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ANNALS

OF THE

AMERICAN PULPIT;

OR

COMMEMORATIVE NOTICES

OF

DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN CLERGYMEN

OF

VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS,

FROM THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE COUNTRY TO THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE.

WITH HISTORICAL INTRODUCTIONS.

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BY WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

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VOLUME IV.
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By ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern
District of New York.

Davis as they were impressed upon me while I was his pupil. If this imperfect tribute of my respect and gratitude is worthy of a place in your proposed sketch of him, it is quite at your service.

With great respect and regard,

Your obedient servant,

S. NELSON.

JOHN GLENDY,* D. D.

1799—1832.

JOHN GLENDY, a son of Samuel Glendy, was born in the neighbourhood of Londonderry, Ireland, on the 24th of June, 1755. His parents are said to have been eminent for piety; and his mother, particularly, to have been distinguished for an uncommonly vigorous intellect. Being destined, in the intention of his parents, to the ministry, he was early sent to a Latin School, where he remained till the age of fourteen. He subsequently went to the University of Glasgow, and there passed through the regular curriculum; and, after devoting some time to Theology, was licensed to preach, and ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. On his return to Londonderry, he made the acquaintance of the Lord Bishop who resided there, and who became so much interested in him, as to propose that he should accompany him as Chaplain on a tour that he was about to make upon the Continent. This proposal, however, was accompanied by a condition to which young Glendy was unwilling to accede,—namely, that he should join the Episcopal Church. In view of this, he unhesitatingly declined what both himself and his friends regarded as rather a brilliant offer.

Shortly after this, he accepted a call from a Church in Londonderry; and at the same time, his father, who seems to have been in circumstances of affluence, gave him a house and grounds in the neighbourhood of the city. He now became united in marriage with Eliza Cirswell, a native of Londonderry, an only daughter, and a young lady of fine qualities of mind and heart, as well as of great personal attractions. For a few years, he was subject to no disturbing influence, and was eminently happy in all his relations. But at length he found there was a storm gathering, which threatened destruction to his dearest earthly interests. While the great questions of British policy in respect to Ireland, involving her condition and prospects, were agitating the public mind, and the whole population of the country were ranging themselves on the one side or on the other, Mr. Glendy openly and earnestly protested against the aggressive measures of the government, and thus made himself particularly obnoxious in high places. As his talents and standing were such as to render his influence somewhat formidable, he became a marked man to the emissaries of government, and a purpose was quickly formed to arrest his influence by taking his life. At the suggestion, and through the instrumentality, of Lord Castlereagh, with

* MS. from his daughter, Mrs. Sproston.—Obituary notices in the Baltimore papers, &c., furnished by Dr. Cohen.

whom he had been intimate in his earlier years, a troop of horse, commanded by Capt. Leith, surrounded Mr. Glendy's house, and set fire to it; and the order was given that, if he should attempt to escape by door or window, they should despatch him at the point of the bayonet.

Through the vigilant attention of some of his friends, however, Mr. Glendy became apprized of the approach of the soldiers, but had only time to effect his own escape and that of his family before they were on the ground. On finding that he was not in the house, they tracked him to a small cottage owned by a poor widow who had often been the recipient of his bounty,—whither he had fled, after consigning his family to the care of a relative who lived several miles distant. His preservation here seemed scarcely less than miraculous. The soldiers rushed into the house in pursuit of him; but he had concealed himself under a large sack which had been spread over a bedstead, and though they were within a few feet of him, he actually eluded their search. They left the place, imprecating vengeance upon him, and went forth to prosecute their search in the surrounding country. As soon as they were out of sight, Mr. Glendy fled in an opposite direction; and, after a walk of several miles, arrived at the house of his brother, thinking that, for a time at least, he might hope to be unmolested. It was but a short time, however, before the soldiery heard where he was, and forthwith directed their course to his brother's house; but were not more successful in their search than they had been before. Finding that he could not remain there with safety, he exchanged clothes with his brother, and in other ways disguised his appearance, and actually passed undetected through the crowd who were seeking his destruction.

