

Friedrich Nietzsche

Frontispiece.

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Part I.—Original Articles.

Friedrich Nietzsche: a Study in Mental Pathology. By WILLIAM W. IRELAND.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE was descended from a noble Polish family which sought refuge in Germany from religious persecution. His ancestors on both sides are reported to have been healthy and long-lived. His father was a Lutheran clergyman, his mother the daughter of a clergyman. He was born on the 15th of October, 1844, in the parsonage of Röcken, in Prussian Saxony. His father laboured under a cerebral affection for eleven months, and died when Friedrich was five years of age. His sister, Frau Förster Nietzsche,(1) tells us that this was the consequence of a fall on the head; but Friedrich stated his belief that his own nervous disorders were inherited from his father.

Olla Hansson (2) learned from a family who knew Friedrich Nietzsche from childhood that a disposition to insanity had been inherited for several generations, both on the father's and the mother's side.

Frau Lou Andreas Salomé acted as secretary to Nietzsche for five months in 1882, and afterwards kept up a friendly correspondence with him. In her book on Nietzsche she shows much analytical skill, though her work is somewhat too disquisitional, and contains few of those traits which female observers are apt to record. Her estimate differs from the fond appreciation of his sister, who passionately accuses her of misrepresenting her brother's character.

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As a child, nothing particular is recorded of his health, save that he was two and a half years old before he began to speak. In boyhood he was fond of solitude, shunning other children, and nice in his habits. From his pious and studious ways he was called the little parson. His education was continued at the Universities of Bonn and Leipzig, where he disliked the noisy drinking and smoking habits of the students.

Nietzsche was appointed Professor of Philology in the University of Basle when but twenty-four years of age. He had none of the struggles which sometimes beset the early life of the scholar, but stepped at once into a good position with a moderate income. On the strength of this promotion he was made Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Leipzig without examination or thesis, and spent much of his leisure time at the house of Richard Wagner, the musician, at Lucerne. Nietzsche was then an enthusiast for music, and some of his compositions are given in the biography by his sister. He had a keen appreciation of poetry, and wrote verses which are difficult to read or understand, his poetical fire giving forth much smoke, but rarely bursting into flame.

His peaceful life was broken by the war of 1870, when he went to serve in the ambulance corps. In France he was seized with diphtheria and cholera nostras. He reached Erlangen with difficulty, there to fall prostrate, and never thereafter quite recovered his health. He had never completed his service as a soldier, owing to an injury received in springing upon an unruly horse, nor would the Swiss State have allowed him to take part as a combatant.

From this time he used to suffer about every two or three weeks from attacks of migraine, violent headaches, sickness, narrowing of the field of vision, and sleeplessness. These attacks were often accompanied by mental distress.

Frau Förster-Nietzsche insists that her brother had naturally a good constitution; he was broad and muscular, and suffered from no defect save that he was very short-sighted. This both he and his sister seem to have inherited from their father. Though retiring and undemonstrative to those whom he did not know well, he was naturally very sensitive and pitiful, mild and gentle in manner. In the summer of 1875, after an unusual time of suffering, he wrote to a female friend, "Such as we (you and I) never suffer in the body alone; all is inter-

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grown with mental crises, so I have no conception how I could become again sound through medicine and cookery. The secret of all recovery for us is to gain a certain toughness of skin as a protection from our great internal sensitiveness and irritability. Nothing from without may hurt or bruise, and I no more suffer as if fire scorched me from within and without."

In 1876 Nietzsche got a year's leave to recruit his health, and spent the winter in Sorrento, but his malady followed him everywhere, and in the beginning of 1879, after holding it for ten years, he had to resign his professorship with a pension of 3000 francs. His friend Burckhardt, Professor of the History of Art, said that Basle never had such a teacher, and he is reported to have had great influence over young men.

Nietzsche now led a wandering life amongst the Swiss mountains and in Italy, principally in the Engadine and Genoa. In 1880 he wrote, "There lies a heavy, heavy load upon me. Last year I had 118 days of distress. I still lived, but I could not see three steps before me." His eyesight became so bad that he had to cease reading. He struggled manfully with his malady, and in 1882 his condition began to improve, permitting him to form a plan to study the natural sciences. This might have steadied his restless thoughts, and inured him to a strict method of investigating knowledge. A man such as he, versed in Greek literature, music, and the history of the Renaissance, has the reputation of learning, and yet may be very ignorant.

Nietzsche himself recognised that at Basle ten years of life had fled, ten years when the nourishment of the mind had been suspended, where he had learned nothing useful, and had forgotten very much. "For some old ware of dusty learning, with my bad eyesight I crept tortoise-like amongst Greek versifiers. With pity I saw myself so meagre and emaciated. There were no realities in my budget of the sciences, and the idealities were worth nothing."

'Sickness changed my habits and entailed forgetfulness, repose, idleness, waiting, and patience. But that means thinking! I was released from 'books,' I read nothing for years, the greatest favour which I have ever accorded to myself. This undermost self, smothered and stilled by the continuous 'must listen' of other selves (and that is reading), slowly awakened, bashfully, doubtfully, and at last spoke again. I

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had never so much happiness in myself as in the years of my greatest suffering from sickness and pain. *Morgenröthe* (*The Dawn*) and *Der Wanderer und seine Schatten* (*The Wanderer and his Shadow*) show that this 'return to myself' was the highest kind of recovery. The other followed upon it."

Unable to read, Nietzsche took to writing, and the procession of his published volumes forms a consecutive record of the changes in his beliefs and mental states. His natural bent inclined him to the problems of philosophy, and his material wants having been provided for, nothing hindered him in his course. For some men the restraint of circumstances, of other men's opinions, is salutary. Nietzsche's university environment had been on the whole both a restraint and a support; yet his self-conceit, naturally large, was swelled by the admiration of his students. There was now no one to check him. His only sister had married and gone to Paraguay. In his tastes and mental processes, in his whole nature, there was something eccentric and perverse; his thoughts did not seem to follow the same associations as other men's; they were vehemently pitched, and this divergence from normal mentalisation progressed in sharper and sharper curves. He cast off the religious faith in which he had been nurtured by his pious mother owing to intellectual difficulties. As he himself said, Christianity had lain upon him smooth and soft like a skin, and he had no difficulty in keeping its commandments.(3) For some years he entertained a deep reverence for two masters in philosophy and art, Schopenhauer and Wagner. In 1865 he adopted Schopenhauer's opinions with enthusiasm, but there was an ardour, a restlessness, a disintegrating force in Nietzsche's mind which soon made him throw off all authority, and disengage himself from all beliefs. His attitude became more and more belligerent. He himself said, "My mode of thought requires a warlike mind, a desire to give pain, a pleasure in saying No." He would not be ready to be burned for his opinions, he was not so sure about them; but he might, perhaps, have gone to the stake for the right of holding his opinions and the right of changing them. Though no man ever strained toleration more severely, Nietzsche met dissent from his own opinions with ill-humour. He well describes the devouring restlessness of his mind in the verses beginning, "Ja! ich weiss woher ich stamme!" (Yes, I know whence I arise: insatiate

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like the flame, I glow and consume myself. Light is all that I produce, blackened ashes all I leave. Surely I am flame.)

