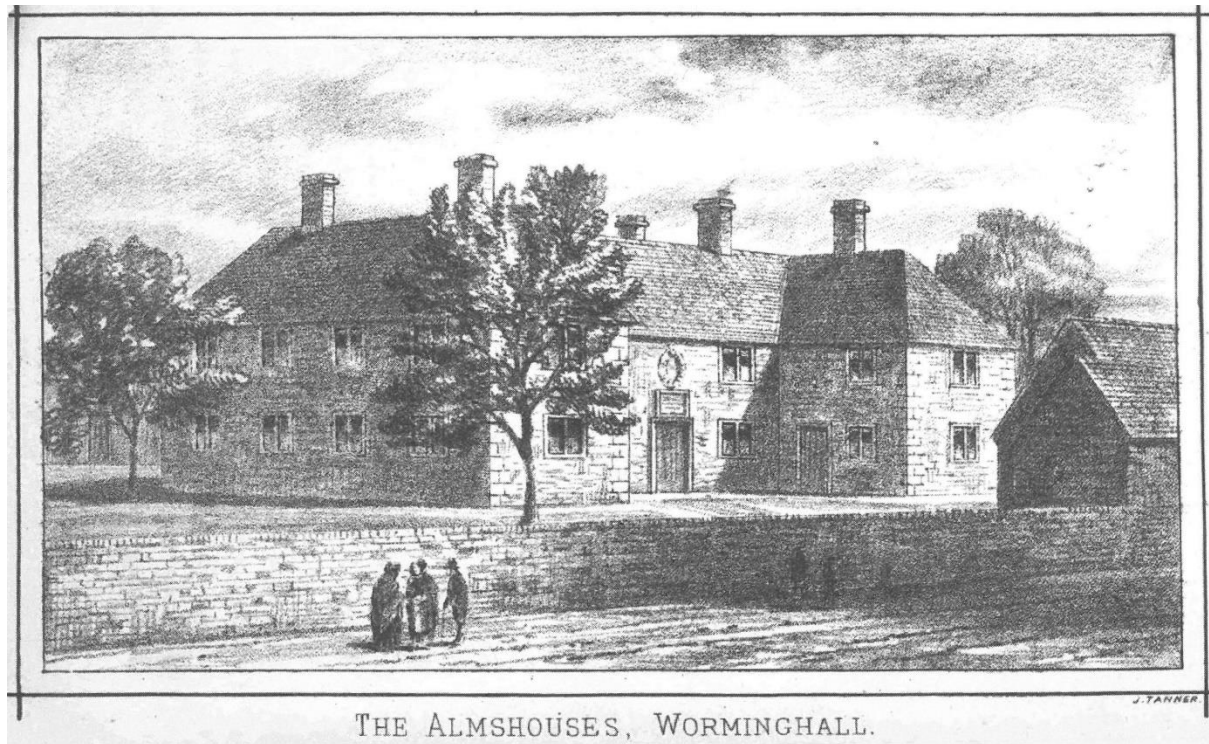


WORMINGHALL CHARITIES



OF all the families formerly connected with Worming-hall, that of King have most effectually perpetuated their memory by charitable bequests. They do not appear to have held any considerable part of the property in the village.

The first of the family who settled at Worminghall was William King of Devonshire, brother of Robert King, the last Abbot of Osney and first Bishop of Oxford, and brother-in-law to Lord Williams of Thame, he having married Lord Williams' sister. The issue of this marriage was Philip King, who in his minority was page to King Henry the Eighth, was educated with great care by his uncle, the Bishop of Oxford, and married Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Conquest, of Houghton Conquest, Bedfordshire. He departed this life January 12th, 1592, and was buried at Worminghall, where, as before stated, a brass remains to his memory.



