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8-6

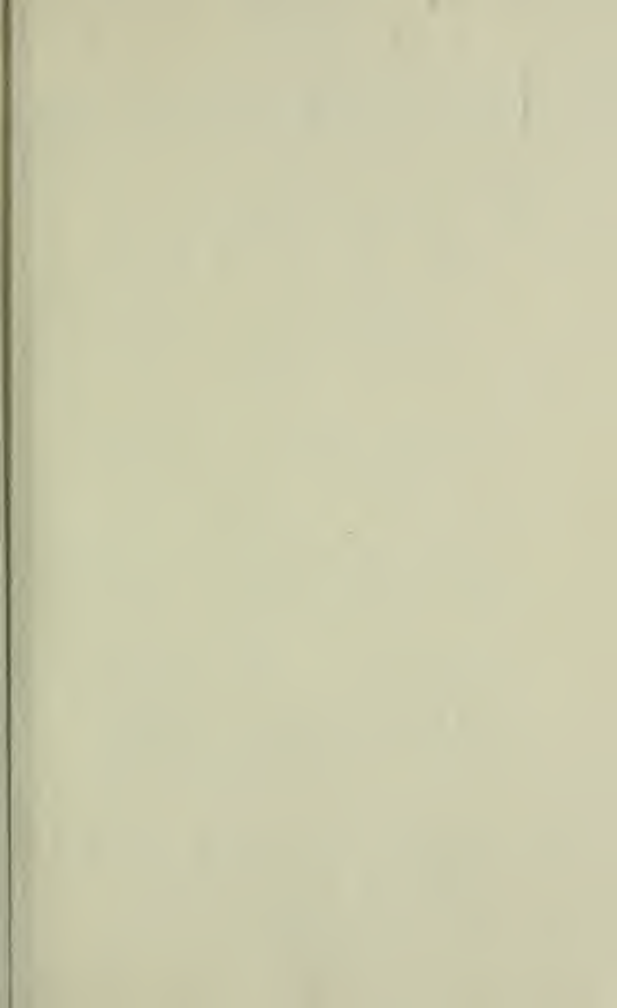
Box = 13-

Elizabeth Worcester Mills.

409-



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THE
MAN-MOUSE

Taken in a Trap, and tor-
tur'd to death for
gnawing the Mar-
gins of

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES

— *Et mecum confertur Vlysses?*

Cor. 15. 32.

After the manner of men I have fought with Beasts.

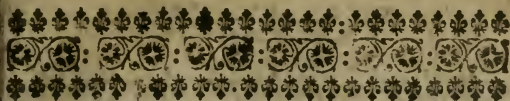
Anthrop : Theo-Mag. pag. 27. 2

I know my reward is Calumnies.

Printed in LONDON, and Sold
at the Castle in Corn-hill.

1650.


Elizabeth Broughton
July 29th - 1788



*To my Learned, and much
Respected friend,*

MR. MATHEW HARBERT.

S I R,

 Know you
are not *Great*,
there's a *bet-
ter title*, you
are *Good*. I
might have fix'd this
Piece to a *Pinnacle*, made
the *Dedication high*: but
to what purpose? *Great-
ness* is a *Thing* I cannot
A *admire*

The Epistle

*admire in others, because I desire it not in my self. It is a proud Follie, a painted ceremonious Raunt. There is nothing Neces-
sarie in it, for most men live without it, and I may not applie to that, which my Reason declines, as well as my Fortune. The Truth is, I know no use of Hogbens and Titulados, if they are in an humor to give, I am no Beggar to receive. I look not any thing*

Dedicatorie.

thing Sir, but what the
Learned are *inrich'd*
withall, *Judgement*, and
Candor. You are a *true*
friend to *Both*, and to my
third self. This *Discourse*
I shuff'd up for your
spare-houres, for it was
born in a *Vacation*, when I
did not so much *labour*, as
play. I was indeed *neces-*
sitated to some *Levity*, for
my *Adversarie* proved so
impotent, I might not draw
out *all my forces*, because I

The Epistle

knew not where to *employ them*. You have here a simple *Bedlam* corrected, and whipt for his *mad Tricks*. A certain *Master of Arts* of *Cambridge*, & a *Poet* in the *Loll & Trot* of *Spencer*. It is suppos'd he is in *Love* with his *Fairie-Queen*, & this hath made him a very *Elf* in *Philosophie*. He is indeed a scurvie, slabbie, snotty-snowted thing. Hee is troubl'd with a certain *Splenetic*
loof-

Dedicatorie.

loosnes, & hath such squirts of the Mouth, his Readers cannot distinguish his Breath from his Breech. He is a new kind of Pythonist, speakes no man knows what, & his Bulls have much of his Belly. But I have studied a Cure answerable to his Disease, I have bin somewhat Corrosive, and in defiance to the old Phrase, I have wash'd a Moore clean. I have put his Hog-noddle
in

The Epistle, &c.

in pickle, & here I present him to the world, a Dish of Souse'd Non-sence. This is my Subject Sir, & now I must tell you, my Address to your self hath something of Duty in it. I had no sooner left Milke for Meat, but my first Learning came from you. Bee pleas'd to accept this small Acknowledgement from

From Heliopolis

Your Pupill, & servant
E. P.

1650.

Some ten dayes after the Presse was
delivered of my Adversarie's

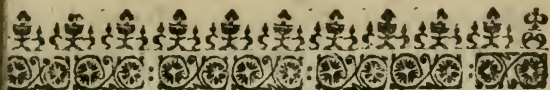
MAURO-MANGO.

On the Author's *Vindication*, and
Replie to the scurvie, scribbling,
scolding *Alazonomastix*

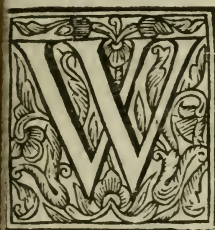
Was well he did assault thee, or thy Foe
Could not have hit to thy Advantage so,
what he styles Ignorance, is Depth in Sense;
He thinks there is no skill, but Common Sense.
Had Bacon liv'd in this unknowing Age,
And seen Experience laugh'd at on the Stage,
What Tempests would have risen in his Bloud
To side an Art, which Nature hath made Good?
Do'st think that Knowledge comes to thee Innate;
As Preaching on a sudden to thy Pate?
No sure; thou art a simpler Brother; fie!
I must Allarum thee with Hue and Cry.
What art? from whence? a Presbyterian sure,
An Academie Rat, holy and pure.
But for thy Socke (and Plato tells thee so)
Thou hast spoil'd that, and plaister'd Plato too.
Just like I. T. thy Poet, who doth lend
Thee fancies in Cleveland from end to end,
And not one right apply'd; you doe mistake
The Stagyrick's Philosophie, and make
His Logic Magicall, what is unknown
Is Conjurat[i]on, frothie, and high-flown.
If Arguments arise, you streight grow hoarse,
Thou know'st not what belongs to Topic Course.
Shall thou and I to Disputat[i]on come
Practic or Theorie, for the Totall summe?

What?

What ? is't not lawfull for my (learned) friend
 To improve his Reason to his greatest end ?
 O shall wee envy him, 'cause hee hath more
 Of Nature's favours set upon his Score ?
 Tell mee in earnest do'st thou think 'tis fit
 To believe all that Aristotle writ ?
 Though he was blinded, yet Experience can
 Sever the Clouds, and make a Clearer man.
 If Digbie once but view thy rayling Veine;
 Hee'l think th'art Atoms, not yet form'd to braine;
 Then to the Pot thou go'st: Oh there's the Losse!
 There's no Elixir in Thee, th'art all Drosse.
 Then sing another Song, thou that controules
 Our Metempsychosis of Bodied Soules:
 Yet Platonist thou art, but canst not tell
 Where these mysterious spirits have their Cell.
 Thus Ambrose flung dark Persius on the ground,
 A blind Contempt! because he was profound.
 Look neerer man, can'st not distinguish yet
 Betwixt the highest, and the lowest wit.
 When Cynthia to the watrie Tethys hies
 Wee know not there what Treasures she espies,
 What Margarits in Chrystall streames; she sends
 Onely to us her Influence, and lends
 A kind, large Light. But thou poore, trapt Rattoon!
 Like Scythian Dogs, do'st bark against the Moon.
 Great, rare Eugenius! doe not thou delay
 Thy Course, because his Dirt lyes in thy way.
 Stain thy white skin for once, and bee thou not
 Surpris'd like Ermins, by the dawbing Plot.
 Mount to thy full Meridian, let thy Star
 Create a Rubric to our Calendar,
 And wee will offer Anthems to thy shrine
 So long as Date can give a Name to Time.



THE MAN-MOVSE.



*HO is this that darkneth Job
Counsel, by words without ^{32.}
knowledge? Come thou ^{2.}
pitifull Alaz: thou false
Philaletes! Gird up thy ^{ver. 3}
loines like a Man, for I
will demand of thee, and
answer thou me.*

But now I think upon it, I will allow thee
some time for *breath*, after thy late scolding,
and speak a few words to my Reader. Rea-
der, I have met with a *thing*, a *name* and
nothing, a *Presbyterian*: one that pleads the
Translation of *Tythes* from *Melchisedec* to
Brown, and in *pure famin* stands up for the
Pig-plot. He is a *Gudgeon* of *Cham*; one
that builds his *Faith* on the *Classes*, on a
certain *Order* and *Combination* of *Arses*.

B

There

There goes his *Divinity*, and now have at his *Philosophy*. Come Sirrah! Hast thou formed all these *Apes* and *Monkies*, in thy

* See his interpretation of hard words annexed to his *Psychodia Platonica*. Blew *Chaos*, as thou doest style it, & dar'st thou call them *Observations*? Could thy *Alma Mater* teach thee nothing but *Anticks*? I will whip thee into a *serious posture*, and make thee know he is the bet-

ter man, who hath past the *Ford*, not the *Bridge*. But I must read first, and write afterwards. Here comes a *Pistle* from the son of *Granta*: 'Tis the *Indorsement* to the *Packet*, like a *fine knot* to a *foule Bundle*. Come, let's open: in the name of *Sense* what say'st?.

To *Eugenius Philalethes* the Aurhour of
Anthroposophia Theomagica, and
Anima Magica Abscondita.

SO far you are right, Sir *Harry*, but what's next? Here's a *Bill of Complaint* you put in against your self, you tell me of certain imperfections you are subject to; truly
for

For my part, I can pity you. You are (you say) much more willing to learn, than able to catch. Verely, I believe it, and what is needesse, you will prove it. Your Matrix you tell me, is barren; I think (though no Chimist ever call'd it so before you) you mean your Brain. This is no Newes to me, I knew it, since I first saw your *Psychodia Platonica*. Your next whine is one of Conscience. You cannot (you say) affirm in the presence of your glorious God, that affection and zeal to his Truth hath forced you to write. I am altogether of your Opinion, I dare swear you cannot. But oh me! this *Abstinence* is Religion in you. Come hither Piety! you cannot protest, you are such a deadly enemy to Protestants; But cannot your Brown faith forswear? you never took any Oath,

But the two *Mustachos* branching at your mouth. You know the Poet, be your own Interpreter. Come about again *Jack-Ape*, you must shew me another *Friscal*. Though you cannot protest, there is something you dare professe. You write (you say) out of an implacable Enimity to Immorality and Foole-

erie, and this is true in the word of an honest man. Questionles your honesty breaks out at your Breech, for it appears not in your Book. It seems indeed your *Ethicks* are very sound, for you are such an *Enemy* to *Immorality* as the *Devill* was when he disputed about the Body of *Moses*. I will present you with a *specimen* (as you word it) of your own *Civilities*. See here the *Courtship* and *addresses* of your Pamphlet. Thou dost call me, (who am a *Christian*) one that is *Simon Magus* like, a heated noddle, a *Mome*, a *Mimick*, an *Ape*, a meere *Animal*, a *Snail*, a *Philosophic Hog*, a *Nip-crust*, a pick pocket, a niggard *Tom fool* with a *Devills head*, and horns, one that desires to be a *Conjurer*, more than a *Christian*, All these good and sober *Moralities* I find in your first part, which consists of one and twenty small pages, but is stuffed with fourteen intolerable, beastly notions, besides other infinite slights and *Absurdities*: But for all these *Abuses* you tell me in your *Observations* upon my Advertisement to the Reader, That you have been very fair with me, and though provoked, you will con-

tinue

tinue the same Candor in your Observations on my following piece. And dost thou think then in good earnest thou hast been very fair with me? I prethee tell me? what it is to be very foul. But I have provoked thee? How? wherein? was it thy Body I troubled, or the Ballad of thy soul? I will tell thee what this Provocation meanes. Thou didst fancy thy Psychodia for a rare profound piece, and that *Timeus* was inferior to thy Coplas. This is true my friend: but when my Book came to thy hands, thy Ignorance and Insufficiency in the Platonic Philosophy appear'd. This was it that vexed thee, and though thou didst not understand me in one Position, thou didst conceive it glory enough to rail at my Person. But I passe over to thy second Ribaldry, where thou hast promised me some Candor, and truly, I shall find thee as Candid as a Black Moore. Here thou dost call me a Fool in a play, a Jack-pudding, a thing wholly set in a posture to make the people laugh, a giddy phantastick Conjuror, a poore Kitling, a Calfs-head, a Vanting Mountebank, a Pander, a sworn enemy of Reason, a skittle

scull, no good Christian, an Otter, a water-rat, Will with the Wisp, and Meg with a Lanthorn, Tom fool in the play, and lastly, a naturall Fool. Now Readers take notice of the honest Man, and his Puritan profess, he made use of these Termes out of an implacable Enmity to immorality. Wil you believe him then in any other point, who hath lied so egregiously in this? he hath profess against bad manners, to make you believe he hath good, and rails against my Philosophie, to perswade you to his Folly. Assure your selves his Ethics and his Physics are of a stamp. Cambridge! Cambridge! what a monstons mother art thou! I never thought the same womb could labour with Moores and Christians. But enough of the Jakes, I am now firrah mastix, thorough all your Dirt and dung, your Stable of Immoralities, come up to your Fooleries. You are (as you say) an implacable enemy to them also. Certainly, you would be thought a very wise man: but before we part I shall prove you the greatest friend to Foolerie in England, and leave you a pure Coxcomb upon Record.

But

But how now *Alaz*, what ailes you? have you left me upon the sudden, to fall upon a whole *Kingdome*? you have observed an *Epidemicall disease*, and you will be an *Epidemicall Physician*; you will cure a *Nation* by *Indignation*. Be sure in your next to give me an *Accompt* of this *Disease*, in what *Books* or *persons* you have found it, or I shall think your *long Observation* in the *Kingdom* is like your *short Observations* on my *Book*, a *Lie*, and a *Loud one*. But you go on, you tell us of *high swoln words* of *vanity*, and I tell you, I have found them in your *Ballad*, and you did well to *tail* it with an *Interpretation*. Now at last you begin to be *morrall*, sure *Alaz*, you would instruct us, you to speak of *sober Truths*, *motions*, *Cautions*, *purified minds*, and *improved Reasons*. When was your *mouth* made *clean*, *Sirrah*? Do you *Live* as you *preach*? No, you are a *wealthy Beggar*, you have all this, and you want it. But you are grown a *Prophet*, you foresee you will be my *Prisoner*, and you *Petition* me for your *freedom*. Did I not tell you, you were a *Beggar*? But you pre-

sent a Reason for your Liberty, you are (you say) *near a kin to me*, take heed *sau- cineſte* ! no more *kin* than Cat, and Mouse. But you continue troublesome, and would fain get off fairly ; you would have me to *allow* you in your Actings, and in that foolish Confidence you subscribe your self, *A Chip of the ſame Block*. Come hither *Chip* ! What doſt mean by this *Block* ? the *Philaethean* family ? In this *Senſe* thou art no *Blockhead*.

Thus *Sirrah*, have I returned your *Com- plement*, I have confuted the *Bulls* of your *Piſtle*, & here you may foreſee the *Deſtiny* of your *Obſervations*. They ſhall be *winnowed* and *ſifted* into *Atoms*, that you, and your fellow-fool *Des Chartes* may miſtake your *grinded* *papyrs* for your *powder'd principles*. This *Correction* Sir, will ſpeak my *Juſtice*, you ſhall have your *πληγὰς ἱεροθμου*, which ſhall ſtick unto you Mr. *Mafiix*, *ὡς μαſιχα*. you *obſerved* me firſt, now I ſhall make bold to *obſerve* you.

And art thou come then *Balthaſar* ? wel- come to the *Liſts*. I ſee thou doſt begin to
toob,

bob, but I shall passe thorough thee with a
 bare point. Sure *Alas*, I shoud deal gently
 with thee, thou hast an affection to be
 thought my Brother. Content thy self, thou
 canst not be, there was never a *FOOL* of
 my *Fathers house*. I would now whisper thee
 in the eare, but that 'tis too late, for thou
 hast disgrac'd thy selfe by *Proclamation*.
 Tell me thou Woodcock, hast thou *consi-*
dered at any time what thou hast *written* for
 all Times? was there not a *Censurer* in
Christs College to whom thou mightst *sub-*
mit thy *Exercise*, and request his *Correc-*
tion? Why how now Mastix? hast thou
 fronted thy *Discourse* with a *Bull rampant*,
 that by no shifts can be excused? see here:
 Let us begin to act according to the freenesse
 of our tempers, and play the *Tom-Tell-Troths*.
 And you indeeed have done your part already.
 My course is next. Thou wouldst have me
 begin to *Act*, when thou thy self dost tell
 me, I have done already. But this is a *flaw*,
 to thy next *Breach*. Thou wouldest have us
 both play the *Tell Troths*, and for my part I
 have, thou sayst: *Thy course is next*. What?

both

both Tell-Troths, and our Tales Contradictories? Alas, where is thy Logic? why this is a *miracle* more than all *Magic*. Assure thy self, one of both must lie. O that Gill lived in these Dayes! It were a just severity, to horse thee next time thou doest appear in *Pauls Church-yard*, and strip thy Buttocks of their skin. Thou pitifull, undon Thing! I will make thee curse the houre thou didst eyer take *Pen* and *Ink* in hand. I will render thee such a perfect *Ass*, that when posteritie would expresse any thing that's overridiculous, they shall say, *A Moore*. But he proceeds, and to further his Ruine falls to again, though with some feare, for once more he calls me his Brother. 'Tis a Relation, *Mastix*, I can no way allow of: my Brothers were all *White Boyes*, there was not a *Moore* amongst them. Come on then *Sir Bubo*, for now your note is loose, and you begin to howle. I am you say, *Simon Magus-like*. Sirrah! you lie, and you must needs do so, for you never saw *Simon* nor my self. But I am very charitable, and wish the Conversion of the

Moorees,

*Moore*s, wherefore I shall rectifie your judgement in this point: I am indeed more like *Simon Peter*, for I am a true *Christian*, and no *Schismatic*. But *Alas*, you have something to prove it, a *Liquorsome Desire* that I have to be thought some great man in the world. And why a *Liquorsome Desire*? doe I desire some *Liquor*, when I desire *Greatnes*? you did not learne this *Epithet* in *Cambridge*, she pourres no such *Liquor* out of her *pocula Sacra*. But I passe by your foolings, and tell you plainly, I will be as great, as *Truth* can possibly make me. I cannot indeed any further prosecute this desired *Greatnes*, but I must first thanke thee for thy *Designs*, whereby it seems, it is to be obtained. Prethee *Mastix*, let us heare them, for since the *Projects* are thine, I beleeeve, I never studied them before. First then I must, but as you say, *I would be thought to have found out some new truths hitherto undiscovered*. If it be thy mind, that I have found out *Truths*, never known to any whatsoever before me, it is a *malicious wilfull slander*, for nothing is mentioned

tioned in my Books, but I cite *other authors* for it, to confirme my self; but if thou sayst, I have only found some secrets of Nature, which are kept in the hands of a few, but were *never publickly known*, in this sense I owe the Designe, and I have found something that is hitherto undiscovered. The *second Project* is, to be more learned and knowing than Aristotle, that great Light (as thou doest *blindly* call him) of these European parts for these many hundred yeers together: and not only so, but to be so far above him, that I may be his Master, that I may lug him, and lash him, as Harry Moore's Breech should be lash'd. Pish! here is a Project indeed, to doe all this, is nothing. The *Third Project* is the same with the first, I would be thought skilfull in Art Magic, and what is this but to have found out new Truths? Sirrah! you have found, not a new Truth, but a new Trick in Arithmetic, How to divide two into three. To conclude, he ends his Projects with a whine, he sayes, That Hopkins the witchfinder is a troublesome fellow: if he hath been

been troublesome to thee, his office tells me wherefore. But now that we have defeated the *Projector*, let us put the scold againe in the *Ducking-stoole*, and plunge him well, it may be we shall wash the Moore cleane. The Clatter (saith he) of the Title of my Booke, *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, sounds not much unlike some Conjurati^on or Charme. Say you so Sir? I prethee tell me how many syllables more are there in *Anthroposophia*, then in *Antipsychopannuchia*, or in *Theomagica*, then in *Antimonopsychia*? I will not laugh in Print with thy foolish ha! ha! he! I will leave that to the Readers, who cannot choose but laugh at thee most heartily. But he hath left *Eugenius*, and falls upon *Zoroaster*, that old reputed Magician; he is angry with his Title too, and expounds his Oracle, like my Booke. Be pleased to reade what he did write. *Audi Ignis Vocem*. That is in plaine English, heare the Voice, or Noyse of fire. But what (saith he) can this voice of fire be? This is his Question, and I beseech you mark his Answer to it. It signifies

fies (saith this Interpreter) *Squibs and Crackers*, such as the Cardinals are entertained with at Rome, for it does not meane *Carabines and Canons*. This he proves by the word *scripturæ*, which is in the Context of this Oracle, and implies a subsultation, or skipping this way, and that way. And thus Reader, he concludes, that Zoroaster in this oracle did prognosticat of fire crackers and *Squibs*, rather then *Canons* or *Carbines*. Injoy thy owne sense thou Goose of Cham! for I hope thou art none of her *Swans*: much good may it doe thee; Thou hast spoken very wisely, and I am confuted no man knows how. I was about to dismisse him here, but come hither Sirrah, with your *Fire-squirts*, These fine *Inventions* have their Consequentes. I wish the Elders to be at the Charge to stuffe your *Breech* with these *Squibs* and *fire crackers*, then procure you a *Chariot* such as you mention, and convey you invisibly to *Scotland*. This is a better Project than any of your *Three*. Jockey will place you in *Front* for some miraculous *Mortar-peece* of the *Kirk*, and
 'tis

tis but planting your *Buttocks* in the *Ca-*
zon-posture, you may *squirt* your *sires* (if
 you *squirt* not something else for feare)
 in the face of the *English Armie*, and *de-*
monstrat the *Presbyterie à Posteriori*. This
 is all the *use* I can find for you, and now you
 may fall to. But *blesse* us! the *Squib* is
 return'd, he hath left *Zoroaster*, and *skips*
this way; have at you *Eugenius*! but you
 are a *saucy boy*, you feare him not, you
 know 'tis a *meer Cracker*. Well! he falls
 to, my *Epistle* sticks in his *Chops*, and now
 my *Latine* is under *Correction*. *Oratoris*
vestri implies a *Solacism*, I am *absurd*, not
apposit in my *Expressions*. And why thou
Goblin? what was my *Action* in that *E-*
pistle? did I not *request*? did I not *orare*?
 and am I not then an *Orator*? may not
 the *Action* denominat the *Person*? Goe,
 read *Quintilian*, and he will tell thee *Vim*
sermonis esse in Verbis, Materiam in No-
minibus. But thou hast a *Reason* shall
 prove my *Absurditie*, the *Length* of my
Letter is not *sufficient*. Is it then their
Length or *Breadth* that *qualifie* speeches, or
 is

is it their *Design* and *Matter*? miserable *Ignorant*! he cannot distinguish *Rhetoric* from *Geometrie*. But I had almost forgot amidst all this *Barrenesse* and *Non-sense* we have a full *Banquet* from the *Clouds* *Presbyterian Manna*: hee fills his mouth with *Sugar-plums*, and *Carva's*. Sure hee hath a *sweet tooth*, and the *Gale of the Beast* is too *bitter* for it. Poore *Alaz*! this is a *Bit*, and a *Bob*. But why should I condemn him in this? his own *Conscience* hath accused him, and by his *self Confession* it is *Levitie*. It seems then all his *performance* hitherto was *false fire*, but now hee will shoot *Bullets*, he *intends to fall more closely on my bones*, but questionlesse he will spoil his *Teeth*. Deare *Reader*, if thou dost love me, pray for me, Poore young *Eugenius*! he was sometimes a *notable wag*, a *saucie boy*, but what will become of him now. I cannot tell. Sure this great *Ork* will eat him up. Come you *Clod-pate*, you *Black-moore*, what sayst thou to me? I fall upon the *Peripatetics* (you say) as *superficiall Philosophasters*. Why *superficiall*

Dedicatorie.

him; What doth hee doe but
move from *Bed* to *Boord*, and pro-
vide for the *Circumstances* of those
two *Scenes*? To day hee eates and
drinke, then sleeps, that hee may
doe the like to morrow. A great
Happinesse! to live by *cloving* Re-
petitions, and such as have more of
Necessity, than of a free pleasure.
This is *Idem per Idem*, and what
is held for *Absurditie* in Reason,
can not by the same reason be the
true perfection of Life. I deny
not but, *Temporall* blessings con-
duce to a *Temporall* Life, and by
Consequence are pleasing to the
Body, but if we consider the *Soule*,
shee is all this while upon the
wing,

The Epistle

wing, like that Dove sent out of the Ark, seeking a place to rest: shee is busied in a restless Inquisition, and though her Thoughts, for want of true Knowledge, differ not from Desires, yet they sufficiently prove she hath not found her Satisfaction. Shew me then but a practice wherein my Soule shall rest without any further Disquisition, for this is it, which Solomon calls Vexation of Spirit, and you shew mee, What is Best for Man to doe under the Sun. Surely, Sir, this is not the Philosophers stone, neither will I undertake to define it, but give me leave to speak to you in the Language of Zoroaster:

Quære

Dedicatorie.

Quære Tu Animæ Canalem.

I have a better Confidence in your
Opinion of mee, than to tell you,
love you : and for my present
Boldness, you must thank your
self, you taught me this Familiar-
e. I here trouble you with a
short Discourse, the Brokage and
make Remembrances of my former,
and more intire studies ; It is no la-
bour'd Peece, and indeed no fit Pre-
sent, but I beg your Acceptance as of
Caveat, that you may see, what
unprofitable Affections you have
purchased. I propose it not for your
instruction, Nature hath already
admitted you to her Schoole, and I
would make you my Judge, not
my

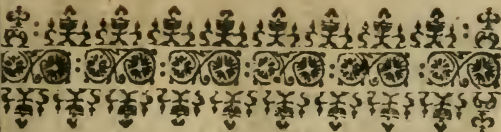
The Epistle, &c.

my *Pupill*. If therefore among
your *serious* and more *deare* *R*
tirements, you can allow this *Tr*
fle but some few *Minutes*, an
think them *not lost*, you will *Pe*
fect my *Ambition*. You will pla
mee Sir, at my *full Height*, an
though it were like that of *Sta*
us, amongst *Gods* and *Stars*, I sh
quickly find the *Earth* again, an
with the *least Opportunitie* prese
my self

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

E. P.



To the Reader.



