

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ
ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

4
УРОВЕНЬ



Jules Verne
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

Жюль Верн
ВОКРУГ СВЕТА ЗА 80 ДНЕЙ

словарь • комментарии

Легко читаем по-английски

Жюль Верн

**Вокруг света за 80 дней /
Around the World in 80 Days**

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Верн Ж. Г.

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Филеас Фогг заключает пари с приятелями по лондонскому клубу: он уверен, что сможет обогнуть земной шар и вернуться в Лондон всего за 80 дней. Фоггу и его слуге Паспарту предстоит проехать множество стран и пересечь два океана на пути к цели. Для удобства читателя текст сопровождается комментариями и кратким словарем. Предназначается для продолжающих изучать английский язык (уровень 4 – Upper-Intermediate).

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Жюль Верн / Jules Verne
Вокруг света за 80 дней /
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Chapter I

Mr. **Phileas Fogg**¹ lived in 1872, at No. 7, **Saville Row**². He was one of the most noticeable members of **the Reform Club**³. Certainly an Englishman, it was more doubtful whether Phileas Fogg was a **Londoner**⁴. He was never seen on **Change**⁵, nor at the Bank, nor in the “City”; no ships ever came into London docks of which he was the owner; he had no public employment; nor had his voice ever resounded in the **Court of Chancery**⁶. 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. He belonged, in fact, to none of the numerous societies in the English capital. Phileas Fogg was a member of the Reform, and that was all.

Was Phileas Fogg rich? Undoubtedly. But those who knew him best could not imagine how **he had made his fortune**⁷, and Mr. Fogg was the last person to whom to apply for this information. He was not lavish, nor avaricious; for, whenever he knew that money was needed for a noble, useful, or benevolent purpose, he supplied it quietly and sometimes anonymously. He talked very little. His daily habits were quite open to observation.

Had he travelled? It was likely, for no one seemed to know the world more familiarly. He must have traveled everywhere, at least **in the spirit**⁸.

His sole pastimes were reading the papers and playing whist. He often won, which 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**⁹ playing. The game was in his eyes a contest, a struggle with a difficulty.

Phileas Fogg was not known to have either wife or children. He lived alone in his house in Saville Row. He breakfasted and dined at the club, at hours mathematically fixed, in the same room, at the same table, **never taking his meals**¹⁰ with other members, and went home at exactly midnight, only to retire at once to bed. He passed ten hours out of the twenty-four in Saville Row. His mansion was exceedingly comfortable, and to achieve this, Phileas Fogg required his servant to be almost superhumanly prompt and regular. On this very 2nd of October he had dismissed **James Forster**¹¹, because that luckless youth had brought him shaving-water at **eighty-four degrees Fahrenheit**¹² instead of **eighty-six**¹³, 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, 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. A rap sounded on the door and James Forster, the dismissed servant, appeared, along with a stranger.

“The new servant,” said he.

¹ **Phileas Fogg** – Филеас Фогг

² **Saville Row** – Сэвиль-роу

³ **Reform Club** – Реформ-клуб

⁴ **Londoner** – уроженец Лондона

⁵ **Change** – биржа

⁶ **Court of Chancery** – Канцлерский суд

⁷ **he had made his fortune** – он нажил своё состояние

⁸ **in the spirit** – мысленно

⁹ **for the sake of** – ради

¹⁰ **taking his meals** – угощая

¹¹ **James Forster** – Джеймс Фостер

¹² **eighty-four degrees Fahrenheit** – 84° по Фаренгейту (=28,89 °C)

¹³ **64 °F** = 17,78 °C

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**¹⁴. I believe I’m honest, monsieur, but I’ve had several trades. I’ve been **an itinerant singer**¹⁵, **a circus-rider**¹⁶, when I used to dance on a rope. Then I got to be a professor of gymnastics; and then I was **a sergeant fireman**¹⁷ at Paris. But I quitted France five years ago, and took service as a valet here in England.”

“Passepartout,” 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.

“Your watch is too slow,” said Mr. Fogg.

“Pardon me, monsieur, it is impossible—”

“Four minutes 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 remained alone in the house in Saville Row.

¹⁴ **Jean Passepartout** – Жан Паспарту

¹⁵ **itinerant singer** – бродячий певец

¹⁶ **circus-rider** – цирковой наездник

¹⁷ **sergeant fireman** – старший пожарный

Chapter II

“Oh,” muttered Passepartout, “I’ve seen people at **Madame Tussaud’s**¹⁸ as lively as my new master!” Madame Tussaud’s “people,” let it be said, are of wax, and are much visited in London.

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. Calm and phlegmatic, with a clear eye, Mr. Fogg seemed a perfect type of that English composure. 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 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. He lived alone, and, so to speak, outside of every social relation.

As for Passepartout, he was a **true Parisian of Paris**¹⁹. 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 an honest fellow, with a pleasant face, 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**²⁰.

It would be rash to predict how Passepartout’s lively nature would agree with Mr. Fogg. 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.

At half-past eleven, then, Passepartout found himself alone in the house in Saville Row. He began its inspection without delay. So clean, well-arranged, solemn a mansion pleased him; it seemed to him like a snail’s shell, lighted and warmed by gas. He suddenly observed a card—a programme of the daily routine of the house. It comprised all that was required of the servant, from eight in the morning, exactly at which hour Phileas Fogg rose, till half-past eleven, when he left the house for the Reform Club—all the details of service, the tea and toast at twenty-three minutes past eight, the shaving-water at thirty-seven minutes past nine, and the toilet at twenty minutes before ten. Everything was regulated and foreseen.

“This is just what I wanted!” said Passepartout to himself. “Ah, **we shall get on together**²¹, Mr. Fogg and I! What a domestic and regular gentleman! A real machine; well, I don’t mind serving a machine.”

