

# DERBYSHIRE ARCHÆOLOGICAL AND NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

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**Dr. Clegg, Minister and Physician, in the  
17th and 18th Centuries.**

By HENRY KIRKE, M.A., B.C.L.

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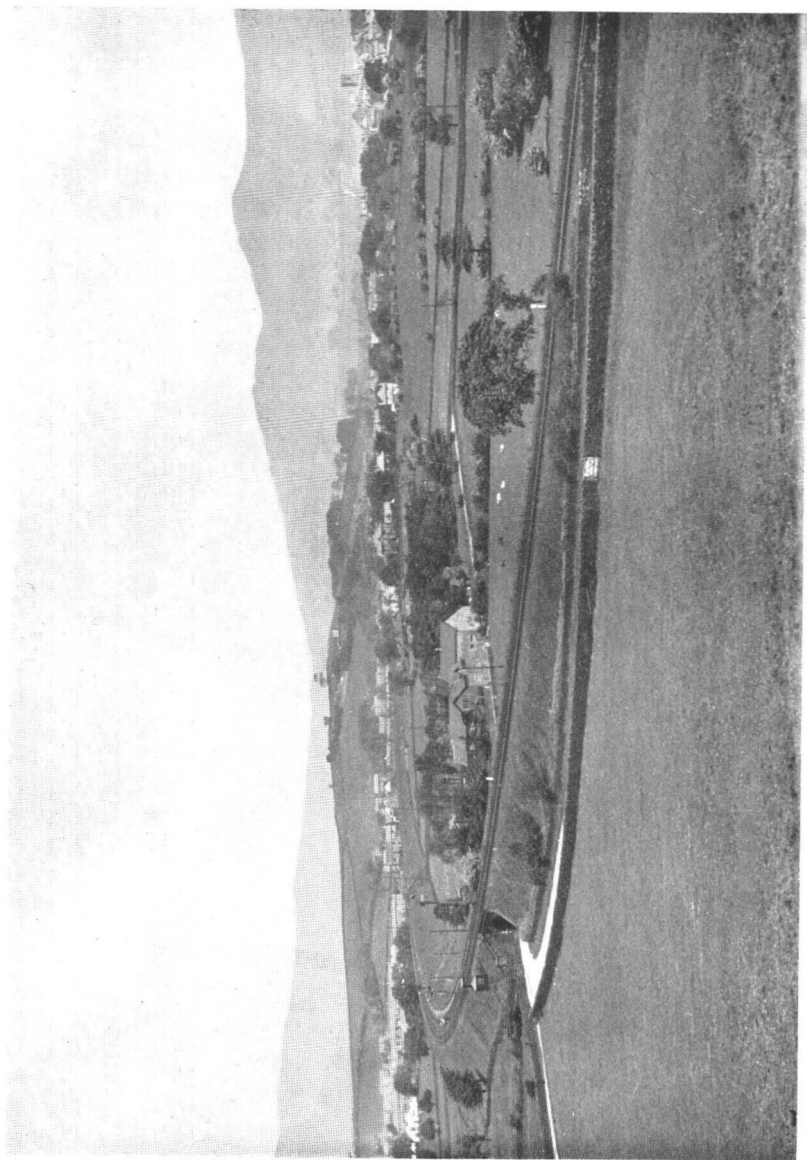
SOME years ago I had in my possession for a short time an interesting work in the form of a MS. diary kept during the first half of the eighteenth century. This diary is contained in a folio book of 265 pages, written on rough paper, and with ink which in some places has faded almost to obscurity. The leaves of the book have been reverently repaired by its present owner (Mr. Greaves-Bagshawe, of Ford Hall), but in some places even his care has failed to recover certain entries which had become undecipherable. The writing is small and cramped, and the pages are divided into two columns, each containing about 800 words, so the length of the whole is considerable.

The diarist, the Reverend James Clegg, was a Nonconformist minister and medical practitioner, who filled his position as curator of souls and healer of bodies with marked success in his own neighbourhood and in the surrounding country. The diary itself is a perfect treasury, illustrating the manners and morals of a country district at the period in which it was written, and, in its disarming frankness and homely details, it reminds us of the immortal Pepys. Nothing is omitted: the variation in the prices of commodities and farm stock,

the rate of wages, the state of the weather and the harvests, are severally noted; each day's work in the farm, in the pulpit, or by the bedside is meticulously narrated, together with such items of general intelligence as were able to penetrate to the remote parish of Chapel-en-le-Frith in which the diarist lived.

When Dr. Clegg came to reside there in 1702 it must have been a populous place. All the principal farmhouses and residences in the parish were already built, most of them dating from Tudor or Stuart periods; stone buildings having replaced the wood and plaster erections of the foresters in olden days. There were large stretches of common land not as yet fenced, or dealt with by the Enclosure Acts, and the roads were mere bridle-paths, winding over moors and wastes. No coaches nor carriages were used; all produce, even coals, was carried on pack-horses, long strings of which were continually passing through the town from Sheffield and Chesterfield to Stockport and Manchester and back again. These trains of pack-horses were common in the country down to the time of the Battle of Waterloo. Ladies rode on horseback, generally on pillion behind their husbands or fathers or some stout serving man. On the best lines of communication in England the ruts were deep, the quagmires abundant, and the descents precipitous, so the roads in the parish of Chapel-en-le-Frith may be imagined. Dr. Clegg in his daily rides was in continual danger of being bogged in a swamp, drowned in a river, or precipitated into a stone pit. As the trouble and cost of carriage were so great, everyone lived as much as possible on home products. The surrounding country presented a very different aspect from what it does now: wheat, barley, oats, and beans were grown where now nothing but universal grazing land is seen. The repeal of the Corn Laws and cheap ocean freights have made the growing of corn, except in the most favoured counties, unprofitable. It is a rare thing now to see a plough at work in the parish, whereas in Dr. Clegg's time six teams were sometimes at work on his farm,





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and he supplied his household with flour, malt, and wheat, and his horses with oats and beans, all from his own land.

Such was the scene of Dr. Clegg's labours! What manner of man he was may be gathered from his diary, which affords striking evidence of his wonderful energy as healer of bodies as well as souls. After a week of toil we find him every Sunday preaching twice, and catechising thirty or forty children between the services; and his sermons were not elegant discourses, turned off in fifteen or twenty minutes, for we often read that he was in the pulpit for three hours at a stretch, and once he mentions three hours and three-quarters as the length of his ministrations. His visiting was remarkable. To seven or eight houses situated miles apart he is, in the same day, a welcome guest; the squire in his hall, the yeoman at his homestead, the poor woman in her cottage, are all equally favoured by his attentions. Wherever anyone is sick he is to be found: he is praying by the bedside of the dying, he is reading the service for the dead by many a grave; the poor never leave him empty; the wretched in mind turn to him for consolation and advice, and the distressed in body for assistance. Preaching, praying, healing the sick, helping the needy, allaying strife, rebuking sin, this worthy pastor pursued his Christ-like life—surely an example to us which is worth preserving and studying.

Nor was Dr. Clegg a sour ascetic; frequent in his diary are references to "innocent recreations." He joined his friends in fishing and coursing, played a game at bowls or shovel board, spent a festive evening at a tavern, and apparently his friends and relatives went to the races without rebuke. His charity was great; when he was too ill to conduct service in his own chapel, he advised his family to go to church. When in Manchester he attended Matins in the Collegiate Church. He dined with vicars and rectors, and welcomed the itinerant Methodist preachers until he found the latter falling into the sin of Antinomianism, when he withstood them to their face.

He is ever ready to do battle for the faith that is in him, whether the adversary be a Papist or Socinian.

There is something peculiarly attractive in Dr. Clegg's life: his dual position as pastor and doctor, the transitional period in which he lived, far removed from the olden days, but without the fulness of modern life; the stress and toil of life in the High Peak, which was one of the last places in England to assimilate itself to modern ideas and customs—all combine to give a peculiar colouring to his ministrations.

The diary begins to be regularly kept in 1708, but on his fiftieth birthday the worthy minister gives us a short biography of himself, from which we gather the following facts.

James Clegg was born at Shawfield, about two miles north-west of Rochdale, on the 20th of October, 1679. His father was a clothier in the same village, as were his grandfather and great-grandfather, who were all alive at the date of his birth. The diarist writes:—

“My mother, Anne, was the daughter of Thomas Livesey, of Birtle, in the parish of Bury; her father was a zealous dissenter, and had private meetings in his house, when preachers of that persuasion were so bitterly persecuted in ye reign of Charles II. I have heard her mention several ministers; amongst others, Mr. Oliver Heywood and Mr. Naylor, who used frequently to preach there. Her father's brother was minister at Chowbent, and afterwards, conforming, was Rector of Great Budworth, in Cheshire. He married a daughter of Mr. Cheetham, of Turton, whose father founded the Hospital and Library in Manchester. One of her brothers was very loose in his youth, and sold the estate his father left him, and went into the army and became an officer, but what became of him I could not learn, but it was supposed he fell in ye Duke of Monmouth's army in that rash invasion.”

His family were all dissenters, and Dr. Clegg remarks:—

“My grandfather had intended to educate his eldest son for the ministry, who was a youth of eminent parts

and piety, but he died a youth by a fall, which caused a penknife which he had about him to pierce his belly."

When he was two years old, young Clegg suffered from smallpox, which nearly deprived him of his sight. At six years of age he went to a school at Fallings, kept by Mr. Joseph Whitworth, "a good man, but exceedingly passionate and of a melancholy temper." At seven years he was entered at the free school in Rochdale. At an early age he seems to have developed a conscience, for he relates that, when at school—

"Following a horse one day at a considerable distance, I found a horse-shoe. When I overtook the horse I observed he wanted a shoe, and began to doubt whether I ought not to deliver it to the owner of the horse; but as I had not seen the horse cast it, nor was sure it was his, I ventured to keep it, in hopes of selling it and buying some plumbs, which I did, but with an uneasy conscience. As I was eating the plumbs one of them stuck in my throat, and went near to choak me, but at last I parted with it when almost stifled. This made me reflect with a sorrowful heart on ye dishonest part I had acted, and I resolved to do ye like no more."

In the old days it was customary for young men to shoot at cocks with bows and arrows on Shrove Tuesday, and stone them. This was an old custom, dating back to the reign of Edward II. An old country ballad contains the following lines:—

"An on Shrove Tuesday, when the bells doe ring,  
We will go out at hens and cocks to fling."

This custom was the cause of some danger to young Clegg, as he narrates:—

"On a Shrove Tuesday, when ye young men of ye upper end of ye school were shooting with bows and arrows at a cock, and the rest of us made a lane for the arrowes to pass through, I put my head a little too forward to see the shott, and an arrow, shott by a strong youth (Mr. George

Brooks), struck me on ye left temple, and made a deep wound: it was at first thought to be mortal, but, being committed to ye care of a skilful surgeon, it was healed, through the mercy of God, but ye deep scar still remains.”

Clegg's first experience of public affairs occurred whilst he was at Rochdale; this was in 1688. The landing of the Prince of Orange was imminent:—

“ Sir John Bland, having drunk his health at Roachdale, was clapt up in prison by some of King James' justices. The night following, being a clear moonlight night, I was engaged with other boys in a mock-fight. We had wooden swords and pistols, and were drawn up on each side of the street; but on a sudden all our sport was spoiled by ye appearance of a troop or two of real soldiers upon the bridge, entering the town with their swords drawn. We dispersed presently, and the soldiers marched to the house where Sir John was imprisoned, demanded him, and carried him off. We heard afterwards they were sent by the Lord Delamere to set him at liberty. Next morning all was quiet as if nothing had happened.”

In 1689 Clegg was removed to a school at Oldham, where he lodged, together with several other young scholars, in an inn kept by John and Mary Whittaker. His master was “ a melancholy man betimes, but fell to love strong drink too much.” He used to frequent the inn, and persuaded Clegg and the other boys to drink with him. Altogether the general tone of the school was bad: there were many loose and vicious boys, and their talk and bad habits extorted from Clegg in after years some strong remarks on the evils of public schools. He writes:—

“ It is one of the great disadvantages of public schools that the older scholars very often set bad examples before the younger, and by filthy and lewd discourse and actions corrupt and debauch the tender minds of the younger. Some such loose and vicious youths were in this school, and their talk and vicious practices had too much influence on me

and others; for which reason I have often thought since it concerns parents to take care what school they place y<sup>r</sup> children in, and what servants they entertain in their house, for the worst impressions made on me I received from conversing with some of both sorts that were lewd and wanton, the effects of which I shall have reason to lament as long as I live.”

Despite these disadvantages, Clegg was kept for five years at the Oldham school, but in 1694 he was removed to Blakely, a private school kept by Mr. Jeremiah Barlow, a dissenter, whither many young men were sent who were preparing for the ministry. He boarded at Blakely Hall with Mr. Edward Hides, and at first applied himself strictly to his studies, but—

“after some time I grew more remiss in my studies, being unhappily drawn aside by the cunning of a young woman in ye house, who had a design to procure me to marry her, and it was owing to a kind and remarkable Providence that it was prevented. Ye master of ye school discovered the intrigue, and informed my parents, who hastened me away to the Academy sooner than otherwise I should have gone.”

Clegg was at this time only fifteen years of age, so he was somewhat young to be influenced by a love affair, or to suspect any young woman of a design to marry him.

At this time there was at Rathmel a noted college kept by Mr. Frankland, where Nonconformists were educated for the ministry. We find it frequently mentioned in the biographies of eminent dissenting ministers. Hither Clegg was sent after his disquieting intrigue with the young woman at Blakely. He was one amongst eighty other scholars who boarded either in Mr. Frankland's house or in the town near the college. His manner of life in this seminary is well described:—

“We entered into Logick. I followed my studies very close, and made as considerable progress as most there. Our Tutor was a Ramist, but we redde ye Logick both of Aristotle and of Ramus, and within ye compass of the first year I was thought an acute disputant in that way.”

We hear little of Ramus in these days, who was the great opponent of the Aristotelian philosophy. He set himself to reform the existing system of logic, and we owe to him some improved methods in the study of rhetoric, mathematics, and grammar. He was slain in the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572. Clegg continues :—

“ I went on with my studies, thro’ metaphysick and pneumatology, which took up the three years I spent there. My bed-fellow was Mr. Edward Jolly, a bulky young man and not of the strictest morals. He was ye biggest man in ye house and I the least. On Thursday afternoons we often met for disputations, and often each night we had a conference on what we had been reading that day. About a dozen of us agreed that one should sit up all night and call ye rest up next morning about four o’clock, and we went to bed about ten or eleven. This we took by turns, and spent about fourteen hours each day in hard study, during which time I eat very little and drunk less, and found myself so very light and easy that I was ready to imagine that, with a very little help, I could fly.”

This excess of work and insufficient food produced, as was natural, a serious illness.

“ A swelling in my throat of a very great bigness; the surgeon called it a bastard quinzy. There appeared a necessity for lancing it, and my father was sent for to see the operation. Ye surgeon was very much afraid of meeting with ye Jugular arteries, and did not pierce deep enough at first, but I bore it well, and beg<sup>d</sup>. he would go deeper, which he did, and succeeded well.”

