

Padfield Family Journal

The Padfield Journal – written by Benjamin Padfield (1808-91)

Note by W. R. Powell: This book was copied about 1960 from a manuscript then in the possession of my aunt, Miss Lucy Padfield, of 83 High Street, Wincanton, Somerset. The MS was compiled mainly by Benjamin Padfield (d. 1891) with a few later entries by his son, William Padfield (d. 1918)

(The following account, pp. 1-10, is in the handwriting of Benjamin Padfield (d. 1891) and was probably written in 1882. The original document was not found when the Wincanton house was cleared after the death of Aunt Lucy's companion, and may have been thrown away then. It is also possible that it was given by Aunt Lucy to her brother Charles (of Canada) when he visited this country c. 1960, when he took the largest of the 'wool pictures' made by women of the Herridge family, living in Wincanton. See letter from Miss Emma (Gyp) Padfield to W. R. Powell (c. 1974).

JOSEPH Padfield, great-grandfather of Benjamin Padfield, was an inhabitant of the parish of Holcombe. He lived and died in a tenement called Strongs, was a small farmer, and I have heard, carried on the business of a comber, a business we hear nothing of in these modern times, now the spinning-wheel is superseded by machinery. He was one of the first Methodists in Holcombe when Coleford was the only chapel and the only society in the neighbourhood. He died and was buried at Holcombe about the year 1783.

JOSEPH PADFIELD, son of the above Joseph Padfield, was born in the said parish of Holcombe. I know not of his youth, but I have heard from my father he occupied Holcombe Farm about the year 1760. The farmhouse and premises were then on the top of the Lantern Ground, or now the Lower Ground, (p. 2) which soon after was destroyed by fire. My grandfather removed to Leigh-on-Mendip, and occupied what was then called The Great House estate (now in the occupation of Mr. I. Oloransha). There my grandmother died, leaving *four sons*, JOSEPH, GEORGE, JOHN and ROBERT. My grandfather married a second wife by the name of REPENTANCE GOLLEDGE of Wraxhall in the parish, of Ditchat. Poor man, he had to repent of his marriage to the day of his death. She influenced her husband to turn the elder sons out of house and home. My father, JOSEPH, was the eldest of the four. Their uncle ISAAC PADFIELD, living at Soho. gave him £5 10 begin life. He bought two horses and commenced the business of a coal carrier, which he carried on for some years after marriage. The REVD. J.

Padfield Family Journal

WESLEY visited Coleford in the year 1745. A Methodist society was formed. Many of the (p. 3) inhabitants of the village attended the Methodist preaching at Coleford, and prayer meetings in the cottages in those villages at that time. Prayer meetings were held at Leigh-on-Mendip and Soho in the house of Mr. Isaac Padfield. Many were convinced of the error of their ways cried aloud to God for his mercy). My dear father was one of the seekers of Salvation. He said "I was In such distress of soul, I was tot able to attend to my business. I went to Uncle Isaac's prayer meeting, and while kneeling at a chair light from heaven shined on my mind; my chains fell off, my heart was free. I rose with the chair I kneeled at, and throwing it at the ceiling shouted 'Uncle I am glorified'. Uncle said 'Hush, Joseph, hush! Thee will soon know better than that!' However, I was made very happy and went on my way rejoicing, (p. 4)

Soon after my grandfather Joseph Padfield died at Holcombe I married ANN BRYANT, daughter of EDWARD BRYANT of Nettlebridge Inn, and came to Holcombe hi my grandfather's house. This was about the year of 1712. Dr. Adam Clark was a young minister sent out his first year In the Bradford Circuit, Holcombe being in the Bradford Circuit" (See Life of Dr. A. Clark p.179).

