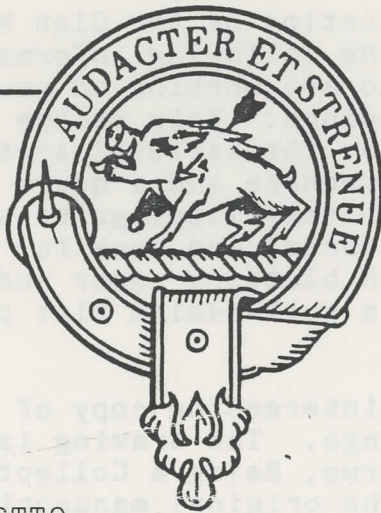


CLAN POLLOCK



MOTTO
Audacter et Strenue
Bold and Strong

Volume 1
No. 15

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

My apologies to all of you for failing to get this edition of the Pollag in the mail before Christmas. Each year I promise myself that I will start putting it together before the Christmas season is upon me. Obviously that didn't happen (again). Anyway, a belated happy and prosperous New Year to each of you.

1986 is here and once again it's dues paying time. Please be prompt in mailing your checks to Rosemary, and please use the form at the end of this edition of the Pollag, or a facsimile thereof. It helps Rob and Rosemary to keep tabs on the accounts. Their address is on the form.

As you know, the Johnstones were the hereditary enemies of the Maxwells. For many years there has not been a recognized chief of either clan, the Maxwells or the Johnstones. The last Earl of Johnstone died childless some 194 years ago, and until recently no claim to the title was recognized. Last year, however, the title was confirmed by the House of Lords on Patrick Hope-Johnstone. The last recognized earl was his great uncle, eight generations removed. Perhaps one day someone may successfully claim the Maxwell title, The Earl of Nithsdale, and Clan Maxwell will once again have a recognized chief.



CINNEADH POLLAG

POLLAG
A POOL OF INFORMATION
20 January 1986

I am indebted to the official publication of the Clan Maxwell Society, "The House of Maxwell", for the following information which may be of use to those of you who are working on your family tree and collecting old newspaper clippings. This recipe for preserving the clippings was provided by the National Archives.

"Mix two (2) teaspoons of magnesium carbonate and a quart of club soda in a large plastic dish. Sandwich the clippings between two (2) pieces of pellow (sold in fabric stores) and soak for thirty (30) minutes. Mop up excess water with blotting paper and allow to dry overnight. When dry, store in a well-sealed flat plastic bag. They should keep forever."

Ted Yeatman supplied the following interesting copy of an early Pollock coat-of-arms or armorial bearings. The drawing is taken from a manuscript entitled "Scottish Arms, Being a Collection of Armorial Bearings, A.D. 1370-1678." The original manuscript was published in Edinburgh in 1881. The drawing, and the information following it, are taken from a section of the manuscript entitled "Armorial de Gilles Le Bouvier Berry Roi D'Armes. A.D. 1450-55."



"The Lord of Polluc. The dolphin, Scottice pook or pollok, is introduced as a canting charge doubtless, and is not to be met with elsewhere. The seal of Robert de Polloc, c. 1200, was a boar passant, which afterwards became the crest of the Pollocks of Over Pollok. or that Ilk. A seal of John Pollok, 1453, is a saltire with a lion dormant in chief, and three hunting horns stringed in flank and base. Robert Pollock of Over Pollock, or of that Ilk, registered arms 1672-78 -- vert, a saltire or between three bugles in fess and base argent garnished gules; crest -- a boar passant shot through with a dart proper; motto -- Audacter et Strenue. This coat, quartered with Crawford of Kilbirny and with the supporters of the Crawford family, was again recorded in 1852 by the late Sir Hew Crawford-Pollok, Baronet, heir of line and of entail of the Pollok family."

New Members

The newest member of Clan Pollock is Jo Ann Richards. Her address is P.O. Box 775, Grants, NM 87020. Welcome Jo Ann. We hope that you will find your membership in the clan a rewarding and enjoyable experience.

(Editor's Note: At the conclusion of the last episode in the history of the Maxwell Family, Lady Nithsdale had successfully effected the escape of her husband from the Tower of London, and was preparing for her own departure.)