¹⁸ **Madame Tussaud’s** – музей мадам Тюссо (*музей восковых фигур в Лондоне*)

¹⁹ **true Parisian of Paris** – простой парижанин

²⁰ **younger days** – молодость

²¹ **we shall get on together** – мы поладим

Chapter III

Phileas Fogg, having shut the door of his house at half-past eleven, reached the Reform Club, and took his place at the habitual table. He rose at thirteen minutes to one, and directed his steps towards the large hall. Half an hour later several members of the Reform came in and drew up to the fireplace. They were Mr. Fogg's usual partners at whist: **Andrew Stuart**²², an engineer; **John Sullivan**²³ and **Samuel Fallentin**²⁴, bankers; **Thomas Flanagan**²⁵, a brewer; and **Gauthier Ralph**²⁶, one of the Directors of the Bank of England—all rich and highly respectable personages.

“Well, Ralph,” said Thomas Flanagan, “what about that robbery?”

“Oh,” replied Stuart, “the Bank will lose the money.”

“On the contrary,” broke in Ralph, “I hope we may put our hands on the robber. Skilful detectives have been sent to all the principal ports of America and the Continent, and he'll be a clever fellow if he slips through their fingers.”

“But have you got the robber's description?” asked Stuart.

“In the first place, he is no robber at all,” returned Ralph, positively.

“What! A fellow who **makes off**²⁷ with fifty-five thousand pounds, no robber?”

“No.”

“Perhaps he's a manufacturer, then.”

“**The Daily Telegraph**²⁸ says that he is a gentleman.”

Phileas Fogg bowed to his friends, and entered into the conversation about the affair which had occurred three days before at the Bank of England. A package of banknotes, to the value of fifty-five thousand pounds, had been taken from the **principal cashier's**²⁹ table, who was engaged in registering the receipt of three shillings and sixpence. Of course, he could not have his eyes everywhere. **Let it be known**³⁰ that the Bank of England has no guards, nor gratings to protect its treasures, showing a touching confidence in the honesty of the public.

As soon as the robbery was discovered, many detectives hastened off to **Liverpool, Glasgow, Havre, Suez, Brindisi, New York**³¹, and other ports, inspired by the proffered reward of two thousand pounds, and **five per cent on the sum that might be recovered**³². Detectives were watching all who arrived at or left London.

As the *Daily Telegraph* said, the thief did not belong to a professional band. On the day of the robbery a well-dressed gentleman of **polished manners**³³ was going **to and fro**³⁴ in the paying room where the crime was committed. A description of him was easily procured and sent to the detectives. Everywhere people were discussing the probabilities of a successful pursuit; and the Reform Club was especially agitated.

²² **Andrew Stuart** – Эндрю Стюарт

²³ **John Sullivan** – Джон Салливан

²⁴ **Samuel Fallentin** – Сэмюэл Фаллентин

²⁵ **Thomas Flanagan** – Томас Флэнаган

²⁶ **Gauthier Ralph** – Готье Ральф

²⁷ **to make off** – стащить

²⁸ **The Daily Telegraph** – «Дэйли Телеграф» (название газеты)

²⁹ **principal cashier's** – главный кассир

³⁰ **let it be known** – да будет известно

³¹ **Liverpool, Glasgow, Havre, Suez, Brindisi, New York** – Ливерпуль, Глазго, Гавр, Суэц, Бриндизи, Нью-Йорк

³² **five per cent on the sum that might be recovered** – пять процентов с найденной суммы

³³ **polished manner** – прекрасные манеры

³⁴ **to and fro** – туда-сюда

“I maintain,” said Stuart, “that the chances are in favour of the thief, who must be a shrewd fellow.”

“Well, but could he go, then?” asked Ralph. “No country is safe for him.”

“Oh, I don’t know that. The world is big enough.”

“It was once,” said Phileas Fogg, in a low tone, handing the cards to Thomas Flanagan.

“What do you mean by ‘once’? Has the world grown smaller?”

“Certainly,” returned Ralph. “I agree with Mr. Fogg. The world has grown smaller, since a man can now go round it ten times more quickly than a hundred years ago. And that is why the search for this thief will be more likely to succeed.”

“And also why the thief can get away more easily.”

Stuart said eagerly: “So, because you can go round the world in three months—”

“In eighty days,” interrupted Phileas Fogg.

“That is true, gentlemen,” added John Sullivan. “Only eighty days, now that the section between **Rothal**³⁵ and **Allahabad**³⁶, on the **Great Indian Peninsula Railway**³⁷, has been opened. Here is the estimate made by the *Daily Telegraph*:

“From London to Suez via **Mont Cenis**³⁸ and Brindisi, by rail and steamboats, 7 days.

“From Suez to **Bombay**³⁹, by steamer, 13 days.

“From Bombay to **Calcutta**⁴⁰, by rail, 3 days.

“From Calcutta to **Hong Kong**⁴¹, by steamer, 13 days.

“From Hong Kong to **Yokohama**⁴², by steamer, 6 days.

“From Yokohama to San Francisco, by steamer, 22 days.

“From San Francisco to New York, by rail, 7 days.

“From New York to London, by steamer and rail, 9 days.

“Total 80 days.”

“Yes, in eighty days!” exclaimed Stuart. “But that doesn’t take into account bad weather, contrary winds, shipwrecks, railway accidents, and so on.”

“**All included**⁴³,” returned Phileas Fogg, continuing to play despite the discussion.

“But suppose the Hindoos or Indians pull up the rails,” replied Stuart; “suppose they stop the trains, **pillage the luggage-vans**⁴⁴, and scalp the passengers!”

“All included,” calmly retorted Fogg.

“You are right, theoretically, Mr. Fogg, but practically—”

“Practically also, Mr. Stuart.”

“I’d like to see you do it in eighty days.”

“It depends on you. Shall we go?”

“No! But I would wager four thousand pounds that such a journey, made under these conditions, is impossible.”

“Quite possible, on the contrary,” returned Mr. Fogg.

“Well, make it, then!”

“The journey round the world in eighty days?”

³⁵ **Rothal** – Роталь

³⁶ **Allahabad** – Аллахабад

³⁷ **Great Indian Peninsula Railway** – Великая индийская железная дорога

³⁸ **Mont-Cenis** – Мон-Сенис (горный перевал во Франции)

³⁹ **Bombay** – Бомбей (город в Индии, современное название – Мумбаи)

⁴⁰ **Calcutta** – Калькутта (город в Индии, современное название – Колката)

⁴¹ **Hong Kong** – Гонконг

⁴² **Yokohama** – Йокогама

⁴³ **All included.** – Всё учтено.

