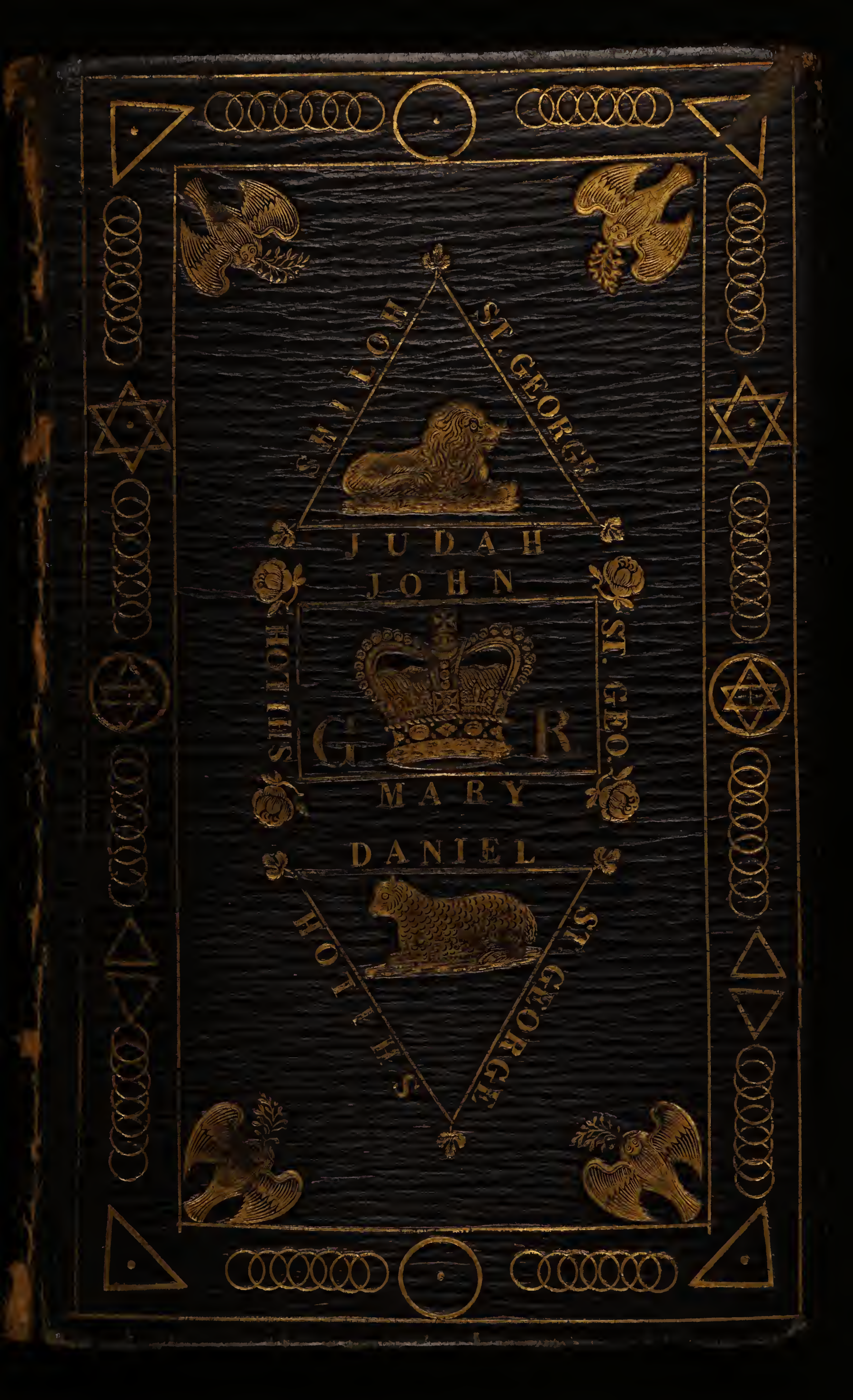

HOLY
ST. GEORGE
JUDAH
JOHN
HOLY
ST. GEO.
G R
MARY
DANIEL
HOLY
ST. GEORGE

HERMES MERCURIUS TRISMEGISTUS

ANTHROPOSOPHY OF THE ROSICRUSIANS


שדי

Spec Coll.
(Bindings)
7

1) HERMES TRISMEGISTUS
The divine pymander

2) WILLIAMS, R.
Physical treatises 1652
[PC 2 only]

3) VAUGHAN, T.
Fama and confession
1658

4) VAUGHAN T.
Lumen de Lumine
1651

Part of ms at end

Occult

in a very elaborate morocco binding
(green) with embossed binding

LUMEN DE LUMINE:

OR

A new *Magicall Light* discovered, and Communicated to the *WORLD*

By *Eugenius Philalethes.*

GEN. 1.3.
And *God* said, *Let there be Light.*
JOHN 1. Chap: Ver. 5.
And the *Light* shineth in the *Darknesse.*

Pythag.
Nè loquaris Deo absque Lumine.

LONDON,
Printed for H. BLUNDEN at the Castle in *Corne-Hil.* 1651.

To my Deare mother, *the most famous Universitie of* Oxford.

I HAVE observ'd (*most deare Mother*) and that in *most* of thy *Sons*, a *Complexion* of *Fame*, and *Ingratuitie*. *Learning* indeed they

have, but they *forget* the *Brests* that *gave* it. Thy *Good works* meet not with one *Samaritan*, but *Many* hast thou *cur'd* of the *Leprosie* of *Ignorance*. This is the *spot*, that *soyls* our *perfections*: we have all *drunk* of thy *Fountaine*, but we *sacrifice* not the *Water* to the *Well*. For my *own part*, I can *present* thee with *nothing* that's *Voluminous*, but here is a *Mustard-*

seed,

ſeed, which may *grow* to be the *Greateſt amongſt Herbs*. The *Draught* it ſelf hath nothing of *nature*, but what is under the *Veile*: I wiſh indeed thou mayſt ſee her *ſine Flammeo*, but her *face* like that of the *Annuntiata* expects the *Pencil* of an *Angell*. I cannot ſay this *Compoſure* deſerves thy *Patronage*, but give me leave to make it my *Opportunitie*, that I may

Mat. 13. 32.

returne

returne the *Acknowledge-*
ment, where I *receiv'd*
the *Benefit*. I intend not
my *Addresse* for the
Banks of *Isis*; Thou hast
no *Portion* there, unlesse
thy *Stones* require my
Inscription. It is thy *Dis-*
persed Body I have
knowne, and *That* only
I *remember*. Take it then
wheresoever *Thou* art,
in thy sad *Removes* and
Visitations. It is neither
Sadducee nor *Pharisee*,

but

but the *Test* of an *Israelite*, and

Thy Legitimat Child.

1650.

E. P.

To

In Summum Virum

Thomam Bodleium Equitem Auratum, *Bibliothecæ Oxoniensis* Structorem Magnificum.

SAncta Anima! *& tam* Sancta *simul salveto* Favilla!
Sitq; semel Cineris *fas meminuisse* tui!
Instructor *Cæli, & Stellarum* Plenior Odo,
Qui Sporadas *per* Te, *non sinis* Astra *fore.*
Quippe Lares Libris *vel* rite vagantibus *addis,*
Et Cælum, *quo sint* Sydera fixa, *cluis.*
Nos Vitam *ut* Patres, *largimur* Fœtibus: *at* Tu
Quo Vitam *hanc* possint vivere, *Solus* habes.
Hospitium *agnoscunt* Artes: *Hic* Quælibet *intrat*
Post Obstetrices, nec Peregrina, *Manus.*
Scæna *Togæ, Doctiq;* capax Panegyris *Orbis,*
Et Mare, *vel Potius* Plenior Unda *Mari.*

Concursus Geniorum, *&* *Meta Extrema* Lycæi,
Quò nullum *nisi sit* Sanctius, *iret* Opus.
Syllabus Heroum, *Mentisq;* Omniscia Proles,
Est hæc & Sensu *Theca animata* suo.
Bodleii Laus ampla, *&* Fusior Urna *Sepulti*,
Quâ Vitam *invenit* Mors sua, *Morsq;* Necem.
Hinc *se fracta* Fugæ *dedit*, *absumptisq;* sagittis
Implevit Vacuas sola pharetra *Manus*.

Par Tibi *Vox nulla est* : *Satagis dum Condere* Musam,
Fecisti, *Quod* non noverit *Illa* loqui.

Pium est Agnoscere, per
Quos profecisti.

Lu-

To the Reader.

I Have had ſome *Conteſt* with my ſelf in the *Diſpoſall* of this *Piece*, the *Subject* being *croſſe* to the *Genius* of the *Times*, which is both *Corpt*, and *Splenetic*. It was my *Deſire* keep it *within Doores*, but the *Re-tion* it bears to my *former Diſcour-* hath *forc'd* it to the *Preſſe*. It is *laſt Glaſſe* of my *thoughts*, and eir *firſt Reflex* being not *compleat*, ave added *this* to *perfect* their *I-ge*, and *Symmetrie*. I muſt con-ſe I have no *Reaſon* for it, but what

my

my *Adverſaries* ſupply me withall: I would *advance* the *Truth*, becauſe they would *ſuppreſſe* it. Indeed I have been *ſcurvily rewarded*, but the *ſucceſſe* of this *Art* grows from its *Oppoſition*, and this I believe, our late *Libellers* have *obſerved*, for they quit the *Science*, to quaſh the *Profeſſors*.

It is not enough to *abuſe* and *miſinterpret* our *writings*: with *ſtudied Calumnies* doe they diſparage our *perſons*, whom they *never ſaw*, and perhaps *never* will *ſee*. They *force* us to a *Bitterneſſe* beyond our own *Diſpoſitions*, and *provoke* men to *ſin*, as if they did *drive* the ſame *Deſign* with the *Devill*.

For my *own part*, I will no more hazard my *ſoule* by ſuch *uncivill Diſputes*, I know I muſt give an *Account for every idle word*. This *Theme* have reduc'd my *paſſions* to a *Diet*, I have reſolv'd for the *future* to *ſuffer*: for

Mat. 12. 36.

this I am *sure* of, *God will condemn no man for his patience.*

The *World* indeed may *think* the *truth overthrown*, becauſe ſhee is *attended* with her *Peace*, for in the *judgement* of *moſt men*, where there is no *Noyſe*, there is no *Victorie*. This I ſhall look upon as no *Diſadvantage*. The *Eſtimat* of ſuch *Cenſors* will but *lighten* the *Scales*, and I dare ſuppoſe them very *weak Brains*, who conceive the Truth *ſinks*, becauſe it *outweighs* them.

As for *tempeſtuous Out-cries*, when they *want* their *Motives*, they diſcover an *irreligious ſpirit*, one that hath more of the *Hurry-cano*, than of *Chriſt Jeſus*. God was not in the *wind*, that rent the Rocks to pieces, nor in the *Earth-quake*, and *Fire* at *Horeb*: He was *in Aura tenui*, in the *ſtill*, *ſmall voice*. 1 Kings 19.

My *Adviſe* is, that no Man ſhould *reſent* the *common ſpleen*. Who writes the *Truth* of *God*, hath the ſame *Pa-*

tron with the *Truth* it ſelf, and when the *world* ſhall ſubmit to the *generall Tribunal*, he will find his *Advocate*, where they ſhall find their *Judge*. There is a *mutuall Teſtimonie* between *God* and his *Servants*, if the *Baptiſt* did beare witneſſe of *Chriſt*, *Chriſt* alſo did as much for the *Baptiſt*: *He was a burning, and a ſhining Light.*

John 5. 35.

This, *Reader*, I thought fit to *Preface*, that if any *Diſcourſe* of mine be *traduc'd* hereafter, thou maiſt not *expect* my *Vindication*. I have referr'd my *Quarrell* to the *God* of *Nature*, it is involv'd in the *Concernments* of his *Truth*. I am ſatisfi'd with the *Peace* and *Teſt* of a good *Conſcience*: I have written nothing but what God hath *verified* before my *Eyes* in *particular*, and is able to *juſtifie* before the *world* in *generall*. I have known his *ſecret Light*, his *Candle* is my *School-maſter*; I teſtifie *thoſe things*, which I have *ſeen* under his very *Beams*, in the

bright

bright *Circumference* of his *Glory.*

When I did first put my *Thoughts* to *paper*, God can beare me witnesse, it was not for any *private ends*. I was drawn, and forc'd to it by a *strong Admiration* of the *Mysterie* and *Majestie* of *Nature*. It was my *Design* to *glorisie* the *Truth*, and in some measure to *serve* the *Age*, had they been *capable* of it. But the *barbarous Insults* I have met withall, and without any *Deserts* of *mine*, have forc'd my *Charitie* to keep at *Home*. Truly, had not I been *robb'd* of my *Peace*, I had imparted *some things*, which I am confident this *Generation* will not receive from *another Pen*. But the *Times* in this *Respect* fall not even with *providence*, for the *Years* of *Discoverie* are not yet come. This *Truth*, like the *Dove* in the *Deluge*, must hover in winds and Tempests, overlooke the *Surges* and *Billows*, and find no *place* for the *Sole* of her *Foot*. But the

wiſe *God* provides for *her* : on all theſe *waves* and *Waters* ſhe hath a *little Ark* to *returne* to. Me thinks I ſee *her* in the *window* all *wet*, and *weather-beaten*. She hath been rejected *abroad*, and now I will take her Home. *Come in with thy Branch of Olive !*

To conclude, this *Diſcourſe* is my *laſt*, and the only *Clavis* to my *Firſt*. What I have written formerly, is like the Arabian's *Halicali* : it is *Domus ſignata*, a Houſe ſhut up, but here I give you the *Key* to the *Lock*. If you *enter*, ſeale up what you ſee in your *Hearts* : Truſt it not to the *Tongue*, for that's a *Flying Scroul*. Thus I deliver my *Light* to your *Hands*, but what *Returns* you will *give* me, I know not. If you are for *Peace*, Peace be with you : if for *War*, I have been ſo too, but *Let not him that girds on his Armour, boaſt like him, that puts it off*. Doe well, and Farewell.

Kings
. 11.

1651. E. P.

LUMEN DE LUMINE.

NOw had the Night spent her black stage, and all
Her beauteous, twinckling flames grew sick, and pale.
Her Scene of shades, and silence fled; and Day
Drest the young East in Roses: where each Ray
Falling on Sables, made the Sun and Night
Kisse in a Checquer of mixt Clouds, and Light.

Think it were more *plaine*, and to some *Capacities* more *pleasing*, if I should *expresse* my self in this popular, low *Dialect*. It was about the *Dawning* or *Day-breake*, when tyr'd with a tedious *solitude*, and those *pensive Thoughts* which *attend it*, after much *Losse* and

and more *Labour*, I ſuddainly fell *a ſle*
Here then the *Day* was no ſooner *borne*, b
ſtrangled; I was reduc'd to a *night* of a mo
deep *tincture* than that which I had *former*
ſpent. My *fanſie* placed me in a *Region* o
inexpreſſible *Obſcuritie*, and as I thoug
more than *Naturall*; but without any *Ter*
rors. I was in a firm even *Temper*, and thoug
without incouragements, not only *reſolut*
but *well-pleas'd*. I moved every way for *Di*
coveries, but was ſtill intertained with *Dark*
neſſe and *ſilence*, and I thought my ſelf tran
ſlated to the *Land* of *Deſolation*. Being thu
troubled to no purpoſe, and wearied with
long Indeavours, I reſolved to reſt my ſelf
and ſeeing I could find nothing, I expected if
any thing could find me. I had not long continued in this humor, but I could heare the *whiſpers* of a *ſoft wind*, that *travail'd* towards me, and ſuddainly it was in the *Leaves* of the *Trees*, ſo that I concluded my ſelf to be in ſome *Wood*, or *Wilderneſſe*. With this gentle *Breath* came a moſt *heavenly*, *odorous Ayre*, much like that of *ſweet Briars*, but not ſo *rank* and *full*. This *perfume* being blown over, there ſucceeded a pleaſant *Humming* of *Bees* amongſt *Flowers*, and this did ſomewhat *diſcompoſe* me, for I judged it not *ſuitable* with the *Complexion* of the *place*, which was *darke*

and

and like *Mid-night*. Now was I ſomewhat troubl'd with theſe *unexpected Occurrences*, when a new *Appearance* diverted my *Apprehenſions*. Not far off on my right hand, I could diſcover a white weake *Light*, not ſo *cleare* as that of a *Candle*, but *myſtie*, and much reſembling an *Atmoſpheare*. Towards the *Center* it was of a *purple colour* like the *Elyſian Sun-ſhine*, but in the *Dilatation* of the *Circumference*, *Milkie*: and if we conſider the joynt *Tincture* of the *parts*, it was a painted *Veſper*, a *Figure* of that *Splendor*, which the old *Romans* called (a) *Sol Mortuorum*. Whiles I was taken up with this ſtrange *Scene*, there appeared in the middle *purple Colours*, a ſuddain *Commotion*, and out of their very *Center* did *ſprout* a certaine flowrie *Light*, as it were the *flame* of a *Taper*. Very *bright* it was, *ſparkling*, and *twinkling* like the *Day-ſtar*. The *Beams* of this new *Planet* iſſuing forth in ſmall *Skeins* and *Rivulets*, look'd like *Threds* of *Silver*, which being reflected againſt the *Trees*, diſcover'd a Curious, *green Vmbrage*, and I found my ſelf in a *Grove* of *Bays*. The *Texture* of the *Branches* was ſo even, the *Leaves* ſo *thick*, and in that conſpiring *order*, it was not a *wood*, but a *Building*. I conceived it indeed to be the *Temple* of *Nature*, where ſhe had joyn'd *Diſcipline*

