

AROUND

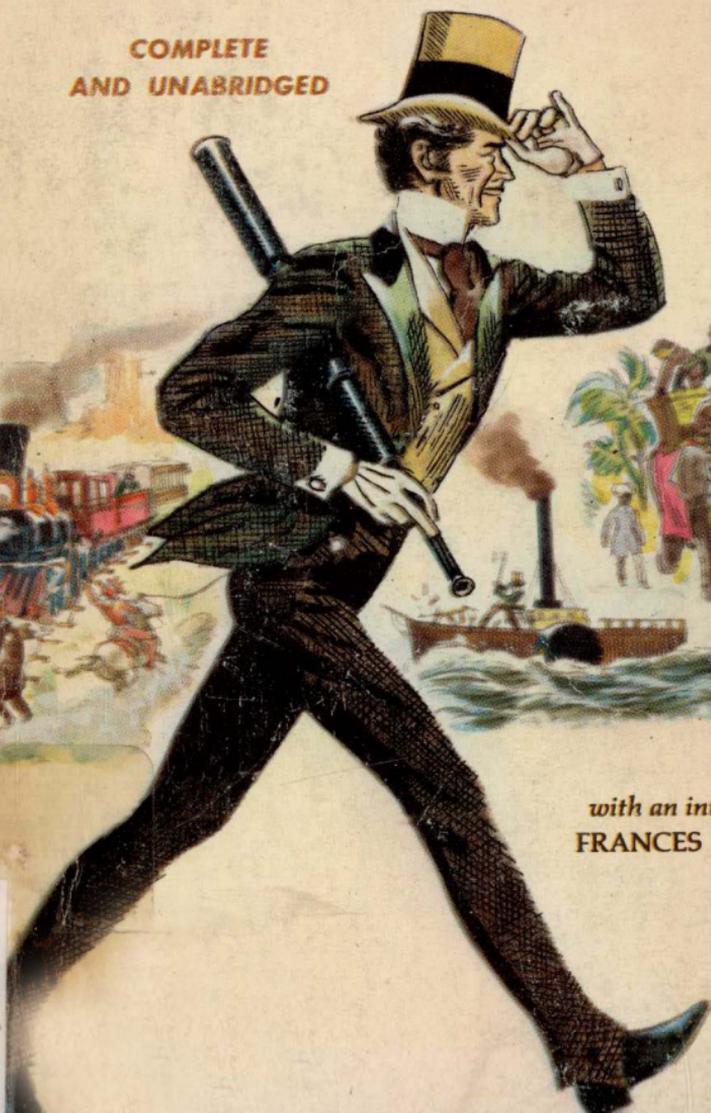
THE

WORLD IN 80 DAYS

JULES
VERNE

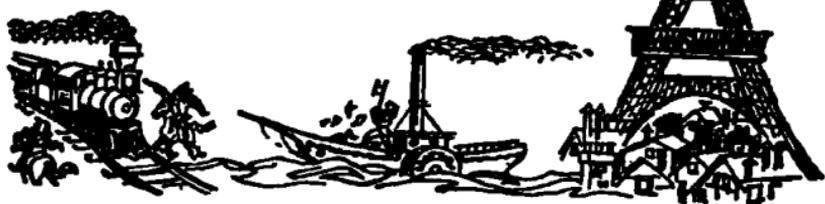


COMPLETE
AND UNABRIDGED



with an introduction by
FRANCES H. PUTMAN

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS



JULES VERNE

Introduction

It was while strolling along the boulevards of Paris on a summer's day in 1871 that Jules Verne picked up a stray Cook's travel folder. His eyes hit upon one paragraph that joyously pointed out that, with the existence of regular steamship services and continental railroads, a complete trip around the world could now be looked upon as a mere holiday jaunt, requiring only three months to accomplish.

This idea, according to his biographers, took immediate root in M. Verne's fertile imagination as he contemplated the hazards of such a speedy circuit. "What sort of people," he might well have asked himself, "would set off on a trek around the world?"

He raced back to his home and sat down to sketch the figures of Phileas Fogg and Passepartout, cut them out in cardboard, and after impaling their bodies on hatpins, routed them across three oceans and four continents on a wall map.

