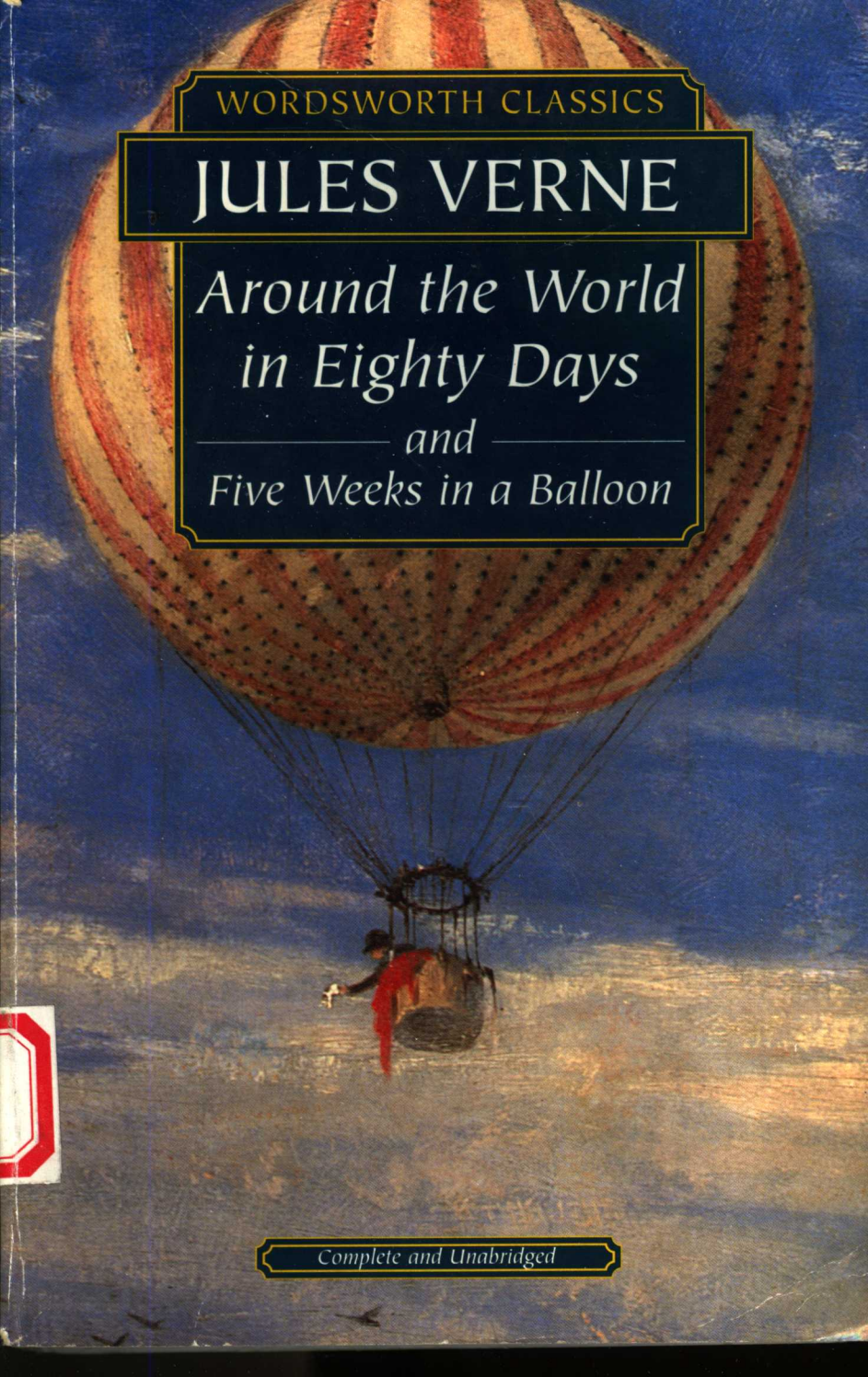
WORDSWORTH CLASSICS
JULES VERNE
Around the World in Eighty Days
and
Five Weeks in a Balloon
Complete and Unabridged

