



JANUARY.

Local Events in January, 1875.

1	S	1st—A horse belonging to Mr. A. Crabtree, Church-street, broke its hind leg by falling, and had to be destroyed next day. The horse was a good one, and worth £50.
2	S	
3	M	2nd—Henry Judson, a Waterloo veteran, found dead in bed at City, in Wadsworth.
4	Tu	5th—Sarah Barrett, of Goshen-terrace, Todmorden, aged 71
5	W	years, found dead in bed.
6	Th	5th—An inquest held on the body of Paul Greenwood, of Black Rock, who cut his throat whilst in an unsound state of mind.
7	F	7th—Three Guardians of the Todmorden Union provided a
8	S	substantial dinner in Hebden Hall, Hebden-bridge, for the inmates of Erringden, Stansfield, and Wadsworth workhouses, numbering between 40 and 50.
9	S	
10	M	13th—A marriage, which created an unusual interest in the district, was solemnized in St. Thomas's Church, Heptonstall,
11	Tu	between Miss Sutcliffe, daughter of John Sutcliffe, Esq., Slack-
12	W	house, and John Watkinson, Esq., a Welsh colliery proprietor.
13	Th	21st—At twenty-eight minutes past one o'clock (mid-day) on
14	F	this date one of the boilers at the machine works of Messrs. Lord Brothers, exploded. Seven persons were killed, and over
15	S	twenty injured. The amount of damage done to the works, plant, &c., was over £5,000. About 300 persons were thrown
16	S	out of employment for a time by this sad catastrophe.
17	M	26th—Mr. George Lomax, the popular temperance lecturer, began a series of lectures in Todmorden and neighbourhood.
18	Tu	28th—The annual meeting of the members of the Vale of Tod-
19	W	morden Agricultural Society was held at the White Hart Hotel, Todmorden. From the report read it transpired that
20	Th	there had been a loss of £43 on the year's proceedings.
21	F	30th—The Seventeenth Annual Soiree of the Cornholme Mutual
22	S	Improvement Society held in the British School-room, Corn-
		holme.
23	S	ROCHDALE CANAL. —This great work was first authorised by
24	M	Act of Parliament in 1794. It commences at Manchester and
25	Tu	ends at Sowerby-bridge, where it joins the Calder Navigation
26	W	Company. It gains its highest level at Dean-head, about three
27	Th	miles from Todmorden. The whole length of the Rochdale
28	F	Canal is 33 miles; its fall from Dean-head on the Todmorden
29	S	side is 275 feet, and on the Littleborough side 438 feet. The
30	S	reservoirs on the moors were formed to supply the waste of locks
31	M	and leakage, the proprietors not being permitted to use the water from the rivers Calder, Irk, and Roch. The principal reservoirs are Hollingworth, Whiteholme, Blackstone-edge, Light-hazles, Higher and Lower Chelburne, and Warland. There are 92 locks between Manchester and Sowerby-bridge; 36 from Longlees lock to Sowerby-bridge, and 56 from Summit to Manchester.



Extract from Parish Register

(TODMORDEN).

Burials at Todmorden regred Anno 1667 per me H Krabtree curate.

Alice Clayton of Walsden buried Aprill

Wife of John Clayton buried Aprill

Mary daughter of John Bairstow of *Hollowpin Apr 6

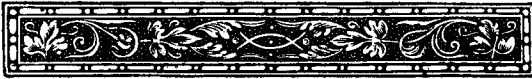
Anne wife of John Bairstow of Hollowpin Aprill

“John Bairstow of Hollowpin seeing both his daughter and his wife departed in peace, presently began to offer sacrifice unto Bacchus for joy. But he continued so long adoring of him that Apollo, the God of Wisdom and Physick, was enraged at him, and struck him with a pestilentiall ffeaver, which thing when John felt it violently raging in him; he cofessed his sin, and humbly implored Apollo to cure him: which ye ingenious God presently did with I know not what kinds of purging and corroborative cooling Julep. And he purged not only ye morbific matter and malignant humours but also clesed his body of ye Jugs of old Ale & his throat of ye muttons stakes yt stuck in it. But lo! as soon as he felt himselfe cured, he forgot to return thanks to Apollo, and begun again pelmel day and night to worship Bacchus, the God of drunnesse, in honour of whom he sacrificed (I do not say another bodys) sheep, and swallowed an ocean of old ale. But Apollo, seeing ye magnitude of his ingratitude, caused ye Sun, with hot scorching beams, to dry up all ye rivers, fountains, springs & streams of strong drinke, and then was all the Liquor-ladys, Alemnymphs and Beer-brats lamementably left upon dry ground and so remain'd in a most pitifull posture weeping wailing and wringing their hands. Which when John Bairstow saw and heard, and cold finde none of the decoction of malt to comfort ye cockles of his heart withall: he returned whom to his own habitation called Hollowpin, being situated in barren mountainous & hilly ground, like ye land where Fames & Invidia dwelt. It is to be supposed yt being overcharged with immoderate sorrow, his heart burst for very grieffe and he died in a rage for want of Ale, and came to Todmorden to be buried—May 1.”

* NOTE.—“Hollow pin” or “pen” is situate near Calf Lee Cote, in the township of Blatchinworth, at a short distance from the boundary of the Hamlet of Walsden. There formerly stood a cottage in the hollow, of which a few traces may still be seen.

