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The Taymouth Castle Manuscript  
of  
Sir Gilbert Hay's  
"Buik of King Alexander the Conquerour".

By

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R. Gaertners Verlagsbuchhandlung  
Hermann Heyfelder.

*"Thair is na man withe out sum full may eret.  
Se vorthee rederis, rycht huirtilis I zow pray,  
Quhen ze it reid, ze help it that ze may,  
Syllabis or vordis heir suppois that I  
Throw negligece I haue latten pas by."*

About the year 1580, the Edinburgh printer Alexander Arbuthnot<sup>1)</sup> published a small quarto, the original title of which seems to have been "*The Avowis of Alexander*"<sup>2)</sup>. The only copy of it known to exist is in the possession of the Earl of Dalhousie. It has lost the sheet containing the title-page, as well as another sheet in the middle of the volume. A short sketch of its contents drawn up by Sir Walter Scott appeared in Henry Weber's collection of "*Metrical Romances*", Edinburgh, 1810, vol. i. pp. lxxiii—lxxxvii. In the year 1831, David Laing reprinted the only copy of Arbuthnot's book for the Bannatyne Club, under the title of "*The Buik of the most noble and valyeand Conquerour Alexander the Great*". But his edition, limited to about 100 copies, was not issued to the Members till 1834, and then appeared without any preface, notes, or glossary. A short Preface came out separately much later (1867), in Laing's "*Adversaria*", pp. 1—10. — In the concluding lines of the book printed by Arbuthnot, the author, whose name has not been handed down, speaks of having translated his Romance from the French, and of having, after seven years' hard work, completed it in 1438. The whole volume is divided into three parts entitled "*The Forray of Gadderis*", "*The Avowes of Alexander*", "*The great Battel of Effesoun*", which contain the metrical translation of two episodes connected with the Old French Romance of Alexander the Great, viz. "*Le Fierre de Gadres*", "*Les Vœux du Poen*". The French original of Part i., "*Le Fierre de Gadres*", is to be found in Michelant's edition of "*Li Romans d'Alixandre*", Stuttgart, 1846, pp. 93—190, though not exactly in the same shape as it lay before the Scottish translator. Besides a good many deviations, abridgments, and enlargements, both texts show a very marked difference with regard to the order of the several tirades. For further information concerning this point, I beg leave to refer the reader to my Dissertation on Arbuthnot's book ("*Untersuchungen über das schottische Alexanderbuch*", Halle a. S., 1893, pp. 10—17). I only wish to add here that the Old French MSS. Bodl. 264 and Bodl. Hatton 67 at Oxford do not come much nearer to the Scottish "*Forray of Gadderis*", although they do not differ quite so widely from it in the arrangement

<sup>1)</sup> Alexander Arbuthnot, the printer, must not be confounded, as has been occasionally done, with his contemporary, the poet Alexander Arbuthnot. — See the "*Dictionary of National Biography*", vol. ii. pp. 59—60.

<sup>2)</sup> See David Laing, "*Adversaria*", Edinburgh, 1867, p. 1.





of the various tirades. Amongst the Old French MSS. of "*Les Vœux du Paon*" preserved in the British Museum (Additional MSS. 16 956, 30 864, 16 888; MS. Harley 3992) and in the Bodleian Library (MS. Bodl. 264), the Additional MS. 16 956, from which I had an opportunity of taking a copy, seems to me, notwithstanding its somewhat different conclusion, to bear the closest resemblance to Parts ii. and iii. of the Scottish translation.

In the course of my studies preparatory to an edition of Arbuthnot's book which I have in contemplation, my attention was drawn to a hitherto unpublished MS. in the possession of the Marquess of Breadalbane, at Taymouth Castle, which contains Sir Gilbert Hay's translation of an Old French Romance on Alexander the Great<sup>1</sup>). David Laing, the first, so far as I am aware, that has mentioned this MS., says in his edition of Dunbar's Poems, 1834, vol. i. pp. 42—43, that Hay's work, a translation extending to upwards of 20 000 lines, was probably completed about the year 1460, and that the MS. in which it has come down to us, evidently appears to have been transcribed sometime before 1579, from a copy of "this noble buik" written in 1499, which was probably also imperfect. He expressly adds that Hay's translation is not to be confounded with the Bannatyne Club reprint of Arbuthnot's volume.

Nevertheless such a mistake has been repeatedly made, presumably because the two works have nearly the same title. Beriah Botfield, p. xxix., says of the Taymouth MS.: "A fortunate discovery of an old MS. volume at Taymouth Castle and the liberality of the noble Proprietor in communicating it, brought to light another and more important undertaking which Sir Gilbert Hay had accomplished by rendering the metrical romance of Alexander the Great into Scottish verse, at the request of Thomas, first Lord Erskine (properly second Earl of Mar, of the name of Erskine), who succeeded his father in 1453, and died in 1494. The work extends to upwards of 20 000 lines; but the imperfect state of the MS., which exhibits an evidently inaccurate copy of the translation, added to its great extent, may possibly keep it from ever being printed entire. But some obscure lines introduced by one of the transcribers, at the close of the volume, contain the information already alluded to, of its having been translated at the request of the Lord Erskine, by Sir Gilbert Hay, and of his having spent 24 years in the service of the king of France." — In a foot-note on this passage, Botfield refers as follows to the Bannatyne Club publication of 1831: "Extracts from the Buik of King Alexander the Conquerour, a MS. in the Library of Taymouth Castle, 1831. 4°. Privately printed by the Secretary of the Bannatyne Club." — He then goes on to say: "How long Sir Gilbert Hay may have survived, can only be conjectured. The Taymouth MS. is transcribed from another copy which had apparently been written in the year 1493, and the mode in which the translator is alluded to, indicates that he had been dead for several years. This serves to corroborate the mention of

<sup>1</sup>) With respect to Hay's Life and Works, I refer to Mackenzie, *Lives and Characters of the most Eminent Writers of the Scots Nation*, vol. iii. — David Laing, *The Poems of William Dunbar*, Edinburgh, 1834, vol. i. pp. 42—43. — Beriah Botfield, Sir Gilbert Hay's "*Buke of the Order of Knighthood*", edited in 1847 for the Abbotsford Club, where some extracts are also given from Hay's other prose-translations, viz. "*The Buke of Battels*" and "*The Buke of the Governauce of Princes*". — A. J. G. Mackay, *The Poems of Dunbar*, Part iii., Appendix, pp. cccxxv.—cccxxvi., published in 1888—9 for the Scottish Text Society. — Thomas Bayne in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, 1891, vol. xxv. pp. 264—265. — An edition of Hay's "*Buke of Battels*" by J. H. Stevenson is in preparation for the Scottish Text Society.

his name among the deceased Scottish Poets who are celebrated by Dunbar in his Lament for the Deth of the Makaris. Cf. Dunbar's Poems, ed. by D. Laing, vol. i. pp. 42, 214. Edinb., 1834. 8°."

But, strange to say, in this very passage referred to by Botfield, Laing expressly warns us against what Botfield asserts in such an apodictic form, viz. the identifying of Hay's work with the Bannatyne Club Publication. Astonishing as this apparent contradiction may seem, it becomes all the more puzzling when we see that Botfield's edition of Hay's *Buke of the Order of Knighthood* is generally said to be the work of David Laing, so, e. g., in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xxv. p. 264 and vol. xxxi. p. 402, and in Lowndes, *The Bibliographer's Manual*, vol. vi. p. 38, where we find, as No. 27 of the Abbotsford Club books: "The *Buke of the Order of Knighthood*, translated from the French by Sir Gilbert Hay, from a MS. in the Abbotsford Library. Edited by David Laing, Edinb., 1847. Presented by Beriah Botfield Esq." — Granting these statements to be correct, still the fact remains that the Introduction bearing Botfield's name must certainly be his own. Even then it must strike us as equally astonishing that Botfield should not have looked more closely at the passage to which he refers, and that Laing should have overlooked such a mistake in the Preface to the work edited by himself.

However this may be, it is no doubt owing to Botfield's mistake that Dr. Mackay, in his excellent Commentary on Dunbar's Poems, repeats the same error when saying: "It — scil. Hay's translation of a French metrical romance on Alexander the Great — has been reprinted by the Bannatyne Club, 1831, from a MS. of Lord Breadalbane at Taymouth", and that Bayne, l. c., expresses himself in a similar sense: "The work is only extant in a MS. at Taymouth Castle, which seems to have been written in 1493, after the translator's death. It has never been printed in full, but copious extracts were printed for the Bannatyne Club in 1834." — In contradiction to these assertions, David Laing, in his "*Adversaria*", had again declared the Bannatyne Club edition to be based on Arbuthnot's book. In the same passage, we learn that it had been his original intention to edit the Taymouth MS. also, but that he had subsequently allowed this plan to fall asleep, "partly on account of the extent of the work, extending to about 40 000 lines" (p. 2).