Having recovered from the effects of this illness and operation, he grew more remiss in his studies, and took to smoking, flirting, and novel reading. He writes :—

“ I was persuaded to smoke Tobacco, which drew me into inconveniences and caused the loss of much precious time. Too much of it was also spent in conversing with the ladies, Mr. Frankland’s daughters, which first led me to

read poetry and Novels and such like trash, which I found reason to wish I had never meddled with."

During his residence at Rathmel he had another opportunity of showing his courage and resourcefulness. Thomas Davy, of Leicester, who slept in his dormitory, was drowned whilst bathing in the river Ribble. Clegg says:—

"I heard a confused cry from the riverside as I was reading in ye fields, and hasted thither, stripped immediately, and plunged into the river to search for him, being very well skilled in swimming and diving, but I could not find him. He continued in the water all night, and was brought up by hooks in ye next morning."

In 1699 Clegg left Rathmel and went to reside in Manchester, to benefit by the library there, and he boarded with Dr. Wild, in Fennel Street. He attended lectures and studied the works of Episcopius, Socinus, Crellius, etc., as his mind was now set upon the ministry.<sup>1</sup>

But all this time, he says—

"I continued too much addicted to levity and keeping company, and made not that good improvement of the advantages I had that I ought to have done. Some acquaintances I fell into in y<sup>t</sup> towne that led me into evils that I have great reason to lament."

Finding his morals not improving by the society he kept in Manchester, he left that town, and went to live with a pious dissenting minister at Rochdale, where he determined to lead a new life and devote himself to study. At this time Clegg preached his first sermon at Bispham, in Lancashire, and he officiated for a short time as chaplain in the family of his old tutor, Mr. Frankland; but here—

<sup>1</sup> *Episcopius* was a Dutch theologian, born in 1583, died in 1643, studied under Arminius and was Professor of Theology at Leyden and Amsterdam. His principal work was *Institutiones theologicae*.

*Socinus* was the founder of the sect called after him Socinians, who were a sort of Unitarians, denying the doctrine of the Trinity. He was born in 1539, and died in 1604.

*Crellius* was also a Unitarian, a disciple of Socinus, born at Nuremberg in 1590, died in 1633. His principal works were *De Uno Deo* and *Vindicia pro religionis libertate*.



“having no Persons of learning and ingenuity to converse with, I was by degrees drawn to converse too much with some gentlemen in the neighbourhood too much given to tippling, which was very prejudicial to me. Whilst I was there I visited York, Pewick, and some other parts in the North, but made little improvement in my studies or preaching. A little before I left y<sup>t</sup> place, Mrs. Mary, ye second daughter of my old Tutor, died of smallpox, and ye youngest was married to a grocer in York. By living too irregularly, and sometimes being wet and starved in carrying a gun and following my diversions, I contracted an ill-habit of body, which appeared first in a Quinzy, then in a deep cough and weakness in my lungs, which brought me into danger of a consumption. My father sent for me home. In 1701, that summer I was obliged to attend my mother to Knaresborough, and there greatly contributed to restore and establish my health. The rest of the year I continued at home, and part of the next year. Whilst I was there with my father, the great and good King William died. I had ever thought him the greatest and best Prince that ever filled ye British Throne, and was accordingly affected by his death. I had then never taken the oaths to the Government, nor any other oath. The Adjuration oath was taken all over the nation when I was at Knaresborough, and when I came thence it was not known but that I had taken it there, so I was never called on to do it. If I had I believe I should have refused, because I was not satisfied that the Pretender was not the son of King James; but, upon better consideration, I was convinced the oath did not require me to swear any such thing.”

Although it does not appear in his diary, James Clegg was set apart and ordained as a minister. We have seen that he began to preach in 1699, and continued to do so in the following year. In 1702 he was invited to take over the ministry of a congregation which had been established at Malcalf, in the parish of Chapel-en-le-Frith, near which town he was destined

to live during the remainder of his life. He was regularly ordained by the Rev. Richard Fern and other ministers on the 25th August, 1703.

The congregation to which Clegg was called was formed in 1662 by the Rev. William Bagshawe, otherwise called "The Apostle of the Peak," after the Act of Uniformity had driven him, together with two thousand other conscientious men, from the livings which they held in the Church of England. Mr. Bagshawe was born at Litton, near Tideswell, on the 17th January, 162 $\frac{7}{8}$ . He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and was ordained at Chesterfield, January 1st, 162 $\frac{0}{1}$ . Soon afterwards he was instituted as Vicar of Glossop, where he remained until St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662—"Black Bartholomew's Day," as it was called by the dissenters. From Glossop he retired to his family house at Ford, near Chapel-en-le-Frith, where he preached privately in his own house and elsewhere.

The Declaration of Liberty of Conscience in 1672 afforded a short relief to his persecuted people—too short, alas! so soon was the indulgence revoked. Despite existing prohibitions, he continued to preach "in corners," and the people flocked to hear him "like doves to a window." The Revolution of 1688 brought happier times to the Nonconformists, and the little band of Presbyterians rallied with increased energy around their revered leader, and established the meeting house at Malcalf. Mr. Bagshawe died on April 1st, 1702, and Clegg was asked to succeed him.

So far are we carried by the autobiography. The regular diary begins in 1708, when Clegg was officiating as minister to the Nonconformist congregation at Malcalf. His stipend was very small, so he rented a farm at Stodhart, near Chapel-en-le-Frith, to assist in maintaining his household. He had married Miss Anne Champion, a daughter of Mr. Champion, of Edale, a romantic valley in the heart of the Peak. Good resolutions usual in such a case herald his entries. He writes:—

“I resolved against unsuitable company, to be more diligent in my work as a minister, against unreasonable staying out of my house, against excess and intemperance, as to which my conscience reproves me.”

Some more paving-stones for the house of dread!

Dr. Clegg earnestly believed in the personal supervision of God over all his doings, even the most trivial. He ignored the natural sequence of cause and effect, and attributed the various escapes from the results of his own carelessness and shortsightedness to the direct interposition of the Deity. If his mare stumbled and he fell into a gravel pit, or if he escaped injury from the fall of a tree or from the attack of a “madding cow,” it was God who preserved him. For instance, under December 24th, 1708, he writes:—

“This day, by ye goodness, I and my dear wife had a great deliverance: an headstrong horse boggled and ran away with us in a very dangerous way and cast us off in a very dangerous place, yet neither of us received ye least harm. Adored be infinite goodness.”

To show his gratitude, he resolves on each anniversary of the day to give five shillings to the poor.

The excitement caused by Dr. Sacheverel’s sermons penetrated even to the wilds of the High Peak. This divine was a native of Derbyshire, his family belonging to Morley in that county. In November, 1710, Clegg writes:—

“Yesterday the Parliament met. Great violence and sad disorder accompanied the elections in many places. Ye Papists, Jacobites, and secret enemies of ye present Government have been long projecting to get a Parliament of their kidney. With this view Rehearsals and other Newspapers were writ and scattered to perplex ye consciences of ye People about ye succession to ye Crown, ye State Ministers blackened, our successes abroad lessened and misrepresented, our losses aggravated, passive obedience and hereditary right to ye Crown preached of. But all would not do. Ye nation was éasy at home in generall, and amazing success attended



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us abroad. Proposals were made for a peace, and it seemed to be near a conclusion, to ye excluding of ye pretender and confusion of his friends. Upon this his party became desperate, and resolved to make one push for him before it was too late. So one Sacheverel, a proud, daring, blustering clergyman of Oxford, was appointed to blow ye trumpet in St. Paul's in a sermon before ye Lord Mayor of London. Ye Parliament impeached him of High Treason, etc., and charged him with condemning ye late revolution, etc. A mob was raised by his party to awe and affront ye Parliament; ye cry was against ye dissenters and ye heat ran through ye nation; all ye loose, disorderly, and disaffected people took Sacheverel's part; addresses were sent up by all sorts of persons out of many Counties to have ye Parliament dissolved; ye Queen was terrified, and so it was done, a new one chosen, and by bribery, perjury, and violence they have got a majority in ye lower house. I think they will not sit long, and if they do the nation will repent it."

Clegg, of course, was a Whig, so his sympathies were entirely against Sacheverel and his party. Green, the historian, says that the most eminent of the Tory Churchmen stood by Sacheverel's side at the bar, crowds escorted him to the court and back again, whilst the streets rang with the cry of "The Church and Dr. Sacheverel." A small majority of the Peers found him guilty, but the light sentence they inflicted was in effect an acquittal, and bonfires and illuminations over the whole country welcomed it as a Tory triumph.

June 7th, 1711.—Clegg describes a violent storm which occurred at Chapel-en-le-Frith:—

"After 6 or 7 very hot days, with an easterly wind, I observed in ye morning ye clouds arising out of ye east and west at the same time; but in ye afternoon ye easterly wind abated, and ye westerly wind blew more strongly, and about two o'clock a large cloud arose out of ye west, terribly black and gloomy, and wee heard a deep continuall rumbling thunder near half an hour together, followed by flashes of

lightning, which were succeeded by violent gusts of wind and rushing whirlwinds. When the cloud broke, with a prodigious noise, and fell in one of the most terrible tempests that was ever known in these parts, the stones that fell were many of them eight or nine inches about, and some larger. They were of a bluish colour, and resembled pieces of solid ice, very irregular and extreme hard. These, being driven by a violent wind, accompanied by continuall flashes of fire from ye W.-N.-W., did abundance of damage to ye houses, oxen, timber, and mowing grass which was within the compass and course it took, which was about 3 miles in breadth. It began about Macclesfield, and came in a straight line from thence to Haugh Hayfield and so . . . [the middle of the entry is torn off] in this house shivered to pieces; ducks, geese, hares, pigeons, etc., were killed in multitudes; trees stripped of their bark, some torn up and others broke, which afforded a dismal prospect after. This was a dreadful day, and many thought ye dissolution of things was at hand."

In the parish register, under date December 30th, 1711, occurs this entry:—

"Sep. William Cooper, of this towne, and Hannah, daughter of Thomas Moulton, of Tunstead, who was burnt to death in their own house, he going, as was thought, to save the child's life, but lost his own life."

Clegg evidently thought that this accident was a judgment from God, as he writes:—

"I saw him (Cooper) afterwards, and it was the most dismall spectacle I ever beheld. He had been too much addicted to swearing, lying, and drunkenness, and his wife to covetousness and oppression by taking pawns, etc. He had received ye Sacrament that day at ye Church."

"February 20th, 1713.—Several persons have lately come to an untimely end in 2 or 3 weeks past. A girl, ye daughter of William Rollinson, was starved to death on Heafield Moor. Another woman starved near Edale end coming out of ye Woodlands. An old man at Hope being struck down

in ye fire by the breaking of a beam in his house, was burnt to death. Three men and three horses were starved on Penistone Moor. One that kept a tavern in Sheffield and broke, ran about distracted, and was found dead at Ughill. A boy was killed at Disley by a stoned horse, and a man drowned in a Cole-pit at Hockerly. May we be awakened to be ready."

"August 1st, 1714.—Queen Anne died (ye same day ye seizure Bill came into force), much lamented by some. The nation was thought to be in very dangerous circumstances at that time. All ye great places of power and trust being in hands suspected to be inclined to ye Pretender, and if the French King had been in a condition to help him, the nation might have been involved in a long and bloody war, but by ye blessing of God upon ye courage and vigilance of ye Lords Justices, all was kept quiet, ye nation put into ye posture of defence, and ye King George, whom God preserve, arrived safe."

The futile rebellion known as the "'15" excited much interest in Derbyshire, where there were many Jacobite sympathisers. Clegg was not one of them. In August, 1715, he writes:—

"Lewis ye French King, who had so long been a terrible scourge to these parts of Europe, was called out of this world to give an account of his actions—very seasonable for these nations, ye disaffected here depending entirely on his assistance for setting up a Popish Pretender on ye throne. Of late they have expressed their discontent in a most insolent and outrageous manner. Mobbs have been raised in many parts of ye nation to try ye affections of ye people and discover ye Pretender's friends, and ye mobbs in all places vented yr rage in demolishing ye meeting places of ye dissenters without any manner of provocation. But ye dissenters were known to be ye firmest friends to liberty and ye succession in ye Protestant line. Ye meetings at Manchester, Stone, Newcastle, Moreton, Blakely, Greenacre,

Burton, Bradwell, and many others, were in great measure ruined, and many others would have been if ye Parliament had not interposed by an Act to prevent such riots. This was a prelude to the intended rebellion, for shortly after Providence brought to light a horrid conspiracy to destroy ye King and his family, to burn ye city, and raise people in severall parts of ye nation at once, to restore ye Pretender, and in Scotland, Earl of Mar, lately Secretary of State to ye Queen, took up arms, and proclaimed James ye 3rd and 8th. He got together about 9 or 10,000 men, and attempted to march into the Lowlands and go into England, but was met by ye Duke of Argyle, and, after a bloody battle, forced to retreat. Ye same day 1,500 Highlanders, whom he had sent over ye Forth, being joined by about 2,000 English lords and gentlemen, were defeated and taken at Preston, in Lancashire, by ye King's forces under General Wills, with about ye loss of 150 killed and wounded. Into this miserable distracted state hath party rage and blind zeal brought these once flourishing and happy nations, but formality and looseness is ye grand procuring cause."

Clegg is always lamenting his own unworthiness, and there seems no reason to suppose that his strictures on himself were not genuine and honest. On December 14th, 1715, he writes:—

"Still this worthless, provoking wretch is a living monument of Divine patience. God hath brought me to ye end of another year, hath increased my family, hath continued my liberty, my health and strength, and provided comfortably for ye support of me and mine."

Again, on October 20th, 1718, in the same strain:—

"This is my birthday, and when I look back on the time I have spent in this world (now 39 years), I am ashamed and in confusion to think I have done so little to answer the end of my creation, redemption, and preservation."

Owing to the opposition of Mr. John Barber, who had succeeded his uncle as owner of Malcalf, and who had married



a "high flown lady," with little sympathy for Nonconformists, it was decided to remove from Malcalf, and build a larger chapel within easier walking distance from Chapel-en-le-Frith. So land was purchased at Chinley, and the present chapel was erected in the year 1711, at a cost of £126 5s., almost all the money being given by members of the congregation.<sup>1</sup> As may be judged by its cost, the building is a plain, unpretending structure, very different from the modern Independent chapels, glorying in spires, stained glass windows, and organ chambers; but time has mellowed its aspect, so that its dark, weather-beaten face, partly hidden by clustering ivy, forms no unpleasant object to the passer-by. The building of this chapel so offended the zealous Churchmen of the parish, that rotten eggs and stones used to greet the dissenters on their way to worship, these assaults being mainly instigated by the unworthy vicar of the parish, whose drunken, dissipated habits helped not a little the cause of dissent. For many years the windows of the chapel were protected by heavy shutters to save them from the stones hurled by intolerant Churchmen.

The worthy minister seems to have been well informed as to what was happening in the outside world. In his earlier years he took great interest in the affairs of Europe, and made considerable extracts from news-letters in his diary, *e.g.* :

<sup>1</sup> Amongst some old papers from Martinside I found the following statement :—

	£	s.	d.
" Disbursed by Robt. Middleton .. ..	126	5	0½
Received by Robt. Middleton .. ..	125	19	7
Jly 22 <sup>d</sup> 1714, ballance due to him ..	00	5	5½
besides what is p <sup>d</sup> to Mellors as above ..	00	13	6
	00	18	11½

We are satisfied in the truth of this Acct.

