

James Harvey McMillen  
Pioneer of 1845  
compiled by Stephenie Flora  
www.oregonpioneers.com

James Harvey McMillen [Pioneer of 1845]

b. 10 May 1823 Attica, New York

d. 16 Jun 1913 Adamsville, Muskingum County, Ohio at home of daughter  
buried [Lone Fir Pioneer Cemetery](#), Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

m1. Dec 1845 Polk County, Oregon

Margaret Wise

b. 1832

d. 24 Dec 1850

buried [Lone Fir Pioneer Cemetery](#), Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

m2. 1852

Tizrah Barton

b. 26 Nov 1832 Ohio

d. 21 Jun 1903 Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

buried [Lone Fir Pioneer Cemetery](#), Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon  
d/o Edward Barton and Hannah Pyle

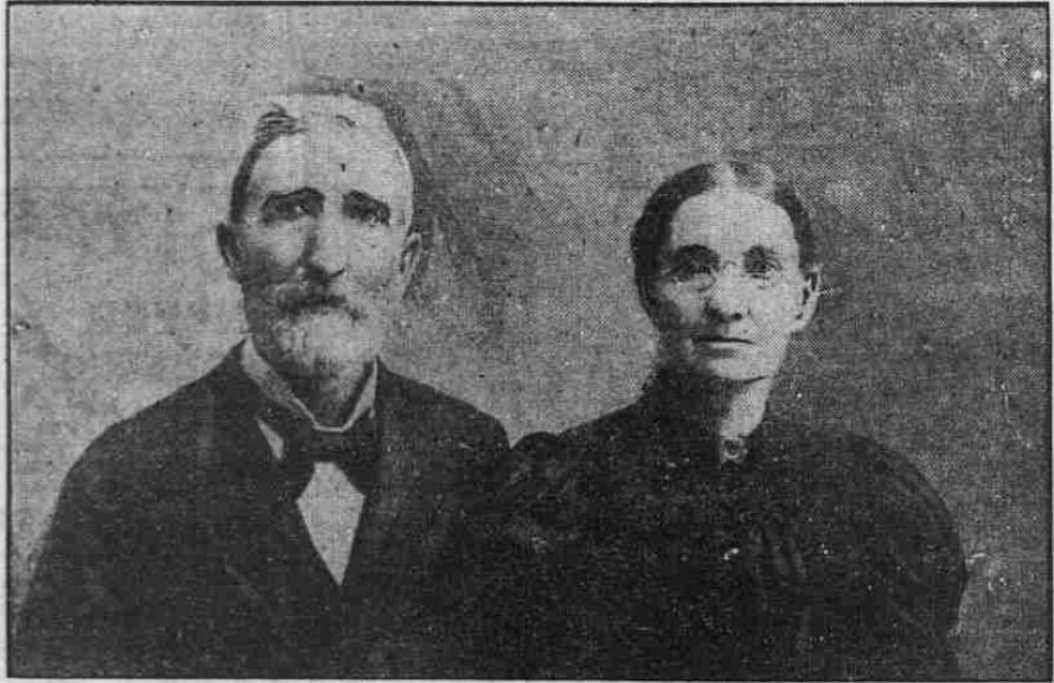
m3. 1904

Addie R. Smith

b. c1854

d.

## MARRIED FIFTY YEARS.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. McMILLEN TO CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING TONIGHT.

James H. McMillen and wife will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day at their residence, 285 Crosby street, this evening, October 26. Captain James H. McMillen was born in Genesee County, New York, on May 10, 1825. While still young his parents moved to Illinois, and located near Chicago. In 1845 Captain McMillen left his father's home, and with others crossed the plains. After many dangers, hardships and narrow escapes from death he arrived at Oregon City, on October 25 of the same year. He at once found employment, which consisted in the repairing of mills for Governor George Abernethy. This work he continued to follow until the Cayuse Indian war. This war was inaugurated by the massacre of Dr. Whitman, his wife and others. At the call of Governor Abernethy, Captain J. H. McMillen joined Captain Lee's First Company of Oregon Riflemen. Fifty men, all told, proceeded to The Dalles, by way of the Columbia River, and fortified the place. The many hardships and privations that were endured by these men in the war that followed can only be known by the participants.

In March, 1849, the Captain went to California, and prospected for gold. Having met with success, he returned to Oregon in the Fall of the same year, and was married to Margaret Wise, whose companionship was of short duration, for she soon passed over to the brighter side of life. On October 26, 1851, Captain McMillen married Tirzah Barton, his present wife, who was born in Clermont County, Ohio, in 1832, and, in 1851, she crossed the plains with her parents, who, after much physical and mental endurance, arrived at Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. McMillen have resided in their present home since 1865, and they have spared neither time or money to make the home what it should be—a happy one, not only for themselves, but for all who found shelter under its roof, which in early days were many. Mr. and Mrs. McMillen together donated the ground on which to build the first schoolhouse in their district, and now, when they look at the Holladay Schoolhouse, a wave of satisfaction thrills their souls, and they gather unto themselves from the harvest resulting from good deeds done.

Captain McMillen served as School Clerk and Director in his district continuously for 12 years. He was also one of the Councilmen of East Portland for four years. He was chosen Captain of the Indian War Veterans' Association, Multnomah Camp, No. 2, which office he held for seven years. At the expiration of that term of service that honorable band of old veterans presented him with the badge of a Captain, which he often wears, with pleasure to himself and honor to those who presented it. As a man and a citizen he is distinguished alike for the integrity and ability with which he discharged the duties of the many and varied offices which he has been called to fill. Although the frost of Time's winter has tinted his head with its white, himself and wife still continue, as they have hitherto done, to take an active part and interest in all legitimate movements for the advancement of the good interests of the State of Oregon, and more especially the City of Portland, which they have seen develop from a log cabin to its present, flourishing condition.



MRS. T. B. McMILLEN,  
EAST PORTLAND, OR.

