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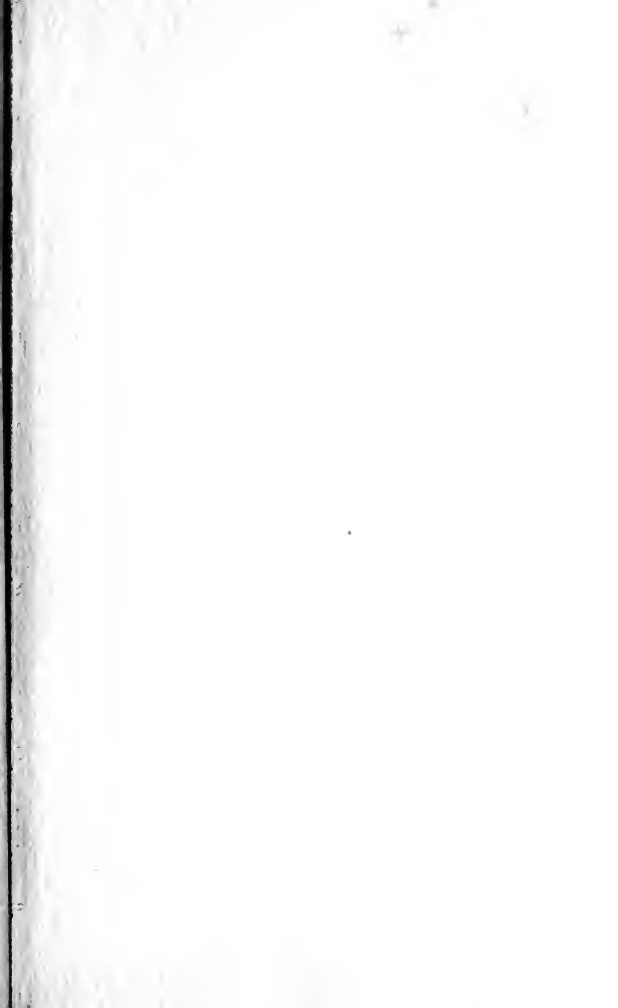
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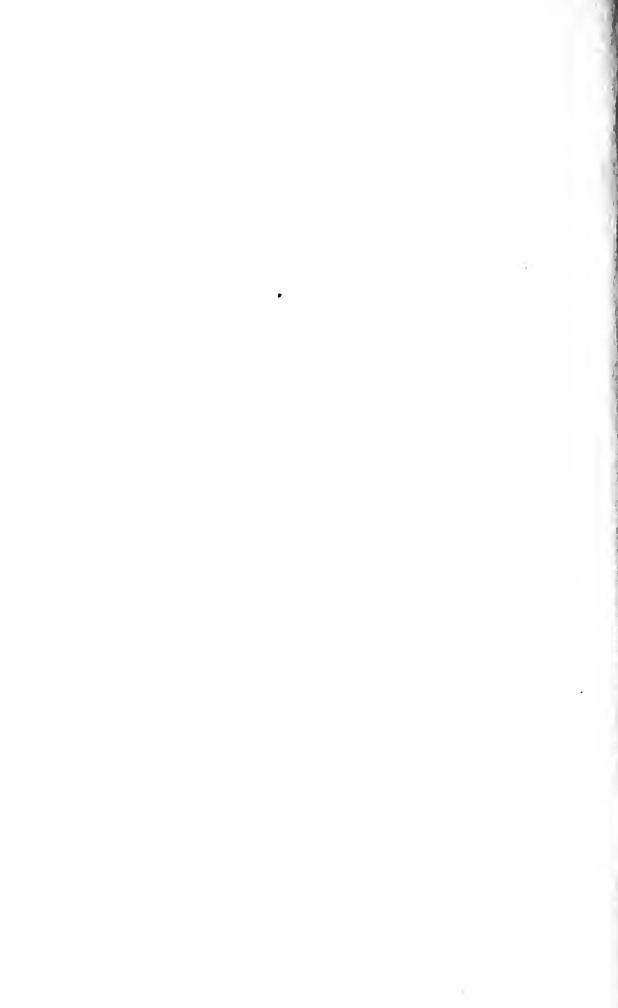
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Elizabeth Worcester Mills.

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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 Ulysses?*

Cor. 15. 32.

*After the manner of men I have fought with Beasts.*

Anthrop : Theo-Mag. pag. 27. 2

*I know my reward is Calumnie.* 5

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1650.

Elizabeth Beighton  
July 29. 1700





*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 *necessitated* 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*

100f-



*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 *Sous'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*  
1650.      E. P.

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

*MAURO-MANGO.*


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

**T** 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 Blood  
 To side an Art, which Nature hath made Good?  
 Do'st think that Knowledge comes to thee *Imate*;  
 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 Ratt, holy and pure.  
 But for thy Sockle (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 *Elcvaland* from end to end,  
 And not one right apply'd; you doe mistake  
 The *Stagyrit'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 Disputation 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 *Bodi'd* *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 *Tethis* 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 *Virt* 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 <sup>32.</sup>  
knowledge? Come thou <sup>2.</sup>  
pitifull Alaz: thou false  
Philaethes! Gird up thy <sup>ver. 3</sup>  
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. Reader, I have met with a thing, a name and no thing, 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

*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 *better 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

or 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 nodle*, 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 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 phantastic 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 monstrous 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 Observations* 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 *tayl* it with an *Interpretation*. Now at last you begin to be *morall*, 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 *freedome*. 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- cinesse!* 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 *Philalthean* 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 *winnomed* 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 ἰσριθμοῦς*, which shall *stick* unto you *Mr. Mastix*, *ὡς μασίχην*. 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 considered at any time what thou hast written for all Times? was there not a *Censurer* in *Christs College* to whom thou mightst submit thy *Exercise*, and request his *Correction*? 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 freeness of our tempers, and play the *Tom-Tell-Troths*. And you indeed 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 wouldst 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 ever take *Pen* and *Ink* in hand. I will render thee such a *perfect Assè*; 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 *fearc*, 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*, 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 *powres* 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 beleeve, 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<sup>o</sup>n 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 *skiptudov*, 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 the *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 dismiss 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 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  
*opposit* 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 *Designe* 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 *performances* 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  
*drinckes*, then *sleepe*s, 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

# 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:

Quere

# 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  
weake 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 *T*  
*le* but some few *Minutes*, and  
think them *not lost*, you will *Pe*  
*fect* my *Ambition*. You will *pla*  
mee *Sir*, at my *full Height*, and  
though it were like that of *Sta*  
*us*, amongst *Gods* and *Stars*, I shal  
quickly find the *Earth* again, and  
with the *least Opportunitie* present  
my self

