

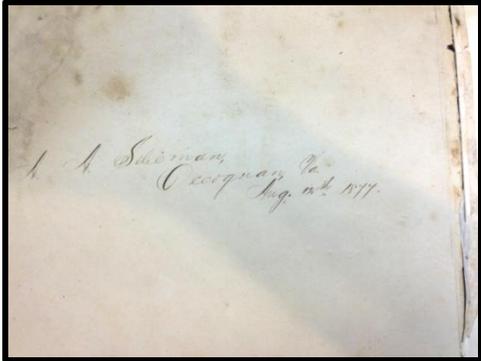
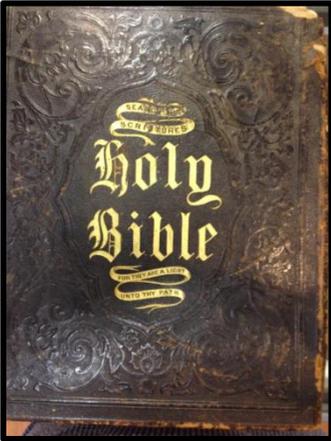
The Mill Racer
Summer, 2017
A Publication of the Occoquan Historical Society

What's New?

The U.S. Census Bureau recently featured the Mill House Museum on their web site and Facebook page. The Facebook link is <https://www.facebook.com/uscensusbureau/> The website link is; https://www.census.gov/history/www/reference/datamuseums/occoquan_mill_house_museum.html

Like any institution involved in historical research we use census data. Sharon Tosi Lacey, PhD, is the Chief Historian, History Branch, Public Information Office at the U.S. Census Bureau. She visited the Mill House several months ago. Realizing the Occoquan history we share here and our use of census data is what brought Dr. Lacey to include us on the web site so more people can discover and enjoy our museum.

A few summers ago the 1873 family bible belonging to the Albert A. Selecman family was donated to the museum. Census records helped to make sense of the names and information contained on the various pages of birth, death and wedding entries. It's especially helpful in families where first names are used through several generations. This information helped fill in some gaps in the family history.



Pictured on the left is the Mamie Davis family hair album page. Mamie Davis was a lifelong Occoquan resident born on March 14, 1887 and passed away on February 24, 1987. Just like a picture album a hair album was kept to remember family and friends. At the top of the cross design is the name Delia Lynn. Through census records we identified Delia as Mamie's GG maternal grandmother. Delia lived from 1807-1882. Two of her son's W.M. Lynn and Melton Lynn served in the CSA Virginia 4th Cavalry, Co. A. Mamie's mother's lock of hair is the second from the right, on the lower corner, F.V. Keys.

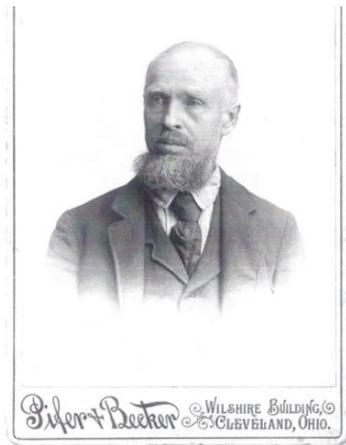
The following article about the tombstone in our museum collection used census data. Thank you to the U.S. Census Bureau!

Mill House Collection



Here Lies a Good Old Soul
Killed by Some Cruel Wrong.
F.H. 54 Years
C.N. 42. W.A.C.O.
1893

The tombstone on display in the Mill House is a major source of curiosity for our visitors. The stone was unearthed by workmen who were excavating for a bulkhead along the Occoquan River. It was in June, 1979, that the Prince William Marina donated it to the Museum. The location where it was found, behind 201 Mill Street, is where the Carousel Restaurant opened in July 1979. Later 201 would be home to Sea Sea & Co. Restaurant and currently the home of Madigan's Waterfront. The stone was carved for Frederick Gottlieb Hurlebaus, visiting Occoquan from Cuyahoga Co., Ohio. Visiting is a loose term for his time spent in the area as you will see.