Perhaps one source of the attraction which his writings have for some people consists in his scornful denunciations of the besetting weaknesses of the day. Whatever the explanation may be, Nietzsche's name is often quoted of late in periodical literature, and in Germany books have been written about or upon him. We are told, too, that he has a great and increasing influence among young men, especially among artists and literati. His admirers call him the greatest of recent German stylists. Several books have been written upon him in France, and we are told in the *Nuova Antologia* that his name is popular in Italy. A course of lectures has been delivered upon his works by Professor George Brandes, of Copenhagen, and several of his books have been translated into English, although the series remains uncompleted for want of support. The Nietzschians also have, or had, a special organ called *The Eagle and the Serpent*.(4)

Mr. Seth Pringle Patterson has found in Nietzsche "passages which in their lucid simplicity seem to reflect something of the serenity and purity of the mountains and the stars; and when more rarely an elegiac note mood is touched the words fall with a haunting beauty of cadence."

Yet, in his well-known book on *Degeneration*, Max Nordau says, "From the first to the last page of Nietzsche's writings the careful reader seems to hear a madman with flashing eyes, wild gestures, and foaming mouth, spouting forth deafening bombast, and through it all now breaking out into frenzied laughter, now sputtering expressions of filthy abuse and invective, now skipping about in a giddy agile dance, and now bursting upon the auditors with threatening mien and clenched fists. So far as any meaning at all can be extracted from the endless stream of phrases, it shows as its fundamental elements a series of constantly reiterated delirious ideas, having their source in illusions of sense and diseased organic processes."

"It is essential," Nordau observes on another page, "to become habituated to Nietzsche's style. This, I admit, is unnecessary for the alienist. To him this sort of thing is well known and familiar. He frequently reads writings (it is true, as a rule, unprinted) of a similar order of thought and diction,

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and he reads them, not for his pleasure, but that he may prescribe the confinement of the author in an asylum. The unprofessional reader, on the contrary, is easily confused by the tumult of phrases."

This denunciation is, in my opinion, too sweeping if applied to Nietzsche's earlier writings, in which the style is much soberer and the connections more rational. Though paradoxical, one can hardly describe them as the effusions of a wandering mind. Sometimes, too, there flashes out an idea both original and true, clothed in language quaint or droll.

[For further information as to Nietzsche's writings reference may be made to the two books of Henri Lichtenberger, *La Philosophie de Nietzsche*,(5) in which he gives an account of his life, and a *résumé* of his opinions; and *Friedrich Nietzsche: Aphorismes et Fragments choisis* (Paris, 1899), in which he gives in clear French out of cloudy German the best of Nietzsche's passages selected out of what may well be called refuse.]

Our task, however, is to consider Nietzsche as a case of mental pathology, and to trace the steps of the descending process to the *dénouement*. The first separate book which he gave to the world (at the end of 1871) was entitled *Die Geburt der Tragödie aus dem Geiste der Musik* (*The Birth of Tragedy from the Soul of Music*). In this work he brings out the correspondence which he had conceived between Æschylus and Wagner. The chorus played a most important part in the old Greek tragedies, which thus resembled operas, like those of the German composer, founded upon old legends more than ordinary dramas. Nietzsche thought that he had gained a conception of the character of the ancient Greeks through the few fragments of their literature. He caught glimpses of their joyous and natural life; but his own individuality was too intense to reflect the tone of bygone times, hence the book savoured strongly of paradox. Like most first efforts, it excited little attention save amongst the author's friends. Frau Förster-Nietzsche remarks that before its publication her brother had a good reputation, and had been offered appointments in Greifswald and in Dorpat; but after *The Birth of Tragedy* became known in philological circles there was a marked estrangement, a dull, painful silence, and no journal vouchsafed any notice of it. But Wagner and his wife were enthusiastic in their praises.

In the year 1873 Nietzsche attracted notice by a vehement

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attack upon a contemporary literary celebrity under the title *David Strauss der Bekenner und Schriftsteller* (the avower and author), and later as *David Strauss and other Philistines.* Surely Nietzsche might have seen an ally in the author of *Das Leben Jesu* and of *Der alte und der neue Glaube;* but Strauss, though a foe of the Christian faith, was yet an optimist, so was Socrates, hence both the modern and the ancient philosophers were attacked by the pugnacious disciple of Schopenhauer. In quick succession there appeared under the title of *Unzeitmässige Betrachtungen* (*Unseasonable Considerations*) three more essays upon "The Use and Disadvantages of History for Life," "Schopenhauer as an Educator," and "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth."

In the skilful analysis which Nordau gives of Nietzsche's character there is one passage from which I must dissent, that "the real source of Nietzsche's doctrine is his sadism." "He is subject to erotomania, a veiled form of a psychopathia sexualis (*folie amoureuse chaste*)." The few passages culled from the mass of his writings do not in my opinion sufficiently support this theory, and from my study of Nietzsche's writings I have arrived at a quite contrary belief. Amativeness seems to have been decidedly weak in Nietzsche. He coldly writes, "The best friend will likely be the best wife, as a happy marriage rests upon the talent for friendship;" and "on entering upon marriage one should consider the question, Do you believe that you can continue to entertain yourself well even to old age in conversation with this woman? Everything else in marriage is transitory." Evidently Nietzsche had no idea of the sweet sympathy of a loving wife, far beyond mere friendship and conversation.

Lichtenberger writes, "His only passion was the search for truth. He was vexed that he never could rise to the passion of love; all inclinations towards a person of the other sex, however charming she might be, were merely the impressions of kindly and cordial friendship."

Frau Förster tells us that there were physicians who thought that the cause of his headaches lay in his chastity. "They urgently advised him to marry, but for a man of the refined feelings of my brother, who thought friendship the best thing in wedlock, that was a painful reason for marrying. To sexual intercourse in another way my brother was averse." His

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friend Freiherr von Seydlitz wrote, "Where lives the man who could show a stain in him? His life was pure and clear like the water of a mountain brook."

Nietzsche's remarks about women are commonplace enough, and quite devoid of the affectation so common in European literature in treating of this subject, nor is there any trace of the unconscious gratification of the sensuous. Clearly he had none of Schopenhauer's alleged dislike to women, though he looked with disgust upon women clamouring for new rights, and those who seek to escape natural vocations in order to compete with men. He would have women remain in the place heretofore assigned to them, but neither oppressed nor depressed. In despite of his bitter and restless hatred of Christianity, Nietzsche was averse to women freethinkers, as something absolutely repugnant or ridiculous.

Nordau says that Nietzsche's sadism was confined to the intellectual sphere which is satisfied by ideal debauchery; but Nietzsche, though often arrogant, abusive, profane, is never obscene. It seems to us that Nordau was misled by the desire to label and classify a man who does not belong to a class, but who is a case *per se*.

He makes Zarathustra say, "Never have I found the woman from whom I should have wished to have children save that woman whom I love, for I love thee, O Eternity."

