

MAGIA ADAMICA:

O R

441.

The Antiquitie of Magic,

AND

*The Descent thereof from Adam
downwards, proved.*

*Wherunto is added a perfect, and
full Discoverie of the true Cœlum Ter-
ræ, or the Magician's Heavenly
Chaos, and first Matter of
all Things.*

By Eugenius Philalethes.

Ἐγὼ δὲ τὶ βύλομαι; καταμαθεῖν τὴν φύσιν, καὶ
ταύτην ἐπεθεῖ. *Epicl. in Enchirid.*

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*To my Learned, and much
Respected friend,*

Mr. MATHEW HARBERT.

S I R,

I 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 Necessary 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 enrich'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

A 2 knew

The Epistle

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

Dedicatorie.

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

The Epistle, &c.

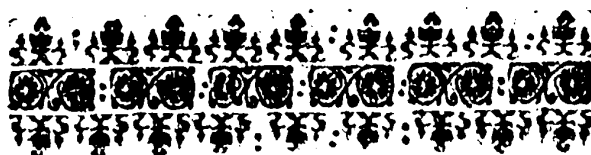
in pickle, & here I present him to the world, a *Dish* of *Sous'd Non-sence*. This is my *Subject* Sir, & now I must tell you, my *Address* to your self hath something of *Duty* in it. I had no sooner left *Milke* for *Meat*, but my first *Learning* came from you. Bee pleas'd to accept this small *Acknowledgement*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

From Heliopolis

Your Pupill, & servant
E. P.

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

MAURO-MANGO.



T O
The most *Excellently* accomplished, my best of *Friends*,
Mr. THOMAS HENSHAW.

S I R,



T was the *Quare* of *Solomon*, and it argued the *Supremacie* of his wisdom, *What* Eccle. 2. 3.
was best for Man to doe all the dayes of his Vanitie under the Sun? If I wish my selfe so Wise, as to know this great Af-
A 2 *faire*

The Epistle

faire of Life, it is because you are fit to manage it. I will not advise you to pleasures, to build Houses, and plant Vine-yards : to inlarge your private Possessions, or to multiplie your Gold and Silver. These are old Errors, like Vitriol to the stone ; So many false Receipts which Solomon hath tried before you, And behold all was vāntie, and vexation of Spirit. I have sometimes seen Actions as various, as they were great, and my own fullen Fate hath forc'd me to severall Courses of life, but I finde not one hitherto, which ends not in Sur-fets, or Satietie. Let us fantasie a man as fortunate as this world can make him ;

Cap. 2.
ver. 11.

Dedicatorie.

him ; What doth hee doe but move from *Bed to Boord*, and provide for the *Circumstances* of those two *Scenes* ? To day hee eates and drinkes, then sleeps, that hee may doe the like to morrow. A great Happiness ! to live by cloying *Repetitions*, 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* conduce 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

A 3 wing,

The Epistle

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

Quære

Dedicatorie.

Quære Tu Animæ Canalem.

I have a better Confidence in your Opinion of mee, than to tell you, I love you: and for my present Boldness, you must thank yourself, you taught me this Familiaritie. I here trouble you with a short Discourse, the Brokage and weake Remembrances of my former, and more intire studies; It is no labour'd Peece, and indeed no fit Present, but I beg your Acceptance as of a 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 amongst your *serious* and more *deare* *Retirements*, you can allow this *Trifle* but some few *Minutes*, and think them *not lost*, you will *Perfect* my *Ambition*. You will place mee Sir, at my *full Height*, and though it were like that of *Statius*, amongst *Gods* and *Stars*, I shall quickly find the *Earth* again, and with the *least Opportunitie* present my self

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

E. P.



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

'T Was well he did assault thee, or thy *Fee*
Could not have hit to thy *Advantage* so.
what he styles *Ignorance*, is *Depth in Sense*;
He thinks there is no *skill*, but *Common Sense*.

Had *Bacon* liv'd in this *unknowing Age*,
And seen *Experience* laugh'd at on the *Stage*,
What *Tempests* would have risen in his *Bloud*
To *side* an *Art*, which *Nature* hath made *Good*?

Do'st think that *Knowledge* comes to thee *Imate*,
As *Preaching* on a sudden to thy *Pate*?

No sure; thou art a simpler *Brother*; sic!

I must *Allarum* thee with *Hue and Cry*.

What art? from whence? a *Presbyterian* sure,

An *Academic* Rat, *holy* and *pure*.

But for thy *Soule* (and *Plato* tells thee so)

Thou hast *spoil'd* that, and *plaster'd* *Plato* too.

Just like *I. T.* thy *Poet*, who doth *lend*

Thee *fancies* in *Cleveland* from end to end,

And not one right *apply'd*; you doe mistake

The *Stagyrit's* *Philosophie*, and make

His *Logic* *Magical*, what is *unknown*

Is *Conjuration*, *frabie*, and *high-flown*.

If *Arguments* arise, you straight grow *hoarse*,

Thou know'st not what belongs to *Topic Course*.

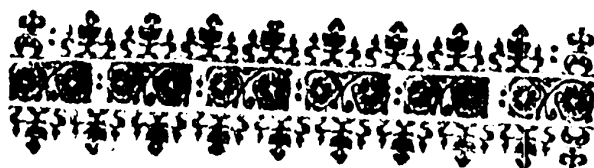
Shall thou and I to *Disputation* come

Practic or *Theoric*, for the *Totall summe*?

What?

What ? is't not lawfull for my (learned) friend
 T'improve his Reason to his greatest end ?
 Or shall wee envie him, 'cause hee hath more
 Of Nature's favours let upon his Score ?
 Tell mee in earnest do'st thou think 'tis fit
 To believe all that Aristotle writ ?
 Though he was blinded, yet Experience can
 Sever the Clouds, and make a Clearer man.
 If Digbie once but view thy rayling Veine,
 Hee'l think th'art Atoms, not yet form'd to braine ;
 Then to the Pot thou go'st : Oh there's the Losse !
 There's no Elixir in Thee, th'art all Drosse.
 Then sing another Song, thou that controules
 Our Metempsychosis of Bodied Soules ;
 Yet Platonist thou art, but canst not tell
 Where these mysterious spirits have their Cell.
 Thus Ambrose hung 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 Margarets in Chrysell streames, she sends
 Onely to us her Influence, and lends
 A kind, large Light. But thou poore, trap'd 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 Scar
 Create a Rubric to our Calendar,
 And wee will offer Anthems to thy shrine
 So long as Date can give a Name to Time.

P.B. A.M. Oxoniens.



To the Reader.



Ell-fare the Dode-
 chedron ! I have exa-
 mined the Nativi-
 tie of this Book by a
 Cast of Constellated
 Bones, and Deuz
 Ace tels me this Pa-
 rable. Truth (sayd the witty Aleman)
 was comanded into Exile, and the La-
 dy Lie was seated in her Throne. To per-
 forme the Tenor of this Sentence, Truth
 went from amongst Men, but she went
 all alone, poore and naked. She had not
 travail'd very far, when standing on a
 high mountain, she perceiv'd a great
 Train to passe by : In the midst 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 *Consideration*

To the Reader.

vation of this *durty Reare* be very *nauseous*, and able to spoile a stronger stomach than mine. It hath been said of old, *Non est Planta veritatis super terram*, *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 *Attendance*, 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 before thou dost *addresse* thy self to *Aristotel* and his Lady *Lie*, think not thy *Courtship* lost, if thou dost *kisse* the lips of poor *Truth*. It is not my *Intention* 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 feele 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 hands, they

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 praevent him not) put his finger into the flame, for hee desires to know what it is, that shines so bright; but there is something 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 dorth not satisfie, they will put it into their Mouthes to taste it, as if they would examine Things by more senses than one. Now this *Desire* to know is born with them, and it is the Best, and most mysterious part of their Nature. It is to be observed, that when men come to their full Age, and are serious in their Disquisitions, they are ashamed to Erre,

To the Reader.

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

Christian

To the Reader.

Christian should desire. Look up then to *Heaven*, and when thou seest the *Cœlestiall* 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 *qualifie* that *Heat*, which otherwise might be too violent. If thou dost 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 a 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 saw 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 *Magical Earth*. In a word all the *Elements* are *visible* but one, namely the *Earth*, and when thou hast attained to so much *perfection*, as to know why God hath placed the *Earth in Obscondito*, thou hast an *Excellent Figure* whereby to know God himself, and how he is *visible*, how *invisible*. *Hermes* affirmeth, that in the *Beginning* the *Earth* was a *Quake-mire*, or quivering kind of *Jelly*, it being nothing els but *water congealed* by the *Incubation*, and heat of the *Divine Spirit*; *Cum adhuc* (sayth hee) *Terra tremula esset, Lucente sole compacta est*. When as yet the *Earth* was a *quivering*, *shaking substance*, the *Sun* afterwards *shining* upon it, did *compact* it, or make it *Solid*. The same Author introduceth God, speaking to the *Earth*, and *impregnating* her with all sorts of seeds in these words; *Cumq; manus a- que validas impleisset rebus, qua in Na- turâ,*

To the Reader.

turâ, Ambienteq; erant, & pugnâs vali- de constringens; Sume (inquit) ô Sacra Terra, qua Genitrix omnium es futura, ne 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
wee

To the Reader.

we 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,
Quadam ignis Moles erat altera.*

Hee did therefore *hatch* the *Matter*,
and bring out the *secret Effences*, 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, Aethera,
Mundos.*

This

To the Reader.

This is *Advertisement* enough:
And now *Reader*, I must tell thee, I
have met with some *late Attempts* on
my two former *Discourses*, but *truth* is
Proof, and I am so far from being over-
come, that I am no where under-
stood. When I first ey'd the *Libell*,
and its *Addresse to Philalethes*, 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
Eares shot out of his *skin*, and presen-
ted him a *perfect Asse*. His *Observati-*
ons are one continued *Kōax*, and the
Oyster-Vvhores read the same *Philoso-*
phie every day. 'Tis a *Scurril*, *sense-*
lesse Piece, and as he well *stiles* himself,
a *Chip* of a *Block-head*.

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

To the Reader.

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

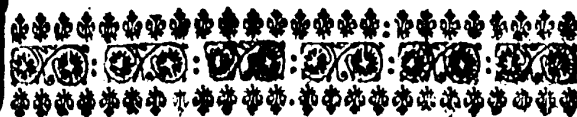
To the Reader.

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

Eugen. Phila;

C

Ma-



Magia Adamica :

Or,

The Antiquitie of Magic, &c.

Cælum Terræ, &c.