⁴⁴ **pillage the luggage-vans** – разграбят вагоны

“Yes.”

“I should like nothing better.”

“When?”

“At once. Only I warn you that I shall do it at your expense.”

“It’s absurd!” cried Stuart, who was beginning to be annoyed at the persistency of his friend.

“Come, let’s go on with the game.”

“Deal over again, then,” said Phileas Fogg.

“Well, Mr. Fogg,” said Stuart “it shall be so: I will wager the four thousand on it.”

“Calm yourself, my dear Stuart,” said Fallentin. “It’s only a joke.”

“When I say I’ll wager,” returned Stuart, “I mean it.”

“All right,” said Mr. Fogg; and, turning to the others, he continued: “I have a deposit of twenty thousand **at Baring’s**⁴⁵ which I will willingly risk upon it.”

“Twenty thousand pounds!” cried Sullivan. “Twenty thousand pounds, which you would lose by a single accidental delay!”

“The unforeseen does not exist,” quietly replied Phileas Fogg.

“But, Mr. Fogg, eighty days are only the estimate of the least possible time in which the journey can be made. In order not to exceed it, you must jump mathematically from the trains upon the steamers, and from the steamers upon the trains again.”

“I will jump—mathematically.”

“You are joking.”

“A true Englishman doesn’t joke when he is talking about so serious a thing as a wager,” replied Phileas Fogg, solemnly. “I will bet twenty thousand pounds against anyone who wishes that I will make the tour of the world in eighty days or less; in nineteen hundred and twenty hours, or a hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred minutes. Do you accept?”

After consulting each other, the gentlemen agreed to accept the wager.

“Good,” said Mr. Fogg. “The train leaves for **Dover**⁴⁶ at a quarter before nine. I will take it.”

“This very evening?” asked Stuart.

“This very evening,” returned Phileas Fogg. He took out and consulted a pocket calender, and added, “As today is Wednesday, the 2nd of October, I shall be due in London in this very room of the Reform Club, on Saturday, the 21st of December, at a quarter before 9 p.m., or else the twenty thousand pounds, now deposited in my name at Baring’s, will belong to you, in fact and in right, gentlemen. Here is a cheque for the amount.”

A memorandum of the wager was at once drawn up and signed by the six parties.

⁴⁵ **at Baring’s** – в банке братьев Бэринг

⁴⁶ **Dover** – Дувр

Chapter IV

Having won twenty guineas at whist, and taken leave of his friends, Phileas Fogg, at twenty-five minutes past seven, left the Reform Club.

When he got to his mansion, Mr. Fogg called out, "Passepartout!"

Passepartout did not reply. It could not be he who was called; it was not the right hour.

"Passepartout!" repeated Mr. Fogg, without raising his voice.

Passepartout made his appearance.

"I've called you twice," observed his master.

"But it is not midnight," responded the other, showing his watch.

"I know it; I don't blame you. We start for Dover and **Calais**⁴⁷ in ten minutes."

A puzzled grin overspread Passepartout's round face; clearly he had not comprehended his master.

"Monsieur is going to leave home?"

"Yes," returned Phileas Fogg. "We are going round the world."

Passepartout opened wide his eyes, raised his eyebrows, held up his hands; he was stupefied.

"Round the world!" he murmured.

"In eighty days," responded Mr. Fogg. "So we haven't a moment to lose."

"But the baggage?" gasped Passepartout, swaying his head from right to left.

"We'll have no trunks; only **a carpet-bag**⁴⁸, with two shirts and three pairs of stockings for me, and the same for you. We'll buy our clothes on the way. Make haste!"

Passepartout tried to reply, but could not. He went out, mounted to his own room, fell into a chair, and muttered: "That's good, that is! And I, who wanted to remain quiet!"

Around the world in eighty days! Was his master a fool? No. Was this a joke, then? They were going to Dover; good! To Calais; good again!

By eight o'clock Passepartout had packed the carpet-bag; then he carefully shut the door of his room, and descended to Mr. Fogg.

Mr. Fogg was quite ready. He took the carpetbag, opened it, and slipped into it a roll of Bank of England notes.

"You have forgotten nothing?" asked he.

"Nothing, monsieur."

"Good! Take this carpet-bag," handing it to Passepartout. "Take good care of it, for there are twenty thousand pounds in it."

Passepartout nearly dropped the bag.

They then descended, and at the end of Saville Row they took a cab and drove rapidly to **Charing Cross**⁴⁹. The cab stopped before the railway station at twenty minutes past eight. Passepartout jumped off the box and followed his master, who, after paying the cabman, was about to enter the station, when a poor beggar-woman, with a child in her arms, approached, and mournfully asked for alms.

Mr. Fogg took out the twenty guineas he had just won at whist, and handed them to the beggar, saying, "Here, my good woman. I'm glad that I met you;" and passed on.

Passepartout saw it; his master's action touched his susceptible heart.

Two first-class tickets for Paris having been speedily purchased, Mr. Fogg was crossing the station to the train, when he perceived his five friends of the Reform.

⁴⁷ **Calais** – Кале

⁴⁸ **carpet-bag** – саквояж

⁴⁹ **Charing Cross** – Чаринг-Кросс (вокзал в Лондоне)

“Well, gentlemen,” said he, “I’m off, you see; and you will be able to examine my passport when I get back.”

“Oh, that would be quite unnecessary, Mr. Fogg,” said Ralph politely. “We will trust your word, as a gentleman of honour.”

“You do not forget when you are due in London again?” asked Stuart.

“In eighty days; on Saturday, the 21st of December, 1872, at a quarter before 9 p.m. Goodbye, gentlemen.”

Phileas Fogg and his servant seated themselves in a first-class carriage at twenty minutes before nine; five minutes later the whistle screamed, and the train slowly glided out of the station.

The night was dark, and a fine, steady rain was falling. Passepartout suddenly uttered a cry of despair.

“What’s the matter?” asked Mr. Fogg.

