

Lumen de lumine: or a new magical light discovered, and communicated to the world / By Eugenius Philalethes [pseud].

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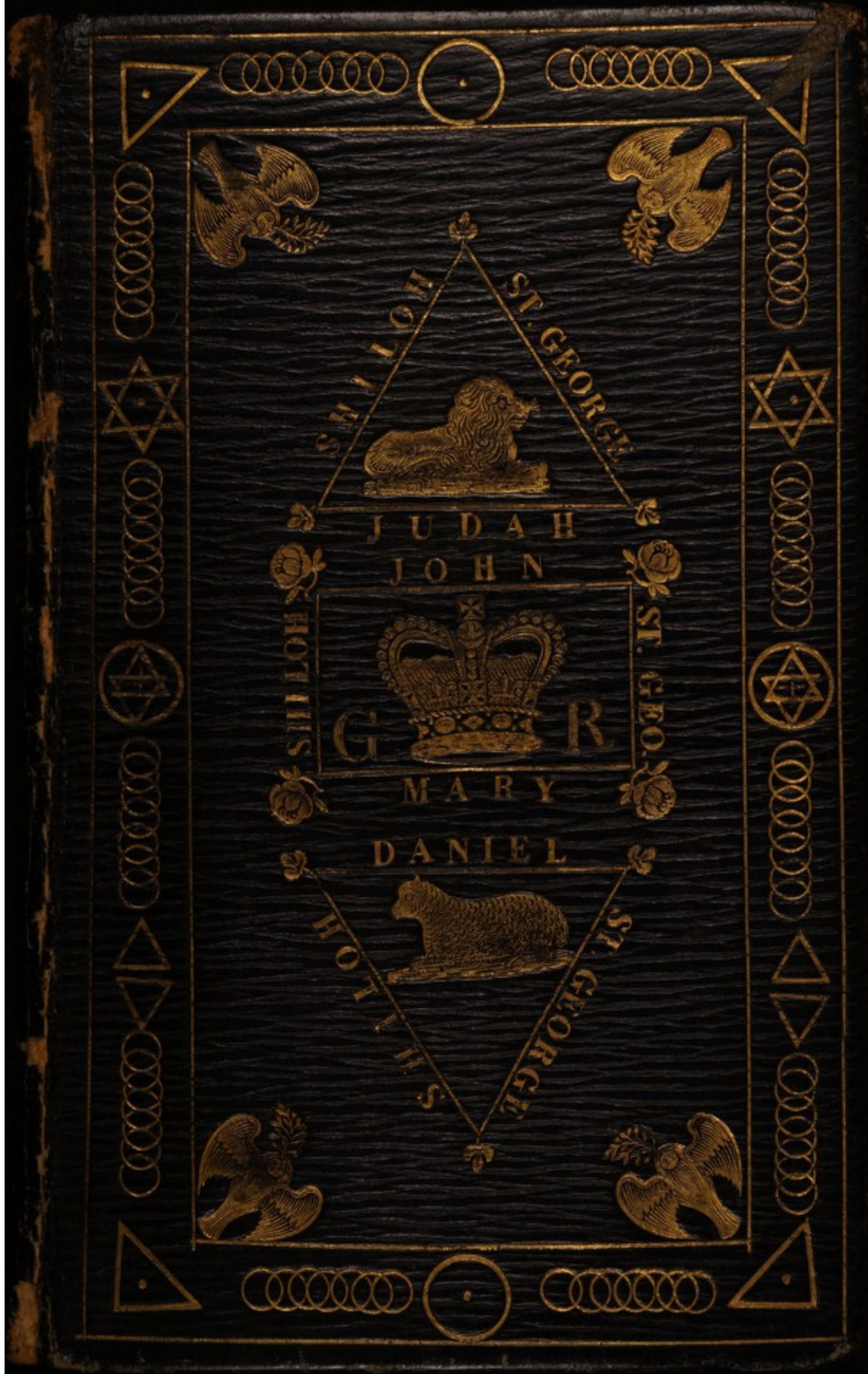
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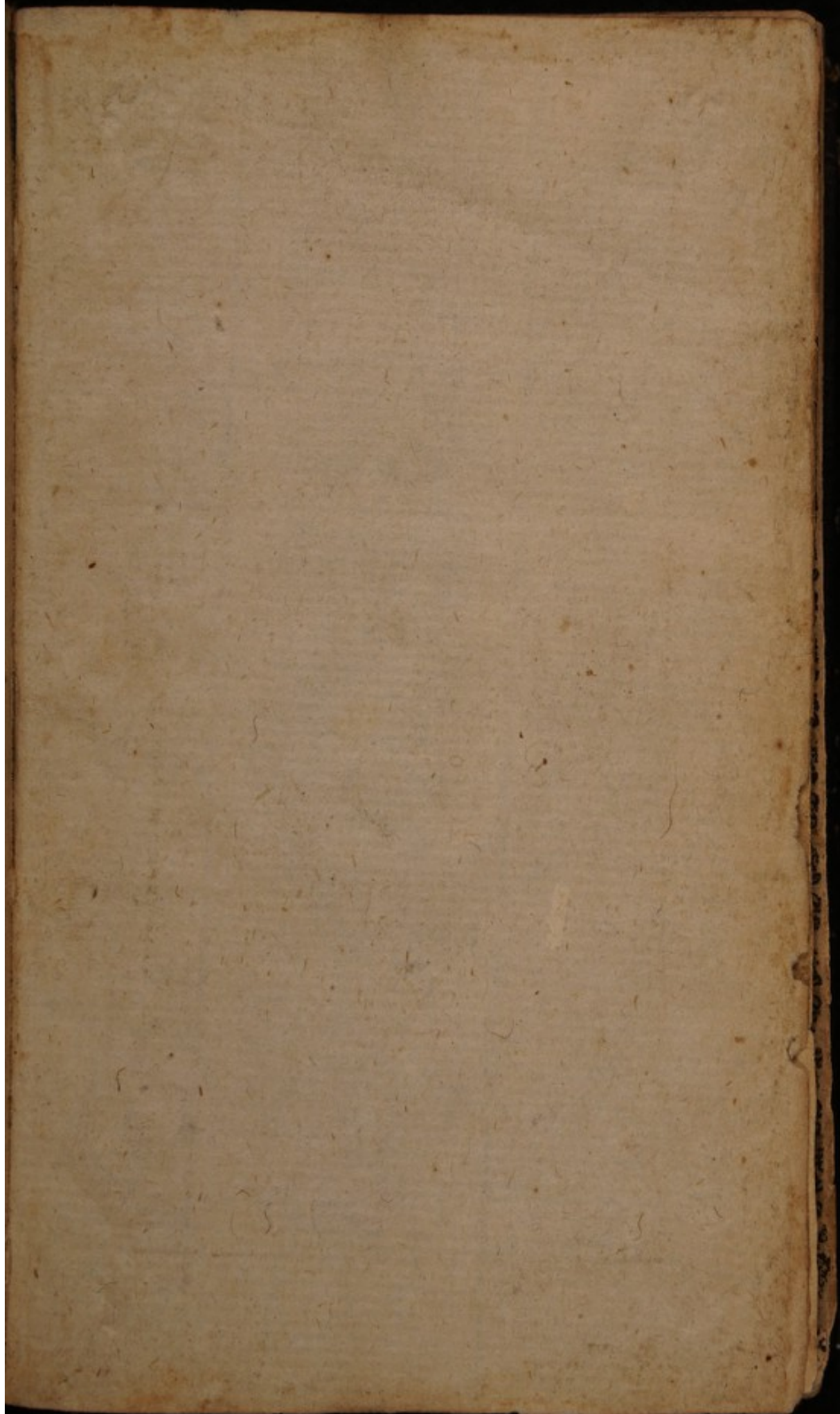
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L U M E N

