

Title: The Great and Famous Battel of Lutzen, Fought between the renowned King of Sweden, and Walstein; Wherein were left dead upon the place between 5 and 6000. of the Swedish party, and between 10 and 12000. of the Imperialists, where the King himself was unfortunately slain, whose death counterpoyz'd all the other. Pappenheim, Merode, Isolani, and divers other great Commanders were offered up like so many Sacrifices on the Swedish Altar, to the memory of their King. Here is also Inserted an Abridgement of the Kings life, and a Relation of the King of Bohemia's Death. Faithfully translated out of the French Coppie.

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To the Reader,

Wee see that in the greater Maps things are expressed more plainly then they can be in the smaller, though they be drawen all by one skill: So Vertue in Princes is more perspicuous, then in Plebians;

Thus much of his way to Victorie, now less come to his Department in it. After all his Conquests, such a calme immediately ensued, that it passed storme was soone forgotten, and the Enemie appeared rather like one suddenly wakened, then frighted. There was not any of his Victories that washed not her hands of all cold and innocent blood. He was so severe a Iusticer, that he often reveged the violating of his merciful Decrees euen vpon the place, & sometime on men of qualitie, whom he affected. The Lawes of Retaliation hee knew so well, that hee gaue to all men punctuall satisfaction for all offences received from his partie, according to the nature of the wrong done. For this cause his Tribunall (like the Roman) stood euer open. All his great Atchieuements were ever attended by Devotion within, and Circumspection without. He first praised God, and then provided for man, at once having an eye on his enemies next designes, & his souldiers present necessities. The greatest of his glories purchased with blood & sweat, could neither change the estate of his mind, or copie of his countenance. The true greatnesse of his spirit was such, that in all his actions he placed Ostentation behind, & Conscience before him, & sought not the reward of a good deed from Fame, but from the deed it selfe. I conclude this poynt with this assertion, That Honestie had as strict, and great a command over him, as Necessitie over mankind. He was a Prince of so great & cleare a fame, that Envie her selfe blushed to oppose it, and therefore was forced to assume the maske of Religion, under which she might securely display her invectives. Religion, Religion, it is thou that shouldst vnite, but dost estrange hearts, and makest us seeke to take away euen those liues that gaue us ours. Let a man haue in eminency all the Cardinall and Theologicall vertues, he of a contrary sect looks on all these through a mist raised by his malice, which makes him either not see them at all, or not as they are. O *Jesus, Jesus*, in thy best blessed time gather thy straied flock into one fold, & let Truth and Peace kisse each other. This testimony the perfections of this Prince drew from me, who was abstemious & continent in euery thing, saue in the search of Glory and Vertue.

It now remaines that I say something of the ensuing Treatise, in which is contained the last and greatest Battell of this King, his depicted Death, and other weightie Circumstances. The Originall is French, written by one of the ablest Pennes of that Nation. Hee begins at the Kings coming downe into *Germany*, and extends his Story to his death. Of all the Moderne Histories, I dare make it the *Gherus*; for it is written in a stile so Attick, and so judiciall, that it may wel be called, The French *Tacitus*. What hath been before deliver'd in other Discourses concerning this Subject, is to this nought else but a Faile. The full and perfect Translation of this rare piece, I here promise the Courteous Reader; and in the meane time, intreat him to weare as a favour, this Branch, by which hee may judge the whole body.

Diæs [sic?].

[p. 1]

The great and famous Battell of Lutzen, fought betweene the renowned King of *Sweden*, and *Walstein*, wherein were left dead upon the place between 5. and 6000 of the *Swedish* party, and betweene 10. and 12000. of the *Imperialists*, where the King himselfe was vnfortunately slaine, whose death counterpoyz'd all the other. *Pappenheim*, *Merode*, *Istonain*, and diuers other great Commanders were offered up like so many sacrifices on the *Swedish* Altar, to the memory of their King.

Here is also Inserted an Abridgment of the Kings life, and a Relation of the *King of Bohemia's Death*.

The King having mustred his Troups, and those of Duke *Bernard* of Saxon-Weymar about Erffurt, the Armic received command to advance towards Naumburg.

