

British seamen, being mostly French Canadians and some of the crews were only soldiers. The vessels were undermanned and there were not sufficient guns, and what guns there were were not good while the American gunboats carried 32prs."

Referring to Proctor's retreat, during which (on the evening before the battle of the Thames the Kemps were taken prisoners, Mr. Kemp said:—

"We were taken prisoners a short distance above the village of Chatham while ascending the Thames. Father had been left behind at Chatham to destroy a vessel which was there, and only came up with our detachment a short time before we were taken. It was very late when he reached us. He at once went ashore to reconnoitre from a hill nearby, from there he saw the Kentucky Rifle Militia coming across the fields on horseback. We intended to reach an old empty house on the other side of the river and attempted to do so, but before we succeeded the bank was full of men who fired some shots at us because we did not come ashore fast enough when ordered, and they shot a woman through the cheeks. When they got us ashore, they robbed us of everything they could carry away even my mother's young baby's clothes. They chopped up everything else including a feather bed, and our blankets they put around their shoulders. Father was furious; he told them if there had been only half a dozen of them he would have defied them to have touched anything and would have thrown them into the river. One of them named Naggs, who knew us, and who had formerly lived in Detroit, had to beg and pray of father to be quiet, fearing they would shoot him. Soon after the American Regulars under General Harrison came up, and my father was placed under a regular guard when he at once complained of the treatment we had received. He was advised to complain to the General and so mother went and spoke to him. Harrison was very kind to her and said "My good woman I will do everything I can for you." But the Militia only said "who cares for General Harrison? None of his business what we do."

"My father was taken to Petite Cote near Sandwich where he lived on parole for a time (during the winter) until one day an officer came down and told him his parole would be up on a certain day, and that he was to go to Detroit; when with other prisoners he would be sent to Greenbush. When he got to Detroit and had reported himself, he noticed that the Americans seemed very lax in the way they looked after their prisoners, so he began walking about and getting farther and farther away, and at last he slipped round a corner when he took to his heels and made his way to the back of the town, where he had plenty of friends who hid him, and helped him to get across the river again to the Canadian side. Father and I then set out on