

do all the hard work, and we might go with them hunting.

They left us in care of the squaws and a few old men.

We had no other way by which to get free from this unpleasant situation, but deserting them; for they had been offered one hundred dollars each, for four of us, by the citizens of Detroit, but refused it. These four were Major Graves, Samuel Ganoe, John Davenport, and myself.

Thinking this as favorable an opportunity as we could get, I requested Samuel Ganoe to set off with me; he readily consented, and we set off just at dark, and ran to Detroit, which was eight miles, and got to the house of Mr. H., who concealed us in his cellar. He had a hole dug in the bottom of his cellar six or eight feet deep, for the purpose of keeping potatoes; and in this we were put, and he laid planks over it, and threw dirt on the planks, which caused it to bear so nice a semblance to the other part of the cellar, that the Indians could not distinguish it from the common bottom. This dismal dungeon was our abode for half a day, during which time the Indians came, and searched carefully for us, but in vain. After they were gone, Mr. H. asked a British officer if he would take the care of us. He replied in the affirmative, and then sent us immediately to the fort at