

The following feeling and well-deserved tributes to the memory of JOAB HORACE SELLY, a brave and noble soldier, written by W. S. H. Baylor, Major of the 5th Virginia Regiment, and James H. Waters, Captain of the West Augusta Guards, will cause a thrill of sorrow to fill the hearts of all who knew the deceased.

MANASSAS, July 22d, 1861.

My DEAR MRS. SELLY:—Your dead son reaches you to-day, and I feel it my duty to speak a word of comfort to you. Poor Joab fell nobly in advance of his companions, gallantly charging upon the enemy. His course during the fight was that of a hero. He fought bravely—died nobly. Do not mourn his loss too much, God has taken him to his home. You know how good a boy he was; as he lived so he died. God will raise you up friends to fill his place, and I pray He will comfort you in your sad bereavement.

Your noble boy is dead, but he it your consolation he died fighting for liberty—a martyr to the glorious cause.

Your friend,
W. S. H. BAYLOR.

P. S.—But a few moments before Joab fell, he said to his friend, Mr. Joseph N. Ryan, who was fighting by his side—“I am prepared to die—I expect to die—if I do and you live, tell my Mother I died fighting bravely.” These are glorious words for a dying soldier to use.

W. S. H. B.

MANASSAS JUNCTION, July, 22d, 1861.

Mrs. SELLY:—Yesterday's train brought you the body of a brave son who died a hero in defence of his home—your home—the homes of us all. 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 soldier we have lost. I was in advance, by his side, and at all times during the battle near him, and I never saw more coolness or bravery in all my life. When he fell he was but a few steps from me, fighting where the battle was the heaviest and the bullets flew the thickest, and just before he fell he remarked, “If I get killed in this fight, tell my Mother and family that I died a brave man.” The night before the battle I knelt by his side at a prayer meeting held by our Company, where some of his comrades offered up earnest petitions to the great and good Father above for the safety of our bodies and souls, and we all sang praises to Him who ruleth the armies of earth as well as the skies. I have watched your son for a long time, and I knew him to be a good and Christian man; so you do not mourn as one without hope.” Be comforted—weep not for his loss—he is now in a happier land, where there are no more wars nor parting, but all one glorious, happy rejoicing.

JOAB was the favorite of all his companions and of all who met with him, and many a tear was shed on the battle-field when death was waving around to hear of the fall of two of our noble men, and we intend, when his name is called upon the roll of the Company, his companions will answer for him, “He died a brave man upon the battle-field.”

I will send you all that was in his knapsack, and hope you will all try and bear up under this deep affliction that you are called upon to bear, and may God in His mercy comfort your hearts and give you strength to bear up under the loss of your only and dearly beloved son. In conclusion, accept of my best wishes for a great deal of health and prosperity.

I am, with respect, yours,
JAMES H. WATERS, Capt. W. A. G.,
Comp. L. 5th Regiment.

5th VA

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