

**Edward Greenly, of Titley Court, His Majesty's Procurator General
(1680 – 1750)**

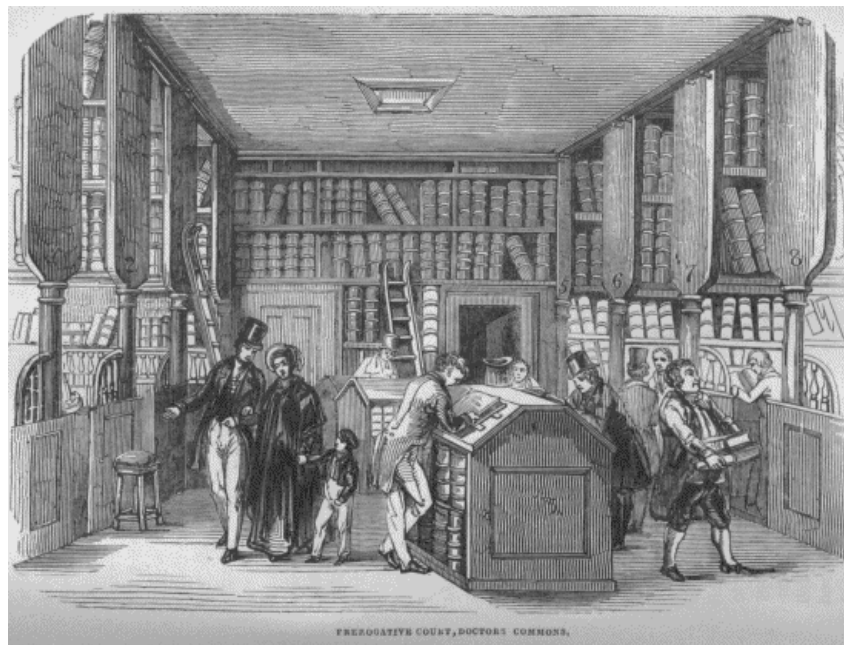
1. Edward Richard Greenly, King's Proctor General, was a descendant of

(John Greenlye of Titley Court, Andrew Of Tyttley, Edward Greenlye of Tyttelye, John Grenelye Of Moldeley, Richard Grenelye, Phillip the elder of Moldeley, John of Moldely, Phillip Greneley of Moldely, William Grenelye),

Edward was the son of John and Phoebe (Hyde) Greenlye, he was born in April 1680 in Titley, Herefordshire, England and died in 1750 at Doctors Common, London. Doctors Common being the place where senior lawyers worked in London.

Edward married on 3 April 1725 at St. Anne's Soho, Westminster, London, to Mary Shepherd, who was born in September 1677 at Westminster, London and died on 15 August 1777 in Kingston Upon Thames?, she was the daughter of Henry and Alice (Unknown Surname) Shepherd.

Edward was baptized on 23 April 1680 in Titley. Edward became the King's Proctor General (Head Lawyer), the leading law officer to the Crown and was extremely wealthy in his own right. He lived in London (close to Doctors Common),



and at Norbiton Hall, Kingston upon Thames, the family seat of his wife, Mary Shepherd.



Norbiton Hall, Surrey.

Children of Edward and Mary (Shepherd) Greenly:

- i. Mary Greenly, b. in June 1726. Mary was baptized on 10 June 1726 at St. Andrews, Holborn, London, ENG.
- ii. John Greenly, b. in February 1730/31; married 29 July 1764 at St. Clement Danes, Westminster, London, ENG, Ann Port. Ann was born about 1733. John was baptized on 24 February 1730/31 at St. Clement Danes.
- iii. Edward Greenly, b. in October 1733; d. 23 March 1733/34.
Edward was baptized on 29 October 1733 in Kingston upon Thames, Surrey, ENG.
- iv. Edward Greenly of Norbiton Hall, b. in December 1735; d. 19 June 1793; married about 1756, Elizabeth Greenly. Elizabeth was born in August 1734 in Titley and died on 18 March 1808.
- v. Elizabeth Greenly, b. in April 1737; married 23 December 1777 in Thames Ditton, Surrey, England, Christopher Lake-Moody LL.D. Christopher was born on 8 February 1754. Elizabeth was baptized on 24 April 1737 in Kingston upon Thames. She participated in a Publication of 'Poetic Trifles', first volume of poetry in 1798 in London.
- vi. Anne Greenly, b. in December 1738; married Peregrine Fyrge. Anne was baptized on 17 December 1738 in Kingston upon Thames.
- vii. Charlotte Greenly, b. about 1740; married Edmund Bull.

Second Generation

Norbiton Hall, Surrey.

Edward Greenly of Norbiton Hall, Descendants, (Edward Richard Greenly, King's Proctor, John Greenlye of Titley Court, Andrew Of Tyttley, Edward Greenlye of Tyttelye, John Grenelye Of Moldeley, Richard Grenelye, Philip the elder of Moldeley, John of Moldely, Phillip Grenelye of Moldely, William Grenelye),

son of Edward Richard and Greenly and Mary (Shepherd) Greenly, was born in December 1735 and died on 19 June 1793. He married his cousin about 1756, Elizabeth Greenly, who was born in August 1734 in Titley, Herefordshire, England and died on 18 March 1808, daughter of John and Elizabeth (Boutcher) Greenly.

