

in red brick; and under my feet was a tombstone, with the name of *TRENCK* also cut on it, and carved with a death's head. The doors to my dungeon were double, of oak, two inches thick: Without there was an open space, or front cell, in which was a window, and this space was, likewise, shut in by double doors. The ditch, in which this dreadful den was built, was inclosed on both sides by palisadoes, twelve feet high, the key of the door of which was entrusted to the officer of the guard, it being the king's intention to prevent all possibility of speech or communication with the centinels. The only motion I had the power to make, was that of jumping upward, or swinging my arms, to procure myself warmth. When more accustomed to these fetters, I was, likewise, capable of moving from side to side, about four feet; but this pained my shin bones.

The cell had been finished with lime and plaster but eleven days, and every body supposed it would be impossible I should exist in these damps above a fortnight. I remained six months, continually immersed in water, that trickled upon me from the thick arches under which I was; and I can safely affirm, that, for the first three months, I was never dry; yet did I continue in health. I was visited daily, at noon, after relieving guard, and the doors were then obliged to be left open for some minutes, otherwise the dampness of the air put out their candles.

He was now allowed as much bread as he desired; and this indulgence was nearly fatal to him. The extreme fatigue he underwent to free himself from the incumbrance of his fetters, and his efforts to escape, are almost incredible, and very interesting; but we shall only quote one, and pass over the rest.

I therefore remained quiet till the day fixed; and on the determined fourth of July, immediately as my visitors had closed the doors upon me, I disencumbered myself of my irons, took my knife, and began my Herculean labour on the door. The first of the double doors that opened inwards was conquered in less than an hour; the other was a very different task. The lock was soon cut round, but it opened outwards; there were, therefore, no other means left, but to cut the whole door away above the bar.

This, incessant and incredible labour made possible, though it was the more difficult, as every thing was to be done by feeling, I being totally in the dark; the sweat dropt, or, rather, flowed from my body; my fingers were clotted with my

own blood, and my lacerated hands were one continued wound.

Day-light appeared, I clambered over the door that was half cut away, and got up to the window in the space or cell that was between the double doors as before described. Here I saw my dungeon was in the ditch of the first rampart: Before me I beheld the road from the rampart, the guard but fifty paces distant, and the high palisadoes that were in the ditch, and must be scaled before I could reach the rampart. Hope grew stronger; my efforts were redoubled. The first of the next double doors was attacked, which, likewise, opened inward, and was soon conquered. The sun set before I had ended this; and the fourth was to be cut away, as the second had been. My strength failed; both my hands were raw: I rested awhile, began again, and had made a cut of a foot long, when my knife snapt, and the broken blade dropt to the ground.

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God of omnipotence! what was I at this moment! Was there, God of mercies! was there ever creature of thine more justified than I in despair?—The moon shone clear; I cast a wild and distracted look up to heaven, fell on my knees, and, in the agony of my soul, sought comfort; but no comfort could be found, nor religion nor philosophy had any to give.—I cursed not Providence, I feared not annihilation, I dared not Almighty vengeance; God the creator was the dispenser of my fate; and, if he heaped afflictions upon me he had not given me strength to support, his justice would not, therefore, punish me. To him, the Judge of the quick and the dead, I committed my soul, seized the broken knife, gashed through the veins of my left arm and foot, far myself tranquilly down, and saw the blood flow. Nature, overpowered, fainted, and I know not how long I remained slumbering in this state.—Suddenly I heard my own name, awoke, and again heard the words *Baron Trenck!* My answer was, Who calls?—And who indeed was it?—Who but my honest grenadier *Geshardt*—my former faithful friend in the citadel.—The good, the kind fellow, had got upon the rampart, that he might comfort me.

His recovery from this fit of despair, led him to moralize deeper than he had ever done before; and unexpected consolation and fortitude flowed in on him, and inspired fresh hopes. Mean time he became more accustomed to his irons, and could comb out his hair, and take exercise in them. He composed speeches, fables, odes, and satires, all of which he repeated aloud, and so stored his memory, that when