

# On Her Majesty's Service

WASC 372

~~SEE OUTSIDE COLLECTION I~~  
~~FOR OTHER MATERIAL~~



WASC 372

T H E

# H I S T O R Y

Of the ancient T O W N, and once Famous

## Abbey, of Waltham,

In the County of E S S E X,

From the Foundation to the present Time.

Containing many curious Extracts from

Records, Leger-Books, Grants, Charters, Acts of Parliament, approved Authors, and from Inscriptions on the Monuments in the Church.

Together with

The INQUISITION taken of the Perambulation of the Forest of WALTHAM, setting forth all and singular the Meers, Metes, Bounds &c. of the said Forest.

To which is added

The HISTORY of ABBIES, abridg'd, from the Year 977 to their Diffolution, and down to the Reign of Queen ELIZABETH.

Illustrated with many curious Copper-Plates.

By J. FARMER, of Waltham Abbey, Gent.

*Monachorum vita fatuorum est vita potius quam recte  
nola signum dormire, expergisci, redormiscere, loqui  
redire, cibum capere, desinere pastu, denique nihil r  
pe scriptum humanum potius quam ad Christi regulam.*

Erafm. Epist. 22. Cent. 2.

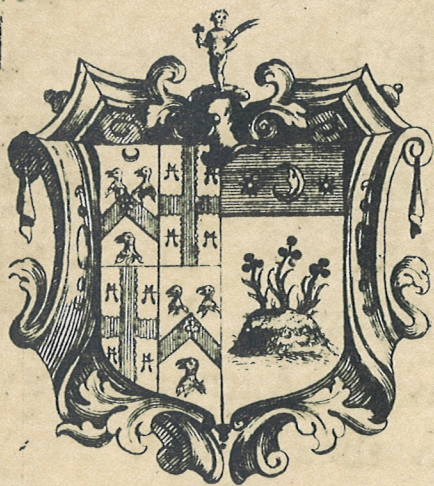
942.671

938092

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR. M D C C X X X V.



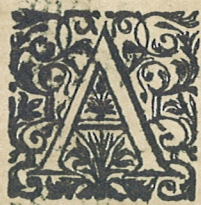


T O

*John Walton,*

Of WALTHAM ABBEY, in the County  
of E S S E X, Esq;

S I R,



S it hath been my  
Honour and Hap-  
piness to receive  
from you a Train  
of Obligations, which I know  
as

## DEDICATION.

as little how to return, as I have known how to deserve; it is with the highest Pleasure I employ the Privilege the following Work gives me, as an Author, of avowing to the World the very grateful Sense I have of them. 'Tis on this single Principle I give my self the Honour to inscribe to you the HISTORY OF ABBIES. And a generous Reader will easily pardon me, that I detain him a Moment from the Work itself, by an Offering of Gratitude to so generous and amiable





T O

*Charles Wake Jones,*

Of WALTHAM ABBEY, in the County  
of *ESSEX*, Esq;

*S I R,*

**H**E Dedicating the  
following Work to  
yourself, is a Matter  
to which I am so naturally led  
A 2 by



## DEDICATION.

by the Relation of Things, that I can by no Means let pass an Opportunity of doing my self so graceful and so interesting an Honour. For as, on the one Hand, it were to fail in Point of Decorum, to send into the World a HISTORY OF WALTHAM ABBEY, without a Complement to the Lord of the Manor, so, on the other, it were to be insensible of the Credit I want for the following Labour, not to publish it under the Auspices of a Gentleman so universally belov'd and esteem'd.

And



## DEDICATION.

And I have seen and felt too happily the Spirit and Extent of your Goodness, to doubt of its supporting me on this Occasion.

And, perhaps, Sir, scarce any dedicating Author, who hath hitherto appear'd in the World, hath stood in greater Need than my self of the Humanity of so accomplish'd and discerning a Patron: For so far I am from thinking, that I have, in the following Pages, written any Thing up to the Taste, Knowledge and Judgment



## DEDICATION.

ment of a Gentleman of your Erudition and Politeness, that I am perfectly sensible, I stand every where in Need of your highest Candor and Indulgence; and that, next to Complements of Decorum and your own Goodness, there is Nothing which can support me in the Honour of presenting the Work to your self but the Application and Integrity with which I have perform'd it.

But, whatever Imperfections may be discover'd to  
have



## DEDICATION.

have enter'd, from my self,  
into the following HISTORY,  
it will be a Pleasure which  
will make me easy under the  
heaviest Sense of them all,  
if it may but be receiv'd by  
your self as a Mark of the  
Attachment and profound Re-  
spect with which I have the  
Honour to be,

S I R,

*Your most humble and  
most obedient Servant  
and Tenant,*

JOHN FARMER.