Within a year "the novel of perpetual motion," as he nicknamed it, was complete. Readers in Europe, England,

and America impatiently awaited each new issue of the Parisian magazine *Le Temps* which was publishing the hectic chapters of *Around the World in Eighty Days* in serial form. Citizens of normally sober habits were betting large sums on the likelihood of Phileas Fogg circling the world before the deadline. Steamship companies offered Verne fantastic sums if he would but bring his hero home in triumph on one of *their* ships. The Paris correspondents of foreign newspapers cabled their readers the details of each new incident in Fogg's odyssey as though it were actual fact.

Who, one might well ask, was Jules Verne, that his writings should arouse such clamor? Take one overactive imagination. Place it squarely in the middle of the nineteenth century. Add a precise scientific curiosity, a frustrated desire for world travel, and the ability to write quickly and with zest. Simmer for a few years in the midst of Parisian literary society, and you might produce a Jules Verne.

Already the world knew him as the author of *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, *From the Earth to the Moon*, *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, and *The Mysterious Island*—books which had created a completely new trend in fiction, bubbling as each did with mystery, scientific conjecture, and distant lands. Verne had been born at a unique time in history. In 1828, the world was still just teetering on the fascinating brink of the Scientific and Industrial Revolutions. At his seaside home near Nantes, France, the young Jules played with toy telegraphs, filled his exercise book with sketches of flying machines, and designed a "steam-elephant-omnibus." His holidays were spent down by the quays among tall-masted ships, tanned sailors, and strange cargoes. At the advanced age of eleven, he decided to investigate the Indies in person, and signed up as cabin boy on the *Coralie*, bound for America. His father intervened at the last minute. Jules was summarily brought home, where he solemnly swore that henceforth he would travel only in his imagination.

Travel he might not, but learn he did, and the young Verne forgot nothing. His mind stored up every fact it

came upon for future use, and frequent contact with explorers, adventurers, and specialists in strange new fields of science whetted his curiosity. In 1848, despite the family desire to turn him into a lawyer, he set off for Paris and a literary career.

It was not until 1863, when a sympathetic publisher suggested that he turn a serious scientific treatise on air travel via balloon into story form, that success came to him. From this first best-seller, *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, there developed his famous series of novels, *Les Voyages Extraordinaires* or *The Wonderful Travels*, each with its sturdy hero piloting his chosen vehicle, balloon, subterranean vessel, or humble horse, into Africa, oceanic depths, new planets or volcanic interiors. Careful scientific calculation, voracious reading, and a series of shrewd or lucky guesses endowed his works with a rare prophetic insight into the twentieth century and its discoveries.

Around the World in Eighty Days does not, however, fit into this pattern of early science fiction; here he is not foretelling the advent of submarines, space travel, or artificial satellites. The adventures of P. Fogg, Esq., and his valet are based on contemporary facts and inventions. How, then, can we account for its amazing popularity on publication? First, it must not be forgotten that for the men of the nineteenth century all mechanical devices possessed a curious fascination. Mankind, they firmly believed, knew no more limitations. A machine of some sort, like a cast-iron Pegasus, would always carry it triumphantly onwards. By cleverly combining a factual description of contemporary transportation devices with an adventure story that rivaled those of Marco Polo or Gulliver, Verne had hit upon a theme which entranced old and young.

This novel is still in continuous demand today, at a time when the world can be circled in minutes, not months, and our knowledge of geography and science dwarfs the bits of scattered data on which Verne had to base his descriptions of unseen foreign lands. Yet it is no polite antiquarian interest that carries the modern reader pell-mell through the pages of this saga. Eighty-odd years

after its first publication, Verne's knack for writing a rousing adventure story still survives, and his delightfully eccentric characters still intrigue us.

Where in all literature will you find a hero to equal Phileas Fogg? The mind reels at his courage in the face of catastrophe. Lesser men might quake and retreat, but the enigmatic Englishman with his mania for punctuality commandeers elephants, reroutes ocean steamers, and rescues burning females with phlegmatic aplomb—and usually a second or two to spare.