“Alas! In my hurry—I—I forgot—”

“What?”

“To turn off the gas in my room!”

“Very well, young man,” returned Mr. Fogg, coolly; “it will burn—at your expense.”

Chapter V

Phileas Fogg did not suspect that his departure from London would create a lively sensation at the **West End**⁵⁰. The news of the bet soon got into the papers throughout England. The “tour of the world” was talked about, disputed, argued. Some took sides with Phileas Fogg, but the large majority shook their heads and declared against him; it was absurd, impossible, they declared, that the tour of the world could be made, except theoretically and on paper, in this minimum of time, and with the existing means of travelling. People in general thought him a lunatic, and blamed his Reform Club friends for having accepted this wager.

A few readers of the *Daily Telegraph* even dared to say, “Why not, after all? Stranger things happened.” At last a long article appeared, on the 7th of October, in the bulletin of the **Royal Geographical Society**⁵¹, which demonstrated the utter folly of the enterprise. Everything, it said, was against the travellers, every obstacle imposed alike by man and by nature. A miraculous agreement of the times of departure and arrival, which was impossible, was absolutely necessary to his success. There were accidents to machinery, the liability of trains to run off the line, collisions, bad weather, the blocking up by snow—were not all these against Phileas Fogg? Is it uncommon for the best ocean steamers to be two or three days behind time? But a single delay would suffice to fatally break the chain of communication. This article made a great deal of noise, and was copied into all the papers.

Everybody knows that England is the world of betting men; to bet is in the English temperament. Not only the members of the Reform, but the general public, made wagers for or against Phileas Fogg, as if he were a race-horse. But everybody was going against Fogg, and the bets stood a hundred and fifty and two hundred to one; and a week after his departure an incident occurred.

The commissioner of police was sitting in his office at nine o'clock one evening, when the following telegraphic dispatch was put into his hands:

Suez to London.
Rowan, Commissioner of Police,
*Scotland Yard*⁵²:

I've found the bank robber, Phileas Fogg. Send without delay warrant of arrest to Bombay.
Fix, Detective.

The effect of this dispatch was instantaneous. The polished gentleman disappeared to give place to the bank robber. His photograph was minutely examined, and it betrayed, feature by feature, the description of the robber. The mysterious habits of Phileas Fogg were recalled; his solitary ways, his sudden departure; and it seemed clear that he had wanted to elude the detectives.

⁵⁰ **West End** – Уэст-Энд (западная часть Лондона)

⁵¹ **Royal Geographical Society** – Королевское географическое общество

⁵² **Scotland Yard** – Скотланд-Ярд (штаб-квартира полицейского учреждения в Англии)

Chapter VI

The circumstances under which this telegraphic dispatch about Phileas Fogg was sent were as follows. The steamer *Mongolia*⁵³, built of iron, of two thousand eight hundred tons burden, and five hundred horse-power, was due at 11 a.m. on Wednesday, the 9th of October, at Suez. The *Mongolia* plied regularly between Brindisi and Bombay via the Suez Canal, and was one of the fastest steamers, always making more than ten knots an hour between Brindisi and Suez, and nine and a half between Suez and Bombay.

Two men were promenading up and down the wharves, among the crowd of natives and strangers. One was the British consul at Suez. The other was a small, slight-built personage, with a nervous, intelligent face, and bright eyes. He was just now manifesting signs of impatience, nervously pacing up and down, and unable to stand still for a moment. This was Fix, one of the detectives who had been dispatched from England in search of the bank robber; it was his task to watch every passenger who arrived at Suez, and to follow up all who seemed to be suspicious characters. The detective was evidently inspired by the hope of obtaining the splendid reward, and awaited with a feverish impatience, easy to understand, the arrival of the steamer *Mongolia*.

“So you say, consul,” asked he for the twentieth time, “that this steamer is never behind time?”

“No, Mr. Fix,” replied the consul.

“Does it come directly from Brindisi?”

“Directly from Brindisi; it takes on the Indian mail there, and it leaves on Saturday at five p.m. Have patience, Mr. Fix; it will not be late. But really, I don’t see how, from the description you have, you will be able to recognise your man, even if he is on board the *Mongolia*.”

“A man rather feels the presence of these fellows, consul, than recognises them. You must have a scent for them, and a scent is like a sixth sense which combines hearing, seeing, and smelling. I’ve arrested **more than one of these gentlemen**⁵⁴ in my time, and, if my thief is on board, I’ll answer for it; he’ll not slip through my fingers.”

“I hope so, Mr. Fix, for it was a heavy robbery.”

“A magnificent robbery, consul; fifty-five thousand pounds! We don’t often have such windfalls!”

“Mr. Fix,” said the consul, “I hope you’ll succeed; but don’t you see, the description which you have there has a singular resemblance to an honest man?”

“Consul,” remarked the detective, dogmatically, “great robbers always resemble honest folks. Fellows who have rascally faces have to remain honest; otherwise they would be arrested. To unmask honest countenances is a difficult task, I admit, but a real art.”

Soon *Mongolia* appeared between the bank. It brought an unusual number of passengers, some of whom remained on deck to scan the picturesque panorama of the town.

Fix carefully examined each face. Presently one of the passengers came up to him and politely asked if he could point out the English consulate. Fix instinctively took the passport, and with a rapid glance read the description of its bearer. An involuntary motion of surprise nearly escaped him, for the description in the passport was identical with that of the bank robber which he had received from Scotland Yard.

“Is this your passport?” asked he.

“No, it’s my master’s.”

“And your master is—”

“He stayed on board.”

⁵³ *Mongolia* – «Монголия» (название пакебота)

⁵⁴ **more than one of these gentlemen** – немало подобных джентльменов

“But he must go to the consul’s in person.”

“Oh, is that necessary?”

“Quite indispensable.”

“And where is the consulate?”

“There, on the corner of the square,” said Fix, pointing to a house two hundred steps off.

“I’ll go and fetch my master, who won’t be much pleased, however, to be disturbed.”

The passenger bowed to Fix, and returned to the steamer.

Chapter VII

The detective passed down the quay, and rapidly made his way to the consul's office.

