

battle is lost." No further efforts of Wallenstein were of any avail to arrest the confusion. His whole host turned and fled. Fortunately for them, the darkness of the approaching night, and a dense fog settling upon the plain, concealed them from their pursuers. During the night the imperialists retired, and in the morning the Swedes found themselves in possession of the field with no foe in sight. But the Swedes had no heart to exult over their victory. The loss of their beloved king was a greater calamity than any defeat could have been. His mangled body was found, covered with blood, in the midst of heaps of the slain, and so much mutilated with the trappings of cavalry as to be with difficulty recognized.

CHAPTER XIX.

FERDINAND II., FERDINAND III. AND LEOPOLD I

FROM 1632 TO 1662.

CHARACTER OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.—EXULTATION OF THE IMPERIALISTS.—DISGRACE OF WALLENSTEIN.—HE OFFERS TO SURRENDER TO THE SWEDISH GENERAL.—HIS ASSASSINATION.—FERDINAND'S SON ELECTED AS HIS SUCCESSOR.—DEATH OF FERDINAND.—CLOSE OF THE WAR.—ABDICATION OF CHRISTINA.—CHARLES GUSTAVUS.—PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—DEATH OF FERDINAND III.—LEOPOLD ELECTED EMPEROR.—HOSTILITIES RENEWED.—DEATH OF CHARLES GUSTAVUS.—DIET CONVENED.—INVASION OF THE TURKS.

THE battle of Lutzen was fought on the 16th of November, 1632. It is generally estimated that the imperial troops were forty thousand, while there were but twenty-seven thousand in the Swedish army. Gustavus was then thirty-eight years of age. A plain stone still marks the spot where he fell. A few poplars surround it, and it has become a shrine visited by strangers from all parts of the world. Traces of his blood are still shown in the town-house of Lutzen, where his body was transported from the fatal field. The buff waistcoat he wore in the engagement, pierced by the bullet which took his life, is preserved as a trophy in the arsenal at Vienna.

Both as a monarch and a man, this illustrious sovereign stands in the highest ranks. He possessed the peculiar power of winning the ardent attachment of all who approached him. Every soldier in the army was devoted to him, for he shared all their toils and perils. "Cities," he said, "are not taken by keeping in tents; as scholars, in the absence of the master, shut their books, so my troops, without my presence, would slacken their blows."

In very many traits of character he resembled Napoleon,

combining in his genius the highest attributes of the statesman and the soldier. Like Napoleon he was a predestinarian, believing himself the child of Providence, raised for the accomplishment of great purposes, and that the decrees of his destiny no foresight could thwart. When urged to spare his person in the peril of battle, he replied,

“My hour is written in heaven, and can not be reversed.”

Frederic, the unhappy Elector of the Palatine, and King of Bohemia, who had been driven from his realms by Ferdinand, and who, for some years, had been wandering from court to court in Europe, seeking an asylum, was waiting at Mentz, trusting that the success of the armies of Gustavus would soon restore him to his throne. The death of the king shattered all his hopes. Disappointment and chagrin threw him into a fever of which he died, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. The death of Gustavus was considered by the Catholics such a singular interposition of Providence in their behalf, that, regardless of the disaster of Lutzen, they surrendered themselves to the most enthusiastic joy. Even in Spain bells were rung, and the streets of Madrid blazed with bonfires and illuminations. At Vienna it was regarded as a victory, and *Te Deums* were chanted in the cathedral. Ferdinand, however, conducted with a decorum which should be recorded to his honor. He expressed the fullest appreciation of the grand qualities of his opponent, and in graceful words regretted his untimely death. When the bloody waistcoat, perforated by the bullet, was shown him, he turned from it with utterances of sadness and regret. Even if this were all feigned, it shows a sense of external propriety worthy of record.

