.

Meantime the steamer plunged and ploughed on her way rapidly. Mocha was sighted on the 13th, surrounded by its ruined walls, above which some date-palms reared their heads. Beyond extended immense coffee plantations. Passe-partout was delighted to gaze upon this celebrated town, and fancied that it and its ruined walls bore a great resemblance to a gigantic cup and saucer.

During the following night the *Mongolia* cleared the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, which means the Gate of Tears, and the following day they came to Steamer Point, to the N.W. of Aden harbour, where the supply of coal was to be shipped.

It is no light task to provide the steamers with coal at such a distance from the mines, and the P. and O. Company expend annually no less a sum than eight hundred thousand pounds on this service. Depots have to be established at distant ports, and the coal costs more than three pounds a ton.

The *Mongolia* had still sixteen hundred and fifty miles to run before she could reach Bombay, and she was therefore obliged to remain four hours at Steamer Point to complete her coaling. But this delay was not at all detrimental to the plans of Phileas Fogg. It had been foreseen. Besides, the *Mongolia*, instead of reaching Aden on the 15th, had made that port on the evening of the 14th, so there was a gain of about fifteen hours.

Mr. Fogg and his servant went ashore. The former wished to have his passport *viséd*. Fix followed him unnoticed. The formality of the *visé* having been accomplished, Phileas Fogg returned on board to his game of whist.

Passe-partout, as usual, lounged about amongst the mixed races which make up the inhabitants of Aden. He admired the fortifications of this eastern Gibraltar, and the splendid tanks at which the British engineers were still at work, two thousand years after Solomon's craftsmen.

"Very curious, very curious indeed," thought Passe-partout, as he returned on board. "It is worth travelling if one can see something new each time."

At six p.m. the *Mongolia* weighed anchor, and made her way across the Indian Ocean. She had now one hundred and sixty-eight hours in which to make the passage to Bombay. The weather was good, with a pleasant nor'-west wind; so the sails were hoisted to aid the screw.

The ship being thus steadied, the lady passengers took the opportunity to reappear in fresh toilettes, and dancing and singing were again indulged in. The voyage continued under most favourable conditions. Passe-partout was delighted that he had such a pleasant companion as Fix.

On Sunday, the 20th of October, about mid-day, they sighted the coast of Hindostan. Two hours later the pilot came on board. A long range of hills cut the sky-line, and soon palm-trees began to show themselves. The mail steamer ran into the roadstead formed between the islands of Salsette, Colaba, Elephanta, and Butcher, and at half-past four o'clock the vessel came alongside the quay.

Phileas Fogg was just finishing his thirty-third rubber for that day. His partner and he had succeeded in scoring a "treble," and thus terminated the voyage with a stroke of luck.

The *Mongolia* was not due at Bombay until the 22nd of October; she had actually arrived on the 20th; so Mr. Fogg had really gained two days upon the estimated period, and he entered the "profit" accordingly in the column of his diary set apart for that purpose.

CHAPTER X

In which Passe-partout thinks himself lucky in escaping with only the Loss of his Shoes.

Everybody is aware that the peninsula of Hindostan has a superficial area of one million four hundred thousand square miles, in which the unequally-distributed population numbers one hundred and eighty millions. The British Government rules absolutely over the greater portion of this immense tract of country. The Governor-General resides at Calcutta, and there are also governors of presidencies at Madras and Bombay, and a deputy-governor at Agra, as well as a governor for Bengal.

British India proper only includes an area of seven hundred thousand square miles, and a population of one hundred to one hundred and ten millions; so there is still a large portion of India independent, and, in fact, there are rajahs in the interior who wield absolute authority.

From the year 1756 to the great Sepoy Mutiny, the East India Company was the supreme authority in British India; but now the country is under the rule of the English Crown. The manners and customs of India are in a continual state of change. Till lately, travelling was only by antiquated modes of conveyance, but now steamers cover the Ganges, and the railways have opened up the country, and one can go from Bombay to Calcutta in three days. But the railroad does not cut the peninsula in a direct line. As the crow flies, the distance from Calcutta to Bombay is only about eleven hundred miles, and the trains would not occupy three days in accomplishing that distance; but the journey is lengthened at least one-third of that distance by the loop the line describes up to Allahabad.

