

Chapter 19 Mr Fogg Is in Prison

Phileas Fogg was in prison. They had taken him to the police station in Liverpool and he was going to spend the night there. The next day he would be taken to London.

At the moment of the arrest Passepartout tried to throw himself on the detective, but he was held back by the waiting

policemen. Aouda, terrified at what she saw, understood nothing, so Passepartout explained the matter to her. Mr Fogg, this honest and brave gentleman to whom she owed her life, had been arrested as a thief. The lady cried out that such a charge was impossible, but she soon saw that she could do nothing to save the one who had saved her.

As for Fix, he had arrested Mr Fogg because it was his duty to arrest him, whether he was guilty or not. The law would decide the matter.

Then the terrible thought came to Passepartout that it was he who was the cause of this misfortune. After all, why had he hidden the matter from Mr Fogg? When Fix had informed him, Passepartout, of who he was and what he was going to do, why had he not told his master? If his master had known what he was accused of, he could certainly have proved to Fix that he was not guilty. In any case Mr Fogg would not have helped Fix to follow him or borne the cost of his travelling! As he thought of his foolishness in saying nothing, the poor man felt terribly guilty. Tears poured from his eyes. It was painful to watch.

In spite of the cold, Aouda and he had stayed outside the police station. Neither of them would leave the spot; they were so anxious to see Mr Fogg once again.

Mr Fogg had lost everything just as he was going to win. He had reached Liverpool at twenty minutes to twelve on 21st December. He had until a quarter to nine to get to the Reform Club – that is to say, nine hours and fifteen minutes – and the journey to London was one of six hours.

Anybody who could have seen Mr Fogg in the police station would have found him sitting quietly, on a wooden seat, without anger and perfectly calm. There he waited. What was he waiting for? Had he any hope of success?

Mr Fogg had put his watch carefully on a table in front of him, and he looked at it from time to time. Not a word escaped from

him. In any case his position was a terrible one. There were only two possibilities:

As an honest man, Phileas Fogg had lost everything that he owned.

As a dishonest man, he had been caught.

Had he any idea of escaping from his prison? Perhaps so, for at a certain moment he walked round the room examining it. But the door was solidly locked, and the window could not be opened. He sat down again and waited.

One o'clock struck. Mr Fogg noticed that his watch was two minutes faster than the clock.

Two o'clock. If he could board a train now, it would not be too late to get to the Reform Club by twenty minutes to nine.

At twenty-eight minutes to three, a noise was heard outside, a noise of opening doors. He could hear voices. The door opened, and he saw Aouda, Passepartout and Fix, who ran towards him. Fix was out of breath, his hair was in disorder. He could hardly speak.

'Sir... sir... forgive me... a mistake... somebody who looked like you... The thief... arrested three days ago... You... are... free!'

Phileas Fogg was free. He went up to the detective. He looked him full in the face, and then, making the only sudden movement that he had ever made in his life, knocked the unfortunate detective down.

Fix, lying on the ground, said nothing. He had got the reward that he deserved. Mr Fogg, Aouda and Passepartout went out. They threw themselves into a carriage and in a few moments reached Liverpool Station.

Phileas Fogg asked whether there was a train leaving for London. It was twenty minutes to three. The train had left thirty-five minutes earlier. Phileas Fogg then ordered a special train.

There were several engines ready for such a journey, but

arrangements could not be made immediately, and the special train could not leave before three o'clock.

At three o'clock, Phileas Fogg, having said something to the engine driver about a certain reward for speed, was on his way to London in the company of the young lady and his brave servant.

It was necessary to cover the distance between Liverpool and London in five hours. This is quite possible when the line is clear from end to end. But several times the train was forced to stop, and when the train came into the station at London, every clock showed the time to be ten minutes to nine.

Phileas Fogg, having completed his journey round the world, was five minutes late.

He had lost.



The next day the people who lived in Savile Row would have been very surprised if they had been told that Mr Fogg had come home. The doors and windows were all shut, and the house did not look as if anyone were there.