Edward was baptized on 21 December 1735 in Kingston upon Thames, Surrey, ENG.

Children of Edward and Elizabeth (cousin Greenly) Greenly:

- i. Edward Greenly, b. about 1755; d. in 1823.
- ii. Elizabeth Greenly, b. in March 1756; d. in 1841; married 2 December 1768 in Richmond, Surrey, England, James Morton. James was born about 1755. Elizabeth was baptized on 2 March 1756 in Ludlow, Shropshire, ENG.

Edward Greenly, the famous Geologist, was born in Bristol 1861 and died 1951. He was married to Annie and they are both buried on the Isle of Anglesey. In his own words, " was diverted from a career in law towards geology..". I assume there is a link between this Edward and the previous generations that had all been connected to careers in law. I have, as yet, to find that link.

There follows a nice article by none other than Charles Dickens where he describes a chance visit to Doctor's Common.

Victorian London - Legal System - Courts - Doctors' Commons by Charles Dickens 1836

Walking without any definite object through St. Paul's Churchyard, a little while ago, we happened to turn down a street entitled 'Paul's-chain,' and keeping straight forward for a few hundred yards, found ourself, as a natural consequence, in Doctors' Commons.

Now Doctors' Commons being familiar by name to everybody, as the place where they grant marriage-licenses to love-sick couples, and divorces to unfaithful ones; register the wills of people who have any property to leave, and punish hasty gentlemen who call ladies by unpleasant names, we no sooner discovered that we were really within its precincts, than we felt a laudable desire to become better acquainted therewith; and as the first object of our curiosity was the Court, whose decrees can even unloose the bonds of matrimony, we procured a direction to it; and bent our steps thither without delay.

Crossing a quiet and shady court-yard, paved with stone, and frowned upon by old red brick houses, on the doors of which were painted the names of sundry learned civilians, we paused before a small, green-baized, brass-headed-nailed door, which yielding to our gentle push, at once admitted us into an old quaint-looking apartment, with sunken windows, and black carved wainscoting, at the upper end of which, seated on a raised platform, of semicircular shape, were about a dozen solemn-looking gentlemen, in crimson gowns and wigs.

At a more elevated desk in the centre, sat a very fat and red-faced gentleman, in tortoise-shell spectacles, whose dignified appearance announced the judge; and round a long green-baized table below, something like a billiard-table without the cushions and pockets, were a number of very self-important-looking personages, in stiff neckcloths, and black gowns with white fur collars, whom we at once set down as proctors.

At the lower end of the billiard-table was an individual in an arm-chair, and a wig, whom we afterwards discovered to be the registrar; and seated behind a little desk, near the door, were a respectable-looking man in black, of about twenty-stone weight or thereabouts, and a fat-faced, smirking, civil-looking body, in a black gown, black kid gloves, knee shorts, and silks, with a shirt-frill in his bosom, curls on his head, and a silver staff in his hand, whom we had no difficulty in recognising as the officer of the Court.

The latter, indeed, speedily set our mind at rest upon this point, for, advancing to our elbow, and opening a conversation forthwith, he had communicated to us, in less than five minutes, that he was the apparitor, and

the other the court-keeper; that this was the Arches Court, and therefore the counsel wore red gowns, and the proctors fur collars; and that when the other Courts sat there, they didn't wear red gowns or fur collars either; with many other scraps of intelligence equally interesting. Besides these two officers, there was a little thin old man, with long grizzly hair, crouched in a remote corner, whose duty, our communicative friend informed us, was to ring a large hand-bell when the Court opened in the morning, and who, for aught his appearance betokened to the contrary, might have been similarly employed for the last two centuries at least.

The red-faced gentleman in the tortoise-shell spectacles had got all the talk to himself just then, and very well he was doing it, too, only he spoke very fast, but that was habit; and rather thick, but that was good living. So we had plenty of time to look about us. There was one individual who amused us mightily. This was one of the bewigged gentlemen in the red robes, who was straddling before the fire in the centre of the Court, in the attitude of the brazen Colossus, to the complete exclusion of everybody else. He had gathered up his robe behind, in much the same manner as a slovenly woman would her petticoats on a very dirty day, in order that he might feel the full warmth of the fire. His wig was put on all awry, with the tail straggling about his neck; his scanty grey trousers and short black gaiters, made in the worst possible style, imported an additional inelegant appearance to his uncouth person; and his limp, badly-starched shirt-collar almost obscured his eyes. We shall never be able to claim any credit as a physiognomist again, for, after a careful scrutiny of this gentleman's countenance, we had come to the conclusion that it bespoke nothing but conceit and silliness, when our friend with the silver staff whispered in our ear that he was no other than a doctor of civil law, and heaven knows what besides.

So of course we were mistaken, and he must be a very talented man. He conceals it so well though - perhaps with the merciful view of not astonishing ordinary people too much - that you would suppose him to be one of the stupidest dogs alive.

The gentleman in the spectacles having concluded his judgment, and a few minutes having been allowed to elapse, to afford time for the buzz of the Court to subside, the registrar called on the next cause, which was 'the office of the Judge promoted by Bumble against Sludberry.' A general movement was visible in the Court, at this announcement, and the obliging functionary with silver staff whispered us that 'there would be some fun now, for this was a brawling case.'

Charles Dickens, 1836