I never could understand about Egerwin G. Davis. He is reputed to have practiced at Caughnawanga, nearly opposite to Montreal, where his collections were stored in the Guildhall. Some have said that he was a drunken old reprobate, but the only occasion on which I met him he seemed a peaceable old rascal. One thing is certain he was drowned in the St. Lawrence rapid in 1864; his body was never recovered. He had a very varied life - in the U.S. army, in the north west among the Indians, as a general practitioner in the North of London. I knew him as a well - a most mild mannered fellow, devoted to his father. There were a customs among the Indian tribe of the Great Slave Lake were sent to Dr. McLean just after he had collected over the Montreal Med. Journal with Dr. Ross. One day I was in the pit room of the Gazette office where the Jr. was printed a kindly said 'Oh there in an awful article for..."
The Journal this month - Peter is in despair about it (P. was its Composer) and says Dr. Ross will never print it. I went over & found their proofs - all set up. I told Conolly that Davis had not a very good reputation to hold the printing until Dr. Ross saw the article. Of course he said to me that it was not fit to print.

I heard nothing more of Davis until I went to Philadelphia. I was on the staff of the Medical News and Parvin in 1884-1885 was very interested in the action of the perineal muscles. In an article discussing the question of the conductor of the penis, the possibility of the old idea of a penis captured. One day I met Minis Hays, the Editor, who said, "By the way do you know Egerton G. Davis, who lives and remains near Montreal? Parvin is delighted, as he has sent the report of "case of penis captured, most such as he thought possible." I said, "Hays, for heaven's sake, do not print anything from that man Davis. I know he is not a reputable character. Ross & Rodick know him well." He said, "The Journal is limited.

So the letter appeared
in the number 1884. It is dated from

The case has gone into literature, so
often quoted. Muni's story was digested, a
report suggested that Davis was a joker, and he
at Reddell hinted that I, offer all people, was
the only one who knew anything about him.
Some went so far as to say that I was Davis;
the rumour got about in Philadelphia. I
never met the man. Afterwards
I often used his name when I did not wish
to be known. I often signed my name in
the Hotel Register as E. J. D. Cusackmawus.
Once, at Atlantic City, when I had been
under a name, I registered under that name,
immediately after Mrs. O'len a Rev. I had been in
a week when a man came up and said "Are you
Mrs. O'len?" I have been looking for you for a week,
your address said you were away, I wish to see you.
My son is ill here. I wished you to see him.
He had said to Cattell's Hotel, "Who is that fellow?
Me all the time with Mrs. O'len?" and was furious
when he found that I had registered under that
name. They tell in Vermont many jokes about
Davis, a fellow many oftener on me. I am always
dropping that I did not see more of him, but I never
visited his college dinner at the Guild hall Cusak-
mawus.

William O'len