Llangattock turned round in the pulpit on hearing her singing the psalms in Welsh.

Afterwards, in successive years, she gave two medals at the Eisteddfodd, one for a collection of Welsh airs, the other for a translation of the Bible, though she notes that this had already been done in 1104!

Her French became so good that she was able to translate —and have published—the religious memoirs of the Comte de Valmont, a Protestant Frenchman. She learnt to paint in oils and water-colours and one of her paintings of Bredwardine Bridge and church, now in the possession of General Greenly, was exhibited at Somerset House, one of the exhibition galleries of the period. During her annual visit to London with her parents, from 1787 onwards, she had lessons in painting and singing from well-known masters, went to every notable musical event, including Dragonetti's four concerts at houses like Stafford and Devonshire Houses. At home or on her various visits, especially to Moccas, there are constant entries "we had music and spent a most enjoyable evening". Her own repertoire included not only Handel's arias and Purcell's songs, beloved of all young women of her time, but catches, glees and duets. She never missed a play in town. Her mother had a pleasant recollection of Garrick, and there are accounts of Mrs. Siddons, of the young Roscius (Master Betty), the Kembles, and of Mrs. Jordan. At home she dabbled in medicine; in a smallpox epidemic, at Marston Cross, she inoculated all the village children and in a cholera outbreak persuaded various county gentlemen, who had led her out to dance, including Sir John Geers Cotterell, to pay a house to house visit to the Kington cottages, and suggest simple rules of sanitation to prevent the disease. She had a great love of building and altering buildings. This showed itself in improvements in and about the Court, in the construction of a parish school for which she obtained a grant from The National Society of £400, in the erection of a new tower for Titley church to contain her father's tomb (the tower no longer exists, as the present church was entirely rebuilt in 1863), and in the rebuilding and afterwards the demolition of the gallery. An observant person, she was interested in the developments brought about by the Industrial Revolution. Newport "once a mean little town, approached by a wooden bridge over the Romney, is rapidly growing", and made a point of going to see the new Ironworks at Blaenavon. She was interested in architecture and archæology. There is a detailed account of Mr. Lyson's excavations at Woodchester, of St. Donats with its Stradling (Esterling) inscriptions, of Arthur's Stone and of all the great houses she visited including Raby Castle, Belvoir, Wilton, *etc.*, and, in our own county, Stoke Edith and Hampton Court. She took no active part in games or sport, but once played trap ball, once, not very successfully, fished the Great Pool at Titley, once rode to a fall with Sir George

Cornewall's beagles, and was a regular attendant at the Bow Meetings of the Herefordshire Archers (186 sat down to dinner in the tent at the Sarnesfield meeting), though she never shot. She loved dancing, at the Ludlow Bailiffs' Feast, at The Hereford Race Ball, where in her younger days she was led out by the Manager for the first minuet, at the Kington Assembly, or in her own house or other private houses. (On one occasion after 36 successive minuets at a State Ball, George the Third insisted on four Country Dances to wind up with.) At Ludlow she always breakfasted at the Public Breakfast; at Hereford she always dined at the Green Dragon "ordinary".

Eliza's greatest interest, however, was in riding and driving, especially the former. On her little Welsh pony, Shinkin, or on her 16-hand black mare, she accomplished marvellous feats of endurance. She was an early riser—6 a.m. was her usual hour—and thought nothing of riding from Titley to Letton to breakfast with her friends, the Freemans, going on to Moccas to the Cornewall's for the afternoon and riding home at night.

"I came back from Moccas—fording the river at Brobury Scar—in 2 hours, 10 minutes." "I rode to Llantrisant over Brilley Mountain—breakfasted at Three Cocks and arrived there at 6."

Her flair for horsemanship was inherited. When her father was High Sheriff, he rode to and from Brecon daily. At various times, she drove a phaeton, a curricle, a gig, a dinnet, and even a barouche with four horses.

In politics she was an ardent Pittite. Fox was anathema—and she loathed what she called "social democracy".