I must not omit here to observe that from C. Innes's introduction to "*The Black Book of Taymouth*", Edinburgh, 1855, it would appear that there are two copies of Sir Gilbert Hay's metrical translation at Taymouth, whereas Laing, in his "*Adversaria*", mentions one only. Professor Innes, speaking of Sir Duncan Campbell's fondness for collecting books, says in the Introduction, p. vi.: "One of his favourites, in which he evidently much delighted, was '*The Buik of King Alexander the Conqueroure*', a ponderous romance in MS. This, which has never been printed, is a translation of the great French Roman d'Alexandre, executed by Sir Gilbert Hay, c. 1460, and extends to about 20 000 lines. Two copies are at Taymouth; both apparently transcribed for Sir Duncan, who has written his name repeatedly in one of them, with the dates 1579, 1581, 1582. The other copy contains at the end Duncan Laideus's testament, which will be mentioned hereafter."

In the face of all these contradictory statements concerning the Taymouth MS., it was most important that I should consult the MS. itself, and thus get a clear idea of what it is like, and how it stands in relation to Arbuthnot's volume. Thanks to the kind intervention of the Scottish Text Society, and especially through the friendly efforts of their Secretary, the Rev.



Dr. Gregor, who, on the 4th of February, 1897, was, to the regret of all who knew him, removed by death from amidst his numerous literary works and plans, the noble owner of the MS., the Marquess of Breadalbane, consented in the most courteous and obliging manner to have the MS. sent to the University Library of Edinburgh for my inspection. Adverse circumstances, such as the Marquess of Breadalbane's temporary absence from Taymouth Castle, having unfortunately delayed the sending of the MS. for about a month, it did not come into my hands till three weeks before the expiration of my leave of absence (September 1896). Short as was the time which I had at my disposal, it sufficed for me to draw up a short summary of the Scottish text, and, moreover, copy out some extracts by way of specimens illustrative of Hay's language.

Before entering into the details of my analysis of the Taymouth MS., I may perhaps be allowed to make the following remarks. In opposition to C. Innes's assertion already alluded to, Mr. Webster of the Edinburgh University Library, who, at my request, had been so kind as to ask the Marquess of Breadalbane about the second copy, was told that there exists no other copy of Hay's metrical translation at Taymouth. The MS. which had been so courteously placed at my disposal, proved to be the one mentioned by C. Innes in the second place. The text given in it contains about 20 000 lines. The number 40 000 in Laing's "Adversaria" is plainly due to a misprint, the author having the right number in his annotation on Dunbar, l. c. — That Laing is perfectly right in denying any identity between the Taymouth MS. and Arbuthnot's book, is at first sight obvious from mere external evidence, the metre being entirely different in the two texts. Whereas Hay's translation is written in the rhymed couplet of verses of five accents, Arbuthnot's version is composed in the four-beat couplet. With regard to the contents of the two texts, there is another great difference — Hay's work gives the whole of the fabulous History of Alexander the Great, from his birth to his death. The two episodes of "The Forray of Gadderis" and "The Avowis", which make up the subject-matter of the 14 000 verses contained in Arbuthnot's quarto, are likewise to be found in the MS., namely in folios 42b—50a and 90a—110a respectively, but in a materially altered and considerably abridged form, being condensed into ca. 2500 verses<sup>1</sup>). As regards the language, one point of difference may be worthy of special note, namely that the author of Arbuthnot's impression carefully avoids rhyming such a word as *ey* (O.E. *éage*), or *he* (O.E. *héah*), or *dey* (Icel. *deyja*), where the *e* was originally pronounced with a final guttural, with such words as *be* (O.E. *béon*), *he* (O.E. *hé*), *veritie*, and the like, in which there is a pure *e*, without any after-sound<sup>2</sup>). But in Hay's translation, such distinctions are all but entirely lost.

As to the question at what time the Taymouth MS. was written, we are told in its concluding paragraph, which will be quoted at the end of this dissertation, that it was completed on Aug. 21, 1499 (not 1493, as Bayne and Botfield have it). Judging, however, from the apparently more modern handwriting, there is every reason to suppose with David Laing that the Taymouth MS., along with the concluding paragraph just referred to, was transcribed much later, in my opinion not before the middle of the 16th century, from a MS. written in 1499. Laing's

<sup>1</sup>) To render a comparison between the two Scottish versions of "The Forray of Gadderis" and "The Avowis of Alexander" possible, I intend elsewhere to publish *in extenso* fol. 42b—50b and 90a—110a of the Taymouth MS., since the limited space of the present dissertation does not admit of their here being given in full.

<sup>2</sup>) See P. Buss, *Anglia* ix. 493.

supposition that this MS. of 1499, which the scribe of the Taymouth MS. had before him, was also imperfect, seems to be owing to, or is at least borne out by, the fact that in the place of the missing introductory chapters of the Taymouth MS., there are a good many pages left blank. In the same way, in fol. 223b—224a, there is a blank space indicating a gap of about 80 lines. Here, too, it appears, the transcriber was left in the lurch by his original.

The Taymouth MS., a ponderous, small folio, shows, on its first leaf, the entry: "*Ex libris domini duncani Campbell de Glenelghay, miles etc. finis Amen*"; and a little farther below: "*Be me, John*". Then come thirty-six blank leaves, which are followed by 229 written leaves containing Sir Gilbert Hay's translation of the Old French Romance of Alexander. The introductory part as well as the beginning of the story is wanting, so that the text commences in the very middle of a period. These 229 rather densely written leaves (having, on an average, 45 lines to a page) form perhaps only one third part of the volume, being followed by about twice as many blank leaves. The end of the manuscript volume is taken up by an anonymous poem of 63 seven-line stanzas (ababcc) containing, in a different hand from Hay's work, "*Duncane Laider alias Makgregor's Testament*", with an Appendix of 16 lines, entitled: "*Off the M'Gregouris Armes*". This interesting Testament has been discussed and printed by C. Innes in the "Black Book of Taymouth Castle", pp. xi.—xv. and 147—173.

The beginning of Hay's translation, which has not been preserved, most probably contained the introductory remarks on the part of the translator, and then went on to describe the flight of Anectabanus, King of Egypt, to the Macedonian court, and his intercourse with Olympias during her husband's absence. The first of the written pages<sup>3</sup>) treats of King Philip's victory and triumphant return. It begins as follows:

(Fol. 1a)

That monny hardie knycht of gret renoune  
Into the feild var slaine and strikin downne.  
The facht vas ferce and fell, the stour vas gret;  
Thay var sa vext vithe pulder and vithe hett,  
And as thay stuid almaist confusit thus,  
Sa come fleand ane dragone meruelus  
And strak opon the prince of Armene  
Qubilk slew sik multitude of his menze.  
He schaw as gold, his fethram vas sa fair,  
And euir he flaw abone thame in the air,  
And on thair battell strak on euerie syde,  
That thair vas nane his dintis durst abyde.  
The king of this in hart vas vounder proude,  
Auant his baner and cryit his senze loude,

And euir the dragon derflie could tham deir,  
It vas na meid to fecht vithe sword and speir.  
Scho schot sic fluchtis of fyre bairthe ferce  
and fell,  
Lyk as ane feynd had fleand cum fra hell,  
That thair vas newir man couthe mak debait,  
Bot faist thay fled ilkane a sindre gat.  
King philip saw and follouit on the chase,  
And this his countrie hail he conquest hes.  
Quhen he had put his land in gouernance  
And maid his officiaris and his ordinance,  
He passit hame againe in his cuntrie  
And left that neidfull vas of his menze,  
And quhen he till his paleice cuming vas,  
He mett his spous, the quein Olimper.

<sup>3</sup>) In numbering the leaves, I shall not take into account those left blank.





Scho kissit him, said: "Welcome mot 3e be". Bot newertheles I ken richt veil the cace".  
 And he beheld so gret vithe child vas scho. Vithe that begane to gret olimpeas.  
 "Olimpeas", he said, "quhat may this meine? "Lat be", he said, "thow sall be vyte no thing;  
 I veind ane richt guid voman 3e had beine. The goddis ar mair maister than the king."

Then follows (fol. 1b): "*Of the visionne that come to king philip*". — At a festival proclaimed by the king, Nectabanus appears in the form of a dragon and kisses the queen. Philip believes him to be a messenger sent by the god Ammon. In the following night (fol. 2a), the king dreams of a miraculous egg, which Aristotle explains to portend the supernatural birth and premature death of a future conqueror.

(fol. 2b) Now man ve spak of quene olimpeas,  
 Quhilk till hir tyme rycht neir approchand vas.

