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AMERICAN CITIES.—DETROIT.

OF the five large cities on the great lakes of the West—Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, and Chicago—the "City of the Straits," Detroit, alone possesses claims to antiquity; and, although this word must be used in a comparative sense when referring to the white settlements of the New World, yet the justice

of the claim will not be denied by the American reader when it is remembered that its site was first visited by the French ten years before the Puritans landed on Plymouth Rock, and only a few months after Hudson first entered the harbor of New York in his little vessel, the Half-Moon. These early explorers who visited Detroit were Jesuit missionaries, who crossed the ocean in frail craft, and, landing upon unknown shores, pushed boldly westward into the wilderness, cross in hand, travelling in Indian canoes up the St. Lawrence and through the great lakes, pictures of enthusiastic heroism which the world can no longer see, since it has no more continents hidden away in its ocean-pockets, awaiting a second Columbus. Whether or not the baptisms on the banks of the beautiful Detroit River, where the wondering Indians silently received the drops on their dusky foreheads, possessed permanent efficacy; whether or not the masses said before the altars in the groves beyond aided the work of regeneration—there is no doubt that these black-robed missionaries builded better than they knew, and, with their laborious explorations, accurate maps and journals, they opened a way for civilization through obstacles which mere love of conquest or hope of gain could never have surmounted.

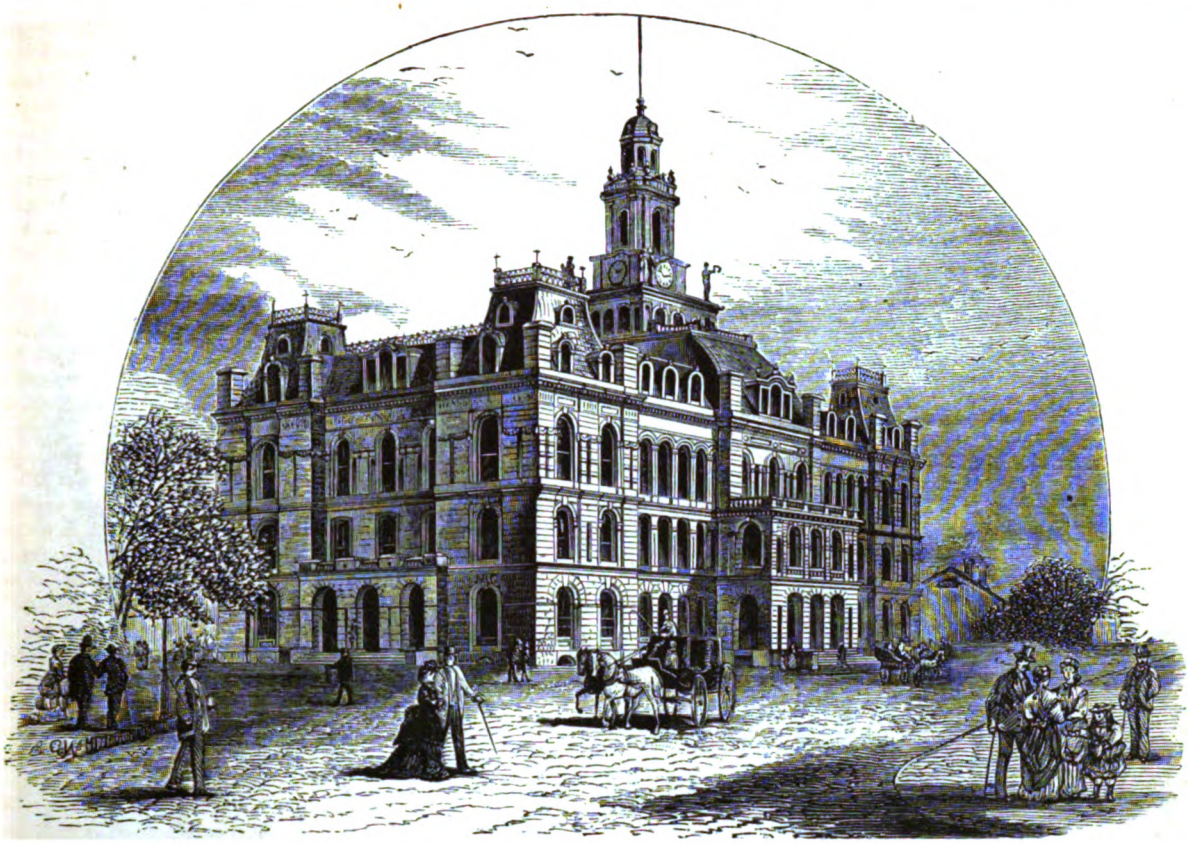
Gradually, in the train of the Jesuit fathers, came parties of military explorers, and the path traced through the wilderness by the disciples of peace was traversed by soldiers of various nations in search of fabulous wealth, mountains of gold, the fountain of youth, and other *Fata Morgana*—vain search, which, under new names, has been kept up ever since, in the frozen poles, in burning Africa, until one is tempted to think it a blind instinct that keeps the sons of Adam forever wandering over the earth after their lost Garden of Eden.