"I walked," she says in 1796, "a few evenings ago with Charles Shephard, who is very clever, a great Collector of Coins, but a sad democrat, to a Bookseller of the name of Spence, who deals in the latter, that is in the infinite variety of tokens now in circulation, some of which are become scarce and bear a high price and many made the vehicles of political and seditious opinion. Several that Spence had bore devices of his own framing. One bore the image of a Snail with the Motto 'a Snail may put out his horns'. I guessed the meaning, but pretended ignorance to hear Spence's own explanation. 'Every Animal,' said he, 'has the free use of the powers Nature has given him, but we, Maam, dare not even speak.' Provoked that anyone, especially a little despicable, insignificant being which Spence appears, should thus dare to murmur against the laws of his King and country, I replied that 'Everybody in this Kingdom was at liberty to speak what *ought* to be spoken.' He stared at me and denied the assertion, and would, no doubt, have argued the point, had I staid to hear him, but I turned out of the shop, disgusted at an Englishman, so insensible of the blessings of our Constitution."

In 1798 she gives a racy description of the Leominster election of that year by an eyewitness. Mr. Hunter and Mr. Pollen were the successful candidates, the latter supported by Lord Malden's Interest (Lord Malden had married a Coningsby and was living at Hampton Court) and defeated Mr. Robt. Biddulph, who was brought forward by the Duke of Norfolk (of Holme Lacy).

"We walked on Wednesday evening into the Grange and were much entertained by seeing a dance given there by the Duke of Norfolk to Mr. Biddulph's party in which 3 Clergymen joined. One was Mr. James Beebee, another a Mr. Roberts, usually known by the name of 'The Fighting Parson'. His lady was there also a fine but rather masculine looking woman. I thought it rather an unusual and not very decorous sight to see 3 Clergymen hopping round a Maypole to the tune of Alley Croaker. Mr. Pollen is a very handsome, but very young man, a favourite of Mr. Pitt's, who considers him very clever. Polling commenced on Friday and we were very anxious and at one time alarmed, for Lord Malden came in and said that such had been the bribery and art of the Duke's party, he feared they would succeed. It closed, however, in his favor, which put his Agent, Mr. Edwards in such spirits that his sister made us go down to her house and dance on the Grass plot in her Garden, two sets, above 25 couples, which we did till it was so dusk we could hardly distinguish our partners. Mr. Pollen joined us and many of the most respectable of his supporters. On Monday I rejoice to say the poll closed in favour of Mr. Hunter who was soon afterwards chaired, preceded by 3 rows of Constables, a capital band of music playing 'See the conquering Hero comes'. After the Members, the Corporation walked two and two. Mr. Pollen's flags bore a painting of Hampton Court and Lord Malden's arms."

Eliza could still laugh at the joke—"are Tories born wicked or do they become so?".

In religion she was an ardent Protestant, and welcomed the defeat of the Catholic Emancipation Bill by the Lords. In 1837, after a sandwich in her carriage and a glass of water at the Green Dragon, she listened for over two hours at a Protestant Association meeting at the Shire Hall to a Mr. McNeil—"strikingly handsome, forcible, pathetic, sublime, ironical" and went home content to her rice pudding at 6 p.m. and refused a delicious "piece of unsalted boiled beef".

Eliza's great friends were the Cornewall daughters, one of whom became Mrs. Frankland Lewis and the other Viscountess Hereford, and she spent pleasant mornings at Moccas, before their marriage, reading Mrs. Trimmer's "Commentary on the Bible" and the proofs of her de Valmont book in the morning and playing and singing in the evening. Dragonetti, the great London organiser of concerts, always came down to Moccas after the season. Her most regular correspondents were Mrs. Waddington, whose son, an old Rugbeian, became French Ambassador at the Court of St. James, and Mrs. Bowdler, whose husband "bowdlerised" Shakespeare. She also knew three poets: Rogers, author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, Southey, brought up by an aunt who was a native of Dilwyn, and Byron, when he stayed at Kinsham, of whom she had little opinion. On the other hand, she liked and believed in Lady Oxford—whom it has become a fashion to slander. She recognised her faults, her impudence and deficiency in judgment—but as Lady Oxford herself writes—

"You have always been candid in disbelieving wild reports and have been circumspect in your advice."

It is difficult to believe that such a beautiful woman (she was the toast of every tavern on the road) could have been so bad

as she was painted, though Shobdon tradition is against Eliza and Lady Oxford.

One might expect that Eliza's definite views on conduct and morals and her distinctive character might not attract many suitors. On the other hand she was sweet-tempered, good-looking and wealthy. When yet in her twenties, rumour associated her with Lord Oxford and with Dr. Landon, Rector of Croft and Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, who later became Dean of Exeter, while a Mr. John Whittaker went so far as to consider the purchase of Moor Court as a residence.

