

# SIEGE OF THE CASTLE OF ST ANDREWS.\*

A. D. 1546-7.

No person who has ever carefully inspected the deserted, isolated, and quiet old archiepiscopal city of St Andrews,

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\* Lindsay's (of Pitscottie) History; Keith's History; Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation; Collier's History; Knox's

the Canterbury of Scotland, and the ancient see of the Primates of the Scottish Church in Roman and in Protestant times, will soon forget the associations he must have felt, when the numerous ruins of fallen greatness and pious magnificence came under his observations. When we designate St Andrews *deserted* and *isolated*, it is not meant that the old ecclesiastical city is literally left to the bats and sea-gulls, and that no one ever goes near it, but simply that it is very different from what it once was, when it contained its magnificent Cathedral, its splendid Priory, its numerous Monasteries, its Colleges, which it still retains, and the archiepiscopal Castle, the siege of which is the subject of this narrative. St Andrews is in reality one of the most interesting of the Scottish cities, and it is rendered more so in modern times by the remains of its former grandeur, its massive ruins, its antique tenements, and the almost monastic seclusion of its streets. "The country," says Mr Robert Chambers, in his agreeable work the Picture of Scotland, "being quite open behind it, full effect is given everywhere around to the tall slender spires, which rising above it indicate to the most ignorant stranger that it is a place of no ordinary or common-place character. It is easy to see that its castle, its cathedral, its colleges, and religious houses, must have rendered it previous to the Reformation a much more impressive and beautiful town than Edinburgh, and indeed to place it near to some of the best cathedral towns of England. Now, like a rich brooch; from which the prominent glories have been extracted, leaving only the shattered setting behind, it presents to the eye but the carcase of its former self." St Andrews has still its University, but it has "other resources, as the

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Historie of the Reformation; Leslie's De Rebus Gestis Scotorum; Lyon's History of St Andrews; Chambers' Picture of Scotland; Biographia Britannica; Lawson's Roman Catholic Church in Scotland; Buchanan's History of Scotland.

cynosure of a considerable and wealthy tract of country. It is, more than any other town in Fife, a favourite retreat for persons with small fortunes and nothing to do. In another respect it may be considered as a large jointure-house—a vast nunnery, being resorted to by all the dotarial and old maidenly part of the Fife gentry. Thus, it is altogether, to use a vulgar phrase, a highly genteel town. It has a clean, trim, pale, emaciated look; a cloistered seclusion and quiet; an appearance of decorous propriety, by which the mind of a stranger on entering it is absolutely oppressed with a kind of awe, as a rude boy is sobered down on coming into the solemn presence of some awfully austere and clean-lined grand-aunt."

But St Andrews was a very different place at the time of the siege in 1546, and the extraordinary occurrences which distinguish that event are of the most exciting interest. Every reader has heard of Cardinal Beaton, the great Primate of the Scottish Church, and Archbishop of St Andrews when the Reformation commenced, but few seem to know his real character. He is usually represented as an odious, bloodthirsty, and malignant churchman, whose sole delight was in burning, hanging, and persecuting the Protestant preachers, and certainly the Cardinal carried matters in the regular *go-through-with-it* style when he had an opportunity, as in the case of his personal enemy George Wishart, commonly called the Martyr. But the Cardinal was a great man in the proper sense of the term; he was one of the most distinguished men whom Scotland ever produced; his genius was as fertile as his talents were varied and his courage indomitable; and there can be little doubt, humanly speaking, that if he had not been basely murdered, the Reformation would have assumed a very different aspect in Scotland. It is to him and to his castle that the reader's attention is now directed.