[History of the Pacific Northwest Vol I p. 440a]

### MRS. TIRZAH BARTON MACMILLAN.

The world is beginning to understand, to appreciate and pay tribute to the work of the men who have been the vanguard of civilization in the northwest. Their lives were characterized by endurance, fortitude, bravery and determination, but commendable as are those qualities, the work of the pioneer men is deserving of no greater recognition than that of the refined, cultured women who left the sheltered homes of the east to become a restraining and uplifting influence in the life of that region where the great empire of the west was being fashioned.

Among this number was Mrs. Tirzah Barton MacMillan, a daughter of Edward and Hannah H. Barton. Her birth occurred in Clermont county, Ohio, near Cincinnati, in 1832, and in early girlhood she went with her parents to Indiana and in 1851 accompanied them across the plains to Oregon. The incidents of that long trip were never forgotten by her and the tale of the journey ever proved an interesting one to her children as she later related it to them by her own fireside.

In October following her arrival in the northwest she was married to Captain James H. MacMillan and soon they removed to a new home on the Tualitin plains nineteen miles west of Portland. It was there that their daughter, June, the gifted poetess and playwright of Oregon, was born. While her husband worked in the fields and developed the farm, thereby providing for the support of the family, Mrs. MacMillan as faithfully discharged the duties of the household and performed the neighborly offices for which she was so often called upon in pioneer times. She was ever ready to respond to the cry of distress. Stranger or intimate friend, rich or poor always received the same gracious and uniform treatment at the hands of this pioneer woman.

She possessed great natural refinement; her influence was never aggressive but was as the permeating perfume of the violet, modest and sweet. From the organization of the Pioneer Association of Oregon she was an active and enthusiastic member, and, for the first time in the history of that society, she was absent from the reunion which was held on the 17th of June, 1903. At that time she was upon her death bed and four days later, on the 21st of June, passed away. Upon the day of the reunion of the pioneers she was greatly missed and her picture and a profusion of flowers decorated the chair she would have occupied but for her illness. Her funeral services were held under the stately trees which she had helped to care for upon the law of her home and a large gathering of friends attested the esteem and warm regard in which she was uniformly held.

THE LATE MRS. CAPTAIN J. H. McMILLEN.



**PIONEER WOMAN, WHOSE FUNERAL WILL BE HELD TOMORROW.**

The funeral of Mrs. Tirzah Barton McMullen, wife of Captain J. H. McMullen, who died Sunday morning, after a lingering illness, will be held from the family residence, 285 Crosby street, tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Lone Fir cemetery will be the place of interment.

Mrs. McMullen was a woman of refinement and of wide acquaintance among all classes. The announcement of her death in yesterday's Oregonian was received with sorrow. Many yesterday expressed their sympathy to her bereaved husband, Captain J. H. McMullen, and her daughters, Mrs. June McMullen Ordway, Elsie McMullen, and Mrs. Iva Glover.

[Oregonian, Portland, Oregon, Tuesday, June 23, 1903 p.14]

## J. H. MACMILLAN.

To take the crude material and produce a finished product, a thing of utility, symmetry and beauty, is always a matter of satisfaction to those who accomplish such a task. This is what the pioneers of Portland have done. Coming to Oregon, they saw and utilized the natural advantages and resources of the country and the beautiful Rose City of the present day stands as a monument to their enterprise, their faith, courage and progressiveness. All honor is due them for the work they accomplished. Among the number is J. H. MacMillan, now a venerable patriarch of the community, eighty-eight years of age. He was born in Attica, New York, in 1823 and the early years of his life were passed in Orange, Du Page county, Illinois. While but a mere boy he crossed the plains to Oregon, and first saw Portland on the 24th of October, 1845, or rather the site of Portland, for the district was then inhabited by Indians. Captain John H. Couch had claimed most of the land on the north and F. W. Pettygrove and A. L. Lovejoy were the claimants to the southern portion. Their cabins had been built and upon the land had been posted notices to show that it had been claimed. The families, however, lived at Oregon City at that time.

Mr. MacMillan's mind is still very clear concerning the early events which have shaped the history of this district. He relates that soon after his arrival the bark, Toulon, arrived, Nathaniel Crosby, captain, near the foot of Washington street, where the cargo was landed and covered with a canvas until a log house could be built that became Portland's first warehouse. The following year, 1846, James B. Stevens built a double log house on the east bank of the Willamette, a part of which was used for a cooper shop, Dr. McLoughlin employing him to make one thousand flour barrels. It was his father who was the first person buried in Lone Fir cemetery.

The first sawmill was built by Abrams in the south end of the city and later a sawmill was erected near the present site of the gas works, but after a few years it was burned. Then the firm of Estes & Stimson built a sawmill, which they later sold to Ben Holladay for the sum of sixty thousand dollars. Mr. Holladay had the mill removed a mile down the river, where a double mill was erected as well as a sash, door and blind factory. As millwright Mr. MacMillan had charge of this work for eleven years and was thus closely associated with the lumber industry of the city at an early day. At that time a few enterprising merchants were meeting the wants of customers of this district, Northrop & Simon conducting a store on Front street, while W. S. Ladd had a store near the Stark street ferry on the west side of the street, Mr. MacMillan seeing him clear his land where he built his house. Mr. MacMillan was also well acquainted with Hugh O'Brien, Portland's first mayor, who crossed the plains in 1845, and he also knew Anthony L. Davis, the first justice of the peace. As the city developed a newspaper made its appearance in Portland, published by John Orvis Watterman, and soon afterward T. J. Dryer began the publication of the Oregonian. The litigated interests of the city were intrusted to Judge Hamilton, the firm of Olney & McEwan and other early lawyers, while Drs. Davenport and Chapman attended to the physical ills. "Uncle Jimmy" Stevens donated land for school purposes and the Rev. Lyman built the first Congregational church, while Rev. Wilbur had the Methodist church erected. Among the notable weddings in the early days was that of the daughter of T. J. Dryer, who became the wife of a nephew of Peter Skeen Ogden, who at that time was the chief factor at Vancouver and was better known as the "kind-hearted man" who purchased the women and children held prisoners by the Cayuses.