The first military settlement at Detroit was made by La Motte Cadillac, previously the commandant of the French post at Mackinac. In his voyages up and down the lakes he noticed the importance of the site commanding the straits, and, going back to France in 1699, he laid the matter before the colonial minister, Count Pontchartrain, and received authority to build a fort on the river, which was completed and named Fort Pontchartrain, in 1701. From that date until the close of the War of 1812, the history of Detroit is a history of vicissitudes. Once it was captured, once it was burnt to the ground, its flag was changed five times, and it was the scene of fifty pitched battles, twelve massacres, and one surrender. There is hardly a spot which has not its history; and the islands in the river above and below the city, the brooks, the old trees, and the very ground, are full of associations with the early history of the Northwest, together with a store of oral legends and reminiscences, now fast fading into oblivion as the old settlers are buried out of sight, and their yellow papers destroyed, to make room for busy Young America, that scarcely knows it had a grandfather, and cares little for his history compared to the title-deeds he left behind.

FORT STREET.

After the era of the missionaries and early explorers in Detroit came the time of the fur-traders and *voyageurs*. The little river-settlement was a favorite post of these hardy hunters, a race by themselves—looking, at this distance, very romantic, with their roving lives, their love for frolicking and dancing, and their wild love-songs, sung as the loaded *bateaux* moved out into the current of the broad river. Some of these melodies still preserve a place in American music; they have a character of their own, too quick for the slow Englishman, too gay for the sober American, essentially French in every note and every word.

In reading the original accounts of the early settlements on the great lakes, one is struck with the picturesque side of the story. First come the Jesuits, men endowed with fiery imaginations and high-wrought enthusiasm, planting the cross in the forest, establishing colleges in the heart of the wilderness, living and dying with a fervent faith in their mission, which in these doubting days seems almost sublime. Then the *voyageurs* come dancing and singing on to the stage, mingling their labors with love, music, and wine; and all this when, on the cold coasts of New England, the sober Puritans were laying down the fashion of a smile and fining the overflow-

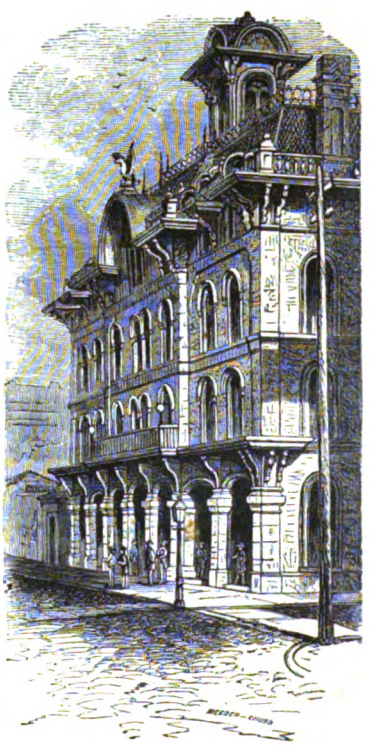


CITY HALL.

ing of a laugh. The practical results of these two ways of founding a colony need not now be compared; but no one can deny that, for romantic interest, the French settlements on *the Western* lakes carry away the palm; and, if the comparison is carried down to the present day, and the youth of 1872 is inclined to deny the claim of the past, let him ask himself whether the deck-hands of the lake-propellers are in the habit of lightening their labors at the capstan with songs, or whether, when they arrive in port, they amuse themselves with dances on the beach to the sound of reed-pipes and rustic guitars.