The Great Indian Peninsula Railway line is as follows: leaving Bombay Island, it crosses Salsette, reaches the mainland at Tannah, crosses the Western Ghats, thence runs north-east to Burhampoor, skirts the independent territory of Bundelcund, ascends to Allahabad, and then, turning eastward, meets the Ganges at Benares; then, quitting it again, the line descends in a south-easterly direction, by Burdivan and Chandernagore, to the terminal station at Calcutta.

It was half-past four p.m. when the Bombay passengers landed from the *Mongolia*, and the train for Calcutta was timed to start at eight o'clock.

Mr. Fogg took leave of his colleagues of the whist-table, and going ashore, gave his servant orders concerning a few necessary purchases, enjoining him to be at the railroad station before eight o'clock, and then, at his own regular pace, he started for the Consul's office.

He saw nothing of the sights of Bombay – the town-hall, the magnificent library, the forts, the docks, the cotton market, the bazaars, mosques, &c., were all disregarded. Elephanta was ignored, and the grottos of Salsette unexplored by Phileas Fogg.

After leaving the consulate, he walked calmly to the railroad station and dined. The proprietor of the hotel particularly recommended "a native rabbit." Phileas accepted the dish as put before him, but found it horrible.

He rang the bell. The landlord was sent for.

"Is that a rabbit?" inquired Mr. Fogg.

"Yes, my lord, a jungle rabbit."

"Has that rabbit never mewed, do you think?"

"Oh, my lord, a jungle-rabbit mew! I swear –"

"Don't swear," said Fogg calmly, "and remember that formerly cats were sacred animals in India. Those were happy days."

"For the cats, my lord?"

"And perhaps for travellers too," said Fogg, as he proceeded with his dinner.

Soon afterwards Mr. Fix landed, and his first act was to go to the police-office. He said who and what he was, and stated his business and how matters stood regarding the robbery. Had any warrant been forwarded? No, nothing of the kind had been received, and of course it could not have reached Bombay, as it was despatched after Fogg's departure.

Fix was disappointed. He wanted the Commissioner to grant him a warrant on the spot, but the request was refused. The business was the Home Government's affair, not his, and he could not issue the warrant. This red-tapeism is quite British style. Fix of course did not insist, and made up his mind to await the arrival of the warrant. But he resolved not to lose sight of the robber meanwhile. He had no doubt whatever that Fogg would remain some time in Bombay – we know that was also Passe-partout's notion – and the warrant would probably arrive before the criminal left the town.

But it was now evident to Passe-partout that his master intended to push on from Bombay as rapidly as he had left Paris and Suez; that the journey was not to end at Bombay, it was to be continued to Calcutta at any rate, and perhaps even farther still. Passe-partout then began to think that perhaps the bet was really the object, and that fate had indeed condemned him, with all his wish for rest, to journey around the world in eighty days.

However, having purchased some necessary articles, he walked about the streets of Bombay. There were a great number of people about – Europeans of all nationalities; Persians, wearing pointed caps; Buntryas, with round turbans; Scindees, with square caps; Armenians, in their flowing robes; Parsees, with black mitres. It was a Parsee festival that day.

These Parsees are followers of Zoroaster, and are the most industrious, most intelligent, and most civilised of the native races, and to which the majority of the Bombay merchants belong. On that occasion a sort of religious carnival was being held; there were processions, and numbers of dancing-girls clad in gauzy rose-coloured garments, who danced modestly and gracefully to the sound of the tom-tom and viols.

Passe-partout, as may be imagined, drank in all these sights and sounds with delight; and his expression at the unusual spectacle was that of the greatest astonishment.

Unfortunately, his curiosity very nearly compromised the object of his master's journey. He wandered on, after watching the carnival, on his way to the station; but seeing the splendid pagoda on Malabar Hill, he thought he would like to go in. He was quite unaware of two things: first, that certain pagodas are closed to all Christians, and even the believers can only obtain admittance by leaving their shoes or slippers at the doors of the temple. The British Government, respecting the native creed, severely punishes anyone attempting to violate the sanctity of the native mosques or temples.

But Passe-partout, innocent of harm, tourist-like, went in, and was admiring the pagoda and the lavish ornamentation of the interior, when he suddenly found himself sprawling on his back on the pavement. Over him stood three angry men, who rushed upon him, tore off his shoes, and began to pommel him soundly, uttering savage cries as they did so.

The agile Frenchman was quickly upon his feet again, and with a couple of well-directed blows of his fists upset two of his adversaries, who were much encumbered in their long robes; then, rushing out of the temple, he quickly distanced the remaining Hindoo and evaded him in the crowd.