The Maxwell History (Continued)

Then opening the door to depart she went half out, and holding it in her hand, so that those without might hear, she took what professed to be an affectionate and solemn leave of her lord for the night. She stated that something more than usual must have caused the delay of Mrs. Evans in coming to her, and adding that she must go herself in search of her. She promised that if the Tower were still open after she was done, she would see him again that night, but otherwise she would see him in the morning and hoped to bring him good news. Before shutting the door she drew to the inside a little string that lifted up a wooden latch, so that it could only be opened by those within. She then shut the door with a "flap," so that it might be securely closed. As she was leaving she told the Earl's "valet de chambre," who knew nothing of the plan of escape, that his Lordship was at prayers, and did not wish the candles brought till he called for them.

On leaving the Tower, Lady Nithsdale took one of the hackney coaches waiting in the open space, and drove first to her own lodgings. There she dismissed the coach for fear of being traced, and went in a sedan-chair to the house of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch who, as the widow of the unfortunate Monmouth, could sympathize with Lady Nithsdale in her anxieties. The Duchess had promised to accompany her when she went to present her petition. She did not see the Duchess, as she had company, but instead left a message at her door saying the her Grace need not give herself any further trouble, as it was now thought fit to present a general petition in the name of all the condemned lords. Again changing her conveyance and calling another sedan-chair, Lady Nithsdale went to the house of the Duke of Montrose. His Grace was a supporter of the government, but the Duchess, a daughter of the Earl of Northesk, was her personal friend. Lady Nithsdale was shown into an upstairs room where she was quickly joined by the Duchess. "There," she wrote, "as my heart was very light, I smiled when she came into the chamber, and ran to her in great joy. She really started when she saw me, and since owned that she thought my head was turned with trouble till I told her my good fortune."

The Duchess recommended that she go to a place of safety, as the King was greatly incensed against her on account of the petition which she had presented to him. The Duchess declared that she would go to the Court and see how the news of the Earl's escape was received. She went accordingly, and found that "the Elector," as she termed him, "had stormed terribly," saying that "he was betrayed, for such an event could not have happened without connivance." He immediately dispatched two of his suite to the Tower to see that the other prisoners were well guarded. At a later time, when his anger had subsided, he is said to have remarked that "for a man in my Lord's situation, it was the very best thing he could have done."

On leaving the Duchess of Montrose, Lady Nithsdale went to a house which Mrs. Evans had previously found for her, and was informed, by that clever and trusty domestic, of the Earl's hiding place, to which she immediately repaired. Referring to the "poor little bed" in the room she says, "Into this bed we were forced to go immediately for fear they should here more walking than usual. She (Mrs. Evans) left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs. Mills brought us some more the next day in her pocket; but other things we got nought, from Thursday evening to Saturday evening, that Mrs. Mills came when it was dark and cary'd my Lord to the Venetian Ambassador. She did not communicate the affair to his Excellency, but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday." On that day a servant of the ambassador, Mitchell by name, was ordered to go down to Dover with a coach and six horses to bring the ambassador's brother to London. The Earl put on a livery coat and travelled as one of the train to Dover, where, hiring a small vessel, he crossed without suspicion. Accompanied by Mitchell, he landed safely at Calais. The passage across was made so quickly that the master of the vessel remarked that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been fleeing for their lives, little thinking that this was really the case.

The escape of Lord Nithsdale delighted not only the Jacobite friends of the family, but even many of the supporters of the Hanoverian dynasty. Lady Cowper, the wife of the Lord Chancellor, thus notes the event in her diary: "It is confirmed that Lord Nithsdale is escaped. I hope he will get clear off. I never was better pleased at anything in my life, and I believe everybody is the same."

(Editor's Note) (There is an interesting author's footnote at the bottom of the page in the original document which says: "There is a close resemblance between the manner in which Lord Nithsdale escaped from the Tower, and the escape of Count Lavalette for the Conciergerie Prison in Paris in 1815. The likeness, however, was from mere coincidence, and not at all from imitation. But though the treatment which the Countess of Nithsdale received from King George and his ministers was mean and ungenerous, it contrasts favorably with the cruel and, indeed, brutal treatment by the Bourbon Government of Madame Lavalette, a niece of the Empress

Josephine. She had been in childbed only a few weeks before her husband's escape, and her strength was not returned. She had to remain behind in the prison chamber occupied by the Count, and was kept there for six weeks, all access of friends or domestics, or even of her daughter, were denied her. Her reason gave way, and after she was released from the prison she had to be placed in an asylum. Her mental malady hung upon her for twelve years, and she continued subject to a settled melancholy until her death in 1855.")