In 1805, a Captain Hughes, egged on by his brother-in-law, Colonel Walsham, became a suitor. However, his attempt at a private interview in the garden was regarded with dark suspicion and disfavour and the outcome was a strenuous refusal. Unfortunately, the disappointed lover could not take his rejection quietly and indulged in a series of anonymous letters to her mother and father. Of these no notice was taken though they were followed up by rude remarks at the Kington Assembly and a challenge from both gentlemen to William Greenly, then between 75 and 80, which was duly disregarded. A Captain Crookes, who was killed in Ireland in 1798, and our great pioneer of modern horticulture, Thomas Andrew Knight, also nibbled. Eliza, however, remained heart-whole and single until on 18th July, 1810—she was now 39—we find a significant entry—"Met Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin at dinner" and two later entries, 22nd December, 1810, "Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin came to us. He left on Christmas Day". 1811, 22nd February, Sir Isaac came on 7th February, and went to Liverpool on 22nd February; and a third and final entry "Sir Isaac came unexpectedly and we were married very quietly on April 4th, he taking my name on the occasion". Only Sir George Cornewall knew what was coming, "I see", in a letter to William Greenly, "Eliza's horse has gone lame in the Coffin joint". (Sir Isaac dropped the Greenly suffix two years later, while she retained her maiden name to her death.)

Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart., was 52. He was gouty but Eliza's mother hoped "as his public and private career is so high, there would be no doubt of her being happy". He had had a curious career in the Navy, having been twice court-martialled, and, on the second occasion, cashiered, though he was reprieved and restored to his rank by a special Commission summoned at the order of the King. His first offence was refusing to take three young officers (all under 14) on his ship, his second—a usual custom, though he made the mistake of being found out—carrying three dummy officers' servants on his pay roll. In both cases Lord Howe was responsible for the prosecution so there may have been personal spite behind them. In 1794 Sir Isaac rescued an able seaman from drowning and was removed from the active list suffering from a rupture. He was, however, appointed a Naval

Commissioner and served in succession in Corsica, at Lisbon, in Minorca and at Halifax and Sheerness. He acquitted himself so well that in 1804 he was made a Baronet and, after his marriage in 1814, a full Admiral. He sat for the pocket borough of Ilchester from 1818 to 1826 and died, six months after Eliza, in July, 1839, at the age of 80. This bare account of Sir Isaac's naval career gives us little insight into his character. He was bluff and hearty, especially in his relations with ladies.

" He told Mrs. Thomas ", the doctor's wife in Kington and a modest little body, " that she was the finest woman he had ever seen with his eyes " and Mrs. Crummer, the bank manager's wife, that " he had planned on her for his second " (and when she wanted a small compass, presented her with an elaborate case of mathematical instruments specially designed by The Superintendent of Plymouth Breakwater).

He was generous and a little foolish with his money " and gave a barrel-organ to Titley church ". That he was an inveterate chatterer and gossip (these faults are, after all, peccadilloes), would not necessarily imply that he was a bad husband. He was a friend of " Prinny " (the Prince Regent) and the fact that one cannot imagine Eliza scintillating in the raffish circle at Carlton House or in the Pavilion at Brighton, is by the way. His great, his outstanding fault was his complete instability. He was erratic. Whither the wind listed, he went. After the marriage the bride and bridegroom went first to London, where, at a Carlton House Reception the earrings alone of Eliza's borrowed jewels were worth £2,000. Here they met Sir Isaac's sailor comrades, Mrs. Piozzi, formerly Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson's inamorata, and the Duchesse d' Angoulême, who was wearing her mother's, Marie Antoinette's, jewels for the first time since her execution. Then, after a brief stay at Titley, they went to his friends the Boultons of Soho, where James Boulton had just devised a scheme for privately minting American dollars, and read specimens of Isaac Watts' poetry (did he include " How doth the busy bee improve each shining hour ? "), and to the Earles of Everton near Liverpool, where Eliza revelled (the term is not an exaggeration) in Liverpool's three miles of docks—and sorrowed over 1,000 ships idle because of trade stagnation. She describes the intricate processes of cable-making, and the Blind Asylum, and discusses with a local landowner the rival merits of Holderness and Alderney cattle, Swedish turnips, and the cleaning of rape and linseed. All this was very well but was Sir Isaac, in bed with the gout, a little bored? Back they went to Titley for a few days and off again, on a grand tour all along the south coast, naturally to every naval establishment, as far as Penzance ; north to Bristol and Bath, and west to Tenby and Carmarthen. And then, in June, 1812, 14 months after the marriage, at Llanidloes, Sir Isaac left by coach to go north. " I felt much at parting with Sir Isaac, though I little dreamed of the cruel part he was about to play and that I was not to see him for

