

IN LOVELY DENT DALE.

The home of His Excellency—A Home-pitable Welcome.

Correspondent from Dent Dale.

25 St. Stephen's Road—Mansfield Road, Bradford, Yorkshire, England, June, 1893.—Amongst the unique excursions at Womwood Dale was one to Dent. Having a strong desire to visit that part of Yorkshire I availed myself of the opportunity on Wednesday evening. After easy that morning I made preparations to go along with the crowd who assembled at the Midland station. Trains were departing every ten minutes to different parts of the British Isles.

Not being much acquainted with the geographical situation of Dent, I made hasty, but elicited only a little information concerning it. It is situated in the western part of Yorkshire, close to the borders of Westmorland. The town of Dent (which lies about half way down the valley of Dent Dale) is very small, with probably two or three hundred inhabitants. We left the station at 6.30. The journey on the route is grand, and after an enjoyable ride of three hours we arrived at what is known as Dent Dale.

"Where is Dent?" I required as I alighted from the train.

"You go about five miles down the Dale," was the answer. It was interesting to learn that the town of Dent was so far from the station, especially so to me who was, as it were, "a stranger in a strange land."

On I proceeded down a very steep hill for over a half mile through the beautiful valley of Dent Dale. This is of a width of about eight feet over beside. It is about ten miles in length, and is dotted all over with farm houses. The lower part of the Dale is a well-modified landscape. In the middle is the river Dove. Beyond the eye, the numerous patches of green fields, upon which can be seen many cattle and sheep. How grand the fields gleamed with tufted grasses and dashes and other fragrant flowers! Large clusters of trees can be seen here and there.

After traveling for nearly an hour I entered the paved, zigzag street of the old town of Dent. A noted author, Hartley Coleridge—some fifty years ago gave a truthful description of it:

There is a town of little note or power, now and then a cluster of cottages, where art will find a few simple cottages.

Hardly a village, on back from the ways, where, indeed, the crowding cottages, and the high walls of the stone houses, the bony ones that stand the corners.

I visited Dent once before—thirty-eight years ago, when a lengthy journey took me through it. I have forgotten all I ever knew about it, being desirous of ascertaining whether any of my relatives on my mother's side were alive, just as I entered the town. I inquired from one named Thomas Fawcett, a widower (but related to our family) and was surprised to receive the answer:

"All the Fawcetts are dead and buried. The last one—Miles Fawcett—died a few months ago."

This was an unpleasant news, and such a tedious walk and a long day of fifty miles on the railroad. The next thing to do was to see the vicar of the old church in relation to genealogy. He informed me that his predecessor to the results would be one sailing for the West Indies, and that he could not be expected for a year after. As I could not make arrangements for obtaining genealogical information that day, I promised to look after the "Inquirer."

Then I became hungry and my way to a small store to procure refreshments, where I was kindly welcomed, and for a few moments rested my weary limbs. Feeling somewhat drowsy, I thought best to go back to the station to the subject with whom I waited at the store, when a very handsome young woman came in, and becoming acquainted with the subject we were conversing upon, informed me that the wife of the deceased Fawcett was living a short distance away, and said that she would take me to her residence. The kind offer was soon accepted, and a few minutes later I was in the presence of several of my relatives.

An invitation was extended for me to stay all night, which was gladly accepted.

Next morning I visited more thoroughly, and upon inquiry found that about half the residents of Dent Dale were either blood relations or related by marriage.

Amongst the numerous host of my relatives was one George Caldicott, an old man verging upon his seven years, in conversation with him he said in substance:

"I was well acquainted with your grandfather Robert Fawcett, he died at what we call Wentbridge to Dent Dale. I was also well acquainted with your great uncle, William Fawcett, and his wife they lived on the Hill Topper in Dent Dale. They had a son named William, who was a daughter of a distinguished man, I know them well. They lived in a good old age, and always resided on Wentbridge Hill. A few years ago they began to drag off, one by one, until today all—all but one—are asleep."

ing in the silent tomb. The one that remains we call her Aunt Betty, and still gives us their old home. Yet at present we are the only survivors of the descendants of that ancient, great grandfather, Miss Fawcett. At the south entrance of the cemetery are two inscribed stones, one above the other, and one to the right of the other, which read:

"In memory of our beloved wife, Mrs. Mary Fawcett, who died on the 15th day of January, 1878, aged 75 years."

It is difficult to imagine the sadness was preceding concern about the welfare of the Fawcetts. It has recently developed a disease of rheumatism at Dent Dale, and the doctor and surgeon are engaged.

Then I passed through the slate quarries. These are not large quarries, or continuous, but a series of the residue of the slate mining of the past ages. The slate mining of the past ages is the most important of my relatives, Miss Fawcett. Her spirit and memory are everywhere honored. There is no greater honor than to be buried in the slate mine.

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