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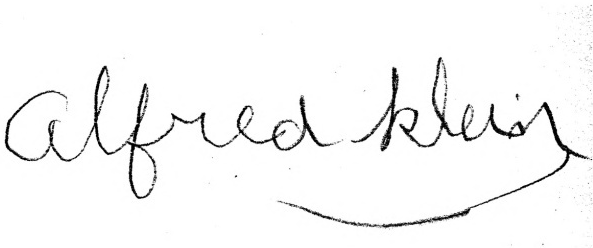

THE TOUR OF THE WORLD

IN

EIGHTY DAYS

BY

JULES VERNE

AUTHOR OF "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEAS,"
"THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND," ETC., ETC.

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TOUR OF THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG AND PASSEPARTOUT ACCEPT EACH OTHER—THE ONE AS MASTER, THE OTHER AS SERVANT.

In the year 1872, the house No. 7 Saville Row, Burlington Gardens—the house in which Sheridan died, in 1814—was inhabited by Phileas Fogg, Esq., one of the most singular and most noticed members of the Reform Club of London, although he seemed to take care to do nothing which might attract attention.

This Phileas Fogg, then, an enigmatic personage, of whom nothing was known but that he was a very polite man, and one of the most perfect gentlemen of good English society, succeeded one of the greatest orators that honor England.

An Englishman Phileas Fogg was surely, but perhaps not a Londoner. He was never seen on 'Change, at the Bank, or in any of the counting-rooms of the "City." The docks of London had never received a

vessel fitted out by Phileas Fogg. This gentleman did not figure in any public body. His name had never sounded in any Inns of Court, nor in the Temple, nor Lincoln's Inn, nor Gray's Inn. He never pleaded in the Court of Chancery, nor the Queen's Bench, nor the Exchequer, nor the Ecclesiastical Courts. He was neither a manufacturer, nor a trader, nor a merchant, nor a gentleman farmer. He was not a member of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, or the London Institution, or the Artisan's Association, or the Russell Institution, or the Literary Institution of the West, or the Law Institute, or that Institute of the Arts and Sciences, placed under the direct patronage of her gracious Majesty. In fact, he belonged to none of the numerous societies that swarm in the capital of England, from the Harmonic to the Entomological Society, founded principally for the purpose of destroying hurtful insects.

Phileas Fogg was a member of the Reform Club, and that was all.

Should any one be astonished that such a mysterious gentleman should be among the members of this honorable institution, we will reply that he obtained admission on the recommendation of Baring Brothers, with whom he had an open credit. Thence a certain appearance due to his checks being regularly paid at sight by the debit of his account current, which was always to his credit.

Was this Phileas Fogg rich? Undoubtedly. But the best informed could not say how he had made his money, and Mr. Fogg was the last person to whom it would have been proper to go for information. He was by no means extravagant in anything, neither was he avaricious, for when money was needed for a noble, useful, or benevolent purpose, he gave it quietly, and even anonymously. In short, no one was less communicative than this gentleman. He talked as little as possible, and seemed much more mysterious than silent. But his life was open to the light, but what he did was always so mathematically the same thing, that the imagination, unsatisfied, sought further.

Had he travelled? It was probable, for none knew the world better than he; there was no spot so secluded that he did not appear to have a special acquaintance with it. Sometimes, in a few, brief, clear words, he would correct the thousand suppositions circulating in the club with reference to travellers lost or strayed; he pointed out the true probabilities, and so often did events justify his predictions that he seemed as if gifted with a sort of second sight. He was a man who must have travelled everywhere, in spirit at least.

One thing was certain, that for many years Phileas Fogg had not been from London. Those who had the honor of knowing him more intimately than others, affirmed that no one could pretend to have seen him elsewhere than upon this direct route, which

he traversed every day to go from his house to the club. His only pastime was reading the papers and playing whist. He frequently won at this quiet game, so very appropriate to his nature; but his winnings never went into his purse and made an important item in his charity fund. Besides, it must be remarked, that Mr. Fogg evidently played for the sake of playing, not to win. The game was for him a contest, a struggle against a difficulty; but a motionless, unwearying struggle, and that suited his character.

Phileas Fogg was not known to have either wife or children—which may happen to the most respectable people—neither relatives nor friends—which is more rare, truly. Phileas Fogg lived alone in his house in Saville Row, where nobody entered. There was never a question as to its interior. A single servant sufficed to serve him. Breakfasting and dining at the club, at hours fixed with the utmost exactness, in the same hall, at the same table, not entertaining his colleagues nor inviting a stranger, he returned home only to go to bed, exactly at midnight, without ever making use of the comfortable chambers which the Reform Club puts at the disposal of its favored members. Of the twenty-four hours he passed ten at his residence either sleeping or busying himself at his toilett. If he walked, it was invariably with a regular step, in the entrance hall with its Mosaic floor, or in the circular gallery, above which rose a dome with blue painted

windows, supported by twenty Ionic columns of red porphyry. If he dined or breakfasted, the kitchens, the buttery, the pantry, the dairy of the club furnished his table their succulent stores; the waiters of the club, grave personages in dress-coats and shoes with swan-skin soles, served him in a special porcelain and on fine Saxon linen; the club decanters of a lost mould contained his sherry, his port, and his claret, flavored with orange flower water and cinnamon; and finally the ice of the club, brought at great expense from the American lakes, kept his drinks in a satisfactory condition of freshness.

If to live in such conditions is to be eccentric, it must be granted that eccentricity has something good in it!

The mansion on Saville Row, without being sumptuous, recommended itself by its extreme comfort. Besides, with the unvarying habits of the occupants, the number of servants was reduced to one. But Phileas Fogg demanded from his only servant an extraordinary and regular punctuality. This very day, the second of October, Phileas Fogg had dismissed James Forster—this youth having incurred his displeasure by bringing him shaving water at eighty-four degrees Fahrenheit, instead of eighty-six—and he was waiting for his successor, who was to make his appearance between eleven and half past eleven.

Phileas Fogg, squarely seated in his arm-chair, his

feet close together like those of a soldier on parade, his hands resting on his knees, his body straight, his head erect, was watching the hand of the clock move —a complicated mechanism which indicated the hours, the minutes, the seconds, the days, the days of the month, and the year. At the stroke of half-past eleven Mr. Fogg would, according to his daily habit, leave his house and repair to the Reform Club.

At this moment, there was a knock at the door of the small parlor in which was Phileas Fogg.

James Forster, the dismissed servant, appeared.

"The new servant," said he.

A young man, aged thirty years, came forward and bowed.

"You are a Frenchman, and your name is John?" Phileas Fogg asked him.

"Jean, if it does not displease Monsieur," replied the new-comer. "Jean Passepartout, a surname which has clung to me and which my natural aptitude for withdrawing from a business has justified. I believe, sir, that I am an honest fellow; but to be frank, I have had several trades. I have been a travelling singer; a circus rider, vaulting like Leotard, and dancing on the rope like Blondin; then I became professor of gymnastics, in order to render my talents more useful; and in the last place, I was a sergeant fireman at Paris. I have among my papers notes of remarkable fires. But five years have passed since I left

France, and wishing to have a taste of family life, I have been a valet in England. Now, finding myself out of a situation, and having learned that Monsieur Phileas Fogg was the most exact and the most settled gentleman in the United Kingdom, I have presented myself to Monsieur with the hope of living tranquilly with him, and of forgetting even the name of Passepartout."

"Passepartout suits me," replied the gentleman. "You are recommended to me. I have good reports concerning you. You know my conditions?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what time have you?"

"Twenty-two minutes after eleven," replied Passepartout, drawing from the depths of his pocket an enormous silver watch.

"You are slow," said Mr. Fogg.

"Pardon me, Monsieur, but it is impossible."

"You are four minutes too slow. It does not matter. It suffices to state the difference. Then, from this moment—twenty-nine minutes after eleven o'clock, A.M., this Wednesday, October 2, 1872, you are in my service."

That said, Phileas Fogg rose, took his hat in his left hand, placed it upon his head with an automatic movement, and disappeared without another word.

Passepartout heard the street door close once; it was his new master going out; then a second time; it was

his predecessor, James Forster, departing in his turn. Passepartout remained alone in the house in Saville Row.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT IS CONVINCED THAT HE HAS FOUND HIS IDEAL.

"Upon my word," said Passepartout to himself, first, "I have known at Madame Tassaud's good people as lively as my new master!"

It is proper to say here that Madame Tassaud's "good people" are wax figures, much visited in London, and who, indeed, are only wanting in speech.