As Detroit slowly grew into a town with a settled population—*habitans*, as they were called—a stockade was erected around the little group of buildings, two gates forming the only entrances; the narrow streets had French names, St.-Anne, St.-Honoré, and a carriage-road around the whole; inside the stockade was called Chemin du Ronde, while the name of the town itself was taken from the river, which is, in reality, a *détroit*, or strait. From the accounts given in manuscript journals and letters, it must have been a gay little settlement, with games and sails on the river in the summer, and dancing and visiting in the winter, with no lack of wine to arouse the elder or beauty to enliven the younger members of the French society. About four miles distant was a marsh called *le grand marais*, and, when frozen over, it was the scene of a unique species of winter picnic. On Saturday mornings all the young people of the town, gayly attired, set out for *le grand marais* with baskets filled with provisions. If there was snow, they drove in sleighs over the road; if not, they went over the ice on the river; and, upon arriving at the long, wooden building erected every winter on the *marais*, fires were lighted, tables spread, and a general feasting took place, after which dancing began, and lasted until the evening-gun from the fort called them homeward. The next morning, Sunday, after mass, the young men went out again to the *marais*, consumed what remained of the provisions, and spent the day in carousing and playing games on the ice.

OPERA HOUSE.



BOARD OF TRADE.

THE CITY OF DETROIT.

Wine was abundant, made from the wild-grapes that grew in profusion on the shore, and also imported from France. In the note-book of an old settler (1778–'79) occurs the following passage, descriptive of Detroit society at that date:

"The citizens all lived as one family, had Detroit assemblies once a week, where the ladies never went without being in their silks; dining-parties were frequent, and they drank their wine freely."

In addition to the wild-grapes, Detroit was celebrated for its pears. The first pear-trees were planted by the Jesuit fathers, for those early missionaries marked their way through the West with beautiful trees of various kinds; but the pear-trees on the Detroit River took root and grew luxuriantly, and even now traces of the old orchards may be seen along the front of what was once the Beaubien, Rivard, Gouin, and Dequindre farms, some of the gnarled old patriarchs being more than a century, and probably two centuries old.

THE PONTIAC ELM.

PEAR-TREES IN OLD JESUIT GARDEN.

The first distribution of land in Detroit was somewhat peculiar, regulated by the Coutume de Paris, the law of Canada. No one could own more than one and a half acres of front, neither could the lot run back more than forty acres; no traffic in liquor was allowed; by the terms of the deed each man was required to plant a May-pole before his door on the first of May annually. The whole arrangement was, to a certain extent, feudal, and the commandant of the post was lord of the manor.

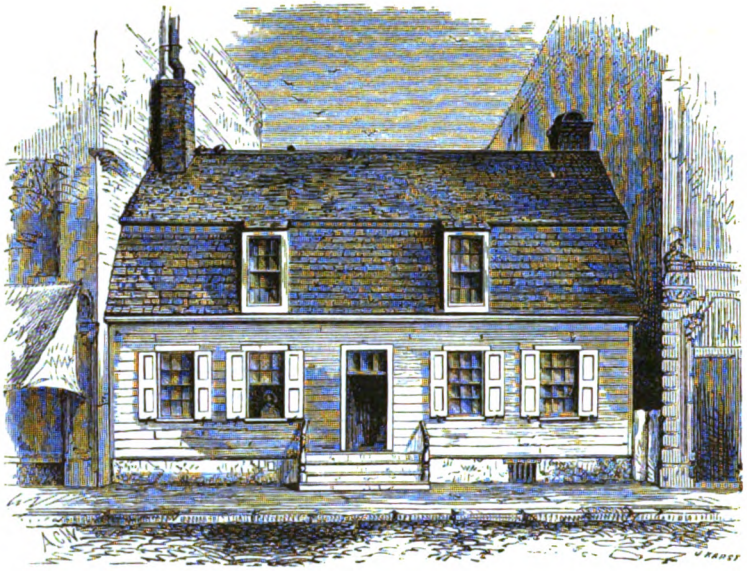
Time passed, the British took possession of the town, and now the central figure of Detroit history, Pontiac, the great Ottawa chieftain, appears upon the scene. Any one who supposes that the American Indian is a savage incapable of strategy or patriotism, has only to study the life of Pontiac, and his illusion will be dispelled. For bravery, far-sighted combinations, and personal influence, this king of the Detroit River is a match for the heroes of early Roman history; his speeches, reported *verbatim* by the unwilling and unadmiring chroniclers of the time, are powerful and picturesque, his plans brilliant and far-reaching, and his acts prompt and vigorous. All he did was connected with Detroit, for, although his power extended through the whole lake-country, he himself lived upon Ile à la Pêche, near Lake St. Clair, and in the long and exciting siege of Detroit he commanded the allied tribes in person. Hating the British as the enemies of his race, he seemed to foresee the dangers which menaced his people, and, although he called himself the friend of the French, it is probable that he desired to bring about a collision between the two foreign nationalities, in order that his tribes might drive the alien whites at once and forever from the country.

