

Letter 214  
The Hague, 7 July 1882  
Friday evening.

Dear Theo,

I'm just adding a few words to last night's letter. And I can tell you that I have been to see the doctor at the hospital, who told me that as I had been fairly well these days, I need not come back unless I should happen to get worse. The fact that during these days I have been able to pass water freely, although not quite normally and painlessly yet, proves that I am on the road to recovery.

This afternoon I at once sent a drawing to the doctor who treated me – not the superintendent – to show my gratitude. It was a Scheveningen girl knitting [F 870, JH 084], done at Mauve's studio, and really the best watercolour I had, especially since Mauve had put in some touches, and had watched me do it and called some details to my attention. I should have liked to keep it as a souvenir, but in the delight of recovery I felt the need to show my gratitude.

Today I received a letter from Father and Mother, and wrote them as soon as I heard that I needn't go back to the hospital.

Now I should like to take a trip to Scheveningen by streetcar tomorrow morning, and then draw a little on the beach.

So my address is now Schenkweg No. 136.

In acknowledgement of the honourable gentleman's visit, I also wrote a note to Mr. Tersteeg to tell him I had left the hospital, and thanked him for his unexpected visit.

I should like to go to see Sien next Sunday. I had a note from her telling me that yesterday she was allowed to sit up for half an hour for the first time, and that the baby was all right.

I get tired and exhausted very easily because I had to keep quiet in bed so long, and it is a queer feeling. But in many respects I feel well and better than last winter, and I am so cheerful and grateful for many things.

I hope you will soon find a half hour to write me whether you approve of my telling Father and Mother in that way. First Sien must get a little stronger, for she must not be upset or anxious about anything at present, most decidedly not – but in a month or six weeks, depending on how her recovery progresses. She saw Father when he visited me, for it was visiting hour and she was sitting in the hall downstairs waiting; but of course Father did not know her.

It is already late, and I want to get up early tomorrow morning and go out with my drawing materials as if nothing had happened between now and the last time I sat in the dunes at Scheveningen. I wish I could succeed in making something for Rappard.

Adieu, Theo, good night, how delightful it is to be back home again; best wishes and good luck, and what I especially wish you is that serenity I mentioned before. A handshake,  
Yours sincerely, Vincent

P. S. This Émile Zola is a glorious artist. I am now reading *Le Ventre de Paris*; it is confoundedly clever.