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quicksand over a clay, upon which there are springs which fill large ponds adjoining Mannington.

The Potts family were ruined in the South Sea Bubble, and so Mannington was acquired by the Walpoles. It is surrounded by a moat besides many ponds, the relics of past ages, when fish was more or less the food of the people. My brother has formed a most beautiful garden, composed chiefly of clipped yew and hornbeam hedges in more or less geometrical patterns, with appropriate busts scattered here and there, and with spaces filled in with dahlias, hollyhocks, and other glowing coloured flowers, so delightful a contrast to the terrible forms and fancies of bedding-out borders. I fear my kinsman (Horace Walpole) was answerable for these flowery innovations, as he it was who ridiculed the formal gardens with their picturesque and quaint topiary yews, etc., so admirably suited to our climate and seasons. Not far from this delightful grove is a shady path, leading to what was once the village church, to which we have referred. It was left to go to ruin when the two parishes of Mannington and Wickmere were consolidated, and thus only Wickmere Church, where was the family vault, was retained. My brother, as I have said before, has chosen to convert this ruined chapel or church, where rest so many of the Potts family, into a mausoleum for himself—always bearing in mind the fact that Sir Robert, as well as his son Horace