THE AGED ROOTE THAT TWELVE TIMES FVWTE DID BEARE
(THOVGH FIRST AND LAST WERE BLASTED IN THEIR PRIME)
IS WITHERED NOW, AND WAINES HIS CHILDREN DEARE
THOVGH YET THEY SPRINGE, TO KNOW THEIR WINN TIME.
SO LABOVRD HE AND SO IS GONE TO REST.
So LIV'D. SO DIED. AS ALL (BVT CVRSED) BLEST.
BLESSE LORD HIS FELLOW ROOTE THAT LIVKS AS YET.
BVT AS A VINE WITHOVHT HIR PROPPES DECAIES:
AND BLESSE THEIR BRANCHES W^{CH} THESE TWO DID GET,
AND SEND THEM SAP TO NOVRRISH THEM ALWAIES.
BLESSE ROOTE AND BRANCH, Y^T ALL MAY GROW IN THEE
AND MEET AT LENGTH TO EAT OF THY LIFE TREE.
PHILIP^{VS} KINGE CENEROSO AB INEVTE R. TATE IN R. DIB^{VS} REVERENDI PATRIS,
AC PATRVI I PSIVS HOMINI ROBERTI KINGE EPISCOPI OXON. & CLARISSIMI
VIRI DOM. IOANIS WILLIAMS DE THAME LIBERALISSIME EDVCATO; CHARISS.
CIVICI, & AD ANN^{VS} PENE QVADRAGE SIM^{VS} IVGV MARITALE VNA PERPESSO,
VITA AC MORTE CV PERHONESTE TVRELIGIOSISSIME & FVNCTO MONVMENTVM
ISTVD AETERNI & ILLIBATI AMORIS POSVIT ELIZABETHA KINGE VXOR
SVBERSTES. EXCESSIT EX HAC VITA, 12 IANVARIJ ADNI. 1592.

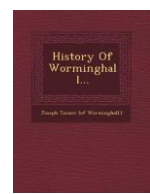
MURAL BRASS - WORMINGHALL CHURCH.

The most distinguished of his children was John King, who was born at Worminghall, A.D. 1559. He was educated at Westminster School, became a student of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1576, was made Chaplain to Queen Elizabeth and King James, and installed Archdeacon of Nottingham, being at that time Preacher in the city of York. He proceeded Doctor of Divinity in 1602, and in 1605 was promoted to the Deanery of Christ Church by King James, who thus acceded to a petition signed by twenty-two of the students in the name of the rest, and describing Dr. John King as "one of the brightest lights of the English Church." He was Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford for many years, and in 1611 he had the Bishopric of London bestowed upon him, being consecrated on the 8th of September. Anthony h Wood says : « He was revered by all the people, a profound divine, of great gravity, and had so excellent a volubility of speech that Sir Edward Coke, the famous lawyer, called. him the best speaker of the Star Chamber, and King James called him the king of preachers." He died March 30th, 1621, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. He requested to have a plain tomb, with the single word "Resurgam " inscribed upon it, which was done ; but his admirers departed from the spirit of his injunction by hanging near the tomb, a tablet, with a hundred lines of Latin verse, setting forth the orthodoxy of his doctrines, the virtues of his life, and the illustriousness of his descent. (The full inscription can be seen in Dugdale's History of St. Paul's Cathedral, and also in Stowe's London. These particulars of the *King family* are taken partly from the *Athenae Oxonienses*, written about 1660, and partly from the biographical notices of Bishop Henry King, prefixed to his poems, edited by the Ven. Archdeacon Hannah, .D.C.L.)



Tomb slabs of Bishop John King,

Henry King, the eldest son of Dr. John King, was born in the same house and chamber at Worming-hall wherein his father received his first breath. He was educated at Thame Grammar School, Westminster, and Christ Church, Oxford. After taking his degree, he entered into holy orders, and became a most florid preacher, and successively Chaplain to King James I., Archdeacon of Colchester, Residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral, Canon of Christ Church, Chaplain to Charles I., Doctor of Divinity, Dean of Rochester, and in 1641 Bishop of Chichester. The Earl of Clarendon, in his history of the Great Rebellion, mentions him as "a man of great learning and eminency in the Church, peculiarly free from those faults ascribed to the governing clergy, a frequent preacher, and one against whom no fault could be found."



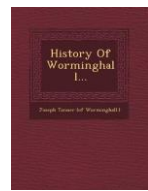
However great a favourite he may have been before with all parties, the following notice of him by the Puritans shows how he fell in their estimation at the siege of Chichester in 1642 : " a proud prelate as all the rest are, and a most pragmatical malignant against the Parliament as all his catercapt companions also are." For his loyalty and patriotism he was deprived of his see by Cromwell, and suffered imprisonment and much persecution for the truth's sake.