7 years ". How did she spend these 7 years until one morning in 1819 without warning he turned up at Titley for breakfast. Nothing exemplifies Eliza's conduct so strongly as her courage and high spirit during this bleak interval. Apart from the sentence I have quoted there is no word of complaint. She went about her usual private and social business as if nothing had happened. She did things in and about the house.

" I made a stone seat at the bottom of the Well Walk which I decorated with shells I had gathered on my travels." " I built a stone porch to the house."

She lathed and plastered Rhiwlas Cottage, she built a village shop next to the Stag's Head and, in the same year (1817), laid the floor of the new Garret over the library and took down the old Brewhouse and rebuilt it in stone. She wrote her first volume of practical sermons which " soothed me and kept me from painful thoughts ". She made her usual visits to London, saw all the Dioramas and Panoramas on view, a boa constrictor, Indian jugglers, an ox with a shaggy hide at the British Museum, and heard Mrs. Siddons read at the Argyle Rooms. She went to the Three Choirs' Festival and dined in a party of 34, at the Deanery, she was glad to hear from Lady Oxford, she stayed with the Morgans at Tredegar for a great baronial feast—

" 200 persons usually fed under their roof and 2 women were kept on full time plucking and drawing chickens."

She observed times and seasons—

" A mill, house and barn were swept away at Mordiford (1812) ; Hay bridge was injured and the arches of Whitney carried away in 1814."

With a backward thought, no doubt, to the historic flood of 1795, to which she adds new knowledge.

" During the whole of the month of Jan^{y} and to the 9th of Feb^{y} we had very severe frost, with snow. The cold was so intense that often, while writing early in the Morning, the ink froze in my pen. A thaw commenced on the 9th Feb^{y} and such heavy rain fell on the 10th that, added to the melting snow, it produced a tremendous flood. The little stream in our Village was impassable for some hours. The River Arrow rose ten feet above its bed. The Wye went entirely over the parapet walls of Bredwardine Bridge which saved it from the fate of Glasbury, the Hay and Whitney bridges which were all thrown down. At Letton [where you can still see the high-water mark on the church] the flood was four feet higher than the oldest inhabitant of the place ever remembered it to have been. Mr. Freeman (of Letton) lost 16 couples of hounds, the others being saved by getting on the Roof of the Kennels. The water was 4 feet in his stables and his horses were fastened at the Kitchen door and foddered there for a day and night, the road to Hereford being impassable. [The current phrase " where do you come from ? Letton ! God help you " may have dated from 1795.] Dr. Chitton rowed himself in a boat from Kinnersley to Letton [Major Holden has lately provided a boat for such an emergency] over meadows, hedges, etc. A number of Rats took refuge on a Tuft of Grass under The drawing room windows at Letton. The Cellar was completely full of water. At Hereford, the scene was dreadful. Our friends, the Brewsters and Mrs. Bodenham said they distinctly heard at their houses in St. Owen's and Broad

Street, the roaring of the River and the cries of the terrified people in the night of Tuesday 10th."

Eliza took part in the celebrations for the surrender of Napoleon, when everyone in Kington wore blue, white and orange cockades and the banner across the street to the Oxford Arms bore the inscription—

" The dawn of universal peace " !

In 1814 she travelled with her parents to London with their own horses—

" We slept at Ross, breakfasted at Gloucester and were in London by half past 6 that night."