My father Joseph joined the Methodist society at Holcombe and opened his house to the entertainment of ministers and local preachers. They all had a hearty welcome. It was not long before Father had to mourne the loss of the wife of his youth by death, leaving a baby, a little girl. He soon after married a second wife by the name of MARY WILCOX, widow of John Wilcox of Leigh-on-Mendip, by whom he had six children: ELI, the (p. 5) eldest, died on 9 March 1815. aged 19 years. He died triumphantly shouting the praises of the Lord. He died with a hymn in his hand: he did call It his Heavenly Jerusalem, it was :

My soul's fall of glory, which infuses my tongue,
Could I meet with bright angels to join in my song.
My soul while I am singing is longing to go.
I'd *leave* all for heaven, I'd leave all below (etc.)

He was buried at Holcombe church 15 March 1815.

On 8 October 1833 the Rev. EDWARD NYE came to tea with my father and family. My father had been but poorly for some lime, not able to go to chapel The family left at 7 o'clock for chapel, leaving a young man, Isaac Wilcox, with him. While Mr. Nye was in his first prayer intelligence came to the dispel that my father had fallen down in a fit. We hastened home and found him in a dying state, but perfectly sensible, (p. 6) The first word he spoke was "Lord, sanctify my soul". All his children were present at his death. Before the service in the chapel had concluded my Father had quitted mortality for life.

Padfield Family Journal

He was buried in the family burial ground in Holcombe church graveyard, near the tower, on 15 October, 1833, aged 72 years. He was a stout man, 6 feet high and well proportioned. His coffin without a shell measured 2 ft. 8 in. over the breast. He was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist church 49 years. He faithfully served the offices of Trustee, Steward and Class Leader. He was blessed of God with a strong, powerful voice, and could lead any congregation. His house was a home for minister and local preachers when they were appointed at Holcombe.

My dear Mother survived my father nearly 7 years. She quitted mortality for life on 12 March 1840, (p. 7) aged 76 years. Her end was peace. Just before her death I entered her room early in the morning and asked how she was. She said "Oh Benjamin, angels have been singing the sweetest songs I ever heard. They sang 'Thy warfare is past, thy mourning is over look up, for thou shalt weep no more'."

ELIZABETH PADFIELD, daughter of Joseph and Mary Padfield was born on 12 February 1797. In her youth she took the measles and tithing cold on them was so ill her life was despaired of, but nonetheless she recovered, but her mind was impaired through life, She died suddenly on 8 December 1860.

PETER PADFIELD, second son of Joseph and Mary Padfield, was born on 11 January 1799. He was converted to God when very young, about 10 years of age. He became a Sunday School teacher (p. 8) soon after his conversion. It was customary in Holcombe Sunday School for each teacher to give an address to the children every Sunday in turn. Peter when young took turn, and from addressing the children he began calling men to repentance from the pulpit. He was proposed at the Local Preachers' Meeting, accepted, passed his examination and was a very successful and scriptural preacher. His ministry was crowned with great success. The writer has seen twenty or more penitently seeking salvation after his preaching in Coleford chapel, and many will be the crown of his rejoicing in the great day when Almighty God will reward every man according to his works. He died in peace on 28 February, aged 58 years, from injuries received from an infuriated cow tossing him four days before.

JANE GILES, second daughter of Joseph and Mary (p. 9) Padfield, was born on 10 January 1800. In her youthful days she gave her heart to the Lord and her hands to His Church. She was the first Missionary Collector in Holcombe. She applying to Mr. John Cary for something for the missions, he said "We cannot give anything, our Jim (?) and I do eat tadders and salt," His wife Mary soon after was going down Holcombe Hill of a Sunday

Padfield Family Journal

morning to Class, and taking out her pocket handkerchief she pulled out her purse with banknotes to the amount of £40. Poor souls, they nearly went out of their mind. She became a Sunday School teacher, visitor of the sick and Class Leader. For years she professed to enjoy the blessing of entire sanctification. She died on 7 June 1850, trusting wholly in the blood of the atoning Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, (p. 10)

