

CLAN POLLOCK



MOTTO
Audacter et Strenue
Bold and Strong

Volume 2
No. 4

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

I was recently notified that because of a county-wide realignment, my house number has been changed. So Ann and I are going through the change of address notification process one more time. My new address is 387 Carolina Circle instead of 322.

We have a clan commissioner for the state of Colorado. Doug Woodward of Loveland, Colorado, accepted the position and has been very busy organizing clan booths and representing the clan at various Scottish events there. I am very pleased that he has accepted the position. Many thanks to Connie Calhoun who, in the interim, represented the clan on a number of

occasions in Colorado as well as in her home state of New Mexico.

The games and festivities at Grandfather Mountain this year, as usual, were a great success. Rob and Rosemary Pollock made the arrangements for the participation of our clan, one of the sponsors of the games. We took part in all the ceremonies including the parade of tartans. Our clan flag this year was carried by Scott Pollock of Raleigh, NC., the son of Rob and Rosemary. At the Clan Booth, Rob displayed a large old photograph of Pollock Castle and a stone from its massive walls. We had a number of visitors stop by the clan booth making inquiries. Several of us



CINNEADH POLLAG

POLLAG
A POOL OF INFORMATION
20 July 1988

attended the annual meeting of the Clan Maxwell Society the Sunday evening following the games, thoroughly enjoying the fine food and the friendship.

Clan Pollock was featured this year in the "Clan Scan" portion of the printed program at Grandfather

Mountain. This is a distinction which few of the many clans attending the games have thus far enjoyed, since only five or six organizations can be featured each year. We certainly appreciate being selected. The "Clan Scan" included a picture of our clan badge and the following article:

CLAN POLLOCK

Pollock, one of the most ancient family names of Scotland, originally came from the lands of Pollock in Renfrewshire. A charter to the lands of Upper Pollock was granted to Fulbert, progenitor of the Pollocks, through Walter Fitz Alan, High Steward of Scotland and progenitor of the Royal Stewarts. As a surname it was first adopted by Peter, who inherited the lands of Upper Pollock from Fulbert, his father, in 1163. Peter also possessed the Barony of Rothes in Aberdeenshire, which he presented to his granddaughter, Eva de Mortach, upon her marriage to Sir Norman Leslie. Thus, Eva became the ancestress of the prominent Earls of Rothes.

Holders of the lands of Lower Pollock were the Maxwells of Pollock, a branch of that powerful border clan. The Pollocks and Maxwells formed a long standing alliance and a number of marriages took place between the families. The bonds thus formed lasted for centuries and today are represented by the recognition of the Pollocks as dependents of Clan Maxwell.

Thirteenth in descent from Peter, John Pollock of Pollock, along with Lord Maxwell, fought for the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots, at the Battle of Langside, for which he was forfeited. His son, John, was killed at the Battle of Lockerbie in 1593, assisting his kinsman, Lord Maxwell, in his long standing feud with the Laird of Johnstone.

With the passage of time, changes occurred to the Pollock surname of some descendants of Scottish Pollocks, and it became Polk and Pogue, spelled in various ways. Prominent among American descendants were James K. Polk, 11th President of the United States, and General Leonidas Polk of Civil War fame. James Pollock was an early governor of Pennsylvania and Thomas Pollock, born in Glasgow Scotland in 1654, died in 1722 while serving as acting governor of the colony of North Carolina.

The chieftainship of Clan Pollock today is dormant, having been last recognized by the Crown in 1845. The current clan organization was convened in 1979 by Rhys Pollock, a man who dearly loved ways Scottish. The clan badge portrays a boar pierced by an arrow and the motto "Audacter et Strenue," bold and strong. Pollock Castle, in its last configuration, was said to have been a magnificent structure. Unfortunately, after World War II it was demolished and the lands of Upper Pollock were divided and sold. Nothing remains of the castle except the stones which once comprised its massive walls. One of these, cut and polished, is proudly displayed in the memorial cairn here at Grandfather Mountain.

NEW MEMBERS

Clan Pollock has grown by four new members since the last edition of the Pollag. A hearty welcome to you all. We hope you will find your association with the clan interesting and rewarding. Our new members are:

Nellie Haley	16582 Canal Way Madera, CA 93638
Quincy Polk	35 Woodfin St. Asheville, NC 28801-3073
Ronald W. Pollock	504 East Fields, Lot F5 Eldorado Springs, MO 64744
Carole A. Spencer	603 Oak Park Blvd. Cedar Falls, IA 50613

The Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots (Cont.)