In the essay upon history, the soberest of Nietzsche's writings, he would curtail its study in education, holding that it has a benumbing effect upon the mind, weakening the plastic powers. As substitutes he proposes the study of the un-historical, of things nearer daily life; and of the over-historical, that is art and religion. He denounces the superficial and specialised character of modern education.

He derided the idea that history could be reduced to anything like a science. Its main use was to show great solitary men who hail one another across time and over the heads of crowded dwarfs. It never appeared to me, however, that your German doctors of philosophy were in danger of being crushed by the weight of their historical erudition, though they may be better versed in it than your English and Scottish M.A.s, which, indeed, is easy. One of the uses of history comes to the point. It shows that every age has its own peculiar errors, and that it is difficult to avoid being carried

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away by the current. Thus history affords a shelter where we may take refuge from the tyranny of the present. As Castelar said, those who look upon life from one side, upon time from one age, the doctrines of one religion only, humanity from one people, will never understand the human mind. Nietzsche gained little from foreign travel, and esteemed the influence of professors and learning upon the life of the times to be much higher than it really is. If he had read something of history he never understood its wider applications. He saw himself and his own environment everywhere, as the gliding stream retains the images of the trees which grow by its margin. The struggle of incoherent ideas, the chaos of strange knowledge, arose from his own feelings. As Frau Andreas remarks,(6) "what he found within himself, that appeared to him a danger to the whole age, and later on rose to be a deadly peril for the whole human race which called on him to become their redeemer and saviour."

In these early essays we find the beginning of two conceptions—the *genie-cultus*, or worship of genius, and the decadence theory, which play so large a part in Nietzsche's later speculations. Those whom he first delighted to honour were great philosophers, great teachers, or great artists. In *Menschliches Allzumenschliches* he says, "The man of genius differs from the mass less through the difference of his nature (Wesenverschiedenheit) than through the openness of his nature (Wesenenthüllung), through "a divine nakedness," a power of throwing off old habits, conventions, and callosities, and reacting to fresh impressions. "If the great thinker despises men, it is their indolence which he despises." Nietzsche recognises potential greatness in many, holding that a man only requires to relinquish his own ease in order to separate himself from the many. "Artists," he writes (*Menschliches*, 155), "have an interest in making men believe in sudden inspirations, as if the ideas of art, poetry, and philosophy flashed like gifts from heaven. The true artist or thinker is a great worker, and produces good, middling, and bad work; but his highly developed powers of judgment reject, select, and combine, as may be seen on comparing Beethoven's note-books with his finished works."

In another place he says, "Cease to speak only of gifts, of inborn talents. Great men may be moderately endowed with gifts, but they all have that earnest of thorough work which first

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learns to form parts till they dare to produce a great whole." Then, again, "men greatly over-value everything which is immense and prominent; extreme natures attract far too much attention." These sentiments have nothing of the vitriolic scorn which, a few years later, Nietzsche poured upon human kind.

Menschliches Allzumenschliches: ein Buch für freie Geister (*Human, all too Human: a Book for Freethinkers*), was written at Sorrento in the company of Wagner and other German authors. It was published in 1877, that is before he gave up his chair at Basle. It is made up of a series of aphorisms and short essays on morals, religion, art, culture, woman and child, after the manner of La Bruyère or Rochefoucauld, and was dedicated to Voltaire. Nietzsche's hatred to Christianity is bitter. He admits that it had a cleansing action on the corrupt Roman world, though he says that it acted like poison upon the fresh Germanic peoples. The most amiable passage in the book is the following:—"The best way to begin each day is to consider whether we can give pleasure to one man at least. If this took the place of the usual religious exercises, humanity would reap advantage from the change."

In *Morgenröthe* he says, "Some think that the reality may be hateful; but do you not think that the recognition even of the most hateful reality is a fine thing? Plato and Aristotle agreed that the highest happiness lay in the activity of an intellect that both searches and finds." No man who has prayed to God as the great Father of all can renounce his belief without a sense of desolation. It was, therefore, with deep sadness that Nietzsche came to think his religious education was all wrong. The very violence of his denials betrayed the tumult in his mind. Frau Andreas emphatically says (?) that "Nietzsche must be the subject of a religious-psychological study to show bright side-lights on the significance of his life, to understand his sorrows and his self-worship. All the changes in his mind are referable to his lost faith—to the 'death of God,'—that profound emotion which vibrates to the last, and brought him to the threshold of delusion." Read the impressive outburst of feeling of the madman in the *Fröhliche Wissenschaft:*

"Where is God?" he cried; "I shall tell you. We have killed Him, you and I. We are His murderers! Do we not hear the gravediggers who are burying God? How shall we console ourselves, the murderers

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of all murderers? Who will wash His blood from us? With what water can we cleanse ourselves? Must we not become gods ourselves in order to appear worthy? There was never a greater deed, and those born after us are thus elevated above their ancestors."

By this wild language Nietzsche indicates his belief that the belief in God was dead, and reckons the number of those in Europe who agreed with him at some twenty millions. There are, of course, no data for such an estimate, nor is the assumption correct that all who do not accept the Gospels are atheists.

We have seen that Nietzsche suffered from aggravated migraine, which is a functional disease not very liable to develop into deeper affections, and not of the ominous significance of epileptic seizures. It is often accompanied by great depression of spirits, as was the case with Nietzsche, but sometimes, though rarely, it is the prelude of insanity. One word is frequently reproduced in his writings (*Ekel*), disgust, generally repeated thrice. He viewed all things with a perpetual nausea, as a sufferer from sea-sickness regards food. "He that is giddy thinks the world turns round." His sense of smell was morbidly acute. He hated the smell of human beings, the stink of the rabble of shopkeepers; even superior persons did not smell sweet. He deemed it foolish to feel indignant against wickedness, since men are the tools of a blind necessity; but disgust replaced moral indignation in his mind, chiefly excited by hypocrisy, religious faith, and pity.

In 1882 his sufferings diminished, and he felt the glow of recovered health in the intervals of his attacks, and admitted that the world might be justified as an æsthetic phenomenon. Nietzsche now felt that life was worth living, so he parted with pessimism, as he had also parted from Wagner. He set up as an independent thinker and teacher, and volume after volume was given to the world. In time his extravagance and arrogance gained some followers. In the preface to the *Antichristian* he proclaims, with his huge self-conceit, that the book was written for the few. "The day after to-morrow belongs to me. These alone are my right readers, my predeterminate readers."

Unhappily he was losing the faculty of concentrated and sustained thought, his books assumed the form of broken aphorisms, sentences in which we can trace the associations of words or ideas unguided by sense or judgment, Pythian oracular phrases mixed with raving nonsense.

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The Deists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with one exception, while attacking Christianity respected morals, and Mandeville, in his *Fable of the Bees*, was reasonable compared with Nietzsche's reckless diatribes. There is as much difference between the old Dutch physician and the retired German professor as between a thief who quietly enters your house to commandeer certain of your belongings and a madman who bursts in to destroy everything.