Aug<sup>t</sup> 16 1716 witness our hands

Ja. Clegg  
W. Bagshawe  
Ar. Kyrke  
Will. Carrington  
John Bennett  
James Carrington  
Ralph Gee  
Wm. Carrington  
John Lingard "

Thomas Moulton

“ December 15th, 1718.—This year is now drawing to an end; it beseemeth me to review and record the gracious dispensation of Divine Providence, both to ye Publick and myself in particular. The year began with serious fears and rumours of designs to bring in ye Popish Pretender. Spain and Sweden visibly favoured him, and entered into intrigues to support his interests. The Emperor was engaged in a dangerous war with ye Turks; ye King of Spain, in imitation of his grandfather, broke through all treaties to lay hold on such an happy conjunction to seize on ye dominions of ye Empire in Italy; accordingly he invaded and seized Sicily, Sardinia, etc. To oppose and break these designs, ye wise King George continued ye quadruple alliance, engaging ye principall powers of Europe to joyne in opposing any unjust attempts of any upon their neighbours, etc. In pursuance of this, Sir George Byng (after the King had, by his mediation, concluded a peace with ye Turks) was sent into ye Mediterranean to protect ye Emperor’s dominions, where he destroyed a great number of ye ships of ye line and took severall. War was proclaimed against Spain; ye King of Sweden is killed in Norway. A plott for destroying ye Regent in France and seizing ye regency into ye hand of Spain comes on. ’Tis said Sweden had promised to invade Scotland from Norway. Ormond was to land forces in Ireland, while a French army was to invade England at once. Blessed be God! the snare is once more broken, the dissenters are eased of ye hardships brought on them in the latter end of Queen Anne’s reign by the Occasionall and Seizure Bills, which Bills are now repealed, after long and warm debate.”

These facts, as stated by Dr. Clegg, were in the main correct. Admiral Byng defeated the Spanish fleet off Cape Pessaro on August 11th, 1718, and at one blow overthrew the plans of Philip V. and Alberoni. George I. had made an alliance with France and Holland, which Austria subsequently joined:—

“September, 1721.—The latter part of this month this country was visited with the smallpox. They first broke out at Kinder, when 2 young men, sons of Francis Gee, were carried off by them. Shortly after, John B——, his wife and child died of that disease. A little after the family of John Froggatt, of Park Hall, was visited, and his eldest son, John (a youth of great hopes), died, and about 30 others in and about Hayfield; most of the families that were afflicted by them were broken. The smallpox were generally of ye confluent kind, and more malignant than any I had seen before, accompanied by purple spots and nauseous smell.”

Smallpox was one of the greatest scourges in Europe during the eighteenth century. It has been remarked by historians that at the end of the century it was a rare thing to see any person unmarked by that disease. In 1694 Queen Mary of England died of smallpox, and in 171½ the Emperor of Germany, and the Dauphin and Dauphine of France and their son succumbed to the same disease. The Emperor of Russia, the Queen of Sweden, and Louis XV. were also its victims. Of the people, millions perished both in Europe and America. In the middle of the century two millions are said to have died in Russia alone, whereas in London one in every fourteen deaths was attributed to smallpox, and in France the rate was one in ten. In Chapel-en-le-Frith it seems to have been endemic, and sometimes to have become epidemic. Children invariably took it as they now take measles, and many middle-aged persons died of the disease. Inoculation to prevent smallpox was introduced from Turkey by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. It was regarded at first with great suspicion, and was only tried on criminals condemned to death. The bishops preached against it as an interference with the Divine will; but two of the royal family were inoculated in 1722, and Dr. Dimsdale, of London, gained his barony by successfully inoculating the Empress Catherine of Russia in 1768. Vaccination was discovered, as is well known, by Dr. Jenner in 1780,

and has proved one of the greatest blessings ever granted to the human race. Napoleon valued Dr. Jenner's services so highly that he liberated Dr. Wickham when a prisoner of war at Dr. Jenner's request, and made a point of refusing him nothing that he asked for.

Although Dr. Clegg might consider smallpox as a visitation of God, yet as a medical practitioner he felt it his duty to combat the dread disease. He was frequently called in to advise as to the treatment of those afflicted by it, and some of his remedies sound strange to modern ears. In November, 1722, he visited a Mr. Richardson at Buxton, who was seized with smallpox. He writes:—

“When I came to him I prescribed a vomit, which succeeded well. Ye smallpox appeared on ye 4th day of ye confluent kind, and very malignant, with many purple spots intermixed. On the 12th day ye second feaver was very high, and on ye following day he was delirious. I prescribed opiates and alexipharmicks, and 2 episparick plaisters. Through God's assistance he recovered.”

He was also requested to visit young Adam Bagshawe, who was dangerously ill of smallpox in London. One would have thought that the Metropolis could have furnished skilful physicians to deal with the case; but no, Dr. Clegg was sent by the youth's anxious mother, so—

“on ye Lord's Day I set out from the Oaks for London, lodged that night at Nottingham, the next at Harborough, the next at Woburn, and the next at London. Found ye young man very full of smallpox of a bad kind under the care of a London physician called Knapp. Ye second feaver came on ye day after we came there. Dr. Mead was then called in. Blisters were applied to his arms, unseasonably as I thought. A strangury succeeded. Cordials were given, but no sleeping potions were administered, nor could I prevail to have them. The feaver continued to rise much on Fryday. He had been without stools 12 to 13 days. I argued the necessity of clysters, and many were

administered, but without effect. On Saturday a delirium and phrensy came on through ye violence of ye feaver, and on the Lord's Day morning about 4 o'clock he expired. We set out from London with ye body in an Hearse on Wednesday the 22nd, and came safe to ye Oaks on ye 26th, being Lord's Day. *Laus Deo!*"

Dr. Mead was one of the leading London physicians of the period. He lived sumptuously, and was a great patron of art and literature, so he died comparatively poor, and his magnificent library was sold to pay his debts.

Dr. Clegg evidently shared the popular opinions against the Quakers; see his entry, December 25th, 1726:—

"I bound my son John apprentice to a Quaker in Manchester, through ye persuasion of some who I believe meant well. My conscience was not easy when I did it. I thought it was not well to place him where no family worship was likely to be performed, but I suffered myself to be overruled by the advice of friends. Now the Quaker is broke, which is likely to occasion much loss and a great disappointment."

In 1726 occurred this curious entry, part of it being torn and unreadable:—

" . . . Hottinger was drowned in the Lake Leman, with his three children. Some days before this he found this verse writ on ye doctor's chair when he ascended it to read his lecture:—

"*Carmina jam moriens canit exequialia cygnus.*"

Professor J. H. Hottinger, Orientalist and theologian, was born at Zurich in 1620; was Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Oriental Languages in that town; afterwards called by the Elector Palatine to the University of Heidelberg. He was invited by the University of Leyden to lecture there, and had accepted the invitation, but was unfortunately drowned with his three children in the Lake of Geneva in 1667.

On June 3rd, 1728, Clegg received an invitation from the dissenting congregation at Newcastle-under-Lyme to be their

minister, offering him sixty pounds a year salary, which was twice the amount he was receiving, but he declined the offer. At another time he was offered a small living in the Church of England if he would consent to be ordained. Much pressure was put upon him by his wife's relations to accept this offer, but he refused to abandon his faithful congregation.

“ In ye latter end of August and beginning of September (1727), many parts of ye nation were visited with an epidemicall fever—in some part of ye intermitting kind, and in others very malignant (remainder of entry torn off). This was succeeded by an epidemicall disease amongst horses, but very few died of it.”

The death of the “ great and good ” George I. is noted, and the accession of his son.

During his ministrations, both religious and medical, Dr. Clegg travelled over a considerable part of the neighbouring country. He was continually called upon to preach sermons and to advise in medical cases. In 1728 we find him at Wirksworth, Macclesfield, Congleton, and Newcastle-under-Lyme. Again he travelled through Darton in Yorkshire, passing through Lady Bower, Bradfield, Silkestone, and Cawthorne. When at Darton he lodged with Mr. Mayo, where he “ found Mr. Hatsel distracted, thought to be occasioned by cantharides given in his drink.” He took his friends and visitors to view the wonders of the Peak—Eldon Hole, Peak Castle and Cavern, Chatsworth, Haddon, and other places. The seven wonders of the Peak had been celebrated by the great philosopher, Hobbes, in his Latin poem, “ De Mirabilibus Pecci.” St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24th, was always solemnly kept by Clegg. On that day the Huguenots were massacred in Paris in 1572, and on the same day in 1662, by the Act of Uniformity, two thousand clergymen were deprived of their livings in the Church of England.

At the time of Clegg's ministry medical knowledge in England was at a very low ebb. The Barber-Surgeons' Company and the College of Physicians exercised some control

over medical practitioners in and around London, but the rest of the country was overrun by ignorant men, who practised medicine without knowledge or proper training, and by graduates of Scotch Universities, who obtained medical degrees without undergoing any qualifying examination. The mass of the people were grossly ignorant and superstitious, trusting to spells and charms to ward off disease, and to old-fashioned simples and herbs to cure it. Clegg appears to have acquired extensive medical skill, principally from books, as he obtained a considerable local reputation as a physician, and was called to sick-beds in five neighbouring counties. But he himself felt that his position would be more secure and his reputation enhanced if he could obtain recognition from some learned society, and receive the official seal which a medical degree can confer. With this view he wrote as follows to his old friend, Dr. Calamy :—

“ September 11th, 1728.—Reverend and dear Sir,—Soon after I came into this county I was advised by that learned and worthy gentleman, Mr. Sam<sup>l</sup> Bagshaw, of Ford (son of the Apostle of the Peak), to study Physick, that I might be that way, as well as the other, serviceable to the poor in these parts, many of whom he thought perished for want of a little seasonable help. This I was also much pressed to and assisted in by Dr. Adam Holland, of Macclesfield, who very freely gave me the best advice he could whilst he lived, and left me all his MSS. when he died. Some part of my time has been spent in this study for twenty years past, in which time I have been looking into the most famous authors I could compass, ancient and modern, but never adventured to practise except in ordinary cases and amongst the poorer sort, who have been very thankful, and that has been most of my reward. Of late I have been called in to some families of better note about us of different persuasions, which has very much disturbed some zealots for the Church, who now threaten me with a prosecution in the Spiritual Court for practising without a License.

I am resolved rather to desist than apply to that Court, and yet would gladly be enabled to continue doing what I can for the good of my friends and neighbours in every way. Some of my breathren, as Mr. Dixon, of Bolton, and Mr. Lawrence, of Newcastle, have procured diplomas for the degree of Doctor from some of ye Universities in N. Britain. Some years ago I was advised to apply for one to Glasgow, and some friends, who were then students there, offered me their interest and assistance; but I then declined it, chiefly on account of ye cost, but now I am willing to strain to ye extent of my ability rather than fall into ye hands of that greedy and merciless Court. I know not anyone in England that hath so great an interest in ye Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow as your father, and I beg you will make use of your interest with him to prevail on him to direct and assist me in this affair. The state of my health and other circumstances will not permit me to undertake so long a journey at present, and I doubt not but his interest can procure me such a favour without any personal appearance; but perhaps some testimonial of my proficiency from some noted Physitians may be insisted on, as to which and ye fees I must pay I desire to be instructed by you by the first opportunity. I have a brother-in-law who deals in Manchester wares, and visits Glasgow and Edinburgh thrice every year, and will do me all the service he can."

This application of his seems to have been partially successful, for although neither Edinburgh nor Glasgow enrolled him amongst their Doctors of Medicine, he received that degree from the University of Aberdeen, as we learn from an entry in his diary:—

"October, 1729.—Being this month created Doctor of Physick by a Diploma Medicum from the University of Aberdeen, in North Britain, upon the Testimonials and Recommendations of Dr. Nettleton, of Halifax, Dr. Dixon, of Bolton, and Dr. Latham, of Finnerne, I think it is now proper to keep a more exact account of my patients, their



diseases, ye Remedies prescribed, and the event, depending above all things on the Divine blessing for success."

On March 12th, 1729, Dr. Clegg rode to Derby, dining at Wirksworth on the way. The next day he preached at Derby, and then visited "a young woman in the prison for ye supposed murther of a bastard. She seems very humble and penitent. I spent about an hour in discourse and prayer." Being a farmer as well as a minister and doctor, Clegg frequently attended the fairs at Chapel-en-le-Frith, selling and buying cows, horses, and other stock. Trout fishing in Derbyshire has always been famous, as all readers of Walton and Cotton's book upon angling well know. Our worthy doctor indulged in this sport with his friends, but his conscience pricked him. "Not so well satisfied," he writes on April 24th, 1729, "to have spent so much precious time on diversions." A few days afterwards he "had a merciful deliverance, being violently thrown down by the horns of a madding cow, but had not much harm." We obtain some insight into the methods of Presbyterian Ordination by the following entries:—

"July 1st, 1729.—Set out for Rochdale with Mr. Scholefield. We met with 10 of our brethren at Stockport. Mr. Saml. Eaton, of Lostock, was examined in order to his ordination. I was chosen moderator. He had forgot his notes, but gave us the substance of an excellent discourse on Rom. 8. After that he exhibited a Thesis de objecto fidei. Several objected, and many questions, chiefly relating to Scripture difficulties, were proposed and answered to satisfaction. I began and ended the work with prayer, after which we had a cheerful dinner and some useful converse."

"September 2nd.—Mr. Samuel Eaton was ordained at Knutsford. Mr. Lea began with prayer, reading some portions of Scripture, and a Psalm was sung. Mr. Mottershed prayed; Mr. Gardner preached on John 16, 11. Mr. Eaton delivered the confession of his faith; Dr. Owen proposed the questions; Mr. Worthington, of Dean Row, prayed

at ye laying on of hands; and I gave the exhortation and concluded."

The roads in the country were so bad that Clegg was frequently meeting with accidents and adventures in his numerous riding tours. He was continually tumbling into stone pits or being bogged in morasses. His deliverances he always attributed to the care of a merciful Providence.

"August 6th, 1729.—At night, on our return from Buxton, my mare boggled and started aside near Martinside, and ran headlong with me thro' deep ruts and stone pitts a considerable way before I could stop her. I was in very great danger, but had no fall."

"March 10th, 1730.—The night being very dark, I narrowly escaped a dangerous fall into a stone pitt, which my mare jumped into before I was aware of it."

"July 12th.—Dined at Martinside, and came safe home, blessed be God, as we were in danger through my mare's boggling at ye carcass of a dead horse."

"September 18th, 1729.—This day is to be a race at Bakewell, and a prodigious number flock from all parts, and, notwithstanding ye general complaints of poverty, can find money to venture on such occasions."

Races used to be held regularly at Bakewell. There were races in the year 1749 upon the race-ground on Bakewell Moor. Mr. Challoner's (of Blore) horse ran against a horse out of Yorkshire and a mare from Nottingham for a £50 plate, which was won by the Nottingham mare.

The morals of Dr. Clegg's congregation were not above reproach. We often find entries in his diary of the sins of fornication, drunkenness, lying, swearing, or deceit committed by them, *e.g.*:—

"Dec. 18th, 1729.—Called to see Armine Middleton. Found her distracted, I fear with hott liquors. Ordered her a blister and some bolus, but with little hope of success, she being in a fever of the spirits and exceedingly puffed up of late."

