

My dear Vincent,

I was kept very busy last week by that Raffaelli exhibition; we stayed open as late as ten o'clock at night. If it hadn't been for that I should have answered your last letter sooner. I hope you will like the country, and that the boardinghouse is a good one.<sup>1</sup>

At Mother Siron's at Barbizon one paid 5 francs, and 4.50 francs if one stayed for any length of time, and it was excellent. When I was at Auvers I dined with my friend Martin at an inn in the low-lying plain. I think there was first the Oise, and then fields and the highroad, and at the side of this road there was the inn. One dined there very well at the time, and it was not expensive. At some time or other I shall have to go there, and I shall be pleased to lend a willing ear to your proposal to come with Jo and the little one, for I am feeling rather exhausted, and the country will do me good. But we shall also have to go see Mother and Jo's parents. If I could get a vacation of three weeks or thereabouts, we should first go to you and after that to Holland. This will probably be in the beginning of August. It would be a good thing for all us to be in the country for a while. What you write me about Dr. Gachet interests me a good deal. I hope you will become friends.

I should like very much to have a friend who is a doctor, for one wishes to know at any given moment, especially on account of the little one, the cause of those fits of depression and indisposition. Fortunately he is quite well, but precisely eight days ago we went to St. Cloud, and there we were overtaken by a cloudburst such as I have never seen. The café where we took refuge was flooded; there was a foot of water. This and the hurry of jostling at night to catch the train made us uneasy, but all he had was a severe cold in the head, and Jo had nothing wrong with her, though her milk might have been spoiled – this may be caused by wet feet.

A package from St. Rémy which I had sent you came back here. Dr. Peyron advised me of it, and inquired after you. If you were here the little one would stir you up gently. How free a baby's smile is from all preoccupation.

A cordial handshake and kindest regards from Jo and the little one.

Theo

1. See Vincent's letter 635.