

Chapter 11 Passepartout Has No Money

The *Carnatic* left Hong Kong on 7th November, at half past six in the evening, and sailed at full steam towards Japan. It carried many passengers, but there were three empty cabins – those that should have been used by Mr Fogg.

The next morning the men on deck saw, with some surprise, a passenger with an unwashed face and hair in complete disorder come out from a second-class cabin onto the deck, and fall into a chair. It was Passepartout. This is what had happened.

A few moments after Fix had left the bar, two Chinese men saw Passepartout sleeping on the floor. They lifted him up and laid him on the bed among the other sleepers. But three hours later, remembering even in his dreams that there was a duty that he had left undone, the poor man woke up and fought against his sleepiness and the poison of the drink in his blood. He got up with difficulty and, holding himself up by keeping close to the walls, managed to find his way into the street.

‘The *Carnatic*, the *Carnatic*,’ he cried, as if in a dream.

Somehow he made his way to the port. The steamer was there and preparing to leave. Passepartout climbed on board and, at exactly the moment when the ship started, fell senseless onto the deck.

Some of the sailors, used to seeing this sort of thing, carried him down to a cabin, and Passepartout slept until the following morning, when they were a 150 miles from Hong Kong.

That is how it was, then, that he found himself on the deck of the *Carnatic*. The fresh air brought him to his senses. He began to remember, but with some difficulty, what had happened to him: the drinking hall, what Fix had told him, and all the rest.

‘I must have been terribly drunk,’ he thought. ‘What will Mr Fogg say to me? Well, I have caught the boat, and that is the main thing.’

Then he thought about Fix.

'We shall see no more of him, I hope. After what he said to me he will not dare follow us on the *Carnatic*. A detective, he calls himself, a detective wanting to arrest my master for stealing money from the Bank of England!'

Passepartout began wondering whether he should tell the story to his master. Ought he to let him know about Fix? Would it not be better to wait until they got to London, and then to tell him how a detective had followed him round the world? What a joke that would be! Yes, that would be the best thing to do. Anyhow, it was worth considering. The most important thing now was to go and join his master and beg forgiveness for his behaviour of the night before.

So Passepartout got up from his chair. The sea was rather rough and the boat was rolling heavily. He walked as well as he could, up and down the deck, but saw nobody at all who was like Mr Fogg or Aouda.

'Very well,' he thought. 'The lady has probably not got up yet, and Mr Fogg has found somebody to play cards with.'

So he went down below deck. Mr Fogg was not there. He then went to the office to ask which was Mr Fogg's cabin. The man at the office said that there was nobody of that name on the boat.

'But excuse me,' said Passepartout. 'He must be on the boat.' He then gave the officer a description of Mr Fogg, saying that there was a young lady with him.

'We have no young ladies on board,' answered the officer. 'Here is a list of passengers; you can see for yourself.'

Passepartout looked at the list. His master's name was not there. A sudden idea struck him.

'Am I on the *Carnatic*?'

'Yes,' answered the officer.

'On the way to Yokohama?'

'Certainly.'

Passepartout had been afraid for a moment that he was on the wrong boat. But if it was true that he was on the *Carnatic*, it was certain that his master was not.

Then he remembered everything. He remembered how the hour of sailing had been changed, that he was going to warn his master and that he had not done so. It was his fault, then, that Mr Fogg and his companion had not caught the boat!

His fault, yes. But it was still more the fault of the man who had taken him to a bar and had made him drunk in order to keep his master in Hong Kong. And now Mr Fogg had certainly lost his bet; he had, perhaps been arrested; he might even be in prison! At this thought the Frenchman tore his hair. Ah! If he ever got hold of Fix, how he would pay him back for what he had done!

When the first terrible moments of his discovery had passed, Passepartout grew calmer and began to examine his position. It was not a happy one. He was on his way to Japan. He was certain to get there, but how would he get away again? His pockets were empty; he had no money at all. But his cabin and food had been paid for, so he had five or six days in front of him during which time he could make some plans for the future.

