Outtakes of History

Some of That Which Was Not Included in "The Association"

1. The Saffell Reading

Notes of John T. DeSellum, a prominent Gaithersburg resident who owned slaves but who [an exception to the rule] favored the north in the Civil War:

In 1862, DeSellum was following the Army of the Potomac north from Washington when he encountered two Yankee prisoners who had escaped from Lee's army. The three of them rode on to General Sumner's camp to inform of Lee's whereabouts. "Introducing ourselves, the old gentleman received us cordially, we made a statement of the direction Lee's army had taken. Gen. Sumner replied saying, 'We was aware Lee was in Maryland but did not know the direction his army had taken.' And he politely gave us a pass through the lines—we rode home.

"In about three days McClellan marched from Rockville to Middlebrook on Seneca creek. Burnside marched on Seventh Street from Washington to Mechanicsville, Laytonsville, Damascus, New Market, to Frederick City. Couch marched his column near the Potomac. All advanced on parallel lines and within supporting distance ready for any emergency. The combination was sublime."

Then he goes on to describe the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. He describes the first draft, and his role in it.

"The proclamation of emancipation in the Rebel States, however necessary fired the Southern mind, and prejudiced many slave owners and others in the border slave states. And North and South now realized that the Union and Government of the United States could only be sustained by crushing out the rebellion by force of arms. I hope it will not be considered egotism, or selfishness, on my part to state the individual responsibility I encountered during the war. As most of my data and experience was obtained from personal observation, danger, and I can say from unvarying devotion to the Union, Constitution, and government of the United States. I considered though a slaveholder that man's first duty was to his Creator, the next to his country.

"When the draught had to be drawn December 1862, in Montgomery County, Maryland, I was earnestly requested to draw the names. I replied 'It would be putting my character, property, and life in imminent danger.' But the country demanded personal sacrifice, however hazardous I well knew, and assumed the responsibilities. I drew the names from the box. Then as I had anticipated--from Pulpit to grog shop--I was denounced as a Moral Monster, etc.. My stock yard was burned and I was ostracized from society."

DeSellum was in Rockville when Jeb Stuart raided:

"Sunday morning June 28, 1863, Sister and myself rode to church at Rockville. Ominous looks, and gestures prepared me for the coming storm. And soon Stewart's cavalry rode into Rockville, arresting offensive Union men, and pursued a splendid train of mules and wagons, capturing them. I witnessed the proceedings, and saw parties directing a cavalry man to me. He rode up to me and asked 'Does the enrolling officer live here?' I replied 'No, sir.' He said 'We captured some prisoners and they told us so.' This was a subterfuge on his part [because of course it was really his neighbors who had exposed him]. I saw and relieved his embarrassment, by stating that my name was John T. DeSellum and I drew the draught last December.' He ordered me to follow him. My sisters came up after my arrest, I bade her farewell with spartan courage and Christian resignation. She said, 'Be firm, don't yield!' When I returned home, she remarked 'I had rather seen you returned a corpse than to have seen you act the coward!'"
[With sisters like that, who needs enemies?]

Finally DeSellum got himself involved in Jubal Early's raid on Washington:

"On the fifth of July [1864] Hagerstown was occupied by Early. Stores were plundered and twenty thousand dollars demanded and paid for the ransom of the city. They now advanced towards Frederick driving the small union force before them. At Frederick they demanded and received a ransom of two hundred thousand dollars. [Which Frederick is still trying to recover.] Pushing forward to the Monocacy, Early encountered General Lew Wallace [who later wrote Ben Hur], a desperate fight ensued while overwhelming numbers forced Wallace with considerable loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, to make a speedy retreat.

"The road to Washington was now open to Early, but the delay caused by the battle on Saturday gave time for the sixth [army] and remainder of Banks nineteenth corps to arrive in Washington. I heard the firing Saturday and Sunday morning, and ascertained that Early was advancing. For hours an ominous silence prevailed-- in the afternoon Col. Fry with a squadron of cavalry came up and deployed on my farm--the skirmish commenced at the village of Gaithersburg.