After remaining concealed in another place a few days longer, and having become wearied and dejected from his perilous adventures, he finally resolved to surrender himself and demand a trial, though at the hands, as he believed, of a prejudiced and perjured jury. This, accordingly, took place; and though, through the intercession of some influential friends, his life was spared, he was condemned to perpetual exile from his native country. A few days only were given him to take leave of his friends, and then he was compelled to embark in an old, unseaworthy vessel, crowded with emigrants, who, with the crew, were obliged to work almost incessantly at the pump to keep her afloat. She finally put in at Norfolk, Va., in distress; and there Mr. Glendy, by request of the Captain, preached a Sermon in the Court House, (for there was no Presbyterian Church there at that time,) in behalf of the poor emigrants. The novelty of the occasion drew together a large audience, among whom were several distinguished lawyers, who were so much impressed by the service that they made particular inquiries in respect to the preacher; and, having learned something of his history, they extended a hospitable welcome to both himself and his wife, and, during a sojourn there of some months, these exiles were treated with marked respect and kindness. Mr. Glendy arrived in this country in the year 1799.

The climate of Norfolk proving unfavourable to Mrs. Glendy's health, they were compelled to seek a different locality, and, by advice of her physician, they took up their abode in Staunton, Va. As they had letters to some influential persons there, they were introduced at once to the best society; and it was but a short time before Mr. Glendy's services were put in requisition by the two Congregations of Staunton and Bethel, in Augusta County,—both of which he supplied for nearly two years. Having made

the acquaintance of Mr. Jefferson, then President of the United States, he was invited by that distinguished man to visit Washington, as his guest; and he accepted the invitation. During his visit he delivered a discourse in the Capitol, which is said to have awakened great interest, and to have drawn from the President a strong expression of admiration. On a short visit to Baltimore, he was invited to preach in the Presbyterian Church then vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Allison. He did so, and his preaching was very favourably received. He subsequently consented to be considered as a candidate, in connection with the Rev. (afterwards Dr.) James Inglis; but the election resulted in favour of the latter.

In the year 1803, a number of gentlemen in Baltimore, specially friendly to Mr. Glendy, associated for the purpose of building a new church edifice, with a view to secure permanently his services. The building being completed, the Second Presbyterian Congregation was formed, and in due time Mr. Glendy was regularly inducted as its Pastor. But scarcely had this agreeable settlement been effected, when he was cast into the depths of affliction by being bereaved of his beloved wife. She died at the age of thirty-five, on the 13th of June, 1804. The following is the private record which he made of the event. After mentioning the time of her death and her age, he says,—

“Then commenced her glorious career of life that shall never end. Though merciless death, for ten long moons, was gradually sapping all that was mortal in her constitution, yet not one murmuring sigh escaped her bosom—not one repining wish agitated her soul. Peaceful, patient, tranquil, resigned,—her conscience clear, her faith unwavering, her hope triumphant, her Heaven in prospect,—she had adieu to all her heart most dearly prized on earth,—her infant family, and her loved compeers, and in accents sweeter far than angels’ notes, she gently raised her voice, saying, ‘Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.’ As daughter, wife, mother, friend, Christian, she was all that beauty, truth, and friendship; all that religion, purity, and love, could render estimable and precious. Yes, she has gone to her Father’s House, to realize all that piety can hope, humanity wish, or Heaven bestow.”

At a later period, he was visited by other domestic afflictions in the death of an intelligent and lovely daughter of fifteen, and a very promising son,—both of whom fell victims to consumption.

Mr. Glendy was chosen Chaplain to the House of Representatives in Congress in 1806, and to the Senate in 1815 and 1816. He numbered among his acquaintances and friends many of the most distinguished men of his day, among whom were Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams, from each of whom he received marked attentions. His popular address and general intelligence, in connection with the important place he occupied, and the fact of his being an exile from his native land, gave him easy access to the highest classes of society.

About the year 1822, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Maryland.

Dr. Glendy continued sole Pastor of his Congregation about twenty-three years, when, on account of the infirmities of advancing age, he expressed a wish that he might be provided with a colleague. Accordingly, in 1826, the Rev. (afterwards Dr.) John Breckenridge became associated with him in this relation; and in a short time he yielded to his colleague

the entire charge. About two years before his death, he went to reside temporarily with a married daughter in Philadelphia, in the hope of benefiting his health; and he was about making his arrangements to return to Baltimore, when he was found to be in too precarious a state to warrant it. He died at Philadelphia, after a protracted and painful illness, on the 4th of October, 1832, aged seventy-seven years. His remains were removed to Baltimore for interment.

