

**THE  
REDAN, A POEM**

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The Redan, a Poem by R. M. Beverley

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**R. M. BEVERLEY**

**THE  
REDAN, A POEM**



**THE REDAN.**

# THE REDAN:

I Poem.

BY

R. M. BEVERLEY.

"His saltem accumulæ donis, et fungar inani  
"Munere."—VIRGIL.

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Second Edition.

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1856.

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## PREFACE.

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If war has its scenes of splendour and glory, which have furnished themes to the great poets of all ages; it produces also incidental events, less striking to the imagination but well worthy of poetic record, if poetry can be content with moral virtues as a subject for her labours.

The present war with Russia, has more than any other on record, exhibited the soldier estimable in adversity, a test which, too often in the history of armies, has produced a contrary effect. A valuable testimony on this subject has been furnished by the report of the Commissioners, sent out by the government, to enquire into the state of the army in the Crimea. "The sufferings of the army in the course of the winter must have been severe, and especially during the months of December and January, must have been intense. It has only been by slow degrees that we have been able to form any adequate conception of the distress and misery undergone by the troops, or fully to appreciate the unparalleled courage and constancy with which they have endured their sufferings. Great Britain has often had reason to be

proud of her army, but it is doubtful whether the whole range of military history furnishes an example of an army exhibiting throughout a campaign, qualities as high as have distinguished the forces under Lord Raglan's command.

"Suffering and privation have frequently led to crime in armies as in other communities, but offences of a serious character have been unknown in the British forces in the Crimea. Not one capital offence has been committed or even alleged to have been committed by a soldier, and intemperance has been rare; every one who knows anything of the constitution of the army, must feel, that when troops so conduct themselves throughout a long campaign, the officers must have done their duty, and set the example. The conduct of the men therefore implies the highest encomium that can be passed upon their officers. They have not only shared all the dangers and the exposure, and most of the privations which the men had to undergo; but we everywhere found indications of their solicitude, for the welfare of those who were under their command, and of their constant readiness to employ their private means in promoting the comforts of their men."

Melancholy indeed have been the circumstances which have elicited these remarks; but if the worth of moral courage exceeds that of physical bravery, the conduct of the British army in its adversity, is more an object of admiration, than if, without these intervening trials, they had at once triumphantly entered Sebastopol, conquerors in some overwhelming assault.



It is with the scenes of suffering and patience that the following poem is occupied; with the virtues, the resignation, the friendships, the mutual kindness of those worthy men; and if my verse shall succeed in drawing attention to such scenes, and even in a very humble way contribute any thing to the reverential remembrance of our heroic countrymen, I shall be amply rewarded.

A religious character takes the lead in this drama, if I may so call it; nor is this more than might be expected, as it is well known that some, of undoubted piety, as well officers as men in the ranks, have shed their blood in this famous war. Some persons perhaps, alive to the force of evangelical precept, will doubt whether Christians ought to draw the sword in fight. I acknowledge the difficulty of such a question; but it is my province here only to represent that which it is well known has existed—the pious Christian sustaining the character of a brave soldier.

Such a picture may have its deep interest; and the interest that I have felt in contemplating such a picture, I have endeavoured to express in the following pages.

R. M. B.

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## THE REDAN.

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BENEATH Sarmatian skies, on Tauric strands,  
Where the loud roaring Euxine pours his weight  
Of surging ooze, beyond Borysthenes ;  
And that drear land (1) and melancholy waste,  
Where the melodious Latian exile wept  
With unavailing tears his penal lot ;  
A British soldier, one of gentle blood,  
By honour and by duty called to arms,  
With his compeers, who, in that famous strife  
'Twixt Turk and Russian, took the weaker part,  
And dared to beard the giant of the north  
In his chief den, where he his chains had forged  
For trembling nations near—young Frederick  
Stood forth amongst the brave conspicuous ;—he  
Delighted in war's game : the trumpet's call,  
The iron gleaming, and the ordered host  
Under spread ensigns marching, the deep tramp  
Of cavalry, the loud commanding shout,  
And rumbling of the dread artillery,