It was the genius of Gustavus alone which had held together the Protestant confederacy. No more aid of any efficiency could be anticipated from Sweden. Christina, the daughter and heiress of Gustavus, was in her seventh year. The crown was claimed by her cousin Ladislaus, the King of Poland, and this disputed succession threatened the kingdom

with the calamities of civil war. The Senate of Sweden in this emergence conducted with great prudence. That they might secure an honorable peace they presented a bold front of war. A council of regency was appointed, abundant succors in men and money voted, and the Chancellor Oxenstiern, a man of commanding civil and military talents, was intrusted with the sole conduct of the war. The Senate declared the young queen the legitimate successor to the throne, and forbade all allusion to the claims of Ladislaus, under the penalty of high treason.

Oxenstiern proved himself worthy to be the successor of Gustavus. He vigorously renewed alliances with the German princes, and endeavored to follow out the able plans sketched by the departed monarch. Wallenstein, humiliated by his defeat, had fallen back into Bohemia, and now, with moderation strangely inconsistent with his previous career, urged the emperor to conciliate the Protestants by publishing a decree of general amnesty, and by proposing peace on favorable terms. But the iron will of Ferdinand was inflexible. In heart, exulting that his most formidable foe was removed, he resolved with unrelenting vigor to prosecute the war. The storm of battle raged anew; and to the surprise of Ferdinand, Oxenstiern moved forward with strides of victory as signal as those of his illustrious predecessor. Wallenstein meanly attempted to throw the blame of the disaster at Lutzen upon the alleged cowardice of his officers. Seventeen of them he hanged, and consigned fifty others to infamy by inscribing their names upon the gallows.

So haughty a man could not but have many enemies at court. They combined, and easily persuaded Ferdinand, who had also been insulted by his arrogance, again to degrade him. Wallenstein, informed of their machinations, endeavored to rally the army to a mutiny in his favor. Ferdinand, alarmed by this intelligence, which even threatened his own dethronement, immediately dismissed Wallenstein from the

command, and dispatched officers from Vienna to seize his person, dead or alive. This roused Wallenstein to desperation. Having secured the coöperation of his leading officers, he dispatched envoys to the Swedish camp, offering to surrender important fortresses to Oxenstiern, and to join him against the emperor. It was an atrocious act of treason, and so marvellous in its aspect, that Oxenstiern regarded it as mere duplicity on the part of Wallenstein, intended to lead him into a trap. He therefore dismissed the envoy, rejecting the offer. His officers now abandoned him, and Gallas, who was appointed as his successor, took command of the army.

With a few devoted adherents, and one regiment of troops, he took refuge in the strong fortress of Egra, hoping to maintain himself there until he could enter into some arrangement with the Swedes. The officers around him, whom he had elevated and enriched by his iniquitous bounty, entered into a conspiracy to purchase the favor of the emperor by the assassination of their doomed general. It was a very difficult enterprise, and one which exposed the conspirators to the most imminent peril.

On the 25th of February, 1634, the conspirators gave a magnificent entertainment in the castle. They sat long at the table, wine flowed freely, and as the darkness of night enveloped the castle, fourteen men, armed to the teeth, rushed into the banqueting hall from two opposite doors, and fell upon the friends of Wallenstein. Though thus taken by surprise, they fought fiercely, and killed several of their assailants before they were cut down. They all, however, were soon dispatched. The conspirators, fifty in number, then ascended the stairs of the castle to the chamber of Wallenstein. They cut down the sentinel at his door, and broke into the room. Wallenstein had retired to his bed, but alarmed by the clamor, he arose, and was standing at the window in his shirt, shouting from it to the soldiers for assistance.

"Are you," exclaimed one of the conspirators, "the traitor

who is going to deliver the imperial troops to the enemy, and tear the crown from the head of the emperor?"

Wallenstein was perfectly helpless. He looked around, and deigned no reply. "You must die," continued the conspirator, advancing with his halberd. Wallenstein, in silence, opened his arms to receive the blow. The sharp blade pierced his body, and he fell dead upon the floor. The alarm now spread through the town. The soldiers seized their arms, and flocked to avenge their general. But the leading friends of Wallenstein were slain; and the other officers easily satisfied the fickle soldiery that their general was a traitor, and with rather a languid cry of "Long live Ferdinand," they returned to duty.

