

was prevailed on to write to an Hungarian cousin, of the name of Trenck, who, some time before, had sent back his horses, captured by the Imperial troops. These circumstances, and others we cannot enumerate, would have raised suspicions in the breast of any prince, especially as they were roused by insidious whispers: We do not then wonder at Trenck's confinement, nor think it cruel: The punishment was just; and if he had not impatiently frown in his sovereign's face, and braved his anger, he might have enjoyed future promotion.

'Had I, at this critical moment, possessed a prudent and intelligent friend, who could have calmed my impatience, nothing, perhaps, might have been more easy than to have obtained pardon of the king, by proving my innocence; or, perhaps, than to have induced him to punish my enemies.'

When we said just, we avoided a minute detail; nor shall we stay to declaim against the miseries arising from despotism; the king was not irritated without reason; and he could make a subject feel his resentment quickly, not waiting for the tedious formality of a trial.

After several desperate attempts to escape were frustrated, he formed an acquaintance with Lieutenant Schell. The officers on garrison duty are frequently the disaffected refuse of the Prussian army; men overwhelmed with debts, or unfit for service, consequently ready to desert, or second any mad scheme, which promised to better their situation, by merely changing the face of things, and giving them a new field of action.

With Schell he fled from Glatz, the place of his confinement: Leaping from a rampart, Schell put out his ankle, and Trenck was obliged to run with him on his back many weary miles. The difficulties they had to encounter, and the cruel disappointments they met with, during a journey of near eight hundred miles, would be sufficient to fill a modern romance; but in every exigence, Trenck appears to have the same presence of mind and aptitude, to adopt the best measures for his preservation, without the labour of thought.

Before he reached Vienna, fresh supplies of money snatch him from the gripe of poverty; and when he arrived, he found his relation, Francis Trenck, in prison, whose cause he espoused only to involve himself in a sea of cares; till disgusted with the ingratitude of his unprincipled avaricious cousin, he left Vienna, and accepted of a commission in the Russian service.

At Moscow he became a favourite with

the ladies; and, as usual, profited by his good fortune. Hair-breadth escapes occurred too in this court; and Frederic's resentment still pursued him, without thwarting his designs, when the death of the Austrian Trenck, who left him a large fortune, induced him to leave his mistress and the prospect of Russian honours.

Returned to Vienna, he was once more involved in the tangled mazes of the law, and foolishly rejected an offer of accommodation with his sovereign, that, in all probability, would have insured him future comfort.

'Soon after the departure of Bernes, the Prussian minister, taking no notice, in the house of the Palatine envoy, M. Beckers, proposed my return to Berlin, assured me the king had forgotten all that was past, was convinced of my innocence, that my good fortune would there be certain, and he pledged his honour to recover the inheritance of Trenck. I answered, the favour came too late; I had suffered injustice too flagrant in my own country, and that I would trust no prince on earth, whose will might annihilate all the rights of men. My good faith to the king had been too ill repaid; my talents might gain me bread in any part of the world, and I would not again subject myself to the danger of unmerited imprisonment.

'His persuasions were strong but ineffectual: 'My dear Trenck,' said he, "God is my judge, that my intentions are honest; I will pledge myself that my sovereign will insure your fortune. You do not know Vienna, you will lose all by the suits in which you are involved, and will be persecuted because you do not carry a salary."

'How often have I repented I did not then return to Berlin! I should have escaped ten years imprisonment, should have recovered the estates of Trenck; should not have wasted my prime of life in the litigation of suits, and the writing of memorials, and should have certainly been ranked among the first men in my native country. Vienna was no place for a man who could not fawn or flatter; yet here was I destined to remain six and thirty years, unrewarded, unemployed, and, through youth and age, to continue on the list of invalid majors.

'Having rejected the propositions of the Prussian envoy, all my hopes in Vienna were ruined; for Frederic, by his residents and emissaries, knew how to effect whatever he pleased, in foreign courts, and determined that the Trenck, who would no longer serve, or confide in him, should, at least find no opportunity of serving against him: I soon became painted,