Mr. MacMillan in early pioneer times carried dispatches from The Dalles Mission to Governor Abernethy at Oregon City. Night came on about the time he reached Portland. A dance was being held of which Mr. MacMillan became a spectator. It was conducted by Charlie McKay, who was then called "Old Scissors" for scissors was his greatest swear word. This dance was held on the last night of 1847. The following day Mr. MacMillan walked to Oregon City, where he delivered his despatches. When East Portland organized a city government, by act of the legislature Mr. MacMillan at the first election was chosen councilman and served for four years, Dr. Hawthorne being the president of the village. It seems a long distant period from the primitive past to the progressive present, from the Portland of 1845 to the city of the present day. Mr. MacMillan has ever rejoiced in the development that has been carried forward and it is his honest belief that Portland will yet become the largest city on the Pacific coast.

[Portland Oregon, Its History and Builders by Joseph Gaston Vol iii p.613-14]



*James H McMillen*

[Portrait and Biographical Record of the Willamette Valley p. 107a]

CAPT. JAMES H. McMILLEN. The first member of the McMillen family of whom we have any record is the great-grandfather, James McMillan, a native of Scotland, who upon immigrating to America settled in Rhode Island. His eldest son, also named James McMillan, served valiantly in the Revolutionary war. The latter's eldest son, Joseph McMillen, it will be noted, changed the spelling of the family name, and this has been the style used by subsequent members of the family. The father was a native of Oneida county, N. Y., but in early life removed to Attica, where he learned the millwright's trade. At Pompey, N. Y., he erected a mill, and in 1826 he removed to Buffalo, where he erected the First

Presbyterian Church, besides many other structures, and also followed millwrighting to quite an extent. Going to Lodi, that state, in 1829, he continued at his trade there, building mills along Cattaraugus creek, and in the year 1836 he removed to Illinois, and on the banks of the Desplaines river also engaged in erecting mills. Working his way further west we next hear of his crossing the plains in 1852. In Oregon City he at once began to work at his trade, also assisting in the building of steamboats and similar work. In 1856 he went back to his home in the east, going by way of Panama, and upon returning to the west brought his wife with him. Settling in Forest Grove, he there spent the remainder of his life, dying in 1890. His wife, formerly Ruth Gannett, was a native of Springfield, Mass., and the daughter of Joseph Gannett, who participated in the Revolutionary war, taking part in the battle of Bunker Hill as a minute man. He was of English descent and came of good old Puritan stock. Mrs. Ruth McMillen died at her home in Forest Grove, when more than ninety years of age.



In the family of Joseph McMillen there were seven children, five of whom came to Oregon and three of whom are living at this writing, two sons and one daughter. In Attica, N. Y., where he was born May 10, 1823, James H. McMillen spent his childhood years, and in the schools of Ohio received his early knowledge of books. Going to Illinois with the family in 1836, he continued his studies there for a time, but, finally, wishing to begin his business career, at the age of fifteen years commenced to learn his father's trade, and this he found of inestimable value, as future years proved. March 14, 1845, he took up the weary march across the plains by ox-teams and did not arrive at Oregon City until October 25 of that year. Work at his trade, however, was waiting for him, and almost immediately he found employment in Governor Abernethy's mill. The massacre of the Whitman party in December, 1847, incensed the settlers and inaugurated what is known as the Cayuse Indian war. Mr. McMillen was one of the first to volunteer and was made first duty sergeant in the first company of Oregon riflemen, doing service in the vicinity of The Dalles. Here he found work at his trade and for a time was employed in building fortifications for the defense of the soldiers. After a service of sixty-eight days he was discharged, as his services were needed in repairing Governor Abernethy's mill, which furnished flour for the soldiers. After performing this task satisfactorily he was again ready to shoulder his gun, and wherever he could be of use in subduing the Indians, there he was found ever ready to perform his duty toward the settlers. In the spring of 1849 he was one of the argonauts that sought

the gold fields of California, but unlike the great majority of them his efforts were crowned with more than a modicum of success. From the American river and its tributaries, along which his labors lay principally, he took a large quantity of the yellow dust, and in the Oregon canyon, ten miles east of Coloma, he took out as much as \$700 in a single day.

Although he spent but a few months in the gold fields he returned in December of 1849 \$8,000 richer than when he started out in the spring. On the Tualatin plains in Washington county he bought a large farm, and to this he added until he had nine hundred acres in the tract. In the meantime he had been employed at his trade, and many mills all over the states of Oregon and Washington stand as monuments to his handiwork.

In 1865 Mr. McMillen sold his farm on the Tualatin plains and on the banks of the Willamette purchased a forty acre tract not far from the steel bridge. A few years later he laid out McMillen's addition to East Portland, but this has been almost entirely disposed of, although he still retains three blocks on the river front, where he has built up a fine residence property. Since taking up his residence in Portland he has built several mills, one of which was for Mr. Weidler, in whose employ he remained as millwright for twelve years.

A sketch of Mr. McMillen's life would be incomplete were no mention made of his identification with the North Pacific History Company, which published the History of the Pacific Northwest, known everywhere, and especially in the west, as the best work of the kind extant. He helped organize, was one of the incorporators of the company and was its president. To him should be given the credit for a large part of the historical matter contained in the work, especially the early history of Oregon, which his associations here in pioneer days made it possible for him to produce.

In Polk county, Ore., in December, 1845, Mr. McMillen was married to Miss Margaret Wise, a native of New York state. She died eleven months later, leaving a son, Frank, who died when he was twelve years old. In Portland occurred his second marriage, which united him with Miss Tirzah Barton, a native of Cincinnati, Ohio. She was the daughter of Capt. Edward Barton, who in 1851 came to Oregon with his family, and who still conducts a carriage manufactory in Portland. Of the second marriage the following children were born: Ernest, who died in 1891; Justus and Union, who died at the age of ten and six respectively; Myrtle, who died in her twelfth year and whose ability as a natural artist was very apparent; Constant, who was killed in an elevator accident when in

his twenty-second year; Right H., of Washington; June, the wife of Julius Ordway, engaged in the lumber business in Portland; and Ivy M., wife of William J. Glover, shipping clerk for Bell & Co., of Portland.