During the few minutes that he had interviewed Phileas Fogg, Passepartout had examined his future master, rapidly but carefully. He was a man that might be forty years old, of fine handsome face, of tall figure, which a slight corpulence did not disparage, his hair and whiskers light, his forehead compact, without appearance of wrinkles at the temples, his face rather pale than flushed, his teeth magnificent. He appeared to possess in the highest degree what physiognomists call "repose in action," a quality common to those who do more work than talking. Calm, phlegmatic, with a clear eye and immovable eyelid, he was the finished type of those cool-blooded Englishmen so

frequently met in the United Kingdom, and whose somewhat academic posture Angelica Kauffman has marvellously reproduced under her pencil. Seen in the various acts of his existence, this gentleman gave the idea of a well-balanced being in all his parts, evenly hung, as perfect as a Leroy or Earnshaw chronometer. Indeed Phileas Fogg was exactness personified, which was seen clearly from "the expression of his feet and his hands," for with man, as well as with the animals, the limbs themselves are organs expressive of the passions.

Phileas Fogg was one of those mathematically exact people, who, never hurried and always ready, are economical of their steps and their motions. He never made one stride too many, always going by the shortest route. He did not give an idle look. He did not allow himself a superfluous gesture. He had never been seen moved or troubled. He was a man of the least possible haste, but he always arrived on time. However, it will be understood that he lived alone, and, so to speak, outside of every social relation. He knew that in life one must take his share of friction, and as frictions retard, he never rubbed against any one.

As for Jean, called Passepartout, a true Parisian of Paris, he had sought vainly for a master to whom he could attach himself, in the five years that he lived in England and served as a valet in London. Passepartout was not one of those Frontins or Mascarilles,

who, with high shoulders, nose high in air, a look of assurance, and staring eye, are only impudent dunces. No. Passepartout was a good fellow, of amiable physiognomy, his lips a little prominent, always ready to taste or caress, a mild and serviceable being, with one of those good round heads that we like to see on the shoulders of a friend. His eyes were blue, his complexion rosy, his face fat enough for him to see his cheek bones, his chest broad, his form full, his muscles vigorous, and he possessed a herculean strength which his youthful exercise had splendidly developed. His brown hair was somewhat tumbled. If the ancient sculptors knew eighteen ways of arranging Minerva's hair, Passepartout knew of but one for fixing his own: three strokes of a large tooth-comb, and it was dressed.

The most meagre stock of prudence would not permit of saying that the expansive character of this young man would agree with that of Phileas Fogg. Would Passepartout be in all respects exactly the servant that this master needed? That would only be seen by using him. After having had, as we have seen, quite a wandering youth, he longed for repose. Having heard the exactness and proverbial coolness of the English gentlemen praised, he came to seek his fortune in England. But until the present, fate had treated him badly. He had not been able to take root anywhere. He had served in ten different houses. In every one the people were capricious and irregular,

running after adventures or about the country—which no longer suited Passepartout. His last master, young Lord Longsferry, member of Parliament, after having passed his nights in the Haymarket oyster-rooms, returned home too frequently on the shoulders of policemen. Passepartout wishing, above all things, to be able to respect his master, ventured some mild remarks, which were badly received, and he quit. In the meantime, he learned that Phileas Fogg, Esq., was hunting a servant. He made some inquiry about this gentleman. A person whose existence was so regular, who never slept in a strange bed, who did not travel, who was never absent, not even for a day, could not but suit him. He presented himself, and was accepted under the circumstances that we already know.

At half-past eleven, Passepartout found himself alone in the Saville Row mansion. He immediately commenced its inspection, going over it from cellar to garret. This clean, well-ordered, austere, Puritan house, well organized for servants, pleased him. It produced the effect upon him of a fine snail-shell, but one lighted and heated by gas, for carburetted hydrogen answered both purposes here. Passepartout found without difficulty, in the second story, the room designed for him. It suited him. Electric bells and speaking tubes put it in communication with the lower stories. On the mantel an electric clock corresponded with the one in Phileas Fogg's bed-chamber, both

beating the same second at the same instant. "That suits me, that suits me!" said Passepartout.

He observed also in his room a notice fastened above the clock. It was the programme for the daily service. It comprised—from eight o'clock in the morning, the regular hour at which Phileas Fogg rose, unil half-past eleven, the hour at which he left his house to breakfast at the Reform Club—all the details of the service, the tea and toast at twenty-three minutes after eight, the shaving water at thirty-seven minutes after nine, the toilet at twenty minutes before ten, etc. Then from half-past eleven in the morning until midnight, the hour at which the methodical gentleman retired, everything was noted down, foreseen and regulated. Passepartout took a pleasure in contemplating this programme, and impressing upon his mind its various directions.

As to the gentleman's wardrobe, it was in very good taste, and wonderfully complete. Each pair of pantaloons, coat or vest, bore a regular number, which was also entered upon a register, indicating the date at which, according to the season, these garments were to be worn in their turn. The same rule applied to his shoes.

In short, in this house in Saville Row—which, in the time of the illustrious but dissipated Sheridan, must have been the temple of disorder—its comfortable furniture indicated a delightful ease. There was

no study, there were no books, which would have been of no use to Mr. Fogg, since the Reform Club placed at his disposal two libraries, the one devoted to literature, the other to law and politics. In his bed-chamber there was a medium-sized safe, whose construction protected it from fire as well as from burglars. There were no weapons in the house, neither for the chase, nor for war. Everything there denoted the most peaceful habits.

After having minutely examined the dwelling, Passepartout rubbed his hands, his broad face brightened, and he repeated cheerfully: "This suits me! This is the place for me! Mr. Fogg and I will understand each other perfectly. A homebody, and so methodical! A genuine automaton! Well, I am not sorry to serve an automaton!"

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH A CONVERSATION TAKES PLACE WHICH MAY COST PHILEAS FOGG DEARLY.

Phileas Fogg had left his house in Saville Row at half-past eleven, and after putting his right foot before his left foot five hundred and seventy-five times, and his left foot before his right foot five hundred and

seventy-six times, he arrived at the Reform Club, a spacious and lofty building in Pall Mall, which cost not less than three millions to build.

Phileas Fogg repaired immediately to the dining-room, whose nine windows opened upon a fine garden with trees already gilded by Autumn. There he took his seat at his regular table where the plate was awaiting him. His breakfast consisted of a side dish, a boiled fish with Reading sauce of first quality, a scarlet slice of roast beef garnished with mushrooms, a rhubarb and gooseberry tart, and a bit of Chester cheese, the whole washed down with a few cups of that excellent tea, specially gathered for the stores of the Reform Club.

At forty-seven minutes past noon, this gentleman rose and turned his steps towards the large hall, a sumptuous apartment, adorned with paintings in elegant frames. There a servant handed him the *Times* uncut, the tiresome cutting of which he managed with a steadiness of hand which denoted great practice in this difficult operation. The reading of this journal occupied Phileas Fogg until a quarter before four, and that of the *Standard*, which succeeded it, lasted until dinner. This repast passed off in the same way as the breakfast, with the addition of "Royal British Sauce."

At twenty minutes before six, the gentleman reappeared in the large hall, and was absorbed in the reading of the *Morning Chronicle*.

Half an hour later, various members of the Reform Club entered and came near the fireplace, in which a coal fire was burning. They were the usual partners of Phileas Fogg; like himself, passionate players of whist—the engineer, Andrew Stuart; the bankers, John Sullivan and Samuel Fallentin; the brewer, Thomas Flanagan; Gauthier Ralph, one of the directors of the Bank of England—rich and respected personages, even in this club, counting among its members the *elite* of trade and finance.

"Well, Ralph," asked Thomas Flanagan, "how about that robbery?"

"Why," replied Andrew Stuart, "the bank will lose the money."

"I hope, on the contrary," said Gauthier Ralph, "that we will put our hands on the robber. Detectives, very skilful fellows, have been sent to America and the Continent, to all the principal ports of embarkation and debarkation, and it will be difficult for this fellow to escape."

"But you have the description of the robber?" asked Andrew Stuart.

"In the first place, he is not a robber," replied Gauthier Ralph, seriously.

"How, he is not a robber, this fellow who has abstracted fifty-five thousand pounds in bank-notes?"

"No," replied Gauthier Ralph.

"Is he, then, a manufacturer?" said John Sullivan.

"The *Morning Chronicle* assures us that he is a gentleman."

The party that made this reply was no other than Phileas Fogg, whose head then emerged from the mass of papers heaped around him. At the same time, he greeted his colleagues, who returned his salutation. The matter under discussion, and which the various journals of the United Kingdom were discussing ardently, had occurred three days before, on the 29th of September. A package of bank-notes, making the enormous sum of fifty-five thousand pounds, had been taken from the counter of the principal cashier of the Bank of England. The Under-Governor, Gauthier Ralph, only replied to any one who was astonished that such a robbery could have been so easily accomplished, that at this very moment the cashier was occupied with registering a receipt of three shillings sixpence, and that he could not have his eyes everywhere.

But it is proper to be remarked here—which makes the robbery less mysterious—that this admirable establishment, the Bank of England, seems to care very much for the dignity of the public. There are neither guards nor gratings; gold, silver and bank-notes being freely exposed, and, so to speak, at the mercy of the first comer. They would not suspect the honor of any one passing by. One of the best observers of English customs relates the following: He had the curiosity to examine closely, in one of the rooms of the bank,

where he was one day, an ingot of gold, weighing seven to eight pounds, which was lying exposed on the cashier's table; he picked up this ingot, examined it, passed it to his neighbor, and he to another, so that the ingot, passing from hand to hand, went as far as the end of a dark entry, and did not return to its place for half an hour, and the cashier had not once raised his head.

