

J. S. Lopez

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Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Nov. 11. '75

My dear Dawson:

For more than two months I have been confined to my room by neuralgia of the head and limbs - a disorder so distressing that I could not see company, nor write a letter, save by dictation; I am now slowly convalescing, and hope to be out in a few weeks. Meanwhile, as the least excitement aggravates the constant pain in the head, I have to avoid conversation, save a talk with my wife and daughters - as both painful and perilous - until I can further advance in my recovery. I will not attempt to describe the

agency I have enclosed in an other  
tenible days and nights of my pro-  
tration - the ultimate result of a  
"railway smash-up" last February -  
in which I narrowly escaped with my  
life. At present I can only thank  
you for your kind invitation, and too kind-  
ly commencing on my poor "gifts and  
graces". I used to meet Judge Porter in  
Albany - sometimes - when I lived there;  
and, admire his talents and erudition.

This is one of my first attempts at  
letter-writing - and, for discretion, I  
will say no more now than that I  
am, very gratefully and cordially,  
Your friend  
John G. Davis.

To

Mr. S. W. H. Dowson,