

CHAPTER XXII.

Showing how Passe-partout finds out that, even at the Antipodes, it is prudent to have Money in his Pocket.

The Carnatic, bound for Japan, left Hong Kong on the 7th of November. Two cabins were unoccupied--they had been engaged by Mr. Phileas Fogg. The following morning the sailors were astonished to perceive a dishevelled, half-stupefied figure emerge from the fore-cabin and sit down on deck.

This passenger was Passe-partout, and this is what had happened:

Soon after Fix had left the opium-tavern, two waiters had laid Passe-partout upon the couch reserved for smokers; three hours later Passe-partout, haunted by one idea, woke up and struggled against the stupefying influence of the drug. The thought of his unfulfilled duties assisted him to shake off his torpor. He left the den of drunkenness, and guiding himself by the walls, he staggered on, crying out, as in a dream: "The Carnatic, the Carnatic!"

The steamer was alongside the wharf, ready to start. Passe-partout had but a few paces to traverse; he rushed across the gangway, and fell senseless on the deck just as the paddles began to revolve. The

sailors, accustomed to this sort of thing, took him down to the fore-cabin, and when he awoke he was fifty miles from Hong Kong.

This is how he found himself on board the Carnatic, inhaling the sea-air, which sobered him by degrees. He began to collect his thoughts, which was no easy matter, but at length he was able to recall the occurrences of the day before--Fix's confidence and the opium-smoking, etc.

"The fact is," he thought, "I have been very tipsy. What will Mr. Fogg say? At any rate, I have not missed the steamer, and that is the principal thing;" then he thought of Fix. "As for him," he muttered, "I trust he has not dared to follow us on board this ship, as he said. A detective tracking my master, and accusing him of robbing the Bank of England! Bosh! he is no more a robber than I am an assassin."

Now, was he to tell all this to his master? Would it not be better to wait till they all reached London, and when the detective had followed them all round the world, to have a good laugh at him? This was a point to be considered. The first thing was to find Mr. Fogg and ask his pardon.

Passe-partout accordingly got up; the sea was rough, and the ship rolled considerably. It was with some difficulty he reached the quarterdeck, but could not see anyone at all like his master or Mrs. Aouda.

"All right," he thought, "the lady is not up yet, and Mr. Fogg is probably playing whist as usual."

Passe-partout accordingly went down to the saloon. Mr. Fogg was not there. All he could do now was to ask the purser for his master's cabin. That individual replied that he knew no passenger by the name of Fogg.

"Excuse me," said Passe-partout, "he is a tall, cool, quiet-looking gentleman, and is accompanied by a young lady."

"There is no young lady on board," said the purser. "However, here is the passenger-list, and you can see for yourself."

Passe-partout did so. His master's name was not entered.

Suddenly an idea occurred to him, and he said: "Am I on the Carnatic?"

"Yes," replied the purser.

"On the way to Hong Kong?"

"Yes, decidedly."

Passe-partout for the moment was afraid he had got on the wrong ship, but if he was on the Carnatic it was evident his master was not.

Passe-partout fell back on a chair. He was thunder-struck. All at once the light broke in upon his mind; he remembered that the hour of the ship sailing had been altered, that he ought to have told his master, and he had not done so. It was therefore his fault that they had missed the vessel.

His fault no doubt, but still more the fault of that traitor who had endeavoured to keep his master at Hong Kong, and had made him (Passe-partout) tipsy. He saw it all now. His master was ruined, arrested, and imprisoned perhaps. Passe-partout was furious. Ah, if Fix ever came within his reach, what a settling of accounts there would be!

Passe-partout by degrees recovered his composure, and began to look things in the face. He was on his route to Japan, at any rate, but he had no money in his pocket, and this was not a pleasant reflection. He literally did not possess a penny. Fortunately his passage had been paid, so he had five or six days to make up his mind. He ate accordingly for the whole party, and as if there was nothing to be got to eat when he reached Japan.

The Carnatic entered the harbour of Yokohama on the morning tide of the 13th, and came alongside the quay, near the Custom House, amidst a

crowd of ships of every nationality.