The masterpiece of Pontiac's life was a grand conspiracy to capture simultaneously, on a fixed day, all the British posts in the West, thirteen garrisoned forts, extending from Niagara to Pittsburg, along the lakes, and as far west as the Mississippi. In such a wide field many tribes must act and many clashing interests must be reconciled; and yet, owing to the personal influence of Pontiac, the plot was carried out, and ten of these posts were taken in a single day, and their garrisons massacred. Detroit escaped, and it is noteworthy that Pontiac's power was foiled in its very stronghold by a young Chippewa girl, who, having formed an attachment for Major Gladwyn, the commandant of the post, came to him under the pretence of bringing a pair of elk-skin moccasins, and warned him of the danger. It is a pretty legend as it stands, and calls up a vision of a dark-eyed Indian maiden, such as are portrayed in the fancy pictures of Pocahontas with which the land is flooded. Let us hope that the iconoclastic hand which has damaged the romance surrounding the native heroine of Virginia may leave untouched this tender-hearted Chippewa girl, who sheds a refreshing rose-color over the crowded page of Michigan's early history. Although escaping massacre, Detroit endured a tedious siege, full of dangers from fire and ambuscade, while the wily foes, according to the mode of Indian warfare, never exposed themselves in an open assault. The French settlers remained neutral, but secretly some of them favored Pontiac, and others assisted the gar-

rison within the stockade, supplying them food under cover of the darkness, and thus enabling them to hold out until the arrival of aid from the East. Months passed, and both sides suffered from scarcity of provisions. An illustration of Pontiac's capacity is shown in the fact that at this time he issued to the French settlers, for provisions, promissory notes, drawn upon birch-bark, and signed with the figure of an otter, the totem to which he belonged; and, what is more remarkable, they were all carefully redeemed.

During these months several attempts had been made by the British at the East to reënforce the beleaguered post of Detroit, now standing alone in the Northwest, but storms on Lake Erie had wrecked the *bateaux*, and the scattered forces had wandered back through the woods to Niagara, suffering great hardships. At length, however, Captain Dalzell reached the fort with men and supplies, and soon after, at his urgent request, a sortie was made toward the little stream since called Bloody Run, where a battle was fought between the British forces and Pontiac's bands at a bridge near a large tree, still standing, and known as the Pontiac Tree. In this encounter the British lost fifty-nine men, including the brave Captain Dalzell, and their retreat toward the fort was slow and difficult, various stands having been made at French houses along the route, among them the house of old James Campau, who "stood on a trap-door to prevent the frightened soldiers from seeking shelter among the women in the cellar. A ball grazed his gray head and buried itself in the wall, where, a few years since, it might still have been seen."

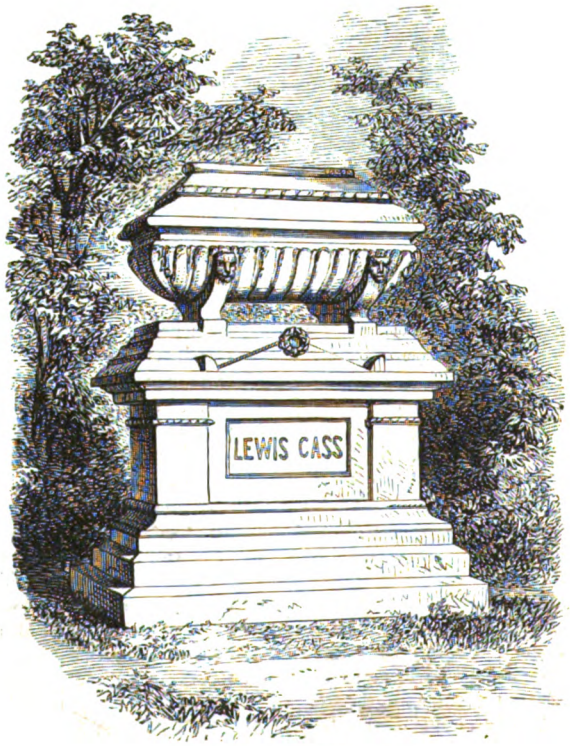
Owing to the supplies, the British, in spite of their defeat at Bloody Run, were enabled to hold Detroit until a letter came to Pontiac from the French commandant at Fort Chartres, the principal post in the Illinois country, stating that hostilities must cease, peace having been declared between France and England. Overwhelmed with rage at finding himself thus deserted after the signal success of most of his plans, Detroit alone having withstood him, Pontiac left his island home and went to the Maumee River. He wandered to various localities, but he never gave up his hope of capturing Detroit, or his affection for the beautiful straits. He made several powerful combinations among the Indians, but the tide of events was against him, and he was swept away, a bold, central figure in the fading picture of the aboriginal tribes. He was killed by a hired assassin of the British near St. Louis, and buried in the fort with military honors by the French.



