Chilton, Wieconsin. My Dear Dictimson: Fab. 25,869. The strong man has at last come down; I write from a sick bed. Near a footnight ago, Sab. hefore last, I came home from forenoon service, feeling a soveness in the bones, I over the skin; have been out of bed but a moment at a time since. I have sove lungs if I take a long breath, with some cough ; but the cough is growing less painful ; appetite in creases. I write sitting in bed, with pillows behind me. The notice in the village papers calls any disease "ling fever". Among other disappointments, I c'd not be presant at the concert given to buy me a culinet organ It was what the people consider a great success, \$30. Four young batholics came down here, im. to see ; they are sealours for getting up another & trigger ; are bound that Elder North shall have an instrument. Lent their brass band; a man in a neight. village brot his melo deon & played on it; they intersparsed tooting of horn, cymbal, fiddle, & melodeon, a motley mess, to suit all tastes. But

they mean well ; have been kind to me past my comprehension. A great amoyance here on my sick bed has been my money matters in Davenport, Jowa. Received a notice to appear Mar. 5, & show cause why not discharge bankrupt. I have written to my attorney, Gen. J. B. Leake, to know why he has sent me no dividendos; a pero weeks ago I received a legal notice to appear & receive them; wrote to L. requesting him to attend to it. My pear is, that there is a vile "ving" If I c'd save evough of the \$ 1200 to pay some \$ 600 of debts, it we relieve me of a mountain's weight. To-day I write to A. Hill, Boston, to know if there was a dividend. What new scenes this sickness may open to me, can not say; may have to leave this harsh climate. Have become strongly attached to these people. The law of my destiny, change of place, & no vest for the sole of my boot, I shall hope may be relaxed if I lose my health. Thouk you for the review of Porter by McCosh. Count speak of it have. Let me hear from you soon. A.N.