Numerous prodigies accompany the birth of Alexander, whom Philip declares to be his own son. His outward appearance, his mental abilities, and physical strength, his education by Nectabanus and Aristotle are described (fol. 4a). During a lesson of astrology, Alexander throws the sorcerer over the parapet of a platform. Nectabanus dies, after having revealed to his pupil the secret of his birth, which Olympias does not hesitate to confirm. But she advises her son to suffer Philip to continue in the belief of Alexander's being the son of the god Ammon. At the age of twelve, Alexander learns the use of arms. He tames a wild horse, named Busefall. Calling to mind an oracle relating to this horse, Philip now sees that Alexander is destined to be his heir and successor. He sends him on a warlike expedition against the rebellious King Nicolas of Persia and Media. The young prince meets his insolent opponent, and after having appointed a day and place for fighting, they part in anger. While they are preparing for a decisive battle, Samson, son to King Omar, arrives at the Macedonian camp (fol. 12b). Having been imprisoned by his uncle Dare for seven long years, he has at length made his escape. He at once distinguishes Alexander from amongst the courtiers by whom he is surrounded. The king receives him with great honour, and sends him to Nicolas as the bearer of a summons to submit. The latter attempts by stratagem to draw the messenger on his side; but in vain. Samson returns to Alexander, accompanied by an old friend of his father's, whom he has discovered in the army of Nicolas. Now follows a long description of the battle, in which A. defeats and kills his enemy. In this description, fol. 23b—26b (headed: "*Quhow Alexander and king Nicolas faucht hand to hand*") are evidently written in a different hand from the rest of the MS. — After the victory, the Conqueror receives a letter from his mother to the effect that Philip, having repudiated her and disinherited him, as being the son of Satan, has offered his hand to Cleopatra, niece to "Jonas, Seneschal of Grece". A., hastening to her assistance, reaches the court in the midst of the festival in honour of the intended marriage. He kills Jonas, and makes fun of the staggering and stumbling king, who tries to attack the intruder. Philip is eventually compelled to send away Cleopatra, restore Olympias to her rank, and re-instate A. as his heir. — Soon after, heralds sent by Darius arrive at the court of Macedonia demanding a tribute. Philip falls into a violent passion and threatens to hang them, but, appeased by their representations and remonstrances, allows them to depart unhurt. He refuses their sovereign's demand, and sends him word that A. shall punish his arrogance. While A. is in Armenia, a body of traitors led by Pensonias of Brytaingne attack King Philip and mortally wound him.

Alexander, on his return, hangs all of them on the gallows, with the exception of Pensonias, whom he leads in fetters to the bedside of the dying king. Philip strikes off his head, and then expires in the happy consciousness of having had his revenge.

A. mounts the throne and is solemnly crowned. He summons a parliament, and resolves on making war against Darius. After taking possession of Turgantes, Illary, Stalone, Italie, he dispatches messengers to Spaigne, Gallik, Lumbardie, Lytill Britane, Germanie, lays Greece under tribute, and crosses over to Africa, where an oracle of the god Ammon predicts his future fame and early death. In the town of Stalone, henceforth called Alexandre, he causes a temple to be built in honour of Serapis and Ammon. He orders the bones of Jeremie to be deposited in this temple, where, as we are told, they continued to lie until Pope Sylvester, whom King Constantinus had placed over the whole of Romany and Germany, had them transferred to Constantinople. A terrible plague of serpents is at once put a stop to by Alexander's pious deed. The hero then marches his army against Jerusalem. With his permission, the inhabitants of that town send messengers to Persia formally renouncing their allegiance to Darius, after which they surrender to the Macedonian Conqueror. Sidon and Carthage are likewise taken by him; but when approaching the walls of Tyre, he meets with a stubborn resistance. The Tyrians, under the command of Balis, most vigorously vindicate the cause of Darius, whose vassals they are. Duke Betis sends them a reinforcement of 20 000 men. Dreadful skirmishes engage before the walls of Tyre. Seeing that the blockade is prolonged, A. sends 700 men out on the "forraye of Gadderis". This episode, which extends over 3312 verses in Arbutnot's book (pp. 1—105), is, in the Taymouth MS., reduced to 678 verses (fol. 42b—50b), and begins thus:

Off the forraye of Gadderis.

The king ordanit his castell veil to keip	Becaus the towne traistit reskew without;
Upone ane craige in middis of the deip,	Thay vald not zeild, bot held thame stif and
And garnisid <sup>1)</sup> to keip that na veschall	stout.
Suld to the towne be sey bring na victuall.	To gouerne thir sewin hunderithe knychtis vas
And syne land sidlingis befor the towne	Orland Emenedus and perdicus,
He gart ordand <sup>2)</sup> sa gret provisioune	Leonides, Caulus, and Liconore,
That na mycht haif ischew nor entre	Philott, Nemas, Samsone, and Doridor.
Into the toвне, nother be Land nor sey.	Thus semblit thay and to the forray gaine.
Bot than the toвне sa hudge michtie vas	Emenedus vas ordand thair chiftane.
That thair was na defalt vithe in the place,	Thay var of chois sewin hunderithe knychtis
Bot anerlie of men and verjouris.	keine,
Bot in the oist yame neidis furriouris,	Quhilk everie knycht veill ane chiftane mycht
(fol. 43a)	haif beine.
Quhairfor the king, to mak his purveing,	And all yat nicht armit on hors thay raid,
Sevin hunderithe knichtis ordand in forraying	And in the vaill of Josophall thay baid,
To pas furthe and to fetch thame victuallis,	The quhilk vas full of riches and of guid,
And to furneis thame and garnaes thair battellis,	Of corne, cattell, vyne, and lyvis fuid.

<sup>1)</sup> garnisoun?

<sup>2)</sup> ordane?



Than in the morning quhan it vas Licht of Day,  
Of fat cattell thay saesit ane michtie pray,  
And vther thing that vas to thame mistere  
Thay tuik vithe thame and thoct to mak gud  
chere.  
The pray vas saesit, and futmen for to cache  
Of discurriouris thay send about the vache.  
Thay draif on fast, of na man stuid thay aw,  
And in the morning, efter that day couthe draw,  
The hirdis to the towne of Gadderis gais,  
Qubair thay had reddie mony fellone fais,  
And tald the duk betis the hail maner,  
And he gart semble sone a gret powar  
Vithe ane chiftane vas callit ochecherie,  
Maister of his hous, a cheiftane vyse and  
vorthie.

The following verses of Hay's translation (Taymouth MS. fol. 50b) correspond to the conclusion of Arbuthnot's "Forray of Gadderis":

(fol. 50b.)

Thus of the battell brokin vas the array.	Vithe that the duke vas in the toвне inclosit,
Thay socht the feild and helpit nakit men,	And mony of his mengie the lyfe had losit,
And band thair voundis, as thay micht best do then.	And Gaudefere vas dede and mony ma.
Emenedus and Liconor sa mekill bled	Sa vas yare of the kingis oist als wa,
That into sound thay fell dovine in that sted.	Qubair hurt, quhat dede, a thowsand knichtis keine
Vithe that the king his handis vrestit,	In Josaphailge vas lyand on the grein
Sayand: "Alas, my god, in the I traistit!	Qubair of befor the battell doine hes beine <sup>1)</sup> .
Now am I sicker, and I tyne this diery,	And gart bring ane bottall of the balme ryall
Adew fra me the flour of victorie!	Qubhik in ane nicht vald mak all voundis hail
Now sail I never half ioy into my hairt,	Of thame that Lyf vald, and thame to lyf var
And I may half my memberis hale and quart,	schapin;
Qubhik I his blude seched into the place	For quhilum dede vill tak sum, as vill happin.
Qubhik hes me reft sa royall a riches."	That nicht thay maid guid cheir into the oist;
	Thay had anuche and spairit for no coist.

In fol. 51a—54a, we are told how A. takes the town of Gadderis, pursues and kills Duke Betis who has made his escape through a postern, and then returns to Gadderis. In the meantime, Duke Balys, confident of being soon rescued by Darius, has destroyed the Macedonian fleet and siege-works at Tyre. In all haste, A. repairs thither, renews the siege, and succeeds in taking Tyre by storm. Balys is killed in the assault, and the town is mercilessly sacked and destroyed. — Darius hears of, and greatly wonders at, Alexander's exploits. Nevertheless he believes him still to be an inexperienced lad. Giving way to his anger and resentment, he sends him an insulting letter (fol. 54b):

And send till him ane message haistalie  
Vithe certane bairnis and playokis scornandly,  
That vas to say a goldstaf and a ball,  
And ane scourge stik to dryf a top vithe all.

At the end of the letter, Darius scornfully bids him return to his mother, and indulge in boyish sports with his playfellows rather than run the risk of being hanged in Persia:

<sup>1)</sup> A line seems to be missing.