"The union cavalry soon fell back rapidly. One of the confederate officers rode up and told me Early would make my house his headquarters. While a large portion of his army encamped around the house and vicinity, soon Gen. Early arrived and I tried to be polite, while my sister supervised the preparation of supper. Early and staff sat down to the table, a conversation commenced about the war and the cause. They saw I was a slaveholder, and my remarks about John Brown's raid suddenly caused a Colonel Lee to abruptly demand of me whether I was for coercing the south. As I did not intend to lie, or act the coward, my reply was 'I wanted the south whipped back under the constitution, union, and government of the United States--with the rights and privileges she had before the war.' Again abruptly Lee in a rage told me 'you are an abolitionist--it is no use to blame the devil, and do the devil's work!,' and was very insulting... There General Arnold Elsey rose from the table and with the dignity and politeness of a gentleman stated his reasons for joining the southern confederacy. His polished manner was an indirect reproof for Lee's violation of

common politeness in the presence of my sister." Early remarked that he voted in the Virginia Convention against secession, but was for sustaining the southern cause. I believe Gen. Elsey's gentlemanly manners prevented a serious termination of the conversation. The work of plundering commenced before Early arrived, my remaining two horses were taken (Stuart's men had previously taken three—five valuable horses in all). Next tons of hay, barrels of corn, beans, cows, bacon, carriage horses turned loose on the grain crop, fences torn to pieces--and general wreck and ruin followed. It was a night and day of horror as our lives were in imminent danger.

"In the morning I went to Early and asked him if he intended to give me up to be indiscriminately plundered. He replied 'you don't sympathize with the South, and you can't expect favor or protection.' And as I determinedly asked him for none, subsequently he wrote an order to leave me two barrels of corn.

"He resumed his march towards Washington. And two armed men came up and said that Early had sent them to search the house for concealed arms. I told sister privately to run to her room and hide under her dress three thousand dollars in cash and government bonds. They followed and burst into her room just as she had concealed the money and bonds under her dress, without discovering our subterfuge. With revolver over us they ransacked the house, and all day the work of destruction was carried on."

DeSellum goes on to say that throughout the war he always took the high road, but says:

"One offence I admit. How many of Early's men I sent to the North Pole or how many left by crossing the Potomac southward I only know by the large number of abandoned muskets left around my house. But one fact I do know is that I hid three of Early's best soldiers in a marsh, at the risk of my life, and effected their final escape."

2. *The Sentinel,* August, 1877

Camp meeting is over and those woods which but a few days ago were sprinkled with snowy tents and alive with the hum of many voices are now deserted and quiet. No more does the eye behold the romantic maiden leaning confidently on the arm of her proud lover, keeping step to sacred music in untiring promenade around the circle; no more does she roam far away to find some shady undisturbed nook where hand in hand and lip to lip young love might sit entranced and kiss the hours away. No more is heard the kind and welcome voice nor felt the cordial grasp of busy candidates as mingling church and state they sue for Christian votes. No more is seen the mannish youth to steal away far down the fence and look suspiciously around him as his hand grasps down behind a post to bring forth the well-filled bottle hidden there; no more is seen the cloud of gloom to float athwart his brow nor hear the muttered curse that steals from off his tongue as he finds 'tis gone. Naught could strike a deeper melancholy to the heart of thirsty youth than when anticipation of a drink moistens the parching lips, and when he thinks the bottle is in his hand to find it gone. No more from out a country carriage is brought the almost bursting basket filled with country cheer and hospitality. No more around the snowy tablecloth

spread upon the ground do we sit and cram sandwiches, chicken and apple pie into our capacious mouths. Alas camp is over, and back we steal to the even tenor of our way and pursue it whistling "In that Sweet Bye and Bye" when Camp-Meeting comes again.

3. A further look... Case in Point: B.P. Brown

In the major source for information about Benjamin Peyton Brown, Homer Calkins's Castings from the Foundry Mold, Calkin reports "B. Peyton Brown went on an unusual mission in the spring of 1868. He accompanied the Peace Commission sent to negotiate a treaty with Indians in the Far West. The Sioux Indians had objected to the government building forts along the Bozeman Trail to Montana. The Commission agreed to remove the Bozeman Trail forts and to recognize the country north of the North Platte River and east of the Big Horn Mountains as unceded Indian territory. All of the present state of South Dakota, west of the Missouri river was formed into a Sioux reservation. The Treaty of Fort Laramie was completed and signed in April, 1868."

