

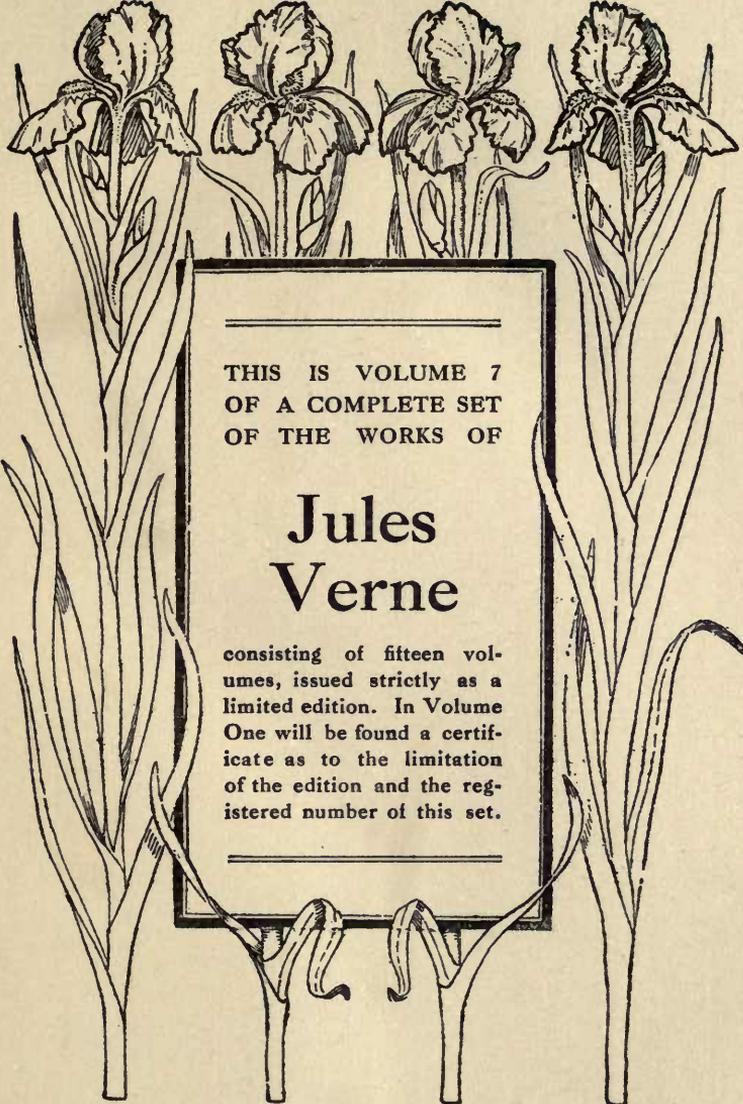
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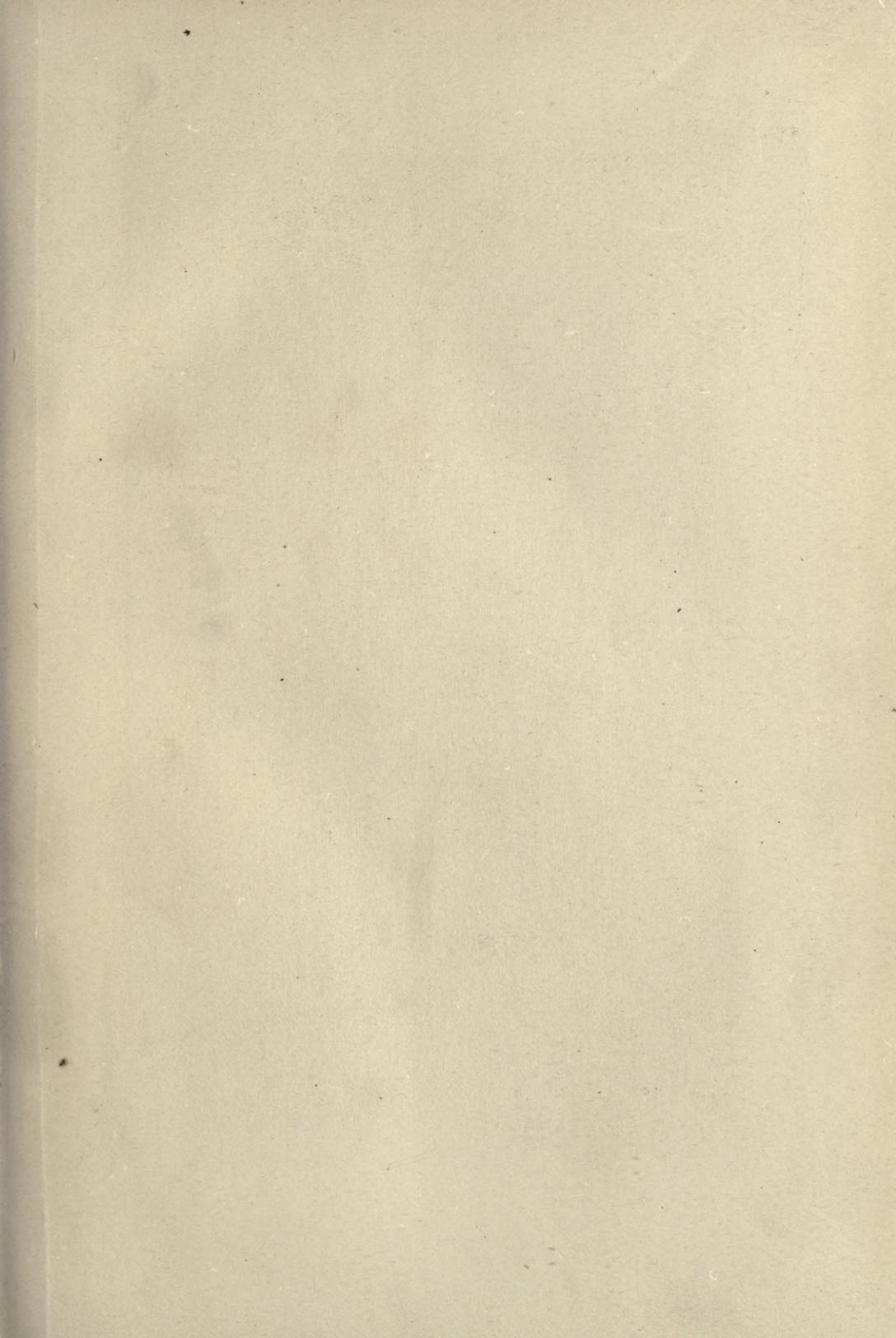




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WORKS
of
JULES VERNE

A DANGEROUS MOMENT.

Then was a moment of anxiety impossible to describe: everyone was silent, and each watched fearfully the arch described by the projectile. Nothing could be done to escape it, and in a few seconds it fell with a frightful noise on the foredeck of the *Dolphin*.

The terrified sailors crowded to the stern; no one dared move a step. The fuse burned with a brisk crackle.

But one brave man alone among them ran up to the formidable weapon of destruction. It was Crockston; he took the shell in his strong arms, whilst showers of sparks were falling from it; then, with a super-human effort, he threw it overboard.

Hardly had the shell reached the surface of the water when it burst with a frightful report.—Page 150.



Vol. 7.

VINCENT PARKE AND COMPANY
NEW YORK :: LONDON

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JULES VERNE

EDITED BY

CHARLES F. HORNE, Ph.D.

Professor of English, College of the City of New York;
Author of "The Technique of the Novel," etc.



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NEW YORK :: LONDON

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INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME SEVEN



F the four stories gathered in this volume in the order of their publication, "Round the World in Eighty Days" is the most celebrated. It was issued in 1872, not in the usual form in which Verne's books appeared, in Hetzel's series of "Voyages Extraordinaires," but in "feuilleton." This French method of publication in "feuilleton," not wholly unknown in our own country, consists of publishing a chapter or so each day in some daily paper.

The universal interest which these daily feuilletons of "Round the World in Eighty Days" excited, was absolutely unprecedented. Both English and American reporters telegraphed to their papers each day, the entire daily portion, which was promptly reproduced. So that for once three great nations were reading the same story at the same time, bit by bit.

Seldom has any piece of fiction excited such a furor. Liberal offers were made to the author by various transportation companies, if he would advertise their routes by having his hero travel by them. And when the final passage of the Atlantic from America to England was to be accomplished, the bids for notice by the various transatlantic lines are said to have reached fabulous sums. Verne, with a high sense of professional etiquette and honesty to his readers, refused all these offers.

As to the central idea on which the story is based, the unconscious gaining of a day by circumnavigation eastward, Verne tells us that the thought was suggested to him while reading in a café of the new possibility of making the circuit in eighty days. He saw the difficulty with the meridians, and the possibilities of the story flashed upon him.

"A Floating City," published in 1871, enjoyed in our own country a popularity almost equal to that of "Round

the World in Eighty Days." The "Floating City" was the direct result of the trip which the author actually made to America in 1867. He gives us a faithful picture of the natural and usual incidents of an ocean voyage of those days, enlivening these by introducing a romance aboard ship. The pictures of the "Great Eastern," are of course exaggerated, not so much in words themselves as in the impressions they convey. But the pictures of New York and of Niagara are the genuine imprint made upon the great writer by his visit here.

In "The Blockade Runners" he again adopts a theme which is, at least nominally, American. In it he gives a very fair view of the British attitude toward our country during that tragic period of our suffering and trial.

"Dr. Ox's Experiment" was one of those prophetic scientific fantasies which leaped so frequently into the inspired mind of Verne. The remarkably vivifying and invigorating effects of pure oxygen, even upon the dying, have now become an established part of medical science. In 1874, when "Doctor Ox" was published, the knowledge of this gas was in its infancy. Verne tells us that the story was suggested by an actual experience of his own in Paris, in which he realized the effects "très interessante" of the potent gas. The story develops a spirit of mischievous exaggeration and burlesque very different from the author's usually serious and thoughtful attitude toward scientific marvels.

A Floating City

CHAPTER I THE "GREAT EASTERN"



ON the 18th of March, 1867, I arrived at Liverpool, intending to take a berth simply as an amateur traveler on board the *Great Eastern*, which in a few days was to sail for New York. I had sometimes thought of paying a visit to North America, and was now tempted to cross the Atlantic on board this gigantic boat. First of all the *Great Eastern*, then the country celebrated by Cooper.

This steamship is indeed a masterpiece of naval construction; more than a vessel, it is a floating city, part of the country, detached from English soil, which after having crossed the sea, unites itself to the American Continent. I pictured to myself this enormous bulk borne on the waves, her defiant struggle with the wind, her boldness before the powerless sea, her indifference to the billows, her stability in the midst of that element which tosses "Warriors" and "Solferinos" like ship's boats. But my imagination carried me no farther; all these things I did indeed see during the passage, and many others which do not exclusively belong to the maritime domain. If the *Great Eastern* is not merely a nautical engine, but rather a microcosm, and carries a small world with it, an observer will not be astonished to meet here, as on a larger theater, all the instincts, follies, and passions of human nature.

On leaving the station, I went to the Adelphi Hotel. The *Great Eastern* was announced to sail on the 20th of March, and as I wished to witness the last preparations, I asked permission of Captain Anderson, the commander, to take my place on board immediately, which permission he very obligingly granted.

The next day I went down towards the basins which form a double line of docks on the banks of the Mersey. The gate-keepers allowed me to go onto Prince's Landing-Stage, a kind of movable raft which rises and falls with the

tide, and is a landing place for the numerous boats which run between Liverpool, and the opposite town of Birkenhead on the left bank of the Mersey.

The Mersey, like the Thames, is only an insignificant stream, unworthy the name of river, although it empties into the sea. It is an immense depression of the land filled with water, in fact nothing more than a hole, the depth of which allows it to receive ships of the heaviest tonnage, such as the *Great Eastern*, to which almost every other port in the world is closed. Thanks to this natural condition, the streams of the Thames and the Mersey have seen two immense commercial cities, London and Liverpool, built almost at their mouths, and from a similar cause has Glasgow arisen on the Clyde.

At Prince's Landing-Stage, a small tug in the service of the *Great Eastern* was getting up steam. I went on board and found it already crowded with workmen and mechanics. As the clock in Victoria Tower struck seven, the tender left her moorings and quickly ascended the Mersey with the rising tide.

Scarcely had we started, when I saw on the quay a tall young man, with that aristocratic look which so distinguishes the English officer. I thought I recognized in him a friend whom I had not seen for several years, a captain in the Indian army; but I must have been mistaken, for Captain MacElwin could not have left Bombay, as I ought to have known, besides MacElwin was a gay, careless fellow, and a jovial companion, but this person, if he resembled him in feature, seemed melancholy, and as though burdened with a secret grief. I had not time to observe him more closely, for the tender was moving rapidly away, and the impression founded on this resemblance soon vanished from my mind.

The *Great Eastern* was anchored about three miles up the river, at a depth equal to the height of the tallest houses in Liverpool. She was not to be seen from Prince's Stage, but I caught a glimpse of her imposing bulk from the first bend in the river.

One would have taken her for a small island, hardly discernible in the mist. She appeared with her bows towards us, having swung round with the tide; but soon the tender altered her course, and the whole length of the steamship was

presented to our view; she seemed what in fact she was—enormous! Three or four colliers alongside were pouring their cargoes of coal into her port-holes. Beside the *Great Eastern*, these three-mast ships looked like barges; their chimneys did not even reach the first line of light-ports in her hull; the yards of their gallant-sails did not come up to her bulwarks. The giant could have hoisted these ships on its davits like shore-boats.

Meanwhile the tender approached the *Great Eastern*, whose chains were violently strained by the pressure of the tide, and ranged up to the foot of an immense winding staircase, on the larboard side. In this position the deck of the tender was only on a level with the load water-line of the steamship, to which line she would be depressed when in full cargo, and which still emerged two yards.

The workmen were now hurriedly disembarking and clambering up the numerous steps which terminated at the fore-part of the ship. I, with head upturned, and my body thrown back surveyed the wheels of the *Great Eastern*, like a tourist looking up a high edifice.

Seen from the side, these wheels looked narrow and contracted, although their paddles were four yards broad, but in front they had a monumental aspect. Their elegant fittings, the arrangements of the whole plan, the stays crossing each other to support the division of the triple center rim, the radius of red spokes, the machinery half lost in the shadow of the wide paddle-boards, all this impressed the mind, and awakened an idea of some gigantic and mysterious power.

With what force must these wooden paddles strike the waves which are now gently breaking over them! what a boiling of water when this powerful engine strikes it blow after blow! what a thundering noise engulfed in this paddle-box cavern! when the *Great Eastern* goes at full speed, under the pressure of wheels measuring fifty-three feet in diameter and 166 in circumference, weighing ninety tons, and making eleven revolutions a minute. The tender had disembarked her crew; I stepped onto the fluted iron steps, and in a few minutes had crossed the fore-part of the *Great Eastern*.

CHAPTER II

OUR PREPARATIONS COMPLETED

THE deck was still nothing but an immense timber-yard given up to an army of workmen. I could not believe I was on board a ship. Several thousand men—workmen, crew, officers, lookers on—mingled and jostled together, some on deck, others in the engine-room; here pacing the upper decks, there scattered in the rigging, all in an indescribable pell-mell. Here fly-wheel cranes were raising enormous pieces of cast-iron, there heavy joists were hoisted by steam-windlasses; above the engine-rooms an iron cylinder, a metal shaft in fact, was balanced. At the bows, the yards creaked as the sails were hoisted; at the stern rose a scaffolding which, doubtless, concealed some building in construction. Building, fixing, carpentering, rigging, and painting, were going on in the midst of the greatest disorder.

My luggage was already on board. I asked to see Captain Anderson, and was told that he had not yet arrived; but one of the stewards undertook to install me, and had my packages carried to one of the aft-cabins.

“My good fellow,” said I to him, “The *Great Eastern* was announced to sail on the 20th of March, but is it possible that we can be ready in twenty-four hours? Can you tell me when we may expect to leave Liverpool?”

But in this respect the steward knew no more than I did, and he left me to myself. I then made up my mind to visit all the ins and outs of this immense ant-hill, and began my walk like a tourist in a foreign town. A black mire—that British mud which is so rarely absent from the pavements of English towns—covered the deck of the steamship; dirty gutters wound here and there. One might have thought oneself in the worst part of Upper Thames Street, near London Bridge. I walked on, following the upper decks towards the stern. Stretching on either side were two wide streets, or rather boulevards, filled with a compact crowd; thus walking, I came to the center of the steamship between the paddles, united by a double set of bridges.

Here opened the pit containing the machinery of the paddle-wheels, and I had an opportunity of looking at this admirable locomotive engine. About fifty workmen were scattered on the metallic skylights, some clinging to the long suction-pumps fixing the eccentric wheels, others hanging

on the cranks riveting iron wedges with enormous wrenches. After having cast a rapid glance over these fitting works, I continued my walk till I reached the bows, where the carpenters were finishing the decoration of a large saloon called the "smoking-room," a magnificent apartment with fourteen windows; the ceiling white and gold, and wainscoted with lemon-colored panels. Then, after having crossed a small triangular space at the bows, I reached the stem, which descends perpendicularly into the water.

Turning round from this extreme point, I saw through an opening in the mists, the stern of the *Great Eastern* at a distance of over two hundred yards.

I returned by the boulevards on the starboard side, avoiding contact with the swaying pulleys and the ropes of the rigging, lashed in all directions by the wind; now keeping out of the way, here of the blows of a fly-wheel crane, and further on, of the flaming scoria which were showering from a forge like a display of fireworks. I could hardly see the tops of the masts, two hundred feet in height, which lost themselves in the mist, increased by the black smoke from the tenders and colliers.

After having passed the great hatchway of the engine-rooms, I observed a "small hotel" on my left, and then the spacious side walls of a palace surmounted by a terrace, the railings of which were being varnished. At last I reached the stern of the steamship, and the place I had already noticed where the scaffolding was erected. Here between the last small deck cabin and the enormous gratings of the hatchways, above which rose the four wheels of the rudder, some engineers had just finished placing a steam-engine. The engine was composed of two horizontal cylinders, and presented a system of pinions, levers, and blocks which seemed to me very complicated. I did not understand at first for what it was intended, but it appeared that here, as everywhere else, the preparations were far from complete.

And now, why all these delays? Why so many new arrangements on board the *Great Eastern*, a comparatively new ship? The reason may be briefly explained.

After twenty passages from England to America, one of which was marked by very serious disasters, the use of the *Great Eastern* was temporarily abandoned, and this

immense ship, arranged to accommodate passengers, seemed no longer good for anything. When the first attempt to lay the Atlantic cable had failed,—partly because the number of ships which carried it was insufficient—engineers thought of the *Great Eastern*. She alone could store on board the 2,100 miles of metallic wire, weighing 4,500 tons. She alone, thanks to her perfect indifference to the sea, could unroll and immerse this immense cable. But special arrangements were necessary for storing away the cable in the ship's hold. Two out of six boilers were removed, and one chimney out of three belonging to the screw engine; in their places large tanks were placed for the cable, which was immersed in water to preserve it from the effects of variation of the atmosphere; the wire thus passed from these tanks of water into the sea without suffering the least contact with the air.

The laying of the cable having been successfully accomplished, and the object in view attained, the *Great Eastern* was once more left in her costly idleness. A French company, called the "Great Eastern Company, Limited," was floated with a capital of 2,000,000 francs, with the intention of employing the immense ship for the conveyance of passengers across the Atlantic. Thus the reason for rearranging the ship to this purpose, and the consequent necessity of filling up the tanks and replacing the boilers, of enlarging the saloons in which so many people were to live during the voyage, and of building extra dining saloons, finally the arrangement of a thousand berths in the sides of the gigantic hull.

The *Great Eastern* was freighted to the amount of 25,000 francs a month. Two contracts were arranged with G. Forrester and Co., of Liverpool the first to the amount of 538,750 francs, for making new boilers for the screw; the second to the amount of 662,500 francs for general repairs, and fixings on board.

Before entering upon the last undertaking, the Board of Trade required that the ship's hull should undergo a strict examination. This costly operation accomplished, a long crack in her exterior plates was carefully repaired at a great expense, and the next proceeding was to fix the new boilers; the driving main-shaft of the wheels, which had been damaged during the last voyage, had to be replaced

by a shaft, provided with two eccentric wheels, which insured the solidity of this important part. And now for the first time the *Great Eastern* was to be steered by steam.

It was for this delicate operation that the engineers intended the engine which they had placed at the stern. The steersman standing on the bridge between the signal apparatus of the wheels and the screw, has before his eyes a dial provided with a moving needle, which tells him every moment the position of his rudder. In order to modify it, he has only to press his hand lightly on a small wheel, measuring hardly a foot in diameter, and placed within his reach. Immediately the valves open, the steam from the boilers rushes along the conducting tubes into the two cylinders of the small engine, the pistons move rapidly, and the rudder instantly obeys. If this plan succeeds, a man will be able to direct the gigantic body of the *Great Eastern* with one finger.

For five days operations continued with distracting activity. These delays considerably affected the enterprise of the freighters, but the contractors could do no more. The day for setting sail was finally settled for the 26th of March. The 25th still saw the deck strewn with all kinds of tools.

During this last day, however, little by little the gangways were cleared, the scaffoldings were taken down, the fly-wheel cranes disappeared, the fixing of the engines was accomplished, the last screws and nails were driven in, the reservoirs filled with oil, and the last slab rested on its metal mortise. This day the chief engineer tried the boilers. The engine-rooms were full of steam; leaning over the hatchway, enveloped in a hot mist, I could see nothing, but I heard the long pistons groaning, and the huge cylinders noisily swaying to and fro on their solid swing blocks. The muddy waters of the Mersey were lashed into foam by the slowly revolving paddle-wheels; at the stern, the screw beat the waves with its four blades; the two engines, entirely independent of each other, were in complete working order.

Towards five o'clock a small steamer, intended as a shore-boat for the *Great Eastern*, came alongside. Her movable engine was first hoisted on board by means of wind-

lasses, but as for the steamer herself, she could not be embarked. Her steel hull was so heavy that the davits to which it was attached bent under the weight, undoubtedly this would not have occurred had they supported them with lifts. Therefore they were obliged to abandon the steamer, but there still remained on the *Great Eastern* a string of sixteen boats hanging to the davits.

Everything was finished by evening; not a trace of mud was visible on the well-swept boulevards, for an army of sweepers had been at work. There was a full cargo; provisions, goods, and coal filled the stewards' room, the store, and the coal houses. However, the steamer had not yet sunk to the load water-line, and did not draw the necessary thirty-three feet. It was an inconvenient position for the wheels, for the paddles not being sufficiently immersed, caused a great diminution in the speed.

Nevertheless it was possible to set sail, and I went to bed with the hope of starting next day. I was not disappointed, for at break of dawn I saw the English, French, and American flags floating from the masts.

CHAPTER III

I MEET A FRIEND

THE *Great Eastern* was indeed preparing to sail. Already volumes of black smoke were issuing from the five chimneys, and hot steam filled the engine-rooms. Some sailors were brightening up the four great fog-cannons which were to salute Liverpool as we sailed by. The topmen climbed the yards, disentangled the rigging, and tightened the shrouds on the thick ropes fastened to the barricades. About eleven o'clock the carpenters and painters put the finishing touches to their work, and then embarked on board the tender which awaited them. As soon as there was a sufficient pressure the steam rushed into the cylinders of the rudder engine, and the engineers had the pleasure of seeing that this ingenious contrivance was an entire success.

The weather was fine, with bright gleams of sunshine darting through the rapidly-moving clouds.

The officers were all dispersed about the deck, making

preparations for getting under sail. These officials consisted of the captain, the first officer, two assistant officers, five lieutenants, of whom one was a Frenchman, M. H.—, and a volunteer who was also French.

Captain Anderson holds a high place in the commercial marine of England. It is to him we are indebted for the laying of the Transatlantic cable, though it is true that if he succeeded where his predecessors had failed, it was because he worked under more favorable circumstances, having the *Great Eastern* at his command. Be it as it may, his success gained for him the title of "Sir." I found him to be a very agreeable commander. He was a man of about fifty years of age, with that tawny complexion which remains unchanged by weather or age; a thorough Englishman, with a tall figure, a broad smiling face, and merry eyes; walking with a quiet dignified step, his hands never in his pockets, always irreproachably gloved and elegantly dressed, and invariably with a little piece of his white handkerchief peeping out of the pocket of his blue and gold-laced overcoat.

The first officer presented a singular contrast to Captain Anderson, and his appearance is easily described:—an active little man, with a very sunburnt skin, a black beard almost covering his face, and legs which defied every lurch of the vessel. A skillful, energetic seaman, he gave his orders in a clear, decided tone, the boatswain repeating them with a voice like the roaring of a hoarse lion. The second officer's name was W——: I think he was a naval officer, on board the *Great Eastern* by special permission; he had all the appearance of a regular "Jack-tar."

Besides the ship officers, the engines were under the command of a chief engineer, assisted by eight or ten engineering officers, and a battalion of two hundred and fifty men, some stokers, others oilers, who hardly ever left the engine-rooms. This army of men was well occupied night and day, having ten boilers with ten furnaces and about a hundred fires to attend to.

As for the crew of the steamship proper, what with quartermasters, topmen, steersmen, and cabin-boys, it comprised about one hundred men, and besides these, there were two hundred stewards for serving the passengers.

Every man was at his post; the pilot who was to conduct

the vessel out of the Mersey had been on board since the evening before. I saw also a French Pilot, who was to make the passage with us, and on her return to take the steamship into anchorage at Brest.

"I begin to think we shall sail to-day," said I to Lieutenant H—.

"We are only waiting for our passengers," replied my countryman.

"Are there many?"

"Twelve or thirteen hundred."

At half-past eleven the tender was hailed, laden with passengers, who, as I afterwards learnt, were Californians, Canadians, Americans, Peruvians, English, Germans, and two or three Frenchmen. The tender ranged herself at the foot of a flight of steps, and then began the slow, interminable ascent of passengers and luggage.

The first care of each passenger, when he had once set foot on the steamer, was to go and secure his place in the dining-room; his card, or his name written on a scrap of paper, was enough to insure his possession.

I remained on deck in order to notice all the details of embarkation. At half-past twelve the luggage was all on board, and I saw thousands of packages of every description, from chests large enough to contain a suite of furniture, to elegant little traveling-cases and fanciful American and English trunks, heaped together pell-mell. All these were soon cleared from the deck, and stowed away in the store-rooms; workmen and porters returned to the tender, which steered off, after having blackened the side of the *Great Eastern* with her smoke.

I was going back towards the bows, when suddenly I found myself face to face with the young man I had seen on Prince's Landing-Stage. He stopped on seeing me, and held out his hand, which I warmly shook.

"You, Fabian!" I cried. "You here?"

"Even so, my dear friend."

"I was not mistaken, then; it was really you I saw on the quay a day or two since."

"It is likely," replied Fabian, "but I did not see you."

"And you are going to America?"

"Certainly! Do you think I could spend a month's leave better than in traveling?"

"How fortunate that you thought of making your tour in the *Great Eastern!*"

"It was not chance at all, my dear fellow. I read in the newspaper that you were one of the passengers; and as we have not met for some years now, I came on board, in order to make the passage with you."

"Have you come from India?"

"Yes, by the *Godavery*, which arrived at Liverpool the day before yesterday."

"And you are traveling, Fabian?" I asked, noticing his pale, sad face.

"To divert my mind, if I can," interrupted Captain MacElwin, warmly pressing my hand.

CHAPTER IV AN ACCIDENT

FABIAN left me, to look for his cabin, which, according to the ticket he held in his hand, was number seventy-three of the grand saloon series. At this moment large volumes of smoke curled from the chimneys; the steam hissed with a deafening noise through the escape-pipes, and fell in a fine rain over the deck; a noisy eddying of water announced that the engines were at work. We were at last going to start.

First of all the anchor had to be raised. The *Great Eastern* swung round with the tide; all was now clear, and Captain Anderson was obliged to choose this moment to set sail, for the width of the *Great Eastern* did not allow of her turning round in the Mersey. He was more master of his ship and more certain of guiding her skillfully in the midst of the numerous boats always plying on the river when stemming the rapid current than when driven by the ebb-tide; the least collision with this gigantic body would have proved disastrous.

To weigh anchor under these circumstances required considerable exertion, for the pressure of the tide stretched the chains by which the ship was moored, and besides this, a strong southwester blew with full force on her hull, so that it required powerful engines to hoist the heavy anchors from their muddy beds. An anchor-boat, intended

for this purpose, had just stoppered on the chains, but the windlasses were not sufficiently powerful, and they were obliged to use the steam apparatus which the *Great Eastern* had at her disposal.

At the bows was an engine of sixty-six horse-power. In order to raise the anchors it was only necessary to send the steam from the boilers into its cylinders to obtain immediately a considerable power, which could be directly applied to the windlass on which the chains were fastened. This was done; but powerful as it was, this engine was found insufficient, and fifty of the crew were set to turn the capstan with bars, thus the anchors were gradually drawn in, but it was slow work.

I was on the poop at the bows with several other passengers at this moment, watching the details of departure. Near me stood a traveler, who frequently shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and did not spare disparaging jokes on the tardiness of the work. He was a thin, nervous little man, with quick, restless eyes: a physiognomist could easily see that the things of this life always appeared on their funny side to this philosopher of Democrites school, for his risible muscles were never still for a moment; but without describing him further, I need only say I found him a very pleasant fellow-traveler.

"I thought until now, sir," said he to me, "that engines were made to help men, not men to help engines."

I was going to reply to this wise observation, when there was a loud cry, and immediately my companion and I were hurled towards the bows; every man at the capstan-bars was knocked down; some got up again, others lay scattered on the deck. A catch had broken, and the capstan being forced round by the frightful pressure of the chains, the men, caught by the rebound, were struck violently on the head and chest. Freed from their broken rope-bands, the capstan-bars flew in all directions like grape-shot, killing four sailors, and wounding twelve others; among the latter was the boatswain, a Scotchman from Dundee.

The spectators hurried towards the unfortunate men, the wounded were taken to the hospital at the stern; as for the four already dead, preparations were immediately made to send them on shore: so lightly do 'Anglo-Saxons regard death, that this event made very little impression on board.

These unhappy men, killed and wounded, were only tools, which could be replaced at very little expense. The tender, already some distance off, was hailed, and in a few minutes she was alongside.

I went towards the fore-part of the vessel, the staircase had not yet been raised. The four corpses, enveloped in coverings, were let down, and placed on the deck of the tender. One of the surgeons on board embarked to go with them to Liverpool, with injunctions to rejoin the *Great Eastern* as quickly as possible. The tender immediately sheered off, and the sailors went to the bows, to wash the stains of blood from the deck.

I ought to add that one of the passengers, slightly wounded by the breaking of the pinion, took advantage of this circumstance to leave by the tender; he had already had enough of the *Great Eastern*.

I watched the little boat going off full steam, and, turning round I heard my ironical fellow-traveler muttering these words:

“A good beginning for a voyage!”

“A very bad one, sir,” said I. “To whom have I the honor of speaking?”

“To Dr. Dean Pitferge.”

CHAPTER V

OFF AT LAST

THE work of weighing anchors was resumed; with the help of the anchor-boat the chains were eased, and the anchors at last left their tenacious depths. A quarter past one sounded from the Birkenhead clock-towers, the moment of departure could not be deferred, if it was intended to make use of the tide. The captain and pilot went on the foot-bridge; one lieutenant placed himself near the screw-signal apparatus, another near that of the paddle-wheel, in case of the failure of the steam-engine; four other steersmen watched at the stern, ready to put in action the great wheels placed on the gratings of the hatchings. The *Great Eastern*, making head against the current, was now only waiting to descend the river with the ebb-tide.

The order for departure was given, the paddles slowly

struck the water, the screw bubbled at the stern, and the enormous vessel began to move.

The greater part of the passengers on the poop were gazing at the double landscape of Liverpool and Birkenhead, studded with manufactory chimneys. The Mersey, covered with ships, some lying at anchor, others ascending and descending the river, offered only a winding passage for our steamship. But under the hand of a pilot, sensible to the least inclinations of her rudder, she glided through the narrow passages, like a whale-boat beneath the oar of a vigorous steersman. At one time I thought that we were going to run foul of a brig, which was drifting across the stream, her bows nearly grazing the hull of the *Great Eastern*, but a collision was avoided, and when from the height of the upper deck I looked at this ship, which was not of less than seven or eight hundred tons burden, she seemed to me no larger than the tiny boats which children play with on the lakes of Regent's Park or the Serpentine. It was not long before the *Great Eastern* was opposite the Liverpool landing-stages, but the four cannons which were to have saluted the town, were silent out of respect to the dead, for the tender was disembarking them at this moment; however, loud hurrahs replaced the reports which are the last expressions of national politeness. Immediately there was a vigorous clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, with all the enthusiasm with which the English hail the departure of every vessel, be it only a simple yacht sailing round a bay. But with what shouts they were answered! what echoes they called forth from the quays! There were thousands of spectators on both the Liverpool and Birkenhead sides, and boats laden with sight-seers swarmed on the Mersey. The sailors manning the yards of the *Lord Clyde*, lying at anchor opposite the docks, saluted the giant with their hearty cheers.

But even the noise of the cheering could not drown the frightful discord of several bands playing at the same time. Flags were incessantly hoisted in honor of the *Great Eastern*, but soon the cries grew faint in the distance. Our steamship ranged near the *Tripoli*, a Cunard emigrant-boat, which in spite of her 2,000 tons burden looked like a mere barge; then the houses grew fewer and more scattered on both shores, the landscape was no longer blackened with

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smoke; and brick walls, with the exception of some long regular buildings intended for workmen's houses, gave way to the open country, with pretty villas dotted here and there. Our last salutation reached us from the platform of the lighthouse and the walls of the bastion.

At three o'clock the *Great Eastern* had crossed the bar of the Mersey, and shaped her course down St. George's Channel. There was a strong sou'wester blowing, and a very heavy swell on the sea, but the steamship did not feel it.

Towards four o'clock the Captain gave orders to heave to; the tender put on full steam to rejoin us, as she was bringing back the doctor. When the boat came alongside a rope-ladder was thrown out, by which he ascended, not without some difficulty. Our more agile pilot slid down by the same way into his boat, which was awaiting him, each rower provided with a cork jacket. Some minutes after he went on board a charming little schooner waiting to catch the breeze.

Our course was immediately continued; under the pressure of the paddles and the screw, the speed of the *Great Eastern* greatly increased; in spite of the wind ahead, she neither rolled nor pitched. Soon the shades of night stretched across the sea, and Holyhead Point was lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER VI

LIFE ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN

THE next day, the 27th of March, the *Great Eastern* coasted along the deeply indented Irish shore. I had chosen my cabin at the bows; it was a small room well lighted by two skylights. A second row of cabins separated it from the first saloon, so that neither the noise of conversation, nor the rattling of pianos, which were not wanting on board, could reach me. It was an isolated cabin; the furniture consisted of a sofa, a bedstead, and a toilet-table.

The next morning at seven o'clock, having crossed the first two rooms, I went on deck. A few passengers were already pacing the upper decks; an almost imperceptible

swell balanced the steamer; the wind was high, but the sea, protected by the coast, was comparatively calm.

Soon we came in sight of Queenstown, a small "calling-place," before which several fishermen's boats were at work. It is here that all ships bound for Liverpool, whether steamers or sailing-ships, throw out their despatch-bags, which are carried to Dublin in a few hours by an express train always in readiness. From Dublin they are conveyed across the channel to Holyhead by a fast steamer, so that despatches thus sent are one day in advance of the most rapid Transatlantic steamers.

About nine o'clock the bearings of the *Great Eastern* were west-northwest. I was just going on deck, when I met Captain MacElwin, accompanied by a friend, a tall robust man, with a light beard and long mustache which mingled with the whiskers and left the chin bare, after the fashion of the day. This tall fellow was the exact type of an English officer; his figure was erect without stiffness, his look calm, his walk dignified but easy; his whole appearance seemed to indicate unusual courage, and I was not mistaken in him. "My friend, Archibald Corsican," said Fabian to me, "a captain in the 22nd regiment of the Indian army, like myself."

Thus introduced, Captain Corsican and I bowed.

"We hardly saw each other yesterday, Fabian," said I, shaking Captain MacElwin's hand, "we were in the bustle of departure, so that all I know about you is that it was not chance which brought you on board the *Great Eastern*. I must confess that if I have anything to do with your decision——"

"Undoubtedly, my dear fellow," interrupted Fabian; "Captain Corsican and I came to Liverpool with the intention of taking our berths on board the *China*, a Cunard steamer, when we heard that the *Great Eastern* was going to attempt another passage from England to America; it was a chance we might not get again, and learning that you were on board I did not hesitate, as I had not seen you since we took that delightful trip in the Scandinavian States three years ago; so now you know how it was that the tender brought us here yesterday."

"My dear Fabian," I replied, "I believe that neither Captain Corsican nor yourself will regret your decision, as

a passage across the Atlantic in this huge boat cannot fail to be interesting even to you who are so little used to the sea. But now let us talk about yourself. Your last letter, and it is not more than six weeks since I received it, bore the Bombay post-mark, so that I was justified in believing you were still with your regiment."

"We were so three weeks ago," said Fabian, "leading the half-military, half-country life of Indian officers, employing most of our time in hunting; my friend here is a famed tiger-killer; however, as we are both single and without family ties, we thought we would let the poor wild beasts of the peninsula rest for a time, while we came to Europe to breathe a little of our native air. We obtained a year's leave, and traveling by way of the Red Sea, Suez, and France, we reached Old England with the utmost possible speed."

"Old England," said Captain Corsican, smiling; "we are there no longer, Fabian; we are on board an English ship, but it is freighted by a French company, and it is taking us to America; three different flags float over our heads, signifying that we are treading on Franco-Anglo-American boards."

"What does it matter," replied Fabian, and a painful expression passed over his face; "what does it matter, so long as it whiles away the time? 'Movement is life;' and it is well to be able to forget the past, and kill the present by continual change. In a few days I shall be at New York, where I hope to meet again my sister and her children, whom I have not seen for several years; then we shall visit the great lakes, and descend the Mississippi as far as New Orleans, where we shall look for sport on the Amazon. Then we are going to Africa, where the lions and elephants will make the Cape their 'rendezvous,' in order to celebrate the arrival of Captain Corsican. Finally, we shall return and impose on the Sepoys the caprices of the metropolis."

Fabian spoke with a nervous volubility, and his breast heaved; evidently there was some great grief weighing on his mind, the cause of which I was at yet ignorant of, but with which Archibald seemed to be well acquainted. He evinced a warm friendship for Fabian, who was several years younger than himself, treating him like a younger brother, with a devotion which almost amounted to heroism.

At this moment our conversation was interrupted by the sound of a horn, which announced the half-past twelve lunch. Four times a day, to the great satisfaction of the passengers, this shrill horn sounded: at half-past eight for breakfast, half-past twelve for lunch, four o'clock for dinner, and at seven for tea. In a few minutes the long streets were deserted, and soon the tables in the immense saloons were filled with guests. I succeeded in getting a place near Fabian and Captain Corsican.

The dining-rooms were provided with four long rows of tables; the glasses and bottles placed in swing-racks kept perfectly steady; the roll of the steamer was almost imperceptible, so that the guests—men, women, and children—could eat their lunch without any fear. Numerous waiters were busy carrying round the tastily-arranged dishes, and supplying the demands for wine and beer; the Californians certainly distinguished themselves by their proclivities for champagne. Near her husband sat an old laundress, who had found gold in the San Francisco washing-tubs, emptying a bottle of champagne in no time; two or three pale, delicate-looking young ladies were eagerly devouring slices of red beef; and others discussing with evident satisfaction the merits of rhubarb tart, &c. Everyone worked away in the highest spirits; one could have fancied oneself at a restaurant in the middle of Paris instead of the open sea.

Lunch over, the decks were again filled; people bowed and spoke to each other in passing as formally as if they were walking in Hyde Park; children played and ran about, throwing their balls and bowling hoops as they might have done on the gravel walks of the Tuileries; the greater part of the men walked up and down smoking; the ladies, seated on folding-chairs, worked, read, or talked together, whilst the governesses and nurses looked after the children. A few corpulent Americans swung themselves backwards and forwards in their rocking-chairs; the ship's officers were continually passing to and fro, some going to their watch on the bridge, others answering the absurd questions put to them by passengers; whilst the tones of an organ and two or three pianos making a distracting discord, reached us through the lulls in the wind.

About three o'clock a loud shouting was heard; the passengers crowded onto the poop; the *Great Eastern* had

ranged within two cable-lengths of a vessel which she had overhauled. It was the *Propontis*, on her way to New York, which was saluting the giant of the seas on her passage, which compliment the giant returned.

Land was still in sight at four o'clock, but hardly discernible through the mist which had suddenly surrounded us. Soon we saw the light of Fastenet Beacon, situated on an isolated rock. Night set in, during which we must have doubled Cape Clear, the most southerly point of Ireland.

CHAPTER VII

HINTS OF TROUBLE

ON Wednesday night the weather was very bad, my balance was strangely variable, and I was obliged to lean with my knees and elbows against the sideboard, to prevent myself from falling. Portmanteaus and bags came in and out of my cabin; an unusual hubbub reigned in the adjoining saloon, in which two or three hundred packages were making expeditions from one end to the other, knocking the tables and chairs with loud crashes; doors slammed, the boards creaked, the partitions made that groaning noise peculiar to pine wood; bottles and glasses jingled together in their racks, and a cataract of plates and dishes rolled about on the pantry floors. I heard the irregular roaring of the screw, and the wheels beating the water, sometimes entirely immersed, and at others striking the empty air; by all these signs I concluded that the wind had freshened, and the steamship was no longer indifferent to the billows.

At six o'clock next morning, after passing a sleepless night, I got up and dressed myself, as well as I could with one hand, while with the other I clutched at the sides of my cabin, for without support it was impossible to keep one's feet, and I had quite a serious struggle to get on my overcoat. I left my cabin, and helping myself with hands and feet through the billows of luggage, I crossed the saloon, scrambling up the stairs on my knees, like a Roman peasant devoutly climbing the steps of the "Scala santa" of Pontius Pilate; and at last, reaching the deck, I hung on firmly to the nearest support.

No land in sight; we had doubled Cape Clear in the night,

and around us was that vast circumference bounded by the line, where water and sky appear to meet. The slate-colored sea broke in great foamless billows. The *Great Eastern* struck amidships, and supported by no sail, rolled frightfully, her bare masts describing immense circles in the air. There was no heaving to speak of, but the rolling was dreadful, it was impossible to stand upright. The officer on watch, clinging to the bridge, looked as if he was in a swing.

From one support to another I managed to reach the paddles on the starboard side, the deck was damp and slippery from the spray and mist: I was just going to fasten myself to a stanchion of the bridge when a body rolled at my feet.

It was Dr. Pitferge, my quaint friend: he scrambled on to his knees, and looking at me said: "That's all right, the amplitude of the arc, described by the sides of the *Great Eastern*, is forty degrees; that is, twenty degrees below the horizontal, and twenty above it."

"Indeed!" cried I, laughing, not at the observation, but at the circumstances under which it was made.

"Yes!" replied the Doctor. "During the oscillation the speed of the sides is fifty-nine inches per second, a transatlantic boat half the size takes but the same time to recover her equilibrium."

"Then," replied I, "since that is the case, there is an excess of stability in the *Great Eastern*."

"For her, yes, but not for her passengers," answered Dean Pitferge gayly, "for you see they come back to the horizontal quicker than they care for."

The Doctor, delighted with his repartee, raised himself, and holding each other up, we managed to reach a seat on the poop. Dean Pitferge had come off very well, with only a few bruises, and I congratulated him on his lucky escape, as he might have broken his neck.

"Oh, it is not over yet," said he; "there is more trouble coming."

"To us?"

"To the steamer, and consequently to me, to us, and to all the passengers."

"If you are speaking seriously, why did you come on board?"

"To see what is going to happen, for I should not be at all ill-pleased to witness a shipwreck!" replied the Doctor, looking at me knowingly.

"Is this the first time you have been on board the *Great Eastern*?"

"No, I have already made several voyages in her, to satisfy my curiosity."

"You must not complain, then."

"I do not complain; I merely state facts, and patiently await the hour of the catastrophe."

Was the Doctor making fun of me? I did not know what to think, his small twinkling eyes looked very roguish; but I thought I would try him further. "Doctor," I said, "I do not know on what facts your painful prognostics are founded, but allow me to remind you that the *Great Eastern* has crossed the Atlantic twenty times, and most of her passages have been satisfactory."

"That's of no consequence; this ship is bewitched, to use a common expression, she cannot escape her fate; I know it, and therefore have no confidence in her. Remember what difficulties the engineers had to launch her; I believe even that Brunel, who built her, died from the 'effects of the operation,' as we doctors say."

"Ah, Doctor," said I, "are you inclined to be a materialist?"

"Why ask me that question?"

"Because I have noticed that many who do not believe in God believe in most everything else, even in the evil eye."

"Make fun if you like, sir," replied the Doctor, "but allow me to continue my argument. The *Great Eastern* has already ruined several companies. Built for the purpose of carrying emigrants to Australia, she has never once been there; intended to surpass the ocean steamers in speed, she even remains inferior to them."

"From this," said I, "it is to be concluded that——"

"Listen a minute," interrupted the Doctor. "Already one of her captains has been drowned, and he one of the most skillful, for he knew how to prevent this rolling by keeping the ship a little ahead of the waves."

"Ah, well!" said I, "the death of that able man is to be regretted."

"Then," continued Dean Pitferge, without noticing my incredulity, "strange stories are told about this ship; they say that a passenger who lost his way in the hold of the ship, like a pioneer in the forests of America, has never yet been found."

"Ah!" exclaimed I ironically, "there's a fact!"

"They say, also, that during the construction of the boilers an engineer was melted by mistake in the steam-box."

"Bravo!" cried I; "the melted engineer! 'E ben trovato.' Do you believe it, Doctor?"

"I believe," replied Pitferge, "I believe quite seriously that our voyage began badly, and that it will end in the same manner."

"But the *Great Eastern* is a solid structure," I said, "and built so firmly that she is able to resist the most furious seas like a solid block."

"Solid she is, undoubtedly," resumed the doctor; "but let her fall into the hollow of the waves, and see if she will rise again. Maybe she is a giant, but a giant whose strength is not in proportion to her size; her engines are too feeble for her. Have you ever heard speak of her nineteenth passage from Liverpool to New York?"

"No, Doctor."

"Well, I was on board. We left Liverpool on a Tuesday, the 10th of December; there were numerous passengers, and all full of confidence. Everything went well so long as we were protected by the Irish coast from the billows of the open sea; no rolling, no sea-sickness; the next day, even, the same stability; the passengers were delighted. On the 12th, however, the wind freshened towards morning; the *Great Eastern*, heading the waves, rolled considerably; the passengers, men and women, disappeared into the cabins. At four o'clock the wind blew a hurricane; the furniture began to dance; a mirror in the saloon was broken by a blow from the head of your humble servant; all the crockery was smashed to atoms; there was a frightful uproar; eight shore-boats were torn from the davits in one swoop. At this moment our situation was serious; the paddle-wheel-engine had to be stopped; an enormous piece of lead, displaced by a lurch of the vessel, threatened to fall into its machinery; however, the screw continued to send

us on. Soon the wheels began turning again, but very slowly; one of them had been damaged during the stoppage, and its spokes and paddles scraped the hull of the ship. The engine had to be stopped again, and we had to content ourselves with the screw. The night was fearful; the fury of the tempest was redoubled; the *Great Eastern* had fallen into the trough of the sea and could not right herself; at break of day there was not a piece of iron-work remaining on the wheels. They hoisted a few sails in order to right the ship, but no sooner were they hoisted than they were carried away; confusion reigned everywhere; the cable-chains, torn from their beds, rolled from one side of the ship to the other; a cattle-pen was knocked in, and a cow fell into the ladies' saloon through the hatchway; another misfortune was the breaking of the rudder-chock, so that steering was no longer possible. Frightful crashes were heard; an oil tank, weighing over three tons, had broken from its fixings, and, rolling across the tween-decks, struck the sides alternately like a battering-ram. Saturday passed in the midst of a general terror, the ship in the trough of the sea all the time. Not until Sunday did the wind begin to abate, an American engineer on board then succeeded in fastening the chains on the rudder; we turned little by little, and the *Great Eastern* righted herself. 'A' week after we left Liverpool we reached Queenstown. Now, who knows, sir, where we shall be in a week?"

CHAPTER VIII

WE SIGHT A WRECK

It must be confessed the Doctor's words were not very comforting, the passengers would not have heard them without shuddering. Was he joking, or did he speak seriously? Was it, indeed, true, that he went with the *Great Eastern* in all her voyages, to be present at some catastrophe? Everything is possible for an eccentric, especially when he is English.

However, the *Great Eastern* continued her course, tossing like a canoe, and keeping strictly to the "shortest line" of steamers. It is well known, that on a flat surface, the nearest way from one point to another is by a straight line.

On a sphere it is the curved line formed by the circumference of great circles. Ships have an interest in following this route, in order to make the shortest passage, but sailing vessels cannot pursue this track against a head-wind, so that steamers alone are able to maintain a direct course, and take the route of the great circles. This is what the *Great Eastern* did, making a little for the northwest.

The rolling never ceased, that horrible sea-sickness, at the same time contagious and epidemic, made rapid progress. Several of the passengers, with wan, pallid faces, and sunken cheeks, remained on deck, in order to breathe the fresh air, the greater part of them were furious at the unlucky steamship, which was conducting herself like a mere buoy, and at the freighter's advertisements, which had stated that sea-sickness was "unknown on board."

At nine o'clock in the morning an object three or four miles off was signaled from the larboard quarter. Was it a waif, the carcass of a whale, or the hull of a ship? As yet it was not distinguishable. A group of convalescent passengers stood on the upper-deck, at the bows, looking at this waif which was floating three hundred miles from the nearest land.

Meanwhile the *Great Eastern* was bearing towards the object signaled; all opera-glasses were promptly raised, and there was no lack of conjecture. Between the Americans, and English, to whom every pretext for a wager is welcome, betting at once commenced. Among the most desperate of the betters I noticed a tall man, whose countenance struck me as one of profound duplicity. His features were stamped with a look of general hatred, which neither a physiognomist, nor physiologist could mistake; his forehead was seamed with a deep furrow, his manner was at the same time audacious and listless, his eyebrows nearly meeting, partly concealed the stony eyes beneath, his shoulders were high and his chin thrust forward, in fact all the indications of insolence and knavery were united in his appearance. He spoke in loud pompous tones, while some of his worthy associates laughed at his coarse jokes. This personage pretended to recognize in the waif the carcass of a whale, and he backed his opinion by heavy stakes, which soon found ready acceptance.

These wagers, amounting to several hundred dollars, he lost every one; in fact, the waif was the hull of a ship; the steamer rapidly drew near it, and we could already see the rusty copper of her keel. It was a three-mast ship of about five or six hundred tons, deprived of her masts and rigging, and lying on one side, with broken chains hanging from her davits.

“Had this steamship been abandoned by her crew?” This was now the prevailing question. No one appeared on the deck, but perhaps the shipwrecked ones had taken refuge inside. I saw an object moving for several moments at the bows, but it turned out to be only the remains of the jib lashed to and fro by the wind.

The hull was quite visible at the distance of half a mile; she was a comparatively new ship, and in a perfect state of preservation; her cargo, which had been shifted by the wind, obliged her to lie along on her starboard side.

The *Great Eastern* drew nearer, and, passing round, gave notice of her presence by several shrill whistles; but the waif remained silent, and unanimated; nothing was to be seen, not even a short-boat from the wrecked vessel was visible on the wide expanse of water.

The crew had undoubtedly had time to leave her, but could they have reached land, which was three hundred miles off? Could a frail boat live on a sea like that which had rocked the *Great Eastern* so frightfully? And when could this catastrophe have happened? It was evident that the shipwreck had taken place farther west, for the wind and waves must have driven the hull far out of her course. These questions were destined to remain unanswered.

When the steamship came alongside the stern of the wreck, I could read distinctly the name *Lerida*, but the port she belonged to was not given.

A merchant vessel or a man of war would have had no hesitation in manning this hull which, undoubtedly, contained a valuable cargo, but as the *Great Eastern* was on regular service, she could not take this waif in tow for so many hundreds of miles; it was equally impossible to return and take it to the nearest port. Therefore, to the great regret of the sailors, it had to be abandoned, and it was soon a mere speck in the distance. The group of passengers dispersed, some to the saloons, others to their cab-

ins, and even the lunch bell failed to awaken the slumberers, worn out by sea-sickness. About noon Captain Anderson ordered sail to be hoisted, so that the ship, better supported, did not roll so much.

CHAPTER IX

CHARACTERS AMONG THE PASSENGERS

IN spite of the ship's disorderly conduct, life on board was becoming organized, for which the Anglo-Saxon nothing is more simple. The steamboat is his street and his house for the time being; the Frenchman, on the contrary, always looks like a traveler.

When the weather was favorable, the boulevards were thronged with promenaders, who managed to maintain the perpendicular, in spite of the ship's motion, but with the peculiar gyrations of tipsy men. When the passengers did not go on deck, they remained either in their private sitting-rooms or in the grand saloon, and then began the noisy discords of pianos, all played at the same time, which, however, seemed not to affect Saxon ears in the least. Among these amateurs, I noticed a tall, bony woman, who must have been a good musician, for, in order to facilitate reading her piece of music, she had marked all the notes with a number, and the piano keys with a number corresponding, so that if it was note twenty-seven she struck key twenty-seven; if fifty-three, key fifty-three, and so on, perfectly indifferent to the noise around her, or the sound of other pianos in the adjoining saloons, and her equanimity was not even disturbed when some disagreeable little children thumped with their fists on the unoccupied keys.

Whilst this concert was going on, a bystander would carelessly take up one of the books scattered here and there on the tables, and, having found an interesting passage, would read it aloud, whilst his audience listened good humoredly, and complimented him with a flattering murmur of applause. Newspapers were scattered on the sofas, generally American and English, which always look old, although the pages have never been cut; it is a very tiresome operation reading these great sheets, which take up so much room, but the fashion being to leave them uncut, so they remain. One

day I had the patience to read the *New York Herald* from beginning to end under these circumstances, and judge if I was rewarded for my trouble when I turned to the column headed "Private"; "M. X. begs the pretty Miss Z——, whom he met yesterday in Twenty-fifth Street omnibus, to come to him to-morrow, at his rooms, No. 17, St. Nicholas Hotel; he wishes to speak of marriage with her." What did the pretty Miss Z—— do? I don't even care to know.

I passed the whole of the afternoon in the grand saloon talking, and observing what was going on about me. Conversation could not fail to be interesting, for my friend Dean Pitferge was sitting near me.

"Have you quite recovered from the effects of your tumble?" I asked him.

"Perfectly," replied he, "but it's no go."

"What is no go? You?"

"No, our steamship; the screw boilers are not working well; we cannot get enough pressure."

"You are anxious, then, to get to New York?"

"Not in the least; I speak as an engineer, that is all. I am very comfortable here, and shall sincerely regret leaving this collection of originals which chance has thrown together. . . . for my recreation."

"Originals!" cried I, looking at the passengers who crowded the saloon; "but all those people are very much alike."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Doctor, "one can see you have hardly looked at them; the species is the same, I allow, but in that species what a variety there is! Just notice that group of men down there, with their easy-going air, their legs stretched on the sofas, and hats screwed down on their heads. They are Yankees, pure Yankees, from the small states of Maine, Vermont, and Connecticut, the produce of New England. Energetic and intelligent men, rather too much influenced by 'the Reverends,' and who have the disagreeable fault of never putting their hands before their mouths when they sneeze. Ah! my dear sir, they are true Saxons, always keenly alive to a bargain; put two Yankees in a room together, and in an hour they will each have gained ten dollars from the other."

"I will not ask how," replied I, smiling at the Doctor, "but among them I see a little man with a consequential

air, looking like a weather-cock, and dressed in a long overcoat, with rather short black trousers,—who is that gentleman?"

"He is a Protestant minister, a man of 'importance' in Massachusetts, where he is going to join his wife, an ex-governess advantageously implicated in a celebrated lawsuit."

"And that tall, gloomy-looking fellow, who seems to be absorbed in calculation?"

"That man calculates: in fact," said the Doctor, "he is forever calculating."

"Problems?"

"No, his fortune; he is a man of 'importance'; at any moment he knows almost to a farthing what he is worth; he is rich, a fourth part of New York is built on his land; a quarter of an hour ago he possessed \$1,625,367 and a half, but now he has only \$1,625,367 and a quarter."

"How came this difference in his fortune?"

"Well! he has just smoked a quarter-dollar cigar."

Doctor Dean Pitferge amused me with his clever repartees, so I pointed out to him another group stowed away in a corner of the saloon.

"They," said he, "are people from the far west, the tallest, who looks like a head clerk, is a man of 'importance,' the head of a Chicago bank, he always carries an album under his arm, with the principal views of his beloved city. He is, and has reason to be, proud of a city founded in a desert in 1836, which at the present day has a population of more than 400,000 souls. Near him you see a Californian couple, the young wife is delicate and charming, her well-polished husband was once a plow-boy, who one fine day turned up some nuggets. That gentleman——"

"Is a man of 'importance,'" said I.

"Undoubtedly," replied the Doctor, "for his assets count by the million."

"And pray, who may this tall individual be, who moves his head backwards and forwards like the pendulum of a clock?"

"That person," replied the Doctor, "is the celebrated Cockburn of Rochester, the universal statistician, who has weighed, measured, proportioned, and calculated everything. Question this harmless maniac, he will tell you how

much bread a man of fifty has eaten in his life, and how many cubic feet of air he has breathed. He will tell you how many volumes in quarto the words of a Temple lawyer would fill, and how many miles the postman goes daily carrying nothing but love letters; he will tell you the number of widows who pass in one hour over London Bridge, and what would be the height of a pile of sandwiches consumed by the citizens of the Union in a year; he will tell you——”

The Doctor, in his excitement, would have continued for a long time in this strain, but other passengers passing us were attracted by the inexhaustible stock of his original remarks. What different characters there were in this crowd of passengers! not one idler, however, for one does not go from one continent to the other without some serious motive. The most part of them were undoubtedly going to seek their fortunes on American ground, forgetting that at twenty years of age a Yankee has made his fortune, and that at twenty-five he is already too old to begin the struggle.

Among these adventurers, inventors, and fortune hunters, Dean Pitferge pointed out to me some singularly interesting characters. Here was a chemist, a rival of Dr. Liebig, who pretended to have discovered the art of condensing all the nutritious parts of a cow into a meat-tablet, no larger than a five-shilling piece. He was going to coin money out of the cattle of the Pampas. Another, the inventor of a portable motive power—a steam horse in a watch case—was going to exhibit his patent in New England. Another, a Frenchman from the “Rue Chapon,” was carrying to America 30,000 cardboard dolls, which said “papa” with a very successful Yankee accent, and he had no doubt but that his fortune was made.

But besides these originals, there were still others whose secrets we could not guess; perhaps among them was some cashier flying from his empty cash box, and a detective making friends with him, only waiting for the end of the passage to take him by the collar; perhaps also we might have found in this crowd clever genii, who always find people ready to believe in them, even when they advocate the affairs of “The Oceanic Company for lighting Polynesia with gas,” or “The Royal Society for making incombustible coal.”

But at this moment my attention was attracted by the

entrance of a young couple who seemed to be under the influence of a precocious weariness.

"They are Peruvians, my dear sir," said the Doctor, "a couple married a year ago, who have been to all parts of the world for their honeymoon. They adored each other in Japan, loved in Australia, bore with one another in India, bored each other in France, quarreled in England, and will undoubtedly separate in America."

"And," said I, "who is that tall, haughty-looking man just coming in? from his appearance I should take him for an officer."

"He is a Mormon," replied the doctor, "an elder, Mr. Hatch, one of the great preachers in the city of Saints. What a fine type of manhood he is! Look at his proud eye, his noble countenance, and dignified bearing, so different from the Yankee. Mr. Hatch is returning from Germany and England, where he has preached Mormonism with great success, for there are numbers of this sect in Europe, who are allowed to conform to the laws of their country."

"Indeed!" said I; "I quite thought that polygamy was forbidden them in Europe."

"Undoubtedly, my dear sir, but do not think that polygamy is obligatory on Mormons; Brigham Young has his harem, because it suits him, but all his followers do not imitate him, not even those dwelling on the banks of the Salt Lake."

"Indeed! and Mr. Hatch?"

"Mr. Hatch has only one wife, and he finds that quite enough; besides, he proposes to explain his system in a meeting that he will hold one of these evenings."

"The saloon will be filled."

"Yes," said Pitferge, "if the gambling does not attract too many of the audience; you know that they play in a room at the bows? There is an Englishman there with an evil, disagreeable face, who seems to take the lead among them, he is a bad man, with a detestable reputation. Have you noticed him?"

From the Doctor's description, I had no doubt but that he was the same man who that morning had made himself conspicuous by his foolish wagers with regard to the waif. My opinion of him was not wrong. Dean Pitferge told

me his name was Harry Drake, and that he was the son of a merchant at Calcutta, a gambler, a dissolute character, a duelist, and now that he was almost ruined, he was most likely going to America to try a life of adventures. "Such people," added the Doctor, "always find followers willing to flatter them, and this fellow has already formed his circle of scamps, of which he is the center. Among them I have noticed a little short man, with a round face, a turned-up nose, wearing gold spectacles, and having the appearance of a German Jew; he calls himself a doctor, on the way to Quebec; but I take him for a low actor and one of Drake's admirers."

'At this moment Dean Pitferge, who easily skipped from one subject to another, nudged my elbow. I turned my head towards the saloon door; a young man about twenty-eight, and a girl of seventeen, were coming in arm in arm.

"A newly-married pair?" asked I.

"No," replied the Doctor, in a softened tone, "an engaged couple, who are only waiting for their arrival in New York to get married; they have just made the tour of Europe, of course with their family's consent, and they know now that they are made for one another. Nice young people; it is a pleasure to look at them. I often see them leaning over the railings of the engine-rooms, counting the turns of the wheels, which do not go half fast enough for their liking. Ah! sir, if our boilers were heated like those two youthful hearts, see how our speed would increase!"

CHAPTER X

A HOPELESS DISEASE

THIS day, at half-past twelve, a steersman posted up on the grand saloon door the following observations: Lat. $51^{\circ} 15'$ N., Long. $18^{\circ} 13'$ W., Dist.: Fastenet, 323 miles.

This signifies that at noon we were three hundred and twenty-three miles from the Fastenet lighthouse, the last which we had passed on the Irish coast, and at $51^{\circ} 15'$ north latitude, and $18^{\circ} 13'$ west longitude, from the meridian of Greenwich. It was the ship's bearing, which the captain thus made known to the passengers every day. By consulting this bearing, and referring it to a chart, the course of the

Great Eastern might be followed. Up to this time she had only made three hundred and twenty miles in thirty-six hours, it was not satisfactory, for a steamer at its ordinary speed does not go less than three hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

After having left the Doctor, I spent the rest of the day with Fabian; we had gone to the stern, which Pitferge called "walking in the country." There alone, and leaning over the taffrail, we surveyed the great expanse of water, while around us rose the briny vapors distilled from the spray; small rainbows, formed by the refraction of the sun's rays, spanned the foaming waves. Below us, at a distance of forty feet, the screw was beating the water with a tremendous force, making its copper gleam in the midst of what appeared to be a vast conglomeration of liquefied emeralds, the fleecy track extending as far as the eye could reach, mingled in a milky path of foam from the screw, and the paddle engines, whilst the white and black fringed plumage of the sea-gulls flying above, cast rapid shadows over the sea.

Fabian was looking at the magic of the waves without speaking. What did he see in this liquid mirror, which gave scope to the most capricious flights of imagination? Was some vanished face passing before his eyes, and bidding him a last farewell? Did he see a drowning shadow in these eddying waters? He seemed to me sadder than usual, and I dared not ask him the cause of his grief.

After the long separation which had estranged us from each other, it was for him to confide in me, and for me to await his confidences. He had told me as much of his past life as he wished me to know; his life in the Indian garrison, his hunting, and adventures; but not a word had he said of the emotions which swelled in his heart, or the cause of the sighs which heaved his breast; undoubtedly Fabian was not one who tried to lessen his grief by speaking of it, and therefore he suffered the more.

Thus we remained leaning over the sea, and as I turned my head I saw the great paddles emerging under the regular action of the engine.

Once Fabian said to me, "This track is indeed magnificent. One would think that the waves were amusing themselves with tracing letters! Look at the 'l's' and 'e's.'"

'Am I deceived? No, they are indeed always the same letters."

Fabian's excited imagination saw in these eddyings that which it wished to see. But what could these letters signify? What remembrance did they call forth in Fabian's mind? The latter had resumed his silent contemplation, when suddenly he said to me: "Come to me, come; that gulf will draw me in!"

"What is the matter with you, Fabian," said I, taking him by both hands; "what is the matter, my friend?"

"I have here," said he, pressing his hand on his heart. "I have here a disease which will kill me."

"A disease?" said I to him, "a disease with no hope of cure?"

"No hope." And without another word Fabian went to the saloon, and then on to his cabin.

CHAPTER XI

I HEAR THE STORY OF FABIAN'S TROUBLE

THE next day, Saturday, 30th of March, the weather was fine; our progress was more rapid, and the *Great Eastern* was now going at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

The wind had set south, and the first officer ordered the mizzen and the top-mast sails to be hoisted, so that the ship was perfectly steady. Under this fine sunny sky the upper decks again became crowded; ladies appeared in fresh costumes, some walking about, others sitting down—I was going to say on the grass-plats beneath the shady trees—and the children resumed their interrupted games. With a few soldiers in uniform, strutting about with their hands in their pockets, one might have fancied oneself on a French promenade.

At noon, the weather being favorable, Captain Anderson and two officers went onto the bridge, in order to take the sun's altitude; each held a sextant in his hand, and from time to time scanned the southern horizon, towards which their horizon-glasses were inclined.

"Noon," exclaimed Captain Anderson, after a short time.

Immediately a steersman rang a bell on the bridge, and

all the watches on board were regulated by the statement which had just been made.

Half-an-hour later, the following observation was posted up. Lat. $51^{\circ} 10' N.$, Long. $24^{\circ} 13' W.$, Course, 227 miles. Distance 550.

We had thus made two hundred and twenty-seven miles since noon the day before.

I did not see Fabian once during the day. Several times, uneasy about his absence, I passed his cabin, and was convinced that he had not left it. He must have wished to avoid the crowd on deck, and evidently sought to isolate himself from this tumult. I met Captain Corsican, and for an hour we walked on the poop. He often spoke of Fabian, and I could not help telling him what had passed between Fabian and myself the evening before.

"Yes," said Captain Corsican, with an emotion he did not try to disguise. "Two years ago Fabian had the right to think himself the happiest of men, and now he is the most unhappy." Archibald Corsican told me, in a few words, that at Bombay Fabian had known a charming young girl, a Miss Hodges. He loved her, and was beloved by her. Nothing seemed to hinder a marriage between Miss Hodges and Captain MacElwin; when, by her father's consent, the young girl's hand was sought by the son of a merchant at Calcutta. It was an old business affair, and Hodges, a harsh, obstinate, and unfeeling man, who happened at this time to be in a delicate position with his Calcutta correspondent, thinking that the marriage would settle everything well, sacrificed his daughter to the interests of his fortune. The poor child could not resist; they put her hand into that of the man she did not and could not love, and who, from all appearance, had no love for her. It was a mere business transaction, and a barbarous deed. The husband carried off his wife the day after they were married, and since then Fabian has never seen her whom he has always loved. This story showed me clearly that the grief which seemed to oppress Fabian was indeed serious.

"What was the young girl's name?" asked I of Captain Corsican.

"Ellen Hodges," replied he.

"Ellen,—that name explains the letters which Fabian thought he saw yesterday in the ship's track. And what

is the name of this poor young woman's husband?" said I to the Captain.

"Harry Drake."

"Drake!" cried I, "but that man is on board."

"He here!" exclaimed Corsican, seizing my hand, and looking straight at me.

"Yes," I replied, "he is on board."

"Heaven grant that they may not meet!" said the captain gravely. "Happily they do not know each other, at least Fabian does not know Drake; but that name uttered in his hearing would be enough to cause an outburst."

I then related to Captain Corsican what I knew of Harry Drake, that is to say, what Dr. Dean Pitferge had told me of him. I described him such as he was, an insolent, noisy adventurer, already ruined by gambling, and other vices, and ready to do anything to get money; at this moment Harry Drake passed close to us; I pointed him out to the captain, whose eyes suddenly grew animated, and he made an angry gesture, which I arrested.

"Yes," said he, "there is the face of a villain. But where is he going?"

"To America, they say, to try and get by chance what he does not care to work for."

"Poor Ellen!" murmured the captain; "where is she now?"

"Perhaps this wretch has abandoned her, or why should she not be on board?" said Corsican, looking at me.

This idea crossed my mind for the first time, but I rejected it. No; Ellen was not, could not be on board; she could not have escaped Dr. Pitferge's inquisitive eye. No! she cannot have accompanied Drake on this voyage!

"May what you say be true, sir!" replied Captain Corsican; "for the sight of that poor victim reduced to so much misery would be a terrible blow to Fabian: I do not know what would happen, for Fabian is a man who would kill Drake like a dog. I ask you, as a proof of your friendship, never to lose sight of him; so that if anything should happen, one of us may be near, to throw ourselves between him and his enemy. You understand a duel must not take place between these two men. Neither here nor elsewhere. A woman cannot marry her husband's murderer, however unworthy that husband may have been."

I well understood Captain Corsican's reason. Fabian could not be his own justiciary. It was foreseeing, from a distance, coming events, but how is it that the uncertainty of human things is so little taken into account? A presentiment was boding in my mind. Could it be possible, that in this common life on board, in this every-day mingling together, that Drake's noisy personality could remain unnoticed by Fabian? An accident, a trifle, a mere name uttered, would it not bring them face to face? Ah! how I longed to hasten the speed of the steamer which carried them both! Before leaving Captain Corsican I promised to keep a watch on our friend, and to observe Drake, whom on his part he engaged not to lose sight of; then he shook my hand, and we parted.

Towards evening a dense mist swept over the ocean, and the darkness was intense. The brilliantly-lighted saloons contrasted singularly with the blackness of the night. Waltzes and ballads followed each other; all received with frantic applause, and even hurrahs were not wanting, when the actor from T——, sitting at the piano, bawled his songs with the self-possession of a strolling player.

CHAPTER XII

SERVICES ON BOARD

THE next day, the 31st of March, was Sunday. How would this day be kept on board? Would it be the English or American Sunday, which closes the "bars" and the "taps" during service hours; which withholds the butcher's hand from his victim; which keeps the baker's shovel from the oven; which causes a suspension of business; extinguishes the fires of the manufactories; which closes the shops, opens the churches, and moderates the speed of the railway trains, contrary to the customs in France? Yes, it must be kept thus, or almost thus.

First of all, during the service, although the weather was fine, and we might have gained some knots, the captain did not order the sails to be hoisted, as it would have been "improper." I thought myself very fortunate that the screw was allowed to continue its work, and when I inquired of a fierce Puritan the reason for this tolerance,

“ Sir,” said he to me, “ that which comes directly from God must be respected; the wind is in His hand, the steam is in the power of man.”

I was willing to content myself with this reason, and in the meantime observed what was going on on board. All the crew were in full uniform, and dressed with extreme propriety. I should not have been surprised to see the stokers working in black clothes; the officers and engineers wore their finest uniforms, with gilt buttons; their shoes shone with a British luster, and rivaled their glazed hats with an intense irradiation. All these good people seemed to have hats and boots of a dazzling brightness. The captain and the first officer set the example, and with new gloves and military attire, glittering and perfumed, they paced up and down the bridges awaiting the hour for service.

The sea was magnificent and resplendent beneath the first rays of a spring sun; not a sail in sight. The *Great Eastern* occupied alone the center of the immense expanse. At ten o'clock the bell on deck tolled slowly and at regular intervals; the ringer, who was a steersman, dressed in his best, managed to obtain from this bell a kind of solemn, religious tone, instead of the metallic peals with which it accompanied the whistling of the boilers, when the ship was surrounded by fog. Involuntarily one looked for the village steeple which was calling to prayer.

At this moment numerous groups appeared at the doors of the cabins, at the bows and stern; the boulevards were soon filled with men, women, and children carefully dressed for the occasion. Friends exchanged quiet greetings; everyone held a prayer-book in his hand, and all were waiting for the last bell which would announce the beginning of service. I saw also piles of Bibles, which were to be distributed in the church, heaped upon trays generally used for sandwiches.

The church was the great saloon, formed by the upper-deck at the stern, the exterior of which, from its width and regularity of structure, reminded one very much of the hotel of the Ministère des Finances, in the Rue de Rivoli. I entered. Numbers of the faithful were already in their places. A profound silence reigned among the congregation; the officers occupied the apsis of the church, and, in

the midst of them, stood Captain Anderson, as pastor. My friend Dean Pitferge was near him, his quick little eyes running over the whole assembly. I will venture to say he was there more out of curiosity than anything else.

At half-past ten the captain rose, and the service began; he read a chapter from the Old Testament. After each verse the congregation murmured the one following; the shrill soprano voices of the women and children distinctly separate from the baritone of the men. This Biblical dialogue lasted for about half-an-hour, and the simple, at the same time impressive ceremony, was performed with a puritanical gravity. Captain Anderson assuming the office of pastor on board, in the midst of the vast ocean, and speaking to a crowd of listeners, hanging, as it were, over the verge of an abyss, claimed the respect and attention of the most indifferent. It would have been well if the service had concluded with the reading; but when the captain had finished a speaker arose, who could not fail to arouse feelings of violence and rebellion where tolerance and meditation should reign.

It was the reverend gentleman of whom I have before spoken—a little, fidgety man, an intriguing Yankee; one of those ministers who exercise such a powerful influence over the States of New England. His sermon was already prepared, the occasion was good, and he intended to make use of it. Would not the good Yorrick have done the same? I looked at Dean Pitferge; the Doctor did not frown, but seemed inclined to try the preacher's zeal.

The latter gravely buttoned his black overcoat, placed his silk cap on the table, drew out his handkerchief, with which he touched his lips lightly, and taking in the assembly at a glance, "In the beginning," said he, "God created America, and rested on the seventh day——"

Thereupon I reached the door.

CHAPTER XIII

DR. PITFERGE TELLS OF THE GHOST

At lunch Dean Pitferge told me that the reverend gentleman had admirably enlarged on his text. Battering rams, armed forts, and submarine torpedoes had figured in his

discourse; as for himself, he was made great by the greatness of America. If it pleases America to be thus extolled, I have nothing to say.

Entering the grand saloon, I read the following note, Lat. $50^{\circ} 8' N.$, Long. $30^{\circ} 44' W.$ Course, 255 miles.

Always the same result. We had only made eleven hundred miles, including the three hundred and ten between Fastenet and Liverpool, about a third part of our voyage. During the remainder of the day officers, sailors, and passengers continued to rest in accordance with established custom. Not a piano sounded in the silent saloons; the chess-men did not leave their box, or the cards their case; the billiard-room was deserted. I had an opportunity this day to introduce Dean Pitferge to Captain Corsican. My original friend very much amused the captain by telling him the stories whispered about the *Great Eastern*. He attempted to prove to him that it was a bewitched ship, to which fatal misfortune must happen. The yarn of the melted engineer greatly pleased the captain, who, being a Scotchman, was a lover of the marvelous, but he could not repress an incredulous smile.

"I see," said Dr. Pitferge, "the captain has not much faith in my stories."

"Much! that is saying a great deal," replied Captain Corsican.

"Will you believe me, captain, if I affirm that this ship is haunted at night?" asked the Doctor, in a serious tone.

"Haunted!" cried the captain; "what next? Ghosts? and you believe in them?"

"I believe," replied Pitferge, "I believe what people who can be depended on have told me. Now, I know some of the officers on watch, and the sailors also, are quite unanimous on this point, that during the darkness of the night a shadow, a vague form, walks the ship. How it comes there they do not know, neither do they know how it disappears."

"By St. Dunstan!" exclaimed Captain Corsican, "we will watch it well together."

"To-night?" asked the Doctor.

"To-night, if you like; and you, sir," added the captain, turning to me, "will you keep us company?"

"No," said I; "I do not wish to trouble the solitude of

this phantom; besides, I would rather think that our Doctor is joking."

"I am not joking," replied the obstinate Pitferge.

"Come, Doctor," said I. "Do you really believe in the dead coming back to the decks of ships?"

"I believe in the dead who come to life again," replied the Doctor, "and this is the more astonishing as I am a physician."

"A physician!" cried the captain, drawing back as if the word had made him uneasy.

"Don't be alarmed, captain," said the Doctor smiling, good-humoredly; "I don't practice while traveling."

CHAPTER XIV

THE GHOST FAILS TO APPEAR

THE next day, the 1st of April, the aspect of the sea was truly spring-like; it was as green as the meadows beneath the sun's rays. The April sunrise on the Atlantic was superb; the waves spread themselves out voluptuously, while porpoises gamboled in the ship's milky track.