## DEDICATION.

miable a Patron ; an Offering for which the Ruins of Abbies afford me so proper an Altar ; as it was owing, under God, to the Integrity, Activity and Discernment of such Spirits as your own, that those Seminaries of Superstition, Idolatry and Licentiousness, those Sanctuaries of Ignorance, Laziness and Wickedness, met with the avenging Destiny under which they lie.

Suffer me thus, Sir, to acquaint the World with the Worth and Excellence of a  
Charac-



## DEDICATION.

Character too valuable to be confin'd within the Circles of your own Neighbourhood and Acquaintance. 'Twill be of Service to the Interests of Knowledge and Virtue, which you yourself are so fond of advancing. Men are sham'd out of their Ignorance and Inhumanities, and think of becoming Benevolent and Good for something, when they are shewn the Beauty of a Character like yours. A Temper so benevolent to all Men, a Disposition so active for the Publick Good or the



## DEDICATION.

Promotion of any useful Labour, a Generosity so warm and flowing for every one you can succour or pleasure, are Things so noble and influential, that as, on the one Hand, it were injurious to the Interests of Virtue, and a Species of Ingratitude, to hide them, so they must, on the other, where ever they are known, not only procure you that Augmentation of Authority and Honour which all Men wish who have the Happiness to know you, but likewise implant the like excellent  
Qua-



## DEDICATION.

Qualities, or awaken them, in the Hearts of others. And, perhaps, I was never more sensible of, or more afflicted at, any Incapacity of my Life, than that of being unable, on this Occasion, to display them in their own Beauty.

Pardon me, Sir, that a Heart, duely sensible of what it owes you, and full of Impressions of your generous Nature, thus opens itself to you and the World. I could, indeed, say a great deal more; but I know not how I could  
have



# DEDICATION.

have said any Thing less,  
which might have bore any  
Proportion to the Respect and  
Gratitude with which I have  
the Honour to be,

*Sir,*

*Your most oblig'd and*

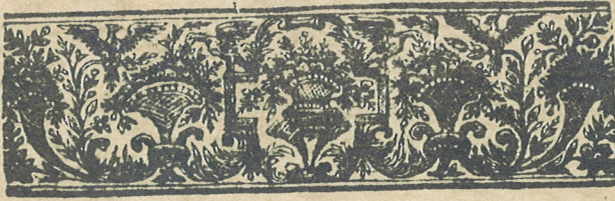
*Most obedient Servant,*

JOHN FARMER.



THE





T H E  
P R E F A C E.



*Y principal Business in this Place is to make my publick Acknowledgements to the several worthy and ingenious Gentlemen from whom I have received very valuable Materials, or considerable Instruction and Assistance, for the Compiling of this Work. And I should be very happy in the Province of Writing, if I could do this in any Way proportionate to the abounding Sense I have of the Favour and the Honour they have done me.*

*Among*



## The PREFACE. ii

*Among these generous Patrons and Promoters of my Labour, I pay my first Compliments to John Walton, Esq; to whom I am oblig'd, as for a long and beautiful Series of Favours on this and many other Accounts, so in particular for his Assiduity and Goodness in obtaining me the Liberty to take Copies, from the Records in the Tower of London, of the Original Grants and Charters of this once famous Abbey, and of many other Authorities and valuable Papers which enter, more or less, into the following History. My next Compliments are due to Arthur Collins, Esq; Brown Willis, Esq; and the Reverend Mr. Auther; who have, I thank them, and shall always thank them, done me, on this Occasion, the Pleasure and the Honour of a Multitude of good Offices. And as I have Obligations of the same Kind to many other worthy Gentlemen, as well about this*

*Neigh-*



### iii The PREFACE.

*Neighbourhood, as elsewhere, I beg of them to accept of my hearty Thanks for the Favours they have done me, and to believe, that my Reputation and Happiness enter too far into the Memory of those Obligations ever to suffer me to forget them.*

*What I have farther to do here, is only to assure the Reader, that I have been very faithful in all the Transcripts and Extracts of Records, Charters, Grants, and other Papers which I have carried into the following History; and that he will find many Authorities and curious Papers in this Work, which are no where else to be met with.*

*I must add too, I have neglected no Helps I could by any fair Means come at, to render this History compleat; and that, if it doth but please my Reader in the Perusal as it did me in the collecting and writing, and*

*be*



The PREFACE. iv

*be will accept it as a Token of my  
Good-Will, I shall not think my La-  
bour lost.*





to the said Town, and whatsoever else shall be esteemed curious and worthy of Note.