That I should professe *Magic* in this Discourse, and Iustifie 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*, nor Distastefull to the very Gospel it self. *Magicians* were the first *Attendants* our *Saviour* met withall in this world, and the onely *Philosophers*

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 *Fili Prophetarum*, as well as *Fili 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 *חכמה אמרו* 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 *πισδος*, *Believe*, and no more. Nay, the solemnitie of this short Induction was such, that *Julian* made it the *Topic* to his Apostasie; *ἡ δὲ τοῦ πισδος*, you have (said

(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 bloud 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 mine'd one *Trueth* into a Thousand haereticall *whimzies*. But the *Breach* is not considered: Divinitie still is but *Chaff*, if it be not sifted by the *Engine*, if it acts not by the *Demonstrative Hobby-horse*. Thus Zeale poysoned with *Logic* breathes out Contentious *Calentures*, and Faith quitting her wings and Perspective, leans on the Reed of a *Syllogism*. Certainly I cannot yet conceive, how Reason may judge those Principles, *Quorum Veritas pendet à solâ Revelantis autoritate*, whose Certaintie wholly depends on God, and by Consequence is indemonstrable without the Spirit of God. But if 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

(a) That is, We say not onely Science, but the Principle also of Science to be something whereby we understand the Termes. *Conclave*, hath left us this Concession: *ἐπεὶ γὰρ τὸ ψάδος εἶναι δοξᾷ καὶ λογισμῷ*, That Reason is subject to Error, as well as Opinion. And *Philoponus* expounding these words of his, (a) *Non solum scientiam, sed & Principium Scientia esse aliquod dicimus, Quo Terminos cognoscimus*, hath this excellent and Christian observation. *Ἀρχὴ ὡς ἰσχυρὰ τὸν νοῦν ἐκτελεῖ, καὶ τὸν ἡμῶν οὐκ ἔστιν ὁ δεικνύς, καὶ ὡς ἡ ἀρχὴ: Ὅπως δὲ ταυτοῦ, καὶ δεῖα εἶναι τὴν* Taking indecu (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, wee shall

The Antiquitie of Magic. 5

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 *Fouré*. If once wee be admitted to this *Communion of Light*, wee shall be able with the *Apostle* to give a *Reason for our Faith*, but never without it. Now you are to understand that God unfolds not himself, *nisi magno Cœlo prius patefacto*, unlesse the Heaven of Man bee 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 *Spiritual 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*, whole

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

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

Kings, they were *Priests*, they were *Prophets*: Men that were acquainted with the *Substantial*, *Spiritual* *Mysteries* of Religion, and did deal, or dispense the outward *Typicall* part of it to the *People*. Here then wee may see how Magic came to be out of Request; For the *Lawyers* and *Common Divines*, who knew not these *Secrets*, perusing the Ceremonial, Superstitious *Trash* of some *Scriblers*, who pretended to *Magic*, prescribed 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 some *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 Trithemius*, *Georgius Venetus*, *Johannes Renclin*, called in the *Greek* *Capiton*, 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 publickly undertaken a *Province*, which I might have governed privately

vatly with much more Content and Advantage, I 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*, as it is with *Men*, their *Age* and *Continuance* are good Arguments of their *strength*, and *Integritie*. Most apposit then was that *Cheek* of the *Egyptian* to *Solon*: O *Solon*, *Solon*! *Vos Græci semper pueri estis, nullam habentes antiquam Opinionem, nullam Discipulorum temporis canam*; You *Gracians* (saide hee) are ever childish, having no *Ancient* opinion, no *Discipline* of any long standing. But as I confesse my self no *Antiquarie*, so I with some *Seldon* 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 *Enterprize* I cannot sufficiently performe, but since my hand is already in the *Bag*, I will draw out those few *Pebbles* I have, and thus I fling them at the *Mark*.

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

Principles

Principles into Compounds, and resolving those Compounds into their Principles. In this Sense wee 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, wee 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 justifie their Assertions out of *Scripture*, and intertain my Reader with

Proofes,

Proofes, both Divine and Humane. Finally, I will passe out of Judaea into Egypt and Grace, where againe I shall meet with these Mysteries, and prove that this Science did stream (as the Chymists say, their Salt-Fountain doth) out of Jurie, 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 *Cabalists*) 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 Celestiall Moone is governed, and imprægnated: And truly it may be that upon this Retreat 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 חשמי *Hachamaim*, to receive, and convey downe the

Influx

Influx of the six superior Invisible Planets, was (as the Jewes affirme) either separated from the Ilan, or her Breasts were so sealed up that she could not dispense her Milk to Inferiours 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. Initio Creationis Mundi Divina Cohabitatio erat descendens in Inferiora, & cum eſſet Divina Cohabitatio inferius, reporti ſunt Cœli & Terræ uniti, & erant Fontes, & Canales activi in perfectione, & trahbantur à Superiore ad Inferius, & inveniebatur Deus complens ſuperne & 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 of
 „the world God did deſcend, and cohabit
 „with Things here below, and when the Di-
 „vine Habitation was here below, the Hea-
 „vens and the Earth were found to be uni-
 „ted, and the Vital Springs and Channells were
 „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
 „were

Porta Lu-
civ.

„were reſtrained, and their Channells were bro-
 „ken, 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 Mo-
 „ſes, and truly that Rabbi alſo is of my ſide, for
 „thus I read in Geneſis. And to Adam he ſaid, Cap. 3. v.
 „Becauſe thou haſt eaten of the Tree, whereof I 17.
 „commanded I thee ſaying, Thou ſhalt not eate of
 „it: Cursed is the Ground for thy ſake, in ſor-
 „row ſhalt thou eate of it all the Dayes of thy
 „Life, Thornes and Thiſtles ſhall it bring forth
 „unto Thee, and Thou ſhalt eate the Herb of the
 „Field. In the ſweat of thy face ſhalt Thou eate
 „Bread, untill thou returne unto the Ground, for
 „out of it waſt thou taken, for Duſt Thou art,
 „and to Duſt ſhalt thou returne. This is the
 „Curſe, and Adam was ſo ſenſible of it, that he
 „acquainted his poſterity with it. For Lamech
 „prophesying of his Son Noah, hath theſe words.
 „This ſame ſhall comfort us, concerning our Cap. 5. v.
 „work, and Toyle of our Hands, becauſe of the 29.
 „Ground, which the Lord hath curſed. And this
 „indeed was accompliſhed in ſome ſenſe after
 „the Flood, as the ſame Scripture tells us. And Cap. 8. v.
 „the Lord ſaid in his Heart, I will not Again 25.
 „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 *Candlestick* and *Light* from the *Elements*, presently 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 ordine, or disposing to *Heaven*, which is their last perfection, and such were these *Blessings*, which *God* recalled upon the Transgression of the first *Man*. Again there are some *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 Go you *Cursed*. In a word then, The *Curse* was Nothing else but an *Act repealed*, or a *Restraint* of those *Blessings* which *God* of his meer *Goodnes*, had formerly communicated to his

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

Cap. 8. v.
20.

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

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 Devil. 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 Murtherer, being guilty of that Curse and Corruption, which succeeded in the world because of his fall, as we have sufficiently proved out of the Mosaisicall and Cabalisticall Traditions. He was Ignorant, and therefore hopeles of Life aternal, and for this Temporal present Life, he was not acquainted with the Provisions of it. The Elements of Husbandrie were not as yet known, there was neither House nor Plow, nor any of those manuell Arts, which make up a worldly providence. He was exposed to the Violence of Rains and Winds, Frosts and Snows, and in a word deprived of all Comforts Spiritual,

and *Natural*. What should I say more? He was a meer stranger in this World, could not distinguish *Medicines* from *Poysons*, neither was he skill'd in the *ordinarie preparations* of *Meate* and *Drink*. He had no *Victuals* ready to his hands, but the crude unseasoned *Herbage* of the Earth, so that he must either starve, or feed as *Nebuchadnezar* did, with the *Beasts* of the Field. He heard indeed sometimes of a *Tree of Life* in *Eden*, but the *Vegetables* of this world for ought he knew might be so many *Trees of Death*. I conclude therefore that he had some *Instructor* to initiate him in the *wayes of Life*, and to shew him the intricate and narrow *paths* of that *wildernefs*. 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

indeed are very high in the *Point*, and thus they deliver themselves. God (say they) having made fast the *Doores* 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 sit to receive his *Image* or *Similitude*, which is a *spiritual Impress* of his *Beauty*. Now to restore this *Similitude* in *Adam* was impossible unlesse God should *reassume* that to himself, which was now fallen from him. So transcendent, and almost incredible a *Mercie* had God treasur'd up in his *secret Will*, being resolved to unite the *Nature* of *Man* to his *Own*, and so vindicat him from *Death*, by taking him into the *Deitie*, which is the true *Fountain* and *Center* of *Life*. This *Will* (say the *Cabalists*) was first revealed to the *Angels*, and that by God himself in these words; *Ecce Adam sicut unus ex Nobis: Behold an Adam like one of us, knowing Good and Evil!* This speech they call *Orationem occultissimam à Creatore Mundi cum beatis Angelis in sue Divinitatis Penetrabilibus habitam*; A most secret Conference

Gen. cap.
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 *Evill* 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 almuch as *nothing can escape his Knowledge*, and therefore is not guilty of *Evill*: For as *Tritemius* hath well observed, *Scientia Mali non est Mulum, 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 *Gospell* 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 communicate the *Intelligence* to *Adam*, and to acquaint him with the *Mysterie*s of both *World*, *Eternall*, and *Temporall*. For as he could not obtain the *Blessings* of the *Eternall World*, unless by a true faith hee apprehended the *Three Eternall 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 read the *Mysterie*s of the *supernaturall Trinitie*. But to proceed in our former *Discourse*: The *Cabalists* doe not onely attribute a *Guardian* to *Adam*, but to every one of the *Patriarchs*, allowing Them their *Presidents* and *Tutors* both to assist and instruct Them in their wearisome and worldly *Peregrinations*. A *Doctrine* in my Opinion not more *Religious* than *Necessary*, how *Prodigious* soever it may seem to some *Phantastic*, insipid *Theologicians*. For Certainly it is impossible for us to find out *Mysterie*s of our selves, wee must either have the *Spirit of God*, or the *Instruction* of his *Ministers*, whether they be *Men* or *Angels*. And thus wee see out of the

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Tradi-

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 my self to the Task.

The first *Harvest* I read of, was that of *Cain*, and the first *Flocks*, those of *Abel*. A Shepherds life in those Early Dayes 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 *Tubal's* Hammers, is a piece of Husbandrie unknown in these Dayes. 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 short 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 satisfied: For I would know further, In what *Schoole* was *Adam* instructed? Now that it was impossible for him to invent these *Shadows* and *Sacraments* of himself, I will undertake to Demonstrate, and that by invincible Reason, which no Adversarie shall dare to contradict.

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

of the *star-fire*; which *fire* upon the Dissolution of the Compound is united to the *General fire* from whence it first came, and produceth a *sense*, or *Motion* in the *Limbus* to which it is united. This indeed is true, but that *Motion* causeth no *Joy* there, and by Consequence no *Reward* to the *Sacrificer*: for I shall make it to appeare elsewhere that the *Astral Mother* doth *mourn*, and not *rejoyce* at the *Death* of her *Children*. Now if wee look back on these two first *Sacrificers*, we shall find *Abel* and his *Oblation* accepted, which could not be, had he not offer'd it up as a *Symbol*, or *Figure* of his *Saviour*. To drive home my Argument then, I say, that this knowledge of the *Type*, in whom all offerings were acceptable, could not bee obtained by any *humane Industrie*, but by *sole Revelation*. For the *Passion* of *Christ Jesus* was an *Ordinance* wrapt up in the *secret will* of *God*, and he that would know it, must of Necessitie bee of *his Councell*. Hence it is called in Scripture the *Hidden Myserie*, for the *Truth* and *Certainty* of it, was not to bee 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,

Porphy.
de Sacrif.

mirth, whensoever you give mee so just a Reason to laugh. It remains then a most firme infallible Foundation that *Adam* was first instructed concerning the *Passion*, and in order to that, he was taught further, to *Sacrifice*, and offer up the *Blonds* of *Beasts* as *Types* and *Prodroms* of the *Bloud* of *Christ Jesus*, the *Altars* of the *Law* being but *steps* to the *Cross* of the *Gospell*. 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 *Sacrificing* was communicated to *Heathens* by *Tradition* from the first *Man*: who having instructed his own *Children*, they also delivered it to their *Posteritie*, so that this *Vizard* of *Religion* remained, though the *Substance* and true *Doctrine* of it was lost. And thus in my Opinion it sufficiently appears, that the first men did sacrifice, not by *Nature* as *Prophyrus* that *Enemie* of our *Religion* would have it, but some by *Revelation*, others by *Custom* and *Tradition*. But now I think upon it, I have Scripture to confirme me concerning this *Primitive Revelation*, for *Salomon* numbring those severall *Blessings* which the *Divine Wisdome* imparted to the *Ancient Fathers*, amongst the rest specifies her *Indulgence* to *Adam*. Shee preserved (saith

26 *Magia Adamica, or*

(saith hee) *the first formed Father of the world, that was created alone, and brought him out of his Fall.* Here I find *Adam* in some measure restored, and how could that bee, but by discovering unto him the *Great Restorative 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, hee could have no *Faith*, for hee knew not what to believe. It remaines then that hee was instructed, for as in these last dayes wee are taught by the *Son of God*, and his *Apostles*; so in those first times they were taught by the *Spirit of God*, and his *ministring 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 though against the *Precept* for many years attended their

Coloss. 2.
8.