There are many farming entries :—

“ Dec. 22nd.—Sent my rent to John Wood. Ye Scotch cow was killed, and proved to be very fat.”

“ Feb. 18th, 1730.—This morning I lost a good cow, newly calved, and the calf is dead. Blessed be God y<sup>t</sup> the loss is no greater.”

“ Feby. 23rd.—I accompanied Thomas Gee, of Lydiat, to Stanton, to agree with Mr. Thornhill for the Deodand due on his father’s death.”

A deodand was a personal chattel which had been the immediate occasion of the death of any reasonable person, and which was forfeited to the Crown, to be applied to pious uses. But the right to deodands had been granted out in most cases to Lords of Manors. Mr. Gee had been killed by being thrown off his horse, so the horse became a deodand forfeitable to the Lord of the Manor.

Riding to Chesterfield, Clegg visited Sutton Hall, the seat of the Earl of Scarsdale, which he much admired. Sutton Hall was built by Nicholas, fourth and last Earl of Scarsdale, who died in 1736. It was purchased after his death by Godfrey Clarke, and through the Clarkes it came into the possession of the Marchioness of Ormonde. It is said that the old peer with a coronet on his crutch, in one of Hogarth’s “ Marriage a la Mode ” series, is a caricature of the last Earl of Scarsdale, who was very vain of his title and the symbols attached to it.

Certainly Clegg worked hard in his ministry. On June 7th, 1729, he preached twice and administered the Lord’s Supper to one hundred communicants, and catechised forty children in the afternoon, “ but was much fatigued.” Despite his strong religious convictions, he was dreadfully superstitious, as we see by many entries in his diary :—

“ September 19th, 1730.—On the night of the 18th, the wife of John Armstrong told me the night her child was seized with the smallpox, her husband being in bed with her and the child, both she and he heard a noise as if

someone had walked sharply over the chamber and gone under the bed. The husband got up and searched the room, but found nothing. The child lay betwixt them, but would needs be removed to ye side next ye wall, but presently cryed out, 'Ye Boggart has touched me,' and would lie betwixt them again. A night or two before ye wife, being in ye house herself, heard a dismall noise like ye cry of a child, ending in a mournful tone. Ye like walking she heard again in ye chamber ye week but one after, when her sister's child was seized with the most violent and deadly infection I have ever seen."

Boggarts were a sort of household ghosts much believed in and feared by children in Lancashire and Derbyshire. This evil spirit of the place was a sort of domestic policeman, and children were terrified into good behaviour by the threat, "The Boggart el tak thee." The word has the same derivation as boggle, which Dr. Clegg often uses. In Scotch, bogle means a spectre.

"September 28th, 1730.—I set out with Mr. Tricket to see some remarkables in several parts of ye Peak. Called at Money Ash; went by Middleton, n<sup>r</sup> Youlgreave; came to Winster about noon. Saw 3 curious Engines at work there, which by ye force of fire heating water to vapour a prodigious weight of water was raised from a very great depth, and a vast quantity of lead ore laid dry. The hott vapour ascends from an iron pan, close covered, through a brass cylinder fixed to the top, and by its expanding force raises one end of the engine, which is brought down again by the sudden introduction of a dash of cold water into ye same cylinder which condenseth the vapour. Thus the hott vapour and cold water act by turns, and give ye clearest demonstration of ye mighty elastic force of air. Thence we set out for Wirksworth, visited Mr. Hawkinson, ye minister there, who is in danger of going into a Pthisis Pulmonalis. Thence we went to Matlock Bath. The situation is charming, and ye water very like that of Bristol, and must be

exceedingly beneficial in many cases. Two good houses are built for entertainment, but the bath is not nearly as warm as Buxton."

At the time of Dr. Clegg's visit to Winster, steam-engines were in their infancy, for although the Marquess of Worcester in 1663 invented a machine "to drive up water by fire," no practical engines were manufactured until Watts' invention in 1765.

"December 19th.—Ye workmen came to fell a tree. As I stood by them I narrowly escaped ye loss of an eye. Blessed be God!"

At the beginning of the following year our diarist made up a statement of his expenses for the previous year, and found that they amounted to £120, which surprised him.

"February 27th, 1731.—I was at home all day preparing sermons, which work I find goes much harder with me now than formerly, but I dare not neglect it. I cannot satisfie myself in preaching old sermons, unless in a case of extreme necessity, and when I do so I find it neither so good for myself nor others."

Hanging in chains was a common form of punishment at this time for convicted felons and murderers. Clegg was a witness of such an occurrence:—

"August 27th, 1731.—An horrid and barbarous murder was committed near Dane Bridge, in the road between Macclesfield and Leek, some time ago. One Nadin murdered Mr. Buck, a grazier, at the instigation of Buck's wife it is supposed, with whom he had lived in adultery. And now the said Nadin is condemned to be gibbeted."

"August 31st.—Going to Ashford, my way thither lay near Leek, and this being ye day appointed for ye execution of Nadin, I went along that way. He was brought to Leek the night before. We met him on the common the gibbet was erected on. The Sheriff, Mr. Drakeford, whom I knew, came first with his men, then ye clergyman y<sup>t</sup> had assisted ye criminal, then the man who carried the

Irons he was to hang in; then came the prisoner, then the gaoler, and last ye Hangman. Ye curate of Leek spent an hour in praying with and exhorting him; then the 51st Psalm was sung, and after some time ye executioner did his office."

There was no monotony in Clegg's life. On September 7th he was busy on his farm reaping and leading wheat; on the 14th he and his wife dined at Park Hall, meeting the Vicar of Glossop and his wife. "Well pleased with our entertainment and cheerful company." On the 15th he went with Mr. Bagshaw and other friends to course hares at Small Dale, "and had what they call good diversion, but to me it's far from being as diverting as formerly"; and on October 7th he had a day's shooting with his brother.

Clegg was a great reader, and had a good knowledge of general literature. He was often sent for to value books belonging to his friends and acquaintances:—

"1732, May 16th.—Set out for Stockport to assist Mrs. Milne in valuing her late husband's books. He had a numerous library. I got to Stockport about noon, and fell to work till night. Next day I continued still valuing the books from six in the morning till ten at night, and was very much fatigued. May 18th.—I continued valuing the books until noon, when we finished, having gone through 1,500 books, and many of them books of value."

Imprisonment for debt was then a common occurrence.

"On June 7th, 1732.—Brother J. Clegg came to us, and brought with him an Irish gentleman, who is absconding from an enemy who prosecutes him, not for a crime, but on account of an unfortunate bargain. My brother desires me to let him stay awhile in my house till he can, by his agents, come to an agreement with his adversary."

"August 7th.—I set out with Mr. Clements and his son to see Chatsworth. Called at Tideswell and visited some sick, and called again on our return. In our return through ye fforest, my young mare fell with me and cast me over

her head. My head happened to pitch on ye side of a causeway, and I was so stunned by the fall as to be taken up for dead, but through the mercy of God recovered and came home after. My face was hurt and my cheek cutt, and I have had great pain in my head since. Blessed be God for this deliverance!"

As a learned divine, Clegg was called on to dispute with the Roman Catholics over the person of a young girl whom they had perverted.

"November 21st.—I met an emissary of the Church of Rome at Sheffield. Some of that persuasion had seduced the daughter of Luke Furniss to that persuasion, and at ye request of the father, I promised to meet any of that party and debate ye matters in controversy before ye daughter and other witnesses. The debate lasted nearly five hours; about 20 were present. Most of the company were fully satisfied, but ye young woman seemed obstinate after all. I had many fears about this dispute, lest a good cause should suffer through bad management on my side, but God assisted me, and I had reason to be thankful."

Clegg seemed to have had faith in the efficacy of the Buxton waters. When feeling indisposed, it was his custom to ride over to Buxton, bathe in the well, and drink several glasses of water, from which he benefitted.

"April 27th, 1733.—At home most part of the day reading Mr. Neal's 'History of the Puritans.'"

"July 31st.—I attended the funeral of Robert Carrington. He had left ye dissenters and married unhappily. His time was very short and full of trouble. There are violent suspicions and gloomy presumptions that his wife destroyed him by giving him cantharides, but we could not find sufficient positive proof."

In the ecclesiastical government of villages there was a parson or vicar who had *curam animarum*, the cure of souls (as the lord of the manor had *curam corporum*), for which he received tithes, glebe, and church offerings. He had under

him churchwardens and sidesmen to take care of the church and church assemblies; overseers of the poor, sick, aged, and orphans; and lastly, the clerk to wait on him at divine service. All dissenters were compelled to pay church rates, and Clegg was cited for non-payment; so he went to Chapel-en-le-Frith, and made a tender of £3 13s. for his assessments, but despite this he was carried before the Spiritual Court, but on January 23rd, 1733 $\frac{3}{4}$ , he remarks:—

“I have an advice that ye Prosecution begun against me by ye Churchwardens, and carried on in ye Spiritual Court, is dismissed ye Court. Blessed be God, who hath not suffered mine enemies to triumph.”

In 1734 a Parliamentary election took place. Clegg claimed a vote, but his right was disputed. Anyhow, he rode to Derby with 800 voters from the north of the county, and arrived there on May 16th:—

“The town was full of rioters, but I had no affront nor disturbance. I visited the barrs where ye votes were taken, and visited several friends, and had advice on my vote, but did not think fit to give it that day.”

“May 17th.—I discoursed the matter more fully with Mr. Shaw, and was satisfied as to ye legality of my vote, and gave it for Lord Charles, and afternoon set out for home.”

There was a spirited contest. The object of the Tories was to turn out Lord Charles Cavendish. The election lasted from the 16th to the 23rd May, and the numbers at the close of the poll were:—

Lord Charles Cavendish	...	...	...	2081
Sir Nathaniel Curzon	...	...	...	2043
Henry Harpur, Esq.	...	...	...	1796

The first two were elected. The mob became outrageous at the success of Cavendish. The people assembled before the County Hall and opposed his being chaired. A conflict occurred between the parties; a great deal of mischief ensued, windows were broken, and several people were seriously



wounded. A man had a sharp stick thrust into his eye, and the injury caused his death.

Always afraid of neglecting his work, our diarist grudges the time he spent over his household affairs—"making an arbour, etc."; but he notes that in nineteen days he had preached seventeen sermons, which is a good record. But still he was not satisfied. On August 4th he writes:—

"Having this day been renewing my covenant with God, I have been thinking how I may do more for God than I have done. I have lately been reading Dr. Calamy's account of the ejected ministers, and there I see how far the ministers of this age fall short of those in diligence, zeal, and labour. When I read what pains they took in studying, in preaching, in season and out; in visiting, catechising, and teaching from house to house; in travelling day and night; in watching and fasting and fervent prayer; how purely, how holily, how strictly they walked and lived, it fills me with shame and grief to think how little I have done and how loosely I have lived. My practice of Physick I find has taken up much of my time, and cost me a good deal of pains, and I hope to do some service that way to God and my neighbours."

He had more trouble with some of his congregation:—

"October 31st.—Peter Wood came up to consult me what to do about his wife. She formerly behaved well, was catechized, and admitted to the Lord's Supper. I had good hopes of her, but I fear the love of strong drink hath ruined her."

"November 16th.—Went to Peter Wood's, and according to my ability reprov'd and admonish'd his wife, laying open the heinousness of her crime. I sharply reprov'd the maid Priscilla for concealing the wickedness so long, and then returned to my work."

"December 5th.—This night the neighbours were alarmed and called out to seek John Lingard, who had got too much drink and was missing, but was found at last in a sorry condition."

Referring to personal matters, we find Dr. Clegg sold a cow for £2 15s., and paid his man-servant "five pounds per annum and his vails, and cloth for a shirt." The good man's energy is amazing. On March 6th he rode over to see Katherine Brocklehurst, at Overton, who was ill of the ague. Called on Francis Thomason, and returned at eventide, and went to bed, much fatigued; but at midnight he was called up, and rode to Hayfield (five miles) to see his daughter, who was ill. The next day he rode over to Hayfield again. On the 2nd April he rode to Macclesfield (12 miles) to see a patient. Again on May 27th:—

"A messenger came to call me to Derby (45 miles) to old Francis Thomason, seized with pleuretic fever. I set out with my wife for Tideswell, dined, and left her there. Set out for Derby about 3 in the afternoon, was at Derby about 8, saw the patient, and rode home the next day."

During all these years in which the diary was kept, Dr. Clegg was riding about the country carrying spiritual and medical aid to innumerable people. On these errands he visited Chesterfield, Offerton, Disley, Stockport, Ashworth, Macclesfield, Wirksworth, Knutsford, Nottingham, and many other places.

In those days the churchwardens and overseers of the poor, with the consent of two justices of the peace, might bind any child, whose parents they judged unable to maintain it, as an apprentice to any person who by his profession or manner of living had occasion to keep a servant, and if such a person were dissatisfied, he might appeal to the quarter sessions. Ministers of religion were not exempt from this imposition, but Dr. Clegg thought that he was not treated well when one was assigned to him:—

"January 25th, 173 $\frac{4}{8}$ .—This day the parish officers sent me a parish 'prentice, a poor child of Nicholas Longston's. This is a token of ye enmity, for as far as I can hear I ought not to have one."

He appealed against this imposition with success, for we read later on:—

“ July 15th.—I set out for the sessions at Bakewell with Joseph Wood; called at Tideswell, but did not alight. Was very much wet before I got to Bakewell. Retained Mr. Cook for my counsel. Dined in ye room with ye justices, and went up to ye Court, and after a brisk trial I carried my cause, and go quit of ye burden of an apprentice.”

“ February 6th.—I prescribed for a young lady, Mrs. Wilson, daughter of Mr. Wilson, Rector of St. Peter’s, Nottingham, grand-daughter of Dr. Wilson, Archdeacon of Coventry, Rector of Morley. She had been long ill and under the care of many Physitians. May God prosper my endeavours.”

Young unmarried ladies were always called by the courtesy title of mistress in those days.

“ April 12th.—Something interrupted by persons who came for advice. This day I hear Mr. Eyre, of Stockport, is dead. I had a familiar acquaintance with him. He had left the Dissenters, made push in trade to get an estate, but lived too fast and broke a good constitution, and died of universal decay, in what condition I don’t know.”

Clegg was very intimate with the Eyres, and, as we shall see, married the widow. On May 29th he was in Manchester, where he had—

“ some talk with Mrs. Bent, with whom we agreed for teaching ye girls. Bought some books and dined, and intended to set out for home, but was overpersuaded by friends to stay another night, and spent more of ye afternoon at ye bowling green.”

Riding to Derby on June 12th, he dined at Alport on the way and supped at Derby, apparently with ill-results, as he was seized with a—

“ painful fitt of ye strangury early in the morning. I thought it was owing to our late supper and some hard beer.”

Throughout the whole of his life we find that Dr. Clegg held a firm belief in mysterious and ghostly agencies, which belief would have qualified him for membership in a modern psychical society. Witness such a statement as the following :

“ June 16th, 1735.—I called to see Mrs. Smith; found Madam Bagshaw there, who told me that morning their gardener lay longer than usual in bed, on account of a bad wound in his leg. That about six in ye morning ye gardener saw Mr. Ash come into ye room he lay in. He came to ye bed and asked him many questions, then walked to ye window, took up a book that lay there, and looked in it awhile, having nothing on but his shirt and night-cap, then walked off. A little boy that lay in ye room, nephew of Mr. Bagshaw, affirms that he also saw and heard all this. Mr. Ash affirms that he was never out of his room that morning till eight o’clock, that he slept well all night, found the door made when he dressed and came down as he made it ye night before, and that he never walked in his sleep in all his life. What shall we say to this but wait for the event.”