She noticed the change in Newport where the " crazy timber bridge over the Romney had been rebuilt in stone ". She studied the Lancaster system of education with that pious nobleman, Lord Radstock, and the Bell system, which she finally adopted for her own school, with Miss Luxmore, the Bishop's daughter. She went, as usual, to Moccas, Garnons, Croft, and the Dowager Lady Oxford's at Kinsham and to all the familiar houses. " In 1817, we walked in the grounds and inspected the new Garden house " and in that same year killed 4,000 wasps and hornets with her own hand. She went to the Stag's Head once to see " a clever sleight of hand man " and to Kington to " Miss in her Teens " and " The Poor Soldier " which she herself had bespoken from a travelling company, and to hear Ribbon, a child of four, play the violin. She had her usual Christmas party in the village when each child received 6d. and one an extra 1d. for a poetical address in her honour. When her 16-hand mare, with five colts and a mule to her credit, died, she exchanged her for Shenkin, a Welsh pony, which in the election of 1818 was covered with purple ribbons—Sir John Cotterell's colour. And then, one day in September, 1819, " while we were all at breakfast ", a chaise drove up to the door and in it was Sir Isaac. They were off—almost at once—" erratic ", " wandering ", " not stationary ", " irregular "—to Aberystwyth first, across to Shrewsbury, and Chester, by steamboat to Liverpool from which place on 19th November he was away to London, to come back and take her once more to Soho and then to Lord Darlington's at Raby Castle. Coming back they drove 84 miles in 12 hours. From Birmingham Sir Isaac went to London and sent no word for 10 months till an S.O.S. came that he was ill with gout in his lodgings. In November, 1820, he was back again to be present at the election for the " immaculate " (save the word !) borough of Leominster, when the Corporation backed Sir John Lubbock and the populace Sir William Farleigh with his promise of five guineas a voter. No work was done for eight days, while Leominster ate and drank. At this election 75 persons were reputed to have died from baleful effects on their constitutions. At the beginning of 1821 there is no news of the

Knight Errant, although he was in his lodgings in Coventry Street and still afflicted by the gout. His wife was willing to see him but not willing to stay in London, and so, late in the year, he graciously came down to Titley—

" Raked up every old grievance, found fault with everything I found most sacred ".

A reader who read nothing but volumes of the *Mechanical Journal* would hardly appreciate De Valmont, or " practical sermons for every day of the year ". A candid critic said that his inveterate jokes (with an acid taste) were like making a meal off mustard and cayenne.

" One moment," says Eliza, " he makes me love him, at another his unfeeling letters and actions completely repel me."

He had by now become Member for Ilchester and could make his attendance at the House an excuse for his casual comings and goings. His friends and relations had deep respect and sympathy for Eliza and agreed that Titley Court was far superior to a lodging in Coventry Street. In 1822 Eliza and Isaac went again to Soho, where they dined off turtle and green peas (out of season) and the band of the Scots Greys came down to play (" these new-rich manufacturers did themselves very well "), and again to Everton and Raby, after which Sir Isaac departed without word, first to the Land's End, perhaps a significant move inspired by wishful thinking, and then to America, and Eliza went back to her normal, busy life, with a stay at Aberystwyth in 1823, where she wrote a simple but delightful account of the view from her lodging-house window—

" Fishing boats are constantly going out and coming in ; small vessels sailing by ; children playing ; knots of fishermen talking ; fine ladies walking with their parasols and fine bonnets ; machines with bathers and now and then Welshwomen washing their legs in the sea."

She was always thinking of the poor folk in her village and neighbourhood, and established a Penny Club in Kington, to which she added a bonus and in the depression of 1812, when wheat was 16/- a bushel and Lady Oxford had given her £10, had wisely bought wheat and barley mixed and sold it in pecks at 8/- the bushel.

Eliza did not appreciate the new Poor Law or the new Workhouses.

" One well chosen and moderately paid person for every 4 or 5 parishes would be far better than all this lavishness and would counteract the extravagance or parsimony and inattention of Churchwardens and Overseers."

In the 30's she was ill, and in 1835 seems to have had a slight stroke, followed by what I should imagine was rheumatoid arthritis, which was not improved when the hind seat of a carriage fell off and left her and some friends in the middle of the road. She was, however, well enough to cry at the wedding of their butler Richard to Mildred the cook. Richard had proposed because he could

THE GREENLY DIARIES

By Major A. E. W. Salt, M.A.

(Read 25th January, 1951.)

Many diaries of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century have been written and published. It was a period when letter writing was practised as an art and when people, separated by the immeasurable distance of bad communications, were in the habit of writing long letters to one another.

There is, however, as far as I know, no diary written by a Herefordshire man or woman dealing with this period, or largely with our county, except one which, by the courtesy of Major-General W. H. Greenly, a member of our Club, I have been privileged to read and transcribe.