The Antiquitie of Magic. 27

their *Philosophie*, and if they spend a few hours on my *Spermalogie* it may cost them some part of their *Justice*, but none of their *Favours*. But that we may come to the thing in hand; I hold it very Necessary to distinguish *Arts*, for I have not yet seen any Author, who hath fully considered their difference. The Art I speak of, is truly *Physicall* in Subject, *Method*, and *Effect*. But as for *Arts* publickly professed, and to the Disadvantage of Truth allowed, not one of them is so qualified: for they are meer *Knacks* and *Bables* of the *Hard*, or *Braine*, having no firm *Fundamentals* in *Nature*. These in my opinion *Silmon* numbers amongst his *Vanities*, when hee speakes in a certaine place, *That God had made man upright, but hee had sought out many Inventions.* Of these *Inventions* we have a short *Catalogue* in *Genesis*, where *Moses* separates the *Corn* from the *Chaff*, the *Works of God*, from the *Whymzies of Man*. Thus wee read that *Jubal* 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 mischiefs have succeeded this *Brasse-and-Iron Cyclops*, I need not tell you: if you know not the fates of former Times, you may studie the *Actions* of your owne, you live in an Age that can

A& 17. 18

Ecclesi-
ast. 7. 29.

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 a *better knowledge*; But they proceeded from the *Seed* of *Cain*, who in *Action* was a *Murtherer*, 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 their *Ends* corrupt and *Violent*. But 'tis no *Conquest* to tread on *Ruines*, *Cornelius Agrippa*, hath already layd these *Rodemontados* in the *Dirt*, and that so handsomely, they were never since of a general *Reputation*. Give me an *Art* then, 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 *Evill*, and by which I can attain to all the *Secrets* and *Mysteries* in *Nature*. This is the *Art* where- in the *Physics* of *Adam*, and the *Patriarchs* consisted, and that this *Art* was revealed to him, I will undertake to demonstrat by *Scriptures*, and the *Practice* of his *Posteritie*.

This Truth, I am certain, will seem difficult,
if

if 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 Cœli Cardines 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 *Impietie*, to make *God* as *Iertullian* said of old, *Oti- osum, & inexercitum Neminem in rebus Hu- manis*, An idle, unprofitable *Nobody* in this *World*, having nothing to doe with our *A- faires*, as they are *Natural*, and *Humane*. Sure these *Men* are afraid lest his *Mercy* should diminish his *Majestie*, they suffer him to trade onely with our *immortal parts*, not with *Corruptible bodies* that have most need of his *Assistance*, they are *base Subjects*, which he hath turned over to *Galen*, and the *Apotheca- ries*.

Apolog.
advers.
Gent. Cap.
24.

ries. Not so my friend: he hath created *Physic*, and brings it out of the *Earth*, but the *Galenist* knowes it not; Hee it is, that pitties our afflictions, he is the good *Samaritane* that doth not pass by us in our miseries, but poures *Oile* and *Wine* into our wounds; This I know very well, and I will prove it out of his own Mouth. Did not hee instruct *Noah* to build an *Ark*, to pitch it within and without, and this to save life 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 *Tubal-Cain*, and his brethren? But even those Inventions also proceeded from that light which hee planted in man: an Essence perpetually busie, 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 *Ahisamach*? 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 *Carving 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
Cure

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 *Mracles* 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 doth he neglect them now? or being seated on the right hand of the *Majestic 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
Hebr. 4. 15.
bee touched with the feeling of our *Infirmities*, but hee is indeed one that looks to our present estate as well 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
John 9.
see, and of meer *Water* he made *Wine*. These were the visible Elements of his *Physic*, or rather (so the *Notion* doth not offend you) of his *Magic*. But shall I shew you his *Librarie*, and in that his *Three-fold Philosophie*? Observe then first, and censure afterwards. Have *Salt* in your selves, and again, you are the salt of the *Earth*, and in a third place, salt is good.
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This is his *mineral Doctrine*, will you know his *Vegetable*? It is in two little Books, a *Muſtard-ſeed*, and a *Lilli*. Laſtly, he hath his *Animal Magic*, and truly that's a *Scrowle Seal'd* up, I know not who may open it. Hee needed 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 infected, and *preſerve thy Braines* that are *putriſied* with the *Dirt of Ariſtole*. 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, *I haſt Salomon in all his Royaltie was not cloathed like one of them*. If thou wilt attempt a higher *Magic*, thou mayſt being firſt *ſeaſoned*, but in this place it is not my deſigne to lead Thee to it. *Animal* and *Vegetable Myſteries* thou canſt never perfectly obtain without the Knowledge of the firſt *mineral ſecret*, namely the *Salt of the Earth*, which is *Salt* and *no Salt*, and the *Preparation*

Joh. cap. 2
v. 25.

paration 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 *Blocks* 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 *Praparatives* to the *Propoſition* it ſelf, and if hee be any thing *ingenious*, to the *Reader*. His *Compliance* to my *Principles* I expect not, nay I am ſo far from it, hee may ſuſpend his *Charitie*. Let him be as rigid as *Justice* can make him, for I wiſh not to *prevaile* in any thing but the *Truth*, and in the *Name of Truth*, thus I begin.

You have been told formerly, that *Cain* and *Abel* were inſtructed in *Matters of Sacrifice* by their father *Adam*, but *Cain* having murdered his brother *Abel*, his *Prieſthood* deſcended to *Seth*, and this is confirm'd by thoſe *Faculties* which attended his *Posteritie*, for *Enoch*, *Lamech*, and *Noah*, were (all of them) *Prophets*. It troubles you perhaps that I attribute a *Prieſthood* to *Abel* but I have beſides his own practice, *Chriſt's* Teſtimonie for it, who accounts the *Bloud of Abel* amongſt that of the persecuted *Prophets* and *Wiſemen*. Now to 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 *Scriptures* 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 *Archives* 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 *Common*.

mon. 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 sooner 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

Genel. 20.
7.

Genel. 24.
11 12.

Gen. 30.
37.

Cap. 31.
v. 10.

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

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

that knowes the Analogie of parts to parts in this great body, which wee call the World, may know what every Signe signifies, and by Consequence may prove a good Interpreter of dreames. As for *Jacob's* first practise, which wee have formerly mention'd, namely the Propagation of his speckled Flocks, it is an effect so purely Magicall that our most obstinat Adversaries 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 discover too much, I shall therefore leave it to the Search of those, who are Considerable Proficients, if not Masters in the Art. The summe 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 infinite 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 Libraries 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 *Peripatetics* perhaps will tell me their *Syllogism* is the Engine that can perform all this. Let 'em then in *Barbara* or *Baroco* demonstrate the first matter of the *Philosopher's* stone. But they will tell mee there is no such thing. Behold I tell them again, and assure them too on my Salvation, *there is*, but in Truth their *Logic* will never find it out. It is clear then, that God at first instructed *Adam*, from him his *Children* received it, and by their Tradition it descended to the *Patriarchs*, every Father bequeathing these *Secrets* to his *Child*, as his best and most lasting *Legacie*. I have now attended *Jacob*, the *Israel* of God, both in his *Pilgrimage* at *Padan-aram*, and in his *Typicall* Inheritance, the Earnest of the Land of *Canaan*. But two *Removalls* perfect not the wandrings of a *Patriarch*; God calls him from the *Habitation* of his *Fathers* to the *Prison* of his *Posteritie*, and provides him a place of *Freedom* in the house of *Bondage*. I must follow him where his Fortune leads, from *Isaac's* *Hebron*, to the *Goshen* of *Pharaoh*, then back again to the *Cave* and *Dust* of *Machpelah*. As for his sons and their *Trouble*, who attended his *Motion* thither, I find not any *Particular* Remembrance

Gen. 32.
28.

brance of them, onely *Moses* tells me of a general 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 myself 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 Sack of *Benjamin*, and by that policie detain'd his Brethren, hee asks them: What Deed is this that you have done? Knew ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine? Cap. 44. ver. 15.

In this Speech he makes his Brethren no strangers to the performances of Art, but rather makes their familiarity therewith an Argument against them: Knew you not? but the following words are very effectually, and tell us what qualified persons the ancient Magi were. They were indeed (as hee speaks of himself) such as *Joseph* was, Princes, and Rulers of the People, not beggarly Gypsies, and Mountebanks, as our Doctors are now. It was the Ambition of the Great in those Dayes to be 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, because they had the power to doe wonders, for in this Magical sense the true God speaks to Moses: See, I have made thee a God to Phaaroah, and thy Brother Aaron shall bee thy Prophet. And verily this true Knowledge, and this Title that belongs to it, did that false Serpent pretend to our first Parents; Eritis sicut Dii, You shall be as Gods knowing good and evill. But 'tis not this subtil Dragon, but Bonus ille Serpens, that good, Crucified Serpent, that can give us both this Knowledge, and this Title: for by him all things were made, and without him not anything was made, that is made; If 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 own Flesh, another of the Rod in his hand, with a third promised, and afterwards performed upon Water. It is written of him, that he was skill'd in all the learning of the Egyptians: but for my part I doe much question what kind of learning that was, the Scripture assuring mee, and that by the Pen of Moses, their Wonders were effected by Incantments. This is certain, their Learning was Ancient, for I find Magicians in Egypt, four hundred and thirty years and upwards, before Jamnes and Jambres. This is

Confirmed

Exod. cap.
7. ver. 1.

Genes.
cap. 3.
vers. 5.

John 1. 3.

Exod. 7.
11, 22.

Confirmed by Phaaroah's Dreame, which his own Sorcerers, and Wizards could not interpret, but Joseph alone expounded it. Verily it cannot be denyed, but some Branches of this Art, though extremely corrupted, were dispers'd among all Nations by Tradition from the first man, and this appears by more Testimonies than one. For in the Land of Canaan, before ever Israel posselt it, Debir, which Athriel 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 Religion: for never yet was there a people, but had some confused Notion of a Deitie, though accompanied with Lamentable Ceremonies, and Superstitions. Besides, the Religions of all Nations have alwaies pretended to Powers Extraordinary, even to the performance of Miracles, 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 pretends to something, that is Mysticall. Certainly if men be not resolv'd against Reason, they must grant, these Obliquities in matters of Faith proceeded from the Corruption of some Principles received, (as we see that Heretics are but so many false Interpreters)

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 passe, 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 they onely 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 Successes. 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

of the Familie. These Elders, no doubt, were the Moysaicall Septuagint, who made up the Sanhedrim, God having Selected some from the rest, to be the stewards, and Dispensers of his Mysteries. Now that Moses was acquainted with all the abstruse Operations, and Principles of Nature, is a Truth I suppose which no man will resist. That the Sanhedrim also participated of the same Instruction and Knowledge with him is plain out of Scripture, where wee read, That God took of the spirit that was in Moses, and gave it to the Seventy. Numb. cap. 11. ver. 25.