THE CAMPAU HOUSE.

As a side-remark, an amusing incident may be noted in relation to the various accounts of Pontiac. In 1760, Major Rogers conducted an expedition through the lake-country to take possession of the posts of Detroit and Mackinac in the name of his Britannic Majesty. During this voyage he kept a journal, and, in speaking of Pontiac, he happened to use the following language: "Here he dwelt with his squaws and children; and here, doubtless, he might often have been seen, reclining upon a rush-mat, like any ordinary warrior." From that date downward, more than a century, that rush-mat has been brought to the front whenever Pontiac's name has been mentioned. It seems to possess a peculiar charm for the historian. Take up what book you may, from the history to the encyclopædia, from the novel to the guide-book, and, wherever Pontiac appears, you will find his rush-mat in the next sentence, and the question finally forces itself upon you, "After all, *was* there a rush-mat; *did* Rogers see it with his own eyes; and, if there was one, *did* Pontiac spend his whole time reclining on it?"

Around the history of Detroit cluster many French names dating back beyond the present century. Among these stands that of the late Major Joseph Campau, who died in July, 1863, at the age of ninety-five, leaving an estate valued at three millions, he having been the largest land-owner in Michigan. Major Campau was the son of James Campau, spoken of above, in connection with the battle of Bloody Run. He was sent to Montreal for an education, and, after the death of his father, being without means, he became a clerk for Mr. McGregor, who kept a store in Sandwich, Canada. Soon after he began business for himself, and was the first merchant from Detroit who went to Boston for his goods. He commenced purchasing real estate in 1786, and also associated himself with John Jacob Astor in the fur-trade. In 1808 he had ten branch-stores in different parts of the country, and, at the same time, had in Detroit, in active operation, a blacksmith-shop, cabinet-shop, silversmith-shop, bakery, and butcher's-stall. Although closely confined by his own constantly-increasing business, he had a keen appreciation of the value of education; he erected a school-house, with steeple and bell, at his own expense, in 1808, and, as his brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, grew up, he insisted upon their having a good education, sending them to Montreal for that purpose. He entered largely into the raising of stock, especially Norman horses from Normandy, France, and to this importation is owing the *good* roadsters and the speed attained by Norman blood-horses in Can-



TOMB OF GENERAL CASS.

