

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

In which Phileas Fogg rises to the Occasion.

An hour later the Henrietta passed the light-ship at the mouth of the Hudson, rounded Sandy Hook, and skirting Fire Island and Long Island, steamed rapidly eastward.

At noon next day Phileas Fogg mounted the bridge, to ascertain the ship's position, for Captain Speedy was safely locked up in his cabin, where he was using some very strong, but, under the circumstances, excusable language.

The fact was that Mr. Fogg wished to go to Liverpool, and the captain did not; and had made such good use of the time he had been on board, and of his money, that he had won the whole crew, who were not on the best terms with the captain, over to his side. And this is why Phileas Fogg was in command, why the captain was shut up in his cabin, and why the ship was heading for Liverpool. By the way Mr. Fogg managed the vessel, it was evident he had been a sailor.

How the adventure ended will be seen later on. Aouda was anxious, but said nothing. Fix had been completely upset from the first; but Passe-partout thought the manoeuvre simply splendid. The captain had

said that the Henrietta could make between eleven and twelve knots, and he had not exaggerated.

If, then--for there were still ifs--if the sea did not get too rough, nor the wind shift to the east, nor any accident happen to the machinery, it was possible for the Henrietta to cross the Atlantic in nine days. But it was not improbable that, when he reached Liverpool, Mr. Fogg would have to answer some awkward questions about the Henrietta, as well as about the bank business.

For the first few days everything went well, and the Henrietta steamed and sailed like a transatlantic liner.

Passe-partout was charmed. This last exploit of his master delighted him above everything; he was the life and soul of the crew, and his good spirits were infectious. He had forgotten the past vexation, and only looked forward to the future. He kept his eye warily upon Fix, but scarcely spoke, for the old intimacy no longer existed between them.

It must be confessed that Fix did not understand what was going on. The seizure of the Henrietta, the bribery of the crew, and Fogg's seamanlike qualities perfectly astounded him; he did not know what to think; for a gentleman who had begun by stealing fifty-five thousand pounds might end by stealing a vessel, and Fix not unnaturally came to the conclusion that the Henrietta would not reach Liverpool at all,

but proceed to some port where Mr. Fogg, turned pirate, would be in safety. The detective was sorry he had gone into the business.

All this time Captain Speedy continued to grumble and swear in his cabin, and Passe-partout, who took him his meals, was obliged to be very circumspect. Mr. Fogg did not seem to care whether there was a captain on board or not.

On the 13th they passed the Banks of Newfoundland. This was a dangerous part of the coast, particularly in winter, when fogs and gales are frequent. On this occasion the barometer had been falling all the preceding day, and during the night the cold became more intense, and the wind chopped to the south-east.

This was unfortunate. Mr. Fogg furled his sails and put on full-steam; nevertheless the speed fell off, as the vessel pitched heavily. The wind rose, and the position of the Henrietta became precarious.

Passe-partout's face darkened as the sky, and for two days he was in mortal terror. But Mr. Fogg was a bold sailor, and kept the ship head to sea without even reducing the steam. The Henrietta rushed through the waves and deluged her decks. Sometimes the screw was clear out of the water, but still they kept on.

Although the wind did not increase to a tempest, it held to the south-east, so the sails were rendered useless, and a great aid to the

screw was thus lost.

The 16th of December was the seventy-fifth day since Fogg's departure from London, and half the voyage across the Atlantic had been accomplished, and the worst was over. In the summer, success would have been assured, but in winter the weather had them at its mercy. Passe-partout said nothing, but consoled himself with the reflection that the steam would not fail them, and he hoped on.

One day the engineer came on deck and spoke anxiously to Mr. Fogg. This consultation made Passe-partout very uneasy; he would have given his ears to have heard what they were saying; he managed to catch a few words, and heard his master say, "Are you sure?"

"Quite certain," replied the engineer; "you must not forget that we have been piling up the fire ever since we left, and though we had sufficient coal to go under easy steam to Bordeaux, we had not enough to carry us to Liverpool at full pressure."

"I will think about it," said Mr. Fogg; and then Passe-partout understood it all.

The coal was failing!

"If my master can get over this," he thought, "he will be a clever fellow."

He was so agitated he could not help imparting his knowledge to Fix, who replied, "Then you really think we are going to Liverpool?"

"Of course we are."

"You idiot!" replied the detective, shrugging his shoulders, as he turned away.

Passe-partout would have revenged himself for this insult if he had not reflected that the unlucky Fix was very probably disappointed and humiliated at having followed a false scent all the way round the world.

But what would Phileas Fogg do now? No one could say; but he himself appeared as cool as ever, and to have decided, for he told the engineer, the same evening, to keep the full-steam on till the coal was exhausted.

So the *Henrietta* proceeded at full-steam until, on the 18th, the coals began to give out, as the engineer had foretold.