When I met Captain Corsican, he informed me that the ghost announced by the Doctor had not thought proper to make its appearance. Undoubtedly, the night was not dark enough for it. Then the idea crossed my mind that it was a joke of Dean Pitferge's, sanctioned by the 1st of April; for in America, England, and France this custom is very popular. Mystifiers and mystified were not wanting; some laughed, others were angry; I even believe that blows were exchanged among some of the Saxons, but these blows never ended in fighting; for it is well known that in England duels are liable to very severe punishment; even officers and soldiers are not allowed to fight under any pretext whatever. The homicide is subject to the most painful and ignominious punishments. I remember the Doctor telling me the name of an officer who was sent to a convict prison, for ten years, for having mortally wounded his adversary in a very honorable engagement. One can understand, that in face of this severe law duels have entirely disappeared from British customs.

The weather being so fine, a good observation could be

made, which resulted in the following statement: Lat. $48^{\circ} 47'$, and $36^{\circ} 48'$ W. L.; dist., 250 miles only. The slowest of the Transatlantic steamers would have had the right to offer to take us in tow. This state of things very much annoyed Captain Anderson. The engineers attributed the failure of pressure to the insufficient ventilation of the new furnaces; but for my part, I thought that the diminution of speed was owing to the diameter of the wheels having been imprudently made smaller.

However, to-day, about two o'clock, there was an improvement in the ship's speed; it was the attitude of the two young lovers which revealed this change to me. Leaning against the bulwarks, they murmured joyful words, clapped their hands, and looked smilingly at the escape-pipes, which were placed near the chimneys, the apertures of which were crowned with a white wreath of vapor. The pressure had risen in the screw boilers; as yet it was only a feeble breath of air, a wavering blast; but our young friends drank it in eagerly with their eyes. No, not even Denis Papin could have been more delighted, when he saw the steam half raise the lid of his celebrated saucepan.

"They smoke! they smoke!" cried the young lady, whilst a light breath also escaped from her parted lips.

"Let us go and look at the engine," said the young man, placing her arm in his. Dean Pitferge had joined me, and we followed the loving couple onto the upper-deck.

"How beautiful is youth!" remarked the Doctor.

"Yes," said I, "youth affianced."

Soon we also were leaning over the railing of the engine-rooms. There, in the deep abyss, at a distance of sixty feet below us, we saw the four long horizontal pistons swaying one towards the other, and with each movement moistened by drops of lubricating oil.

In the meanwhile the young man had taken out his watch, and the girl, leaning over his shoulder, followed the movement of the minute-hand, whilst her lover counted the revolutions of the screw. "One minute," said she.

"Thirty-seven turns," exclaimed the young man.

"Thirty-seven and a half," observed the Doctor.

"And a half," cried the young lady. "You hear, Edward! Thank you, sir," said she, favoring the worthy Pitferge with one of her most pleasing smiles.

CHAPTER XV

A COLLISION IS NARROWLY AVOIDED

DURING Monday night the sea was very stormy. Once more the partitions began creaking, and again the luggage made its way through the saloons. When I went on deck, about seven o'clock in the morning, the wind had freshened, and it was raining. The officer on watch had ordered the sails to be taken in, so that the steamship, left without any support, rolled dreadfully. All this day, the 2nd of April, the deck was deserted, even the saloons were empty, for the passengers had taken refuge in their cabins; and two-thirds of the guests were missing at lunch and dinner. Whist was impossible, for the tables glided from under the players' hands. The chess-men were unmanageable. A few of the more fearless stretched themselves on the sofas, reading or sleeping, as many preferred to brave the rain on deck, where the sailors, in their oil-skin jackets and glazed hats, were sedately pacing to and fro. The first officer, well wrapped in his macintosh, and perched on the bridge, was on watch, and in the midst of the hurricane his small eyes sparkled with delight. This was what the little man loved, and the steamer rolled to his liking.

The water from the skies and sea mingled in a dense fog. The atmosphere was gray, and birds flew screeching through the damp mists. At ten o'clock a three-mast ship was hailed, sailing astern of us, but her nationality could not be recognized.

At about eleven o'clock the wind abated, and veered to the northwest. The rain ceased, almost suddenly, blue sky appeared through the opening in the clouds, the sun shone out again, and permitted a more or less perfect observation to be made, which was posted up as follows: Lat. $46^{\circ} 29' N.$, Long. $42^{\circ} 25' W.$, Dist., 256 miles.

So that, although the pressure of the boilers had risen, the ship's speed had not increased; but this might be attributed to the westerly wind, which caught the ship ahead, and considerably impeded her progress.

At two o'clock the fog grew dense again, the wind fell and rose at the same time. The thickness of the fog was so intense that the officers on the bridge could not see the men at the bows. These accumulated vapors rising from the sea constitute the greatest danger of navigation. They

cause accidents which it is impossible to avoid, and a collision at sea is more to be dreaded than a fire.

Thus, in the midst of the fog, officers and sailors were obliged to keep a strict watch, which soon proved to be necessary, for about three o'clock a three-master appeared at less than two hundred yards from the *Great Eastern*, her sails disabled by a gust of wind, and no longer answering to her helm. The *Great Eastern* turned in time to avoid her, thanks to the promptitude with which the men on watch warned the steersman. These well-regulated signals are given by means of a bell, fastened to the poop at the bows. One ring signifies ship a-head; two, ship-starboard; three, ship a-larboard; and immediately the man at the helm steers in order to avoid a collision.

The wind did not abate until evening; however the rolling was nothing to speak of, as the sea was protected by the Newfoundland heights. An entertainment, by Sir James Anderson, was announced for this day. At the appointed hour the saloon was filled and Sir James Anderson told us the history of The Transatlantic Cable, which he had himself laid. He showed us photographs representing the different engines used for the immersion. He sent round a model of the splice which was used to fasten together the pieces of cable. Finally, very justly merited, the three cheers with which his lecture was received, a great part of which was meant for the Honorable Cyrus Field, promoter of the enterprise, who was present on this occasion.

CHAPTER XVI

A WATCH FOR ICEBERGS

THE next day, the 3rd of April, from early dawn the horizon wore that peculiar aspect which the English call "blink." It was of that misty white color which signifies that icebergs are not far distant; in fact the *Great Eastern* was plowing those seas on which float the first blocks of ice detached from the icebergs in Davis's Straits. A special watch was kept, in order to avoid the rude collision with these enormous blocks.

There was a strong westerly wind blowing; strips of clouds, or rather shreds of vapor, hung over the sea,

through which glimpses of blue sky appeared. A dull thudding noise came from the waves tossed by the wind, and drops of water, seemingly pulverized, evaporated in foam.

Neither Fabian, Captain Corsican, nor Doctor Pitferge had yet come on deck, so I went towards the bows, where the junction of the bulwarks formed a comfortable angle, a kind of retreat, in which like a hermit, one could retire from the world. I took my place in this corner, sitting on a skylight, and my feet resting on an enormous pulley; the wind being dead ahead passed over without touching me. This was a good place for reflection. From here I had a view of the whole immensity of the ship; I could see the long slanting ropes of the rigging at the stern. On the first level a top-man, hanging in the mizzen-shrouds, held himself up with one hand, whilst with the other he worked with a remarkable dexterity. On the deck below him paced the officer on watch, peering through the mists. On the bridge, at the stern, I caught a glimpse of an officer, his back rounded, and his head muffled in a hood, struggling against the gusts of wind. I could distinguish nothing of the sea, except a bluish horizontal line discernible behind the paddles. Urged on by her powerful engines, the narrow stem of the steamship cut the waves, with a hissing sound, like that when the sides of a boiler are heated by a roaring fire. But the colossal ship, with the wind a-head, and borne on three waves, hardly felt the movement of the sea, which would have shaken any other steamer with its pitchings.

At half-past twelve the notice stated that we were in $44^{\circ} 53'$ North lat., and $47^{\circ} 6'$ W. long., and had made two hundred and twenty-seven miles in twenty-four hours only. The young couple must have scolded the wheels which did not turn, and the steam which was not at all strong enough to please them.

About three o'clock the sky, swept by the wind, cleared up; the line of the horizon was once more clearly defined, the wind fell, but for a long while the sea rose in great foam-crested billows. Such a gentle breeze could not cause this swell; one might have said that the Atlantic was still sulky.

At twenty-five minutes to four a three-mast ship was

hailed to larboard. She hoisted her name; it was the *Illinois*, an American ship, on her way to England.

At this moment Lieutenant H—— informed me that we were passing Cape Race point. We were now in the rich coasts where are obtained cod-fish, three of which would suffice to supply England and America if all the roe were hatched. The day passed without any remarkable occurrence; no accident had as yet thrown Fabian and Harry Drake together, for the captain and I never lost sight of them. In the evening the same harmless amusement, the same reading, and songs in the grand saloon called forth, as usual, frantic applauses. As an extraordinary occurrence a lively discussion broke out between a Northerner and a Texan. The latter demanded an Emperor for the Southern States. Happily this political discussion, which threatened to degenerate into a quarrel, was put to an end to by the timely arrival of an imaginary despatch, addressed to the *Ocean Times* and conceived in these terms: "Captain Semmes, Minister of War, has made the South compensate for its ravages in Alabama."

CHAPTER XVII

THE MAD WOMAN

LEAVING the brilliantly lighted saloon I went on deck with Captain Corsican. The night was dark; not a star in the firmament; an impenetrable gloom surrounded the ship. The windows of the saloon shone like the mouths of furnaces; the man on watch, heavily pacing the poop, was scarcely discernible, but one could breathe the fresh air, and the captain inhaled it with expanded lungs.

"I was stifled in the saloon," said he; "here at least I can breathe. I require my hundred cubic yards of pure air every twenty-four hours, or I get half suffocated."

"Breathe, captain, breathe at your ease," said I to him; "the breeze does not stint your wants. Oxygen is a good thing, but it must be confessed Parisians and Londoners know it only by reputation."

"Yes," replied the captain, "and they prefer carbonic acid. 'Ah well! everyone to his liking; for my own part I detest it, even in champagne.'"

Thus talking, we paced up and down the deck on the starboard side, sheltered from the wind by the high partitions of the deck cabins. Great wreaths of smoke, illuminated with sparks, curled from the black chimneys; the noise of the engines accompanied the whistling of the wind in the shrouds, which sounded like the cords of a harp. Mingling with this hubbub, each quarter of an hour, came the cry of the sailors on deck, "All's well, all's well."

In fact no precaution had been neglected to insure the safety of the ship on these coasts frequented by icebergs. The captain had a bucket of water drawn every half-hour, in order to ascertain the temperature, and if it had fallen one degree he immediately changed his course, for he knew that the *Peruvian* had been seen but a fortnight since blocked up by icebergs in this latitude; it was therefore a danger to be avoided. His orders for night were to keep a strict look-out. He himself remained on the bridge with an officer each side of him, one at the wheel signal, the other at the screw; besides these a lieutenant and two men kept watch on the poop, whilst a quarter-master with a sailor stood at the stern; the passengers might therefore rest quietly.

After noticing these arrangements we went back again to the stern, as we had made up our minds to stay some time longer, walking on deck like peaceful citizens taking an evening stroll in their town squares.

The place seemed deserted. Soon, however, our eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, and we perceived a man leaning perfectly motionless, with his elbow on the railing. Corsican, after looking at him attentively for some time, said to me, "It is Fabian."

It was indeed Fabian. We recognized him, but absorbed as he was in a profound contemplation he did not see us. His eyes were fixed on an angle of the upper deck; I saw them gleam in the dark. What was he looking at? How could he pierce this black gloom? I thought it better to leave him to his reflections, but Captain Corsican went up to him.

"Fabian," said he.

Fabian did not answer; he had not heard. Again Corsican called him. He shuddered, and turned his head for a moment, saying, "Hush."

Then with his hand he pointed to a shadow which was slowly moving at the further end of the upper deck. It was this almost invisible figure that Fabian was looking at, and smiling sadly he murmured, "The black lady."

I shuddered. Captain Corsican took hold of my arm, and I felt that he also was trembling. The same thought had struck us both. This shadow was the apparition about which Dean Pitferge had spoken.

Fabian had relapsed into his dreamy contemplation. I, with a heaving breast and awe-struck glance, looked at this human figure, the outline of which was hardly discernible; but presently it became more defined. It came forward, stopped, turned back, and then again advanced, seeming to glide rather than walk. At ten steps from us it stood perfectly still. I was then able to distinguish the figure of a slender female, closely wrapped in a kind of brown bur-nous, and her face covered with a thick veil.

"A mad woman, a mad woman, is it not?" murmured Fabian.

It was, indeed, a mad woman; but Fabian was not asking us: he was speaking to himself.

In the meantime the poor creature came still nearer to us. I thought I could see her eyes sparkle through her veil, when they were fixed on Fabian. She went up to him, Fabian started to his feet, electrified. The veiled woman put her hand on her heart as though counting its pulsation, then, gliding swiftly away, she disappeared behind the angle of the upper deck. Fabian staggered, and fell on his knees, his hands stretched out before him.

"It is she," he murmured.

Then shaking his head, "What an hallucination!" he added.

Captain Corsican then took him by the hand.

"Come, Fabian, come," said he, and he led away his unhappy friend.

CHAPTER XVIII THE "PILOT'S POOL"

CORSICAN and I could no longer doubt but that it was Ellen, Fabian's betrothed, and Harry Drake's wife. Chance had brought all three together on the same ship.

Fabian had not recognized her, although he had cried, "It is she!" But he was not mistaken in saying, "A mad woman!" Ellen was mad, undoubtedly; grief, despair, love frozen in her heart, contact with the worthless man who had snatched her from Fabian, ruin and shame had broken her spirit. It was on this subject that Corsican and I spoke the following morning. We had no doubt as to the identity of the young woman; it was Ellen, whom Harry Drake was dragging with him to the American continent. The Captain's eyes glowed with a dark fire at the thought of this wretch, and I felt my heart stir within me. What were we against the husband, the master? Nothing. But now, what was most important, was to prevent another meeting between Fabian and Ellen, for Fabian could not fail at last to recognize his betrothed, and thus the catastrophe we wished to avoid would be brought about.

At the same time we had reason to hope that these two poor creatures would not see each other again, as the unhappy Ellen never appeared in the daytime, either in the saloons or on the deck. Only at night, perhaps eluding her jailer, she came out to bathe herself in the damp air, and demand of the wind a smooth passage. In four days, at the latest, the *Great Eastern* must reach New York harbor; therefore we might hope that accident would not dally with our watchfulness, and that Fabian would not discover Ellen; but we made our calculations without thinking of events.

The steamer's course had been slightly altered in the night, three times the ship, being in water twenty-seven degrees Fahrenheit—that is to say, five degrees below zero, had been turned towards the south. There was no longer any doubt of icebergs being very near, for the sky that morning had a peculiarly brilliant aspect; the atmosphere was misty, and the northern sky glittered with an intense reverberation, evidently produced by the powerful reflection from the bergs. There was a piercing wind, and about ten o'clock the deck was powdered by a slight snow-fall; then dense fog surrounded us, in which we gave warning of our approach, by deafening whistles, which scared away the flocks of sea-gulls in the ship's yards. At half-past ten, the fog having cleared off, a screw steamer appeared on the horizon, a-starboard, the white tops of her chimneys

indicating that she was an emigrant ship, belonging to the Inman Company.

Before lunch several of the passengers organized a pool, which could not fail to please those fond of betting and gambling. The result of this pool was not to be known for four days; it was what is called the "pilot's pool." When a ship arrives at the land-falls everyone knows that a pilot comes on board; so they divide the twenty-four hours of the day and night into forty-eight half-hours, or ninety-six quarters, according to the number of the passengers. Each player stakes one dollar, and draws one of the half or quarter hours; the winner of the forty-eight or ninety-six dollars is the one during whose quarter of an hour the pilot comes on board. From this it may be seen that the game is very simple; it is not a race-course, but a quarter-of-an-hour race.

It was a Canadian, the Honorable MacAlpine, who undertook the management of the affair. He easily collected ninety-six players, including several professed gamblers, not the least among those ready for gain. I, following the general example, staked my dollar, and fate allotted me the ninety-fourth quarter; it was a bad number, and one which left me no chance of profit. The fact is, these divisions are reckoned from noon to noon, so that there are night as well as day quarters; and as it is very seldom that ships venture close in in the dark, the chance of a pilot coming on board then is very small. However, I easily consoled myself. Going down into the saloon, I saw a lecture announced. The Utah missionary was going to hold a meeting on Mormonism; a good opportunity for those wishing to initiate themselves in the mysteries of the City of Saints; besides, this Elder, Mr. Hatch, was an orator of no mean power. The execution could not fail to be worthy of the work. The announcement of the conference was received very favorably by the passengers.

The observation posted up was as follows, Lat. $42^{\circ} 32'$ N., Long. $51^{\circ} 59'$ W., Course, 254 miles.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the steersman signaled a large four-mast steamer, which slightly changed its course, in order to give the *Great Eastern* its number. It was the *Atlanta*, one of the largest boats running between London and New York, calling at Brest on the way. After

having saluted us, which we returned, in a short time she was out of sight.

At this moment Dean Pitferge, in a vexed tone, informed me that Mr. Hatch's lecture was forbidden, as the wives of the puritans on board did not approve of their husbands becoming acquainted with the mysteries of Mormonism.

CHAPTER XIX

FABIAN AND DRAKE MEET

At four o'clock, the sky, which had been overcast, cleared up, the sea grew calm, and the ship was so steady, one might almost have thought oneself on *terra firma*—this gave the passengers the idea of getting up races. Epsom turf could not have afforded a better coursing-ground, and as for horses, they were well replaced by pure Scotchmen, as good as any "Gladiator," or "La Touque." The news soon spread, sportsmen immediately hurried to the field. An Englishman, the Hon. J. MacCarthy, was appointed commissioner, and the competitors presented themselves without delay. They were half a dozen sailors, kind of centaurs, man and horse at the same time, all ready to try for the prize.

The two boulevards formed the race-course, the runners were to go three times round the ship, thus making a course of about 1,300 yards, which was quite enough. Soon the galleries were invaded by crowds of spectators, all armed with opera-glasses. Some of them had hoisted the "green sail," no doubt to shelter themselves from the spray of the Atlantic. Carriages were missing, I must confess, but not the rank, where they might have ranged in file. Ladies in gay costumes were hurrying onto the upper-decks; the scene was charming.

Fabian, Captain Corsican, Dr. Pitferge and I had taken our places on the poop, which was what might be called the center of action. Here the real gentlemen riders were assembled; in front of us was the starting and winning post. Betting soon began with a true British animation. Considerable sums of money were staked, but only from the appearance of the racers, whose qualifications had not as yet been inscribed in the "stud-book." It was not with-

out uneasiness that I saw Harry Drake interfering in the preparations with his usual audacity, discussing, disputing, and settling affairs in a tone which admitted of no reply. Happily, although Fabian had risked some pounds in the race, he appeared quite indifferent to the noise; he kept himself aloof from the others, and it was quite evident his thoughts were far off.

Among the racers who offered themselves, two particularly attracted the public attention. Wilmore, a small, thin, wiry Scotchman, with a broad chest and sharp eyes, was one of the favorites; the other, an Irishman named O'Kelly, a tall, supple fellow, balanced the chance with Wilmore, in the eyes of connoisseurs. Three to one was asked on him, and for myself partaking the general infatuation I was going to risk a few dollars on him, when the Doctor said to me:

"Choose the little one; believe me, the tall one is no go."

"What do you say?"

"I say," replied the Doctor, "that the tall one is not genuine; he may have a certain amount of speed, but he has no bottom. The little one, on the contrary, is of pure Scotch race; look how straight his body is on his legs, and how broad and pliant his chest is; he is a man who will lead more than once in the race. Bet on him, I tell you.

I took the learned doctor's advice, and bet on Wilmore; as to the other four, they were not even discussed.

They drew for places; chance favored the Irishman, who had the rope-side; the six runners were placed along the line, bounded by the posts, so that there was no unfair start to be feared.

The commissioner gave the signal, and the departure was hailed by a loud hurrah. It was soon evident that Wilmore and O'Kelly were professional runners; without taking any notice of their rivals, who passed them breathless, they ran with their bodies thrown slightly forward, heads very erect, arms tightly pressed against their chests, and holding their fists firmly in front.

In the second round O'Kelly and Wilmore were in a line, having distanced their exhausted competitors. They obviously verified the Doctor's saying, "It is not with the legs, but with the chest that one runs; ham-strings are good, but lungs are better."

At the last turning but one, the spectators again cheered their favorites. Cries and hurrahs broke forth from all sides.

"The little one will win," said Pitferge to me. "Look, he is not even panting, and his rival is breathless."

Wilmore indeed looked calm and pale, whilst O'Kelly was steaming like a damp hay-stack; he was "pumped out," to use a sportsman's slang expression, but both of them kept the same line. At last they passed the upper decks; the hatchway of the engine-rooms, the winning-post.

"Hurrah! hurrah! for Wilmore," cried some.

"Hurrah! for O'Kelly," chimed in others.

"Wilmore has won."

"No, they are together."

The truth was Wilmore had won, but by hardly half a head so the Honorable MacCarthy decided. However, the discussion continued, and even came to words. The partisans of the Irishman, and particularly Harry Drake, maintained that it was a "dead heat," and that they ought to go again.

But at this moment, urged on by an irresistible impulse, Fabian went up to Drake, and said to him in a cold tone, "You are wrong, sir, the winner was the Scotch sailor."

"What do you say?" he asked, in a threatening tone.

"I say you are wrong," answered Fabian quietly.

"Undoubtedly," retorted Drake, "because you bet on Wilmore."

"I was for O'Kelly, like yourself; I lost, and I have paid."

"Sir," cried Drake, "do you pretend to teach me——?"

But he did not finish his sentence, for Captain Corsican had interposed between him and Fabian, with the intention of taking up the quarrel. He treated Drake with supreme contempt, but evidently Drake would not pick a quarrel with him; so when Corsican had finished, he crossed his arms, and addressing himself to Fabian, "This gentleman," said he, with an evil smile, "this gentleman wants someone to fight his battles for him."

Fabian grew pale, he would have sprung at Drake, but I held him back, and the scoundrel's companions dragged him away; not, however, before he had cast a look of hatred at his enemy.

Captain Corsican and I went below with Fabian, who contented himself by saying, "The first opportunity I have, I will box that impudent fellow's ears."

CHAPTER XX

I FIND ELLEN'S HIDING PLACE

FROM Thursday night to Saturday the *Great Eastern* was crossing the Gulf Stream, the water of which is of a dark color, the surface of the current forcing its way against the waters of the Atlantic, is even slightly convex. It is, in fact, a river running between two liquid shores, and one of the largest in the world, for it reduces the Amazon and Mississippi to mere brooks in comparison.

This day, the 5th of April, began with a magnificent sunrise, the waves glittered, and a warm southwest wind was wafted through the rigging. It was the beginning of the fine weather; the sun, which had clothed the fields of the continent with verdure, caused fresh costumes to bloom on board. Vegetation is sometimes behind-hand, but fashion never. Soon the Boulevards, filled with groups of promenaders, looked like the Champs Elysées on a fine Sunday afternoon in May.

I did not see Captain Corsican once that morning; wishing to hear of Fabian, I went to his cabin, and knocked at the door, but getting no answer I opened it and went in. Fabian was not there. I went on deck again, but could find neither my friends nor the Doctor; the idea then crossed my mind to find out where the unfortunate Ellen was confined. What cabin did she occupy? Where had Drake shut her up? In whose care was the poor creature left, when Drake abandoned her for whole days? Most likely with some disinterested stewardess, or an indifferent nurse. I wished to know how it was, not from any vain motive of curiosity, but simply in Ellen's and Fabian's interest, if it was only to prevent a meeting, always to be dreaded.

I began my search with the cabin near the ladies' saloon, and went along the passages of both stories. This inspection was easy enough, as the names of the occupants were written on each door, in order to facilitate the steward's

work. I did not see Harry Drake's name, but this did not surprise me much, as I had no doubt he had preferred the more isolated cabins at the stern. In matter of comfort, however, no difference existed between the cabins at the bows and those at the stern, for the *Freighters* had only admitted one class of passengers.

I next went toward the dining saloons, keeping carefully to the side passages which wound between the double row of cabins. All these rooms were occupied, and all had the name of the passengers outside, but Harry Drake's name was not to be seen. This time the absence of his name astonished me, for I thought I had been all over our Floating City, and I was not aware of any part more secluded than this.

I inquired of a steward, who told me there were yet a hundred cabins behind the dining saloons.

"How do you get to them?" I asked.

"By a staircase at the end of the upper deck."

"Thank you, and can you tell me which cabin Mr. Harry Drake occupies?"

"I do not know, sir," replied the steward.

Again I went on deck, and following the steward's direction at last came to the door at the top of the stairs. This staircase did not lead to any large saloons, but simply to a dimly-lighted landing, round which was arranged a double row of cabins. Harry Drake could hardly have found a more favorable place in which to hide Ellen.

The greater part of the cabins were unoccupied. I went along the landing, a few names were written on the doors, but only two or three at the most. Harry Drake's name was not among them, and as I had made a very minute inspection of this compartment, I was very much disappointed at my ill success. I was going away when suddenly a vague, almost inaudible murmur caught my ear; it proceeded from the left side of the passage. I went towards the place; the sounds, at first faint, grew louder, and I distinguished a kind of plaintive song, or rather melopœia, the words of which did not reach me.

I listened; it was a woman singing, but in this unconscious voice one could recognize a mournful wail. Might not this voice belong to the mad woman? My presentiments could not deceive me. I went quietly nearer to the

cabin, which was numbered 775. It was the last in this dim passage, and must have been lighted by the lowest light-ports in the hull of the *Great Eastern*; there was no name on the door, and Harry Drake had no desire that anyone should know the place where he had confined Ellen.

I could not distinctly hear the voice of the unfortunate woman; her song was only a string of unconnected sentences like one speaking in sleep, but at the same time it was sweet and plaintive.

Although I had no means of recognizing her identity, I had no doubt but that it was Ellen singing.

I listened for some minutes, and was just going away, when I heard a step on the landing. Could it be Harry Drake? I did not wish him to find me here, for Fabian's and Ellen's sake; fortunately I could get on deck, without being seen, by a passage leading round the cabins. However, I stopped to know who it really was that I had heard. The darkness partially hid me, and standing behind an angle of the passage I could see without being myself in sight.

In the meantime the sound of the footsteps had ceased, and with it, as a strange coincident, Ellen's voice. I waited and soon the song began again, and the boards creaked under a stealthy tread; I leaned forward and, in the dim, uncertain light which glimmered through the cracks of the cabin doors, I recognized Fabian.

It was my unhappy friend! What instinct could have led him to this place? Had he then discovered the young woman's retreat before me? I did not know what to think. Fabian slowly advanced along the passage, listening, following the voice, as if it was a thread drawing him unconsciously on, and in spite of himself. It seemed to me that the song grew fainter as he approached, and that the thread thus held was about to break. Fabian went quite near to the cabin doors and then stopped.

How those sad accents must have rent his heart! and how his whole being must have thrilled as he caught some tone in the voice, which reminded him of the past! But how was it, ignorant as he was of Harry Drake being on board, that he had any suspicion of Ellen's presence? No, it was impossible; he had only been attracted by the plaintive ac-

cents which insensibly responded to the great grief weighing down his spirit.

Fabian was still listening. What was he going to do? Would he call to the mad woman? And what if Ellen suddenly appeared? Everything was dangerous in this situation! However, Fabian came nearer still to the door of her cabin; the song, which was growing fainter and fainter, suddenly died away, and a piercing shriek was heard.

Had Ellen, by a magnetic communication, felt him whom she loved so near her? Fabian's attitude was desperate; he had gathered himself up. Was he going to break the door open? I thought he would, so I rushed up to him.

He recognized me; I dragged him away, and he made no resistance, but asked me in a hollow voice, "Do you know who that unhappy woman is?"

"No, Fabian, no."

"It is the mad woman," said he, in an unnatural voice, "but this madness is not without remedy. I feel that a little devotion, a little love, would cure the poor woman."

"Come, Fabian," said I, "come away."

We went on deck, but Fabian did not utter another word. I did not leave him, however, until he had reached his cabin.

CHAPTER XXI

WE ENCOUNTER A CYCLONE

SOME moments later I met Captain Corsican, and told him of the scene I had just witnessed. He understood, as well as I did, that the situation of affairs was growing more and more serious. 'Ah! could I have foreseen all that would happen, how I should have longed to hasten the speed of the *Great Eastern*, and put the broad ocean between Fabian and Harry Drake! On leaving each other, Captain Corsican and I agreed to watch the actors in this drama more narrowly than ever.

About eleven o'clock the English passengers organized a subscription on behalf of the wounded on board, some of whom had not been able to leave the hospital; among them was the boatswain, threatened with an incurable lameness. There was soon a long list of signatures, not however, without some objections having been raised.

At noon a very exact observation was made—Longitude, $58^{\circ} 37'$ west, latitude $41^{\circ} 41' 11''$ north, course, 257 miles.

We had the latitude to a second. When the young engaged couple read the notice they did not look remarkably pleased, and they had good reason to be discontented with the steam.

That night was stormy, the steamship, beaten by the waves, rolled frightfully, without being disabled; the furniture was knocked about with loud crashes, and the crockery began its clatter again. The wind had evidently freshened, and besides this the *Great Eastern* was now in those coasts where the sea is always rough.

At six o'clock in the morning I dragged myself to the staircase leading onto the upper decks. By clutching at the balusters, and taking advantage of a lurch or two, I succeeded in climbing the steps, and with some difficulty managed to reach the poop. The place was deserted, if one may so qualify a place where was Dr. Pitferge. The worthy man, with his back rounded as a protection against the wind, was leaning against the railing, with his right leg wound tightly round one of the rails. He beckoned for me to go to him—with his head, of course, for he could not spare his hands, which held him up against the violence of the tempest. After several queer movements, twisting myself like an analide, I reached the upper deck, where I buttressed myself, after the doctor's fashion. "We are in for it!" cried he to me; "this will last. Heighho! this *Great Eastern!* Just at the moment of arrival, a cyclone, a veritable cyclone is commanded on purpose for her."

The Doctor spoke in broken sentences, for the wind cut short his words, but I understood him; the word cyclone carried its explanation with it.

It is well known that these whirlwinds, called hurricanes in the Indian and Atlantic Oceans, tornadoes on the coast of Africa, simoons in the desert, and typhoons in the Chinese Sea, are tempests of such formidable power, that they imperil the largest ships.

Now the *Great Eastern* was caught in a cyclone. How would this giant make head against it?

"Harm will come to her," repeated Dean Pitferge. "Look, how she dives into the billows."

This was, indeed, the exact position of the steamship,

whose stern disappeared beneath the mountains of waves, which swept violently against her. It was not possible to see to any distance: there were all the symptoms of a storm, which broke forth in its fury about seven o'clock. The ocean heaved terrifically, the small undulations between the large waves entirely disappeared under an overwhelming wind, the foam-crested billows clashed together, in the wildest uproar, every moment; the waves grew higher, and the *Great Eastern*, cutting through them, pitched frightfully.

"There are but two courses now to choose from," said the Doctor, with the self-possession of a seaman, "either to put the ship's head onto the waves, working with a minimum speed, or take flight and give up the struggle with this baffling sea; but Captain Anderson will do neither one thing nor the other."

"And why not?" I asked.

"Because——" replied the Doctor, "because something must happen."

Turning round, I saw the captain, the first officer, and the chief engineer, muffled in their mackintoshes, and clutching at the railing of the bridge; they were enveloped in spray from head to foot. The captain was smiling as usual, the first officer laughed, and showed his white teeth, at the sight of the ship pitching enough to make one think the masts and chimneys were coming down.

Nevertheless I was really astonished at the captain's obstinacy. At half past seven, the aspect of the Atlantic was terrible; the sea swept right across the deck at the bows. I watched this grand sight; this struggle between the giant and the billows, and to a certain extent I could sympathize with the captain's wilfulness; but I was forgetting that the power of the sea is infinite, and that nothing made by the hand of man can resist it; and, indeed, powerful as she was, our ship was at last obliged to fly before the tempest.

Suddenly, at about eight o'clock, a violent shock was felt, caused by a formidable swoop of the sea, which struck the ship on her fore larboard quarter.

"That was not a box on the ear, it was a blow in the face," said the Doctor to me.

And the blow had evidently bruised us, for spars appeared on the crests of the waves. Was it part of our ship

that was making off in this manner, or the *débris* of a wreck?

On a sign from the captain, the *Great Eastern* shifted her course, in order to avoid the spars, which threatened to get entangled in the paddles. Looking more attentively, I saw that the sea had carried off the bulwarks on the larboard side, which were fifty feet above the surface of the water; the jambs were broken, the taggers torn away, and the shattered remnants of glass still trembled in their casements. The *Great Eastern* had staggered beneath the shock, but she continued on her way with an indomitable audacity. It was necessary, as quickly as possible, to remove the spars which encumbered the ship at the bows, and in order to do this it was indispensable to avoid the sea, but the steamship obstinately continued to make head against the waves. The spirit of her captain seemed to animate her; he did not want to yield, and yield he would not. An officer and some men were sent to the bows to clear the deck.

"Mind," said the Doctor to me, "the moment of the catastrophe is not far off."

The sailors went towards the bows, whilst we fastened ourselves to the second mast, and looked through the spray, which fell in showers over us with each wave. Suddenly there was another swoop more violent than the first, and the sea poured through the barricading by the opened breach, tore off an enormous sheet of cast-iron which covered the bit of the bows, broke away the massive top of the hatchway leading to the crew's berths, and lashing against the starboard barricadings, swept them off like the sheets of a sail.

The men were knocked down; one of them, an officer, half-drowned, shook his red whiskers, and picked himself up; then seeing one of the sailors lying unconscious across an anchor, he hurried towards him, lifted him on his shoulders and carried him away. At this moment the rest of the crew escaped through the broken hatchway. There were three feet of water in the 'tween-decks, new spars covered the sea, and amongst other things several thousand of the dolls, which my countryman had thought to acclimatize in America; these little bodies, torn from their cases by the sea, danced on the summits of the waves, and under

less serious circumstances the sight would have been truly ludicrous. In the meantime the inundation was gaining on us; large bodies of water were pouring in through the opened gaps, and according to the engineer, the *Great Eastern* shipped more than two thousand tons of water, enough to float a frigate of the largest size.

"Well!" exclaimed the Doctor, whose hat had been blown off in the hurricane, "to keep in this position is impossible; it is fool-hardy to hold on any longer; we ought to take flight, the steamship going with her battered stem ahead, is like a man swimming between two currents, with his mouth open."

This Captain Anderson understood at last, for I saw him run to the little wheel on the bridge which commanded the movement of the rudder, the steam immediately rushed into the cylinders at the stern, and the giant turning like a canoe made head towards the north, and fled before the storm.

At this moment, the captain, generally so calm and self-possessed, cried angrily, "My ship is disgraced."

CHAPTER XXII

THE STORM CONTINUES

SCARCELY had the *Great Eastern* tacked and presented her stern to the waves, than the pitching gave way to perfect steadiness; breakfast was served, and the greater part of the passengers, reassured by the ship's stillness, came into the dining-rooms, and took their repast without fear of another shock. Not a plate fell off the table, and not a glass emptied its contents onto the cloth, although the racks had not even been put up. But three-quarters of an hour later the furniture was set in motion again, and the crockery clattered together on the pantry shelves, for the *Great Eastern* had resumed her westerly course, which for the time had been interrupted.

I went on deck again with Dr. Pitferge, who, seeing the man belonging to the dolls, said to him:

"Your little people have been put to a severe test, sir; those poor babies will never prattle in the United States."

"Pshaw!" replied the enterprising Parisian, "the stock was insured, and my secret has not perished with it."

It was evident my countryman was not a man to be easily disheartened; he bowed to us with a pleasant smile, and we continued our way to the stern, where a steersman told us that the rudder-chains had been jammed in the interval between the two swoops.

"If that accident had happened when we were turning," said Pitferge to me, "I cannot say what would have become of us, for the sea would have rushed in, in overwhelming torrents; the steam pumps have already begun to reduce the water, but there is more coming yet."

"And what of the unfortunate sailor?" asked I of the Doctor.

"He is severely wounded on his head, poor fellow! he is a young married fisherman, the father of two children, and this is his first voyage. The doctor seems to think there is hope of his recovery, and that is what makes me fear for him, but we shall soon see for ourselves. A report was spread that several men had been washed overboard, but happily there was no foundation for it."

"We have resumed our course at last," said I.

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "the westerly course, against wind and tide, there is no doubt about that," added he, catching hold of a kevel to prevent himself from rolling on the deck. "Do you know what I should do with the *Great Eastern* if she belonged to me? No. Well, I would make a pleasure boat of her, and charge 10,000 francs a head; there would only be millionaires on board, and people who were not pressed for time. I would take a month or six weeks going from England to America; the ship never against the waves, and the wind always ahead or astern; there should be no rolling, no pitching, and I would pay a *lool*. in any case of sea-sickness."

"That is a practical idea," said I.

"Yes," replied Pitferge, "there's money to be gained or lost by that!"

In the meantime the *Great Eastern* was slowly but steadily continuing her way; the swell was frightful, but her straight stem cut the waves regularly, and shipped no more water. It was no longer a metal mountain making against a mountain of water, but as sedentary as a rock the *Great Eastern* received the billows with perfect indifference. The rain fell in torrents, and we were obliged to take refuge

under the eaves of the grand saloon; with the shower the violence of the wind and sea assuaged; the western sky grew clear, and the last black clouds vanished on the opposite horizon; at ten o'clock the hurricane sent us a farewell gust.

At noon an observation was able to be made and was as follows; latitude, $49^{\circ} 50'$, north; longitude, $61^{\circ} 57'$, west; course, 193 miles.

This considerable diminution in the ship's speed could only be attributed to the tempest, which during the night and morning had incessantly beaten against the ship, and a tempest so terrible that one of the passengers, almost an inhabitant of the Atlantic, which he had crossed forty-four times, declared he had never seen the like. The engineer even said that during the storm, when the *Great Eastern* was three days in the trough of the sea, the ship had never been attacked with such violence, and it must be repeated that even if this admirable steamship did go at an inferior speed, and rolled decidedly too much, she nevertheless presented a sure security against the fury of the sea, which she resisted like a block, owing to the perfect homogeneity of her construction.

But let me also say, however powerful she might be, it was not right to expose her, without any reason whatever, to a baffling sea; for however strong, however imposing a ship may appear, it is not "disgraced" because it flies before the tempest. A commander ought always to remember that a man's life is worth more than the mere satisfaction of his own pride. In any case, to be obstinate is blameable, and to be willful is dangerous. A recent incident in which a dreadful catastrophe happened to a Transatlantic steamer shows us that a captain ought not to struggle blindly against the sea, even when he sees the boat of a rival company creeping ahead.

CHAPTER XXIII

FABIAN LEARNS THE NAME OF HIS ENEMY

In the meantime the pumps were exhausting the lake which had been formed in the hold of the *Great Eastern*, like a lagoon in the middle of an island; powerfully and

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rapidly worked by steam they speedily restored to the Atlantic that which belonged to it. The rain had ceased and the wind freshened again, but the sky, swept by the tempest, was clear. I stayed several hours after dark walking on deck. Great floods of light poured from the half-opened hatchways of the saloons, and at the stern stretched a phosphorescent light as far as the eye could reach, streaked here and there by the luminous crests of the waves. The stars reflected in the lactescent water appeared and disappeared, as though peering through rapidly driving clouds. Night had spread her somber covering far and near; forward roared the thunder of the wheels, whilst beneath me I heard the clanking of the rudder-chains.

Going back to the saloon door I was surprised to see there a compact crowd of spectators, and to hear vociferous applauses, for, in spite of the day's disasters, the entertainment was taking place as usual. Not a thought of the wounded and, perhaps, dying sailor. The assembly seemed highly animated, and loud hurrahs hailed the appearance of a troop of minstrels on board the *Great Eastern*. The negroes—black, or blackened, according to their origin—were no others than sailors in disguise. They were dressed in cast-off trumpery, ornamented with sea-biscuits for buttons; the opera-glasses which they sported were composed of two bottles fastened together, and their jew's-harps consisted of catgut stretched on cork. These merry-andrews were amusing enough upon the whole; they sang comic songs, and improvised a mixture of puns and cock-and-bull stories. The uproarious cheers with which their performances were greeted only made them increase their contortions and grimaces, until one of them, as nimble as a monkey, finished the performance by dancing the sailor's hornpipe.

However amusing the minstrels may have been, they had not succeeded in attracting all the passengers. Numbers of them had flocked to their usual haunt, the "smoking-room," and were eagerly pressing round the gaming-tables, where enormous stakes were being made, some defending their acquisitions during the voyage, others trying to conquer fate by making rash wagers at the last moment. The room was in a violent uproar; one could hear the voice of the money agent crying the stakes, the

oaths of the losers, the clinking of gold, and the rustling of dollar-bills; then there was a sudden lull, the uproar was silenced by a bold stake, but as soon as the result was known the noise was redoubled.

I very seldom entered the smoking-room, for I have a horror of gambling. It is always a vulgar and often an unhealthy pastime, and it is a vice which does not go alone; the man who gambles will find himself capable of any evil. Here reigned Harry Drake in the midst of his parasites, here also flourished those adventurers who were going to seek their fortunes in America. I always avoided a meeting with these boisterous men, so this evening I passed the door without going in, when my attention was arrested by a violent outburst of cries and curses. I listened, and, after a moment's silence, to my great astonishment I thought I could distinguish Fabian's voice. What could he be doing in this place? Had he come here to look for his enemy, and thus the catastrophe, until now avoided, been brought about?

I quickly pushed the door open: at this moment the uproar was at its height. In the midst of the crowd of gamblers I saw Fabian standing facing Harry Drake. I hurried towards him, Harry Drake had undoubtedly grossly insulted him, for Fabian was aiming a blow with his fist at him, and if it did not reach the place it was intended for, it was only because the Corsican suddenly appeared and stopped him with a quick gesture.

But, addressing himself to his enemy, Fabian said, in a cold, sarcastic tone, "Do you accept that blow?"

"Yes," replied Drake, "and here is my card!"

Thus, in spite of our efforts, an inevitable fatality had brought these two deadly enemies together. It was too late to separate them now, events must take their course. Captain Corsican looked at me, and I was surprised to see sadness rather than annoyance in his eyes.

In the meantime Fabian picked up the card which Harry Drake had thrown on the table. He held it between the tips of his fingers as if loath to touch it. Captain Corsican was pale, and my heart beat wildly. At last Fabian looked at the card, and read the name on it, then with a voice stifled by passion, he cried, "Harry Drake! you! you! you!"

"The same, Captain MacElwin," quietly replied his rival.

We were not deceived; if Fabian was ignorant until now of Drake's name, the latter was only too well aware of Fabian's presence on the *Great Eastern*.

CHAPTER XXIV

FABIAN RECOGNIZES ELLEN

THE next day, at break of dawn, I went in search of Captain Corsican, whom I found in the grand saloon. He had passed the night with Fabian, who was still suffering from the shock which the name of Ellen's husband had given him. Did a secret intuition tell him that Drake was not alone on board? Had Ellen's presence been revealed to him by the appearance of this man? Lastly, could he guess that the poor crazed woman was the young girl whom he so fondly loved? Corsican could not say, for Fabian had not uttered one word all night.

Corsican resented Fabian's wrongs with a kind of brotherly feeling. The intrepid nature of the latter had from childhood irresistibly attracted him, and he was now in the greatest despair.

"I came in too late," said he to me. "Before Fabian raised his hand, I ought to have struck that wretch."

"Useless violence," replied I. "Harry Drake would not have quarreled with you; he has a grudge against Fabian, and a meeting between the two was inevitable."

"You are right," said the captain. "That rascal has got what he wanted; he knew Fabian, his past life, and his love. Perhaps Ellen, deprived of reason, betrayed her secret thoughts, or, rather, did not Drake before his marriage learn from the loyal young woman all he was ignorant of regarding her past life? Urged on by a base impulse, and finding himself in contact with Fabian, he has waited for an opportunity in which he could assume the part of the offended. This scoundrel ought to be a clever duelist."

"Yes," replied I. "He has already had three or four encounters of the kind."

"My dear sir," said the captain, "it is not the duel in itself which I fear for Fabian. Captain MacElwin is one

of those who never trouble themselves about danger, but it is the result of this engagement which is to be dreaded. If Fabian were to kill this man, however vile he may be, it would place an impossible barrier between Ellen and himself, and Heaven knows, the unhappy woman needs a support, like Fabian, in the state she now is."

"True," said I; "nevertheless we can but hope that Harry Drake will fall. Justice is on our side."

"Certainly," replied the captain, "but one cannot help feeling distressed to think that even at the risk of my own life I could not have spared Fabian this."

"Captain," said I, taking the hand of this devoted friend, "Drake has not sent his seconds yet, so that, although circumstances are against us, I do not despair."

"Do you know any means of preventing the duel?"

"None at present; at the same time, if the meeting must take place, it seems to me that it can only do so in America, and before we get there, chance, which has brought about this state of things, will, perhaps, turn the scales in our favor."

Captain Corsican shook his head like a man who had no faith in the efficacy of chance in human affairs. At this moment Fabian went up the stairs leading to the deck. I only saw him for a moment, but I was struck by the deadly pallor of his face. The wound had been reopened, and it was sad to see him wandering aimlessly about, trying to avoid us.

Even friendship may be troublesome at times, and Corsican and I thought it better to respect his grief rather than interfere with him. But suddenly Fabian turned, and coming towards us, said, "The mad woman was she! It was Ellen, was it not? Poor Ellen!"

He was still doubtful, and went away without waiting for an answer, which we had not the courage to give.

At noon, Drake had not sent Fabian his seconds to my knowledge, and these were preliminaries which could not be dispensed with, if Drake determined to demand immediate satisfaction. Might we not take hope from this delay? I knew that the Saxon race do not regard a debt of honor as we do, and that duels had almost disappeared from English customs, for, as I have already said, not only is there a severe law against duelists, but, moreover, public opin-

ion is strongly averse to them. At the same time, in this, which was an uncommon case, the engagement had evidently been voluntarily sought for; the offended had, so to speak, provoked the offender, and my reasonings always tended to the same conclusion, that a meeting between Fabian and Drake was inevitable.

The deck was at this moment crowded with passengers and crew returning from service. At half past twelve the observation resulted in the following note: latitude, $40^{\circ} 33'$ north; longitude, $66^{\circ} 24'$ west; course, 214 miles. Thus the *Great Eastern* was only 348 miles from Sandy Hook Point, a narrow tongue of land which forms the entrance to New York harbor; it would not be long before we were in American seas.

I did not see Fabian in his usual place at lunch, but Drake was there, and although talkative, he did not appear to be quite at his ease. Was he trying to drown his fears in wine? I cannot say, but he indulged in bountiful libations with his friends. Several times I saw him leering at me, but insolent as he was, he dared not look me in the face. Was he looking for Fabian among the crowd of guests? I noticed he left the table abruptly before the meal was finished, and I got up immediately, in order to observe him, but he went to his cabin and shut himself up there.

I went up on deck. Not a wave disturbed the calm surface of the sea, and the sky was unsullied by a cloud; the two mirrors mutually reflected their azure hue. I met Doctor Pitferge, who gave me bad news of the wounded sailor. The invalid was getting worse, and, in spite of the doctor's assurance, it was difficult to think that he could recover.

At five o'clock another ship on the horizon, but too far off for her nationality to be recognized. This time it was undoubtedly the *City of Paris*. This meeting with ships, and the salutation between the Atlantic's visitors, caused great excitement on board. One can understand that as there is little difference between one ship and another, the common danger of facing the uncertain element unites even strangers by a friendly bond. At six o'clock a third ship appeared, the *Philadelphia*, one of the Inman line, used for the transportation of emigrants from Liverpool to New

York. We were evidently in frequented seas, and land could not be far off. How I longed to reach it!

Night closed in about half-past seven. As the sun sank below the horizon, the moon grew brighter and for some time hung shining in the heavens. A prayer meeting, held by Captain Anderson, interspersed with hymns, lasted until nine o'clock. The day passed without either Captain Corsican or myself receiving a visit from Drake's seconds.

CHAPTER XXV

A SAILOR'S BURIAL

THE next day, Monday, the 8th of April, the weather was very fine. I found the Doctor on deck basking in the sun. He came up to me. "Ah well!" said he, "our poor sufferer died in the night. The doctor never gave him up—oh, those doctors! they will never give in. This is the fourth man we have lost since we left Liverpool, the fourth gone towards paying the *Great Eastern's* debt."

"Poor fellow," said I, "just as we are nearing port, and the American coast almost in sight. What will become of his widow and little children?"

"Would you have it otherwise, my dear sir? It is the law, the great law! we must die! We must give way to others. It is my opinion we die simply because we are occupying a place which by rights belongs to another. Now can you tell me how many people will have died during my existence if I live to be sixty?"

"I have no idea, Doctor."

"The calculation is simple enough," resumed Dean Pitferge. "If I live sixty years, I shall have been in the world 21,900 days, or 525,600 hours, or 31,536,000 minutes, or lastly, 1,892,160,000 seconds, in round numbers 2,000,000,000 seconds. Now in that time two thousand million individuals who were in the way of their successors will have died, and when I have become inconvenient, I shall be put out of the way in the same manner, so that the long and short of the matter is to put off becoming inconvenient as long as possible."

The Doctor continued for some time arguing on this subject, tending to prove to me a very simple theory, the

mortality of human creatures. I did not think it worth while to discuss the point with him, so I let him have his say. Whilst we paced backwards and forwards, the Doctor talking, and I listening, I noticed that the carpenters on board were busy repairing the battered stem. If Captain Anderson did not wish to arrive in New York with damages, the carpenters would have to hurry over their work, for the *Great Eastern* was rapidly speeding through the tranquil waters; this I understood from the lively demeanor of the young lovers, who no longer thought of counting the turns of the wheels. The long pistons expanded, and the enormous cylinders heaving on their axle-swings, looked like a great peal of bells clanging together at random. The wheels made eleven revolutions a minute, and the steamship went at the rate of thirteen miles an hour. At noon the officers dispensed with making an observation; they knew their situation by calculation, and land must be signaled before long.

While I was walking on deck after lunch, Captain Corsican came up. I saw, from the thoughtful expression on his face, that he had something to tell me. "Fabian," said he, "has received Drake's seconds. I am to be his second, and he begs me to ask you if you will kindly be present on the occasion. He may rely on you?"

"Yes, captain; so all hope of deferring or preventing this meeting has vanished?"

"All hope."

"But tell me, how did the quarrel arise?"

"A discussion about the play was a pretext for it, nothing else. The fact is if Fabian was not aware who Harry Drake was, it is quite evident he knew Fabian, and the name of Fabian is so odious to him that he would gladly slay the man to whom it belongs."

"Who are Drake's seconds?" I asked.

"One of them is that actor——"

"Doctor T——?"

"Just so; the other is a Yankee I do not know."

"When are you to expect them?"

"I am waiting for them here."

And just as he spoke I saw the seconds coming towards us. Doctor T—— cleared his throat; he undoubtedly thought a great deal more of himself as the representative

of a rogue. His companion, another of Drake's associates, was one of those extraordinary merchants who has always for sale anything you may ask him to buy.

Doctor T—— spoke first, after making a very emphatic bow, which Captain Corsican hardly condescended to acknowledge.

"Gentlemen," said Doctor T——, in a grave tone, "our friend Drake, a gentleman whose merit and deportment cannot fail to be appreciated by everyone, has sent us to arrange a somewhat delicate affair with you; that is to say, Captain Fabian MacElwin, to whom we first addressed ourselves, referred us to you as his representative. I hope that we shall be able to come to an understanding between ourselves worthy the position of gentlemen touching the delicate object of our mission."

We made no reply, but allowed the gentleman to become embarrassed with his delicacy.

"Gentlemen," continued he, "there is not the remotest doubt but that Captain MacElwin is in the wrong. That gentleman has unreasonably, and without the slightest pretext, questioned the honor of Harry Drake's proceedings in a matter of play, and without any provocation offered him the greatest insult a gentleman could receive."

These honeyed words made the captain impatient, he bit his mustache, and could refrain speaking no longer. "Come to the point," said he sharply to Doctor T——, whose speech he had interrupted, "we don't want so many words; the affair is simple enough; Captain MacElwin raised his hand against Mr. Drake, your friend accepted the blow, he assumes the part of the offended, and demands satisfaction. He has the choice of arms. What next?"

"Does Captain MacElwin accept the challenge?" asked the Doctor, baffled by Corsican's tone.

"Decidedly."

"Our friend, Harry Drake, has chosen swords."

"Very well, and where is the engagement to take place? In New York?"

"No, here on board."

"On board, be it so; at what time? To-morrow morning?"

"This evening at six o'clock, at the end of the upper deck, which will be deserted at that time."

"Very well." Thus saying, the captain took my arm, and turned his back on Doctor T——.

It was no longer possible to put off the duel. Only a few hours separated us from the moment when Fabian and Harry Drake must meet. What could be the reason of this haste? How was it that Harry Drake had not delayed the duel until he and his enemy had disembarked? Was it because this ship, freighted by a French company, seemed to him the most favorable ground for a meeting which must be a deadly struggle? Or rather, might not Drake have a secret interest in freeing himself of Fabian before the latter could set foot on the American continent, or suspect the presence of Ellen on board, which he must have thought was unknown to all save himself? Yes, it must have been for this reason. "Little matter, after all," said the captain; "far better to have it over."

"Shall I ask Doctor Pitferge to be present at the duel as a doctor?"

"Yes, it would be well to do so."

Corsican left me to go to Fabian. At this moment the bell on deck began tolling, and when I inquired of a steersman the reason of this unusual occurrence, he told me that it was for the burial of the sailor who had died in the night, and that the sad ceremony was about to take place. The sky, until now so clear, became overcast, and dark clouds loomed threateningly in the south.

At the sound of the bell the passengers flocked to the starboard side. The bridges, paddle-boards, bulwarks, masts and shore-boats, hanging from their davits, were crowded with spectators, the officers, sailors, and stokers off duty, stood in ranks on deck.

At two o'clock a group of sailors appeared at the far end of the upper deck, they had left the hospital, and were passing the rudder engine. The corpse, sewn in a piece of sail and stretched on a board, with a cannon ball at the feet, was carried by four men. The body, covered with the British flag, and followed by the dead man's comrades, slowly advanced into the midst of the spectators, who uncovered their heads as the procession passed. On their arrival at the starboard paddle-wheel, the corpse was deposited on a landing of a staircase which terminated at the main deck.

In front of the row of spectators, standing one above the other, were Captain Anderson and his principal officers in full uniform. The captain, holding a prayer book in his hand, took his hat off, and for some minutes, during a profound silence, which not even the breeze interrupted, he solemnly read the prayer for the dead, every word of which was distinctly audible in the deathlike silence. On a sign from the captain, the body, released by the bearers, sank into the sea. For one moment it floated on the surface, became upright, and then disappeared in a circle of foam.

At this moment the voice of the sailor on watch was heard crying "Land!"

CHAPTER XXVI

LAND IN SIGHT

THE land announced at the moment when the sea was closing over the corpse of the poor sailor was low-lying and of a yellow color. This line of slightly elevated downs was Long Island, a great sandy bank enlivened with vegetation, which stretches along the American coast from Montauk Point to Brooklyn, adjoining New York. Several yachts were coasting along this island, which is covered with villas and pleasure houses, the favorite resorts of the New Yorkers.

Every passenger waved his hand to the land so longed for after the tedious voyage, which had not been exempt from painful accidents. Every telescope was directed towards this first specimen of the American continent, and each saw it under a different aspect. The Yankee beheld in it his mother-land; the Southerner regarded these northern lands with a kind of scorn, the scorn of the conquered for the conqueror; the Canadian looked upon it as a man who had only one step to take to call himself a citizen of the Union; the Californian in his mind's eye traversed the plains of the far west, and crossing the Rocky Mountains had already set foot on their inexhaustible mines. The Mormonite, with elevated brow and scornful lip, hardly noticed these shores, but peered beyond to where stood the City of the Saints on the borders of Salt Lake, in the far-off

deserts. As for the young lovers, this continent was to them the Promised Land.

In the meanwhile the sky was growing more and more threatening. A dark line of clouds gathered in the zenith, and a suffocating heat penetrated the atmosphere as though a July sun was shining directly above us. "Would you like me to astonish you?" said the Doctor, who had joined me on the gangway.

"Astonish me, Doctor?"

"Well, then, we shall have a storm, perhaps a thunder-storm, before the day is over."

"A thunder-storm in the month of April!" I cried with surprise.

"The *Great Eastern* does not trouble herself about seasons," replied Dean Pitferge, shrugging his shoulders. "It is a tempest called forth expressly on her account. Look at the threatening aspect of those clouds which cover the sky; they look like antediluvian animals, and before long they will devour each other."

"I confess," said I, "the sky looks stormy, and were it three months later I should be of your opinion, but not at this time of year."

"I tell you," replied the Doctor, growing animated, "the storm will burst out before many hours are past. I feel it like a barometer. Look at those vapors rising in mass, observe that cirrus, those mares' tails which are blending together, and those thick circles which surround the horizon. Soon there will be a rapid condensing of vapor, which will consequently produce electricity. Besides, the mercury has suddenly fallen, and the prevailing wind is southwest, the only one which can brew a storm in winter."

"Your observations may be very true, Doctor," said I, not willing to yield, "but who has ever witnessed a thunder-storm at this season, and in this latitude?"

"We have proof, sir, we have proof on record. Mild winters are often marked by storms. You ought only to have lived in 1772, or even in 1824, and you would have heard the roaring of the thunder, in the first instance in February, and in the second in December. In the month of January, 1837, a thunder-bolt fell near Drammen in Norway, and did considerable mischief. Last year, in the month of February, fishing-smacks from Tréport were

struck by lightning. If I had time to consult statistics I would soon put you to silence."

"Well, Doctor, since you will have it so, we shall soon see. At any rate, you are not afraid of thunder?"

"Not I," replied the Doctor. "The thunder is my friend; better still, it is my doctor."

"Your doctor?"

"Most certainly. I was struck by lightning in my bed on the 13th July, 1867, at Kew, near London, and it cured me of paralysis in my right arm, when the doctors had given up the case as hopeless."

"You must be joking."

"Not at all. It is an economical treatment by electricity. My dear sir, there are many very authentic facts which prove that thunder surpasses the most skillful physicians, and its intervention is truly marvelous in apparently hopeless cases."

"Nevertheless," said I, "I have little trust in your doctor, and would not willingly consult him."

"Because you have never seen him at work. Stay; here is an instance which I have heard of as occurring in 1817. A peasant in Connecticut, who was suffering from asthma, supposed to be incurable, was struck by lightning in a field, and radically cured."

I believe the Doctor would have liked to make the thunder into pills. "Laugh, ignoramus!" said he to me. "You know nothing either of the weather or medicine!"

CHAPTER XXVII

A STORM BREWING

DEAN PITFERGE left me, but I remained on deck, watching the storm rise. Corsican was still closeted with Fabian, who was undoubtedly making some arrangements in case of misfortune. I then remembered that he had a sister in New York, and I shuddered at the thought that perhaps we should have to carry to her the news of her brother's death. I should like to have seen Fabian, but I thought it better not to disturb either him or Captain Corsican.

At four o'clock we came in sight of land stretching before Long Island. It was Fire Island. In the center rose

a lighthouse, which shone over the surrounding land. The passengers again invaded the upper decks and bridges. All eyes were strained towards the coast, distant about six miles. They were waiting for the moment when the arrival of the pilot should settle the great pool business. It may be thought that those who had night quarters, and I was of the number, had given up all pretensions, and that those with the day quarters, except those included between four and six o'clock, had no longer any chance. Before night the pilot would come on board and settle this affair, so that all the interest was now concentrated in the seven or eight persons to whom fate had attributed the next quarters. The latter were taking advantage of their good luck—selling, buying, and reselling their chances, bartering with such energy one might almost have fancied oneself in the Royal Exchange.

At sixteen minutes past four a small schooner, bearing towards the steamship, was signaled to starboard. There was no longer any possible doubt of its being the pilot's boat, and he would be on board in fourteen or fifteen minutes at the most. The struggle was now between the possessors of the second and third quarters from four to five o'clock. Demands and offers were made with renewed vivacity. Then absurd wagers were laid even on the pilot's person, the tenor of which I have faithfully given.

"Ten dollars that the pilot is married."

"Twenty that he is a widower."

"Thirty dollars that he has a mustache."

"Sixty that he has a wart on his nose."

"A hundred dollars that he will step on board with his right foot first."

"He will smoke."

"He will have a pipe in his mouth."

"No! a cigar."

"No!" "Yes!" "No!"

And twenty other wagers quite as ridiculous, which found those more absurd still to accept them.

In the meanwhile the little schooner was sensibly approaching the steamship, and we could distinguish her graceful proportions. These charming little pilot boats, of about fifty or sixty tons, are good sea boats, skimming

over the water like sea-gulls. The schooner, gracefully inclined, was bearing windward in spite of the breeze, which had begun to freshen. Her mast and foresails stood out clearly against the dark background of clouds, and the sea foamed beneath her bows. When at two cables' length from the *Great Eastern*, she suddenly veered and launched a shore-boat. Captain Anderson gave orders to heave to, and for the first time during a fortnight the wheels of the screw were motionless. A man got into the boat, which four sailors quickly pulled to the steamship. A rope ladder was thrown over the side of the giant down to the pilot in his little nutshell, which the latter caught, and, skillfully climbing, sprang on deck.

He was received with joyous cries by the winners, and exclamations of disappointment from the losers. The pool was regulated by the following statements:

"The pilot was married."

"He had no wart on his nose."

"He had a light mustache."

"He had jumped on board with both feet."

"Lastly, it was thirty-six minutes past four o'clock when he set foot on the deck of the *Great Eastern*."

The possessor of the thirty-third quarter thus gained the ninety-six dollars, and it was Captain Corsican, who had hardly thought of the unexpected gain. It was not long before he appeared on deck, and when the pool was presented to him, he begged Captain Anderson to keep it for the widow of the young sailor whose death had been caused by the inroad of the sea. The captain shook his hand without saying a word, but a moment afterwards a sailor came up to Corsican, and, bowing awkwardly, "Sir," said he, "my mates have sent me to say that you are a very kind gentleman, and they all thank you in the name of poor Wilson, who cannot thank you for himself."

The captain, moved by the rough sailor's speech, silently pressed his hand.

As for the pilot, he was a man of short stature, with not much of the sailor-look about him. He wore a glazed hat, black trousers, a brown overcoat lined with red, and carried an umbrella. He was master on board now. In springing on deck, before he went to the bridge, he had thrown a bundle of papers among the passengers, who

eagerly pounced on them. They were European and American journals—the political and civil bonds which again united the *Great Eastern* to the two continents.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A DUEL WITH SWORDS

THE storm was gathering, and a black arch of clouds had formed over our heads; the atmosphere was misty; nature was evidently about to justify Dr. Pitferge's sentiments. The steamship had slackened her speed, and the wheels only made three or four revolutions a minute; volumes of white steam escaped from the half-open valves, the anchor-chains were cleared, and the British flag floated from the mainmast; these arrangements Captain Anderson had made preparatory to mooring. The pilot, standing on the top of the starboard paddle, guided the steamship through the narrow passages with skill; but the tide was already turning, so that the *Great Eastern* could not yet cross the bar of the Hudson, and we must wait till next day.

At a quarter to five by the pilot's orders the anchors were let go; the chains rattled through the hawse-holes with a noise like thunder. I even thought for a moment that the storm had burst forth. When the anchors were firmly embedded in the sand, the *Great Eastern* swung round by the ebb tide, remained motionless, and not a wave disturbed the surface of the water.

At this moment the steward's trumpet sounded for the last time; it called the passengers to their farewell dinner. The "Society of Freighters" would be prodigal with the champagne, and no one wished to be absent. An hour later the saloons were crowded with guests, and the deck deserted.

However, seven persons left their places unoccupied; the two adversaries, who were going to stake their lives in a duel, the four seconds, and the Doctor, who was to be present at the engagement. The time and the place for the meeting had been well chosen; there was not a creature on deck; the passengers were in the dining-rooms, the sailors in their berths, the officers absorbed with their own particular bot-

bles, and not a steersman on board, for the ship was motionless at anchor.

At ten minutes past five the Doctor and I were joined by Fabian and Captain Corsican. I had not seen Fabian since the scene in the smoking-room. He seemed to me sad, but very calm. The thought of the duel troubled him little, apparently; his mind was elsewhere, and his eyes wandered restlessly in search of Ellen. He held out his hand to me without saying a word.

"Has not Harry Drake arrived?" asked the captain of me.

"Not yet," I replied.

"Let us go to the stern; that is the place of rendezvous."

Fabian, Captain Corsican, and I walked along the upper decks; the sky was growing dark; we heard the distant roar of thunder rumbling along the horizon. It was like a monotonous bass, enlivened by the hips and hurrahs issuing from the saloons; flashes of lightning darted through the black clouds, and the atmosphere was powerfully charged with electricity.

At twenty minutes past five Harry Drake and his seconds made their appearance. The gentlemen bowed to us, which honor we strictly returned. Drake did not utter a word, but his face showed signs of ill-concealed excitement. He cast a look of malignant hatred on Fabian; but the latter, leaning against the hatchway, did not even see him; so absorbed was he in a profound meditation, he seemed not yet to have thought of the part he was to play in this drama.

In the meanwhile Captain Corsican, addressing himself to the Yankee, one of Drake's seconds, asked him for the swords, which the latter presented to him. They were battle swords, the basket-hilts of which entirely protected the hand which held them. Corsican took them, bent, and measured them, and then allowed the Yankee to choose. Whilst these preparations were being made, Harry Drake had taken off his hat and jacket, unbuttoned his shirt, and turned up his sleeves; then he seized his sword, and I saw that he was left handed, which gave him, accustomed to right handed antagonists, an unquestionable advantage.

Fabian had not yet left the place where he was standing. One would have thought that these preparations had noth-

ing to do with him. Captain Corsican went up to him, touched him, and showed him the sword. Fabian looked at the glittering steel, and it seemed as if memory came back suddenly. He grasped his sword with a firm hand. "Right!" he murmured; "I remember!"

Then he placed himself opposite Harry Drake, who immediately assumed the defensive.

"Proceed, gentlemen," said the captain.

They immediately crossed swords. From the first clashing of steel, several rapid passes on both sides, certain extrications, parries, and thrusts proved to me the equality in strength of the opponents. I augured well for Fabian. He was cool, self-possessed, and almost indifferent to the struggle; certainly less affected by it than were his own seconds. Harry Drake, on the contrary, scowled at him with flashing eyes and clenched teeth, his head bent forward, and his whole countenance indicative of a hatred which deprived him of all composure. He had come there to kill, and kill he would.

After the first engagement, which lasted some minutes, swords were lowered. With the exception of a slight scratch on Fabian's arm, neither of the combatants had been wounded. They rested, and Drake wiped off the perspiration with which his face was bathed.

The storm now burst forth in all its fury. The thunder was continuous, and broke out in loud deafening reports; the atmosphere was charged with electricity to such an extent that the swords were gilded with luminous crests, like lightning conductors in the midst of thunder clouds.

After a few moments' rest, Corsican again gave the signal to proceed, and Fabian and Harry Drake again fell to work.

This time the fight was much more animated; Fabian defending himself with astounding calmness, Drake madly attacking him. Several times I expected a stroke from Fabian, which was not even attempted.

Suddenly, after some quick passes, Drake made a rapid stroke. I thought that Fabian must have been struck in the chest, but, warding off the blow, he struck Harry Drake's sword smartly. The latter raised and covered himself by a swift semi-circle; whilst the lightning rent the clouds overhead.

Suddenly, and without anything to explain this strange surrender of himself, Fabian dropped his sword. Had he been mortally wounded without our noticing it? The blood rushed wildly to my heart. Fabian's eyes had grown singularly animated.

"Defend yourself," roared Drake, drawing himself up like a tiger ready to spring onto his prey.

I thought that it was all over with Fabian, disarmed as he was. Corsican threw himself between him and his enemy, to prevent the latter from striking a defenseless man; but now Harry Drake in his turn stood motionless.

I turned, and saw Ellen, pale as death, her hands stretched out, coming towards the duelists. Fabian, fascinated by this apparition, remained perfectly still.

"You! you!" cried Harry Drake to Ellen; "you here!"

His uplifted blade gleamed as though on fire; one might have said it was the sword of the archangel Michael in the hands of a demon.

Suddenly a brilliant flash of lightning lit up the whole stern. I was almost knocked down, and felt suffocated, for the air was filled with sulphur; but by a powerful effort I regained my senses. I had fallen on one knee, but I got up and looked around. Ellen was leaning on Fabian. Harry Drake seemed petrified, and remained in the same position, but his face had grown black.

Had the unhappy man been struck when attracting the lightning with his blade? Ellen left Fabian, and went up to Drake with her face full of holy compassion. She placed her hand on his shoulder; even this light touch was enough to disturb the equilibrium, and Drake fell to the ground a corpse. Ellen bent over the body, whilst we drew back, terrified. The wretched Harry Drake was dead.

"Struck by lightning," said Dean Pitferge, catching hold of my arm. "Struck by lightning! Ah! will you not now believe in the intervention of thunder?"

Had Harry Drake indeed been struck by lightning as Dean Pitferge affirmed, or rather, as the doctor on board said, had a blood-vessel broken in his chest? I can only say there was nothing now but a corpse before our eyes.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE STATISTICIAN TO THE FRONT

THE next day, Tuesday, the 9th of April, the *Great Eastern* weighed anchor, and set sail to enter the Hudson, the pilot guiding her with an unerring eye. The storm had spent itself in the night, and the last black clouds disappeared below the horizon. The aspect of the sea was enlivened by a flotilla of schooners, waiting along the coast for the breeze. A small steamer came alongside, and we were boarded by the officer of the New York sanitary commissioners.

It was not long before we passed the light-boat which marks the channels of the Hudson, and ranged near Sandy Hook Point, where a group of spectators greeted us with a volley of hurrahs.

When the *Great Eastern* had gone round the interior bay formed by Sandy Hook Point, through the flotilla of fishing-smacks, I caught a glimpse of the verdant heights of New Jersey, the enormous forts on the bay, then the low line of the great city stretching between the Hudson and East river.

In another hour, after having ranged opposite the New York quays, the *Great Eastern* was moored in the Hudson, and the anchors became entangled in the submarine cable, which must necessarily be broken on her departure.

Then began the disembarkation of all my fellow-voyagers whom I should never see again: Californians, Southerners, Mormonites, and the young lovers. I was waiting for Fabian and Corsican.

I had been obliged to inform Captain Anderson of the incidents relating to the duel which had taken place on board. The doctors made their report, and nothing whatever having been found wrong in the death of Harry Drake, orders were given that the last duties might be rendered to him on land.

At this moment Cockburn, the statistician, who had not spoken to me the whole of the voyage, came up and said: "Do you know, sir, how many turns the wheels have made during our passage?"

"I do not, sir."

"One hundred thousand, seven hundred and twenty-three."

"Ah! really sir, and the screw?"

"Six hundred and eight thousand, one hundred and thirty."

"I am much obliged to you, sir, for the information."

And the statistician left me without any farewell whatever.

Fabian and Corsican joined me at this moment. Fabian pressed my hand warmly. "Ellen," said he to me, "Ellen will recover. Her reason came back to her for a moment. Ah! God is just, and He will restore her wholly to us."

Whilst thus speaking, Fabian smiled as he thought of the future. As for Captain Corsican, he kissed me heartily without any ceremony. "Good-by, good-by, we shall see you again," he cried to me, when he had taken his place in the tender where were Fabian and Ellen, under the care of Mrs. R——, Captain MacElwin's sister, who had come to meet her brother.

Then the tender sheered off, taking the first convoy of passengers to the Custom House pier. I watched them as they went farther and farther away, and, seeing Ellen sitting between Fabian and his sister, I could not doubt that care, devotion, and love would restore to this poor mind the reason of which grief had robbed it.

Just then someone took hold of my arm, and I knew it was Dr. Pitferge. "Well," said he, "and what is going to become of you?"

"My idea was, Doctor, since the *Great Eastern* remains a hundred and ninety-two hours at New York, and as I must return with her, to spend the hundred and ninety-two hours in America. Certainly it is but a week, but a week well spent is, perhaps, long enough to see New York, the Hudson, the Mohawk Valley, Lake Erie, Niagara, and all the country made familiar by Cooper."

"Ah! you are going to Niagara!" cried Dean Pitferge. "I declare I should not be sorry to see it again, and if my proposal does not seem disagreeable to you——"

The worthy Doctor amused me with his crotchets. I had taken a fancy to him, and here was a well-instructed guide placed at my service. "That's settled then," said I to him.

A quarter of an hour later we embarked on the tender and at three o'clock were comfortably lodged in two rooms of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

CHAPTER XXX

A WEEK IN AMERICA

A WEEK to spend in America! The *Great Eastern* was to set sail on the 16th of April, and it was now the 9th, and three o'clock in the afternoon, when I set foot on the land of the Union. A week! There are furious tourists and express travelers who would probably find this time enough to visit the whole of North America; but I had no such pretension, not even to visit New York thoroughly, and to write, after this extra rapid inspection, a book on the manners and customs of the Americans. But the constitution and physical aspect of New York is soon seen; it is hardly more varied than a chess-board. The streets, cut at right angles, are called avenues when they are straight, and streets when irregular. The numbers on the principal thoroughfares are a very practical but monotonous arrangement. American cars run through all the avenues. Anyone who has seen one quarter of New York knows the whole of the great city, except, perhaps, that intricacy of streets and confused alleys appropriated by the commercial population.

New York is built on a tongue of land, and all its activity is centered on the end of that tongue; on either side extend the Hudson and East Rivers, arms of the sea, in fact, on which ships are seen and ferry-boats ply, connecting the town on the right hand with Brooklyn, and on the left with the shores of New Jersey.

A single artery intersects the symmetrical quarters of New York, and that is old Broadway, like the Strand of London, and the Boulevard Montmartre of Paris; hardly passable at its lower end, where it is crowded with people, and almost deserted higher up; a street where sheds and marble palaces are huddled together; a stream of carriages, omnibuses, cabs, drays, and wagons, with the pavement for its banks, across which a bridge had been thrown for the traffic of foot passengers. Broadway is New York, and it was there that the Doctor and I walked until evening.

After having dined at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, I ended my day's work by going to the Barnum Theater, where they were acting a play called "The Streets of New York," which attracted a large audience. In the fourth act there

was a fire, and real fire-engines, worked by real firemen; hence the "great attraction."

The next morning I left the Doctor to his own affairs, and agreed to meet him at the hotel at two o'clock. I went to No. 25, Thirty-sixth Street, where resided Mrs. R——, Fabian's sister. I was impatient to get news of Ellen and my two friends; and here I learnt that, following the Doctor's advice, Mrs. R——, Fabian, and Corsican had left New York, taking with them the young lady, thinking that the air and quiet of the country might have a beneficial effect on her. A line from Captain Corsican informed me of this sudden departure. The kind fellow had been to the Fifth Avenue Hotel without meeting me, but he promised to keep me acquainted with their whereabouts. They thought of stopping at the first place that attracted Ellen's attention, and staying there as long as the charm lasted; he hoped that I should not leave without bidding them a last farewell. Yes, were it but for a few hours, I should be happy to see Ellen, Fabian, and Corsican once again. But such are the drawbacks of traveling, hurried as I was, they gone and I going, each our separate ways, it seemed hardly likely I should see them again.

At two o'clock I returned to the hotel, and found the Doctor in the bar-room, which was full of people. It is a public hall, where travelers and passers-by mingled together, finding gratis iced-water, biscuits, and cheese.

"Well, Doctor," said I, "when shall we start?"

"At six o'clock this evening."

"Shall we take the Hudson railroad?"

"No; the *St. John*; a wonderful steamer, another world—a *Great Eastern* of the river. I should have preferred showing you the Hudson by daylight, but the *St. John* only goes at night. To-morrow, at five o'clock in the morning, we shall be at Albany. At six o'clock we shall take the New York Central Railroad, and in the evening we shall sup at Niagara Falls."

I did not discuss the Doctor's programme, but accepted it willingly. The hotel lift hoisted us to our rooms, and some minutes later we descended with our tourist knapsacks. A fly took us in a quarter of an hour to the pier on the Hudson, before which was the *St. John*, the chimneys of which were already crowned with wreaths of smoke.

CHAPTER XXXI
ON THE HUDSON RIVER

THE *St. John*, and its sister ship, the *Dean Richmond*, are two of the finest steamships on the river. They are buildings rather than boats; terraces rise one above another, with galleries and verandas. One would almost have thought it was a gardener's floating plantation. There are twenty flag-staffs, fastened with iron tressings, which consolidate the whole building. The two enormous paddle-boxes are painted *al fresco*, like the tympan in the Church of St. Mark, at Venice. Behind each wheel rises the chimney of the two boilers, the latter placed outside, instead of in the hull of the steamship, a good precaution in case of explosion. In the center, between the paddles, is the machinery, which is very simple, consisting only of a single cylinder, a piston worked by a long cross-beam, which rises and falls like the monstrous hammer of a forge, and a single crank, communicating the movement to the axles of the massive wheels.

Passengers were already crowding onto the deck of the *St. John*. Dean Pitferge and I went to secure a cabin; we got one which opened into an immense saloon, a kind of gallery with a vaulted ceiling, supported by a succession of Corinthian pillars. Comfort and luxury everywhere, carpets, sofas, ottomans, paintings, mirrors, even gas, made in a small gasometer on board.