ERRATA :

Page 17, bottom line for 30 years read 25 ;—page 67, 3rd line for June 7th read 28th ; page 97, for July 8th, 1858 read 1853.



THE LATE
Mr. Robert Fielden,
 OF INCHFIELD, WALSDEN.

BORN 1792 ; DIED 1874.

WE have selected as the subject of a Frontispiece and Portrait to our Almanack of this year, perhaps the most representative man of Walsden, during the time in which he lived, namely, the late Mr. Robert Fielden, of Inchfield—of late years, and for many years, more commonly known as Inchfield-Fold, but its original name was that of Inglefield (1588). Like many other successful men, Mr. Robert Fielden sprung from a very outside place, having been born at or near Sourhall, being the fourth son of James and Hannah Fielden, of New Townley. His father followed the occupation of a hand-loom weaver and small farmer—the chief labour then of persons residing on the hills and outlying portions of the district ; and it was, probably Robert's connection with weaving that led the latter to adopt and acquire the business of picker-making, which he and his younger brother James carried on afterwards—Robert at Inchfield and James at Clough, Walsden. The family consisted of nine sons and daughters, viz. :—Mary, Samuel, John, William, Robert Sally, James, Thomas and Alice.

They were not remote dwellers from the other Fieldens (Fielden Bros., of Waterside) who have made the name of Fielden of note commercially and otherwise in the world, they having sprung from Edge-end (only a little distance from Sourhall) before their removal to Laneside, Langfield, though there is no traceable kinship between the families of Fielden of Sourhall and of Edge-end. However, the like qualities in both in their respective ways—extraordinary industry and punctuality—led to success. In the department of picker-making, we shall not be over-stating the matter when we say, that the late Mr. Robert Fielden laid the foundation of the largest picker making business in existence, and prosecuted it with such attention as to leave it so to his sons, who have still further extended it, and, without doubt, it now

SILVER WEDDINGS in 1897.

MR. JOSEPH STANSFIELD, of Stansfield-street, Todmorden, celebrated the 25th anniversary of his marriage to Miss Heap, of Toad-carr (the second daughter of the late Inspector John Heap), on the 27th of January last, and he entertained some thirty or so of friends and relatives (not always the same thing!) to whom the Todmorden Brass Band discoursed sweet sounds, and the bandsmen did not go empty away. Mr. Stansfield has been a sound supporter of that band, so it had to sound for him. The Todmorden Floral Society, of which Mr. Stansfield is a vice-president, took leave to blossom gaily on the occasion, and added colour to the event. Mrs. Howorth, aged 85 years, who resides at Sourhall, was one of the guests, having arrived in a waggonette, with three friends; a tough instance that marriage is not by any means injurious. Altogether the celebration was memorable.

Mr. and Mrs. ALBERT WILSON celebrated their 25th anniversary on February 20th, and 120 guests had tea in Cornholme U.M.F.C. school, the Ladies' Sewing Class being specially invited, and long may Mrs. Wilson grace Thornlea House by her presence. There were games to play at, and music to listen to, for did not Mr. J. Bulcock conduct the choir, and was not Mr. A. Greenwood the clever pianist? And of all the music what was sweeter than the rippling laugh of innocent mirth? and the bright eyes of honest lads and lasses made the prettiest decoration. The Reverend Mr. R. Brewin presented Mrs. Wilson with a silver tray which the Sewing Class had subscribed for, and it bore a suitable inscription.

Mr. and Mrs. STANSFIELD CRABTREE, of Joshua-street, entertained a numerous company of friends on the 3rd of April to celebrate their silver wedding. Hearty good wishes were tendered to the worthy couple, many presents were accepted by them, and the gathering was a huge success. What with plenty to do and to devour, fun, frolic and festivity, light hearts and happy faces, music, singing, and dancing the whole time was too short. Perhaps it was not too short for many a young couple to agree to start in double-harness, and so have a silver wedding of their own some day. Let us hope it was so, and will be so, with plenty in the cupboard, something in the bank, children all over them, and friends all round.

Mr. and Mrs. GREENHALGH (dyer), The Crescent, met their friends on the 10th of April, at a knife-and-fork tea in Sobriety Hall, in honour of their 25th anniversary, and hearty congratulations were showered upon them. After tea the company indulged in games, and they sang, and recited, and romped and danced, while the most serious among them, assisted by the most frivolous, tried Thought Reading, not that it needed much skill to know what that merry company was thinking of, especially when the toast of the evening was tendered "Success to our Host and Hostess." Then they let themselves go! The man who put the roof on Sobriety Hall, must have nailed it on well, or it would have lifted! Talk about Thought-Reading! Why Mrs. Greenhalgh was thinking of her guests all the time. Refreshments were at hand whenever there was an excuse to offer them, and at ten o'clock a hot supper came hissing, and frizzling into the Hall, and as each cover was lifted, and the clouds of steam rose up, there was a hearty chatter of approval. While the public clocks were striking eleven, the well-cared-for company were scattering themselves home, and announcing in vociferous music that Mr. and Mrs. Greenhalgh were, both of them, "jolly good fellows." The many presents were of great elegance, and considerable value.