A regular conspiracy had been long arranged to cut off

the Cardinal, organized by Henry VIII., to whose schemes and projects with regard to Scotland he was an avowed and most powerful enemy. Connected with this conspiracy were the Earls of Cassillis and Glencairn, Sir George Douglas, Kirkaldy of Grange, the Master of Rothes, Crichton of Brunstone, and others, among whom George Wishart the Martyr is not the least conspicuous. The Cardinal had managed to apprehend his intriguing enemy the Martyr at the mansion of Cockburn of Ormiston in East-Lothian, another of his opponents, whence he conveyed him to St Andrews, and consigned him to the stake in front of his archiepiscopal castle on a charge of heresy. The execution of Wishart accelerated the fate of the Scottish Primate. The noblemen and gentlemen already mentioned had been prevented by various causes from accomplishing their atrocious conspiracy against the Cardinal's life, which was neither more nor less than a cool and premeditated scheme to murder him for a sum of money to be paid by Henry VIII.; but the difficulty of binding the English monarch to a specific promise of reward, and the discernment of the Cardinal, who, although he could not wholly detect the working of some dark purpose against his life, had interrupted and balked the authors of the plot, and defeated all their preconceived schemes. The fate of Wishart, however, their personal friend and associate in the conspiracy, afforded them an excuse for perpetrating what they had long ardently desired. In the language of Mr Tytler—"With the people Beaton formerly had been popular, but they now openly inveighed against his cruelty. John Leslie, brother of the Earl of Rothes, did not hesitate to declare in public that he would have blood for blood, and his nephew Norman Leslie, with Kirkaldy of Grange, had entered into a close correspondence with England. Of all these circumstances Brunstone and his friends were not slow to avail themselves, nor are we to forget that, if

their minds had been already made up on the necessity of ridding themselves of the Cardinal, the desire of avenging the fate of their friend, must have whetted their slumbering purpose to new activity."

The Cardinal, however, was little concerned at the odium which the execution of Wishart had excited against him. Supported by the interest of France, by almost all the Scotch nobility, having all the clergy and their dependants under his control, and still popular among the people, he appears to have felt no disquietude, and to have disregarded the murmurings of those who questioned his authority. And that he considered himself personally in no danger is evident from the fact, that he proceeded a very few weeks after the execution of George Wishart in great pomp to the county of Forfar from St Andrews, and at the castle of Findhaven he married Margaret Beaton, one of his illegitimate daughters, to the eldest son of the Earl of Crawford, who afterwards succeeded his father as the tenth Earl of that ancient family. Nevertheless he increased his influence by procuring bonds of feudal service from some leading persons who were hostile to him, and especially from Norman Leslie, for the estate of Easter Wemyss in Fife.

But while the Cardinal was employed on his daughter's marriage excursion, he was compelled to hasten back to St Andrews, by receiving intelligence that there were active preparations in England for an invasion, and that some English vessels had been seen hovering about the coast. Aware that his castle of St Andrews would be one of the first objects of Henry's attack, he commenced to fortify it in the strongest manner. The rumour of the English invasion, however, was unfounded, or at least premature, and the Cardinal, though he still continued his fortifying operations, which the aspect of the times rendered necessary, appears to have made arrangements for a voyage to

France—a circumstance which Crichton of Brunstone communicated to Lord Wharton, the agent of Henry VIII., hoping that the intended voyage would be *cut short*.

It does not appear what were the proceedings of the Cardinal's enemies south of the Frith of Forth at this particular time, but a private quarrel with Norman Leslie caused an atrocity to be perpetrated which had been years in contemplation. When the Cardinal returned to St Andrews after his daughter's marriage, he convened a number of noblemen and gentlemen connected with Fife to devise measures for the defence of the country in the event of an invasion. He made a tour round the coast, and arranged matters for the erection of defences in the most advantageous situations. Returning to St Andrews, he was attended by Norman Leslie, who had resigned the estate of Easter Wemyss on the promise of an advantageous equivalent from the Cardinal. He demanded the fulfilment of the bargain, and the Cardinal either refused, or gave him what he considered an equivocating answer, which caused some angry words to pass between them. In this disposition they separated, and Norman Leslie immediately went to the lodging of his uncle John Leslie, to whom he narrated the interview and the Primate's conduct. John Leslie needed little to rouse his enmity, and it was resolved by both of them to murder the Cardinal at all hazards. Messengers were promptly sent to Kirkaldy of Grange, Melville of Raith, and others, to hold themselves in readiness for the daring enterprise.