But on the twenty-ninth of September, matters did not turn out quite in this way. The package of bank-notes did not return, and when the magnificent clock, hung above the "drawing office," announced at five o'clock the closing of the office, the Bank of England had only to pass fifty-five thousand pounds to the account of profit and loss.

The robbery being duly known, agents, detectives, selected from the most skilful, were sent to the principal ports—Liverpool, Glasgow, Havre, Suez, Brindisi, New York, etc., with the promise, in case of success, of a reward of two thousand pounds and five per cent of the amount recovered. Whilst waiting for the information which the investigation, commenced immediately, ought to furnish, the detectives were charged with watching carefully all arriving and departing travellers.

As the *Morning Chronicle* said, there was good reason for supposing that the robber was not a member of any of the robber bands of England. During this

day, the twenty-ninth of September, a well-dressed gentleman, of good manners, of a distinguished air, had been noticed going in and out of the paying-room, the scene of the robbery. The investigation allowed a pretty accurate description of the gentleman to be made out, which was at once sent to all the detectives of the United Kingdom and of the continent. Some hopeful minds, and Gauthier Ralph was one of the number, believed that they had good reason to expect that the robber would not escape.

As may be supposed, this affair was the talk of all London and throughout England.

It was discussed, and sides were taken vehemently for or against the probabilities of success of the city police. It will not be surprising, then, to hear the members of the Reform Club treating the same subject, all the more that one of the Under-Governors of the Bank was among them.

Honorable Gauthier Ralph was not willing to doubt the result of the search, considering that the reward offered ought to sharpen peculiarly the zeal and intelligence of the agents. But his colleague, Andrew Stuart, was far from sharing this confidence. The discussion continued then between the gentlemen, who were seated at a whist table, Stuart having Flanagan as a partner, and Fallentin Phileas Fogg. During the playing the parties did not speak, but between the rubbers the interrupted conversation was fully revived.

"I maintain," said Andrew Stuart, "that the chances are in favor of the robber, who must be a skilful fellow!"

"Well," replied Ralph, "there is not a single country where he can take refuge."

"Pshaw!"

"Where do you suppose he might go?"

"I don't know about that," replied Andrew Stuart, "but after all, the world is big enough."

"It was formerly," said Phileas Fogg in a low tone. Then he added: "It is your turn to cut, sir," presenting the cards to Thomas Flanagan.

The discussion was suspended during the rubber. But Andrew Stuart soon resumed it, saying:—

"How, formerly? Has the world grown smaller perchance?"

"Without doubt," replied Gauthier Ralph. "I am of the opinion of Mr. Fogg. The world has grown smaller, since we can go round it now ten times quicker than one hundred years ago. And, in the case with which we are now occupied, this is what will render the search more rapid."

"And will render more easy, also, the flight of the robber."

"It is your turn to play, Mr. Stuart," said Phileas Fogg.

But the incredulous Stuart was not convinced, and when the hand was finished, he replied: "It must be

confessed, Mr. Ralph, that you have found a funny way of saying that the world has grown smaller! Because the tour of it is now made in three months—"

"In eighty days only," said Phileas Fogg.

"Yes, gentlemen," added John Sullivan, "eighty days, since the section between Rothal and Allahabad, on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, has been opened. Here is the calculation made by the *Morning Chronicle:*

From London to Suez via Mont Cenis and Brindisi, by rail and steamers	7 days.
From Suez to Bombay, steamer	13 days.
From Bombay to Calcutta, rail	3 days.
From Calcutta to Hong Kong (China), steamer	13 days.
From Hong Kong to Yokohama, Japan, steamer	6 days.
From Yokohama to San Francisco, steamer	22 days.
From San Francisco to New York, rail	7 days.
From New York to London, steamer and rail	9 days.
	80 days.

"Yes, eighty days!" exclaimed Andrew Stuart, who, by inattention, made a wrong deal, "but not including bad weather, contrary winds, shipwrecks, running off the track, etc."

"Everything included," replied Phileas Fogg, continuing to play, for this time the discussion no longer respected the game.

"Even if the Hindoos or the Indians tear up the rails!" exclaimed Andrew Stuart, "if they stop the trains, plunder the cars, and scalp the passengers!"

"All included," replied Phileas Fogg, who, throwing down his cards, added "two trumps."

Andrew Stuart, whose turn it was to deal, gathered up the cards, saying:

"Theoretically, you are right, Mr. Fogg, but practically—"

"Practically also, Mr. Stuart."

"I would like very much to see you do it."

"It depends only upon you. Let us start together."

"Heaven preserve me!" exclaimed Stuart, "but I would willingly wager four thousand pounds that such a journey, made under these conditions, is impossible."

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

"Well, make it, then!"

"The tour of the world in eighty days?"

"Yes!"

"I am willing."

"When?"

"At once. Only I warn you that I shall do it at your expense."

"It is folly!" cried Stuart, who was beginning to be vexed at the persistence of his partner. "Stop! let us play rather."

"Deal again, then," replied Phileas Fogg, "for there is a false deal."

Andrew Stuart took up the cards again with a feverish hand; then suddenly, placing them upon the table, he said:

"Well, Mr. Fogg, yes, and I bet four thousand pounds!"

"My dear Stuart," said Fallentin, "compose yourself. It is not serious."

"When I say 'I bet,'" replied Andrew Stuart, "it is always serious."

"So be it," said Mr. Fogg, and then, turning to his companions, continued: "I have twenty thousand pounds deposited at Baring Brothers. I will willingly risk them—"

"Twenty thousand pounds!" cried John Sullivan. "Twenty thousand pounds, which an unforeseen delay may make you lose."

"The unforeseen does not exist," replied Phileas Fogg, quietly.

"But, Mr. Fogg, this period of eighty days is calculated only as a minimum of time?"

"A minimum well employed suffices for everything."

"But in order not to exceed it, you must jump mathematically from the trains into the steamers, and from the steamers upon the trains!"

"I will jump mathematically."

"That is a joke."

"A good Englishman never jokes when so serious a matter as a wager is in question," replied Phileas Fogg. "I bet twenty thousand pounds against who will that I will make the tour of the world in eighty days or

less—that is, nineteen hundred and twenty hours, or one hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred minutes. Do you accept?"

"We accept," replied Messrs. Stuart, Fallentin, Sullivan, Flanagan and Ralph, after having consulted.

"Very well," said Mr. Fogg. "The Dover train starts at eight forty-five. I shall take it."

"This very evening?" asked Stuart.

"This very evening," replied Phileas Fogg. Then he added, consulting a pocket almanac, "Since to-day is Wednesday, the second of October, I ought to be back in London, in this very saloon of the Reform Club, on Saturday, the twenty-first of December, at eight forty-five in the evening, in default of which the twenty thousand pounds at present deposited to my credit with Baring Brothers will belong to you, gentlemen, in fact and by right. Here is a check of like amount."

A memorandum of the wager was made and signed on the spot by the six parties in interest. Phileas Fogg had remained cool. He had certainly not bet to win, and had risked only these twenty thousand pounds—the half of his fortune—because he foresaw that he might have to expend the other half to carry out this difficult, not to say impracticable, project. As for his opponents, they seemed affected, not on account of the stake, but because they had a sort of scruple against a contest under these conditions.

Seven o'clock then struck. They offered to Mr. Fogg to stop playing, so that he could make his preparations for departure.

"I am always ready," replied this tranquil gentleman, and dealing the cards he said: "Diamonds are trumps. It is your turn to play, Mr. Stuart."

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG SURPRISES PASSEPARTOUT, HIS SERVANT, BEYOND MEASURE.

At twenty-five minutes after seven, Phileas Fogg having gained twenty guineas at whist, took leave of his honorable colleagues, and left the Reform Club. At ten minutes of eight he opened the door of his house and entered.

Passepartout, who had conscientiously studied his programme, was quite surprised at seeing Mr. Fogg guilty of the inexactness of appearing at this unusual hour. According to the notice, the occupant of Saville Row ought not to return before midnight, precisely.

Phileas Fogg first went to his bedroom. Then he called "Passepartout!"

Passepartout could not reply, for this call could not be addressed to him, as it was not the hour.

"Passepartout," Mr. Fogg called again without raising his voice much.

Passepartout presented himself.

"It is the second time that I have called you," said Mr. Fogg.

"But it is not midnight," replied Passepartout, with his watch in his hand.

"I know it," continued Phileas Fogg, "and I do not find fault with you. We leave in ten minutes for Dover and Calais."

A sort of faint grimace appeared on the round face of the Frenchman. It was evident that he had not fully understood.

"Monsieur is going to leave home?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Phileas Fogg. "We are going to make the tour of the world."