Two of the leading assassins hastened to Vienna to inform the emperor of the deed they had perpetrated. It was welcome intelligence to Ferdinand, and he finished the work they had thus commenced by hanging and beheading the adherents of Wallenstein without mercy. The assassins were abundantly rewarded. The emperor still prosecuted the war with perseverance, which no disasters could check. Gradually the imperial arms gained the ascendancy. The Protestant princes became divided and jealous of each other. The emperor succeeded in detaching from the alliance, and negotiating a separate peace with the powerful Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg. He then assembled a diet at Ratisbon on the 15th of September, 1639, and without much difficulty secured the election of his son Ferdinand to succeed him on the imperial throne. The emperor presided at this diet in person. He was overjoyed in the attainment of this great object of his ambition. He was now fifty-nine years of age, in very feeble health, and quite worn out by a life of incessant anxiety and toil. He returned to Vienna, and in four months, on the 15th of February, 1637, breathed his last.

For eighteen years Germany had now been distracted by war. The contending parties were so exasperated against each other, that no human wisdom could, at once, allay the

strife. The new king and emperor, Ferdinand III., wished for peace, but he could not obtain it on terms which he thought honorable to the memory of his father. The Swedish army was still in Germany, aided by the Protestant princes of the empire, and especially by the armies and the treasury of France. The thunders of battle were daily heard, and the paths of these hostile bands were ever marked by smoldering ruins and blood. Vials of woe were emptied, unsurpassed in apocalyptic vision. In the siege of Brisac, the wretched inhabitants were reduced to such a condition of starvation, that a guard was stationed at the burying-ground to prevent them from devouring the putrid carcasses of the dead.

For eleven years history gives us nothing but a dismal record of weary marches, sieges, battles, bombardments, conflagrations, and all the unimaginable brutalities and miseries of war. The war had now raged for thirty years. Hundreds of thousands of lives had been lost. Millions of property had been destroyed, and other millions squandered in the arts of destruction. Nearly all Europe had been drawn into this vortex of fury and misery. All parties were now weary. And yet seven years of negotiation had been employed before they could consent to meet to consult upon a general peace. At length congresses of the belligerent powers were assembled in two important towns of Westphalia, Osnabruck and Munster. Ridiculous disputes upon etiquette rendered this division of the congress necessary. The ministers of *electors* enjoyed the title of *excellency*. The ministers of *princes* claimed the same title. Months were employed in settling that question. Then a difficulty arose as to the seats at table, who were entitled to the positions of honor. After long debate, this point was settled by having a large round table made, to which there could be no head and no foot.

For four years the great questions of European policy were discussed by this assembly. The all-important treaty, known in history as the peace of Westphalia, and which es-

tablished the general condition of Europe for one hundred and fifty years, was signed on the 24th of October, 1648. The contracting parties included all the great and nearly all the minor powers of Europe. The articles of this renowned treaty are vastly too voluminous to be recorded here. The family of Frederic received back the Palatinate of which he had been deprived. The Protestants were restored to nearly all the rights which they had enjoyed under the beneficent reign of Maximilian II. The princes of the German empire, kings, dukes, electors, marquises, princes, of whatever name, pledged themselves not to oppress those of their subjects who differed from them in religious faith. The pope protested against this toleration, but his protest was disregarded. The German empire lost its unity, and became a conglomeration of three hundred independent sovereignties. Each petty prince or duke, though possessing but a few square miles of territory, was recognized as a sovereign power, entitled to its court, its army, and its foreign alliances. The emperor thus lost much of that power which he had inherited from his ancestors; as those princes, whom he had previously regarded as vassals, now shared with him sovereign dignity.