The following account of his Funeral at Baltimore is extracted from a letter addressed by Dr. John Wilson, an elder in Dr. Glendy's Church, to his daughter at Philadelphia:—

“It must be a subject of sincere gratification to you to hear of the strong sensation produced in Baltimore, when the news of your beloved father's death was received. Mr. M.'s letter reached me at too late an hour on Saturday evening to have it noticed in the public papers. I mentioned it at our prayer meeting on Sunday morning, and before two o'clock the ladies had the pulpit neatly dressed in mourning,—the sight of which through the day, and the tender recollections it called up, melted many into tears.

“I addressed circulars on Sunday morning to the different ministers in our more immediate connection, including Messrs. Helfenstein and Duncan, the latter of whom, after reading the notice, pronounced an eloquent eulogium on the deceased, and all of them arranged the hour of their afternoon service so as to give their congregations an opportunity of joining in the procession. At an early hour in the afternoon, the wharf was crowded, and the people waited patiently and respectfully the arrival of the steamboat, which did not get in till it was nearly dark. At the same early hour, the church was filled to overflowing—even the enclosure to the gate was one dense mass of people. They opened a way for us, and Mr. Gibson made a very appropriate address from the pulpit, and good old Mr. Williams an excellent prayer. The procession, which was long and solemn, was then formed, and an appropriate prayer over the tomb by the Rev. Mr. Phelps closed the impressive exercises. It was affecting to see, on the sidewalks, dear little girls and boys, and even women with children in their arms, walking out such a distance by moonlight, to testify their respect for the memory of the deceased.”

In 1800, Dr. Glendy published an Oration which he delivered at Staunton on the twenty-second of February, in commemoration of General Washington. This was republished in 1835, in connection with a Prayer which he offered on the Fourth of July, 1821. The Oration is a glowing production, and indicates the writer's common nationality with Curran and Phillips.

Dr. Glendy had six children,—four daughters and two sons. One son and two daughters still (1857) survive.

In the spring of 1816, I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Glendy, and hearing him preach two sermons in Dr. Muir's pulpit in Alexandria. He was there to assist Dr. M. on a Communion occasion; and the unusually large congregation which was secured by the announcement that he was to preach, was sufficient evidence of his great popularity. I well remember that, at the close of the morning service in which he had officiated, the good old Doctor, who seemed to value the popularity of his brethren a little more than his own, said,—doubtless with a view to bring back as many as he could

in the afternoon,—“Our brother from Baltimore will conduct the remaining services of the day.” It was uttered with such an air of pure benignity, and withal in such an intensely Scottish accent, that the sound seems still to vibrate upon my ears. My impression in regard to the two discourses of that day, is that they were distinguished chiefly by a lively fancy and great opulence of diction. Some of his sentences, which I still distinctly remember, were strikingly bold and beautiful. His utterance was rapid, his gesture abundant, and a sort of Irish glow pervaded his whole manner. It was evident that his style of preaching had not been formed on this side of the Atlantic. I saw but little of him in private, but enough to satisfy me that his powers of conversation were of a high order.

FROM THE REV. THOMAS B. BALCH.

WASHINGTON, April 13, 1857.

Dear Sir: I am every way disposed to comply with your request in furnishing you my recollections of Dr. Glendy; and yet I am afraid they are too meagre to be of much use to you. I had the opportunity of frequently seeing him in my earlier days, and hearing him both in the pulpit and out of it; but, though the impression he made upon me is very distinct and vivid, I do not seem to have treasured any of those striking incidents which serve perhaps better than any thing else to illustrate character. You are of course aware that he came to this country in consequence of the troubles in his own. I have always understood, however, that he denied any other agency in the Rebellion, than was implied in frankly expressing his opinion, and in showing kindness to those who were directly engaged in it. But, whatever may have been the measure of his participancy, it was made the occasion of driving him into perpetual banishment from his loved Erin Isle.