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS
&
FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON

Jules Verne

WORDSWORTH CLASSICS

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INTRODUCTION

Around the World in Eighty Days is a romantic tale recounting the adventurous travels of the hero, the Englishman Phileas Fogg, and his French valet, Passepartout. Fogg takes on a bet at his London club that he can circle the world in eighty days using the wonders of modern ships and trains. There follows a series of fantastic adventures for the loyal servant and his resourceful and inventive master.

Five Weeks in a Balloon vividly describes the adventures of an English scientist and his two companions as they cross Africa by balloon.

The French novelist, Jules Verne, achieved great popularity by combining adventure, popular science and an audacious imagination in a highly readable and enjoyable form. He was born on the Ile Feydeau in Nantes on 8 February 1828, the eldest of five children. His father was a prosperous lawyer while his mother, Sophie, came from a military family. He attended school in Nantes, passing his baccalaureate in 1846, and studied law in Paris from 1847 until graduating in 1849. He took up writing in his early twenties. His first creative efforts were directed to opera libretti and he collaborated on this on several occasions with Dumas fils. He married a young widow, Honorine de Viane, on 10 January 1857. Five Weeks in a Balloon *was published in 1862 and was his first successful work of fiction. This was followed by* Voyage to the Centre of the Earth *in 1864,* Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea *in 1869, and* Around the World in Eighty Days *in 1873. His genius lay in anticipating scientific invention and discovery without indulging in fantastic exaggeration. This ensured understanding in those reading his works as they were published and, for later generations, an appreciation of how his ideas rested on practical observation and scientific evolution. This gift was allied to great literary ability and he is widely acknowledged as the father of science fiction. Jules Verne died on 24 March 1905 and is buried at Amiens where he had lived for many years as a prominent citizen.*

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AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

CHAPTER I

In which Phileas Fogg and Passepartout accept each other as master and man

In the year 1872, No. 7 Savile Row, Burlington Gardens, the house in which Sheridan died in 1816, was occupied by Phileas Fogg, Esq. Of the members of the Reform Club in London few, if any, were more peculiar or more specially noticed than Phileas Fogg, although he seemed to make a point of doing nothing that could draw attention.

So one of the greatest orators who honour England had for a successor this man, Phileas Fogg, a sphinx-like person, of whom nothing was known except that he was a thorough gentleman and one of the handsomest men in English high society.

He was said to be like Byron – his head, at least, was supposed to be like Byron's, for his feet were faultless – a Byron with moustache and whiskers, a phlegmatic Byron, who would have lived a thousand years without getting any older.

English Phileas Fogg certainly was, though perhaps not a Londoner. No one had ever seen him at the Stock Exchange or the Bank, or at any of the offices in the City.

No ship owned by Phileas Fogg had ever been berthed in the basins or docks of London. He was not to be found on any board of directors. His name had never been heard among the barristers of the Temple, Lincoln's Inn or Gray's Inn. He was never known to plead in the Court of Chancery or of Queen's Bench, in the Court of Exchequer or in an Ecclesiastical Court. He was neither manufacturer nor merchant, tradesman nor farmer. The Royal Society of Great Britain, the London Society, the Workmen's Society, the Russell Society, the Western Literary Society, the Law Society, the Society of United Arts and Sciences, which is under the patronage of Her Gracious Majesty – he belonged to none of these. In a word, he was not a member of a single one of the many associations that swarm in the English capital, from the Armonica Society to the Entomological Society, founded chiefly for the object of destroying noxious insects.

Phileas Fogg was a member of the Reform Club, he was nothing else.

That such a mysterious person should have been numbered among this honourable company might cause astonishment; let me say, then, that he was admitted on the recommendation of Messrs Baring Brothers, on whom he was at liberty to draw to an extent unlimited. From this fact he derived a certain standing, as his cheques were regularly cashed at sight out of the balance of his current account, always in credit.

