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CENTENNIAL

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SALEM CHURCH

PRESBYTERY OF BLAIRSVILLE.

NOVEMBER 10, 1886.

CENTENNIAL  
OF  
SALEM CHURCH  
PRESBYTERY OF BLAIRSVILLE.

November 10, 1886.

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## EXERCISES.

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WEDNESDAY, November 10, 1886, was a memorable day for Old Salem Church, Presbytery of Blairsville. Its Centennial was to be celebrated. Though the rain fell steadily most of the day and the roads were very muddy, the house was filled with members of the congregation, with those who had worshiped here in former days, or with their children and with friends. A number of ministers and their wives were present: Rev. Dr. Donaldson, Rev. Jas. Davis, Rev. Dr. Hill, Rev. Dr. Hamilton, Rev. Dr. Ewing, and their wives; also, Rev. Dr. Allison, of the *Presbyterian Banner*; Rev. S. S. Gilson, of the *Herald and Presbyter*; Hon. J. R. McAfee, of the *Tribune and Herald*, Greensburg, Pa.; Rev. W. B. Carr, Latrobe, Pa., and Rev. J. M. Barnett, of Washington, Pa. Dr. Ewing, the pastor, presided. Hymn 569 was sung; the Scriptures—Ps. cxxxvii. and lxxxiv.—were read by Mr. J. B. Dunlap, a son of the church, now in his second year at the Western Theological Seminary, at Allegheny, Pa.; and prayer was offered by Dr. Donaldson. Hymn 651 was then sung, and Rev. J. M. Barnett read the history of the congregation. This history was written chiefly by his father, John Barnett, when in his eighty-first year, in 1876. A letter from Rev. J. P. Fulton, a former pastor, was read, and then recess taken for dinner. The dinner, because of the rain, was spread in the church, and, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances, was most excel-

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lent—many saying it was among the best they had ever eaten on an occasion like this, and others saying it was the *best*.

After dinner, Hymn 575 was sung, and addresses made by Dr. Allison, Rev. S. S. Gilson, Rev. James Davis, Dr. Hamilton, Dr. Donaldson and Dr. Hill. Letters were read from Rev. N. McConaughy, a son of the church, and Rev. D. R. McCaslin, a former pastor. The interest was unabated; but the gathering shadows admonished the pastor that this delightful occasion must close, and after a few words of congratulation by him, the Doxology was sung, and the benediction pronounced by Dr. Donaldson.

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# HISTORY OF SALEM CHURCH:

FROM ITS ORGANIZATION TO JULY 4, 1878.

By JOHN BARNETT.

Revised and Brought to the Present by JOHN M. BARNETT.

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS ago, the region where we dwell in safety and comfort, enjoying all the blessings of civilized life, was but a partially subdued wilderness, in which the wild and murderous savage occasionally lurked, lying in wait for the white man's scalp. From these hills and across these valleys reverberated the whoop of the Indian, the midnight howl of the wolf, in concert with the wild scream of the owl, making the night hideous with their unearthly cries. Log cabins dotted here and there the surface of this region, though many of them were nothing more than a shell—the roof of clapboards held down by weight poles; without either loft or floor, except Mother Earth, and scarcely furnishing shelter from the pelting storm or protection from the ravenous wild beast. Along with each cabin were a few acres of land, reclaimed from the forest and brought under cultivation; part was used for garden, part for potato and part for flax patches. These furnished most of their clothing and provisions, with additional supplies secured from the forest for themselves and their stock.

The first settlers were principally Scotch-Irish, from the North of Ireland—a hardy, industrious and moral people, among whom the Presbyterian element largely predominated. Having built their log-cabins as best they could and begun to feel a little comfortable in them—

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though some had kitchen, dining-room, parlor and bedroom all in one—they began to think of religious services. The want of the living ministry among them was greatly felt. With a view to supply this want, they selected a location near the center of Derry Township, in a depression at the southern base of a hill called the "Sugar Loaf." This depression was shaped something like an amphitheater, rising abruptly on three sides and open toward the southeast. A good frame tent was erected, and a large number of logs laid for seats; an aisle was left up the center, in which was laid a hewn log raised sufficiently high to serve for a Communion table, and on each side a log for a seat. Here in summer and in fine weather, with living green and azure sky for tapestry and canopy, and with feathered songsters chanting their songs, it was a very pleasant place to worship. A large number could be accommodated, and it was frequently used, even after a building had been erected, for Communion services.\*

† This became the meeting-place for a large congregation. A small building of squared logs was soon afterward erected and made quite close, and a stove was put in, making it very comfortable; but it was quite too small to accommodate the congregations. It was afterward called the "session-house." A church was organized here to which the name of "Salem" was given. The name means peace; a house of peace, perfect peace. Oh, that this church might never prove herself unworthy this name!

Before the close of the last century, a large and substantial log edifice was built, 70 x 40 feet in dimensions, and capable of holding from 600 to 800 people. It was built after the style of the second set of churches west of the mountains. There were three lengths of logs on each side, the middle section projecting two and a half or three feet on the outside, with a like recess inside, and connected with the end sections by short cross-logs. The foundation was stone, the floor good, and the cracks between the logs "chinked" and daubed with lime mortar. At first there were no seats, but in time seats were put in; some of hewn logs, some of sawed plank, with posts mortised in at the ends and middle and with broad rails or boards for backs. An aisle ran lengthwise of the building, from door to door, which was used for Communion purposes, the tables being placed in it; and an

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\* The writer remembers being present at this tent when the Communion was administered by Rev. Robert Lee and Rev. Samuel Tait. Mr. Thomas Barr, a licentiate, was also present. It was in 1812 or 1813, before a call was made for Mr. Lee.

aisle led from the front door to the long aisle. In time, a pulpit was put in at the side opposite the front door; it was old style—high and round, the floor five or six feet above the church-floor, with a sounding-board overhead. In front of the pulpit was a similar, but lower, inclosure for the clerk or precentor. These were made with paneled work and both ascended by stairs with banisters, and all painted white. In front, extending to the long aisle, was a paneled inclosure, unpainted, called the "square," for the use of the elders, chiefly on Communion occasions. Tradition says the whole cost fifty pounds. This building stood on the southwestern slope of "Sugar Loaf Hill," and was used in this condition for more than thirty years. The title to the site does not seem to have been obtained for a number of years after the building was erected. The records at Greensburg, Book XIV., pages 167-168, show a deed from Jean Taylor (widow), of Salem Township, Westmoreland County, Pa., to Uriah Matson, Hugh Culbertson, John Gallaher, William Sterling and James Guthrie, Trustees of Salem Congregation. The tract conveyed to them, in trust, was five acres and allowance—a parcel of ground including the church, tent, graveyard, etc.—and was part of a tract owned by Samuel Donald, deceased, sold by the Sheriff to Benjamin Allsworth, who conveyed it to Jean Taylor. Benjamin Allsworth and John Barnett were witnesses, and the deed was acknowledged before John Barnett, July 3, 1819, and recorded November 20, 1820.

At this time there was no other church in Derry Township, nor for a considerable distance around, of Presbyterian or any other denomination. The nearest churches were the Presbyterian Church of Unity, in Unity Township; of Fairfield, in Fairfield Township; of Congruity, in Salem Township (without a building); and of Ebenezer, in Indiana County. The towns of Blairsville and Livermore were not yet in existence. In New Alexandria there was no church; so that the old log church of Salem was the pioneer, and, in one sense, the mother of the two dozen or more churches of various denominations now occupying the same bounds. This building was occupied, winter and summer, for years; though it was only a shell and without means of heating, and the roof so open that the snow often came in. The congregation, with a hardihood and devotion perhaps unknown to us, would sit through a long service and bear patiently the biting cold and frost. In a Communion season, during the pastorate of Rev. Thomas Davis, he was assisted by Rev. Wm. Speer, of Greensburg. On Monday the day was very cold, and the snow, forced by the wind

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through the crevices in the roof, fell like a sprinkling of frost on the people. After the devotional exercises, the preacher put his hat on and kept it on till the last prayer; at the close, he gave the people some wholesome advice in regard to their house, which was not lost. In the spring of 1832, the building was thoroughly renovated. The outside was weatherboarded, the walls plastered and overhead ceiled, new seats put in, and the woodwork painted white, at a cost of \$617—making a neat, comfortable and attractive house. To furnish heat, three large wood stoves were put in, with all the flues meeting in a large drum in the center. This did not work well and was abandoned, and the pipes taken up the roof. To meet the expense, the pews were sold at auction to the highest bidder, subject to an annual rental, the amount of which was marked on the end of the seat. This latter was for the pastor's support. The total amount realized from the sale of the pews was \$671.37½, sufficient to meet all expenses. The highest bonus paid for a pew was \$28, and the lowest \$5.50. Several long pews were occupied by three families. No. 57 was sold to John Barr, John and George McWhirter for \$15; No. 59 to James McClure, James Guthrie and James Baird for \$18; and No. 60 to Zebulon Doty, Thomas Culbertson and John Barnett for \$25.

Early in the year 1848 a boy, while kindling the fire, filled the stove with shavings, and the strong draught carrying them blazing to the roof set it on fire, and in a very short time the flames were uncontrollable. We may imagine the sorrow and grief of the gathering congregation on that Sabbath morning, at seeing their venerated sanctuary a prey to the devouring flames. Around it had clustered the memories of more than half a century; and those of us still living, the remnant of the old congregation and of Salem's palmiest days, look back upon that old building, the sanctuary of our fathers and of *our youth*, with more than ordinary interest. The people did not sit down and repine over their loss; but that same year, as the tablet in the front gable shows, went to work and erected the present brick edifice on the site of the old building, dimensions 45 x 55 feet, at a cost of \$1,900. This house, though much smaller than the former one, was sufficiently large to accommodate the congregation, now reduced by emigration and the organization of other churches on its borders. During the erection of the new building, services were held a part of the time in the small frame building called the "session-house," and part of the time in the barn of Mr. John Robinson.

The date of organization of the church is hard to fix. Rev. N.

McConaughy writes: "My information was received from Matthew George, who gave 1786 as the year, and mentioned that his mother was baptized the day of its organization or near that time. He says that my great grandfather, James Thompson, was the chief one in securing its organization; and that his former pastor, Rev. Mr. Craighead, in the Conococheague settlement in Franklin (or possibly Adams) County, came on to organize the church, and baptized his mother, who was born in 1782." The first mention of Salem occurs in the minutes of the Redstone Presbytery, as follows: "At a meeting held at Pigeon Creek, Tuesday, ye 15th of August, 1786, a supplication from Unity and Salem Congregations for supplies and liberty to present a call to Mr. Hugh Morrison, Jr., or any other belonging to Donegal P.b.y, was brought in and read" (Published Volume, p. 24.) On the next day the record says: "The P.b.y, upon deliberation, find yt it is not in their power to make any appointments on the Sab. to Unity and Salem Congregations, as all the members have already as many appointments as they can fulfil before our fall meeting." Permission to call Mr. Morrison was refused, because Presbytery was not satisfied as to his character. Here Salem is spoken of as a congregation, and the inference is fair that it was already organized.