Aside from his private interests Mr. McMillen has served his fellow citizens in numerous capacities. For four years he was councilman in East Portland, and for twelve years was director and clerk of the school board. Educational matters have always claimed a goodly share of his attention and he materially assisted in building the schoolhouses in this vicinity. Fraternally he is a Mason, holding membership in Washington Lodge at East Portland. For a number of years he held the office of president in the First Spiritual Society of Portland, with which he still holds membership. He is also interested in the Monument Association and is now its efficient treasurer. This association erected, in 1903, in Lone Fir cemetery, a monument to the soldiers who participated in the Mexican, Cayuse Indian, Civil and Philippine wars. Mr. McMillen is a member of the Pioneer Society and the Historical Society, in both of which he takes an interested part. For seven years he held the office of captain of Multnomah Camp No. 2, Indian War Veterans, which comprises the soldiers who participated in the Cayuse Indian war, and is now serving as treasurer. Politically he is a Republican, upholding its principles upon every occasion.

[Portrait and Biographical Record of the Willamette Valley p. 107-9]



CAPT. J. H. M<sup>c</sup>MILLEN,  
EAST PORTLAND, OR.

[History of the Pacific Northwest Vol I p. 440a]

**CAPT. J. H. McMILLEN.**— Captain McMillen, a fitting example of the men whose stout courage, tireless energy and ready friendliness laid the groundwork of our state, is a pioneer of 1845, having crossed the plains with W. H. Rector, Colonel Taylor, Hiram Smith and others of that large immigration.

Of Scotch ancestry, he traces his American lineage to a great-grandfather who crossed the Atlantic and settled in Rhode Island, where a numerous family grew up around him. The grandfather, James, pushed westward as far as New York; and in that state Joseph, the father, was born. Arriving at maturity he married Miss Ruth Gannett and settled in Attica, New York; and in that village James H., whose life we here record, was born May 10, 1823. During the very early life of this child, a further removal was made to Lodi, now Gowanda; and in 1836, when James was coming to be a stout, active lad, a further move to the prairies was effected. It was at Orange, Du Page county, Illinois, that the new home was made and a new farm opened. Aside from his agricultural pursuits, the father was a millwright; and the son learned that trade as his reliance for future support; and it has ever served him most opportunely and honorably.

It was a foregone conclusion that the migratory life should not end with the third American generation; and in 1845 James H., now a stocky, powerful

and skillful man of twenty-two, undertook the crossing of the plains to Oregon. Upon the advice of William Card, one of the organizers of the company, he did not sell his eighty-acre farm in order to provide an outfit, but, deeding it to his brothers, joined the train upon promise of necessary means to be furnished along the way in return for services. Mr. Card, William A. Culberson, Kale Grower and Edwin Stone were of the immediate party to which Captain McMillen belonged.

Many of the experiences on the plains were exciting; and one, at least, was singular. Two-thirds of a day out from Ash Hollow, on the North Platte, a wheel of someone's wagon was broken. Rector, hunting up McMillen as the handy man in the crowd, asked him to go back with a horse and buggy to Ash Hollow and get a good piece of ashwood to mend the wheel, while the train would make camp and wait. The distance was great enough to bring his return far into the evening; and he found the road occupied for miles by a vast herd of buffalo, quietly feeding in the meadows. It was necessary to observe great caution in order to make his way through without startling the herd and causing a stampede. The thick, dusky figures in the darkness, the chewing and fretting of grass, the movement of hoofs, and the possibility that the whole might suddenly move like an avalanche, kept on a constant *qui vive* the spirits of the man in the buggy, and prevented his using his whip or chipping to his horse; and he was much afraid that some ugly bull of the band would run up in the starlight and attack his animal. The buffaloes, however, stepped out of his way and made room with all the docility of domestic cattle, and let him pass without difficulty.

Another interesting reminiscence of the train was the banquet given at Laramie to the chiefs of the Sioux Indians. The young men of the tribe were off on the war-path; and the old fathers and mothers and boys and young women were very friendly. The Whites served up a quantity of bean soup with civilized delicacies; and the Indians, as they ate, sat in a circle alternately with white men. In smoking the pipe of peace, it was noticed that they were careful to blow the first whiff upward to the Great Spirit. They spoke with amity of the emigrants going through their country and shooting buffalo for meat, but not for indiscriminate slaughter. It was a gala day; and the young women were dressed in their best buckskin gowns, which were whitened by the application of a certain clay which made them very lustrous. They reached nearly to their feet, and showed off to excellent advantage their beautiful lithe figures.

A little below American Falls Captain McMillen came as near experiencing the hunger of the wilderness as at any point. Starting off in pursuit of a number of lost steers, himself and companions took with them but a small piece of bacon, which was obliged to do duty as food in that keen air for three days. He still remembers with pleasure the beautiful loaf of light bread with which Mrs. Rector greeted the little party upon its return.

Reaching Oregon City October 25th, with a fifty-cent piece which some one had clandestinely slipped into his pocket in return for some one of his many



timely services, he found employment in Abernethy's mills on the island at the falls, and in 1847 built the bridge leading from the main street of the town over the basin owned by McLoughlin, and used as a boom for logs. This bridge was a substantial structure, and supported eight hundred and fifty feet of railway constructed of two-by-four scantlings, and bar iron one-half by two inches. This was the first railroad in the state, or west of the Rocky Mountains.

During one of those early summers, he was at work on a boat at the mouth of the Skipanon creek, and was one of the party that broke up a liquor seller's shop at Astoria. This dispenser of "blue ruin," who was exciting the Indians, was a desperate character; and it was only McMillen's revolver that brought him to terms. A hundred-and-forty-mile pull in a canoe up the river to Oregon City was also performed that summer in order to cast a vote for Abernethy, the temperance candidate for governor.

Upon the outbreak of the Cayuse war, consequent upon the massacre of Whitman, permission was granted to quit work on the mill and proceed as a member of the party of forty-six soldiers to occupy The Dalles. The trip up the river in the midst of storms and snow, and the exciting scenes at The Dalles, in which Captain McMillen took an active part, are fully described elsewhere.