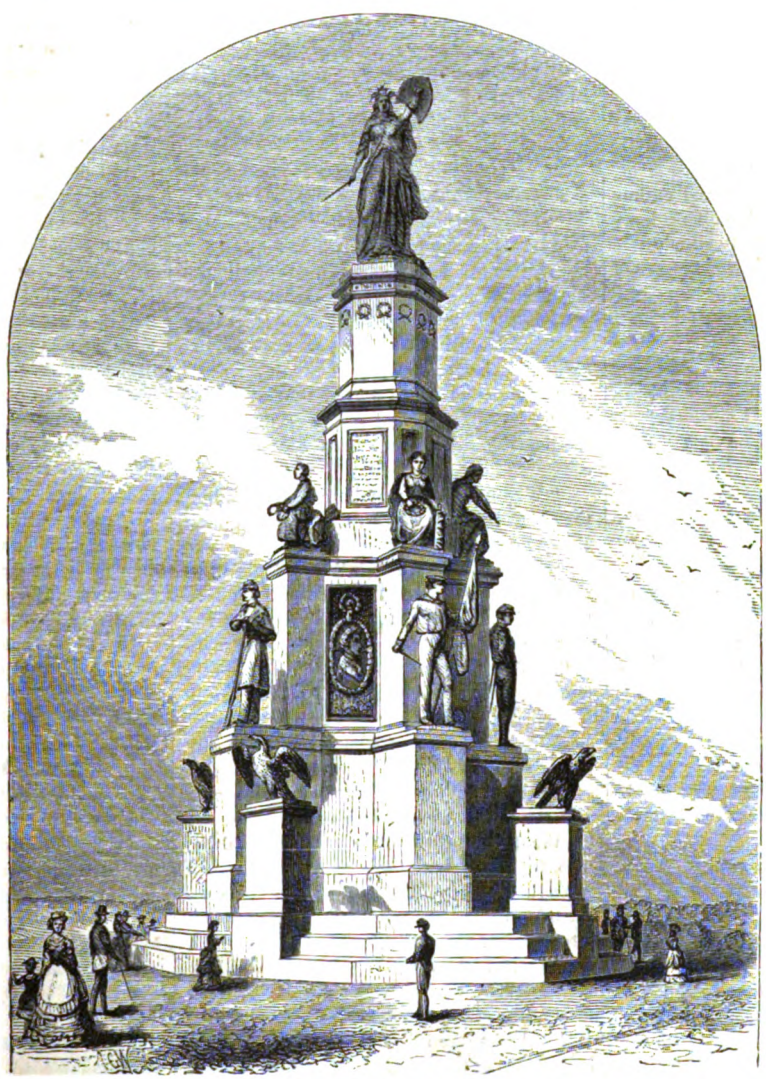
ada and the United States at the present day.

His old homestead stands on Jefferson Avenue, in Detroit, the only relic of the early French days left in the city. It is on the site of the ancient village of the Iroquois, and was afterward the location of the officers' mess-house in Fort Pontchartrain, the fort built by La Motte Cadillac, the founder of Detroit, in 1701. The Campau House is a small building, forty-five by forty feet, two stories high, with a Mansard roof; the foundation was laid in 1750, and, when the great fire of 1805 destroyed the upper part of the building, it was immediately restored as it now stands, the window-glass having been imported for the purpose. Here Major Campau lived until his death, and his quaint old residence strikes the eye of every stranger visiting Detroit, standing as it does wedged in among the lofty business-blocks of Jefferson Avenue, with its upper and lower door, antique latches, and odd little windows. Inside are portraits of Major Campau and his wife, Adelaide Dequindre, daughter of Antoine Pontchartrain Dequindre, the first white male child born within the bounds of the military settlement. Here also are the old account-books, mostly in French, in Major Campau's handwriting, even and clear as engraving, maps of the last century, and various relics of the past history of the river frontier.

Many stories are told of Major Campau, among others the following: His friend Mr. Solomon Sibley, another old Detroit name, was at one time candidate for circuit judge, and, on the day of election, the opposition got possession of the polls and surrounded the place with their own partisans, for the purpose of intimidating the friends of Mr. Sibley and preventing his election. The plan succeeded, and was working greatly to the disadvantage of Mr. Sibley, when Major Campau, learning how affairs stood, ordered four strong men to take a large basket, and, going with them to the house where Mr. Sibley had remained all day from motives of delicacy, he had him put into the basket *volens volens*, and, in spite of his opposition, the judge was carried to the polls on the shoulders of the men, and this novel stratagem had such an effect that he was triumphantly elected.

During the War of 1812, at the time when the British were about crossing the river previous to Hull's surrender, Major Campau, noticing the inactivity of the American forces, resorted to strategy to arouse the governor. He dispatched a Frenchman with all haste to Larned Street, between Woodward Avenue and Griswold Street, with instructions to give a tremendous Indian war-whoop as soon as he had reached the designated spot. This manœuvre had the desired effect. But it did not prevent the surrender of Hull, which took place in August, 1812, arousing the indignation of the entire country.

