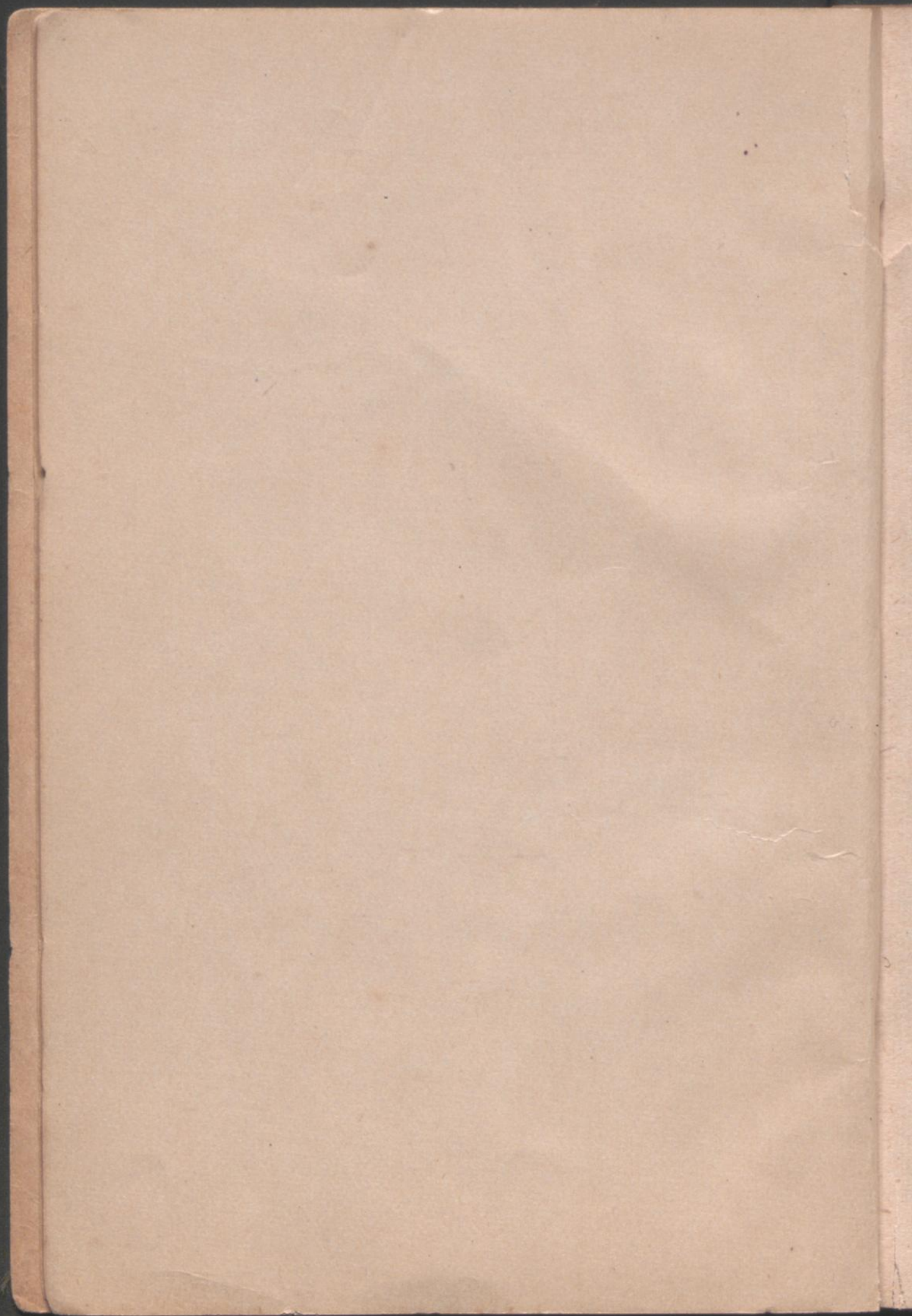


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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

—OF—

ELD. MADISON CAMPBELL

PASTOR OF THE UNITED  
COLORED BAPTIST  
CHURCH,

RICHMOND : : : KENTUCKY.

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1895:  
PANTAGRAPH JOB ROOMS,  
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.



MADISON CAMPBELL.

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ELDER MADISON CAMPBELL, of the Colored United Baptist Church, has been a resident of Richmond, Ky., for forty-one years, and during all that time has deported himself as a good citizen and consistent innister of the Gospel. His influence has been for good, and he has commanded the respect and esteem of all his acquaintances, white and black. It is a pleasure to me to bear this faithful and voluntary testimony to his character.

CURTIS F. BURNAM.

Richmond, Ky., Oct. 14, 1895.

To my many friends of Kentucky and adjoining states I desire to give a brief history of my life.

I was born in Madison County, Kentucky, ten miles south of Richmond; a slave of Edly Campbell's, September first, 1823.

A DESCRIPTION OF MY NEIGHBORHOOD AT MY  
FIRST RECOLLECTION.

It was thinly settled with a white population, and more so with colored people; now and then you would find a white man owning four or five colored people, and some eight and ten. A great portion of the land was thinly settled, as before said, as it lay near the mountains. The south side of my neighborhood was surrounded with a chain of knobs, known by different names; for instance, Joe's Lick Knob; this is said to be the highest known among them. It was often said also, that Daniel Boone, who traversed this country when a wilderness, used to get upon that knob and

watch for the Indians. The other knobs were Blue Lick, and Pilot Knob, and Pine Knob; just beyond them is the Big Hill mountains and Scaffold Cane mountains. On the west side it is surrounded by a big creek, known as Silver Creek.

I was born and reared between Silver Creek, and those mountains, two miles from Joe's Lick Knob, and about two miles from Silver Creek. I will leave further narration of my home, but will have an occasion to go back and say something more about it afterwards.

I propose now to give the origin of my parents as far as I can recollect, as I had no education when young, and not a chance to keep any written history of my parents. I give this as my own personal recollection and what I was told by my parents.

My old Master, Edly Campbell, bought my mother as a slave girl, about sixteen years old, from one John Reed; my mother's name was Lucy; my father whose name was Jackson, was a slave belonging to one Billy Ball, and was born and raised at Kingston, Madison County, Kentucky.

My father and mother married about the year 1821. I have often heard my father and mother talk about the old fashioned wedding they had in slave times. The white folks would let them have a big supper, then they would pat and dance half the night for amusement.

My grandfather on my mother's side, was a slave owned by one Jockey Billy Barnett; his name was Aaron. I recollect him very well. He bought himself in slave time, and enjoyed two or three years of freedom before he died.

My grandmother, on my mother's side was a slave and belonged to one Joe Hyatt; her name was Nancy. She was sold and sent South before I recollect. My great grandfather on my mother's side was named Tobias. He was a slave of Jockey Billy Barnett. He was set free and enjoyed a few years of freedom before he died. My great grandmother on my mother's side belonged also to Jockey Billy Barnett. Her name was Mato. She was also set free with her husband. I remember of hearing her funeral preached. She died a

christian.

My grandfather on my father's side, was a slave of Billy Bows; his name was Daniel; I loved him as I did my father. He lived until after I was married. He died in the triumph of faith. I was at his burial, and shed many tears over his remains.

My grandmother on my father's side, was named Lydia. She was also a slave of Billy Bows. My great grandfather on my father's side was named Pompey, and was also a slave, belonging to Billy Bows, likewise my great grandmother, whose name was Jews. They were all brought into this state from Virginia.

## CHAPTER II.

Now I wish to say something about my earliest childhood. I was raised with my old master's white children, and I saw a better time than most slaves in that day. It is a great pleasure to me to look back and think of the pleasure that I enjoyed in my youthful days, although a slave.

I will say something about the growth of the timber on my old master's plantation.

The growth of some part of it was large, tall, white and red oak, some large poplar trees and walnut, hickory, persimmon, dogwood and cherry. There was also on the plantation three large sugar orchards in which I enjoyed a great deal of fun in sugar making time.

There were three white boys, Billy, Archer, and Davie, and six white girls, Polly, Peggy, Nancy, Elizabeth, Hannah and Rachel. All of these were older than I, except three of the girls. My sister Christena was next to me. My mother had nine children. I was the oldest.

When sugar making time would come all of these whom I have named, and my father also, as my old master had bought him to be with the family, would go out into the sugar orchard to open the camp.

Some of the larger boys would be put to tapping trees, some to chopping wood. The smaller boys, of whom I was one, and some of the girls would carry sugar water, and the larger girls would boil down the sugar water. The younger children would have a fine time playing, as children do,

and occasionally drink the sweet syrup. I often think of the Sundays in the spring of the year, in the months of May and June. Of the great pleasure we children would see, white and black, in going to the big wood's pasture to play, when the dogwood trees had bloomed with their white blossoms, and also the red bud, haw and many other trees were in bloom.

We children would romp over the woods and play and listen to the hum of the bees, in the white blossoms in trees.

But now I come up to the years of nine and ten. I was now large enough to work, so I was put out into the corn field with my father and three white boys, and I soon must make a full hand to work upon the farm at all kinds of labor, and though put out to labor with other hands, I must think still of the fun I enjoyed in the corn field in my youthful days.