"Consul," said he, without preamble, "I have strong reasons for believing that my man is a passenger on the *Mongolia*."

"Well, Mr. Fix," replied the consul, "I want to see the rascal's face; but perhaps he won't come here—that is, if he is the person you suppose him to be. A robber doesn't like to leave traces."

"If he is as shrewd as I think he is, consul, he will come."

"To **have his passport visaed**⁵⁵?"

"Yes. And I hope you will not visa the passport."

"Why not? If the passport is genuine I have no right to refuse."

"Still, I must keep this man here until I can get a warrant to arrest him from London."

"Ah, that's your business. But I cannot—"

The consul did not finish his sentence, for as he spoke a knock was heard at the door, and two strangers entered, one of whom was the servant whom Fix had met on the quay. The other, who was his master, held out his passport. The consul took the document and carefully read it.

"You are Mr. Phileas Fogg?" said the consul, after reading the passport.

"I am."

"And this man is your servant?"

"He is: a Frenchman, named Passepartout."

"You are from London?"

"Yes."

"And you are going—"

"To Bombay."

"Very good, sir. You know that a visa is useless, and that no passport is required?"

"I know it, sir," replied Phileas Fogg; "but I wish to prove, by your visa, that I came by Suez."

"Very well, sir."

The consul proceeded to sign and date the passport, after which he added his official seal. Mr. Fogg paid the customary fee, coldly bowed, and went out, followed by his servant.

"Well?" queried the detective.

"Well, he looks and acts like a perfectly honest man," replied the consul.

"Possibly; but that is not the question. Do you think, consul, that this phlegmatic gentleman resembles the robber whose description I have received?"

"I concede that; but then, you know, all descriptions—"

"**I'll make certain of it**⁵⁶," interrupted Fix. "The servant seems to me less mysterious than the master; besides, he's a Frenchman, and likes to talk. Excuse me, consul."

⁵⁵ to have his passport visaed – визировать свой паспорт

⁵⁶ I'll make certain of it – я в этом разберусь

Chapter VIII

Fix soon rejoined Passepartout, who was lounging and looking about on the quay.

“Well, my friend,” said the detective, coming up with him, “is your passport visaed?”

“Ah, it’s you, monsieur!” responded Passepartout. “Thanks, yes, the passport is all right. We travel so fast! So this is Suez?”

“Yes.”

“In Egypt?”

“Certainly, in Egypt.”

“And in Africa?”

“In Africa.”

“In Africa!” repeated Passepartout. “Just think, monsieur, I had no idea that we should go farther than Paris!”

“You are in a great hurry, then?”

“I am not, but my master is. By the way, I must buy some shoes and shirts. We came away only with a carpet-bag.”

“I will show you an excellent shop for getting what you want.”

“Really, monsieur, you are very kind.”

And they walked off together. After a few minutes silence, Fix resumed:

“You left London hastily, then?”

“I rather think so! Last Friday at eight o’clock in the evening, Monsieur Fogg came home from his club, and three-quarters of an hour afterwards we were off.”

“But where is your master going?”

“Always straight ahead. He is going round the world.”

“Round the world?” cried Fix.

“Yes, and in eighty days! He says it is on a wager; but, between us, I don’t believe a word of it. That wouldn’t be common sense. There’s something else.”

“Ah! Is Mr. Fogg rich?”

“No doubt, for he is carrying an enormous sum in brand new banknotes with him. And he has offered a large reward to the engineer of the *Mongolia* if he gets us to Bombay well in advance of time.”

“And you have known your master a long time?”

“Why, no; I entered his service the very day we left London.”

The hasty departure from London soon after the robbery; the large sum carried by Mr. Fogg; his eagerness to reach distant countries—all confirmed Fix in his theory. He continued to ask poor Passepartout, and learned that he really knew little or nothing of his master, who lived a solitary existence in London, was said to be rich, though no one knew whence came his riches, and was mysterious and impenetrable in his affairs and habits. Fix learned that Phileas Fogg would not land at Suez, but was really going on to Bombay.

“Is Bombay far from here?” asked Passepartout.

“Pretty far. It is a ten days’ voyage by sea.”

“And in what country is Bombay?”

“India.”

“In Asia?”

“Certainly.”

Fix and Passepartout had reached the shop, where Fix left his companion to make his purchases, and hurried back to the consulate. Now he was fully convinced.

“Consul,” said he, “I have no longer any doubt. That man is going round the world in eighty days.”

“Then he’s a smart fellow,” returned the consul. “But are you not mistaken?”

“I am not mistaken.”

“Why did this robber want to prove, by the visa, that he had passed through Suez?”

“Why? I have no idea; but listen to me.”

He reported in a few words the most important parts of his conversation with Passepartout.

“So,” said the consul, “what are you going to do?”

“Send a dispatch to London for a warrant of arrest to be dispatched instantly to Bombay, follow my rogue to India, and there, on English ground, arrest him politely, with my warrant in my hand, and my hand on his shoulder.”

Chapter IX

The distance between Suez and Aden is precisely thirteen hundred and ten miles. Many passengers from Brindisi were going to Bombay, others for Calcutta. Phileas Fogg was watching the changes of the wind, he seldom went upon the deck, and he played whist, for he had found partners as enthusiastic in the game as himself. As for Passepartout, he had escaped sea-sickness, and rather enjoyed the voyage, for he was well fed and well lodged.

“If I am not mistaken,” said Passepartout, approaching Fix, with his most amiable smile, “you are the gentleman who so guide me at Suez?”

“Ah! I quite recognise you. You are the servant of the strange Englishman—”

“Just so, monsieur—”

“Fix.”

“Monsieur Fix,” resumed Passepartout, “I’m charmed to find you on board. Where are you going?”

“Like you, to Bombay.”

“That’s great! Have you made this trip before?”

“Several times. I am one of the agents of the Peninsular Company.”

“Then you know India?”

“Why yes,” replied Fix, who spoke cautiously.

“A curious place, this India?”

“Oh, very curious. Mosques, minarets, temples, fakirs, pagodas, tigers, snakes, elephants! And Mr. Fogg is getting on well?” asked Fix, in the most natural tone in the world.