Almost all the old congregations are spoken of in the same way. They first appear on the minutes of the Presbytery as asking supplies. The next mention of Salem occurs at the meeting of the Presbytery at Mt. Pleasant, April 15, 1788. Mr. Power was appointed the fourth Sabbath of August to preach and to ordain elders. He was appointed at the same meeting along with the session of Salem, to take evidence in a case then pending before the Presbytery. This occurring four months before he was to ordain elders, proves there was a session already, and strengthens our claim that an organization existed prior to August 15, 1786. Frequent supplies were sent subsequent to the call made for Mr. Morrison, Jr. A call was sent to Presbytery April 21, 1789, from Unity and Salem for the services of Rev. Joseph Patterson, but it was declined. April 20, 1790, a call was sent from Salem and Unity for Rev. John McPherrin, which was accepted; and September 22d of the same year on the farm of James McKee, in the bounds of Congruity, the four congregations of Salem and Unity, and Congruity and Poke Run assembled, and Rev. Mr. McPherrin was installed pastor of the two former, and Rev. Samuel Porter of the two latter. Rev. James Dunlap preached the sermon; Rev. John McMillan presided, and Rev. James Finley gave the charge. After

thirteen years of earnest and successful labor, difficulties having arisen, Mr. McPherrin was released from Salem April 20, 1803. These difficulties might and ought to have been settled, and Mr. McPherrin thought afterward they were too small to justify the separation. He had been released from the charge of Unity Congregation on the 20th of June, 1800.

Before the separation he preached on the text: "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation" (Mal. iii. 8, 9). In applying it he said, "Ye have robbed me, even this whole congregation." This soured the minds of many of his friends. I hope the curse is not still hanging over Salem.

Mr. McPherrin was a preacher of much solemnity and deep earnestness. In person he was tall and dignified, his voice strong and penetrating. He possessed a fine intellect and a strong will, and was perhaps a little inclined to be arbitrary in his rulings. During his ministry at Salem a very precious revival occurred, and large numbers were gathered into the church. It was remarkable for the accession of an unusual number of young men who entered the ministry. John, James, Abraham and Benjamin Boyd, sons of John Boyd, an esteemed elder who lived about a mile and a half west of the church; John Thompson, Elisha P. McCurdy, William Moorhead and Richard McNamara—eight in all, who sat together for the first time at the Lord's table to celebrate his dying love. Mr. McCurdy lived in the valley. Mr. McNamara afterward became notorious for his defection from the Presbyterian Church, and his active zeal in propagating the wild fanaticism of the Shaking Quakers.

Mr. McPherrin removed to Butler County, where he spent the remainder of his life. He died February 10, 1823, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Walter Lowrie, Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, was his son-in-law, and Rev. John C. Lowrie, D.D., formerly a missionary to India, and now Senior Secretary of the Foreign Board, and Rev. Walter M. Lowrie, missionary, murdered in China, were his grandsons. The pulpit was supplied by different ministers until July 4, 1804, when a call was presented to Rev. Thomas Moore, and accepted, although there is no record of his installation. He was dismissed at the request of the people, April 19, 1809. He came from New England, and was a full-blooded Yankee. The writer remembers him as a tall and rather fine-looking



man, his face smooth, his hair black and well combed toward the back of his head. When he went to preach he always carried a Bible and hymn-book with him, and when preaching he would hold the Bible in his hand with his finger inserted to keep the place. The new style of laying a written sermon on the open Bible and reading it to the people, was not introduced at that time. He had a great contempt for snakes, and when he found one he would take it by the tail and after one or two flourishes snap its head off. Dr. Smith, in "Old Redstone," says of him: "He was Hopkinsian in doctrine and theology, somewhat ultra in his Calvinism, and the prominence he gave it in his preaching. He was a very pious and valuable man, of strong, vigorous intellect, and uncompromising in his denunciations of coming wrath against sinners and hypocrites in the Church." His pastorate was remarkable for the occurrence of the revival which previously prevailed in most of the churches of Redstone Presbytery and in many parts of the country, generally known as the "Falling Exercise." In some of the churches it was not attended with much noise. Here it was otherwise. The pastor seemed to favor this; and the louder the noise, the louder his voice became, until at times he would speak almost in tones of thunder. Many were affected, and in various ways. Some would fall down suddenly; sometimes in silence, sometimes moaning as if in deep distress. Some seemed to lose their strength suddenly; some would lie for a time quiet and silent, and then suddenly become violently agitated, and appear as if overtaken by a powerful nervous affection—their muscles first becoming rigid, and their bodies, then instantly their system would relax, and they would be convulsed to such a degree that it was necessary to hold them. Deep religious interest pervaded the congregation. Prayer-meeting and preaching services were more frequent, and were well attended, and sometimes they would be continued through the greater part of the night. Persons often traveled six or eight miles to attend service, the ladies walking barefoot till near the church, when they would put on their shoes. Many were received into the church at this time, only a part of whom had been the subjects of this peculiar exercise. Many who were subjects of it went back to their former ways. The cause and workings of these paroxysms are entirely beyond the power of the writer to explain. Able, learned and pious divines have shrunk from the task.

Mr. Moore removed to Ohio, where he died many years ago. The pulpit was filled by supplies until the 21st of April, 1813, when a call

was given Rev. Robert Lee. After deliberation, this was accepted, and he was installed pastor on the last Tuesday of the following August. Rev. James Galbreath preached the sermon, and Rev. Francis Herron presided and gave the charge. Dr. Donaldson describes Mr. Lee as a tall, slender man whose thundering voice would not allow even a child to sleep in church. He was "possessed of moderate talents, was a sound theologian and an earnest preacher; he was a good farmer, could use a scythe well, and was a good harvest hand. He owned and lived on the farm now owned by the Millwood Coal Company, and occupied by Mr. Robert Ford. He was released from Salem October 20, 1819, and removed to Ohio, where he died some years ago (see Appendix). In February, 1818, the congregation was incorporated by act of the Legislature. The Trustees named in the charter were Hugh Culbertson, Robert McMillan, John Gallaher, James Guthrie and William Sterling. They were to hold office till the first Tuesday of January, 1819, when their successors were to be elected, and the elections to take place triennially thereafter.

Dissatisfaction, caused by the removal of Mr. McPherrin, still continued. Some of his enthusiastic admirers claimed that as they had turned away Mr. McPherrin, the congregation could not prosper, and instead of trying to promote peace and harmony and Christian feeling, they sought rather to stir up discord and division. Dr. Donaldson says a part of the congregation "regarded Mr. McPherrin as a very paragon and prince of preachers." By him, as a model, they would test each succeeding preacher as they heard him. Had the apostle Paul come down and preached there within forty years after the removal of this beau ideal pastor, he could have gained no higher praise than that he was "like Mr. McPherrin." April 19, 1820, a committee from the Presbytery of Redstone visited the congregation to settle the difficulty, if possible. Their success was only partial. Dr. Donaldson says: "The Lord was preparing the way for one of his servants, who was preëminently a peacemaker, to enter this most important, yet most unpromising and disturbed field." This was Mr. Thomas Davis, an Englishman by birth, with strong and peculiar accent; a shoemaker, and an elder in the Second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, probably from its organization. Because of his gifts he was licensed by the Presbytery of Redstone, February 15, 1822, when past fifty years of age. Presbytery sent him to supply at Salem on the following Sabbath, and at West Union on the next. He was

retained as supply the greater part of the summer, and on October 15th was called to be the pastor of the united congregations of Salem and West Union; and November 13th he was ordained and installed. The congregation of West Union was afterward transferred to Blairsville, and its name changed to Blairsville. At Mr. Davis' installation, Rev. Robert Johnston preached the sermon, and Rev. Samuel Porter gave the charge. The repairs to the church building already referred to, took place about ten years after the settlement of Mr. Davis. The next year, 1833, a protracted meeting was held in the early fall; the services began on Thursday and continued until Tuesday. This meeting was memorable as the last time the old tent, erected between 1787 and 1790, and at this time standing on the southwestern side of the hill, was used. The pastor was assisted by Rev. S. McFarren, of Congruity, Rev. Watson Hughes, of Saltsburg, and Rev. David Lewis, of Ebenezer. The attendance on the Sabbath at the Communion services was very large, and while the tables were served in the house, Mr. Lewis preached to the people from the tent outside. He afterward remarked that he thought he would only have a few goats scattered over the hillside to preach to, but when the people gathered he hardly missed those who were in the house. There was a deep interest manifested, but no special revival. In January, 1840, Mr. Davis wrote to the session expressing his conviction that both congregations should have preaching every Sabbath, his unwillingness to give up either congregation without the consent of all, and referring to the dangers connected with a change of pastors, and suggesting for their consideration the calling of an assistant or co-pastor. In accordance with his request, a congregational meeting was held January 29, 1840, at which it was resolved to supply the vacant Sabbaths with a view to secure a co-pastor, and a committee was appointed to confer with the session of Blairsville in regard to this object. This committee consisted of Robert Fulton, Robert McConaughy and John Barnett. On the 11th of February, 1840, they met John Cunningham, John McCrea and Matthias Lichtenthaler, committee of the Blairsville session, at the house of the pastor, Rev. Thomas Davis. After prayer and consultation with the pastor and each other, a plan of action was adopted. The whole correspondence and action are spread upon the minutes of the session; and did space permit we would be glad to incorporate them here. As a result, Mr. George Hill, then in his last year at the seminary, was invited to preach at Salem, May 31, 1840. From that time he preached occa-

sionally until the following March, after which he preached regularly. He was ordained and installed co-pastor with Rev. Thomas Davis, over the churches of Salem and Blairsville, December 4, 1841, at Blairsville. Previous to this time, several years, Mr. Davis was severely crippled by having a limb broken by a fall, which disabled him through life, but he continued his work, though at great personal suffering. While preaching, he sat in his chair. His faithful wife comforted him greatly by her constant attention and loving sympathy, but she was called home several years in advance of him, and very suddenly, as she had desired to be taken. This co-pastorate was formed in the nineteenth year of his pastorate, and greatly encouraged and cheered him. Though the two pastors differed in age, tastes and acquirements, and were men of strong convictions and decided individuality, there was never a variance or a jar in their nearly eight years' co-pastorate and intercourse. He died suddenly, May 28, 1848, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. The old log church was burned in the early part of the year. The Communion service was held in John Robinson's barn. Mr. Davis, as was his custom, preached the "action sermon" from 1 Cor. i. 23 ("But we preach Christ crucified"), addressed the communicants at the first table, and communed at the second. Exhausted with his labors, he started home at intermission, accompanied by his son-in-law, Mr. Irwin; but before he had gone half the distance, he fell lifeless from his horse; and while his people were still engaged in the earthly services, he had gone to the upper sanctuary. "Well do I wot," says Dr. Donaldson, "that when the stunning tidings reached the barn, where his youthful, filial colleague was conducting the afternoon service, he would look up through falling tears, for the descending mantle, and devoutly exclaim, 'My father! my father! The chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!'"