On the 28th of May 1546, Norman Leslie arrived in St Andrews with some followers, but not so many as to excite suspicion in a city where he was well known. The rest assembled during the evening: Kirkaldy had gone thither on the previous day; John Leslie came late at night, lest his appearance should excite alarm. On the following morning the conspirators assembled early in front of the

Cardinal's residence the archiepiscopal castle, and when the porter lowered the drawbridge to admit the workmen employed in strengthening and fortifying the massive structure, Kirkaldy of Grange contrived to enter with six men. He made a pretence of inquiring at the porter, for it was very early in the morning, when the Cardinal usually rose and could be seen, during which Norman Leslie and a small party also gained admission into the court-yard. Norman was well known to be intimately acquainted with the Cardinal, and probably the porter had heard nothing of the personal altercation between them, so that his appearance excited no suspicion; but when the ferocious John Leslie came before the gate with his attendants, the porter, who apprehended some violence, attempted to prevent him from entering by lifting the drawbridge. Leslie, however, leaped over the gap, ran the unfortunate seneschal through with his sword, threw the body into the fosse, and obtained possession of the castle.

All this was done in a very few minutes, and, on account of the early hour of the morning, none of the citizens observed the proceedings of the assassins, who dismissed the workmen by the postern gate, telling them that they had some important business to transact with the Cardinal, and that their presence was not necessary till after breakfast. Having thus obtained possession of the castle in the quietest manner possible, during which time the illustrious and unfortunate victim of the conspirators was fast asleep. Kirkaldy of Grange, who knew intimately all the passages, rooms, and internal localities of the edifice, took his station in the only passage by which escape was practicable, and the others proceeded to the apartments of the domestics, and those of the Cardinal's household, to whom they were well known. Rousing them from their slumbers, every one of them was compelled to dress, and to depart out of the castle, but they were prudent enough to retain one per-

son of importance, the eldest son of the Regent Earl of Arran and Duke of Chatelherault, who afterwards succeeded his father as third Earl of Arran. This nobleman, then a youth, had been entrusted to the care of the Cardinal for his education, but the Primate held him in a kind of *durance* for political purposes, knowing that as long as he was the custodier of the son, he could do what he pleased with the father, who was, moreover, his near relation.

Upwards of a hundred and fifty individuals were ejected from the castle of St Andrews on this eventful morning, including the workmen, and being in complete possession of the fortress before there was even an alarm in the town, the conspirators dropped the portcullis, and carefully secured the gates. The Cardinal was at last roused by the tremendous noise which they made in the edifice, so unlike that of the ordinary masons employed in repairing the fortifications. He rose, and opened the casement of his bedroom to inquire the cause. To his amazement he found the inner court of the castle, the view of which the window commanded, in possession of armed men, and not one of his domestics or workmen present. In answer to his question of who they were, and what their purpose, he was told that Norman Leslie had taken the castle. Alarmed at this intelligence, he ran along the passage or gallery of his bedroom, and descended the stairs to make a personal investigation of this extraordinary outrage, but he found the door at the bottom of the stair carefully secured. He returned to his bedroom, and proceeded to barricade the door, assisted by his page, his only weapon of defence being a sword. He soon heard the sound of heavy footsteps along the gallery, towards his bedroom, and a loud noise was made at the door, demanding admittance. The Cardinal inquired—"Who is there?" "My name is Leslie," was the answer. "Leslie!" exclaimed the Pri-



mate ; “ what Leslie ? Is your name Norman Leslie ? ”—remembering at once his recent altercation with that individual—“ I must have Norman, for he is my friend.” “ Content yourself with those who are here,” was the stern reply, “ for you will get no other.”