At this moment the gigantic engine trembled and began to work. I went on to the upper terraces. At the stern was a gaily painted house, which was the steersman's room, where four strong men stood at the spokes of the double rudder-wheel. After walking about for a few minutes, I went down onto the deck, between the already heated boilers, from which light blue flames were issuing. Of the Hudson I could see nothing. Night came, and with it a fog thick enough to be cut. The *St. John* snorted in the gloom like a true mastodon; we could hardly catch a glimpse of the lights of the towns scattered along the banks of the river, or the lanterns of ships ascending the dark water with shrill whistles.

At eight o'clock I went into the saloon. The Doctor took me to have supper at a magnificent restaurant placed between the decks, where we were served by an army of

black waiters. Dean Pitferge informed me that the number of passengers on board was more than four thousand, reckoning fifteen hundred emigrants stowed away in the lower part of the steamship.

Supper finished, we retired to our comfortable cabin.

At eleven o'clock I was aroused by a slight shock. The *St. John* had stopped. The captain, finding it impossible to proceed in the darkness, had given orders to heave to, and the enormous boat, moored in the channel, slept tranquilly at anchor.

At four o'clock in the morning the *St. John* resumed her course. I got up and went out under one of the verandas. The rain had ceased, the fog cleared off, the water appeared, then the shores; the right bank, dotted with green trees and shrubs, which gave it the appearance of a long cemetery; in the background rose high hills, closing in the horizon by a graceful line; the left bank, on the contrary, was flat and marshy.

Dr. Pitferge had just joined me under the veranda.

"Good-morning, friend," said he, after having drawn a good breath of air; "do you know we shall not be at Albany in time to catch the train, thanks to that wretched fog. This will modify my programme."

"So much the worse, Doctor, for we must be economical with our time."

"Right; we may expect to reach Niagara Falls at night instead of in the evening. That is not my fault, but we must be resigned."

The *St. John*, in fact, did not moor off the Albany quay before eight o'clock. The train had left, so we were obliged to wait till half-past one. In consequence of this delay we were able to visit the curious old city, which forms the legislative center of the State of New York; the lower town, commercial and thickly populated, on the right bank of the Hudson, and the high town, with its brick houses, public buildings, and its very remarkable museum of fossils. One might almost have thought it a large quarter of New York transported to the side of this hill, up which it rises in the shape of an amphitheater.

At one o'clock, after having breakfasted, we went to the station, which was without any barrier or officials. The train simply stopped in the middle of the street, like an

omnibus; one could get up and down at pleasure. The cars communicate with each other by bridges, which allow the traveler to go from one end of the train to the other. At the appointed time, without seeing either a guard or a porter, without a bell, without any warning, the brisk locomotive, a real gem of workmanship, started, and we were whirled away at the speed of fifty miles an hour. But instead of being boxed up, as one is in European trains, we were at liberty to walk about, buy newspapers and books, without waiting for stations. Refreshment buffets, book-stalls, everything was at hand for the traveler. We were now crossing fields without fences, and forests newly cleared, at the risk of a collision with the felled trees; through new towns, seamed with rails, but still wanting in houses; through cities adorned with the most poetic names of ancient literature—Rome, Syracuse, and Palmyra. It was thus the Mohawk Valley, the land of Fennimore, which belongs to the American novelist, as does the land of Rob Roy to Walter Scott, glided before our eyes. For a moment Lake Ontario, which Cooper has made the scene of action of his master-work, sparkled on the horizon. All this theater of the grand epopee of Leather Stocking, formerly a savage country, is now a civilized land. The Doctor did not appreciate the change, for he persisted in calling me Hawk's Eye, and would only answer to the name of Chingachgook.

At eleven o'clock at night we changed trains at Rochester; the spray from the cascades fell over the cars in showers. At two o'clock in the morning, after having kept alongside the Niagara for several leagues without seeing it, we arrived at the village of Niagara Falls, and the Doctor conducted me to a most magnificent hotel, grandly named "Cataract House."

CHAPTER XXXII

THE FALLS OF THE NIAGARA

THE Niagara is not a stream, not even a river; it is simply a weir sluice, a canal thirty-six miles long, which empties the waters of the Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie into the Ontario. The difference in the level of these

last two lakes is three hundred and forty feet; this difference uniformly proportioned the whole of the width would hardly have created a "rapid;" but the Falls alone absorb half the difference in level, whence their formidable power.

This Niagarine trench separates the United States from Canada. Its right bank is American and its left English; on one side policemen, on the other not a shadow of one to be seen.

On the morning of the 12th of April, at break of day, the Doctor and I walked down the wide street of Niagara Falls, which is the name of the village situated on the banks of the Falls. It is a kind of small watering-place, three hundred miles from Albany, built in a healthy and charming situation, provided with sumptuous hotels and comfortable villas, which the Yankees and Canadians frequent in the season. The weather was magnificent, the sun warmed the cold atmosphere, a dull, distant roar was heard, and I saw vapors on the horizon which could not be clouds.

"Is that the Falls?" I asked of the Doctor.

"Patience!" replied Pitferge.

In a few minutes we were on the banks of the Niagara. The river was flowing peacefully along; it was clear, and not deep, with numerous projections of gray rock emerging here and there. The roar of the cataract grew louder and louder, but as yet we could not see it. A wooden bridge, supported by iron arches, united the left bank to an island in the midst of the current; onto this bridge the Doctor led me. Above, stretched the river as far as the eye could reach; down the stream, that is to say on our right, the first unevenness of a rapid was noticeable; then, at half a mile from the bridge, the earth suddenly gave way, and clouds of spray filled the air. This was the American fall, which we could not see. Beyond, on the Canadian side, lay a peaceful country, with hills, villas, and bare trees.

"Don't look! don't look!" cried the Doctor to me; "reserve yourself, shut your eyes, and do not open them until I tell you!"

I hardly listened to my original friend, but continued to look. The bridge crossed, we set foot on the island known as Goat Island. It is a piece of land of about seventy acres, covered with trees, and intersected with lovely avenues with

carriage drives. It is like a bouquet thrown between the American and Canadian Falls, separated from the shore by a distance of three hundred yards. We ran under the great trees, climbed the slopes, and went down the steps; the thundering roar of the falls was redoubled, and the air saturated with spray.

“Look!” cried the Doctor.

Coming from behind a mass of rock, the Niagara appeared in all its splendor. At this spot it meets with a sharp angle of land, and falling round it, forms the Canadian cascade, called the “Horse-shoe Fall,” which falls from a height of one hundred and fifty-eight feet, and is two miles broad.

In this, one of the most beautiful spots in the world, Nature has combined everything to astonish the eye. The fall of the Niagara singularly favors the effects of light and shade; the sunbeams falling on the water, capriciously diversify the color; and those who have seen this effect, must admit that it is without parallel. In fact, near Goat Island the foam is white; it is then a fall of snow, or a heap of melted silver, pouring into the abyss. In the center of the cataract the color of the water is a most beautiful sea-green, which indicates its depth, so that the *Detroit*, a ship drawing twenty feet and launched on the current, was able to descend the falls without grazing. Towards the Canadian shore the whirlpool, on the contrary, looks like metal shining beneath the luminous rays, and it is melted gold which is now poured into the gulf. Below, the river is invisible from the vapors which rise over it. I caught glimpses, however, of enormous blocks of ice accumulated by the cold of winter; they take the form of monsters, which, with open jaws, hourly absorb the hundred millions of tons poured into them by the inexhaustible Niagara. Half a mile below the cataract the river again became tranquil, and presented a smooth surface, which the winds of April had not yet been able to ruffle.

“And now for the middle of the torrent,” said the Doctor to me.

I could not imagine what the Doctor meant by those words, until he pointed to a tower built on the edge of a rock some hundred feet from the shore, almost overhanging the precipice. This monument, raised in 1833, by a

certain audacious being, one Judge Porter, is called the "Terrapin Tower."

We went down the steps of Goat Island, and, coming to the height of the upper course of the Niagara, I saw a bridge, or rather some planks, thrown from one rock to the other, which united the tower with the banks of the river. The bridge was but a few feet from the abyss, and below it roared the torrent. We ventured on these planks, and in a few minutes reached the rock which supported Terrapin Tower. This round tower, forty-five feet in height, is built of stone, with a circular balcony at its summit, and a roof covered with red stucco. The winding staircase, on which thousands of names are cut, is wooden. Once at the top of the tower, there is nothing to do but cling to the balcony and look.

The tower is in the midst of the cataract. From its summit the eye plunges into the depths of the abyss, and peers into the very jaws of the ice monsters, as they swallow the torrent. One feels the rock tremble which supports it. It is impossible to hear anything but the roaring of the surging water. The spray rises to the top of the monument, and splendid rainbows are formed by the sun shining on the vaporized water.

By a simple optical illusion, the tower seems to move with a frightful rapidity, but, happily, in the opposite direction to the fall, for, with the contrary illusion, it would be impossible to look at the gulf from giddiness.

Breathless and shivering, we went for a moment inside the tower, and the Doctor took the opportunity of saying to me, "This Terrapin Tower, my dear sir, will some day fall into the abyss, and perhaps sooner than is expected."

"Ah! indeed!"

"There is no doubt about it. The great Canadian Fall recedes insensibly, but still, it recedes. The tower, when it was first built in 1833, was much farther from the cataract. Geologists say that the fall, in the space of thirty-five thousand years, will be found at Queenstown, seven miles up the stream. According to Mr. Bakewell, it recedes a yard in a year; but according to Sir Charles Lyell one foot only. The time will come when the rock which supports the tower, worn away by the water, will glide down the Falls of the cataract. Well, my dear sir, remember this:

the day when the Terrapin Tower falls, there will be some eccentrics who will descend the Niagara with it."

I looked at the Doctor, as if to ask him if he would be of that number, but he signed for me to follow him, and we went out again to look at the "Horse-shoe Fall," and the surrounding country. We could now distinguish the American Fall, slightly curtailed and separated by a projection of the island, where there is another small central cataract one hundred feet wide; the American cascade, equally fine, falls perpendicularly. Its height is one hundred and sixty-four feet. But in order to have a good view of it it is necessary to stand facing it, on the Canadian side.

All day we wandered on the banks of the Niagara, irresistibly drawn back to the tower, where the roar of the water, the spray, the sunlight playing on the vapors, the excitement, and the briny odor of the cataract, holds you in a perpetual ecstasy. Then we went back to Goat Island to get the Fall from every point of view, without ever being wearied of looking at it. The Doctor would have taken me to see the "Grotto of Winds," hollowed out underneath the central Fall, but access to it was not allowed, on account of the frequent falling away of the rocks.

At five o'clock we went back to the hotel, and after a hasty dinner, served in the American fashion, we returned to Goat Island. The Doctor wished to go and see the "Three Sisters," charming little islets scattered at the head of the island; then, with the return of evening, he led me back to the tottering rock of Terrapin Tower.

The last rays of the setting sun had disappeared behind the gray hills, and the moon shed her soft clear light over the landscape. The shadow of the tower stretched across the abyss; farther down the stream the water glided silently along, crowned with a light mist. The Canadian shore, already plunged in darkness, contrasted vividly with the moon-lit banks of Goat Island, and the village of Niagara Falls. Below us, the gulf, magnified by the uncertain light, looked like a bottomless abyss, in which roared the formidable torrent. What an effect! What artist could ever depict such a scene, either with the pen or paint-brush? For some minutes a moving light appeared on the horizon; it was the signal light of a train crossing the Niagara bridge at a distance of two miles from us. Here we remained

silent and motionless on the top of the tower until midnight, leaning over the waters which possessed such a fascination. Once, when the moon-beams caught the liquid dust at a certain angle, I had a glimpse of a milky band of transparent ribbon trembling in the shadows. It was a lunar rainbow, a pale irradiation of the queen of the night, whose soft light was refracted through the mist of the cataract.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE DOCTOR AND I MEET CORSICAN AGAIN

THE next day, the 13th of April, the Doctor's programme announced a visit to the Canadian shore. We had only to follow the heights of the bank of the Niagara for two miles to reach the suspension bridge. We started at seven o'clock in the morning. From the winding path on the right bank we could see the tranquil waters of the river, which no longer felt the perturbation of its fall.

At half-past seven we reached the suspension bridge. It is the bridge, on which the Great Western and New York Central Railroads meet, and the only one which gives access to Canada on the confines of the State of New York. This suspension bridge is formed of two platforms; the upper one for trains, and the lower for carriages and pedestrians. Imagination seems to lose itself in contemplating this stupendous work. This viaduct, over which trains can pass, is suspended at a height of two hundred and fifty feet above the Niagara, again transformed into a rapid at this spot. This suspension bridge, built by John A. Roebling, is eight hundred feet long, and twenty-four wide; the iron props fastened to the shore prevent it from swinging; the chains which support it, formed of four thousand wires, are ten inches in diameter, and can bear a weight of twelve thousand four hundred tons. The bridge itself weighs but eight hundred tons, and cost five hundred thousand dollars. Just as we reached the center a train passed over our heads, and we felt the platform bend under its weight.

It is a little below this bridge that Blondin crossed the Niagara, on a rope stretched from one shore to the other, and not, as is generally supposed, across the falls. However, the undertaking was none the less perilous; but if

Blondin astonished us by his daring, what must we think of his friend who accompanied him, riding on his back during this aerial promenade?

"Perhaps he was a glutton," said the Doctor, "and Blondin made wonderful omelets on his tight-rope."

We were now on Canadian ground, and we walked up the left bank of the Niagara, in order to see the Falls under a new aspect. Half an hour later we reached the English hotel, where the Doctor ordered our breakfast, whilst I glanced through the "Travelers' Book," where figured several thousand names: among the most celebrated I noticed the following:—Robert Peel, Lady Franklin, Comte de Paris, Duc de Chartres, Prince de Joinville, Louis Napoleon (1846), Prince and Princess Napoleon, Barnum (with his address), Maurice Sand (1865), Agassiz (1854), Almonte, Prince Hohenlohe, Rothschild, Bertin (Paris), Lady Elgin, Burkhardt (1832), etc.

"And now let us go under the Falls," said the Doctor to me, when we had finished breakfast.

I followed Dean Pitferge. A negro conducted us to the dressing-room, where we were provided with waterproof trousers, mackintoshes, and glazed hats. Thus equipped, our guide led us down a slippery path, obstructed by sharp-edged stones, to the lower level of Niagara. Then we passed behind the great fall through clouds of spray, the cataract falling before us like the curtain of a theater before the actors. But what a theater! Soaked, blinded, deafened, we could neither see nor hear in this cavern as hermetically closed by the liquid sheets of the cataract as though Nature had sealed it in by a wall of granite.

At nine o'clock we returned to the hotel, where they relieved us of our streaming clothes. Returning to the bank, I uttered a cry of surprise and joy, "Captain Corsican!"

The captain heard, and came towards me.

"You here!" he cried; "what a pleasure to see you again!"

"And Fabian and Ellen?" I asked, shaking his hands.

"They are here, and going on as well as possible; Fabian full of hope, almost merry; and our poor Ellen little by little regaining reason."

"But how is it that I meet you at Niagara?"

"Niagara," repeated Corsican. "Well, it is the prin-

cial resort of English and Americans in the warm months. They come here to breathe, to be cured by the sublime spectacle of the Falls. Our Ellen seemed to be struck at first sight by this glorious scenery, and we have come to stay on the banks of the Niagara. You see that villa, 'Clifton House,' in the midst of those trees, half way up the hill; that is where we all live, with Mrs. R——, Fabian's sister, who is devoted to our poor friend."

"Has Ellen recognized Fabian?" I asked.

"No, not yet," replied the captain. "You are aware, however, that at the moment when Drake was struck dead, Ellen had a brief interval of consciousness. Her reason became clear in the gloom which surrounded her, but this did not last long. At the same time, since we brought her to breathe this fresh air in this quiet place, the doctor has discovered a sensible improvement in her condition. She is calm, her sleep is tranquil, and there is a look in her eyes as though she were trying to think of something past."

"Ah," my dear friend;" cried I, "you will cure her. But where are Fabian and his betrothed?"

"Look!" said Corsican, and he pointed towards the shore of the Niagara. In the direction indicated by the captain I saw Fabian, who had not yet noticed us. He was standing on a rock, and a few feet in front of him sat Ellen perfectly motionless, Fabian watching her all the time. This spot on the left bank is known by the name of "Table Rock." It is a kind of rocky promontory jutting out into the river, which roars at a distance of four hundred feet below. Formerly it was more extensive, but the crumbling away of large pieces of rock has now reduced it to a surface a few yards square.

Ellen seemed absorbed in speechless ecstasy. From this place the aspect of the Falls is "most sublime," as say the guides, and they are right. It gives a view of two cataracts; on the right the "Canadian Fall," the crest of which, crowned with vapors, shut in the horizon on one side, like the horizon of the sea. In front is the "American Fall," and above, the elegant village of Niagara Falls, half hidden in the trees; on the left, the whole perspective of the river flowing rapidly between its high banks, and below the torrent struggling against the overthrown ice-bergs.

Corsican, the Doctor, and I went towards Table Rock,
v. VII Verne

but I did not want to disturb Fabian. Ellen was as motionless as a statue. What impression was this scene making on her mind? Was reason gradually coming back to her under the influence of the grand spectacle? Suddenly I saw Fabian step towards her. Ellen had risen quickly, and was going near to the abyss, with her arms extended towards the gulf; but all at once she stopped, and passed her hand rapidly across her forehead, as if she would drive away some thought. Fabian, pale as death, but self-possessed, with one bound placed himself between Ellen and the chasm; the latter shook back her fair hair, and her graceful figure staggered. Did she see Fabian? No. One would have said it was a dead person coming back to being, and looking round for life!

Captain Corsican and I dared not move, although, being so near the abyss, we dreaded some catastrophe; but the Doctor kept us back.

“Let Fabian alone,” said he.

I heard the sobs which escaped from the young woman’s heaving breast, the inarticulate words from her lips; she seemed trying to speak, but could not. At last she uttered these words, “My God! my God! where am I, where am I?”

She was conscious that someone was near her, for she half turned round, her whole face seemed transfigured.

There was a new light in her eyes, as she saw Fabian, trembling and speechless, standing before her with outstretched arms. “Fabian! Fabian!” cried she, at last.

Fabian caught her in his arms, where she fell in an unconscious state. He uttered a piercing cry, thinking that Ellen was dead, but the Doctor interposed. “Don’t be alarmed,” said he; “this crisis will be the means of saving her!”

Ellen was carried to Clifton House and put to bed, where she recovered consciousness and slept peacefully. Fabian, encouraged by the Doctor, was full of hope. Ellen had recognized him! Coming back to us, he said to me. “We shall save her, we shall save her! Every day I watch her coming back to life. To-day, to-morrow, perhaps she will be restored to me. Ah! the just God be praised! We will stay here as long as it is necessary for her, shall we not, Archibald?”

The captain clasped Fabian in his arms; then the latter

turned to the Doctor and me. He loaded us with thanks, and inspired us with the hope which filled his breast, and never was there better reason for hope—Ellen's recovery was near at hand.

But we must be starting, and there was hardly an hour for us to reach Niagara Falls. Ellen was still sleeping when we left our dear friends. Fabian and Corsican bid us a last farewell, after having promised we should have news of Ellen by telegram, and at noon we left Clifton House.

CHAPTER XXXIV THE RETURN TO EUROPE

SOME minutes later we were descending a long flight of steps on the Canadian side, which led to the banks of the river, covered with huge sheets of ice. Here a boat was waiting to take us to "America." One passenger had already taken his place in it. He was an engineer from Kentucky, and acquainted the Doctor with his name and profession. We embarked without loss of time, and by dint of steering, so as to avoid the blocks of ice, reached the middle of the river, where the current offered a clear passage. From here we had a last view of the magnificent Niagara cataract. Our companion observed it with a thoughtful air.

"Is it not grand, sir? Is it not magnificent?" said I.

"Yes," replied he; "but what a waste of mechanical force; what a mill might be turned with such a fall as that!"

Never did I feel more inclined to pitch an engineer into the water!

On the other bank a small and almost vertical railroad, worked by a rope on the American side, hoisted us to the top. At half-past one we took the express, which put us down at Buffalo at a quarter past two. After visiting this large new town, and tasting the water of Lake Erie, we again took the New York Central Railroad at six o'clock in the evening. The next day, on leaving the comfortable beds of a "sleeping car," we found ourselves at Albany, and the Hudson Railroad, which runs along the left bank of the river, brought us to New York a few hours later.

The next day, the 15th of April, in company with the

indefatigable Doctor, I went over the city, East River, and Brooklyn. In the evening I bade farewell to the good Dean Pitferge, and I felt, in leaving him, that I left a friend.

Tuesday, the 16th of April, was the day fixed for the departure of the *Great Eastern*. At eleven o'clock I went to Thirty-seventh pier, where the tender was to await the passengers. It was already filled with people and luggage when I embarked. Just as the tender was leaving the quay someone caught hold of my arm, and turning round I saw Dr. Pitferge.

"You!" I cried; "and are you going back to Europe?"

"Yes, my dear sir."

"By the *Great Eastern*?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the amiable original, smiling; "I have considered the matter, and have come to the conclusion that I must go. Only think, this may be the *Great Eastern's last voyage; the one which she will never complete.*"

The bell for departure had rung, when one of the waiters from the Fifth Avenue Hotel came running up to me, and put a telegram into my hands, dated from Niagara: "Ellen has awakened; her reason has entirely returned to her, and the doctor has every hope of her recovery."

I communicated this good news to Dean Pitferge.

"Every hope for her indeed! every hope!" said my fellow-traveler, in a sarcastic tone. "I also have every hope for her, but what good does that do? Anyone may have great hopes for you, for me, for all of us, but at the same time he may be just as much wrong as right."

Twelve days later we reached Brest, and the day following Paris. The return passage was made without any misfortune, to the great displeasure of Dean Pitferge, who always expected to see the great ship wrecked.

And now, when I am sitting at my own table, if I had not my daily notes before me, I should think that the *Great Eastern*, that floating city in which I lived for a month, the meeting of Ellen and Fabian, the peerless Niagara, all these were the visions of a dream. Ah! how delightful is traveling, "even when one does return," in spite of what the Doctor may say to the contrary.

For eight months I heard nothing of my original, but

one day the post brought me a letter, covered with many-colored stamps, which began with these words, "On board the *Corin Quay*, Auckland Rocks. At last we have been shipwrecked." And ended thus, "Was never in better health.

"Very heartily yours,

"DEAN PITFERGE."

THE END

The Blockade Runners

The Blockade Runners

The Blockade Runners

CHAPTER I THE "DOLPHIN"



THE Clyde was the first river whose waters were lashed into foam by a steamboat. It was in 1812, when the steamer called the *Comet* ran between Glasgow and Greenock, at the speed of six miles an hour. Since that time more than a million of steamers or packet-boats have plied this Scotch river, and the inhabitants of Glasgow must be as familiar as any people with the wonders of steam navigation.

However, on the 3rd of December, 1862, an immense crowd, composed of ship-owners, merchants, manufacturers, workmen, sailors, women, and children, thronged the muddy streets of Glasgow, all going in the direction of Kelvin Dock, the large ship-building premises belonging to Messrs. Tod and MacGregor. This last name especially proves that the descendants of the famous Highlanders have become manufacturers, and that they have made workmen of all the vassals of the old clan chieftains.

There was, however, nothing extraordinary in the event about to take place; it was nothing but the launching of a ship, and this was an every-day affair with the people of Glasgow. Had the *Dolphin*, then—for that was the name of the ship built by Messrs. Tod and MacGregor—some special peculiarity? To tell the truth it had none.

It was a large ship, about 1,500 tons, in which everything combined to obtain superior speed. Her engines, of 500-horse power, worked two screws, one on either side the stern-post, completely independent of each other. As for the depth of water the *Dolphin* would draw, it must be very inconsiderable; connoisseurs were not deceived, and they concluded rightly that this ship was destined for shallow straits. But all these particulars could not in any way justify the eagerness of the people: taken altogether the *Dolphin* was nothing more or less than an ordinary ship. Would her launching present some mechanical difficulty to be overcome? Not any more than usual. The Clyde had

received many a ship of heavier tonnage, and the launching of the *Dolphin* would take place in the usual manner.

In fact, when the water was calm, the moment the ebb-tide set in, the workmen began to operate. Their mallets kept perfect time falling on the wedges meant to raise the ship's keel: soon a shudder ran through the whole of her massive structure; although she had only been slightly raised, one could see that she shook, and then gradually began to glide down the well-greased wedges, and in a few moments she plunged into the Clyde. Her stern struck the muddy bed of the river, then she raised herself on the top of a gigantic wave, and, carried forward by her start, would have been dashed against the quay of the Govan timber-yards, if her anchors had not restrained her.

The launch had been perfectly successful, the *Dolphin* swayed quietly on the waters of the Clyde, all the spectators clapped their hands when she took possession of her natural element, and loud hurrahs arose from either bank.

But wherefore these cries and this applause? Undoubtedly the most eager of the spectators would have been at a loss to explain the reason of his enthusiasm. What was the cause, then, of the lively interest excited by this ship? Simply the mystery which shrouded her destination; it was not known to what kind of commerce she was to be appropriated, and in questioning different groups the diversity of opinion on this important subject was indeed most astonishing.

However, the best informed, at least those who pretended to be so, agreed in saying that the steamer was going to take part in the terrible war which was then ravaging the United States of America, but more than this they did not know, and whether the *Dolphin* was a privateer, a transport ship, or an addition to the Federal marine, was what no one could tell.

"Hurrah!" cried one, affirming that the *Dolphin* had been built for the Southern States.

"Hip! hip! hip!" cried another, swearing that never had a faster boat crossed to the American coast.

Thus its destination was unknown, and in order to obtain any reliable information one must be an intimate friend, or, at any rate, an acquaintance of Vincent Playfair and Co., of Glasgow. A rich, powerful, intelligent house of busi-

ness was that of Vincent Playfair and Co., in a social sense, an old and honorable family, descended from those tobacco lords who built the finest quarters of the town. These clever merchants, by an act of the Union, had founded the first Glasgow warehouse for dealing in tobacco from Virginia and Maryland. Immense fortunes were realized; mills and foundries sprang up in all parts, and in a few years the prosperity of the city attained its height.

The house of Playfair remained faithful to the enterprising spirit of its ancestors, it entered into the most daring schemes, and maintained the honor of English commerce. The principal, Vincent Playfair, a man of fifty, with a temperament essentially practical and decided, although somewhat daring, was a genuine shipowner. Nothing affected him beyond commercial questions, not even the political side of the transactions, otherwise he was a perfectly loyal and honest man.

However, he could not lay claim to the idea of building and fitting up the *Dolphin*; she belonged to his nephew, James Playfair, a fine young man of thirty, the boldest skipper of the British merchant marine.

It was one day at the Tontine coffee-room under the arcades of the Town-hall, that James Playfair, after having impatiently scanned the American journal, disclosed to his uncle an adventurous scheme. "Uncle Vincent," said he, coming to the point at once, "there are two millions of pounds to be gained in less than a month."

"And what to risk?" asked Uncle Vincent.

"A ship and a cargo."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing, except the crew and the captain, and that does not reckon for much."

"Let us see," said Uncle Vincent.

"It is all seen," replied James Playfair. "You have read the *Tribune*, the *New York Herald*, the *Times*, the *Richmond Inquirer*, the *American Review*?"

"Scores of times, nephew."

"You believe, like me, that the war of the United States will last a long time still?"

"A very long time."

"You know how much this struggle will affect the interests of England, and especially those of Glasgow?"

"And more especially still the house of Playfair and Co.," replied Uncle Vincent.

"Theirs especially," added the young captain.

"I worry myself about it every day, James, and I cannot think without terror of the commercial disasters which this war may produce; not but that the house of Playfair is firmly established, nephew; at the same time it has correspondents which may fail. Ah! those Americans, slaveholders or abolitionists, I have no faith in them!"

If Vincent Playfair was wrong in thus speaking with respect to the great principles of humanity, always and everywhere superior to personal interests, he was, nevertheless, right in a commercial point of view. The most important material was failing at Glasgow, the cotton famine became every day more threatening, thousands of workmen were reduced to live upon public charity. Glasgow possessed 25,000 looms, by which 625,000 yards of cotton were spun daily; that is to say, fifty millions of pounds yearly. From these numbers it may be guessed what disturbances were caused in the commercial part of the town, when the raw material failed altogether. Failures were hourly taking place, the manufactories were closed, and the workmen were dying of starvation.

It was the sight of this great misery, which had put the idea of his bold enterprise into James Playfair's head. "I will go for cotton, and will get it, cost what it may."

But as he also was a merchant as well as his uncle Vincent, he resolved to carry out his plan by way of exchange, and to make his proposition under the guise of a commercial enterprise. "Uncle Vincent," said he, "this is my idea."

"Well, James?"

"It is simply this; we will have a ship built of superior sailing qualities and great bulk."

"That is quite possible."

"We will load her with ammunition of war, provisions, and clothes."

"Just so."

"I will take the command of this steamer, I will defy all the ships of the Federal marine for speed, and I will run the blockade of one of the southern ports."

"You must make a good bargain for your cargo with the Confederates, who will be in need of it," said his uncle.

"And I shall return laden with cotton."

"Which they will give you for nothing."

"As you say, uncle. Will it answer?"

"It will; but shall you be able to get there?"

"I shall, if I have a good ship."

"One can be made on purpose. But the crew?"

"Oh, I will find them. I do not want many men; enough to work with, that is all. It is not a question of fighting with the Federals, but distancing them."

"They shall be distanced," said Uncle Vincent, in a peremptory tone; "but now, tell me, James, to what port of the American coast do you think of going?"

"Up to now, uncle, ships have run the blockade of New Orleans, Wilmington, and Savannah, but I think of going straight to Charleston; no English boat has yet been able to penetrate into the harbor, except the *Bermuda*. I will do like her, and if my ship draws but very little water, I shall be able to go where the Federalists will not be able to follow."

"The fact is," said Uncle Vincent, "Charleston is overwhelmed with cotton; they are even burning it to get rid of it."

"Yes," replied James; "besides, the town is almost invested, Beauregard is running short of provisions, and he will pay me a golden price for my cargo!"

"Well, nephew; and when will you start?"

"In six months; I must have the long winter nights to aid me."

"It shall be as you wish, nephew."

"It is settled, then, uncle?"

"Settled!"

"Shall it be kept quiet?"

"Yes; better so."

And this is how it was that five months later the steamer *Dolphin* was launched from the Kelvin Dock timber-yards, and no one knew her real destination.

CHAPTER II

"GETTING UNDER SAIL"

THE *Dolphin* was rapidly equipped, her rigging was ready, and there was nothing to do but fit her up. She carried three schooner-masts, an almost useless luxury; in fact, the *Dolphin* did not rely on the wind to escape the Federalists, but rather on her powerful engines.

Towards the end of December a trial of the steamer was made in the gulf of the Clyde. Which was the most satisfied, builder or captain, it is impossible to say. The new steamer shot along wonderfully, and the patent log showed a speed of seventeen miles an hour, a speed which as yet no other boat had ever obtained. The *Dolphin* would certainly have gained by several lengths in a sailing match with the fastest opponent.

The loading was begun on the 25th of December, the steamer having ranged along the steamboat-quay a little below Glasgow Bridge, the last which stretches across the Clyde before its mouth. Here the wharfs were heaped with a heavy cargo of clothes, ammunition, and provisions, which were rapidly carried to the hold of the *Dolphin*. The nature of this cargo betrayed the mysterious destination of the ship, and the house of Playfair could no longer keep its secret; besides, the *Dolphin* must not be long before she started. No American cruiser had been signaled in English waters; and, then, when the question of getting the crew came, how was it possible to keep silent any longer? They could not embark them even, without informing the men whither they were bound, for, after all, it was a matter of life and death, and when one risks one's life, at least it is satisfactory to know how and wherefore.

However, this prospect hindered no one; the pay was good, and everyone had a share in the speculation, so that a great number of the finest sailors soon presented themselves. James Playfair was only embarrassed which to choose, but he chose well, and in twenty-four hours his muster-roll bore the names of thirty sailors, who would have done honor to her Majesty's yacht.

The departure was settled for the 3rd of January; on the 31st of December the *Dolphin* was ready, her hold full of ammunition and provisions. The skipper went on board on the 2nd of January, and was giving a last look around his

ship with a captain's eye, when a man presented himself at the forepart of the *Dolphin*, and asked to speak with the captain. One of the sailors led him onto the poop.

He was a strong, hearty-looking fellow, with broad shoulders and ruddy face, the simple expression of which ill concealed a depth of wit and mirth. He did not seem to be accustomed to a seafaring life, and looked about him with the air of a man little used to being on board a ship; however, he assumed the manner of a Jack-tar, looking up at the rigging of the *Dolphin*, and waddling in true sailor fashion.

When he had reached the captain, he looked fixedly at him and said, “Captain James Playfair?”

“The same,” replied the skipper. “What do you want with me?”

“To join your ship.”

“There is no room; the crew is already complete.”

“Oh, one man, more or less, will not be in the way; quite the contrary.”

“You think so?” said James Playfair, giving a sidelong glance at his questioner.

“I am sure of it,” replied the sailor.

“But who are you?” asked the captain.

“A rough sailor, with two strong arms which, I can tell you, are not to be despised on board a ship, and which I now have the honor of putting at your service.”

“But there are other ships besides the *Dolphin*, and there are other captains besides James Playfair. Why do you come here?”

“Because it is on board the *Dolphin* that I wish to serve, and under the orders of Captain James Playfair.”

“I do not want you.”

“There is always need of a strong man, and if to prove my strength you will try me with three or four of the strongest fellows of your crew, I am ready.”

“That will do,” replied James Playfair. “And what is your name?”

“Crockston, at your service.”

The captain made a few steps backwards in order to get a better view of the giant, who presented himself in this odd fashion. The height, the build, and the look of the sailor did not deny his pretensions to strength.

"Where have you sailed?" asked Playfair of him.

"A little everywhere."

"And do you know where the *Dolphin* is bound for?" asked Playfair.

"Yes; and that is what tempts me."

"Ah, well! I have no mind to let a fellow of your stamp escape me. Go and find the first mate, and get him to enroll you."

Having said this the captain expected to see the man turn on his heel and run to the bows, but he was mistaken. Crockston did not stir.

"Well! did you hear me?" asked the captain.

"Yes, but it is not all," replied the sailor, "I have something else to ask you."

"Ah! You are wasting my time," replied James sharply; "I have not a moment to lose in talking."

"I shall not keep you long," replied Crockston, "two words more and that is all; I was going to tell you that I have a nephew."

"He has a fine uncle, then," interrupted James Playfair.

"Hah! Hah!" laughed Crockston.

"Have you finished?" asked the captain.

"Well, this is what I have to say, when one takes the uncle, the nephew comes into the bargain."

"Ah! indeed!"

"Yes, that is the custom, the one does not go without the other."

"And what is this nephew of yours?"

"A lad of fifteen whom I am going to train to the sea; he is willing to learn, and purely will make a fine sailor some day."

"How now, Master Crockston," cried James Playfair; "do you think the *Dolphin* is a training-school for cabin-boys?"

"Don't let us speak ill of cabin-boys: there was one of them who became Admiral Nelson, and another Admiral Franklin."

"Upon my honor, friend," replied James Playfair, "you have a way of speaking which I like; bring your nephew, but if I don't find the uncle the hearty fellow he pretends to be, he will have some business with me. Go, and be back in an hour."

Crockston did not want to be told twice; he bowed awkwardly to the captain of the *Dolphin*, and went onto the quay. An hour afterwards he came on board with his nephew, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, rather delicate and weakly-looking, with a timid and astonished air, which showed that he did not possess his uncle's self-possession and vigorous corporeal qualities. Crockston was even obliged to encourage him by such words as these, "Come," said he, "don't be frightened, they are not going to eat us, besides there is yet time to return."

"No, no," replied the young man, "and may God protect us!"

The same day the sailor Crockston and his nephew were inscribed in the muster-roll of the *Dolphin*.

The next morning, at five o'clock, the fires of the steamer were well fed, the deck trembled under the vibrations of the boiler, and the steam rushed hissing through the escape-pipes. The hour of departure had arrived.

A considerable crowd in spite of the early hour flocked on the quays and on Glasgow Bridge, they had come to salute the bold steamer for the last time. Vincent Playfair was there to say good-by to Captain James, but he conducted himself on this occasion like a Roman of the good old times. His was a heroic countenance, and the two loud kisses with which he gratified his nephew were the indication of a strong mind. "Go, James," said he to the young captain, "go quickly and come back quicker still; above all, don't abuse your position. Sell at a good price, make a good bargain, and you will have your uncle's esteem."

On this recommendation, borrowed from the manual of the perfect merchant, the uncle and nephew separated, and all the visitors left the boat.

At this moment Crockston and John Stiggs stood together on the fore-castle, while the former remarked to his nephew, "This is well, this is well; before two o'clock we shall be at sea, and I have a good opinion of a voyage which begins like this."

For reply the novice pressed Crockston's hand.

James Playfair then gave the orders for departure. "Have we pressure on?" he asked of his mate.

"Yes, captain," replied Mr. Mathew.

"Well, then, weigh anchor." This was immediately done, and the screws began to move. The *Dolphin* passed between the ships in the port, and soon disappeared from the sight of the people, who shouted their last hurrahs.

The descent of the Clyde was easily accomplished, one might almost say that this river had been made by the hand of man, and even by the hand of a master. For sixty years, thanks to the dredges and constant dragging it has gained fifteen feet in depth, and its breadth has been tripled between the quays and the town. Soon the harbor-boats of Glasgow were rocked on the waves which the *Dolphin* caused. Some miles farther on Greenock, the birthplace of James Watt, was passed. At last the promontory of Cantyre, which runs out into the channel, was doubled; the Isle of Rattelin was hailed, the pilot returned by a shore-boat to his cutter, which was cruising in the open sea; the *Dolphin* returning to her captain's authority, took a less frequented route round the north of Ireland, and soon, having lost sight of the last European land, found herself in the open ocean.

CHAPTER III

A FAIR PASSENGER

THE *Dolphin* had a good crew, not fighting men, or boarding sailors, but good working men, and that was all she wanted. These brave, determined fellows were all, more or less, merchants; they sought a fortune rather than glory; they had no flag to display, no colors to defend with cannon; in fact all the artillery on board consisted of two small swivel signal-guns.

The *Dolphin* shot bravely across the water, and fulfilled the utmost expectations of both builder and captain. Soon she passed the limit of British seas; there was not a ship in sight; the great ocean route was free; besides no ship of the Federal marine would have a right to attack her beneath the English flag. Followed she might be, and prevented from forcing the blockade, and precisely for this reason had James Playfair sacrificed everything to the speed of his ship, in order not to be pursued.

Howbeit a careful watch was kept on board, and in spite

of the extreme cold a man was always in the rigging ready to signal the smallest sail that appeared on the horizon. When evening came, Captain James gave the most precise orders to Mr. Mathew.

"Don't leave the man on watch too long in the rigging, the cold may seize him, and in that case it is impossible to keep a good look-out; change your men often."

"I understand, captain," replied Mr. Mathew.

"Try Crockston for that work; the fellow pretends to have excellent sight; it must be put to trial; put him on the morning watch, he will have the morning mists to see through. If anything particular happens call me."

This said, James Playfair went to his cabin. Mr. Mathew called Crockston, and told him the captain's orders.

"To-morrow, at six o'clock," said he, "you are to relieve watch of the main-masthead."

For reply, Crockston gave a decided grunt, but Mr. Mathew had hardly turned his back when the sailor muttered some incomprehensible words, and cried, "What on earth did he say about the main-mast?"

At this moment his nephew, John Stiggs, joined him on the forecastle.

"Well, my good Crockston," said he.

"It's all right, all right," said the seaman, with a forced smile; "there is only one thing, this wretched boat shakes herself like a dog coming out of the water, and it makes my head confused."

"Dear Crockston, and it is for my sake."

"For you and him," replied Crockston, "but not a word about that, John; trust God, and He will not forsake you."

So saying, John Stiggs and Crockston went to the sailor's berth, but the sailor did not lie down before he had seen the young novice comfortably settled in the narrow cabin which he had got for him.

The next day, at six o'clock in the morning, Crockston got up to go to his place; he went on deck, where the first officer ordered him to go up into the rigging, and keep good watch.

At these words the sailor seemed undecided what to do; then making up his mind, he went towards the bows of the *Dolphin*.

"Well, where are you off to now?" cried Mr. Mathew.

"Where you sent me," answered Crockston.

"I told you to go to the main-mast."

"And I am going there," replied the sailor, in an unconcerned tone, continuing his way to the poop.

"Are you a fool?" cried Mr. Mathew impatiently; "you are looking for the bars of the main on the foremast. You are like a cockney, who doesn't know how to twist a cat-o'-nine-tails, or make a splice. On board what ship can you have been, man? The main-mast, stupid, the main-mast!"

The sailors who had run up to hear what was going on, burst out laughing, when they saw Crockston's disconcerted look, as he went back to the forecastle.

"So," said he, looking up the mast, the top of which was quite invisible through the morning mists; "so, am I to climb up here?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Mathew, "and hurry yourself! By St. Patrick a Federal ship would have time to get her bowsprit fast in our rigging before that lazy fellow could get to his post. Will you go up?"

Without a word, Crockston got on the bulwarks with some difficulty; then he began to climb the rigging with most visible awkwardness, like a man who did not know how to make use of his hands or feet. When he had reached the top-gallant, instead of springing lightly onto it, he remained motionless, clinging to the ropes, as if he had been seized with giddiness. Mr. Mathew, irritated by his stupidity, ordered him to come down immediately.

"That fellow there," said he to the boatswain, "has never been a sailor in his life. Johnston, just go and see what he has in his bundle."

The boatswain made haste to the sailor's berth.

In the meantime Crockston was with difficulty coming down again, but his foot having slipped, he slid down the rope he had hold of, and fell heavily on the deck.

"Clumsy blockhead! land-lubber!" cried Mr. Mathew, by way of consolation. "What did you come to do on board the *Dolphin*? Ah! you entered as an able seaman, and you cannot even tell the main from the foremast! I shall have a little talk with you."

Crockston made no attempt to speak; he bent his back like a man resigned for anything he might have to bear; just then the boatswain returned.

"This," said he to the first officer, "is all that I have found; a suspicious portfolio with letters."

"Give them here," said Mr. Mathew. "Letters with Federal stamps! Mr. Halliburtt, of Boston! An abolitionist! a Federalist! Wretch! you are nothing but a traitor, and have sneaked on board to betray us! Never mind, you will be paid for your trouble with the cat-o'-nine-tails! Boatswain, call the captain, and you others, just keep an eye on that rogue there."

Crockston received these compliments with a hideous grimace, but did not open his lips. They had fastened him to the capstan, and he could move neither hand nor foot.

A few moments later James Playfair came hastening to the fore-castle, where Mr. Mathew immediately acquainted him with the details of the case.

"What have you to say?" asked James Playfair, scarcely able to restrain his anger.

"Nothing," replied Crockston.

"And what did you come on board my ship for?"

"Nothing."

"And what do you expect from me now?"

"Nothing."

"Who are you? An American, as these letters seem to prove?"

Crockston did not answer.

"Boatswain," said James Playfair, "fifty lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails to loosen his tongue. Will that be enough, Crockston?"

"It will remain to be seen," replied John Stiggs's uncle without moving a muscle.

"Now then, come along, men," said the boatswain.

At this order, two strong sailors stripped Crockston of his woolen jersey; they had already seized the formidable weapon, and laid it across the prisoner's shoulders, when the novice, John Stiggs, very pale and agitated, hurried on deck.

"Captain!" exclaimed he.

"Ah! the nephew!" remarked James Playfair.

"Captain," repeated the novice, with a violent effort to steady his voice, "I will tell you what Crockston does not want to say. I will hide it no longer; yes, he is American, and so am I; we are both enemies of the slave-holders, but

not traitors come on board to betray the *Dolphin* into the hands of the Federalists."

"What did you come to do, then?" asked the captain, in a severe tone, examining the novice attentively. The latter hesitated a few seconds before replying, then he said, "Captain, I should like to speak to you in private."

Whilst John Stiggs made this request, James Playfair did not cease to look carefully at him; the sweet young face of the novice, his peculiarly gentle voice, the delicacy and whiteness of his hands, hardly disguised by paint, the large eyes, the animation of which could not hide their tenderness—all this together gave rise to a certain suspicion in the captain's mind. When John Stiggs had made his request, Playfair glanced fixedly at Crockston, who shrugged his shoulders; then he fastened a questioning look on the novice, which the latter could not withstand, and said simply to him, "Come."

John Stiggs followed the captain onto the poop, and then James Playfair, opening the door of his cabin, said to the novice, whose cheeks were pale with emotion, "Be so kind as to walk in, miss."

John, thus addressed, blushed violently, and two tears rolled involuntarily down his cheeks.

"Don't be alarmed miss," said James Playfair, in a gentle voice, "but be so good as to tell me how I come to have the honor of having you on board?"

The young girl hesitated a moment, then reassured by the captain's look, she made up her mind to speak.

"Sir," said she, "I wanted to join my father at Charleston; the town is besieged by land and blockaded by sea. I knew not how to get there, when I heard that the *Dolphin* meant to force the blockade. I came on board your ship, and I beg you to forgive me if I acted without your consent, which you would have refused me."

"I certainly would," said James Playfair.

"I did well, then, not to ask you," resumed the young girl, with a firmer voice.

The captain crossed his arms, walked round his cabin, and then came back.

"What is your name?" said he.

"Jenny Halliburtt."

"Your father, if I remember rightly the address on the letters, is he not from Boston?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a Northerner is thus in a southern town in the thickest of the war?"

"My father is a prisoner; he was at Charleston when the first shot of the Civil War was fired, and the troops of the Union driven from Fort Sumter by the Confederates. My father's opinions exposed him to the hatred of the Southerner and by the order of General Beauregard he was imprisoned. I was then in England, living with a relation who has just died, and left alone with no help but that of Crockston, our faithful servant, I wished to go to my father and share his prison with him."

"What is Mr. Halliburtt?" asked James Playfair.

"A loyal and brave journalist," replied Jenny proudly, "one of the noblest editors of the *Tribune*, and the one who was the boldest in defending the cause of the negroes.

"An Abolitionist," cried the captain angrily; "one of those men, who, under the vain pretense of abolishing slavery, have deluged their country with blood and ruin."

"Sir!" replied Jenny Halliburtt, growing pale, "you are insulting my father; you must not forget that I stand alone to defend him."

The young captain blushed scarlet; anger mingled with shame struggled in his breast; perhaps he would have answered the young girl, but he succeeded in restraining himself, and opening the door of the cabin, he called "Boatswain!"

The boatswain came to him directly.

"This cabin will henceforward belong to Miss Jenny Halliburtt; have a cot made ready for me at the end of the poop; that's all I want.

The boatswain looked with a stupefied stare at the young novice addressed in a feminine name, but on a sign from James Playfair he went out.

"And now, miss, you are at home," said the young captain of the *Dolphin*. Then he retired.

CHAPTER IV
CROCKSTON'S TRICK

SOON the whole crew knew Miss Halliburtt's story, which Crockston was no longer hindered from telling. By the captain's orders he was released from the capstan, and the cat-o'-nine-tails returned to its place.

"A pretty animal," said Crockston, "especially when it shows its velvety paws."

As soon as he was free, he went down to the sailors' berths, found a small portmanteau, and carried it to Miss Jenny; the young girl was now able to resume her feminine attire, but she remained in her cabin, and did not again appear on deck. As for Crockston, it was agreed that, as he was no more a sailor than a horse-guard, he should be exempt from all duty on board.

In the meanwhile the *Dolphin*, with her twin screws cutting the waves, sped rapidly across the Atlantic, and there was nothing now to do but keep a strict look out. The day following the discovery of Miss Jenny's identity, James Playfair paced the deck at the poop with a rapid step; he had made no attempt to see the young girl and resume the conversation of the day before.

Whilst he was walking to and fro, Crockston passed him several times, looking at him askant with a satisfied grin; he evidently wanted to speak to the captain, and at last his persistent manner attracted the attention of the latter, who said to him, impatiently, "What do you want? You are turning round me like a swimmer round a buoy; when are you going to leave off?"

"Excuse me, capain," answered Crockston, winking, "I wanted to speak to you."

"Speak, then."

"Oh, it is nothing very much, I only wanted to tell you frankly that you are a good fellow at bottom."

"Why at bottom?"

"At bottom and surface also."

"I don't want your compliments."

"I am not complimenting you, I shall wait to do that when you have gone to the end."

"To what end?"

"To the end of your task."

"Ah! I have a task to fulfill?"

"Decidedly, you have taken the young girl and myself on board; good. You have given up your cabin to Miss Halliburtt; good. You released me from the cat-o'-nine-tails; nothing could be better. You are going to take us straight to Charleston; that's certainly delightful, but it is not all."

"How not all?" cried James Playfair, amazed at Crockston's boldness.

"No, certainly not," replied the latter, with a knowing look, "the father is prisoner there."

"Well, what about that?"

"Well, the father must be rescued."

"Rescue Miss Halliburtt's father?"

"Most certainly, and it is worth risking something for such a noble man and courageous citizen as he."

"Master Crockston," said James Playfair, frowning, "I am not in the humor for your jokes, so have a care what you say."

"You misunderstand me, captain," said the American.

"I am not joking in the least, but speaking quite seriously. What I have proposed may at first seem very absurd to you; when you have thought it over you will see that you cannot do otherwise."

"What, do you mean that I must deliver Mr. Halliburtt?"

"Just so, you can demand his release of General Beauregard, who will not refuse you."

"But if he does refuse me?"

"In that case," replied Crockston, in a deliberate tone, "we must use stronger measures, and carry off the prisoner by force."

"So," cried James Playfair, who was beginning to get angry, "so, not content with passing through the Federal fleets and forcing the blockade of Charleston, I must run out to sea again from under the cannon of the forts, and this to deliver a gentleman I know nothing of, one of those Abolitionists whom I detest, one of those journalists who shed ink instead of their blood!"

"Oh! it is but a cannon-shot more or less!" added Crockston.

"Master Crockston," said James Playfair, "mind what I say; if ever you mention this affair again to me, I will send

you to the hold for the rest of the passage, to teach you manners."

Thus saying, the captain dismissed the American, who went off murmuring, "Ah, well, I am not altogether displeased with this conversation: at any rate, the affair is broached; it will do, it will do!"

James Playfair had hardly meant it when he said an Abolitionist whom I detest; he did not in the least side with the Federals, but he did not wish to admit that the question of slavery was the predominant reason for the civil war of the United States, in spite of President Lincoln's formal declaration. Did he then think that the Southern States, eight out of thirty-six, were right in separating when they had been voluntarily united? Not so; he detested the Northerners, and that was all; he detested them as brothers separated from the common family—true Englishmen—who had thought it right to do what he, James Playfair, disapproved of with regard to the United States: these were the political opinions of the captain of the *Dolphin*. But more than this, the American war interfered with him personally, and he had a grudge against those who had caused this war; one can understand then, how he would receive a proposition to deliver an Abolitionist, thus bringing down on him the Confederates, with whom he intended to do business.

However, Crockston's insinuation did not fail to disturb him, he cast the thought from him, but it returned unceasingly to his mind, and when Miss Jenny came on deck the next day for a few minutes, he dared not look her in the face.

And really it was a great pity, for this young girl with the fair hair and sweet, intelligent face deserved to be looked at by a young man of thirty. But James felt embarrassed in her presence; he felt that this charming creature who had been educated in the school of misfortune possessed a strong and generous soul; he understood that his silence towards her inferred a refusal to acquiesce in her dearest wishes; besides, Miss Jenny never looked out for James Playfair, neither did she avoid him. Thus for the first few days they spoke little or not at all to each other. Miss Halliburtt scarcely ever left her cabin, and it is certain she would never have addressed herself to the captain of the *Dolphin* if it

had not been for Crockston's strategy, which brought both parties together.

The worthy American was a faithful servant of the Halliburtt family, he had been brought up in his master's house and his devotion knew no bounds. His good sense equalled his courage and energy, and, as has been seen, he had a way of looking things straight in the face. He was very seldom discouraged, and could generally find a way out of the most intricate dangers with a wonderful skill.

This honest fellow had taken it into his head to deliver Mr. Halliburtt, to employ the captain's ship, and the captain himself for this purpose, and to return with him to England. Such was his intention, so long as the young girl had no other object than to rejoin her father and share his captivity. It was this Crockston tried to make the captain understand, as we have seen, but the enemy had not yet surrendered, on the contrary.

"Now," said he, "it is absolutely necessary that Miss Jenny and the captain come to an understanding; if they are going to be sulky like this all the passage we shall get nothing done; they must speak, discuss; let them dispute even, so long as they talk, and I'll be hanged if during their conversation James Playfair does not propose himself what he refused me to-day."

But when Crockston saw that the young girl and the young man avoided each other, he began to be perplexed. "We must look sharp," said he to himself, and the morning of the fourth day he entered Miss Halliburtt's cabin, rubbing his hands with an air of perfect satisfaction.

"Good news!" cried he, "good news! You will never guess what the captain has proposed to me. A very noble young man he is. Now try."

"Ah!" replied Jenny, whose heart beat violently, "has he proposed to—"

"To deliver Mr. Halliburtt, to carry him off from the Confederates, and bring him to England."

"Is it true?" cried Jenny.

"It is, as I say, miss. What a good-hearted man this James Playfair is! These English are either all good or all bad. Ah! he may reckon on my gratitude, and I am ready to cut myself in pieces if it would please him."

Jenny's joy was profound on hearing Crockston's words.

Deliver her father! she had never dared to think of such a plan, and the captain of the *Dolphin* was going to risk his ship and crew!

"That's what he is," added Crockston; "and this, Miss Jenny, is well worth an acknowledgment from you."

"More than an acknowledgment," cried the young girl; "a lasting friendship!"

And immediately she left the cabin to find James Playfair, and express to him the sentiments which flowed from her heart.

"Getting on by degrees," muttered the American.

James Playfair was pacing to and fro on the poop, and, as may be thought, he was very much surprised, not to say amazed, to see the young girl come up to him, her eyes moist with grateful tears, and hold out her hand to him saying, "Thank you, sir, thank you for your kindness, which I should never have dared to expect from a stranger."

"Miss," replied the captain, as if he understood nothing of what she was talking, "I do not know——"

"Nevertheless, sir, you are going to brave many dangers, perhaps compromise your interests for me, and you have done so much already in offering me on board an hospitality to which I have no right whatever——"

"Pardon me, Miss Jenny," interrupted James Playfair, "but I protest again I do not understand your words; I have acted towards you as any well-bred man would towards a lady, and my conduct deserves neither so many thanks nor so much gratitude."

"Mr. Playfair," said Jenny, "it is useless to pretend any longer; Crockston has told me all!"

"Ah!" said the captain, "Crockston has told you all, then I understand less than ever the reason for your leaving your cabin, and saying these words which——"

Whilst speaking the captain felt very much embarrassed; he remembered the rough way in which he had received the American's overtures, but Jenny, fortunately for him, did not give him time for further explanation; she interrupted him, holding out her hand and saying, "Mr. James, I had no other object in coming on board your ship except to go to Charleston, and there, however cruel the slave-holders may be, they will not refuse to let a poor girl share her father's prison, that was all; I had never thought of a return

as possible; but since you are so generous as to wish for my father's deliverance, since you will attempt everything to save him, be assured you have my deepest gratitude."

James did not know what to do or what part to assume; he bit his lip; he dared not take the hand offered him; he saw perfectly that Crockston had compromised him, so that escape was impossible; at the same time he had no thoughts of delivering Mr. Halliburtt, and getting complicated in a disagreeable business; but how dash to the ground the hope which had arisen in this poor girl's heart? How refuse the hand which she held out to him with a feeling of such profound friendship? How change to tears of grief the tears of gratitude which filled her eyes?

So the young man tried to reply evasively, in a manner which would leave him liberty of action. "Miss Jenny," said he, "rest assured I will do everything in my power for——"

And he took the little hand in both of his, but with the gentle pressure he felt his heart melt and his head grow confused: words to express his thoughts failed him. He stammered out some incoherent words, "Miss—Miss Jenny—
—for you——"

Crockston, who was watching him, rubbed his hands, grinning and repeating to himself, "It will come! it will come! it has come!"

How James Playfair would have managed to extricate himself from his embarrassing position no one knows, but fortunately for him, if not for the *Dolphin*, the man on watch was heard crying, "Ahoy, officer of the watch!"

"What now?" asked Mr. Mathew.

"A sail to windward!"

James Playfair, leaving the young girl, immediately sprang to the shrouds of the main-mast.

CHAPTER V

THE SHOT FROM THE "IROQUOIS," AND MISS JENNY'S ARGUMENTS

UNTIL now the navigation of the *Dolphin* had been very fortunate. Not one ship had been signaled before the sail hailed by the man on watch.

The *Dolphin* was then in 32° 51' latitude, and 57° 43' west

longitude. For forty-eight hours a fog which now began to rise had covered the ocean. If this mist favored the *Dolphin* by hiding her course, it also prevented any observations at a distance being made, and, without being aware of it, she might be sailing side by side, so to speak, with the ships she wished most to avoid. Now this is just what had happened, and when the ship was signaled she was only three miles to windward.

When James Playfair had reached the bars, he saw distinctly, through an opening in the mist, a large Federal corvette in full pursuit of the *Dolphin*.

After having carefully examined her, the captain came down on deck again, and called the first officer.

"Mr. Mathew," said he, "what do you think of this ship?"

"I think, captain, that it is a Federal cruiser, which suspects our intentions."

"There is no possible doubt of her nationality," said James Playfair. "Look!"

At this moment the starry flag of the United States appeared on the gaff-yards of the corvette, and the latter asserted her colors with a cannon-shot.

"An invitation to show our colors," said Mr. Mathew. "Well, let us show them; there is nothing to be ashamed of."

"What's the good?" replied James Playfair. "Our flag will hardly protect us, and it will not hinder those people from paying us a visit? No; let us go ahead."

"And go quickly," replied Mr. Mathew, "for if my eyes do not deceive me, I have already seen that corvette lying off Liverpool, where she went to watch the ships in building; my name is not Mathew, if that is not *The Iroquois* on her taffrail."

"And is she fast?"

"One of the fastest vessels of the Federal marine."

"What guns does she carry?"

"Eight."

"Pooh."

"Oh, don't shrug your shoulders, captain," said Mr. Mathew, in a serious tone; "two out of those eight guns are rifled, one is a sixty-pounder on the forecastle, and the other a hundred-pounder on deck."

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed James Playfair, "they are Parrott's, and will carry three miles."

"Yes, and further than that, captain."

"Ah, well! Mr. Mathew, let their guns be sixty or only four-pounders, and let them carry three miles or five hundred yards, it is all the same if we can go fast enough to avoid their shot. We will show this *Iroquois* how a ship can go when she is built on purpose to go. Have the fires well banked up, Mr. Mathew."

The first officer gave the captain's orders to the engineer, and soon volumes of black smoke curled from the chimneys.

This proceeding did not seem to please the corvette, for she made the *Dolphin* the signal to lie to, but James Playfair paid no attention to this warning, and did not change his ship's course.

"Now," said he, "we shall see what the *Iroquois* will do; there is a fine opportunity for her to try her guns; go ahead full speed!"

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Mathew; "she will not be long in saluting us."

Returning to the poop, the captain saw Miss Halliburtt sitting quietly near the bulwarks.

"Miss Jenny," said he, "we shall probably be chased by that corvette you see to windward, and as she will speak to us with shot, I beg to offer you my arm to take you to your cabin again."

"Thank you, very much, Mr. Playfair," replied the young girl, looking at him, "but I am not afraid of cannon-shots."

"However, miss, in spite of the distance, there may be some danger."

"Oh, I was not brought up to be fearful; they accustom us to everything in America, and I assure you that the shot from the *Iroquois* will not make me lower my head."

"You are brave, Miss Jenny."

"Let us admit, then, that I am brave, and allow me to stay by you."

"I can refuse you nothing, Miss Halliburtt," replied the captain, looking at the young girl's calm face.

These words were hardly uttered when they saw a line of white smoke issue from the bulwarks of the corvette; before the report had reached the *Dolphin* a projectile whizzed through the air in the direction of the steamer.

At about twenty fathoms from the *Dolphin* the shot, the speed of which had sensibly lessened, skimmed over the surface of the waves, marking its passage by a series of water-jets; then, with another burst, it rebounded to a certain height, passed over the *Dolphin*, grazing the mizzen-yards on the starboard side, fell at thirty fathoms beyond and was buried in the waves.

"By Jove!" exclaimed James Playfair, "we must get along; another slap like that is not to be waited for."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Mathew, "they will take some time to reload such pieces."

"Upon my honor, it is an interesting sight," said Crockston, who, with arms crossed, stood perfectly at his ease looking at the scene, "and to say they are friends who send such brandy-balls!"

"Ah! that's you," cried James Playfair, scanning the American from head to foot.

"It is me, captain," replied the American undisturbed. "I have come to see how these brave Federals fire; not badly, in truth, not badly."

The captain was going to answer Crockston sharply, but at this moment a second shot struck the sea on the starboard side.

"Good," cried James Playfair, "we have already gained two cables on this *Iroquois*. Your friends sail like a buoy; do you hear, Master Crockston?"

"I will not say they don't," replied the American, "and for the first time in my life it pleases me."

A third shot fell still farther astern, and in less than ten minutes the *Dolphin* was out of range of the corvette's guns.

"So much for patent-logs, Mr. Mathew," said James Playfair; "thanks to those shot we know how to rate our speed. Now have the fires lowered; it is not worth while to waste our coal uselessly."

"It is a good ship that you command," said Miss Halliburt to the young captain.

"Yes, Miss Jenny, my good *Dolphin*, makes her seventeen knots, and before the day is over, we shall have lost sight of that corvette."

James Playfair did not exaggerate the sailing qualities of his ship, and the sun had not set before the masts of the American ship had disappeared below the horizon.

This incident allowed the captain to see Miss Halliburtt's character in a new light; besides, the ice was broken, henceforward, during the whole of the voyage, the interviews between the captain and his passenger were frequent and prolonged; he found her to be a young girl, calm, strong, thoughtful, and intelligent, speaking with great ease, having her own ideas about everything, and expressing her thoughts with a conviction which unconsciously penetrated James Playfair's heart.

She loved her country, she was zealous in the great cause of the Union, and expressed herself on the civil war in the United States with an enthusiasm of which no other woman would have been capable. Thus it happened, more than once, that James Playfair found it difficult to answer her, even when questions purely mercantile arose in connection with the war: Miss Jenny attacked them none the less vigorously, and would come to no other terms whatever. At first James argued a great deal, and tried to uphold the Confederates against the Federals, to prove that the Secessionists were in the right, and that if the people were united voluntarily they might separate in the same manner. But the young girl would not yield on this point; she demonstrated that the question of slavery was predominant in the struggle between the North and South Americans, that it was far more a war in the cause of morals and humanity than politics, and James could make no answer. Besides, during these discussions, which he listened to attentively, it is difficult to say whether he was more touched by Miss Halliburtt's arguments, or the charming manner in which she spoke; but at last he was obliged to acknowledge, among other things, that slavery was the principal feature in the war, that it must be put an end to decisively, and the last horrors of barbarous times abolished.

It has been said that the political opinions of the captain did not trouble him much. He would have sacrificed his most serious opinion before such enticing arguments and under like circumstances; he made a good bargain of his ideas for the same reason, but at last he was attacked in his tenderest point: this was the question of the traffic in which the *Dolphin* was being employed, and, consequently, the ammunition which was being carried to the Confederates.

"Yes, Mr. James," said Miss Halliburtt, "gratitude does not hinder me from speaking with perfect frankness; on the contrary, you are a brave seaman, a clever merchant, the house of Playfair is noted for its respectability; but in this case it fails in its principles, and follows a trade unworthy of it."

"How!" cried James, "the house of Playfair ought not to attempt such a commercial enterprise?"

"No! it is taking ammunition to the unhappy creatures in revolt against the government of their country, and it is lending arms to a bad cause."

"Upon my honor, Miss Jenny, I will not discuss the right of the Confederates with you; I will only answer you with one word: I am a merchant, and as such I only occupy myself with the interests of my house; I look for gain wherever there is an opportunity of getting it."

"That is precisely what is to be blamed, Mr. James," replied the girl; "profit does not excuse it; thus, when you supply arms to the Southerners, with which to continue a criminal war, you are quite as guilty as when you sell opium to the Chinese, which stupefies them."

"Oh! for once, Miss Jenny, this is too much, and I cannot admit——"

"No; what I say is just, and when you consider it, when you understand the part you are playing, when you think of the results for which you are responsible, you will yield to me in this point, as in so many others."

James Playfair was dumbfounded at these words; he left the young girl, a prey to angry thoughts, for he felt his powerlessness to answer; then he sulked like a child for half an hour, and an hour later he returned to the singular young girl, who could overwhelm him with convincing arguments, with quite a pleasant smile.

In short, however, it may have come about, and although he would not acknowledge it to himself, Captain James Playfair belonged to himself no longer, he was no longer commander-in-chief on board his own ship.

Thus, to Crockston's great joy, Mr. Halliburtt's affairs appeared to be in a good way; the captain seemed to have decided to undertake everything in his power to deliver Miss Jenny's father, and for this he would be obliged to compromise the *Dolphin*, his cargo, his crew, and incur the displeasure of his worthy Uncle Vincent.

CHAPTER VI
SULLIVAN ISLAND CHANNEL

Two days after the meeting with the *Iroquois*, the *Dolphin* found herself abreast of the Bermudas, where she was assailed by a violent squall. These isles are frequently visited by hurricanes, and are celebrated for shipwrecks. It is here that Shakspeare has placed the exciting scene of his drama, "The Tempest," in which Ariel and Caliban dispute for the empire of the floods.

The squall was frightful; James Playfair thought once of running for one of the Bermudas, where the English had a military post: it would have been a sad waste of time, and therefore especially to be regretted; happily the *Dolphin* behaved herself wonderfully well in the storm, and after flying a whole day before the tempest, she was able to resume her course towards the American coast.

But if James Playfair had been pleased with his ship, he had not been less delighted with the young girl's bravery; Miss Halliburtt had passed the worst hours of the storm at his side, and James Playfair knew that a profound, imperious, irresistible love had taken possession of his whole being.

"Yes," said he, "this brave girl is mistress on board; she turns me like the sea a ship in distress—I feel that I am foundering! What will Uncle Vincent say? Ah! poor nature, I am sure that if Jenny asked me to throw all this cursed cargo into the sea, I should do it without hesitating, for love of her."

Happily for the firm of Playfair and Co., Miss Halliburtt did not demand this sacrifice; nevertheless, the poor captain had been taken captive, and Crockston, who read his heart like an open book, rubbed his hands gleefully.

"We will hold him fast!" he muttered to himself, "and before a week has passed my master will be quietly installed in one of the best cabins of the *Dolphin*."

As for Miss Jenny, did she perceive the feelings which she inspired? did she allow herself to share them? No one could say, and James Playfair least of all; the young girl kept a perfect reserve, and her secret remained deeply buried in her heart.

But whilst love was making such progress in the heart of the young captain, the *Dolphin* sped with no less rapidity

towards Charleston. On the 13th of January, the watch signaled land ten miles to the west. It was a low-lying coast, and almost blended with the line of the sea in the distance. Crockston was examining the horizon attentively, and about nine o'clock in the morning he cried, "Charleston lighthouse!"

Now that the bearings of the *Dolphin* were set, James Playfair had but one thing to do, to decide by which channel he would run into Charleston Bay.

"If we meet with no obstacles," said he, "before three o'clock we shall be in safety in the docks of the port."

The town of Charleston is situated on the banks of an estuary seven miles long and two broad, called Charleston Harbor, the entrance to which is rather difficult. It is enclosed between Morris Island on the south, and Sullivan Island on the north. At the time when the *Dolphin* attempted to force the blockade Morris Island already belonged to the Federal troops, and General Gillmore had caused batteries to be erected overlooking the harbor. Sullivan Island, on the contrary, was in the hands of the Confederates, who were also in possession of Moultrie Fort, situated at the extremity of the island; therefore it would be advantageous to the *Dolphin* to go as close as possible to the northern shores to avoid the firing from the forts on Morris Island.

Five channels led into the estuary, Sullivan Island Channel, the Northern Channel, the Overall Channel, the Principal Channel, and lastly, the Lawford Channel; but it was useless for strangers, unless they had skillful pilots on board, or ships drawing less than seven feet of water, to attempt this last; as for Northern and Overall Channels, they were in range of the Federalist batteries, so that it was no good thinking of them. If James Playfair could have had his choice, he would have taken his steamer through the Principal Channel, which was the best, and the bearings of which were easy to follow; but it was necessary to yield to circumstances, and to decide according to the event. Besides, the captain of the *Dolphin* knew perfectly all the secrets of this bay, its dangers, the depths of its water at low tide, and its currents, so that he was able to steer his ship with the greatest safety as soon as he entered one of these narrow straits. The great question was to get there.

Now this work demanded an experienced seaman, and one who knew exactly the qualities of the *Dolphin*.

In fact two Federal frigates were now cruising in the Charleston waters. Mr. Mathew soon drew James Playfair's attention to them. "They are preparing to ask us what we want on these shores," said he.

"Ah, well! we won't answer them," replied the captain, "and they will not get their curiosity satisfied."

In the meanwhile the cruisers were coming on full steam towards the *Dolphin*, who continued her course, taking care to keep out of range of their guns. But in order to gain time James Playfair made for the southwest, wishing to put the enemies' ships off their guard; the latter must have thought that the *Dolphin* intended to make for Morris Island Channel. Now there they had batteries and guns, a single shot from which would have been enough to sink the English ship; so the Federals allowed the *Dolphin* to run towards the southwest, contenting themselves by observing her without following closely.

Thus for an hour the respective situations of the ships did not change, for James Playfair, wishing to deceive the cruisers as to the course of the *Dolphin*, had caused the fires to be moderated, so that the speed was decreased. However, from the thick volumes of smoke which escaped from the chimneys, it might have been thought that he was trying to get his maximum pressure, and, consequently, his maximum of rapidity.

"They will be slightly astonished presently," said James Playfair, "when they see us slip through their fingers!"

In fact, when the captain saw that he was near enough to Morris Island, and before a line of guns, the range of which he did not know, he turned his rudder quickly, and the ship resumed her northerly course, leaving the cruisers two miles to windward of her; the latter seeing this maneuver understood the steamer's object, and began to pursue her in earnest, but it was too late. The *Dolphin* doubled her speed under the action of the screws, and distanced them rapidly. Going nearer to the coast, a few shells were sent after her as an acquittal of conscience, but the Federals were outdone, for their projectiles did not reach half way. At eleven o'clock in the morning, the steamer ranging near Sullivan Island, thanks to her small draft, entered the narrow strait

full steam; there she was in safety, for no Federalist cruiser dared follow her in this channel, the depth of which, on an average, was only eleven feet at low tide

"How?" cried Crockston, "is that all the difficulty?"

"Oh! oh! Master Crockston," said Captain James Playfair, "the difficulty is not in entering, but in getting out again."

"Nonsense!" replied the American, "that does not make me at all uneasy; with a boat like the *Dolphin* and a captain like Mr. James Playfair, one can go where one likes, and come out in the same manner."

Nevertheless, James Playfair, with telescope in his hand, was attentively examining the route which was to be followed. He had before him excellent coasting guides, with which he could go ahead without any difficulty or hesitation.

Once his ship safely in the narrow channel which runs the length of Sullivan Island, James steered bearing towards the middle of Fort Moultrie as far as the Pickney Castle, situated on the isolated island of Shute's Folly; on the other side rose Fort Johnson, a little way to the north of Fort Sumter.

At this moment the steamer was saluted by some shot which did not reach her, from the batteries on Morris Island. She continued her course without any deviation, passed before Moultrieville, situated at the extremity of Sullivan Island, and entered the bay.

Soon Fort Sumter on the left protected her from the batteries of the Federalists.

This fort, so celebrated in the civil war, is situated three miles and a half from Charleston, and about a mile from each side of the bay; it is nearly pentagonal in form, built on an artificial island of Massachusetts granite, it took ten years to construct and cost more than 900,000 dollars.

It was from this fort, on the 13th of April, 1861, that Anderson and the Federal troops were driven, and it was against it that the first shot of the Confederates was fired. It is impossible to estimate the quantity of iron and lead which the Federals showered down upon it. It resisted for almost three years, but a few months after the passage of the *Dolphin*, it fell beneath General Gillmore's three hundred-pounders on Morris Island. But at this time it was in

all its strength, and the Confederate flag floated proudly above it.

Once past the fort, the town of Charleston appeared lying between Ashley and Cooper rivers. James Playfair threaded his way through the buoys which mark the entrance of the channel, leaving behind the Charleston lighthouse. He had hoisted the English flag, and made his way with wonderful rapidity through the narrow channels. When he had passed the Quarantine buoy, he advanced freely into the center of the bay. Miss Halliburtt was standing on the poop, looking at the town where her father was kept prisoner, and her eyes filled with tears.

At last the steamer's speed was moderated by the captain's orders; the *Dolphin* ranged along the end of the south and east batteries, and was soon moored at the quay of the North Commercial Wharf.

CHAPTER VII

A SOUTHERN GENERAL

THE *Dolphin* on arriving at the Charleston quay, had been saluted by the cheers of a large crowd. The inhabitants of this town, strictly blockaded by sea, were not accustomed to visits from European ships. They asked each other, not without astonishment, what this great steamer, proudly bearing the English flag, had come to do in their waters; but when they learned the object of her voyage, and why she had just forced the passage Sullivan, when the report spread that she carried a large cargo of smuggled ammunition, the cheers and joyful cries were redoubled.

James Playfair, without losing a moment, entered into negotiation with General Beuregard, the military commander of the town. The latter eagerly received the young captain of the *Dolphin*, who had arrived in time to provide the soldiers with the clothes and ammunition they were so much in want of. It was agreed that the unloading of the ship should take place immediately, and numerous hands came to help the English sailors.

Before quitting his ship James Playfair had received from Miss Halliburtt the most pressing injunctions with regard

to her father, and the captain had placed himself entirely at the young girl's service.

"Miss Jenny," he had said, "you may rely on me; I will do the utmost in my power to save your father, but I hope this business will not present many difficulties; I shall go and see General Beauregard to-day, and without asking him at once for Mr. Halliburtt's liberty, I shall learn in what situation he is, whether he is on bail, or a prisoner."

"My poor father!" replied Jenny, sighing; "he little thinks his daughter is so near him. Oh that I could fly into his arms!"

"A little patience, Miss Jenny; you will soon embrace your father. Rely upon my acting with the most entire devotion, but also with prudence and consideration."

This is why James Playfair, after having delivered the cargo of the *Dolphin* up to the General, and bargained for an immense stock of cotton, faithful to his promise, turned the conversation to the events of the day.

"So," said he, "you believe in the triumph of the slaveholders?"

"I do not for a moment doubt of our final success, and as regards Charleston, Lee's army will soon relieve it: besides, what do you expect from the Abolitionists? admitting that which will never be, that the commercial towns of Virginia, the two Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, fall under their power, what then? Will they be masters of a country they can never occupy? No, certainly not; and for my part if they are ever victorious they shall pay dearly for it."

"And you are quite sure of your soldiers?" asked the captain; "you are not afraid that Charleston will grow weary of a siege which is ruining her?"

"No, I do not fear treason; besides, the traitors would be punished remorselessly, and I would destroy the town itself by sword or fire if I discovered the least Unionist movement. Jefferson Davis confided Charleston to me, and you may be sure that Charleston is in safe hands."

"Have you any Federal prisoners?" asked James Playfair, coming to the interesting object of the conversation.

"Yes, captain," replied the General, "it was at Charleston that the first shot of separation was fired. The Abolitionists who were here attempted to resist, and after being defeated they have been kept as prisoners of war."

"And have you many?"

"About a hundred."

"Free in the town?"

"They were until I discovered a plot formed by them; their chief succeeded in establishing a communication with the besiegers, who were thus informed of the situation of affairs in the town. I was then obliged to lock up these dangerous guests, and several of them will only leave their prisons to ascend the slope of the citadel, where ten Confederate balls will reward them for their Federalism."

"What! to be shot!" cried the young man.

"Yes, and their chief first of all. He is a very dangerous man to have in a besieged town. I have sent his letters to the president at Richmond, and before a week is passed his sentence will be irrevocably passed."

"Who is this man you speak of," asked James Playfair.

"A journalist from Boston, a violent Abolitionist with the confounded spirit of Lincoln."

"And his name?"

"Jonathan Halliburtt."

"Poor wretch!" exclaimed James, suppressing his emotion; "whatever he may have done one cannot help pitying him. And you think that he will be shot?"

"I am sure of it," replied Beauregard. "What can you expect? War is war, one must defend oneself."

"Well, it is nothing to me," said the captain; "I shall be far enough away when this execution takes place."

"What! you are thinking of going away already?"

"Yes, General, business must be attended to; as soon as my cargo of cotton is on board I shall be out to sea again. I was fortunate enough to enter the bay, but the difficulty is in getting out again. The *Dolphin* is a good ship; she can beat any of the Federal ships for speed, but she does not pretend to distance cannon balls, and a shell in her hull or engine would seriously affect my enterprise."

