

order came the end, and he suffered with many others. After many prayers he was beginning *Ave Maria*, when they "turned him off" the ladder (the mode of execution in those days), and they let him hang until he was dead. Thus suffered upon the scaffold the martyr Henry Walpole. No one can think of his sufferings without pity, or of his cruel death without shame. He would have been beatified with the last martyrs in 1886, had he not suffered in 1595—and the last list of the blessed martyrs was those who suffered between 1535 and 1583; but to our family he is always the blessed Henry Walpole, of whom we are justly proud.

Entering the dining-room there is a curious old fireplace and stone mantelpiece carved with the arms of Lumner, the ancient possessors of the property. Near this mantelpiece stand two whole-length, weird figures—of a monk, apparently claimed by death, who takes the form of a skeleton, and is urging the unhappy monk to follow whither he listeth. On the other side of the room is a full-length picture of the Ambassador Horace Walpole, seated with a letter in his hand addressed "*A son Excellence Monsieur Walpole.*" This gentleman formed part of a large picture, comprising himself and wife and seven or eight children, some of which are represented as angels, apparently having died as babies. My father cut this picture up and gave the portraits to different members of the family whose descendants they are. The unhappy wife, Miss Lombard (before mentioned), is said to