Passepartout, with his eyes wide open, his eyebrows raised, his arms extended, and his body collapsed, presented all the symptoms of an astonishment amounting to stupor.

"The tour of the world!" he murmured.

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

"But the trunks?" said Passepartout, who was unconsciously swinging his head from right to left.

"No trunks necessary. Only a carpet-bag. In it two woollen shirts and three pairs of stockings. The same for you. We will purchase on the way. You

may bring down my mackintosh and travelling cloak, also stout shoes, although we will walk but little or not at all. Go."

Passepartout would have liked to make reply. He could not. He left Mr. Fogg's room, went up to his own, fell back into a chair, and making use of a common phrase in his country, he said : " Well, well, that's pretty tough. I who wanted to remain quiet !"

And mechanically he made his preparations for departure. The tour of the world in eighty days ! Was he doing business with a madman ? No. It was a joke perhaps. They were going to Dover. Good. To Calais. Let it be so. After all, it could not cross the grain of the good fellow very much, who had not trod the soil of his native country for five years. Perhaps they would go as far as Paris, and, indeed, it would give him pleasure to see the great capital again. But, surely, a gentleman so careful of his steps would stop there. Yes, doubtless; but it was not less true that he was starting out, that he was leaving home, this gentleman who, until this time, had been such a homebody !

By eight o'clock, Passepartout had put in order the modest bag which contained his wardrobe and that of his master ; then, his mind still disturbed, he left his room, the door of which he closed carefully, and he rejoined Mr. Fogg.

Mr. Fogg was ready. He carried under his arm

Bradshaw's Continental Railway Steam Transit and General Guide, which was to furnish him all the necessary directions for his journey. He took the bag from Passepartout's hands, opened it, and slipped into it a heavy package of those fine bank-notes which are current in all countries.

"You have forgotten nothing?" he asked.

"Nothing, Monsieur."

"My mackintosh and cloak?"

"Here they are."

"Good; take this bag," and Mr. Fogg handed it to Passepartout. "And take good care of it," he added, "there are twenty thousand pounds in it."

The bag nearly slipped out of Passepartout's hands, as if the twenty thousand pounds had been in gold, and weighed very heavy.

The master and servant then descended, and the street door was double locked. At the end of Saville Row there was a carriage stand. Phileas Fogg and his servant got into a cab, which was rapidly driven towards Charing Cross station, at which one of the branches of the Southeastern Railway touches. At twenty minutes after eight, the cab stopped before the gate of the station. Passepartout jumped out. His master followed him, and paid the driver. At this moment a poor beggar woman, holding a child in her arms, her bare feet all muddy, her head covered with a wretched bonnet, from which hung a tattered

feather, and a ragged shawl over her other torn garments, approached Mr. Fogg, and asked him for help.

Mr. Fogg drew from his pocket the twenty guineas which he had just won at whist, and giving them to the woman, said, "Here, my good woman, I'm glad to have met you." Then he passed on.

Passepartout had something like a sensation of moisture about his eyes. His master had made an impression upon his heart.

Mr. Fogg and he went immediately into the large sitting-room of the station. There Phileas Fogg gave Passepartout the order to get two first-class tickets for Paris. Then returning, he noticed his five colleagues of the Reform Club.

"Gentlemen, I am going," he said, "and the various *vises* put upon a passport which I take for that purpose will enable you, on my return, to verify my journey."

"Oh, Mr. Fogg," replied Gauthier Ralph, "that is useless. We will depend upon your honor as a gentleman."

"It is better so," said Mr. Fogg.

"You do not forget that you ought to be back—" remarked Andrew Stuart.

"In eighty days," replied Mr. Fogg. "Saturday, December 21, 1872, at quarter before nine P.M. *Au revoir*, gentlemen."

At forty minutes after eight, Phileas Fogg and his

servant took their seats in the same compartment. At eight forty-five the whistle sounded, and the train started.

The night was dark. A fine rain was falling. Phileas Fogg, leaning back in his corner, did not speak. Passepartout, still stupefied, mechanically hugged up the bag with the bank-notes.

But the train had not passed Sydenham, when Passepartout uttered a real cry of despair!

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

"Why—in—in my haste—my disturbed state of mind, I forgot—"

"Forgot what?"

"To turn off the gas in my room."

"Very well, young man," replied Mr. Fogg, coolly, "it will burn at your expense."

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH A NEW SECURITY APPEARS ON THE LONDON EXCHANGE.

Phileas Fogg, in leaving London, doubtless did not suspect the great excitement which his departure was going to create. The news of the wager spread first in the Reform Club, and produced quite a stir among the members of the honorable circle. Then from the

club it went into the papers, through the medium of the reporters, and from the papers to the public of London and the entire United Kingdom. The question of "the tour of the world" was commented upon, discussed, dissected, with as much passion and warmth as if it were a new Alabama affair. Some took sides with Phileas Fogg, others—and they soon formed a considerable majority—declared against him. To accomplish this tour of the world otherwise than in theory and upon paper, in this minimum of time, with the means of communication employed at present, it was not only impossible, it was visionary. The *Times*, the *Standard*, the *Evening Star*, the *Morning Chronicle*, and twenty other papers of large circulation, declared against Mr. Fogg. The *Daily Telegraph* alone sustained him to a certain extent. Phileas Fogg was generally treated as a maniac, as a fool, and his colleagues were blamed for having taken up this wager, which impeached the soundness of the mental faculties of its originator. Extremely passionate, but very logical, articles appeared upon the subject. The interest felt in England for everything concerning geography is well known. So there was not a reader, to whatever class he belonged, who did not devour the columns devoted to Phileas Fogg.

During the first few days, a few bold spirits, principally ladies, were in favor of him, especially after the *Illustrated London News* had published his picture,

copied from his photograph deposited in the archives of the Reform Club. Certain gentlemen dared to say, "Humph! why not, after all? More extraordinary things have been seen!" These were particularly the readers of the *Daily Telegraph*. But it was soon felt that this journal commenced to be weaker in its support.

In fact, a long article appeared on the seventh of October, in the *Bulletin* of the Royal Geographical Society. It treated the question from all points of view, and demonstrated clearly the folly of the enterprise. According to this article, everything was against the traveller, the obstacles of man and the obstacles of nature. To succeed in this project, it was necessary to admit a miraculous agreement of the hours of arrival and departure, an agreement which did not exist, and which could not exist. The arrival of trains at a fixed hour could be counted upon strictly, and in Europe, where relatively short distances are in question; but when three days are employed to cross India, and seven days to cross the United States, could the elements of such a problem be established to a nicety? The accidents to machinery, running of trains off the track, collisions, bad weather, and the accumulations of snows, were they not all against Phileas Fogg? Would he not find himself in winter on the steamers at the mercy of the winds or of the fogs? Is it then so rare that the best steamers of the ocean lines experience delays of two or three days? But one delay was

sufficient to break irreparably the chain of communication. If Phileas Fogg missed only by a few hours the departure of a steamer, he would be compelled to wait for the next steamer, and in this way his journey would be irrevocably compromised. The article made a great sensation. Nearly all the papers copied it, and the stock in Phileas Fogg went down in a marked degree.

During the first few days which followed the departure of the gentleman, important business transactions had been made on the strength of his undertaking. The world of betters in England is a more intelligent and elevated world than that of gamblers. To bet is according to the English temperament; so that not only the various members of the Reform Club made heavy bets for or against Phileas Fogg, but the mass of the public entered into the movement. Phileas Fogg was entered like a race horse in a sort of stud book. A bond was issued, which was immediately quoted upon the London Exchange. "Phileas Fogg" was "bid" or "asked" firm or above par, and enormous transactions were made. But five days after his departure, after the appearance of the article in the *Bulletin* of the Geographical Society, the offerings commenced to come in plentifully. "Phileas Fogg" declined. It was offered in bundles. Taken first at five, then at ten, it was finally taken only at twenty, at fifty, at one hundred!

Only one adherent remained steadfast to him. It was the old paralytic, Lord Albemarle. This honorable gentleman, confined to his arm-chair, would have given his fortune to be able to make the tour of the world, even in ten years. He bet five thousand pounds in favor of Phileas Fogg, and even when the folly as well as the uselessness of the project was demonstrated to him, he contented himself with replying: "If the thing is feasible, it is well that an Englishman should be the first to do it."

The adherents of Phileas Fogg became fewer and fewer; everybody, and not without reason, was putting himself against him; bets were taken at one hundred and fifty and two hundred against one, when, seven days after his departure, an entirely unexpected incident caused them not to be taken at all.

At nine o'clock in the evening of this day, the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police received a telegraphic dispatch in the following words:

"SUEZ TO LONDON.

"Cowan, Commissioner of Police, Central Office, Scotland Square: I have the bank robber, Phileas Fogg. Send without delay warrant of arrest to Bombay, British India.