Wait for what? Clegg evidently expected something to result from this, instead of ridiculing the hallucinations of the gardener.

“ June 21st.—My man came back this night from Manchester. Brought me no bad tidings of my children, but ye sad news that my friend and bookseller, Robert Whitworth, of Manchester, is apprehended and sent to Lancaster for vending false stamps, and his life is in danger.”

Robert Whitworth, of Cockpit Hill, Manchester, was one of the principal publishers and stationers in the north of England.

“ August 7th.—I had an unhappy difference with my wife, and uttered some harsh and hasty expressions y<sup>t</sup> cost me trouble afterwards. God grant me meekness and humility; may I learn of Jesus.”

On December 9th he was afflicted by the death of his "good old mare," so he had to walk on his next visitation of friends, and "snow was deep, and I was much fatigued, and when I came last home got a fall in ye house by a slip, that over-stretched ye tendons in my leg and thigh and gave me much pain, and I fear will for some time disable me from walking so well as I could before."

Besides his other labours, Dr. Clegg edited several books, which were printed in London. His literary tastes were well known, and he was continually called upon to value the libraries of deceased persons.<sup>1</sup>

"February 14th.—At home all day preparing sermons. My wife called out to a sinful creature in travail. God give her repentance."

"February 15th.—Preached twice, as usual. The way was very bad, and few at a distance could attend. Some agents from the Grecian churches were this day in Chapel-en-le-Frith. They are going about for reliefe for those distressed Churches."

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Clegg edited the following books:—

1. A rather thin small 8vo, entitled *Essays on Union to Christ*, by the Apostle of the Peak, which was published after his decease by the Rev. John Ashe and Dr. Clegg, who jointly wrote the epistle dedicatory. Printed in London by Nevil Simmons, bookseller at Sheffield, 1703.
2. Dr. Clegg wrote also *The Scripture Account of the Covenants*, and *The Interest of Faith in Justification, briefly explained and vindicated in some remarks on Mr. Samuel de la Rose's brief account of the Covenants in a letter to a friend in Stockport*. London: Printed by J. Noon, in Cheapside, near Mercer's Chapel, 1723. 8vo.
3. *Sermon preached by the Revd. Dr. Clegg at the ordination of Mr. John Holland, Jr., at Chesterfield, Aug. 11, 1731, with an exhortation delivered by the Revd. John Ashe*. Printed by John Noon, aforesaid, 1731. 8vo.
4. *A discourse occasioned by the sudden death of the Rev. John Ashe of Ashford in the Peak. To which is added a short account of his life and character and of some others in or near the High Peak in Derbyshire, as an appendix to the Rev. Mr. Bagshawe's book, De Spiritualibus Peccis*. London: Printed by J. Noon, at the White Hart, Cheapside, nr. Mercer's Chapel.
5. *Seventeen Sermons by the Revd. Mr. John Ashe of Ashford in the High Peak, with a preface by the Revd. J. Clegg*. London: Sold by J. Noon, at the White Hart, nr. Mercer's Chapel in Cheapside, Mr. Jonathan Slater in Chesterfield, Mr. Jer. Roe in Derby, and Mr. John Simmonds in Sheffield, 1741. 8vo.

“ March 10th.—An ancient man came for advice, and brought a water from beyond Southwel, in Nottinghamshire, on foot; about 36 miles.”

Another escape from injury whilst riding is narrated under the entry May 10th, 1736:—

“ I set out for home from Manchester. When I was got on horseback to return, in passing through a gate an iron hook it was hasped with caught hold on my great coat, and stuck through ye top of my strong boot, and ye mare rushing forward from under me, I fell on my head and shoulder to the ground with great violence, the rest of my body hung by my boot on ye hook. I was stunned with ye fall. Fras. Thomason with difficulty disengaged me, and I mounted again and came home, much pained in my head and shoulder. This was a great and remarkable deliverance; I desire I may never forget it. Blessed be God for this merciful and seasonable appearance for me.”

On the following day he received six guineas from Mrs. Wingfield for medical attendance, so he was well paid for his advice.

“ May 29th.—I hear that Mr. Tricket is cast in ye suit which he commenced against our Curate, contrary to ye advice of all his friends. This I fear may be of bad consequence to ye dissenting interests in these parts.”

“ June 9th.—I went to Malcalf to see Grace Young, who was in great concern about her nephew, Mr. Tricket, who, through the perjury of ye witness, who swore against him, has been cast in ye suit he commenced against ye Curate, on which account there has been wild and wicked rioting and revelling at Chapel-en-le-Frith.”

Mr. Tricket was a dissenter, and the feeling in the parish was very strong against him. Mr. Benj. Bardsley was at this time curate of the church.

“ June 28th.—Set out for Tideswell. Mr. Ashe's books were to be sold by auction. Ye auction continued until midnight, and we sat up late.”

“ June 29th.—At ye auction again, which continued till after midnight, and we did not part until two hours after that.”

Auctions in the High Peak were made occasions for much eating and drinking. Bowls of punch succeeded each other, and numbers of persons who had no intention of buying filled the auction room, and took their share of the drink provided. Both sellers and buyers must have become somewhat muddled by 2.0 a.m.

“ September 6th.—Was applied to for medicine by a young woman servant to Mrs. Young. I suspect she is with child, and y<sup>t</sup> she wants it to be destroyed.”

“ September 17th.—Rid out with the company to Paddocks, where we spent the day in reading and diversions, and returned without misfortune.”

“ December 11th.—I settled accounts with ye dancing master, and paid the moneys with a grumbling conscience, and am resolved never to pay more on that account.”

It does not appear who benefitted by the dancing lessons ; it seems improbable that Clegg would have allowed his daughters to be taught. He always believed that what we call accidents were really punishments for sins committed.

“ January 17th, 1737<sup>g</sup>.—We have heard of many sad disasters that have befallen several persons about us. One in Edale shot accidentally thro’ the leg, and ye part so shattered that it is taken off. Another in ye Peak Forest was going about to collect ye Land Tax on the Lord’s day, fell from a wall y<sup>t</sup> he was climbing over, and was so bruized that he shortly died of it. Ellis Needham, of Castleton, thrown off his horse and dangerously hurt, and his man about the same time broke his thigh. A clergyman of Motterham, disordered as we hear by drink, fell from his horse, and has not been able to speak since. These are all warnings against sinful practices, and to all to be ready.”

On January 27th Clegg went to the fair at Chapel-en-le-Frith and sold two young bullocks, and on March 2nd he had

six teams ploughing on his farm: "They did a great deal of work, and did it well, and blessed be God no disaster befell any of them." Later on, at another fair, "I sold an old mare for 2 guineas and a young one for £3 10s., and returned in good time."

"May 3rd, 1737.—There was a meeting of ministers, when Dr. Clegg preached. Several gross immoralities committed by Mr. David Herbert were complained of to the ministers, and clear and full proof of ye facts appearing, he was by them disowned and rejected, and a letter ordered to be written to his hearers to withdraw from him as one y<sup>t</sup> walked very disorderly."

"November 25th.—I heard of the death of our most excellent Queen. It is a great breach in ye nation. May we all lay it to heart, and duly lament the sins that provoked God to make it."

Queen Caroline died on Sunday evening, December 1st, 1737 (November 20th, O.S.). Dr. Clegg's lamentations are a contrast to the well-known description of the Queen's death-bed by Carlyle: "Little George blubbered a good deal, fidgeted and flustered a good deal, poor foolish little man. The dying Caroline recommended him to Walpole; advised His Majesty to marry again. 'Non j'aurai des maitresses,' sobbed His Majesty passionately. 'Ah, mon dieu, cela n'empeche pas,' answered she, from long experience of the case."

Some of the dissenters' meeting-houses must have been of a very humble character, as Dr. Clegg rode over to Chelmsorton, and "purchased ye meeting place of J. Buxton for ye use of ye congregation there; ye price, eight pounds."

"January 18th, 1737<sup>7</sup>.—Continued diverting ourselves at Tideswell. Dined at Mr. Kelsal's, supped at Mr. Hadfield's where we stayed up too late, and spent ye time not so well as the night before. Lord, pardon our vanity." [Vanity being used in its old meaning of foolishness.]



“ February 22nd.—After dinner I baptized the child of Anne Bradbury, after she had made an humble and penitent confession of her sin before several communicants and others of the congregation.”

Clegg would never baptise illegitimate children unless their parents had appeared as penitents before the congregation. In the Anglican Church at this time, members guilty of fornication were made to appear in church under a white sheet, and to confess their sin and to be admonished by the minister.

“ June 16th, 1737.—After dinner, brother John and sister came to us, and many matters relating to my father and his will were debated with more passion than was becoming us. They are uneasy that I come in for an equal share of his estate. This reward I have for all that I have done for them.”

“ August 12th.—After sermon read Mr. Whitfield’s Journal, and was amazed to consider the work that man got through. He seems to me to have the true spirit of the evangelist, only too full of himself and too enthusiastic.” In December this year Dr. Clegg, who generally enjoyed excellent health, was himself ill:—

“ On the 17th I had last night a very bad night; an ague fitt seized me, and then an high ffever; got little sleep, and it did not refresh me. In ye morning I found myself almost disabled from walking, and was full of pain. I took some powdered sulphur and Balsam of sulphur mixed with conserve of roses, drinking after it whey and small liquors, but had a very bad day.”

“ December 18th.—Had a very bad night; short sleeps and sadly perplexed and lost; my ffever was very high; great and continuall thirst, but when I was up found my pain abated, and was more able to walk, but had no appetite but to drink. I drank apple tea and small table beer, and a glass or two of birch wine with a little claret, and before night found my ffever and thirst abating.”

“December 30th.—The wind was so high and ye cold so severe that in the forenoon I preached in my house. In the afternoon I preached at our chapel, but the wind had broke the windows very much and blown down one of ye firr trees, and it was with great difficulty that we went out or returned.”

“January 9th, 17 $\frac{39}{40}$ , was the fast day. I was in the pulpit about three hours, and though I had not tasted food or liquor till 3 in ye afternoon, I found myselfe very fresh and strong.”

There was a very severe frost in London at this time. It lasted nine weeks, coaches plied upon the Thames, and festivities and diversions of all kinds were enjoyed upon the ice. The news of it penetrated to Chapel-en-le-Frith, where also the frost was very severe. Clegg is pleased to hear “of ye charitable Collections in London and other parts for ye poor, and think myselfe now obliged to give something extraordinary for their relief.” His visiting was stopped, as he could not pass through the drifts of snow.

In June, 1740, Dr. Clegg set out for Lincoln, dined at Newcastle *en route*. At Lincoln he spent two hours viewing the cathedral, “that noble pile of buildings and its monuments.” From thence to Gainsborough and Brigg; came in good time to Barton; “went off in a hoy for Hull. The wind was against us, but by the mercy of God we got safe to shore. After we had seen ye Dock, ye garrison, and the man-of-war building there, etc., we left Hull and set out for Beverley, and came thither betwixt nine and ten at night. We got up pretty soon and took a view of the Minster. It’s not as large as that at Lincoln, but the building more neat and compact and uniform, and much better kept.” He returned home through Rotherham and Sheffield.

“June 30th.—Spent the afternoon in catching fish.”

“July 31st.—I am intending by degrees to fall into a vegetable diet, and to leave off all strong liquors, hoping it may be beneficiall both to my body and mind.”

“ October 7th.—Walked over to Ford Hall and dined with Mrs. Bagshaw. Stepped thence to John Fieldings’s. His son, Jeremy, was very suddenly seized a little time before, and found dead or dying in a field by the house. Ye young man had long been under sad disorder of mind and in danger of destroying himself or some others of ye family. It is a mercy that both these evils were prevented.”

“ November 18th.—This day ye Parliament meets. May the Divine blessing be upon their Consultations. The Emperor of Germany and the Empress of Russia are dead. Blessed be God that our King is alive and in health. May he still be continued a blessing to us, and may all his endeavours for the Publick Good be crowned with success.”

On the 23rd January next year Dr. Clegg dined with Mr. Bagshaw, at Ford Hall, where he was “treated with an Ananas or Pine Apple of the most delicious taste and flavour, the growth of the High Peak, and ripe on the 23rd January in a hard winter.” The pineapple was a great rarity in England at that time. The first of these fruits was grown by Sir Matthew Decker at Richmond.

“ April 3rd, 1741.—Last night my man left a young heifer, through carelessness, in ye field. She did not come home with ye rest. He did not seek her nor mention her to us, and this morning she was found dead. It’s a loss and a great disappointment, and it grieves me that it was caused by carelessness, but such rebukes may be needful and useful.”

There are no entries in the diary from June 22nd to July 14th, 1741. Dr. Clegg and his two daughters, Sally and Betty, were all ill with a kind of malarial fever and ague, which was very prevalent in the parish. This illness ended fatally for one of his daughters.

“ My dear daughter Sally is still alive (July 14th), but in as low a condition as possible for any one to be alive, yet the plaister had raised a blister and made a great discharge, but still she continued insensible and unable to

speak. About noon she was seized by a sort of internal convulsion, that shook the bed. This was followed by strong pain, as we concluded from her groaning and mournful complaint; and about half an hour past two she departed this life, aged 23 years, one month, and 14 days. She died on the 16th day of her fever, which was of the nervous kind. She was the most pious and dutiful child I ever had, and this is the greatest breach that was ever made upon my earthly comfort. She was a most dutiful and affectionate daughter to me, of an excellent capacity and great ingenuity, but what was most valuable in her was her real piety. Her life was pure and unblemished, useful and exemplary, and her conversation both agreeable and instructive. She was exceedingly willing to die, and told me she had no cloud, but peace within, and begged I would no longer pray for her life, but resign her to God."

"July 16th.—I am still taken up more than I could wish with cares about the funeral, but it's what ye custom of the country renders necessary, and I would not willingly give any just occasion of offence. I hope God will not impute this care to me for sin."

On September 24th Clegg rode to Gainsborough and met an old acquaintance, Mr. Anthony Hadfield, who had been thirty years or more in Africa, seven years as British Consul at Tetuan. Whilst at Gainsborough "I went to see the Orrery and Similo, fine machines for showing ye situations and the motions of the heavenly bodies according to both the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems." The Orrery was so-called after Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, who was said to have invented it. What a Similo was I know not.

Dr. Clegg was a great reader, and, considering his income, he spent much money in the purchase of books. On October 29th he received a parcel of books from London, and the following two days he was at home "perusing some of my new books, that afforded good entertainment."

“ November 8th.—This night one David Taylor, a Methodist, began to preach amongst us. He preached in ye street in Chapel-en-le-Frith, but some persons set ye bells a-ringing, which gave him great disturbance and highly provoked many.”