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L U M I N E :

O R

A new *Magicall Light*
discovered, and Commu-
nicated to the
WORLD

By Eugenius Philalethes.

G E N. I. 3.

And God said, *Let there be Light.*

J O H N I. Chap: Ver. 5.

And the *Light* shineth in the *Darknesse.*

Pythag.

Nè loquaris Deo absque Lumine.

L O N D O N,

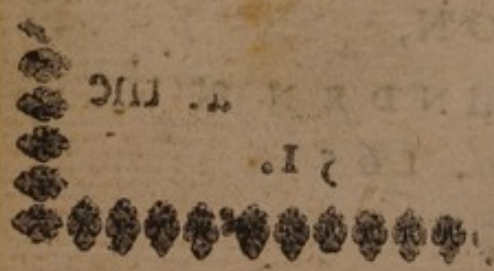
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A New Medical Light

VAUGHAN, T.



Printed for H. B. ...

21.



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

HAVE ob-
ſerv'd (moſt
deare Mo-
ther) and
that in moſt
of thy Sons, a Complexion
of Fame, and Ingratuitie.
Learning indeed they
A 3 have,

The Epistle

have, but they forget the
Breasts that gave it. Thy
Good works meet not
with one Samaritan, but
Many hast thou cur'd
of the Leprosie of Igno-
rance. This is the spot,
that soyls our perfections:
we have all drunk of thy
Fountaine, but we sacri-
fice 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,

Dedicatory.

seed, which may grow ^{Mat. 13.}
to be the *Greatest amongst* ^{32.}
Herbs. The Draught it
self hath nothing of *na-*
ture, but what is under
the *Veile*: I wish indeed
thou mayst see her *sine*
Flammeo, but her face
like that of the *Annun-*
tiata 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
returne

The Epistle

returne the Acknowledgement, where I receiv'd the Benefit. I intend not my Adresse for the Banks of Isis; Thou hast no Portion there, unlesse thy Stones require my Inscription. It is thy Dispersed 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

Dedictory.

but the *Test* of an *Israe-*
lite, and

Thy Legitimat Child.

1650.

E. P.

To

Medical

the Test of

The Legitimate Child

by E. B.

To



In Summum Virum
Thomam Bodleium Equitem
Auratum, Bibliothecæ Oxoniensis
Structorem
Magnificum.


SANCTA ANIMA! & tam Sancta simul salueto Favilla!
Sicq; semel Cineris fas meminuisse tui!
Instructor cæli, & Stellarum Plenior O do,
Qui Sporadas per Te, non finis Astra fore.
Quippe Lare Libris vel rite vagantibus addis,
Et Cælum, quo sint Sydera fixa, cluis.
Nos Vitam ut Patres, largimur Fætibus: 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 Lyeæi,
Quò nullum nisi sit Sanctius, iret Opus.
Syllabus Heroum, Mentisq̃, Omniscia Proles,
Est hæc & Sensu Theca animata suo.
Bodleii Laus ampla, & Fusior Urna Sepulti,
Quâ Vitam invenit Mors sua, Morsq̃, Necem.
Hinc se fracta Fugæ dedit, absumptisq̃, sagittis
Implevit Vacuas sola pharetra Manus.*


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

*Pium est Agnoscere, per
Quos profecisti.*

Lu-



To the Reader.



Have had some
Contest with my
self in the *Dispo-*
sall of this *Piece*,
the *Subject* being
crosse to the *Ge-*
nius of the *Times*,
which is both *Cor-*
rupt, 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
the last *Glasse* of my *thoughts*, and
their first *Reflex* being not compleat,
I have added this to perfect their *I-*
mage, and *Symmetrie*. I must con-
fesse I have no *Reason* for it, but what
my

To the Reader.

my *Adversaries* supply me withall: I would *advance* the *Truth*, because they would *suppresse* it. Indeed I have been *scurvily* rewarded, but the *success* 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* hath reduc'd my *passions* to a *Diet*, I have resolv'd for the *future* to *suffer*: for
th

To the Reader.

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 I Kings 19. voice.

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

To the Reader.

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 witness 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

To the Reader.

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 glorifie 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

To the Reader.

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
. II.



L U M E N

D E

L U M I N E.

Now had the Night spent her black stage, and all
Her beauteous, twinkling 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 po-
pular, 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 sleep. Here then the *Day* was no sooner borne, but strangled; I was reduc'd to a *night* of a more deep *tincture* than that which I had formerly spent. My *fansie* placed me in a *Region* of inexpressible *Obscuritie*, and as I thought more than *Naturall*; but without any *Terrors*. I was in a firm even *Temper*, and thought without encouragements, not only *resolute*, but *well-pleas'd*. I moved every way for *Discoveries*, but was still intertain'd with *Darkness* and *silence*, and I thought my self translated to the *Land of Desolation*. Being thus troubled to no purpose, and wearied with long *Indeavours*, I resolv'd 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 *Wilderness*. 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 judg'd it not *suitable* with the *Complexion* of the *place*, which was *darke* and

A new Magicall Light, &c. 3

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 *Atmosphere*. 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 inter-
prets 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, stir'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 *Crocquer*, 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 exquisite, divine *Beauty*. Her *frame* neither *long*, nor *short*, but a meane decent *Seature*. 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,

