

Letter 057  
Paris, 23 March 1876

Dear Theo,

At last I am sending Longfellow's poems; I am sure the book will become a friend to you.

Today I answered two advertisements again. I continue to do it, though I get hardly any answers. My time here is drawing to a close.

You will see many beautiful things on your travels. Though love of nature is not everything, it is still a precious possession; may we keep it always.

And now you will become a guest in "many an Inn" – that is pleasant, too, sometimes. You know, I once made a trip on foot to Brighton; I always remember it with pleasure. The inns in England are often so cosy. Longfellow describes it so well in Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Gladwell has got my place at the gallery and is there already to become familiar with the work before I leave. I have seen several pictures intended for the Salon, including two beautiful large Gabriels: "A Morning in the Meadows" (through the haze one sees a town in the distance) and one of what we should call a "watery sun." There were also two large Xavier de Cocks. One represents an evening at the beginning of summer, with a meadow surrounded by poplars; in the distance, the farm and fields and a girl driving the cows home. In the foreground a pool, around which three cows are lying in the grass – one white, one black and one red; the sun has set and the trees stand out dark against the light yellowish sky.

I am writing in great haste, as you can see from the handwriting. A pleasant journey; always

Your loving brother, Vincent