That's pretty much the way I reported it, but looking into the matter later I discovered how easy it is to accept something the way it sounds. The truth of the matter was much different: The Indians had a treaty already, but the discovery of gold and silver in Colorado and Montana had driven thousands of rough frontier types into and across the Indian territory. This new treaty was the culmination of almost ten years of warfare, the worst episode of which was the massacre of an entire Cheyenne village near the Platte River. One hundred thirty-three Indians were killed, including 105 women and children. Quoting from a Lieutenant in the Cavalry, "In going over the battleground the next day I did not see a body of man, woman or child but was scalped, and in many instances their bodies were mutilated in the most horrible manner."

The Peace Commission that Brown was with was the third in a year, and it, too, went home without an agreement being signed by Red Cloud, the Sioux war chief. Finally in June, long after Brown and the others had returned in disappointment, Red Cloud sent a message to the government agent, "We are on the mountains looking down on the soldiers and the forts. When we see the soldiers moving away and the forts abandoned, then I will come down and talk." They did, and in November Brown's work was truly done. So what sounded almost like a pleasure trip at first reading was actually a dangerous and difficult undertaking, with little reward.

4. Industry in the Grove

Entrepreneurs
W.A.Scott
Rodney White
George Reber, Jr and Sr
Mr. Phoebus

Lee M. Howes and Son
The Washington Grove Bottling Company
The Day Collapsible Box Company

5. The Original Washington Grove School
The Episcopal Church/new W.G.School

Rosalie has it that the original school, which a dwindling few of us in the Grove actually attended, was built around 1885 as an Episcopal church and Sunday school, and was a public school by 1889. I uncovered no other references to it until 1912, when it was being remodeled. The first year I attended it, 1947, it still had a pump in the side yard and outhouses for bathrooms. By my second year it had been remodeled with oil heat, two inside bathrooms and a modern kitchen.

6. Black/White Interaction

Sentinel Stories
In one story, a large group of blacks had come to Gaithersburg for some kind of a convention, but on their return trip to Washington they were put in a baggage car. This was near the end of Reconstruction, when the concept of legal segregation was just developing. The blacks sued under the Civil Rights Law of 1875, and won. The *Sentinel* was incensed. The following month the civil rights law was declared largely unconstitutional; the *Sentinel* was elated.

7. Poetry and Rhyme

Untitled, by Colonel Philip Garges
Somewhere in England, Summer, 1944

When the day is long and tough
And you're feeling sort of blue
Just remember there are others
Feeling just the same way too.

Sometimes it's self-pity-
It's a natural way to feel.
But don't let it get you down, bud,
Or make you miss a meal.

There are always others worse off,
And you can bet your bottom buck
That in the eyes of someone
You're the guy with all the luck.

Maybe mother, wife or sweetheart
Seems a million miles away,
But remember they'll be waiting
When you return someday.

Don't forget just why you're here, son,
It's to bring about the time
When you can say to all about you
"I defended what was mine."

When in years ahead you rally
With the boys you served beside,
You'll be mighty proud to say
That you helped tan Hitler's hide.

Baseball Jingles, by Albert Osborn

Our modern baseball is a queer jumble of things,
You have fowls without feathers and bats without wings.
The fairest of gems and the brightest of sheens
Fades down to an emerald--your diamond green.

Your music's one-sided, no tenor, no air,
No alto, three bases, at least one to spare.
When errors are made shivers run over a man
You give nothing to warm him, but stand up and fan.

The wicked and cruel ones win the first prize,
For stealing most bases and catching most flies.
Your umpire is judge but the law gets a wrench
When law-breakers go not to jail but the bench.

What a blow to good order to stand up for strikes
When the man in the box throws just as he likes.
You stir up the batter who himself takes the cake
If he bats the ball hard enough, the pitcher to break.

No wonder the people laugh and shout,
When men play turning inside out.

They hoot when a man strikes the ball and a gait
And stops for naught else till he strikes the home plate.
Your short stop and back stop are brothers in name
But the back plays with all teams and in every game.

They say he is wooden, he gets many a hit,
Thought rattled and banged he ne'er threatens to quit.
But quit I must now, though only beginning,
It is time for a change--Ice Cream has its inning."

First Anniversary of Washington Grove Church Nov 16, 1911, by Albert Osborn

We have reached the end of our first glad year;
And now in Assembly hall we appear.
So many events our short history crowd!
Humbled by some, of others were proud.

In nineteen ten, the 16 day,
November the month, we came here to pray.
Great was our joy at the close of the meeting
To give to our loved Superintendent the greeting.

Of sixteen persons who put on the robes
Names and hands to work for the good of all souls,
Growing a little as we quickened our gait,
Reinforcements have come to the number of eight.

