

CLAN POLLOCK



MOTTO
Audacter et Strenue
Bold and Strong

Volume 2
No. 3

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

Best wishes to all of you in 1988.
May you enjoy health and happiness.

The first item is my new address.
Ann and I (and the bank) bought a
house and have begun to get settled.
We moved in on the 16th of December
last year, so our Christmas was
somewhat "unusual." More important-
ly, however, the family was together
and we did enjoy the holidays. My
new address is 322 Carolina Circle,
Graham, NC 27253, Tel. (919)266-
2339. The ad for Clan Pollock in
the Highlander and Scottish American
has been changed to include my new
address.

Please note the following two



CINNEADH POLLAG

POLLAG
A POOL OF INFORMATION
5 April 1986

corrections to the article on Mary,
Queen of Scots in the last edition
of the Pollag. The first correction
is on page 5, column 2, 1st para-
graph, 10th line from the bottom.
The correct date is 16 May 1568.
The second correction is also on
page 5, the second column, 2nd para-
graph, 6th line from the bottom.
It should read Henry VII, not Henry
VIII. The ancestor common to both
Mary and Elizabeth I was Henry VII.
Henry VII was Mary's great grandfa-
ther, and Elizabeth's grandfather.
My thanks to Nancy Nash for bringing
that error to my attention. I would
like for the Pollag to be as
historically accurate as possible, so
please let me know when I goof.

I stated in that article that I wondered if Pollock of Pollock fought at Langside, since it is so close to his estate. I have discovered that, indeed, he did participate, with Lord Maxwell, on the side of Mary Stuart. As a result, he (Pollock) forfeited his lands.

I found the description of Mary's death in the book, Mary, Queen of Scots, by Antonia Fraser, to be very interesting. It is a vivid description of a dramatic event in history. As such, I have included in this edition of the Pollag, the first half of a quote from her book describing Mary's execution. I hope you find it as interesting as I did.

For the first time in a long time, a query has been sent in for the genealogical column. I encourage anyone who has a genealogical inquiry to send it to me for inclusion in the Pollag. You never can tell when one of our clan members may have knowledge of your ancestor or be able to provide worthwhile suggestions for further research.

Nancy Nash has agreed to work with the clan genealogy files to place them in a computerized data bank so that they will be more accessible to members of the clan. The current files will be given to her in July

at the games at Grandfather Mountain. If anyone has any genealogical information related to their Pollock, Polk, Pogue, etc., ancestors, please send it to me before the end of June so that it will be included in the data bank.

I am in the process of trying to obtain a source for Clan Pollock tartan material as I understand there are a number of people interested in acquiring the tartan. If you would like, drop me a line and let me know you are interested. As soon as I have the necessary details, I will pass them on to you. Purchasing information will also be included in a future Pollag.

A reminder to all - membership dues for 1988 are due. If you have not sent your check to Rosemary for this year, please do so soon. Postal rates have just gone up. A dues slip is included at the end of the Pollag.

One final item. All of the clan badges have been sold. Several people have expressed an interest in purchasing a Pollock clan badge made of Sterling Silver. If anyone knows of a jeweler or craftsman who would be interested in making the die and producing the badges in Sterling Silver and in Pewter, please let me know.

NEW MEMBERS

With this edition of the Pollag, we welcome three new members to Clan Pollock. Greetings to you all. We sincerely hope you enjoy your association with members of the clan.

The new members are:

Lewis A. Pollock

3019 Kensington Ave.
Richmond, VA 23221

Stuart W. Pollock II

20355 NE 34 Ct., #1824
North Miami Beach, FL 33141

Ricardo L. Small

P.O. Box 17296
Tucson, AZ 85731-7296

Flowers O' The Forest

Ross W. Pollock of Ridgetown, Ontario Canada, passed away on 5 June 1986. Ross was an officer with the Ontario Provincial Police. His widow, Geraldine, indicated Ross fought a valiant fight for over 16 months. We extend our deepest sympathies to Geraldine, their son Jim, and to the other members of the family.

Genealogy Column

William Dixon Pollock, born ca.1816 in Glasgow, Scotland, left there on a merchant ship-of-war. He landed in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Later he moved to Bronte, Ontario, where he married. Anyone with any information on William, or some helpful ideas for additional research, please contact Kathy McCurdy, 2760 Southwood Dr., East Lansing, MI 48823.

The Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots

The following passage is an excerpt from the very excellent book entitled Mary, Queen of Scots by Antonia Fraser. To set the stage, the location is England. Mary has been a prisoner of Elizabeth, the English queen for over 18 years. It is the evening before her harsh sentence is to be carried out, and Mary is in her quarters at Fotheringhay Castle. Only hours before, Mary had been informed that her execution was scheduled for the

following day.