The diary, written by Elizabeth Greenly, contains not only a detailed year by year account of the comings, goings, and doings of the writer from 1784 to within six months of her death in 1839, but also copies of letters received or written by her, and other letters of family interest from as early as 1726. The diary and letters were copied in 1835, when the writer was in her 64th year, and are in six bound volumes, written in such clear Italian hand-writing that they are most easy to read.

The purpose of these volumes is set out in an introduction to the first :—

> "I have often thought that if such persons on whom Providence has bestowed the power of observing and reflecting were to note down such passing events and occurrences as they considered worthy of remark or that particularly interested their own feelings and those with whom they are connected, what a mass of curious (possibly) valuable and useful reminiscences might be collected. By a reference to such documents, lawsuits might be prevented, difficulties solved and mysteries cleared up and, at least, many interesting memoranda would be preserved to which the narrator might, in the decline of life, often recur with pleasure. Being now in my 64th year, I have determined to save my executors the task of looking over heaps of letters and papers, which I have not had resolution to destroy and from which I shall make such extracts as I think are worth preserving, as they refer to events of general importance, to circumstances that mark the character of the times or to incidents peculiarly interesting to my own feelings."

You may think the style of the above stilted and a little solemn. Remember that much of the best literature of the age, the *Spectator* for example, was couched in language much like this, which recorded the opinions of a woman who took life very seriously and found her fullest happiness in using her powers of reflection and observation on such passing events and occurrences as she considered worthy of remark. One more small but important point about the diaries and letters. Although

the writer was self-educated, you will not find a grammatical error in all the six volumes, even in the "simple annals" of her childhood, nor will you find a single mistake in spelling and only one curious phrase "I sat out on my journey".

Eliza (Elizabeth) Greenly, the only child of William Greenly and Elizabeth, his wife, only child of James and Mary Brown of Little Leinthall, was born in 1771 at Titley Court, where Major-General Greenly and his sister now live, and died there in January, 1839.

The Greenlys have been established in and about Titley since the 15th century, though The Court, according to *The Royal Commission on Historical Monuments*, was not built until the early part of the 17th. Their original home was at Upper Mowley in the neighbouring parish of Staunton-on-Arrow, and a fireplace in the Court which came from there bears the initials A. G. and the date 1625. William Greenly, who was educated at Lucton, was High Sheriff of Brecon in 1787 and a Captain in Sir George Cornewall's troop of Herefordshire Yeomanry Cavalry. With others he was responsible for the maintenance of the Kington Bank (Davies, Cheese and Crummer) during the bank crisis of 1825, when the Chepstow Bank, Bodenham's Bank, Hereford, and the Ludlow Bank all failed. He was also always consulted on political matters by Sir George Cornewall and Sir John Geers Cotterell, the stalwarts of his party.

Eliza Greenly's background, therefore, was that of a wealthy, much-respected family, with friends all over Herefordshire, especially in the west, and much of her time as she grew up was spent visiting and receiving visitors from these county houses. According to the custom of her time she was not sent to school, nor did she have a governess, and yet managed to acquire an excellent education, in which, from the age of nine till his death when she was twenty, she was much helped by the wise counsel of her father's first cousin, Daniel Crispin of Clifton Hill near Bristol, whose letters are included in the Diaries. One short epistle will suffice :

> "Clifton—October 29, 1782. In Romance the Knight Errant is never to die if the lady bids him live. Alas! such law prevails not in this modern age. If it did, you would, I think, lengthen out my date. I have lately read with pleasure 'Literary and Moral Essays' by Vicesimus Knox. I have likewise run over and not without entertainment a Novel, 'Cecilia' by Miss Burney. Many characters well drawn and well supported, some too much dwelt upon, but, on the whole, a sweet Heroine always in every arduous trial under the influence of Heaven and religion and whose choice is of a person not unworthy of her."

In view of the prevailing sentiment of 1782, a literary criticism of some value to a child of ten. Some of Daniel Crispin's letters are written in French, Eliza soon learnt this language and some Italian, while Welsh was so much her second tongue that she obtained a prize for a Welsh air at the Cardiff Eisteddfodd, and was made a Bardic 'Aspirant' or 'Ovate'. In 1820 the Rector of

find no one who did his washing so well—" I am a serious old fool " was Eliza's dry comment. Many of her pleasures, however, had to be given up as she found moving very irksome. " I had to go to church in the phaeton in the evening ". " I could not haymake in Shawl meadow." She could not hold a stall at the bazaar for Ludlow church—or the plate at the Three Choirs Festival—and she missed her father, who had died in 1834, very deeply.

