



H UNMANBY,

the distance of a pleasant walk over the fields from Filey, is in the wapentake of Dickering, E.R., and was formerly a market town, and an ancient Barony. The remains of the market-cross are yet standing. The lordship consists of 6,000 acres, well wooded. Upon the Castle-hill may yet be traced the foundations of the fortress referred to in the early part of this volume. The Church is a small neat building. On the walls of the interior are painted the names and armorial bearings of eleven respective lords of the demesne. The Manor House of H. Osbaldeston, Esq. is an ancient building, surrounded by extensive gardens and plantations. We now approach classic ground—the Vicarage House, + occupied by the Rev. Archdeacon Wrangham, M.A. F.R.S. It has within these few years received, both from buildings and plantations, considerable im-

+ Represented in the above sketch, to the left of the church.

provements; nor has its interior been left destitute of embellishment. Here is a large and valuable painting by *Bogdani*,* of his favourite subject, *Birds*. The other pictures are I. Portrait of the present incumbent, by Geo. Clint, Esq., A. II. The late lamented Walter Fawkes, Esq., of Farnley Hall, and his first lady (sister of John Grimston, Esq., of Neswick) by Singleton, and two studies—a Lake, and a Cascade scene, by G. Garrard. To which must be added, A Marriage of St. Katharine, by Francesco Vanni. Of the collection of rare books here deposited a catalogue has been published. Scenery viewed from the house is thus beautifully described :

Mark'd from my window at the call of spring,
The bursting orchard Spreads it's gaudiest bloom;
The lambkin bleats, the rook is on the wing,
And every twittering hedge-row breathes perfume:
And from each nectar'd flower ascends the hum,
Where clustering thick the busy hive is met;
In yellow lustre glows the golden broom,
'Mid the dark grass the primrose-star is set,
And on its dewy bank sleeps the sweet violet.

The village-clock has chimed its simple peal—
My books thrown by, across the dais'd mead,
Or where the sheep-track slopes into the dell,
I stroll—and muse on many a gallant deed,
Wrought by my country in her hour of need—

* James Bogdani, as we learn from Pilkington, was an eminent painter of birds, fruit, and flowers : in which his great success must be ascribed exclusively to his own genius, as he had no regular education. He was employed by Queen Anne, and some of his paintings are still to be seen in the royal palaces. He died of a violent disorder, and in great distress, having lost all his property.