It was the custom in those days in the spring and summer, as soon as we got up in the morning, to go out into the corn field to work, and generally before sun rise. We would work until nine or ten o'clock

when horns would blow for breakfast.

We would hear the horns blowing all around in the neighborhood for four and five miles distant.

As I look back through the long years that have passed and remember the scenes of my boyhood, I can almost imagine that I hear now, as then, the sweet morning song of the birds, the whirr of the quail and songs of the lark. It was also a common thing for the hunters to find deer in our neighborhood, and we used to have great sport running them with the hounds.

But now I come to the age of fifteen or sixteen years and upwards. I was a great dancer, very fond of music and would often walk six or seven miles at night and dance and then get home in the morning in time to make a fire for old master and mistress.

I must say something about the pleasure I used to enjoy when a boy, fishing on Silver Creek, with the three white boys I was reared with, Billy, Archie and Davie. We would get our tasks done through the week by dinner time on Saturday in the spring and summer season, and would



often go fishing about two miles from our house. There was a hole of water called the old cat hole; it was a great place for catfish, and there the other neighbor boys and I would meet and fish, and romp and play up and down the creek bank. In those days one could find a variety of fish in Silver Creek, such as black and white perch, silverside and catfish.

So well was I attached to those white boys, and so strong their regard for me, that it was sometime before I fairly found out that I was a slave. My old master raised us all very much alike, and if we got into any mischief; if he whipped one he whipped all. The last whipping he gave me I was between twelve and thirteen years old. I never had the blood cut out of me by whipping. My old master did not believe it was right to whip a grown man.

I never saw much of the barbarity of slavery in my neighborhood. The most ever seen by me was men and women sent from their families South. I never saw but one man whipped in my life. He and the overseer had fought and his master and the

overseer hit him some three hundred lashes on his bare back.

Having a knowledge of all these things, I wished sometimes that I had never been born a slave, not knowing what would become of me when old master died. But when a youth, when David Campbell became large enough to send to school, and we were both born the same year, I thought it very hard that he could be admitted to school and I had to stay at home and work; but all this taught me that I was recognized as a slave, yet a strong desire was within me to learn to read, and so anxious was I to learn to read that my father bought for me an old elementary spelling book, and as David felt more to me like a brother than my young master, he would give me lessons in my book at night.

I often split up pine knots to make a light by which to learn my lesson. When I had advanced far enough to spell "baker," I gave David fifty cents to learn me to read. My father had learned me to be a basket maker and also to bottom chairs. This is the way I made my little money.

But now I must say something about my thoughts of future things.

### CHAPTER III.

When a boy about the age of seventeen I was very wild, a great dancer of reels and jigs, and would get out among the boys and swear. My parents and the white folks didn't allow us boys to swear in their presence.

One Billy Cornelison lived a neighbor to us, and my cousin, Charlie Elmore, had a wife at his house; they had a boy by the name of Henry. I was very fond of his company and visited his home more than any other in the neighborhood. I particularly liked the family, both white and colored.

Billy Cornelison was taken suddenly ill and only lived a few days. Two of our white girls had gone over to see him one evening; they came back just at dark, and my father and I were sitting in the kitchen. Old mistress asked the girls how he was; they said he was dead. I never had anything to strike me so forcibly in all my life, and a thought came to my mind whether

he was in heaven or in torment. Not knowing anything about church business, as I had not given such things any thought, I asked my father if Billy was in any church. He said, "yes he was in the Baptist Church," and that seemed to give me much consolation and I hoped that he was in heaven.

His death lingered on my mind so heavily all next day, that I began to think about trying to do better. Thoughts came into my mind that I was too young to begin to seek religion and that I had better wait until I was older, and take more of the pleasures of this life. But from that day to this I quit all of my wild ways and bad habits, but still I was not a christian. I lived a moral sinner for about twelve months.

In the year 1841, I discovered that I was a sinner, and if I died in that condition I would be lost.

My old master did not belong to any church, but believed that Christ died for all men and all men would be saved. And then I began to think about the future happiness of those who died christians.

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But one day while plowing alone and studying about what would become of me if I died in the condition I was in, a thought came into my mind that I had better not depend upon old master's doctrine and that I had better seek the salvation of my soul, and from that I commenced praying.

The colored people had a big meeting appointed about nine miles from where I lived in the month of July, and I decided that I would go to that meeting the next Sunday, and that I would go up and be prayed for. I went to that meeting, and when the preacher called for mourners I did not go up to be prayed for, for somehow my heart failed me. But I was so affected about religion that the preacher discovered it and came to me, putting his hand upon my shoulder, begged me to come to the anxious seat.

This left such a deep impression upon my mind that I never stopped until I found Jesus, precious unto my soul, on the 16th day of September, 1841.

On the day of my conversion I came in from work to dinner; my mother got dinner

ready and I sat down to the table, but I was in such deep trouble about my soul that I did not feel like eating anything. My mother looked at me earnestly and asked me why I didn't eat my dinner? I made no reply to her question but I felt the tears running down my cheeks. I got up from the table and went away, thinking that while the other boys were eating their dinner I would slip away and pray. I went to an old cave that was a little distance from the house, and got on my knees and tried to pray, but it did not seem to do me any good, in fact I felt worse. I arose from my knees and sat down upon the root of a sugar tree that stood near by. I buried my face in my hands and said, "Lord have mercy upon me, a poor ungodly sinner," and immediately I felt the burden give away from my heart, and I felt a zeal of love take place within my heart and felt as happy as I could be.

I felt that I loved everybody in the world and by this, I knew that I had been born of God. During the time that I was in trouble about my soul, I intended when

I got religion to join the Baptist church. I did not know anything about the law concerning the joining of church by slaves, and that I would have to have a certificate from my master to join the church and that a slave had to join the church that his master said.

Now my old master believed in the Methodist doctrine, but did not belong to any church, and when I wanted to join the church he would not let me unless I joined the Methodists.

Now, this was the first "cross" that I met with after I embraced religion, so I was at a loss what to do. I did not believe in the Methodist doctrine fully, and it was very deeply impressed upon my mind to try and preach the gospel and I knew that I could not become a preacher unless I belonged to some church. Finally I came to the conclusion to join the Methodist church.

So to do the best that I could, I went to old master for a certificate to join the church. He gave the certificate, but forbade any preacher baptizing me by immer-

sion. So I joined the Methodist church in November, 1841, and the preacher, whose name was Roberts, baptized me by pouring, in August, 1842.

I started to exhorting at a prayer meeting held by the members in my old neighborhood. The old members of the different denominations would meet there in an old school house called the Bolus school house, every Thursday night, by permission of the owner of the school house, whose name was Richard Cornelison.

The old people encouraged me to go forward exhorting, and the old Baptist ministers, Edmond Martin, Bob Irvine, Sam Jones, Henry Boggs, Zephimiah Rhodes; and Phelan Jones a Methodist minister, all welcomed me and encouraged me to go about with them and open meetings and exhort some in 1844. I was licensed to exhort by a white Methodist preacher by the name of South. I first joined the church at Bethel meeting house in a great revival held by preacher Roberts. After Roberts left, South was appointed his successor.



In 1852 I was licensed to preach by a white Methodist preacher by the name of Johnson. I lived in the Methodist church until 1856. After I was compelled to join the Methodist church I tried to live up to its rules and obey its doctrines the best that I could. I tried to make an honest Methodist preacher, but the more I read the Bible, according to my belief of its interpretation, I found I could not make an honest Methodist preacher. I could not think that there wasn't but one external baptism, and that was by immersion. I could not believe in the doctrine of falling from grace. I could not believe that infants were scriptural subjects for baptism, according to the scriptures.

Old master died and I had fallen into the hands of Mistress Hannah Campbell her lifetime, so I finally concluded that I would join the Baptist church, for my old mistress had desired to join the Baptists in old master's lifetime, but he had kept her from so doing for twenty years, so I knew she would be willing for me to join the Baptists. She gave me a certificate and

I joined the Richmond colored church under Jacob Bush, in October, 1856. Jacob Bush baptized me in the Baptist faith. At that time he was a slave of Phelan Bush, of Clark county.

In the last of August, 1857, my church sent me to the Tates Creek Association for ordination. At that time, under the law of slavery, a council of colored ministers could not be called to ordain a preacher. It had to be done by a council of white ministers, and you had to get a certificate from your owner, as you could only be ordained by their consent.

I was examined by a council of white ministers, at the white association upon my faith and qualification, and finding me qualified they ordained me.

The council was composed of J. W. Broaddus, Larue Creed and Walter Chenault. On the third Sunday in June, 1858, I was called pastor of the United Baptist Church, colored, of Richmond.

#### CHAPTER IV.

I must now say something about

shifting my home. I lived at the old home where I was born, from 1823 until 1854. I had never been hired away from that old home but two weeks in all of that time. But old master died in 1857, then there came trying times. My mother, father, brothers, sisters and my sister's children and I, were all advertised for sale. Now, a great many of the white people of our county didn't believe it was right for a colored slave to be allowed to preach, for fear they would persuade the other slaves to run away to the free states.