As Watson is to Holmes, so Passepartout is to Fogg. Eager, volatile, tragically talkative, the little French valet follows, loses, saves and bedevils his master with equal zeal. And it is through his eyes that we see the world careening by, for the sly Verne implies that Fogg, like most Englishmen abroad, prefers whist to new vistas. Thus it is Passepartout who investigates Arab mosques, opium dens, and the marvels of the Mormon faith.

Villains surround our heroes on every side. As though it were not enough for Fogg to have to battle all the elements, he must contend with the long, blundering arm of The Law, in the shape of Inspector Fix, to whose wearisome interference is added the incidental tribulation of heathen Brahmins, the insolent Colonel Proctor, and a band of bloodthirsty Sioux.

And there is romance! Some critics have suggested that while Verne might be a master of suspense, he lacked the ability to portray emotion. But in all the annals of fiction will you find a more splendid (albeit succinct) example of a woman's faith in the man she loves than Mrs. Aouda's breathless "Ah" as she presses Fogg's hand to her heart?

At the time of his death, in 1905, Jules Verne had written sixty-odd books. Of them all, the chronicle of Phileas Fogg and his extravagant wager remains the favorite. The reason? Its utter simplicity. Perhaps Verne was, as some have claimed, "a man who never grew up," but for him the world never lost its original wonder. To us, he has bequeathed a portion of that wonder.

—FRANCES H. PUTMAN, M.A.

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THE WORLD  
IN  
EIGHTY DAYS**

JULES VERNE

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**1. IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG AND PASSEPARTOUT
ACCEPT EACH OTHER, THE ONE AS MASTER,
THE OTHER AS MAN**

Mr. Phileas Fogg lived, in 1872, at No. 7, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, the house in which Sheridan died in 1814. He was one of the most noticeable members of the Reform Club, though he seemed always to avoid attracting attention; an enigmatical personage, about whom little was known, except that he was a polished man of the world. People said that he resembled Byron—at least that his head was Bryonic; but he was a bearded, tranquil Byron, who might live on a thousand years without growing old.

Certainly an Englishman, it was more doubtful whether Phileas Fogg was a Londoner. He was never seen on 'Change, nor at the Bank, nor in the counting-rooms of the "City"; no ships ever came into London docks of which he was the owner; he had no public employment; he had never been entered at any of the Inns of Court, either at the Temple, or Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's Inn; nor had his voice ever resounded in the Court of Chancery, or in the Exchequer, or the Queen's Bench, or the Ecclesiastical Courts. He certainly was not a manufacturer; nor was he a merchant or a gentleman farmer. His name was strange to the scientific and learned societies, and he never was known to take part in the sage deliberations of the Royal Institution or the London Institution, the Artisan's Association, or the Institution of Arts and Sciences. He belonged, in fact, to none of the numerous societies which swarm in the English capital, from the Harmonic to that of the Entomologists, founded mainly for the purpose of abolishing pernicious insects.

Phileas Fogg was a member of the Reform, and that was all.

The way in which he got admission to this exclusive club was simple enough.

He was recommended by the Barings, with whom he had an open credit. His cheques were regularly paid at sight from his account current, which was always flush.

Was Phileas Fogg rich? Undoubtedly. But those who knew him best could not imagine how he had made his fortune, and Mr. Fogg was the last person to whom to apply for the information. He was not lavish, nor, on the contrary, avaricious; for, whenever he knew that money was needed

for a noble, useful, or benevolent purpose, he supplied it quietly and sometimes anonymously. He was, in short, the least communicative of men. He talked very little, and seemed all the more mysterious for his taciturn manner. His daily habits were quite open to observation; but whatever he did was so exactly the same thing that he had always done before, that the wits of the curious were fairly puzzled.

Had he travelled? It was likely, for no one seemed to know the world more familiarly; there was no spot so secluded that he did not appear to have an intimate acquaintance with it. He often corrected, with a few clear words, the thousand conjectures advanced by members of the club as to lost and unheard-of travellers, pointing out the true probabilities, and seeming as if gifted with a sort of second sight, so often did events justify his predictions. He must have travelled everywhere, at least in the spirit.

