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WILLIAM IRVING PHILLIPS.

William Irving Phillips, eldest son of William Nelson Phillips and Lydia Lucy Jane Phillips (nee Taylor), both of New York State, was born at Charlton, Saratoga County, New York, several miles south of Saratoga Springs, July 20, 1847, descendent from the Southboro, Massachusetts branch of the Phillips family, and on his mother's side descendent from an English family whose genealogical records run back to the eleventh century. His great-Grandfather, Ebenezer Phillips, was a soldier in the Revolution and participated in the battle of Bunker Hill. His father was a regimental adjutant in the Union Army during the Civil War.

When he was one or two years old his parents moved to a farm near the town of Antwerp, Jefferson County, New York, some twenty miles more or less north-east from Watertown in the region near the lower end of the Great Lakes. Here the boy lived and commenced attendance in the district school until seven years of age, when, in 1854 the family moved to a farm in Wayne Township, Du Page County, Illinois. This farm, the first Illinois home of the Phillips family, is located at the southeast corner of the intersection of the old Army Trail Road and State Highway No. 59 (on the line between West Chicago and Bartlett), - the farm now occupied by the house in which they lived burned down in February 1922 and has been replaced by a new one, but the original barn is still on the place, and the orchard west of the house may still be seen. Across the road to the north from the house, and a little further west near the corner stood the "Little Red School House" which he attended.

Let him tell two or three incidents that occurred during the family residence here from 1854 to 1857. He says :

"When about eight years old I looked out early one morning and saw five deer that had made their night's rest in the orchard. It was quite a sight and rather astonishing that deer should have slept so near the house. In those days we had other animals like wolves, skunks and pigeons, the latter in such multitudes that they almost blotted out the sun."

"My first day in school in Illinois was at the Red School house, standing but a few rods from the Northwest corner of our farm. I remember the day very well because Jonathan Nash, somewhat larger and older than I, chased me home. I would rather run than get licked."

"The sauce at that early day was obtained largely from wild plums and crab apples of which there was an abundance in our wood lot to the south. We had no soft water at the house so every Monday morning two large barrels were loaded in the double wagon and we went about a mile south to our wood-lot for soft water. One of these soft water ponds is \* \* \* now a part of St. Andrews Golf Club."

At this home his sister Julia, now Mrs. Alex D. Thompson of Newburgh, Indiana was born.

About 1857 his father sold the farm and purchased the Albert Guild store at Wayne Center, about three quarters of a mile east of the Wayne Center Cemetery where we are gathered. The family moved into the

house which stands to this day at the North-east corner of the intersection intersection at that point. The store, which was also the post-office, was located on the northwest corner of the same intersection, and a blacksmith shop was located across the road to the south. Both the blacksmith shop and the store have disappeared.

About a quarter of a mile to the east of Wayne Center where a road from the south intersects the Army Trail Road, stood the Wayne Center school at the southwest corner of the intersection. The writer believes the school house <sup>still</sup> standing there is the same <sup>one</sup> which the ten-year old William Irving Phillips attended. Between these two corners, but on the north side of the Army Trail Road ~~was~~ were the Congregational Church, nearer the store and residence, and the parsonage of Rev. E. W. Kellogg, a man about 62 years of age, and his wife Alzada, ~~xxxxxx~~ It is well to remember this man because he married some of our ancestors.

But let Mr. Phillips in his own words again, tell us more extended incidents of his life during this period. He says :

"The store was the Post Office as well as the general store. The former proprietors were Guild and Nind. I do not remember the year that father bought them out, but one time a man came to inquire for his mail. There was none for him. He said that he had come several times and there ought to have been a letter for him long before this. Father asked, 'How did you address the letter?' There must have been some mistake about the address.' 'No' he replied, 'I told them to send it to Guildanind.' That ~~was~~ was a standing joke for the day.