As I was a preacher it was thought that I would have to be sold to the highest bidder, and there were many threats from the slave traders that they would buy me and send me South.

I was greatly troubled at that time and the only refuge to which I could flee was to take it to the Lord in prayer. I asked Him to protect and shield me from the vengeance of my enemies.

David Campbell, one of my young masters, with whom I had been raised, and who was a great friend of mine, knew that

I was in trouble and that I did not want to be sent away from my old home and family and friends. He talked to his mother about my troubles, and old mistress sent me word by him that I need not be troubled about being sold at the sale. For I was the first slave child born to her, and that I was first nursed from her breast, and that she was going to take me as a part of her thirds, and that no man should ever have me as long as there was health in her body. That gave me a great deal of relief and caused me to believe that there was a reality in prayer to God.

The sale came off in August, 1851, and four of my brothers, my mother, one sister and three of my sister's children were sold. My father, one of my sisters and myself fell to old mistress. Old mistress allowed me some privileges; old master never allowed his slaves to own a horse. They might own hogs or a cow. but never a horse.

I had been preaching ten years, and often my appointments on Sunday would be eight and ten miles from home and I would

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walk that distance and preach and walk back to my wife's house the same day, and rise Monday morning and walk home to my old master's house, and make a hand equal with the other hands all the week at hard labor. But old mistress allowed me to buy a horse; that gave me great relief.

She did not keep house but two years, for her children persuaded her to give up keeping house, rent out the farm and hire us all out and she live among her children. That was a great cross to me, but it finally proved to be for the best.

My wife and children belonged to Palestine Ballard, and my white folks always allowed me to go to see my family twice a week. I concluded I could live anywhere my wife and children could, and I got Mr. Ballard to hire me.

I lived at that time twelve miles from Richmond, in the year 1854. The same year Mr. Ballard became high sheriff of the county and moved my family down to Richmond. I got him to hire me in 1855 in order that I might be with my family and I concluded that I would be a hireling as

long as old mistress lived.

The law in Kentucky at that time was so that a slave could not hire himself from his master without some one to stand between them, So I asked David Campbell to hire me from his mother, and I hired myself from him at one hundred dollars a year for eight years.

In the meantime old mistress died and I then had to be sold, but in that time I met with another cross and trouble. Mr. Ballard met with reverses and my wife and children had to be sold. His brother B. Ballard bought my wife and three of the youngest children, and for some three years I hired my wife and myself until we kept house ourselves,

As the Lord would have it, I had to be sold, but I had gained favor with Col. Billy Rhodes, who was the Commissioner of the county at that time, and he had to settle the estate of our people, and also a William White, a very rich man, whom I once thought was an enemy of mine, but he proved to be a great friend.

I bought myself at \$233, in October, 1863.

At that time my wife and I had a large family of fourteen children, of which eight were boys and six girls, and of that number eight are still living.

I shall now speak of my troubles with Mr. William White, while at my old master's. At my old master's sale William White bought my brother, Green Berry. He was my oldest brother and I loved him very dearly. It was said at that time William Berry owned nearly a hundred slaves, and also that he was a very hard master. So for this cause, I was sorry to see my brother fall into his hands, but the negro traders were about to buy him at the auction block and send him South, but the white hearers all agreed that Mr. White should have him at a certain price, and he was knocked off to him. Well, rather than see him sold and sent down South, I much preferred him to be sold to Mr. White, and he lived with him two years.

Mr. White was a man that wanted all of his slave men to have wives at home. My brother Green had a wife at preacher Stivers'. I officiated at his wedding. Mr.

White had a foreman who was one of his slaves, by the name of Irvine, and on one Friday evening Mr. White and wife were absent from home on a visit, but he had told his foreman to tell brother Green to go to his house and bring all of his clothes home, and that he must take a wife there at his home.

On Saturday evening Green came up from his master's place to where I lived, which was about a mile and a half from where he lived. My sister was washing down at the old stone spring house; my father was down there also. They sent up to the house for me to come down there, and when I went down, there sat my brother Green, and as soon as I saw him I knew from his countenance that he was in trouble and it so frightened me that I was almost afraid to ask him what was the matter. But I finally asked him and he said, "Mat I am going to run away and try to go to the free states." I asked him why he was going, and had Mr. White been beating him? He said, "no, but he is going to make me leave Samira and take a wife at



home, and I will die first before I will do it."

Now, here was a heart full of trouble for me. I knew I was a preacher and was his oldest brother, and if he aimed to go to the free states, whether he got there or not Mr. White would drop deep suspicion on me, as he knew I could read and he might believe that I could write, although I could not write any at that time, and he might believe that I had a hand in aiding him to get away ; and he being one of the richest men in our neighborhood, I knew he would be a dangerous enemy against me. I therefore began to persuade my brother to go back home and to talk to Mr. White, and try and get him out of the notion of trying to separate him and his wife, but he declared that he would never go back home again. I found that he was determined to go away, so I shook hands with him and told him that if he was determined to go, to go and the Lord be with him. There was a man by the name of Billy Hill, a slave of widow Hill, who went with him. Hill's white people had taken him when a

small boy down to Maysville to help drive stock, and Billy had told brother Green that at any time he wanted to run away to go to the free states he would go with him, for he had never forgotten the way down to Maysville.

So Billy and Green met that Saturday night and started for the free states; they started from preacher Stivers', where Green had his wife, Simara. He shook hands with his wife, kissed his baby and left.

When Mr. White came home and found Green was gone he put out a reward of \$50 for him, thinking that probably he was somewhere in the neighborhood. There was great excitement in the neighborhood looking for him, but they could not hear anything about him.

In about two weeks Billy Hill came back and told Mr. White that Green was aiming to cross the river at Maysville and to go into the free states. Mr. White dispatched to Maysville and advertised for him and they caught him. Mr. White went after him, and when he came back he said that he had sold him down South.

Sure enough, some of the neighbors thought that I had a hand in sending him away. This was a heavy trouble upon me, for I did not know at what time I might be taken away from my family and sent down the river. I took my troubles to the Lord and prayed day and night for Him to fight my battles for me.

So one morning as I was going down towards Mr. White's, I met him in the road. It was my custom in slave days, when I met a rich man to call him master. So I spoke to him and called him master, and told him that I wanted to talk to him about my brother Green, if he would permit me to do so. He said, "Yes, I will permit you just the same as if you were a white man." I said, "Master William, Green is my brother, and although we are called negroes, I love him as well as you love your brother, and I heard that you got him and sold him down the river." I took his horse by the bridle and looked him right in the face. He said, "Yes Mat, I did get Green, and I sold him to the traders, but I left it to Green's choice, whether

he would rather come home and take a good whipping, go on to his work, or be sold to the traders. He said to me that he had rather be sold to the traders, and that he had started to run away from me I would never have confidence in him again. So I sold him."

Mr. White then said to me, "Mat let me say to you that your master Bill Campbell told a lie on you. He told me that he went to Mr. James Ballard's, to your wife's house, and tracked you and Green out in the woods and saw where you had sat down on a log and saw the greasy paper where you had given him something to eat, and at the time he told me that I found that Green was a hundred miles from home. Now, Mat, Green told me that you knew that he was going to run away, and that he came to your mistress' place that Saturday evening and you begged him not to run away, but to go back home and try and reason the case with me and that you thought that would be the best for him. He said to me he was sorry that he did not take your advice. Now Mat, that will be

an honor to you the longest day you live, knowing you are a preacher and an older brother than Green, you trying to instruct him to do right and to come back home to me, as I had paid a large price for him. Mat I will be your friend as long as I live and I want you to appoint a meeting at my house and come and preach to my black people, and you shall always be made welcome." I appointed a meeting at his house and went and preached among his slaves, and he would always come out to hear me preach. Now all this caused me to still have more faith in God, and strengthened me in the belief that He was a God that would answer prayer when you pray earnestly to Him.

Mr. White thought so much of me that he bought three shares in me, knowing that I had to be sold at my old mistress' death.

On the Sunday before I was sold he sent for me to come up and preach the funeral of one of his old favorite servants. After preaching, he told me that I had to be sold at the sale next week, and asked me what

I was going to do about it. I told him I could not do anything about it, but would have to do as they willed. I further said that I had served out my old master's and mistress' time and would like to buy myself if I could get him to be a friend to me. He said that he intended to buy me himself, but as I looked to him to be a friend, he would be a friend, and said that he and Col. Rhodes, who was commissioner of the sale, would buy me out. He gave me a check on the bank for ten dollars, and came to the sale and spoke in my behalf, so all went well with me.

#### CHAPTER V.

Now, dear reader, I want to say something about my ministerial work in the year 1845.

I had been a public speaker about three years. I lived ten miles from Richmond and the church that I am pastor of now. The old colored ministers of the county concluded that they would buy them a piece of ground and build a church of their own. Among the colored people at that

time, the leading colored preachers were Edmond Martin, and Bob Irvine; and although they were Baptists and I a Methodist at that time, they took a great interest in me, especially Edmond Martin, who became pastor of the church when it was built.

