

CLAN POLLOCK



CINNEADH POLLAG

THE POLLAG
A POOL OF INFORMATION
30 September 1985

MOTTO
Audacter et Strenue
Bold and Strong

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POLLOCK, POLLOK, POOK, POLK, POLKE, PAULK, POALK, POALKE, POULK,
POOLKE, POGUE

" A person who takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors cannot expect to be remembered for his noble deeds by remote descendants."

Editor's Corner

Our Clan Chief, Dick Pollock, after spending some time in Ann Arbor, Michigan and Toronto, Canada furthering his medical education, has returned to Atlanta to re-establish his medical practice. We wish him much success. Correspondence for him should be addressed to Richard A. Pollock, M.D., 971 Moores Mill Rd. NW, Atlanta, GA 30327. Other address changes to the last clan membership list are as follows:

- *Adrian Q. Pollock, M.D., 8469 Dorth Circle, Fort Myers, FL 33908
- *Michael A. Pollock, M303-1919 University Dr. NW, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2N4L5
- *Jeanne L. Waples, Route 4, 227-A Charlottesville, VA 22901
- *Robert M. Pollock, 1011 Ave. K. North, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada S7L2N5
- *Hugh P. Taylor, 10072 Maplewood Dr., Ellicott City, MD 21043

I understand that the members of the clan who attended the games at Grandfather Mountain this year had a wonderful time. Thanks to all of you who have represented the clan at games and events throughout North America this year. It is important to our organization that we be represented at these events. Our

membership continues to grow primarily through the many Scottish activities, where we are represented, and through clan advertisements we place in Scottish magazines and papers.

The winner of the Pollock Trophy in the Highland dancing competition at Grandfather Mountain this year was Laura Jean Carruthers of Sun Valley, California.

Connie Calhoun represented the clan at the Rocky Mountain Games in Golden, Colorado again this year. She reported five Pollocks visited the clan booth on Saturday and four on Sunday. Included was a Pollock couple visiting from Glasgow, Scotland. The games for the first time were held over a two day period instead of a single day. They have had an increase in attendance each year since the games were initiated a few years ago.

I have received some interesting information on an ancient Pollock Coat of Arms from Ted Yeatman, our newest member. I will include it in a future edition of the Pollag.

You will have to carefully read one particular part of the of the Maxwell history included in this edition of the Pollag. Specifically I am referring to the segment relating Lord Nithsdale's escape from the Tower of London. Because of the way in which it is described in the original manuscript, one must pay close attention in order to completely understand the manner in which his escape was carried out and the role that each of the participants played.

New Members

The clan has four new members. A hearty welcome to each of you and we sincerely hope that you will enjoy your association with us. The new members are:

- *Rodger W. Griffin, P.O. Box 135, Seneca Castle, NY 14547
- *Henry M. Pollock, Rt. #10, Box 230B, Hickory, NC 28601
- *Linda K. Stivers, 220 Logan, Otis, CO 80743
- *Ted P. Yeatman III, 5099 Linbar Dr. J-170, Nashville, TN 37211

Flowers O' The Forest

It is my sad duty to tell you of the unexpected passing of one of the members of our clan, Edith Pollock Zink. Edith passed away on 17 June 1985. She was interned in Arlington National Cemetery. May she find everlasting peace. Edith's sister, Alice Pollock Montgomery, has been a member of Clan Pollock for many years. Our deepest sympathy goes out to Edith's husband Stewart, to Alice, and to all the members of Edith's family.

The Maxwell History (Continued)

Earl Robert was succeeded by his eldest son William Maxwell, fifth and last Earl of Nithsdale. His sister Mary became the wife

of Charles, fourth Earl of Traquair, and proved a most generous and forbearing friend to her brother, who was only seven years of age at the time of his father's death. His mother and other curators, evidently fearing that a change of government might deprive them of the forfeited lands of the Covenanters, of which the late Earl and his son had received a gift from the Crown, made repeated efforts to obtain authority to dispose of them. The Lords of Council and Session, however, refused their consent, and these lands were ultimately restored to their rightful owners. On attaining his majority, the Earl repaired to St. Germain's and did homage to the exiled Prince, whom he continued to regard as his lawful sovereign. He there fell in love with Lady Winnifred Herbert, fifth and youngest daughter of the Marquis of Powis, whom he married in the spring of 1699 and brought to his house at Terregles. Earl William, like his predecessors, was a member of the Church of Rome, and like other Roman Catholics at that time, seems to have suffered a good deal of annoyance from the over-zealous and intolerant Presbyterians of the district. On the 24th of December, 1703, a fanatical mob of upwards of a hundred persons, headed or instigated by the ministers of Irongray, Torthorwald, Kirkmahoe, and Tinwald, attacked the house of Terregles. Under cloud of night, armed with guns, swords, and other weapons, and under pretense of searching for priests and Jesuits, they broke open the gates, violently entered the house, and searched all the rooms. All this was done while the Earl was absent, and the Countess indisposed and confined to her bedchamber. Criminal letters were raised by the Earl against the ringleaders in their outrageous and disgraceful proceedings, and they were summoned to appear before the Court of Justiciary to answer for their conduct. On the other hand, the minister of Irongray and his accomplices raised criminal letters against the Earl of Nithsdale and Maxwell of Kirkconnell, whom they accused of hearing mass in secret, and harboring Jesuits, priests, and Papists. In the end the case was compromised, and both actions were withdrawn.