"As you please, captain," replied Beauregard; "I have no advice to give you under such circumstances. You are doing your business, and you are right. I should act in the same manner were I in your place; besides a stay at Charleston is not very pleasant, and a harbor where shells are falling three days out of four is not a safe shelter for your ship; so you will set sail when you please; but can you tell

me what is the number and the force of the Federal ships cruising before Charleston?"

James Playfair did his best to answer the General, and took leave of him on the best of terms; then he returned to the *Dolphin* very thoughtful and very depressed from what he had just heard.

"What shall I say to Miss Jenny? ought I to tell her of Mr. Halliburtt's terrible situation? or would it be better to keep her in ignorance of the trial which is awaiting her? Poor child!"

He had not gone fifty steps from the governor's house when he ran against Crockston: the worthy American had been watching for him since his departure.

"Well, captain?"

James Playfair looked steadily at Crockston, and the latter soon understood he had no favorable news to give.

"Have you seen Beauregard?" he asked.

"Yes," replied James Playfair.

"And have you spoken to him about Mr. Halliburtt?"

"No! it was he who spoke to me about him."

"Well, captain?"

"Well! I may as well tell you everything, Crockston," said the captain.

"Everything, captain."

"General Beauregard has told me that your master will be shot within a week."

At this news anyone else but Crockston would have grown furious or given way to bursts of grief, but the American, who feared nothing, only said, with almost a smile on his lips, "Pooh! what does it matter?"

"How! what does it matter?" cried James Playfair; "I tell you that Mr. Halliburtt will be shot within a week, and you answer, what does it matter?"

"And I mean it—if in six days he is on the *Dolphin*, and in seven days the *Dolphin* is on the open sea."

"Right!" exclaimed the captain, pressing Crockston's hand. "I understand, my good fellow, you have got some pluck; and for myself, in spite of Uncle Vincent, I would throw myself overboard for Miss Jenny."

"No one need be thrown overboard," replied the American, "only the fish would gain by that: the most important business now is to deliver Mr. Halliburtt."

"But you must know that it will be difficult to do so."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Crockston.

"We must communicate with a prisoner strictly guarded."

"Certainly."

"And bring about an almost miraculous escape."

"Nonsense," said Crockston; "a prisoner thinks more of escape than his jailer thinks of keeping him; that's why, thanks to our help, Mr. Halliburtt will be saved."

"You are right, Crockston."

"Always right."

"But now what will you do? there must be some plan: and there are precautions to be taken."

"I will think about it."

"But when Miss Jenny learns that her father is condemned to death, and that the order for his execution may come any day——"

"She will know nothing about it, that is all."

"Yes, it will be better for her to tell her nothing."

"Where is Mr. Halliburtt imprisoned?" asked Crockston.

"In the citadel," replied James Playfair.

"Just so! On board now!"

"On board, Crockston!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE ESCAPE

MISS JENNY, sitting on the poop of the *Dolphin*, was anxiously waiting the captain's return; when the latter went up to her she could not utter a word; but her eyes questioned James Playfair more eagerly than her lips could have done. The latter, with Crockston's help, informed the young girl of the facts relating to her father's imprisonment. He said that he had carefully broached the subject of the prisoners of war to Beauregard, but as the general did not seem disposed at all in their favor, he had thought it better to say no more about it, but think the matter over.

"Since Mr. Halliburtt is not free in the town, his escape will be more difficult; but I will finish my task, and I prom-

ise you, Miss Jenny, that the *Dolphin* shall not leave Charleston without your father."

"Thank you, Mr. James; thank you with all my heart."

James Playfair felt a thrill of joy through his whole being. He approached the young girl with moist eyes and quivering lips; perhaps he was going to make an avowal of the sentiments he could no longer repress, when Crockston interfered. "This is no time for grieving," said he; "we must go to work, and consider what to do."

"Have you any plan, Crockston?" asked the girl.

"I always have a plan," replied the American: "it is my peculiarity."

"But a good one?" said James Playfair.

"Excellent! and all the ministers in Washington could not devise a better; it is almost as good as if Mr. Halliburtt was already on board."

Crockston spoke with such perfect assurance, at the same time with such simplicity, that it must have been the most incredulous person who could doubt his words.

"We are listening, Crockston," said James Playfair.

"Good! You, captain, will go to General Beauregard, and ask a favor of him which he will not refuse you."

"And what is that?"

"You will tell him that you have on board a tiresome subject, a scamp who has been very troublesome during the voyage, and excited the crew to revolt. You will ask of him permission to shut him up in the citadel; at the same time on the condition that he shall return to the ship on her departure, in order to be taken back to England, to be delivered over to the justice of his country."

"Good!" said James Playfair, half smiling, "I will do all that, and Beauregard will grant my request very willingly."

"I am perfectly sure of it," replied the American.

"But," resumed Playfair, "one thing is wanting."

"What is that?"

"The scamp."

"He is before you, captain."

"What, the rebellious subject——"

"Is myself; don't trouble yourself about that."

"Oh! you brave, generous heart," cried Jenny, pressing his rough hands between her small white palms.

"Go, Crockston," said James Playfair; "I understand you, my friend; and I only regret one thing, that is, that I cannot take your place."

"Everyone his part," replied Crockston; "if you put yourself in my place you would be much embarrassed, which I shall not be; you will have enough to do later on to get out of the harbor under the fire of the Feds and Rebs, which, for my part, I should manage very badly."

"Well, Crockston, go on."

"Once in the citadel—I know it—I shall see what to do, and rest assured I shall do my best; in the meanwhile, you will be getting your cargo on board."

"Oh! business is now a very unimportant detail," said the captain.

"Not at all! what would your Uncle Vincent say to that? We must join sentiment with work; it will prevent suspicion; but do it quickly. Can you be ready in six days?"

"Yes."

"Let the *Dolphin* be ready to start on the 22nd."

"She shall be ready."

"On the evening of the 22nd of January, you understand, send a shore boat with your best men to White Point, at the end of the town; wait there till nine o'clock, and you will see Mr. Halliburtt and your servant."

"But how will you manage to effect Mr. Halliburtt's deliverance, and also escape yourself?"

"That's my look-out."

"Dear Crockston, you are going to risk your life then to save my father!"

"Don't be uneasy, Miss Jenny, I shall risk absolutely nothing, you may believe me."

"Well," asked James Playfair, "when must I have you locked up?"

"To-day—you understand—I demoralize your crew; there is no time to be lost."

"Would you like any money? it may be of use to you in the citadel."

"Money to buy the jailer! Oh, no! it would be a poor bargain; when one goes there the jailer keeps the money and the prisoner! No! I have surer means than that; however, a few dollars may be useful; one must be able to drink, if needs be."

"And intoxicate the jailer."

"No, an intoxicated jailer would spoil everything. No, I tell you I have an idea, let me work it out."

"Here, my good fellow, are ten dollars."

"It is too much, but I will return what is over."

"Well, then, are you ready?"

"Quite ready to be a downright rogue."

"Let us go to work then."

"Crockston," said the young girl, in a faltering voice, "you are the best man on earth."

"I know it," said the American, laughing good-humor-edly. "By-the-bye, captain, an important item."

"What is that?"

"If the General proposes to hang your rebel—you know that military men like sharp work——"

"Well, Crockston?"

"Well, you will say that you must think about it."

"I promise you I will."

The same day to the great astonishment of the crew, who were not in the secret, Crockston with his feet and hands in irons was taken on shore by a dozen sailors, and half an hour after, by Captain James Playfair's request, he was led through the streets of the town, and in spite of his resistance was imprisoned in the citadel.

During this and the following days the unloading of the *Dolphin* was rapidly accomplished; the steam cranes lifted out the European cargo to make room for the native goods. The people of Charleston, who were present at this interesting work, helped the sailors, whom they held in great respect, but the captain did not leave the brave fellows much time for receiving compliments; he was constantly behind them, and urged them on with a feverish activity, the reason of which even the sailors could not suspect.

Three days later, on the 18th of January, the first bales of cotton began to be packed in the hold: although James Playfair troubled himself no more about it, the firm of Playfair and Company were making an excellent bargain, having obtained the cotton which encumbered the Charleston wharves at very far less than its value.

In the meantime no news had been heard of Crockston. Jenny without saying anything about it was a prey to in-

cessant fears, her pale face spoke to her, and James Playfair endeavored his utmost to ease her mind.

"I have all confidence in Crockston," said he, "he is a devoted servant, as you must know better than I do, Miss Jenny. You must make yourself quite at ease; believe me, in three days you will be folded in your father's arms."

"Ah! Mr. James," cried the young girl, "how can I ever repay you for such devotion? How shall we ever be able to thank you?"

"I will tell you when we are in English seas," replied the young captain.

Jenny raised her tearful face to him for a moment, then her eyelids drooped, and she went back to her cabin.

James Playfair hoped that the young girl would know nothing of her father's terrible situation until he was in safety, but she was apprized of the truth by the involuntary indiscretion of a sailor.

The reply from the Richmond cabinet had arrived by a courier who had been able to pass the line of outposts; the reply contained Jonathan Halliburtt's death warrant. The news of the approaching execution was not long in spreading through the town, and it was brought on board by one of the sailors of the *Dolphin*; the man told the captain, without thinking that Miss Halliburtt was within hearing; the young girl uttered a piercing cry, and fell unconscious on the deck. James Playfair carried her to her cabin, but the most assiduous care was necessary to restore her to life.

When she opened her eyes again, she saw the young captain, who, with a finger on his lips, enjoined absolute silence. With difficulty she repressed the outburst of her grief, and James Playfair, leaning towards her, said gently, "Jenny, in two hours your father will be in safety near you, or I shall have perished in endeavoring to save him!"

Then he left the cabin, saying to himself, "And now he must be carried off at any price, since I must pay for his liberty with my own life and that of my crew."

The hour for action had arrived, the loading of the cotton cargo had been finished since morning; in two hours the ship would be ready to start. James Playfair had left the North Commercial Wharf and gone into the roadstead, so that he was ready to make use of the tide, which would be high at nine o'clock in the evening.

It was seven o'clock when James left the young girl and began to make preparations for departure. Until the present time the secret had been strictly kept between himself, Crockston, and Jenny; but now he thought it wise to inform Mr. Mathew of the situation of affairs, and he did so immediately.

"Very well, sir," replied Mr. Mathew, without making the least remark, "and nine o'clock is the time?"

"Nine o'clock, and have the fires lit immediately, and the steam got up."

"It shall be done, captain."

"The *Dolphin* may remain at anchor; we will cut our moorings and sheer off without losing a moment."

"Just so."

"Have a lantern placed at the mainmast-head; the night is dark, and will be foggy; we must not risk losing our way in returning; you had better have the bell for starting rung at nine o'clock."

"Your orders shall be punctually attended to, captain."

"And now, Mr. Mathew, have a shore-boat manned with six of our best men; I am going to set out directly for 'White Point.' I leave Miss Jenny in your charge, and may God protect us!"

"May God protect us!" repeated the first officer.

Then he immediately gave the necessary orders for the fires to be lighted, and the shore-boat provided with men. In a few minutes the boat was ready, and James Playfair, after bidding Jenny good-by, stepped into it, whilst at the same time, he saw volumes of black smoke issuing from the chimneys of the ship, and losing itself in the fog.

The darkness was profound; the wind had fallen, and in the perfect silence the waters seemed to slumber in the immense harbor, whilst a few uncertain lights glimmered through the mist. James Playfair had taken his place at the rudder, and with a steady hand he guided his boat towards White Point. It was a distance of about two miles; during the day James had taken his bearings perfectly, so that he was able to make direct for Charleston Point.

Eight o'clock struck from the church of St. Philip when the shore-boat ran aground at White Point. There was an hour to wait before the time fixed by Crockston; the

quay was deserted, with the exception of the sentinel pacing to and fro on the south and east batteries. James Playfair grew impatient, and the minutes seemed hours to him.

At half past eight he heard the sound of approaching steps; he left his men with their oars clear and ready to start, and went himself to see who it was; but he had not gone ten feet when he met a band of coast guards, in all about twenty men. James drew his revolver from his waist, deciding to make use of it, if needs be; but what could he do against these soldiers, who were coming on to the quay?

The leader came up to him, and seeing the boat, asked, "Whose craft is that?"

"It is a shore-boat belonging to the *Dolphin*."

"And who are you?"

"Captain James Playfair."

"I thought you had already started, and were now in the Charleston channels."

"I am ready to start. I ought even now to be on my way, but——"

"But——" persisted the coast guard.

A bright idea shot through James's mind, and he answered, "One of my sailors is locked up in the citadel, and to tell the truth I had almost forgotten him; fortunately I thought of him in time, and I have sent my men to bring him."

"Ah! that troublesome fellow; you wish to take him back to England?"

"Yes."

"He might as well be hung here as there," said the coast guard, laughing at his joke.

"So I think," said James Playfair, "but it is better to have the thing done in the regular way."

"Not much chance of that, captain, when you have to face the Morris Island batteries."

"Don't be alarmed. I got in and I'll get out again."

"Prosperous voyage to you!"

"Thank you."

The men went off, and the shore was left silent.

At this moment nine o'clock struck; it was the appointed moment. James felt his heart beat violently; a whistle was heard; he replied to it, then he waited, listening, with his

hand up to enjoin perfect silence on his men; a man appeared enveloped in a large cloak, and looking from one side to another, James ran up to him.

"Mr. Halliburtt?"

"I am he," replied the man with the cloak.

"God be praised!" cried James Playfair; "embark without losing a minute. Where is Crockston?"

"Crockston!" exclaimed Mr. Halliburtt, amazed. "What do you mean?"

"The man who has saved you and brought you here was your servant Crockston."

"The man who came with me was the jailer from the citadel," replied Mr. Halliburtt.

"The jailer!" cried James Playfair.

Evidently he knew nothing about it, and a thousand fears crowded in his mind.

"Quite right, the jailer," cried a well-known voice; "the jailer is sleeping like a top in my cell."

"Crockston! you! can it be you?" exclaimed Mr. Halliburtt.

"No time to talk now, master; we will explain everything to you afterwards; it is a question of life or death. Get in quick!"

The three men took their places in the boat.

"Push off!" cried the captain.

Immediately the six oars dipped into the water; the boat darted through the waters of Charleston Harbor.

CHAPTER IX

"BETWEEN TWO FIRES"

THE boat, pulled by six robust oarsmen, flew over the water. The fog was growing dense, and it was with difficulty that James Playfair succeeded in keeping to the line of his bearings. Crockston sat at the bows, and Mr. Halliburtt at the stern next the captain. The prisoner, only now informed of the presence of his servant, wished to speak to him, but the latter enjoined silence.

However, when they were in the middle of the harbor, Crockston determined to speak, knowing what thoughts were uppermost in Mr. Halliburtt's mind.

“Yes, my dear master,” said he, “the jailer is in my place in the cell, where I gave him two smart blows, one on the head and the other on the stomach, to act as a sleeping draught, and this when he was bringing me my supper; there is gratitude for you. I took his clothes and his keys, found you, and let you out of the citadel, under the soldiers’ noses. That is all I have done.”

“But my daughter——?” asked Mr. Halliburtt.

“Is on board the ship which is to take you to England,” answered Crockston.

“My daughter there! there!” cried the American, springing from his seat.

“Silence!” replied Crockston, “a few minutes, and we shall be saved.”

The boat flew through the darkness, but James Playfair was obliged to steer rather by guess, as the lanterns of the *Dolphin* were no longer visible through the fog. He was undecided what direction to follow, and the darkness was so great that the rowers could not even see to the end of their oars.

“Well, Mr. James?” said Crockston.

“We must have come almost far enough,” replied the captain. “You don’t see anything, Crockston?”

“Nothing; and I have good eyes, but we shall get there all right. They don’t suspect anything out there.”

These words were hardly finished when the flash of a gun gleamed through the darkness, and vanished in the mist.

“A signal!” cried James Playfair.

“Whew!” exclaimed Crockston, “it must have come from the citadel. Let us wait.”

A second, then a third shot was fired in the direction of the first, and almost the same signal was repeated a mile in front of the shore-boat.

“That is from Fort Sumter,” cried Crockston, “and it is the signal of escape. Urge on the men; everything is discovered.”

“Pull for your lives, my men!” cried James Playfair, urging on the sailors, “those gun shots cleared my route. The *Dolphin* is eight hundred yards ahead of us. Stop! I hear the bell on board. Hurrah, there it is again! Twenty pounds for you if we are back in five minutes!”

The boat skimmed over the waves under the sailors’

powerful oars. A cannon boomed in the direction of the town. Crockston heard a ball whiz past them.

The bell on the *Dolphin* was ringing loudly. A few more strokes and the boat was alongside. A few more seconds and Jenny fell into her father's arms.

The shore-boat was immediately raised, and James Playfair sprang onto the poop.

"Is the steam up, Mr. Matthew?"

"Yes, captain."

"Have the moorings cut at once."

A few minutes later the two screws carried the steamer towards the principal channel, away from Fort Sumter.

"Mr. Mathew," said James, "we must not think of taking the Sullivan Island channel; we should run directly under the Confederate guns. Go as near as possible to the right side of the harbor out of range of the Federal batteries. Have you a safe man at the helm?"

"Yes, captain."

"Have the lanterns and the fires on deck extinguished; there is a great deal too much light, but we cannot help the reflection from the engine rooms."

During this conversation the *Dolphin* was going at a great speed; but in altering her course to keep to the right side of the Charleston harbor she was obliged to enter a channel which took her for a moment near Fort Sumter; and when scarcely half a mile off all the guns bearing on her were discharged at the same time, and a shower of shot and shell passed in front of the *Dolphin* with a thundering report.

"Too soon, stupids," cried James Playfair, with a burst of laughter. "Make haste, make haste, Mr. Engineer! We shall get between two fires."

The stokers fed the furnaces, and the *Dolphin* trembled all over with the effort of the engine as if she was on the point of exploding.

At this moment a second report was heard, and another shower of balls whizzed behind the *Dolphin*.

"Too late, stupids," cried the young captain, with a regular roar.

Then Crockston, who was standing on the poop, cried, "That's one passed. A few minutes more, and we shall have done with the Rebs."

“Then do you think we have nothing more to fear from Fort Sumter?” asked James.

“Nothing at all, but everything from Fort Moultrie, at the end of Sullivan Island; but they will only get a chance at us for half a minute, and then they must choose their time well, and shoot straight if they want to reach us. We are getting near.”

“Right; once past Fort Moultrie we can go straight for the principal channel. Fire away then, fire away!”

At the same moment, and as if in obedience to James Playfair, the fort was illuminated by a triple line of lightning. A frightful crash was heard; then a crackling sound on board the steamer.

“Touched this time!” exclaimed Crockston.

“Mr. Mathew!” cried the captain to his second, who was stationed at the bows, “what has been damaged?”

“The bowsprit broken.”

“Any wounded?”

“No, captain.”

“Well, then, the masts may go to Jericho. Straight into the pass! Straight! Steer towards the island.”

“We have passed the Rebs!” cried Crockston; “and if we must have balls in our hull, I prefer the Northerners; they are more easily digested.”

In fact, the *Dolphin* could not yet consider herself out of danger; for if Morris Island was not fortified with the formidable pieces of artillery which were placed there a few months later, nevertheless its guns and mortars could easily have sunk a ship like the *Dolphin*.

The alarm had been given to the Federals on the island, and to the blockading squadron, by the firing from Forts Sumter and Moultrie. The besiegers could not make out the reason of this night attack; it did not seem to be directed against them. However, they were obliged to consider it so, and were ready to reply.

It occupied James Playfair's thoughts whilst making towards the passes of Morris Island; and he had reason to fear, for in a quarter of an hour's time lights gleamed rapidly through the darkness. A shower of small shell fell round the steamer, scattering the water over her bulwarks; some of them even struck the deck of the *Dolphin*, but not on their points, which saved the ship from certain

ruin. In fact, these shells, as it was afterwards discovered, could break into a hundred fragments, and each cover a superficial area of a hundred and twenty square feet with Greek fire, which would burn for twenty minutes, and nothing could extinguish it. One of these shells alone could set a ship on fire. Fortunately for the *Dolphin*, they were a new invention, and as yet far from perfect. Once thrown into the air, a false rotary movement kept them inclined, and, when falling, instead of striking on their points, where is the percussion apparatus, they fell flat. This defect in construction alone saved the *Dolphin*. The falling of these shells did her little harm, and under the pressure of her over-heated boilers she continued to advance into the pass.

At this moment, in spite of orders, Mr. Halliburtt and his daughter went to Playfair on the poop; the latter urged them to return to their cabins, but Jenny declared that she would remain by the captain. As for Mr. Halliburtt, who had just learnt all the noble conduct of his deliverer, he pressed his hand without being able to utter a word.

The *Dolphin* was speeding rapidly towards the open sea. There were only three miles more before she would be in the waters of the Atlantic; if the pass was free at its entrance, she was saved. James Playfair was wonderfully well acquainted with all the secrets of Charleston Bay, and he guided his ship through the darkness with an unerring hand. He was beginning to think his daring enterprise successful, when a sailor on the fore-castle cried, "A ship!"

"A ship?" cried James.

"Yes, on the larboard side."

The fog had cleared off, and a large frigate was seen making towards the pass, in order to obstruct the passage of the *Dolphin*. It was necessary, cost what it might, to distance her, and urge the steam engine to an increase of speed, or all was lost.

"Port the helm at once!" cried the captain.

Then he sprang onto the bridge above the engine. By his orders one of the screws was stopped, and under the action of the other the *Dolphin*, veering with an extraordinary rapidity avoided running foul of the frigate, and advanced like her to the entrance of the pass. It was now a question of speed.

James Playfair understood that in this lay his own safety, Miss Jenny's, her father's, and that of all his crew.

The frigate was considerably in advance of the *Dolphin*. It was evident from the volumes of black smoke issuing from her chimneys that she was getting up her steam. James Playfair was not the man to be left behind.

“How are the engines?” cried he to the engineer.

“At the maximum speed,” replied the latter; “the steam is escaping by all the valves.”

“Fasten them down,” ordered the captain.

And his orders were executed at the risk of blowing up the ship. The *Dolphin* again increased her speed; the pistons worked with frightful rapidity; the metal plates on which the engine was placed trembled under the terrific force of their blows. It was a sight to make the boldest shudder. “More pressure!” cried James Playfair; “put on more pressure!”

“Impossible!” replied the engineer; “the valves are all tightly closed; our furnaces are full up to the mouths.”

“What difference! Fill them with cotton soaked in spirits; we must pass that frigate at any price.”

At these words the most daring of the sailors looked at each other, but did not hesitate. Some bales of cotton were thrown into the engine room, a barrel of spirits broached over them, and this expensive fuel placed, not without danger, in the red-hot furnaces. The stokers could no longer hear each other speak for the roaring of the flames. Soon the metal plates of the furnaces became red-hot; the pistons worked like the pistons of a locomotive; the steam gauge showed a frightful tension; the steamer flew over the water; her boards creaked, and her chimneys threw out volumes of smoke mingled with flames. She was going at a headlong speed, but, nevertheless, she was gaining on the frigate—passed her, distanced her, and in ten minutes was out of the channel.

“Saved!” cried the captain.

“Saved!” echoed the crew, clapping their hands.

Already the Charleston beacon was disappearing in the southwest; the sound of firing from the batteries grew fainter, and it might with reason be thought that the danger was all past, when a shell from a gunboat cruising at large

was hurled whizzing through the air. It was easy to trace its course in a line of fire.

Then was a moment of anxiety impossible to describe: everyone was silent, and each watched fearfully the arch described by the projectile. Nothing could be done to escape it, and in a few seconds it fell with a frightful noise on the foredeck of the *Dolphin*.

The terrified sailors crowded to the stern; no one dared move a step. The fuse burned with a brisk crackle.

But one brave man alone among them ran up to the formidable weapon of destruction. It was Crockston; he took the shell in his strong arms, whilst showers of sparks were falling from it; then, with a superhuman effort, he threw it overboard.

Hardly had the shell reached the surface of the water when it burst with a frightful report.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried the whole crew unanimously, while Crockston rubbed his burned hands.

Some time later the steamer sped rapidly through the waters of the Atlantic; the American coast disappeared in the darkness, while the distant lights shooting across the horizon indicated that the attack was general between the Northern batteries and the forts of Charleston Harbor.

CHAPTER X

ST. MUNGO

THE next day at sunrise the American coast had disappeared; not a ship was visible on the horizon, and the *Dolphin*, moderating the frightful rapidity of her speed, made quietly towards the Bermudas.

It is useless to recount the passage across the Atlantic, which was marked by no accidents, and ten days after the departure from Queenstown the French coast was hailed.

What passed between the captain and the young girl may be imagined, even by the least observant individuals. How could Mr. Halliburtt acknowledge the devotion and courage of his deliverer, if it was not by making him the happiest of men? James Playfair did not wait for English seas to declare to the father and daughter the sentiments which overflowed his heart, and, if Crockston is to be be-

lieved, Miss Jenny received his confession with a happiness she did not try to conceal.

Thus it happened that on the 14th of February, 18—, a numerous crowd was collected in the dim aisles of St. Mungo, the old cathedral of Glasgow. There were seamen, merchants, manufacturers, magistrates, and some of every denomination, gathered here. There was Miss Jenny in bridal array, and beside her the worthy Crockston, resplendent in apple-green clothes, with gold buttons, whilst Uncle Vincent stood proudly by his nephew.

In short, they were celebrating the marriage of James Playfair, of the firm of Vincent Playfair and Company, of Glasgow, with Miss Jenny Halliburtt, of Boston.

The ceremony was accomplished amidst great pomp. Everyone knew the history of the *Dolphin*, and everyone thought the young captain well recompensed for his devotion. He alone said that his reward was greater than he deserved.

In the evening there was a grand ball and banquet at Uncle Vincent's house, with a large distribution of shillings to the crowd collected in Gordon Street. Crockston did ample justice to this memorable feast, while keeping himself perfectly within bounds.

Everyone was happy at this wedding; some at their own happiness, and others at the happiness around them, which is not always the case at ceremonies of this kind.

Late in the evening, when the guests had gone, James Playfair took his uncle's hand. "Well, Uncle Vincent," said he.

"Well, Nephew James?"

"Are you pleased with the charming cargo I brought you on board the *Dolphin*?" continued Captain Playfair, showing him his brave young wife.

"I am quite satisfied," replied the worthy merchant; "I have sold my cotton at three hundred and seventy-five per cent. profit."

Round the World in Eighty Days

Round the World in Eighty Days

CHAPTER I

IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG AND PASSEPARTOUT ACCEPT EACH OTHER AS MASTER AND 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. He never pleaded in the Court of Chancery, nor the Queen's Bench. He was neither a manufacturer, 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 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 anyone 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. 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. 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 traveled? 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 travelers 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 traveled 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 in-

terior. 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 toilet. 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 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 mold 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 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. 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 armchair, 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, 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 newcomer. "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 traveling 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-four 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 Tussaud's good people as lively as my new master!" Madame Tussaud's "good people" are wax figures, much visited in London, 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 misbecome, 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 marvelously 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 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 the 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 anyone.

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 had 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 comb, and it was dressed.

The most meager 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 his 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 his 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, until 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 under 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 having put 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 his 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 fire-place, 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 Falentin, 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 shall put our hands on the robber. Detectives, very skillful 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, 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 anyone 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 six pence, 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 anyone 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 skillful, 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 travelers.

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. 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.

The 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 skillful 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 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
	<hr/>
	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," replied Mr. Fogg.

"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 bed-room. 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.

“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 woolen shirts and three pairs of stockings. The same for you. We will purchase on the way. You may bring down my mackintosh and traveling 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 home-body!

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 a 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 traveler, 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 accumulation 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 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.

"Rowan, Commissioner of Police, Scotland Yard: 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 examined. 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. 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 quite 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, who 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 travelers taking the Suez route, and if one of them seemed suspicious 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. 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, "that this vessel cannot be behind time?"

"No, Mr. Fix," replied the Consul. "She was signaled yesterday off Port Said, and the one hundred and sixty kilometers 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 Mr. 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."

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. 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 were 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 *visa*. 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 wharf 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 *wise* it."

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

"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 *visa* 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 Phileas 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 *visa* 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 *visa* 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, 158 1-2: or in days, 6 1-2 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, London, 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 traveling 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-Elysées!"

"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 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! The deuce! I must 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 *visa*?"

"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 uttered these words, the detective took leave of the Consul, and repaired to the telegraph office. Thence he telegraphed to the commissioner of the metropolitan police, as we have already seen. A quarter of an hour later Fix, with his light baggage in his hand, and well supplied with money, went on board the *Mongolia*. 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 of Ceylon.

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 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 toilet 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 engine, 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 impassible 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, 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 rejoining 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, 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 barroom of the *Mongolia*, a few glasses of whisky 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. 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 *visa* 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 fortifica-

tions 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 to see anything new."

At six o'clock P. M. the *Mongolia* was plowing 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, and 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 maneuver, 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, the 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 employes; 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 traveled 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 mainland opposite Tannah, crosses the chain of the Western Ghauts, runs to the northeast as far as Burhampour, goes through the nearly independent territory of Bundelkond, 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 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 gible of "native rabbit," of which he spoke in the highest terms. Phileas Fogg accepted the gible 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 travelers!”

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 metropolitan 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 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’s 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 great 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 wonderfully 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 traveler, 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 stockings, 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 purchase, 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 travelers, 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 traveler 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 rejoining 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, 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 In-

dian country, if Phileas Fogg had been the man to ask for such things. But this gentleman was not asking anything. He was not traveling, he was describing a circumference. He was a heavy body, traversing an orbit around the terrestrial globe, according to the laws of rational mechanics. At this moment he was going over in his mind the calculations of the hours consumed since his departure from London, and he would have rubbed his hands, if it had been in his nature to make a useless movement.

Sir Francis Cromarty had recognized the originality of his traveling companion, although he had only studied him with his cards in his hands, and between two rubbers. He was ready to ask whether a human heart beat beneath this cold exterior, whether Phileas Fogg had a soul alive to the beauties of nature and to moral aspirations. That was the question for him. Of all the oddities the general had met, none were to be compared to this product of the exact sciences. Phileas Fogg had not kept secret from Sir Francis Cromarty his plan for a tour around the world, nor the conditions under which he was carrying it out. The general saw in this bet only an eccentricity without a useful aim, and which was wanting necessarily in the *transire benefaciendo* which ought to guide every reasonable man. In the manner in which this singular gentleman was moving on, he would evidently be doing nothing, either for himself or for others.

An hour after having left Bombay, the train, crossing the viaducts, had left behind the Island of Salcette and reached the mainland. At the station Callyan, it left to the right the branch which, via Kandallah and Pounah descends towards the southeast of India, and reaches the station Panwell. At this point, it became entangled in the defiles of the Western Ghaut mountains, with bases of trappe and basalt, whose highest summits are covered with thick woods.

From time to time, Sir Francis Cromarty and Phileas Fogg exchanged a few words, and at this moment the general, recommencing a conversation which frequently lagged, said, "A few years ago, Mr. Fogg, you would have experienced at this point a delay which would have probably interrupted your journey."

"Why so, Sir Francis?"

"Because the railway stopped at the base of these moun-

tains, which had to be crossed in a palanquin or on a pony's back as far as the station of Kandallah, on the opposite slope."

"That delay would not have deranged my programme," replied Mr. Fogg. "I would have foreseen the probability of certain obstacles."

"But, Mr. Fogg," replied the general, "you are in danger of having a bad business on your hands with this young man's adventure."

Passepartout, with his feet wrapped up in his cloak, was sleeping soundly, and did not dream that they were talking about him. "The English government is extremely severe, and rightly, for this kind of trespass," continued Sir Francis. "It insists, above all things, that the religious customs of the Hindoos shall be respected, and if your servant had been taken——"

"Yes, *if* he had been taken, Sir Francis," replied Mr. Fogg, "he would have been sentenced, he would have undergone his punishment, and then he would have quietly returned to Europe. I do not see how this matter could have delayed his master!"

And, thereupon, the conversation stopped again. During the night, the train crossed the Ghauts, passed on to Nasik, and the next day, the 21st of October, it was hurrying across a comparatively flat country, formed by the Khan-deish territory. The country, well cultivated, was strewn with small villages, above which the minaret of the pagoda took the place of the steeple of the European church. Numerous small streams, principally tributaries of the Godavery, irrigated this fertile country.

Passepartout having waked up, looked around, and could not believe that he was crossing the country of the Hindoos in a train of the Great Peninsular Railway. It appeared improbable to him. And yet there was nothing more real! The locomotive, guided by the arm of an English engineer and heated with English coal, was puffing out its smoke over plantations of cotton trees, coffee, nutmeg, clove, and red pepper. The steam twisted itself into spirals about groups of palms, between which appeared picturesque bungalows, a few viharis (a sort of abandoned monasteries), and wonderful temples enriched by the inexhaustible ornament of Indian architecture. Then immense reaches of country

stretched out of sight, jungles, in which were not wanting snakes and tigers whom the noise of the train did not frighten, and finally forests cut through by the route of the road, still the haunts of elephants, which, with a pensive eye, looked at the train as it passed so rapidly.

During the morning, beyond the station of Malligaum, the travelers traversed that fatal territory, which was so frequently drenched with blood by the sectaries of the goddess Kali. Not far off rose Ellora and its splendid pagodas, and the celebrated Aurungabad, the capital of the ferocious Aureng-Zeb, now simply the principal place of one of the provinces detached from the kingdom of Nizam. It was over this country that Feringhea, the chief of the Thugs, the king of stranglers, exercised his dominion. These assassins, united in an association that could not be reached, strangled, in honor of the goddess of death, victims of every age, without ever shedding blood, and there was a time when the ground could not be dug up anywhere in this neighborhood without finding a corpse. The English government has been able, in great part, to prevent these murders, but the horrible organization exists yet, and carries on its operations.

At half past twelve, the train stopped at the station at Burhampour, and Passepartout was able to obtain for gold a pair of Indian slippers, ornamented with false pearls, which he put on with an evident show of vanity. The travelers took a hasty breakfast, and started again for Assurghur, after having for a moment stopped upon the shore of the Tapy, a small river emptying into the Gulf of Cambay, near Surat.

It is opportune to mention the thoughts with which Passepartout was busied. Until his arrival at Bombay, he had thought that matters would go no farther. But now that he was hurrying at full speed across India, his mind had undergone a change. His natural feelings came back to him with a rush. He felt again the fanciful ideas of his youth, he took seriously his master's plans, he believed in the reality of the bet, and consequently in this tour of the world, and in this maximum of time which could not be exceeded. Already he was disturbed at the possible delays, the accidents which might occur upon the route. He felt interested in the wager, and trembled at the thought that he

might have compromised it the evening before by his unpardonable foolishness, so that, much less phlegmatic than Mr. Fogg, he was much more uneasy. He counted and recounted the days that had passed, cursed the stopping of the train, accused it of slowness, and blamed Mr. Fogg *in petto* for not having promised a reward to the engineer. The good fellow did not know that what was possible upon a steamer was not on a railway train, whose speed is regulated.

Towards evening they entered the defiles of the mountains of Sutpour, which separate the territory of Khandeish from that of Bundelcund.

The next day, the 22nd of October, Passepartout, having consulted his watch, replied to a question of Sir Francis Cromarty that it was three o'clock in the morning. In fact, this famous watch, always regulated by the meridian of Greenwich, which is nearly seventy-seven degrees west, ought to be and was four hours slow.

Sir Francis then corrected the hour given by Passepartout, and added the same remark that the latter had already heard from Fix. He tried to make him understand that he ought to regulate his watch on each new meridian, and that since he was constantly going towards the east, that is, in the face of the sun, the days were shorter by as many times four minutes as he had crossed degrees. It was useless. Whether the stubborn fellow had understood the remarks of the general or not, he persisted in not putting his watch ahead, which he kept always at London time. An innocent madness at any rate, which could hurt no one.

At eight o'clock in the morning, and fifteen miles before they reached Rothal, the train stopped in the midst of an immense opening, on the edge of which were some bungalows and workmen's huts. The conductor of the train passed along the cars calling out, "The passengers will get out here!"

Phileas Fogg looked at Sir Francis Cromarty, who appeared not to understand this stop in the midst of a forest of tamarinds and acacias. Passepartout not less surprised, rushed onto the track and returned almost immediately, crying: "Monsieur, no more railway!"

"What do you mean?" asked Sir Francis Cromarty.

"I mean that the train goes no farther!"

The brigadier general immediately got out of the car. Phileas Fogg, in no hurry, followed him. Both spoke to the conductor.

"Where are we?" asked Sir Francis Cromarty.

"At the hamlet of Kholby," replied the conductor.

"We stop here?"

"Without doubt. The railway is not finished——"

"How! It is not finished?"

"No! There is still a section of fifty miles to construct between this point and Allahabad, where the track commences again."

"But the papers have announced the opening of the entire line."

"But, general, the papers were mistaken."

"And you give tickets from Bombay to Calcutta!" replied Sir Francis Cromarty, who was beginning to be excited.

"Of course," replied the conductor; "but travelers know very well that they have to be otherwise transported from Kholby to Allahabad."

Sir Francis Cromarty was furious. Passepartout would have willingly knocked the conductor down who could not help himself. He did not dare look at his master.

"Sir Francis," said Mr. Fogg simply, "we will go, if you will be kind enough, to see about some way of reaching Allahabad."

"Mr. Fogg, this is a delay absolutely prejudicial to your interests!"

"No, Sir Francis, it was provided for."

"What, did you know that the railway——"

"By no means, but I knew that some obstacle or other would occur sooner or later upon my route. Now, nothing is interfered with. I have gained two days which I can afford to lose. A steamer leaves Calcutta for Hong Kong at noon on the 25th. This is only the 23d, and we shall arrive at Calcutta in time."

Nothing could be said in reply to such complete certainty as this.

It was only too true that the finished portion of the railway stopped at this point. The newspapers are like certain watches which have a mania for getting ahead of time, and they had announced the finishing of the line prematurely.

The most of the passengers knew of this break in the line, and descending from the train, they examined the vehicles of all sorts in the village, four-wheeled palkigharis, carts drawn by zebus, a sort of ox with humps, traveling cars resembling walking pagodas, palanquins, ponies, etc. Mr. Fogg and Sir Francis Cromarty, after having hunted through the entire village, returned without having found anything.

"I shall go on foot," said Mr. Fogg.

Passepartout, who had then rejoined his master, made a significant grimace, looking down at his magnificent but delicate slippers. Very fortunately, he had also been hunting for something, and hesitating a little, he said:

"Monsieur, I believe I have found a means of conveyance."

"What?"

"An elephant, belonging to an Indian living a hundred steps from here."

"Let us go to see the elephant," replied Mr. Fogg. Five minutes later, Phileas Fogg, Sir Francis Cromarty, and Passepartout arrived at a hut which was against an enclosure of high palisades. In the hut there was an Indian, and in the enclosure an elephant. Upon their demand, the Indian took Mr. Fogg and his two companions into the enclosure.

They found there a half-tamed animal, which his owner was raising, not to hire out, but as a beast of combat. To this end he had commenced to modify the naturally mild character of the animal in a manner to lead him gradually to that paroxysm of rage called "mutsh" in the Hindoo language, and that by feeding him for three months with sugar and butter. This treatment may not seem the proper one to obtain such a result, but it is none the less employed with success by their keepers.

Kiouni, the animal's name, could, like all his fellows, go rapidly on a long march, and in default of other conveyance, Phileas Fogg determined to employ him. But elephants are very expensive in India, where they are beginning to get scarce. The males, which alone are fit for circus feats, are very much sought for. These animals are rarely reproduced when they are reduced to the tame state, so that they can be obtained only by hunting. So they are the object

of extreme care, and when Mr Fogg asked the Indian if he would hire him his elephant he flatly refused.

Fogg persisted and offered an excessive price for the animal, ten pounds per hour. Refused. Twenty pounds. Still refused. Forty pounds. Refused again. Passepartout jumped at every advance in price. But the Indian would not be tempted. The sum was a handsome one, however. Admitting the elephant to be employed fifteen hours to reach Allahabad, it was six hundred pounds earned for his owner.

Phileas Fogg, without being at all excited, proposed then to the Indian to buy his animal, and offered him at first one thousand pounds. The Indian would not sell! Perhaps the rogue scented a large transaction.

Sir Francis Cromarty took Mr. Fogg aside and begged him to reflect before going further. Phileas Fogg replied to his companion that he was not in the habit of acting without reflection, that a bet of twenty thousand pounds was at stake, that this elephant was necessary to him, and that, should he pay twenty times his value, he would have this elephant.

Mr. Fogg went again for the Indian, whose small eyes, lit up with greed, showed that with him it was only a question of price. Phileas Fogg offered successively twelve hundred, fifteen hundred, eighteen hundred, and finally two thousand pounds. Passepartout, so rosy ordinarily, was pale with emotion.

At two thousand pounds the Indian gave up.

"By my slippers," cried Passepartout, "here is a magnificent price for elephant meat!"

The business concluded, all that was necessary was to find a guide. That was easier. A young Parsee, with an intelligent face, offered his services. Mr. Fogg accepted him, and offered him a large reward to sharpen his wits. The elephant was brought out and equipped without delay. The Parsee understood perfectly the business of "mahout," or elephant driver. He covered with a sort of saddle cloth the back of the elephant, and put on each flank two kinds of rather uncomfortable howdahs.

Phileas Fogg paid the Indian in bank notes taken from the famous carpet bag. It seemed as if they were taken from Passepartout's very vitals. Then Mr. Fogg offered

to Sir Francis Cromarty to convey him to Allahabad. The general accepted; one passenger more was not enough to tire this enormous animal. Some provisions were bought at Kholby. Sir Francis Cromarty took a seat in one of the howdahs, Phileas Fogg in the other. Passepartout got astride the animal, between his master and the brigadier general. The Parsee perched upon the elephant's neck, and at nine o'clock the animal, leaving the village, penetrated the thick forest of palm trees.

CHAPTER XII

IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG AND HIS COMPANIONS VENTURE THROUGH THE FORESTS OF INDIA, AND WHAT FOLLOWS

THE guide, in order to shorten the distance to be gone over, left to his right the line of the road, the construction of which was still in process. This line, very crooked, owing to the capricious ramifications of the Vindhia mountains, did not follow the shortest route, which it was Phileas Fogg's interest to take. The Parsee, very familiar with the roads and paths of the country, thought to gain twenty miles by cutting through the forest, and they submitted to him.

Phileas Fogg and Sir Francis Cromarty, plunged to their necks in their howdahs, were much shaken up by the rough trot of the elephant, whom his mahout urged into a rapid gait. But they bore it with the peculiar British apathy, talking very little, and scarcely seeing each other.

As for Passepartout, perched upon the animal's back, and directly subjected to the swaying from side to side, he took care, upon his master's recommendation, not to keep his tongue between his teeth, as it would have been cut short off. The good fellow, at one time thrown forward on the elephant's neck, at another thrown back upon his rump, was making leaps like a clown on a spring-board. But he joked and laughed in the midst of his somersaults, and from time to time he would take from his bag a lump of sugar, which the intelligent Kiouni took with the end of his trunk, without interrupting for an instant his regular trot.

After two hours' march the guide stopped the elephant

and gave him an hour's rest. The animal devoured branches of trees and shrubs, first having quenched his thirst at a neighboring pond. Sir Francis Cromarty did not complain of this halt. He was worn out. Mr. Fogg appeared as if he had just got out of bed.

"But he is made of iron!" said the brigadier general, looking at him with admiration.

"Of wrought iron," replied Passepartout, who was busy preparing a hasty breakfast.

At noon, the guide gave the signal for starting. The country soon assumed a very wild aspect. To the large forests there succeeded copses of tamarinds and dwarf palms, then vast, arid plains, bristling with scanty shrubs, and strewn with large blocks of syenites. All this part of upper Bundelcund, very little visited by travelers, is inhabited by a fanatical population, hardened in the most terrible practices of the Hindoo religion. The government of the English could not have been regularly established over a territory subject to the influence of the rajahs, whom it would have been difficult to reach in their inaccessible retreats in the Vindhias.

They were descending the last declivities of the Vindhias. Kiouni had resumed his rapid gait. Towards noon, the guide went round the village of Kallenger, situated on the Cani, one of the tributaries of the Ganges. He always avoided inhabited places, feeling himself safer in those desert, open stretches of country which mark the first depressions of the basin of the great river. Allahabad was not twelve miles to the northeast. Halt was made under a clump of banana trees, whose fruit, as healthy as bread, "as succulent as cream," travelers say, was very much appreciated.

At two o'clock, the guide entered the shelter of a thick forest, which he had to traverse for a space of several miles. He preferred to travel thus under cover of the woods. At all events, up to this moment there had been no unpleasant meeting, and it seemed as if the journey would be accomplished without accident, when the elephant, showing some signs of uneasiness, suddenly stopped.

It was then four o'clock.

"What is the matter?" asked Sir Francis Cromarty, raising his head above his howdah.

"I do not know, officer," replied the Parsee, listening to a confused murmur which came through the thick branches.

A few moments after, this murmur became more defined. It might have been called a concert, still very distant, of human voices and brass instruments.

Passepartout was all eyes, all ears. Mr. Fogg waited patiently, without uttering a word.

The Parsee jumped down, fastened the elephant to a tree, and plunged into the thickest of the undergrowth. A few minutes later he returned, saying:

"A Brahmin procession is coming this way. If it is possible, let us avoid being seen."

The guide unfastened the elephant, and led him into a thicket, recommending the travelers not to descend. He held himself ready to mount the elephant quickly, should flight become necessary. But he thought that the troop of the faithful would pass without noticing him, for the thickness of the foliage entirely concealed him.

The discordant noise of voices and instruments approached. Monotonous chants were mingled with the sound of the drums and cymbals. Soon the head of the procession appeared from under the trees, at fifty paces from the spot occupied by Mr. Fogg and his companions. Through the branches they readily distinguished the curious *personnel* of this religious ceremony.

In the first line were the priests, with miters upon their heads and attired in long robes adorned with gold and silver lace. They were surrounded by men, women, and children, who were singing a sort of funeral psalmody, interrupted at regular intervals by the beating of tam-tams and cymbals. Behind them on a car with large wheels, whose spokes and felloes represented serpents intertwined, appeared a hideous statue, drawn by two pairs of richly caparisoned zebus. This statue had four arms, its body colored with dark red, its eyes haggard, its hair tangled, its tongue hanging out, its lips colored with henna and betel. Its neck was encircled by a collar of skulls, around its waist a girdle of human hands. It was erect upon a prostrate giant, whose head was missing.

Sir Francis Cromarty recognized this statue.

"The goddess Kali," he murmured; "the goddess of love and death."

"Of death, I grant, but of love, never!" said Passepartout. "The ugly old woman!"

The Parsee made him a sign to keep quiet.

Around the statue there was a group of old fakirs jumping and tossing themselves about convulsively. Smearred with bands of ochre, covered with cross-like cuts, whence their blood escaped drop by drop—stupid fanatics, who, in the great Hindoo ceremonies, precipitated themselves under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut.

Behind them, some Brahmins in all the magnificence of their Oriental costume, were dragging a woman who could hardly hold herself erect.

This woman was young, and as fair as a European. Her head, her neck, her shoulders, her ears, her arms, her hands, and her toes were loaded down with jewels, necklaces, bracelets, earrings, and finger rings. A tunic, embroidered with gold, covered with a light muslin, displayed the outlines of her form.

Behind this young woman—a violent contrast for the eyes—were guards, armed with naked sabers fastened to their girdles and long damaskeened pistols, carrying a corpse upon a palanquin.

It was the body of an old man, dressed in the rich garments of a rajah, having, as in life, his turban embroidered with pearls, his robe woven of silk and gold, his sash of cashmere ornamented with diamonds, and his magnificent arms as an Indian prince.

Then, musicians and a rear guard of fanatics, whose cries sometimes drowned the deafening noise of the instruments, closed up the cortege.

Sir Francis Cromarty looked at all this pomp with a singularly sad air, and turning to the guide, he said: "A suttee?"

The Parsee made an affirmative sign and put his fingers on his lips. The long procession slowly came out from the trees, and soon the last of it disappeared in the depths of the forest.

Little by little the chanting died out. There were still the sounds of distant cries, and finally a profound silence.

Phileas Fogg had heard the word uttered by Sir Francis Cromarty, and as soon as the procession had disappeared, he asked, "What is a suttee?"

"A suttee, Mr. Fogg," replied the brigadier general, "is a human sacrifice, but a voluntary sacrifice. The woman that you have just seen will be burned to-morrow in the early part of the day."

"Oh, the villains!" cried Passepartout, who could not prevent this cry of indignation.

"And this corpse?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"It is that of the prince, her husband," replied the guide, "an independent rajah of Bundelcund."

"How," replied Phileas Fogg, without his voice betraying the least emotion, "do these barbarous customs still exist in India, and have not the English been able to extirpate them?"

"In the largest part of India," replied Sir Francis Cromarty, "these sacrifices do not come to pass; but we have no influence over these wild countries, and particularly over this territory of Bundelcund. All the northern slope of the Vindhias is the scene of murders and incessant robberies."

"The unfortunate woman," murmured Passepartout, "burned alive!"

"Yes," replied the general, "burned, and if she was not you would not believe to what a miserable condition she would be reduced by her near relatives. They would shave her hair; they would scarcely feed her with a few handfuls of rice; they would repulse her; she would be considered as an unclean creature, and would die in some corner like a sick dog. So that the prospect of this frightful existence frequently drives these unfortunates to the sacrifice much more than love or religious fanaticism. Sometimes, however, the sacrifice is really voluntary and the energetic intervention of the government is necessary to prevent it. Some years ago, I was living at Bombay, when a young widow came to the governor to ask his authority for her to be burned with the body of her husband. As you may think, the governor refused. Then the widow left the city, took refuge with an independent rajah, and there she accomplished the sacrifice."

During the narrative of the general, the guide shook his head, and when he was through, said: "The sacrifice which takes place to-morrow is not voluntary."

"How do you know?"

"It is a story which everybody in Bundelcund knows," replied the guide.

"But this unfortunate did not seem to make any resistance," remarked Sir Francis Cromarty.

"Because she was intoxicated with the fumes of hemp and opium."

"But where are they taking her?"

"To the pagoda of Pillaji, two miles from here. There she will pass the night in waiting for the sacrifice."

"And this sacrifice will take place——?"

"At the first appearance of day."

After this answer, the guide brought the elephant out of the dense thicket, and jumped on his neck. But at the moment that he was going to start him off by a peculiar whistle, Mr. Fogg stopped him and addressing Sir Francis Cromarty, said: "If we could save this woman!"

"Save this woman, Mr. Fogg!" cried the brigadier general.

"I have still twelve hours to spare. I can devote them to her."

"Why, you are a man of heart!" said Sir Francis Cromarty.

"Sometimes," replied Phileas Fogg simply, "when I have time."

CHAPTER XIII

IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT PROVES AGAIN THAT FORTUNE SMILES UPON THE BOLD

THE design was bold, full of difficulties, perhaps impracticable. Mr. Fogg was going to risk his life, or at least his liberty, and consequently the success of his plans, but he did not hesitate. He found, besides, a decided ally in Sir Francis Cromarty. As to Passepartout, he was ready and could be depended upon. His master's idea excited him. He felt that there was a heart and soul under this icy covering. He almost loved Phileas Fogg.

Then there was the guide. What part would he take in the matter? Would he not be with the Indians? In default of his aid, it was at least necessary to be sure of his neutrality. Sir Francis Cromarty put the question to him frankly.

"Officer," replied the guide, "I am a Parsee, and that woman is a Parsee. Make use of me."

"Very well, guide," replied Mr. Fogg.

"However, do you know," replied the Parsee, "that we not only risk our lives, but horrible punishments if we are taken. So see."

"That is seen," replied Mr. Fogg. "I think that we shall have to wait for night to act?"

"I think so too," replied the guide. The brave Hindoo then gave some details as to the victim. She was an Indian of celebrated beauty, of the Parsee race, the daughter of a rich merchant of Bombay. She had received in that city an absolutely English education, and from her manners and cultivation she would have been thought a European. Her name was Aouda.

An orphan, she was married against her will to this old rajah of Bundelcund. Three months after she was a widow. Knowing the fate that awaited her, she fled, was retaken immediately, and the relatives of the rajah, who had an interest in her death, devoted her to this sacrifice from which it seemed that she could not escape.

This narrative could only strengthen Mr. Fogg and his companions in their generous resolution. It was decided that the guide should turn the elephant towards the pagoda of Pillaji, which he should approach as near as possible. A half hour afterwards a halt was made under a thick clump of trees, five hundred paces from the pagoda, which they could not see, but they heard distinctly the yellings of the fanatics.

The means of reaching the victim were then discussed. The guide was acquainted with the pagoda, in which he asserted that the young woman was imprisoned. Could they enter by one of the doors, when the whole band was plunged in the sleep of drunkenness, or would they have to make a hole through the wall? This could be decided only at the moment and the place. But there could be no doubt that the abduction must be accomplished this very night, and not when, daylight arrived, the victim would be led to the sacrifice. Then no human intervention could save her.

Mr. Fogg and his companions waited for night. As soon as the shadows fell, towards six o'clock in the evening, they determined to make a reconnoissance around the pagoda.

The last cries of the fakirs had died out. According to their customs, these Indians were plunged in the heavy intoxication of "hang," liquid opium mixed with an infusion of hemp, and it would perhaps be possible to slip in between them to the temple.

The Parsee guiding, Mr. Fogg, Sir Francis Cromarty, and Passepartout advanced noiselessly through the forest. After ten minutes' creeping under the branches, they arrived on the edge of a small river, and there by the light of iron torches at the end of which was burning pitch, they saw a pile of wood. It was the funeral pile, made of costly sandal wood, and already saturated with perfumed oil. On its upper part the embalmed body of the rajah was resting, which was to be burned at the same time as his widow. At one hundred paces from this pile rose the pagoda whose minarets in the darkness pierced the tops of the trees. "Come!" said the guide in a low voice.

Soon the guide stopped at the end of a clearing, lit up by a few torches. The ground was covered with groups of sleepers, heavy with drunkenness.

In the background, among the trees, the temple of Pillaji stood out indistinctly. But to the great disappointment of the guide, the guards of the rajahs lighted by smoky torches, were watching at the doors, and pacing up and down with drawn sabers. Phileas Fogg and Sir Francis Cromarty understood as well as himself that they could attempt nothing on this side. They stopped and talked together in a low tone.

"Let us wait," said the brigadier general, "it is not eight o'clock yet, and it is possible that these guards may succumb to sleep."

"That is possible, indeed," replied the Parsee.

Phileas Fogg and his companions stretched themselves out at the foot of a tree and waited. They waited thus until midnight. The situation did not change. The same watching outside. It was evident that they could not count on the drowsiness of the guards.

After a final conversation, the guide said he was ready to start. Mr. Fogg, Sir Francis, and Passepartout followed him. They made a pretty long detour, so as to reach the pagoda by the rear. About a half hour past midnight they arrived at the foot of the walls.

But it was not sufficient to reach the foot of the walls, it was necessary to make an opening there. For this operation Phileas Fogg and his companions had nothing at all but their pocket-knives. Fortunately, the temple walls were composed of a mixture of bricks and wood, which could not be difficult to make a hole through. The first brick once taken out, the others would easily follow. They went at it, making as little noise as possible. The Parsee, from one side, and Passepartout, from the other, worked to unfasten the bricks, so as to get an opening two feet wide.

The work was progressing, but—unfortunate mischance—some guards showed themselves at the rear of the pagoda, and established themselves there so as to hinder an approach.

It would be difficult to describe the disappointment of these four men, stopped in their work. "What can we do but leave?" asked the general in a low voice.

"We can only leave," replied the guide.

"Wait," said Fogg. "It will do if I reach Allahabad to-morrow before noon."

"But what hope have you?" replied Sir Francis Cromarty. "It will soon be daylight, and——"

"The chances which escape us now may return at the last moment."

The general would have liked to read Phileas Fogg's eyes. What was this cold-blooded Englishman counting on? Would he, at the moment of the sacrifice, rush towards the young woman, and openly tear her from her murderers?

That would have been madness, and how could it be admitted that this man was mad to this degree? Nevertheless, Sir Francis Cromarty consented to wait until the denouement of this terrible scene. The guide did not leave his companions at the spot where they had hid, but took them back to the foreground of the clearing. There, sheltered by a clump of trees, they could watch the sleeping groups.

In the meantime Passepartout, perched upon the lower branches of a tree, was meditating an idea which had first crossed his mind like a flash, and which finally imbedded itself in his brain. He had commenced by saying to himself, "What madness!" and now he repeated, "Why not, after all? It is a chance, perhaps the only one, and with such brutes——"

At all events, Passepartout did not put his thought into any other shape, but he was not slow in sliding down, with the ease of a snake, on the lower branches of the tree, the end of which bent toward the ground.

The hours were passing, and soon a few less somber shades announced the approach of day. It was like a resurrection in this slumbering crowd. The groups wakened up. The beating of tam-tams sounded, songs and cries burst out anew. The hour had come in which the unfortunate was to die.

The doors of the pagoda were now opened. A more intense light came from the interior. Mr. Fogg and Sir Francis could see the victim, all lighted up, whom two priests were dragging to the outside. It seemed to them that, shaking off the drowsiness of intoxication by the highest instinct of self-preservation, the unfortunate woman was trying to escape from her executioners. Sir Francis's heart throbbed violently, and with a convulsive movement seizing Phileas Fogg's hand, he felt that it held an open knife.

The young woman had fallen again into the stupor produced by the fumes of the hemp. She passed between the fakirs, who escorted her with their religious cries. Phileas Fogg and his companions followed her, mingling with the rear ranks of the crowd.

Two minutes after, they arrived at the edge of the river, and stopped less than fifty paces from the funeral pile, upon which was lying the rajah's body. In the semi-obscurity, they saw the victim, motionless, stretched near her husband's corpse. Then a torch was brought, and the wood, impregnated with oil, soon took fire.

At this moment, Sir Francis Cromarty and the guide held back Phileas Fogg, who in an impulse of generous madness, was going to rush toward the pile.

But Phileas Fogg had already pushed them back, when the scene changed suddenly. A cry of terror arose. The whole crowd, frightened, cast themselves upon the ground.

The old rajah was not dead, then; he was seen suddenly rising upright, like a phantom, raising the young woman in his arms, descending from the pile in the midst of the clouds of smoke which gave him a spectral appearance.

The fakirs, the priests, overwhelmed with a sudden fear, were prostrate, their faces to the ground, not daring to raise

their eyes, and look at such a miracle! The inanimate victim was held by the vigorous arms carrying her, without seeming to be much of a weight. Mr. Fogg and Sir Francis had remained standing. The Parsee had bowed his head, and Passepartout, without doubt, was not less stupefied.

The resuscitated man came near the spot where Mr. Fogg and Sir Francis Cromarty were, and said shortly, "Let us be off!"

It was Passepartout himself who had slipped to the pile in the midst of the thick smoke! It was Passepartout who, profiting by the great darkness still prevailing, had rescued the young woman from death! It was Passepartout who, playing his part with the boldest good-luck, passed out in the midst of the general fright!

An instant after the four disappeared in the woods, and the elephant took them onwards with a rapid trot. Cries, shouts, and even a bullet, piercing Phileas Fogg's hat, apprised them that the stratagem had been discovered.

Indeed, on the burning pile still lay the body of the old rajah. The priests, recovered from their fright, learned that the abduction had taken place. They immediately rushed into the forest. The guards followed them. Shots were fired; but the abductors fled rapidly, and, in a few moments they were out of range of balls or arrows.

CHAPTER XIV

IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG DESCENDS THE ENTIRE SPLENDID
VALLEY OF THE GANGES WITHOUT EVER THINKING
OF LOOKING AT IT

THE bold abduction had succeeded. An hour after Passepartout was still laughing at his success. Sir Francis Cromarty grasped the hand of the brave fellow. His master said to him, "Good," which in that gentleman's mouth was equivalent to high praise. To which Passepartout replied that all the honor of the affair belonged to his master. As for himself he had only had a "droll" idea, and he laughed in thinking that for a few moments he, Passepartout, the former gymnast, the ex-sergeant of firemen, had been the widower of a charming woman, an old embalmed rajah!

As for the young Indian widow, she had no knowledge of

what had passed. Wrapped up in traveling cloaks, she was resting in one of the howdahs.

Meanwhile the elephant, guided with the greatest certainty by the Parsee, moved on rapidly through the still dark forest. One hour after having left the pagoda of Pillaji, he shot across an immense plain. At seven o'clock they halted. The young woman was still in a state of complete prostration. The guide made her drink a few swallows of water and brandy, but the stupefying influence which overwhelmed her continued for some time longer. Sir Francis Cromarty, who knew the effects of intoxication produced by inhalation of the fumes of hemp, had no uneasiness on her account.

But if the restoration of the young woman was not a question in the general's mind, he was not less assured for the future. He did not hesitate to say to Phileas Fogg that if Aouda remained in India, she would inevitably fall again into the hands of her executioners. These fanatics were scattered throughout the entire peninsula, and notwithstanding the English police, they would certainly be able to recapture their victim, whether at Madras, at Bombay, or at Calcutta. And in support of this remark, Sir Francis quoted a fact of the same nature which had recently transpired. According to his view, the young woman would really not be safe until after leaving India. Phileas Fogg replied that he would note these remarks and think them over.

Towards ten o'clock the guide announced the station of Allahabad. The interrupted line of the railway recommenced there, whence trains traverse, in less than a day and a night, the distance separating Allahabad from Calcutta.

Phileas Fogg ought then to arrive in time to take a steamer which would not leave until the next day, October 25, at noon, for Hong Kong.

The young woman was placed in a waiting-room of the station. Passepartout was directed to purchase for her various articles of dress, such as a robe, shawl, furs, etc., whatever he could find. His master opened an unlimited credit for him.

Passepartout went out immediately and ran through the streets of the city. Allahabad, that is, the "City of God," is one of the most venerated of India, on account of its be-

ing built at the junction of two sacred rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna, whose waters attract pilgrims from the whole peninsula. It is said also that, according to the legends of the Ramayana, the Ganges takes its source in the heavens, whence, thanks to Brahma, it descends upon the earth.

In making his purchases, Passepartout had soon seen the city, at one time defended by a magnificent fort, which has become a State prison. There are no more commerce and no more manufactures in this city, formerly a manufacturing and commercial point. Passepartout, who vainly sought a variety shop, such as there was in Regent street, a few steps off from Farmer & Co., found only at a second-hand dealer's, an old whimsical Jew, the objects which he needed—a dress of Scotch stuff, a large mantle, and a magnificent otter-skin pelisse, for which he did not hesitate to pay seventy-five pounds. Then, quite triumphant, he returned to the station.

Aouda commenced to revive. The influence to which the priests of Pillaji had subjected her, disappeared by degrees, and her beautiful eyes resumed all their Indian softness.

When the poet-king, Ucaf Uddaul celebrates the charms of the Queen of Ahemhnagara, he thus expresses himself, "Her shining tresses, regularly divided into two parts, encircle the harmonious outlines of her delicate and white cheeks, brilliant with their glow and freshness. Her ebony eyebrows have the form and strength of the bow of Kama, god of love; and under her long silken lashes, in the black pupil of her large limpid eyes, there float, as in the sacred lakes of the Himalaya, the purest reflections of the celestial light. Fine, regular, and white, her teeth shine out between her smiling lips, like dew-drops in the half-closed bosom of the pomegranate blossom. Her ears, types of the symmetric curves, her rosy hands, her little feet, curved and tender as lotus buds, shine with the splendor of the finest pearls of Ceylon, the most beautiful diamonds of Golconda. Her delicate and supple waist, which a hand can clasp, heightens the elegant outline of her rounded figure, and the wealth of her bosom, where youth in its prime displays its most perfect treasures, and under the silken folds of her tunic she seems to have been modeled in pure silver by the divine hand of Vicvarcarma, the immortal sculptor."

But, without all this poetic amplification, it is sufficient to say that Aouda, the widow of the rajah of Bundelcund, was a charming woman in the entire European acceptation of the phrase. She spoke English fluently and with great purity, and the guide had not exaggerated in asserting that this young Parsee woman had been transformed by education.

Meanwhile the train was about to leave Allahabad. The Parsee was waiting. Mr. Fogg paid him the compensation agreed upon, without exceeding it a farthing. This astonished Passepartout a little, who knew everything that his master owed to the devotion of the guide. The Parsee, in fact, had risked his life voluntarily in the affair at Pillaji; and if, later, the Hindoos should learn it, he would hardly escape their vengeance.

The question of Kiouni also remained. What would be done with an elephant bought so dearly?

But Phileas Fogg had already taken a resolution upon this point.

"Parsee," he said to the guide, "you have been serviceable and devoted. I have paid for your service, but not for your devotion. Do you wish this elephant? It is yours."

The eyes of the guide sparkled.

"Your honor is giving me a fortune!" he cried.

"Accept, guide," replied Mr. Fogg, "and I will be yet your debtor."

"Good!" cried Passepartout. "Take him, friend! Kiouni is a brave and courageous animal." And going to the brave he gave him some lumps of sugar, saying, "Here, Kiouni, here, here!"

The elephant uttered some grunts of satisfaction. Then taking Passepartout by the waist, and encircling him with his trunk, he raised him as high as his head. Passepartout, not at all frightened, caressed the animal, who replaced him gently on the ground, and to the shaking of the honest Kiouni's trunk there answered a vigorous shaking of the good fellow's hand.

A few moments after, Phileas Fogg, Sir Francis Cromarty, and Passepartout, seated in a comfortable car, the best seat in which Aouda occupied, were running at full speed towards Benares. Eighty miles at the most separate

this place from Allahabad, and they were passed over in two hours.

During this passage the young woman completely revived; the drowsy fumes of the "hang" disappeared. What was her astonishment to find herself on this railway, in this compartment clothed in European habiliments, in the midst of travelers entirely unknown to her. At first her companions gave her the greatest care, and revived her with a few drops of liquor; then the brigadier general told the story. He dwelt upon the devotion of Phileas Fogg, who had not hesitated to stake his life to save her, and upon the denouement of the adventure, due to the bold imagination of Passepartout.

Mr. Fogg let him go on without saying a word. Passepartout, quite ashamed, repeated that "it was not worth while."

Aouda thanked her deliverers profusely, by her tears more than by her words. Her beautiful eyes, rather than her lips, were the interpreters of her gratitude. Then, her thoughts carrying her back to the scenes of the suttee, seeing again the Indian country where so many dangers still awaited her, she shuddered with terror.

Phileas Fogg understood what was passing in Aouda's mind, and, to reassure her, offered, very coolly, to take her to Hong Kong, where she might remain until this affair had died out. Aouda accepted the offer gratefully. At Hong Kong there resided one of her relatives, a Parsee like herself, and one of the principal merchants of that city, which is entirely English, though occupying a point on the Chinese coast.

At half-past twelve, noon, the train stopped at the Benares station. The Brahmin legends assert that this place occupies the site of the ancient Casi, which was formerly suspended in space, between the zenith and the nadir, like Mahomet's tomb. But at this more material period Benares, the Athens of India, was prosaically resting on the earth, and Passepartout could for an instant see its brick houses, its clay huts, which gave it a very desolate appearance, without any local color.

Here was where Sir Francis Cromarty was going to stop. The troops which he was rejoining were camping a few miles to the north of the city. The brigadier general then

made his adieus to Phileas Fogg, wishing him all possible success, and expressing the wish that he would recommence the journey in a less original, but more profitable manner. Mr. Fogg pressed lightly his companion's fingers. The parting greetings of Aouda were more demonstrative. She would never forget what she owed Sir Francis Cromarty. 'As for Passepartout he was honored with a hearty shake of the hand by the general. Quite affected, he asked where and when he could be of service to him. Then they parted.

Leaving Benares, the railway followed in part the valley of the Ganges. Through the windows of the car, the weather being quite clear, appeared the varied country of Behar, mountains covered with verdure, fields of barley, corn, and wheat, jungles full of green alligators, villages well kept, forests yet green. A few elephants, and zebus with large humps, came to bathe in the waters of the sacred river, and also notwithstanding the advanced season and the already cold temperature, bands of Hindoos of both sexes, who were piously performing their holy ablutions.

All this panorama passed like a flash, and frequently a cloud of steam concealed its details from them. The travelers could scarcely see the fort of Chunar, twenty miles to the southeast of Benares, the old stronghold of the rajahs of Behar, Ghazepour, and its large rose-water manufactories; the tomb of Lord Cornwallis rising on the left bank of the Ganges; the fortified town of Buxar; Patna, the great manufacturing and commercial city, where the principal opium market in India is held; Monghir, a more than European town, as English as Manchester or Birmingham, famous for its iron foundries, its manufactories of cutlery, and whose high chimneys cover with a black smoke the heavens of Brahma—a real fist-blow in the country of dreams!

Then night came, and in the midst of the howlings of the tigers, the bears, and the wolves, which fled before the locomotive, the train passed on at full speed, and they saw nothing of the wonders of Bengal, or Golconda, or Gour in ruins, or Mourshedabad, the former capital, or Burdwan, or Hougly, or Chandernagar, that French point in the Indian territory, on which Passepartout would have been proud to see his native flag floating.

Finally, at seven o'clock A. M., Calcutta was reached.

The steamer to leave for Hong Kong did not weigh anchor until noon. Phileas Fogg had then five hours before him.

According to his journal, this gentleman should arrive in the capital of India, October 25, twenty-three days after leaving London, and he arrived there on the stipulated day. He was neither behind nor ahead of time. Unfortunately the two days gained by him between London and Bombay had been lost, we know how, in this trip across the Indian peninsula, but it is to be supposed that Phileas Fogg did not regret them.

CHAPTER XV

IN WHICH THE BAG WITH THE BANK-NOTES IS RELIEVED OF
A FEW THOUSANDS POUNDS MORE!

THE train stopped at the station. Passepartout first got out of the car, and was followed by Mr. Fogg, who aided his young companion to descend. Phileas Fogg counted on going directly to the Hong Kong steamer, in order to fix Aouda there comfortably. He did not wish to leave her as long as she was in this country, so dangerous for her.

At the moment that Mr. Fogg was going out of the station a policeman approached him and said, "Mr. Phileas Fogg?"

"I am he."

"Is this man your servant?" added the policeman, pointing to Passepartout.

"Yes."

"You will both be so kind as to follow me."

Mr. Fogg made no movement indicating any surprise. This agent was a representative of the law, and for every Englishman the law is sacred. Passepartout, with his French habits, wanted to discuss the matter, but the policeman touched him with his stick, and Phileas Fogg made him a sign to obey.

"This young lady can accompany us?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"She can," replied the policeman.

The policeman conducted Mr. Fogg, Aouda, and Passepartout to a palki-ghari, a sort of four-wheeled vehicle with four seats, drawn by two horses. They started. No one spoke during the twenty-minutes' ride.

The vehicle first crossed the "black town," with its narrow

streets, its huts in which groveled a miscellaneous population, dirty and ragged; then they passed through the European town, adorned with brick houses, shaded by cocoa-nut trees, bristling with masts, through which, notwithstanding the early hour, were driving handsomely dressed gentlemen, in elegant turn-outs.

The palki-ghari stopped before a dwelling of plain appearance, but not used for private purposes. The policeman let his prisoners out, for they could, indeed, be called thus, and he led them into a room with grated windows, saying to them, "At half-past eight you will appear before Judge Obadiah."

Then he left, and closed the door.

"See! we are prisoners!" cried Passepartout, dropping into a chair.

Aouda, addressing Mr. Fogg immediately, said in a voice whose emotion she sought in vain to disguise, "Sir you must leave me! It is on my account that you are pursued! It is because you have rescued me!"

Phileas Fogg contented himself with saying that that could not be possible. Pursued on account of this suttee affair! Inadmissible! How would the complainants dare present themselves? There was a mistake. Mr. Fogg added that, in any event, he would not abandon the young woman, and that he would take her to Hong Kong.

"But the steamer leaves at noon!" remarked Passepartout.

"Before noon we shall be on board," was the simple reply of the impassible gentleman.

This was so flatly asserted that Passepartout could not help saying to himself, "Parbleu! that is certain! before noon we will be on board!" But he was not at all reassured.

At half-past eight the door of the room was opened. The policeman reappeared, and he led the prisoners into the next room. It was a court-room, and quite a large crowd, composed of Europeans and natives, already occupied the rear of the room.

Mr. Fogg, Aouda, and Passepartout were seated on a bench in front of the seats reserved for the magistrate and the clerk.

This magistrate, Judge Obadiah, entered almost imme-

diately, followed by the clerk. He was a large, fat man. He took down a wig hung on a nail and hastily put it on his head. "The first case," he said.

But putting his hand to his head, he added, "Humph! this is not my wig!"

"That's a fact, Mr. Obadiah, it is mine," replied the clerk.

"My dear Mr. Oysterpuff, how do you think that a judge can give a wise sentence with a clerk's wig?"

An exchange of wigs had been made. During these preliminaries, Passepartout was boiling over with impatience, for the hands appeared to him to move terribly fast over the face of the large clock in the court-room.

"The first case," said Judge Obadiah again.

"Phileas Fogg?" said Clerk Oysterpuff.

"Here I am," replied Mr. Fogg.

"Passepartout?"

"Present!" replied Passepartout.

"Good!" said Judge Obadiah. "For two days, prisoners, you have been looked for upon the arrival of all the trains from Bombay."

"But of what are we accused?" cried Passepartout impatiently.

"You shall know now," replied the judge.

"Sir," said Mr. Fogg then, "I am an English citizen, and have the right——"

"Have you been treated disrespectfully," asked Mr. Obadiah.

"Not at all."

"Very well, let the complainants come in."

Upon the order of the judge a door was opened, and three Hindoo priests were led in by a tipstaff.

"Well, well!" murmured Passepartout, "they are the rascals who were going to burn our young lady!"

The priests stood up before the judge, and the clerk read in a loud voice a complaint of sacrilege, preferred against Mr. Phileas Fogg and his servant, accused of having violated a place consecrated by the Brahmin religion.

"You have heard the charge?" the judge asked Phileas Fogg.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Fogg, consulting his watch, "and I confess it."

"Ah! You confess?"

"I confess and expect these three priests to confess in their turn what they were going to do at the pagoda of Pillaji."

The priests looked at each other. They did not seem to understand the words of the accused.

"Truly!" cried Passepartout impetuously, "at the pagoda of Pillaji, where they were going to burn their victim!"

More stupefaction of the priests, and profound astonishment of Judge Obadiah.

"What victim?" he answered. "Burn whom? In the heart of the city of Bombay?"

"Bombay?" cried Passepartout.

"Certainly. We are not speaking of the pagoda of Pillaji, but of the pagoda of Malebar in Bombay."

"And as a proof here are the desecrator's shoes," added the clerk, putting a pair on his desk.

"Those are my shoes!" cried Passepartout, who, surprised at the last charge, could not prevent this involuntary exclamation.

The confusion in the minds of the master and servant may be imagined. They had forgotten the incident of the pagoda of Bombay, and that was the very thing which had brought them before the magistrate in Calcutta.

In fact, Fix understood the advantage that he might get from this unfortunate affair. Delaying his departure twelve hours, he had taken counsel with the priests of Malebar Hill, and had promised them large damages, knowing very well that the English Government was very severe upon this kind of trespass; then by the following train he had sent them forward on the track of the perpetrator. But, in consequence of the time employed in the deliverance of the young widow, Fix and the Hindoos arrived at Calcutta before Phileas Fogg and his servant, whom the authorities, warned by telegraph, were to arrest as they got out of the train. The disappointment of Fix may be judged of, when he learned that Phileas Fogg had not yet arrived in the capital of India. He was compelled to think that his robber, stopping at one of the stations of the Peninsular Railway, had taken refuge in the northern provinces. For twenty-four hours, in the greatest uneasiness, Fix watched for him at the station. What was his joy then when, this very morn-

ing, he saw him get out of the car, accompanied, it is true, by a young woman whose presence he could not explain. He immediately sent a policeman after him; and this is how Mr. Fogg, Passepartout, and the widow of the rajah of Bundelcund were taken before Judge Obadiah.

And if Passepartout had been less preoccupied with his affair, he would have perceived in a corner of the room the detective, who followed the discussion with an interest easy to understand, for at Calcutta, as at Bombay, and as at Suez, the warrant of arrest was still not at hand!

But Judge Obadiah had taken a note of the confession escaped from Passepartout, who would have given all he possessed to recall his imprudent words.

"The facts are admitted?" said the judge.

"Admitted," replied Mr. Fogg coldly.

"Inasmuch," continued the judge, "as the English law intends to protect equally and rigorously all the religions of the people of India the trespass being admitted by this man Passepartout, convicted of having violated with sacrilegious feet the pavement of the pagoda of Malebar Hill in Bombay, on the 20th day of October, I sentence the said Passepartout to fifteen days' imprisonment, and a fine of three hundred pounds."

"Three hundred pounds!" cried Passepartout, who was really only alive to the fine.

"Silence!" said the tipstaff in a shrill voice.

"And," added Judge Obadiah, "inasmuch as it is not materially proved that there was not a connivance between the servant and the master, the latter of whom ought to be held responsible for the acts and gestures of a servant in his employ, I detain the said Phileas Fogg and sentence him to eight days' imprisonment and one hundred and fifty pounds fine. Clerk, call another case!"

