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THE WORKS OF THOMAS VAUGHAN

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THE WORKS OF THOMAS VAUGHAN:

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES

EDITED, ANNOTATED AND INTRODUCED

BY

ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

"I call God to witness that I write not this to amaze men; but I write that which I know to be certainly true."—AULA LUCIS.

PREPARED FOR THE LIBRARY COMMITTEE OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN ENGLAND AND WALES AND ISSUED BY THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 1 UPPER WOBURN PLACE, LONDON, W.C. 1

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FOREWORD

THIS is the first volume of a series of Transactions to be issued by the Library Committee of the Theosophical Society of England and Wales. The choice has fallen upon Thomas Vaughan for two reasons: in the first place, because of his unique position in the chain of the Hermetic tradition during the seventeenth century; and, secondly, because it has been possible to secure the services of Mr A. E. Waite, who is recognised by all students of the hidden truth as one who is particularly fitted, not only by temperament and predilection, but also by special training and ripe scholarship, for the task of editing one of the profoundest and most difficult of all visionaries who have seen "the new East beyond the stars."

The mantle of Robert Fludd may be said to have fallen upon the shoulders of Vaughan, who in his time and generation continued the apostolate of the Secret Tradition, as this is represented by the secret and more spiritual side of alchemical philosophy. The two writers drew from the same sources: from the school of the Kabalah in all its extensions and reflections, from the Hermetic Neo-Platonists, and from those Latin-writing scholars of Europe who, subsequent to the Renaissance, represented and not infrequently typified the struggle for liberation from the yoke and aridity of scholastic methods. Fludd was a physician, and when not dealing with cosmical philosophy he paid attention to the Hermetic foundation upon which the true art of medicine is built. Vaughan, on the other hand, was an exponent of alchemy; and though first and foremost a mystical philosopher and a visionary, was none

the less a practical alchemist upon the material side—it was, in fact, from inhaling the fumes of mercury during a chemical experiment that he met his death.

Both Fludd and Vaughan were influenced by the movement known as Rosicrucian, which came into prominence in the early part of the seventeenth century. But Vaughan was an unattached interpreter, while there is ground for believing that Fludd may have been connected more or less directly with the so-called "Fratres R. C." At any rate he was a personal friend of Michael Maier, who cannot be dissociated from the movement.

There is a living interest in Vaughan on the personal side; he belongs to the history of English literature, more especially as a prose writer, though also by the occasional felicity of his metrical exercises. Above all—and this concerns the present venture more closely than any lighter consideration,—he has a position of his own as an interpreter of the Secret Tradition. His works, which are valued possessions to those with sufficient knowledge to appreciate their occult significance, are here made available for the first time in a collected edition.

THE LIBRARY COMMITTEE.

BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE

THE Vaughan family is of old repute in history—in that of England as well as Wales. It is said that an early representative, Sir David Vaughan, fell at the Battle of Agincourt. The branch with which I am concerned had Tretower Castle—by the Usk—in Brecknockshire as its ancestral seat. This is now in ruins and was perhaps falling into decay at the end of the sixteenth century, for it was left by the master of the place about that period in favour of a residence at Newton, near Seethrog, in the parish of Llansaintffraid, some five miles away in the same shire. This is Newton-St-Bridget, also on the banks of the Usk. In the next generation Henry or Thomas Vaughan[1] was of Tretower and Llansaintffraid. At the latter place, and in what has been called the farmhouse at Newton,[2] there were born to him—of a wife about whom there is no record—the twin boys Thomas and Henry Vaughan. The traditional or accepted date, as I must term it, is between 1621 and 1622, but the tradition may be regarded as sound, since it rests on the authority of Wood,[3] who—almost unquestionably—had for his informant the younger of the two brothers.[4]

[1] The Rev. A. B. Grosart, who first edited the complete writings of Henry Vaughan in the FULLER WORTHIES LIBRARY, four beautiful volumes—exceedingly valuable for the lives of both brothers—says that the father was Henry and that he was a magistrate in 1620. The Register of Oxford University describes him as "Thomas of Llansanfraide, co. Brecon, *pleb.*"

[2] See Theophilus Jones: HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF BRECKNOCK, vol. ii, part 2, p. 540. He speaks of a farmhouse at Newton, once "occupied by two brothers of the name of Vaughan, of very eccentric character."

[3] ATHENÆ OXONIENSES, edited by Philip Bliss, vol. iii, p. 722.

[4] *Ibid.*, *sub nomine* Olor Iscanus.

There are, however, no registers of births for that period in the district, nor for almost a century later. We shall find further on that importance attaches to the birth-date of Thomas Vaughan, and it is necessary therefore to note at this point that there is a minimum element of uncertainty hereon.[1]

Thomas and Henry Vaughan became famous respectively in the annals of two departments of literature, the first as a mystic and alchemist whose little books have long been sought eagerly and prized highly by students, the second as a beautiful, though very unequal, religious poet. With vocations sufficiently distinct, they yet belonged to one another in the spirit as well as in the blood, for after his own manner Thomas was also a poet, or at least a maker of pleasant verse, while Henry was drawn into occult paths as a translator[2] and indeed otherwise, as a record of his repentance testifies.[3] Between and above both there stands the saintly figure of George Herbert, their contemporary and kinsman by marriage, albeit in remote degree.[4] The paths of the secret sciences were beyond his ken entirely, and this is one distinction in the triad. But there is another of more living importance. Herbert was an artist in verse, "beautiful exceedingly" in workmanship, and if he did not attain the heights which were reached in rare moments by

[1] There is extant a letter from Henry Vaughan to John Aubrey, dated June 15, 1673. It is said that he and his brother were born in 1621, but as a second letter mentions that Thomas Vaughan died in 1666 in his forty-seventh year, there is a mistake on one side or the other, and the birth-date is still open to question.

[2] See Appendix IX of the present volume, p. 489.

[3] See *The Importunate Fortune*, written to Dr Powell of Llanheff. The poet commits his body to earth, his "growing faculties . . . to the humid moon," his cunning arts to Mercury, his "fond affections" to Venus, his pride—"if there was aught in me"—to the royalty of Sol, his rashness and presumption to Mars, the little he has had of avarice to Jupiter;

> And my false Magic, which I did believe,
> And mystic lies, to Saturn I do give."

[4] Grosart: WORKS of Henry Vaughan, vol. i, p. xxiv. Another kinsman was the antiquary, John Aubrey.

Henry Vaughan, he knew still less of his descents. I mention these matters to indicate the kind of race and royalty to which the triad belongs in literature. Herbert is still the known poet whose popularity is witnessed by innumerable editions. Henry Vaughan, designated the Silurist,[1] is known indeed—but after another manner and one much more restricted. His works have been collected twice and the selections are few. As regards Thomas Vaughan, with a single exception in respect of the tract entitled EUPHRATES, he has been edited in modern times by myself only, and the volume to which the present words are prefixed represents the only attempt to produce his writings in collected form.

In the vicinity of Newton and Tretower is the little town of Llangattock, still within the voices of the Usk, and there at the period dwelt the Rev. Matthew Herbert, a kinsman perhaps also, to whom Thomas[2] and Henry wrote Latin and English verses, and to whom the former may have dedicated AULA LUCIS,[3] addressing him as Seleucus Abantiades—or such at least is my suspicion. The records[4] on which I depend tell me that the boys were placed in his charge at the age of eleven years for schooling, and so profited therein that in 1638 they proceeded—apparently together—to Jesus College, Oxford,[5] where Thomas in due course took "one Degree in Arts."[6] This is stated by Wood and seems final on

[1] Thomas Vaughan is as much entitled to be termed Silurist as his brother. In a sense, it was a family designation, belonging to that branch which had its home in South-East Wales, where dwelt once the warlike Silures.

[2] See APPENDIX II, p. 475.

[3] The tract entitled THE MAN-MOUSE in reply to Henry More was also dedicated to Matthew Herbert by his "pupil and servant," Eugenius Philalethes.

[4] In addition to the researches of Grosart there are those of E. K. Chambers in his WORKS of Henry Vaughan, 2 vols., MUSES' LIBRARY, 1906. It must not be said that the discoveries made by either editor are considerable in respect of Thomas Vaughan, the materials being wanting.

[5] The University Register says that "Thos. Vaughan . . . matriculated from Jesus College on 14 Dec., 1638, aged 16."

[6] ATHENÆ OXONIENSES.

the subject, but it has been said that he became a Fellow of his College[1] or alternatively a Master of Arts.[2] His age at the time of matriculation is also described variously as eighteen, seventeen and sixteen. The last is on the authority of the University Registers, and from this it would follow that he was born in 1622. The date of his baccalaureat is February 18, 1640, and thereafter I find no particulars concerning him until he was ordained by Dr Mainwaring, Bishop of St Davids, and was presented to the living of Llansaintffraid by his kinsman Sir George Vaughan of Follerstone in Wiltshire. Again the date is uncertain, that of 1640, which is usually given, seeming too early.[3] In any case he became in this manner the rector of his native parish and was at least in nominal possession till 1649, when he was ejected by a Parliamentary Commission, under an Act for the Propagation of the Gospel.[4] The more immediate reason was unquestionably that, in common with his brother, he was an ardent Royalist. He had also fought for the King, notwithstanding the fact of his ministry—where or under what circumstances we are never likely to know. But the White King perished in the Royal Cause on January 30, 1649, and Wood says that the loyal but dispossessed subject sought the repose of Oxford to pursue his studies.[5] He alternated between there

[1] "Was made Fellow of the said House" are the words of Wood, referring to Jesus College, but it is a mistake according to Grosart, who gives no reason. The fact of this Fellowship is affirmed by Foster, ALUMNI OXONIENSES, following Walker's SUFFERINGS OF THE CLERGY.

[2] Grosart says that he "passed M.A.," but mentions no authority. There is, however, an expression of opinion in the letter from Henry Vaughan to John Aubrey, already quoted: "(I think) he could be no less than Master of Arts."

[3] See Grosart, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 301.

[4] Theophilus Jones says: "He was ousted by the propagators of the gospel in Wales, for drunkenness, swearing, incontinency and carrying arms for the King."—*Loc. cit.* The last charge implied the others presumably.

[5] "The unsettledness of the time hindering him a quiet possession of the place"—meaning his cure of souls—"he left it, and retired to Oxon,

and London, and—the suggested repose notwithstanding—was busy about many things. Chief among these were the publication of his first five tracts, in two small duodecimo volumes, in 1650, and his marriage to a lady named Rebecca—patronymic unknown—on September 28, 1651. In this year also he issued three further tracts and one other in 1652. An "intercepted letter" included among the THURLOE PAPERS[1] indicates his presence at Newton in the early part of 1653. It is not possible unfortunately to identify the Pinner of Wakefield,[2] where his Note-Book tells us that he lived with his wife "in those dear days" when "the gates opened"

and in a sedate repose prosecuted his medicinal genius (in a manner valued to him), and at length became eminent in the chemical part thereof, at Oxon and afterwards at London."—Wood, *loc. cit.*

[1] AN INTERCEPTED LETTER of M. Vaughan to Mr Charles Roberts.—Cousin Roberts: By the inclosed from Captain Jenkin John Hewett to Mrs Lewes of Lanvigan, you may see that he threatens the country with his troop. Mr Morgan of Therw and divers others of the best of the country were at this cock-fight, which was kept no otherwise than according to the custom of all other schools. We conceived that there was no troop in our country, nor under his command; but it appears by this his own letter that he hath them still listed and keeps them up privately. For though he came not to the cock-fight, according to his menaces, yet he had that morning at his house above thirty horse, with saddles and pistols, which did much trouble and terrify the country people. I pray learn if his highness hath lately granted him a commission. Otherwise I know no reason but these actions should be taken notice of. Our justices of the peace still slight the Lord Protector's authority and have now issued forth their warrants for the contribution, some in the name of the keepers of the liberty by authority of parliament, others without any name at all; and divers gentlemen have been served with them but refused to execute them. I wonder at these proceedings and more at those that suffer them. I'll assure you, the people—by reason of this public and persevering contempt—will not believe that there is a Lord Protector and do laugh at such relations. I could wish that those whom it concerns would look to it, lest their too much clemency prove hurtful to them. I pray let me hear from you with the first conveniency, and how the business goes betwixt me and Mrs Garnes. Farewell.

Your friend and affectionate kinsman,
THO. VAUGHAN

Newton, Ash-Wednesday, 1653.
For my respected kinsman,
MR CHARLES ROBERTS,
at his chamber in Gray's-Inn, This.

[2] See APPENDIX I.

and he believed himself to have entered deeply into the realm of natural secrets.[1] The next traceable event is the publication of EUPHRATES, his last text, in 1655.[2] There follows another period of silence, but on April 17, 1658, we learn by his own testimony[3] that Rebecca Vaughan died, and was buried at Mappersall in Bedfordshire.[4] It was the great grief of his life, as the private memorials shew, and he was presumably henceforth alone, for there is no reason to think that a son was born to the marriage, as inferred by one writer.[5]

Thomas Vaughan was now about thirty-six years of age and had not reached therefore the prime of life; but he disappears from the field of authorship, and all that we can glean concerning him is contained by a few lines in the biographical notice of Wood. He is said to have been under the protection and patronage of Sir Robert Murray, Secretary of State for Scotland in the days of the Commonwealth,[6] but also a *persona grata* under the Restoration in those of Charles II. When the plague of 1665 drove the Court from London to Oxford Thomas Vaughan went thither with his patron, and a little later took up his residence with the Rector of Albury, the Rev. Sam. Kem,[7] at whose house, on February 27 of that year, he was killed by an explosion in the course of chemical experiments. He is said to have been buried on March 1 in the church of Albury

[1] See APPENDIX I.

[2] See, however, APPENDIX IX, *s.v.* ATTRIBUTED WORKS, according to which Eugenius Philalethes published a translation of Nollius in 1657.

[3] APPENDIX I, p. 446.

[4] Mr E. K. Chambers obtained the following extract from the Register of Mappersall:—1658. Buried: Rebecka, the Wife of Mr Vahanne, the 26th of April.

[5] DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY, *s.v.* Thomas Vaughan.

[6] Wood: ATHENÆ OXONIENSES.

[7] DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY, *s.v.* Samuel Kem. He was on the Parliamentary side in the days of the Civil War, and was notorious for fighting, preaching and plundering; but he became a convinced loyalist at the Restoration. It is difficult to understand Vaughan's connection with this dissolute character.

village "by the care and charge of the said Sir Robert Murray."[1] This is on the authority of Wood and is supported by Henry Vaughan in his Elegiac Eclogue, to be quoted later. The "care and charge" must have meant something more than burial fees, and there is a tradition that a monument was erected. If so, all trace of it has vanished, and the registers of Albury contain no record of Vaughan's interment.[2] It seems to follow that we know as much and as little about the passing of Thomas Vaughan as might be expected from his literary importance and repute at that period.[3] His little books could have appealed to a few only, though it may be granted that occult philosophy was a minor fashion of the time. He was satirised by Samuel Butler in his CHARACTER OF AN HERMETIC PHILOSOPHER,[4] and — as some say — also in HUDIBRAS itself. Among his contemporaries therefore he was not at least unknown.

I proceed now to the consideration of a somewhat involved question. Thomas Vaughan published AULA LUCIS, one of the later texts, under his terminal initials,

[1] ATHENÆ OXONIENSES. But the letter of Henry Vaughan to John Aubrey says only that his brother died "upon an employment for His Majesty."

[2] He gave all his books and MSS. to Sir Robert Murray.

[3] The DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY is wrong in supposing that the will of Thomas Vaughan is in Somerset House—reference 53 MICO—though there is one of a person bearing that name. He was, however, of Cropredy in Oxfordshire, and a son William, to whom he bequeathed most of his property, was the father of four children at the date of making the will—namely, February 17th, 1662–63—whereas any issue of Thomas Vaughan of Newton and Rebecca his wife would have been only about ten years old at that period.

[4] The satire remained in MS. for something like a century. It is certain that Butler intended to depict Vaughan and was acquainted with some of his writings. The Hermetic Philosopher in question "adored" Cornelius Agrippa, magnified the Brethren of the Rosy Cross, was at war with the schoolmen, recommended Sendivogius and the ENCHIRIDION of Jean d'Espagnet—to all of which Vaughan answers. See THE GENUINE REMAINS of Mr Samuel Butler . . . From the original MSS. . . . by R. Thyer, vol. ii, p. 225 *et seq.*, 1759. The suggestion that Ralpho the squire of Hudibras was also intended for Vaughan can have been made by no one acquainted with the works of Eugenius Philalethes. There is no vestige of similitude.

S. N. Otherwise he wrote always as Eugenius Philalethes, and out of this fact there arises a very curious question of identity, involving a confusion of distinct or apparently distinct personalities, on which I hope to cast such light that it may perhaps be regarded as determined. In the year 1667—being two years after Vaughan, according to his history, had departed this life—there appeared at Amsterdam a work entitled INTROITUS APERTUS AD OCCLUSUM REGIS PALATIUM, *edente Joanne Langio*, the accredited author being Eirenæus Philalethes, described as *anonymus philosophus*, and by himself as *natu Anglus, habitatione cosmopolita*. It sprang at once into fame as a treatise of undeniable Hermetic authority and exceptional clearness on the Great Work of Alchemy.[1] So far, however, it would appear only that an English writer had chosen Latin as his medium, the continent as place of publication, and a pseudonym recalling that of Eugenius, in all which there is nothing which calls for notice. But an examination of the work and the circumstances under which it was issued arrest attention. In the first place, it came into the editor's hands, not long prior to its publication, "from a most excellent knowing man of these matters," not otherwise described, while as regards the author himself Langius says : "I know no more than he who is most ignorant," not even whether he was still living. In the second place, he did not in his opinion possess a "true manuscript copy," so that his edition appeared subject to all faults.[2]

For the next significant fact we must pass, however,

[1] It was reprinted in MUSÆUM HERMETICUM *Reformatum et Amplificatum* in 1677 ; in 1683 at Venice ; at Jena in 1699 ; in 1706 at Frankfurt ; and in 1754 a French translation appeared in BIBLIOTHÈQUE *des Philosophes Alchimiques*, vol. iv, together with EXPLICATION *de ce Traité de Philalethe par lui-même*, the authenticity of which is doubtful.

[2] The preface of Langius is of considerable interest and bibliographical consequence. He points out acutely that THE OPEN ENTRANCE is not only reminiscent of Sendivogius and his NEW LIGHT OF ALCHEMY in respect of perspicuity and candour but also in the matter of style. There is no doubt that Sendivogius—or Alexander Seton behind him—was the model of Eirenæus ; both also adopted the descriptive title of Cosmopolite.

from the editor's preface to that of the writer, who opens with the following testimony: "I, being an adept anonymous, a lover of learning and a philosopher, have undertaken to write this little treatise concerning medicinal, chemical and physical secrets, in the year of redemption 1645 and in the twenty-third year of my age." The motives by which he was actuated were (1) that he might lead the Sons of the Art out of the labyrinth of errors and the deceits of sophisters; (2) that he might be recognised by Adepts at large as their peer and their brother. These reasons set aside, it remains that Eirenæus Philalethes, according to his own statement, accomplished the Great Work at the age of twenty-two, and otherwise that his memorial concerning it did not see the light for twenty-two years. It is of course an interesting coincidence and nothing follows therefrom; but as the result of a simple calculation we shall find that he was born in 1622, or in the same year as Thomas Vaughan, if we accept the Oxford University record, that the latter matriculated at the age of sixteen in 1638.[1] I am obviously not prepared to deny that here is another coincidence, however remarkable as such; but I must confess that imagination is disposed, on the other hand, to speculate whether Vaughan really died in 1665, whether he did not change his local habitation, adopting another pseudonym, as he had done once previously.[2] A certain romantic

[1] The record is in agreement with the birth-date given by Wood.

[2] Henry Vaughan was satisfied only too well on the fact of his brother's death, for he makes him the subject of an elegiac eclogue under the title of DAPHNIS, recording "our long sorrows and his lasting rest." The following lines have the unmistakable note of identity:—

> Let Daphnis still be the recorded name
> And solemn honour of our feasts and fame.
> For though the Isis and the prouder Thames
> Can show his relics lodged hard by their streams,
> And must for ever to the honour'd name
> Of noble Murray chiefly owe that fame,
> Yet here his stars first saw him—

a reference to Usk and its vicinity.

colouring is reflected on such a notion by the fact that nothing was issued under the style of Eirenæus Philalethes till Eugenius had been settled in his grave at Albury, according to rumour.

Our next task is to ascertain whether the subsequent literary history of the two alchemists throws any light on the subject, and it happens that so early as the year 1705 a German translation of THE OPEN ENTRANCE was published at Hamburg under the name of Thomas de Vagan.[1] Since that date the confusion of the two alchemists became almost a matter of habit[2] until—after being misled myself by bibliographies then current—I endeavoured to clear up the question in 1888.[3] But it continues in certain quarters even to this day. It follows that the birth coincidence is illustrated by early identification, which may well have arisen through similarity of pseudonyms,[4] but certainly not owing to the coincidence itself, with which no one would have been acquainted on the continent. It was perpetuated in England subsequently by transmission from writer to writer.

[1] Mr E. K. Chambers states that the Jena Latin edition of THE OPEN ENTRANCE, published in 1699, has a preface by G. W. Wedelius, who says of the author, *Ex Anglia tamen vulgo habetur oriundus et Thomas de Vagan appellatus*, a still earlier ascription, but he was not able to verify it. There is, however, a copy in the British Museum at the present time and I have been able to determine the point. The opinion expressed by Wedelius at the end of the seventeenth century rests on the authority of G. Hornius, an editor of Geber. The ABYSSUS ALCHEMIÆ describes Vaughan on the title-page as an English adept, the translator's short preface containing no particulars concerning him. The characteristic pseudonym of Thomas Vaughan does not appear anywhere, nor that of Eirenæus Philalethes.

[2] They are distinguished carefully, however, by Anthony à Wood.

[3] LIVES OF ALCHEMYSTICAL PHILOSOPHERS, pp. 187–200.

[4] The DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY, *s.v.* George Starkey, affirms that Eirenæus Philalethes used the pseudonym of Eugenius "in one case at least." It is unfortunate that the case is not mentioned, but I make no doubt that there is an error on the point of fact. The reference may be to A BRIEF NATURAL HISTORY by Eugenius Philalethes, 1669, on which see APPENDIX IX, pp. 489, 490. There are two things certain about this tract, the first being that it is not by Thomas Vaughan, and the second that it is not by Eirenæus.

Passing now to the question whether the identification is justified or can be regarded as tolerable, we are confronted by the fact that, with the exception of some metrical exercises belonging to his earlier days, Vaughan did not write in Latin. That he could have done so there is no question if it became expedient or desirable for any purpose in view, but the appearance of THE OPEN ENTRANCE in that language cannot be said on the surface to help an affirmative answer. The whole story of the tract is, however, curious. I have mentioned that Langius was in search of a better text than that which he was induced to publish by his belief in its signal importance. Two years after the Amsterdam edition, or in 1669—and with a preface dated August 9, 1668—there appeared in London—and in English—an edition of THE OPEN ENTRANCE, edited by William Cooper, who styled himself "a true Lover of Art and Nature." By the hypothesis it is not a translation of the Langius text,[1] but is described as "the true manuscript copy which John Langius in his preface doth so much thirst after." It is affirmed to have been in the editor's possession for "many years before the publication in Latin." Moreover, the reader is directed to find "considerable enlargements and explanations, wherein the Latin translation is deficient." I have checked these variations, and some at least of them seem important to the text. It is difficult to speak with certainty, and I am putting the point tentatively, but on the whole I am disposed to infer that William Cooper really had an

[1] Lenglet du Fresnoy renders Cooper's title into Latin as follows: INTROITUS APERTUS, *ex manuscripto perfectiori in linguam Anglicanam versus et impressus*, thus making him a translator. But the English title in full is: SECRETS REVEALED, or An Open Entrance to the Shut Palace of the King. Containing the Greatest Treasure in Chemistry, never yet so plainly discovered. Composed by a most famous Englishman, styling himself *Anonymus*, or Eyræneus Philaletha Cosmopolita, who, by Inspiration and Reading, attained to the Philosopher's Stone at his Age of Twenty-three Years, *Anno Domini* 1645. Published for the Benefit of all Englishmen by W. C. Esq.

English version in his possession, however he came by it. It is part of the Eirenæus mystery. Cooper does not pretend that it was the author's autograph manuscript, but regards it as transcribed probably therefrom and "very little corrupted." In this case THE OPEN ENTRANCE would have been written originally in English. But against this I have to set the fact that in his preface to RIPLEY REVIVED Eirenæus Philalethes specifies that he wrote it in Latin. He speaks of various tracts, giving titles in most cases, including "one in English, very plain but not perfected. Unfortunately it slipped out of my hand: I shall be sorry if it comes abroad into the world." He goes on to enumerate BREVIS MANUDUCTIO and FONS CHYMICÆ VERITATIS, which he has resolved to suppress. He then adds: "Two other Latin treatises, the one entitled ARS METALLORUM METAMORPHOSES, the other, INTROITUS APERTUS AD OCCLUSUM REGIS PALATIUM, I lately wrote."[1] This looks obviously final on the question, but it does not follow that Cooper produced a fraudulent version, translated from the Latin. The manuscripts of Eirenæus seem to have been scattered in many places, and the INTROITUS had been written twenty-two years before it appeared in Germany. An English translation is therefore far from improbable, and, in addition to Cooper, there was one possessed by Hornius—also in MS. form. Nothing, however, accounts for variations from the Latin, more especially when they seem important. These facts and considerations are of no consequence to any issue respecting the identity of Eirenæus and Eugenius, but they are of moment on the bibliographical side.

The question of distinction or identity is in my opinion capable of determination by reference to the memorials themselves, in respect of their subject-matter and mode of treatment, and by reference to the personal side. I have put clearly and impartially all that can be

[1] He speaks also of two lost poems in English, of an ENCHYRIDION and DIURNAL.

said for the identification of the two writers, and it will be seen that it comes to nothing beyond the similarity of age. Against this trap to catch the unwary, we have to set the following facts. (1) At no period of his life, and much less at the beginning of his literary activity, he being then in his twenty-eighth year, did Thomas Vaughan claim to have accomplished the physical *Magnum Opus*. He testifies, on the contrary, that he reached no term in the work on metals, and—even from his own standpoint—he was not acquainted with what is called the First Matter when he published his first two texts. He was therefore *ex hypothesi* in a very different position from Eirenæus Philalethes, who claimed in his twenty-third year that he could extract gold and silver out of it.[1] "The things which we have seen"—he says otherwise—"which we have taught and wrought, which we possess and know—these do we declare."[2] (2) Vaughan, on the other hand, as we shall find at sufficient length in the INTRODUCTION which follows this PREFACE, was a cosmical philosopher, cherishing all kinds of doctrines and theories on the creation of the world, on the primitive state of man, on his Fall and Redemption—as seen in the light of Kabalistic and other occult theosophies, about which Eirenæus knew nothing apparently. (3) The personalities of the two men were almost as the poles asunder, the Welsh mystic being an ardent lover of Nature, a man of sentiment and imagination, a typical poet of his period, belonging to a particular school, whereas his co-heir in Hermetic tradition was positive, practical, disturbed or consoled very little by the beauty of external things, and but little of the humanist order. (4) The identity of Eirenæus has never transpired,[3] and

[1] He says that "the whole secret consists in Mercury," which is sophic and not vulgar. It is a chaos "related to all metals as a mother," and "out of it I know how to extract all things, even Sol and Luna, without the transmuting Elixir."—THE OPEN ENTRANCE, c. 1, 2.

[2] *Ibid.*, c. 13.

[3] In one of the British Museum copies of THE MARROW OF ALCHEMY,

there are only traditional rumours concerning his life, with one important exception. I think personally that he must have visited George Starkey in America prior to 1654.[1] He has been identified otherwise with that "stranger in a plain rustic dress," who "seemed like a native of the North of Holland," and who called on John Frederick Helvetius at The Hague on Dec. 27,

published in 1654—reference 1033, g. 35, *s.v.* Eirenæus Philoponos Philalethes—there is a note in an old handwriting which says that the name of Eirenæus was Childe. I have failed to carry this intimation further. Mrs Atwood's SUGGESTIVE INQUIRY affirms on p. 51 of the new edition that the author of THE OPEN ENTRANCE was Alexander Seton, but contradicts it with characteristic confusion on p. 61.

[1] George Starkey was born in the Bermudas, graduated at Harvey College in 1646, practised as a doctor in America, and came to England at an uncertain date prior to 1654, when he published THE MARROW OF ALCHEMY as the work of Eirenæus Philoponos Philalethes. In his first preface thereto he recounts his acquaintance with a disciple of the true Eirenæus, and enumerates most of the latter's writings thirteen years before the first of them appeared in Germany. He claims that they were lent to him by the Master's pupil. He claims also that—in response to his solicitation—the latter wrote BREVIS MANUDUCTIO *ad Campum Sophicum*, a tract entitled ELENCHUS *Errorum in Arte Chemicâ Deviantium*, and in fine THE MARROW OF ALCHEMY. By means of all these manuscripts, Starkey says that he "attained the Mystery of the Mercury and by it the First Whiteness." He expressed also a hope that he should have experience of the Red in a short time, but his teacher had not so far instructed him, for the period of his own pledge—given to Eirenæus Philalethes—was unexpired. In Part I of THE MARROW OF ALCHEMY the supposed Eirenæus Philoponos—being the supposititious pupil—narrates his own adventures and failures in the quest of the Great Work and describes the adept to whom he owed everything. This artist bears all the marks and signs of Eirenæus Philalethes, is said to be an Englishman of ancient and honourable family, "his years scarce thirty-three," and a citizen of the world, at present on his travels. After careful consideration, I am led to conclude: (1) That the supposed pupil of Eirenæus is a figment of Starkey's imagination; (2) That owing to some prohibition imposed by the "adept anonymous," who desired to remain unknown, or for reasons proper to Starkey, he concealed in this manner his acquaintance with the great alchemist; (3) That either THE MARROW was his own work or he inserted therein that section which contains the story of Philoponos, which is actually his own story. There is nothing in the poem to make the introduction of a biographical narrative in the least likely or needful: on the contrary it involves a break in continuity. The poem seems scarcely worthy of a great Hermetic reputation, but on the whole the second alternative appears more probable. In either case, Starkey's story of the pupil was ignored by William Cooper when he edited RIPLEY REVIVED. It remains to add that Starkey died of the plague

1666, to discuss the claims of alchemy and to exhibit the Stone of the Philosophers.[1] It is to be noted also that in 1668—when his tract on THE PREPARATION OF SOPHIC MERCURY was published at Amsterdam by Daniel Elzevir—he is described as an American philosopher. It is obvious on the faith of these statements—whether all or one—that the life of Eirenæus Philalethes was a complete contrast to that of Thomas Vaughan, the measure of whose wanderings was circumscribed by Wales, London and Oxford.[2] (5) But the real and crucial point is a question of the literary sense. On

in 1665, or in the same year that Thomas Vaughan died from inhaling the fumes of Mercury. The precious MSS. of Philalethes which he had seen and studied began to be published two years after in Germany, with the exception of RIPLEY REVIVED, which appeared in London in 1678. In two cases they were produced by editors abroad, while William Cooper was answerable for the English work, presumably another text which had come into his possession. Nothing seems to have been issued under the supervision of the author himself, and Mr E. K. Chambers says that "he cannot be shewn to have outlived Thomas Vaughan." The remark is gratuitous, for there is nothing to prove that he existed after 1654, when Starkey first made known that such a person had been abroad in the world and had achieved great things in alchemy. It follows from the preface to RIPLEY that Philalethes obtained his initiation from books and not from a Master, as Starkey states. It follows also that by 1645 he had written five tracts, if not more—his information being worded vaguely—an extraordinary output for a youth of twenty-two, not to speak of the studies and attainments presupposed thereby.

[1] See VITULUS AUREUS, 1667. The narrative with which I am concerned is contained in the third chapter, and the age of the visitor is said to have been about forty-three or forty-four, being approximately that of Eirenæus in that year. He exhibited an ivory box, "in which there were three large pieces of a substance resembling glass or pale sulphur, and informed me that here was enough of the tincture for the production of twenty tons of gold." He owed his own knowledge to a Master who had stayed a few days in his house and had taught him "this Divine Art"—which seems contrary to the story of Eirenæus. Helvetius confesses that when he held the substance in his hand he scraped off some particles with his nail, but they changed lead into glass instead of into gold. He mentioned the fact when he saw his visitor on a later occasion, and was told that he should have protected the spoil with yellow wax before administering it to the metal. The adept ended by giving Helvetius another morsel with instructions, by following which he succeeded subsequently in transmuting six drachms of lead into the finest gold ever seen by a certain goldsmith to whom it was offered for examination.

[2] Grosart suggests that he may have visited Edinburgh, presumably on account of his connection with Murray, but it is pure speculation.

the evidence of that faculty, it is certain that the books written under the name of Eugenius are not by the hand which wrote THE OPEN ENTRANCE and produced RIPLEY REVIVED. It is a question which lies wholly outside the issues of debate and is for those who can see—meaning for those who possess the sense. It will be final for them, if they are at the pains to compare the texts, even as it is final for me. I conclude that Thomas Vaughan was not Eirenæus Philalethes, whosoever the latter may have been, and that they have been merged one into another solely over a confusion of pseudonyms.

The name of Vaughan was forgotten speedily in England, and on the Continent[1] it survived mainly by its identification with Philalethes the Cosmopolite. The reputation of THE OPEN ENTRANCE magnified its author and encompassed him with a halo of romance. Thomas Vaughan the Silurist denies specifically his connection with any Rosicrucian Brotherhood; but Thomas de Vagan, *Adeptus Anglus* and supposed author of ABYSSUS ALCHIMIÆ EXPLORATUS, had attained the Elixir of Life and was the concealed Imperator of the Invisible Fraternity. When Leo Taxil in modern days created Diana Vaughan, as the heroine-in-chief of Luciferian Palladism, he furnished her with an ancestor in the person of Thomas Vaughan, author of THE OPEN ENTRANCE and Chief of the Rosy Cross.[2] It may be

[1] ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA and MAGIA ADAMICA, with its continuation, CŒLUM TERRÆ, were translated into German in 1704. EUPHRATES appeared in the DEUTSCHES THEATRUM CHEMICUM, vol. i, Nürnberg, 1728. At Berlin, in 1782, all these tracts, together with ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA, LUMEN DE LUMINE and AULA LUCIS, as also the METAMORPHOSIS OF METALS, CELESTIAL RUBY and FONT OF CHEMICAL TRUTH, appeared under the name of Eugenius Philalethes in HERMETISCHES A B C, Berlin, 1788–89.

[2] It will be sufficient to refer my readers to a volume called DEVIL-WORSHIP IN FRANCE, which I had occasion to publish in 1896, for the exposure of the Taxil conspiracy against Masonry. See the chapter entitled *Diana Unveiled*. Leo Taxil put back the birth-date of Thomas Vaughan to 1612 and represented him as received into the Rosicrucian

added that in theosophical circles Thomas Vaughan is now regarded as a Master, but that is a denomination which each of us must be permitted to understand after his own manner. I think on my part that he had seen the end of adeptship, but there is no record and no suggestion that he attained it.

Though Eugenius Philalethes comes before us above all things as an occult and mystical writer,[1] we shall make a mistake if we disregard his literary side, not for what it marks in achievement but for that which it connotes in ambition. I set apart his Latin exercises, though—as Holofernes might have said—they argue facility, and they have been praised, moreover, for their elegance. They indicate a bent at best. But if he had not been carried over by zeal into the paths of the Secret Tradition I believe that his memory might well have remained among us as a writer of English verse, for he would have gone further in that field. His metrical fragments are proofs of considerable faculty. He would have followed the lead of his brother, whether or not he might have reached a higher grade than that which is represented by Henry Vaughan's occasional but qualified excellence.

It remains to say that in preparing the various texts for

Fraternity by Robert Fludd in 1636. In 1644 he presided over a Rosicrucian assembly, at which Elias Ashmole was present. He wrote THE OPEN ENTRANCE in 1645. In 1654 he became Grand Master of the R.C. Order, which worshipped Lucifer as the good god, and in 1678 he was translated to the paradise of Lucifer. It is not worth while dwelling on these inventions at the present day, but Leo Taxil had not acted the last scenes of his memorable comedy when Mr E. K. Chambers published his edition of Henry Vaughan, and he gave considerable space to the subject in his second volume.

[1] It may be convenient for bibliographical purposes to mention here that in 1888 I edited ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA, ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA, MAGIA ADAMICA, and CŒLUM TERRÆ under the general title of THE MAGICAL WRITINGS of Thomas Vaughan. My discovery of Vaughan's precious Note-Book is announced therein. In 1910 I edited LUMEN DE LUMINE with an introduction to which reference is made elsewhere. EUPHRATES appeared in the series entitled COLLECTANEA HERMETICA, 1893, being edited with notes by Miss Florence Farr, *i.e.*, S. S. D. D.

the present edition I have met with singular difficulties over the Greek and Latin citations. I do not refer merely to the corrupt state of the former, but, firstly, to the extreme difficulty of checking in both cases, owing to the vague nature of the references—when indeed there are references at all ; and, secondly, to the extraordinary discovery, when a certain proportion of the extracts have been at last identified, that Thomas Vaughan was too often quoting from memory, giving the general sense of a passage but apart from literal accuracy.

A. E. WAITE.

INTRODUCTION

THOMAS VAUGHAN is the most interesting figure in Hermetic literature of the seventeenth century in England, though it must be admitted that he is one of a triad between whom it is difficult to choose, speaking within that restricted measure. In the generation which preceded immediately there was the illuminated master, full of high intimations after his own manner, who wrote A NEW LIGHT OF ALCHEMY. He belongs to the list in so far as I am right in believing that his true name was Alexander Seton, though his work appeared under that of Michael Sendivogius, a pupil or follower who issued it—in this case—as his own. The question is obscure and the last word remains to be said thereon—unless ultimately it may be left over for want of materials by which to reach a settlement.[1] In the same generation as Vaughan and almost his pseudonymous namesake, there is Eirenæus Philalethes—that inspired "adept anonymous and lover of learning" with whom I have dealt in the preface. There is no conviction to compare in alchemical literature with that which moves through the written memorials of these two peers and co-heirs whom I have classed with the Welsh mystic. It certifies everywhere that they had reached—in their own view—the term of search and had completed the great adventure. Within their proper limits of symbolism, both are more clear, more positive, more constructive than Thomas Vaughan, though all at their best were on fire with a strange zeal of mission and were assuredly brothers in God. In particular

[1] It is to be understood that the NEW LIGHT was written in the Latin tongue.

as regards the third of this Hermetic triad, there is no growth of the mind from small beginnings unto greater ends in the shining records of Eirenæus. That BREVIS MANUDUCTIO which is presumably his first work represents the same height of certitude as THE OPEN ENTRANCE or RIPLEY REVIVED, which may be ranked—I suppose—among his last. But ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA and its companion tract are products of a prentice hand in comparison with LUMEN DE LUMINE or EUPHRATES. There is another distinction between them which is worth noting : the predominant temperamental characteristics of Vaughan through all his books are those of sentiment and emotion, and we know to what lengths he was carried by these dispositions in his duels with Henry More. His personal element is therefore always in the ascendant, and though it is attractive and even winning—the calamities of his quarrels notwithstanding and notwithstanding all their Billingsgate—it contrasts strangely with the intellectual repose of Eirenæus and Seton, which is so like a repose in science. Finally there is a third distinction, and it is that by which I am brought to my proper point of departure. So far as it is possible to speak with certainty in the absence of an established canon of criticism, the NEW LIGHT and THE OPEN ENTRANCE are alchemical works of their period in the more strict understanding of the term, by which I mean that the transmutation of metals is their sole or main concern ; and the claims of their authors to the mastery attained and placed on record are to be taken in this sense, and in this—I think—only. They were men of religious mind by the indubitable testimony of their writings, and because it follows from all Hermetic literature that an undevout alchemist would be still more mad than even an impious astronomer. But they are not men who come before us carrying great lights or indeed any lights at all on the supreme subject of religion. The analogy of things above and below instituted for them

a bond of union between the mysteries of Hermetic practice and the practice of those other mysteries which belong to the Kingdom of Heaven ; but in the recognition of this correspondence they reached the term of their proposal in spiritual things, so far as their books were concerned. They were dealing with another subject. It was otherwise with Thomas Vaughan, albeit he had worked in metals and did often recur thereto.

As one who comes out of Wild Wales and sets towards London, Vaughan entered into literary life with an abiding implicit in his heart—that the great adventure is God, attained and known in the entire being, all deeps and heights thereof. He may have followed many false processes in outward and inward life ; he may have misread some symbols which were common modes of expression in the school to which he belonged ; he may have devised fantastic points of meeting between paths of thought and experiment which do not belong to one another ; but he never changed consciously the ground of his intent. He began in the "narrow name of *Chemia*"[1] and found nothing to his purpose, following in their course "who will hear of nothing but metals." He enlarged his field of consideration and—believing that he stood upon the threshold of great secrets—he set open a glass of dream upon the cosmic processes. It is certain again that he came to nothing therein, though he had looked to surprise creative art at work in the laboratory of the universe and to direct experiments thereby for his own ends in research. But he knew always that *Dominus non pars est sed totum*—alike in Art and Nature, above all in things of the human soul. He understood or divined that man is the great subject, to which the universe appeals, that God appeals therein, and that the *terminus ad quem* of our nature is attained in so far as that which is without us is received—or shall I say acquired ?—by that which is within. For him as for the great theosophists

[1] ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA, p. 95.

of all ages and nations there was a God immanent in the external world, as there was a God immanent within the individual soul; but the vital consequence of this truth in both its aspects was in proportion to that law of reception which operates by the mode of realisation. Man is the criterion therefore and he the centre about which, in his respect, the worlds revolve: all things become man to the extent that they are quickened within him by the work of consciousness. *Dominus non pars est sed totum* when the Lord of all is known and so reigns as Lord of all within us. Hereof is the distinction between Thomas Vaughan and those whom I have called his co-heirs in the concern of the Hermetic Mystery.

As regards the realm of possible attainment which can open before the soul of man, he tells us (1) that "man in his original is a branch planted in God,"[1] and that he enjoyed as such "a continual influx from the stock to the scion"; (2) that he was removed and grafted upon another tree, from which it follows (3) that he must be planted back or regrafted—in other words, must return whence he came. When Vaughan leaves this quality of symbolism it is to affirm (4) that Love is the medium which unites the Lover to the Beloved,[2] this being at once the hypothesis at large of all mystical theology and the veridical experience of all who have entered the path of union and followed the quest therein. In respect of the union and its nature (5) we must be united to God by an essential contact, and then we shall know all things "by clear vision in the Divine Light."[3] The ground of this union is called (6) "a spiritual, metaphysical grain, a seed or glance of light, simple and without any mixture, descending from the first Father of Lights"[4] and resident in the soul of man. In this sense Vaughan lays down (7) that the soul is "divine

[1] ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA, p. 10.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 14. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 49.
[4] ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA, p. 81.

and supernatural,"[1] having a spirit within it which God breathed into man and by which "man is united again to God."[2] (8) More concisely, the spirit of man is itself "the Spirit of the Living God."[3] But so long as the soul is in the body it is (8) "like a candle shut up in a dark lantern." There is, however, a certain Art—and I conceive that in the meaning of our mystic it is literally an Art of Love—"by which (9) a particular spirit may be united to the universal"[4] and (10) man may be taken into the Deity,[5] as into "the true fountain and centre of life."[6] But we know so little of this Art that we are said (11) to be born with a veil over the face, "and the greatest mystery, both in divinity and philosophy, is how to remove it."[7] (12) We do not realise that there is an America without and an America which extends within.[8] But (13) the key to the whole mystery is the nearness of God to the heart of man;[9] and it is in the opening of this Gate to Divine Knowledge that, in the view of Vaughan and the Kabalists, (14) the soul finds "the true Sabbath, the Rest of God into which the creature shall enter."[10]

I have drawn these citations together for the purpose of indicating that Thomas Vaughan had conceived at least a fairly complete theory of that union between God and the soul which is the end of mystical life; and the question which arises out of them is whether their note of certitude belongs to the order of intellectual conviction or whether it is rooted in experience. It is valuable in the first case as indicating that he had a true light of mind on the one thing needful and the Great Work of the true and only adeptship, namely, the attainment of the saints. It is vital, however, in the second,

[1] ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA, p. 33. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 42.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 52. [4] ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA, p. 77.
[5] MAGIA ADAMICA, p. 145. [6] *Ibid.*
[7] ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA, p. 40. [8] *Ibid.*, p. 6.
[9] ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA, p. 13; MAGIA ADAMICA, p. 135.
[10] LUMEN DE LUMINE, p. 302.

because he is then a witness speaking from within. He is not in the Court of the Temple but rather in the Holy of Holies. An answer comes from himself, when he says very earnestly: "Reader, be not deceived in me. I am not a man of any such faculties, neither do I expect this blessing"—he has been speaking of Spiritual Regeneration—"in such a great measure in this life."[1] He goes on to describe himself in the words of Cornelius Agrippa, as a finger-post pointing forward and indicating "the right, infallible way" to those undertaking the journey.[2] Beyond this testimony which he gives of his own will and accord it is obvious that we cannot go and must be content with what we have therein. While it is borne out reasonably by his writings, which are for the most part reflected from known authorities, the fact is without prejudice to great occasional lights, which break forth there and here in his pages and are the brighter since they come unawares, at times amidst cosmical speculations at once arid and dreary, or in the extraction of some hidden but not vital sense in the letter of GENESIS. There is an example in that place where he speaks of ascending to "the Supernatural Still Voice" and the soul's invisible elements.[3] There is the illumination of that memorable dictum which reminds all "men of desire" that "we are employed in a perpetual contemplation of the absent beauty."[4] There is the allusion to that state when the veils are taken away, when we know "the Hidden Intelligence" and behold the "Inexpressible Face."[5] I conceive it to be the last work in the world of images, on the threshold of that final mode when the seer and the seen are one. The things that are shadowed forth by Vaughan on this side of his subject are greater than any that he formulates fully and clearly in debate on the soul of man, for there his appeal is to

[1] ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA, p. 113. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 112. [4] LUMEN DE LUMINE, p. 298.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 299.

authority, whereas he looks here into his own glass of vision. The things of the spirit of which he treats briefly are deeper than those at their best which deal with cosmic mysteries. On the occasional subject he was inspired, though the gift in this respect was sometimes full and free, at others thin and uncertain. But because it was occasional only, we have to realise, after every allowance, that there are left only in our hands a few lines of intimation suspended in space, as it were, not any woven skein by the following of which we can reach over the path of quest to the end thereof. He does not help us therefore on his own part towards that which he calls in his symbolism the Septenary and the true Sabbath, "the Rest of God into which the creature shall enter,"[1] so that we can ascend in the mind with him "from this present distressed Church, which is in captivity with her children, to the free Jerusalem from above, which is the mother of us all."[2]

The explanation is that Thomas Vaughan appears to have had another concern in the hypothetical world of mystical possibility, as regards the subject Man. This is the body of adeptship ; and it seems to be the veil of his sanctuary, the real but concealed thesis, as a collation of the references will show. (1) The glorified face of Moses descending from Sinai foreshadows "our future estate in the regeneration," or—in other words—the glorified body of sanctity.[3] (2) It would be after this manner that the "hard and stubborn flints" of his symbol become "chrysoliths and jasper in the new, eternal foundation.[4]" (3) But if, as I believe, he regarded the body of adeptship as a state that could be attained in this life, he would have held that it is implied in the Rosicrucian counsel which he quotes : "Be ye transmuted from dead stones into living philosophical stones."[5] (4) So also there is that

[1] LUMEN DE LUMINE, p. 302. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA, p. 26.
[4] LUMEN DE LUMINE, p. 302.
[5] ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA, p. 100.

significant allusion in the same extract to a philosophical conversion "of body into spirit and of spirit into body,"[1] (5) from corruption into "a perfect mode," wherein the body would be preserved continually.[2] (6) The Medicine is, however, "in Heaven itself"[3] and not to be found elsewhere, yet not meaning thereby that it is remote in place or time, but rather in that centre which—being within us—is a centre that can be found everywhere. (7) It is "the perfect Medicine,"[4] and the time of its perfection is when the light "strikes from the centre" within us "to the circumference, and the Divine Spirit" — understood also as within — hath so swallowed up the body that it is "a glorified body, splendid as the sun and moon."[5] (8) The thesis is that man in his normal mode is in what Vaughan calls "the mean creation" and has two alternatives before him—either to know corruption, "as commonly all men do," or enter into "a spiritual, glorified condition, like Enoch and Elijah, who were translated."[6] (9) It is such a perfection of the body as the soul is said to be expecting,[7] and that which mediates in the attainment, which alone fortifies and alone can bring "to a beauteous specifical fabric," is the "Spirit of the Living God."[8] (10) Lastly, in his adapted alchemical terminology—which has never quite the ring of the canonical alchemical adepts—Vaughan gives in one place a kind of note on the process or procedure in the work. It is of course inscrutable. The "chaos," which is a frequent alchemical term for the First Matter, is in a state of corruption owing to the Fall of Man; being the basis of all things, it is that of man's physical body; and it has to be purified in him. The adepts went to work thereon, opened it, purified it, brought it to "the immortal extreme" and made of it "a spiritual, heavenly body."[9] Such—says Vaughan—was their physic, and it would

[1] ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA, p. 102.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 104.
[3] *Ibid.*
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 109.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 110.
[6] CŒLUM TERRÆ, p. 217.
[7] *Ibid.*, p. 231.
[8] *Ibid.*, p. 230.
[9] *Ibid.*, p. 217.

seem therefore that he is speaking physically. But he adds immediately : "In this performance they saw the image of that face which Zoroaster calls the pre-essential countenance of the Triad."[1] Out of what order of physical procedure such a result is brought about must remain an open question, and the hypothesis cannot be translated therefore into intelligible terms. We can remember only two intimations which occur in another place, amidst an almost inextricable confusion between cosmical speculations concerning the Soul of the world and those of the Soul in man. The first refers to "a certain Art by which a particular spirit may be united to the universal, and Nature by consequence may be strangely exalted and multiplied,"[2] recalling the supposed multiplication of the Stone in Alchemy, which is literally the power of its tincture over base metals for their conversion into those that are perfect by the Hermetic hypothesis—namely, gold and silver. The second seems primarily an allusion to the soul in man and its imprisonment in certain vehicles, through which streams "the light which is in her" under a visible form. In this state, says Vaughan, "it is first made subject to the artist."[3] By analogy, however, such a soul is resident in all substances and can be educed from all. The way of eduction, as usual, is not indicated, so the process is again unintelligible, though a few readers may be reminded of Mrs Atwood's reveries on magnetic or super-magnetic operations in spiritual alchemy.[4] We are dealing, however, with a particular and recurring allusion, and its value is another question.

It is known that the doctrine concerning the radiant

[1] CŒLUM TERRÆ, p. 217.

[2] ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA, p. 77. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 80.

[4] Compare LUMEN DE LUMINE, p. 302, where the discourse of Vaughan passes without any break from a consideration which seems to be physical into the mysteries of rebirth and resurrection. He quotes the Hermetic axiom that each thing bears within it the seed of its own regeneration, which is obviously true of man, for the matter of the work is within us. The work upon this matter is said, however, to be performed by an invisible artist, being the Spirit of God. The salvation secured thereby is synonymous with transmutation.

body or robe of glory is very old in mystical literature and is entitled to our respect as such. For Zoharic and Christian theosophists it is the body of this life transformed at the epoch of the general resurrection ; for Neo-Platonism it is a spiritual body. The alchemists claimed, however, that there was a Medicine of men and metals, which was identical at the root for both, and by which—according to Vaughan—the particulars in the various kingdoms of Nature could be brought to perfection after their own kind. It was the tincture or agent of transmutation in men and animals, vegetable and mineral substances.[1] There is no question that he reflects here some intimations of the literature at large. But most alchemists were content with the thesis that human bodies could be kept in health by the medicine ; they were not brought into an imperishable condition and they were not glorified. Vaughan, however, drew his notions more especially from the translations of Enoch and Elias ; from the archnatural condition which must be postulated concerning a body that could be taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire ; from the body of Christ in its resurrection state and its ascent into the highest heaven ; from the bodies of the redeemed, unto whom in their trans-corporeal state was reserved the glory of Paradise and all the consequence of the Blessed Vision of God, seen *ex hypothesi*, for theology, with eyes which are after all the transfigured eyes of flesh. But all this was his forecast—so to speak —in the heights, and it is brought down into lower ranges at certain points in his texts on which I have had occasion to annotate. They are entirely fantastic, and as such are his own and no other's. In the present place it is sufficient to say that (1) he identifies the Philosophical Medicine with the mystical earth [2]—*Terra spiritualis*, *Terra Adama* and *Terra viventium*—of which man was made ; (2) which earth is otherwise to be understood as the

[1] ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA, p. 95.
[2] ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA, pp. 32, 33.

spirit of this world and the Tree of Knowledge, a "fleshly and sensual" subject,[1] being that which in more conventional terminology "brought death into the world and all our woe." Did occasion arise, it would be difficult to find a middle way between such terms of contradiction ; but we are instructed sufficiently on their value when we hear later on that in eating the fruit of the Tree man became guilty of the world's "curse and corruption," was made "a felon and a murderer" in his own opinion.[2] All his occasional lights notwithstanding, the truth is that Vaughan was too often a loose and confused thinker, having a tendency to forget his own context a few pages backward or forward in the given text. Once more, however, the fact is not exactly of our concern, for I have been only establishing his point of view over a particular and apparently favoured issue. The historical commentary thereon and—*mutatis mutandis*—on all such theses throughout alchemical literature is that in spite of their claims respecting an universal medicine, we have no evidence before us that the technical adepts attained either the body of adeptship or any valid process for the prolongation of life. Paracelsus wrote much on this subject and died in his prime sadly. Vaughan was a physical sufferer, as his note-book shews,[3] and moreover he desired to be dissolved that he might dwell with his wife in God.[4] The inference is that the old masters of physical alchemy—and those who were like them in the long chain of Hermetic tradition—followed a Quixotic quest. The records are against the claim, in the sense that they are (1) utterly hostile, or (2) there is no evidence whatever, seeing that we do not know how most of the adepts either lived or died. But out of this state of unknowing there arises no argument for long life.

The historical position is the same in respect of material

[1] *Ibid.*, pp 43, 44. [2] MAGIA ADAMICA, p. 143.
[3] See APPENDIX I, *s.v. Memoriæ Sacrum*, No. 2, p. 445 ; No. 12, p. 451 ; No. 13, p. 452.
[4] *Ibid.*, No. 1, p. 445 ; No. 3, p. 446 ; No. 11, p. 451.

wealth obtained by any process of transmutation. The most arresting first-hand testimony to the fact of such an operation on metals is that of Eirenæus Philalethes ;[1] but this witness is not in evidence, for after the lapse of nearly three hundred years we have failed to learn certainly who he was, and herein—above all subjects—an anonymous claimant is out of court. Again the strongest testimony to the fact of transmutation in the laboratory of a responsible and known person is that of Helvetius,[2] but the man by whose powder it was performed was an unknown and anonymous visitor, although —remembering Paracelsus[3]—Helvetius designated him Elias the Artist. While, moreover, the personal sincerity of the Swiss chemist is in my opinion inexpugnable, we have no means of knowing at this day whether or not he was in error as to the substance produced in his crucible by the addition of some mysterious powder to molten lead. On the other hand, we do know certainly that the operation as described is impossible, and that although gold in the future may be produced by science it will not be after this manner. Such being the state of the case on its experimental side, we have no record of anyone being enriched by the art of alchemy, Nicholas Flamel excepted, and his story—much as it calls for reconsideration—is either largely or entirely mythical.

I pass now to a short consideration of that subject by

[1] See the account of his visit to a goldsmith's shop, carrying six hundred pounds' worth of alchemical silver for sale.—AN OPEN ENTRANCE TO THE CLOSED PALACE OF THE KING, *cap.* xiii.

[2] See VITULUS AUREUS—already quoted—in which—according to the sub-title—there is discussed "the most rare miracle of Nature," being the transmutation "in a moment of time" of a mass of lead into gold "by the infusion of a small particle of our Stone." Perhaps I should bracket herewith the testimony of Van Helmont in ARBOR VITÆ and elsewhere.

[3] See DE TINCTURA PHILOSOPHORUM, *cap.* iv, in which Paracelsus speaks of the concealment of things belonging to the Art "even to the coming of Elias the Artist, at which time there shall be nothing so occult that it shall not be revealed." When his visitor came to Helvetius, carrying what seemed to be the Stone of the Philosophers, he concluded that Elias had come.

which Vaughan is engrossed throughout. A hypothesis concerning the First Matter fills his tracts, approached under a variety of aspects but involving a continual repetition, after the manner of his period. In common with other alchemists, he understood by the term an universal substance out of which all things were made, and there was held to be Scriptural authority for the thesis as well as the designation. The given name was Water, being that Water over which the Spirit of God moved at the beginning. Metals were produced out of this substance, with the rest of things, and it did not appear to the alchemists an unwarrantable supposition that if they could isolate it and operate directly thereon it might be possible to make gold and silver. The particular form of the reverie appears to have been that the pure state or mode of the First Matter, which in combination with hypothetically impure states composed the base metal lead, could be raised to another mode by adding more of the Virgin Matter, as a result of which the impurities would be expelled or transmuted and the lead would become gold. By a similar hypothesis the First Matter could be administered to man, being the basis of his physical nature, and it would act upon him as a physical elixir or universal medicine. I am presenting or interpreting the view in a very rough manner for the sake of simplicity: it is by no means so simple in Vaughan or those who preceded him. Furthermore, the alchemists believed themselves to have identified this First Matter—which according to the hypothesis was obviously to be found everywhere—and had submitted it successfully to their operations along the lines indicated. Let us glance at this side of the claim as presented by Thomas Vaughan. (1) He does not come before us as one having a superficial or merely speculative knowledge of the First Matter; he has been "instructed in all the secret circumstances thereof, which few upon earth understand."[1] (2) He

[1] Cœlum Terræ, p. 215.

leads us to infer that he has seen it, handled it, and learned its central, invisible essence by experimental ocular demonstration.[1] (3) Again, he says that he speaks out of his own experience and registers in this connection a mistake which he made in the practice.[2] (4) He bears witness to the truth therefore and is no deceiver.[3] (5) Moreover, he has not only seen, handled and worked upon the First Matter but has also tasted it[4]—as one who partakes of a medicine. (6) But, his familiarity notwithstanding—and when he believed it to be under his eyes—he found it "impossible to describe," on account apparently of its "laxative, unstable, incomposed substance."[5] The fact did not prevent him from giving many descriptions, for which he would have claimed accuracy, and some examples of which may be cited in the next place. I will set aside those which occur in his two earliest tracts, for in these he was feeling his way and allows us to infer subsequently that he had reached no certain point.

(1) Man is the absolute lord of the First Matter, and all his fortunes proceed therefrom, whence it follows that he who secures both it and the use thereof "can make his fortunes constant,"[6] the meaning being that "gold and silver, pearls and diamonds"[7] are modes of the First Matter. (2) It is at once the *minera* of man and the basis of the Philosopher's Stone.[8] (3) It is called indifferently water and earth by Moses, but is neither "in their common complexions," being "a slimy, spermatic, viscous mass, impregnated with all powers, celestial and terrestrial."[9] (4) It renews itself in a thousand ways, "and is never a perpetual tenant to the same form."[10] (5) It is "the immediate catholic character of God Himself in His unity and trinity,"[11] which may mean categorically that it is one as regards nature but mani-

[1] Cœlum Terræ, p. 193.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 221.
[3] Lumen de Lumine, p. 272.
[4] Euphrates, p. 397.
[5] Lumen de Lumine, p. 277.
[6] Magia Adamica, p. 127.
[7] *Iibd.*, p. 128.
[8] *Ibid.*, p. 163.
[9] *Ibid.*, pp. 163, 164.
[10] *Ibid.*, p. 181.
[11] Cœlum Terræ, p. 193.

fests in three aspects. (6) In the outward shape or figure it resembles a stone, and yet it is not a stone;[1] but this description is qualified in several places subsequently and contradicted expressly in others, it being obvious that a slimy mass can only be called a stone in mendacious symbolism. (7) At the beginning it was condensed into water out of a certain cloud and darkness, being the *nihil quo ad nos* of Dionysius and Divine Darkness:[2] in other words, it came forth from God, but whether by creation or otherwise we are left to speculate. (8) It is the Second Nature from God Himself and the Child of the Blessed Trinity.[3] This Second Nature is not therefore the Second Person. (9) It is the mother of all.[4] (10) It is delicate and tender, like animal sperm, "is almost a living thing," and indeed "Nature doth produce some animals out of it."[5] (11) It is invisible,[6] meaning presumably in its normal state, since Vaughan affirms that he has seen it. (12) It is—apparently—brought into manifestation as a certain limosity extracted from the earth, air, fire and water, "for every one of them contributes from its very centre a thin, slimy substance; and of their several slimes Nature makes the sperm by an ineffable union and mixture."[7]

It follows from the last citation that the First Matter and Second Nature from the Blessed Trinity is not a simple substance, though immanent in all things and *ex hypothesi* educible from all, but a composite—the parts of which must be drawn out of their several receptacles. This is the first and only occasion on which Vaughan speaks in print of its extraction, so that it can be made subject to the operations of an "artist"; and it is in express contradiction to all his theoretical views, the difficulty not being removed by allowing that such earth is not earth literally, such fire no common fire, and so of the

[1] CŒLUM TERRÆ, p. 196. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 213. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 214.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 215. [5] *Ibid.*, p. 221.
[6] LUMEN DE LUMINE, p. 247. [7] AULA LUCIS, p. 321.

remaining hypothetical elements of old physics. Elsewhere it is from the First Matter that the supposed elements came forth, and so also the three philosophical principles, denominated Salt, Sulphur and Mercury, are modes thereof. It is a strange commentary on that primal substance of beings and of things which Thomas Vaughan believed himself to have seen and handled. The anachronism and insufficiency are obvious. We may rest assured that he had come upon something in his untutored chemical experiments and was egregiously mistaken about it. On his own admission, he was unacquainted with the First Matter when he first wrote thereon,[1] and he did not know it subsequently when he thought that he did. The science "ancient and infinite," for which *Chemia* was an unworthy name, remained in the height of his reverie and never came down to earth. It was not to be expected that it should. This being the case, we need not dwell seriously upon some other anomalous situations created by collating his statements, as—for example—that this Second Nature from God and this Virgin Water is also, for inscrutable reasons, either actually the "fleshly and sensual" fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, or in close alliance thereto; for this is "the subject of the Philosophical Medicine"[2] and—if I read Vaughan's thesis rightly—it is also the Matter of the Stone in alchemy and hence the First Matter of all things. The root of the fantasy rests largely on arbitrary inreadings of Scripture, on derivations from Kabalistic and Trismegistic writings, and on commentaries of mediæval occult philosophers. As to that which he met with in the course of his chemical operations—and which he elevated into the position of the First Matter of all things—we must be content to leave its identity an open question. It is true that his unfinished and unprinted Aqua Vitæ was intended by

[1] Aula Lucis, p. 337.
[2] Anthroposophia Theomagica, p. 32.

its sub-title to "dissect" the Radical Humidity of Nature, both mechanically and magically,[1] "by the conduct of Fire and Ferment." I have given in the Appendix on this text a supposed process for extracting the "viscous and spermatic humidity" from two substances which are designated as Magnesia and Chalybs. It is, however, *pro opere secundo*, while the presumable primary extraction is made from four substances, according to AULA LUCIS.[2] For whatever my speculation may be worth—and under the circumstances it can be little, and much less than tentative—I tend to think that the Oil of Halcali—mentioned in *Memoria* IV of the personal notes given in the same Appendix—may have been Vaughan's Sacramental Name for his First Matter.[3] He says (1) that he found it by accident; (2) that he forgot how; (3) that he made a hundred vain attempts to recover it; (4) that it came back to his mind during his wife's last illness; (5) that he extracted it by the former practice the day after her death; and (6) that in this manner there was conferred upon him by God "the greatest joy I can ever have in this world after

[1] Vaughan uses throughout the term Magic and its connections to signify the art and science which lay behind the Secret Tradition according to his hypothesis, and not in the vulgar sense which attaches thereto in these modern days—not in the sense of the Grimoires and debased Kabalism. In a word, his Magic is the old wisdom of adeptship and always connotes sanctity.