The ground where the church now stands belonged to a man by the name of Tom Robinson, a colored man, whose master had set free Charles Miller, who was one of the oldest members of my church, and whose name was Robert Miller. He bought the ground for sixty dollars, but under the law at that time, slaves could not own real estate, so some white man had to be the trustee of our property. Mr. Thompson Burnam, Sr., father of Major Curtis F. Burnam, was chosen to be the trustee, when the deed was drawn. Edmond Martin had it deeded to the Baptist denomination, colored, but agreed that if all the other denominations would donate means to help pay for it, they would divide the time with them. This was some of my first public work as a minister, when I started in the

ministry.

I was appointed by the first pastor of the church, Edmond Martin, to fill an appointment for him over in Garrard county, as he was sick. I met with one of the first troubles that I had ever had in the ministry. As Jesus had said to his disciples, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely; for my sake rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." These words came before me in that trouble.

I went to fill the appointment. As I lived in the county ten miles from Richmond they sent two of the committee from town out to that meeting. Their names were John Pierson and Jordon Black. After preaching I was to make a collection for the benefit of the church, and send it to town by them.

It was a pretty day and I had a large congregation, and after preaching I made a collection of seven or eight dollars. The



people spread dinner in the church for the preachers, and while we were eating some one said that there was a white man at the door who wanted to see me. When I went to the door, a white man by the name of Jack Wily, sitting on his horse, asked me who had permitted me to hold meeting there, and he threatened to kill me if I ever held another meeting there.

A colored man belonging to George Ross, walked up at this time, his name was Cash, and told him that Mr. Billy Lackey had given the colored people permission to hold a meeting there, and we invited Madison Campbell to come and preach for us, and he is out of his own county, and don't you curse him, you curse me. Wily pulled out his knife and commenced to curse Cash. Cash got two rocks; he was a very stout man, and when I looked back, for I had gone to get my horse, and was on the horse, when I looked and saw so many men trying to hold him, to keep him from Wily, that I could scarcely see him—but I got away and did not get hurt.

I was very uneasy, for fear my old mas-

ter would hear of the fuss that had occurred at my meeting, for he was opposed to my preaching, for he did not believe a man could preach unless he was educated, and he did tell me at one time that I must not try to preach any more, but I said to him that I felt that I was called of God, and sent to preach and as I could read the Bible, I felt it my duty to try. I said to old master, that I never had sauced him in my life, and I never intended to do so and that I was not going to neglect my work in going to my meeting and I can not promise you that I will not preach any more; rather than to do so, you can give me a chance to pick my master, and you can sell me. He said he would sell me. He told my old mistress what I had said. Now my old mistress professed to be a christian, and I believed she was. She said to old master, that if he sold me because I was preaching, she would be afraid that God would send a curse upon that plantation and she would be afraid to stay on it.

Well, he never heard of the trouble I had at my meeting and he never said any-

thing more against my preaching. In 1856 I joined the Baptist church. At that time they had called the Rev. John S. Irvine as the third pastor of the church, and in 1857 the brethren saw that my influence among the people was greater than that of Rev. Irvine, although he was pastor of the church and as they wanted to rebuild the church they thought by my influence they could tear down the old log church that they had built, which was sixteen by eighteen feet, but being so small, they put an addition to it, so it was about eighteen feet square.

This caused bitter feeling between Rev. Irvine and I, as he was the pastor of the church, and I was only preaching under him, and they would always put me first in collecting money for the church, and this caused him to say harsh words against me but I bore it all and went on in the discharge of my duty the best that I could.

But after we had the brick on the ground and other material and were about to commence building, we met with another difficulty and that was this: The other

denominations forbade us taking the house down, unless we would pay them a certain part that they claimed in the house.

We proposed to them that if they would let us build peaceable we would give them a share in the new house, the same as we did in the old one. But the Calvin Baptists and Methodists would not agree to it, and sold us their share.

We employed Mr. William Caperton, father of James Caperton, to defend our suit for us, at \$50. When the circuit court came up the suit was called by Judge William Goodloe. He called for the deed and when he examined it, and found Thompson Burnam first trustee of the property, and as the colored trustees the names of Edmond Martin, who was the first pastor of the church, and John Pier-son, Adam Williams and Nelson Rodes, who were all United Baptists, and at the death of Thompson Burnam, old Mr. Burr Deatherage a white man, and a United Baptist, was appointed trustee in his place. Judge Goodloe decided that as there were no other names to the deed but the United

Baptists, that the property was ours.

We then went forward to rebuild. We built a half story brick church, thirty five by fifty feet. In 1857 the church had me ordained by a Presbyterian of white Baptists.

In 1858 we met with another serious trouble. The church concluded that they would call me as pastor in the place of Rev. Irvine, and as he had friends as well as myself, on the regular church meeting day, the third Sunday in May, they set apart that day to call a pastor. I would not go to the church, but the Rev. Irvine went. They voted for us both and I was chosen pastor of the church by a large majority. But the Rev. Irvine and his friends contended that my friends had not acted fair with them in the election and so they had quite an excitement over it. My friends and his finally decided to call a council of white brethren to decide the matter. They sent for Dr. Chenault and William Cusic. They came, and after hearing the dissatisfaction of them all, they instructed them to put it off until the next church meeting, the third Sunday in June, 1858, and that

all the members should come on that day and vote by private ballot, and both of the white brethren should be there to see that it was a fair election. This brought up a great deal of confusion among the members during that month.

My friends advised me that whatever I heard, or whatever was done for me, to hold my place and say nothing. I took their advice and did so. When the time came the members came in from all parts of the county, as our members were scattered throughout the county.

I met Bro. Irvine that morning and we decided that neither of us would go to the church that day and whatever the members decided we would abide by it; and that we would both live friendly together. So in the evening the report came that I was chosen pastor by a large majoriry.

I met with Bro. Irvine and I saw at once that he was very much confused and I tried to console him the best that I could, but he became so dissatisfied that he left the church and joined the Methodist church. The next year the church sent me as a

messenger to the Tates Creek Association, and I was very sorry to have to report in the letter that Bro. Irvine had left the church because I had been called as its pastor. But a little while after, he became dissatisfied in the Methodist church and came back to join the Baptist church again. He had said some very hard words against a number of the members and they were not willing for him to join our church. At that time our church was very strict in enforcing its rules and one was, that a member must be excluded or received by a unanimous vote. He made an effort twice to join and they refused him. I finally sympathized with him and went to work among the members who were opposed to him, and told them that it was a dangerous thing to stand in the way of a member when he had made a christian acknowledgement, and I was afraid God would be displeased if we refused to take him in, so when he came to join again they accepted him.

I must now give you some idea of my work as a minister when I was a young

man.

In 1844, when I was a member of the Methodist church, I began to preach at a church called Bethlehem meeting house. The Methodist preacher whose name was Armstrong, liked me very much and he would open the doors of Bethlehem church and invite me to come and preach for him. I would walk from my wife's house to Bethlenem, which was about eight miles, and preach once a month unless it was very cold weather.

I held meetings there for ten years and during my preaching there a great number of converts were added to the church, but as I was not ordained I was not allowed to baptize any one, but I was allowed to open the doors of the church and receive members and report them to the white Presiding Elder and he could baptize them.

Finally the Methodists held a quarterly conference and decided that as I held meetings there so regularly and had taken in a great many converts that they would allow me to assist the Presiding Elder in baptizing the candidates for the colored



people, for often some of the colored people would prefer baptism by immersion.

Frequently the white neighbors would become dissatisfied with the meeting in the neighborhood and threaten to break it up. But Mr. Armstrong, who lived in the neighborhood would come and preach with me. Finally some wicked person finding that they could not break it up in no other way, set fire to the church and burned it down. But the Lord always provides a way for those who put their trust in Him. "Many sorrows shall be to the wicked, but they that put their trust in the Lord, mercy shall compass them about."

I still had an invitation to preach down in the neighborhood known as Estill Station. Old Mr. Wallace Estill had a slave by the name of Hissie Estill, that he thought a great deal of, from the fact that Hissie's father, Monk, belonged to some of Mr. Estill's relations. It was said that in the time of the British and Indian war, Monk went with his master to the war and when he was killed Monk carried his dead body to the American camp so

that the Indians could not scalp him. From this fact, when Monk came back to his old home his white people always thought a great deal of him and respected his children, although they were slaves. Hissie had become a christian and had joined the church and his white people always allowed him to have meetings at his house, so I held meetings at Hissie Estill's some ten years.

In 1858 I held a protracted meeting in the neighborhood of Hissie Estill's, but regularly at Miss Sallie Yates'. The meeting became so interesting that the white people all over the neighborhood became interested in it that they opened their doors for us to hold meetings. From that protracted meeting I baptized 150 candidates. The meeting commenced about October and closed about Christmas.

While a great number of the white people were in favor of the meeting there were others who opposed to it and it was often said among some of them that Mat Campbell was running the negroes crazy and that the neighbors had better buy him from

his old mistress and send him down the river. But God always stood by me and I paid no attention to the threats that were made but continued to preach on to the best of my judgment. At that time I was hiring my time from my old mistress and paying her one hundred dollars, (\$100) a year. I was working for Alexander Tribble. I hired to him in order to be with one of his slaves, whose name was David Tribble, a man of God, and one that I loved. I shall have occasion to speak of him hereafter.