Phileas Fogg was undeniably a wealthy man, but how he had made his fortune was more than the best-informed could say, and Mr Fogg was the last person to whom it would have been wise to apply for information on the subject. At all events, while in no way extravagant, he was not mean, for wherever a sum of money was wanted to make up the amount required for some noble, useful or generous object, he gave it quietly and even anonymously. Well, nothing could be more uncommunicative than this gentleman. He spoke as little as possible, and this silence made him appear all the more mysterious. And yet he lived quite openly, but there was ever such a mathematical regularity about everything he did, that imagination was disappointed and went beyond the facts. Had he travelled? Probably, for nobody had a more intimate knowledge of the map of the world. There was not a spot, however remote, with which he did not appear to be specially acquainted. Sometimes, in a few words succinct and clear, he would correct the statements innumerable current in the Club about those travellers who had been lost or had gone astray; he would point out what had in all probability happened, and his words often turned out to have been as though inspired by a gift of second-sight, so completely justified were they always in the event.

The man must have travelled everywhere – mentally, if in no other way.

One thing was certain, however: Phileas Fogg had not left London for years. Those who had the honour of knowing him a little better than the rest asserted that no one could say he had ever seen him elsewhere than at the Club, or on his way to the Club, whither he went straight from his house day after day.

His one pastime consisted in reading the papers and playing whist. At this silent game, so congenial to his nature, he often won, but the money he won never went into his purse; it represented an important sum in the budget of his charity. Moreover, be it noted that Mr Fogg obviously played for the sake of playing, not of winning. For him the game was a fight, a struggle against a difficulty, but a struggle free from motion, change of place or fatigue. This just suited his temperament. As far as anyone knew, Phileas Fogg had neither wife nor child, which

may happen to the most respectable people; he had no relations, no friends, which verily is more exceptional.

Phileas Fogg lived by himself in his house in Savile Row, which nobody ever entered.

Of his home life never a word.

One servant ministered to all his wants. He lunched and dined at the Club at absolutely regular hours, in the same room, at the same table; he never treated his fellow-members, never invited a stranger. He never availed himself of those comfortable bedrooms that the Reform Club places at the disposal of its members, but went home at midnight punctually, just to go to bed. Out of twenty-four hours he spent ten at home, either sleeping or attending to his toilet. If he took walking exercise, he invariably did so with measured step on the inlaid floor of the front hall, or in the circular gallery under a dome of blue glass supported by twenty Ionic pillars of red porphyry. Whether he dined or lunched, it was the Club's kitchens, the Club's larder, pantry, fish-stores, and dairy that supplied his table with their savoury provisions; it was the Club's waiters, solemn-faced men in dress-coats, with molleton under the soles of their shoes, who served his food on special china, upon admirable Saxony napery; it was out of the Club's matchless glasses that he drank his sherry, his port, or his claret flavoured with cinnamon and capillaire; and it was the ice of the Club, imported at great expense from the American lakes, that kept his beverages in a satisfactory state of coolness.

If such a mode of life denotes eccentricity, there is no denying that eccentricity has points. Though not palatial, the house in Savile Row was commendable for extreme comfort. And the habits of its tenant being what they were, the service was very light; but Phileas Fogg required quite exceptional punctuality and regularity of his one servant.

That very day, the second of October, Phileas Fogg had dismissed James Foster, because the fellow had committed the offence of bringing him shaving-water at eighty-four Fahrenheit instead of eighty-six, and he was expecting the new servant, who was to report himself between eleven and half-past.

Phileas Fogg, sitting in his armchair, squarely and bolt upright, with head erect, his feet close together like those of a soldier on parade, his hands resting on his knees, was watching the progress of the hand of the clock, a complicated piece of mechanism, which marked the hours, the minutes, the seconds, the days of the month with their names, and the year. On the stroke of half-past eleven Mr Fogg, as was his wont day after day, would be leaving home to go to the Reform Club.

