



In Memory of Com Gates Gholson

Why must the brave, the gifted, and the good,  
 So soon be called away. I knew thee long and well  
 Even from a little boy, and loved thee  
 We may not read the future, I had thought,  
 To see thee mount James ladder high  
 To tread the balls of State, and win high  <sup>fame,</sup> intellectual  
 (For talents such as thine were rarest gifts of  <sup>heaven</sup>)  
 I was not to be; Thy sun went down  
 Ever he had reached his noon; Thy years were few  
 But years make not the man; His purpose, worth,  
 Integrity, and these were thine, I was not thy  <sup>blood,</sup> thirst for  
 Nor thy desire for Fame, that called thee forth,  
 But thy strong sense of duty, was thou not yet  
 We bow submissive, while we weep and mourn.

Cincinnati Jan 1865.