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

First of all then it is most absurd, and therefore 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 necessity be known before wee should undertake to write of the Creation. But Moses 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 tell mee perhaps he hath done it onely in general 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.

slimie, *spermatic*, *viscous Masse*, impragnated with all powers *Celestiall*, 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 *Egshells* ; Seek this *Earth*, this *Water*. But this is not all that *Moses* hath written to this purpose, I could cite 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 wave, 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 by what meanes so solid and heavie a Body as 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 here was *Aurum potable*, and Moses could never have brought the Calf to this passe, had he not plowed with our Heyfer. But of this enough: if any man think hee did it by common fire, let him also doe the like, and when he hath performed, hee may sell his powder to the Apothecaries. If I should insift in this place on the Moysaicall 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 that whole System is but one vast Skreen, or a certain Majestic Umbrage drawne over two Worlds, Visible, and Invisible. But these are things of a higher speculation than the Scope of our present Discourse will admit of. I onely 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 Gregorie Nazianzen, who makes a twofold Law, τὸ νόμον, and τὸ πνεῦμα: one literal, another spirituell. And elsewhere hee menti-

De Ham
Episcop.

ons, τὸ κρυπτόν τὸ νόμον, καὶ τὸ χρηστόν, the hidden, and the manifest part of the Law; the manifest part (saith he) being appointed, τοῖς πολλοῖς καὶ ῥητοῖς, for many men, and such whose thoughts were fixed here below but the hidden, τοῖς ὀλίγοις καὶ ἀκατάληκτοις, for few onely, whose Mindes aspired 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 continued 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 (notwithstanding 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 Volumes, but to the eternall Tables of the Soul. But it 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 Picus, who himself affirms, that in his time hee met with the Secret Bookes of Esdras, and bought them with a great Price; Nor was this 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 why 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 this thirteenth Tribe I understand the Satyrists, when

when hee promiseth so largely.

Qualiacumq; voles, Judei Somnia vendunt.

These I say have produc'd a certain up-start, bastard Cabala, which consists altogether in Alphabeticall Knacks, ends alwayes in the Letter where it begins, and the Vainties of it are grown Voluminous. As for the more Ancient, and Physicall Traditions of the Cabala, I embrace them for so many Sacred Truths, but verily those Truths were unknown to most of those Rabbins whom I have seen, even to Rabbim himself, I mean Rabbi Moses Egyptius, whom the Jewes have so magnified with their famous Hyperbole: *A Mose ad Mosén non surrexit sicut Mosés.*

But to deale ingenuously with my Readers, I say the Cabala I admit of, consists of two parts, *in Mystéria*, and *in Orta*, 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 Complexion the Jewes call them *WON Emes*, in the Fæminine *DUN Asam*, and they are *N aleph, D mem, W schin*. Now I will shew You how the Physicall Cabala expounds the

Literall. Tres Matres וְשֵׁן *Emes* (saith the great *Abraham*, or as some think *Rabbi Akiba*) *id est, Aer, Aqua, & Ignis; Aqua Quiesca, 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* וְשֵׁן *Emes in Mundo, Aer, Aqua, & Ignis. Caeli ex Igne Creati sunt, Terra ex Aqua, Aer egressus est ex spiritu, qui stat medius.* The Three Mother *Emes* in this world are, *Ayre, Water and Fire.* The Heavens were made of the Fire, The Earth was made of the Water, (mark well this Cabalism) and the Ayre proceeded from a middle spirit. Now when the *Cabalist* speaks of the Generation of the Three Mothers, he brings in Ten secret Principles, which I think ten men have not understood since the *Sanhedrim*, such Nonsense doe I find in most Authors, when they undertake to discourse of them. The first Principle is a Spirit, which sits in *Retrocessu suo fontano*, in his primitive, Incomprehensible Retreats, like Water in its Subterraneous Chancel, 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 it

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 publickly, 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 Unitie of Spirit, and Doctrine, there is amongst all the Children of Wisdom. This proves infallibly that there is an Universall Schoole-master, who is Present with all Flesh, and whose Principles are ever Uniforme, namely the Spirit of God. The *Cabalists* agree with all the world of Magicians, That Man in spirituall Mysteries is both Agent and Patient. This is plain;

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

lesse some name of *God*, as *MI* or *YN* be united to them, then (say they) in the power and verue of those names they may worke. An Example hereof wee have in all *Extracted names*, as *Vehu-Lah*, *Elem-Lah*, *J. li-El*, *Sita-El*. Now this *Practice* in the *Letter* was a most subtil *Adumbration* of the *Conjunction* of the *Substantiall 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 observe, that the false *Grammaticall Cabala* consists onely in *Rattons* 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 *Pythickall Secrets*, as the *Egyptians* heretofore did use their *Hieroglyphics*. In this Sense the *Primitive Professors* of this *Art*, had a *literal Cabala*, as it appears by that wonderfull, and most ancient *Inscription* in the *Rock* in *Mount Horeb*. It contains a *Prophecie* of the *Virgin Mother*, and her Son *Christ J. s.*, ingraven in *Hieroglyphic*. 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

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* performancet, 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 of them I understood a little. As for that which was within it, the Bark leaves were ingraven, 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 without any writing, but instead thereof upon the first seventh leaf there was painted a Virgin, and Serpents swallowing her up; In the Second Seventh a Crosse, where a Serpent was Crucified; and in the last Seventh there were painted Deserts, or Wilderesses, in the middlest whereof ran many faire Fountains, from whence there issued forth a Number of Serpents, 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 Excrations, and Curses (with this word *Maranatha*, which was often repeated there) against

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 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 Metals; hee painted the Vessels by the sides, and hee informed them of the Colours, and of all the rest, except the first Agent, of the which he spake not a word but onely (as he said) in the fourth and fifth leaves hee had intirely painted it, and figured it with very great Cunning and Workmanship: for though it was well, and Intelligibly

bly 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 therefore was without any writing all full of faire Figures enlightned or as it were enlightned, for the work was very Exquisite. First hee painted a young man, with wings at his Anckles having in his hand a Caducean Rod, written about with two Serpents, wherewith hee strooke upon a Helmet which covered his head; hee seemed to my small judgement to be Mercurie the Pagan God. Against him there came running, and flying with open wings, a great old man, who upon his head had an Houre-glasse fastned, and in his hands a Hooke or Sithe like Death, with the which terrible and furious Maner, he would have cut 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; it 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 midst

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 lease, was painted a King, with a great Faucheon, 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 merciesse Souldiours. The Bloud of these Infants was afterwards gathered up by other Souldiours, and put in a great vessell, whereto the Sun and the Moone came to bathe themselves. And thus you see that which was in the first five leaves; I will not represent unto you that which was 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.

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 or the Illuminated. I desire to know what my *Saviour* 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 to let 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 agreeable 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 bin subject since her Corruption, for even Galen looked on thole obliquities as Diseases, but studied Nature her self, as their Cure. We know by experience that too much of any thing weakens, 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 Pharmacopea, for thole sluttish Receipts doe but oppresse the stomach, being no fit fuell for a Celestiall fire. Believe it then, these excessive bestiall Appetites proceeded from our Fall, for Nature of her self

60 *Magic Adamica, or*

self is no lavish insatiable *Glut*, but a most nice delicate 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 immediately 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 Harmony between Nature and the Gospel, I will prove out of the *Sinic Monument* of Kim Cim 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 neer Ten measures of an hand-breadth long, and

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five broad, In the uppermost part of this stone was figur'd a *Crosse*, and underneath it an Inscription in *Sinic Characters*, being the Title to the Monument, which I find thus render'd in the *Latine*.

*Lapis in Laudem & memoriam eternam
Legis Lucis, & veritatis portatus
de Judea, & in China
promulgatus,
Erectus.*

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

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 persundere; unde Necessarium fuit eam appellare; Kim ki ao, h. e. Legem claram & magnam.* That is: It is a hard matter to find a fit name for their Law, seeing the effect of it is to illuminat, and fill all with Knowledge; It was necessarie therefore to call it *Kim ki ao*, that is, the great Law of Light. To be short, *Olo puen* was admitted to the Court by *Tai cum ven huanti* 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 both 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 him *Magna virtutis Hominem*, a man of great virtue or power; it seems he did something more than prate and preach, could confirme 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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runs thus, *Cujus intentum docendi nos a Fundamentis examinantes, invenimus Doctrinam ejus admodum excellentem, & sine strepitu exteriori, fundatam principaliter in Creatione Mundi:* That is, The Drift of whose teaching we have examin'd from the very Fundamentals, we find his Doctrine very excellent, without any worldly noyse, and principally grounded on the Creation of the world. And againe in the same place, *Doctrina ejus non est multorum verborum, nec superficiei tenus suam fundat Veritatem:* His Doctrine is but of few words, not full of noyse and notions, neither doth he build his Truth on superficial probabilities. Thus we see, the Incarnation, and Birth of Christ Jesus (which to the Common Philosopher are fables and Impossibilities, but in the Booke of Nature plaine evident Truths) were proved, and demonstrated by the Primitive Apostles and Teachers out of the Creation of the world. But instead of such Teachers, we have in These our Dayes two Epidemical Goblins, a Schoole-Man, and a Saint forsooth. The one swells with a Syllogistical pride, the other wears a broad face of Revelation. The first cannot tell me why *Grasse is Green*: The second with all his Devotion knows not *A.B.C.* yet pretends he to that Infinite Spirit which knows all in all; and truly

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of them Both, this *lust* is the *worst*. Surely the *Devill* hath been very busie, to put out the *Candle*, for had all *written Truths* been extant, this *false learning* and *Hypocrisie* could never have prevailed. *Kim* C^m mentions seven and Twenty Books which *Christ Jesus* left on Earth to further the *conversion* of the world. It may be we have not one of them: for though the Books of the new Testament are just so many, yet being all written, at least some of them a long Time after *Christ*, they may not well passe for those *Scriptures* which this *Author* attributes to our *Saviour*, even at the time of his *Ascension*. What should I speake of Those many Books cited in the *old Testament*, but no where to be found, which if they were now extant, no doubt but they would prove so many reverend, *Invincible patrons* of *Magic*. But *Ink* and *paper* will *perish*, for the *hand* of *Man* hath made *nothing aternall*: The *Truth* only is *Incorruptible*, and when the *Letter* fails, she shifts that *Body*, and *lives* in the *spirit*.

I have not without some labour, now traced this *Science* from the very *Fall* of *Man* to the *Day* of his *Redemption*; Along, and solitary *Pilgrimage*, the *paths* being unfrequented because of the *Briars*, and *scruples* of *Antiquitie*, and in some places overgrown with the *Poppie* of *Oblivion*.

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vion. I wil not deny but in the *shades* and *Ivie* of this *Wildernesse*, there are some *Birds of Night*, *Owles* and *Bats*, of a different *Feather* from our *Phoenix*; I meane some *Conjurers*, whose dark indirect *Affection* to the Name of *Magic*, made them invent *Traditions* more *prodigious* than their *Practices*. These I have purposely avoyded lest they should *Wormwood* my *stream*, and I seduce the Reader thorough all these *Groves* and *Solitudes* to the *Waters of Marah*. The next *Stage* I must move to, is that whence I came out at first with the *Israelites*, namely *Egypt*; here if *Bookes* faile me, the *stones* will cry out; *Magic* having been so *enthron'd* in this place, it seems shee would bee *buried* here also: So many *Monuments* did shee hide in this *Earth*, which have been since *digged up*; and serve now to prove, that shee was *sometimes above Ground*. To begin then, I will first speak of the *Egyptian Theologie*, that you may see how far they have *advanc'd*, having no *Leader*, but the *Light of Nature*. *Trismegistus* is so *Orthodox* and plain in the *Mysterie* of the *Trinitie*, the *Scripture* it self exceeds him not; but hee being a *particular Author*, and one perhaps that knew more than those of his order in *Generall*, I shall at this time dispense with his *Authoritie*. Their *Catholic Doctrine*, and wherein I find them all to agree, is *This*.