A new *Magicall Light*, &c. 5

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* break 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* flow'r'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 *Adresses*, 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

6 *Lumen de Lumine*, or

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 *Dayies* 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 affirm 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 *Bottom*, 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 cerraine 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 little *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

A new *Magical Light*, &c. 7

she seem'd *averse* from *Discourse*; but having resolv'd with my self to *disturb* her, I ask'd her if she would favour me with her *Name*. To this she replied very familiarly, as if she had known me long before. *Eugenius* (said she) *I have many Names, but my best and dearest is Thalia: for I am alwaies green, and I shall never wither. Thou doest ere behold the mountains of the Moone, and will shew thee the Originall of Nilus, for she brings from these Invisible Rocks. Looke up and peruse the very Tops of these pillars and Lifts of Salt, for they are the true, Philosophicall, Lunar Mountains. Didst thou ever see such a Miraculous, incredible thing? This speech made me quickly look up to those glittering Turrets of Salt, where I could see a stupendous Cataract, or Waterfall. The streame was more large than any River in her all Chanell, but notwithstanding the Height, and Violence of its Fall, it descended without any Noyse. The Waters were dash'd, and their Current distracted by those Saltish Rocks, but for all this they came down with dead silence, like the still, soft Ayr. Some of this Liquor (for it ran by me) I took up, to see what strange wollen substance it was, that did thus steale down like Snow. When I had it in my hands it was no Common water, but a*

certaine

8 *Lumen de Lumine, or*

*certaine kind of Oile of a Waterie Complexion. 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 Naturall, 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 rather 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 contrariisque partibus in unam formam minime convenisset, nisi unus esset, qui tam Diversa conjungeret; Conjuncta vero Naturarum ipsa Diversitas invicem discors, dissociaret, atque divelleret, nisi unus esset, qui**

quod

A new Magicall Light, &c. 9

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 Conditæ 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 Diverfitie 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 Composition of the great world in generall, the same is perform'd in the Generation of every

C

creature

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 Eggs will thicken assoon as they feel the fire, for their moysture is temper'd with a pure subtile Earth, and this subtile, animated Earth, is that which binds their water. Take water then my Eugenius, from the Mountains of the Moon, which is water,
and

A new *Magicall Light*, &c. 11

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 he 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 *Bas* to a *fire* *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* *scarling*, and heard by him this *Instruction*.

Suaviter aut Pungit.

[N we went, and having entred the *Rock*, the *interior parts* were of a heavenly *Smaagdine 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.

T. α. v. φ.

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

A new *Magicall Light*, &c. 13

Church-yard, wee came at last to the *Sanctua-*
rie, 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 Pra-
paratives to their Admission here, were want-
ing: They did not love Mee, but Mine.
They coveted indeed the Riches of Nature, but
Nature her self they did both neglect, and cor-
rupt. Som Advantages they had in point of As-
sault, had they but studied their Opportunities.
I was expo'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 rifl'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) proporti-
ons 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 be 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 Scale, 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 Precept 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 Sanctuary, with a full Priviledge to publish it.

Iliad 8. This is all, and now I am going to that Invisibile Region, *in 'Adaraw, idis 'Es.* Let not that
 Proverb

A new *Magicall Light*, &c. 15

*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 *Hour* of *Translation* was come, and taking (as I thought) our last leave, shee past before my Eyes, *ως ἄνωγας*, into the *Aether* 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*, somewhat 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 can shew 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 Individualls, even Man himself, hath nothing in him Materially, but what he received from the materiall Universall Nature. Consider again, that the same Individualls 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 Chaodical 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, discompas'd 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 moisture 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 moisture, 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 stelled without the joynt Magnetism of three Heavens; what they are I have told you elsewhere, and I will not trouble you with Re-petitions. 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 Astro-lasms*, but she call'd them *Saphirics* of the *Sun* and *Moone*. These *Miracles* she commended to my perusal, excusing her self as being sleepe, 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 slept on Thee: but needed not to shed
 Her Gold, 'twas pay enough to be her Bed.
 Thy Flow'rs are Favours: 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 Poësie 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' thy spring.
 That Earth's not poor, did such a Treasure hold,
 But thrice enrich'd, with Amber, Spice, and Gold.*

Schola

SCHOLÆ MAGICÆ TYPVS.



Ro. Vaughan sculp:

Lumen de Lumine, or

THis is that Emblematicall Magi-
call Type, which Thalia delivered
to me in the invisible Guiana. The
first and Superior part of it repre-
sents the Mountains of the Moon. The Phi-
losophers commonly call them the Moun-
tains of India, on whose Tops grows their se-
cret 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 Ara-
bian, a most excellent judicious Author. *Va-
de fili ad Montes India, & ad Cavernas suas,
& accipe ex eis lapides honoratos qui liques-
cunt in Aquâ, quando commiscetur 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 wa-
ter, 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 forbear
to tell you. They are very dangerous places
after Night, for they are haunted with Fires,
and

A new *Magicall Light*, &c. 25

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 *M O U N T A I N E*,
And the *Treasure* therein
Contained.

„ **U**Nusquisque 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. Etiam si
 „ vero

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„ vero Locum & Viam difficile & laboriosum
„ fit invenire, locus tamen est investigandus.
„ Cum vero Deus coram suis nihil abscondi-
„ tum velit, ideo in hoc ultimo sæculo ante-
„ quam Judicium extremum veniat, Dignis
„ hæc omnia sunt revelanda: uti (obscurè ta-
„ men satis, nè manifesta fiant Indignis) in
„ quodam loco inquit; Nihil est Absconditum,
„ quod non reveletur. Nos igitur à Spiritu *Mat. 10.*
„ Dei acti, hanc Dei Voluntatem Mundo *26.*
„ annunciamus, uti etiam in Diversis linguis à
„ Nobis factum, & publicatum est. Ista
„ verò publicationem aut major pars calum-
„ niatur, aut contemnit, aut sine Deo pro-
„ missa ejus penes nos quærit, existimans nos
„ illos statim Docturos, quo modo Aurum
„ Chemicum sit præparandum, aut illis afferre
„ magnos Thesauros, quibus possint coram
„ mundo pomposè vivere, supetbire, Bella
„ gerere, Lucra exercere, helluari, potare, in-
„ continenter vivere, & in aliis peccatis vi-
„ tam commaculare, Quæ tamen omnia con-
„ traria sunt voluntati ipsius Dei. Hi exempla
„ capere debebant à *decem virginibus* illis
„ (quarum *quinque Stolidæ* à prudentibus
„ *Oleum* petebant) esse multum aliam ratio-
„ nem, dum nimirum opus sit, ut quilibet
„ *proprio labore* & studio in Deo id consequatur.
„ Nos tamen illorum sociorum Animos

„ 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* clamant.
 „ Atque hinc fit etiam quod multum *Calum-*
 „ *niarum & Convitiarum* contra nos effun-
 „ dunt, quæ non curamus, sed *Deus* suo tem-
 „ pore *judicabit*.