Detroit was evacuated by the British Sept. 29, 1812. After the reorganization of the territorial government, a new governor was appointed, General Lewis Cass, the most distinguished name of the city and State, a man whose history belongs to the history of the country. General Cass's tomb is in Elmwood, a beautiful city of the dead, whose rural loveliness dispels all gloomy associations; the stranger, wandering through the green aisles, could ask no more peaceful resting-place for the bodies of his departed friends whose earthly memory he honors in sculptured marble, although he knows their souls are gone to fairer worlds, where he hopes again to meet them. The Detroit is one of the most beautiful rivers in America. It always looks brimful and ready to overflow its green banks, the water is pure and clear, and the current rapid. Its strait is a highway for all the craft of the fresh-water seas; the graceful lake-vessels are constantly sailing by under a cloud of canvas; while steamers, propellers, and tugs, dart up and down, forward and back, as though the smooth stream were a dancing-floor. There always seems to be more going on in Detroit Harbor than in the other lake-ports, because the view is unobstructed, and the beautiful river easy of access. The docks extend for miles up and down, and, when the traveller arrives on one of the fine steamers from Buffalo or Cleveland, he has the satisfaction of seeing his boat sail gracefully and directly up to her dock without any of the shouting, backing, clanging of bells, and general confusion of an entrance into the narrow, crooked rivers that form the harbors of the other lake-cities. When he departs also, all is equally simple. The lines are thrown off, and the boat glides out into the stream, turning around with a broad sweep as though she knew she had plenty of room and was bound to enjoy it; then away she sails down the beautiful river, dotted with low, green islands, past Gibraltar Light and Bar Point, and out into Lake Erie toward Pelée, leaving to the south the little group of wine-islands, with their own item of naval history to give them a place in the annals of the lakes.



SOLDIERS MONUMENT.

After the great fire of 1805, Detroit was rebuilt on a new plan, with broad, straight avenues and several parks; the old narrow streets and most of the old French names were changed, and the city gained in symmetry what it lost in picturesque quaintness. It is said that Judge Woodward, after whom Woodward Avenue is named, laid out the town in the form of a cobweb, which might be called quite a pre-Raphaelite idea. The high-sounding title of Campus Martius was given to one plot of public ground, and that of the Grand Circus to another, and five of the avenues were named after the five Presidents, Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, and Monroe. The city at present is attractive, and its business-blocks are solid and handsome; there are many pleasant

residences and some homes of great beauty and cost. On the Campus Martius stands the Opera-House Block and also the new City Hall, one of the finest buildings in the West, often compared with the Court-House in New York, to the disadvantage of the latter costly and now notorious structure. Ornamental drinking-fountains for man and beast are scattered through the streets, which are well kept, the barbarous old cobble-stone pavements being rapidly replaced by various new road-floors, over which we ride at ease, and wonder how the citizens of the past could endure to "rattle their bones over the stones," like the pauper of melodious memory whom "nobody owns."

On the 9th of April, 1872, the Michigan Soldiers' Monument on Campus Martius was unveiled to the public gaze. This memorial was raised by an association formed from the entire State, Charles C. Trowbridge, president. It is of granite and bronze, fifty-six feet high, by a diameter of about twenty feet at the base. Upon granite pedestals stand four figures in golden bronze, representing Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, and Navy, posed in the attitude of attention. Between these statues are eagles with outspread wings, and above are bronze tablets with busts of Lincoln, Grant, Farragut, and Sherman, in basso-rilievo. Poised on the summit of the monument is the bronze figure of Michigan rushing to the defence of the Union, and for spirited grace this statue deserves a place with the best in the country. The figure represents an Indian girl, her dress denoting partial civilization; she bears a sword in one hand, in the other a shield, and the expression of the face and attitude is earnest and enthusiastic. The bronze statues were all made at the Royal Foundery in Munich, Bavaria, from the designs of Randolph Rogers, and the cost of the whole, when completed, will be seventy-four thousand dollars.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

CHAPTER XLII.

LORD PENNYROYAL ON DEBTS AND WASHING.

"You know, of course," said Harry to Edward, "we can't give any explanation of this matter. It would look like puffing ourselves, if we said we supported this poor family."

"Of course we can't," said Edward. "Besides, there is no knowing what Mrs. Marjoram would make out of the story. She would only remember half of it, forgetting all the good. We should never hear the last of it."

"All right, then," said Harry. "Recollect, if any one asks you about E. P., you know nothing about what E. P. means."

So the two friends made their appearance in the drawing-room.

"I am so very sorry that you are both going to leave us so soon," said Lady Carlton, remembering that conversation with Sir Thomas in his somnolent state the night before, when she had settled so much. "But I suppose it cannot be helped."

"I am sorry to say it cannot," said Harry Fortescue.

"Couldn't one of you stay?" said Lady Carlton. "Why shouldn't you stay, Mr. Vernon; some of us will miss you so very much?"

"I am afraid I must go with Harry," said Edward Vernon.

"And when shall we see you again?" asked Lady Carlton.

"I am sure I don't know," said Harry. "All I know of our movements is, that we are going to Ascot, to Lady Charity's, for the races."