catercap. The 'mortar board,' the four-cornered hat once worn by presbyters and now by academics. Also, the wearer thereof. *Cater*, four. Hence, *catercapt*. In THE PROTESTACYON OF MARTIN MARPRELAT (1589), in the face of imminent arrest, the author declares that, *notwithstanding the surprizing of the printer, he maketh it known unto the world that he feareth neither proud priest, Antichristian pope, tiranous prelate, nor godlesse catercap: but defeth all the race of them by these presents.*

During his deprivation he lived at Langley, Bucks, and occupied himself in writing sermons, hymns, and a metrical version of the Psalms .of David. Anthony à Wood says : "The Bishop being at Divine Service at the Church of Langley, and having heard a Psalm sung, whose wretched expression quite marred the penman's matter and his devotion, he did at his return home that evening try whether from the version of our Bible he could not with plainness suiting the lowest understanding deliver it from that garb which made it ridiculous. At that time there were two versions, one too elegant for the vulgar use, the other fiat and poor, lamely worded and unhandsomely rhimed. He therefore ventured in a middle way, aiming without affectation of words, and endeavouring not to leave them disfigured in the sense." (Wood's Athenue, vol. ii. p. 432.) He died September 30th, 1669, and was buried at Chichester Cathedral, leaving behind him the character of one who was the epitome of all honours and virtues and gentleness, and a person never to be forgotten by his tenants and the poor.

His will contains the following passage: "I give to the poore of Wornall, in Buckinghamshire, where myself and my father before me were borne, the somme of £100, wherewith my will is, that land be purchased, the yearly revenues whereof to be added to that which my father gave, to buy bread every Sunday distributed to six poore people, also some money and large loaves every Good Friday, according as my executors shall find the rent to allow."

At the present time thirty-three loaves are distributed from the church porch by the churchwardens every Sunday. On Good Friday a large loaf four times the size of the ordinary ones, with the usual loaf for Easter Sunday, and a shilling, is given to each recipient of the Bread Charity. On leaving the church they each drop 'a penny into the clerk's hat, in order that he may keep clean the King memorial brass before mentioned. Bishop Henry King's son, John King, of Bycott, Kent, who married Ann Russell, of Strensham, Worcestershire, provides in his will that the rents of his lands in Kent should be left untouched for four years, that £1500 be applied to build an almshouse at



Worminghall, to sustain six poor old men and four old women, with twenty shillings apiece once in two years, with his arms and quarters on their sleeve. The rent of the fourth year was to be laid out to supply a fund for repairs, etc.

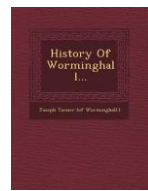
The almshouse built at Worminghall in consequence of this charitable bequest has the arms of King impaling those of Russell over the entrance, with the following inscription :
" To God and the poore, John King, Esq., son of Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, and grandson of John King, Ld. Bishop of London, and Ann his wife, daughter of Sir William Russell of Strensham, Baronet, dedicates this foundation ; for six poore single men and flower women. Anno Domini 1675."

The almshouses are built in the shape of the letter H in memory of Bishop Henry King, father of the pious founder. The inmates receive 38. 3d. a week, a ton of coal at Christmas, the Bread Charity, and a coat for the men one year, and a dress for the women another year.

The portraits of the benefactors of Worminghall may be seen in the hall of Christ Church, Oxford, as well as a stained window in the Cathedral, to the memory of the before-mentioned Robert King, last Abbot of Osney and first Bishop of Oxford. The house in which the two Bishops were born was situated near the vicarage. It was a thatched farmhouse converted into two cottages, and was pulled down in 1880. Pepper's Hill Farm, in the parish of Oakley, Bucks, and now in the occupation of Mr. Emmanuel Crook, belongs to the Worminghall charities.

The total quantity of land belonging to the charities is 99 acres, 3 roods, 18 poles, of which 78 acres, 3 roods, 31 poles belong to the almshouses, and 20 acres, 8 roods, 24 poles to the Bread Charity. The names of the various fields and their admeasurements are printed on two boards in the church. The rents of the charities amounted to over 2150 ; but of late years a portion has been remitted to the tenants in consequence of the agricultural depression.