John Leslie was now reinforced by several others, and they insisted that the Cardinal should open the door of his apartment, which he very naturally refused to do. While they were attempting to force it, the Primate concealed a box of gold under some coals in a corner of the apartment, and sat down on a chair, exclaiming to those in the passage, “ I am a priest ! I am a priest ! ” Perceiving that they were determined to gain admittance, and that resistance was impossible, he now had too good reason to dread the event, and he asked them if they would save his life. “ It may be that we will,” replied John Leslie. “ Nay,” said the Cardinal, “ swear unto me by God’s holy word, and I will admit you.” The reply to this solemn appeal is not recorded, but John Leslie, who appears to have been in a state of great excitement, loudly vociferated for fire to burn the door, which, from its thickness and strength, resisted all their assaults. Some burning coals were brought, and they were in the act of doing what the Porteous Mob achieved on the door of the old *Heart of Mid-Lothian* little more than two hundred years afterwards, when the Cardinal opened the door, on receiving the strongest and most solemn assurances of personal safety. Being a man of fine aspect and commanding stature, he received them with his peculiar dignity, yet with tremulous anxiety, and inquired what they wanted, and what was the meaning of this extraordinary violation of his residence and privacy at such an early hour. The conspirators stood with fierce aspect before him, in a state of intense excitement, yet awed with the dignity of demeanour exhibited by their intended victim—a man the most distinguished for his rank and abilities,

and one of the most illustrious for his birth and connections in Scotland at that time. They seemed irresolute, but the Cardinal perceived from their ferocious aspect the murderous purpose on which they were bent. He reminded them of his sacred function, that he stood before them unarmed and defenceless, and that he was solely at their mercy. But he was now in the hands of men who cared little for such appeals and considerations. They simultaneously rushed on the Primate, and John Leslie, followed by another assassin named Carmichael, repeatedly struck him. They did not, however, greatly hurt him, till James Melville of Raith, who had been intimately acquainted with George Wishart, deliberately pushed his associates aside, and presenting the point of his sword, he thus addressed the wounded Primate:—"Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but especially the shedding of the blood of that notable instrument of God, Mr George Wishart, who, although the flame of fire consumed before men, yet cries for vengeance upon thee, and we are sent by God to avenge him. Remember that it is neither the hatred of thy person nor the fear of thy power which moveth me to strike thee, but it is because thou hast been an obstinate enemy of Christ and the holy gospel." The assassin then thrust his sword through the Cardinal several times, and the unfortunate prelate sunk into his chair and expired.

By the time this most atrocious and barbarous murder had been perpetrated, the alarm was given in the town, the bells were rung, and the citizens, by whom the Cardinal was greatly beloved, notwithstanding all his proceedings, came in crowds with the Provost at their head, and surrounded the wall of the castle. They clamorously exclaimed—"What have you done with my Lord Cardinal? Have you slain my Lord Cardinal? A bloody day this will be for you, ye murderous villains." They were advised by the conspirators from the battlements that it

would be well to return to their houses and be quiet, for the man whom they called the Lord Cardinal had received his reward, and would trouble them no more. This reply only exasperated them the more, and they threatened a general attack on the castle, to rescue the Primate, when they were addressed by Norman Leslie as unreasonable fools, who demanded an audience with a dead man. Dragging the bleeding body of the murdered Cardinal to the battlements, they suspended it by a sheet over the wall in the most indecent manner, exclaiming—"There is your idol; and now that you are satisfied get home to your houses." With this command they complied in horror and amazement.

It is to be observed that this infamous deed was perpetrated very early in the morning, and was the work of only a few individuals, the whole not amounting to twenty men. Of these, John and Norman Leslie, Kirkaldy, Melville, and Carmichael, were the chief leaders. John Leslie was an avowed enemy of the Cardinal. Norman had a personal and private quarrel with him, and he was moreover an old conspirator against him, an associate of the Earls of Glencairn and Cassillis, Crichton of Brunstone, Wishart, and others, and he was in the pay of the English monarch. Carmichael had disputed with the Cardinal about some property, and hated him bitterly. Kirkaldy of Grange was drawn into the conspiracy by being deprived of a lucrative situation at the court in the reign of James V. by the influence of the Primate. Melville had been long his inveterate enemy, and he appears to have been the only one of them who made the execution of Wishart an excuse for his conduct. It is thus evident that this murder originated from private resentment, although it had been several years organized, and often frustrated. The other individuals were merely the dependants or servants of the assassins, who would have acted in a similar manner

towards any person with whom their masters were at variance.

