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KITTY KNIGHT.

Kitty Knight, one of Maryland's greatest heroines will forever be remembered for her courage in saving from destruction houses at Georgetown on the Eastern Shore.

After sacking Havre de Grace, the British raiders under Cockburn approached this little village on the waterside, intending to burn it down.

Kitty, then a beautiful woman about thirty-five years of age, tall and graceful, with clear, courageous eyes full of goodness and natural beauty which comes to a country girl from pure air and home-grown food; was such that she could not be withstood.

Some historians say that the English intended to burn down the whole of Georgetown, while other say that only two houses on a bluff were threatened. Be that as it may, it was to a point on the bluff back from the river that Miss Knight followed a British officer who was to direct the burning of the houses.

At the door of the brick house Kitty faced the orderly bearing the coals and said: "I shall not leave; if you burn this house you burn me with it."

The orderly hesitated and called an officer, who himself commanded her to leave; but Miss Kitty again declared that she would die first. When the orderly tried to kindle the fire on the floor she stamped upon it and put it out. It is said that there was a poor old invalided woman in the house who Kitty was trying to protect.

The officer turned his attention then to the next house, but Kitty resisted the demolition of that with equal force, saying that it was too near the other for it to be safe to burn it. Finally the two men, not knowing what to do about it, turned to go away, the last act of the orderly being to bury his axe in the door, where its mark was long

pointed out.

The love and admiration felt for Kitty Knight found its expression in the naming of one of the steamboats in her honor, and the boat "Kitty Knight" was a familiar feature of the Patapsco for sixty-six years in the Bay. The Baltimore Sun of July 9, 1923, says that the boat was named in honor of the Georgetown heroine, whose pleading with Admiral Cockburn saved many families from being homeless and friendless by the fire and sword of the British.

Kitty Knight was descended from Stephen Knight of Cecil County, who in 1711 was naval officer for the head of the Chesapeake Bay. At Knight's Island, Cecil County, the home of John Leach Knight and Catherine Matthews Knight, little Kitty, born about 1775, grew up with the free delight of a country girl, riding and fishing and boating as fancy led. Kitty Knight was brave and beautiful and she deserves the tribute of love and admiration which we bring to her, our own fair daughter of Maryland.

MATILDA O'NEILL.

An outstanding heroine of Maryland's history is little Matilda O'Neill, who, at sixteen, saved her father's life, in the War of 1812. The Maryland Historical Society's Magazine of June, 1908, relates her dramatic story.

When the British fired upon the little town of Havre de Grace, at dawn on May 3, 1813, John O'Neill bravely remained to defend it, though most of his comrades had fled. He was taken prisoner by Lieut. Westphal, aide to Admiral Sir George Cockburn, who was in command of maneuvers.

Matilda idolized her father. When told that he had been captured and was to be shot the following day, she immediately rowed out to the flagship "Maidstone," to plead with Admiral Cockburn for his life.

The commander was greatly touched by her courage and devotion. He promised Matilda that her father should not be shot on the morrow, and as a pledge of good faith he presented her with his gold line tortoise shell snuff box. This snuff box is still in possession of Matilda's descendants. It was reproduced on a silver platter which was presented by Harford County, Md., to the Battleship Maryland, May 31, 1906.

Matilda's father was eventually saved by intervention of President Madison, who wrote to Admiral Cockburn that if John O'Neill's life were taken, three British officers should be forfeited.

Matilda O'Neill married John D. Wood, of Havre de Grace, Md. She lies buried in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, in the lot of her daughter, Mrs. William H. Welsh.

MARY PICKERSGILL
Maker of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Back in the days of the War of 1812, there lived in Baltimore in a little house at 60 Albemarle Street, one Mary Pickersgill, a woman noted for her fine handiwork.

One morning early in September, 1814, there came to her door a handsome officer of the U. S. Army. He was none other than Commodore Joshua Barney. And, although we were not present on that occasion to hear the conversation which took place, yet, according to the time, the circumstances and the mission on which he came, we easily may imagine that his message as he delivered it was something like this:

"Mistress Pickersgill, I have the approval of General Stricker and the sanction of General McDonald to ask you if you will favor us by making for us the great garrison Flag that shall float over Fort McHenry?

"We have immediate need for it, and I fear that you shall have to work quickly and very hard, perhaps. But, madame, with your skilful fingers and your swift needle, not to mention the painstaking care which you are wont to give whatever comes to your fair hands, I am certain that you will be able to do this for us. What shall I say to the Generals, Madame?"

And then, we hear the musical voice of Mary Pickersgill as she replies with a courtesy.

"Ah, Commodore, you but do me an honor. I shall be most happy in this undertaking. My own mother, Rebecca Flower Young, made the Grand Union Flag under which General George Washington took command of the American Army in 1776. She also made many of the flags of the Revolution under General Washington's directions. We come of a flag-making family, Commodore. You may tell the Generals that I shall work night and day, if necessary, until the flag is finished."

Then came the problem of the amount of material. Commodore Barney gave the specifications. The flag was to be 36 feet long and 29 feet wide. There must be fifteen stars and fifteen stripes. The material was to be bunting, the stripes alternately red and white. The stars would be white and on a field of blue.

Mistress Pickersgill figured and figured, then gave the order for the material. Two hundred yards of bunting to go into this "No Surrender" flag.

Twenty-nine by thirty-six feet. Mistress Pickersgill's house was small. Where could the flag be made? It must be laid flat somewhere. Ah, the Commodore had just the place. An empty malt house at Fayette and Front streets.* (Correct address. Mrs. Lockett's entry is wrong.)

Mary Pickersgill and her niece set to work. The flag was made in time. Colonel Armistead himself came with Commodore Barney to see the magnificent piece of handiwork. The former was so enthusiastic about it that he declared that should the flag ever need mending or repairing, it should be done only by the hands of Mary Pickersgill.

And so, the flag that was the work of this gentle Baltimore woman was hoisted to the breezes above Fort McHenry. And there it hung on that memorable night when Francis Scott Key, prisoner aboard a British ship, saw its stars and stripes through the light of the flare of guns and was inspired to write that song which has become our National Anthem.

"And the Star-Spangled Banner forever shall wave
O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave!"

Hereafter, whenever we open our hearts and lift our voices to sing this, shall we not give a thought to the original flag itself, and recall with a pride in the achievements of Baltimore's women, that Mary Pickersgill's fair hands made this Star-Spangled Banner, and that ^{she} sewed into it the spirit of American womanhood. And that has never failed.

* Front and Fayette streets is correct.