
Bragging Some.

Mr. Editor: You never mailed me a blank you speak of in The Herald. However, I will send in my credentials as a soldier from old Fairfield. I was born and reared in Fairfield; my father also. He and I belonged to Capt. Hayne McMeekin's company. Since the war I have lived just over the line in Richland, half a mile from where I was reared.

I belonged to Company F, Twelfth South Carolina regiment, McGowan's brigade, Wilcox's division, A. P. Hill's corps. McGowan had about 120 picked men from his brigade as sharpshooters, commanded by that gallant man, Capt. Dunlap, from York county. Oscar Bookman was selected first for the sharpshooters, and was killed. My officer sent me to take his place; where I served till taken prisoner at Southerner's station next day after the battle at Five Forks. Four days before, Lee surrendered. I was carried to a little island in the harbor at Bridgeport, Conn., and got home July 4, 1865. Have been farming ever since. Don't know anything else. Worked more days since the war than any man now living in Fairfield county.

The good Lord has been kind to me. I have not missed a meal since the war. Physically, I am the best man in the bunch now left in Fairfield. I can cut and split 500 rails or hoe an acre of cotton in one day, or lay off more corn or cotton rows, or cut grain with the old grain cradle ahead by a long shot of any old rebel left in Fairfield.

If you find one that doubts this braggadocia, though I am no betting man, I will back the test of endurance by putting up a plantation and a team of mules. Not seeing your blank. I don't know what you want. If this suits, all right; if not, ditto.

I send you my photograph. Please take nice care of it. The old woman thinks it good looking. Will be up to dinner certain.

Oscar F. Chappell.