JOSEPH PADFIELD, the third son of Joseph and Mary Padfield, was born 8 November 1802, He was never a member of the Methodist Society [but] always attended the chapel and [was] for many years a member of the choir. He died on 1 Feb. 1835, from injuries received the same morning falling into an old coal pit near the garden door, going out to milking in the morning before it was light, and falling in. The pit fell in; the same night he fell in before it was discovered, fell in about 16 yards with two milking palls under his arms. He was taken out quite sensible, but having burst the artery of his heart, he lingered till about 11 o'clock the same evening, a penitent seeker of salvation. His last words, just before his death was "When he overcame the sharpness of death he opened the kingdom of heaven to all (p. 11) believers".

(The following sentence is in the handwriting of Miss Lucy Padfield. grand-daughter of the writer of the above.) There was at that time only one choir for church and chapel services and service only once at church weekly.

(The remainder of the book is in the handwriting of William Padfield (d. 1918), son of Benjamin Padfield. From p.11 to p. 26 William was copying a previous draft by his father.)

Fourth, and last, son BENJAMIN PADFIELD was born 13 Feb. 1808. The first thing I can remember was the sale of my father's farming stock in 1811. I learnt the sale paper and could repeat its contents. The next thing I recollect when a very little boy running after my father's pigs, and one of them fell into an old disused coal pit, just at the back of our house. It was the same pit my brother *Joseph fell into and was killed.*(p. 11)

I well remember the Rev. JOSEPH MAISH a Wesleyan preacher that was stationed in the circuit in 1811. I was crying when he came to preach at Holcombe on a *Sunday* afternoon. He said he would carry me away if I did not give over crying. Afterwards *whenever he* came I ran away to hide. Ministers and local preachers always took my father's home as their home on the Sabbath and weekdays. The first school I intended was at Coleford, I well recollect there was a crazy young man *chained* up in an outhouse opposite our school, where any person could see him at any time. I believe he was chained

Padfield Family Journal

there for years and was attended to as a beast, although a respectable young man. His father was residing in the adjoining *home*, being a Presbyterian minister. His name was Westfield, and the chapel stood on the present site of the Primitive Chapel, (p.13) The name of my master was Mr. Chas. Tucker. He was a good Christian, man, of very even temper. My master gave up the school, and went to Coal Burton Colliery as manager and clerk.

In the year 1814 my father took Holcombe Manor Farm, and I soon began to learn to milk. For some years I only went to school in the winter, being too busy on the farm to be spared for school. I always left school at 3 o'clock for milking. I was then attending school at Chilcompton. Mr. Robert Perry was the master. I was fond of music and singing, My brother Joseph having learnt to play the flute and violin I was ambitious to be able to play as my brother. This I soon acquired, and after some time became competent to play in the Chapel choir. I was privileged to play at the laying of the foundation stones of the Coleford E. (?) Church, the anthem (p. 14) being 'O how amiable are thy dwellings' etc. The ground was covered with snow. I had not then given my life to God. I was unhappy, knowing I was sinning against light and knowledge, I had fear of God, but it was only a slavish tormenting fear. I knew well I could never be happy without a change of heart, and was deeply convinced unless a man be born of the Spirit and become a new creature in Christ Jesus he can never enter into the kingdom of God. My dear father died suddenly on Tuesday evening, 8 Oct. 1833 [the MS then repeats, in slightly different words, the account of Joseph P.'s death - see pp. 5-6].