Dr. Donaldson describes Mr. Davis as a "plain, earnest, rather impressive preacher. Partly from dialectic peculiarities, and partly because they came from his heart, his words stuck in the memory of his hearers. In social life he was affable, genial, and very frank. He possessed, in no limited manner, a tact for dealing with persons of every stamp. This might have been inferred from his riding down successfully, at Salem, waves of commotion by which two preceding pastors had been agitated into foam, and as foam, driven away; while he held the pastorate for more than a quarter of a century—

his entire ministerial life, yet he never fondled, flattered or temporized."\*

Rev. George Hill was born in Ligonier Valley, in Old Fairfield Congregation, September 18, 1815, a grandson of Rev. George Hill, the first settled pastor in that region. He graduated at Jefferson College in 1837, and at the Western Theological Seminary in 1840. He resigned the pastorate of Salem shortly after the death of Mr. Davis, and gave all his time to Blairsville, where he still labors faithfully, earnestly, devotedly and successfully, honored and beloved by his people, who declined, a year ago, to unite with him in asking the Presbytery to dissolve the pastoral relation. The Presbytery also declined to grant his request. He enjoys the respect and esteem of all who know him and of the church of which he is an influential member. The honorary title of D. D. was conferred on him, deservedly, by Washington and Jefferson College in 1868. When Mr. Davis began his pastorate the number of communicants was 108.

During his single pastorate there were received, . . . . .	236
On examination and by letter, . . . . .	67
During the co-pastorate, on examination 58, by letter 22, . . . . .	80
Making a total of . . . . .	383

As no regular record was kept of deaths and dismissals, the number on the roll at the death of Mr. Davis can not be ascertained.

The pulpit was supplied by various ministers, among whom was John Turbit, an eccentric Irishman, a ready speaker, a good pulpit orator and sermonizer. After preaching a number of Sabbaths he pressed those friendly to him to give him a call. This was done by a minority. He pocketed the call and departed for parts unknown. After a number of years he was received into the Presbytery of Redstone on a letter from a Congregational association in the East. He remained two or three years in the bounds of the Presbytery, supplying various churches, and then went to Illinois. He asked to be honorably retired; but the Presbytery, having received satisfactory evidence that he had been deposed from the ministry by the Presbytery of Peoria, and that he had obtained standing by fraud, ordered his name to be stricken from the roll as a deposed minister and the fact to be published.

\*Mr. Davis' remains lie buried, at his own request, in Salem graveyard, side by side with his beloved wife--the only pastor whose remains Salem's graveyard contains.

A call was made April 10, 1850, for Rev. James C. Carson, of the Presbytery of Washington, but for want of unanimity it was not prosecuted. Mr. Carson was afterward called to New Salem (now Delmont), in Blairsville Presbytery, where after a successful pastorate of fifteen years he resigned his charge on account of failing health, and died July 5, 1870. During the vacancy 22 were received on examination and 5 by letter.

May 13, 1851, Rev. Reuben Lewis was installed as pastor. Rev. George Hill preached the sermon, Rev. S. McFarren, D.D., gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. N. H. Gillett to the people. He was released January 10, 1855, and removed to West Virginia, and resided at Coleman's Falls, Va., a member of the Southern Presbyterian Church, in infirm health, and died since this history was read. During his pastorate 24 were received on examination and 12 by letter.

The pulpit was supplied by Rev. James Davis, son of the former pastor, and others until Tuesday, 2d of November, 1857; when Rev. James Power Fulton, from the Presbytery of Washington, was installed as pastor. Rev. N. H. Gillett preached; Rev. A. Torrence gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. Ross Stevenson to the people. He had preached for some time as stated supply and was highly esteemed. After a pastorate of eight and one-half years the congregation reluctantly acquiesced in his request to the Presbytery, and the relation was dissolved June 16, 1866. He afterward accepted a call to Pulaski Church, Lawrence County, and for a number of years has been laboring in Harper, Kan. During the last vacancy 5 were received on examination and 1 on certificate. During Mr. Fulton's pastorate 71 were received on examination and 38 on certificate.

Rev. James R. Hughes was stated supply for six months, and occasionally until the summer of 1868, when Rev. Wm. F. Hamilton began to preach, and on the 7th of September of the same year he was installed pastor over Salem, and one week later at Livermore, each having half the time. Rev. J. W. Walker preached; Rev. S. H. Shepley gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. George Hill to the people. In consequence of impaired health and inability to perform the pastoral work devolving upon him, he gave notice at the June meeting of Presbytery, 1874, of his intention to ask release from his charge at the next meeting; but at the earnest solicitation of the people, who were warmly attached to him, he withdrew the notice. But his health not improving, he renewed it the next year, and

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the people reluctantly acquiescing, the relation was dissolved April 28, 1875.

The additions during the vacancy were: on examination 4, by letter 12. During Mr. Hamilton's pastorate: on examination 35, by letter 20.

Mr. Hamilton removed to Washington, Pa., where he was for a time connected with the College as a professor, and where he ministers to the congregation of Mt. Pleasant, in the vicinity. He wears worthily the title of D. D. conferred on him by his Alma Mater, Washington and Jefferson College. He is known and loved in Salem as an able minister and faithful pastor, and as a genial, entertaining and instructive companion and friend; and both himself and his excellent wife carry with them the best wishes of the people of Salem.

Here ends this part of the history as prepared by John Barnett, son of John, who came to this region from Hanover, Dauphin County, and assisted at the raising of the log church a year or two after the Revolutionary War.

After the pastorate of Dr. Hamilton, Salem had supplies till about the middle of November, 1876, when Mr. David R. McCaslin, a licentiate who had supplied the congregation of Bowling Green, Ky., for a year or more, began to preach, and continued till August 11, 1877, when he was ordained and installed as pastor of Salem and Derry, which had been organized in February, 1876. This relation was dissolved in December, 1883, since which Mr. McCaslin has given all his time to Derry, and continues to be the faithful and beloved pastor of that people.

Additions during the vacancy: on examination 7, of whom were baptized 4; on certificate 1. During his pastorate 18 were received on examination and 12 by letter. Eight adults were baptized and 32 children.

Benevolent contributions, in six years,	\$571 00
And Congregational, " " "	3,520 00

Though there were thirty additions in the six years, the number of deaths and removals were so many, that from 104 at the beginning the number was reduced to 94 in 1883.

Salem was again dependent on supplies, until Rev. T. R. Ewing, Principal of the Blairsville Female Seminary, became stated supply May 4, 1884, and was called to be pastor half the time April 25, 1885, and installed October 8, 1885. A year or more ago his Alma Mater, Washington and Jefferson College, relieved his people of the necessity



of calling him Mr. by conferring the title of D.D. upon him. He is an able and earnest laborer for Christ. Ten have been added on examination.

Contributions for the year ending April, 1885, . . . .	\$80 00
Contributions for the year ending April, 1886, . . . .	135 00

#### ELDERS.

The members of the pioneer session of Salem Congregation were men of energy and determination. They manifested their interest in the building up of the church by their works, giving time, talents and substance to accomplish it. No record can be found of the names of the first members of session. Among the earlier ones were John Boyd, father of the four young men who entered the ministry; John McPherrin, father of Rev. John McPherrin; Peter Wallace, for some years a member of the Legislature, and grandfather of Rev. T. F. Wallace, now of Zacatecas, Mexico, and Rev. T. D. Wallace, D.D., Hannibal, Mo.; Robert Taylor, Andrew Kinkaid, John Barnett, father of the writer of most of this history; Jonathan Doty and, perhaps, James Parr. Of the death of John Boyd, John McPherrin, Robert Taylor and Andrew Kinkaid no record can be found. Peter Wallace died February 12, 1839; John Barnett, July 5, 1825; Jonathan Doty went to the Methodists. Additions to the session were Abraham Fulton, who died May, 1835; William McQuiston, died May, 1833; Samuel Moorhead, grandfather of Rev. W. W. Moorhead, D.D., and Rev. J. D. Moorhead, who ceased to act about 1820; William Bell died in 1829; James Long died in 1864; William Barnett, son of John, ordained in September 5, 1828, died in June, 1862; Robert McConaughy removed to Northfield, O., in April, 1867, and died; Thomas Chapman removed to Illinois in 1844; James Guthrie, ordained October, 1835, died November 12, 1855; James Wallace, son of Peter Wallace, removed to New Alexandria in 1851 and since died; Robert Fulton, son of Abraham, died January 23, 1865; Alexander Craig, who died September 9, 1869; Andrew Long, son of James, and John Barnett, son of John, were ordained October 19, 1851; John Barnett died April 24, 1885; Samuel Ebbert and Robert Sterling were ordained, and with Joseph Henderson, already ordained in another congregation, were installed December, 1862. Mr. Sterling died October 13, 1877, and Joseph Henderson moved to Blairsville. James Fulton, formerly an elder in Ebenezer, Indiana County, was installed December 16, 1866, and Oliver B. Fulton, son of Robert, was at the same time ordained.



February 17, 1867, John J. Douglas was ordained. These three were dismissed to Latrobe January, 1869, and all are dead. William Sterling, brother of Robert, Archibald Dunlap and Lewis Machesney were ordained August 17, 1870. Mr. Dunlap ceased to act. and Mr. Machesney moved to Indiana, Pa., where he died June 17, 1879. G. C. Winings and Daniel C. Morrison were ordained December 22, 1877.

The session now consists of Andrew Long, William Sterling, Samuel Ebbert, G. C. Winings and Daniel C. Morrison.

#### FAMILIES.

Among the early families attending Salem and supporting it were the names of Gibson, Thomson, Pomeroy, Hill, Henry, Moorhead, Cahill, Bell, Ferguson, Gilson, Eaton, McPherrin, Jordan, Donald, Robison, Dunlap, Wallace, McQuiston, Taylor, Pounds, Cruzan, Gallaher, Campbell, Patterson, Anderson, Kinkaid, Long, Patrick, Jellison, Doty, Canaan, Parr, Gray, Snodgrass, Blair, Boyd, McGahey, Coulter, Fulton, Barnett, Hughes, Barr, Guthrie, McMillan, Culbertson, Craig, Reynolds, Irwin, Baird, Sterling, McConaughy, Russell, George, Condon, Niccolls, Laird, Knott, McClelland, Machesney, McWhirter, Morrison, and others.

But few of these names remain in the congregation now. The families have ceased to be, or their descendants are scattered far and wide over this land, and some of them are found in other lands bearing nobly the standard for Christ.

#### MINISTERS

Of her sons there have entered the ministry, John, James, Abraham and Benjamin Boyd, and William Moorhead during the pastorate of Rev. John McPherrin. James W. Knott, James Davis, son of the pastor, and John M. Barnett, son of John Barnett, during the pastorate of Rev. Thomas Davis and Rev. George Hill, D.D. Then, of those to whom Salem can lay at least partial claim, as born and baptized and partly reared within her pale, Nathaniel McConaughy, T. F. and T. D. Wallace and S. S. Gilson. John B. Dunlap, son of William, another of her sons, is in the Western Theological Seminary, in the Middle Year.

The grandfather of Rev. R. H. Fulton, D.D., Philadelphia, was an elder, and the grandfather of Rev. I. P. McCurdy, D.D., of Philadelphia, was a member of Salem Church.

(Read thus far in Salem Church, August 16, 1876.)

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## PRAYER-MEETINGS.

The members of the old session of Salem were men of faith, perseverance and prayer. They believed in the efficacy of prayer, and in the duty and obligation resting on them to keep up the worship of God in his sanctuary, and hence they kept up prayer-meetings at the church when vacant, and on days when there was no preaching. These meetings were kept up with an earnestness, promptitude and regularity, by no means equaled by their successors. Prayer-meetings were also frequently held at private houses on week-evenings, and were generally well attended and interesting.