It was at least certain that Phileas Fogg had not absented himself from London for many years. Those who were honoured by a better acquaintance with him than the rest, declared that nobody could pretend to have ever seen him anywhere else. His sole pastimes were reading the papers and playing whist. He often won at this game, which, as a silent one, harmonised with his nature; but his winnings never went into his purse, being reserved as a fund for his charities. Mr. Fogg played, not to win, but for the sake of playing. The game was in his eyes a contest, a struggle with a difficulty, yet a motionless, unwearying struggle, congenial to his tastes.

Phileas Fogg was not known to have either wife or children, which may happen to the most honest people; either relatives or near friends, which is certainly more unusual. He lived alone in his house in Saville Row, whither none penetrated. A single domestic sufficed to serve him. He breakfasted and dined at the club, at hours mathematically fixed, in the same room, at the same table, never taking his meals with other members, much less bringing a guest with him; and went home at exactly midnight, only to retire at once to bed. He never used the cosy chambers which the Reform provides for its favoured members. He passed ten hours out of the twenty-four in Saville Row, either in sleeping or making his toilet. When he chose to take a walk it was with a regular step in the entrance hall with its mosaic flooring, or in the circular gallery with its dome supported by

twenty red porphyry Ionic columns, and illuminated by blue painted windows. When he breakfasted or dined all the resources of the club—its kitchens and pantries, its buttery and dairy—aided to crowd his table with their most succulent stores; he was served by the gravest waiters, in dress coats, and shoes with swan-skin soles, who proffered the viands in special porcelain, and on the finest linen; club decanters, of a lost mould, contained his sherry, his port, and his cinnamon-spiced claret; while his beverages were refreshingly cooled with ice, brought at great cost from the American lakes.

If to live in this style is to be eccentric, it must be confessed that there is something good in eccentricity.

The Mansion in Saville Row, though not sumptuous, was exceedingly comfortable. The habits of its occupant were such as to demand but little from the sole domestic, but Phileas Fogg required him to be almost superhumanly prompt and regular. On this very 2nd of October he had dismissed James Forster, because that luckless youth had brought him shaving-water at eighty-four degrees Fahrenheit instead of eighty-six; and he was awaiting his successor, who was due at the house between eleven and half-past.

Phileas Fogg was seated squarely in his armchair, his feet close together like those of a grenadier on parade, his hands resting on his knees, his body straight, his head erect; he was steadily watching a complicated clock which indicated the hours, the minutes, the seconds, the days, the months, and the years. At exactly half-past eleven Mr. Fogg would, according to his daily habit, quit Saville Row, and repair to the Reform.

A rap at this moment sounded on the door of the cosy apartment where Phileas Fogg was seated, and James Forster, the dismissed servant, appeared.

"The new servant," said he.

A young man of thirty advanced and bowed.

"You are a Frenchman, I believe," asked Phileas Fogg, "and your name is John?"

"Jean, if monsieur pleases," replied the newcomer, "Jean Passepartout, a surname which has clung to me because I have a natural aptness for going out of one business into another. I believe I'm honest, monsieur, but, to be outspoken, I've had several trades. I've been an itinerant singer, a circus-rider, when I used to vault like Leotard, and dance on a rope

like Blondin. Then I got to be a professor of gymnastics, so as to make better use of my talents; and then I was a sergeant fireman at Paris, and assisted at many a big fire. But I quitted France five years ago, and, wishing to taste the sweets of domestic life, took service as a valet here in England. Finding myself out of place, and hearing that Monsieur Phileas Fogg was the most exact and settled gentleman in the United Kingdom, I have come to monsieur in the hope of living with him a tranquil life, and forgetting even the name of Passepartout."

"Passepartout suits me," responded Mr. Fogg. "You are well recommended to me; I hear a good report of you. You know my conditions?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Good! What time is it?"

"Twenty-two minutes after eleven," returned Passepartout, drawing an enormous silver watch from the depths of his pocket.

"You are too slow," said Mr. Fogg.

"Pardon me, monsieur, it is impossible——"

"You are four minutes too slow. No matter; it's enough to mention the error. Now from this moment, twenty-nine minutes after eleven, a.m., this Wednesday, 2nd October, you are in my service."

