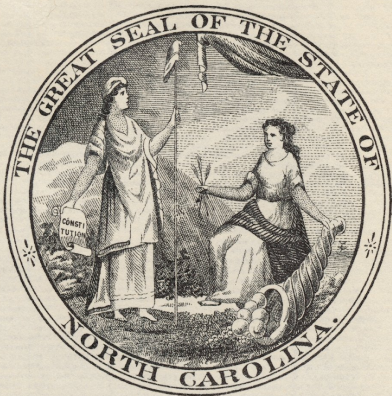


[To: Elias Carr. Raleigh, N. C.]

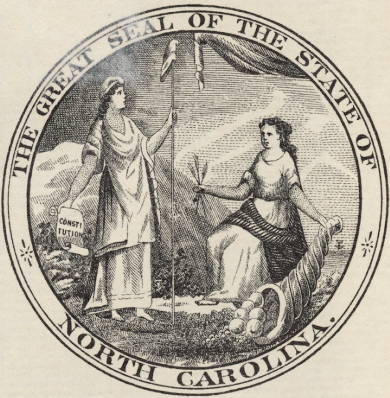


OFFICE OF
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Raleigh, Goldsboro Jan 3 1896

Dear Lias.

The paper from the executive department; with a marked article, headed Bullet, has been received. Although over 45 years ago I well remember that famous quilting near Logsboro, during which Ivey Lewis fell in the well, and Dr. Joel Baker got pretty well battered up by his own friends. He and his opponent were both redheaded, + Baker was on top, + his friends thought he was Stattings, + waded in supposing they were giving it to Stattings. I was too young to take along, so I was left at the Aquines. When they left they thought I was asleep, but I suspected something rare was on the tapis as Apple Jack was flowing very freely. I had no doubt of the correctness of my suspicions, when next morning about day, Joel, Ivey an Dr. Baker piled into bed with me, having on wet clothes, boots + all, + cold as ice. I lay low like "Bro Rabbit", until they began to

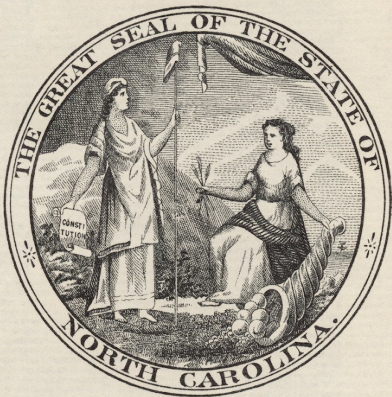


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enore when I ramoused that bed, & played the innocent, well knowing that I would have a tough time if they thought I knew anything of it, as they would take it for granted I would "let the cat out of the bag". They carried Bro, Richard, he being a most exemplary Youth, to hold the horses, of which Bullet was the hero. Bullet & I were fast friends in those days, he was faster than when I had a good birch switch along when I rode him.

Bullet was a piney woods, small horse, with a waist on one nostril & part of the ear on the other side, ^{of his head} was clipped; His hair, in winter was about three inches long, & took in cuckle bunn admirably. Squire expected me to help "another little negro" drive up the cows & sheep every evening. Of course I commanded the "other little negro", I on Bullet & he on a mule. It mattered not where we saw the cattle we would make a circuit & jump every ditch & side head long through every cuckle bunn patch we could find. When the ^{Squire} would notice these pranks he would pretend to blow us up



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and I would make up the big story to reply + "the other little negro" would swear map! Gaston had told de truth.

Bullet was a very extraordinary horse, tough + remarkably gentle, + good natured, but always looked as if he knew what he was doing, + what "ive boys" were saying and thinking about. Quince's was in those times was the centre of hospitality + good cheer, + a good place to spend winter vacations when we were boys. He was, + is now a remarkably good man. He was especially lenient with "ive boys" when we tried to play tricks on him, but he was always too smart for us.

We couldn't tell for certain when he went "over the Swamp", but we had our suspicions. God bless him; for few, if any, better men ever lived. Would that those good old times could again.

With best wishes for a happy + prosperous year,
 for you + all yours - I am as ever sincerely your friend
 Wm Lewis.