a Boxhorn *falſly interprets this Notion.*

to

to her *Doctrine*. Under this *shade* and *skreen* did lodge a number of *Nightingals*, which I discovered by their *whitish Breasts*. These peeping thorough their *leavie Cabinets*, rejoyced at this strange *Light*, and having first *plum'd* themselves, stirr'd the still *Ayre* with their *Musick*. This I thought was very pretty, for the *silence* of the *Night*, suiting with the *solitude* of the *place*, made me judge it *heavenly*. The *Ground* both neer and far of, presented a *pleasing* kind of *Checquer*, for this new *star* meeting with some *drops* of *Dew*, made a *Multitude* of bright *Refractions*, as if the *Earth* had been *paved* with *Diamonds*. These rare, and various *Accidents* kept my soul busied, but to interrupt my *Thoughts*, as if it had been *unlawfull* to *examine* what I had *seen*, another more admirable *Object* interpos'd. I could see between me and the *Light*, a most exquisit, divine *Beauty*. Her *frame* neither *long*, nor *short*, but a meane decent *Stature*. Attir'd she was in *thin loose silks*, but so *green*, that I never saw the *like*, for the *Colour* was not *Earthly*. In some places it was *fansied* with *white* and *Silver Ribbands*, which look'd like *Lilies* in a *field* of *Grasse*. Her *head* was *overcast* with a thin floating *Tiffanie*, which she *held up* with *one* of her *hands*, and look'd as it were from *under*

it,

it. Her *Eys* were *quick*, *fresh*, and *Celestiall*, but had something of a *start*, as if she had been *puzzl'd* with a suddaine *Occurrence*. From her *black Veile* did her *Locks* breake out, like *Sun-beams* from a *Mist*; they ran *dishevell'd* to her *Brests*, and then return'd to her *Cheeks* in *Curls* and *Rings* of *Gold*. Her *Haire* behind her was *rowl'd* to a curious *Globe*, with a small short *spire* flowr'd with *purple*, and *skie-colour'd Knots*. Her *Rings* were pure, intire *Emeralds*, for she valued no *metall*, and her *Pendants* of burning *Carbuncles*. To be short, her whole *Habit* was *youthfull* and *flowrie*, it *smelt* like the *East*, and was thorowly *ayr'd* with rich *Arabian Diapasms*. This and no other, was her *appearanee* at that *Time*: but whiles I admir'd her *perfections*, and prepar'd to make my *Addresses*, shee prevents me with a voluntarie *Approach*. Here indeed I expected some *Discourse* from her, but she looking very seriously and silently in my face, takes me by the hand, and softly whispers, *I should follow her*. This I confesse sounded strange, but I thought it not amisse to obey so *sweet* a *Command*, and especially one that *promised* very much, but was able in my Opinion to *performe* more. The *Light* which I had formerly *admir'd*, proved now at last to be her *Attendant*,

for

for it moved like an *Vsher* before her. This *Service* added much to her *Glorie*, and it was my only care to *observe* her, who though she *wandr'd* not, yet verily she *followed* no *known path*. Her *walk* was *green*, being *furr'd* with a fine small *Grasse*, which felt like *plush*, for it was very *soft*; and purl'd all the way with *Daysies* and *Primrose*. When we came out of our *Arboret* and *Court* of *Bayes*, I could perceive a strange *Clearnesse* in the *Ayr*, not like that of *Day*, neither can I affirme it was *night*. The *stars* indeed *perched* over us, and stood *glimmering*, as it were on the *Tops* of high *Hills*, for we were in a most deep *Bottome*, and the *Earth* overlook'd us, so that I conceived we were *neer* the *Center*. We had not walk'd very far, when I discovered certaine thick, white *Clouds*, for such they seemed to me, which fill'd all that part of the *Valley*, that was before us. This indeed was an *Error* of mine, but it continued not long, for comming neerer, I found them to be firm solid *Rocks*, but *shining* and *sparkling* like *Diamonds*. This rare and goodly *sight* did not a litttle *incourage* me, and great desire I had to heare my *Mistris* speake (for so I judged her now) that if possible, I might receive some *Information*. How to bring this about, I did not well know, for

she

ne seem'd *averse* from *Discourse*; but ha-
ing resolv'd with my self to *disturb* her, I
sk'd her if she would favour me with her
Name. To this she replied very familiarly,
s if she had kown me long before. *Euge-
ius* (said she) *I have many Names, but my
est and dearest is* Thalia: *for I am alwaies
reen, and I shall never* wither. *Thou doest
ere behold the* mountains *of the* Moone, *and
will shew thee the* Originall *of* Nilus, *for she
rings from these Invisible Rocks. Looke up
nd peruse the very* Tops *of these* pillars *and
lifts of* Salt, *for they are the true, Philoso-
hicall*, Lunar Mountains. *Didst thou ever
e such a Miraculous, incredible thing*? This
eech made me quickly look up to those
littering *Turrets* of *Salt*, where I could see
stupendous *Cataract*, or *Waterfall*. The
reame was more *large* than any *River* in her
ll *Chanell*, but notwithstanding the *Height*,
nd *Violence* of its *Fall*, it descended with-
ut any *Noyse*. The *Waters* were *dash'd*,
nd their *Current* distracted by those *Saltish
Rocks*, but for all this they came down with
dead *silence*, like the still, soft *Ayr*. Some of
his *Liquor* (for it ran by me) I took up, to
e what strange *wollen substance* it was, that
d thus *steale* down like *Snow*. When I had
in my hands it was no *Common water*, but a

certaine

certaine kind of *Oile* of a *Waterie Complexi-on.* A *viſcous*, *fat*, *mineral nature* it was *bright* like *Pearls*, and *tranſparent* like *Chry-ſtall.* When I had viewd and ſearch'd it well it appear'd ſomewhat *ſpermatic*, and in very Truth it was *obſcene* to the *ſight*, but much more to the *Touch.* Hereupon *Thalia* told me, it was the *firſt Matter*, and the very Na-turall, true *Sperm* of the *great World.* It is (ſaid ſhe) *inviſible*, and therefore *few* are *they* that *find* it; but many believe it is *not* to be *found.* They believe indeed that the *world* is a dead *Figure*, like a *Body* which hath been ſometimes *made*, and *faſhion'd* by that *ſpirit*, which *dwelt* in it, but *retaines* that very *ſhape* and *faſhion*, for ſome ſhort *time*, after that the *Spirit* hath *forſaken* it. They ſhould ra-ther *conſider*, that every *Frame* when the *Soule* hath *left* it, doth *diſcompoſe*, and can no longer *retaine* its former *figure*, for the *Agent* that *held* and *kept* the parts *together* is *gone.* Moſt excellent then is that ſpeech which I heard ſometimes from one of my own Pupils. *Mundus hic ex tam diverſis contrariſque partibus in unam formam minimè convenisſet, niſi unus eſſet, qui tam Di-verſa conjungeret; Conjuncta vero Natura-rum ipſa Diverſitas invicem diſcors, diſſo-ciaret, atque divelleret, niſi unus eſſet, qui*

quod nexuit, contineret. Non tam vero certus naturæ ordo procederet, nec tam dispositos motus Locis, temporibus, efficientiâ, Qualitatibus explicaret, nisi unus esset, qui has Mutationum varietates manens ipse disponeret. Hoc quicquid est, quo Condita manent, atque gubernantur, usitato cunctis Vocabulo Deum nomino. This world (saith he) of such *divers* and *contrarie parts* had never been made *one thing*, Had not there been *one*, who did *joyn together* such *contrary things*. But being *joyn'd together*, the very *Diversitie* of the *Natures joyned*, fighting one with another, had *Discompos'd* and *separated* them, unlesse there had been *one* to *hold* and *keep* those *parts together*, which he at *first* did *joyn*. Verily the *order* of *Nature* could not *proceed* with such *certaintie*, neither could she move so *regularly* in severall *places*, *times*, *effects* and *qualities*, unlesse there were *some one*, who *dispos'd*, and *order'd* these *Varieties* of *Motions*. This, whatsoever it is, by which the world is preserved and govern'd, I call by that usuall name, *God*. Thou must therefore *Eugenius* (said she) understand, that all *Compositions* are made by an *active*, *intelligent life*; for what was done in the *Composure* of the great world in *generall*, the same is perform'd in the *Generation* of every

creature, and its *sperm* in *particular*. I suppose thou doest know, that *water* cannot be *contained* but in some *Vessell*. The *naturall Vessell* which God hath appointed for it, is *Earth*. In *Earth* water may be *thickned*, and brought to a *figure*, but of it *self*, and *without Earth*, it hath an *indefinit flux*, and is subject to no *certaine figure* whatsoever. *Ayre* also is a *fleeting indeterminat substance*, but *water* is his *Vessell*: for *water* being *figured* by means of *Earth*, the *Ayr* also is *thickned*, and *figur'd* in the *Water*: To ascend higher, the *Ayr* coagulats the *liquid fire*, and *fire incorporated* involves and confines the thin *Light*. These are the *Means* by which God *unites*, and *compounds* the *Elements* into a *Sperm*, for the *Earth* alters the *Complexion* of the *water*, and makes it *viscous* and *slimie*. Such a *water* must they look, who would produce any *Magicall extraordinary Effects*; for this *Spermatic water* coagulats with the *least heat*, so that *nature* concocts, and hardens it into *metals*. Thou seest the *whites* of *Egs* will *thicken* assoon as they *feel* the *fire*, for their *moysture* is temper'd with a *pure subtill Earth*, and this subtill, animated *Earth*, is that which *binds* their *water*. Take *water* then my *Eugenius*, from the *Mountains* of the *Moon*, which is *water*,

and

and *no water*: Boyl it in the *fire* of *Nature*, to a two fold Earth, *white* and *red*. then feed those *Earths* with *Ayr* of *Fire*: and *Fire* of *Ayr*, and thou haſt the two Magicall *Luminaries*. But becauſe thou haſt been a ſervant of mine for a long time, and that thy patience hath manifeſted the Truth of thy Love, I will bring thee to my *Schoole*, and there will I ſhew thee, what the world is not capable of. This was no ſooner ſpoken, but ſhe paſt by thoſe *Diamond-like*, *rockie ſalts*, and brought me to a *Rock* of *Adamant* figur'd to a juſt, intire *Cube*: It was the *Baſis* to a *firie Pyramid*, a *Trigon* of pure *Pyrope*, whoſe *impriſon'd flames* did *ſtretch*, and *ſtrive* for *Heaven*. To the *Fore-ſquare* or *Frontlet* of this *Rock* was annex'd a little *Portall*, and in that hung a *Tablet*. It was a painted *Hedge-Hog*, ſo rowl'd and wrapt up in his *Bag*, he could not eaſily be *diſcompos'd*. Over this ſtood a *Dog ſnarling*, and hard by him this Inſtruction.

Suaviter aut Pungit.

IN we went, and having entred the *Rock*, the *interior parts* were of a heavenly *Smaragdine Colour*. Somewhere they ſhin'd like *Leaves* of pure *Gold*, and then appear'd

a third inexpressible *purple tincture*. We had not gone very far, but we came to an Ancient Majestic *Altar*; *On* the *Offertorie*, or very *top* of it, was figur'd the *Trunck* of an old rotten *tree*, pluck'd up by the *Roots*. Out of this crept a *Snake*, of colour *white* and *Green*, Slow of *Motion* like a *Snayle*, and very *weake*, having but newly *felt* the *Sun*, that *overlook'd* her. Towards the *Foot*, or *Basis* of this *Altar* was an *Inscription* in old *Egyptian Hieroglyphics*, which *Thalia* expounded, and this is it.

Diis Beatis.

In Cælo Subterraneo.

N. L.

τ. α. ν. φ.

FRom this place we moved straight forward, till we came to a *Cave* of *Earth*. It was very *obscure*, and withall *dankish*, giving a *heavy odour* like that of *graves*. Here we stay'd not long, but passing this *Church-*

Church-yard, wee came at laſt to the *Sanctuarie*, where *Thalia* turning to mee, made this her ſhort, and laſt ſpeech.

Eugenius! *This is the place, which many have deſired to ſee, but ſaw it not. The Preparatives to their Admiſſion here, were wanting: They did not love Mee, but Mine. They coveted indeed the Riches of Nature, but Nature her ſelf they did both neglect, and corrupt. Som Advantages they had in point of Aſſault, had they but ſtudied their Opportunities. I was expos'd to their hands, but they knew mee not. I was ſubject in ſom meaſure to their Violence, but Hee that made mee, would not ſuffer mee to bee rift'd. In a word, the Ruine of theſe men was built on their Diſpoſition. In their Addreſſes to mee, they reſembl'd thoſe pittifull things, which ſom call Courtiers. Theſe have their Antics and Raunts, as if they had been train'd amongſt Apes. They ſcrape (as one hath well expreſt it) proportions Mathematicall: make ſtrange Legs and faces, and in that phraſe of the ſame Poet;*

Varie their Mouths as 'twere by Magic ſpell,
To figures ovall, ſquare, and Triangle.

So theſe impudent Sophiſters aſſaulted mee with Vain-glorious Humors. When I look'd into

their hearts, there was no Room for mee; they were full of proud Thoughts, and dream'd of a certain Riotous Happiness, which must bee maintain'd by my Expences, and Treasures. In the interim they did not consider that I was plain and simple, One that did not love Noise, but a privat, Sweet Content. I have Eugenius *found thee much of my own Humor. I have withall found thy Expectations patient, thou canst easily believe, where thou hast Reason to thy Faith. Thou hast all this while served without Wages, now is the time com to reward Thee. My love, I freely give Thee, and with it these tokens, my Key, and Seale. The one opens, the other shutts, bee sure to use both with Discretion. As for the Mysteries of this my Schoole, thou hast the Libertie to peruse them all, there is not any thing here, but I will gladly reveale it to thee. I have one Præcept I shall commend to thee, and this it is, You must bee Silent. You shall not in your writings exceed my Allowances: Remember that I am your Love, and you will not make mee a Prostitute. But because I wish you Serviceable to those of your own Disposition, I here give you an Emblematicall Type of my Sanctuarie, with a full Priviledge to publish it.*

Iliad 8. *This is all, and now I am going to that Invisible Region,* ἐν Ἀιδαισιν δόμοις ἔσω. *Let not that*

Proverb

Proverb take place with you, Out of Sight, out of Mind: *Remember mee, and bee Happy.*

Theſe were her *Inſtructions*, which were no ſooner delivered, but ſhee brought mee to a cleare, large *Light*, and here I ſaw thoſe Things, which I muſt not ſpeak of. Having thus diſcovered all the parts of that glorious *Labyrinth*, ſhee did lead me out again with her *Clew* of *Sun-beams*, her *Light* that went *Shining* before us. When wee were paſt the *Rocks* of *Nilus*, ſhee ſhewed mee a Secret *Staire-Caſe*, by which wee aſcended from that deep and flowrie *Vale*, to the *face* of this our *Common Earth*. Here *Thalia* ſtopt in a mute Ceremonie, for I was to bee left all alone. Shee look'd upon mee in ſilent ſmiles, mixt with a pretty kind of Sadneſs, for wee were unwilling to part. But her Houre of *Tranſlation* was come; and taking (as I thought) our laſt leave, ſhee paſt before my Eyes, πρὸς Αἰῶνα, into the *Æther* of *Nature*.

Now verily was I much troubled, and ſomewhat diſordered, but compoſing my ſelf as well as I could, I came to a *Cop* of *Myrtles*, where reſting my ſelf on a *Flowrie Bank*, I began to conſider thoſe Things which I had ſeen. This Solitude, and Melancholie ſtudie continued not long, for it met with a very

gratefull Interruption. I could ſee *Thalia* as it were at the *end* of a *Landskip*, ſomwhat far off, as wee ſee *ſtars* newly *riſen* : but in a moment ſhee was in the *Myrtles*, where ſeating her ſelf hard by mee, I received from her this Diſcourſe. *I would not* Eugenius, *have thee ignorant of the Unitie, and Concentration of Sciences. In the paſt, and more Knowing years of the world, when Magic was better, and more generally underſtood, the Profeſſors of this Art divided it into three parts, Elementall, Cœleſtiall, and Spirituall. The Elementall part contained all the Secrets of Phyſic, the Cœleſtiall thoſe of Aſtrologie, and the Spirituall thoſe of Divinitie. Every one of theſe by it ſelf was but a Branch or Lim, but being united all Three, they were the Pandects of the Science. Now in theſe thy dayes there is no man canſhew thee any reall Phyſic, or Aſtrologie, neither have they any more, than a Tong-and-Book Divinitie. The reaſon of it is this ; In Proceſs of time theſe three Sciences (which work no wonders without a mutuall eſſentiall Union) were by miſ-interpretation diſmembred, and ſet apart, ſo that every one of them was held to be a Facultie by it ſelf. Now God had united theſe Three in one Naturall Subject, but man hee ſeparated them, and placed them in no Subject, but in his own Brain, there they*

remained

remained in words and fansie, not in Substantiall Elements, and Veritie. In this state the Sciences were dead and Ineffectuall: they yeelded nothing but Noyse, for they were separated; As if thou should'st dismember a Man, and then expect some one part of him should performe those Actions, which the whole did, when he was alive. Thou doest know by very naturall Experience, that out of one Specificall Root there grow severall different Substances, as Leaves, Flowers, Fruit, and Seed; So out of one Universall Root, namely the Chaos, grow all Specificall Natures, and their Individualls. Now there is no true Science or Knowledge, but what is grounded upon Sensible, particular Substances, or upon that Sensible Universall Substance, out of which all Particulars are made. As for Universals in the Abstract, there are no such things, they are empty imaginarie Whymzies, for Abstractions are but so many Phantastic Suppositions. Consider now Eugenius, *that all Individuals, even Man himself, hath nothing in him Materially, but what he received from the materiall Universall Nature.* Consider again, that the same Individuals *are Reducible to their first Physicall Universall Matter, and by Consequence this Universall matter hath in it self the Secrets and Mysteries of all Particulars;*

for

for whatsoever includes the Subject it self, includes also the Science of that subject. To conclude: In the first Matter, the Divine Wisdome is collected in a Generall Chaodicall Center, but in the particulars made of the first Matter it is dispersed, and spread out as it were to a Circumference. It remains then that the Chaos is the Center of all Sciences, to which they may, and ought to be reduc'd, for it is the sensible naturall Mysterium Magnum, *and under God the Secondary Temple of Wisdome. Search therefore, and examine the parts of this Chaos, by the Rules and Instructions received, when I was with thee in the mineral Region. Dwell not altogether on the practice, for that is not the way to improve it: be sure to adde reason to thy Experience, and to imploy thy mind aswell as thy hands. Labour to know all Causes and their Effects: doe not only study the Receipt, like that broyling frying Company, who call themselves Chimists, but are indeed no Philosophers. This is all which I thinke fit to adde to my former Prescriptions, but that which made me returne, was something else, and now thou shalt receive it. Thou hast heard sometimes I suppose of the Berylliſtic part of Magic: have a care to apprehend me, and I will shew thee the Foundation. Thou must know the stars*