[2] The processes which it is possible to follow in AQUA VITÆ are of no consequence to the direct purpose of alchemy and—as might be expected—the rest are unintelligible. There is a note entitled *De Quatuor Menstruis Salinosis et Mineralibus*, in which the first recipe reads: *Fit ex Anatro dealbato sicut scis, estque Elixir Salis Universalis et Arcanum Arcanorum.* Elsewhere is a process for extracting *Menstruum Universale*, and this reads: *Aquam ultimam de B. cohoba super Solem, ex sphæra Solis, et fiat pro certo.* The instruction respecting *Oleum Universale* is after the same dark fashion: *Recipe Saturnum vegetabile ex Latio, vel ex Monticulis. Distille in cineribus, et separa aquam ab oleo. Oleum rectifica per se, et extrahe odores et quintessentias ex aromatibus et floribus quibuscunque.*

[3] The Oil of Halcali enters into the composition of other substances described in the manuscript. A considerable part of his experiments were made in conjunction with his wife, and her name is connected with them, *e.g. Aqua Rebecca.*

her death."[1] I do not believe that he would have spoken of any other supposed subject in these terms of zeal. This is as far as we can expect to carry the question, which is one of curiosity only, for it cannot in reality signify what substance Vaughan may have mistaken for the First Matter.

The *Memoriæ Sacræ* are not only of great interest as autobiographical notes but they are of importance as illustrating the fact that he was an ambitious student at work in the dark unaided, owing nothing to ordinary instructors and nothing to a school of initiation. It is necessary to establish the latter point, because we have seen that he has been represented as the head of the Rosicrucian Society in his day and generation. As to this he says expressly in his Preface to the FAMA ET CONFESSIO (1) that he has no relation to the Fraternity, "neither do I much desire their acquaintance";[2] (2) if he had any familiarity with their persons and knew their habitation, he would exercise discretion in his words concerning either;[3] (3) in a detached way he confesses that he is of their faith[4] and is hence concerned in their defence as much as in his own. Here is a settlement of the question in a distinct negative on the point at issue. There is, however, another point, for it has to be recognised that in AULA LUCIS Vaughan claims to have acted by authority from Unknown Superiors. They would not be of the Rosicrucian Order, but this was not of necessity the only school of initiation current at the period in Europe, or even in England. Having informed his "best and noblest friend" in the dedication that he is presenting the fruits of his own "inclinations," and having told his readers in the preface that he is contributing a rejected stone to a philosophical fabric, he proposes in the text itself to "discourse of light,"[5] which he does on his

[1] See APPENDIX I, p. 446.
[2] THE FRATERNITY OF THE ROSY CROSS, p. 347.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 348. [4] *Ibid.*, p. 374. [5] AULA LUCIS, p. 315.

personal authority, in an accustomed manner throughout. But at the end of all he makes two curious statements: (1) that his communication has been made owing to a command from superiors,[1] and (2) that "the same authorities recalled their commission."[2] What kind of superiors would have been likely to act in this manner and how that which was written by their licence could be issued in defiance of its withdrawal I do not pretend to say; but I regard the claim itself as part of a regrettable buffoonery which characterises the presentation of the work. It is published by S. N., being the terminal letters of the names Thomas Vaughan, the attempted veil of identity serving no other purpose than to present Eugenius Philalethes—his *alter ego*—as a person of so much consideration that he deserves to be cited twice: (1) "I speak this because I pity the distractions of our modern alchemists, though Philalethes laughs in his sleeve and, like a young colt, kicks at that name";[3] (2) "But had my young friend Eugenius Philalethes been present he had laughed without mercy."[4] Vaughan's sense of the fitness prevented him going further, but it was much too far for his native sincerity and real earnestness of mind. It is this unsatisfactory text, and this only, which makes the pretence under notice, but also recalls it—the latter, as I believe, for conscience sake; and it seems to me part of the sorry comedy.

The concealment practised throughout the texts, ridiculous as it often is, has another motive, in my view. Vaughan believed himself to have discovered the Great Secret, not only of the First Matter but of the Vessel of Hermes.[5] He calls these attainments the fruit of his own experience, and in the latest of all his publications affirms that he has wrung the mystery "out of the earth" and had no one to instruct him.[6] But he remembered the judgment threatened by Raymund Lully and that the real Secret

[1] AULA LUCIS, p. 335. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 336. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 326.
[4] *Ibid.*, pp. 327, 328. [5] *Ibid.*, p. 337. [6] EUPHRATES, p. 386.

of the Art had never been published. He held himself bound therefore in honour, as if he had been covenanted in a high Grade of Adeptship. He might have said with Éliphas Lévi: "Albeit I have received initiation from God and my toil alone, I hold that I am pledged more deeply by my convictions than by an oath. Knowledge is a responsibility which compels, and I will not render myself in any wise unworthy of that Princely Crown of the Rosy Cross." He did not therefore name openly the certain substance which he understood as the First Matter, that Vessel like unto "a little simple shell,"[1] or the Glass of his mystery. When he compares the radiant body of adeptship to the shining face of Moses descending from Horeb,[2] he feels that he has "touched the veil" and must draw back. When he proposes to discover the means "how and by which this Art works upon the subject," he remembers that herein are Keys of the whole Mystery and he must therefore "scatter them in several parts of the discourse," by which process they are lost.[3] Above all, he "must not speak one syllable" concerning the Kabalistic *Mors Osculi*.[4] The reason perhaps in his mind is that which is given respecting the Secret of the Fire, which "in itself is not great but the consequences of it are so."[5]

We have now reached a point beyond which it seems unnecessary to proceed further in the examination of Vaughan's texts, as they appear to a student on the surface; but a question arises as to whether it is possible to look at his matter of debate from another standpoint. Those who have checked my citations by reference to the tracts themselves will see that his spiritual intimations are sometimes confused quite curiously—as I have said—with his cosmical reveries. An alleged process of separation performed upon natural bodies brings us to "the

[1] Cœlum Terræ, p. 219.
[2] Anthroposophia Theomagica, p. 26.
[3] Cœlum Terræ, p. 192.
[4] Magia Adamica, p. 170.
[5] Cœlum Terræ, p. 223.

Secret Light of God," unveils "the Hidden Intelligence" and manifests "the Inexpressible Face."[1] He pretends to pass from "the principles of our chaos," or First Matter, to the alleged use thereof,[2] but begins immediately to speak of regeneration, the mystery of the Word made flesh and "the Rest of God into which the creature should enter."[3] So also when he treats of the Medicine he says that it is Heaven itself and that it is the Divine Spirit which renders the body glorified.[4] These are not physical operations. So also—as we have just seen—his concealment is practised not only in respect of physics, and that which *ex hypothesi* is covered by the general concern of alchemy, but also on such a purely mystical subject as the state of figurative death and the Kabalistic Kiss of Shekinah—that *adhæsio Spiritus cum spiritu* which adumbrates Divine Union. If Vaughan had known it in any of its earthly degrees, he might have said more frankly that no real intimation concerning it could be conveyed in words. We know also that Vaughan's ascent to "the Supernatural Still Voice"[5] and to the invisible—meaning the Divine—elements of the soul constitutes by his express definition "the Christian Philosopher's Stone."[6] Is it possible that a Key like this will open his whole storehouse, even that place in the hiddenness of man's own intention, where the soul is washed by fire, till a change is effected in the whole substance of her motive? Is there any reason for thinking that the physical symbolism veils a spiritual consideration in the sense that the SEPHER HA ZOHAR explains the account of creation in GENESIS as the story of election in Israel? The direct answer can only be couched in the negative, but I do think that the Spiritual and Christian Key opens a kind of entrance into the mental attitude of Vaughan, who says also that "the gold and silver of

[1] LUMEN DE LUMINE, p. 299. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 301.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 302. [4] ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA, p. 110.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 112. [6] *Ibid.*, p. 112.

the philosophers are a soul and spirit."[1] His Medicine is that actually which he claims for it in one place, a "Spiritual Substance";[2] his Stone — as I have said elsewhere—"is the touchstone which transmutes everything."[3] But we shall see if we follow his text carefully that what is true, according to his thesis, of the inward world is true also by analogy of that which is without and operates physically in every department of Nature. It follows that the Ferment, Tincture or Medicine which is the Life of life in man—the seed of regeneration, the growth of grace from God, bringing to the end in Him —is sacramentally in most intimate analogy, and for Vaughan in a state of identity, with the Transmuting Ferment of Metals, so that, notwithstanding the "narrow name of *Chemia*" and the derision of *Lapis Chemicus*,[4] there was a literal art of alchemy and a gold made by art which would "pass the test royal without any diminution."[5]

And this seems to answer the whole question at issue, my proposition concerning which is that Vaughan's speculations on the natural world and its phenomena were not a talk about one region of things as a veil of another, but of two on the same basis and in the same terms of symbolism, as the spirit moved him concerning them. It moved him much more frequently on the physical side, and yet this was really subordinate, for he was rooted deeply on the spiritual side and he looked at Nature *sub specie æternitatis*. He really knew that *species* in the intellectual sense and I think also with the open heart of the poet, which is always in kinship with and does join at times in the flight of the soul to God. I hold no brief for any thesis that his glass of vision was undimmed in Divine things; it would be scarcely

[1] LUMEN DE LUMINE, p. 303. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] See the Introduction to my edition of LUMEN DE LUMINE, published in 1910, p. xix.
[4] LUMEN DE LUMINE, p. 303. [5] *Ibid.*, p. 304.

possible amidst so many trivialities of sentiments. On the physical side I have made my views clear regarding his claims, and they are shewn forth much more plainly by the evidence of his texts themselves. But I have indicated here what seems to me a reasonable and intelligible canon of criticism on both sides concerning them, and to extend it further would cover for a second time the field occupied by my Introduction to LUMEN DE LUMINE, when I edited this tract separately in 1910.[1] There are a few points only which call to be drawn together before I reach my conclusion. (1) When Vaughan says that there is a twofold fermentation, spiritual and bodily,[2] he is to be understood primarily in the sense of what he affirms elsewhere about light. (2) Fermentation multiplies the tinctures,[3] but that which alone can be multiplied is that which he terms light,[4] and this is the perfect medicine of all bodies, exalting and perfecting each after its own kind. (3) The bodily tincture was by the hypothesis much easier of attainment than that which he calls elsewhere "the perfect Medicine."[5] (4) Finally, when Vaughan describes the First Matter as if it were an arbiter of fortune,[6] he seems to be speaking —on the spiritual side—of that "seraphic" estate of soul which has been mentioned already[7] in connection with the Christian Philosopher's Stone, but of this taken together with the material recompense of the Stone

[1] Published by Mr John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road. See, among other places, p. xxxvi, in which it is pointed out that Vaughan is not discoursing of spiritual mysteries under a veil of physics. He did occasionally borrow the language of alchemy to speak of the soul's transmutation, and he spoke of things physical in terms which could be applied to processes working within the soul. The results are baffling; but had he wished to justify himself, the Hermetic doctrine of correspondence was ready to his hand. It does not actually justify, because the more intimately things are connected by a law of analogy the more clearly they must be distinguished in ordered processes of thought.

[2] LUMEN DE LUMINE, p. 303.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 303.
[4] ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA, p. 95.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 109.
[6] MAGIA ADAMICA, p. 127.
[7] ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA, p. 115.

applied to metals.[1] The analogy is of no moment, though it obtains of course hypothetically.

We are now in a position to see after what manner and to what extent Thomas Vaughan is to be included among spiritual alchemists. The preparation of this edition, which is to all intents and purposes that of his complete works, has meant a very close study of every sentence and a particular reconsideration of my earlier findings concerning him. I do not think that my position has altered in any important sense. I regarded him then as one for whom "the true subject of philosophy is the man within,"[2] and as acquainted in one or another sense with "the mystery of a grace above all grace made known in the heart."[3] But I may have thought in the first instance that he owed more to direct mystical experience than seems probable now in the general light of his record. Still, from time to time he must have stood upon the sacred threshold; and if readers with the right dedications, and with the help of such clues as I have given, will thread their way through his cryptic labyrinth, I believe that they will find him that which he desired to be—a finger-post indicating the true path to those undertaking the journey.

A. E. WAITE.

[1] LUMEN DE LUMINE, pp. 303, 304.
[2] See my Introduction to LUMEN DE LUMINE, p. xxxix, 1910.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. xl.

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ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA,

OR A DISCOURSE OF THE NATURE OF MAN AND HIS STATE AFTER DEATH

To the Most Illustrious and Truly
Regenerated Brethren R. C.
Elders of Election
And Peaceable Apostles of the Church in this
Storm-driven Age,
Salutation from the Centre of Peace

Seeing that the freedom of the High Altar is granted to the High Priest alone, not without sacrilege may this overdaring offering seem to be thrust upon you. Even devotion hath its limits. Those who approach unbidden may be charged with presumption rather than loyalty, and such as those were satirised in that old *gigantomachia* of the poets which sought to take heaven by storm. Nor are fatuous and befogged sparklings wanting in our own day who deem that they are stars and are thought equal to the sun. May such arrogance and climax of ambition be far from Eugenius. It were surely to pile Pelion upon Ossa. Most noble Brethren, I stand in the Court of the Temple, nor is my offering placed on the altar but laid in modesty at the threshold. Should my tribute be demanded, I wish to offer you such gifts as ages and generations to come may liken to the Arpine scrolls. Do not deem that I despair. Peradventure in days remote there shall rise up those who will prize this my torchlet even as Tuscan suns. And indeed I am an associate of Cicero, since our office aspires to the same everlasting renown. I have roamed like the bees—not those of Quintilian in a poisoned field—tasting celestial flowers, which draw their sweetness from the hills of spices. If here there be aught of honey, I set before you this honey-

comb and beehive. But roses are commonly soiled on the breasts of many: perchance also this handful is stained, for it is of my gathering. Be it granted that the errors are of Eugenius: the rest is of truth. Yet what profits this witness to the truth for you upright ones, who behold in open day the threefold record of the Spirit, the Water and the Blood? No voice of help is this, but needless rather. Wise is he who keeps silence in the sight of heaven. Receive therefore, most illustrious Brethren, this my mite, not as that which I would bring you but as all that I have. My goodwill is in my willing service. My poverty prays further: regard not the gift itself but the obedience of

Your Suppliant,

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES.

OXFORD, 1648.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER

I LOOK on this life as the progress of an essence royal: the soul but quits her court to see the country. Heaven hath in it a scene of earth, and had she been contented with ideas she had not travelled beyond the map. But excellent patterns commend their mimes: Nature that was so fair in the type could not be a slut in the anaglyph. This makes her ramble hither, to examine the medal by the flask; but whiles she scans their symmetry she forms it. Thus her descent speaks her original. God in love with His own beauty frames a glass, to view it by reflection. But the frailty of the matter excluding eternity, the composure was subject to dissolution. Ignorance gave this release the name of death, but properly it is the soul's birth and a charter that makes for her liberty. She hath several ways to break up house, but her best is without a disease. This is her mystical walk, an exit only to return. When she takes air at this door, it is without prejudice to her tenement.[1]

[1] At the beginning of his literary life Thomas Vaughan was influenced deeply by the works of Cornelius Agrippa and especially by THE THREE BOOKS OF OCCULT PHILOSOPHY. He drew much from this source, as my annotations are designed to shew; but the matter of Agrippa suffers a certain transmutation in the alembic of his own mind. The allusion in the text above is to the well-known mystical state of figurative death which is the threshold of union. My introductory study deals with this subject. The psychic substitutes are many, within and without those states which belong to pathology. There are also intellectual modes which are very important after their own manner. Cornelius Agrippa mentions, on the authority of Cicero, a "sovereign grade of contemplative perfection" wherein the soul knows all things in the light of ideas.—DE OCCULTA PHILOSOPHIA, *Lib.* iii, c. 50. He speaks also in the language of Plato and the successors of "ascending to the intellectual life" and so attaining "the first unity."—*Ibid.*, iii, 55. It will be seen that this is realisation in mind; but the true attainment is in love.

The magicians tell me that the soul passes out of one mode and enters another.[1] Some have examined this and state it an expense of influences, as if the soul exercised her royalty at the eye or had some blind jurisdiction at the pores. But this is to measure magical positions by the slight, superficial strictures of the common philosophy. It is an age of intellectual slaveries : if they meet anything extraordinary, they prune it commonly with distinctions or daub it with false glosses, till it looks like the traditions of Aristotle. His followers are so confident of his principles they seek not to understand what others speak but to make others speak what they understand. It is in Nature as it is in religion : we are still hammering of old elements but seek not the America that lies beyond them. The apostle tells us of leaving the first principles of the Doctrine of Christ and going on to perfection, not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works ; and of faith towards God ; of the doctrine of Baptism and laying on of hands ; of resurrection and the eternal judgment. Then he speaks of illumination, of tasting of the heavenly gift, of being partakers of the Holy Ghost, of tasting of the good word of God and the powers of the world to come.[2] Now, if I should question any sect—for there is no communion in Christendom—whither these later intimations drive, they can but return me to the first rudiments or produce some empty pretence of spirit. Our natural philosophers are much of a cast with those that step into the prerogative of prophets and antedate events in configurations and motions. This is a consequence of as much reason as if I saw the Swede exercising and would find his designs in his postures. Friar Bacon walked in Oxford between two steeples, but he that would have

[1] *Anima unius entis egreditur et aliud ingreditur.* One of the CONCLUSIONES KABALISTICÆ of Picus in the larger codex, published by Archangelus de Burgo Nuovo in APOLOGIA *pro Defensione Doctrinæ Cabalæ*, 1564.

[2] See HEBREWS, vi, 1–5.

discovered his thoughts by his steps had been more his fool than his fellow.[1]

The Peripatetics when they define the soul, or some inferior principle, describe it only by outward circumstances, which every child can do ; but they state nothing essentially. Thus they dwell altogether in the face ; their endeavours are mere titillations ; and their acquaintance with Nature is not at the heart. Notwithstanding, I acknowledge the schoolmen ingenious : they conceive their principles irregular and prescribe rules for method, though they want matter. Their philosophy is like a church that is all discipline and no doctrine ; for bate me their prolegomena, their form of arguing, their reciting of different opinions, with several other digressions, and the substance of these Tostati[2] will scarce amount to a Mercury. Besides their Aristotle is a poet in text ; his principles are but fancies, and they stand more on our concessions than his bottom. Hence it is that his followers —notwithstanding the assistance of so many ages—can fetch nothing out of him but notions ; and these indeed they use, as he saith Lycophron[3] did his epithets, not as spices but as food.[4] Their compositions are a mere tympany of terms. It is better than a fight in Quixote to observe what duels and digladiations they have about him. One will make him speak sense, another nonsense and a third both. Aquinas palps him gently,[5] Scotus

[1] Though he speaks of Roger Bacon, Vaughan's marginal reference is to SYLVA SYLVARUM, being the "natural history" of Francis, Lord Verulam, who has some remarks on "exercise of the body" at the close of *Century III* of the work in question.

[2] The word *tostatus* signifies toasted in low Latin.

[3] Lycophron was a Greek poet and dramatist under Ptolemy Philadelphus, and was noted for excessive obscurity.

[4] *Non ut condimentis, sed ut cibus.* See Aristotle's RHETORIC.

[5] It is not to be supposed that St Thomas Aquinas was in unconditional agreement with Aristotle or any other of the "ethnic philosophers," but Aristotle was no less as an intellectual master, not only for the great Angel of the Schools but for all the schoolmen. When the time came for a revolt against scholastic philosophy it was the yoke of the Stagyrite which many thinkers desired to cast off. When Vaughan says that the Peripatetics state nothing essentially on the soul and spiritual principles

makes him wince,[1] and he is taught like an ape to shew several tricks. If we look on his adversaries, the least among them hath foiled him ; but Telesius[2] knocked him on the head and Campanella hath quite discomposed him.[3] But as that bold haunter of the circus had his skull so steeled with use, it shivered all the tiles were thrown at it, so this Aristotle thrives by scuffles and the world cries him up when truth cries him down.

The Peripatetics look on God as they do on carpenters, who build with stone and timber, without any infusion of life. But the world—which is God's building—is full of spirit, quick and living. This spirit is the cause of multiplication, of several perpetual productions of minerals, vegetables and creatures engendered by putrefaction—all which are manifest, infallible arguments of life. Besides, the texture of the universe clearly discovers its animation. The earth—which is the visible, natural basis of it—represents the gross, carnal parts. The element of water answers to the blood, for in it the pulse of the Great World beats: this most men call the flux and reflux, but they know not the true cause of it. The air is the outward refreshing spirit, where this vast creature breathes —though invisibly, yet not altogether insensibly. The interstellar skies are his vital, ethereal waters and the stars his animal, sensual fire.[4] Thou wilt tell me perhaps :

he is voicing the sentiment of all who preceded him in the revolt, of all who had got to know Plato and the Platonic successors. In a particular way he was following the lead of occult philosophers, and his immediate predecessor in England was Robert Fludd.

[1] But if the reference is to Scotus Erigena we should remember that he is praised by the Catholic exponent of Mysticism, J. Görres, because he married the dialectic of Plato to the logic of Aristotle. See CHRISTLICHE MYSTIK, i, 243.

[2] Bernardinus Telesius wrote DE RERUM NATURA, 1565, and a volume of philosophical tracts. He died in 1588. His works were placed on the Index because he opposed the doctrines of Aristotle—such at least is the story.

[3] Campanella was a Dominican monk, author of CIVITAS SOLIS, the story of an ideal commonwealth. He defended Telesius and was long years in prison.

[4] Compare Agrippa, who maintains that as the celestial bodies have a

This is new philosophy, and that of Aristotle is old. It is indeed, but in the same sense as religion is at Rome. It is not the primitive truth of the creation, not the ancient, real theosophy of the Hebrews and Egyptians, but a certain preternatural upstart, a vomit of Aristotle, which his followers—with so much diligence—lick up and swallow. I present thee not here with any clamorous opposition of their patron but a positive express of principles as I find them in Nature. I may say of them as Moses said of the FIAT: "These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens."[1] They are things beyond reasoning[2]—sensible, practical truths, not mere vagaries and rambles of the brain. I would not have thee look on my endeavours as a design of captivity. I intend not the conquest but the exercise of thy reason, not that thou shouldst swear allegiance to my dictates but compare my conclusions with Nature and examine their correspondence. Be pleased to consider that obstinacy enslaves the soul and clips the wings which God gave her for flight and discovery. If thou wilt not quit thy Aristotle, let not any prejudice hinder thy further search. Great is their number who perhaps had attained to perfection, had they not already thought themselves perfect. This is my advice—but how welcome to thee I know not. If thou wilt kick and fling, I shall say with the Cardinal: "My ass also kicks up his heels."[3] It is an age wherein truth is near a miscarriage, and it is enough for me that I have appeared thus far for it in a day of necessity.

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES.

manifest operation upon inferior things it must be held that they are animated. "All philosophy affirms therefore that the world has a soul, which soul is intelligent."—DE OCCULTA PHILOSOPHIA, *Lib.* ii, c. 55.

[1] GENESIS, ii, 4.

[2] *Extra intellectum.*

[3] *Etiam asinus meus recalcitrat.*

When I found out this truth, that man in his original was a branch planted in God and that there was a continual influx from the stock to the scion, I was much troubled at his corruptions and wondered his fruits were not correspondent to his root. But when I was told he had tasted of another tree my admiration was quickly off, it being my chief care to reduce him to his first simplicity and separate his mixtures of good and evil. But his Fall had so bruised him in his best part that his soul had no knowledge left to study him a cure. His punishment presently followed his trespass: "all things were hidden and oblivion, the mother of ignorance, entered in."[1] This Lethe remained not in his body but, passing together with his nature, made his posterity her channel. Imperfection's an easy inheritance, but virtue seldom finds any heirs. Man had at the first—and so have all souls before their entrance into the body—an explicit methodical knowledge;[2] but they are no sooner vested but that liberty is lost and nothing remains but a vast, confused notion of the creature. Thus had I only left a capacity without power and a will to do that which was far enough above me. In this perplexity I studied several arts and rambled over all those inventions which the folly of

[1] *Velata sunt omnia, intravitque oblivio mater ignorantiæ.*—Cornelius Agrippa: De Vanitate Scientiarum.

[2] Because, according to Vaughan's intellectual master, the soul in the mind of Platonism is (*a*) a divine light, (*b*) proceeding from God immediately, and (*c*) rational from the beginning. The "explicit methodical knowledge" of the text above corresponds to Agrippa's "rational number." —De Occulta Philosophia, *Lib.* iii, c. 37.

man called sciences. But these endeavours suiting not to my purpose, I quitted this book business and thought it a better course to study Nature than opinion. Hereupon I considered with myself that man was not the primitive, immediate work of God, but the world out of which he was made.[1] And to regulate my studies in point of method, I judged it convenient to examine his principles first and not him. But the world in general being too large for inquisition, I resolved to take part for the whole and to give a guess at the frame by proportion. To perfect this my essay I took to task the fruits of one spring. Here I observed a great many vegetables, fresh and beauteous in their time ; but when I looked back on their original they were no such things as vegetables. This observation I applied to the world and gained by it this inference—that the world in the beginning was no such thing as it is, but some other seed or matter out of which that fabric which I now behold did arise. But resting not here I drove my conclusion further. I conceived those seeds whereof vegetables did spring must be something else at first than seeds, as having some preexistent matter whereof they were made, but what that matter should be I could not guess. Here was I forced to leave off speculation and come up to experience. Whiles I sought the world I went beyond it, and I was now in quest of a substance which—without art—I could not see. Nature wraps this most strangely in her very bosom, neither doth she expose it to anything but her own vital, celestial breath. But in respect that God Almighty is the only proper, immediate Agent which actuates this Matter—as well in the work of generation as formerly in His creation—it will not be amiss to speak

[1] This is the notion of Agrippa, who quotes the authority of certain divines, not otherwise mentioned, according to whom God is Creator in chief of the whole world but not immediately of the body of man—meaning the first man—in the composition of which He worked mediately through the active offices of heavenly spirits.—DE OCCULTA PHILOSOPHIA, *Lib.* i, c. 61.

something of Him, that we may know the Cause by His creatures and the creatures by their Cause.

My God, my life, Whose essence man
Is no way fit to know or scan,
But should approach Thy court a guest
In thoughts more low than his request:
When I consider how I stray,
Methinks, 'tis pride in me to pray.
How dare I speak to Heaven, nor fear
In all my sins to court Thy ear?
But as I look on moles that lurk
In blind entrenchments and there work
Their own dark prisons to repair,
Heaving the earth to take in air—
So view my fetter'd soul, that must
Struggle with this her load of dust;
Meet her address and add one ray
To this mew'd parcel of Thy day.
She would—though here imprison'd—see,
Through all her dirt, Thy throne and Thee.
Lord, guide her out of this sad night
And say once more: Let there be light.

It is God's own positive truth. "In the beginning"—that is, in that dead silence, in that horrible and empty darkness when as yet nothing was fashioned—then—saith the Lord—"did I consider these things, and they all were made through Me alone, and through none other: by Me also they shall be ended, and by none other."[1] That meditation foreruns every solemn work is a thing so well known to man that he needs no further demonstration of it than his own practice. That there is also in God something analogical to it, from whence man derived this customary notion of his, as it is most agreeable to reason, so withal is it very suitable to Providence. "The gods"—saith Iamblichus—"did conceive the whole work

[1] II ESDRAS, vi, 1, 6. It will be noted throughout his works that Vaughan quotes texts like ESDRAS and the WISDOM of pseudo-Solomon as if they were canonical.

within themselves before it was brought forth by them."[1] And the Spirit[2] here to Esdras: "Then did I consider these things." He considered them first and made them afterwards. God in His eternal idea foresaw that whereof as yet there was no material copy. The goodness and beauty of the one moved Him to create the other, and truly the image of this prototype, being embosomed in the second, made Him so much in love with His creature that when sin had defaced it, He restored it by the suffering of that pattern by which at first it was made. Dionysius the Areopagite, who lived in the primitive times,[3] and received the Mysteries of Divinity immediately from the Apostles, styles God the Father sometimes "the arcanum of Divinity,"[4] sometimes "that hidden, supersubstantial Being";[5] and elsewhere he compares Him to a root whose flowers are the Second and Third Persons.[6] This is true, for God the Father is the basis or supernatural foundation of His creatures; God the Son is the pattern, in Whose express image they were made; and God the Holy Ghost is the Creator Spirit,[7] or the Agent Who framed the creature in a just symmetry to his Type. This consideration or Type God hath since used in the performance of inferior works. Thus in the institution of His temple He commands Moses to the

[1] *Dii concipiunt in se totum opus, ante quam parturiunt.*—IAMBLICHUS.

[2] It was in fact the angel Uriel discoursing with Esdras, but speaking on this occasion in the person of the Almighty. See II ESDRAS, iv, 1; v, 15, 31.

[3] The historical position of the works put forward under the name of Dionysius should have been known to Vaughan, at least by the arguments of Scaliger. Vaughan, however, was not a critical scholar and might be characterised more to the purpose in a reverse sense. The tendency of most recent opinion is perhaps to find a middle way between extreme dates, but the suggestion that Dionysian texts belong to primitive times is now found only among some apologists belonging to the Latin Church. It is abandoned in Cardinal Mercier's MANUAL OF MODERN SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY.

[4] *Arcanum Divinitatis.*

[5] *Occultum illud supersubstantiale.* See in particular DE DIVINIS NOMINIBUS, *cap.* i.

[6] IBID., *cap.* ii, § 7. *Quasi germina, floresve ac lumina supersubstantialia.*

[7] *Spiritus Opifex:* cf. *Veni, Creator Spiritus.*

mount, where the Divine Spirit shews him the idea of the future fabric. "And let them make Me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them. According to all that I shew thee, after the pattern of the tabernacle, and the pattern of all the instruments thereof, even so shall ye make it."[1] Thus the Divine Mind doth instruct us "by setting forth ideas as by a kind of self-extension beyond Itself,"[2] and sometimes more particularly in dreams. To Nebuchadnezzar He presents a tree strong and high, reaching to the heavens "and the sight thereof to the ends of all the earth."[3] To Pharaoh he shews seven ears of corn. To Joseph He appears in sheaves and then resembles the sun, moon and stars. To conclude, He may express Himself by what He will, for in Him are innumerable, eternal prototypes, and He is the true fountain and treasure of forms.

But that we may come at last to the scope proposed: God the Father is the Metaphysical, Supercelestial Sun; the Second Person is the Light; and the Third is Fiery Love,[4] or a Divine Heat proceeding from both. Now, without the presence of this Heat there is no reception of the Light and by consequence no influx from the Father of Lights. For this Love is the medium which unites the Lover to that which is beloved, and probably 'tis the Platonic's "Chief Daimon, Who doth unite us with the Prefects of Spirits."[5] I could speak much more of the offices of this Loving Spirit, but these are "grand

[1] EXODUS, xxv, 8, 9.

[2] *Porrigendo ideas quadam extensione sui extra se.*

[3] DANIEL, iv, 11.

[4] *Amor igneus.* The Holy Spirit is regarded in orthodox theology as the bond of love between the Father and the Son. So also in the inward human trinity the desire part is the bond between mind and will. Finally, in the great attainment love is the chain of union between the soul and the Christ-Spirit.

[5] *Dæmon magnus qui conjungit nos spirituum præfecturis.* In this conception of love as the bond of union between the worlds within and without Thomas Vaughan suffers comparison for a moment with those early English mystics Richard Rolle of Hampole and Dame Julian of Norwich.

mysteries of God and Nature"[1] and require not our discussion so much as our reverence. Here also I might speak of that Supernatural Generation whereof Trismegistus: "The Monad begetteth the Monad and doth reflect upon itself its own fervour."[2] But I leave this to the Almighty God as His own essential, central mystery. It is my only intention in this place to handle exterior actions, or the process of the Trinity from the centre to the circumference; and that I may the better do it you are to understand that God—before His work of creation—was wrapped up and contracted in Himself. In this state the Egyptians style Him the Solitary Monad[3] and the Kabalists Dark Aleph;[4] but when the decreed instant of creation came, then appeared Bright Aleph,[5] and the first emanation was that of the Holy Ghost into the bosom of the matter. Thus we read that "darkness was upon the face of the deep" and "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."[6] Here you are to observe that, notwithstanding this process of the Third Person, yet was there no light, but darkness on the face of the deep, illumination properly being the office of the Second. Wherefore God also, when the matter was prepared by Love for Light, gives out His *Fiat Lux*, which was no creation—as most think—but an emanation of the Word, in Whom was life, and that life is the light of men. This is that light whereof St John speaks, that it "shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not."[7] But lest I seem

[1] *Magnalia Dei et Naturæ.*

[2] *Monas gignit Monaden, et in se suum reflectit ardorem.*

[3] *Monas solitaria.*

[4] *Aleph tenebrosum.*

[5] *Aleph lucidum.* The letter *Aleph* is, so to speak, the first path by which the Divine passed into manifestation. It connects with *Kether*, the Supreme Crown, as this connects with *Ain Soph*, the fathomless abyss of Godhead in the unmanifest state. Here is the sense in which God is called Dark *Aleph* prior to creation. Bright *Aleph* is the first path which I have mentioned, and it unites *Kether* with *Chokmah*, or Supernal Wisdom, in the Sephirotic scheme. But *Aleph* is also the Doctrine, dark as to its hidden meanings and bright as to its open sense. But the dark and the light are both a mystery of love, and they are better described as light in its concealment and revelation.

[6] GENESIS, i, 2.

[7] ST JOHN, i, 5.

to be singular in this point I will give you more evidence. Pymander informing Trismegistus in the work of creation tells him the self-same thing. "I am that Light, the Mind, thy God, more ancient than the watery nature which shone forth out of the shadow."[1] And Georgius Venetus in his book *De Harmonia Mundi*: "Whatsoever liveth doth subsist by virtue of its inward heat. Thence that substance of heat, indifferently distributed through the world, is held to contain within itself a vital strength. Yea, Zoroaster witnesseth that all things were made out of fire when he saith: all things were produced from a single fire, from that fire, namely, which God, the dweller in the fiery essence—as Plato hath it—did ordain to appear in the substance of heaven and earth, at that time created rude and formless, that it might assume life and form. Hereupon the Fabricator did straightway give forth the *Sit Lux*, for which a mendacious rendering hath substituted *Fiat Lux*. For the Light is in no wise made but is communicated and admitted to things heretofore obscure, that they may be brightened and glorified in their forms."[2]

But to proceed: No sooner had the Divine Light pierced the bosom of the matter but the idea or pattern of the whole material world appeared in those primitive

[1] *Lumen illud Ego sum, Mens, Deus tuus antiquior quam natura humida, quæ ex umbra effulsit.* — Mercurii Trismegisti PIMANDRAS, *caput* i. I do not know what Latin rendering was used by Vaughan in this instance. It differs from that printed with the Greek text in *Divinus Pymander Hermetis Mercurii Trismegisti, cum commentariis* R. P. F. HANNIBALIS ROSSELI, the Calabrian Minorite Friar—a mine of orthodox theosophy in six tomes, folio.

[2] *Omne quod vivit, propter inclusum calorem vivit. Inde colligitur caloris naturam vim habere in se vitalem, in mundo passim diffusam: imo omnia ex igne facta esse testatur Zoroaster, dum ait: Omnia sub igne uno genita sunt, igne quippe illo, quem Deus Igneæ essentiæ Habitator (ut Plato ait) inesse jussit materiæ cœli et terræ jam creatæ, rudi et informi: ut vitam præstaret et formam. Hinc illis productis statim subintulit Opifex, Sit Lux—pro quo mendosa traductio habet Fiat Lux. Non enim facta est Lux, sed rebus adhuc obscuris communicata et insita, ut in suis formis claræ et splendentes fierent. . .*—There is no trace of Georgius Venetus in any dictionary of biographical reference.

waters, like an image in a glass. By this pattern it was that the Holy Ghost framed and modelled the universal structure. This mystery or appearance of the idea is excellently manifested in the magical analysis of bodies. For he that knows how to imitate the proto-chemistry of the Spirit, by separation of the principles wherein the life is imprisoned, may see the impress of it experimentally in the outward natural vestments.[1] But lest you should think this my invention and no practical truth I will give you another man's testimony. "I ask"—saith one—"what great philosophers would say if they saw the plant born as in a moment in the glass vial, with its colours as in life, if they saw it again die, again reborn, and this daily, whensoever they please? But the power to deceive human senses is included, I believe, in the magical art of demons." They are the words of Dr Marci in his *Defensio Idearum Operatricium*.[2] But you are to be admonished there is a twofold idea—Divine and natural. The natural is a fiery, invisible, created spirit and properly a mere enclosure or vestment of the true One.[3] Hence the Platonists called it "the nimbus of descending Divinity."[4] Zoroaster and some other philosophers think it is the Soul of the World; but—by their leave—they are mistaken. There is a wide difference betwixt Soul and Spirit.[5] But the idea I speak of here is the true, primitive, exemplar one and a pure influence of

[1] Vaughan's quoted illustration looks wide of his proper meaning, and there would seem to be singular confusion in his mode of expression. *Ex hypothesi*, the soul ascends to union with its prototype in Divine attainment by a liberation from imprisoning principles.

[2] *Quid quæso dicerent hi tanti Philosophi si plantam quasi momento nasci in vitreo vase viderent, cum suis ad vivum coloribus, et rursum interire, et renasci, idque quoties, et quando luberet? Credo Dæmonum Arte et Magica inclusum dicerent illudere sensibus humanis.*—I have sought to identify this writer under all reasonable variations of the name as given, but without success.

[3] The word is used in the metaphysical sense of form.

[4] *Nimbus Numinis descendentis.*

[5] As between Ψυχή=*Anima* and Πνεῦμα=*Spiritus.* Compare *Anima* and *Animus*, as used by some of the mystics.

the Almighty. This idea, before the coagulation of the seminal principles to a gross outward fabric—which is the end of generation—impresseth in the vital, ethereal principles a model or pattern after which the body is to be framed, and this is the first inward production or draft of the creature. This is it which the Divine Spirit intimates to us in that Scripture where He saith that God created "every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew."[1] But, notwithstanding this presence of the idea in the Matter, yet the creation was not performed "by the projection of something from the essence of the idea,"[2] for it is God that comprehends His creature and not the creature God.

Thus far have I handled this primitive supernatural part of the creation. I must confess it is but short in respect of that which may be spoken; but I am confident it is more than formerly hath been discovered, some authors having not searched so deeply into the centre of Nature and others not willing to publish such spiritual mysteries.[3] I am now come to the gross work or mechanics of the Spirit, namely, the separation of several substances from the same mass. But in the first place I shall examine that limbus or huddle of matter wherein all things were so strangely contained. It is the opinion of some men, and those learned, that this sluggish, empty rudiment of the creature was no created thing. I must confess the point is obscure as the thing itself and to state it with sobriety—except a man were illuminated with the same light that this chaos was at first—is altogether impossible. For how can we judge of a nature different from our own, whose species also was so remote from anything now existent that it is impossible for fancy to apprehend, much more for reason to define it? If it be

[1] GENESIS, ii, 5. [2] *Extramittendo aliquid de essentiâ ideæ.*

[3] It must be said that there is nothing especially new in Vaughan's disquisition, which is a combination of Kabalistic and Platonic theosophy.

created, I conceive it the effect of the Divine Imagination, acting beyond itself in contemplation of that which was to come and producing this passive darkness for a subject to work upon in the circumference. Trismegistus, having first expressed his vision of light, describes the matter in its primitive state thus: "And in a short time after"—he saith—"the darkness was thrust downwards, partly confused and dejected, and tortuously circumscribed, so that I appeared to behold it transformed into a certain humid substance and more agitated than words could express, vomiting forth smoke as from fire and emitting an inexpressible and lugubrious sound."[1] Certainly these *tenebræ* he speaks of, or fuliginous spawn of Nature, were the first created Matter, for that water we read of in Genesis was a product or secondary substance.[2] Here also he seems to agree further with the Mosaical tradition. For this "smoke" which ascended after the transmutation can be nothing else but that darkness which was upon the face of the deep.

But, to express the particular mode or way of the creation, you are to understand that in the Matter there was a horrible, confused qualm or stupefying spirit of moisture, cold and darkness. In the opposite principle of light there was heat and the effect of it—siccity. For these two are no elemental qualities, as the Galenists and my Peripatetics suppose. But they are—if I may say so—the hands of the Divine Spirit, by which He did work upon the Matter, applying every agent to his proper patients. These two are active and masculine; those of moisture and cold are passive and feminine. Now, as soon as the Holy Ghost and the Word—for it was not

[1] *Et paulo post tenebræ deorsum ferebantur, partim trepidandæ ac tristes effectæ, tortuose terminatæ: ut imaginarer me vidisse commutatas tenebras in humidam quandam naturam, ultra quam dici potest agitatam, et velut ab igne fumum evomere, ac sonum aliquem edere inenunciabilem et lugubrem.*—DIVINUS PYMANDER, *cap.* i.

[2] This argument illustrates the folly of seeking to reconcile independent cosmical speculations.

the one nor the other but both, "the Formative Mind conjoined with the Word,"[1] as Trismegistus hath it: I omit that speech, "Let us make man," which effectually proves their union in the work—had applied themselves to the Matter, there was extracted from the bosom of it a thin, spiritual, celestial substance, which, receiving a tincture of heat and light, proceeding from the Divine Treasuries, became a pure, sincere, innoxious fire. Of this the bodies of angels consist, as also the empyreal heaven, where intellectual essences have their residence. This was "the primeval marriage of God and Nature,"[2] the first and best of compositions. This extract—being thus settled above and separated from the mass—retained in it a vast portion of light and made the first day without a sun. But the splendour of the Word expelling the darkness downwards it became more settled and compact towards the centre and made a horrible, thick night. Thus God—as the Hebrew hath it—was between the light and the darkness, for the Spirit remained still on the face of the inferior portion, to extract more from it. In the second separation was educed "the nimble atmosphere"[3]—as Trismegistus calls it—a spirit not so refined as the former but vital and in the next degree to it. This was extracted in such abundance that it filled all the space from the mass to the empyreal heaven, under which it was condensed to a water, but of a different constitution from the elemental; and this is the body of the interstellar sky. But my Peripatetics, following the principles of Aristotle and Ptolemy, have imagined so

[1] *Mens opifex una cum Verbo.*—DIVINUS PYMANDER, *cap.* i. Compare *cap.* xv: *Verbum absolutum fœcundum opifex*, cap. xii: *Verbum mentis imago*; and finally *cap.* iv: *Universum mundum construxit Opifex non manibus sed Verbo.* According to the ZOHAR, Shekinah was the architect of worlds, acting in virtue of the Word which God uttered in creation, which Word was united to the Spirit. It is difficult, however, to separate Shekinah from the Word of Kabalism. The Word is called also the Son in *Chokmah* and Shekinah the Daughter in *Binah.* See my SECRET DOCTRINE IN ISRAEL, pp. 192, 64, 217, 300.

[2] *Primum Matrimonium Dei et Naturæ.* [3] *Aer agilis.*

many wheels there, with their final diminutive epicycles, that they have turned that regular fabric to a rumbling, confused labyrinth.

The inferior portion of this second extract from the moon to the earth remained air still, partly to divide the inferior and superior waters, but chiefly for the respiration and nourishment of the creatures. This is that which is properly called the firmament, as it is plain out of Esdras: "Upon the second day thou madest the spirit of the firmament,"[1] for it is "the bond of all Nature,"[2] and in the outward geometrical composure it answers to "the middle substance,"[3] for it is spread through all things, hinders vacuity and keeps all the parts of Nature in a firm, invincible union. This is "the sieve of Nature,"[4] as one wittily calls it, a thing appointed for most secret and mysterious offices; but we shall speak further of it when we come to handle the elements particularly. Nothing now remained but the two inferior principles—as we commonly call them—earth and water. The earth was an impure, sulphureous subsidence or *caput mortuum* of the creation. The water also was phlegmatic, crude and *raco*, not so vital as the former extractions. But the Divine Spirit, to make His work perfect, moving also upon these, imparted to them life and heat, and made them fit for future productions. The earth was so overcast and mantled with the water that no part thereof was to be seen. But that it might be the more immediately exposed to the celestial influences which are the cause of vegetation the Spirit orders a retreat of the waters, and breaks up for them His "decreed plan" and sets them "bars and doors."[5]

The light as yet was not confined, but—retaining its vast flux and primitive liberty—equally possessed the

[1] II ESDRAS, vi, 41.
[2] *Ligamentum totius Naturæ.*
[3] *Natura media.*
[4] *Cribrum Naturæ.*
[5] JOB, xxxviii, 10.

whole creature. On the fourth day it was collected to a sun and taught to know his fountain. The darkness, whence proceed the corruptions and consequently the death of the creature, was imprisoned in the centre, but breaks out still when the day gives it leave, and like a baffled giant thrusts his head out of doors in the absence of his adversary. Thus Nature is a Lady whose face is beauteous but not without a black-bag. Howsoever, when it shall please God more perfectly to refine His creatures this tincture shall be expelled quite beyond them,[1] and then it will be an outward darkness—from which, Good Lord, deliver us.

Thus have I given you a cursory and short express of the creation in general. I shall now descend to a more particular examination of Nature and especially her inferior, elemental parts, through which man passeth daily and from which he cannot be separated. I was about to desist in this place, to prevent all future acclamations ; for when a Peripatetic finds here but three—nay, but two genuine—elements, earth and water—for the air is something more—will he not cry out I have committed sacrilege against Nature and stole the fire from her altar ? This is noise indeed, but till they take coach in a cloud and discover that idol they prefer next to the moon, I am resolved to continue in my heresy. I am not only of opinion but I am sure there is no such principle in Nature. The fire which she useth is "the physical and incorporeal horizon, the bond of either world and the sigil of the Holy Spirit."[2] It is no chimera, commentitious quirck, like that of the schoolmen. I shall therefore request my friends the Peripatetics to return their fourth element to Aristotle, that he may present it to

[1] Presumably at that period which is called in Zoharic Kabalism the Day of Messiah, the Day of Eternal Peace and the Sabbath of Creation.

[2] *Horizon corporeorum et incorporeorum, nexus utriusque mundi et sigillum Spiritus Sancti.* Vaughan very often omits to mention the writers from whom he quotes, and it is obviously impossible therefore to identify his sources in such cases.

Alexander the Great as the first part of a new world, for there is no such thing in the old.

To proceed then : the earth—as you were told before —being the subsidence or remains of that primitive mass which God formed out of darkness, must needs be a feculent, impure body ; for the extractions which the Divine Spirit made were pure, oleous, ethereal substances, but the crude, phlegmatic, indigested humours settled like lees towards the centre. The earth is spongy, porous and magnetical, of composition loose, the better to take in the several influences of heat, rains and dews for the nurture and conservation of her products. In her is the principal residence of that matrix which attracts and receives the sperm from the masculine part of the world. She is Nature's Etna : here Vulcan doth exercise himself, not that limping poetical one which halted after his fall, but a pure, celestial, plastic fire. We have astronomy here under our feet ; the stars are resident with us and abundance of jewels and *pentauras*. She is the nurse and receptacle of all things, for the superior natures engulf themselves into her ; what she receives this age she discovers to the next and like a faithful treasurer conceals no part of her account. Her proper, congenial quality is cold.

I am now to speak of the water. This is the first element we read of in Scripture, the most ancient of principles and the mother of all things amongst visibles.[1] Without the mediation of this the earth can receive no blessing at all, for moisture is the proper cause of mixture and fusion. The water hath several complexions, according to the several parts of the creature. Here below, and in the circumference of all things, it is volatile, crude and *raco*. For this very cause Nature makes it no part of her provision but she rectifies it first, exhaling it up with her heat and then condensing it to rains and dews, in

[1] Meaning the first principle which Vaughan is prepared to recognise as such ; but the text of GENESIS certifies the creation of heaven and earth before water is mentioned. The earth postulated obviously and presupposed the water which covered it.

which state she makes use of it for nourishment. Somewhere it is interior, vital and celestial, exposed to the Breath of the First Agent and stirred with spiritual, eternal winds. In this condition it is Nature's wanton —*fœmina satacissima*, as one calls it. This is that Psyche of Apuleius,[1] and the fire of Nature is her Cupid. He that hath seen them both in the same bed will confess that love rules all. But to speak something of our common elemental water: it is not altogether contemptible. There are hidden treasures in it, but so enchanted we cannot see them—for all the chest is so transparent. "The congealed spirit of invisible water is better than all the earth," saith the noble and learned Sendivogius.[2] I do not advise the reader to take this phlegm to task, as if he could extract a Venus from the sea, but I wish him to study water, that he may know the fire.

I have now handled the two elements and more I cannot find. I know the Peripatetics pretend to four and—with the help of their master's quintessence—to a fifth principle. I shall at leisure diminish their stock, but the thing to be now spoken of is air. This is no element but a certain miraculous hermaphrodite, the cement of two worlds and a medley of extremes. It is Nature's commonplace, her index, where you may find all that ever she did or intends to do. This is the world's panegyric; the excursions of both globes meet here; and I may call it the *rendezvous*. In this are innumerable magical forms of men and beasts, fish and fowl, trees, herbs and all creeping things.[3] This is "the sea of

[1] The *onus probandi* is on those who affirm or suggest, like Vaughan, that the Legend of Cupid and Psyche has a cosmic meaning. Pernety interpreted Psyche as signifying Mercurial Water and Cupid as igneous fixed earth; but these things are reveries.

[2] *Spiritus aquæ invisibilis congelatus melior est quam terra universa.* The actual quotation I have not found in NOVUM LUMEN CHEMICUM; but the Epilogue speaks of that water which does not wet the hands and is more precious than anything in the world.

[3] It is plain that the elements of Thomas Vaughan are not the putative

invisible things" ;[1] for all the conceptions "in the bosom of the higher Nature"[2] wrap themselves in this tiffany before they embark in the shell. It retains the species of all things whatsoever and is the immediate receptacle of spirits after dissolution, whence they pass to a superior limbus.[3] I should amaze the reader if I did relate the several offices of this body, but it is the magician's back door and none but friends come in at it. I shall speak nothing more, only this I would have you know : the air is "the body of life of our sensitive spirit,"[4] our animal oil, the fuel of the vital, sensual fire, without which we cannot subsist a minute.

I am now come to the fourth and last substance, the highest *in scala Naturæ*. There is no fifth principle—no quintessence as Aristotle dreamed—but God Almighty. This fourth essence is a moist, silent fire. This fire passeth through all things in the world and it is Nature's chariot. In this she rides ; when she moves this moves ; and when she stands this stands, like the wheels in Ezekiel, whose motion depended on that of the spirit. This is the mask and screen of the Almighty : wheresoever He is, this train of fire attends Him. Thus He appears to Moses in the bush, but it was in fire. The prophet sees Him break out at the North, but like a fire catching itself.[5] At Horeb He is attended with a mighty

elements of old physics, and this appears very plainly in other texts. His air as a receptacle of forms recalls the Astral Light of Paracelsus and Éliphas Lévi, which answers to the memory of Nature.

[1] *Mare rerum invisibilium.*

[2] *In sinu superioris Naturæ.*

[3] The expression is not alchemical. The limbus of Nature is that primeval matter which had not as yet been separated into the four elements. — Pernety : DICTIONNAIRE MYTHO-HERMÉTIQUE. But Rulandus, who claims to follow Paracelsus, calls limbus "the universal world," understood as composed of four elements.—LEXICON ALCHEMIÆ. Later on Vaughan speaks of a limbus of spirits, a sphere of pure fire under the Throne of God.

[4] *Corpus vitæ spiritus nostri sensitivi.*—AGRIPPA.

[5] EZEKIEL, i, 4, according to a marginal reading of the Authorised Version. The Vulgate gives *ignis involvens*, followed by the Authorised Version in the text proper, which is "fire infolding gives itself."

strong wind ; but after this comes the fire, and with it a still small voice. Esdras also defines Him a God Whose service is conversant in wind and fire. This fire is the vestment of the Divine Majesty, His back-parts which He shewed to Moses ; but His naked, royal essence none can see and live. The glory of His presence would swallow up the natural man and make him altogether spiritual. Thus Moses his face—after conference with Him—shines, and from this small tincture we may guess at our future estate in the regeneration. But I have touched the veil and must return to the outer court of the Sanctuary.[1]

I have now in some measure performed that which at first I promised—an exposition of the world and the parts thereof. But in respect of my affection to truth and the dominion I wish her, I shall be somewhat more particular in the examination of Nature and proceed to a further discovery of her riches. I advise the reader to be diligent and curious in this subsequent part of the discourse, that having once attained to the fundamentals of science he may the better understand her superstructures. Know then that every element is threefold, this triplicity being the express image of their Author and a seal He hath laid upon His creature. There is nothing on earth—though never so simple, so vile and abject in the sight of man—but it bears witness of God, even to that abstruse mystery, His Unity and Trinity. Every compound whatsoever is three in one and one in three. The basest reptile even, in his outward symmetry, testifies of his Author, his several proportions answering to their eternal, superior Prototype. Now, man hath the use of all these creatures, God having furnished him with a living library wherein to employ himself. But he,

[1] As if Vaughan knew that the true Son of the Sun in the dream of spiritual alchemy is man in the arch-natural, transfigured state, manifested on Mount Tabor, a mystery of the Holy of Holies, in comparison with which his occult physics and cosmological visions belong to the outer court and the precincts.

neglecting the works of his Creator, prosecutes the inventions of the creature, laps up the vomit of Aristotle and other illiterate ethnics—men as concerning the faith reprobate and in the law of Nature altogether unskilful, scribbling, blasphemous atheists; "whose souls"—as Agrippa hath it—"are torn and distracted by hearing and behold the infernal gods."[1] He is much troubled at those Mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation; one denies, another grants them; but if they did once see the light of Nature they might find those Mysteries by reason which are now above their faith.

When I speak of a natural triplicity, I speak not of kitchen-stuff—those three pot-principles, water, oil and earth. But I speak of celestial, hidden natures[2] known only to absolute magicians, whose eyes are in the centre, not in the circumference; and in this sense every element is threefold. For example, there is a threefold earth: first, there is elementary earth, then there is celestial earth, and lastly there is spiritual earth.[3] The influences of the spiritual earth, by mediation of the celestial, are united to the terrestrial and are the true cause of life and vegetation. These three are the fundamentals of Art and Nature. The first is a visible, tangible substance; pure, fixed and incorruptible; of quality cold but—by application of a superior agent—dry; and by consequence a fit receptacle of moisture. This is the Created *Aleph*,[4] the true Adamic Earth[5]—the basis of every building in heaven and earth. It answers to God the Father, being

[1] *Quorum animas distrahi et torqueri audiunt, videntque inferos.*

[2] The analogy in our natural humanity would be the mind, emotions and will, of which also there is a celestial state—attained in the work of sanctity.

[3] That is, *Terra elementaris*, *Terra cœlestis* and *Terra Spiritualis*, the last being *Terra viventium*.

[4] *Aleph creatum* is presumably *Aleph parvum*, which is *Malkuth* = the Kingdom or manifest world in its state of perfection, prior to the coming of the Serpent. *Aleph parvum* is in analogy, among things seen, with *Aleph magnum* in the hiddenness, which is *Kether* = the Crown.

[5] *Terra Adama*, the sophic, spiritual earth, of which the first man was made—according to the Zohar. Thereon also the Temple was built in Zion. It is red, veined earth, after the manner of a pomegranate.

the natural foundation of the creature, as He is the supernatural. Without this nothing can be perfected in magic. The second principle is the infallible magnet, the Mystery of Union. By this all things may be attracted, whether physical or metaphysical—be the distance never so great. This is Jacob's Ladder: without this there is no ascent or descent, either influential or personal.[1] The absence of this I conceive to be that gulf between Abraham and Dives. This answers to God the Son, for it is that which mediates between extremes, and makes inferiors and superiors communicate. But there is not one in ten thousand knows either the substance or the use of this nature. The third principle is properly no principle: it is not "from which" but "by which all things are."[2] This can do all in all, and the faculties thereof are not to be expressed. It answers to the Holy Ghost, for amongst naturals it is the only agent and artificer.

Now, he that knows these three perfectly, with their several gradations or annexed links, which differ not in substance but complexion; he that can reduce their impurities to one sincere consistence and their multiplicities to a spiritual, essential simplicity; he is an absolute, complete magician and in full possibility to all strange, miraculous performances. In the second place, you are to learn that every element is twofold. This duplicity or confusion is that *Binarius* whereof Agrippa *In Scalis Numerorum*,[3] as also both himself and Trithemius in their Epistles.[4] Other authors who dealt in this science

[1] The ascent of the Tree of Life in Kabalism and the descent of grace thereby. It is said that Israel ascended in thought to *Chokmah* = Wisdom.

[2] *Non ex quo, sed per quod omnia.*

[3] According to Agrippa, the number two is a figure of charity, mutual love and marriage. It is in correspondence with the Divine Name *Yah* = יה, which represents the union of Jehovah and Elohim, or God and His Shekinah. But it is also a number of confusion, discord and uncleanness, and of the admixture of good and evil.

[4] See note on p. 68 regarding the correspondence of Cornelius Agrippa. Certain letters which passed between Agrippa and Trithemius on the subject of DE OCCULTA PHILOSOPHIA are prefixed to that work, but they are respectively dedication and panegyric.

were pragmatical scribblers and understood not this Secret of the Shades.[1] This is it in which the creature prevaricates and falls from his first harmonical unity. You must therefore subtract the duad[2] and then the magician's triad may be reduced "by the tetrad into the very simple monad," and by consequence "into a metaphysical union with the Supreme Monad."[3]

The sun and moon are two magical principles—the one active, the other passive; this masculine, that feminine. As they move, so move the wheels of corruption and generation. They mutually dissolve and compound; but properly the moon is "the instrument of the transmutation of inferior matter."[4] These two luminaries are multiplied and fructify in every one particular generation. There is not a compound in all Nature but hath in it a little sun and a little moon. The little sun is son of the Celestial Sun; the little moon is daughter of the Celestial Moon.[5] What offices soever the two great luminaries perform for the conservation of the great world in general, these two little luminaries perform the like for the conservation of their small cask or microcosm in particular. They are "miniatures of the greater animal"[6] —heaven and earth in a lesser character. God—like a wise Architect—sits in the centre of all, repairs the ruins of His building, composeth all disorders and continues His creature in his first primitive harmony. The invisible, central moon is "that well-watered and many fountained moist principle"[7] at whose top sit Jove and Juno in a throne of gold.[8] Juno is an incombustible, eternal oil and therefore a fit receptacle of fire. This fire is her

[1] *Secretum Tenebrarum.* [2] *Subtrahere Binarium.*
[3] *In metaphysicam cum Supremâ Monade unionem.*
[4] *Organum transmutationis inferioris materiæ.*
[5] *Filius Solis cœlestis; Filia Lunæ cœlestis.*
[6] *Mimulæ Majoris Animalis.*
[7] *Iela illa rivosa et multifontana.* The translation is speculative in respect of the word *Iela.*
[8] In Christian mystical symbolism the soul is a moon shining in the light of that Sun which is the Christ-Spirit.

