

**"REVENGE, HOWEVER SWEET, ALWAYS COSTS MORE THAN IT IS WORTH."**

object of which was to bring him personally before the notice of the Sublime Porte—nor was it long before his wishes in this respect were gratified. It appears that a neighbouring Pacha—Selim, of Delvino—had sold a forest near Lake Pelode, which had long been a bone of contention between the Venetians and the Porte, to the former, and Ali becoming acquainted with this circumstance, informed the authorities at Constantinople of the transaction. By these means he contrived to obtain a firman decreeing death against the Pacha Selim, and being on friendly terms with him, Ali determined to carry the sentence craftily into execution. With this object in view, he paid a visit to the old Pacha, and was received by him with great hospitality, and lodged in the seraglio. Every day he waited on his host to pay him the accustomed compliments, but one morning, feigning illness, he requested the pacha to visit his apartment. The unsuspecting chieftain hastened to comply with this request, but upon entering the room a number of assassins, who had been hidden in an adjoining closet, rushed upon him, and stabbed him to the heart. The guards of the murdered man, hearing the commotion, hurried to the spot, and seeing the dead body of their master, were about to avenge his death, when Ali, exhibiting the firman he possessed, exclaimed, "I have killed the traitor by order of our glorious Sultan. Behold! here is his Imperial mandate."

After this treacherous exploit, the rise of Ali to power was rapid. His first appointment was as lieutenant to the derwend Pacha of Roumili, and in that capacity he leagued himself with a horde of desperate ruffians called klephtis, until the entire country was infested by armed bands of robbers plundering all that came within their reach. This state of affairs, though eminently profitable to Ali, was a source of natural dissatisfaction to the Porte, and the Pacha of Roumili was recalled and decapitated. The wary Ali Pacha, however, by the skilful administration of bribes, managed to escape a similar fate, and soon afterwards became Pacha of Triacali, in Thessaly. But Ali had learned a lesson, and instead of conniving at the outrages of the klephtis, he raised a regiment of 4,000 Albanians, and succeeded in sweeping his former companions from the country. He next laid siege to and subsequently took Janina, the capital of southern Albania. Proclaiming himself Pacha, he, from this base of operations, commenced a war of conquest until his rule finally embraced all Epirus and western Greece.

It is impossible to detail the cruelty and cunning by means of which Ali had succeeded in giving himself such wide and unlimited power,—sufficient be it to record that in his contests with the Suliotcs, the citizens of a brave Christian republic, his own followers commiserated with the sufferings of an unhappy people.

For many years the progress of the French in Dalmatia had rendered Ali Pacha somewhat uneasy, and he therefore carried on an active correspondence with Great Britain, and by means of this alliance obtained the possession of Parga, which had long been one of the objects of his ambition. Whilst, however, at the summit of his power, the Porte, which had long been jealous of his authority, and also anxious to acquire the immense treasure, which, in the event of his dying a natural death, would be divided among his children, accused him of high treason, and issued a firman demanding his head. But the "old lion," as he was called, would not succumb without a struggle, and he lost no time in preparing himself for an appeal to arms. He first applied to the English government for their interposition on his behalf with the Porte, but this failing, he contented himself by purchasing in England a large quantity of arms and military stores. The army despatched to bring him to submission, after a long period spent in indecisive hostilities, having failed to do so, Ali Pacha now began to put a matured plan of defence into execution, and retired into a fortress, situated on an island in the middle of a lake, garrisoned it with 8,000 troops, mounted upon its walls 250 pieces of cannon, and provisioned it for four years. From this position it was impossible by force of arms to remove him, and resource was therefore had to treachery. On the 5th of February, 1822, under the cover of a flag of truce, messengers were sent to Ali stating that the Sultan had granted him a free pardon on condition that he delivered up the fortress. With this request Ali complied, but immediately he had done so the fir-

man of the Sultan was shown him. "My head," was his reply, "is not so easily given up!" and, drawing his pistols from his belt, shot two of his enemies dead. In the tumult which ensued, he was fatally wounded by a pistol ball, which struck him in the breast, and almost immediately afterwards he expired. His stronghold and treasure fell into the hands of the Turkish army, and his head, in obedience to the Sultan's commands, was transported to Constantinople, and exhibited to the public gaze.

## Additional Notes to December.

### THE OATS AND THE GEESE!

(15).—THE amiable and learned VISCOUNT FALKLAND was an ornament to the nation, and the envy of the age. One of his sayings was,—"I pity unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day." His youngest son Henry, however, did not share his parent's taste for learning, for it is said of him that he actually sold his father's unequalled library for a horse and a mare. He was not, however, without parts, as the following anecdote will show:—Being brought early into the House of Commons, as member for Oxfordshire, and a grave senator objecting to his youth, and to his not looking as if he had sown his wild oats, he replied, "Then I am come to the properest place, where are so many geese to pick them up."

### A LONG-WINDED ORATOR.

(17).—CHARLES JENKINSON, (eldest son of Colonel Jenkinson), was a great favourite of George III., and was often accused of being one of his secret advisers. Mr. Jenkinson sat as member for Coker-mouth; and was appointed under-secretary of State. He also held the post of Secretary of War from 1778 to 1782.—In connection with his name the following anecdote is related:—

"In the Session of 1779, there sat in the House of Commons, David Hartley, member for Hull, the intolerable length and dullness of whose speeches rendered him a nuisance alike to his friends and opponents. One evening Hartley, having risen to speak at about five o'clock, and it being generally understood that he would continue a long time on his legs, Mr. Jenkinson profited by the occasion, and leaving the House of Commons, walked to his residence in Parliament-street, from whence, mounting his horse, he rode to his country-house, some miles out of London. There he dined, strolled about, and returned to town. As it was then near nine o'clock, he sent his servant to the House to inquire who had spoken in the course of the debate, and when a division might be expected. The footman brought back for answer, that Mr. Hartley was still speaking, but was expected to close soon, and that no other person had yet spoken! When Mr. Jenkinson entered the House, Hartley had remained exactly in the same place as he was near five hours before, regardless of the frequently-expressed impatience of several members who were desirous of speaking, or of the profound repose into which the majority of his hearers were sunk!

On another occasion, when Hartley had wearied out the patience of his audience, having reduced a large House to about eighty members, half of whom were asleep, just at a time when he was expected to close, he unexpectedly moved that the Riot Act should be read as a document, to prove some assertion he had made! The famous Burke, who had been for more than an hour-and-a-half bursting with impatience to speak, jumped up, exclaiming, "The Riot Act, my dear sir! The Riot Act! to what purpose! don't you see that the mob is already quietly dispersed?" This sarcastic wit, increased in effect by the despairing tone of Burke, convulsed every person present except Hartley, who never changed countenance, and insisted on the Riot Act being read by one of the clerks—and read it was.

Mr. Jenkinson was created Baron Hawkesbury in the year 1796, and Earl of Liverpool in 1796. His *Discourse on the Conduct of Great Britain in respect of Neutral Nations, during the Present War* (1785) enjoyed a high reputation.