I am not sure that Darwinians will accept Nietzsche as the legitimate successor of Darwin. Two men more utterly unlike never lived. Darwin was well aware that what seemed good for man individually might not be good for man collectively, and that the only way to raise the human type was to raise the whole level of humanity.

In one of his early writings, the first *Unseasonable Considerations*, Nietzsche pushed the logical consequences of the survival of the fittest against the humanistic views of Strauss; but later on he recklessly declared Darwin an estimable though mediocre Englishman, who had promulgated an incredibly one-sided theory of the struggle for existence,(8) whose "ancestors were poor and humble persons who were only too familiar with the difficulty of making both ends meet. Around the whole of English Darwinism there floats, as it were, the mephitic vapour of English over-population, the odour of humble life, of pinched and straitened circumstances."

Frau Andreas tells us that as late as the year 1879 Nietzsche had a great admiration for English philosophers, but towards the end of his career Nietzsche "hated unsympathetic England with his whole soul." He found no readers for his crazy books in Great Britain. His estimate of the eminence of a nation in philosophy, in fact, depended upon the notice they took of Nietzsche.

In 1874 Nietzsche met a young German doctor of philosophy named Paul Rée, who presented him with his *Psychologische Beobachtungen*, in which he had expressed doubts as to the soundness of morality, whether bad was not good and good bad. Rée accompanied Nietzsche to Italy and produced *Der Ursprung der moralischen Empfindungen* (*The Origin of Moral Sentiments*). Frau Förster denies that Rée was her brother's leader in his anti-moral speculations, "as if a little bird should lift an eagle high in the air;" yet the similarity of the views

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in Rée's book and in *Menschliches Allzumenschliches* is very marked. Nietzsche's originality consisted in turning everything upside down. Frau Andreas quotes Nietzsche's words, "There are two kinds of genius; one which is creative, and another which is ready to be impregnated and to bear fruit." No doubt, she adds, he belongs to the last class, for there was something of the feminine in his spiritual nature.

Morgenröthe: Gedanken über die moralischen Vortheile (*The Dawn: Thoughts on Moral Prejudices*), was written at Genoa, during the first years of his wandering life, in the intervals of relief from pain. In the preface to a new edition the author boasts that he had begun to undermine the foundations of morality, and in the domain of ethics Nietzsche found a field for his mischievous aggressiveness. His ideas on this subject are given in his last three works, *Jenseits von Gut und Böse* (*Beyond Good and Evil*), published in 1886; *Zur Genealogie der Moral* (*The Genealogy of Morals*), 1887; and *Götzendämmerung* (*The Twilight of the Idols*), 1889.

Also sprach Zarathustra (*Thus spake Z., i.e.* Zoroaster) is regarded by Nietzsche's admirers as his most important work. One of them has called it the greatest poem which Germany has produced since the time of Schiller. It consists of four parts, which came out separately in 1883 and 1884—so many leaves or chapters, with little or no apparent connection with one another. Much of the text is in the form of aphorisms or oracular speeches. The author uses a great variety of words, piling synonym upon synonym, and phrase upon phrase. Now and then there is a pithy remark, which anon is spoiled by some bombast or nonsense tagged on to it. The reader will find some of the most incoherent passages from *Zarathustra* in Nordau's book on *Degeneration*. In Nietzsche's later works a want of measure and a want of taste pervade all his pages; often we can find nothing but a clatter of words. Though it has gone through at least three editions, *Also sprach Zarathustra* is to me a most tiresome book. It thus begins:

> When Zarathustra was thirty years old he left his home and the lake by his home, and went into the mountains. Here he remained in the enjoyment of his mind and his solitude, and for ten years was not weary. At last his heart changed, and one morning he got up with the dawn, and, standing before the sun, thus spoke:
>
> "Thou great star, thou wouldst be ill off if thou hadst not something

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to shine upon. For ten years thou cam'st to my cave, and wouldst have been tired of thy light and thy way without me and my eagle and my serpent. But we waited upon thee every morning, partook of thy overflow, and blessed thee therefor. See, I am over-burdened with my wisdom, like the bee who has collected too much honey. I need hands stretched out to me."

Now and then his eagle and his serpent make philosophical remarks to Zarathustra in the style of their master; and, indeed, in all the conversations all the speakers use the same abrupt, cynical forms of expression as Zarathustra himself. Whoever contradicts is soon put down. Zarathustra at last descends from his mountain and falls in with an old hermit, who makes songs and sings them, and laughs, weeps, and mutters, and so praises God; on which Zarathustra asks, "Can it be possible this old saint has never heard that God is dead?"

He then makes his way to a town to deliver himself of his load of wisdom, and to teach about the overman. "Man is something that should be surpassed. What have you done to surpass him?"

"All beings have done something beyond themselves, and you would be the ebb of this great flow, and rather fall back to the beast than overpass men. What is the monkey to man? An object of laughter and scorn. Even so will man be for the overman—an object of laughter or scorn. You have traversed the way from the worm to man, and there is still much of the worm in you. Once you were monkeys; now has man more of the monkey than any monkey."

Zarathustra goes on to preach the gospel of the overman, whom he defines to be the thought (Sinn) of the earth:

"I entreat you, my brothers, remain true to the earth, and do not believe those who speak of hopes beyond the earth. They are mixers of poisons, whether they know it or not. They are despisers of life, dying men, poisoners of themselves, of whom the earth is weary."

And so on, through tedious, incredible, and repulsive scenes, unilluminated by a single spark of grace or humour, until he retires with his followers with his eagle and serpent.

One morning Zarathustra, springing from his couch like a madman, cried out with a fearful voice:

"Mount, abysmal thoughts, from my depth. I am your cock and morning horror. Up, up, drowsy worm! My voice ought to crow you awake. Unloose the fetters from your ears—hark!—then I shall hear you. Up, up! here is thunder for the grave. Wash away sleep and everything stupid and blind from your eyes. Hear me also with your eyes. My voice is a remedy for the born blind, and if you be once awake you will always remain awake for me. It is not my wont to waken up great-grandmother, and then to tell her to fall asleep again. You rouse yourself, stretch yourself; gurgle. Up, up! Do not gurgle, but speak to me. Zarathustra, the godless, calls to you. I, Zarathustra, the advocate of life, the pleader of suffering, the pleader of the circle—I call you my deepest thought. Hail to me! Thou comest; I hear thee. My abyss speaks. My last depth have I turned up to

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light. Hail to me! Forward! Give thy hand. Let go! Ha, ha! —disgust, disgust, disgust! Woe to me!"

And woe to his readers! we may add.

Scarcely had Zarathustra spoken these words, when he fell down like a dead man, and remained long as if dead. And when he came to himself he was pale, trembled, lay prostrate, and would neither eat nor drink for seven days. Then he found his bed covered with grapes and other delicacies, and at his feet two lambs which his eagle had torn from the shepherds.

