

succeed quite so well as he anticipated.

That was the first time that I recollect violating the instructions I had received, and I must say that I did not repent of it for a good many years, and I have not fully done so yet, for I thought that a man must be pardoned for straining his instructions on an occasion like that; and the fact is we do not often find such men. This man followed and harassed our Elders every time they went into the country, and kept on their track until he had run them clear out of the country. When he perceived I would preach about there, he gave public notice that if I came into the neighborhood where he lived I should get a coat of tar and feathers; so on hearing this, I resolved to go and try it.

There was a man by the name of Mr. Willey, a near neighbor of the Rev. Mr. West. He was a small man of about 130 lbs. weight, with a red head, and he had 13 boys with red heads, each of them weighing from 180 to 250 lbs. He had his boys perfectly drilled, and when he could not beat the opposite party at the ballot box by voting, he could always beat them by fighting; for he and his red-headed boys (for they had hair as red as my wig that I wear sometimes), were more than a match for any party they come in contact with in the County of Tyler; when he could not beat them in the election, he always could the other way. When he heard that West, the Methodist preacher, was going to have me tarred and feathered, he sent his best looking daughter on horseback over the mountains, dressed in the finest silk, and invited me to go over and preach, and assured me that I need not fear the least danger from the Methodists threatening to tar and feather me. I sent an appointment that I would preach at his house in two weeks. Accordingly I proceeded on my way to visit the old

man, filling some appointments previously given on Buffalo Creek, Monongahela County, and about 15 miles from Mr. Willey's, I met three young men, all with red heads, well mounted, and standing about 6 feet 2 inches, dressed in Kentucky jeans, but very neat and clean. They looked big enough to have been employed in Erebus, as strikers for Vulcan, forging thunderbolts for Jupiter. They informed me that they were the sons of Mr. Willey, and that he had sent them to show me the way through the mountains. They remarked that it was rather a wild country to travel in alone, and they likewise informed me that the rumor was that West, the Methodist priest, was intending to meet me with a party of his pious brethren, and give me a coat of tar and feathers, but assured me, in the name of their father, that I need not apprehend the least possible danger.

Before I got into the neighborhood I was met by two or three other redheaded gentlemen, and we shortly after arrived at the old man's residence, where I was treated with every kindness, and the first salutation was an assurance that I need not be the least afraid, or anticipate that any harm would come to me from my Methodist friends: and the beauty of it was, as I learned afterward, he had long desired an opportunity to whip the whole Methodist church; and if they had turned out to mob me, he would then have had a good chance to pounce upon them. This is an illustration of what men will do to accomplish their ends, or the objects they have in view.

And as long as I remained in that part of the county of Tyler, the old man would have two or three of these boys go along with me to show me the way through the country wherever I wished to go, and two or three more looking out. I suppose he really