It is well known that even before the death of Queen Anne the leading Jacobites in Scotland had resolved to take up arms for the restoration of the exiled Stewarts to the British throne, and some of them had adopted measures to secure their estates, in case the enterprise should fail. The Earl of Nithsdale was one of this class, and on the 28th of November, 1712, he executed a disposition of his estates to his only son, reserving, however, his own life rent and that of his wife, with power to make some provision for their younger children. This prudent precaution saved the family estates from forfeiture when the Earl was tried and condemned for his share in the rebellion of 1715.

In the year 1715, when Mar raised the standard of rebellion in the Highlands, and the Northumbrian Jacobites took up arms under Mr. Forster and the Earl of Derwentwater, the adherents of the Stewart cause in Dumfriesshire and Galloway joined them on the Borders. As the Earl of Nithsdale was a Roman Catholic, it was deemed inexpedient to place him, as would otherwise have been

done, at their head, and the chief command was given to Viscount Kenmure, the representative of the Galloway Gordons, who was a Protestant. The remembrance of the cruel persecutions of the Covenanters was too strong in the district to permit the great body of the people to show any zeal on behalf of the son of James VII. Even the tenants of the Jacobite leaders took up arms in support of the Government, and the Earl of Nithsdale, as he himself stated, was attended by only four of his own domestics when he joined the insurgents. The insurrection was so wretchedly mismanaged that it never had the slightest chance of success. The combined force advanced as far as to Preston, and was there surrounded by the royal troops, and compelled to surrender at discretion. The noblemen and principal officers were conveyed to London and committed to prison. The Earl of Nithsdale and the other lords were sent to the Tower, and were brought to trial on January 19th, 1716, before the House of Lords, on a charge of treason. They pleaded guilty, no doubt with the hope that a confession of guilt might possibly incline the King to grant them a pardon. Sentence of death was pronounced upon them by the Lord Chancellor Cowper, who acted as High Steward at the trial, and their execution was appointed to take place on the 24th of February.

The Countess of Nithsdale remained at Terregles while the insurrection lasted. On hearing of the surrender and imprisonment of the Earl in London, she resolved at once to join him though it was in the depth of winter. Leaving her infant daughter with her sister-in-law, Lady Traquair, and burying the family papers in the garden, she set out, attended only by her maid. A heavy snowstorm had stopped the coaches, but she made her way on horseback across the Border, and then from Newcastle to York. There she found a place on the coach for herself alone, and was obliged to hire a horse for her maid. She wrote to Lady Traquair from Stamford on Christmas Day, mentioning the troubles she had experienced on her journey. "The ill weather," she says, "ways and other accidents, have made the coach not get further than Grantham, and the snow is so deep it is impossible it should stir without some change of weather; upon which I have hired horses and shall go the rest of the journey on horseback to London, though the snow is so deep that our horses yesterday were in several places almost buried in it. Tomorrow I shall set forth again. I must confess such a journey I believe was scarce ever made, considering the weather, by a woman. But an earnest desire compasses a great deal with God's help. If I meet my dear lord well, and am so happy as to be able to serve him, I shall think all my trouble well repaid."

Lady Nithsdale reached London in safety, but on her arrival she was thrown by her great anxiety and the hardships she had undergone on her journey, into a violent sickness which confined her for some days to her bed. With considerable difficulty, and under some restrictions, she obtained admission to her husband in the Tower. "Now and then by favour" she wrote, "I get sight of him."