Fix, in his corner, experienced an unspeakable satisfaction. Phileas Fogg, detained eight days in Calcutta! It would be more than time enough for the warrant to arrive.

Passepartout was crushed. This sentence would ruin his master. A wager of twenty thousand pounds lost, and all because, in the height of folly, he had gone into that cursed pagoda!

Phileas Fogg, as much master of himself as if this sentence did not concern him, did not even knit his eyebrows.

But at the moment that the clerk was calling another case, he rose and said, "I offer bail."

"It is your right," replied the judge.

Fix felt a cold shudder down his back, but he recovered himself again, when he heard the judge, "in consideration of the fact of Phileas Fogg and his servant both being strangers," fix the bail for each at the enormous sum of one thousand pounds.

It would cost Mr. Fogg two thousand pounds, unless he was cleared from his sentence.

"I will pay it," said that gentleman.

And he took from the bag which Passepartout carried a bundle of bank-notes, which he placed on the clerk's desk.

"This sum will be returned to you on coming out of prison," said the judge. "In the meantime, you are free under bail."

"Come," said Phileas Fogg to his servant.

"But they should at least return me my shoes," cried Passepartout, with an angry movement.

They returned him his shoes.

"These are dear!" he murmured; "more than a thousand pounds apiece! Without counting that they pinch me!"

Passepartout, with a very pitiful look, followed Mr. Fogg, who had offered his arm to the young woman. Fix still hoped that his robber would not decide to surrender this sum of two thousand pounds, and that he would serve out his eight days in prison. He put himself, then, on Fogg's tracks.

Mr. Fogg took a carriage, into which Aouda, Passepartout, and he got out immediately. Fix ran behind the carriage, which soon stopped on one of the wharves of the city.

Half a mile out in the harbor the *Rangoon* was anchored, her sailing flag hoisted to the top of the mast. Eleven o'clock struck. Mr. Fogg was one hour ahead. Fix saw him get out of the carriage, and embark in a boat with Aouda and his servant. The detective stamped his foot.

"The rascal!" he cried: "he is going off! Two thousand pounds sacrificed! Prodigal as a robber! Ah! I will follow him to the end of the world, if it is necessary;

but, at the rate at which he is going, all the stolen money will be gone!"

The detective had good reason for making this remark. In fact, since he left London, what with traveling expenses, rewards, the elephant purchase, bail, and fines, Phileas Fogg had already scattered more than five thousand pounds on his route, and the percentage of the sum recovered, promised to the detectives, was constantly diminishing.

CHAPTER XVI

IN WHICH FIX HAS NOT THE APPEARANCE OF KNOWING
ANYTHING ABOUT THE MATTERS CONCERNING
WHICH THEY TALK TO HIM

THE *Rangoon*, one of the vessels employed by the Peninsular and Oriental Company in the Chinese and Japanese seas, was an iron screw steamer, of seventeen hundred and seventy tons, and nominally of four hundred horse-power. She was equally swift, but not so comfortable as the *Mongolia*. Aouda was not as well fixed in her as Phileas Fogg would have desired. But, after all, it was only a distance of three thousand five hundred miles, and the young woman did not show herself a troublesome passenger.

During the first few days of the passage Aouda became better acquainted with Phileas Fogg. On every occasion she showed him the liveliest gratitude. The phlegmatic gentleman listened to her, at least in appearance, with the most extreme indifference, not one tone of his voice or gesture betraying in him the slightest emotion. He saw that she was wanting in nothing. At certain hours he came regularly, if not to talk with her, at least to listen to her. He fulfilled toward her the duties of the strictest politeness, but with the grace and startling effects of an automaton whose movements had been put together for that purpose. Aouda did not know what to think of him, but Passepartout had explained to her a little the eccentric character of his master. He had told her what sort of a wager was taking him round the world. Aouda had smiled; but, after all, she owed her life to him, and her deliverer could not lose, because she saw him through her gratitude.

Aouda confirmed the narrative of the guide in reference
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to her affecting history. She belonged, in fact, to the race which occupies the first rank among the natives. Several Parsee merchants have made large fortunes in India in the cotton trade. One of them, Sir James Jejeebhoy, was raised to the nobility by the English Government, and Aouda was a relative of this rich person, who lived in Bombay. It was indeed a cousin of Sir Jejeebhoy, the honorable Jejeeh, whom she counted on joining at Hong Kong. Would she find a refuge with him and assistance? She could not say so positively. To which Mr. Fogg replied that she should not be uneasy; and everything would be mathematically arranged. That was the phrase he used.

Did the young woman understand this horrible adverb? We do not know. However, her large eyes were fixed upon those of Mr. Fogg—her large eyes “clear as the sacred lakes of the Himalaya!” But the intractable Fogg, as reserved as ever, did not seem to be the man to throw himself into this lake.

The first part of the *Rangoon's* voyage was accomplished under excellent conditions. The weather was moderate. All the lower portion of the immense Bay of Bengal was favorable to the steamer's progress. The *Rangoon* soon sighted the great Andaman, the principal one of the group of islands, which is distinguished by navigators at a great distance by the picturesque Saddle Peak mountain, two thousand four hundred feet high.

The panoramic development of this island was superb. Immense forests of palm trees, arecas, bamboo, nutmeg trees, teak-wood, giant mimosas, and tree-like ferns covered the country in the foreground, and in the background there stood out in relief the graceful outline of the mountains. Along the shore there swarmed by thousands those precious swallows whose eatable nests form a dish much sought for in the celestial empire. But all this varied spectacle offered to the eyes by the Andaman group passed quickly, and the *Rangoon* swiftly pursued her way towards the straits of Malacca, which were to give her access to the Chinese seas.

During this trip what was detective Fix doing, so unluckily dragged into a voyage round the world? On leaving Calcutta, after having left instructions to forward the warrant to him at Hong Kong, if it should arrive, he succeeded in getting aboard the *Rangoon* without being perceived by

Passepartout, and he hoped that he might conceal his presence until the arrival of the steamer. In fact, it would have been difficult for him to explain how he was on board without awaking the suspicions of Passepartout, who thought he was in Bombay. But he was led to renew his acquaintance with the good fellow by the very logic of circumstances. How? We shall see.

All the hopes, all the desires of the detective were now concentrated on a single point in the world, Hong Kong—for the steamer would stop too short a time in Singapore for him to operate in that city. The arrest of the robber must then be made in Hong Kong, or he would escape irrecoverably.

In fact, Hong Kong was still English soil, but the last he would find on the road. Beyond, China, Japan, America would offer a pretty certain refuge to Mr. Fogg. At Hong Kong, if he should finally find there the warrant of arrest, which was evidently running after him, Fix would arrest Fogg, and put him in the hands of the local police. No difficulty there. But after Hong Kong a simple warrant of arrest would not be sufficient. An extradition order would be necessary. Thence delays and obstacles of every kind, of which the rogue would take advantage to escape finally. If he failed at Hong Kong, it would be, if not impossible, at least very difficult to attempt it again with any chance of success.

“Then,” repeated Fix during the long hours that he passed in his cabin, “then, either the warrant will be at Hong Kong and I will arrest my man, or it will not be there, and this time I must, at all hazards, delay his departure! I have failed at Bombay, I have failed at Calcutta! If I miss at Hong Kong, I shall lose my reputation! Cost what it may, I *must* succeed. But what means shall I employ to delay, if it is necessary, the departure of this accursed Phileas Fogg?”

As a last resort, Fix had decided to tell everything to Passepartout, to let him know who the master was that he was serving, and whose accomplice he certainly was not. Passepartout, enlightened by this revelation, fearing to be compromised, would without doubt take sides with him, Fix. But it was a very hazardous means, which could only be employed in default of any other. One word from Passepar-

tout to his master would have been sufficient to compromise the affair irrevocably.

The detective was then extremely embarrassed when the presence of Aouda on board of the *Rangoon*, in company with Phileas Fogg, opened new perspectives to him.

Who was this woman? What combination of circumstances had made her Fogg's companion? The meeting had evidently taken place between Bombay and Calcutta. But at what point of the peninsula? Was it chance which had brought together Phileas Fogg and the young traveler? Had not this journey across India, on the contrary, been undertaken by this gentleman with the aim of joining this charming person? For she was charming! Fix had had a good view of her in the audience hall of the Calcutta tribunal.

It may be comprehended to what a point the detective would be entangled. He asked himself if there was not a criminal abduction in this affair. Yes! that must be it! This idea once fastened in the mind of Fix, and he recognized all the advantage that he could get from this circumstance. Whether this young woman was married or not, there was an abduction, and it was possible to put the ravisher in such embarrassment in Hong Kong that he could not extricate himself by paying money.

But it was not necessary to await the arrival of the *Rangoon* at Hong Kong. This Fogg had the detestable habit of jumping from one vessel into another and before the affair was entered upon he might be far enough off.

The important thing was to warn the English authorities, and to signal the *Rangoon* before her arrival. Now, nothing would be easier to accomplish, as the steamer would put in at Singapore, which is connected with the Chinese coast by a telegraph line.

But, before acting, and to be more certain, Fix determined to question Passepartout. He knew it was not very difficult to start the young man talking, and he decided to throw off the incognito that he had maintained until that time. Now there was no time to lose. It was October 31, and the next day the *Rangoon* would drop anchor at Singapore.

This very day, October 30, Fix, leaving his cabin, went upon deck, with the intention of meeting Passepartout first, with signs of the greatest surprise. Passepartout was walk-

ing in the forward part of the vessel when the detective rushed toward him exclaiming, "Is this you, on the *Rangoon*?"

"Monsieur Fix aboard!" replied Passepartout, very much surprised, recognizing his old acquaintance of the *Mongolia*.

"What! I left you at Bombay, and I meet you again on the route to Hong Kong! Are you making also the tour of the world?"

"No, no," replied Fix. "I expect to stop at Hong Kong, at least for a few days."

"Ah!" said Passepartout, who seemed astonished for a moment. "But why have I not seen you aboard since we left Calcutta?"

"Indeed, I was sick—a little sea-sickness—I remained lying down in my cabin—I did not get along as well in the Bay of Bengal as in the Indian Ocean. And your master, Phileas Fogg?"

"Is in perfect health, and as punctual as his diary! Not one day behind! Ah! Monsieur Fix, you do not know it, but we have a young lady with us also."

"A young lady?" replied the detective, who acted exactly as if he did not understand what his companion was saying.

But Passepartout soon gave him the thread of the whole story. He related the incident of the pagoda in Bombay, the purchase of the elephant at the cost of two thousand pounds, the suttee affair, the abduction of Aouda, the sentence of the Calcutta court, and their freedom under bail. Fix, who knew the last portion of these incidents, seemed not to know any of them, and Passepartout gave himself up to the pleasure of telling his adventures to a hearer who showed so much interest.

"But," asked Fix at the end of the story, "does your master intend to take this young woman to Europe?"

"Not at all, Monsieur Fix; not at all! We are simply going to put her in charge of one of her relatives, a rich merchant of Hong Kong."

"Nothing to be done there," said the detective to himself, concealing his disappointment. "Take a glass of gin, Mr. Passepartout."

"With pleasure, Monsieur Fix. It is the least that we should drink to our meeting aboard the *Rangoon*."

CHAPTER XVII

IN WHICH ONE THING AND ANOTHER IS TALKED ABOUT DURING THE TRIP FROM SINGAPORE TO HONG KONG

AFTER this day, Passepartout and the detective met frequently, but the latter maintained a very great reserve towards his companion, and he did not try to make him talk. Once or twice only he had a glimpse of Mr. Fogg, who was glad to remain in the grand saloon of the *Rangoon*, either keeping company with Aouda, or playing at whist, according to his invariable habit.

As for Passepartout, he thought very seriously over the singular chance which had once more put Fix on his master's route. And in fact, it was a little surprising. This gentleman, very amiable and very complacent, certainly, whom they met first at Suez, who embarked upon the *Mongolia*, who landed at Bombay, where he said that he would stop, whom they meet again on the *Rangoon*, en route for Hong Kong—in a word, following step by step the route marked out by Mr. Fogg—he was worth the trouble of being thought about. There was at least a singular coincidence in it all. What interest had Fix in it? Passepartout was ready to bet his slippers—he had carefully preserved them—that Fix would leave Hong Kong at the same time as they, and probably on the same steamer.

If Passepartout had thought for a century, he would never have guessed the detective's mission. He would never have imagined that Phileas Fogg was being "followed," after the fashion of a robber, around the terrestrial globe. But as it is in human nature to give an explanation for everything, Passepartout, suddenly enlightened, interpreted in his way the permanent presence of Fix, and, indeed, his interpretation was very plausible. According to him Fix was, and could be, only a detective sent upon Mr. Fogg's tracks by his colleagues of the Reform Club, to prove that this tour around the world was accomplished regularly, according to the time agreed upon.

"That is plain! that is plain!" repeated the honest fellow to himself, quite proud of his clear-sightedness. "He is a spy whom these gentlemen have put upon our heels. This is undignified! To have Mr. Fogg, a man so honorable and just, tracked by a detective! Ah! gentlemen of the Reform Club, that will cost you dearly!"

Passepartout, delighted with his discovery, resolved, however, to say nothing of it to his master, fearing that he would be justly wounded at this mistrust which his opponents showed. But he promised himself to banter Fix, as opportunity offered, with covert allusions, and without committing himself.

On Wednesday, October 30, in the afternoon, the *Rangoon* entered the Straits of Malacca, separating the peninsula of that name from Sumatra. Mountainous, craggy, and very picturesque islets concealed from the passenger the view of this large island.

At four o'clock the next morning, the *Rangoon*, having gained a half day on its time table, put in at Singapore, to take in a new supply of coal.

Phileas Fogg noted this gain in the proper column, and this time he landed, accompanying Aouda, who had expressed a desire to walk about for a few hours. Fix, to whom every act of Fogg seemed suspicious, followed him without letting himself be noticed. Passepartout, who was going to make his ordinary purchases, laughed *in petto* seeing Fix's maneuver.

The island of Singapore is neither large nor of an imposing aspect. It is wanting in mountains, that is to say, in profiles. However, it is charming even in its meagerness. It is a park laid out with fine roads. An elegant carriage, drawn by handsome horses, such as have been imported from New Holland, took Aouda and Phileas Fogg into the midst of massive groups of palm trees, of brilliant foliage, and clove trees, the cloves of which are formed from the very bud of the half opened flower. Bands of monkeys, lively and grimacing, were not wanting in the woods, nor perhaps tigers in the jungles. Should anyone be astonished to learn that in this island, comparatively so small, these terrible carnivorous animals were not destroyed to the very last one, we may reply that they come from Malacca, swimming across the straits.

After having driven about the country for two hours, Aouda and her companion—who looked a little without seeing anything—returned into the town, a vast collection of heavy, flat looking houses, surrounded by delightful gardens, in which grow mangoes, pineapples, and all the best fruits in the world. At ten o'clock they returned to the

steamer, having been followed, without suspecting it, by the detective, who had also gone to the expense of a carriage.

Passepartout was waiting for them on the deck of the *Rangoon*. The good fellow had bought a few dozen of mangoes, as large as ordinary apples—dark brown outside, brilliant red inside—and whose white pulp, melting in the mouth, gives the true gourmand an unexcelled enjoyment. Passepartout was only too happy to offer them to Aouda, who thanked him very gracefully.

About thirteen hundred miles separate Singapore from the island of Hong Kong, a small English territory, detached from the Chinese coast. It was Phileas Fogg's interest to accomplish this in six days at the most, in order to take at Hong Kong the steamer leaving on the 6th of November for Yokohama, one of the principal ports of Japan.

The *Rangoon* was heavily laden. Many passengers had come aboard at Singapore—Hindoos, Ceylonese, Chinamen, Malays and Portuguese—mostly second class. The weather, which had been quite fine until this time, changed with the last quarter of the moon. The sea was high. The wind sometimes blew a gale, but fortunately from the southeast, which favored the movement of the steamer. When it was practicable, the captain had the sails unfurled. The *Rangoon*, brig-rigged, sailed frequently with its two topsails and foresail, and its speed increased under the double impetus of steam and sail. The vessel thus made her way over a short and sometimes fatiguing sea, along the shores of Anam and Cochin China.

But the passengers would have to blame the *Rangoon* rather than the ocean for their sickness and fatigue. In fact, the ships of the Peninsular Company, in the China service, are seriously defective in their construction. The proportion of their draught, when loaded, to their depth of hold, has been badly calculated, and consequently they stand the sea but poorly. Their bulk, closed, impenetrable to the water, is insufficient. They are "drowned," to use a maritime expression, and, in consequence, it does not take very many waves thrown upon the deck to slacken their speed.

Great precautions had to be taken then in bad weather. It was sometimes necessary to sail under a small head of

steam. This loss of time did not seem to affect Phileas Fogg at all, but Passepartout was much put out about it. He blamed the captain, the engineer, and the company, and sent to old Nick all those who had anything to do with the transportation of the passengers. Perhaps, also, the thought of the gas burner still burning at his expense in the house in Saville Row had a large share in his impatience.

"Are you in a very great hurry to arrive at Hong Kong?" the detective asked him one day.

"In a very great hurry!" replied Passepartout.

"You think that Mr. Fogg is in a hurry to take the Yokohama steamer?"

"In a dreadful hurry."

"Then you believe now in this singular voyage around the world?"

"Absolutely. And you, Monsieur Fix?"

"I? I don't believe in it."

"You're a sly fellow," replied Passepartout, winking at him.

This expression left the detective in a reverie. The epithet disturbed him without his knowing very well why. Had the Frenchman guessed his purpose? He did not know what to think. But how had Passepartout been able to discover his capacity as a detective, the secret of which he alone knew. And yet, in speaking thus to him Passepartout certainly had an after thought.

It happened another day that the good fellow went a little further. It was too much for him; he could no longer hold his tongue. "Let us see, Monsieur Fix," he asked his companion in a roguish tone, "when we have arrived at Hong Kong, shall we be so unfortunate as to leave you there?"

"Oh!" replied Fix, quite embarrassed, "I do not know! Perhaps——"

"Ah!" said Passepartout, "if you accompany us, I would be so happy! Let us see! An agent of the Peninsular Company could not stop on the route! You were only going to Bombay, and now you will soon be in China. America is not far off, and from America to Europe it is only a step!"

Fix looked attentively at his companion, who showed the pleasantest face in the world, and he decided to laugh with

him. But the latter, who was in the humor, asked him if his business brought him in much?

"Yes and no," replied Fix without frowning. "There are fortunate and unfortunate business enterprises. But you understand of course that I don't travel at my own expense!"

"Oh! I am very sure of that," replied Passepartout, laughing still louder.

The conversation finished, Fix returned to his cabin, and sat down to think. He was evidently suspected. In one way or another the Frenchman had recognized his capacity as a detective. But had he warned his master? What *role* would he play in all this? Was he an accomplice or not? Had they got wind of the matter, and was it consequently all up? The detective passed some perplexing hours there, at one time believing everything lost; at one time hoping that Fogg was ignorant of the situation; and, finally, not knowing what course to pursue.

Meanwhile his brain became calmer, and he resolved to act frankly with Passepartout. If matters were not in the proper shape to arrest Fogg at Hong Kong, and if Fogg was then prepared to leave finally the English territory, he (Fix) would tell Passepartout everything. Either the servant was the accomplice of his master, and the latter knew everything, and in this case the affair was definitely compromised, or the servant had no part in the robbery, and then his interest would be to abandon the robber.

Such was the respective situation of these two men, and above them Phileas Fogg was hovering in his majestic indifference. He was accomplishing rationally his orbit around the world, without being troubled by the asteroids gravitating around him.

And yet, in the vicinity, there was—according to the expression of astronomers—a disturbing star which ought to have produced a certain agitation in this gentleman's heart. But no! The charm Aouda did not act, to the great surprise of Passepartout, and the disturbances, if they existed, would have been more difficult to calculate than those of Uranus, which led to the discovery of Neptune. Yes! it was a surprise every day for Passepartout, who read in the eyes of the young woman so much gratitude to his master! Phileas Fogg had decidedly heart enough for heroic

actions, but for love, none at all! As for the thoughts which the chances of the journey might have produced in him, there was not a trace.

Passepartout was living in a continual trance. One day, leaning on the railing of the engine-room, he was looking at the powerful engine which sometimes moved very violently, when, with the pitching of the vessel the screw would fly out of the water. The steam then escaped from the valves, which provoked the anger of the worthy fellow. "These valves are not charged enough!" he cried. "We are not going! Oh, these Englishmen! If we were only in an American vessel, we would blow up, perhaps, but we would go more swiftly!"

CHAPTER XVIII

IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG, PASSEPARTOUT, AND FIX, EACH GOES ABOUT HIS OWN BUSINESS

DURING the last few days of the voyage the weather was pretty bad. The wind became very boisterous. Remaining in the northwest quarter, it impeded the progress of the steamer. The *Rangoon*, too unsteady already, rolled heavily, and the passengers quite lost their temper over the long, tiresome waves which the wind raised at a distance.

During the days of the 3d and 4th of November it was a sort of tempest. The squall struck the sea with violence. The *Rangoon* had to go slowly for half a day, keeping herself in motion with only ten revolutions of the screw, so as to lean with the waves. All the sails had been reefed and there was still too much rigging whistling in the squall.

The rapidity of the steamer, it may be imagined, was very much diminished, and it was estimated that she would arrive at Hong Kong twenty hours behind time, and perhaps more, if the tempest did not cease.

Phileas Fogg looked intently at this spectacle of a raging sea, which seemed to struggle directly against him, with his customary impassibility. His brow did not darken an instant, and yet a delay of twenty hours might seriously interfere with his voyage by making him miss the departure of the Yokohama steamer. But this man without nerves felt neither impatience nor annoyance. It seemed truly as

if this tempest formed a part of his programme, and was foreseen. Aouda, who talked with her companion about this mishap, found him as calm as in the past.

Fix did not look at these things in the same light. On the contrary, this tempest pleased him very much. His satisfaction would have known no bounds, if the *Rangoon* had been obliged to fly before the violent storm. All these delays suited him, for they would oblige this man Fogg to remain some days at Hong Kong. Finally the skies with their squalls and tempests became his ally. He was a little sick, it is true, but what did that matter? He did not count his nausea, and when his body was writhing under the sea-sickness, his spirit was merry with the height of its satisfaction.

As for Passepartout, it may be guessed how illy concealed his anger was during this time of trial. Until then, everything had moved on so well! Land and sea seemed to be devoted to his master. Steamers and railways obeyed him. Wind and steam combined to favor his journey. Had the hour of mistakes finally sounded? Passepartout, as if the twenty thousand pounds of the wager had to come out of his purse, was no longer happy. This tempest exasperated him, this squall put him in a rage, and he would have gladly whipped the disobedient sea! Poor fellow! Fix carefully concealed from him his personal satisfaction, and it was well, for if Passepartout had guessed the secret delight of Fix, Fix would have been roughly used.

Passepartout remained on the *Rangoon's* deck during the entire continuance of the blow. He could not remain below; he climbed up in the masts; he astonished the crew and helped at everything with the agility of a monkey. A hundred times he questioned the captain, the officers, the sailors, who could not help laughing at seeing him so much out of countenance. Passepartout wanted to know positively how long the storm would last. They sent him to the barometer, which would not decide to ascend. Passepartout shook the barometer, but nothing came of it, neither the shaking nor the insults that he heaped upon the irresponsible instrument.

Finally the tempest subsided. The sea became calmer on the 4th of November. The wind veered two points to the south and again became favorable. Passepartout cleared

up with the weather. The top sails and lower sails could be unfurled, and the *Rangoon* resumed her route with marvelous swiftness.

But all the time lost could not be regained. They could only submit, and land was not signaled until the 6th at five o'clock A. M. The diary of Phileas Fogg put down the arrival of the steamer on the 5th, and she did not arrive until the 6th, which was a loss of twenty-four hours, and of course they would miss the Yokohama steamer.

At six o'clock the pilot came aboard the *Rangoon* and took his place on the bridge to guide the vessel through the channels into the port of Hong Kong.

Passepartout was dying to ask this man whether the Yokohama steamer had left Hong Kong. But he did not dare, preferring to preserve a little hope until the last moment. He had confided his anxiety to Fix, who—the cunning fox—tried to console him by saying that Mr. Fogg would be in time to take the next boat. This put Passepartout in a towering rage.

But if Passepartout did not venture to ask the pilot, Mr. Fogg, after consulting his *Bradshaw*, asked in his quiet manner of the said pilot if he knew when a vessel would leave Hong Kong for Yokohama. "To-morrow morning, at high tide," replied the pilot.

"Ah," said Mr. Fogg, without showing any astonishment.

Passepartout, who was present, would have liked to hug the pilot, whose neck Fix would have wrung with pleasure. "What is the name of the steamer," asked Mr. Fogg.

"The *Carnatic*," replied the pilot.

"Was she not to leave yesterday?"

"Yes, sir, but they had to repair one of her boilers, and her departure has been put off until to-morrow."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Fogg, who, with his automatic step, went down again into the saloon of the *Rangoon*.

Passepartout caught the pilot's hand, and, pressing it warmly, said, "Pilot, you are a good fellow!"

The pilot doubtless never knew why his answers had procured him this friendly expression. A whistle blew, and he went again upon the bridge of the steamer and guided her through the flotilla of junks, tankas, fishing-boats, and vessels of all kinds which crowded the channels of Hong

Kong. In an hour the *Rangoon* was at the wharf, and the passengers landed.

It must be confessed that in this circumstance chance had singularly served Phileas Fogg. Without the necessity of repairing her boilers, the *Carnatic* would have left on the 5th of November, and the passengers for Japan would have had to wait a week for the departure of the next steamer. Mr. Fogg, it is true, was twenty-four hours behind time, but this delay could not have any evil consequences for the rest of the journey.

In fact, the steamer which crosses the Pacific from Yokohama to San Francisco was in direct connection with the Hong Kong steamer, and the former could not leave before the latter had arrived. Evidently they would be twenty-four hours behind time at Yokohama, but it would be easy to make them up during the voyage across the Pacific, lasting twenty-two days. Phileas Fogg found himself, then, within about twenty-four hours of the conditions of his programme thirty-five days after leaving London.

The *Carnatic* not leaving until five o'clock the next morning, Mr. Fogg had sixteen hours to attend to his business—that is, that which concerned Aouda. On landing from the vessel, he offered his arm to the young woman and led her to a palanquin. He asked the men who carried it to point him out a hotel, and they named the Club Hotel. The palanquin started, followed by Passepartout, and twenty minutes after they arrived at their destination.

An apartment was secured for the young woman, and Phileas Fogg saw that she was made comfortable. Then he told Aouda that he was going immediately to look for the relative in whose care he was to leave her at Hong Kong. At the same time he ordered Passepartout to remain at the hotel until his return, so that the young woman should not be left alone.

The gentleman was shown the way to the Exchange. There, they would unquestionably know a personage, such as the honorable Jejeeh, who was reckoned among the richest merchants of the city.

The broker whom Mr. Fogg addressed did indeed know the Parsee merchant. But for two years he had not lived in China. Having made his fortune, he had gone to live in

Europe—in Holland, it was believed, which was explained by the extensive correspondence which he had had with that country during his life as a merchant.

Phileas Fogg returned to the Club Hotel. He immediately asked permission to see Aouda, and without any other preamble, told her that the honorable Jejeeh was no longer living in Hong Kong, but probably was living in Holland.

Aouda did not reply at first. Passing her hand over her forehead, she thought for a few moments, and then said in her sweet voice, "What ought I to do, Mr. Fogg?"

"It is very simple," replied the gentleman. "Go on to Europe."

"But I cannot abuse——"

"You do not abuse, and your presence does not at all embarrass my programme. Passepartout!"

"Monsieur," replied Passepartout.

"Go to the *Carnatic* and engage three cabins."

Passepartout, delighted with continuing his voyage in the company of the young woman, who was very gracious to him, immediately left the Club Hotel.

CHAPTER XIX

IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT TAKES A LITTLE TOO LIVELY INTEREST IN HIS MASTER, AND WHAT FOLLOWS

HONG KONG is only a small island secured to England by the treaty of Nanking, after the war of 1842. In a few years, the colonizing genius of Great Britain had established there an important city, and created the port Victoria. This island is situated at the mouth of the Canton river, and sixty miles only separate it from the Portuguese city of Macao, built on the other shore. Hong Kong must necessarily vanquish Macao in a commercial struggle, and now the greatest part of the Chinese transportation is done through the English city. Docks, hospitals, wharves, warehouses, a Gothic cathedral, a Government House, macadamized streets, all would lead one to believe that one of the commercial cities of the counties of Kent or Surrey, traversing the terrestrial sphere, had found a place at this point in China, nearly at its antipodes.

Passepartout, with his hands in his pockets, sauntered towards the port Victoria, looking at the palanquins, the curtained carriages still in favor in the Celestial Empire, and all the crowd of Chinese, Japanese, and Europeans hurrying along in the streets. In some things, it was like Bombay, Calcutta, or Singapore that the worthy fellow was finding again on his route. There is thus a track of English towns all around the world.

Passepartout arrived at Victoria port. There, at the mouth of Canton river, was a perfect swarm of the ships of all nations, English, French, American, Dutch, war and merchant vessels, Japanese or Chinese craft, junks, sempas, tankas, and even flower-boats, which formed so many parterres floating on the waters. Walking along, Passepartout noticed a certain number of natives dressed in yellow, all of quite advanced age. Having gone into a Chinese barber's to be shaved "a la Chinese," he learned from Figaro in the shop, who spoke pretty good English, that these ancient men were at least eighty years old, and that at this age they had the privilege of wearing yellow, the Imperial color. Passepartout found this very funny, without knowing exactly why.

His beard shaved, he repaired to the wharf from which the *Carnatic* would leave, and there he perceived Fix walking up and down, at which he was not at all astonished. But the detective showed upon his face marks of great disappointment.

"Good!" said Passepartout to himself; "that will be bad for the gentlemen of the Reform Club!"

And he accosted Fix with his merry smile, without seeming to notice the vexed air of his companion.

Now, the detective had good reasons to fret about the infernal luck which was pursuing him. No warrant! It was evident that the warrant was running after him, and that it could reach him only if he stopped some days in this city. Now, Hong Kong being the last English territory on the route, this Mr. Fogg would escape him finally, if he did not succeed in detaining him there.

"Well, Monsieur Fix, have you decided to come with us as far as America?" asked Passepartout.

"Yes," replied Fix between his closed teeth.

"Well then!" cried Passepartout, shouting with

laughter. "I knew very well that you could not separate yourself from us. Come and engage your berth, come!"

And both entered the ticket office and engaged cabins for four persons. But the clerk told them that the repairs of the *Carnatic* being completed, the steamer would leave at eight o'clock in the evening, and not the next morning, as had been announced.

"Very good!" replied Passepartout, "that will suit my master. I am going to inform him."

At this moment Fix took an extreme step. He determined to tell Passepartout everything. It was the only means, perhaps, that he had of retaining Phileas Fogg for a few days in Hong Kong.

Leaving the office, Fix offered to treat his companion in a tavern. Passepartout had the time. He accepted Fix's invitation.

A tavern opened on the quay. It had an inviting appearance. Both entered. It was a large room, finely decorated, at the back of which was stretched a camp bed, furnished with cushions. Upon this bed were lying a certain number of sleepers.

Some thirty customers in the large room occupied small tables of plaited rushes. Some emptied pints of English beer, ale or porter, others jugs of alcoholic liquors, gin, or brandy. Besides, the most of them were smoking long, red-clay pipes, stuffed with little balls of opium mixed with essence of rose. Then, from time to time, some smoker overcome would fall down under the table, and the waiters of the establishment, taking him by the head and feet, carried him onto the camp-bed, alongside of another. Twenty of these sots were thus laid side by side, in the last stage of brutishness.

Fix and Passepartout understood that they had entered a smoking-house haunted by those wretched, stupefied, lean, idiotic creatures, to whom mercantile England sells annually ten million four hundred thousand pounds' worth of the fatal drug called opium. Sad millions are these, levied on one of the most destructive vices of human nature.

The Chinese Government has tried hard to remedy such an abuse by severe laws, but in vain. From the rich class, to whom the use of opium was at first formally reserved, it has descended to the lower classes, and its ravages can no

longer be arrested. Opium is smoked everywhere and always in the Middle Empire. Men and women give themselves up to this deplorable passion, and when they are accustomed to inhaling the fumes they can no longer do without it, except by suffering terrible cramps in the stomach. A great smoker can smoke as many as eight pipes a day, but he dies in five years.

Now it was in one of the numerous smoking-houses of this kind, which swarm even in Hong Kong, that Fix and Passepartout had entered with the intention of refreshing themselves. Passepartout had no money, but he accepted willingly the "politeness" of his companion, ready to return it to him at the proper time and place.

They called for two bottles of port, to which the Frenchman did full justice, whilst Fix, more reserved, observed his companion with the closest attention. They talked of one thing and another, and especially of the excellent idea that Fix had of taking passage on the *Carnatic*. The bottles now being empty, Passepartout rose to inform his master that the steamer would leave several hours in advance of the time announced.

Fix detained him.

"One moment," he said.

"What do you wish, Monsieur Fix?"

"I have some serious matters to talk to you about."

"Serious matters?" cried Passepartout, emptying the few drops of wine remaining in the bottom of his glass. "Very well, we will talk about them to-morrow. I have not the time to-day."

"Remain," replied Fix. "It concerns your master, Phileas Fogg."

Passepartout, at this phrase, looked attentively at his questioner. The expression of Fix's face seemed singular to him. He took a seat again. "What have you to say to me?" he asked.

Fix placed his hand upon his companion's arm, and lowering his voice, he asked him, "You have guessed who I am."

"Parbleu!" said Passepartout smiling.

"Then I am going to tell you everything."

"Now that I know everything, my friend. Ah! that's pretty tough! But go on. But first let me tell you that

these gentlemen have put themselves to very useless expense."

"Useless," said Fix. "You speak confidently! It may be seen that you do not know the size of the sum!"

"But I do know it," said Passepartout. "Twenty thousand pounds!"

"Fifty-five thousand!" replied Fix, grasping the Frenchman's hand.

"What!" cried Passepartout, "Monsieur Fogg would have dared—Fifty-five thousand pounds! Well, well! All the more reason that I should not lose an instant," he added rising again.

"Fifty-five thousand pounds!" replied Fix, who forced Passepartout to sit down again, after having ordered a decanter of brandy,—“and if I succeed, I get a reward of two thousand pounds. Do you wish five hundred of them on condition that you help me?”

"Help you!" cried Passepartout, whose eyes were opened very wide.

"Yes, help me to detain Mr. Fogg in Hong Kong for a few days!"

"Phew!" said Passepartout, "what are you saying? How, not satisfied with having my master followed, with suspecting his faithfulness, do these gentlemen wish to throw new obstacles in his way. I am ashamed for them."

"Ah! what do you mean by that?" asked Fix.

"I mean that it is simple indelicacy. It is about the same as stripping Monsieur Fogg and putting his money in their pockets."

"Ah! that is the very thing we are coming to!"

"But it is a trap!" cried Passepartout—who was getting lively under the influence of the brandy with which Fix was plying him, and which he drank without noticing it—"a real trap! Gentlemen! Colleagues!"

Fix began to be puzzled.

"Colleagues!" cried Passepartout, "members of the Reform Club! You must know, Monsieur Fix, that my master is an honest man, and that, when he has made a bet, he intends to win it fairly."

"But who do you think I am?" asked Fix, fastening his look upon Passepartout.

"Parbleu! an agent of the members of the Reform Club

with the mission to interfere with my master's journey, which is singularly humiliating. So, although it has been some time already since I guessed your business, I have taken good care not to disclose it to Monsieur Fogg."

"He knows nothing?" asked Fix quickly.

"Nothing," answer Passepartout, emptying his glass once more.

The agent passed his hand over his forehead. He hesitated before continuing the conversation. What ought he to do? The error of Passepartout seemed sincere, but it rendered his plan more difficult. It was evident that this young man was speaking with perfect good faith, and that he was not his master's accomplice—which Fix had feared. "Well," he said to himself, "since he is not his accomplice, he will aid me."

The detective had the advantage a second time. Besides, he had no more time to wait. At any cost Fogg must be arrested at Hong Kong.

"Listen," said Fix, in an abrupt tone, "listen carefully to me. I am not what you think, that is, an agent of the members of the Reform Club——"

"Bah!" said Passepartout, looking at him in a jocose way.

"I am a police detective, charged with a mission by the Metropolitan Government.

"You—a detective!"

"Yes, and I will prove it," replied Fix. "Here is my commission."

And the agent, taking a paper from his pocket-book, showed his companion a commission signed by the Commissioner of the Central Police. Passepartout stunned, unable to articulate a word, looked at Fix.

"The bet of Mr. Fogg," continued Fix, "is only a pretext of which you are the dupes, you and his colleagues of the Reform Club, for he had an interest in assuring himself of your unconscious complicity."

"But why?" cried Passepartout.

"Listen. The 28th of September, ultimo, a robbery of fifty-five thousand pounds was committed at the Bank of England, by an individual whose description they were able to obtain. Now, look at this description, and it is feature for feature that of Mr. Fogg."

"Humbug!" cried Passepartout, striking the table with his clenched fist. "My master is the most honest man in the world!"

"How do you know?" replied Fix. "You are not even acquainted with him. You entered his service the day of his departure, and he left precipitately under a senseless pretext, without trunks, and carrying with him a large sum in bank notes! And you dare to maintain that he is an honest man?"

"Yes, yes!" repeated the poor fellow mechanically.

"Do you wish, then, to be arrested as his accomplice?"

Passepartout dropped his head in his hands. He could no longer be recognized. He did not look at the detective. Phileas Fogg, the deliverer of Aouda, the brave and generous man, a robber! And yet how many presumptions there were against him. Passepartout tried to force back the suspicions which would slip into his mind. He would never believe in his master's guilt.

"To conclude, what do you want of me?" said he to the detective by a strong effort.

"See here," replied Fix, "I have tracked Mr. Fogg to this point, but I have not yet received the warrant of arrest, for which I asked, from London. You must help me, then, to keep him in Hong Kong——"

"I! Help you!"

"And I will share with you the reward of two thousand pounds promised by the Bank of England!"

"Never!" replied Passepartout, who wanted to rise and fell back, feeling his reason and his strength at once escaping him.

"Monsieur Fix," he said, stammering, "even if everything you have told me should be true—if my master should be the robber whom you seek—which I deny—I have been—I am in his service—I have seen him kind and generous—betray him—never—no, not for all the gold in the world—I am from a village where they don't eat that kind of bread!"

"You refuse?"

"I refuse."

"Treat it as if I had said nothing," replied Fix, "and let's take a drink."

"All right, let's take a drink!"

Passepartout felt himself more and more overcome by intoxication. Fix, understanding that he must at all hazards separate him from his master, wanted to finish him. On the table were a few pipes filled with opium. Fix slipped one into Passepartout's hand, who took it, lifted it to his lips, lighted it, took a few puffs, and fell over, his head stupefied under the influence of the narcotic.

"At least," said Fix, seeing Passepartout out of the way, "Mr. Fogg will not be informed in time of the departure of the *Carnatic*, and if he leaves he will at least be without this cursed Frenchman!"

Then he left, after paying his bill.

CHAPTER XX

IN WHICH FIX COMES IN DIRECT CONTACT WITH PHILEAS FOGG

DURING this scene, which might perhaps seriously interfere with his future, Mr. Fogg, accompanying Aouda, was taking a walk through the streets of the English town. Since Aouda accepted his offer to take her to Europe, he had to think of all the details necessary for so long a journey. That an Englishman like him should make the tour of the world with a carpet-bag in his hand, might pass; but a lady could not undertake such a journey under the same conditions. Hence, the necessity of buying clothing and articles necessary for the voyage. Mr. Fogg acquitted himself of his task with the quiet characteristic of him, and he invariably replied to all the excuses and objections of the young woman, confused by so much kindness. "It is the interest of my journey; it is in my programme."

The purchases made, Mr. Fogg and the young woman returned to the hotel and dined at the *table d'hôte*, which was sumptuously served. Then Aouda, a little tired, went up into her room after having shaken hands English fashion with her imperturbable deliverer.

He, Fogg, was absorbed all the evening in reading the *Times* and the *Illustrated London News*. If he had been a man to be astonished at anything it would have been not to have seen his servant at the hour for retiring. But knowing that the Yokohama steamer was not to leave Hong

Kong before the next morning, he did not otherwise bother himself about it. The next morning Passepartout did not come at Mr. Fogg's ring.

What the honorable gentleman thought on learning that his servant had not returned to the hotel, no one could have said. Mr. Fogg contented himself with taking his carpet-bag, calling for Aouda and sending for a palanquin. It was then eight o'clock, and high tide, of which the *Carnatic* was to take advantage to go out through the passes, was put down at half-past nine.

When the palanquin arrived at the door of the hotel, Mr. Fogg and Aouda got into the comfortable vehicle, and their baggage followed them on a wheelbarrow. Half an hour later the travelers dismounted on the wharf and there Phileas Fogg learned that the *Carnatic* had left the evening before.

Mr. Fogg, who counted on finding at the same time both the steamer and his servant, was compelled to do without both. But not a sign of disappointment appeared upon his face; and, when Aouda looked at him with uneasiness, he contented himself with replying, "It is an incident, Madame, nothing more."

At this moment a person who had been watching him closely came up to him. It was the detective, Fix, who turned to him and said, "Are you not like myself, sir, one of the passengers of the *Rangoon*, who arrived yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Fogg coldly, "but I have not the honor——"

"Pardon me, but I thought I would find your servant here."

"Do you know where he is, sir?" asked the young woman quickly.

"What!" replied Fix, feigning surprise, "is he not with you?"

"No," replied Aouda. "He has not returned since yesterday. Has he perhaps embarked without us aboard the *Carnatic*?"

"Without you, madame?" replied Fix. "But, excuse my question, you expected then to leave by that steamer?"

"Yes, sir."

"I too, madame, and I am much disappointed. The *Carnatic*, having completed her repairs, left Hong Kong

twelve hours sooner without warning anyone, and we must now wait a week for another steamer!"

Fix felt his heart jump for joy in pronouncing these words, "a week." A week! Fogg detained a week at Hong Kong! There would be time to receive the warrant of arrest. Chance would at last declare for the representative of the law.

It may be judged then what a stunning blow he received, when he heard Phileas Fogg say in his calm voice. "But there are other vessels than the *Carnatic*, it seems to me, in the port of Hong Kong."

And Mr. Fogg, offering his arm to Aouda, turned towards the docks in search of a vessel leaving. Fix, stupefied, followed. It might have been said that a thread attached him to this man.

However, chance seemed really to abandon him whom it had served so well up to that time. Phileas Fogg, for three hours, traversed the port in every direction, decided, if it was necessary, to charter a vessel to take him to Yokohama; but he saw only vessels loading or unloading, which consequently could not set sail. Fix began to hope again.

But Mr. Fogg was not disconcerted, and he was going to continue his search, if he had to go as far as Macao, when he was accosted by a sailor on the end of the pier. "Your honor is looking for a boat?" said the sailor to him, taking off his hat.

"You have a boat ready to sail?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"Yes, your honor, a pilot-boat, the best in the flotilla."

"She goes fast?"

"Between eight and nine knots an hour, nearly the latter. Will you look at her?"

"Yes."

"Your honor will be satisfied. Is it for an excursion?"

"No; for a voyage."

"A voyage?"

"You will undertake to convey me to Yokohama?"

The sailor, at these words, stood with arms extended and eyes starting from his head. "Your honor is joking?" he said.

"No, I have missed the sailing of the *Carnatic*, and I must be at Yokohama on the 14th, at the latest, to take the steamer for San Francisco."

"I regret it," replied the pilot, "but it is impossible."

"I offer you one hundred pounds per day, and a reward of two hundred pounds if I arrive in time."

"You are in earnest?" asked the pilot.

"Very much in earnest," replied Mr. Fogg.

The pilot withdrew to one side. He looked at the sea, evidently struggling between the desire to gain an enormous sum and the fear of venturing so far. Fix was in mortal suspense.

During this time, Mr. Fogg had returned to Aouda. "You will not be afraid, madame?" he asked.

"With you—no, Mr. Fogg," replied the young woman.

The pilot had come towards the gentleman again, and was twisting his hat in his hands.

"Well, pilot?" said Mr. Fogg.

"Well, your honor," replied the pilot, "I can risk neither my men, nor myself, nor yourself, in so long a voyage on a boat scarcely twenty tons, at this time of the year. Besides, we would not arrive in time, for it is sixteen hundred and fifty miles from Hong Kong to Yokohama."

"Only sixteen hundred," said Mr. Fogg.

"It is the same thing."

Fix took a good long breath.

"But," added the pilot, "there might perhaps be a means to arrange it otherwise."

Fix did not breathe any more.

"How?" asked Phileas Fogg.

"By going to Nagasaki, the southern extremity of Japan, eleven hundred miles, or only to Shanghai, eight hundred miles from Hong Kong. In this last journey, we would not be at any distance from the Chinese coast, which would be a great advantage, all the more so that the currents run to the north."

"Pilot," replied Phileas Fogg, "I must take the American mail steamer at Yokohama, and not at Shanghai or Nagasaki."

"Why not?" replied the pilot. "The San Francisco steamer does not start from Yokohama. She stops there and at Nagasaki, but her port of departure is Shanghai."

"You are certain of what you are saying?"

"Certain."

"And when does the steamer leave Shanghai?"

"On the 11th, at seven o'clock in the evening. We have then four days before us. Four days, that is ninety-six hours, and with an average of eight knots an hour, if we have good luck, if the wind keeps to the southeast, if the sea is calm, we can make the eight hundred miles which separate us from Shanghai."

"And you can leave——"

"In an hour, time enough to buy my provisions and hoist sail."

"It is a bargain—you are the master of the boat?"

"Yes, John Bunsby, master of the *Tankadere*."

"Do you wish some earnest money?"

"If it does not inconvenience your honor."

"Here are two hundred pounds on account—Sir," added Phileas Fogg turning towards Fix, "if you wish to take advantage——"

"Sir," answered Fix resolutely, "I was going to ask this favor of you."

"Well. In half an hour we will be on board."

"But this poor fellow——" said Aouda, whom Passepartout's disappearance worried very much.

"I am going to do all I can to find him," replied Phileas Fogg.

And while Fix, nervous, feverish, angry, repaired to the pilot boat, the two others went to the police station at Hong Kong. Phileas Fogg gave there Passepartout's description, and left a sufficient sum to find him. The same formality was carried out at the French consular agent's, and the palanquin having stopped at the hotel where the baggage had been taken took the travelers back to the outer pier.

Three o'clock struck. The pilot-boat, No. 43, her crew on board, and her provisions stowed away, was ready to set sail. She was a charming little schooner of twenty tons—this *Tankadere*—with a sharp cut-water, very graceful shape, and long water lines. She might have been called a racing yacht. Her shining copper sheathing, her galvanized iron work, her deck white as ivory, showed that Master John Bunsby knew how to keep her in good condition. Her two masts leaned a little to the rear. She carried brigantine-foresail, storm-jib, and standing-jib, and could rig up splendidly for a rear wind. She ought to sail

wonderfully well, and in fact she had won several prizes in pilot-boat matches.

The crew of the *Tankadere* was composed of the master, John Bunsby, and four men. They were of that class of hardy sailors who, in all weathers, venture out in search of vessels, and are thoroughly acquainted with these seasons. John Bunsby, a man about forty-five years, vigorous, well sunburnt, of a lively expression, of an energetic face, self-reliant, well posted in his business, would have inspired confidence in the most timorous.

Phileas Fogg and Aouda went on board. Fix was already there. They went down by steps in the rear of the schooner into a square cabin, whose walls bulged out in the form of cots, above a circular divan. In the middle, there was a table lighted by a hanging lamp. It was small, but neat.

"I regret having nothing better to offer you," said Mr. Fogg to Fix, who bowed without replying.

The detective felt somewhat humiliated by thus taking advantage of Mr. Fogg's kindnesses. "Surely," he thought, "he is a very polite rogue, but he is a rogue!"

At ten minutes after three the sails were hoisted. The English flag was flying at the gaff of the schooner. The passengers were seated on deck. Mr. Fogg and Aouda cast a last look at the wharf, in hopes of seeing Passepartout.

Fix was not without apprehension, for chance might have brought to this place the unfortunate young man whom he had so indignantly treated, and then an explanation would have taken place, from which the detective would not have got out to advantage. But the Frenchman did not show himself, and doubtless the stupefying narcotic still held him under its influence.

Finally, Master John Bunsby ordered a start, and the *Tankadere*, taking the wind under her brigantine, foresail, and standing jib, flew out in the sea.

CHAPTER XXI

IN WHICH THE MASTER OF THE "TANKADERE" RUNS GREAT RISK OF LOSING A REWARD OF TWO HUNDRED POUNDS

THIS voyage of eight hundred miles, undertaken in a craft of twenty tons, and especially in that season of the year, was venturesome. The Chinese seas are generally rough, exposed to terrible blows, principally during the equinoxes, and this was in the first days of November.

It would have very evidently been to the advantage of the pilot to take his passengers as far as Yokohama, as he was paid so much per day. But it would have been great imprudence on his part to attempt such a voyage under such conditions, and it was a bold act, if not a rash one, to go as far as Shanghai. But John Bunsby had confidence in his *Tankadere*, which rode the waves like a gull, and perhaps he was not wrong.

During the later hours of this day the *Tankadere* sailed through the capricious channels of Hong Kong, and, in all her movements, from whatever quarter the wind came, she behaved handsomely.

"I do not need, pilot," said Phileas Fogg, the moment the schooner touched the open sea, "to recommend to you all possible diligence."

"Your honor may depend upon me," replied John Bunsby. "In the matter of sails, we are carrying all that the wind will allow us to carry. Our poles would add nothing, and would only interfere with the sailing of our craft."

"It is your trade, and not mine, pilot, and I trust to you."

Phileas Fogg, his body erect, and legs wide apart, standing straight as a sailor, looked at the surging sea without staggering. The young woman seated aft, felt quite affected looking at the ocean, already darkened by the twilight, which she was braving upon so frail a craft. Above her head were unfurled the white sails, looking in space like immense wings. The schooner, impelled by the wind, seemed to fly through the air.

Night set in. The moon was entering her first quarter, and her scanty light was soon extinguished in the haze of the horizon. Clouds were rising from the east, and already covered a portion of the heavens.

The pilot had put his lights in position—an indispensable

precaution to take in these seas, so much frequented by vessels bound landward. Collisions were not rare, and at the rate she was going, the schooner would be shattered by the least shock.

Fix was dreaming forward on the vessel. He kept himself apart, knowing Fogg naturally to be not much of a talker. Besides, he hated to speak to this man, whose accommodations he had accepted. He was thinking thus of the future. It appeared certain to him that Mr. Fogg would not stop at Yokohama, that he would immediately take the San Francisco steamer to reach America, whose vast extent would assure him impunity with security. It seemed to him that Phileas Fogg's plan could not be simpler.

Instead of embarking in England for the United States, like a common rogue, this Fogg had made the grand rounds, and traversed three-quarters of the globe, in order to gain more surely the American continent, where he would quietly consume the large sum stolen from the bank, after having thrown the police off his track. But, once upon the soil of the United States, what would Fix do? Abandon this man? No, a hundred times no! And until he had obtained an extradition order he would not leave him for an instant. It was his duty, and he would fulfill it to the end. In any event one happy result had been obtained. Passepartout was no longer with his master; and, especially after the confidence Fix had reposed in him, it was important that the master and servant should never see each other again.

Phileas Fogg was constantly thinking of his servant, who had disappeared so singularly. After having thought over everything, it seemed not impossible to him that, in consequence of a misunderstanding, the poor fellow had set sail upon the *Carnatic* at the last moment. It was the opinion of Aouda also, who regretted very much this good servant, to whom she owed so much. It might be that they would find him again at Yokohama, and if the *Carnatic* had taken him thither, it would be easy to find it out.

Towards ten o'clock the breeze began to freshen. Perhaps it would have been prudent to take in a reef, but the pilot, having carefully examined the state of the heavens, left the rigging as it was. Besides, the *Tankadere* carried

sail admirably, having a deep draft of water, and everything was prepared to go rapidly, in case of a gale.

At midnight Phileas Fogg and Aouda descended into the cabin. Fix had preceded them, and was stretched on one of the cots. As for the pilot and his men, they remained on deck all night.

The next day, the 8th of November, at sunrise, the schooner had made more than one hundred miles. Her course, frequently tried, showed that the average of her speed was between eight and nine knots an hour. The *Tankadere* carried full sail, and in this rig she obtained the maximum of rapidity. If the wind kept the same, the chances were in her favor.

The *Tankadere*, during the whole day, did not go far from the coast, whose currents were favorable to her, and which was five miles off at the most from her larboard quarter, and irregularly outlined appeared sometimes across the clearings. The wind coming from the land was, on that account, not quite so strong, a fortunate circumstance for the schooner, for vessels of a small tonnage suffer above all from the roll of the sea which interferes with their speed, "killing" them, to use the sailors' expression.

Towards noon the breeze abated a little and set in from the southeast. The pilot put up his poles; but at the end of two hours it was necessary to take them down, as the wind freshened up again.

Mr. Fogg and the young woman, very fortunately unaffected by seasickness, ate with a good appetite the preserves and ship biscuit. Fix was invited to share their repast, and was compelled to accept, knowing very well that it is as necessary to ballast stomachs as vessels, but it vexed him! To travel at this man's expense, to be fed from his provisions, was rather against his grain. He ate, daintily, it is true, but finally he ate.

However, this repast finished, he took Mr. Fogg aside and said to him: "Sir——"

This "sir" scorched his lips, and he controlled himself so as not to collar this "gentleman"! "Sir, you have been very kind to offer me a passage on your vessel. But, although my resources do not permit me to expend as freely as you, I intend to pay my share——"

"Let us not speak of that, sir," replied Mr. Fogg.

“But, if I insist——”

“No, sir,” repeated Fogg, in a tone which did not admit of reply. “That will enter into the general expenses.”

Fix bowed; he had a stifling feeling, and going forward, he lay down, and did not say a word more during the day.

In the meantime they were moving on rapidly. John Bunsby had high hopes. He said to Mr. Fogg several times that they would arrive at Shanghai at the desired time. Mr. Fogg simply replied that he counted on it. The whole crew went to work in earnest. The reward enticed these good people. So there was not a sheet which was not conscientiously tightened! Not a sail which was not vigorously hoisted! Not a lurch for which the man at the helm could be blamed. They would not have maneuvered more rigorously in a regatta of the Royal Yacht Club.

In the evening, the pilot marked on the log a distance of two hundred and twenty miles from Hong Kong, and Phileas Fogg might hope that on arriving at Yokohama he would not have to note any delay in his journal. Thus, the first serious mischance that he had suffered since his departure from London would probably not affect his journey worth mentioning.

During the night, towards the early morning hours, the *Tankadere* entered, without difficulty, the Straits of Fo Kien, which separate the large Island of Formosa from the Chinese coast, and she crossed the Tropic of Cancer. The sea was very rough in these straits, full of eddies formed by counter-currents. The schooner labored heavily. The short waves broke her course. It became very difficult to stand upon the deck.

With daybreak, the wind became fresher. There was the appearance of a squall in the heavens. Besides, the barometer announced a speedy change of the atmosphere; its daily movement was irregular, and the mercury oscillated capriciously. The sea was seen rising towards the southeast in long swells, betokening a tempest. The evening before the sun had set in a red haze, amid the phosphorescent scintillations of the ocean.

The pilot examined the threatening aspect of the sky for a long time, and muttered between his teeth indistinctly. At a certain moment, finding himself near his passenger, he said in a low voice: “Can I speak freely to your honor?”

"You can," replied Phileas Fogg.

"Well, we are going to have a squall."

"Will it come from the north or the south," asked Mr. Fogg simply.

"From the south. See. A typhoon is coming up."

"Good for the typhoon from the south, since it will send us in the right direction," replied Mr. Fogg.

"If you take it so," replied the pilot, "I have nothing more to say."

John Bunsby's presentiments did not deceive him. At a less advanced season of the year, the typhoon, according to the expression of a celebrated meteorologist, would have passed off like a luminous cascade of electric flames, but in November it was to be feared that it would burst with violence.

The pilot took his precautions in advance. He had all the schooner's sails reefed, and the yards brought on deck. The pole-masts were dispensed with. All hands went forward. The hatches were carefully fastened. Not a drop of water could then enter the hull of the vessel. A single triangular sail, a foresail of strong canvas, was hoisted as a storm-jib, so as to hold the schooner to the wind behind. And they waited.

John Bunsby had begged his passengers to go down into the cabin; but in the narrow space, almost deprived of air, and knocked about by the waves, this imprisonment had in it nothing agreeable. Neither Mr. Fogg, nor Aouda, nor even Fix was contented to leave the deck.

Towards eight o'clock the storm of rain and wind struck the deck. With nothing but her little bit of sail, the *Tankadere* was raised like a feather by the wind, the violence of which could not well be described in words. Compare her speed to quadruple that of a locomotive rushing along under full head of steam, and it would still be below the truth.

During the whole day the vessel ran on thus towards the north, carried by the tremendous waves, preserving, fortunately, a rapidity equal to theirs. Twenty times she was almost submerged by these mountains of water which rose upon her from the rear, but an adroit turn of the helm by the pilot warded off the catastrophe. The passengers were sometimes covered all over by the showers of spray, which they received philosophically. Fix did not like it, doubt-

less, but the intrepid Aouda, with her eyes fixed upon her companion, whose coolness she could only admire, showed herself worthy of him, and braved the storm at his side. As for Phileas Fogg, it seemed as if this typhoon formed a part of his programme.

Up to this time the *Tankadere* had always held her course towards the north; but, toward evening, as might have been feared, the wind, shifting three-quarters, blew from the northwest. The schooner, now having her side to the waves, was terribly shaken. The sea struck her with a violence well calculated to terrify anyone who does not know how solidly every part of a vessel is fastened together.

With nightfall the tempest grew wilder. Seeing darkness come on, and with it the increase of the storm, John Bunsby felt great uneasiness. He asked himself if it would not be time to put in somewhere, and he consulted his crew.

His men consulted, John Bunsby approached Mr. Fogg, and said to him: "I believe, your honor, that we would do well to make one of the ports of the coast."

"I believe so, also," replied Phileas Fogg.

"Ah!" said the pilot, "but which one?"

"I only know one," replied Mr. Fogg quietly.

"And that is——?"

"Shanghai!"

The pilot could not at first comprehend for a few moments what this answer meant; how much obstinacy and tenacity it comprised. Then he cried: "Ah, well, yes! your honor is right. On to Shanghai!"

And the direction of the *Tankadere* was unwaveringly kept to the north.

It was truly a terrible night! It was a miracle that the little craft did not capsize. Twice she was submerged, and everything would have been carried off the deck, if the fastening of the ropes had given way. Aouda was worn out, but she did not utter a complaint. More than once Mr. Fogg had to rush towards her to protect her from the violence of the waves.

Daylight reappeared. The tempest was still raging with the greatest fury. However, the wind fell again into the southeast. It was a favorable change, and the *Tankadere* resumed her way on this high sea, whose waves then struck

PASSERBY RUSHES ALONG THE SIDEWALK LIKE A WIND-BOURNE LEAF.

It was thirty-five minutes past eight when he left the clergyman's house. But in what a condition! His hair disordered, hatless, trousers running as has never been seen in the memory of man, upsetting passer-by, rushing along the sidewalk like a wind-bourne leaf. In three minutes he had returned to the house in Saville Row, and fell out of breath in Mr. Fog's room.

He could not speak.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Fog.—Page 340.

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PASSEPARTOUT RETRIEVES HIMSELF.

With nightfall the tempest grew wilder. Seeing darkness, Phileas Fogg, who had been sitting in the cabin, had rushed out to see what was going on. He had seen his crew, rushing along the sidewalks like a water spout.

In three minutes, he had returned to the house in Saville Row, and fell, out of breath, in Mr. Fogg's room.

He could not speak. "I believe, your honor, that we would do well to make one of the ports in the coast."

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those produced by the new direction of the wind. Thence a shock of counter-rolling waves, which would have crushed a less solidly built bark.

From time to time through the broken mist the coast could be perceived, but not a ship in sight. The *Tankadere* was the only one keeping the sea.

At noon there were some signs of a calm, which, with the sinking of the sun towards the horizon, were more distinct. The short duration of the tempest was owing to its very violence. The passengers, completely worn out, could eat a little and take some rest.

The night was comparatively quiet. The pilot had the sails again hoisted at a low reef. The speed of the vessel was considerable. The next day, the 11th, at day-dawn, the coast being sighted, John Bunsby was able to assert that they were not one hundred miles from the wharfs at Shanghai.

One hundred miles, and only this day left to make the distance! That very evening Mr. Fogg ought to arrive at Shanghai, if he did not wish to miss the departure of the Yokohama steamer. Without this storm, during which he lost several hours, he would not, at this moment, have been thirty miles from port.

The breeze sensibly slackened, but fortunately the sea fell with it. The schooner was covered with canvas. Poles, stay-sails, counter-jibs, all were carried, and the sea foamed under her keel.

At noon, the *Tankadere* was not more than forty-five miles from Shanghai. She had six hours more to make that port before the departure of the steamer for Yokohama.

The fears of all were great; they wanted to arrive at any cost. All felt their hearts impatiently beating—Phileas Fogg doubtless excepted. The little schooner must keep up an average of nine knots an hour, and the wind was constantly going down! It was an irregular breeze, with capricious puffs coming from the coast. They passed, and the sea became more smooth immediately after.

But the vessel was so light, and her high sails, of a fine material, caught the capricious breeze so well that, with the current in their favor, at six o'clock John Bunsby counted only ten miles to Shanghai river, for the city itself is situ-

ated at a distance of twelve miles at least above the mouth. At seven o'clock they were still three miles from Shanghai. A formidable oath escaped from the pilot's lips. It was evident that the reward of two hundred pounds was going to slip from him. He looked at Mr. Fogg. Mr. Fogg was impassible, and yet his whole fortune was at stake at this moment.

At this moment, too, a long, black funnel, crowned with a wreath of smoke, appeared on the edge of the water. It was the American steamer going at the regular hour. "Maledictions on her!" cried John Bunsby, who pushed back the rudder desperately.

"Signal her!" said Phileas Fogg, simply.

A small brass cannon stood on the forward deck of the *Tankadere*. It served to make signals in hazy weather.

The cannon was loaded to the muzzle, but at the moment that the pilot was going to apply a red-hot coal to the touch-hole, Mr. Fogg said: "Hoist your flag."

The flag was hoisted half-mast. It was a signal of distress, and it was to be hoped that the American steamer, perceiving it, would change her course for a moment to assist the little craft.

"Fire!" said Mr. Fogg. And the booming of the little cannon sounded through the air.

CHAPTER XXII

IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT SEES VERY WELL THAT, EVEN AT
THE ANTIPODES, IT IS PRUDENT TO HAVE SOME MONEY
IN ONE'S POCKET

THE *Carnatic*, having left Hong Kong on the 6th of November, at half past six P. M., turned under full head of steam towards the Japanese shores. She carried a full load of freight and passengers. Two cabins aft were unoccupied. They were the ones retained for Mr. Phileas Fogg.

The next morning the men in the forward part of the vessel saw, not without some surprise, a passenger, with half-stupefied eyes and disordered head, coming out of the second cabin, and with tottering steps taking a seat on deck.

This passenger was Passepartout himself. This is what

had happened: Some minutes after Fix left the smoking-house two waiters raised Passepartout, who was in a deep sleep, and laid him on the bed reserved for the smokers. But, three hours later, Passepartout, pursued even in his bad dreams by a fixed idea, woke again and struggled against the stupefying action of the narcotic. The thought of unaccomplished duty shook off his torpor. He left this drunkard's bed, reeling, supporting himself by the wall, falling and rising, but always and irresistibly urged on by a sort of instinct. He finally went out of the smoking-house, crying in a dream, "*The Carnatic! the Carnatic!*"

The steamer was there, steam up, ready to leave. Passepartout had only a few steps to go. He rushed upon the plank, crossed it, and fell unconscious on the forward deck at the very moment that the *Carnatic* was slipping her moorings.

Some of the sailors, as men accustomed to this kind of scenes, took the poor fellow down into a second cabin, and Passepartout only waked the next morning, one hundred and fifty miles from the Chinese coast.

This is then why Passepartout found himself this morning on the *Carnatic's* deck, taking full draughts of the fresh sea breezes. The pure air sobered him. He commenced to collect his ideas, but he did not succeed without difficulty. But, finally, he recalled the scenes of the day before, the confidences of Fix, the smoking-house, etc.

"It is evident," he said to himself, "that I have been abominably drunk! What will Mr. Fogg say? In any event I have not missed the steamer, and this is the principal thing."

Then, thinking of Fix, he said to himself: "As for him, I hope we are now rid of him, and that he has not dared, after what he proposed to me, to follow us on the *Carnatic*. A police detective on my master's heels, accused of the robbery committed upon the Bank of England! Pshaw! Mr. Fogg is as much a robber as I am a murderer!"

Ought Passepartout to tell these things to his master? Would it be proper to inform him of the part played by Fix in this affair? Would it not be better to wait until his return to London, to tell him that an agent of the Metropolitan Police had followed him, and then have a laugh with him? Yes, doubtless. In any event, it was a matter to be looked

into. The most pressing thing was to rejoin Mr. Fogg and beg him to pardon him for his inexcusable conduct.

Passepartout then rose. The sea was rough, and the ship rolled heavily. The worthy fellow—his legs not very steady yet—reached as well as he could the after-deck of the ship. He saw no one on the deck that resembled either his master or Aouda.

“Good,” said he. “Aouda is still abed at this hour. As for Mr. Fogg, he has probably found some whist player, and according to his habit——”

So saying, Passepartout descended to the saloon. Mr. Fogg was not there. Passepartout had but one thing to do: to ask the purser which cabin Mr. Fogg occupied. The purser replied that he did not know any passenger of that name.

“Pardon me,” said Passepartout, persisting. “The gentleman in question is tall, cold, non-communicative, accompanied by a young lady——”

“We have no young lady on board,” replied the purser. “To convince you, here is the list of passengers. You can examine it.”

Passepartout looked over the list. His master’s name did not appear. He felt bewildered. Then an idea struck him. “Ah! but see! Am I on the *Carnatic*?” he cried.

“Yes,” replied the purser.

“*En route* for Yokohama?”

“Exactly so.”

Passepartout had for a moment feared that he had mistaken the vessel! But though he was on the *Carnatic*, he was certain that his master was not there for he had not seen him.

Passepartout dropped into an arm-chair. It was a thunder stroke for him. And suddenly, there was a gleam of light. He recollected that the hour of departure for the *Carnatic* had been anticipated, that he was to notify his master, and that he had not done it! It was his fault, then, if Mr. Fogg and Aouda had missed this steamer!

His fault, yes, but still more that of the traitor who, to separate him from his master, to keep the latter in Hong Kong, had made him drunk! For at last he understood the detective’s maneuver. And now Mr. Fogg surely ruined, his bet lost, arrested, perhaps imprisoned! Passepartout at

this thought tore his hair. 'Ah! if Fix ever fell into his hands, what a settlement of accounts there would be!

Finally, after the first moment of bewilderment, Passepartout recovered his coolness and studied the situation. It was not enviable. The Frenchman was on the road to Japan. Certain of arriving there, how was he to get away? His pocket was empty. Not a shilling, not a penny in it! However, his passage and meals on board were paid in advance. He had then five or six days to come to a decision. It could not be described how he ate and drank during the voyage. He ate for his master, for Aouda, and for himself. He ate as if Japan, where he was going to land, was a desert country, bare of every eatable substance.

At high tide on the morning of the 13th, the *Carnatic* entered the port of Yokohama. This place is an important stopping point in the Pacific, where all the mail and passenger steamers between North America, China, Japan, and the Malay Islands put in. Yokohama is situated on the Bay of Yeddo, at a short distance from that immense city, the second capital of the Japanese empire, formerly the residence of the Tycoon, at the time that civil emperor existed, and the rival of Miako, the largest city in which the Mikado, the ecclesiastical emperor, the descendant of the gods, lives.

The *Carnatic* came alongside the wharf at Yokohama near the jetties of the port and the custom house, in the midst of the numerous vessels belonging to all nations.

Passepartout set foot, without any enthusiasm, on this so curious soil of the Sons of the Sun. He had nothing better to do than to take chance for his guide, and to go at a venture through the streets of the city.

He found himself at first in an absolutely European city, with its low front houses, ornamented with verandas, under which showed elegant peristyles. This city, covered with its streets, its squares, its docks, its warehouses, the entire space comprised between "Treaty Promontory" and the river. There, as at Hong Kong, and as at Calcutta, there was a confused swarm of people of all races, 'Americans, English, Chinese, Dutch, merchants ready to sell everything and to buy everything, in the midst of whom the Frenchman found himself as strange as if he had been cast into the Hottentot country.

Passepartout had, it is true, one resource; it was to make himself known at the French or English Consular Agent's established at Yokohama; but he hated to tell his story, so intimately connected with that of his master, and before coming to that, he wished to exhaust all other chances.

Then, having gone through the European quarter of the city, without chance having served him in anything, he entered the Japanese quarter, decided, if it was necessary, to push on to Yeddo.

This native portion of Yokohama is called Benten, from the name of a goddess of the sea, worshiped in the neighboring islands. There were to be seen splendid avenues of firs and cedars; the sacred gates of a strange architecture; bridges half hid in the midst of bamboos and reeds; temples sheltered under the immense and melancholy shade of aged cedars, retreats in the depths of which vegetated the priests of Buddhism and the sectaries of the religion of Confucius; interminable streets in which could have been gathered a whole crop of children, rose-tinted and red-cheeked, good little people who might have been cut out of some native screen, and who were playing in the midst of short-legged poodles, and yellowish, tailless cats, very indolent, and very affectionate.

In the streets there was a constant swarm, going and coming incessantly; priests passing in procession, beating their monotonous tambourines; patrolmen, custom house or police officers, with pointed hats incrustated with lace, and carrying two sabers in their belts; soldiers dressed in blue cotton, with white stripes, and armed with percussion muskets; guards of the Mikado, enveloped in their silken doublets, with hauberk and coat of mail, and a number of other military men of all ranks—for in Japan the profession of a soldier is as much esteemed as it is despised in China. Then, mendicant friars, pilgrims in long robes, simple civilians, with their glossy and jet-black hair, large heads, long bust, slender legs, short stature, and complexions from the dark shades of copper to dead white, but never yellow like that of the Chinese, from whom the Japanese differ essentially. Finally, between the carriages, the palanquins, the horses, the porters, the curtained wheelbarrows, and bamboo litters, were seen moving some homely women, with tightly-drawn eyes, sunken chests, and teeth blackened according to the

fashion of the time, taking short steps with their little feet, upon which were canvas shoes, straw sandals, or clogs of worked wood. They also wore with elegance the national garment, the "kiri mon," a sort of dressing-gown, crossed with a silk scarf, whose broad girdle expanded behind into an extravagant knot, which the modern Parisian ladies seem to have borrowed from the Japanese.

Then Passepartout found himself in the fields, in the midst of immense rice fields. There were expanding, with flowers which threw out their last perfumes, dazzling camelias, not borne upon shrubs, but upon trees; and in the bamboo enclosures, cherry, plum, and apple trees, which the natives cultivate rather for their blossoms than for their fruit, and which grinning scarecrows protect from the beaks of the sparrows, the pigeons, the crows, and other voracious birds. There was not a majestic cedar which did not shelter some large eagle; not a weeping willow which did not cover with its foliage some heron, sadly perched on one foot; while, finally, in all directions there were rooks, ducks, hawks, wild geese, and a large number of those cranes which the Japanese treat as "lords," and which symbolize for them long life and good fortune.

Wandering thus, Passepartout saw some violets among the grass, and said: "Good! there is my supper."

But having smelt them, he found no odor in them.

"No chance there!" he thought.

The good fellow had certainly had the foresight to breakfast as heartily as possible before he left the *Carnatic*; but after walking around for a day he felt that his stomach was very empty. He had noticed that sheep, goats, or pigs were entirely wanting at the stalls of the native butchers; and as he knew that it is a sacrilege to kill beeves, kept only for the needs of agriculture, he concluded that meat was scarce in Japan. He was not mistaken; but in default of butcher's meat, his stomach would have accommodated itself very well to quarters of deer or wild boar, some partridges or quails, some poultry or fish, with which the Japanese feed themselves almost exclusively, with the product of the rice fields. But he had to put a brave heart against ill luck, and postponed to the next day the care of providing for his nourishment.

Night came on. Passepartout returned to the native

quarter, and wandered in the streets in the midst of the many-colored lanterns, looking at the groups of dancers, executing their feats of agility, and the astrologers in the open air gathering the crowd around their telescopes. Then he saw again the harbor, relieved by the fires of many fishermen who were catching fish by the light of their torches.

Finally, the streets became empty. To the crowd succeeded the rounds of the patrolmen. These officers, in their magnificent costumes and in the midst of their suite, resembled ambassadors, and Passepartout repeated pleasantly, each time that he met some dazzling patrol, "Good, good! Another Japanese embassy starting for Europe!"

CHAPTER XXIII

IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT'S NOSE IS LENGTHENED ENORMOUSLY

THE next day Passepartout, tired out and hungry, said to himself that he must eat at any cost, and the sooner the better. He had this resource, to sell his watch, but he would rather die of hunger. Now was the time, or never, for this good fellow to utilize the strong, if not melodious, voice with which nature had favored him.

He knew a few French and English airs, and he determined to try them. The Japanese ought certainly to be lovers of music, since everything with them was done to the sound of the cymbals, the tam-tams, and drums, and they could not but appreciate the talents of a European amateur.

But, perhaps, he was a little early to organize a concert, and the *dilettanti*, unexpectedly wakened, would, perhaps, not have paid the singer in money with the Mikado's likeness.

Passepartout decided, then, to wait a few hours; but in sauntering along the thought came to him that he would look too well dressed for a wandering artist, and the idea struck him to exchange his clothing for a suit more in harmony with his position. This exchange would besides produce a sum which he could immediately apply to satisfying his appetite.

This resolution taken, it only remained to execute it. It was only after a long search that Passepartout found a native clothes dealer, to whom he told his want. The European garments pleased the man, and soon Passepartout came out wrapped in an old Japanese robe, and on his head a sort of one-sided turban, discolored by the action of the weather. But in return, a few small pieces of money jingled in his pocket.

"Good!" he thought, "I will fancy that we are in the carnival!"

Passepartout's first care, thus "Japanesed," was to enter a tea house of modest appearance, and there, with some remains of poultry and a few handfuls of rice, he breakfasted like a man for whom dinner would be still a problem to be solved.

"Now," he said to himself, when he had taken hearty refreshment, "the question is not to lose my head. I have no longer the resource of selling this garment for another still more Japanese. I must then consider the means of getting away as promptly as possible from this country of the sun, of which I shall preserve but a sorry recollection."

Passepartout then thought of visiting the steamers about to set sail for America. He counted on offering himself in the capacity of cook or servant, asking only his passage and his meals as his entire compensation. Once at San Francisco, he would see how he would get out of his scrape. The important thing was to traverse these four thousand, seven hundred miles of the Pacific stretching between Japan and the new world.

Passepartout, not being a man to let an idea languish, turned towards the port of Yokohama. But as he approached the docks, his plans, which had appeared so simple to him at the moment when he had the idea, seemed more and more difficult of execution. Why should they need a cook or servant aboard an American steamer, and what confidence would he inspire, muffled up in this manner? What recommendations would be of any service? What references could he give?

As he was thus reflecting, his eyes fell upon an immense placard which a sort of clown was carrying through the streets of Yokohama. This programme was thus worded in English:

ACROBATIC JAPANESE TROUPE OF THE
HONORABLE WILLIAM BATULCAR.
LAST REPRESENTATIONS, BEFORE DEPARTURE FOR THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
LONG NOSES! LONG NOSES!
UNDER THE DIRECT PROTECTION OF THE GOD TINGOU!
GREAT ATTRACTION!

"The United States of America," cried Passepartout, "that's just what I want!"

He followed the man with his placard, and thus soon re-entered the Japanese quarter. A quarter of an hour later, he stopped before a large house surrounded by clusters of streamers, and whose exterior walls represented, without perspective, but in violent colors, a whole company of jugglers.

It was the Honorable Batulcar's establishment, who was a sort of American Barnum, director of a troupe of mountebanks, jugglers, clowns, acrobats, equilibrists, gymnasts, which, according to the placard, was giving its last performance before leaving the Empire of the Sun for the States of the Union.

Passepartout entered under the porch in front of the house, and asked for Honorable Mr. Batulcar. He appeared in person.

"What do you wish?" he said to Passepartout, taking him at first for a native.

"Do you need a servant?" asked Passepartout.

"A servant," cried the Barnum, stroking his thick gray beard hanging heavily under his chin. "I have two, obedient and faithful, who have never left me, and who serve me for nothing, on condition that I feed them. And here they are," he added, showing his two robust arms, furrowed with veins as large as the strings of a bass viol.

"So I can be of no good to you?"

"None."

"The devil! It would have suited me so well to leave with you."

"Ah, I see!" said the Honorable Batulcar. "You are as much a Japanese as I am a monkey! Why are you dressed in this way?"

"One dresses as one can."

"Very true. You are a Frenchman?"