In 1851 he secured a Donation claim on the Tualatin Plains, and there for a number of years carried on farming.

At the present time he occupies a delightful residence in East Portland, Oregon, upon land purchased from Jacob Wheeler, and is occupied in the metropolis in looking after his large real-estate and business interests. At the age of sixty-six years he still maintains rugged health, and, surrounded by his family and friends, finds much to console him for the many privations incident to the early settlement of this Northwest. His first wife, Margaret Wise, was born in New York State in 1832, and was left an orphan at the age of three years. In 1846 she came to Oregon with a married sister, Mrs. Jessie D. Walling, and was married to Mr. McMillen January 28, 1850. Within less than a year she passed from earth, leaving a son, Frank, eight days old. Of his present wife and family a sketch is here added.

Mr. McMillen gave land for a public school in his district, where he has acted in the capacity of clerk and director for twelve years. He has served as councilman in his ward four years, and has given liberally to schools, churches and for charitable purposes. In politics he has been a Republican from the firing on Fort Sumter. In religion always liberal, he has of late years become a firm believer in Spiritualism, and has always been a friend to the cause of temperance and other moral reforms. For the past three years he has served as captain of the Indian War Veteran Association, Camp Number 2, of Multnomah county, Oregon.

It is proper also to add here that this gentleman is the president of the North Pacific History Company, and that it is due chiefly to his steadfastness and liberality that our work has been brought to completion.

[History of the Pacific Northwest Vol II p. 464-5]

**MRS. TIRZAH B. McMILLEN.**— Especial interest surrounds the life of those mothers who made possible the social conditions of our state. They will be held in everlasting remembrance.

Tirzah, the daughter of Edward and Hannah H. Barton, was born in Clermont county, Ohio, in 1832, and at a very early age accompanied her parents to Cincinnati, later to Indiana, and in 1851 across the plains to Oregon. In October of the same year she was married in Portland to James H. McMillen, and soon removed to their new home on Tualatin Plains, ten miles west of Portland. It was there, amid the agreeable surroundings and comforts of the farmer's life, that six children were born,—Ernest B., Justus H., June, Union, Right and Constant.

The next home was at Oswego, whither they removed in 1861. It was there that Justus and Union passed to spirit life in 1863, they, with their elder half brother Frank, departing within a few days of each other. Constant remained until 1882, when he joined his brothers in the beyond. One daughter, Myrtie, was born at Oswego. At the age of twelve she passed to the better life. Two sons, Ernest and Right, and the daughter June, now the wife of Julius Ordway, and Ivy, the wife of Dr. W. L. Miller, of Portland, are living near the parental home.

Their present home is at East Portland, Oregon.

[History of the Pacific Northwest Vol II p. 466]

## AGED MAN TRIES TO WED.

### But Captain J. H. McMillen Forgets His Witness.

There were two disappointed loving hearts at the Courthouse yesterday afternoon on account of the refusal of

Deputy County Clerk Harry Bamford to issue a marriage license for them, because they did not bring along a witness, which the statute requires.

The witness must subscribe to an affidavit that the would-be blushing bride is over the age of 18 years, and that there is no legal impediment to the marriage. The woman in this case was certainly 45 years old or more, but the witness was necessary just the same.

The contracting parties were Captain James H. McMillen, a pioneer resident of Portland, who plotted an addition bearing his name in East Portland, and Mrs. Adaline Rodgers Smith. They came to the County Clerk's office together, and both seemed taken by surprise when informed that a license could not issue.

Captain McMillen is old and gray, and his wife died a few years ago. He is well-known in Portland as an ardent believer in spiritualism and as a leading member and officer of the First Spiritual Society in this city. He takes pleasure in entertaining his friends at his beautiful home at 285 Crosby street, which overlooks the river, with discourses concerning subjects spiritual, and in showing them his spirit photographs of relatives who have passed to the great beyond, which he obtained in Eastern cities.

Adaline R. Smith is a clairvoyant and medium, and also prominent in Portland spiritualistic circles.

Just before the marriage license was applied a deed was filed for record by the terms of which James H. McMillen conveys to Addie R. Smith lots 3 and 4, block 8, McMillen's Addition, which is the home property, for a consideration of \$1. Another deed was filed by Mr. McMillen in favor of J. O. Saldern, conveying the south half of lot 4, block 3, McMillen's Addition, for a consideration of \$1200. The names of the witnesses to the deeds are Mrs. E. B. McClure, A. H. Tanner, E. B. Williams and George W. Williams. Mrs. Smith also executed a deed supposed to be in favor of her daughter. The happy pair were expected soon to return with the witness required, but up to the closing hour did not put in an appearance.

## TELL STORY OF THEIR COURTSHIP

Captain and Mrs. J. H. McMillen Affirm  
That Theirs Is a Love Match  
Pure and Simple.

**A**NY person who thinks that Captain J. H. McMillen, 81-year-old bridegroom, is not competent to mind his own business, ought to talk to him. Yesterday morning he returned from Puget Sound with his bride, formerly Mrs. Addie R. Smith, clairvoyant and medium. Firm-voiced and active he demanded of a reporter the reason that the newspapers had not told the truth about his marriage.

Captain McMillen was not indignant or wrathful. No reproach lurked in his question. Indeed, he proffered an explanation of his own.

"I fear," said he, "that it was June— Mrs. June McMillen Ordway, my eldest daughter."

Beside the captain sat the new Mrs. McMillen, whose marriage to a husband somewhat advanced in years caused so much sarcastic comment among other clairvoyants who had hoped to marry the captain and among his relatives who reluctantly saw the prospective title of his property pass away from them. The new Mrs. McMillen is a bride who freely confesses that she is 50. Truth to tell, she is still pretty. Her voice is soft and altogether charming. Her manner is easy, possibly from long handling of those who inquire of mediums, and her speech is that of a well-educated woman. With her husband's explanation she agreed at once.