My first recollection of Dr. Glendy dates back to the year 1806, when, after his removal to Baltimore, he served as Chaplain to Congress. In the course of that winter, he officiated one Sabbath afternoon for my father at Georgetown. I do not remember the subject of his discourse; but my impression of his appearance, his manner, and the general character of the service, has scarcely yet begun to fade. He was singularly neat,—even elegant, in his dress. His hair was thrown into artificial curls, and powdered as white as the snows of Mont Blanc. His complexion was pale; his eye intensely blue; his gesticulation animated and graceful, but somewhat profuse. He read the Hymns with an eye-glass, but the Scriptures with spectacles; and in due time dashed off into his discourse with a rapidity of utterance which would have distanced the King of Pylos or John C. Calhoun. The sermon was a perfect torrent of Irish eloquence, and much more like Phillips than Grattan. His voice was as sweet as the harp of David, but as unlike as possible to the horns that demolished the walls of Jericho. The whole impression produced by his preaching was at the time perfectly delightful, though I cannot say that it was very enduring. I heard him subsequently in the same pulpit two or three times, and each of the discourses possessed the same general characteristics with the first.

Dr. Glendy had, I think, a strongly marked Irish idiosyncrasy. He was uncommonly fascinating in his private intercourse,—was fond of saying agreeable things, and never lost the opportunity of doing so up to the full measure of a good conscience. He was duly mindful of his own rights, and not insensible to any infringement of them, or to any omission of what he deemed propriety or courtesy towards him. He was regular in his attendance on meetings of Presbytery, when his health was good; but when he thought himself too unwell to

be there, he would sometimes write an apologetic note, and once humorously told them that he was in a state of suspended animation.

Regretting that I have so little to say in reply to your request,
I am, as ever, your friend,

T. B. BALCH.

FROM THE REV. ELIAS HARRISON, D. D.

ALEXANDRIA, May 14, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: I cheerfully comply with your request for some reminiscences of Dr. Glendy, though I cannot say that my personal knowledge of him was ever very extensive, and some of my impressions concerning him have lost in a degree their vividness from the lapse of years.

My first interview with him took place in August, 1817, at the First Presbyterian Church in Baltimore. It was immediately after he had preached a sermon,—to which I had listened with rapt attention,—preparatory to the Communion on the approaching Sabbath. I was exceedingly struck with both the matter and manner of the performance; and the favourable impression which the discourse had made was by no means diminished, when, at the close of the service, with true Irish warmth, he grasped my hand, and gave me a most cordial welcome. He was then, I should suppose, not far either way from fifty years of age. He was exceedingly elegant in his appearance and manners, and altogether one of the most polished gentlemen I had ever seen. He was about the medium height, his step was firm, though elastic, and his gait that of a man who had studied Chesterfield most thoroughly, in the “waving line of beauty and of grace.” With all his politeness there was not the semblance of affectation—on the contrary his manner seemed natural and frank, and was adapted to put a stranger entirely at his ease.

After this interview,—becoming as I did a member of the same Presbytery with him,—our meetings were frequent, and our friendly intercourse continued until about the time that he retired from the active duties of the ministry. He was, however, never, after that period, in very firm health, and was often incapacitated by his extreme nervous debility for both the labours of the pulpit and pastoral visitation. During these seasons, a heavy cloud would sometimes settle over him, his naturally warm feelings would seem chilled, and he would imagine that he was in the last stage of his earthly existence. And yet, at those very times, if you could interest him so much as to induce him to take a stroll with you along the streets, it is quite likely that he would return as cheerful and buoyant as if he had been all the time in bright sunshine.

I never saw him in this depressed state but once; and the interview then was of such a character as to make an enduring impression upon me. The occasion was this—The people whom he served were desirous, in consequence of his enfeebled health, of securing for him a colleague, or at least an assistant; but reluctant to break the matter to him themselves,—not doubting that it would be an unwelcome subject,—they applied through their representative for the advice of the Presbytery. Knowing that the Doctor had ever manifested a very kind regard for me, and supposing that he would perhaps be as likely to listen to me as to any one, they were pleased to designate me to the delicate office of conversing with him. I found him seated in his chair,—the very picture of woe. Though the day was unusually warm, every window was down, and every door closed; while his hat upon his head was stuffed half full of cotton or wool, and about his person was closely wrapped his heavy winter cloak. If I had judged from his own statement of his case, or indeed from the first view of his countenance, I should have supposed that he was in the very last stage of decline. A very cautious allusion to the object of my visit, restored him at once to both animation and