One night while meeting was being held at Miss Sallie Yates', one of Mr. Tribble's slave women professed religion. Her name was Hester. She went home that night and the next morning she was overcome by the spirit of God. She went into Mr. and Mrs. Tribble's room praising the Lord and telling them that the Lord had converted her soul. Mrs. Tribble became angry and said that I was running the negroes crazy.

I went home the next morning and found Mr. Tribble very angry. He said that his

negroes must all stop going to that meeting and if I did not stop the meeting I would have to quit working for him. I did not say anything to him but went and tried to hire to another man. A day or two after that I met him in his pasture and asked him what I had done that he should talk to me as he did that morning; and if I had not worked for him for nearly a year and if at any time I had neglected my work to go to my meeting? He said no, and that I had always made him a good hand and that he had nothing in the world against me; that he had hired me by the month and I was often called away to preach the funeral of the colored people who died in the neighborhood, and when he settled with me he never charged me for the time I had lost. But he said his wife did not understand the way the negroes got religion and that she was angry that morning and that she was the cause of him speaking to me the way he did that morning.

I could not baptize any candidate without a certificate from his master. The church at Richmond, of which I was pas-

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tor, was the only church that I had under my control and all who joined my church had to join at Richmond.

About this time there was great confusion in the country about John Brown being hanged at Harpers Ferry for trying to free the negroes. And a great many of the slave holders were opposed to the colored people joining the church at Richmond for fear that in meeting there with the town negroes they would hear something about freedom and put mischief into their heads and cause trouble.

Finally the leading slave holders of the neighborhood held a meeting at Richmond to take into consideration what was best to do in the matter. Some suggested that they put out sentinels all through the county and send the leading negro preachers down the river and keep the negroes close at home.

Some of the better thinking slave holders suggested that it would be best for the masters to give their slaves certificates and let them come to town and join the church. They thought that would be the best way

to keep the negroes quiet. They all agreed upon that and I received 150 certificates from the owners of the slaves, and in May 1859 I baptized at the first baptizing fifty-seven. There was said to be present at that baptizing over seven thousand people, white and colored, and from time to time I baptized in Mr. Bronston's pond some two thousand five hundred candidates.

In 1863 after I had bought myself (my wife and three children belonged to Tiberius Ballard), I hired my wife and kept house in Richmond. At that time the war was going on and they were drafting men into the army. I did not feel like going into the service and I did not feel like taking arms to kill my fellow-man. Neither did I care to run any risk of being killed.

Mr. B. Ballard, who was a Union man, was chief clerk at the government post in Nicholasville. He wrote to me and said if I would come over there and bring my wife and keep house for the clerks he would insure me \$500 a year. I thought as all men had to go into the government or have something to do with it, I preferred to go

in that way.

I took my wife and children and moved over there and we kept house for the clerks for 14 months. They found the money and we kept a table for them and served such things as they liked to eat. I hired in the service for from thirty to thirty-five dollars a month. The law was that a slave in the government service was to have half his wages, so my wife got half her wages and her master the other half.

While there I became very popular among the colored people and officiated in the Baptist church there for fourteen months. My wife would bake cakes and pies and sell them to the soldiers. At the end of fourteen months we accumulated six hundred and sixteen dollars.

We came back to Richmond in April 1865. I purchased a home with the money and am living in it at the present time.

In 1866 all the slaves were emancipated. I then began my hardest work in the ministry with brother David Tribble, whom I met in 1849. At that time I lived in the Methodist church and he was a Baptist.

But we took a liking to each other and whenever I had an appointment within his reach he would be there with me.

In 1854 I moved to Richmond from the country. We became associated together more frequently and when I joined the Baptist church the third Sunday of October 1866, our friendship became more closely cemented. We were then worshipping in a little brick house in Richmond of which I have spoken before. We concluded that we would build some churches in the country in different parts of the county. My idea was to try and build a church in the neighborhood where I was born and reared, so that my people in my old neighborhood could see some of the work that I had done for the cause of Christ. Bro. David Tribble and I went up in that neighborhood and held a meeting and sought where we could purchase land and build a church.

Mr. Ben Terrill, who lived in the neighborhood, and an old acquaintance of mine, heard through the colored people that I wanted to purchase a piece of ground on which to build a church, so he sent for me



and when I went he said that as I had preached for his colored people in days of slavery, and although he was not a member of any church, he liked me and if I was trying to do good for my people he would sell me one acre of ground for one hundred and eight dollars.

I appointed a monthly meeting there which was one mile from my old home and eleven miles from Richmond. I went about in the neighborhood and preached from one place to another and collected money to pay for the ground and to build the church. Everywhere I went to preach David Tribble was with me and he was also one of my leading deacons at Richmond. We soon got the money and paid for the ground and built the church, a box house twenty-five by forty feet, and we named the church, the New Liberty church.

I preached at that church until 1873 and baptized during that time one hundred and twenty-five of its members. In the neighborhood of Kirksville there was a thick settlement of colored people and they asked me to come down and preach for

them and help build them a church. I put Bro. Sidney Shearer, a young preacher that I had ordained from the Richmond church, as pastor of the church at New Liberty, and Bro. Tribble and I appointed a meeting down in the neighborhood of Kirksville and began to preach and raise money to build the church.

Mr. George Kennard, a very wealthy white man, owned four or five acres of ground below Kirksville. There was a pretty grove on it and he said that if I had a stand or platform made there I might hold meetings there as long as I wished, and we did so. The white people of the neighborhood were generally wealthy and they said they would not have a negro church built in Kirksville. But I continued to preach there and raised money enough to purchase ground to build a church upon and I gained favor with some of the wealthy white people. Among them Miss Kitty Haynes, Mr. Wade Walker, who was an old acquaintance of mine; also Messrs. Doc Tevis, Chrisman and Anderson Jones.

Mr. Jones sent me word one day by Hulet Smith, who was one of the deacons of the Kirksville church, that he had three acres of ground close to Kirksville that he would sell for \$200 an acre. As Hulet Smith and John Smith wanted to buy homes for themselves, I told them that if they would buy an acre apiece for themselves I would buy an acre for the church. He notified Mr. Jones of the same, and he and his wife came to Richmond and gave us a deed for the land and we payed him for it.

We built a frame church on the land, thirty-five by fifty feet, and named it the Mt. Pleasant church. We built it in 1873 and in 1875 we dedicated it. The dedication sermon was preached by Elder I. Slaughter, of Danville, and Rev. Ruben Lee, of Georgetown.

Now, by this time the members of the church in Richmond began to become dissatisfied with their old church and thought that as God had blessed us and we had come to be free people, and as the church was too small for our congregation, we

thought of building a larger house in which to worship.

When I became pastor of it, it consisted of 175 members, but up to 1873 its membership numbered about five hundred. I went into an agreement with the members that we would rebuild the church. We raised the money and opened a brick yard and made and burned the brick on the ground. In 1874 we tore down the old house and built the new church. It is forty by sixty feet, with a nine foot basement a sixteen foot ceiling above, with a tower in front one hundred and forty feet high. The building cost about nine thousand dollars. After the building was completed Brother David Tribble and I concluded that we would build another church in the northern part of the county, on Otter Creek, about nine miles from Richmond. I went up in that neighborhood and began preaching. They had a little school house built of poles. I held meetings in that for five or six months.

I baptized some eighteen or twenty members. In 1876 I called a council at that

place, and there I organized a church and named it the Otter Creek Baptist Church.

During my ministerial career up to this time I have baptized about three thousand persons. Up to the time in which I now write, I have pastored the Richmond church for thirty-five years, and during that time I baptized at the New Liberty church for seven years; at Kirksville for twenty-two years, at Beattyville, in Lee county, and at various other places in this county.

We met in council with a number of messengers from other churches in this and other counties, and organized a district association. We had formerly belonged to the South District Association. It was a very large association and it met at Keene, Jessamine county, Kentucky, in July 1875.

Some trouble arose in the association about the Independent Baptist church at Lexington. The First Baptist church of Lexington accused that church of holding open communion, but failed to bring sufficient proof that they did hold open communion.

Elder Peter Johnston, pastor of the Nich-

olasville church, Elder Isaac Slaughter, pastor of the Danville church, Elder Cary Smothers, pastor at Goodloe's Chapel and I, and also others, were opposed to the exclusion of the church from the Association, unless they brought positive proof that the church had set aside the Baptist doctrine. But after a days' discussion, and amid a great deal of excitement, they succeeded in getting a majority and excluded the church from the association and also took the case to the general association that convened at Louisville the same year. They aimed to have it excluded from the general association, but we brethren met them and defeated them and the church continues up to this time.

