

THE WIDE AWAKE CAMPAIGN

1860



DRAWINGS
by
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS



Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

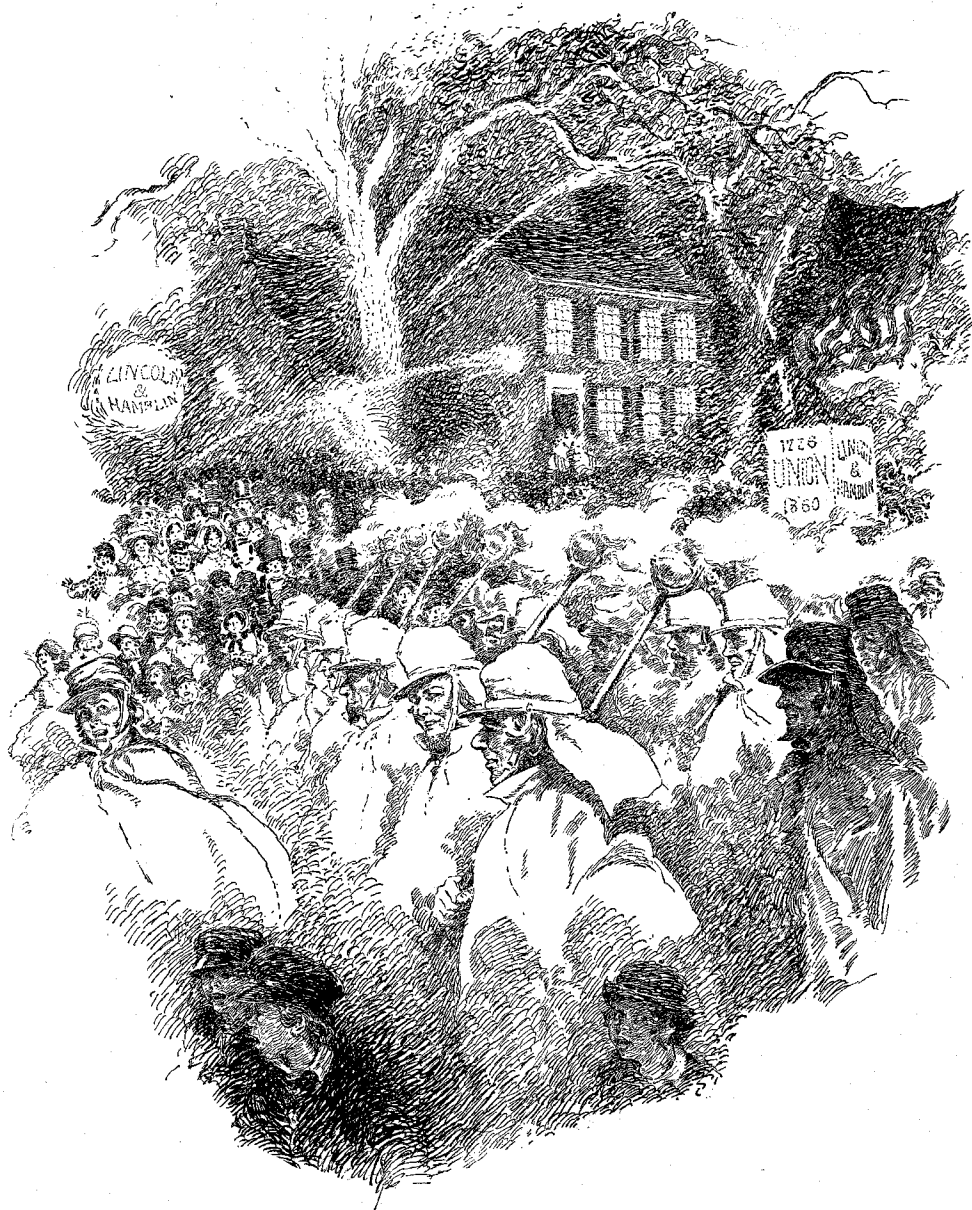
THE ARRIVAL OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE CANDIDATE

In the Wide Awake Campaign of 1860, the tickets opposed to Lincoln and Hamlin were Douglas and Johnson; Breckenridge and Lane; and Bell and Everett.



Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

A CAMPAIGN BONFIRE



Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

A TORCH-LIGHT PARADE OF "WIDE AWAKES"



TO A SEA-BIRD

LYING IN A CASE IN THE BIRD MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

BY CLYDE WALTON HILL

IN this dark corner, under the dim glass,
What breast is this, upturned and white and still?
—Why are you here, whose pinions could surpass
All but the lightning's speed? Why should you fill
This niche, who erstwhile must have roamed at will
The leagues on leagues of blue,
At home in cloudy heights beyond our mortal view?

Far-faring sea-bird, nursling of the gale,
Cliff-dweller from yon cloud-banks near the sun,
What towering crags of tempest did you scale,
Before what mighty winds exulting run?
And now, by some earth-crawling man undone,
How low I find you here,
Fallen how far from skies that were your native sphere!

Your long wings, like the rain-clouds in their hue,
Restful at length, how many miles have flown!
From earth men saw a speck against the blue,
And thought, "Poor simple bird!"—Oh, had they known
That you were but a transient in their zone,
And ere three noons, might gleam
In foreign skies beyond their fancy's farthest dream!

You may have floated through a moonlit night
Silent o'er Venice and Italian fields;
You may have revelled in the kindred white
Of glacier-burdened Greenland; or where yields
The Indian Sea its pearls; or yet where shields
The Southern Cross aglow
All Polynesia's vast sea-prairies dim below.

You did not have, like man, small neighborhood;
All height and all direction were your home;
From wild coast-mountain and sea-verging wood
You strayed at will through clouds to heaven's dome;
The earth's four corners, floored by Ocean's foam,
Your different chambers they,
And all sun-warmed for you, or cooled by the dashing spray!

Afar from union with the elements,
Here in our lower death you strangely sleep
In loveliness too rare for earthly sense,
Born of the Empyrean and the Deep.
Oh, be forever with us! Ever keep
Our thoughts where now they soar,
Even as on your wings, lost in the Evermore!