Emepht, whereby they expresse their *Supreme God*, and verily they mind the *true One*, signifies properly an *Intelligence*, or *Spirit* converting *all things* into *himself*, and *himself* into *all Things*. This is very sound *Divinitie* and *Philosophie*, if it be rightly understood. Now (say they) *Emepht* produc'd an *Egg* out of his mouth, which Tradition *Kircher* expounds imperfectly, and withall *Erroneously*. In the Production of this *Egg* was manifested another *Deitie*, which they call *Phtha*, and out of some other *Natures* and *Substances* inclos'd in the *Egg*, this *Phtha* formed *all Things*. But to deale a little more openly, wee will describe unto you their *Hieroglyphic*, wherein they have very handsomely, but obscurely discovered most of their *Mysteries*. First of all then, they draw a *Circle*, in the *Circle* a *Serpent*, not folded, but *Diameter-wise*, and at length; her head resembles that of a *Hawke*, the *Tayle* is tyed in a *Small Knot*, and a little below the head her wings are *Valant*. The *Circle* points at *Emepht*, or *God the Father* being *Infinite*, without *Beginning*, without *End*. Moreover it comprehends, or *Conteines* in it self the *Second Deitie Phtha*, and the *Egg*, or *Chaos*, out of which all Things were made. The *Hawke* in the *Egyptian Symbols* signifies *Light*, and *Spirit*; his head annexed here to the *Serpent* represents

represents *Phtha*, or the *Second Person*, who is the first *Light*, as wee have told you in our *Anthroposophia*. Hee is said to forme *all Things* out of the *Egg*, because in him, as it were in a *Glasse*, are certain *Types* or *Images*, namely the *Distinct Conceptions* of the *Paternall Deitie*, according to which by *Cooperation* of the *Spirit*, namely the *Holy Ghost*, the *Creatures* are formed. The *Inferiour* part of this *Figure* signifies the *Matter* or *Chaos*, which they call the *Egg* of *Emepht*. That you may the better know it, wee will reach you something not *Common*. The *Body* of the *Serpent* tells you it is a *ferie Substance*, for a *Serpent* is full of *heat* and *fire*, which made the *Egyptians* esteem him *Divine*: This appears by his *quick motion* without feet or *limbs*, much like that of the *Pulse*, for his *impetuous hot spirit* shootes him on like a *Squib*. There is also another *Analogie*, for the *Serpent* renews his *youth*, so strong is his *natural heat*, and casts off his *old skin*. Truly the *Matter* is a very *Serpent*, for shee renews her self a thousand wayes, and is never a *perpetuall Tenant* to the same *Forme*. The wings tell you this *Subiect* or *Chaos* is *Volatile*, and in the *outward Complexion Ayrie*, and *Watterie*. But to teach you the most *Secret Resemblance* of this *Hieroglyphic*. The *Chaos* is a certain *Creeping Substance*, for it moves like a

Serpent *sine pedibus*, and truly *Moses* calls it not *Water*, but *Serpitura Aqua*, The *Creeping* of *Water*, or a *water* that *creepes*. Lastly, the *Knott* on the *Tayle*, Tells you this *matter* is of a most strong *Composition*, and that the *Elements* are fast bound in it, all which the *Philosophers* know to be true by *Experience*. As for the *Affinitie* of *Inferiors* with *Superiors*, and their private *Active Love*, which consists in certain *Secret Mixtures* of *Heaven* with the *Matter*, their *Opinion* stands thus. In the *Vital* fire of all Things here below, The *Sun* (say they) is *King*. In their *Secret Water* the *Moon* is *Queen*. In their pure *Aire* the five lesser *Planets* rule; and in their *Central, Hypostaticall Earth*, the fixed *starrs*. For these *Inferiors* according to their *Doctrine*, are *Provinces*, or *Thrones* of those *Superiors*, where they sit *Regent*, and *Paramount*. To speak plainly, *Heaven* it self was originally extracted from *Inferiors*, yet not so intirely, but some portion of the *Heavenly Natures* remained still below, and are the very same in *Essence* and *Substance* with the separated *starrs* and *skies*. *Heaven* here below differs not from that above but in her *Captivitie*, and that above differs not from this below but in her *Libertie*. The one is imprisoned in the *Matter*, the other is freed from the *grossness* and *impurities* of it, but they are both of

of one and the same *Nature*, so that they easily unite; and hence it is that the *Superior* descends to the *Inferior* to visit, and comfort her in this sickly infectious *Habitatim*. I could speak much more, but I am in haste, and though I were at leisure, you cannot in reason expect I should tell you all. I will therefore decline these generall Principles to tell you something that makes for the *Egyptian Practice*, and proves them *Philosophers* adepth. The first *Monument* I reade of to this purpose, is that of *Synesius*, a very learned intelligent man. Hee found in the *Temple* of *Memphis* *ἱερὸν βιβλίον*, *Bookes* of *stone*, and in those hard leaves these *Difficult Instructions*.

Ἡ φύσις τῆς φύσιν ἡγεμονεύει

Ἡ φύσις τῆς φύσιν ἡγεμονεύει

Ἡ φύσις τῆς φύσιν ἡγεμονεύει

That is, *One Nature* delights in another; *One Nature* overcomes another; *One Nature* over-rules another. These short lessons, but of no small Consequence, are fathered on the great *Hermes*. The *Second Monument* is that admirable, and most *Magicall* one mentioned by *Barachias Aben-si the Arabian*. This also was a stone erected neere *Memphis*, and on it this profound Scripture.

ΟΥΡΑΝΟ ΑΝΩ, ΟΥΡΑΝΟ ΚΑΤΩ,
 ΑΣΤΡΑ ΑΝΩ, ΑΣΤΡΑ ΚΑΤΩ,
 ΠΑΝ Ο ΑΝΩ, ΠΑΝ ΤΟΥΤΟ ΚΑΤΩ,
 ΑΥΤΑ ΛΑΒΕ, ΚΑΙ ΕΤΥΧΕ.

That is,

Heaven Above, Heaven Beneath;
 Starres Above, Starres Beneath;
 All that is Above, is also Beneath;
 Understand this, and bee Happy.

Under this were figur'd certain apposit *Hieroglyphics*, and for a *Close* to all, this *Dedicatorie Subscription* (I find it once in the *Coptic Character*, but our *Founts* wanting that *Letter*, I must give it you in the *Greece*.)

ΣΤΗΘΟΠΟΝΙΣ, ΤΟΙΣ ΕΝ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΟΥ ΘΕ-
 ΟΙΣ ΙΖΙΑΣ ΑΡΧΙΕΡΕΤΣ ΑΝΘ.

Ilias the High Priest erected this, to the Resident Gods in *Egypt*.

And now, though I formerly suspended the *Authoritie* of *Irismegistus*, I might like the *Italian*, produce his weapons *Sfodrato*; but I love no *Veditions*, and *Truth* is so brave, it needs no *Feather*. *Quod est Superius* (sayd *Hermes*) *est sicut id quod est Inferius*, & *quod*

quod est Inferius, est sicut id quod est superius. This is his *Mysterie*, and 'tis great: The *Benefit* that attends the *Purchase*, is no *lesse*: *habebis Gloriam totius Mundi*, All the *Pomp*, and *Splendor* of the *World* shall bee *Thine*. To this *Language*, the *Dialect* of *Ilias* doth so *Echo*, these two, like *Euphorbus* and *Pythagoras*, might passe for *Ono*.

Cælum sursum, (sayd he) *Cælum deorsum*;
Astra sursum, *Astra Deorsum*;
Omne quod sursum, *omne id deorsum*.

And then follows a reward for the *Intelligent*, *Hæc cape, & felicitare*, understand this, and thou art fortunate, Thou hast made thy self very happy. This is enough to prove that *Magic* sometimes flourished in *Egypt*, and no doubt but they received the *Truth* of it from the *Hebrewes*, who lived amongst them to the terme of four hundred and thirtie years. This is plain; for their own *Native Learning* was meere *Sorcerie* and *Witchcraft*, and this appears by the *Testimonie* of *Moses*, who tells us their *Magicians* produc'd their *Miracles* by *Inchantments*. And why I beseech you should this *Instruction* seem *impossible*? For *Joseph* being married to *Asenath*, daughter of *Potipherah* Priest of *On*, some of the *Egyptian Priests*, and those likely of his own alliance, might

might for that very Relation receive a better Doctrine from him. But this is not all I would say of this Nation, and their Secret Learning, if I were dispos'd to bee their *Mercurie*. There is not any I believe, who pretend to Antiquitie or Philosophie, but have seen that famous Monument, which Paul the Third bestow'd on his Cardinal Petrus Bembo, and was ever since called the Bembo's Table. No doubt but the Hieroglyphics therein contained, were they all reduced into Letters, would make a Volume as ample, as *Mysterious*. But 'tis not my Designe to comment on Memphis, that were to make *Brick*, and look out the straw withall, *Egypt* having no compleat Table but the World, over which her Monuments are Scatter'd. This place then was the Pitcher to the Fountain, for they received their Mysteries immediatly from the *Hebrewes*, but their Doctrine, like their Nilus, swelling above its private Chancel, did at last over-run the Universe. *Jamblicus* the Divine, in that excellent Discourse of his de *Mysteriis*, tells us that *Pythagoras* and *Plato* had all their learning ex *Columnis Mercurii*, out of the Pillars, or Hieroglyphicall Monuments of *Trismegistus*. But the Ancient *Orpheus* in his Poem de *Verbo Sacro*, where hee speaks of God, hath these words.

Nemo

Nemo Illū nisi Chaldaeo de Sanguine Quiddam Progenitus vidit.

None (saith he) hath ever seen God, but a certaine Man descended of the Chaldean Bloud. Now this was *Moses*, of whom it is written, That he spake with God face to face, as one Man speaks with another. After This he gives us a short Character or Description of the Deitie, not in the Reccess, and Abstract, but in reference to the Incubation of his spirit upon Nature. Lastly he acquaints us with the Originall of his Doctrine, from whence it first came, and verily he derives it from the Well-head.

*Priscorum nos hac docuerunt Omnia Vates,
Quæ Binis Tabulis Deus olim tradidit Illis.*

The Priests (saith he) (or Prophets) of the Ancient Fathers taught us all These things, which God delivered to them heretofore in two Tables. Thanks be to that God, who made a Heathen speak so plainly. I need not tell you to whom these Tables were delivered, *Cavallero D' epistola* can informe you. I cited this place, that it might appeare, though the Philosophie of Greece came generally out of *Egypt*, yet some *Gracians* have been disciplined by the Jews, and this is proved by

no contemptible Testimonies. *Aristobulus*, who lived in the Dayes of the *Machabies*, and was himself a Jew, writes to *Ptolomie Philometor* King of *Aegypt*, and affirms that the *Pentateuch*, or five Books of *Moses*, were translated into *Greek* before the Time of *Alexander the Great*, and that they came to the hands of *Pythagoras* and *Plato*. Indeed *Numenius the Pythagorean* calls *Plato*, *Mosen Atticâ linguâ loquentem*, *Moses* speaking in the *Greek Dialect*; by which he minded not a similitude of style, but a Conformitie of principles. There is a storie of *Clearchus the Peripatetic* in his first *de somno*, how true I know not, but the Substance of it is this. He brings in his Master *Aristotle* relating, how he met with a very reverend and learned Jew, with whom he had much Discourse about Things *Natural* and *Divine*, but his special Confession is, That he was much rectified by him in his Opinion of the *Deitie*. This perhaps might be, but certainly it was after he writ the *Organon*, and his other lame Discourses, that move by the *Logical Crutch*. Now if you will aske me, what *Greek* did ever professe any *Magicall Principles*? To this I answer, that if you bate *Aristotle* and his *Ushers*, who are borne like the *Insecta, ex putredine*, out of their Masters Corruptions; *Greece* yeelded not

not a *Philosopher*, who was not in some Positions, *Magicall*. If any man will challenge my Demonstration herein, I doe now promise him my performance. To give you some particular Instances, *Hippocrates* was altogether *Chemicall*, and this I could prove out of his owne Mouth, but at this Time his works are not by me. *Democritus* who lived in the same Age with him, writ his *φυσικὰ καὶ μυστικὰ*, that is, *Physicall and Mysticall Things*, in plaine English, *Naturall Secrets*. To this mysticall peece *Synesius* added the *Light* of his Comments, and dedicated them to *Dioscorus* Priest of *Scrapis*. Of this *Democritus* *Seneca* reports in his *Epistles*, That he knew a secret Coction of *Pebles*, by which he turned them into *Emeralds*. *Theophrastus*, a most ancient *Greek Author* in his Book *de lapidibus* mentions another mineral work of his own, wherein he had written something of *Metals*. True indeed, that Discourse of his is lost, but notwithstanding his opinion is upon Record, namely that he referred the Originall of *metalls* to *water*. This is confirm'd by his owne words, (*ὕδατος μὲν τὰ μεταλλεύμενα κατὰ τὴν ἀρχὴν καὶ πρῶτον*) as I find them cited by *Picus* in his Book *De auro*. But that the Art of *Transmutation* was in Request in his Dayes, and no late Invention or Imposture, as some think, appears by the Attempts and practice