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

E. P.





## To the Reader.



Well-fare the *Dodechedron*! I have examined the *Nativity* of this *Book* by a *Cast* of *Constellated Bones*, and *Deuz Ace* tels me this *Parable*. *Truth* (sayd the witty *Aleman*) was cōmanded into *Exile*, and the *Lallye* was seated in her *Throne*. To perorme the *Tenor* of this *Sentenee*, *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 *Custom* 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 *preferment* my *Book* is like to *attain* to. I am for my part contented, though the *Consideratio.*

To the Reader.

ration 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 *fervent 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* prevailes 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 *prafer* *Aristotel* to *Aelohim*, 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 sunt 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 *Vniuersities* 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 Duty 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 Subjects* of *Man*, but the *Earth* is *invisible*. I know the common Man will stare at this, and judge me not very sober, when I affirm the *Earth*, which of all *substances* is most *gross* and *palpable*, to be *invisible*. But on my soule it is so, and which is more, the *Eye of Man* never *sees* the *Earth*, nor can it be *seen* without *Art*. To make this *Element visible*, is the *greatest secret* in *Magic*, for it is a *miraculous Nature*, and of all others 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 aque validas impleisset rebus, que in Natur.*

## To the Reader.

*turâ, Ambienteq; erant, & pugnos valide 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 becomes a God to have, hee powr'd down All that was Necessary to the Constitution 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 manifold Influences to the *Matter*; For as

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, Deumq;*  
*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 *Adresse* 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  
*Arrows* shot out of his *skin*, and presen-  
ted him a *perfect Ass*. His *Observati-*  
*ons* are one continued  $\kappa\acute{o}\alpha\zeta$ , and the  
*Whores* read the same *Philoso-*  
*phy* every day. 'Tis a *Scurril, sense-*  
*less Piece*, and as he well stiles himself,  
*Chip of a Block-head*.

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

## To the Reader.

the Chops, whiles another held the Presse for him like *Porphyries* Bafon 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 *scor*



*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-  
nit this *peece* to the *world*, without any  
*protection* but its *own worth*, and the  
*Æstimat* 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.

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# *Magia Adamica :*

Or,

*The Antiquitie of Magic, &c.*

---

*Cælum Terra, &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** **האמרו** the *Hachamim*, or *Wisemen* have spoken it. Give him but the Authoritie of his Fathers, and presently hee submits to the Scale. 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 *πισδωσ*, *Believe*, and no more. Nay, the solemnitie of this short Induction was such, that *Julian* made it the *Topic* to his Apostasie; *ἵδεν ἡμεῖς τὸ πισδωσ*, 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 *whim-sies*. 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 in-demonstrable without the Spirit of God. But I should grant that, which I will ever deny: Verily, a *True Faith* consists not in *Reason*,

4 *Magia Adamica, or*

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: *Επιδικειται το ψαδος εις ορθα κη λογισμοις*, 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, *'Αρχη ωσ επιστημης τον αυνειληθητος, ε τον ημετερον αλλα τον θεου, κη υπερ ημωσ: Οπως δε τα νοητα, κη δεια εδω 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

(a) That is, We say not onely Science, but the Principle also of Science to be something whereby we understand the Termes.

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 *Individuation*, or to speak with *Scotus*, his *Haccetie*, by which he is *This*, and not *That*. This now is the *Demonstration* we should look after, namely the *Expansion*, or opening of the *Divine Mind*, not a *Syllogism*, that runns perhaps on all *Four*. 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 Cœlorius patefacto*, unlesse the Heaven of Man be first unfolded. *Amovete ergo velamen Intellectus 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 *Spirituall Baptism* with *Fire*, not that *Elemental* one with *water*. Truly I am much comforted, when I consider two Things; First, that *Magic* 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 *shadowes* 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



Attuats all Things. The common Man perusing their Books, but not their Sense, took *Candles, Common Water, Oile, and Salt*, and began to *Consecrat*, and *exorcise* them, to make up his daninable 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 intimating 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 *Deuill*. 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 Tritemius, Georgius Venetus, Johannes Reuclin*. called in the *Greek Capnion*, with severall others in their severall *Dayes*. And after all *These* as an *Vsher* 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

ly with much more Content and Advantage, think it not enough to have discover'd the *Abuses* and *misfortunes* this *Science* hath suffered, unless I 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 Discipinam 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*

10 *Magia Adamica, or*

*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 wee 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 *Judaa* into *Agypt* and *Arace*, where againe I shall meet with these *Mysteries*, and prove that this *Science* did stream (as the *Chimists* say, their *Salt-Fountain* doth) 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* is 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 Invisibile 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 superior & Inferne. 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 un  
 „ ted, and the Vital Springs and Channels we  
 „ 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 Chanel's 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. Cap. 5. v. 29.  
*This same shall comfort us, concerning our 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. Cap. 8. v. 25.  
*And the Lord said in his Heart, I will not Againe 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 immediatly 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 *fruitfull* 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 ordin* or disposing to *Heaven*, which is their *last perfection*; and such were *these Blessings*, which *God* recalled upon the *Transgression* of the first *Man*. Againe there are some *Evills* which are but *Degrees* conducing to their *last Extremitie*, 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 *Mysterious Instructions*, hath alio this *Doctrine*. When *Adam* transgressed my *Statutes*, then was that decreed, which now is done. Then were the *Entrances* of this *World* made *Narrow*, full of *sorrow*, and *Travell*: They are but few and *Evill*, full of *p.rils*, and very *painfull*. But the *Entrances* of the *Elder World*, were *vide* 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 only *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 *Corruptible 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 Cattel, and above every Beast of the Field*, so that

Cap. 7.  
V. 11, 12,  
13.

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 *Restitution* they shall be also blessed for his sake. But of this enough. Let us now summe up, and consider

# The *Antiquitie* of *Magic*. 17

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 *Cabalistical* 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 *manuall 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 *Viduals* 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 *wilderness*. 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

## The Antiquitie of Magic. 19

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 *Evill*! This speech they call *Orationem occultissimam à Creatore Mundi cum beatis Angelis in sue Divinitatis Penetrabilibus 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 Evill*: 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 enjoy 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*, inspired *Theologicians*. For Certainly it is impossible for us to find out *Myteries* 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 Cabala, 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 *Murther*.