Ell-fare the *Dode-*
chedron ! I have exa-
 mined the *Nativi-*
tie of this *Book* by a
Cast of *Constellated*
Bones , and *Deuz*
Ace tels me this *Pa-*
able. *Truth* (sayd the witty *Aleman*)
 was cōmanded into *Exile*, and the *La-*
ly Lie was seated in her *Throne*. To per-
 forme the *Tenor* of this *Sentencee*, *Truth*
 went from amongst *Men*, but she went
 all alone, poore and *naked*. She had not
 ravail'd very far, when standing on a
 high mountain, she perceiv'd a *great*
Train to passe by : In the middest of it
 was a *Chariot* attended with *Kings*,
 B Princes

To the Reader.

Princes and Governors, and in that a stately *Donna*, who like some *Queen regent*, commanded the rest of the Company. Poor *Truth*, shee stood still whiles this *pompous Squadron* past by, but when the *Chariot* came over against her, the Lady *Lie* who was there seated, took notice of her, and causing her *Pageants* to stay, commanded her to come neerer. Here she was scornfully examined, *whence she came? whither she would goe? and what about?* To these Questions she answered as the *Custome of Truth* is, very simply and plainly: Whereupon the Lady *Lie* commands her to wait upon her, and that in the *Reare*, and *Tayle* of all her *Troop*, for that was the *known place of Truth*. Thanks then not to the *stars* but to the *Configurations* of the *Dice* they have acquainted mee with my *future fortunes*, and what *præfermen* my *Book* is like to *attain* to. I am for my part contented, though the *Consideratio*.

To the Reader.

ation of this *durty Reare* be very *nause-*
ous, and able to spoile a stronger sto-
mach than mine. It hath been said of
old, *Non est Planta Veritatis super ter-*
ram, *Trueth* is an *herb*, that grows not
here *below*: and can I expect that these
few seeds, which I scatter thus in the
storm and *tempest*, should thrive to their
full eares, and *Harvest*? But Reader,
let it not trouble thee to see the *Truth*
come thus behind, it may be there is
more of a *Chase* in it, than of *Atten-*
dance, and her *Condition* not altogether
so *bad*, as her *Station*. If thou art one of
those, who draw up to the *Chariot*,
pause here a little in the *Reare*, and be-
fore thou dost *addresse* thy self to *Ari-*
totel and his *Lady Lie*, think not thy
Courtship lost, if thou dost *kisse* the
lips of poor *Truth*. It is not my *Inten-*
tion to jest with thee, in what I shall
write, wherefore *read* thou with a *good*
faith, what I will tell thee with a *good*
Conscience. God, when hee first made

To the Reader.

Man, planted in him a *spirit* of that *Capacitie*, that he might *know All*, adding thereto a most *servent Desire* to *know*, lest that *Capacitie* should be *useless*. This *Truth* is evident in the *Posteritie* of *Man*: For *little Children* before ever they can speak, will *stare* upon *any thing*, that is *strange* to them; they will *crie*, and are *restless* till they get it into their *hands*, that they may *fee*le it, and *look* upon it, that is to say, that they may *know what it is* in some *Degree*, and according to their *Capacitie*. Now some ignorant Nurse will think they doe all this, out of a desire to play with what they see, but they themselves tell us the *Contrarie*; For when they are past *Infants*, and begin to make use of *Language*, if any *New thing* appeares, they will not desire to play with it, but they will *ask* you *what it is*? for they desire to *know*; and this is *plain* out of their *Actions*; for if you put any *Rattle* into their *hand* the

To the Reader.

they will *view it*, and *studie it* for some short Time, and when they can know *no more*, then they will *play* with it. It is well known, that if you hold a *candle* neer to a *little Child*, hee will (if you prævent him not) put his *finger* into the *flame*, for hee desires to *know* what it is, that *shines* so bright; but there is some thing more than all this, for even these *Infants* desire to *improve* their *Knowledge*. Thus when they *look* upon any *thing*, if the *sight* informes them not *sufficiently*, they will, if they can, get it into their *hands*, that they may *feel* it: but if the *touch* also doth not *satisfie*, they will *put* it into their *Mouthes* to *taste* it, as if they would *examine Things* by more *senses* than one. Now this *Desire to know* is born with them, and it is the *Best*, and most *mysterious* part of their *Nature*. It is to be observed, that when *men* come to their *full Age*, and are *serious* in their *Disquisitions*, they are *ashamed to Erre*,

To the Reader.

because it is the *proprietie* of their *Nature*, to *Know*. Thus wee see that a *Philosopher* being taken at a *fault* in his *Discourse*, will *blush*, as if he had committed something *unworthy* of himself, and truly the very *Sense* of this *Disgrace* prevails so farre with some, they had rather *persist* in their *Error*, and *defend* it against the *Truth*, than *acknowledge* their *Infirmities*; in which respect I make no *Question* but many *Peripatetics* are *perversly ignorant*. It may bee they will scarcely hear, what I speak, or if they hear, they will not understand: howsoever I advise them not wilfully to *prevent*, and *hinder* that glorious *end* and *perfection*, for which the very *Author*, and *Father* of *Nature* created them. It is a terrible thing to *præfer* *Aristotel* to *Æelohim*, and *condemn* the *Truth* of *God*, to *justifie* the *Opinions* of *Man*. Now for my part I dare not be so *irreligious*, as to think *God* so *vain*, and *improvident* in his
workes

To the Reader.

workes, that he should plant in Man a Desire to know, and yet deny him Knowledge it self. This in plain termes were to give me Eyes, and afterwards shutt mee up in Darknes, lest I should see with those eyes. This earnest Longing, and busie Inquisition wherein Mentyre themselves to attain to the Truth, made a certain Master of Truth speak in this fashion. *Ergo liquido apparet in hac Mundi structurâ, quam cernimus, aliquam triumphare Veritatem ; quæ toties rationem nostram commovet, agitat, implicat, explicat ; toties inquietam, toties insomnem miris modis sollicitat, non fortæ itis, aut aliunde adventitiis, sed suis & propriis, & originariis Naturæ Illicibus ; quæ omnia cum non fiunt frustra, utiq; contingit, ut Veritatem Eorum quæ sunt, aliquo tandem opportuno tempore amplexemur.* It is clear therefore (saith he) that in this Fabric of the world, which we behold, there is some Truth that rules ; which Truth so

To the Reader.

often stirs up, puzzles, and helps our *Reason* ; so often sollicitates her when shee is restless, so often when shee is watchfull, and this by strange meanes, not casual and adventitious, but by *genuine provocations* and *pleasures of nature* ; All which *Motions* being not to no purpose, it falls out at last that in some good time wee attain to the *true Knowledge* of those things that are. But because I would not have you build your *Philosophie* on *Coralls* and *whistles*, which are the *Objects* of little *Children*, of whom we have spoken formerly, I will speak somewhat of those *Elements*, in whose *Contemplation* a *Man* ought to employ himself, and this *Discourse* may serve as a *Preface* to our whole *Philosophie*. *Man* according to *Trismegistus* hath but two *Elements* in his power, namely *Earth* and *Water* : To which *Doctrine* I adde this, and I have it from a *Greater* than *Hermes*, That God hath made *Man* absolute

Lord

To the Reader.

Lord of the *first Matter*, and from the *first matter*, and the *Dispensation* thereof, all the *fortunes* of *man* both *good* and *bad* doe proceed. According to the *Rule*, and *Measure* of this *Substance* all the *World* are *rich* or *poore*, and hee that knows it *truly*, and withall the *true use* thereof, he can make his *fortunes constant*, but hee that knowes it not, though his *Estate* be never so great, stands on a *slipperie Foundation*. Look about thee then, and consider how thou art compassed with *infinite Treasures*, and *miracles*, but thou art so *blind*, thou doest not see them: nay, thou art so *mad*, thou doest think there is *no use* to be made of *them*, for thou doest believe that *Knowledge* is a meere *Peripateticall Chatt*, and that the *Fruits* of it are not *Works*, but *Words*. If this were true, I would never advise thee to spend one *Minute* of thy *life* upon *Learning*, I would first be one of those should ruine all *Libraries* and *Universities* in the world, which God forbid, any good *Christian*

To the Reader.

Christian should desire. Look up then to *Heaven*, and when thou seest the *Cælestiall* fires move in their swift and glorious *Circles*, think also there are here below some cold *Natures*, which they over-look, and about which they move incessantly to heat, and concoct them. Consider again, that the *Middle spirit*, I mean the *Ayre*, is interpos'd as a *Refrigeratorie*, to temper and qualify that *Heat*, which otherwise might be too violent. If thou doest descend lower, and fix thy *Thoughts* where thy feet are, that thy wings may be like those of *Mercurie*, at thy *Heeles*; thou wilt find the *Earth* surrounded with the *Water*, and that *Water* heated, and stirr'd by the *Sun* and his *starrs*, abstracts from the *Earth* the pure, subtil, saltish parts, by which means the *water* is thickened, and coagulated as with a *Rennet*: out of these two Nature generates all things. *Gold* and *Silver*, *Pearles* and *Diamonds* are nothing els but *water*, and *salt* of the

To the Reader.

the *Earth concocted*. Behold ! I have in
few words discovered unto thee the
whole *system of Nature*, and her Royal
High-way of *Generation*. It is thy Du-
ty now to *improve the Truth*, and in my
Booke thou mayst, if thou art wise, find
thy *Advantages*. The *four Elements*
are the *Objects*, and implicitly the *Sub-
jects* of *Man*, but the *Earth* is *invisible*.
I know the common Man will stare at
this, and judge me not very sober, when
I affirme the *Earth*, which of all *sub-
stances* is most *gross* and *palpable*, to be
invisible. But on my soule it is so, and
which is more, the *Eye of Man* never
can see the *Earth*, nor can it be seen with-
out *Art*. To make this *Element visi-
ble*, is the *greatest secret* in *Magic*, for
it is a *miraculous Nature*, and of all o-
thers the most *holy*, according to that
Computation of Trismegistus, *Cælum*,
Æther, *Aer*, & *sacratissima Terra*. As
for this *Fæculent*, *gross Body* upon
which we walk, it is a *Compost*, and no
Earth,

To the Reader.

Earth, but it hath Earth in it, and even that also is not *our Magicall Earth*. In a word all the *Elements* are *visible* but one, namely the *Earth*, and when thou hast attained to so much *perfection*, as to know why *God* hath placed the *Earth in Obscondito*, thou hast an *Excellent Figure* whereby to know *God* himself, and how he is *visible*, how *invisible*. *Hermes* affirmeth, that in the *Beginning* the *Earth* was a *Quake-mire*, or quivering kind of *Jelly*, it being nothing els but *water congealed* by the *Incubation*, and heat of the *Divine spirit*; *Cum adhuc* (sayth hee) *Terra tremula esset, Lucente sole compacta est* When as yet the *Earth* was a quivering, shaking substance, the *Sun* afterwards shining upon it, did compact it, or make it *Solid*. The same Author introduceth *God*, speaking to the *Earth* and impregnating her with all sorts of seeds in these words; *Cumq; manus a què validas impleisset rebus, quæ in Natur.*

To the Reader.

turâ, Ambienteq; erant, & pugnâs vali-
dè constringens; Sume (inquit) ô Sacra
Terra, quæ Genitrix omnium es futura,
nè ullâ re egena videaris; & manus,
quales oportet Deum habere, expandens,
demisit Omnia ad rerum Constitutionem
necessaria. When God (saith he) had
filled his powerfull hands with those
things which are in Nature, and in
that which compasseth Nature, then
shutting them close again, hee said;
Receive from me *O holy Earth!* that art
ordained to be the *Mother* of all, lest
thou shouldst want any thing; when
presently opening such hands as it be-
comes a God to have, hee powr'd down
All that was Necessary to the Consti-
tution of things. Now the meaning
of it is this; The *Holy Spirit* moving
upon the *Chaos*, which *Aëtion* some
Divines compare to the *Incubation* of
a *Hen* upon her *Eggs*, did together
with his *Heat* communicat other ma-
nifold *Influences* to the *Matter*; For as

wee

To the Reader.

wee know the *Sun* doth not onely dis-
pense *heat*, but som other *secret Influx* ;
so did *God* also in the *Creation*, and
from him the *Sun* and all the *starrs* re-
ceived what they have, for *God* himself
is a *supernaturall Sun*, or *fire*, according
to that *Oracle of Zoroaster*,

*Factor, Qui per se operans fabrefecit Mundum,
Quædam ignis Moles erat altera.*

Hee did therefore *hatch* the *Matter*,
and bring out the *secret Essences*, as a
Chick is brought out of the *shell*,
whence that other *Position* of the same
Zoroaster,

Omnia sub uno Igne genita esse.

Neither did he onely *generat*'em then,
but he also *preserves* them now, with a
perpetuall Efflux of *heat* and *spirit* ;
Hence hee is styl'd in the *Oracles*,

*Pater Hominumq, Deûmq;
Affatim animans Ignem, Lucem, Æthera,
Mundos.*

This

To the Reader.

This is Advertisement enough :
and now Reader, I must tell thee, I
have met with some *late Attempts* on
my two former *Discourses*, but *truth* is
proof, and I am so far from being over-
come, that I am no where under-
stood. When I first ey'd the *Libell*,
and its *Addresse* to *Philaethes*, I judg'd
the *Author* serious, and that his *Design*
was not to *abuse mee*, but to *informe*
himselfe. This *Conceit* quickly va-
nish'd, for perusing his *forepart*, his
Lines shot out of his *skin*, and presen-
ted him a *perfect Ass*. His *Observati-*
es are one continued *κῶαξ*, and the
Cyster-Whores read the same *Philoso-*
phy every day. 'Tis a *Scurril, sense-*
less Piece, and as he well stiles himself,
a *Chip* of a *Block-head*.

His qualities indeed are transcendent
abroad, but they are peers at *home* :
his *Malice* is equall to his *Ignorance*. I
wou'd to see the *fooles disease* : A
flux of *Gale*, which made him *still* at
the

To the Reader.

the Chops, whiles another held the Presse for him like *Porphyries* Bason to *Aristotles* Well. There is something in him *prodigious* : his *Excrements* run the *wrong way*, for his mouth *stooles*, and hee is so farr from man that hee is the *Aggravation* to a *Beast*. These are his parts, and for his person I turn him over to the *Dog-whippers* that hee may be well lash'd, *a posteriori*, and bear the *Errata* of his *front* imprinted in his *Rere*. I cannot yet find a fitter punishment : For since his *Head* could learn nothing but *Nonsense*, by *sequel* of *parts*, his *Tayl* should be taught some *sense*.

This is all, at this time, and for my present Discourse, I wish it the common fortune of *Truth* and *Honestie*, to deserve well, and bear ill. As for *Applause*, I fish not so much in the *Ayre*, as to catch it. It is a kind of *Popularitie*, which makes mee scorn

To the Reader.

t, for I *desie* the *Noyse* of the *Rout*,
because they *observe* not the *Truth*, but
the *success* of it. I doe therefore com-
mit this *peece* to the *world*, without any
protection but its *own worth*, and the
Estimat of that *Soule* that *understands*
it. For the *Rest*, as I cannot *force*, so I
will not *beg* their *Approbation*. I would
not bee *great* by *Imposts*, nor *rich* by
Briefes. They may be what they will,
and I shall be what I am.

Eugen. Phila.

C

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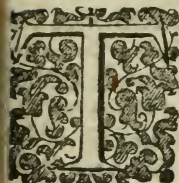


Magia Adamica :

Or,

The Antiquitie of Magic , &c.

Cælum Terræ, &c.



That I should professe *Magic* in this Discourse, and Justifie the Professors of it withall, is *Impietie* with Many, but *Religion* with Mee. It is a *Conscience* I have learnt from *Authors* greater than my Self, and

Scriptures greater than Both. *Magic* is nothing els but the *Wisdom* of the *Creator* revealed and planted in the *Creature*. It is a Name (as *Agrippa* saith) *ipsi Evangelio non ingratum*, not Distastefull to the very Gospel it self. *Magicians* were the first *Attendants* our *Saviour* met withall in this world, and the onely *Philoso-*

phers, who acknowledged Him in the *Flesh*, before that hee himself discovered it. I find God Conversant with Them, as Hee was formerly with the *Patriarchs*; He directs Them in their Travails with a *Star*, as hee did the *Israelites* with a Pillar of *Fire*; Hee informes Them of future Dangers in their Dreams, that having first seen his *Son*, they might in the next place see his *Salvation*. This makes me believe They were *Filii Prophetarum*, as well as *Filii Artis*. Men that were acquainted with the very same *Mysteries*, by which the *Prophets* acted before them. To reconcile this *Science*, and the Masters of it to the world, is an Attempt more plausible, than possible, the prejudice being so great, that neither Reason, nor Authoritie can ballance it. If I were to persuade a *Jew* to my Principles, I could do it with two words חכמים אמרו the *Hachamin*, or *Wisemen* have spoken it. Give him but the Authoritie of his Fathers, and presently hee submits to the Seale. Verily our Primitive *Galileans* (I mean those *Christians* whose *Lamps* burnt neer the *Crosse* and *Funerall*) were most Compendious in their Initiations. A Profelyt in those dayes was confirmed with a simple πισδοω, *Believe*, and no more. Nay, the solemnitie of this short Induction was such, that *Julian* made it the Topic to his Apostasie; ἵδεν ὡς τὸ πισδοω, you have
 (said

The *Antiquitie* of *Magic*. 3

(sayd he) nothing more than your *Crede*, to establish your Religion. Such was the simplicitie of those first Times, *dum calebat cruor Christi*, whiles his wounds were as yet in their Eyes, and his blood warm at their Hearts. But Alas! those holy Drops are frozen, our *Salvation* is translated from the *Crosse* to the *Rack*, and dismembred in the *Inquisition-house* of *Aristotle*. Bee not angrie O *Peripatetic*! for what els shall I call thy *Schooles*, where by severall Sects and Factions Scripture is so seriously murdered *Pro & Con*! A spleen first bred, and afterwards promoted by *Disputes*, whose damnable *Divisions* and *Distinctions* have minc'd one *Trueth* into a Thousand hæreticall *whimies*. But the *Breach* is not considered: Divinitie still is but *Chaff*, if it be not sifted by the *Engine*, if it acts not by the *Demonstrative Hobby-horse*. Thus Zeale poysoned with *Logic* breathes out Contentious *Calentures*, and *Faith* quitting her wings and Perspective, leans on the Reed of a *Syllogism*. Certainly I cannot yet conceive, how Reason may judge those principles, *Quorum Veritas pendet à solâ Revelantis autoritate*, whose Certaintie wholly depends on God, and by Consequence is indemonstrable without the Spirit of God. But I should grant that, which I will ever deny: Verily, a *True Faith* consists not in *Reason*,

but in *Love*; for I receive my Principles, and believe Them being received *Solo erga Revelantem amore*; onely out of my Affection to Him that reveales them.

Thus our *Saviour* would have the *Jewes* to believe Him first for his *own sake*, and when that fayled for His *Workes sake*; But some *Divines* believe onely for *Aristotle's sake*, if *Logic* renders the Tenet probable, then it is *Creed*, if not 'tis *Alcoran*. Nevertheless *Aristotle* himself, who was first *Pedlar* to this *ware*, and may for *Sophistrie* take place of *Ignatius* in his own *Conclave*, hath left us this Concession: *Ἐπὶ τῷ πρῶτῳ οὖν δοξᾷ καὶ λογισμῷ*, That Reason is subject to Error, as well as Opinion. And *Philoponus* expounding these words of his, (a) *Non solum Scientiam, sed et Principium Scientia esse aliquod dicimus. Quo Terminos cognoscimus*, hath this excellent and Christian observation, *Ἀρχὴ καὶ ἐπιστήμη τὸν οὐνεὶληκῶς, καὶ τὸν ἡμετέριον αὐτὰ τὸν θεόν, καὶ ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν: Ὅπως δὲ ταυτοῦτα, καὶ θεῶν ἔστι*. Taking indeed (saith hee) the mind, to bee the Principle, or first Cause of Knowledge, not our own, but that of God, which is above us: but taking the Termes to be Intellectual, and Divine Formes. Thus according to *Aristotle* (if you trust the *Comment*) the *Divine mind* is the first Cause of Knowledge: for if this Mind once unfolds himself, and sheds his light upon us, we shall

shall apprehend the *Intellectuall Formes*, or
Types of all things that are within him. These
Formes hee very properly calls *Opus*, because
they *terminat*, or end all Things: For by them
the Creature is *defined*, and hath his *Individua-*
tion, or to speak with *Scotus*, his *Haccetie*, by
which he is *This*, and not *That*. This now is
the *Demonstration* we should look after, name-
ly the *Expansion*, or *opening* of the *Divine*
Mind, not a *Syllogism*, that runns perhaps on
all *Foure*. If once wee be admitted to this
Communion of Light, wee shall be able with
the *Apostle* to give a *Reason for our Faith*, but
never without it. Now you are to understand
that God unfolds not himself, *nisi magno Cœlo*
patefacto, unlesse the Heaven of Man bee
first unfolded. *Amovete ergo velamen Intel-* C. Agrip.
lectus vestri, Cast of the veile that is before
your faces, and you shall bee no more blind.
God is not God a far off, but God at hand.
Behold (saith he) *I stand at the Doore, and*
knock: Open your selves then, for it is written,
If any man opens, I will come in, and Sup with
Him. This is the inward *Mysticall*, not the
outward *Typicall Supper*, and this is the *Spiri-*
tuall Baptism with *Fire*, not that *Elemental*
one with *water*. Truly I am much comforted,
when I consider two Things; First, that *Ma-*
gic did afford the first *Professors of Christianity*,

whose Knowledge and Devotion brought them from the East to *Jerusalem*. Secondly, that this *Art* should suffer as *Religion* doth, and for the very same Reason. The main *Motives*, which have occasion'd the present *Rents*, and *Divisions* of the *Church*, are the *Ceremonies* and *Types* used in it. For without Controversie the *Apostles* instituted, and left behind them certaine *Elements* or *Signes*, as *Water*, *Oile*, *Salt* and *Lights*, by which they signified unto us some great, and reverend *Mysteries*. But our *Reformers* mistaking these things for superstitious, turn'd them all out of Doores. But verily it was ill done: for if the shadow of Saint *Peter* healed, shall not these shadows of *Christ* doe much more? The *Papist* on the contrary knowing not the signification of these *Types*, did place a certain *Inherent holiness* in them, & so fell into a very dangerous *Idolatrie*. I omit many Things which he invented of his own as *Images*, *Holy Lambes*, and *Reliques*, adding these dead *Bones* to the Primitive, and beauteous *Bodie* of the *Church*. Now to draw up the *Paralell*: The *Magicians*, they also instituted certain *Signes*, as the *Clavis* to their *Art*, and these were the same with the former, Namely *Water*, *Oile*, *Salt* and *Light*, by which they tacitly discovered unto us their *Three Principles*, and the *Light* of *Nature*, which fills and actuat

Attains all Things. The common Man perusing their Books, but not their Sense, took *Candles*, *Common Water*, *Oile*, and *Salt*, and began to *Consecrate*, and *exorcise* them, to make up his damnable and Devilish *Magic*. The *Magicians* had a *Maxim* amongst themselves, *Quod nulla vox operatur in Magiâ, nisi prius Dei voce formetur*, That no word is efficacious in *Magic*, unless it be first animated with the word of God. Hence in their Books there was frequent mention made of *Verbum*, and *Sermo*, which the Common Man interpreting to his own Fantasie, invented his *Charmes*, and *Vocabula*, by which he promised to do wonders. The *Magicians* in their writings did talk much of *Triangles* and *Circles*, by which they intimated unto us their more secret *Triplicitie*, with the *Rotation* of *Nature* from the Beginning of her *Week*, to her *Sabaoth*. By this *Circle* also, or *Rotation* they affirmed that *Spirits* might be bound, meaning that the *Soul* might be united to the *Body*. Presently upon this the Common Man fantasied his *Triangles* and characters, with many strange *Cobwebs* or *Figures*, and a *Circle* to Conjure in; but knowing not what *Spirit* that was, which the *Magicians* did bind, he laboured, and studied to bind the *Devill*. Now if thou wilt question mee, who these *Magicians* were? I must tell thee, They were
Kings,

Kings, they were Priests, they were Prophets: Men that were acquainted with the *Substantial, Spiritual Mysteries of Religion*, and did deal, or dispense the outward *Typicall part* of it to the *People*. Here then wee may see how *Magic* came to be out of Request; For the *Lawyers* and *Common Divines*, who knew not these *Secrets*, perusing the Ceremonial, Superstitious *Trash* of some *Scriblers*, who prætended to *Magic*, præscribed against the *Art* it self as *Impious*, and *Antichristian*. so that it was a *Capital sin* to professe it, and the Punishment no lesse than *Death*. In the Interim those few who were Masters of the *Science*, observing the first *Monitories* of it, buried all in a deep *Silence*. But God having suffered his *Truth* to be obscured for a great time, did at last stir up som *resolute*, and *active spirits*, who putting the *Pen* to *Paper*, expell'd this *Cloud*, and in some measure discover'd the *Light*. The Leaders of this brave Body, were *Cornelius Agrippa*, *Libanius Gallus*, the *Philosopher*, *Johannes Trite-minus*, *Georgius Venetus*, *Johannes Reuclin*, called in the *Greek Capnion*, with severall others in their severall *Dayes*. And after all *These* as an *Usher* to the *Traine*, and one borne out of due time, *Eugenius Philalethes*.

Seeing then I have publicly undertaken a *Province*, which I might have governed privately

The *Antiquitie* of *Magic*. 9

ably with much more Content and Advantage, I think it not enough to have discover'd the *Abuses* and *misfortunes* this *Science* hath suffered, but I will endeavour withall to demonstrate the *Antiquitie* of it. For certainly it is with *Arts*, it is with *Men*, their *Age* and *Continuance* the good Arguments of their *strength*, and *Integrity*. Most apposit then was that *Check* of the *Egyptian* to *Solon*: O *Solon*, *Solon*! *Vos rari semper pueri estis, nullam habentes antiquam Opinionem, nullam Discipulinam temporariam*; You *Gracians* (said hee) are ever childish, having no Ancient opinion, no Discipline of any long standing. But as I confesse my self no *Antiquarie*, so I wish some *Selden* would stand in this *Breach*, and make it up with those *Fragments*, which are so neer *Dust*, that *Time* may put them in his *Glass*. I know for my own part, it is an *Enterprise* I cannot sufficiently performe, but since my hand is already in the *Bag*, I will draw out those few *Pebbles* I have, and thus I fling them at the *Mark*.

This *Art*, or rather this *Mysterie* is to be considered severall wayes, and that because of its severall *Subjects*. The *Primitive*, *Original* *Existence* of it is in *God* himself: for it is nothing els but the *practice*, or *operation* of the *Divine Spirit* working in the *matter*, uniting
Principles

Principles into Compounds, and resolving those Compounds into their Principles. In this Sense we seek not the Antiquity of it, for it is Eternal, being a Notion of the Divine Wisdome and Existent before all Time, or the Creation of it. Secondly, we are to Consider it in a Derivative Sense, as it was imparted, and communicated to Man, and this properly was no Birth, or Beginning, but a Discoverie, or Revelation of the Art. From this Time of its Revelation, we are to measure the Antiquity of it, where it shall be our Task to demonstrat upon what Motives God did reveale it, as also to whom, and when.