The King came thither in person on Saint *Martins* day, and cutt in pieces two Regiments of *Merode*

reasons were not received, but crossed by the King, with many more solid, derived from the Experience of the times past, and the present astonishment of his Souldiers, and his advantages obtained, from the Iustice of his Armes, from the Benediction from above, from the absence of *Pappenheim*, and the discommodities he should bee subject to in that season now waxing bitter, in case hee should suffer the enemie to perfect his Trenches, which hee had already begun in many places. To which hee added his Reputation, and how important it was to hasten the Combate, saying aloud, *That hee could not suffer Walstein to beard him, without calling him to an account, and letting him see by prooffe he was not to be faulted, that ere this hee had not seene him with his sword in his hand: that hee desired to make tryall of his ability in the Field, and ferret him out of his burrowes.*

The Commanders perceiving by the language, and tone of the King, that his decree to fight was inevitable, and their opposition fruitlesse, conformed their wills by an humble obedience to his, not without reiterated protestations to subscribe themselves his, in their owne blood, and seale it with the losse of their lives: Whereat the King rejoiced extreamely, nor could he containe his joy from appearing in his face, but by his cheerefull lookes expressed his inward content, and forth-with called for a new sute of *Chammois*, which hee presently put on. Then they presented to him his Armes, and the Duke *Bernard* of Saxon Weymar, and sundry other Princes, and Officers conjur'd him by all things deare and holy to weare his *Helmet* and *Cuirasse*: but they could not winne him to it, hee objecting the incumbrance, and laying his hand on the Musket bullet still remaining in his shoulder, which to him made the least weight unsupportable.

The Kings designe was to beginne the combate by the peepe of day; but so thicke and darke a mist arose, that it confin'd the eye to a small distance, and rendred any enterprise not onely difficult, but dangerous: Wherefore the King was constrained to expect till the Sunne had chased it away, which till then had deprived him of all fight of the Enemy. The interim (according to his custome) hee imployed in his devotions, and in making the Round of his Army, to marke the disposition and countenance of his souldiers, and encourage them to *fight manfully*. Comming to the Quarter of the Swedes and Finlanders, he put them in Battaile Ray, and with a voice and countenance alike cheerefull he thus *bespake them*: *My friends, and Camerades, this is the day that invites you to demonstrate what you are; shew your selves men of valour, keepe your ranks, and fight couragiously for your selves and your King: If this day the bravery of your spirits shine forth, you shall find the heavenly Benediction perched on the poynts of your swords, Honour, and a recompence of your valour; On the contrary, if you turne backe, and basely and foolishly commit the armed band to the protection of the unarmed foot, you shall find Infamy, my disgrace, and your owne ruine, and I protest to you on the word of a King, that not the least piece of you, or of your bones, shall returne againe into Swedeland.*

This Exhortation, delievered in a high and piercing tone, wonne from the Swedes and Finlanders onely these generall acclamations: *That they would approve themselves men of Honor; that they had lives only for him, which they were ambitious to preserve in the obtaining of victory, and his good graces.*

The Swedes being placed in Rank and File, the King embattailes the Alman Regiments, and thus in few wordes exhorts them: *My friends ,Officers, and Souldiers, I*

conjure you by your love to heaven and me, this day to manifest whose you are; You shall fight not only under me, but with me, my bloud and life shall marke you out the way to Honour; Breake not your rankes, but second me with courage: If you performe this, Victory is ours with all her glories, you, and your posterity shall enjoy it; if you give backe, your lives and liberties have one period.

This Speech was answered with an universall shout, and vowes recipocall; *That they would make it appeare they knew the way to Victory, or to death; that the King should receive all satisfaction in their service, and the Enemy should acknowledge hee had to doe with men of Honour.*

Walstein, and his pincipall Officers discovered quickly by his Scouts the resolution of the King, and the countenance of his, and thereupon grounded this resolution, *that they must needs come to blowes.* *Walstein* was infinitely desirous to avoyd the Combate; but hee was wisely admonished by some about him, that every step in his men made in a retreat would take from their courage, and give it to the Enemy, and bring upon his Army a Panicke feare, and an utter confusion. Hee spent that whole night in digging and intrenching, in embattailing his Army, and planting his Artillery in the diverse places advantageous, the better to sustaine the shocke of the Enemy. *Pappenheim* was sent for backe in post hast, who was gone to Hall, *being desirous to invest it*, not believing that the King would give or accept of battaile, before the Forces of *Saxon* were arrived. In the meane time the utmost endeavours of *Walstein* were not wanting to hearten his men, and layd before them Honour, Reward, their advantages, their Forces, the justice of their cause, which God, the Catholike Church, the Emperour, and the whole Empire justified against the violence and usurpation of a stranger, and all this and more he uttered in his Litter, which his Gowt would not permit him to forsake.

This was subject to diverse interpretations; Some believing that indeed he felt some symptomnes of that sicknesse very familiar to him; others maintayned, this posture to have no good grace on a day of Battaile, and judg'd that *Walstein* was very willing to preserve himselfe safe and sound, that hee might hereafter serve his Master, and his party: others averred, he was much indebted to his Gowt, which did warrant his retreat without his reproach, necessity commanding the stoutest courage to yield to such an Enemy.