Later on the hairs of the sage have whitened, his wisdom brings to his cave an interesting circle of "superior men" out of employment, one retired pope, two retired kings with their traps upon a donkey, an old magician, the ugliest of men, the shadow, the voluntary beggar, and the man of scrupulous mind who has devoted his life to the study of the brain of the leech. These gentlemen take up their abode in the cave with Zarathustra, though he sometimes treats them cavalierly and lectures them unmercifully. Forgetting the peculiarities of their host, they indiscreetly indulge in a little distraction of their own, which is thus related:

Zarathustra's ear was suddenly startled. . . . His nose sniffed a fragrant odour, and he stole from his cave to observe:

"They have all again become pious; they are praying. They are mad! The two kings, the retired pope, the wicked wizard, the voluntary beggar, the wanderer and shadow, the old soothsayer, the scientist, and the ugliest man—all upon their knees worshipped the ass in a rare pious litany.

"Amen! And glory, and honour, and wisdom, and thanks, and praise, and strength be to our God from eternity to eternity."

To this the ass cried, "I—a!"

"He bears our loads, he took on himself the form of a servant, he is patient of heart and speaks not; and he who loves his God chastises him."

But to this the ass cried, "I—a!"

"He speaks not to the world which he created. He always says *Yes*. Thus he glorifies his work. It is out of his cunning that he does not speak, so he is seldom in the wrong."

To this the ass cried, "I—a!" etc. etc.

At last Zarathustra could no longer restrain himself. He sprang amongst his guests, plucked them up from their knees, and remonstrated with them for their stupidity. In the end the ugliest man says, "Once I learned from thee, O Zarathustra, that he laughs who will kill outright. Not with rage, but with laughter is murder done. So spoke you once, O Zarathustra;—you hidden one, you destroyer without anger, you dangerous saint. You are a rogue."

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And thus Nietzsche flattered himself that he had slain religion with his subtle wit, and gravely compares himself with Voltaire. Here is something tasteful from the German Voltaire :

"I say to you, To the swine is everything swinish, for all are of an unclean spirit, who have neither quiet nor rest, and see the world from behind. To them I say, although it does not sound well, 'The world is like to men in having a hinder part; so much is true. In the world there is much filth; so much is true. But the world, for all that, is no filthy monster.' Here is wisdom: Much in the world smells badly; disgust makes wings for itself. In the best there is still something of disgust; and the best has still something which must be overcome. Oh, my brothers, there is much wisdom in this: there is much filth in the world."

Here is an attempt at an amatory passage which, for an author accused of erotomania, is pretty flat :

One evening Zarathustra came upon some girls who were dancing with one another in the forest, and said, "Do not stop dancing, you lovely maidens. No spoiler of play—no girls' enemy—has come to you with evil eye. I am God's advocate before the devil; he is the spirit of heaviness. How should I be an enemy of godlike dances or of girls' feet with fine ankles? It is true I am a forest and a night of dark trees; but he who sees into my gloom finds clusters of roses under my cypresses, and he will find a little god that is dearest to girls lying beside the fountain with shut eyes. Do not be angry, beautiful dancers, if I slightly chastise the little god."

And so Cupid, after being whipped—where and how is not mentioned,—dances with the girls, and Zarathustra prints his song, which is neither rhyme nor reason.

Lichtenberger tells us that the poem of Zarathustra was never completed. The author purposed that the philosopher should perform a grand act of effacement in giving birth to the overman. We are not surprised to learn that Nietzsche found difficulties in this parturition. From 1882 to 1886 he sketched five plans for the *dénouement*, but was not satisfied with any of them. In the last, Z. ascends the mountains and blesses the tombs, the isles, and the caves. It seems as if his face reddened slightly (perhaps a faint blush); then he shook his head (well he might), voluntarily shut his eyes, and died. And so ended Zarathustra the insufferable.

Although Nietzsche had a few leading ideas, he could not be said to have had a system of morals worked out by induction or deduction. As for assigning plausible reasons for what

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he arrogantly asserted, he had got far beyond that, and many inconsistencies start up in the same books and even in the same page. In the *Menschliches* he accepts the morality of the day, which later on he stigmatises as injurious to the loftiest types of humanity.

He was very proud of what he called the inversion of moral values, in which the old virtues were turned topsy-turvy. The first men who dictated a moral code were warriors and conquerors; with them good and right meant strength, courage, and severity. Evil meant weakness, meanness, and cowardice. The vanquished looked upon these qualities from a different point of view. With the same ignorance which he displayed as regards Darwin, Nietzsche said that the Jews first constructed a "slave morality," in which the cardinal virtues were humility, pity, forgiveness of injuries, and patience; while the worst vices were pride, violence, and cruelty.

Christianity, he assures us, was an invention of the Jews, a subtle attack upon the "master morality" of the Romans. "Jesus of Nazareth," he writes, "was the embodied gospel of love, the redeemer bringing blessedness and victory to the poor, the sick, and the sinful; was he not the cause of the Jewish change of moral values and renewal of ideals? Has not Israel by the roundabout way of this redeemer, this seeming adversary and destroyer of Israel, actually reached the final goal of its sublime quest for revenge?"

Nietzsche based these doctrines upon frail speculations on the derivation of the oldest words for good and bad, and upon a transparently false rendering of history. The doctrines of submission, charity, pity, and renunciation had been preached six hundred years before the Christian era by the founder of Buddhism, who was not a slave, but the son of a king. Of this as an historical fact Nietzsche was well aware; but, like a man in a dream, his mind was not startled by incongruities. As the maniac vents his wrath in violent words and threats, Nietzsche delighted in hurling obnoxious opinions at men and in contradicting their fondest beliefs in the most provocative terms. He boastingly calls himself Nietzsche the Godless and N. the Immoralist, and at last arrived at the formula of the Assassins: "Nothing is true, all is permitted"—save mercy to the weak. His chief commandment was "Be hard, suppress pity." "The criminal type," he wrote, "is the type of the strong

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man under favourable conditions, whose virtues are condemned by society." Nevertheless we know that the habitual criminal is not so strong as the normal members of society.

For what he believed to be the truth Nietzsche had professed a steadfast devotion; for the right of proclaiming it he had given up the faith of his fathers, his belief in God, the hope of a future life, the good-will of many friends, and the common morality of the world. At last he came to doubt whether truth itself was of any value. "The falsehood of an opinion," he wrote, "is no objection to it. The question is, how far does it uphold life? It is possible that a higher value may be true. It is even possible that a higher value may be assigned to appearances, to the will to deceive, than to what is true. It is even possible that the worth of a good and honoured thing may consist in its being entangled or hooked on to something bad. It is the power of sustaining a lie which lifts the artist high above the scientific man and his search for truth."

In *The Birth of Tragedy* (1872) Socrates was denounced as the prime factor in the decadence of the Greeks. It was he who by his perplexing questions spoiled the simple heroic life of Hellas. Formerly the Greeks followed their instincts, did what they had a mind to, which of course was right; whereas Socrates introduced a taste for dialectics, and caused them to reflect upon what they were doing, which was wrong. He introduced a bad system of philosophy which has come down to our own times. In *The Wanderer and his Shadow*, written seven years later, Socrates had come into great favour. To Socrates led all the streets of the diverse philosophies.