This is the final excerpt from the very excellent book by Antonia Fraser, Mary, Queen of Scots, continued from the last edition of the Pollag. As we begin, Mary has been escorted to the stage of the great hall of Fotheringhay where she is to be executed. The block and the great axe are there. The earls and other dignitaries have assembled. A small crowd of people has gathered to watch the execution of this most remarkable woman.

Quote - Once led up the three steps to the stage, the queen listened patiently while the commission for her execution was read aloud. Her expression never changed. Cecil's own official observer, Robert Wise, commented later that from her detached regard, she might have been listening to a pardon, rather than the warrant for her own death. The first sign of emotion was wrung from her, when Dr. Fletcher, the Protestant dean of Peterborough - he who afterwards described the fine weather as a sign that Heaven looked with favour on the execution - stepped forward, and proposed to harangue the queen

according to the rites of the Protestant religion. "Mr Dean," said the queen firmly, "I am settled in the ancient Catholic Roman religion, and mind to spend my blood in defence of it." Shrewsbury and Kent both exhorted her to listen to him, and even offered to pray with the queen, but all these proposals Mary resolutely rejected. "If you will pray with me, my lords," she said to the two earls, "I will thank you, but to join in prayer I will not, for that you and I are not of one religion." And when the dean, in answer to the earls' direction, finally knelt down on the scaffold steps and started to pray out loud and at length, in a prolonged and rhetorical style as though determined to force his way into the pages of history, Mary still paid no attention but turned away, and started to pray aloud out of her own book in Latin, in the midst of these prayers sliding off her stool on to her knees. When the dean was last finished, the queen changed her prayers, and began to pray out loud in English, for the afflicted English Catholic Church, for her son, and for Elizabeth, that she

might serve God in the years to come. Kent remonstrated with her: "Madam, settle Christ Jesus in your heart and leave those trumperies." But the queen prayed on, asking God to avert his wrath from England, and calling on the Saints to intercede for her; and so she kissed the crucifix she held, and crossing herself, ended: "Even as thy arms, O Jesus, were spread here upon the cross, so receive me into Thy arms of mercy, and forgive me all my sins."

When the queen's prayers were finished, the executioners asked her as was customary, to forgive them in advance for bringing about her death. Mary answered immediately: "I forgive you with all my heart, for now I hope you shall make an end of all my troubles." Then the executioners, helped by Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, assisted the Queen to undress - Robert Wise noticed that she undressed so quickly that it seemed as if she was in haste to be gone out of the world. Stripped of her black, she stood in her red petticoat and it was seen that above it she wore a red satin bodice, trimmed with lace, the neckline cut low at the back; one of the women handed her a pair of red sleeves, and it was thus wearing all red, the colour of blood, and the liturgical colour of martyrdom in the Catholic Church, that the queen of Scots died. According to their usual practice, the executioners stretched forth their hands for the queen's ornaments which were their perquisites. When they touched the long golden rosary, Jane Kennedy protested, and the queen herself intervened and said that Bull would be compensated with money in its place, and the same promise had to be made regarding the Agnus Dei. Yet all the time her belongings were being stripped from her, it was

notable that the queen neither wept nor changed her calm and almost happy expression of what one observer called "smiling cheer"; she even retained her composure sufficiently to remark wryly of the executioners that she had never before had such grooms of the chamber to make her ready. It was the queen's women who could not contain their lamentations as they wept and crossed themselves and muttered snatches of Latin prayers. Finally Mary had to turn to them and, mindful of her promise to Shrewsbury that they would not weep aloud if they were admitted to the hall, she admonished them softly in French: "Ne crie point pour moi. J'ai promis pour vous ..." Once more she bade them not mourn but rejoice, for they were soon to see the end of all her troubles; turning to her menservants, standing on a bench close by the scaffold, who also had tears pouring down their faces and were calling out prayers in French and Scots and Latin, and crossing themselves again and again, she told them to be comforted, with a smile on her lips to reassure them. She asked the men too to pray for her unto the last hour.