The resentment of the Cardinal's murderers was extended to his dead body. Knox thus describes the treatment it received, having previously justified the deed as a *godly fact*, and declared that he was slain *by the hand of God*. "As his funeral could not be suddenly prepared, it was thought best, to keep him from spoiling, to give him salt enough, a cope of lead, and a corner in the Sea Tower, a place where many of God's children had been imprisoned before, to wait what obsequies his brethren the bishops would prepare for him." It appears from the manuscript account of the Archbishops and Bishops of St Andrews, by Sir James Balfour, written about the year 1600, that the Cardinal was privately interred nine months after the murder in the convent of the Black Friars in St Andrews, a part of the chapel of which—a most venerable and interesting ruin—still remains in the South Street, in front of the Madras College, but the particular spot, on account of the subsequent demolition of that and other similar establishments in Scotland, has been forgotten.

The assassins now cooped themselves up in the castle of St Andrews, in defiance of the Regent and the government, carefully detaining his eldest son as an important hostage, and they held out the place for months, though in modern times it could not have been defended one hour. John Knox thought proper to testify his sanction of the murder by joining the assassins, and acting as their chaplain. With secret exultation, though he professed the utmost grief, the Regent Arran heard of the murder of the Cardinal, who was his great political opponent, and nothing was wanting to complete his satisfaction but the delivery of his son. On the 10th of June, thirteen days after the assassination of the Primate, the conspirators were cited to appear before the Parliament on the 30th of July,

and to the summons was annexed the great seal of Scotland by the Earl of Huntly, who had succeeded the Cardinal in the high office of Chancellor. On the 11th of June an order was issued forbidding all communication with the castle of St Andrews, under the penalty of death and forfeiture of goods. The conduct of the government was in this instance exceedingly impolitic, for during the interval from the 10th of June to the 30th of July, notwithstanding the prohibition of any correspondence with them, the conspirators were allowed ample time to increase their strength, aided as they undoubtedly were by Henry VIII.

When the Parliament met on the 30th of July, the two Leslies, and some others in the castle, offered to make a full discovery of all the circumstances connected with the murder of the Cardinal, and to deliver up the Regent's son, on the condition that they should receive a pardon under the great seal. Arran, who seems to have been guided by Sir David Lindsay's principle, that the Cardinal was a man *he well could want*, would have cheerfully acceded to this demand, and he would in all probability have carried the Parliament with him, but Archbishop Dunbar of Glasgow entered his solemn protest, and insisted that as the assassins had been excommunicated by the Church, no terms could be entered into with them until they received absolution from Rome. The Archbishop carried his point, and the conspirators took the alarm. They abandoned all thoughts of surrender, and resumed their former courage. They even resolved, if the Regent acceded to their proposals, to find some pretext for breaking off.

On the 14th of August the Parliament again assembled, and the affair was taken into serious consideration. The conspirators and their followers, amounting only to one hundred and fifty individuals, still kept obstinate possession of the castle, and they appear to have laid the town of St Andrews and the adjacent country under a kind of *black-*

*mail* tribute for existence. It was evident that the fortress could not be taken without a siege, and orders were issued to commence it without delay. The assassins were declared traitors, and their property was confiscated. To destroy all their expectations respecting the detention of the Regent's eldest son, the Parliament set aside his right of succession as long as he remained a prisoner, and substituted the other children according to their seniority. This was a strange and unheard-of procedure, and the Parliament seems to have gone on the *much-ado-about-nothing* principle, as if a hundred and fifty individuals were able to keep the Government at bay in the castle of St Andrews. On the 21st of August, writs were issued ordaining all persons capable of bearing arms to assemble at St Andrews on the 29th of the same month to commence the siege of the castle.

