

## Charles W.H. Weightman

( - 20 Jan 1849)

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**Weightman.** On Saturday evening the 20th instant after a brief illness in the 22nd year of her age, Charles W.H. Weightman, son of Roger C. Weightman of this city. His remains will be removed from the corner of Missouri and 4-1/2 streets this day (Monday) at 12 o'clock noon where his friends and the friends of the family are respectfully requested to attend without further notice.

*The National Intelligencer, January 26, 1848*

### **Obituary Honors**

At a meeting of the Students of the National Medical College, held on 23d instant, Mr. G.W. Kimberly was called to the Chair, and Mr. Eusebius Lee Jones appointed Secretary.

Messrs. Young, Lovejoy, and Butt were appointed by the Chair as a committee to draught resolutions expressive of the feelings of the meeting. They submitted the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Divine Providence, in his wisdom, suddenly to take from our midst, Charles W.H. Weightman, a young man of moral and general worth, and a highly esteemed and respected fellow student--one who possessed, in an eminent degree, all those qualities which characterize the man and the Christian:

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his afflicted family in their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That we attend in a body his funeral, from his late residence.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, we wear the usual badge of mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the National Intelligencer and Union.

G.W. Kimberly, Chairman.

Eusebius Lee Jones, Secretary

The death of Mr. Weightman was announced to his surviving fellow-students by Professor W.P. Johnston, in the following terms:

Gentlemen; It becomes my painful duty to announce to you that one of your number, while busily engaged in the study of his profession, has been suddenly, and with but a moment's warning, hurried, from life's active stage into eternity. On Saturday evening, about half-past six o'clock, Charles W. H. Weightman, after a few days' indisposition, suddenly expired. He had been attacked with mumps, which promised, as is usually the case, to prove a slight affection; but on Thursday fever commenced, and on Friday the swelling of the face and neck disappeared. During the night of Friday he was restless and wakeful, and on the following morning, after a convulsion, we found him laboring under symptoms of disease of the base of the brain. His intellectual faculties continued unimpaired, and during the day he talked much, greeting his friends with a smile as they arrived, suffering apparently no pain. About 5 o'clock I found him tremulous, and with some difficulty of articulation. He rapidly sank and died at the hour mentioned, having passed quietly, and without suffering, to the dread and mysterious eternity that awaits us all.

As your departed classmate was for a long time a private pupil in my office, I may be excused for dwelling a moment upon his many virtues. I do not wish, gentlemen, to draw upon my imagination; I desire only to do justice to the dead, and to speak of him as he was, and in the same terms that were

used in speaking of him while he lived. Most amiable in his disposition, he was ever kind and friendly to all, an enemy to none; his generosity was without selfishness, his friendship disinterested. His morality was of that sound and exalted character that made him appear not even to know what were the foibles and vices of youth., His deportment, therefore, was at all times unexceptionable, and his conduct and conversation betokened a simplicity and ingeniousness rarely met with in one of his age. But the fountain from which emanated all his virtues, and that which gave the peculiar tone to his character and conduct, was his exemplary piety. A professor of religion, he not only asserted to the truths of the Gospel, but lived a consistent Christian life, an humble and faithful follower of Christ, scrupulous in the performance of his duties to his God and to his fellow man. When we see how happy our young friend lived, content with the present, at peace with all, and looking for happiness where alone true happiness can be found, must we not envy his peaceful life, his death, without a physical or a moral pang, his sure reward in another and a better world.

To class the deceased among the most correct of young men would be doing him an injustice, for I feel constrained to acknowledge that I have never seen one more anxious to do right, or more scrupulous in avoiding to do wrong.

The sudden death which has just occurred must remind us all of the slight and uncertain tenure by which man holds his life.

While happy and busy in the pursuits of business and of pleasure, hoping for greater enjoyments in the future, a gentle zephyr comes stealing along, fragrant with the perfume of the summer flowers which it has gathered in its course, but it also wafts the subtle and deadly malaria; man inhales it with delight, the sickens and dies.

A disease, apparently of little consequence arrests one in his busy walk; he stops; reposes, as he hopes, for a moment; builds his airy castles in the future, and suddenly Death has seized him in his chilly grasp. "In the midst of life we are in death." Vigorous youth is no more respected than decrepit age or feeble and helpless infancy. Death comes alike to all.

The circumstances under which we have met must bring this truth vividly to the minds of us all. Let us treasure the lesson it inculcates; and if we profit by the bright example of him to whose memory we have felt it a duty to pay this slight and passing tribute, we shall endeavor so to live that we may be, like him, prepared to die.