It is impossible to describe how much he ate and drank during this part of the journey. He ate and drank for his master, for Aouda and for himself. He ate as if Japan were a country in which there was no food at all.



On the morning of the 13th, the *Carnatic* reached Yokohama and tied up among a large number of ships that had come from nearly all the countries of the world.

Passepartout, feeling rather frightened, got off the boat in this strange Land of the Rising Sun. All that he could do was to be guided by chance and go walking about the streets. He first found himself in the European part of the town where, as in Hong

Kong, the streets were crowded with people of every nationality – traders who seemed ready to buy or to sell anything. Among all these people Passepartout felt as lonely as if he had been thrown into the middle of Africa.

There was certainly one thing that he could do – he could go to the French and British consuls. He very much disliked, though, the idea of telling his story and the story of his master to these government officials. He would go to the consuls only if everything else failed.

He then went to the Japanese part of the town, where he saw the temples and strangely designed houses. The streets here, too, were crowded with people: priests; officers dressed in silk and carrying two swords; soldiers with their blue and white coats, carrying guns; fishermen; beggars, and large numbers of children.

Passepartout walked around among these people for some hours, looking at the strange sights, the shops, the eating houses and the amusement halls. But in the shops he could see neither meat nor bread; and even if he had seen any, he had no money.

The next morning he felt very tired and hungry. He would certainly have to eat something, and the sooner the better. He could, of course, have sold his watch, but he would rather die of hunger than do that. Now was the time when he could use the strong, if not very musical, voice that nature had given him. He knew a few French and English songs, and he made up his mind to try them.

But perhaps it was rather early in the day to start singing. It might be better to wait a few hours. The thought then came to him that he was too well dressed for a street singer. He would do well to change his clothes for others more suitable to his position. Besides, by doing so he might make a little money with which to buy food.

It was some time before he found a shop where they bought and sold old clothes. The owner of the shop liked the look of

what Passepartout was wearing, and soon Passepartout came out dressed in Japanese clothes – old ones, it is true, but quite comfortable. What pleased him most were the few pieces of silver that he had been given as part of the arrangement.

The next thing that Passepartout did was to go to a small eating house, where he was able to satisfy his hunger.

‘Now,’ he thought, ‘I have no time to lose. I had better make my stay in this Land of the Rising Sun as short as possible.’

His idea was to visit any steamers going to America. He could offer his services as cook or servant, asking for nothing except his food and transport. If he could get to San Francisco, he would be all right. The important thing was to cross the 4,700 miles of sea between Japan and the New World. So he headed for the port.

But as he got near, his plan, which had seemed so simple when he made it, now seemed to be more and more impossible to carry out. Why would they need a cook or a servant on an American boat, and what would any captain or officer think of him, dressed as he was? Then again he had no papers to show, no letters from people expressing their satisfaction at his service.

While he was thinking matters over, he saw in front of an amusement hall a large noticeboard:

William Batulcar’s
Company of Japanese Acrobats

Last Performances
before leaving for America
of the
Long Noses!
Come and see them!

‘America!’ cried Passepartout. ‘Just what I wanted.’
He went inside the building and asked for Mr Batulcar. A few

minutes later Mr Batulcar appeared.

'What do you want?' he asked, mistaking Passepartout for a poor Japanese man.

'Do you want a servant?' asked Passepartout.

'A servant,' cried the man. 'I have two strong and honest servants who have always been with me, who serve me for nothing except food. And here they are!' he added, showing two strong arms.

'So I can be of no help to you?'

'None.'

'That's a pity. It would have suited me to go with you to America.'

'Oh,' answered Mr Batulcar, 'you are no more Japanese than I am. Why are you dressed like that?'

'A man dresses as he can!'

'That's true. You are a Frenchman?'

'Yes.'

'Then I suppose you can make funny faces.'