Frederick G. Hurlebaus

Had A Coffin Ready, Alexandria Gazette, August 16, 1893

Some interesting facts have been discovered connected with the suicide of Frederick Hurlbus at Woodbridge last Friday. The suicide as heretofore stated was committed because Mrs. Arnold would not elope with Hurlbus. It appears that Hurlbus had made in Occoquan a plain coffin box, and also a tombstone made in this city with the following inscription: "Here lies a good old soul, killed by some cruel wrong. C.N. 42, W.A.C.O., F.H. 54". This is interpreted to read, "Cecelia Nien, age 42, Wabash Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, Frederick Hurlbus, age 54." This is a sequel to the marriage that took place in the Pension Office about a year ago, the parties having become acquainted through correspondence, and meeting by engagement in the Pension Office, the ceremony was there performed. Hurlbus lies buried in the spot selected by him, and the stone has been put over his grave as he desired, and in a position where the lady who rejected him can see it from her doorway.

Let's read on!

Got a Wife by Advertising, Washington Post, December 7, 1892

*George W. Arnold, a veteran of the War, and Cecilia Nein, a spinster from Cleveland, meet in the Pension Office and are married in the presence of two thousand clerks, who gave a great cheer of congratulations and approval of the act.******

One year ago George W Arnold, a war veteran of Woodbridge, Va., advertised in a Western paper for a wife. Yesterday Mr. Arnold stood in the grand corridor of the Pension Office¹ beside Miss Cecelia Nein of Cleveland, and they were pronounced man and wife, while a cheer broke forth from the largest audience which ever witnessed a wedding in Washington. So much for the value of advertising.

Until the two met in the corridor of the Pension Office yesterday morning they had never seen each other. Miss Nein answered the advertisement from her home in Cleveland and her letters struck Mr. Arnold as more business-like and conveying a ring of greater sincerity than any other of the applicants for his bed and board. Consequently, he replied with ardor, tempered with business, and finally photographs were exchanged. At length some two months ago, an agreement was made, by the terms of which two were to meet in Washington and become one. Mr. Arnold is a pensioner, and is accustomed to visit Washington quarterly to draw his reward for having fought and bled, and he determined to kill two birds with one stone. He was familiar with Gen. Raum's building, and, consequently, that was made the trysting place. When the Virginia veteran arrived to the city yesterday morning he was dressed in his best. He hied himself forthwith to the courthouse and

¹ The Pension Office was erected between 1882 and 1887 as a memorial and a place to serve the veteran soldiers, sailors and marines from the Civil War. It is at F Street between 4th & 5th Streets NW. Today it is the National Building Museum.

procured a marriage license. About noon some of the pension clerks noticed a tall, thin, bearded Virginia farmer with a G.A.R. button on his coat nervously pacing about the fountain in the center of the building. Soon a lady who had seen about 40 years and who wore a dark blue traveling dress and was a well formed brunette, entered at the north door and walked rapidly over to the fountain. She met the Virginia Farmer there, and for several seconds they seemed to be trying to stare each other out of countenance, the lady gazing earnestly and the man rather deprecatingly, as though he felt a trifle sheepish. The lady was the first to break the silence.

"Are you Mr. Arnold?" she asked.

"This is Miss Nein, I reckon," the farmer replied.

Then the two strolled around the wide corridor twice, carrying on a subdued conversation. Finally they stopped a colored messenger.

"Can you tell me where to find a minister?" asked Mr. Arnold.

The colored man took in the situation at a glance and entered into the spirit of the occasion.

"You want to be married?" he said, and Mr. Arnold assented. "There is a minister right here. You won't have to go a step." He summoned Rev. W. H. Black who is a Methodist preacher, but is employed in the bureau. The reverend gentleman came forth from his office, the license was exhibited, and brief explanations followed. Meantime the messenger had dropped a hint and the news was spreading. A crowd gathered about the little group and peered over the shoulders of the nearest. A quiet wedding had been intended, so they stopped between the two cases of patent files. But a quiet wedding was out of the question, for the report spread like wildfire. Clerks dropped their pens and ran out to the two rows of galleries encircling the main floor. When the last words were pronounced a great cheer went up from 2,000 spectators. A finer arena could not have been provided for the display. The clerks pressed around the bride and groom to shake hands and offer congratulations. Mr. Arnold quietly presented \$3 to the clergyman and led his bride away. The excitement upstairs in the galleries did not subside for some time and many rumors of its cause were afloat. One was to the effect that a clerk had inherited a million dollars and was to leave without resigning, and many thought a fight had occurred. By the time the ladies had subsided into composure, Mr. Arnold was well on his way to Woodbridge with his bride. He said he had never seen her before, but was well satisfied with his bargain.