"I helped in the store and in the Post Office and carried the mail every other day from Wayne Center to Turner Junction, Now West Chicago. All around that burg in those days there were Irish shanties. The men were track men on the railroad and their children made my life miserable, threateningly pursuing me. One time when they were stoning me and hit the horse, I stopped the horse and jumped out. There were then two boys following me. I had a jack knife the back of which was broken, but I held the blade straight in my left hand and ran back at these boys and the first one I came to I gave a bloody nose with my fist and that scared the other, but I was more scared than they for I thought the next time I went that way they would probably kill me. I had never told my father until this time about my trouble. He fixed them. I do not know what he did but I never had any more trouble. Of course it had never occurred to me that it was a serious matter to interfere with a United States mail carrier, which I was. Father evidently made them understand that.

"One night when father was in New York City buying goods, having left the care of the store to a young man of about 21 and myself about 12, we were awakened by the barking of the dog, which mother had brought into the house. She came and told us that we must go over and see if everything was alright in the store, that the dog was so fierce she was afraid something was wrong. Of course we lighted the candles and the young man and I went out to the front gate, where we stood holding the candles. He said "Pshaw! there's nothing wrong", but just then a span of horses and a buggy with someone inside flashed by us to the north. The young man said, "There isn't anything the matter, let's go back to bed", and this we did. Soon the dog began to bark again making an awful rumpus, and mother insisted that we

go out to the store. We went out and I ran ahead of the young man and when I got on the front platform I noticed the store door wide open. I looked around and found that my companion didn't follow me but had gone away from the store, south. He saw that the ~~store~~ door was open and he ran pell mell for the house and I after him. At a near neighbor's there were threshers being kept over night, so we went over and aroused them and told them that the store had been broken into and we wanted them to come over and help us capture the robbers. We all crept along quietly until we came to the store and then some one with an axe pounded on the porch and ordered the robbers to surrender. Just then a mouse or a rat made a noise and they said, 'There they are'. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ 'They are in there.' I ought to say that about that time my younger brother Charley - 10-years old, came charging out of the house with a cavalry sword over his shoulder, and the other men had implements of warfare. When the robbers did not come out a lighted candle was placed in the doorway and we didn't see anything, so we all went in and found there was nobody there. I came out and saw a pile of something down the road which I called attention to and which proved to be the goods which the robbers had taken out of the store, expecting to load it into their buggy. #"

"There used to be a blacksmith shop just on the south side of the east and west street facing the north road. On the 4th of July each year the boys from the country around, including us, used to get out the anvil about three o'clock in the morning, turn it bottom side up, fill the great hole in it with powder and put in a fuse and block up the end and fire it. We thought that was great fun. I have my doubts about the neighbors enjoying it as much as we did.

"The Wayne Center School house was about a quarter of a mile east of the store. The only unusual thing I can remember happening there was the fact that I went only every other day because I was the mail carrier and had to go to Turner Junction; and also that was in those days that the great pugilistic contest between Heenan and Sayre took place in England. Heenan was an American and Sayre was an Englishman and there was tremendous excitement among us boys as to the outcome. I favored Heenan and Clem Moffatt favored Sayre. We finally concluded to fight it out among ourselves. My station was the north end of the east side of the school house and Clem's the south, and from these two corners we rushed at each other. I cannot remember now whether Heenan, myself, or Sayre, Clem ~~HEENAN~~, was the best man."

While residing at Wayne Center he had an experience at Rinehart's grove, near the Benjamin School house on the old St Charles Road, which became a famous part of the family history when his boys grew to years of understanding. Here it was he climbed a ~~tree~~ hickory tree, or shag bark, and knocked off nuts which he wished to gather and carry away. While in the tree a man came along and inconsiderately began picking up the nuts and putting them in a bag. The boy up the tree became so earnest trying to drive the man away that he lost his footing and fell head first about 25 feet to the ground, being knocked senseless for three days and breaking his collar bone.