„ Postquam verò Nos *Vestrum Duorum*
 „ Diligentiam, & sedulitatem, quam in verâ
 „ *Cognitione Dei, & Lektione sacrorum Bi-*
 „ *blicorum* impenditis, jampridem (quamvis
 „ vobis inscientibus) bene scivimus, etiam ex
 „ vestro agnovimus scripto, Nos etiam vos
 „ præ multis aliis millibus responso aliquo
 „ dignari volumus, & vobis hoc significare
 „ ex permisso Dei, & Spiritus Sancti Admo-
 „ nitione.

„ Est *MONS* situs in medio *Terra*
 „ vel *Centro orbis*, qui est *parvus & magnus*
 „ est *mollis*, etiam supra modum *durus &*
 „ *Saxosus*; est unicuique *propinquus, & lon-*
 „ *ginquus*, sed ex *Consilio Dei Invisibilis*. In
 „ eo sunt *maximi Thesauri absconditi*, quo-
 „ *Mundus numerare non potest*; Qui *mon-*
 „ *ex Invidiâ Diaboli* (qui omni tempore *De-*
 „ *Gloriam, & Felicitatem Hominis* impedit,
 „ 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 preces. 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
„ reformidatis ea, quæ vobis occurrent, & re-
„ cedatis. Nullo gladio Corporali indigetis,
„ nec aliis Armis, sed Deum solummodo in-
„ vocate Sincerè, & 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 abſolvat 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, & ferme
 „ 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-
 „ nuſſet) 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 sælicitate. Scitote enim hoc*
 „ *fideliter, Qui Tincturâ hac abutitur, & non*
 „ *vivit exemplariter, purè, & Syncerè coram*
 „ *Homnibus 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*, and *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 *coagulates* 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, & fatens, & 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

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would enjoy 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 therefore 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 hee 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

a Fama &
Confessio
Fratrum
R. C.
the

the propofals thereof from us, fupposing we will
 ftraightway teach them how to make Gold by
 Art, or furnifh them with ample Treafures,
 whereby they may live pompoufly in the face
 of the World, Swagger, and make Wars, turn
 Ufurers, Gluttons, and Drunkards, live un-
 chafte, and defile their whole life with feve-
 rall other fins, all which Things are contrary
 to the Blessed will of God. Thefe Men fhould
 have learnt from thofe Ten Virgins (whereof
 Five that were foolifh demanded Oile for their
 Lamps, from thofe Five that were wife) how
 that the Cafe is much otherwife. It is expe-
 dient, that every man fhould labour for this
 Treafure by the Affiftance of God, and his
 own particular Search and Induftry. But the
 perverfe Intentions of thefe Fellows we un-
 derftand out of their own writings, by the
 fingular Grace and Revelation of God; wee
 doe ftop our Ears, and wrap our felves as it
 were in Clouds, to avoid the Bellowings and
 Howlings of thofe men, who in vaine crie out
 for Gold. And hence indeed it comes to paffe
 that they brand us with infinite Calumnies
 and Slanders, which notwithstanding we doe
 not refent, but God in his good Time will judge
 them for it. But after that we had well known
 (though unknown to you) and perceived alfo
 by your writing, how diligently you are to perufe
 the

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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 notwithstanding 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 wil 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,

A new Magicall Light, &c. 37

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 are 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 *Sopkister* 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 *Receipt* 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 *Chimera's*, and *Aristotle's* *μεγαλαρα*, that *Metaphysicall Beast* of the *Schoolmen*. It signifies the innumerable *conceited Whimzies*, and *ayrie roving Imaginations* of *Man*. For, before
wee

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

think, that we can find the *Truth* by mere *Contemplation* without *Experience*, is as great a *madness*, as if a *Man* should shutt his *Eyes* from the *Sun*, and then believe hee can *travaille* 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 *Chimera'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 iudicio de Rebus differere, & supra inexpugnabilem Petram edificare poteris. Sine hoc autem vanus & phantasticus Nugator manebis, cujus Sermones absq; ullâ Experimentiâ supra Arenam solum fundati sunt. Qui autem sermocinationibus suis & Nugis me aliquid docere vult, is me verbis tantum nudis non pascat, sed Experimentiæ factum Documentum*

A new *Magicall Light*, &c. 41

*simul sit præsto 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 *denied*, 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-*

Etion, 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 *fire 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

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But to proceed 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 *Harmesse*. 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 *Dream* nor *Fansie*, but a *known*, *Demonstrable*, *practicall Truth*. The *Treasure* is there to be *found*, infinitely *Rich* and *dear*: Indeed we must confesse it is *inchant*d, and that by the very *Art* and *Magic* of the *Almightie God*. It can neither be *seen* nor *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 be *qualified* who desire to be *admitted* to this *Grace*. They must be *Innocent*, and very *Humble*: not impudent proud *Raunters*, nor *Covetous* uncharitable *Misers*. They must be *meek*, 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*

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 *Mysterics*, 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 *Degree* of *Sense*, is a certaine Horrible *Inexpressible Darknesse*, The *Magicians* call it *Ienebra Activa*, and the *Effect* of it in *Nature* is *Cold*, &c. For *Darknesse* is *vultus Frigoris*, the *Complexion*, *Body*, and *Matrix* of *Cold*.