Jove, the little sun we spoke of formerly. These are the true principles of the Stone ; these are the philosopher's Sun and Moon—not gold and silver, as some mountebanks and *carbonados* would have it. But in respect I have proceeded thus far, I will give you a receipt of the Medicine. ℞, Ten parts of celestial slime. Separate the male from the female, and then each from its earth, naturally, however, and without violence. Conjoin after separation in due, harmonic, vital proportion. The soul, descending straightway from the pyroplastic sphere, shall restore its dead and deserted body by a wonderful embrace. The conjoined substances shall be warmed by a natural fire in a perfect marriage of spirit and body. Proceed according to the Vulcano-Magical Artifice till they are exalted into the Fifth Metaphysical Rota. This is that Medicine about which so many have scribbled but so few have known.[1]

It is a strange thing to consider that there are in Nature incorruptible, immortal principles. Our ordinary kitchen fire—which in some measure is an enemy to all compositions—notwithstanding doth not so much destroy as purify some parts. This is clear out of the ashes of vegetables ; for although their weaker, exterior elements expire by violence of the fire yet their earth cannot be destroyed but vitrified.[2] The fusion and transparency of

[1] I must confess to a feeling that this recipe is a jest or a kind of parody on the ridiculous processes given by pretenders in alchemy. It is given in Latin as follows : *Rc. Limi cœlestis partes decem. Separetur masculus a fœminâ, uterque porro a terrâ suâ, physice tamen et citra omnem violentiam. Separata proportione debitâ, harmonicâ et vitali conjunge. Statimque anima descendens a sphærâ pyroplasticâ mortuum suum et relictum corpus amplexu mirifico restaurabit. Conjuncta foveantur igne naturali in perfectum matrimonium spiritus et corporis. Procedas artificio vulcanico-magico quousque exaltentur in quintam rotam metaphysicam. Hæc est illa de quâ tot scribillarunt, tam pauci noverunt, Medicina.*

[2] According to the LEXICON ALCHEMIÆ of Rulandus, the process called vitrification is "the burning of lime and cinders into transparent glass." But according to the DICTIONNAIRE MYTHO-HERMÉTIQUE of Antoine Pernety, it is that coction of the Alchemical Stone which brings it to the red state. For the rest, it would appear that ashes are ashes and dust is dust.

this substance is occasioned by the radical moisture or seminal water of the compound. This water resists the fury of the fire and cannot possibly be vanquished. "The rose lieth hidden through the winter in this water"—saith the learned Severinus.[1] These two principles are never separated, for Nature proceeds not so far in her dissolutions. When death hath done her worst there is an union between these two and out of them shall God raise us at the last day and restore us to a spiritual constitution. Besides there remains in them that primitive, universal tincture of the fire. This is still busy after death, brings Nature again into play, produceth worms and other inferior generations. I do not conceive there shall be a resurrection of every species, but rather their terrestrial parts, together with the element of water—for there shall be "no more sea"[2]—shall be united in one mixture with the earth and fixed to a pure, diaphanous substance. This is St John's crystal gold, a fundamental of the New Jerusalem, so called not in respect of colour but constitution.[3] Their spirits, I suppose, shall be reduced to their first limbus—a sphere of pure ethereal fire, like rich eternal tapestry spread under the Throne of God.

Thus, Reader, have I made a plenary but short inquisition into the mysteries of Nature. It is more than hitherto hath been discovered and therefore I expect the more opposition. I know my reward is calumny; but he that hath already condemned the vanity of opinion is not like to respect that of censure. I shall now put the creatures to their just use and from this shallow contemplation ascend to mine and their Author.

[1] *In hac aquâ rosa latet in hieme.*—Marcus Aurelius Severinus wrote CONTROVERSIA DE VERÆ CIRCULI MENSURA, 1647, and ANTIPERIPATETICA—*hoc est adversus Aristoteleos*—DIATRIBA, 1659, besides medical works.

[2] REVELATIONS, xxi, 1.

[3] The text says: "Pure gold, as it were transparent glass."—*Ibid.*, xxi, 21.

Lord God, this was a stone
As hard as any one
Thy laws in Nature framed.
'Tis now a springing well
And many drops can tell,
Since it by Art was framed.

My God, my heart is so ;
'Tis all of flint and no
Extract of tears will yield.
Dissolve it with Thy fire,
That something may aspire
And grow up in my field.

Bare tears I'll not entreat,
But let Thy Spirit's seat
Upon those waters be ;
Then I—new form'd with light—
Shall move without all night
Or eccentricity.

It is requisite now—if we follow that method which God Himself is Author of—to examine the nature and composition of man, having already described those elements or principles whereof he was made and consists. Man—if we look on his material parts—was taken out of the great world, as woman was taken out of man. I shall therefore—to avoid repetition—refer the reader to the former part of this discourse, where—if things be rightly understood—he cannot be ignorant in his material frame and composure. We read in Genesis that God made him out of the earth. This is a great mystery, for it was not the common pot-clay but another and that of a far better nature.[1] He that knows this knows the subject of the Philosophical Medicine,[2] and by consequence what

[1] See the Zoharic reference respecting *Terra Adama* in a previous note.

[2] This is a clear issue at its value. The material elements of which man's body is formed are those by which that body can be preserved. We are acquainted with those elements and we know also that they cannot be

destroys or preserves the temperament of man. In this are principles homogeneal with his life, such as can restore his decays and reduce his disorders to a harmony. They that are ignorant in this point are not competent judges of life and death, but quacks and piss-pot doctors. The learned Arias Montanus calls this Matter "the unique particle of the multiplex earth."[1] If these words be well examined you may possibly find it out; and so much for his body. His soul is an essence not to be found in the texture of the great world and therefore merely divine and supernatural.[2] Montanus calls it "Wind of the Divine Spirit and Breath of Divine Life."[3] He seems also to make the creation of man a little incarnation, as if God in this work had multiplied Himself. Adam—saith he—received his soul "by an admirable and singular inspiration and fructification of God, if it be lawful so to call it."[4] St Luke also tells us the same thing, for he makes Adam the son of God, not in respect of the exterior act of creation but by way of descent.[5] And this St Paul confirms in the words of Aratus—"for we are also His generation."[6] The soul of man consists chiefly of two portions, *Rua'h* and *Nephesh*—inferior and superior. The superior is masculine and eternal, the inferior feminine and

combined to form that kind of Philosophical Medicine to which Vaughan alludes. It follows that he was writing speculatively and knew neither the Supposed Medicine nor the physical constitution of man.

[1] *Multiplicis Terræ particula singularis.* Benito Arias Montanus, 1527–98, was a Spanish antiquary and orientalist. In addition to a work on Jewish antiquities, he wrote HUMANÆ SALUTIS MONUMENTA, 1571, and HISTORIA NATURÆ, which does not seem to have appeared till 1601, or three years after his death.

[2] Vaughan's view, as appears elsewhere, is that man became a "living soul" by a gift of God, being the breathing of the Divine Spirit. The soul of man is the Divine Spirit in flesh, and ultimately this Spirit "returns to God Who gave it."

[3] *Divini Spiritus aura, et Vitæ Divinæ halitus.*

[4] *Ex admiranda singularique Dei inspiratione, et ut sic loqui sit fas, fructificatione.*

[5] "The son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God."—ST LUKE, iii, 38.

[6] ACTS, xvii, 28. The Authorised Version gives "offspring" in place of "generation."

mortal.[1] In these two consists our spiritual generation. "As, however, in the rest of living things and also in man himself, the conjunction of male and female tends towards a fruit and propagation becoming the nature of each, so in man himself that interior and secret association of male and female, to wit the copulation of male and female soul, is appointed for the production of fitting fruit of Divine Life. And unto this does that secret blessing and promised fecundity, that declared faculty and warning refer: Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion."[2]

Out of this and some former passages the understanding reader may learn that marriage is a comment on life, a mere hieroglyphic or outward representation of our inward vital composition.[3] For life is nothing else but an union of male and female principles, and he that perfectly knows this secret knows the mysteries of marriage—both spiritual and natural—and how he ought to use a wife. Matrimony is no ordinary trivial business, but in a moderate sense sacramental. It is a visible sign of our invisible union to Christ,[4] which St Paul calls a great mystery; and if the thing signified be so reverend the signature is no *ex tempore*, contemptible agent. But of this elsewhere. When God had thus finished His last and most excellent creature He appointed his residence in Eden, made him His viceroy and gave him a full juris-

[1] The chief Kabalistic division is, however, triadic: *Nephesh* = Life, *Rua'h* = Spirit and Mind = *Neshamah*, which is Soul of God.

[2] *Ut autem in cœteris animantibus, atque etiam in ipso homine, maris ac fœminæ conjunctio fructum propagationemque spectabat naturæ singulorum dignam: ita in homine ipso illa maris ac fœminæ interior arcanaque societas, hoc est animi atque animæ copulatio ad fructum vitæ divinæ idoneum producendum comparabatur. Atque huc illa arcana benedictio et fœcunditas concessa, huc illa declarata facultas et monitio spectat: Crescite et multiplicamini, et replete terram, et subjicite illam, et dominamini.*—Arias Montanus.

[3] Because that which is without is in analogy with that which is within, and the crown of all that is within is the union of the soul and the Christ-Spirit.

[4] But as to this union St Paul said: "I speak concerning Christ and the Church."—EPHESIANS, v, 32.

diction over all His works.[1]—that as the whole man consisted of body and spirit so the inferior earthly creatures might be subject to the one and the superior intellectual essences might minister to the other. But this royalty continued not long; for presently upon his preferment there was a faction in the heavenly court, and the angels scorning to attend this piece of clay contrived how to supplant him.[2] The first in this plot was Lucifer: Montanus tells me his name was Hilel. He casts about to nullify that which God had enacted—that so at once he might overreach Him and His creature. This policy he imparts to some others of the hierarchy and strengthens himself with conspirators. But there is no counsel against God. The mischief is no sooner hatched but he and his confederates are expelled from light to darkness. And thus rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft: a witch is a rebel in physics and a rebel is a witch in politics. The one acts against Nature, the other against Order—the rule of it. But both are in league with the devil, as the first father of discord and sorcery.

Satan being thus ejected—as the condition of reprobates is—became more hardened in his resolutions, and to bring his malice about arrives by permission at Eden. Here he makes woman his instrument to tempt man and overthrow him by the same means that God made for an help to him. Adam having thus transgressed the commandment was exposed to the lash, and in him his posterity. But here lies the knot: how can we possibly learn his disease if we know not the immediate efficient of it? If I question our divines what the forbidden fruit was I may be long enough without an answer. Search all the school-

[1] With this reverie may be compared that of the ZOHAR, which says that Adam was (1) crowned with celestial crowns, (2) given dominion over the six directions of space, (3) beheld the supreme mysteries, and (4) knew the glory of God.

[2] The Zohar gives account of at least two discussions in the court of heaven on the proposal to create man, one between God and His angels of a certain class and another of Shekinah with the angels Aza and Azael.

men—from Ramus[1] to Peter Hispan[2]—and they have no logic in the point. What shall we do in this case? To speak anything contrary to the sting of Aristotle—though perhaps we hit the mark—is to expose ourselves to the common hue. But in respect I prefer a private truth to a public error I will proceed. And now, Reader, prick up thine ears;[3] come on without prejudice, and I will tell thee that which never hitherto hath been discovered.

That which I now write must needs appear very strange and incredible to the common man,[4] whose knowledge sticks in the bark of allegories and mystical speeches, never apprehending that which is signified by them unto us. This, I say, must needs sound strange with such as understand the Scriptures in the literal, plain sense, considering not the scope and intention of the Divine Spirit, by Whom they were first penned and delivered. Howsoever, Origen—being *unus de multis* and in the judgment of many wise men the most learned of the fathers—durst never trust himself in this point, but always in those Scriptures where his reason could not satisfy concluded a mystery. Certainly if it be once granted—as some stick not to affirm—that the Tree of Knowledge was a vegetable and Eden a garden it may be very well inferred that the Tree of Life—being described after the same manner,[5] as the schoolmen express it—was a vegetable also. But how derogatory this is to the power of God, to the merits and passion of Jesus Christ, Whose gift eternal life is, let any indifferent Christian judge. Here then we have a certain entrance into Paradise, where we

[1] Petrus Ramus—*i.e.*, Pierre de la Ramée—1515–1572, represented the reaction against scholastic philosophy. He wrote ARISTOTELICÆ ANIMADVERSIONES, 1543, INSTITUTIONES DIALECTICÆ, 1548, and other treatises. In 1561 he embraced Protestantism. There is a tract by Milton on logic, based on the method of Ramus.

[2] I find no record concerning this writer.

[3] *Arrige aures.*

[4] This is measurably true to-day and still more in the mid-seventeenth century; but yet there is nothing remote from theosophical learning now, then or previously.

[5] *In eodem genere.*

may search out this Tree of Knowledge and haply learn what it is. For seeing it must be granted that by the Tree of Life is figured the Divine Spirit—for it is the Spirit that quickeneth and shall one day translate us from corruption to incorruption—it will be no indiscreet inference on the contrary that by the Tree of Knowledge is signified some sensual nature repugnant to the spiritual, wherein our worldly, sinful affections—as lust, anger and the rest—have their seat and predominate.

I will now digress a while, but not much from the purpose, whereby it may appear unto the reader that the letter is no sufficient expositor of Scripture and that there is a great deal of difference between the sound and the sense of the text. Dionysius the Areopagite in his Epistle to Titus gives him this *caveat*: "To know this is notwithstanding the crown of the work—that there is a twofold tradition of theologians, the one secret and mystical, the other evident and better known."[1] And in his book of *The Ecclesiastical Hierarchy*, written to Timotheus, he affirms that in the primitive, apostolical times—wherein he also lived—the Mysteries of Divinity were delivered "partly in written and partly in unwritten canons."[2] Some things he confesseth were written in the theological books, and such are the common doctrinals of the Church now, in which notwithstanding—as St Peter saith—there are many things hard to be understood.[3] Some things again "were communicated from mind to mind between the lines of the written word, but some which exceeded carnal understanding were transmitted without writing."[4] And certainly this oral tradition was the cause that in

[1] *Et hoc præterea operæ pretium est cognoscere, duplicem esse theologorum traditionem, arcanam alteram ac mysticam, alteram vero manifestam et notitiorem.*—EPISTOLA ix, Tito Episcopo. I do not know what Latin translation was used by Vaughan, but it was not that of Joannes Scotus.

[2] *Partim scriptis, partim non scriptis institutionibus.*

[3] II ST PETER, iii, 16.

[4] *Ex animo in animum medio quidem intercurrente verbo corporali, sed quod carnis penitus excederat sensum sine literis transfusa sunt.*

the subsequent ages of the Church all the Mysteries of Divinity were lost. Nay, this very day there is not one amongst all our school doctors or late extemporaries that knows what is represented unto us by the outward element of water in baptism. True indeed they tell us it betokens the washing away of sin, which we grant them, but this is not the full signification for which it was ordained. It hath been the common error of all times to mistake signum for *signatum*, the shell for the kernel. Yet to prevent this it was that Dionysius wrote his book of *The Celestial Hierarchy* and especially his *Theologia Significativa*,[1] of which there is such frequent mention made in his works. Verily our Saviour Himself, Who is blessed for evermore, did sometimes speak in parables and commanded further that pearls should not be cast forth unto swine, for "it is not given to all men to know the Mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven."[2] Supposing then —as it is most true—that amongst other mystical speeches contained in Scripture this of the Garden of Eden and the Tree in it is one, I shall proceed to the exposition of it in some measure, concealing the particulars notwithstanding.

Man in the beginning—I mean the substantial, inward man—both in and after his creation, for some short time, was a pure intellectual essence, free from all fleshly, sensual affections. In this state the *anima* or sensitive nature[3] did not prevail over the spiritual, as it doth now in us. For the superior mental part of man was united to God by an essential contact[4] and the Divine Light—

[1] That is, the TREATISE ON MYSTICAL THEOLOGY.

[2] ST MATTHEW, vii, 6; *ibid.*, xiii, 11.

[3] Meaning the Kabalistic *Nephesh*, as noted previously.

[4] The doctrine concerning the soul in Jewish theosophy is somewhat confused by this statement. We have seen that Rua'h is really the mind part and that *Neshamah* is the divine soul, but in this life it is not normally in realisation of its own royalty. The progress of *Neshamah* in Divine Knowledge is characterised by various names, as if there were higher parts of the soul. But there is also *Tsure*, the prototype of the individual soul in the Mind of God, an union with which is the highest mystical state in Jewish theosophy.

being received in and conveyed to the inferior portions of the soul—did mortify all carnal desires, insomuch that in Adam the sensitive faculties were scarce at all employed, the spiritual prevailing over them in him, as they do over the spiritual now in us. Hence we read in Scripture that during the state of innocence he did not know that he was naked ; but no sooner eats he of the Tree of Knowledge but he saw his nakedness and was ashamed of it—wherefore also he hides himself amongst the trees of the Garden, and when God calls to him he replies : "I heard thy voice in the Garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked ; and I hid myself." But God, knowing his former state, answers him with a question : "Who told thee that thou wast naked ? Hast thou eaten of the Tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat ?"[1] Here we see a twofold state of man : his first and best in the spiritual, substantial union of his intellectual parts to God[2] and the mortification of his ethereal, sensitive nature, wherein the fleshly, sinful affections had their residence ; his second—or his fall—in the eating of the forbidden fruit, which did cast asleep his intellectual faculties but did stir up and exalt the sensual. "For"—saith the serpent—"God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the Tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her ; and he did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew

[1] GENESIS, iii, 10, 11.

[2] This contrast is exceedingly useful in the sense that is not intended by Vaughan or the theosophy from which he derives. No such union is tolerated by the text of the myth in Genesis, and this is the first and most obvious answer to all the reveries, whether those of scholastic theology, of Kabalism, of Jacob Böhme, Saint-Martin or Martines de Pasqually. The myth proving unacceptable in its literal sense, allegories were devised to redeem it, but the myth was sacrificed in these.

that they were naked."[1] Thus we see the sensual faculties revived in our first parents and brought from potentiality into activity[2]—as the schoolmen speak—by virtue of this forbidden fruit. Neither did this eating suppress the intellectual powers[3] in Adam only but in all his generations after him; for the influence of this fruit passed, together with his nature, into his posterity. We are all born like Moses with a veil over the face. This is it which hinders the prospect of that intellectual shining light which God hath placed in us; and—to tell you a truth that concerns all mankind—the greatest mystery, both in divinity and philosophy, is how to remove it.[4]

It will not be amiss to speak something in this place of the nature and constitution of man, to make that more plain which already hath been spoken. As the great world consists of three parts—the elemental, the celestial and the spiritual—above all which God Himself is seated in that infinite, inaccessible light which streams from His own nature, even so man hath in him his earthly, elemental parts, together with the celestial and angelical natures, in the centre of all which moves and shines the Divine Spirit. The normal, celestial, ethereal part of man is that whereby we do move, see, feel, taste and smell, and have a commerce with all material objects whatsoever. It is the same in us as in beasts, and it is derived from heaven—where it is predominant—to all the inferior earthly creatures. In plain terms it is part of the Soul of the World,[5] commonly called the Medial Soul because

[1] GENESIS, iii, 5–7. [2] *De potentia in actum.*

[3] The witness of the text is of course in the opposite direction, for it is said that their eyes were opened, meaning the intellectual eyes—by the fact of knowledge acquired.

[4] This is one of Vaughan's very pregnant occasional dicta, and it is not less true nor is it the less significant should the root of the hindrance be other than he presumed.

[5] It is a little difficult to follow the psychology of Vaughan because of his loose method of expression. His view up to a certain point is really that of the Thomists, recognising (1) a material part of man, the earth of his body; (2) a soul part, which is the source of higher sensations and is

the influences of the Divine Nature are conveyed through it to the more material parts of the creature, with which of themselves they have no proportion. By means of this Medial Soul, or the ethereal nature, man is made subject to the influence of stars and is partly disposed of by the celestial harmony. For this middle spirit—middle, I mean, between both extremes and not that which actually unites the whole together—as well that which is in the outward heaven as that which is in man, is of a fruitful, insinuating nature and carried with a strong desire to multiply itself, so that the celestial form stirs up and excites the elemental. For this spirit is in man, in beasts, in vegetables, in minerals; and in everything it is the mediate cause of composition and multiplication. Neither should any wonder that I affirm this spirit to be in minerals because the operations of it are not discerned there. For shall we conclude therefore that there is no inward agent that actuates and specifies those passive, indefinite principles whereof they are compounded? Tell me not now of blind Peripatetical forms and qualities. A form is that which Aristotle could not define substantially, nor any of his followers after him, and therefore they are not competent judges of it. But—I beseech you—are not the faculties of this spirit suppressed in man also, as it appeareth in those that are blind? But notwithstanding the eye only is destroyed and not the visible power, for that remains, as it is plain in their dreams. Now, this vision is performed by a reflection

analogous to the soul in animals; (3) a spirit part, which Vaughan calls angelical and which, according to the Thomists, belongs to the *familia angelorum*. But Vaughan is not likely to have known St Thomas Aquinas at first hand and in reality he derived from Agrippa, who probably did. Agrippa says that the elements are in man according to their true properties. "In him also there is, as it were, an ethereal body, the chariot of the soul, corresponding analogically to the heaven. In him, moreover, there are the vegetative life of plants, the senses of animals, a celestial spirit, angelical reason and divine understanding, together with the true conjunction of all these towards one and the same end and divine possession."—DE OCCULTA PHILOSOPHIA, *Lib.* iii, *cap.* 36. Vaughan continues to follow Agrippa closely throughout this part of his thesis.

of the visual radii in their inward, proper cell. For Nature employs her gifts only where she finds a convenience and fit disposition of organs, which being not in minerals we may not expect so clear an expression of the natural powers in them. Notwithstanding, in the flowers of several vegetables—which in some sort represent the eyes—there is a more subtle, acute perception of heat and cold, and other celestial influences, than in any other part. This is manifest in those herbs which open at the rising and shut towards the sunset, which motion is caused by the spirit being sensible of the approach and departure of the sun. For indeed the flowers are—as it were—the spring of the spirit, where it breaks forth and streams, as it appears by the odours that are more celestial and comfortable there. Again, this is more evident in the plant-animals—as the vegetable lamb, *Arbor casta*, and several others. But this will not sink with any but such as have seen this spirit separated from his elements—where I leave it for this time.

Next to this sensual nature of man is the angelical or rational spirit. This spirit adheres sometimes to the *Mens*, or superior portion of the soul, and then it is filled with the Divine Light. But more commonly it descends into the ethereal, inferior portion which St Paul calls the natural man,[1] where it is altered by the celestial influences and diversely distracted with the irregular affections and passions of the sensual nature.

Lastly, above the rational spirit is the *Mens* or hidden intelligence,[2] commonly called the illuminated intellect,[3] and of Moses the breath of lives.[4] This is that spirit which God Himself breathed into man and by which man is united again to God. Now, as the Divine Light, flowing into the *Mens*, did assimilate and convert the inferior portions of the soul to God, so—on the contrary—the

[1] *Homo animalis.* See I CORINTHIANS, ii, 14.
[2] *Intelligentia abscondita.* [3] *Intellectus illustratus.*
[4] *Spiraculum vitarum.* The Vulgate gives *spiraculum vitæ.*

Tree of Knowledge did obscure and darken the superior portions but awaked and stirred up the animal, sinful nature. The sum of all is this : man, as long as he continued in his union to God, knew the good only [1]—that is, the things that were of God. But as soon as he stretched forth his hand and did eat of the forbidden fruit—that is, the middle soul or spirit of the greater world—presently upon his disobedience and transgression of the commandment, his union to the Divine Nature was dissolved ; and his spirit being united to the spirit of the world he knew the evil only, that is, the things that were of the world. True it is he knew the good and the evil, but the evil in a far greater measure than the good.

Some sparks of grace were left, and though the perfection of innocence was lost upon his Fall from the Divine Light, yet conscience remained still with him—partly to direct, partly to punish. Thus you see that this medial soul or middle spirit is figured by the Tree of Knowledge ; but he that knows why the Tree of Life is said to be in the midst of the Garden and to grow out of the ground will more fully understand that which we have spoken. We see, moreover, that the faculties ascribed to the Tree of Knowledge are to be found only in middle nature. First, it is said to be a tree to be desired to make one wise ; but it was fleshly, sensual wisdom, the wisdom of this world and not of God. Secondly, it is said to be good for food and pleasant to the eyes. So is the middle nature also, for it is the only medicine to repair the decays of the natural man and to continue our bodies in their primitive strength and integrity.[2]

[1] The text of the mythos says "knowing good and evil," from which it follows that prior to the catastrophe of the mythos man knew neither.

[2] This statement should be compared with one which has been the subject of a previous note. It was then said (*a*) that God formed man of an earth which was far better than ordinary clay, and (*b*) that such earth is the subject of the Philosophical Medicine, which preserves man. It is now said that the only repairing and therefore preserving Medicine is a certain middle nature, which is the spirit of this world and the for-

Lastly, that I may speak something for myself: this is no new unheard-of fancy, as the understanding reader may gather out of Trismegistus. Nay, I am verily of opinion that the Egyptians received this knowledge from the Hebrews, who lived a long time amongst them—as it appears out of Scripture—and that they delivered it over to the Grecians. This is plain out of Iamblichus, in his book *De Mysteriis*, where he hath these words:[1] "The man of understanding, unveiled before himself, was of old united to the contemplation of the gods; but it came about afterwards that another soul entered into possession, intermixed with the form of man, and for this cause he is saddled with the yoke of necessity and fate." And what else, I beseech you, is signified unto us in that poetical fable of Prometheus, that he should steal a certain fire from heaven, for which trespass God punished the world with a great many diseases and mortality?

But somebody may reply: seeing that God made all things very good—as it appears in His review of the creatures on the sixth day—how could it be a sin in Adam to eat that which in itself was good? Verily the sin was not grounded in the nature of that which he did eat,[2] but it was the inference of the commandment, inasmuch as he was forbidden to eat it. And this is that which St Paul tells us—that he had not known sin, had it not been for the Law.[3] And again, in another place: "The strength of sin is the Law."[4] But presently upon the disobedience of the first man and his transgression of

bidden fruit. If words mean anything, these two are one and the same Medicine; but if so God made man of the forbidden fruit, of a subject described otherwise as fleshly and sensual. It is no wonder that the Philosophical Medicine is affirmed also to destroy "the temperament of man." See pp. 32, 33 of the present work.

[1] *Contemplabilis in se intellectus homo erat quondam Deorum contemplationi conjunctus: deinde vero alteram ingressus est animam, circa humanam formæ speciem contemperatam, atque propterea in ipso necessitatis, fatique vinculo est alligatus.*—DE MYSTERIIS.

[2] It was so grounded, however, and that obviously, if it was a tree of "fleshly wisdom" and "not of God."

[3] ROMANS, vii, 7.

[4] I CORINTHIANS, xv, 56.

the commandment, the creature was made subject to vanity. For the curse followed and the impure seeds were joined with the pure, and they reign to this hour in our bodies ; and not in us alone but in every other natural thing. Hence it is we read in Scripture that "the heavens" themselves "are not clean in His sight."[1] And to this alludes the apostle in that speech of his to the Colossians, that "it pleased the Father . . . to reconcile all things to himself" by Christ, "whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven."[2] And here you are to observe that Cornelius Agrippa mistook the act of generation for original sin, which indeed was the effect of it : and this is the only point in which he hath miscarried.[3]

I have now done : only a word more concerning the situation of Paradise, and the rather because of the diversity of opinions concerning that solace and the absurdity of them. St Paul, in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians, discovers it in these words :[4] "I knew a man in Christ about fourteen years ago—whether in the body, I cannot tell ; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell : God knoweth—such an one caught up to the Third Heaven. And I knew such a man—whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell : God knoweth—how that he was caught up into Paradise."[5] Here you see that Paradise and the Third Heaven are convertible terms, so that the one discovers the other. Much more could I have said concerning the Tree of Knowledge, being in itself a large and very mystical subject ; but for my part I rest contented with my own

[1] JOB, xv, 15. [2] COLOSSIANS, i, 20.

[3] It has to be said notwithstanding that Agrippa—like others before him and after—offered a clear explanation which we can take or leave, but with Vaughan *omnia exeunt in mysterium*, and we get from him no real definition of original sin.

[4] There are, however, two Paradises according to the Kabalistic tradition which Vaughan follows at a distance. They are respectively in *Binah* and *Malkuth*, or in the World of the Supernals and the World of Action.

[5] II CORINTHIANS, xii, 4.

particular apprehension and desire not to enlarge it any further. Neither had I committed this much to paper but out of my love to the truth, and that I would not have these thoughts altogether to perish.

You see now—if you be not men of a most dense head[1]—how man fell,[2] and by consequence you may guess by what means he is to rise. He must be united to the Divine Light, from whence by disobedience he was separated. A flash or tincture of this must come or he can no more discern things spiritually than he can distinguish colours naturally without the light of the sun. This light descends and is united to him by the same means as his soul was at first. I speak not here of the symbolical, exterior descent from the prototypical planets to the created spheres[3] and thence into "the night of the body";[4] but I speak of that most secret and silent lapse of the spirit "through the degrees of natural forms";[5] and this is a mystery not easily apprehended. It is a Kabalistic maxim that "no spiritual being descending here below can operate without a garment."[6] Consider well of it with yourselves, and take heed you wander not in the circumference. The soul of man, whiles she is in the body, is like a candle shut up in a dark lanthorn, or a fire that is almost stifled for want of air. Spirits—say the Platonics—when they are "in their own country"[7] are like the inhabitants of green fields who live perpetually

[1] *Durissimæ cervicis homines.*

[2] As Vaughan begins his exposition of the Trees in the Garden of Eden with a promise to conceal the particulars he does anything but explain—even from his own standpoint—how man fell. Of the consequences—as he understood them—he recites something, and it may be summed up as a separation from the Divine Light.

[3] A reference presumably to the soul's pre-existence, about which it is curious to note that Vaughan says little otherwise in any of his writings.

[4] *In noctem corporis*—quoted from No. 8 of the CONCLUSIONES KABALISTICÆ, drawn by Picus de Mirandula from Zoharic books.

[5] *Per formarum naturalium seriem.*

[6] *Nulla res spiritualis descendens inferius operatur sine indumento.*—CONCLUSIONES KABALISTICÆ, No. 35.

[7] *In suâ patriâ.*—Proclus: DE ANIMA.

amongst flowers, in a spicy, odorous air ; but here below, "in the circle of generation,"[1] they mourn because of darkness and solitude, like people locked up in a pest-house. "Here do they fear, desire and grieve," &c.[2] This is it makes the soul subject to so many passions, to such a Proteus of humours. Now she flourishes, now she withers—now a smile, now a tear ; and when she hath played out her stock, then comes a repetition of the same fancies, till at last she cries out with Seneca : "How long this self-same round ?"[3] This is occasioned by her vast and infinite capacity, which is satisfied with nothing but God, from Whom at first she descended. It is miraculous to consider how she struggles with her chains when man is in extremity, how she falsifies with fortune, what pomp, what pleasure, what a paradise doth she propose to herself. She spans kingdoms in a thought and enjoys all that inwardly which she misseth outwardly. In her are patterns and notions of all things in the world. If she but fancies herself in the midst of the sea, presently she is there and hears the rushing of the billows. She makes an invisible voyage from one place to another and presents to herself things absent as if they were present. The dead live to her : there is no grave can hide them from her thoughts. Now she is here in dirt and mire, and in a trice above the moon.

> Far over storms she soars, hears rushing clouds
> Beneath her feet, and the blind thunder spurns.[4]

But this is nothing. If she were once out of the body she could act all that she imagined. "In a moment," saith Agrippa—"whatsoever she desires, that shall follow."[5] In this state she can "act upon the moods of the macro-

[1] *In sphærâ generationis.*
[2] *Hinc metuunt, cupiuntque, dolent,* &c.
[3] *Quousque eadem ?*
[4] *Celsior exurgit pluviis, auditque ruentes*
Sub pedibus nimbos, et cæca tonitrua calcat.
[5] *In momento quicquid cupit assequeretur.*

cosm,"[1] make general commotions in the two spheres of air and water, and alter the complexions of times. Neither is this a fable but the unanimous finding of the Arabians, with the two princes Avicebron[2] and Avicenna.[3] She hath then an absolute power in miraculous and more than natural transmutations. She can in an instant transfer her own vessel from one place to another. She can—by an union with universal force[4]—infuse and communicate her thoughts to the absent, be the distance never so great. Neither is there anything under the sun but she may know it, and—remaining only in one place—she can acquaint herself with the actions of all places whatsoever. I omit to speak of her magnet, wherewith she can attract all things—as well spiritual as natural. Finally, "there is no work in the whole course of Nature, however arduous, however excellent, however supernatural it may be, that the human soul, when it has attained the source of its divinity—which the Magi term the soul standing and not falling—cannot accomplish by its own power and apart from any external help."[5] But who is he—amidst so many thousand philosophisers—that knows her nature substantially and the genuine, specifical use thereof? This is Abraham's "great secret, wonderful exceedingly, and deeply hidden, sealed with six seals, and out of these proceed fire, water and air, which are divided into males

[1] *Movere humores Majoris Animalis.*

[2] Avicebron is Ibn Gebirol, *circa* 1021–1070, a Spanish Jew, who is important in the history of philosophy. See Isaac Myer: THE PHILOSOPHICAL WRITINGS of Solomon Ben Yehudah Ibn Gebirol, &c. Philadelphia, 1888.

[3] Avicenna, or Ibn Sina, 980–1037, wrote a great encyclopædic work on philosophy and science. His repute and influence were considerable throughout the middle ages.

[4] *Per unionem cum virtute universali.* An old claim of magical art, but its warrants—within measures—are in psychic experiences of to-day.

[5] *Nullum opus est in totâ Naturæ serie tam arduum, tam excellens, tam denique miraculosum, quod anima humana divinitatis suæ originem consecuta, quam vocant Magi animam stantem et non cadentem, propriis viribus, absque omni externo adminiculo non queat efficere.*—DE OCCULTA PHILOSOPHIA, *Lib.* iii, *cap.* 44.

and females."[1] We should therefore pray continually that God would open our eyes, whereby we might see to employ that talent which He hath bestowed upon us but lies buried now in the ground and doth not fructify at all. He it is to Whom we must be united by "an essential contact,"[2] and then we shall know all things "shewn forth openly by clear vision in the Divine Light."[3] This influx from Him is the true, proper efficient of our regeneration, that *sperma*[4] of St John, the seed of God which remains in us. If this be once obtained we need not serve under Aristotle or Galen, nor trouble ourselves with foolish *utrums* and *ergos*, for His unction will instruct us in all things.

But indeed the doctrine of the schoolmen, which in a manner makes God and Nature contraries, hath so weakened our confidence towards Heaven that we look upon all receptions from thence as impossibilities. But if things were well weighed and this cloud of tradition removed we should quickly find that God is more ready to give than we are to receive. For He made man—as it were—for His playfellow, that he might survey and examine His works. The inferior creatures He made not for themselves but His own glory, which glory He could not receive from anything so perfectly as from man, who—having in him the spirit of discretion—might judge of the beauty of the creature and consequently praise the Creator. Wherefore also God gave him the use of all His works; and in Paradise how familiar is He, or rather how doth He play with Adam. "Out of the ground"—saith the Scripture—"the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the

[1] *Secretum magnum, maxime mirabile et occultissimum, sex annulis sigillatum, et ex eis exeunt Ignis, Aqua et Aer, quæ dividuntur in mares et fœminas*—SEPHER YETZIRAH.

[2] *Contactu essentiali.*

[3] *Revelatâ facie, per claram in Divino Lumine visionem.*

[4] The reference is presumably to I ST JOHN, iii, 9: "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for His seed remaineth in him."

air ; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them : and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof."[1] These were the books which God ordained for Adam and for us his posterity, not the quintessence of Aristotle nor the temperament of Galen the Antichrist. But this is "tormenting the hornets."[2] Now will the Peripatetics brand me with their *contra principia* and the school divines with a *tradatur Satanæ*. I know I shall be hated of most for my pains and perhaps scoffed at like Pythagoras in Lucian : "Who buyeth Eugenius ? Who seeketh to be more than a man, or to know the harmony of the world and be born again ?"[3] But because, according to their own master, a covenant is honourable[4] and that an affirmative of this nature cannot fall to the ground with a Christian, I will come to my oath. I do therefore protest before my glorious God, I have not written this out of malice but out of zeal and affection to the truth of my Creator. Let them take heed then lest—whiles they contemn mysteries—they violate the majesty of God in His creatures and trample the blood of the covenant under foot. But shall I not be counted a conjurer, seeing I follow the principles of Cornelius Agrippa, that grand Archimagus, as the antichristian Jesuits call him ? He indeed is my author, and next to God I owe all that I have unto him. He was, Reader, by extraction noble ; by religion a protestant[5]—as it appears out of his own writings—besides the late but malicious testimony of

[1] GENESIS, ii, 19.

[2] *Irritare crabones.*—Plautus—*i.e.* to meddle with angry people.

[3] *Quis emet Eugenium ? Quis super hominem esse vult ? Quis scire universi harmoniam et reviviscere denuo ?*

[4] "Ορκος τιμιώτατος ἐστιν.

[5] As after the zeal of research and the satisfaction of learning displayed in a memorable pageant, Cornelius Agrippa became convinced that the sciences of his period were vain, including his own, so was he disillusionised in matters of official religion. But he did not become a protestant. His position is comparable to that of Paracelsus, who wished Luther and the chaos of reformers well, believing doubtless that something would evolve therefrom, but he did not join the reformers.

Promondus, a learned papist ;[1] for his course of life a man famous in his person, both for actions of war and peace ; a favourite to the greatest princes of his time and the just wonder of all learned men. Lastly, he was one that carried himself above the miseries he was born to and made fortune know man might be her master. This is answer enough to a few sophisters and—in defiance of all calumnies—thus I salute his memory.

Great, glorious penman, whom I should not name
Lest I might seem to measure thee by fame,
Nature's apostle and her choice high priest,
Her mystical and bright evangelist :
How am I rapt when I contemplate thee
And wind myself above all that I see.
The spirits of thy lines infuse a fire—
Like the world's soul—which makes me thus aspire
I am embodied by thy books and thee
And in thy papers find my ecstacy ;
Or, if I please but to descend a strain,
Thy elements do screen my soul again.
I can undress myself by thy bright glass
And then resume the enclosure as I was.
Now I am earth, and now a star, and then
A spirit—now a star and earth again ;
Or if I will but ransack all that be
In the least moment I engross all three.
I span the heaven and earth and things above,
And—which is more—join natures with their love.

He crowns my soul with fire and there doth shine,
But like the rainbow in a cloud of mine.
Yet there's a law by which I discompose
The ashes and the fire itself disclose ;
But in his emerald still he doth appear :
They are but grave-clothes which he scatters here.
Who sees this fire without his mask, his eye
Must needs be swallow'd by the light and die.

[1] As regards the "malicious testimony of Promondus," the record which contains it seems to have passed out of knowledge, and he himself is unknown.

These are the mysteries for which I wept—
Glorious Agrippa—when thy language slept,
Where thy dark texture made me wander far,
Whiles through that pathless night I traced the star;
But I have found those mysteries for which
Thy book was more than thrice-piled o'er with pitch.
Now a new East beyond the stars I see
Where breaks the day of thy divinity.
Heaven states a commerce here with man, had he
But grateful hands to take and eyes to see.

Hence, you fond schoolmen, that high truth deride,
And with no arguments but noise and pride—
You that damn all but what yourselves invent
And yet find nothing by experiment:
Your fate is written by an unseen hand,
But his Three Books with the Three Worlds shall stand.

Thus far, Reader, I have handled the composition and royalty of man. I shall now speak something of his dissolution and close up my discourse—as he doth his life—with death. Death is "a recession of life into the hiddenness"[1]—not the annihilation of any one particle but a retreat of hidden natures to the same state they were in before they were manifested. This is occasioned by the disproportion and inequality of the matter; for when the harmony is broken by the excess of any one principle, the vital twist—without a timely reduction of the first unity—disbands and unravels. In this recess the several ingredients of man return to those several elements from whence they came at first in their access to a compound. For to think that God creates anything *ex nihilo* in the work of generation is a pure metaphysical whimsey. Thus the earthly parts—as we see by experience—return to the earth, the celestial to a superior heavenly limbus and the spirit to God that gave it. Neither should any wonder that I affirm the Spirit of the living God to be in man, when God Himself doth

[1] *Recessus vitæ in absconditum.*

acknowledge it for His own. "My spirit"—saith He—"shall not always be sheathed"—for so the Hebrew signifies—"in man, for that he also is flesh: yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years."[1] Besides, the breathing of it into Adam proves it proceeded from God and therefore the Spirit of God.

Thus Christ breathed on His apostles and they received the Holy Ghost. In Ezekiel the Spirit comes from the four winds and breathes upon the slain, that they might live. Now, this Spirit was the Spirit of Life, the same with that Breath of Life which was breathed into the first man, and he became a living soul. But without doubt the Breath or Spirit of Life is the Spirit of God. Neither is this Spirit in man alone but in all the great world, though after another manner. For God breathes continually and passeth through all things like an air that refresheth—wherefore also He is called of Pythagoras "the quickening of all."[2] Hence it is that God in Scripture hath several names, according to those several offices He performs in the preservation of His creature. "Moreover"—saith the Areopagite—"they bear witness to His presence in our minds, as also in our souls and even in our bodies, that He is in heaven and on earth, and simultaneously in His very self: they declare Him to be within the world, to be around and also above it, over and above heaven, the superior essence, sun, star, fire, water, wind, dew, cloud, the very stone and rock: to be in all things which are and Himself to be nothing which they are."[3] And most certain it is because of His

[1] The Authorised Version says: "My spirit shall not always strive with man."—GENESIS, vi. 3. But the Vulgate gives: *Dixitque Deus: Non permanebit Spiritus meus in homine in æternum*; "My spirit shall not always abide in man," which justifies Vaughan's alternative.

[2] Ψύχωσις τῶν ὅλων, *animatio universorum.*

[3] *Quin etiam in mentibus ipsum inesse dicunt, atque in animis, et in corporibus, et in cœlo esse, atque in terra, ac simul in seipso; eundem in mundo esse, circa mundum, supra mundum, supra cælum, superiorem essentiam, solem, stellam, ignem, aquam, spiritum, rorem, nebulam, ipsum lapidem, petram, omnia esse quæ sunt, et nihil eorum quæ sunt.*

secret passage and penetration through all that other simile in Dionysius was given Him : "Let that also be added which may seem vilest and most absurd of all, that the Lord hath called Himself a worm of the earth, as handed down to us by those versed in divine things."[1]

Now, this figurative kind of speech, with its variety of appellations, is not only proper to Holy Writ but the Egyptians also—as Plutarch tells me—called Isis, or the most secret part of Nature, myrionymous ; and certainly that the same thing should have a thousand names is no news to such as have studied the Philosopher's Stone. But to return thither whence we have digressed : I told you the several principles of man in his dissolution part—as sometimes friends do—several ways : earth to earth—as our Liturgy hath it—and heaven to heaven, according to that of Lucretius :

> The part which came from earth to earth returns,
> But what descended from ethereal shores
> High heaven's resplendent temples welcome back.[2]

But more expressly the divine Vergil, speaking of his bees :

> Induced by such examples, some have taught
> That bees have portions of ethereal thought—
> Endued with particles of heavenly fires ;
> For God the whole created mass inspires.
> Through heaven and earth and ocean's depths He throws
> His influence round and kindles as He goes.
> Hence flocks and herds and men and beasts and fowls
> With breath are quicken'd, and attract their souls ;

[1] *Addam etiam et quod omnium vilissimum esse et magis absurdum videtur, ipsum sibi vermis speciem adhibere ab iis qui in rebus divinis multum diuque versati sunt esse traditum.*—DE CŒLESTI HIERARCHIA, *cap.* ii. The reference is to PSALM xxii, v. 6.

[2] *Cedit item retro de terrâ quod fuit ante*
In terram, et quod missum est ex ætheris oris,
Id rursum cœli fulgentia templa receptant.

Hence take the forms His prescience did ordain,
And into Him at length resolve again.
No room is left for death : they mount the sky
And to their own congenial planets fly.[1]

This vanish or ascent of the inward, ethereal principles doth not presently follow their separation ; for that part of man which Paracelsus calls the "sidereal man"[2] and more appositely the "brute part of man,"[3] but Agrippa the "spectre"[4] and Vergil

Ethereal sense and warmth of simple breath[5]—

this part—I say—which in the astral man hovers sometimes about the dormitories of the dead, and that because of the magnetism or sympathy which is between him and the radical, vital moisture. In this "spectre" is the seat of the imagination, and it retains after death an impress of those passions and affections to which it was subject in the body. This makes him haunt those places where the whole man hath been most conversant, and imitate the actions and gestures of life. This magnetism is excellently confirmed by that memorable accident at Paris which Dr Fludd proves to be true by the testimonies of great and learned men. Agrippa also, speaking of the apparitions of the dead, hath these words : "But that which I have seen myself with my own eyes and have touched with my own hands I will not mention in this place, lest it be my lot to be accused of falsehood by

[1] *His quidam signis atque hæc exempla secuti*
Esse apibus partem Divinæ Mentis et haustus.
Æthereos dixere. Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum.
Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum,
Quemque sibi tenuis nascentem arcessere vitas.
Scilicet huc reddi deinde ac resoluta referri
Omnia : nec morti esse locum, sed viva volare
Syderis in numerum atque alto succedere cœlo.

I have used Dryden's translation for the text, the Latin only being given in the original.

[2] *Homo sidereus.* [3] *Brutum hominis.* [4] *Idolum.*
[5] *Æthereum sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.*

the ignorant, by reason of the marvellous strangeness of the occurrences."[1] But this scene[2] exceeds not the circuit of one year, for when the body begins fully to corrupt the spirit returns to his original element. These apparitions have made a great noise in the world, not without some benefit to the pope; but I shall reserve all for my great work, where I shall more fully handle these mysteries.

I am now to speak of man as he is subject to a supernatural judgment; and—to be short—my judgment is this: I conceive there are—besides the empyreal heaven—two inferior mansions or receptacles of spirits. The one is that which our Saviour calls "the outer darkness,"[3] and this is it whence there is no redemption—"Whence souls may never come forth,"[4] as the divine Plato hath it. The other, I suppose, is somewhat answerable to the Elysian fields, some delicate, pleasant region, the suburbs of heaven—as it were—those seven mighty mountains whereupon there grow roses and lilies, or the outgoings of Paradise in Esdras.[5] Such was that place where the oracle told Amelius the soul of Plotinus was:

> Where friendship is, where Cupid gentle-eyed,
> Replete with purest joy, enrich'd by God
> With sempiternal and ambrosial streams:
> Whence are the bonds of love, the pleasant breath,
> The tranquil air of great Jove's golden race.[6]

[1] *Sed et ipse ego, quæ meis oculis vidi et manibus tetigi hoc loco referre nolo, ne me ob rerum stupendam admirationem de mendacio ab incredulis argui contingat.—*

[2] *Scæne* in the original orthography. The word seems inapplicable. Vaughan may have written the Latin *Scæva*=a sign, in the sense of omen.

[3] Τὸ σκότος, τὸ ἐξώτερον.

[4] Ὅθεν ὔποτε ἐξίασι: *unde animæ nunquam egrediuntur.*

[5] II ESDRAS, ii, 19. The passage referred to is part of the word of the Lord to Esdras and has nothing to do with Paradise, an allusion to the "outgoings" of which occurs, however, *cap.* iv, 7, in another connection.

[6] *Ubi amicitia est, ubi Cupido visu mollis,*
Puræ plenus lætitiæ et sempiternis rivis
Ambrosiis irrigatus a Deo; unde sunt amorum
Retinacula, dulcis spiritus et tranquillus æther
Aurei generis magni Jovis.

Stellatus supposeth there is a successive, gradual ascent of the soul, according to the process of expiation, and he makes her inter-residence in the moon.[1] But let it be where it will, my opinion is that this middlemost mansion is appointed for such souls whose whole man hath not perfectly repented in this world. But notwithstanding they are of such as shall be saved,[2] and are reserved in this place to a further repentance in the spirit for those offences they committed in the flesh. I do not here maintain that *ignis fatuus* of purgatory, or any such painted, imaginary tophet; but that which I speak of—if I am not much mistaken—I have a strong Scripture for. It is that of St Peter, where he speaks of Christ being "put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit: by which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison; which sometime were disobedient, when once the longsuffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water."[3] These spirits were the souls of those who perished in the Flood and were reserved in this place till Christ should come and preach repentance unto them.

I know Scaliger thinks to evade this construction with his *qui tunc*, that they were then alive—namely, before the Flood—when they were preached unto.[4] But I shall overthrow this single nonsense with three solid reasons, drawn out of the body of the text. First, it is not said that the Spirit itself precisely preached unto them, but He Who went thither by the Spirit, namely, Christ in the

[1] Marcellus Palingenius Stellatus wrote ZODIACUS VITÆ, a Latin hexameter poem in twelve books corresponding to the Twelve Signs. Book ix, which answers to Sagittarius, recounts a visit to the Moon, which is regarded as the place of judgment for departed souls.

[2] *De salvandorum numero.* [3] I. ST PETER, iii, 18–20.

[4] There were two Scaligers, father and son, respectively 1484–1558 and 1540–1609. They were both sufficiently voluminous. Julius Cæsar—the father—wrote commentaries on the zoological and botanical works of Aristotle and Theophrastus. The son—Josephus Justus—was a famous philologist of his period.

hypostatical union of His soul and Godhead—which union was not before the Flood when these dead did live. Secondly, it is written that He preached unto spirits, not to men, to those which were in prison, not to those which were "in life,"[1] which is quite contrary to Scaliger. And this exposition the apostle confirms in another place —"to them that are dead"[2]—the dead were preached to, not the living. Thirdly, the apostle says these spirits were but sometime disobedient and withal tells us when —namely, in the days of Noah. Whence I gather they were not disobedient at this time of preaching; and this is plain out of the subsequent chapter. "For this cause" —saith the apostle—"was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit."[3] Now, this judgment in the flesh was grounded on their disobedience in the days of Noah, for which also they were drowned; but salvation according to God in the spirit proceeded from their repentance at the preaching of Christ, which was after death. I do not impose this on the reader as if I sat in the infallible chair, but I am confident the text of itself will speak no other sense. As for the doctrine, it is no way hurtful, but—in my opinion—as it detracts not from the mercy of God so it adds much to the comfort of man.

I shall now speak a word more concerning myself and another concerning the common philosophy, and then I have done. It will be questioned perhaps what I am, and especially what my religion is. Take this short answer. I am neither papist nor sectary but a true, resolute protestant in the best sense of the Church of England. For philosophy as it now stands it is altogether imperfect and withal false—a mere apothecary's drug, a mixture of inconsistent, contrary principles which no way agree with the harmony and method of Nature. In a

[1] *In vivis*—τοῖς ἐν φυλακῇ πνεύμασιν, I ST PETER, iii, 19.
[2] *Ibid.*, iv, 6. [3] *Ibid.*, iv, 6.

word, the whole encyclopædia—as they call it—baiting the demonstrative, mathematical part—is built on mere imagination, without the least light of experience. I wish therefore all the true sons of my famous Oxford Mother to look beyond Aristotle and not to confine their intellect to the narrow and cloudy horizon of his text; for he is as short of Nature as the grammarians are of steganography. I expect not their thanks for this my advice or discovery; but verily the time will come when this truth shall be more perfectly manifested, and especially that great and glorious mystery whereof there is little spoken in this book: "the alone King Messias, the Word made flesh of the Father, hath revealed this secret, to be more openly manifested in a certain fulness of time."[1] It is Cornelius Agrippa's own prediction, and I am confident it shall find patrons enough when nothing remains here of me but memory.

My sweetest Jesus, 'twas Thy voice: If I
Be lifted up I'll draw all to the sky.
Yet I am here. I'm stifled in this clay,
Shut up from Thee and the fresh East of day.
I know Thy hand's not short; but I'm unfit—
A foul, unclean thing—to take hold of it.
I am all dirt, nor can I hope to please
Unless in mercy Thou lov'st a disease. . .
Diseases may be cured; but who'll reprieve
Him that is dead? Tell me, my God, I live.
'Tis true, I live; but I so sleep withal
I cannot move, scarce hear when Thou dost call.
Sin's lullabies charm me when I would come;
But draw me after Thee and I will run.
Thou know'st I'm sick: let me not feasted be,
But keep a diet, and prescribed by Thee.
Should I carve for myself I would exceed
To surfeits soon and by self-murder bleed.

[1] *Solus Rex Messias, Verbum Patris caro factum, arcanum hoc revelavit, aliqua temporis plenitudine apertius manifestaturus.*

I ask for stones and scorpions, but still cross'd—
And all for love—should'st Thou grant, I were lost.
Dear Lord, deny me still, and never sign
My will but when that will agrees with Thine.
And when this conflict's pass'd and I appear
To answer what a patient I was here,
How I did weep when Thou didst woo, repine
At Thy best sweets and in a childish whine
Refuse Thy proffer'd love, yet cry and call
For rattles of my own, to play withal—
Look on Thy cross and let Thy blood come in.
When mine shall blush as guilty of my sin,
Then shall I live, being rescued in my fall,
A text of mercy to Thy creatures all,
Who having seen the worst of sins in me
Must needs confess the best of loves in Thee.

I have now done, Reader, but how much to my own prejudice I cannot tell. I am confident this shall not pass without noise; but I may do well enough if thou grantest me but one request. I would not have thee look here for the paint and trim of rhetoric, and the rather because English is a language the author was not born to. Besides this piece was composed in haste and in my days of mourning on the sad occurrence of a brother's death. "And who knoweth how to write amidst a wailing of tears and ink?"[1]

To conclude: if I have erred in anything—and yet I followed the rules of creation—I expose it not to the mercy of man but of God, Who as He is most able so also is He most willing to forgive us in the day of our accounts.

FINIS

[1] *Et quis didicit scribere in luctû lachrymarum et atramenti?*

AN ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER

If the old itch of scribbling—a disease very proper to Galenists—surprise any of their tribe, I shall expect from them these following performances: first, a plain, positive exposition of all the passages in this book, without any injury to the sense of their author; for if they interpret them otherwise than they ought, they but create errors of their own and then overthrow them. Secondly, to prove their familiarity and knowledge in this art, let them give the reader a punctual discovery of all the secrets thereof. If this be more than they can do, it is argument enough they know not what they oppose; and if they do not know, how can they judge, or if they judge, where is their evidence to condemn? Thirdly, let them not mangle and discompose my book with a scatter of observations but proceed methodically to the censure of each part, expounding what is obscure and discovering the very practice, that the reader may find my positions to be false, not only in their theory but, if he will essay it, by his own particular experience.

I have two admonitions more to the ingenuous and well-disposed reader: first, that he would not slight my endeavours because of my years, which are but few. It is the custom of most men to measure knowledge by the beard; but look thou rather on the soul, an essence of that nature "which requireth not the courses of time for its perfection."[1] Secondly, that he would not conclude anything rashly concerning the subject of this Art, for it is a principle not easily apprehended. It is neither earth

[1] *Quæ ad perfectionem suam curricula temporis non desiderat.*—Proclus.

nor water, air nor fire. It is not gold, silver, Saturn, antimony or vitriol, nor any kind of mineral whatsoever. It is not blood, nor the seed of any individual—as some unnatural, obscene authors have imagined. In a word, it is no mineral, no vegetable, no animal, but a system—as it were—of all three. In plain terms, it is the seed of the greater animal,[1] the seed of heaven and earth, our most secret, miraculous hermaphrodite. If you know this—and with it the Hydro-pyro-magical Art—you may, with some security, attempt the work : if not, practice is the way to poverty. Essay nothing without science, but confine yourselves to those bounds which Nature hath prescribed you.

[1] *Sperma majoris animalis*

ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA

OR A DISCOURSE OF THE UNIVERSAL SPIRIT OF NATURE

TO THE READER

Now God defend : what will become of me ? I have neither consulted the stars nor their urinals, the Almanacks. A fine fellow to neglect the prophets who are read in England every day. They shall pardon me for this oversight.[1] There is a mystery in their profession they have not so much as heard of—the star-spangled Christian heaven[2]—a new heaven fancied on the old earth. Here the twelve apostles have surprised the zodiac and all the saints are ranged on their North and South sides. It were a pretty vanity to preach when St Paul is ascendant, and would not a papist smile to have his pope elected under St Peter ? Reader, if I studied these things I would think myself worse employed than the Roman Chaucer was in his Troilus.[3] I come out as if there were no hours in the day, nor planets in the hours : neither do I care for anything but that interlude of Perendenga in Michael Cervantes : "Let the old man, my master, live, and Christ be with us all." Thou wilt wonder now where this drives, for I have neither a Conde de Lemos nor a Cardinal to pray for. I pray for the dead, that is, I wish him a fair remembrance whose labours have deserved it. It happened in exposing my former discourse to censure—a custom hath strangled many truths in the cradle—that a learned man suggested to me some bad opinion he had of my author, Henricus

[1] Παρόρᾶμα. [2] *Cœlum stellatum Christianum.*

[3] The point appears to be that according to the ruling of a certain oracle the life of Troilus guaranteed Troy against fall. But the son of Priam was slain by Achilles and the city perished. The comparison of Vergil with Chaucer is not fortunate.

Cornelius Agrippa. I ever understood it was not one but many in whose sentiment that miracle suffered. It is the fortune of deep writers to miscarry because of obscurity. Thus the spots in the moon with some men are earth, but 'tis more probable they are water. There is no day so clear but there are lees towards the horizon : so inferior wits, when they reflect on higher intellects, leave a mist in their beams. Had he lived in ignorance, as most do, he might have passed hence like the last year's clouds, without any more remembrance. But as I believe the truth a main branch of that end to which I was born, so I hold it my duty to vindicate him from whom I have received it. The world then being not able to confute this man's principles by reason went about to do it by scandal ; and the first argument they fastened on was that of the Jew against his Saviour : "Thou art a Samaritan and hast a devil."[1] The chief in this persecution is Cigognes,[2] and after him Delrio in his fabulous *Disquisitions*.[3] But Paulus Jovius stirred in the vomit, who amongst other men's lives hath put my author to death.[4] It is done indeed emphatically betwixt him and his poet, whom he hired—it seems—to stitch verse to his prose and so patched up the legend. "Who would believe"—saith he—"an amazing capacity to have been concealed in the sedate countenance of Henry Cornelius Agrippa?"[5] In his subsequent dis-

[1] ST JOHN, viii, 48.

[2] *i.e.* Strozzi Cigogna, whose MAGIÆ OMNIFARIÆ, *vel potius universæ naturæ* THEATRUM, appeared in Italian and was translated into Latin in 1606.

[3] DISQUISITIONUM MAGICARUM LIBRI SEX . . . *Auctore Martino Delrio Societatis Jesu Presbytero*, &c. I know only the second edition in quarto, Leyden, 1604. The references to Agrippa in this vast treatise are few and far between.

[4] The multitudinous writings of Paolo Giovio, Bishop of Nocera, were collected and published at Basle between 1578 and 1596 in five folio volumes. They treated of many matters, but demonology was not among them. I do not pretend to say in which portion of the vast memorial there may occur some reference to Agrippa.

[5] *Quis in Henrici Cornelii Agrippæ sedato vultu portentosum ingenium latuisse crediderit?*

course he states his question and returns my author's best parts as a libel on his memory. But that which troubles him most of all is that Agrippa should prove his doctrine out of the Scriptures. Then he inculcates the solemn *crambe* of his dog-devil, whose collar—emblematically wrought with nails—made the ruff to his familiar. For a close to the story he kills him at Lyons, where—being near his departure—he unravelled his magic in this desperate dismission: "Begone, abandoned Beast, who hast lost me everything."[1] This is the most gross lie and the least probable in every circumstance that ever was related. Devils use not to quit their conjurers in the day of death; neither will they at such times be exterminated. This is the hour wherein they attend their prey and from seeming servants become cruel masters. Besides, is it not most gross that any should dog this devil from Agrippa's lodging to Araris, where—saith this prelate—he plunged himself? Certainly spirits pass away invisibly and with that dispatch no mortal man can trace them. Believe this, and believe all the fables of purgatory.

Now, Reader, thou hast heard the worst; lend a just ear and thou shalt hear the best. Johannes Wierus, a professed adversary to ceremonial magic and some time secretary to Cornelius Agrippa, in his *Dæmonomonia*[2] speaks thus. He wonders that some learned Germans and Italians were not ashamed to traduce his master in their public writings. That he had a dog whose call was *Monsieur* he confesseth, and this spaniel during his service he used to lead, when Agrippa walked abroad, by a hair-chain.[3] "And certainly"—saith he—"the dog was a natural male animal,"[4] to which Agrippa coupled a bitch

[1] *Abi, perdita bestia, qui me totum perdidisti.*

[2] A French translation appeared in 1579 under the title: HISTOIRES, DISPUTES ET DISCOURS *des Illusions et Impostures des Diables*, &c. See *Livre* ii, c. 5, for the justification of Agrippa.

[3] *In loro ex pilis concinnato.*

[4] *At revera canis erat naturalis masculus.*

of the same colour, called *Mademoiselle*. It is confessed he was fond of this dog, and having divorced his first wife would suffer him—for a sarcasm—to sleep with him under the sheets. In his study too this dog would couch on the table by his master, whence this great philosopher, "absolutely surrounded by his extraordinary manuscript treasures"[1]—saith Wierus—would not sometimes stir out for a whole week together. So studious was he for the good of posterity, who have but coldly rewarded him for his pains. I have observed also in his Epistles that when he was resident at Malines his domestics used to give him an account in their letters how his dogs fared—so fond was he of those creatures.[2]

But to come to the rest of the legend: Paulus Jovius tells you he died at Lyons "in a squalid and gloomy inn";[3] but Wierus—who had more reason to be inquisitive after his master's death—tells me he died at Granople, and that "in the Lord,"[4] not desperately—as his enemies would have it. Here now was a jovial stride, from *Gratianopolis* to *Lugdunum*:[5] sure this Paul was a scant geographer. But, Reader, it is not my intention to conceal anything in this matter: know therefore that Agrippa had another dog, his *Filioli*, and this last died in more respect than most of his master's adversaries. For my author—by some secret means—having strangely qualified him, divers learned men writ epitaphs upon him, whereof some have been published and are yet extant. Out of this fable of the Cerberus Baptista Possevinus pumped these verses:

[1] *Inter supellectilem chartaceam certe insignem delitescens.*

[2] The most accessible source of reference for the English reader is Henry Morley: CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, 2 vols. 1856, a sympathetic and excellent study. There are in all seven books of Agrippa's correspondence. They appeared in his collected works soon after his death. A selection was translated into French in: HENRI CORNÉLIS AGRIPPA; *Sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Par* Joseph Orsier, 1911.

[3] *Ignobili et tenebroso in diversorio.*

[4] *In Domino.*

[5] *Gratianopolis* is Grenoble and *Lugdunum* is Lyons, unless *Lugdunum Batavorum* is intended, *i.e.* Leyden.

