THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN: A COMPLETE NARRATIVE OF THE WAR IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA. WRITTEN IN A TENT IN THE CRIMEA

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649713400

The Story of the Campaign: A Complete Narrative of the War in Southern Russia. Written in a Tent in the Crimea by E. Bruce Hamley

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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E. BRUCE HAMLEY

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BY

MAJ. E. BRUCE HAMLEY,

AUTHOR OF "LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD," ETC.

BOSTON:
GOULD AND LINCOLN,
59 WASHINGTON STREET.
NEW YORK: SHELDON, LAMPORT & BLAKEMAN,
115 NASSAU STREET.
1855.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE following narrative first appeared in Blackwood's Magazine. It there attracted general attention, as being the most brilliant, and at the same time, the fullest and most connected account yet given of the campaign in the Crimea. Written on the spot, by an officer of rank in the British army, and while each event was fresh in the writer's mind, it places the reader almost in the position of an eye-witness of the scenes narrated. The style is admirable for its clearness, vivacity, and pictorial quality; the various scenes stand out before the eye as if they had been painted upon canvas. The merits of the work are in every respect so striking, that the publishers have felt that they would be rendering no small service by collecting it from the pages of the Magazine and presenting it to the American public in a permanent and attractive form.

The author is commonly reported, by the English journals, to be Major E. Bruce Hamley; his name has accordingly been placed upon the title page. Major

Hamley is better known as the author of "Lady Lee's Widowhood," which was published in Blackwood several years since, and was afterward reprinted in a separate form to meet the popular demand. Those who have read that fascinating story, will need nothing else to induce them to peruse this more exciting, because real, Story of the War.

Some information of a personal nature communicated by the author to the editor of Blackwood, may properly be introduced here. In a letter dated, "Camp before Sebastopol, Oct. 27, 1854," he writes thus:— "The account of the operations is brought down to the occupation of Balaklava, leaving the siege to fill a paper by itself. You should have had it two mails ago, but I was prostrated just as I began to write, at the very end of September, by a severe attack of jaundice, a disorder that has been very prevalent, so that nothing is more common than to meet a fellow with a face like a cowslip or a bachelor's button. Interruptions to my writing of course have been frequent. Alarms of attack, mostly false, generally turn us out once in twenty-four hours, often by night. * * *

Yesterday, as I was writing the last chapter, there was an alarm of a sortie in force from the garrison, confirmed by a tremendous fire of musketry in our front. Taking the nearest battery of our division, the colonel and I marched it to the front, and came into action with the guns of the second division, which occupies

the heights in front of us. The Russians, eight thousand in number, under Prince Gortschakoff, were advancing upon us in columns with skirmishers in front, but our guns, whose practice was really beautifully accurate, made them all seek shelter, and our skirmishers pressing on, drove them into the town, with a loss, it is said, of five hundred. Our own loss was seventy killed and wounded. Carts of wounded Russians are constantly coming in."

In another letter dated, "Camp before Sebastopol, Dec. 7th," he writes:—"Several days that I have set apart for writing up, have been spent in the saddle. Could I have managed it, you should have had the account of the battle of the 5th; but the divisions of the army are scattered at such a distance from me—several miles—that I have been unable to collect the information necessary for accuracy in describing the events of the day, and I was too much occupied myself to see all that passed, being in the thick of it, as you will believe when I will tell you that my horse, receiving three wounds, was killed by a cannon-shot, which passed through him behind my leg; and a poor sergeant, in the act of extricating me, had his thigh carried away by another. It was a gloomy but a glorious business. The cannonade, far more tremendous than at Alma, lasted, almost without intermission, for more than nine hours."

It is seldom that the sword and pen are both success-

fully wielded by the same hand; more seldom has it occurred that the soldier has become the worthy historian of his own achievements. The *Anabasis* of Xenophon, in Grecian, the *Commentaries* of Cæsar, in Roman, and Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*, in English literature, are perhaps the only illustrious exceptions to this remark. But these celebrated histories were written during a period of repose, when ample opportunity was afforded for elaborate composition. The present narrative is the only military history that has come forth all rounded and finished with the graces of elegant scholarship from the very midst of the iron storm and the carnage of the battle-field. It is one of the significant illustrations of the spirit of the age.

Should the life of the gallant author be spared amid the manifold perils of his situation, the sequel of this stirring drama will be given to the world in due season.

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