practice of that Age out of the same Theophrastus; For he mentions one *Callias* an Athenian, who indeavouring to make gold, brought his Materials into Cinnabar. It were an endles labour for me to recite all the Particulars, that Greece can afford in order to my present Designe, I will Therefore close up all in this short Summarie. There is no wisdom in Nature, but what proceeded from God, for he made Nature, he first found out, and afterwards ordained the very wayes, and method how to corrupt, and how to generate. This his own wisdom and Knowledge, he communicated in some Measure to the first Man, from him his Children received it, and they taught it their posteritie; but the Jewes having the spiritual Birthright, This Mysterie was their Inheritance, and they possess it intirely, being the Anointed Nation, upon whom God had powred forth his spirit. By Tradition of the Jewes, The Egyptians came to be instructed, From the Egyptians these secrets descended to the Gracians, and from the Gracians (as we all know) the Romanes received their Learning; and amongst other common Arts, this Magicall mysterious one; This is confirm'd by some proper, genuine Effelts and Monuments thereof, namely that flexible malleable Glasse, produced in the
dayes

dayes of Tiberius, and the miraculous Olybian Lamp. But these Times wherein I am now, and those thorough which I have past, are like some Tempestuous Day, they have more clouds, than Light. I will therefore enter Christendome, and here I shall find the Art in her Infancie: True indeed, The Cradle is but in some private hands, few know where, and many believe there is no such Thing. The Schoole-men are high in point of Noyse, and condemne all, but what Themselfes profess: It is Aristotels Almidona, they expose his Errors to the sale, and this continues for a long time. But every Thing (as the Spaniard saith) hath its Quando; Many years are past over, and now the Child begins to lisp, and peeps abroad in the fustian of Arnold, and Lullie. I need not tell you how he hath thrived since, doe but look upon his Traine, for at this Day who pretends not to Magic, and that so magisterially, as if the Regalos of the Art were in his powers? I know not any Refragans, except some sickly Galenists, whose pale tallow faces speak more Disease, than Physic. These indeed complaine their Lives are too short, Philosophie too tedious, and so fill their Mouths with *Ars longa, Vita brevis*. This is true (saith the Spanish Picaro) for they cure either late, or never, which makes
their

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their *Art long*: but they *kill quickly*, which makes *life short*, and so the *Riddle* is expounded.

I have now, Reader, performed my promise, and according to my *Posse* proved the *Antiquitie* of *Magic*. I am not so much a foole as to expect a generall subscription to my endeavours, every man's *Placet* is not the same with mine; but *Facta est Alea*, I have done this much, and he that will overthrow it, must know in the first place, it is his *Task to do more*. There is one point, I can justly bind an *Adversarie* too, That he shall not oppose *Man* to *God*, *Heathen Romances* to *Divine Scriptures*: He that would foyle me, must use such weapons as I doe, for I have not fed my Readers with straw, neither will I be confuted with stubble. In the next place it is my *Designe* to speake something of the *Art* it self, and this I shall doe in *rationall termes*, a *Forme* different from the *Ancients*, for I will not stuffe my Discourse like a *Wilderness* with *Lions* and *Dragons*. To *Common Philosophers* that fault is very proper, which *Quintilian* observed in some *Orators*: *Operum fastigia spectantur, latent fundamenta*; The *spires* of their *Babel* are in the *Clouds*, its *Fundamentals* no where, they talk indeed of *fine Things*, but tell us not upon what grounds. To avoid these *Flights*, I shall

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Cælum Terræ, or the, &c. 79

in this my *Olla* (for I care not much what I shall call it) observe this *Composition*. First, I shall speake of that *One only Thing*, which is the *Subject* of this *Art*, and the *Mother* of all *Things*. Secondly, I will discourse of that most admirable, and more than naturall *Medicine*, which is generated out of this one *Thing*. Lastly, though with some disorder I will discover the means how, and by which this *Art* works upon the *Subject*; but these being the *Keyes* which lead to the very *Estrado* of *Nature*, where *She* sits in full Solemnitie, and receives the *Visits* of the *Philosophers*, I must scatter them in severall parts of the Discourse. This is all, and here thou must not consider how long, or short I shall be, but how full the *Discoverie*; and truly it shall be such, and so much, that Thou canst not in modestie expect more. Now then, you that would be what the *Ancient Physicians* were, *Manus Deorum salutare*, not *Quacks* and *Salvos* of the *Pipkin*; you that would performe what you publickly 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 safely studie it notwithstanding for you have a precept to prove all *Things*, but to hold fast

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

Said the Cabalist, *Domus Sanctuarii, quæ est hic inferius; disponitur Secundam 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 worlds Visible and Invisible, and two universall Natures Visible and Invisible. out of which both those Worlds proceeded. The Passive Universall Nature, was made in the Image of the Active Universall one, and the Consermitie of Both Worlds, or Sanctuaries, consist in the Originall Consermitie of their Principles. There are many Platonics, (and this last Centurie 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 they crow being roosted on these pittiful Particulars, as if they knew the Universal Magnet, which binds this great Frame, and moves all the Members of it to a Mutuall Compassion.

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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 Ideas, or Conceptions in himself as hee conceived so hee created, that is to say, hee created an outward forme answerable to the inward Conception, or figure of his Mind. In the second place they ought to know, there is an *Universall Patient*, and this Passive Nature was created by the Universall Agent. This generall Patient, is the immediat Catholic Character of God himself in his Unitie, and Trinitie. In plain Termes, it is that Substance which wee commonly call the first Matter. But verily it is to no purpose to know this Notion, Matter, unless we know the Thing it self, to which the Notion relates; wee must see it, handle it, and by experimental all ocular Demonstrations know the very Central Invisible Essences, and Proprieties of it. But of these things heare the most excellent Capion, who informes his Jew, and his Epicure of two Catholic Natures Material and Spiritual: *Alteram* (saith he) *quæ videri oculis, & attingi manu possit, propè ad omne Mementum*

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altera.

*alterabilem. Detur enim venia (ut ait Ma-
daurensis) Novitati Verborum, rerum obscuri-
tatis inservienti. Hæc ipsa cum eadem &
una persistere nequeat, nihilominus à tali Vir-
tute animi hospitio suscipitur, pro modo rectius
quo est, quam quo non est, qualis in veritate res
est, id est, mutabilis. Alteram autem substan-
tiarum Naturam incorruptam, immutabilem,
constantem, eandemq; ac semper Existentem.
The English of it speaks thus One Nature is
such, it may be seen with the eyes, and felt with
the hands, and it is subject to Alteration al-
most in every Moment. You must Pardon (as
Apuleius saith) this strange Expression, be-
cause it makes for the Obscurity of the Thing.
This very Nature, since shee may not continue
one, and the same, is notwithstanding appre-
hended of the mind under her such Qualificati-
on, more rightly as shee is, than as shee is not,
namely as the Thing it self is in Truth, that is
to say, Changeable. The other Nature, or Prin-
ciple of Substances, is incorruptible, immuta-
ble, constant, One and the same for ever, and
always existent Thus hee. Now this Change-
able Nature whereof he speaks, is the first Vi-
sible, Tangible Substance that ever God made;
it is white in Appearance, and Paracelsus gives
you the Reason why: Omnia (saith he) in Dei
Manu alba sunt, is ea tingit, ut vult: All
things*

things when they first proceed from God, are
white, but hee colours them afterwards, accord-
ing to his pleasure. An Example wee have in
this very matter, which the Philosophers call
sometimes their red *Magnesia*, sometimes
their white, by which Descriptions they have de-
ceived many men; for in the first preparation
the Chaos is *Bloud-red*, because the *Central*
Sulphur is stirr'd up, and discovered by the *Phi-
losophicall Fire*. In the Second it is exceeding
white and transparent like the *Heavens*. It is
in Truth somewhat like *Common Quicksilver*,
but of a *Cælestiall* transcendent brightnesse, for
there is nothing upon Earth like it. This fine
substance is the *Child* of the *Elements*, and it
is a most pure, sweet *Virgin*; for nothing as yet
hath been generated out of her: but if at any
time shee breeds, it is by the fire of Nature, for
that is her husband. Shee is no *Animal*, no
Vegetable, no *Mineral*, neither is shee extra-
cted out of *Animals*, *Vegetables*, or *Minerals*,
but shee is *præexistent* to them all, for shee is
the *Mother* of them. Yet one thing I must
say, shee is not much short of *Life*, for shee is
almost *Animal*. Her *Composition* is miracu-
lous, and different from all other *Compounds*
whatsoever. Gold is not so compact, but every
Sophister concludes it is no *Simple*; but shee is
so much *One*, that no man believes she is more.
H 3 She

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Shee yeelds to nothing but *Love*, for her End is *Generation*, and that was never yet perform'd by *Violence*. Hee that knows how to *wanton*, and *toy* with her, the same shall receive all her *Treasures*. First, shee *shedds* at her *Nipples* a thick heavy *water*, but *white* as any *snow*; The Philosophers call it *Virgin-milk*. Secondly, she gives him *Blond* from her very *heart*; it is a quick heavenly *fire*, some improperly call it their *sulphur*. Thirdly and lastly shee presents him with a secret *Chrystall*, of more worth and lustie 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 *imm'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 *Four* and *Five*, and this *Truth* is *Essentiall*. The Titles they have bestowed upon her, are divers. They call her their *Catholic Magnesit*, 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 yet 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 *T'errestriall*. Moreover, they affirme her to bee of that *Nature*, that no *fire* can *destroy* her, which of all other Descriptions is most true, for shee is *fire* her self, having in her a *portion* of the *universall fire* of *Nature*, and a secret *Cælestiall spirit*, which *spirit* is animated, and quickened by *God* himself, wherefore also they call her their *most blessed stone*. Lastly, they say shee is a *middle nature* between *thick* and *thin*, neither altogether *Earthy*, nor altogether *Fire*, but a mean *aereall substance* to bee 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

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

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perpetually busie, brings his *Fire* round about her, as if he would *sublime* something from her *bosom*, and rob her of some *secret*, inclosed *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 dost perhaps desire to know where they are at this present: believe it they have one common *Sepulcher*, what was once their *Mother*, is now their *Tombe*; All things return to that place from whence they came, and that very place is *Earth*. If thou hast but leasure, 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

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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 *ail*, 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 *conceit* what you *reade*, to dwell a little upon *Earth*, not to fly up presently, and admire the *Meteors* of your own *Braines*. The *Earth* you know in the *Winter* time is a *dull, dark, dead Thing*, a contemptible frozen phlegmatick *Lump*. But towards the *Spring*, and *Fomentations* of the *Sun*, what rare *Pearles* are there in this *Dung-hill*? what glorious *Colours*, and *linctures* 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
cœlestiall

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cœlestiall 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 one 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 rattle the *Cabinet*. Give me leave to put you back. I mind not this *Common, facetious, impure Earth*, that falls not within my *Discourte*, but as it makes for your *Manuduction*. That which I speak of is a *Mysterie*, it is *Cælum Terræ*, and *Terræ Cæli*, not this dirt, 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 Diverforum, & 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 Cloudes 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 looner meet, but presently they play and toy, and this Game will not over till some new Babee 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 ἑαυτὸς φιλεῖ ἢ ἢ ὅτι ὅταν θύσῃ, αἰετὸν τὸ πᾶν μεταβάλλει, καὶ ποιεῖν νέα ὅμοια,* The Nature (saith he) of the Universe delights not in any Thing so much, as to alter all Things, and then

then to make the like again. This is her Tick Tack, shee playes one Game, to begin another. The matter is placed before her like a peece of Wax, and shee shapes it to all formes, and figures. 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 fantasies. Hence shee is call'd of Orpheus, *πολυμήχανος μήτηρ*, and *ἀνοσιμοκορδαία*, 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 privately 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 Choysiest, never come to Light. Wee 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

