

in morals. Godless, fearless, trusting like the Corsican in his destiny, and reading his glory in the courses of the Stars, he swept from his path every thing that opposed his progress and speedily laid Protestant Germany at the foot of the King, to be bound anew by the fetters of religious intolerance.

When affairs were in such a critical condition, when, to all human appearance, Luther's heroic life and Zwingli's heroic death were in vain, a deliverer appeared from Sweden, the last place to which Protestant Europe would have looked for succour.

Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, started from his poor and frozen realm, with an army of 15,000 men to win back all that Tilly and Wallenstein had gained. But every man had the sinew and the lion-heart, which no toils or privations weakened, and which no reverses daunted. Add to this that, like the puritan veterans of Cromwell, they were all God-fearing men and moved to battle singing a hymn of Luther; and you have a little host, whose superior in everything that makes an effective soldier, this world has yet to see. But all this bravery and devotion was directed by the greatest general of the age. Great in truth; in moral grandeur; in learning and culture; in executive capacity; already had his genius matched itself successfully against Russian and Pole.

Gustavus, on his arrival in Germany, found himself alone. Paralyzed by fear, the Protestant States could only give him a feeble moral support. Tilly, at the head of his invincible legions, fresh from the massacre of Magdeburg, swept down to whip the mad King who had brought a puny handful from their snow-bound hills only to find graves in foreign soil. The first great battle was fought on the plain of Leipsic, Sept. 7th, 1631.

Gustavus is tall, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, and commanding of presence, a true descendant of his Gothic ancestors in physical qualities. Tilly also is tall, thin, even to emaciation. His ghastly face could wear a sardonic smile to behold the havoc of age and innocence. He loved to dress in gorgeous uniform, and a tall plume waved over his wrinkled brow. Gustavus appeared an angel of light—the sword of God;

Tilly the emissary of evil,—baptized at his birth a child of Hell. Tilly had the choice of a position. He posted his men on a slight ridge along the plain. Thirty-five thousand men, inured to war, were opposed to 32,000, arrayed under Gustavus, of whom only about 15,000 or less were Swedes. Pappenheim, the Murat of that age, commanded the best cavalry of Europe. Tilly arranged his soldiers in a single line, winged with large bodies of cavalry, ready to pour down and envelope the approaching army, and his cannon pointing down the descent. Gustavus arranged his Swedes in small battalions. Their uniforms were torn and faded with long marches and conflicts. On the left he marshalled the Saxons, led by Arnheim and the Elector John George. They were a fine looking body of men, clad in costly armor, magnificent in all their accoutrements, plumes nodding from helmed heads, and banners, unstained, waving. In this case though, as in others, it is to be shown that fine feathers do not make fine birds. The Swedes pray; the battle commences. The artillery begins to play. For two hours this continues with manifest disadvantage to Tilly, for the thick squadrons of his army are decimated and ploughed with ghastly furrows, while the thin squadrons of Augustus received little harm. At last Pappenheim launches his cavalry at the Saxons, and away they go inglorious, led by the Elector, who spends the night in a drunken carouse. Poor Gustavus and his 15,000 Swedes are left to fight alone. Tilly with his victorious heavy troops, and Pappenheim with his invincible cavalry, hurl themselves upon the thin battalions of their heroic but diminished foes, much the same as Napoleon's old Guard flung themselves upon the British lines at Waterloo. But from the thin lines, seven times in succession, were hurled back the mighty mass of men and horse. Firm as their Scandinavian hills, they repulsed each shock. To souls thrilling in silent harmony beneath the power of Luther's hymn,—

“A great stronghold is our God,”
the clangor of steel, clad horsemen rushing on as if they would break through them like paste-board, had no terrors. Tilly saw his army melting away in their vain attempts to break the Swedish ranks. At last when Tilly's army has