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-  
ed; For I would know further In what *Schoole*  
was *Adam* instructed? Now that it was im-  
possible for him to invent these *Shadows* and  
*Sacraments* of himself, I will undertake to De-  
monstrate, and that by invincible Reason,  
which no Adversarie shall dare to contradict.

It is most certain that the *Hope* and *Expe-*  
*tation* of Man in Matters of *Sacrifices*, consist  
in the *Thing signified*, and not in the *Signe* it  
self. For the Material Corruptible *shadow* is  
not the *Object* of *Faith* but the Spiritual eter-  
nall *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 inas-  
much 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 *efficacie* of *Sa-*  
*rifices* 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 be 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 *Pradicables*) 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

irth, whensoever you give mee so just a Rea-  
 son to laugh. It remains then a most *firme in-*  
*elible Foundation* that *Adam* was first in-  
 structed concerning the *Passion*, and in order to  
 that, he was taught further, to Sacrifice, and  
 set up the *Blouds of Beasts* as *Types* and *Pro-*  
*types* 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 lets the *Son of God*, who is  
 the *Prototype* and *perfection* of all *Oblations*:  
 to this I answer, that the *Custom* of *Sacri-*  
*ficing* was communicated to *Heathens* by *Tra-*  
*dition* from the first *Man*: who having instru-  
 cted his own *Children*, they also delivered it to  
 their *Posteritie*, so that this *Vizard* of *Religion*  
 remained, though the *Substance* and *true Do-*  
*ctrine* of it was lost. And thus in my *Opinion*  
 sufficiently appears, that the first men did sa-  
 crifice, not by *Nature* as *Prophyrus* that *Ene-*  
*mie* 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 Reve-*  
*lation*, for *Salomon* numbring those severall  
*lessings* which the *Divine Wisdome* imparted  
 to the *Ancient Fathers*, amongst the rest speci-  
 fies her *Indulgence* to *Adam*. Shee preserved  
 (saith

(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 be, 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 daies wee are taught by 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 attended

their *Philosophie*, and if they spend a few hours  
 in my *Spermalogie* it may cost them some part Act. 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-  
ast. 7. 29.  
*place*, *That God had made man upright, but hee  
 had sought out many Inventions*. Of these *In-  
 ventions* we have a short *Catalogue* in *Genesis*,  
 where *Moses* separates 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  
*Jubal* 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-  
 chiefes have succeeded this *Brasse-and-Iron Cy-  
 ops*, I need not tell you: if you know not the  
 stories of former Times, you may studie the *A-  
 ctions* of your owne, you live in an Age that  
 can

Gen. 4.  
20.

can instruct you. Verily, it is worth our observation that these *Arts*, and their *tooles*, 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 fit 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 the true *God*, by which I can discover those *Universal invisible Essences* which are subordinat to him; An *Art* that is no way subject to *Evil* and by which I can attain to all the *Secrets* and *Mysteries* in *Nature*. This is the *Art* which in the *Physicks* 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

Is 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 prescribe for their *Necessities*, 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 Carines obambulare, & nullâ tangi Mortalium curâ*, 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 Impie-tye, to make God as *Tertullian* said of old, *Oti- sum, & inexercitum Neminem in rebus Humanis*, An idle, unprofitable *Nobody* in this World, having nothing to doe with our *A- ires*, as they are *Natural*, and *Humane*. Where 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*.

Apolog:  
advers.  
Gent. Cap.  
24.

*ries*. Not so my friend: he hath created *Phisic*, and brings it out of the *Earth*, but the *Goldenist* knowes it not; Hee it is, that pitties our afflictions, he is the good *Samaritane* that do not pass by us in our miseries, but poures *Oile* and *Wine* into our wounds; This I know well and I will prove it out of his own Mouth. Did not hee instruct *Noah* to build an *Ark*, and pitch it within and without, and this to save li in a Time when hee himselfe was resolved to destroy it? In a time when the world was acquainted with no *Mechanics*, but a little *Husbandrie*, and a few *Knacks* of *Tubalcain*, and his brethren? But even those Inventions also proceeded from that light which hee planted in man: an Essence perpetually burning, and whose Ambition it is to performe wonders, yet hee seldome produceth any thing of his owne, but what is *fantastic*, and *monstrous*.

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



# The Antiquitie of Magic. 31

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 meeke *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 soule* that is *infested*, and *præserved* thy *Braines* 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 *Physicall* 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 *Magie* thou mayst being first *seasoned*, but in this place it is not my designe to lead Thee to it. *Animall* 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

*Pratation* 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*.  
 As *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 mur-  
 dered his brother *Abel*, his *Priesthood* descen-  
 ded to *Seth*, and this is confirm'd by those *Fa-*  
*ulties* which attended his *Posteritie*, for *Enoch*,  
*Lamech*, and *Noah*, were (all of them) *Pro-*  
*phets*. It troubles you perhaps that I attribute  
*Priesthood* to *Abel* but I have besides his own  
*Testimonie*, *Christ's* *Testimonie* for it, who ac-  
 counts the *Bloud* of *Abel* amongst that of  
 the persecuted *Prophets* and *Wisemen*. Now  
 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 hee 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 *Lanthorn* 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*

Genel. 20.  
7.

# The Antiquitie of Magic. 35

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 believe 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 looner made, but he finds an *Art* to *Multiplie* his own *Colours*, and sends his *Father-in-law* almost a *Woolgathering*. And *Jacob* took him *Rods* of green *Poplar*, and of the *Hasel*, & *Chestnut-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 *Cattel* 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 *Appearances*, or *Ramms* of the dream, did leap, and

Genes. 24.  
II. 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 loosly 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 *Magia*, 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 summ of  
 all is this: Man of himself could not attain to  
 true *Knowledge*, it was *God* in meer mercie  
 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-ar-am*, 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 Phaaroh*, 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*



ance of them, onely *Moses* tells me of a ge- Exod. 1.  
*erall 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 effectuall 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 Phaeroh, 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 Inchantments. 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  
Confirme

Exod. 7.  
11. 22.

confirmed by *Pharaoh's Dreame*, which his  
 own Sorcerers, and Wizards could not interpret,  
 but *Joseph* alone expounded it. Verily it can-  
 not 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 *Astrological 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 *Moyſaicall Septuagint*, who made up the *Sanhedrim*, God having Selected ſome from the reſt, to be the *ſtewards*, and *Diſpenſers* of *s Myſteries*. Now that *Mofes* was acquaint- d with all the *abſtruſe Operations*, and *Prin- ciples* of *Nature*, is a Truth I ſuppoſe which no man will reſiſt. That the *Sanhedrim* alſo partici- pated of the ſame Inſtruction and Know- dge with him is plain out of *Scripture*, where we read, That *God took of the ſpirit that* Numb.  
*as in Moſes, and gave it to the Seventy.* cap. 11.