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their *Actions* according to *other mens* Desires. Some *Cockney* claps his *Revenues* on his *backe*, but his *Galantrie* is *spoil'd*, if his *Mistris* doth not observe it. Another *fights*, but his *Victory* is *lost*, if it be not *Printed*, it is the world must *heare* of his *Valour*. Now *Nature* is a *free spirit*, that seeks no *Applause*, shee observes *none* more than *her self*, but is pleased with her *own Magic*, as *Philosophers* are with their *Secret Philosophie*. Hence it is that wee find her *busie*, not onely in the *Potts* of the *Balconies*, but in *Wildernesses*, and ruinous places, where no *eyes* observe her, but the *Starrs* and *Planets*. In a word, wheresoever the *fire* of nature finds the *Virgin Mercurie*, there hath he found his *Love*, and there will they both fall to their *Husbandrie*, a pleasure not subject to *Surfets*, for it still *Presents* new *Varieties*. It is reported of *Marc Antonie*, a famous, but unfortunate *Romane*, how he sent his *Agent* over the world to *Copie* all the *handsome faces*, that amongst so many excellent features, hee might select for himself the most pleasing peece. Truly *Nature* is much of this *straine*, for shee hath infinite beauteous *patternes* in her self, and all these shee would gladly see beyond her self, which shee cannot doe without the *matter*, for that is her *Glasse*. This makes her *generate* perpetually, and imprint her *conceptions* in the

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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 in the *Matter*; but the *Idea's* being *innumerable*, and withall different, the *pleasures* of the *Agent* are maintain'd by their *Varietie*, or to speak more properly by his *own fruitfulness*, for amongst all the *Beauties* the world affords, there are not *two*, that are *altogether* the same. Much might bee spoken in this place concerning *Beautie*, what it is, from whence it came, and how it may be *defaced*, not onely in the *outward figure*, but in the *inward Idea*, and lost for ever in *both worlds*. But these pretty *shuttles* I am no way acquainted with, I have no *Mistris* but *Nature*, wherefore I shall leave the *fine Ladies* to *fine Lads*, and speak of my simple *Ælia Lælia*.

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

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*I thought my Cares not lost, if I
Should finish my Discoverie.
Sleepie shee look'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 haste, and all
In Chaines of liquid Pearle did fall.
Faire Sorrows; and more dear than Joyes,
Which are but emptie Ayres, and Noyse,
Your Drops present a richer Prize,
For they are Something like her Eyes.
Pretty, white Foole! why hast thou been
Sulli'd with Teares, and not with Sin?
'Tis true: thy Teares, like Polish'd Skies,
Are the Bright Rosials of thy Eyes,
But such strange Fates doe them attend,
As if thy Woes would never end.
From Drops to Sighes they turn, and then
Those sighes return to Drops again:
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

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*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?
So dy'd Hyanthe. Here (said shee)
Let not this Vial part from Thee.
It holds my Heart, though now 'tis Spill'd,
And into Waters all distill'd.
'Tis constant still: Trust not false Smiles,
Who smiles, and weeps not. shee beguiles.
Nay, trust not Teares: false are the few,
Those Teares are Many, that are True.
Trust mee, and take the better Choyce,
Who hath my Teares, can want no Joyes.*

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

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the *Flights* of my *Verse*, or follow the more grave pace of their *Prose*. The first I shall cite is *Arnoldus de Villâ novâ*, an absolute perfect Master of the *Art*, hee describes the *Philosophicall Chaos*, in these plain termes. *Lapis est, & non lapis, Spiritus, Anima, & Corpus; Quem si dissolvis, dissolvitur, & si coagules, coagulatur, & si volare facis, volat; Est enim Volatilis, albus ut lacryma oculi: postea efficitur citrinus, falsus, pilis carens: quem nemo suâ linguâ tangere potest. Ecce ipsum jam suâ demonstravi descriptione, non tamen nominavi. Modo volo ipsum nominare. & dico, quod si dixeris eum Aquam esse, verum dicis; & si dixeris eum Aquam non esse, mentiris. Ne igitur decipiaris pluribus descriptionibus, & operationibus, unum enim quid est, cui nihil alieni infertur. It is (saith hee) a stone. and no stone Spirit, Soule, and Bodie; which if thou dissolvest, it will bee dissolved, and if thou doest coagulat it, it will be coagulated, and if thou doest make it fly, it will fly; for it is *Volatil*, or flying, and cleare as a teare; afterwards it is made citrine. then falsish, 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 doest say the Truth, and if thou sayest it is *not water*, thou doest*

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doest *lie*. Bee not therefore deceived with manifold Descriptions and Operations, for it is but one Thing, to which nothing Extraneous may be added. Thus *Arnoldus*; and he borrowed this from the *Turba*. Let us now heare his Disciple *Raymund Lullie*, who speaking very enviously and obscurely of *Seven Metallic Principles*, describes the *third* wherein *four* of the *seven* are included in these words; *Tertium (saith hee) est Aqua clara Composita, & illa est res Argento vivo magis propinqua, quæ quidem reperitur supra Terram currens & fluens. Et istud argentum vivum in omni Corpore Elementato à materiâ 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 moisture of it is extreme heavy. To these I will adde *Albertus Magnus*, whose Suffrage in this kind of Learning is like the *Stylax* 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 Aquæ frigidum, & humidum, Aqua permanens, spiritus Corporis, vapor*

*unctuosus, Aqua Benedicta, Aqua virtuosa, Aqua Sapientum, Acetum Philosophorum, Aqua Mineralis, Ros celestis gratia, 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 in tinctura alba & rubra. In plain-English thus; The Mercurie of the Wisemen is a watery 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 *Roché* the Persian; *Sperma Lapidu* (saith hee) *est frigidum & humidum in Manifesto, & in Occulto calidum & siccum.* The Sperme, or first matter of the stone is outwardly*

ly cold and moyst, but inwardly Hot and Drie. All which is confirmed by *Rhodium*, 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 Sperin (saith hee) is white and Liquid, afterwards red. This Sperin is the flying stone, and it is acreal, and volatil, cold and moyst, hot and drie. To these subscribes the Author of that excellent Tract intituled *Liber trium verborum. Hic est Liber* (saith hee) *Trium verborum, Liber Lapidis preciosi, qui est Corpus acreum & 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 acreal and volatil, cold and moyst, watery and adustive, and in it is Heat and Drought, Coldnesse and Moysture, one virtue inwardly, the other outwardly. *Relus* 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* (saith 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 hæc 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, que dividit ipsam in Alia quatuor.* Know (saith hee) you that are the Children of the wise, the Separation of the ancient Philosophers was performed upon water, which Separation divides the water into other foure Substances. There is extant a very learned Author, who hath written something to this purpose, and that more openly than any, whom we have formerly cited. *Sicuti Mundus Originem debet Aqua, cui Spiritus Domini incubabat, rebus tam Cælestibus, quam Terrestribus omnibus inde procedentibus; ita Limbus hic emergit ex Aquâ non vulgari, neq; ex Rore Cælesti, aut ex aere Condens.*

Condensato in Cavernis Terræ, vel in Recipiente ipso, non ex Abyſſo Maris, fontibus, puteis, fluminibusve hausto, sed ex Aquâ quadam perpeſſâ, omnibus obviâ, pauciſſimis cognitâ, Quæ in se habet, quæcunq; ad totius operis Complementum sunt necessaria, omni amoto Extrinſeco. As the world (saith hee) was generated out of that Water, upon which the Spirit of God did move, all things proceeding thence, both Cœlestiall 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 produce a Thousand Authors more, but that were tedious; I shall conclude with one of the *Rosie Brothers*, whose Testimonie is Æquivalent to the Best of These but his Instruction far more Excellent. His Discourse of the first Matter is somewhat large, and to avoyd prolixitie, I shall forbear the Latin, but I will give thee his Sense in punctuall plaine English.

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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 restless. 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 Heat and Rain, which notwithstanding are hidden 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 o 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
Proprietic

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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 for the Center of the Middlemost Tree in the Terrestrial Paradyse, entering in by Five glorious Gates. The first Gate was the Knowledge of the true Matter, and here arose the first, and that a most bitter Conflict. The second was the Preparation by which this matter was to bee prepared, that they might obtain the Embers of the Eagle, and the Bloud of the Lion. At this Gate there is a most sharp fight, for it produceth water and bloud, 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, full rich, and high is hee who attains to the fourth Gate, for hee hath got an Universal Medicine for all Diseases. This is that great Character of the Book of Nature, out of which her whole Alphabet doth arise.
The

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

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Courage, if thou wouldest have mee overcome the Violence of the Fire, in which Attempt many have lost both their Labour and their Substance. I am the Egg of Nature known onely to the Wise, such as are pious and modest, 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 Philosophers, 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; Youthfull and Ancient; weak and yet most strong; Life and Death; Visible and Invisible; Hard and Soft; Descending to the Earth, and Ascending to the Heavens; most high and most low; light and heavy; In mee the Order of Nature is oftentimes inverted, in Colour, Number, Weight and Measure. I have in mee the light of Nature, I am dark and bright, I spring from the Earth, and I come out of Heaven, I am well known, and yet a meer Nothing, all Colours shine in mee, and all Metals by the Beams of the Sun. I am
the

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

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

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plius tibi dico, quod nullo modo invenire potuimus, nec similiter invenire potuerunt Philosophi, aliquam rem perseverantem in igne, nisi solam unctuosam Humiditatem. Aqueam humiditatem videmus de facili evaporare, Arida remanet. & ideo separantur, quia non sunt Naturales. Si autem eas humiditates consideremus, quæ difficulter separantur ab his quæ sunt Naturales, non invenimus aliquas nisi unctuosas, & viscosas. I tell thee further (saith hee) that wee could not possibly find, neither could the Philosophers find before us, any thing that would persist in the fire, but onely the *unctuous Humiditie*. A waterie Humiditie, we see, will easily vapour away, and the Earth remains behind, and the parts are therefore separated because their Composition is not natural. But if wee consider those humidities, which are hardly separated from those parts which are naturall to them, wee find not any such but the *unctuous, viscos Humidities*. It will be expected perhaps by some *Flint*, and *Antimonie-Dottors*, who make their *Philosophicall Contrition* with a *Hammer*, that I should discover this Thing out-right, and not suffer this *strange Bird-lime* to hold their pride by the *Plumes*. To these, I say, it is water of *Silver*, which some have called water of the *Moon*, but 'tis *Mercurie* of the *Sun*, and partly of *Saturn*,
for

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

To the *Ingenious* and *modest Reader*, I have something else to reple, and I believe it will sufficiently excuse mee. *Raimund Lullie*, 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 Deo omne procedit bonum, & ei soli debetur. Quare servabis, & Secretum tenebis illud, quod ei debetur revelandum, & affirmabis quam per rectam proprietatem subtrahis, qua eius honori debentur. Quia si revelares brevibus verbis illud quod longinquo tempore formavit, in die magni Judicii condemnaberis, tanquam qui perceptor existens contra Majestatem dei lesam, nec tibi remitteretur Casus Lesæ Majestatis. Talium enim Revelatio ad Deum, & non ad Alterum spectat.* That is; I swear to thee upon my soule, that thou art damn'd, if thou shouldst reveale these Things. For every good thing proceeds from God, and to him onely it is due. Wherefore thou shalt reserve, and keep that Secret, which God onely should reveale, and

Theor.
cap. 6.