The Eye discovers not beyond that stage, wherein it is *Conversant*, but the Eare receives the Sound a great way off. To give an experienc'd Testimonie of Actions more Ancient than our selves, is a thing impossible for us, unlesse we could look into that *Glass*, where all Occurrences may bee seen, Past, Present, and to Come. I must therefore build my *Discourse* on the *Traditions* of those *Men*, to whom the *Word*, both *Written* and *Mysticall* was intrusted, and these were the *Jewes* in Generall, but more particularly their *Cabalists*. It is not my Intention to rest on these *Rabbins* as *Fundamentals*, but I will justify their Assertions out of *Scripture*, and intertain my Reader with

Proofes,

roofes, both *Divine* and *Humane*. Finally, I will passe out of *Judaea* into *Aegypt* and *Grace*, where againe I shall meet with these *Mysteries*, and prove that this *Science* did stream (as the *Chimists* say, their *Salt-Fountain* both) out of *Juric*, and watered the whole *Earth*.

It is the constant Opinion of the *Hebrewes*, that before the Fall of *Adam* there was a more plentifull and large *Communion* between *Heaven* and *Earth*, *God* and the *Elements*, than there is now in our *Days*. But upon the Transgression of the first Man, *Malcuth* (say the *Cabbalists*) was cut off from the *Ilan*, so that a *Breach* was made between both *Worlds*, and their *Channel of Influences* discontinued. Now *Malcuth* the *Invisible, Archetypall Moone*, by which our *visible Caelestiall Moone* is governed, and impragnated: And truly it may be that upon this *Retreate* of the *Divine Light* from *Inferiours*, those *Spots* and *Darknes*, which we now see, succeeded in the *Body* of this *Planet*, and not in her alone, but about the *Sun* also, as it hath been discovered by the *Telescope*. Thus (say They) *God* to punish the Sin of *Adam* withdrew himself from the *Creatures*, so that they were not *feasted* with the same *measure of Influences* as formerly. For the *Archetypall Moone* which is placed in the השמים *Hassamaim*, to receive, and convey downe the
Influx

Influx of the six superior Invisible Planet. was (as the Jewes affirme) either separate from the Ilan, or her Breasts were so seale up that she could not dispense her Milk to Inferiors in that happy and Primitive Abundance. But because I would not dwell long on this point, let us heare the Cabalist himselfe state it in a clear, and apposit phrase. Initiationis Mundi Divina Cohabitatio erat descendens in Inferiora, & cum esset Divina Cohabitatio inferius, reperti sunt Caeli & Terra uniti, & erant Fontes, & Canales activi in perfectione, & trahebantur à Superiore ad Inferius, & inveniebatur Deus complens superius & Infernè. Venit Adam primus, & peccavit, & diruti sunt Descensus, & confracti sunt Canales, & desit Aquæ-ductus, & cessavit Divina Cohabitatio, & divisa est Societas.

„That is: In the Beginning of the Creation
 „the world God did descend, and cohabit
 „with Things here below, and when the
 „vine Habitation was here below, the He-
 „vens and the Earth were found to be uni-
 „ted, and the Vital Springs and Channells we-
 „re in their perfection, and did flow from the
 „Superior to the Inferior World, and God
 „was found to fill all Things both Above
 „and Beneath. Adam the first Man came, and
 „sinned, whereupon the Descents from above

Porta Lu-
cis.

were restrained, and their Channells were broken, and the Water-Course was no more, and the Divine Cohabitation ceased, and the Societie was divided. Thus far my Rabbi; Now because I have promised *Scripture* to my *Cabalism*, I will submit the *Tradition* to *Moses*, and truly that Rabbi also is of my side, for thus I read in *Genesis*. And to Adam he said, *Cap. 3. v. 17.* Because thou hast eaten of the Tree, whereof I commanded Thee saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: Cursed is the Ground for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the Dayes of thy Life, Thornes and Thistles shall it bring forth unto Thee, and Thou shalt eat the Herb of the Field. In the sweat of thy face shalt Thou eat Bread, untill thou returne unto the Ground, for out of it wast thou taken, for Dust Thou art, and to Dust shalt thou returne. This is the Curse, and Adam was so sensible of it, that he acquainted his posterity with it. For Lamech prophesying of his Son Noah, hath these words. This same shall comfort us, concerning our *Cap. 5. v. 29.* work, and Toyle of our Hands, because of the Ground, which the Lord hath cursed. And this indeed was accomplished in some sense after the Floud, as the same *Scripture* tells us. And *Cap. 8. v. 25.* the Lord said in his Heart, I will not Again curse the Ground any more for Mans sake. Here now we are to consider two Things: First,

First, The *Curse* it self, and next the *Latitude* of it, To manifest the *Nature* of the *Curse* and what it was, you must know, that *Good* essentially is *Light*, and *Evill* is *Darknes*. The *Evill* properly is a *Corruption* that immediately takes place upon the *Removall* of that which is *Good*. Thus *God* having removed his *Candle stick* and *Light* from the *Elements*, presented the *Darknes* and *Cold* of the *Matter* prevailed, so that the *Earth* was neerer her first *Deformitie*, and by Consequence lesse fruitful and *Vitall*. *Heaven* and *Hell*, that is *Light* and *Darknes*, are the two *Extremes* which Consummat *Good* and *Evill*. But there are some *mean Blessings* which are but, in order or disposing to *Heaven*, which is their last perfection, and such were these *Blessings*, which *God* recalled upon the Transgression of the first *Man*. Again there are some *Evils* which are but *Degrees* conducing to their last *Extremite*, or *Hell*, and such was this *Curse* or *Evill*, which succeeded the Transgression. Thus our Saviour under these *Notions* of *Blessed* and *Cursed* comprehends the *Inhabitants* of *Light* and *Darknes*: Come you *Blessed*, and Goe you *Cursed*. In a word then, The *Curse* was Nothing else but an *Act* repealed, or *Restraint* of those *Blessings* which *God* of his meer *Goodnes*, had formerly communicated.

his *Creatures*: And thus I conceive there is a very faire and full *Harmonie* between *Moses* and the *Cabalists*. But to omit their *Depositions*, though great and high, we are not to seek in this point for the *Testimonie* of an *Angel*. For the *Tutor* of *Esdra*s, amongst his other *Mysteribus Instructions*, hath also this *Do-* Cap. 7.
ctrine. When *Adam* transgress'd my *Statutes*, V. 11, 12,
then was that decreed, which now is done. Then 13.
were the *Entrances* of this *World* made *Nar-*
row, full of sorrow, and *Travell*: They are but
few and *Evill*, full of perils, and very painfull.
But the *Entrances* of the *Elder World*, were
wide and sure, and brought forth *Immortal*
Fruit. Thus much for the *Curse* it self: Now
for the *Latitude* of it, It is true that it was
intended *Chiefely* for *Man*, who was the on-
ly *Cause* of it, but *Extended* to the *Elements*
in *Order* to him, and for his sake. For if *God*
had excluded him from *Eden*, and Continued
the *Earth* in her *Primitive Glories*, he had but
turned him out of one *Paradise* into *Another*,
wherefore he fits the *Dungeon* to the *Slave*,
and sends a *Corruptible Man* into a *Corrup-*
tible World. But in *Truth* it was not *Man*,
nor the *Earth* alone that suffered in this *Curse*,
but all other *Creatures* also; For saith *God* to
the *Serpent*, *Thou art Cursed above all Cat-*
tel, and above every Beast of the Field, so that
D Cattel

Cap. 8. v.
20.

Cattel and Beasts also were cursed in some measure, but this Serpent above Them all. To this also agrees the Apostle in his Epistle to the Romans, where he hath these words. For the Creature was made subject to Vanitie, not willingly, but by Reason of him, who hath subjected the same in hope. Because the Creature it self also, shall be delivered from the Bondage of Corruption, into the Glorious Liberty of the Children of God. Here by the Creature he understands not Man, but the inferior species, which he distinguisheth from the Children of God, though he allows them both the same Liberty. But this is more plaine out of the subsequent Texts, where he makes a clear Difference between Man, and the whole Creation. For we know (saith he) that the whole Creation groaneth, and travaileth together in paine untill now. And not only They, but our selves also, which have the first fruits of the spirit, even we our selves groane within our selves, waiting for the Adoption, to wit, the Redemption of our Body. Here we see the first Fruits of the spirit, referred to Man, and why not some second subordinat fruits of it to the Creatures General? for as they were cursed in the Fall of Man, for Man's sake, so it seems in his Restoration they shall be also blessed for his sake. But of this enough. Let us now summe up, and consider

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consider the *several inconveniences* our first Parent was Subject to, for they will be of some use with us hereafter. First of all, he was ejected from the presence of God, and exposed to the *Malice* and *Tentations* of the *Devill*. He was altered from *Good* to *Bad*, from *Incorruptible* to *Corruptible*: In the Day (saith the Scripture) *Thou eatest thereof, Thou shalt dye the Death*. He was excluded from a *glorious Paradise*, and confin'd to a *base world*, whose *sickly infected Elements* conspiring with his *own Nature*, did assist and hasten that *Death*, which already began to reign in his *Body*. Heaven did mourn over him, The Earth, and all her Generations about him. He look'd upon himself as a *Felon*, and a *Murthurer*, being guilty of that *Curse* and *Corruption*, which succeeded in the world because of his fall, as we have sufficiently proved out of the *Mosaicall* and *Cabalisticall* Traditions. He was *Ignorant*, and therefore *hopeles* of *Life aternal*, and for this *Temporal present Life*, he was not acquainted with the *Provisions* of it. The *Elements* of *Husbandrie* were not as yet known, there was neither House nor Plow, nor any of those manuell Arts, which make up a *worldly providence*. He was exposed to the *Violence* of Rains and Winds, Frosts and Snows, and in a word deprived of all *Comforts Spiritual*.

and *Natural*. What should I say more? He was a meer stranger in this World, could not distinguish *Medicines* from *Poysons*, neither was he skill'd in the *ordinarie preparations* of *Meate* and *Drink*. He had *no Victuals* ready to his hands but the crude unseasoned *Herbage* of the Earth, so that he must either starve, or feed as *Nebuchadnezar* did, with the Beasts of the Field. He heard indeed sometimes of a *Tree of Life* in *Eden*, but the *Vegetables* of *this world* for ought he knew, might be so many *Trees of Death*. I conclude therefore that he had some *Instructor* to initiate him in the *wayes of Life*, and to shew him the intricate and narrow *paths* of that *wilderneſſe*. For without question his *outward Miſeries*, and his *inward Despaire* were *Motives* whereupon *God* did reveale a *certaine Art* unto *Him*, by which he might *relieve* his present *Necessities*, and imbrace a *firme Hope* of a future and glorious *Reſtitution*. For *God* having ordained a second *aternal Adam*, did by some *mysterious Experience* manifest the *poſſibilitie* of his *coming* to the *First*, Who being now full of *Despaire*, and overcharged with the *Guilt* of his *own ſin* was a very fit *Patient* for so *Divine* and mercifull a *Physician*. But omitting our own *Reasons*, which we might produce to this purpose, let us repayre to the *Cabalists*, who
indeed

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indeed are very high in the *Point*, and thus they deliver themselves. God (say they) having made fast the *Doors* of his *Paradyse*, and turn'd out *Adam*, sometimes the *Dearest* of his *Creatures*, did notwithstanding the *Present Punishment*, retaine his former *Affection* towards him still. For God is said to love his *Creatures*, not that there is any thing lovely in *Them* without their *Creator*, but in that hee desires their perfection: That is to say, he would have them *Conformable* to himself, and fitt to receive his *Image* or *Similitude*, which is a spiritual *Impress* of his *Beauty*. Now to restore this *Similitude* in *Adam* was impossible unlesse God should reassume that to himself, which was now fallen from him. So transcendent, and almost incredible a *Mercie* had God treasur'd up in his *secret Will*, being resolved to unite the *Nature* of *Man* to his *Own*, and so vindicat him from *Death*, by taking him into the *Deitie*, which is the true *Fountain* and *Center* of *Life*. This *Will* (say the *Cabalists*) was first revealed to the *Angels*, and that by God himself in these words, *Ecce Adam sicut unus ex Nobis*: Behold an *Adam* like one of us, knowing Good and Evil! This speech they call *Orationem occultissimam à Creatore Mundi cum beatis Angelis in sue Divinitatis Pene-tralibus habitam*; A most secret Conference

Gen. ca
3. ver. 22

which God had with the blessed Angels in the Inner-Chambers of Heaven. Now that the same Scripture should speak one thing in the *Letter*, and another in the *Mysterie*, is not strange to mee, how difficult soever it may seem to another. For verily this Text may not concern the *first Adam*, who knowing Evil by *Committing* it, could not be like God in respect of *that Knowledge*, which made him *sinfull*, and altogether *unlike him*. For God (if I may so expresse it) knows the *Evill* onely *speculatively*, in as much as *nothing can escape his Knowledge*, and therefore is not *guilty of Evil*: For as *Tritemius* hath well observed, *Scientia Mali non est Malum, sed Usus*; The knowledge of *Evill* is not *Evill*, but the practice of it. It remains then, that this Speech concern'd the *Second Adam*, *Christ Jesus*, who *knew* the *Evill*, but did not *commit* it, and therefore was *like one of us*, that is like *One* of the *Trinitie*, knowing *Good* and *Evill*, and yet no way *guiltie* of the *Evill*. This primitive and Compendious Gospel was no sooner imparted to the *Angels*, but they became *Ministers* of it, the *Law* (as *St. Paul* saith) *being ordained in their hands*, till *Christ* should take it into his own, and their *Administration to Man* took Beginning with this Oracle. Thus (say the *Cabalists*) *Raziel* the *Angel* was presently dispatch'd

dispatch'd to communicat the *Intelligence* to *Adam*, and to acquaint him with the *Mysteries* of both *World*, *Æternall*, and *Temporall*. For as he could not obtain the *Blessings* of the *Æternall World*, unless by a *true faith* hee apprehended the *Three Æternall Principles* of it, so neither could he fully injoy the *benefits* of this *Temporall World*, unless hee truly understood the *Three Visible substances* whereof it consists. For there are *Three above*, and *Three beneath*, *Three* (as *St. John* saith) in *Heaven*, and *Three on Earth* ; The *Inferior* bear witness of the *Superior*, and are their only *Proper Receptacles*. They are *Signatures* and *Created Books*, where wee may reade the *Mysteries* of the *supernaturall Trinitie*. But to proceed in our former Discourse : The *Cabalists* doe not onely attribute a *Guardian* to *Adam*, but to every one of the *Patriarchs* , allowing Them their *Presidents* and *Tutors* both to *assist* and *instruct* Them in their wearisome and worldly *Peregrinations*. A *Doctrine* in my Opinion not more *Religious* than *Necessary*, how *Prodigious* soever it may seem to some *Phantastic*, insipid *Theologicians*. For Certainly it is impossible for us to find out *Mytleries* of our selves, wee must either have the *Spirit of God*, or the *Instruction* of his *Ministers*, wherher they bee *Men* or *Angels*. And thus wee see out of the

Traditions and Doctrine of the Jewes, how their C. bala, and our Magic came first into the world. I shall now examine the Scriptures, and consult with them : where (if I am not much mistaken) I shall find some Consequences, which must needs depend on these Principles, and thus I apply myself to the Task.

The first *Harvest* I read of, was that of *Cain*; and the first *Flocks*, those of *Abel*. A Shepherd's life in those Early Days was no difficult Profession, it being an Imployment of more *Care*, than *Art*, but how the Earth was plow'd up before the sound of *Abel's* Hammers, is a piece of Husbandrie unknown in these Days. Howsoever it was a Labour perform'd, and not without Retribution. *Cain* hath his *Sheaves*, as well as *Abel* his *Lambs* : both of them receive, and both acknowledge the Benefit. I find established in these Two a certain *Priesthood*, they attend both to the *Altar*, and the first *Bloud* was shed by *Sacrifice*, the *Second* by *Murder*.

Now so dull am I, and so thort of *Syllogismes*, those strange *Pumps*, and *Hydragogues*, which have the *Truth* ex *Puteo*, like *Water*, that all my *Reason* cannot make these Men *Levites* without *Revelation*. For I desire to know how came they first to *Sacrifice*, and by whom were they initiated? If you will say, by *Adam* :
The

The Question indeed is deferr'd, but not satisfi'd. For I would know further In what *Schoole* was *Adam* instructed? Now that it was impossible for him to invent these *Shadows* and *Sacraments* of himself, I will undertake to Demonstrate, and that by invincible Reason, which no Adversarie shall dare to contradict.

It is most certain that the *Hope* and *Expectation* of Man in Matters of *Sacrifices*, consist in the *Thing signified*, and not in the *Signe* itself. For the Material Corruptible *shadow* is not the *Object* of *Faith* but the Spiritual aeternal *Prototype*, which answers to it, and makes the dead figure *Effectual*. The *Sacrifices* of the *Old Testament*, and the *Elements* of the *New*, can be no way acceptable with *God*, but inasmuch as they have a *Relation* to *Christ Jesus*, who is the great, perfect *Sacrifice* offered up once for all. It is plain then that *Sacrifices* were first instituted upon supernatural grounds, for in *Nature* there is no reason to be found, why *God* should be pleased with the *Death* of his *Creatures*. Nay the very *Contrary* is written in that *Book*, for *Death* both *Natural* and *Violent* proceeds not from the pleasure, but from the displeasure of the *Creator*. I know the learned *Alkind* builds the efficacy of *Sacrifices* on a *Sympathie* of parts with the great world; for there is in every *Animal* a portion
of

of the *star-fire*; which *fire* upon the Dissolution of the Compound is united to the *General fire* from whence it first came, and produceth a *sense*, or *Motion* in the *Limbus* to which it is united. This indeed is true, but that *Motion* causeth no *Joy* there, and by Consequence no *Reward* to the *Sacrificer*: for I shall make it to appeare elsewhere that the *Astral Mother* doth *mourn*, and not *rejoyce* at the *Death* of her *Children*. Now if wee look back on these two first *Sacrificers*, we shall find *Abel* and his *Oblation* accepted, which could not be, had he not offer'd it up as a *Symbol*, or *Figure* of his *Saviour*. To drive home my Argument then, I say that this knowledge of the *Type*, in whom all offerings were acceptable, could not be obtained by any humane *Industrie*, but by sole *Revelation*. For the *Passion* of *Christ Jesus* was an *Ordinance* wrapt up in the *secret will* of *God*, and he that would know it, must of Necessitie bee of his *Councell*. Hence it is called in Scripture the *Hidden Mysterie*, for the *Truth* and *Certainty* of it, was not to be received from any, but onely from him, who had both the *Will*, and the *Power* to ordain it. But if you will tell mee (like the *Author* of the *Prædicables*) that men sacrificed at first by the *Instinct* of *Nature*, and without any *Respect* to the *Type*, I shall indeed thank you for my mirth

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Birth, whensoever you give mee so just a Reason to laugh. It remains then a most firme inflexible Foundation that *Adam* was first instructed concerning the *Passion*, and in order to that, he was taught further, to Sacrifice, and set up the *Blonds* of *Beasts* as *Types* and *Prophesies* of the *Bloud* of *Christ Jesus*, the *Altars* of the *Law* being but *steps* to the *Cross* of the *Gospel*. Now if it be objected that severall Nations have sacrificed, who did not know God at all, much less the *Son* of *God*, who is the *Prototype* and *perfection* of all *Oblations*: to this I answer, that the *Custom* of *Sacrificing* was communicated to *Heathens* by *Tradition* from the first *Man*: who having instructed his own *Children*, they also delivered it to their *Posteritie*, so that this *Vizard* of *Religion* remained, though the *Substance* and true *Doctrine* of it was lost. And thus in my Opinion sufficiently appears, that the first men did sacrifice, not by *Nature* as *Prophyrus* that *Enemy* of our *Religion* would have it, but some by *Revelation*, others by *Custom* and *Tradition*. But now I think upon it, I have *Scripture* to confirme me concerning this *Primitive Revelation*, for *Salomon* numbring those severall *Blessings* which the *Divine Wisdom* imparted to the *Ancient Fathers*, amongst the rest specifies her *Indulgence* to *Adam*. Shee preserved (saith

26 *Magia Adamica, or*

(saith hee) *the first formed Father of a world, that was created alone, and brought him out of his Fall.* Here I find *Adam* in some measure restored, and how could that bee, but by discovering unto him the *Great Restorati* Christ *Jesus*, the second *Adam* in whom he was to believe? for without *Faith* he could not have been brought out of his Fall, and without Christ revealed, and preached unto him, he could have no *Faith*, for hee knew not what to believe. It remaines then that hee was instructed. for as in these last dayes wee are taught the Son of God, and his Apostles, so in the first times they were taught by the Spirit of God, and his ministering Angels. These were their Tutors, for of them they heard the Word, and verily wee are told that *faith* comes by hearing.

It is now (as I think) sufficiently proved that *Adam* had his *Metaphysics* from Above. Our next Service (and perhaps somewhat difficult) is, to give some probable if not Demonstrative reasons, that they came not alone, but had their *Physics* also to attend them. I know the Scriptures are not positive in this point, and hence the Sects will lug their Consequence of Reprobation. Truly for my part, I desire not their Hum but their patience: I have thought against the Precept for many years attending the

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their *Philosophie*, and if they spend a few hours
in my *Spermalogie* it may cost them some part A&.17.18
of their *Justice*, but none of their *Favours*. But
at we may come to the thing in hand ; I hold
very *Necessarie* to distinguish *Arts*, for I
have not yet seen any Author, who hath fully
considered their difference. The Art I speak of,
truly *Physicall* in Subject, *Method*, and *Eff-*
ect But as for *Arts publickly professed*, and
the *Disadvantage* of *Truth* allowed, not one
of them is so qualified : for they are meer
tricks and *Bables* of the *Hand*, or *Braine*,
having no firm *Fundamentals* in *Nature*.
These in my opinion *Salomon* numbers amongst
his *Vanities*, when hee speakes in a certaine Ecclesi-
place, *That God had made man upright, but hee* ast.7.29.
had sought out many Inventions. Of these *In-*
ventions we have a short *Catalogue* in *Genesis*,
where *Moses* separates the *Corn* from the
chaff, the *Works* of *God*, from the *Whymzies*
of *Man*. Thus wee read that *Jabal* was the
father of such as dwell in *Tents*, his brother
Jabal the father of all such as handle the *Harp*
and *Organ*, and *Tubal-Cain* an *Instructor* of
every *Artificer* in *Brasse* and *Iron*. What mis-
chiefs have succeeded this *Brasse-and-Iron Cy-*
ops, I need not tell you : if you know not the
times of former Times, you may studie the *A-*
ctions of your owne, you live in an Age that
can

can instruct you. Verily, it is worth our observation that these *Arts*, and their *toolles*, proceeded not from the *Posterity* of *Seth*, in whose *Line* our *Saviour* stands, for as wee shall make it appeare hereafter, questionlesse they had *better knowledge*; But they proceeded from the *Seed* of *Cain*, who in *Action* was a *Murthere* and in the *Circumstance* of it a *fratricide*.

De vanit.
Scient.

To be short, there is no Vanity to the Vanitie of Sciences, I mean those Inventions, and their Professors, which produce nothing true and *Natural*, but *Effects* either *false*, or in the *Ends* corrupt and *Violent*. But 'tis no Conquest to tread on Ruines, *Cornelius Agrippa*, hath already layd these *Rodomontados* in the *Dust* and that so handsomely, they were never since of a general Reputation. Give me an Art that is a perfect intire *Map* of the *Creation*, that can lead me directly to the *Knowledge* of true *God*, by which I can discover those *Universal invisible Essences* which are subordinat to him; An Art that is no way subject to *Evanescent* and by which I can attain to all the *Secrets* and *Mysteries* in *Nature*. This is the *Art* which in the *Physics* of *Adam*, and the *Patriarches* consisted, and that this Art was revealed to him I will undertake to demonstrat by *Scripture* and the *Practice* of his *Posteritie*.

This Truth, I am certain, will seem difficult.

Not incredible to most men, the Providence of God being præjudic'd in this point, for they will not allow him to instruct us in *Naturall things*, but onely in *Supernaturals*, such as may concerne our *Souls*, and their *Salvation*. As for our *Bodies* he must not præscribe for their *Vecessities*, by teaching us the *true Physic*, and discovering the *Lawes* of his *Creation*; for though he made *Nature*, yet hee may not tutor us in *Natural Sciences*: by no means, *Aristotle* and his *Syllogism* can doe it much better. Certainly this *Opinion* is nothing different from that of the *Epicure*, *Deum ad Cæli Carmines obambulare, & nullâ tangi Mortalium urâ*, That God takes the Aire, I know not in what walkes, and Quarters of his Heaven, but thinks not of us Mortals, who are here under his feet. Questionlesse, a most eminent Impiee, to make God as *Tertullian* said of old, *Oti- sum, & inexercitum Neminem in rebus Hu-* manis, An idle, unprofitable *Nobody* in this World, having nothing to doe with our *A-* mires, as they are *Natural*, and *Humane*. Sure these Men are afraid lest his *Mercy* should diminish his *Majestie*, they suffer him to trade onely with our *immortal parts*, not with *Corruptible bodies* that have most need of his *Assistance*, they are *base Subjects*, which he hath turned over to *Galen*, and the *Apothecaries*.

Apelog. advers. Gent. Cap. 24.

ries. Not so my friend: he hath created *Ph*
sic, and brings it out of the *Earth*, but the *G*
lenist knowes it not; Hee it is, that pitties our
afflictions, he is the good *Samaritane* that do
not pa's by us in our miseries, but poures *O*
and *Wine* into our wounds; This I know ve
well and I will prove it out of his own Mout
Did not hee instruct *Noah* to build an *Ark*,
pitch it within and without, and this to save li
in a Time when hee himselfe was resolv'd
destroy it? In a time when the world was a
quainted with no *Mechanics*, but a lit
Husbandrie, and a few *Knacks* of *Tuba*
Cain, and his brethren? But even those Inve
tions also proceeded from that light which h
planted in man: an Essence perpetually bus
and whose Ambition it is to performe wo
ders, yet hee seldome produceth any thing
his owne, but what is *fantastic*, and *monstrou*

Exod. 31. Did he not put his spirit in *Bezaleel* the son
Uri, and in *Aholiab* the son of *Akifamach*
Did hee not teach them to devise cunning
Workes, to work in *Gold*, in *Silver*, in *Bras*
in *Cutting* of stones, in *setting* of them, in *C*
ving of *Timber*, and in all manner of Wor
manship? But to come neerer to our purpos
did hee not informe *Moses* in the *composition*
the *Oile*, and the *Perfume*? Did hee not tea
him the *Symptoms* of the *Leprosie*, and 12

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Cure thereof? Did he not prescribe a *Plaster* of *Figs* for *Hezekiah*, and to use your owne *Term*, an *Ophthalmic* for *Tobit*? Did not *Jesus Christ* himself in the *Dayes* of his *Flesh*, work most of his *Miracles* on our *bodies*, though his *great Cure* was that of our *Soules*? Is hee not the *same* then to *day* as *yesterday*? Nay, was hee not the *same* from the *Beginning*? Did he *care* for our *Bodies* then, and loth he *neglect* them *now*? or being seated on the right hand of the *Majestie on high*, is hee become *less good*, because *more glorious*? God forbid! to think so were a sin in *Superlatives*. Let us then take him for our *President*, for he is not (saith *St. Paul*) *such an one which cannot be touched with the feeling of our Infirmities*, but hee is indeed one *that looks* to our *present state* aswell as to our *future*, and is as *sensible* of our *Infirmities*, as hee is *Carefull* of our *immortalitie*. When hee was on *Earth*, with the *Dust* of that *Earth* hee made the *Blind* to see, and of meer *Water* he made *Wine*. These were the *visible Elements* of his *Physic*, or rather (so the *Notion* doth not offend you) of his *Magic*. But shall I shew you his *Librarie*, and in that his *Three-fold Philosophie*? Observe then first, and censure afterwards. *Have salt in your selves*, and again, *you are the salt of the Earth*, and in a third place, *salt is good*.