Passe-partout went on shore to this curious land without any enthusiasm; he had nothing to do but to wander aimlessly through the streets. He first found himself in a thoroughly European quarter of the town, with houses ornamented with verandahs and elegant peristyles. This portion of the town occupied all the space between the promontory of the Treaty and the river, and included docks and warehouses, with many streets and squares. Here, as at Hong Kong and Calcutta, were a crowd of Americans, English, Chinese, and Dutch merchants ready to buy or sell almost anything, and Passe-partout felt as strange amongst them as a Hottentot might have done.

He had one resource at any rate, he could apply to the French or English consuls; but he shrank from telling his adventures, which were so intimately connected with his master. So before doing so, he thought he would try every other chance for a livelihood.

After traversing the European quarter, he entered the Japanese district, and made up his mind to push on to Yeddo if necessary.

The native quarter of Yokohama is called Benter, after the sea-goddess worshipped on the neighbouring islands. Here he noticed beautiful groves of fir and cedar; sacred gates of peculiar construction; bridges, enclosed by bamboos and reeds; and temples, surrounded by immense and melancholy-looking cedars, wherein Buddhist priests and

votaries of Confucius resided. There were long streets with crowds of infants, who looked as if they were cut out of Japanese screens, and who were playing with bandy-legged poodles, and with yellow cats without tails, of a very lazy and very affectionate disposition.

The streets were crowded with people passing and repassing: priests, policemen, custom-house officers, and soldiers--the Mikado's guard, in silken doublets and coats of mail, as well as other soldiers of all descriptions; for in Japan the army is as much regarded as it is despised in China. There were friars, pilgrims with long robes, and civilians with long black hair, large heads, long waists, thin legs, and short of stature; with complexions, some copper-colour, some pale, but never yellow like the Chinese, from whom the Japanese differ essentially. Amongst the carriages, the palanquins, the barrows with sails, bamboo litters, he noticed many very pretty women moving about with tiny steps, on tiny feet, and shod with canvas shoes, with straw sandals and wooden clogs. They appeared to have small eyes, flat chests, black teeth, according to fashion; but wearing gracefully the national robe called "kirimon," a sort of dressing-gown, crossed with a silk scarf and tied behind in a large knot, a mode which Parisian ladies have borrowed from the Japanese.

Passe-partout wandered about in the crowd for some hours, looking at the shops, at the glittering jewellers' establishments; the restaurants, which he could not enter; the tea-houses, where they drank "saki," a liquor made from the fermentation of rice; and

comfortable-looking tobacco-shops, where they smoked, not opium, which is almost unknown in Japan, but a fine tobacco. Thence he went on into the fields amongst the rice-plantations; there were flowers of all sorts, giving forth their last perfumes--beautiful camellias, not on bushes, but on trees; and bamboo enclosures, with cherry, plum, and apple trees, which the natives cultivate rather for their blossom than their fruit. On almost every cedar-tree an eagle was perched, and on the willows were melancholy herons, standing on one leg; and crows, ducks, hawks, wild geese, and a quantity of cranes, which are looked upon as sacred by the Japanese, as conferring upon them long life and happiness.

As he wandered on, Passe-partout noted some violets amid the grass. "Good," he said, "here is my supper;" but he found they were scentless.

"No chance there," he thought.

Certainly, as a precaution, he had taken care to have a good meal before he left the Carnatic, but after walking a whole day, he felt somewhat hungry. He had already remarked that the butchers' shops displayed neither mutton, pork, nor kids; and as he knew that it was forbidden to kill oxen, which are reserved for farming, he concluded that meat was scarce in Japan. He was not mistaken, but he could have put up with wild boar even, partridges, quails, fish, or fowl, which the Japanese eat almost exclusively with rice. However, he kept his

spirits up, and looked forward to a meal next day.

Night fell, and Passe-partout re-entered the native quarter, where he wandered through the streets in the midst of coloured lanterns, looking on at the conjurers, and at the astrologers, who had collected a crowd round their telescopes. Then he wandered back to the harbour, lighted up by the fishermen's torches.

At length the streets began to get empty, and to the crowd succeeded the patrols. These officers, in their splendid uniforms and followed by their attendants, looked like ambassadors; and every time Passe-partout met one of these parties, he said to himself:

"Good, good; another Japanese embassy going to Europe."