Nine years elapsed before Socrates was detected as a monster, a decadent, a typical criminal. He came of the lowest people, he was vulgar, he was a merry-andrew. He was very ugly, perhaps he was not wholly of Greek descent. Socrates and Plato were false Greeks, anti-Greeks. The Socratic morality, like the Christian morality, was a "misunderstanding," so after all Melitus and Anytus were right, and Xenophon was a fool.

Richard Wagner had enjoyed the unstinted admiration of Nietzsche at Lucerne as the tone-poet who was to restore the old Greek drama, as Nietzsche was to be the philosopher of the new era. But in 1876 Nietzsche suddenly discerned that the real Wagner was not his ideal, but in truth a rotten, despairing *decadent*, suddenly sunk, helpless, and broken down

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before the Christian cross. This "frightful spectacle" filled him with disgust. Thereafter Wagner would not allow Nietzsche's name to be mentioned in his presence, and Nietzsche shed tears by the Lake of Lucerne when he recalled the happy days of their former friendship.

For democracy, socialism, the happiness of the greatest number, Nietzsche had an ostentatious scorn. He proclaimed that the mass of the people should be kept in slavery. Mankind was a mere passing stage in the ascent of evolution. Their function was to generate the undefined "Uebermensch." This "overman" was but the delusive conception of a delirious brain, in turns an artist, a composer, a philosopher, and lawgiver, in the end a warrior, strong as brave and pitiless as strong, a blond beast of prey, obeying all his instincts, and trampling on the rest of mankind, without the restraints of mercy and justice. As prototypes of the overman Nietzsche instanced Cæsar Borgia and Napoleon Bonaparte, laying approving stress on the worst qualities of the Corsican. It was at once the duty and the destiny of humanity to sacrifice itself to half a dozen of this new species of great man, and Nietzsche himself proclaimed the duty of self-abnegation to make way for the overman as his simian ancestors had made way for the human species. To the woman he says, "Let it be your hope to give birth to the overman." "All the gods are dead, we now wish that the overman should live." Yes, but the religious sentiment still lived and fell down before the image of the overman. Nietzsche came at last to worship this hideous creation of his own fancy, as the triumphant being who was to put his foot on the neck of mankind.

A weird fancy, appearing as a paradox in the *Fröhliche Wissenschaft*, is a serious truth in the third part of *Zarathustra*, where the snake and the eagle address him as the teacher of the eternal return. "We know you teach that all things will return during eternity, and we ourselves with them, and that we and all things with us have already lived countless times before. Souls are mortal like bodies, but the mesh of causes in which we are entangled will again return; you will come again with this sun, with the earth, with this eagle, with this snake, not to a new life or to a better life, but to the very same life in every particular, great and small." This dream of the old Indian mythologies belongs to the infancy of philoso-

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phy when imagination was the leader of reason, but it became a dominant idea in Nietzsche's mind. He thus sought to prove his myth :—"The forces which sustain the universe are fixed and determinate. In the infinity of time it must happen that the same combinations will be repeated and inevitably bring each old series of events and every past life." But space is infinite as well as time, and though the play of forces may go on for ever, they will never bring about the same combinations.

In the *Anti-Christian*, his last finished work (1888), Nietzsche gives vent to his hatred of Christianity without either argument or measure.

"It is not respectable to be a Christian. Christianity is the worst kind of corruption ; it means the neglect of common sense, gratitude, and regard for the public weal. Christianity and alcohol are the two grand agents of corruption. Christianity is the worm which comes in mist and darkness to destroy the desire for truth, the instinct of love for reality. This cowardly, effeminate, sugary-sweet partly estranged the souls of the ancient world, and led to the downfall of its civilisation. Christianity was the vampire of the Roman empire."

And when writing of the Renaissance :

"Cæsar Borgia as Pope. With that Christianity was abrogated. What happened? A German monk, Luther, came to Rome. This monk, with all the revengeful instincts of an unsuccessful priest, mutinied against the Renaissance. Christianity sat no more upon the papal throne, but life took its place, the triumph of life, the great yea to all that was high, beautiful, and daring. Luther lifted up the Church anew ; he attacked the Renaissance senselessly, in mere wantonness."

What a vicious jumble of history and nonsense have we here! Cæsar Borgia never was Pope; after getting his brother murdered he threw off the habit of an ecclesiastic, and became the armed tyrant of the papal states. On the death of his father, Alexander VI, he was chased out of Italy, and perished in Navarre, ten years before Luther broke with Leo X. It was the Renaissance that lighted the way to the Reformation.

And again :

"I shall write this eternal impeachment of Christianity upon all walls. I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great inmost depravity, the one great instinct of revenge, to which no means are venomous, stealthy, underground, petty enough. I call it the one lasting stain on humanity."

To criticise such notions would be like drawing the sword

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upon a stillborn infant. Man rose above other creatures, not by obeying his instincts, but by subjecting them to his reason, by regulating and restraining them. Men became the lords of creation, not by warring on their kind, but by gathering together to act for common objects by collective help and mutual trust; and this mad speculator would make it the duty of mankind to resign themselves to be effaced by a new being, who should go back to the brutes, as if it were the duty of any creature to yield without a struggle in the battle of the survival of the fittest. Civilisation does not make men weak and tame as Nietzsche asserted, but by teaching them to concentrate and direct their powers it multiplies their strength a hundredfold, as a charge within the tube of a cannon will carry destruction for miles, while if exploded in the ground its effects would be exhausted within a few yards.

Lichtenberger tells us that Nietzsche appeared to himself as both the destroyer and the continuator of the work of Jesus. Like him he had known solitude and suffering, and the hatred of the good and just, and like him he is a fatality for innumerable generations to come. Through him Christianity should perish by self-effacement in giving place to something superior. During the last weeks of his conscious life this ideal relationship which he fancied between Jesus and himself presented itself to his mind with a clearness that was always increasing. There was produced in him, under the influence of morbid causes no doubt, an exaltation of his whole being. He felt himself happy, light, soaring into infinite heights above life and men. He believed his creative thought to be all-powerful, and announced that in two years all the earth would writhe in convulsions. Across the ages he stretched his hand to Jesus, whose work he completes in destroying it. He gives the title of *Ecce Homo* to his autobiography written during the autumn of 1888; and at the moment when the abyss of madness opened suddenly before him he signed his last letter to Brandes "The Crucified One."

