

what relieved. But it is not even genuine convalescence; the secret misery is not ended and I am reminded of it every minute. . . . I live almost entirely upon milk,—milk and sleep are the best things now left me. If only the frightful attacks lasting days, would not return. (Letter, 32.)

"Much suffering and bad outlook as regards my health." (Do.)

"In Naples I consulted a most excellent and famous physician, Professor Schrön. One has the choice between six other German physicians." (Letter 33.)

"No considerable improvement, although the last attack of yesterday was not so long, owing perhaps to a salve for my forehead, which Schiess had ordered." (Biography, 33.)

He was sick in Genoa. Found the journey improved his eyes although he was allowed to write but brief notes. The winter passed very pleasantly with walks, lectures and dictation. His health however remained poor, and he gradually came to the conviction that not even the south and freedom would give him back his health. Towards spring his eyes especially began to suffer and an unpleasant shimmering prevented him from writing and reading. He returned to Switzerland in May in order to undergo a "cure" and to be in the mountains. (Do.)

"The mountains always have a good influence upon me, although I lie here in bed or drag myself about all day with pain. The thinner the air, the better for me. I have just begun a 'cure' with St. Moritz water which will take me several weeks." (Do.)

It has been recommended especially for deep-seated neuroses. . . . My very problematic thinking and writing has always made me sick. So long as I was really a teacher I was healthy. (Do.)

"My power of resistance was at last broken." . . . "Violent headache."

The winter was begun bravely, for he had found an excellent physician and expected good results from his treatment. . . . "He is experienced; the son of a physician and about 40 years of age. I have confidence in born physicians." (Do.)

" . . . But towards Christmas the old experiences, as in 1876, were repeated: headache and pain in the eyes became so severe and continuous that we did not know what to do. Part of his duties at the university were given up; later his physicians concluded that frequent change of air would be the only method of alleviating his sufferings. He went to Baden-Baden and the spring found him so much better that he became confident and hopeful." (Biography, 34.)

"Half-dead with pain and exhaustion. The entire week one attack after another." (Letter, 34.)

"Only with difficulty and as it were in a one-sided manner he seemed to drag himself along and his speech was often slow and halting." (Deussen, 34.)

"A bitterly bad Sunday of pain. . . . I was compelled to telegraph my non-arrival at Zurich and remain in bed. . . . One attack after another for a whole week." (Biography, 34.)

"I hate Basel more and more and shall quit it so soon as possible." (Postal card, 35.)

"A winter filled with misery." (Do.)

"At Easter he went to Geneva without finding any relief. Upon his return there was a frightful crisis, attack after attack of the severest headache and pain in the eyes, with day-long vomiting: all his patience and bravery were utterly exhausted. He seemed a broken, tired, aged man." (Do.)

"He appealed to the university to accept his resignation. He had lost all hope of being able to resist his disease longer." (Do.)

My eyes gave me the greatest concern, they alone not improving and according to three authorities no improvement possible for them. Find me some one to read and write for me. (Do.)

By September he had wonderfully recovered and hope again filled his heart, but in 14 days he found the gardens so bad for his eyes that he could no longer hold out; the whole year of 1880 was the worst that he ever endured. "A heavy, heavy load is upon me; during the last year I have had 118 severe attacks." (Do. 36.)