At five minutes to eight he presented himself at the railroad station, without his hat and shoes and minus the parcel in which all his purchases were wrapped. Fix was there on the platform. Having tracked Fogg, he perceived that that worthy was about to leave Bombay at once. Fix made up his mind to go with him as far as Calcutta, and even beyond if necessary. Passe-partout did not notice the detective, who kept in the shade; but the policeman heard the recital of the valet's adventures, which Passe-partout told to his master in a few sentences.

"I trust this will not happen again," replied Fogg, quietly, as he took his seat in the carriage.

The poor lad, quite upset and minus his hat and shoes, took his place also without replying.

Fix was getting into another compartment, when suddenly a thought struck him, and he muttered:

"No, I will remain. An offence has been committed upon Indian ground.

I've got my man!"

At that moment the engine uttered a piercing whistle, and the train moved out into the night.

CHAPTER XI

Showing how Phileas Fogg purchased a "Mount" at a Fabulous Price.

The train started punctually, carrying the usual complement of travellers, including officers of the civil and military classes and merchants. Passe-partout was seated near his master, a third traveller had secured a corner opposite.

This gentleman was General Sir Francis Cromarty, one of Mr. Fogg's whist-party on board the *Mongolia*, who was *en route* to take up his command at Benares.

Sir Francis was a tall fair specimen of the British officer, about fifty years old. He had greatly distinguished himself during the Mutiny. He had been in India almost all his life, and only paid occasional visits to his native country. He was a well-informed man, and would willingly have imparted any information he possessed, had Phileas Fogg chosen to apply to him. But the latter did nothing of the kind. He never travelled. He merely made a track across country. He was a heavy body, describing an orbit around the terrestrial globe, according to certain mechanical laws. At that time he was actually engaged in calculating how many hours had passed since he left London, and he would have rubbed his hands joyfully, had he been one of those people who indulge in these needless enthusiastic demonstrations.

Sir Francis Cromarty had already noticed the eccentricity of his companion while at whist, and had questioned seriously whether a human heart actually beat beneath that cold envelope of flesh, whether Fogg really possessed a soul alive to the beauties of nature, and subject to human failings and aspirations. That was what puzzled the gallant soldier. None of the many original characters which it had been his fortune to encounter had, in any way, resembled this product of the action of exact science upon humanity.

Phileas Fogg had not concealed from Sir Francis the object of his journey round the world, nor the conditions under which he had undertaken it. The general saw nothing in this wager but the eccentricity of its surroundings, and the want of *transire benefaciendo* which ought to guide any reasonable man. If this extraordinary man went on in this manner all his life, he would finally quit the world, having done absolutely nothing for his own benefit or for that of others.

An hour after leaving Bombay, the train crossed the viaduct carrying the line from Salsette to the mainland. At Callyan station they left the branch-line to Kandallah and Poona on the right, and proceeded to Panwell. Here they traversed the gorges of the Western Ghauts, composed of trap and basaltic rocks, the highest summits of which are crowned with thick trees.

Sir Francis Cromarty and Phileas Fogg occasionally exchanged a few words, and at one time the general picked up the thread of conversation by remarking:

"A few years ago, Mr. Fogg, you would have experienced a considerable impediment to your journey here, and would most likely have compromised your success."

"How do you mean, Sir Francis?"

"Because the railway did not go beyond the base of these mountains, and it was then necessary to make the journey in palanquins or on ponies as far as Kandallah on the opposite slope."

"Such an interruption would not in any way have disarranged my plans," replied Mr. Fogg. "I have taken precautions against certain obstacles."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Fogg, you very nearly had an awkward bit of business on hand in consequence of yonder fellow's adventure."

Passe-partout was fast asleep, with his feet well muffled up in the railway-rug, and was quite unconscious that he was the subject of conversation.

"The British Government is extremely strict, and with reason, upon any such offences," continued Sir Francis. "Above everything, it considers that the religious feelings of the native races should be respected, and if your servant had been arrested –"

"Well," interrupted Mr. Fogg, "well. Sir Francis, suppose he had been taken and condemned and punished, he might have returned quietly to Europe afterwards. That would not have been a reason for stopping his master."

And then the conversation again languished. During the night the train crossed the mountains, passed Nassik, and next day, the 21st October, it traversed a comparatively flat district of Kandish. The well-cultivated country was sprinkled with villages, above which the minarets of the pagodas took the place of the English church-spires. Numerous tributaries of the Godavery watered this fertile territory.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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