

Chapter 18 Mr Fogg Buys the *Henrietta*

On the 13th they passed close by the island of Newfoundland. This is a dangerous part of the Atlantic. Here, particularly during the winter, there is a lot of mist. There were signs that the weather was going to change. During the night it had grown colder, and at the same time the wind began to blow from the south-east.

This was a misfortune. Mr Fogg, in order not to be driven off course, had to take down the sails and to use more steam. But the ship went more slowly because of the state of the sea. Long waves broke against the ship and made her roll violently. The wind grew stronger and stronger until it was blowing a storm. For two days Passepartout was very frightened. But Phileas Fogg was a daring sailor, who knew how to win battles against the sea. The *Henrietta*, whenever she could rise with the waves, passed over them, but the water often poured across her from end to end.

The next day, 16th December, was the seventy-fifth day that had passed since leaving London. The *Henrietta* was not seriously late, half of the crossing was almost over, and the worst part of it

was certainly behind them. In summer, success would have been certain. In winter, they had to trust to the weather. Passepartout said nothing, but in his heart he had hopes. 'If we cannot depend on the wind,' he thought, 'we can at least depend on steam.'

On this day, though, the chief engineer came up from below, met Mr Fogg, and had a very serious talk with him. Without knowing why, Passepartout felt worried. He would have given one of his ears to have heard, with the other, what was being said. But he did catch a few of his master's words: 'You are certain of what you say?'

'I am certain, sir,' answered the other. 'Do not forget that, since we left, all our boilers have been at the highest possible temperature, and although we had enough coal to travel in the usual way from New York to Bordeaux, we have not enough to go under full steam from New York to Liverpool.'

'I will think the matter over,' replied Mr Fogg.

Passepartout understood, and was terribly frightened. The coal was coming to an end.

'Ah! If my master can get over that difficulty,' he said to himself, 'he will certainly be a great man!'

He could not help telling the detective the state of things.

'Then,' answered Fix, 'you believe that we are going to Liverpool?'

'Of course.'

'Fool,' answered Fix, as he turned away.

And now what was Phileas Fogg going to do? It was difficult to guess. But it appeared that this calm gentleman had decided on a plan, for that evening he sent for the engineer and said to him: 'Keep your fires burning, and keep going in the same direction until there's no more coal left.'

At about twelve o'clock Phileas Fogg ordered Passepartout to go and bring Captain Speedy to him. Passepartout did not like having to do that, and he went down below, saying to himself: 'It

is quite certain that I shall find him completely wild with anger!

A few minutes later Captain Speedy came running up on deck shouting and roaring. He looked as if he were going to burst.

'Where are we?' were the first words he said in his terrible anger. 'Where are we?' he roared again.

'Seven hundred and seventy miles from Liverpool,' answered Mr Fogg, with great calmness.

'Thief!' cried Andrew Speedy.

'I have sent for you, sir—'

'Robber!'

'Sir,' continued Phileas Fogg, 'I have sent for you to ask you to sell me your ship.'

'No!'

'I am going to burn her.'

'To burn my ship!'

'At least the wooden parts, since we have no more coal.'

'Burn my ship!' cried Captain Speedy, who was so angry now that he could hardly speak. 'A ship that is worth ten thousand pounds!'

'Here are twelve thousand pounds,' said Phileas Fogg, holding the money out to him.

The result of this offer was to make Andrew Speedy forget his anger and all his reasons for complaint against Mr Fogg. His ship was twenty years old. It might in fact be worth selling the ship.

'And I can keep what is left of the ship after you have burnt the wooden parts?' he asked, in a strangely soft voice.

'Yes, everything made of metal will still be yours.'

'Then I agree.' And Andrew Speedy took the money and counted it.

During this conversation Passepartout's face had turned white. Twelve thousand pounds spent, and Fogg was still going to give back to the seller all the metal parts; that is, almost the whole value of the ship.

When Andrew Speedy had put the money in his pocket, Mr Fogg said to him: 'Sir, all this will not surprise you when I tell you that I shall lose twenty thousand pounds if I am not in London on 21st December at a quarter to nine in the evening. Now I was not able to catch the regular steamer from New York, and since you would not take me to Liverpool—'

'And I did well to say no,' cried Andrew Speedy, 'because by doing so I have gained at least eight thousand pounds.'

'Now this ship belongs to me?' asked Fogg.

'Certainly, from top to bottom; that is to say, all the wood, you understand.'

'Very well. Cut away the wood and put it on the fires.'

One can easily imagine how much of this wood was needed to get enough steam.

The next day, 19th December, the sailors continued to burn what could be burnt. By the following day, the 20th, almost all the woodwork above the waterline had been burned. But on this day the coast of Ireland came into sight.

At ten o'clock in the evening the ship was passing Queenstown. Phileas Fogg had only twenty-four hours to reach London! This was the time that the *Henrietta* needed to reach Liverpool, and there was little or no more steam.

'Sir,' said Captain Speedy, who had come to be interested in Mr Fogg's plan, 'I am really very sorry for you. Everything is against you. We are only off Queenstown.'

'Ah!' said Mr Fogg. 'Those are the lights of Queenstown?'

'Yes.'

'Can we go into the port?'

'Not for three hours. Only at high water.'

'Let us wait,' Phileas Fogg replied calmly, without letting it be seen on his face that he had one last plan to help him succeed!

Queenstown is where the steamers coming from America leave the mail. The letters are carried to Dublin by express trains.

From Dublin they are sent to Liverpool by very fast ships, arriving in Liverpool twelve hours before the fastest ships of the steamship companies.

Phileas Fogg meant to use these twelve hours. Instead of reaching Liverpool by the *Henrietta* on the evening of the next day, he would be there by twelve o'clock, and so he would have enough time to get to London before a quarter to nine in the evening.

Towards one o'clock in the morning the *Henrietta* came into Queenstown port at high water, and Phileas Fogg, having received a most friendly shake of the hand from Captain Speedy, gave him what was left of his ship, which was still worth half of what he had sold it for!

The passengers landed immediately. They jumped into the train at Queenstown at half past one in the morning, reached Dublin just as it was beginning to get light, and hurried on board one of those famous steamers which, instead of rising with the waves, always pass right through them.

At twenty minutes to twelve, on 21st December, Phileas Fogg landed in Liverpool. He was now only six hours from London. But at that moment Fix walked up to him, put his hand on his shoulder, and said: 'Your name, I believe, is Phileas Fogg.'

'Yes.'

'In the name of the Queen, I arrest you.'