can

can impresse no new Influx *in perfect compleat Bodies, they only dispose, and in some measure stir up that influence, which hath been formerly impressed.* It *is most certain* Eugenius, *that no Astrobolism takes place without some previous Corruption, and Alteration in the Patient, for Nature works not but in loose, moyst, discomposed Elements. This Distemper proceeds not from the stars, but from the Contrarietie of the Elements amongst themselves: whensoever they fall out, and work their own Dissolution, then the Celestiall Fire puts in to reconcile them againe, and generats some new Forme, seeing the old one could consist no longer. Observe then that the Genuine Time of Impressions is, when the Principles are Spermatic and callow, but being once coagulated to a perfect Body, the Time of Stellification is past. Now the Ancient Magi in their Books speake of strange Astrologicall Lamps, Images, Rings, and Plates, which being us'd at certaine Hours, would produce incredible, extraordinarie Effects. The common Astrologer, he takes a stone, or some peece of Metall, figures it with ridiculous Characters, and then exposeth it to the Planets, not in an Alkemusi, but as he dreams himself, he knows not how. When this is done, all is to no purpose, but though they faile in their practice, yet they*

believe

believe they understand the Books of the Magi well enough. Now Eugenius *that thou mayst know what to doe, I will teach thee by Example. Take a ripe graine of Corne, that is hard, and drie, expose it to the Sun-beams in a Glasse, or any other vessell, and it will be a drie graine for ever. But if thou doest bury it in the Earth, that the nitrous Saltish moysture of that Element may dissolve it, then the Sun will worke upon it, and make it spring and sprout to a new Body. It is just thus with the common Astrologer, he exposeth to the Planets a perfect compacted Body, and by this means thinks to performe the Magician's Gamaea, and marry the Inferior and Superior Worlds. It must be a Body reduc'd into Sperm, that the Heavenly Feminine moysture, which receives and retains the Impresse of the Astrall Agent, may be at Liberty, and immediatly expos'd to the Masculine Fire of Nature. This is the ground of the Beryl, but you must remember that nothing can be stellified without the joynt Magnetism of three Heavens; what they are I have told you elsewhere, and I will not trouble you with Repetitions.* When she had thus said, she took out of her Bosome, two miraculous *Medals*, not *Metalline*, but such as I had never seen, neither did I conceive there was in Nature

such

ſuch pure, and glorious Subſtances. In my Judgement they were two *Magicall Aſtrolaſms*, but ſhe call'd them *Saphirics* of the *Sun* and *Moone*. Theſe *Miracles* ſhe commended to my peruſall, excuſing her ſelf as being ſleepie, otherwiſe ſhe had expounded them for me. I look'd, admir'd, and wearied my ſelf in their Contemplation. Their *Complexion* was ſo *heavenly*, their *contrivance* ſo *myſterious*, I did not well know, what to make of them. I turn'd aſide to ſee if ſhe was ſtill a ſleep, but ſhe was gone, and this did not a little trouble me. I expected her Returne, till the Day was quite ſpent, but ſhe did not appeare. At laſt fixing my Eys on that place, where ſhee ſometimes reſted, I diſcover'd certain *peeces* of *Gold*, which ſhe had left behind her, and hard by a *paper* folded like a *Letter*. Theſe I took up, and now the *Night* approaching, the *Evening-ſtar* tinn'd in the *Weſt*, when taking my laſt *ſurvey* of her *flowrie pillow*, I parted from it in this *Verſe*.

PRetty green Bank *farewell! and mayſt thou weare*
Sun beams, *and* Roſe, *and* Lilies *all the yeare!*
She ſl pt *on* Thee: *but needed not to* ſhed
Her Gold, *'twas* pay *enough to be her* Bed.
Thy Flow'rs *are* Favo its: *for this* lov'd Day
They were my Rivals, *and with* Her *did* play.

They

They found their Heav'n *at hand, and in her* Eys
Injoy'd a Copie *of their* absent skies.
Their weaker paint *did with* true Glories trade,
And mingl'd *with her* Cheeks, *one* Posie *made.*
And did not her soft skin *confine their* pride,
And with a skreen *of* Silk *both* Flow'rs *divide,*
They had suck'd life *from* thence, *and from her* Heat
Borrow'd a Soul *to make themselves* compleat.
O happy Pillow! *Though thou art layd* even
With Dust, *she made thee up almost a* Heaven.
Her Breath *rain'd* Spices, *and each* Amber ring
Of her bright locks *strew'd* Bracelets *o'r thy* spring.
That Earth's *not* poor, *did such a* Treasure *hold,*
But thrice inrich'd, *with* Amber, Spice, *and* Gold.

Scholæ

SCHOLÆ MAGICÆ TYPVS.

Ro: Vaughan sculp:

Lumen de Lumine,

THis is that *Emblematicall Magicall Type*, which *Thalia* delivered to me in the invisible *Guiana*. The first and Superior part of it represents the *Mountains* of the *Moon*. The Philosophers commonly call them the *Mountains* of *India*, on whose *Tops* grows their secret and famous *Lunaria*. It is an *Herb* easie to be found, but that men are blind, for it *discovers* it *self*, and shines after *night* like *Pearle*. The *Earth* of these *Mountains* is very *red* and *soft* beyond all *Expression*. It is full of *Chrystalline Rocks*, which the Philosophers call their *Glase*, and their *Stone*: *Birds* and *Fish* (say they) bring it to *them*. Of these *Mountains* speaks *Hali* the *Arabian*, a most excellent judicious Author. *Vade fili ad Montes Indiæ, & ad Cavernas suas, & accipe ex eis lapides honoratos qui liquefiunt in Aquâ, quando commiscentur ei.* Goe my son to the *Mountains* of *India*, and to their *Quarries* or *Caverns* and take thence our *precious stones*, which dissolve or melt in *water*, when they are *mingl'd* therewith. Much indeed might be spoken concerning these *Mountains*, if it were lawfull to publish their *Mysteries*, but one thing I shall not forbeare to tell you. They are very dangerous places *after Night*, for they are haunted with *Fires*,

and

and other ſtrange *Apparitions*, occaſion'd (as I am told by the *Magi*) by certaine *ſpirits*, which *dabble laſciviouſly* with the *ſperm* of the *world*, and imprint their *Imaginations* in it, producing many times fantaſtic, and monſtrous *Generations*. The Acceſſe and Pilgrimage to this place, with the Difficulties which attend them, are faithfully, and magiſterially deſcribed by the *Brothers* of *R. C.* Their *Language* indeed is very *ſimple*, and with moſt men perhaps *contemptible*: But to *ſpeake finely* was no *part* of their *Deſigne*, their *Learning* lyes not in the *Phraſe*, but in the *Senſe*, and that is it, which I propoſe to the *Conſideration* of the *Reader*.

D A

A Letter *from the* Brothers *of* R. C.

Concerning the Invisible, Magicall *MOUNTAINE*, And the *Treasure* therein *Contained.*

„ UNusquisque naturâ desyderat esse
„ Dux: habere Aureos & Argenteos
„ Thesauros & magnus videri coram
„ Mundo. Deus autem hæc omnia Creavit,
„ ut Homo iis utatur, Eorumque sit Domi-
„ nus, & agnoscat in illis singularem ejus Bo-
„ nitatem & Omnipotentiam, Ipsi gratias a-
„ gat, Eum honoret, & laudet. Nemo autem
„ vult hæc omnia nisi otiosis diebus, & nullo
„ labore, & periculo præeunte conquirere,
„ neque ex loco eo consequi, in quo Deus il-
„ la posuerit: etiamque vult ut quærantur,
„ & Quærentibus dabit. Nemo vero vult se-
„ dem sibi in illo loco quærere, & propterea
„ etiam non inveniuntur. Siquidem à longo
„ tempore Via, & locus ad Hæc incognitus
„ est, & maximæ parti absconditus. Etiamsi

„ vero

„ vero Locum & Viam difficile & laboriosum
„ sit invenire, locus tamen est investigandus.
„ Cum vero Deus coram suis nihil absconditum velit, ideo in hoc ultimo sæculo antequam Judicium extremum veniat, Dignis hæc omnia sunt revelanda: uti (obscurè tamen satìs, nè manifesta fiant Indignis) in quodam loco inquit; Nihil est Absconditum, quod non reveletur. Nos igitur à Spiritu Dei acti, hanc Dei Voluntatem Mundo annunciamus, utì etiam in Diversis linguis à Nobis factum, & publicatum est. Istam verò publicationem aut major pars calumniatur, aut contemnit, aut sine Deo promissa ejus penes nos quærit, existimáns nos illos statim Docturos, quo modo Aurum Chimicum sit præparandum, aut illis afferre magnos Thesauros, quibus possint coram mundo pomposè vivere, supetbire, Bella gerere, Lucra exercere, helluari, potare, incontinenter vivere, & in aliis peccatis vitam commaculare, Quæ tamen omnia contraria sunt voluntati ipsius Dei. Hi exempla capere debebant à *decem virginibus* illis (quarum *quinque Stolidæ* à prudentibus *Oleum* petebant) esse multùm aliam rationem, dum nimirum opus sit, ut quilibet *proprio labore* & studio in *Deo* id consequatur. Nos tamen illorum sociorum Animos

Mat. 10. 26.

„ ex ſingulari Dei gratiâ & Revelatione, etiam
„ ex ipſorum ſcriptis agnoſcimus, aures no-
„ ſtras obturamus, & quaſi nutibus nos obdu-
„ cimus, ne Ipſorum Boatus, & Ejulatus au-
„ diamus, qui in vanum *aurum* claman
„ Atque hinc fit etiam quod multum *Calum-*
„ *niarum* & *Convitiorum* contra *nos* effun-
„ dunt, quæ non curamus, ſed *Deus* ſuo tem-
„ pore *judicabit*.

„ Poſtquam verò Nos *Veſtrum Duorum*
„ Diligentiam, & ſedulitatem, quam in ver
„ *Cognitione Dei*, & *Lectione ſacrorum Bi-*
„ *bliorum* impenditis, jampridem (quamvi
„ vobis inſcientibus) bene ſcivimus, etiam e
„ veſtro agnovimus ſcripto, Nos etiam vo
„ præ multis aliis millibus reſponſo aliqu
„ dignari voluimus, & vobis hoc ſignifica
„ ex permiſſu Dei, & Spiritus Sancti Admo-
„ nitione.

„ Eſt *MONS* ſitus in medio *Terræ*
„ vel *Centro orbis*, qui eſt *parvus* & *magnus*
„ eſt *mollis*, etiam ſupra modum *durus* &
„ *Saxoſus*; eſt unicuique *propinquus*, & *lon-*
„ *ginquus*, ſed ex Conſilio Dei *Inviſibilis*. I
„ eo ſunt *maximi Theſauri abſconditi*, quo
„ Mundus numerare non poteſt; Qui *mo*
„ ex Invidiâ *Diaboli* (qui omni tempore *D*
„ *Gloriam*, & *Fœlicitatem Hominis* impedi
„ multum *trucibus Animalibus*, & aliis *A*

„ *vibu*

„ *vibus rapacibus* circumdatus eſt, quæ *viam*
„ Homini reddunt *difficilem*, & *periculoſam*,
„ & propterea huc uſque etiam (quia *Tem-*
„ *pus nondum eſt*) ea via nec dum ab Omni-
„ bus quæri potuit, aut inveniri. Nunc vero
„ à Dignis (interim proprio cujuſque labore)
„ Via invenienda eſt. Ad hunc Montem ite
„ Nocte quadam (cum ea ſit) longiſſimâ, &
„ obſcuriſſimâ, & præparate voſmetipſos per
„ fideles precationes. Inſiſtite in viam ubi
„ Mons ſit inveniendus, Quærite autem ex
„ Nemine ubi via ſit invenienda, ſed ſequimi-
„ ni fideliter veſtrum Ductorem, qui ſe vo-
„ bis ſiſtet, & in itinere vos offendet, vos verò
„ illum non agnoſcetis. Hic mediâ nocte,
„ cum omnia tranquilla & obſcura ſunt, vos
„ ad Montem adducet, ſed neceſſe eſt ut vos
„ præmuniatis animo magno & heroico, ne
„ reformidetis ea, quæ vobis occurrent, & re-
„ cedatis. Nullo gladio Corporali indigetis,
„ nec aliis Armis, ſed Deum ſolummodo in-
„ vocate Syncerè, & ex Animo. Poſtquam vi-
„ diſtis Montem, primum Miraculum quod
„ procedet, hoc eſt. Vehementiſſimus &
„ maximus Ventus, qui Montem commove-
„ bit, & Rupes diſcutiet. Tunc vobis ſe of-
„ ferent Leones & Dracones, & alia Terri-
„ bilia Animalia, ſed nihil hæc reformidate;
„ Eſtote ſtabiles, & cavete ne recedatis, Nam

„ vester Conductor qui vos conduxit, non per-
„ mittet ut aliquid Mali vobis fiat. Verum
„ Thesaurus nondum est detectus, sed valde
„ propinquus. Hunc Ventum sequitur Terræ-
„ motus, qui absolvet ea quæ Ventus reliquit,
„ & æquabit ea, Cavete tamen nè recedatis,
„ Post Terræmotum sequetur Ignis maximus,
„ qui omnem Terrestrem Materiam consumet,
„ & Thesaurum deteget. vos vero eum videre
„ nequitis. Verum post hæc omnia, & fermè
„ circa Tempus Matutinum erit Tranquilli-
„ tas magna, & amica. & videbitis stellam
„ Matutinam ascendere & Auroram assur-
„ gere, & magnum Thesaurum animadver-
„ tetis: penes quem præcipuum & exactissi-
„ mum est summa quædam Tinctura, quâ
„ Mundus (si Deo placeret, & tantis donis dig-
„ nus esset) posset tingi, & in summum Au-
„ rum Coverti.

„ Hac Tincturâ utentes uti vos docuerit
„ vester Conductor, vos quamvis senes, red-
„ det Juvenes, & in nullo membro animad-
„ vertetis ullum morbum. Penes hanc Tin-
„ cturam invenietis etiam Margaritas, quas
„ nè quidem licet excogitare. Vos vero nihil
„ capietis pro Autoritate vestrâ, sed sitis con-
„ tenti cum eo quod vobis Conductor com-
„ municabit. Deo semper gratias agite pro
„ Hoc, & summam curam intendite, nè coram

mundo

„ mundo ſuperbiatis, ſed Dono hoc rectè uti-
„ mini, & in ea impendite, quæ Mundo ſunt
„ contraria, & ita poſſidete, quaſi non habe-
„ retis. Ducite vitam Temperatam, & ca-
„ vete ab omni genere peccati, alioqui hic ve-
„ ſter Conductor à vobis ſe divertet, & pri-
„ vabimini hac fælicitate. Scitote enim hoc
„ fideliter, Qui Tinctura hac abutitur, & non
„ vivit exemplariter, purè, & Syncerè coram
„ Hominibus Beneficium hoc amittet, & pa-
„ rùm ſpei reſtabit, quo iterum id Recipere
„ poſſit, *&c.*

Thus have they deſcribed unto us the *Mount* of *God*, the myſticall Philoſophicall *Horeb*: which is nothing elſe but the *higheſt* and *pureſt part* of the *Earth*. For the ſuperior ſecret *portion* of this *Element* is *Holy ground*, aud *Ariſtotle* tels his *Peripatetics*, *Locus quo Excelſior, eo Divinior*. It is the *Seed-plot* of the *Eternall Nature*, the immediat *Veſſell*, and *Recipient* of *Heaven*, where all *Minerals* and *Vegetables* have their *Roots*, and by which the *Animal Monarchie* is *maintain'd*. This Philoſophicall Black *Saturn* mortifies and *coagulats* the Inviſible *Mercury* of the *ſtars*, and on the contrary the *Mercury* kils and *diſſolves* the *Saturn*, and out of the *Corruption* of *Both* the *Central*

tral and *Circumferentiall Suns* generat a *new Body*. Hence the Philosophers describing their *stone*, tell us it is *Lapis niger, vilis, & fœtens, & dicitur Origo Mundi, & oritur sicut Germinantia.* As for the *Epistle* of the *Fraternitie*, I shall for *satisfaction* of the *ordinary Reader*, put it into *English*. I know some *Doctors* will think it no *Advantage*, but then they *confesse* their *Ignorance*: I can assure them, The *Subject* is no where so *clearly discovered*, and for the first abstruse *preparation*, there is no *privat Author* hath *mention'd* it, but here wee have it *intirely*, and withall most *faithfully described*. I confesse indeed their *Instruction* wears a *Mask*, it speaks in *Tropes*, but very *plaine* and *pervious*, and the *English* of it is *This*.

Every Man naturally desires a Superiority, to have Treasures of Gold and Silver, and to seeme Great in the Eys of the World. God indeed created all things for the use of Man, that he might rule over them, and acknowledge therein the singular Goodnesse, and Omnipotencie of God, give him Thanks for his Benefits, honour him and praise him. But there is no man looks after these Things, otherwise than by spending his dayes idely, they

would

would injoy them without any previous labour, and Danger, neither doe they look them out of that place, *where God hath treasur'd them up, who expects also that* man *should* seek *for them* there, *and to those that* seek, *will he* give *them. But there is not any that labours for a* possession *in that* place, *and therfore these* Riches *are not found: For the* way *to this* place, *and the* place *it self hath been unknown for a long time, and it is hidden from the greatest part of the World. But notwithstanding it be difficult, and laborious to find out this* way *and* place, *yet the* place *should be sought after. But it is not the will of God to conceale any thing from those that are his, and therefore in this last Age, before the Finall Judgement comes, all these things shall be manifested to those that are worthy: As bee Himselfe (though obscurely, lest it should be manifested to the unworthy) hath spoken in a certaine place:* There is Nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hidden that shall not be known. *We therefore being moved by the spirit of God, doe declare the* Will *of* God *to the World, which we have also already performed,* (a) *and published in severall Languages. But most men either revile, or contemne that our* Manifesto, *or else waving the spirit of God, they expect the*

a *Fama & Confessio Fratrum* R. C.

the proposals thereof from us, supposing we will straightway teach them how to make Gold by Art, or furnish them with ample Treasures whereby they may live pompously in the face of the World, Swagger, and make Wars, turn Vsurers, Gluttons, and Drunkards, live unchastely, and defile their whole life with severall other sins, all which Things are contrary to the Blessed will of God. These Men should have learnt from those Ten Virgins (*whereof* Five *that were* foolish *demanded* Oile *for their* Lamps, *from those* Five *that were* wise) *how that the Case is much otherwise. It is expedient, that every man should labour for this Treasure by the Assistance of God, and his own particular Search and Industry. But the perverse Intentions of these Fellows we understand out of their own writings, by the singular Grace and Revelation of God; wee doe stop our Ears, and wrap our selves as it were in Clouds, to avoid the Bellowings and Howlings of those men, who in vaine crie out for Gold. And hence indeed it comes to passe that they brand us with infinite Calumnies and Slanders, which notwithstanding we doe not resent, but God in his good Time will judge them for it. But after that we had well known (though unknown to you) and perceived also by your writing, how diligently you are to peruse*

the

the Holy Scripture, and seek the true knowledge of God: we have also above many Thousands, thought you worthy of some Answer, and we signifie this much to you by the will of God, and the Admonition of the Holy Ghost.

