

The Journal.

W. VAN VALKENBURG, Editor.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1863.

MR. ALFRED ARMSTRONG, the father, of the subject of this notice, is the nephew of the late GEN. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

OBITUARY.

"Forget not the faithful Dead."

Korner.

"DECORUMEST PRO PATER MORE.—

Thus another noble youth has fallen a sacrifice on the altar of his country. James C. Armstrong, son of Mr. Alfred Armstrong, of this city, was killed on Saturday the 13th inst., while bravely advancing with his comrades to the attack upon the entrenched rebels at Fredericksburgh, Va. He was shot through the left breast and died instantly. His body was brought from the field on Monday, and buried on Wednesday, near the Rappahannock, not far from the spot where he fell.

He entered the army in June, 1861, as a private in company H, of the Fifth regiment P. R. C.—and although but a youth of nineteen years, and of delicate constitution, he bore up with uncommon fortitude and patience, through the toils, perils and exposures of nineteen months' service. In the battle before Richmond, his cartridge box was shattered by his side, but he passed through that ordeal unhurt. The highest officer in command of his company complimented him highly for his gallant conduct during those severe engagements. In the battle of South Mountain, in company with a part of the Reserves, after a march of 15 miles, he made a brave and successful attack upon the rebels strongly posted on that eminence, and he shared with them the next day, the perils and honors of the conflict at Antietam.

He was a youth of great promise. He received his academical education under his father, and pursued his literary and scientific studies at Princeton College. He was fond of reading from a child, and had stored his memory with much useful knowledge; he had a fine literary taste, and wrote in a style remarkably creditable in a youth, for its simplicity, conciseness and strength. He was modest and unassuming, retiring in his habits, and rather reserved among strangers. His disposition was amiable, his principles good, and his morals without a stain. His mind was early imbued with religious truth. Serious and thoughtful, he seldom indulged in the levity common to youth. He was faithful in attending to the services of the sanctuary, when those opportunities were enjoyed. The child of many prayers and the subject of much parental anxiety and care, it is hoped Divine Grace had prepared him for his sudden call into the eternal world. A.

Death of James Simmons Armstrong.

The inhabitants of our village were greatly surprised on Saturday morning to learn of the death of James Simmons Armstrong. He was born at Griffin's Corners, Delaware County, New York, on September 28th, 1887, and at the time of his death was in his eighty-third year. Although all knew him to be one of our oldest residents he was so young in heart, so bright in his mind and so keen in his recollections that it hardly seemed that he was as old as he was.

His grandfather was General John Armstrong of Revolutionary fame, who was at one time Secretary of War of the United States and Ambassador to France. His father was Lieut. Colonel Henry Beckman Armstrong and his mother Mary Drayton Simmons, who resided for many years in the home where Mr. James S. Armstrong lived so many years and where he died.

The death of Col. Henry B. Armstrong, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of this town occurred at his residence in this village on Monday, after a lingering illness, at the advanced age of 92 years and 6 months. The N. Y. Tribune, speaking of his death, says:

Among those who have passed from us within a few days we have to record the death of Lieut. Col. Henry B. Armstrong. In the death of Lieut. Col. Armstrong, one of the few remaining links which connect us with the last century, has been broken. He was the son of Major-General John Armstrong, of the Revolution. His early years were passed in France, where his father was accredited Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Napoleon the First. In 1811 he returned to this country, and on the breaking out of this war with Great Britain, entered the army as Captain of the 13th Regiment of United States Infantry. He served through the war with great gallantry and distinction, having been severely wounded at the assault upon Queenstown Heights, and having served in the taking of Fort George, the battle of Stony Creek and the sortie from Fort Erie. At the close of the war he retired from the army as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Rifles. For many years past Col. Armstrong lived quietly at his country seat in the village of Red Hook, Dutchess County where his warm heart and genial disposition made him universally beloved by his friends and relatives.

The funeral took place from Christ Church, this village, on Thursday afternoon, and the remains were placed in the family vault at Rhinebeck.

He received his education in a private school and from tutors in the village of Red Hook and later attended the Academy on College Hill in Poughkeepsie and a private school in Massachusetts. His education was broadened by much travel in foreign lands, as he was the manager of the estate and intimate companion of his uncle, William Astor, for many years and knew the old world well. His memory of places and events was very keen and he delighted in telling of his recollections of the beauties of England, France, Italy, Greece and other beauty spots of the world.

Always a lover of a horse, he owned many and took great pleasure in driving them and riding horseback. He was an experienced whip, and could drive four in hand with the best and thoroughly understood the care of a horse and always taking a great personal interest in seeing that they received the best attention. In his early life he spent much time in the hard labor of farm work and probably that helped give him his iron constitution. Although he was the owner of two automobiles and enjoyed riding in them, making frequent trips to the Catskills, the Berkshires, Poughkeepsie and other places, he always regretted that the horse had been displaced by the them.

After retiring as manager of Ferncliff, the estate of his uncle, William Astor, now owned by William Vincent Astor, he devoted himself to the care of his brother, Henry Beckman Armstrong, in his declining years and saw that every comfort obtainable was secured for him. Since his brother's death, eight years ago, he has lived quietly in his home here, cordially receiving his friends and entertaining them with his reminiscences, his lively interest in the affairs of the day, and his kindly nature made him an ideal host. An affable, genial gentleman, he will be missed by his many friends.

He was the last of his generation, his only relatives being his distant cousins in the Chunler and Astor families. His funeral services were held at his late residence on Tuesday, and were conducted by Rev. Frank Van Rensselaer Moore, of Vineland, N. J., assisted by Rev. George E. Hipsley, D. D. John King, of Poughkeepsie, feelingly sang "Abide With Me" and "The Beautiful Home on High." His body was placed in the Armstrong vault in the Rhinebeck Cemetery.