On the other side, the King being ready at all poynts, and his Army embattail'd hee would take no refection, because he would be an example to his men, and lose no time. Being placed in the head of *Steinbocks* Regiment, hee thus spake with avoyce audible: *Now, now is the time Camerades, wee must goe on undaunted; let us charge, let us charge in the name of God: Iesus, Iesus, Iesus, guide me in fighting this day and favour my right.*

These words were no sooner pronounced, but he gave spures to his horse, and with his head inclined, gave a charge to a Battalion of foure and twentie Companies of Cuirassiers, which were esteemd the flower of the Imperiall Army. Two Swedish Regiments had order to second him. The Artillery of the King was advanced, and five Cannon shot discharged upon the Enemy, who answered them with two hundred, which went off with a horrid noyse, and lightning, but with small losse to the Swedes, the Cannoniers of *Walstein* not having well taken their aime. But the first shocke was fatall to the King, and all the Army: For though the Squadrons led by so brave a Chiefe, with an unheard of resolution, gave on like Thunder on the Enemy, and made him recoyle; yet

one shot from a Pistoll gave him new courage, which pierced the Kings arme, and broke the bone. When those next to the Kind saw him bleed, they were amaz'd and cryed out, *The King is wounded.* Which wordes the King heard with much distast and repining, fearing it would abate the valour of his men: wherefore dissembling his grieffe with a joyfull and undaunted looke, hee sought to quallify the feare of his Souldiers with these masculine words: *The hurt is slight Camerades, take courage, let us make use of our oddes, and returne to the Charge.* The Commanders that were about him, with hands lifted up, earnestly besought him to retire: but the apprehension of frightening his men, and his ambition to overcome prevailed.

The Assault being rebegunne with vigour, and fervour, and the King fighting againe in the head of his Troopes, once more to breake those Rankes that were againe made up, the losse of bloud, and the grieffe which hee felt in the agitation of his body, enfeebled much his spirits and voyce, which caused him to whisper these wordes in the

Trenches, whom they dislodged about noone, and gained seven of their Cannon, together with many Colours and Cornets.

Lieutenant Coronell *Relinguen* received commaund to advaunce, and with three hundred Horse, to charge foure Regiments of Crabbats commaunded by *Isolani*, which made the right wing of the Enemy, which hee performed with so much braverie and courage, that hee twice pearc'd through them, and brought backe three Standards, leaving behinde one of his owne. All his Officers were wounded, and hee himselfe in the second onset had his arme shot through with a Pistoll bullet, which forced him to retyre. *Isolani* Generall of the Crabbats lost his life, with a great number of his men. Eighteene of his Companies charged some Germane Regiments that guarded the Baggage, but they were stoutly opposed, the Combate fierce, the Assaults reiterated, the earth dyed crimson, and burdened with carcasses, the Crabbats driven backe, though not without some disorder of the Germane Horse, recoiled amongst the Carts: but this disadvantage the Enemy could not espie, by reason of a thicke cloud which then arose, and gaue the Germanes opportunitie to ranke themselves.

The Imperiall Commaunders, *Galas*, *Merode*, and *Holok*, longing to recover their Seat, and Cannon lost [?], tooke selected Bands, fired the foure Corners of Lutzen, to blinde the Swedes, and keepe them from piercing that side, to the succour of their friends. This Essay was followed by successe, the Trench forced by the Imperiallists, the seven pieces of Cannon lost, regained, and some Swedish Regiments disordered.

The Duke *Bernard* of Saxon Weymar seeing the confusion of his men, and being advertiz'd by *Kinphausen* of the Kings death, was extreamely incensed, and protesting hee had not so base a wish as to surviue him, hee ranne (with his head couched) on the enemy, seconded by the Regiments of the Prince of *Anhalt*, and Count

certaine fresh Regiments. His Reputation, and his encouragement gaue new spirits to the Runawayes, and call'd them to the combate. The Duke having notice of this, quits this place, new ranks and encourages his men, and giues *Pappenheim* a meeting in the midway. All the Charges past were nothing in respect of these latter. *Pappenheim* employed his utmost cunning and diligence, and shewed himselfe in all places in the Head of his Troupes, to embolden them. On the other side, the Duke *Bernard* fixt a resolution either to die, or overcome; and the Swedes and Finlanders enrag'd for the death of their King, fought like Lions, and desperately ranne upon the enemy. The Artillery advanced, and began to thunder, and to enter divers Battalion, and to make legges and Armes to flie from one place to another. The smaller shot was also so violent, that the Squadrons encountred in the palpable darknesse caused by the smoake without knowledge of their parties. This furious shocke continued two houres, with equall losse to both, Victorie opening her armes to imbrace now one side, then another. *Galas*, *Merode*, and *Holok* were wounded to death, and a Cannon shot cut off *Pappenheim* by the middle.