'Well,' answered Passepartout, who did not like this question at all, 'we Frenchmen can certainly make funny faces, but they are no funnier than American faces!'

'Quite right. Are you strong?'

'Yes.'

'Can you sing?'

'Yes.'

'Can you sing while you are standing on your hands?'

'Oh, yes,' answered Passepartout, thinking of the acrobatic tricks he had done when he was young.

'Very well, then, I will take you.'

So Passepartout had found a position with this company of Japanese acrobats. It was not a very pleasant way of earning his living, but in a week's time he would be on his way to San Francisco.

At three o'clock that afternoon the hall was filled with people who had come to see the acrobats do their tricks. One of the most amusing acts was that of the company of the Long Noses. Each of the acrobats had a piece of wood stuck on the front of his face which gave the appearance of an extremely long nose. One of the things they had to do as a group was to form a pyramid with their bodies. But instead of climbing on each other's shoulders, as is usual, the artists were to stand on top of the noses. One of the most important positions was in the middle of the bottom row, since this particular nose supported most of the weight of the people above him. The man who had always been in this position had suddenly left the company, so Passepartout had been chosen to take his place.

He felt rather sad when he put on the fine clothes that he was to wear – it made him think of his younger days – and when the long nose was fitted to his face. But, as this nose was going to earn him something to eat, he felt happier.

Passepartout came in with the first group of acrobats and they all stretched themselves out on the ground with their noses pointing to the ceiling. A second group came and stood on the noses. A third group took their positions on the noses of the others, then came a fourth, until the pyramid reached the top of the hall. The music began to play and great was the admiration of all who were watching. Suddenly, though, the pyramid began to shake. One of the lower noses disappeared from his key position, and the whole pyramid fell.

It was Passepartout's fault. He jumped down from the stage and fell at the feet of a gentleman who was watching, crying: 'Ah! My master! My master!'

'You?'

'Yes, I.'

'Well, in that case, let us go to the steamer.'

Mr Fogg, Aouda, who was with him, and Passepartout quickly

went outside, where they found Mr Batulcar shouting angrily. He wanted to be paid for the breaking of the pyramid. Phileas Fogg calmed him by giving him a number of bank notes. And at half past six, just as it was about to leave, Mr Fogg and Aouda went on board the American steamer, followed by Passepartout, who still had his six-foot-long nose stuck onto his face!



It is clear now what had happened at Shanghai. The signals made by the *Tankadere* had been noticed by the Yokohama steamer. The captain of the steamer, hearing the noise of the cannon and thinking that help was needed, went towards the smaller boat. A few moments later, Phileas Fogg paid John Bunsby the money that had been promised. Then Mr Fogg and Aouda and Fix climbed on the steamer, which made its way first to Nagasaki and then to Yokohama.

Having arrived there that very morning, 14th November, Phileas Fogg immediately went on board the *Carnatic*. There he received the information, to the great joy of Aouda – perhaps even of himself, though he gave no sign of it – that Passepartout had come by that boat and had reached Yokohama the night before.

Phileas Fogg, who was planning to leave that evening for San Francisco, began to look for his servant. He visited, but without success, the French and British consuls. He walked around the streets of Yokohama and, having almost lost hope of finding Passepartout, wandered almost by chance into Mr Batulcar's hall. Passepartout, even in his position on the floor, saw him immediately, and in his excitement could not keep his nose from moving. The result of this movement was the fall of the pyramid.

All this Passepartout heard from Aouda, who told him of their journey from Hong Kong to Yokohama in the company of a Mr Fix. When he heard the name of Fix, Passepartout made no sign.

He thought that the moment had not yet come to tell his master what had passed between the detective and himself. So, when giving an account of his own adventures, he simply expressed his sadness at having had too much drink in a bar in Hong Kong.

Mr Fogg listened to the story coldly and did not answer, but he gave his servant enough money to get some new clothes. Passepartout was able to buy clothes on the ship, and an hour later he looked very different from the long-nosed acrobat of Yokohama.