

# The Battle of the Red Baton

by

Monseigneur de Galvez

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At New Orleans,  
Chez Antoine Boudousquie, Printer to the King, and Cabildo.

M.DCC.LXXIX

POEM.

What a **noise** and **what noise** does my ear **strike**?  
I was asleep, and suddenly I was **awakened** by a **thunder** bolt.  
With his redoubled blows, I see my Waters  
**tremble** , And **tremble** my Palace, sound the Echoes.  
What a mortal, or what God comes here in his rage, To  
disturb the sweet peace of my happy Rivage,  
Where, under my **wise men, my beloved**  
inhabitants , Lived the happiest days without trouble and care.  
Dear **objects of my care**, they saw abundance,  
Prevent their needs, always in the affluence,  
True and **real goods, they tasted sweets**;  
The false, the superfluous, did not touch the hearts.  
They were ignorant of the **names** of discord, **of war**,  
and of the other plagues which ravaged the earth.  
In the midst of my waters they found Pisces,  
Game in the Woods, Reeds for Houses,  
To quench their thirst, The purest,  
And to rest the most beautiful verdure.  
**Their arrows, and their bows, are gifts in my hands.**  
To me alone they owed their happiness and their property.  
They lived satisfied, under my happy Empire  
But a bold Mortal!  
Let us see what inspires it: Charming Scaesaris, pars, fly to these places,  
Whence I **hear** this great noise and this dreadful noise.  
There, with an

attentive eye, as a  
disguised man Seize everything carefully, the matter consummated, Come to instruct me of  
everything, I wish to know,  
If some rash, waiting to my power,  
He says, and Scaesaris, like a split trait The Wave,  
Shaking his hair, saw the light of the World.  
In the form of a mortal, she goes into the Camp,  
and knows the Hero with her triumphant air.  
She **hears** his speeches, and sees the whole army,  
To the envy of each other, to the animated Combat.  
Success crowned him, one sees on the Remparts  
Of the vanquished enemies, float his Etendards.  
Satisfied She leaves, plunges back into the Wave.  
And he went to see the God in his deep  
grotto , On his throne of Erain, thoughtful he was waiting for him,  
His head on his hand sadly resting.  
The devouring troubles take possession of his soul,  
He sees, he only **hears** fire and flame.  
In vain around him, the Tritons eager,  
Try to recall his lost spirits.  
He is not touched by anything,  
His Soul is dizzy, Such a mortal is ready to lose his life.  
The beautiful messenger arrives from the battles,  
He sees her, he tells her, come, fly in my arms.  
My dear Scaesaris, oh my beloved Nymph!  
I see you! What a pleasure! Satisfy my desire.  
Teach me, what unhappiness threatens our climate,  
What means have we to stop their debates?  
You know what I can, my supreme power!  
The Nymph replies with an air of decency,  
God of Mississippi, terrible in your wrath,  
What power would dare, To oppose your blows?  
From the north, to the south, thou stretchest thy empire,  
Every people to the envy, to thy favors aspires.  
At your command you see your two edges collapse,  
Men, beasts and woods, in the abyss rolling.  
When thy voice is thine own, thy river is angry,  
and thy heaps are gathered together, precipitate their course,  
The hosts of our woods, frightened by danger,  
Though prompt and light can not avoid it.  
Thy waters, in their fury, reach the hills,  
Their sad inhabitants perish under their ruins!  
But God, for this time, ceases to alert you,