Quote - The queen of Scots was left alone to spend the last evening of her life with her servants, some of whom like Jane Kennedy had spent a whole generation in her service. She tried to rally them. 'Well, Jane Kennedy,' said the queen, 'Did I not tell you this would happen?.... I knew they would never allow me to live, I was too great an obstacle to their religion.' Mary

then asked for her supper to be served as speedily as possible, in order that she might have time to put her affairs in order. It was a heart-breaking meal, the servants outdoing themselves in the assiduousness of their service, as though there was some comfort to be had in making each little gesture as perfect as possible: Bourgoing, acting as steward in Melville's absence, presented the dishes to his mistress and, as he did so, he could not control the tears from pouring down his cheeks. The queen herself ate little. She sat in a sort of dream, from time to time referring to Kent's outburst on the subject of her death and her religion: 'Oh how happy these words make me,' she murmured. 'Here at last is the truth.' When the meal was over, the queen asked her servants to drink to her, and as they did so, kneeling before her, their tears mingled with the wine.

Mary now seated herself and went through the contents of her wardrobe in detail. Her remaining money she sorted personally into little portions, and placed in packets, on which she wrote in her own hand the name of the servant for whom they were destined. From belongings she divided off certain mementoes for royalties and her relations abroad, such as the king and queen of France, Queen Catherine, and the Guises; from the rest she bestowed numerous little personal objects on all her servants; Bourgoing received rings, silver boxes, her music book bound in velvet to remind him of the many musical evenings of the captivity, as well as the red hangings of Mary's bed; Elizabeth Curle received miniatures set in gold and enamelled tablets of Mary, Francis II, and James. Melville received a little tablet of gold set with another portrait of James.

Having thus disposed of those actual physical possessions which remained within her sphere, the queen drew up an elaborate testament of which Henry, Duke of Guise, Beaton, the bishop of Ross, and du Ruisseau, her chancellor in France, were to be executors. She asked for Requiem Masses to be held in France, and made elaborate financial arrangements for the benefit of her servants, whether of her household or superior rank such as Beaton in France; Curle for example was to receive the marriage portion which had been promised him but never paid, and even the graceless Nau was to be allowed his pension, if he should manage to prove his innocence. Beyond that, there were charitable bequests for the poor children and friars of Rheims, and instructions that her coach was to be used to convey her women to London, when the horses were to be sold to defray their expenses, and her furniture likewise, that they might be able to afford to return to their countries of origin.

Having completed these detailed dispositions for the welfare of those she would leave behind, Mary considered her own spiritual welfare in the shape of a farewell letter to be handed to the chaplain de Preau. Deprived of his physical presence, she used the medium of the letter as a general confession of her sins, in which she asked him to spend the night in prayer for her. Mary's last letter of all was to her brother-in-law, King Henry of France; she related the abrupt circumstances in which her sentence had been broken to her, and her conviction that it was her religion, coupled with her place in the English succession, which was the true cause of her death, as it had been with Francis of Guise; she begged him to listen to the personal

testimony concerning her execution which her physician should give to him so soon as he could reach France, and not to trust to her letter alone; her last thoughts were the faithful servants who had served her for so long - she asked that their pensions and wages might be paid throughout their lives, and in particular that de Preau her chaplain might be awarded some little benefice in France from which he could spend the rest of his days in prayer for his dead mistress. When these elaborate dispositions were finally completed, it was already two o'clock in the morning. Mary's letter to the king of France was thus dated Wednesday 8 February 1587, the day of her execution.

The traveller was now ready for her last journey on earth. The queen lay down on her bed without undressing. She did not try to sleep. Her women gathered round her already wearing their black garments of mourning, and Mary asked Jane Kennedy to read aloud the life of some great sinner. The life of the good thief was chosen, and as the story reached its climax on the cross, Mary observed aloud: 'In truth he was a great sinner, but not so great as I have been.' She then closed her eyes, and said nothing further. Throughout the night the sound of hammering came from the great hall where the scaffold was being erected. The boots of the soldiers could be heard ceaselessly tramping up and down outside the queen's room, for Paulet had ordered them to watch with special vigilance in these final hours, lest their victim escape her captors at the last. The queen lay on her bed without sleeping, eyes closed and a half smile on her face.

So the short night passed. At six o'clock, long before light, the

queen rose, handed over the will, distributed her purses, and gave the women a farewell embrace. Her men servants were given her hand to kiss. Then she went into her little oratory and prayed alone. She was extremely pale but quite composed. Bourgoing handed her a little bread and wine to sustain her. The day now dawned fine and sunny: it was one of those unexpected early February days when it suddenly seems possible that the spring will come. It was between eight and nine when a loud knocking was heard at the door, and a messenger shouted through it that the lords were waiting for the queen. Mary asked for a moment to finish her prayers, at which the lords outside in a moment of panic feared some sort of last-minute resistance might be planned; unable to believe in the courage of their captive; they had given credit to reports that the queen of Scots had said she would not come to the block on her own accord, but would have to be dragged thither. But when the sheriff of Northampton, Thomas Andrews, entered, he found Mary kneeling quietly in prayer in front of the crucifix which hung above her altar.

