

Homeopaths know the story of the famous patient Klockenbring of Hanover, the privy secretary of the chancery. He was Hahnemann's sole patient in 1791-2, treated with success.

Our homework will consist of inserting into Hahnemann's text, rubrics of possible delusions, 'ailments from', and other rubrics belonging to peculiar and rare symptoms. Put these rubrics in the text where they belong.

One can read the whole story in *Lesser Writings of Samuel Hahnemann*, R.E. Dudgeon, M.D. (Jain Publishing, New Delhi, India, 1990, pp243-249).

"I established three years ago a convalescent asylum for patients affected with such disorders...Klockenbring was a man in his days of health who attracted the admiration of a large portion of Germany...His almost superhuman labors for which he had a great talent, his sedentary life, the continuous strain upon his mind together with a too nutritious diet, brought on a deranged state of the system, which gradually assumed the form of offensive whimsicality and intolerant ill humor. I am unable to say how much his copious indulgence in strong wines contributed to his state. His hypochondriasis had already attained a considerable height when in a newspaper a disgusting satire appeared wherein he found himself held up to ridicule in a manner that would have set even the oldest philosopher on fire. His mind that was almost too sensitive to honor and fair fame, sank deep into the dust beneath this hail storm of abusive accusations, which were for the most part, without foundation...

His bloated body, which in his days of health was somewhat unwieldy, now exhibited a wondrous agility, quickness and flexibility in all movements. His face bore an expression of the greatest mental aberration. Smiles and grinding of the teeth, insolence, cowardice and defiance, childish folly and unlimited pride, desires without want—such was the mixture of traits displayed by the patient.

Incessantly, day and night, he kept on raving and was never composed for a quarter of an hour in a time. When he sank down in his bed exhausted, he rose to his feet again in a few minutes. He either pronounced with the most threatening gestures capital sentence on criminals, which he often declared his former superiors to be; or he lost himself in declamations of a heroic character, and spouted entire passages of the Iliad. But he finished nothing that he began, for some new idea constantly led him into a different region...sometimes he would burst into an agony of weeping and sobbing, often throwing himself at the feet of the amazed attendant. But all of a sudden he would rise and hurl imprecations at his enemies...or he would mutter a form of exorcism for evil spirits, make the sign of the cross and then he would burst out into immoderate fits of laughter, and in the fire of his deluded imagination, he would warmly embrace one of his cold keepers, taking him for his beloved Daphne. "