O ye who, living, mark this grave and deem
What lies therein deserves the word of peace,
Know, here entomb'd, abysmal Styx's King,
On earth protected by a guard from hell
But in perdition now his warder's prey.
His powers controll'd, he might have soar'd as far
On high as now into the deep he sinks.[1]

Thus have they all-to-bedevilled him ; but why may not truth run in verse as well as scandal ?

So great Agrippa for two worlds sufficed
And powers diverse displayed in broken frame.
Earth conquers earth and heaven has links with heaven.
Alive he wrote, confronted by the wise.
Nature draws Nature, and supernal life
Acclaims his soul as kindred to the heights.
He taught in life and teaches yet in death,
And whilst ascending high amidst the stars
Some magic potence still his hands dispense.[2]

Now, Reader, if thou wouldst be further satisfied in his distaste of Black Magic, I wish thee to read his most Christian invective against the German conjurer entertained in the French court. Nay, so zealous and nice of conscience was he that being solicited by some divines for a comment on Trismegistus he returned them a very tart answer, referring all true knowledge to the Scripture. In a word, he did not only hate impious but vain arts, for he

1 *Vivens quem cernis Tumulum, ne forte meretur*
Os placidum, stygii Rex fuit iste lacus.
Quare etiam custodem habuit, dum viveret, Orci,
Cui nunc in tenebris præda daret comitem.
Ast hic, si ingenium moderari scisset, ad auras
Tantum esset, quantum Tartara nigra subit.

2 *Sic Agrippa ingens, duplici quoque sufficit orbi,*
Fractaque diversas fabrica monstrat opes.
Terram terra capit, cæloque affinia cælum
Possidet. Hoc vivus scripserat ante sophos.
Naturam Natura trahit ; similemque supernæ
Hanc animam agnoscit vita superna suam.
Sic vivens, moriensque docet, dumque altus in astra
Tendit, habet magicas parca vel ipsa manus.

lost the favour of the Queen-Mother because he would not be employed by her in astrology—a science in whose true, natural part he was skilled to a miracle ; but he knew it was bootless to look for fatal events in the planets, for such are not written in Nature but in the Superior Tables of Predestination. Having thus then sufficiently proved his integrity, I will in a few words discover the grounds of his persecution. He was a man reformed in his religion ; and had I the leisure to cite his works I could quickly prove he was not of the Roman Church.[1] For in his book on *The Vanity of the Sciences* he allows not of monks and friars but calls them sects, "of which the Church was free at its best" ;[2] and certainly that notable jest of his on the cowl nettles the papists to this day.[3] He disclaims also their images, their invocation of saints, their purgatory and pardons, and would have the laity communicate "in both kinds."[4] He corrects the pope himself sufficiently and is utterly against the Inquisition Office. What also his opinion was of Luther is not hard to guess out of his *Epistles*, for in a letter to Melanchthon he hath these words : "Salute for me that invincible heretic Martin Luther, who—as Paul saith in the Acts—doth serve His God according to that sect which they term heretical."[5] Lastly, he was altogether for the written word, preferring it to human constitutions, which is contrary to the papist, who will not allow it to be the judge of controversies. This is the man and thus qualified at home, howsoever the world hath rendered him abroad.

Now for his more mysterious principles : thou hast their main in this discourse, which if thou canst appre-

[1] See note on p. 50.

[2] *Quibus caruit Ecclesia cum fuit optima.*

[3] The reference is presumably to c. 62 of THE VANITY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES. It is a graphic picture and very severe criticism of monastic orders. I do not know why it is termed a jest in the text above.

[4] *Sub utraque specie.*

[5] *Salutabis per me invictum illum hæreticum Martinum Lutherum, qui (ut ait Paulus in Actibus) servit Deo suo secundum sectam quam vocant Hæresin.* The reference is to ACTS, xxiv, 14.

hend I know thou wilt style him in particular — as Trismegistus doth man in general — "a manifested god"; [1] or as Panætius did his Plato, "the most divine, most holy, most wise man and the Homer of philosophers." [2] But this sluttish struggle fits not his memory and things fall from me now as strictures, not compositions. I shall say nothing more but leave thee to thy studies, whiles I translate that epitaph of Platina to his *Tomus* 6.

Whoe'er thou art, if piously inclined,
Seek not the dead Agrippa to molest,
Nor what with him lies narrowly enshrined
And only asks to be alone in rest.[3]

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES.

[1] Θεὸν ὁρατον.

[2] *Hominem divinum, sanctissimum, sapientissimum et Homerum philosophorum.*

[3] *Quisquis es, si pius, Agrippam*
Et suos ne vexes: anguste
Jacent, et soli volunt esse.

ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA

To build castles in the air is a common proverb with all men but a common practice with the Peripatetics only. I have oftentimes admired that the very end and result of their philosophy did not clearly discover its falsity. It is a mere help to discourse. Mood and figure are their two pillars, their limits.[1] Their heptarchy ends in a syllogism and the best professor amongst them is but a scold well disciplined. Their seven years study are seven years of famine; they leave the soul not satisfied and are more of a dream than that of Pharaoh.[2] For verily if the stage and reign of dreams be nowhere beyond fancy, then the fancies of these men being nowhere beyond their authors may rest on the same pillow. This sect then may be styled a "fellowship of dreams."[3] Their conceptions are not grounded on any reason existent in Nature, but they would ground Nature on reasons framed and principled by their own conceptions. Their philosophy is built on general, empty maxims, things of that stretch and latitude they may be applied to anything but conduce to the discovery of nothing. These are the first lineaments of their monster, and in reference to them they have many subordinate errors which pretend a symmetry with their fundamentals but in truth have none at all. These latter quillets are so minced with divisions and distinctions that their very patrons are dubious how to state them. I could compare their physiology to a chase in arras, where there is much

[1] *Non ultra.* [2] GENESIS, *cap.* xli. [3] Δῆμος ὀνειρῶν.

of similitude but nothing of truth. 'Tis the child of fancy, a romance in syllogisms, a texture of their own brain, like that cobweb campagna which Lucian's spiders planted betwixt the Moon and Venus. Nature in general —say they—is "a principle of motion and rest."[1] A form is "the outward expression of an inward essence"[2] —a definition they know not what to make of—and the soul is actuality,[3] or the "active principle of the organic body."[4] These two last descriptions—for they are no substantial definitions—are such riddles that I verily believe Aristotle made use of those words λόγος and ἐντελέχεια = form and actuality, because he would not discover his ignorance in these points. For why should a form be called λόγος, or in what other author can we find this ἐντελέχεια? But because Nature in general, that is, in her active and passive portions—namely, matter and form—together with the soul of man, are the main fundamentals whereon to build a philosophy, and that this Aristotle is so sainted by his clients that the divines of Collein tell us he was "precursor of Christ in things natural as John Baptist was in things of grace,"[5] I shall further examine these his definitions and acknowledge the benefit when I find it.

In the first place then, it may be thought I am beholden to this man for telling me that Nature is a principle. So I may tell the reader that the magician's passive spirit is a principle; but if I tell him not what kind of substance it is I will allow him ten years of study, and if the sun went back every day ten degrees in his dial he shall not —without a supernatural assistance—know what or where it is. But you will reply: he tells me further it is a principle causeth bodies to move and rest. I thank him for his nothing. I desire not to know what this principle doth—for that is obvious to every eye—but I would

[1] *Principium motus et quietis.*
[2] Λόγος τῆς οὐσίας.
[3] Ἐντελέχεια.
[4] *Actus corporis organici.*
[5] *Præcursor Christi in naturalibus, ut Johannes Baptista in gratuitis.*

know what it is ; and therefore he may pocket his definition. Again, you will object : he tells me not only that Nature is a principle but that "Nature is form"[1] and by consequence "Form is Nature."[2] This is *idem per idem* : he retains me in a circle of notions but resolves nothing at all essentially. Besides form—in the genuine scope of the language—signifies the outward symmetry or shape of a compound.[3] But the Peripatetics—who impose on tongues as they do on Nature—render it otherwise in their books and mistake the effect for the cause. I shall therefore take it in their sense and be content for once to subscribe to their comments. Form then in their conception is the same with δύνᾰμις πλαστικὴ or formative power,[4] which Aristotle defines as the "outward expression of an inward essence." I must confess I do not understand him and therefore I shall take him upon trust, as his disciples expound him. "It is λόγος"—saith Magirus—"inasmuch as it doth perfect, adorn and fashion the natural thing, so that one may thereby be distinguished from another."[5] This is an express of the office and effect of forms but nothing at all to their substance or essence.

Now let us see what he saith to the soul of man. The soul—saith he—is actuality, that is, in plain terms, the sum total,[6] or barbarously but truly *finihabia*, though his own followers falsely render it "active principle of organic body."[7] But this definition is common to beasts and plants, and therefore he hath stumbled on another : "The soul is that principle by which we live, feel, move and

[1] *Natura est forma.* [2] *Forma est Natura.*

[3] According to St Thomas Aquinas, the head and crown of scholastic philosophy, that which is signified by the term form is the perfection of each thing individually, its peculiar determining principle. *Per formam significatur perfectio uniuscujusque rei.*—DE ENTE ET ESSENTIA, *cap.* 7.

[4] *Vis formatrix.*

[5] *Est enim λόγος, quoniam absolvit, expolit et informat rem naturalem, ut per eam una ab altera distinguatur.*

[6] *Consummatio.*

[7] *Actus corporis organici.*

understand."[1] Now, both these descriptions concern only the operations and faculties which the soul exerciseth in the body but discover not her nature or original at all. It was ingenuously done of Galen, who confessed his ignorance concerning the substance of the soul; but this fellow—who had not so much honesty—is voiced Prince of Philosophers and the positions of more glorious authors are examined by his dictates, as it were by a touchstone. Nay, the Scripture itself is oftentimes wrested and forced by his disciples to vote a *placet* to his conclusions. It is a miserable task to dwell on this ethnic, to gather his straw and stubble most of our days and after all to be no better acquainted with ourselves but that the soul is the course of life, sense, motion and understanding. I pity our customary follies that we bind ourselves over to a prenticeship of expense and study, only to compass a few superficial truths which every ploughman knows without book. Verily, Nature is so much a tutor that none can be ignorant in these things; for who is so stupid as not to know the difference between life and death, the absence and presence of his soul? Yet these very definitions—though looked upon as rare, profound, philosophical determinations—instruct us in nothing more.

Away then with this Peripatetical Philosophy, this vain babbling, as St Paul justly styles it,[2] for sure enough he had some experience of it at Athens in his dispute about the resurrection. Let us no more look on this *olla podrida* but on that spirit which resides in the elements, for this produceth real effects by the subsequent rotations of corruption and generation; but the spirit of error—which is Aristotle's—produceth nought but a multiplicity of notions. Observe then that this Stagyrite and Nature are at a great distance: the one ends in works, the other in words. His followers refine the old notions but not the old creatures. And verily the mystery of their pro-

[1] *Anima est principium quo vivimus, movemur et intelligimus.*
[2] I Timothy, vi, 20, and II *ibid.*, ii, 16.

fession consists only in their terms. If their speculations were exposed to the world in a plain dress, their sense is so empty and shallow there is not any would acknowledge them for philosophers. In some discourses, I confess, they have Nature before them, but they go not the right way to apprehend her. They are still in chase but never overtake their game; for who is he amongst them whose knowledge is so entire and regular that he can justify his positions by practice? Again, in some things they are quite beside the cushion; they scold and squabble about whimsies and problems of their own which are no more in Nature than Lucian's Lachanopters or Hyppogypians.

Now, the reason of their errors is because they are experienced in nothing but outward accidents or qualities, and all the performance they can do in philosophy is to pronounce a body hot or cold, moist or dry. But if they mind the essential temperament they are grossly mistaken in stating these qualifications, for it is not the touch or sight that can discern intrinsical, true complexions. A body that is outwardly cold to the sense may be hotter in the inwardness,[1] where the genuine temperament lies, than the sun himself is manifestly.[2] But they know not the providence of Nature, how she interposeth a different resisting quality in the circumference of everything, lest the qualities of ambient bodies should conspire in too great a measure with the centre and so procure a dissolution of the compound. Thus she interposeth her passive, refreshing spirit between the central fire and the Sulphur. Again she placeth the Sulphur between the liquor of the celestial Luna and her outward Mercury—a rare and admirable texture, infallibly proving that none but God—only wise—Who foresaw the conveniences and disconveniences of His creatures, could range them in that saving order and connection.[3] But to go further with

[1] *In occulto.* [2] *In manifesto.*

[3] Vaughan is beginning to speak of certain principles, *ex hypothesi* universal in Nature, and more especially concerning two, denominated

these Peripatetics: their philosophy is a kind of physiognomy. They will judge of inward principles—forms, as they call them—which are shut up in the closet of the matter, and all this in perusing the outside or crust of Nature. 'Twere a foolish presumption if a lapidary should undertake to state the value or lustre of a jewel that is locked up before he opens the cabinet. I advise them therefore to use their hands, not their fancies, and to change their abstractions into extractions; for verily as long as they lick the shell in this fashion and pierce not experimentally into the centre of things they can do no otherwise than they have done. They cannot know things substantially but only describe them by their outward effects and motions, which are subject and obvious to every common eye. Let them consider therefore that there is in Nature a certain spirit which applies himself to the matter and actuates in every generation. That there is also a passive intrinsical principle where he is more immediately resident than in the rest, and by mediation of which he communicates with the more gross, material parts. For there is in Nature a certain chain or subordinate propinquity of complexions between visibles and invisibles; and this is it by which the superior, spiritual essences descend and converse here below with the matter. But have a care lest you misconceive me. I speak not in this place of the Divine Spirit, but I speak of a certain Art by which a particular spirit may be united to the universal, and Nature by consequence may be strangely exalted and multiplied. Now then, you that have your eyes in your hearts and not your hearts in your eyes, attend to that which is spoken, and that I may exhort you to magic in the magician's phrase: "Hear with the understanding of the heart."[1]

Sulphur and Mercury, by which also they were known to alchemists, who added Salt as a third, and regarded these three as the fundamentals of their whole mystery. Salt is a subject of consideration in EUPHRATES.

[1] *Intellectu cordis audite.*

It is obvious to all those whom Nature hath enriched with sense and convenient organs to exercise it that every body in the world is subject to a certain species of motion. Animals have their progressive outward and their vital inward motions. The heavens are carried with that species which the Peripatetics call lation [1]—where, by the way, I must tell you it proceeds from an intrinsical principle, for intelligences are fabulous. The air moves variously, the sea hath his flux and reflux. Vegetables have their growth and augmentation, which necessarily infer a concoction; and finally, the earth—with her minerals and all other treasures—is subject to alteration, that is, to generation and corruption. Now, the matter of itself being merely passive and furnished with no motive faculty at all, we must of necessity conclude there is some other inward principle which acts and regulates it in every several species of motion. But verily it is not enough to call this principle a form and so bury up the riches of Nature in this narrow and most absurd formality. We should rather abstain from scribbling or study to publish that which may make something for the author's credit—but much more for the benefit of the readers. To be plain then, this principle is the Soul of the World,[2] or the Universal Spirit of Nature. This Soul is retained in the matter by certain other proportionate natures and missing a vent doth organise the mass.[3] She labours what she can to resume her former liberty, frames for herself a habitation here in the centre, puts her prison into some good order and brancheth into the several members, that she may have more room to act and employ her faculties. But you are to observe that in every frame

[1] *Latio* in classical Latin signifies making or giving, as in Cicero, *legum latio*, the making of laws. In late Latin it meant bearing or carrying, the root being the past participle of *fero*, I bear. It will be seen that Vaughan explains the word as referring in its Aristotelian use to a principle of motion according to cosmic law. The Greek equivalent is *φορὰ*.

[2] *Anima mundi.*

[3] *Organizare molem.*

there are three leading principles. The first is this Soul, whereof we have spoken something already. The second is that which we have called the Spirit of the World,[1] and this Spirit is "the medium whereby the Soul is diffused through and moves its body."[2] The third is a certain oleous, ethereal water. This is the Menstruum and Matrix of the world, for in it all things are framed and preserved. The Soul is a compound "of a most subtle ether and most simple light."[3] Hence that admirable Platonical poet styled it "fire of pure ether."[4]

Neither should you wonder that I say it is a compound, for there is no perfect specifical nature that is simple and void of composition but only that of God Almighty.[5] Trust not then to Aristotle, who tells you that the elements are simple bodies, for the contrary hath been manifested by absolute, infallible experience. The passive spirit is a thin, aerial substance, the only immediate vestment wherein the Soul wraps herself when she descends and applies to generation. The radical, vital liquor is a pure celestial nature, answering in proportion and complexion to the superior, interstellar waters. Now, as soon as the passive spirit attracts the Soul, which is done when the first link in the chain moves—of which we shall speak in its due place—then the ethereal water in a moment attracts the passive spirit, for this is the first visible receptacle, wherein the superior natures are concentrated. The Soul being thus confined and imprisoned by lawful

[1] *Spiritus mundi.*
[2] *Medium per quod anima infunditur et movet suum corpus.*
[3] *Ex aura tenuissima et luce simplicissima.*
[4] *Aurai simplicis ignem.*—Vergil.
[5] This notion contradicts the doctrine of the human spirit in Christian theology, according to which the soul is a spirit, being as such non-composite and indivisible. It is in contradiction also with mysticism, which conceives union with God as the end of the soul's being, and no union is possible with beings that are fundamentally dissimilar. Finally, it is in contradiction with Vaughan, according to whom the spirit of man is the Spirit of God. It is fair to add that scholastic theology has its own difficulties, postulating a certain duality in all created spirits, considered as a compound of actuality and potentiality.

magic in this liquid crystal, the light which is in her streams through the water, and then it is "light made openly visible to the eye,"[1] in which state it is first made subject to the artist.

Here now lies the mystery of the magician's *denarius*, his most secret and miraculous pyramid,[2] whose first unity or cone is always in "the horizon of eternity,"[3] but his basis or quadrate is here below in "the horizon of time."[4] The Soul consists of three portions of light and one of the matter; the passive spirit hath two parts of the matter and two of the light, wherefore it is called the "middle nature" and the "sphere of equality."[5] The celestial water hath but one portion of light to three of the matter. Now, the chain of descent which concerns the spiritual parts is grounded on a similitude, or symbol of natures, according to that principle of Ostanes: "Nature is charmed by Nature."[6] For there being three portions of light in the Soul and two in the passive spirit, the inferior attracts the superior. Then there being but one portion in the celestial nature and two in the middle spirit, this solitary shining unity attracts the other *binarius*, to fortify and augment itself, as light joins with light or flame with flame, and then they hang in a vital, magnetical series. Again, the chain of ascent which concerns the matter is performed thus. The celestial nature differs not in substance from the aerial spirit but only in degree and complexion; and the aerial spirit differs from the *Aura*, or material part of the Soul, in constitution only and not in nature; so that these three, being but one substantially,

[1] *Lux manifestè visibilis ad oculum.*

[2] The cone = 1 + base = 2 + 4 basal angles = 6 + 4 sides of the pyramid = 10.

[3] *In horizonte æternitatis.*

[4] *In horizonte temporis.*

[5] *Natura media et sphæra æqualitatis.*

[6] ἡ φύσις τῇ φύσει τέρπεται. There is a fragment of Ostanes on *The Sacred and Divine Art*, addressed to Petasius, in the collection of Byzantine alchemists. It does not contain the aphorism quoted by Vaughan. It will be found, however, in the letter of pseudo-Synesius to Dioscorus on the Book of Democritus. Analogous expressions recur continually in the Greek alchemical texts.

may admit of a perfect, hypostatical union and be carried by a certain intellectual light into "the horizon of the supercelestial world" [1] and so swallowed up of immortality.

But, methinks, Nature complains of a prostitution, that I go about to diminish her majesty, having almost broken her seal and exposed her naked to the world. I must confess I have gone very far and now I must recal myself; for there is a necessity of reserving as well as publishing some things. And yet I will speak of greater matters. The Soul though in some sense active yet is she not so essentially but a mere instrumental agent; for she is guided in her operations by a spiritual, metaphysical grain, a seed or glance of light, simple and without any mixture, descending from the first Father of Lights. For though His full-eyed love shines on nothing but man, yet everything in the world is in some measure directed for his preservation by a spice or touch of the First Intellect. This is partly confirmed by the habitation and residence of God; for He is seated above all His creatures, to hatch —as it were—and cherish them with living, eternal influences which daily and hourly proceed from Him. Hence he is called of the Kabalists *Kether*,[2] and it answers to Parmenides his Fiery Crown,[3] which he places above all the visible spheres. This flux of immaterial powers Christ Himself—in Whom the fulness of the Godhead resided—confirmed and acknowledged in the flesh; for when the diseased touched His garment He questioned who it was, adding this reason: "I perceive"—said He —"that virtue is gone out of me." [4]

But laying aside such proofs, though the Scripture abounds in them, let us consider the exercise and practice of Nature here below, and we shall find her game such she cannot play it without this tutor. In the first place

[1] *In horizonte mundi super-supremi.*

[2] *Kether*, or the Crown, is the first and highest *Sephira* or Numeration in the Tree of Life in Kabalism.

[3] *Corona ignea.*

[4] ST LUKE, ix, 46.

then I would fain know who taught the spider his mathematics? How comes he to lodge in the centre of his web, that he may sally upon all occasions to any part of the circumference? How comes he to premeditate and forecast? For if he did not first know and imagine that there are flies whereupon he must feed he would not watch for them, nor spin out his nets in that exquisite form and texture. Verily we must needs confess that He Who ordained flies for his sustenance gave him also some small light to know and execute His ordinance. Tell me—if you can—who taught the hare to countermarch when she doubles her trace in the pursuit, to confound the scent and puzzle her persecutors? Who counsels her to stride from the double to her form, that her steps may be at a greater distance and by consequence the more difficult to find out? Certainly this is a well-ordered policy, enough to prove that God is not absent from His creatures but that "wisdom reacheth from one end to another mightily"[1] and that "His incorruptible Spirit is in all things."[2] But to speak something more immediately apposite to our purpose: let us consider the several products that are in Nature with their admirable features and symmetry. We know very well there is but one Matter out of which there are formed so many different shapes and constitutions. Now, if the agent which determinates and figures the Matter were not a discerning spirit it were impossible for him to produce anything at all. For let me suppose Hyliard[3] with his pencil and table ready to portray a rose, if he doth not inwardly apprehend the very shape and proportion of that which he intends to limn he may as well do it without his eyes as without his intellectuals. Let us now apply this to the Spirit which worketh in Nature. This

[1] WISDOM OF SOLOMON, viii, 1. [2] *Ibid.*, xii, 1.

[3] A miniature painter and craftsman, 1537–1619. He was famous in the days of Queen Elizabeth and was the engraver of her second Great Seal.

moves in the centre of all things, hath the Matter before Him as the potter hath his clay or the limner his colours. And first of all He exerciseth His chemistry in several transmutations, producing sinews, veins, blood, flesh and bones, which work also includes His arithmetic, for He makes the joints and all integral parts, nay—as Christ tells us—the very hairs of our heads in a certain determinate number, which may conduce to the beauty and motion of the frame. Again, in the outward lineaments or symmetry of the compound He proves himself a most regular mathematician, proportioning parts to parts, all which operations can proceed from nothing but a Divine, Intellectual Spirit. For if He had not several ideas or conceptions correspondent to His several intentions He could not distinguish the one from the other. And if He were not sensible, if He did not foresee the work He doth intend, then the end could be no impulsive cause—as the Peripatetics would have it.

The consideration of these several offices which this Spirit performs in generation made Aristotle himself grant that in the seeds of all things there were "potencies like unto artifices."[1] We should therefore examine who weaves the flowers of vegetables, who colours them without a pencil, who bolts the branches upwards and threads —as it were—their roots downwards. For all these actions include a certain artifice which cannot be done without judgment and discretion. Now, our Saviour tells us: "My Father worketh hitherto";[2] and in another place He tells us God clothes the lilies of the field;[3] and again "not one sparrow falls without your Father."[4] Verily, this is the truth and the testimony of truth, notwithstanding Aristotle and his Problems. Neither should you think the Divine Spirit disparaged in being president to every generation because some

[1] *Virtutes similes artificiis.*
[2] St John, v, 17.
[3] St Matt., vi, 28, 29: St Luke, xii, 27, 28.
[4] St Matt., x, 29.

products seem poor and contemptible. For verily as long as they conduce to the glory of their Author they are noble enough; and if you reflect upon Egypt you will find the basest of His creatures to extort a catholic confession from the wizards: "the finger of God is here."[1]

That I may come then to the point: these invisible, central artists are lights seeded by the First Light in that primitive emanation or *Sit Lux*, which some falsely render *Fiat Lux*.[2] For Nature is the Voice of God,[3] not a mere sound or command but a substantial, active breath, proceeding from the Creator and penetrating all things. God Himself is "a spermatic form,"[4] and this is the only sense wherein a form may be defined as "the outward expression of an inward essence."[5] I know this will seem harsh to some men, whose ignorant zeal hath made them adversaries to God, for they rob Him of His glory and give it to His creature—nay, sometimes to fancies and inventions of their own. I wish such philosophers to consider whether in the beginning there was any life or wisdom beyond the Creator, and if so to tell us where. Verily—to use their own term—they can never find this *Ubi*. For they are gracious concessions or talents which God of His free will hath lent us; and if He should resume them we should presently return to our first nothing. Let them take heed therefore—whiles they attribute generation to qualities—lest the true Author of it should come against them with that charge which He brought sometime against the Assyrians. "Shall the ax boast itself against him that heweth therewith? Or shall the saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it? As if the rod should shake itself against them that lift it up,

[1] *Digitus Dei est hic.*—EXODUS, viii, 19. Vaughan is quoting from the Vulgate.

[2] See *ante*, p. 16, in the quotation from Georgius Venetus. The Vulgate gives *Fiat Lux*.

[3] Φωνὴ του Θεοῦ.

[4] λόγος σπερματῖκὸς.

[5] See *ante*, p. 73.

or as if the staff should lift up itself, as if it were no wood."[1] Let them rather cashier their Aristotle and the errors wherewith he hath infatuated so many generations. Let them approach with confidence to the Almighty God Who made the world, for none can give a better account of the work than the Architect. Let them not despair to attain His familiarity, for He is a God that desires to be known and will reveal Himself, both for the manifestation of His own glory and the benefit of His creatures. There is no reason then why we should decline this great and glorious Schoolmaster, Whose very invitation speaks more than an ordinary encouragement. "Thus saith the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, and his Maker: Ask me of things to come concerning my sons, and concerning the work of my hands command ye me. I have made the earth, and created man upon it: I, even my hands, have stretched out the heavens, and all their hosts have I commanded."[2] But it will be questioned perhaps: how shall we approach to the Lord and by what means may we find Him out? Truly not with words but with works, not in studying ignorant, heathenish authors but in perusing and trying His creatures. For in them lies His secret path, which though it be shut up with thorns and briars, with outward worldly corruptions, yet if we would take the pains to remove this luggage we might enter the Terrestrial Paradise, that Encompassed Garden[3] of Solomon, where God descends to walk and drink of the Sealed Fountain. But verily there is such a general prejudice, such a customary opposition of all principles which cross Aristotle that Truth can no sooner step abroad but some sophister or other flings dirt in her face.

It is strange that none of these schoolmen consider how the several distinctions and divisions translated from logic to divinity have set all Christendom on fire, how they have violated the peace of many flourishing kingdoms

[1] ISAIAH, x, 15. [2] *Ibid.*, xlv, 11, 12.
[3] *Hortus conclusus.*—SONG OF SOLOMON, iv, 12, following the Vulgate.

and occasioned more sects in religion than there are opinions in philosophy. Most seasonable then and Christian is that petition of St Augustine: "Deliver us, O Lord, from logic."[1] And here I must desire the reader not to mistake me. I do not condemn the use but the abuse of reason, the many subtleties and fetches of it, which man hath so applied that truth and error are equally disputable. I am one that stands up for a true natural knowledge, grounded—as Nature is—on Christ Jesus, Who is the true foundation of all things—visible and invisible. I shall therefore in this discourse touch nearly upon those mysteries which some few have delivered over to posterity in difficult, obscure terms, that if possible the majesty of truth and the benefit they shall receive from it may settle men in a new way and bring them at last from vain, empty fancies to a real, sensible fruition of Nature.

You may remember how, in my former discourse of the nature of man, I mentioned a certain simplicity of elements according to their several complexions in the several regions of the world. I shall now speak of another triplicity—much more obscure and mystical—without which you can never attain to the former, for these three principles are the key of all magic, without whose perfect knowledge you can never truly understand the least idioms in Nature. The first principle is one in one and one from one.[2] It is a pure, white virgin and next to that which is most pure and simple. This is the First Created Unity. By this all things were made—not actually but mediately—and without this nothing can be made, either artificial or natural. This is "Bride of God and of the Stars."[3] By mediation of this there is a

[1] *A logica libera nos, Domine.* Assuredly the scholastics must have "made mouths" at the speech.

[2] The analogue is Shekinah in the great theosophy of the ZOHAR, as the denomination *Uxor vel Sponsa* indicates. The analogue in alchemy is Salt.

[3] *Uxor Dei et stellarum.*

descent from one into four and an ascent from above by four to the invisible, supernatural Monad. Who knows not this can never attain to the Art, for he knows not what he is to look for.

The Second Principle differs not from the first in substance and dignity but in complexion and order. This second was the first and is so still essentially ; but by adhesion to the matter it contracted an impurity and so fell from its first unity, wherefore the magicians style it *Binarius*.[1] Separate therefore the circumference from the centre by the diametrical line,[2] and there will appear unto thee the philosopher's *Ternarius*, which is the Third Principle. This third is properly no principle but a product of Art. It is a various nature, compounded in one sense and decompounded in another, consisting of inferior and superior powers. This is the magician's fire, this is Mercury of the philosophers, that most famous Microcosm and Adam.[3] This is the labyrinth and wild of magic, where a world of students have lost themselves —a thing so confusedly and obscurely handled by such as knew it that it is altogether impossible to find it in their records. There is no late writer understands the full latitude and universality of this principle, nor the genuine metaphysical use thereof. It moves here below in shades and tiffanies, above in white ethereal vestures ; neither is there anything in Nature exposed to such a public prostitution as this is, for it passeth through all hands and there is not any creature but hath the use thereof.

This *Ternarius*, being reduced by the Quaternary,

[1] This is Sophic Sulphur.

[2] *Per lineam diametralem.* I must confess that this symbolism confounds the reason. A vertical line drawn through a circle does not in known geometry separate the circumference from the centre.

[3] *Mercurius Philosophorum, celeberrimus ille Microcosmus et Adam.* The name Adam in alchemy sometimes signifies Sulphur, sometimes Mercury and sometimes the Magistery in its perfect red state. Microcosm is a general term given to the Magistery at any stage. It does not seem to have signified Sophic Mercury.

ascends to the magical decad, which is "the exceeding single Monad,"[1] in which state whatsoever things it may will those also it can do,[2] for it is united then, face to face,[3] to the First, Eternal, Spiritual Unity. But of these three hear the oracle of magic, the great and solemn Agrippa.[4] "There are then—as we have said—four elements, without a perfect knowledge of which nothing can be brought to its effect in magic. But each of them is threefold, that so the number four may make up the number twelve and, by passing the number seven into the number ten, there may be progress to the Supreme Unity, whence all virtue flows, and on which all wonder-

[1] *Monas unitissima.*

[2] *Quæcunque vult, potest.*

[3] *Per aspectum.*

[4] *Quatuor itaque quæ diximus sunt elementa, sine quorum notitiâ perfectâ nullum in Magiâ producere possumus effectum. Sunt autem singula triplicia, ut sic Quaternarius compleat Duodenarium, et per Septenarium in Denarium progrediens ad Supremam Unitatem, unde omnis virtus et mirabilis operatio dependet, fiat progressus. Primo igitur ordine elementa pura sunt, quæ nec componuntur, nec mutantur, nec patiuntur commixtionem, sed incorruptibilia sunt, et non a quibus sed per quæ omnium naturalium rerum virtutes producuntur in effectum. Virtutes illorum a nullo explicari possunt, quia in omnia possunt omnia. Hæc qui ignorat ad nullam mirabilium effectuum operationem pertingere potest. Secundi ordinis elementa composita sunt, multiplicia et varia, et impura, reducibilia tamen per artem ad puram simplicitatem, quibus tunc ad suam simplicitatem reversis virtus est super omnia complementum, dans omnium operationem occultarum et operationem naturæ. Hæc sunt fundamentum totius magiæ naturalis. Tertii ordinis elementa, hæc primo et per se non sunt elementa sed decomposita varia, multiplicia, et inter se invicem permutabilia. Ipsa sunt infallibile medium, ideoque vocantur media natura, sive anima mediæ naturæ. Paucissimi sunt qui illorum profunda mysteria intelligunt. In ipsis per certos numeros, gradus, et ordines est consummatio omnis effectus in quacunque re naturali, cœlesti et supercœlesti. Miranda sunt et plena mysteriis quæ operari possunt in magiâ, tam naturali quam divina. Per ipsa enim omnium rerum ligationes, etiam solutiones, et transmutationes, et futurorum cognitio et prædictio, etiam malorum dæmonum exterminatio et bonorum spirituum conciliatio ab illis descendit. Sine his igitur triplicibus elementis, eorundemque cognitione, nemo confidat se in occultis magiæ et naturæ scientiis quicquam posse operari. Quicunque autem hæc in illa, impura in pura, multiplicia in simplicia reducere noverit, eorundemque naturam, virtutem, potestatem in numero, gradibus et ordine, sine divisione substantiæ discernere sciverit, is facile obtinebit omnium naturalium rerum et cœlestium secretorum scientiam et operationem perfectam.*—De Occulta Philosophia, *Lib.* i, c. 4.

ful operation depends. In the first order are the pure elements, which are neither compounded nor changed, which suffer no mixture but are incorruptible. The virtues of all natural things are brought into activity through and not by these. No one is able to declare their virtues, for in all things they can do all things. He who is ignorant concerning them can never bring to pass the operation of marvellous effects. Of the second order are elements that are composite, manifold, various and withal impure, though reducible by art to a pure simplicity, whose virtue—when they are so reduced—doth above all things perfect all occult and other operations of Nature. These are the foundation of all natural magic. As regards the third order of elements, originally and of themselves they are not elements in reality, being twice compounded and changeable one with the other. These are the infallible medium, whence they are called the middle nature, or soul of the middle nature. Very few are they who understand the deep mysteries thereof. By means of certain numbers, degrees and orders, herein lies the consummation of every effect in all things natural, celestial and supercelestial. They are full of wonders and mysteries which can be performed alike in natural and divine magic. Thence proceed the bindings, loosings and transmutations of all things, the knowledge and foretelling of things to come, with the exorcism of evil and the conciliation of good spirits. Without these three kinds of elements and the knowledge thereof, let no man deem himself competent to work in the secret sciences of magic and of Nature. But whoever shall know how to reduce those which are of one kind into those of another, the impure into pure, compounded into simple, and shall understand distinctly their nature, virtue and power in number, grades and order—without dividing the substance—the same shall attain easily to the knowledge and perfect fulfilment of all natural things and of all celestial secrets."

This is he with the black spaniel, or rather, this is he "who even from his earliest age did ever appear as an inquiring and intrepid investigator into the abounding operations of things mysterious and of miraculous effects."[1] Now for your further instruction hear also the dark disciple of the more dark Libanius Gallus. "The First Principle[2] doth consist in an unity, and

[1] *Qui ab ineunte ætate semper circa mirabilium effectuum, et plenas mysteriorum operationes, curiosus intrepidusque extitit explorator.*

[2] *Primum principium in uno consistit, non a quo sed per quod omnis mirandorum naturalium virtus producitur in effectum. Per quod diximus, quia purum ab uno procedens non componitur, neque mutatur. Ad ipsum a ternario et quaternario fit ad Monadem progressus, ut compleatur denarius. Per ipsum enim est numeri regressus ad unum, simul descensus in quatuor et ascensus in Monadem. Impossibile est compleri denarium, nisi per ipsum. Monas in triade læta convertitur. Omnes hoc principium post principium Monadis ignorantes nil in ternario proficiunt, nec ad sacrum quaternarium pertingunt. Nam etsi sapientum libros omnes habeant, syderum cursus, virtutes, potestates, operationes et proprietates perfecte cognoscant, ipsorumque imagines, annulos et sigilla, et secretissima quæque ad plenum intelligant, nullum tamen mirandorum consequi possent in suis operationibus effectum, sine hujus principii a principio cognitione, in principium. Unde omnes quotquot vidi in magiâ naturali operantes aut nihil consecuti sunt, aut ad vana, frivola et superstitiosa, post longas et inutiles operationes desperatione prolapsi sunt. Principium vero secundum ordine, non dignitate, quidem a primo separatum, quod unum existens facit ternarium, est quod operatur miranda per binarium. In uno est enim unum, et non est unum, est simplex et in quaternio componitur, quo purificato per ignem in sola aqua pura egreditur et ipsum, ad suam simplicitatem reversum, complementum operanti monstrabit occultorum. Hic centrum est totius magiæ naturalis, cujus circumferentia sibi unita circulum repræsentat, immensus ordo in infinitum. Virtus ejus super omnia purificata, et simplex minor omnibus, quaternio super gradu composita. Quaternarius autem Pythagoricus numerus ternario suffultus, si ordinem gradumque observat, purificatus, purusque in uno, ad binarium in ternario miranda et occulta Naturæ operari potest. Hic est quaternarius in cujus mensurâ ternarius binario conjunctus in uno cuncta facit, quæ mirabiliter facit. Ternarius ad unitatem reductus per aspectum omnia in se continet, et quæ vult potest. Principium tertium per se non est principium, sed inter ipsum et binarium est finis omnis scientiæ et artis mysticæ, ac infallibile medii centrum. In alio quam in ipso facilius non erratur, quoniam paucissimi vivunt in terris qui profunda ejus intelligant. Varium est compositum, et per septenarium in ternarium octies multiplicatum consurgens et manens fixum. In ipso est consummatio Numeri graduum et ordinis. Per hoc omnes philosophi, occultorum naturæ veri inquisitores mirabiles effectus consecuti sunt; per ipsum ad simplex elementum in ternario reductum subito fiunt infirmitatum curæ miraculosæ et*

through rather than from this is all power of natural wonders carried into effect. We have said 'through which' because the pure *ens*, which proceedeth out of unity, is not compounded, neither hath it any vicissitude. Thereunto, from the triad and the tetrad is a progression unto the Monad, for the completion of the denary, because thereby is a regression of number into unity, as also a descent unto the tetrad and an ascension unto the Monad. Hereby only can the duad be completed. With joy and triumph is the Monad converted into the triad. Those who are ignorant of this principle, which is after the Principle of the Monad, cannot attain unto the triad nor approach the sacred tetrad. Had they mastered all the books of the wise, were they conversant with the courses of the stars, did they clearly understand their virtues, powers, operations and properties, their types, rings, sigils and their most secret things whatsoever, no working of wonders could possibly follow their operations without a knowledge of this Principle, which cometh out of a principle and returneth into a principle. Hence all—without exception—whom I have found experimenting in natural magic have either attained nothing or, after long and barren operations, have been reduced in desperation to vain, trivial and superstitious pursuits. Now, the second principle, which is separated from the first in order but not in dignity, which alone existing

naturaliter omnium ægritudinum; opusque in magia naturali et præternaturali operantis consequitur effectum per dispositionem quaternarii. Prædictio futurorum per ipsum verificatur, occultorumque insinuatio, non aliunde quam per ipsum a natura percipitur. Hoc unico medio secretum naturæ aperitur alchemistis, sine quo nec intellectus artis acquiritur, nec operationis effectus invenitur. Errant, crede mihi, errant omnes, qui sine istis tribus principiis quicquam operari in occultis naturæ scientiis se posse confidunt.—Trithemius is far famed in the records of occult history. Here it is sufficient to say that he was born about 1462 and died in 1516. Agrippa and Paracelsus were both influenced by him, at least in their early life. Libanius Gallus is, however, a dark star in all respects. I have no particulars concerning him. There was a later Georgius Libanus, 1490–1550, who was an editor of Greek texts and an advocate of Greek studies.

doth produce the triad, is that which works wonders by the duad. For in the one is the one and there is not the one ; it is simple, yet in the tetrad it is compounded, which being purified by fire cometh forth pure water, and being reduced to its simplicity shall reveal unto the worker of secret mysteries the fulfilment of his labours. Here lieth the centre of all natural magic, the circumference of which thereunto united doth display a circle, a vast order in the infinite. Its virtue is purified above all things and less simple than all things, being composed on the grade of the tetrad. But the Pythagoric tetrad, supported by the triad, the pure and purified in one, can —if order and grade be observed—perform marvellous and secret things of Nature, to the measure of the duad in the triad. This is the tetrad in the measure whereof the triad, joined to the duad, maketh all things one, after a marvellous fashion. The triad reduced to unity contains all things face to face within it, and it doeth that which it will. The third principle is of itself no principle, but between this and the duad is the end of all science and mystic art, and the infallible centre of the medial principle. It is not less easy to blunder in the one than the other, for few there are on earth who understand the depths thereof. It is of inconstant nature, rising by an eightfold multiplication through the septenary into the triad and then remaining fixed. Herein is the consummation of the scales and order of number. By this hath every philosopher and true scrutator of natural secrets attained unto admirable results ; by this, reduced in the triad unto a simple element, they rapidly performed miraculous cures of diseases and of all manners of sickness naturally ; and achievement in natural and supernatural magic followed the procedure of working through the direction of the tetrad. By this the prediction of future events was verified, and no otherwise is the penetration of hidden things to be learned from Nature. By this one medium is the secret of Nature laid bare unto alchemists ; without

it no understanding of the Art can be attained, nor the term of experiment discovered. Believe me, they all err who, devoid of these three principles, dream it possible to accomplish anything in the secret sciences of Nature."

Thus far Trithemius, where—for thy better understanding—I must inform thee there is a twofold *Binarius*—one of light and one of confusion.[1] But peruse Agrippa seriously DE SCALIS NUMERORUM, and thou mayest apprehend all, for our Abbot borrowed this language from him, the perusal of whose book he had before he published anything in this nature of his own.[2] Now for thy further instruction go along with me, not to Athens or Stagyra but to that secretary and penman of God Almighty who stood in a cleft of the rock when He made all His goodness to pass before him.[3] I am certain the world will wonder I should make use of Scripture to establish physiology ; but I would have them know that all secrets—physical and spiritual, all the close connections and that mysterious kiss of God and Nature—are clearly and punctually discovered there. Consider that merciful mystery of the Incarnation, wherein the fulness of the Godhead was incorporated and the Divine Light united to the Matter in a far greater measure than at the first creation. Consider it—I say—and thou shalt find that no philosophy hath perfectly united God to His creature but the Christian, wherefore also it is the only true philosophy and the only true religion ; for without this union there can be neither a natural temporal nor a spiritual eternal life. And Moses tells us that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth—that is, the Virgin Mercury and the Virgin Sulphur. Now let me advise

[1] See *ante* : the reason is that it is the number of division as well as of charity, of divorce as well as marriage, of evil as well as good, and in particular of matter.—DE OCCULTA PHILOSOPHIA, *Lib.* ii, *cap.* 5.

[2] It is more probable that Trithemius drew from the same sources as Cornelius Agrippa. It may be added that the former was an original thinker, whereas the latter in his THREE BOOKS appears chiefly as a compiler.

[3] EXODUS, xxxiii, 19–23.

you not to trouble yourselves with this Mercury unless you have a true friend to instruct you or an express illumination from the first Author of it, for it is a thing attained "by a wonderful Art."[1] Observe then what I shall now tell you.

There is in every star and in this elemental world a certain principle which is "the Bride of the Sun."[2] These two in their coition do emit semen,[3] which seed is carried in the womb of Nature. But the ejection of it is performed invisibly and in a sacred silence, for this is the conjugal mystery of heaven and earth, their act of generation, a thing done in private between particular males and females; but how much more—think you—between the two universal natures? Know therefore that it is impossible for you to extract or receive any seed from the sun without this feminine principle, which is the Wife of the Sun. Now then, my small sophisters of the Stone, you that consume your time and substance in making waters and oils with a dirty *caput mortuum*;[4] you that deal in gold and quicksilver, being infatuated with the legends of some late and former mountebanks: consider the last end of such men. Did they obtain anything by it but diseases and poverty? Did they not in their old age—"greybeards of an evil time"[5]—fall to clipping and counterfeiting of coin? And for a period to their memory did they not die in despair, which is the child of ignorance? Know then for certain that the magician's sun and moon are two universal peers, male and female, a king and queen regents, always young and never old. These two are adequate to the whole world and co-extended through the universe. The one is not without the other, God having united them in His work of creation

[1] *Arte mirabili.* [2] *Uxor Solis.*
[3] *Emittere semen.*
[4] *Caput Mortuum* is the technical term in Alchemy for the fæces left in the cucurbite or retort after distillation or sublimation: A. J. Pernety, DICTIONNAIRE MYTHO-HERMÉTIQUE, p. 289, s.v. *Tête Morte.*
[5] *Inveterati dierum malorum.*

in a solemn, sacramental union. It will then be a hard and difficult enterprise to rob the husband of his wife, to part those asunder whom God Himself hath put together, for they sleep both in the same bed and he that discovers the one must needs see the other. The love betwixt these two is so great that if you use this virgin kindly she will fetch back her Cupid after he hath ascended from her in wings of fire.

Observe, moreover, that material principles can be multiplied but materially, that is, by addition of parts, as you see in the augmentation of bodies, which is performed by a continual assumption of nutriment into the stomach. But it is not the body that transmutes the nutriment into flesh and blood but that spirit which is the life and light of the body. Material principles are passive and can neither alter nor purify, but well may they be altered and purified. Neither can they communicate themselves to another substance beyond their own extension, which is finite and determinate. Trust not those impostors then who tell you of a Tingeing Sulphur[1] and I know not what fables, who pin also that new and narrow name of *Chemia* on a science both ancient and infinite. It is the light only that can be truly multiplied, for this ascends to and descends from the first fountain of multiplication and generation. This light applied to any body whatsoever exalts and perfects it after its own kind:[2] if to animals, it exalts animals;[3] if to vegetables, vegetables; if to minerals, it refines minerals and translates them from the worst to the best condition. Where note by the way that every body hath passive

[1] The whole of this paragraph is most important for the spiritual analogies which Vaughan recognised as hidden in his cosmic reveries. It is unfortunate that—as in his life and work so in his later writings—he forgot so frequently that the "science both ancient and infinite" into which he looks here could not be a science of physics.

[2] *In suo genere.*

[3] The proposition is that there is an inward, essential truth, here denominated light, and that it transmutes everything, after its proper kind, from the worst to the best state, on which see my Introduction.

principles in itself for this light to work upon and therefore needs not borrow any from gold or silver. Consider then what it is you search for, you that hunt after the Philosopher's Stone, for "it is his to transmute who creates."[1] You seek for that which is most high but you look on that which is most low. Two things there are which every good Christian may and ought to look after —the true and the necessary. Truth is the arcanum, the mystery and essence of all things; for every secret is truth and every substantial truth is a secret. I speak not here of outward, historical truths—which are but relatives to actions—but I speak of an inward, essential truth, which is light: for light is the truth, and it discovers falsehood, which is darkness. By this truth all that which is necessary may be compassed, but never without it.

"I preferred wisdom"—said the wise king—"before sceptres and thrones, and esteemed riches nothing in comparison of her.[2] Neither compared I unto her any precious stone, because all gold in respect of her is as a little sand, and silver shall be counted as clay before her. I loved her above health and beauty, and chose to have her instead of light: for the light that cometh from her never goeth out. All good things together came to me with her, and innumerable riches in her hands. And I rejoiced in them all, because wisdom goeth before them: and I knew not that she was the mother of them. If riches be a possession to be desired in this life; what is richer than wisdom that worketh all things?[3] For she is privy to the mysteries of the knowledge of God, and a lover of His works.[4] God hath granted me to speak as I would, and to conceive as is meet for the things that are given me: because it is He that leadeth unto wisdom, and directeth the wise.[5] For in His hand are both we

[1] *Ejusdem est transmutare cujus est creare.*
[2] WISDOM OF SOLOMON, vii, 10–12. [3] *Ibid.*, viii, 5.
[4] *Ibid.*, viii, 4. [5] *Ibid.*, vii, 15, and so forward to v. 30.

and our words; all wisdom also, and knowledge of workmanship. For he hath given me certain knowledge of the things that are, namely, to know how the world was made, and the operation of the elements: the beginning, ending and midst of the times: the alterations of the turning of the sun, and the change of seasons: the circuit of years, and the positions of stars: the natures of living creatures, and the furies of wild beasts: the violence of winds, and the reasonings of man: the diversities of plants, and the virtues of roots: and all such things as are either secret or manifest, them I know. For wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught me: for in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only,[1] manifold, subtle, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good, kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things, and going through all understanding, pure, and most subtle spirits. For wisdom is more moving than any motion: she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness. For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty: therefore can no defiled thing fall into her. For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of His goodness. And being but one, she can do all things: and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new: and in all ages entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of God, and prophets. For God loveth none but him that dwelleth with wisdom. For she is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of the stars: being compared with the light, she is found before it. For after this cometh night: but vice shall not prevail against wisdom."

[1] The Vulgate says: *Artifex docuit me sapientia*, and this is the δημιουργὸς or τεχνῖτης. The "one only" or *unicus* of the Vulgate is literally the only begotten. This *Artifex* in the Zohar is called Shekinah, who is

Thus Solomon; and again a greater than Solomon: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."[1] For, of a truth, temporal blessings are but ushers to the spiritual, or—to speak more plainly—when once we begin to love the Spirit then He sends us these things as tokens and pledges of His love; "for promotion comes neither from the East nor from the West,"[2] but from God that giveth it.

"The state of true being"—saith one[3]—"is that from

with God in *Kether* but is brought forth into *Binah* or understanding. But because of the superincession of the three Divine Hypostases in Kabalism she is frequently identified with *Chokmah* or Wisdom.

[1] St Matt., vi, 33. [2] Ps., lxxv, 6.

[3] *Verum est esse, a quo nihil abesse, cuique nihil adesse, multoque minus obesse potest. Necessarium id omne, quo carere non possumus. Veritas itaque summa virtus est ac inexpugnabile castrum, paucissimis inhærentibus amicis, at innumeris obsessum inimicis, paulo minus quam toti mundo nunc invisum, sed insuperabile pignus iis qui possident illud. Hac in arce verus et indubitatus philosophorum lapis et thesaurus continetur, qui non erosus a tineis, nec perfossus a furibus manet in æternum, cæteris dissolutis omnibus, multis in ruinam positus, aliis ad salutem. Hæc est res vulgo vilissima, spreta plurimum et exosa, non tamen odibilis, at amabilis et preciosa philosophis, supra gemmas et aurum obrizon. Omnium amatrix, omnibus ferme inimica, ubique reperibilis et a paucissimis—quasi nullis—inventa, per vicos acclamans omnibus: Venite ad me, omnes qui quæritis, et Ego vos ducam in veram semitam. Hæc est res illa tantum a veris prædicata philosophis, quæ vincit omnia, nec ab ulla re vincitur, corpus et cor, omne durum et solidum penetrans, ac omne molle consolidans, et ab omni duro resistendum confirmans. Nobis omnibus se facit obviam, et non videmus eam, vociferans et alta voce dicens: Ego sum via veritatis; transite per me, quia non est alius ad vitam transitus; et nolumus eam audire. Odorem suavitatis emittit, sed non percipimus eum. Dapibus sese nobis liberaliter in suavitatem offert indies, et non degustamus eam. Blande nos ad salutem trahit, et ejus tractui resistentes, sentire nolumus. Quonian facti sumus sicut lapides, oculos habentes et non videntes, aures habentes et non audientes, nares non olfacientes habentes, ore linguaque muniti non degustantes, neque loquentes, manibus et pedibus nil operantes, nec ambulantes. O miserum tale genus hominum quod lapidibus non est præstantius, imo longe inferius eo quod hoc, non illi rationem daturi sunt operationum suarum. Transmutemini (inquit) transmutemini de lapidibus mortuis in lapides vivos philosophicos. Ego sum vera Medicina, corrigens et transmutans id quod non est amplius in id quod fuit ante corruptionem, ac in melius, ac id quod non est in id quod esse debet. Ecce præ foribus conscientiæ vestræ sum noctes ac dies pulsans, et non aperitis mihi, Tamen expecto mitis, nec a vobis irata recedo, sed patiens injurias sustineo vestras, cupiens per patientiam ad*

which nothing is absent ; to which nothing is added and nothing still less can harm. All needful is that with which no one can dispense. Truth is therefore the highest excellence and an impregnable fortress, having few friends and beset by innumerable enemies, though invisible in these days to almost the whole world, but an invincible security to those who possess it. In this citadel is contained that true and indubitable Stone and Treasure of Philosophers, which uneaten by moths and unpierced by thieves remaineth to eternity—though all things else dissolve—set up for the ruin of many and the salvation of some. This is the matter which for the crowd is vile, exceedingly contemptible and odious, yet not hateful but loveable and precious to the wise, beyond gems and tried gold. A lover itself of all, to all well nigh an enemy, to be found everywhere, yet discovered scarcely by any, though it cries through the streets to all : Come to me, all ye who seek, and I will lead you in the true path. This is that only thing proclaimed by the true philosophers, that which overcometh all and is itself overcome by nothing, searching heart and body, penetrating whatsoever is stony and stiff,

eam exhortando vos ducere. Venite iterum, atque sæpius iterum venite, qui sapientiam quæritis et emite gratis, non auro nec argento, minus laboribus propriis quod vobis offertur ultro. Sonora vox, suavis et grata philosophantium auribus. O fons divitiarum inexhaustibilis veritatem et justitiam sitientibus. O desolatorum imperfectioni solatium. Quid ultra quæritis, mortales anxii? Cur infinitis animos vestros curis exagitatis, Miseri? Quæ vestra vos excæcat dementia, quæso? Cum in vobis—non ex vobis—sit omne quod extra vos, non apud vos quæritis. Proprium hoc solet esse vulgi vitium, ut propria contemnens, aliena quæ sunt semper appetat. Proprium hic pro nobis appropriati sumimus, nam ex nobis ipsis nihil habemus boni, sed si quid habere boni possumus ab eo qui solus est bonus ferimus acceptum. E contra, quod habemus mali nobis ipsi nos appropriavimus, ex alieno malo per inobedientiam. Proprium ergo nihil homini est ex suo præterquam malum quod possidet. Quod ex Bono bonum habet non ex seipso, sed contribute proprium habet ex Bono, cum recipit tamen. Lucet in nobis (licet obscure) Vita Lux hominum, tanquam in tenebris, quæ non ex nobis est sed ab eo cujus est. Hic illam plantavit in nobis, ut in ejus Lumine, qui lucem inhabitat inaccessibilem, videremus Lumen; et hoc cæteras ejus præcelleremus creaturas. Illi similes hac ratione facti, quod scintillam sui Luminis dederit nobis. Est igitur veritas non in nobis quærenda, sed in imagine Dei, quæ in nobis est.

consolidating that which is weak and establishing resistance in the hard. It confronts us all, though we see it not, crying and proclaiming with uplifted voice: I am the way of truth; see that you walk therein, for there is no other path unto life: yet we will not hearken unto her. She giveth forth an odour of sweetness, and yet we perceive it not. Daily and freely at her feasts she offers to us herself in sweetness, but we will not taste and see. Softly she draws us towards salvation and still we reject her yoke. For we are become even as stones, having eyes and not seeing, ears and hearing not, nostrils refusing to smell, a tongue that will not speak, a mouth which does not taste, feet which refuse to walk and hands that work at nothing. O miserable race of men, which are not superior to stones, yea, so much the more inferior because to the one and not the other is given knowledge of their acts. Be ye transmuted—she cries—be ye transmuted from dead stones into living philosophical stones. I am the true Medicine, rectifying and transmuting that which is no longer into that which it was before corruption entered, and into something better by far, and that which is no longer into that which it ought to be. Lo, I am at the door of your conscience, knocking night and day, and ye will not open unto me. Yet I wait mildly; I do not depart in anger; I suffer your affronts patiently, hoping thereby to lead you where I seek to bring. Come again, and come again often, ye who seek wisdom: buy without money and without price, not with gold or silver, nor yet by your own labours, that which is offered freely. O sonorous voice, O voice sweet and gracious to ears of sages. O fount of inexhaustible riches to those thirsting after truth and justice. O consolation to those who are desolate. What seek ye further, ye anxious mortals? Why torment your minds with innumerable anxieties, ye miserable ones? Prithee, what madness blinds you, when within and not without you is all that you seek outside instead of within you? Such is the peculiar vice of the vulgar, that

despising their own, they desire ever what is foreign, nor yet altogether unreasonably, for of ourselves we have nothing that is good, or if indeed we possess any, it is received from Him Who alone is eternal good. On the contrary, our disobedience hath appropriated that which is evil within us from an evil principle without, and beyond this evil thus possessed within him man has nothing of his own ; for whatsoever is good in his nature belongs to the Lord of goodness. At the same time that is counted to him as his own which he receives from the Good Principle. Albeit dimly, that Life which is the light of men shineth in the darkness within us, a Life which is not of us but of Him Who hath it from everlasting. He hath planted it in us, that in His Light, Who dwelleth in Light inaccessible, we may behold the Light. Herein we surpass the rest of His creatures ; thus are we fashioned in His likeness, Who hath given us a beam of His own inherent Light. Truth must not therefore be sought in our natural self, but in the likeness of God within us."

This is he to whom the Brothers of R. C. gave the title of *Sapiens* and from whose writings they borrowed most of their instructions to a certain German postulant.[1] But, that you may the better understand how to come by this Stone, hear what he speaks in another place.[2]

[1] *Ad candidatum quendam Germaniæ.*

[2] *Non prius incipit vera cognitio quam perennium et labilium, cum vitæ tum interitus oblatâ comparatione, selegat anima cum animo jungi, delectatione majori tracta hujus, quam corporis. Ex eâ cognitione Mens oritur, et corporis voluntaria separatio sumit exordium, cum anima respiciens ex unâ corporis fœditatem et interitum, ex alterâ parte præstantiam et fælicitatem animi perpetuam, cum isto (Divino sic disponente Flatu) connecti cupit, altero penitus neglecto, ut hoc solum appetat quod a Deo conclusum esse videt in salutem et gloriam. Corpus in amborum jam unitorum unionem condescendere cogitur. Hæc est admirabilis illa philosophorum transmutatio corporis in spiritum et hujus in corpus, de quâ dictum nobis relinquitur a sapientibus: Fac fixum volatile, et volatile fac fixum, ut habeas magisterium nostrum. Intellige: fac de pertinaci corpore tractabile, quod animi præstantia cum animâ conveniente constantissimum fiat corpus ad omnia sustinendum*

"True knowledge begins when after a comparison of the imperishable with the perishable, of life and annihilation, the soul—yielding to the superior attraction of that which is eternal—doth elect to be made one with the higher soul. The mind emerges from that knowledge and as a beginning chooses voluntary separation of the body, beholding with the soul, on the one hand, the foulness and corruption of the body and, on the other, the everlasting splendour and felicity of the higher soul. Being moved thereto by the Divine inbreathing, and neglecting things of flesh, it yearns to be connected with this soul, and that alone desires which it finds comprehended by God in salvation and glory. But the body itself is brought to harmonise with the union of both. This is that wonderful philosophical transmutation of body into spirit and of spirit into body about which an instruction has come down to us from the wise of old: 'Fix that which is volatile and volatilise that which is fixed; and thou shalt attain our Mastery.' That is to say: Make the stiff-necked body tractable and the virtue of the higher soul, operating with the soul herself, shall communicate invariable constancy to the material part, so that it will abide all tests. Gold is tried by fire, and by this process all that is not gold is cast out. O pre-eminent gold of the philosophers, with which the Sons of the Wise are enriched, not with that which is coined. Come hither, ye who seek after so many ways the Treasure of Philo-

examina. Probatur enim aurum igne, quo reprobatur omne quod aurum non est. O præstantissimum philosophorum aurum, quo ditantur sapientiæ filii, non illo quod cuditur. Adeste, qui Thesaurum Philosophorum tam vario conatu quæritis, reprobatum a vobis Lapidem cognoscite, prius quis ille sit antequam quæratur. Mirum est super omne miraculum, quod quispiam appetat ignotum sibi. Fatuum certe videtur id ab hominibus quæri, cujus veritatem non norunt investigantes, quia nihil in eo spei relinquitur. Suadeo quibusvis ergo perquirentibus, ut cognoscant prius ejus quod quærunt, veram existentiam, antequam quærant: sic eos laboribus frustrari non continget. Sapiens quærit quod amat, nec amare potest quod non cognoscit: alioquin insipiens esset. Ex cognitione igitur natus est amor, omnium veritas, quæ sola viget in omnibus veris philosophis.

sophers. Behold that Stone which you have rejected, and learn first what it is before you go to seek it. It is more astonishing than any miracle that a man should desire after that which he does not know. It is folly to go in quest of that, the truth of which investigators do not know: such a search is hopeless. I counsel therefore all and sundry scrutators that they should ascertain in the first place whether that which they look for exists before they start on their travels: they will not be frustrated then in their attempts. The wise man seeks what he loves and loves only that which he knows: otherwise he would be a fool. Out of knowledge therefore cometh love, the Truth of all, which alone is esteemed by all just philosophers."

