

Letter 058
Paris, 28 March 1876

Dear Theo,

Just one word more, probably the last I shall write from Paris. I leave here on Friday night and shall be home Saturday morning at the same time as at Christmas.

Yesterday I saw six pictures by Michel, how I wish you could have seen them too! Sunken paths through sandy fields leading to a mill, or a man going home across the heath with grey skies above – so simple and beautiful. I think the “Men of Emmaus” saw nature in the same way as Michel and I always think of them when I see one of his pictures.

At the same time I saw a very large picture by Jules Dupré. There is black marshy soil as far as one can see, on the second plane is a river, and in the foreground, a pool with three horses. Both the river and the pool reflect a bank of white and grey clouds, behind which the sun has set. The sky is a soft blue, with some grey-red and purple at the horizon.

I saw these pictures at Durand Ruel's; more than twenty-five etchings after Millet, the same number after Michel and a great number after Dupré and Corot. All the other artists can be purchased there at 1 franc apiece; it was tempting. I could not resist the Millet and bought the last three that were to be had after “The Angelus”; of course, my brother will get one of them at the first opportunity.

Write again soon, kind regards to Roos, and Mr. and Mrs. Tersteeg and all who may ask after me. A handshake from

Your loving brother, Vincent