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and thou shalt affirme thou doest justly keep back those things, whose Revelation belongs to his honour. For if thou shouldst reveale that in a few words, which God hath been forning a long time, thou shouldst be condemned in the great day of Judgement, as a Traytor to the Majestie of God, neither should thy Treason 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 honoured 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 believe 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 nothing of a *Scholar*, but their *Gownes*, and a little Language for *Vent* to their *Non-sense*. But these could not remove mee, with a *Spartan patience* I concocted my *Injuries*, and found at last that *Nature* was *Magicall*, not *Peripateticall*. I have no Reason then to distrust them in *Spirituall Things*, whom I have found so *orthodox* and *faithfull* even in *Natural*

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

See Jacob Behmen in his most excellent and profound Discourse of the Three Principles.

Nihil

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Nihil eorum quæ sunt, & Nihil eorum quæ non sunt. It is nothing that was created, or of those things that are: and nothing of that which thou doeſt call nothing, that is of those Things that are not, in thy empty destructive sence. But by your leave, it is the *True Thing*, of whom wee can affirm nothing: it is that transcendent *Essence*, whole *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 then to understand that *Magickall 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

See Dionysius Ar. Th. Neg.

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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 Payer have made mee almost displease 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* knowes 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 worke 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 *invisibile Righteousnesse*. I have now sufficiently discours'd of the *Matter*, and if it be not thy fortune to find it by what is here written, yet thou canst not bee deceived by what I have sayd, for I have purposely avoyded all those *Termes*, which might make thee mi-
stake

stake any *Common Sales*, *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 *Alchamors*, or as *Sendivov* hath it, in *Fornaculis mirabilibus*; they will deplore their Error at last, and sit without *Sackcloth*, in the *Ashes* of their *Compositions*.

Anima
Magica.

But I have done: I will now speak something of *Generation*, and the *ways* 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 ὠκυμένη χροῖον ἀστεριόεν.

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 *curst* 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* *enemie* 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*,

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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 *Secundæ*, which contains all things in her *naturally*, as *God* contains all things in himself *spiritually*. They saw that the *Life* of all things here below, was a *Thick Fire*, or fire imprisoned, and incorporated in a certaine incombustible *Aereall moisture*. They found moreover that this fire was originally derived from *Heaven*, and in this sense *Heaven* is styl'd in the *Oracles*,

Ignis, Ignis Derivatio, & Ignis Pons.

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: Omnium rerum Initium esse Naturam quandam, eamq; perpetuam, infinitam, omnia foventem, Coquentemq;*. The Beginning of all things (sayth he) is a Certain Nature, and that

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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 *Cōction*, and this not onely to generate, but to preserve that which hath been generated: for his spirit and heat coagulat that which is *Thin*, rarifie that which is too grosse, quicken the dead parts, and cherish the cold. There is indeed one operation of heat, whose method is vitall, and far more mysterious

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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 amplæ flamma*, sayd the great *Chaldaean*. But because I will not leave thee without some Satisfaction, I advise thee to take the *Moone* of the *firmanent*, 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 *fancie*. 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-poffets*, and other finicall *Sugar-sops*. Concerning the *Effects* of this *Medicine*, I shall not speak any thing

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thing at this time, hee that desires to know them, let him reade the *Revelation* of *Paracelsus*, a Discourse altogether incomparable, and in very truth miraculous. And here without any partialitie, I shall give my Judgement of honest *Hohenheim*. I find in the rest of his workes, and especially where hee falls on the *stone*, a great many false *Processes*, but his *Doctrine* 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 before the *Schoole-men*: for hee was a *Pylot* of *Guadalcana*, and sayd sometimes in his *Rio de la recreation*. But I had almost forgot to tell thee that, which is all in all, and it is the greatest 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 matter to *vapour*, no not so much as to *sweat*, it digests onely with a *still*, *piercing*, *vitall heat*. It is *continuell*, 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 ne Falsianus 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 Natura*, a Naturall Bath, not an *Artificiall* one, for it is not any kind of *Water*, but a certain *subtill temperate moisture* 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 requisite 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, moist, natural heat*, which proceeds from the *very life* of the *Mother*. It is just so here; Our *Matter* is a most *delicate Substance*, and tender like the *Animal sperme*, for it is almost a *living thing*, nay in very truth it hath some *small portion* of *life*, for *Nature* doth produce some *Animals* out of it. For this very reason the *least violence* destroyes it, and prevents all *generation*, for if it be *over-heated* but for some few minutes, the *white*, and *red Sulphurs* will never essentially unite, and *coagulat*. On the Contrary, if it takes cold but for half an hour, the work being once well begun, it will never sort to any good purpose. I speak out of my own Experience, for I have (as they phrase it) given my self a Box on the Eare, and that twice
or

or 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 surely *Wit* and *Reason* can performe no *Miracles*, unlesse the *hands* supplie them. Bee sure then to know this *fire* in the first place, and accordingly bee sure to make use of it. But for thy better *Securitie*, I will describe it to thee once more. It is a *drie, vaporous humid fire*; it goes round about the *Glasse*, and is both *equall* and *continuell*. It is *restlesse*, and some have call'd it the *white philosophicall Coale*. It is in it self *naturall*, but the *preparation* of it is *Artificiall*, it is a heat of the *Dead*, wherefore some call it their *unnatural, Necromantic fire*. It is no part of the *Matter*, neither is it taken out of it, but it is an *external fire*, and serves onely to stirr up, and strengthen the inward oppressed fire of the *Chaos*. But let us hear *Nature* herself, for thus shee speaks in the *Serious Romance* of *Mehung*. *Post putrefactionem sit ipsa Generatio, idq; per internam incombustibilem Calorem ad Argenti vivi frigiditatem calefaciendam, quod tantum equidem patitur, ut eandem cum sulphure suo uniat. Omne illud uno in Vase complexum est, Ignis, aer, & Aqua videlicet, que in Terreno suo vase accipio, eademq; uno in Alembico relinquo; & tum coquo, dissolvo,*

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dissolvo, & sublimo, absq̃ Malleo, forcipe, vel lima, sine Carbonibus, vapore, Igne aut Maria-Balneo, & Sophistarum Alembicis: Cœlestem namq̃, meum ignem habeo, qui Elementalem, prout Materia idoneam decentemq̃ formam habere desyderat, excitat. That is: After Putrefaction succeeds Generation, and that because of the inward incombustible Sulphur, that heats, or thickens the Coldness, and 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 Body, or Composition I take them, and then I leave them in one Alembic, where I concoct, dissolve, and sublime them without the help of Hammer, Mallets, or File; without Coales, Smoake, Fire, or Bath, or the Alembics of the Sophisters. For I have my heavenly fire, which excites, or stirs up the Elementall one, according as the matter desires a becomming, agreeable forme. Now Nature every where is one and the same, wherefore shee 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 maturari,*

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rari, & preparari illos oportet? Doeſt thou think (sayes hee) to eat Oysters shells and all? ought 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 itaq̃, & noctu, interdūq̃, assidue supra ignem in Alembico foveantur. Non autem ignis Carbonarius, vel è ligno confectus, sed clarus pellucidusq̃, ignis sit, non secus ac Sol ipse, qui nunquam plus iusto calidus ardensq̃, 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 Treasure of Gold. In this Universall Subject

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Subject they found the Natures of all particulars, and this is signified to us by that Maxim: *Qui Protum non novit, adeat Pama*. This *Pan* is their *Chaos*, or *Mercurie*, which expounds *Proteus*, namely the *Particular Creatures*, commonly call'd *Individualls*. For *Pan* transforms 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.

Κλῆθι μου Ἑρμῆα, Διὸς ἀγγελῶ, Μαίανδρος υἱῶ, Ἑρμηνῶ
παῖτιν,

Hear me O 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, and that very obscurely, where he speaks of his *Jynges* or the *Idea's* in these words;

*Multa quidem hæc scandunt lucidos Mundos,
Insilentes: Quarum Summitates sunt Tres.
Subiectum est Iphis Principale pratum.*

This

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This *Pratum*, or *Meadow* of the *Idea's*, a place well known to the Philosophers, (*Flammel* 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 *Universal Region*: one calls it *Regio Lucis*, the *Region of Light*, but to the *Cabalist* it is *Nox Corporis*, a Terme extremely apposit, and significant. It is in few words the *Rendezvous* of all *Spirits*, for in this place the *Idea's* when they descend from the *Bright world* to the *Dark one*, are incorporated. For thy Better Intelligence thou must know, that *Spirits* whiles they move in *Heaven*, which is the *Fire-world*, contract no impurities at all, according to that of *Stellatus*;

Omne quod est supra Lunam, æternumq; bonumq;

Esse scias, nec triste aliquid Cælestia tangit.

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

Occult.
phil.

Let us hear the admirable *Agrippa* state it; This is hee, between whose lipps the *Truth* did breathe, and knew no other Oracle. *Cælestium vires, dum in se existunt, & à Datore Luminis per sanctas Intelligentias, & Cælos influuntur, quousq; ad Lunam pervenerint: eorum Influentia bona est, tanquam in primo gradu; deinde autem quando in Subiecto visiori suscipitur, ipsa etiam vilescit.* That is; The Heavenly powers, or spirituall Essences whiles they are in themselves, or before they are united to the *Matter*, and are shower'd down from the *Father of Lights* thorough the holy *Intelligences* and the *Heavens*, untill they come to the *Moone*: Their *Influence* is good, as in the first degree; But when it is received in a corrupt Subiect, the *Influence* also is corrupted. Thus He. Now the *Astropomers* pretend to a strange familiarity with the *stars*, 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 fantasies are like his flights in the *Blanket*, and every way as short of the *Skies*. Ask them but where the *Influences* are received, and how; bid them by faire Experience prove they are present in the *Elements*, and you have undone them; if
you

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

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

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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 bee 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.

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dred, and the moisture of it is viscom, and slimie, a water and no water, for such a *Sperm* 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 it, 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 *Bodies* are nothing els 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 *Sperm*, 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 frame 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 shall you reduce things to their mean spermatiecall *Chaos*, but avoyd the broyling *Destruction*. This *Doctrine* will spare you the vain Task of *Distillations*, if you will but remember this

L 2

Truth:

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 naturall 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 dost 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*, an *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 *influx* of the *Sun*, which is the *father* of it. It is a quick, *Cœlestiall fire*, incorporated in a thin, oleous, *Aereall Moisture*. It is *incombustible*, for it is *fire* it self, and feeds upon *fire*, and the longer it staves in the *fire*, the more glorious it growes. These are the two mineral *Spermes* *Masculine*, and *Fœminine*: if thou dost place them both on their *ChrySTALLINE Basis*, thou hast the *Philosopher's flying Fire-drake*, which at the first sight of the *Sun* breathes such a poyson, that nothing can stand before him. I know not what to tell thee more, unlesse in the *Vogue* of

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 *Cōction*, the *Volatil Essences* ascending and descending, till at last they are fix'd, according to that excellent *Prosopopœia* 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 due, sed Tertia pœnè secuta est.*

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

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

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

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

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna.

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

in

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

L 4

Cement,

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Cement, 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 *Soule*, 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 *Soule* 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* 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

*Anthropo-
soph.*

Jewell

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Jewell is in the *Cabinet*, or that the *Sun* made the world, because the *Sun* is in the world, and 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 your selves 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

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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 light 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 Busie, 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

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

FINIS.

AND now my Book, let it not stop thy Flight,
That thy just Author, is not Lord, or Knight.
I can define my self: and have the Art
Still to present one face, and still one Heart.
But for nine years some Great ones cannot see
What they have been, nor know they what to bee.
What though I have no Rattles to my name,
Do'st hold a simple Honestie no Fame?
Or art thou such a stranger to the Times,
Thou canst not know my Fortunes from my Crimes.
Goe forth, and fear not: some will gladly see
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 distress
Their empiric 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 Mysterie. (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 Expresse;
 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 sic.
 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.



Faults escaped in *Magia Adamica*,
 Page 70. line 4. for AATTA read TATTA. p. 106.
 l. 23. for or, r. for. p. 126. l. 26. for dotrine, r. d.ctrinc.

Faults escaped in the *Max- Mouse*.
 Page 15. line 2. for fires, read fires. p. 49. l. 24. f. the, r.
 that. p. 82. l. 23. f. he, r. she.

