

CHAPTER XXXII.

In which Phileas Fogg struggles against ill-luck.

The China seemed to have carried off Mr. Fogg's last hope, for no other steamers of any other line would be of use. The Pereire, of the French Transatlantic Company, did not leave till the 14th, while the boats of the Hamburg American Company also went to Havre, and not direct to Liverpool or London; and this extra passage from Havre to Southampton would upset his calculations.

The Inman steamer City of Paris would not start till next day--that would be too late. Nor would the White Star Line serve his purpose; all of which Mr. Fogg learnt from "Bradshaw." Passe-partout was completely upset; it was maddening to lose the steamer by three-quarters of an hour, and it was his fault, too, for putting obstacles in his master's way; and when he looked back at the incidents of the journey, the sums expended on his account, the enormous wager, and tremendous charges of the now useless trip, he was overwhelmed. Mr. Fogg, however, did not reproach him, but as he quitted the pier, said: "We will see to-morrow what is best to be done. Come along."

The party crossed the river, and drove to the St. Nicholas Hotel, in

Broadway, where they engaged rooms; but Fogg was the only one who slept. Next day was the 12th of December. From that day, at seven in the morning, to the 21st, at a quarter to nine in the evening, was a period of nine days, thirteen hours, and forty-five minutes; so if Phileas Fogg had sailed in the *China*, he would have reached London in time to win his wager.

Mr. Fogg left the hotel by himself, telling the others to wait his return, but to be ready to leave at a moment's notice. He went down to the Hudson River, to see if there were any vessels about to start. Several were getting ready to go to sea, but the majority of them were sailing ships, which of course did not suit Mr. Fogg. He appeared to have lost his last hope, when he perceived a small screw-steamer moored off the battery; the funnel was pouring forth black smoke, and everything looked like a speedy departure. Mr. Fogg hailed a boat, and soon found himself on board the *Henrietta*, which was an iron steamer. The captain was on board, and approached Mr. Fogg to answer his inquiries. This captain was a man about fifty, a regular sea-wolf.

"Are you the captain?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"I am."

"I am Phileas Fogg, of London."

"And I am Andrew Speedy, of Cardiff."

"You are about to sail, I suppose?"

"In an hour."

"Where are you bound?"

"For Bordeaux."

"And your cargo?"

"I am only in ballast."

"Have you any passengers?"

"I never take passengers; they are always in the way, and always talking."

"Does your ship steam well?"

"Between eleven and twelve knots. The Henrietta is well known."

"Would you like to take me and my three friends to Liverpool?"

"To Liverpool! Why not China at once?"

"I said Liverpool."

"No."

"No?"

"No, I tell you. I am bound for Bordeaux, and to Bordeaux I shall go."

"Will money have any effect?"

"Not the least."

The captain spoke in a tone which did not admit of argument.

"But the owners of the Henrietta?" began Fogg.

"I am the owner. The vessel belongs to me."

"I will hire it from you."

"No."

"I will buy it, then."

"No."

Mr. Fogg did not betray the slightest disappointment, notwithstanding the gravity of the situation. Things were not at New York as at Hong Kong, nor was the captain of the Henrietta like the pilot of the Tankadere. Hitherto money had smoothed all obstacles. Now it failed.

Nevertheless, some means of crossing the Atlantic must be found, and Phileas Fogg, apparently, had an idea, for he said to the captain:

"Will you take me to Bordeaux, then?"

"Not if you gave me two hundred dollars."

"I will give you two thousand dollars."

"What, for each passenger?"

"Yes."

"And there are four of you?"

"Yes."

This reply caused Captain Speedy to scratch his head. There were eight thousand dollars to be gained, by simply going his own route; and such a sum might well overcome his antipathy to passengers. Besides, passengers at two thousand dollars apiece become valuable merchandise.

"I start at nine o'clock," said Captain Speedy quietly; "and if you and your party are ready, why, there you are."

"We shall be on board at nine," replied Mr. Fogg, not less quietly.

It was then half-past eight. To land again, drive up to the hotel, and bring off his party to the Henrietta, did not take Mr. Fogg very long. He even offered a passage to the inseparable Fix. All this was done by Mr. Fogg as coolly as possible.

They were all on board by the time the Henrietta was ready to start.

When Passe-partout heard what the voyage was going to cost, he uttered a prolonged "Oh!" which descended through all the notes of the gamut.

As for Fix, he concluded at once that the Bank of England would not recover much of the money, for by the time they reached England, if Mr. Fogg did not throw away any more money, at least seven thousand pounds would have been spent.