BATTLE-PIECES

AND

ASPECTS OF THE WAR.

BY

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NEW INTRODUCTION BY LEE RUST BROWN

DA CAPO PRESS
NEW YORK
1995
The Monitor’s Fight.

No passion; all went on by crank,
    Pivot, and screw,
And calculations of caloric.

Needless to dwell; the story’s known.
The ringing of those plates on plates
Still ringeth round the world—
The clangor of that blacksmiths’ fray.
The anvil-din
Resounds this message from the Fates:

War shall yet be, and to the end;
    But war-paint shows the streaks of weather;
War yet shall be, but warriors
Are now but operatives; War’s made
    Less grand than Peace,
And a single runs through lace and feather.

Shiloh.
A Requiem.
(April, 1862.)

Skimming lightly, wheeling still,
The swallows fly low
Over the field in clouded days,
The forest-field of Shiloh—
Over the field where April rain
Solaced the parched ones stretched in pain
Through the pause of night
That followed the Sunday fight
    Around the church of Shiloh—
The church so lone, the log-built one,
That echoed to many a parting groan
    And natural prayer
Of dying foemen mingled there—
Foemen at morn, but friends at eve—
    Fame or country least their care:
(What like a bullet can undeceive!)  
But now they lie low,
While over them the swallows skim,
    And all is hushed at Shiloh.