Hebr. 4.
15.

John 9.

This is his *mineral Doctrine*, will you know his *Vegetable*? It is in two little Books, a *Mustard-seed*, and a *Lillie*. Lastly, he hath his *Animal Magic*, and truly that's a *Scrowle Seal'd* up, I know not who may open it. *Hee needes not that any should beare witnesse of man, for he knew what was in man.* And what of all this *Blasphemie*, sayes some *splenetic Sophister*: Behold I will instruct thee. First of all have *Salt* in thy self, for it will *season* thy soul that is *infested*, and *præserved* thy *Brains* that are *putrified* with the *Dirt* of *Aristotle*. In the second place learn what the *Salt* of the *Earth* is, to which the *Disciples* are compared and that by a regular, solid speculation. Thirdly come up to *Experience*, and by a *Physica* legitimat practice know in what sense *Salt* is most good. Fourthly, examine the *Lilies* by *Fire* and the *Water* of *Fire*, that thou mayst see their *miraculous invisible Treasures*, and where in that speech of *Truth* is verified, *That Salomon in all his Royaltie was not cloathed like one of them.* If thou wilt attempt a higher *Magia* thou mayst being first *seasoned*, but in this place it is not my designe to lead Thee to it. *Animal* and *Vegetable Mysteries* thou canst never perfectly obtain without the Knowledge of the first *mineral secret*, namely the *Salt* of the *Earth*, which is *Salt* and *no Salt*, and the *Preparatio*

The *Antiquitie* of *Magic*. 33

pration thereof. This Discourse I confesse, is somewhat remote from that I first intended, namely that Philosophie was revealed to *Adam*, as well as *Divinitie*, but some *Pates* are *locks* in their own wayes, and as I told you formerly, will not believe that *God* dispenseth with any *Naturall secrets*; This made mee produce these few *Instances* out of *Scripture*, as *Preparatives* to the *Proposition* it self, and hee be any thing *ingenious*, to the *Reader*. His *Compliance* to my *Principles* I expect not, for I am so far from it, hee may *suspend* his *Caritie*. Let him be as rigid as *Justice* can take him, for I wish not to *prevaile* in any thing but the *Truth*, and in the *Name* of *Truth*, thus I begin.

You have been told formerly, that *Cain* and *Abel* were instructed in *Matters* of *Sacrifice* by their father *Adam*, but *Cain* having murdered his brother *Abel*, his *Priesthood* descended to *Seth*, and this is confirm'd by those *Families* which attended his *Posteritie*, for *Enoch*, *Lamech*, and *Noah*, were (all of them) *Prophets*. It troubles you perhaps that I attribute *Priesthood* to *Abel* but I have besides his own sacrifice, *Christ's* Testimonie for it, who accounts the *Bloud* of *Abel* amongst that of the persecuted *Prophets* and *Wisemen*. Now I conclude that these men had *no Knowledge*

Luke cap.
11. ver. 15
& Math.
23. 35.

in *Philosophie*, because the *Scripture* doth not mention any use they made of it, is an Argument that *denies* something, but *proves* nothing. To shew the vanitie of this Inference, I will give you an *Example* out of *Moses* himself. Wee know very well there are no *Prophecies* of *Abraham* extant, neither doe wee read any where. that ever hee did *Prophesie*, but notwithstanding he was a *Prophet*. For God reproving *Abimelech* King of *Gerar*, who had taken *Sarah* from him. supposing she had been his *Sister*, hath these words; *Now therefore restore the Man his Wife, for hee is a Prophet, and he shall pray for thee, and thou shalt live.* Hence wee may learn, that the *holy Ghost* doth not alwayes mention the *secret* perfections of the *Soul*, in the *public* Character of the *Person*. Truly I should not be so impudent, as to expect your assent to this *Doctrine*, if the *Scripture* were *silent* in every *Text*, if I did not find there some infallible steps of *Magic*, such as may lead me without a *Lanthorne* to the *Archive* of the *Art* it self. I know the *Troup*, and *Tumult* of other *Affaires* are both the *Many*, and the *Maine* in the *Historie* of *Moses*. But in the whole *Current*, I meet with some *Acts* which may not be numbred amongst the *fortunes* of the *Patriarchs*, but are *performances* *extraordinarie*, and speak their *Causes* not Com-

Gencl. 20.
7.

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son. I have ever admir'd that Discipline of
 Eliezer the steward of Abraham, who when
 he prayed at the Well in Mesopotamia, could
 make his Camels also kneele. I must not be-
 lieve there was any Hocus in this, or that the
 spirit of Banks, may be the spirit of Prayer.
 Jacob makes a Covenant with Laban, that all
 the spotted and brown Cattell in his Flocks
 should be assigned to him for his wages. The
 bargain is no sooner made, but he finds an Art
 to Multiplie his own Colours, and sends his Fa-
 ther-in-law almost a Woolgathering. And Jacob
 took him Rods of green Poplar, and of the Hasel,
 & Chesnut-tree, & pilled white strakes in them,
 and made the white appear which was in the rods;
 And hee set the rods, which he had pilled, before
 the Flocks in the Gutters, in the watering troughs
 when the flocks came to drink, that they should
 conceive when they came to drink: And the
 Flocks conceived before the Rods, and brought
 forth Cattell ring straked, speckled and spotted. As
 for that which the Scripture tells us elsewhere,
 namely that Jacob saw in a dream, and behold
 the Rams that leaped on the Cattell were ring-
 straked, speckled, and grised, This doth no way
 impair our Assertion, or prove this generation
 miraculous, and supernatural; For no man, I
 believe, is so mad as to think those Appea-
 rances, or Ramms of the dream, did leap, and

Genes. 24.
 11. 12.

Gen. 30.
 37.

Cap. 31.
 v. 10.

supplie the natural males of the Flock: God using this Apparition onely to signifie the Truth of that *Ar: Jacob* acted by, and to tell him that his hopes were effected. But I shall not insist long on any particular, and therefore I will passe from this *Dream* to another. *Joseph* being seventeen years old, an Age of some Discretion, propounds a *Vision* to his Father, not loosely and to no purpose, as wee tell one another of our dreams, but expecting, I believe, an *Interpretation*, as knowing that his Father had the skill to expound it. The wise Patriarch being not ignorant of the Secrets of the two Luminaries, attributes Males to the Sun, and Females to the Moon, then allowes a third Signification to the minor starrs, and lastly answers his sonne with a Question: *What is this Dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I, and thy Mother, and thy Brethren indeed come to bow down our selves to thee, to the Earth?*

Now, I think no man will deny but the Interpretation of Dreams belongs to Magic, and hath been ever sought after as a piece of secret Learning. True it is, when the Interpreter receives his knowledge immediatly from God, as *Daniel* did, then it falls not within the Limits of a Naturall Science; but I speak of a Physicall Exposition as this was, which depends on certain abstruse Similitudes, for hee
that

hat knowes the *Analogie* of *parts* to *parts* in
 his *great body*, which wee call the *World*, may
 know *what* every *Signe* signifies, and by Conse-
 quence may prove a good Interpreter of
 dreames. As for *Jacob's* first practice, which
 wee have formerly mention'd, namely the *Pro-*
agation of his *speckled Flocks*, it is an effect so
 purely *Magicall* that our most obstinat *Ad-*
versaries dare not Question it. I could cite
 one place more, which refers to this *Patriarch*,
 and points at the *Fundamentals* of *Magic*, but
 being annex'd to this discourse, it would disco-
 ver too much, I shall therefore leave it to the
 search of those, who are Considerable Profici-
 ents, if not Masters in the Art. The sum of
 all is this: Man of himself could not attain to
 true Knowledge, it was God in meer mercie
 who did instruct him. To confirm this, I shall desire
 the Reader to Consider his own Experience.
 Wee have in these our dayes many *Magicall*
Books extant, wherein the *Art* is discovered
 both truly, and plainly. Wee have also an infi-
 nite *Number* of *Men*, who studie those books,
 but after the Indeavours of a long life not one
 in Ten Thousand understands them. Now if
 wee with all these *Advantages* cannot attain
 to the *Secrets* of *Nature*, shall we think those
first fathers did, who had none of our *Libra-*
ries to assist them, nor any *learned man* upon

Earth to instruct them? Could they doe that *without means*, which wee cannot doe *with means*, and those too *very considerable*? The *Peripetetics* perhaps will tell me their *Syllogism* is the Engine that can perform all this. Let 'em then in *Barbara* or *Baroco* demonstrate the *first matter of the Philosopher's stone*. But they will tell mee there is no such thing. Behold I tell them again, and assure them too on my Salvation, *there is*, but in Truth their *Logic* will never find it out. It is clear then, that God at first instructed *Adam*, from him his *Children* received it, and by their Tradition it descended to the *Patriarchs*, every *Father* bequeathing these *Secrets* to his *Child*, as his *best* and most *lasting Legacie*. I have now attended *Jacob*, the *Israel of God* both in his *Pilgrimage* at *Padan-aram*, and in his Typicall Inheritance, the Earnest of the Land of *Canaan*. But two *Removalls* perfect not the *wandrings* of a *Patriarch*; God calls him from the *Habitation* of his *Fathers* to the *Prison* of his *Posteritie*, and provides him a *place of Freedom* in the *house of Bondage*. I must follow him where his *Fortune* leads, from *Isaac's Hebron*, to the *Goshen of Phaaraoh*, then back again to the *Cave and Dust of Machpelah*. As for his sons and their *Train*, who attended his *Motion* thither, I find not any *Particular Remembrance*

Gen. 32.
28.

ance of them. onely *Moses* tells me of a ge- Exod. 1.
 rall Exit: *Joseph* died, and all his brethren, ver. 6.
 and all that Generation. I must now then to
 prove the Continuance and Succession of this
 Art addresse my self to the Court, where I
 shall find the Son of *Levi* newly translated
 from his *Ark*, and *Bulrushes*. Yet, there is
 something may be sayd of *Joseph*, and verily it
 proves how Common Magic was in those
 dayes, and the effects of it no newes to the Sons
 of *Jacob*; for having conveyed his Cup into the
 back of *Benjamin* and by that policie detain'd
 his Brethren, hee asks them: *What Deed is this* Cap. 44.
that you have done? Knew yee not that such a ver. 15.
man as I can certainly divine?

In this Speech he makes his Brethren no stran-
 gers to the performances of Art, but rather
 makes their familiarity therewith an Argu-
 ment against them: *Knew you not?* but the fol-
 lowing words are very effectually and tell us
 what qualified persons the ancient *Magi* were.
 They were indeed (as hee speaks of himself)
 such as *Joseph* was Princes, and Rulers of the
 People, not beggarly Gypsies, and Mountebanks,
 as our Doctors are now. It was the Ambition
 of the Great in those Dayes to bee Good, and as
 these Secrets proceeded from God, so were they
 also entertained by the Gods, I mean by Kings:
 for saith the Scripture, *I have said yee are*
 Gods;

*Gods; a name Communicated to them. becau
they had the power to doe wonders, for in th
Magical sense the true God speaks to Moses*

Exod. cap. 7. ver. 1. *See, I have made thee a God to Phaarah, an
thy Brother Aaron shall bee thy Prophe*

Genes. cap. 3. vers. 5. *And verily this true Knowledge, and this Tit.
that belongs to it, did that false Serpent pra
tend to our first Parents; Eritis sicut Dii, Yo
shall be as Gods knowing good and evill. Bu
'tis not this subtile Dragon, but Bonus ille Ser
pents, that good, Crucified Serpent, that ca*

John 1. 3. *give us both this Knowledge, and this Title
for by him all things were made, and withou
him not any thing was made, that is made; I
hee made them then, hee can teach us also how
they were made. I must now refer my self to
Moses, who at his first Acquaintance with God
saw many Transmutations: One in his ow
Flesh, another of the Rod in his hand, with
third promised, and afterwards performed upo
Water. It is written of him, that he was skill'd i
all the learning of the Egyptians: but for m
part I doe much question what kind of learn
ing that was, the Scripture assuring mee, an
that by the Pen of Moses, their Wonders wer
effected by Incantments. This is certain, the
Learning was Ancient, for I find Magicians i
Egypt, four hundred and thirty years and up
wards, before Jamnes and Jambres. This i*

Exod. 7.
11. 22.

Confirme

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confirmed by *Pharaoh's Dreame*, which his
own Sorcerers, and Wizards could not interpret,
but *Joseph* alone expounded it. Verily it cannot
be denied, but some *Branches* of this *Art*,
though extremely corrupted, were dispers'd a-
mong all *Nations* by *Tradition* from the first
man, and this appeares by more Testimonies
than one. For in the Land of *Canaan*, before
Israel possesst it, *Debir*, which *Athniel* the
son of *Kenaz* conquered, was an *Universitie*,
at least had in it a famous *Librarie*, wherefore
the *Jewes* call'd it *Kiriath-Sepharim*. I might
speak in this place of the *Universalitie* of *Reli-*
gion: for never yet was there a people, but had
some confused *Notion* of a *Deitie*, though ac-
companied with *Lamentable Ceremonies*, and
superstitions. Besides, the *Religions* of all *Na-*
tions have alwaies *pratended* to *Powers Extra-*
ordinarie, even to the performance of *Mira-*
cles, and the *healing* of all *Diseases*, and this
by some *secret meanes*, not known to the
common Man: and verily if wee examine all
Religions, whether *false*, or *true*, wee shall not
find one, but it *pratends* to *something*, that is
Mysticall. Certainly if men be not resolved
against *Reason*, they must grant, these *Obliqui-*
ties in matters of *Faith* proceeded from the
Corruption of some *Principles received*, (as we
see that *Heretics* are but so many *false Inter-*
preters)

Gen.
Cap. 9.
ver. 41.

preters) but notwithstanding in those very *Errors* there remained some *Marks* and *Imitations* of the *first Truth*. Hence comes it to pass that all parties agree in the *Action*, but not in the *Object*. For Example: *Israel* did *Sacrifice*, and the *Heathen* did *Sacrifice*, but the *One* to *God*, the *other* to his *Idol*; Neither were the *only Conformable* in some *Rites*, and *Solemnities* of *Divinitie*, but the *Heathens* also had some *Hints* left of the *Secret Learning*, and *Philosophie* of the *Patriarchs*, as wee may see in their *false Magic*, which consisted for the most part in *Astrologicall Observations*, *Images*, *Charmes*, and *Characters*. But it is my *Designe* to keep in the *Rode*, not to follow these *Deviations*, and *misfortunes* of the *Art* which notwithstanding want not the *weight* of *Argument*, the *Existence* of Things being proved as well by their *Miscariage*, as by their *Succeſſe*. To proceed then, I say, that during the *Pilgrimage* of the *Patriarchs*, this *Knowledge* was delivered by tradition from the *Father* to his *Child*, and indeed it could be no otherwise, for what was *Israel* in those *Dayes* but a *privat Familie*? Notwithstanding when *God* appointed them their *Possession*, and that this *private house* was multiplied to a *Nation*, then these *secrets* remained with the *Elders* of the *Tribes*, as they did formerly with the *Father* of

the *Familie*. These *Elders*, no doubt, were e *Moyfaicall Septuagint*, who made up the *Sanhedrim*, God having Selected some from the rest, to be the *stewards*, and *Dispensers* of s *Mysteries*. Now that *Moses* was acquaint- d with all the *abstruse Operations*, and *Prin- ciples* of *Nature*, is a Truth I suppose which no an will resist. That the *Sanhedrim* also par- ticipated of the same Instruction and Know- dge with him is plain out of *Scripture*, where ee read, That God took of the spirit that Numb. as in *Moses*, and gave it to the Seventy. cap. 11. ver. 25.

But lest any Man should deny that, which ee take for granted, namely the *Philosophie* of *Moses*, I shall demonstrate out of his own ooks, both by *reason*, as also by his *practice*, at hee was a *Natural Magician*.

First of all then it is most absurd, and there- re improbable that hee should write of the *creation*, who was no way skill'd in the *Secrets* of *God* and *Nature*, both which must of neces- sie be known before wee should undertake to rite of the *Creation*. But *Moses* did write of , *Ergo*. Now I desire to know what hee hath ritten, *Truth* or a *Lie* ; if *Truth*, how dare ou denie his *Knowledge* ? if a *Lie* (which *God* forbid) why will you *believe him* ? You will ll mee perhaps he hath done it onely in *gene- al Termes* : and I could tell you that *Aristotle* hath

hath done no otherwise : but think you in good earnest that hee *knew* no more, than what hee did *write* ? There is nothing you can say in this point, but wee can disprove it, for in *Genesis* he hath discovered many particulars, and especially those *Secrets* which have most *Relation* to this *Art*. For Instance ; hee hath Discovered the *Minera of Man*, or that *Substance* out of which *Man*, and all his fellow-Creatures were made. This is the first matter of the *Philosophers stone* : *Moses* calls it sometimes *Water*, sometimes *Earth* ; for in a certain place I read

Gen. cap. 1. ver. 20. thus ; And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving Creature that hath life, and Fowle that may fly above the Earth in the open Firmament. But elsewhere

Cap. 2. ver. 19. wee read otherwise : And out of the Ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowle of the Aire. In this latter Text hee tels us that God made every fowle of the *Ayre* out of the *Ground*, but in the former it is written, hee made them out of the *Water*. Certainly *Aristotle* and his *Organ* can never reconcile these two places, but a little skill in *Magic* will mak them *kisse*, and be friends without a *Philtre*. This substance then is both *Earth* and *Water*, yet neither of them in their *Common Complexions*, but it is a *thick water*, and a *subtil Earth*. In plain termes it is a

slimie

snie, spermatic, viscos Masse, impragnated
 with all powers *Cælestiall*, and *terrestriall*. The
 Philosophers call it *Water* and *no Water*, *Earth*
 and *no Earth*: and why may not *Moses* speak
 as they doe? or why may not they write, as
Moses did? This is the true *Damascen Earth*,
 out of which *God* made man: you then that
 would be *Chimists*, seem not to be wiser than
God, but use that subject in your *Art*, which
God himself makes use of in *Nature*. He is the
 first workman, and knowes what matter is most
 fit for his work, hee that will imitate him in the
 effect, must first imitate him in the Subject.
 Talk not then of *Flint-stones* and *Antimorie*,
 they are the Poets *Pin-dust*, and *Eggshells*; Seek
 for this *Earth*, this *Water*. But this is not all that
Moses hath written to this purpose, I could
 name many more *Magicall* and *mysticall places*,
 but in so doing I should be too open, where-
 fore I must forbear. I shall now speak of his
practice, and truly this is it which no *Distin-*
ction, nor any other *Logicall Quibble* can
 save, nothing but *Experience* can refell this
Argument, and thus it runs. And *Moses* took
 the *Calf* which they had made, and burnt it
 in the fire, and grinded it to powder, and strew-
 ed it upon the water, and made the Children of
Israel drink of it. Certainly here was a strange
 kind of *Spice*, and an *Art* as strange as the
 Spice

Spice it self. This *Calf* was pure gold, the *Israelites* having contributed their *Eare-rings* to the *Fabric*. Now would I gladly know, what *meanes* so solid and heavie a Body *Gold*, may bee brought to such a *light powder*, that it may bee *sprinkl'd* on the face of the *water*, and afterwards *drunk* up. I am sure hee was *Aurum potabile*, and *Moses* could never have brought the *Calf* to this passe had hee not plowed with our *Heyfer*. But of this enough if any man think hee did it by *common fire*, let him also doe the like, and when he hath performed, hee may sell his powder to the *Apothecaries*. If I should insist in this place on the *Mosaicall Ceremoniall Law* with its severall *Reverend shadows* and their *Significations*, I might lose my self in a *Wilderness* of *Mysteries* both *Divine* and *Naturall*; For verily the whole *System* is but one vast *Screen*, or a certain *Majestic Umbrage* drawne over the *Worlds*, *Visible*, and *Invisible*. But these are things of a higher speculation than the *Scope* of our present Discourse will admit of. I will therefore informe the Reader that the *Law* hath both a *shell*, and a *Kernell*, it is the *Letter* speaks, but the *spirit* interprets. To this agrees *Gregory Nazianzen*, who makes a twofold *Law*, *ῥημιαν*, and *ἡπιοματιαν*: one *literal*, and the other *spirituall*. And elsewhere hee men-

οὐκ ὁρατόν, καὶ τὸ κρυπτόν, the *hidden*,
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 part (saith he) being appointed. τοῖς πολλοῖς καὶ κάτω
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 those Rabbins whom I have seen, even to Ram-
 btm himself, I mean Rabbi Moses Aegyptius,
 whom the Jewes have so magnified with their
 inous Hyperbole : *A Mose ad Mosen non
 prexit sicut Moses.*

But to deale ingenuously with my Readers, I
 to the Cabala I admit of, consists of two parts,
ἡ ἱστορία, and *τὸ ἔκτος*, the Name, and Thing.
 The former part is meerly Typicall in reference
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 the substance. I will give you some instances.
 The Literal Cabala, which is but a Veile cast
 over the Secrets of the Physicall, hath Three
 Principles, commonly styl'd *Tres Matres*,
 or the Three Mothers : In the Masculine Com-
 parison the Jewes call them *WDN Emes*, in
 the Foeminine *WDN Asam*, and they are
 Aleph, D mem, W schin. Now I will shew
 you how the Physicall Cabala expounds the

Literall. Tres Matres ודן Emes (saith the great Abraham, or as some think Rabbi Akiba) id est, Aer, Aqua, & Ignis; Aqua Quiescens, Ignis sibilans, Aer spiritus medius. That is, the Three Mothers Emes, or Aleph Mem and Shin, are Aire, Water, and Fire a still Water, (mark that) a hissing Fire, and Aire the middle Spirit. Again sayth the same Rabbi, Tres Matres ודן Emes in Munda Aer, Aqua, & Ignis. Caeli ex Igne Creati sunt, Terra ex Aqua, Aer egressus est ex spiritu, qui stat medius. The Three Mother Em in this world are, Ayre, Water and Fire. The Heavens were made of the Fire, The Earth was made of the Water, (mark well this Cabalist) and the Ayre proceeded from a middle spirit. Now when the Cabalist speaks of the Generation of the Three Mothers, he brings in Three secret Principles, which I think ten men have not understood since the Sanhedrim, such No sense doe I find in most Authors, when they undertake to discourse of them. The first Principle is a Spirit, which sits in Retrocessu suo fortano, in his primitive, Incomprehensible Fortreats, like Water in its Subterraneous Channels, before it springs. The Second Principle is the Voice of that first Spirit, this breaks forth like a Well-spring, where the Water flowes out of the Earth, and is discovered to the eye, They call

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Spiritus ex Spiritu. The third Principle is *Spiritus ex Spiritibus*, a Spirit which proceeds both from the first Spirit, and from his Voice. The Fourth Principle is *Aqua de Spiritu*, a certain Water which proceeded from the third Spirit, and out of that Water went Aire and Fire. But God forbid that I should speak any more of them publicly, it is enough that wee know the Original of the Creature, and to whom wee ought to ascribe it. The Cabalist when hee would tell us what God did with the three Mothers, useth no other phrase than this, *Ponderavit Aleph cum omnibus, & omnia cum Aleph, & sic de Singulis*, He weighed (saith he) Aleph with All, and All with Aleph, and so he did with the other Mothers. This is very plain, if you consider the various mixtures of the Elements, and their Secret Proportions. And so much for the Physicall part of the Cabala, I will now shew you the Metaphysicall. It is strange to Consider what Union of Spirit, and Doctrine, there is amongst all the Children of Wisdom. This proves infallibly that there is an Universall Schoole-master, who is Present with all Flesh, and whose Principles are ever Uniforme, namely the Spirit of God. The Cabalists agree with all the world of Magicians, That Man in spirituall Mysteries is both Agent and Patient. This is plain :

For *Jacobs Ladder* is the greatest *Mysterie* in the *Cabala*. Here wee find two *Extreams*: *Jacob* is one, at the *Foot* of the *Ladder*, and *God* is the other, who stands above it, immitten (saith the Jew) *Formas, & Influxus* in *Jacob* five *Subiectum Hominem*, shedding some secrete *Influx* of Spirit upon *Jacob*, who in this place *Typifies Man* in general. The *Rounds, & steps* in the *Ladder* signifie the *middle Natures*, by which *Jacob* is united to *God*, *Inferior* united to *Superiors*. As for the *Angels*, of whom it is sayd, that they *ascended, & Descended* by the *Ladder*, their *Motion* proves they were not of the *superior Hierarchie*, but some other secrete *Essences*, for they *Ascended* first, and *Descended* afterwards; but if they had been from above they had *Descended* first, which is *Contrary* to the *Text*. And here Reader, I would have thee studie. Now to return to *Jacob*, it is written of him, that he was *asleep*, but this is a *Mysticall Speech*, for it signifies *Death*, namely that *Death* which the *Cabalist* calls *Mors Oculi*, or the *Death* of the *Kiss*, of which I must not speake one Syllable. To be short, they agree with us in *Arcano Theologie* That no word is efficacious in *Magic*, unless it be first quickened by the *Word of God*. This appears out of their *Semhamaphores*; for they hold not the names of *Angels* effectually, unless

esse some *name* of *God*, as *יה* or *ל* be united
to them, then (say they) in the power and ver-
ty of those *names* they may worke. An Exam-
ple hereof wee have in all *Extracted names*,
as *Vehu-Iah*, *Elem-Iah*, *Jeli-El*, *Sita-El*. Now
this *Practice* in the *Letter* was a most subtil
Adumbration of the *Conjunction* of the *Sub-*
stantiall Word or *Spirit* with the *Water*; See
that you understand me rightly, for I meane
with the *Elements*, and so much for the *Truth*.
To Conclude, I would have the Reader ob-
serve, that the false *Grammaticall Cabala* con-
sists onely in *Rotations* of the *Alphabet*, and a
Metathesis of *Letters* in the *Text*, by which
means the *Scripture* hath suffered many *Racks*,
and *Excoriations*. As for the *true Cabala*, it
seth the *Letter* onely for *Artifice*, whereby to
obscure, and hide her *Physicall Secrets*, as the
Egyptians heretofore did use their *Hierogly-*
phics. In this Sense the *Primitive Professors*
of this *Art*, had a *literal Cabala*, as it ap-
peares by that wonderfull, and most ancient
Inscription in the *Rock* in *Mount Horeb*. It
containes a *Prophecie* of the *Virgin Mother*,
and her Son *Christ Jesus*, ingraven in *Hiero-*
lyphics fram'd by *Combination* of the *Hebrew*
letters, but by whom *God* onely knows, it may
be by *Moses*, or *Elijah*. This is most certain,
it is to be seen there this day, and wee have for

in the Testimonies of *Thomas Obecinus*, a most learned *Franciscan*, and *Petrus a Valle*, a Gentleman, who travailed both of them into those parts. Now that the learning of the *Jewes*, I mean their *Cabala*, was *Chimicall*, and ended in true *Physicall* performances, cannot be better proved than by the *Booke* of *Abraham* the *Jew*, wherein hee layd down the *Secrets* of this *Art* in Indifferent plaine *Termes* and *Figures*, and that for the Benefit of his unhappy *Country-men*, when by the wrath of *God* they were scattered over all the *World*. This *Book* was accidentally found by *Nicholas Flammel* a *French-man*, and with the help of it hee attained at last to that *miraculous Medicine*, which Men call the *Philosophers stone*. But let us hear the *Monsieur* himself describe it.