"FIX, *Detective.*"

The effect of this dispatch was immediate. The honorable gentleman disappeared to make room for the bank-note robber. His photograph, deposited at the Reform Club with those of his colleagues, was ex-

amined. It reproduced, feature by feature, the man whose description had been furnished by the commission of inquiry. They recalled how mysterious Phileas Fogg's life had been, his isolation, his sudden departure; and it appeared evident that this person, under the pretext of a journey round the world, and supporting it by a senseless bet, had had no other aim than to mislead the agents of the English police.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH THE AGENT FIX SHOWS A VERY PROPER IMPATIENCE.

THESE are the circumstances under which the dispatch concerning Mr. Phileas Fogg had been sent:

On Wednesday, the ninth of October, there was expected at Suez, at eleven o'clock A.M., the iron steamer Mongolia, of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, sharp built, with a spar deck, of two thousand eight hundred tons burden, and nominally of five hundred horse power. The Mongolia made regular trips from Brindisi to Bombay by the Suez Canal. It was one of the fastest sailers of the line, and had always exceeded the regular rate of speed, that is, ten miles an hour between Brindisi and Suez, and nine

and fifty-three hundredths miles between Suez and Bombay.

Whilst waiting for the arrival of the Mongolia, two men were walking up and down the wharf, in the midst of the crowd of natives and foreigners who come together in this town, no longer a small one, to which the great work of M. Lesseps assures a great future.

One of these men was the Consular agent of the United Kingdom, settled at Suez, who, in spite of the doleful prognostications of the British Government, and the sinister predictions of Stephenson, the engineer, saw English ships passing through this canal every day, thus cutting off one half the old route from England to the East Indies around the Cape of Good Hope.

The other was a small, spare man, of a quiet, intelligent, nervous face, who was contracting his eyebrows with remarkable persistence. Under his long eyelashes there shone very bright eyes, but whose brilliancy he could suppress at will. At this moment he showed some signs of impatience, going, coming, unable to remain in one spot.

The name of this man was Fix, and he was one of the detectives, or agents of the English police, that had been sent to the various seaports after the robbery committed upon the Bank of England. This Fix was to watch, with the greatest care, all travellers taking the Suez route, and if one of them seemed sus-

picious to him, to follow him up whilst waiting for a warrant of arrest. Just two days before Fix had received from the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police the description of the supposed robber. It was that of the distinguished and well-dressed gentleman who had been noticed in the paying-room of the bank. The detective, evidently much excited by the large reward promised in case of success, was waiting then, with an impatience easy to understand, the arrival of the Mongolia.

"And you say, Consul," he asked for the tenth time, "this vessel cannot be behind time?"

"No, Mr. Fix," replied the Consul. "She was signalled yesterday off Port Said, and the one hundred and sixty kilometres of the canal are of no moment for such a sailer. I repeat to you that the Mongolia has always obtained the reward of twenty-five pounds given by the Government for every gain of twenty-four hours over the regulation time."

"This steamer comes directly from Brindisi?" asked Fix.

"Directly from Brindisi, where it took on the India mail; from Brindisi, which it left on Saturday at five o'clock P.M. So have patience; it cannot be behindhand in arriving. But really I do not see how, with the description you have received, you could recognize your man, if he is on board the Mongolia."

"Consul," replied Fix, "we feel these people rather

than know them. You must have a scent for them, and the scent is like a special sense, in which are united hearing, sight and smell. I have in my life arrested more than one of these gentlemen, and, provided that my robber is on board, I will venture that he will not slip from my hands."

"I hope so, Mr. Fix, for it is a very heavy robbery."

"A magnificent robbery," replied the enthusiastic detective. "Fifty-five thousand pounds! We don't often have such windfalls! The robbers are becoming mean fellows. The race of Jack Sheppard is dying out! They are hung now for a few shillings!"

"Mr. Fix," replied the Consul, "you speak in such a way that I earnestly wish you to succeed; but I repeat to you that, from the circumstances in which you find yourself, I fear that it will be difficult. Do you not know that, according to the description you have received, this robber resembles an honest man exactly?"

"Consul," replied the detective dogmatically, "great robbers always resemble honest people. You understand that those who have rogues' faces have but one course to take to remain honest, otherwise they would be arrested. Honest physiognomies are the very ones that must be unmasked. It is a difficult task, I admit; and it is not a trade so much as an art."

It is seen that the aforesaid Fix was not wanting in a certain amount of self-conceit.

In the meantime the wharf was becoming lively little by little. Sailors of various nationalities, merchants, ship-brokers, porters and fellahs, were coming together in large numbers. The arrival of the steamer was evidently near. The weather was quite fine, but the atmosphere was cold from the east wind. A few minarets towered above the town in the pale rays of the sun. Towards the south, a jetty of about two thousand yards long extended like an arm into the Suez roadstead. Several fishing and coasting vessels were tossing upon the surface of the Red Sea, some of which preserved in their style the elegant shape of the ancient galley.

Moving among this crowd, Fix, from the habit of his profession, was carefully examining the passers-by with a rapid glance.

It was then half-past ten.

"But this steamer will never arrive!" he exclaimed on hearing the port clock strike.

"She cannot be far off," replied the Consul.

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

"Four hours. Time enough to take in coal. From Suez to Aden, at the other end of the Red Sea, is reckoned thirteen hundred and ten miles, and it is necessary to lay in fuel."

"And from Suez this vessel goes directly to Bombay?"

"Directly, without breaking bulk."

"Well, then," said Fix, "if the robber has taken this route and this vessel, it must be in his plan to disembark at Suez, in order to reach by another route the Dutch or French possessions of Asia. He must know very well that he would not be safe in India, which is an English country."

"Unless he is a very shrewd man," replied the Consul. "You know that an English criminal is always better concealed in London than he would be abroad."

After this idea, which gave the detective much food for reflection, the Consul returned to his office, situated at a short distance. The detective remained alone, affected by a certain nervous impatience, having the rather singular presentiment that his robber was to be found aboard the Mongolia—and truly, if this rascal had left England with the intention of reaching the New World, the East India route, being watched less, or more difficult to watch than that of the Atlantic, ought to have had his preference.

Fix was not long left to his reflections. Sharp whistles announced the arrival of the steamer. The entire horde of porters and fellahs rushed towards the wharf in a bustle, somewhat inconveniencing the limbs and the clothing of the passengers. A dozen boats put off from the shore to meet the Mongolia. Soon was seen the enormous hull of the Mongolia passing between the shores of the canal, and eleven o'clock was striking when the steamer came to

anchor in the roadstead, while the escaping of the steam made a great noise. There was quite a number of passengers aboard. Some remained on the spar-deck, contemplating the picturesque panorama of the town; but the most of them came ashore in the boats which had gone to hail the Mongolia.

Fix was examining carefully all those that landed, when one of them approached him, after having vigorously pushed back the fellahs who overwhelmed him with their offers of service, and asked him very politely if he could show him the office of the English consular agent. And at the same time this passenger presented a passport upon which he doubtless desired to have the British *vise*. Fix instinctively took the passport, and at a glance read the description in it. An involuntary movement almost escaped him. The sheet trembled in his hand. The description contained in the passport was identical with that which he had received from the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

"This passport is not yours?" he said to the passenger.

"No," replied the latter, "it is my master's passport."

"And your master?"

"Remained on board."

"But," continued the detective, "he must present himself in person at the Consul's office to establish his identity."

"What, is that necessary?"

"Indispensable."

"And where is the office?"

"There at the corner of the square," replied the detective, pointing out a house two hundred paces off.

"Then I must go for my master, who will not be pleased to have his plans deranged!"

Thereupon, the passenger bowed to Fix and returned aboard the steamer.

CHAPTER VII.

WHICH SHOWS ONCE MORE THE USELESSNESS OF PASSPORTS IN POLICE MATTERS.

THE detective left the warf and turned quickly towards the Consul's office. Immediately upon his pressing demand he was ushered into the presence of that official.

"Consul," he said, without any other preamble, "I have strong reasons for believing that our man has taken passage aboard the Mongolia." And Fix related what had passed between the servant and himself with reference to the passport.

"Well, Mr. Fix," replied the Consul, "I would not be sorry to see the face of this rogue. But perhaps he will not present himself at my office if he is what you

suppose. A robber does not like to leave behind him the tracks of his passage, and besides the formality of passports is no longer obligatory."

"Consul," replied the detective, "if he is a shrewd man, as we think, he will come."

"To have his passport *vised?*"

"Yes. Passports never serve but to incommode honest people and to aid the flight of rogues. I warrant you that his will be all regular, but I hope certainly that you will not *vise* it."

"And why not? If his passport is regular I have no right to refuse my *vise*."

"But, Consul, I must retain this man until I have received from London a warrant of arrest."

"Ah, Mr. Fix, that is your business," replied the Consul, "but I—I cannot—"

The Consul did not finish his phrase. At this moment there was a knock at the door of his private office, and the office-boy brought in two foreigners, one of whom was the very servant who had been talking with the detective. They were, indeed, the master and servant. The master presented his passport, asking the Consul briefly to be kind enough to *vise* it. The latter took the passport and read it carefully, while Fix, in one corner of the room, was observing or rather devouring the stranger with his eyes.