In 1815 the General Assembly recommended that the first Monday of each month be observed as a day of prayer for missions. This was called the "Monthly Concert," and was regularly kept up till 1838, when the Assembly, "in order to secure a larger attendance," recommended that the "concert for prayer for missions" be held on the first Sabbath of every month. This was kept up while the older members of the session survived, and till the death of Mr. Davis. When the Sabbath-school was established at the church, it was held in connection with that, but finally declined and was discontinued altogether.

Until a few years since it was the custom (a custom that ought to be continued) for the minister to preach on the Sabbath previous, with special reference to the Communion. It was called the preparation Sabbath. The aim was to show the need for self-examination, to promote it, and also preparation for acceptable Communion. The Friday previous was observed as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. There was preaching in the morning and prayer-meeting in the evening, and preaching on Saturday. On Sabbath morning the sermon, called the "action sermon," was specially suited to the occasion, after which the Communion services were introduced by singing, reading of the Scripture authority and prayer, and an address setting forth the authority for and the nature of the ordinance, the qualifications required of those that would worthily partake and debarring the unworthy. This was called "fencing the tables." Then followed an address to the communicants while seated at the table and while the elements were passed around. At the close a solemn and searching address to non-communicants was made. After service there was a brief intermission and a second sermon, and preaching on Monday, with the baptism of children, contribution to Domestic or Foreign Missions and the collection of the "stipends." It was the custom with ministers to preach

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two sermons each Sabbath between the spring and fall meetings of Presbytery, and one from fall to spring.

#### SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

About the year 1823, at the suggestion of a young man, a member of Salem Church, Rev. Mr. Davis preached at the house of John Barnett, Esq., on a week-day and organized a Sabbath-school, with Abraham Fulton and John Barnett as Superintendents. Some of the teachers were John Laird, Thomas Culbertson, Samuel and William Barnett, Mrs. Elizabeth Culbertson and Mrs. Nancy Barnett. Other names are not remembered. This school was kept open every other Sabbath, when there was no preaching at Salem. During the two weeks the pupils committed as many verses of Scripture as they could memorize thoroughly, making their own selection. The school was opened with singing and prayer, then the memorized verses were recited by the pupils to their respective teachers, and reward cards distributed. One blue card with a verse of Scripture on it was given for ten verses recited, and for ten blue tickets one red ticket, and in exchange for these ten cents in books was given as a reward for each red ticket. The school was kept in a shop near John Barnett's during the winter. In the spring it was removed to a cabin not far off. It was well attended, and was the first Sabbath-school organized in Salem Congregation and in Derry Township.

In the fall of 1824 it was moved to the school-house in New Derry, where a union school was kept for many years afterward. Soon after the starting of this school a second was organized at Salem Church, with Samuel Moorhead and William Sterling as Superintendents. Shortly after this another was started in McClelland's school-house, with James McClelland and John Barnett for Superintendents; and still another in Jane's school-house. Most of these schools were discontinued, at least for a number of years, when the co-pastorate gave the people preaching every Sabbath at Salem, and two sermons a Sabbath. At the Sabbath-school in the shop three young ladies attended whose parents were strict Catholics, two of whom were noted for their ability to memorize verses of Scripture and of hymns. Sometimes in a single Sabbath they would repeat from one to two hundred verses, tiring out their teacher. Two of these young ladies afterward connected with the Methodist Church and the other with the Lutheran.

About the year 1834 a Sabbath-school was started in a school-house, No. 3, on the land of Samuel Moorhead, and was successfully carried

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on under the superintendency of Robert Sterling and John Barnett on the vacant Sabbaths for several years. The ticket system had given place to the circulating library and the Union Question Book.

A Sabbath-school was again organized at Salem in 1855, which has continued since in the summer on the days that there is preaching. In the winter distance and bad roads keep it closed.

#### TEMPERANCE.

The cause of temperance was first discussed in Salem Congregation by Rev. Robert Lee about 1818. The pastor and a few members of his church began to practice temperance in their families and on their farms. But the great majority viewed it with disapprobation, and looked upon it as a chimera of the brain, a thing never to be accomplished. It was thought by many that whisky could not be dispensed with in the harvest-field, at house-raising, log-rollings and on all occasions when help at hard labor was needed; and at weddings, vendues and social parties it was regarded as unsocial and mean not to have a "dram" to offer to those present. In many cases hands refused to work for farmers without extra wages, unless whisky was furnished. Even a lunch prepared for ministers and elders when sitting as a church court, was not thought to be complete without some stimulant. It is distinctly remembered that once when the Presbytery of Redstone met at Salem, in 1822 or 1826, and a table was spread in the old "session-house," among the refreshments on it was a bottle of whisky. When the members came around the table, Rev. Robert Johnston took the bottle with the cork undrawn and placed it under the table with the remark that that was the place for it. This ended the taking of whisky to Presbyterian lunches at Salem. There was no organization effected till during the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Davis, about 1830, when the subject was brought up afresh and an effort made to secure an organization. At the first appointment only four persons were present, Rev. Mr. Davis, Peter Wallace, Joseph Chapman and James Davis; but they were not discouraged and success crowned their efforts. A society was organized, and the members pledged to "abstain from the use of spirituous liquors as a beverage, ourselves, in our families, or giving to others in our employ, and, as a measure of prudence, to recommend abstinence to others."

This organization was kept up for a number of years, and had a goodly number of members. Almost every conceivable objection was made against it. Some said only spirituous liquors were prohibited;

"This was the poor man's drink, while the rich man could take his wine," etc. Others claimed that they "were temperate and did not need to sign any pledge;" others again would say with an air of contempt, "I won't sign a pledge, I'll drink when I please, I won't sign away my liberty." The names of but few inebriates were obtained.

At a meeting of the Society, September 13, 1833, a committee was appointed to correspond with other temperance societies in Westmoreland County, in relation to forming a County Temperance Association. John Barnett, James Sloan and John Chapman were appointed said committee. In pursuance of said appointment, circulars were sent to the other societies and responses received. Delegates from all or nearly all the societies met in Greensburg on a day designated, and a County Association was organized with Dr. James Postlethwaite, President, Hon. Thomas Pollock, Vice-President, and John Black, Secretary. This organization existed for several years, but the atmosphere of Greensburg not being congenial, less was accomplished than was hoped for. A temperance society was also organized in New Derry, in the bounds of Salem Congregation, which was well kept up for several years.

About the year 1840, the Washingtonians made their appearance. They gave a new impulse to the cause. The pledge was made more stringent, requiring "total abstinence from all that intoxicates." A few years later and the Sons of Temperance and the Good Templars came on the stage. Many thought the old organizations were not sufficiently effective, and hence they went into new organizations, which absorbed or left in the shade the old, Salem and New Derry along with the rest.

Although all the efforts that have been put forth to banish the use of intoxicating drinks by moral suasion, church censures and poorly executed legal enactments, have been only partially successful, yet very much has been done. The little seed that was sown and scattered sparingly over the country has germinated, and though of slow growth, has taken deep root and spread until it now pervades almost every corner of the land. Each new effort or new measure has had its influence in adding to and building up and strengthening the cause. It has been demonstrated that harvests can be gathered, houses and barns put up, logs rolled, corn husked, and all kinds of labor done, weddings celebrated, and social parties conducted, as well and better without alcoholic drinks than with them. The public mind has been in a measure disabused of its errors. The common use

of alcoholic drinks, aside from intoxicating effects, has been shown to be not only useless but injurious. Many inebriates have been reformed and are now earnest workers in the cause. Peace and comfort and happiness have been brought to many families. Much has been done, but much remains yet to be done. The hydra-headed monster is busy marshaling his forces, consisting of numbers, wealth, strategy, appetite and influence, to perpetuate the use of alcoholic drinks; while the indications are that God has been surely, though slowly, preparing the way, step by step, from the first inception of the temperance cause, for the final overthrow of the liquor traffic, and that in his own time it will come.

#### CLOSING WORDS.

But few changes have been made in the history, these chiefly verbal. There has been little to record since. That little has not all been as encouraging as is desirable. And yet, there is no reason for discouragement. The territory is indeed greatly reduced in size, the population has changed very much, and the membership is much smaller, but there is still a good working force, especially if Wesley's maxim is made the rule, "All at work, and always at it." Though former pastors are gone, there is still an undershepherd, earnest, able and faithful, to break the bread of life. And though the fathers are gone, many of the children and others are here to take their places. I am glad to read this history to-day, though my contribution to it is so little. This is the church of my fathers; here they worshiped God, and their bodies sleep close by; hither my youthful feet were taught to come; here I confessed Christ, and from the sacred walls of that old log building, I went to college and preparation for my life work.

As we return to this celebration, how gladly we greet those from whom we have been separated for years. How the memories of the past come back; the faces and forms and characteristics of those that are gone are before us. Their deeds, their trials and their triumphs, we recall them with gratitude. We would imitate the fidelity to duty and devotion to the church which animated the fathers and mothers that sleep with the generations that are gone.

It is said that during the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Lee, Esquire Kinkaid, on his way to church, saw an emigrant traveling on the old Frankstown road. He went on to church and consulted with Esquire Barnett. They concluded that such a violation of the Sabbath law ought not to be permitted, and mounting their horses they overtook

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the man on Donnelly's (now Beatty's) hill, and made him rest according to God's **Commandments**. Though it cost labor, they did not neglect the sanctuary. My father lived four or five miles from the church, and the roads were not the best, yet no one ever thought of staying at home from church because of heat, or cold, or storm. My father told of going to church in the sled. The house was full to overflowing and quite a number sat in their sleds about the doors (which were open), during the service, and he among them. When asked if he was not cold, he said: "No; I sat between two fleshy women and was quite comfortable."

They loved their church. A former pastor writes: "I think it is a characteristic of the children of Old Salem Church, that they love and cling tenaciously to their ecclesiastical mother. Old Father Pounds used to say, 'My father took me by the hand and led me to Salem, and I intend to go there as long as I live;' and true to his purpose he went, till called up higher." As the end was coming near, after expressing her love for the dear old church, mother said, "Don't give up Old Salem."

Sometimes discouragement has weighed heavily on some hearts, and some have been almost ready to say, "Close these doors;" but hope has sprung up again and new effort has been put forth. God's word comes to cheer and encourage: "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." The faith and prayer, the toils and sacrifices of the fathers, bore fruit in the past and are still bearing fruit. We have entered into their labors, and recount their deeds, that our hearts may be encouraged in the right. Psalm lxxviii. 4-7.

This is the decline of the year, and this will continue for a time, and then comes the spring. So we hope it may be with this dear old church, and in this hope we urge on all here, renewed faith, consecration and work. Let us all pray for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. In a letter to Dr. Donaldson, John Barnett wrote; "A due measure of the Spirit's influence is the principal thing needed to make Salem renew her youth and mount up with wings." To all who are here, we say: You start out in the new century without the hardships, the dangers, the privations and poverty of our fathers. Let your hope be in God; "wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord" (Psalm xxvii. 14).

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## AFTER-DINNER REMARKS.

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Rev. James Allison, D. D., of *The Presbyterian Banner*, being called on, said :

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I consider it no small privilege to be permitted to be here to witness the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the church of Old Salem. The gentleman who came to my office, when I was absent, and left a pressing invitation for me to be present on this occasion, and who afterward wrote to me, saying that he would meet me at the station and carry me to the church, did not do as he promised, but he did what was better—he got married and brought his wife to take part in the festivities of this occasion.