The Regent was stimulated to these active proceedings by his illegitimate brother, John Hamilton, the Archbishop elect of St Andrews—a prelate whose fate was equally as melancholy as that of Cardinal Beaton. On the 29th of August 1546, Arran appeared before the archiepiscopal fortalice with a considerable force, and two large pieces of artillery which appear to have been celebrated in those times, and which were known by the soubriquets of *Crook-mow* and *Deaf Meg*. The inmates of the castle refused to surrender, and Arran commenced the siege. Although the place was well fortified, and had the advantage of an open communication by sea, it could not in modern times have been held out against a proper force one hour, but the Regent lay before it till the end of December, and he was actually compelled to retire. A reason, however, which is assigned by Lindsay of Pitscottie, may have probably influenced him as much in raising the siege as his conscious inability to take the castle. “After three months siege the *pest* arising in the town, he was constrained to leave his purpose without

effect." It is also to be recollected that the eldest son of the Regent was detained in the castle by the conspirators, whose threats of vengeance against the youth, if his father proceeded to extremities, would naturally operate on his mind. Men who had perpetrated such a crime as the murder of the Cardinal were not likely to be over-scrupulous when reduced to despair.

Before Arran retired, he consented on the 17th of December to treat with the besieged, to which they were not averse. They began to feel considerable inconvenience from the difficulty of securing the supplies sent by Henry VIII. from England, and they were also heartily tired of being shut up so long in the castle. They were also uneasy at the probable result of the matter, and the certain death which awaited them if they fell by treachery or force into the Regent's hands. An armistice was concluded, the principal conditions of which were, that Arran should use his influence to procure absolution from the Pope—that hostilities should cease till the decision of the Pope was known—and that the besieged should give hostages to deliver up the castle as soon as the absolution arrived from Rome. Although neither party was sincere in this armistice, and both were only anxious to gain time, these conditions, sufficiently humiliating to the Regent, were accepted, and he dismissed his army, leaving the besieged in full possession of the castle, and his son still in their custody. He proceeded to Edinburgh, to be present at a convention of the Estates, which he had summoned to meet in February 1546–7.

The besieged still kept their treaty with Henry VIII., while the Regent, by the advice of the Queen Dowager, had applied to France for assistance, and expected soon to have them altogether in his power. In the meantime, glad of their release from *durance vile* in the castle, the conspirators now openly associated with the citizens of

St Andrews, and made excursions into the neighbouring parts of the country. This fact is one of the many proofs of the wretched state of the Government at the time. Here was a body of men, whose leaders had not eight months before committed one of the most atrocious murders on record, not on public grounds, but stimulated by private malice and resentment, and all of whom were in open rebellion against the constituted authorities, yet permitted to go at large as if they had been guilty of no crime at all. The release from the castle also induced them to commit the most scandalous excesses, and to exhibit the conduct of libertines and desperadoes, while at the same time they pretended to be the champions of the Reformation. Their shameful conduct is admitted by all writers. "Hereby," says old Pitscottie, "those that were in the castle became exceedingly insolent, and oppressed all the country about, with spoiling of goods and ravishing of women, notwithstanding the manifold admonitions of sundry godly men who were with them, and foretold them of that which came to pass thereafter." Knox bitterly laments their profligacy, and attributes to it the calamities which afterwards befell them. Buchanan declares—"Those who kept the castle, now freed from the dread of the enemy, not only wasted the neighbouring places, by frequent excursions, but, as if they had acquired a right by conquest, they indulged in every species of licentiousness which idleness and abundance produce. The exhortations of John Knox could not restrain their iniquity, though he often admonished them that God would not be mocked, but would soon inflict severe punishment upon them by those whom they least feared, on account of their profanation of his laws."

While the assassins of the Cardinal Archbishop, who were all great supporters of the Reformation, were indulging without restraint in this shameful conduct, and making themselves odious in St Andrews and the neighbourhood



