

# IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM E. WOODWARD, SON OF S. M. & M. C. WOODWARD, BORN IN STAUNTON, VA., NOV. 31, 1831, DIED IN DEFENCE OF HIS COUNTRY, AT MANASSAS' PLAINS, JULY 21, 1861, AGED 29 YEARS, 9 MONTHS, & 10 DAYS.

FROM THE ROCKINGHAM REGISTER.  
THE LATE WM. E. WOODWARD.

Messrs. Editors:—Permit a friend, who had an acquaintance with the lamented WM. E. WOODWARD, to pay a brief and feeble, yet heart-felt, tribute of regard to his memory. He is beyond the reach of either unjust censure, harsh criticism, or undeserved praise; yet his memory is justly entitled to this testimonial of respect from one who knew him well and had good opportunity of forming a correct judgment of his character.

He was born in Staunton, Va., and was the son of Samuel and Mary C. Woodward, whose aged heads are bowed down in sorrow and grief at the loss of their noble and generous boy.

Obedient to the call of his country, his bold and chivalrous nature urged him at once to take up arms for his native South. He was one of the first to volunteer in old Augusta, and was an esteemed and beloved member of that gallant corps, the West Augusta Guards. He was in the thickest of the fight at the bloody battle of Manassas Plains. From early in the morning until late in the afternoon of that dreadful day, he was at his post, standing all the time "in the imminent and deadly breach," and showing his fearless and intrepid spirit to all of his comrades who mingled in the strife. He had fought all day unscathed and unharmed, and just when "victory was about to perch upon our arms," the fatal shots came which instantly deprived him of life. He died at his post,—died for his country. His manhood—his ambition—his highest hopes—his blood—all were laid down for his country by this noble, gallant spirit.

Of course, such a man would attract his acquaintances and friends to him as "with hooks of steel." No one had warmer, truer or more devoted friends than Wm. E. Woodward—and no one is more missed than he. He will long live in their warmest affections. His cheerful, pleasant, frank, open countenance, always full of sunshine for his friends, is remembered most distinctly by him whose hand traces these lines. Full of noble, generous, manly impulses, he was beloved by all who knew him. Indeed it may be said of him, with truth,

"None knew him but to love him,  
None named him but to praise."

He was the favorite of his gray-haired father and mother, and brothers and sisters, as well as of all his school-mates and friends in Staunton.

But why speak of those ties and attachments? They are all sundered, and he to whom the hearts of his friends clung with such strong tenacity, has gone to his grave in the very opening of his manhood.—His friends are full of sadness, yet theirs is the grief which is not unmingled with joy.

Their friend, their acquaintance, their son, their brother, died in a holy and just cause—died for his country—died at his post—died like a hero, and his gallant spirit went upward with the shouts of his countrymen, rejoicing over the defeat of the enemy by whom he was slain.

Peace to his ashes!—green be the sod that rests upon his unpalpating bosom!  
A FRIEND.

FROM THE ROCKINGHAM REGISTER.  
WILLIAM E. WOODWARD.

AMONG all the brave and noble patriots who fell on the battle field of Manassas, there fell not a braver and more noble hearted man than WILLIAM E. WOODWARD. We have known him from his youth up. We remember him first, when at school, as a gay, round-faced, merry little fellow, whose sparkling black eyes, regular features, and striking cast of countenance at once arrested the attention of a stranger, and so impressed me, on first sight, over twenty years ago, that they are yet distinctly remembered. His disposition, as exhibited at school, was that of a brave, generous and kind-hearted boy. His man-

## OBITUARY.

MANASSAS, July 23d, 1861.