This sudden event made a deep impression on my mind. I resolved to give God my heart. I thought, my dear Father had ceased praying for me, I will now pray for myself. My Father's Society Class (p. 15) met Sunday mornings at our house. The Sunday after the funeral my sister invited and persuaded me with tears to go to the Class meeting; but I would not take up the Cross, as I felt so unworthy and sinful. Instead of going to the Class meeting I went to the stable, and, oh, I shall never forget how I prayed Almighty God to soften my heart, and give me to feel my sins to be a burden. It might have been said of me, as of Paul "Behold he prayeth". From that day I began attending the cottage prayer meetings, almost every evening: and the burden of my cry was, oh, my hard heart. I was so ignorant of the simple way of salvation. I

wanted to merit it by repenting tears. I went on the way for three weeks crying oh, wretched man that I am, when shall deliver me from the body of death. On Sunday morning, 17 Nov. 1833 I went to the 8 o'clock prayer meeting at (p. 16) the chapel. While

Padfield Family Journal

there the light of God's peace shone into my dark soul, darkness fled before its rays my mourning was turned into joy and a peace I cannot describe. This Sabbath was the most blessed I had ever enjoyed. Next morning came a relapse, unbelief had robbed me of my peace, I could not rejoice in God at my salvation. Early in the morning I went into the field to feed the cattle, and while serving out the hay in the middle of the field. the last two verses of Wesley's hymn came to my mind. I began singing them, a light from heaven beamed into my soul, a communication was then opened between heaven and my soul, I began shouting aloud the praises of the Lord for the great things He had done for my soul. This spread the village - the prayer meetings began to be better attended, the Holy Spirit working in the minds of many of the young in the (p. 17) village. There was no particular excitement but a solemn awe seem of (sic) the minds of the people, and many turned unto the Lord, and became pillars in His house. Many that were there brought into the favour and friendship of Jesus Christ are passed from the Church militant to the Church triumphant.

While I now write, altho' 49 years since [this must therefore have been written in 1882] several in this village are still alive to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour, that have had no "ins and outs" in the Church, but have always been abounding in the work of the Lord. I joined the Class my Father formerly led, Mr. John Cary having succeeded my Father as leader. He was a powerful man in singing and prayer. I have heard him pray many times at the prayer meeting at Kilmersdon Common [and?] at my home at Holcombe.

In the latter part of February 1835 I was in (p. 18) the field called Grove at work spreading manure. A person passing told me what a glorious work there was at Pitten (?) Street, Leigh-on-Mendip, and many persons were seeking the Lord. It put new life into my soul, the news so strengthened me I seemed to do two hours work in one. In the evening Mr. John Cary and I went to the service at Leigh-on-Mendip, and the house could not contain the people that attended. It was proposed to go to the Chapel, we all adjourned, and a most blessed time was experienced. This was the beginning of the largest revival of religion I ever saw in the neighbourhood. Services were continued every day from morning to midnight for many weeks, people attending day after day from ten to fifteen miles distant, and hundreds got lasting good, The ministers were Revs. John Radford and Edward Nye. Rev. Win. Griffith was (p. 19) stationed at Frome, he came to Leigh and assisted with many others in this good work. The fire spread to the adjacent villages, Coleford, Holcombe, Stoke Lane and other plates partook of the hallowing influences.

On 26 April 1836 the writer, Benjamin Padfield, was married to Susannah Haine, daughter

Padfield Family Journal

of Wm. Haine of Westholme Farm, Pilton, Somerset. I was in business leaving with my dear mother and sister. My sister being about to be married and my dear Mother being an invalid I was obliged to look out for a wife, and being of a shy disposition, that was a Cross. I had seen Miss Haine but a few times and scarcely knew her, but had heard of her piety. I was fully

Convinced I was on the right tract (sic). Before I wrote or spoke of the matter I made it a matter of prayer to my Heavenly Father that I may be guided aright, For months I made this request known unto the Lord. In (p.20) the month January 1834 I was at Mr. Haine's house on business, I placed a note into Miss Haine's hand making her an offer of marriage. I heard no more of it until the later end of March, when her father came to the Quarterly Meeting at Holcombe. He (gave) me a note from his daughter not refusing, but asked that both should lay this important step before the Lord. I prayed that God would frustrate it, if it was not His will. I do believe if ever a man had a wife from the Lord it was Benjamin Padfield.