"Thairfor I send the here a playand ball,  
And ane golf staff to driffe the ball vithe all,  
As bairnis dois in cieteis for to play."

A. dismisses the messengers of Darius with a defiant answer implying that he will most cruelly chastise his insolence. In his "*Epistill to Antiochus of Antioche*", Darius asks for assistance, and in return, Antiochus advises him not to underrate his young adversary. On being informed of Alexander's having made Andronykis king of Jerusalem, Darius writes another letter, again urging his enemy to return to his mother. Full of disdain, he even sends him a bag of gold with which to defray the expenses of his journey home. It so happens that A. is actually obliged to hasten to his mother who has suddenly fallen very ill; but before leaving, he sends a message to Darius promising an immediate return. After several victories gained on his way back, he reaches his country, where the joy of seeing her son again, at once restores Olympias to health. — The town of Thebes (fol. 61a) refusing to do him homage, he makes use of all the arts of war in blockading it:

(fol. 61a)

Vithe that ane mengie gart he ga thame till	Sum kest vithe gynnis dede hors in the citie,
To gif ane salt, sayand thay var bot churlis,	Sum small stains yat nane fra thame mycht see,
And the harness to the vallis hurlis,	Sum vithe slungis and sum vithe crawykyuis,
And sum vithe mattokis begaine for to myne.	Vithe vtheris mony maneris of ingyneis,
Sum schot vithe gunnys and sum vithe ingyne,	Vithe sum fyre arrowis, vithe stains of irne
Sum uther vithe culverynnis and vithe crapal-	red het
dynis,	Schot out of guunis to burne quhair ewer
And vther sum vas fechtand in the mynis,	thay bet.
And sum maid fyre as he as all the vallis,	Sum set to sowis for to sawe the minouris,
And this the toвне seigit about at all is:	Sum vithe bumbardis strak dovine the heest touris.

Thebes being reduced to ashes, it is the turn of Corinth, Platæa, and Athens. In Athens, Transagoras, who has fled thither from Corinth, and Demosthenes excite the people against A. They dissuade the citizens from complying with what A. demands. Accordingly, the Athenians refuse to give up to him the flower of their priests and philosophers, though they send him rich presents. By means of arguments drawn from astrology, Aristotle finally succeeds in mediating between the king's wrath and the citizens' obstinacy. The Macedonian hero enters the town in triumph, and great festivals are held in his honour. In the centre of Athens, there is a lofty column "made by Plato", from the top of which a lantern lights up the country far around. — After having broken the stout resistance of Lacedæmon (fol. 65a), Alexander successively takes Alberiane, Cattirpala, Olerait, Locrus. Darius now begins to feel alarmed and assembles his council. A prince of his retinue secretly passes over to A., offering to betray his sovereign into the hands of his enemy, but A. nobly declines to accept such a shameful offer. Again proud and boastful letters are interchanged between the two kings. In consequence of what Ammon has advised him in a dream, A. undertakes to visit the hostile camp in disguise. Accompanied by one of his nobles, he comes to the river Tigris, which always froze at night, and melted at dawn. He crosses the frozen river alone and reaches Persepolis. On pretence of being a messenger from A., he enters the palace of Darius and challenges him to submit,



fix a day for battle. Though entertaining some secret suspicion as to the person of the messenger, Darius hospitably invites him to table (fol. 70a):

Than Alexander vas serwit in coupis round,	The king persawit and saw that yai thoct ferly
Of quhilikis ilk ane var vorthe ten thowsand pund,	And till ane prince he sayd quhilik satt him by:
And als sa fast as he had tomeit his coppis,	"Men ferleis that I tak thir coupis here
The coupis of gold intill his bosoume stoppis.	And turs thame but leif of officier.
(fol. 71a)	I traistit that your custome var as oure is,
The officiariis his maners thay beheld	For Alexander ane prince of sic honour is
And to the king alhaile the maner teld,	That, quhen he sendis the vyne in coupis thus,
The quhilik bad thame to spaik thair of na thing:	They drink the vyne, ye coupis vithe yame yai
"Percais it be the custome of his king."	turs.
This answer maid king Dare rycht courteuslie	For quhat he giffis fra him, cumis never againe."
And ay beheld his maners soberlie.	

His person being recognised by one of the courtiers, the pretended ambassador abruptly leaves the hall, kills a torchbearer who has stepped in his way, mounts his horse, and, crossing the already melting ice of the Tigris, gets safe to the opposite bank, whilst most of his pursuers perish. — Darius is praying in his temple, when the image of Exeres suddenly falls to the ground, which shows him that his own destruction is near at hand. Though full of dire misgivings, he prepares for a decisive combat. In the ensuing battle, his army is thrown into confusion. His very elephants, on this occasion, prove of no avail. He takes to flight and writes to King Porus of India for help. With the reinforcements sent by Porus, he ventures another battle near Tars (fol. 75), but is once more beaten. His soldiers, for the most part, perish when fleeing across the Tigris. Being wounded himself, and despairing of his fate, he escapes to Persepolis, where he shuts himself up in his palace. Meanwhile, A. visits the tombs of Darius's ancestors in the temple of Marcus. These, his generals urge him to destroy, which he refuses to do. He sends messengers to his enemy's mother, wife, sisters, and daughters, begging them to be of good comfort. When the wife of Darius, overcome with grief, suddenly dies, A. generously undertakes to bury her with funeral honours. Darius now yields so far as to let him know that he is willing to give him his daughter Roxana in marriage and one half of Persia; but A. insists upon his entire and unconditional submission. In this extremity, Darius has recourse to treachery. He promises the hand of his daughter to one of his warriors on condition that he shall kill his mortal enemy. The Persian, dressed as a Macedonian, enters the hostile camp with the intention of slaying A.:

Than Alexander in takin of his enseinze  
Had ordand for to bere on all his menze,  
As ve do here the cors of sanct androw  
Or sanct Dynys of france ye kynd avow,  
Sa vas yat prince in ved of macedone  
And Alexanderis takin him bere vpon.

The traitor slightly wounds Alexander, who generously pardons him. This plot having failed, Darius again sends to Porus for help (fol. 80a), and harshly repulses his mother Radagone,

who exhorts him to obey the mighty Alexander. But he is defeated for the third time. Having sustained enormous losses amounting to 1 500 000 men, the unfortunate King of Persia, when trying to make his escape, is mortally wounded by two of his own people. He dies in Alexander's arms.

On the death of Darius, A. mounts the throne of Persia. The murderers of Darius, being found out by a stratagem, are "*hingit, dravin and hedit*". A. then weds Roxana and sends a letter to Aristotle, ordering him to come to Persia and bring news of Olympias. Here (fol. 87a—87b) Hay episodically inserts what appears to be a Scottish version of an Old French fabliau, viz. "*Le Lai d'Aristote*" by Henri d'Andeli<sup>1)</sup>). When, however, compared with d'Andeli's work, the Scottish text is found to deviate from the former in some details and to be, moreover, considerably abridged. It runs as follows:

(fol. 87a.)

Aristotill than quhilik vas rycht straitly sted  
Vithe ane Lady quhilik lang tyme luift he had,  
Vas laithe to travell out of yat cuntrie;  
His hart sa belay on hir set had be.  
Scho best belouit vas sum tyme vithe<sup>2)</sup> king,  
For he had hir lang tyme in mentining.  
In macedone vithe his mother scho vas  
And best belouit vithe quein olimpeas,  
Quhilik in the first groving of thair amoris<sup>3)</sup>  
Scho gart the king stand in the heest tour,  
Quhen Aristotill hir first desyrit had,  
And in ane gairding traist scho till him maid  
To mete hir airly in ane may morning  
In that gairding, to here the foullis sing,  
Sayand he sould haif thair hir<sup>4)</sup> hairtis list  
In that gairding that naine bot thay tua vist.  
And als to Aristotill scho gart trov  
That in that tyme scho maid ane rekles wov  
That never man sould haif of hir his list  
To ride on hir, bot gif scho raid him first  
Vithe sadill and brydill girdit veill and fast,  
Quhilik Aristotill consentit at the last,  
And he himself the ryding gere sould get,  
And on his bak the sadill scho sould sett,  
And als the brydill buklit on his heid.  
Sa vas his vit vithe beawtie fra him reved.  
The tryst vas haldin and keipit in the kynd,

Bot Aristotill of na tresoune had mynd.  
He vas sa blindit vithe hir he bewtie,  
He rekit nocht bot his vill of hir had he.  
And in ane gairding thay met in ane morning;  
Bot scho had varnit the ladyes and the king,  
And naine of thame had of ane ither vit,  
Sa suttely vithe slicht scho governit it,  
And ordand thame till sit intill ane toure  
Quhair thay micht se, and let thame vit the hour,  
And tymely in ane may morning him met  
Into the gairding quhair that the tryst vas set.  
He keipit tryst and come be tyme of day  
And in ane herbere thair in the gairding lay,  
Quhill that scho come hir cunnandis for to keip,  
And Aristotill vpon hir tuik guid keip;  
Scho vas sa lustye in hir protratoure,  
Mair angellyk na erdlie creatoure;

(fol. 87b.)