There is a Mountain *situated in the* Midst *of the* Earth, *or* Center *of the* world, *which is both* small, *and* Great. *It is* soft, *also above measure* Hard *and* Stonie. *It is* far off, *and* neer at hand, *but by the* providence *of God,* Invisible. *In it are hidden most ample Treasures, which the world is not able to value. This* Mountain *by Envie of the Devill, who alwaies opposeth the Glory of God, and the Happinesse of Man, is compassed about with very cruell Beasts and other Ravenous Birds, which make the way thither both difficult, and dangerous: and therefore hitherto, because the Time is not yet come, the way thither could not be sought after, nor found out. But now at last the way is to be found by those that are worthy, but notwithstnnding by every man's self-labour, and Indeavours.*

To this Mountaine you shall goe in a certaine Night *(when it comes) most* long, *and most* dark, *and see that you prepare your selves by* prayer. *Insist upon the* way *that leads to the* Mountaine, *but aske not of any man where*

the

the way lyes: *only follow your* Guide, *who will offer himself to you, and will meet you in the* way, *but you shal not know him. This* Guide *will bring you to the* Mountain *at* Midnight, *when all things are* silent *and* Dark. *It is necessary that you arme your selves with a resolute heroic courage, least you feare those things that will happen, and so fall back. You need no Sword, nor any other Bodily weapons, only c... upon God sincerely, and heartily. When you have discovered the* Mountaine, *the* first Miracle *that will appeare, is this. A most vehement, and very great* wind, *that will shake the* Mountaine, *and shatter the* Rocks *to peeces. You shall be incounter'd also by* Lions *and* Dragons, *and other* Terrible Beasts, *but feare not any of these things. Be resolute, and take heed that you returne not, for your* Guide *who brought you thither, will not suffer any* Evill *to befall you. As for the Treasure, it is not yet discovered, but it is very neer. After this* wind *will come an* Earthquake, *that will overthrow those things, which the* wind *hath left, and make all* Flat. *But be sure, that you fall not off. The* Earthquake *being past, there shall follow a* Fire, *that will consume the* Earthly Rubbish, *and discover the* Treasure, *but as yet you cannot see it. After all these things, and neer the* Day-break, *there shall be a great*

Calm,

Calm, *and you shall see the* Day-star *arise, and the* Dawning *will appeare, and you shall perceive a great* Treasure. *The Chiefest thing in it, and the most perfect, is a certain exalted* Tincture, *with which the world (if it served God, and were worthy of such Gifts) might be tinged, and turn'd into most pure Gold.*

This Tincture *being used, as your* Guide *shall teach you, will make you young when you were old, and you shall perceive no Disease in any part of your Bodies. By means of this* Tincture *also, you shall find pearls of that Excellency, which cannot be imagined. But doe not you arrogat any thing to your selves because of your present power, but be contented with that which your* Guide *shall communicat to you. Praise* God *perpetually for this his* Gift, *and have a speciall care that you use it not for worldly pride, but imploy it in such workes, which are contrary to the world. Use it rightly, and injoy it so, as if you had it not. Live a temperat life, and beware of all sin, otherwise your* Guide *will forsake you, and you shall be* deprived *of this* Happinesse. *For know this of a* Truth, *whosoever abuseth this* Tincture, *and lives not exemplarly, purely, and devoutly before men, he shall* lose *this* Benefit, *and scarce any hope will there be left, ever to recover it afterwards.*

This

This much we have from these *famous*, and most *Christian Philosophers*: Men questionlesse, that have suffer'd much by their own discreet *silence*, and *Solitude*. Every *Sophister* contemns them, because they *appeare* not to the *World*, and concludes there is no such *Societie*, because hee is not a *member* of it. There is scarce a *Reader* so just, as to consider upon what *Grounds* they *conceale* themselves, and come not to the *Stage*, when every *Fool* cries, *Enter*. No man looks after them but for *worldly Ends*, and truly if the *Art* it self did not promise *Gold*; I am confident it would find but *few followers*. How many are there in the world, that study Nature to *know God*? Certainly they study a *Recept* for their *purses*, not for their *souls*, nor in any *good sense* for their *Bodies*. It is fit then they should be left to their *Ignorance*, as to their *Cure*: It may be the *Nullitie* of their *Expectations* will *reforme* them, but as long as they *continue* in this *Humor*, neither *God* nor *Good men* will *assist* them.

The Inferior part of this *Type* presents a *Dark Circle*, charg'd with many strange *Chimæra's*, and *Aristotle's* τραγέλαφος, that *Metaphysicall Beast* of the *Schoolemen*. It signifies the innumerous conceited *Whimzies*, and ayrie roving *Imaginations* of *Man*. For, before

wee

vee attain to the *Truth*, we are *subject* to a Thousand *Fansies*, *Fictions*, and *Apprehensi-ns*, which wee *fallsly suppose*, and many Times *ublickly propose* for the *Truth* it self. This *Phantastic Region* is the true Originall *Semi-arie* of all *Sects* and their *Dissentions*. Hence ame the despayring *Sceptic*, the loose *Epicure*, he Hypocriticall *Stoic*, and the Atheous *Peri-atetic*. Hence also their severall *Digladiati-ns* about *Nature*: Whether the *first Matter* e *Fire*, *Aire*, *Earth*, or *Water*, or a *Frie* of maginarie *Atoms*, all which are false and abulous *Suppositions*. If wee look on *Religi-n*, and the *Diversities* thereof; whence pro-eeded the present *Heresies* and *Schismes*, but rom the Different, erroneous *Apprehensions* of *Men*? Indeed whiles wee follow our own *Fansies*, and build on bottomless unsettl'd *Ima-ginations*, wee must needs *Wander*, and *grope* n the *Dark*, like those that are *Blindfolded*. On the Contrarie, if wee lay the *Line* to our *Thoughts*, and *examine* them by *Experience*, vee are in the *way* to bee *Infallible*, for wee ake hold of that *Rule*, which *God* hath *pro-os'd* for our *Direction*. In *vain* hath he made *Nature*, if wee dwell on our *own Conceptions*, nd make no *use* of her *Principles*. It were a *appy Necessity*, if our *thoughts* could not *va-ie* from her *wayes*: but Certainly for us to

think

think, that we can find the *Truth* by meer *Contemplation* without *Experience*, is as great a *madness*, as if a *Man* should *shutt* his *Eyes* from the *Sun*, and then believe hee can *travaile* directly from *London* to *Grand Cairo*, by *fansying himself* in the *right way*, without the *Assistance* of the *Light*. It is true, that no man enters the *Magicall Schoole*, but hee *wanders first* in this *Region* of *Chimæra's*: for the *Inquiries* which we make before wee attain to *Experimentall Truths*, are *most* of them *Erroneous*. Howsoever wee should bee so *rational*, and *patient* in our *Disquisitions*, as not *imperiously* to *obtrude* and *force* them upon the *world*, before wee are *able* to *Verifie* them.

I ever approved that regular and solid speech of *Basil Valentine* : *Disce igitur Disputator mi, & inquire primum Fundamentum ipsis oculis & manu, quod Natura secum fert absconditum : Sic demum prudenter, & cum judicio de Rebus disserere, & supra inexpugnabilem Petram ædificare poteris. Sine hoc autem vanus & phantasticus Nugator manebis, cujus Sermones absq; ullâ Experientiâ supra Arenam solum fundati sunt. Qui autem sermocinationibus suis & Nugis me aliquid docere vult, is me verbis tantum nudis non pascat, sed Experientiæ factum Documentum*

ſimul ſit præſtò oportet, ſine quo non teneor Verbis locum dare, fidemquè iis adhibere. And in another place, *Nugatorem haud moror* (ſaith he) *qui non per Experientiam propriam loquitur: Nam ejus Sermones perinde fundati ſunt, ac Cæci Judicium de Coloribus.* Queſtionleſſe all this was the *Breath* of a *true Philoſopher*, one that ſtudied not the *Names*, but the *Natures* of *Things*. I oppoſe it as *Batterie* to the *Schoolemen*, if they will needs *muſter* their *Syllogiſms*, I *expect* alſo they ſhould *confirme* their *Noyſe* by their *Experience*.

Within this *Phantaſtic Circle* ſtands a *Lamp*, and it *typifies* the *Light* of *Nature*. This is the *ſecret Candle* of *God*, which hee hath *tinn'd* in the *Elements*, it *burns* and is *not ſeen*, for it *ſhines* in a *dark place*. Every naturall *Body* is a kind of *Black Lanthorne*, it carries this *Candle* within it, but the *Light* appears not, it is *Ecclips'd* with the *Groſsneſſe* of the *matter*. The *Effects* of this *Light* are *apparent* in *all things*, but the *Light* it ſelf is *denyed, or elſe not followed*. The *great world* hath the *Sun* for his *Life* and *Candle*; according to the *Abſence* and *preſence* of this *Fire*, all things in the world *flouriſh* or *wither*. We know by *Experience*, and this in our *own Bodies*, that as *long* as *life laſts*, there is a continuall *Co-*

Ction, a certain *seething* or *Boyling* within us. This makes us *sweat*, and *expire* in perpetuall *Defluxions* at the *pores*, and if we lay our *hands* to our *skin*, we can *feel* our own *Heat*, which must needs *proceed* from an inclosed *Fire*, or *Light*. All *Vegetables* grow, and *augment* themselves, they put forth their *fruits* and *Flowers*, which could not *bee*, if some *Heat* did not *stir up*, and *alter* the *Matter*; we see moreover that in *Vegetables*, this *Light* is sometimes *discovered* to the *Eye*, as it appears in *rotten wood*, where the *star-fire shines* after *Night*. As for *Minerals*, their *first matter* is *coagulated* by this *firie spirit*, and altered from one *Complexion* to *Another*. To which may be added this *Truth* for *Manifestation*: if the *Minerall Principles* be artificially *dissolved*, that their *fire* and *spirit* may be at *Liberty*, even *Metals* themselves may be made *Vegetable*. This *Fire* or *Light* is no where to be found in such *abundance* and *puritie*, as in that *subject*, which the *Arabians* call *Halicali*, from *Hali summum*, and *Calop Bonum*: but the *Latine Authors* corruptly write it *Sal Alkali*. This *substance* is the *Catholick Receptacle* of *spirits*, it is *blessed* and *impregnated* with *Light* from *above*, and was therefore *styl'd* by the *Magicians*, *Domus signata, plena Luminis & Divinitatis*.

But

But to procced in the *Expoſition* of our *Type*; not far from this *Lamp* you may obſerve the *Angel* or *Genius* of the *place*. In *one hand* he bears a *ſword*, to keep off the *Contentious* and *unworthy*: in the *other* a *Clew* of *Thread* to *lead* in the *Humble*, and *Harmleſſe*. Under the *Altar* lyes the *Green Dragon*, or the *Magician's Mercury*, involving in it ſelf a *Treaſure* of *Gold* and *Pearl*. This is neither *Dreame* nor *Fanſie*, but a *known*, *Demonſtrable*, *practicall Truth*. The *Treaſure* is there to be *found*, infinitely *Rich* and *Reall*: Indeed we muſt confeſſe it is *inchanted*, and that by the very *Art* and *Magic* of the *Almightie God*. It can neither be *ſeen* or *felt*, but the *Cabinet* that *holds* it, is every way under our *Feet*. On this *Treaſure* ſits a *little Child*, with this Inſcription, *Non niſi parvulis*. It tels us, how they ſhould bee *qualified* who deſire to be *admitted* to this *place*. They muſt be *Innocent*, and very *Humble*: not impudent proud *Raunters*, nor Covetous uncharitable *Miſers*. They muſt be *Peaceable*, not *Contentious*: They muſt *love* the *Truth*, and (to ſpeak in a *homely Phraſe*) they muſt alſo like *Children* and *Fools tell the Truth*. In a word, they muſt be as our *Saviour* himſelf hath ſaid, *Like one of theſe little Children*.

This is the *Summe* of that *Magicall Embleme* which *Thalia* communicated to me in the *Minerall Region*. More I cannot say of it, for I was not trusted with more in Relation to a publick and popular use. I will now proceed to a *Discovery* of some other *Mysteries*, which I received from her, and those *such*, as are not commonly *sought after*. The *Basis* of them all, is the visible, tangible *Quintessence*, or the first created *unity*, out of which the *Physicall Tetractys* did spring. I shall speak of them not in a cast artificiall *Discourse* and *Method*, but in their own Naturall Harmonicall *Order*, and First of all of the *First Matter*.

The First Matter.

WHen I seriously consider the *System*, or *Fabric* of this *world*, I find it to be a certaine *Series*, a *Link* or *Chaine*, which is extended *à non Gradu ad non Gradum*, From that which is *beneath* all *Apprehension*, to that which is *above* all *Apprehension*. That which is *Beneath* all *Degrees* of *Sense*, is a certaine Horrible Inexpressible *Darknesse*, The *Magicians* call it *Tenebræ Activæ*, and the *Effect* of it in *Nature* is *Cold*, &c. For *Darknesse* is *vultus Frigoris*, the *Complexion*, *Body*, and *Matrix* of *Cold*,

as

as *Light* is the *Face*, *Principle*, and *Fountaine* of *Heat*. That which is *above* all *Degree* of *Intelligence*, is a certaine *Infinite Inaccessible Fire* or *Light*. *Dionysius* cals it *Caligo Divina*, because it is *Invisible*, and *Incomprehensible*. The *Jew* styles it אין *Ein*, that is *Nihil* or *Nothing*: but in a *Relative sense*, or as the *Schoolmen* expresse it, *Quo ad nos*. In plaine tearms it is *Deitas nuda sine Indumento*. The *middle Substances*, or *Chaine* between these *Two*, is That which we Commonly call *Nature*. This is the *Scala* of the great *Chaldee*, which doth reach *à Tartaro ad primum Ignem*, from the *Subternaturall Darknesse* to the *supernaturall Fire*. These *Middle Natures* came out of a certaine *water*, which was the *Sperm*, or *First Matter* of the *Great world*, and now we will begin to describe it: *Capiat, qui Capere potest*.

It is in plaine Tearms, χύτον καὶ ῥοῦτον ὕδωρ: Or rather it is ἡ χυτὴ, that is γαῖα χυματώδης, καὶ τὸ χεῖον τῆς γῆς; an exceedingly *soft*, *moyst*, *fusible*, *flowing Earth*: An *Earth* of *wax*, that is *capable* of all *Formes* and *Impressions*. It is ὑδρομίνοι γηγενέτος, *Terræ-Filius Aquâ mixtus*, and to speake as the *Nature* of the *Thing* requires, γεωμιγὴς, καὶ γῆ γαμῆς. The learned *Archimist* defines it, θεῖον Ἀργύριον ζωτικὸν, ἕνωσις τῶν πνευματῶν ἐν πρᾶμα. It is a *Divine animated Masse*,

of *Complexion* ſomewhat like *Silver*, the *Union* of *Maſculine* and *Feminine ſpirits*, The *Quinteſſence* of *Four*, the *Ternarie* of *Two*, and the *Tetract* of *One*. Theſe are his *Generations Phyſicall*, and *Metaphyſicall*. The *Thing* it ſelf is a *world* without *Forme*, neither *meer power*, nor *perfect Action*: but a weak *virgin Subſtance*, a certain ſoft prolific *Venus*, the very *Love* and *Seed*, the *Mixture* and *Moyſture* of *Heaven* and *Earth*. This *Moyſture* is the *Mother* of all *Things* in the *world*, and the Maſculine Sulphureous *Fire* of the *Earth* is their *Father*. Now the *Jews*, who without Controverſie were the *wiſeſt* of *Nations*, when they diſcourſe of the *Generation* of *Metals*, tell us it is *performed* in this manner. The *Mercurie*, or *Mineral liquor* (ſay they) is altogether *cold* and *paſſive*, and it lyes in certain earthy Subterraneous *Caverns*: But when the *Sun* aſcends in the *Eaſt*, his *Beams* and *Heat* falling on this *Hemiſphere*, *ſtir* up and *fortifie* the *inward Heat* of the *Earth*. Thus we ſee in *winter weather* that the *outward Heat* of the *Sun* excites the *inward naturall Warmth* of our *Bodies*, and *cheeriſheth* the *Bloud* when it is almoſt *cold* and *frozen*. Now then the *Central heat* of the *Earth* being *ſtirr'd* and *ſeconded* by the *Circumferentiall Heat* of the *Sun*, works upon the *Mercury*,

cury, and *ſublimes* it in a *thin vapour* to the *Top* of it's *Cell* or *Cavern*. But towards *Night* when the *Sun* ſets in the *Weſt*, the *Heat* of the *Earth* becauſe of the *Abſence* of that *great Luminarie*, grows *weak*, and the *Cold prevailes*, ſo that the *vapours* of the *Mercury* which were formerly *ſublim'd*, are now *condens'd*, and *diſtill* in *Drops* to the *Bottome* of their *Cavern*. But the *Night* being *ſpent*, the *Sun* againe comes about to the *Eaſt*, and *Sublimes* the *Moyſture* as *formerly*: This *Sublimation* and *Condenſation* continue ſo long till the *Mercury* takes up the *Subtill Sulphureous parts* of the *Earth*, and is *incorporated* therewith, ſo that this *ſulphur coagulats* the *Mercury*, and *fixeth* him at *laſt* that he will not *ſublime*, but lyes ſtill in a *ponderous Lump*, and is *concocted* to a *perfect Metall*. Take notice then that *our Mercury* cannot be *coagulated* without our *Sulphur*, for *Draco non moritur ſine ſuo Compare*: it is *water* that *diſſolves* and *putrifies Earth*, and *Earth* that *thickens* and *putrifies Water*. You muſt therefore take *two principles* to produce a *Third Agent*, according to that dark *Receit* of *Hali* the *Arabian*. *Accipe Canem Maſculum Coraſcenum, & Catellam Armeniæ, Conjunge, & parient tibi Catulum coloris Cœli*. Take (ſaith he) the *Coraſcen Dog*, and

