

precise position had once been ascertained, and bearings taken on trees standing out against the horizon and on other landmarks, the rapid rifle fire told in most unexpected fashion. A charge attempted, heralded by savage yells, was promptly checked, and, after having, in only seven minutes' firing, lost one-fourth of their number in killed and wounded, it was a case of *sauve qui peut*, all their plunder being left behind them on the ground. Besides spears, shields, and similar articles, four of their prisoners were recaptured and thus rescued from lifelong slavery. One of these, a woman, had a flesh wound from a Mannlicher bullet through the thigh, of which, however, she made very light indeed. The night was so still and calm that nothing could have been done after the first round without smokeless powder. The execution done, showing 50 per cent. of hits with the ammunition expended, was the work of only three of the Europeans—Captain Dugmore, Mr. Remington, and Mr. Thomas; the other two—a missionary, who confined himself to keeping the spearmen in order, and a newspaper correspondent of Socialist proclivities, who afterwards, at the unanimous request of all the Europeans defending the station, had to leave Ngao on the eve of another expected engagement—refraining from all proceedings of a homicidal tendency. The action being over, the victors went on at once to Golbanti to provide for its security, returning to Ngao by 8 a. m., after a very hard night's work, unlikely to be soon forgotten by any of the party.

Mataloni was a little more than a skirmish; though, besides for the time being saving two of the threatened Mission stations, it had its value, as the first instance of the much-dreaded marauding Somalis getting promptly caught and punished which has always been assumed to be a hopeless task, such is their habitual rapidity of movement. But Kulesa—a sketch of which action appeared, together with this narrative, in a recent issue of the *Daily Graphic*—was a far more eventful day; the repulse at the point of a Somali host some 1,500 strong, marching proudly down the Tana through the Imperial British East Africa Company's territory, and the death of their commander, turning the tide of invasion northwards, saving all the lower part of the Company dominions (including the three Mission stations covered by the defenders' position), and at one stroke ending the war, at all events until after the rains. At high noon on October 26 the American Mission station, over which the stars and stripes were floating side by side with the English flag, was suddenly assailed by the entire Somali Army, which, debouching from the forest, captured the flocks that were out grazing, murdered the shepherds, and under cover of thick bush gained the right flank of the settlement completely unobserved.

Captain Dugmore, whose tent was pitched inside the Mission enclosure, was abruptly roused from a mid-day siesta (with the thermometer at 105 degs. in the shade) by the startling cry of "Somali!" followed by a number of shots rapidly exchanged at the very gate of the enclosure towards the north, which was almost carried by the first wild rush of the enemy's advanced parties. With Mr. Thomas and other Europeans he quickly established himself on the only available commanding position, the flat roof of the unfinished church, whence could be obtained a perfect view of the wide plain stretching away to the forest, over two miles distant, though the bush made it difficult to see much of the enemy's movements on the right flank. Fortunately, relying on their overwhelming numbers, they now

delivered a series of three desperate attacks on the centre of the position, trying at the same time to overlap the station on its left, so as to leave nothing open but the river (in its rear), which in that case would have been held by them both above and below Kulesa. Splendidly handled, they were launched forward across the level plain in successive lines of skirmishers, moving with the precision of European troops and with far greater speed, notwithstanding grass often reaching much more than breast-high. But they had not reckoned on the deadly little Mannlicher carbines in the hands of Captain Dugmore and his Austrian companion, which constituted, as it turned out, an insuperable obstacle to the accomplishment of their cleverly-devised plan. Their order of battle was so open that only single figures, in constant motion, could be aimed at, the total loss, some thirty killed and wounded, in an hour's firing, with frequent intermissions owing to scarcity of ammunition, being on this account much less than at Mataloni. Only about 200 rounds remaining, and the front fighting line being so strongly reinforced as to be almost irresistible in the event of a charge home, the situation, after the first half-hour became more than critical.