Thus he; and again:[1] "Ye only toil in vain, all exposers of hidden secrets in Nature, when — taking another path than this — ye endeavour to discover by

[1] *Frustra laboratis omnes abditorum Naturæ secretorum indagatores, cum aliam ingressi viam, terrenorum virtutes per terrena detegere conamini. Discite igitur Cœlum per Cœlum, non per terram, sed hujus per illius, virtutes cognoscere. Nemo enim ascendit in Cœlum quod quæritis, nisi qui de Cœlo (quod non quæritis) descendit, prius illuminet eum. Incorruptibilem quæritis medicinam, quæ corpora nedum a corruptione transmutet in verum temperamentum, sed etiam temperata diutissime conservet. Talem alibi quam in Cœlo reperire non poteritis unquam. Cœlum virtute suâ, per invisibiles radios in terræ centrum undique concurrentes, omnia penetrat elementa, et elementata generat, fovetque. Nemo in seipso, sed in sui simili, quod etiam ex ipso sit, generare potest. Fœtus etiam promiscuus utriusque parentis in se Naturam ita retinet, ut in eo parens uterque potentia et actu sit reperibilis. Quis hærebit amplius nisi lapis in generatione philosophica? Disce ex teipso quicquid est in cœlo et in terra cognoscere, ut sapiens fias in omnibus. Ignoras cœlum et elementa prius unum fuisse, Divino quoque ab invicem artificio separata, ut et te et omnia generare possent. Si hoc nosti, reliquum et te fugere non potest, aut ingenio cares omni. Rursus in omni generatione talis separatio est necessaria, qualem de te supra dixi fiendam, antequam ad veræ philosophiæ studia velum applices. Ex aliis nunquam unum facies quod quæris, nisi prius ex teipso fiat unum quod audisti. Nam talis est voluntas Dei, ut pii pium consequantur opus quod quærunt, et perfecti perficiant aliud cui fuerint intenti. Malæ voluntatis hominibus nihil præter quod seminaverint datur metere: imo quod magis est, persæpe bonum eorum semen in lolium propter eorum malitiam convertitur. Fac igitur ut talis evadas, quale tuum esse vis, quod quæsieris opus.*

material means the powers of material things. Learn therefore to know Heaven by Heaven, not by earth, but the powers of that which is material discern by that which is heavenly. No one can ascend to that Heaven which is sought by you unless He Who came down from a Heaven which you seek not shall first enlighten. Ye seek an incorruptible Medicine which shall not only transmute the body from corruption into a perfect mode but so preserve it continually; yet except in Heaven itself, never anywhere will you discover it. The celestial virtue, by invisible rays meeting at the centre of the earth, penetrates all elements, and generates and maintains elementated things. No one can be brought to birth therein save in the likeness of that which also is drawn therefrom. The combined fœtus of both parents is so preserved in Nature that both parents may be recognisable therein, in potentiality and in act. What shall cleave more closely than the Stone in philosophical generation? Learn from within thyself to know whatsoever is in Heaven and on earth, that thou mayst become wise in all things. Thou seest not that Heaven and the elements were once but one substance and were separated one from another by Divine skill for the generation of thyself and all that is. Didst thou know this, the rest could not escape, unless indeed thou art devoid of all capacity. Again, in every generation such a separation is necessary as I have said must be made by thee before starting out in the study of true philosophy. Thou wilt never make out of others that one thing which thou needest unless first thou shalt make out of thyself that one of which thou hast heard. For such is the will of God, that the pious should perform the pious work which they desire and the perfect fulfil another on which they are bent. To men of bad will there shall be no harvest other than they have sown; furthermore, on account of their malice, their good seed shall be changed very often into cockle. Perform then the work which thou seekest in such a manner

that, so far as may be in thy power, thou mayst escape a like misfortune."

This is now the true mystery of regeneration or the spiritual death.[1] This is and ever was the only scope and upshot of magic. But—for your further instruction—ruminate this his other mystical speech.[2]

"So do therefore, my soul and my body: rise up now and follow your higher soul. Let us go up into that high mountain before us, from the pinnacle of which I will shew you that place where two ways meet, of which Pythagoras spoke in cloud and darkness. Our eyes are opened; now shines the Sun of Holiness and Justice, guided by which we cannot turn aside from the way of truth. Let thine eyes look first upon the right path, lest they behold vanity before wisdom is perceived. See you

[1] Neither in the physical nor spiritual order are birth and death interchangeable terms. Regeneration is one thing at the beginning of the life mystical and the death called mystical or spiritual is another, lying far away in the experience.

[2] *Agite dum igitur, anima mea, corpusque meum. Surgite nunc, animum sequamini vestrum. Ascendamus in montem hunc excelsum nobis oppositum, de cujus cacumine vobis ostendam iter hoc bivium, de quo per nubem et sine lumine locutus est Pythagoras. Nobis aperti sunt oculi; tum prælucet Sol pietatis et justitiæ, quo duce non possumus a via veritatis deflectere. Volvite primum oculos ad dextram, ne videant vanitatem antequam sapientiam perceperint. Videtisne relucens illud et inexpugnabile castrum? In eo se continet philosophicus amor, de cujus fonte fluunt aquæ vivæ quas qui desgustarit semel non sitit vanitatem amplius. Ab eo loco tam amœno suavique recta progrediendum est ad amœniorem, in quo Sophia moram trahit, de cujus etiam fonte scaturiunt aquæ primis longe fæliciores, quas qui gustarint inimici, pacem eos inire necesse est. Eorum qui deveniunt eo plerique solent altius tendere, sed non omnes optatum assequuntur. Est locus ultra dictos, quem adire vix licet mortalibus, nisi per Divinum Numen ad immortalitatis gradum assumpti sunt. At antequam introducantur mundum coguntur exuere, caducæ vitæ spolio retento. Non est eo cum pervenerint quod amplius mortem timerant, imo potius eam indies amplectantur suavius, quam in mundo quid unquam suave judicatum est eis amplexu dignum. Ultra hæc tria loca quicunque progrediuntur ab hominum oculis evanescunt. Quod si secundum et tertium locos videre lubet ascendamus altius. En supra chrystallinam primam arcem aliam argenteam videtis, ultra quam et tertiam adamantinam. Quarta vero non cadit sub sensum, donec ultra tertiam deventum sit. Hic est aureus perpetuæ fælicitatis locus, solicitudinis expers et omni repletus gaudio perenni.*

not that shining and impregnable tower? Therein is Philosophical Love, a fountain from which flow living waters, and he who drinks thereof shall thirst no more after vanity. From that most pleasant and delectable place goes a plain path to one more delightful still, wherein Wisdom draws the yoke. Out of her fountain flow waters far more blessed than the first, for if our enemies drink thereof it is necessary to make peace with them. Most of those who attain here direct their course still further, but not all attain the end. It is such a place which mortals may scarcely reach unless they are raised by the Divine Will to the state of immortality; and then, or ever they enter, they must put off the world, the hindering vesture of fallen life. In those who attain hereto there is no longer any fear of death; on the contrary they welcome it daily with more willingness, judging that whatsoever is agreeable in the natural order is worthy of their acceptance. Whosoever advances beyond these three regions passes from the sight of men. If so be that it be granted us to see the second and the third, let us seek to go further. Behold, beyond the first and crystalline arch, a second arch of silver, beyond which there is a third of adamant. But the fourth comes not within our vision till the third lies behind us. This is the golden realm of abiding happiness, void of care, filled with perpetual joy."

This is the pitch and place to which if any man ascends he enters into chariots of fire and is translated from the earth, soul and body.[1] Such was Enoch, such was Elijah, such was Esdras—to whom this Medicine was ministered by Uriel the angel. Such was St Paul, who was carried up to the third heaven; such was Zoroaster, who was

[1] Notwithstanding his language and his reference to Enoch and Elijah, Vaughan is not perhaps expecting to be taken literally in his statement. Otherwise he would scarcely have cited the experience of St Paul. He is probably referring to the psychic body, the garment of discarnate souls. If not, his enumeration stultifies himself. See his later reference to the natural body in an archnatural state.

transfigured ; and such was that anonymous mentioned by Agrippa. "In like manner"—saith he—"a wise man testified concerning himself that on all sides sparkling flames issued from his body, accompanied even by noise."[1] This, I suppose, was R. C., the founder of a most Christian and famous Society, whose body also—by virtue of that Medicine he took in his life—is preserved entire to this day, with the epitomes of two worlds about it. Such Elijahs also are the members of this Fraternity, who—as their own writings testify—walk in the supernatural light. "To join our assembly"—say they—"it is needful that thou shouldst behold this light, for without this it is impossible to see, save only when we ourselves do will it."[2] I know some illiterate school divines will no sooner read this but they will cry out with the Jews : Away with such a fellow from the earth. Truly they are the men "to whom now I also give counsel that they read not our writings, nor seek to understand or remember them ; for they are harmful and as poison to such, and for them the gate of hell is in this book. It utters stones for words : let them take heed lest it strikes their heads."[3] Let them not mind it, buy it not, touch it not. "Hence, hence, ye Profane."[4]

Go on still and proceed in your own corrupt fancies, "that the occasion of justice may be upheld."[5] Follow your old beggarly elements, the rudiments of this world, which hitherto have done despite to the Spirit of Grace, which have grieved that Holy and Loving Spirit of God,

[1] *Idipsum et de se prodidit sapiens quidam, ita ut scintillantes flaminæ hinc inde, etiam cum sono prosilirent.*—DE OCCULTA PHILOSOPHIA, *Lib.* iii, *cap.* 43.

[2] *Ut nobiscum autem convenias necesse est hanc lucem cernas, sine enim hæc luce impossibile est nos videre, nisi quando volumus.*

[3] *Quibus et ego nunc consulo, ne nostra scripta legant, nec intelligant, nec meminerint: nam noxia sunt, venenosa sunt, acherontis ostium est in hoc libello, lapides loquitur, caveant ne cerebrum illis excutiat.*—DE OCCULTA PHILOSOPHIA. *Ad Lectorem.*

[4] *Procul hinc, procul ite, Prophani.*

[5] *Vt servetur justitiæ locus.*

whereby you are sealed to the day of redemption. But consider whiles you are yet in the flesh, whiles it is to-day with you, that God will use those men, whom you revile, for His truth, as witnesses against you in a day when you shall have nothing to speak for your ignorance, unless you plead your obstinacy. Of a truth God Himself discovered this thing to the first man, to confirm his hopes of those three supernatural mysteries—the Incarnation, Regeneration and Resurrection. For Iamblichus —citing the Egyptian records with "it is to be believed on the authority of secret teaching"[1]—hath these very words, "that a certain matter hath been handed down by the gods in sacred pageants and was known therefore to those same who transmitted it."[2] And our former Christian author in a certain place speaks thus: "It is beyond question that God revealed by His Holy Spirit a certain Medicine to the patriarchs whereby they repaired the corruption of flesh, and to those above all with whom He spoke and entered into the covenant."[3] Let me tell you then that the period and perfection of magic is no way physical, for this Art

Attains the throne of Jove and things divine essays.[4]

In a word, it ascends by the light of Nature to the light of Grace,[5] and the last end of it is truly theological. Remember therefore that Elijah deposed his mantle and passed through the waters of Jordan before he met with the chariots of Israel. But, as Agrippa saith, "the storehouse of truth is closed."[6] The Scripture is obscure and mystical, even in historical passages. Who would believe

[1] *Credendum est arcanis sermonibus.*

[2] *Traditam fuisse materiam quandam a Deis per beata spectacula, hæc ergo illis ipsis tradentibus cognata est.*

[3] *Dubium non est quin Deus, antiquis patribus, medicinam aliquam revelaverit, per Spiritum Sanctum Suum, quâ tuerentur carnis corruptionem, et potissimum iis cum quibus locutus est et fœdus inivit.*

[4] *Attingit solium Jovis et cœlestia tentat.*

[5] *Per lumen Naturæ in lumen Gratiæ.*

[6] *Clausum est veritatis armarium.*

that in the history of Agar and Sarah the mystery of both Testaments was couched but that St Paul himself hath told us so? "For it is written"—saith he—"that Abraham had two sons, the one by a bondmaid, the other by a freewoman. But he who was of the bondwoman was born after the flesh; but he of the freewoman was by promise. Which things are an allegory: for these are the two covenants; the one from the Mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage, which is Agar. For this Agar is Mount Sinai, which is in Arabia, and answereth to Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children. But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all."[1]

I could instance in many more such places, as that of the Royal Prophet, that the dew of Hermon descends to Mount Sion, which is altogether impossible in the literal sense, for every geographer knows there is a vast distance between these two.[2] But to return to my former discourse: some philosophers who by the special mercy of God attained to the Ternarius could never notwithstanding obtain the perfect Medicine, neither did they understand it.[3] I never met in all my readings but with six authors who fully apprehended this mystery: the first an Arabian, a most profound but exceedingly obscure writer, and from him I conceive Artephius borrowed all his knowledge;[4] the second a most ancient Christian

[1] GALATIANS, iv, 22–26.

[2] Vaughan is following the literal version of the VULGATE: *Sicut ros Hermon, qui descendit in montem Sion.*—PS., cxxxii, 3. The Authorised Version italicizes a saving clause: "As the dew of Hermon, *and as the dew* that descended upon the mountains of Zion."—PS., cxxxii, 3. The question is not worth debating.

[3] See my Introduction. The attainment referred to may mean in the intellectual order, as distinguished from active realisation in the whole man.

[4] The Arabian of course cannot be identified by this description, and the concealment is unworthy of a writer who is pretending to instruct others. We may set aside the genuine Arabian alchemists, who would not have been known to Vaughan, for they had not been translated or printed; we may set aside the Latin Geber and Avicenna; but the refer-

anonymous, the greatest that ever was in point of practice, for he ascended to that glorious metaphysical height where the Archetype shadows the intellectual spheres ;[1] the other four are famously known in Christendom. To instruct thee then : this mystery is perfected when the light, in a sudden coruscation, strikes from the centre to the circumference and the Divine Spirit hath so swallowed up the body that it is "a glorified body, splendid as the sun and moon."[2] In this rotation it doth pass—and no sooner—from the natural to a supernatural state, for it is no more fed with visibles but with invisibles, and the eye of the Creator is perpetually upon it. After this the material parts are never more to be seen, "and this is that stainless and oft-celebrated Invisibility of the Magi."[3] Verily this is the way that the prophets and apostles went; this is the true, primitive Divinity, not that clamorous sophistry of the schools. I know the world will be ready to boy me out of countenance for this, because my years are few and green. I want their two crutches, the pretended modern sanctity and that solemnity of the beard which makes up a doctor. But, Reader, let me advise thee : if by what is here written thou attainest to any knowledge in this point—which I hold impossible without a divine assistance—let me advise thee, I say, not to attempt anything rashly ; for Agrippa tells me : "Whosoever doth approach unpurified calls down judgment on himself and is given over to the devouring of the evil spirit"[4] There is in the magical records a memorable story of a Jew who

ence may be possibly to Morien, who was born in Rome but went in his youth to Alexandria and is alleged to have left three tracts in Arabic. Two at least of these would have been known in Latin by Vaughan.

[1] The list of anonymous works on Alchemy—apart from MSS.—fills nearly twelve pages in the bibliography of Lenglet du Fresnoy.

[2] *Corpus glorificatum tanquam Sol et Luna splendidum.*

[3] *Atque hæc est illa toties decantata et sine scelera Magorum invisibilitas.*

[4] *Quicunque impurificatus accesserit superinducit sibi judicium, et traditur ad devorandum spiritus nequam.*—DE OCCULTA PHILOSOPHIA, *Lib.* iii, *cap.* 6.

having by permission rifled some spiritual treasures was translated into the solitudes[1] and is kept there for an example to others. I will give thee the best counsel that can be given, and that out of a poet :

> Demand a healthy mind in healthful frame.[2]

Thou must prepare thyself till thou art conformable to Him Whom thou wouldst entertain, and that in every respect.[3] Thou hast three that are to receive and there are three accordingly that give.[4] Fit thy roof to thy God in what thou canst, and in what thou canst not He will help thee. When thou hast thus set thy house in order, do not think thy Guest will come without invitation. Thou must tire Him out with pious importunities,

> Perpetual knockings at His door,
> Tears sullying His transparent rooms,
> Sighs upon sighs : weep more and more—
> He comes.

This is the way thou must walk in, which if thou dost thou shalt perceive a sudden illustration, "and there shall then abide in thee fire with light, wind with fire, power with wind, knowledge with power, and with knowledge an integrity of sober mind."[5] This is the chain that qualifies a magician. For saith Agrippa : "To make search into things future and things at hand, or into other hidden things, and those which are foreshewn to men divinely, and into true significations, as also to perform works exceeding the common course of the powers of Nature, is not possible apart from a profound and perfect doctrine, an uncorrupted life and faith, and is not to be performed

[1] *In solitudines.*
[2] *Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*
[3] *Omnimodo similitudine.*
[4] 1 St John, v, 7, 8. But see Agrippa : De Occulta Philosophia, *Lib.* iii, *cap.* 36.
[5] *Eritque in te cum lumine ignis, cum igne ventus, cum vento potestas, cum potestate scientia, cum scientia sanæ mentis integritas.*

by light-minded or uninstructed men."[1] And in another place: "No man can give that which he himself hath not. But no man hath save he who having suspended the elementary forces, having overcome Nature, having compelled heaven, having reached the angels, hath ascended to the Archetype itself, as coadjutor whereof he can accomplish all things."[2] This is the place where if thou canst but once ascend and then descend,

> Then oft the archetypal world attain
> And oft recur thereto and, face to face,
> Unhinder'd gaze upon the Father's grace[3]—

then, I say, thou hast got that spirit "which without offence to God, apart from any crime and without injury to religion, can discern and perform whatsoever portentous astrologers, monstrous magians, invidious alchemystical torturers of Nature and venomous necromancers—more evil than demons—dare to promise."[4]

Such is the power he shall receive who from the clamorous tumults of this world ascends to the Supernatural Still Voice; from this base earth and mud—whereto his body is allied—to the spiritual, invisible elements of his soul.[5] "He shall receive the life of the

[1] *Explorare de futuris et imminentibus, aliisve occultis, et quæ hominibus divinitus portenduntur, veridicas sententias, atque operari opera virtutum communem naturæ consuetudinem excedentia, non nisi profundæ et perfectæ doctrinæ, integerrimæque vitæ ac fidei est, non hominum levissimorum, ac indoctorum.*

[2] *Non poterit illa dare qui non habet. Habet autem nemo, nisi qui jam cohibitis elementis, victâ naturâ, superatis cœlis, repertis angelis, ad ipsum Archetypum usque transcendit, cujus tunc cooperator efficere potest omnia.*

[3] *Tunc ire ad mundum archetypum sæpe atque redire,*
Cunctarumque Patrem rerum spectare licebit.

[4] *Qui quicquid portentosi mathematici, quicquid prodigiosi magi, quicquid invidentes naturæ persecutores alchymistæ, quicquid dæmonibus deteriores malefici necromantes promittere audent. Ipse novit discernere et efficere, idque sine omni crimine, sine Dei offensâ, sine religionis injuriâ.*

[5] Compare Cornelius Agrippa: "Therefore all complexities, division and manifold discourse being set aside, ascending to intellectual life and simple sight, let us look upon the intelligible essence with individual and direct precepts, so attaining that highest nature of the soul, wherein we

gods ; he shall behold the heroes in the assembly of the gods and shall himself be beheld by them."[1] This, Reader, is the Christian Philosopher's Stone—a Stone so often inculcated in Scripture. This is the Rock in the wilderness—in the wilderness because in great obscurity and few there are that know the right way unto it. This is the Stone of Fire in Ezekiel ; this is the Stone with Seven Eyes upon it in Zachary ; and this is the White Stone with the New Name in the Revelation. But in the Gospel, where Christ Himself speaks—Who was born to discover mysteries and communicate Heaven to earth —it is more clearly described. This is the Salt which you ought to have in yourselves ; this the Water and Spirit whereof you must be born again ; and this is that Seed which falls to the ground and multiplies to an hundred fold. But, Reader, be not deceived in me. I am not a man of any such faculties, neither do I expect this blessing in such a great measure in this life. God is no debtor of mine. I can affirm no more of myself but what my author did formerly : "Hold me, I bid thee, as a finger-post which, ever pointing forward, shews the way to others undertaking the journey."[2] Behold, I will deal fairly with thee : shew me but one good Christian who is capable of and fit to receive such a secret, and I will shew him the right, infallible way to come by it. Yet this I must tell thee: it would sink thee to the ground to hear this mystery related, for it cannot ascend to the heart of the natural man how near God is to him and how He is to be found.

are one . . ., even that first unity in which we are also made one."—DE OCCULTA PHILOSOPHIA, *Lib.* iii, *c.* 55. Vaughan reflects Agrippa, and the German occult philosopher drew from the fount of Platonism.

[1] *Ille Deum vitam accipiet, divisque videbit permotos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis.*

[2] *Accipe me, volo, velut indicem qui semper præ foribus manens aliis quod iter ingrediendum sit ostendat.* The counsel signifies that he who knows certainly and beholds with the mind's eye what manner of transfiguration takes place on Mount Tabor has not for such reason been himself transfigured.

But of this enough. I will now speak of a natural celestial medicine, and this latter is common amongst some wise men; but few are they who attain to the former. The common chemist works with the common fire and without any medium, wherefore he generates nothing; for he works not as God doth—to preservation—but to destruction. Hence it is that he ends always in the ashes. Do thou use it *cum phlegmate medii*:[1] so shall thy materials rest in a third element, where the violence of this tyrant cannot reach, but his *anima*. There is also a better way; for if thou canst temper him with the Spirit of Heaven, thou hast altered him from a corrupting to a generating fire. Sublime the middle-nature-fire by trigon and circle[2] till thou comest to a breach of inferiors and superiors. Lastly, separate from the magical compounded earth that principle which is called medial earth[3] because it is middlemost between the Unary and Binary;[4] for as it attains not to the simplicity of the first, so it is free from the impurities of the second. This is the true Crystalline Rock[5]—a bright virgin earth, without spot or darkness. This is "Magian Earth in luminous ether,"[6] for it carries in its belly wind and fire. Having got this fundamental of a little new world, unite the heaven in a triple proportion to the earth; then apply a generative heat to both; and they will attract from above the star-fire of Nature. "So shalt thou possess the glory of the world and all darkness shall fly away from thee."[7]

Now, because the Law of Nature is infallible and confirmed to the creature by God's royal assent, think not therefore there is any necessity upon God, but what He hath enacted in general He can repeal in any particular.

[1] Compare the middle nature or so-called viscous humidity, of which man was made, according to Vaughan, and by which he can be also renewed.

[2] *Per Trigonum et Circulum.*

[3] *Terra media.*

[4] *Unarius et Binarius.*

[5] *Petra Chrystallina.*

[6] *Terra maga in æthere clarificata.*

[7] *Sic habebis gloriam totius mundi: ergo fugiet a te omnis obscuritas.*

Remember who translated the dew from the earth to the fleece and from the fleece to the earth.[1] God bestows not His blessings where they are to turn to curses. He cursed the earth once for Adam's sake: take heed He doth not curse it again in thy work for thy sake. It is in vain to look for a blessing from Nature without the God of Nature; for—as the Scripture saith—without controversy the lesser is blessed of the greater.[2] He must be a good steward that shall overlook the treasuries of God. Have therefore a charitable, seraphic soul: charitable at home in being not destructive to thyself, as most men are; charitable abroad in a diffusive goodness to the poor, as many are not. There is in every true Christian a spice, I cannot say a grain, of faith, for then we could work miracles. But know thou that as God is the Father so charity is the nurse of faith. For there springs from charitable works a hope of Heaven, and who is he that will not gladly believe what he hopes to receive? On the contrary, there springs no hope at all from the works of darkness and by consequence no faith but that faith of devils—to believe and tremble. Settle not then in the lees and puddle of the world; have thy heart in Heaven and thy hands on earth. Ascend in piety and descend in charity, for this is the nature of light and the way of the children of it. Above all things avoid the guilt of innocent blood, for it utterly separates from God in this life and requires a timely and serious repentance if thou wouldst find Him in the next.

Now for thy study: in the winter time thy chamber is the best residence. Here thou mayst use fumigations and spicy lamps—not for superstition but because such recreate the animal spirits and the brain. In the summer translate thyself to the fields, where all are green with the breath of God and fresh with the powers of heaven.

[1] JUDGES, vi, 37, 38.

[2] The reference is presumably to HEBREWS, vi, 16: "For men verily swear by the greater."

Learn to refer all naturals to their spirituals by the way of secret analogy ;[1] for this is the way the magicians went and found out miracles. Many there are who bestow not their thoughts on God till the world fails them. He may say to such guests : "When it can be forced on no one else it is brought to me."[2] Do thou think on Him first and He will speak to thy thoughts at last. Sometimes thou mayst walk in groves, which being full of majesty will much advance the soul ; sometimes by clear, active rivers, for by such—say the mystic poets—Apollo contemplated.

> All things which Phœbus in his musing spake
> The bless'd Eurotas heard.[3]

So have I spent on the banks of Ysca many a serious hour.

> 'Tis day, my crystal Usk : now the sad night
> Resigns her place as tenant to the light.
> See the amazed mists begin to fly
> And the victorious sun hath got the sky.
> How shall I recompense thy streams, that keep
> Me and my soul awaked when others sleep ?
> I watch my stars, I move on with the skies
> And weary all the planets with mine eyes.
> Shall I seek thy forgotten birth and see
> What days are spent since thy nativity ?
> Didst serve with ancient Kishon ? Canst thou tell
> So many years as holy Hiddekel ?
> Thou art not paid in this : I'll levy more
> Such harmless contributions from thy store
> And dress my soul by thee as thou dost pass,
> As I would do my body by my glass.
> What a clear, running crystal here I find :
> Sure I will strive to gain as clear a mind,
> And have my spirits—freed from dross—made light,
> That no base puddle may allay their flight.
> How I admire thy humble banks : nought's here

[1] *Per viam secreterioris analogiæ.*
[2] *Quum nemini obtrudi potest itur ad me.*
[3] *Omnia quæ Phœbo quondam meditante, beatus*
Audit Eurotas.

But the same simple vesture all the year.
I'll learn simplicity of thee and when
I walk the streets I will not storm at men,
Nor look as if I had a mind to cry :
It is my valiant cloth of gold and I.
Let me not live, but I'm amazed to see
What a clear type thou art of piety.
Why should thy floods enrich those shores, that sin
Against thy liberty and keep thee in ?
Thy waters nurse that rude land which enslaves
And captivates thy free and spacious waves.
Most blessed tutors, I will learn of those
To shew my charity unto my foes,
And strive to do some good unto the poor,
As thy streams do unto the barren shore.
All this from thee, my Ysca ? Yes, and more ;
I am for many virtues on thy score.
Trust me thy waters yet : why—wilt not so ?
Let me but drink again and I will go.
I see thy course anticipates my plea :
I'll haste to God, as thou dost to the sea ;
And when my eyes in waters drown their beams,
The pious imitations of thy streams,
May every holy, happy, hearty tear
Help me to run to Heaven, as thou dost there.

This is the way I would have thee walk in if thou dost intend to be a solid Christian philosopher. Thou must —as Agrippa saith—"live to God and the angels,"[1] reject all things which are "contrary to Heaven" :[2] otherwise thou canst have no communion with superiors. Lastly, "be single, not solitary."[3] Avoid the multitude —as well of passions as persons. Now for authors : I wish thee to trust no moderns but Michael Sendivogius and that author of *Physica Restituta*,[4] especially his first aphoristical part. The rest whom I have seen suggest

[1] *Vivere Deum et angelos.*
[2] *Quæ cælo dissimilia sunt.*
[3] *Unus esto, non solus.*
[4] Jean d'Espagnet : ENCHYRIDION *Physicæ Restitutæ, cum Arcano Philosophiæ Hermeticæ.*

inventions of their own, such as may pass with the whimsies of Descartes or Bovillus his Mathematical Roses. To conclude, I would have thee know that every day is a year contracted,[1] that every year is a day extended.[2] Anticipate the year in the day and lose not a day in the year. Make use of indeterminate agents till thou canst find a determinate one. The many may wish well but one only loves. Circumferences spread but centres contract: so superiors dissolve and inferiors coagulate. Stand not long in the sun nor long in the shade. Where extremes meet, there look for complexions. Learn from thy errors to be infallible, from thy misfortunes to be constant. There is nothing stronger than perseverance, for it ends in miracles. I could tell thee more, but that were to puzzle thee. Learn this first, and thou mayst teach me last.

Thus, Reader, have I published that knowledge which God gave me "to the fruit of a good conscience."[3] I have not bushelled my light nor buried my talent in the ground. I will now withdraw and leave the stage to the next actor—some Peripatetic perhaps, whose *sic probo* shall serve me for a comedy. I have seen scolds laughed at but never admired: so he that multiplies discourses makes a serious cause ridiculous. The only antidote to a shrew is silence; and the best way to convince fools is to neglect them.

> Bless'd souls, whose care it was this first to know
> And thus the mansions of the light attain:
> How credible to hold that minds like these
> Transcend both human littleness and vice.[4]

If Thou, O Jehovah, my God, wilt enlighten me, my darkness shall be made light.[5]

[1] *Annus contractus.* [2] *Dies extensus.*
[3] *Ad fructum bonæ conscientiæ.*
[4] *Fælices animæ, quibus hæc cognoscere primum,*
Inque domos superas scandere cura fuit:
Credibile est illos pariter vitiisque, jocisque
Altius humanis exeruisse caput.
[5] *Si Tu, Jehova, Deus meus, illuminaveris me, lux fient tenebræ meæ.*

MAGIA ADAMICA

OR THE ANTIQUITY OF MAGIC

To the Most Excellently Accomplished, My best of Friends, Mr Thomas Henshaw[1]

Sir: It was the *Quære* of Solomon, and it argued the supremacy of his wisdom: "What was best for man to do all the days of his vanity under the sun?"[2] If I wish myself so wise as to know this great affair of life it is because you are fit to manage it. I will not advise you to pleasures, to build houses and plant vineyards, to enlarge your private possessions or to multiply your gold and silver. These are old errors, like vitriol to the Stone[3]—so many false receipts which Solomon hath tried before you, "and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit."[4] I have sometimes seen actions as various as they were great, and my own sullen fate hath forced me to several courses of life; but I find not one hitherto which ends not in surfeits or satiety. Let us fancy a man as fortunate as this world can make him: what doth he do

[1] Thomas Henshaw, 1618–1700, was entered at University College, Oxford, in 1634. When the Civil War started he joined King Charles I at York, was made prisoner later on but permitted to go abroad. He became a privy councillor to Charles II, and one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society in 1663. He translated a History of the Great and Renowned Monarchy of China from the Italian of F. Alvarez Sameda, and it was published in 1655.

[2] Ecclesiastes, ii, 3. But the Authorised Version reads: "What was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life?" And the Vulgate is in substantial concurrence.

[3] Pernety explains that alchemical symbolism concerning vitriol was understood literally and that innumerable errors arose in consequence. The symbolism calls Green Vitriol the crude Matter of the Stone; White Vitriol is the Magistery in its white stage; and Red Vitriol is perfect Sophic Sulphur in the red state.

[4] Eccles., ii, 11.

but move from bed to board and provide for the circumstances of those two scenes? To-day he eats and drinks, then sleeps, that he may do 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 absurdity in reason cannot by the same reason be the true perfection of life. I deny not but temporal blessings conduce to a temporal life, and by consequence are pleasing to the body; but if we consider the soul she is all this while upon the wing—like that dove sent out of the ark, seeking a place to rest. She 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.[1] Shew me then but a practice wherein my soul shall rest without any further disquisition, for this is it which Solomon calls vexation of spirit, and you shew me "what is best for man to do under the sun." Surely, Sir, this is not the Philosopher's Stone, neither will I undertake to define it; but give me leave to speak to you in the language of Zoroaster: "Seek thou the channel of the soul."[2] I have a better confidence in your opinion of me than to tell you I love you; and for my present boldness you must thank yourself: you taught me this familiarity. I here trouble you with a short discourse, the brokage and weak remembrance of my former and more entire studies. It is no laboured piece 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 school and I would make you my judge, not my pupil. If therefore among your serious and more dear

[1] The reason being that the soul is "a mystic citizen of the eternal kingdom."

[2] *Quære tu animæ canalem.* But the nearest to this maxim found in the various collections is preserved by Psellus and reads: "Explore the river of the soul."

retirements you can allow this trifle but some few minutes, and think them not lost, you will perfect my ambition. You will place me, 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 opportunity present myself,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES.

TO THE READER

WELL fare the *Dodechedron*:[1] I have examined the nativity of this book by a cast of constellated bones, and *Deux-Ace* tells me this parable. Truth—said the witty Ale-man—was commanded into exile, and the Lady Lie was seated on her throne. To perform the tenour of this sentence, Truth went from among men—but she went all alone, poor and naked. She had not travelled very far when, standing on a high mountain, she perceived a great train to pass by. In the midst of it was a chariot attended with kings, princes and governors, and in that a stately Donna who—like some Queen-Regent—commanded the rest of the company. Poor Truth, she stood still whiles this pompous squadron passed 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 nearer. Here she was scornfully examined—whence she came, whither she would go 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 rear and tail 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 me with my future fortunes and what preferment my book is likely to attain to. I am for my part contented, though the consideration of this dirty rear be very nauseous and able to spoil

[1] *I.e.*, *Dodecahedron.* According to Agrippa, the number twelve is divine and things celestial are measured thereby.—DE OCCULTA PHILOSOPHIA, *Lib.* ii, *cap.* 13. The term belongs also to Divination.

a stronger stomach than mine. It has been said of old: "Truth is an herb that grows not here below"; [1] and can I expect that these few seeds which I scatter thus in the storm and tempest should thrive to their full ears and harvest? But, Reader, let it not trouble thee to see the Truth come thus behind: it may be that there is more of a chase in it than of attendance, and her condition is 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 rear, and before thou dost address thyself to Aristotle and his Lady Lie, think not thy courtship lost if thou dost kiss 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 He first made man, planted in him a spirit of that capacity that he might know all, adding thereto a most fervent desire to know, lest that capacity should be useless. This truth is evident in the posterity of man; for little children, before ever they can speak, will stare upon anything that is strange to them. They will cry and are restless till they get it into their hands, that they may feel it and look upon it—that is to say, that they may know what it is, in some degree and according to the measure of their capacity. Now, some ignorant nurse will think they do all this out of a desire to play with what they see, but they themselves tell us the contrary; for when they are past infants and begin to make use of language, if any new thing appears, 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 will view it and study 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 near to a little child he will—if you prevent him not—put his finger

[1] *Non est planta veritatis super terram.*

into the flame, for he 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 anything, if the sight informs them not sufficiently, they will—if they can—get it into their hands that they may feel it. But if the touch also doth not satisfy, they will put it into their mouths 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 dispositions they are ashamed to err, because it is the propriety of their nature to know. Thus we 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 far 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 perversely ignorant. It may be that 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 prefer Aristotle to Elohim and condemn the truth of God to justify the opinions of man. Now, for my part, I dare not be so irreligious as to think God so vain, and improvident in His works, that He should plant in man a desire to know and yet deny him knowledge itself. This in plain terms were to give me eyes and afterwards shut me up in darkness, lest I should see with those eyes.

This earnest longing and busy inquisition wherein men tire themselves to attain the truth made a certain master of truth speak in this fashion.[1] "It is clear therefore"—

[1] *Ergo liquido apparet in hac mundi structurâ, quam cernimus, ali-*

saith he—"that in this fabric of the world, which we behold, there is some truth that rules, which truth so often stirs up, puzzles and helps our reason, so often solicits her when she is restless, so often when she is watchful, and this by strange means—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 we attain to the true knowledge of those things that are." But because I would not have you build your philosophy on corals 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 philosophy. Man—according to Trismegistus—hath but two elements in his power, namely, earth and water ;[1] to which doctrine I add this, and I have it from a greater than Hermes : That God hath made man absolute lord of the First Matter ; and from the First Matter, and the dispensation thereof, all the fortunes of man—both good and bad—do proceed. According to the rule and measure of this substance all the world are rich or poor, and he that knows it truly, and withal the true use thereof, he can make his fortunes constant ; but he that knows it not—though his estate be never so great—stands on a slippery foundation.[2] Look about thee then and consider how thou art compassed with infinite treasures and miracles ; but thou art so blind

quam triumphare veritatem ; quæ toties rationem nostram commovet, agitat, implicat, explicat ; toties inquietam, toties insomnem miris modis sollicitat, non fortuitis, aut aliunde adventitiis, sed suis et propriis et originariis naturæ illicibus ; quæ omnia cum non fiunt frustra utique contingit, ut veritatem eorum quæ sunt, aliquo tandem opportuno tempore, amplexemur.

[1] Having regard to the number of attributed texts, it would be an intolerable task to verify this irresponsible reference. I have not found the statement in the DIVINE PYMANDER, nor in the passages quoted by Stobæus.

[2] See my Introduction to this edition.

thou dost not see them. Nay, thou art so mad thou dost think there is no use to be made of them, for thou dost believe that knowledge is a mere peripatetical chat 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 ruin all libraries and universities in the world, which God forbid any good Christian should desire.

Look up then to heaven, and when thou seest the celestial fires move in their swift and glorious circles, think also there are here below some cold natures which they overlook and about which they move incessantly, to heat and concoct them. Consider again that the middle spirit—I mean the air—is interposed as a refrigeratory, to temper and qualify 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 Mercury—at thy heels, thou wilt find the earth surrounded with the water, and that water, heated and stirred by the sun and his stars, abstracts from the earth the pure, subtle, 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, pearls and diamonds are nothing else but water and salt of the earth concocted.[1]

Behold, I have in a few words discovered unto thee the whole system of Nature and her royal highway of generation. It is thy duty now to improve the truth, and in my book 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

[1] This is the physical thesis of Thomas Vaughan in respect of Alchemy, at whatever value it stands. He does not seem to have changed his ground subsequently.

substances is most gross and palpable—to be invisible. But on my soul 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: "the heaven, the ether, the air and the most sacred earth."[1] As for this feculent, gross body upon which we walk, it is a compost and no earth; but it hath earth in it, and even that earth is not our magical earth. In a word, all the elements are visible but one, and when thou hast attained to so much perfection as to know why God hath placed the earth *in abscondito* 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 quagmire or quivering kind of jelly, it being nothing else but water congealed by the incubation and heat of the Divine Spirit. "When as yet the earth was a quivering, shaking substance, the Sun afterwards shining upon it did compact it or make it solid."[2] The same author introduceth God speaking to the earth, and impregnating her with all sorts of seeds, in these words: "When God"—saith he—"had filled His powerful hands with those things which are in Nature, then shutting them close again, He said: Receive from me, O holy earth, that art ordained to be mother of all, lest thou shouldst want anything. When presently opening such hands as it becomes a God to have, He poured down all that was necessary to the constitution of things."[3]

[1] *Cœlum, æther, ær et sacratissima terra.* Referring presumably to those elements which were produced at the beginning of things by the will of God, according to the PYMANDER, *cap.* 1. For the text says, with Vaughan, that common earth is degenerate and impure.—*Ibid.*, *cap.* 9.

[2] *Cum adhuc terra tremula esset, lucente sole, compacta est.*

[3] *Cumque manus æque validus implesset rebus quæ in Naturâ, ambienteque erant, et pugnos valide constringens: Sume, inquit, O sacra terra, quæ genitrix omnium es futura, ne ulla re egena videaris; et manus, quales oportet Deum habere, expandens, demisit omnia ad rerum constitutionem necessaria.*

Now, the meaning of it is this: the Holy Spirit, moving upon the chaos—which action some divines compare to the incubation of a hen upon her eggs, did together with his heat communicate other manifold influences to the matter. For as we know the sun doth not only dispense heat but some other secret influx, so did God also in the creation, and from Him the sun and all the stars received what they have, for God Himself is a supernatural sun or fire, according to that oracle of Zoroaster: "That Architect Who built up the cosmos by His unaided power was Himself another orb of fire."[1] He did therefore hatch the matter and bring out the secret essences, as a chick is brought out of the shell, whence that other position of the same Zoroaster: "By one single fire is generated all that is."[2] Neither did He only generate them but He also preserves them now, with perpetual efflux of heat and spirit. Hence He is styled in the Oracles "Father of men and gods, animating abundantly the fire, the light, the ether and the worlds."[3]

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 overcome that I am nowhere understood. When I first eyed the libel and its address to Philalethes, I judged the author serious and that his design was not to abuse me but to inform himself. This conceit quickly vanished, for—perusing his forepart—his ears shot out of his skin and presented him a perfect ass.[4] His observations are one continued ass's skin and the oyster-whores read the same philosophy every day. 'Tis a

[1] *Factor, qui per se operans fabrefecit mundum,*
Quædam ignis moles erat altera.

[2] *Omnia sub uno igne genita esse.* Compare the oracle in Porphyry concerning "an incorruptible flame" which is "the origin of all things."

[3] *Pater hominumque, deûmque,*
Affatim animans ignem, lucem, æthera, mundos.

[4] The reference is to Henry More, who—under the name of Alazonomastix Philalethes—wrote OBSERVATIONS *upon Anthroposophia Theomagica and Anima Magica Abscondita.* See Appendix III.

scurril, senseless piece, and—as he well styles himself—a chip of a block-head. His qualities indeed are transcendent abroad but they are peers at home. His malice is equal to his ignorance. I laughed to see the fool's disease—a flux of gale which made him still at the chops whiles another held the press for him, like Porphyry's basin to Aristotle's well. There is something in him prodigious. His excrements run the wrong way, for his mouth stools, and he is so far from man that he is the aggravation to a beast. These are his parts, and for his person I turn him over to the dog-whippers, that he may be well lashed and bear the *errata* of his front imprinted in his rear. I cannot yet find a fitter punishment, for since his head could learn nothing but nonsense—by sequel of parts—his tail 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 hear ill. As for applause, I fish not so much in the air as to catch it. It is a kind of popularity which makes me scorn it, for I defy the noise of the rout, because they observe not the truth but the success of it. I do therefore commit this piece to the world without any protection but its own worth and the estimate of that soul that understands it. For the rest, as I cannot force so I will not beg their approbation. I would not be great by imposts nor rich by briefs. They may be what they will, and I shall be what I am.

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES.

MAGIA ADAMICA

That I should profess magic in this discourse and justify the professors of it withal is impiety with many but religion with me. It is a conscience that I have learned from authors greater than myself and scriptures greater than both. Magic is nothing but the wisdom of the Creator revealed and planted in the creature. It is a name—as Agrippa saith—"not distasteful to the very Gospel itself."[1] Magicians were the first attendants our Saviour met withal in this world, and the only philosophers who acknowledged Him in the flesh before that He Himself discovered it. I find God conversant with them, as He was formerly with the patriarchs. He directs them in their travels with a star, as He did the Israelites with a pillar of fire. He informs 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 "Sons of the prophets"[2] as well as "Sons of Art"[3]—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 authority can balance it. If I were to persuade a Jew to my principles I would do it with two words—אמרו הבמים = "the *Hachamim* or Wise Men have spoken it." Give him but the authority of his fathers and presently he

[1] Compare the dedications and other preliminaries prefixed to De Occulta Philosophia. I do not find the actual quotation of Vaughan: *Ipsi evangelio non ingratum.*

[2] *Filii prophetarum.* [3] *Filii Artis.*

submits to the seal. Verily, our primitive Galileans—I mean those Christians whose lamps burnt near the cross and funeral—were most compendious in their initiations. A proselyte in those days was confirmed with a simple "Believe,"[1] and no more. Nay, the solemnity of this short induction was such that Julian made it the topic of his apostasy. "You have"—said he—"nothing more than your *Crede*" to establish your religion.[2] Such was the simplicity of those first times, "whilst as yet the blood of Christ ran fresh,"[3] whiles His wounds were as yet in their eyes and His blood warm at their hearts. But alas those holy drops are frozen; our salvation is translated from the cross to the rack and dismembered in the inquisition-house of Aristotle. Be not angry, O Peripatetic, for what else shall I call thy schools, where by several sects and factions Scripture is so seriously murdered *pro et con.* A spleen first bred and afterwards promoted by disputes, whose damnable divisions and distinctions have minced one truth into a thousand heretical whimsies. But the breach is not considered; divinity still is but chaff, if it be not sifted by the engine, if it acts not by the demonstrative hobby-horse. Thus zeal, poisoned 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 "whose certainty wholly depends on God"[4] and, by consequence, is undemonstrable without the Spirit of God. But if I should grant that, which I will ever deny: Verily, a true faith consists not in reason but in love, for I receive my principles, and believe them being received, only out of my affection to Him that reveals them.[5]

Thus our Saviour would have the Jews to believe Him

[1] Πιστεύετε. [2] Οὐδέν ὑπὲρ πίστευσιν.
[3] *Dum calebat cruor Christi.*
[4] *Quorum veritas pendet à solà revelantis authoritate.*
[5] *Solo erga revelantem amore.*

first for His own sake and when that failed for His work's sake. But some divines believe only 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 sophistry take place of Ignatius in his own conclave—hath left us this concession : "that reason is subject to error, as well as opinion."[1] And Philoponus expounding these words of his :—"We say not only science but the principle also of science to be something whereby we understand the terms"[2]—hath this excellent and Christian observation :[3] "Taking indeed"—saith he—"the mind to be the principle or first cause of knowledge, not our own but that of God which is above us ; but taking the terms to be intellectual and Divine forms."[4] Thus, according to Aristotle—if you trust the comment—the Divine Mind is the First Cause of knowledge. For if this Mind once unfolds Himself and sheds His light upon us we shall apprehend the intellectual forms or types of all things that are within Him. These forms he very properly calls ὅρους = Terms, because they terminate or end all things, for by them the creature is defined and hath his individuation, or—to speak with Scotus—his "selfness,"[5] 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 runs perhaps on all fours. If once we be admitted to this Communion of Light we 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 "unless the heaven of man be first unfolded."[6] "Cast off the veil

[1] Ἐπιδέχεταν τὸ ψεῦδος οἷον δόξα καὶ λογισμὸς.

[2] *Non solùm scientiam sed et principium scientiæ esse aliquod dicimus quo terminos cognoscimus.*

[3] The reference is apparently to Johannes Philoponus, a philosopher and grammarian of the seventh century.

[4] Meaning presumably modes of Divine Manifestation to human minds.

[5] *Hæcceitie* (*sic*).

[6] *Nisi magno cœlo prius patefacto.*

that is before your faces,"[1] and you shall be no more blind. God is not God afar off but God at hand. "Behold"—saith He—"I stand at the door and knock."[2] Open yourselves then, for it is written: "If any man opens, I will come in and sup with him."[3] This is the inward mystical, not the outward, typical 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, what magic did afford the first professors of Christianity, whose knowledge and devotion brought them from the East to Jerusalem; secondly, that this Art should suffer as religion doth, and for the very same reason. The main motives which have occasioned the present rents and divisions of the Church are the ceremonies and types used in it. For—without controversy—the apostles instituted and left behind them certain elements or signs—as Water, Oil, Salt and Lights—by which they figured unto us some great and reverent mysteries. But our reformers, mistaking these things for superstitions, turned them all out of doors. But verily it was ill done; for if the shadow of St Peter healed shall not these shadows of Christ do much more? The papist, on the contrary, knowing not the signification of these types, did place a certain inherent holiness in them and so fell into a very dangerous idolatory. I omit many things which he invented of his own; as images, holy lambs and relics, adding these dead bones to the primitive and beauteous body of the Church. Now to draw up the parallel: the magicians they also instituted certain signs as the key to their Art, and these were the same with the former, namely, Water, Oil, Salt and Light, by which they tacitly discovered unto us their three principles and the light of Nature—which fills and actuates all things. The common man, perusing their

[1] *Amovete ergo velamen intellectus vestri.*—AGRIPPA.
[2] REVELATIONS, iii, 20. [3] *Ibid.*

books but not their sense, took candles, common water, oil and salt, and began to consecrate and exorcise them, to make up his damnable and devilish magic.

The magicians had a maxim among themselves "that no word is efficacious in magic unless it be first animated with the Word of God."[1] Hence in their books there was frequent mention made of *Verbum* and *Sermo*, which the common man interpreting to his own fancy invented his charms 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 triplicity, 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 fancied 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 devil.[2] Now if thou wilt question me who these magicians were,[3] I must tell thee they were 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, typical part of it to the people. Here then we 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 scribblers who pretended to magic, prescribed against the art itself as im-

[1] *Quod nulla vox operatur in magiâ nisi prius Dei voce formetur.*

[2] These are notable statements, and there are reasons for believing that an experimental science of a far different order lies behind the formulæ and procedure of ceremonial magic. But the question is very difficult to pursue, as there is no canon of criticism.

[3] Vaughan is dreaming of Persia and the further East, but the practical magic with which he was acquainted came out of Jewry. Now the traditional theosophy of Israel did not deal in the symbolism of triangles and circles, but in the hidden meaning of the Holy Word. On the other hand, debased Kabalism did, and was the progenitor of Almadels and Grimoires.

pious and antichristian, so that it was a capital sin to profess it and the punishment no less 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—expelled this cloud and in some measure discovered the light. The leaders of this brave body were Cornelius Agrippa, Libanius Gallus, the philosopher Johannes Trithemius, Georgius Venetus, Johannes Reuchlin—called in the Greek Capnion—with several others in their several days.[1] And after all these, as an usher to the train, Eugenius Philalethes.

Seeing then I have publicly undertaken a province which I might have governed privately with much more content and advantage, I think it not enough to have discovered the abuses and misfortunes this science hath suffered unless I endeavour withal to demonstrate the antiquity of it. For certainly it is with arts as with men: their age and continuance are good arguments of their strength and integrity. Most apposite then was that check of the Egyptian to Solon: "You Grecians"—said he—"are ever childish, having no ancient opinion, no discipline of any long standing."[2] But as I confess myself no antiquary, so I wish some Selden would stand in this breach and make it up with those fragments which are so near dust that time may put them in his glass. I know for my own part it is an enterprise I cannot sufficiently perform; 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.

[1] These writers have been named already, either in the texts or notes, with the exception of Reuchlin, author of DE ARTE KABALISTICA. His German name is Capnion. See Basnage: HISTOIRE DES JUIFS, and a note on his position as a Kabalist in my DOCTRINE AND LITERATURE OF THE KABALAH.

[2] *O Solon, Solon, vos Græci semper pueri estis, nullam antiquam habentes opinionem, nullam disciplinam tempore canam.*

This art or rather this mystery is to be considered several ways, and that because of its several subjects. The primitive, original existence of it is in God Himself; for it is nothing else but the practice or operation of the Divine Spirit working in the matter, uniting principles into compounds and resolving those compounds into their principles. In this sense we seek not the antiquity of it, for it is eternal, being a notion of the Divine Wisdom 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 discovery or revelation of the art. From this time of its revelation we are to measure the antiquity of it, where it shall be our task to demonstrate upon what motives God did reveal it, as also to whom and when.

The eye discovers not beyond that stage wherein it is conversant, but the ear receives the sound a great way off. To give an experienced testimony of actions more ancient than ourselves is a thing impossible for us, unless we could look into that glass where all occurrences may be seen—past, present and to come.[1] I must therefore build my discourse on the traditions of those men to whom the word—both written and mystical—was entrusted; and these were the Jews in general, but more particularly their Kabalists. It is not my intention to rest on these Rabbins as fundamentals, but I will justify their assertions out of Scripture and entertain my reader with proofs both Divine and human. Finally, I will pass out of Judea into Egypt and Greece, where again I shall meet with these mysteries and prove that this science did stream — as the chemists say their Salt-

[1] I am surprised that this statement has never been quoted as an early enunciation in England of the now familiar hypothesis concerning the so-called Astral Light, or universal glass of vision. The hypothesis is not my concern, knowing as a mystic that the way of reality is a way out of the sphere of images, but it should be important as a record of the past for those who are in the occult schools.

Fountain doth—out of Jewry and watered the whole earth.

It is the constant opinion of the Hebrews that before the Fall of Adam there was a more plentiful and large communion between heaven and earth, God and the elements, than there is now in our days.[1] But upon the transgression of the first man, *Malkuth*[2]—say the Kabalists—was cut off from the *Ilan*,[3] so that a breach was made between both worlds and their channel of influence discontinued. Now *Malkuth* is the invisible Archetypal Moon,[4] by which our visible celestial moon is governed and impregnated. And truly it may be that upon this retreat of the Divine Light from inferiors those spots and darkness which we now see succeeded in the body of this planet,[5] 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 Archetypal Moon, which is placed in the השמים = *Hashamaim*[6] to receive and convey down the influx of the six superior, invisible planets,[7] was—as the Jews affirm—either separated from the *Ilan* or her breasts were so sealed up that she could not dispense her milk to inferiors in that happy and primitive abundance. But

[1] This of course is in virtue of the fact that Adam in his primeval state knew the glory of God, as noted already.

[2] That is, the World of Action.

[3] Meaning אילן = Tree. Knorr von Rosenroth says that the Supplements of the ZOHAR term *Binah*, or Supernal Understanding, the Root of the Tree, that is, root of the direct light, *Malkuth* being the root of reflected light. The thesis is therefore that *Malkuth* was cut off from *Binah*; the Shekinah above was in separation from the Shekinah below.

[4] There is authority for this attribution in the Kabalistic work called THE GARDEN OF POMEGRANATES.

[5] So also in the perfect state, according to the ZOHAR, the moon neither waxes nor wanes but reflects perfectly in its fulness the sun of *Tiphereth*.

[6] The Archetypal Moon is Shekinah.

[7] The ZOHAR knows nothing of invisible planets.

because I would not dwell long on this point let us hear the Kabalist himself state it in a clear and apposite phrase. "In the beginning of the creation of the world God did descend and cohabitate with things here below. And when the Divine habitation was here below, the heavens and the earth were found to be united, and the vital springs and channels 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 restrained and their channels were broken; and the watercourse was no more; and the Divine Cohabitation ceased, and the society was divided."[1]

Thus for my Rabbi. Now because I have promised Scripture to my Kabalism, I will submit the tradition to Moses, and truly that Rabbi also is of my side, for this I read in Genesis. "And unto Adam he said, Because thou . . . hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake: in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."[2] 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 work and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath

[1] *Initio creationis mundi divina cohabitatio erat descendens in inferiora, et cum esset divina cohabitatio inferius reperti sunt cœli et terra uniti, et erant fontes et canales activi in perfectione, et trahebantur a superiore ad inferius, et inveniebatur Deus complens superne et inferne. Venit Adam primus et peccavit, et diruti sunt descensus, et confracti sunt canales, et desiit aquæductus, et cessavit divina cohabitatio, et divisa est societas.*

[2] GENESIS, iii, 17–19.

cursed."[1] And this indeed was accomplished in some sense after the Flood, as the same Scripture tells us. "And the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake."[2] Here now we are to consider two things—first the curse itself and next the latitude of it. To manifest the nature of the curse and what it was you must know that God essentially is light and evil is darkness. The evil properly is a corruption that immediately takes place upon the removal of that which is good. Thus God having removed His candlestick and light from the elements, presently the darkness and cold of the matter prevailed, so that the earth was nearer her first deformity and by consequence less fruitful and vital. Heaven and hell, that is, light and darkness, are the two extremes which consummate good and evil. 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 trangression of the first man. Again there are some evils which are but degrees conducing to their last extremity, or hell; and such was this curse or evil which succeeded the transgression. Thus our Saviour under these notions of blessed or cursed comprehends the inhabitants of light and darkness: "Come, ye blessed" and "Depart from me, ye cursed."[3] In a word then, the curse was nothing else but an act repeated or a restraint of those blessings which God of His mere goodness had formerly communicated to His creatures. And thus I conceive there is a very fair and full harmony between Moses and the Kabalists.[4] But to omit their depositions, though great and high, we are not to seek in

[1] GENESIS, v, 29. [2] *Ibid.*, viii, 21.
[3] ST MATT., xxv, 34, 41.
[4] In the hands of Zoharic and other doctors of theosophical Jewry the Pentateuch went into a melting pot and there was brought out from it the Secret Doctrine in Israel. Furthermore the liquescent matter had additions from many sources. Vaughan's remark is interesting because it illustrates the extent of his critical scholarship.

this point for the testimony of an angel. For the tutor of Esdras, amongst his other mysterious instructions, hath also this doctrine: "When Adam transgressed my statutes then was decreed that now is done. Then were the entrances of this world made narrow, full of sorrow and travail: they are but few and evil, full of perils, and very painful. For the entrances of the elder world were wide and sure, and brought immortal fruit."[1]

Thus much for the curse itself: now for the latitude of it. It is true that it was intended chiefly for man, who was the only cause of it, but extended to the elements, in order to him and for his sake. For if God had excluded him from Eden and continued the earth in her primitive glories He had but turned him out of one paradise into another; wherefore he fits the dungeon to the slave and sends a corruptible man into a corruptible world. But in truth it was not man nor the earth alone that suffered in this curse but all other creatures also. For saith God to the serpent: "Thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field,"[2] so that cattle 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 vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope. Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."[3] 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.[4] But this is more plain out of the subsequent texts, where he makes a clear difference between man and the whole creation. "For

[1] II ESDRAS, vii. 11–13.
[2] GENESIS, iii, 14.
[3] ROMANS, viii, 20, 21.
[4] This is Vaughan's manner of understanding verse 19 of St Paul's text: "For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God."

we know"—saith he—"that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body."[1] Here we see the first fruits of the Spirit referred to man; and why not some second, subordinate fruits of it to the creatures in general?[2] For as they were cursed in the Fall of man, for man's sake, so it seems in his restitution they shall be also blessed for his sake. But of this enough.

Let us now sum up and 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 temptations of the devil. He was altered from good to bad, from incorruptible to corruptible. "In the day"—saith the Scripture—"that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."[3] He was excluded from a glorious Paradise and confined 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 looked upon himself as a felon and a murderer, being guilty of that curse and corruption which succeeded in the world because of his Fall, as we have sufficiently proved out of the Mosaical and Kabalistical traditions. He was ignorant and therefore hopeless of life eternal,[4] and for

[1] ROMANS, viii, 22, 23.

[2] Those who suggest that St Paul is making a distinction between "the first-fruits of the Spirit," understood as the elect, and the world of man at large—as between the "creature" and the "children of God"—may be referred to viii, 37, of the same text: "Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature." The word creature is used in a cosmic sense and the promised restitution is catholic.

[3] GENESIS, ii, 17.

[4] According to Reuchlin, with whose writings Vaughan was evidently acquainted, Adam died spiritually in eating the forbidden fruit, so that the

this temporal, present life he was not acquainted with the provisions of it. The elements of husbandry were not as yet known ; there was neither house nor plough, nor any of those manual 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 mere stranger in this world, could not distinguish medicines from poisons, neither was he skilled in the ordinary preparations of meat 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 Nebuchadnezzar 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 aught he knew—might be so many Trees of Death. I conclude therefore that he had some instructor to initiate him in the ways of life and to shew him the intricate and narrow path of that wilderness. For without question his outward miseries and his inward despair were motives whereupon God did reveal a certain art unto him, by which he might relieve his present necessities and embrace a firm hope of a future and glorious restitution. For God having ordained a second, eternal Adam did by some mysterious experience manifest the possibility of His coming to the first, who being now full of despair and overcharged with the guilt of his own sin was a very fit patient for so Divine and Merciful a Physician. But omitting our own reasons—which we might produce to this purpose—let us repair to the Kabalists, who indeed are very high in the point : and thus they deliver themselves.

God—say they—having made fast the doors of His Paradise and turned out Adam, sometime the dearest of

Divine Sentence was fulfilled there and then upon him. He was not merely made subject to dissolution. *Morte moriebatur*, says Reuchlin. He quotes also a Kabalistic teaching, that the just in their death are called living, but the wicked are dead, even during their life.—DE ARTE CABALISTICA, *Lib.* i.

His creatures, did—notwithstanding the present punishment—retain His former affection towards him still. For God is said to love His creatures, not that there is anything lovely in them without their Creator but in that He desires their perfection. That is to say, He would have them conformable to Himself and fit to receive His image or similitude, which is a spiritual impress of His beauty. Now, to restore this similitude in Adam was impossible unless God should reassume that to Himself which was now fallen from Him. So transcendent and almost incredible a mercy had God treasured up in His secret will, being resolved to unite the nature of man to His own and so vindicate him from death by taking him into the Deity, which is the true fountain and centre of life.[1] This will—say the Kabalists—was first revealed to the angels, and that by God Himself, in these words: "Behold an Adam like one of us, knowing good and evil."[2] This speech they call "a most secret conference which God had with the blessed angels in the Inner Chambers of Heaven."[3] Now, that the same Scripture should speak one thing in the letter and another in the mystery is not strange to me, how difficult soever it may seem to another. For verily this text may not concern the first Adam, who knowing evil by committing it could not be like God in respect of that knowledge, which made him sinful and altogether unlike Him. For God—if I may so express it—knows the evil only speculatively,[4] inasmuch as nothing can escape His

[1] It must be said that Kabalism does not contain the doctrine of absorption in God suggested here. There is no taking of man into the Deity. There is union with the Supernals through Shekinah in Divine Understanding, but the unmanifest God is in the transcendence; and this is God not only unknown but unknowable, as the ZOHAR tells us.

[2] GENESIS, iv, 21, which reads in the Authorised Version: "Behold the man is become as one of us"; and the Vulgate: *Ecce Adam quasi unus ex nobis factus est.*

[3] *Orationem occultissimam a Creatore mundi cum beatis angelis in suæ Divinitatis Penetralibus habitam.*

[4] We have to remember, according to the SEPHER YETZIRAH—which is perhaps the earliest purely Kabalistic text—that the Ten *Sephiroth*—

knowledge, and therefore is not guilty of evil: for—as Trithemius hath well observed—"the knowledge of evil is not evil, but the practice of it."[1] It remains then that this speech concerned the Second Adam, Christ Jesus, Who knew the evil but did not commit it and therefore was "like one of us," that is, like one of the Trinity, knowing good and evil and yet no way guilty of the evil. This primitive and compendious gospel was no sooner imparted to the angels but they became ministers of it, the Law—as St Paul saith—being ordained in their hands till Christ should take it into His own;[2] and their administration to man took beginning with this oracle.

Thus—say the Kabalists—Raziel the angel was presently dispatched to communicate the intelligence to Adam and to acquaint him with the mysteries of both worlds, eternal and temporal.[3] For as he could not obtain the blessings of the eternal world unless by a true faith he apprehended the Three Eternal Principles of it, so neither could he fully enjoy the benefits of this temporal world unless he 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 we may read the Mysteries of

which are worlds of being—were emanated from God in the hiddenness and were an abyss of evil as well as of goodness. So also God formed man of a spirit of good and a spirit of evil, according to the ZOHAR. The good which issues from evil is regarded a little crudely as the justification of its origin. The Kabalistic doctors were not troubled by the problem of that origin and were willing to accept the consequences of their belief in God as the Creator of all. See my SECRET DOCTRINE IN ISRAEL, pp. 37, 80, 86 and 96.

[1] *Scientia mali non est malum, sed usus.*

[2] GALATIANS, iii, 19, which says that the Law was "ordained by angels in the hand of a mediator."