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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 calls it Caligo Divina, because it is Invisible, and Incomprehensible. The Jew styles it $\gamma\iota\alpha$ 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, $\chi\upsilon\tau\epsilon\tau\epsilon\iota\kappa\epsilon\ \rho\upsilon\tau\epsilon\tau\epsilon\iota\upsilon\delta\omega\rho$: Or rather it is $\chi\upsilon\tau\eta$, that is $\gamma\alpha\iota\alpha\ \chi\upsilon\mu\alpha\tau\omega\delta\ \alpha\epsilon$, $\kappa\iota\ \tau\omicron\ \chi\epsilon\iota\omega\delta\ \tau\epsilon\ \gamma\eta\varsigma$; an exceedingly soft, moyst, fusible, flowing Earth: An Earth of wax, that is capable of all Formes and Impressions. It is $\upsilon\delta\ \rho\alpha\mu\iota\omega\varsigma\ \gamma\eta\ \gamma\alpha\epsilon\tau\omicron\varsigma$, Terra-Filius Aquâ mixtus, and to speake as the Nature of the Thing requires, $\gamma\epsilon\omega\mu\iota\gamma\eta\varsigma$, $\kappa\iota\ \gamma\eta\ \gamma\alpha\mu\eta\varsigma$. The learned Archimist defines it, $\theta\epsilon\iota\omega\varsigma\ \text{Αργύριον ζωτικόν, ἕνωσις τῶν πνευματῶν ἐν πρῶτῳ}$. 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 *Tetraet* 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 cheerisbeth 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*,

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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 coagulates 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 Receipt of Hali the Arabian. *Accipe Canem Masculum Corascenum, & Catellam Armenia, Conjunge, & parient tibi Catulum coloris Cæli.* 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 nutrit, & se totam ei in Cibum vertet, fovente Patre*. But the *Processe or Recēt* 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 attain 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 certain *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 Materie comparabilis*. The *first Matter* is a *waterish Substance* found *Drie*, or of such a *Complexion* that wets not
the

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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 Terra ventre Terra commixta, cum Quâ se commiscet Spiritus, & Celestis 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 Infortmed 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 pluviæ.* 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, *Salty* liquor. It hath a true *minerall Complexion*: *Habet* (saith *Raymund Lullie*) *speciem solis & Lune, & in tali Aquâ nobis apparuit, non in Aquâ Fontis, aut pluvia.* But in another place he describes it more fully, *Est Aqua sicca* (saith he) *non aqua Nubis, aut phlegmatica, sed aqua Cholericæ, 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

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why the *Philosophers* call'd it their *serpent*, and their *Dragon*. The predominant *Element* in it, is a certaine *Fierie* subtile *Earth*, and from this prevalent part the Best *Philosophers* have denominated the whole *Compound*. *Paracelsus* names it openly but in one place, and he calls it *Viscum Terra*, 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 calls 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, & The-saurus 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 enchanted*. And againe in a certaine place he delivers himself thus: *Prima materia Filii, est Terra subtilis sulphurea, & haec nobilis Terra dictum est Subiectum Mercuriale*. My son (saith he) the first *Matter* is a *subtile, 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 whatsoever. 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 Nature, qua 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 pro- cesse: 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 call 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

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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*. Again: 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* turnes
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* tells us) is very *faint*, and *remisse*. I desire then to know, what *Subiect* 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 retain 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

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the Son of Nichomachus. But I must advise my *Chimists* to beware of any *Common Moisture*, 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 *Almighty God* in his *Creation*, as it is manifested to thee by *Moses*. *In principio* (saith he) *creavit Deus Cælum & Terram*: But the *Originall* if it be truly, and rationally rendered, 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 darkness upon the face of the abyss, 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 the 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 mee Rudiment or principle of this Earth which now see, for this present Earth is neither void, nor without forme. I conclude therefore 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 abyssse, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. Here he calls that an abyssse 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 מים 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

According 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 expressly, and as the *Nature* of the thing requires, but in the *Magicall work* it is to be seen, and I have been an eye witnessse 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
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mild 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 Myserie*, 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.

F*ire*, notwithstanding the *Diversities* of it in this *Sublunarie Kitchen* 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 *Grammaticall Whim*, for there is nothing

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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 *Kitchen* 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 *predominant 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*

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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 greaest *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 *Alma-dar* expressly tels us in these words, *Satos 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, qui supra nostrum vas Nubem obducit, in qua 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 *Caelum Terra*) is a very *triviall*, *slight*, *ridiculous thing*: nevertheless all the *secrets* of *Corruption* and *Generation* are therein *contained*. Lastly, I think it just to informe thee, that many *Authors*

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have *falsly* described this fire, and that of *purpose* to *seduce* their Readers. For my own part, 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, Artefius, 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 be 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 C A R A H A*. 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

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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 *Phenix* 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 moisture* 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 Aternitatis*: Thou hast performed that *Command* of the *Cabalist*, *Fige finem in Principio, sicut Flammam pruna Conjunctam: quia Dominus SUPERLATIVÉ 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 intrinsecus transmutare absque violentia*, *Munus est proprium duntaxat Prime Potentie, Prime sapientie, Primi amoris*. To Create, and Transmute essentially, and naturally or without any violence, is the only proper office of the first power, the first Wisdom, and the first love. Without this love the Elements will never be married, 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 Mekhybalim: *Intellexisti in sapientia, & sapuisti in Intelligentia, statuisti Rem super Puritates suas, & Creatorem in Throno suo collocasti.*

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 cecas estimationes,*
inferentes

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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 po-
suerunt in scriptis. Solem enim appellamus
ignem, & vicarium suum vocamus Calorem
naturalem. Nam illud quod agit Calor So-
lis 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 influen-
tiam fuit generatus per naturam, sine adju-
torio Scientiæ, vel artis. When wee say the
Stone is generated by fire, Men neither see, nei-
ther 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 Degres, 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 sphaera sua.* 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 Celestis, quæ possit transformare Humidum ex natura 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 spermatie Humiditie from its Earthly Complexion, to a most fine transparent forme, or species. See here

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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* what-
soever. 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 *Elammel,* 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* to-
gether, but knew not the *right method,* and
therefore found *nothing;* at last saith hee,
Post sextum annum Clavis Potentie per ar-
canam Revelationem ab omnipotente Deo mihi
concredita est: After the *sixth year,* I was in-
trusted with the *Key of power* by *secret Reve-*
lation, 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 e-
nough for the *Discovery,* and *Regiment* of
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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 Duodecimam parium.*

The River of Pearl.

