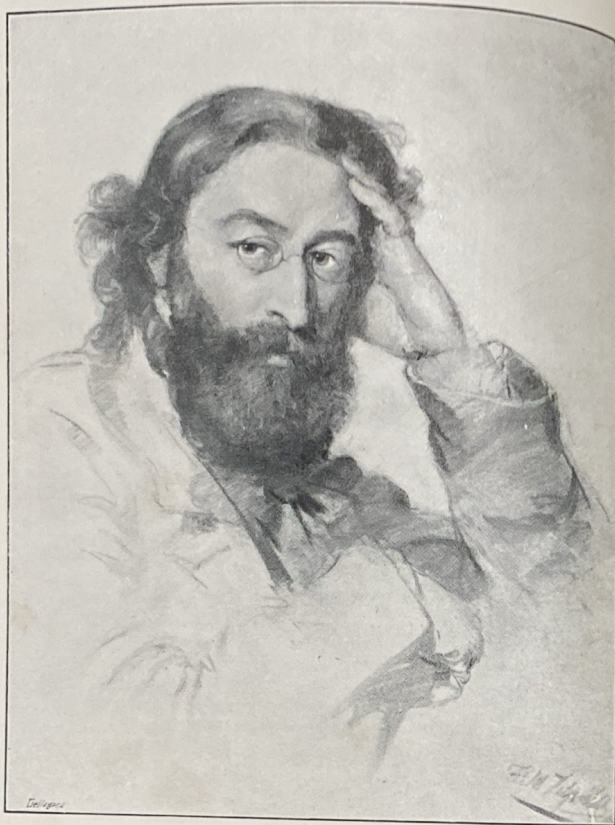


THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE





THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE IN THE CRIMEA



THE STORY OF
THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE
IN THE CRIMEA

FOUNDED ON LETTERS
WRITTEN DURING THE YEARS 1854, 1855, and 1856

BY
LIEUT. COLONEL ANTHONY STIRLING
A STAFF OFFICER WHO WAS THERE

NEW EDITION

LONDON
JOHN MACQUEEN
HASTINGS HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET
STRAND, W.C.
1897

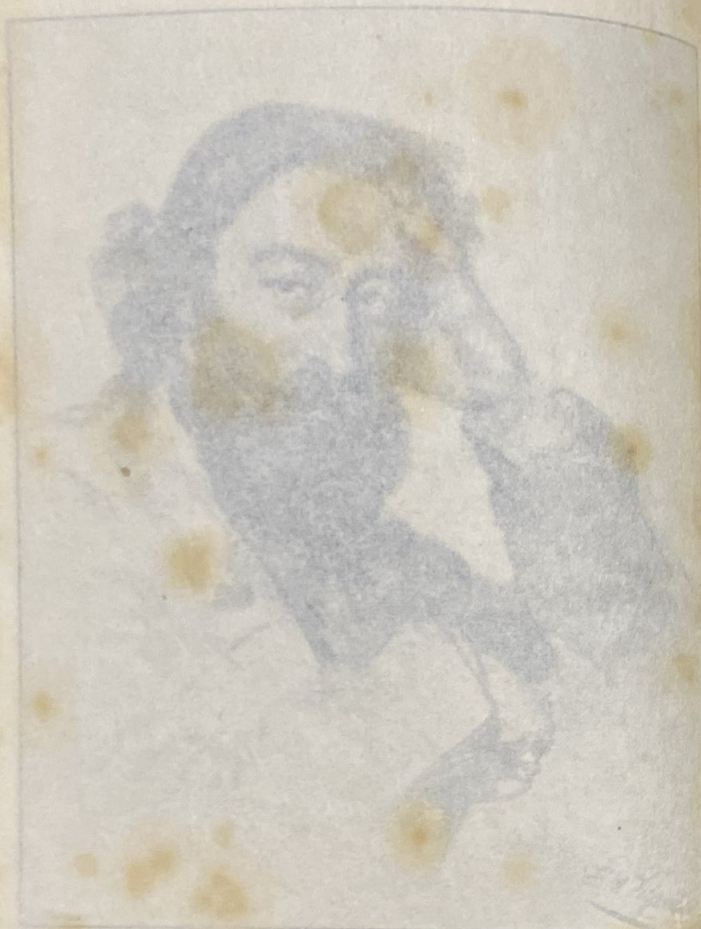
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INTRODUCTORY.

These Letters were written from Turkey and the Crimea, during the years 1854-5-6.

Lieut.-Colonel Anthony Sterling, afterwards Sir Anthony Sterling, K.C.B., served practically throughout the War, and on his return he privately printed some copies of his homeward correspondence, for distribution to his friends, and to a few selected libraries. On his death, more than 20 years ago, he desired, by his will, that the book should be published. At that time, the executor considered too many personal feelings would be wronged by the writer's stringent criticisms, but in the interval, nearly all those who were responsible for the avoidable Crimean disasters have passed away, and now the publication may serve as a salutary record of the mismanagement that has too frequently attended military expeditions from this country.

The mistakes of the English Government during the bitter struggle in the Peninsula, in the early stages of the Waterloo Campaign, and in the Crimean War, have had their counterparts in later years at the Cape, and on the Nile.

Some of the evils that the writer has strongly marked have met their doom. We hope that only few remain.

THE EDITOR.

When the English go to war again, it would save trouble if they would embark a Commission at once with the army. Lord Lucan, as you remark, is managing his affairs badly. The Cavalry had a feeling against him, as they had also against Cardigan. Lord Raglan favoured the latter. What I personally saw of Lord Lucan was favourable to him. He was senior officer to C., and was always ready to take his advice. I know that C. stopped people's mouths in London, when they were going to abuse him. I sincerely congratulate you on the musical victory at Kensington Gardens of Sense over Dogmatism; it is getting the small end of the wedge in, and will bear fruit. I suppose I must plead guilty to not caring about the people as much as you do; but I have a strong wish to see them educated. That word, however, must be interpreted: for I do not consider the trick of reading and writing to be education; it is a tool. I am more for useful things; and cannot conceive that answering questions in geology is any use to a washerwoman. What I should like to see provided for the people would be leisure, and some rational amusement, instead of that damnable public-house, and beating their wives, who very often deserve it.

2nd May, 1856.

There is a large number of disconsolate officers here now, who are to be reduced on half-pay, and turned adrift from their regiments, which to many of them was their only home. Peace is not a blessing to every one. All the Tartars from Baidar and the great and small Miskomia are emigrating to Bulgaria; Turkish Government vessels are come for them. The procession of wagons and entire families put me quite in mind of Herman and Dorothea; Goethe evidently drew from nature. The Russians are glad to be rid

of the Tartars, and will, I suppose, people the Crimea with German colonists. A clever Russian officer said the other day to a Frenchman, "You have given us a lesson, for which we thank you."

8th May, 1856.

I have now to tell you that I shall embark at Kamish in the French packet which will convey this letter, on the 10th instant (Saturday). You will never, in all your life, receive another letter from Crim Tartary. That scene is now closed. The curtain is dropped, the tears dried up—and to supper with what appetite we may!

THE END.



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