

payer, and hence the general commutation of tithes, which, with universal approval, took place not long afterwards:—

Robert Atkinson, who generally passed by the sobriquet of "Bob," was a clever, good-looking, fat, round-faced farmer of the old school, with the keenest relish for practical joking, who occupied Carke Hall Farm about the year 1800. Dickky Brooks was a very trustworthy old man, rather lame, who had collected the small tithes in kind for the Holker family for many years.

*Bob*: Wye Dikkey, thau's cumm'n againe fer thee tyths!

*Dickky*: Eie, maist'r, I'ae here againe yanse maiy'r, sure enuff.

*Bob*: Wat wants ta this tyme, Dikkey?

*Dickky*: A goose er too, maist'r.

*Bob*: Wye, then, Dikkey, I'll maiyae a bargin wi' theb—thau's hev t' first geese thau can katch—isn't that faere?

*Dickky*: Eie, maist'r, that's faere enuff.

Whilst Bob was laughing in his sleeve at the trick he was contemplating, Dickky Brooks waddled right into the midst of Bob's large flock of loudly-screaming geese, all of which easily contrived to get out of his way, except two lame ones, with drooping wings; these two, with some difficulty, Dickky at last seized, and whilst placing them in his basket, Bob, almost bursting with laughter, exclaimed, "I'ae sure, Dikkey, thau mun bee reete weel pleeaz'd wi' thee bargin!" "Nay," says Dickky, "ye've dun ma cleene this tyme, maist'r; yan on t' geese hez nobbet yae legge, en's ez poore ez en aade craae; en t'uddder's oe fodd'ra, ez leete ez a seeah-mae!"

As a further proof how annoying the collection of tithes in kind must have been to all parties concerned, perhaps the following transcript of a memorandum now in my possession may be conclusive:—