It was this crucifix which her groom Hannibal Stuart now bore before her as she was escorted towards the great hall. The queen was totally calm, and showed no signs of fear or distress. Her bearing was regal, and some of the contemporary observers even described her as cheerful and smiling. The last moment of agony came in the entry chamber to the hall, when her servants were held back from following her and the queen was told that she was to die quite alone, by the orders of Elizabeth. Melville, distracted at this unlooked-for blow, fell on his knees in tears and exclaimed: 'Oh Madam, it will be the

sorrowfullest message that I ever carried when I shall report that my Queen and dear mistress is dead.' The queen dashed away her own tears and said gently: 'You ought to rejoice and not to weep for that the end of Mary Stuart's troubles is now done. Thou knowest, Melville, that all this world is but vanity and full of troubles and sorrows. Carry this message from me and tell my friends that I died a true woman to my religion, and like a true Scottish woman and a true French woman...' And commending Melville to go to her son, and tell him that her dearest wish had always been to see England and Scotland united, that she had never done anything to prejudice the welfare of the kingdom of Scotland, she embraced Melville and bade him farewell.

Mary now turned to Paulet and the lords and pleaded with them to allow at least her own servants to be with her at the death, so that they could later report the manner of her death in other countries. Kent replied that her wish could not well be granted, for before the execution her servants were sure to cry out and upset the queen herself, as well as disquieting the company, while afterwards they might easily attempt to dip their napkins in her blood for relics which, said Kent grimly, 'were not convenient.' 'My Lord,' replied Mary, 'I will give my word and promise for them that they shall not do any such thing as your Lordship hath named. Alas poor souls, it would do them good to bid me farewell.' As for her women she refused to believe that these were the instructions of Queen Elizabeth herself, for surely Elizabeth, herself a maiden queen, would not condemn a fellow-woman to die without any ladies about her to attend her, besides which, added Mary, 'You know that I am cousin to

your Queen and descended from the blood of Henry VII, a married Queen of France, and the anointed Queen of Scotland.' She then appealed to history where she had read in chronicles that other gentlewomen had had their ladies with them at their execution. After a hurried whispered consultation, the lords decided that Mary might have after all the choice of six of her servants to accompany her. Thus Melville, Bourgoing, Gervais, and the old man Didier who had been for years Mary's porter, were allowed to go forward, together with the two dearest of Mary's women, who shared her bed, Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle. Mary then went to follow the sheriff, having first bestowed a small gift (probably a seal) on Sir William Fitzwilliam, the castellan of Fotheringhay: he, unlike Sir Amyas Paulet, had shown especial courtesy to her in the carrying-out of his office.

The queen now entered the great hall in silence. The spectators gathered there - about 300 of them by one account - gazed with awe and apprehension at this legendary figure whose dramatic career was about to be ended before their eyes. They saw a tall and gracious woman, whom at first sight seemed to be dressed entirely in black, save for the long white lace-edged veil which flowed down her back to the ground like a bride's, and the white stiffened and peaked head-dress, that too was edged with lace, below which gleamed her auburn hair. Her satin dress was all in black, embroidered with black velvet, and set with black acorn buttons of jet trimmed with pearl; but through the slashed sleeves could be seen inner sleeves of purple, and although her shoes of Spanish leather were black, her stockings were clocked and edged with silver, her garters were of

green silk, and her petticoat was of crimson velvet. She held a crucifix and a prayer book in her hand, and two rosaries hung down from her waist; round her neck was a pomander chain and an Angus Dei. Despite the fact the Mary's shoulders were now bowed and stooping with illness, and her figure grown full with years, she walked with immense dignity. Time and suffering had long ago rubbed away the delicate youthful charm of her face, but to many of the spectators her extraordinary composure and serenity had its own beauty. Above all, her courage was matchless, and this alone in many people's minds, whatever honours and dignities had been stripped from her by Paulet, still gave her the right to be called a queen.

In the center of the great hall, which lay on the ground floor of the castle, directly below the room in which Mary had been tried, was set

a wooden stage, all hung with black about twelve feet square, and two feet high off the ground. Within the precincts of the stage were two stools for Shrewsbury and Kent. Beside them was placed, about two feet high, also draped in black, the block, and a little cushioned stool on which it was intended that the queen should sit while she was disrobed. The great axe was already lying there - 'like those with which they cut wood' said Bourgoing later. Outside the stage were two other seats for Paulet and Drury, and a rank of soldiers enclosing it; behind them gathered the ordinary people who had been given the privilege of watching the execution, as well as some local dignitaries including Shrewsbury's eldest son Lord Talbot, Sir Edward Montagu, and his son and brother, Sir Richard Knightly, and Mr. Thomas Brudenell. A huge blaze had been lit in the fireplace against the cold of the great hall.- Unquote.
(To be continued)

Until next time,

Aye,

Bill

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DUES FOR YEAR _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE & ZIP CODE _____

Please make your check payable to Clan Pollock. Dues are \$10.00 per year.

Mail to: Rosemary Pollock
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