

Letter 13a  
London, 9 February 1874

[To Carolien van Stockum-Haanebeek]

My dear Carolien,

I feel the urge to write you a few words. How nice were the days “wenn [*sic*] wir zusammen waren” [when we were together]; rest assured that I never forget you, but I am not such a good hand at letter-writing as I should like to be. I live a rich life here, ‘having nothing yet possessing all.’ At times I am inclined to believe that I am gradually turning into a cosmopolite; that is, neither a Dutchman, nor an Englishman, nor yet a Frenchman, but simply a man. And as a homeland, the whole world, i.e. a small spot in the world where we are sent to stay. We have not got there yet, though I am straining after it, and perhaps may grasp it. And as my ideal, what Mauve called, “That is it.”

Old girl, à Dieu.

Yours truly, Vincent

A handshake for you and Willem, like old times, till your fingers hurt.