Mr. Wm. Haine died 27 Dec. 1852, having been a member for 70 years.

On 12 March 1840 my dear Mother died aged 76 years. She was a member of the W. M. Church for many years. The day previous to her death I went to her bedroom to see how she was. She said (as on p.7 - slightly different words). She fell (p. 21) asleep in Jesus the next day. About this time we had a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, many were added to the Society. Our class was parted. I was appointed Leader of a class at Pitcote, which met in John Morris' cottage. The first meeting was held on 20 May 1840. Mr. Is. Gould was then leader of another class at Pitcote, the two classes numbering 50 members. I met (?led) the class at Pitcote for 30 years. In order to do this I rose (in summer) at 5, and in the winter at 6 o'clock, milked and served the cattle, took breakfast and opened class at 9 o'clock, returning to the 10 o'clock preaching service. The Sabbath was with me always a full day. At 2 o'clock I attended the Sunday school, returning home for milking, took tea, and attended the evening service, and prayer meeting which was usually held.

My first son was born 1 April 1839, on Easter (p. 22) Monday. Before he was born I began praying for him, and prayed for divine wisdom to train him in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. We gave him the name of Edwin Haine.

On 2 January 1841 my dear wife brought me my first daughter Jane. This was a morning not to be forgotten. Soon after the child was born the doctor said "She is gone". I was in

Padfield Family Journal

my closet praying. I was called to go for another doctor. I cannot describe my feelings. I took a horse, rode to Chilcompton and brought back Dr. Flower in 20 minutes. As I came home to doctor met us and said there was a reaction, the pulse revived. I praised God for answered prayer. If ever I prayed it was when riding to and fro to Chilcompton that morning.

On 17 June 1842 I was presented with another (p. 23) son, Joseph, and on 15 June 1844 another son was presented to me, James Haine. Dr. Leach, as soon as he was born presented him with a guinea to buy him a Bible, for which I gave him Benson's Bible.

On 12 April 1846 my second daughter was born, Annie Haine and on 3 April 1848 : another daughter was born (Sarah). And on Christmas Day 1849 my dear wife presented me with my fourth boy, William Haine. I felt the responsibility of a family of seven children, my own insufficiency to train them up in the fear of the Lord- The message in St. James was often applied my mind: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally". My dear wife and I endeavoured to put this example before Him, by reading the Holy

Scriptures to them and engaging in family prayer every day, and in not allowing them to run the streets, and mixing up (p. 24) with the ungodly, and not allowing them to attend any clubs for revels in the neighbourhood, as was the custom of many professors of religion. We not only took them to the House of God on the Sabbath, but the week evening services and as they grew up it was not trouble to keep them from such pernicious places of amusement. They all learned music, so that spare time was filled with playing and singing the songs of Zion.

In the winter of 1849-50 we were favoured with a great and mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The whole village seemed to partake of the hallowing influence that prevailed the services. There was service in the Chapel every night for upwards of six weeks, there were but few houses in the village where the divine influence was not manifest. Prayer and praise did issue from almost every houses. The postman from Stratton-on-the-Fosse (p. 25) declared he never saw such a place - the people were praying in every house. Upwards of one hundred Joined the Society. Increasing the membership to nearly two hundred. In that revival my eldest boy Edwin (*now* under 11 years) and my eldest daughter Jane (about 9 years) were I believe truly and soundly converted to God. As years have passed away - temptations and afflictions have crossed their path, but they are still on the road for the kingdom of Heaven. As soon as the boy *was* made happy in the enjoyment of sins forgiven

Padfield Family Journal

he began to pray for others, both in private *and public*. At one of the prayer meetings this young convert engaged in prayer; an old pensioner cried out for mercy and said "That boy's prayers broke my heart . I have been in battles with Wellington and others, but never felt my heart broken before. The Lord have mercy upon (p. 26) *my poor* soul." I shall never forget that scene. I am happy to say all my dear children sought and obtained salvation through the blood of the Lamb in their youth, before either of them arrived at the age of 17 years. They were members of the church of Christ through faith in the merits of Jesus Christ's death, resurrection and glorious ascension.