While residing at this home his mother died on September 8, 1858 aged thirty six years, and was buried in the Wayne Cemetery.

In about 1860 the financial difficulties that<sup>had</sup> engulfed the country on account of the so-called "wild-cat money", overtook the Phillips store at Wayne Center, and his father was obliged to close up his business, surrender everything he had, and begin anew on a little 40-acre farm belonging to the family nearly two miles north of Wayne Center, near the "Bartlett School House." In the meantime his father had married Mary Blank, a member of one of the Blank families in Wayne Township of which our worthy Schultz, Hiser, Van Ness and Moffatt families are a part. The lad, now 13 years old, with his brothers and sisters, attended the Bartlett School near by, and it has been his remark that their home on this 40-acre farm was a very happy one. When not in school he helped work the farm.

Let him again tell some incidents which cover this third and last place of residence in this neighborhood. He says :

"An interesting incident while we lived there was the offer made by our pastor ((Rev. E. W. Kellogg of the old church at Wayne Center)) to give twelve gray willow slips to every one of the Sunday School children who would learn the first chapter of Genesis. I undertook it and succeeded though father said I wore out the fore part of the Bible in doing so, which made the twelve willow slips rather costly. I planted the twelve willow slips, but none of them had life enough to grow."

"While living on this farm we attended the Bartlett school. When I was attending \*\* there came up a very severe storm and when I got to Grand-mother Blank's house she wanted me to stay overnight and do the chores because Jesse was gone. One thing that makes me remember it specially was the fact that when I awakened in the morning I had a snow bank on top of me. The windows were not tight, and there were no storm windows in those days, so the snow just drifted in and covered me."

Mr. Phillips made three attempts to volunteer as a soldier in the Civil War. In 1862 he attended a barbecue at the Benjamin School House, which is still standing near the Rinehart hickory grove above mentioned, and is located on the Old St. Charles Road about two miles from Wayne Center on the way to Wheaton. Thomas B. Bryan of Elmhurst presented a flag to Company F, of the 105th Ill. Vol. Inf., which Mr. Phillips joined as drummer boy at the age of 14 or 15. He was supplanted soon after by an older man who became drummer and Mr. Phillips returned home.

Later in the same year he again enlisted in another company in the same regiment - Co. I, 105th Ill. Vol. Inf. and was mustered in at Dixon, Illinois. His father became Adjutant of the Regiment and his this 15-year-old son was detailed to Regimental headquarters as Adjutant's Orderly. Forced marches and exposure around Louisville, Kentucky, were too much for his young frame and he was returned home at Wayne Center where he remained until March 1865.

On March 28, 1865, at age 17 he again enlisted, entering Co. K, 25rd Regt. Ill. Vet. Vol. Inf. (known as Mulligan's Irish Brigade) at Chicago, and was honorably discharged at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, September 1, 1865 after he had entered Richmond with his Regiment.

It was during his last enlistment, while desperately ill in an army hospital in Richmond, and expecting to die, that, alone and without human counsel he gave his life to Christ. The story of his conversion and the story of his adventures returning home through Baltimore would fill a separate paper in themselves.

On his return from the Army he went to Bloomingdale, in this county, where the family had removed during his absence. He quickly joined the Congregational Church there and through the influence of his Pastor, Rev. Warren F. Day, and Deacon Bronson of that church, he was persuaded to enter Wheaton College in 1866. He took the Preparatory and the College courses continuously, with one year's intermission teaching in southern Wisconsin, and graduated from the College with the class of 1873. Miss Mary Dana Bissell was a classmate, whom he afterward married.

From College he went to Chicago Theological Seminary, graduating in the spring of 1876. He then took a pastorate in the Congregational Church at College Springs, Iowa and was ordained to the ministry there. Shortly thereafter he returned to Wheaton and married his classmate, Miss Bissell and brought her back to Iowa. During the two and a half years he was pastor here there were ten additions to the church - half of them on profession of faith. His eldest son was born at College Springs.