by their indecent profanities, in defiance of the solemn remonstrances of the Reformed preachers, Knox and another named John Rough, a zealous promoter of the Protestant doctrines, who afterwards fell into the hands of Bishop Bonner of London, and expired at the stake, resolved to gird up their loins, and do battle against the Roman Catholic Church, still the recognised establishment of the kingdom. They sounded the trumpet of assault and controversy in the city of St Andrews, which in their opinion had been long the *capital of the kingdom of darkness* in Scotland. If the castle had been in the hands of the clergy, they would have soon silenced those two troublesome opponents, but as it was, argument was all that they could at the time employ, and John Annan, dean of the archdiocese, entered the lists against them on several publications, but he was as unfortunate in his defence of the Papal hierarchy as the Regent and his soldiers had been in their operations against the castle. Whatever arguments the doctors and ecclesiastical controversialists could bring forward in defence of their system were, if not refuted, at least completely overwhelmed by the boisterous zeal and reckless language of the two Reformers, who spared no epithet of abuse, ridicule, and invective against the Church of Rome; but their victory must have been easily obtained, if their opponents could adduce no better authorities in their own behalf than that brought forward by one of them named Arbuckle, in whose opinion the punishment of purgatory was a *bad wife*—as severe a punishment in its way as any unfortunate wight so situated can encounter, and whose authority for this novel view of the matter was the Sixth Book of Virgil's *Æneid*. The city of St Andrews was now in as great a theological ferment as it had formerly been in a military one; common politeness was altogether out of the question, and the *odium theologicum* was maintained in the most approved *drum ecclesiastic*

style. If Knox and Rough were delivered over to the devil as heretics and blasphemers by the St Andrews doctors, they returned the compliment, and included the Pope, Cardinals, Monks, and the whole fraternity, or, as it is expressed in a ballad of the time, in which *the Paip, that pagane full of pryde*, is most unmercifully *shown up*, and figures in no enviable manner—

His cardinals have cause to mourne,  
His bishops are borne a backe ;  
His abbots gat an uncouth turne,  
When shavellings went to sacke ;  
With bürgess wives they led their lives,  
And fare better than we.

Hay trix, trim goe trix, under the green-wood tree.

His Carmelites and Jacobins,  
His Dominicks had great adoe,  
His Cordeliers and Augustines,  
Sanct Francis of Ordour too :  
The silly friers, mony yeeris,  
With babbling bleerit our e'e.

Hay trix, trim goe trix, under the green-wood tree.

While this theological warfare, which told sadly in the result against the papal authority, was carried on with extraordinary acrimony, the absolution arrived from Rome, and the insurgents were required by the Regent Arran to surrender the castle, and release his eldest son, according to their agreement. This they now refused to do, and they all collected within the castle. They discovered that the absolution contained an expression which at once excited their fears, and furnished them with a pretext, which they very probably wanted, to break off the negotiation. The Pope inserted in the document, *remittimus crimen irremissibile*, namely, that he remitted a crime which at the same time could not be pardoned. The garrison were too *knowing* to be deceived by this specimen of papal logic and

clemency. It very naturally appeared to them that, if the crime they had committed was unpardonable, the remission set forth in the absolution was altogether a farce, and would be cancelled without any scruple. They were told that this clause was inserted to express the heinous nature of their crime, and they were solemnly assured that the document was sufficiently valid. But this assurance would not satisfy them. They complained that the promise made to them had not been kept, and, like Sempronius, their "voice was still for war." They refused to listen to any farther negotiation, and prepared to act determinedly on the defensive, doubtless expecting assistance from Henry VIII.

But whatever expectations they cherished in that quarter were soon exploded by the death of the English monarch in January 1547. The assistance which the Regent Arran had long expected from France at last arrived, and before the end of June a French fleet, consisting of sixteen galleys, sailed into the bay of St Andrews, to the great horror of the insurgent garrison, under the command of *Leon*, or, as some call him, Peter Strozzi, Knight of Malta, Prior of Capua, and Captain-General of the galleys of France, who acted in the twofold character of warrior and priest. The Regent had proceeded on an expedition to the Borders, to drive the English from the castle of Langhope, but when he heard of the appearance of the French, he hastened to St Andrews at the head of a considerable force to co-operate with the Prior of Capua, whose orders from the French King were to storm the castle, and bring the garrison to him as prisoners. The siege was now commenced with great vigour; pieces of artillery were mounted upon the old steeple of St Salvador's College, and upon the walls of the abbey church, and peppered the garrison so hotly, that they dared not make their appearance even on the walls. The Prior of Capua told Arran that he was a most inexperienced warrior for not having taken possession of the