energy. Though not losing his politeness,—he seemed incapable of that,—he was nevertheless truly angry; and he made it manifest by both looks and words. He said the Presbytery, in his humble opinion, had transcended the limits of its allotted functions, and he must confess himself somewhat surprised that his *young and greatly esteemed brother, generally so very judicious*, had consented to have any agency in so small a concern! I was completely dumbfounded; but, at length, rallying a little, and changing the subject, (for I was not disposed to press the matter further at that time,) I proposed to him to lean upon my arm, and go to the door, and look out upon the glorious sunshine around him; and I succeeded in so disengaging his mind from his infirmities that, almost before he was aware of it, he had taken a walk of several squares; and, on returning to his house, he declared himself better than he had been for several weeks. I said no more to him on the subject of my mission; but recurring to it himself, as I was taking my leave, he apologized in his usual bland manner for any seeming rudeness he might have exhibited, and promised to take the matter of which I had spoken into serious consideration. He did so; and, after reflecting upon it for some months, he consented—I believe cordially—to receive as a colleague, my much esteemed friend, the Rev. John Breckenridge. Before that relation was constituted, however, I was set off to another Presbytery, and my intercourse with Dr. Glendy measurably ceased.

As a preacher, the Doctor was, in the common acceptation of the word, highly popular—that is, the masses not only loved to hear him, but until they had become entirely familiar with his manner, they would not readily forego an opportunity of hearing him. He had a certain grace and elegance of bearing in the pulpit, that predisposed every body to listen; and this, combined with the distinctness of his voice, the ease and rapidity of his utterance, the appropriateness of his language, the vivacity of his style,—not unfrequently sparkling with ornaments, and the glowing animation of his manner, often rendered him, especially to a stranger, exceedingly fascinating. He was never noisy, never tame or dry. I believe he was accustomed always to write his sermons for the Sabbath, but I never saw him with a manuscript of any kind before him in the pulpit. His preaching was always fully in accordance with the standards of our Church, and sometimes it was marked by such clearness and force of statement, and such earnestness and impressiveness of manner, as to produce a visible effect upon a large congregation; though I think it was more commonly distinguished for gracefulness and elegance. He was rarely profound—rarely *very* logical; and was not much given to novelties either in matter or manner. He was, however, fond of a shrewd remark, and occasionally you would see something like a flash of his Irish wit. He was rather profuse in epithets, but they were generally well selected, and I believe he rarely, if ever, wearied his audience by an excessively long sermon.

His manner of giving out notices from the pulpit was very peculiar,—sometimes bordering a little upon the ludicrous. I once heard him announce to his audience, after preaching in the morning, that there would be preaching in the afternoon by a backwoodsman, who was on his way to the General Assembly. The notice of course brought out a large congregation; and a more lucid, solemn, impressive discourse I had rarely, if ever, listened to. The Doctor was himself much impressed by it; and, after conversing in a whisper with the preacher for a moment, he arose and announced that there would also be preaching at night by the same eloquent and greatly beloved brother, who had just addressed them. Both the Doctor and the Congregation were taken by surprise by the masterly performance. On another occasion, when the resident clergy were in the habit of taking turns to preach to the convicts in prison, I heard him, after the morning service, express his earnest desire that he might find all his people that afternoon at the penitentiary! Then, pausing for a moment, he added that

it was his turn to preach there, and that consequently there would be no service at the church. If his design had been—as I doubt not it was—to put his congregation for the moment into good-humour, he could scarcely have done it more effectually: indeed he accomplished more than this—the circumstance gave rise to a rumour that floated rapidly through the city, that he had said that his people were fit only for the penitentiary.

There was another notice of his which has often been related to me, on good authority, and I am not quite sure but that I heard it from the Doctor himself—to the people it was amusing enough, but to the individual more immediately concerned it was not a little vexatious. A certain brother minister in Baltimore—himself also an Irishman, and withal a great stickler for orthodoxy—had engaged to preach for Dr. Glendy on a certain Sabbath afternoon. It so happened that this brother was at the church in the morning, and heard a sermon from a stranger, which he considered as not only wanting in evangelical tone, but as decidedly latitudinarian. Very early in the interval of service, the Doctor received a note from him, stating that his mind had become so *deranged* by the discourse of the morning as utterly to incapacitate him for fulfilling his afternoon's engagement. Now, being thus unexpectedly left to supply the pulpit himself, the Doctor was somewhat vexed also; and, apologizing to his people, before he commenced, for want of suitable preparation, he remarked that he regretted to be obliged to inform them that his good brother who was to have preached, had been suddenly afflicted with a paroxysm of *mental derangement*, so as to be entirely *incapacitated* for the service which he had promised—emphasizing the very words of his note. Without a word of explanation, he then proceeded to perform the usual services. The news ran like wild fire all over the city that this minister was deranged, awakening both surprise and sympathy wherever it went. And when, after the matter was explained, the Doctor was reproved for his unbrotherly conduct,—“Upon my word,” said he, “I always took that brother to be a gentleman, and a man of truth; and if my statement was not correct—here is the note—let it speak for itself—I have adhered not only to the sentiment, but to the very language.” It was even so; but it planted a thorn in the bosom of his friend, that left a festering wound, notwithstanding.