But leſt any Man ſhould deny that, which we take for granted, namely the *Philophie* of *Mofes*, I ſhall demonſtrate out of his own books, both by *reaſon*, as alſo by his *practice*, that hee was a *Natural Magician*. ver. 25.

Fiſt of all then it is moſt abſurd, and there- fore 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- ſitie be known before wee ſhould undertake to write of the *Creation*. But *Mofes* did write of it, *Ergo*. Now I deſire to know what hee hath written, *Truth* or a *Lie*; if *Truth*, how dare you denie his *Knowledge*? if a *Lie* (which *God* forbid) why will you *believe him*? You will ſay mee perhaps he hath done it onely in *gene- ral 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 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 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*

Gen. cap.  
1. ver. 20.

Cap. 2.  
ver. 19.

*snie, spermatic, viscos Masse, impragnated with all powers Cœlestiall, 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 best 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 Earth, this Water. But this is not all that Moses hath written to this purpose, I could see many more Magicall and mysticall places, but in so doing I should be too open, wherefore I must forbear. I shall now speak of his practice, and truly this is it which no Distinction, 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 strewed 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 *plow'd* with our *Heyser*. 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 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*, *ἡλικῆς*, and *ἡ πνευματικῆς*: one *literal*, and the other *spirituall*. And elsewhere hee ment



οὐκ ἰδόμενον ἢ νόμον, ἢ τὸ χυπτόμενον, the *hidden*,  
 and the *manifest* part of the *Law*; the *manifest*  
 part (saith he) being appointed. τοῖς πολλοῖς ἢ ἐπι-  
 ούμενοι, for many men, and such whose thoughts  
 were fixed here below, but the *hidden*, τοῖς ὀλίγοις  
 ἀνορθαίμενοι, for few onely, whose Mindes a-  
 spired upwards to heavenly Things. Now that  
 the *Law* being given, might benefit the people  
 in both parts, *spiritual* and *literal*, therefore  
 did the *Law-giver* institute the *Sanhedrim*, a  
 Councell of *Seventy Elders*, upon whom hee  
 had poured his *Spirit*, that they might discern  
 (as *Esdras* did) the *Deep Things of the Night*,  
 in plain Termes, the *hidden things* of his *Law*.  
 From these *Elders* the *Cabala* (I believe) had its  
*Originall*: for they imparted their *Knowledge*  
*by word of Mouth* to their *Successors*, and  
 hence it came to passe, that the *Science* it self,  
 was styl'd *Cabala*, that is, a *Reception*. This con-  
 tinued so long as *Israel* held together; but  
 when their *Frame* began to *discompose*, and the  
*Dilapidations* of that *House* proved *desperat*,  
 then *Esdras* a *Prophet Incomparable* (notwith-  
 standing the brand of *Apocrypha*) writ that  
*Law* in *Tables of Box*, which *God* himself had  
 sometimes written in *Tables of Stone*. As for the  
 more *secret*, and *mysterious* part thereof, it was  
 written at the same time in *Seventy Secret*  
*Bookes*, according to the *Number* of the *Elders*,

in whose hearts it had been sometimes written.

And this was the very first time the Spirit married the Letter; for these Sacraments were not trusted formerly to *Corruptible Volume*, but to the *eternall Tables* of the Soul. But it may be there is a *blind Generation*, who will believe nothing but what they see at hand, and therefore will deny that *Esdras* compos'd any such *Bookes*; To these *Opes* (though an unequal Match) I shall oppose the Honour of *Picus*, who himself affirms, that in his time he met with the *Secret Bookes* of *Esdras*, and bought them with a great Price; Nor was that all, for *Eugenius* Bishop of *Rome* order'd their *Translation*, but hee dying, the *Translators* also fell asleep. It is true indeed, something may be objected to mee in this place concerning the *Cabala*, An Art which I no way approve of, neither doe I condemne it, as our *Adversaries* condemne *Magic*, before I understand it; for I have spent some *yeares* in the *Search*, and *Contemplation* thereof. But what then should I propose that for a Truth to others, which I accompt for an Error my self? To this I answer, that I condemne not the true *Cabala*, but the *Inventions* of some dispersed wandring *Rabbies*, whose *braines* had more of *Distraction*, than their *fortunes*; of the *thirteenth Tribe* I understand the *Satyris* who

then hee promiseth so largely.

*Qualiacunq; voles, Judaei Somnia vendunt.*

these I say have produc'd a certain *up-start*,  
*astard Cabala*, which consists altogether in  
*Alphabeticall knacks*, ends alwayes in the Let-  
 ter where it begins, and the *Vanities* of it are  
 down *Voluminous*. As for the more *Ancient*,  
 and *Physicall Traditions* of the *Cabala*, I em-  
 brace them for so many *Sacred Truths*, but ve-  
 ry those *Truths* were unknown to most of  
 those *Rabbins* whom I have seen, even to *Ram-*  
*bam* 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  
 of the *Cabala* I admit of, consists of two parts,  
*ἡ ἱστορία*, and *τὸ ἔργον*, the *Name*, and *Thing*.  
 The former part is meerly *Typicall* in reference  
 to the later, Serving only as the *shadow* to  
 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-*  
*position* the *Jewes* call them *WDN* *Emes*, in  
 the *Fœminine* *DWN* *Asam*, and they are  
*aleph*, *mem*, *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 Akiba*) id est, *Aer, Aqua, & Ignis*; *Aqua Quiescens, 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*, an *Aire* the middle *Spirit*. Again sayth the same *Rabbi, Tres Matres* ודן *Emes in Munda* *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 *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 fontano*, in his primitive, *Incomprehensible* *Element*, 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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*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 we know the Original of the Creature, and to whom we 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 Unity 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 sine Subjektum Hominem*, shedding some secre *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 secre *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 *Angls* effectually, unless

esse some *name of God*, as  $\text{יה}$  or  $\text{יהו}$  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  
 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  
 conteines 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

It 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-  
 even, 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 Wilderneses, 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  
 EWES; BY THE WRATH OF GOD  
 DISPERSED AMONG THE  
 GAULES, SENDETH HEALTH.