the *Bitch* of *Armenia*, put them *both together*, and they will bring thee a *skie colour'd Whelp*. This *skie colour'd whelp* is that Soveraign, admir'd, and famous *Mercury*, known by the Name of the *Philosophers Mercury*. Now for my part I advise thee to take *two living Mercuries*, plant them in a *purified Mineral Saturn*, wash them and feed them with *water* of *Salt Vegetable*, and thou shalt see that *speech* of the *Adeptus* verified: *Pariet Mater Florem germinalem, quem ubere suo viscoso nutriet, & se totam ei in Cibum vertet, fovente Patre*. But the *Processe* or *Receit* is no *part* of my *Design*, wherefore I will return to the *first Matter*, and I say it is *no kind* of *water* whatsoever. *Reader* if it be thy *Desire* to *attaine* to the *Truth*, rely upon *my words*, for I speak the *truth*, and I am no *Deceiver*. The *Mother* or *first Matter* of *Metals* is a certaine *watery Substance*, neither *very water*, nor *very Earth*, but a *Third thing* compounded of *Both*, and *retaining* the *Complexion* of *neither*. To this agrees the learned *Valentine* in his apposit and genuine Description of our Sperm. *Materia Prima* (saith he) *est Aquosa Substantia, Sicca reperta, & nulli Materiæ comparabilis*. The first Matter is a *waterish Substance* found *Drie*, or of such a *Complexion* that *wets not*

the

the Hand, and nothing *like* to any *other Matter whatsoever*. Another excellent, and well experienc'd Philosopher defines it thus. *Est Terrena Aqua, & Aquosa Terra in Terræ ventre Terræ commixta, cum Quâ se commiscet Spiritus, & Cælestis Influxus*. It is (saith he) an *Earthy water*, and a *watery Earth*, mingl'd with *Earth* in the *Belly* of the *Earth*, and the *spirit* and *Influences* of *Heaven* commix *themselves* therewith. Indeed it cannot bee denied but *some Authors* have nam'd this *Substance* by the *names* of all *ordinary waters*, not to *deceive* the *simple*, but to *hide* it from the *Ranting, ill-disposed Crew*. On the contrary some have expresly and faithfully Informed us it is *no Common water*, and especially the reverend *Turba*. *Ignari* (saith *Agadmon*) *cum audiunt nomen Aquæ, putant Aquam Nubis esse, quod si libros nostros intelligerent, scirent esse Aquam permanentem, quæ absque suo Compari cum quo facta est unum, permanens esse non possit*. The ignorant (saith he) when they heare us name water, think it is water of the Clouds, but if they understood our Books, they should know it to be a *permanent or fix'd water*, which without its *Sulphur* to which it hath been *united*, cannot be *permanent*. The noble and knowing *Sendivogius* tels us the very same

Thing:

Thing: *Aqua nostra est Aqua Cœlestis non madefaciens manus, non vulgi, sed fere pluvialis.* Our water is a *heavenly water*, which *wets not* the *hand* not that of the *common Man*, but almost *or as it were Pluvial.* We must therefore consider the severall *Analogies* and *similitudes* of *Things*, or we shall never be able to *understand* the *Philosophers.* This *Water* then *wets* not the *Hand*, which is *notion* enough to perswade us it can be *no common water.* It is a *Metalline, bitter, Saltish liquor.* It hath a true *minerall Complexion*: *Habet* (saith *Raymund Lullie*) *speciem solis & Lunæ, & in tali Aquâ nobis apparuit, non in Aquâ Fontis, aut pluviæ.* But in an other place he describes it more fully, *Est Aqua sicca* (saith he) *non aqua Nubis, aut phlegmatica, sed aqua Cholerica, igne Calidior.* It is a *drie water*, not *water* of the *Clouds*, or *phlegmatic water*, but a *Choleric water*, more *hot* than *Fire.* It is moreover *Greenish* to the *sight*, and the same *Lullie* tels you so: *habet colorem lacertæ Viridis*, it *looks* saith he, like a *green lizard.* But the most *prevalent Colour* in it, is a certain inexpressible *Azure*, like the *Body* of *Heaven* in a *clear Day.* It looks in Truth like the *Belly* of a *Snake*, especially neer the *Neck*, where the *Scales* have a *deep Blew Tincture*, and this is the *reason*,

why

why the *Philosophers* call'd it their *serpent*, and their *Dragon*. The *predominant Element* in it, is a certaine *Fierie subtill Earth*, and from this *prevalent part* the *Best Philosophers* have *denominated* the whole *Compound*. *Paracelsus* names it openly but in *one place*, and he cals it *Viscum Terræ*, The *Slime*, or *Viscous part* of the *Earth*. *Raymund Lullie* describeth the *Crisis*, or *Constitution* of it in these words. *Substantia lapidis nostri est tota pinguis, & Igne impregnata*. The *Substance* of our *stone* (saith he) is *altogether fat*, or *viscous*, and *impregnated* with *fire*; In which respect he cals it elsewhere not *water*, but *Earth*. *Capias Terram nostram* (saith he) *impregnatam à Sole, quia lapis est honoratus, repertus in Hospitiis desertis, & est intus inclusum velut magnum Secretum, & Thesaurus incantatus*. Take our *Earth*, which is *impregnated*, or with *Child* by the *Sun*, for it is our *precious stone*, which is found in *desolat Houses*, and there is *shut* up in it a *great secret*, and a *Treasure inchanted*. And againe in a certaine place he delivers himself thus: *Prima materia Fili, est Terra subtilis sulphurea, & hæc nobilis Terra dictum est Subjectum Mercuriale*. My son (saith he) the *first Matter* is a subtil, Sulphureous *Earth*, and this *noble Earth* is call'd the *Mercurial subject*.

Know

Know then for certaine that this Slimie moyst *Sperm*, or *Earth*, must be *dissolved* into *water*, and this is the *Water* of the *Philosophers*, not any *common water* whasoever. This is the *grand secret* of the *Art*, and *Lullie* discovers it, with a great deale of *Honesty*, and *Charitie*. *Argentum vivum nostrum* (saith he) *non est Argentum vivum Vulgare: Imo Argentum vivum nostrum est Aqua alterius Naturæ, quæ reperiri non potest supra Terram, cum in actionem venire non possit per Naturam, absque adjutorio Ingenii, & Humanarum manuum operationibus.* Our *Mercury* is not *common Mercury*, or *Quick-silver*: but our *Mercury* is a *water*, which cannot be *found* upon *Earth*, for it is *not made*, or *manifested* by the *ordinary course* of *Nature*, but by the *Art*, and *manual Operations* of *Man*. Seek not then for that in *nature*, which is an *Effect* beyond her *ordinary processe*: you must *help her*, that she may *exceed* her *common course*, or all is to no purpose. In a word, you must make this *water*, before you *can find it*. In the interim you must permit the *Philosophers* to call their *subject*, or *Chaos*, a *Water*, for there is no *proper name* for it, unlesse we cal it a *Sperm*, which is a *watery Substance*, but certainly *no Water*. Let it *suffice*, that you are *not cheated*, for they tell you *what it is*, and

what

what *it is not*, which is all that *Man* can doe. If I aske you, by what *name* you call the *Sperm* of a *Chick*, you will tell me it is the *white* of an *Egge*, and truly so is the *shell* as well as the *Sperm* that is *within* it: But if you call it *Earth* or *water*, you know well enough it is *neither*, and yet you cannot find a *third name*. Judge then as you would be judged, for this is the very *case* of the *Philosophers*: Certainly you must be very *unreasonable*, if you expect that *language* from *Men*, which *God* hath not *given* them. Now that we may confirme this our *Theorie* and *Discourse* of the *Sperm* not only by *Experience* but by *Reason*, it is necessary that we consider the *Qualities* and *Temperament* of the *Sperm*. It is then a slimie, slippery, Diffusive *Moysture*. But if we consider any *perfect products* they are *firme*, *compacted*, *figurated Bodies*, and hence it follows they must be *made* of something that is *not firme*, *not compacted*, not *figurated*, but a *weak*, *quivering*, *altering substance*. Questionlesse thus it must be, unlesse we make the *Sperm* to be of the *same Complexion* with the *Body*, and then it must *follow* that *Generation* is *no Alteration*. Againe: it is evident to all the world, that nothing is so *passive* as *Moysture*. The *least heat* turnes *Water* to a *Vapour*, and the *least cold* turns

that

that *Vapour* to *Water*. Now let us consider what *Degree* of *Heat* it is, that *acts* in all *Generations*, for by the *Agent* we may *guesse* at the *Nature* of the *patient*. We know the *Sun* is so *remote* from us, that the *Heat* of it (as daily Experience tels us) is very *faint*, and *remisse*. I desire then to know, what *Subject* is there in *all Nature*, that can be *altered* with such a *weake Heat*, but *Moysture*? Certainly *none* at all: for all *hard Bodies*, as *Salts*, *Stones*, and *Metals*, preserve, and retaine their *Complexions* in the most violent, excessive *Fires*. How then can we expect they should be *altered* by a *gentle*, and almost *insensible Warmth*? It is plaine then, and that by *infallible inference* from the *proportion* and *power* of the *Agent*, that *Moysture* must needs be the *patient*: For that *Degree* of *Heat*, which *Nature* makes *use* of in her *Generations*, is so *remisse* and *weak*, it is *impossible* for it to *alter* any *thing* but what is *moyst*, and *waterish*. This *truth* appears in the *Animal Familie*, where we know well enough the *Sperms* are *moyst*: indeed in *Vegetables* the *Seeds* are *Drie*, but then *Nature* generats nothing out of them, till they are *first macerated*, or *moystned* with *Water*. And here my *Peripatetic*, thou art quite gone, and with thee thy *pura potentia*, that *fanatic Chaos* of

the

the *Son* of *Nichomachus*. But I must advise my *Chimists* to beware of any *Common Moysture*, for that will never be *altered* otherwise then to a *Vapour*. See therefore that thy *moysture* be well *tempered* with *Earth*, otherwise thou hast *nothing* to *dissolve*, and *nothing* to *Coagulat*. Remember the *practice*, and *Magic* of the *Almightie God* in his *Creation*, as it is *manifested* to thee by *Moses*. *In principio* (saith he) *creavit Deus Cœlum & Terram*: But the *Originall* if it be truly, and rationally *renderd*, speaks thus, *In principio Deus miscuit Rarum, & Densum*; In the Beginning God *mingl'd* or *temper'd together the Thin* and the *Thick*: for *Heaven and Earth* in this *Text* (as we have told you in our *Anima Magica*) signifie the *Virgin Mercury*, and the *Virgin Sulphur*. This I will prove out of the *text* it self, and that by the vulgar received *Translation*, which runs thus: *In the Beginning God created the Heaven, and the Earth: And the Earth was without forme and voyd, and there was darkesse upon the face of the abysse, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the Waters. In the first part* of this *text Moses* mentions *two* created *principles*, not a *perfect world* as we shall prove hereafter, and this he doth in these generall termes, *Heaven* and *Earth*. In the

latter

latter part of it he describes *each* of *these principles* by it *self* in more *particular termes*, and he *begins* with the *Earth*. And the *Earth* (saith he) *was without forme, and void*. Hence I *infer* that the *Earth* he *speaks* of was a meer *Rudiment* or *principle* of this *Earth* which I now *see*, for this *present Earth* is neither *void*, nor without *forme*. I conclude then that the *Mosaycall earth* was the *Virgin Sulphur*, which is an *earth* without *forme*, for it hath no *determinated Figure*. It is a *Laxative instable incomposed substance*, of a *porous empty Crasis* like *Sponge*, or *Soote*. In a word I have *seen* it, but it is *impossible* to *describe* it. After this he proceeds to the *Description* of his *Heaven*, or *second principle*, in these subsequent words: *And their was Darknesse upon the face of the abysse, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters*. Here he cals that an *abysse* and *Waters*, which hee *formerly* called *Heaven*. It was indeed the *Heavenly Moysture* or *Water* of the *Chaos*, out of which the *separated Heaven*, or *Habitation* of the *stars* was afterwards made. This is clear out of the *Originall*, for המים *Hamaim* and השמים *Hashamaim* are the *same words*, like *Aqua* and *Ibi Aqua*, and they signifie *one* and the *same substance*, namely *Water*. The *text* then being *render'd* according

cording to the primitive naturall *truth*, and the undoubted *sense* of the *Author*, speaks thus; *In the beginning* (or according to the *Jerusalem Thargum*) *In wisdome God made the water and the earth: And the earth was without forme and void, and there was Darknesse upon the Face of the Deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the Face of the waters.* Here you should observe that *God* created *two principles*, *Earth* and *Water*, and of *these two* he compounded a *third*, namely the *Sperm* or *Chaos*. Upon the *water*, or *moyst part* of this *Sperm*, the *spirit* of *God* did *move*, and (saith the Scripture) *there was Darknesse upon the face of the Deep*. This is a very great *secret*, neither is it *lawfull* to *publish* it *expresly*, and as the *Nature* of the thing *requires*, but in the *Magicall work* it is to be *seen*, and I have been an *eye witnesse* of it my selfe.

To conclude: Remember that our *subject* is no *common water*, but a *thick*, *slimie*, *fat earth*. This *earth* must be *dissolved* into *water*, and that *water* must be *coagulated* again into *earth*. This is done by a certaine Naturall *Agent*, which the Philosophers call their *secret fire*: for if you work with *common fire*, it will *drie* your *Sperm*, and *bring* it to an unprofitable *red Dust*, of the *Colour* of

wild poppie. Their *fire* then is the *Key* of the *Art*, for it is a *Naturall* Agent, but *acts* not *Naturally* without the *Sun*. I must confesse it is a *knottie Mysterie*, but we shall make it *plaine*, if you be not very *Dim* and *Dull*. It requires indeed a *quick*, *clear* Apprehension, and therefore Readers, *Snuffe your Candles*.

The Philosophicall Fire.

Fire, notwithstanding the *Diversities* of it in this *Sublunarie Kitchin* of the *Elements*, is but *one Thing*, from *one Root*. The *Effects* of it are *various* according to the *Distance*, and *Nature* of the *subject* wherein it *resides*, for that makes it *Vital*, or *Violent*. It *sleeps* in most *things* as in *Flints*, where it is *silent* and *Invisible*. It is a *kind* of *perdue*: lys *close* like a *Spider* in the *Cabinet* of his *Web*, to *surprise* all that *comes* within his *lines*. He never *appears* without his *prey* in his *Foot*, where he finds *ought* that's *Combustible* there he *discovers* himself, for if wee speak *properly*, he is not *generated*, but *manifested*. Some Men are of *Opinion* that hee *breeds nothing*, but *devoures all things*, and is therefore call'd *Ignis quasi Ingignens*: This is a *Grammticall Whim*, for there is nothing

in

in the world *generated* without *Fire*. What a fine Philosopher then was *Aristotle*, who tels us this *Agent* breeds *nothing* but his *Pyrausta*, a certain *Fly* which he *found* in his *Candle*, but could never be *seen afterwards*? Indeed *too much Heat* burns and destroyes, and if we descend to *other Natures*, *too much water drowns*, *too much earth buries* and *choaks* the *seed* that it cannot come up: And verily at this *Rate* there is *nothing* in the *world* that *generats*. What an *Owle* was he then, that could not *distinguish* with all his *Logic* between *Excesse* and *Measure*, between *Violent* and *Vital Degrees* of *Heat*, but concluded the *Fire* did *Breed nothing*, because it *consumed something*? But let the *Mule* passe, for so *Plato* call'd him, and let us prosecute our *secret fire*. This *fire* is at the *Root*, and about the *Root* (I mean about the *Center*) of all *things* both *Visible*, and *Invisible*. It is in *water*, *earth*, and *ayr*; It is in *Minerals*, *Herbs*, and *Beasts*; It is in *Men*, *Stars*, and *Angels*; but *Originally* it is in *God himself*, for he is the *Fountain* of *Heat* and *fire*, and from *Him* it is *derived* to the rest of the *creatures* in a certaine *streame*, or *Sun-shine*. Now the *Magicians* affoord us but *two Notions*, whereby we may know their *fire*: it is as they describe it, *Moyst* and *Invisible*.