His death, and the losse of divers other Commanders, stagger'd the Imperialistes, as much as that of the kings incensed the Swedes. Then the enemy (upon the receite of a newe salute from the foure and twenty Cannon, which pierc'd their thickest Troupes) began to flie, and the Swedes pressed and pursude them far within night, which favour'd the retreat of the fugitiues, and hinder'd the Swedes from ranging further in the chase. Indeede they were so tyred, that they had neither breath, nor force further to follow them. The Imperiallists (giving fire to their campe, and part of their baggage,) tooke some the way of Leipzig, others that of Leutmeritz, towards the Frontiers of Bohemia, whither it was thought *Walstein* was gone, (having heard of the losse of the Battell) to find a safe place of retreat, and to gather together his dispersed Troupes.

The Swedes remained in possession of the Enemies campe, and most of his Baggage, of one and twentie exquisite Cannon, besides inferiour ones, and a multitude of Standards and Cornets. Vpon the mustering of their Armie, they found wanting, (over *Walstein*

But this glorious Victory of the Swedian Armie suffered an Eclipse by the death of that truly great King, who was the soule of his Friends, and the terrour and scourge of his Enemies. His bodie could not bee found till the next day, when after a curious search it was discover'd amidst the dead heapes rifled, and halfe naked, and so disfigur'd with bloud, and durt, that hee could hardly bee knowne. This at once so dolefull and glorious a spectacle of the end of so great a Monarch, work'd so strongly, and effectually on the hearts of his Souldiers, that with teares and lamentations for a losse so irreparable, they made an unanimous Vow, upon the place to revenge his death, and make him revieve in the rigorous pursuite of his Designes, which hee had so often conjur'd them to continue, especially a little before this Battell, when hee seem'd to presage his ende, touching which hee discoursed often and seriously with many of his familiars. Amongst other passages, the King marking the multitude of people that flock'd about him at his entry into Naumbourg, three dayes before the Battell, and hearing their shouts of Ioy, and this generall acclamation, *Long Live the King*, as if now they had nothing to feare, since hee was present, hee made to the standers by this short but memorable speech: *Our Affaires*

But notwithstanding the death of this mighty Prince, the astonishment and fright of the Enemy was such, that hee basely forsooke diverse strong and impregnable places in the Electorate of Saxony. Amongst others

presently after his returne from Deux-ponts, where hee had visited a Prince of his alliance. The care and sufficiency of the Phisitian was so great that he quickly expelled the pestilent quality, and set him in all appearance free from danger, but the great calamities through which hee had passed, had much estranged his Constitution from its first puritie, and quite altered his colour and complexion. When he thought to quit his tedious bed, and take possession of Frankendale, it unfortunately happened that the King of *Swedens* death came to his eare, which wrought so on his mind, and body, that his disease was aggravated, and his death ensued on the 29 of November. His death was much deplored by those of his bloud, by his servants and subjects, yet did their grieffe receiue an allay by his devotion and his last words of full of faith and pietie.

The life of this Prince was a meere Medley, and like a Picture with many faces. His entry into the Electorate was glorious, his beginning happy, his Vertues eminent and courted hee was by the whole Empire. His Alliance, and friends within and without Germany, the consideration of his House, of his Dominions, and the great Bodie that depended on his direction, were the cause of his election to the Crowne of *Bohemia*, which was fatall to him, and all *Germanie*, which felt the sad accidents that attended this Comet, and was foorthwith invaded by an universall Warre in her heart, and all her quarters, which hath never since forsooke her, having engaged all the Imperiall States and Provinces, every one whereof this day carries her markes. And though this Prince hath sought all meanes of reconciliation, hoping that way to quench this Wild-fire; yet hath hee from time to time found such fatal oppositions, and such an ingrafted malice in the incensed partie, that all motiues, propositions, and intercessions of great Kings haue beene unprofitable; and this good Prince hath beene constrained to liue an exile from his Countrey. At length when a most pleading prospect laid at once open to his view the frontiers of his Countrey, and the ends of his afflictions, suddaine death deprived him of his fight and the fruition of so delightfull an object.