When the Consul had finished reading, he asked:

"You are Philcas Fogg, Esq.?"

"Yes, sir," replied the gentleman.

"And this man is your servant?"

"Yes, a Frenchman named Passepartout."

"You come from London?"

"Yes."

"And you are going?"

"To Bombay."

"Well, sir, you know that this formality of the *vise* is useless, and that we no longer demand the presentation of the passport?"

"I know it, sir," replied Phileas Fogg, "but I wish to prove by your *vise* my trip to Suez."

"Very well, sir."

And the Consul having signed and dated the passport, affixed his seal, Mr. Fogg settled the fee, and having bowed coldly, he went out, followed by his servant.

"Well?" asked the detective.

"Well," replied the Consul, "he has the appearance of a perfectly honest man!"

"Possibly," replied Fix; "but that is not the question with us. Do you find, Consul, that this phlegmatic gentleman resembles, feature for feature, the robber whose description I have received?"

"I agree with you, but you know that all descriptions—"

"I shall have a clear conscience about it," replied Fix. "The servant appears to me less of a riddle than

the master. Moreover he is a Frenchman, who cannot keep from talking. I will see you soon again, Consul."

The detective then went out, intent upon the search for Passepartout.

In the meantime Mr. Fogg, after leaving the Consul's house, had gone towards the wharf. There he gave some orders to his servant; then he got into a boat, returned on board the Mongolia, and went into his cabin. He then took out his memorandum book, in which were the following notes:

"Left London, Wednesday, October 2, 8:45 P.M.

"Arrived at Paris, Thursday, October 3, 7:20 A.M.

"Left Paris, Thursday, 8:40 A.M.

"Arrived at Turin, via Mont Cenis, Friday, October 4, 6:35 A.M.

"Left Turin, Friday, 7:20 A.M.

"Arrived at Brindisi, Saturday, October 5, 4 P.M.

"Set sail on the Mongolia, Saturday, 5 P.M.

"Arrived at Suez, Wednesday, October 9, 11 A.M.

"Total of hours consumed, 158½; or in days, 6½ days."

Mr. Fogg wrote down these dates in a guide-book arranged by columns, which indicated—from the 2d of October to the 21st of December—the month, the day of the month, the day of the week, the stipulated and actual arrivals at each principal point, Paris, Brindisi, Suez, Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore, Hong-Kong, Yokohama, San Francisco, New York, Liverpool, Lon-

don, and which allowed him to figure the gain made or the loss experienced at each place on the route. In this methodical book he thus kept an account of everything, and Mr. Fogg knew always whether he was ahead of time or behind.

He noted down then this day, Wednesday, October 9, his arrival at Suez, which agreeing with the stipulated arrival, neither made a gain nor a loss. Then he had his breakfast served up in his cabin. As to seeing the town, he did not even think of it, being of that race of Englishmen who have their servants visit the countries they pass through.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT PERHAPS TALKS A LITTLE MORE THAN IS PROPER.

Fix had in a few moments rejoined Passepartout on the wharf, who was loitering and looking about, not believing that he was obliged not to see anything.

"Well, my friend," said Fix, coming up to him, "is your passport *vised?*"

"Ah! it is you, Monsieur," replied the Frenchman. "Much obliged. It is all in order."

"And you are looking at the country?"

"Yes, but we go so quickly that it seems to me

as if I am travelling in a dream. And so we are in Suez?"

"Yes, in Suez."

"In Egypt?"

"You are quite right, in Egypt."

"And in Africa?"

"Yes, in Africa."

"In Africa?" repeated Passepartout. "I cannot believe it. Just fancy, sir, that I imagined we would not go further than Paris, and I saw this famous capital again between twenty minutes after seven and twenty minutes of nine in the morning, between the northern station and the Lyons station, through the windows of a cab in a driving rain! I regret it! I would have so much liked to see again Pere La Chaise and the Circus of the Champs-Elysees!"

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

"No, I am not, but my master is. By the by, I must buy some shirts and shoes! We came away without trunks, with a carpet-bag only."

"I am going to take you to a shop where you will find everything you want."

"Monsieur," replied Passepartout, "you are really very kind."

And both started off. Passepartout talked incessantly.

"Above all," he said, "I must take care not to miss the steamer!"

"You have the time," replied Fix; "it is only noon!"

Passepartout pulled out his large watch.

"Noon. Pshaw! It is eight minutes of ten!"

"Your watch is slow!" replied Fix.

"My watch! A family watch that has come down from my great-grandfather! It don't vary five minutes in the year. It is a genuine chronometer."

"I see what is the matter," replied Fix. "You have kept London time, which is about two hours slower than Suez. You must be careful to set your watch at noon in each country."

"What! I touch my watch!" cried Passepartout. "Never."

"Well, then, it will not agree with the sun."

"So much the worse for the sun, monsieur! The sun will be wrong, then!"

And the good fellow put his watch back in his fob with a magnificent gesture.

A few moments after Fix said to him: "You left London very hurriedly, then?"

"I should think so! Last Wednesday, at eight o'clock in the evening, contrary to all his habits, Monsieur Fogg returned from his club, and in three quarters of an hour afterward we were off."

"But where is your master going, then?"

"Right straight ahead! He is making the tour of the world!"

"The tour of the world!" cried Fix.

"Yes, in eighty days! On a wager, he says; but, between ourselves, I do not believe it. There is no common sense in it. There must be something else."

"This Mr. Fogg is an original genius?"

"I should think so."

"Is he rich?"

"Evidently, and he carries such a fine sum with him in fresh new bank-notes! And he doesn't spare his money on the route! Oh! but he has promised a splendid reward to the engineer of the Mongolia, if we arrive at Bombay considerably in advance!"

"And you have known him for a long time, this master of yours?"

"I," replied Passepartout, "I entered his service the very day of our departure."

The effect which these answers naturally produced upon the mind of the detective, already strained with excitement, may easily be imagined.

This hurried departure from London so short a time after the robbery, this large sum carried away, this haste to arrive in distant countries, this pretext of an eccentric wager, all could have no other effect than to confirm Fix in his ideas. He kept the Frenchman talking, and learned to a certainty that this fellow did not know his master at all, that he lived isolated in London, that he was called rich without the source of his fortune being known, that he

was a mysterious man, etc. But at the same time Fix was certain that Phileas Fogg would not get off at Suez, but that he was really going to Bombay.

"Is Bombay far from here?" asked Passepartout.

"Pretty far," replied the detective. "It will take you ten days more by sea."

"And where do you locate Bombay?"

"In India."

"In Asia?"

"Of course."

"The deuce! What I was going to tell you—there is one thing that bothers me—it is my burner."

"What burner?"

"My gas-burner, which I forgot to turn off, and which is burning at my expense. Now, I have calculated that it will cost me two shillings each twenty-four hours, exactly sixpence more than I earn, and you understand that, however little our journey may be prolonged—"

Did Fix understand the matter of the gas? It is improbable. He did not listen any longer, and was coming to a determination. The Frenchman and he had arrived at the shop. Fix left his companion there making his purchases, recommending him not to miss the departure of the Mongolia, and he returned in great haste to the Consul's office. Fix had regained his coolness completely, now that he was fully convinced.

"Monsieur," said he to the Consul, "I have my man. He is passing himself off as an oddity, who wishes to make the tour of the world in eighty days.'

"Then he is a rogue," replied the Consul, "and he counts on returning to London after having deceived all the police of the two continents."

"We will see," replied Fix.

"But are you not mistaken?" asked the Consul once more.

"I am not mistaken."

"Why, then, has this robber insisted upon having his stopping at Suez confirmed by a *vise?*"

"Why? I do not know, Consul," replied the detective; "but listen to me." And in a few words he related the salient points of his conversation with the servant of the said Fogg.

"Indeed," said the Consul, "all the presumptions are against this man. And what are you going to do?"

"Send a dispatch to London with the urgent request to send to me at once at Bombay a warrant of arrest, set sail upon the Mongolia, follow my robber to the Indies, and there, on English soil, accost him politely, with the warrant in one hand, and the other hand upon his shoulder."

Having coolly uttered these words, the detective took leave of the Consul, and repaired to the telegraph office. Thence he dispatched to the Commis

sioner of the Metropolitan Police, as we have already seen. A quarter of an hour later Fix, with his light baggage in his hand, and besides well supplied with money, went on board the Mongolia, and soon the swift steamer was threading its way under full head of steam on the waters of the Red Sea.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH THE RED SEA AND THE INDIAN OCEAN SHOW THEMSELVES PROPITIOUS TO PHILEAS FOGG'S DESIGNS.

The distance between Suez and Aden is exactly thirteen hundred and ten miles, and the time-table of the company allows its steamers a period of one hundred and thirty-eight hours to make the distance. The Mongolia, whose fires were well kept up, moved along rapidly enough to anticipate her stipulated arrival. Nearly all the passengers who came aboard at Brindisi had India for their destination. Some were going to Bombay, others to Calcutta, but via Bombay, for since a railway crosses the entire breadth of the Indian peninsula, it is no longer necessary to double the island at Ceylon.

