

## The Departure of the Second Contingent from Wellington.

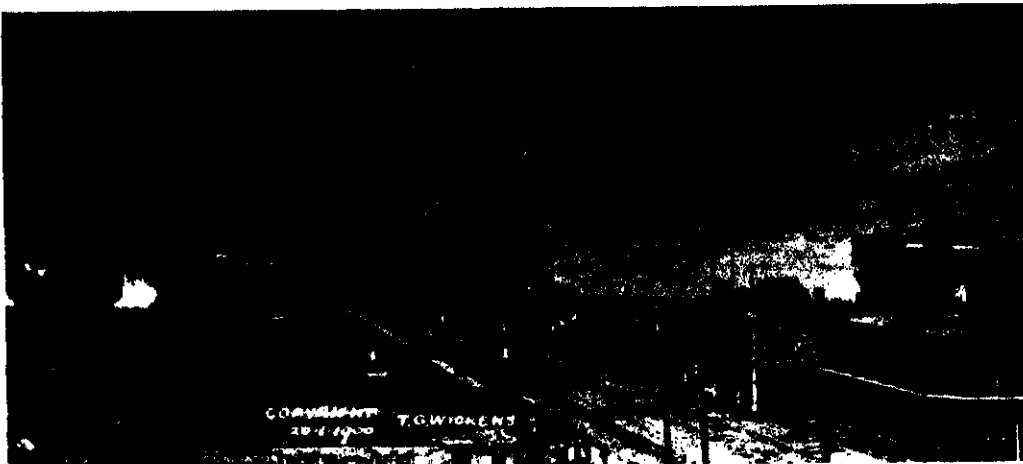


THE CONTINGENT BEING ADDRESSED BY THE PREMIER.



THE CONTINGENT MARCHING ON BOARD THE WAIWERA.

Photos. by Prouse.



WAIWERA STEAMING FROM THE WHARF.

### CHEATED OF GLORY

#### GENERALS WHO HAVE FALLEN IN THE MOMENT OF VICTORY.

The death of Sir William Penn Symons unhappily adds another name to the illustrious roll of leaders who have fallen in the moment of victory. Some of the most distinguished of these may be briefly mentioned here.

John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, who led the Jacobite Highlanders against the forces of William the Third, at Killiecrankie, received his death wound as he was waving on his cavalry to charge the broken English regiments.

A bullet struck him beneath the cuirass; as he fell from his saddle a soldier named Johnstone caught him in his arms. "How goes the day?" said the dying hero. "Well for King James," answered the soldier, "but I am sorry for your lordship." "If it goes well with him it matters the less for me," said Dundee, and they were the last words he ever spoke.

James Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, was another notable instance of a leader falling in the hour of his triumph. On the night of September 12th, 1759, he, with five thousand men, silently descended the heights of Abraham in the darkness (a feat which has had few parallels in war), drew up his forces on the plains above, and forced Montcalm, the French General, to give battle. While leading a charge of Grenadiers Wolfe had one of his wrists shattered by a shot, but wrapping a handkerchief round it he kept on.

Another shot struck him, but he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He fell down in a swoon. As he returned to consciousness, he heard someone near him exclaim: "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" asked Wolfe eagerly. "The enemy; they give way everywhere!" was the reply. With a sigh of relief, the dying General turned on his side and, murmuring "Now God be praised, I will die in peace," breathed his last. His gallant rival, the French General, Montcalm, was also mortally wounded, and only survived Wolfe by a few hours.

Sir Ralph Abercromby purchased the glory of his great victory over the French at Alexandria on March 21st, 1801, at the cost of his life. Ever reckless in his contempt of danger, he was riding in front of his men when a musket bullet struck him in the thigh.

"What have you placed under my head?" asked the wounded General, as they laid him down on the field of battle.

"Only a soldier's blanket," was the answer.

"Only a soldier's blanket!" said Abercromby irritably. "make haste and return it to him at once." He died on board Nelson's flagship, the *Foudroyant* (recently broken up at Blackpool), to which he had been removed, but he lived long enough to know that his victory had been complete, and that he had once and for all shattered Napoleon's dream of the Conquest of Egypt.

Sir John Moore, whom Lord Wolseley considers to have been a greater soldier than Wellington, fell at the moment when he had crowned a masterly retreat with a brilliant victory. He was watching the troops which he had so skilfully withdrawn in the face of overwhelming odds, as they drove back the French from Corunna, when a cannon shot struck him on the left breast, hurling him from his horse and so mangling him that he knew his end was come. Whilst the surgeon tended him he repeatedly asked if the French were beaten, and when at last he was assured that they were, he exclaimed: "It is a great satisfaction to me to know that." Then, turning to his old friend, Colonel Anderson, he said: "You know I always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!" Those were his last words; a few moments later he died, and every schoolboy knows the immortal verses in which his burial has been celebrated.

The successful assault of Ciudad Rodrigo, one of the most brilliant feats of arms in the Peninsula War, was led by General Robert Crauford, who commanded the Light Division, a man of fiery temper and a discipli-