Scho vas baithe round and polyst in guid plyte.  
Ane sark scho had of smelkyn sandell quhite;  
Hir kirtill syne vas of ane claithe of gold  
Vithe pretius stanis maist richelie to behold;  
Ane mantill syne of grene dowall veluatt,  
The bordouris all vithe pretius stanis var sett.  
Hir hare vas fare brovne lokerand but a kell,  
And thairin sett ane pretius cornevaill;  
All baire futtit, in hir hand ane mateine buik,  
It vas ane lusty sicht on hir to luik.

<sup>1)</sup> Edited by A. Heron, *Œuvres de H. d'Andeli*, Paris, 1881.

<sup>2)</sup> Add: *the*.

<sup>3)</sup> Read: *amour*.

<sup>4)</sup> Read: *his*.



Quhat vas thair mare bot he vas sadlit sone,  
 And scho lap on vitheoutin langere hoine,  
 And syne scho raid the gairding round about.  
 Vithe that the ladyes sone yai gaif ane schout,  
 And als the king ane lytill dryly smylit.  
 Than Aristotill leit him richt evill begylit,  
 And vp he gat and of the gere couthe rais  
 And thoct for till haif slaine hir in the plaice.  
 Bot or he micht the saddill fra him lay,  
 Scho lap the gairding oure the narrest vay.  
 He vas sa va that vitles nere he vedis,  
 And him repentit of his rekles deidis,  
 And syne in vrathe he passit fra the king  
 And to him vret quhov luif ourcumis all thing,  
 And thairof made a buik into that plaice,  
 How mony kyndis of peramouris thar vas,

In accordance with Aristotle's advice, A. gains the affections of the Persian nobles by dint of liberal gifts. He then appoints his wife Roxana to govern the state in his absence, and sets out for "Inde maior".

(fol. 89b.)

Sa it befell in middill ynde maior thair vas  
 Ane vidowe quene yat vas rycht fare of face,  
 Of Candiss scho vas quene and emprice,  
 Quhilk vas ane vorthe voman bayth var and vise.  
 For the gret los, lordship, and honour  
 Quhilk scho hard of that vorthe empriour,  
 Scho gaif him sic ane favour and ane luif  
 That scho had lever but schame, lak, or reprove  
 At his plesance a nycht vithe him convers  
 Na all the gold of ynde maior and pers,  
 And kest the vayis how scho mycht get knowledge  
 Of his persone, his stature and his visage.  
 Sa purposit scho to send thair suttelye  
 Ane painter quhilk of craft vas maist slichty,  
 To paynt his fassioune and his phisnomie  
 Vithe all the portrature of his body,  
 And in hir secreit closett scho it held  
 And every day oft tymes it beheld.  
 Syne till him send scho gret embassatry

And of guid vemen and thair guid chewis,  
 And quhow vyse men ar desaut vithe schrevis,  
 And sic ane vengeance ordand he to tak,  
 Sen hiddervart that never vas seine ye mak;  
 For mony a thovsant sic vemen sen that day  
 Vas vithe his clarkis ourriddin, I dar veill say  
 And dayly dois and ever maire sall do,  
 Bot sum assythe he maid the partye to.  
 And quhen the king the tressoune saw contravit,  
 His hairt fra hir vas helalye removit,  
 Na never efter plesance of hir he tuke,  
 Na vithe guid vill vald never vpon hir luik,  
 Bad Aristotill tak hir and do his best.  
 Than efter all thing veill amendit vas.  
 Scho luffit him best and maist vas in his grace.

Vithe giftis and revardis richt michtely:

Ane hunder palfrayis quhite as onny milk,  
 Saidlit and trappit all vithe gold and silk;  
 Fyftie chariottis all chargit vithe armouris  
 Quhilk ordand var for Lordis of honouris,  
 That is to say vithe mass and hawbirgeounis,  
 Helmis and scheildis of new fassounis.  
 Of grundin gold ten chariottis scho send  
 And uther ten of cunzeit for to spend,  
 And maid him homage and sewta for his landis<sup>1)</sup>,  
 Thinkand to haif him for hir avin husband,  
 Quhareat the king of ynde vas grevit sare,  
 And thoct to mak hir vere vithe all pover.  
 Than had scho tua<sup>2)</sup> sonnys sould be hir are,  
 Quhilk vare bayth vise, vourthe men and fare,

(fol. 90a.)

And becaus the land movit of hir syre,  
 For all hir lyfe scho brukit the empire  
 And vald never lat hir sonnys tak the crowne,  
 Hir to degarde na put hir honoure dovne.

The following 41 pages, viz. fol. 90a—110a, contain, in about 1800 verses, Hay's version of "Les Vœux du Paon", which may be compared with Parts ii. and iii. of Arbuthnot's book, pp. 107—441 (ca. 9600 verses). Hay's version begins as follows:

Than tuke the king in purpois for to pas	And on the morne, als soine as day couthe spring,
In middill ynde to help the quein candas,	The king past furthe to here the foullis sing,
Of quhilk the vay lay sum pairt throw caldere <sup>1)</sup>	Endlang that rever in that fare forest,
Nere by Dauriz that vas a gret citie,	All him allaine on hors, as him thoct best;
Of quhilk the lord is callit Famear,	Armit at all vithe helme, spere and scheild,
That vorthelie the king resaut thare,	As he vald pas to fecht into the feild.
And maid the king fewta and leige band,	He vald never ryde, bot he var armit at all,
Till hald of him his lordship and his land,	For he vist not quhat chance mycht him befall.
Syne tuik the vay to turs the gret citie,	And as he past alaine alanerlie,
Quhair quene candas vas vont duelland to be.	Sa saw he cumand in ane rod him by
Thair on ane fair feild, fer fra onny townnis,	Ane mekill man vithe berde and brovis bere,
Nere ane Forrest thay stent thair pavilliounis,	In habit blak, in armit as he var.
Endlang ane rever, in ane fare cuntrie <sup>2)</sup> ,	Ane silkyn how vnder his choll vas knyrt,
To se the multitude of hir menzee	Ane bever hat upon his haid vas sett;
And ludgit thair that nycht and on the morrow,	His govne vas of a grete roid cameta,
Ane ioyfull of that yat had na thoct of sorrow,	Syd to the fute and heremyte lyk alsua.

The episode of the "Avowis" in the Teymouth MS. concludes thus:

(fol. 110a.)

Thus vas the feild discumfeist and ouergaine,	Bot god vat quhatkin velcuming thay had,
And mony princis and presoneris taine,	Quhat feist and ryell elchir vas to thame maid,
And all the feild dispulzeide of riches	And restit thair at eis fourtein dayis.
And gold and jowell that but number vas.	In hunting, halking, dansing, and in playis.
Than all the oist is past to the citie	zung Gaudefere he maid Lord of this land
Vithe mekill yourschip and vithe dignitie,	And all his lordis till him obeysand.
Quhair to the king cumis dame physonas	His sister phesonas thair mareit he
Vithe all the Ladyes yat in the citie vas,	Vithe ane of ye grettest princis in that cuntrie,
And thanked him of his grace hairtfully.	And all the lordis that presoneris thair vas,
Syne to the pallice past thay in hy,	The king thame tuke in freindschip and in grace,
And first thay enterit in the tempill of marcus,	And als gart cry that quha vald till him cum,
And syne into the chalmer of dame venus,	Thay sould ioy all thair lordschipis vithe fredome.

From Ephezoun (fol. 110b), A. marches onward to Hirknay and Sichia, where he subdues the Nanglos and Sicheos. The aged queen of Middel ynde, sister to Duke Melchis, sends him an embassy of beautiful women, among whom there is one that has been nourished on poison from her birth, and whose embrace consequently causes immediate death. Warned by Aristotle, A. discovers the queen's treacherous intention, and gives orders that the women shall be burnt. Aristotle, who has meanwhile grown too old and weak to bear the fatigues

<sup>1)</sup> Read: *fewta for his land*. <sup>2)</sup> Read: *three*. Cf. fol. 173 b ff.

