

1028/68/8

CUS417/68.8

^{Born in}
(Mrs. Alice Bovell) to William Osler)
(about Dr. Johnson)

104 St. Patrick St
September 17th (1872+)

My dear Osler

I am ashamed of myself for not answering your kind letter long ago, but I have been terribly lazy lately, putting off doing this from day to day and in fact treating all my kindest friends in the rudest manner, but for the sake of "Auld lang syne" forgive and forget my negligence. I asked Fred to write to you and I believe he did so, but I fear he did not address it properly, as he could not remember the name of the street the University is on. however I hope it reached you safely. My little Boy's death was a bitter blow to us, but I try and remember that "God loveth a cheerful giver". he is now far happier than I ever could have made him, I was too much wrapped up in him, so he was taken from me. And since his death I have lost my eldest and favourite Sister, she died on the 6th August. I cannot tell you how greatly I was shocked at hearing of her death, she had written me a long cheerful letter about a fortnight before her death, I could scarcely believe the news of her death. She died of a premature confinement, the Baby lived for only two days. I cannot imagine what will become of her four little Children, but no doubt someone will be found to care for them, they surely will not be utterly forsaken. Papa did not write to me by last Mail, he was in a terrible state of mind about poor Julia I fancy her death will alter all his plans, in his last letter he spoke about returning to Canada but now there is no knowing what he will do. Things are going from bad to worse at Weston M^{rs} Johnson has been three months with Arthur, and does not seem in the least hurry to return to Weston between ourselves I think she wishes to leave the old Man but is half afraid of M^{rs} Grundy. I cant make her out, when she first went to stay with Arthur it was to be a short visit, and yet she had nearly all the furniture in the house brought into town, she actually left him with one pair of Sheets and a bed that everyone in the house had refused to sleep on. My heart bleeds for him, and what comfort can one give him? poor old man he had come lately to me to try and help him but you know that to interfere between Man and Wife is a thankless task, his troubles will only end in death. After all when one thinks rightly death is not a trouble at all, living troubles are far harder to bear. Now because we are so far from each other, it is no reason why we should be dead to one another, I have always looked upon you as a Brother, and I should be only too pleased to hear from you therefore whenever you are at leisure think on Alice Bovell and send her a few lines for the sake of old times, and ever

Believe me to be

y^{rs} affectly

Alice

W.O. used to say, "Poor Johnson - he had a pudding headed wife."