Among these passengers of the Mongolia there were several officials of the civil service and army officers of every grade. Of the latter, some belonged to the

British army, properly so-called; the others commanded the native Sepoy troops, all receiving high salaries, since the Government has taken the place of the powers and charges of the old East India Company; sub-lieutenants receiving £280; brigadiers, £2400; and generals, £4000. The emoluments of officials in the civil service are still higher. Simple assistants in the first rank get £480; judges, £2400; the president judges, £10,000; governors, £12,000; and the governor-general more than £24,000.

There was good living on board the Mongolia, in this company of officials, to which were added some young Englishmen, who, with a million in their pockets, were going to establish commercial houses abroad. The purser, the confidential man of the company, the equal of the captain on board the ship, did things up elegantly. At the breakfast, at the lunch at two o'clock, at the dinner at half-past five, at the supper at eight o'clock, the tables groaned under the dishes of fresh meat and the relishes, furnished by the refrigerator and the pantries of the steamer. The ladies, of whom there were a few, changed their toilette twice a day. There was music, and there was dancing also when the sea allowed it.

But the Red Sea is very capricious and too frequently rough, like all long, narrow bodies of water. When the wind blew either from the coast of Asia, or from the coast of Africa, the Mongolia, being very

long and sharp-built, and struck amidships, rolled fearfully. The ladies then disappeared; the pianos were silent; songs and dances ceased at once. And yet, notwithstanding the squall and the agitated waters, the steamer, driven by its powerful engines, pursued its course without delay to the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb.

What was Phileas Fogg doing all this time? It might be supposed that, always uneasy and anxious, his mind would be occupied with the changes of the wind interfering with the progress of the vessel, the irregular movements of the squall threatening an accident to the engine, and in short all the possible injuries, which, compelling the Mongolia to put into some port, would have interrupted his journey.

By no means, or, at least, if this gentleman thought of these probabilities, he did not let it appear as if he did. He was the same impassable man, the imperturbable member of the Reform Club, whom no incident or accident could surprise. He did not appear more affected than the ship's chronometers. He was seldom seen upon the deck. He troubled himself very little about looking at this Red Sea, so fruitful in recollections, the spot where the first historic scenes of mankind were enacted. He did not recognize the curious towns scattered upon its shores, and whose picturesque outlines stood out sometimes against the horizon. He did not even dream of the dangers of the Gulf of Arabia, of which the ancient historians, Strabo, Arrius,

Artemidorus, and others, always spoke with dread, and upon which the navigators never ventured in former times without having consecrated their voyage by propitiatory sacrifices.

What was this queer fellow, imprisoned upon the Mongolia, doing? At first he took his four meals a day, the rolling and pitching of the ship not putting out of order his mechanism, so wonderfully organized. Then he played at whist. For he found companions as devoted to it as himself: a collector of taxes, who was going to his post at Goa; a minister, the Rev. Decimus Smith, returning to Bombay; and a brigadier-general of the English army, who was re-joining his corps at Benares. These three passengers had the same passion for whist as Mr. Fogg, and they played for entire hours, not less quietly than he.

As for Passepartout, sea-sickness had taken no hold on him. He occupied a forward cabin, and ate conscientiously. It must be said that the voyage made under these circumstances was decidedly not unpleasant to him. He rather liked his share of it. Well fed and well lodged, he was seeing the country, and besides, he asserted to himself that all this whim would end at Bombay. The next day after leaving Suez it was not without a certain pleasure that he met on deck the obliging person whom he had addressed on landing in Egypt.

"I am not mistaken," he said, on approaching him

with his most amiable smile, "you are the very gentleman that so kindly served as my guide in Suez?"

"Indeed," replied the detective, "I recognize you! You are the servant of that odd Englishman—"

"Just so, Monsieur—?"

"Fix."

"Monsieur Fix," replied Passepartout. "Delighted to meet you again on board this vessel. And where are you going?"

"Why, to the same place as yourself, Bombay."

"That is first-rate! Have you already made this trip?"

"Several times," replied Fix. "I am an agent of the Peninsular Company."

"Then you know India?"

"Why—yes," replied Fix, who did not wish to commit himself too far.

"And this India is a curious place?"

"Very curious! Mosques, minarets, temples, fakirs, pagodas, tigers, serpents, dancing girls! But it is to be hoped that you will have time to visit the country?"

"I hope so, Monsieur Fix. You understand very well that it is not permitted to a man of sound mind to pass his life in jumping from a steamer into a railway car and from a railway car into a steamer, under the pretext of making the tour of the world in eighty days! No. All these gymnastics will cease at Bombay, don't doubt it."

"And Mr. Fogg is well?" asked Fix, in the most natural tone.

"Very well, Monsieur Fix, and I am too. I eat like an ogre that has been fasting. It is the sea air."

"I never see your master on deck."

"Never. He is not inquisitive."

"Do you know, Mr. Passepartout, that this pretended tour in eighty days might very well be the cover for some secret mission—a diplomatic mission, for example?"

"Upon my word, Monsieur Fix, I don't know anything about it, I confess, and really I wouldn't give a half crown to know."

After this meeting, Passepartout and Fix frequently talked together. The detective thought he ought to have close relations with the servant of this gentleman Fogg. There might be an occasion when he could serve him. He frequently offered him, in the bar-room of the Mongolia, a few glasses of whiskey or pale ale, which the good fellow accepted without reluctance, and returned even so as not to be behind him—finding this Fix to be a very honest gentleman.

In the meantime the steamer was rapidly getting on. On the 13th they sighted Mocha, which appeared in its enclosure of ruined walls, above which were hanging green date trees. At a distance, in the mountains, there were seen immense fields of coffee trees. Passepartout was delighted to behold this celebrated place,

and he found, with its circular walls and a dismantled fort in the shape of a handle, it looked like an enormous cup and saucer.

During the following night the Mongolia passed through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, the Arabic name of which signifies "The Gate of Tears," and the next day, the 14th, she put in at Steamer Point, to the northwest of Aden harbor. There she was to lay in coal again. This obtaining fuel for steamers at such distances from the centres of production is a very serious matter. It amounts to an annual expense for the Peninsular Company of eight hundred thousand pounds. It has been necessary, indeed, to establish depots in several ports, and in these distant seas coal reaches as high as from three to four pounds per ton.

The Mongolia had still sixteen hundred and fifty miles to make before reaching Bombay, and she had to remain four hours at Steamer Point, to lay in her coal. But this delay could not in any way be prejudicial to Phileas Fogg's programme. It was foreseen. Besides, the Mongolia, instead of not arriving at Aden until the morning of the 15th, put in there the evening of the 14th, a gain of fifteen hours.

Mr. Fogg and his servant landed. The gentleman wished to have his passport *vised*. Fix followed him without being noticed. The formality of the *vise* through with, Phileas Fogg returned on board to resume his interrupted play. Passepartout, according to

his custom, loitered about in the midst of the population of Somanlis, Banyans, Parsees, Jews, Arabs, Europeans, making up the twenty-five thousand inhabitants of Aden. He admired the fortifications which make of this town the Gibraltar of the Indian Ocean, and some splendid cisterns, at which the English engineers were still working, two thousand years after the engineers of King Solomon. "Very singular, *very* singular!" said Passepartout to himself on returning aboard. "I see that it is not useless to travel, if we wish so see anything new."

At six o'clock P.M. the Mongolia was ploughing the waters of the Aden harbor, and soon reached the Indian Ocean. She had one hundred and sixty-eight hours to make the distance between Aden and Bombay. The Indian Ocean was favorable to her, the wind kept in the northwest, and the sails came to the aid of the steam. The ship, well balanced, rolled less. The ladies, in fresh toilets, reappeared upon the deck. The singing and dancing recommenced. Their voyage was then progressing under the most favorable circumstances. Passepartout was delighted with the agreeable companion whom chance had procured for him in the person of Fix.

On Sunday, the 20th of October, toward noon, they sighted the Indian coast. Two hours later the pilot came aboard the Mongolia. The outlines of the hills blended with the sky. Soon the rows of palm trees

which abound in the place came into distinct view. The steamer entered the harbor formed by the islands of Salcette, Colaba, Elephanta, Butcher, and at half-past four she put in at the wharves of Bombay. Phileas Fogg was then finishing the thirty-third rubber of the day, and his partner and himself, thanks to a bold manœuvre, having made thirteen tricks, wound up this fine trip by a splendid victory. The Mongolia was not due at Bombay until the 22d of October. She arrived on the 20th. This was a gain of two days, then, since his departure from London, and Phileas Fogg methodically noted it down in his memorandum-book in the column of gains.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT IS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO GET OFF WITH THE LOSS OF HIS SHOES.