This visit of David Taylor must have been in the earliest part of the Methodist revival. The knot of enthusiasts who began the religious revival at Oxford only removed to London in 1738, and Whitfield began his preaching after that Hegira. David Taylor, originally a servant of Lady Huntingdon, was one of Wesley's first preachers, but afterwards left the work. He founded a number of Methodist congregations in Derbyshire and Yorkshire, but contracted an ill-judged marriage, and “ had fallen into German stillness.” Some say he had been a footman in the household of the Earl of Huntingdon; others that he had been a servant of Lady Margaret Hastings; and others that he had been butler to Lady Betty, her sister. Being converted under Ingham's preaching, and being a man of ability and of some education, the Countess of Huntingdon had sent him into the surrounding hamlets and villages to preach, and by degrees his labours were extended to various parts of Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire. One of his converts was John Bennett, of Chinley, afterwards the husband of the well-known Grace Murray. Clegg was much exercised in spirit about these Methodists. At first he was willing to accept them as fellow-workers for good. “ I think it does not become me to give these Methodists any disturbance or opposition; Gamaliel's advice in such cases will always be found the best.” But afterwards he had doubts as to the soundness of their doctrines, so a meeting was arranged between him and Taylor to discuss matters. He writes:—

“ I enquired after his authority to preach; he could not pretend to say, but an inward motion of the spirit. I then enquired what doctrines he preached, and found them Antinomian in the highest degree. He tells his hearers that they are all lost in Adam's sin, and that they can do nothing

at all towards their own recovery, nor need to do anything, Christ having done all. He prayed to God that he might never have any holiness or righteousness of his own as long as he lives. I showed him from Scriptures and reason the necessity of holiness, and virtue of obedience and goodness, till he was silenced, but he would not be convinced, and so I left him."

"January 18th, 174 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Gave an account of my conference with ye Methodist. I find he has created very great uneasiness and disturbance in the minds of many. He goes to houses where he is never invited, and tells the most serious and pious women they are adulteresses, murderers, etc. Thus he talked to Sarah, the wife of John Carrington, a woman of good sense and unblemished character, who was big with child and near her time. The shock it gave her and the fright it put her into went near to cause a miscarriage, which would have endangered her life. I earnestly pray that it may please God to preserve my people from infection, and to deliver them from this man."

A great blow fell upon Dr. Clegg on the 30th January, 174 $\frac{1}{2}$ , by the death of his wife.

"This is the widest breach that was ever made upon me. The greatest loss I ever sustained. I am now deprived of a most pious, prudent, diligent, careful, and affectionate companion."

On the 26th April great numbers of soldiers passed through the parish, and were billeted in different houses. England was at this time at war, and soldiers were being marched for embarkation to Germany, and possibly to take their share in the battle of Dettingen, which took place in 1743.

On the 15th July, Clegg officiated at the funeral of William Bennett's wife.

"'Tis said she had been vilely abused by one Thomas Good, a butcher, in Buxton, and that the bruises she received were ye occasion of her sickness and death. If this be true, it is a crime that deserves to be punished by ye judge. Good Lord, put a stop to ye progress of vice."

November 10th was kept as a public fast, which was religiously observed in the parish. Farming operations were not neglected. We read of "a fatt swine" being killed, and a grey mare purchased for seven guineas. Clegg had trouble at this time with his youngest son, Benjamin, who was at home for his holidays, and who developed a scorbutic eruption. His father took him to Buxton to drink the waters and bathe. On the 30th January, 1743<sup>2</sup>, the boy, who should have returned to school the next day, "appeared extremely uneasy to return, pretending he was not cured of ye itch, and used language y<sup>t</sup> filled me with great uneasiness all ye night. May God make him more humble, meek, and dutiful. I determined to keep him another week and try other remedies." Benjamin Clegg was at school at Finderne under Dr. Latham, a well-known dissenting academy. It was to Dr. Latham that Clegg wrote the following letter, which has given rise to so much controversy:—

"I know that you are pleased with anything curious and uncommon in Nature, and if what follows shall appear such, I can assure you eye-witnesses of the truth of every particular. In a church about 3 miles distant from us, the indecent custom still prevails of burying the dead in the place set apart for the devotions of the living. Yet the parish not being very populous, one would scarce imagine the Inhabitants of the grave could be straightened for want of room; yet it would seem so, for on the last of August several Hundreds of bodies rose out of the grave in the open day in that church, to the great Astonishment and Terror of several spectators. They deserted the Coffins, and arising out of the graves immediately ascended directly towards Heaven, singing in concert all along as they mounted through the air. They had no winding sheets about them, yet did not appear quite naked; their vesture seemed streaked with gold, interlaced with white, yet thought to be exceeding light by the agility of their motions and the swiftness of their ascent. They left a most fragrant and delicious odour

behind them, but were quickly out of sight, and what is become of them, or in what Distant Region of the vast system they have since fixed their Residence, no mortal can tell. The church is at Hayfield, 3 miles from Chapel-en-le-Frith."

This extraordinary letter was published in *The Reliquary*, 1860, by the late Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, from a MS. copy in his own possession. Its authenticity has been doubted, but, granting its genuineness, may it not be an illustration of the credulity of the people of Hayfield, and an example of the delusions which at times impose upon otherwise sensible people? This view was taken by the well-known novelist, T. Adolphus Trollope, to whom the letter was submitted, and who writes: "It seems to me, on carefully considering Dr. Clegg's letter, that he certainly did not mean to give his friend any idea that he (Clegg) believed that such an occurrence had taken place, but that he *did mean* to tell him that such an assertion had been made at Hayfield. I fancy that he thought he was making a curious and valuable contribution to the history of the *Value of Testimony*; and so he was, if he would only have made his meaning a little clearer. If it can be shown that a number of people at Hayfield did assert that they had seen such a Phenomenon, it would be—on the grounds I have stated—a fact well worth having. And it would be an useful addition to the list of delusions, indicating the *contagious* nature of such. A fact of this kind could be paralleled and illustrated by sundry very similar stories. One of a ship's crew, who *all* stated on oath that they saw the body of 'Old Booty,' a Wapping baker, much hated by them, thrown by the Devil into the volcano Stromboli, then in eruption, as their ship passed it."

In the early part of 1743 Clegg was in bad health, so much so that he found the composition of sermons somewhat irksome, and as he preached so many of them, he was fain to touch up his old ones, although it went somewhat against his conscience to do so.



“By the frequent disorders in my head and eyes I am often disabled from preparing new discourses, and am necessitated, instead of that, to review and correct some that were delivered some years ago, which I hope may be as beneficial as if they were new.”

To cure his disorder he took “squills and garlick infused in vinegar and honey, and dissolved in it gum ammoniacum and Balsam of Tola, and now and then I took spermaceti, dissolved in hott broth.”

He was still at loggerheads with the Wesleyans, and had some conversations with John Bennett, pointing out his errors. John Bennett was born at Chinley, in Derbyshire. He received a good education, and was always fond of books. At the age of seventeen he was placed at Dr. Latham's well-known academy at Findern, near Derby, with a view of studying for the ministry. Before long, however, he engaged himself as clerk to a magistrate, and at twenty-two years of age embarked in the business of a carrier between Sheffield and Manchester, employing a number of horses for carrying goods across the hills and moors, over which carts and waggons never passed. He was also a frequenter of the different race meetings in the neighbourhood, where he often ran horses of his own. In 1739 he was at Sheffield races, heard David Taylor preach, and was converted to Methodism. In consequence he sold his racehorses, and brought Taylor with him into Derbyshire. He soon relinquished all secular pursuits, and began himself to preach in different places.

John Bennett was a great friend and companion of John Wesley, but he subsequently nearly forfeited his leader's good opinion by his marriage with a lady to whom Wesley himself was attached. Bennett accompanied Wesley into Lancashire, but he disguised the fact of his marriage from his leader. The fact was that Charles Wesley, not approving of his brother's attachment, and afraid that it would end in matrimony, hastened on Bennett's marriage. John Bennett was therefore wedded to the lady in question, whose name was Mrs. Grace

Murray, in the parish church of St. Andrew, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the presence of Charles Wesley and George Whitfield, October 3rd, 1749, and poor John Wesley was left deserted. Some verses which he wrote at the time afford strong indications of the poignancy of his disappointment.

Clegg's arguments with Bennett were energetic; in fact, he says, "warmed me a little too much." He heard "with great pleasure" of the victory at Dettingen. On October 4th, being at Gainsborough—

"I went with Mr. Woodhouse to a lecture on Experimental Philosophy by one Mr. Miden, or Mithin. It was on the influence of air and water on vegetation. Several experiments were tried with the air-pump, to show the manner of respiration, etc." He bought "an horizontal weather-glass for half a guinea."

His birthday was celebrated on the 20th October, when—

"At night my neighbours came in, and I gave them a small entertainment, and we were, I hope, innocently merry."

Dining at Ford Hall on the 4th January—

"There was a great deal of company, but I had little satisfaction in it, not having an opportunity nor an heart to do any good."

On the 6th January, 174 $\frac{3}{4}$ —

"We had some neighbours to supper this night, and it kept me up too late. For that and other reasons I determined, if it pleased God to spare me another year, not to have them to supper, but to dinner."

The relief of the poor must have cost much less than at present, even allowing for the difference in the value of money, as we are told in the diary that at a Parish Council an agreement was made for maintaining all the poor in the parish at the rate of one shilling per head per annum."

Whether owing to careless riding, badly-trained horses, or wretched roads, our unfortunate minister was always getting into difficulties:—

“On 7th February, riding to Shireoaks, on the way was an ugly gate, which I could not open sufficiently for ye mare to pass; but she rushed through it, and my leg was caught in it, and I was plucked off. I fell with my head on an ice, and was wounded and lost some blood, and had an hurt on my leg.”

Charles Edward the Pretender was placed in 1744 by the French Government at the head of a formidable armament, but his plan for a descent upon Scotland was frustrated by a violent storm, which wrecked his fleet. News of this attempt reached Chapel-en-le-Frith. Clegg writes:—

“We hear the French are attempting to invade us. About 20 of their men-of-war are now in the Channel with ye Pretender’s eldest son. We hear that Admiral Matthews has defeated ye Spanish fleet, and that the French are retired from Dunkirk, after suffering great loss from stormy weather. Blessed be God, who fighteth for us and blasteth ye designs of our enemies.”

The latter part of the paragraph no doubt refers to the defeat of the Spanish fleet off Toulon by Admiral Matthews on February 22nd, 1744 (N. S.).

“May 8th.—At Manchester. Dined with 39 ministers, at the cost of Mr. Butterworth.”

Thomas Butterworth was a trustee of Cross Street Chapel, Manchester. He married a daughter of Sir Robert Dukinfield, and died 15th December, 1745, aged 62. It is pleasant to find that Dr. Clegg had a bath in his house, an unusual feature in those days, as he notes that some workmen came to repair his bath, who, when their work was done, “fished in the brook, and many people gathered to see the diversion.”

Clegg’s last remaining daughter (Betty) was married in the parish church on July 27th to Thomas Middleton. The next morning the newly-married pair breakfasted with him. He bemoans his solitary state, and meditates on the advice of his friends that he should marry again. To marry or not to marry, that was the question that troubled him. However:—

“ August 16th.—Walked up to Chapel-en-le-Frith. Met Mr. Thomas Kyrke, and came to a conclusion about marrying. I had been in great perplexity about it, but now resolved to follow ye conduct of Providence, and cast all my care upon the ever blessed God. I was much indisposed and afflicted with what we call ye Hypochondriac Passion.”

His indisposition with the strange name could not have been serious nor lasting, for five days afterwards—

“ I set out with my friends to Disley, and there was married by Mr. Robinson, of Macclesfield, to Mrs. Eyre. Mr. Culcheth and Mr. Jones were with us, and several other friends.”

Mrs. Eyre was Sarah, sister of the Rev. John Jones, of Marple (a special friend of Dr. Clegg), and widow of Thos. Eyre, Esq., of Hathersage and Stockport, who died in 1732. Her daughter Anne was the Miss Eyre so frequently mentioned in the diary, and young Gillingham Eyre (the Gilly of the Diary) was the child of her son, the Rev. Thomas Eyre, of Stockport.

The day after his wedding, Clegg announces that he found himself “ much better both in body and mind ; calm, cheerful, composed, and easy.” Yet another escape :—

“ September 18th.—Last night I was in great danger of being suffocated and burned in bed. Ye candle fell on the bed when I was drop'd asleep, and set fire to the bed. Blessed be God for this remarkable deliverance ! ”

The newly-married couple were entertained at Ford Hall :—

“ January 17th, 1743.—We were invited to dine at Ford Hall, and I took my wife with me and Miss Eyre. The latter stayed there all night and the night after. I returned after dinner with my wife, and my man, having got too much drink, fell from ye mare, and was in great danger of losing his life.”

There is a curious entry under January 21st about one Robert Bennett :—

“ A stubborn, perverse youth, and in that temper he died,

ordering himself to be buried within at ye end of his house, and so we hear he was buried.”

Riding to Rochdale, Clegg had another accident:—

“On the road my mare stumbled and came down, and cast me over her head, and was in great danger of losing my life, but God mercifully preserved it.”

In the olden days the church was unwarmed, so it was strewn with rushes to protect the feet of the congregation. These rushes were renewed only once a year, when the parishioners turned out to cut rushes, which were brought home in carts decorated with flags and flowers, and preceded by music. The day was kept as a general holiday, and generally finished with much drinking and debauchery. This year, August 18th, at the rush-bearing, there was much rioting, and a girl and a man at the Royal Oak Inn had each an arm broken.

In September he was much worried by Edward Bennett, of Chelmorton: “He made unreasonable demands, and I gave way too much to passion. May God forgive it.” He rode over to Buxton to meet him and a Capt. Harrison of ye ship *Tiger* to settle accounts about the meeting place there. “My man was sadly disordered by strong drink, to my great vexation and grief.”

“October 4th, 1745.—I was called to Mr. Fletcher, of Eyam, dangerously ill, either through the carelessness or ignorance of an Apothecary in making him up a dose of Physick, that went near to kill him.”

“October 10th.—Although much indisposed by ye Hypochondriac wind all the night before and all the day,” Dr. Clegg set out for Eyam to the funeral of Mr. Fletcher, who had been killed by the dose of physic above-mentioned. “There I met with a letter from Thomas Beach, who made up ye Physick for Mr. Fletcher, declaring the prescription was very safe and rightly prepared; but he did not say he made it up, which makes me still suspect there was a fatal error, and that 2 scruples of ye emetic salt of Tartar were

put in instead of y<sup>t</sup> quantity of ye plain salt of Tartar, which was ordered."

During the autumn of 1745 the whole of Derbyshire was thrown into consternation by the march of the Scotch forces under the Young Pretender, Charles Edward. The people at Chapel-en-le-Frith were beside themselves with fear, for although the Scotch did not actually invade their parish, they passed within a few miles of it, and the report of their proceedings in the places they visited, no doubt exaggerated, filled them with horror. Many of them fled into the recesses of the hills, carrying away their most treasured possessions and burying their money. There are naturally many notices of these occurrences in Dr. Clegg's diary. He writes:—

"To-day, September 24th, we have heard the Scotch rebels are in possession of the city of Edinburgh, and for advancing towards England speedily. I had an account from my son James of the defeat of the King's forces by ye Rebels in Scotland."

"September 27th.—All about us in great consternation, under apprehension of the progress of the Rebellion. Our gentlemen set out to meet ye Duke of Devonshire at Derby to concert measures for raising forces for the defence of ye nation."

"October 2nd.—We hear the Highland Rebels are returned back to Edinburgh, endeavouring to have that castle surrendered to them. This gives some time for the Government for raising forces."

