Ship Timoleon, North Atlantic Ocean, Nov. 4th, 1843.

Lat. 20-15, Lon. 25-19, west from Greenwich.

I expect ere this reaches you, brother P. B. Lewis will deliver you the letter and articles I sent you by him, with the $8,00 in cash, I expect he has told you the state of Br. Hanks health when he left us, the reason I never wrote you the particulars of his health was because he did not wish to have his friends know the worst. I did not see him from the time I left them at Evansville till he came to me at Winchester. At first sight of him there I saw he had failed materially, and I was bed-fellow with him; my heart often ached to hear the deep rooted cough as it racked his whole frame. I kept a bed vessel with some fresh water in it and what he raised from his lungs would sink in it like lumps of clay; this indicated to me that short of the immediate interposition of divine Providence nothing would save him from a premature grave. On his passage from Nauvoo to New York he seemed to recruit up, but from New York to New Bedford he with Brother Grouard took passage in a packet; the weather was rough and they were both sea sick, by being exposed to the sea air together with his sea sickness, his disease took a regular downward course, from which I had but little hopes of his recovering. When I met him at Winchester, the kind attention and anxious solicitude which Sister Abigail and the rest of the family took in his welfare, seemed to recruit him up a little.

When we took stage for Boston, our friends in Winchester, with myself, felt fearful he would not be able to perform the journey, but the thought of meeting Brothers Rogers and Grouard, the expectation of seeing some of the "Twelve," and attending conference with a large collection of brethren, stimulated him to great faith, and he stood the ride far beyond my expectation. The stage was crowded outside with ladies, and we were obliged to take an outside seat, for one of that kind it was very good, much of the way I supported him in my arms, and when I thought he was getting fatigued, I would secretly place my hands upon him and raise my desire to him, who is able to save and strengthen. We staid in Boston with Sister Whitmore; her untiring kindness to him is long to be remembered. He was able to attend conference but little, he was administered to by some of the Twelve once or twice while there. I was with him continually while I staid in Boston, I nursed him as well as I knew as you know I am not very skilful;) I daily rubbed him with flannels, anointed him with consecrated oil in the name of the Lord, and prayed with him, and was often assisted by Brother Rogers. When I left for New Bedford, Brother Rogers took charge of him; they went to Salem on business for the mission; back to Boston and then came on to new Bedford; when I was away from him a few days the change was more visible than when I saw him daily. I was surprised at the change, and knew at that rate he could live but a few days. I asked him particularly how he felt, he would at no time betray the least fear that he should not live, notwithstanding he closed up all his business before we left New Bedford. I believe he was determined to die as near the place of our destined mission as possible, and therefore nothing would deter him from his course. When I saw his feeble state and knew the privations he would naturally have to suffer by a sea voyage, I could not help speaking discouraging to him on the subject, and told him of all the privations he would have of necessity to undergo, but nothing would discourage him; I believe the reason he would never betray any fear of not living, was because if he did so, our faith for him might

fail, and this was what he depended on to carry him to the last extremity. Indeed it was so, the mate of the ship (not knowing the cause) observed to me, he was the strongest constitutioned man he ever saw in his life, for he never saw a man live so long that was so reduced.

After we left New Bedford, we had rough weather, and there was but 2 or 3 days we thought it prudent to take him on deck. He kept his berth the most of the time, we took the best care possible of him, daily rubbing him with flannels and anointing him in the name of the Lord; when he was afflicted with pains in any part of his system, we used to administer to him by the laying on of hands and he never failed of receiving immediate relief, but to approach the root of the disease, we never had power to affect it, but kept its regular march reducing him from day to day till I could clasp with my hand within one fourth of an inch the calf of his leg, making it but a little larger than my wrist, though his appetite continued good he coughed and raised continually.