[3] There is authority for this in the ZOHAR, according to which the angel Raziel was commissioned to entrust Adam with a secret book wherein was expounded the holy mystery of wisdom.

the Supernatural Trinity.[1] But to proceed in our former discourse: the Kabalists do not only 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 morē religious than necessary, how prodigious soever it may seem to some fantastic, insipid theologicians.[2] For certainly it is impossible for us to find out mysteries of ourselves: we must either have the Spirit of God or the instruction of His ministers, whether they be men or angels. And thus we see out of the traditions and doctrines of the Jews how their Kabalah and our magic came first into the world. I shall now examine the Scriptures and consult with them, where —if I am not much mistaken—I shall find some consequences which must needs depend on these principles: and thus I apply myself to the task.

The first harvest I read of was that of Cain and the first flocks those of Abel. A shepherd's life in those early days was no difficult profession, it being an employment of more care than art. But how the earth was ploughed up before the sound of Tubal's hammers is a piece of husbandry unknown to these days. However, it was a labour performed, 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 blood was shed by sacrifice, the second by murder.

Now, so dull am I and so short of syllogisms—those strange pumps and hydragogues which lave the truth *ex puteo*, like water—that all my reason cannot make these

[1] The three that bear witness on earth, according to I ST JOHN, v, 8, are "the spirit, and the water, and the blood," and that in which they agree is the unity of our human personality.

[2] The authority is Abraham Ben Dior, that is, Abraham Ben David Ha Levi, who died A.D. 1126. He assigned guardian angels to prophets as well as patriarchs—that of Moses being Metatron, the Great Angel of the Presence.

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 question is deferred but not satisfied. For I would know further: in what school 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 adversary 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 sign itself. For the material, corruptible shadow is not the object of faith but the spiritual, eternal prototype which answers to it and makes the dead sign 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[1] builds the efficiency of sacrifices on a sympathy of parts with the great world; for there is in every animal a portion 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 sacrifice;[2] for I

[1] *I.e.*, Alchindius, Alkendi or Alkindi, an Arabian philosopher and physician who is ascribed to an uncertain period between the eighth and twelfth centuries. He is accredited with two hundred treatises and three have been translated into Latin: (1) ASTRORUM INDICES, &c., 1507; (2) DE RERUM GRADIBUS, 1531; and (3) DE MEDICINARUM COMPOSITARUM GRADIBUS, 1603.

[2] This reverie seems personal to Thomas Vaughan and is unintelligible.

shall make it to appear elsewhere that the Astral Mother doth mourn and not rejoice at the death of her children.[1] Now if we look back on these two first sacrifices, we shall find Abel and his oblation accepted, which could not be, had he not offered it up as a symbol or figure of his Saviour. To drive home my argument then, I say that this knowledge of the type in whom all offerings were acceptable could not be obtained by any human industry but by sole revelation. For the Passion of Christ Jesus was an ordinance wrapped up in the secret will of God, and he that would know it must of necessity be of His council. Hence it is called in Scripture the Hidden Mystery, for the truth and certainty of it was not to be received from any but only from Him Who had both the will and the power to ordain it. But if you will tell me —like the author of the *Predicables*—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 whensoever you give me so just a reason to laugh.

It remains then a most firm, 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 blood of beasts as types and prodromes of the blood of Christ Jesus—the altars of the Law being but steps to the cross of the Gospel. Now, if it be objected that several nations have sacrificed who did not know God at all, much less the Son of God, Who is the prototype and perfection of all oblations: to this I answer that the custom of sacrificing was communicated to heathens by tradition from the first man, who having instructed his own children they also delivered it to their posterity, 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 man did sacrifice not by Nature—as Porphyrius, that enemy of

[1] There seems no recurrence to this subject in the later writings of Vaughan.

our religion, would have it—but some by revelation, others by custom and tradition. But—now I think upon it—I have Scripture to confirm me concerning this primitive revelation, for Solomon numbering those several blessings which the Divine Wisdom imparted to the ancient fathers, amongst the rest, specifies her indulgence to Adam :[1] "She preserved"—saith he—"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 be 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 he could have no faith, for he knew not what to believe. It remains then that he was instructed, for as in these last days we 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 ministering angels. These were their tutors, for of them they heard the Word; and verily we 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 ruin[2] but their patience. I have—though against the precept[3]—for many years attended their philosophy; and if they spend a few hours on my spermalogy it may cost them some part of

[1] WISDOM OF SOLOMON, x, 1, here treated by Vaughan as if it were canonical. It will be noted that he has no doubt respecting the authorship.

[2] The original reads *Hum*, which seems nonsensical.

[3] The reference is to COLOSSIANS, ii, 8: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men."

their justice but none of their favours.[1] 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 physical in subject, method and effect. But as for arts publicly professed and to the disadvantage of truth allowed, not one of them is so qualified, for they are mere knacks and baubles of the hand or brain, having no firm fundamentals in Nature. These, in my opinion, Solomon numbers amongst his vanities, when he speaks in a certain place "that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions."[2] Of these inventions we have a short catalogue in Genesis, where Moses separates the corn from the chaff, the works of God from the whimsies of man. Thus we read that Jabal was the father of such as dwell in tents, his brother Jubal the father of all such as handle the harp and organ, and Tubal Cain an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.[3] What mischiefs have succeeded this brass and iron Cyclops I need not tell you.[4] If you know not the fates of former times you may study your own; you live in an age that can instruct you. Verily it is worth our observation that these arts and their tools proceeded not from the posterity of Seth, in which line our Saviour stands, for—as we shall make it appear hereafter—questionless they had a better knowledge; but they proceeded from the seed of Cain, who in action was a murderer and in the circumstance of it a fratricide.

To be short there is no vanity [like][5] to the vanity of sciences, I mean those inventions and their professors

[1] Vaughan gives a marginal reference to ACTS, xvii, 18.

[2] ECCLESIASTES, vii, 29.

[3] GENESIS, iv, 20–22.

[4] But the words "every artificer" cover the metal-work of peace as well as war, and one of the Victorian poets, Charles Mackay, tells us very pleasantly how Tubal Cain "fashion'd the first plough-share."

[5] I have inserted this word, which seems necessary to the meaning of the sentence.

which produce nothing true and natural but effects either false or in their ends corrupt and violent. But it is no conquest to tread on ruins: Cornelius Agrippa hath already laid these *rodomontados* in the dirt and that so handsomely they were never since of a general reputation.[1] Give me an art then that is a perfect, entire 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 subordinate to Him—an Art that is no way subject to evil and by which I can attain to all the secrets and mysteries in Nature. This is the Art wherein the physics of Adam and the patriarchs consisted, and that this Art was revealed to him I will undertake to demonstrate by Scriptures and the practice of his posterity.

This truth, I am certain, will seem difficult—if not incredible—to most men, the providence of God being prejudiced in this point, for they will not allow Him to instruct us in natural things but only in supernaturals, such as may concern 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 laws of His creation; for though He made Nature yet He may not tutor us in natural sciences. By no means: Aristotle and his syllogism can do it much better. Certainly this opinion is nothing different from that of the epicure—that "God takes the air, I know not in what walks and quarters of His heaven, but thinks not of us mortals who are here under His feet."[2] Questionless, a most eminent impiety, to make God—as Tertullian said of old—"an idle, unprofitable nobody in this world, having nothing to do with our affairs, as they are natural

[1] Agrippa's book on the vanity of the sciences includes all arts and modes and methods of knowledge in the field of its criticism. It may be compared with the lamentation of Robert Fludd over their degeneration from original perfection in his APOLOGIA COMPENDIARIA or defence of the Rosicrucian Society.

[2] *Deum ad cœli cardines obambulare, et nullâ tangi mortalium curâ.*

and human."[1] Sure these men are afraid lest His mercy should diminish His majesty: they suffer Him to trade only with our immortal parts, not with corruptible bodies that have most need of His assistance. They are base subjects which He hath turned over to Galen and the apothecaries.

Not so, my friend: He hath created physic and brings it out of the earth; but the Galenist knows it not. He it is that pities our afflictions; He is the good Samaritan that doth not pass by us in our miseries, but pours oil and wine into our wounds. This I know very well, and I will prove it out of His own mouth. Did not He instruct Noah to build an ark, to pitch it within and without, and this to save life in a time when He Himself was resolved to destroy it—in a time when the world was acquainted with no mechanics but a little husbandry and a few knacks of Tubal Cain and his brethren? But even those inventions also proceeded from that light which He planted in man,[2] an essence perpetually busy and whose ambition it is to perform wonders. Yet he[3] seldom produceth anything of his own but what is fantastic and monstrous. Did He not put His Spirit in Bezaleel, the son of Uri and in Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach?[4] Did He not teach them to devise cunning works, to work in gold, in silver, in brass, in cutting of stones, in setting of them, in carving of timber and in all manner of workmanship? But to come nearer to our purpose: did He not inform Moses in the composition of the oil and the perfume? Did He not teach him the symptoms of the leprosy and the cure thereof? Did He not prescribe a plaster of figs for Hezekiah and—to use your own term

[1] *Otiosum et inexercitum neminem in rebus humanis.*—APOLOGIA ADVERSUS GENTES, *cap.* 24.

[2] The argument has a side of danger, for there is no principle which will exclude the inventions due to the *ingenium* of Galen.

[3] The pronouns of Vaughan are not infrequently confused and confusing. The present one refers to man generally, but those of the previous and succeeding sentence to God.

[4] EXODUS, xxxi, 2, 3, and xxxv, 34.

—an ophthalmic for Tobit? Did not Jesus Christ Himself, in the days of His flesh, work most of His miracles on our bodies, though His great cure was that of our souls? Is He not the same then to-day as yesterday? Nay, was He 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 Majesty on high, is He less good because more glorious? God forbid—to think so were a sin in superlatives. Let us then take Him for our President, for He is not—saith St Paul—such an one "which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities";[1] but He is indeed one that looks to our present estate as well as to our future and is as sensible of our infirmity as He is careful of our immortality. When He was on earth with the dust of that earth He made the blind to see,[2] and of mere 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 library and in that His threefold philosophy? Observe then first and censure afterwards. "Have salt in yourselves"; and again: "Ye are the salt of the earth"; and in a third place: "Salt is good." This is His mineral doctrine:[3] will you know His vegetable? It is in two little books —a mustard-seed and a lily.[4] Lastly He hath His animal magic, and truly that is a scroll sealed up: I know not who may open it.[5] He "needed not that any should testify of man: for He knew what was in man."[6]

And what of all this blasphemy? says some splenetic sophister. Behold, I will instruct thee. First of all, have salt in thyself, for it will season thy soul that is infected

[1] HEBREWS, iv, 15.
[2] ST JOHN, *cap.* ix *passim.*
[3] *Ibid.*, iii, 2–11.
[4] ST MARK, ix, 50; ST MATT., v, 13; ST LUKE, xiv, 34.
[5] It should not be difficult in view of the preceding intimations concerning the doctrine of Christ in respect of minerals and vegetables. It is all spiritually understood, in respect of the three kingdoms.
[6] ST JOHN, ii, 25.

and preserve thy brains that are putrefied with the dirt of Aristotle. In the second place, learn what the salt of the earth is to which the disciples are compared—and that by a regular, solid speculation. Thirdly, come up to experience, and by a physical, legitimate 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 wherein that speech of truth is verified—"that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."[1] If thou wilt attempt a higher magic thou mayst, being first seasoned; but in this place it is not my design 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[2]—and the preparation thereof. This discourse, I confess, is somewhat remote from that I first intended, namely, that philosophy was revealed to Adam as well as divinity; but some pates are blocks in their own ways and—as I told you formerly—will not believe that God dispenseth with any natural secrets. This made me produce these few instances out of Scripture as preparatives to the proposition itself and—if he be anything ingenious—to the reader. His compliance to my principles I expect not; nay, I am so far from it he may suspend his charity. Let him be as rigid as justice can make him, for I wish not to prevail in anything 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;

[1] St Matt., vi, 28, 29; St Luke, xii, 27.

[2] Like other hypothetical prime principles of alchemy, the Salt of the Philosophers is called by many contradictory names—as for example, First Matter, Stone of the Philosophers, Foliated Earth. It is confused also with Sulphur and Mercury, as if the three principles were one and the same thing, which indeed is one of the theses. Geber says that it has no appearance of salt till it is caused to assume this in the operation performed upon it. For the rest, it cannot be extracted from any known salts and yet is the root of all.

but Cain having murdered his brother Abel his priesthood descended to Seth, and this is confirmed by those faculties which attended his posterity: 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 testimony for it, Who accounts the blood of Abel amongst that of the persecuted prophets and wise men.[1] Now, to conclude that these men had no knowledge in philosophy because the Scripture doth not mention any use they made of it is an argument that denies something and proves nothing.[2] To shew the vanity of this inference, I will give you an example out of Moses himself. We know very well there are no prophecies of Abraham extant, neither do we read anywhere that ever he did prophesy; but notwithstanding he was a prophet. For God reproving Abimelech King of Gerar, who had taken Sarah from him[3]—supposing she had been his sister—hath these words: "Now therefore restore the man his wife; for he is a prophet, and he shall pray for thee, and thou shalt live."[4] Hence we may learn that the Holy Ghost doth not always 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 lantern to the Archives of the Art itself. I know the troop and tumult of other affairs are both the many and the main in the history of Moses. But in the whole current I meet with some acts which may not be numbered amongst the fortunes of the patriarchs but are performances extraordinary and speak their causes not common.

[1] ST LUKE, xi, 50, 51; ST MATT., xxiii, 35.

[2] Vaughan forgets that the burden of proof is on him and not on the side of denial. He might have done much worse than acquire some counsels of reason from Aristotle himself.

[3] GENESIS, xx, 7.

[4] *Ibid.*, xx, 7.

Magia Adamica

I have ever admired that discipline of Eliezer the steward of Abraham who when he prayed at the well in Mesopotamia could make his camels also kneel.[1] I must not believe there was any hocus in this or that the spirit of Banks[2] may be the spirit of prayer. Jacob makes a covenant with Laban that all the spotted and brown cattle in his flocks should be assigned to him for his wages. The bargain is no sooner made but he finds an art to multiply his own colours and sends his father-in-law almost a woolgathering. "And Jacob took him rods of green poplar, and of the hazel and chesnut-tree; and pilled white strakes in them, and made the white appear which was in the rods. And he 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 cattle ringstraked, speckled and spotted."[3] As for that which the Scripture tells us elsewhere, namely, that Jacob "saw in a dream, and, behold the rams which leaped upon the cattle were ringstraked, speckled and grisled":[4] 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 rams of the dream did leap and supply the natural males of the flock—God using this apparition only to signify the truth of that art 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 pass 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 we tell one another of our dreams, but expecting—I believe—an interpretation, as

[1] GENESIS, xxiv, 11.

[2] There was a famous showman of this name, but the reference is perhaps to some obscure prophet, and there was a cloud of these and of astrologers at Vaughan's period.

[3] GENESIS, xxx, 37–40.

[4] *Ibid.*, xxxi, 10, 12.

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 allows a third signification to the minor stars, and lastly answers his son with a question: "What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?"[1]

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 immediately from God, as Daniel did, then it falls not within the limits of a natural science; but I speak of a physical exposition, as this was, which depends on certain abstruse similitudes; for he that knows the analogy of parts to parts in this great body which we call the world may know what every sign signifies and by consequence may prove a good interpreter of dreams. As for Jacob's first practice, which we have formerly mentioned, namely, the propagation of his speckled flocks, it is an effect so purely magical that our most obstinate 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 annexed to this discourse it would discover too much.[2] I shall therefore leave it to the search of those who are considerable proficients, if not masters in the art. The sum of all is this: man of himself could not attain to true knowledge; it was God in mere mercy did instruct him. To confirm this, I shall desire the reader to consider his own experience. We have in these days many magical books extant, wherein the Art is discovered—both truly and plainly. We have also an infinite number of men

[1] GENESIS, xxxiii, 10.

[2] The reference might seem obviously to the wrestling of Jacob with an angel at Peniel; but later on in the text it is said that Jacob's Ladder is the greatest mystery in the Kabalah.

who study those books, but after the endeavours of a long life not one in ten thousand understands them. Now, if we—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 do that without means which we cannot do with means, and those too very considerable? The Peripatetics perhaps will tell me their syllogism is the engine that can perform all this.[1] Let them then in *barbaro* or *baroco* demonstrate the First Matter of the Philosopher's Stone. But they will tell me 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 legacy.[2] I have now attended Jacob, the Israel of God, both in his pilgrimage at Padan-aram and in his typical inheritance, the earnest of the Land of Canaan. But two removals perfect not the wanderings of a patriarch. God calls him from the habitation of his fathers to the prison of his posterity 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 train, who attended his motion thither, I find not any particular remembrance of them, only Moses tells me of a general exit: "Joseph died and all his brethren, and all that generation."[3] I

[1] Any argument, how bad soever, is good enough to cast at a syllogism, but the answer is that Aristotelians as such laid no claim to the discovery of secrets of Nature by the method of logic.

[2] Somewhat crudely expressed here, this is the theory of transmission as regards the Secret Tradition in Israel.

[3] EXODUS, i, 6.

must now then—to prove the continuance and succession of this Art—address 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 said of Joseph, and verily it proves how common magic was in those days and the effects of it no news to the sons of Jacob; for having conveyed his cup into the sack of Benjamin—and by that policy detained his brethren—he asks them: "What deed is this that ye have done? Wot ye not that such a man as I am can certainly divine?"[1]

In this speech he makes his brethren no strangers to the performances of Art but rather makes their familiarity therewith an argument against them: "Wot ye not?" But the following words are very effectual and tell us what qualified persons the ancient Magi were. They were indeed—as he speaks of himself—such as Joseph was, princes and rulers of the people, not beggarly gipsies and mountebanks, as our doctors are now. It was the ambition of the great in those days 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 ye are gods"[2]—a name communicated to them because they had the power to do wonders, for in this magical sense the true God speaks to Moses: "See, I have made thee a god to Pharaoh: and Aaron thy brother shall be thy prophet."[3] And verily this true knowledge and this title that belongs to it did that false serpent pretend to our first parents: "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."[4] But 'tis not this subtle dragon but that good crucified serpent[5] that can give us both this knowledge and this title: for "all things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made."[6] If He made them then He can teach us also how they were made.

I must now refer myself to Moses, who at his first

[1] GENESIS, xliv, 15. [2] PSALM lxxxii, 6. [3] EXODUS, vii, 1.
[4] GENESIS, iii, 5. [5] *Bonus ille Serpens.* [6] ST JOHN, i, 3.

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 skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians ; but for my part I do much question what kind of learning that was, the Scripture assuring me—and that by the pen of Moses—their wonders were effected by enchantments.[1] 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 by Pharaoh's dream, which his own sorcerers and wizards could not interpret, but Joseph alone expounded it.[2] Verily it cannot be denied but some branches of this art, though extremely corrupted, were dispersed 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 possessed it, Debir—which Athniel the son of Kenaz conquered—was an university, at least had in it a famous library, wherefore the Jews called it *Kiriath-Sepharim*.[3] I might speak in this place of the universality of religion, for never yet was there a people but had some confused notion of a Deity, though accompanied with lamentable ceremonies and superstitions. Besides, the religions of all nations have always pretended to powers extraordinary, even to the performance of miracles and the healing of all diseases, and this by some secret means, not known to the common man. And verily if we examine all religions, whether false or true, we shall not find one but it pretends to something that is mystical. Certainly if men be not resolved 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

[1] EXODUS, vii, 11, 12. [2] GENESIS, ix, 41.

[3] See JOSHUA, xv, 15-17, and compare JUDGES, i, 11-13. As regards the famous library, there may be a Talmudic tradition with which I am unacquainted, or it may be a speculation of Vaughan, founded on the name *Kirjath-Sepher* = city of letters, or of the book.

many false interpreters. But notwithstanding in those very errors there remained some marks and imitations of the first truth. Hence it comes to pass that all parties agree in the action but not in the object. For example, Israel did sacrifice and the heathen did sacrifice, but the one to God, the other to his idol. Neither were they only conformable in some rites and solemnities of divinity, but the heathens also had some hints left of the secret learning and philosophy of the patriarchs, as we may see in their false magic, which consisted for the most part in astrological observations, images, charms and characters.

But it is my design to keep in the road, not to follow these deviations and misfortunes of the Art, which notwithstanding want not the weight of argument—the existence of things being as well proved by their miscarriage as by their success. 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 days but a private family? Notwithstanding, when God appointed them their possession, and that this private house was multiplied to a nation, then these secrets remained with the elders of the tribes, as they did formerly with the father of the family. These elders no doubt were the Mosaical 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 we read that God "took of the spirit" that was in Moses "and gave it unto the seventy elders."[1]

But lest any man should deny that which we take for granted—namely, the philosophy of Moses—I shall

[1] NUMBERS, xi, 25.

demonstrate out of his own books, both by reason as also by his practice, that he was a natural magician. First of all then, it is most absurd and therefore improbable that he should write of the creation who was no way skilled in the secrets of God and Nature,[1] both which must of necessity be known before we should undertake to write of the creation. But Moses did write of it: *ergo*. Now I desire to know what he hath written—truth or a lie. If truth, how dare you deny his knowledge? If a lie—which God forbid—why will you believe him? You will tell me perhaps he hath done it only in general terms; and I can tell you that Aristotle hath done no otherwise. But think you in good earnest that he knew no more than what he did write? There is nothing you can say in this point but we can disprove it, for in Genesis he hath discovered many particulars, and especially those secrets which have most relation to this Art. For instance, he hath discovered the *minera* of man, or that substance out of which man and all his fellow-creatures were made.[2] This is the First Matter of the Philosopher's 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 fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven."[3] But elsewhere we read otherwise: "But out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air."[4] In this later text he tells us that God made every fowl of the air out of the ground, but in the former it is written He made them out of the water.

[1] It is much ado about nothing, for if Moses was *ex hypothesi* inspired—as Vaughan certainly held—his philosophy or learning is *nihil ad rem*.

[2] The text of GENESIS is stultified by this statement and all that follows it. It is said that the waters brought forth moving creatures and fowls; that the earth brought forth living creatures thereunto belonging; but that the Elohim made man in their own image and likeness. Again, it is not worth debating, but the point is that Vaughan had no real qualifications as an interpreter of Scripture.

[3] GENESIS, i, 20.

[4] GENESIS, ii, 19.

Certainly Aristotle and his organ can never reconcile these two places, but a little skill in magic will make them kiss 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 subtle earth. In plain terms it is a slimy, spermatic, viscous mass, impregnated with all powers, celestial and terrestrial. The philosophers call it water and no water, earth and no earth. And why may not Moses speak as they do? Or why may not they write as Moses did? This is the true Damascene earth,[1] out of which God made man.[2] You then that would be chemists, 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 knows what matter is most fit for His work. He that will imitate Him in the effect must first imitate Him in the subject. Talk not then of flint-stones and antimony: they are the poet's pin-dust and egg-shells. Seek this earth and this water.

But this is not all that Moses hath written to this purpose: I could cite many more magical and mystical 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 logical quibble can waive. Nothing but experience can repel this argument; and thus it runs. And Moses "took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strawed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it."[3] Certainly here was a strange kind of spice and an art as strange as the spice. This calf was pure gold, the Israelites having

[1] I do not remember any earth, literal or symbolical, which is designated under this name in the texts of alchemy.

[2] The Biblical allocations are dust according to Genesis, David and Solomon, or clay according to Isaiah. As Vaughan appeals to the Scriptures, it seems fair to say that they offer no warrant for his hypothesis of a viscous slime; but the thesis is not of course worth pursuing.

[3] EXODUS, xxxii, 20.

contributed their earrings to the fabric. Now would I gladly know by what means so solid and heavy a body as gold may be brought to such a light powder that it may be sprinkled on the face of the water and afterwards drunk up. I am sure here was *aurum potabile*,[1] and Moses could never have brought the calf to this pass had he not ploughed with our heifer. But of this enough: if any man think he did it by common fire let him also do the like, and when he hath performed he may sell his powder to the apothecaries.

If I should insist in this place on the Mosaical Ceremonial Law, with its several reverend shadows and their significations, I might lose myself in a wilderness of mysteries, both Divine and natural. For verily that whole system is but one vast screen, or a certain mighty umbrage drawn 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 only inform the reader that the Law hath both a shell and a kernel: it is the letter speaks but the spirit interprets. To this agrees Gregory Nazienzen, who makes a twofold Law, *τοῦ γράμματος* and *τοῦ πνεύματος*—one literal, another spiritual. And elsewhere he mentions *τὸ φαινόμενον του νόμου, και τὸ κρυπτόμενον*, the hidden and the manifest part of the Law, the manifest part—saith he—being appointed *τοῖς πολλοῖς καὶ κατὼ μένουσι*—for many men and such whose thoughts were fixed here below—but the hidden *τοῖς 'ολίγοις καὶ τὰ ἄνω φρονοῦσι*—for few only whose minds aspired upwards to heavenly things.[2] Now that the Law, being given, might benefit the people in both parts, spiritual and literal, therefore did the Lawgiver institute the *Sanhedrim*, a council of seventy elders, upon whom he had poured his spirit, that

[1] The Potable Gold of alchemy, about which Rulandus said in 1612 that "those who prepare it at this day do so rather to the destruction than the salvation of men."—LEXICON ALCHEMIÆ, s.v. *Aurum Potabile.*

[2] Gregory Nazienzen: DE STATU EPISCOP.

they might discern—as Esdras did—the deep things of the night[1]—in plain terms, the hidden things of his Law. From these elders the Kabalah — I believe — had its original, for they imparted their knowledge by word of mouth to their successors, and hence it came to pass that the science itself was styled Kabalah—that is, a reception.[2] This continued so long as Israel held together, but when their frame began to discompose and the dilapidations of that house proved desperate, then Esdras, a prophet incomparable—notwithstanding the brand of Apocrypha—writ that law in tables of box which God Himself had sometime written in tables of stone.[3] As for the more secret and mysterious part thereof, it was written at the same time in seventy secret books, according to the number of elders in whose hearts it had been some time written.[4]

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 Eternal Tables of the Soul. But it may be there is a blind generation who will believe nothing but what they see at hand and therefore will deny that Esdras composed any such books. To these owls—though an unequal match—I shall oppose the honour of Picus, who himself affirms that in his time he met with the Secret Books of Esdras and

[1] The reference is possibly to II ESDRAS, xiii, 1 *et seq.*

[2] *Ibid.*, *cap.* xiv, 24.

[3] The traditional story is that the inward mysteries of the Law were communicated on or about Mount Sinai to a secret council by Moses. For the warrant, such as it is, we must refer to EXODUS, xviii, 25, 26, on the institution of "heads over the people," but this was for the judgment of "every small matter." The "hard causes" were still brought to Moses, and it was he only who acted as an intermediary with God. The council of seventy elders was ordained later by Divine command, some part of the spirit of Moses being promised thereto.—NUMBERS, xi, 16. It was obviously executive and most certainly not doctrinal or expository.

[4] Esdras is instructed to declare some things and to hide others, xiv, 1 ; to publish some things and shew some secretly to the wise, xiv, 26 ; and he produced with his scribes two hundred and four books, xiv, 44 ; but of these seventy were reserved for the wise—xiv, 46—presumably, the council of elders.

bought them with a great price.[1] Nor was this all, for Eugenius, Bishop of Rome, ordered their translation; but he dying the translators also fell asleep.[2] It is true indeed something may be objected to me in this place concerning the Kabalah—an art which I in no way approve of, neither do I condemn it, as our adversaries condemn magic, before I understand it. For I have spent some years in the search and contemplation thereof. But why then should I propose that for a truth to others which I account for an error myself? To this I answer that I condemn not the true Kabalah but the inventions of some dispersed wandering rabbis, whose brains had more of distraction than their fortunes. Of this thirteenth tribe I understand the satirist when he promiseth so largely:

> What dreams soe'er thou wilt the Jews do sell.[3]

These, I say, have produced a certain upstart, bastard Kabalah, which consists altogether in certain alphabetical knacks, ends always in the letter where it begins, and the varieties of it are grown voluminous.[4] As for the more ancient and physical traditions of the Kabalah, 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 Rambam himself—I mean Rabbi Moses Ægyptius, whom the Jews have so magnified with their famous hyperbole: "From Moses unto Moses there hath not arisen one like unto Moses."[5]

But to deal ingenuously with my readers, I say the

[1] What he bought actually was the codices of the *Sepher Ha Zohar*.—THE SECRET DOCTRINE IN ISRAEL, p. 1.

[2] It was Pope Julius II whom Picus is supposed to have interested in the strange texts which he acquired.

[3] *Qualiacunque voles Judæi somnia vendunt.*

[4] The casual reader will gain a sufficient insight regarding these varieties by glancing at LA SCIENCE CABALISTIQUE of Lenain, which appeared originally at Amiens in 1823 and was reprinted at Paris in 1909.

[5] *A Mose ad Mosen non surrexit sicut Moses*

Kabalah I admit of consists of two parts—the name and thing.[1] The former part is merely typical in reference to the latter, serving only as the shadow to the substance. I will give you some instances. The literal Kabalah—which is but a veil cast over the secrets of the physical—hath Three Principles, commonly styled *Tres Matres*, or the Three Mothers.[2] In the masculine complexion the Jews call them אמש = *Emes*, in the feminine אשם = Asam, and they are א *Aleph*, מ *Mem*, ש *Shin*. Now I will shew you how the physical Kabalah expounds the literal. Saith the great Abraham,[3] or as some think Rabbi Akiba: "The three Mothers, *Emes*, or *Aleph*, *Mem* and *Shin*, are Air, Water and Fire: a still Water"—mark that—"a hissing Fire, and Air the middle spirit."[4] Again saith the same Rabbi: "The Three Mothers, *Emes*, in this world are Air, Water and Fire. The heavens were made of the Fire, the earth was made of the Water"—mark well this Kabalism—"and the Air proceeded from a middle spirit."[5] Now, when the Kabalist speaks of the generation of the Three Mothers he brings in ten Secret Principles which—I think—ten men have not understood since the *Sanhearim*, such nonsense do I find in most authors when they undertake to discourse of them. The First Principle is a Spirit which sits in his primitive incomprehensible retreat, like water in its subterraneous channel before it springs. The Second Principle is the

[1] By "the name" is meant apparently the external form and system, but the great text of all—which is the ZOHAR—has happily no system whatever.

[2] In this and what follows Vaughan derives from SEPHER YETZIRAH, already cited, traditionally the work of the patriarch Abraham and by later speculation ascribed to Rabbi Akiba, as stated above.

[3] The SEPHER YETZIRAH divides the Hebrew letters into Three Mothers, allocated as Vaughan tells us; seven doubles, referred to the seven planets; and twelve simple letters, answering to the signs of the Zodiac. But there are various subsidiary attributions. The Latin form of the text quoted above reads: *Emes, id est, Aer, Aqua et Ignis; Aqua quieta, Ignis sibilans et Aer spiritus medius.*

[4] *Tres Matres—Emes—in mundo: Aer, Aqua et Ignis. Cœli ex Igne creati sunt, Terra ex Aqua; Aer egressus est ex spiritu, qui stat medius.*

[5] *In retrocessu suo fontana.*

Voice of that first Spirit. This breaks forth like a well-spring where the water flows out of the earth and is discovered to the eye. They call it "Spirit from Spirit."[1] The Third Principle is a Spirit which proceeds both from the first Spirit and from his voice.[2] The Fourth Principle is a certain Water which proceeds from the Third Spirit,[3] and out of that Water goeth forth Air and Fire. But God forbid that I should speak any more of them publicly:[4] it is enough that we know the original of the creature and to Whom we ought to ascribe it.

The Kabalist when he would tell us what God did with the Three Mothers useth no other phrase than this: "He weighed"—saith he—"*Aleph* with all and all with *Aleph*, and so He did with the other Mothers."[5] This is very plain, if you consider the various mixtures of the elements and their secret proportions. And so much for the physical part of the Kabalah: I will now shew you the metaphysical. It is strange to consider what unity of spirit and doctrine there is amongst all the Children of Wisdom. This proves infallibly that there is an universal Schoolmaster, Who is present with all flesh and Whose principles are ever uniform—namely, the Spirit of God. The Kabalists agree with all the world of magicians that man in spiritual mysteries is both agent and patient.[6] This is plain; for Jacob's Ladder is the greatest mystery in the Kabalah.[7] Here we find two extremes: Jacob is one at the foot of the Ladder and God is the other Who stands above it,

[1] *Spiritus ex Spiritu.*

[2] *Spiritus ex spiritibus.*

[3] *Aqua de spiritu.*

[4] This is ridiculous occultism. Vaughan has given nothing but what is found in the SEPHER YETZIRAH, and the most ordinary reader having any translation in his hand can find more for himself.

[5] *Ponderavit Aleph cum omnibus et omnia cum Aleph, et sic de singulis.*

[6] In the sense above all that the soul—as bride—is feminine in respect of the Christ-Spirit—as Spouse. But this is the Kabalah Christianised.

[7] Because it signifies the bond of union, in virtue whereof that which is above is like unto that which is below and that which is below is like unto that which is above, as the Hermetic text affirms.

shedding some secret influx of spirit upon Jacob, who in this place typifies man in general. The rounds or steps in the Ladder signify the middle natures by which Jacob is united to God, inferiors united to superiors. As for the angels of whom it is said that they ascended and descended by the Ladder, their motion proves they were not of the superior hierarchy 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 contrary to the text.[1] And here, Reader, I would have thee study. Now to return to Jacob, it is written of him that he was asleep, but this is a mystical speech, for it signifies death—namely, that death which the Kabalist calls *Mors Osculi*, or the Death of the Kiss, of which I must not speak one syllable.[2] To be short, they agree with us over the Secret of Theology,[3] that no word is efficacious in magic unless it be first quickened by the Word of God. This appears out of their *Shemhamphorash*,[4] for they hold not the names of angels effectual unless some Name of God—as יה = YAH or אל = EL—be united to them. Then—say they—in the power and virtue of those Names they may work. An example hereof we have in all extracted names, as *Vehu-Iah*, *Elem-Iah*, *Jeli-El*, *Sita-El*. Now, this practice in the letter was a most subtle adumbration of the conjunction of the Substantial Word or Spirit with the Water. See that you understand me rightly, for I mean with the elements : and so much for the truth.

To conclude, I would have the reader observe that

[1] The human aspirations went up and the Divine Influx came down.

[2] The state of mystical death and the Kiss of Shekinah. Rosenroth, translating the GARDEN OF POMEGRANATES, gives *Oscula autem sunt adhæsio Spiritus cum spiritu.*—KABBALA DENUDATA. *Pars* I, *Apparatus in Librum Sohar*, p. 600.

[3] *In arcano theologiæ.*

[4] The Divine Name of seventy-two letters, according to the Kabalah. See Petrus Galatinus : DE ARCANIS CATHOLICÆ VERITATIS, *Lib.* ii, c. 17, and Athanasius Kircher : ŒDIPUS ÆGYPTIACUS, *Tom.* ii, *Classis* iv, *Cabala Hebræorum*, c. 6.

the false, grammatical Kabalah consists only in rotations of the alphabet and a metathesis of letters in the text, by which means the Scripture hath suffered many racks and excoriations. As for the true Kabalah it useth the letter only for artifice, whereby to obscure and hide her physical secrets—as the Egyptians heretofore did use their hieroglyphics. In this sense the primitive professors of this art had a literal Kabalah, as it appears by that wonderful and most ancient inscription in the rock in Mount Horeb. It contains a prophecy of the Virgin Mother and her Son Christ Jesus, engraven in hieroglyphics, framed by combination of the Hebrew letters, but by whom God only knows : it may be by Moses or Elijah. This is most certain : it is to be seen there this day, and we have for it the testimonies of Thomas Obecinus, a most learned Franciscan, and Petrus a Valle, a gentleman, who travelled—both of them—into those parts.[1]

Now, that the learning of the Jews—I mean their Kabalah—was chemical and ended in true physical performances cannot be better proved than by the Book of Abraham the Jew, wherein he laid down the secrets of this Art in indifferent plain terms and figures, and that for the benefit of his unhappy countrymen, when—by the wrath of God—they were scattered over all the world.[2] This book was accidentally found by Nicholas

[1] The Travels of Pietro della Valle into "East India" and Arabia were written originally in Italian. An English translation appeared in 1665 and a French version in instalments between 1662 and 1665.

[2] This is perhaps the most extraordinary argument preferred even by a maker of dreams like Vaughan. If it be assumed for a moment that there was ever a literal Book of Abraham the Jew and that it is correctly described by the writer who calls himself Nicholas Flamel, it follows that an alchemical treatise was bequeathed by an Israelite for the consolation of his people—if it so happened that they could understand it. But this treatise—as described in the memorial concerning it—has nothing to do with the Kabalah of Jewry, and in what manner it proves the latter physical passes understanding. The one known text which adapts Kabalistic symbolism—as *e.g.* the Tree of the *Sephiroth*—to the purposes of alchemy is called Aesh Mezareph and is known by the translation of certain fragments and their inclusion in the *Apparatus* of Rosenroth. As

Flamel, a Frenchman, and with the help of it he attained at last to that miraculous medicine which men call the Philosopher's Stone. But let us hear the *Monsieur* himself describe it. "There fell into my hands"—saith he—"for the sum of two florins a gilded book, very old and large. It was not of paper nor parchment, as other books be, but it was made of delicate rinds—as it seemed to me—of tender young trees. The cover of it was of brass, well bound, all engraven with letters or strange figures; and for my part I think they might well be 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 of the Latin, nor of the Gaul, for of them I understood a little. As for that which was within it, the bark-leaves were engraven and with admirable diligence written with a point of iron in fair and neat Latin letters, coloured. It contained thrice seven leaves, for so were the leaves counted at the top, and always every seventh leaf was without any writing; but instead thereof in the first seventh leaf there was painted a Virgin and serpents swallowing her up; in the second seventh a cross, where a serpent was crucified; and in the last seventh there were painted deserts or wildernesses, in the midst whereof ran many fair 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 capital letters of gold: Abraham the Jew, Prince, Priest, Levite, Astrologer and Philosopher to the nation of the Jews, by the wrath of God dispersed among the Gauls, sendeth Health.

"After this it was filled with great execrations and curses—with this word *Maranatha* which was often

regards Nicholas Flamel and his Book of Abraham the Jew, the whole subject calls for a new consideration at the hands of criticism. The historical basis of the legend began to be questioned in the middle of the eighteenth century. The legend itself—otherwise the autobiographical romance—was first printed in 1561. About earlier copies in manuscript I cannot speak.

repeated there—against every person that should cast his eyes upon it, if he were not sacrificer or scribe. He that sold me this book knew not what it was worth, no more than I when I bought it. I believe it had been stolen or taken by violence from the miserable Jews, or found hid in some part of the ancient place of their habitation. Within the book, in the second leaf, he comforted his nation, counselling them to fly vices and above all idolatry, attending with sweet patience the coming of the Messiah, Who should vanquish all the people of the earth and should reign with His people in glory eternally. Without doubt this had been some wise and understanding man. In the third leaf and in all the other writings that followed—to help his captive nation to pay their tributes to the Roman Emperors, and to do other things which I will not speak of—he taught them in common words the transmutation of metals. He painted the vessels by the sides and he informed them of the colours and of all the rest, except the first agent, of which he spake not a word, but only—as he said—in the fourth and fifth leaves he had figured it with very great cunning and workmanship. For though it was well and intelligibly figured and painted, yet no man could ever have been able to understand it without being well skilled in their Kabalah—which goeth by tradition—and without having well studied their books. The fourth and fifth leaf therefore was without any writing, all full of fair figures enlightened, for the work was very exquisite. First he painted a young man with wings at his ankles, having in his hand a caducean rod, writhen about with two serpents, wherewith he struck upon a helmet which covered his head. He seemed to my small judgment to be Mercury, the pagan god. Against him there came running and flying with open wings a great old man, who upon his head had an hour-glass fastened and in his hands a hook or scythe, like death, with the which—in terrible and furious manner—he would have cut off the

feet of Mercury. On the other side of the fourth leaf he painted a fair flower on the top of a very high mountain, which was sore shaken with the North wind. It had the root blue, the flowers white and red, the leaves shining like fine gold. And round about it the dragons and griffins of the North made their nests.

"On the fifth leaf there was a fair rose-tree flowered in the midst of a sweet garden, climbing up against a hollow oak, at the foot whereof boiled a fountain of most white water, which ran headlong down into the depths. Notwithstanding it passed first among the hands of infinite people who digged in the earth, seeking for it; but —because they were blind—none of them knew it, except here and there one which considered the weight. On the last side of the fifth leaf was painted a King with a great falchion, who caused to be killed in his presence by some soldiers a great multitude of little infants, whose mothers wept at the feet of the merciless soldiers. The blood of these infants was afterwards gathered up by other soldiers and put in a great vessel, whereto the Sun and Moon 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 written in good and intelligible Latin in all the other written leaves, for God would punish me, because I should commit a greater wickedness than he who—as it is said—wished that all the men of the world had but one head that he might cut it off at one blow."

Thus far Nicholas Flamel.[1]

I could now pass from Moses to Christ, from the Old Testament to the New—not that I would interpret these but request the sense of the illuminated. I desire to know what my Saviour means by the Key of Knowledge

[1] The text above represents less than half the personal memorial, which goes on to recount the quest and adventures of Flamel in his endeavour to understand the book, his final attainment of the great secret, his manner of life subsequently and the works of charity which he performed by the "projection of the Red Stone."

which the lawyers—as He tells me and them too—had taken away.[1] Questionless it cannot signify the Law itself, for that was not taken away, being read in the Synagogue every Sabbath. 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 only 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 she hath been subject since her corruption —for even Galen looked on those obliquities as diseases, but studied Nature herself as their cure. We know by experience that too much of anything weakens and destroys our nature; but if we live temperately and according to law we are well, because our course of life accords with Nature. Hence diet is a prime rule in physic, far better indeed than the pharmacopœia; for those sluttish receipts do but oppress the stomach, being no fit fuel for a celestial fire. Believe it then, these excessive, bestial appetites proceeded from our Fall, for Nature of herself 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 overcharged. In common, customary 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 soul itself is sick. We see then that corruption and sin do not so much agree with us as they do 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 contrary to man and that the doctrine of life agrees not with life itself? God forbid. The laws of the resurrection are founded upon those of the creation and those of regeneration upon those of

[1] St Luke, xi, 52.

generation; for in all these God works upon one and the same matter by one and the same Spirit.[1] Now that it is so—I mean 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 year of redemption 1625 there was digged up in a village of China called Sanxuen a square stone, being near ten measures of an hand-breadth long and five broad. In the uppermost part of this stone was figured a cross and underneath it an inscription in Sinic characters, being the title to the monument, which I find thus rendered in the Latin:

LAPIS IN LAUDEM ET MEMORIAM ÆTERNAM
LEGIS LUCIS ET VERITATIS PORTATÆ
DE JUDEA ET IN CHINA
PROMULGATÆ
ERECTUS.

That is: "A stone erected to the praise and eternal 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 year of our Lord 636. Kim Cim, the author of this history, in the very beginning of it, speaks mysteriously of the creation. Then he mentions three hundred and sixty five sorts of sectaries who succeeded one another, all of them striving who should get most proselytes. Some of their vague opinions he recites, which indeed are very suitable with the rudiments and vagaries of the heathen philosophers. Lastly, he describes the professors of Christianity, with their habits of life and the

[1] The analogy here instituted is true only if regeneration is a work performed upon the body of man; but if the Spirit of God is working upon the spirit of man the comparison does not hold, and the subject, moreover, is not the same as those waters of creation on which the Spirit moved at the beginning. This is one of those cases in which Vaughan's oft-quoted warrants in Genesis rise up against him.

excellency of their law. "It is a hard matter"—saith he—"to find a fit name for their Law, seeing the effect of it is to illuminate and fill all with knowledge.[1] It was necessary therefore to call it *Kim ki ao*—that is, the Great Law of Light."[2] To be short *Olo Puen* was admitted to the Court by *Tai Cum Ven Huamti*, King of China. Here his doctrine was thoroughly searched, examined and sifted by the King himself, who—having found it to be true and solid—caused it to be proclaimed throughout his dominions. Now, upon what this doctrine was founded, and what estimate 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 "a man of great virtue or power."[3] It seems he did something more than prate and preach, could confirm his doctrine—as the apostles did theirs—not with words only but with works. Secondly, the proclamation — speaking of his doctrine — runs thus: "The drift of whose teachings we have examined from the very fundamentals: we find his doctrine very excellent, without any worldly noise and principally grounded on the creation of the world."[4] And again in the same place: "His doctrine is but of few words, not full of noise and notions, neither doth he build his truth on superficial probabilities."[5]

Thus we see the Incarnation and Birth of Christ Jesus—which to the common philosopher are fables and impossibilities but in the book of Nature plain, evident

[1] See ATHANASIUS KIRCHER: MONUMENTI SINICI, *quod Anno Domini* 1625 *terris in ipsâ Chinâ erutum*, &c., 1672. Vaughan drew his information from earlier particulars, which I have not identified.

[2] *Difficile est ei nomen congruum reperire, cum ejus effectus sit illuminare et omnia claritate perfundere; unde necessarium fuit eam appellare: Kim ki ao—hoc est, Legem claram et magnam.*

[3] *Magnæ virtutis hominem.*

[4] *Cujus intentum docendi nos a fundamentis examinantes, invenimus doctrinam ejus admodum excellentem et sine strepitu exteriori, fundatam principaliter in creatione mundi.*

[5] *Doctrina ejus non est multorum verborum, nec superficie tenus suam fundat veritatem.*

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 days two epidemical goblins—a schoolman and a saint forsooth.[1] The one swells with a syllogistical pride, the other wears a broad face of revelation. The first cannot tell me why grass 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 of them both this last is the worst. Surely the devil hath been very busy to put out the candle, for had all written truths been extant this false learning and hypocrisy could never have prevailed. Kim Cim 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 pass for those Scriptures which this author attributes to our Saviour, even at the time of His Ascension. What should I speak of those many books cited in the Old Testament but nowhere 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 eternal. The truth only is incorruptible, and where 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, a long and solitary pilgrimage, the paths being unfrequented because of the briars and scruples of antiquity, and in some places overgrown with the poppy of oblivion. I will not deny but in the shades

[1] It would be interesting to know what saint was in the mind of our author, but there is nothing in the context which will justify or even tolerate any speculation. It is not the Angel of the Schools, for he also was a schoolman.

and ivy of this wilderness there are some birds of night, owls and bats, of a different feather from our phenix: I mean some conjurers whose dark, indirect affection to the name of magic made them invent traditions more prodigious than their practices. These I have purposely avoided, lest they should wormwood my stream and I seduce the reader through all these groves and solitudes to the Waters of Marah.[1] The next stage I must move to is that whence I came out at first with the Israelites, namely, Egypt. Here—if books fail me—the stones will cry out. Magic having been so enthroned in this place it seems she would be buried here also. So many monuments did she hide in this earth which have been since digged up and serve now to prove that she was sometime above ground. To begin then, I will first speak of the Egyptian theology, that you may see how far they have advanced, having no leader but the light of Nature. Trismegistus is so orthodox and plain in the Mystery of the Trinity the Scripture itself exceeds him not;[2] but he being a particular author, and one perhaps that knew more than his order in general, I shall at this time dispense with his authority. Their catholic doctrine, and wherein I find them all to agree is this. *Emepht*,[3] whereby they express 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 Divinity and philosophy, if it be rightly understood. Now—say they—*Emepht* produced an egg out of his mouth, which tradition Kircher expounds imperfectly, and withal errone-

[1] The reference is to a spurious later Kabalism which allocated occult powers to operations performed with Divine Names and so produced a particular form of talismanic and ceremonial magic, out of which came a thousand infamous and foolish processes.

[2] The implication is that THE DIVINE PYMANDER and other writings ascribed to Hermes are documents of ancient Egypt, or are at least a faithful mirror of old Egyptian theology. A view like this was possible in the mid-seventeenth century.

[3] See Faber's PAGAN IDOLATRY, Bk. vi, c. 2.

ously.[1] In the production of this egg was manifested another Deity, which they call *Ptha*, and out of some other natures and substances enclosed in the egg this *Ptha* formed all things. But to deal a little more openly, we 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 hawk, the tail is tied in a small knot, and a little below the head her wings are volant. The circle points at *Emepht*, or God the Father, being infinite—without beginning, without end. Moreover, it comprehends or contains in itself the second Deity *Ptha* and the egg or chaos out of which all things were made.[2]

The hawk in the Egyptian symbols signifies light and spirit;[3] his head annexed here to the serpent represents *Ptha*, or the Second Person, who is the First Light—as we have told you in our *Anthroposophia*. He is said to form all things out of the egg, because in Him—as it were, in a glass—are certain types or images, namely, the distinct conceptions of the Paternal Deity, according to which—by co-operation of the Spirit, namely, the Holy

[1] The first volume of Kircher's ŒDIPUS EGYPTIACUS appeared in 1652, though its dedication to the Emperor Ferdinand III is dated 1655 and the Imperial Licence 1649. The last volume is dated 1654. It is a vast infolio, three volumes in four. This being the bibliographical position, it may be imprudent to say that Vaughan could not have consulted it in 1650; but my presumption—at its value—is that he refers in the text to some other work of the Jesuit, who produced folios innumerable. I have not consulted them to verify. No doubt Vaughan is right in saying that Kircher is wrong, but he had no means of knowing. Of necessity at that period they were all in the wrong about Egypt.

[2] There are scraps only in Kircher on the symbolism of the Egyptian egg, but such as they are most of them will be found in his third volume of the text quoted previously. He is quite learned on the so-called *ovum Zoroastræum*, but seems deficient, even for his period, on things that concern the subject with which he professes to deal. He is of course not worth quoting, except as a contemporary of Vaughan and one who has ingarnered notions belonging to the period.

[3] Life and light, according to Kircher.

Ghost—the creatures are formed. The inferior part of this figure signifies the matter or chaos, which they call the egg of *Emepht.* That you may better know it we will teach you something not common. The body of the serpent tells you it is a fiery 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 fins, much like that of the pulse, for his impetuous hot spirit shoots him on like a squib. There is also another analogy, 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 she renews herself a thousand ways and is never a perpetual tenant to the same form. The wings tell you this subject or chaos is volatile, and in the outward complexion airy and watery. 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 aquæ*—the creeping of water, or a water that creeps.[1] Lastly, the knot on the tail 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 affinities of inferiors with superiors and their private, active love—which consists in certain 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 air the five lesser planets rule and in their central, hypostatical earth the fixed stars.[2] For these inferiors—according to their doctrine—are provinces or thrones of those superiors where they sit regent and

[1] I do not know how Vaughan comes by this intimation, which is certainly not in the Hebrew text of Genesis, nor do the words *serpitura aquæ* occur in the Vulgate version.

[2] The authority for all this is wanting, except that according to foolish old occult physics the moon was cold and moist in temperament, while the solar characteristics were great heat and dryness.

paramount. To speak plainly, heaven itself was originally extracted from inferiors, yet not so entirely but some portion of the heavenly natures remained here below and are the very same in essence and substance with the separated stars and skies. Heaven here below differs not from that above but in her capacity and that above differs not from this below but in her liberty.[1] The one is imprisoned in the matter, the other is freed from the grossness and impurities of it; but they are both 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 habitation. 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 general principles to tell you something that makes for the Egyptian practice and proves them philosophers adepted. The first monument I read of to this purpose is that of Synesius—a very learned, intelligent man. He found in the Temple of Memphis πετρωας βιβλους, "books of stone," and in those hard leaves these difficult instructions:

Η' φύσις τὴν φύσιν τέρπει
Η' φύσις τῆν φύσιν νικᾷ
Η' φύσις τῆν φύσιν κρατεῖ.

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 Ostanes. The second monument is that admirable and most magical one mentioned by Barachias Abenesi, the Arabian.[2] This also was a stone erected near Memphis, and on it this profound scripture:

[1] Compare the fixed and liberated Mercury of alchemical symbolism, of which there is a strange spiritual understanding in some of the schools. So also Vaughan's remark in the text has its proper mystical aspect and as such is concerned with the soul in bondage and the soul in freedom.

[2] I have found no particulars concerning this author. The inscription recalls that of the so-called Table of Hermes.

ΟΥΡΑΝΟΣ ΑΝΩ, ΟΥΡΑΝΟΣ ΚΑΤΩ,
ΑΣΤΡΑ ΑΝΩ, ΑΣΤΡΑ ΚΑΤΩ,
ΠΑΝ ΤΟ ΑΝΩ, ΠΑΝ ΤΟΥΤΟ ΚΑΤΩ,
ΤΑΥΤΑ ΛΑΒΕ, ΚΑΙ ΕΥΤΥΧΕ.

That is :

Heaven above, heaven beneath,
Stars above, stars beneath,
All that is above is also beneath :
Understand this, and be happy.

Under this were figured certain apposite hieroglyphics, and—for a close to all—this dedicatory subscription :[1] ΣΥΝΘΡΟΝΟΙΣ ΤΟΙΣ ΕΝ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΩ ΘΕΟΙΣ ΙSIAS ΑΡΧΙΕΡΕΥΣ ΑΝΕΗΚΕ = "Isias the High Priest erected this to the resident gods in Egypt."

And now though I formerly suspended the authority of Trismegistus I might, like the Italian, produce his weapons *sfodrato* ; but I love no velitations, and truth is so brave it needs no feather. "That which is above" —said Hermes—"is even as that which is below, and that which is below is even as that which is above."[2] This is his mystery, and 'tis great. The benefit which attends the purpose is no less : "All the pomp and splendour of the world shall be thine."[3] To this language the dialect of Isias doth so echo, these two—like Euphorbus and Pythagoras—might pass for one : "Heaven above"—said he—"heaven below ; stars above, stars below : whatsoever is above, that is also below." And then follows a reward for the intelligent : "Understand this and thou art fortunate."[4] Thou hast made thyself very happy.

This is enough to prove that magic sometime flourished in Egypt, and no doubt but they received the truth of

[1] Vaughan adds in brackets : "I find it only in the Coptic character but our founts wanting that letter, I must give it you in Greek."

[2] *Quod est superius est sicut id quod est inferius, et quod est inferius est sicut id quod est superius.*

[3] *Habebis gloriam totius mundi.*

[4] *Cœlum sursum, cœlum deorsum ; astra sursum, astra deorsum ; omne quod sursum, omne id deorsum : hæc cape et fœlicitare.*

it from the Hebrews, who lived amongst them to the term of four hundred and thirty years. This is plain, for their own native learning was mere sorcery and witchcraft, and this appears by the testimony of Moses, who tells us their magicians produced their miracles by enchantments. 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, for that very relation, receive a better doctrine from him. But this is not all I could say of this nation and their secret learning, if I were disposed to be their Mercury. There is not any, I believe, who pretend to antiquity or philosophy but have seen that famous monument which Paul III bestowed on his Cardinal Petrus Bembus and was ever since called the Bembine Table. No doubt but the Hieroglyphics therein contained—were they all reduced into letters—would make a volume as ample as mysterious.[1] But 'tis not my design to comment on Memphis: that were to make brick and look[2] out the straw withal, Egypt having no complete table but the world, over which her monuments are scattered. This place then was the pitcher to the fountain, for they received their mysteries immediately from the Hebrews; but their doctrine, like their Nilus, swelling above its private channel, did at last overrun the universe. Iamblichus the divine, in that excellent discourse of his *De Mysteriis*, tells us that Pythagoras and Plato had all their learning "out of the pillars or hieroglyphical monuments of Trismegistus."[3] But the ancient Orpheus, in his poem *De Verbo Sacro*—where he speaks of God—hath these words: "None"—saith he—

[1] Meanwhile there is at least the admirable work of Laurentius Pignorius: MENSA ISIACA, which appeared at Amsterdam in 1670, and in addition to its exposition of the subject has most beautiful folding plates reproducing the entire tablet.

[2] This is possibly an *erratum* and may be read "leave."

[3] *Ex columnis Mercurii.*

"hath ever seen God but a certain man descended from the Chaldean race."[1] 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 Deity, not in the recess and abstract but in reference to the incubation of His Spirit upon Nature. Lastly, he acquaints us with the original of his doctrine—from whence it first came—and verily he derives it from the well-head. "The priests" —saith he—"or prophets of the ancient fathers taught us all these things, which God delivered to them heretofore in two tables."[2] 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 inform you. I cited this place that it might appear though the philosophy of Greece came generally out of Egypt yet some Grecians have been disciplined by the Jews, and this is proved by no contemptible testimonies.

Aristobulus, who lived in the days of the Maccabees and was himself a Jew, writes to Ptolemy Philometor, King of Egypt, 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.[3] Indeed Numenius the Pythagorean calls Plato "Moses speaking in the Greek dialect,"[4] by which he minded not a similitude of style but a conformity of principles. There is a story of Clearchus the Peripatetic in his book[5] *De Somno*,[6] how true I know not

[1] *Nemo illum, nisi Chaldæo de sanguine quiddam*
Progenitus, vidit.

[2] *Priscorum nos hæc docuerunt omnia vates,*
Quæ binis tabulis Deus olim tradidit illis.

[3] Aristobulus was a Jewish philosopher, *circa* 150 B.C. The Ptolemy mentioned by Vaughan died B.C. 145.

[4] *Mosen Attica lingua loquentem.* Numenius was of Apamea in Syria and was a writer of repute. He is mentioned by Origen.

[5] The original reads "first," which is obviously a misprint.

[6] He is called a disciple of Aristotle, but the sole remaining fragment of his work is found in Josephus *contra* Apion, *Lib.* i.

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 Deity. 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 ask me: What Greek did ever profess any magical principles? To this I answer that if you bate Aristotle and his ushers, who are born like the pismires *ex putredine*, out of their master's corruptions, Greece yielded not a philosopher who was not in some positions magical. If any man will challenge my demonstration herein I do now promise him my performance. To give you some particular instances, Hippocrates was altogether chemical, and this I could prove out of his own mouth,[1] 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 PHYSICAL AND MYSTICAL THINGS, in plain English, Natural Secrets.[2] To this mystical piece Synesius added the light of his comments and dedicated them to Dioscorus, Priest of Serapis.[3] Of this Democritus Seneca reports in his *Epistles* that he knew a secret coction of pebbles by which he turned them into emeralds.[4] 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.[5] True indeed that discourse of his is lost, but notwithstanding his opinion is on record, namely, that he referred the original of metals to water. This is confirmed by his own words, as I find them cited

[1] Hippocrates died B.C. 361, or in the same year as Democritus. The designation of his writings as chemical is not worth debating.

[2] See ΦΥΣΙΚΑ ΚΑΙ ΜΥΣΤΙΚΑ in the Byzantine Collection.

[3] *Ibid.* The reference is to a letter by pseudo-Synesius on the work of pseudo-Democritus.

[4] He is said also to have made ivory malleable.

[5] He has been accredited with two hundred treatises, of which twenty are now extant.

by Picus in his book *De Auro* : "It is by the conversion of water that silver and gold are produced."[1] But that the art of transmutation was in request in his days and no late invention or imposture, as some think, appears by the attempts and practice of that age, out of the same Theophrastus. For he mentions one Callias, an Athenian, who endeavouring to make gold brought his materials into cinnabar.

It were an endless labour for me to recite all the particulars that Greece can afford in order to my present design. I will therefore close up all in this short summary. There is no wisdom in Nature but what proceeded from God, for He made Nature. He first found out[2] and afterwards ordained the very ways 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 posterity; but the Jews having the spiritual birthright this mystery was their inheritance and they possessed it entirely, being the anointed nation upon whom God had poured forth His spirit. By tradition of the Jews the Egyptians came to be instructed; from the Egyptians these secrets descended to the Grecians; and from the Grecians—as we all know—the Romans received their learning and, amongst other common arts, this magical, mysterious one. This is confirmed by some proper, genuine effects and monuments thereof, namely, that flexible malleable glass produced in the days of Tiberius and the miraculous Olybian Lamp. But these times wherein I am now and those through which I have passed are like some tempestuous day: they have more

[1] *Ὕδατος μὲν τὰ μεταλλευόμενα, καταπερ ἀργύρος καὶ χρυσὸς.* The quotation is given by Picus in *Lib.* iii, c. 4 of his treatise. It will be found, among other places, in Mangetus: BIBLIOTHECA CHEMICA CURIOSA, vol. ii, p. 566.

[2] A typical example of Vaughan's crude and childish way of expression in certain cases. Macaulay's proverbial schoolboy could scarcely do worse in describing the intellectual workings of a supposed all-knowing God.

clouds than light. I will therefore enter Christendom, and here I shall find the Art in her infancy. True indeed the cradle is but in some private hands, few know where, and many believe there is no such thing. The schoolmen are high in point of noise and condemn all but what themselves profess. It is Aristotle's *Almodena* : they expose his errors to the sale, and this continues for a long time. But everything—as the Spaniard saith—hath its *quando*. Many years are passed over, and now the child begins to lisp and peep abroad in the fustian of Arnold and Lully. I need not tell you how he hath thrived since. Do but look upon his train ; 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 *refragrans* except some sickly Galenists whose pale, tallow faces speak more disease than physic. These indeed complain their lives are too short, philosophy 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 art long ; but they kill quickly, which makes life short : and so the riddle is expounded.

CŒLUM TERRÆ

OR THE MAGICIAN'S HEAVENLY CHAOS

CŒLUM TERRÆ

I HAVE now, Reader, performed my promise and—according to my *posse*—proved the antiquity of magic. I am not so much a fool as to expect a general subscription to my endeavours. Every man's *placet* is not the same with mine; but "the die is cast."[1] 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 adversary to—that he shall not oppose man to God, heathen romances to Divine Scriptures. He that would foil me must use such weapons as I do, for I have not fed my readers with straw, neither will I be confuted with stubble. In the next place, it is my design to speak something of the Art itself, and this I shall do in rational terms, a form different from the ancients; for I will not stuff my discourse like a wilderness with lions and dragons. To common philosophers that fault is very proper which Quintilian observed in some orators: "The summits of their structures are in evidence; the foundations are hidden."[2] The spires of their Babel are in the clouds, its fundamentals nowhere. They talk indeed of fine things but tell us not upon what grounds. To avoid these flights, I shall in this my *olla*—for I care not much what I shall call it—observe this composition. First, I shall speak of that one only thing which is the subject of this Art and the mother of all things. Secondly, I will discourse of that most admirable and more than natural Medicine which is generated out of this one thing.