IT is a Decomposed Substance, extreme heavy and moyst, but wets not the Hand. It shines after Night like a star, and will enlighten 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 compaf-
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fed 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 *Enigmaticall*: howsoever forget not the *Green Mantle*. This is that substance, which *Gieberim Eben-Haen*, or as the *Rable* writes him, *Geber*, calls *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 *isardnois*, before the full moon appears. *Hoc opus est* (saith he) *quod mihi aliquando ob oculos posuit unicns Exechedistes, magnas quippe fornaces, atque vitro easdem Varico redimitas ostendens. Vasa erant singula, in suis sedilibus habentia sedimenta, atque interius dispari dicatum, sacrumque Munus. Quid vero Rem tam Divinam celem duntius? Erat intus circumacta Moles quadam, Mundi pra se ferens imaginem ipsissimi. Quippe ibi Terra videbatur in medio omnium consistens*

sistens, aquisque circumfusa Limpidissimis, in
varios colles, salebrosasque rupes assurgebat
fructum ferens multiplicem, tanquam humen-
tis Aeris imbribus irrigua. Vini etiam vi-
debatur & olei, & lactis, atque pretiosorum
omne genus lapidum, & Metallorum esse ap-
prime ferax. Tum Aqua ipsa instar Equoris,
sate quodam pellucido, albo interdum, inter-
dum quoque rubeo & fulvo, & rubro, mul-
tisque praeterea variegato coloribus inlita, in-
que superficiem ipsam aestuabant. Igne autem
haec omnia suo, sed impercepto quidem, atque
ethereo movebantur. Id vero unum praeceteris
incredibilem me rapiebat in admirationem,
Rem haec tam multa univiam, 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 dege-
nerantem, atque argentum illud vivum, cui
Mercurii nomen ab hujusce Discipline pris-
cis authoribus inditum est, illam ipsam refe-
rens Lullianam Lunariam, adversa scandens
aqua, noctuque relucens, atque interdiu glu-
tinandi praeditum facultate. Here wee have
pourtray'd unto us the whole Philosophicall
Laboratorie, Furnace, fire, and Matter,
with

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with the *Mysterious Germinations* thereof. But because the *Termes* are *difficult*, and not to be 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 warr'd with showers from the moyst *Aire*. It seem'd also to be 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
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were chaunted with various Colours, which did swell up to the face of the waters. All these things were actuated or stirr'd with their own appropriate 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 diversities and in their kind such perfect particulars should proceed from one only thing, and that with very small assistance, which being further'd and strengthened 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 be 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 Lœnaria, 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, hallow, froth-like, spongy Salt. The Consistency of it is pumice-like, but neither hard, nor opacous. It is a thin, slippery, oily substance in appearance like Mouth-glem, 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 *Aether*, 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,

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are worme-eaten, dustie, mustie papers. His Study and his Noddle are stuff'd with old Receipts, he can tell us a hundred Stories of Brimstone and Quick-silver, with many miraculous Legends of Arsenic and Antimonie, Sal gemma, Sal pruna, Sal Petra, 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 rati^onall, methodicall Dispute will undoe him, for he studies not the whole Body of Philosophie: a Receipt 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 Doctores 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
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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 filthy 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-shells* 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 ἀἰθήρ ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀεὶ κινουμένου, 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 ἀἰθρῶ ἀρδεο: 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*:

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It rather believe that *Aether* is a *Compound* of *αῑρ* and *θ̄υον*, this substance being called *Αῑθηρ* from its effect and office, *ᾱπο τ̄ς αῑρ̄ς θ̄υσις*, *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 *Aether* 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 *Ἐμπυρμαίον*, 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* *ἄλιουθ̄ερος Αῑθηρ*, the free *Aether*. *Quoniam* (saith *Reuclin*) *à materia potentiâ segregatus, & preservatus in Libertate, calefcit Di Ar-dore, 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 its 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 Celestial Cube, for the Bright Emanations of God did flow like a streame into the Passive $\alpha\alpha\alpha$, and in this Analogie the Samian styles $\text{H}\mu\mu\ \alpha\alpha\alpha\epsilon\tau\ \alpha\epsilon\mu\alpha\delta\alpha\upsilon\ \alpha\upsilon\ \epsilon\upsilon\epsilon$, *Fontem perpetue Natura*. You shall understand that the *Aether* 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 Moistures, and those too *athereall*: They are Females also of the Masculine Divine Fire, and these are the Fountains of the Chaldec, which the Oracle styles $\alpha\alpha\alpha\alpha\alpha\alpha\ \alpha\alpha\alpha\alpha\alpha\alpha$, *Summitates Fontanas*, the Invisible upper springs of Nature. Of all substances that come to our hands, this *Aether* is the first that brings us News of another World, and tels us we live in a corrupt place. Sendivogius call'd it the Urine of Saturn, and with this did he water his Lunar and Solar Plants. *Ex Marimeo* (said the Jew) *oriuntur Nebulae, quae ferunt Aquas Benedictas, & ipse irrigant Terras, & educunt Herbas & Flores*. In a word this Moisture is animated with a Vegetable blessed divine Fire, which made one describe the Mystery thus. *Ex Naturâ, & ex Divino factum*

factum est: Divinum enim est, quia cum Divinitate conjunctum Divinas substantias facit. To conclude, the *Aether* is to be found in the lower spring or *מין*, 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 salsofis*, 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 *Hour* 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 *Aether*, and a *subtill white Earth* are its *Components*, and this makes it *grosser* than the *Aether* it self. It appears 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 *Aether*, 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 *Heavinessse*, 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

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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 Lullis* 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 *אֵשׁ חַיָּה*, a *Notion* of the admirable *Zoroaster*, as I find him render'd by *Julian* the *Chaldean*. It comes from *אֵשׁ חַיָּה* *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 *Mekubalim*:

Omnis anima bona est anima nova, veniens ab Oriente.

Every good soule is a new soule, coming from the East: that is from **הכמה** *Cochmah*, or the second *Sephiroth*, which is the Son of God.

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

Anime 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* calls, *Sedes una*

ina, in qua sedet Sanctus, Sanctus Sanctus, Do-
minus Deus Sabaoth. This *third Light* from
 whence the *souls* descend, is *ה'ג' ב' 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*
 on the point. *Spirare* (say the *Jews*) *Spiritus*
Sancti proprium est, to *Breathe* is the *proprietie*
 of the *Holy Ghost*. Now we read that *God*
breathed into Adam the Breath of Life, and ^{Gen.}
he became a living soule. Here you must un-
 derstand 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 *A-*
dam, 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 egreansus e Para-*
diso, 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
 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 we plainly see, there is a certaine subsequent order or Method in the operations of the blessed Trinity, for Christ tells us, that he receives from his Father, and the Holy Ghost receives from Him. Againc, 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

mysterious sense is the *Prestor* defin'd in the
Oracles λειπὲ πυρὸς αἰθῆρ, *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 with-
out this Ground-work his *Brick* and *Mor-*
ar 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 *Mat-*
ter, and upon what? Certainly he built, and
founded Nature upon his own *Supernaturall*
center. He is in her, and thorough her, and
with his eternall spirit doth he support *Hea-*
ven and *Earth*, as our *bodies* are supported
with our spirits. This is confirmed by that
Oracle of the *Apostle*, *Omnia portat verbo*
virtutis sue, *He bears up all things with the*
word of his power; from this power is he just-
ly styl'd ἀπειροδύναμος, καὶ παντοδύναμος δυναμοποιός
δύναμις: The *infinitely 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 *Prestor* is the *Throne*
of the Quintessentiall Light, from whence he
relates himself to Generation, as we see in
 the