Hence have they call'd it *Venter Equi*, and *Fimus Equinus*: but this only by *way* of *Analogie*, for there is in *Horse-dung* a *moyst Heat*, but no *fire* that is *visible*. Now then let us compare the common *Vulcan* with this Philosophicall *Vesta*, that we may see wherein they are *different*. First of all then the Philosopher's *fire* is *moyst*, and truly so is *that* of the *Kitchin* too. We see that flames *contract* and *extend* themselves, now they are *short*, now they are *long*, which cannot be without *moysture* to *maintaine* the *flux*, and *Continuitie* of their *parts*. I know *Aristotle* makes the *fire* to be simply *dry*, perhaps because the *effects* of it are so; he did not indeed consider that in all *Complexions* there are *other Qualities* besides the *prædominant one*. Sure then this *drie stuffe* is that *element* of *his*, wherein he *found* his *Pyrausta*; but if our *naturall fire* were *simply drie*, the *flames* of it could not *flow*, and *diffuse* themselves as they doe, they would rather fall to *Dust*, or turne like their *fuell* to *ashes*. But that I may returne to my former Discourse, I say the *Common fire* is *excessively hot*, but *moyst* in a far *inferior degree*, and therefore *destructive*, for it *preyes* on the *moysture* of other *things*. On the contrary the *warmth* and *moysture* of the *Magicall Agent* are *equall*, the one

temperates

temperates, and ſatisfies the *other*: it is a *humid tepid fire*, or as we commonly expreſſe our ſelves, *Bloud-warme*. This is their firſt, and greateſt *Difference* in Relation to our deſired *effect*, we will now conſider their *ſecond*. The *Kitchin fire* (as we all know) is *viſible*, but the *Philoſophers fire* is *Inviſible*, and therefore no *Kitchin fire*. This *Almadir* expreſly tels us in theſe words, *Solos radios Inviſibiles ignis noſtri ſufficere*. Our work (ſaith he) can be performed by nothing, but by the *Inviſible Beams* of our *fire*. And againe, *Ignis noſter Corroſivus eſt Ignis, quî ſupra noſtrum vas Nubem obducit, in quâ nube radii hujus ignis occulti ſunt*. Our Fire is a *Corroſive fire*, which brings a *cloud* about our *glaſſe* or *veſſell*, in which *Cloud* the *Beams* of our *fire* are *hidden*. To be ſhort, the Philoſophers call this *Agent* their *Bath*, becauſe it is *moyſt* as *Baths* are: but in very truth it is no *kind* of *Bath*, neither *Maris*, nor *Roris*, but a moſt *ſubtil fire*, and purely *Naturall*, but the *Excitation* of it is *Artificiall*. This *Excitation*, or *preparation* (as I have told thee in my *Cœlum Terræ*) is a very *triviall*, *ſlight*, *ridiculous thing*: nevertheleſſe all the *ſecrets* of *Corruption* and *Generation* are therein *contained*. Laſtly, I think it juſt to informe thee, that many *Authors*

have *falsly described* this *fire*, and that of *purpose* to *seduce* their *Readers*. For my ownpart, I have neither *added*, nor *diminished*, thou hast here the true intire *secret*, and in which all the *Eastern sages* agree: *Alfid*, *Almadir*, *Belen*, *Gieberim*, *Hali*, *Salmanazar*, and *Zadich*: with the *three famous Jews Abraham*, *Artesius*, and *Kalid*. If thou doest not by this time apprehend it, thou art past my *Cure*, for I may tell thee no more of it, I may only teach thee how to *use* it.

Take our *two Serpents*, which are to bee found every where on the Face of the Earth. They are a *living Male*, and a *living Female*. Tye them *Both* in a *Love-knot*, and shut them up in the *Arabian* CARAHA. This is thy *first labour*, but thy *next* is more *difficult*. Thou must *incamp* against them with the *fire* of *Nature*, and be sure thou doest bring thy *Line* round about. *Circle* them in, and *stop* all *Avenues*, that they find no *Reliefe*. Continue this *siege* patiently, and they will turne to an ugly, slabbie, venemous, black *Toad*, which will be transform'd to a horrible, devowring *Dragon*, creeping and weltring in the *Bottome* of her *Cave* without *wings*. Touch her not by any means, not so much as with thy Hands, for there is not upon earth such a violent, transcendent *poyson*. As

thou

haſt begun, ſo proceed, and this *Dragon* will turne to a *Swan*, but more *white* than the hovering, Virgin *Snow*, when it is not yet *ſullied* with the *Earth*. Henceforth I will allow thee to *fortifie* thy *fire*, till the *Phœnix* appears. It is a *red Bird* of a moſt deep *Colour*, with a *ſhining Fiery Hue*. Feed this *Bird* with the *Fire* of his *Father*, and the *Æther* of his *Mother*, for the *firſt* is *meat*, the *ſecond* is *Drink*, and without this *laſt* he attains not to his *full Glory*. Be ſure to underſtand this *ſecret*, for *fire* feeds not *well*, unleſſe it bee *firſt fed*. It is of it ſelf *drie* and *Choleric*, but a *proper moyſture* tempers it, gives it a *heavenly Complexion*, and brings it to the *Deſired Exaltation*. Feed thy *Bird* then as I have told thee, and he will *move* in his *Neſt*, and *riſe* like a *ſtar* of the *Firmament*. Doe this, and thou haſt placed *Nature in Horizonte Æternitatis*: Thou haſt performed that *Command* of the *Caba-liſt*, *Fige finem in Principio, ſicut Flammam prunæ Conjunctam: quia Dominus* SU-*PERLATIVE unus, & non tenet ſecundum*. Unite the *End* to the *Beginning*, like a *Flame* to a *Coale*: for *God* (ſaith hee) is *ſuperlatively one*, and hee hath no *ſecond*. Conſider then what you ſeek: you ſeek an *Indiſſoluble*, *miraculous*, *tranſmuting*, *uniting*

union, but such a *tye* cannot be without the *first unitie*; *Creare enim* (saith one) *atque intrinsecùs transmutare absque violentiâ, Munus est proprium duntaxat Primæ Potentiæ, Primæ sapientiæ, Primi amoris.* To *Create*, and *Transmute essentially*, and *naturally* or without any *violence*, is the only proper office of the *first power*, the *first Wisdome*, and the *first love*. Without this *love* the *Elements* will never be *maried*, they will never *inwardly* and *essentially unite*, which is the *end* and *perfection* of *Magic*. Study then to understand this, and when thou hast perform'd, I will allow thee that *Test* of the *Mekkubalim*: *Intellexisti in sapientiâ, & sapuisti in Intelligentia, statuisti Rem super Puritates suas, & Creatorem in Throno suo collocâsti.*

For a *Close* to this *Section*, I say it is impossible to *generat* in the *patient*, without a *vitall generating Agent*. This *Agent* is the *Philosophical fire*, a certain *moyst*, *heavenly*, *invisible Heat*; but let us heare *Raymund Lullie* describe it, *Quando dicimus* (saith hee) *quod lapis per ignem generatur, non vident alium ignem, nec alium ignem credunt, nisi ignem communem: nec aliud Sulphur, nec aliud argentum vivum, nisi sit vulgare. Ideo manent decepti per eorum cæcas estimationes,*

inferentes

inferentes quod causa sumus suæ Deceptionis, & quod dedimus illis intelligere rem unam pro aliâ. Sed non est verum salvâ eorum pace, sicut probabimus per illa, quæ Philosophi posuerunt in scriptis. Solem enim appellamus ignem, & vicarium suum vocamus Calorem naturalem. Nam illud quod agit Calor Solis in Mineris Metallorum per mille annos, ipse Calor naturalis facit in unâ horâ supra Terram. Nos vero, & multi alii, vocamus eum Filium solis, nam primo per solis influentiam fuit generatus per naturam, sine adjutorio Scientiæ, vel artis. When wee say the *Stone* is generated by *fire*, Men neither see, neither doe they believe there is any other *fire*, but the *common fire*: nor any other *Sulphur* or *Mercury*; but the *common Sulphur* and *Mercury*. Thus are they deceived by their *own opinions*, saying that we are the *Cause* of their *Error*, having made them to *mistake one thing* for *another*. But by their leave it is not so, as we shall prove by the *Doctrine* of the *Philosophers*. For wee call the *Sun* a *fire*, and the *natural Heat* we call his *Substitute*, or *Deputy*; for that which the *heat* of the *Sun* performes in a *thousand years* in the *Mines*, the *Heat* of *Nature* performes it *above the earth* in *one houre*. But wee, and many other Philosophers have call'd this *Heat*, the *Child*

of

of the *Sun*, for at *first* it was *generated naturally* by the *influence* of the *Sun*, without the *Help* of our *Art* or *Knowledge*. Thus *Lullie*: But one thing I must tell thee, and bee sure, Reader, thou doest remember it. This very *naturall Heat* must bee applied in the *just Degree*, and not *too much* fortified, for the *Sun* it self doth not *generat*, but *burne* and *scorch* where it is *too hot*. *Si cum igne magno operatus fueris* (saith the same *Lullie*) *proprietas nostri spiritus, quæ inter vitam & mortem participiat, separabit se, & Anima recedet in Regionem sphæræ suæ*. If thou shalt work with too *strong a fire*, the *proprietie* of our *spirit*, which is *indifferent* as yet to *life* or *death*, will *separate* it self from the *Body*, and the *Soule* will depart to the *Region* of her *own sphere*: Take therefore along with thee this short, but wholesome *advise* of the same Author. *Facias ergo Fili, quod in loco Generationis aut Conversionis sit talis potentia Cælestis, quæ possit transformare Humidum ex naturâ terrestris, in formam & speciem transparentem, & finissimam*. My Son (saith hee) let the *Heavenly power*, or *Agent* be such in the *place* of *Generation* or *Mutation*, that it may alter the *spermatic Humiditie* from its *Earthly Complexion*, to a *most fine transparent forme, or species*. See

here

here now the *solution* of the *slimie, fat Earth*, to a *transparent glorious Mercury*! This *Mercury* Gentlemen, is the *water* which we look after, but not any *common water* whatsoever. There is nothing now behind but that which the *Philosophers* call *secretum Artis*: a *thing* that was never *published*, and without which you will *never performe*, though you know both *Fire* and *Matter*. An *Instance* hereof wee have in *Flammel*, who knew the *Matter* well enough, and had both *fire* and *Furnace* painted to him by *Abraham* the *Jew*: but notwithstanding he err'd for *three years*, because hee *knew not* the *third secret*. *Henry Madathan* a most noble *Philosopher* practic'd upon the *subject* for *five years* together, but knew not the *right method*, and therefore found *nothing*; at last saith hee, *Post sextum annum Clavis Potentiæ per arcanam Revelationem ab omnipotente Deo mihi concredita est*: After the sixth year, I was intrusted with the *Key of power* by secret *Revelation*, from the *Almighty God*. This *Key of power, or third secret* was never put to *paper* by any *Philosopher* whatsoever. *Paracelsus* indeed hath touch'd upon it, but so *obscurely* it is no more to the *purpose* then if he had said *nothing*. And now I suppose I have done enough for the *Discovery*, and *Regiment* of

the

the *fire*; if you think it *too little*, I must tell you it is *much more* then any *one Author* hath performed. Search it than, for he that finds this *fire*, will attaine to the *true temperament*, he will make *a noble deserving Philosopher*, and to speake in the *phrase* of our *Spaniard*, *Dignus erit poni ad Mensam Duodecim parium.*

The River of Pearl.

IT is a *Decompounded Substance*, extreme *heavy* and *moyst*, but *wets not* the *Hand*. It *shines* after *Night* like a *star*, and will *inlighten* any *Darke roome*. It is full of small *eyes* sparkling like *Pearls* or *Aglets*. It is the whole *Demogorgon*, but now actually *animated* by manifestation of his own Inward *Light*. The *Father* of it is a certaine *inviolable Masse*, for the *parts* of it are so firmly *united*, you can neither *pound* them into *Dust*, nor *separat* them by *violence* of *Fire*. This is the *stone* of the Philosophers, *Qui ab omni parte* (saith one) *circumdatus est Tenebris, Nebulis, Caligine: Habitat in mediis Terræ visceribus, Qui ubi natus fuerit, vestitur quodam viridi Pallio, humiditate quadam aspersus, & non prognatus ab aliquo, sed æternus, & parens omnium Rerum.* It is compas-

sed

ſed about (ſaith he) with Darkneſſe, Clouds, and Blackneſſe. It dwels in the inmoſt Bowels of the Earth: but when he is *borne*, hee is cloathed with a certaine *Green Mantle*, and *ſprinckl'd* over with a *certaine Moyſture*. He is not properly generated by any Naturall thing, but he is eternall, and the Father of all things. This Deſcription is very true and appoſit, but Ænigmaticall: howſoever forget not the *Green Mantle*. This is that ſubſtance, which *Gieberim Eben-Haen*, or as the *Rable* writes him, *Geber*, cals *Lapis in Capitulis notus*: a very ſubtil Expreſſion, but if well examin'd, it is the *Key* to his whole *Booke*, and to the *writings* of the *old Philoſophers* in Generall. But let us returne to our *River* of *Pearl*, and for our further information let us heare it deſcrib'd by a moſt excellent *Adeptus*, and that in the very ἐξάνθησις, before the *full* moon appears. *Hoc opus eſt* (ſaith he) *quod mihi aliquando ob oculos poſuit unicus Exechediſtes, magnas quippe fornaces, atque vitro eaſdem Varico redimitas oſtendens. Vaſa erant ſingula, in ſuis ſedilibus habentia ſedimenta, atque interiùs diſpari dicatum, ſacrumque Munus. Quid vero Rem tam Divinam celem diutius? Erat intus circumacta Moles quædam, Mundi præ ſe ferens imaginem ipſiſſimi. Quippe ibi Terra videbatur in medio omnium con-*

ſiſtens

sistens, aquisque circumfusa Limpidissimis, in varios colles, salebrosasque rupes assurgebat fructum ferens multiplicem, tanquam humentis Aeris imbribus irrigua. Vini etiam videbatur & olei, & lactis, atque pretiosorum omne genus lapidum, & Metallorum esse apprime ferax. Tum Aquæ ipsæ instar Æquoris, sale quodam pellucido, albo interdum, interdum quoque rubeo & fulvo, & rubro, multisque præterea variegato coloribus inlitæ, inque superficiem ipsam æstuabant. Igne autem hæc omnia suo, sed impercepto quidem, atque æthereo movebantur. Id vero unum præ cæteris incredibilem me rapiebat in admirationem, Rem hæc tam multa unicam, tam diversa, tamque in suo genere integra singula, parvo etiam imbecillique adminiculo pro ducere: quo facto paulatim robustiore, redirent tandem, atque coalescerent in unum omnia, confidenter asseverabat. Hic equidem observavi fusilis illam salis speciem nihil ab Aphrolitho degenerantem, atque argentum illud vivum, cui Mercurii nomen ab hujusce Disciplinæ priscis authoribus inditum est, illam ipsam referens Lullianam Lunariam, adversa scandens aqua, noctuque relucens; atque interdiu glutinandi præditum facultate. Here wee have pourtray'd unto us the whole Philosophicall *Laboratorie*, *Furnace*, *fire*, and *Matter*,

with

with the Myſterious *Germinations* thereof. But becauſe the *Termes* are *difficult*, and not to bee underſtood by any, but ſuch as have ſeen the *thing it ſelf*, I will for the Readers Benefit, I cannot ſay *ſatisfaction*, put them into *Engliſh*. This is the *worke* (ſaith hee) which I have ſometimes ſeen with a ſingular, and a moſt deare friend: who ſhewed to me certaine large *Furnaces*, and thoſe crown'd with *Cornues* of *Glaſſe*. The *Veſſels* were *ſeverall*, having beſides their *Triptods* their *Sediments*, or *Caskets*, and within them was a Holy *Oblation*, or *preſent* dedicated to the *Ternarie*. But why ſhould I any longer conceale ſo divine a thing? within this *Fabric* was a certaine *Maſſe* moving Circularly, or driven round about, and repreſenting the *very Figure* of the *great world*. For here the *Earth* was to be ſeen ſtanding of it ſelf in the *middeſt* of *all*, compaſſed about with moſt *clear waters*, riſing up to ſeverall *Hillocks*, and *craggie Rocks*, and bearing many *ſorts* of *Fruit*, as if it had been watr'd with ſhowers from the moyſt Aire. It ſeem'd alſo to bee very fruitfull for *wine*, *oile*, and *milk*, with all kind of *precious ſtones*, and *Metals*. The *waters* themſelves like thoſe of the *Sea*, were full of a certaine *tranſparent Salt*, now *white*, now *Red*, then *Yellow* and *purpl'd*, and as it

were

were *chamletted* with *various Colours*, which did swell up to the *face* of the *waters*. All these things were *actuated* or *stirr'd* with their own *appropriat fire*, but in very truth *imperceptible*, and *ethereall*. But *one thing* above the rest forc'd me to an incredible admiration. Namely, that so *many things*, such *divers* and in their kind such *perfect particulars* should proceed from *one only thing*, and that with very *small assistance*, which being *further'd* and *strengthned* by *degrees*, the *Artist* faithfully affirmed to me that *all those Diversities* would settle at last to *one Body*. Here I observed that *fusil* kind of *Salt* to bee nothing different from a *pumice-stone*, and that *Quick-silver* which the ancient Authors of this Art call'd *Mercury*, to be the same with *Lullies Lunaria*, whose *water* gets up against the *fire* of *Nature*, and *shines* by *night*, but by *day* hath a *glutinous*, *viscous faculty*. This is the *sense* of our learned *Adeptus*, and for his *Analogie* of the *Philosophic Salt*, and a *pumice-stone*, it cannot be well *conceiv'd* without the *Light* of *Experience*. It is then a *porous*, *hollow*, *froth-like*, *spongious Salt*. The *Consistency* of it is *pumice-like*, but neither *hard*, nor *opacous*. It is a *thin*, *slippery*, *oily substance* in appearance like *Mouth-glew*, but much more *clear*. Sometimes it

looks

looks like *Rosials* and *Rubies*: Sometimes it is *violet Blew*, sometimes *white* as *Lilies*, and againe more *green* than *Grasse*, but with a *Smaragdine transparencie*: and sometimes it looks like burnisht *Gold* and *Silver*. The *River* of *Pearle* hath her *Name* from *it*, for there it *stands* like the *Sperm* of *Frogs* in *common waters*. Sometimes it will move, and swim to the *face* of his *Bath* in *thin leaves* like *wafers*, but with a thousand miraculous Colours. This is enough and too much, for I hold it not my Duty to insist upon *secrets*, which are so far from the Readers *Inquiry*, that I dare say they are beyond his *Expectation*.

The *Æther*, or the *Aire* of *Paradise*.