Phileas Fogg got up, took his hat in his left hand, put it on his head with an automatic motion, and went off without a word.

Passepartout heard the street door shut once; it was his new master going out. He heard it shut again; it was his predecessor, James Forster, departing in his turn. Passepartout remained alone in the house in Saville Row.

2. IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT IS CONVINCED THAT HE HAS AT LAST FOUND HIS IDEAL

"Faith," muttered Passepartout, somewhat flurried, "I've seen people at Madame Tussaud's as lively as my new master!"

Madame Tussaud's "people," let it be said, are of wax, and are much visited in London; speech is all that is wanting to make them human.

During his brief interview with Mr. Fogg, Passepartout had been carefully observing him. He appeared to be a man about forty years of age, with fine, handsome features, and a tall, well-shaped figure; his hair and whiskers were light, his forehead compact and unwrinkled, his face rather pale, his teeth magnificent. His countenance possessed in the highest degree what physiognomists call "repose in action," a quality of those who act rather than talk. Calm and phlegmatic, with a clear eye, Mr. Fogg seemed a perfect type of that English composure which Angelica Kauffmann has so skilfully represented on canvas. Seen in the various phases of his daily life, he gave the idea of being perfectly well-balanced, as exactly regulated as a Leroy chronometer. Phileas Fogg was, indeed, exactitude personified, and this was betrayed even in the expression of his very hands and feet; for in men, as well as in animals, the limbs themselves are expressive of the passions.

He was so exact that he was never in a hurry, was always ready, and was economical alike of his steps and his motions. He never took one step too many, and always went to his destination by the shortest cut; he made no superfluous gestures, and was never seen to be moved or agitated. He was the most deliberate person in the world, yet always reached his destination at the exact moment.

He lived alone, and, so to speak, outside of every social relation; and as he knew that in this world account must be taken of friction, and that friction retards, he never rubbed against anybody.

As for Passepartout, he was a true Parisian of Paris. Since he had abandoned his own country for England, taking service as a valet, he had in vain searched for a master after his own heart. Passepartout was by no means one of those pert dunces depicted by Molière, with a bold gaze and a nose held high in the air; he was an honest fellow, with a pleasant face,

lips a trifle protruding, soft-mannered and serviceable, with a good round head, such as one likes to see on the shoulders of a friend. His eyes were blue, his complexion rubicund, his figure almost portly and well-built, his body muscular, and his physical powers fully developed by the exercises of his younger days. His brown hair was somewhat tumbled; for, while the ancient sculptors are said to have known eighteen methods of arranging Minerva's tresses, Passepartout was familiar with but one of dressing his own: three strokes of a large-tooth comb completed his toilet.

It would be rash to predict how Passepartout's lively nature would agree with Mr. Fogg. It was impossible to tell whether the new servant would turn out as absolutely methodical as his master required; experience alone could solve the question. Passepartout had been a sort of vagrant in his early years, and now yearned for repose; but so far he had failed to find it, though he had already served in ten English houses. But he could not take root in any of these; with chagrin, he found his masters invariably whimsical and irregular, constantly running about the country, or on the look-out for adventure. His last master, young Lord Longferry, Member of Parliament, after passing his nights in the Haymarket taverns, was too often brought home in the morning on policeman's shoulders. Passepartout, desirous of respecting the gentleman whom he served, ventured a mild remonstrance on such conduct; which, being ill-received, he took his leave. Hearing that Mr. Phileas Fogg was looking for a servant, and that his life was one of unbroken regularity, that he neither travelled nor stayed from home overnight, he felt sure that this would be the place he was after. He presented himself, and was accepted, as has been seen.

At half-past eleven, then, Passepartout found himself alone in the house in Saville Row. He begun its inspection without delay, scouring it from cellar to garret. So clean, well-arranged, solemn a mansion pleased him; it seemed to him like a snail's shell, lighted and warmed by gas, which sufficed for both these purposes. When Passepartout reached the second story he recognised at once the room which he was to inhabit, and he was well satisfied with it. Electric bells and speaking-tubes afforded communication with the lower stories; while on the mantel stood an electric clock, precisely like that in Mr. Fogg's bedchamber, both beating