<sup>1)</sup> Read: *calde*. <sup>2)</sup> The text of the following lines seems to be corrupt.



of the Indian campaign, now returns home, after having composed for his lord a book entitled "*The governance of princis*", which is to replace his counsels in his absence. The contents of the book are related in fol. 112b—124b. It treats of the duties of a sovereign; one chapter is headed: "*Of the phisnomye*". When on the point of starting for the residence of Candace, who has invited him to visit her, A. receives from King Porus a letter which begins as follows (fol. 125b):

Porrus, King of ynde to paradise,  
Quhilk ouer all kingis of vourschep beris the price,  
Till Alexander, ane theif and a reiffar,  
Vithe vther theiflis in oist a gret povar.

A. reads the letter aloud to his generals by way of showing them a specimen of Barbarian rudeness. He responds to this epistle by a valiant challenge. Both sides put themselves in readiness for a general engagement. A. prepares a stratagem against the 500 000 elephants of Darius, viz. 1000 brazen men filled with fire-brands. A tribe of savages, whom he finds on his way, are totally extirpated on account of their leading worse lives than brutes; another nation marching against him with a great number of dogs are driven back with the help of a herd of swine. Crossing the frontier of India, he finds this country rich in gold and precious stones, but infested by venomous serpents and devoid of drinking water (fol. 128). His men now beginning to be discouraged, he first allows them to recover from their fatigues in the town of Festynaine, and then conquers the Indians and their elephants in a great battle (fol. 130a); Porus himself escapes together with King Askarus of Nubia. His palace at Segor with all its treasures and wonders (fol. 132a—134b) falls into the hands of the Greeks, who celebrate their victory by grand festivals. They subsequently set out in pursuit of Porus, and have to traverse vast tracts of arid land beneath a broiling sun, till at last they come to a river. But before gaining access to the water, they must shoot "*vithe gonn and culuerin*" legions of wild beasts and monsters, which throng to the river to quench their thirst (fol. 135b). Across a country where the pigeons are as big as swans, A. proceeds to "*the land of Femynce or Madynland*". In an "*Epistill of Alexander to quene Palissida of Amasoune*", he asks her to pay him tribute and do him homage. — "*Quene pallissida ansuere to the epistill of Alexander*" (fol. 140a) refuses to do so, but offers her friendship and assistance. In a second letter conceived in a much milder tone (fol. 141b), A. invites the husbands of the Amazons to come to his camp. They conduct him to the island inhabited by their wives, and here he meets with a very friendly reception. Leaving their hospitable realm, A. leads his soldiers as far as the river Galus, where they pitch their tents opposite the town of Paultre, which is occupied by Porus. In consequence of the heat and drought, a truce is agreed upon. Disguised as merchants, A. and Caulus reconnoitre the town. They are led before Porus. A. pretends to be "*the kingis torcheare*" or "*vax makere*". Deluding Porus into the belief of Alexander's being dangerously ill, he easily prevails upon him to give battle the very next day. In this battle, Porus is defeated and taken prisoner by Alexander, who makes him take the oath of fealty, and then admits him to his friendship. The King of India entertains his new liege-lord by splendid festivities.

After some other adventures, A. comes to the Brahmins. In a letter to "*King Bragmanaris callit dyndymus*", he begs him for some information concerning their habits and customs.

"*King bragmanaris ansuere to the epistill of Alexander*" (fol. 150a—154a) explains the wise maxims by which the life of the Brahmins is regulated. With this sober and sensible mode of life, Dindimus compares the unreasonable ways of the Greeks. He severely reproves Alexander's unbounded ambition and thirst for glory. In return, A. angrily writes a second letter, in which he shows that the different natures of men do not allow them all to live in the same way. On the Brahman king's exhorting him to a pious and godly life, he accuses him of gross ignorance and arrogance, and then shuts the Brahmins up in their own town in order to prevent them from having any intercourse with other people (fol. 156b):

Thus closit he yair portis vithe pillaris nyne,  
Quhilkis neuer mair var oppynynt sensyne,  
Maid of mater callit absynticonn,  
That fyre na mettall may neuer byte yare on,  
Quhilkis prest Johne sensyne convertit hes  
Throw myracles of the apoistile Sanct Thomas.

Fol. 156b—158a contain Alexander's correspondence with Oxidras, King of the "*terre de dee*" or "*landis of goddis*". A. promises him whatever he chooses, but finds himself unable to keep his word when Oxidras asks for immortality. — Traversing dense forests inhabited by giants and a fruitful country remarkable for its marvellous orchards, A. reaches Mount Adamant. Leaving his army in the charge of Porus, he chooses ten companions, with whom he ascends the steps leading to the top of the cliff (fol. 159b). Here they enter a temple, "*the hous of sone and mone*". A man, whom they find reclining on a bed, directs the king to a huge tree destitute of leaves. On its branches, there is a phoenix. After having learned the wonderful history of this bird, A. proceeds to the Sun-tree, which is like gold, and to the Moon-tree, which shines like silver. The two trees foretell his premature death, which shall be caused by poison. A. falls a prey to despair. Lamenting his unhappy fate, he is comforted by his soldiers. None but Porus inwardly rejoice at the king's grief. This prince abandons him in the country of Palasyne, in order to raise a new army in India. But in a third battle, he is ultimately killed, and the Indians are re-established in their loyalty. — Fol. 165b—173b give a minute description of "*How Alexander past to the pillaris of hercules and of the gret adventuraris happynit him in ye vay*". Not in the least daunted by the perils which, according to the prediction of an old knight, are awaiting him, A. determines to see the Pillars of Hercules before starting for Babylon, the last object of his wishes. Guided by natives, his exhausted soldiers fall to murmuring at their unheard-of hardships. The king rides a good way before them to reconnoitre the land. Mounted on Bucephalus, he enters the "*Valy perelous*" in the vicinity of a temple, by a cross-road ("*Quha here gangis, sall haif paine, Na never mair vithe ioy sall turne agayne*". — "*This is the better gait; Sa on na vayis thay pas out throw the gett*"). A dreadful storm arises; he meets with strange adventures. An inscription in golden letters tells him that, if he wants to pass with his army safe and sound, one of them must, of his own accord, sacrifice his life for his brethren. Willing to die himself, he orders his host to pass without him and leave him in the dark valley. Formidable phenomena and horrible monsters surround him. He puts up prayers to God. An evil spirit shut up in a cave by Hercules and Livis is set at liberty by Alexander, and shows him the way out, after which the king again confines him in his prison.



Having rejoined his troops, who are greatly suffering from the unfavourable weather, A. marches to the three wells of Health, Youth, and Eternal Life, which are on the borders of Paradise. His soldiers are restored to health by the first of the three wells. At the well of Youth, a man called Enoch, who opposes Alexander, is imprisoned for life (fol. 171). — Passing through wonderful nations, who are circumstantially described, such as men with dogs' heads, headless people, Cyclops, Pigmies, and many others, A. comes to the sea and the Pillars of Hercules. When he has destroyed the idols which crown the Pillars, raging tempests arise, and monstrous beasts threaten to destroy his army, which is only saved by his fervent prayers.

At this juncture, Queen Candace, refusing to yield her throne to her three sons Candaeolus, Marcellus, and Corractoure, offers Alexander her hand, sending him a declaration of love along with precious gifts. A. sends her other presents in return (fol. 174a). A second letter from Candace follows; at the same time, Candaeolus comes to request Alexander's help against Duke Balantyne, who has carried off his wife. A., having caused Ptolemy to put on royal robes, pretends to be Antigonus. He joins Candaeolus in his expedition against Balantyne, who is besieged, conquered, and hanged. Candaeolus regains his wife, with whom he hastens home to Candace. A., still personating Antigonus, accompanies the re-united pair. The queen at once recognises him, and her long yearning is at last satisfied. A quarrel breaking out amongst her three sons (fol. 181a), A. intervenes, casting into prison the rebellious Corractour and his wife, the sister of Porus, and giving their territory to Candaeolus. Soon afterwards, the god Ammon appears to him in a cloud, and again prophesies his approaching end, and also the ignominious death of his mother Olympias. On his way to Paradise, A. traverses many more strange lands full of monsters. Four griffins bound to an iron car lift him up to the clouds, and then let him down in the middle of a desert. Disguised as a merchant, he gains great treasures, and after long travels rejoins his army. He sends messengers to Babylon to demand its immediate submission (fol. 185b). Many of his knights, satisfied with the riches they have acquired, now return home; it is only the best that remain with him. On the banks of a tributary of the Oxiane, one thousand of his knights die from their intercourse with the women living there. A. passes through the lands of the Dwarfs and Giants, takes possession of Calamyne (fol. 186b), Amlina (fol. 187a), and Sadoche, and then comes to the Red Sea. Here he enters a water-tight box made of glass, and orders it to be let down into the sea, where he beholds all the hidden wonders of the deep. In order to attain the confines of Paradise, he marches through Mekill Inde, where he again finds great treasures and strange nations.

