

THE
JOURNALS
OF
WILLIAM CLOWES

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OF
WILLIAM CLOWES,

A
Primitive Methodist Preacher;

CONTAINING
CHRONICLES OF EVENTS RELATIVE TO HIS UNREGENERATE STATE, HIS
CONVERSION TO GOD, HIS CALL TO THE MINISTRY, THE COMMENCE-
MENT AND PROGRESS OF THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST CON-
NEXION, AND TO HIS ITINERANT LABOURS THEREIN
FROM THE YEAR 1810 TO THAT OF 1838.

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INTRODUCTION.

COURTEOUS READER,

I HAVE been induced to publish the book before you by the solicitations of many of my friends, and the hope that all who read it may be spiritually benefited. I beg that you will read it with candour, as my skill in composition is limited; as I did not write it originally for public but private use, and was hence uncareful of the correct spellings of the Christian names of persons, and the proper names of places, some of which may therefore be incorrectly spelt. As I have not had much aid from any of my friends, except Mr. J. Davison, now in Scotter circuit, and as the book has gone through the press without either my inspection or his, and with but slight inspection from any other person, I expect you will find many errors, though none affecting the facts of the book. I must apologize for the pages being headed the "Life of W. Clowes," instead of "the Journals," &c., as in the title page, and for the use of the third person in the headings of the chapters instead of the first, as in the other parts of the book. These incongruities were overlooked till several sheets had been printed, when it was thought

uniformity would justify their continuance in the first edition. I shall feel obliged if discoverers of errors will, in their book-order letters to the General Stewards, enclose corrections on slips of paper to the address of the Connexional Editor, who has engaged to furnish therefrom errata to such copies of the book as may be issued after the supplying of the first orders. That God may be the eternal portion of the readers and the writer of the following pages is the sincere prayer of

Yours, in Christian affection,

WILLIAM CLOWES.

LIFE
OF
WILLIAM CLOWES.

CHAPTER I.

Birth—Parentage—Death of Parents—Bound apprentice—Youthful follies—Becomes addicted to dancing—Marriage—Leaves the country—Singular adventures—Arrives at Warrington—Returns to Tunstall—Daring impiety at the Market Cross—Goes to Hull, in Yorkshire—Continues reckless—Imitates, with companions, the press-gang, crosses the Humber, and alarms the town of Barton—Fights a battle—Captured by the press-gang—Makes his escape—Recaptured, and set at liberty—Leaves Hull, and arrives at Tunstall.

IN the town of Burslem, in Staffordshire, on the 12th day of March, 1780, I entered on the scene of probationary existence. I was the son of Samuel and Ann Clowes. My father was by trade a potter, which business has long been pursued by a considerable part of the population in this district of the county of Stafford.

My mother was a daughter of Mr. Aaron Wedgwood, an extensive manufacturer in the pottery department, in conjunction with Mr. William Littlor. In 1750, the manufacture of the white stone ware was carried to a high state of improvement; and by them after-

wards the first china-ware was made at Longton, near Stoke. Messrs. Thomas and John Wedgwood, cousins to Mr. Aaron Wedgwood, in 1740, built the largest house in Burslem, to which was given the name of the "Big House;" they also in that town built the first manufactory, which was not covered with thatch.

My father, in the early part of his life, became pious; but in consequence of reading a pernicious book, and yielding to temptation, his heart departed from the Lord: and during the remainder of his life, until his last illness, excepting at intervals, he was wild and dissipated. The illness, however, to which he became subject, and which was of a lingering character, allowed him opportunity to reflect on the state of his soul, and to seek that salvation which he had lost in the period of health and youth. My father's earnestness in seeking the restoration of God's favour was not in vain; the Lord healed his backslidings, and enabled him, on the margin of the grave, to attest that paradise awaited the arrival of his immortal spirit.

My mother was early trained in a regular attendance on the services of the Established Church; her disposition was amiable, and her morals blameless; but she did not understand the way of salvation by faith; however, after my conversion to God, my frequent conversations brought her to see this matter in a clear light; and on one occasion, whilst a friend and I were praying with her, she obtained the forgiveness of sins by faith in Jesus Christ.

Having, however, to pass through heavy trials, in consequence of her family, and particularly through the conduct of her husband, my mother's love to God grew less fervent; and that constant and believing prayer, which arms the soul with fortitude and true greatness