(Here ends Benjamin Padfield's story. The remainder of the story is in the words as well as the handwriting of his youngest son, William).

Continued by William Haine Padfield, the youngest son. God was very kind in sparing our parents so long to us. In the year 1870 my Father and Mother retired from business at *the* Manor Farm, Holcombe. living the remainder of their days at the residence of Father's ancestors, Prospect Place, Holcombe. They enjoyed a good long (p. 27) rest from farm duties, but filled up every hour wth useful service for their family and their church.

Father was called home after a life of arduous duties and faithful service, May 1891, aged 83 years. Mother survived him by [blank] years, aged 87 years. We all record our highest tribute to the godly and common-sense training we received at their hands. We were taught and trained to be diligent in bigness, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Their memory is blessed. At time I am writing, 1915, five of the seven children are living. Sarah, the youngest daughter, married Mr. Frank Hoddinott, Cold Harbour *Farm*, West Cranmore (?); died at the birth of first child, leaving a dear little girl, Susan Kate Hoddinott. She was interrred in the West Cranmore church burial ground. (p.28)

Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast

Parch'd by the sun's director (*sic*) ray

The momentary glories waste

The short-lived beauties dies away.

Annie Haine, second daughter, married William Creed of West Pennard. By a strange providence her husband was taken away when the eldest son was 14 years. There were 9 children, By the assistance of her son and family she continued in business. It was a hard struggle, but being a woman of strong faith and determined character, she succeeded where many would have sunk under the burden. The children were all brought up to work, and by united action the home was maintained in a wonderful manner. The four sons were

Padfield Family Journal

preachers in the Methodist Church - three of them in the ministry and one a Local Preacher. The daughters living are most zealous in the Church of their choice, (p. 29) One daughter has joined her father and mother beyond.

Having given a brief account of my two sisters whom God has called home, I will now speak of the five survivors.

Edwin Haine Padfield, the eldest of the family, married Arundel Creed, daughter of Win. Creed, W. Pennard. Succeeded my uncle William in the old home at Westholme Farm, Piton (my mother's home). This farm was exchanged some years after, which necessitated my brother's leaving. He took Quaist Farm. North Wooten, and for some years was a most successful farmer. There being an opportunity to enter into the professional life, he offered his services as Surveyor of Roads for the Wells district. He secured the position, and has for many years most faithfully and to the entire satisfaction of (p. 30) the Council, fulfilled these duties. He has reached the advanced age of 76 years, but still plods on with his work. There were 8 in family, five of whom are living.

Jane Eliza, my eldest sister, married Mr. John Bryant, of Stratton-on-the-Fosse. They entered upon business at Dunford Farm, Stoke Lane, There were 6 children born to them. They sustained a most heavy blow in the death of their eldest child; Willie, having arrived at the age to be useful, whilst helping in the duties of the farm, accidentally fell into a furnace of boiling matter preparing for pigs. He suffered for some days and died from the scalds, causing blood poisoning.

There is a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky
Where Jesus reigns in glory
A home of peace and joy
No home on earth is like it (p. 31)
Or can with it compare
For everyone is happy
Nor could be happier there

At the retirement of Mr. Bryant's father from business the family succeeded in the old farm at Stratton-on-the-Fosse, called the Fosse Farm. They have now retired from business, and living in a villa on Mogg Hill erected on their own property. My sister's life has been one of suffering,

and privation from social and spiritual life, but one of cheerful Christian deportment and brightness. Although an invalid for many years she has attained the ripe age of 74. Their

Padfield Family Journal

son, James Padfield Bryant succeeds them in the old homestead, the Fosse Farm, the property of the Prince of Wales.