Eliza tried many remedies, powdered charcoal, saline from Stratford-on-Avon,[1] hemlock and bogbean tea, a bath with marshmallow boiled in hot water, and, as a believer in a homœopathic cure refused to submit to the bleeding, blistering, cupping, and leeching so beloved of the eighteenth century doctor. Between 1823 and 1835 only one letter came from Sir Isaac, with news of the death of his brother, a general, in New Brunswick, apart from a demand from his London solicitor for the arrears of £400 a year given to her by her father at her marriage. By this time her mind was made up as to the disposal of the Titley property, which was to pass to a cousin who had married Admiral Sir Thomas Hastings, an admiral of very different calibre from Sir Isaac, who had already a *pied à terre* in the village. At their death it was to go to another cousin, Charles William Allen, who took the name and eventually succeeded.

In 1835 Sir Isaac paid his last visit to Titley, although on several occasions Eliza had felt it her bounden duty to visit him and once on such a visit collapsed from sheer fatigue of mind and body. He demanded a temperature of 80°, he wanted nothing but roast lamb and nothing to drink but ginger beer and soda water, which had to be specially ordered from Worcester. Isaac would not see his nephew, who came down to Kington to pay him a visit, but was wheeled down to the Stag's Head to stand the landlord a quart of porter. He offered a sovereign for the fattest goose in the village, paid his usual compliments, and made his usual interminable speeches. In fine, he was Sir Isaac Coffin at his best and worst, with a French valet, Benoit, like a stage shepherd, in a snow white waistcoat and white trousers, in the background. Benoit's smirks made Richard's cheeks curl incessantly, and created an unpleasant diversion by leaving a loaded gun in the kitchen which, by good fortune, only wounded a fish kettle and a dripping pan.

In the last two years of Eliza's life entries in the diary, of necessity, become fewer. Her lovely writing quivers, the sand blurs the ink and six months before her death, in July, 1838, comes the last entry: " Dr. Davis and I wrote out my case and sent it to Dr. Lacock and I by his advice began to take iodide of potash 5 grains 3 times a day; " and there is the date 12th July and nothing more.

[1] Some baths had been established at Bishopstone, about a mile from Stratford-on-Avon on the Birmingham road.

In this and many other ways the diary throws new light on life in Herefordshire during the period. But it will best be remembered as the outward expression of the character of a very charming, alive and gallant person.

I have omitted much that might interest. I have said nothing about George the Third and his family (of whom there are many interesting stories), of fashion, of highwaymen, of riots, and the events of the Napoleonic wars and the part played by the Romney Fencibles in the defence of the Pembrokeshire coast (the subject of a recent authoritative and well-written book), of customs and superstitions and many other fascinating topics. These await further study.

THE WOODLANDS OF HEREFORDSHIRE

A Summary of a paper by Sir Richard Cotterell, Bt., delivered to the Woolhope Club on 22nd February, 1951.

Herefordshire is fortunate in having a soil and climate which will grow any tree, broad leaved or conifer. The total land surface of the county are 539,000 acres, 63% of which is classified as rural. Of this 47,000 acres are woodland; 41,000 in private ownership, 6,000 acres in State ownership. Thus the woodlands represent 8.7% of the total land surface, and 14% of the rural area. This is a very high percentage compared with most other counties.

Present Position

The recent survey by the Forestry Commission of all private woodlands of over 5 acres gives the following information :—

1. High Forest. 19,500 acres. The main species being oak 10,000, ash 5,000, European larch 1,300 acres.
2. Coppice or Coppice with Standards. 8,300 acres.
3. Scrub or Devastated. 12,000 acres.

This presents a gloomy picture when it is considered that it means that approximately 30% of the private woods are in urgent need of rehabilitation. In addition, it is certain that much of the wood classified as High Forest or Coppice with Standards is not stocked to full capacity.

Historical

In order to arrive at the cause of this state of affairs it is necessary to study the history of British woods, as it is the produce from the woods which should determine the system of management. This can be divided into three epochs.

1. Pre-Industrial Revolution.
2. Industrial Revolution—1914.
3. 1914—1951.