The countess had no hopes that the King would relent, but to satisfy her husband, who did not despair of pardon, she consented to make an effort to present a petition to his Majesty, who she knew had taken precautions to prevent any one from obtaining access to him on behalf of the condemned lords. Knowing that he must pass through a public room between the royal apartment and the drawing room, she waited for him there. As he passed she knelt down and presented the petition, telling him in French that she was the unhappy Countess of Nithsdale. King George, who was a coarse and brutal man, passed on taking no notice of her. She laid hold of the skirt of his coat, pathetically appealing to his mercy, and was dragged by him, upon her knees, from the middle of the public apartment to the door of the drawing room. One of the royal bodyguards put his arms around her waist and pulled her back, while another of them disengaged the skirt of the King's coat from her hand. The poor lady was left, almost fainting, on the floor. The petition which she tried to put into the King's pocket, was picked up by a bystander and given to the Earl of Dorset, who was the Lord of Bedchamber then in waiting. He contrived more than once to get the petition read to the King, and to make his Majesty aware that the King of England never used to refuse a petition from the hands of the poorest woman, and that it was a gratuitous and unheard of brutality to treat, as he did, a person of Lady Nithsdale's quality. As might have been expected from his character and habits, the ex-Hanoverian Elector, far from feeling sorry for his behavior, was only embittered against the Countess by the manner in which his treatment of her was condemned. So far did he carry his resentment, that when the ladies whose husbands had been concerned in the insurrection put in claims for their jointures, he declared that Lady Nithsdale did not deserve, and should not obtain hers, and to this determination he obstinately adhered.

The noble-minded lady, however, still persevered in her efforts to save the life of her husband. On the 21st of February, the Rev. J. Scott wrote to Lady Traquair, "I must needs do my Lady the justice of assuring your ladyship that she has left no stone unturned, that she has omitted nothing that could be expected from the most loving wife on earth." He adds that she presented her petition to the King in such a manner that "the whole court was moved to a tender compassion. The whole town applauds her and extolles her to the skyes for it, and many who thirst after the blood of the others, which my Lord Nithsdale may be spared to his Lady."

A petition craving the intercession of the House of Lords was presented by the wives of the condemned noblemen, and an address to the King, praying that he would reprieve such of them as should deserve his mercy, was carried on the 22nd of February by a majority of five. The Ministers, at a meeting of Council held the same evening, resolved to comply with the feeling of the House, so far as to respite the Earls of Carnwath and Nithsdale, and Lords Widdrington and Nairne. However to prevent any further interference, the Earl of Derwentwater and Viscount Kenmure were

ordered for execution the next morning. Meanwhile, the Countess of Nithsdale had given up all hope of a reprieve, for she was aware that the proviso attached to the address to the King meant that those only should be recommended for pardon who would give information respecting their friends that had taken part, though less openly, in the insurrection. But she well knew, as she says, that her lord would never purchase life on such terms. "Nor," adds the high-minded woman, "would I have desired it."

As the execution of the condemned lords was appointed for the 24th, there was no time to lose in carrying out the project she had secretly formed of effecting the Earl's escape in woman's clothes. To further her design, she says in the account she gave of the enterprise, after the Lords had agreed to petition the King, she hastened to the Tower, and putting on a joyous air, she went up to the guards at each station and told them that she brought good news. There was now, she said, no fear of the prisoners, as the motion that the Lords should intercede with the King has passed. She rightly judged that the sentries, believing that the prisoners were on the eve of being pardoned, would become less vigilant. At each station she gave the guards some money, bidding them drink the health of the King and Peers. But she was careful, as she says, not to be profuse in her gifts in case they should suspect that she had some design on foot in which she wished to obtain their connivance.

Lord Nithsdale was confined in the house of Colonel D'Oyly, Lieutenant-Deputy of the Tower, in a small room which looked out on Water Lane, the ramparts, and the wharf, and was sixty feet from the ground. The way from the room was through the Council Chambers. The door of his room was guarded by one sentinel, that floor by two, the passages and stairs by several, and the outer gate by two. Escape under the circumstances seemed to be impossible. Lady Nithsdale, however, mentions that "her chief difficulty lay in persuading the Earl to take advantage of the means she had planned for his escape. It would have seemed to him a more likely means of escape to force his way, sword in hand, through the guard." Lord Nithsdale was still ignorant, on the 22nd, of his lady's design for his deliverance. On that day he wrote a farewell letter to his brother-in-law, the Earl of Traquair, and the Countess, his own sister. He also prepared a dying speech, which he intended to read on the scaffold, stating the reason which he had taken part in the rebellion and expressing his regret that he had pleaded guilty at his trial.

The morning of the 23rd, the last before the intended execution, was spent by Lady Nithsdale in making preparations for her attempt, especially in securing the assistance of a Mrs. Morgan, a friend of Mrs. Evans, her maid. When she was ready to go, she sent for Mrs. Mills, at whose house she was lodging, and said, "Finding now there is no further room for hope of my lord's pardon, nor longer time than this night, I am resolved to endeavour his escape. I have provided all that is requisite for it, and I hope you will not refuse to come along with me, to the

end that he may pass for you. Nay, more, I must beg you will come immediately, because we are full late. "Lady Nithsdale had very judiciously delayed this request till the last possible minute, so that Mrs. Mills might decide on the impulse of the moment, out of sympathy for the condemned nobleman. She at once gave her consent. Lady Nithsdale then desired Mrs. Morgan, who was tall and slender - her height not unlike Lord Nithsdale's - to put under her own riding-hood another which the Countess had provided to put on Mrs. Mills, who was to give her own to the Earl. All three then stepped into the coach which was waiting for them, and "not to give them leisure to think of the consequences," as they drove to the Tower "her ladyship continued without ceasing to talk with them."