We brethren on the south side of the Kentucky River thought best to organize an Association to take in a portion of the mountain counties. So at Kirksville, Ky., in 1873, we organized what is known as the Mt. Pleasant District Association. There I was nominated a candidate for Moderator to preside over that body. In that session I was elected Moderator by a

unanimous vote. I have been elected as Moderator of that body, or Association, for seventeen sessions. When we organized that Association it numbered ten churches, now it numbers twenty-four churches. I was also in the organization of the South Elkhorn District Association, the same association that we came out from. Elders Monroe, Braxton, Thomas and Bell, all of Lexington, and myself, with Elders R. Martin, of Frankfort, R. Lee, of Georgetown, met in council in 1868 and organized the South Elkhorn District Association. In 1892 I was elected Assistant Moderator of the General Association; it met in my church at Richmond. The membership of that body numbered 60,000 at that time. In 1893 the General Association convened at Harrodsburg. Being wearied by the work of the week as Assistant Moderator, I was again elected Assistant Moderator and was also appointed to preach on Sunday morning to the Association. The house was filled to its utmost capacity and it being very warm, especially as it is in August, I tried to preach a very

lengthy sermon, and at night was taken very ill. As God would have it, my dear wife was with me, and she with the help of the ministers got me home. I lost my speech and did not recover it for five months. The physicians said that I suffered from a stroke of apoplexy. They said that I had been preaching so long (over fifty-one years) and studying so hard that my system had run down.

On the 13th day of March, 1894, my dear wife departed this life and left me lonely indeed. I comforted myself with the last words she spoke to me, they were: "That she was going to die and Heaven would be her home."

## CHAPTER VI.

I shall again trespass on your kindness, dear reader, by going back again to some more of my work in the Divine Service of the Master. I preached three years in the neighborhood of Waco, Madison county, in a little school-house that the white people had given us to preach in, and I baptized a good many members out there. This was about the year 1857.



I also preached seven years at Bethlehem meeting-house, in Madison county. This was while I lived in the Methodist church, although I was not ordained at that time, but was permitted to open the doors of the church and receive members. I seemed to be so earnest at work in the service out there that the ministers of the white Methodist churches would call on me to help baptize their colored members, as they all preferred to be baptized by immersion. They would say the ceremony and I would plunge them under; as it is up to this date, I have baptized about 3,500 souls.

I will now give you a few more of my experiences in preaching the gospel.

“Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely; For my sake rejoice and be exceeding glad, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.”

About the year 1846, I went over into Garrard county to a Mr. William Lackey's school-house to fill an appointment for old

Bro. Edmond Martin (who was the first pastor of the Richmond United Baptist church) and to collect money to pay for the first church we built. After I was through preaching and had collected some money, the sisters had some provisions spread on the ground for us to eat and while I was eating a white man by the name of Jack Wyllie came in to the crowd and inquired for the preacher who appointed the meeting there. I stepped out of the crowd and told him that I did. He asked me who gave me leave to appoint a meeting there. I told him that I was out of my county and the people here sent for me to come and hold meeting. He began to curse me and said if I appointed another meeting there my life was his. This was the first time I was ever interrupted in holding meetings. There was a colored man, an acquaintance of mine, in the crowd who took my part in the matter and threatened to whip the white man if he did not stop cursing me. The white man had the colored man arrested, but as we were all peaceable and quiet in our meetings

there, and as the white man had started the quarrel, the colored man's master had the case dismissed.

“Cast thy burden on the Lord; He shall sustain thee,” “He shall never suffer the righteous to be removed.”

The second trouble that I encountered, although it was averted by the mercy of the Lord, was at Waco. On my usual Sunday for holding services we met as accustomed to do and proceeded to hold services. The Sunday previous to the one now mentioned some colored men had sold whiskey and otherwise created disturbances. On the Sunday morning spoken of previously, three white men, by name, Pete Ellis, a negro trader, Tom Ellis, his brother, and Tom Dudley, all of the same neighborhood, got together and decided that they would whip the preacher and that would break up the Negro meeting. I did not know their intentions and for what they had come to the meeting. I took my text from the 5th chapter of Paul's letter to Rome, 8th verse: “Therefore as by the offence of one, judgment came upon all

men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men, unto justification of life." I preached upon the fall of man, and his reconciliation to God. The three white men spoken of came in and sat down behind the door, and I thought they had come in to hear the preaching. Before I was through with my sermon I noticed that one of them was crying, and directly they all got up and walked out of doors. After preaching I extended an invitation to sinners to come forward and be prayed for; quite a number came up. Before we dismissed the meeting the brethren called for a collection for me, and the three white men all came in and put in a half-dollar apiece, and the meeting after all was a quiet one. Afterwards two of those men came to me and one of them said, "Mat, did you know you made me cry at one time?" I said no sir, I did n't. Tom Ellis then told me that he and his brother Pete and Tom Dudley, had heard that the Negroes sold whiskey at my last meeting before the one mentioned, and had made a disturbance. "We all concluded

we would go to the meeting and take you and whip you, and that would break up the meeting. I said to Pete and Tom, let us go in and listen to him preach awhile, and see how and what he talks about. We went in and sat down; you took your text and soon commenced preaching. The first thing I knew tears began to run from my eyes, and as I did n't want the other men to see me crying I got up and went out and they both followed me. I looked at them and they were both crying. I said boys what shall we do? Pete said we can't do anything with that man. Tom said let us all give him a half-dollar apiece." So thus ended a trouble that would have come upon me. And the 14th verse of 14th chapter of Exodus came into my mind, "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace."

My third trouble was at Bethlehem, where I held meetings for seven years and had passed through many happy seasons at that place while a preacher in the Methodist church. It is true that I saw trouble now and then while holding my meetings

there. The white people would put out patrolers and they had threatened to whip the preacher, and his congregation, while going out there to meeting. But they had a law to go by and they dared not to go beyond that law; and that law was, if a servant was going on his way, to or from meeting, they dared not whip him, if they did whip him his master would make them pay for it. So they could not break up our meeting in that way. Poor white men would sometimes come to our meetings and go away and tell that we misbehaved, and kept bad order. So they would often threaten to indict us before the Grand Jury, break us up, then we would have to get some white man to come and stay with us and vouch for us. Old brother Mason Armstrong, a white Methodist preacher and a man that I believe was a christian and is in heaven to-day; when he would hear of any disturbance coming against us he would always come to our meeting whenever we gathered there and would preach with me. So when they found that he and I were preaching they could not break up the meet-

ing in coming to it and breaking it up.

Rev. Johns, the white circuit rider, appointed a meeting for him and me on Christmas day, 1853, and on that night some wicked person set fire to the church and burned it down. When I went out in the neighborhood and heard that it was burned it was a great disappointment to me. It was not known who did the deed, but "God shall bring every one's works into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or evil."—Ecclesiastes, 12th chapter, 14th verse.

I will now notice a fourth trouble that I had in my ministry about the year 1858. Bro. Harry Dunson and I were requested to appoint a meeting at a free colored man's house; the man's name was Jenkins Goblin, and we answered the request and went there one Sunday to preach. It was about ten miles from my house and I walked there and preached; it was not so far from Bro. Dunson's house. We had a good congregation and a good meeting. There were several white men present, whose names I have forgotten, but I be-

lieve the name of one was Lane; anyway they went off and reported that a crowd of Negroes were at old man Jenkins holding an unlawful assembly, selling and drinking whiskey; and they also told Major Bob Harris, who was magistrate in that neighborhood. He hated a free Negro; and he had a great many slaves and did not allow them to go about a free Negro. So he wrote out an arrest for all who had attended the meeting, in hopes that he could have his own Negroes whipped, for some of them were there. The constable was riding a day or two hunting up those who were present, but as the Lord would have it they did not find me, and I was very glad that he did not, for my master was opposed to my preaching anyway, but even if the constable had come for me he would not have let them whip me, because he did not whip his slaves and would n't have allowed others to do it. But Ephriam Moberley had some slaves that went to that meeting, and several others also, who had slaves that attended the meeting, sent to town and employed a lawyer to attend the trial



and see that their slaves had justice. They summoned the two white men to the trial and they could not prove that there was any whiskey drunk or sold; neither that there was any trouble among the colored people, all that they could say was that there was preaching, and they shouted, sang, and kept up a racket; so they dismissed the case. When I heard of this I considered that the Lord was on our side, and that He had saved us from the hands of those who hated us and had redeemed us from our enemies.

## CHAPTER VII.

I will now say something about my work in the General Association. Directly after we were organized into a General Association the brethren thought that they ought to have a High School in the State to educate the young ministers and make them more fitted for their work in the pulpit and church, and also to train their daughters for teachers and the higher purposes of life. About 1870, the Association met in Paris, Ky., and it was there I think, that the As-

sociation resolved that it would appoint a committee to look for a site for the college. The committee reported, when the Association met again, that they had found a location at Frankfort, Ky., the name of the place being Fort Hill. I do not remember the price paid for it. Some time after that the Association met in Richmond; the Association then decided that the site did not suit them, and that they would sell that and buy somewhere else. This was in 1878. The committee appointed to look for a location reported favorably for a location in Louisville and they empowered the trustees to buy a house with about three acres of ground attached to it for \$13,000; and in 1879 I was appointed one of the members of the executive board. The business of that board was to arrange plans to raise money all over the State, and out of the State. I continued a member of the board four or five years. After we had established the college I visited them often and used my influence in both my churches and all through the county, and the brethren concluded that I had worked

so earnestly and faithfully to raise money for the college, and had been so faithful in the ministry for fifty years, that at the commencement in 1892, they conferred upon me the degree of "Doctor of Divinity."