The time had come for Jane Kennedy to bind the queen's eyes with the white cloth embroidered in gold which Mary had herself chosen for the purpose the night before. Jane Kennedy first kissed the cloth and then wrapped it gently round her mistress's eyes, and over her head so that her hair was covered as by a white turban and only the neck left completely bare. The two women then withdrew from the stage. The queen without even now the faintest sign of fear, knelt down once more on the cushion in front of the block. She recited aloud in Latin the Psalm *In te Domino confido, non confundant in aeternum* - In you Lord is my trust, let me never be confounded - and

then feeling for the block, she laid her head down upon it, placing her chin carefully with both her hands, so that if one of the executioners had not moved them back they too would have lain in the direct line of the axe. The queen, stretched out her arms and legs and cried: "In manus tuas, Domine, confide spiritum meum" - "Into your hands O Lord I commend my spirit" - three or four times. When the queen was lying there quite motionless, Bull's assistant put his hand on her body to steady it for the blow. Even so, the first blow, as it fell, missed the neck and cut into the back of the head. The queen's lips moved, and her servants thought they heard the whispered words: "Sweet Jesus." The second blow severed the neck, all but the smallest sinew and this was severed by using the axe as a saw. It was about ten o'clock in the morning of Wednesday 8 February, the queen of Scots being then aged forty-four years old, and in the nineteenth year of her English captivity.

In the great hall of Fotheringhay, before the wondering eyes of the crowd, the executioner now held aloft the dead woman's head, crying out as he did so: "God Save the Queen." The lips still moved and continued to do so for a quarter of an hour after the death. But at this moment, weird and moving spectacle, the auburn tresses in his hand came apart from the skull and the head itself fell to the ground. It was seen that Mary Stuart's own hair had in fact been quite grey, and very short at the time of her death: for her execution she had chosen to wear a wig. The spectators were stunned by the unexpected sight and remained silent. It was left to the dean of Peterborough to call out strongly: "So perish all the Queen's enemies,"

and for Kent, standing over the corpse to echo: "Such be the end of all the Queen's, and all the Gospel's enemies." But Shrewsbury could not speak, and his face was wet with tears.

It was now time for the executioners to strip the body of its remaining adornments before handing it over to the embalmers. But at this point a strange and pathetic memorial to that devotion which Mary Stuart had always aroused in those who knew her intimately was discovered: her little lap dog, a Skye terrier, who had managed to accompany her into the hall under her long skirts, where her servants had been turned away, had now crept out from beneath her petticoat, and in its distress had stationed itself piteously beneath the severed head and the shoulders of the body. Nor would it be coaxed away, but steadfastly and uncomprehendingly clung to the solitary thing it could find in the hall which still reminded it of its dead mistress. To all others save this poor animal, the sad corpse lying now so still on the floor of the stage, in its red clothes against which the blood stains scarcely showed, with its face now sunken to that of an old woman in the harsh disguise of death, bore little resemblance to her whom they had known only a short while before as Mary Queen of Scots. The spirit had fled the body. The chain was loosed to let the captive go.

At Fotheringhay now it was as if a murder had taken place. The weeping women in the hall were pushed away and locked in their rooms. The castle gates were locked, so that no one could leave and break the news to the outside world. The body was lain unceremoniously in the presence chamber, and even, so Brantome heard

from Mary's distraught women who had peeped through the crack in the door, wrapped in the coarse woollen covering of her own billiard table. The blood-stained block was burnt. Every other particle of clothing or object of devotion which might be associated with the queen of Scots was burnt, scoured or washed, so that not a trace of her blood might remain to create a holy relic to inspire devotion in years to come. The little dog was washed and washed again, although he subsequently refused to eat, and so pined away. The remaining rosary which Jane Kennedy had not managed to rescue and which the queen had worn was burnt. Even the executioners were not allowed to enjoy the benefits of the perquisites for which they had fought, since the custodians confiscated them, and replaced them with money. At about four o'clock in the afternoon the body was further stripped and the organs including the heart were removed and handed to the sheriff, who with the fear of creating relics ever in his mind, had them buried secretly deep within the castle of Fotheringhay. The exact spot was never revealed. The physician from Stamford examined the body before he embalmed it with the help of two surgeons: he found the heart sound, and the health of the body itself, and the other organs apart from a slight quantity of water, not so much impaired as to justify Cecil's prognosis that the queen would have died anyway. The body was then wrapped in a wax winding-sheet and incarcerated in a heavy lead coffin, on Walsingham's explicit orders.

Only Shrewbury's eldest son, Lord Talbot, was allowed to gallop forth from the castle about one o'clock, hard towards London, to break the news of what had taken place that morning to Elizabeth. He reached

