

twelves miles from here. there is something in the letter about you and fatima, and you may read that part aloud, if you can. the top of the last page. i found the place, and, with some difficulty, deciphered: the dear major was all delicacy and consideration no, no said my mother, the next sentence. dear cecilia was all sweetness. the dress was my mother took the letter, and found the right place herself, and then i read: if you cannot come yourself, at least let us renew acquaintance in our children. i think you have two girls about thirteen my lucy, a dear child just fifteen, feels keenly the loss of her only sister, and some young companions would be a boon, as all our company will be elders. pray send them. they can come by the coach, and shall be met at durnford, at the elephant and castle. is the other sister dead asked fatima, pityingly, when we had discussed our personal interest in the subject. oh, no only married, said my mother. it was decided that we should go. this decision was not arrived at at once, or without some ups and downs. my mother could not go herself, and had some doubts as to our being old enough, as yet, to go out visiting alone. it will be believed that i made much of being able to say but you know, i am thirteen, now. next day, in the evening, my father was busy in his study, and my mother sat at the open window, with fatima and me at her feet. the letter of acceptance had been duly sent by the messenger, but she had yet a good deal of advice to give, and some doubts to express. she was one of those people who cannot sit with idle fingers, and as she talked she knitted. we found it easy enough to sit idle upon two little footstools, listening to the dear kind voice, and watching two little clouds, fragments of a larger group, which had detached themselves, and were

dat wij sedert ons vertrek al onze vuren deden branden. passepartout, die dit gesprek hoorde, voelde zijne beenen onder zich wegzinken; fogg verroerde zich niet. gij begrijpt wel dat ik, zoo ik den tijd te new york had gehad, mij dan voorzien zou hebben van kolen, maar herinner u, gij kwaamt om kwart over achten en ten negen ure zijn wij vertrokken. de henrietta is er op ingericht om zoowel met stoom als met zeilen de reis te maken, en hoewel zij steenkolen genoeg had om rustig van new york naar bordeaux te varen, zij heeft er niet genoeg om met alle kracht van new york naar liverpool de reis te maken. ik zal er over denken, antwoordde fogg. passepartout had thans alles begrepen. hij werd doodelijk ongerust. er zouden weldra geen kolen meer zijn. o dacht hij, als mijn meester ook dit bezwaar overwint, is hij bepaald een knappe kerel. toen hij fix ontmoette, kon hij niet nalaten dezen op de hoogte der zaak te brengen. gij gelooft dus, vroeg de inspecteur, terwijl hij op zijne tanden beet, dat wij naar liverpool gaan wel zeker. stommerik hernam de inspecteur, terwijl hij de schouders ophaalde en zich omkeerde. passepartout was op het punt om hem opheldering van dat woord te vragen, waarvan hij trouwens de beteekenis zeer goed begreep, maar hij overwoog bij zich zelve, dat de ongelukkige fix toch al teleurgesteld genoeg moest zijn en zijne eigenliefde zich zeer vernederd moest gevoelen, omdat hij zoo dom was geweest om een verkeerd spoor te volgen, dat hem eene reis rondom de wereld had doen maken, en hij stapte dus maar over de beleediging heen. wat stond phileas fogg nu te doen dit was his ilk, he tendered to his much injured wife loud and diffuse praise, ending with these sententious words, let no man despise advice and counsel of his wife though she be a woman. and yet, upon careful examination we find a method, a system, in underhills orthography, or rather in his cacography. he thinks a final tion should be spelt chon and why not proposichon, satisfackchon, oblegachon, persekuchon, dereckchon, himelyachon thus he spells such words. and his plurals are plain when once you grasp his laws: poseschouse and considderachonse, factse, and respectse. and his ly is always li, exackli, thoroli, fidelliti, charriti, falsciti. and why is not indiered, as good as endeared, pregedic, as prejudice, obstructtler as obstructer, paschegees, and prouydentli, and antyentli, just as clear as our own way of spelling these words a painful speller you surely were, my gay don juan underbill, as your pedantic writtings all show, and the most dramatic and comic figure among all the early puritans as well, though you scarcely deserve to be called a puritan; we might rather say of you, as of malvolio, the devil a puritan that he was, or anything constantly but a time pleaser his ground of faith that all who looked on him loved him. in keen contrast to this sentimental excitement is the presence of noble