In looking back, one hundred years seems to us only a short time, but what wonderful changes have taken place during that period. Then the people composing this congregation were on the very border of civilization. The massacre at Hannahstown had taken place only a few years before. The immense country westward was an unbroken forest except in a few spots. The only English-speaking people resident in that broad expanse were collected in and around forts. The people here were not altogether free from anxiety lest the Indians might yet plan and execute another invasion. Your ancestors were exposed to toils, privations and dangers, such as are altogether unknown to those who now go to the extreme limits of the Northwest, the West and the Southwest. Then there were no turnpikes, canals, railroads, telegraphs or telephones. Books were few; there were no religious newspapers and no public schools. But those grand men and women accepted the situation, fought the battle of life bravely and left their descendants a priceless heritage. Let their names, virtues and deeds be in everlasting remembrance.

What changes have taken place! Population has passed onward across the Mississippi, has leaped the Rocky Mountains, and has planted farms and villages and reared cities along the Pacific Coast. All over that wide territory are cultivated farms, thriving villages, growing towns and large cities, while the sound of the church-going bell is heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. Since this church was organized the Constitution of the United States has been framed and adopted; Louisiana, Florida and California have been acquired; we have had the War of 1812, the Mexican War and the War of the Rebellion; and slavery tried to destroy the Government and was itself destroyed.

In the meantime, the comforts and conveniences of life have immensely increased. More work is done, and less time and toil are employed in doing it. The people have better clothes and dwell in better houses, while the children have better means of education. The farmers have better barns, better stock, better agricultural implements, and get better prices for their products. The

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houses of worship and all the appliances for Christian work have been greatly improved. Such a thing as a cabinet-organ was unknown one hundred years ago; and if one had been suddenly brought into this church then, and had been made to utter its sweet sounds, there would probably have been evoked music that, to say the least, would have abounded in discords.

And the Church has not only made progress along with everything else, but has also gone in advance. All our Bible, tract and missionary societies have been organized since this church was planted. Then there was only one communicant in the evangelical churches of this country, to every fifteen of the population; now there is one to every five. At that time there was only one evangelical minister to every 2,000 of our population; now there is one to every 700. Then the Bible was printed in languages that could be read by only one-sixth of the inhabitants of the world; now it can be read by five-sixths of the peoples of the globe, in the tongues wherein they were born. Then the number of foreign missionaries was considerably less than one hundred, while the gospel was not preached by a single converted heathen. Now there are more than 2,500 foreign missionaries, and more than 25,000 converted heathen are preaching Christ and him crucified, while the communicants brought out of the darkness of heathenism are counted by hundreds of thousands. Polynesia has 500,000 of professing Christians; Africa, 250,000; Madagascar, 300,000; Japan is rapidly becoming a Christian nation; China is learning of Christ and his salvation; and India, with its 240,000,000, has for its Empress a Christian Queen and is governed by Christian laws.

All these wonderful changes have been witnessed by the people of this church. In them you have taken part by your sympathies, your prayers and your contributions. Nay, more; from you have gone out those who have preached the gospel in different parts of this land. Yea, the gospel has been proclaimed in other lands by the descendants of those who organized this church. And the blood of its sons has been poured out in the high places of the field, that the Government might live.

God has blessed and honored you in the past; may he bless and honor you yet more in time to come.

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Rev. S. S. Gilson, of the *Herald and Presbyterian*, Cincinnati, Ohio, said he was here by birthright—was born, baptized and brought up in this church, and then transferred to Blairsville, to the care of the same pastor who, a little while before, had given all his time to that congregation. The bodies of his grandparents and parents are buried in the cemetery of this church. He stated the occasion recalled vividly the scenes of his boyhood, when he walked five miles to the church, leaving home at 8 A. M. and getting back at 6 P. M.; there were two long sermons, with a half-hour intermission. A glance over the congregation showed much change, in the death of many old members; but it was astonishing how many perpetuated the names in the fami-

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lies still connected with the church. All over the West were to be found people who had come out from "Old Salem." It is earnestly hoped the work of this old church is not nearly ended.

Hon. J. R. McAfee, Senior Editor of the *Tribune and Herald*, Greensburg, Pa., perhaps the best informed man in Westmoreland County in regard to things religious and secular in the county, was called on, but asked to be excused from speaking.

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REV. JAMES DAVIS,

Son of a former pastor, and himself having occupied the pulpit for a time, said:

"Probably I can look back farther into the history of this church than any other person present. I remember well the old log church, three sections long; with the great high pulpit, and a long flight of stairs leading up to it; the big inclosure in which the elders sat, especially on Communion occasions; while the bare walls and the open shingle roof alone covered us. I was present the day Dr. Speer, of Greensburg, preached with his hat on and gave the people a well-deserved scolding for having such a cold and open house; and the next summer they had it ceiled with chestnut-boards. It was years afterward before they had it plastered and weatherboarded, and then painted. When I last saw the old church, it was quite a neat and comfortable building. It was about the year 1826 or 1827, as I remember, that the first movement was made in the cause of Temperance in this congregation; previous to this time, the use of liquor was almost universal. I remember one occasion of visiting an old elder; a stranger was present; after an introduction, the elder brought out a bottle of whisky and, placing it on the table, said: 'There, make up your acquaintance over that;' and we did. This is but one of the many illustrations I might give of the common and almost universal use of liquor at that day. It was on the Monday after the Communion, at the close of the services, that a meeting was called, after an earnest address by my father on Temperance, and the pledge presented. It was signed by four persons—Peter Wallace, Esq., Joseph Chapman, my father and myself. The people were afraid they would not be able to get in their harvests without whisky; but some of them determined to try it, and the next harvest liquor was banished from seven farms. It is true, the friends of Temperance had to pay about twelve and one-half cents a day additional wages. At the next meeting, which was held six months or a year after, the number of signers was increased by some fifteen or twenty names. I forget the exact number. Whether as good or better work has been done since, is a matter of doubt.

"As to the church-music of that day. Well do I remember when the clerk, in his *little box* just under the front of the pulpit and about half as high, would start the tune, and all would follow. The office of clerk, or precentor, was one

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of importance, if not of profit, for he got no salary. What old person but can remember the tall form of Esquire Scott, as he stood in the box, or taught singing-school throughout the congregation in the winter; or the portly form of Major John Chapman—he was a major in the militia of that day. But they are long since gone, and very few of those who sang with them survive; and we will soon follow after.”

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REV. W. F. HAMILTON, D.D.

Dr. H. said that he felt it to be a great privilege to take part in this centennial commemoration of the founding of Salem Church. It had been an occasion of rare interest, the memory of which would not soon fade from the minds of its participants. He shared with them in all the gladness of the day. It had afforded him real pleasure to meet again the friends of former years—his old parishioners, his brethren in the ministry, and other friends. He said:

“I have listened with lively interest to all that has been said relating to the establishment and growth and more recent history of this dear old church. I say ‘*dear old church*,’ for such, I am sure, it is to many hearts. How often have I heard that feeling expressed, ‘Dear Old Salem;’ how often these precise words have fallen from the lips of one and another of its members. May the tenderness of this affection never abate; may this love never grow cold.

“In listening to what has been said to-day, I have felt anew what I have often felt before, that it is no ordinary debt of gratitude which we, of the present day, owe, under God, to the generations which have preceded us. What a noble band of men and women they were!—those sturdy fathers and mothers who first planted the Presbyterian standard in these Western lands, and those who subsequently rallied around that standard and held it aloft. Faultless men were they? We do not say *that*. Possibly many of them were too narrow; possibly some too lax in their practical life; possibly the greater part too intolerant of opposition, too self-willed, too headstrong! What else was to be expected of men with that warm Scotch-Irish blood coursing through their veins? But, withal, a courageous, self-denying, resolute, God-fearing class of people unquestionably they were! and when we think of the dangers they incurred, and the hardships they endured, and all the sacrifices they made, to establish homes for themselves and their children, and to build up schools and churches and thus possess the land for the Lord Jesus—must we not feel that no tribute of love and gratitude, which we can pay, is more than they deserve? Thanks, fervent thanks! first of all, to the God of our fathers and mothers; and then, under God, to our fathers and mothers themselves, of the successive generations, for all that we have received at their hands. May the day never come when we shall be so base as to thrust from us, and trample under foot, that precious heritage of truth and Christian privilege which they secured for us at so great a cost, and transmitted to us with their dying prayers

and benefactions. May we ever feel that that heritage is our most precious trust, and that we must do what we can to transmit it unimpaired to those who shall come after us."

Dr. H. here spoke more directly of the period of his own pastorate, the circumstances under which it was assumed, and some of its incidents and experiences; concluding, in substance, as follows:

"Before taking my seat, there is one thing I wish to add with respect to the period of my pastorate; and that is, that however there may have been at the beginning, as already stated, some grounds of discouragement, in view of the depleted strength of the congregation; and however pastoral work, from the very necessity of the case, may have been somewhat arduous; this seven-years' pastorate at Salem was, taken altogether, a very pleasant one to me—felt to be so at the time, and now lingering pleasantly in my memory. Indeed, there does not now arise to my mind anything whatever of a different character. Of course, it was my experience to pass through many scenes of sadness—to sit many times at the bedside of the sick and suffering, to minister at many a tearful funeral; these are things in which sorrow and joy are both strangely blended, and are only what must happen in every pastor's life; but what I meant to say, and what I wish to say in this public way as a testimony of honor to this people, is, that I can not now recall a single thing in their personal treatment of me that left a sting after it; I can not remember a single unkind act done to me; I can not recall a single unkind word ever spoken to me. If anything of that kind ever happened, it has faded entirely out of mind. On the other hand, I recall vividly many, very many, acts of kindness and words of kindness, and pleasant greetings and pleasant smiles. I remember, too, the substantial Christian hospitality which was so freely proffered, and which the fact of my living in the other part of the charge (Livermore) made oftentimes so seasonable and acceptable. All this and much more like it, it is very pleasant to me to remember now and to speak of it in this public way; and I am sure I shall carry the memory of it all with me to the grave. Again I thank you, dear friends, and close with the ardent wish and hope that the future of this dear old church may be one of abounding prosperity and usefulness. The Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."

#### DR. DONALDSON'S REMARKS.

In this sacred place and on this gala day, my memory is crowded with such a rush of recollections as to forbid anything like adequate expression. They carry me back to the childhood of my days; the earliest stretch of memory is full of them. Though the memorial day of good Old Fairfield preceded yours by fifteen months, I can not but think that your organization preceded ours; for that was my blessed native place. I was always taught to yield the meed of deference to age; and while I felt that the dear old church there was the most sacred spot on which my eyes had ever rested, I still felt that there was one yet a little

more sacred, west of the Chestnut Ridge. And when I remember first to have heard the words of sacred song,

"Old Salem's happy ground,"

my childish fancy imagined that if I could cross the Ridge, I would find the blessed spot just here. Every occurrence at Old Salem was full of interest to us. Though no railroads or telegraphs then carried tidings, our interest seemed to give wings to whatever of importance was transacted here. We soon became acquainted with it, and it became the theme of our household talk. Your pastor, elders, and prominent events were all familiar to us. Your first pastor, Rev. John McPherrin, was known to me only by tradition; for as your history, just read, informs us, he was dismissed five years before my birth. Yet he continued so long to be the theme of interested family and neighborhood talk, that I seem to have regarded him still as our neighbor. His piety, his fervency and his zeal were regarded as things of which I had personal knowledge. By my father's family and those of the vicinity, he was regarded as one who had reached the highest round on the ladder of piety, and those who had sent him away did not hold an enviable place in our esteem. Even at the birth of my youngest brother, fourteen years after he had left, the savor of his name and goodness was so strong that McPherrin became a part of his name, and he was linked permanently with Old Salem as if a part of it.