“Quite well, and I too.”

“But I never see your master on deck.”

After this meeting, Passepartout and Fix got into the habit of chatting together. Meanwhile the *Mongolia* was pushing forward rapidly, and instead of reaching Aden on the morning of the 15th, arrived there on the evening of the 14th. Mr. Fogg and his servant went ashore at Aden to have the passport again visaed; Fix, unobserved, followed them. The visa procured, Mr. Fogg returned on board; while Passepartout, sauntered about among the mixed population of Somalis, Banyans, Parsees, Jews, Arabs, and Europeans.

“Very curious, very curious,” said Passepartout to himself, on returning to the steamer.

On Sunday, October 20th, towards noon, they came in sight of the Indian coast. The *Mongolia* was due at Bombay on the 22nd; it arrived on the 20th.

Chapter X

Everybody knows that the great reversed triangle of land, with its base in the north and its apex in the south, which is called India, embraces fourteen hundred thousand square miles, upon which is spread unequally a population of one hundred and eighty millions of souls. But British India, properly so called, only embraces seven hundred thousand square miles, and a population of from one hundred to one hundred and ten millions of inhabitants. A considerable portion of India is still free from British authority; and there are certain ferocious rajahs in the interior who are absolutely independent.

The passengers of the *Mongolia* went ashore at 4.30 p.m.; at exactly 8 p.m. the train would start for Calcutta.

Mr. Fogg, after bidding good-bye to his whist partners, left the steamer, gave his servant several errands to do, and, with his regular step, directed his steps to the passport office. As for the wonders of Bombay—its famous city hall, its splendid library, its forts and docks, its bazaars, mosques, synagogues, its Armenian churches, and the noble pagoda on **Malabar Hill**⁵⁷, with its two polygonal towers—he did not care about them.

Having transacted his business at the passport office, Phileas Fogg repaired quietly to the railway station, where he ordered dinner. Among the dishes served up to him, the landlord especially recommended a “native rabbit,” on which he prided himself.

Mr. Fogg accordingly tasted the dish, but found it horrible. He rang for the landlord, and, on his appearance, said, “Is this rabbit, sir?”

“Yes, my lord,” the rogue boldly replied, “rabbit from the jungles.”

“And this rabbit did not mew when he was killed?”

“Mew, my lord! What, a rabbit mew! I swear to you—”

“Landlord, remember this: cats were formerly considered, in India, as sacred animals. That was a good time.”

“For the cats, my lord?”

“Perhaps for the travellers as well!”

Fix had gone on shore shortly after Mr. Fogg, and his first destination was the Bombay police. He told his business at Bombay, and the position of affairs, and nervously asked if a warrant had arrived from London. It had not reached the office. Fix was disappointed, and tried to obtain an order of arrest from the director of the Bombay police. The director refused.

Passepartout, however, having purchased shirts and shoes, took a leisurely promenade about the streets, where crowds of people of many nationalities were collected. It happened to be the day of a **Parsee festival**⁵⁸. These descendants of the sect of **Zoroaster**⁵⁹ were celebrating a sort of religious carnival, with processions and shows. It is needless to say that Passepartout watched these curious ceremonies with staring eyes and gaping mouth.

Unhappily for his master, as well as himself, his curiosity drew him farther off than he intended to go. He happened to see the splendid pagoda on Malabar Hill. He was quite ignorant that it is forbidden to Christians to enter certain Indian temples, and that even the faithful must not go in without first leaving their shoes outside the door.

Passepartout, however, thinking no harm, went in like a simple tourist, and was soon lost in admiration of the splendid Brahmin ornamentation, when of a sudden he found himself sprawling on the sacred floor. He looked up to behold three enraged priests, who tore off his shoes, and began

⁵⁷ **Malabar Hill** – Малабар-Хилл

⁵⁸ **Parsee festival** – праздник парсов

⁵⁹ **Zoroaster** – Заратуштра (основатель зороастризма)

to beat him with loud, savage exclamations. The agile Frenchman was soon upon his feet again, and lost no time in running away.

At five minutes before eight, Passepartout, hatless, shoeless, and having lost his package of shirts and shoes, rushed breathlessly into the station. Fix, who had followed Mr. Fogg to the station, and saw that he was really going to leave Bombay, was there, upon the platform. He had resolved to follow the supposed robber to Calcutta, and farther, if necessary. Passepartout did not observe the detective, who stood in an obscure corner; but Fix heard him relate his adventures in a few words to Mr. Fogg.

“I hope that this will not happen again,” said Phileas Fogg coldly, as he got into the train. Poor Passepartout followed his master without a word. Fix wanted to enter another carriage, when an idea struck him.

“No, I’ll stay,” muttered he.

Just then the locomotive gave a sharp screech, and the train passed out into the darkness of the night.

Chapter XI

The train had started punctually. Among the passengers were a number of officers, Government officials, and opium and indigo merchants, whose business called them to the eastern coast. Passepartout rode in the same carriage with his master, and a third passenger occupied a seat opposite to them. This was Sir **Francis Cromarty**⁶⁰, one of Mr. Fogg's whist partners on the *Mongolia*, now on his way to join his corps at **Benares**⁶¹. Sir Francis was a tall, fair man of fifty. He made India his home, only paying brief visits to England at rare intervals; and was almost as familiar as a native with the customs, history, and character of India and its people. But Phileas Fogg, who was not travelling, but only describing a circumference, did not inquire into these subjects; he was a solid body, traversing an orbit around the terrestrial globe, according to the laws of rational mechanics.

Sir Francis Cromarty had observed the oddity of his travelling companion, and questioned himself whether a human heart really beat beneath this cold exterior, and whether Phileas Fogg had any sense of the beauties of nature.

Phileas Fogg had not concealed from Sir Francis his plan of going round the world, nor the circumstances under which he set out; and the general only saw in the wager a useless eccentricity and a lack of common sense.

Passepartout, on waking and looking out, could not realise that he was actually crossing India in a railway train. The travellers crossed the fatal country so often stained with blood by the sectaries of the goddess **Kali**⁶². Not far off rose **Ellora**⁶³, with its graceful pagodas, and the famous **Aurungabad**⁶⁴.