WALTHAM is so called from the *Saxon* Word *Weald*, the *Teutonick*, *Wald*, a Wood, and the *Saxon* Word, *Ham*, a Town by a Wood; some will have it called WALTHAM, quasi *Wealthy Ham*, tho' if the Muck in the Town could support the Derivation, I am certain this Town is intitled to the Compliment of *Wealthy Ham*. And I heartily wish they could make their Words good in respect to the Persons living therein, though there are many Inhabitants of great Worth, and in Regard to the Navigable River *Lee*, alias *Ley*, and the Soil itself, indeed it may be well accounted Rich and Plentiful.

This Town is seated on the East-side of the *Lee* (which by Act of Parliament 1 Stat. 13 *Eliz.* 18. was made Navigable from *Ware* to *London*;) which not only parteth *Hertsfordshire* from *Essex*, but also parteth itself into several small Rivers or Rivulets coming into Town, and over which are many Bridges. These Rivers afford Plenty of Fish, some Salmon, Trouts, Eels, Carp, Tench, Pike, Perch, Crawfish, and many others. Near the Town, on one of these Rivers, are curious Gunpowder-Mills, which supply the Nation with great Quantities of Gunpowder, being esteemed the largest and compleatest Works

in



in Great Britain, and are now the Property of Mr. John Walton, a Gentleman of known Honour and Integrity.

Some suppose this Gunpowder to be as ancient as *Archimedes* in *Europe*; (and antienter in *India*) yet generally Men hold the Friar of *Mentz*, the first Founder thereof, about three hundred fifty six Years since: In the Making of which, there requires three essential Ingredients.

1. Brimstone, whose Office is to catch Fire and Flame of a sudden, and convey it to the other two.

2. Charcoal pulverized, which continueth the Fire, and quencheth the Flame, which otherwise would consume the Strength thereof.

3. Salt-Petre, which causeth a windy Exhalation, and driveth forth the Bullet. This Gunpowder is the Emblem of politicke Revenge, for it biteth first, and barketh afterwards, the Bullet being always at the Mark before the Report is heard, so that it maketh a Noise, not by Way of Warning but of Triumph.

On the one Side the Town itself hath large and fruitful Meadows, some of which are used in Common to the Town, and tho' innumerable Cattle are pastured thereon, the Ground is so Rich and Fertile, that the



lent Tyrant, full (as one said) of Guts and empty of Bowels; who visited his Diocese before it was sick; and made it sick with its Visitation. His Articles were in Number thirty seven, and very cruel ones. The Bishop's chief Care herein was the setting up compleat Roods, commonly called *Bonner's Block Almighty*. If any refused to provide such Blocks for him, let 'em expect he would procure Faggots for them.

Anno 1556. Mariæ 3.

*Imprimis*, For Coals to undermine a Piece of the Steeple, which stood after the first Fall, two Shillings. The Steeple formerly stood in the Middle of the Church, now at the East End of the Church, and being ruined past Possibility of Repair, fell down of it self, only a remaining Part was blown up by Underminers.

It was not a little to the Praise of this Parish, that they rebuilt the Steeple at the West End of the Church, on their own proper Costs, enabled thereunto partly by their Stock in the Church Box, arising from the Sale (as is aforesaid) of the Goods of the Brotherhood, and partly by the voluntary Contribution of the Parishioners. This Tower-Steeple is twenty nine Yards two Foot high, from the Foundation to the Battlements, each Foot whereof (besides Materials provided)

H

cost



And lastly, to mention only that voluminous Writer, Mr. *Thomas Fuller*, who was Curate of this Parish, Batchelor of Divinity, whose many Works will speak his Fame and Praise to all Ages, and shew him to be not only a learned and godly Divine, but also a judicious Historian.

As for Artists, this Town afforded many; and here I shall only mention the present ingenious Mr. *Henry Bridges* of this Town, bred a Carpenter; who by nine Years Study and Application, has performed and finished such a musical Machine, or surprizing *Microcosm*, whose Performance to the most Curious, has given such general Satisfaction, nay, even beyond common Fame or Belief. And receiving some Verses, which are a short Description of the said Machine, tho' indeed far short of the Performance of the Original, I shall here, as the same came to Hand, set down.

TO MR. HENRY BRIDGES.