Our census tonight gives us just twenty-four
Very strongly we hope and pray for eight more.
Each Sunday and Wednesday we have met in his name,
More light to receive and our love to inflame.

Everyone in our Sunday school gains in his looks
That northwest corner holds two hundred books,
Hymns of praise now well from our lips and our heats
On the truths and the music our Hymnal imparts.

Delightful indeed was our first Christmas tree;
If the second be finer, O my! and O me!
Shining faces were there and eyes keenly bright
To make us remember that white winter's night

Everybody who went to that old "Deestrick Skule"
Pronounced it a blooming success though the rule
In the classes seemed at times to be nil,
Such 'doins' at Blueberry Corners would kill

Common mortals with laughter if kept up too long.
Once wasn't sufficient--the encore was strong.

Pass into our Sunday school, twelve times in the year
An offering for missions we make with good cheer.

Let the light that has brightened our lives ever shine,
...
...
...

Here and there the whole wide world to embrace
Until the last mortal has heard of his grace.
Recent news has arrived that our sisters about,
Concerning their purpose there is never a doubt.

Here in Washington Grove is an organized band
All awake and determined to help China-land,
Now twenty-six hearts in this league have been listed
Nor from their resolve shall these women be twisted.

In conclusion, to cease this rub-a-dub-dub
Very much do we owe to our good woman's club.
Even now under auspices genial and warm
Refresh they our bodies and minds in good form.

Spread abroad their good name, we give them three cheers,
A hearty huzzah, such as one seldom hears.
Resounding above us and shaking each rafter,
Yes Hip, hip, hurrah! Ice cream's coming after!

My Morning Ride, by Albert Osborn
Washington Grove to Washington, onboard No. 42

Departing at midway betwixt eight and nine
I glide to the town on the B&O line.
By the western window I take my seat
While [?] glance shows me Oakmont Street.

A moment more and the great barn red,
Where Ridgely's cattle and horses are fed.
And the yellow house with its people five,
Happy and jolly and much alive.

Then the lofty roofs and lowly cots,
Lone Starmont's* mute forget-me-nots,
Sweep quickly by, and then in turn
The Becraft house where ever burn

The fires of hospitality bright.
Then the Derwood school-house heaves in sight.
Here the poplar trees in stately rows
Patiently wait till the village grows.

Across the fields of emerald green
Now the state road hard and straight is seen,
Till we shoot past Westmore's modest door
And through the woods with a swish and a roar.

Slow down to a halt at Rockville fair,
Montgomery's head and center, where
High School and court draw young and old
Through summer's heat and winter's cold.

Here we lose a score or more but gain
About as many to fill the train.
For a mile we have the trolley in sight
Till Autrey Park flits by on the right.

Now Halpine's** graceful cedars in a line
Adorn a view invariably fine.
Then Randolph and Windham show slopes and knolls
And the landscape in billowy waves ever rolls.

Through a rocky furrow tree bound we speed
And "Garrett Park" on the sign we read.
Here villas and flowers and shrubs and trees
Smile welcome, exhale and swing in the breeze.

Then fast we fly past the watering tank
That hovers above the Rock Creek bank,
Where in drought a murmuring brooklet sings,
And the storm a raging torrent brings.

The poem goes on to mention Kensington, Capital View, Forest Glen, Linden, Fenwick, Silver Spring, Takoma Park, and into the District.

*Starmont was a mansion built on a hill overlooking Shady Grove Road at the intersection of Oakmont Avenue. It, and the hill, were taken down for the construction of I-370.

**Halpine Road was a former throughfare south of Rockville with a grade crossing over the B&O tracks.

Washington Grove, by Roy McCathran
June 24, 1937

Cottages--woods of stately trees,
A Porch--a hammock--a rocking chair--
Honeysuckle--the hum of bees,
Rose-laden fragrance in the air--
Life's joys are brought by such as these,
Contentment--rest and banished care.

Rushing traffic--gas-laden breeze,
Will shock the nerves beyond repair;
But, at the Grove, where Nature keys,
Our Souls, to peaceful calm so rare--
We rest and sleep, when we can seize
A moment, from life's maddening glare.

Rustic settings, one seldom sees
In journeys touching everywhere,
'Tis here we find such perfect ease
With Quaintness, left to Nature's care--
Bless'd restfulness amid our trees,
A porch--a hammock--a rocking chair.