At half-past twelve the train stopped at **Burhampoor**⁶⁵, where Passepartout was able to purchase some Indian slippers, ornamented with false pearls.

The train stopped, at eight o'clock, in the midst of a glade some fifteen miles beyond Rothal, where there were several bungalows, and workmen's cabins. The conductor, passing along the carriages, shouted, "Passengers will get out here!"

Phileas Fogg looked at Sir Francis Cromarty for an explanation; but the general could not tell what meant a halt in the midst of this forest of dates and acacias.

Passepartout, not less surprised, rushed out and speedily returned, crying: "Monsieur, no more railway!"

"What do you mean?" asked Sir Francis.

"I mean to say that the train isn't going."

The general at once stepped out, while Phileas Fogg calmly followed him, and they proceeded together to the conductor.

"Where are we?" asked Sir Francis.

"At the **hamlet of Kholby**⁶⁶."

"Do we stop here?"

"Certainly. The railway isn't finished."

"What! Not finished?"

⁶⁰ **Francis Cromarty** – Фрэнсис Кромарти

⁶¹ **Benares** – Бенарес (*город в Индии, современное название – Варанаси*)

⁶² **Kali** – Кали (*богиня-мать, символ разрушения в индуизме*)

⁶³ **Ellora** – Эллора

⁶⁴ **Aurungabad** – Аурунгабад

⁶⁵ **Burhampoor** – Бурхампур

⁶⁶ **hamlet of Kholby** – посёлок Кольби

“No. There’s still a matter of fifty miles to be laid from here to Allahabad, where the line begins again.”

“But the papers announced the opening of the railway throughout.”

“What would you have, officer? The papers were mistaken.”

“Yet you sell tickets from Bombay to Calcutta,” retorted Sir Francis, who was growing warm.

“No doubt,” replied the conductor; “but the passengers know that they must provide means of transportation for themselves from Kholby to Allahabad.”

Sir Francis was furious. Passepartout did not dare to look at his master.

“Sir Francis,” said Mr. Fogg quietly, “we will, if you please, look about for some means of conveyance to Allahabad.”

“Mr. Fogg, this is a delay greatly to your disadvantage.”

“No, Sir Francis; it was foreseen.”

“What! You knew that the way—”

“Not at all; but I knew that some obstacle or other would sooner or later arise on my route. Nothing, therefore, is lost. I have two days to sacrifice. A steamer leaves Calcutta for Hong Kong at noon, on the 25th. This is the 22nd, and we shall reach Calcutta in time.”

The greater part of the travellers were aware of this interruption, and, leaving the train, they began to engage such vehicles as the village could provide wagons drawn by zebus, carriages that looked like pagodas, palanquins, ponies, and what not.

Mr. Fogg and Sir Francis Cromarty, after searching the village from end to end, came back without having found anything.

“I shall go afoot,” said Phileas Fogg.

Passepartout, after a moment’s hesitation, said,

“Monsieur, I think I have found a means of conveyance.”

“What?”

“An elephant! An elephant that belongs to an Indian who lives but a hundred steps from here.”

“Let’s go and see the elephant,” replied Mr. Fogg.

They soon reached a small hut. An Indian came out of the hut, his elephant was half domesticated.

Kiouni⁶⁷—this was the name of the beast—could travel rapidly for a long time, and Mr. Fogg resolved to hire him. But elephants are not cheap in India. When Mr. Fogg proposed to the Indian to hire Kiouni, he refused. Mr. Fogg persisted, offering the excessive sum of ten pounds an hour for the loan of the beast to Allahabad. Refused. Twenty pounds? Refused also. Forty pounds? Still refused.

Phileas Fogg, without getting in the least flurried, then proposed to purchase the animal, and at first offered a thousand pounds for him. The Indian still refused. His small, sharp eyes were glistening with avarice.

Mr. Fogg offered first twelve hundred, then fifteen hundred, eighteen hundred, two thousand pounds. At two thousand pounds the Indian yielded.

“What a price, good heavens!” cried Passepartout. “For an elephant!”

It only remained now to find a guide, which was comparatively easy. A young Parsee, with an intelligent face, offered his services, which Mr. Fogg accepted. The elephant was led out and equipped. The Parsee, who was an accomplished elephant driver, covered his back with a sort of saddle-cloth, and attached to each of his flanks some curiously uncomfortable howdahs. Phileas Fogg paid the Indian with some banknotes which he extracted from the famous carpet-bag.

Provisions were purchased at Kholby, and, while Sir Francis and Mr. Fogg took the howdahs on either side, Passepartout got astride the saddle-cloth between them. The Parsee perched himself

⁶⁷ **Kiouni** – Киуни

on the elephant's neck, and at nine o'clock they set out from the village, the animal marching off through the dense forest of palms.

Chapter XII

At eleven o'clock guide stopped the elephant, and gave him an hour for rest. Neither Sir Francis nor Mr. Fogg regretted the delay, and both descended with a feeling of relief.

At noon the Parsee gave the signal of departure. The English have not been able to secure complete dominion over this territory, which is subjected to the influence of rajahs, whom it is almost impossible to reach in their inaccessible mountains. The travellers several times saw bands of ferocious Indians. The Parsee avoided them as much as possible.

But what would Mr. Fogg do with the elephant when he got to Allahabad? Would he carry it on with him? Impossible! The cost of transporting it would make him ruinously expensive. Would he sell it, or set it free?

The night was cold. The Parsee lit a fire in the bungalow with a few dry branches, and the warmth was very grateful, provisions purchased at Kholby sufficed for supper, and the travellers ate ravenously.

The journey was resumed at six in the morning; the guide hoped to reach Allahabad by evening. The guide avoided inhabited places, thinking it safer to keep the open country. Allahabad was now only twelve miles to the north-east. They stopped under a clump of bananas, the fruit of which was as healthy as bread and as succulent as cream.

At two o'clock the guide entered a thick forest. The elephant, becoming restless, suddenly stopped. It was then four o'clock.

"What's the matter?" asked Sir Francis.