MY DEAR UNCLE AND MY AUNT:—To-day's train will bring you the body of a brave son, WILLIAM E. WOODWARD, who died a hero in defence of his home and its dear ones. His loss has cast a deep gloom over every one, and the laurels of our victory droop when we remember how dear a friend and noble a soldier we have lost. I saw him in the fight, again and again. I was in advance, by his side, and just behind him; and in coolness and bravery he sustained the name and the lineage he inherited from you. When he fell, he was but a few steps in front of me fighting. When the bullets flew thick and fast, and but a moment before the fatal shot struck him, he exclaimed to his comrades, "liberty or death." God has seen fit, in his wisdom, to give him death; but, thanks be to Him, He allowed him to strike a blow towards achieving liberty for you all—for his country. The night before the battle, I knelt by his side at a prayer meeting in camp, where two of his comrades offered up earnest petitions to the great and good Father, for the safety of our bodies and salvation of our souls, and we all sung praises to Him who ruleth the armies of earth as well as those in Heaven. Your dear boy was deeply affected—shedding tears, I believe, during the ceremony. I had watched his seriousness for several weeks past, and I believe and trust that he had made his peace with his God through the blood of our merciful Saviour. You do not mourn as those without hope. Be comforted—weep not for his loss—he is now in a happier land—may God heal the wounded and broken spirits of you all.

WILLIAM E. WOODWARD was the favorite of his Company and of the Regiment, and many a tear was shed, even on the battle field, when death was raging round. A nobler heart never throbbed, and all who knew him loved him. You have lost a dear son; I, my best friend—a brother; all a benefactor. Let "liberty or death," his last words, be inscribed upon his tomb. It is a fit epitaph for a soldier's memory. And now, when his name is called upon the roll of his Company, his old companions will answer for him, "dead upon the field of honor." I know that you will weep over his grave; but be comforted, for again I say, you weep not without hope.

May God temper the winds to his shorn lambs.

I am, your distressed Nephew,  
W. S. II. B.

ner was frank, and such even then was his known grit and reputation for courage, that, though he was the smallest boy in school, he ranked as a captain in all that was considered chivalrous and brave. He displayed at school, one noble trait of character, (very rarely found among boys,) and that was always to take the part of any unfortunate boy who was being imposed upon by his school-mates. Of course, such a nature as this could not brook oppression in any shape, and having grown to manhood, when South Carolina stood alone in secession, his heart was in her cause, and he had fully contemplated to tender her his services, which were afterwards only withheld by circumstances beyond his control. Finally, upon the first flash of the telegraph that Virginia needed troops, he immediately attached himself to the West Augusta Guards, and was off in a few hours for the war.—As a soldier, he maintained the same reputation for heroic bravery which had been accorded to him when a boy.

On the Plains of Manassas, during the heat and fury of the battle, and when in advance of the company, he was heard to declare, just before he fell, "I'll never retreat from here!" Poor fellow, in the bloom of early manhood, he fell on that sacred spot, a martyr to the cause of our freedom. He cheerfully yielded up, in behalf of his country, his young life with all its joys, its hopes and happy friendships. He is gone, but his country has enhaled with his blood, a memory of his many virtues. To the aged and pious parents of this soldier, who so fondly idolized them, it may be of some consolation to know that in this bereavement, they have the profound sympathy of this whole community.

## TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

I. O. O. F.

At a stated meeting of Staunton Lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F., held at Odd Fellows' Hall, on Thursday evening, August 1st, 1861, the committee appointed for that purpose, on Tuesday, the 23d day of July, 1861, reported a preamble and resolutions which were unanimously adopted, in the words following, to wit:

Whereas the Most Worthy Grand Master of the universe, maker and disposer of all things, has seen proper to remove from us our beloved brother, WILLIAM E. WOODWARD, who, when the first call for soldiers was made by the Executive of our State, to defend the soil of Virginia, from an invading foe, our brother united himself with the West Augusta Guards of Staunton, and having served with them three months in camp, by his kind, cheerful and social disposition, rendered himself the favorite of his Company. And whereas in the death of our brother, who fell upon the battle-field at Manassas Junction, on the 21st inst., this Lodge is deprived of one, regarded by all who knew him, with feelings of the highest respect, and one whom we loved as a brother,—therefore,

Resolved, That to his kindred and friends, in their bereavement, we tender our sincerest sympathies, and share with the consoling thought that his memory will ever live in the hearts of his countrymen.

Resolved, That in token of our sympathy, this Lodge will, in a body, attend the funeral of our departed brother, and that his remains be interred with the usual ceremony of this Order.

Resolved, That the jewels of the Lodge be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these minutes be transmitted to the relatives of the deceased, by the Secretary, and published in the papers of Staunton.

SAMUEL A. HOSHOUR,  
JNO. B. EVANS,  
HUGH CONNELL, Comm.

"LIBERTY OR DEATH?"