I will now give my recollections and views of political affairs from as early as I can remember. The first President that I recollect was the last term of General Jackson; the next was that of Martin Van Buren. Very few of my people could read in slavery days and they knew very little about political affairs. But the old people always had it in their minds that some day they would be free, yet they could not draw an idea how it was to be. Some of them had an idea that the Queen of Morocco, had a great deal of money and she being a Queen would fetch over a great amount of money and buy them all. I remember when but a small boy, being at a corn shucking one night (the black people would meet together and shuck out a man's corn) they would spread the corn in a great long row; they would then pick out a man to be general of the corn pile, and he had a large

book, he would walk up and down the row of corn and give out the song, it would all be in rhyme, "That he had got a letter from Tennessee; That the Queen of Morocco had wrote to me, that the Negroes were all going to be free."

I was walking from meeting one day with my father and one of his neighbor men was walking with him and he said that they had heard from VanBuren, and that he said that the Negroes were all going to be set free. The next day I was walking with some white boys and I asked them who was VanBuren and they said he was the Democrat President; but the old folks had taught us children not to say anything before the white folks about freedom, and I took it for granted that the Democrats were our best friends. At that time all the black folks were Democrats, and at that time there were but the two parties—the "Whigs" and "Democrats;" but finally the Whigs gave away and there came a party known as the "Know Nothing Party." About the year 1859, there sprang up four parties—the Democrats, Know Nothing,

Conservative and Republican. All four of these parties had candidates for the Presidency. Lincoln who was the candidate of the Republican party was elected, and during his administration we were set free. Then I decided within my mind as long as that party stood as it was, that I would be a Republican; and now, although I am an old citizen of Madison county, I have many warm friends who are Democrats. I have yet to censure any man for his political principles. Several times I have been chosen as a delegate to the Republican Conventions, but I have never taken much interest in politics. I always thought that preaching the gospel was my business and I have made it my study for fifty-three years.

I do not think it will be amiss to give my readers some idea, as near as I have remembered, the distances that I have traveled, on foot, by horse, by carriage and by railroad, to and from work as a minister of the gospel, as well as the number of ministers and deacons that I have ordained during my ministerial work up to the present time:

Number of miles traveled by walking, during my work in the ministry:

	840	miles	to	and	from	Bethlehem	church.					
	840	"	"	"	"	Todd's	school	house.				
	1000	"	"	"	"	Bethel	meeting	house				
	600	"	"	"	"	Muddy	Creek.					
	1200	"	"	"	"	Red	Lick	&	Big	Hill.		
	600	"	"	"	"	Red	Top,	The	Sta-	tion,	and	Richmond.
	1000	"	"	"	"	Various	other	places.				

6080 miles walked in days of slavery in preaching.

Number of miles traveled on horse back during my ministry:

	880	miles	to	and	from	Winchester,	Ky.	
	280	"	"	"	"	Todd's	school	house
	132	"	"	"	"	Irvine,	Ky.	
	280	"	"	"	"	Bethlehem	church.	
	1600	"	"	"	"	Bethel	and	Waco.
	308	"	"	"	"	Nicholasville,	Ky.	
	2640	"	"	"	"	Kirksville,	Ky.	
	556	"	"	"	"	Athens,	Ky.	
	2112	"	"	"	"	New	Liberty.	
	350	"	"	"	"	Otter	Creek.	

1000 miles in preaching funerals at various

places. Making a total of 9,600 miles traveled by horse.

Number of miles traveled by way of buggy, from Lancaster, Mt. Gilead, Athens, Stanford, Danville, Nicholasville, Harrodsburg, Winchester and Irvine—1,940 miles.

By way of stage to and from Nicholasville, Lexington, Harrodsburg, Irvine, Winchester, Lagrange and Georgetown—1,600 miles.

Number of miles traveled by cars in ministerial duty:

660	miles	to	and	from	Lancaster.
620	"	"	"	"	Stanford.
1968	"	"	"	"	Danville.
90	"	"	"	"	Berea.
220	"	"	"	"	Nicholasville.
272	"	"	"	"	Harrodsburg.
352	"	"	"	"	Winchester.
2880	"	"	"	"	Lexington.
240	"	"	"	"	Maysville.
320	"	"	"	"	Versailles.
148	"	"	"	"	Lagrange.
312	"	"	"	"	Georgetown.
610	"	"	"	"	Frankfort.

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1200	miles	to	and	from	Louisville.
960	“	“	“	“	Covington.
600	“	“	“	“	Owensboro.
520	“	“	“	“	Hopkinsville.
416	“	“	“	“	Bowling Green.
406	“	“	“	“	Springfield, O.

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14,300 miles traveled by railroad in the ministry.

I have ordained and licensed the following ministers in my churches during my pastoral care of these churches:

Ministers ordained, from Richmond,	-	12
Licentiates “ “ “	-	26
“ “ “ Kirksville,	-	7
“ “ “ New Liberty,		1

I sat in council in ordaining ministers at:—

Lexington . . . . .	4	Lancaster . . . . .	1
Lagrange . . . . .	1	Winchester . . . . .	1
Howard's Creek . . .	1	Paint Lick . . . . .	2
Mt. Gilead . . . . .	1	Otter Creek . . . . .	1
New Liberty . . . . .	1	Goodloe's Chapel .	1
Nicholasville . . . .	1	Danville . . . . .	2

I have assisted in ordaining the follow-



ing number of Deacons for the various churches during my pastorate:

Richmond Church.....	9
New Liberty Church.....	6
Mt. Pleasant Church.....	5
Kirksville Church.....	
Otter Creek Church.....	4
Mt. Nebo Church.....	4
Goodloe's Chapel.....	4
Norris' Chapel.....	4
Paint Lick Church.....	4
Winchester Church.....	3
Mt. Gilead Church.....	3
Jeffersonville, Ind., Church.....	3
Danville Church.....	2
Howard's Creek Church.....	2
Lagrange Church.....	3
Lexington Church.....	3
Lancaster Church.....	2
Grand total of miles rode horseback.	9,900
“ “ “ “ walked.....	6,200
“ “ “ “ rode in buggy..	1,900
“ “ “ “ traveled by stage	1,600
“ “ “ “ traveled by rail.	14,300
Grand total of miles.....	33,900

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Number of ordained Ministers.....	30
“ “ “ Licentiates.....	34
“ “ “ Deacons.....	61
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Grand Total.....	125

To my wife and I, there were born during our married life fourteen children, eight boys and six girls, who were named as follows:

JOHN DANIEL CAMPBELL,  
 GEORGE WASHINGTON CAMPBELL,  
 GREEN BERRY CAMPBELL,  
 MADISON JAMES CAMPBELL,  
 HENRY McCLANAHAN CAMPBELL,  
 CLAY CAMPBELL,  
 MARSHALL CAMPBELL,  
 WILLIAM ELDER CAMPBELL,  
 NANCY JANE CAMPBELL,  
 PARTHENIA CAMPBELL,  
 LUCY CAMPBELL,  
 MARIA FREEMAN CAMPBELL,  
 JULIA ANN CAMPBELL,  
 MOLLIE R. CAMPBELL.

Of these there are now living three boys and four girls;

I desire to relate an incident that occurred to me only a few weeks before this book is placed in the hands of its readers. The incident shows how easy it is for us to lose our bearings, even in localities with which we are perfectly familiar, and have traversed often. Not long since I started to my church at Kirksville, intending to visit Sister Millie Harris, an old friend of mine, and one who cast her vote for me when I was elected Pastor of the Richmond Church thirty-seven years ago. I found Sister Harris badly afflicted and suffering a great deal. I abided with her until after supper, and then started for Kirksville. Through some mistake of mine, when I came out of the lane I turned to the left, when I should have turned to the right. After riding awhile, I found my mistake, and in trying to right myself, I only became more bewildered than ever. Finally I unhitched my horse and wandered around, first here and there, during which time I lost my hat, saddle-pockets, and blankets. After a long search in the dark I found my hat and blanket, and wrapping

myself up in it, I concluded to pass the night the best I could. I managed to keep warm by constant walking, but suffered greatly from the cold as I had in walking around got into a branch and wet my feet, but being comfortably clad, and with my bear rug, I managed to do very well. In the morning I found my saddle-pockets about twenty yards off where I had also dropped my lap-cover. At the break of day I started on to Sister George Denny's, and there remained until Saturday, when I continued on my way to Kirksville.

After having served the Kirksville church for twenty-two years as pastor, I resigned at the last church meeting in 1895, and expect to preach my farewell discourse the second Sunday in January, 1896.

Before closing the history of my life I desire to make mention of a fact that has largely interested my friends, both colored and white, during recent years, that concerns my second marriage. Now, while I deem that an event of strictly a personal matter, alone, still owing to my work and influence here for so many years among my

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people and friends of the other race, I have deemed it necessary to mention it.