There fell into my hands (saith he) for the Summ of two *Florens*, a gilded *Book*, very old, and large; It was not of *Paper*, nor *Parchment*, as other books bee, but it was made of delicate rindes (as it seemed to mee) of *Tender young Trees*: The *Cover* of it was of *Brasse*, well bound, all ingraven with *Letters*, or *strange figures*, and for my part, I think they might well bee *Greek Characters*, or some such ancient language. Sure I am, I could not read them, and I know well they were not *Notes*, nor
Letters

Letters of the Latine, nor of the Gaule for
 them I understood a little. As for that
 which was within it, the Bark leaves were in-
 gaven, and with admirable diligence written,
 with a point of Iron in faire and neat Latin
 letters coloured. It contained thrice Seven
 leaves, for so were the leaves counted at the
 end, and alwayes every Seventh leafe was with-
 out any writing, but instead thereof upon the
 first seventh leaf, there was painted a Virgin,
 and Serpents swallowing her up; In the Se-
 cond Seventh a Crosse, where a Serpent was
 crucified; and in the last Seventh there were
 painted Deserts, or Wildernes, in the middest
 thereof ran many faire Fountains, from
 whence there issued forth a Number of Ser-
 pents which ran up and down, here and there.
 Upon the first of the Leaves was written in
 great Capitall letters of gold ABRAHAM
 THE JEW, PRINCE PRIEST LEVIT,
 ASTROLOGER, AND PHILOSOPHER, TO THE NATION OF THE
 JEWS, BY THE WRATH OF GOD
 DISPERSED AMONG THE
 GAULES, SENDETH HEALTH.

After this it was filled with great Exe-
 crations, and Curses (with this word Ma-
 anatha, which was often repeated there) a-
 gainst

gainst every person that should cast his eye upon it, if hee were not Sacrificer, or Scribe. Hee that sold me this Booke, knew not what it was worth, no more than I, when I bought it. I believe it had been stolne, or taken by violence from the miserable Jewes, or found hid in some part of the Ancient place of their Habitation. Within the Booke, in the Second leafe, hee comforted his Nation, counselling them to fly Vices, and above all Idolatrie, attending with sweet patience the Comming of the Messiah, who should vanquish all the Kings of the Earth, and should reigne with his people in glorie aternally. Without doubt this had been some wise, and understanding Man. In the third leafe, and in all the ether writings that followed, to help his Captive Nation to pay their Tributes to the Roman Emperours, and to doe other things, which I will not speak of, hee taught them in Common words the Transmutation of Mettals; hee painted the Vessels by the sides, and hee informed them of the Colours, and of all the rest, except the first Agent, of the which he spake not a word but onely (as he said) in the fourth and fifth leaves he had intirely painted it, and figured it with very great Cunning and Workmanship: for though it was well, and Intelligibly

be figured and painted, yet no man could ever
 have been able to understand it, without being
 well skill'd in their Cabala, which goeth by
 Tradition and without having well studied
 their Bookes. The Fourth and fiftbleafe there-
 fore was without any writing, all full of faire
 figures inlightned, or as it were inlightned,
 for the work was very Exquifit. First hee
 painted a young man, with wings at his An-
 ges, having in his hand a Caducean Rod, wri-
 ten about with two Serpents, wherewith hee
 ooke upon a Helmet which covered his head;
 he seemed to my small judgement to be Mer-
 curie the Pagan God. Against him there
 me running, and flying with open wings, a
 great old man, who upon his head had an
 fourre-glasse fastned. and in his hands a
 booke, or Sithe, like Death, with the which
 terrible and furious Maner, he would have
 it off the feet of Mercurie. On the other
 side of the fourth Lease, hee painted a faire
 tower on the top of a very high Mountaine,
 which was sore shaken with the North wind;
 and had the Root blew the Flowers white and
 red, the leaves shining like fine Gold; And
 round about it the Dragons and Griffons of the
 North made their nests. On the Fifth lease
 there was a faire Rose tree flowred in the mid-
 dest.

dest of a Sweet Garden, climbing up against a hollow Oake. at the foot whereof boyled a fountain of most white water, which ran headlong down into the Depths, notwithstanding it passed first among the hands of infinite people, who digged in the Earth, seeking for it; but because they were blind, none of them knew it, except here and there One, which considered the weight. On the last side of the fift leafe, was painted a King, with a great Faucheon, who caused to bee kill'd in his presence by some Souldiours a great Multitude of little Infants, whose Mothers wept at the Feet of the mercilesse Souldiours. The Bloud of these Infants was afterwards gathered up by other Souldiours, and put in a great vessell, whereto the Sun and the Moone came to bathe themselves. And thus you see that which was in the first five leaves; I will not represent unto you that which was writien in good and Intelligible Latin in all the other written leaves, for God would punish mee, because I should commit a greater wickednesse, than he, who (as it is sayd) wished that all the men of thn world had but one head, that hee might cut it off at one Blow. Thus farre Nicholas Flammel.

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I could now passe from *Moses* to *Christ*,
 from the *Old Testament* to the *New*: not that I
 would interpret there, but request the Sense of
 the *Illuminated*. I desire to know what my Sa-
 vour means by the *Key of Knowledge*, which Luc. cap.
11. ver. 52
 the *Lawyers* (as he tells mee and them too) had
 taken away. Questionlesse it cannot signifie
 the *Law* it self, for that was not taken away
 being read in the *Synagogue* every *Sabaoth*. But
 let go this: I am certain, and I could prove
 all along from his *Birth* to his *Passion*, that
 the *Doctrin* of *Christ Jesus* is not onely agree-
 able to the *Laws* of *Nature*, but is *verified* and
established thereby. When I speak of the *Laws* of
Nature, I mind not her *Excessive* irregular
Appetites and *Inclinations*, to which shee hath
 been subject since her *Corruption*, for even *Galen*
 looked on those *obliquities* as *Diseases*, but stu-
 died *Nature* her self, as their *Cure*. We know
 by experience that too much of any thing wea-
 ens, and destroyes our *Nature*, but if wee live
temperately, and according to *Law*, wee are
 well, because our *Course* of *life* accords with
Nature. Hence *Diet* is a prime *Rule* in *Physic*,
 far better indeed than the *Pharmacopœa*, for
 those *sluttish Receipts* doe but oppresse the *sto-*
mach, being no fit *fuell* for a *Cœlestiall* fire.
 believe it then, these *excessive* *bestiall* *Appetites*
 proceeded from our *Fall*, for *Nature* of her
 self

self is no lavish insatiable *Glut*, but a most *nice delicat essence*. This appears by those *fits and pangs* she is *subject* to whensoever she is *overcharg'd*. In common, customarie *Excesses* there is not any, but knows this *Truth* by *Experience*, indeed in *spiritual sins*, the *Body* is not *immediatly* troubled, but the *Conscience* is *terrified*, and surely the *body* cannot be *very well*, when the *soule* it self is *sick*. We see then that *Corruption*, and *sin* do not so much agree with us, as they doe *disturb* us, for in what sense can our *Enemies* be our *friends*, or those things that *destroy Nature*, be *agreeable* to *Nature*? How then shall we judge of the *Gospel*? Shall we say that the *preservation* of *Man* is *contrarie* to *Man*, and that the *Doctrine* of *Life* agrees not with *Life* it self? God forbid: The *Laws* of the *Resurrection* are founded upon *those* of the *Creation*, and those of *Regeneration* upon those of *Generation*, for in *all these* God works upon *one*, and the *same Matter*, by *one* and the *same spirit*. Now that it is so, I meane that there is a *Harmonie* between *Nature* and the *Gospel*, I will prove out of the *Sinic Monument* of *Kim Cimpriest* of *Judaea*. In the yeare of *Redemption* 1625. there was digg'd up in a *Village* of *China* call'd *Sanxuen*, a square stone, being neer Ten measures of an hand-breadth long.

and

we broad, In the uppermost part of this stone
was figur'd a *Crosse*, and underneath it an
inscription in *Sinic Characters*, being the *Ti-*
tle to the *Monument*, which I find thus ren-
der'd in the *Latine*.

*Lapis in Laudem & memoriam aeternam
Legis Lucis, & veritatis portatae
de Judaea, & in China
promulgatae,
Erectus.*

That is : A stone erected to the praise, and
eternal Remembrance of the Law of Light, and
truth, brought out of *Judaea*, and published in
China. After this followed the body of the
Monument, being a *Relation*, how the Gospel
of *Christ Jesus* was brought by one *Olo puen*
out of *Judaea*, and afterwards by the assistance
of God planted in *China*. This happened in
the yeare of our Lord six hundred, and thirtie
four. *Kim Cim*, the Author of this *Historie*,
in the very beginning of it, speaks mysteriously
of the *Creation* ; Then he mentions three hun-
dred sixty five sorts of *Sectaries*, who succeeded
one another, all of them striving who should
get most *Profelyts*. Some of their vaine *Opi-*
ions he recites, which indeed are very suitable
with the *Rudiments*, and *Vagaries* of the *Hea-*
then

then *Philosophers*. Lastly he describes the professors of *Christianitie*, with their *Habit* of *Life*, and the *Excellencie* of their *Law*. *Difficile* (saith he) *est ei Nomen Congruum reperire, cum ejus effectus sit Illuminare & omnia Claritate persuadere; unde Necessarium fuit eam appellare; Kim ki ao, h. e. Legem claram & magnam*. That is: It is a hard matter to find a fit name for their Law seeing the effect of it is to illuminate, and fill all with Knowledge; It was necessarie therefore to call it *Kim ki ao*, that is, the great Law of Light. To be short, *Olopuen* was admitted to the Court by *Tai cum ven buamti* King of *China*, here his *Doctrine* was thoroughly searched, examin'd, and sifted by the King himself who having found it most true and solid caus'd it to be proclam'd thorough his Dominions. Now upon what this *Doctrine* was founded, and what *estimat* the King had bot of it, and it's professor, we may easily gather from the words of his *Proclamation*. First then where he mentions *Olopuen*, he calls him *Magna virtutis Hominem*, a man of great virtue or power; it seems he did something more than prate and preach, could confirm his *Doctrine*, as the *Apostles* did theirs, not with words only, but with works. Secondly the *Proclamation* speaking of his *Doctrine*

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IS, τὸ κρυπτόμενον τῷ νόμῳ, καὶ τὸ χρηπτόμενον, the *hidden*,
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 part (saith he) being appointed. τοῖς πολλοῖς καὶ κατω-
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But to deale ingenuously with my Readers, I
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plexion the *Jewes* call them *WUN Emes*, in
 the *Fæminine* *WUN Asam*, and they are
W aleph, *N* mem, *U* schin. Now I will shew
 you how the *Physical Cabala* expounds the

Literall. Tres Matres ודן Emes (saith the great *Abraham*, or as some think *Rabbi Aki-ba*) id est, *Aer, Aqua, & Ignis; Aqua Qui-eta, Ignis sibilans, Aer spiritus medius.* That is, the Three Mothers *Emes*, or *Aleph, Mem* and *Schin*, are *Aire, Water, and Fire*; a still Water, (mark that) a hissing Fire, and Aire the middle Spirit. Again sayth the same *Rabbi, Tres Matres ודן Emes in Mundo, Aer, Aqua, & Ignis. Cœli ex Igne Creati sunt, Terra ex Aquâ, Aer egressus est ex spiritu, qui stat medius.* The Three Mother *Emes* in this world are, *Ayre, Water and Fire.* The Heavens were made of the Fire, The Earth was made of the Water, (mark well this Cabalism) and the Ayre proceeded from a middle spirit. Now when the *Cabalist* speaks of the *Generation* of the Three Mothers, he brings in *Ten secret Principles*, which I think ten men have not understood since the *Sanhedrim*, such Nonsense doe I find in most Authors, when they undertake to discourse of them. The first Principle is a Spirit, which sits in *Retrocessu suo fontano*, in his primitive, Incomprehensible Retreats, like *Water* in its *Subterraneous Channel* before it springs. The Second Principle is the Voice of that first Spirit, this breaks forth like a *Well-spring*, where the *Water* flowes out of the Earth, and is discovered to the eye, They call

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it *Spiritus ex Spiritu*. The *third Principle* is *Spiritus ex Spiritibus*, a Spirit which proceeds both from the *first Spirit*, and from his *Voice*. The *Fourth Principle* is *Aqua de Spiritu*, a Certain Water which proceeded from the *Third Spirit*, and out of that Water went *Aire* and *Fire*. But God forbid that I should speak any more of them publicly, it is enough that wee Know the *Original* of the *Creature*, and to whom wee ought to ascribe it. The *Cabalist* when hee would tell us what God did with the *Three Mothers*, useth no other phrase than this, *Ponderavit Aleph cum omnibus*, & *omnia cum Aleph*, & *sic de Singulis*, He weighed (saith he) *Aleph* with *All*, and *All* with *Aleph*, and so he did with the other *Mothers*. This is very plain, if you consider the various mixtures of the *Elements*, and their *Secret Proportions*. And so much for the *Physicall part* of the *Cabala*, I will now shew you the *Metaphysicall*. It is strange to Consider what *Union* of Spirit, and *Doctrine*, there is amongst all the *Children of Wisdom*. This proves infallibly that there is an *Universall Schoole-master*, who is *Present* with all *Flesh*, and whose *Principles* are ever *Uniforme*, namely the Spirit of God. The *Cabalists* agree with all the world of *Magicians*, That *Man* in spirituall Mysteries is both *Agent* and *Patient*. This is plain :

For *Jacobs Ladder* is the greatest *Mysterie* in the *Cabala*. Here wee find two *Extreams*: *Jacob* is one, at the *Foot* of the *Ladder*, and *God* is the other, who stands above it, *immittens* (saith the *Jew*) *Formas, & Influxus* in *Jacob*, *sive Subiectum Hominem*, shedding some secret *Influx* of Spirit upon *Jacob*, who in this place *Typifies Man* in general. The *Rounds*, or *Steps* in the *Ladder* signifie the *middle Natures*, by which *Jacob* is united to *God*, *Inferiors* united to *Superiors*. As for the *Angels* of whom it is sayd, that they *ascended*. & *Descended* by the *Ladder*, their *Motion* proves they were not of the *superior Hierarchie*, but some other *secret Essences*, for they *Ascended first*, and *Descended afterwards*; but if they had been from above, they had *Descended first*, which is *Contrarie* to the *Text*. And here Reader, I would have thee studie. Now to return to *Jacob*, it is written of him, that he was *asleep*, but this is a *Mysticall Speech*, for it signifies *Death*, namely that *Death* which the *Cabalist* calls *Mors Osculi*, or the *Death* of the *Kiss*, of which I must not speake one Syllable. To be short, they agree with us in *Arcano Theologia*. That no word is efficacious in *Magic*, unless it be first quickened by the *Word* of *God*. This appears out of their *Semhamaphores*; for they hold not the names of *Angls* effectually, unless

Use some *name* of *God*, as יה or לא be united
 them then (say they) in the *power* and *ver-*
ty of those *names* they may *worke*. An Exam-
 ple hereof wee have in all *Extracted names*,
 Vehu-Iah, Elem-Iah, Jeli-El, Sita-El. Now
 this *Practice* in the *Letter* was a most subtil
 Adumbration of the *Coniunction* of the Sub-
 stantiall Word or Spirit with the Water: See
 that you understand me rightly. for I meane
 with the *Elements*. and so much for the *Truth*.
 To Conclude, I would have the Reader ob-
 serve, that the false Grammaticall *Cabala* con-
 sists onely in *Rotations* of the *Alphabet*, and a
 Metathesis of *Letters* in the *Text*, by which
 means the *Scripture* hath suffered many *Racks*,
 and *Excoriations*. As for the true *Cabala*, it
 useth the *Letter* onely for *Artifice*, whereby to
 obscure, and hide her *Physicall Secrets*, as the
Egyptians heretofore did use their *Hierogly-*
phics. In this Sense the *Primitive Professors*
 of this *Art*, had a *literal Cabala*, as it ap-
 pears by that wonderfull, and most ancient
 inscription in the *Rock* in *Mount Horeb*. It
 contains a *Prophecie* of the *Virgin Mother*,
 and her Son *Christ Jesus*, ingraven in *Hiero-*
lyphics fram'd by *Combination* of the *Hebrew*
letters, but by whom *God* onely knows, it may
 be by *Moses*, or *Elijah*. This is most certain,
 it is to be seen there this day. and wee have for

in the Testimonies of *Thomas Obecinus*, a most learned *Franciscan*, and *Petrus a Valle*, a Gentleman, who travailed both of them into those parts. Now that the learning of the *Jewes*, mean their *Cabala*, was *Chimicall*, and ended in true *Physicall* performances, cannot be better proved than by the *Booke* of *Abraham the Jew*, wherein hee layd down the *Secrets* of the *Art* in Indifferent plaine *Termes* and *Figure* and that for the Benefit of his unhappy *Country-men*, when by the wrath of *God* they were scattered over all the *World*. This *Book* was accidentally found by *Nicholas Flammel* *French-man*, and with the help of it hee attained at last to that *miraculous Medicine* which Men call the *Philosophers stone*. But let us hear the *Monsieur* himself describe it.

There fell into my hands (saith he) for the Summ of two *Florens*, a gilded *Book*, very old, and large; It was not of *Paper*, nor *Parcment*, as other books bee, but it was made of delicate rindes (as it seemed to mee) of *Tender young Trees*: The *Cover* of it was of *Brass* well bound, all ingraven with *Letters*, or *strange figures*, and for my part, I think they might well bee *Greek Characters*, or some such ancient language. Sure I am, I could not read them, and I know well they were not *Notes*, nor *Lette*

Letters of the Latine, nor of the Gaule for
 f them I understood a little. As for that
 which was within it, the Bark leaves were in-
 craven, and with admirable diligence written,
 with a point of Iron in faire and neat Latin
 letters coloured. It contained thrice Seven
 leaves, for so were the leaves counted at the
 top, and alwayes every Seventh leaf was with-
 out any writing, but instead thereof upon the
 first seventh leaf, there was painted a Virgin,
 and Serpents swallowing her up; In the Se-
 cond Seventh a Crosse where a Serpent was
 Crucified; and in the last Seventh there were
 painted Deserts or Wildernesses, in the midst
 whereof ran many faire Fountains, from
 whence there issued forth a Number of Ser-
 pents which ran up and down here and there.
 Upon the first of the Leaves was written in
 great Capitall letters of gold ABRAHAM
 THE JEW, PRINCE PRIEST, LEVIT,
 ASTROLOGER, AND PHILOSOPHER, TO THE NATION OF THE
 JEWES, BY THE WRATH OF GOD
 DISPERSED AMONG THE
 GAULES, SENDETH HEALTH.

After this it was filled with great Exe-
 crations, and Curses (with this word Ma-
 ranatha, which was often repeated there) a-
 gainst

gainst every person that should cast his eye upon it if hee were not Sacrificer, or Scribe. Hee that sold me this Booke, knew not what it was worth, no more than I when I bought it. I believe it had been stolne or taken by violence from the miserable Jewes or found hid in some part of the Ancient place of their Habitation. Within the Booke, in the Second leafe, hee comforted his Nation, counselling them to fly Vices, and above all Idolatrie, attending with sweet patience the Comming of the Messiah, who should vanquish all the Kings of the Earth, and should reigne with his people in glorie eternally. Without doubt this had been some wise, and understanding Man. In the third leafe, and in all the other writings that followed to help his Captive Nation to pay their Tributes to the Roman Emperours, and to doe other things, which I will not speak of hee taught them in Common words the Transmutation of Metals: hee painted the Vessels by the sides, and hee informed them of the Colours, and of all the rest, except the first Agent of the which he spake not a word but onely (as he said) in the fourth and fifth leaves he had intirely painted it, and figured it with very great Cunning and Workmanship: for though it was well, and Intelligi-

be figured and painted, yet no man could ever
 be able to understand it, without being
 well skill'd in their Cabala, which goeth by
 Tradition, and without having well studied
 their Bookes. The Fourth and fiftbleafe there-
 fore was without any writing, all full of faire
 figures inlightened or as it were inlightened,
 for the work was very Exquisite. First hee
 painted a young man, with wings at his An-
 cle's, having in his hand a Caducean Rod writ-
 ten about with two Serpents, wherewith hee
 ooke upon a Helmet which covered his head;
 he seemed to my small judgement to be Mer-
 curie the Pagan God. Against him there
 me running, and flying with open wings, a
 great old man, who upon his head had an
 oure-glasse fastned, and in his hands a
 Locke, or Sicke like Death, with the which
 terrible and furious Marer, he would have
 it off the feet of Mercurie. On the other
 side of the fourth Lease, hee painted a faire
 flower on the top of a very high Mountaine,
 which was sore shaken with the North wind;
 he had the Root blew the Flowers white and
 red, the leaves shining like fine Gold; And
 round about it the Dragons and Griffons of the
 North made their nests. On the Fifth lease
 there was a faire Rose tree flowered in the mid-
 dest

dest of a Sweet Garden, climbing up against hollow Oake at the foot whereof boyled a fountain of most white water, which ran headlong down into the Depths, notwithstanding it passed first among the hands of infinite people who digged in the Earth, seeking for it; but because they were blind, none of them knew it except here and there One, which considered the weight. On the last side of the fift leaf was painted a King, with a great Fauchcon who caused to bee kill'd in his presence by some Souldiours a great Multitude of little Infants whose Mothers wept at the Feet of the merciesse Souldiours. The Bloud of these Infants was afterwards gathered up by other Souldiours, and put in a great vessell, whereto the Sun and the Moone came to bathe themselves. And thus you see that which was in the first five leaves; I will not represent unto you that which was writen in good and Intelligible Latin in all the other written leaves, for God would punish mee, because I should commit a greater wickednesse, than he, who (as it is sayd) wished that all the men of thn world had but one head, that hee might cut it off at one Blow. Thus farre Nicholas Flammel.

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I could now passe from *Moses* to *Christ*,
from the *Old Testament* to the *New*: not that I
would interpret there, but request the Sense of
it Illuminated. I desire to know what my Sa-
our means by the *Key of Knowledge*, which Luc. cap.
the *Lawyers* (as he tells mee and them too) had 11. ver. 52
taken away. Questionlesse it cannot signifie
the *Law* it self, for that was not taken away
being read in the *Synagogue* every *Sabaoth*. But
let us go this: I am certain, and I could prove
it all along from his *Birth* to his *Passion*, that
the *Doctrine* of *Christ Jesus* is not onely agree-
able to the *Laws* of *Nature*, but is *verified* and
established thereby. When I speak of the *Laws* of
Nature, I mind not her *Excessive irregular*
Appetites and *Inclinations*, to which shee hath
been subject since her *Corruption*, for even *Galen*
looked on those *obliquities* as *Diseases*, but stu-
died *Nature* her self, as their *Cure*. We know
by experience that too much of any thing wea-
kens, and destroyes our *Nature*, but if wee live
temperately, and according to *Law*, wee are
well, because our *Course* of *life* accords with
Nature. Hence *Diet* is a prime *Rule* in *Physic*,
better indeed than the *Pharmacopæa*, for
those *sluttish Receipts* doe but oppresse the *sto-*
mach, being no fit *fuell* for a *Cœlestiall fire*.
Believe it then, these *excessive bestiall Appetites*
proceeded from our *Fall*, for *Nature* of her
self

self is no lavish insatiable *Glut*, but a *nice delicat essence*. This appears by those *fits and pangs* she is *subject* to whensoever she *overcharg'd*. In common, customarie *Excuses* there is not any, but knows this *Truth* *Experience*, indeed in *spiritual sins*, the *Body* is not *immediatly* troubled, but the *Conscience* is *terrified*, and surely the *body* cannot be *well*, when the *soule* it self is *sick*. We see that *Corruption*, and *sin* do not so much agree with us, as they doe *disturb* us, for in what sense can our *Enemies* be our *friends*, or the things that *destroy Nature*, be *agreeable Nature*? How then shall we judge of the *Gospel*? Shall we say that the *preservation of Man* is *contrarie* to *Man*, and that the *Doctrine of Life* agrees not with *Life* it self? God forbid: The *Laws* of the *Resurrection* are founded upon *those* of the *Creation*, as *those* of *Regeneration* upon *those* of *Generation*, for in *all these* God works upon *one*, as the *same Matter*, by *one* and the *same spirit*. Now that it is so, I meane that there is a *Harmony* between *Nature* and the *Gospel*, I will prove out of the *Sinic Monument* of *Kim Ci* priest of *Judea*. In the yeare of *Redemption* 1625. there was digg'd up in a *Village* of *China* call'd *Sanxuen*, a square stone, being *near Ten measures* of an *hand-breadth* long

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re broad, In the uppermost part of this stone
was figur'd a *Crosse*, and underneath it an
inscription in *Sinic Characters*, being the *Ti-*
tle to the *Monument*, which I find thus ren-
der'd in the *Latine*.