"It may have been Mrs. Ordway, dear," she said.

"I cannot imagine," continued the Captain, "why June should say such things. I see she is quoted as saying that my former wife knew my present wife, then Mrs. Smith, and disliked her. Now, that is not at all true."

"Mrs. McMillen and I were intimate friends till she died," said her successor.

"You know June writes poetry," said the Captain. "Now, my first wife was also a spiritualist, and on Sunday mornings she used to sit with June and would tell her this poetry while she was in a mediumistic state. June often used to say, 'Why, that's just what I was thinking before I came over.' But if June thought of it, why did she wait for her mother to help her out and tell her what to write?"

"It's funny," assented Mrs. McMillen, "that Mrs. Ordway's poetry should, much of it, at least, have been written in that way, isn't it?" And the reporter assented with all his heart.

"Why," said he, "did Mrs. Ordway oppose your marriage with her father?"

"Property troubles," said Captain McMillen, taking the brunt of the conversation off his wife's shoulders. "She seems to be a little put out about the division of my property. It's a trouble that dates back for years. It was the dying wish of my last wife that I should deed the old home to Mrs. Glover, who is my other daughter, Ivy. I did so, and Mrs. Ordway is vexed."

"Was she angry at you for deeding \$10,000 worth of other property to Mrs. Smith before you were married?"

"I guess she was," said the Captain. "I'll tell you about that. Mrs. Ordway began to talk about having a guardian appointed for me. I was afraid some of these busybodies who are always ready to meddle with other people's business might really do something. So I thought I'd just provide a home for myself in case they should tie up my affairs. I transferred the property to Mrs. Smith, in whom I have every confidence. Then I felt easier. I knew I had somebody that would take care of me and that I could take care of. And the property was safe."

"You know," explained Mrs. McMillen, "I have property and an income of my own. I did not marry my husband because I wanted his money, but because I loved him. We were both in the same line of work. We are congenial, and while neither of us are in our first youth, we got married, and we're glad we did."

Whereupon Captain McMillen called his bride "my dear," and stroked her on the hand.

"Did you ever promise to marry Mrs. Ladd Finnican?" asked the reporter. Mrs. Finnican is another medium and clairvoyant who has arrived at, and maybe passed, the age of discretion, and who, it was said, was a rival sultress for the Captain's hand.

"Never," said Captain McMillen with much emphasis, "never in my life."

"Mrs. Finnican was quoted in the newspapers as saying that your marriage to Mrs. Smith merely proved that a man kept two or three women on the string even at the age of 80."

Captain McMillen was visibly pleased. To be publicly accused of being a flirt at 81 years of age is a delicate flattery which is granted to few men, be they ever so fascinating in their youth. Like younger Lotharios he smilingly protested.

"Now, now," said he, "why should she say that? I have no doubt that she would have liked to marry me, but the thought never entered my head."

Two things Mrs. McMillen wished particularly to have denied in the newspapers: The statement that she once accompanied Captain McMillen to Collins Hot Springs, and the insinuation that she married her husband to get his property. Only one thing oppressed the bridegroom much.

"They've made a bad mistake in my age," he complained. "They said I was 83 and I'm only 81."

[Oregonian, Portland, Oregon, Wednesday, September 28, 1904 p.10]



# FLEECED BY SPIRITS

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**Captain McMillen's Friends  
Tell Story of His Undoing.**

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## CRAFTY WIFE IS A MEDIUM

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**Aged Indian Fighter's Property Be-  
lieved to Have All Been Con-  
verted Into Cash and the  
Money Concealed.**

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The news telegraphed from San Francisco and published in yesterday's Oregonian to the effect that Captain J. H. McMillen, formerly of this city, had been fleeced out of his fortune and left practically penniless by the wife whom he married "to please the spirits" last year, has not created any surprise

among his friends and acquaintances in Portland. In fact many express wonder that such a calamity has not befallen the aged bridegroom before this, for the particular spirit which urged Mrs. Addie R. Smith to become Mrs. J. H. McMillon is suspected to have been of mercenary origin. But little sympathy is expressed for the old man and public sentiment regarding the lady with the big "mitt" is at such an ebb that it would not be very good for her health to visit here just now.

The relatives and friends of Captain McMillon tried in every way to prevent his marriage with the woman, but he would not listen to advice or warnings. He was convinced by her that the spirits wished the union—so he said at the time. The same spirits seem to have been busy with the money question ever since, according to the complaints he has filed in the Oakland courts in an attempt to recover his property or the proceeds of its sale.

#### Property Turned Into Cash.

If the stories told around town by parties who are in a position to know the facts of the case are true, the McMillon property dissolved itself into cash some time ago, but it seems that the aged husband did not come to the realization of the fact until he had his eyes opened by his daughter. This daughter, Mrs. Stacy, of Ohio, was formerly Mrs. Glover and well known in Portland, where she lived for many years. The present Mrs. McMillon sent her husband to visit Mrs. Stacy, promising to follow soon. When she did not fulfill her promise, the Captain opened his heart to his daughter, and the latter saw through the spirits in a jiffy. She had him on his way back to California before he realized what was doing, and is behind him in his suit to recover the property.

Just what can be recovered is doubtful, for it is said that Mrs. McMillen and her daughter, Mrs. E. B. McClure, have wasted no time in turning everything available into cash and diamonds. Property in this form is not always on record and it is surmised that there will be difficulty experienced in bringing it to light. Last June Mrs. McMillen and Mrs. McClure visited Portland, saying to friends that they came up to finish settling up the estate. Each wore several thousand dollars worth of diamonds, and while they made no lavish expenditure of money they broadly hinted to intimate friends that they had good fat bank accounts and that they were turning everything into cash. If the property is all in this form it will go bad with the Captain's suit.

The story about the old man of more than four-score years marrying the widow little more than half his age "to please the spirits," has assumed a different phase since the news of his predicament has reached Portland, and the real facts are gradually coming to light. It is said that the wily Addie was the only spirit in the case and that she worked overtime in the good cause.