the effussion of the Sun-beams in the great world. In this Dilatation of the Light consists the joy or pleasure of the passive spirit, and its Contraction his Melancholie or sorrow. We see in the great Body of Nature, that Turbulent weather when the Sun is shut out and clouded, the Aire is thick and dull, and our own spirits by secret Compassion with the spirit of the Aire are dull too. On the contrary in clear strong Sun-shines the Aire is Quick and Thin, and the spirits of all Animals are of the same rarified, active Temper. It is plaine then that our joyes and sorrows proceed from the Dilatation and Contraction of our inward Quintessentiall Light. This is apparent in despayring Lovers, who are subject to a certain violent, extraordinary panting of the Heart, a timorous trembling pulse which proceeds from the Apprehension and Feare of the spirit in relation to his Miscarriage. Notwithstanding he desires to be dilated, as it appears by his pulse or Sallow wherein he doth discharge himself; but his Despaire checks him againe, and brings him to a suddain Retreat, or Contraction. Hence it comes to passe that we are subject to sighs which are occasion'd by the suddain pause of the spirit: for when hee stops, the Breath stops, but when he looseth himself to an

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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 present 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: she 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 inclives 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 we 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 *Sylogism* 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 inferius cui non est stella in Firmamento superius, & 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 *Roots* in the *Spiritual Fire-Earth*,

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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, and 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 goes upwards.

H

To

To conclude: I say the grand Supreme *Mysterie of Magic*, is to *multiplie* the *Prester*, and place him in the *moyst serene Aether*, which God hath purposely created to *qualifie* 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 *Ⲅⲟⲩⲁⲓⲛⲁⲩⲟⲩⲥ*, or *thundering Gold*, as the *Chymist* calls it. Place him then as God hath plac'd the *stars*, in the *condens'd Aether* of his *Chaos*, for there he will *shine*, not *burne*, he will be *vital* and *Calm*, not *furios* 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*; wheresoever 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

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is cheerfull, and refreshing beyond all imagination. It comes out of the *Heavenly Earth*, for the *Saphir* doth *spermatize*, & injects her *Tinctures* into the *Aether*, 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, $\delta\tau\epsilon \tau\epsilon\tau\tau\alpha\iota\tau\omicron\upsilon \epsilon\pi\delta\omicron\gamma\omega\upsilon\iota\omicron\upsilon \eta \epsilon\pi\theta\eta\gamma \gamma\omega\iota\alpha\tau$
 $\iota\alpha\sigma\tau\iota\lambda\upsilon\sigma\tau\epsilon \iota\sigma\omicron\upsilon\tau \delta\upsilon\iota\alpha\tau\omicron\upsilon \tau\alpha\iota\varsigma \epsilon\pi\epsilon\tau\epsilon\chi\omicron\upsilon\sigma\alpha\iota\varsigma$. 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 *Aether*. 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 *Birás* 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 suae 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-*
narius

narius. Three and Foure make Seven: This Septenarie is the true Sabath, 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 MY-
STERIE: we shall not all die, but we shall be all (CHANGED, in a Moment, in the twinkling 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.

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 *Chimists,*

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 *grosse 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 *grosse 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

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did bring all to the gold a *blondie 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 *qualifie* 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

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 rationally, 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,*

A new Magicall Light, &c. 97

*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 M E R C U R I O, qui pedibus licet
carens decurrit*

A Q U A,

et metallicè universaliter operatur.

FINIS.



A P H O R I S M I
M A G I C I
E U G E N I A N I.

Veritas Prima est Hæc :
Hæc etiam Ultima.

I. **A**Nte Omnia Punctum ex-
titit : non τὸ ἄτομον, aut Ma-
thematicum, sed Diffusi-
vum. Monas erat Expli-
cite : Implicite Myrias. Lux erat, e-
rat & 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 Ig-
nis multiplicis, Creati.