The Worminghall charities were not always so admirably managed as they are now. The original trustees were the Lord of the Manor, James Tyrrel, William Jephson, Thomas Saunders, William Croke of Chilton, and John Croke of Studley, and it appears they all died without executing the powers vested in them of nominating others ; so that when Lord Clifden bought the manor of Worming-hall, it could not be ascertained who were the legal trustees. In 1836, Lord Clifden, and after his decease his executors (the Duke of Sutherland, Viscount Morpeth, and Thomas James Agar Robarts, Esq.), petitioned the Court of Chancery to appoint new trustees. These new trustees were Sir.Alexander Croke, W. H. Ashhurst, Esq., J. W. Henley, Esq., Rev. Phipps Long, Rev. John Kipling, and



the Rev. John Thomas Lys, and they held their first meeting at Worminghall, August 16th, 1838.

They found married couples and their children living in the almshouses, in direct contradiction to the will of the founder ; they found that the trees on the charity property had been cut down and sold without being accounted for; the farmhouse at Pepper's Hill was in a ruinous state; the almshouse was out of repair, and the inmates were receiving less than two shillings a week from the tenant of Pepper's Hill Farm.

The trustees rebuilt Pepper's Hill farmhouse in 1839, and at the same time changed their tenant ; they repaired the almshouse, and adopted some rules for its management. In order to do this, they borrowed money from the trustees of Viscount Clifden, free of interest, and repaid it by small instalments. In 1857 four more trustees were appointed; viz., J. H. Ashhurst, Esq., of Waterstock ; Rev. T. W. Cartwright, of Oakley ; Rev. B. Morland, of Shabbington ; and W. E. Tyndale, Esq., of Holton. Owing to old age, removal, and death, the acting trustees have at the present time dwindled down to two; namely, J. H. Ashhurst, Esq., and W. E. Biscoe, Esq. The accounts are kept in strict conformity with Act of Parliament, are audited, and sent to the Charity Commissioners every year. C. H. Davids, Esq., is the receiver, and the Vicar distributes the alms every week.



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Saint P A V L'S Cathedrall.

73

Super Tumulum marmoreum (prostratum) Iohannis King Lond. Episcopi, in præfata ala.

RESURGAM.

Super Tabulam pensilem juxta præfatum Tumulum.

Iohannis King Episcopi Londinensis, quicquid mortale est in hoc pulvere componitur.

Hic jacet, nisi quis calumniatur,
Mendax Transiberinus Ambulator,
Transferrî cineres, fidemq; Romam.
Et migrasse semel, simulq; utrumq;
Præsul Catholicus, sed Orthodoxus.
Non partis studiosus, evagari
Per divortia multa opinionum,
Aut sectas didicit novas creare:
Quod si qui fuerint nota prioris,
Quos vulgus facit & colit Magistros,
His tanta levitate non adhaesit,
Illi persona fide magis placeret:
Magna nomina, sed minora semper
Istæ hæc omnia, veritate duxit.
Tantum non fuit ille de Locustis,
Aut rasis monachis, piisq; nequam;
Urbem qui gravidare sepicollem:
Qui circum Capitolium strepentes
Romanum, velut Anseres sonori,
Cygneas temerare cantilinas
Audent, per modulamen insectum.
Et pro vocibus ultimis Oloris,
Commendare suas, & Anserinas,
Sed, quod nec Calami, nec ora centum:
Nec perjuris mille de Duaco;
Nec Satan ducumque ille mendax,
Nec tandem Legio Diabolorum,
Extorquere suis strophis valebant:
Unus si Deus est, Fides & una
Huic uni immorienti, & Anglicana.
Quod si quis Logodadulus profanus,
Aut fama plagiaris scelestus,
Quicquam Sacriligo reponat ore:
Si vaser Fidei Mæstocæcis
Qui vult de simula Deum creare,
Et Christum iubet innatare vino:
Et sic Hereticos & Orthodoxos
Confundit, facit utq; symbolizent
Plus quam Pythagora Mæstocæcis,
Sedultum crepat hunc Apostasse:
Tam ventosa Fides videtur illis;
Tam ventosus & ille Christianus;
Ut post tot, docilis senex, aristus,
Accessisse putetur imparatus,
Infansq; ad documenta Lessiana.
Non plures libet, Arbitros citare
Quam conscire suum: quod apprecaret
Testem, Carnificemq; Judicemq;
Illi, quisquis erat sacer Poeta;
An plus crediderit sua Legende,
Quam vulgi pius ille fascinator,
Autor plumbeum Aurea Legenda.
Quin si jurat idem, sat impudenter
Lingua pejerat; aut quid inde Mentem
Injuratus habet; Scioq; habebit.
Tu si credideris secus Viator,
Nugis, impliciti necessitate
Assensus, bibulam fidem recitans,

Si quis Seraphicus propinet Autor;
Veternum excutias: & absq; tandem
Susceptore, tuum pares Aulicus
Examem, tibi teq; cognitorem
Ponas, & sapias monente Amico.
Sin sis credulitatis obstinata,
Conclamatus es: Illicet, Deinceps
Te stultum jubeo libenter esse.