*Lapis in Laudem & memoriam aeternam
Legis Lucis, & veritatis portatae
de Judaea, & in China
promulgatae,
Erectus.*

That is : A stone erected to the praise, and
eternal Remembrance of the Law of Light, and
Truth, brought out of *Judaea*, and published in
China. After this followed the body of the
Monument, being a Relation, how the Gospel
of Christ Jesus was brought by one *Olo puen*
out of *Judaea*, and afterwards by the assistance
of God planted in *China*. This happened in
the yeare of our Lord six hundred, and thirtie
four. *Kim Cim*, the Author of this *Historie*,
at the very beginning of it, speaks mysteriously
of the Creation ; Then he mentions three hun-
dred sixty five sorts of *Se&taries*, who succeeded
one another, all of them striving who should
be most *Profelyts*. Some of their vaine *Opi-*
ons he recites, which indeed are very suitable
with the *Rudiments*, and *Vagari's* of the *Hea-*
then

then Philosophers. Lastly he describes the professors of Christianitie, with their *Habit Life*, and the *Excellencie* of their *Law*. *Difficile* (saith he) *est ei Nomen Congruum reperire, cum ejus effectus sit Illuminare & omnia Claritate perfundere; unde Necessarium fuit eam appellare; Kim ki ao, h. Legem claram & magnam.* That is: It is hard matter to find a fit name for their Law, seeing the effect of it is to illuminate, and fill a with Knowledge; It was necessarie therefore to call it *Kim ki ao*, that is, the great Law Light. To be short, *Olo puen* was admitted the Court by *Tai cum ven huamti* King China, here his Doctrine was thoroughly searched, examin'd, and sifted by the King himselfe who having found it most true and solid caus'd it to be proclam'd thorough his Dominions. Now upon what this Doctrine was founded, and what *estimat* the King had bo of it, and it's professor, we may easily gather from the words of his Proclamation. First the where he mentions *Olo puen*, he calls him *Magne virtutis Hominem*, a man of great virtue or power; it seems he did something more than prate and preach, could confirm his Doctrine, as the Apostles did theirs, not with words only, but with works. Secondly the Proclamation speaking of his Doctrine

this my *Olla* (for I care not much what I call it) observe this *Composition*. First, I will speake of that *One only Thing*, which is the *Subject* of this *Art*, and the *Mother* of all *Things*. Secondly, I will discourse of that most admirable, and more than naturall *Medicine*, which is generated out of this one *Thing*. Lastly, though with some disorder, I will discover the *means* how, and by which this *Art* works upon the *Subject*; but these being the *eyes* which lead to the very *Estrado* of *Nature*, where she *sits* in full Solemnitie and receives the *Visits* of the *Philosophers*, I must scatter them in severall parts of the Discourse. This is all, and here thou must not consider how long, or short I shall be, but how full the *discoverie*; and truly it shall be such, and so much, that Thou canst not in modestie expect more. Now then you that would be what the *Ancient Physicians* were, *Manus Deorum* *scutares*, not *Quacks* and *Salvos* of the *Pipkin*; you that would performe what you publicly professe, and make your *Callings* honest and *Conscionable*, attend to the *Truth* without spleen. Remember that *Præjudice* is no Religion, and by Consequence hath no Reward. If this *Art* were damnable, you might sely studie it notwithstanding for you have a receipt to prove all *Things*, but to hold fast

that which is Good. It is your Duty not to be wanting to your selves, and for my part, that may be wanting to none, thus I begin.

Said the Cabalist, *Domus Sanctuarii, quæ est hic inferius; disponitur Secundum Domum Sanctuarii, quæ est Superius*, The Building of the Sanctuarie, which is here below, is framed according to that of the Sanctuarie which is above. Here wee have two world Visible and Invisible, and two universall Natures Visible and Invisible, out of which both those Worlds proceeded. The Passive Universall Nature, was made in the Image of the Active Universall one, and the Conformitie of Both Worlds, or Sanctuaries, consist in the Originall Conformitie of their Principles. There are many Platonics, (and this last Century hath afforded them some *apish Disciples*) who discourse very boldly of the Similitudes of Inferiors and Superiors, but if wee throughly search their Trash, it is a pack of small Conspiracies; namely of the Heliotrope and the Sun, Iron and the Load-stone, the Wound and the Weapon. It is excellent sport to hear how the crow, being roosted on these pittiful Particulars as if they knew the Universal Magnet, which binds this great Frame, and moves all the Members of it to a Mutuall Compassion.

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his is an *Humor* much like that of *Don Quixote*, who knew *Dulcinea*, but never saw her. Those students then, who would be better instructed, must first know, There is an *Univerſall Agent*, who when hee was dispos'd to create, had no other *Patterne* or *Exemplar* whereby to frame and mould his *Creatures*, but himself, but having infinite *inward Idea's*, or *Conceptions* in himself, as hee conceived so hee created, that is to say, hee created an *outward Forme* answerable to the *inward Conception*, or *Figure* of his *Mind*. In the second place they ought to know, there is an *Univerſall Patient*, and this *Paſſive Nature* was created by the *Univerſall Agent*. This generall Patient, is the immediat *Catholic Character* of God himself in his *Unitie*, and *Trinitie*. In plain Termes, it is that *Subſtance* which wee commonly call the *First Matter*. But verily it is to no purpose to know this *Notion*, *Matter*, unlesse we know the *Thing* it self, to which the *Notion* relates; we must see it, handle it, and by *experimentall* and *ocular Demonstrations* know the very *Central* and *visible Effences*, and *Proprieties* of it. But these things heare the most excellent *Captaine*, who informes his *Jew*, and his *Epicure* of the *Catholic Natures Material* and *Spiritual*: *Alteram* (saith he) *quæ videri oculis, & attingi manu possit, propè ad omne Momentum*

*alterabilem. Detur enim venia (ut ait Ma-
 daurenſis) Novitati Verborum, rerum obſcur-
 tatibus inſervienti. Hæc ipſa cum eadem e-
 una perſiſtere nequeat, nihilominus à tali Vn-
 tute animi hoſpitio ſuſcipitur, pro modo recti-
 quo eſt, quam quo non eſt, qualis in veritate
 eſt, id eſt, mutabilis. Alteram autem ſubſta-
 tiarum Naturam incorruptam, immutabilem
 conſtantiem, eandemq; ac ſemper Exiſtentes*
 The *English* of it ſpeaks thus, One Nature
 ſuch, it may be ſeen with the eyes, and felt wi-
 the hands, and it is ſubject to *Alteration* &
 moſt in every Moment. You muſt Pardon (*Apuleius* ſaith) this ſtrange *Expression*, be-
 cauſe it makes for the *Obscurity* of the *Thing*.
 This very Nature, ſince ſhee may not contin-
 one, and the ſame, is notwithstanding app-
 prehended of the mind under her ſuch *Qualifica-*
 on, more rightly as ſhee is, than as ſhee is not,
 namely as the Thing it ſelf is in *Truth*, that is
 to ſay, Changeable. The other Nature, or *Prin-*
 ciple of Subſtances, is incorruptible, immu-
 ble, conſtant, One and the ſame for ever, and
 alwayes exiſtent. Thus hee. Now this Chan-
 able Nature whereof he ſpeaks, is the *firſt vi-*
 ſible, *Tangible Subſtance* that ever God made;
 it is white in Appearance, and *Paracelfus* gives
 you the Reason why: *Omnia* (ſaith he) *in*
Mann alba ſunt, is ea tingit, ut vult:

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things when they first proceed from God, are
white, but hee *colours* them afterwards, accord-
ing to his pleasure. An Example wee have in
this *very matter*, which the Philosophers call
sometimes their *red Magnesia*, sometimes
their *white*, by which Descriptions they have de-
ceived many men; for in the first præparation
the *Chaos* is *Bloud-red*, because the *Central*
sulphur is stirr'd up, and discovered by the *Phi-*
sophicall Fire. In the Second it is exceeding
white and *transparent* like the *Heavens*. It is
Truth somewhat like *Common Quicksilver*,
not of a *Cœlestiall* transcendent brightnesse, for
there is nothing upon Earth like it. This fine
substance is the *Child* of the *Elements*, and it
is a most pure, sweet *Virgin*; for *nothing* as yet
hath been *generated* out of her: but if at any
time shee *breeds*, it is by the *fire* of *Nature*, for
that is her *husband*. Shee is no *Animal*, no
vegetable, no *Mineral*, neither is shee extra-
cted out of *Animals*, *Vegetables*, or *Minerals*,
but shee is *præexistent* to them all, for shee is
the *Mother* of them. Yet one thing I must
say, shee is not much *short* of *Life*, for shee is
a most *Animal*. Her *Composition* is miracu-
lous, and different from all other *Compounds*
whatsoever. Gold is not so *compact*, but every
philosopher concludes it is no *Simple*; but shee is
much *One*, that no man believes she is *more*.

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Shee yeelds to nothing but *Love*, for her End is *Generation*, and *that* was never yet perform'd by *Violence*. Hee that knows how to *wanton*, and *toy* with her, the same shall receive all her *Treasures*. First, shee *sheds* at her *Nipples* a thick heavy *water*, but *white* as any *snow*; The Philosophers call it *Virgin-milk*. Secondly, she gives him *Blond* from her very *heart*; it is a quick heavenly *fire*, some improperly call it their *sulphur*. Thirdly and lastly shee presents him with a secret *Chrystall*, of more worth and lustre than the *white Rock*, and all her *Rosials*. This is shee, and these are her *Favours*: Catch her, if you can.

To this Character and Discoverie of my owne, I shall adde some more Descriptions, as I find her *linm'd*, and *dress'd* by her other *Lovers*. Some few (but such as knew her very well) have written that shee is not onely *One* and *Three*, but withall *Foure* and *Five*, and this *Truth* is *Essentiall*. The Titles they have bestowed upon her, are divers. They call her their *Catholic Magnesia*, and the *Sperme* of the *World* out of which all Naturall things are generated. Her *Birth* (say they) is *Singular* and not without a *miracle*; her *Complexion* heavenly; and different from her *Parents*. Her *Body* also in some sense is *Incorruptible*, and the *Common Elements* cannot destroy it, neither
will

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will shee *mix* with them *Essentially*. In the outward *shape*, or figure, shee resembles a *stone*, and it is *no stone*, for they call her their *white Gum*, and *Water* of their *Sea*, water of *Life*, most pure, and most blessed *water*, and yet they minde not water of the *Clouds*, or *Rain-water*, nor water of the *Wel*, nor *Dew*: but a certain *thick*, *permanent*, *saltish* water, a water that is *drie*, and *wetts* not the *hand*, a *viscous*, *slimie* water generated out of the *saltish* *fatnesse* of the *Earth*. They call her also their *twofold Mercurie*, and *Azoth* begotten by the *Influences* of two *Globes*, *Cælestiall*, and *Terrestriall*. Moreover, they affirme her to bee of that *Nature*, that no *fire* can *de-roy* her, which of all other *Descriptions* is most true, for shee is *fire* her self, having in her a *portion* of the *universall* *fire* of *Nature*, and a *secret* *Cælestiall* *spirit*, which *spirit* is animated, and quickened by *God* himself, wherefore also they call her their *most blessed* *stone*. Lastly, they say shee is a *middle* *nature* between *thick* and *thin*, neither altogether *Earthy*, nor altogether *Firie*, but a mean *aereall* *substance* to be found every *where*, and every *time* of the *year*.

This is enough: but that I may speak something my self in plain *Termes*, I say shee is a *very* *salt*, but extreme *soft*, and somewhat *thin* and *fluid*, not so hard, not so thick as

common extracted *Salts*, for shee is *none* of *them*, nor any kind of *Salt* whatsoever that *man* can make. Shee is a *sperme* that *Nature* her self *drawes* out of the *Elements*, without the *help* of *Art*: *man* may find it, where *Nature* leaves it, it is not of his *office* to *make* the *sperme*, nor to *extract* it, it is already made, and wants nothing but a *Matrix*, and *heat* convenient for *Generation*. Now should you consider with your selves where *Nature* leaves the *seed*, and yet many are so dull, they know not how to work, when they are told what they must doe. Wee see in *Animal Generation*, the *sperme* parts not from both the *Parents*, for it remaines with the *Female*, where it is *perfected*. In the great world though all the *Elements* contribute to the *Composure* of the *sperme*, yet the *sperme* parts not from all the *Elements*, but remaines with the *Earth*, or with the *Water*, though more immediatly with the *one*, than with the *other*. Let not your Thoughts feed now on the *Phlegmatic*, indigested Visions of *Aristotle*, look on the green, youthfull, and flowrie *Bosome* of the *Earth*; Consider what a vast *Universall Receptacle* this *Element* is. The *Starrs* and *Planets* over-look her, and though they may not descend hither themselves, they shed down their *golden Locks*, like so many *Bracelets*, and *Tokens* of their *Love*. The *Sun* perpetually

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perpetually busie, brings his *Fire* round about her, as if he would *sublime* something from her *bosom*, and rob her of some *secret*, inclosed *treasure*. Is there any thing lost since the *Creation*? Would'st thou know his very *bed*, and his *pillow*? It is *Earth*. How many *Cities* dost thou think have perished by the *Sword*? how many by *Earth-quakes*? and how many by the *Deluge*? Thou dost perhaps desire to know where they are at this present: believe it they have one common *Sepulcher*, what was once their *Mother*, is now their *Tombe*; All things return to that *place* from whence they *came*, and that very *place* is *Earth*. If thou hast but leisure, run over the *Alphabet* of *Nature*, examine every *Letter*, I mean every particular *Creature*, in her *Booke*. What becomes of her *Grasse*, her *Corne*, her *Herbs*, her *Flowers*? True it is, both *Man* and *beast* doe use them, but this onely by the way, for they rest not till they come to *Earth* again. In this *Element* they had their *first*, and in this will they have their *last station*. Think (if other *Vanities* will give thee leave,) on all those *Generations* that went *before thee*, and anticipate all those that shall come *after thee*. Where are those *Beauties*, the *Times* past have produc'd, and what will become of those that shall appear in *future Ages*? They will all to the same *Dust*, they have
one

one *Common house*, and there is no *Familie* so numerous, as that of the *Grave*. Doe but look on the *Daily sports* of *Nature*, her *Clouds* and *mists*, the *Scene*, and *Pageantrie* of the *Aire*, Even these *Momentary Things* retreat to the *Closet* of the *Earth*. If the *Sun* makes her *drie*, shee can *drink* as fast, what gets up in *Cloudes*, comes down in *Water*, the *Earth* swallows up *all*, and like that *Philosophicall Dragon* eats her own *Tayle*. The wise *Poets* saw this, and in their mysticall language call'd the *Earth Saturne*, telling us withall, shee did feed on her own *Children*. Verily there is more *Truth* in their *stately Verse*, than in *Aristotle's* dull *Prose*, for hee was a blinde beast, and *Malice* made him so. But to proceed a little further with you, I wish you to concoct what you *reade*, to dwell a little upon *Earth*, not to fly up presently, and admire the *Meteors* of your own *Braines*. The *Earth* you know in the *Winter time* is a *dull, dark, dead Thing*, a contemptible frozen phlegmatick *Lump*. But towards the *Spring*, and *Fomentations* of the *Sun*, what rare *Pearles* are there in this *Dung-hill*? what glorious *Colours*, and *Tinctures* doth she discover? a pure eternall *green* overspreads her, and this attended with innumerable other *Beauties*. *Roses* red and white, golden *Lilies*, Azure *Violets*, the Bleeding *Hjacinths*, with their severall
cœlestial

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celestiall odours, and Spices. If you will be advised by me, Learn from whence the *Earth* hath these invisible Treasures, This Annuall *Flora*, which appears not without the *Complements* of the *Sun*. Behold I will tell you as plainly as I may. There are in the world two Extremes; *Matter* and *Spirit*: one of these I can assure you is *earth*. The *Influences* of the *spirit* animate and quicken the *matter*, and in the *Material Extreme* the seed of the *spirit* is to be found. In middle *Natures*, as *Fire*, *Aire*, and *Water*, this Seed staves not, for they are but *Dispenseros*, or *Media*, which convey it from the extreme to the other, from the *Spirit* to the *Matter*, that is to the *Earth*. But stay my friend, this Intelligence hath somewhat stirr'd you, and now you come on so furiously, as if you would rife the *Cabinet*. Give me leave to put you back. I mind not this *Common*, *secular*, *impure Earth*, that falls not within my Discourse, but as it makes for your *Manuduction*. That which I speak of is a *Mysterie*, this *Cœlum Terræ*, and *Terræ Cœli*, not this *clay*, and *dust*, but a most *Secret*, *Cœlestiall*, *Invisible Earth*.

Raymund Lullie in his *Compendium* of *Alchimie*, calls the Principles of Art *Magic*, *spiritus fugitivos in Aere condensatos*, in forma *Monstrorum Diversorum, & Animalium*,
etiam

etiam Hominum, qui vadunt sicut Nubes, modo huc, modo illuc, Certain fugitive spirits condensed in the Ayre, in the shape of Divers Monsters, Beasts and Men, which move like Cloude higher and thither. As for the Sense of our *Spe*niard, I refer it to his Readers, let them make the most of it.

This is true ; As the *Ayre*, and all the *Volatile Substances* in it, are *restlesse*, even so it is with the *first Matter*. The eye of Man never saw her twice under *one* and the *same shape*, but as *Cloudes* driven by the *winde* are forced to this, and that *figure*, but cannot possibly retain *one constant forme*, so is *shee* persecuted by the *fire of Nature* ; for this *fire*, and this *water* are like *two Lovers*, they no sooner *meet*, but presently they *play* and *toy*, and this *Game* will not over till some *new Babe* is *generated*. I have oftentimes admired their subtil *perpetual Motion*, for at all Times, and in all places *these two* are *busie* which occasioned that Notable sentence of *Trismegistus*, *That Action was the Life of God*. But most excellent, and Magisterial is that Oracle of *Marcus Antoninus*, who in his *Discourse* to himself, speaks indeed thing worthy of himself. οὐδεν ὁυτως φιλεῖ ἢ τῷ ὅλῳ φύσει ὡς τὸ τὰ πάντα μεταβάλλειν, ἢ ποιεῖν νέα ὅμοια, The Nature (saith he) of the Universe delights not in any Thing so much, as to alter all Things, and ther

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en to make the like again. This is her *Tick
tack*, shee playes *one Game*, to begin *another*.
The matter is placed before her like a peece of
Clay, and shee shapes it to all *formes*, and *fi-
gures*. Now shee makes a *Bird*, now a *Beast*,
now a *Flowre*, then a *Frog*, and shee is pleas'd
with her own *Magicall performances*, as men
are with their own *fancies*. Hence shee is call'd
of *Orphus*, πολυμάχανος μήτηρ, and αλλοιομορφότατος,
the Mother that makes many Things, and
ordaines strange shapes, or figures. Neither doth
shee, as some sinfull Parents doe, who having
their pleasure, care not for their Child; shee
loves them still after shee hath made them,
hath an eye over them all, and *provides* even
for her *Sparrowes*. 'Tis strange to consider that
shee workes as well *privatly* as *publicly*, not
only in *Gardens* where *Ladies* may smell her
perfumes, but in *remote Solitudes* and *Deserts*.
The Truth is, shee seeks not to please *others* so
much as *her self*, wherefore many of her *works*,
and those the *Choyshest*, never come to *Light*.
Nee see little *Children*, who are newly come
from under *her hand*, will be dabling in *Dirt*
and *Water*, and other idle sports affected by
none but *Themselves*. The *Reason* is, they are
not as yet *Captivated*, which makes them seek
their *own pleasures*; But when they come to
Age, then *Love* or *Profit* makes them *square*
their

their *Actions* according to *other mens* Desire
 Some *Cockney* claps his *Revenues* on his *back*
 but his *Galantrie* is *spoil'd*, if his *Mistris* do
 not *observe* it. Another *fights*, but his *Victor*
 is *lost*, if it be not *Printed*, it is the *world* mu
 heare of his *Valour*. Now *Nature* is a *fre*
spirit, that seeks no *Applause*, shee *observ*
none more than *her self*, but is pleased with her
own Magic, as *Philosophers* are with the
Secret Philosophie. Hence it is that wee find
 her busie, not onely in the *Potts* of the *Balco*
nies, but in *Wildernesses*, and ruinous place
 where no *eyes* observe her, but the *Starrs* and
Planets. In a word, wheresoever the *fire*
 nature finds the *Virgin Mercurie*, there hat
 he found his *Love*, and there will they both fa
 to their *Husbandrie*, a pleasure not subject to
Surfets, for it still *Presents* new *Varieties*.
 is reported of *Marc Antonie*, a famous, but
 unfortunate *Romane*, how he sent his *Age*
 over the *world* to *Copie* all the *handsome face*
 that amongst so many excellent *features*, he
 might select for himself the *most pleasing peec*
 Truly *Nature* is much of this *straine*, for she
 hath infinite beauteous *patternes* in her *self*
 and all these shee would gladly see beyond her
self, which shee cannot doe without the *ma*
ter, for that is her *Glasse*. This makes her *gen*
rate perpetually, and imprint her *conceptions* :
 th

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the matter, communicating life to it, and figuring it according to her *Imagination*. By this practice shee placeth her *Fansie*, or *Idea*, beyond her self, or as the *Peripatetics* say, *extra intellectum*, beyond the *divine Mind*, namely the *Matter*; but the *Idea's* being *innumerable*, and withall *different*, the *pleasures* of the *Agent* are maintain'd by their *Varietie*, or to speak more properly by his *own fruitfulness*, for amongst all the *Beauties* the world affords, there are not *two*, that are *altogether the same*. Much might bee spoken in this place concerning *Beautie*, what it is, from whence it came, and how it may be *defaced*, not onely in the outward figure, but in the inward *Idea*, and last for ever in *both worlds*. But these pretty *attles* I am no way acquainted with, I have no *Mistris* but *Nature*, wherefore I shall leave the *fine Ladies* to *fine Lads*, and speak of my simple *Ælia Lælia*.

It was scarce Day, when all alone
I saw Hyanthe and her Throne.
In fresh, green Damascus she was drest,
And o're a Saphir Globe did rest.
This slipperie Sphære when I did see,
Fortune, I thought it had been Thee.
But when I saw shee did present
A Majestie more Permanent,

*I thought my Cares not lost, if I
Should finish my Discoverie.*

*Sleepe shee lock'd to my first sight,
As if shee had Watch'd all the Night,
And underneath, her hand was spread,
The White Supporter of her head.
But at my Second, studied View,
I could perceive a silent Dew
Steale down her Cheeks ; lest it should Stayne
Those Cheeks where onely Smiles should reigne
The Tears stream'd down for halfe, and all
In Chaines of liquid Pearle did fall.
Faire Sorrows ; and more dear than Joyes,
Which are but emptie Ayres and Noyse,
Your Drops present a richer Prize,
For they are Something like her Eyes.*

*Pretty, white Foole ! why hast thou been
Sulli'd with Teares, and not with Sin ?
'Tis true : thy Teares, like Polish'd Skies,
Are the Bright Rosials of thy Eyes,
But such strange Fates doe them attend,
As if thy Woes would never end.
From Drops to Sighes they turn, and then
Those sighes return to Drops agen :
But whiles the Silver Torrent seeks
Those Flowr's that watch it in thy Cheeks,
The White and Red Hyanthe weares,
Turn to Rose-water all her Teares.*

*Have you beheld a Flame, that springs
From Incense, when sweet, curled, Rings
Of smoke attend her last, weak Fires,
And Shee all in Perfumes expires?
O dy'd Hyanthe. Here (said shee)
It not this Vial part from Thee.
It holds my Heart, though now 'tis Spill'd,
And into Waters all distill'd.
It is constant still: Trust not false Smiles,
Who smiles, and weeps not, shee beguiles.
Say, trust not Teares: false are the few,
Whose Teares are Many, that are True.
Trust Mee, and take the better Choyce,
Who hath my Teares, can want no Joyes.*

I know some *Sophisters* of the *Heptarchie*,
I mean those, whose *Learning* is all *Noyse*, in
which Sense even *Py-annets*, and *Paraquitoes*
as *Philosophicall*, will conclude this, all *Bayt*
and *Poetrie*, that wee are *Pleasing*, not *Positive*,
and cheat even the Readers *Discretion*. To
prevent such impotent *Calumnies*, and to spend
a little more of our secret *Light* upon the well-
disposed Student, I shall in this place produce
the Testimonies of some able *Philosophers*
concerning the *first Matter* it self, as it is *natu-*
rally found, before any alteration by *Art*;
and here verily the Reader may discover the
Mark, it is most easily done, if he will but eye
I the

the *Flights* of my *Verse*, or follow the more grave pace of their *Prose*. The first I shall cite is *Arnoldus de Villà novâ*, an absolute perfect Master of the *Art*, hee describes the *Philosophicall Chaos*, in these plain termes. *Lapis est & non lapis, Spiritus, Anima, & Corpus; Quod si dissolvis, dissolvitur, & si coagules, coagulat, & si volare facis, volat; Est enim Volatilis, albus ut lacryma oculi: postea efficitur citrinus, salsus, pilis carens: quem nemo suâ lingua tangere potest. Ecce ipsum jam suâ demonstratione, non tamen nominavi. Modo vo-*
ipsum nominare, & dico, quod si dixeris eum Aquam esse, verum dicis; & si dixeris eum Aquam non esse, mentiris. Ne igitur decipiar pluribus descriptionibus, & operationibus, unum enim quid est, cui nihil alieni infertur. It
 (saith hee) a stone, and no stone, Spirit, Soul, and Bodie; which if thou dissolvest, it will be dissolved, and if thou dost coagulate it, it will be coagulated, and if thou dost make it fly, it will fly, for it is *Volatil*, or flying, and cleare as a teare; afterwards it is made citrine, then saltish, but without shoots, or Chrystals, and no man may touch it with his Tongue. Behold I have described it truly to thee, but I have not named it. Now I will name it, and I say, that if thou sayest it is *Water*, thou dost say the Truth, and if thou sayest it is *not water*, thou dost

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doest lie. Bee not therefore deceived with manifold Descriptions and Operations, for it is but one Thing, to which nothing Extraneous may be added. Thus *Arnoldus* ; and he borrowed this from the *Turba*. Let us now heare his Disciple *Raymund Lullie*, who speaking very enviously and obscurely of *Seven Metallic Principles*, describes the *Third* wherein *four* of the *seven* are included in these words ; *Tertium* (saith hee) *est Aqua clara Composita, & illa est res Argento vivo magis propinqua, quæ quidem reperitur supra Terram currens & fluens. Et istud argentum vivum in omni Corpore Elementato à materia aeris est proprie generatum, & ideo ipsius humiditas est valde ponderosa.* That is : The third Principle, is a *Cleare Comounded water*, and it is the next substance in Complexion to Quick-Silver, it is found running, and flowing upon the *Earth*. This Quick-silver is generated in every Compound out of the Substance of the *Aire*, and therefore the moisture of it is extreme heavy. To these I will adde *Albertus Magnus*, whose Suffrage in this kind of Learning is like the *Stylanx* to *Gold*, for hee had thoroughly search'd it, and knew very well what part of it would abide the Test. *Mercurius Sapientum* (saith hee) *est Elementum Aqueum frigidum, & humidum, Aqua permanens, spiritus Corporis, vapor*

unctuosus, Aqua Benedicta, Aqua virtuosa, Aqua Sapientum, Acetum Philosophorum, Aqua Mineralis, Ros cœlestis gratiæ, Lac Virginis, Mercurius Corporalis, & aliis infinitis Nominibus in Philosophorum libris nominatur, quæ quidem Nomina quamvis varia sunt, semper tamen unam & eandem rem significant, utpote Solum Mercurium sapientum. Ex ipso solo elicitur omnis virtus Artis Alchimie, & suo modo Tinctura alba & rubea. In plain English thus: The Mercurie of the Wisemen is a waterie Element. Cold and moyst. This is their Permanent water, the spirit of the Bodie, the unctuous vapour, the Blessed water, the virtuous water, the water of the Wisemen, the Philosophers Vinacre, the Mineral Water, the Dew of heavenly Grace, the Virgins Milk. the Bodily Mercurie, and with other numberlesse names is it named in the Bookes of the Philosophers, which names truly, though they are divers, notwithstanding alwayes signifie one and the same thing, namely the Mercurie of the Wise men. Out of this Mercurie alone all the Virtue of the Art is extracted, and according to its Nature the Tincture both Red and White. To this agrees Rachaidibi the Persian; Sperma Lapidis (saith hee) est frigidum & humidum in Manifesto, & in Occulto calidum & siccum. The Sperme, or first matter of the stone is outwardly