4. Respexit ad Fontem superiorem :
& Inferiorem deducto Typo, Tri-
plici vultu sigillavit.

5. Creavit unum unitas : & in Tria
distinxit Trinitas. Est & Quaterna-
rius, Nexus & Medium Reducti-
onis.

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

7. Porosa erat Interius, & Corti-
cibus varia: Cujus venter habuit
Cœlos convolutos, & Astra indis-
creta.

8. Separator Artifex divisit hanc in
amplas Regiones : & apparente Fæ-
tu, disparuit Mater.

9. Peperit tamen Mater Filios Lu-
cidos,

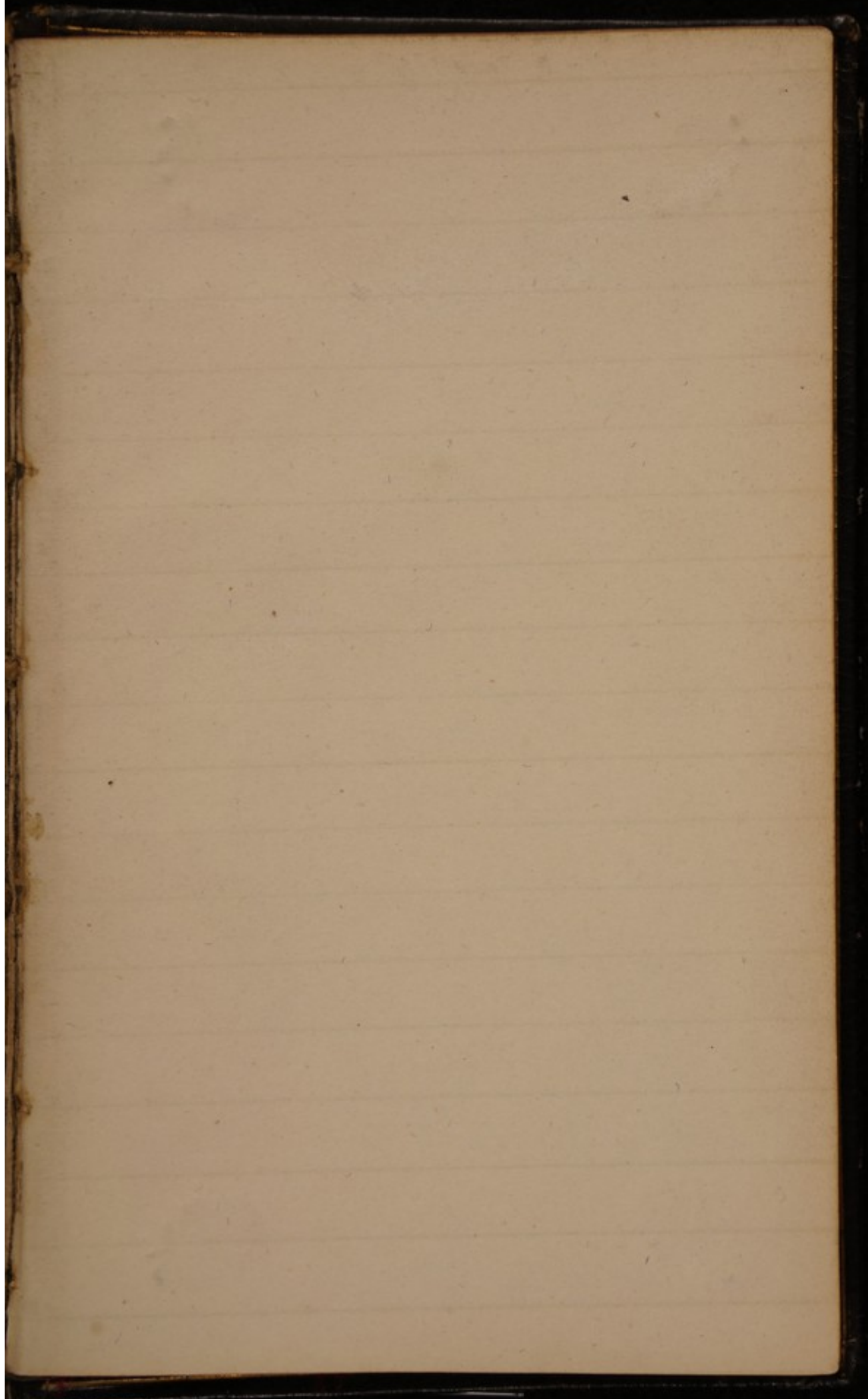
cidos, Influentes in Terram Chai.

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

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

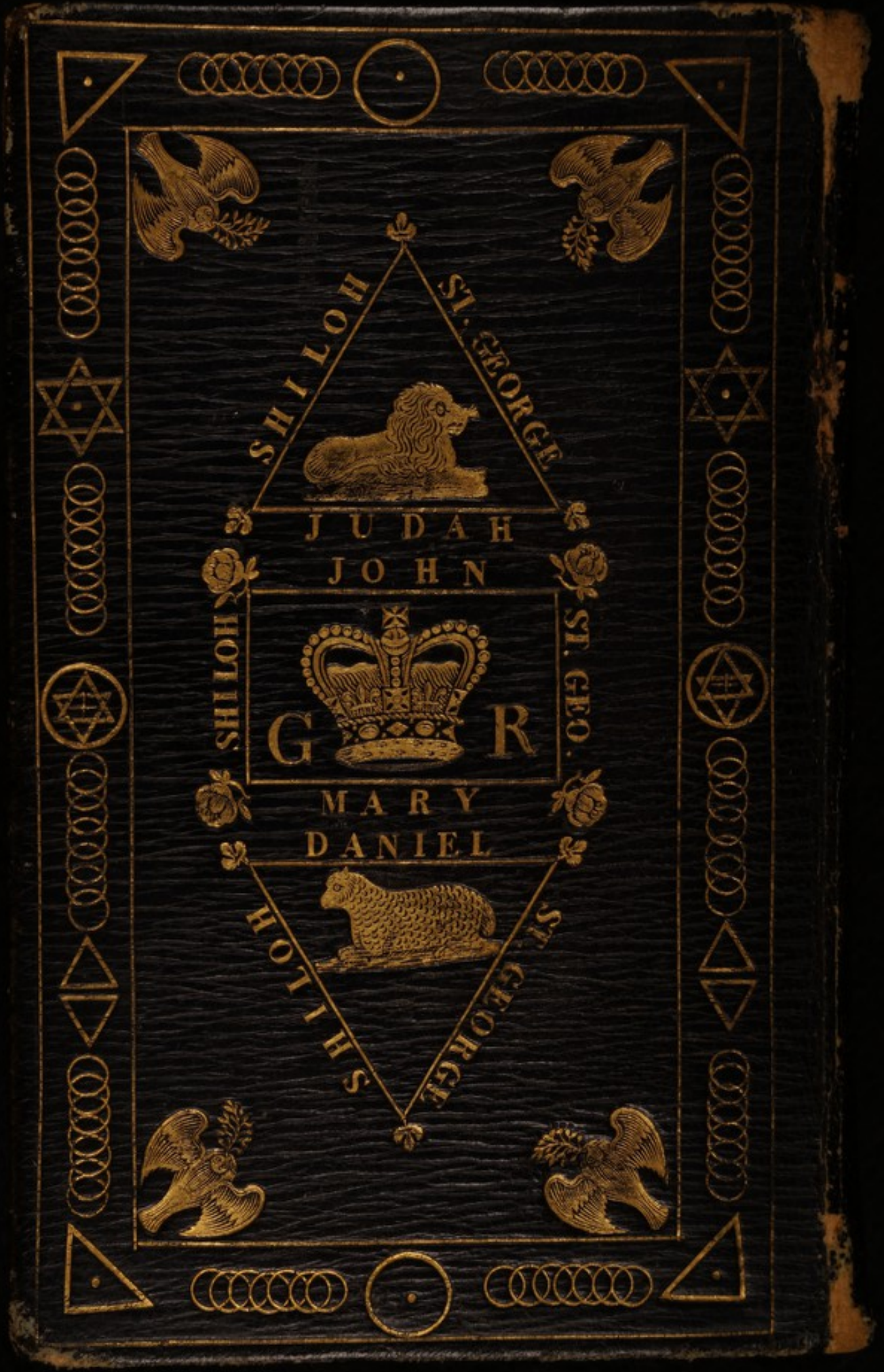
12. Pater est Totius Creati: & ex Filio Creato per vivam Filii Analysin, Pater generatur. Habes summum Generantis Circuli Mysterium: Filii Filius est, qui Filii Pater fuit.

Soli Deo Gloria.









SHILOH
ST. GEORGE



JUDAH
JOHN



MARY
DANIEL



SHILOH
ST. GEORGE