After this it was filled with great Exe-  
 cutions, 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 eternally. 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

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 fifth leafe there-  
 fore was without any writing, all full of faire  
 figures inlightned, or as it were inlightned,  
 for the work was very Exquisite. First hee  
 painted a young man, with wings at his An-  
 ders, 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  
 was one running, and flying with open wings, a  
 great old man, who upon his head had an  
 soure-glasse fastned, and in his hands a  
 booke, or Sicke like Death, with the which  
 in terrible and furious Maner, he would have  
 cutt off the feet of Mercurie. On the other  
 side of the fourth Leafe, 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 leafe  
 there was a faire Rose tree flowered 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 leaf, 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  
could interpret there, but request the Sense of  
the *Illuminated*. I desire to know what my *Sa-*  
*our* means by the *Key of Knowledge*, which  
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-  
kens, and destroys 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*,  
or 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

Luc. cap.  
11. ver. 52

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 *Judaa*. 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.

ve broad, In the uppermost part of this stone  
 was figur'd a *Crosse*, and underneath it an  
 Description in *Sinic Characters*, being the *Ti-*  
*le* 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*  
*Christ Jesus* was brought by one *Olo puen*  
*et of Judaea*, and afterwards by the assistance  
*God* planted in *China*. This happened in  
 the yeare of our Lord six hundred, and thirtie  
 e. *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 *Sectaries*, who succeeded  
 one another, all of them striving who should  
 get 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 of 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. e. 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 all with Knowledge; It was necessarie therefore to call it *Kim ki ao*, that is, the great Law or Light. To be short, *Olo puen* 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 *Olo puen*, he calls his *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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NS, τὸ κρυπτόμερον τῶ νόμον, καὶ τὸ χρυστόμερον, the *hidden*,  
 and the *manifest part* of the *Law*; the *manifest*  
*part* (saith he) being appointed, τοῖς πολλοῖς καὶ κατω-  
 τωτον, for many men, and such whose thoughts  
 were fixed here below, but the *hidden*, τοῖς ὀλίγοις  
 ἀνωφθαίνοισι, for few onely, whose Mindes a-  
 ired upwards to heavenly Things. Now that  
 the *Law* being given, might benefit the people  
 both parts, *spiritual* and *literal*, therefore  
 the *Law-giver* institute the *Sanhedrim*, a  
 Councell of *Seventy Elders*, upon whom hee  
 had poured his *Spirit*, that they might discerne  
 (as *Esdras* did) the *Deep Things of the Night*,  
 in plain *Termes*, the *hidden things* of his *Law*.  
 From these *Elders* the *Cabala* (I believe) had its  
 originall: for they imparted their *Knowledge*  
 by word of *Mouth* to their *Successors*, and  
 since it came to passe, that the *Science* it self,  
 was styl'd *Cabala*, that is, a *Reception*. This con-  
 tinued so long as *Israel* held together; but  
 when their *Frame* began to *discompose*, and the  
*vilapidations* of that *House* proved *desperat*,  
 when *Esdras* a *Prophet* *Incomparable* (notwith-  
 standing the brand of *Apocrypha*) writ that  
 Law in *Tables of Box*, which *God* himself had  
 sometimes written in *Tables of Stone*. As for the  
 more *secret*, and *mysterious part* thereof, it was  
 written at the same time in *Seventy Secret*  
*bookes*, according to the *Number* of the *Elders*,

in whose *hearts* it had been sometimes writtē

And this was the very first time the *Spir* married the *Letter*; for these *Sacraments* were not trusted formerly to *Corruptible Volume*, but to the *aternall Tables* of the *Soul*. But may bee there is a *blind Generation*, who will believe nothing but what they see at hand, and therefore will deny that *Esdras* compos'd any such *Bookes*; To these *Owles* (though an unequal Match) I shall oppose the *Honour* of *P*cus, who himself affirms, that in his time he met with the *Secret Bookes* of *Esdras*, and bought them with a great Price; Nor was that all, for *Eugenius* Bishop of *Rome* order'd the *Translation*, but hee dying, the *Translators* all so fell asleep. It is true indeed, something may be objected to mee in this place concerning the *Cabala*, An *Art* which I no way approve of, neither doe I condemne it, as our *Aversaries* condemne *Magic*, before I understand it; for I have spent some *yeares* in the *Search*, and *Contemplation* thereof. But what then should I propose that for a Truth to others, which I accompt for an Error my self? To this I answer, that I condemne not the *Cabala*, but the *Inventions* of some dispersed wandring *Rabbies*, whose *braines* had more *Distraction*, than their *fortunes*; of the *thirteenth Tribe* I understand the *Satyr*

when hee promiseth so largely.

*Qualiacunq; voles, Judæi Somnia vendunt.*

These I say have produc'd a certain *up-start*,  
*bastard Cabala*, which consists altogether in  
*Alphabeticall knacks*, ends alwayes in the *Let-*  
*ter* where it begins, and the *Vanities* of it are  
 grown *Voluminous*. As for the more *Ancient*,  
 and *Physicall Traditions* of the *Cabala*, I em-  
 brace them for so many *Sacred Truths*, but ve-  
 rily those *Truths* were unknown to most of  
 those *Rabbins* whom I have seen, even to *Ram-*  
*am* himself, I mean *Rabbi Moses Aegyptius*,  
 whom the *Jewes* have so magnified with their  
 famous *Hyperbole*: *A Mose ad Mosen non*  
*arrexit sicut Moses.*

But to deale ingenuously with my Readers, I  
 by the *Cabala* I admit of, consists of two parts,  
 the *Νεγυβησις*, and the *τι ονομα*, the *Name*, and *Thing*.  
 The former part is meerly *Typicall* in reference  
 to the later, Serving only as the *shadow* to  
 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-*  
*plexion* the *Jewes* call them *WUN Emes*, in  
 the *Fæminine* *WUN Afsam*, and they are  
 the *aleph*, *mem*, *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 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. Coeli 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 Non-sence 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 *Doctrin*e, 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 & *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 Oculi*, 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  $\text{יה}$  or  $\text{יהו}$  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 *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  
 conteines 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,  
 as is to be seen there this day. and wee have for

At 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 Medicin* 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  
 of 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 eyes 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 hee 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 fifth leafe there-  
 fore was without any writing, all full of faire  
 figures inlightned, or as it were inlightned,  
 for the work was very Exquisite. First hee  
 painted a young man, with wings at his An-  
 gles, having in his hand a Caducean Rod writ-  
 ten about with two Serpents, wherewith hee  
 looke upon a Helmet which covered his head;  
 he seemed to my small judgement to be Mer-  
 curie the Pagan God. Against him there  
 were running, and flying with open wings, a  
 great old man, who upon his head had an  
 soure-glasse fastned, and in his hands a  
 scythe, or Sicke like Death, with the which  
 terrible and furious Marer, he would have  
 cutt off the feet of Mercurie. On the other  
 side of the fourth Leafe, hee painted a faire  
 flower on the top of a very high Mountaine,  
 which was sore shaken with the North wind;  
 when 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 leafe  
 there was a faire Rose tree flowered in the mid-  
 dle.