[1] *Jacta est alea.* [2] *Operum fastigia spectantur, latent fundamenta.*

Lastly—though with some disorder—I will discover the means how and by which this Art works upon the subject; but these being the keys which lead to the very *estrado* of Nature, where she sits in full solemnity and receives the visits of the philosophers, I must scatter them in several parts of the discourse. This is all, and here thou must not consider how long or short I shall be but how full the discovery; and truly it shall be such and so much that thou canst not in modesty expect more.

Now then, you that would be what the ancient physicians were, "the health-giving hands of the gods,"[1] not quacks and salvos of the pipkin; you that would perform what you publicly profess and make your callings honest and conscionable: attend to the truth without spleen. Remember that prejudice is no religion and by consequence hath no reward. If this Art were damnable you might safely study it notwithstanding, for you have a precept to "prove all things" but to "hold fast that which is good."[2] It is your duty not to be wanting to yourselves; and for my part—that I may be wanting to none—thus I begin.

Said the Kabalist: "The building of the Sanctuary which is here below is framed according to that of the Sanctuary which is above."[3] Here we have two worlds, visible and invisible, and two universal Natures, visible and invisible, out of which both those worlds proceeded. The passive universal Nature was made in the image of the active universal one, and the conformity of both worlds or Sanctuaries consists in the original conformity of their principles. There are many Platonics—and this last century hath afforded them some apish disciples—who discourse very boldly of the similitudes of inferiors and superiors; but if we thoroughly search their trash

[1] *Manus Deorum salutares.* [2] I THESSALONIANS, v. 21.
[3] *Domus Sanctuarii quæ est hic inferiùs disponitur secundum Domum Sanctuarii quæ est superiùs.*

it is a pack of small conspiracies—namely, of the heliotrope and the sun, iron and the lodestone, the wound and the weapon.[1] It is excellent sport to hear how they crow, being roosted on these pitiful particulars, as if they knew the universal magnet which binds this great frame and moves all the members of it to a mutual compassion. This is an humour 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 universal agent, Who when He was disposed to create had no other pattern or exemplar whereby to frame and mould His creatures but Himself. But having infinite inward ideas or conceptions in Himself, as He conceived so He created: that is to say, He created an outward form answerable to the inward conception or figure of His mind. In the second place, they ought to know there is an universal patient, and this passive Nature was created by the Universal Agent. This general patient is the immediate catholic character of God Himself in His unity and trinity. In plain terms it is that substance which we commonly call the First Matter. But verily it is to no purpose to know this notion [or][2] Matter unless we know the thing itself to which the notion relates. We must see it, handle it and by experimental ocular demonstration know the very central invisible essences and properties of it.[3] But of these

[1] A not unwarranted criticism of old extravagances which came out of the doctrine of correspondences. I do not know whether Vaughan alludes to the flower called heliotrope or to the stone. The former is misnamed, since it does not turn, following the sun. As to the latter, one story says that it becomes the colour of blood, if exposed to the solar rays after being thrown into water. The curious folly of the weapon-salve was much in evidence during the seventeenth century in England. Rulandus illustrates the affinity between iron and the lodestone by saying that the "veins" which produce one very often produce the other.

[2] A conjectural emendation of the text, which does not make sense as it stands in the original.

[3] The implied claim of this statement is illustrated elsewhere, when Vaughan affirms that he has himself seen the First Matter. His reference to "the immediate catholic character of God"—as exhibited by this sub-

things hear the most excellent Capnion, who informs his Jew and his Epicure of two catholic natures—material and spiritual. "One nature"—saith he—"is such it may be seen with the eyes and felt with the hands, and it is subject to alteration almost in every moment. You must pardon—as Apuleius saith—this strange expression, because it makes for the obscurity of the thing. This very nature—since she may not continue one and the same—is notwithstanding apprehended of the mind under her such qualification more rightly as she is than as she is not, namely, as the thing itself is in truth—that is to say, changeable. The other nature or principle of substances is incorruptible, immutable, constant, one and the same for ever, and always existent."[1]

Thus he. Now, this changeable nature whereof he speaks is the first, visible, tangible substance that ever God made: it is white in appearance and Paracelsus gives you the reason why: "All things"—saith he—"when they first proceed from God are white, but He colours them afterwards according to His pleasure."[2] An example we have in this very matter, which the philosophers call sometimes their Red Magnesia, sometimes their White, by which descriptions they have deceived many men.[3] For in the first preparation the chaos is blood-red, because the Central Sulphur is stirred up and discovered by the Philosophical Fire. In the second it is exceeding white and transparent like the heavens. It is in truth somewhat

stance or expressed therein—is a little obscure in its wording, but it means nothing more than the close of his sentence shows—namely, that the First Matter is one as regards its essence but three in its manifestation.

[1] *Alteram quæ videri oculis et attingi manu possit prope ad omne momentum alterabilem. Detur enim venia, ut ait Madaurensis, novitati verborum, rerum obscuritatibus inservienti. Hæc ipsa cum eadem et una persistere nequent, nihilominus a tali virtute animi hospitio suscipitur, pro modo rectius quo est quam quo non est, qualis in veritate res est, id est, mutabilis. Alteram autem substantiarum naturam incorruptam, immutabilem, constantem, eandunque ac semper existentem.*

[2] *Omnia in manu Dei alba sunt, is ea tingit ut vult.*

[3] See the TESTAMENTUM MAGISTRI RAYMUNDI LULLII, Part I, *De Theorica, cap.* 30, concerning "the power of our Magnesia."

like common quicksilver, but of a celestial, transcendent brightness, 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 she breeds it is by the fire of Nature, for that is her husband. She is no animal, no vegetable, no mineral, neither is she extracted out of animals, vegetables or minerals, but she is pre-existent to them all, for she is the mother of them. Yet one thing I must say : she is not much short of life, for she is almost animal. Her composition is miraculous and different from all other compounds whatsoever. Gold is not so compact but every sophister concludes it is no simple ; but she is so much one that no man believes she is more. She yields to nothing but love, for her end is generation and that was never yet performed by violence. He that knows how to wanton and toy with her, the same shall receive all her treasures. First, she sheds at her nipples a thick heavy water, but white as any snow : the philosophers call it Virgin's Milk.[1] Secondly, she gives him blood from her very heart : it is a quick, heavenly fire ; some improperly call it their sulphur. Thirdly and lastly, she presents him with a secret crystal, of more worth and lustre than the white rock and all her rosials. This is she, and these are her favours : catch her, if you can.

To this character and discovery of my own I shall add some more descriptions, as I find her limned and dressed by her other lovers. Some few—but such as knew her very well—have written that she is not only one and three but withal four and five ; and this truth is essential. The titles they have bestowed on her are divers. They call her their Catholic Magnesia[2] and the Sperm of the

[1] *Lac Virginis*, otherwise Virginal Milk and sometimes milk simply, symbolises the Mercurial Water of Alchemists. According to Denis Zachaire, it is Sophic Mercury coagulated by a certain fixed body.

[2] The term Magnesia is frequently used to designate the First Matter of the Philosopher's Stone ; otherwise, it is that substance during the

World out of which all natural 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 she mix with them essentially. In the outward shape or figure she resembles a stone and yet is no stone, for they call her their White Gum [1] and Water of the Sea,[2] Water of Life,[3] Most Pure and Blessed Water ;[4] and yet they mind not water of the clouds or rain water, nor water of the well, nor dew, but a certain thick, permanent, saltish water, that is dry and wets not the hands,[5] a viscous, slimy water generated out of the fatness of the earth. They call her also their twofold Mercury and Azoth,[6] begotten by the influences of two globes, celestial and terrestrial. Moreover, they affirm her to be of that nature that no fire can destroy her, which of all other descriptions is most true, for she is fire herself, having in her a portion of the universal fire of Nature and a secret celestial spirit, which spirit is animated and quickened by God Himself, wherefore also they call her their Most Blessed Stone. Lastly, they say she is a middle nature between thick and thin, neither altogether earthy nor altogether fiery but a mean aerial substance—to be found everywhere and every time of the year.

process of putrefaction. It may also typify prepared Mercury, which is fundamentally the same thing. White Magnesia is White Sophic Sulphur or Gold, and Red Magnesia is Red Sulphur or Gold, the Sun of Alchemy.

[1] The alternatives in this case are similar to those of Magnesia. Mercury in putrefaction is Gum ; White Gum is Sulphur in the white state ; Red Gum is Sophic Sulphur in the red state.

[2] Described otherwise as Philosophical Mercury, extracted from the Red Sea of the Wise.

[3] Called also Quintessence of Philosophers.

[4] *i.e.*, Mercurial Quintessence. *Aqua benedicta* is used by pseudo-Albertus Magnus. See pp. 205–207 on Permanent Water.

[5] Another name is Philosophical Water.

[6] I believe that Basil Valentine was the first to make use of this word, which is composed of the first and final letters of the Latin, Greek and Hebrew alphabets. It was adopted in particular by Planiscampus and Paracelsus to denote the Universal Medicine, presumably in that state when it was administered to man, rather than to metals.

This is enough. But that I may speak something myself in plain terms, I say she is a very salt, but extreme soft and somewhat thin and fluid, not so hard, not so thick as common extracted salts, for she is none of them, nor any kind of salt whatsoever that man can make. She is a sperm that Nature herself draws 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 sperm, nor to extract it. It is already made and wants nothing but a matrix and heat convenient for generation. Now should you consider with yourselves where Nature leaves the seed, and yet many are so dull they know not how to work when they are told what they must do. We see in animal generations the sperm 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 sperm yet the sperm parts not from all the elements but remains with the earth or with the water, though more immediately with the one than with the other. Let not your thoughts feed now on the phlegmatic, indigested vomits of Aristotle: look on the green, youthful and flowery bosom of the earth.[1] Consider what a vast universal receptacle this element is. The stars and planets overlook her and—though they may not descend hither themselves—they shed down their golden locks, like so many bracelets and tokens of love. The sun is perpetually busy, brings his fire round about her, as if he would sublime something from her bosom and rob her of some secret, enclosed jewel. Is there anything lost since the creation? Wouldst thou know his very bed and his pillow? It is earth. How many cities, dost thou think, have perished with the sword? How many by earth-

[1] One of the spiritual correspondences of his subject may have been in the mind of Vaughan, that Word of God which is compared to a seed by ST LUKE, viii, 5, 11, and is sown in the earth of our humanity—that is to say, in the heart. Of eternal generation, it is neither made nor extracted and needs only the matrix, which is carried within by us all.

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 sepulchre. What was once their mother is now their tomb. All things return to that place from whence they came, and that very place is earth. If thou hast but leisure, run over the alphabet of Nature; examine every letter—I mean, every particular creature—in her book. What becomes of her grass, her corn, her herbs, her flowers? True it is, both man and beast do use them, but this only 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 produced and what will become of those that shall appear in future ages? They will all to the same dust; they have one common house; and there is no family so numerous as that of the grave. Do but look on the daily sports of Nature, her clouds and mists, the scene and pageantry of the air. Even these momentary things retreat to the closet of the earth. If the sun makes her dry she can drink as fast; what gets up in clouds comes down in water; the earth swallows up all and like that philosophical dragon eats her own tail.[1] The wise poets saw this and in their mystical language called the earth Saturn, telling us withal she did feed on her own children. Verily, there is more truth in their stately verse than in Aristotle's dull prose, for he was a blind beast and malice made him so.

But to proceed a little further with you, I wish you to concoct what you read, to dwell a little upon earth, not to fly up presently and admire the meteors of your

[1] The familiar symbol recurs also in alchemy. The Dragon devouring its tail is the Matter of the Stone when it circulates in the philosophical vessel.

own brains. The earth, you know, in the winter-time is a dull, dark, dead thing—a contemptible, frozen, phlegmatic lump. But towards the spring and fomentations of the sun what rare pearls are there in this dunghill, what glorious colours and tinctures doth she discover. A pure, eternal green overspreads her, and this attended with innumerable other beauties—roses red and white, golden lilies, azure violets, the bleeding hyacinths, with their several celestial odours and spices. If you will be advised by me, learn from whence the earth hath these invisible treasures, this annual flora, which appears not without the compliments 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, air and water—this seed stays 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, the earth. But stay, my friend ; this intelligence hath somewhat stirred you and now you come on so furiously, as if you would rifle the cabinet. Give me leave to put you back. I mind not this common, feculent, impure earth : that falls not within my discourse but as it makes for your manuduction. That which I speak of is a mystery : it is *cœlum terræ* and *terra cœli*, not this dirt and dust but a most secret, celestial, invisible earth.[1]

Raymund Lully in his Compendium of Alchemy calls the principles of art magic "certain fugitive spirits condensed in the air, in the shape of divers monsters, beasts and men, which move like clouds hither and thither."[2]

[1] Much as the body of man is described in another symbolism as the Terrestrial Paradise, and it is said that a curse fell thereon because of the keeper.

[2] *Spiritus fugitivos in aere condensatos, in forma monstrosum diversorum et animalium, etiam hominum, qui vadunt sicut nubes, modo hùc,*

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 air and all the volatile substances in it are restless, even so is it with the First Matter. The eye of man never saw her twice under one and the same shape; but as clouds driven by the wind are forced to this and that figure—but cannot possibly retain one constant form—so is she persecuted by the fire of Nature. For this fire and this water are like two lovers: they no sooner meet but presently they play and toy, and this game will not over till some new baby is generated. I have oftentimes admired their subtle perpetual motion, for at all times and in all places these two are busy, which occasioned that notable sentence of Trismegistus—that action was the life of God.[1] But most excellent and magisterial is that oracle of Marcus Antoninus, who in his discourse to himself speaks indeed things worthy of himself. "The nature"—saith he—"of the universe delights not in anything so much as to alter all things and then to make the like again."[2] This is her tick-tack: she plays one game, to begin another. The Matter is placed before her like a piece of wax, and she shapes it to all forms and figures. Now she makes a bird, now a beast, now a flower, then a frog, and she is pleased with her own magical performances as men are with their own fancies. Hence she is called of Orpheus "the mother that makes many things and ordains strange shapes or figures."[3] Neither doth she as some sinful parents do, who—having their pleasure—care not for their child. She loves them still after she hath made them,

modo illùc.—COMPENDIUM ARTIS ALCHYMIÆ ET NATURALIS PHILOSOPHIÆ, *c.* I.

[1] The reference is possibly to DIVINE PYMANDER, *c.* xi, 17, which affirms (1) that as man is only in virtue of the life in man, so is God only in that He brings good to pass; and (2) that the good is life and motion in God, causing all things to move and live.

[2] *Οὐδεν ὄυτως φιλοῖ και τῶν ὅλων φύσις ὡς τάντα μεταβαλλειν, και ποιεῖν νέα δμοια.*

[3] *Πολυμηχανος μήτηρ* and *Ἀλλοτριομορφοδίαιτος.*

hath an eye over them all and provides even for her sparrows. 'Tis strange to consider that she works as well privately as publicly, not only in gardens where ladies may smell her perfumes but in remote solitudes and deserts. The truth is she seeks not to please others so much as herself, wherefore many of her works—and those the choicest—never come to light.

We see little children, who are newly come from under her hand, will be dabbling 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 actions according to other men's desires. Some cockney claps his revenue on his back, but his gallantry is spoiled if his mistress doth not observe it. Another fights, but his victory is lost if it be not printed : it is the world must hear of his valour. Now, Nature is a free spirit that seeks no applause ; she observes none more than herself but is pleased with her own magic, as philosophers are with their secret philosophy. Hence it is that we find her busy, not only in the pots of the balconies but in wildernesses and ruinous places, where no eyes observe her but the stars and planets. In a word, wheresoever the fire of Nature finds the Virgin Mercury there hath he found his love, and there will they both fall to their husbandry, a pleasure not subject to surfeits, for it still presents new varieties.

It is reported of Mark Antony, a famous but unfortunate Roman, how he sent his agent over the world to copy all the handsome faces, that amongst so many excellent features he might select for himself the most pleasing piece.[1] Truly Nature is much of this strain, for she hath infinite beauteous patterns in herself, and all these she would gladly see beyond herself, which she

[1] This is not a very happy illustration for Vaughan's purpose, for the hypothetical point is that the patterns are within Nature, whereas Antonius Marcus sent over the world to find them.

cannot do without the Matter—for that is her glass. This makes her generate perpetually and imprint her conceptions in the Matter, communicating life to it and figuring it according to her imagination. By this practice she placeth her fancy or idea beyond herself, or as the Peripatetics say beyond the Divine Mind,[1] namely, in the Matter. But the ideas being innumerable and withal different, the pleasures of the agent are maintained by their variety or—to speak more properly—by his own fruitfulness, for amongst all the beauties the world affords there are not two that are altogether the same.

Much might be spoken in this place concerning beauty, what it is, from whence it came and how it may be defaced, not only 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 mistress 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 damask she was dress'd
And o'er a sapphire globe did rest.
This slippery sphere when I did see,
Fortune, I thought it had been thee.
But when I saw she did present
A majesty more permanent
I thought my cares not lost if I
Should finish my discovery.

Sleepy she look'd to my first sight[2]
As if she 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

[1] *Extra intellectum.*
[2] Compare the description of Thalia in LUMEN DE LUMINE.

Steal down her cheeks, lest it should stain
Those cheeks where only smiles should reign.
The tears stream'd down for haste and all
In chains of liquid pearl did fall.
Fair sorrows—and more dear than joys
Which are but empty airs and noise—
Your drops present a richer prize,
For they are something like her eyes.

Pretty white fool, why hast thou been
Sullied with tears and not with sin ?
'Tis true thy tears, like polish'd skies,
Are the bright rosials of thy eyes ;
But such strange fates do them attend
As if thy woes would never end.
From drops to sighs they turn and then
Those sighs return to drops again ;
But whiles the silver torrent seeks
Those flowers that watch it in thy cheeks
The white and red Hyanthe wears
Turn to rose-water all her tears.

Have you beheld a flame that springs
From incense when sweet curled rings
Of smoke attend her last weak fires
And she all in perfumes expires ?
So did Hyanthe. Here—said she—
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, she beguiles.
Nay, trust not tears : false are the few ;
Those tears are many that are true.
Trust me and take the better choice :
Who hath my tears can want no joys.

I know some sophisters of the heptarchy[1]—I mean those whose learning is all noise, in which sense even

[1] A satirical allusion to the Seven Wise Men of Gotham, as compared with the Seven Wise Masters.

pyannets and paraquitoes are philosophical—will conclude this all bait and poetry ; that we are pleasing, not positive, and cheat even the reader's 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 itself, as it is naturally 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 the flights of my verse or follow the more grave pace of their prose. The first I shall cite is Arnoldus de Villâ Novâ,[1] an absolute perfect master of the Art. He describes the Philosophical Chaos in these plain terms. "It is"—saith he—"a stone and no stone, spirit, soul and body ; which if thou dissolvest, it will be dissolved ; and if thou dost coagulate it, it will be coagulated ; and if thou dost make it fly, it will fly : for it is volatile or flying and clear as a tear. Afterwards it is made citrine, then saltish ; but without shoots or crystals, and no man may touch it with his tongue. Behold, I have described it truly to thee, but I have not named it. Now I will name it ; and I say that if thou sayest it is water thou dost say the truth ; and if thou sayest it is not water thou dost lie. Be not therefore deceived with manifold descriptions and operations, for it is but one thing, to which nothing extraneous may be added."[2]

Thus Arnoldus, and he borrowed this from the *Turba*.

[1] The panegyric is of general recognition, but the name of Raymund Lully should be bracketed with Arnold as the great adepts of their period. Sendivogius and Eirenæus Philalethe are the great masters of the seventeenth century.

[2] *Lapis est et non lapis, spiritus, anima et corpus ; quem si dissolvis, dissolvitur ; et si coagules, coagulatur ; et si volare facis, volat. Est enim volatilis, albus ut lachryma oculi. Postea efficitur citrinus, salsus, pilis carens ; quem nemo suâ linguâ tangere potest. Ecce ipsum jam suâ demonstravi descriptione, non tamen nominavi. . . . Modo volo ipsum nominare, et dico quod si dixeris eum aquam esse, verum dicis ; et si dixeris eum aquam non esse, mentiris. Ne igitur decipiaris pluribus descriptionibus et operationibus ; unum enim quid est, cui nihil alieni infertur.*—SPECULUM ALCHIMIÆ, s.v. *Octava Dispositio Speculi.*

Let us now hear his disciple Raymund Lully,[1] who speaking very enviously and obscurely of seven metallic principles describes the third—wherein four of the seven are included—in these words. Saith he : "The third principle is a clear, compounded water, and it is the next substance in complexion to quicksilver. It is found running and flowing upon the earth. This quicksilver is generated in every compound out of the substance of the air, and therefore the moisture of it is extreme heavy."[2] To these I will add Albertus Magnus,[3] whose suffrage in this kind of learning is like the stylanx to gold ; for he had thoroughly searched it and knew very well what part of it would abide the test. In plain English saith he : "The Mercury of the wise men is a watery element, cold and moist. This is their Permanent Water, the spirit of the body, the unctuous vapour, the blessed water, the virtuous water, the water of the wise men, the philosopher's vinegar, the mineral water, the dew of heavenly grace, the virgin's milk, the bodily Mercury ; and with other numberless names is it named in the books of the philosophers ; which names truly—though they are divers notwithstanding—always signify one and the same thing, namely, the Mercury of the wise men. Out of this Mercury alone all the virtue of the Art is extracted and—according to its nature—the Tincture, both red and white."[4]

[1] The title of envious was given to those who darkened the counsels of alchemy by excessive obscurity. The term is used frequently in the debate of the TURBA PHILOSOPHORUM, in which the interlocutors do not spare one another. In what sense any of them can lay claim to clearness is perhaps another question, but the charge of envy obtained when adept could not understand adept.

[2] *Tertium est aqua clara composita, et illa est res argento vivo magis propinqua, quæ quidem reperitur supra terram currens et fluens. Et istud argentum vivum in omni corpore elementato a materia aeris est proprie generatum, et ideo ipsius humiditas est valde ponderosa.*

[3] It should be mentioned that the LIBELLUS DE ALCHYMIA and similar tracts attributed to Albertus Magnus are not his work, nor is there any truth in the story that he transmitted the great secret to St Thomas Aquinas.

[4] *Mercurius Sapientum est elementum aqueum frigidum et humidum, aqua permanens, spiritus corporis, vapor unctuosus, aqua benedicta,*

To this agrees Rachaidibi the Persian.[1] "The sperm or First Matter"—saith he—"of the stone is outwardly cold and moist but inwardly hot and dry."[2] All which is confirmed by Rhodian,[3] another instructor, it seems, of Kanid King of Persia. His words are these: "The sperm is white and liquid, afterwards red. This sperm is the Flying Stone, and it is aerial and volatile, cold and moist, hot and dry."[4] To these subscribes the author of that excellent tract entitled THE BOOK OF THE THREE WORDS. "This"—saith he—"is the Book of Three Words, meaning thereby Three Principles; the Book of the Precious Stone, which is a body aerial and volatile, cold and moist, watery and adustive; and in it is heat and drought, coldness and moisture, one virtue inwardly, the other outwardly."[5]

Belus the philosopher, in that famous and most classic *Synod* of Arisleus,[6] inverts the order to conceal the practice; but if rightly understood he speaks to the same purpose.

aqua virtuosa, aqua sapientum, acetum philosophorum, aqua mineralis, ros cœlestis gratiæ, lac virginis, mercurius corporalis, et aliis infinitis, nominibus in philosophorum libris nominatur, quæ quidem nomina, quamvis varia sunt, semper tamen unam et eandem rem significant, utpote solum Mercurium Sapientum. Ex ipso solo elicitur omnis virtus artis alchemiæ et suo modo tinctura alba et rubea.

[1] Rachaidibus: DE MATERIA LAPIDIS is contained in ARTIS AURIFERÆ *quam Chemiam vocant volumina duo, Tom.* i, *Tract.* xix.

[2] *Sperma lapidis est frigidum et humidum in manifesto, et in occulto calidum et siccum.*

[3] Rachaidibus was also the King's teacher. The more usual form of the King's name is Kalid or Calid. He became an adept himself and wrote the BOOK OF THE THREE WORDS which Vaughan quotes immediately. The words are Air, Water, Fire—"in which the whole Art consists."

[4] *Sperma est album et liquidum, postea rubeum. Sperma istud est lapis fugitivus, et est aereum et volatile, et est frigidum et humidum, et calidum et siccum.*

[5] *Hic est LIBER TRIUM VERBORUM, Liber Lapidis Preciosi, qui est corpus aereum et volatile, frigidum et humidum, aquosum et adustivum, et in eo est caliditas et siccitas, frigiditas et humiditas, alia virtus in occulto, alia in manifesto.* It will be seen that Vaughan is in a certain confusion over the question of alleged authorship.

[6] The reference is to TURBA PHILOSOPHORUM, which begins with a salutation addressed on the part of Arisleus to those who shall follow in the path.

"Amongst all great philosophers"—saith he—"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."[1] But in this sense the ancient Hermes abounds and almost discovers too much. "Know"—saith he—"you that are children of the wise: the separation of the ancient philosophers was performed upon water, which separation divides the water into four other substances."[2] 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. "As the world"—saith he—"was generated out of that Water upon which the Spirit of God did move, all things proceeding thence, both celestial and terrestrial, so this chaos is generated out of a certain Water that is not common, not out of dew nor air condensed in the caverns of the earth, or artificially in the receiver; not out of water drawn out of the sea, fountains, pits 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 necessary to the perfection of the work, without any extrinsical addition."[3] I could produce a thousand authors more, but that were tedious. I shall conclude with one

[1] *Excelsum est hoc apud philosophos magnos lapidem non esse lapidem, apud idiotas vile et incredibile. Quis enim credet lapidem aquam et aquam lapidem fieri, cum nihil sit diversius? Attamen revera ita est. Lapis enim est hæc ipsa permanens aqua, et dum aqua est lapis non est.*

[2] *Scitote, Filii Sapientum, quod priscorum philosophorum aquæ est divisio, quæ dividat ipsam in alia quatuor.*

[3] *Sicuti mundus originem debet aquæ, cui Spiritus Domini incubabat, rebus tam cœlestibus quam terrestribus omnibus inde prodeuntibus, ita limbus hic emergit ex aquâ non vulgari, neque ex rore cœlesti aut ex aere 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 quæcunque ad totius operis complementum sunt necessaria, omni amoto extrinseco.*

of the Rosy Brothers, whose testimony is equivalent to the best of these but his instruction far more excellent. His discourse of the First Matter is somewhat large, and to avoid prolixity I shall forbear the Latin, but I will give thee his sense in punctual, plain English.

"I am a goddess"—saith he, 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 pour forth milk and blood: boil 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 poison, adorned with the name of the Flying Eagle.[1] 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 are scattered over all the world. Thy parents are the sun and moon; in thee there is water and wine, gold also and silver upon earth, that mortal man may rejoice. After this manner God sends us His blessing and wisdom with rain and the beams of the sun, to the eternal glory of His Name. But consider, O man, what things God bestows upon thee by this means. Torture the Eagle till she weeps and the Lion be weakened and bleed to death. The blood of this Lion, incorporated with the tears of the Eagle, is the treasure of the earth. These creatures use to devour and kill one another,[2] but notwithstanding their love is mutual, and they put on the property 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

[1] The Flying Eagle is usually explained in the lexicons to be Philosophical Mercury, which itself is sometimes a name of the First Matter, or—as we have seen—of one of the principles evolved therefrom.

[2] There are various lions in alchemy, qualified as green, red, flying and so forth; but the generic name is sometimes applied to the male substance which enters into the composition of the Magistery.

this subject they diligently sought in this mystery for the centre of the middlemost tree in the Terrestrial Paradise, entering in by five litigious 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 be prepared, that they might obtain the embers of the Eagle and the blood of the Lion. At this gate there is a most sharp fight, for it produceth water and blood and a spiritual, bright body. The third gate is the fire which conduceth to the maturity of the Medicine. The fourth gate is that of multiplication and augmentation, in which proportions and weight are necessary. The fifth and last gate is projection. But most glorious, full rich and high is he who attains to the fourth gate, for he 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 fifth gate serves only for metals. This mystery, 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 mystery, because of the malice and wickedness of men, is given only 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 everywhere and to be had for nothing. My water and my fire dissolve and compound. Out of my body thou shalt draw the Green and the Red Lion ; but if thou dost not exactly know me thou wilt—with my fire—destroy thy five senses. A most pernicious, quick poison comes out of my nostrils which hath been the destruction of many. Separate therefore the thick from the thin artificially, unless 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 be performed magnanimously and with great courage, if thou wouldst have me 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 only to the wise, such as are pious and modest, who make of me a little world. Ordained I was by the Almighty God for men, but—though many desire me—I am given only to few, that they may relieve the poor with my treasures and not set their minds on gold that perisheth. I am called of the philosophers Mercury: my husband is gold philosophical.[1] I am the old dragon that is present everywhere on the face of the earth. I am father and mother, youthful 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 me the order of Nature is oftentimes inverted—in colour, number, weight and measure. I have in me the light of Nature; I am dark and bright; I spring from the earth and I come out of heaven; I am well known and yet a mere nothing; all colours shine in me and all metals by the beams of the sun. I am the Carbuncle of the Sun,[2] a most noble, clarified earth, by which thou mayst turn copper, iron, tin and lead into most pure gold."

Now, gentlemen, you may see which way the philosophers move: they commend their Secret Water and I admire the tears of Hyanthe. There is something in the fancy besides poetry, for my mistress is very philosophical and in her love a pure platonic. But now I think upon

[1] As distinguished, that is to say, from *aurum mortuum*, the dead gold of commerce. The latter is especially that metal which has suffered the process of melting; but it has to be understood that no product of the mines ranks as that of Hermetic philosophy. Philosophical gold *ex hypothesi* was either the work of art in the grade of adeptship or was that mystery of attainment which lay behind the veils of symbolism in spiritual alchemy.

[2] I am not acquainted with any earlier use of this figurative expression, and I cannot identify the author of the long extract.

it, how many rivals shall I procure by this discourse? Every reader will fall to and some fine thing may break her heart with nonsense. This love indeed were mere luck; but for my part I dare trust her, and lest any man should mistake her for some things formerly named I will tell you truly what she is. She is not any known water whatsoever but a secret spermatic moisture, or rather the Venus that yields that moisture. Therefore do not you imagine that she is any crude, phlegmatic, thin water, for[1] she is a fat, thick, heavy, slimy humidity. But lest you should think I am grown jealous and would not trust you with my mistress, Arnoldus de Villâ Novâ shall speak for me: hear him. "I tell thee further"—saith he—"that we could not possibly find, neither could the philosophers find before us, anything that would persist in the fire but only the unctuous humidity. A watery humidity, 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 we consider those humidities which are hardly separated from those parts which are natural to them, we find not any such but the unctuous, viscous humidities."[2]

It will be expected perhaps by some flint and antimony doctors—who make their philosophical contrition with a hammer—that I should discover this thing outright 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 Mercury of the Sun, and partly of Saturn, for it is extracted from these three metals and without them it can never be made.[3]

[1] The original reads "or."

[2] *Amplius 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, et ideo separantur, quia non sunt naturales. Si autem eas humiditates consideremus, quæ difficulter separantur ab his quæ sunt naturales, non invenimus aliquas nisi unctuosas et viscosas.*

[3] It seems obvious that Vaughan is befooling his "flint and antimony doctors," for he poses here as affirming that the matter of the mastery is

Now they may unriddle and tell me what it is, for it is truth—if they can understand it.

To the ingenuous and modest reader I have something else to reply, and I believe it will sufficiently excuse me. Raymund Lully—a man who had been in the centre 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. Saith he: "I swear to thee upon my soul that thou art damned if thou shouldst reveal these things. For every good thing proceeds from God and to Him only is due. Wherefore thou shalt reserve and keep that secret which God only should reveal, and thou shalt affirm thou dost justly keep back those things whose revelation belongs to His honour. For if thou shouldst reveal that in a few words which God hath been forming a long time, thou shouldst be condemned in the great day of judgment as a traitor to the majesty of God, neither should thy treason be forgiven thee. For the revelation of such things belongs to God and not to man."[1] So said the wise Raymund.

Now, for my part I have always honoured the magicians, their philosophy being both rational and majestic, dwelling not upon notions but effects, and those such as confirm both the wisdom and the power of the Creator. When I was a mere errant in their books and understood them not, I did believe them. Time rewarded my faith and paid my credulity with knowledge. In the interim I suffered many bitter calumnies, and this by some envious adversaries who had nothing of a scholar but their gowns

to be extracted from metals, which is opposed to his entire thesis. He is therefore giving a wrong name of the literal kind to the substances which he has just described figuratively, using familiar terms of alchemy.

[1] *Juro tibi supra animam meam quod si ea reveles, damnatus es. Nam a Deo omne procedit bonum et ei soli debetur. Quare servabis et secretum tenebis illud quod ei debetur revelandum, et affirmabis quam per rectam proprietatem subtrahis, quæ ejus honori debentur. Quia si revelares brevibus verbis illud quod longinquo tempore formavit, in die magni Judicii condemnareris, tanquam qui perpetrator existens contra Majestatem Dei læsam, nec tibi remitteretur casus læsæ majestatis. Talium enim revelatio ad Deum et non ad alterum spectat.*—THEORICA, *cap.* 6.

and a little language for vent to their nonsense. But these could not remove me; with a Spartan patience I concocted my injuries and found at last that Nature was magical, not peripatetical. I have no reason then to distrust them in spiritual things, whom I have found so orthodox and faithful even in natural mysteries.[1] I do believe Raymund, and in order to that faith I provide for my salvation. I will not discover, that I may not be condemned. But if this will not satisfy thee—whoever thou art—let me whisper thee a word in the ear, and afterwards do thou proclaim it on the housetop. Dost thou know from whom and how that sperm or seed which men for want of a better name call the First Matter proceeded? A certain illuminatee—and in his days a member of that Society which some painted buzzards use to laugh at—writes thus: "God"—saith he—"incomparably good and great, out of nothing created something; but that something was made one thing, in which all things were contained, creatures both celestial and terrestrial."[2] This first something was a certain kind of cloud or darkness, 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 me? It may be thou dost think it is a mere nothing. It is indeed *nihil quo ad nos*—nothing that we perfectly know. It is nothing as Dionysius saith: it is nothing

[1] The manner of expressing this sentiment may lead to a misapprehension concerning its scope and purport. The exhortation of Lully does not contain spiritual mysteries or in any wise suggest them, unless everlasting punishment is one of them. On the other hand, I do not feel that Vaughan is intimating that the tracts of Lully contain more than merely natural mysteries; but if not he is talking in a careless or exaggerated way.

[2] *Deus Optimus Maximus ex nihilo aliquid creavit; illud aliquid vero fiebat unum aliquod, in quo omnia—creaturæ cœlestes et terrestres.*—Vaughan's marginal note reads: "See Jacob Bohmen in his most excellent and profound DISCOURSE OF THE THREE PRINCIPLES." It may be noted that the Teutonic philosopher did not know Latin, and I question whether he was ever translated into that language.

that was created or of those things that are and nothing of that which thou dost call nothing—that is, of those things that are not, in thy empty, destructive sense.[1]

But, by your leave, it is the True Thing, of Whom we can affirm nothing. It is that Transcendent Essence Whose theology is negative and was known to the primitive Church but is lost in these our days.[2] This is that nothing of Cornelius Agrippa, and in this nothing when he was tired with human things—I mean human sciences—he did at last rest. "To know nothing is the happiest life."[3] True indeed, for to know this nothing is life eternal. Learn then to understand that magical axiom, "the visible was formed from the invisible,"[4] for all visibles came out of the invisible God, for He is the well-spring whence all things flow, and the creation was a certain stupendous birth or delivery. This fine Virgin Water or chaos was the Second Nature from God Himself and—if I may say so—the child of the Blessed Trinity.[5] What doctor then is he whose hands are fit to touch that subject upon which God Himself, when He works, lays His own Spirit? For verily so we read: "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the water."[6] And can it be expected then that I should prostitute this mystery to all hands whatsoever, that I should proclaim it and cry it as

[1] *Nihil eorum quæ sunt, et nihil eorum quæ non sunt.*—DE MYSTICA THEOLOGIA, *caput* 5. But it is instituting a false analogy to compare—much less to identify—the *Nihil Divinum* of Dionysius with the creation out of nothing mentioned by Böhme.

[2] Vaughan is here in the singular position of confusing his First Matter with the abyss of Deity. His marginal reference is to *Theologia Negativa*—*i.e.*, the tract on Mystical Theology by pseudo-Dionysius.

[3] *Nihil scire est vita felicissum.* It is possible that Agrippa had Dionysian symbolism in his mind, for he was a man of wide reading; but he was not a mystic and it remains an open question. At the same time, Vaughan was, on the whole, justified in so understanding his author.

[4] *Ex invisibile factum est visibile.*

[5] Vaughan's form of expression is again of the most confusing kind, making his theology seem almost hopeless on the surface. He does not appear to dispute the fact of creation *ex nihilo*, but "the Second Nature from God" has a clear emanation-implicit, which otherwise seems contrary to his intention.

[6] GENESIS, i, 2.

they cry oysters? Verily these considerations, with some other which I will not for all the world put to paper, have made me 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 do, I had perhaps been less careful 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 knows very well. Let me then, Reader, request thy patience, for I shall leave this discovery to God, Who—if it be His blessed will—can call unto thee and say: Here it is, and thus I work it.

I had not spoken all this in my own defence had I not been assaulted—as it were—in this very point and told to my face I was bound to discover all that I knew, for this age looks for dreams and revelations as the train to their invisible righteousness. I have now sufficiently discoursed of the Matter, and if it be not thy fortune to find it by what is here written yet thou canst not be deceived by what I have said, for I have purposely avoided all those terms which might make thee mistake any common salts, stones or minerals for it. I advise thee withal to beware of all vegetables and animals: avoid them and every part of them whatsoever. I speak this because some ignorant, sluttish broilers are of opinion that man's blood is the true subject. But, alas, is man's blood in the bowels of the earth, that metals should be generated out of it? Or was the world and all that is therein made out of man's blood as of their first matter? Surely no such thing. The First Matter was existent before man and all other creatures whatsoever, for she 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 Mercury, and being so reduced it is not universal 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 sealed it with a particular idea.[1] Let them alone then who practise upon man's blood in their chemical stoves and athanors, or as Sendivogius hath it *in fornaculis mirabilibus*.[2] They will deplore their error at last and sit without sackcloth in the ashes of their compositions.

But I have done. I will now speak something of generation and the 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,[3] which elsewhere we have called the middle nature. Example enough we 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 *Ain Soph* outwardly,[4] and it is the same with that Orphic night:

O Night, thou black nurse of the golden stars.[5]

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—that "all things were brought forth out of night."[6] The middle substance is the Water into which that night or darkness was condensed, and the creatures framed out of the water made up the other extreme. But the magicians, when

[1] Compare this with Vaughan's pretended instruction to "flint and antimony doctors" on p. 211. The whole of the present passage is important for his general hypothesis.

[2] The NOVUM LUMEN CHEMICUM and other tracts of this writer give many illustrations of the errors and follies of uninstructed alchemists. See especially the satirical DIALOGUS *Mercurii, Alchemistæ et Naturæ*.

[3] A marginal note refers to ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA.

[4] This is equivalent to the previous comparison between the Divine Nothing of Dionysius and the First Matter.

[5] Ὦ Νύξ μέλαινα χρύσιων ἄστρων τροφὲ.

[6] *Omnia ex nocte prodiisse.*

they speak strictly, will not allow of this other extreme, because Nature does not stay here: wherefore their philosophy runs thus. Man—say they—in his natural state is in the mean creation, from which he must recede to one of two extremes—either to corruption, as commonly all men do, for they die and moulder away in their graves; or else to a spiritual, glorified condition, like Enoch and Elijah, who were translated. And this—they say—is a true extreme, for after it there is no alteration.[1] Now, the magicians, reasoning with themselves why the mean creation should be subject to corruption, concluded the cause and original of this disease to be in the chaos itself, for even that was corrupted and cursed upon the Fall of man. But examining things further they found that Nature in her generations did only concoct the chaos with a gentle heat. She did not separate the parts and purify each of them by itself; but the purities and impurities of the sperm remained together in all her productions, and this domestic enemy prevailing at last occasioned the death of the compound. Hence they wisely gathered that to minister vegetables, animals or minerals for physic was a mere 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 itself. They opened it, purified it, united what they had formerly separated and fed it with a twofold fire, thick and thin, till they brought it to the immortal extreme and made it a spiritual, heavenly body. This was their physic, this was their magic. In this performance they saw the image of that face which Zoroaster calls the pre-existent countenance of the Triad.[2]

[1] The archnatural body is not, however, the body of this life for the true alchemists, and even in the lower ranks the elixir was not supposed to render the latter immortal.

[2] I give this freely: *Triadis vultus ante essentiam existentem* is an expression in a cloud of unknowing. If it means the state of Godhead recognised by *theologia negativa*, this has no form or countenance.

They perfectly knew the *Secundea*[1] 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 certain incombustible, aerial moisture. They found, moreover, that this moisture was originally derived from heaven, and in this sense heaven is styled in the Oracles: "Fire, derivation of fire and food of fire."[2]

In a word, they saw with their eyes that Nature was male and female, as the Kabalists express it: a certain fire of a most deep red colour, working on a most white, heavy, salacious water,[3] 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*: "The beginning of all things"—saith he—"is a certain nature, and that eternal and infinite, cherishing and heating all things."[4] The truth is, life—which is nothing else but light—proceeded originally from God and did apply to the chaos, which is elegantly called by Zoroaster "the fountain of fountains and of all fountains, the matrix containing all things."[5] We see by experience that all individuals live not only by their heat, but they are preserved by the outward universal heat which is the life of the great world. Even so truly the great world itself lives not altogether by that heat which God hath enclosed in the parts thereof, but it is preserved by the circumfused, influent heat of the Deity. For above the heavens God is manifested like an infinite[6] burning world of light and fire, so that He

[1] There are the *Secundii* or subsidiary gods of Trithemius, who were great planetary angels, ruling the earth and its kingdoms during successive periods of time; but the name *Secundea*, or secondary goddess, applied to the Second Principle, is apparently an invention of Vaughan.

[2] *Ignis, ignis derivatio et ignis penu.*

[3] *Ignis ruber super dorsum ignis candidi.*

[4] *Omnium rerum initium esse Naturam quandam, eamque perpetuam, infinitam, omnia foventem, coquentemque.*

[5] *Fons fontium et fontium cunctorum, matrix continens cuncta.*

[6] This paradox is unworthy of Vaughan: neither heaven nor earth can be described as below that which is infinite.

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 sunshine. I say then that the God of Nature employs Himself in a perpetual coction, and this not only to generate but to preserve that which hath been generated; for His spirit and heat coagulate that which is thin, rarefy that which is too gross, quicken the dead parts and cherish the cold. There is indeed one operation of heat whose method is vital and far more mysterious than the rest: they that have use for it must study 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. "Spacious flame of spacious mind" said the great Chaldean.[1] But because I will not leave thee without some satisfaction, I advise thee to take the Moon of the firmament, which is a middle nature, and place her so that every part of her may be in two elements at one and the same time. These elements also must equally attend the body, not one further off, not one nearer than the other. In the regulating of these two there is a twofold geometry 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.[2] The glass is one and no more; but some philosophers have used two, and so mayst thou. As for the work itself, it is no way troublesome; a lady may read the *Arcadia* and at the same time attend this philosophy without disturbing her fancy. For my part, I think women are fitter for it than

[1] *Amplæ mentis ampla flamma.*

[2] Compare the disquisitions of Rulandus s.v. *Athanor*, *Fornax* and *Furnus*. Compare also d'Espagnet: ENCHIRIDION PHYSICÆ RESTITUTÆ. Compare finally DE FORNACIBUS CONSTRUENDIS, ascribed to the Latin Geber. Then set against all the witness of Eirenæus Philalethes in FONS CHEMICÆ PHILOSOPHICÆ, according to which there is one vessel, one furnace, one fire, and all these are one thing, which is "our Water." Do these figures of speech and does that of Thomas Vaughan suggest a physical operation?

men, for in such things they are more neat and patient, being used to a small chemistry of sack-possets and other finical sugar-sops. Concerning the effects of this Medicine I shall not speak anything at this time. He that desires to know them let him read the *Revelation* of Paracelsus,[1] a discourse altogether incomparable and in very truth miraculous. And here without any partiality I shall give my judgment of honest Hohenheim. I find in the rest of his works, and especially where he falls on the Stone, a great many false processes ; but his doctrine of it in general is very sound. The truth is he had some pride to the justice of his spleen, and in many places he hath erred of purpose, not caring what bones he threw before the schoolmen, for he was a pilot of Guadalcanar and sailed sometimes in his *rio de la recriation*.

But I had almost forgot to tell thee that which is all in all, and it is the greatest difficulty in all the art—namely, the fire. It is a close, airy, circular, bright fire : the philosophers call it their sun and the glass must stand in the shade. It makes not the Matter to vapour—no, not so much as to sweat. It digests only with a still, piercing, vital heat. It is continual and therefore at last alters the chaos and corrupts it. The proportion and regimen of it is very scrupulous, but the best rule to know it by is that of the *Synod* : "Let not the bird fly before the fowler."[2] Make it sit while you give fire, and then you are sure of your prey. For a close I must tell thee the philosophers call this fire their bath,[3] but it is a bath of Nature,[4] not an artificial one ; for it is not any kind of water[5]

[1] I do not know what text of or referred to Paracelsus is quoted under this title. Nothing corresponding thereto is found in the Geneva folios, claiming to contain the genuine works, nor does the bibliography of Lenglet du Fresnoy throw any light on the subject.

[2] *Facite ne fasianus* (*sic*) *volet ante insequentem.* [3] *Balneum.*

[4] *Balneum Naturæ.* It will be noted that the two Philalethes are saying the same thing.

[5] This is presumably equivalent to saying that Philosophical Water, *Aqua nostra* of Eirenæus, is not any ordinary water that is seen and held and used.

but a certain subtle, temperate moisture which compasseth the glass 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 kitchen fire nor fever 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 sperm, 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.[1] For this very reason the least violence destroys it and prevents all generation ; for if it be overheated but for some few minutes the white and red sulphurs will never essentially unite and coagulate. 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 myself a box on the ear, and that twice or thrice, out of a certain confident negligence, expecting that which I knew well enough could never be.

Nature moves not by the theory of men but by their practice, and surely wit and reason can perform no miracles unless the hands supply them. Be sure then to know this fire in the first place, and accordingly be sure to make use of it. But for thy better security I will describe it to thee once more. It is a dry, vapourous, humid fire ; it goes round about the glass and is both equal and continual. It is restless, and some have called it the white philosophical coal. It is in itself natural, but the preparation of it is artificial. It is a heat of the dead,

[1] As if it might bring forth tadpoles ; but how does this statement about "some small portion of life" compare with that counter-description quoted from pseudo-Zoroaster : "the matrix containing all things"? Or with the description—also quoted—of Böhme : *In quo omnia—creaturæ cœlestes et terrestres*?

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 only to stir up and strengthen the inward oppressed fire of the chaos. But let us hear Nature herself, for thus she speaks in the serious romance of Mehung.[1] "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, air and water—is contained in one vessel. In their earthly vessel—that is, in their gross body or composition—I take them, and then I leave them in one alembic, where I concoct, dissolve and sublime them without the help of hammer, tongs or file; without coals, smoke, fire or bath; or the alembics of the sophisters. For I have my heavenly fire, which excites or stirs up the elemental one, according as the matter desires a becoming agreeable form."[2]

Now, Nature everywhere is one and the same, wherefore she reads the same lesson to Madathan, who thinking in his ignorance to make the Stone without dissolution receives from her this check. "Dost thou think"—says

[1] Jean de Meung continued and completed the *Romance of the Rose*, begun by Guillaume de Loris. The entire poem was regarded as alchemical and its meaning as such has been unfolded; but those portions which carry the Hermetic seal are in the work of the later poet. That which attracted chief attention is certain "Remonstrances" addressed to an alchemist by Nature and a "Reply" on his own part. THE MIRROR OF ALCHEMY is also attributed to Jean de Meung. It was first printed in 1613.

[2] *Post putrefactionem sit ipsa generatio, idque per internum incomburibilem calorem ad argenti vivi frigiditatem calefaciendam, quod tantum equidem patitur, ut tandem cum sulphure suo uniatur. Omne illud uno in vase complexum est, ignis, aer et aqua videlicet, quæ in terreno suo vase accipio, eademque uno in alembico relinquo: et tum coquo, dissolvo et sublimio, absque malleo, forcipe, vel lima, sine carbonibus, vapore, igne, aut Mariæ-balneo et sophistarum alembicis. Cœlestem namque meum ignem habeo, qui elementalem, prout materia idoneam decentemque formam habere desiderat, excitat.*—DEMONSTRATIO NATURÆ.

she—"to eat oysters, shells and all? Ought they not first to be opened and prepared by the most ancient cook of the planets?"[1] With these agrees the excellent Flamel, who speaking of the solar and lunar Mercury—and the plantation of the one in the other—hath these words: "Take them therefore"—saith he—"and cherish them over a fire in thy alembic. But it must not be a fire of coals, nor of any wood, but a bright shining fire, like the Sun itself, whose heat must never be excessive but always of one and the same degree."[2] This is enough and too much, for the secret in itself 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 mystery 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 news that an iron key should open a treasury of gold.

In this universal subject they found the natures of all particulars, and this is signified to us by that maxim: "Let him who is not familiar with Proteus have recourse to Pan."[3] This Pan is their chaos or Mercury, which expounds Proteus — namely, the particular creatures, commonly called individuals. 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 properties in himself. Hence it is that Mercury is called the Interpreter or Expositor of inferiors and superiors, under which notion the ancient Orpheus

[1] *An tu nunc cochleas, vel cancros cum testis devorare niteris? An non prius a vetustissimo planetarum coquo maturari et præparari illos oportet?*—AUREUM SECULUM REDIVIVUM.

[2] *Sumantur itaque et noctu interdiuque assidue supra ignem in alembico foveantur. Non autem ignis carbonarius vel e ligno confectus, sed clarus pellucidusque ignis sit, non secus ac sol ipse, qui nunquam plus justo calidus ardensque, sed omni tempore ejusdem caloris esse debet.*

[3] *Qui Proteum non novit adeat Pana.*

invokes him: "Hear me, O Mercury, thou messenger of Jove and son of Maia, the Expositor of all things."[1] Now, for the birth of this Mercury 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 *Iynges* or the Ideas in these words: "Their multitudes leap upward, ascending to those shining worlds, wherein are the three heights, and beneath these there lies the chief pasture.[2] This *pratum* or meadow of the Ideas, a place well known to the philosophers—Flamel calls it their garden and the mountain of the seven metals; see his *Summary*,[3] where he describes it most learnedly, for he was instructed by a Jew—is a certain secret but universal region. One calls it the Region of Light,[4] but to the Kabalist it is Night of the Body,[5] a term extremely apposite and significant. It is in few words the *rendezvous* of all spirits, for in this place the ideas—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: "All"—saith he—"that is above the moon is eternal and good, and there is no corruption of heavenly things."[6] On the contrary, when spirits descend to the elemental matrix and reside in her kingdom they are blurred with the original leprosy of the matter, for here the curse raves and rules; but in heaven it is not predominant. To put an end to this point, let us hear

[1] Κλῦθι μοῦ Ἑρμεία, Διὸς ἄγγελία, Μαίαδος υἱὸς, Ἑρμενηυς πάντων.

[2] *Multæ quidem hæ scandunt lucidos mundos,*
Insilentes: quarum summitates sunt tres.
Subjectum est ipsis principale pratum.

[3] i.e., *Sommaire Philosophique de Nicolas Flamel, appellé autrement le roman de Flamel.* It appeared at Paris in 1561.

[4] *Regio lucis.*

[5] *Nox corporis*—mentioned in one of the CONCLUSIONES KABALISTICÆ of Picus de Mirandula.

[6] *Omne quod est supra lunam æternumque bonumque*
Esse scias, nec triste aliquid cœlestia tangit.—
ZODIACUS VITÆ, *Liber* ix.

the admirable Agrippa state it. This is he between whose lips the truth did breathe and knew no other oracle. "The heavenly powers or spiritual essences, whiles they are in themselves, or before they are united to the Matter and are showered down from the Father of Lights through the holy intelligences and the heavens, until they come to the moon—their influence is good, as in the first degree. But when it is received in a corrupt subject the influence also is corrupted."[1]

Thus he. Now, the astronomers 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 Lucian's Menippus[2]—with Jove himself. But in good earnest these men are no more eagles than Sancho; their fancies are like his flights in the blanket and every way as short of the skies. Ask them but where the influences are received and how; bid them by fair experience prove they are present in the elements, and you have undone them. If 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 study 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 sperms—white and red, of which I must speak somewhat before I make an end.

In the Pythagorical Synod which consisted of three

[1] *Cœlestium vires, dum in se existunt, et a Datore luminum per sanctas intelligentias et cœlos influuntur, quousque ad lunam pervenirent: earum influentia bona est, tanquam in primo gradu; deinde autem quando in subjecto viliori suscipitur, ipsa etiam vilescit.*—De Occulta Philosophia.

[2] Menippus was a Phœnician cynic and the author of certain lost satires of a very severe character. He appears in the dialogues of Lucian.

score and ten philosophers, all Masters of the Art, it is thus written : "The thickness or sperm of the fire falls into the air. The thickness or spermatic part of the air, and in it the sperm of the fire, falls into the water. The thickness or spermatic substance of the water, and in it the two sperms of fire and air, fall into the earth, and there they rest and are conjoined. Therefore the earth itself is thicker than the other elements, as it openly appears and to the eye is manifest."[1] Remember now what I have told thee formerly concerning the earth, what a general hospital it is, how it receives all things, not only beasts and vegetables but proud and glorious man. When death hath ruined him, his coarser parts stay here and know no other home. This earth to earth is just the doctrine of the Magi. Metals—say they—and all things may be reduced into that whereof they were made. They speak the very truth : it is God's own principle and He first taught it Adam. "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return."[2] But lest any man should be deceived by us, I think it just to inform 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 chemist. 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 immediately of the elements but of a sperm which she draws out of the elements. I shall explain myself to you by an example. An egg is the sperm or middle substance out of which a chick is engendered, and the moisture of it is viscous and slimy, a water and no water, for such a sperm ought to be. Suppose Doctor

[1] *Ignis spissum in aera cadit ; aeris vero spissum, et quod ex igne spisso congregatur, in aquam incidit ; aquæ quoque spissum, et quod ex ignis et aeris spisso coadunatur in terrâ quiescit. Ista istorum trium spissitudo in terra quiescit, inque ea conjuncta sunt. Ipsa ergo terra omnibus cæteris elementis spissior est, uti palam apparet et videre est.*— TURBA PHILOSOPHORUM, *Dictum Secundum.* This text is called also THE THIRD PYTHAGORICAL SYNOD.

[2] GENESIS, iii, 19.

Coal—I mean some broiler—had a mind to generate something out of this egg : questionless, he would first distil it, and that with a fire able to roast the hen that laid it. Then would he calcine the *caput mortuum* and finally produce his nothing.[1]

Here you are to observe that bodies are nothing else but sperm coagulated, and he that destroys the body by consequence destroys the sperm. Now, to reduce bodies into elements of earth and water—as we have instanced 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 itself all that is requisite to the frame of the body. Wherefore be well advised before you distil and quarter any particular bodies, for having once separated their elements you may never generate unless you can make a sperm of those elements. But that is impossible for man to do : it is the power of God and Nature. Labour then, you that would be accounted wise, to find out our Mercury : so shall you reduce things to their mean spermatical chaos. But avoid the broiling destruction. This doctrine will spare you the vain task of distillation, if you will but remember this truth—that sperms are not made by separation but by composition of elements ; and to bring a body into sperm is not to distil it but to reduce the whole into one thick water, keeping all the parts thereof in their first natural union.

But that I may return at last to my former citation of the *Synod*. All those influences of the elements being united in one mass make our sperm or our earth—which is earth and no earth. Take it, if thou dost know it, and divide the essences thereof, not by violence but by natural putrefaction, such as may occasion a genuine dissolution of the compound. Here thou shalt find a

[1] While there is no question that Vaughan offers an accurate picture of ignorant alchemical procedure, this and the next paragraph are a curious undesigned commentary on the state of his own knowledge on the physical questions about which he discoursed so often.

miraculous White Water, an influence of the moon, 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 celestial fire, incorporated in a thin, oleous, aerial moisture. It is incombustible, for it is fire itself and feeds upon fire; and the longer it stays in the fire the more glorious it grows. These are the two mineral sperms—masculine and feminine. If thou dost place them both on their crystalline basis, thou hast the philosopher's flying Fire-Drake,[1] which at the first sight of the sun breathes such a poison that nothing can stand before him. I know not what to tell thee more unless—in the vogue of some authors—I should give thee a phlegmatic description of the whole process, and that I can despatch in two words. It is nothing else but a continual coction, the volatile essences ascending and descending, till at last they are fixed according to that excellent *prosopopœia* of the Stone:

> I am not dead, although my spirit's gone,
> For it returns, and is both off and on:
> Now I have life enough, now I have none.
>
> I suffer'd more than one could justly do;
> Three souls I had and all my own, but two
> Are fled: the third had almost left me too.[2]

"What I have written, I have written."[3] And now give me leave to look about me. Is there no powder-plot

[1] The denominational varieties of alchemical fire approach fifty, and one of them is termed artificial fire, but it does not answer to *pyrobolus* = fireworks because it is held to signify Mercury dissolvent.

[2] *Non ego continuo morior, deme spiritus exit,*
Nam redit assidue, quamvis et sæpe recedat,
Et mihi nunc magna est animæ, nunc nulla facultas.

Plus ego sustinui quam corpus debuit unum;
Tres animas habui, quas omnes intus habebam,
Discessere duæ, sed tertia pæne secuta est.

[3] *Quod scripsi, scripsi.*

or practice? What is become of Aristotle and Galen? Where are the scribe and pharisee, the disputers of this world? If they suffer all this and believe it too, I shall think the general conversion is come about, and I may sing:

The Virgin's sign returns, comes Saturn's reign.[1]

But come what will come, I have once more spoken for the truth and shall for conclusion speak this much again. I have elsewhere called this subject "a celestial slime"[2] and the middle nature. The philosophers call it the venerable nature; but amongst all the pretenders I have not yet found one that could tell me why. Hear me then, that whensoever thou dost attempt this work it may be with reverence—not like some proud, ignorant doctor, but with less confidence and more care. This chaos hath in it the four elements,[3] which of themselves are contrary natures; but the wisdom of God hath so placed them that their very order reconciles them. For example, air and earth are adversaries; for one is hot and moist, the other cold and dry. 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 moist; and as she is cold she partakes of the nature of the earth, which is cold and dry; but as she is moist she partakes of the nature of the air, which is hot and moist. Hence it is that air and earth, which are contraries in themselves, agree and embrace one another in the water, as in a middle nature which is proportionate to them both and tempers their extremities. But verily this *salvo* makes not up the breach, for though the water reconciles two elements like a friendly third, yet she herself fights with a fourth—namely, with the fire. For the fire is hot and dry but the water is cold

[1] *Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.*

[2] *Limus cœlestis.*

[3] This is the general testimony—one primeval substance and four which issue therefrom; but the quest is after the unity.

and moist, which are clear contraries. To prevent the distempers of these two God placed the air between them, which is a substance hot and moist; and as it is hot it agrees with the fire, which is hot and dry; but as it is moist it agrees with the water, which is cold and moist; so that by mediation of the air the other two extremes, namely, fire and water, are made friends and reconciled. Thus you see—as I told you at first—that contrary 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 partial—a very weak love, cold and skittish. For whereas these principles agree in one quality they differ in two, as your selves may easily compute. Much need therefore have they of a more strong and able mediator to confirm and preserve their weak unity; for upon it depends the very eternity and incorruption of the creature. This blessed cement and balsam is the Spirit of the Living God, Which some ignorant scribblers have called a quintessence. For this very Spirit is in the chaos, and to speak plainly the fire is His throne,[1] for in the fire He is seated, as we have sufficiently told you elsewhere.[2] This was the reason why the Magi called 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 specifical fabric.

Now if you will ask me where is the soul or—as the schoolmen abuse her—the form all this while? What doth she do? To this I answer that she is, as all instru-

[1] The quest of alchemy is therefore a quest of God, and in what sense is it pursued by Vaughan in physics? One would say in the last resource that it can be in the physics of man's own body and nowhere else in the universe.

[2] A marginal note refers to ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA.

mentals 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. Soul and body are the work of God—the one as well as the other. The soul is not the artificer of her house, for that which can make a body can also repair it and hinder death ; but the soul cannot do this : it is the power and wisdom of God. In a word, to say that the soul formed the body because she is in the body is to say that the jewel made the cabinet because the jewel is in the cabinet ; or that the sun made the world because the sun is in the world and cherisheth every part thereof. Learn therefore to distinguish between agents and their instruments, for if you attribute that to the creature which belongs to the Creator you bring yourselves in danger of hell-fire. For God is a jealous God and will not give His glory to another. I advise my doctors therefore, both divines and physicians, not to be 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 drugs and sops 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 receipts.[1] We should therefore consult with our judgments before we venture our tongues and never speak but when we are sure we understand.

I knew a gentleman who meeting with a philosopher adept, and receiving so much courtesy as to be admitted to discourse, attended his first instructions passing well. But when this magician quitted my friend's known road and began to touch and drive round the great wheel of Nature, presently my gentleman takes up the cudgels,

[1] Compare *Recipe aliquid ignotum, quantum volueris.* It is said to be given in some alchemical text, but if not there are many instructions which are equally intelligible and practical.

and, urging all the authorities which in his vain judgment made for him, oppressed this noble philosopher with a most clamourous, insipid ribaldry. A goodly sight it was and worthy our imitation to see with what an admirable patience the other received him. But this errant concluded at last that lead or quicksilver must be the subject and that Nature worked upon one or both. To this the *Adeptus* replied: "Sir, it may be so at this time, but if hereafter I find Nature in those old elements where I have sometimes seen her very busy, I shall at our next meeting confute your opinion." This was all he said and it was something more than he did. Their next meeting was referred to the Greek Kalends, for he could never be seen afterwards, notwithstanding a thousand solicitations.