Joseph Padfield, second son, married Mary (Polly) Haine his cousin. This union was (p. 32) destined to be but of short duration. She developed the symptoms of consumption, and the disease developed so rapidly that within two years she passed away, leaving no issue. Joseph married the second time to Miss Charity Herridge, Horsington Marsh, Wincanton. There were 9 children by this marriage Seven are still living (1915). Joseph, upon leaving home took a farm called Pecking Mill, Evercreech. After about 15 years they left this for a large farm in Worcestershire, Morton Court, Birtsmorton. After an occupation of 30 years this estate, and historic house, was sold, and my brother had to seek another farm. This he found in the same county about 12 miles away from Morton Court The family moved to Brookfield in the year 1913. Methodism was weak at Birtsmorton at the period my brother and family lived there, but with (p. 33) the assistance of his wife and family and some friends who had migrated from Cornwall and occupied various farms in the neighbourhood they erected a beautiful place of worship, converting the old chapel, I believe into a schoolroom. It was a wrench to the family to leave the church and people - a cause which had largely developed through the zealous labour of the Morton Court family. The writer of these lines has very vivid recollections of various visits to this home, and will ever remember with great appreciation the many kindnesses extended to him by the members of that home.

Loose Papers in the Padfield Album

- 1) No title. In writing of Benjamin Padfield, on the back of half a printed handbill – possibly the bill advertising the meetings to celebrate the centenary described.

My Christian friends, through the mercy of God we meet to celebrate the centenary of the Shepton Mallet Circuit, of which Holcombe makes a part. [Note by W. R. P.: Hall, *Circuits and Ministers*, 276 gives 1789 as date of formation of this circuit]. Methodism existed in Holcombe many years before Shepton became a circuit. It was about the year 1742 or 1743 it was introduced into Coleford, and Coleford was the little circuit town. Mr William Flowers of Coleford, a miller, had some friends visit him from Kingswood, and told him that there were a new sect of people come to Kingswood called Methodists - they were singing and praying always. Mr. Flower(s?) requested them to send them to Coleford. Two or three came soon after and held open air services. They continued these visits and many were brought into a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. Rev. J. Wesley

Padfield Family Journal

visited Coleford the first time 31 Jan, 1745. Premises were obtained and a meeting house erected and very soon a large society raised. A bell was hung in the chapel and rung half hour before the services to invite the inhabitants to the house of prayer. The members consisted of persons from Leigh-on-Mendip, Holcombe and surrounding villages. Mr. Wesley visited Coleford during his life 24 times (see his journals).

The first class that was formed at Holcombe was meet (*sic*) at Edfordgreen. The leader, it is said, was Mr. Zebedee Beauchamp from Vobster near Coleford, on Sunday afternoons. A young man by the name of Joseph Robbins entered the ministry in 1792.

2) A sketch of the History and rise of Holcombe Brewery and Mr. Ernest Green [in writing of Benjamin Padfield]

Mr. Emanuel *Green* was a native of Witham Teeny (?) near Frome, by trade a plaisterer (*sic*) and tiler. When a young man, in the year 1774, he came to Holcombe and was engaged in building Holcombe Wesleyan chapel, Mr. Robt. Ashman then lived at what is now called Flint House, carrying on a large business in the wool and stocking trade. He also kept a grocer's shop, and the females of the neighbourhood was well employed spinning and knitting stockings. They were paid generally by truck, but little money was paid for labour in those days, therefore the house was called Pinchpenny Castle. Robert had two sons and two daughters, Nancy and Lydia. Mr. E. Green look a fancy to Nancy, but this did not please Robin and his wife; but the correspondence was carried on secretly until one morning Miss Nancy was missing, and it was said she was taken from her bedroom window and married to the young plaisterer.