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 fifth leaf was painted a King, with a great Fauchion who caused to be 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 the 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  
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  
yet 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*,  
far 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

Luc. cap.  
11. ver. 52

60 *Magia Adamica, or*

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 *aggr* 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* *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 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-*  
to the *Monument*, which I find thus ren-  
er'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  
ernal Remembrance of the Law of Light, and  
ruth, brought out of *Judaea*, and published in  
*China*. After this followed the body of the  
Monument, being a Relation, how the Gospel  
Christ Jesus was brought by one *Olo puen*  
it of *Judaea*, and afterwards by the assistance  
God planted in *China*. This happened in  
e yeare of our Lord six hundred, and thirtie  
a. *Kim Cim*, the Author of this *Historie*,  
the very beginning of it, speaks mysteriously  
of the *Creation*; Then he mentions three hun-  
ed sixty five sorts of *Sectaries*, who succeeded  
ne another, all of them striving who should  
t most *Profelyts*. Some of their vaine *Opi-*  
ons he recites, which indeed are very suitable  
ish 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 huanti* 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 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 speak 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 utter 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 rich, that Thou canst not in modestie expect more. Now then you that would be what the *Ancient Physicians* were, *Manus Deorum futares*, not *Quacks* and *Salvos* of the *Pipets*; 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 easily 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 Universal Nature, was made in the Image of the Active Universal 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 pittifull 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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This 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 *mediat 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*, unless 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* *Essences*, and *Proprieties* of it. But these things heare the most excellent *Captain*, who informes his *Jew*, and his *Epicure* of the *Catholic Natures Material* and *Spiritual*: *Itoram* (saith he) *quæ videri oculis; & attingi manu possit, prope ad omne Mementum*

alterabilem. Detur enim venia (ut ait *Ma-  
daurensis*) *Novitati Verborum, rerum obscuri-  
tatibus inservienti. Hac ipsa cum eadem e-  
una persistere nequeat, nihilominus à tali Vir-  
tute animi hospitio suscipitur, pro modo recti-  
quo est, quam quo non est, qualis in veritate r-  
est, id est, mutabilis. Alteram autem substa-  
tiarum Naturam incorruptam, immutabilem  
constantem, eandemq; ac semper Existentes*  
The English of it speaks thus. One Nature  
such, it may be seen with the eyes, and felt with  
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 *Obscuritie* of the *Thing*.  
This very Nature, since shee may not contin-  
one, and the same, is notwithstanding app-  
hended 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  
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*  
*sible, Tangible Substance* that ever God made,  
it is white in Appearance, and *Paracelsus* gives  
you the Reason why: *Omnia* (saith he) *in-*  
*Mann alba sunt, is ea tingit, ut vult:*

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ings when they first proceed from God, are  
*white*, but hee *colours* them afterwards, accord-  
g to his pleasure. An Example wee have in  
is *very matter*, which the Philosophers call  
metimes their *red Magnesia*, sometimes  
eir *white*, by which Descriptions they have de-  
ived many men; for in the first præparation  
e *Chaos* is *Bloud-red*, because the *Central*  
*sulphur* is stir'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*,  
it of a *Cœlestia'l* transcendent brightnesse, for  
ere is nothing upon Earth like it. This fine  
stance is the *Child* of the *Elements*, and it  
a most pure, sweet *Virgin*; for *nothing* as yet  
th been *generated* out of her: but if at any  
ne shee *breeds*, it is by the *fire* of *Nature*, for  
at is her *husband*. Shee is no *Animal*, no  
*vegetable*, no *Mineral*, neither is shee *extra-*  
ed out of *Animals*, *Vegetables*, or *Minerals*,  
it shee is *præexistent* to them all, for shee is  
e *Mother* of them. Yet one thing I must  
y, shee is not much *short* of *Life*, for shee is  
most *Animal*. Her *Composition* is miracu-  
us, and different from all other *Compounds*  
thatsoever. 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*.

84 *Cælum Terræ*, or the

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, shee gives him *Bloud* 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 *due*, 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  
*them*, nor any kind of Salt whatsoever th  
*man* can make. Shee is a *sperme* that *Natu*  
 her self *drawes* out of the *Elements*, witho  
 the *help* of *Art*: man may find it, where *N*  
 ture leaves it, it is not of his *office* to *make* t  
*sperme*, nor to *extract* it, it is already made, a  
 wants nothing but a *Matrix*, and *heat* con  
 nient for *Generation*. Now should you con  
 der with your selves where *Nature* leaves t  
*seed*, and yet many are so dull, they know t  
 how to work, when they are told what th  
 must doe. Wee see in *Animal Generation*,  
 the *sperme* parts not from both the *Par*  
 for it remaines with the *Female*, where it  
*perfected*. In the great world though all e  
*Elements* contribute to the *Composure* of t  
*sperme*, yet the *sperme* parts not from all e  
*Elements*, but remaines with the *Earth*, or w  
 the *Water*, though more immediatly with t  
*one*, than with the *other*. Let not your Thoug  
 feed now on the *Phlegmatic*, indigested Vons  
 of *Aristotle*, look on the green, youthfull, ad  
 flowrie *Bosome* of the *Earth*; Consider wha  
 vast *Universall Receptacle* this *Element* is. T  
*Starrs* and *Planets* over-look her, and thou  
 they may not descend hither themselves, t  
 shed down their *golden Locks*, like so may  
*Bracelets*, and *Tokens* of their *Love*. The *Sun*  
 perpetuay



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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 *jewell*. 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 doest 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 *Brains*. 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 Hyacinths*, 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 set you back. I mind not this *Common, facultat, 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 *Terra Cœli*, not this *earth*, 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 *Spaniard*, 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 things worthy of himself. οὐδεν ὁυτως φιλεῖ ἢ τῷ ὄλαν φῦσιν εἰς τὸ τὰ πάντα μεταβάλλειν, ἢ ποιεῖν νέα ὁμοια, The Nature (saith he) of the Universe delights not in any Thing so much, as to alter all Things, and then

en to make the like again. This is her *Tick  
 Tack*, shee playes *one Game*, to begin *another*.  
 he *matter* is placed before her like a peece of  
*Wax*, 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 *fanfies*. Hence shee is call'd  
 of *Orph. us*, *πολυμάχανος μήτηρ*, and *ἄλλοτριμορφοδία-  
 τρις*, 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  
 onely 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 *Choysest*, 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 *lights*, 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 *observe*  
*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 pecc*  
 Truly *Nature* is much of this *straine*, for she  
 hath infinite *beauteous patternes* in her *sel*  
 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*  
*erate 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 be 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 *trickles* 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.  
So 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 Noyle,  
Your Drops present a richer Prize,  
For they are Something like her Eyes.*