steeples during the former siege, and he wondered that the garrison had not thought of demolishing them. The besiegers were repeatedly summoned to surrender, but they answered that they would defend the castle against Scotland, Ireland, and France. They were told that they had now to do with men of war, and advised to take care of themselves, which they soon found to their cost, as not one of them could appear any where without the risk of his life. On the 30th of July a breach was made in the walls, and the besieged were at length compelled to surrender to Strozzi, only stipulating for self-preservation. They were sent to the galleys in France, John Knox sharing the same fate, but they were not long detained prisoners, as Knox soon afterwards made his escape, and the others were set at liberty.

The old archiepiscopal castle was ordered to be completely demolished on various accounts, one alleged reason being that in it the blood of a cardinal had been shed, and the order was literally obeyed. The castle of the great Cardinal was levelled with the ground, and probably all that now remains of it are some old ruins, if these indeed are parts of it, which overhang the Bay. The present ruined castle has no more to do with Cardinal Beaton's castle than it has with the Tower of London or the Pyramids of Egypt, except that probably some of the materials were used in its erection, for it was built by Archbishop Hamilton, the Cardinal's successor, some years afterwards, and his arms and initials may be traced under one of the southern windows, while his device is distinctly seen on the stones above the gateway. It is a structure more in the style of a manor house suitable to the times than of a castle. Yet, although scarcely a fragment remains of the old edifice, which answered the threefold purpose of an episcopal palace, a fortress, and a prison, in which James III. was born, and the Cardinal Archbishop was basely

murdered, it is surprising that, with a persevering obstinacy, or with an invincible credulity, the keeper of the present ruin has the impudence to assure strangers, what doubtless many of the inhabitants very foolishly believe, that the dilapidated structure of which he is the custodier is the identical castle of the Cardinal. Not only so, but a small window, which could hardly allow one portly individual to look out, is gravely declared to be the one at which the Cardinal reclined in lordly state on cushions attended by his friends to witness the execution of his intriguing enemy George Wishart. Besides the impossibility of this absurd statement being true, even if the present structure was the remains of the Cardinal's castle, there is every reason to conclude that the charge of witnessing the Martyr's execution is a piece of scandalous and false trumpery nonsense, invented by foolish and fanatical gossips years after his murder, to render his memory odious among the *profanum vulgus*. It is astonishing what a vast deal of nonsense is told and believed in St Andrews, and imposed upon strangers as facts, in a city, too, which really contains so much of interesting and true historical traditions. One would almost conjecture, as the inhabitants have little else to do, and many of them vegetate and doze away their lives in sheer idleness, that they have set their wits to work, and invented a string of fictions connected with their ruined edifices as ridiculous as Friar Arbuckle's notion that the doctrine of purgatory, the punishment of which he compared to the infliction of a bad wife, was set forth in the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*.

It is remarkable that scarcely any one of the Cardinal's murderers escaped a violent death, a circumstance which made a great impression on the people. One or two of them actually fell by the hands of the common executioner. As it respects Norman Leslie, we are told that he entered into the service of the King of France, and gained great

reputation in a battle near Cambray in 1554, between that monarch and the Emperor of Germany. He rode up a hill-attended by thirty Scotsmen, having above his coat of black velvet his armour, and sleeves of mail, with two broad white crosses, the one on his breast, and the other on his back. He charged sixty of the enemy's horsemen, though armed with culverins, with only seven of his own followers, and struck five of them from their horses with his spear before it broke, then drew his sword, and rushed in among them regardless of their continual fire. He slew several of them, and seeing a company of spearmen coming against him he rode up to the Constable of France, when his horse fell dead of its wounds, and as he was himself shot in several parts of his body, he was carried to the King's own tent, and died in fifteen days afterwards. Such was the end of the fierce Norman Leslie, Master of Rothes, the principal murderer of Cardinal Beaton, one of the greatest men of his time, although one of the most unscrupulous, whose end, like that of his assassins, was truly tragical, and as Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, his enemy, confesses—

But of a truth, the sooth to say  
The deed was foully done.

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