"Yes, a Parisian from Paris."

"Then you ought to know how to make grimaces?"

"Indeed," replied Passepartout, vexed at seeing his nationality call forth this question, "we Frenchmen know how to make grimaces, it is true, but not better than the Americans."

"Just so. Well, if I do not take you as a servant I can take you as a clown. You understand, my good fellow? In France, they exhibit foreign clowns, and abroad, French clowns."

"Ah!"

"You are strong, are you not?"

"Particularly when I have been at the table."

"And you know how to sing?"

"Yes," replied Passepartout, who had formerly taken part in street concerts.

"But do you know how to sing on your head, with a top spinning on the sole of your left foot, and a saber balanced on the sole of your right?"

"Parbleu!" replied Passepartout, who recalled the first exercises of his youth.

"Then, you see, all is right!" replied the Honorable Batulcar.

The engagement was concluded there and then.

At last Passepartout had found a position. He was engaged to do everything in the celebrated Japanese troupe. It was not very flattering, but within a week he would be on his way to San Francisco.

The performance, so noisily announced by the Honorable Batulcar, was to commence at three o'clock, and soon the formidable instruments of a Japanese orchestra, drums and tam-tams, sounded at the door. We understand very well that Passepartout could not have studied a part, but he was to give the support of his solid shoulders in the grand feat of the "human pyramid," executed by the Long Noses of the god Tingou. This great attraction of the performance was to close the series.

Before three o'clock, the spectators had crowded the large building. Europeans and natives, Chinese and Japanese, men, women, and children, rushed upon the narrow benches, and into the boxes opposite the stage. The musicians had entered, and the full orchestra, with gongs, tam-

tams, bones, flutes, tambourines, and large drums went to work furiously.

The performance was what all these acrobatic exhibitions are. But it must be confessed that the Japanese are the best equilibrists in the world. One, with his fan and small bits of paper, executed the graceful trick of the butterflies and flowers. Another, with the odorous smoke of his pipe, traced rapidly in the air a series of bluish words, which formed a compliment addressed to the audience. The latter juggled with lit candles, which he blew out in succession as they passed before his lips, and which he lit again, one after the other, without interrupting, for a single moment, his wonderful jugglery. The former produced, by means of spinning tops, the most improbable combinations. Under his hand these humming machines seemed to be gifted with a life of their own in their interminable whirling; they ran over pipe stems, over the edges of sabers, over wires as thin as hair, stretched from one side of the stage to the other; they went round large glass vases, they went up and down bamboo ladders, and scattered into all the corners, and produced harmonic effects of a strange character by combining their various tones. The jugglers tossed them up, and they turned in the air; they threw them like shuttle-cocks with wooden battledores, and they kept on turning; they thrust them into their pockets, and when they brought them out they were still spinning—until the moment when a relaxed spring made them bud out into a Chinese tree!

It is useless to describe here the wonderful feats of the acrobats and gymnasts of the troupe. The turning on ladders, poles, balls, barrels, etc., was executed with remarkable precision. But the principal attraction of the performance was the exhibition of the Long Noses, astonishing equilibrists, with whom Europe is not yet acquainted.

These Long Noses form a special company placed under the direct patronage of the god Tingou. Dressed like heroes of the middle ages, they bore a splendid pair of wings on their shoulders. But what distinguished them more particularly was the long nose with which their faces were ornamented, and, above all, the use they made of them. These noses were nothing less than bamboos, five, six, ten feet long; some straight, others curved; the latter

smooth, the former with warts on them. It was on these appendages, fastened firmly, that all their balancing feats were performed. A dozen of these sectaries of the god Tingou lay upon their backs, and their comrades came, dressed like lightning rods, to make sport on their noses, jumping, leaping from one to the other, executing the most incredible somersaults.

To close, they had specially announced to the public the "human pyramid," in which fifty Long Noses were to represent the car of Juggernaut. But instead of forming this pyramid by taking their shoulders for a point of support, the artists of the Honorable Batulcar made it with their noses. Now, the one of them who usually formed the base of the car had left the troupe, and as all that was necessary was to be strong and agile, Passepartout was chosen to take his place.

The good fellow felt quite melancholy, when—sad recollection of his youth—he had put on this costume of the middle ages, adorned with parti-colored wings, and when a nose six feet long had been put on his face. But this nose was to earn his bread for him, and he took his part.

Passepartout went upon the stage and took his place with those of his colleagues who were to form the base of the Car of Juggernaut. All stretched themselves on the floor, their noses turned towards the ceiling. A second section of equilibrists placed themselves upon these long appendages, a third formed a story above, then a fourth, and on these noses which only touched at the point, a human monument soon rose to the height of the cornices of the theater.

Now, the applause was redoubled, and the instruments in the orchestra crashed like so much thunder, when the pyramid shook, the equilibrium was broken, one of the noses of the base was missing, and the monument fell like a house of cards.

It was Passepartout's fault, who, leaving his post, clearing the footlights without the aid of his wings, and climbing up to the right-hand gallery, fell at the feet of a spectator, crying: "Ah! my master! my master!"

"You here?"

"Myself!"

"Well then, in that case, to the steamer, young man!"

Mr. Fogg, Aouda, who accompanied him, and Passepar-

tout rushed through the lobbies to the outside of the building. There they found the Honorable Batulcar, furious, claiming damages for the "breakage." Phileas Fogg appeased his anger by throwing him a handful of bank notes. Mr. Fogg and Aouda set foot on the American steamer, followed by Passepartout, with his wings on his back, and on his face the nose six feet long which he had not yet been able to tear off!

CHAPTER XXIV

DURING WHICH IS ACCOMPLISHED THE VOYAGE ACROSS THE
PACIFIC OCEAN

WHAT had happened in sight of Shanghai is understood. The signals made by the *Tankadere* had been observed by the Yokohama steamer. The captain, seeing a flag at half-mast, had turned his vessel towards the little schooner. A few minutes after, Phileas Fogg, paying for his passage at the price agreed upon, put in the pocket of John Bunsby, master, five hundred and fifty pounds. Then the honorable gentleman, Aouda, and Fix ascended to the deck of the steamer, which immediately took its course for Nagasaki and Yokohama.

Having arrived on the morning of the 14th of November, on time, Phileas Fogg, letting Fix go about his business, had gone aboard the *Carnatic*, and there he learned, to the great joy of Aouda—and perhaps to his own, but he did not let it appear—that the Frenchman, Passepartout, had really arrived the day before at Yokohama.

Phileas Fogg, who was to start again the same evening for San Francisco, sent immediately in search of his servant. He inquired in vain of the French and English consular agents, and after uselessly running through the streets of Yokohama, he despaired of finding Passepartout again, when chance, or perhaps a sort of presentiment, made him enter the theater of the Honorable Batulcar. He would certainly not have recognized his servant under this eccentric mountebank dress; but the latter, lying on his back, saw his master in the gallery. He could not restrain a movement of his nose. Thence a breaking of the equilibrium and what followed.

This is what Passepartout learned from Aouda's mouth,

who told him then how the voyage had been made from Hong Kong to Yokohama, in company of a Mr. Fix, on the schooner *Tankadere*.

At the name of Fix, Passepartout did not change countenance. He thought that the time had not come to tell his master what had passed between the detective and himself. Thus, in the story which Passepartout told of his adventures, he only accused and excused himself of having been overcome by the intoxication of opium in a smoking house in Hong Kong.

Mr. Fogg listened coldly to this narrative, without replying; then he opened for his servant a credit sufficient for him to procure on board more suitable garments. And, indeed, an hour had not passed, when the good fellow, having cut off his nose and shed his wings, had nothing more about him which recalled the sectary of the god Tingou.

The steamer making the voyage from Yokohama to San Francisco belonged to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and was named the *General Grant*. She was a large side-wheel steamer of two thousand five hundred tons, well equipped and of great speed. The *General Grant* was rigged as a three-masted schooner, and she had a large surface of sails, which aided her steam power materially. By making twelve miles an hour the steamer would only need twenty days to cross the Pacific. Phileas Fogg then had good reasons for believing that, landed at San Francisco on the 3d of December, he would be in New York on the 11th, and in London on the 20th, thus gaining some hours on the fatal date of the 21st of December.

The passengers aboard the steamer were quite numerous—some Englishmen, many Americans, a genuine emigration of coolies to America, and a certain number of officers of the Indian army, who made use of their leave of absence by making the tour of the world.

During this voyage there was no nautical incident. The steamer, borne up on its large wheels, supported by its large amount of canvas, rolled but little. The Pacific Ocean justified its name sufficiently. Mr. Fogg was as calm and non-communicative as usual. His young companion felt herself more and more attached to this man by other ties than those of gratitude. This silent nature, so generous in short, made a greater impression upon her than she thought, and almost

unknown to herself she allowed herself to have feelings which did not seem to affect in any way the enigmatic Fogg.

Besides, Aouda was very much interested in the gentleman's plans. She was uneasy at the retarding circumstances which might prevent the success of the tour. She frequently talked with Passepartout, who readily detected the feelings of Aouda's heart. This good fellow had the most implicit faith with regard to his master; he did not exhaust his praises of the honesty, the generosity, the devotion of Phileas Fogg; then he reassured Aouda as to the issue of the voyage, repeating that the most difficult part was done, that they had left the fantastic countries of China and Japan, that they were returning to civilized countries, and finally, that a train from San Francisco to New York, and a transatlantic steamer from New York to Liverpool, would be sufficient, doubtless, to finish this impossible tour of the world in the time agreed upon.

Nine days after leaving Yokohama, Phileas Fogg had traversed exactly the half of the terrestrial globe.

In fact, the *General Grant*, on the 23d of November, passed the one hundred and eightieth meridian, upon which in the southern hemisphere are to be found the antipodes of London. It is true that of the eighty days at his disposal he had used fifty-two, and there only remained to him twenty-eight to be consumed. But we must notice that if the gentleman only found himself half way round by the difference of meridians, he had really accomplished more than two-thirds of its entire course. Indeed, what forced detours from London to Aden, from Aden to Bombay, from Calcutta to Singapore, from Singapore to Yokohama! By following around the fiftieth parallel, which is that of London, the distance would have been but about twelve thousand miles, whilst Phileas Fogg was compelled, by the caprices of the means of locomotion, to travel over twenty-six thousand, of which he had already made about seventeen thousand five hundred, at this date, the 23d of November. But now the route was a straight one, and Fix was no longer there to accumulate obstacles.

It happened also that on this 23d of November, Passepartout made quite a joyful discovery. It will be recollected that the obstinate fellow had insisted on keeping London time with his famous family watch, deeming incorrect the

time of the various countries that he traversed. Now this day, although he had neither put his watch forward or back, it agreed with the ship's chronometers.

The triumph of Passepartout may be comprehended. He would have liked to know what Fix would have said if he had been present.

"The rogue who told me a heap of stories about the meridians, the sun and the moon!" said Passepartout. "Pshaw! if one listened to that sort of people, we would have a nice sort of clocks and watches! I was very sure that one day, or another, the sun would decide to regulate itself by my watch!"

Passepartout was ignorant of this: that if the face of his watch had been divided into twenty-four hours like the *Italian* clocks, he would have had no reason for triumph, for the hands of his watch, when it was 9 o'clock in the morning on the vessel, would have indicated 9 o'clock in the evening, that is, the twenty-first hour after midnight—a difference precisely equal to that which exists between London and the one hundred and eightieth meridian.

But if Fix had been capable of explaining this purely physical effect, Passepartout, doubtless, would have been incapable, if not of understanding it, at least of admitting it. And in any event, if the impossible thing should occur that the detective would unexpectedly show himself aboard at this moment, it is probable that Passepartout would have spitefully talked with him on quite a different subject, and in quite a different manner.

Now, where was Fix at this moment?

He was actually on board the *General Grant*. In fact, on arriving at Yokohama the detective, leaving Mr. Fogg, whom he thought he would see again during the day, had immediately gone to the English Consul's. There he finally found the warrant of arrest, which, running after him from Bombay, was already forty days old, which had been sent to him from Hong Kong on the very *Carnatic* on board of which he was supposed to be. The detective's disappointment may be imagined! The warrant was useless! Mr. Fogg had left the English possessions! An order of extradition was now necessary to arrest him!

"Let it be so!" said Fix to himself, after the first moment of anger. "My warrant is no longer good here; it

will be in England. This rogue has the appearance of returning to his native country believing that he has thrown the police off their guard. Well, I will follow him there. As for the money, heaven grant there may be some left! But what with traveling, rewards, trials, fines, elephants, expenses of every kind, my man has already left more than five thousand pounds on his route. After all, the Bank is rich!"

His decision taken, he immediately went on board the *General Grant*, and was there when Mr. Fogg and Aouda arrived. To his extreme surprise, he recognized Passepartout under his fantastic costume. He concealed himself immediately in his cabin, to avoid an explanation which might damage everything—and, thanks to the number of the passengers, he counted on not being seen by his enemy, when this very day he found himself face to face with him on the forward part of the ship.

Passepartout jumped at Fix's throat, without any other explanation, and to the great delight of certain Americans, who immediately bet for him, he gave the unfortunate detective a superb volley of blows, showing the great superiority of French over English boxing.

When Passepartout had finished he found himself calmer and comforted. Fix rose in pretty bad condition, and, looking at his adversary, he said to him coldly, "Is it finished?"

"Yes, for the moment."

"Then I want a word with you."

"But I——"

"In your master's interest."

Passepartout, as if conquered by this coolness, followed the detective, and they both sat down in the forward part of the steamer. "You have thrashed me," said Fix. "Good; I expected it. Now, listen to me. Until the present I have been Mr. Fogg's adversary, but now I am with him."

"At last!" cried Passepartout, "you believe him to be an honest man?"

"No," replied Fix coldly. "I believe him to be a rogue. Sh! Don't stir, and let me talk. As long as Mr. Fogg was in the English possessions, I had an interest in retaining him whilst waiting for a warrant of arrest. I did everything I could for that. I sent against him the priests of

Bombay, I made you drunk at Hong Kong, I separated you from your master, I made him miss the Yokohama steamer."

Passepartout listened with clenched fists.

"Now," continued Fix, "Mr. Fogg seems to be returning to England? Well, I will follow him there. But henceforth it shall be my aim to clear the obstacles from his path as zealously and carefully as before I took pains to accumulate them. You see, my game is changed, and it is changed because my interest desires it. I add, that your interest is similar to mine, for you will only know in England whether you are in the service of a criminal or an honest man!"

Passepartout listened to Fix very attentively and he was convinced that the latter spoke with entire good faith.

"Are we friends?" asked Fix.

"Friends, no," replied Passepartout; "allies, yes; and under this condition that, at the least appearance of treason, I will twist your neck."

"Agreed," said the detective, quietly.

Eleven days after, on the 3d of December, the *General Grant* entered the bay of the Golden Gate, and arrived at San Francisco. Mr. Fogg had neither gained nor lost a single day.

CHAPTER XXV

IN WHICH A SLIGHT GLIMPSE OF SAN FRANCISCO IS HAD— A POLITICAL MEETING

It was seven o'clock in the morning when Phileas Fogg, Aouda and Passepartout set foot on the American continent, if this name can be given to the floating wharf on which they landed. These wharves, rising and falling with the tide, facilitate the loading and unloading of vessels. Clippers of all sizes were moored there, steamers of all nationalities, and those steamboats with several decks, which ply on the Sacramento and its tributaries. There were accumulated also the products of a commerce which extends to Mexico, Peru, Chili, Brazil, Europe, Asia and all the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

Passepartout, in his joy at finally touching American soil, thought in landing he would execute a perilous leap in his

finest style. But when he fell upon the wharf, the planks of which were worm-eaten, he almost fell through. Quite put out by the manner in which he had "set foot" on the new continent, the good fellow uttered a terrible cry, which sent flying an innumerable flock of cormorants and pelicans, the customary inhabitants of the movable wharves.

Mr. Fogg, as soon as he landed, ascertained the hour at which the first train left for New York. It was at six o'clock in the evening. He had, then, an entire day to spend in the California capital. He ordered a carriage for Aouda and himself. Passepartout mounted the box, and the vehicle, at three dollars for the trip, turned towards the International Hotel.

From the elevated position that he occupied, Passepartout observed with curiosity the great American city, the broad streets, low, evenly-ranged houses, the Anglo-Saxon Gothic churches and temples, the immense docks, the palatial warehouses, some of wood and some of brick; the numerous vehicles in the streets, omnibuses and horse-cars, and on the crowded sidewalks not only American and Europeans, but also Chinese and Indians—the component parts of a population of more than two hundred thousand inhabitants.

Passepartout was quite surprised at all he saw. He was not in the city of 1849, in the city of bandits, incendiaries, and assassins, running after the native gold, an immense concourse of all the outlaws, who gambled with gold dust, a revolver in one hand and a knife in the other. This "good time" had passed away. San Francisco presented the aspect of a large commercial city. The high tower of the City Hall overlooked all these streets and avenues, crossing each other at right angles, between which were spread out verdant squares, then a Chinese quarter, which seemed to have been imported from the Celestial Empire in a toy-box. No more sombreros, or red shirts after the fashion of the miners, or Indians with feathers, but silk hats and black clothes worn by a large number of gentlemen of absorbing activity. Certain streets, among others Montgomery street, the Regent street of London, the Boulevard des Italiens of Paris, the Broadway of New York, the State street of Chicago were lined with splendid stores, in whose windows were displayed the products of the entire world.

When Passepartout arrived at the International Hotel, it seemed to him that he had not left England. The ground floor of the hotel was occupied by an immense bar, a sort of sideboard opened gratis to every passer-by. Dried beef, oyster soup, biscuit, and cheese were dealt out without the customer having to take out his purse. He only paid for his drink—ale, porter, or sherry, if he fancied refreshment. That appeared "very American" to Passepartout. The hotel restaurant was comfortable. Mr. Fogg and Aouda took seats at a table and were abundantly served in very small dishes by negroes of darkest hue.

After breakfast, Phileas Fogg, accompanied by Aouda, left the hotel to go to the office of the English consul to have his passport *vised* there. On the pavement, he found his servant, who asked him if it would not be prudent, before starting on the Pacific railroad, to buy a few dozen Enfield rifles or Colt's revolvers. Passepartout had heard so much talk of the Sioux and Pawnees stopping trains like ordinary Spanish brigands. Mr. Fogg replied that it was a useless precaution, but he left him free to act as he thought best. Then he went to the office of the consul.

Phileas Fogg had not gone two hundred steps, when, "by the greatest accident," he met Fix, who manifested very great surprise! How! Mr. Fogg and he had taken together the voyage across the Pacific, and they had not met on board the vessel! At all events, Fix could only be honored by seeing again the gentleman to whom he owed so much; and his business calling him to Europe, he would be delighted to continue his journey in such agreeable company.

Mr. Fogg replied that the honor would be his, and Fix—who made it a point not to lose sight of him—asked his permission to visit with him this curious city of San Francisco, which was granted.

Aouda, Phileas Fogg, and Fix sauntered through the streets. They soon found themselves in Montgomery street, where the crowd of people was enormous. On the sidewalks, in the middle of the street, on the horse-car rails, notwithstanding the incessant passage of the coaches and omnibuses, on the steps of the stores, in the windows of all the houses, and even up to the roofs, there was an innumerable crowd. Men with placards circulated among the

groups. Banners and steamers floated in the wind. There were shouts in every direction.

“Hurrah for Camerfield!”

“Hurrah for Mandiboy!”

It was a political meeting. At least so Fix thought, and he communicated his ideas to Mr. Fogg, adding, “We will perhaps do well, sir, not to mingle in this crowd. Only hard blows will be got here.”

“In fact,” replied Phileas Fogg, “blows, if they are political, are not less blows.”

Fix could not help smiling at this remark, and in order to see, without being caught in the crowd, Aouda, Phileas Fogg and he secured a place upon the upper landing of a flight of steps reaching to the top of a terrace, situated in the upper end of Montgomery street. Before them, on the other side of the street, between the wharf of a coal merchant and the warehouse of a petroleum dealer, there was a large platform in the open air, towards which the various currents of the crowd seemed to be tending.

Why this meeting? What was the occasion of its being held? Phileas Fogg did not know at all. Was it for the nomination of some high military or civil official, a State Governor, or a member of Congress? It might readily be supposed so, seeing the great excitement that was agitating the city.

At this moment there was quite a movement in the crowd. Every hand was thrown in the air. Some, tightly closed, seemed to rise and fall rapidly in the midst of the cries—an energetic manner, no doubt, of casting a vote. The crowd fell back. The banners wavered, disappeared for an instant, and reappeared in tatters. The surging of the crowd extended to the steps, whilst every head moved up and down on the surface like a sea suddenly agitated by a squall. The number of black hats diminished perceptibly, and the most of them seemed to have lost their normal height.

“It is evidently a meeting,” said Fix; “and the question which has excited it must be a stirring one. I would not be astonished if they were still discussing the Alabama affair, although it has been settled.”

“Perhaps,” simply replied Mr. Fogg.

“In any event,” replied Fix, “two champions are in each

other's presence, the Hon. Mr. Camerfield and the Hon. Mr. Mandiboy."

Aouda, leaning on Phileas Fogg's arm, looked with surprise at this noisy scene, and Fix was going to ask one of his neighbors the reason of this popular effervescence, when a more violent movement broke out. The hurrahs, interspersed with insults, redoubled. The staffs of the banners were transformed into offensive arms. Instead of hands, there were fists everywhere. From the top of carriages and omnibuses blocked in their course, formidable blows were exchanged. Everything was made use of as projectiles. Boots and shoes described extended curves in the air, and it seemed even as if some revolvers mingled their national sounds with the loud cries of the crowd.

The crowd approached the flight of stairs, and swept over onto the lower steps. One of the parties had evidently been repulsed without disinterested spectators knowing whether the advantage was with Mandiboy or Camerfield.

"I believe that it is prudent for us to retire," said Fix, who did not want his "man" to get hurt or mixed up in a bad business. "If this is an English question, and we are recognized, we will be treated roughly in this mixed crowd."

"An English citizen——" replied Phileas Fogg.

But the gentleman could not finish his sentence. Behind him, on the terrace above the stairs, there were frightful yells. They cried, "Hip! hip! hurrah for Mandiboy!" It was a party of voters coming to the rescue, flanking the Camerfield party.

Mr. Fogg, Aouda, and Fix found themselves between two fires. It was too late to escape. This torrent of men, armed with loaded canes and bludgeons, was irresistible. Phileas Fogg and Fix, in protecting the young woman, were very roughly treated. Mr. Fogg, not less phlegmatic than usual, tried to defend himself with the natural weapons placed at the end of the arms of every Englishman, but in vain. A large rough fellow, with a red beard, flushed face, and broad shoulders, who seemed to be the chief of the band, raised his formidable fist to strike Mr. Fogg, and he would have damaged that gentleman very much, if Fix, throwing himself in the way, had not received the blow in his place. An enormous bump rose at once under the detective's silk hat, transformed into a simple cap.

"Yankee!" said Mr. Fogg, casting at his adversary a look of deep scorn.

"Englishman!" replied the other. "We will see each other again."

"When you please."

"Your name?"

"Phileas Fogg. And yours?"

"Colonel Stamp Proctor."

Then the crowd passed on, throwing Fix down. He rose with his clothes torn, but without serious hurt. His traveling overcoat was torn in two unequal parts, and his pantaloons resembled those of certain Indians, who, as a fashion, put them on only after first taking out the seat. But to sum up, Aouda had been spared, and Fix alone had been harmed by the fist-blow.

"Thanks," said Mr. Fogg to the detective, as soon as they were out of the crowd.

"No thanks necessary;" replied Fix, "but come with me."

"Where?"

"To a tailor's."

In fact, this visit was opportune. The garments of Phileas Fogg and Fix were in tatters, as if these two gentlemen had fought for Hon. Messrs. Camerfield and Mandiboy.

An hour afterwards they had respectable clothes and hats. Then they returned to the International Hotel.

Passepartout was waiting there for his master, armed with a half-dozen sharp-shooting, six-barreled, breech-loading revolvers. When he perceived Fix in company with Mr. Fogg, his brow darkened. Aouda, however, having told in a few words what had happened, Passepartout became calm again. Fix was evidently no longer an enemy, but an ally. He was keeping his word.

Dinner over, a coach drove up to take the passengers and their baggage to the station. As they were getting into the coach Mr. Fogg said to Fix, "Did you see Colonel Proctor again?"

"No," replied Fix.

"I shall return to America to find him again," said Mr. Fogg coldly. "It would not be proper for an English citizen to allow himself to be treated in this way."

The detective smiled and did not answer him. But it is seen that Mr. Fogg was one of those Englishmen, who, while they do not tolerate dueling at home, will fight abroad, when it is necessary to maintain their honor.

At a quarter before six the travelers reached the station and found the train ready to start. At the moment that Mr. Fogg was going to get into the cars, he called a porter and asked him, "Was there not some disturbance in San Francisco to-day?"

"It was a political meeting, sir," replied the porter.

"But I thought I noticed some excitement in the streets."

"It was simply a meeting for an election."

"The election of a general-in-chief, doubtless?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"No, sir, of a justice of the peace."

Upon this reply, Phileas Fogg jumped aboard the car, and the train started at full speed.

CHAPTER XXVI

IN WHICH OUR PARTY TAKE THE EXPRESS TRAIN ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD

"FROM Ocean to Ocean"—so say the Americans, and these four words ought to be the general name of the "grand trunk," which traverses the United States in their greatest breadth. But, in reality, the Pacific Railroad is divided into two distinct parts; the Central Pacific from San Francisco to Ogden, and the Union Pacific from Ogden to Omaha. At that point five distinct lines meet, which place Omaha in frequent communication with New York.

New York and San Francisco are therefore now united by an uninterrupted metal ribbon, measuring not less than three thousand seven hundred and eighty-six miles. Between Omaha and the Pacific, the railroad traverses a country still frequented by the Indians and wild animals—a vast extent of territory which the Mormons commenced to colonize about 1845, after they were driven out of Illinois.

Formerly, under the most favorable circumstances, it took six months to go from New York to San Francisco. Now it is done in seven days. It was in 1862, notwithstanding the opposition of the Southern Congressmen, who wished a

more southerly line, that the route of the railroad was fixed between the forty-first and the forty-second parallel. President Lincoln, of so lamented memory, himself fixed in the State of Nebraska, at the city of Omaha, the beginning of the new network. Work was commenced immediately, and prosecuted with that American activity, which is neither slow nor routine-like. The rapidity of the construction did not in any way injure its thoroughness. On the prairies the road progressed at the rate of a mile and a half per day. A locomotive, moving over the rails laid yesterday, carried the rails for the next day, and ran upon them in proportion as they were laid.

Such was this long artery which the trains would pass over in seven days, and which would permit the Honorable Phileas Fogg—at least he hoped so—to take the Liverpool steamer, on the 11th, at New York.

The car occupied by Phileas Fogg was a sort of long omnibus, resting on two trucks, each with four wheels, whose ease of motion permits of going round short curves. There were no compartments inside; two rows of seats placed on each side, perpendicularly to the axle, and between which was reserved an aisle, leading to the dressing-rooms and others, with which each car is provided. Through the whole length of the train the cars communicated by platforms, and the passengers could move about from one end to the other of the train, which placed at their disposal palace, balcony, restaurant, and smoking cars. All that is wanting is a theater car. But there will be one, some day.

On the platforms book and newsdealers were constantly circulating, dealing out their merchandise; and vendors of liquors, eatables and cigars, were not wanting in customers.

The travelers left Oakland Station at six o'clock. It was already night, cold and dreary, with an overcast sky, threatening snow. The train did not move with great rapidity. Counting the stops, it did not run more than twenty miles an hour, a speed which ought, however, to enable it to cross the United States in the fixed time.

They talked but little in the car. Sleep soon overcame the passengers. Passepartout sat near the detective, but he did not speak to him. Since the late events, their relations had become somewhat cold. No more sympathy or intimacy. Fix had not changed his manner, but Passepartout

retained an extreme reserve, ready at the least suspicion to choke his old friend.

An hour after the starting of the train a fine snow commenced to fall, which fortunately could not delay the progress of the train. Through the windows nothing was seen but an immense white sheet, against which the clouds of steam from the locomotive looked grayish.

At eight o'clock a steward entered the car, and announced to the passengers that the hour for retiring had come. This was a sleeping car, which in a few minutes was transformed into a dormitory. The backs of the seats unfolded, beds carefully packed away were unrolled by an ingenious system, berths were improvised in a few moments, and each passenger had soon at his disposal a comfortable bed, which thick curtains protected from all indiscreet looks. The sheets were clean and the pillows soft. Nothing more to be done but to lie down and sleep—which everyone did, as if he had been in the comfortable cabin of a steamer—while the train moved on under full head of steam across the State of California.

In that portion of the country between San Francisco and Sacramento the ground is not very hilly. This portion of the railroad, under the name of the Central Pacific, originally had Sacramento for its starting point, and went towards the east to meet that starting from Omaha. From San Francisco to the capital of California, the line ran directly to the northeast, along American river, which empties into San Pablo Bay. The one hundred and twenty miles included between these two important cities were accomplished in six hours, and towards midnight, while they were getting their first sleep, the travelers passed through Sacramento.

It was seven o'clock in the morning when Cisco Station was passed. An hour afterwards the dormitory had become an ordinary car, and the passengers could get through the windows a glimpse of the picturesque views of this mountainous country. The route of the train followed the windings of the Sierra, here clinging to the sides of the mountains, there suspended above precipices, avoiding sharp angles by bold curves, plunging into narrow gorges from which there seemed to be no exit. The locomotive, flashing fire like a chased animal, its large smoke-pipe throwing

out lurid lights, its sharp bell, its cow-catcher, extending out like a spur, mingled its shrieks and bellowings with the noise of the torrents and cascades, and twined its smoke in the dark branches of the firs.

There were few or no tunnels or bridges on the route. The railroad turned the flank of the mountains, not seeking in a straight line the shortest route from one point to another, and not doing violence to nature. About nine o'clock, the train entered the State of Nevada, through the Carson Valley, always following a northeasterly direction. At noon it left Reno, where the passengers had twenty minutes for breakfast. From this point, the iron road, skirting Humboldt river, passed a few miles to the north. Then it bent to the east, and did not leave the stream until it reached the Humboldt range, where the river takes its source, nearly in the eastern end of the State of Nevada.

After breakfasting, Mr. Fogg, Aouda and their companions took their seats again in the car. Phileas Fogg, the young woman, Fix, and Passepartout, comfortably seated, looked at the varied country passing before their sight, vast prairies, mountains whose profiles were shown upon the horizon, and creeks tumbling down, a foaming mass of water. Sometimes, a large herd of bisons, gathering in the distance, appeared like a moving dam. These innumerable armies of grazing animals frequently oppose an insurmountable obstacle to the passage of trains. Thousands of these animals have been seen moving on for several hours in close ranks across the railroad. The locomotive is then forced to stop and wait until the path is clear again.

The same thing happened on this occasion. 'About three o'clock in the afternoon a herd of ten or twelve thousand blocked the railroad. The engine, having slackened its speed, tried to plunge its spur into the flank of the immense column, but it had to stop before the impenetrable mass.

They saw these buffaloes, as the Americans improperly call them, moving with their steady gait, frequently bellowing terribly. They had a larger body than those of the bulls of Europe, short legs and tail, a projecting saddle forming a muscular bump, horns separated at the base, their heads, neck, and shoulders covered with long, shaggy hair. They could not think of stopping this moving mass.

When the bisons have adopted a course, nothing could swerve them from it or modify it. They are a torrent of living flesh which no dam could hold.

The travelers, scattered on the platforms, looked at this curious spectacle. But Phileas Fogg, who ought to be the most in a hurry, had remained in his seat, and was waiting philosophically until it should please the buffaloes to open a passage. Passepartout was furious at the delay caused by this mass of animals. He wanted to fire all his revolvers at them.

“What a country!” he cried. “Mere cattle stop trains, and move along in procession without hurrying, as if they did not impede travel! Parbleu! I would like to know if Mr. Fogg had foreseen this mischance in his programme! And what an engineer, who does not dare to rush his engine through this impeding mass of beasts!”

The engineer had not attempted to overcome the obstacle, and he acted wisely. He would undoubtedly have crushed the first buffaloes struck by the cow-catcher; but, powerful as it was, the engine would have soon been stopped, and the train thrown off the track and wrecked.

The best course, then, was to wait patiently, ready to make up the lost time by an increase of the speed of the train. The passage of the bisons lasted three full hours, and the road was not clear again until night-fall. At this moment the last ranks of the herd crossed the rails, whilst the first were disappearing below the southern horizon.

It was then eight o'clock, when the train passed through the defiles of the Humboldt range, and half-past nine when it entered Utah Territory, the region of the Great Salt Lake, the curious Mormon country.

CHAPTER XXVII

IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT FOLLOWS, WITH A SPEED OF
TWENTY MILES AN HOUR, A COURSE OF
MORMON HISTORY

DURING the night of the 5th to the 6th of December, the train went for fifty miles to the southeast, then it ran upwards about as far northerly, approaching the Great Salt Lake.

Passepartout, about nine o'clock in the morning, went on the platform to take the air. The weather was cold, the sky gray, but it had stopped snowing. The disc of the sun, enlarged by the mist, looked like an enormous piece of gold, and Passepartout was busy calculating its value in pounds sterling, when his attention was taken from this useful work by the appearance of a very strange personage.

This personage, who took the train at Elko Station, was tall, very brown, had black mustache, black stockings, a black silk hat, black waistcoat, black pantaloons, white cravat, and black dog-skin gloves. He might have been taken for a clergyman. He went from one end of the train to the other, and on the door of each car fastened with wafers a written notice.

Passepartout approached and read on one of these notices that Elder William Hitch, taking advantage of his presence on train No. 48, would, from eleven to twelve o'clock, deliver an address on Mormonism in car No. 117—inviting to hear him all desirous of being instructed concerning the mysteries of the religion of the "Latter Day Saints."

"Certainly, I will go," said Passepartout to himself, who knew nothing of Mormonism but its custom of polygamy, the base of Mormon society.

The news spread rapidly through the train, which carried about one hundred passengers. Of this number thirty at most, attracted by the notice of the meeting, occupied at eleven o'clock the seats in car No. 117. Passepartout was prominent in the front rank of the faithful. Neither his master nor Fix thought it worth while to take the trouble.

At the appointed hour Elder William Hitch rose, and in quite an irritated voice, as if he had been contradicted in advance, he cried, "I tell you that Joe Smith is a martyr, that his brother Hiram is a martyr, and that the persecution by the United States Government of the prophets will also make a martyr of Brigham Young. Who dares to maintain the contrary?"

No one ventured to contradict the missionary, whose excitement contrasted with his naturally calm physiognomy. But, without doubt, his anger was explained by the fact that Mormonism was now subjected to severe trials. The United States Government had, not without difficulty, just reduced these independent fanatics. It had made itself

master of Utah, and had subjected it to the laws of the Union, after imprisoning Brigham Young, accused of rebellion and polygamy. Since that period, the disciples of the prophet redoubled their efforts, and whilst not coming to acts, resisted in words the demands of Congress.

We see that Elder William Hitch was trying to proselyte even on the trains. And then he related, emphasizing his narrative by his loud voice and the violence of his gestures, the history of Mormonism from *Bible* times, how in Israel, a Mormon prophet of the tribe of Joseph, published the annals of the new religion and bequeathed them to his son Morom; how, many centuries later, a translation of this precious book, written in Egyptian characters, was made by Joseph Smith, Jr., a farmer in the State of Vermont, who revealed himself as a mystical prophet in 1825; how, finally, a celestial messenger appeared to him in an illuminated forest and gave him the annals of the Lord.

At this moment, some of his hearers, not much interested in the retrospective narrative of the missionary, left the car; but William Hitch, continuing, related how Smith, Jr., with his father, his two brothers, and a few disciples, founded the religion of the Latter Day Saints—a religion which, adopted not only in America, but in England, in Scandinavia, and in Germany, counts among its faithful, artisans and also a number of people engaged in the liberal professions; how a colony was founded in Ohio; how a temple was built at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars, and a city built at Kirkland; how Smith became an enterprising banker and received from a simple mummy showman a papyrus scroll containing a narrative written by Abraham and other celebrated Egyptians.

This narrative becoming a little long, the ranks of his hearers thinned out still more, and the audience only consisted of twenty persons. But the Elder, undisturbed by this desertion, related the details of how Joe Smith became bankrupt in 1837; how his ruined stockholders gave him a coat of tar and feathers; how he appeared again, more honorable and more honored than ever, a few years after, at Independence, in Missouri, at the head of a flourishing community, which counted not less than three thousand disciples; and that then, pursued by the hatred of the Gentiles, he had to fly to the far West.

Ten hearers were still there, and among them the honest Passepartout, who listened with all his ears. Thus he learned how, after long persecutions, Smith reappeared in Illinois, and in 1839 founded, on the banks of the Mississippi, Nauvoo the beautiful, whose population rose to twenty-five thousand souls; how Smith became the Mayor, Chief Justice, and General-in-Chief; how in 1843 he announced himself as candidate for the Presidency of the United States; and how finally, he was drawn into an ambuscade at Carthage, thrown into prison, and assassinated by a band of masked men.

At this moment Passepartout was the only hearer in the car, and the Elder, looking him in the face, fascinating him by the words, recalled to his mind that, two years after the assassination of Smith, his successor, the inspired prophet Brigham Young, leaving Nauvoo, established himself on the banks of Salt Lake, and that there, in that splendid Territory, in the midst of that fertile country, on the road which the emigrants take in crossing Utah to reach California, the new colony, thanks to the Mormon principles of polygamy, had increased enormously.

"And this," added William Hitch, "is why the jealousy of Congress has been aroused against us! why the United States soldiers have invaded the soil of Utah! why our chief, the prophet Brigham Young, has been imprisoned in defiance of all justice. Shall we give up to force? Never! Driven from Vermont, driven from Illinois, driven from Ohio, driven from Missouri, driven from Utah, we shall find some independent territory yet where we shall pitch our tents. And you my brother," added the Elder, fixing his angry look on his single hearer, "will you plant yours in the shadow of our flag?"

"No," replied Passepartout bravely, flying in his turn, leaving the fanatic to preach in the desert.

But, during this discourse, the train had advanced rapidly, and about half-past twelve it touched the northwest corner of the Great Salt Lake. Thence could be embraced in a vast circumference the aspect of this inland lake, which also bears the name of the Dead Sea, and into which empties an American Jordan. A beautiful lake, hemmed in by craggy rocks of broad surface, encrusted with white salt, a superb sheet of water which formerly covered a larger space; but

in time, its shores, rising by degrees, reduced its superficial area and increased its depth.

The Salt Lake, about seventy miles long, and thirty-five wide, is situated three thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. It holds considerable salt in solution, and one-fourth the weight of the water is solid matter. Its specific gravity is 1,170, that of distilled water being 1,000. Fishes cannot live in it. Those that the Jordan, Weber, and other creeks, carry into it soon perish; but it is not true that the density of its waters is such that a man cannot dive into it.

Around the lake the country was admirably tilled; for the Mormons understand agricultural pursuits; ranches and corrals for domestic animals; fields of wheat, corn, sorghum, luxuriant prairies, and everywhere hedges of wild roses, clumps of acacias and euphorbias, such would have been the appearance of this country six months later; but at this moment the ground was covered with a thin sheet of snow, descending lightly upon it.

At two o'clock the travelers got out at Ogden. The train stopping for six hours, Mr. Fogg, Aouda, and their two companions had time to repair to the City of the Saints by the short branch from Ogden. Two hours were sufficient to visit this absolutely American town, and as such, built after the pattern of all the cities of the Union, vast checker-boards with long cold lines, "with the somber sadness of right angles," according to Victor Hugo's expression. The founder of the City of the Saints could not escape from the need of symmetry which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxons. In this singular country, where the men are certainly not up to the level of their institutions, everything is done "squarely," cities, houses, and follies.

At three o'clock, the travelers were promenading through the streets of the town, built between the banks of the Jordan and the first rise of the Wahsatch Mountains. They noticed there few or no churches, but as monuments, the prophet's house, the court-house, and the arsenal; then houses of bluish bricks with verandas and porches, surrounded by gardens bordered with acacias, palms and locusts. A wall of clay and pebbles, built in 1853, surrounded the town. In the principal street, where the mar-

ket is, were some hotels adorned with pavilions, and among others Salt Lake House.

Mr. Fogg and his companions did not find the town thickly peopled. The streets were almost deserted, save perhaps the part where the Temple was, which they reached only after having traversed several quarters surrounded by palisades. The women were pretty numerous, which was explained by the singular composition of Mormon households. It must not be supposed, however, that all Mormons are polygamists. They are free, but it is well to remark that all the females in Utah are anxious to be married; for, according to the religion of the country, the Mormon heaven does not admit to the possession of its beatitudes the unmarried of the feminine sex. These poor creatures neither seemed well off, nor happy. Some, the richer ones, doubtless, wore a short, low-cut, black silk dress, under a hood or a very modest shawl. The others were dressed in Indian fashion.

Passepartout, in his position as one convinced, did not regard without a certain fright these Mormon women, charged, in groups, with making a single Mormon happy. With his good sense, it was the husband whom he specially pitied. It seemed to him terrible to have to guide so many wives at once through the vicissitudes of life, conduct them, as it were, in a body to the Mormon paradise, with the prospect of finding them to all eternity in the company of the glorious Smith, who was to be the ornament of this place of delights. Certainly, he did not feel called, and he thought—perhaps he was mistaken—that the women of Salt Lake City cast rather embarrassing looks at his person.

Very fortunately, his stay in the City of the Saints was not prolonged. At a few minutes past four o'clock the travelers were again at the station, and took their seats in the cars.

The whistle sounded; but at the moment that the driving-wheels of the locomotive, slipping upon the rails, commenced to impart some movement to the train, the cry, "Stop! stop!" was heard.

They do not stop trains just started. The gentleman who uttered the cry was evidently a Mormon behind time. He was breathless from running. Fortunately for him the station had neither gates nor barriers. He rushed, then, on

the track, jumped upon the steps of the last car, and fell, out of breath, on one of the seats.

Passepartout, who had followed with emotion the incidents of this gymnastic feat, went to look at the tardy one, in whom he took a lively interest, when he learned that this citizen of Utah had thus taken flight in consequence of a household scene.

When the Mormon had recovered his breath, Passepartout ventured to ask him politely how many wives he had to himself—and from the manner in which he had just run away he would suppose that he had at least twenty of them.

“One, sir!” replied the Mormon, raising his arms heavenward—“One, and that was enough!”

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT COULD NOT SUCCEED IN MAKING ANYONE LISTEN TO REASON

THE train leaving Great Salt Lake and the station at Ogden, ran for an hour towards the north, as far as Weber River, having accomplished about nine hundred miles from San Francisco. Leaving this point, it resumed the easterly direction across the rocky hills of the Wahsatch Mountains. It is in this part of the territory, comprised between these mountains and the Rock Mountains properly so called, that the American engineers were confronted with the greatest difficulties. On this portion of the route the subsidy of the United States Government was raised to forty-eight thousand dollars per mile, whilst on the plains it was only sixteen thousand dollars; but the engineers, as has already been said, have not done violence to nature—they have played with her, going round the difficulties. To reach the great basin, only one tunnel, fourteen thousand feet long, was bored in the entire route of the railroad.

At Salt Lake the road had up to this time reached its greatest altitude. From this point its profile described a very long curve, descending towards Bitter Creek Valley, then re-ascending to the dividing ridge of the waters between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The creeks were numerous in this mountainous region. It was necessary to cross the Muddy, the Green, and others, on culverts.

Passepartout became more impatient in proportion as he approached the end of his journey. Fix in his turn would have been very glad to get out of this rough country. He feared delays, he dreaded accidents, and was more in a hurry than Phileas Fogg himself to set foot upon English soil!

At ten o'clock at night the train stopped at Fort Bridger station, which it left almost immediately, and twenty miles further on it entered Wyoming Territory—following the entire valley of the Bitter Creek, whence flow a portion of the streams forming the water system of Colorado.

The next day, the 7th of December, there was a stop of a quarter hour at Green River station. The snow had fallen quite heavily through the night, but mingled with rain and half melted it could not interfere with the progress of the train. But this bad weather kept Passepartout in constant uneasiness, for the accumulation of the snow clogging the car wheels would certainly endanger the journey.

“What an idea,” he said to himself, “for my master to travel during the winter! Could he not wait for the fine season of the year to increase his chances?”

But at this moment, while the good fellow was busy only with the condition of the sky and the lowering of the temperature, Aouda was experiencing more serious fears, which proceeded from quite another cause.

Some of the passengers had got out of the cars, and were walking on the platform of the Green River Station, waiting for the train to leave. The young woman, looking through the window pane, recognized among them Colonel Stamp Proctor, the American who had behaved so rudely to Phileas Fogg at the time of the political meeting in San Francisco. Aouda, not wishing to be seen, drew back from the window.

This circumstance made a lively impression upon the young woman. She was attached to the man who, however coldly, gave her every day tokens of the most absolute devotion. She doubtless did not comprehend the entire depth of the sentiment which her deliverer inspired in her, and to this sentiment she gave as yet only the name of gratitude; but unknown to herself, it was more than that. Her heart was therefore wrung at the sight of the rough fellow of whom Mr. Fogg would, sooner or later, demand

satisfaction. Evidently, it was chance alone that had brought Colonel Proctor into this train; but he was there, and Phileas Fogg must be prevented at any cost from seeing his adversary.

When the train had started again, Aouda took advantage of a moment, when Mr. Fogg was sleeping, to post Fix and Passepartout as to the situation.

"That Proctor is on the train!" cried Fix. "Well, compose yourself, madame; before dealing with the gentleman—with Mr. Fogg—he will have to deal with me! It seems to me that in all this business I have received the greatest insults!"

"And moreover," added Passepartout, "I will take care of him, Colonel as he is."

"Mr. Fix," continued Aouda, "Mr. Fogg will allow no one to avenge him. He has said that he will return to America to find this ruffian. If, then, he sees Colonel Proctor, we cannot prevent an encounter, which may lead to deplorable results. He must therefore not see him."

"You are right, madame," replied Fix; "an encounter might ruin everything. Conqueror or conquered, Mr. Fogg would be delayed, and——"

"And," added Passepartout, "that would win the bet of the gentlemen of the Reform Club. In four days we shall be in New York! Well, then, if my master does not leave his car for four days, we may hope that chance will not put him face to face with this cursed American, confound him! Now, we can easily prevent him——"

The conversation was interrupted. Mr. Fogg had waked up, and was looking at the country through the window pane obscured by the snow. But later, and without being heard by his master or Aouda, Passepartout said to the detective: "Would you truly fight for him?"

"I would do anything to take him back to Europe alive!" simply replied Fix, in a tone which indicated an unbroken will.

Passepartout felt a shudder over him, but his convictions as to the honesty of his master were not weakened.

And now, were there any means by which Mr. Fogg could be detained in this car, so as to prevent any encounter between him and the colonel? That could not be difficult, as the gentleman was naturally not excitable or inquisitive.

At all events, the detective thought he had found this means, for a few moments later he said to Phileas Fogg:

"These are long and slow hours that we pass thus on the railway."

"Indeed they are," replied the gentleman, "but they pass."

"On board the steamers," continued the detective, "you used to take a turn at whist?"

"Yes," replied Phileas Fogg, "but here it would be difficult. I have neither cards nor partners."

"Oh! as for the cards, we will find it easy to buy them. They are sold on all trains in America. As for partners, if, perchance, madame——"

"Certainly, sir," replied the young woman quickly, "I understand whist. That is part of the English education."

"And I," continued Fix, "have some pretensions to playing a good game. Now, with us three and a dummy——"

"As you please, sir," replied Phileas Fogg, delighted at resuming his favorite game, even on the railroad.

Passepartout was dispatched in search of the steward, and he soon returned with two complete decks of cards, counters, and a shelf covered with cloth. Nothing was wanting. The game commenced. Aouda understood whist well enough, and she even was complimented sometimes by the severe Phileas Fogg. As for the detective, he was simply an adept, and worthy of holding his head up with this gentleman.

"Now," said Passepartout to himself, "we will keep him. He will not budge any more!"

At eleven o'clock in the morning, the train had reached the dividing ridge of the waters of the two oceans. It was at Bridger Pass, at a height of seven thousand five hundred and twenty-four English feet above the level of the sea, one of the highest points touched by the profile of the route in this passage across the Rocky Mountains. After going about two hundred miles, the travelers finally found themselves on the vast plains extending as far as the Atlantic, and which nature made so propitious for laying a railroad.

On the slopes of the Atlantic basin already appeared the first streams, tributaries of the North Platte river. The entire northern and eastern horizon was covered by the

immense semi-circular curtain, which forms the southern portion of the Rocky Mountains, the highest being Laramie's Peak. Between this curve and the line of the road extended vast and plentifully watered plains. On the right of the road rose the first spurs of the mountainous mass, rounding off to the south as far as the sources of the Arkansas river, one of the large tributaries of the Mississippi.

At half past twelve, the travelers caught sight for an instant of Fort Halleck, which commands this country. A few hours more, and the crossing of the Rocky Mountains would be accomplished. It was to be hoped, then, that no accident would mark the passage of the train through this difficult region. The snow had stopped falling. The weather became cold and dry. Large birds, frightened by the locomotive, were flying in the distance. Not a deer, a bear, or a wolf, showed itself on the plain. It was the desert in all its barrenness.

After a very comfortable breakfast, served up in the car, Mr. Fogg and his partners had just resumed their interminable whist, when sharp whistles were heard. The train stopped.

Passepartout put his head out of the door, and saw nothing which could explain this stop. No station was in sight.

Aouda and Fix feared for an instant that Mr. Fogg would think of going out on the track. But the gentleman contented himself with saying to his servant, "See then what it is."

Passepartout rushed out of the car. About forty passengers had left their seats, and among them Colonel Stamp Proctor.

The train had stopped in front of a red signal which blocked the way. The engineer and conductor, having got out, discussed quite excitedly with a signal man, whom the station master at Medicine Bow, the next station, had sent in advance of the train. Some of the passengers approached and took part in the discussion, among others the aforesaid Colonel Proctor, with his loud voice and imperious gestures.

Passepartout, having rejoined the group, heard the signal man say, "No! there is no means of passing. The bridge

at Medicine Bow is shaky and will not bear the weight of the train."

The bridge in question was a suspension bridge over a rapids, about a mile from the place where the train had stopped. According to the signalman, it threatened to fall, several of the wires having snapped, and it was impossible to risk its passage. He did not exaggerate in any way, then, in asserting that they could not pass over the bridge. And besides, with the careless habits of the Americans, we may say that when they are prudent, we would be very foolish not to be so.

Passepartout, not daring to go to inform his master, listened with set teeth, immovable as a statue.

"Ah, indeed!" cried Colonel Proctor, "we are not going, I imagine, to remain here, and take root in the snow!"

"Colonel," replied the conductor, "we have telegraphed to Omaha for a train, but it is not probable that it will arrive at Medicine Bow before six hours."

"Six hours!" cried Passepartout.

"Without doubt," replied the conductor. "Besides, that time will be necessary for us to reach the station on foot."

"But it is only a mile from here," said one of the passengers.

"A mile, in fact, but on the other side of the river."

"And cannot the river be crossed in a boat?" asked the colonel.

"Impossible. The creek is swollen with the rains. It is a torrent, and we will be compelled to make a detour of ten miles to the north to find a ford."

The colonel launched a volley of oaths, blaming the company, and the conductor. Passepartout furious, was not far from joining with him. Here was a material obstacle against which, this time, all his master's bank-notes would be of no avail.

The disappointment was general among the passengers, who, without counting the delay, saw themselves obliged to foot it fifteen miles across the plain covered with snow. There was a hubbub, exclamations, loud and deep, which would certainly have attracted Phileas Fogg's attention, if that gentleman had not been absorbed in his game.

But Passepartout found himself compelled to inform

him, and with drooping head, he turned towards the car, when the engineer of the train, a genuine Yankee, named Forster, raising his voice, said, "Gentlemen, there might be a way of passing."

"On the bridge?" asked a passenger.

"On the bridge."

"With our train?" asked the colonel.

"With our train."

Passepartout stopped, and devoured the engineer's words.

"But the bridge threatens to fall!" continued the conductor.

"It doesn't matter," replied Forster. "I believe that by rushing the train over at its maximum speed we would have some chances of passing."

"The devil!" exclaimed Passepartout.

But a certain number of the passengers were immediately carried away by the proposition. It pleased Colonel Proctor particularly. That hot-head found the thing very feasible. He recalled, even, that engineers had had the idea of passing rivers without bridges, with trains closely coupled, rushing at the height of their speed, etc. And, finally, all those interested took sides with the engineer's views.

"We have fifty chances for passing," said one.

"Sixty," said another.

"Eighty! Ninety out of one hundred!"

Passepartout was perplexed, although he was willing to try anything to accomplish the passage of Medicine creek, but the attempt seemed to him a little too "American."

"Besides," he thought, "there is a much simpler thing to do, and these people don't even think of it." "Monsieur," he said to one of the passengers, "the way proposed by the engineer seems a little hazardous to me, but——"

"Eighty chances!" replied the passenger, turning his back to him.

"I know very well," replied Passepartout, addressing another gentleman, "but a simple reflection——"

"No reflection, it is useless!" replied the American addressed, shrugging his shoulders, "since the engineer assures us that we will pass!"

"Without doubt," continued Passepartout, "we will pass, but it would perhaps be more prudent——"

"What prudent!" cried Colonel Proctor, jumping at this word, heard by chance. "At full speed, you have been told! Don't you understand? At full speed!"

"I know—I understand," repeated Passepartout, whom no one would allow to finish his phrase; "but it would be, if not more prudent, since the word offends you, at least more natural——"

"Who? What? How? What is the matter with this fellow?" was heard from all directions.

The poor fellow did not know whom to address.

"Are you afraid?" Colonel Proctor asked him.

"I, afraid?" cried Passepartout. "Well, so be it! I will show these people that a Frenchman can be as American as they!"

"All aboard! All aboard!" cried the conductor.

"Yes, all aboard," repeated Passepartout; "all aboard! and right away! But they can't prevent me from thinking that it would have been more natural for us to have gone over the bridge afoot, and then brought the train afterwards!"

But no one heard this sage reflection, and no one would have acknowledged its justness.

The passengers took their seats again in the cars. Passepartout resumed his, without saying anything of what had occurred. The players were entirely absorbed in their game.

The locomotive whistled vigorously. The engineer reversed his engine, and backed for about a mile—returned like a jumper who is going to take a leap. Then, at a second whistle, they commenced to move forwards, the speed increased; it soon became frightful; but a single puffing was heard from the locomotive; the pistons worked twenty strokes to the second; the axles smoked in the journals. They felt, so to speak, that the entire train, moving at the rate of one hundred miles to the hour, did not bear upon the rails. The speed destroyed the weight.

And they passed! And it was like a flash of lightning. They saw nothing of the bridge. The train leaped, it might be said, from one bank to the other, and the engineer could not stop his train for five miles beyond the station.

But the train had scarcely crossed the river than the bridge, already about to fall, went down with a crash into the rapids of Medicine Bow.

CHAPTER XXIX

IN WHICH CERTAIN INCIDENTS ARE RELATED, ONLY TO BE MET WITH ON THE RAILROADS OF THE UNITED STATES

THAT same evening the train continued its course without obstructions, passed Fort Sanders, crossed the Cheyenne Pass and arrived at Evans Pass. At this point, the railroad reached the highest point on the route, *i e.*, eight thousand and ninety-one feet above the level of the ocean. The travelers now only had to descend to the Atlantic over those boundless plains, leveled by nature.

There was the branch from the "grand trunk" to Denver City, the principal town of Colorado. This territory is rich in gold and silver mines, and more than fifty thousand inhabitants have already settled there.

At this moment thirteen hundred and eighty-two miles had been made from San Francisco in three days and three nights. Four nights and four days, if nothing interfered, ought to be sufficient to reach New York. Phileas Fogg was then still within his time.

During the night they passed to the left of Camp Walbach. Lodge Pole Creek ran parallel to the road, following the straight boundary between the Territories of Wyoming and Colorado. At eleven o'clock they entered Nebraska, passing near Sedgwick, and they touched at Julesburg, on the South Fork of the Platte River.

It was at this point that the Union Pacific Road was inaugurated on the 23d of October, 1867, by its chief engineer, General G. M. Dodge. There stopped the two powerful locomotives, drawing the nine cars of invited guests, prominent among whom was the Vice-President of the road, Thomas C. Durant; three cheers were given; there the Sioux and Pawnees gave an imitation Indian battle; there the fireworks were set off; there, finally, was struck off by means of a portable printing press the first number of the *Railway Pioneer*. Thus was celebrated the inauguration of this great railroad, an instrument of progress and civilization, thrown across the desert, and destined to bind together towns and cities not yet in existence. The whistle of the locomotive, more powerful than the lyre of Amphion, was soon to make them rise from the American soil.

At eight o'clock in the morning Fort McPherson was left

behind. Three hundred and fifty-seven miles separate this point from Omaha. The railroad followed, on its left bank, the capricious windings of the South Fork of Platte river. At nine o'clock they arrived at the important town of North Platte, built between the two arms of the main stream, which join each other around it, forming a single artery—a large tributary—whose waters mingle with those of the Missouri a little above Omaha.

The one hundred and first meridian was passed.

Mr. Fogg and his partner had resumed their play. Neither of them complained of the length of the route—not even the dummy. Mr. Fix had won a few guineas at first, which he was in a fair way to lose, but he was not less deeply interested than Mr. Fogg. During this morning chance singularly favored this gentleman. Trumps and honors were showered into his hands. At a certain moment, after having made a bold combination, he was about to play a spade, when behind the seat a voice was heard, saying, "I should play a diamond."

Mr. Fogg, Aouda, and Fix raised their heads. Colonel Proctor was near them.

Stamp Proctor and Phileas Fogg recognized each other at once.

"Ah, it is you, Englishman," cried the colonel: "it's you who is going to play a spade."

"And who plays it," replied Phileas Fogg coldly, laying down a ten of that color.

"Well, it suits me to have it diamonds," replied Colonel Proctor, in an irritated voice.

And he made a motion as if to pick up the card played, adding, "You don't understand anything of this game."

"Perhaps I will be more skillful at another," said Phileas Fogg, rising.

"You have only to try it, son of John Bull!" replied the coarse fellow.

Aouda became pale. All the blood went to her heart. She seized Phileas Fogg's arm, and he gently repulsed her. Passepartout was ready to throw himself on, looking at his adversary with the most insulting air. But Fix had risen, and going to Colonel Proctor, said to him, "You forget that you have me to deal with; me whom you have not only insulted, but struck!"

"Mr. Fix," said Mr. Fogg, "I beg your pardon, but it concerns me alone. In insisting that I was wrong in playing a spade, the colonel has insulted me anew, and he shall give me satisfaction."

"When you will, and where you will," replied the American, "and with whatever weapon you please!"

Aouda tried in vain to restrain Mr. Fogg. The detective uselessly endeavored to take up the quarrel on his own account. Passepartout wanted to throw the colonel out of the door, but a sign from his master stopped him. Phileas Fogg went out of the car, and the American followed him on the platform.

"Sir," said Mr. Fogg to his adversary, "I am very much in a hurry to return to Europe, and any delay whatever would be very prejudicial to my interests."

"Well! what does that concern me?" replied Colonel Proctor.

"Sir," replied Mr. Fogg, very politely, "after our meeting in San Francisco, I formed the plan to come back to America to find you, as soon as I had completed the business which calls me to the Old World."

"Truly!"

"Will you appoint a meeting with me in six months?"

"Why not in six years?"

"I say six months," replied Mr. Fogg, "and I will be prompt to meet you."

"All evasions!" cried Stamp Proctor. "Immediately, or not at all."

"All right," replied Mr. Fogg. "You are going to New York?"

"No."

"To Chicago?"

"No."

"To Omaha?"

"It concerns you very little! Do you know Plum Creek station?"

"No," replied Mr. Fogg.

"It is the next station. The train will be there in an hour. It will stop ten minutes. In ten minutes we can exchange a few shots with our revolvers."

"Let it be so," replied Mr. Fogg. "I will stop at Plum Creek."

"And I believe that you will remain there!" added the American with unparalleled insolence.

"Who knows, sir?" replied Mr. Fogg, and he re-entered the car as coolly as usual.

That gentleman commenced to reassure Aouda, saying to her that blusterers were never to be feared. Then he begged Fix to act as his second in the encounter which was going to take place. Fix could not refuse, and Phileas Fogg resumed quietly his interrupted game, playing a spade with perfect serenity.

At eleven o'clock the whistle of the locomotive announced that they were near Plum Creek station. Mr. Fogg rose, and followed by Fix, he went out on the platform. Passepartout accompanied him, carrying a pair of revolvers. Aouda remained in the car, as pale as death.

At this moment the door of the next car opened, and Colonel Proctor appeared likewise upon the platform, followed by his second, a Yankee of his own stamp. But at the moment that the two adversaries were going to step off the train, the conductor ran up to them and cried:

"You can't get off, gentlemen."

"Why not?" asked the Colonel.

"We are twenty minutes behind time, and the train does not stop."

"But I am going to fight a duel with this gentleman."

"I regret it," replied the conductor, "but we are going to start again immediately. Hear the bell ringing!"

The bell was ringing, and the train moved on.

"I am really very sorry, gentlemen," said the conductor. "Under any other circumstances, I could have obliged you. But, after all, since you had not the time to fight here, who hinders you from fighting while the train is in motion?"

"Perhaps that will not suit the gentleman!" said Colonel Proctor with a jeering air.

"That suits me perfectly," replied Phileas Fogg.

"Well, we are decidedly in America!" thought Passepartout, "and the conductor is a gentleman of the first order."

Having said this, he followed his master.

The two combatants and their seconds, preceded by the conductor, repaired to the rear of the train, passing through the cars. The last car was only occupied by about ten or

a dozen passengers. The conductor asked them if they would be kind enough to vacate for a few moments for two gentlemen who had an affair of honor to settle.

Why not? The passengers were only too happy to be able to accommodate the two gentlemen, and they retired on the platforms. The car, fifty feet long, accommodated itself very conveniently to the purpose. The two adversaries might march on each other in the aisle, and fire at their ease. There never was a duel easier to arrange. Mr. Fogg and Colonel Proctor, each furnished with two six barreled revolvers, entered the car. Their seconds, remaining outside, shut them in. At the first whistle of the locomotive, they were to commence firing. Then after a lapse of two minutes what remained of the two gentlemen would be taken out of the car. Truly, there could be nothing simpler. It was even so simple that Fix and Passepartout felt their hearts beating almost as if they would break.

They were waiting for the whistle agreed upon, when suddenly savage cries resounded. Reports accompanied them, but they did not come from the car reserved for the duelists. These reports continued, on the contrary, as far as the front, and along the whole line of the train. Cries of fright made themselves heard from the inside of the cars.

Colonel Proctor and Mr. Fogg, with their revolvers in hand, went out of the car immediately, and rushed forward where the reports and cries resounded more noisily. They understood that the train had been attacked by a band of Sioux.

It was not the first attempt of these daring Indians. More than once already they had stopped the trains. According to their habit, without waiting for the stopping of the train, rushing upon the steps to the number of a hundred, they had scaled the cars like a clown does a horse at full gallop.

These Sioux were provided with guns. Thence the reports, to which the passengers, nearly all armed, replied sharply by shots from their revolvers. At first the Indians rushed upon the engine. The engineer and fireman were half stunned with blows from their muskets. A Sioux chief, wishing to stop the train, but not knowing how to

maneuver the handle of the regulator, had opened wide the steam valve instead of closing it, and the locomotive, beyond control, ran on with frightful rapidity.

At the same time, the Sioux entered the cars, they ran like enraged monkeys over the roofs, they drove in the doors and fought hand to hand with the passengers. The trunks, broken open and robbed, were thrown out of the baggage car on the road. Cries and shots did not cease.

But the passengers defended themselves courageously. Some of the cars, barricaded, sustained a siege, like real moving forts, borne on at a speed of one hundred miles an hour.

From the commencement of the attack Aouda had behaved courageously. With revolver in hand, she defended herself heroically, firing through the broken panes when some savage presented himself. About twenty Sioux, mortally wounded, fell upon the track, and the car wheels crushed like worms those that slipped onto the rails from the top of the platforms. Several passengers, severely wounded by bullets or clubs, lay upon the seats.

But an end must be put to this. This combat had lasted already for ten minutes, and could only end to the advantage of the Sioux, if the train was not stopped. In fact, Fort Kearney station was not two miles distant. There was a military post, but that passed, between Fort Kearney and the next station the Sioux would be masters of the train.

The conductor was fighting at Mr. Fogg's side, when a ball struck him and he fell. As he fell, he cried, "We are lost if the train is not stopped inside of five minutes!"

"It shall be stopped!" said Phileas Fogg, who was about to rush out of the car.

"Remain, monsieur," Passepartout cried to him. "That is my business."

Phileas Fogg had not the time to stop the courageous young man, who, opening a door without being seen by the Indians, succeeded in slipping under the car. Whilst the struggle continued, and whilst the balls were crossing each other above his head recovering his agility, his suppleness as a clown he made his way under the cars. Clinging to the chains, assisting himself by the lever of the brakes and the edges of the window sashes, climbing from one car to another with marvelous skill, he thus reached the front of

the train. He had not been seen; he could not have been.

There, suspended by one hand between the baggage car and the tender, with the other he loosened the couplings; but in consequence of the traction, he would never have been able to pull out the yoking-bar if a sudden jolt of the engine had not made the bar jump out, and the train, detached, was left farther and farther behind, while the locomotive flew on with new speed.

Carried on by the force acquired, the train still rolled on for a few minutes, but the brakes were maneuvered from the inside of the cars, and the train finally stopped less than one hundred paces from Kearney Station.

The soldiers of the fort, attracted by the firing, ran hastily to the train. The Sioux did not wait for them, and before the train stopped entirely the whole band had decamped.

But when the passengers counted each other on the platform of the station, they noticed that several were missing, and among others the courageous Frenchman, whose devotion had just saved them.

CHAPTER XXX

IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG SIMPLY DOES HIS DUTY

THREE passengers, including Passepartout, had disappeared. Had they been killed in the fight? Were they taken prisoners by the Sioux? As yet it could not be told.

The wounded were quite numerous, but none mortally. The one most seriously hurt was Colonel Proctor, who had fought bravely, and who fell struck by a ball in the groin. He was carried to the station with the other passengers, whose condition demanded immediate care.

Aouda was safe. Phileas Fogg, who had not spared himself, had not a scratch. Fix was wounded in the arm—but it was an unimportant wound. But poor Passepartout was missing, and tears flowed from the young woman's eyes.

Meanwhile, all the passengers had left the train. The wheels of the cars were stained with blood. To the hubs and spokes hung ragged pieces of flesh. As far as the eye could reach long red trails were seen on the white plain.

The last Indians were then disappearing in the south, along the banks of Republican river.

Mr. Fogg, with folded arms, stood motionless. He had a serious decision to make. Aouda, near him, looked at him without uttering a word. He understood her look. If his servant was a prisoner ought he not to risk everything to rescue him from the Indians?

"I will find him dead or alive," he said simply to Aouda.

"Ah! Mr. Fogg—Mr. Fogg!" cried the young woman, seizing her companion's hands and covering them with tears.

"Alive!" added Mr. Fogg, "if we do not lose a minute!"

With this resolution Phileas Fogg sacrificed himself entirely. He had just pronounced his ruin. A single day's delay would make him miss the steamer from New York. His bet would be irrevocably lost. But in the face of the thought, "It is my duty!" he did not hesitate.

The captain commanding Fort Kearney was there. His soldiers—about a hundred men—had put themselves on the defensive in the event of the Sioux making a direct attack upon the station.

"Sir," said Mr. Fogg to the captain, "three passengers have disappeared."

"Killed?" asked the captain.

"Killed or prisoners," replied Mr. Fogg. "That is an uncertainty which we must bring to an end. It is your intention to pursue the Sioux?"

"It is a grave matter, sir," said the captain. "These Indians may fly beyond the Arkansas! I could not abandon the fort entrusted to me."

"Sir," replied Phileas Fogg, "it is a question of the life of three men."

"Doubtless—but can I risk the life of fifty to save three?"

"I do not know whether you can, but you ought."

"Sir," replied the captain, "no one here has the right to tell me what my duty is."

"Let it be so!" said Phileas Fogg coldly, "I will go alone!"

"You, sir!" cried Fix, who approached, "go alone in pursuit of the Indians!"

"Do you wish me then to allow to perish the unfortunate man to whom everyone of us that is living owes his life? I shall go."

"Well, no, you shall not go alone!" cried the captain, moved in spite of himself. "No! You are a brave heart! Thirty volunteers!" he added, turning to his soldiers.

The whole company advanced in a body. The captain had to select from these brave fellows. Thirty soldiers were picked out, and an old sergeant put at their head.

"Thanks, captain!" said Mr. Fogg.

"You will permit me to accompany you?" Fix asked the gentleman.

"You will do as you please," replied Phileas Fogg. "But if you wish to do me a service, you will remain by Aouda. In case anything should happen to me——"

A sudden paleness overcast the detective's face. To separate himself from the man whom he had followed step by step and with so much persistence! To let him venture so much in the desert. Fix looked closely at the gentleman, and whatever he may have thought, in spite of his prejudices, in spite of his inward struggle, he dropped his eyes before that quiet, frank look.

"I will remain," he said.

A few moments after, Mr. Fogg pressed the young woman's hand; then, having placed in her care his precious traveling bag, he set out with the sergeant and his little band.

But before starting, he said to the soldiers, "My friends, there are five thousand dollars for you if you save the prisoners!"

It was then a few minutes past noon.

Aouda retired into a sitting room of the station, and there, alone, she waited, thinking of Phileas Fogg, his simple and grand generosity, his quiet courage. Mr. Fogg had sacrificed his fortune, and now he was staking his life—and all this without hesitation from a sense of duty, without words. Phileas Fogg was a hero in her eyes.

The detective was not thinking thus, and he could not restrain his agitation. He walked feverishly up and down the platform of the station, one moment vanquished, he became himself again. Fogg having gone, he comprehended his foolishness in letting him go. What! Had he

consented to be separated from the man that he had just been following around the world! His natural disposition got the upper hand; he criminated and accused himself; he treated himself as if he had been the director of the Metropolitan Police reproving an agent caught at a very green trick.

"I have been a silly fellow!" he thought. "The other fellow will have told him who I was! He has gone; he will not return! Where can I capture him now? But how have I so allowed myself to be fascinated when I have a warrant for his arrest in my pocket! I am decidedly only an ass!"

Thus reasoned the detective, while the hours slipped on too slowly for his liking. He did not know what to do. Sometimes, he felt like telling Aouda everything. But he understood how he would be received by the young woman. What course should he take? He was tempted to go in pursuit of this Fogg across the immense white plains. It did not seem impossible for him to find him. The footprints of the detachment were still imprinted upon the snow! But under a fresh covering every track would soon be effaced.

Fix was discouraged. He felt an almost insurmountable desire to abandon the party. This very occasion of leaving Kearney station and of prosecuting the journey, so fruitful in mishaps, was opened to him.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, while the snow was falling in large flakes, long whistles were heard coming from the east. An enormous shadow, preceded by a lurid light, slowly advanced, considerably increased by the mist, which gave it a fantastic appearance.

But no train was expected yet from the east. The help asked for by telegraph could not arrive so soon and the train from Omaha to San Francisco would not pass until the next day. They were soon enlightened.

This locomotive, moving under a small head of steam, and whistling very loud, was the one which, after being detached from the train, had continued its course with such frightful speed, carrying the unconscious fireman and engineer. It had run on for several miles; then the fire had gone down for want of fuel; the steam had slackened, and an hour afterwards, relaxing its speed by degrees, the en-

gine finally stopped twenty miles beyond Kearney station.

Neither the engineer nor the fireman was dead, and after a very long swoon they revived. The engine had stopped. When he saw himself in the desert, and the locomotive without cars attached to it, the engineer understood what had happened. He could not guess how the locomotive had been detached from the train, but he did not doubt that the train, left behind, was in distress.

The engineer did not hesitate as to what he ought to do. To continue his course in the direction of Omaha was prudent, to return towards the train, which the Indians were perhaps yet robbing, was dangerous. No matter! Coal and wood were thrown into the furnace, the fire started up again, the head of steam increased again, and about two o'clock in the afternoon the engine returned, running backwards to Kearney station. This was the whistling they heard in the mist.

It was a great satisfaction for the travelers, when they saw the locomotive put at the head of the train. They were going to be able to continue their journey so unfortunately interrupted.

On the arrival of the engine, 'Aouda came out of the station, and addressing the conductor she asked:

"You are going to start?"

"This very instant, madame."

"But the prisoners—our unfortunate companions——"

"I cannot interrupt the trip," replied the conductor.

"We are already three hours behind time."

"And when will the next train coming from San Francisco pass?"

"To-morrow evening, madame."

"To-morrow evening! But it will be too late. We must wait——"

"Impossible," replied the conductor. "If you are going, get aboard the car."

"I will not go," replied the young woman.

Fix heard this conversation. A few moments before, when every means of locomotion failed him, he had decided to quit Kearney, and now that the train was there ready to continue its course, and he only had to seat himself again in the car, an irresistible force fixed him to the ground. The platform of the station burned his feet, and he could

not tear himself away from it. The conflict within himself recommenced. His anger at his want of success choked him. He was going to struggle on to the end.

Meanwhile the passengers and some of the wounded—among others Colonel Proctor, whose condition was very serious—had taken seats in the cars. The buzzing of the overheated boiler was heard; the steam escaped through the valves; the engine whistled, the train started, and soon disappeared, mingling its white smoke with the whirling of the snow.

The detective Fix had remained.

Some hours passed. The weather was very bad, the cold very keen. Fix, seated on a bench in the station, was motionless. It might have been supposed that he was sleeping. Notwithstanding the storm, Aouda left every moment the room which had been placed at her disposal. She went to the end of the platform, trying to look through the tempest of snow, wishing to pierce the mist which narrowed the horizon around her, listening if she could hear any sound. But there was nothing. She went in then, chilled through, to return a few moments later, and always in vain.

Evening came. The little detachment had not returned. Where was it at this moment? Had it been able to overtake the Indians? Had there been a fight, or were these soldiers, lost in the mist, wandering at a venture? The captain of Fort Kearney was very uneasy, although he did not wish to let his uneasiness appear.

Night came; the snow fell less heavily, but the intensity of the cold increased. The most intrepid glance would not have looked at this vast, obscure space without terror. An absolute silence prevailed over the plain. Neither the flight of a bird nor the passage of a wild beast disturbed the unbroken quiet.

During the whole night Aouda, her mind full of dark presentiments, her heart filled with anguish, wandered on the border of the prairie. Her imagination carried her afar off and showed her a thousand dangers. What she suffered during those long hours could not be expressed. Fix, still immovable in the same spot, did not sleep. Once a man approached and spoke to him, but the detective sent him away, after replying to him by a negative sign.

Thus the night passed. At dawn, the half-concealed disk of the sun rose from a misty horizon. Still the eye might reach as far as two miles. Phileas Fogg and the detachment had gone to the south. The south was entirely deserted. It was then seven o'clock in the morning.

The captain, extremely anxious, did not know what course to take. Ought he to send a second detachment to help the first? Ought he to sacrifice fresh men with so few chances of saving those who were sacrificed at first? But his hesitation did not last, and with a gesture calling one of his lieutenants, he gave him the order to throw out a reconnoissance to the south, when shots were heard. Was it a signal? The soldiers rushed out of the fort, and half a mile distant they perceived a small band returning in good order.

Phileas Fogg marched at the head, and near him Passepartout and the two passengers, rescued from the hands of the Sioux.

There was a fight ten miles south of Fort Kearney. Passepartout and his two companions were already struggling against their captors, and the Frenchman had knocked down three of them with his fist, when his master and the soldiers rushed to their rescue.

All—the deliverers and the delivered—were received with cries of joy, and Phileas Fogg divided among the soldiers the reward he had promised them, whilst Passepartout repeated to himself, not without reason, “I must confess that I am certainly costing my master very dearly.”

Fix, without uttering a word, looked at Mr. Fogg, and it would have been difficult to analyze the impressions struggling within him. As for Aouda, she took the gentleman's hand, and pressed it in hers, without being able to utter a word!

In the meantime Passepartout, upon his arrival, was looking for the train at the station. He thought he would find it there, ready to start for Omaha, and he hoped they could still make up the lost time. “The train, the train!” he cried.

“Gone,” replied Fix.

“And when will the next train pass?” asked Fogg.

“Not until this evening.”

“Ah!” simply replied the impassible gentleman.

CHAPTER XXXI

IN WHICH THE DETECTIVE FIX TAKES SERIOUSLY IN CHARGE PHILEAS FOGG'S INTERESTS

PHILEAS FOGG found himself twenty hours behind time. Passepartout, the involuntary cause of this delay, was desperate. He had certainly ruined his master!

At this moment the detective approached Mr. Fogg, and looking closely in his face, asked: "Very seriously, sir, you are in a hurry?"

"Very seriously," replied Phileas Fogg.

"I insist," continued Fix. "It is very much to your interest to be in New York on the 11th, before nine o'clock in the evening, the time of departure of the Liverpool steamer."

"I have a very great interest."

