

[Armstrong, Jennie M.]

MISS JENNIE ARMSTRONG

The announcement on Saturday morning of the death of Jennie M. Armstrong called forth an expression of sorrow as genuine as it was general. Miss Armstrong came to Canton with her parents nine years ago, and since that time has made it her home. During these years the people of Canton have learned to know her and to love her, and they utter their last farewell to her in profoundest sorrow.

To those who were not favored with her acquaintance she will be remembered as the possessor of a rare gift. She could imitate the notes of every singing bird, and, through the method inadequately called whistling, could utter them in connected music worthy a choir of all the feathered songsters. No one ever listened to her wonderful melody who was not charmed by it. She was often sought after to fill the place of chief attraction in concerts and musical entertainments, and was frequently called to distant cities and States. From Quebec and Boston in the east, to St. Paul and other cities in the west, she won recognition and praise as an artist. Col. Robert G. Ingersol[I], who heard her several times, thus writes of her:

"Miss Armstrong can outwhistle all the birds of the air. She is flute, nightengale [sic] and lark; and the wonder is that the whistling is filled with real sentiment. It is beyond all comparison the most wonderful music I have ever heard. It seems impossible to express love, hope, joy, and a thousand shades of tenderness, by whistling; but Miss Armstrong can do it with perfect ease."

This gift was instinctive. She could whistle in perfect time and tune before she was old enough to speak plainly.

But to those who knew Miss Armstrong a neighbor and friend her peculiar powers seemed only the natural expression of the harmony of her thought and life. She impressed herself deeply upon this community. Her sunny nature dispelled the clouds that lowered around her. She bore her own burdens and helped to bear those of others. Perhaps her life might have been longer if she had lived it more to herself. But it was not of her nature to consider herself. Her chief regret in death was that she could not live to sustain and comfort her aged father [J. B. Armstrong] in his remaining days.

Out of lives like hers the world is made better. To our restricted vision she falls too early by the wayside. We would that she might have travelled on these many years, or at least that her life could have been spared until the birds of springtime might have sung their homage above her open grave.

[Armstrong, Jennie M.]

Funeral of Miss Armstrong

Miss Jennie Armstrong died in Canton on Friday evening last, after an illness of about four weeks. She had had several hemorrhages of the lungs, but for a week had been slowly improving. Her death was unexpected, as her attendants thought that she was on the road to recovery. Heart difficulty was the immediate cause of death.

The funeral took place on Sunday in the Universalist church. It was at her own request that the services were simple. No sermon was preached. Rev. Mr. Stowe made a few remarks, followed by brief but effective words from her friend, Dr. Atwood.

Messrs. C. W. Jackson, R. E. Cleaveland, L. C. Sawyer and F. C. Gilbert acted as bearers. The remains were taken to Ogdensburg on Monday, where they were viewed by many relatives who had been unable to reach Canton on account of short notice. The deceased had a mother [Abigail Brewster Armstrong] and two sisters [Abbie and Lillie] buried in Ogdensburg. She was twenty-eight years old.

Mr. and Mrs. L. McAllister, of Morley, Mrs. Sylvester Armstrong and her daughter Bertha, Mr. and Mrs. F. Flint of Potsdam, and Miss S. E. Sweet, of Ogdensburg, relatives, were present at the funeral.

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