(fol. 189a)

Thair is ma kingis in Inde, as I persume,  
Na thair is now intill all Christindome.  
Of cristin kingis in Grece thair is but sevin,  
In Italy and Spange but ellevin.  
Threttein yair suld be into Germanie,  
For euery duchare yare a king sould be.  
In France and in ye yllis of ye vest

Thair sould<sup>1)</sup> sevin be thame that vat it best.  
Thair is now four in France vnder a croune  
Quhilk in auld tymes vas in diuisionne.  
In Scotland, Inland and into Irelandis  
Thre kingis var, as men onderstandis.  
Thus in all cristin land thair is bot fourty,  
And intill ynde thre scoir and ma thairby,  
Quhilk haldis now at prest Johnns fay,

And cristin folk be ressoune call ve may,  
Sen thay trow in Johne and ar baptist,  
Thay sould be ressoune here ye name of christ.  
Cristis sayis: quba baptist is and trowis in me,  
Vitheoutin onny dout sall sauit be.  
Bot thay and Grece hes mekill difference  
Fra oure haly pape and his obedience;  
For thay ar of a bostuous kynd of men  
That lytill can and covattis not to ken;  
For pride and riches quhilkis growis in yair  
regiounis,

Thay dedeinge not to keip oure opiniounis;  
Bot ve dred sare that dampnit all thay be,  
Saiffand the vill of goddis preuatie.

Bot sen thay trow in god and our lady,  
Țit mon ve fauoure thame mair hairtfully,  
For ve traist all and in our faithe ve hald  
To to<sup>1)</sup> be bot ane scheip hird and ane schip fault,  
Quhair cristis folk sall all assemblit be,  
And all this difference bring in vnitie,  
And hald all ane faithe to the day of dome,  
And all be sawit throw faithe and cristindome.  
Suppois this tuiche nocht to the principall  
Of my purpois, it may do na tinsall  
(fol. 189b)

Bot as to dyuers kynd of bustuous men,  
Quhilke na guid ken na nane vald lere na ken.

Subsequently to this long digression, the paths leading to Paradise are described; then follows (fol. 190a): "*How Alexander past to Paradise*". The god Ammon enlightens the king as to what he should do to attain his aim. A. sets out with five companions. They encounter various strange beasts on their way. A ship expressly made for the occasion conveys A. and his attendants to the walls of Paradise, the bliss and joys of which are described. On the king's demanding a tribute from Paradise, an angel gives him a miraculous apple (fol. 193a), and prophesies his speedy death. On his return, A. is received by his army with shouts of joy. He continues his march through unknown lands peopled by strange tribes, and comes to Lages, where he is presented with a prophetic bird, a hawk, which, like the apple, is to predict its possessor's death or recovery in case of illness. He successively traverses Albany, Saladyne, and Baktrum near Sadoch, where a wise man, whom he offers to make a king, refuses this dignity on account of the vanity of all earthly things. Passing through the "*Terre de dee*", A. attends a very remarkable trial in a court-of-law (a treasure found in a field just purchased being disclaimed by vendor and buyer). On his return to Persepolis (fol. 195a), he bids his wife Roxana follow him to Babylon. While marching thither, the old Gracian of Tyre implores his help against Duke Melchis of Dedifur and his allies, Dauris, Floridas, and their father, Lord Balthasar. A. grants his request; a battle ensues, in which Melchis is killed, whilst Dauris and Floridas are taken prisoners. They are reconciled to A., whereas their father kills himself by abstaining from food. The two youths have both fallen in love with the daughter of Duke Melchis; A. marries her to Dauris, and consoles Floridas by the promise of procuring him a wife still more beautiful (fol. 198a). In order to fulfil this promise, he defeats King Nicolas, the intended husband of the daughter of the Carthaginian Admiral Jonas or Nabusarcas. She is now wedded to Floridas. The Admiral is taken prisoner in the battle of Carras; his vassals, the kings of Saba and Valory, take refuge in Carthage, where they are besieged by A. The town is conquered, the king of Saba falls, and the king of Valory swears fealty to A. and becomes his friend. On the news of these events, the Sultan Balthasar of Babylon

<sup>1)</sup> Add: be.

<sup>1)</sup> Omit one to.



first enters into a haughty and insolent correspondence with the Conqueror (fol. 201), and then assembles a large army, with which he marches against him, though an oracle has predicted his own discomfiture. He is accordingly defeated, blockaded in Babylon, taken prisoner in a sally, and thrown into prison. The town surrenders; yet A. does not enter immediately, but first explores the surrounding country in order to ascertain whether there be any rebels left (fol. 204a). He again spends a long period in feasting with Queen Candace, and attends the baptism of his son Aleore, whom she has borne to him. About this time, he experiences a great grief: Bucephalus falls ill and dies. Through a province the excellent laws of which fill him with admiration, he returns to Babylon. The bird mentioned in fol. 193a now prophesies his death. With great pomp, he and Roxana enter the town in a solemn procession. A. commands a splendid banquet to be served.

His hart vas sett to lif thair vithe his men	And ever descendand to the lauest end,
In joy and mirthe, quhill god him lyf vald len.	To capricorne into the zodiakis,
Bot quhen man hes maid prouisiounne,	And syne againe his cours vpwart he takis
Fra God ay cumis ye conclusiounne.	(fol. 206b.)
The heest fely ay of ye quheill ouervendis,	Vnto the crabe yat standis in ye hicht
And syne ane vther to ye hicht ascendis.	And euerilk geir reneuis ay his micht
Is nane bot God the hour of chainging vat.	And makis his cours but traouelling or paine.
Ay heest stage is maist vnstabil sett.	But man ourethrauin full sindill cumis agane
In sommer, quhen ye sone is at ye hicht	Till he estate fra that he anis descend,
And of all grouthe hes vertew and micht,	For haterent oft tymes thame helpis till ane end.
Quhen it is heest yat <sup>1)</sup> it mon descend	

From fear lest some poison should be administered to him in the dishes, A. has issued strict and minute instructions respecting the dressing of the viands. After the meal, he is crowned King of Babylon. He sends letters to Olympias and Aristotle, who reply by enjoining him not to be over-confident, but, on the contrary, pious, devout, and distrustful of all his enemies, and more particularly of Antipater's sons. Aristotle further reminds him of the good rules and precepts which he had formerly written down for him. In memory of his victories, A. erects golden statues in all parts of his realm. Fol. 208 relates his meeting with Diogenes, who calls him a great fool for his boundless ambition. Fol. 209 treats "*Of the arguments betuix the reiffare of ye sey and Alexander*". Struck with the bold manners and outspoken opinions of the captive pirate, A. pardons him and takes him into his service. — A monstrosity born in Babylon, the upper half of which is human, though dead, the lower in the form of a horrible beast alive, is declared to portend impending treason and the death of the king (fol. 210a). The same prediction is repeated by the marvellous hawk and the apple from Paradise. Warned by a dream, A. dismisses Cassandra, but retains his brother Jobas in his service. The two now secretly conspire with their father Nicolas to kill Alexander. The causes of the deadly hatred which Nicolas and his sons cherish against A., are fully related (fol. 211a). Cassandra sends a very strong poison to his brother Jobas, which the latter is told to administer to the king. On the occasion of a feast held for the purpose of cheering Alexanders melancholy mood, Jobas puts the poison into the royal cup.

<sup>1)</sup> yan?

(fol. 211b.)

Than him to meis of his malancoly,	And had na thoct hot on his play and gaming,
Thay ordand for to feist him ryally,	For thair var monny lordis and ladyis samyng.
The quhillk vas done vithe gret solempnitie,	The quene and all hir ladees all var yare.
And maid him all the blythnes yat mycht be.	It var na nede to spere how that yai fare.
Syne efter mete thay past to reuelling,	He vas fer blyther, as that ye story sayis,
And all maid ioy for comfort of ye king,	Na never he vas before in all his dayis.
And all ye ladeis maid him company,	And comounlie befor a gret mischance
To gar him leif all his malancoly.	Thare cumis ane blythnes vithe ane arrogance,
Sa euery man about to pleis him vas,	And yare vithe cumis ane velthfull vantones vithe all,
Quhill thay him put in exceedant blythnes,	And comounlie sone efter cumis ane fall.
That monny sayd thay saw neuer man nor vyfe	Thus quhen the king vas maist in his blythnes,
Him half sa blyth in na tyme of all thair lyfe,	Out of ane hete thaire come a thristines,
	And yan a drink he askis hestaly.