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ly cold and moyſt, but inwardly Hot and Drie. All which is confirmed by *Rhodian*, another Inſtructor (it ſeemes) of *Kanid* King of *Persia*; his words are theſe ; *Sperma eſt album & liquidum, poſtea rubeum. Sperma iſtud eſt lapis fugitivus, & eſt Aereum & Volatile, & eſt frigidum & humidum, & calidum & ſiccum.* The Sperm (ſaith hee) is white and Liquid, afterwards red. This Sperm is the flying ſtone, and it is aerial and volatil, cold and moyſt, hot and drie. To theſe ſubſcribes the Author of that excellent Tract intituled *Liber trium Verborum. Hic eſt Liber* (ſaith hee) *Trium verborum, Liber Lapidis preciſi, qui eſt Corpus aereum & volatile, frigidum & humidum, aquoſum & aduſtivum, & in eo eſt Caliditas & ſiccitas, frigiditas & humiditas, alia virtus in occulto, alia in Maniſeſto.* This is the Book of Three words, meaning thereby Three Principles, The Book of the Precious ſtone, which is a Body aerial and volatil, cold and moyſt, watry and aduſtive, and in it is Heat and Drought, Coldneſſe and Moyſture, one virtue inwardly, the other outwardly. *Belus* the Philoſopher in that famous and moſt Claſſic Synod of *Ariſteus*, inverts the order, to conceale the practice, but if rightly underſtood, he ſpeaks to the purpoſe. *Excelsum* (ſayth hee) *eſt hoc apud Philoſophos magnos Lapidem non*

esse lapidem, apud Idiotas vile & Incredible. Quis enim credet Lapidem Aquam, & Aquam Lapidem fieri, cum nihil sit diversius? Attamen revera ita est. Lapis enim est hac ipsa per manens Aqua, & dum Aqua est lapis non est. Amongst all great Philosophers it is Magisterial, that our stone is no stone, but amongst Ignorants it is ridiculous and incredible. For who will believe that water can be made a stone, and a stone water, nothing being more different than these two? And yet in very truth it is so. For this very permanent water is the stone, but whiles it is water, it is no stone. But in this sense the Ancient *Hermes* abounds, and almost discovers too much. *Scitote Filii Sapientum, quod priscorum Philosophorum aqua est Divisio, qua dividit ipsam in Alia quatuor.* Know (saith hee) you that are the Children of the wise, the Separation of the ancient Philosophers was performed upon water, which Separation divides the water into other foure Substances. There is extant a very learned Author, who hath written something to this purpose, and that more openly than any, whom we have formerly cited. *Sicuti Mundus Originem debet Aqua, cui Spiritus Domini incubabat, rebus tam Cælestibus, quam Terrestribus omnibus inde procedentibus; ita Limbus hic emergit ex Aquâ non vulgari, neq; ex Rore Cælesti, aut ex aere*
Condens-

*condensato in Cavernis Terra, vel in Recipienti ipso, non ex Abyſſo Maris, fontibus, puteis, uminibusvè hauſto, ſed ex Aquâ quadam preſſâ, omnibus obviâ, pauciſſimis cognitâ, na in ſe habet, quacunq̃, ad totius operis Com-
ementum ſunt neceſſaria, omni amoto Extrinſeco.* As the world (ſaith hee) was generated out of that Water, upon which the Spirit of God did move, all things proceeding thence, both æleſtiall and Terreſtriall; So this Chaos is generated out of a *certain Water* that is not common, not out of Dew, nor Ayre condensed in the Caverns of the Earth, or Artificially in the Receiver; not out of water drawn out of the Sea, Fountains, Pitts, or Rivers, but out of *certain tortured water*, that hath ſuffered ſome Alteration. obvious it is to All, but known to very few. This *water* hath all in it, that is neceſſarie to the perfection of the work, without any Extrinſecal Addition. I could produce a Thouſand Authors more, but that were tedious; I ſhall conclude with one of the *Rosie Brothers*, whoſe Teſtimonie is *Æquivalent* to the Beſt of Theſe. but his Inſtruction far more excellent. His Diſcourſe of the *firſt Matter* is ſomewhat large, and to avoyd prolixitie, I ſhall forbear the *Latin*, but I will give hee his Senſe in punctuall plaine Engliſh.

I am a Goddesse (saith hee, speaking in the person of Nature) for Beauty and Exaltation famous, born out of our own proper Sea, which compasseth the whole Earth, and is ever restlesse. Out of my Breasts I poure forth Milk and Bloud; Boyle these two, till they are turned into Silver and Gold. O most excellent Subject! out of which all things in this world are generated, though at the first sight thou art Poyson, adorn'd with the name of the flying Eagle. Thou art the first Matter, the seed of Divine Benediction, in whose Body there is Heaven and Rain, which notwithstanding are hidde from the wicked, because of thy Habit, and virgin vestures which is scatter'd over all the world. Thy Parents are the Sun and Moone in Thee there is Water and Wine, Gold also and Silver upon Earth, that mortall man may rejoyce. After this manner God sends us his Blessing and Wisdome with Raine, and the Beams of the Sun, to the eternall Glory of his Name. But consider ô Man, what Things God bestows upon thee by this means. Torture the Eagle till shee weeps, and the Lion bee weakened, and bleed to death. The Bloud of this Lion incorporated with the Teares of the Eagle, is the Treasure of the Earth. These Creatures use to devoure and kill one another, but notwithstanding their love is mutuall, and they put on the

Proprietie

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roprietic . and Nature of a Salamander;
hich, if it remains in the fire without any
etrimint it cures all the Diseases of Men,
easts and Metals. After that the Ancient
hilosophers had perfectly understood this
ubject, they diligently sought in this Mysterie
r the Center of the Middlemost Tree in the
errestrial Paradyse, entring in by Five liti-
ious Gates. The first Gate was the Know-
dge of the true Matter, and here arose the
rst, and that a most bitter Conflict. The se-
ond was the Preparation by which this mat-
er was to bee prepared, that they might obtain
he Embers of the Eagle, and the Blond of
he Lyon. At this Gate there is a most sharp
ight, for it produceth water and blond, and a
pirituell bright Body. The Third Gate is
he Fire, which conduceth to the Maturitie of
he Medicine. The Fourth Gate is that of
Multiplication and Augmentation in which
Proportions and Weights are Necessarie. The
ifth and last Gate is Projection. But most
lorious, fall rich, and high is hee who attains
o the fourth Gate, for hee hath got an Uni-
versall Medicine for all Diseases. This is
hat great Character of the Book of Nature,
ut of which her whole Alphabet doth arise.
The

The fifth gate serves onely for Metals. This Myserie existing from the Foundation of the World, and the Creation of Adam, is of all others the most ancient, a knowledge which God Almighty by his Word breathed into Nature, a miraculous power, the blessed fire of Life, the Transparent Carbuncle, and red Gold of the Wise men, and the Divine Benediction of this life. But this myserie, because of the Malice and wickednesse of men, is given onely to few, notwithstanding it lives, and moves every day in the sight of the whole world, as it appears by the following parable. I am a poisonous Dragon, present every where, and to bee had for nothing. My water and my fire dissolve and Compound; out of my body thou shalt draw the Green, and the Red Lyon: but if thou dost not exactly know mee, thou wilt with my Fire destroy thy five Senses. A most pernicious, quick poison comes out of my Nostrils, which hath been the Destruction of many. Separate therefore the Thick from the Thin artificially, unlesse thou dost delight in extreme Povertie. I give thee faculties both Male and Female and the Powers both of Heaven and Earth. The Mysteries of my Art are to bee performed magnanimously, and with great
Courage,

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Courage, if thou wouldest have mee overcome
the Violence of the Fire, in which Attempt
my have lost both their Labour, and their
Substance. I am the Egg of Nature known
only to the Wise, such as are pious and mo-
dest, who make of mee a little world. Ordain'd
I was by the All-mighty God for men, but
(though many desire mee) I am given onely
to few, that they may relieve the poore with
my Treasures, and not set their mindes on
Gold that perisheth. I am call'd of the Phi-
losophers Mercurie : my husband is Gold
(philosophicall.) I am the old Dragon that
is present every where on the face of the
Earth ; I am Father and Mother ; Youth-
full and Ancient ; weak and yet most strong ;
Life and Death ; Visible and Invisible ; Hard
and Soft ; Descending to the Earth, and As-
cending to the Heavens ; most high and most
low ; light and heavy ; In mee the Order of
Nature is oftentimes inverted, in Colour,
Number, Weight and Measure. I have in
me the light of Nature, I am dark and
bright, I spring from the Earth, and I come
out of Heaven, I am well known, and yet a
little Nothing, all Colours shine in mee, and
all Metals by the Beams of the Sun. I am
the

the Carbuncle of the Sun, a most noble clarified Earth, by which thou mayest turn Copper, Iron, Tin, and Lead into most pure Gold.

Now Gentlemen you may see which way the Philosophers move, they commend their *Secret water*, and I admire the *Teares of Hyanthe*. There is something in the Fanf besides Poetrie, for my *Mistris* is very *Philosophicall*, and in her *Love* a pure *Platonick*. But now I think upon't, how many *Rivals* shall I procure by this Discourse Every Reader will fall to, and some fine *Thing* may break her heart with *Non-sense*. This *Love* indeed were meer *Luck*, but to my part I dare trust her, and lest any man should mistake her for some things formerly named, I wil tell you truly what shee is. She is not any *known water* whatsoever, but *Secret, Spermatic Moisture*, or rather the *Venus* that yeelds that *moisture*. Therefor doe not you Imagine that shee is any *crude phlegmatic, thin water*, or shee is a *fat, thick, heavie, slimie humiditie*; But lest you should think I am grown jealous, and would not trust you with my *Mistris*, *Arnoldus de villa nova* shall speak for me, hear him. *Amplius*

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*tibi dico, quod nullo modo invenire potui-
 nec similiter invenire potuerunt Philoso-
 aliquam rem perseverantem in igne, nisi
 unctuosam Humiditatem. Aqueam hu-
 iditatem videmus de facili evaporare, Arida
 manet, & ideo separantur, quia non sunt Na-
 rales. Si autem eas humiditates consydere-
 mus, quæ difficulter separantur ab his quæ
 Naturales, non invenimus aliquas nisi un-
 ctas, & viscosas. I tell thee further (saith
 e that wee could not possibly find, neither
 d the Philosophers find before us, any thing
 h would persist in the fire, but onely the
 enous Humiditie. A waterie Humiditie, we
 ee will easily vapour away, and the Earth re-
 ns behind, and the parts are therefore sepa-
 d, because their Composition is not natural.
 B if wee consider those humidities, which are
 ally separated from those parts which are
 rall to them, wee find not any such, but the
 uous, viscous Humidities. It will be expe-
 d perhaps by some *Flint*, and *Antimonie-*
ctors, who make their *Philosophicall Contrit-*
ed with a *Hammer*, that I should discover
 d Thing out-right, and not suffer this *strange*
Ed-lime to hold their *pride* by the *Plumes*.
 T these, I say, it is *water of Silver*, which
 we have called *water of the Moon*, but 'tis
Mercurie of the Sun, and partly of *Saturn*,
 for*

for it is extracted from these *three metalls*, and without *them* it can *never* bee made. Now they may unriddle, and tell me what it is, for it is Truth, if they can understand it.

To the *Ingenuous* and *modest Reader*, have something else to reple, and I believe will sufficiently excuse mee. *Raimund Lull* a man who had been in the *Center of Nature* and without all Question understood a great part of the *Divine Will*, gives me a most terrible Charge not to prostitute these Principles. *Juro Tibi* (saith hee) *supra animam meam quod si ea reveles, damnatus es. Nam a Domino procedit bonum, & ei soli debetur. Quasi servabis, & Secretum tenebis illud, quod ei debetur revelandum, & affirmabis quam per rectam proprietatem subtrahis, quæ ejus honor debentur. Quia si revelares brevibus verbis illud quod longinquo tempore formavit, in a magno Judicii condemnareris, tanquam qui peccator existens contra Majestatem dei lasceris nec tibi remitteretur Casus Lascie Majestatis. Talium enim Revelatio ad Deum, & non ad Alterum spectat.* That is; I swear to thee upon my soule, that thou art damn'd, if thou shouldest reveale these Things. For every good thing proceeds from God, and to him onely is due. Wherefore thou shalt reserve, and keep that Secret, which God onely should reveale.

Theor.
cap.6.

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and thou shalt affirme thou doest justly keep
ack those things, whose Revelation belongs to
is honour. For if thou shouldest reveale that
a few words, which God hath been forming
long time, thou shouldest be condemned in
the great day of Judgement, as a Traytor to
the Majestie of God, neither should thy Trea-
son bee forgiven Thee. For the Revelation of
such Things belong to God, and not to Man.
So sayd the wise *Raymond*.

Now for my part I have alwayes honou-
red the *Magicians*, their Philosophie being
both *rational*, and *Majestic*, dwelling not
pon *Notions*, but *Effects*, and those such
s confirme both the *Wisdom*e and the *Power* of
the *Creator*. When I was a meer *Errant* in
their *Books*, and understood them not, I did be-
lieve them. Time rewarded my *Faith*, and
sayd my *Credulitie* with *Knowledge*. In the
interim I suffer'd many bitter Calumnies, and
this by some envious Adversaries, who had no-
thing of a *Scholar*, but their *Gownes*, and a
little Language for *Vent* to their *Non-sense*.
But these could not remove mee, with a *Spar-*
an patience I concocted my *Injuries*, and
found at last that *Nature* was *Magickall*, not
Peripateticall. I have no Reason then to di-
strust them in *Spirituall Things*, whom I have
found so *orthodox* and *faithfull* even in *Natu-*
rall

rall Mysteries. I doe believe *Raymund*, and
 order to that *Faith*, I provide for my *Salvatio*
 I will not *discover*, that I may not be *condemn*
 But if this will not satisfie Thee, who ever thou
 art, let me whisper thee a word in the ear, at
 afterwards doe thou proclaime it on the houl
 topps. Doeſt thou know *from whom*, and he
 that *Sperme* or *Seed* which men for want of
 better name call the *first matter*, proceeded
 A certain *Illuminatee*, and in his daies a *men*
 ber of that *Societie*, which some painted Bu
 zards use to laugh at, writes thus; *Deus opti*
mus Maximus ex Nihilo aliquid creavit.
illud Aliquid vero fiebat unum aliquod, in Quo
Omnia, Creatura Cœlestes & Terreſtres. Go
 (sayth hee) incomparably good and Great, out
 of *nothing* created *something*, but that *Som*
 thing was made *one Thing*, in which all *Things*
 were contained. Creatures both *Cœlestiall* and
Terreſtriall. This first *Something* was a ce
 tain kind of *Cloud*, or *Darknesse*, which was
 condensed into *water*, and this *water* is the
One Thing in which all *Things* were containe
 But my Question is, what was that *Nothing*
 out of which the *first Cloudy Chaos*, or *Som*
 thing was made? Canst thou tell mee? It may
 bee thou doeſt think it is a meere *Nothing*.
 is indeed *Nihil quò ad Nos*, *Nothing* that we
 perfectly know. It is *Nothing* as *Dionysius* saith
Nihil

See Jacob
 Behmen
 in his most
 excellent
 and pro-
 found Dis-
 course of
 the Three
 Princi-
 ples.

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Nihil eorum quæ sunt, & Nihil eorum quæ non sunt. It is nothing that was created, or of those things that are : and nothing of that which thou dost call nothing, that is of those Things that are not, in thy empty destructive sense. But by your leave, it is the *True Thing*, of whom wee can *affirme nothing* ; it is that transcendent Essence, whose *Theologie* is *Negative*, and was known to the *Primitive Church*, but is lost in these our Dayes. This is that *Nothing* of *Cornelius Agrippa*, and in this *nothing*, when hee was tyr'd with *humane Things*, I mean *humane sciences*, hee did at last rest : *Nihil Scire*, sayd hee) *est vita felicissima*, to know Nothing is the happiest Life ; true indeed, for to know this *Nothing*, is *Life Eternall*. Learne men to understand that Magicall Axiom, *Ex invisibili factum est Visibile*, for all *Visibles* came out of the *Invisible God*. for hee is the Well-spring from whence all things flow, and the *Creation* was a certain stupendious Metaphysicall Birth, or *Delivrie*. This fine *Virgin-water*, or *Chaos*, was the *second Nature* from God himself, and if I may say so, the *Child* of the *Blessed Trinitie*. What *Doctōr* then is hee, whose hands are fit to touch that *Subject*, upon which God himself when he *workes*, layes his *own Spirit*, for verely so we reade, *The Spirit of* Gen. c. i. *God moved upon the face of the water ?* And

See Dyonys. Ar.
Th. Neg.

can it bee expected then, that I should prostitute this *Mysterie* to all hands whatsoever, that I should *proclame* it, and *crie* it, as they cry *Oysters*? Verily these Considerations, with some other which I will not for all the worlde put to Papyr, have made mee almost displeas'd my *dearest friends*, to whom notwithstanding I owe a better Satisfaction. Had it been my fortune barely to know this *Matter*, as most men doe, I had perhaps been lesse carefull of it but I have been instructed in all the *Secret Circumstances* thereof, which few upon Earth understand. I speak not for any Ostentation, but I speak a *Truth* which my *Conscience* knoweth very well. Let me then Reader, request thy *Patience*, for I shall leave this *Discoverie* to God, who if it bee his blessed will can call unto Thee, and say: *Here it is, and thus I work it.* I had not spoken all this in my own Defence, had I not been assaulted (as it were) in this very point, and told to my face I was bound to discover all that I knew, for this *Age* looks for *Dreames* and *Revelations*, as the *Traine* to their *invisible Righteousnesse*. I have now sufficiently discours'd of the *Matter*, and if it be not thy fortune to find it by what is here written, yet thou canst not bee deceived by what I have sayd for I have purposely avoyded all those *Termes*, which might make thee mis-
 stake

Take any *Common Salts, Stones, or Minerals* for it. I advise thee withall to beware of all *Vegetables, and Animals*; avoyd them, and every part of them whatsoever. I speak this because some ignorant, *Sluttish Broylers*, are of Opinion, that *mans Bloud* is the *True Subject*. But Alas! is *mans Bloud* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, that *Metals* should bee generated out of it? or was the *world*, and all that is therein, made of *man's Bloud*, as of their *first Matter*? Surely no such Thing. The first *Matter* was existent before *Man*, and all other *Creatures* whatsoever, for shee is the *Mother* of them all; They were made of the *first Matter*, and not the *first Matter* of them. Take heed then, Let not any man deceive thee. It is totally impossible to reduce any particular to the *first Matter*, or to a *Sperm*, without our *Mercurie*, and being so reduc'd, it is not *Universall*, but the *Particular Sperm* of its own *Species*, and works not any *Effects* but what are agreeable to the *Nature* of that *Species*, for God hath seal'd it with a *particular Idea*.

Let them alone then who practise upon *man's bloud* in their *Chemicall stoves*, and *Athanos*, or as *Sendivon* hath it, in *Fornaculis mirabilibus*; they will deplore their Error at last, and sit without *Sackcloth*, in the *Ashes* of their *Compositions*.

But I have done ; I will now speak something of *Generation*, and the *wayes* of it, that the *Process* of the *Philosophers* upon this *Matter*, may be the better understood. You must know that *Nature* hath *two Extremes*, and between them a *Middle Substance*, which elsewhere wee have call'd the *Middle Nature*. Example enough wee have in the *Creation*. The first *Extreme* was that *Cloud*, or *Darkness* whereof we have spoken formerly ; some call it the *Remote Matter*, and the *Invisible Chaos*, but very *improperly*, for it was not *invisible*. This is the Jewish *Ensoph* outwardly, and it is the same with that *Orphic Night* ;

ὦ Νύξ μέλαινα χύσται ἀστέρων.

O Night ! thou black nurse of the golden stars. Out of this *Darkness* all things that are in this world came, as out of their *Fountain* or *Matrix*: hence that *Position* of all famous *Poets* and *Philosophers*, *Omnia ex Nocte Prodiisse*. The *middle Substance* is the *Water*, into which that *Night* or *Darkness* was condensed, and the *Creatures* fram'd out of the *Water* make up the other *Extreme*. But the *Magicians* when they speak *strictly*, will not allow of this last *Extreme*, because *Nature* doth not stay here, wherefore their *Philosophie* runs thus ; Man (say they) in his *natural* state, is in the *meane Creation*, from which hee must recede to one of

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two Extremes; either to *Corruption*, as commonly all men doe, for they die, and moulder away in their graves : or else to a *spirituall, glorified Condition*, like *Enoch* and *Elijah*, who were translated, and this (say they) is a true *Extreme*, for after it there is no *Alteration*. Now the *Magicians* reasoning with themselves, why the *meane Creation* should be subject to *Corruption*, concluded the *Cause* and *Original* of this *disease* to be in the *Chaos* it self, for even that was *corrupted*, and *cursed* upon the *Fall* of *Man*. But examining Things further, they found that *Nature* in her *Generations* did onely *concoct* the *Chaos* with a gentle *heat*, shee did not separate the parts, and purifie each of them by it self, but the *purities* and *impurities* of the *Sperme* remained together in all her *Productions*, and this *Domestic enemy* prevayling at last, occasion'd the *Death* of the *Compound*. Hence they wisely gathered, that to minister *Vegetables*, *Animals*, or *Minerals* for *Physic*, was a *meer madness*, for even these also had their own *Impurities* and *Diseases*, and required some *Medicine* to cleanse them. Upon this *Adviso*, they resolved (God without all *Question* being their *Guide*) to practise on the *Chaos* it self, they opened it, purified it, united what they had formerly separated, and fed it with a *twofold Fire*, *Thick*, and *Thin*,

till they brought it to the *immortal Extreme*, and made it a *spirituall heavenly Body*. This was their *Physic*, this was their *Magic*. In this performance they saw the *Image* of that face, which *Zoroaster* calls *Triadis Vultus ante Essentiam*, &c. They perfectly knew the *Secundæa*, which contains all things in her *naturally*, as God contains all things in himself *spiritually*. They saw that the *Life* of all things here below, was a *Thick Fire*, or fire imprisoned, and incorporated in a certaine incombustible *Aercall moisture*. They found moreover that this *fire* was originally derived from *Heaven*, and in this sense *Heaven* is styl'd in the *Oracles*,

Ignis, Ignis Derivatio, & Ignis Penn.

In a word, they saw with their Eyes, that *Nature* was *Male* and *Female*; *Ignis ruber super Dorsum Ignis Candidi*, as the *Cabalists* expresse it: A certain *Fire* of a most deep red Colour, working on a most white, heavy, salacious *Water*, which *Water* also is *Fire* inwardly, but outwardly very cold. By this practice it was manifested unto them, that God himself was *Fire*, according to that of *Eximidi* in *Turba*: *Omnia rerum Initium esse Naturam quandam, eamq̃, perpetuam, infinitam, omnia foventem, Coquentemq̃*. The Beginning of all things (sayth he) is a Certain Nature, and that

that eternall, and infinite, cherishing and heating all Things. The truth is ; *Life* which is nothing else but *Light*, and *heat*, proceeded originally from *God*, and did apply to the *Chaos*, which is elegantly call'd by *Zoroaster*, *Fons fontium*, & *fontium cunctorum*, *Matrix continens cuncta*. The Fountain of fountains, and of all fountains, The *Matrix* containing all Things. Wee see by Experience that all *Individuals* live not onely by their *own heat*, but they are preserved by the *outward universal heat*, which is the *life* of the *great world*. Even so truly the *great world* it self lives not altogether by that *heat* which *God* hath inclosed in the *parts* thereof, but it is præserv'd by the circumfused influent *heat* of the *Deitie* ; For above the Heavens *God* is manifested like an infinite burning world of *Light* and *Fire*, so that hee overlooks all that he hath made, and the whole *Fabric* stands in his *heat* and *Light*, as a *man* stands here on Earth in the *Sun-shine*. I say then that the *God of Nature* employes himself in a perpetuall *Coction*, and this not onely to generate, but to preserve that which hath been generated : for his *spirit* and *heat* coagulat that which is *Thin*, rarifie that which is too grosse, quicken the *dead parts*, and cherish the cold. There is indeed one operation of *heat*, whose method is vitall, and far more mysterious

than the rest, they that have use for it, must studie it. I have for my part spoken all that I intend to speak, and though my Book may prove fruitless to many, because not understood, yet some few may be of that Spirit as to comprehend it: *Amplæ mentis ampla flamma*, sayd the great *Chaldaean*. But because I will not leave thee without some Satisfaction, I advise thee to take the *Moone* of the *firmament*, which is a *middle nature*, and place her so that every part of her may be in *two Elements* at one and the same time, these *Elements* also must equally attend her *Body*, not one further off, not one nearer than the other. In the regulating of these two, there is a twofold *Geometrie* to be observed, *Natural*, and *Artificial*. But I may speak no more. The true *Furnace* is a little *simple shell*, thou mayst easily carry it in one of thy hands. The *Glasse* is one, and no more, but some Philosophers have used *two*, and so mayst thou. As for the work it self, it is no way troublesome, a *Lady* may reade the *Arcadia*, and at the same time attend this *Philosophie* without disturbing her *fansie*. For my part I think *women* are fitter for it than men, for in such things they are more *neat* and *patient*, being used to a small *Chimistrie* of *Sack-possets*, and other finicall *Sugar-sops*. Concerning the *Effects* of this *Medicine*, I shall not speak any thing

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ning at this time, hee that desires to know
them, let him reade the *Revelation of Paracel-*
us, a Discourse altogether incomparable, and
a very truth miraculous. And here without
any partialitie, I shall give my Judgement of
honest *Hohenheim*. I find in the rest of his
workes, and especially where hee falls on the
stone, a great many false *Processes*, but his *Do-*
ctrine of it in *Generall* is very sound. The truth
is, hee had some *Pride* to the *Justice* of his
pleen, and in many places hee hath err'd of
purpose, not caring what *Bones* hee threw be-
fore the *Schoole-men* for hee was a Pylot of
Guadalcana, and sayl'd sometimes in his *Rio*
de la recreiation. But I had almost forgot to tell
hee that, which is all in all, and it is the grea-
est Difficultie in all the *Art*, namely the *fire*.
It is a close, ayrie, circular, bright fire; the
Philosophers call it their *Sun*, and the glasse
must stand in the *shade*. It makes not the mat-
ter to *vapour*, no not so much as to *sweat*, it
digests onely with a still, piercing, vitall heat.
It is continuall, and therefore at last alters the
Chaos, and corrupts it; The *Proportion* and
Regiment of it is very *Scrupulous*, but the best
rule to know it by, is that of the *Synod*: *facite*
ut Fasianus volet ante Insequentem; Let not
the Bird fly before the Fowler; make it sit
whiles you give fire, and then you are sure of
your

your Prey. For a Cloze, I must tell thee, the Philosophers call'd this *Fire* their *Balneum*, but it is *Balneum Naturæ*, a Naturall Bath, not an *Artificiall* one, for it is not any kind of *Water* but a certain *subtill temperate moysture* which compasseth the *Glasse*, and feeds their *Sun*, or *Fire*. In a word, without this *Bath* nothing in the world is generated. Now that thou mayst the better understand what *Degree* of fire is requisit for the work, consider the *Generation* of *Man*, or any other *Creature* whatsoever. It is not *Kitchen fire* nor *feaver* that works upon the *Sperm* in the *Womb* but a most *temperate moyst, natural heat*, which proceeds from the *very life* of the *Mother*. It is just so here. Our *Matter* is a most delicate *Substance*, and tender like the *Animal sperme*, for it is almost a *living thing*, nay in very truth it hath some *small portion of life*, for *Nature* doth produce some *Animals* out of it. For this very reason the *least violence* destroyes it, and prevents all *generation*, for if it be *over-heated* but for some few minutes, the *white*, and *red Sulphurs* will never *essentially unite*, and *coagulat*. On the *Contrary*, if it *takes cold* but for half an hour, the work being once well begun, it will never *sort* to any *good purpose*. I speak out of my own *Experience*, for I have (as they phrase it) given my self a *Box on the Eare*, and that twice