"And if your journey had not been interrupted by this Indian attack, you would have arrived in New York on the morning of the 11th?"

"Yes, twelve hours before the departure of the steamer."

"Well, you are now twenty hours behind time. The difference between twenty and twelve is eight. Eight hours are to be made up. Do you wish to try to do it?"

"On foot?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"No, on a sledge," replied Fix, "on a sledge with sails. A man has proposed this means of conveyance to me." It was the man who had spoken to the detective during the night, and whose offer he had refused.

Phileas Fogg did not reply to Fix; but Fix having shown him the man in question, who was walking up and down before the station, the gentleman went up to him. An instant after, Phileas Fogg and this American, named Mudge, entered a hut built at the foot of Fort Kearney.

There Mr. Fogg examined a very singular vehicle, a sort of frame laid on two long beams, a little raised in front, like the runners of a sledge, and upon which five or six persons could be seated. On the front of the frame was fastened a very high mast, to which an immense brigantine sail was attached. The mast, firmly held by metallic fastenings, held an iron stay, which served to hoist a large jib-sail. At the rear a sort of rudder allowed the apparatus to be steered.

As could be seen, it was a sledge sloop-rigged. During

the winter, on the icy plains, when the trains are blocked up by the snow, these vehicles make extremely rapid trips from one station to another. They carry a tremendous press of sail, far more than a cutter, and, with the wind behind, they glide over the surface of the prairie with a speed equal to, if not greater than, that of an express train.

In a few moments, the bargain was concluded between Mr. Fogg and the owner of this land craft. The wind was good. It blew with a strong breeze from the west. The snow had hardened, and Mudge was certain that he could take Mr. Fogg in a few hours to Omaha. There the trains are frequent, and the routes leading to Chicago and New York are numerous. It was not impossible to make up the time lost. There should be no hesitation in making the attempt.

Mr. Fogg, not wishing to expose Aouda to the discomforts of a trip in the open air, with the cold rendered more unbearable by the speed, proposed to her to remain under Passepartout's care at Kearney station. The honest fellow would undertake to bring her to Europe by a better route and under more acceptable conditions.

Aouda refused to be separated from Mr. Fogg, and Passepartout felt very happy at this determination. Indeed, nothing in the world would have induced him to leave his master, since Fix was to accompany him.

As to what the detective then thought, it would be difficult to say. Had his convictions been shaken by Phileas Fogg's return, or rather did he consider him a very shrewd rogue, who, having accomplished his tour of the world, believed that he would be entirely safe in England? Perhaps Fix's opinion concerning Phileas Fogg was really modified. But he was none the less decided to do his duty, and more impatient than all of them to hasten with all his might the return to England.

At eight o'clock the sledge was ready to start. The travelers—we were tempted to say the passengers—took their places, and wrapped themselves closely in their traveling cloaks. The two immense sails were hoisted, and, under the pressure of the wind, the vehicle slipped over the hardened snow with a speed of forty miles an hour.

The distance between Fort Kearney and Omaha is, in a

straight line—in a bee-line, as the Americans say—two hundred miles at the most. If the wind continued, this distance could be accomplished in five hours. If no accident happened, the sledge ought to reach Omaha at one o'clock in the afternoon.

What a journey! The travelers, huddled up against each other, could not speak. The cold, increased by the speed, cut off their words. The sledge glided as lightly over the surface of the plain as a vessel over the surface of the water—with the swell at least. When the breeze came, skimming the earth, it seemed as if the sledge was lifted from the ground by its sails, which were like huge wings. Mudge, at the rudder, kept the straight line, and with a turn of the tiller he corrected the lurches which the apparatus had a tendency to make. All sail was carried. The jib had been arranged so that it no longer was screened by the brigantine. A top-mast was hoisted, and another jib stretched to the wind added its force to that of the other sails. It could not be exactly estimated, but certainly the speed of the sledge could not be less than forty miles an hour.

“If nothing breaks,” said Mudge, “we shall arrive!”

It was Mudge's interest to arrive at the time agreed upon, for Mr. Fogg adhering to his plan, had stimulated him by the promise of a handsome reward.

The prairie, which the sledge was crossing in a straight line, was as flat as a sea. It might have been called a frozen pond. The railroad which ran through this section, ascended from southwest to northwest by Grand Island, Columbus, an important Nebraska town, Schuyler, Fremont, then Omaha. During its entire course, it followed the right bank of Platte river. The sledge, shortening this route, took the cord of the arc described by the railroad. Mudge did not fear being stopped by the Platte river, at the short bend in front of Fremont, as it was frozen over. The way was then entirely free of obstructions, and Phileas Fogg had only two things to fear: an accident to the apparatus, a change or a calm of the wind.

But the breeze did not abate. On the contrary, it blew so hard that it bent the mast, which the iron fastenings kept firm. These metal fastenings, like the chords of an instrument, resounded as if a violin bow had produced their

vibrations. The sledge slid along in the midst of a plaintive harmony, of a very peculiar intensity.

"These cords give the fifth and the octave," said Mr. Fogg.

And these were the only words he uttered during this trip. Aouda, carefully wrapped in furs and cloaks, was preserved as much as possible from the attacks of the cold.

Passepartout, his face red as the solar disk when it sets in the mist, drew in the biting air. With the depth of unshaken confidence that he possessed, he was ready to hope again. Instead of arriving in New York in the morning, they would arrive there in the evening, but there might be some chances that it would be before the departure of the Liverpool steamer.

Passepartout even experienced a strong desire to grasp the hand of his ally Fix. He did not forget that it was the detective himself who had procured the sledge with sails, and consequently the only means there was to reach Omaha in good time. But by some unknown presentiment, he kept himself in his accustomed reserve.

At all events, one thing which Passepartout would never forget was the sacrifice which Mr. Fogg had unhesitatingly made to rescue him from the hands of the Sioux. As for that, Mr. Fogg had risked his fortune and his life—— No! his servant would not forget him!

Whilst each one of the travelers allowed himself to wander off in such various reflections the sledge flew over the immense carpet of snow. If it passed over creeks, tributaries, or sub-tributaries of Little Blue river, they did not perceive it. The fields and the streams disappeared under a uniform whiteness.

The plain was absolutely deserted. Comprised between the Union Pacific Road and the branch uniting Kearney to St. Joseph, it formed as it were a large uninhabited island. Not a village, not a station, not even a fort. From time to time they saw passing like a flash some grimacing tree, whose white skeleton was twisted about by the wind. Sometimes flocks of wild birds rose: sometimes, also, prairie wolves in large bands, gaunt, famished, urged on by a ferocious demand of nature, vied with the sledge in swiftness. Then Passepartout, with revolver in hand, held himself ready to fire upon those that came nearest.

If any accident had then stopped the sledge, the travelers, attacked by these ferocious carnivorous beasts, would have run the greatest risks. But the sledge kept on in its course, it was not long in getting ahead, and soon the whole howling band was left behind.

At noon, Mudge recognized by certain landmarks that he was crossing the frozen course of the Platte river. He said nothing, but he was sure that in twenty miles more he would reach Omaha.

And, indeed, one hour afterwards this skillful guide, abandoning the helm, hastened to the halyards of the sails and furled them, whilst the sledge, carried on by its irresistible force, accomplished another half mile under bare poles. Finally it stopped, and Mudge pointing out a mass of roofs white with snow, said: "We have arrived."

Arrived! Arrived indeed at the station which, by numerous trains is in daily communication with the eastern part of the United States! Passepartout and Fix jumped to the ground and shook their stiffened limbs. They helped Mr. Fogg and the young woman to descend from the sledge. Phileas Fogg settled generously with Mudge, whose hand Passepartout shook like a friend's, and all hurried towards the depot in Omaha.

The Pacific Railroad, properly so called, has its terminus at this important city in Nebraska, placing the Mississippi basin in connection with the great ocean. To go from Omaha to Chicago, the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Road is taken, running directly to the east, and passing fifty stations.

A through train was ready to start. Phileas Fogg and his companions only had time to hurry into a car. They had seen nothing of Omaha; but Passepartout acknowledged to himself that it was not to be regretted, as they were not on a sight-seeing tour. The train passed with very great speed into the state of Iowa, through Council Bluffs, Des Moines, and Iowa City. During the night it crossed the Mississippi at Davenport, and entered Illinois at Rock Island. The next day, the 10th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived at Chicago, already risen from its ruins, and sitting more proudly than ever on the shores of the beautiful Lake Michigan.

Nine hundred miles separate Chicago from New York.

Trains are not wanting at Chicago. Mr. Fogg passed immediately from one to the other. The nimble locomotive of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railway started at full speed, as if it understood that the honorable gentleman "had no time to lose." It traversed Indiana and Ohio, passing by populous cities and over wide expanses of agricultural land, with but few pauses; and, sixteen hours after leaving Chicago, the Ohio was reached.

At thirty-five minutes after nine, on the evening of the 11th, the train entered the great depot at Jersey City, the walls of which are washed by the Hudson river. From this station, the eastern terminus of a railroad system of great magnitude, fifty-one passenger and eighty-one freight trains depart every twenty-four hours, and an equal number arrive. Steamers and sailing vessels lined the miles of docks extending on both sides of the station, and the mighty river was filled with craft of all kinds engaged in the commerce of New York, which rose in front of the travelers as they emerged upon the broad, covered way running in front of the depot, where the gigantic ferry-boats of the railroad company receive and land their myriads of travelers, pausing not in their work day or night.

At thirty-five minutes after nine at night, the train stopped in the depot, near the very pier of the Cunard line of steamers, otherwise called The British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company.

The *China*, bound for Liverpool, had left thirty-five minutes before!

CHAPTER XXXII

IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG ENGAGES IN A DIRECT STRUGGLE WITH ILL LUCK

THE *China*, in leaving, seemed to have carried away with her Phileas Fogg's last hope. In fact, none of the other steamers in the direct service between America and Europe, neither the French Transatlantic steamers, nor the ships of the White Star line, nor those of the Inman Company, nor those of the Hamburg line, nor any others, could serve the gentleman's projects.

The *Pereire*, of the French Atlantic Company, would not start until the 14th of December. And besides, like those

of the Hamburg Company, she would not go directly to Liverpool or London, but to Havre, and this additional trip from Havre to Southampton, delaying Phileas Fogg, would have rendered his last efforts of no avail.

The gentleman posted himself thoroughly about all this by consulting his Bradshaw, which gave him, day by day, the movements of the transoceanic vessels.

Passepartout was annihilated. It killed him to miss the steamer by thirty-five minutes. It was his fault, he who, instead of aiding his master, had not ceased to scatter obstacles in his way! And when he reviewed in his mind all the incidents of the journey; when he calculated the sums spent, which was pure loss, and for his own interest; when he thought that this enormous bet, added to the heavy expenses of this now useless journey, would completely ruin Mr. Fogg, he overwhelmed himself with opprobrium.

Mr. Fogg did not reproach him at all, and leaving the pier of the ocean steamers, he said only these words: "We will consult to-morrow. Come."

Mr. Fogg, Aouda, Fix, and Passepartout crossed the Hudson from Jersey City in the ferry boat, and got into a carriage, which took them to the St. Nicholas hotel, on Broadway. Rooms were put at their disposal, and the night passed,—a very short one for Phileas Fogg, who slept soundly, but very long for Aouda and her companions, whose agitation did not allow them to rest.

The next day was the 12th of December. From the 12th, at seven in the morning, to the 21st, at eight forty-five in the evening, there remained nine days, thirteen hours, and forty-five minutes. If, then, Phileas Fogg had left the night before in the *China*, one of the best sailers of the Cunard line, he would have arrived at Liverpool, and then in London, in the desired time!

Phileas Fogg left the hotel alone, having recommended his servant to wait for him, and to notify Aouda to hold herself in readiness at any moment.

Mr. Fogg repaired to the banks of the Hudson, and among the ships moored to the wharf, or anchored in the stream, he sought with care those which were about to leave. Several vessels had their signals for departure up and were preparing to put to sea at the morning high tide,

for in this immense and admirable port, there is not a day when a hundred vessels do not set sail for every quarter of the globe; but the most of them were sailing vessels, and they would not suit Phileas Fogg.

This gentleman was seeming to fail in his last attempt, when he perceived, moored in front of the battery, at a cable's length at most, a merchantman, with screw, of fine outlines, whose smoke-stack, emitting clouds of smoke, indicated that she was preparing to sail.

Phileas Fogg hailed a boat, got in it, and with a few strokes of the oar, he found himself at the ladder of the *Henrietta*, an iron-hulled steamer, with her upper parts of wood.

The captain of the *Henrietta* was on board. Phileas Fogg went up on deck and asked for the captain, who presented himself immediately.

He was a man fifty years old, a sort of sea wolf, a grumbler who would not be very accommodating. His large eyes, his complexion oxydized copper, his red hair, his large chest and shoulders, indicated nothing of the appearance of a man of the world.

"The captain?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"I am he."

"I am Phileas Fogg, of London."

"And I am Andrew Speedy, of Cardiff."

"You are going to start?"

"In an hour."

"You are loaded for——?"

"Bordeaux."

"And your cargo?"

"Gravel in the hold. I have no freight. I sail in ballast."

"You have passengers?"

"No passengers. Never have passengers. 'A' merchandise that's in the way and reasons."

"Your vessel sails swiftly?"

"Between eleven and twelve knots. The *Henrietta*, well known."

"Do you wish to convey me to Liverpool, myself and three persons?"

"To Liverpool? Why not to China?"

"I said Liverpool."

"No!"

"No?"

"No. I am setting out for Bordeaux, and I shall go to Bordeaux."

"It don't matter what price?"

"It don't matter what price!"

The captain spoke in a tone which did not admit of a reply.

"But the owners of the *Henrietta*——" replied Phileas Fogg.

"The owners of the *Henrietta* are myself," replied the captain. "The vessel belongs to me."

"I will freight it for you."

"No."

"No?"

"I will buy it from you."

Phileas Fogg did not change countenance. But the situation was serious. It was not at New York as at Hong Kong, nor with the captain of the *Henrietta* as with the captain of the *Tankadere*. Until the present the gentleman's money had always overcome obstacles. This time the money failed.

But the means of crossing the Atlantic in a vessel must be found, unless they went across in a balloon, which would have been very venturesome, and which, besides, was not practicable.

Phileas Fogg, however, appeared to have an idea, for he said to the captain: "Well, will you take me to Bordeaux?"

"No, even if you would pay me two hundred dollars."

"I offer you two thousand."

"For each person?"

"For each person."

"And there are four of you?"

"Four."

Captain Speedy commenced to scratch his forehead as if he would tear the skin off. Eight thousand dollars to be made, without changing his course; it was well worth the trouble of putting aside his decided antipathy for every kind of passenger. Passengers at two thousand dollars apiece, besides, are no longer passengers, but valuable merchandise.

"I leave at nine o'clock," said Captain Speedy, simply, "and you and yours will be there?"

"At nine o'clock we will be on board!" simply replied Mr. Fogg.

It was half past eight. To land from the *Henrietta*, get in a carriage, repair to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and take back with him Aouda, Passepartout, and even the inseparable Fix, to whom he graciously offered a passage, this was all done by the gentleman with the quiet which never deserted him under any circumstances. At the moment that the *Henrietta* was ready to sail, all four were aboard.

When Passepartout learned what this last voyage would cost, he uttered one of those prolonged "Oh's!" which run through all the spaces of the descending chromatic scale!

As for Detective Fix, he said to himself that the Bank of England would not come out whole from this affair. In fact, by the time of their arrival, and admitting that this Mr. Fogg would not throw a few handfuls besides into the sea, more than seven thousand pounds would be missing from the bank notes in the traveling bag!

CHAPTER XXXIII

IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG SHOWS HIMSELF EQUAL TO CIRCUMSTANCES

AN hour afterwards the steamer *Henrietta* passed the light-boat which marks the entrance of the Hudson, turned Sandy Hook Point, and put to sea. During the day she skirted Long Island, in the offing of the Fire Island Light, and rapidly ran towards the east.

At noon of the next day, the 13th of December, a man went upon the bridge to take charge of the vessel. It would certainly be supposed that this man was Captain Speedy! Not at all. It was Phileas Fogg.

As for Captain Speedy, he was very snugly locked up in his cabin, and was howling at a rate that denoted an anger very pardonable, which amounted to a paroxysm.

What had happened was very simple. Phileas Fogg wanted to go to Liverpool; the captain would not take him there. Then Phileas Fogg had agreed to take passage for Bordeaux, and during the thirty hours that he had been

on board, he had maneuvered so well with his bank notes, that the crew, sailors and firemen—an occasional crew, on bad terms with the captain—belonged to him. And this is why Phileas Fogg commanded in the place of Captain Speedy, why the captain was shut up in his cabin, and why, finally, the *Henrietta* was steering her course towards Liverpool. It was very clear, seeing Mr. Fogg maneuver, that he had been a sailor.

Now, how the adventure would come out, would be known later. Aouda's uneasiness did not cease, although she said nothing. Fix was stunned at first. Passepartout found the thing simply splendid.

"Between eleven and twelve knots," Captain Speedy had said, and the *Henrietta* did indeed maintain this average of speed.

If then—how many "ifs" yet!—if the sea did not become too rough, if the wind did not rise in the east, if no mishap occurred to the vessel, no accident to the engine, the *Henrietta* in the nine days, counting from the 12th of December to the 21st, could accomplish the three thousand miles separating New York from Liverpool. It is true that once arrived, the *Henrietta* affair on top of the bank affair might take the gentleman a little farther than he would like.

During the first few days they went along under excellent conditions. The wind was not too rough; the sails were hoisted, and with them the *Henrietta* sailed like a genuine transatlantic steamer.

Passepartout was delighted. The last exploit of his master, the consequences of which he preferred not to consider, filled him with enthusiasm. The crew had never seen a gayer, more agile fellow. He made a thousand friendships with the sailors and astonished them by his acrobatic feats. He lavished upon them the best names and the most attractive drinks. He thought that they maneuvered like gentlemen, and that the firemen coaled up like heroes. His good humor was very communicative, and impressed itself upon all. He had forgotten the past, with its annoyances and its perils. He thought only of the end, so nearly reached, and sometimes he boiled over with impatience, as if he had been heated by the furnaces of the *Henrietta*. Frequently, also, the worthy fellow revolved around Fix;

he looked at him with a distrustful eye, but he did not speak to him, for there no longer existed any intimacy between these two old friends.

Besides, Fix, it must be confessed, did not understand this thing at all. The conquest of the *Henrietta*, the purchase of her crew, and Fogg maneuvering like an accomplished seaman—this combination of things confused him. He did not know what to think. But, after all, a man who commenced by stealing fifty-five thousand pounds could finish by stealing a vessel. And Fix was naturally led to believe that the *Henrietta*, directed by Fogg, was not going to Liverpool at all, but into some quarter of the world where the robber, become a pirate, would quietly place himself in safety! This hypothesis, it must be confessed, could not be more plausible, and the detective commenced to regret very seriously having entered upon this affair.

As for Captain Speedy, he continued to howl in his cabin, and Passepartout, whose duty it was to provide his meals, did it only with the greatest precautions, although he was so strong. Phileas Fogg had no longer the appearance of even suspecting that there was a captain on board.

On the 13th, they passed the edge of the Banks of Newfoundland. Those are bad latitudes. During the winter, especially, the fogs are frequent there, the blows dreadful. Since the day before, the barometer, suddenly fallen, indicated an approaching change in the atmosphere. In fact, during the night the temperature varied, the cold became keener, and at the same time the wind shifted into the southeast.

This was a misfortune. Mr. Fogg, in order not to be driven out of his course, had to reef his sails and increase his steam. But the progress of the ship was slackened, owing to the condition of the sea, whose long waves broke against her stern. She was violently tossed about, and to the detriment of her speed. The breeze increased by degrees to a hurricane, and it was already a probable event that the *Henrietta* might not be able to hold herself upright against the waves. Now, if she had to fly before the storm, the unknown, with all its bad chances, threatened them.

Passepartout's face darkened at the same time as the sky, and for two days the good fellow was in mortal dread.

But Phileas Fogg was a bold sailor, who knew how to keep head against the sea, and he kept on his course, without even putting the vessel under a small head of steam. The *Henrietta*, whenever she could rise with the wave, passed over it, but her deck was swept from end to end. Sometimes, too, when a mountain wave raised the stern out of the water, the screw came out of the water, beating the air with its blades, but the ship still moved right on.

Still the wind did not become as severe as might have been feared. It was not one of those hurricanes which sweep on with a velocity of ninety miles an hour. It continued quite fresh, but unfortunately it blew obstinately from the southeast, and did not allow the sails to be hoisted. And yet, as we will see, it would have been very useful if they could have come to the aid of the steam!

The 16th of December was the seventy-fifth day that had elapsed since leaving London. The *Henrietta* had not yet been seriously delayed. The half of the voyage was nearly accomplished, and the worst localities had been passed. In summer, success would have been certain. In winter they were at the mercy of the bad weather. Passepartout did not speak. Secretly he hoped, and if the wind failed them, he counted at least upon the steam.

Now, on this day, the engineer ascended to the deck, met Mr. Fogg, and talked very earnestly with him. Without knowing why—by a presentiment, doubtless—Passepartout felt a sort of vague uneasiness. He would have given one of his ears to have heard with the other what was said. But he could catch a few words, these among others, uttered by his master: "You are certain of what you say?"

"I am certain, sir," replied the engineer. "Do not forget that, since our departure, all our furnaces have been going, and although we had enough coal to go under a small head of steam from New York to Bordeaux, we have not enough for a full head of steam from New York to Liverpool!"

"I will take the matter under consideration," replied Mr. Fogg.

Passepartout understood. 'A' mortal fear took possession of him.

The coal was about to give out.

"Ah! if my master wards that off," he said to himself, "he will certainly be a famous man!"

And having met Fix, he could not help posting him as to the situation.

"Then," replied the detective, with set teeth, "you believe that we are going to Liverpool?"

"I do, indeed!"

"Idiot!" replied the detective, shrugging his shoulders as he turned away.

Passepartout was on the point of sharply resenting the epithet, whose true signification he could not understand; but he said to himself that the unfortunate Fix must be very much disappointed, and humiliated in his self esteem, having so awkwardly followed a false scent around the world, and he refrained from condemning him.

And now what course was Phileas Fogg going to take? It was difficult to guess. But it appeared that the phlegmatic gentleman decided upon one, for that evening he sent for the engineer and said to him: "Keep up your fires and continue on your course until the complete exhaustion of the fuel."

A few moments after, the smoke stack of the *Henrietta* was vomiting torrents of smoke.

The vessel continued, then, to sail under full steam; but, as he had announced, two days later, the 18th, the engineer informed him that the coal would give out during the day.

"Don't let the fires go down," replied Mr. Fogg. "On the contrary, let the valves be charged."

About noon of this day, having taken observations and calculated the position of the vessel, Phileas Fogg sent for Passepartout and ordered him to go for Captain Speedy. This good fellow felt as if he had been commanded to unchain a tiger, and he descended into the poop, saying to himself, "Positively I shall find a madman!"

In fact, a few minutes later a bomb came on the poop deck, in the midst of cries and oaths. This bomb was Captain Speedy. It was evident that it was going to burst.

"Where are we?" were the first words he uttered in the midst of his choking anger, and certainly if the worthy man had been apoplectic, he would never have recovered from it.

"Where are we?" he repeated, his face purple.

"Seven hundred and seventy miles from Liverpool," replied Mr. Fogg, with imperturbable calmness.

"Pirate!" cried Andrew Speedy.

"I have sent for you, sir——"

"Sea-skimmer!"

—"Sir," continued Phileas Fogg, "to ask you to sell me your ship."

"No! by all the devils, no!"

"I shall be obliged to burn her."

"To burn my ship!"

"At least her upper portions, for we are out of fuel."

"Burn my ship!" cried Captain Speedy, who could no longer pronounce his syllables. "A ship that is worth fifty thousand dollars!"

"Here are sixty thousand!" replied Phileas Fogg, offering him a roll of bank notes.

This produced a powerful effect upon Andrew Speedy. No American is without emotion at the sight of sixty thousand dollars. The captain forgot in an instant his anger, his imprisonment, all his grievances from his passenger. His ship was twenty years old. It might be quite a bargain! The bomb could not explode. Mr. Fogg had withdrawn the fuse.

"And the iron hull will be left me," he said in a singularly softened tone.

"The iron hull and the engine, sir. It is a bargain?"

"A bargain."

And Andrew Speedy, snatching the roll of bank notes, counted them and slipped them into his pocket.

During this scene, Passepartout was white as a sheet. As for Fix he narrowly escaped an apoplectic fit. Nearly twenty thousand pounds spent, and yet this Fogg was going to relinquish to the seller the hull and the engine, that is, nearly the entire value of the vessel! It is true that the sum stolen from the bank amounted to fifty-five thousand pounds!

When Andrew Speedy had pocketed his money, Mr. Fogg said to him: "Sir, don't let all this astonish you. Know that I lose twenty thousand pounds if I am not in London on the 21st of December, at a quarter before nine in the evening. Now, I had missed the steamer from New York, and as you refused to take me to Liverpool——"

"And I have done well, by all the imps of the lower regions," cried Andrew Speedy, "since I make by it at least forty thousand dollars."

Then he added, more calmly: "Do you know one thing, captain——?"

"Fogg."

"Well, Captain Fogg, there is something of the Yankee in you."

And having paid his passenger what he thought to be a compliment, he went away, when Phileas Fogg said to him: "Now this ship belongs to me?"

"Certainly, from the keel to the truck of the masts, all the wood, understand."

"Very well. Cut away the inside arrangements and fire up with the *débris*."

It may be judged how much of this dry wood was necessary to maintain the steam at a sufficient pressure. This day, the poop deck, the cabins, the bunks, and the spare deck all went.

The next day, the 19th of December, they burned the masts, the rafts, and the spars. They cut down the masts, and delivered them to the ax. The crew displayed an incredible zeal. Passepartout, hewing, cutting, sawing, did the work of ten men. It was a perfect fury of demolition.

The next day, the 20th, the railings, the armor, all of the ship above water, the greater part of the deck, were consumed. The *Henrietta* was now a vessel cut down like a pontoon.

But on this day they sighted the coast of Ireland and Fastnet Light.

However, at ten o'clock in the evening, the ship was only passing Queenstown. Phileas Fogg had only twenty-four hours to reach London! Now, this was the time the *Henrietta* needed to reach Liverpool, even under full headway. And the steam was about to fail the bold gentleman!

"Sir," said Captain Speedy to him then, who had come to be interested in his projects, "I really pity you. Everything is against you. We are as yet only in front of Queenstown."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fogg, "that is Queenstown, the place where we perceive the light?"

"Yes."

"Can we enter the harbor?"

"Not for three hours. Only at high tide."

"Let us wait," Phileas Fogg replied calmly, without letting it be seen on his face that, by a last inspiration, he was going to try to conquer once more his contrary fate!

Queenstown is a port on the coast of Ireland, at which the transatlantic steamers coming from the United States deposit their mail bag. These letters are carried to Dublin by express trains always ready to start. From Dublin they arrive in Liverpool by very swift vessels, thus gaining twelve hours over the most rapid sailers of the ocean.

These twelve hours which the American couriers gained, Phileas Fogg intended to gain, too. Instead of arriving by the *Henrietta* in the evening of the next day, at Liverpool, he would be there by noon, and, consequently, he would have time enough to reach London before a quarter of nine in the evening.

Towards one o'clock in the morning, the *Henrietta* entered Queenstown harbor at high tide, and Phileas Fogg, having received a vigorous shake of the hand from Captain Speedy, left him on the leveled hulk of his vessel, still worth the half of what he had sold it for!

The passengers landed immediately. Fix, at this moment, had a fierce desire to arrest Mr. Fogg. He did not do it, however. Why? What conflict was going on within him? Had he changed his mind with reference to Mr. Fogg? Did he finally perceive that he was mistaken? Fix, however, did not leave Mr. Fogg. With him, Aouda, and Passepartout, who did not take time to breathe, he jumped into the train at Queenstown at half past one in the morning, arrived in Dublin at break of day, and immediately embarked on one of those steamers—regular steel spindles, all engine—which, disdaining to rise with the waves, invariably pass right through them.

At twenty minutes before noon, the 21st of December, Phileas Fogg finally landed on the quay at Liverpool. He was now only six hours from London.

But at this moment Fix approached him, put his hand on his shoulder, and, showing his warrant, said: "You are really Phileas Fogg?"

"Yes, sir."

"I arrest you, in the name of the Queen!"

CHAPTER XXXIV

WHICH GIVES PASSEPARTOUT THE OPPORTUNITY OF LETTING OUT SOME ATROCIOUS, BUT PERHAPS UNPUBLISHED, WORDS

PHILEAS FOGG was in prison. He had been shut up in the custom house in Liverpool, and was to pass the night there, awaiting his transfer to London.

At the moment of his arrest, Passepartout wished to rush upon the detective. Some policemen held him back. Aouda, frightened by the brutality of the act, and knowing nothing about it, could not understand it. Passepartout explained the situation to her. Mr. Fogg, this honest and courageous gentleman, to whom she owed her life, was arrested as a robber. The young woman protested against such an allegation, her heart rose with indignation, and tears flowed from her eyes when she saw that she could not do anything, or attempt anything to save her deliverer.

As for Fix, he had arrested the gentleman because his duty commanded him to, whether he was guilty or not. The courts would decide the question.

But then a thought came to Passepartout—the terrible thought that he was certainly the cause of all this misfortune! Indeed, why had he concealed this adventure from Mr. Fogg? When Fix had revealed both his capacity as a detective and the mission with which he was charged, why had he decided not to warn his master? The latter, informed, would without doubt have given Fix proofs of his innocence; he would have demonstrated to him his error; at any rate he would not have conveyed at his expense and on his tracks this unfortunate detective, whose first care was to arrest him the moment he set foot on the soil of the United Kingdom. Thinking of his faults and his imprudence, the poor fellow was overwhelmed with remorse. He wept, so that it was painful to look at him. He felt like blowing his brains out.

Aouda and he remained, notwithstanding the cold, under the porch of the custom house. Neither of them wished to leave the place. They wanted to see Mr. Fogg once more.

As for that gentleman, he was really ruined, and at the very moment that he was about to reach his end. This arrest would ruin him irrecoverably. Having arrived at

Liverpool at twenty minutes before twelve, noon, on the 21st of December, he had until quarter of nine in the evening to appear at the Reform Club—that is, nine hours and five minutes, and he only needed six to reach London. At this moment, anyone entering the custom house would have found Mr. Fogg seated motionless, on a wooden bench, without anger, imperturbable. He could not have been said to be resigned, but this blow had not been able to move him, in appearance at least. Was he fostering within himself one of those secret spells of anger, terrible because they are pent up, and which break out only at the last moment with irresistible force? We do not know. But Phileas Fogg was there, calm, waiting for—what? Did he cherish some hope? Did he still believe in success, when the door of his prison was closed upon him?

However that may be, Mr. Fogg carefully put his watch on the table, and watched the hands move. Not a word escaped from his lips, but his look had a rather singular fixedness.

In any event the situation was terrible, and for anyone that could read his thoughts, they ran thus:

An honest man, Phileas Fogg was ruined.

A dishonest man, he was caught.

Did he think of escaping? Did he think of looking to see whether there was a practicable outlet from his prison? Did he think of flying? We would be tempted to believe so; for, once he took the tour of the room. But the door was securely locked and the windows had iron bars. He sat down again, and took from his pocket-book the diary of his journey. On the line which bore these words:

“December 21st, Saturday, Liverpool,” he added:

“Eightieth day, 11:40 A. M.,” and he waited.

The custom house clock struck one. Mr. Fogg observed that his watch was two hours fast by this clock.

Two hours! Admitting that he should jump aboard an express train at this moment he could still arrive in London and at the Reform Club before quarter of nine in the evening. A light frown passed over his forehead.

At thirty-three minutes after two o'clock, a noise sounded outside, a bustle from the opening of doors. The voice of Passepartout was heard, and also that of Fix.

Phileas Fogg's look brightened up a moment.

The door opened, and he saw Aouda, Passepartout, Fix, rushing towards him.

Fix was out of breath, his hair all disordered, and he could not speak.

"Sir," he stammered, "sir—pardon—an unfortunate resemblance—robber arrested three days ago—you—free——!"

Phileas Fogg was free! He went to the detective, looked him well in the face, and, with the only rapid movement that he ever had made or ever would make in his life, he drew both his arms back, and then, with the precision of an automaton, he struck the unfortunate detective with both his fists.

"Well hit!" cried Passepartout, who, allowing himself an atrocious flow of words, quite worthy of a Frenchman, added: "Zounds! this is what might be called a fine application of English fists!"

Fix, prostrate, did not utter a word. He only got what he deserved. But Mr. Fogg, Aouda, and Passepartout immediately left the custom house. They jumped into a carriage, and in a few minutes arrived at the depot. Phileas Fogg asked if there was an express train ready to start for London.

It was forty minutes past two. The express had left thirty-five minutes before.

Phileas Fogg then ordered a special train. There were several locomotives of great speed with steam up; but, owing to the exigencies of the service, the special train could not leave the depot before three o'clock.

At three o'clock, Phileas Fogg, after saying a few words to the engineer about a certain reward to be won, moved on in the direction of London, in the company of the young woman and his faithful servant.

The distance which separates Liverpool from London must be accomplished in five hours and a half—a very feasible thing when the road is clear on the whole route. But there were compulsory delays, and when the gentleman arrived at the depot all the clocks in London were striking ten minutes of nine.

Phileas Fogg, after having accomplished this tour of the world, arrived five minutes behind time!

He had lost his bet.

CHAPTER XXXV

IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT DOES NOT HAVE REPEATED TO HIM TWICE THE ORDER HIS MASTER GIVES HIM

THE next day the residents of Saville Row would have been much surprised, if they had been told that Phileas Fogg had returned to his dwelling. The doors and windows were all closed. No change had taken place outside.

After leaving the depot Phileas Fogg gave Passepartout an order to buy some provisions, and he had gone into his house.

This gentleman received with his habitual impassibility the blow which struck him. Ruined! and by the fault of that awkward detective! After moving on with steady step during this long trip, overturning a thousand obstacles, braving a thousand dangers, and having still found time to do some good on his route, to fail before a brutal act, which he could not foresee, and against which he was defenseless—that was terrible! He had left only an insignificant remnant of the large sum which he had taken away with him when he started on his journey. His fortune now only consisted of the twenty thousand pounds deposited at Baring Brothers, and those twenty thousand pounds he owed to his colleagues of the Reform Club. Having incurred so many expenses, if he had won the bet he would not have been enriched; and, it is probable that he had not sought to enrich himself, being of that class of men who bet for the sake of honor—but this bet lost would ruin him entirely. The gentleman's decision was taken. He knew what remained for him to do.

A room in the house in Saville Row was set apart for Aouda. The young woman was desperate. From certain words which Mr. Fogg let drop, she understood that he contemplated some fatal design.

It is known, indeed, to what lamentable extremities these Englishmen are carried sometimes under the pressure of a fixed idea. Thus, Passepartout, without seeming to do so, was closely watching his master.

But first the good fellow descended to his room and turned off the burner which had been burning for eighty days. He found in the letter box a note from the gas company, and he thought that it was more than time to stop the expenses for which he was responsible.

The night passed. Mr. Fogg had retired; but had he slept? As for Aouda, she could not take a single moment's rest. Passepartout had watched, like a dog, at his master's door.

The next morning Mr. Fogg sent for him, and ordered him very briefly to prepare Aouda's breakfast. As for himself, he would be satisfied with a cup of tea and a piece of toast. Aouda would be kind enough to excuse him from breakfast and dinner, for all his time would be devoted to arranging his affairs. He would not come down, he would only ask Aouda's permission to have a few moment's conversation with her in the evening.

Passepartout, having been given the programme for the day, had nothing to do but to conform to it. He looked at his master, still so impassible, and he could not make up his mind to quit his room. His heart was full, and his conscience weighed down with remorse, for he accused himself more than ever for this irreparable disaster. Yes if he had warned Mr. Fogg, if he had disclosed to him the plans of the detective Fix, Mr. Fogg would certainly not have dragged the detective Fix with him as far as Liverpool, and then——

Passepartout could not hold in any longer. "My master! Monsieur Fogg!" he cried, "curse me. It is through my fault that——"

"I blame no one," replied Phileas Fogg in the calmest tone. "Go."

Passepartout left the room and went to find the young woman to whom he made know his master's intentions. "Madame," he added, "I can do nothing by myself, nothing at all. I have no influence over my master's mind. You, perhaps——"

"What influence would I have," replied Aouda. "Mr. Fogg is subject to none. Has he ever understood that my gratitude for him was overflowing? Has he ever read my heart? My friend you must not leave him for a single instant. You say that he has shown a desire to speak to me this evening?"

"Yes, madame. It is no doubt with reference to making your position in England comfortable."

"Let us wait," replied the young woman, who was quite pensive.

Thus, during this day, Sunday, the house in Saville Row was as if uninhabited, and for the first time since he lived there, Phileas Fogg did not go to his club, when the Parliament House clock struck half past eleven.

And why should this gentleman have presented himself at the Reform Club? His colleagues no longer expected him. Since Phileas Fogg did not appear in the saloon of the Reform Club the evening of the day before, on this fatal date, Saturday, December 21, at quarter before nine, his bet was lost. It was not even necessary that he should go to his banker's to draw this sum of twenty thousand pounds. His opponents had in their hands a check signed by him, and it only needed a simple writing to go to Baring Brothers in order that the twenty thousand pounds might be carried to their credit.

Mr. Fogg had then nothing to take him out, and he did not go out. He remained in his room, putting his affairs in order. Passepartout was continually going up and down stairs. The hours did not move for this poor fellow. He listened at the door of his master's room, and in doing so, did not think he committed the least indiscretion. He looked through the keyhole, and imagined that he had this right. Passepartout feared at every moment some catastrophe. Sometimes he thought of Fix, but a change had taken place in his mind. He no longer blamed the detective. Fix had been deceived, like everybody else, with respect to Philas Fogg, and in following him and arresting him he had only done his duty, while he——. This thought overwhelmed him, and he considered himself the most wretched of human beings.

When, finally, Passepartout would be too unhappy to be alone, he would knock at Aouda's door, enter her room, and sit down in a corner without saying a word, and look at the young woman with a pensive air.

About half-post seven in the evening, Phileas Fogg sent to ask Aouda if she could receive him and in a few moments after the young woman and he were alone in the room.

Phileas Fogg took a chair and sat down near the fireplace opposite Aouda. His face reflected no emotion. Fogg returned was exactly the Fogg who had gone away. The same calmness, the same impassibility.

He remained without speaking for five minutes. Then, raising his eyes to Aouda, he said:

"Madame, will you pardon me for having brought you to England?"

"I, Mr. Fogg!" replied Aouda, suppressing the throbbings of her heart.

"Be kind enough to allow me to finish," continued Mr. Fogg. "When I thought of taking you so far away from that country, become so dangerous for you, I was rich, and I counted on placing a portion of my fortune at your disposal. Your life would have been happy and free. Now, I am ruined."

"I know it, Mr. Fogg," replied the young woman, "and I in turn will ask you:—Will you pardon me for having followed you, and—who knows? for having perhaps assisted in your ruin by delaying you?"

"Madame, you could not remain in India, and your safety was only assured by removing you so far that those fanatics could not retake you."

"So, Mr. Fogg," replied Aouda, "not satisfied with rescuing me from a horrible death, you believed you were obliged to assure my position abroad?"

"Yes, madame," replied Fogg, "but events have turned against me. However, I ask your permission to dispose of the little I have left in your favor."

"But you, Mr. Fogg, what will become of you?" asked Aouda.

"I, madame, replied the gentleman, coldly, "I do not need anything."

"But how, sir, do you look upon the fate that awaits you?"

"As I ought to look at it," replied Mr. Fogg.

"In any event," continued Aouda, "want could not reach such a man as you. Your friends——"

"I have no friends, madame."

"Your relatives——"

"I have no relatives now."

"I pity you then, Mr. Fogg, for solitude is a sad thing. What! have you not one heart into which to pour your troubles? They say, however, that with two misery itself is bearable?"

"They say so, madame."

“Mr. Fogg,” then said Aouda, rising and holding out her hand to the gentleman, “do you wish at once a relative and a friend? Will you have me for your wife?”

Mr. Fogg, at this, rose in his turn. There seemed to be an unusual reflection in his eyes, a trembling of his lips. Aouda looked at him. The sincerity, rectitude, firmness, and sweetness of this soft look of a noble woman, who dared everything to save him to whom she owed everything, first astonished him, then penetrated him. He closed his eyes for an instant, as if to prevent this look from penetrating deeper. When he opened them again, he simply said, “I love you. Yes, in truth, by everything most sacred in the world, I love you, and I am entirely yours!”

“Ah,” cried Aouda, pressing his hand to her heart.

He rang for Passepartout. He came immediately. Mr. Fogg was still holding Aouda’s hand in his. Passepartout understood, and his broad face shone like the sun in the zenith of tropical regions.

Mr. Fogg asked him if he would be too late to notify Rev. Samuel Wilson, of Mary-le-Bone parish.

Passepartout gave his most genial smile.

“Never too late,” he said.

It was then five minutes after eight.

“It will be for to-morrow, Monday,” he said.

“For to-morrow, Monday?” asked Mr. Fogg looking at the young woman.

“For to-morrow, Monday!” replied Aouda.

Passepartout went out, running as hard as he could.

CHAPTER XXXVI

IN WHICH “PHILEAS FOGG” IS AGAIN AT A PREMIUM IN THE MARKET

It is time to tell here what a change of opinion was produced in the United Kingdom when they learned of the arrest of the true robber of the bank, a certain James Strand, which took place in Edinburgh on the 17th of December.

Three days before, Phileas Fogg was a criminal whom the police were pursuing to the utmost, and now he was the most honest gentleman, accomplishing mathematically his eccentric tour around the world.

What an effect, what an excitement in the papers! All the betters for or against, who had already forgotten this affair, revived as if by magic. All the transactions became of value. All the engagements were renewed, and it must be said that betting was resumed with new energy. The name of Phileas Fogg was again at a premium on the market.

The five colleagues of the gentleman, at the Reform Club, passed these three days in some uneasiness. Would this Phileas Fogg, whom they had forgotten, reappear before their eyes? Where was he at this moment? On the 17th of December—the day that James Strand was arrested—it was seventy-six days since Phileas Fogg started, and no news from him! Was he dead? Had he given up the effort, or was he continuing his course as agreed upon? And would he appear on Saturday, the 21st of December, at a quarter before nine in the evening, the very impersonation of exactness, on the threshold of the saloon of the Reform Club?

We must give up the effort to depict the anxiety in which for three days all of London society lived. They sent dispatches to America, to Asia, to get news of Phileas Fogg. They sent morning and evening to watch the house in Saville Row. Nothing there. The police themselves did not know what had become of the detective Fix, who had so unfortunately thrown himself on a false scent. This did not prevent bets from being entered into anew on a larger scale. Phileas Fogg, like a race-horse, was coming to the last turn. He was quoted no longer at one hundred, but at twenty, ten, five; and the old paralytic Lord Albemarle bet even in his favor.

So that on Saturday evening there was a crowd in Pall Mall and in the neighboring streets. It might have been supposed that there was an immense crowd of brokers permanently established around the Reform Club. Circulation was impeded. They discussed, disputed, and cried the prices of “Phileas Fogg,” like they did those of English Consols. The policemen had much difficulty in keeping the crowd back, and in proportion as the hour approached at which Phileas Fogg ought to arrive, the excitement took incredible proportions.

This evening, the five colleagues of the gentleman were

assembled in the grand saloon of the Reform Club. The two bankers, John Sullivan and Samuel Fallentin, the engineer Andrew Stuart, Gauthier Ralph, the directors of the Bank of England, and the brewer, Thomas Flanagan, all waited with anxiety.

At the moment that the clock in the grand saloon indicated twenty-five minutes past eight, Andrew Stuart, rising, said:

"Gentleman, in twenty minutes the time agreed upon between Mr. Phileas Fogg and ourselves will have expired."

"At what hour did the last train arrive from Liverpool?" asked Thomas Flanagan.

"At twenty-three minutes after seven," replied Gauthier Ralph, "and the next train does not arrive until ten minutes after twelve, midnight."

"Well, gentlemen," continued Andrew Stuart, "if Phileas Fogg had arrived in the train at twenty-three minutes after seven, he would already be here. We can then consider we have won the bet."

"Let us wait before deciding," replied Samuel Fallentin. "You know that our colleague is an oddity of the first order. His exactness in everything is well known. He never arrives too late or too soon, and he will appear here at the very last minute, or I shall be very much surprised."

"And I," said Andrew Stewart, who was, as always, very nervous, "would not believe it was he even if I saw him."

"In fact," replied Thomas Flanagan, "Phileas Fogg's project was a senseless one. However exact he might be, he could not prevent the occurrence of inevitable delays, and a delay of but two or three days would be sufficient to compromise the tour."

"You will notice besides," added John Sullivan, "that we have received no news from our colleague, and yet telegraph lines were not wanting upon his route."

"Gentlemen, he has lost," replied Andrew Stuart, "he has lost a hundred times! You know, besides, that the *China*—the only steamer from New York that he could take for Liverpool to be of any use to him—arrived yesterday. Now, here is the list of passengers, published by the *Shipping Gazette*, and the name of Phileas Fogg is not among them. Admitting the most favorable chances, our

colleague has scarcely reached America! I calculate twenty days, at least, as the time that he will be behind, and old Lord Albermarle will be minus his five thousand pounds!"

"It is evident," replied Gauthier Ralph, "and to-morrow we have only to present to Baring Brothers Mr. Fogg's check."

At this moment, the clock in the saloon struck forty minutes after eight.

"Five minutes yet," said Andrew Stuart.

The five colleagues looked at each other. It may be believed that their hearts beat a little more rapidly, for, even for good players, it was a great risk. But they did not betray themselves, for at Samuel Fallentin's suggestion, they seated themselves at a card table.

"I would not give my part of four thousand pounds in the bet," said Andrew Stuart, seating himself, "even if I was offered three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine!"

At this moment the hands noted forty-two minutes after eight.

The players took up their cards, but their eyes were constantly fixed upon the clock. It may be asserted that, notwithstanding their security, the minutes had never seemed so long to them!

"Forty-three minutes after eight," said Thomas Flanagan, cutting the cards which Gauthier Ralph presented to him.

Then there was a moment's silence. The immense saloon of the club was quiet. But outside they heard the hubbub of the crowd, above which were sometimes heard loud cries. The pendulum of the clock was beating the seconds with mathematical regularity, and every player could count them as they struck his ear.

"Forty-four minutes after eight," said John Sullivan in a voice in which was heard an involuntary emotion.

One more minute and the bet would be won. Andrew Stuart and his colleagues played no longer. They had abandoned their cards! They were eagerly counting the seconds!

At the fortieth second, nothing. At the fiftieth still nothing!

At the fifty-fifth, there was a roaring like that of thunder outside, shouts, hurrahs, and even curses kept up in one

The players rose.

At the fifty-seventh second, the door of the saloon opened, and the pendulum had not beat the sixtieth second, when Phileas Fogg appeared, followed by an excited crowd, who had forced an entrance into the club, and in his calm voice, he said:

“Gentlemen, here I am!”

CHAPTER XXXVII

IN WHICH IT IS PROVED THAT PHILEAS FOGG HAS GAINED
NOTHING BY MAKING THIS TOUR OF THE WORLD
UNLESS IT BE HAPPINESS

YES! Phileas Fogg in person.

It will be remembered that at five minutes after eight in the evening, about twenty-five hours after the arrival of the travelers in London, Passepartout was charged by his master to inform Rev. Samuel Wilson in reference to a certain marriage which was to take place the next day.

Passepartout went, delighted. He repaired with rapid steps to the residence of Rev. Samuel Wilson, who had not come home. Of course Passepartout waited, but he waited full twenty minutes at least.

In short, it was thirty-five minutes past eight when he left the clergyman's house. But in what a condition! His hair disordered, hatless, running, running as has never been seen in the memory of man, upsetting passers-by, rushing along the sidewalks like a water-spout.

In three minutes, he had returned to the house in Saville Row, and fell, out of breath, in Mr. Fogg's room.

He could not speak.

“What is the matter?” asked Mr. Fogg.

“Master”—stammered Passepartout—“Marriage—impossible!”

“Impossible?”

“Impossible—to-morrow.”

“Why?”

“Because to-morrow is—Sunday!”

“Monday,” replied Mr. Fogg.

“No—to-day—Saturday.”

“Saturday? Impossible!”

"Yes, yes, yes, yes!" cried Passepartout. "You have made a mistake of one day. We arrived twenty-four hours in advance—but there are not ten minutes left!"

Passepartout seized his master by the collar, and dragged him along with irresistible force!

Phileas Fogg, thus taken, without having time to reflect, left his room, went out of his house, jumped into a cab, promised one hundred pounds to the driver, and, after running over two dogs and running into five carriages, arrived at the Reform Club. The clock indicated quarter of nine, when he appeared in the grand saloon.

Phileas Fogg had accomplished this tour of the world in eighty days!

Phileas Fogg had won his bet of twenty thousand pounds!

And now, how could so exact and cautious a man have made this mistake of a day? How did he think that it was the evening of Saturday, December 21, when it was only Friday, December 20, only seventy-nine days after his departure.

This is the reason for this mistake. It is very simple.

Phileas Fogg had, without suspecting it, gained a day on his journey—only because he had made the tour of the world going to the *east*, and on the contrary he would have lost a day going in the contrary direction, that is, towards the *west*.

Indeed, journeying towards the east Phileas Fogg was going towards the sun, and consequently the days became as many times four minutes less for him, as he crossed degrees in that direction. Now there are three hundred and sixty degrees to the earth's circumference, and these three hundred and sixty degrees, multiplied by four minutes, give precisely twenty-four hours—that is to say, the day unconsciously gained. In other words, while Phileas Fogg, traveling towards the east, saw the sun pass the meridian *eighty* times, his colleagues, remaining in London, saw it pass only *seventy-nine* times. Therefore this very day, which was Saturday, and not Sunday, as Mr. Fogg thought, his friends were waiting for him in the saloon of the Reform Club.

And Passepartout's famous watch, which had always kept London time, would have shown this, if it had indicated the days, as well as the minutes and hours!

Phileas Fogg then had won the twenty thousand pounds.

But as he had spent in his journey about nineteen thousand, the pecuniary result was small. However, as has been said, the eccentric gentleman had sought in his bet to gain the victory, and not to make money. And even the thousand pounds remaining he divided between Passepartout and the unfortunate Fix, against whom he could not cherish a grudge. Only for the sake of exactness, he retained from his servant the cost of the gas burned through his fault for nineteen hundred and twenty hours.

This very evening Mr. Fogg, as impassible and as phlegmatic as ever, said to Aouda:

“This marriage is still agreeable to you?”

“Mr. Fogg,” replied Aouda, “it is for me to ask you that question. You were ruined; now you are rich——”

“Pardon me, madam; my fortune belongs to you. If you had not thought of the marriage, my servant would not have gone to the house of Rev. Samuel Wilson. I would not have been apprised of my mistake, and——”

“Dear Mr. Fogg——” said the young woman.

“Dear Aouda,” replied Phileas Fogg.

It is readily understood that the marriage took place forty-eight hours later, and Passepartout, superb, resplendent, dazzling, was present as the young woman’s witness. Had he not saved her, and did they not owe him that honor?

At daylight the next morning, Passepartout knocked noisily at his master’s door.

The door opened, and the impassible gentleman appeared.

“What is the matter, Passepartout?”

“What’s the matter, sir! I have just found out this moment——”

“What?”

“That we could make the tour of the world in seventy-eight days.”

“Doubtless,” replied Mr. Fogg, “by not crossing India. But if I had not crossed India, I would not have saved Aouda, she would not be my wife, and——”

And Mr. Fogg quietly shut the door.

Thus Phileas Fogg won his bet. In eighty days he had accomplished the tour around the world! To do this he had employed every means of conveyance, steamers, railways, carriages, yachts, merchant vessels, sledges, elephants.

The eccentric gentleman had displayed in this affair his wonderful qualities of coolness and exactness.

But what then? What had he gained by leaving home? what had he brought back from his journey?

Nothing, do you say? Nothing, perhaps, but a charming woman, who—improbable as it may appear—made him the happiest of men!

Truly, would you not, for less than that, make the tour of the world?

THE END

Dr. Ox's Experiment

Dr. Ox's Experiment

Dr. Ox's Experiment

CHAPTER I

How it is Useless to Seek, even on the best maps, for the small town of Quiquendone



If you try to find, on any map of Flanders, ancient or modern, the small town of Quiquendone, probably you will not succeed. Is Quiquendone, then, one of those towns which have disappeared? No. A town of the future? By no means. It exists in spite of geographies, and has done so for some eight or nine hundred years. It even numbers two thousand three hundred and ninety-three souls, allowing one soul to each inhabitant. It is situated thirteen and a half kilometers northwest of Oudenarde, and fifteen and a quarter kilometers southeast of Bruges, in the heart of Flanders. The Vaar, a small tributary of the Scheldt, passes beneath its three bridges, which are still covered with a quaint mediæval roof, like that at Tournay. An old chateau is to be seen there, the first stone of which was laid so long ago as 1197, by Count Baldwin, afterwards Emperor of Constantinople; and there is a Town Hall, with Gothic windows, crowned by a chaplet of battlements, and surmounted by a turreted belfry, which rises three hundred and fifty-seven feet above the soil. Every hour you may hear there a chime of five octaves, a veritable aerial piano, the renown of which surpasses that of the famous chimes of Bruges. Strangers—if any ever come to Quiquendone—do not quit the curious old town until they have visited its “Stadtholder’s Hall,” adorned by a full-length portrait of William of Nassau, by Brandon; the loft of the Church of Saint Magloire, a masterpiece of sixteenth century architecture; the cast-iron well in the spacious Place Saint Ernuph, the admirable ornamentation of which is attributed to the artist-blacksmith, Quentin Matsys; the tomb formerly erected to Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Bold, who now reposes in the Church of Notre Dame at Bruges; and so on. The principal industry of Quiquendone is the manufacture of whipped creams and barley-sugar on a large scale. It has been governed by the

Van Tricasses, from father to son, for several centuries. And yet Quiquendone is not on the map of Flanders! Have the geographers forgotten it, or is it an intentional omission? That I cannot tell; but Quiquendone really exists, with its narrow streets, its fortified walls, its Spanish-looking houses, its market, and its burgomaster—so much so, that it has recently been the theater of phenomena as incredible as they are true, which are to be recounted in the present narration.

Surly there is nothing to be said or thought against the Flemings of Western Flanders. They are a well-to-do folk, wise, prudent, sociable, with even tempers, hospitable, perhaps a little heavy in conversation as in mind; but this does not explain why one of the most interesting towns of their district has yet to appear on modern maps.

This omission is certainly to be regretted. If only history, or in default of history the chronicles, or in default of chronicles the traditions of the country, made mention of Quiquendone! But no; neither atlases, guides, nor itineraries speak of it. M. Joanne himself, that energetic hunter after small towns, says not a word of it. It might be readily conceived that this silence would injure the commerce, the industries of the town. But let us hasten to add Quiquendone has neither industry nor commerce, and that it does very well without them. Its barley-sugar and whipped cream are consumed on the spot; none is exported. In short, the Quiquendonians have no need of anybody. Their desires are limited, their existence is a modest one; they are calm, moderate, phlegmatic—in a word, they are Flemings; such as are still to be met with sometimes between the Scheldt and the North Sea.

CHAPTER II

In which the Burgomaster Van Tricasse and the Counselor Niklausse consult about the affairs of the Town

“You think so?” asked the burgomaster.

“I—think so,” replied the counselor, after some minutes of silence.

“You see, we must not act hastily,” resumed the burgomaster.

"We have been talking over this grave matter for ten years," replied the Counselor Niklausse, "and I confess to you, my worthy Van Tricasse, that I cannot yet take it upon myself to come to a decision."

"I quite understand your hesitation," said the burgomaster, who did not speak until after a good quarter of an hour of reflection, "I quite understand it, and I fully share it. We shall do wisely to decide upon nothing without a more careful examination of the question."

"It is certain," replied Niklausse, "that this post of civil commissary is useless in so peaceful a town as Quiquendone."

"Our predecessor," said Van Tricasse gravely, "our predecessor never said, never would have dared to say, that anything is certain. Every affirmation is subject to awkward qualifications."

The counselor nodded his head slowly in token of assent; then he remained silent for nearly half an hour. After this lapse of time, during which neither the counselor nor the burgomaster moved so much as a finger, Niklausse asked Van Tricasse whether his predecessor—of some twenty years before—had not thought of suppressing this office of civil commissary, which each year cost the town of Quiquendone the sum of thirteen hundred and seventy-five francs and some centimes.

"I believe he did," replied the burgomaster, carrying his hand with majestic deliberation to his ample brow; "but the worthy man died without having dared to make up his mind, either as to this or any other administrative measure. He was a sage. Why should I not do as he did?"

Counselor Niklausse was incapable of originating any objection to the burgomaster's opinion.

"The man who dies," added Van Tricasse solemnly, "without ever having decided upon anything during his life, has very nearly attained to perfection."

This said, the burgomaster pressed a bell with the end of his little finger, which gave forth a muffled sound, which seemed less a sound than a sigh. Presently some light steps glided softly across the tiled floor. A mouse would not have made less noise, running over a thick carpet. The door of the room opened, turning on its well-oiled hinges. A young girl, with long blonde tresses, made her appear-

ance. It was Suzel Van Tricasse, the burgomaster's only daughter. She handed her father a pipe, filled to the brim, and a small copper brazier, spoke not a word, and disappeared at once, making no more noise at her exit than at her entrance.

The worthy burgomaster lighted his pipe, and was soon hidden in a cloud of bluish smoke, leaving Counselor Niklausse plunged in the most absorbing thought.

The room in which these two notable personages charged with the government of Quiquendone, were talking, was a parlor richly adorned with carvings in dark wood. A lofty fireplace, in which an oak might have been burned or an ox roasted, occupied the whole of one of the sides of the room; opposite to it was a trellised window, the painted glass of which toned down the brightness of the sunbeams. In an antique frame above the chimney-piece appeared the portrait of some worthy man, attributed to Memling, which no doubt represented an ancestor of the Van Tricasse, whose authentic genealogy dates back to the period when the Flemings and Guy de Dampierre were engaged in wars with the Emperor Rudolph of Hapsburgh.

This parlor was the principal apartment of the burgomaster's house, which was one of the pleasantest in Quiquendone. Built in the Flemish style, with all the abruptness, quaintness, and picturesqueness of pointed architecture, it was considered one of the most curious monuments of the town. A Carthusian convent, or a deaf and dumb asylum, was not more silent than this mansion. Noise had no existence there; people did not walk, but glided about in it; they did not speak, they murmured. There was not, however, any lack of women in the house, which, in addition to the burgomaster Van Tricasse himself, sheltered his wife, Madame Brigitte Van Tricasse, his daughter, Suzel Van Tricasse, and his domestic, Lotche Jansheu. We may also mention the burgomaster's sister, Aunt Hermance, an elderly maiden who still bore the nickname of Tatanemance, which her niece Suzel had given her when a child. But in spite of all these elements of discord and noise, the burgomaster's house was as calm as a desert.

The burgomaster was some fifty years old, neither fat nor lean, neither short nor tall, neither rubicund nor pale, neither gay nor sad, neither contented nor discontented,

neither energetic nor dull, neither proud nor humble, neither good nor bad, neither generous nor miserly, neither courageous nor cowardly, neither too much nor too little of anything—a man notably moderate in all respects, whose invariable slowness of motion, slightly hanging lower jaw, prominent eyebrows, massive forehead, smooth as a copper plate and without a wrinkle, would at once have betrayed to a physiognomist that the burgomaster Van Tricasse was phlegm personified. Never, either from anger or passion, had any emotion whatever hastened the beating of this man's heart, or flushed his face; never had his pupils contracted under the influence of any irritation, however ephemeral. He invariably wore good clothes, neither too large nor too small, which he never seemed to wear out. He was shod with large square shoes with triple soles and silver buckles, which lasted so long that his shoemaker was in despair. Upon his head he wore a large hat which dated from the period when Flanders was separated from Holland, so that this venerable masterpiece was at least forty years old. But what would you have? It is the passions which wear out body as well as soul, the clothes as well as the body; and our worthy burgomaster, apathetic, indolent, indifferent, was passionate in nothing. He wore nothing out, not even himself, and he considered himself the very man to administer the affairs of Quiquendone and its tranquil population.

The town, indeed, was not less calm than the Van Tricasse mansion. It was in this peaceful dwelling that the burgomaster reckoned on attaining the utmost limit of human existence, after having, however, seen the good Madame Brigitte Van Tricasse, his wife, precede him to the tomb, where, surely, she would not find a more profound repose than that she had enjoyed on earth for sixty years.

This demands explanation.

The Van Tricasse family might well call itself the "Jean-not family." This is why:

Everyone knows that the knife of this typical personage is as celebrated as its proprietor, and not less incapable of wearing out, thanks to the double operation, incessantly repeated, of replacing the handle when it is worn out, and the blade when it becomes worthless. A precisely similar operation had been going on from time immemorial in the

Van Tricasse family, to which Nature had lent herself with more than usual complacency. From 1340 it had invariably happened that a Van Tricasse, when left a widower, had remarried a Van Tricasse younger than himself, who, becoming in turn a widow, had married again a Van Tricasse younger than herself; and so on, without a break in the continuity, from generation to generation. Each died in his or her turn with mechanical regularity. Thus the worthy Madame Brigitte Van Tricasse had now her second husband; and, unless she violated her every duty, would precede her spouse—he being ten years younger than herself—to the other world, to make room for a new Madame Van Tricasse. Upon this the burgomaster calmly counted, that the family tradition might not be broken. Such was this mansion, peaceful and silent, of which the doors never creaked, the windows never rattled, the floors never groaned, the chimneys never roared, the weathercocks never grated, the furniture never squeaked, the locks never clanked, and the occupants never made more noise than their shadows. The god Harpocrates would certainly have chosen it for the Temple of Silence.

CHAPTER III

In which the Commissary Passauf enters as Noisily as Unexpectedly

WHEN the interesting conversation which has been narrated began, it was a quarter before three in the afternoon. It was at a quarter before four that Van Tricasse lighted his enormous pipe, which could hold a quart of tobacco, and it was at thirty-five minutes past five that he finished smoking it.

All this time the two comrades did not exchange a single word.

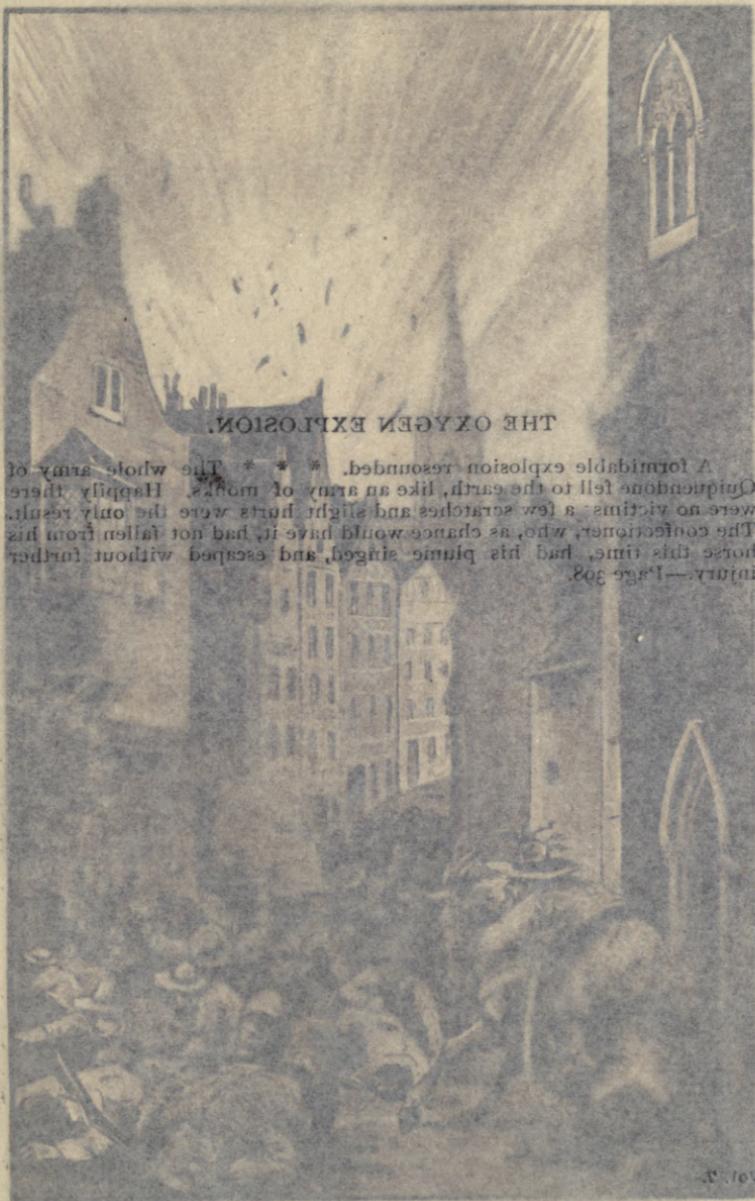
About six o'clock the counselor, who had a habit of speaking in a very summary manner, resumed in these words:

“So we decide——”

“To decide nothing,” replied the burgomaster.

“I think, on the whole, that you are right, Van Tricasse.”

“I think so too, Niklausse. We will take steps with reference to the civil commissary when we have more light on



THE OXYGEN EXPLOSION.

A formidable explosion resounded. * * * The whole array of Ogdendone fell to the earth, like an army of men. Happily there were no victims, a few scratches and slight hurts were the only result. The confectioner, who, as chance would have it, had not fallen from his horse this time, had his plume singed, and escaped without further injury.—Page 308.

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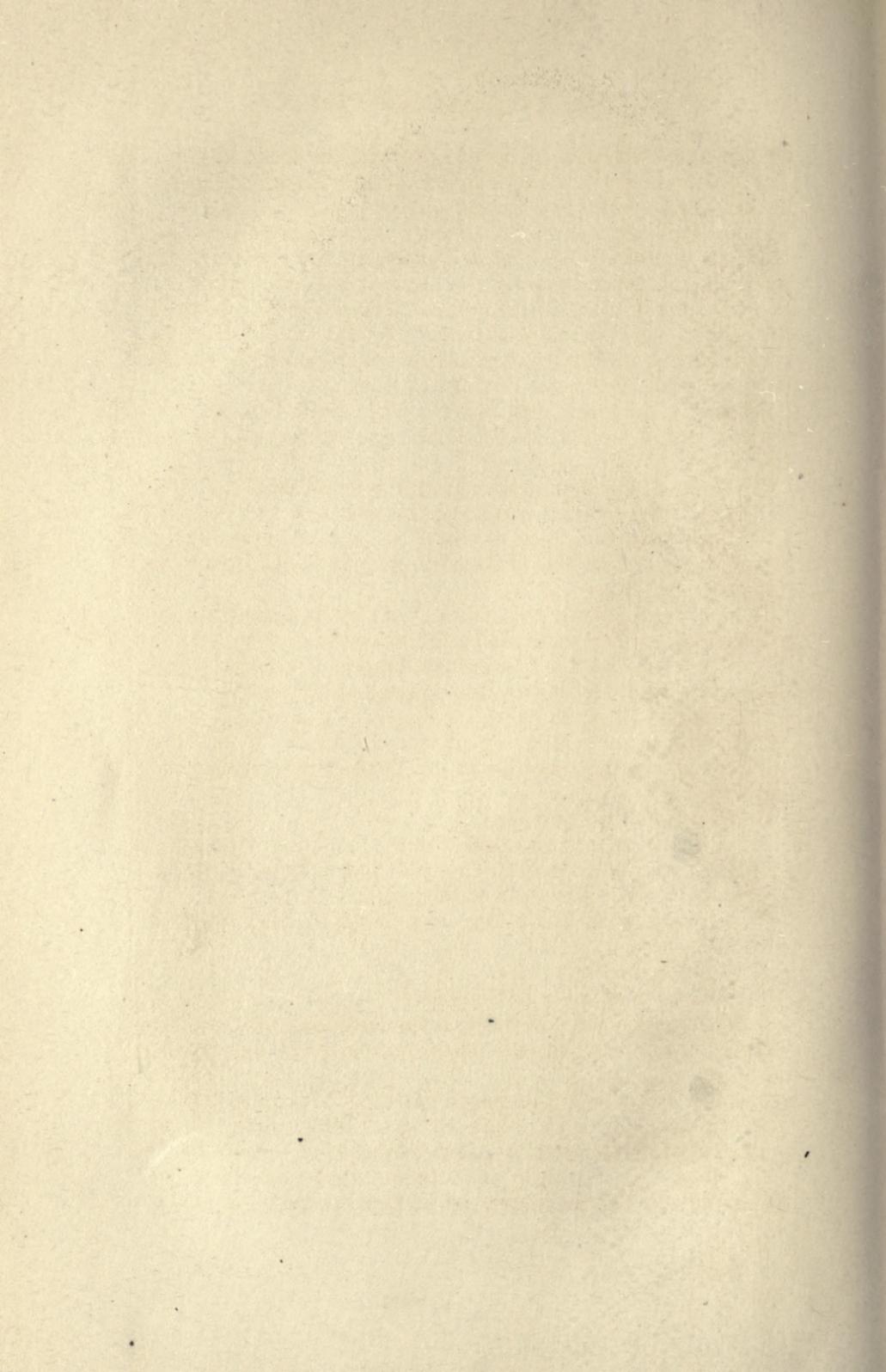
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"To decide nothing," replied the burgomaster.

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"I think so too, Niklausse. We will take steps with reference to the civil commissary when we have more light on





the subject—later on. There is no need for a month yet.”

“Nor even for a year,” replied Niklausse, unfolding his pocket-handkerchief and calmly applying it to his nose.

There was another silence of nearly a quarter of an hour. Nothing disturbed this repeated pause in the conversation, not even the appearance of the house-dog Lento, who, not less phlegmatic than his master, came to pay his respects to the parlor. Noble dog—a model for his race! Had he been made of pasteboard, with wheels on his paws, he would not have made less noise during his stay.

Towards eight o'clock, after Lotche had brought the antique lamp of polished glass, the burgomaster said to the counselor:

“We have no other urgent matter to consider?”

“No, Van Tricasse; none that I know of.”

“Have I not been told, though,” asked the burgomaster, “that the tower of the Oudenarde gate is likely to tumble down?”

“Ah!” replied the counselor; “really, I should not be astonished if it fell on some passer-by any day.”

“Oh! before such a misfortune happens I hope we shall have come to a decision on the subject of this tower.”

“I hope so, Van Tricasse.”

“There are more pressing matters to decide.”

“No doubt; the question of the leather-market, for instance.”

“What, is it still burning?”

“Still burning, and has been for the last three weeks.”

“Have we not decided in council to let it burn?”

“Yes, Van Tricasse—on your motion.”

“Was not that the surest and simplest way to deal with it.”

“Without doubt.”

“Well, let us wait. Is that all?”

“All,” replied the counselor, scratching his head, as if to assure himself that he had not forgotten anything important.

“Ah!” exclaimed the burgomaster, “haven’t you also heard something of an escape of water which threatens to inundate the low quarter of Saint Jacques?”

“I have. It is indeed unfortunate that this escape of water did not happen above the leather-market! It would

naturally have checked the fire, and would thus have saved us a good deal of discussion."

"What can you expect, Niklause? There is nothing so illogical as accidents. They are bound by no rules, and we cannot profit by one, as we might wish, to remedy another."

It took Van Tricasse's companion some time to digest this fine observation.

"Well, but," resumed the Counselor Niklause, after the lapse of some moments, "we have not spoken of our great affair!"

"What great affair? Have we, then, a great affair?" said the burgomaster.

"No doubt. About lighting the town."

"Oh, yes. If my memory serves me, you are referring to the lighting plan of Doctor Ox."

"Precisely."

"It is going on, Niklause," replied the burgomaster. "They are already laying the pipes, and the works are entirely completed."

"Perhaps we have hurried a little in this matter," said the counselor, shaking his head.

"Perhaps. But our excuse is, that Doctor Ox bears the whole expense of his experiment. It will not cost us a sou."

"That, true enough, is our excuse. Moreover, we must advance with the age. If the experiment succeeds, Quiquendone will be the first town in Flanders to be lighted with the oxy—— What is the gas called?"

"Oxyhydric gas."

"Well, oxyhydric gas, then."

At this moment the door opened, and Lotche came in to tell the burgomaster that his supper was ready.

Counselor Niklause rose to take leave of Van Tricasse, whose appetite had been stimulated by so many affairs discussed and decisions taken; and it was agreed that the council of notables should be convened after a reasonably long delay, to determine whether a decision should be provisionally arrived at with reference to the really urgent matter of the Oudenarde gate.

The two worthy administrators then directed their steps towards the street door, the one conducting the other. The counselor, having reached the last step, lighted a little lan-

tern to guide him through the obscure streets of Quiquendone, which Doctor Ox had not yet lighted. It was a dark October night, and a light fog overshadowed the town.

Niklausse's preparations for departure consumed at least a quarter of an hour; for after having lighted his lantern, he had to put on his big cow-skin socks and his sheep-skin gloves: then he put up the furred collar of his overcoat, turned the brim of his felt hat down over his eyes, grasped his heavy crow-beaked umbrella, and got ready to start.

When Lotche, however, who was lighting her master, was about to draw the bars of the door, an unexpected noise arose outside.

Yes! Strange as the thing seems, a noise—a real noise, such as the town had certainly not heard since the taking of the donjon by the Spaniards in 1513—a terrible noise, awoke the long dormant echoes of the venerable Van Tricasse mansion.

Someone knocked heavily upon this door, hitherto virgin to brutal touch? Redoubled knocks were given with some blunt implement, probably a knotty stick, wielded by a vigorous arm. With the strokes were mingled cries and calls. These words were distinctly heard:

“Monsieur Van Tricasse! Monsieur the burgomaster! Open, open quickly!”

The burgomaster and the counselor, absolutely astounded, looked at each other speechless.

This passed their comprehension. If the old culverin of the chateau, which had not been used since 1385, had been let off in the parlor, the dwellers in the Van Tricasse mansion would not have been more dumbfounded.

Meanwhile, the blows and cries were redoubled. Lotche, recovering her coolness, had plucked up enough courage to speak.

“Who is there?”

“It is I! I! I!”

“Who are you?”

“The Commissary Passauf!”

The Commissary Passauf! The very man whose office it had been contemplated to suppress for ten years. What had happened, then? Could the Burgundians have invaded Quiquendone, as they did in the fourteenth century? No event of less importance could have so moved Commissary

Passauf, who in no degree yielded the palm to the burgo-master himself for calmness and phlegm.

On a sign from Van Tricasse—for the worthy man could not have articulated a syllable—the bar was pushed back, and the door opened.

Commissary Passauf flung himself into the antechamber. One would have thought there was a hurricane.

“What’s the matter, Monsieur the Commissary?” asked Lotche, a brave woman, who did not lose her head under the most trying circumstances.

“What’s the matter!” replied Passauf, whose big round eyes expressed a genuine agitation. “The matter is that I have just come from Doctor Ox’s, who has been holding a reception, and that there——”

“There?”

“There I have witnessed such an altercation as—Monsieur the burgo-master, they have been talking politics!”

“Politics!” repeated Van Tricasse, running his fingers through his wig.

“Politics!” resumed Commissary Passauf, “which has not been done for perhaps a hundred years at Quiquendone. Then the discussion got warm, and the advocate, Andre Schut, and the doctor, Dominique Custos, became so violent that it may be they will call each other out.”

“Call each other out!” cried the counselor. “A duel! A duel at Quiquendone!” And what did Advocate Schut and Doctor Custos say?”

“Just this: ‘Monsieur advocate,’ said the doctor to his adversary, ‘you go too far, it seems to me, and you do not take sufficient care to control your words!’”

The burgo-master Van Tricasse clasped his hands—the counselor turned pale and let his lantern fall—the commissary shook his head. That a phrase so evidently irritating should be pronounced by two of the principal men in the country!

“This Doctor Custos,” muttered Van Tricasse, “is decidedly a dangerous man—a hare-brained fellow! Come, gentlemen!”

On this, Counselor Niklause and the commissary accompanied the burgo-master into the parlor.

CHAPTER IV

In which Doctor Ox reveals Himself as a Physiologist of the first rank and as an Audacious Experimentalist.

WHO was this personage, known by the singular name of Doctor Ox?

An original character for certain, but at the same time a bold *savant*, a physiologist, whose works were known and highly estimated throughout learned Europe, a happy rival of the Davys, the Daltons, the Bostocks, the Menzies, the Godwins, the Vierordts—of all those noble minds who have placed physiology among the highest of modern sciences.

Doctor Ox was a man of medium size and height, aged—but we cannot state his age, any more than his nationality. Besides, it matters little; let it suffice that he was a strange personage, impetuous and hot-blooded, a regular oddity out of one of Hoffmann's volumes, and one who contrasted amusingly enough with the good people of Quiquendone. He had an imperturbable confidence both in himself and in his doctrines. Always smiling, walking with head erect and shoulders thrown back in a free and unconstrained manner, with a steady gaze, large open nostrils, a vast mouth which inhaled the air in liberal draughts, his appearance was far from unpleasing. He was full of animation, well proportioned in all parts of his bodily mechanism, with quicksilver in his veins, and a most elastic step. He could never stop still in one place, and relieved himself with impetuous words and a superabundance of gesticulations.