The Countess remained for some time concealed in London, having learned that so long as she kept out of sight she would not be molested, but that if she appeared in public, either in England or Scotland, she would be apprehended. Her presence, however, was urgently required in Scotland. The Earl had sent for her to come in such haste that she had no time to settle his affairs. She had been obliged to conceal the family papers, as they would otherwise have fallen into the hands of the enemy, who, she was sure, would search the house, as they did after her departure. "In short," she says, "as I had once exposed my life for the safety of the father, I could do no less than hazard it once more for the fortune of the son." The Countess accordingly went to Scotland, saved the family papers, lived there for some weeks without molestation, and then returned to London. "On my arrival," she wrote, "the report was still fresh of my journey into Scotland in defiance of their prohibition. A lady informed me that the King was extremely incensed at the news, that he had issued orders to have me arrested, adding that I did whatever I pleased in spite of all his designs, and that I had given him more anxiety and trouble than any woman in all Europe." The King gave orders that she should be searched for. She was advised by her friends that in these circumstances she would do wisely to leave England.

Lady Nithsdale embarked accordingly in July with the intention of proceeding to France, but in consequence of a violent attack of sea-sickness, she was obliged to land on the coast of Flanders, where she was detained some time by a miscarriage and a dangerous illness. She joined her husband in October at Lille, but that reunion did not bring her all the happiness which she had fondly hoped for. Writing to her sister-in-law, Lady Traquair, from Paris on February 29, 1717, she gives an account of her troubles and privations. After attempting in vain to get her husband into the service of the Chevalier, she says, "My next business was to see what I could get to live on that we might make our resolutions where to go accordingly. But all I could get was one hundred livres a month, to maintain me in everything -- meat, drink, fire, candles, washing, clothes, lodging, servants' wages -- in fine, all manner of necessaries. My husband has two hundred livres a month, but considering his way of managing, it was impossible to live upon it....For let me do what I will, he cannot be brought to submit to live according to what he has; and when I endeavored to persuade him to keep in compass, he attributed my advice to my grudging him everything, which stopped my mouth, since I am very sure I would not (grudge) my heart's blood if it could do him any

service.... It was neither in gaming, company, nor much drinking that it was spent, but in having the nicest of meat and wine, and all the service I could do was to see he was not cheated in the buying of it. I had a little, after our meeting at Lille, endeavored to persuade him to go back to his master, upon the notice that he received that fifty livres a month was taken off his pension; but that I did not dare persist in, for he seemed to imagine that I had a mind to be rid of him, which no one would have thought would scarce come into his mind."

After mentioning that some of her husband's friends had persuaded him to follow his master to Rome, she adds, "I, having no hope of getting anything out of England, am forced to go to the place where my son is, to endeavor to live, the child and me, upon what I told you. All my satisfaction is, that at least my husband has twice as much to maintain himself and man as I have; so I hope that when he sees there is no resource -- as indeed now there is not, having sold all, even to the necessary little plate I took so much pains to bring over -- he will live accordingly, which will be some comfort to me, though I have the mortification to be from him, which, after we met again, I hoped never to have separated; but God's will be done, and I submit to this cross, as well as many others I have had in the world, though I must confess living from a husband I love so well is a very great one."

When Lord Nithsdale made his escape to France, he went straight to Paris, and there, in the course of the spring, he received a pressing invitation from the Chevalier. "As long as I have a crust of bread in the world," he said, "assure yourself you shall always have a share of it." When the Earl ultimately joined his master at Urbino, he did not receive the cordial welcome to which, with good reason, he deemed himself entitled. He was exposed to various mortifications at the court of the exiled Prince, and that which he obtained from the government of the Pontiff, either in sacred or civil affairs, does not appear to have given him much satisfaction. "Be assured," he wrote Lady Nithsdale, "there is nothing in this damnable country that can tend to the good either of one's soul or body." He was bent on leaving the mimic court of the Chevalier, where he was so much neglected. With great difficulty, however, he was induced by the strong representations of his wife and his brother-in-law to remain.