No one is ignorant of the fact that India, this great reversed triangle whose base is to the north and its apex to the south, comprises a superficial area of fourteen hundred thousand square miles, over which is unequally scattered a population of one hundred and eighty millions of inhabitants. The British Government exercises a real dominion over a certain portion of this vast country. It maintains a Governor-General

at Calcutta, Governors at Madras, Bombay and Bengal, and a Lieutenant-Governor at Agra.

But English India, properly so called, counts only a superficial area of seven hundred thousand square miles, and a population of one hundred to one hundred and ten millions of inhabitants. It is sufficient to say that a prominent part of the territory is still free from the authority of the Queen; and indeed, with some of the rajahs of the interior, fierce and terrible, Hindoo independence is still absolute. Since 1756—the period at which was founded the first English establishment on the spot to-day occupied by the city of Madras—until the year in which broke out the great Sepoy insurrection, the celebrated East India Company was all-powerful. It annexed little by little the various provinces, bought from the rajahs at the price of annual rents, which it paid in part or not at all; it named its Governor-General and all its civil or military employees; but now it no longer exists, and the English possessions in India are directly under the Crown. Thus the aspect, the manners, and the distinctions of race of the peninsula are being changed every day. Formerly they travelled by all the old means of conveyance, on foot, on horseback, in carts, in small vehicles drawn by men, in palanquins, on men's backs, in coaches, etc. Now, steamboats traverse with great rapidity the Indus and the Ganges, and a railway crossing the entire breadth of India, and

branching in various directions, puts Bombay at only three days from Calcutta.

The route of this railway does not follow a straight line across India. The air-line distance is only one thousand to eleven hundred miles, and trains, going at only an average rapidity, would not take three days to make it; but this distance is increased at least one third by the arc described by the railway rising to Allahabad, in the northern part of the peninsula. In short, these are the principal points of the route of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway. Leaving the island of Bombay, it crosses Salcette, touches the main land opposite Tannah, crosses the chain of the Western Ghauts, runs to the northeast as far as Burhampour, goes through the nearly independent territory of Bundelkund, rises as far as Allahabad, turns towards the east, meets the Ganges at Benares, turns slightly aside, and descending again to the southeast by Burdivan and the French town of Chandernagor, it reaches the end of the route at Calcutta.

It was at half-past four P.M. that the passengers of the Mongolia had landed in Bombay, and the train for Calcutta would leave at precisely eight o'clock. Mr. Fogg then took leave of his partners, left the steamer, gave his servant directions for some purchases, recommended him expressly to be at the station before eight o'clock, and with his regular step, which beat the second like the pendulum of an astronomical clock, he

turned his steps towards the passport office. He did not think of looking at any of the wonders of Bombay, neither the city hall, nor the magnificent library, nor the forts, nor the docks, nor the cotton market, nor the shops, nor the mosques, nor the synagogues, nor the Armenian churches, nor the splendid pagoda of Malebar Hill, adorned with two polygonal towers. He would not contemplate either the masterpieces of Elephanta, or its mysterious hypogea, concealed in the southeast of the harbor, or the Kanherian grottoes of the Island of Salcette, those splendid remains of Buddhist architecture! No, nothing of that for him. After leaving the passport office, Phileas Fogg quietly repaired to the station, and there had dinner served. Among other dishes, the landlord thought he ought to recommend to him a certain giblet of "native rabbit," of which he spoke in the highest terms. Phileas Fogg accepted the giblet and tasted it conscientiously; but in spite of the spiced sauce, he found it detestable. He rang for the landlord.

"Sir," he said, looking at him steadily, "is that rabbit?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the rogue, boldly, "the rabbit of the jungles."

"And that rabbit did not mew when it was killed?"

"Mew! oh my lord! a rabbit! I swear to you—"

"Landlord," replied Mr. Fogg, coolly, "don't swear, and recollect this: in former times, in India,

cats were considered sacred animals. That was a good time."

"For the cats, my lord?"

"And perhaps also for the travellers!"

After this observation Mr. Fogg went on quietly with his dinner.

A few minutes after Mr. Fogg, the detective Fix also landed from the Mongolia, and hastened to the Commissioner of Police in Bombay. He made himself known in his capacity as detective, the mission with which he was charged, his position towards the robber. Had a warrant of arrest been received from London? They had received nothing. And, in fact, the warrant, leaving after Fogg, could not have arrived yet.

Fix was very much out of countenance. He wished to obtain from the commissioner an order for the arrest of this gentleman Fogg. The director refused. The affair concerned the motropolitan government, and it alone could legally deliver a warrant. This strictness of principles, this rigorous observance of legality is easily explained with the English manners, which, in the matter of personal liberty, does not allow anything arbitrary. Fix did not persist, and understood that he would have to be resigned to waiting for his warrant. But he resolved not to lose sight of his mysterious rogue, whilst he remained in Bombay. He did not doubt that Phileas Fogg would stop there

—and as we know, it was also Passepartout's conviction—which would give the warrant of arrest the time to arrive.

But after the last orders which his master had given him on leaving the Mongolia, Passepartout had understood very well that it would be the same with Bombay as with Suez and Paris, that the journey would not stop here, that it would be continued at least as far as Calcutta, and perhaps further. And he began to ask himself if, after all, this bet of Mr. Fogg was not really serious, and if a fatality was not dragging him, he who wished to live at rest, to accomplish the tour of the world in eighty days! Whilst waiting, and after having obtained some shirts and shoes, he took a walk through the streets of Bombay. There was a crowd of people there, and among the Europeans of all nationalities, Persians with pointed caps, Bunyas with round turbans, Sindes with square caps, Armenians in long robes, Parsees in black mitres. A festival was just being held by the Parsees, the direct descendants of the followers of Zoroaster, who are the most industrious, the most civilized, the most intelligent, the most austere of the Hindoos—a race to which now belong the rich native merchants of Bombay. Upon this day they were celebrating a sort of religious carnival, with processions and amusements, in which figured dancing girls dressed in rose-colored gauze embroidered with gold and silver, who danced wonder-

fully and with perfect decency to the sound of viols and tam-tams.

It is superfluous to insist here whether Passepartout looked at these curious ceremonies, whether his eyes and ears were stretched wide open to see and hear, whether his entire appearance was that of the freshest greenhorn that can be imagined. Unfortunately for himself and his master, whose journey he ran the risk of interrupting, his curiosity dragged him further than was proper.

In fact, after having looked at this Parsee carnival, Passepartout turned towards the station, when passing the splendid pagoda on Malebar Hill, he took the unfortunate notion to visit its interior. He was ignorant of two things:—First, that the entrance into certain Hindoo pagodas is formally forbidden to Christians, and, next, that the believers themselves cannot enter there without having left their shoes at the door. It must be remarked here that the English Government, for sound political reasons, respecting and causing to be respected in its most insignificant details the religion of the country, punishes severely whoever violates its practices. Passepartout having gone in, without thinking of doing wrong, like a simple traveller, was admiring in the interior the dazzling glare of the Brahmin ornamentation, when he was suddenly thrown down on the sacred floor. Three priests, with furious looks, rushed upon him, tore off his shoes and stock-

lngs, and commenced to beat him, uttering savage cries. The Frenchman, vigorous and agile, rose again quickly. With a blow of his fist and a kick he upset two of his adversaries, very much hampered by their long robes, and rushing out of the pagoda with all the quickness of his legs, he had soon distanced the third Hindoo, who had followed him closely, by mingling with the crowd

At five minutes of eight, just a few minutes before the leaving of the train, hatless and barefoot, having lost in the scuffle the bundle containing his purchases, Passepartout arrived at the railway station. Fix was on the wharf. Having followed Mr. Fogg to the station, he understood that the rogue was going to leave Bombay. His mind was immediately made up to accompany him to Calcutta, and further, if it was necessary. Passepartout did not see Fix, who was standing in a dark place, but Fix heard him tell his adventures in a few words to his master.

"I hope it will not happen to you again," was all Phileas Fogg replied, taking a seat in one of the cars of the train. The poor fellow, barefoot and quite discomfited, followed his master without saying a word.

Fix was going to get in another car, when a thought stopped him, and suddenly modified his plan of departure. "No, I will remain," he said to himself. "A transgression committed upon Indian territory. I have my man."

At this moment the locomotive gave a vigorous whistle, and the train disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG BUYS A CONVEYANCE AT A FABULOUS PRICE.

THE train had started on time. It carried a certain number of travellers, some officers, civil officials, and opium and indigo merchants, whose business called them to the eastern part of the peninsula.

Passepartout occupied the same compartment as his master. A third traveller was in the opposite corner.

It was the Brigadier-General, Sir Francis Cromarty, one of the partners of Mr. Fogg during the trip from Suez to Bombay, who was re-joining his troops, stationed near Benares.

Sir Francis Cromarty, tall, fair, about fifty years old, who had distinguished himself highly during the last revolt of the Sepoys, had truly deserved to be called a native. From his youth he had lived in India, and had only been occasionally in the country of his birth. He was a well-posted man, who would have been glad to give information as to the manners, the history, the organization of this Indian country, if