

[Eaton, Joseph]

DEATH OF BRO. JOSEPH EATON

With much surprise ... I read in the last *Universalist Watchman*, printed in Montpelier, Vt., a notice of the death of this excellent and faithful brother, which we are there informed took place in March last, in Chautauque county [sic: old spelling for Chautauqua], N. Y. Why was no notice of his death ever published in our papers in this State? We feel grieved at his death—surprised to hear of it from the quarter we do—and grieved at the omission of the preacher or friends who attended his funeral, to send in a notice of it. Shall the righteous perish, and none among us lay it to heart enough to make public mention of it? Forbid it, Heaven!

We mention it thus to assure our friends and brethren at a distance—particularly the friends of the deceased in the western part of this State, that this is the first intimation we have received of our brother's death—the first we have seen. And we give this tribute, from the pen of one who knew him well and loved him much, a place immediately, to atone for the *seeming* neglect as far as possible.

DEATH OF REV. JOSEPH EATON. Never has it fallen to my lot to record the death of a more amiable young man than the subject of this obituary notice. We have looked in vain since we heard of his death, to see a tribute of respect to his memory in the Magazine and Advocate, which will probably soon appear. As he was a member of my family more than a year, when I resided in Fredonia, N. Y., while preparing himself for, and pursuing the arduous but delightful labors of, the ministry, we feel deeply to mourn with his bereaved widow, and with our friends in the western part of New York, with whom, in company with our lamented brother, we have so often held sweet communion in the social circle, and taken counsel and walked together to the house of worship to pay our devotions to the Father and Savior of all. And here do we mingle our tears and our heartfelt sorrows with his aged parents, brothers, sisters, and a large circle of relatives who are, by this mournful intelligence, overwhelmed with grief and sadness. Oh, how mysterious are the ways of God—very soon he was expected here in our midst, with his affectionate companion who writes she “had anticipated much pleasure in visiting his friends with him in New England. ‘Tis spring, but he is gone, and all my hopes of happiness with him in this world. There is one great consolation; that is, he died as he had lived, a firm believer in the universal salvation... Naturally of a feeble constitution, he was unable to bear fatigue, or to apply himself intently to study, but he was a good scholar, as many in this vicinity will bear witness, and a good preacher...

Again, his wife writes, “never was there a more kind, tender and affectionate husband and father.” The first cause of his sickness originated in the care and watchfulness over his little son, who had been very sick, and also his brother, for whom he had great anxiety. The putrid typhus fever, together with the complaints that had long rendered his health feeble, terminated his existence on the third day of March, after an illness of about four weeks, with the best of medical aid and the kind care and attention of his friends... But he is gone from us... He was cut down in the morning of his usefulness... But he was resigned to his Maker's will, and we should bear in humble submission this trying event of a wise and good Father in Heaven. He would have been 27 years old had he lived until the eleventh day of March.

A discourse appropriate to the occasion was delivered to the afflicted relatives and friends in Rochester, the 3d Sunday in March, in the afternoon, in the Universalist church.

T. C. Eaton

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