"I don't know, officer," replied the Parsee, listening attentively to a confused murmur which came through the thick branches.

The murmur soon became more distinct; it now seemed like a distant concert of human voices accompanied by brass instruments. Mr. Fogg patiently waited without a word. The Parsee jumped to the ground, fastened the elephant to a tree. He soon returned, saying:

"A procession of Brahmins is coming this way. We must prevent their seeing us, if possible."

The guide unloosed the elephant and led him into the wood, at the same time asking the travellers not to stir.

The discordant tones of the voices and instruments drew nearer, and now droning songs mingled with the sound of the tambourines and cymbals. The head of the procession soon appeared beneath the trees, a hundred paces away; and the strange figures who performed the religious ceremony were easily distinguished through the branches. First came the priests, with mitres on their heads, and clothed in long lace robes. They were surrounded by men, women, and children, who sang a kind of lugubrious psalm, interrupted at regular intervals by the tambourines and cymbals; while behind them was drawn a **car**⁶⁸ with large wheels, the spokes of which represented serpents entwined with each other. Upon the car, which was drawn by four richly caparisoned zebus, stood a hideous statue with four arms, the body coloured a dull red, with haggard eyes, disheveled hair, protruding tongue, and lips tinted with betel.

Sir Francis, recognising the statue, whispered:

"Kali; the goddess of love and death."

"Of death, perhaps," muttered back Passepartout, "but of love—that ugly old hag? Never!"

The Parsee made a motion to keep silence.

A group of old fakirs were making a wild ado round the statue. Some Brahmins were leading a woman who faltered at every step. This woman was young, and as fair as a European. Her head and neck, shoulders, ears, arms, hands, and toes were loaded down with jewels and gems with bracelets,

⁶⁸ **car** – колесница

earrings, and rings; while a tunic bordered with gold, and covered with a light muslin robe, betrayed the outline of her form.

The guards who followed the young woman presented a violent contrast to her, armed as they were bearing a corpse on a palanquin. It was the body of an old man, gorgeously arrayed in the habiliments of a rajah. Next came the musicians

Sir Francis watched the procession with a sad countenance, and, turning to the guide, said, “A **suttee**⁶⁹.”

The Parsee nodded, and put his finger to his lips. The procession slowly wound under the trees, and soon its last ranks disappeared in the depths of the wood. The songs gradually died away.

Phileas Fogg had heard what Sir Francis said, and, as soon as the procession had disappeared, asked: “What is a suttee?”

“A suttee,” returned the general, “is a human sacrifice, but a voluntary one. The woman you have just seen will be burned tomorrow at the dawn of day.”

“Oh, the scoundrels!” cried Passepartout, who could not repress his indignation.

“And the corpse?” asked Mr. Fogg.

“Is that of the prince, her husband,” said the guide; “an independent rajah of **Bundelcund**⁷⁰.”

“Is it possible,” resumed Phileas Fogg, “that these barbarous customs still exist in India, and that the English have been unable to put a stop to them?”

“These sacrifices do not occur in the larger portion of India,” replied Sir Francis; “but we have no power over these savage territories, and especially here in Bundelcund. The whole district is the theatre of incessant murders and pillage.”

“The poor wretch!” exclaimed Passepartout, “To be burned alive!”

“Yes,” returned Sir Francis, “burned alive. And the sacrifice which will take place tomorrow at dawn is not a voluntary one.”

“How do you know?”

“Everybody knows about this affair in Bundelcund.”

“But the wretched creature did not seem to be making any resistance,” observed Sir Francis.

“That was because they had intoxicated her with fumes of hemp and opium.”

“But where are they taking her?”

“To the pagoda of **Pillaji**⁷¹, two miles from here; she will pass the night there.”

“And the sacrifice will take place—”

“Tomorrow, at the first light of dawn.”

Just at the moment that the guide was about to urge Kiouni forward with a peculiar whistle, Mr. Fogg stopped him, and, turning to Sir Francis Cromarty, said, “Suppose we save this woman.”

“Save the woman, Mr. Fogg!”

“I have yet twelve hours to spare; I can devote them to that.”

“Why, you are a man of heart!”

“Sometimes,” replied Phileas Fogg, quietly; “when I have the time.”

⁶⁹ **suttee** – сати (устаревший похоронный ритуал в индуизме, в соответствии с которым вдова подлежит сожжению на погребальном костре вместе с покойным супругом)

⁷⁰ **Bundelcund** – Бунделкханд

⁷¹ **Pillaji** – Пилладжи

Chapter XIII

The project was a bold one, full of difficulty, perhaps impracticable. Mr. Fogg was going to risk life, or at least liberty, and therefore the success of his tour. As for Passepartout, he was ready for anything that might be proposed. His master's idea charmed him; he began to love Phileas Fogg.

"Officers," said the guide, "I am a Parsee, and this woman is a Parsee. Command me as you will."

"Excellent!" said Mr. Fogg.

"However," resumed the guide, "it is certain, not only that we shall risk our lives, but horrible tortures, if we are taken."

"That is foreseen," replied Mr. Fogg. "I think we must wait till night before acting."

"I think so," said the guide.

The victim, said the Indian, was the daughter of a wealthy Bombay merchant. She had received a thoroughly English education in that city. Her name was **Aouda**⁷². Left an orphan, she was married against her will to the old rajah of Bundelcund; and, knowing the fate that awaited her, she escaped, was retaken, and devoted by the rajah's relatives, who had an interest in her death, to the sacrifice from which it seemed she could not escape.

It was decided that the guide should direct the elephant towards the pagoda of Pillaji, which he accordingly approached as quickly as possible. They halted, half an hour afterwards, in a copse, some five hundred feet from the pagoda, where they were well concealed; but they could hear the groans and cries of the fakirs distinctly.

The guide was familiar with the pagoda of Pillaji, in which, as he declared, the young woman was imprisoned. Could they enter any of its doors while the whole party of Indians was plunged in a drunken sleep, or was it safer to attempt to make a hole in the walls? It was certain that the abduction must be made that night, and not when the victim was led to her funeral pyre.

⁷² **Aouda** – Ауда

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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