My narrative will have nothing that can make you afraid.  
I saw him that Hero, who causes your  
alarms . He resembled a God, clothed in his arms,  
His superb Panache, went with the wind,  
And his scattered hair served him as an ornament.  
A noble and proud bearing announced his courage,  
Heroic virtue shone on his countenance.  
With one hand he held his dazzling Saber.  
On the other he held his Courier leaping.  
He walked first, and his brilliant Cortége,  
full of noble ardor, and proud of privilege,  
To run with him, the hazard of the battles,  
Desire the dangers, to signal their arms.  
The brave Infantines followed them in columns,  
all boiling with fire, March, and Bellonne.  
They walked in good order, at  
bare feet , and bold, despising the dangers, were robbing the Enemies.  
After them we could see, marching without artifice,  
From our proud Habitans, the Intrepid Militia;  
And their hands, which traced furrows,  
With the same ardor, raised Bastions;  
And made ditches, parapets, and trenches,  
Machines and affutes, to fight invented,  
For the art of conquering they seem to be born.  
Their brave Enemies are terrified of them,  
Even in their ramparts they feel their courage,  
Nothing guarantees them, the effects of their rage.  
The march ended by the people of color:  
lively, ardens to give, marks of their heart.  
The intrepid Galvez, everywhere encourages them,  
His speeches, his appearance excites them to courage.  
Yet everything is ready, and the English first,  
With his mouths of brass, throws the murderous iron.  
Their hurried blows, like the **thunder**bolt, strike  
, and overthrow, reduce everything to powder.  
In vain they rekindle their sparkling fires,  
Nothing can shake, the brave Assiegeans,  
In spite of the mortal traits, which threaten their lives.  
They dispose of everything, set up their  
Batteries, the Cannons are pointed, the Impatient General, sets  
fire to the first and gives the signal.  
They follow him  
instantly, and their **thunder**bolts , Straight to the Enemy, unload their **Thunder**.

He is crossed, he responds to their fires,  
And the battle comes alive, and becomes furious.  
To fight the Englishman, redouble his courage;  
Always with fury, he returns to the charge.  
He resists for a long time their powerful efforts;  
But at last he tottered, under their strongest blows.  
Their thunderbolts, overturn their terraces,  
ravage, and death, mark everywhere their traces.  
Tired of fighting, and always without success,  
He no longer flattered himself, to stop their progress.  
He puts Pavillon Blanc to mark his defeat;  
The Camp sees it, and says the conquest is made.  
Victory on this day snatches from the Bretons,  
the ever-green laurels, of which it adorns our foreheads.  
Galvez victorious, assembles his Army,  
Charm of sentiments, of which it is animated,  
He holds to him this discourse, touching, worthy of him,  
And which has in heart, to engrave his cherished **name**.  
Intrepid Warriors, companions of my glory,  
By your hands today, I have won the Victory,  
In Spartes, you are seen, flying in the field of honor,  
And everywhere you show, an insignificant value.  
To follow my steps, you quit your campaigns.  
And your tender children, your faithful Companions.  
I feel what I owe to your cares, your exploits,  
I can boast of them to the greatest of our kings.  
Count on his justice, and my gratitude.  
Our virtues will receive, their just reward.  
Yes, the distinguished rank, which he deigns to grant me,  
would have nothing flattering if he should stop,  
The course of his favors, a more just sharing,  
Between us, believe me, would please  
me more. Every one by his acclamations,  
assures him of his heart, of his dispositions.  
Scaesaris recounted, and the whole audience,  
God, Nymphs and Tritons, listened to him in silence.

A

joyful secret animated all hearts, and all declared themselves in favor of the conquerors.  
She sees in their eyes, their painted curiosity,  
And tells them, listen, I will speak without pretension.  
At last we see them, these times, these happy times,  
which will procure us the greatest changes.  
The Brambles, the Reeds, and the Wild Thorn, will

no longer disguise our fertile Rivage.  
**Diligent colonists**, by their labors,  
From our frightful deserts, the most beautiful stays.  
Our plains by their hands, cultivated every year,  
Abundant harvests, will always be adorned:  
We shall see in our meadows their leaping flocks,  
Their orchards, their gardens, will cover our hillsides.  
Ceres, Pomona and Flora, and the naive Graces,  
will delight with us on our fertile banks.  
The Zephyrus, with his light breath,  
Will open the Flowers, whom he loves to caress,  
Abundance, and Peace, will be in our regions,  
To love, to pleasure, forever consecrated;  
As long as in our Climates, this generous Winner,  
of a People whom he cherishes , will make all happiness ;  
The God interrupting him, let his joy burst forth,  
I see him, he said, it is Heaven that sends him.  
Let him live in the bosom of prosperity,  
Let him **taste** pleasure, to be worshiped .  
May his great virtues be celebrated by all,  
Let his fine deeds win Trophies.  
I will say to my Waters, to moderate their course,  
And to fertilize the place of His sojourn,  
Through paths of Flowers that He reaches Glory.  
Let his **name** be written in the Temple of Memory.  
Sing, Nymphs, Tritons, swell your Chalumeaux. Everything  
exudes joy, in the empire of the Waters,  
I want to honor it, institute a Feast,  
which consecrates for ever, its new Conquest.  
End