the capital next morning at nine. The queen was at Greenwich and had been out riding early; on her return she held a conversation with the king of Portugal. When she was told the news, according to Camden, she received it at first with great indignation, and then with terrible distress: "her countenance changed, her words faltered, and with excessive sorrow she was in a manner astonished, insomuch as she gave herself over to grief, putting herself into mourning weeds and shedding abundance of tears." In the meantime, before grief could overcome her altogether, she turned like an angry snake on the secretary Davison and had him thrown into prison for daring to use the warrant for the execution which she herself had signed. Elizabeth now maintained that she had only signed the warrant "for safety's sake" and had merely given it to Davison to keep, not to use. Her Council were cross-examined as though they were criminals, and Davison impeached before the Star Chamber. Further ostentatious manifestations of her displeasure might have followed, had not Cecil himself felt obliged to remonstrate with Elizabeth. He pointed out that such theatricals even if they salved her own conscience would cut little ice with the outside world, when it was known that Davison had both her Commission and her seal, at his disposal. On the other hand, the papists and the queen's enemies might all too easily be encouraged, if it was suggested that the queen of Scots had been killed unlawfully. In the end Davison, the scapegoat, underwent a token period of imprisonment and had a fine of £10,000 imposed on him; the other members of the Council went free. Unlike its queen, London itself suffered from no such doubts: the bells were rung, fires were lighted in the streets and there was

much merry-making and banqueting to celebrate the death of her whom they had been trained to regard as a public enemy. Some bold spirits even asked the French ambassador to give them some wood for their bonfires and when he indignantly refused, lit an enormous blaze in the street in front of his house.

But at Fotheringhay itself nothing was changed. It was as though the castle, cut off from the rest of the world, had fallen asleep for a thousand years under an enchantment, as a result of the dolorous stroke which had there slain Mary Queen of Scots. The queens servants were permitted to have one Requiem Mass said by de Preau the morning after her death; but otherwise everything went on as before. Her attendants were still kept in prison within the castle, in conditions which were harsher than ever; nor were any of them allowed to return to their native lands of France and Scotland as Mary had so urgently stipulated at the last. Sir Amyas Paulet, made a knight of the Garter in April for his pains, was still in charge of arrangements at Fotheringhay, and continued to complain over the excessive expenses of his prisoners' diet. The queens farewell letters to the Pope remained unposted and undelivered, lingering in the hands

of her household. Spring turned to Summer. The snowdrops which had scattered the green meadows round the River Nene on the day of her death gave place to purple thistles, sometime romantically call Queen Mary's tears. Still the body of the dead queen, embalmed and wrapped in its heavy lead coffin, was given no burial, but remained walled up within the precincts of the castle where she died. - Unquote.

The heavy lead coffin with Mary's body was eventually borne to Peterborough Cathedral. A state funeral was held, almost as if she had died of natural causes. The coffin was placed in a vault within the cathedral walls. Mary's servants were soon released from Fotheringhay. Elizabeth Curle took up residence in Antwerp and Jane Kennedy returned to Scotland.

Upon assuming the throne of England in 1603, Mary's son, James, ordered a monument to Mary be constructed at Westminster Abbey. In 1612 Mary's body was moved to that location, twenty five years following her burial at Peterborough Cathedral. It remains there today beneath a beautiful carving which portrays a reclining Mary, her head resting on a pillow, her hands clasped as if in prayer.

Schedule of Events

August 1988

Middle Tennessee Scottish Festival, Cheekwood Botanical Gardens, Nashville, TN.	6
Monterey Scottish Festival and Games, Monterey, CA	6
43rd Annual Fergus Highland Games, Victoria Park, Fergus, Ontario, Canada	12-14

August 1988 (Cont)

Rocky Mountain Highland Games, Brooks Field, Golden, CO	13-14
Maine Highland Games, Thomas Point Beach, Brunswick, ME	20
Tam O'Shanter Scottish Games, Romuva Park, Brockton, MA	20

August 1988 (Cont)

Blue Ridge Highlands Scottish Festival, Glenvar H.S. Stadium, Roanoke, VA 20

Quechee Scottish Festival Polo Field, Quechee, VT 20

Campbell's Highland Games, Campbell Community Center, Campbell, CA 21

Long Island Scottish Games, Old Westbury Gardens, Old Westbury, L.I., NY 27

September 1988

Caledonian Club of San Francisco Gathering and Games, Sonoma County Fairgrounds, Santa Rosa, CA 2-4

Longs Peak Scottish Highland Festival, Stanley Field, Estes Park, CO 9-11

September 1988 (Cont)

Ligonier Highland Games, Idlewild Park, Ligonier, PA 10

Charleston Scottish Games and Gathering, Middleton Pl. Charleston, SC 17

Williamsburg Scottish Festival, Jamestown Festival Park, Williamsburg, VA 24

Oklahoma Scottish Games, Tulsa, OK 24

San Diego Highland Games, San Diego, CA 24

Alabama Scottish Gathering and Games, Ft. Toulouse, Wetumpka, AL 24

Until next time,

Aye,

Bill

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DUES FOR YEAR _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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

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