Your second pastor would also have been known to me only in a traditionary way, if he had not afterward settled near Zanesville, Ohio; and we heard of him often as a live, active man. But he always thought that he could never have gained celebrity here, coming immediately after the prince of preachers.

The pastorate of Rev. Robert Lee followed his; and, although it was not long, my memory can recall him not only as your pastor, but also as a tall man assisting our own pastor, whose thundering voice would not allow even a child to sleep in the church. I afterward learned to look with veneration on the farm where he had lived. He, too, was dismissed, as I always thought, chiefly because he was himself and not Mr. McPherrin. Indeed, I doubted, and I still doubt, whether any preacher alive could have held this pastorate long while the memory of the first was fresh in the minds of the partial old men.

But God, who knows all men and all things, was preparing the right man for this particular place and work.

In the spring of 1822, Mr. Thomas Davis was licensed by the Presbytery of Redstone and sent to preach at this church and at West Union, then called the "Forks of Conemaugh" and sometimes the "Forks of Blacklick," which afterward, by removal, became "Blairsville;" and these churches became his charge. He was ordained in the fall of that year. Our nearest neighbor, dissatisfied at home, attended here and reported all proceedings. The discontented, uneasy feeling was not yet allayed. But the peculiar tact of Mr. Davis and his insight into human nature, together with the grace of God, enabled him for a quarter of a century, his whole after-life, to hold his place and do his commissioned work. Not only here, but in all the churches round about, he gained the reputation of an eminently zealous and useful man. About the same time that the history mentions the organization of a Sabbath-school, as I well remember, he

came over to our congregation, then vacant, and preached on a week-day at the house of Joseph Howell, in our immediate neighborhood, and organized a Sabbath-school on the same model as yours. His spirit, zeal and peculiar pronouncement everywhere attracted hearers. Personally I knew those in his own congregation who, from their fond remembrances of Mr. McPherrin, were disposed to misunderstand almost everything he did, and who would have been pleased to have him removed. I even think he could not have been ignorant of it, but his peculiar tact checked every movement tending that way in the bud and never allowed it to become general.

For individual kindness I owe him everlasting gratitude. Having been licensed by the Presbytery of Blairsville, sitting at Saltsburg, April 4, 1838, I, with my pastor and others, crossed the ferry to come by this place. Mr. Davis called to Mr. Swan to ride behind with his elder, Mr. McQuistion, while he would give some advice to "his boy;" then in a steady stream of talk all the way to the Old Salem Church, he gave me many items of practical advice, which only a man of his deep insight into human nature could give, and which I can not forget while memory lasts, and which have been of invaluable benefit to me in hundreds of cases. This, perhaps more than anything else, deepened my admiration for him and my attachment to him. But at last there came a sad day in my experience. I was in the Valley at Old Fairfield assisting Bro. O. H. Miller in Communion services, when Monday morning, before I was out of bed, William Sterling brought the tidings that Mr. Davis on the preceding day, after having preached the "action sermon" to this people, in John Robinson's barn, and communed with them, had fallen dead from his horse before reaching home, and that Bro. Hill, his co-pastor, had sent an urgent request that I should come and officiate at his funeral. Saul beyond expression, as it must be, I complied, amid a flood of recollections respecting his life and services such as I have seldom had since. It was, indeed, a sad, solemn day. When I had nearly reached home, I met Rachel Barnett, afterward my sister-in-law, then at Eldersridge Academy, and told her the sorrowful tidings; and such a flood of tears followed as I have seldom seen flow from human eyes, for, with a peculiar tenderness, she loved her pastor.

Seven years before this, shortly after the half century of Salem had passed, my good brother and life-long friend, Rev. George Hill, had become the associate pastor of this and the other branch of the charge. If anything had been previously wanting to attach me strongly to Salem Church, this would have been sufficient for this end. During this period, more than ever before, my sympathies were with Old Salem.

When Bro. Hill was gone, and the people had said, "Arise, and let us build the house of God," I began to feel an interest in another good man, such as I had never felt before—the man whose picture down here in front of the pulpit has attracted more interest and observation than any living face in the assembly, Mr. John Barnett, the builder of this house and the writer of most of the history to which we have this day listened with so much interest. His connection with this church, his work in it, and his attachment to it, through a life almost equal to its existence, can never be forgotten. His whole family caught the

infection and concurred zealously to advance its interests in every way. Well do I remember passing the building, when it was nearly ready for use, to see a little group, chiefly of women, assembled to fix up things around it; and his daughter Mary, now Mrs. T. B. Elder, coming with a great lapful of sods from a neighboring green to cover the unseemly clay that remained after the building was completed. I also recall a Fourth of July celebration in its interest, under the following pastorate, in another part of the congregation, of which she was the moving spirit.

The Rev. Reuben Lewis, formerly a classmate of mine, was the next pastor that concurred to perpetuate my attachment to Old Salem Church. Then Bro. J. P. Fulton, whose very name, abounding in the congregation, was already very dear to me, made it dearer still; and Bro. W. F. Hamilton, of whom I had previously formed a favorable opinion and whom I soon found to be an able and congenial neighbor, kept my interest from flagging. Bro. James R. Hughes, who served them for a time, for whose father, one of four ministerial brethren, I had cherished a long regard, gave an additional stamp to my concern for the welfare of Old Salem. With Bro. McCaslin I had no personal acquaintance; but his brother, Robert, having been the successor of my dear classmate and brother, Robert B. Walker, of Plain Grove, and who was then serving a charge in which, chiefly from its elevated position, it was hard to keep a pastor long, made me wish well to Old Salem under him as pastor.

But when from emigration and other causes, easier known than told, Old Salem was gradually dwindling down in numbers, I felt a painful concern for her. At this time, she obtained as her pastor one whom I had known from his very boyhood, in war-times and in his early pastorate at New Alexandria, and in his faithful presiding over that noble institution founded by Dr. Hill, and whom I am learning to call Dr. Ewing. I now began again to cherish new hopes for Old Salem. I seem to hear, as God's voice to her, "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end." When Dr. Ewing asked me to be here on this day—this good day, this blessed day, this high day of privilege—I almost felt as if he might have found something else to do; it seemed so like inviting me to my own table. God bless him and Old Salem under him.

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#### REV. GEORGE HILL, D.D.

I count it a happy event in my life to be present on this occasion. But how short a time is one hundred years. Some here have lived more than three-fourths of that time. My recollections of Salem do not run much beyond my pastorate here. I had heard of it often, for it was the custom of the fathers and mothers to come to Fairfield on Communion seasons. I will speak of my own connection with the church and what connected me with Father Davis, for almost my whole pastorate was associated with his. He was, I think, the greatest gift God ever gave to you, especially because of his power to hold

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things together. Though the congregation had been celebrated for its strife before, from the time he came no one dared to speak of the strife, not because he was tyrannical, but because he was shrewd and had tact to meet and quiet strife. Yet he was outspoken, and sometimes would speak with great plainness. I remember an instance which occurred previous to my connection with the congregation. He and his wife were at New Alexandria at the Presbytery. With their host, Benjamin Hill, they called on James Shields, where there were several other ministers lodged. Mr. H. said he had heard they talked of a co-pastorate at Salem. Mr. Davis said yes. Mr. H. said: "It won't work—it won't work?" and talked very earnestly for a while, ending nearly every sentence with "It won't work." Mr. D. sat with his hands clasped on the top of his staff, his head down and his eyes shut, till Mr. H. stopped, when he said, "It will work well enough if you, and fools like you, will hold your tongues." It knocked the talk out of Mr. H. Father Davis had a will of his own and I was credited with being headstrong; both of us had wills, but we never had a jar. There was only once when I thought he disapproved of what I did. It was when I went for six months to work for the Western Theological Seminary as a financial agent. His prudence and tact were such that they made our co-pastorate pleasant and successful. Prudence and common-sense and grace will enable any two men to live together as they ought to live. There is nothing more disgraceful than bickering and quarreling between men in our congregations.

Another illustration of Mr. Davis' wisdom and tact may be seen in an incident which I learned from his own lips: The two wealthiest men in the congregation were Squire Moorhead and Squire McMullen. The latter one day charged Father Davis with personality in his preaching, saying, "You preach half the time to Squire Moorhead and myself." After his customary pause, Father Davis soliloquized slowly: "Ten and fifteen, that makes twenty-five—twenty-five dollars;" then, turning abruptly, said: "It is a burning shame, a burning shame, that you two should get the half of my preaching and only pay twenty-five dollars for it." It was by such consummate wisdom that Father Davis suppressed many a possible trouble, and kept Salem in peace.

I did not want to come to Salem. My relatives were here and I did not think it was the place for me. I wanted to go West. I thought I would go to Iowa, when the invitation, unexpectedly, came to me to preach at Salem. Dr. Elliott advised me to accept it. I came, and my first sermon was preached May 31, 1840. I preached four times in November, forty-six years ago this month. After April, 1841, I preached regularly at Salem. On the 2d of May, 1841, I preached to thirty people here. I have an old sermon marked February 27, 1848, and this entry on it, "Salem Church was burned on this day." I preached all the summer of 1841. In the fall before the Presbytery, Father Davis told me that he had given out notice that there would be a congregational meeting at Salem on Monday week. But when I went out and preached the next Sabbath, the elders asked me to say there would be no meeting on Monday. I did so, and said also that there would be no preaching on Sabbath two weeks,



nor at any time thereafter by me. The elders asked what it meant. I told them they had heard me long enough to know whether they wanted me to preach for them or not, and I wouldn't preach here any longer. When I went to Derry to preach that night, the young people, especially, gathered round me, and there were some wet cheeks among them, especially those of Martha Barnett, who is now Mrs. Pollock.

I didn't want to settle among my relatives. My grandfather and uncles and aunts were here. The session shortly afterward sent two of their number over the Ridge to my father's to invite me back. I returned, and my relations were always pleasant with the session and the people. Sometimes I did things which everybody didn't like, but they were overlooked. When the church was burned I thought there ought to be two church-buildings, one near Mr. Alters' and one in New Derry. I concluded to go and see James Long, and if he approved I would go and see John Barnett, and if he approved it would be all right. As I went to Mr. Long's I met a man coming into town, who asked me where I was going. As I had nothing to conceal I told him, and also what I was going for. Mr. Long approved my project, and we went to Mr. Corrigan, who had a beautiful site, and he was willing to sell it. Next day I went to Mr. Barnett's, but the man whom I had met, had seen several Salem people in Blairsville, and the word was spread abroad that I wanted to take away the church from Salem. Mr. Barnett agreed with my plan, but because of the report that was abroad I said let the matter go. There was no Livermore or Derry Station then, and the Lord used this man to defeat my scheme.

This congregation had the reputation of being somewhat slow—slow in doing business. I don't know whether you would ever have gotten through if it had not been for John Barnett. He was modest, and waited and waited, but still he had to do it.

