

of the Sikh force at Goojerat is an appropriate termination. By that battle a great and costly war has been brought to an end. Our moral as well as physical supremacy has been vindicated. The ambitious, able, and restless enemies of our power have been taught, in the school of a sanguinary experience, that neither treachery nor force can prevail against us. Their pride has been humbled, their self-confidence abated, their means of offensive operations against us effectually crippled, and our future intercourse with them placed upon a footing which will secure us for a long time, if not in perpetuity, against any renewal of the treacherous hostility which has been so effectually punished.

This veteran soldier (who has just been honoured with the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his recent brilliant services in India), was born November 3, 1779; and is the fourth son of George Gough, Esq., of Woodstown, county Limerick, and Letitia, daughter of the late Thomas Bunbury, Esq., of Lisneval and Moyla, county Carlow. Lord Gough entered the army as Ensign, August 7, 1794, the same year with Sir Charles Napier; and his Lordship is but seven years the junior of the Duke of Wellington, who has been nearly sixty-two years in commission.

Lord Gough's other commissions bear date as follows:—Lieutenant, 11th October, 1794; Captain, 25th June, 1803; Major, 8th August, 1805; Lieutenant-Colonel, 28th July, 1809; Colonel, 12th August, 1819; Major-General, 22nd July, 1830; Lieutenant-General, 23rd November, 1841.

Lord Gough served at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope and the Dutch fleet in Saldania Bay, 1795. He served afterwards in the West Indies, including the attack on Porto Rico, the brigand war in St. Lucia, and capture of Surinam. He proceeded to the Peninsula in 1809; and commanded the 87th at the battles of Talavera, Barossa, Vittoria, and Nivelle, for which engagements he has received a Cross. He also commanded this regiment at the sieges of Cadiz and Tarrifa, where he was wounded in the head. At the battle of Talavera, his horse was shot under him; and he himself was severely wounded afterwards in the side by a shell; for his conduct in this action, the Duke of Wellington subsequently recommended that his Lieutenant-Colonelcy should be antedated to the date of his despatch, thus making him the first officer who ever received Brevet rank for services performed in the field at the head of a regiment. At Barossa, his regiment captured the eagle of the 8th French Regiment, and at Vittoria they captured the *bâton* of Marshal Jourdan. At Nivelle, he was again severely wounded. He commanded the land force at Canton (for which he was made a G. C. B.,) and during nearly the whole of the operations in China—for which service he was made a Baronet. On the 29th December, 1843, with the right wing of the army of Gwalior, he defeated a Mahratta force at Maharajpore, and captured 56 guns, &c. In 1845 and 1846, the army under his personal command defeated the Sikh army at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sohraon; for which services he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and was raised to the Peerage. Lord Gough is Colonel of his old and gallant regiment, the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers. His Lordship has held the office of Commander-in-Chief, in India for six years, having been appointed the 15th March, 1843.

Lord Gough married, in 1807, Frances-Maria, daughter of the late General Edward Stephens, Governor of Plymouth, and has issue one son and four daughters.

NEW WORK.

CONFESSIONS OF CON CREGAN,

THE IRISH GILBLAS.

We have great pleasure in calling public attention to a new work, which we believe is from the prolific pen of that universal genius and highly talented Irishman, SAMUEL LOVER, bearing the above attractive title. It is being published in monthly parts, and the English papers are unanimous in praise of its interesting and amusing progress—we have seen one or two numbers, and quite agree with the able reviewer in the *London Athenæum* "that the manner of the writer happily corresponds with his matter; that an easier flow of narration, without obtrusive familiarity, or a yet more offensive untidiness, does not occur to us than we find in CON CREGAN." We publish an extract which may prove interesting to our readers, but must preface it by letting them know that CON CREGAN after being initiated into the mysteries of vagabond life in Dublin, is entrapped on board the *Fire Fly* Yacht, and the next account we have of him is that he has been left alone in the Island of *Anticosti* in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There he is picked up by the *Hampden*, troop-ship, bound for Quebec, with Her Majesty's—th. The roguish smartness of Con soon provides him with patrons among the officers. Captain Pike is particularly pleased with his volubility and sharpness of repartee, recommends him to a situation in a Quebec Hotel, as a "first-rate English servant," and stores his pockets with subscription dollars, raised by the officers, to enable him to turn out like a "gentleman," which of course Con can do without so much as a "Shin Plaster," to quicken his gentility. Con is happy enough at description, and though Quebec has often been hid under descriptive contribution, it is excellently handled by the free-and-easy pencil of Mr. Cregan:

QUEBEC.

"As viewed from Diamond Harbour, a more striking city than Quebec is seldom seen. The great rock rising above the Lower-Town, and crowned with its batteries, all bristling with guns, seemed to my eyes the very realisation of impregnability. I looked from the ship that lay tranquilly on the water below, and whose decks were thronged with blue-jackets—to the Highlander who paced his short path as sentry some hundred feet high upon the wall of the fortress; and I thought to myself, with such defenders as these, that standard yonder need never carry any other banner.

"The whole view is panoramic; the bending of the river shuts out the channel by which you have made your approach, giving the semblance of a lake, on whose surface vessels of every nation lie at anchor, some with the sails hung out to dry, gracefully drooping from the taper spars; others refitting again for sea, and loading the huge pine-trunks, moored as vast rafts to the stern. There were people everywhere; all was motion, life, and activity. Jolly-boats with twenty oars, man-of-war gigs bounding rapidly past them with eight; canoes skimming by without a ripple, and seemingly without impulse, till you caught sight of the