As we have seen, Nietzsche passed from sanity to insanity by transitional stages. His derangement was of slow growth, though the bounds of external restraint may have abruptly given way so that his madness became manifest even to the ignorant. Nietzsche led a wandering life, with no one to observe his doings. His letters to his sister in Paraguay were

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full of heart-rending complaints against the want of love, the universal ingratitude and the vileness of mankind (whom he ostentatiously pretended to despise). After the death of her husband Frau Förster found amongst his papers a letter in which Nietzsche accused him of writing a criticism against him, and getting it published anonymously in an anti-Semitic paper, and of having poisoned the mind of his sister against him. He added, "I am taking hypnotic upon hypnotic, but cannot get sleep. To-day I shall take so much that I will lose my understanding." His sister attributes his insanity to attacks in the public press, to the strain of overwork, and to the excessive use of chloral. He never used opium. The sleeplessness was probably due to arterial degeneration, which must have been going on in the brain. Of his private conduct or nervous symptoms during those years we have no precise information.(9) We know that he parted or broke with most of his old friends, and that some may have shunned him owing to the extravagance of his opinions. In 1887 he writes to his sister, "Life becomes heavier from year to year. The saddest and the most painful did not seem to me so dismal, so void of hope, as my present existence. What has happened? Nothing but the inevitable.. The differences which separate me from all the men who had given me their confidence are patent, and from one side and the other one notices that he is despised. Oh, heavens! how solitary I am to-day! I have no one with whom I can laugh, no one to drink a cup of tea with, no one who will give me friendly consolation." In 1888 he writes, "During ten years no one in Germany has made it a conscientious duty to defend my name against the absurd conspiracy of silence under which it is buried." This is a not uncommon delusion with authors who believe that nothing short of a plot is capable of keeping their books from bursting into celebrity.

What was apparently Nietzsche's first open attack of insanity is described by Frau Förster in a paper entitled "Die Krankheit Friedrichs Nietzsche" in the *Zukunft* of 6th January, 1900. In Turin, about the end of December, 1888, he fell down at the gate of the house where he was living, and had not the power to rise up without assistance. Thereafter he lay on the sofa for two days motionless, without saying a word. On coming out of this lethargy he spoke to himself in a loud voice, sang and played much and noisily, and showed that he had lost the

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proper knowledge of money, paying for trifles with twenty-franc pieces. He covered some sheets with writing, full of strange fancies, mixing up the characters in the Greek mythologies with personages in the Gospel and of our own time. He accused some of his nearest friends of injuring him. He fancied that God, torn to pieces by His enemies, was wandering by the banks of the Po. During this time he signed his letters *Dionysos*, or *Der Gekreuzigte*. One of these letters having reached Professor Overbeck, in Basle, he travelled to Turin in the first week of January, and finding his friend quite insane he took him to Basle, from which he was soon removed to the private asylum of Dr. Binswanger at Jena, where he remained for sixteen months.

After this his mother took him to her house at Naumburg, where he was affectionately tended by her and his sister, now a widow. On the mother's death, Frau Förster took him to a house at Weimar. The first excitement calmed down within a year, but the hopes of recovery, kept up by occasional rallying, were dashed by repeated paralytic attacks (Schlaganfälle). Frau Förster tells us that the physicians styled his malady an atypic form of paralysis (eine atypische Form der Paralyse). There seems to have been some degree of aphasia, and it was difficult to say in the end how much intelligence was left. Lichtenberger came from Nancy to see him, and stayed a week. "Perhaps," says his admirer and commentator, "here he has preserved a vague memory of his life of thinker and poet. 'Have I not myself written good books?' said he when they put into his hand a new book. At any rate, he is conscious of the affection with which his sister surrounds him; he follows her with his eyes as she comes and goes, and it is touching to see when she comes to sit beside his couch the awkward and slow action with which he manages to take the hand of that sister, formerly the confidante of his youth, now the last consoler of his years of decline."

He who had scorned mankind had sunk to the lowest; he who had told men to banish pity from their hearts had now in his helplessness to depend on the pity of others while he lay in a state of death-in-life. And yet his mischievous writings are scattering the germs of moral evil wherever they light upon a fitting soil.

While this paper was being completed Friedrich Nietzsche

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died, on the 25th of August, 1900. According to a correspondent of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, who was with him at the last, he succumbed to an attack of cerebral hæmorrhage, which had supervened twenty-four hours before. The tender care of his sister had tided him over a similar seizure about three months earlier.

From the obituary notices in the principal French, German, and English newspapers it appears that Nietzsche's views were known at least to journalists. A writer in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, who went to Weimar to see what remained of Nietzsche after eleven years' insanity, compares him with Goethe and Bismarck. He was buried in the resting-place of his fathers, near Lützen. The pastor was absent; a layman pronounced the funeral oration. Nietzsche has left a number of manuscripts, the publication of which is threatened, though his works already form eight volumes.

His admirers remark that the personal character of Nietzsche is an important part of his philosophy; but his writings are only serviceable to indicate his mental aberration. As a contribution to psychology they are worth nothing. He never proves anything, never indeed tries to prove anything, but contents himself with arrogant and absurd assertions. "My judgment," writes he, "is my judgment, and to this another man has scarcely any right" (*Jenseits von Gut und Böse*, p. 43). Nevertheless he often changes his opinions. The devil himself would not have Nietzsche for an advocate. There is a progressive wildness, a deepening lack of restraint, a swelling conceit in each successive publication.([10])

Frau Andreas thus describes this literary anarchist's appearance during the period between 1879 and 1889, when his stormy writings were given to the world:—"He is a man of middle size, plain but neat in his dress. His large forehead was rendered the more prominent by smooth brown hair brushed backwards. The region of the head in front of the ear is large in proportion to the occipital portion. The lips are covered by a thick moustache. In his physiognomy there is an air of reticence, aloofness, strangeness. He has a quiet laugh, a noiseless way of speaking, and a heedful, meditative gait with a slight stoop. He has finely formed hands, of which he is proud." M. E. Schuré, who saw Nietzsche at the first representations of the "Niebelungen Ring" at Bayreuth, in 1876,

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describes him in much the same terms:([11])—"The thick hanging moustache and the bold profile might have given him the air of a cavalry officer had it not been for something at once timid and haughty in his approach. The musical voice and slow speech denoted his artistic organisation, and his wary and thoughtful gait showed the philosopher. Nothing was more deceptive than the apparent calm of his expression; the fixed eye betrayed the painful working of his thoughts. It was at once the eye of an acute observer and of a fanatic visionary. This gave him something unquiet and disquieting, especially as his looks seemed always fixed upon one point. In moments of excitement his looks softened, soon again to appear hostile." The expression in all the portraits given of Nietzsche is fierce and aggressive. We reproduce one, and readers may judge it for themselves. One of the portraits given by Frau Andreas, a full-front one, seems to me an evil face.

Frau Andreas lets us know, what would scarcely be expected from his writings, that Nietzsche was distinguished by a great politeness and almost feminine gentleness of demeanour. To use her own expression, he habitually wore a mask and mantle to cover an inner life scarcely ever revealed. He himself writes in the *Ecce Homo*, "To suffer from solitude is an inferiority. I have never suffered save from the crowd. At seven years, an age absurdly tender, I already knew that never a word of man would reach me. Have they ever seen me afflicted by it? Even to-day I have for all the same affability, I am full of deference for the most humble, and in all my bearing there is not an atom of pride nor of secret scorn." Yet he inconsistently and characteristically adds, "He whom I despise guesses that he is despised by me; with my simple presence I put out of sorts anyone who has vitiated blood in his veins!"