I gave the congregation a lesson once on this subject, after I had ceased to be their pastor. I was to preach for them, on invitation, on a week-day at ten o'clock. I came out, but the congregation wasn't here. I waited and waited, till it was after noon before I preached. The next time I came I preached at the appointed time, though there were only two ladies and two men and a boy when I began. The people kept dropping in during the service, and two families came in as the last hymn was being sung. I look back with great pleasure to my ministry here. It was my custom to make pastoral visits one year and catechise the next. I can remember sometimes when riding round one side of the barn to see the youngsters scooting round the other side to get out of the way.

I want to give the elders a lesson as to their duty. I stayed over night at Father Guthrie's. Next morning as we started out on our work, we passed along the road next Kimmel's. I was riding a dun horse that some of you remember. His foot stuck a moment in the tough yellow clay. When he pulled it out Father Guthrie said he had cast a shoe. Before I could stop him he was off his horse, had his sleeve rolled up, and pushing his hand down into the clay pulled out the shoe. That is an example for the elders. But I must stop.

May the Lord bless this church, and prosper you and give you many pastors such as Father Davis.

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## APPENDIX.

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### REV. ROBERT LEE.

From data furnished by his grandson, John Lloyd Lee, Princeton, N. J.

Robert Lee, son of Thomas Lee, was born in Donegal, Ireland, in 1771. When he was about six years old, the family came to America and settled in Chartiers Valley. In his twenty-third year, Robert, by the advice and encouragement of Dr. McMillan, entered the academy at Canonsburg. He was one of the first members of the Philo Literary Society. Having completed his preparatory course, he studied theology with Dr. McMillan, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Ohio, October 22, 1800. He was ordained by the same June 26, 1801, and installed pastor of Amity and Big Spring Churches in Mercer County, Pennsylvania. He was one of the original members of Erie Presbytery when erected, October 2, 1801. At the end of six years he resigned this pastorate, but for a considerable time continued to act as stated supply to various churches in the same Presbytery. In 1813 he accepted a call from Salem Church, in the Presbytery of Redstone, and was installed in August of that year. This relation was dissolved October 20, 1819. He subsequently removed to the State of Ohio, taking his dismissal to the Presbytery of Richland. Here he was pastor of the church of Ashland for four years, and was then transferred to Bucyrus. After a long and successful pastorate at the latter place, he removed to a point some miles eastward of this, where a flourishing town sprang up, which took its name, Leesville, from him. Here he spent the remainder of his life preaching constantly, and also adding to this the practice of medicine. His labors were much blessed of God, resulting in the building up of a church where he resided, and the establishment of several mission stations in the country adjoining. He died at Leesville, February 9, 1842.

The same year in which Mr. Lee was licensed, he was married to Miss Sarah Swearingen, of Washington County, Pennsylvania. They had eight children, three of whom are still living. The history of their children and the descendants of these, attests strikingly the faithfulness of God. To a large extent they have been active workers in the church. Two of the grandsons, John Lloyd Lee and William Porter Lee, are now preparing for the ministry—the former a

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student in Princeton Seminary, the latter in Macalester College, Minnesota. A sister of these expects soon to go as a missionary. The father of these three, who was born about the time Mr. Lee came to Salem, had given to him the name of the minister (Rev. Samuel Porter) who moderated the call to Mr. Lee from Salem Church. His death occurred in 1882, at his residence in Crestline, Ohio. Not a few of the other descendants of Mr. Lee have attained to positions of prominence and usefulness in secular life. To two of the grandsons, Charles M. Lee and Homer Lee, both of New York City, the public are indebted for the interesting engraving which appears on one of the pages of this pamphlet.

J. M. B.

### THE THOMSON FAMILY.

Furnished by Rev. N. McConaughy, Somerville, N. J.

James Thomson, who came from Franklin County in 1778, to the vicinity of Salem Church, and was largely instrumental in its organization, was an elder in it till his removal to Kentucky in 1793. He had nine children. First, William, whose descendants are mainly in Southern Indiana; second, Jane, who with her husband, Robert McConaughy, lies in Salem churchyard—her husband and her son Robert were elders in Salem; third, Esther and her husband, William Craig, who are also buried at Salem; fourth, Rosanna, who with her husband, George Drummond, went to Springfield, Ohio; fifth, Martha, who married Hugh Thomson, and left her descendants mainly in Indiana County, Pennsylvania; sixth, Rev. John Thomson, of Springfield, Ohio; seventh, Alexander; eighth, James Henry, whose posterity are largely in Southern Indiana; and ninth, Mary (Thomson) Hall, whose descendants are in Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio.

This family is an example of the power and perpetuity of pure Christian influences. Nearly its whole membership, now numbering many hundreds, are Presbyterians, many of them prominent in the Church; though, like their Salem ancestors, the vast majority are tillers of the soil, honest, unambitious, unpretending men and women, zealous only to exalt the great Redeemer and give glory to his name.

The most prominent of William's family was his son John, an elder in the Church, a farmer, and editor of the *Greensburg Chronicle*, now edited by his son Orville. Origen, his other son, was a civil engineer, and, like his father, an elder and a very influential man in both Church and State. Rev. D. A. Wallace, of Sannemin, Illinois, is in this branch. In Jane's branch, besides many elders, there are six ministers: Revs. Abraham, Nathaniel and Frank McConaughy, Joshua Elder, M. E. Chapin and Louis Kuhn. Three were physicians: William G. Hunter, William J. George and R. E. Kuhn. Mrs. J. E. McConaughy, wife of Rev. Nathaniel, was the author of fourteen books and over eight thousand articles for the press. In Rosanna's branch, Rev. George Tenney, Hon. William Sleeth, M. C. Lawyers: E. H. Kerr and J. T. Drummond; and T. B. Drummond, M.D. In Martha's branch were many able business men: Judge Joseph Thomson and his son Joseph M., lawyers, Indiana, Pennsylvania; John Thomson with his sons, Joseph P. and Benjamin P., merchants; Hugh

Alexander, of Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Dr. J. K. Thomson, of Marion, Pennsylvania.

Rev. John Thomson's branch gave many men to the ministry. He was himself sixty years a minister of great piety, influence and usefulness in Southern Ohio. His son James was forty-five years a minister, founder of Wabash College, though in the pastorate, and ultimately President of Mankato University. Two other sons, Rev. John S. Thomson and Rev. Samuel S. Thomson, D.D., were professors in Wabash College. Another son, Rev. William M. Thomson, D.D., author of "The Land and the Book," was nearly fifty years a missionary to Syria, still living. Another son, Alexander, is a lawyer in Crawfordsville, Indiana, forty years an elder in the Church. The husband of Rev. John Thomson's only daughter, Edwin J. Peck, President Indianapolis and Terre Haute Railroad, and an elder in the Church, gave vast sums in benevolence—\$118,000 of it to Wabash College. Of Rev. John Thomson's grandchildren, one, a daughter of James, is Mrs. Rev. Joseph W. Hancock, Red Wing, Minnesota; another is Mrs. A. N. Dukes, Peru, Indiana. Professor William H. Thomson, M.D., LL.D., son of the missionary, is professor in the University Medical College, New York City. Emma, a daughter of the missionary, is a teacher in the Missionary Female Seminary, Beyrout, Syria. Alexander's (the lawyer's) three sons are Rev. Everett B. Thomson, Rev. E. P. Thomson and Professor Henry R. Thomson, of Wabash College. T. H. Ristine and C. H. McCaine, lawyers, are in Professor Samuel S. Thomson's family.

The most prominent descendant of James Thomson's seventh child, Alexander, is Lieutenant-Colonel Chester G. Thomson, of the Seventy-second Indiana Volunteers, who made a splendid record during the war, rarely equaled as a subordinate commander on the battlefields of the Republic. He is an elder in the Church, and a very prominent business man in Lafayette, Indiana.

Of the children of James Henry Thomson, eighth child of James, Aburia was Mrs. Rev. Samuel G. Lowry. Her children were Rev. Theophilus Lowry, Professor Samuel Doak Lowry, J. T. Lowry, M.D. Rev. Austin Lowry Thomson, and Rev. E. W. Thomson were sons of William H. Thomson, and grandsons of James Henry Thomson. Rev. James H. Thomson, son of James Henry Thomson, settled in Mississippi, where his son, Hon. William Wirt Thomson, resides. Another of James Henry Thomson's sons was Rev. Samuel H. Thomson, Ph.D., LL.D., professor in Hanover College, Indiana. His son, Henry C. Thomson, is a missionary in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Another is Rev. Williel Thomson; another, James H. Thomson, Ph.D., was elected professor of chemistry; another, Heber Thomson, is a civil engineer. J. R. Swisher, M.D., is in this family. The last son of James Henry Thomson is Rev. P. W. Thomson, of Macomb, Illinois, forty years a minister. James H. Thomson's youngest daughter, Mary, was Mrs. Rev. George F. Whitworth, of Seattle. Of her seven children, John M. is a lawyer of San Francisco, Frederick a civil engineer, George a physician, Clara is Mrs. W. M. York, wife of a lawyer of San Francisco, etc.

Of the descendants of James Thomson, the Salem elder, twenty-seven have been ministers or the wives of ministers, seventeen of whom are living; ten

physicians; nine lawyers; nine civil engineers and surveyors; seven professors in the higher institutions of learning: many elders in the Church, magistrates, teachers, men of note as scholars, and in business and official life; and all, almost without exception, have been men of high character and noble Christian principle—the fruit of Christian training and a pious ancestry.

#### REV. JAS. DAVIS.

Of an incident that occurred in the early history of Salem Congregation, Rev. James Davis writes:

“Among the very many who were accustomed to attend upon the means of grace in the old church was a young man whom I knew well. He was upright and moral, and I believe a general favorite with all who knew him, but he was not a church-member. Soon after I had connected myself with the church, I took the first opportunity of speaking to him on the subject and urging him to confess Christ. ‘Well, James,’ he said, ‘I have often thought of it, and if I could find a perfect church I would join it, but here is the Presbyterian: there is old Squire M., who is generally suspected of drinking more than he ought; and there is Squire M., who is too stingy to be honest. And then there are the Methodists—but do you think I would belong to a church that had such a man as old ——— in it?’ I tried to show him that he was responsible for himself and not for others, but my words seemed without effect.

“Soon after, I left home and for some time neither saw nor heard anything of my friend who wanted to join a perfect church. During a vacation, when at home a year or two afterward, when there was considerable religious interest in the congregation, and neighborhood prayer-meetings were common, one was held at my father’s. The first person called on to pray was my old friend. A more humble, earnest prayer I have seldom if ever heard. I was greatly surprised and delighted, and as soon as the meeting closed I sought him out and said, ‘How is this that I find you among the Presbyterians? I thought you were looking for a perfect church?’ ‘Oh,’ said he, ‘James, I thank God that there is no perfect church. If there had been I would never have got into it. I thank God that they were willing to take me into this church, unworthy as I am.’

“A change of residence caused me to lose sight of my old friend, but I have heard that he became an active and useful elder in a new and destitute field.”

## REV. N. McCONAUGHY'S LETTER.

SOMERVILLE, N. J., November 6, 1886.

REV. J. M. BARNETT:

*Dear Brother*—Yours of the 2d inst. is handed me on my return from New York City this evening. . . . I am afraid I am too late for a letter to reach you before the meeting on the 10th inst.; at best, it must be hasty and brief.

I am glad to count myself a son of Old Salem Church. My admission into that church was during the pastorate of that dear, good man, Rev. Thomas Davis, and his associate, Dr. George Hill, both of whom I highly revere.