#### Between Two Medlums.

Before his marriage to Mrs. Smith, Captain McMillen was engaged to marry Mrs. Ladd Finnican, another spiritualistic medium of this city. Mrs. Finnican even had her wedding clothes made in anticipation of the happy day, and the suit was not regarded with the ill-favor which fell upon the Smith affair. Things went very smoothly—so the story runs—until the bride-elect one day made an unguarded remark about Mrs. Addie R. Smith, which caused the Captain to make a trip to the latter's apartments. Tact does not seem to have been his long suit, for he bluntly told Mrs. Smith what his fiancée had said concerning her. That it was not complimentary nor to that lady's liking, is evidenced by the fact that the latter promptly conducted the aged talebearer to her attorney's office and sent post-haste for Mrs. Fin-

nican to come and prove her charges. Mrs. Finnican went, her son accompanying her, but McMillen would not go back on his statement that she had made the remarks in question concerning Mrs. Smith. The Finnican engagement is said to have been broken at that instant, and from the same moment the Smith spirits were very busy, resulting in the marriage of Captain McMillen and Mrs. Smith at Kalama a short time afterwards, after the attempts of relatives and friends to prevent it had been foiled.

Shortly after the ceremony the new Mrs. McMillen began to display great interest in the Captain's affairs, and it did not take her long to unearth the fact that Mrs. Finnican was indebted to him in the sum of several hundred dollars, money loaned her for the purpose of developing a mine. Her revenge upon Mrs. Finnican was still unsatisfied, so she led her yielding spouse to the widow's presence and demanded that the notes be signed over to her, which was done. These, her friends says, she has taken great delight in showing, but as the transaction seems to have been perfectly legitimate, and Mrs. Finnican has been meeting the notes as they fall due, the latter has suffered no injury through the actions of Mrs. McMillen. These stories are told by the personal friends of the parties interested, and while they have not been affirmed by the lady in question, they have not been denied.

There is a difference of opinion regarding the amount of Captain McMillen's estate, as it was not appraised for so much as \$30,000. It is known, however, that he converted all his Portland property into cash and turned the money over to his wife. His failure to make provision for his son and daughter, both residents of this city, caused much unfavorable comment, and his present predicament is a matter of much regret to his friends, but not of surprise.

# IN A PITIABLE PLIGHT HE SAYS

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**Captain J. H. McMillen Writes  
to Friends in Portland of  
His Circumstances.**

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**WIFE STRIPS HIM OF ALL**

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**Regrets That He Did Not Listen to  
Advice and Says "God and the  
Angels Alone Can Tell  
What Is in Store."**

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**"Had I listened to my friends I should  
not be in this sad plight. God and the  
good angels alone can tell what is in  
store."**

The foregoing are the words of Captain J. H. McMillen, the Oregon pioneer, whose matrimonial ventures turned out so disastrously, in a letter received yesterday from him in Oakland, Cal., dated October 10. It is the first admission he has made that his friends and relatives in Portland, who exhausted every effort to persuade him from marrying the woman who became his wife, and who has endeavored to absorb his entire fortune, were right, and their advice wise. His letter confirms all the published accounts of his experiences.

Captain McMillen says in his letter that he has attached the house and lot he purchased in Oakland and some cash in a local bank, and has hopes that he may recover something out of the wreckage. The attachment cases were to be heard in the Oakland court yesterday, but the result probably will not be known for several days. By some of the Captain's friends in Portland it is thought that he may recover the house and lot and the money in bank, or at least that his wife may be required by the court to give him an allowance, as he was stripped of everything he had. When he started on his trip to visit his daughter, Mrs. Ivoy Stacy, in Ohio, his wife bought his ticket and gave him \$20 for spending money. He says that his daughter Ivoy and her husband are with him in Oakland to see that justice is done, and he hopes for a favorable outcome of the lawsuits he has instituted to get back some of the fortune which he handed over to his wife for safe-keeping.

As soon as the result of the lawsuit is known, Captain McMillen will return to Portland.

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[Oregonian, Portland, Oregon, Saturday, October 14, 1905 p.18]

## **VETERAN PIONEER IS ILL**

**Captain J. H. McMillen Writes Portland Friend From Ohio.**

Dr. George Wigg has received a letter from Captain J. H. McMillen, who recently went to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ivey Stacey, in Ohio, to live, saying that he was very ill. It has been some time since the letter was received, and hence the Captain's friends are under some suspense on his account. Apparently he was in good health when he left Portland, but his most intimate friends said he worried greatly over his unfortunate matrimonial experience, which swept away all his means.

The lawsuit he started in Oakland to recover some of his lost property has not been decided, and his friends here say the case is so complicated that they do not understand the situation. The return of Captain McMillen to Ohio indicates he has little hopes for an early settlement of the matter. Dr. Wigg, a close friend of Captain McMillen, says that the old pioneer will never be satisfied to live outside of Oregon, where he came in 1845.

[Oregonian, Portland, Oregon, Friday, December 29, 1905 p.10]

# LIFE OF LATE PIONEER FILLED WITH INTEREST

First Oregon Railroad and Grist Mill Built by Captain James Harvey  
McMillan—War Record Made.

**C**APTAIN JAMES HARVEY MMILLEN, the Oregon pioneer of 1845, who passed away in Adamsville, O., on June 16, was one of the men whose stout courage, tireless energy and ready friendliness laid the ground work of this state. He was of Scotch ancestry and was born in Attica, N. Y., May 10, 1823.

He learned the trade of millwright from his father and it served him most opportunely when he arrived at Oregon City October 25, with but 50 cents in his pocket. He found employment in Abernethy's mills on the island at the falls. In 1847 he built the bridge leading from the main street of the town over the basin owned by Dr. McLaughlin, which was used for a boom for logs. This bridge was a substantial structure and supported 850 feet of railway, constructed of 2x4 scantlings, and bars of iron,  $\frac{1}{2}$ x2 inches thick. This was the first railroad in the state or west of the Rocky Mountains. He also built the first grist mill on Clatsop Plains. Previous to this time the settlers ground their wheat in their small coffee mills.