"After that," said Edward, "there is a queen's ball, to which we are both invited."

"Are you both going to Ascot?" asked Alice, who listened in trepidation.

"As for that," said Harry, "my mind is made up. I sha'n't go to Ascot unless Edward is asked too. Here he is, standing by me, like a good fellow, and going up to town with me, because he sees I am annoyed, and I sha'n't leave him in London alone while I go to the races."

"I dare say," said Lady Sweetapple, who sat there listening as mute as a mouse, "that I can persuade Lady Charity to ask Mr. Vernon as well. If you will call on me on Tuesday morning, you will find it all arranged."

"I am so sorry you are annoyed by that advertisement, Mr. Fortescue," said Lady Carlton. "This E. P. seems a very troublesome person."

"Not at all," said Harry, shortly. "I can understand the advertisement very well."

"I do not understand why he cannot wait for his money till you return to town."

This was a good stroke of Lady Carlton to suppose that E. P. stood for a man. It was a draw, in fact, to find out if E. P. were a man or a woman. But Harry was equal to the occasion.

"The person who inserted that advertisement," he said, "would not have put it into the papers unless it had been absolutely necessary."

"Why can't you stay here and send him the check?" said Florry, who did not wish Harry Fortescue to escape.

"Perhaps he can't wait," said Amicia.

"I have already said I must go up to town. I ought to have gone away by the first train, only it seemed hardly polite to rush off with our breakfast in our throats from a house where we have been so kindly treated. But after luncheon go we must, and so there is no use discussing the matter any more."

With these words Harry Fortescue rose and went out with Edward to have a smoke on the terrace. Like the ancient Persians, who first discussed matters sober, and then when they were intoxicated, Harry and Edward thought the safest counsel was that taken after a pipe, when it had been preceded by a smokeless deliberation.

"They are very curious about E. P.," said Harry, after he had puffed a little.

"It looks like it," said Edward. "I can't help thinking these girls have got something in their heads about Edith Price, and have told their mother."

"Lady Sweetapple thinks E. P. is a man," said Harry. "You heard what she said about Edward Price at breakfast—though even then the 'Price' gave me a turn—and what she said just now about his not waiting."

"I don't care so much about what Lady Sweetapple thinks," said Edward, sadly, "as what Alice thinks. I am afraid I have lost all chance with her now."

"I don't see it at all," said Harry. "Why in the world should you lose your chance with a girl because E. P. puts an advertisement into the *Times* which I have acknowledged is intended for me?"

"Women are strange things, you know, Harry," said Edward. "I am as sure as I stand here that Alice Carlton thinks E. P. is a woman, and that I am in some way or other mixed up with her."

"Let her think, then," said Harry. "I don't like girls who think; they ought to love and trust, and never to think; for thought means doubt, and a doubting girl, what good is she to any one? Marry her, and you'll find her another Mrs. Marjoram. You ought to be glad, Edward, instead of moping. This absurd mess about poor Edith is what the same Mrs. Marjoram, or Mother Marjoram, as I should call her, would say was a trial or a cross, wisely ordained in order that you may see whether Alice Carlton is worth having. Come away with me, like a man, and offer no explanations. When we meet them at Ascot they will have forgotten all about Edith Price, and you can renew your attentions."

"But do you think they will come to Ascot?" asked Edward, doubtingly.

"Come? of course they will," said Harry. "I'm not very rich, Edward, as you know; but I will bet you a new hat—not one of old Pennyroyal's cheap bargains, but a brand-new Lincoln and Bennet, or Pretiou's, whichever you please—that we see Florry and Alice Carlton at Ascot."

"I only hope we may," said Edward, "but I feel as if I were seeing Alice for the last time."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Harry. "And now let us look after the men; we have had enough of the ladies for the present. I dare say we shall find them in the lime-avenue, in the shade."

To the avenue they went, and there they met all the men, even down to Mr. Marjoram, who had escaped, for that morning at least, from Mrs. Marjoram, the "Whole Duty of Man," and the "Homilies."

"We thought you were lost," said Sir Thomas, looking pleasantly at the young men whom he had settled overnight should be his sons-in-law, if they only had courage to ask for his daughters. "Are you both really going? I hope not."

"We must go," said Harry; "it can't be helped—"

"It's just what I said," whispered Lord Pennyroyal to Sir Thomas; "it's all debt—a joint bill which they have both accepted. That's why they are obliged to run away to town to meet it."