"November 9th-26th.—Heard that the Rebels were advancing towards England, but it was not known whether they would come by Carlisle or ye Newcastle road. We had advice that the people in Manchester are in great confusion, many of them removing their best effects." "We hear the rebels have laid siege to Carlisle." "We hear Carlisle surrendered on Friday last, but the castle still held out against ye Rebels." "We hear ye rebels are advancing fast towards Manchester, and the people are removing and concealing their best effects."

Many of the people from Manchester fled for refuge to the High Peak. Clegg dined on the 26th November at Chapel-en-le-Frith with two gentlemen and their wives who had fled to that place for safety. Disturbed by their reports, he sent away his wife's clothes and linen and some of his most valuable writings to a place of safety up in the hills.

“November 27th.—We hear some of ye Rebels are come to Manchester. Our towne (Chapel-en-le-Frith) is full of refugees.”

“November 28th.—Walked to Chappell to hear tidings and to visit friends. All the news is discouraging. Stockport bridge is broken down, but we know not which way the Rebels intend to go from Manchester.”

“November 29th.—I walked up to towne to hear tidings and see my friends; all are full of fears.”

“November 30th.—I spent some time with Justice Duckinfield. Sent two men to assist in making trenches to obstruct the roads about Whaley; but in my thought it could not answer any good purpose, but was very bad for travellers.”

Whaley is a small village about three miles from Chapel-en-le-Frith on the Manchester road. What good could be achieved by digging trenches across the road is incomprehensible. The Highlanders had no big guns and few wagons, and were not likely to be stopped by such trivial obstructions.

“December 1st.—The Rebels left Manchester in ye morning, and entered Macclesfield soon after noon, and lodged there that night.”

“December 2nd.—The Rebels rested all day at Macclesfield, but soon had eaten up all their provisions, and made filthy and ruinous work in the houses.”

An interesting report of the proceedings of the Highlanders in Macclesfield is contained in the letters of Mr. John Stafford, an attorney of that town:—“The Rebels asked for Sir Peter Davenport's house, whether he was in town or not, and being answered not, they gave him a curse, and soon after rode to his house, and after viewing it inside and out, marked

the door with the word 'Prince.' Charles Edward himself was in Highland dress, with a blue waistcoat, braided with silver, and had on a blue Highland bonnet. He is a very handsome person, rather tall, exactly proportioned, and walks very well, and his face is not marked with the smallpox, as has been reported. I stepped over to a poor neighbour's house," continues Mr. Stafford, "who had fifty common men quartered on him, to see how they lay. The house floor was covered with straw, and men and women and children lay promiscuously together like a kennel of hounds, and some of them were even stark-naked. I had twenty common men and three officers and six horses quartered on me. These officers are scrubby fellows, and behave rudely. One of them broke me a good looking-glass, and the common men would have plundered me had they not been restrained. Those townsmen who had locked their doors, and the houses of others who were not able to guard their effects, were plundered, and many others were robbed of what money, bedding, and clothes they had, and nothing escaped that was portable and could be of any use to them. It appears that the officers had very little command over the men, who plundered and pilfered all the way. The officers for the most part behaved very well, but the common men like devils. They not only lived upon free quarters in every house, but plundered people of their money, bedding, and clothes, and anything they could carry away. Their habits were filthy to a degree, fouling the houses and using the streets as in Edinburgh."

"December 3rd.—The Rebels left Macclesfield, and took the road to Congleton, Leek, and Ashbourne."

At Leek the Highlanders broke open the dissenters' meeting-house in the night, and turned it into a stable, throwing the seats on a heap. They turned the meeting-house chamber into a kind of kitchen for cooking their victuals, and filthy work was made in it. The smell continued for two weeks after they left. In the chamber they broke open two chests in their search for money. The poor people in Leek suffered extremely,



not only in being robbed, but in having to feed such great numbers. The abandoned houses were broken open and stripped of their contents—cheeses and other provisions—and almost every horse carried off.

“December 4th.—Very early I sent my man to Derby with letters for my son Ben, but he could not meet with him. He left the letters and made haste out, and saw the Rebels marching very near to Derby as he came, and his mare narrowly escaped being pressed for the use of ye Rebels. He came back in good time at night, having travelled about 54 miles that day.”

“December 5th.—We heard all the Rebels were in Derby.”

About eleven o'clock on a Wednesday morning two of the Rebel vanguard rode into Derby, and at the entrance gave a specimen of their quality by seizing a horse belonging to a gentleman named Stamford; after which they rode up to the George Inn, and there enquired for the magistrates, and demanded billets for nine thousand men or more. In a short time after the vanguard rode into the town, consisting of about thirty men, clothed in blue, faced with red. Most of them had a scarlet waistcoat, with gold lace; fine men, who made a good appearance. They were halted and drawn up in the Market Place, and sat on horseback two or three hours. The people in Derby were nervous, so they rang the church bells and lighted bonfires to welcome the intruders. About three in the afternoon, Lord Elcho, with the Lifeguards and many of the chiefs, arrived on horseback—about one hundred and fifty in number—clothed like the other horsemen. They made a fine show, being the flower of the Prince's army. Soon after the main body marched into the town, in tolerable order, six or eight abreast, with about eight standards, most of them white flags with a St. George's cross. They had many pipers, who played as they marched. They were a poor lot of shabby, lousy, pitiful-looking fellows, mixed up with old men and boys, dressed in dirty plaids and as dirty shirts, without

breeches, and wore stockings made of plaid half-way up their legs; some without shoes or next to none, and numbers of them so fatigued by their long march that they seemed to excite more pity than fear. When the Market Place was filled by them, they ordered their Prince to be proclaimed, which was done by the common cryer. Charles Edward did not arrive until dusk. He walked in on foot, being attended by a great body of his men, who conducted him to his lodgings at Lord Exeter's house, where guards were placed. Almost every house in Derby was filled by the troops. The Duke of Atholl lodged at Mr. Thomas Gisborne's; the Duke of Perth at Mr. Rivett's; Lord Elcho at Mr. Storer's; Lord George Murray at Mr. Heathcote's; Lord Pitsligo at Mr. Meynell's; Lord Nairne at Mr. John Bingham's; Lady Ogilvy, Mrs. Murray, and others at Mr. Francey's. Many a common ordinary-sized house, both public and private, had forty or fifty men each, and some nearly one hundred. The townspeople treated the rebels well, regaling them with bread, cheese, and beer, and providing a good supper. After supper, being wearied by their long march, they all went to rest, most of them upon straw.

Being refreshed by a night's rest, the next morning they were very lively, running about from one shop to another to buy, or rather, steal, tradesmen's goods—gloves, buckles, powder flasks, buttons, shoes, handkerchiefs, and other articles. It was a practice of theirs, if they liked a man's shoes better than their own, to demand them off his feet, and march off with them. The longer they stayed the more impudent and offensive they grew, demanding everything they wanted with threats, drawn swords, and pistols. They ordered the cryer to make public proclamation for all persons that paid any excise, to pay what was due by five o'clock that same evening on pain of military execution; by which means they collected a good sum of money from the gentlemen in the town by menaces. They took £100 from the Post Office; they broke open chests and boxes at several gentlemen's houses; took away all the guns, pistols, and swords they could find; pilfered

and stole linen, stockings, shoes, and everything they could carry away. The officers tried to find volunteers, but only succeeded in obtaining three.

On Friday morning their drums beat to arms, and the pipers played about the town. It was thought the rebels would march to London via Loughborough, as they had already secured Swarkestone Bridge; but instead of that they retreated to Ashbourne. Their chiefs seemed much confused and in a great hurry. Many of their men left their horses, swords, pistols, targets, and other things behind them in their quarters. Prince Charles Edward, mounted upon a black horse (said to have been Colonel Gardiner's), left his lodgings about nine o'clock, and riding across the Market Place, through the Rotten Row, then turned down Sadler Gate towards Ashbourne, followed by the main body of his army. The hussars were a parcel of fierce, desperate ruffians, and were the last body to quit the town. They rode out through the neighbouring villages, plundering many gentlemen's houses for arms and horses, of which they got a great number.

In their retreat the Scotch pursued the same route as on their advance. Dr. Clegg heard of their return.

“December 7th.—A rumour prevailed that ye Rebels were just coming upon us, which occasioned great confusion, but they were only advancing towards Macclesfield. Son Middleton was there on my mare, but made haste out of town.”

“December 8th.—The whole army of ye Rebels was in Macclesfield this morning, but presently set off for Stockport.”

“December 9th.—We hear they have all left Stockport.”

“December 10th.—Ye rebels have all returned to Manchester. They took several persons with them from Stockport. Blessed be God ye silk mill is safe!”

“December 11th.—We hear some of ye King's forces, with ye Duke of Cumberland, are now in Macclesfield. I sent my man to Stockport for intelligence.”

“ December 12th.—The last of ye Rebels left Manchester on Tuesday, and carried off at this time 2,500 pounds in cash.”

“ December 13th.—Son Middleton set out on my mare for Manchester. We had advice that ye Duke’s forces were in pursuit of ye Rebels, and at Preston not far behind them. Ye General Huske was got before them.”

So all fear of the rebels was removed from the Peak district. People who had fled returned to their homes, and life resumed its ordinary course. Clegg followed with interest the pursuit of the rebels by the Duke of Cumberland, and their final defeat and dispersion.

“ December 20th.—Had advice that ye Duke had cut off 100 of ye rear of ye rebels, but that ye body of them were got to Carlisle.”

“ December 29th.—We hear most of ye Rebels are got into Scotland with the wealth and plunder they have carried out of England, to our loss and shame.”

“ January 27th, 1746.—I had advice from Manchester that there had been another battle with ye Rebels in the North, in which they have lost more men, but one wing of our army suffered pretty much.”

“ April 23rd.—Great rejoicing for ye Duke’s victory.”

To hark back to an earlier date, Clegg took a very gloomy view of public affairs.

“ December 27th.—A very mortal disease prevails amongst the cattle in London, and very few dare eat any beef or butter made there. We have advice that the French are about to land 15 or 20,000 men in England. May ye Almighty God in mercy appear for our defence.”

He sums up the events of the year 1745 on December 31st :

“ With regard to public affairs, this year has been unhappy. Our forces and those of the allies of Brittain have been worsted in Flanders and Germany, in Italy and in Scotland, and ye Rebels from thence have ravaged and plundered six counties in England and 12 large towns.”

Dr. Clegg's liberal mind in religious matters has been referred to before. On December 22nd, finding himself too hoarse to officiate in his chapel, he ordered all his family to go to church.

"December 27th.—The day was very cold and stormy, and I continued at home all day. This week I sent 2 potts of butter to my son Joseph in London, as few dare eat butter made there."

"January 9th, 174 $\frac{5}{8}$ .—I visited George Bramwell, whose colick ends in the Iliac passion, and I doubt will take him off. This day I sent my son John in Manchester an horse-load of provisions—meal, bacon, cheese, and butter—towards making up the loss he sustained by the devouring Rebels." The first mention of Mr. John Wesley in the diary occurs on the 2nd February, 174 $\frac{5}{8}$  :—

"Last week I had a present of a book from Mr. John Wesley, which he lately published, called 'A Further Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion.' I read it with pleasure, and, I hope, with profit."

John Wesley paid more than one visit to Chapel-en-le-Frith. His first sermon there was preached at Chapel Milton on May 28th, 1745. At a later date, viz., March, 1786, he came to the parish, where a large number had been converted, but needed discipline. In a letter about that date he writes of them :—

"Frequently three, four, ten, or twelve pray aloud together. Some of them may scream all together as loud as they possibly can. Some use improper, yea, indecent, expressions in prayers. Several drop down as dead, and are as stiff as a corpse, but in a while they start up and cry Glory! Glory! perhaps twenty times together. Just so do the French people, and very lately the jumpers in Wales, and bring the real work into contempt. Yet whenever we reprove them, it should be in the most mild and gentle manner."

Miss Anne Eyre and her nephew Gilly lived with Dr. Clegg, but he made them pay for their board, which amounted in

one year to £34 18s. On June 4th he heard of the death of his father-in-law, Mr. Joseph Champion, of Edale. The old gentleman had attained the age of 94, and left a widow of 88. They had been married about 68 years.

“ June 24th.—We hear of a bloody murder committed by one of the Methodists near Cheadle, in Cheshire. A weaver there has, in an enthusiastic frenzy, cut ye throat of an apprentice he had about thirteen years old. May ye merciful God prevent the like amongst us.”

On July 9th, young Clegg and Miss Eyre set out to see Lyme Hall and Park, the residence of the Leghs of Lyme, now represented by Lord Newton.

“ When they returned they brought me the shocking and afflicting tidings that my friend, Mr. George Heald, of Macclesfield, had hanged himself in great distraction of mind, which had gradually been growing on him for several weeks, occasioned by the bad conduct of his only son. This was a great and a sad surprise for me, that a man of so much piety, knowledge, and good sense should be hurried by passion to the commission of such an horrible and unnatural act.”

“ October 4th. Called to see a child at Malcalf. In alighting at ye door, my feet shot under ye mare’s belly, and I was down on my back. The mare set one foot on my breast, but so gently I had little harm.”

Troops had been sent from England under General St. Clair to surprise Port L’Orient, and destroy the ships and stores of the French East India Company; but the expedition was a failure, and the only result attained was the plunder and burning of a few defenceless villages. This abortive expedition had an interest for Dr. Clegg, as he heard that his friend, Captain Bagshawe, who was engaged in it, had lost a leg, shot off by a cannon ball.

The servant question seems to have been to the fore at this time as well as now, for Clegg had cause to dismiss his maid Ruth, whom he calls “ a very stubborn young woman.”

“ April 26th.—Last night some wagon loads of convicted Rebels were brought to Chappel on y<sup>r</sup> way to Liverpool to be transported. Great numbers are running to see those poor wretches.”

“ July 3rd.—We had news of a battle in Flanders, in which I fear our forces were worsted, but ye French lost more men, and have no reason for boasting. We hear 32 of their Domingo fleet are brought in.”

This refers to the defeat of the Duke of Cumberland by Marshal Saxe at Lauffield.

The “ wakes ” were held at Chapel-en-le-Frith on July 12th. This is the great festival in the parish. The church is dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, whose day is the 7th July, so the wakes are always celebrated on the Sunday after that date and the following days. Masquerading, racing, bear-baiting, preceded by a cattle fair, were the chief amusements in olden days. Now the festival is celebrated by steam merry-go-rounds, cinematographs, swings, and the usual concomitants of a pleasure fair.

Clegg sold two fat cows to a butcher for £6 15s.

In September this year he fell foul of the Post Office authorities.

“ A letter came by ye post from London, but Shepley (the postmaster) refused to deliver it out of the office unless I was willing to pay a halfpenny more than the law requires, which I am not willing to do; he has abused us other ways. I am determined to seek for satisfaction.”

“ October 11th.—Much disturbed in mind on account of a dispute with the postmaster at Chappel, who has treated me with great injustice, and persists in it. I have complained of it to Justice Cheetham, but instead of procuring justice, he has sent me an order to appear before him to prove what I have alleged on Tuesday next.”

He rode over as ordered, but found the Justice was not at home, as Shepley had appointed a day without the knowledge of the magistrate. What was the result of the dispute the diary telleth not.