On the 13th day of March, 1894, I lost in the person of my wife, a friend, tried and true; one who had shared in all my trials and vicissitudes, and joys as well, through all the long years of our life together. She was truly wife, friend, and the love of my younger days, and I lack words even now, to express what happiness, what comfort I owed to her. Her death, you can well imagine, left me desolate, almost comfortless, and at the time, no thought came to me of ever re-marrying. But one to whom the comforts of married life are known, and then to miss these comforts, has felt a void that is difficult to bear. So after due consideration I determined to marry again.

Mrs. Roxana Moberly, widow of John Moberly, found favor with me. She was a woman of excellent character and of some degree of education, having at one time attended Berea College. She was a member of my church here in Richmond and a consistent christian, and a great worker

both in the church and Sabbath school. After a thorough acquaintance with Mrs. Moberly, I acquainted her with my views and desires in the matter, and finally we came to an agreement upon certain conditions, in regard to our marriage. The circumstances involved were as follows: I owned certain real estate in Richmond, and during the life time of my wife, she and I agreed to leave it to our children, and to make no other division of it save in that way. I acquainted Mrs. Moberly with this fact, and told her that I would give her two hundred dollars in money, as a first consideration, as after my death I did not wish the conditions of my contract with my wife, in regard to our children broken, and neither did I wish my children to interfere with any provision I might make for her in event of my death. We further agreed, in case our mutual relations grew more and more congenial, that I would add to what I had already promised her, but would not be bound by contract in regard to *that* matter.

Lawyer A. R. Burnam drew up the con-

tract for me, and I then took it to the County Clerk, and he sent his deputy with the contract to Mrs. Moberby. He read it to her and she signified her willingness to abide by its contents, and signed, and I signed it also. In our agreement I said to Mrs. Moberly: You, according to your mother's statement and your own, are thirty-four years old; and I am nearly seventy-two. I am not getting old, but am already an old man, and you must consider well the disparity of our years; and after due consideration, for we have still four months yet before the contract closes, if you cannot abide by it you can withdraw from it.

She said she loved me well enough to marry me and to take care of me as well as she could, and I told her I would make her a good husband, and do all I could for her. Well, we married, and for a month we lived very happily together, at the end of that time I made over to her \$200 that I had in the bank, and she invested it in the improving of her property as far it went. Shortly after that time I became aware that she was dissatisfied and I inquired of her what was

the cause of her dissatisfaction. She said that she did not love me as she thought she did. I thought that perhaps she would get over it in course of time, but she did not, and finally she asked me to divorce her. I told her she could consult a lawyer and if she could get a divorce to do so, that I was not going to leave the house; she might do so if she wanted to but I would not. She consulted a lawyer, and he told her she could not get a divorce as long as I remained in the house. She acquainted me with that fact and asked me if I would not go home and leave her. This was certainly painful to me, as shortly before we had received the congratulations of my friends, both white and black, all over the state, and then taking into consideration my work here as a minister and a man of many years work, my position was indeed an embarrassing one.

During my stay at Mrs. Roxana Campbell's, I gave her \$1.50 a week for every week I stayed there, furnished the provision for us both, and also gave her \$40 over and above the \$200 I gave her. I treated



her in every way as a man should treat his wife, and did all that I could to make her happy. Finally she locked me out three nights, and I had to seek shelter with my children. During my long life of many, many bitter experiences, this was the greatest cross that had ever fallen me to bear, and it came upon me with crushing effect, and with it my weight of years, it is wonderful how I have borne up under it as well as I have. Surely God has let the light of His countenance, and the strength of His grace rest upon me. Many, many thoughts came to me about just what to do in the matter, and I was sorely perplexed. I had only a few personal effects at her house. She was living in her own house during this time.

Matters were brought to a close by the following incident: I had to go to my church at Kirksville and I went down to the house and got my suit of clothes that I usually wear when going to my church; while I was gone she gathered up my effects and put them out upon her porch and a neighboring man passing by saw them

there and told my children about my things being out on the porch and I went and got them myself, and only spoke to her to ask for a note that I had given her to put away for me. I have come to the conclusion that she had deceived me, in as much as she consulted a lawyer in regard to a divorce and when she found that she could not get one as long as I lived in the house; her conduct in locking me out in order to force me away that she might get a divorce, only confirmed within me the fact that she had deceived me, and had only married me for a money consideration, and not for any regard she might have had toward me. Such are my opinions or ideas in regard to the matter, and I have not yet had any occasion to change them. I would that an occasion might come for I like to think good of all and evil of none. I gave the matter many prayers and thought that I was not the first man that had ever been deceived by a woman, and that I would leave it all in the hands of God. I know not whether we will ever live together as man and wife again, but this much I leave

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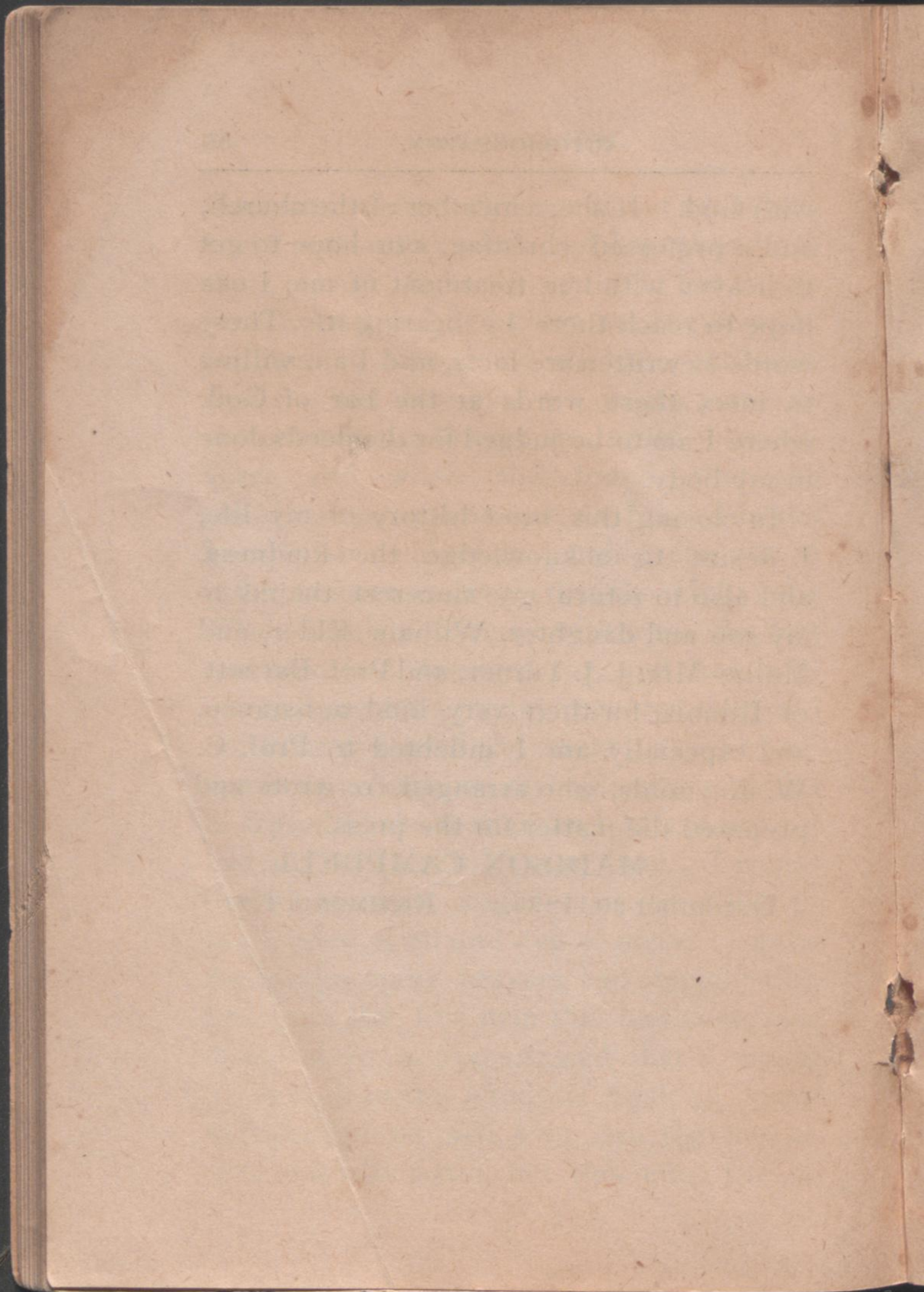
with God. If she, a member of the church, and a professed christian, can hope to get to heaven with her treatment of me, I can hope to reach there by bearing it. These words as written are facts, and I am willing to meet these words at the bar of God, where I am to be judged for the deeds done in my body.

In closing this brief history of my life, I desire to acknowledge the kindness, and also to return my sincerest thanks to my son and daughter, William Elder, and Mollie—Mrs. J. J. Turner, and Prof. Barnett, of Illinois, for their very kind assistance, and especially am I indebted to Prof. C. W. Reynolds, who arranged, re-wrote and prepared the matter for the press.

MADISON CAMPBELL,

December 20, 1895.

RICHMOND, Ky.



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