

And the whole demesne must have had beauties and charms, which have disappeared with the old mansion, if he could write with truth—

Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilled banks ;
On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight rinks ;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks and live with us ;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the lady of this place."

The "Arcades" was performed here, as we learn from Milton's Life, in 1635, and the worthy "lady of this place" did not long survive. Her fine marble monument in the chancel of the church bears the date of her death, 1637.

What would one not have given to have seen with his own eyes the poet brushing the morning dew, as he sauntered through the meadows along the bank of his favourite river, the Colne, with its "brimming waves," or quietly trudging along the road through Uxbridge, on his way from Horton to Harefield Place, which doubtless then was, in his own words—

"Bosom'd high in tufted trees."

The elms and beeches and evergreens behind the site of the house are still fine, but few, except one stately cedar, would seem to be able to recall the look of the poet.

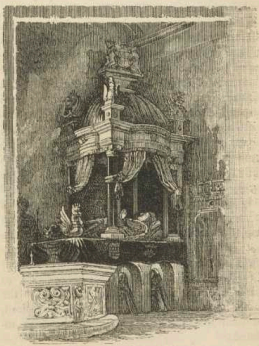
About a furlong south-west of the site of the old manor-house, abutting on the edge of the meadows of the Colne, opposite the "Fishery" at Denham, and standing a little from the road, is an old farmhouse, some parts of the interior of which retain the ancient panelling and large fire-places, suggesting that in the olden time large logs were burnt here in the winter, and profuse hospitality was exercised. The house is now cut up into three labourers' cottages. It is still called the Moor Hall, and is the most ancient manor-house in the parish. The greater part of the old hall was pulled down towards the end of the last century.

Lysons tells us that the manor of Moor Hall was the property of the Knights Hospitalers, to whom it was given by Alice, daughter of Baldwin de Clare. Close by it, indeed almost adjoining it, is an Early English chapel, with lancet windows, externally almost perfect, though quite "guttered" in its interior of every vestige of its once sacred uses. The timber roof stands sound and good, just as it did in the days of the Tudors and Plantagenets. This chapel was probably a cell subject to the Priory of St. John at Clerkenwell. Some persons

consider that the building was not a chapel, but a refectory, but for this there are no grounds. The building and cottages are rich in red and grey tints, and they have been often sketched by artists.

A short walk across some upland grass fields leads from Moor Hall to the church, which is situated, as was so often the case, in the middle of the squire's park, some three or four hundred yards from the road.

The church, so far as can be ascertained through the veil thrown over it by a poor modern "restora-



LADY DERBY'S TOMB. (See *Anger* 248.)

tion," seems to be of the "Decorated" period, but perhaps a somewhat late specimen. It consists of nave and chancel, with aisles on either side. Probably no country church is so rich in mural monuments, mostly of the Tudor and Jacobean eras. The Egertons, Ashlys, and Newdigates innumerable here mix their aristocratic dust with that of their poorer brethren. A really fine collection of helmets, casques, gloves, and other funeral armour, once belonging to the Bacheworths and Swanlands and Egertons, but now taken down from the walls, lies heaped together, dusty and uncared for, on the sedilia to the south of the communion-table. The Brackenbury chapel, which forms the south aisle, is constructed of alternate dice-work, or diversified compartments of flint and stone. The chancel is elevated above the nave,