At this moment there was a knock at the door of the morning-room

in which Mr Phileas Fogg was sitting. James Foster, the dismissed servant, appeared and said:

'The new servant.'

A man some thirty years of age presented himself and bowed.

'You are a Frenchman, and your name is John?' queried Phileas Fogg.

'Jean, if you please, sir,' replied the newcomer, 'Jean Passepartout. The surname has stuck to me, justified as it was by my natural gumption for getting out of scrapes. I believe I am an honest fellow, sir, but, to tell you the truth, I have done more things than one to earn a living. Street singing, vaulting like Léotard, tight-rope walking like Blondin; I did all this and then, to make better use of my attainments, I became a teacher of gymnastics, and last I was a sergeant of firemen in Paris. My service record actually contains mention of noteworthy fires. But it is now five years since I left France and became a valet in England, having a mind to see how I should like family life. Now, being out of a place, and hearing that Mr Phileas Fogg was the most particular and most sedentary gentleman in the United Kingdom, I have come to you, sir, in the hope of living here in peace and quietness, and forgetting the very name of Passepartout.'

'Passepartout suits me very well,' replied the gentleman; 'you have been recommended to me. Your references are good. You know my terms?'

'Yes, sir.'

'That is all right. What time do you make it?'

'Twenty-two minutes past eleven,' answered Passepartout, pulling out a huge silver watch from the depths of his pocket.

'You are slow,' said Mr Fogg.

'Pardon me, sir, but that's impossible.'

'You are four minutes slow. It is of no consequence; I wish to point out the error, nothing more. Well then, from this moment, eleven-twenty-nine a.m., Wednesday, October 2nd, 1872, you are in my service.'

Thereupon Phileas Fogg got up, took his hat with his left hand, put it on his head with the action of an automaton, and disappeared without saying another word.

Passepartout heard the street-door shut once; it was his new master going out; then he heard it shut a second time; that was his predecessor, James Foster, likewise making his exit.

Passepartout remained alone in the house in Savile Row.

CHAPTER II

In which Passepartout is convinced that he has at last found his ideal

'My word,' said Passepartout to himself, a little dazed at first, 'I have known at Madame Tussaud's folks with just as much life in them as my new master!'

It should be said that Madame Tussaud's 'folks' are wax figures, very popular with sight-seers in London, and in which speech alone is lacking. Passepartout had just had a very hurried glimpse of Phileas Fogg, but he had quickly, yet carefully, looked over his new master.

His age might have been forty, his countenance was noble and handsome, his figure tall, and none the worse for a slight tendency to stoutness, his hair and whiskers were fair, his forehead was smooth and bore no signs of wrinkles at the temples; the face had little colour, the teeth were splendid. He appeared to possess in the highest degree what physiognomists call 'rest in action,' a virtue shared by all who are more efficient than noisy. Even-tempered, phlegmatic, with a clear and steady eye, he was the perfect type of those cool Englishmen who are fairly numerous in the United Kingdom, and whose somewhat academic pose has been wonderfully portrayed by the brush of Angelica Kaufmann. When you considered the various functions of this man's existence, you conceived the idea of a being well balanced and accurately harmonised throughout, as perfect as a chronometer by Leroy or Earnshaw.

The fact is Phileas Fogg was the personification of accuracy. This was clearly shown by the 'expression of his feet and hands,' for in man, as well as in animals, the limbs themselves are organs that express the passions.

Phileas Fogg was one of those mathematically precise people who, never hurried and always ready, waste no step or movement. He always went by the shortest way, so never took a stride more than was needed. He never gave the ceiling an unnecessary glance, and never indulged in a superfluous gesture. No one ever saw him moved or put out. Though no man ever hurried so little, he was always in time.

Howbeit, one can understand why he lived alone, and, so to speak, outside all social intercourse. He knew that there is always in social life