

belonging to Sir R. Walpole, and worn by him at his installation as Knight of the Garter. I cannot find out whether the custom of wearing a heron's plume—or rather the one feather of many herons—was then the custom of the day, but I give the tale as it was transmitted to me from my earliest childhood. Amongst the other treasures is the miniature of the Empress Catherine, and also a gold salts-bottle given by Her Majesty to my great-grandfather, Sir Everard Faulkner, to whom that obliging Sovereign took a great fancy when he was Secretary of Foreign Affairs at St. Petersburg. There are the seals of Sir R. Walpole and many other knick-knacks too numerous to mention, including the silver plate, all engraved by William Hogarth, and presented to Sir R. Walpole by the City of London. Amongst these pleasant surroundings for many years my dear brother loved to dwell; now he has left Mannington, but with due care paid to its preservation, and at times some of the family dwell there. When I visit it, about once a year, it recalls to me all the memories of my childhood, as, alas! it also recalls all those dear ones who have left me almost desolate.

To my dear brother I dedicate this very feeble effort on my part, hoping it may, in a manner, illustrate the last home of the Walpoles.