The Earl, in the hope that his Countess would obtain a situation in the household of the Chevalier on the latter's marriage, which was now settled, requested her to join him in Italy as soon as possible, since in these matters it is "first come, first served." He could, however, send her no funds for the journey, but bade her apply to Lord and Lady Traquair, to whom she was already under many obligations. By their aid and a small sum paid to her by order of the Chevalier, the Countess was enabled to join her husband at Urbino, and after a brief interval, to proceed with him in the Chevalier's train to Rome. But the Earl's self-indulgent habits were unchanged. "I found him," she wrote to his sister, "still the same man as to spending, not being able to

conform himself to what he has, which really troubles me. And to the end that he might not be able to make me the pretense which he wished, I do not touch a penny of what he has, but leave it to him to maintain him and his man, which is all he has, and live upon what is allowed me."

The Chevalier, like his forefathers, was addicted to favoritism, and was then under the dominion of two unworthy creatures of the parasite class -- Colonel the Hon. John Hay, a son of Lord Kinnoull, and his wife Marjory, daughter of Lord Stormont. They kept at a distance Lady Nithsdale and all other persons who would not promote their influence and ends. "But," wrote the Countess, "that and many other things must be looked over; at least we shall have bread by being near him, and I have the happiness over again to be with my dear husband that I love above my life."

Year after year did this noble-minded lady continue to maintain a courageous spirit. Her sorest trial was the want of forethought and consideration on the part of her husband in borrowing and spending. "All my comfort is," she writes Lady Traquair, "that I have no share in the misfortune, for he has never been the man that has offered me one farthing of all the money he has taken up, and as yet all is spent, but how is a riddle to me, for what he spends at home is but thirty pence a day in his eating.... For my part, I continue in mourning as yet for want of wherewithal to buy clothes, and I brought my mourning with me that has served ever since I came, and was neither with my master's or husband's bought." The Earl was evidently a poor creature, selfish and self-indulgent, utterly unworthy of this generous, devoted wife. He threw the blame of his borrowing and misspending on the Countess and his daughter, who never received from him a single penny; and he had even the baseness to say to the Chevalier that some property belonging of right to himself, was unfairly detained by his brother-in-law, the Earl of Traquair, on whom he had time after time drawn bills, trusting to his generosity for their acceptance. Not doubting the truth of the statement, the Chevalier wrote to one of his agents that he would take it kindly if Traquair would settle those affairs with his kinsman to his satisfaction. "I must say," wrote Lady Traquair to her brother (January, 1724) in justifiable resentment, "it is very unkind, and a sad return for all the favors my husband has done you before and since you went abroad, for he, having no effects of yours save a little household furniture of no use to us, and what I could not get disposed of, has honored your bills, supplied your wants without a scrape of a pen from you; besides the considerable sum you owed him formerly, he even, under God, has preserved your family, which without his money, credit, and his son's assiduous attendance and application, must humanly speaking have sunk. He might reasonably have expected other returns from you than complaints to one we value so infinitely as we do Sir John (the Chevalier), as if my husband had wronged you and detained your own, when your sufferings justly call for the greatest consideration."

Although Lady Nithsdale continued to suffer from her great troubles and illnesses, and not least from the improvident and selfish conduct of her husband, several events occurred to cheer her. After long litigation in the Court of Session and the House of Lords, the entail which Lord Nithsdale had executed in 1712 was sustained, and Lord Maxwell, his sole surviving son, would succeed to the family estates at the Earl's death. Practically, he came into possession of them even before that event, since the life interest of his father was purchased from the government for his benefit. Lady Anne Maxwell, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Nithsdale, was married to Lord Bellew, an Irish nobleman, at Lucca, in 1731. Lord Maxwell, who was now resident in Scotland, had become attached to his cousin, Lady Catherine Stewart, daughter of Lord and Lady Traquair, and made her an offer of marriage. The old connection between the two families, the constant friendship, and their agreement both in religion and politics, rendered the proposed alliance every way suitable. It appears to have received the cordial approbation of Lady Nithsdale and Lord and Lady Traquair. But for some unmentioned reason -- no doubt a selfish one -- Lord Nithsdale for a considerable time withheld his consent. The marriage at length took place, however, in the year 1731, and appears to have been as happy as Lady Nithsdale anticipated. As no sons were born from it, the male line of this ancient family terminated at Lord Maxwell's death. (To Be Continued)

Until next time,

Aye,

-----CLIP HERE-----CLIP HERE-----

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