On one occasion when I was in the pulpit with him in Georgetown,—the Presbytery being in session there,—he was not a little annoyed on finding that there was no footstool; and he could not appear in the service to his usual advantage without one. As the only expedient that occurred to him at the moment, he took the large folio Bible that he found in the pulpit, and secured the desired elevation by placing it under his feet. Being taken to task for it the next morning by one of the members of the Presbytery,—not very seriously to be sure, for nobody supposed that he really intended to show any want of reverence for the Bible,—he rose with an unusual gravity of countenance, and made quite a long speech in the way both of apology and of justification. The amount of what he said was that he had stood upon the Bible from his early years,—almost from his cradle; that it was the basis of all his hopes; and that thus standing upon the Prophets and Apostles, in the higher sense, it was not very likely that he intended to insult them by standing upon them in a different sense. He maintained that, however the act might be interpreted by the ignorant and weak-minded, it could not, upon any fair construction, render him liable to the charge of presumption or irreverence.

Among his own countrymen in Baltimore,—and there were a multitude of them,—no minister was more popular; and I think he was admired by the population at large. He attracted attention not more by his eloquence in the pulpit, than by his genial spirit and gentlemanly bearing out of it. Though generally dignified in manner, he could at pleasure let himself down with the most graceful ease, and, without seeming at all to compromit his self-respect, tell an Irish

story in a manner that was alike inimitable and irresistible. He is still remembered by many with a feeling of strong affection; and he certainly possessed qualities which will be likely to perpetuate his name.

Very truly yours,

ELIAS HARRISON.

MATTHEW LA RUE PERRINE, D. D.*

1799—1836.

MATTHEW LA RUE PERRINE was born in Freehold, Monmouth County, N. J., on the 4th of May, 1777. While he was yet quite young, he went to reside in the family of his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Ira Condict, at Newton, N. J.; and while there, began his studies preparatory to entering College, and about the same time had his attention strongly and permanently directed to the subject of religion. When Dr. Condict removed to New Brunswick, young Perrine accompanied him; and, having completed his preparatory studies, he entered the College of New Jersey, one year in advance, in 1794, and graduated in 1797. He studied Theology under the direction of the Rev. Dr. John Woodhull, the minister of the congregation in which he was born; and was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, on the 18th of September, 1799.

In May, 1800, he was appointed by the General Assembly a missionary for four months, with instructions to commence his mission at Wilkesbarre on the Susquehanna River, and proceed up that river and the Tioga to Painted Post and Bath, and thence through the Genesee country and Military Tract to Fort Stanwix. He was ordained as an Evangelist on the 24th of June, and immediately after entered upon his mission.

On the 28th of April, 1802, he was dismissed from the Presbytery of New Brunswick; on the 4th of May following, was received by the Presbytery of New York; and, on the 15th of June, was installed by that Presbytery as Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Bottle Hill, N. J. In 1804, he performed a second missionary tour of three months, mostly in Western New York, under a commission from the General Assembly.

When the division of the Presbytery of New York took place in 1809, Mr. Perrine was thrown within the bounds of the Presbytery of Jersey. He remained at South Hanover till 1811, when he received a call from the Spring Street Church in New York. He was dismissed by the Presbytery of Jersey, on the 16th of October, 1811, and was received by the Presbytery of New York the next day, and on the 31st of the same month was installed Pastor of the Spring Street Church. Here he continued until the 26th of July, 1820, when, by his own request, his pastoral relation was dissolved.

He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Alleghany College, Meadville, in 1818.

* MSS. from Rev. R. W. Hill, Rev. R. K. Rodgers, D. D., and Rev. M. L. P. Thompson, D. D.