

**A SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL  
SKETCH AND IN MEMORIAM  
OF DR. CARL HERRMANN  
HORSCH, 1822-1891**

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A Short Biographical Sketch and in Memoriam of Dr. Carl Herrmann Horsch, 1822-1891 by J. W. Bartlett

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**J. W. BARTLETT**

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BY  
J. W. BARTLETT

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## A SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

or

DR. CARL H. HORSCH

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CARL HERRMANN HORSCH was born July 23, 1822, in the small, pleasant village of Eythra, six miles from Leipzig, Saxony. He was one of a family of five, — three girls and two boys, — who, although widely separated in early youth, remained devotedly attached to each other through life. Of these, only his brother Ernst, long a resident of Russia, survives him. His parents, Johann Gottfried and Christiana Friedericke Horsch, were persons of very superior character, who, owing to sickness and misfortune, were in extremely moderate circumstances. His early life was one of toil and hardship, and he was obliged to work his own way upward through the world.

Fortunately, the village schoolmaster, Johann Christoph Leuschner, was a man of

great talent and discernment, who saw the boy's worth and awakened in him a thirst for knowledge. At the age of fourteen, he left home and went to Altenburg, to earn his own living. Here the court surgeon was attracted toward him; he strongly advised him to become a physician, and gave him instruction in the rudiments of medicine and surgery. Working his own way, and studying when opportunity offered, Dr. Horsch, when twenty years old, had fitted himself for the university. Being obliged to practice rigid economy, he traveled on foot, with his knapsack on his back, from Leipzig to Prague. In the renowned university of this ancient city, he received his medical and surgical education. Here he studied six years, supporting himself during the first four by his own exertions. Being obliged the last two years to devote his whole time to practical, clinical studies, through the friendship of his former teacher, Cantor Leuschner, he obtained a small loan from the *Gutbesitzer* of Eythra, which enabled him to finish his course. This loan he repaid in a very short time from the meagre salary of an assistant army surgeon.

He graduated with honor, September, 1848,



receiving an especial commendation from his professors, his papers being endorsed *ausserordentlich*. Returning home, he applied for a position in the army, and passed the requisite examination, the diploma of an Austrian university not being recognized in Saxony. At this time he was offered an excellent situation in the Dutch East Indian service. Fortunately for himself and others he declined it, and entered the Saxon army, October 1, 1848, as assistant surgeon in the field hospital.

I give here an account of a portion of Dr. Horsch's life in his own words, taken from an address delivered in 1888 to the Strafford District Medical Society, on "Some Experiences in a Study and Practice of Medicine of Forty-four Years:" —

"When I landed on the shore of the study of medicine I thought that my professors were superior to all others; but some of them compelled me to be almost as humble as Uriah Heep, and with pity I think of their haughty bearing and arrogance; yet the majority of my teachers kindly imparted their knowledge and treated me as a man deserves, and with gratitude and thanks I recognize and remember how much I am indebted to them.

“ A medical student in the Austrian universities, at the time when I studied in Prague, was more dependent than in other medical colleges, because the semi-annual examinations kept him constantly under the control of the professors ; which was well to keep the lazy and negligent students to their studies, but rather hard for those who had not the favor of a pedantic professor ; but with pleasure I praise and honor the thoroughness of teaching in those institutions, and in Germany generally.

\* In the spring of 1848 we had a revolution in Prague, and every student belonging to the Academic Legion was forced to fight on the barricades, and to defend himself against an unnecessary attack ordered by General Windischgrätz. This was a trying week. One day a poor old mother was killed and dragged through the streets by the mob with a rope around her neck ; and all that poor soul had done was to try to carry some food to her son, who was a soldier and compelled to fight us. This mobocracy was on our side, robbing and murdering friend and foe ; and this element, about twenty thousand, we had to accept as our comrades.

“After we were shelled out I got home safely, and went to Dresden, Saxony, passed the examination, and received the appointment as assistant surgeon in the field hospital of the Saxon army. In the spring of 1849 I was ordered to the ambulance corps, and went to the war in Schleswig-Holstein. Here I did my part of duty in the battles of Satrup, Düppel, and Friedericia; and after the Saxon troops returned to their fatherland I was ordered to take charge of a military hospital at Flensburg.

“While I was in charge of this hospital, of which a regimental surgeon was the director, I had a case of pneumonia. The patient was a fleshy, lymphatic person, twenty-six years old. On the fourth day, when my superior medical officer was visiting the hospital, we found the pulse a hundred and sixteen, very feeble, extremities cold, breathing quick, lower lobe of the lung hepatized; the director commanded bleeding; I argued, in a respectful way, against it, on the ground of his condition and constitution, and expressed the fear of pulmonary œdema; he took out his lance, and was ‘going to reduce that pulse;’ the next day he bled him a second time. Œdema