I should greatly delight to be present at your meeting on Wednesday. My best early associations cluster around that sacred place. It is associated in my memory with all that is pure and hallowed and heavenly in the morning of my life, and those who worshiped there appear to me to have been among the purest and best of all earthly mold. I can remember my reverence for Moses Fulton, as he stood with his eyes closed in time of prayer; and for your honored father, in his devout attention to that service; and for your uncle William, James Long, Robert Fulton, the Sterlings and Dunlaps, your grandfather—Mr. Morrison, Mr. Wallace, Col. Guthrie, the Gilsons, Ralstons, Ebberts, Irwins, Georges, Gallahers, Dotys, Bells, Craigs, Machesneys, Moorheads, Millers, Simpsons, Pounds, McIntyres, Robinsons, Hosacks, Hendersons, and a host of excellent people, young and old, who bore the stamp of genuine piety, and have never been surpassed, to my knowledge, as types of pure and upright character among all the multitudes with whom it has been my lot to be acquainted in my many wanderings. If there was not an extraordinary amount of enterprise and push in the bounds of the congregation, I can not conceive of any other as surpassing its quiet, gentle, honest attendants in sterling integrity, elevated purpose, and strict faithfulness in religious duty as they learned it from God's Holy Word. It was a good place to be born and brought up in, to hail from and to go back to in memory, not only of the old *men*—types of heavenly peace and harmony—but of the good old *mothers* as well, and of the young people who were raised with us there—whose pictures never grow old in my memory, and who all seem like kindred to me.

The sacred influences of that old church can never be measured; indeed, they can never be fully appreciated by those of us who drew in the solemn inspirations of the hallowed atmosphere that hung over the very hills around it, as we went up to its sacred precincts and returned from them on the Sabbath-day. God was there to meet with the solemn assembly; we felt the hush of his presence; it seemed like holy ground. It is fitting that this centennial of its organization should be observed, and note made of the blessed influences it has shed around it over the region watered by the gospel rills that flowed from it as from a fountain of living waters. May it stand long and its streams flow, its light shine, and its power for good be felt over many future generations, as the Lord of hosts shall manifest his power there in days to come.

I am sorry I can not give you some contributions to its history; but I left there while yet a youth, and my life since has been spent so far away, and in

so many checkered scenes, that I have had no opportunity of exploring the musty pages of its past and gathering up the tangled records of its fast vanishing memories. You are doing a good work in rescuing its early history from oblivion.

My grandfather and grandmother, McConaughy, sleep in its churchyard, and many others of my kindred are resting there, making it hallowed ground to me. I would be glad if my father and mother could have been brought and laid beside them in its consecrated soil. I think my grandmother, alone of all my great-grandfather Thomson's nine children, is the only one who lies buried there, after all his interest in it and devotion to it. Possibly Esther Craig, another daughter, lies there. Part of Mrs. Hemans' beautiful poem, "The Graves of a Household," was almost literally fulfilled in the resting-places found by his family; and the same is true of many a family represented there when you and I were boys:

"They grew in beauty, side by side,  
They filled our home with glee;  
Their graves are severed far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.

"The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair, sleeping brow;  
She had each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those dreamers now?

"And parted thus they rest, who played  
Beneath the same green tree:  
Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
Around one parent-knee.

"They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheered with song the hearth—  
Alas! for love, if *thou* art all,  
And naught beyond, *O Earth!*"

We shall meet the loved ones gone to heaven. The church is but a portal of the Church above. "Sugar Loaf" is but a type of the heavenly hills.

If it had occurred to me earlier, as I now wish it had, I should have prepared a letter with some fitting tribute of my regard for the old and honored church of my childhood and early manhood; the church of my fathers—dear to my heart—in which my father was an elder, and my grandfather, and my great-grandfather; and some suitable memorial of the occasion you celebrate. As it is, in response to your request, I send you these few hastily written lines, with my best wishes and sincere prayers for the prosperity of this old church, which is to me more than an *Alma Mater*, and her usefulness through another hundred years of history, under God's blessing, if it please him.

Sincerely yours in Christian love,

N. McCONAUGHY.



## REV. J. POWER FULTON'S LETTER.

HARPER, KAN., November 4, 1886.

REV. T. R. EWING, D.D.:

*Dear Brother*—Yours of the 20th ult. has been received, and I thank you for your kind invitation. I do, indeed, wish I could be present at the Salem Centennial. I would like so much once more to meet and greet the congregation accustomed to worship in that dear old church of blessed memory; and I would love, also, to linger for a little while on the adjacent hillside, among the tombs, where sleeps the consecrated dust of so many grand and stalwart Presbyterians—tombs where sainted fathers and mothers and children (some of them near and dear to us) are securely waiting until the trumpet of the Archangel and the voice of God shall wake them up to a glorious resurrection.

And so this is the Centennial of Salem Church! Since its organization one hundred years have passed away. How many and how great and how wonderful the changes that have occurred during that time! In those early days this Salem hill was the center of a widely-extended scope of country which had no other religious organizations. The families in this district were nearly all Presbyterians, and what is better still, they nearly all went to church, and they respected and honored and supported religion and the religious institutions and ordinances of the Church. Sometimes the people met at the peril of their lives. Indian savages were now and then making raids into the settlement, and hence we read of the men going to church with their rifles on their shoulders and the minister preaching with a loaded pistol at the side of his Bible. But this is something that belonged to the first period of the church's history. If we pass down to a later period we will come to the deeply interesting times and scenes about which our grandfathers and grandmothers loved to talk, and which occurred three-quarters of a century ago.

Those venerable fathers, James Long and William Sterling, Sr., who were still alive in the first part of my pastorate at Salem, used to tell me about Salem Church as it was in the days of their youth, its big congregations, its excellent meetings and glorious Communion seasons. Their conversations and recollections of these good times in Salem come up afresh to my mind with melting and hallowing influence. I can almost fancy myself, seventy-five years ago, on a bright Communion Sabbath in the month of June, standing near the oak-shaded booth, or preaching stand, which they had fixed up, and which for many years remained a little distance down the hillside, below the old log church. That primitive building, though tolerably large, would not on such occasions hold half the people. The ministers in the stand are Rev. John McPherrin, then pastor, and Rev. George Hill, of Fairfield, grandfather of Rev. George Hill, D.D., who had come to assist. And I think I see the multitudes gathering from "Dan to Beersheba," from the foot of the Chestnut Ridge and from the sides of the mountain, from Blairsville to Livermore, from Dennisonstown and from Derry—for there were no churches in any of these places—and all their people, with those in the intervening country, belonged to Salem; while families, some on foot and some on horseback, parents riding and carrying with them their younger chil-

dren, all coming with awakened feelings and expectant hearts, and ranging themselves around that tent under the shade of those old oak and hickory trees. After listening to an earnest, solemn sermon they had a brief interval, and then engaged in the services connected with the Communion. Again and again, five different times, were these long rows of tables filled with communicants who, with glad and thankful hearts, commemorated the dying of Jesus.

Oh, the sacramental seasons of those years were oftentimes precious seasons of the outpouring of the Spirit, and memorable days in the history of Salem Church.

Coming on down to a more recent date, we find the church still flourishing, though much reduced in the number of its members and the size of its congregations by reason of colonization, removals and deaths. When the writer was called to take charge of the church there was a goodly number of earnest, working Christian men and women in it. At that time the session consisted of James Long, Sr., and Andrew Long, his son, William and John Barnett, Robert Fulton and Alexander Craig. Subsequently Robert Sterling and Lewis Machesney were added. Laboring in the frontier churches of Southwestern Kansas, I often think of these men, and wish I could have, as helpers in my work, a session of such intelligent, judicious and soundly orthodox men as constituted the eldership of Salem Church. Many of the people who at that time composed the congregation have passed away. As I go back in memory and sit down in the Salem pulpit and cast my eyes around, I see before me in their customary places, as regular attendants, the families of the Longs, Pounds, Buttermores, Russells, Reeds, Robinsons, Machesneys, Barrs, McWhirters, Gilsens, Dunlaps, Sterlings, Craigs, Barnetts, Fultons, Guthries, Morrisons and many others; and when I think of the long distances and the rough, hilly roads which many of them traveled, I feel like tipping my hat and bowing before them in respect and admiration. And I can not do otherwise than commend their zeal for the house of God, and bear my testimony to the praise of their regular church-going habits.

. . . Hoping that you will have a pleasant and interesting Centennial, I remain,

Very truly and fraternally yours,

J. P. FULTON.

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#### REV. D. R. McCASLIN.

Rev. D. R. McCaslin, the pastor immediately prior to the present one, now giving all his time to Derry, after speaking of the efforts he had made to obtain desired information for J. M. Barnett, writes:

"I am very sorry I can not be with you at the Centennial. The occasion will be one of profound interest. I remember with *very great* pleasure my relations with dear Old Salem. The sacred historical associations, the characteristic

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cordiality of the people, the bright days of their prosperity and the dark days of their sorrow have left very deep and abiding impressions on my heart. I trust your meeting will be very pleasant and profitable. *Deeply sorry* that I can not contribute more to the interest of the occasion, I remain,

"Your brother in Christ,

D. R. McCASLIN."

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Rev. P. W. Thomson, grandson of James Thomson, writes January 3, 1887:

"I received from Matthew George, a great-grandson of my grandfather, and an elder in Dr. Hill's church, Blairsville, the most satisfactory account of my relations in that part of the country. He says: 'Your grandfather, James Thomson, was an ordained ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church in County Donegal, Ireland. He emigrated from there in the year 1762, settled in Franklin County, Pa., in the Conococheague settlement, and lived there seven years, when he moved to what is now Derry Township, Westmoreland County, Pa., and settled on a farm on Spruce Run, one and a half miles north of Salem Church. He was a prominent instrument in having Salem Church organized, which was done in 1786, the Rev. Mr. Craighead, his pastor in the East, officiating on the occasion. We have *traditional information* that he was one of the first ruling elders, but there is no official record of it now extant.' . . . I think I have had the impression all my life that grandfather was an elder in the Salem Church, and I am about seventy-one years old. That he was an elder in Ireland there seems to be no question; neither is there any with regard to his being one in Kentucky. . . .

"Yours fraternally,

"P. W. THOMSON,

"Macomb, Ill."

## ITEMS.

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In explanation of a remark in Dr. Donaldson's address, it is proper to state that a large crayon portrait of John Barnett was standing in front of the pulpit during the exercises.

The congregations of Blairsville, New Alexandria, Livermore, Latrobe and Derry have all been organized on the borders of Salem.

Rosanna, a daughter of Robert Fulton, is the wife of Rev. W. P. Moore, Fredericksburg, Ohio.

Rachel, a daughter of John Barnett, was the wife of Rev. W. M. Donaldson, now of Northfield, Ohio, and mother of Rev. John B. Donaldson, Hastings, Minn. Martha was the wife of Thomas C. Pollock, an elder in the U. P. Church of Fairfield, and mother of the wife of Rev. S. S. Gilson, of the *Herald and Presbyterian*, Cincinnati, Ohio. Nancy, another daughter, is the wife of Rev. James S. Elder, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Clarion, and Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Clarion.

There are other equally interesting facts in the history of Salem's pastors and people, but they are not within the knowledge of the writer, and the limits prescribed and the means at command forbid further enlargement.

Any person noticing any mistakes will confer a favor by sending corrections thereof to the pastor of Salem Church.

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