Soon after we sailed he got so weak that if he slept too long, he would get into a profuse sweat, and we found it necessary to watch him, we accordingly divided the night into watches of 3 hours each and kept it up; he continued regular till the first of November then his cough took a different turn, it was hard for him to raise and his lungs seemed stuffed up. I had no fearful apprehensions of him till the 2nd, at low 12 I was called by Brother Rogers to relieve him and stand my regular watch with Brother Hanks, I then had fearful apprehensions his dissolution was near at hand. At 10 o'clock, A.M. his extremities were cold, and the large drops of cold sweat covered his emaciated system. It was with great difficulty he could raise strength enough to throw off from his lungs the rattling phlegm that was continually threatening to strangle him, at that moment as I stood watching him. He made a violent struggle to throw up the obstacle, but through weakness was not able, and in the struggle he lost his breath, his eyes rolled up in his head and I thought he had left us forever. I flew to Brother Grouard (who from unwearied attention had laid down to take a little repose) but before he could spring to his feet, Brother Hanks, caught his breath again and revived a little, soon after some of the cabin passengers came in to see him. Doct. Winslow recommended a little wine and water, after taking that he revived so much that he wished to be shaved and his hair combed; after this was done, I talked with him some time about his departure; his mind was clear, calm and perfectly resigned; I told him it was a great satisfaction to me that he had visited the place of my nativity he had been in the house my father had built; was acquainted with his companion, (my mother) was acquainted with the surviving brothers and sisters of those that had gone to the world of spirits before them; he had seen the portrait of my brother Marshall, I asked him if he thought he should know him, he said if he looked like that, he should. I told him it was taken very correctly. I sent word by him to those I had been baptized for, and those I intended to be baptized for when I returned to Nauvoo. He then adjusted some of his temporal affairs, between 12 and 1 o'clock P.M. he had another strangling turn, this reduced his strength, he could only speak in whispers after, between 8 and 10 he fell into a drowse.

After he awoke he whispered to me and said I dreamed a dream, do you wish to hear it? I told him I did. He said I dreamed I went to the spirits in prison; it was an immense space. I looked to the east and to the west, and saw immense multitudes of people, that looked just like people in real life. I said can these be spirits? I was assured they were. I looked to the north and saw a stand, somebody had just been preaching there and they were dispersing from around it. I saw no children among them. I looked to see if

there was any body that I knew, but saw none. I thought they were coming together again in a few minutes and I should be there; then I should see people I knew, I then awoke. About 11 o'clock he had another dream, he heard the last trump sound, and saw the multitude which John saw, that no man could number, small and great, stand before God, (they were small and great in capacity) for there were no children there, he awoke before he saw any farther. As I thought it my last opportunity with him, I sat up about 6 hours, I then called Brother Rogers, I laid down and in about 2 hours he called me and said he is dying. I heard the death-rattling in his throat and sprang up. He had placed his own hands high upon his breast, his left hand clasping his right, he died as he had lived, calm and resigned without a struggle or an emotion.

I never saw a more pleasant corpse in my life, after we had dressed it in a neat burial robe, we wrapt it in a large winding sheet and carried it on deck; a plank was laid in the starboard gangway, on it was prepared a piece of canvass, in this we laid it and sewed it up: to his feet was attached a bag of sand of about 60 pounds weight. Then the topgallant sails were furled, the courses hauled up, and the main and mizzen topsails were hove aback, the noble ship stopped her headway, and lay in gentle motion, as if to witness the solemn scene. The American flag was hoisted half mast as a signal that one of her noble country-men had gone the way of all the earth. Then her generous crew gathered around and with uncovered heads listened in breathless silence to a very appropriate prayer made by Brother Rogers then they gentle raised the end of the plank till the corpse slid off and struck in the water feet foremost. My eyes followed him as he sank till a white speak vanished in the blue waters below, this was in latitude 21-34 north longitude 26-11 west from Greenwich.

Reflections -- I believe the weight of sand was sufficient to sink him below the reach of all ravenous fish, and the salt at that depth strong enough to preserve him from putrefaction, and there he will remain entire and unmolested till the morn of the first resurrection, then he will come forth. My views from recent information are entirely changed from what they used to be respecting burying the dead at sea. From the fabulous stories I used to hear, I did suppose the sharks destroyed every corpse that was put into the ocean. But from my better judgment I know this is erroneous, for sharks are afraid and will flee from anything white in the water. And if a proper weight is attached to a corpse it will sink so low, that the compression of the water is so great that it will kill any fish to go down to it. One of these whalemen told me he was lancing a whale and he sounded and carried the lance with him, he went to such a depth that the lance pole, which was made of dry ash timber was as completely saturated with water as if it had been in soak for months.

Thus ended an intimacy with one who had rendered himself doubly dear to me by an intimate acquaintance. I have met but few men in my life with whom I could exchange feelings, reciprocate joys and sorrows, as we pass down the step of life, more sympathetically than with Brother Hanks. A few days before his death I asked him if I had at any time violated the pledge I made him before we left Nauvoo, (of standing by him as a friend) he assured me I had not; this to me is a source of satisfaction.

Times and Seasons, Vol.5, p.604