

**ADVENTURES IN SERVIA: OR, THE  
EXPERIENCES OF A MEDICAL  
FREE LANCE AMONG THE BASHI-  
BAZOUKS, ETC.; PP. 10-248**

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TO LIVE  
CALIFORNIA



From (place)

INCIDENT DURING MATHIAS. UNSET OF ABDOLANCE.

# Adventures in Servia:

OR THE

*EXPERIENCES OF A MEDICAL FREE LANCE  
AMONG THE BASHI-BAZOUKS, ETC.*

By DR. ALFRED WRIGHT.

EDITED BY

A. G. FARQUHAR-BERNARD, M.R.C.S.,  
*Late Surgeon of the Servian Army.*

WITH SIXTEEN DRAWINGS BY THE EDITOR.

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TO THE  
AMERICAN

## PREFACE.

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WHEN my esteemed friend Dr. Wright asked me to edit this work and also to write its preface, I agreed to do so, but not without a considerable amount of hesitation and diffidence, for I was loth to run the risk of marring what appeared to be a very excellent book by my own necessarily imperfect workmanship.

The good doctor, however, placed the matter before me in such a light, that I felt constrained to comply with his wishes.

I cannot lay claim to the "pen of a ready writer," therefore I trust the public will excuse what may appear to them to be a halting style. And now to the real business of my preface.

I have the author's word for it that at least three out of every four of the incidents herein narrated really took place, and that to the fourth only such proportion of romantic dressing and spicery has



been added as would enable it to harmonize with the rest.

Moreover, I am desired to state that every character depicted in these pages had its living prototype.

Thus Marie, Colonel Bragg, Savrimovitch, Colonel Philipovitch, the ruffian Pauloff, Dr. Ibaum, etc., represent real personages, whose names even, in some cases, have been preserved. The quarrel with Von Tummy, the upsetting of the waggon, the fight for the bed, the pig incident, the occupation of the cottage, the description of the battle, are all fairly accurately described; and the conversations with Russian officers about India and with the Nihilists are reported almost verbatim.

Facts are stubborn and eloquent things, and I can say nothing stronger in behalf of these pages than that they treat, for the most part, of absolute facts.

My duty to Dr. Wright prohibits me from drawing this preface to a close without making some reference to the painful circumstance that my distinguished friend has as yet received no considerable token of the public favour. As he pathetically puts it, "Monarchs don't seek his medical advice, kings consult him not, and sovereigns neither summon him to their sick-bed sides, nor find their way, in another sense, into his coffers."

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The doctor says he occasionally sees a person clad in prints, but never any one "en prince," and he reminds me, moreover, that though Pope lays it down as an axiom, that "what ever is, is *Wright's*," yet he gets hardly any of it at all.

Now this, I maintain, emphatically and without fear of contradiction, ought not to be, and I would respectfully intimate to the potentates of Europe, that unless they patronize the illustrious doctor more largely than they have hitherto done, there is some fear of his throwing physic to the dogs, and becoming, if not a Nihilist, at least a desperate Radical.

I state this entirely on my own responsibility. May those whom it directly concerns take it seriously to heart.

A. G. F. B.

revolver apiece, and a somewhat scanty supply of clothing, which included, nevertheless, our volunteer uniforms, each adorned with a Geneva cross on the arm, and our preparations were complete.

The day of our departure arrived. We proudly donned our uniforms, which, though rather the worse for wear, still had the advantage of looking as if they had seen service, and took our places in the train. We intended to travel to Vienna by rail, and from thence to Belgrade by the Danube steamer. Our journey was uneventful, except that our uniforms attracted more attention than was altogether pleasant.

The French mistook us for Germans, and scowled angrily at us, and the Germans took us for Frenchmen, and regarded us with cold hostility. In fact, wherever we went, people seemed to wonder who on earth we were, and what the dickens we wanted.

At Salzburg we were accosted by a stately and elegantly-attired lady of middle age, who informed us that she was the Princess Woronzoff, and saying that she was delighted to see Englishmen espousing the Servian cause, requested us to convey the sum of five Napoleons from her to the Servian sufferers by the war.

This we promised to do, and she bade us farewell. We arrived at Vienna late on a Friday evening, and stayed there until Sunday morning, putting up for the time at the Goldenes Lamm Hotel; and Hiems utilised the time by coaching me up in the broad-sword exercise, at which he was a proficient. He was particularly careful