Dining at Ford Hall, Clegg met the Reverend Mr. Seward, for many years Rector of Eyam. He died at an advanced age in 1790. He published an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, and his verses are preserved in Dodsley's collection. His daughter, Anna Seward, the poetess (the Swan of Lichfield), was born at Eyam. She was a precocious child, who at three years of age could lisp the "Allegro" of Milton. She wrote a "Life of Erasmus Darwin," and many poems, which, with her letters, were published by Sir Walter Scott, who, to his disgust, had been appointed by her as her literary executor. Peter Cunningham, another minor poet, was Seward's curate at Eyam. Dr. Seward was well acquainted with Dr. Johnson. The great sage's opinion of him is well known: "Sir, his ambition is to be a fine talker; so he goes to Buxton and such places, where he may find companions to listen to him. And, Sir, he is a valetudinarian—one of those who are always mending themselves. I do not know a more disagreeable character than a valetudinarian, who thinks he may do anything that is for his ease, and indulges himself in the greatest freedoms. Sir, he brings himself to the state of a hog in a sty."

Earthquakes are not common occurrences in the High Peak, but one is noted on 26th June, 1748:—

"In the evening after I returned home, about 10 minutes past five, we felt a shock of earthquake, which startled us all, and sadly terrified some young women with us. It shook the whole town of Chapel-en-le-Frith, and all the ground about it, and all about a mile about us, but, blessed be God, no hurt was done."

This earthquake was followed by a violent storm of thunder and rain, which caused a great flood. Wesley, in his peregrinations, happened to be in the neighbourhood at the time, as we read in his "Journal": "There fell rain for three hours, which caused such a flood as has not been seen here before. The rocks were loosed from the mountains; the fields



covered with large stones; water-mills washed away; trees torn up by the roots; two women swept from their own doors and drowned. Hayfield churchyard all torn up; dead bodies swept out of their graves. When the flood subsided, they were found in several places—some hanging in the trees, some in meadows, some partly eaten by dogs.”

Dr. Clegg met with many misfortunes. His second wife died, after only five days' illness, on November 24th, 1748. It was a great blow to him. He writes:—

“ Thus the wise, the just, the good God has seen fit to deprive me of an excellent woman, a pleasant companion, and a most affectionate wife, and I am left in my advanced age in a solitary state. My heart is heavy, and at times full of sorrow for the great loss of my dear wife. I should submit, but cannot yet conquer griefe. When I recollect ye agreeableness of her person, the beauties that, even in her advanced age, adorned her body and mind; when I reflect on her good sense and judgment, her great prudence and discretion, ye cheerfulness of her temper and conversation, and her most affectionate concern for my health and ease and satisfaction, it fills me with sorrow that I cannot express, and scarce know how to bear.”

His daughter-in-law, Miss Eyre, continued to reside in his house. They did not get on well together. Miss Eyre seems to have been a frivolous, light-headed young woman, who found the old minister dull and prosy, and her proceedings met with little favour in Dr. Clegg's eyes. “ Harsh language ” passed between them, which gave him great uneasiness. The breach between them could not be healed, so Miss Eyre left him for a time, and went to stay with a friend.

“ March 27th, 1749.—I set out for Macclesfield. It was thought necessary that I should take Letters of Administration from y<sup>t</sup> called the Spiritual Court, to enable me to dispose of the estate and effects of my late dear wife; but I soon convinced ye parties concerned that I had no occasion

for them, but that all ye effects were abundantly mine own, and that I could, without leave of ye Court, dispose of them as I thought fitt."

He behaved in the most honourable way, and by deed made over all the estate of his late wife to her children and descendants. Showing the inclemency of the climate, Clegg notes much frost and snow on the 3rd June. Besides his trouble over the death of his wife, he had additional worries about his children.

"August 2nd.—My son James came to us, and I called son John to account for his undutiful behaviour to me, and laid his conduct before his brothers and sisters, which raised in them great indignation and griefe; but he was obstinate, and filled with rage without relenting. They all agreed he and his family should be sent back to Manchester as soon as possible."

"August 7th.—My son John took out and sent away all his goods. I was all ye day almost at son Middleton's, whither John came up to me at night to beg forgiveness for his behaviour, but confessed not his faults in particular, nor seemed sufficiently humble. I said a great deal to him, but with too much passion. May God forgive me what I said amiss."

Clegg's faith in a personal Providence and answer to prayers is often attested in his diary. When anyone is sick he prays earnestly to God for his recovery, and his prayers were in many cases apparently answered by the recovery of the patient. In fact, he himself attached more importance to his prayers than to his medicine. Any good fortune that befalls him he attributes to the personal interposition of God on his behalf. He writes on the 7th December:—

"I received some instances of Divine favour that deserve to be remembered with sincere gratitude, in which I had a sensible and affecting demonstration of the compassionate care of Divine Providence."

A present of £10 from the Duke of Devonshire he accepts  
 "as a kind and evident answer to prayer."

"December 28th.—We had an eclipse of the sun this morning. Above one halfe of ye sun was darkened, but we had a cloudy dark sky, and 'twas not much darker than usual."

Adventures seem to crowd upon him. On March 2nd he was dining at the Red Lion Inn at Bakewell.

"I had a very narrow escape at dinner in eating part of a big trout. I had a fish hook in my mouth, and was just about to swallow it, but then discovered what it was. On my return, as I was entering Monsal Dale, a strong gust of wind blew me and my mare down on one side. Had she fallen on the other side I had certainly perished, but through the mercy of God I got safe home in good time, but was much harried by ye strong wind right in my face."

"March 14th, 1750.—I was at home all day gardening. I sold an heifer to G. Goodwin. We hear ye distemper amongst ye cattle is broke out at Rushop, very near us, but hope it is not true."

The quarrel with Miss Eyre had been made up, and she was again resident in his house. He took her and his granddaughter, Nancy, to Derby, lodging one night at Ashbourne on their way. There was an ordination of ministers at Derby which drew him thither, one of them being his son Benjamin. When in Derby they saw "a Rhinosceros and a Crocodile." Riding home, Miss Eyre's horse fell with her "in a deep dirty place, that hindered us for two hours," so the travellers had to stay at Matlock.

"April 28th, 1750.—I am much indisposed by pain in my breast. My stomack I knew was foul and full of flegm and choler, lodged there by getting one cold after another, and drinking too much rum and water in my late journey

to Derby, which had also much wasted and sunk my spirits ; all which made me apprehend a bad fitt coming on."

Spending a day or two in Manchester, he visited an old lady ninety years of age, read the news in the Long Room (wherever that was), and saw Mr. Berry's garden. Taking advantage of his sojourn in the town, he went to see Mr. Towneley's collection of sea-shells, and attended Dr. Mainbra's philosophical lecture. Called to see a man suffering from cholera morbus, he gave him "about two gallons of chicken broth to be vomited up again, and at night about twenty drops of laudanum." There is no note of the result of this treatment.

Clegg notes the death of the Prince of Wales, the appointment of the Princess as Regent ; also the death of the Prince of Orange.

"He died of a quinzy, a disease I have often been endangered by, yet through the forbearance of a merciful God I am yet alive."

"Mr. Oldham dined with us, and we walked up to Chappel and diverted ourselves at shuffle-board, and spent ye rest of ye day at Mr. Walker's."

Miss Eyre rode off to Stockport races, much to his displeasure. He was called to see a Mrs. Robinson, and prescribed for her. "The disease is ye Iliac passion, and the case exceedingly dangerous." As usual, he trusts more to his prayers than to his prescriptions.

October 3rd.—Paying his rent to Mr. Heath, the receiver of the Land Tax, he went on the spree.

"By drinking several kinds of liquor in several companies, my head was disordered. May ye mercifui God pardon my intemperance, and make me more careful for ye future."

Good resolutions quickly forgotten, as we read soon afterwards :—

“Went to Ford Hall, where I stayed too late, and I found the rum and water I drank disordered my head when I came out into ye cold air. I must be more careful and avoid excess for ye future.”

“October 19th.—Last night I received from Joseph a barrel of oysters and a pott of British Herrings, an acceptable present.”

“October 20th.—This is my birthday. I have great reason to be deeply humbled and ashamed when I think how long I have lived and to what little good purpose. God be merciful to me, a sinner.”

Old age is telling upon our diarist. He is not as energetic nor as capable as formerly. He finds preaching wearisome and dispiriting, and his congregation dissatisfied.

“March 29th, 1752.—I preached twice from Acts 5, 30, concerning the Resurrection of Christ and His exaltation, but was not so well prepared as I could have wished.”

“April 12th.—I preached both parts of the day from Gal. 6, 8, and was much spent at night and so low spirited as to be scarcely able to perform the duties of family worship. The congregation was but thin, tho’ the weather was good, which gave me some uneasiness. Many young people fall off and go to church, where they are more at liberty to follow their pleasures, and few parents or masters take any good care of their children or servants; but God can redress all.”

“May 24th.—I preached twice from Heb. 11, 15. I went out discouraged by the pain in my leg, and afraid I could not stand, but while I was at my work the pain abated, and continued to do so all day, so that at night it gave me little trouble. What a signal instance is this of Divine goodness, and what abundant cause I have for thankfulness.”

“Returned soon to our Chappel to see the new Tomb erected on ye graves of my dear wives. After dinner I walked up to Town, and payed the workmen for the Tombstones. The whole cost, including carriage, was £3 4s. od.”

“We had much disturbance by Christopher Jow, who came very drunk, and gave me the most abusive language, with many oaths and curses.”

“The wife of that old Jow who so lately abused me was here in a poor condition, and, in obedience to Christ, I relieved her.”

The rhinoceros appears to have been travelling about the country, as he was on view at Chapel-en-le-Frith on July 10th, 1753, and Clegg took his family to see it. The annual rush-bearing at chapel led to the usual disturbance.

“August 26th.—Last night was the Rush-bearing, and in the night some spiteful and malicious persons broke my good gate and carried it into ye brook, and rob’d my garden of a great quantity of fine apples, and either rid or chased my mare till she lost a shoe, and I was obliged to walk to Chapel, and was much spent and wearied at night.”

“September 14th. This day the New Style in numbering the days of the month commenced, and, according to that computation, the last day of October will be my birthday.”

New Style was the alteration of the calendar ordered to be used in England in 1751, and the next year eleven days were omitted from the calendar, the 3rd September being reckoned as the 14th, so as to make it agree with the Gregorian, which had been settled in 1582. This alteration created much excitement amongst the labouring classes, who thought they had been robbed of eleven days’ wages, and who went about in crowds calling out, “Gie we back our eleven days.”

“October 31st.—Last night Mr. Whitfield preached to great numbers at Chinley End, and this day I hear he is

to preach at Glossop. If his labours conduce to serve the interests of Christianity, and to make his hearers wiser and better, I shall, as I ought, greatly rejoice."

Miss Eyre's flittings and flirtations at last bore fruit. She had attracted the attention of one Buxton, a tanner, of Wirksworth. He courted her for some time, and apparently with success. As Clegg remarks:—

" July 8th.—At night Buxton, a tanner, of Wirksworth, who makes courtship to Miss Eyre, came to us and stayed all night, and by ye entertainment she gave him I concluded she shortly intends to marry him, and leave me solitary, which gave me great uneasiness."

" July 9th.—Buxton continued with Miss Eyre all day. I was much disturbed in mind on account of Miss Eyre's intending to leave me, but as I apprehend it may be for her benefit, I determined to submit to it and not to oppose it at all, but to submit myself to ye conduct of Divine Providence."

This love affair seems to have hung fire, and we have no mention of Buxton for some time. On February 5th in the following year Dr. Clegg and Miss Eyre fell out again.

" Miss Eyre walked to Slack Hall and Ford. After her return I spoke some harsh words to her, which grieved her very much. I was as much grieved after that I had occasioned her so much trouble."

Unhappy in her home, Miss Eyre seems to have sent for her lover, for on the 2nd April she went off to Marple, where she was married to him; but, after a short honeymoon, returned again to Stodhart. However, on May 9th—

" S. Buxton came for his wife, and brought his partner with him. They all dined and drank tea, and then sett off; and very glad I am she is gone, and that we parted in peace. Now I hope for peace at home."

Clegg neglected neither his mind nor his body. On the 20th May, 1753, we find him buying four gallons of wine, and on July 6th he received Bayle's "Great Historical and Critical Dictionary." "It cost me 4 guineas. I spent most of ye day in it."

"December 4th.—I am under apprehensions of dying shortly, and my greatest concern was for ye continuance of ye means of salvation in these parts after my decease; but God can provide, and on Him I rely. With a view to this, I have a ticket purchased for me in the Irish lottery. If Providence shall favour me with a prize, I have determined that one halfe of it shall be applied to that use, or to some other that shall appear more pious and charitable."

It was a quaint idea to take Providence into partnership in a lottery ticket. The diary does not disclose the result of the venture.

"July 20th.—Afternoon. Mr. Slack came with a message from Joshua Wood, whom I had civilly desired time after time to repair the road that leads to his house, which I was often obliged to pass, tho' it was in such a bad condition that I could not pass without endangering my life. After he had neglected some weeks to repair it, I threatened to have it indicted at the Sessions, upon which he sent Mr. Slack to let me know that he relinquished the seat in our chapel, and was determined never more to come there. Thus my endeavours to serve that family in all their sicknesses, and to promote their eternal salvation above 52 years are requited! This has given me a good deal of uneasiness, but I must endeavour to bear it with patience and meekness, and the merciful God enable me to do so."

Clegg's liberality towards others in religious matters is further exemplified by the following:—

"July 21st.—A crowd of singers came from Motteram to Chapel Church, and many of our young persons had a



great desire to hear them, and to oblige them I gave notice at noon that I should begin again at 1 o'clock, and I concluded the service about 3."

Our diarist had erected a monument over the grave of his two wives and his children in the burial-ground surrounding Chinley chapel. His liberality towards others did not meet with due response on their side, for on—

"August 31st.—There was in Towne a mad revel called the Rush-bearing, on which night the stone that covered the Tomb under which my wives and three children are interred was thrown off and a piece broken off, and other mischief done at and about our Chapel. This at first gave me some disturbance, but I pray'd for and received a calmer mind."

On September 16th Clegg was again in Manchester.

"Walked to see the key; called at Mr. Touchet's; viewed the books upon sale. After noon got a coach, which carried six of us to see Mr. Richard Berry's gardens in Salford. We drank tea there, and spent most of ye afternoon."

The Mersey and Irwell Navigation Canal connecting Manchester and Liverpool was constructed in 1720, and it is probable that the "key" referred to by Dr. Clegg was the quay of this canal. There is still an old street in Manchester called Quay Street.

"February 19th, 1755.—At night received a parcel of Bibles, New Testaments, and other good books from Mr. Chandler, of London, given by the Society for Promoting Religious Knowledge amongst the poor. I am thankful to God for them, and hope many others will have reason to be so too."

"March 11th.—The newspapers tell us of very great preparations for war, both here and abroad."

The last entry in the diary was made on July 29th, 1755, and Dr. Clegg died on the 5th August in that year, aged 75,

having been for 53 years a Presbyterian minister in Chapel-en-le-Frith.

. . . . .

At the end of the diary, in a different handwriting, is the following statement:—

“This diary is at length come into the possession of Margaret Henrietta Fry, great-granddaughter of Dr. Clegg by his daughter, Mrs. Middleton. She has been surveying with sincere pleasure the remains of her pious ancestor. May she become a follower of him in faith and practice.”