In another place Frau Andreas tells us "wherever he speaks of lord and slave natures one must be mindful that he speaks of himself." Driven by the longing of a suffering and unharmonious nature to its opposite, and moved by the desire to look upon such a one as his god, he portrays his own self when he says of the slave, "His mind loves hiding-places, secret paths, and back doors; all that is covered he relishes as his own world, his security and his recreation; and in the practical, joyous, simple lord nature of the original men of action he describes his opposite." It is common enough for men to see their ideal

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in a character opposed in every respect to their own. We have, for example, Thomas Carlyle, greedy of talk, lavish of words, a sceptic in most things, a man who never acted, and who was always fretting and grumbling about trifles, who took for his heroes men of deeds, rough and unscrupulous, of strong convictions but fonder of using blows than words.

The unfortunate Nietzsche was born with an hereditary tendency to an abnormal mental action; in infancy he was backward; in childhood he was shy and solitary; in youth he took no pleasure in the sports and amusements of young men, but was quick at book learning and literary aptitude, with a love of straying away from beaten paths. A careful education by a good mother helped to keep down his lower propensities, and the early dignity of a responsible position and academic surroundings made him give hostages to good behaviour. But he soon showed an irrepressible combativeness and an excessive self-conceit. The connection of the nervous sufferings with the mental derangement is not clear, but no doubt these sufferings exasperated his mind, and increased his discontent with life. Few men, and only the best kind of men, are made better by sickness.

His was the condition described as *grübelsucht, folie de doute*, the anguish of doubts. Talking of the mental changes which lay behind him, Nietzsche once said to Frau Andreas, half in jest, "Yes, the course has begun, and will go on, but whither? When all has been run through, whence will one start? When all possible complications are exhausted what will follow? How? Must one not again arrive at faith, perhaps at a Catholic faith? In any case a circle is more likely than a standing still."

The restless working of his intellect was always accompanied by exaltation of the affective faculties; the power of correct reasoning slowly decayed, and the bonds of restraint became weaker. His aggressiveness and egotism became more and more prominent. With no pole-star to guide him he was insensibly drifted by the current of the desires and longings which he fancied were suppressed, and so it came round that in place of the aspiration for a future life he accepted "the eternal return of all things," and in place of the religious sentiment he put the worship of that monstrous fantasy of his own mind, the overman. The peculiarity of Nietzsche's

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insanity seems to have been that while he long retained sufficient powers of self-restraint to refrain from breaking through outward rules of conduct within his limited sphere of intercourse with other men, he gratified his extravagant propensities by writing reckless and provocative books against the beliefs which were most cherished by those amongst whom he dwelt. To use his own expression, he philosophised with a hammer. As Byron said of J. J. Rousseau,

> "But he was frenzied by disease or woe
> To that worst pitch of all which takes a reasoning show."

We might inquire why books like those of Nietzsche, which might be expected to shock even a not over-fastidious taste, should be so far relished as to pass through several editions, and to become the subject of commentary, of apology, and even of praise. No doubt there are literary *chiffonniers* who, seeing that the public *will* have carrion to feed on, are eager to serve it up, and ready to disguise too rank a taste by their own culinary arts; but they generally wait for some signs of a morbid appetite before they fetch such wares to market. We are living in a time of great decline of literary taste. Something is due to the overpowering momentum of the many who now amuse themselves with reading. There are people leading outwardly decent lives who indulge in literary licence, gratify the sensuous cravings in their nature by gloating over coarse descriptions, and read filthy books for their filth. Apparently there is also a demand somewhere for philosophical profanity and speculative immorality.

(1) Olla Hansson's *Friedrich Nietzsche*, quoted by Dr. Hermann Türck in his pamphlet, *Fr. Nietzsche und seine philosophischen Irrwege*, Jena and Leipzig, 1891. The author has made a careful study of Nietzsche's writings, and his criticisms are judicious and well put. He furnishes no fresh medical details. His knowledge of insanity seems mainly derived from the *Handbook* of Schüle. —(2) *Das Leben Friedrich Nietzsche*, von Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche, Leipzig, 1895.—(3) *Friedrich Nietzsche in seinen Werken*, von Lou Andreas Salomé, Vienna, 1894.—(4) *Andreas Salomé*, p. 48.—(5) See the number of March 16th, 1900, *Le Idee sur l' Arte di Frederigo Nietzsche*, di E. A. Butti.—(6) *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. clxii, 1897, and *Contemporary Review*, 1898.—(7) This book has been translated into German by Elizabeth Förster-Nietzsche (Dresden and Leipzig, 1899). Frau Förster has added a preface of sixty-nine pages, giving some farther information about her brother's studies and the growth of his opinions.—(8) *Friedrich Nietzsche der Künstler und der Denker*, ein Essay von Alois Riehl, Stuttgart, 1898. This is an able critical review of Nietzsche's life and opinions.—(9) Op. cit., p. 65.—(10) Op. cit., pp. 38-9.—(11) *Die fröhliche Wissenschaft*, p. 273, published in 1882.—(12) Dr. Türck has a story that, while staying at Sils Maria, in the Engadine, Nietzsche used to sit and meditate on a tongue of land which ran into the lake. Returning one spring to his beloved mountain solitude, he found that a

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bench had been erected on the spot for the convenience of visitors. He turned away, never again to put his foot on the spot. My friend Dr. W. R. Huggard, who is a resident physician at Davos-Platz, caused inquiry to be made about Nietzsche at the time of his death. He writes to me, "Very little appears to be known here as to his residence in Sils Maria. He seems to have passed a very quiet life there without making his crankiness conspicuous to the world."—([13]) Professor Theobald Ziegler, of Strasburg, who had pored through Nietzsche's works line by line in chronological order, finds the first signs of insanity in *Zarathustra* (written and published in 1883). In all the subsequent works he finds much of what is over-strung, distorted, coarse, and glaring, the loud and shrieking, in increasing intensity.—([14]) In *Revue des deux Mondes*, August 15th, 1895.

The Treatment of Tuberculosis in Asylums.([1]) By LIONEL A. WEATHERLY, M.D.

DR. WEATHERLY, in introducing a discussion upon the above subject, said its gravity would perhaps appear to them greater when they were told that in one town of England, such as Liverpool during last year, every time the clock hand went round and indicated that another four hours of time had gone by, a life was passing away in that town from consumption; when they further were told that in that one town of Liverpool more young people died of consumption in 1899 than had up to the present been killed in South Africa during the present war. The great thing, however, for them to think of to-day was, "Is there any need to do anything with regard to phthisis in our asylums?" Once they accepted that there was; then came the question, "What was best to be done?" The premiss upon which he should like to start the discussion that day, was a sentence uttered in London a short time since in a most able speech by Sir James Crichton Browne, in a discussion which took place following the paper by Dr. France. He said, "Phthisis is prevalent, and is the cause of death in our public asylums in this country to an unnecessary extent," and he went on to say that "it was to a very considerable degree generated and propagated in them." It was known that young healthy people with possibly a predisposition to phthisis entered asylums, became phthisical patients, and propagated disease far and wide. The first question asked would naturally be, "Why is this?" This brought them, to his mind, to the most difficult position in which they found themselves. Personally he did not think there could be any doubt that what

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