OUR Hopes and your Endeavours now succeed;  
 With pleasure Britain's Artist shews his Head.  
 Rewards and Praises suit not these our Days;  
 Few are bestow'd, nay fewer merit Praise,  
 Projectors damn all Works, but what's there own;  
 And Criticks by an envious Spite are known.  
 Nay,



*Nay, most they are exposed to common hate,  
Who something new, with Fancy doth create.  
Wretches ignoble with Envy are possess,  
Despise Man's Genius, make their Works a Jest.  
Others more stupid think, there's nothing fine  
Can in a County Town or Village shine.  
By nine years Labour You perform'd of late  
A Work so perfect, new, and truly great.  
With pleasure we behold each beauteous Scene,  
Where Art is hid, and all like Nature's seen;  
So just, so good, exact in ev'ry Part,  
You'd think all done by Nature, not by Art.  
When Praise is eccho'd by the tasteless Crowd,  
The Cry grows universal, as it's loud:  
So populous and noisy People are,  
That Merit great, sculks obscure for fear.  
So I the Beauties of your Scenes and Song,  
Have in me kept, I fear, alas! too long.  
The Muses to their proper Ends you aim,  
And shew from whence your 'spiring Genius came.  
The Time they play, Musick exceeds the Voice,  
And Pegasus does, with hovering Wings, rejoice.  
Orpheus how in various Notes he plays  
To savage Beasts, who o'er their Passions sways;  
Mute they become, and seem all to comply  
With Orpheus's Skill and ravish'd Harmony.  
How various each Scene, how sweet the Songs,  
To raise the Spirits, and inspire the Lungs.*

*The*



The Groves delight; the warbling Birds their  
Lyres

Most sweetly sing: Which all our Senses fires,  
And Art like Nature throughout the Whole  
conspires.

Amongst these little, sweet, harmonious crew,  
As if 'twas Summer, we hear a Voice; Cuckoo.  
The Clock by Copernicus's System grac'd,  
And th' Sun in middle of the World is plac'd;  
Mercury, Venus, Earth and the pale Moon,  
Performing a joint Course, are truly shewn;  
Mars, Jupitur and Saturn, Revolutions make  
About the Centre they so justly take.

This is an old Astronomy reviv'd,  
And now by all in general believ'd.  
Next to your Views the Ptolemaick System,  
They're both with Lectures read, and full of  
Wisdom.

The Globe is fix'd, the Planets are all found,  
As Sun, Moon, Stars, in every Day goes round.  
In sev'ral Orbits, and in distant Skies,  
As it appears, and seems unto the Eyes.

The Ships all under Sail to Windward play;  
Coaches, Carts, Horses, move on the Highway,  
And Horsemen riding without Stop or Stay.  
Fartber from Sight, a Windmill's seen, whose  
Sails

Are turning round, as blown by prosp'rous Gales.  
The silent Swans, majestickly all move,  
There's Dog and Duck for Sport; if that you  
love.



*A Mill for making of Gun-powder's there,  
And Water flows amazing and more rare.  
Which from a Model on River's took  
Of worthy Walton's Works; (whose Soul can't  
brooke*

*With Thing that's mean, but like a generous  
Heart,*

*Encourages all Learning, Honesty with Art.)  
The Pattern of Industry, in Corner sets,  
It's a Woman old that Spins, her Fingers wets.  
In th' other Corner, if you look you'll find,  
My pretty Maids, a Workman, Knives to grind.  
Then there's a Yard amazing, with what Art  
The Carpenter's perform'd in ev'ry Part.  
Some use the Saw; others with Skill the Plain;  
Some Mallet, Chissel; other some again  
Hew with the Ax, grind Tools, and use their  
Skill,*

*And Diligence to gain their Master's Will:  
Great Profit too they bring, they grudge no Pains  
To fill their Master's Coffers by their Gains.  
While the two Boys with Innocence do play  
On Boards a-cross, now up, now down they }  
sway:  
How merrily they live, because from School  
away!*

*With Zeal officious, I congratulate,  
And confident foretel, thy prosp'rous State:  
Tho' Fame or Censure on your Work depends,  
And not the Praise of your more ravish'd Friends.*

*This*



124      *The HISTORY of*  
*This small Performance, of unfeign'd respect,*  
*From him, that values all your Works, accept.*  
*A Muse unknown, impartial and sincere,*  
*Can ne'er be judg'd a fawning Flatterer.*  
*Let Artist and Machanicks give Applause,*  
*For none dare Censure, where there is no Cause.*  
*Nor need you fear the Want of being known,*  
*Since Britain's Master-piece in yours is shown.*

Philotechnos.

TO MR. BRIDGES ON HIS *Microcosm,*

*An Extempory SONG: To the Tune of,*  
*Clorissa shines along the Plains.*

I.

**B**Ehold! a Work, by Art most free,  
Where Gods in Concert all agree  
To grace a noble Act.  
Where Eyes are ravish'd, Musick sounds,  
Pleasure throughout the Whole abounds,  
In this great Work exact.

II.

A thousand Beauties to the Eye  
Are seen with Joy to satisfy,  
In accord all appear:  
There's not a Tune, a Scene, or Place,  
But's fit a Palace for to grace,  
And please the ravish'd Ear.      III.