"Keep up the steam as much as possible," said Mr. Fogg.

About midday, Phileas Fogg, having taken the ship's reckoning, told Passe-partout to release Captain Speedy. The Frenchman would rather

have unloosed a tiger, and said, as he went aft, "What an awful rage he will be in."

A few minutes later a bomb appeared on deck. This bomb was Captain Speedy, and looked ready to burst.

"Where are we?" was his first remark, as soon as his anger would allow him to speak. "Where are we?" he repeated, looking round.

"Seven hundred and seventy miles from Liverpool," replied Mr. Fogg calmly.

"Pirate!" roared Andrew Speedy.

"I requested your attendance, sir."

"You robber!"

"Sir," said Mr. Fogg, "I wish to ask you to sell me your vessel."

"Never, by all the devils!"

"Then I shall be obliged to burn her."

"Burn my ship?"

"Yes, at least the upper works, as we are in want of fuel."

"Burn my ship!" roared Captain Speedy; "why she is worth fifty thousand dollars!"

"Here are sixty thousand dollars," replied Fogg, as he offered him a roll of bank-notes.

This had a great effect upon Captain Speedy. In an instant he forgot his anger, his incarceration, and all his complaints. The ship was twenty years old, he would make his fortune. The bomb would not burst after all. Mr. Fogg had extinguished the fuze.

"I shall still keep the hulk, I suppose?"

"The hulk and the engine are yours. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes." And Speedy, seizing the proffered money, put it (speedily) into his pocket.

All this time Passe-partout was as pale as a ghost, while Fix looked as if he were going into a fit. Twenty thousand pounds expended, and the captain still possessed the hull and the machinery, the most valuable portion of the vessel! It was true that fifty-five thousand pounds had been stolen.

When Speedy had pocketed the money, Mr. Fogg said to him: "Don't be astonished at all this; you must know that if I do not reach London on the 21st of December, I shall lose twenty thousand pounds. Now you see I lost the steamer at New York--you refused to take me to Liverpool--"

"And I was right," replied the captain, "for I have made twenty thousand dollars by the refusal." Then he added, more seriously:

"Do you know one thing, Captain--"

"Fogg," said that worthy.

"Captain Fogg; you've got a spice of the Yankee in you!" And having paid him this compliment, as he fancied, he was going below, when Fogg said, "Now the vessel is mine!"

"Certainly; from truck to keelson--the wood I mean!"

"All right. Please have all the woodwork cut away and burnt."

It was absolutely necessary to burn the dry wood for fuel; and that day the poop, cabin fittings, bunks, and the spar-deck were consumed.

Next day, the 19th December, they burned the masts and spars. The crew worked with a will, and Passe-partout sawed away as lustily as any ten men. Next day the upper works disappeared, and the Henrietta was



then only a hulk. But on that day they sighted the Fastnet Light and the Irish coast. By ten o'clock they passed Queenstown. Phileas Fogg had now only twenty-four hours left to reach Liverpool, even if he kept up full-speed; and the steam was likely to give out apparently.

"Sir," said Speedy, who was now almost as much interested as the rest, "I should really suggest your giving up the game. Everything is against you. We are only just passing Queenstown."

"Ah," exclaimed Fogg, "is that Queenstown where the lights are?"

"Yes."

"Cannot we enter the harbour?"

"Not before three o'clock; the tide will not serve."

"Let us wait then," said Fogg calmly, without betraying any emotion that, by a last effort, he was about to conquer his ill-luck.

Queenstown is the port at which the American mails are landed, which are then forwarded to Dublin by an express train, and from thence to Liverpool[A] by fast steamers, thus gaining twelve hours upon the fastest vessels.

[Footnote A: Holyhead.--Trans.]

Mr. Fogg calculated upon gaining this space of time, and so, instead of reaching Liverpool next evening, he would be there at noon, and be able to reach London by a quarter to nine p.m.

About one a.m. the Henrietta entered Queenstown, and Mr. Fogg, exchanging a clasp of the hand with Captain Speedy, left that personage upon the vessel, now a mere hulk.

All the party went ashore at once. Fix was much inclined to arrest Fogg on the spot, but refrained. Why? Did he think he was mistaken after all? At any rate he would not abandon Mr. Fogg. They all got into the train at half-past one a.m., and were in Dublin at daybreak, and immediately embarked on the mail-steamer which, disdaining to ride over the waves, cut through them.

At twenty minutes to twelve (noon) Mr. Fogg disembarked at Liverpool.[B] He was within six hours' run from London now.

[Footnote B: Holyhead.--Trans.]

But at that moment Fix approached him, and putting his hand upon Mr. Fogg's shoulder, said:

"Are you really Phileas Fogg?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then I arrest you in the Queen's name!"