

when he obtained his freedom, he committed to writing two volumes of prison recreations; and these mental exertions made days that would otherwise have been days of misery, glide swiftly away. The vulgar proverb, that money will break through stone walls, was never more fully verified than in Trenck's case; and this master key procured him many alleviations, to soften the severity of his destiny. During four years he was obliged to answer the centinels every quarter of an hour; and of this hardship he feelingly complains; and rejoices, when once again in mercy he was suffered to sleep in peace.

He then obtained a light, carved pewter cups, enjoyed society, and the cheering light of heaven. A friend (we may suppose his former mistress, the Princess Amelia) visited him, and recruited his purse. This never failing friend, by the means of money and interest, procured him liberty, after ten years of solitude, sickness and unavailing struggles, to free himself from his galling chains: Yet, he declares, he never was so happy as when in prison; and we may add, he never was so respectable.

Into the world again he launched, but we cannot follow him through all the strange scenes which occurred afterwards, when he endeavoured to recover his property.—Proud of his fortitude and misfortunes, he rushes a volunteer into difficulties, and dares, with mad and brutal courage, dangers that were not in the high road, but in the bye-paths, which he sedulously sought to dub himself a hero, and o'er top his contemporaries. The majestic miseries of the dungeon appear trifling, compared with the endless law-suits he had to carry on, and dark intrigues he labours to unravel. The strife of tongues, &c. wore out our patience; and we gladly accompanied him to his native land, to receive the marks of favour, Frederick's successor thought fit to bestow. His estate was restored, his children provided for, and his hoary head crowned with honours.

We now hasten to conclude our remarks. And, first, we must observe, that a despotic prince, if he determined to detain such a prisoner as Trenck, must have used violent means; and without being a tyrant, he might wish to conquer an obdurate opponent: These are the feelings of a common man; and, of course, are stronger in a sovereign, accustomed to command.

Trenck's vanity frequently overcame every grateful emotion. It is true, he could not well avoid mentioning the great personage, to whom he so often alludes, as many circumstances grew out of the

connection. But, surely, he might have allowed the story of his tutor's wife to have slept undisturbed: Nor did the raking up the ashes of her honour, plant unfading laurels on his brow, though the husband escaped without budding honours: He might have spared this one leaf in the wreath he so carefully twined.

In many parts of his life he too hastily censured those he suspected or disliked; and seems to think, that heaven was ever busy to avenge his quarrels, and crush the monsters who opposed him; for his enemies were all monsters, and not beings like himself, liable to err. His malediction continually lighted on them, and blast all their hopes; and he sees them pine away, oppressed by sickness and want. We forbear to remark any more faults; for his faults were the natural concomitants of his virtues. His poetical fancy gave energy and interest to his diction; and his fortitude, dignity to the distresses he so well describes. If he hated his enemies he certainly loved his friends; and avoided meanness, when he contested for fame and fortune. He was generous and brave, compassionate and charitable; and ever appears to have a high sense of virtue, though he is often hurried into excesses by his ungoverned passions, and mistaken zeal. He was either loved or hated by those he mixed with, which prove that he was a positive character.

The life of Schell and Francis Trenck, almost fill the third volume; and they both contain extraordinary anecdotes, which border on the marvelous.

The life is dedicated to the shade of Frederick, whose memory he seems to respect, even when he utters the bitterest invectives.

Of the three translations, that of Mr. Holcroft is the most complete.

#### CAUSE of the WAR in 1688; or the WINDOW of TRIANON.

[From the *Memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon*, lately published.]

THE Anecdote concerning the singular origin of the war in 1688, equally authentic and curious, is so proper to characterise the king and Louvois his minister, that it deserves a place in this collection.

Louvois, after the death of Colbert, had the superintendence of the buildings. The king who wanted every where a palace, was sick of the little porcelain lodge at