However matters were settled pleasantly and some time after Emanuel and his wife Nancy came to Holcombe and lived in a cottage where the Brewery stands and opened a small general shop. It is said he began making soap. In those days a licence was required to make that article, but he was detected by the officers of the Crown and fined for so doing. After this occurrence it is said he began brewing in a pot over the fire. Let that be as it may, he succeeded in producing a first rate quality of beer. He was a steady persevering man in business, and his father-in-law being a man of means no doubt assisted him in his business. He prospered amazingly. He had a large family, six sons and four daughters. John Ashman Green, William A. Green, Robert A. Green, Charles Green, James Green and Emanuel Green who died a young man in 1832. The daughters were Ann, Elizabeth, Lydia, and Mary Ann. The business mightily increased, and large barrels were built about the year 1816. One of the largest (were built) when filled (it) contained about 1045 barrels. It is said Rev. Wm. Ashman paid the cost of it and the cost of filling it the first time.

Padfield Family Journal

3) Holcombe Wesleyan Day School

In the writing of William Padfield. son of Benjamin

Our Day School was opened in Jan. 1861, The number on register at that lime *was* 35. After 40

years we report on register 84, with an average of 60. 4. The staff consists of 1 Head Mistres, 1

Assistant and 1 Pupil Teacher. The average attendance works out at 72 per cent. Now I wish to

point out that the percentage of attendance is far too low compared with some other schools.

The average attendance at Radstock L. B. School was 93 per cent. How does this work out in 'Profit and Loss' in our school? If our average attendance had been equal to that of Radstock L. B. School, viz. 93 per cent, our school would have received :

From the govt. grant	76.8.0	against 59. 5. 0
From Fee grant	<u>39. 0.0 "</u>	<u>30.0. 0</u>
	115.8.0	89.5.0

So you will see that the loss to the school is 26.3.0

115.8.0

I refer to this point to show that the financial success of our school, to a large degree, is in the hands of the parents. I see no reason why the Radstock school attendance should be so much better than the Holcombe school attendance, yet these are the facts, 93 per cent against 72 per cent.

Financial Position Form 9

We required annually £157 from all sources to carry on our school. Recd. Govt grants #122.10. £34.10 to raise locally. Or course this amount varies according to circumstances, but what we have to face at the present moment is an overdrawn balance of £102. 5. 11, which we trust will be wiped off by this effort, and, once wiped out, never again allowed to accumulate.

Printed Papers pasted in the Padfield Album

Front Cover

- 1) Obituary of Rev. H. B. Britten (1804-89), from *Methodist Recorder* Born Charlton, Som. 17 June 1804. Entered ministry 1825. Bridgewater & Taunton Circuit. Married Miss Pratten. Missionary in Antigua. W. Indies. Returned to England 1836. W. Indies again 1844-53. Supernumerary 1856.

Padfield Family Journal

- 2) Cutting from unknown (local?) newspaper, undated under heading PILTON ~ Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Meeting held in newly-renovated Wesleyan chapel. Mr. & Mrs. Haine provided tea. Mr. Haine as the brother-in-law of a West Indian Missionary fittingly occupied the chair [etc.] (cf. 1 above).
- 3) Cutting from unknown (local?) newspaper, undated: HOLCOMBE - Sunday school Anniversary (80th)

Back Cover

- 1) Cutting from unnamed and undated (local ?) newspaper under heading BUTLEIGH: A new Wesleyan Chapel Proceedings started in old chapel. Sermon by Rev. J. Bonham of Bristol. Foundation stone laying (details). Architect and builder: Hen. Hawkins *of* Glastonbury. Cost, site included, will be £5,000.
- 2) Birtsmorton cutting from unnamed newspaper, dated (in MS) June 20-21th 1885 Wesleyan Chapel Anniversary. Mentions Mr. Padfield as seconding vote of thanks

Some amusing phrases which came up when converting from the scanned document to text:

distress of foul

Kingdom of Gad

corn-cob-sense [common sense]

This onion was (p. 32) destined to be but of short duration.

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