HItherto I have discours'd of the *first Matter*, and the *fire* of *Nature*: Termes indeed commonly known, but the *things signified* are seldome *understood*. I shall now descend to more abstruse particular *principles*, Things of that *secrecie* and *subtiltie*, they are not so much as *thought* of, much lesse *inquir'd after*. The *common Chimist* dreams of *Gold* and *Transmutations*, most noble and *Heavenly Effects*, but the *Means* whereby hee would *compasse* them,

are worme-eaten, duſtie, muſtie *papers*. His *Study* and his *Noddle* are *ſtuff'd* with *old Receits*, he can tell us a hundred *Stories* of *Brimſtone* and *Quick-ſilver*, with many miraculous *Legends* of *Arſenic* and *Antimonie*, *Sal gemmæ*, *Sal prunæ*, *Sal Petræ*, and other ſtupendious *Alkalies*, as he loves to call them; with ſuch ſtrange *Notions* and *Charms* doth he *amaze*, and *ſilence* his *Auditors*, as *Bats* are *kill'd* with *Thunder* at the *Eare*. Indeed if this *Noyſe* will carry it, let him alone, he can want no *Artillery*. But if you bring him to the *field*, and force him to his *Polemics*, if you *demand* his *Reaſon*, and *reject* his *Recipe*, you have laid him as *flat* as a *Flounder*. A rationall, methodicall *Diſpute* will undoe him, for he ſtudies not the whole *Body* of *Philoſophie*: a *Receit* he would find in an old *Box*, or an old *Book*, as if the *knowledge* of *God* and *Nature* were a *thing* of *Chance*, not of *Reaſon*. This idle *Humor* hath not only *ſurpris'd* the common illiterat *Broyler*, where in truth there is ſome *Neceſſity* for it, but even great *Doctors* and *Phyſicians*: Bate me the *Impoſtume* of their *Titles*, and their *Learning* is not *Conſiderable*. Hence it comes to paſſe that ſo *many men* are *undone* in the *proſecution* of this Art: They are ſo *wedded* to old *ſcriblings*, they will not *ſubmit*

them

them to their *judgement*, but presently bring them to the *fire*. Certainly they believe such ridiculous *Impossibilities*, that even *brute Beasts* if they could *speake*, would *reprove* them. Sometimes they *mistake* their owne *Excrements* for that *Matter* out of which *Heaven* and *Earth* were *made*. Hence they *drudge*, and *labour* in *Urine*, and such filthie dirty *stuffe* which is not *fit* to be *nam'd*. But when all comes to all, and their *Custard* fails them, they quit their *filthinesse*, but not their *error*. They think of something thats more *Tractable*, and *dreame* perhaps that *God* made the *world* of *Egge-shels* or *Flint-stones*. Truly these *Opinions* proceed not only from *simple people*, but from *Doctors* forsooth, and *Philosophers*. It is therefore my *Designe* to discover some *Excellencies* of this *Art*, and make it appeare to the *Student* that what is *Glorious*, is withall *Difficult*. This I suppose may remove that *Blind*, *sluggish Credulity*, which prevents all *Ingenious Disquisitions*, and cause *men* perhaps to *exercise* that *Reason*, which *God* hath *given* them for *Discoveries*. I shall not dwell long on any one *particular*, I am drawing off the *stage* in all *Haste*, and *returning* to my *first solitudes*. My *Discourse* shall be very *short*, and like the *Echo's* last *Syllables*, Imperfect. I intend it

only for *Hint* and *suggestion* to the *Reader*: it is no *full Light*, but a *Glance*, and he must *improve* it to his better *satisfaction*.

We are now to speake of the *Æther* of the *little world*, which is the very *same* in *Nature* and *substance* with the *outward Æther* of the *great world*. That you may the better understand *what it is*, we will examine the *Notion*, before we *state* the *thing*. *Aristotle* in his Book *de Mundo* derives this word ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀεὶ θεῖν, *à semper currendo*, because the *Heavens* are in *perpetuall Motion*. This is a generall irregular *whymzie*, for the *stars* also aswell as the *Æther* move *perpetually*: The *Sea* is subject to a *continuall Flux* and *Reflux*, and the *Bloud* of all *Animals* to a restlesse unwearied *Pulse*. The more *ancient Philosophers* whose *Books* this Enemy *burnt*, derived it from αἴθω *ardeo*: but especially *Anaxagoras*, who was better acquainted with *Heaven* than *Aristotle*, as it appears by his *miraculous prediction*, and the *opinion* he had of that *place*, namely that it was his *Country*, and that he was to *return thither* after *death*. Indeed this last *Etymologie* comes neer the *nature* of the *thing*, for it is a *Heating* cheerishing *spirit*, but in its *genuine Complexion* it *burns not*. I cannot then approve of this *latter Derivation* no more than of the *former*:

I rather believe that *Æther* is a *Compound* of ἀεὶ and θέρω, this *substance* being called Αἰθὴρ from its *effect* and *office*, ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀεὶ θέρειν, *à semper Calefaciendo.* Supposing this to be the true *Interpretation*, let us now see whether it *relates* more *strictly* and *properly* to this *principle*, than to any other *Nature whatsoever*. The *Æther* is a most *thin liquid substance*, and the *Region* of it is *above* the *stars*, in the *Circumference* of the *Divine Light*. This is the true, and famous Ἐμπυραῖον, which *receives* the *Influent Heat* of *God*, and *conveys* it to the *visible Heaven*, and all the *Inferior Creatures*. It is a *pure Essence*, a thing not tainted with any *Materiall Contagion*, in which *sense* it is *styl'd* of *Pythagoras* ἐλεύθερος Αἰθὴρ, the *free Æther*. *Quoniam* (saith *Reuclin*) *à materiæ potentiâ segregatus, & præservatus in Libertate, calescit Dei Ardore, ac insensibili motu Inferiora calefacit.* Because it is *freed* from the *prison* of the *Matter*, and being *preserv'd* in its *liberty*, it is *warme* with the *fire* of *God*, and by an *insensible motion* heats all the *Inferior Natures*. In a word, because of it's *puritie* it is placed next to that *Divine Fire*, which the *Jews* call *Lumen Vestimenti*, and it is the very *first Receptacle* of the *Influences* and *Derivations* of the *Supernaturall World*, which

ſufficiently *confirms* our *Etymologie*. In the *Beginning* it was generated by *Reflexion* of the *firſt unity* upon the *Cæleſtial Cube*, for the *Bright Emanations* of *God* did flow like a *ſtreame* into the *Paſſive* πηγὴ, and in this *Analogie* the *Samian* ſtyles Him πηγὴν ἀενάου φύσεως, *Fontem perpetuæ Naturæ*. You ſhall underſtand that the *Æther* is not *one*, but *manifold*, and the *Reaſons* of it wee ſhall give you hereafter. By this I mind not a *variety* of *Subſtances*, but a *Chaine* of *Complexions*. There are other *Moyſtures*, and thoſe too *æthereall*: They are *Females* alſo of the *Maſculine Divine Fire*, and theſe are the *Fountains* of the *Chaldee*, which the *Oracle* ſtyles πηγαῖας ἀκρότητας, *Summitates Fontanas*, the Inviſible *upper ſprings* of *Nature*. Of all *ſubſtances* that come to our *hands*, this *Æther* is the *firſt* that brings us *News* of *another World*, and tels us we *live* in a *corrupt place*. *Sendivogius* call'd it the *Vrine* of *Saturn*, and with this did he *water* his *Lunar* and *Solar Plants*. *Ex Marimeo* (ſaid the *Jew*) *oriuntur Nebulæ, quæ ferunt Aquas Benedictas, & ipſæ irrigant Terras, & educunt Herbas & Flores*. In a word this *Moyſture* is *animated* with a *Vegetable bleſſed divine Fire*, which made *one* deſcribe the *Miſtery* thus. *Ex Naturâ, & ex Divino*

factum

factum est: Divinum enim est, quia cum Divinitate conjunctum Divinas substantias facit. To conclude, the *Æther* is to be *found* in the *lower spring* or מעין, namely in that *substance*, which the *Arabians* call *Flos salis albi*, the *Flower* of *white Salt*. It is indeed *borne* of *Salt*, for *Salt* is the *Root* of it, and it is *found* withall *in locis salsosis*, in certaine *Saltish places*. The best *Discovery* of it is *this*: The *Philosophers* call it their *Mineral Tree*, for it *grows* as all *Vegetables* doe, and hath *Leaves* and *Fruits* in the very *Houre* of its *Nativity*. This is enough, and now I passe to another *principle*.

The Heavenly Luna.

THis *Luna* is the *Moon* of the *Mine*, a very strange *stupifying substance*. It is not *simple*, but *mixt*. The *Æther*, and a subtill *white Earth* are its *Components*, and this makes it *grosser* than the *Æther* it *self*. It appeares in the *forme* of an exceeding *white oile*, but is in very truth a certaine *vegetant*, *flowing*, *smooth*, *soft salt*, &c.

The ſtar-ſoule.

THis is the true *Aſtrum Solis*, the *Mineral ſpiritual Sun*. It is *compounded* of the *Æther*, and a *Bloudie*, *fierie*, *ſpirited Earth*. It appears in a *gummie Conſiſtency*, but with a *fierce*, *hot*, *glowing Complexion*. It is *Subſtantially* a certaine *purple*, *animated*, *Divine Salt*, &c.

The Preſter *of* Zoroaſter.

IT is a *Miracle* to conſider, how the *Earth*, which is a Body of inexpreſſible *weight* and *Heavineſſe*, can be *ſupported* in the *Ayr*, a *fleeting yeelding ſubſtance*, and thorough which even *froth* and *Feathers* will *ſink*, and *make their way*. I hope there is no *man* ſo *mad* as to think it is *poys'd* there by ſome *Geometricall Knack*, for that were *Artificiall*, but the *work* of *God* is *Vital*, and *Natural*. Certainly if the *Animation* of the *world* be *denied*, there muſt needs follow a *precipitation* of this *Element* by its own *Corpulency* and *Gravity*. We ſee that our *own Bodies* are *ſupported* by that *Eſſence*, by which they are *actuated* and *animated*, but when that

when that *Essence* leaves them, they *fall* to the *ground*, till the *spirit* returns at the *Resurrection*. I conclude then that the *Earth* hath in her a *Fire-soule*, a most *powerfull strong spirit*, that *bears her up*, as the *spirit* of *Man* bears up *man*. To this agrees *Raymund Lullie* in the seventy sixth Chapter of his Theorie. *Tota Terra plena est Intelligentia ad operationem Naturæ inclinata, quæ Intelligentia movetur à natura superiore: Ita quod natura Intellectiva inferior assimilatur naturæ Superiori.* The whole *Earth* (saith he) is full of *Intelligence*, inclined to the *Discipline* or *Operation* of *Nature*, which *Intelligence* is moved by the *Superior Nature*: so that the *Inferior Intelligence* is like to the *Superior*. This *spirit* or *Intelligence* is the πρηστὴρ, a *Notion* of the admirable *Zoroaster*, as I find him *render'd* by *Julian* the *Chaldæan*. It comes from πρήθω *uro*, and signifies *Lightning*, or a certaine *burning Turbo*, or *whirl-wind*, but in the *sense* of our *Chaldee* it is the *Fire-spirit* of *Life*. It is an *Influence* of the *Almighty God*, and it comes from *Terra Viventium*, namely the *second person*, whom the *Cabalists* style the *Supernaturall East*. For as the *Natural Light* of the *Sun* is *first manifested* to us in the *East*, so the *Supernatural Light* was *first manifested* in

the

the *second person*, for he is *Principium Alterationis*, the *Beginning of the wayes of God* or the *first Manifestation* of his *Father's Light* in the *Supernatural Generation*. From this *Terra Viventium*, or *Land* of the *Living* comes all *Life* or *spirit*, according to that *position* of the *Mekkubalim*:

> *Omnis anima bona est anima nova, veniens ab Oriente.*
>
> Every *good soule* is a *new soule*, comming from the *East*: that is from חכמה *Cocmah*, or the *second Sephiroth*, which is the *Son* of *God*.

Now for the better understanding of this *Descent* of the *soule*, wee must refer ourselves to another *placet* of the *Cabalists*, and this is it.

> *Animæ à Tertio Lumine ad Quartam Diem, inde ad Quintam descendunt: inde exeuntes, Corporis Noctem subintrant.*

The *souls* (say they) descend from the *Third Light* to the *fourth Day*, thence to the *fifth*, whence they *passe out*, and enter the *Night* of the *Body*. To understand this *Maxime*, you must know there are *three supreme Lights* or *Sephiroths*, which the *Cabalist* cals, *Sedes*

una

na, in quâ sedet Sanctus, *Sanctus Sanctus, Dominus Deus* Sabaoth. This *third Light* from whence the *souls* descend, is בינה *Binah*, the *last* of the *three sephiroths*, and it *signifies* the *Holy Ghost*. Now that you may know in what *sense* this *Descent* proceeds from that *Blessed spirit*, I will somewhat *inlarge* my *Discourse*, for the *Cabalists* are very *obscure* in the *point*. *Spirare* (say the *Jews*) *Spiritus Sancti proprium est*, to *Breath* is the *proprietie* of the *Holy Ghost*. Now we read that *God breathed into* Adam *the Breath of Life, and he became a living soule*. Here you must understand that the *third Person* is the *last* of the *three*, not that there is any *Inequality* in *them*, but it is so in *order* of *Operation*, for he *applies first* to the *Creature*, and therefore *works last*. The *meaning* of it is this: The *Holy Ghost* could not *breath* a *soule* into *Adam*, but he must either *receive it*, or *have* it of himself. Now the *truth* is he *receives* it, and what hee *receives*, that hee *breaths* into *Nature*. Hence this most *holy spirit* is styl'd by the *Cabalists Fluvius egredens è Paradiso*, because he *breaths* as a *River streames*. He is call'd also *Mater Filiorum*, because by this *Breathing* he is as it were *delivered* of *those souls*, which have been *conceived Ideally* in the *second Person*. Now that the

Gen.

Holy

Holy Ghost receives all *things* from the *second Person*, is confirmed by *Christ* himself. John 16.13 *When the spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth, for he shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall heare, that shall he speak, and he will shew you things to come. He shall glorifie me, for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you. All things that the Father hath, are mine; Therefore said I, that he shall take of mine.* Here wee plainly see, there is a certaine *subsequent order* or *Method* in the *operations* of the *blessed Trinity*, for *Christ* tels us, that he *receives* from his *Father*, and the *Holy Ghost* receives from *Him*. Againe, that all things are *conceived Ideally* (or as we commonly expresse it) *created* by the *second person*, is confirmed by the *word* of *God*. *The World was made by him* (saith the Scripture) *and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not.* This may suffice for such as *Love* the *Truth*, and as for that which the *Cabalist* speaks of the *fourth* and *fifth Dayes*, it *suits* not with my *present designe*, and therefore I must *wave* it. It is clear then that *Terra viventium*, or the Eternall *Fire-Earth buds* and *sprouts*, hath her *fierie spirituall Flowers*, which we call *soules*, as this *natural Earth* hath her *natural Vegetables*. In this

mysterious

ysterious sense is the *Prester* defin'd in the *Oracles* λεπτὸν πυρὸς ἄνθος, *the Flower of thin Fire.* But that we may come at last to the *thing intended*, I think it not amisse to instruct you by this *Manuduction.* You know that no *Artificer* can *build*, but the *Earth* must be the *Foundation* to his *Building*, for without this *Ground-work* his *Brick* and *Morter* cannot *stand.* In the *Creation* when *God* did *build*, there was no such *place* to *build upon.* I aske then where did he *rest* his *Matter*, and *upon what*? Certainly he *built*, and *grounded Nature* upon his own *Supernaturall Center.* He is *in her*, and *thorough her*, and with his eternall *spirit* doth he *support Heaven* and *Earth*, as our *bodies* are *supported* with *our spirits.* This is confirmed by that *Oracle* of the *Apostle*, *Omnia portat verbo virtutis suæ, He bears up all things with the word of his power*; from this power is he justly styl'd ἀπειροδύναμος, καὶ παντοδύναμος δυναμοποιὸς δύναμις: The *infinitly powerfull*, and the *All-powerfull power-making power.* I say then that *Fire* and *spirit* are the *Pillars* of *Nature*; the *props* on which her whole *Fabric rests*, and without *which* it could not *stand* one minute. This *Fire* or *Prester* is the *Throne* of the *Quintessentiall Light*, from whence he *dilates* himself to *Generation*, as we see in

the

the *effussion* of the *Sun-beams* in the *gre*
world. In this *Dilatation* of the *Light* consi
the *joy* or *pleasure* of the *passive spirit*, and
its *Contraction* his *Melancholie* or *sorro*
We see in the *great Body* of *Nature*, that
Turbulent weather when the *Sun* is *shut u*
and *clouded*, the *Aire* is *thick* and *dull*, an
our *own spirits* by secret *Compassion* with th
spirit of the *Aire* are *dull* too. On the co
trary in *clear strong Sun-shines* the *Aire*
Quick and *Thin*, and the *spirits* of all *An*
mals are of the same *rarified, active Tempe*
It is *plaine* then that our *joyes* and *sorrows* pro
ceed from the *Dilatation* and *Contraction* o
our *inward Quintessentiall Light*. This
apparent in *despayring Lovers*, who are *sub*
ject to a certain *violent, extraordinary pan*
ting of the *Heart*, a timorous tremblin
pulse which proceeds from the *Apprehensio*
and *Feare* of the *spirit* in relation to h
Miscarriage. Notwithstanding he *desires* t
be *dilated*, as it appears by his *pulse* or *Salli*
wherein he doth *discharge* himself; but h
Despaire checks him *againe*, and brings hi
to a *suddain Retreat*, or *Contraction.* Hen
it comes to passe that we are *subject* to *sigh*
which are *occasion'd* by the *suddain pause* o
the *spirit*: for when hee *stops*, the Breat
stops, but when he *looseth himself* to an *out*

ward Motion, we *deliver two* or *three Breaths* that have been *formerly omitted*, in one *long Expiration*, and this we call a *ſigh*. This *paſſion* hath carried many *brave men* to very *ſad Extremities*. It is originally *occaſion'd* by the *ſpirit* of the *Miſtris*, or *affected party*: for her *ſpirit* ferments or *leavens* the *ſpirit* of the *Lover*, ſo that it deſires an *union* as far as Nature will permit. This makes us *reſent* even *ſmiles* and *frowns*, like *Fortunes* and *Miſfortunes*; Our *Thoughts* are never at *Home*, according to that well-grounded Obſervation, *Anima eſt ubi amat, non ubi animat*: the *ſoule* dwels not where *ſhe lives*, but where *ſhe loves*. We are imploy'd in a perpetuall *Contemplation* of the *abſent Beauty*; Our very *Joyes* and *Woes* are in her *power*: he can *ſet* us to what *Humor* ſhe *will*, as *Campian* was alter'd by the *Muſic* of his *Miſtris*.

When to her Lute Corinna *ſings*,
Her Voice *inlives the* Leaden ſtrings:
But when of ſorrows *ſhe doth* ſpeak,
Even with her ſighes *the* ſtrings *doe* break.
And as her Lute *doth* Live *or* Die,
Lea'd by her Paſſions: So doe I.