The calamitie of this Prince hath given occasion to many licentious tongues, and pens to declaime against him, and unjustly to judge of his cause by the sad event. Those that were of his more inward acquaintance, avow that hee was most unfortunate beyond defect, and that the most magnanimous, and Heroicke soule could b

All the comfort of his Subjects is contained in the generous unparalell'd Princesse and in her faire line, and numerous issue which promiseth them one day an entire liberty and the reestablishment, and subsistence of a house so many wayes considerable, as being one of the first, and most ancient of Europe.

The Reader, I doubt not, will pardon this digression of the Souldier, who held himselfe obliged to speake for a prince, who had beene a long time the common But of all afflictions, and insultations. That which hath made him the more bold, and earnest in his defence, is the neare alliance of this Prince to mighty Monarchs. I shut up all concerning this point in this Assertion, that

who on all sides assaulted him: And though their motives to warre were diverse, yet all their intentions, like so many lines met in this Center , to ruine the Swede. Sometimes hee shewed himselfe on the Frontiers of Denmarke, sometimes on those of Muscovia, somtimes againe on those of Livonia , and all with that promptnesse and celerity, that his

in him all imaginable brave parts conspired to make him the greatest, and most able
Captaine of Christendome.

There was nothing in him the least way blameable but his choller, to which the
least provocation gave fire: an humour familiar to fiery spirits chased with continuall
businessse which often falls out crosse. But hee had a corrective ever ready , which was
an overflowing courtesy, and sweetnesse to him naturall, which stopp'd and repair'd the
breach his Anger had made. For any hasty sp

dealings.

It now remains that the Princes, and States united continue to make good the advantages bequeath'd them, by banishing all jealousies, suppressing of factions, extirpating of Schismes, and partialities, deciding of all disputes arising from their Genealogies, by conferring offices on men, not of great descent, but ability, by making use of the times present and past, by quickly seconding their consultation with action, and by a straight conjunction of their Councells, and Forces to seeke their owne preservation in that of the Empire. In any of which being wanting, neither the care and paines of the deceased King, nor their owne Armies, or advantages can secure them from being a miserable prey to their Enemies, and wretched spectacle to their friends.

The truth is, hitherto the Princes and Generalls united have much abated the pride of the Enemy, by deceiving his hopes, and apprehensions, and making it evident by their proceedings that they were not in vain so long train'd up in the Kings schoole, but were still mindfull of his instructions and discipline, and that his death did but concenterre, and redouble their vigour. The Dukes of Weymar tread on *Walsteins* heeles, whom some report to bee wounded, others dead in the Forrest which lyes betweene Fravestein and Klostergrappe. If he be deceased, he serves as another sacrifice due to the Kings tombe. *Tubal* keeps the greatest part of Silesia, and Moravia in obedience. The Prince of Birkenfield shuts up all passages to the Bavarians, within the circle of Ingolstat and Ratisbone. *Horne*

aspire to new Diadems, and make good his Anagram, by changing the name of *Gustavus* into *Augustus*.

FINIS

Brief Commentary:

Presented here is but one in a staggering wealth of elegies and histories of the Swedish king Gustavus Adolphus that found their way into seventeenth century English print sources, most of which were translated from continental sources in Latin, French, or German. This particular piece is no exception: as the translator notes in his address to the reader, it was “written by one of the ablest Pennes” in all of France. However, the translator is hardly reticent to supplement the account with his own colorful commentary as well as digressions upon the life of Adolphus prior to the Battle of Lützen and the death of the Friedrich V of the Palatinate. Hence, the work serves more as a sketch of the magnanimous qualities of the Protestant leadership during the Thirty Years’ War than as a simple narrative of the Battle of Lützen, as its title indicates.

Yet the narrative of the battle is not terribly deficient: both sides in the conflict sustained heavy losses on both sides as well as the deaths of a number of important leaders (Pappenheim, for example), and Adolphus did indeed die after receiving multiple wounds (though neither Oxestierna nor Wallenstein would believe him dead until weeks later). Beyond this however, the most intimate and fantastic details should be questioned. The translator makes a surprisingly astute connection between the author of this source and Tacitus, though he may do so in slightly misguided fashion. Both make copious use of fabricated speeches to drive home political points as well as elucidate the character of the speaker (in this case, mostly Adolphus).

Through these speeches, as well as the authors and translators invectives against the Imperial forces and their eulogies of the Swedish and Protestants, one may determine that the greatest historical value of the source lies not in its narrative, but rather in the proof of public sentiment that it provides, in especial that regarding the Swedish king. Gustavus Adolphus has been for many a champion of the Protestant cause and savior of the true faith. This text, translated and printed into English in 1633, only one year after his death, stands at the beginning of the creation of a semi-mythic, near saintly image of the man, which prevailed not only in England, but throughout the Protestant territories of continental Europe as well.

Bibliography

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