It appeared impossible that the enemy could be shot down fast enough to prevent some of them gaining the fence, in which the axes they carried in readiness would very quickly have made a breach. In fact, nothing could now have saved the lives of the defenders and of about 300 helpless women and children (with one European lady) huddled under the Mission verandah, immediately beneath the firing-point, and of the still more helpless men, Galla and Wa-Pokomo, who were patiently awaiting slaughter without ever lifting a finger in their own defence, had not a fortunate shot fired by Captain Dugmore at 600 yards brought down the Somali general, Abdallah Hassan, perhaps the most prominent and influential personage among the whole of the Ogaden, or Inland Somali. The death of their leader put an immediate end to all precision of movement or coherency of plan on the part of the enemy; after a few desultory and apparently objectless manoeuvres, and after a great deal of trouble had been taken to remove the chief's body, which was not accomplished without loss, the clouds of skirmishers were drawn off and concentrated on distant points, not, however, sufficiently distant to be safe against the far-reaching Mannlichers.

Two or three times over the various groups received sharp notice to quit and were compelled to retire to a safer distance, the last shot that was fired with effect killing a man at a mile and a quarter range, 2,200 yards. This forced them to withdraw to the edge of the forest, into which they disappeared about sunset. After their crushing repulse before Kulesa, the baffled and dispirited invaders, splitting up into detachments and abandoning their designs upon the three missions and the fertile and thickly populated district lying south-east of this advanced post of civilisation, retreated slowly up the river to Ndera, followed by Captain Dugmore with only three native scouts (no other force being available, and the other Europeans and Americans being required to guard the settlement), and there recrossed the Tana into the Witu Protectorate, en route for their own country.

A curious incident of the fight was the appearance, utterly bewildered, in the midst of the Somali lines, of three fine tops, or Senegal antelopes—a grand, game animal, much larger than the largest Scotch red-deer.—*United Service Gazette*.

THE CREMEA IN 1854 & 1894.

[Continued.]

From what I have learnt from friends in the column, I believe the following to be substantially accurate:

I do not know if the skirmishers had definite orders, but the ladder party was told to follow them. On the signal being made, the skirmishers, ladder parties, wool-bag men, and a portion of the stormers crossed the parapet, but the skirmishers did not go on more than about fifty yards, where a fold of ground afforded some shelter. One of our officers, pointing to a prominent Russian officer on the Redan crest, asked bitterly, "Since you are so fond of shooting, why don't you shoot him?" The colonel of the battalion forming the stormers was killed as he was crossing the parapet, and several of his men did move westwards, as Mr. Kinglake states.

When Colonel Tylden, who had preceded all others, was hit immediately after answering Lieutenant Graham, that officer, putting down his sword, with the help of a sapper carried the colonel back to a slight hollow fifty yards in rear, and when he looked round the sailors were back inside the trench, in good order, but the soldier carriers had scattered. General Sir John Campbell went up straight between the salient and the flank of the Redan, where the following day a friend of mine saw his body surrounded by dead soldiers, about twenty yards from the salient of the abatis. When Colonel Lord West heard that he had become senior officer he instructed Lieutenant Graham to take out the ladder party again. Lord West intended to form a fresh covering party of skirmishers, and advance of the Redan with the reserve, which was lying in disorder, taking shelter along the line of parapet, but he did not succeed in getting any formed body of men to leave the sheltered position. Graham took out the sailor ladder party, the men of which were keen to go forward, but seeing Lord West could not get men to follow him, Graham eventually brought back the sailors. Lord West now sent to Sir George Brown to ask for fresh troops, but received an answer that he was to reform his attacking columns. This was found to be impossible.

It was not a practical arrangement to send out only a hundred men to cover the advance of the ladder party, but if sent out they should have been clearly ordered not to halt nor fire until they reached the abatis. I believe they would have obeyed this order or have died in the attempt, as so many of those of the right column did; but the whole arrangements showed our want of experience in framing orders for such operations. I should state, in justice to the men of the left column, that while the storming party of the right column was better handled, I imagine the fire, terrible as it was on our side, was less so than that which met the small party following Sir John Campbell, for it was pelted not only from the (proper) right flank of the Redan, but also from the Barrack batteries, while the attention of the Russians in the Malakoff was devoted to the French, who were, moreover, in the Gervais battery when we advanced.

This is a sad story, but it contains valuable lessons for students of war, and more is often learnt from a truthful narrative of a failure than from expurgated accounts of a brilliant victory, in which the lights only are painted in for the victors, the shadows being assigned to the vanquished.

Some unfavorable comments appeared