Ferdinand III., however, weary of the war which for so many years had allowed him not an hour of repose, gladly acceded to these terms of peace, and in good faith employed himself in carrying out the terms of the treaty. After the exchange of ratifications another congress was assembled at Nuremburg to settle some of the minute details, which continued in session two years, when at length, in 1651, the armies were disbanded, and Germany was released from the presence of a foreign foe.

Internal peace being thus secured, Ferdinand was anxious, before his death, to secure the succession of the imperial crown to his son who bore his own name. He accordingly assembled a meeting of the electors at Prague, and by the free use of bribes and diplomatic intrigue, obtained their engagement to

support his son. He accomplished his purpose, and Ferdinand, quite to the astonishment of Germany, was chosen unanimously, King of the Romans—the title assumed by the emperor elect. In June, 1653, the young prince was crowned at Ratisbon. The joy of his father, however, was of short duration. In one year from that time the small-pox, in its most loathsome form, seized the prince, and after a few days of anguish he died. His father was almost inconsolable with grief. As soon as he had partially recovered from the blow, he brought forward his second son, Leopold, and with but little difficulty secured for him the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, but was disappointed in his attempts to secure the suffrages of the German electors.

With energy, moderation and sagacity, the peacefully disposed Ferdinand so administered the government as to allay for seven years all the menaces of war which were continually arising. For so long a period had Germany been devastated by this most direful of earthly calamities, which is indeed the accumulation of all conceivable woes, ever leading in its train pestilence and famine, that peace seemed to the people a heavenly boon. The fields were again cultivated, the cities and villages repaired, and comfort began again gradually to make its appearance in homes long desolate. It is one of the deepest mysteries of the divine government that the destinies of millions should be so entirely placed in the hands of a single man. Had Ferdinand II. been an enlightened, good man, millions would have been saved from life-long ruin and misery.

One pert young king, in the search of glory, kindled again the lurid flames of war. Christina, Queen of Sweden, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, influenced by romantic dreams, abdicated the throne and retired to the seclusion of the cloister. Her cousin, Charles Gustavus, succeeded her. He thought it a fine thing to play the soldier, and to win renown by consigning the homes of thousands to blood and misery. He was a king, and the power was in his hands. Merely to gratify this fiend-like ambition, he laid claim to the crown of Poland, and

raised an army for the invasion of that kingdom. A portion of Poland was then in a state of insurrection, the Ukraine Cossacks having risen against John Cassimar, the king. Charles Gustavus thought that this presented him an opportunity to obtain celebrity as a warrior, with but little danger of failure. He marched into the doomed country, leaving behind him a wake of fire and blood. Cities and villages were burned; the soil was drenched with the blood of fathers and sons, his bugle blasts were echoed by the agonizing groans of widows and orphans, until at last, in an awful battle of three days, under the walls of Warsaw, the Polish army, struggling in self-defense, was cut to pieces, and Charles Gustavus was crowned a conqueror. Elated by this infernal deed, the most infernal which mortal man can commit, he began to look around to decide in what direction to extend his conquests.

Ferdinand III., anxious as he was to preserve peace, could not but look with alarm upon the movements which now threatened the States of the empire. It was necessary to present a barrier to the inroads of such a ruffian. He accordingly assembled a diet at Frankfort and demanded succors to oppose the threatened invasion on the north. He raised an army, entered into an alliance with the defeated and prostrate, yet still struggling Poles, and was just commencing his march, when he was seized with sudden illness and died, on the 3d of March, 1657. Ferdinand was a good man. He was not responsible for the wars which desolated the empire during the first years of his reign, for he was doing every thing in his power to bring those wars to a close. His administration was a blessing to millions. Just before his death he said, and with truth which no one will controvert, "During my whole reign no one can reproach me with a single act which I knew to be unjust." Happy is the monarch who can go into the presence of the King of kings with such a conscience.

The death of the emperor was caused by a singular accident. He was not very well, and was lying upon a couch in