Was Doctor Ox rich, then, that he should undertake to light a whole town at his expense? Probably, as he permitted himself to indulge in such extravagance,—and this is the only answer we can give to this indiscreet question.

Doctor Ox had arrived at Quiquendone five months before, accompanied by his assistant, who answered to the name of Gedeon Ygene; a tall, dried-up, thin man, haughty, but not less vivacious than his master.

And next, why had Doctor Ox made the proposition to light the town at his own expense? Why had he, of all the Flemings, selected the peaceable Quiquendonians, to endow their town with the benefits of an unheard-of system of lighting? Did he not, under this pretext, design to make some great physiological experiment by operating

in anima vili? In short, what was this original personage about to attempt? We know not, as Doctor Ox had no confidant except his assistant Ygene, who, moreover, obeyed him blindly.

In appearance, at least, Doctor Ox had agreed to light the town, which had much need of it, "especially at night," as Commissary Passauf wittily said. Works for producing a lighting gas had accordingly been established; the gasometers were ready for use, and the main pipes, running beneath the street pavements, would soon appear in the form of burners in the public edifices and the private houses of certain friends of progress. Van Tricasse and Niklausse, in their official capacity, and some other worthies, thought they ought to allow this modern light to be introduced into their dwellings.

If the reader has not forgotten, it was said, during the long conversation of the counselor and the burgomaster, that the lighting of the town was to be achieved, not by the combustion of common carburetted hydrogen, produced by distilling coal, but by the use of a more modern and twenty-fold more brilliant gas, oxyhydric gas, produced by mixing hydrogen and oxygen.

The doctor, who was an able chemist as well as an ingenious physiologist, knew how to obtain this gas in great quantity and of good quality, not by using manganate of soda, according to the method of M. Tessie du Motay, but by the direct decomposition of slightly acidulated water, by means of a battery made of new elements, invented by himself. Thus there were no costly materials, no platinum, no retorts, no combustibles, no delicate machinery to produce the two gases separately. An electric current was sent through large basins full of water, and the liquid was decomposed into its two constituent parts, oxygen and hydrogen. The oxygen passed off at one end; the hydrogen, of double the volume of its late associate, at the other. As a necessary precaution, they were collected in separate reservoirs, for their mixture would have produced a frightful explosion if it had become ignited. Thence the pipes were to convey them separately to the various burners, which would be so placed as to prevent all chance of explosion. Thus a remarkably brilliant flame would be obtained, whose light would rival the electric light.

It was certain that the town of Quiquendone would, by this liberal contrivance, gain a splendid lighting; but Doctor Ox and his assistant took little account of this, as will be seen in the sequel.

The day after that on which Commissary Passauf had made his noisy entrance into the burgomaster's parlor, Gedeon Ygene and Doctor Ox were talking in the laboratory which both occupied in common, on the ground-floor of the principal building of the gas-works.

"Well, Ygene, well," cried the doctor, rubbing his hands. "You saw, at my reception yesterday, the cool-bloodedness of these worthy Quiquendonians. For animation they are midway between sponges and coral! You saw them disputing and irritating each other by voice and gesture? They are already metamorphosed, morally and physically! And this is only the beginning. Wait till we treat them to a big dose!"

"Indeed, master," replied Ygene, scratching his sharp nose with the end of his forefinger, "the experiment begins well, and if I had not prudently closed the supply-tap, I know not what would have happened."

"You heard Schut, the advocate, and Custos, the doctor?" resumed Doctor Ox. "The phrase was by no means ill-natured in itself, but, in the mouth of a Quiquendonian, it is worth all the insults which the Homeric heroes hurled at each other before drawing their swords. Ah, these Flemings! You'll see what we shall do some day!"

"We shall make them ungrateful," replied Ygene, in the tone of a man who esteems the human race at its just worth.

"Bah!" said the doctor; "what matters it whether they think well or ill of us, so long as our experiment succeeds?"

"Besides," returned the assistant smiling with a malicious expression, "is it not to be feared that, in producing such an excitement in their respiratory organs, we shall somewhat injure the lungs of these good people of Quiquendone?"

"So much the worse for them! It is in the interests of science. What would you say if the dogs or frogs refused to lend themselves to the experiments of vivisection?"

It is probable that if the frogs and dogs were consulted, they would offer some objection; but Doctor Ox imagined that he had stated an unanswerable argument, for he heaved a great sigh of satisfaction.

"After all, master, you are right," replied Ygene, as if quite convinced. "We could not have hit upon better subjects than these people of Quiquendone for our experiment."

"We—could—not," said the doctor, slowly articulating each word.

"Have you felt the pulse of any of them?"

"Some hundreds."

"And what is the average pulsation you found?"

"Not fifty per minute. See—this is a town where there has not been the shadow of a discussion for a century, where the carmen don't swear, where the coachmen don't insult each other, where horses don't run away, where the dogs don't bite, where the cats don't scratch,—a town where the police-court has nothing to do from one year's end to another,—a town where people do not grow enthusiastic about anything, neither about art or business—a town where the gendarmes are a sort of myth, and in which an indictment has not been drawn up for a hundred years,—a town, in short, where for three centuries nobody has struck a blow with his fist or so much as exchanged a slap in the face! You see, Ygene, that this cannot last, and that we must change it all."

"Perfectly! perfectly!" cried the enthusiastic assistant; "and have you analyzed the air of this town, master?"

"I have not failed to do so. Seventy-nine parts of azote and twenty-one of oxygen, carbonic acid and steam in a variable quantity. These are the ordinary proportions."

"Good, doctor, good!" replied Ygene. "The experiment will be made on a large scale, and will be decisive."

"And if it is decisive," added Doctor Ox triumphantly, "we shall reform the world!"

CHAPTER V

In which the Burgomaster and the Counselor pay a visit to Doctor Ox, and what follows

THE Counselor Niklausse and the Burgomaster Van Tricasse at last knew what it was to have an agitated night. The grave event which had taken place at Doctor Ox's house actually kept them awake. What consequences was this affair destined to bring about? They could not imagine. Would it be necessary for them to come to a decision? Would the municipal authority, whom they represented, be compelled to interfere? Would they be obliged to order arrests to be made, that so great a scandal should not be repeated? All these doubts could not but trouble these soft natures; and on that evening, before separating, the two notables had "decided" to see each other the next day.

On the next morning, before dinner, the Burgomaster Van Tricasse proceeded in person to the Counselor Niklausse's house. He found his friend more calm. He himself had recovered his equanimity.

"Nothing new?" asked Van Tricasse.

"Nothing new since yesterday," replied Niklausse.

"And the doctor, Dominique Custos?"

"I have not heard anything, either of him or of the advocate, Andre Schut."

After an hour's conversation, which consisted of three remarks which it is needless to repeat, the counselor and the burgomaster had resolved to pay a visit to Doctor Ox, so as to draw from him, without seeming to do so, some details of the affair.

Contrary to all their habits, after coming to this decision the two notables set about putting it into execution forthwith. They left the house and directed their steps towards Doctor Ox's laboratory, which was situated outside the town, near the Oudenarde gate—the gate whose tower threatened to fall in ruins.

They did not take each other's arms, but walked side by side, with a slow and solemn step, which took them forward but thirteen inches per second. This was, indeed, the ordinary gait of the Quiquendonians, who had never, within the memory of man, seen anyone run across the streets of their town.

From time to time the two notables would stop at some calm and tranquil crossway, or at the end of a quiet street, to salute the passers by.

"Good morning, Monsieur the burgomaster," said one.

"Good morning, my friend," responded Van Tricasse.

"Anything new, Monsieur the counsellor?" asked another.

"Nothing new," answered Niklausse.

But by certain agitated motions and questioning looks, it was evident that the altercation of the evening before was known throughout the town. Observing the direction taken by Van Tricasse, the most obtuse Quiquendonians guessed that the burgomaster was on his way to take some important step. The Custos and Schut affair was talked of everywhere, but the people had not yet come to the point of taking the part of one or the other. The Advocate Schut, having never had occasion to plead in a town where attorneys and bailiffs only existed in tradition, had, consequently, never lost a suit. As for the Doctor Custos, he was an honorable practitioner, who, after the example of his fellow-doctors, cured all the illnesses of his patients, except those of which they died—a habit unhappily acquired by all the members of all the faculties in whatever country they may practice.

On reaching the Oudenarde gate, the counselor and the burgomaster prudently made a short detour, so as not to pass within reach of the tower, in case it should fall; then they turned and looked at it attentively.

"I think that it will fall," said Van Tricasse.

"I think so too," replied Niklausse.

"Unless it is propped up," added Van Tricasse. "But must it be propped up? That is the question."

"That is—in fact—the question."

Some moments after, they reached the door of the gas-works.

"Can we see Doctor Ox?" they asked.

Doctor Ox could always be seen by the first authorities of the town, and they were at once introduced into the celebrated physiologist's study.

Perhaps the two notables waited for the doctor at least an hour; at least it is reasonable to suppose so, as the burgomaster—a thing that had never before happened in his

life—betrayed a certain amount of impatience, from which his companion was not exempt.

Doctor Ox came in at last, and began to excuse himself for having kept them waiting; he had to approve a plan for the gasometer, rectify some of the machinery—But every thing was going on well! The pipes intended for the oxygen were already laid. In a few months the town would be splendidly lighted. The two notables might even now see the orifices of the pipes which were laid on in the laboratory.

Then the doctor begged to know to what he was indebted for the honor of this visit.

“Only to see you, doctor; to see you,” replied Van Tricasse. “It is long since we have had the pleasure. We go abroad but little in our good town of Quiquendone. We count our steps and measure our walks. We are happy when nothing disturbs the uniformity of our habits.”

Niklausse looked at his friend. His friend had never said so much at once—at least, without taking time, and giving long intervals between his sentences. It seemed to him that Van Tricasse expressed himself with a certain volubility, which was by no means common with him. Niklausse himself experienced a kind of irresistible desire to talk.

As for Doctor Ox, he looked at the burgomaster with sly attention.

Van Tricasse, who never argued until he had snugly ensconced himself in a spacious armchair, had risen to his feet. I know not what nervous excitement, quite foreign to his temperament, had taken possession of him. He did not gesticulate as yet, but this could not be far off. As for the counselor, he rubbed his legs, and breathed with slow and long gasps. His look became animated little by little, and he had “decided” to support at all hazards, if need be, his trusty friend the burgomaster.

Van Tricasse got up and took several steps; then he came back, and stood facing the doctor.

“And in how many months,” he asked in a somewhat emphatic tone, “do you say that your work will be finished?”

“In three or four months, Monsieur the burgomaster,” replied Doctor Ox.

"Three or four months,—it's a very long time!" said Van Tricasse.

"Altogether too long!" added Niklausse, who, not being able to keep his seat, rose also.

"This lapse of time is necessary to complete our work," returned Doctor Ox. "The workmen, whom we have had to choose in Quiquendone, are not very expeditious."

"How not expeditious?" cried the burgomaster, who seemed to take the remark as personally offensive.

"No, Monsieur Van Tricasse," replied Doctor Ox obstinately. "A French workman would do in a day what it takes ten of your workmen to do; you know, they are regular Flemings!"

"Flemings!" cried the counselor, whose fingers closed together. "In what sense, sir, do you use that word?"

"Why, in the amiable sense in which everybody uses it," replied Doctor Ox, smiling.

"Ah, but doctor," said the burgomaster, pacing up and down the room. "I don't like these insinuations. The workmen of Quiquendone are as efficient as those of any other town in the world, you must know; and we shall go neither to Paris nor London for our models! As for your project, I beg you to hasten its execution. Our streets have been unpaved for the putting down of your conduit-pipes, and it's a hindrance to traffic. Our trade will begin to suffer, and I, being the responsible authority, do not propose to incur reproaches which will be but too just."

Worthy burgomaster! He spoke of trade, of traffic, and the wonder was that those words, to which he was quite unaccustomed, did not scorch his lips. What could be passing in his mind?

"Besides," added Niklausse, "the town cannot be deprived of light much longer."

"But," urged Doctor Ox, "a town which has been unlighted for eight or nine hundred years——"

"All the more necessary is it," replied the burgomaster, emphasizing his words. "Times alter, manners alter! The world advances, and we do not wish to remain behind. We desire our streets to be lighted within a month, or you must pay a large indemnity for each day of delay; and what would happen if, amid the darkness, some affray should take place?"

"No doubt," cried Niklausse. "It requires but a spark to inflame a Fleming! Fleming! Flame!"

"Apropos of this," said the burgomaster, interrupting his friend, "Commissary Passauf, our chief of police, reports to us that a discussion took place in your drawing-room last evening, Doctor Ox. Was he wrong in declaring that it was a political discussion?"

"By no means, Monsieur the burgomaster," replied Doctor Ox, who with difficulty repressed a sigh of satisfaction.

"So an altercation did take place between Dominique Custos and Andre Schut?"

"Yes, counselor; but the words which passed were not of grave import."

"Not of grave import!" cried the burgomaster. "Not of grave import, when one man tells another that he does not measure the effect of his words! But of what stuff are you made, monsieur? Do you not know that in Quiquendone nothing more is needed to bring about extremely disastrous results? But monsieur, if you, or anyone else, presume to speak thus to me——"

"Or to me," added Niklausse.

As they pronounced these words with a menacing air, the two notables, with folded arms and bristling air, confronted Doctor Ox, ready to do him some violence, if by a gesture, or even the expression of his eye, he manifested any intention of contradicting them.

But the doctor did not budge.

"At all events, monsieur," resumed the burgomaster, "I propose to hold you responsible for what passes in your house. I am bound to insure the tranquillity of this town, and I do not wish it to be disturbed. The events of last evening must not be repeated, or I shall do my duty, sir! Do you hear? Then reply, sir."

The burgomaster as he spoke under the influence of extraordinary excitement, elevated his voice to the pitch of anger. He was furious, the worthy Van Tricasse, and might certainly be heard outside. At last, beside himself, and seeing that Doctor Ox did not reply to his challenge, "Come, Niklausse," said he.

And, slamming the door with a violence which shook the house, the burgomaster drew his friend after him.

Little by little, when they had taken twenty steps on their

road, the worthy notables grew more calm. Their pace slackened, their gait became less feverish. The flush on their faces faded away; from being crimson, they became rosy. A quarter of an hour after quitting the gas-works, Van Tricasse said softly to Niklausse, "An amiable man, Doctor Ox! It is always a pleasure to see him!"

CHAPTER VI

In which Frantz Niklausse and Suzel Van Tricasse form certain projects for the future.

OUR readers, know that the burgomaster had a daughter, Suzel. But, shrewd as they may be, they cannot have divined that the Counselor Niklausse had a son, Frantz; and had they divined this, nothing could have led them to imagine that Frantz was the betrothed lover of Suzel. We will add that these young people were made for each other, and that they loved each other, as folks did love at Quiquendone.

It must not be thought that young hearts did not beat in this exceptional place; only they beat with a certain deliberation. There were marriages there, as in every other town in the world; but they took time about it. Betrothed couples, before engaging in these terrible bonds, wished to study each other; and these studies lasted at least ten years, as at college. It was rare that anyone was "accepted" before this lapse of time.

Yes, ten years! The courtships last ten years! And is it, after all, too long, when the being bound for life is in consideration? One studies ten years to become an engineer or physician, an advocate or attorney, and should less time be spent in acquiring the knowledge to make a good husband? Is it not reasonable? and, whether due to temperament or reason with them, the Quiquendonians seem to us to be in the right in thus prolonging their courtship. When marriages in other more lively and excitable cities are seen taking place within a few months, we must shrug our shoulders, and hasten to send our boys to the schools and our daughters to the *pensions* of Quiquendone.

For half a century but a single marriage was known to

have taken place after the lapse of two years only of courtship, and that turned out badly!

Frantz Niklause, then, loved Suzel Van Tricasse, but quietly, as a man would love when he has ten years before him in which to obtain the beloved object. Once every week, at an hour agreed upon, Frantz went to fetch Suzel, and took a walk with her along the banks of the Vaar. He took good care to carry his fishing-tackle, and Suzel never forgot her canvas, on which her pretty hands embroidered the most unlikely flowers.

Frantz was a young man of twenty-two, whose cheeks betrayed a soft, peachy down, and whose voice had scarcely a compass of one octave.

As for Suzel, she was blonde and rosy. She was seventeen, and did not dislike fishing. A singular occupation this, however, which forces you to struggle craftily with a barbel. But Frantz loved it; the pastime was congenial to his temperament. As patient as possible, content to follow with his rather dreamy eye the cork which bobbed on the top of the water, he knew how to wait; and when, after sitting for six hours, a modest barbel, taking pity on him, consented at last to be caught, he was happy—but he knew how to control his emotion.

On this day the two lovers—one might say, the two betrothed—were seated upon the verdant bank. The limpid Vaar murmured a few feet below them. Suzel quietly drew her needle across the canvas. Frantz automatically carried his line from left to right, then permitted it to descend the current from right to left. The fish made capricious rings in the water, which crossed each other around the cork, while the hook hung useless near the bottom.

From time to time Frantz would say, without raising his eyes:

“I think I have a bite, Suzel.”

“Do you think so, Frantz?” replied Suzel, who, abandoning her work for an instant, followed her lover’s line with earnest eye.

“N-no,” resumed Frantz; “I thought I felt a little twitch; I was mistaken.”

“You *will* have a bite, Frantz,” replied Suzel, in her pure, soft voice. “But do not forget to strike at the right

moment. You are always a few seconds too late, and the barbel takes advantage to escape."

"Would you like to take my line, Suzel?"

"Willingly, Frantz."

"Then give me your canvas. We shall see whether I am more adroit with the needle than with the hook."

And the young girl took the line with trembling hand, while her swain plied the needle across the stitches of the embroidery. For hours together they thus exchanged soft words, and their hearts palpitated when the cork bobbed on the water. Ah, could they ever forget those charming hours, during which, seated side by side, they listened to the murmurs of the river?

The sun was fast approaching the western horizon, and despite the combined skill of Suzel and Frantz, there had not been a bite. The barbels had not shown themselves complacent, and seemed to scoff at the two young people, who were too just to bear them malice.

"We shall be more lucky another time, Frantz," said Suzel, as the young angler put up his still virgin hook.

"Let us hope so," replied Frantz.

Then walking side by side, they turned their steps towards the house, without exchanging a word, as mute as their shadows which stretched out before them. Suzel became very, very tall under the oblique rays of the setting sun. Frantz appeared very, very thin, like the long rod which he held in his hand.

They reached the burgomaster's house. Green tufts of grass bordered the shining pavement, and no one would have thought of tearing them away, for they deadened the noise made by the passers-by.

As they were about to open the door, Frantz, thought it his duty to say to Suzel:

"You know, Suzel, the great day is approaching?"

"It is indeed, Frantz," replied the young girl, with downcast eyes.

"Yes," said Frantz, "in five or six years——"

"Good-bye, Frantz," said Suzel.

"Good-bye Suzel," replied Frantz.

And, after the door had been closed, the young man resumed the way to his father's house with a calm and equal pace.

CHAPTER VII

In which the Andantes become Allegros, and the Allegros Vivaces

THE agitation caused by the Schut and Custos affair had subsided. The affair led to no serious consequences. It appeared likely that Quiquendone would return to its habitual apathy, which that unexpected event had for a moment disturbed.

Meanwhile, the laying of the pipes destined to conduct the oxyhydric gas into the principal edifices of the town was proceeding rapidly. The main pipes and branches gradually crept beneath the pavements. But the burners were still wanting; for, as it required delicate skill to make them, it was necessary that they should be fabricated abroad. Doctor Ox was here, there, and everywhere; neither he nor Ygene, his assistant, lost a moment, but they urged on the workmen, completed the delicate mechanism of the gasometer, fed day and night the immense piles which decomposed the water under the influence of a powerful electric current. Yes, the doctor was already making his gas, though the pipe-laying was not yet done; a fact which, between ourselves, might have seemed a little singular. But before long,—at least there was reason to hope so,—before long Doctor Ox would inaugurate the splendors of his invention in the theater of the town.

For Quiquendone possessed a theater—a really fine edifice, in truth—the interior and exterior arrangement of which combined every style of architecture. Nor was this surprising, the theater having been commenced under the burgomaster Ludwig Van Tricasse, in 1175, and only finished in 1837, under the burgomaster Natalis Van Tricasse. It had required seven hundred years to build it, and it had been successively adapted to the architectural style in vogue in each period. But for all that it was an imposing structure; the Roman pillars and Byzantine arches of which would appear to advantage lit up by the oxyhydric gas.

Pretty well everything was acted at the theater of Quiquendone; but the opera and the opera comique were especially patronized. It must, however, be added that the composers would never have recognized their own works, so entirely changed were the “movements” of the music.

In short, as nothing was done in a hurry at Quiquendone, the dramatic pieces had to be performed in harmony with the peculiar temperament of the Quiquendonians. Though the doors of the theater were regularly thrown open at four o'clock and closed again at ten, it had never been known that more than two acts were played during the six intervening hours. "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," or "Guillaume Tell" usually took up three evenings, so slow was the execution of these masterpieces. The *vivaces*, at the theatre of Quiquendone, lagged like real *adagios*. The *allegros* were "long-drawn out" indeed. The demisemi-quavers were scarcely equal to the ordinary semibreves of other countries. The most rapid runs, performed according to Quiquendonian taste, had the solemn march of a chant. The gayest shakes were languishing and measured, that they might not shock, the ears of the *dilettanti*. To give an example, the rapid air sung by Figaro, on his entrance in the first act of "Le Barbier de Seville," lasted fifty-eight minutes—when the actor was particularly enthusiastic.

Artists from abroad, as might be supposed, were forced to conform themselves to Quiquendonian fashions; but as they were well paid, they did not complain, and willingly obeyed the leader's baton, which never beat more than eight measures to the minute in the *allegros*.

But what applause greeted these artists, who enchanted without ever wearying the audiences of Quiquendone! All hands clapped one after another at tolerably long intervals, which the papers characterized as "frantic applause;" and sometimes nothing but the lavish prodigality with which mortar and stone had been used in the twelfth century saved the roof of the hall from falling in.

Besides, the theater had only one performance a week, that these enthusiastic Flemish folk might not be too much excited; and this enabled the actors to study their parts more thoroughly, and the spectators to digest more at leisure the beauties of the masterpieces brought out on the stage.

Such had long been the drama at Quiquendone. Foreign artists were in the habit of making engagements with the director of the town, when they wanted to rest after their exertions in other scenes; and it seemed as if nothing could ever change these inveterate customs, when, a fortnight

after the Schut-Custos affair, an unlooked-for incident occurred to throw the population into fresh agitation.

It was on a Saturday, an opera day. It was not yet intended, as may well be supposed, to inaugurate the new illumination. No; the pipes had reached the hall, but, for reasons indicated above, the burners had not yet been placed, and the wax candles still shed their soft light upon the numerous spectators who filled the theater. The doors had been opened to the public at one o'clock, and by three the hall was half full. A queue had at one time been formed, which extended as far as the end of the Place Saint Ernuph, in front of the shop of Josse Lietrinck the apothecary. This eagerness was significant of an unusually attractive performance.

"Are you going to the theater this evening?" inquired the counselor the same morning of the burgomaster.

"I shall not fail to do so," returned Van Tricasse, "and I shall take Madame Van Tricasse, as well as our daughter Suzel and our dear Tatanemance, who all dote on good music."

"Mademoiselle Suzel is going then?"

"Certainly, Niklausse."

"Then my son Frantz will be one of the first to arrive," said Niklausse.

"A spirited boy, Niklausse," replied the burgomaster sententiously; "but hot-headed! He will require watching!"

"He loves, Van Tricasse,—he loves your charming Suzel."

"Well, Niklausse, he shall marry her. Now that we have agreed on this marriage, what more can he desire!"

"He desires nothing, Van Tricasse, the dear boy! But, in short—we'll say no more about it—he will not be the last to get his ticket at the box office."

"Ah, vivacious and ardent youth!" replied the burgomaster, recalling his own past. "We have also been thus, my worthy counselor. We have loved—we too! We have danced attendance in our day! Till to-night, then, till to-night! By-the-bye, do you know this Fiovaranti is a great artist? And what a welcome he has received among us! It will be long before he will forget the applause of Quiquendone!"

The tenor Fiovaranti was, indeed, going to sing; Fiovaranti, who, by his talents as a virtuoso, his perfect method, his melodious voice, provoked a real enthusiasm among the lovers of music in the town.

For three weeks Fiovaranti had been achieving a brilliant success in "Les Huguenots." The first act, interpreted according to the taste of the Quiquendonians, had occupied an entire evening of the first week of the month. Another evening in the second week, prolonged by infinite *andantes*, had elicited for the celebrated singer a real ovation. His success had been still more marked in the third act of Meyerbeer's masterpiece. But now Fiovaranti was to appear in the fourth act, which was to be performed on this evening before an impatient public. Ah, the duet between Raoul and Valentine, that pathetic love-song for two voices, that strain so full of *crescendos*, *stringendos*, and *piu crescendos*—all this, sung slowly, compendiously, interminably! Ah, how delightful!

At four o'clock the hall was full. The boxes, the orchestra, the pit, were overflowing. It was customary for the Quiquendonians, while awaiting the rise of the curtain, to sit silent, some reading the paper, others whispering low to each other, some making their way to their seats slowly and noiselessly, others casting timid looks towards the bewitching beauties in the galleries.

But on this evening a looker on might have observed that, even before the curtain rose, there was unusual animation among the audience. People were restless who were never known to be restless before. The ladies' fans fluttered with abnormal rapidity. All appeared to be inhaling air of exceptional stimulating power. Everyone breathed more freely. The eyes of some became unwontedly bright and seemed to give forth a light equal to that of the candles, which themselves certainly threw a more brilliant light over the hall. It was evident that people saw more clearly, though the number of candles had not been increased. Ah, if Doctor Ox's experiment were being tried! But it was not being tried, as yet.

The musicians of the orchestra at last took their places. The first violin had gone to the stand to give a modest *la* to his colleagues. The stringed instruments, the wind instruments, the drums and cymbals, were in accord. The con-

ductor only waited the sound of the bell to beat the first bar.

The bell sounds. The fourth act begins. The *allegro appassionato* of the inter-act is played as usual, with a majestic deliberation which would have made Meyerbeer frantic, and all the majesty of which was appreciated by the Quiquendonian *dilettanti*.

But soon the leader perceived that he was no longer master of his musicians. He found it difficult to restrain them, though usually so obedient and calm. The wind instruments betrayed a tendency to hasten the movements, and it was necessary to hold them back with a firm hand, for they would otherwise outstrip the stringed instruments; which, from a musical point of view, would have been disastrous. The bassoon himself, the son of Josse Lietrinck the apothecary, a well-bred young man, seemed to lose his self-control.

Meanwhile Valentine has begun her recitative, "I am alone," etc.; but she hurries it.

The leader and all his musicians, perhaps unconsciously, follow her in her *cantabile*, which should be taken deliberately, like a 12-8 as it is. When Raoul appears at the door at the bottom of the stage, between the moment when Valentine goes to him and that when she conceals herself in the chamber at the side, a quarter of an hour does not elapse; while formerly, according to the traditions of the Quiquendon theater, this recitative of thirty-seven bars was wont to last just thirty-seven minutes.

Saint Bris, Nevers, Cavannes, and the Catholic nobles have appeared, somewhat prematurely, perhaps, upon the scene. The composer has marked *allegro pompose* on the score. The orchestra and the lords proceed *allegro* indeed, but not at all *pompose*, and at the chorus, in the famous scene of the "benediction of the poniards," they no longer keep to the enjoined *allegro*. Singers and musicians broke away impetuously. The leader does not even attempt to restrain them. Nor do the public protest; on the contrary, the people find themselves carried away, and see that they are involved in the movement, and that the movement responds to the impulses of their souls.

Will you, with me, deliver the land,
From troubles increasing, an impious band?

They promise, they swear. Nevers has scarcely time to

protest, and to sing that "among his ancestors were many soldiers, but never an assassin." He is arrested. The police and the aldermen rush forward and rapidly swear "to strike all at once." Saint Bris shouts the recitative which summons the Catholics to vengeance. The three monks, with white scarfs, hasten in by the door at the back of Nevers's room, without making any account of the stage directions, which enjoin on them to advance slowly. Already all the artists have drawn sword or poniard, which the three monks bless in a trice. The soprani, tenors, bassos, attack the *allegro furioso* with cries of rage, and of a dramatic 6-8 time they make it 6-8 quadrille time. Then they rush out, bellowing:

At midnight,
Noiselessly,
God wills it
Yes,
At midnight.

At this moment the audience start to their feet. Everybody is agitated—in the boxes, the pit, the galleries. It seems as if the spectators are about to rush upon the stage, the Burgomaster Van Tricasse at their head, to join with the conspirators and annihilate the Huguenots, whose religious opinions, however, they share. They applaud, call before the curtain, make loud acclamations! Tatanemance grasps her bonnet with feverish hand. The candles throw out a lurid glow of light.

Raoul, instead of slowly raising the curtain, tears it apart with a superb gesture and finds himself confronting Valentine.

At last! It is the grand duet, and it starts off *allegro vivace*. Raoul does not wait for Valentine's pleading, and Valentine does not wait for Raoul's responses.

The fine passage beginning, "Danger is passing, time is flying," becomes one of those rapid airs which have made Offenbach famous, when he composes a dance for conspirators. The *andante amoroso*, "Thou hast said it, aye, thou lovest me," becomes a real *vivace furioso*, and the violoncello ceases to imitate the inflections of the singer's voice, as indicated in the composer's score. In vain Raoul cries, "Speak on, and prolong the ineffable slumber of my soul." Valentine cannot "prolong." It is evident that an unaccustomed fire devours her. Her *b's* and her *c's* above the stave

were dreadfully shrill. He struggles, he gesticulates, he is all in a glow.

The alarum is heard; the bell resounds; but what a panting bell! The bell-ringer has evidently lost his self-control. It is a frightful tocsin, which violently struggles against the fury of the orchestra.

Finally the air which ends this magnificent act, beginning, "No more love, no more intoxication, O the remorse that oppresses me!" which the composer marks *allegro con moto*, becomes a wild *prestissimo*. You would say an express-train was whirling by. The alarum resounds again. Valentine falls fainting. Raoul precipitates himself from the window.

It was high time. The orchestra, really intoxicated, could not have gone on. The leader's baton is no longer anything but a broken stick on the prompter's box. The violin strings are broken, and their necks twisted. In his fury the drummer has burst his drum. The counter bassist has perched on the top of his musical monster. The first clarionet has swallowed the reed of his instrument, and the second hautboy is chewing his reed keys. The groove of the trombone is strained, and finally the unhappy cornist cannot withdraw his hand from the bell of his horn, into which he had thrust it too far.

And the audience! The audience, panting, all in a heat, gesticulates and howls. All the faces are as red as if a fire were burning within their bodies. They crowd each other, hustle each other to get out—the men without hats, the women without mantles! They elbow each other in the corridors, crush between the doors, quarrel, fight! There are no longer any officials, any burgomaster. All are equal amid this infernal frenzy!

Some moments after, when all have reached the street, each one resumes his habitual tranquillity, and peaceably enters his house, with a confused remembrance of what he has just experienced.

The fourth act of the "Huguenots," which formerly lasted six hours, began, on this evening at half-past four, and ended at twelve minutes before five.

It had only lasted eighteen minutes!

CHAPTER VIII

In which the Ancient and Solemn German Waltz becomes a Whirlwind.

BUT if the spectators, leaving the theater, resumed their customary calm, if they quietly regained their homes, preserving only a sort of passing stupefaction, they had none the less undergone a remarkable exaltation, and, overcome and weary, as if they had committed some excess of dissipation, they fell heavily upon their beds.

The next day each Quiquendonian had a kind of recollection of what had occurred the evening before. One missed his hat, lost in the hubbub; another a coat-flap, torn in the brawl; one her delicately fashioned shoe, another her best mantle. Memory returned to these worthy people, and with it a certain shame for their unjustifiable agitation. It seemed to them an orgy in which they were the unconscious heroes and heroines. They did not speak of it; they did not wish to think of it. But the most astounded personage in the town was Van Tricasse the burgomaster.

The next morning, on waking, he could not find his wig. Lotche looked everywhere for it, but in vain. The wig had remained on the field of battle. As for having it publicly claimed by Jean Mistrol, the town-crier,—no, it would not do. It were better to lose the wig than to advertise himself thus, as he had the honor to be the first magistrate of Quiquendone.

The worthy Van Tricasse was reflecting upon this, extended beneath his sheets, with bruised body, heavy head, furred tongue, and burning breast. He felt no desire to get up; on the contrary; and his brain worked more during this morning than it had probably worked before for forty years. The worthy magistrate recalled to his mind all the incidents of the incomprehensible performance. He connected them with the events which had taken place shortly before at Doctor Ox's reception. He tried to discover the causes of the singular excitability which, on two occasions, had betrayed itself in the best citizens of the town.

"What *can* be going on?" he asked himself. "What giddy spirit has taken possession of my peaceable town of Quiquendone? Are we about to go mad, and must we make the town one vast asylum? For yesterday we were all there, notables, counselors, judges, advocates, physicians, school-

masters; and all, if my memory serves me,—all of us were assailed by this excess of furious folly! But what was there in that infernal music? It is inexplicable! Yet I certainly ate or drank nothing which could put me into such a state. No; yesterday I had for dinner a slice of overdone veal, several spoonfuls of spinach with sugar, eggs, and a little beer and water,—that couldn't get into my head! No! There is something that I cannot explain, and as after all I am responsible for the conduct of the citizens, I will have an investigation."

But the investigation, though decided upon by the municipal council, produced no result. If the facts were clear, the causes escaped the sagacity of the magistrates. Besides, tranquillity had been restored in the public mind, and with tranquillity, forgetfulness of the strange scenes of the theater. The newspapers avoided speaking of them, and the account of the performance which appeared in the *Quiquendone Memorial*, made no allusion to this intoxication of the entire audience.

Meanwhile, though the town resumed its habitual phlegm, and became apparently Flemish as before, it was observable that, at bottom, the character and temperament of the people changed little by little. One might have truly said, with Dominique Custos, the doctor, that "their nerves were affected."

Let us explain. This undoubted change only took place under certain conditions. When the Quiquendonians passed through the streets of the town, walked in the squares or along the Vaar, they were always the cold and methodical people of former days. So, too, when they remained at home, some working with their hands and others with their heads,—these doing nothing, those thinking nothing,—their private life was silent, inert, vegetating as before. No quarrels, no household squables, no acceleration in the beating of the heart, no excitement of the brain. The mean of their pulsations remained as it was of old.

But, strange and inexplicable phenomenon though it was, which would have defied the sagacity of the most ingenious physiologists of the day, if the inhabitants of Quiquendone did not change in their home life, they were visibly changed in their civil life and in their relations between man and man, to which it leads.

If they met together in some public edifice, it did not "work well" as Commissary Passauf expressed it. On 'change, at the town-hall, in the amphitheater of the academy, at the sessions of the council, as well as at the reunions of the *savants*, a strange excitement seized the assembled citizens. Their relations with each other became embarrassing before they had been together an hour. In two hours the discussion degenerated into an angry dispute. Heads became heated, and personalities were used. Even at church, during the sermon, the faithful could not listen to Van Stabel, the minister, in patience, and he threw himself about in the pulpit and lectured his flock with far more than his usual severity. At last this state of things brought about altercations more grave, alas! than that between Custos and Schut, and if they did not require the interference of the authorities, it was because the antagonists, after returning home, found there, with its calm, forgetfulness of the offenses offered and received.

This peculiarity could not be observed by these minds, which were absolutely incapable of recognizing what was passing in them. One person only in the town, he whose office the council had thought of suppressing for thirty years, Michael Passauf, had remarked that this excitement, which was absent from private houses, quickly revealed itself in public edifices; and he asked himself, not without a certain anxiety, what would happen if this infection should ever develop itself in the family mansions, and if the epidemic—this was the word he used—should extend through the streets of the town. Then there would be no more forgetfulness of insults, no more tranquillity, no intermission in the delirium; but a permanent inflammation, which would inevitably bring the Quiquendonians into collision with each other.

"What would happen then?" Commissary Passauf asked himself in terror. "How could these furious savages be arrested? How check these goaded temperaments? My office would be no longer a sinecure, and the council would be obliged to double my salary—unless it should arrest me myself, for disturbing the public peace!"

These very reasonable fears began to be realized. The infection spread from 'change, the theater, the church, the town-hall, the academy, the market, into private houses, and

that in less than a fortnight after the terrible performance of the "Huguenots."

Its first symptoms appeared in the house of Collaert, the banker.

That wealthy personage gave a ball, or at least a dancing-party, to the notabilities of the town. He had issued, some months before, a loan of thirty thousand francs, three quarters of which had been subscribed; and to celebrate this financial success, he had opened his drawing-rooms, and given a party to his fellow-citizens.

Everybody knows that Flemish parties are innocent and tranquil enough, the principal expense is usually in beer and sirups. Some conversation on the weather, the appearance of the crops, the fine condition of the gardens, the care of flowers, and especially of tulips; a slow and measured dance, from time to time, perhaps a minuet; sometimes a waltz, but one of those German waltzes which achieve a turn and a half per minute, and during which the dancers hold each other as far apart as their arms will permit,—such is the usual fashion of the balls attended by the aristocratic society of Quinquendone. But the dancers always lagged behind the orchestra, no matter how slow the measure, and it had to be abandoned.

These peaceable reunions, in which the youths and maidens enjoyed an honest and moderate pleasure, had never been attended by any outburst of ill-nature. Why, then, on this evening at Collaert the banker's, did the sirups seem to be transformed into heady wines, into sparkling champagne, into heating punches? Why, towards the middle of the evening, did a sort of mysterious intoxication take possession of the guests? Why did the minuet become a jig? Why did the orchestra hurry with its harmonies? Why did the candles, just as at the theater, burn with unwonted refulgence? What electric current invaded the banker's drawing-rooms? How happened it that the couples held each other so closely, and clasped each other's hands so convulsively, that the "cavaliers seuls" made themselves conspicuous by certain extraordinary steps in that figure, usually so grave, so solemn, so majestic, so very proper?

Alas! what Edipus could have answered these unsolvable questions? Commissary Passauf, who was present at the party, saw the storm coming distinctly, but he could not con-

trol it or fly from it, and he felt a kind of intoxication entering his own brain. All his physical and emotional faculties increased in intensity. He was seen, several times, to throw himself upon the confectionery and devour the dishes, as if he had just broken a long fast.

The animation of the ball was increasing all this while. A long murmur, like a dull buzzing, escaped from all breasts. They danced—really danced. The feet were agitated by increasing frenzy. The faces became as purple as that of Silenus. The eyes shone like carbuncles. The general fermentation rose to the highest pitch.

And when the orchestra thundered out the waltz in “Der Freischutz,”—when this waltz, so German, and with a movement so slow, was attacked with wild arms by the musicians,—ah! it was no longer a waltz, but an insensate whirlwind, a giddy rotation, a gyration worthy of being led by some Mephistopheles, beating the measure with a firebrand! Then a galop, an infernal galop, which lasted an hour without any one being able to stop it, whirled off, in its windings, across the halls, the drawing-rooms, the antechambers, by the staircases, from the cellar to the garret of the opulent mansion, the young men and young girls, the fathers and mothers, people of every age, of every weight, of both sexes; Collaert, the fat banker, and Madame Collaert, and the counselors, and the magistrates, and the chief justice, and Niklause, and Madame Van Tricasse, and the Burgomaster Van Tricasse, and the Commissionary Passauf himself, who never could recall afterwards who had been his partner on that terrible evening.

But *she* did not forget! And ever since that day she has seen in her dreams the fiery commissary, enfolding her in an impassioned embrace! And “*she*”—was the amiable Tatanemance.

CHAPTER IX

In which Doctor Ox and Ygene, his assistant, say a few words

"WELL, Ygene?"

"Well, master, all is ready. The laying of the pipes is finished."

"At last! Now, then, we are going to operate on a large scale, on the masses!"

CHAPTER X

In which it will be seen that the Epidemic invades the entire Town, and what Effect it Produces

DURING the following months the evil, in place of subsiding, became more extended. From private houses the epidemic spread into the streets. The town of Quiquendone was no longer to be recognized.

A phenomenon yet stranger than those which had already happened, now appeared; not only the animal kingdom, but the vegetable kingdom itself, became subject to the mysterious influence.

According to the ordinary course of things, epidemics are special in their operation. Those which attack humanity spare the animals, and those which attack the animals spare the vegetables. A horse was never afflicted with small-pox, nor a man with the cattle-plague, nor do sheep suffer from the potato-rot. But here all the laws of nature seemed to be overturned. Not only were the character, temperament, and ideas of the townsfolk changed but the domestic animals—dogs and cats, horses and cows, asses and goats—suffered from this epidemic influence, as if their habitual equilibrium had been changed. The plants themselves were infected by a similar strange metamorphosis.

In the gardens and vegetable patches and orchards very curious symptoms manifested themselves. Climbing plants climbed more audaciously. Tufted plants became more tufted than ever. Shrubs became trees. Cereals, scarcely sown, showed their little green heads, and gained, in the same length of time, as much in inches as formerly, under the most favorable circumstances, they had gained in fractions. Asparagus attained the height of several feet; the artichokes swelled to the size of melons, the melons to the

size of pumpkins, the pumpkins to the size of gourds, the gourds to the size of the belfry bell, which measured, in truth, nine feet in diameter. The cabbages were bushes, and the mushrooms umbrellas.

The fruits did not lag behind the vegetables. It required two persons to eat a strawberry, and four to consume a pear. The grapes also attained the enormous proportions of those so well depicted by Poussin in his "Return of the Envoys to the Promised Land."

It was the same with the flowers; immense violets spread the most penetrating perfumes through the air; exaggerated roses shone with the brightest colors; lilies formed, in a few days, impenetrable copses; geraniums, daisies, camellias, rhododendrons, invaded the garden walks, and stifled each other. And the tulips,—those dear liliaceous plants so dear to the Flemish heart,—what emotion they must have caused to their zealous cultivators! The worthy Van Bistrom nearly fell over backwards, one day, on seeing in his garden an enormous "*Tulipa gesneriana*," a gigantic monster, whose cup afforded space to a nest for a whole family of robins!

The entire town flocked to see this floral phenomenon, and renamed it the "*Tulipa quiquendonia*."

But alas! if these plants, these fruits, these flowers, grew visibly to the naked eye, if all the vegetables insisted on assuming colossal proportions, if the brilliancy of their colors and perfume intoxicated the smell and the sight, they quickly withered. The air which they absorbed rapidly exhausted them, and they soon died, faded, and dried up.

Such was the fate of the famous tulip, which, after several days of gorgeous splendor, became emaciated, and fell lifeless.

It was soon the same with the domestic animals, from the house dog to the stable pig, from the canary in its cage to the turkey of the back court. It must be said that in ordinary times these animals were not less phlegmatic than their masters. The dogs and cats vegetated rather than lived. They never betrayed a wag of pleasure nor a snarl of wrath. Their tails moved no more than if they had been made of bronze. Such a thing as a bite or scratch from any of them had not been known from time immemorial. As for mad dogs, they were looked upon as imaginary beasts,

like the griffins and the rest in the menagerie of the apocalypse.

But what a change had taken place in a few months, the smallest incidents of which we are trying to reproduce! Dogs and cats began to show teeth and claws. Several executions had taken place after reiterated offenses. A horse was seen, for the first time, to take his bit in his teeth and rush through the streets of Quiquendone; an ox was observed to precipitate itself, with lowered horns, upon one of his herd; an ass was seen to turn himself over, with his legs in the air, in the Place Saint Ernuph, and bray as ass never brayed before; a sheep, actually a sheep, defended valiantly the cutlets within him from the butcher's knife.

Van Tricasse, the burgomaster, was forced to make police rules and regulations concerning the domestic animals as, seized with lunacy, they rendered the streets of Quiquendone unsafe.

But alas! if the animals were mad, the men were scarcely less so. No age was spared by the scourge. Babies soon became quite insupportable, though till now so easy to bring up; and for the first time Honore Syntax, the judge, was obliged to apply the rod to his youthful offspring.

There was a kind of insurrection at the high school, and the dictionaries became formidable missiles in the classes. The scholars would not submit to be shut in, and, besides, the infection took the teachers themselves, who overwhelmed the boys and girls with extravagant tasks and punishments.

Another strange phenomenon occurred. All these Quiquendonians, so sober before, whose chief food had been whipped creams, committed wild excesses in their eating and drinking. Their usual regimen no longer sufficed. Each stomach was transformed into a gulf, and it became necessary to fill this gulf by the most energetic means. The consumption of the town was trebled. Instead of two repasts they had six. Many cases of indigestion were reported. The Counselor Niklause could not satisfy his hunger. Van Tricasse found it impossible to assuage his thirst, and remained in a state of rabid semi-intoxication.

In short, the most alarming symptoms manifested themselves and increased from day to day. Drunken people staggered in the streets, and these were often citizens of high position.

Dominique Custos, the physician, had plenty to do with the heartburns, inflammations, and nervous affections, which proved to what a strange degree the nerves of the people had been irritated.

There were daily quarrels and altercations in the once deserted but now crowded streets of Quiquendone; for nobody could any longer stay at home. It was necessary to establish a new police force to control the disturbers of the public peace. A prison cage was established in the Town Hall, and speedily became full, night and day, of refractory offenders. Commissary Passauf was in despair.

A marriage was concluded in less than two months,—such a thing had never been seen before. Yes, the son of Rupp, the schoolmaster, wedded the daughter of Augustine de Rovere, and that fifty-seven days only after he had petitioned for her hand and heart!

Other marriages were decided upon, which, in old times, would have remained in doubt and discussion for years. The burgomaster perceived that his own daughter, the charming Suzel, was escaping from his hands.

As for dear Tatanemance, she had dared to sound Commissary Passauf on the subject of a union, which seemed to her to combine every element of happiness, fortune, honor, youth!

At last,—to reach the depths of abomination,—a duel took place! Yes, a duel with pistols—horse-pistols—at seventy-five paces, with ball cartridges. And between whom? Our readers will never believe!

Between M. Frantz Niklause, the gentle angler, and young Simon Collaert, the wealthy banker's son.

And the cause of this duel was the burgomaster's daughter, for whom Simon discovered himself to be fired with passion, and whom he refused to yield to the claims of an audacious rival!

CHAPTER XI

In which the Quiquendonians Adopt an Heroic Resolution

WE have seen to what a deplorable condition the people of Quiquendone were reduced. Their heads were in a ferment. They no longer knew or recognized themselves. The most

peaceable citizens had become quarrelsome. If you looked at them askance, they would speedily send you a challenge. Some let their mustaches grow, and several—the most beligerent—curled them up at the ends.

This being the condition, the administration of the town and the maintenance of order in the streets became difficult tasks, for the government had not been organized for such a state of things. The burgomaster—that worthy Van Tricasse whom we have seen so placid, so dull, so incapable of coming to any decision—the burgomaster became intractable. His house resounded with the sharpness of his voice. He made twenty decisions a day, scolding his officials, and himself enforcing the regulations of his administration.

Ah, what a change! The amiable and tranquil mansion of the burgomaster, that good Flemish home—where was its former calm? What changes had taken place in your household economy? Madame Van Tricasse had become acrid, whimsical, harsh. Her husband sometimes succeeded in drowning her voice by talking louder than she, but could not silence her. The petulant humor of this worthy dame was excited by everything. Nothing went right. The servants offended her every moment. Tatanemance, her sister-in-law, who was not less irritable, replied sharply to her. M. Van Tricasse naturally supported Lotche, his servant as is the case in all good households, and this permanently exasperated Madame, who constantly disputed, discussed, and made scenes with her husband.

“What on earth is the matter with us?” cried the unhappy burgomaster. “What is this fire that is devouring us? Are we possessed with the devil? Ah, Madame Van Tricasse, Madame Van Tricasse, you will end by making me die before you, and thus violate all the traditions of the family!”

The reader will not have forgotten the strange custom by which M. Van Tricasse would become a widower and marry again, so as not to break the chain of descent.

Meanwhile, this disposition of all minds produced other curious effects worthy of note. This excitement, the cause of which has so far escaped us, brought about unexpected physiological changes. Talents, hitherto unrecognized, betrayed themselves. Aptitudes were suddenly revealed. Artists, before common-place, displayed new ability. Politi-

cians and authors arose. Orators proved themselves equal to the most arduous debates, and on every question inflamed audiences which were quite ready to be inflamed. From the sessions of the council, this movement spread to the public political meetings, and a club was formed at Quiquendone; while twenty newspapers, the *Quiquendone Signal*, the *Quiquendone Impartial*, the *Quiquendone Radical*, and so on, written in an inflammatory style, raised the most important questions.

But what about? you will ask. Apropos of everything, and of nothing; apropos of the Oudenarde tower, which was falling, and which some wished to pull down, and others to prop up; apropos of the police regulations issued by the council, which some obstinate citizens threatened to resist; apropos of the sweeping of the gutters, repairing the sewers, and so on. Nor did the enraged orators confine themselves to the internal administration of the town. Carried on by the current, they went further, and essayed to plunge their fellow-citizens into the hazards of war.

Quiquendone had had for eight or nine hundred years a *casus belli* of the best quality; but she had preciousely laid it up like a relic, and there had seemed some probability that it would become effete, and no longer serviceable. This was what had given rise to the *casus belli*. It is not generally known that Quiquendone, in this cosy corner of Flanders, lies next to the little town of Virgamen. The territories of the two communities are contiguous. Well, in 1185, some time before Count Baldwin's departure to the Crusades, a Virgamen cow—not a cow belonging to a citizen, but a cow which was common property, let it be observed—audaciously ventured to pasture on the territory of Quiquendone. This unfortunate beast had scarcely eaten three mouthfuls; but the offense, the abuse, the crime—whatever you will—was committed and duly indicted, for the magistrates, at that time had already begun to know how to write.

“We will take revenge at the proper moment,” said simply Natalis Van Tricasse, the thirty-second predecessor of the burgomaster of this story, “and the Virgamenians will lose nothing by waiting.”

The Virgamenians were forewarned. They waited, thinking, without doubt, that the remembrance of the offense

would fade away with the lapse of time; and really, for several centuries, they lived on good terms with their neighbors of Quiquendone.

But they counted without their hosts, or rather without this strange epidemic, which, radically changing the character of the Quiquendonians, aroused their dormant vengeance. It was at the club of the Rue Monstrelet that the truculent orator Schut, abruptly introducing the subject to his hearers, inflamed them with the expressions and metaphors used on such occasions. He recalled the offense, the injury which had been done to Quiquendone, and which a nation "jealous of its rights" could not admit as a precedent; he showed the insult to be still existing, the wound still bleeding; he spoke of certain special head-shakings on the part of the people of Virgamen, which indicated in what degree of contempt they regarded the people of Quiquendone; he appealed to his fellow-citizens, who, unconsciously perhaps, had supported this mortal insult for long centuries; he adjured the "children of the ancient town" to have no other purpose than to obtain a substantial reparation. And, lastly, he made an appeal to "all the living energies of the nation"!

With what enthusiasm these words, so new to Quiquendonian ears, were greeted, may be surmised, but cannot be told. All the auditors rose, and with extended arms demanded war with loud cries. Never had the Advocate Schut achieved such a success, and it must be avowed that his triumphs were not few.

The burgomaster, the counselor, all the notabilities present at this memorable meeting, would have vainly attempted to resist the popular outburst. Besides, they had no desire to do so, and cried as loud, if not louder, than the rest: "To the frontier! To the frontier!"

As the frontier was but three kilometers from the walls of Quiquendone, it is certain that the Virgamenians ran a real danger, for they might easily be invaded without having had time to look about them.

Meanwhile, Josse Lietrinck, the worthy chemist, who alone had preserved his senses on this grave occasion, tried to make his fellow-citizens comprehend that guns, cannon and generals were equally wanting to their design. They replied to him, not without many impatient gestures, that

these generals, cannon, and guns would be improvised; that the right and love of country sufficed, and rendered a people irresistible.

Hereupon the burgomaster himself came forward, and in a sublime harangue make short work of those pusillanimous people who disguise their fear under a veil of prudence, which veil he tore off with a patriotic hand. At this sally it seemed as if the hall would fall in under the applause.

The vote was eagerly demanded, and was taken amid acclamations. The cries of "To Virgamen! to Virgamen!" redoubled.

The burgomaster then took it upon himself to put the armies in motion, and in the name of the town he promised the honors of a triumph, such as was given in the times of the Romans to that one of its generals who should return victorious.

Meanwhile, Josse Lietrinck, who was an obstinate fellow, and did not regard himself as beaten, though he really had been, insisted on making another observation. He wished to remark that the triumph was only accorded at Rome to those victorious generals who had killed five thousand of the enemy.

"Well, well!" cried the meeting deliriously.

"And as the population of the town of Virgamen consists of but three thousand, five hundred and seventy-five inhabitants, it would be difficult, unless the same person was killed several times——" But they did not let the luckless logician finish, and he was turned out, hustled and bruised.

"Citizens," said Pulmacher, the grocer, who usually sold groceries by retail, "whatever this cowardly apothecary may have said, I engage by myself to kill five thousand Virgamenians, if you will accept my services!"

"Five thousand, five hundred!" cried a yet more resolute patriot.

"Six thousand, six hundred!" retorted the grocer.

"Seven thousand!" cried Jean Orbideck, the confectioner of the Rue Hembling, who was on the road to fortune by making whipped creams.

"Adjudged!" exclaimed the burgomaster Van Tricasse, on finding that no one else rose on the bid.

And this was how Jean Orbideck, the confectioner, became general-in-chief of the forces of Quiquendone.

CHAPTER XII

In which Ygene, the Assistant, Gives a Reasonable Piece of Advice, which is Eagerly Rejected by Doctor Ox

"WELL, master," said Ygene next day, as he poured the pails of sulphuric acid into the troughs of the great battery.

"Well," resumed Doctor Ox, "was I not right? See to what not only the physical developments of a whole nation, but its morality, its dignity, its talents, its political sense, have come! It is only a question of molecules."

"No doubt; but——"

"But——"

"Do you not think that matters have gone far enough, and that these poor devils should not be excited beyond measure?"

"No, no!" cried the doctor; "no! I will go on to the end!"

"As you will, master; the experiment, however, seems to me conclusive, and I think it time to——"

"To——"

"To close the valve."

"You'd better!" cried Doctor Ox. "If you attempt it, I'll throttle you!"

CHAPTER XIII

In which it is Once More Proved that by Taking High Ground all Human Littlenesses may be Overlooked

"You say?" asked the Burgomaster Van Tricasse of the Counselor Niklausse.

"I say that this war is necessary," replied Niklausse, firmly, "and that the time has come to avenge this insult."

"And I repeat to you," snapped the burgomaster tartly, "that if the people of Quiquendone do not profit by this occasion to vindicate their rights, they will be unworthy of their name."

"And as for me, I maintain that we ought, without delay, to collect our forces and lead them to the front."

"Really, monsieur, really!" replied Van Tricasse. "And do you speak thus to *me*?"

"To yourself, monsieur the burgomaster; and you shall hear the truth, unwelcome as it may be."

"And you shall hear it yourself, counselor," returned Van Tricasse in a passion, "for it will come better from my mouth than from yours! Yes, monsieur, yes, any delay would be dishonorable. The town of Quiquendone has waited nine hundred years for the moment to take its revenge, and whatever you may say, whether it pleases you or not, we shall march upon the enemy."

"Ah; you take it thus!" replied Niklausse harshly. "Very well, monsieur, we will march without you, if it does not please you to go."

"A burgomaster's place is in the front rank, monsieur!"

"And that of a counselor also, monsieur."

"You insult me by thwarting all my wishes," cried the burgomaster, whose fists seemed likely to hit out before long.

"And you insult me equally by doubting my patriotism," cried Niklausse, who was equally ready for a tussle.

"I tell you, monsieur, that the army of Quiquendone shall be put in motion within two days!"

"And I repeat to you, monsieur, that forty-eight hours shall not pass before we shall have marched upon the enemy!"

It is easy to see, from this fragment of conversation, that the two speakers supported exactly the same idea. Both wished for hostilities; but as their excitement disposed them to altercation, Niklausse would not listen to Van Tricasse, nor Van Tricasse to Niklausse. Had they been of contrary opinions on this grave question, had the burgomaster favored war and the counselor insisted on peace, the quarrel could not have been more violent. These two old friends gazed fiercely at each other. By the quickened beating of their hearts, their red faces, their contracted pupils, the trembling of their muscles, their harsh voices, it might be conjectured that they were ready to come to blows.

But the striking of a large clock happily checked the adversaries at the moment when they seemed on the point of assaulting each other. "At last the hour has come!" cried the burgomaster.

"What hour?" asked the counselor.

"The hour to go to the belfry tower."

"It is true, and whether it pleases you or not, I shall go, monsieur."

"And I, too."

“Let us go!”

“Let us go!”

It might have been supposed from these last words that a collision had occurred, and that the adversaries were proceeding to a duel; but it was not so. It had been agreed that the burgomaster and the counselor, as the two principal dignitaries of the town, should repair to the Town Hall, and there show themselves on the high tower which overlooked Quiquendone; that they should examine the surrounding country, so as to make the best strategic plan for the advance of their troops.

Though they were in accord on this subject, they did not cease to quarrel bitterly as they went. Their loud voices were heard resounding in the streets; but all the passers-by were now accustomed to this; the exasperation of the dignitaries seemed quite natural, and no one took notice of it. Under the circumstances, a calm man would have been regarded as a monster.

The burgomaster and the counselor, having reached the porch of the belfry, were in a paroxysm of fury. They were no longer red, but pale. This terrible discussion, though they had the same idea, had produced internal spasms and everyone knows that paleness shows that anger has reached its last limits.

At the foot of the narrow tower staircase there was a real explosion. Who should go up first? Who should first creep up the winding steps? Truth compels us to say that there was a tussle, and that the Counselor Niklausse, forgetful of all that he owed to his superior, to the supreme magistrate of the town, pushed Van Tricasse violently back, and dashed up the staircase first.

Both ascended, denouncing and raging at each other at every step. It was to be feared that a terrible climax would occur on the summit of the tower, which rose three hundred and fifty-seven feet above the pavement.

The two enemies soon got out of breath, however, and in a little while, at the eightieth step, they began to move up heavily, breathing loud and short.

Then—was it because of their being out of breath?—their wrath subsided, or at least only betrayed itself by a succession of unseemly epithets. They became silent, and, strange to say, it seemed as if their excitement diminished as they

ascended higher above the town. A sort of lull took place in their minds. Their brains became cooler, and simmered down like a coffee pot when taken away from the fire? Why?

We cannot answer this "why"; but the truth is that, having reached a certain landing-stage, two hundred and sixty-six feet above ground, the two adversaries sat down and, really more calm, looked at each other without any anger in their faces.

"How high it is!" said the burgomaster, passing his handkerchief over his rubicund face.

"Very high!" returned the counselor. "Do you know that we have gone fourteen feet higher than the Church of Saint Michael at Hamburg?"

"I know it," replied the burgomaster in a tone of vanity very pardonable in the chief magistrate of Quiquendone.

The two notabilities soon resumed their ascent, casting curious glances through the loopholes pierced in the tower walls. The burgomaster had taken the head of the procession, without any remark on the part of the counselor. It even happened that at about the three hundred and fourth step, Van Tricasse being completely tired out, Niklause kindly pushed him from behind. The burgomaster offered no resistance to this, and, when he reached the platform of the tower, said graciously: "Thanks, Niklause; I will do the same for you one day."

A little while before it had been two wild beasts, ready to tear each other to pieces, who had presented themselves at the foot of the tower; it was now two friends who reached its summit.

The weather was superb. It was the month of May. The sun had absorbed all the vapors. What a pure and limpid atmosphere! The most minute objects over a broad space might be discerned. The walls of Virgamen, glistening in their whiteness,—its red, pointed roofs, its belfries shining in the sunlight—appeared a few miles off. And this was the town that was foredoomed to all the horrors of fire and pillage!

The burgomaster and the counselor sat down beside each other on a small stone bench, like two worthy people whose souls were in close sympathy. As they recovered breath, they looked around; then, after a brief silence: "How fine this is!" cried the burgomaster.

"Yes, it is admirable!" replied the counselor. "Does it not seem to you, my good Van Tricasse, that humanity is destined to dwell rather at such heights, than to crawl about on the surface of our globe?"

"I agree with you, honest Niklausse," returned the burgo-master, "I agree with you. You seize sentiment better when you get clear of nature. You breathe it in every sense! It is at such heights that philosophers should be formed and that sages should live, above the miseries of this world!"

"Shall we go around the platform?" asked the counselor.

"Let us go around the platform," replied the burgo-master.

And the two friends, arm in arm, and putting, as formerly, long pauses between their questions and answers, examined every point of the horizon.

"It is at least seventeen years since I have ascended the belfry tower," said Van Tricasse.

"I do not think I ever came up before," replied Niklausse; "and I regret it, for the view from this height is sublime! Do you see, my friend, the pretty stream of the Vaar, as it winds among the trees?"

"And, beyond, the heights of Saint Hermandad! How gracefully they shut in the horizon! Observe that border of green trees, which nature has so picturesquely arranged! Ah, nature, nature, Niklausse! Could the hand of man ever hope to rival her?"

"It is enchanting, my excellent friend," replied the counselor. "See the flocks and herds lying in the verdant pasture,—the oxen, the cows, the sheep!"

"And the laborers going to the fields! You would say they were Arcadian shepherds; they only want a bagpipe!"

"And over all this fertile country the beautiful blue sky, which no vapor dims! Ah, Niklausse, one might become a poet here! I do not understand why Saint Simeon Stylites was not one of the greatest poets of the world."

"It was because, perhaps, his column was not high enough," replied the counselor with a gentle smile.

At this moment the chimes of Quiquendone rang out. The clear bells played one of their most melodious airs. The two friends listened in ecstasy.

Then in his calm voice, Van Tricasse said: "But what,

friend Niklausse, did we come to the top of this tower to do?"

"In fact," replied the counselor, "we have permitted ourselves to be carried away by our reveries——"

"What did we come here to do?" repeated the burgomaster.

"We came," said Niklausse, "to breathe this pure air, which human weaknesses have not corrupted."

"Well, shall we descend, friend Niklausse?"

"Let us descend, friend Van Tricasse."

They gave a parting glance at the splendid panorama which was spread before their eyes; then the burgomaster passed down first, and began to descend with a slow and measured pace. The counselor followed a few steps behind. They reached the landing stage at which they had stopped on ascending. Already their cheeks began to redden. They tarried a moment, then resumed their descent.

In a few moments Van Tricasse begged Niklausse to go more slowly, as he felt him on his heels, and it "worried him." It even did more than worry him; for twenty steps lower down he ordered the counselor to stop, that he might get on some distance ahead.

The counselor replied that he did not wish to remain with his leg in the air to await the good pleasure of the burgomaster, and kept on.

Van Tricasse retorted with a rude expression.

The counselor responded by an insulting allusion to the burgomaster's age, destined as he was, by his family traditions, to marry a second time.

The burgomaster went down twenty steps more and warned Niklausse that this should not pass thus.

Niklausse replied that, at all events, he would pass down first; and, the space being very narrow, the two dignitaries came into collision, and found themselves in utter darkness. The words "blockhead" and "booby" were the mildest which they now applied to each other.

"We shall see, stupid beast!" cried the burgomaster,—
"we shall see what figure you will make in this war, and in what rank you will march!"

"In the rank that precedes yours, you silly old fool!" replied Niklausse.

Then there were other cries, and it seemed as if bodies

were rolling over each other. What was going on? Why were these dispositions so quickly changed? Why were the gentle sheep of the tower's summit metamorphosed into tigers two hundred feet below it?

However this might be, the guardian of the tower, hearing the noise, opened the door, just at the moment when the two adversaries, bruised, and with protruding eyes, were in the act of tearing each other's hair,—fortunately they wore wigs.

"You shall give me satisfaction for this!" cried the burgomaster, shaking his fist under his adversary's nose.

"Whenever you please!" growled the Counselor Niklausse, attempting to respond with a vigorous kick.

The guardian, who was himself in a passion,—I cannot say why,—thought the scene a very natural one. I know not what excitement urged him to take part in it, but he controlled himself, and went off to announce throughout the neighborhood that a hostile meeting was about to take place between the Burgomaster Van Tricasse and the Counselor Niklausse.

CHAPTER XIV

In which Matters go so far that the Inhabitants of Quiquendon, the Reader, and even the Author, Demand an Immediate Denouement.

THE last incident proves to what a pitch of excitement the Quiquendonians had been wrought. The two oldest friends in the town, and the most gentle—before the advent of the epidemic, to reach this degree of violence! And that, too, only a few minutes after their old mutual sympathy, their amiable instincts, their contemplative habit, had been restored at the summit of the tower!

On learning what was going on, Doctor Ox could not contain his joy. He resisted the arguments which Ygene, who saw what a serious turn affairs were taking, addressed to him. Besides, both of them were infected by the general fury. They were not less excited than the rest of the population, and they ended by quarreling as violently as the burgomaster and the counselor.

Besides, one question eclipsed all others, and the intended

duels were postponed to the issue of the Virgamenian difficulty. No man had the right to shed his blood uselessly, when it belonged, to the last drop, to his country in danger. The affair was, in short, a grave one, and there was no withdrawing from it.

The Burgomaster Van Tricasse, despite the war-like ardor with which he was filled, had not thought it best to throw himself upon the enemy without warning him. He had, therefore, through the medium of the rural policeman, Hotteling, sent to demand reparation of the Virgamenians for the offense committed, in 1195, on the Quiquendonian territory.

The authorities of Virgamen could not at first imagine of what the envoy spoke, and the latter, despite his official character, was conducted back to the frontier very cavalierly.

Van Tricasse then sent one of the aides-de-camp of the confectioner-general, citizen Hildevert Shuman, a manufacturer of barley sugar, a very firm and energetic man, who carried to the authorities of Virgamen the original minute of the indictment drawn up in 1195 by order of the Burgomaster Natalis Van Tricasse.

The authorities of Virgamen burst out laughing, and served the aide-de-camp in the same manner as the rural policeman.

The burgomaster then assembled the dignitaries of the town.

A letter, remarkably and vigorously drawn up, was written as an ultimatum; the cause of quarrel was plainly stated, and a delay of twenty-four hours was accorded to the guilty city in which to repair the outrage done to Quiquendone.

The letter was sent off, and returned a few hours afterwards, torn to bits, which made so many fresh insults. The Virgamenians knew of old the forbearance and equanimity of the Quiquendonians, and made sport of them and their demand, of their *casus belli* and their *ultimatum*.

There was only one thing left to do,—to have recourse to arms, to invoke the God of battles, and, after the Prussian fashion, to hurl themselves upon the Virgamenians before the latter could be prepared.

This decision was made by the council in solemn conclave, in which cries, objurgations, and menacing gestures were mingled with unexampled violence. An assembly of idiots,

a congress of madmen, a club of maniacs, would not have been more tumultuous.

As soon as the declaration of war was known, General Jean Orbideck assembled his troops, perhaps two thousand, three hundred and ninety-three combatants from a population of two thousand, three hundred and ninety-three souls. The women, the children, the old men, were joined with the able-bodied males. The guns of the town had been put under requisition. Five had been found, two of which were without cocks, and these had been distributed to the advance guard. The artillery was composed of the old culverin of the chateau, taken in 1339 at the attack on Quesnoy, one of the first occasions of the use of cannon in history, and which had not been fired off for five centuries. Happily for those who were appointed to take it in charge, there were no projectiles with which to load it; but such as it was, this engine might well impose on the enemy. As for side-arms, they had been taken from the museum of antiquities,—flint hatchets, helmets, Frankish battle axes, javelins, halberds, rapiers, and so on; and also in those domestic arsenals commonly known as “cupboards” and “kitchens.” But courage, the right, hatred of the foreigner, the yearning for vengeance, were to take the place of more perfect engines, and to replace—at least it was hoped so—the modern mitrail-leuses and breech-loaders.

The troops were passed in review. Not a citizen failed at the roll call. General Orbideck, whose seat on horse back was far from firm, and whose steed was a vicious beast, was thrown three times in front of the army; but he got up again without injury, and this was regarded as a favorable omen. The burgomaster, the counselor, the civil commissary, the chief justice, the school teacher, the banker, the rector,—in short, all the notabilities of the town,—marched at the head. There were no tears shed, either by mothers, sisters, or daughters. They urged on their husbands, fathers, brothers to the combat and even followed them and formed the rear guard, under the orders of the courageous Madame Van Tricasse.

The crier, Jean Mistrol, blew his trumpet; the army moved off, and directed itself, with ferocious cries, towards the Oudenarde gate.

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At the moment when the head of the column was about to pass the walls of the town, a man threw himself before it.

"Stop! stop! Fools that you are!" he cried. "Suspend your blows! Let me shut the valve! You are not changed in nature! You are good citizens, quiet and peaceable! If you are so excited, it is my master, Doctor Ox's, fault! It is an experiment! Under the pretext of lighting your streets with oxyhydric gas, he has saturated——"

The assistant was beside himself; but he could not finish. At the instant that the doctor's secret was about to escape his lips, Doctor Ox himself pounced upon the unhappy Ygene in an indescribable rage, and shut his mouth by blows with his fist.

It was a battle. The burgomaster, the counselor, the dignitaries, who had stopped short on Ygene's sudden appearance, carried away in turn by their exasperation, rushed upon the two strangers, without waiting to hear either the one or the other.

Doctor Ox and his assistant, beaten and lashed, were about to be dragged, by order of Van Tricasse, to the round-house, when——"

CHAPTER XV

In which the Denouement Takes Place

WHEN a formidable explosion resounded. All the atmosphere which enveloped Quiquendone seemed on fire. A flame of an intensity and vividness quite unwonted shot up into the heavens like a meteor. Had it been night, this flame would have been visible for ten leagues around.

The whole army of Quiquendone fell to the earth, like an army of monks. Happily there were no victims; a few scratches and slight hurts were the only result. The confectioner, who, as chance would have it, had not fallen from his horse this time, had his plume singed, and escaped without any further injury.

What had happened?

Something very simple, as was soon learned; the gas works had just blown up. During the absence of the doctor and his assistant, some careless mistake had no doubt been made. It is not known how or why a communication had

been established between the reservoir which contained the oxygen and that which inclosed the hydrogen. An explosive mixture had resulted from the union of these two gases, to which fire had accidentally been applied.

This changed everything; but when the army got upon its feet again, Doctor Ox and his assistant Ygene had disappeared.

CHAPTER XVI

In which the Intelligent Reader Sees that he has Guessed Correctly, Despite all the Author's Precautions

AFTER the explosion, Quiquendone immediately became the peaceable, phlegmatic, and Flemish town that it formerly was.

After the explosion, which indeed did not cause a very lively sensation, each one, without knowing why, mechanically took his way home, the burgomaster leaning on the counselor's arm, the advocate Schut going arm in arm with Custos the doctor, Frantz Niklause walking with equal familiarity with Simon Collaert, each going tranquilly, noiselessly, without even being conscious of what had happened, and having already forgotten Virgamen and their revenge. The general returned to his confections, and his aide-de-camp to the barley sugar.

Thus everything had become calm again; the old existence had been resumed by men and beasts, plants and plants; even by the tower of Oudenarde gate, which the explosion—these explosions are sometimes astonishing—had set upright again!

And from that time never a word was spoken more loudly than another, never a discussion took place in the town of Quiquendone. There were no more politics, no more clubs, no more trials, no more policemen! The post of the Commissary Passauf became once more a sinecure, and if his salary was not reduced, it was because the burgomaster and the counselor could not make up their minds to decide upon it.

From time to time, indeed, Passauf flitted, without anyone suspecting it, through the dreams of the inconsolable Tatanemance.

As for Frantz's rival, he generously abandoned the charm-

ing Suzel to her lover, who hastened to wed her five or six years after these events.

And as for Madame Van Tricasse, she died ten years later, at the proper time, and the burgomaster married Mademoiselle Pelagie Van Tricasse, his cousin, under excellent conditions—for the happy mortal who should succeed him.

CHAPTER XVII

In which Doctor Ox's Theory is Explained

WHAT, then, had this mysterious Doctor Ox done? Tried a fantastic experiment—nothing more.

After having laid down his gas pipes, he had saturated, first the public buildings, then the private dwellings, finally the streets of Quiquendone, with pure oxygen, without letting in the least atom of hydrogen.

This gas, tasteless and odorless, spread in generous quantity through the atmosphere, causes, when it is breathed, serious agitation to the human organism. One who lives in an air saturated with oxygen grows excited, frantic, burns!

You scarcely return to the ordinary atmosphere before you return to your usual state. For instance, the counselor and the burgomaster at the top of the belfry were themselves again, as the oxygen is kept, by its weight, in the lower strata of the air.

But one who lives under such conditions, breathing this gas which transforms the body physiologically as well as the soul, dies speedily, like a madman.

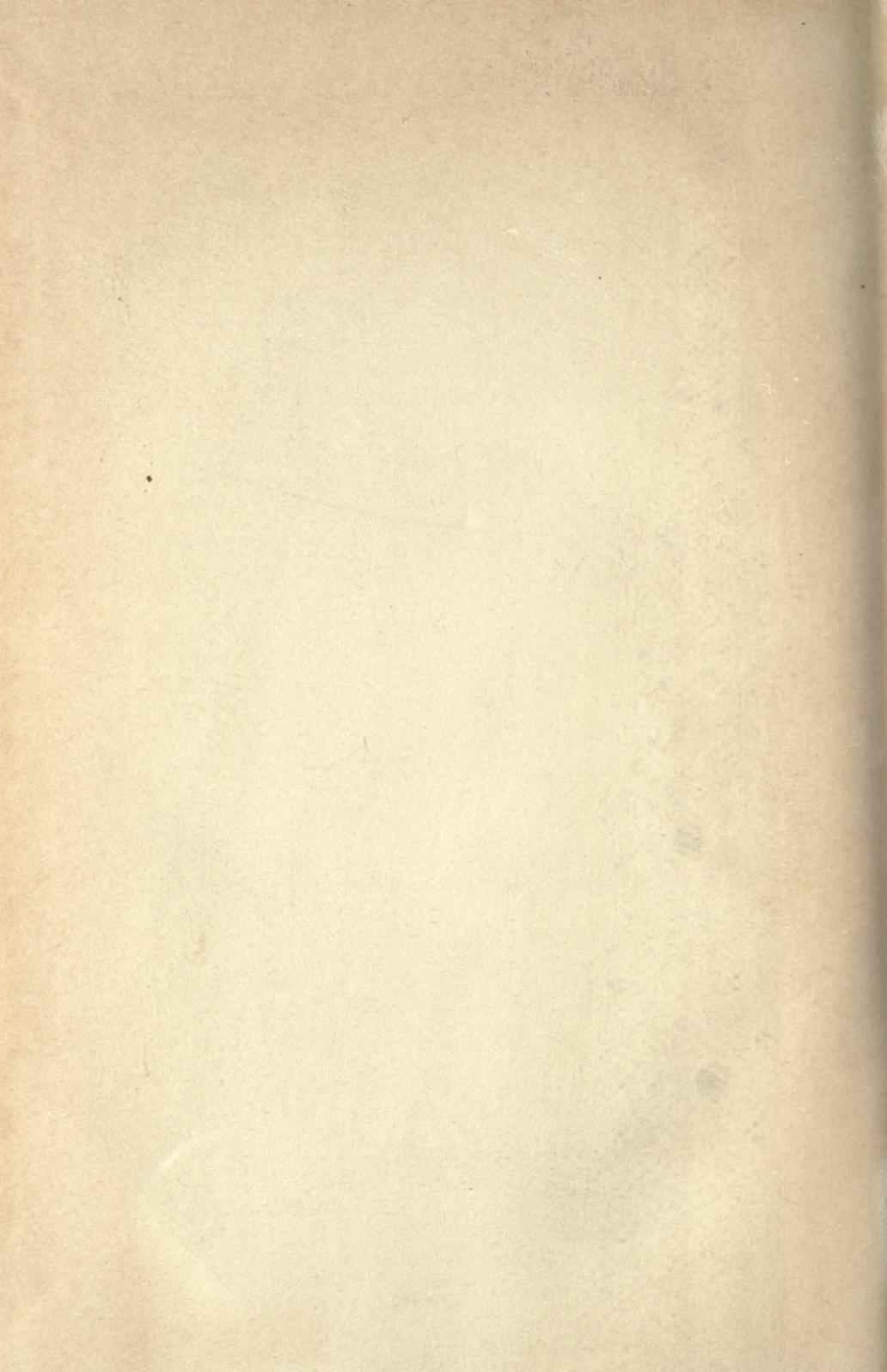
It was fortunate, then, for the Quiquendonians, that a providential explosion put an end to this dangerous experiment, and abolished Doctor Ox's gas works.

To conclude: Are virtue, courage, talent, wit, imagination,—are all these qualities or faculties only a question of oxygen?

Such is Doctor Ox's theory; but we are not bound to accept it, and for ourselves we utterly reject it, in spite of the curious experiment of which the worthy old town of Quiquendone was the theater.

V. VII Verne

THE END





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