On arriving at their destination, Lady Nithsdale took in Mrs. Morgan, as she was allowed to take in only one person at a time. Within the Earl's chamber Mrs. Morgan took off and left the riding-hood which she had brought beneath her clothes, and then Lady Nithsdale conducted her out again, going partly down stairs, saying to her at parting, "Pray do me the kindness to send my maid to me, that I may be dressed, else I shall be too late with my petition. "Having thus sent away Mrs. Morgan, the Countess took Mrs. Mills into the room, who came in holding her handkerchief to her face as though in tears, intending that the Earl should go out in the same manner in order to conceal his face from the guards. The two ladies, when alone with the Earl, set about disguising him. His eyebrows were black and thick, while those of Mrs. Mills were somewhat yellow, but some yellow paint on his eyebrows and ringlets of the same colored hair, which the Countess had brought, put this to rights. He had a long beard, which there was not time to shave, but the Countess covered it with some white paint, and put a little red upon his cheeks. Mrs. Mills next took off the riding-hood in which she came, and put on instead that which Mrs. Morgan had brought. They then equipped the Earl in the riding-hood which the guards had seen on Mrs. Mills as she came in, and completed his disguise by the aid of some of Lady Nithsdale's petticoats.

These arrangements having been made, Lady Nithsdale opened the door and led out Mrs. Mills, saying aloud, in a tone of great concern, "Dear Mrs. Catherine, I must beg you to go in all haste and look for my woman, for she certainly does not know what o'clock it is, and has forgot the petition I am to give, which should I miss is irreparable, having but this one night. Let her make all the haste she can possible, for I shall be upon thorns till she comes." There were nine persons, the sons and daughters of the guards, in the anteroom through which she passed with Mrs. Mills while uttering these words. They all seemed to feel for the Countess, and readily made way for her companion. The sentinels at the outer door opened it immediately and let Mrs. Mills out. She did not go out as she had come in, with a handkerchief at her eyes as if weeping. Lady Nithsdale then returning to the Earl, and having gotten him quite ready, now thought it was the time for action. It was growing very dark, and afraid lest the keepers should bring in the candles which would have defeated her plans,

she without longer delay came out of the room, leading by the hand the Earl who was clothed in the attire of Mrs. Mills and held a handkerchief about his eyes as if in tears, which served to conceal his face. To prevent suspicion she spoke to him, apparently in great grief, loudly lamenting that her maid, Evans, had been so neglectful, and had ruined her by her long delay. "So, dear Mrs. Betty," she added, "run and bring her with you for God's sake! You know my lodgings, and if ever you made haste in your life do it now, for I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guards, believing that a reprieve was at hand, had not taken much heed of the ladies coming and going, nor had they exactly reckoned their number. They quickly opened the door, without the least suspicion, to Lady Nithsdale and her disguised lord and both accordingly went down stairs. She still conjuring him, as dear Mrs. Betty, to make haste. As soon as they had passed the door, Lady Nithsdale stepped behind the Earl, lest the sentinels might have noticed that his gait was far different from a lady's. At the foot of the stairs she found Mrs. Evans, to whom she committed her companion, and having then seen him safely out of the Tower, she returned to his room.

It had been arranged that the husband of Mrs. Mills was to wait for them in the open space before the Tower. He had come accordingly, but on seeing Mrs. Evans and the disguised nobleman he completely lost his head, and instead of assisting them, ran home. Mrs. Evans, however, retained her presence of mind, and conducted Lord Nithsdale to a house near Drury Lane belonging to a friend of her own, in whom she could confide. Thence she proceeded to Mrs. Mills' house and told her where the place of concealment was which she had provided. It was a house just before the Court of Guards, belonging to a poor woman who had but one little room up a small pair of stairs, and containing one little bed.

Meanwhile, Lady Nithsdale was engaged keeping up appearances in the chamber lately occupied by the Earl to make the guards believe he was still there. She affected to speak to him and to answer as if he had spoken to her, imitated his voice, and walked up and down the room as if they had been walking and talking together, till she thought he had time enough to be out of reach. "I then began to think," she adds, "it was fit for me to get out of it also." (To be continued)

Until next time.

Aye,

Bill