Jobas presents the cup to A., who takes a deep draught and immediately feels the poison tell on him. Fol. 212—214 proceed to describe the dreadful sufferings of A., the grief of his friends, the king's own despair, his attempt at flight and suicide prevented by Roxana. A notary of the name of Symone is summoned. In the presence of the weeping queen, who is near her confinement, A. makes his will, and appoints Aristotle his executor. The will begins thus:

I, Alexander, morache<sup>1)</sup> and empreoure  
Of all this varld vithe castell, toune and toure,  
Quhillk conquest hes cuntreis mare and les  
Fra paradise into the pilleris of hercules  
And kest my suerd fra out into the sey —  
Had mare land bene, mare sould I gar obey.

The details of his will are set forth in fol. 216a—217b. Dreadful phenomena, such as earthquakes, thunders, and lightnings, accompany Alexander's death:

And all the folk fled in cavis for rednes,  
That sic ane mirknes sensyne vas neur sene,  
Nor zitt before into this varld had bene.  
The sone drew vp his beames fra the erde.  
It semit yat god and all ye havins had sterd,  
That sen ye tyme of cristis passiounne  
In havin vas neuer sic ane motiounne.

Aristotle comforts the people, who loudly lament over the king's body, which is arrayed in royal robes and laid out in state:

And gif the redere doutis that I lie,	That men sould say it var lyk a lesing.
Behauld into ye latene buik and see,	Sa mekill as into my buik I find,
And thow sall find that I fenege the nocht,	Bot gif I had for me ane guid varrand,
Quhen thow the buik in this maner hes socht.	For treulie I haif here sene monny ferly cace,
For I vald not for drede of misdemeing	Quhillkis had I not sene thame in ane vther place,

<sup>2)</sup> monarcho.



I sould neur haif gevin ferme credence to it, And to this point that I vill now rehers  
No vithe my avin hand put it in vret, And vithe my hand vrettis in this vers.

The former phenomena, which again occur, and the loud wailings of the people are particularly described. In accordance with Alexander's last wishes, the "Douzeperis" convey the king's body to Alexandria, where it is buried in a costly tomb. With prolonged lamentations, Aristotle and the Twelve Peers bid farewell to the tomb (fol. 220b—221b). Aristotle sends a letter of consolation to Roxana. In the meantime, the news of Alexander's death, reaching Macedonia, gives rise to a rebellion on the part of Antipater and Pensions the younger, in which Olympias falls a victim. She is killed, and her body is afterwards cast to the dogs. — Roxana betakes herself to Persia, where she is delivered of a son. Candace, Aleor, and Candeolus are, by Aristotle, summoned to Babylon, where great disputes have arisen respecting the succession. — Fol. 223b and fol. 224a exhibit a gap of about 80 lines. — In obedience to the testament, the young Aleor despatches Perdicas and Alexander's step-brother Philippone to Macedonia, marries Tholome of Egypt to Cleopatras, and then sets out for Bretane in pursuit of Antipater and Pensions. Both of them are taken prisoners (fol. 226a) and put to death at Babylon with great tortures (fol. 227b).

All this vas done efter ye iudgement,  
Of quihlk the pepill vas sa veill content,  
That thir tratouris gat sic punitioun,  
Syne all ye varld gaue yame thair malesone.  
Quhairfoir gret foly is to vndertak  
Aganis a prince sic tressoune for to mak.  
For all first thay ar accusit of thair deid,

And efter syne varyit vithe all leid  
And euer salbe vnto the day of dome.  
Quhen onny men that tressoune vill resounie,  
And heir I gif yame my hairtlie malesoune,  
Quha euer consentis to do a prince tressoune,  
It is not onlie skaithe in ane degre,  
Bot tinsall baithe in realme and comountie.

On Aristotle's appointing Ptolemaeus governor to Roxana's son, in compliance with Alexander's will, the other princes begin to murmur; one province after another falls away from Macedonia, and regains its independence. It was not till much later, viz. under Julius Cæsar, that all these states were again subjugated and united under the universal sway of Rome.

Bot thair vas neuer name that had sa hail  
As Alexander the seage imperiall,  
The quihlk vas send be hauinlie distanie,  
Of vickit men a punischer to be.  
And first and formest he vas kyndlis vyis  
And had his hart to vertew and iusteece.  
For he set neuer for vndoing of men,  
Bot first into him self ye falt begane.

In all his lyfe sall neuer cum to it,  
Nor in a thravin hart and ill villie  
Sall neur visdome enter verealie.  
Thus quha that visdome covatis for to vin,  
At God and guid vill first it mon begine.

Now is our buik brocht fastle till ane end.  
(fol. 228b)

This buik is not compylit alanerlie  
For kingis and princis and lardis that ar mychtie,  
Bot till all men that richteouslie vald lif.  
It sall thame gyde, teiching and exempill gif,  
To gouerne thame vithe vertew and iusteece,  
That is to say, and thay vald fane be use;  
For treulie man that desyris na vitt-

Louit be the Lord the drop of grace me send,  
The quihlk I askit at ye beginning  
To grant me grace to mak ane fair ending,  
Quhen I the making vndertakin hade,  
For to fulfill the hecht that I haif maid,  
And at ye instance of ye vorthee lorde,  
As in the prologe ve haif maid recorde,  
Quhair I maid promes for to do my best,

Quhill hand and pen and tung and ene mycht lest.  
For suithfastlie thair mycht na guid be doine,  
Bot gif the grace cum fra the havin abone,  
As I haif maid ane protestatioun  
Befoir my avin excusatioun,  
The quihlk I vill agane efter rebars  
And vithe my avin hand vrettis in ye vers,  
How I prayit all that sould ye rederis be,  
For thair gentrice thay sould assoinge me,  
Gif onny falt be fundin in this dyit  
Or in the maner of ye spelling yat I vret,  
Or gif my langage be not lyk ye leafe  
For mekill neid and skantness yat I haif  
Of mother tung quihlk garris me seik and borrow  
At vyser men that hes maid buikis afforow.  
All this that follouis is bot ye excusatioun  
Of him that maid the first translatioun;  
Bot in this buik sone efter 3e sall se  
Quha causit this buik agane to vrettin be;  
Quhair and be quhome, quhat tyme it vrettin vas,  
In termes schort to 3ow I sall rehers.  
I vill vret furthe befor me as I find,  
His excusatioun I vill not leaf behind.  
Translatit it vas forsuthe as I hard say

At the instance of Lord erskeine be sir  
gilbert hay,  
Quihlk into France treulie vas duelland  
Veill twentye four 3eir out of Scotland  
And in the king of Francis service vas,  
Quhair of our avin leid he had mair distres  
Of conversatioun, cumpannie and collatioun<sup>1</sup>).  
Treulie it is full gret mereit  
Guid thingis for to be put in vret.  
Of this to spak now vill I lait alaine  
And to the translatour now vill I pas againe,  
Efter his vretting schortlie to conclude  
That this gret storie vicht<sup>2</sup>) as he onderstuid,  
(fol. 229a.)

Richt sua he vret vithe his avin proper hand,  
heir endis the buik of King Alexander ye Conquerour.

Vas neuer befor translatit in this land,  
That is to say, out of ye frenche leid,  
Thus vorthee var it hade a vorthee veid,  
For the gret honour of ye vourthey king  
Quihlk all ye varld had anis in gouerning,  
Als for the vortheenes of the romaince,  
Quihlk traitis of visdome and of guid gouernance,  
How kingis and princis and nobelis sould yame bere,  
Baithe in the tyme of paice and tyme of vere.  
Thankit be god! now heir hand haif I endit  
This nobill buik and pairt of faltis mendit  
Vithe help of him yat maid ye first indyit.  
Thair is na man vithe out sum falt may vret.  
3e vorthee rederis, rycht hairtlie I 3ow pray,  
Quhen 3e it reid, 3e help it yat 3e may,  
Syllabis or vordis heir suppois yat I  
Throw negligence I haue latten pas by.  
I pray 3ow reideris, I can not say no mair,  
Quhen 3e it reid, 3e keip it clene and fair,  
Nor blaub it not, as blekeris dois of buikis,  
Quhilk to thair honestie fullytill or nocht yat luikis.  
Thus I begane in the lustie tyme of may  
And endit in august the ane and twentye  
day.

The same tyme that I this buik could end,  
Fra christ the cours of 3eiris could descend  
A thousand four hunderithe nyntie 3eiris  
and nyne  
Fra crystis birthe ar passit by sensyne.  
The saming 3eir, the treuthe gif I sall tell,  
Into this realme thair rang a pestilence fell.  
Thair vas na man that had into memor  
That ever hard tell of sic ane plaige before.  
Now haif I said that I can say heirto.  
Louit be the Lord that gaif me grace yairto,  
And the blissit virgine mother marie bricht,  
The angelis all and ye godhaid almicht.  
I pray to thame to pray to havinis king  
To grant vs grace to mak ane guid ending.

<sup>1</sup>) A line seems to be wanting.

<sup>2</sup>) richt?





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