

His sufferings gradually increased enormously, although he had no work to do and no book to write. Before this he had said: "I dare not die, I have so much to do." But now for the first time his wretchedness was so extreme that he longed for death. He bade farewell to all those whom he loved. (Do.)

"With terrible energy however he gathered himself together, hastened to the south and began a passionate struggle with his disease and with relentless fate that threatened to annihilate him." (Do.)

"My existence is a frightful burden. I would long ago have thrown it off if I had not precisely in this condition of pain and absolute renunciation been making the most instructive tests and experiments in these mental and social things. This joy in knowledge brings me to heights where I win the victory over all martyrdom and hopelessness. In a general way I am more fortunate than ever in my life, and nevertheless, continuous pain and many hours of the day a feeling like seasickness, a semiparalysis in which speech is difficult, alternating with attacks of rage, the last resulting in vomiting for three days and nights. I longed for death. Inability to read, seldom to write. To be alone, and to walk out, mountain air, a diet of milk and eggs.... Cold is hurtful to me. I shall go south in order to begin the life of walking." (Letter, 36.)

"I had in the last year 118 severe attacks; the slight ones not included. If I could describe them for you, the continual pain and pressure in the head, over the eyes, and that general feeling like paralysis from the head to the toes!" (Do.)

"Nearer death than life." (Do.)

"Cured, or at least on the road to cure." (Do., 38.)

"I myself am perhaps on the other side of the good and bad, but not of disgust, boredom, melancholy, and pains in the eyes." (Letter, from Venice, Do., 42.)

"My wish to winter once more in some German place of learning among friends and books—a wish that rises to hunger and torture has always been wrecked by my health. But 'the day will yet come.' (Do., 44.)

"A most violent and obstinate headache exhausted my powers. It increased to the highest degree of habitual painfulness until at one time I had 200 sick days in the year. The evil must be utterly of local origin and every sort of neuro-pathologic bases is wanting." (Nietzsche, quoted by Möblus, 44.)

In one of the last days of December, 1888, or in the first days of January (dates not definite) Nietzsche fell, near his lodgings in Turin, and could not rise again. A servant found him and led him home with much difficulty. For two days he lay silent and still on his sofa, when abnormal cerebral activity and confusion were evident. He spoke much in monologue, sang and played the piano loud and long, lost the sense of money value, and wrote fantastically to and about his friends, etc. Overbeck hurried to him and brought him to Basel, to the sanatorium of Professor Binswanger, the alienist, where the diagnosis, according to Deussen, of progressive, later corrected to that of atypical, paralysis, was made. His mother had him brought to Naumburg, cared for him until her death in 1897, after which his sister moved with him to Weimar. He died August 25, 1900.

According to Dr. Reicholdt the immediate cause of his death was pneumonia, with edema of the lungs. There was no autopsy.

Nietzsche's Personal Character, despite all the calumny, and misunderstanding of many that have written of him, and despite the character of some of his writings, was one of exceptional purity and perfection. This is the testimony of all who knew him. In the agony of suffering, in the extremes of mental disease he showed, indeed, occasional hauteur, hardness toward friends and relatives, qualities that would scarcely be noticed were it not for the antipathies, literary and critical, actuating the enemies of his philosophy and opinions. With-