*Pretty, white Foole! why hast thou been  
Sullid 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)  
Is 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*,  
mean those, whose *Learning* is all *Noyse*, in  
which Sense even *Py-annets*, and *Paraquitoes*  
is *Philosophicall*, will conclude this, all *Bayt*  
and *Poetrie*, that wee are *Pleasing*, not *Positive*,  
and cheat even the Readers *Discretion*. To  
prevent such impotent *Calunnie*s, 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  
*Dark*; 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; Quæ 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 *clear* 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 do

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doest *he*. 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, quae 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 Compounded 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 *moysture* 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 unctu-*

unctuosus, *Aqua Benedicta*, *Aqua virtuosa*, *Aqua Sapientum*, *Acetum Philosophorum*, *Aqua Mineralis*, *Ros cælestis 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 moyft, 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 moyft, 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 preciosi, qui est Corpus aereum & volatile, frigidum & humidum, aquosum & adustivum, & in eo est Caliditas & siccitas, frigiditas & humiditas, alia virtus in occulto, alia in Manifesto.* 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 moyft, *matric* 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*

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 Diviso, 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*  
 Conden-

condensato in Cavernis Terra, vel in Recipienti-  
 ipso, non ex Abyſſo Maris, fontibus, puteis,  
 uminibusvè hauſto, ſed ex Aquâ quadam  
 reſſâ, omnibus obviâ, pauciſſimis cognitâ,  
 na in ſe habet, quacunq; ad totius operis Com-  
 ementum ſunt neceſſaria, omni amoto Extrin-  
 ſeco. 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  
 a *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 pro-  
 duce a Thouſand Authors more, but that were  
 tedious; I ſhall conclude with one of the *Rofie*  
*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 Eng-  
 liſh.

I am a Goddess (saith hee, speaking in the person of Nature) for Beauty and Extraction 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



proprietic and Nature of a Salamander,  
which, if it remains in the fire without any  
 detriment it cures all the Diseases of Men,  
 beasts and Metals. After that the Ancient  
 philosophers had perfectly understood this  
 subject, they diligently sought in this Mysterie  
 at the Center of the Middlemost Tree in the  
 Terrestrial Paradyse, entring in by Five liti-  
 tious Gates. The first Gate was the Know-  
 edge of the true Matter, and here arose the  
 first, and that a most bitter Conflict. The se-  
 cond was the Preparation by which this mat-  
 ter was to bee prepared, that they might obtain  
 the Embers of the Eagle, and the Blond of  
 the Lyon. At this Gate there is a most sharp  
 fight, for it produceth water and blond, and a  
 spirituall bright Body. The Third Gate is  
 the Fire, which conduceth to the Maturitie of  
 the Medicine. The Fourth Gate is that of  
 Multiplication and Augmentation in which  
 Proportions and Weights are Necessarie. The  
 fifth and last Gate is Projection. But most  
 glorious, fall rich, and high is hee who attains  
 to the fourth Gate, for hee hath got an Uni-  
 versall Medicine for all Diseases. This is  
 that great Character of the Book of Nature,  
 out of which her whole Alphabet doth arise.

The

The fifth gate serves onely for Metals. This *Mysterie* 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 *mysterie*, 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 bad 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 *Mysterie*s 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  
they 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,  
Temperature, Weight and Measure. I have in  
me the light of Nature, I am dark and  
bright, I spring from the Earth, and I come  
from Heaven, I am well known, and yet a  
little known, 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 the *Secret water*, and I admire the *Teares of Hyanthe*. There is something in the Fanfies 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 *finer 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. Shee is not any *known water* whatsoever, but *Secret, Spermatic Moisture*, or rather the *Venus* that yeelds that *moisture*. Therefore 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 villanova* shall speak for me, hear him. *Amo-*

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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-  
tatem videmus de facili evaporare, Arida  
manet, & ideo separantur, quia non sunt Na-  
rales. Si autem eas humiditates consydere-  
mus, qua difficulter separantur ab his que  
Naturales, non invenimus aliquas nisi un-  
ctuas, & viscosas. I tell thee further (saith  
that wee could not possibly find, neither  
could the Philosophers find before us, any thing  
that would persist in the fire, but onely the  
tenous Humiditie. A waterie Humiditie, we  
will easily vapour away, and the Earth re-  
mans behind, and the parts are therefore sepa-  
red, because their Composition is not natural.  
But if wee consider those humidities, which are  
naturally separated from those parts which are  
natural to them, wee find not any such, but the  
unctuous, viscos Humidities. It will be expe-  
cted perhaps by some *Flint*, and *Antimonie-*  
*Doctors*, who make their *Philosophicall Contriv-*  
*es* with a *Hammer*, that I should discover  
this Thing out-right, and not suffer this *strange*  
*and-lime* to hold their *pride* by the *Plumes*.  
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. No they may unriddle, and tell me what it is, for 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 a betur revelandum, & affirmabis quam per r* *stam proprietatem subtrahis, qua eius hono* *debentur. Quia si revelares brevibus verb* *illud quod longinquo tempore formavit, in a* *magni Judicii condemnareris, tanquam qui pe* *petrator existens contra Majestatem dei lasar* *nec tibi remitteretur Casus Lase Majestat* *Talium enim Revelatio ad Deum, & non* *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  
upon *Notions*, but *Effects*, and those such  
as confirme both the *Wisdome* 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  
payd 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 *Magicall*, not  
*Peripateticall*. I have no Reason then to dis-  
trust them in *Spirituell 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 houts  
 topps. Doest thou know *from whom*, and how  
 that *Sperme* or *Seed* which men for want of  
 better name call the *first matter*, proceeded  
 A certain *Illuminatee*, and in his daies a *mem*  
*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*  
*ething* 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*  
*ething* was made? Canst thou tell mee? It ma  
 bee thou dost think it is a meere *Nothing*.  
 It is indeed *Nihil quò ad Nos*, *Nothing* that we  
 perfectly know. It is *Nothing* as *Dionysius* saith  
*Nih*

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



# Magician's Heavenly Chaos. III

*Nihil eorum qua sunt, & Nihil eorum qua 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 *Deliv'rie*. 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 *Doctor* 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

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 world 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 avoyd'd all those *Termes*, which might make thee mistake

stake 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 *Sendivom* 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*;

Ω' Νύξ μάλιστα χύσιαι ἀστριτέρη.