When he had left the station, Phileas Fogg had given orders to Passepartout to buy what was necessary for meals and he had then gone home. He had received this final blow with his usual calmness. All was lost, and the detective was to blame. Having successfully done what he had hoped to do, in spite of all difficulties and dangers, and with time to do good on the way, to fail at the moment of reaching the end of his journey, to fail because of something most unexpected and which was no fault of his own; that was terrible. Hardly anything was left of the large sum that he had taken away with him. All the money he now had in the world was the twenty thousand pounds lying in his bank, and this he owed to members of the Reform Club. Having spent so much on his journey, the winning of the bet would not have made him any richer – and it is probable that he had not wished

to become any richer – but the losing of the bet left him without any money at all. He had made up his mind, though. He knew what he was going to do.

A room in the house in Savile Row was prepared for Aouda, who was extremely unhappy. From certain words that she had heard Mr Fogg say, she guessed that he was thinking of putting an end to his life. For this reason Passepartout watched his master closely.

The night passed. Mr Fogg had gone to bed, but had he slept? Aouda could not sleep at all. Passepartout had watched, like a loyal dog, at his master's door all night.

Next morning Mr Fogg called him and told him to make Aouda's breakfast. He asked to be excused from seeing her, as he needed to put his business in order. He would not come down, but in the evening he would like to speak to Aouda for a few moments.

Passepartout, having received these orders, had only to carry them out. He looked at his master and was unable to leave the room. His heart was heavy. He blamed himself more than ever for this sad ending to the adventure. If only he had warned his master about Fix's plans, Mr Fogg would certainly not have brought the detective with him to Liverpool, and then . . .

'Master! Mr Fogg!' he cried. 'Blame me. It is my fault that—'

'I blame nobody,' answered Phileas Fogg in the calmest of voices. 'Go.'

Passepartout went to Aouda and gave the message.

'My good friend, do not leave your master alone – not for a moment. You say that he wants to see me this evening?'

'Yes. I think that he wants to make arrangements for your protection in England.'

'Then we'll wait,' said she.

During the day it was as if nobody were living in the house. Phileas Fogg did not go to the club. Why should he go to the

club? His old companions there were not expecting him. As he had not appeared at the club the evening before, at a quarter to nine, his bet was lost.

At half past seven in the evening Mr Fogg asked whether Aouda would receive him, and a few moments later they were alone in the room.

For five minutes he said nothing. Then, raising his eyes, he said: 'Will you forgive me for bringing you to England? When I had the idea of bringing you away from the country that had become so dangerous for you, I was rich and expected to offer you a part of my fortune. Your life would have been happy and free. Now I am poor.'

'I know that, Mr Fogg,' answered the young lady, 'and I will ask you this: will you forgive me for having followed you, and – who knows – for having been one of the causes of your failure?'

'You could not have stayed in India, and for your safety it was necessary for you to get away.'

'Then, Mr Fogg,' she went on, 'it was not enough for you to save me from a terrible death – you thought it your duty to take care of my future.'

'That is so, but I have been unfortunate. In any case my plan is to give you the little that I have left.'

'But you, Mr Fogg, what will you do?'

'I am in need of nothing for myself.'

'But do you know what you are going to do?'

'I shall do what it is right for me to do.'

'In any case, a man such as you cannot ever be in real want. Your friends—'

'I have no friends.'

'Then I am sorry for you, Mr Fogg, for it is sad to be without friends. It is said that misfortune can be borne when there are two to bear it.'

'So it is said.'

‘Mr Fogg,’ she then said, getting up and holding out her hand to him, ‘will you have me as your friend? Will you have me as your wife?’

At these words Mr Fogg stood up. For a moment he shut his eyes. When he opened them again, he said simply: ‘I love you. Yes, I love you and am yours!’

He called Passepartout, who came and saw his master and Aouda holding hands. The Frenchman understood, and his face filled with joy.

Mr Fogg asked him whether it was too late for him to call on the Reverend Samuel Wilson to make arrangements for a marriage.

Passepartout smiled. ‘It is never too late,’ he said. It was five minutes past eight. ‘It will be for tomorrow, Monday,’ he added.

‘For tomorrow, Monday?’ asked Mr Fogg, looking at Aouda.

‘For tomorrow, Monday!’ she answered.

Passepartout ran out of the house.