In the spring of 1879 he moved to Lindenwood, Illinois, where he was pastor of the Union Church for about a year. His second son was born at Lindenwood. He now moved to Oak Park, Illinois and engaged for a short time in railroad work in Chicago. But he was soon offered, and accepted, the position of Treasurer of the National Christian Association, opposed to Secret societies, with headquarters in Chicago. His services for the National Christian Association became his life work. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ He became alternately their Treasurer, Secretary, Trust officer, Publisher, and eventually Managing Editor of the Christian Cynosure, its official organ, finally retiring from active business in 1925.

His third son was born in Chicago in 1881. In 1883 he removed to Wheaton which remained his home the rest of his life. His interests were always with the College and with the churches which met on the College Campus, in which he served as Elder, Deacon, Sunday School Superintendent, etc. Among other activities he was at one time President of the DuPage County Sunday School Association. He was twice candidate for Presidential Elector in Illinois on the Prohibition ticket.

It was at his home in Wheaton on June 2, 1894, twenty-nine years after he had removed from Wayne Center, that the nine men gathered who organized the Wayne Center Cemetery Association. He always held the Wayne Center district in tenderest regard, and to the very end of his life enthusiastically aided in the work of this Association. In 1938, at the age of 51 years, he went out almost single handed and raised from the friends of the cemetery a very large share of the additional endowment of this cemetery which has been added to the Permanent Care Funds since June of that year. His energy and zeal, crowned with such marked success, was a wonderful inspiration and encouragement to the Association when its affairs seemed to be in a dropping condition. Furthermore it was long his earnest desire that he might be buried here.

The closing years of Mr. Phillips' life, after he retired from Active work in 1925, were like a beautiful sunset, or like autumn leaves turn-

ing gold and brown and yellow and red before they fall. His seventieth birthday in 1917 was a red letter day when literally hundreds of his friends showered him with birthday greetings. Another special day was the Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1926, when there was a great outpouring of love from neighbors and fellow-townpeople of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips and friends from far and near. Mr. Phillips kept up an active correspondence during these later years with a large circle of people east and west and north and south. He lent to the National Christian Association his counsel and advice even when no longer formally serving it. He loved Wheaton College and several times a week would attend chapel exercises or visit it for other purposes. He and "Grandma Phillips" became known to a goodly number of students, and one young lady wrote a touching biographical character sketch for one of her classes entitled - "Grandpa Phillips, the Students' Friend." As the ranks of the veterans of the Civil War thinned out, Mr. Phillips found himself one of the two survivors of the great struggle living in Wheaton and the younger veterans - those of the Spanish American and the World Wars - showed him every respect and manly attention, and in a beautiful way he became their pal. The townspeople too looked upon him with affection and many were the kindly glances toward the old man who daily walked down town with a basket on his arm, accompanied with his dog "Pal", to do his marketing.

But the sunset cannot last forever, and there came a day which was to be his last, though none of us knew it. He enjoyed that day for it was warm and balmy and he was out in the sunshine some of the time. He kept about his little tasks throughout the day as usual and that night laid him down to sleep. The next morning, Saturday, September 30, 1933, at 4 o'clock he slipped quietly away to be with his Lord - so quietly in fact, though he was conscious nearly to the end, that he possibly did not realize that God's ministering angel was ready with his chariot to take him up higher. He was 86 years, 2 months and 10 days old. His body was brought to the graveside on the day of his burial with the honors and loving tribute of his neighbors and friends and with the military salute accorded a departed comrade by the younger veterans. He was buried on Wednesday, October 4th, 1933 in the Wayne Center Cemetery. But more beautiful than the honors shown him was the legacy he left to us of the memory of his gentle, faithful, valiant, Christian life. God fulfilled his promise - "With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation."

*Paul B. Phillips*  
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June 16, 1934.