In diem Obitus.

Quem Pax Domini fecerat factum Diem,
Et mors coronis integri certaminis:
Hunc æque Amicum Numen indulgit diem.
Desiderando, quod prope hic, Capiti jacet,
Quo solveretur vita vitalis parum,
Dolorum utrumq; dixeris recte virum;
Hic Saxeam, Ille Ligneam sensit crucem,
Hic intus, Ille baculans extra suam:
Dolorum, utriq; Lux posuit una & modum.
Quin ipsa Lux hæc masculum robur de lit,
Ut nil tremendum Mortis, incuteret metus,
Sed Pascha verum, Transitus potius foret,
Æternitati prodromus. Marmor loquax
Spirat RESURGAM, Mysticis candes Notis
Nec ipse Sadduceus apparet Lapis:
Conditq; tantum, non premit corpus: grave
Spes ista superat pondus, & summum petit;
Nec detinebit mole Deposita sua;
Sed sponte ruptus Exitum tandem dabit,
Cum Triduanum dormierit. Ipsius tulit
Hanc, Christus olim, Tertia Lucis moram.
(Nec mille Sacla Triduum excedunt Dei)
Sic tota domum, iuncta Primitiis, Seges
Egerminabit. Hæc via ad Patriam, Mori.
Calcata mors est, surget ad Patriam vigil.
Hanc spem fovebat Ille: quod sculptum hic legis;
Sed corde fixum fuerat, & Cælo ratum.

Anagr. Nominis, & Chronogr. Etatis
62. currentis.

Joannes Kingus Prælatius.
En apertus Jonas Anglikus.

Chronogramma Anno Domini

1621.

ECCe CVpio DIssolvi aC

ChrIsto aDglVt InarI

Philip. 1. 2. 3.

Pauli hoc dissolvi, repeti non desist, ante

Quam, qua protulerat, Lingua soluta fuit.

Epitaphium.

Non hic Pyramides; non sculpta Panegyris ambit

Hos cineres; lapidum nec pretiosa strues.

Quod frugale magis, tibi te committimus unum:

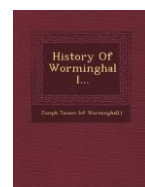
Si jaceas aliter, vilior umbra fores.

Nam tibi qui similis vivit, moriturq; Sepulcrum

Ille sibi: vivax, & sibi Marmor erit.

Sequenti v. q. I. non d. V. M. præcessere.

Adhuc



HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER

Exequy on his Wife

ACCEPT, thou shrine of my dead saint,
Instead of dirges this complaint;
And for sweet flowers to crown thy herse
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss! since thy untimely fate,
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee! Thou art the book,
The library whereon I look,
Tho' almost blind. For thee, loved clay,
I languish out, not live, the day....
Thou hast benighted me; thy set
This eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day (tho' overcast
Before thou hadst thy noontide past):
And I remember must in tears
Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
As day tells hours. By thy clear sun
My love and fortune first did run;
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion,
Like a fled star, is fall'n and gone,
And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
The earth now interposed is....

I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad clime;
Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then,
And all that space my mirth adjourn—
So thou wouldst promise to return,
And putting off thy ashy shroud
At length disperse this sorrow's cloud.

But woe is me! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes: never shall I
Be so much blest as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world—like thine,
My little world! That fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our souls' bliss: then we shall rise
And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.

Meantime thou hast her, earth: much good
May my harm do thee! Since it stood
With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-lived right and interest
In her whom living I loved best.
Be kind to her, and prithee look
Thou write into thy Doomsday book
Each parcel of this rarity
Which in thy casket shrined doth lie,
As thou wilt answer Him that lent—
Not gave—thee my dear monument.
So close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw: my bride is laid.

Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good-night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay:
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree
And every hour a step towards thee....

'Tis true—with shame and grief I yield—
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field;
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear—forgive
The crime—I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.