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BOSTON:
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5-14-98

5. My self, wife, and daughter remember our due
 s to your self, Mrs. Winthrop, and all yours, desir-
 ch to see you here. In hast, these Indians staying
 eport from other Indians, that the great Mohawkes,
 e call them, have offered a late injury and affront to
 tch, at & about Aurania ffort, in plu[n]dering them,
 away by force gunns, powder, shott, coates, &c.,
 reof thay can better informe, & you can better un-
 id them.) I rest

Your loving friend,

THEOPH: EATON.

LYNN, January 4th. 1655.

erall in Newhaven & Brainford are willing to help
 rd in the Iron worke, but doe much want both in-
 gement and direction from yourself.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THEOPHILUS EATON,

BY REV. ABRAHAM PIERSON.*

THE HONOURED THEOPHILUS EATON, ESQUIRE, GOVERNOUR OF NEW HAVENS
 COLONY.

A MAN renowned, a man of note & fame,
 Theophilus Eaton, his famous name,
 His faith & workes so cleerly shone,
 That of ten thousand saints like him scarce one.

The Rev. Abraham Pierson, the first minister of Southampton, L.I., was born in York-
 about 1608; was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in
 and is said to have preached in or near Newark before coming to New England. He
 dmitted to the Boston Church, Sept. 5, 1640, but settled in Lynn, and the same year
 red to Long Island. In 1644, he went with a part of his congregation to Branford,
 ., and became the first minister of that place. He removed to New Jersey in 1667,
 was one of the original settlers of Newark, where he died Aug. 9, 1678. A letter from
 o John Winthrop, jun., is printed in 8 Massachusetts Historical Collections, x. 69.
rague's Annals; Savage's General Dict. — Eds.

The hurt of youth he tymely did prevent,
 Was God's convert ; to Christ gave full consent,
 The principles he held were strong & cleere,
 His greatest, choycest wisdom was God's feare.

His knowledge & wisdom were so profound
 That deepest causes he would quickly sound.
 Yet councill from others he oft would crave,
 The poore opprest he readily would save.

In courage Lion like, and yet a Dove,
 Moses like for meeknes, truth, peace & love.
 A righteous judge he was, all men can tell,
 Exactly to do iustice he lik'd well.

Was diligent his office to fulfill,
 He put forth all his strength to do God's will.
 He walkt with [God], a saint of high degree,
 Like to just Noah, as all did cleerly see.

Like Abram from his country God him cal'd,
 Amongst lively stones in's howse him vpwal'd.
 As Isaack he was wont to meditate,
 Like to David, as in his howse he sate.

Like Jacob, as a prince power he had,
 With God & men, his face was seldom sad,
 As Joseph a prosperous man he was,
 In him the spirit, but all flesh is grasse.

Joshua like strong, & of good courage hee,
 A terrour to the vile, they would him flee ;
 But to the saints he stretched out his hand,
 Them he esteem'd the precious of the land.

Caleb like he had another spirit,
 Eminent graces he did inheritt,
 He follow'd God fully with his whole heart,
 With resolution fixt, he fear'd no smart.

As Samu'll for the people he did pray,
 In matters of iudgement he shew'd theire way.
 Like as Jonathan he did work with God,
 In holy paths he duly dayly trod.

As David he was iust, rul'd in God's feare,
 To God in holy duties he drew neere ;
 For wisdom (as Solomon) he was rare,
 For the Rule of the people he tooke care.

As Ezekiah had a perfect heart,
 He was grave councill ready to impart.
 Josiah like, a zealous man was hee,
 Humble, tender, each truth desir'd to see.

As Nehemiah, for God's day he prest,
 Th' eschewing evill, & a blessed rest ;
 Incourag'd the ministers of God[']s] word,
 Carefull, couragious i' th' vse of th' sword.

He sougth the welfare of the country all,
 He was a choyce blessing to great & smal.
 Like Mordecai al's brethren him esteem'd,
 Promover of their wealth & peace him deem'd.

Like holy Job for patience he excel'd,
 His state & family did wisely weild.
 He was a loving husband to his wife,
 A man of knowledge, lov'd peace, eschew'd strife.

Tender of, as to his children was hee,
 Cheifely desired God's people they might be.
 His servants can assert his pious care,
 For councill & holynes he was rare.

Peace he lov'd, and peace he made 'twixt m[en],
 The peace maker's blessing comes on him then.
 Cordiall to his ffriend was he indeed,
 A faithfull counsellour in all his need.

To each true Church he was a loving ffriend,
 The care thereof he did to Christ commend.
 I' th' civill state he was our hord of gold,
 He wisely did our lawes & orders mould.

In's house of iudgement, mercy he did sing.
 In our Courts of iustice he sate as King.
 His comely person few could parrallell,
 The pleasant stories he was wont to tell.

His mem'ry strong, his speech acute and grave.
 The pithy maxims he [was] wont to have.
 All these sweet ornaments he had of Grace,
 Vpon him with beauty did shine God's face.

In all the changes of his life, hee held
 The Orthodox truth, th' Hetrodox he queld.
 He had a quick passage vp to heaven,
 Was well, & sick, and dead in houres seven.

Yet death was not sudden to him, to dy
 Hee'd learnt, & was prepar'd i' th' grave to ly.
 He thought of these changes before they came,
 Was ready for them, & embrac't the same.

God's angels attended his blessed soule,
 Convoy'd him to glorie, wherein the roule
 Of God's elect, his precious name was found;
 There he God's great prayses shall ever sound.

Christ Jesus bid him welcome to his joy,
 No kinde of sorrow there shall ere annoy.
 His body is at rest, within the grave,
 Vnspeakable glorie his soule shall have.

He cleerely sees Christ Jesus cloth'd with flesh,
 The angels great & saints with glorie fresh.
 Heav'n's beauty bright with strength on him doth shine,
 In such estate as never shall decline.

Now church, family, country, all may mourne
 Their precious choycest ffriend from them is torne;
 To heav'n hes gon, at Christ's right hand he sits,
 His ioy is great, his glorious crowne him fits.

Great saint of God, thou art exalted high,
 Above th' vnworthy world & cloudy sky,
 Thou famous wast on earth, but now exceeds
 All mens' conceits in glorious degrees.

Thou wast our chariotts & horsemen eek,
 The welfare of God's people thou didst seek.
 But now farewell, thou glorious saint on high,
 After the, father, father, wee do cry.

But sith thou'rt gon to rest, & heav'nly ioy,
 And canst here no further be our convoy,
 We leave thee on the throne at Christ's right hand,
 Begging a like man in thy place to stand.

The blest, most holy God doth ever live,
 All kinds of needfull guifts to vs to give ;
 Oh let him double on our Rulers all
 The spirit : that their work may never fall.

The lesse power & help from man we have,
 The greater assistance from God's let's crave
 That his owne will & work may prosper well,
 And he from vs a savour sweet may smel.

“ Quid magistratum decuit quod defuit illi ?
 Ingenio, mente et memori, linguaque suavi,
 Judicioque animâ sophiæ quis præstitit illi ?
 Extitit in tantis quam rara modestia donis ?
 Hunc nostræ nobis noxæ eripuerè, futuræ
 Quis scit an hæc præeant diræ præsagia cladi ? ”

Indorsed by John Winthrop, jun., “ Mr. Peirson's Elegie vpon the death of Mr. Eaton.”