This, and many more miraculous *ſympathies* proceed from the *Attractive nature* of

of the *Preſter*: it is a *ſpirit* that can do *wonders*, and now let us ſee if there bee any *poſſibility* to come at him. Suppoſe then wee ſhould *dilapidat* or *diſcompoſe* ſome *Artificiall Building*, ſtone by ſtone: There is no *queſtion* but we ſhould come at *laſt* to the *Earth* whereupon it is *founded*. It is juſt ſo in *Magic*: if we open any *Natural Body*, and *ſeparat* all the *parts* thereof *one* from *another*, we ſhall come at *laſt* to the *Preſter*, which is the *Candle*, and *ſecret Light* of *God*. Wee ſhall know the *hidden Intelligence*, and ſee that *inexpreſſible Face*, which gives the *outward Figure* to the *Body*. This is the *Syllogiſm* we ſhould look after, for he that hath once paſt the *Aquaſter*, enters the *Fire-world*, and ſees what is both *Inviſible* and *Incredible* to the *common Man*. He ſhall diſcover to the *Eye* the miraculous *Conſpiracy* that is between the *Preſter* and the *Sun*. Hee ſhall know the *ſecret Love* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, and the *ſenſe* of that deep *Cabaliſm*, *Non eſt planta hic inferiùs cui non eſt ſtella in Firmamento ſuperiùs, & ferit eam ſtella, & dicit ei Creſce*. There is not an *Herb* here *below*, but he hath a *ſtar* in *Heaven above*, and the *ſtar* ſtrikes him with her *Beame*, and ſayes to him, *Grow*. He ſhall know, how the *Fire-ſpirit* hath his *Root* in the Spirituall *Fire-*

Earth,

Earth, and *receives* from it a secret *Influx* upon which he *feeds*, as *Herbs* feed on that *Juice* and *Liquor*, which they receive at their *Roots* from this *Common Earth*. This is it, which our *Saviour* tels us, *Man lives not by Bread alone, but by every word that comes out of the Mouth of God*. He meant not by *Inke and Papyr*, or the *dead Letter*: it is a *Mystery*, and St. *Paul* hath partly expounded it. He tels the *Athenians*, that *God made Man, to the end, That he should seek the Lord, if happily he might feel after him and find him*. Here is a strange Expression, you will say, that a Man should *feel after God*, or *seek Him* with his *Hands*. But he goes on, and tels you where you shall find him. *He is not far* (saith he) *from every one of us; for in Him we live, and move, aud have our Being*. For the better understanding of this place, I wish you to read *Paracelsus* his *Philosophia ad Athenienses*, a glorious Incomparable *Discourse*, but you will *shortly* find it in *English*. Againe: He that enters the *Center*, shall know why all *Influx* of *fire* descends *against* the *Nature* of *fire*, and comes from *Heaven downwards*: Hee shall know also why the same *fire* having found a *Body*, ascends *againe towards Heaven*, and *gows upwards*.

Math.

To conclude: I ſay the grand Supreame *Myſterie* of *Magic*, is to *multiplie* the *Preſter*, and place him in the *moyſt ſerene Æther*, which God hath purpoſely *created* to *qualiſie* the *fire*. For I would have thee know, that this *ſpirit* may be ſo *chaf'd*, and that in the moſt *temperat Bodies*, as to *undoe* thee upon a *ſuddain*. This thou mayſt gueſſe thy ſelfe by the χρυσοκιραυνὸς, or *thundering Gold*, as the *Chymiſt* cals it. Place him then as *God* hath plac'd the *ſtars*, in the *condens'd Æther* of his *Chaos*, for there he will *ſhine*, not *burne*, he will be *vital* and *Calm*, not *furious* and *Choleric*. This *ſecret* I confeſſe, *tranſcends* the *Common proceſſe*, and I dare tell thee *no more* of it. It muſt remaine then as a *Light* in a *Dark place*, but how it may be *diſcovered*, doe thou *Conſider*.

The Green ſalt.

IT is a *Tincture* of the *Saphiric Mine*, and to define it ſubſtantially, it is the *Aire* of our little Inviſible *Fire-world*. It produceth two noble *effects*, *youth*, and *Hope*; wherefoever it appears, it is an infallible *ſign* of *life*, as you ſee in the *ſpring-time*, when all *things* are *Green*. The *ſight* of it

is

is *cheerfull*, and *refreshing* beyond all *imagination*. It comes out of the *Heavenly Earth*, for the *Saphir* doth *spermatize*, & *injects* her *Tinctures* into the *Æther*, where they are *carried*, and *manifested* to the *Eye*. This *Saphir* is *equall* of her *self* to the *whole Compound*, for she is *threefold*, or hath in her *three* severall *essences*. I have seen them all, not in Ayrie imaginarie *suppositions*, but *really* with my *bodily eyes*. And here we have *Apollodorous* his *Mathematical Problem* resolved: namely that *Pythagoras* should sacrifice a *hundred Oxen*, when hee found out, ὅτι τριγώνου ὀρθογωνίου ἡ ὀρθὴν γωνίαν ὑποτείνουσα ἴσον δύναται ταῖς περιεχούσαις, That the *Subtendent* of a *right angl'd Triangle* was *equivalent* to those *parts* which *contain'd* it, *&c.*

The *Diapasm*, or *Magicall Perfume*.

IT is *compounded* of the *Saphiric Earth* and the *Æther*. If it be brought to its full *Exaltation*, it will *shine* like the *Day-star* in her fresh Easterne *Glories*. It hath a fascinating *attractive facultie*, for if you *expose* it to the *open Ayre*, it will *draw* to it *Birds* and *Beasts*, &c.

The *Regeneration*, *Ascent*, and *Glorification*.

I Have now sufficiently, and fully discovered the *principles* of our *Chaos*, In the next place I will shew you how you are to *use* them. You must *unite* them to a *new life*, and they will be *regenerated* by *Water* and the *Spirit*. These *two* are in all *things*, they are placed there by *God himself*, according to that speech of *Trismegistus*; *Vnumquodque habet in se semen suæ Regenerationis*. Proceed then *patiently*, but not *manually*. The *work* is performed by an *invisible Artist*, for there is a *secret Incubation* of the *Spirit* of *God* upon *Nature*: you must only see that the *outward Heat* failes not, but with the *subject* it self you have no more to *doe*, than the *Mother* hath with the *Child* that is in her *womb*. The two former *principles* performe all, the *Spirit* makes *use* of the *Water* to *purge* and *wash* his *Body*, and hee will bring it at last to a Celestiall, immortall *Constitution*. Doe not you think this *Impossible*. Remember that in the *Incarnation* of *Christ Jesus* the *Quaternarius* or *four Elements* as men call them were *united* to their eternall *Unitie* and *Ter*

nariu

narius. Three and *Foure* make *Seven*: This *Septenarie* is the true *Sabaoth*, the *Rest* of *God* into which the *Creature* shall *enter*. This is the best and greatest *Manuduction* that I can give you. In a word, *Salvation* it self is nothing else but *transmutation. Behold* (saith the Apostle) *I shew you a MYSTERIE: we shall not all die, but we shall be all CHANGED, in a Moment, in the twinckling of an Eye, at the sound of the last* Trumpt. God of his great Mercy *prepare* us for it, That from hard stubborn *Flints* of this *world*, we may prove *Chrysoliths* and *Jaspers* in the new eternall *foundation*. That we may ascend from this present distressed *Church* which is in *Captivity* with her *Children*, to the *free Jerusalem* from *above*, which is the *Mother* of us *all*. *Corinth.*

The *Descent*, and *Metempsychosis*.

THere is in the world a scribling, ill-disposed *Generation*: they write only to gaine an *Opinion* of *Knowledge*, and this by *amazing* their *Readers* with *whimzies* and *Fansies* of their own. These commonly call themselves *Chi-*

mists, and abuse the *great Mysterie* of *Nature* with the *Name* and *Non-sense* of *Lapis Chemicus*. I find not one of them, but hath mistaken this *Descent* for the *Ascent* or *Fermentation*. I think it *Necessary* therefore to informe the Reader there is a *two fold Fermentation*, a *spirituall* and a *Bodily one*. The *spirituall Fermentation* is performed by *multiplying* the *Tinctures*, which is not done with *common Gold* and *Silver*, for they are not *Tinctures*, but grose compacted *Bodies*. The *Gold* and *Silver* of the *Philosophers* are a *soule* and *spirit*: they are *living Ferments* and *principles* of *Bodies*, but the two *common Metals* whether you take them in their *grose Composition*, or after a *Philosophicall preparation*, are no way *pertinent* to our *purpose*. The *Bodily Fermentation*, is that which I properly call the *Descent*, and now we will speak of it. When thou hast made the *stone*, or *Magicall Medicine*, it is a *liquid fierie*, *spirituall substance*, *shining* like the *Sun*. In this *Complexion* if you would *project*, you could hardly find the *just proportion*, the *vertue* of the *Medicine* is so *intensive* and *powerfull*. The *Philosophers* therefore took *one part* of their *stone*, and did cast it upon *ten parts* of pure molten *gold*. This single small *graine*

did

did bring all to the *gold* a *bloudie powder*, and on the *contrary* the *grosse Body* of the *gold* did abate the *spirituall strength* of the *projected graine*. This *Descent* or *Incorporation* some wise *Authors* have call'd a *Bodily Fermentation*, but the *Philosophers* did not use *common Gold* to *make* their *stone* as some *scriblers* have *written*, they us'd it only to *qualisie* the *intensive power* of it, when it is *made*, that they might the more easily *find* what *Quantitie* of *base Metall*, they should *project* upon. By this means they *reduc'd* their *Medicine* to a *dust*, and this *dust* is the *Arabian-Elixir*. This *Elixir* the *Philosophers* could carry about them, but the *Medicine* it self not so, for it is such a *subtill moyst Fire*, there is nothing but *glasse* that will *hold* it. Now for their *Metempsychosis*, it hath indeed occasion'd many *Errors* concerning the *soule*, but *Pythagoras* applied it only to the *secret performances* of *Magic*. It signifies their last *Transmutation*, which is done with the *Elixir*, or *Qualified Medicine*. Take therefore *one part* of it, cast it on a *Millenarie proportion* of *Quick-silver*, and it will be all *pure gold*, that shall passe the *Test Royall* without any *Diminution*.

Now *Reader* I have done, and for *a fare-*

well I will give thee a most noble, secret, sacred *truth*. The *Chaos* it self in the very *first Analysis* is *threefold*, the *Saphir* of the *Chaos* is likewise *threefold*. Here thou hast *six parts*, which is the *Pythagoricall Senarius* or *Numerus Conjugii*. In these *six* the *Influx* of the *Metaphysicall Vnitie* is *sole Monarch*, and makes up the *seventh Number*, or *Sabaoth*, in which at *last* by the *Assistance* of *God* the *Body* shall *rest*. Againe, every *one* of these *six parts* is *two fold*, and these *Duplicities* are *Contrarieties*. Here then thou hast *twelve*, *six* against *six* in a *desperat Division*, and the *Vnitie* of *peace* amongst *them*. These *Duplicities* consist of *contrary Natures*; One part is *good*, one *bad*: one *corrupt*, one *incorrupt*: and in the *Termes* of *Zoroaster*, one *rationall*, one *irrationall*. These *bad*, *corrupt*, *irrational seeds* are the *Tares* and *sequels* of the *Curse*. Now Reader I have *unriddl'd* for thee the grand mysterious *problem* of the *Cabalist*. *Septem partibus* (saith hee) *insunt Duo Ternaria, & in Medio stat unum. Duodecim stant in Bello: Tres Amici, Tres inimici: Tres Viri vivificant, Tres etiam occidunt: & Deus Rex fidelis ex sua Sanctitatis Atrio dominatur Omnibus. Vnus super Tres, & Tres super Septem, & Septem super*

Duodecim,

Duodecim, & ſunt omnes ſtipati, Alius cum Alio.

This and no other is the *truth* of that *Science*, which I have proſecuted a long time with *frequent* and *ſerious indeavours*. It is my firme decreed *Reſolution* to *write* no *more* of it, and if any will *abuſe* what is *written*, let him. He cannot ſo *injure me*, but I am *already ſatisfied*: I have to my *Reward* a *Light* that will not *leave me*.

Neſcit SOL *Comitis non memor eſſe* Sui.

I will now *cloze* up all with the *Doxologie* of a moſt excellent, renowned *Philocryphus*.

Soli Deo Laus, & Potentia!

Amen in MERCURIO, *qui pedibus licet carens decurrit*

AQUA,

et metallicè univerſaliter operatur.

FINIS.

APHORISMI MAGICI EUGENIANI.

Veritas Prima est Hæc:
Hæc etiam Ultima.

1. ANte Omnia Punctum extitit: non τὸ ἄτομον, aut Mathematicum, sed Diffusivum. Monas erat Explicite: Implicite Myrias. Lux erat, erat & Nox: Principium, & Finis Principii: Omnia, & Nihil: Est, & Non.

2. Com-

2. Commovit se Monas in Dyade: & per Triadem egressæ sunt Facies Luminis secundi.

3. Exivit Ignis simplex, increatus: & sub Aquis induit se Tegumento Ignis multiplicis, Creati.

4. Respexit ad Fontem superiorem: & Inferiorem deducto Typo, Triplici vultu sigillavit.

5. Creavit unum unitas: & in Tria distinxit Trinitas. Est & Quaternarius, Nexus & Medium Reductionis.

6. Ex visibilibus primùm effulsit Aqua: Fæmina Incubantis Ignis, & Figurabilium gravida Mater.

7. Porosa erat Interius, & Corticibus varia: Cujus venter habuit Cœlos convolutos, & Astra indiscreta.

8. Separator Artifex divisit hanc in amplas Regiones: & apparente Fætu, disparuit Mater.

9. Peperit tamen Mater Filios Lucidos,

cidos, Influentes in Terram Chai.

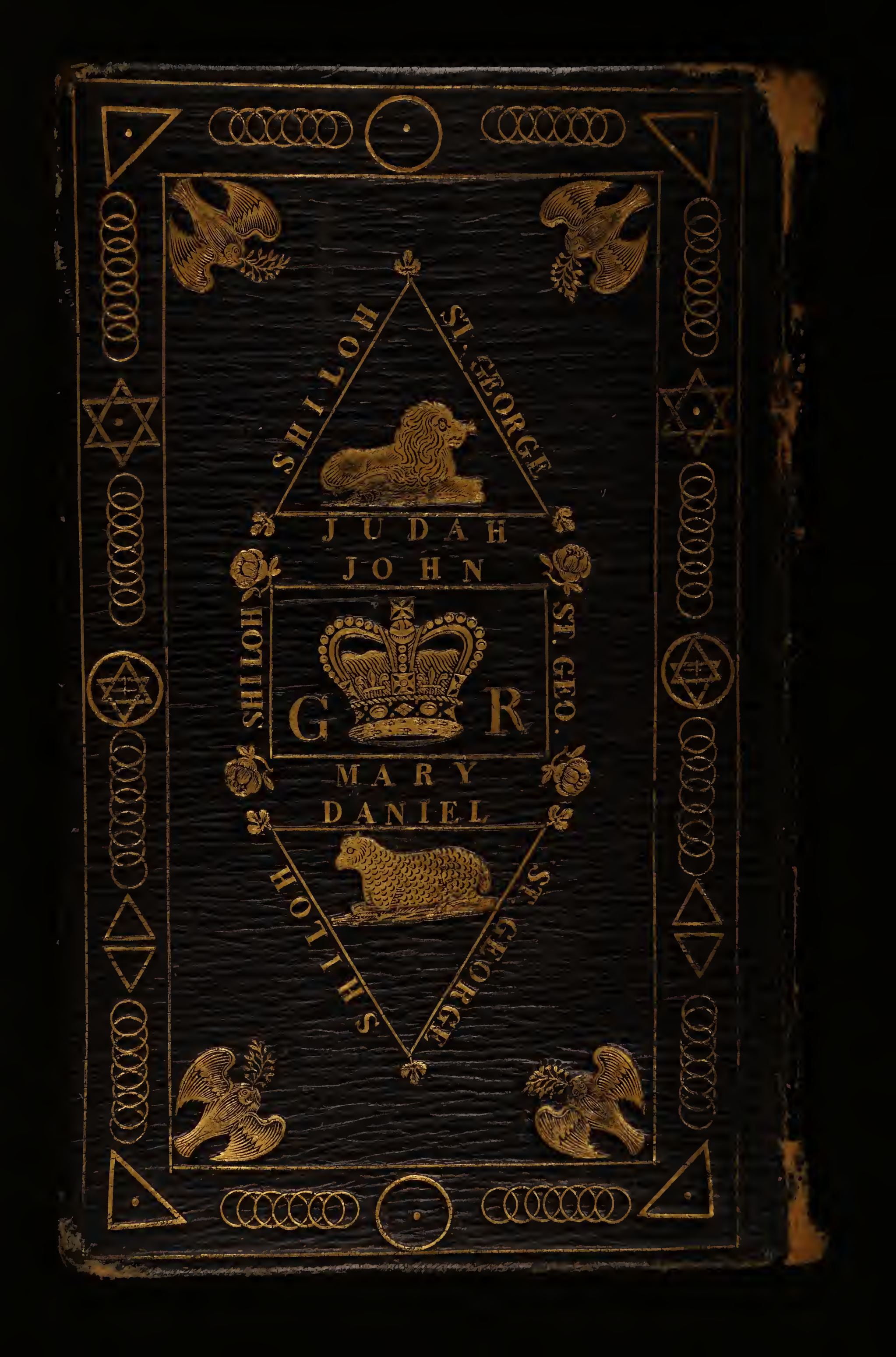
10. Hi generant Matrem in Noviſſimis: Cujus Fons cantat in Luco miraculoſo.

11. Sapientiæ Condus eſt Hic: eſto qui potes, Promus.

12. Pater eſt Totius Creati: & ex Filio Creato per vivam Filii Analyſin, Pater generatur. Habes ſummum Generantis Circuli Myſterium: Filii Filius eſt, qui Filii Pater fuit.

Soli Deo Gloria.


יְחִילָה


SHILOH
ST. GEORGE
JUDAH
JOHN
SHILOH
ST. GEO.
G
R
MARY
DANIEL
HOTIHS.
ST. GEORGE