Later in the day Commissioner Raum summoned Rev. Mr. Black to his room to know why he had stirred such a commotion in the bureau. When the minister explained that he had no premonition of any such commotion the incident was dismissed with a laugh.

An article about our tombstone written by Martha Roberts for the October, 2007, OHS newsletter, gave us a rendition of an oral history passed on by descendants of George Arnold. At the time we believed Frederick had met a local lady during the Civil War and had returned for her. Martha's article piqued the interest of Allie Guidry who connected to the Hurlebaus family through Ancestry.com. Allie's wonderful research turned up the Washington Post article, Frederick's portrait and the following family information. The Hurlebaus descendants also had an article from the August 15, 1893 Manassas Gazette. This tattered clipping said Frederick had stayed at Edward Hammill's *Commercial Hotel* at 206 Union Street. While in Occoquan he continually harassed the Arnolds to the point he was arrested for lunacy and spent time in the Brentsville Jail. Frederick was pronounced sane by the Court and upon his release he told Cecelia he would go back to Ohio and even purchased a train ticket that was never used. We know of course what followed was his suicide on the Arnold's farm with a Smith & Wesson.

Another piece of information I recently found through Ancestry.com was Frederick had taken out a marriage license in Cuyahoga County, Ohio on September 10, 1892, for he and Cecelia Nein. It was signed by the county deputy clerk, H.A. Schwab. The license was never used and seems to indicate Frederick was pursuing Cecelia for quite some time.

The first article titled "Had a Coffin Ready" was posted on Ancestry.com on January 29, 2017. Some of the facts differ from the Washington Post article. The Post says Cecelia was from Cleveland and not Columbus. Hurlebaus' name was misspelled in the Gazette article also.

So just who was Cecelia Nein? Was she a "spinster lady" as the Post said or had she been married? The 1870 census lists a Cazilia Nein, age 25 and her husband John, age 28. They have two children aged five and three. An 1873 city directory has them living at 108 Wade Ave. in Cleveland Ohio. In the 1880 census Cazilia is now spelled Cecelia and the family includes two more children. John Nein died in October, 1891. Cecelia's youngest child was 18 when her father passed away. It could be Cecelia was ready for a change in her life and answered the ad posted by George W. Arnold. A fresh start and escape from Frederick Hurlebaus may be what she hoped for. That Frederick followed Cecelia here a year after her marriage to George points to what frame of mind he was in and lunacy might be a good description.

The line on Frederick's tombstone, C.N. 42 W.A.C.O. was never deciphered here at the museum. The Alexandria Gazette article says it means; Cecelia Nein, age 42, Wabash Ave. Columbus Ohio. Census information would indicate Cecelia was 48 when Frederick took his own life. The city directory gives an address of 108 Wade Ave. Cleveland Ohio. If Frederick was unsure of Cecelia's age, C.N. 42 W.A.C.O. could indeed have been her name and last address in Cleveland, Ohio.

Frederick had lost his wife, Elizabeth Hurlebaus. She is buried at the Crow Road Cemetery, Litchfield, Medina County, Ohio. Elizabeth died on April 28, 1891 at the age of 48. How does it happen that Frederick used the line C.N. 42 W.A.C.O. on his wife's stone two years before he added it to his own? If the line refers to Cecelia and her address could Elizabeth's death be attributed to something other than natural causes?

How did the tombstone end up in the Occoquan? We have said over the years that it washed there after Hurricane Agnes in 1972. Another answer may be Cecelia told George to hitch up the horses, put the stone in the wagon, drive down Washington Street, circle the wagon around, open the wagon bed and chuck it in the river! This story will continue when we find out the cause of death for Elizabeth Hurlebaus and John Nein.

Thank you for all the recent donations and membership renewals. The \$20 yearly fee can be paid online at www.occoquanhistoricalsociety.org. A check made to the Occoquan Historical Society for \$20 can be mailed to: PO Box 65, 413 Mill Street, Occoquan, VA 22125.

Mill House Museum
PO Box 65, 413 Mill Street, Occoquan, VA 22125
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Open Sunday through Saturday 11-4