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thrice, out of a certain confident Negligence, expecting that, which I knew well enough, could never bee. Nature moves not by the theorie of men, but by their practice, and sure-ly Wit and Reason can performe no Miracles, unlessse the hands supplie them. Bee sure then to know this fire in the first place, and accordingly bee sure to make use of it. But for thy better securitie, I will describe it to thee once more. It is a drie, vaporous humid fire; it goes round about the Glasse, and is both equall and Continuell. It is restlessse, and some have call'd it the white philosophicall Coale. It is in it self naturall, but the preparation of it is Artificiall, it is a heat of the Dead, wherefore some call it their unnatural, Necromantic fire. It is no part of the Matter, neither is it taken out of it, but it is an external fire, and serves onely to stirr up, and strengthen the inward oppressed fire of the Chaos. But let us hear Nature herself, for thus shee speaks in the Serious Romance of Mebung. *Post putrefactionem fit ipsa Generatio, idq; per internum incomburibilem Calorem ad Argenti vivi frigiditatem calefaciendam, quod tantum equidem patitur, ut tandem cum sulphure suo uniatur. Omne illud uno in Vase complexum est; Ignis, aer, & Aqua videlicet, que in Terreno suo vase accipio, eademq; uno in Alembico relinquo; & tum coquo.*
dissolvo,

dissolvo, & sublimo, absq̃ Malleo, forcipe, vel lima, sine Carbonibus, vapore, Igne aut Maria-Balneo, & Sophistarum Alembicis : Cælestem namq̃ meum ignem habeo, qui Elementalem, prout Materia idoneam decentemq̃ formam habere desyderat, excitat. That is: After Putrefaction succeeds Generation, and that because of the inward incombustible Sulphur, that heats, or thickens the Coldness, and Cruditie of the Quicksilver, which suffers so much thereby that at last it is united to the Sulphur, and made one Body therewith. All this namely (Fire Ayre, and Water) is contained in one Vessell in their earthly Vessel, that is in their grosse Body, or Composition I take them, and then I leave them in one Alembic, where I concoct, dissolve, and sublime them, without the help of Hammer, Tongs, or File; without Coales, Snoake, Fire, or Bath, or the Alembics of the Sophisters. For I have my heavenly fire, which excites, or stirs up the Elementall one, according as the matter desires a becomming, agreeable forme. Now Nature every where is one and the same, wherefore shee reades the same lesson to Madathan, who thinking in his Ignorance to make the stone without dissolution, receives from her this Check. *An tu nunc Cochleas, vel Cancros cum Testis devorare niteris? An non prius à vetustissimo Planetarum Coquo maturari,*

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ri, & preparari illos oportet? Dost thou
ink (sayes hee) to eat Oysters shells and all?
ight they not first to bee opened, and prepar'd
the most Ancient *Cooke* of the Planets?
With these agrees the excellent *Flammel*, who
eaking of the *Solar*, and *Lunar Mercurie*,
and the Plantation of the one in the other, hath
these words. *Sumantur itaq₃, & noctu, inter-*
uq₃, assidue supra ignem in Alembico fovean-
r. Non autem ignis Carbonarius, vel è ligno
infectus, sed clarus pellucidusq₃, ignis sit, non
cus ac Sol ipse, qui nunquam plus justo calidus
densq₃, sed omni tempore ejusdem caloris esse
bet. Take them therefore (sayth hee) and
erish them over a fire in thy Alembic; But it
must not be a fire of *Coales*, nor of any wood,
ut a *bright shining fire*, like the *Sun* it self,
hose heat must never be excessive but alwayes
one and the same Degree. This is enough,
nd too much, for the Secret in it self is not
reat, but the Consequences of it are so, which
ade the Philosophers hide it. Thus Reader
ou hast the *outward Agent* most fully and
ithfully described. It is in Truth a very sim-
le mysterie, and if I should tell it openly, ridi-
ulous. Howsoever by this, and not without it,
id the *Magicians* unlock the *Chaos*, and cer-
ainly it is no newes that an *Iron-key* should
pen a *Treasurie* of *Gold*. In this Universall
Subject

Subject they found the Natures of all particulars, and this is signified to us by that Maxim *Qui Proteum non novit, adeat Pan.* This *Pan* is their *Chaos*, or *Mercurie*, which expounds *Proteus*, namely the *Particular Creature* commonly call'd *Individualls*; For *Pan* transformes himself into a *Proteus*, that is, into all varieties of *Species*, into *Animals*, *Vegetables*, and *Minerals*; for out of the *Universal Nature*, or *first matter*, all these are made and *Pan* hath their *Proprieties* in himself. Hence it is that *Mercurie* is call'd the *Interpreter*, or *Expositor* of *Inferiors* and *Superiors* under which *Notion* the Ancient *Orpheus* invokes him.

Κλυθε μου Ἑρμεία, Διὸς ἀγγελε, Μαΐαδ' υἱέ, Ἑρμηνεὺ πάντων.

Hear me ó Mercurie, thou messenger of Jove and son of Maia, the Expositor of all Things.

Now for the *Birth* of this *Mercurie* and the *Place* of it, I find but few Philosophers that mention it. *Zoroaster* points at it, at that very obscurely, where he speaks of his *Jyges* or the *Idea's* in these words;

Multa quidem hæc scandunt lucidos Mundi Insilentes: Quarum Summitates sunt Tres Subjectum est Ipsi Principale pratum.

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This *Pratum*, or *Meadow* of the *Idea's*, a place well known to the Philosophers, (*Flam-iel* calls it their *Garden*, and the *Mountain* of the seven Metals, see his *Summarie*, where hee describes it most learnedly, for hee was instructed by a *Jew*) is a certain secret, but *Univer-all Region*: one calls it *Regio Lucis*, the *Region* of Light, but to the *Cabalist* it is *Nox* (*Cororis*, a Terme extremely apposit, and significant. It is in few words the *Rendezvous* of all *Spirits*, for in this place the *Idea's* when they descend from the *Bright world* to the *Dark one*, are incorporated. For thy Better Intelligence thou must know, that *Spirits* whiles they move in *Heaven*, which is the *Fire-world*, contract no impurities at all, according to that of *Stelatus*;

Omne quod est supra Lunam, aeternumq; bonumq;

Esse scias, nec triste aliquid Cœlestia tangit.

All (sayth hee) that is above the Moon, is eternall and good, and there is no Corruption of Heavenly Things. On the contrary, when *Spirits* descend to the *Elementall Matrix*, and reside in her *Kingdom*, they are blurr'd with the Original *Leprosie* of the *Matter*, for here the *Curse* raves and rules, but in *Heaven* it is not *Pradominant*. To put an end to this point,
let

Occult.
phil.

let us hear the admirable *Agrippa* state it ; This is hee between whose lipps the *Truth* did breathe, and knew no other *Oracle*. *Cœlestium vires, dum in se existunt, & à Datore Luminum per sanctas Intelligentias, & Cœlos influuntur, quousq; ad Lunam pervenerint : earum Influentia bona est, tanquam in primo gradu ; deinde autem quando in Subiecto viliori suscipitur, ipsa etiam vilescit.* That is ; The Heavenly powers, or spirituall Essences while they are in themselves, or before they are united to the *Matter*, and are shower'd down from the *Father of Lights* thorough the holy *Intelligences* and the *Heavens*, untill they come to the *Moone* : Their *Influence* is good, as in the first degree ; But when it is received in a corrupted Subiect, the *Influence* also is corrupted. Thus He. Now the *Astronomers* pretend to a strange familiaritie with the *starrs*, the *Natural Philosophers* talk as much : and truly an Ignorant man might well think they had been in heaven, and conversed, like *Lucians Menippus*, with *Jove* himself. But in good Earnest these Men are no more *Eagles* than *Sancho*, their *fancies* are like his *flights* in the *Blanket*, and every way as short of the *Skies*. Ask them but where the *Influences* are received, and how ; bid them by faire Experience prove they are present in the *Elements*, and you have undone them ; if you

you will trust the *four* Corners of a *Figure*, or the *three* Legs of a *Syllogism*, you may; this is all their Evidence. Well fare the *Magicians* then, whose *Art* can demonstrate these Things, and put the very Influences in our hands. Let it be thy studie to know their *Region* of *Light*, and to enter into the *Treasures* thereof for then thou mayst converse with *Spirits*, and understand the *Nature* of *invisible* Things. Then will appear unto thee the *Universal Subject*, and the two *mineral* *Spermes*, *White*, and *Red*, of which I must speak somewhat, before I make an end.

In the *Pythagoricall Synod*, which consisted of *Threescore* and *Ten Philosophers*, all *Masters* of the *Art*, it is thus written. *Ignis Spissum in Aera cadit; Aeris vero Spissum, & quod ex igne Spisso congregatur, in Aquam incidit; Aqua quoq, Spissum, & quod ex Ignis & Aeris Spisso coadunatur, in Terrâ quiescit, Ita istorum Trium spissitudo in Terrâ quiescit, inq, eâ conjuncta sunt. Ipsa ergo Terra omnibus ceteris Elementis spissior est, uti Palam apparet, & videre est.* That is, The *Thicknesse*, or *Sperm* of the *Fire* falls into the *Ayre*; The *Thicknesse* or *Spermatic* part of the *Ayre*, and in it the *Sperm* of the *Fire*, falls into the *Water*; The *Thicknesse* or *spermatic Substance* of the *Water*, and in it the two *Spermes* of *Fire* and
L . Ayre,

Ayre fall into the Earth, and there they rest, and are conjoynd. Therefore the Earth it self is thicker than the other Elements, as it openly appears, and to the eye is manifest. Remember now what I have told thee formerly concerning the *Earth*; what a generall *Hospitall* it is, how it receives all things, not onely *Beasts* and *Vegetables*, but proud and glorious *Man*: when Death hath ruin'd him, his courser parts stay here, and know no other Home. This *Earth to Earth*, is just the *Doctrine* of the *Magi*; *Metalls* (say they) and all things may be reduc'd into that whereof they were made.

They speak the very Truth, it is *God's* own
 Gen. c.3. *Principle*, and he first taught it *Ad. m.* *Dust*
 ver. 19. *thou art, and to Dust shalt thou return.* But
 lest any man should be Deceived by us, I think
 it just to informe you, there are *two reductions*;
 One is *Violent* and *Destructive*, reducing Bo-
 dies to their *Extremes*, and properly it is
Death, or the *Calcination* of the common *Chi-*
mist. The other is *Vital*, and *Generative*, resol-
 ving Bodies into their *Sperm*, or *middle Sub-*
stance out of which *Nature* made them, for
 Nature makes not Bodies immediatly of the
Elements; but of a *Sperm*, which shee drawes
 out of the *Elements*. I shall explain my self to
 you by Example. An *Egg* is the *Sperm*, or *mid-*
dle Substance out of which a *Chick* is ingen-
 dred,

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red, and the *moysture* of it is *viscous*, and *slimy*, a *water* and *no water*, for such a *Sperme* ought to be. Suppose *Dr. Coale*, I mean some *Broyler*, had a minde to *generat* something out of this *Egg*: Questionlesse he would first *distill*, and that with a *fire* able to *roast* the *Hen* that layd it, then would hee *calcine* the *Caput mortuum*, and finally produce his *Nothing*. Here you are to observe that *Bocies* are nothing but *Sperm coagulated*, and he that *Destroyes* the *Body*, by consequence *destroyes* the *Sperm*. Now to reduce *Bodies* into *Elements* of *earth* and *water*, as wee have instanc'd in the *Egg*, is to reduce them into *Extremes* beyond their *term*, for *Elements* are not the *Sperm*, but the *term* is a *Compound* made of the *Elements*, and containing in it self all that is *requisit* to the *life* of the *Body*. Wherefore be well advis'd before you *distill*, and *Quarter* any particular *Bodies*, for having once *separated* their *Elements*, you may never *generat*, unless you can make a *Sperm* of those *Elements*, but that is impossible for man to doe, it is the *Power* of *God*, and *Nature*. Labour then you that would be accounted wise, to find out our *Mercurie*, so will you reduce things to their *mean spermati- cal Chaos*, but avoyd the *broyling Destructi- on*. This *Doctrine* will spare you the vain *Task* of *Distillations*, if you will but remember this

Truth: That *Spermes* are not made by *Separation*, but by *Composition* of *Elements*, and to bring a *Body* into *Sperm*, is not to *distill* it, but to *reduce* the *whole* into *one thick water*, keeping all the *parts* thereof in their *first natural union*. But that I may return at last to my former *Citation* of the *Synod*; All those *Influences* of the *Elements* being united in one *Mass*, make our *Sperm*, or our *Earth*, which is *Earth*, and *no Earth*. Take it if thou doest know it, and divide the *Essences* thereof, not by *violence*, but by *naturall putrefaction*, such as may occasion a *genuine Dissolution* of the *Compound*. Here thou shalt find a *miraculous white Water*, a *Influence* of the *Moone*, which is the *Mother* of our *Chaos*; It rules in two *Elements* *Earth* and *Water*. After this appears the *Sperm* or *influence* of the *Sun*, which is the *father* of it. It is quick, *Cœlestiall fire*, incorporated in a thick, *oleous, Aereall Moisture*. It is *incombustible*, for it is *fire it self*, and feeds upon *fire*, and the longer it staves in the *fire*, the more *glorious* it grows. These are the two *mineral Sperm*, *Masculine*, and *Fœminine*: if thou doest place them both on their *Chrystalline Basis*, thou shalt the *Philosopher's flying Fire-drake*, which at the first sight of the *Sun* breathes such a person, that nothing can stand before him. I know not what to tell thee more, unless in the *Vo*

of some *Authors*, I should give thee a *flegmatic* Description of the whole process, and that I can dispatch in two words. It is nothing els but a continual Coction, the Volatil Essences ascending and descending till at last they are fix'd, according to that excellent *Prosopopeia* of the stone.

*Non ego continuo morior, dum spiritus exit,
Nam redit assidue, quamvis & sæpe recedat,
Et mihi nunc magna est Anima, nunc nulla fa-*
(cultas.

*Plus ego sustinui, quam Corpus debuit unum;
Tres Animas habui, quas omnes intus habebam,
Discessere duæ, sed Tertia pœnè secuta est.*

*I am not dead, although my spirit's gon,
For it returns, and is both off, and on,
Now I have life enough, now I have non.*

*I suffer'd more, than one could justly doe;
Three soules I had, and all my own, but Two
Are fled: the Third had almost left mee too.*

*Ο ἰησοῦ, ἰησοῦ. I have written, what I Joh. 19. 22
have written- And now give me leave to look
bout mee. Is there no Powder-Plott, or pra-
tice? What's become of Aristotel, and Ga-
en? Where is the Scribe and Pharisee, the Dis-
puters of this world? If they suffer all this,*

and believe it too, I shall think the General *Conversion* is come about, and I may sing,

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna.

But come what will come, I have once more spoken for the *Truth*, and shall for Conclusion speak this much Again. I have elsewhere call'd this Subject, *Limus cælestis*, and the middle *Nature*: The Philosophers call it the *Venerable Nature*, but amongst all the *Pratenders* I have not yet found one, that could tell me *why*. Hear me then, that whensoever thou doest attempt this work, it may be with reverence, not like some proud, ignorant *Doctor*, but with lesse Confidence & more Care. This *Chaos* hath in it the *four* Elements, which of themselves are *contrarie Natures*, but the wisdom of God hath so placed them, that their very order reconciles them. For Example, *Ayre* and *Earth* are *Adversaries*, for one is *hot* and *moyst*, the other *cold* and *drie*. Now to reconcile these two, God placed the *Water* between them, which is a *middle Nature*, or of a *mean Complexion* between both *Extremes*. For she is *cold* and *moyst*, and as shee is *cold*, shee partakes of the *Nature* of the *Earth*, which is *cold* and *drie*, but as shee is *moyst*, she partakes in the *Nature* of the *Ayre*, which is *hot* and *moyst*. Hence it is, that *Ayre* and *Earth* which are *Contraries* in

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in *Themselves*, agree and imbrace one another in the *water*, as in a *middle Nature* which is proportionate to them both, and tempers their *Extremities*. But verely this *Salvo* makes not up the *Breach*, for though the *water* reconciles two *Elements* like a friendly *Third*, yet shee her self fights with a *Fourth*, namely with the *Fire*: For the *Tire* is *hot* and *drie*, but the *water* is *cold* and *moyst*, which are clear *Contraries*. To prevent the *Distempers* of these two, God placed the *Ayre* between them, which is a Substance *hot* and *moyst*; and as it is *hot*, it agrees with the *fire*, which is *hot* and *drie*; but as it is *moyst*, it agrees with the *water*, which is *cold* and *moyst*; so that by *mediation* of the *Ayre*, the other two *Extremes*, namely *fire* and *water* are made *friends*, and *reconciled*. Thus you see, as I told you at first, that *Contrarie Elements* are united by that *Order* and *Texture* wherein the *Wise God* hath placed them. You must now give me leave to tell you, that this *Agreement* or *friendship* is but *partil*, a very weak *love*, *cold* and *skittish*: for whereas these *Principles* agree in *one qualitie*, they differ in *two*, as your selves may easily compute. Much need therefore have they of a more strong and able *Mediator* to *confirme* and *preserve* their weak *Unitie*, for upon it depends the very *aternitie*, and *Incorruption* of the *Creature*. This blessed

134 *Cælum Terræ*, or the

Anthropo-
ph.

Cæment, and *Balsam*, is the *Spirit* of the *living God*, which some ignorant *Scriblers* have call'd a *Quintessence*, for this very *Spirit* is in the *Chaos*, and to speak plainly, the *fire* is his *Thrrne*, for in the *Fire* he is *Seated*, as wee have sufficiently told you elsewhere. This was the Reason, why the *Magi* call'd the first *Matter* their *Venerable Nature*, and their *blessed stone*, and in good earnest what think you, is it not so? This blessed *Spirit* fortifies, and perfects that weak *Disposition* which the *Elements* already have to *Union* and *Peace*, (for *God* works with *Nature*, not against her,) and brings them at last to a beauteous specificall *Fabric*. Now if you will aske me, where is the *Soul*, or as the *Schoole-men* abuse her, the *Form*, all this while? what doth shee doe? To this I answer, that shee is, as all *Instrumentals* ought to be, subject and obedient to the will of *God*, expecting the perfection of her *Body*: for it is *God* that unites her to the *Body*, and the body to her. *Soule* and *Body* are the work of *God*, the one as well as the other: the *Soul* is not the *Artificer* of her house, for that which can make a *Body*, can also repaire it, and hinder death; but the *Soule* cannot doe this, it is the *Power*, and *Wisdom*e of *God*. In a word, to say that the *Soule* form'd the *Body*, because shee is in the *Body*, is to say that the *Jewell* made the *Cabinet*, because the

Jewell

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Jewell is in the Cabinet, or that the *Sun* made the world, because the *Sun* is in the world, and herisheth every part thereof. Learn therefore to distinguish between *Agents* and their *Instruments*, for if you attribute that to the Creature, which belongs to the Creator, you bring yourselves in Danger of hell-fire, for God is a jealous God, and will not give his glorie to Another. I advise my Doctors therefore, both *Divines* and *Physicians*, not to bee too rash in their *Censures*, nor so *Magisterial* in their *Discourse*, as I have known some *Professors* of *Physic* to be: who would correct and undervalue the rest of their *Brethren*, when in Truth they *Themselves* were most shamefully ignorant. It is not ten, or twelve years Experience in *Druggs* and *Sopps* can acquaint a man with the *Mysteries* of God's Creation. Take this, and make a world: Take I know not what, and make a *Pill* or *Clyster*, are different *Recepts*. Wee should therefore consult with our *Judgements*, before wee venture our *Tongues*, and never speake, but when wee are sure wee understand. I knew a Gentleman, who meeting with a *Philosopher* *Adapt*, and receiving so much Courtesie as to be admirted to *Discourse*, attended his first *Instructions* passing well. But when this *Magician* quitted my friends known *Roade*, and began to touch, and drive round the
great

great *Wheele* of *Nature*, presently my Gentleman takes up the *Cudgells*, and urging all the *Authorities*, which in his vain judgement made for him, opprest this noble *Philosopher* with a most clamorous, insipid *Ribaldrie*. A goodly sight it was, and worthy our *Imitation*, to see with what an *admirable Patience* the other received him. But this *Errant* concluded at last, That *Lead* or *Quick-silver* must be the Subject, and that *Nature* work'd upon one of both. To this the *Adeptus* replied, Sir, it may bee so at this time, but if hereafter I find *Nature* in those old *Elements*, where I have sometimes seen her very *Basie*, I shall at our next meeting confute your *Opinion*. This was all hee said, and it was something more than hee did. Their next meeting was referr'd to the *Greek Calends*, for he could never be seen afterwards, notwithstanding a thousand *Sollicitations*. Such *Talkative babling* people as this Gentleman was, who run to every *Doctör* for his *Opinion*, and follow like a *Spaniell* every *Bird* they spring, are not fit to receive these *Secrets*, they must be serious, silent men, faithfull to the *Art*, and most faithfull to their *Teachers*. Wee should alwayes remember that *Doctrine* of *Zeno*: *Nature* (said hee) gave us one *Tongue*, but two *Eares*, that wee might heare much, and speak little. Let not any man there-
fore

fore be ready to vomit forth his own *shame* and *ignorance* : Let him first examine his *knowledge*, and especially his *practice*, lest upon the *Experience* of a few violent *Knacks*; hee presume to judge *Nature* in her very *Sobrieties*. To make an end ; If thou doest know the *first Matter*, know also for certain, thou hast discovered the *Sanctuarie* of *Nature* ; There is nothing between thee and her *Treasures*, but the *Doore* : that indeed must be *opened*. Now if thy *Desire* leads thee on to the *Practice*, consider well with thy self what manner of man thou art, and what it is that thou would'st do, for it is no small matter. Thou hast resolved with thy self to be a *Cooperator* with the *Spirit* of the *living God*, and to *minister* to him in his *worke* of *generation*. Have a Care therefore that thou doest not hinder his work : for if thy heat exceeds the *Naturall Proportion*, thou hast stirr'd the *wrath* of the *moyst Natures*, and they will stand up against the *Central fire*, and the *Central fire* against *them*, and there will be a terrible *Division* in the *Chaos* : but the sweet *Spirit of Peace*, the true eternal *Quintessence* will depart from the *Elements*, leaving both *them* and *Thee* to *Confusion* ; neither will hee apply himself to that *Matter*, as long as it is in thy violent, destroying *hands*. Take heed therefore, lest thou turn *Partner* with the *Deville*,
for

for it is the *Devil's designe* from the Beginning of the world, to set *Nature* at *Variance* with her self; that he may totally corrupt, and destroy her. *Ne tu augeas facum*, doe not thou further his *Designes*. I make no question but many men will laugh at this, but on my Soule I speak nothing But what I have known by very good Experience, therefore believe mee. For my own part it was ever my desire to bury these Things in *silence*, or to paint them out in *shadows*, but I have spoken thus clearly, and openly, out of the *Affection* I bear to some, who have deserved much more at my hands. True it is, I intended sometimes to expose a greater work to the world, which I promised in my *Anthroposophia*, but I have been since acquainted with that World, and I found it *base*, and *unworthie*: wherefore I shall keep in my first happy *Solitudes*, for *Noyse* is *Nothing* to mee, I seek not any man's *Applause*. If it be the will of my God to call me forth, and that it may make for the *Honour* of his *Name*, in that respect I may write again, for I feare not the *Judgement* of *Man*, but in the *interim* here shall be and *End*.

FINIS.

AND now my Book, let it not stop thy Flight,
 That thy just Author, is not Lord, or Knight.
 I can define my self: and have the Art
 Still to present one face, and still one Heart.
 But for nine years some Great ones cannot see
 What they have been, nor know they what to bee.
 What though I have no Rattles to my name,
 Do'st hold a simple Honestie no Fame?
 Or art thou such a stranger to the Times,
 Thou canst not know my Fortunes frō my Crimes.
 Goe forth, and fear not: some will gladly bee
 Thy learned friends, whom I did never see.
 Nor shouldst thou fear thy welcom: thy small
 Cannot undo 'em, though they pay Exile. (Price
 Thy Bulk's not great: it will not much distresse
 Their emptie Pockets, but their Studies lesse.
 Th'art no Galeon, as Books of Burthen bee,
 Which can not ride but in a Librarie.
 Th'art a fine Thing and little: it may Chance
 Ladies will buy thee for a new Romance.
 Oh how I'le envy Thee! when thou art spread
 In the bright Sun-shine of their Eyes, and read
 With Breath of Amber, Lips of Rose, that lend
 Perfumes unto thy Leaves, shal never spend: (fall
 When from their white hands they shall let thee
 Into their Bosomes, which I may not call
 Ought of Misfortune, Thou do'st drop to rest
 In a more pleasing place, and art more blest.
There

*There in some silken, soft Fold thou shalt lye
 Hid like their Love, or thy own Myserie. (fine,
 Nor shouldst thou grieve thy Language is not
 For it is not my Best, though it be Thine.
 I could have voyc'd thee forth in such a Dresse,
 The Spring had been a Slut to thy Expressse;
 Such as might file the rude, unpolish'd Age,
 And fix the Readers Soule to ev'ry Page:
 But I have us'd a course, and homely strain,
 Because it suits with Truth, which should be plain.
 Last, my dear Book, if any looke on Thee
 As on Three Suns, or some great Prodigie,
 And swear to a full point, I do deride
 All other Sects, to publish my own pride;
 Tell such they lie, and since they love not Thee,
 Bid them goe learn some High-shoe heresie.
 Nature is not so simple, but shee can
 Procure a solid Reverence from man;
 Nor is my Pen so lightly Plum'd that I
 Should serve Ambition with her Majestie.
 'Tis Truth makes me come forth, & having writ
 This her short Scæne, I would not stifle it:
 For I have call'd it Childe, and I had rather
 See't torn by them, than strangl'd by the Father.*

Soli Deo Gloria.

Amen.

1380-911 c.2

