

**THE PRICE OF BLOOD: THE  
SEQUEL TO  
"RASPLATA" AND "THE  
BATTLE OF TSUSHIMA"**

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The price of blood: the sequel to "Rasplata" and "The battle of Tsushima" by Vladimir Semenoff

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**VLADIMIR SEMENOFF**

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# THE PRICE OF BLOOD



THE SEQUEL TO "RASPLATA" AND  
"THE BATTLE OF TSUSHIMA"

BY CAPTAIN VLADIMIR SEMENOFF, I.R.N.



TRANSLATED BY  
LEONARD LEWERY

AND

MAJOR F. R. GODFREY, R.M.L.I.

TRANSLATOR OF "FROM LIBAU TO TSUSHIMA"



LONDON



JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1910

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

It was not without a prolonged internal struggle that I ultimately made up my mind to prepare for publication this concluding part of my diary.

It appeared to me much too painful and delicate a subject to be exposed to the glare of publicity. I shrank from the thought that people might open their eyes in bewilderment and ask: "Is this what actually happened?"

My only answer would be: "So it was recorded, there and then—on the spot where it happened, and at the actual time of occurrence.

The personality of the chronicler is inevitably, even though unconsciously, brought to the front in his narrative; but if he has recorded in his note-book only what he saw and heard, without intentional misrepresentation or colouring, then these unsophisticated records will subsequently furnish the groundwork whereon learned historians will spin out their elaborate accounts.

In my books, *Rasplata* ("The Reckoning") and *The Battle of Tsushima*, I endeavoured, whilst strictly adhering to the course marked out day by day in my diary, to present to my readers word-pictures of my own experiences, and those of the little circle of comrades, so closely bound together, of which I was a link and unit.

I related there, as it seemed to me my bounden duty to do, with all candour the story of the six months' campaigning with the Port Arthur Squadron, finishing up with the battle of Shan-Tung, on August 10, 1907, and an interval of two months; seven and a half months of cruising with the Second Squadron on its fateful voyage from Libau to Tsushima; the climax of May 14 to 27, 1905; how I was bundled over together with the unconscious Admiral Rojěstvensky from his perishing flagship *Suvōroff* on to the torpedo-boat *Buoyni*, very nearly in the same plight; but I have shrunk back hitherto from continuing my narrative to its bitter end. I was actuated by the idea that the reading public were interested in the history of the war, but not in what practically amounts to my own personal history; but now I have come to think that my narrative from its very beginning could not really be classed with what are generally regarded as the annals



of the war properly so called. It is rather a story of some of the people, surrounding me, who figured in it conspicuously; and if this truthful tale has been considered worthy of translation into all the European tongues, then it is worthy, at least, of being concluded.

I shall not hold back anything from my notes, nor will I amend or attempt to improve upon them in any way. I shall carefully remember the motto: "What I have written I have written."

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