*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 incombuftible *Aercall moyfture*. 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 *Eximidius* in *Turba*: *Omniū rerum Initium esse Naturam quandam, eamq̄, perpetuam, infinitam, omnia foventem, Coquentemq̄*. 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 preserved 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* coagulate 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 *Chaldean*. 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



ning at this time, hee that desires to know  
them, let him reade the *Revelation of Paracel-  
sus*, a Discourse altogether incomparable, and  
a very truth miraculous. And here without  
any partialitie, I shall give my Judgement of  
his 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  
*spleen*, 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  
*Guadalcanal*, and say'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 great-  
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 *Kitchin 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* destroys 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-  
*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 *Continuall*. It is *restlesse*, and some have call'd it the *white philosophicall Coale*. It is in it self *natural*, 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 uniat. Omne illud uno in Vase complexum est; Ignis, aer, & Aqua videlicet, qua in Terreno suo vase accipio, eademq; uno in Alembico relinquo; & tum cogno.*  
*dissolvo,*

*dissolvo, & sublimo, absq̄ Malleo, forcipe, ve-*  
*lima, sine Carbonibus, vapore, Igne aut Ma-*  
*ria-Balneo, & Sophistarum Alembicis: Cœle-*  
*stem namq̄, meum ignem habeo, qui Elementa-*  
*lem, prout Materia idoneam decentemq̄, for-*  
*mam habere desyderat, excitat.* That is: After  
*Putrefaction* succeeds *Generation*, and that be-  
 cause of the inward incombustible *Sulphur*, that  
*heats, or thickens the Coldness, and Crudities* 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 Bo-  
 dy, 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, accord-  
 ing as the matter desires a becomming, agreea-  
 ble forme. Now Nature every where is one and  
 the same, wherefore shee reads 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 matu-*  
*rari,*

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*ri, & preparari illos oportet? Doest thou think (sayes hee) to eat Oysters shells and all? might they not first to bee opened, and prepar'd by the most Ancient Cooke of the Planets? With these agrees the excellent Flammel, who speaking of the Solar, and Lunar Mercurie, and the Plantation of the one in the other, hath these words. Sumantur itaq<sup>3</sup>, & noctu, inter-  
nuq<sup>3</sup>, assidue supra ignem in Alembico fovean-  
tur. Non autem ignis Carbonarius, vel e ligno confectus, sed clarus pellucidusq<sup>3</sup>, ignis sit, non minus ac Sol ipse, qui nunquam plus justo calidus vidensq<sup>3</sup>, sed omni tempore ejusdem caloris esse debet. Take them therefore (sayth hee) and cherish them over a fire in thy Alembic; But it must not be a fire of Coales, nor of any wood, but a bright shining fire, like the Sun it self, whose heat must never be excessive but alwayes of one and the same Degree. This is enough, and too much, for the Secret in it self is not great, but the Consequences of it are so, which made the Philosophers hide it. Thus Reader thou hast the outward Agent most fully and faithfully described. It is in Truth a very simple mysterie, and if I should tell it openly, ridiculous. Howsoever by this, and not without it, did the Magicians unlock the Chaos, and certainly it is no newes that an Iron-key should open 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 Panā.* This *Pan* is their *Chaos*, or *Mercurie*, which expounds *Proteus*, namely the *Particular Creature* commonly call'd *Individuals*; 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.

Κλυθι μου Ἑρμεία, Διὸς ἀγγελὸς, Μαΐαδος υἱὲ, Ἑρμηνεία 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 Mundos Insilentes: Quarum Summitates sunt Tres Subjectum est Iphis 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 *Regi- on of Light*, but to the *Cabalist* it is *Nox Cor- oris*, a Terme extremely apposit, and signifi- ant. 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 a *Heaven*, which is the *Fire-world*, contract no impurities at all, according to that of *Stel- atus*;

*Omne quod est supra Lunam, aeternumq; bo- numq;*

*Esse scias, nec triste aliquid Cœlestia tan- git.*

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

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 viliora 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 Intelligentes* 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 *corrupt 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 *miner* all *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 *Spermiatic* part of the *Ayre*, and in it the *Sperm* of the *Fire*, falls into the *Water*; The *Thicknesse* or *spermiatic* 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 *Principle*, and he first taught it *Ad. m.* *Dust 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 Bodies to their *Extremes*, and properly it is *Death*, or the *Calcination* of the common *Chimist*. The other is *Vital*, and *Generative*, resolving Bodies into their *Sperm*, or *middle Substance* 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 *middle Substance* out of which a *Chick* is ingendred,

Gen. c.3.  
ver.19.

## Magician's Heavenly Chaos. 129

red, and the *moysture* of it is *viscous*, and *slizy*, a *water* and *no water*, for such a *Sperme* ought to bee. 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 else 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 *Sperm* is a *Compound* made of the *Elements*, and containing in it self all that is *requisit* to the *use* 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 as if you reduce things to their *mean spermatic* Chaos, but avoyd the *broyling Destructive*. This *Doctrin* 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 *glorio* 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 *poison*, 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 & saepe 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 duae, sed Tertia poene 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.*

*Ὁ ἰησοῦς, ἰησοῦς. 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 cœlestis*, 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 shee 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

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 plac-  
 ed the *Ayre* between them, which is a Sub-  
 stance *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* where-  
 in the *Wise God* hath placed them. You must  
 now give me leave to tell you, that this *Agree-*  
*ment* or *friendship* is but *partil*, a very weak  
*love*, *cold* and *skittish*: for whereas these *Prin-*  
*iples* agree in *one qualitie*, they differ in *two*, as  
 your selves may easily compute. Much need  
 herefore 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 Terra*, or the

*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 *Throne*, 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*

Anthropo-  
oph.



*fewell* is in the Cabinet, or that the Sun made the world, because the Sun is in the world, and cherisheth 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 Adept*, and receiving so much *Courtesie* as to be admitted to *Discourse*, attended his first *Instructions* passing well. But when this *Magician* quitted my friends known *Road*, 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 Basic, 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 *Doctor* 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 *Deuill*,  
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.

**A**ND 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 be.  
 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 Excise. (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 Expreffe;  
 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 look: 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 here'ste.  
 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