Captain McMillen was president of the North Pacific History Company and it was due to his steadfastness and liberality that the work of publishing the history was completed in 1889.

During the earlier period he was at work on a boat at the mouth of Skipanon Creek and was one of a party



The Late Captain James Harvey  
McMillan.

that broke up a liquor seller's shop at Astoria. This dispenser of drinks was exciting the Indians greatly. A 140 mile pull in a canoe up the Columbia and Willamette Rivers to Oregon City was also performed by him in order to cast a vote for Abernethy, the



temperance candidate for Governor. At the outbreak of the Cayuse war, consequent upon the massacre of Marcus Whitman, permission was granted him to quit work on the mill and go as a member of the party of 46 soldiers to occupy The Dalles. On this trip a severe snowstorm was encountered. Captain McMullen, like many others in those early days, often knew the pangs of hunger.

McMullen served as Councilman in his ward on the East Side for four years. Young McMullen was quite a favorite with both Governor Abernethy and Dr. McLoughlin. During the Indian uprising he was dispatch bearer between Governor Abernethy at Oregon City and The Dalles mission, being intrusted with information of the greatest importance. Mr. McMullen, after serving three months as a volunteer at The Dalles, where he assisted in building the fortifications, was sent to Oregon City to erect a mill which was to supply the troops with flour.

At one time Dr. McLoughlin intrusted to Mr. McMullen's care a flat-boat load of women and children who were being brought to Oregon City from the scene of Indian hostilities. The doctor also sent to McMullen a barrel of apples to be distributed among those half-starved people.

During the Cayuse Indian war a young man in McMullen's company was mistaken by a sentry for an Indian and killed. His name was Alexander McDonald. This occurred at a camp on the east side of the Deschutes. It was McMullen who prepared the corpse for burial, and with others of the company dug a grave with their tin dinner plates. They piled brush upon the spot to keep Indians from disturbing the body.

When McMullen was 83 years old on Memorial day of that year he sat resting in Lone Mountain Cemetery in California. An old man sat down near him to rest. They became interested in each other's experiences of the early days, and before they parted it was made clear to both that Alexander McDonald, whom McMullen had helped bury, was the old man's nephew, and

after those long years McMullen was at last able to carry out his promise to the dying man to "give a message to his people should he ever be able to locate them."

Captain McMullen's first wife was Miss Margaret Wise, a native of New York and a relative of the late Mrs. Jessie D. Walling, a member of the well-known Walling family, who settled near Salem in 1846. She died within a year after their marriage. In October, 1851, he married Miss Tirzah Barton, a beautiful girl, who had shortly before arrived from Ohio with her parents, Captain and Mrs. Edward Barton, who settled on Tualatin Plains. The young bride took up a donation claim which in after years she exchanged for the property now known as McMullen's Addition to Portland. Captain McMullen and his wife welcomed the rich and poor alike at their Crosby-street home in this city, where they lived for many years. They gave liberally to schools, churches and charity. The first church services ever held in the district north of Sullivan's Gulch were held in the McMullen home and conducted by the Rev. George H. Atkinson. The minister was ferried across the river in a small skiff by the young sons of Captain McMullen. Mrs. McMullen gave the land for the first schoolhouse in that part of the village. Church services were held in this building when completed and the daughter, June, the author, who is affectionately called "Oregon's Own" by the old families, played the simple hymns on a small organ belonging to the late Mrs. J. K. Laing, which was carried to the building by two neighbors every Sunday morning.

Captain McMullen acted in the capacity of school clerk and director for 12 years. He served as Councilman of his ward for four years.

He greatly prized a gold medal which was presented to him for his bravery in the early Indian wars. He was the father of nine children, three of whom are living, the Rt. Rev. H. McMullen, Ivy Glover Stacey and June McMullen Ordway. Mrs. McMullen died at the old home in 1903 in this city.

The following is Captain McMullen's

daughter's tribute to pioneers of Oregon:

**OUR HONORED PIONEERS.**

By June McMillen Ordway.

Our pioneers:

Tho' tempest tossed they came, like strong  
new ships full freighted,  
With hopes of men, with women's sobs  
and tears.  
No storm could chill their strong, brave  
hearts,  
Nor e'er their courage dim  
Through all the many untold trying years.

Brave pioneers:

Long miles ahead they saw the stately day-  
light fading;  
Each morn new light shone in their weary  
eyes.  
For this new West they'd left their loved,  
Hope's mirage led them on—  
They heard the call that bade them wake  
and rise.

Dear pioneers:

How many of our loved have found their  
last safe haven;  
Like broken spars adrift and nearing shore,  
God calls them home so fast in ever gain-  
ing numbers.  
After the storm the calm—  
A new world's glories: theirs for evermore.

[Oregonian, Portland, Oregon, Sunday, June 22, 1913 Sec V p.8]

Children of James McMillen and Margaret Wise:

i. Frank Wise McMillen

b. 15 Dec 1850

d. 19 Apr 1863

buried [Lone Fir Pioneer Cemetery](#), Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

Children of James McMillen and Tirzah Barton:

i. Justus H. McMillen

b. 15 Jan 1853 Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

d. 20 May 1863 Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

buried [Lone Fir Pioneer Cemetery](#), Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

ii. June McMillen

b. 11 Sep 1855 Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

d. 13 Sep 1940 Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

buried [Lone Fir Pioneer Cemetery](#), Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

m. Julius Ordway

iii. Union McMillen

b. 03 Mar 1859 Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

d. 06 May 1863 Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

buried [Lone Fir Pioneer Cemetery](#), Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

iv. Constant McMillen

b. 17 Jul 1861 Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

d. 20 Dec 1882 Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon  
buried [Lone Fir Pioneer Cemetery](#), Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

v. Myrtle McMillen

b. 03 Aug 1863 Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

d. 12 Mar 1875 Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

buried [Lone Fir Pioneer Cemetery](#), Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

vi. Ivy McMillen

b. Dec 1867 Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

d. 29 Jun 1956 Clatsop County, Oregon

buried [Lone Fir Pioneer Cemetery](#), Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

m1. John P. Smith

m2. William Jameson Glover