Such talkative, babbling people as this gentleman was, who run to every doctor for his opinion and follow like a spaniel every bird they spring, are not fit to receive these secrets. They must be serious, silent men, faithful to the Art and most faithful to their teachers. We should always remember that doctrine of Zeno: "Nature"—said he—"gave us one tongue but two ears, that we might hear much and speak little." Let not any man therefore 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 he presume to judge Nature in her very sobrieties.

To make an end: if thou dost know the First Matter, know also for certain thou hast discovered the Sanctuary of Nature. There is nothing between thee and her treasures but the door. That indeed must be opened. Now if thy desire leads thee on to the practice, consider well with thyself what manner of man thou art and what it is that thou wouldest do: for it is no small matter. Thou hast resolved with thyself to be a co-operator with the Spirit of the Living God and to minister to Him in

His work of generation.[1] Have a care therefore that thou dost not hinder His work ; for if thy heat exceeds the natural proportion thou hast stirred the wrath of the moist 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 he apply Himself to that Matter as long as it is in thy violent, destroying hands. Take heed therefore lest thou turn partner with the devil, for it is the devil's design from the beginning of the world to set Nature at variance with herself, that he may totally corrupt and destroy her. "Do not thou further his designs."[2] I make no question but many men will laugh at this ; but on my soul I speak nothing but what I have known by very good experience : therefore believe me. 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 unworthy : wherefore I shall keep in my first happy solitudes, for noise is nothing to me. 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 fear not the judgment of man. But in the interim, here shall be an end.

FINIS

[1] Note the apparent mixture of distinct concerns.
[2] *Ne tu augeas fatum.*

AN EPILOGUE

And now, my Book, let it not stop thy flight
That thy just author is not lord or knight.
I can define myself and have the art
Still to present one face and still one heart.
But for nine years some great ones cannot see
What they have been, nor know they what to be.
What though I have no rattles to my name,
Dost hold a simple honesty no fame?
Or art thou such a stranger to the times
Thou canst not know my fortunes from my crimes?
Go forth and fear not: some will gladly be
Thy learned friends whom I did never see.
Nor shouldst thou fear thy welcome; thy small price
Cannot undo 'em, though they pay excise.
Thy bulk's not great; it will not much distress
Their empty pockets but their studies less.
Th'art no galleon, as books of burthen be,
Which cannot ride but in a library.
Th'art a fine thing and little: it may chance
Ladies will buy thee for a new romance.
O how I'll envy thee when thou art spread
In the bright sunshine of their eyes and read
With breath of amber, lips of rose that lend
Perfumes unto thy leaves shall never spend.
When from their white hands they shall let thee fall
Into their bosoms—which I may not call
Aught of misfortune—thou dost drop to rest
In a more pleasing place and art more blest.
There in some silken, soft fold thou shalt lie,

Hid like their love or thy own mystery.
Nor shouldst thou grieve thy language is not fine,
For it is not my best—though it be thine.
I could have voiced thee forth in such a dress
The spring had been a slut to thy express—
Such as might file the rude unpolish'd age
And fix the reader's soul to every page.
But I have used a coarse and homely strain,
Because it suits with truth—which should be plain.
Last, my dear Book, if any looks on thee
As on three suns or some great prodigy,
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 go learn some high-shoe heresy.
Nature is not so simple but she can
Procure a solid reverence from man,
Nor is my pen so lightly plumed that I
Should serve ambition with her majesty.
'Tis truth makes me come forth, and having writ
This her short scene I would not stifle it;
For I have called it child, and I had rather
See't torn by them than strangled by the father.

SOLI DEO GLORIA

Amen

LUMEN DE LUMINE

OR A NEW MAGICAL LIGHT

The Epistle Dedicatory:
To my Dear Mother,
The Most Famous University of Oxford

I have observed, most dear Mother, and that in most of thy Sons, a complexion of fame and ingratitude. Learning indeed they have, but they forget the breasts that gave it. Thy good works meet not with one Samaritan; but many hast thou cured of the leprosy of ignorance. This is the spot that soils our perfections: we have all drunk of thy fountain, but we sacrifice not the water to the well. For my own part, I can present thee with nothing that is voluminous; but here is a mustard-seed which may grow to be the greatest amongst herbs. The draught itself hath nothing of Nature but what is under the veil. I wish indeed thou mayest see her without a bridal scarf; but her face—like that of the *Annuntiata*—expects the pencil of an angel. I cannot say this composure deserves thy patronage: but give me leave to make it my opportunity, that I may return the acknowledgment where I received the benefit. I intend not my address for the Banks of Isis; thou hast no portion there, unless thy stones require my inscription. It is thy dispersed body I have known, and that only I remember. Take it then, wheresoever thou art, in thy sad removes and visitations. It is neither Sadducee nor Pharisee but the text of an Israelite and

Thy Legitimate Child

Eugenius Philalethes.

1650.

TO THE READER.

I HAVE had some contest with myself in the disposal of this piece, the subject being cross to the genius of the times, which is both corrupt and splenetic. It was my desire to keep it within doors, but the relation it bears to my former discourses hath forced it to the press. It is the last of my thoughts and—their first reflex being not complete—I have added this to perfect their image and symmetry. I must confess I have no reason for it but what my adversaries supply me withal. I would advance the truth because they would suppress it. Indeed I have been scurvily rewarded; but the success of this art grows from its opposition; and this—I believe—our late libellers have observed, for they quit the science to quash the professors.[1]

It is not enough to abuse and misinterpret our writings: with studied calumnies do they disparage our persons, whom they never saw and perhaps never will see. They force us to a bitterness beyond our own dispositions and provoke men to sin—as if they did drive the same design with the devil.

For my own part, I will no more hazard my soul by such uncivil disputes. I know I must give an account of every idle word.[2] This theme hath reduced my passions to a diet. I have resolved for the future to suffer, for this I am sure of: God will condemn no man for his patience.

[1] A further reference to Henry More, whose attack seems always to have rankled in the mind of Vaughan.

[2] ST MATT., xii, 36.

Lumen de Lumine

The world indeed may think the truth overthrown because she is attended with her peace; for—in the judgment of most men—where there is no noise there is no victory. This I shall look upon as no disadvantage. The estimate of such censors will but lighten the scales; and I dare suppose them very weak brains who conceive the truth sinks because it outweighs them.

As for tempestuous outcries, when they want their motives they discover an irreligious spirit—one that hath more of the hurricane than of Christ Jesus. God was not in the wind that rent the rock to pieces, nor in the earthquake and fire at Horeb. He was *in aura tenui*—in the still, small voice.[1]

My advice is that no man should resent the common spleen. Who writes the truth of God hath the same patron with the truth itself; and when the world shall submit to the general tribunal he will find his Advocate where they shall find their Judge. There is a mutual testimony between God and His servants: if the Baptist did bear witness of Christ, Christ also did as much for the Baptist. He was a burning and a shining light.[2]

This, Reader, I thought fit to preface, that if any discourse of mine be produced hereafter thou may'st not expect my vindication. I have referred my quarrel to the God of Nature: it is involved in the concernments of His truth. I am satisfied with the peace and rest of a good conscience: I have written nothing but what God hath verified before my eyes in particular and is able to justify before the world in general. I have known His secret light: His candle is my schoolmaster. I testify those things which I have seen under His very beams, in the bright circumference of His glory.

When I first put my thoughts to paper—God can bear me witness—it was not for any private ends. I was drawn and forced to it by a strong admiration of the mystery and majesty of Nature. It was my design to

[1] I KINGS, xix, 12. [2] ST JOHN, v, 35.

glorify the truth and in some measure to serve the age—had they been capable of it. But the barbarous insults I have met withal, and without any deserts of mine, have forced my charity to keep at home. Truly, had I not been robbed of my peace, I had imparted some things which—I am confident—this generation will not receive from another pen. But the times in this respect fall not even with Providence, for the years of discovery are not yet come. This truth—like the dove in the deluge—must hover in winds and tempests, overlook the surges and billows, and find no place for the sole of her foot. But the wise God provides for her: on all these waves and waters she hath a little bark to return to. Methinks I see her in the window all wet and weather-beaten.

To conclude: this discourse is my last and the only key to my first.[1] What I have written formerly is like the Arabian's *Halicali*.[2] It is *Domus signata*, a house shut up: but here I give you the key to the lock. If you enter, seal up what you see in your hearts. Trust it not to your tongue, for that's a flying scroll. Thus I deliver my light to your hands; but what returns you will give me I know not. If you are for peace, peace be with you; if for war, I have been so too. But let not him that girds on his armour boast like him that puts it off.[3] Do well and fare well.

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES.

1651.

[1] The reference is to ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA. Vaughan continued to write, and it is perhaps because of this statement that his next discourse appears under the letters S. N., and seeks to veil its authorship by the aid of friendly references to Eugenius Philalethes.

[2] See note on p. 267.

[3] I KINGS, xx, 11.

LUMEN DE LUMINE

I.—The Underworld

Now had the night spent her black stage, and all
Her beauteous, twinkling flames grew sick and pale.
Her scene of shades and silence fled, and day
Dress'd the young East in roses, where each ray—
Falling on sables—made the sun and night
Kiss in a checker of mix'd clouds and light.

I think it were more plain and to some capacities more pleasing if I express myself in this popular, low dialect. It was about the dawning or daybreak when, tired with a tedious solitude and those pensive thoughts which attend it, after much loss and more labour, I suddenly fell asleep. Here then the day was no sooner born but strangled. I was reduced to a night of a more deep tincture than that which I had formerly spent. My fancy placed me in a region of inexpressible obscurity, and—as I thought—more than natural, but without any terrors. I was in a firm, even temper and, though without encouragements, not only resolute but well pleased. I moved every way for discoveries but was still entertained with darkness and silence; and I thought myself translated to the land of desolation. Being thus troubled to no purpose, and wearied with long endeavours, I resolved to rest myself, and seeing I could find nothing I expected if anything could find me.

I had not long continued in this humour but I could hear the whispers of a soft wind that travelled towards me; and suddenly it was in the leaves of the trees, so

that I concluded myself to be in some wood or wilderness. With this gentle breath came a most heavenly, odourous air, much like that of sweet briars, but not so rank and full. This perfume being blown over, there succeeded a pleasant humming of bees amongst flowers ; and this did somewhat discompose me, for I judged it not suitable with the complexion of the place, which was dark and like midnight. Now was I somewhat troubled with these unexpected occurrences when a new appearance diverted my apprehensions. Not far off on my right hand I could discover a white, weak light—not so clear as that of a candle, but misty and much resembling an atmosphere. Towards the centre it was of a purple colour, like the Elysian sunshine, but in the dilatation of the circumference milky ; and if we consider the joint tincture of the parts, it was a painted Vesper, a figure of that splendour which the old Romans called *Sol Mortuorum*.[1] Whiles I was taken up with this strange scene there appeared in the middle purple colours a sudden commotion, and out of their very centre did sprout a certain flowery light, as it were the flame of a taper. Very bright it was, sparking and twinkling like the day-star. The beams of this new planet—issuing forth in small skeins and rivulets—looked like threads of silver, which, being reflected against the trees, discovered a curious green umbrage ; and I found myself in a grove of bays. The texture of the branches was so even—the leaves so thick and in that conspiring order—it was not a wood but a building.[2]

I conceived it indeed to be the Temple of Nature, where she had joined discipline to her doctrine. Under this shade and screen did lodge a number of nightingales,

[1] In a marginal note Vaughan says that Boxhorn falsely interprets this notion. Alchemical symbolism—it may be added—pictures a region of strange experience where the sun shines at midnight, and such an inward realm is known to mystics, but it lies far along the path of attainment.

[2] In this description and in much of the account that follows Vaughan is giving an almost free rein to the spirit of imagination, which makes it necessary to distinguish the allegory behind his vision from the poetic images under which it passes into expression.

which I discovered by their whitish breasts. These, peeping through their leafy cabinets, rejoiced at this strange light, and—having first plumed themselves—stirred the still air with their music. This I thought was very pretty, for the silence of the night, suiting with the solitude of the place, made me judge it heavenly. The ground, both near and far off, presented a pleasing kind of checker, for this new star meeting with some drops of dew made a multitude of bright refractions, as if the earth had been paved with diamonds. These rare and various accidents kept my soul busied, but to interrupt my thoughts, as if it had been unlawful to examine what I had seen, another, more admirable object interposed.

I could see between me and the light a most exquisite, divine beauty—her frame neither long nor short but a mean, decent stature. Attired she was in thin loose silk but so green that I never saw the like, for the colour was not earthly. In some places it was fancied with white and silver ribbons, which looked liked lilies in a field of grass. Her head was overcast with a thin, floating tiffany, which she held up with one of her hands and looked as it were from under it. Her eyes were quick, fresh and celestial but had something of a start, as if she had been puzzled with a sudden occurrence. From her black veil did her locks break out, like sunbeams from a mist. They ran dishevelled to her breasts and then returned to her cheeks in curls and rings of gold. Her hair behind her was rolled to a curious globe, with a small short spire, flowered with purple and sky-coloured knots. Her rings were pure, entire emeralds—for she valued no metal—and her pendants of burning carbuncles. To be short, her whole habit was youthful and flowery: it smelt like the East and was thoroughly aired with rich Arabian diapasons. This and no other was her appearance at that time; but whiles I admired her perfections and prepared to make my addresses she prevents me with

a voluntary approach. Here indeed I expected some discourse from her ; but she, looking very seriously and silently in my face, takes me by the hand and softly whispers I should follow her. This, I confess, sounded strange ; but I thought it not amiss to obey so sweet a command, and especially one that promised very much but was able in my opinion to perform more.

The light which I had formerly admired proved now at last to be her attendant, for it moved like an usher before her. This service added much to her glory, and it was my only care to observe her, who though she wandered not yet verily she followed no known path. Her walk was green, being furred with a fine, small grass which felt like plush, for it was very soft, and pearled all the way with daisies and primrose. When we came out of our arbours and court of bays I could perceive a strange clearness in the air, not like that of day, neither can I affirm it was night. The stars indeed perched over us and stood glimmering, as it were, on the tops of high hills ; for we were in a most deep bottom and the earth overlooked us, so that I conceived we were near the centre. We had not walked very far when I discovered certain thick, white clouds—for such they seemed to me—which filled all that part of the valley that was before us. This indeed was an error of mine ; but it continued not long, for coming nearer I found them to be firm, solid rocks but shining and sparkling like diamonds. This rare and goodly sight did not a little encourage me, and great desire I had to hear my mistress speak—for so I judged her now—that if possible I might receive some information. How to bring this about I did not well know, for she seemed averse from discourse. But having resolved with myself to disturb her, I asked her if she would favour me with her name. To this she replied very familiarly, as if she had known me long before.

"Eugenius"—said she—"I have many names, but

my best and dearest is Thalia, for I am always green[1] and shall never wither. Thou dost here behold the Mountains of the Moon,[2] and I will shew thee the original of Nilus;[3] for she springs from these invisible rocks. Look up and peruse the very tops of these pillars and cliffs of salt, for they are the true, philosophical, lunar mountains. Did'st thou ever see such a miraculous, incredible thing?"

This speech made me quickly look up to those glittering turrets of salt, where I could see a stupendous cataract or waterfall. The stream was more large than any river in her full channel; but notwithstanding the height and violence of its fall it descended without any noise. The waters were dashed and their current distracted by those saltish rocks; but for all this they came down with a dead silence—like the still, soft air. Some of this liquor—for it ran by me—I took up, to see what strange woollen substance it was that did thus steal down like snow. When I had it in my hands it was no common water but a certain kind of oil of a watery complexion. A viscous, fat, mineral nature it was, bright like pearls and transparent like crystal. When I had viewed and searched it well, it appeared somewhat spermatic, and in very truth it was obscene to the sight but much more to the touch. Hereupon Thalia told me it was the First Matter and the very natural, true sperm of the great world.[4] "It is"—said she—"invisible and

[1] Thalia is the Greek Θάλεια, one of the nine muses, and comes from a word which signifies to bear flowers, or be in bloom.

[2] This image is particular to Thomas Vaughan, as an allusion to something remote and generally inaccessible. It is not found in the alchemists, so far as I can remember.

[3] The same observation applies; the source of the Nile was unknown in Vaughan's days and so was the First Matter, save—*ex hypothesi*—to adepts.

[4] It is useful to compare this extended description of the First Matter, seen in pretended vision, with those earlier definitions which tell us that the supposed substance—"obscene to the sight but much more to the touch"—is "the Second Nature from God" and "the Child of the Blessed Trinity." The First Matter of Vaughan is a matter of his reverie.

therefore few are they that find it ; but many believe it is not to be found. They believe indeed that the world is a dead figure, like a body which hath been sometime made and fashioned by that spirit which dwelt in it, but retains that very shape and fashion for some short time after that the spirit hath forsaken it. They should rather consider that every frame, when the soul hath left it, doth decompose and can no longer retain its former figure ; for the agent that held and kept the parts together is gone. Most excellent then is that speech which I heard some time from one of my own pupils. 'This world'—saith he—'of such divers and contrary parts, would not have reached unity of form had there not been One who did join together such contrary things. But, being brought together, the very diversity of the natures joined, fighting one with another, had discomposed and separated them, unless there had been One to hold and keep those parts together which He at first did join. Verily the order of Nature could not proceed with such certainty, neither could she move so regularly in several places, times, effects and qualities, unless there were Some One Who disposed and ordered these varieties of motions. This, whatsoever it is, by which the world is preserved and governed, I call by that usual name God.' [1]

"Thou must therefore, Eugenius"—said she—"understand that all compositions are made by an Active, Intelligent Life ; for what was done in the composure of the great world in general, the same is performed in the generation of every creature, and its sperm in particular. I suppose thou dost know that water cannot be contained

[1] *Mundus hic ex tam diversis contrariisque partibus in unam formam minimè convenisset, nisi unus esset, qui tam diversa conjungeret. Conjuncta vero naturarum ipsa diversitas invicem discors dissociaret atque divelleret, nisi unus esset, qui quod nexuit contineret. Non tam vero certus naturæ ordo procederet, nec tam dispositos motus locis, temporibus, efficientiâ, qualitatibus explicaret, nisi unus esset, qui has mutationum varietates manens ipse disponeret. Hoc quicquid est quo condita manent atque gubernantur usitato cunctis vocabulum Deum nomino.*

but in some vessel. The natural vessel which God hath appointed for it is the earth. In earth water may be thickened and brought to a figure; but of itself, and without earth, it hath an indefinite flux and is subject to no certain figure whatsoever. Air also is a fleeting and indeterminate substance, but water is his vessel; for water being figured by means of earth the air also is thickened and figured in the water. To ascend higher, the air coagulates the liquid fire, and fire incorporated involves and confines the thin light. These are the means by which God unites and compounds the elements into a sperm, for the earth alters the complexion of the water, and makes it viscous and slimy. Such a water must they seek[1] who would produce any magical, extraordinary effects; for this spermatic water coagulates with the least heat, so that Nature concocts and hardens it into metals. Thou seest the whites of eggs will thicken as soon as they feel the fire; for their moisture is tempered with a pure, subtle earth, and this subtle, animated earth is that which binds their water. Take water then, my Eugenius, from the Mountains of the Moon,[2] which is water and no water. Boil it in the fire of Nature[3] to a twofold earth, white and red; then feed those earths with air of fire and fire of air; and thou hast the two magical luminaries. But because thou hast been a servant of mine for a long time, and that thy patience hath manifested the truth of thy love, I will bring thee to my school, and there will I shew thee what the world is not capable of."

This was no sooner spoken but she passed by those diamond-like, rocky salts and brought me to a rock of adamant, figured to a just, entire cube. It was the basis

[1] The remarkable tract of Alipili calls it "dry water from the philosophers' clouds." The names as usual are many and the reference is in most cases to Philosophical Mercury, as to that substance which is chiefly "desired by the wise." Thomas of Bonona says that out of this water all things grow and all things have their nourishment.

[2] I do not remember Mountains of the Moon in alchemical symbolism. Generically, mountains are metals.

[3] Compare Geber: "Burn it in water and wash it in fire."

to a fiery pyramid, a trigon of pure *pyrope*, whose imprisoned flames did stretch and strive for heaven. To the four-square of the frontlet of this rock was annexed a little portal and in that hung a tablet. It was a painted hedgehog, so rolled and wrapt up in his bag he could not easily be discomposed. Over this stood a dog snarling and hard by him this instruction : Softly, or he pricks.[1]

In we went, and having entered the rocks, the interior parts were of a heavenly, smaragdine colour. Somewhere they shined like leaves of pure gold, and then appeared a third inexpressible, purple tincture. We had not gone very far but we came to an ancient, majestic altar. On the offertory,[2] or very top of it, was figured the trunk of an old rotten tree, plucked up by the roots. Out of this crept a snake—of colour white and green—slow of motion like a snail and very weak, having but newly felt the sun that overlooked her. Towards the foot or basis of this altar was an inscription in old Egyptian hieroglyphics which Thalia expounded, and this is it :

TO THE BLESSED GODS
IN THE UNDERWORLD[3]
N. L.
τ. α. ν. φ.

From this place we moved straight forward till we came to a cave of earth. It was very obscure and withal dankish, giving a heavy odour—like that of graves. Here we stayed not long, but passing this churchyard we came at last to the Sanctuary, where Thalia turning to me made this her short and last speech.

" Eugenius, this is the place which many have desired to see, but saw it not. The preparatives to their admission here were wanting. They did not love me but mine. They coveted indeed the riches of Nature, but Nature

[1] *Suaviter aut pungit.*

[2] *Offertorium* was the place on which sacrifices were offered, the top of the altar.

[3] *Diis beatis. In cœlo subterraneo.*

herself they did both neglect and corrupt. Some advantages they had in point of assault, had they but studied their opportunities. I was exposed to their hands but they knew me not. I was subject in some measure to their violence, but He that made me would not suffer me to be rifled. In a word, the ruin of these men was built on their disposition. In their addresses to me they resembled those pitiful things which some call courtiers. These have their antics and raunts, as if they had been trained amongst apes. They scrape—as one hath well expressed it—proportions mathematical, make strange legs and faces, and in that phrase of the same poet

> 'Vary their mouths as 'twere by magic spell
> To figures oval, square and triangle.'

So these impudent sophisters assaulted me with vainglorious humours. When I looked into their hearts there was no room for me. They were full of proud thoughts and dreamed of a certain riotous happiness which must be maintained by my expenses and treasures.[1] In the interim they did not consider that I was plain and simple, one that did not love noise but a private, sweet content. I have, Eugenius, found thee much of my own humour. I have withal found thy expectations patient. Thou canst easily believe where thou hast reason to thy faith. Thou hast all this while served without wages: now is the time come to reward thee. My love I freely give thee, and with it these tokens—my key and seal. The one shuts, the other opens: be sure to use both with discretion. As for the mysteries of this my school, thou hast the liberty to peruse them all; there is not anything here but I will gladly reveal it to thee. I have one precept that I shall commend to thee, and this is it: you must be

[1] Compare Jean de Meung's address of Nature to the "stolid philosophaster" in the DEMONSTRATION OF NATURE; also Sendivogius: A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MERCURY, THE ALCHEMIST AND NATURE; and the further debate in the tract CONCERNING SULPHUR, ascribed to Sendivogius. Thalia's discourse is more or less modelled on these.

silent. You shall not in your writings exceed my allowances. Remember that I am your love, and you will not make me a prostitute. But because I wish you serviceable to those of your own disposition, I here give you an emblematical type of my Sanctuary,[1] with a full privilege to publish it. This is all, and I am now going to that invisible region where is the abode of the immortals.[2] Let not that proverb take place with you: Out of sight, out of mind. Remember me and be happy."

These were her instructions, which were no sooner delivered but she brought me to a clear, large light; and here I saw those things which I must not speak of. Having thus discovered all the parts of that glorious labyrinth, she did lead me out again with her clue of sunbeams—her light that went shining before us. When we were past the rocks of Nilus she shewed me a secret staircase, by which we ascended from that deep and flowery vale to the face of this our common earth. Here Thalia stopped in a mute ceremony, for I was to be left all alone. She looked upon me in silent smiles, mixed with a pretty kind of sadness, for we were unwilling to part. But her hour of translation was come, and taking —as I thought—our last leave, she passed before my eyes unto the eternal,[3] into the ether of Nature.

Now verily was I much troubled and somewhat disordered; but composing myself as well as I could I came to a cop of myrtles, where resting myself on a flowery bank I began to consider those things which I had seen. This solitude and melancholy study continued not long, for it met with a very grateful interruption. I could see Thalia—as it were—at the end of a landscape, somewhat far off; but in a moment she was in the myrtles, where, seating herself hard by me, I received from her this discourse.

"I would not, Eugenius, have thee ignorant of the

[1] See the Frontispiece inscribed *Scholæ Magicæ Typus.*

[2] Ἵν' ἀθανάτων ἕδος ἐστίν.—ILIAD: Book viii.

[3] Πρὸς αἰῶνα.

unity and concentration of sciences.[1] In the past and more knowing years of the world, when magic was better and more generally understood, the professors of this art divided it into three parts—elemental, celestial and spiritual. The elemental part contained all the secrets of physic, the celestial those of astrology and the spiritual those of Divinity. Every one of these by itself was but a branch or limb, but being united all three they were the pandects of the science. Now in these thy days there is no man can shew thee any real physic or astrology; neither have they any more than a tongue and book Divinity. The reason of it is this: in process of time these three sciences—which work no wonders without a mutual, essential union—were by misinterpretation dismembered and set apart, so that every one of them was held to be a faculty by itself. Now God had united these three in one natural subject,[2] but man he separated them and placed them in no subject, but in his own brain, where they remained in words and fancy, not in substantial elements and verity. In this state the sciences were dead and ineffectual; they yielded nothing but noise, for they were separated—as if thou shouldst dismember a man and then expect some one part of him should perform those actions which the whole did when he was alive.

"Thou dost know by very natural experience that out of one specifical root there grow several different substances, as leaves, flowers, fruit and seed. So out of one universal root—namely, the chaos—grow all specifical natures and their individuals. Now there is no true science or knowledge but what is grounded upon sensible, particular substances, or upon the sensible,

[1] Compare Raymund Lully's dream of an universal science, out of which came the ARS MAGNA SCIENDI; but it was little more than an elaborate art of debate.

[2] The expression is curious, having regard to the distinction which follows—namely, that it is not the brain of man. The question is whether Vaughan alludes to the simple mind above the logical understanding. But he affirms almost immediately that the First Matter or chaos is the centre of all sciences.

universal substance, out of which all particulars are made. As for universals in the abstract, there are no such things; they are empty, imaginary whimsies, for abstractions are but so many fantastic suppositions. Consider now, Eugenius, that all individuals, even man himself, hath nothing in him materially but what he received from the material, universal Nature. Consider again that the same individuals are reducible to their first physical universal matter, and by consequence this universal matter hath in itself the secrets and mysteries of all particulars; for whatsoever includes the subject itself includes the science of that subject. In the First Matter the Divine Wisdom is collected in a general chaotical centre,[1] but in the particulars made of the First Matter it is dispersed and spread out, as it were, to a circumference. It remains then that the chaos is the centre of all sciences,[2] to which they may and ought to be reduced, for it is the sensible, natural *Mysterium Magnum* and under God the secondary Temple of Wisdom.[3] Search therefore and examine the parts of this chaos by the rules and instructions received when I was with thee in the mineral region. Dwell not altogether on the practice, for that is not the way to improve it. Be sure to add reason to thy experience and to employ thy mind as well as thy hands. Labour to know all causes and their effects: do not only study the receipt, like that broiling, frying company, who call themselves chemists but are indeed no philosophers.

"This is all which I think fit to add to my former pre-

[1] I suppose that this may be taken as an allusion to the immanence of the Christ-Spirit in the universe from the very beginning of manifestation, and as then in the chaos—according to Vaughan's terminology—so afterwards in all the orders and classes included by the cosmos.

[2] *Ex hypothesi* and otherwise, it could be so only in respect of Divine Immanence.

[3] Concerning the first Temple we do not hear: it is perhaps that palace or sanctuary at the centre figured as the Divine habitation before there was any evolution of beings and of things—a place which is no place, the Sanctuary which is He.

scriptions ; but that which made me return was something else, and now thou shalt receive it. Thou hast heard sometimes, I suppose, of the beryllistic part of magic :[1] have a care to apprehend me, and I will shew thee the foundation. Thou must know the stars can impress no new influx in perfect, complete bodies ; they only dispose and in some measure stir up that influence which hath been formerly impressed. It is most certain, Eugenius, that no astrobolism[2] takes place without some previous corruption and alteration in the patient, for Nature works not but in loose, moist, discomposed elements. This distemper proceeds not from the stars but from the contrariety of the elements amongst themselves. Whensoever they fall out and work their own dissolution, then the celestial fire puts in to reconcile them again and generates some new form, seeing the old one could consist no longer. Observe then that the genuine time of impressions is when the principles are spermatic and callow ; but being once coagulated to a perfect body the time of stellification is past. Now the ancient Magi in their books speak of strange astrological lamps, images, rings and plates, which being used at certain hours would produce incredible, extraordinary effects.[3] The common astrologer he takes a stone, or some piece of metal, figures it with ridiculous characters and then exposeth it to the planets, not in an *alkemusi*[4] but as he dreams himself—he

[1] The beryl is described by Aubrey in his MISCELLANIES as "a kind of crystal that hath a weak tincture of red." It was used for seering purposes, and the Ritual of invoking spirits therein is found among the lesser processes of ceremonial magic.

[2] *Astrobolismus* is an equivalent in late Latin for the classical *sideratio*, meaning primarily the withering or blasting of trees through wind or drought ; but it stood also for a seizure of human beings, known otherwise as planet-struck, a benumbed condition, one of temporary paralysis.

[3] The suggestion is that the rings and the images were not images or rings, just as in alchemy the water is no water, the stone is not a stone, and so forth. It is scarcely the inference which would be carried away from a study of Agrippa's THREE BOOKS OF OCCULT PHILOSOPHY. Ceremonial Magic is very old and it has always made use of instruments.

[4] I have not found this word in Arabian or Syriac alchemy : it is no doubt a corruption of one which has been changed out of all knowledge.

knows not how. When this is done, all is to no purpose; but though they fail in their practice yet they believe they understand the books of the Magi well enough. Now, Eugenius, that thou mayst know what to do, I will teach thee by example. Take a ripe grain of corn that is hard and dry; expose it to the sunbeams in a glass, or any other vessel, and it will be a dry grain for ever. But if thou dost bury it in the earth, that the nitrous, saltish moisture of that element may dissolve it, then the sun will work upon it and make it spring and sprout to a new body. It is just thus with the common astrologer: he exposeth to the planets a perfect, compacted body and by this means thinks to perform the magician's *Gamaæa*,[1] and marry the inferior and superior worlds. It must be a body reduced into sperm, that the heavenly, feminine moisture, which receives and retains the impress of the astral agent, may be at liberty and immediately exposed to the masculine fire of Nature. This is the ground of the Beryl; but you must remember that nothing can be stellified without the joint magnetism of three heavens. What they are I have told you elsewhere, and I will not trouble you with repetitions."

When she had thus said she took out of her bosom two miraculous medals—not metalline but such as I had never seen, neither did I conceive there were in Nature such pure and glorious substances. In my judgment they were two magical Astrolasms, but she called them sapphirics of the sun and moon. These miracles she commended to my perusal, excusing herself as being sleepy: otherwise she had expounded them for me. I looked, admired and wearied myself in their contempla-

[1] Gaffarel devotes considerable space to this subject in his UNHEARD OF CURIOSITIES, the English rendering of which by Edmund Chilmead was published in the same year as ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA. *Gamahes* or *Chamaieu* were originally natural figured agates or other stones, the remarkable shapes of which, or the pictures appearing thereon, were supposed to have singular virtues. The word was extended afterwards to include similar curiosities of plant and animal life.

tion. Their complexion was so heavenly, their contrivance so mysterious I did not well know what to make of them. I turned aside to see if she was still asleep but she was gone, and this did not a little trouble me. I expected her return till the day was quite spent, but she did not appear. At last, fixing my eyes on that place where she sometimes rested, I discovered certain pieces of gold which she had left behind her, and hard by a paper folded like a letter. These I took up and now—the night approaching—the evening star tinned in the West, when taking my last survey of her flowery pillow I parted from it in this verse.

Pretty green bank, farewell, and mayst thou wear
Sunbeams and rose and lilies all the year.
She slept on thee but needed not to shed
Her gold ; 'twas pay enough to be her bed.
Thy flowers are favourites ; for this loved day
They were my rivals and with her did play.
They found their heaven at hand and in her eyes
Enjoy'd a copy of their absent skies.
Their weaker paint did with true glories trade
And—mingled with her cheeks—one posy made.
And did not her soft skin confine their pride
And with a screen of silk both flowers divide,
They had suck'd life from thence and from her heat
Borrow'd a soul to make themselves complete.
O happy pillow, though thou art laid even
With dust, she made thee up almost a heaven.
Her breath rained spices, and each amber ring
Of her bright locks strew'd bracelets o'er thy spring.
That earth's not poor did such a treasure hold
But thrice enrich'd with amber, spice and gold.

This is that emblematical, magical type which Thalia delivered to me in the invisible Guiana.[1] The first and superior part of it represents the Mountains of the Moon.

[1] Whether visible or invisible, Guiana is of no special repute or knowledge in alchemy, and only some personal predilection could have led Vaughan to introduce it here in a figurative sense. See FRONTISPIECE.

The philosophers commonly call them the Mountains of India, on whose tops grows their secret and famous Lunaria.[1] It is an herb easy to be found but that men are blind ; for it discovers itself and shines after night like pearl. The earth of these Mountains is very red, and soft beyond all expression. It is full of crystalline rocks, which the philosophers call their glass and their stone. Birds and fish—say they—bring it to them. Of these Mountains speaks Hali the Arabian,[2] a most excellent, judicious author. "Go, my son, to the Mountains of India and to their quarries or caverns, and take thence our precious stones, which dissolve or melt in water when they are mingled therewith."[3] Much indeed might be spoken concerning these mountains, if it were lawful to publish their mysteries : but one thing I shall not forbear to tell you. They are very dangerous places after night, for they are haunted with fires and other strange apparitions, occasioned — as I am told by the Magi—by certain spirits which dabble lasciviously with the sperm of the world and imprint their imaginations in it, producing many times fantastic and monstrous generations. The access and pilgrimage to this place, with the difficulties which attend them, are faithfully and magisterially described by the Brothers of R. C. Their language indeed is very simple, and with most men perhaps contemptible. But to speak finely was no part of their design ; their learning lies not in the phrase but in the sense ; and that it is which I propose to the consideration of the reader.

[1] The Moon-plant belongs especially to herbalism, but it passed into the symbolism of alchemy rather early in the Latin period. A tract attributed to Maria, the imputed sister of Moses, says that Sophic Mercury is two white plants found among little hills, and there are two kinds of Lunaria. Moreover, the Moon is a name given to Mercury. But some alchemists use Lunaria to signify the Sulphur of Nature.

[2] Hali is mentioned once by Paracelsus, but he and his tract have escaped the vigilance of Lenglet du Fresnoy.

[3] *Vade, filii, ad Montes Indiæ et ad cavernas suas, et accipe ex eis lapides honoratos qui liquefiunt in aqua, quando commiscentur ei.*

II.—A Letter from the Brothers of R. C. concerning the Invisible, Magical Mountain and the Treasure therein contained[1]

Every man naturally desires a superiority, to have treasures of gold and silver, and to seem great in the eyes of the world. God indeed created all things for the use of man, that he might rule over them and acknowledge therein the singular goodness and omnipotence of God, give Him thanks for His benefits, honour Him and praise Him. But there is no man looks after these things otherwise than by spending his days idly. They would enjoy them without any previous labour and danger ; neither do they look them out of that place where God hath treasured them up, Who expects also that man should seek for them there, and to those that seek will He give them. But there is not any that labours for a possession in that place, and therefore these riches are not found. For the way to this place—and the place itself—hath been unknown for a long time, and it is hidden from the greatest part of the world. But notwithstanding it be difficult and laborious to find out this way and place, yet the place should be sought after. But it is not the will of God to conceal anything from those that are His ; and therefore in this last age—before the final judgment comes—all these things shall be manifested to those that are worthy. As He Himself—though obscurely, lest it should be manifested to the unworthy—hath spoken in a certain place : "There is nothing covered that shall not be re-

[1] This communication may be contrasted with the Latin letter published in SUMMUM BONUM, a treatise under the name of Joachim Fritz, attached to Robert Fludd's SOPHIÆ CUM MORIÂ CERTAMEN and generally regarded as his work. A translation of the letter appears in my REAL HISTORY OF THE ROSICRUCIANS. It is much inferior to the document printed above, but both are of interest as claiming to be official messages of the Brotherhood. Very little early Rosicrucian literature is available in England—either in public or private libraries—and I am unable to say whether Vaughan drew from a published work or not.

vealed and hidden that shall not be known."[1] We therefore, being moved by the Spirit of God, do declare the will of God to the world, which we have also already performed and published in several languages.[2] But most men either revile or contemn that our MANIFESTO, or else —waiving the Spirit of God—they expect the proposals thereof from us, supposing we will straightway teach them how to make gold by art, or furnish them with ample treasures, whereby they may live pompously in the face of the world, swagger and make wars, turn usurers, gluttons and drunkards, live unchastely and defile their whole life with several other sins—all which things are contrary to the blessed will of God. These men should have learnt from those ten Virgins—whereof five that were foolish demanded oil for their lamps from those five that were wise[3]—how that the case is much otherwise. It is expedient that every man should labour for this treasure by the assistance of God and his own particular search and industry. But the perverse intentions of these fellows we understand out of their own writings, by the singular grace and revelation of God. We do stop our ears and wrap ourselves, as it were, in clouds to avoid the bellowings and howlings of those men who in vain cry out for gold. And hence indeed it comes to pass that they brand us with infinite calumnies and slanders, which notwithstanding we do not resent; but God in His good time will judge them for it. But after that we had well known —though unknown to you—and perceived by your writing how diligent you are to peruse the Holy Scripture and seek the true knowledge of God; we have also above

[1] The reference given is to ST MATT., x, 26, which Vaughan quotes at full length in his translation, but the Latin letter expresses it only in summary form: *Nihil est absconditum quod non reveletur.* Compare Paracelsus: *Nihil est opertus quod non revelabitur* and *Nihil in homine abstrusum sit quod non reveletur.*—EXPLICATIO TOTIUS ASTRONOMIÆ, s.v. *Probatio in Scientiam Signatam.*

[2] A reference to the FAMA FRATERNITATIS R. C., which appeared almost simultaneously in German, Dutch and Latin.

[3] ST MATT., xxi, 1-12.

many thousands thought you worthy of some answer ; and we signify this much to you by the will of God and the admonition of the Holy Ghost.[1]

There is a mountain situated in the midst of the earth or centre of the world which is both small and great. It is soft, also above measure hard and stony. It is far off and near at hand, but by the providence of God invisible.[2] In it are hidden most ample treasures, which the world is not able to value. This mountain—by envy of the devil, who always opposeth the glory of God and the happiness of man—is compassed about with very cruel beasts and other ravening birds—which make the way thither both difficult and dangerous.[3] And therefore hitherto—because the time is not yet come—the way thither could not be sought after nor found out. But now at last the way is to be found by those that are worthy—but notwithstanding by every man's self-labour and endeavours.

To this Mountain you shall go in a certain night—when it comes—most long and most dark, and see that you prepare yourselves by prayer. Insist upon the way that leads to the Mountain, but ask not of any man where the way lies. Only follow your Guide, who will offer himself to you and will meet you in the way. But you shall not know him. This Guide will bring you to the Mountain at midnight, when all things are silent and dark. It is necessary that you arm yourselves with a resolute, heroic courage, lest you fear those things that

[1] It is said in the other communication : "Our fellowship is with the Father and with Jesus ; and we write unto you that you may rejoice because God is light and in Him there is no darkness at all."

[2] As pseudo-Dionysius suggests that we can approximate towards a notion of the Divine Nature by the way of negation rather than of affirmation, but ends by testifying that God is nothing of that which is and nothing of that which is not, so the alchemists used the terms of contradiction to describe their symbolical Stone and other Hermetic secrets. The delineation above is equivalent to stating that the mountain is not a mountain. In this case it seems to indicate some mystery of spiritual attainment. In the secret schools we hear of a mountain of initiation.

[3] As the sanctuary of our inward nature is encompassed and made difficult of attainment by the powers of evil within us.

will happen and so fall back. You need no sword nor any other bodily weapons : only call upon God sincerely and heartily. When you have discovered the Mountain the first miracle that will appear is this : A most vehement and very great wind that will shake the Mountain and shatter the rocks to pieces. You shall be encountered also by lions and dragons and other terrible beasts ; but fear not any of these things. Be resolute and take heed that you return not, for your Guide[1]—who brought you thither—will not suffer any evil to befal you. As for the treasure, it is not yet discovered ; but it is very near. After this wind will come an earthquake that will overthrow those things which the wind hath left and make all flat. But be sure that you fall not off. The earthquake being past, there shall follow a fire that will consume the earthly rubbish and discover the treasure. But as yet you cannot see it. After all these things and near the daybreak there shall be a great calm ; and you shall see the Day-Star arise and the dawning will appear and you shall perceive a great treasure. The chiefest thing in it and the most perfect is a certain exalted Tincture, with which the world—if it served God and were worthy of such gifts—might be tinged and turned into most pure gold.

This Tincture being used as your Guide shall teach you will make you young when you are old, and you shall perceive no disease in any part of your bodies. By means of this Tincture also you shall find pearls of that excellency which cannot be imagined. But do not you arrogate anything to yourselves because of your present power ; but be contented with that which your Guide shall communicate to you. Praise God perpetually for this His gift, and have a special care that you use it not for worldly

[1] Compare THE BOOK OF LAMBSPRING, containing figures and emblems *De Lapide Philosophorum*. The Guide leads a figurative Son of the King to a very high mountain, that he may understand all wisdom and behold the heavenly throne. The Guide and Son are said to signify Spirit and Soul.

pride ;[1] but employ it in such works which are contrary to the world. Use it rightly and enjoy it so as if you had it not. Live a temperate life and beware of all sin : otherwise your Guide will forsake you and you shall be deprived of this happiness. For know this of a truth : whosoever abuseth this Tincture and lives not exemplarly, purely and devoutly before men, he shall lose this benefit and scarce any hope will there be left ever to recover it afterwards.

Thus have they described unto us the Mount of God, the mystical, philosophical Horeb—which is nothing else but the highest and purest part of the earth.[2] For the superior, secret portion of this element is holy ground, and Aristotle tells his Peripatetics that "wheresoever is that which is higher there also is that which is more divine."[3] It is the seed-plot of the Eternal Nature, the immediate vessel and recipient of heaven, where all minerals and vegetables have their roots and by which the animal monarchy is maintained. This philosophical black Saturn mortifies and coagulates the invisible Mercury of the stars ; and—on the contrary—the Mercury kills and dissolves the Saturn ; and out of the corruption of both the central and circumferential suns generate a new body. Hence the philosophers describing their Stone tell us that it is a black, vile and fetid Stone, and it is called the origin of the world and it springs up like germinating things.[4] As for the EPISTLE of the Fraternity

[1] One of the most frequent temptations of those who have gone a certain distance along the path of the Spirit.

[2] It is plain by preceding texts that earth is not earth, according to the thesis of Vaughan. There is the "virgin earth of the philosophers," a metaphysical basis of bodies, their kernel or centre, a simple principle of all composites. There is also a figurative earth which is the *minera* of that matter out of which Sophic Mercury is extracted. Finally, the hypothetical fixed Mercury is sometimes called earth. As to the Rosicrucian Mount of God, it is earth in the sense that the mystical Horeb is earth of the world to come and the Land of the Living.

[3] *Locus quo excelsior, eo divinior.*

[4] *Lapis niger, vilis et fœtens, et dicitur origo mundi, et oritur sicut germinantia.*

I have for satisfaction of the ordinary reader put it into English. I know some doctors will think it no advantage, but then they confess their ignorance. I can assure them the subject is nowhere so clearly discovered; and for the first abstruse preparation there is no private author hath mentioned it, but here we have it entirely and withal most faithfully described. I confess indeed their instruction wears a mask, but very plain and pervious.

This much we have from these famous and most Christian philosophers, men questionless that have suffered much by their own discreet silence and solitude. Every sophister contemns them because they appear not to the world and concludes there is no such Society because he is not a member of it. There is scarce a reader so just as to consider upon what grounds they conceal themselves and come not to the stage when every fool cries: Enter. No man looks after them but for worldly ends, and truly if the Art itself did not promise gold I am confident it would find but few followers. How many are there in the world that study Nature to know God? Certainly they study a receipt for their purses, not for their souls, nor in any good sense for their bodies. It is fit then they should be left to their ignorance, as to their cure. It may be the nullity of their expectations will reform them; but as long as they continue in this humour neither God nor good men will assist them.

The inferior part of this type presents a dark circle,[1] charged with many strange chimæras and Aristotle's *Tragelaphos*—that metaphysical beast of the schoolmen.[2] It signifies the innumerous conceited whimsies and airy, roving imaginations of man. For before we attain to

[1] Here follows Vaughan's further descriptive interpretation of the *Scholæ Magicæ Typus*.

[2] Τράγέλἄφος, *i.e.*, *Hirco-cervus*, the *Tragelaphus* of Pliny, a mythical combination of goat and stag. What follows in the text of Vaughan is an excellent account of the universal medium—or astral light—of all the mental follies.

the truth we are subject to a thousand fancies, fictions and apprehensions, which we falsely suppose and many times publicly propose for the truth itself. This fantastic region is the true, original seminary of all sects and their dissensions. Hence came the despairing sceptic, the loose epicure, the hypocritical stoic and the atheous peripatetic; hence also their several digladiations about Nature—whether the First Matter be fire, air, earth or water, or a fry of imaginary atoms, all which are false and fabulous suppositions. If we look on religion and the diversities thereof, whence proceeded the present heresies and schisms but from the different erroneous apprehensions of men? Indeed whiles we follow our own fancies and build on bottomless, unsettled imaginations we must needs wander and grope in the dark, like those that are blindfolded. On the contrary, if we lay the line to our thoughts and examine them by experience, we are in the way to be infallible, for we take hold of that rule which God hath proposed for our direction. In vain hath He made Nature if we dwell on our own conceptions and make no use of her principles. It were a happy necessity if our thoughts could not vary from her ways. But certainly for us to think that we can find truth by mere contemplation without experience[1] is as great a madness as if a man should shut his eyes from the sun and then believe he can travel directly from London to Grand Cairo by fancying himself in the right way, without the assistance of the light. It is true that no man enters the Magical School but he wanders first in this region of chimæras, for the inquiries which we make before we attain to experimental truths are most of

[1] This is not less true in deep things of the spiritual order than in those which are external and physical. It is for this reason that the common counsels of contemplation, but especially those imported and modern processes which have become familiar among us, are found to and can lead nowhere. There is, however, the contemplation of St Thomas Aquinas, which—he says—is love, that "continual contemplation of an absent beauty," mentioned by Saint-Martin, until the day comes when its living presence abides within us.

them erroneous. Howsoever, we should be so rational and patient in our disquisitions as not imperiously to obtrude and force them upon the world before we are able to verify them.

I ever approved that regular and solid speech of Basil Valentine :[1] "Be advised, therefore, my wrangler, and seek with thine own eyes, even thy very hand, that first foundation which Nature holds hidden within her: so only shalt thou be able to reason with judgment wisely and build upon the impregnable rock. Apart from this thou must remain a vacant and fantastic trifler, whose argument in the absence of experience shall be rooted in sand alone. On the other hand, the man who would teach me anything by rhetorical figures and trifles should know that he can in no wise satisfy me with empty words, for it is indispensable that proof drawn from the fact of experience be also at hand." And in another place: "I value not the trifler who speaks otherwise than from his proper experience, for his discourse has the same foundation as the judgment of a blind man about colours."[2] Questionless, all this was the breath of a true philosopher—one that studied not the names but the natures of things. I oppose it as battery to the schoolmen : if they will needs muster their syllogisms, I expect also they should confirm their noise by their experience.

Within this fantastic circle stands a Lamp, and it typifies the Light of Nature. This is the Secret Candle of God, which He hath tinned in the elements : it burns and is not seen, for it shines in a dark place.

[1] *Disce igitur, Disputator mi, et inquire primum fundamentum ipsis oculis et manu, quod Natura secum fert absconditum. Sic demum prudenter et cum judicio de rebus disserere, et supra inexpugnabilem petram ædificare poteris. Sine hoc autem vanus et phantasticus nugator manebis, cujus sermones absque ullâ experientiâ supra arenam solum fundati sunt. Qui autem sermocinationibus suis et nugis me aliquid docere vult, is me verbis tantum nudis non pascat, sed experientiæ factum documentum simul sit præsto oportet, sine quo non teneor verbis locum dare, fidemque iis adhibere.*

[2] *Nugatorem haud moror qui non per experientiam proprium loquitur. Nam ejus sermones perinde fundati sunt ac cæci judicium de coloribus.*

Lumen de Lumine

Every natural body is a kind of black lantern ; it carries this Candle within it, but the light appears not : it is eclipsed with the grossness of the matter. The effects of this Light are apparent in all things ; but the light itself is denied, or else not followed. The great world hath the sun for his life and candle ; according to the absence and presence of this fire all things in the world flourish or wither. We know by experience—and this in our own bodies—that as long as life lasts there is a continual coction, a certain seething or boiling within us. This makes us sweat and expire in perpetual defluxions at the pores ; and if we lay our hands to our skin we can feel our own heat, which must needs proceed from an enclosed fire or light. All vegetables grow and augment themselves ; they put forth their fruits and flowers, which could not be if some heat did not stir up and alter the matter. We see, moreover, that in vegetables this light is sometimes discovered to the eye, as it appears in rotten wood, where the star-fire shines after night.[1] As for minerals, their first matter is coagulated by this fiery spirit and altered from one complexion to another, to which may be added this truth for manifestation : if the mineral principles be artificially dissolved—that their fire and spirit may be at liberty—even metals themselves may be made vegetable. This fire or light is nowhere to be found in such abundance and purity as in that subject which the Arabians call *Halicali*, from *Hali = Summum* and *Calop = Bonum* ; but the Latin authors corruptly write it *Sal Alkali*. This substance is the catholic receptacle of spirits. It is blessed and impregnated with light from above and was therefore styled by the magicians "a Sealed House, full of light and divinity."[2]

[1] Very curious is the intellectual fantasy which describes the phosphorescence of decaying vegetable matter as the Secret Candle of God and laments that its light is not followed. I think that the Light of Nature in the middle place of *Scholæ Magicæ Typus* had another and higher meaning.

[2] It is obvious that this is not true of *Sal alkali*, but it is not to be thought that in using this name the alchemists meant what ordinary

But to proceed in the exposition of our type: not far from this Lamp you may observe the Angel or Genius of the place. In one hand he bears a sword, to keep off the contentious and unworthy; in the other a clue of thread, to lead in the humble and harmless. Under the altar lies the green dragon, or the magician's Mercury, involving in itself a treasure of gold and pearl. This is neither dream nor fancy, but a known, demonstrable, practical truth. The treasure is there to be found, infinitely rich and real. Indeed we must confess it is enchanted and that by the very art and magic of the Almighty God. It can neither be seen nor felt, but the cabinet that holds it is every day under our feet. On this treasure sits a little child, with this inscription: Except to one of these little ones. It tells us how they should be qualified who desire to be admitted to this place. They must be innocent and very humble—not impudent, proud ranters nor covetous, uncharitable misers. They must be affable, not contentious; they must love the truth and—to speak in a homely phrase—they must also, like children and fools, speak the truth. In a word, they must be as our Saviour Himself hath said—"like one of these little ones."

This is the sum of that magical emblem which Thalia communicated to me in the mineral region. More I cannot say of it, for I was not trusted with more in relation to a public and popular use. I will now proceed to a discovery of some other mysteries which I received from her—and those such as are not commonly sought after. The basis of them all is the visible, tangible quintessence,[1]

chemistry signifies thereby, and they were not concealing their real subject more completely than Thomas Vaughan or his authorities under the denomination of Halicali. The Hermetic lexicons give the following meanings, s.v. *Sal alkali*: (1) The Magistery of the Wise, understood as the basis of all bodies; (2) Oil of Philosophers; (3) Salt of Wisdom. Pernety warns his readers against preparations of common sodium and Basil Valentine against those of plants, which is a dead salt.

[1] Vaughan is here using a term of the alchemists which he has condemned previously: see p. 25. Moreover, his "first created unity" cannot be a quintessence in any rational use of words.

or the first created unity, out of which the physical tetractys[1] did spring. I shall speak of them not in a cast, artificial discourse and method, but in their own natural, harmonical order, and first of all of the First Matter.

III.—The First Matter

When I seriously consider the system or fabric of this world I find it to be a certain series, a link or chain which is extended from unconditioned to unconditioned,[2] from that which is beneath all apprehension to that which is above all apprehension. That which is beneath all degrees of sense is a certain horrible, inexpressible darkness. The magicians call it active darkness,[3] and the effect of it in Nature is cold, etc. For darkness is the visage of cold—the complexion, body and matrix of cold—as light is the face, principle and fountain of heat. That which is above all degree of intelligence is a certain infinite, inaccessible fire or light. Dionysius calls it Divine Darkness,[4] because it is invisible and incomprehensible. The Jew styles it *Ayin*[5]—but in a relative sense or, as the schoolmen express it, "in respect of us."[6] In plain terms, it is unveiled Deity apart from all vesture.[7] The middle substance or chain between these two is that which we commonly call Nature. This is the *Scala* of the great Chaldee which doth reach from the subternatural darkness to the supernatural fire.[8] These middle natures came out of a certain water, which was the sperm or First

[1] The physical *tetractys* signifies the four elements, and these meant many things for Vaughan and his precursors.

[2] *A non gradu ad non gradum.* My rendering must stand at its value. It may be called alchemical, a translation which is not a translation.

[3] *Tenebræ activæ.*

[4] *Caligo Divina*—about which compare *ante*, p. 214, s.v. *Nihil Divinum.*

[5] See *ante*, p. 216. Vaughan gives the Hebrew, of which his printers made nonsense and he sought to rectify in the list of *errata*, but they made bad worse. The word is אין.

[6] *Quo ad nos.*

[7] *Deitas nuda, sine indumento.*

[8] *A Tartaro ad primum ignem.*

Matter of the great world. And now we will begin to describe it: Let him receive who can.[1]

It is in plain terms "dissolved and flowing water,"[2] or rather it is something melted,[3] that is a solution of earth, a certain plasticity of earth,[4] an exceedingly soft, moist, fusible, flowing earth — an earth of wax that is capable of all forms and impressions. It is Son of the Earth, mixed with Water,[5] and—to speak as the nature of the thing requires—mixed earth and marriage of earth.[6] The learned alchemist defines it as divine and living silver, an union of spirit in matter.[7] It is a divine, animated mass, of complexion somewhat like silver, the union of masculine and feminine spirits, the quintessence of four, the ternary of two and the tetract of one.[8] These are his generations, physical and metaphysical. The thing itself is a world without form, neither mere power nor perfect action, but a weak virgin substance, a certain soft, prolific Venus, the very love and seed, the mixture and moisture of heaven and earth. This moisture is the mother of all things in the world; and the masculine, sulphureous fire of the earth is their father. Now the Jews—who without controversy were the wisest of nations—when they discourse of the generation of metals tell us it is performed in this manner. The Mercury or mineral liquor—say they—is altogether cold and passive, and it lies in certain earthy, subterraneous caverns.[9] But when

[1] *Capiat qui capere potest.*

[2] Χῦτὸν και Ρῦτὸν ὕδωρ.

[3] Ἡ χυτὴ.

[4] Γαῖα χυματώδης, καὶ τὸ χεισέται της γῆς.

[5] *Terræ Filius aquâ mixtus.* Ὑδραμένος γηγενέτης.

[6] Γεωμῖγὴς, και γῆς γᾶμος.

[7] Θεῖον ἀργύριον ζωτικὸν, ἔνωσις τῶν πνευματῶν εν σῶμα.

[8] Compare what is said in a certain short appendix to the TWELVE KEYS of Basil Valentine: "The Stone is composed of one, two, three, four and five, being (5) the quintessence of its proper substance, (4) the four elements, (3) the three principles of all things, (2) the dual mercurial substance, and (1) that first essence produced from the primal *Fiat.*

[9] According to AESH MEZAREPH, which is the only purely Jewish and Kabalistic tract on alchemy with which I am acquainted, Mercury is the foundation of all Nature and the art of metals. A particular Mercury is, however, required for the work, and it is called "a Fountain of Living Water." There is nothing in the extant fragments of this tract which

the sun ascends in the East his beams and heat, falling on this hemisphere, stir up and fortify the inward heat of the earth. Thus we see in winter weather that the outward heat of the sun excites the inward, natural warmth of our bodies and cherisheth the blood when it is almost cold and frozen. Now then, the central heat of the earth, being stirred and seconded by the circumferential heat of the sun, works upon the Mercury and sublimes it in a thin vapour to the top of its cell or cavern. But towards night, when the sun sets in the West, the heat of the earth—because of the absence of that great luminary—grows weak and the cold prevails, so that the vapours of the Mercury, which were formerly sublimed, are now condensed and distil in drops to the bottom of their cavern. But the night being spent, the sun again comes about to the East and sublimes the moisture as formerly. This sublimation and condensation continue so long till the Mercury takes up the subtle, sulphureous parts of the earth and is incorporated therewith, so that this sulphur coagulates the Mercury and fixes him at last, that he will not sublime but lies still in a ponderous lump and is concocted to a perfect metal.

Take notice then that our Mercury cannot be coagulated without our sulphur, for "the Dragon dieth not apart from his fellow."[1] It is water that dissolves and putrefies earth, and earth that thickens and putrefies water. You must therefore take two principles to produce a third agent, according to that dark receipt of Hali the Arabian. "Take"—saith he—"the Corascene dog and the bitch of Armenia. Put them both together and they will bring thee a sky-coloured whelp."[2] This sky-coloured whelp is that sovereign, admired and famous

corresponds to the statement in the text, so that Vaughan drew from another source which I am not able to identify.

[1] *Draco non moritur sine suo compare.*

[2] *Accipe canem masculum Corascenum et catellam Armeniæ: conjunge, et parient tibi catulum coloris cœli.* The Armenian dog sometimes stands for Sulphur, or the male seed of the Stone.—Pernety.

Mercury known by the name of the philosopher's Mercury. Now, for my part, I advise thee to take two living Mercuries; plant them in a purified, mineral Saturn; wash them and feed them with water of salt vegetable; and thou shalt see that speech of the Adeptus verified: "The mother shall bring forth a budding flower, which she will nurture at her own milky breast and, being helped by the father, will turn herself into food for it utterly."[1] But the process or receipt is no part of my design, wherefore I will return to the First Matter; and I say it is no kind of water whatsoever. Reader, if it be thy desire to attain to the truth, rely upon my words, for I speak the truth, and I am no deceiver. The mother or First Matter of metals is a certain watery substance, neither very water nor very earth, but a third thing compounded of both and retaining the complexion of neither. To this agrees the learned Valentine in his apposite and genuine description of our sperm. "The First Matter"—saith he—"is a waterish substance found dry, or of such a complexion that wets not the hand—and nothing like to any other matter whatsoever"[2] Another excellent and well-experienced philosopher defines it thus. "It is"—saith he—"an earthy water and a watery earth, mingled with earth in the belly of the earth; and the spirit and influences of heaven commix themselves therewith."[3] Indeed it cannot be denied but some authors have named this substance by the names of all ordinary waters, not to deceive the simple but to hide it from the ranting, ill-disposed crew. On the contrary, some have expressly and faithfully informed us it is no common water, and especially the reverend *Turba*. "The ignorant"—saith Agadmon—"when they hear us name water, think it is

[1] *Mater florem germinalem, quem ubero suo viscoso nutriet, et se totam ei in cibum vertet, fovente patre.*

[2] *Materia prima est aquosa substantia, sicca repeta et nulli materiæ comparabilis.*

[3] *Est terrena aqua et aquosa terra, in terræ ventre terra commixta, cum qua se commiscet spiritus et cœlestis influxus.*

water of the clouds ; but if they understood our books they should know it to be a permanent or fixed water which, without its companion—to which it hath been united —cannot be permanent."[1] The noble and knowing Sendivogius tells us the very same thing : "Our water is a heavenly water, which wets not the hand, not that of the common man but almost, or as it were, pluvial."[2] We must therefore consider the several analogies and similitudes of things, or we shall never be able to understand the philosophers.

This Water then wets not the hand, which is notion enough to persuade us it can be no common water. It is a metalline, bitter, saltish liquor. It hath a true mineral complexion. "It hath"—saith Raymund Lully—"the likeness of the sun and moon, and in such water it hath appeared to us, not in spring or rain water."[3] But in another place he describes it more fully. "It is a dry water, not water of the clouds or phlegmatic water, but a choleric water, more hot than fire."[4] It is, moreover, greenish to the sight, and the same Lully tells you so. "It looks"—saith he—"like a green lizard."[5] But the most prevalent colour in it is a certain inexpressible azure, like the body of heaven in a clear day. It looks in truth like the belly of a snake, especially near the neck, where the scales have a deep blue tincture ; and this is why the philosophers called it their serpent and their dragon. The predominant element in it is a certain fiery, subtle earth, and from this prevalent part the best philosophers have denominated the whole compound. Paracelsus names it

[1] *Ignari cum audiunt nomen aquæ putant aquam nubis esse, quod si libros nostros intelligerent, scirent esse aquam permanentem, quæ absque suo compari cum quo facta est unum permanens esse non possit.*

[2] *Aqua nostra est aqua cœlestis, non madefaciens manus, non vulgi, sed fere pluvialis.*

[3] *Habet speciem solis et lunæ, et in tali aquâ nobis apparuit, non in aquâ fontis aut pluviæ.*

[4] *Aqua sicca, non aqua nubis aut phlegmatica, sed aqua cholerica, igne calidior.*

[5] *Habet colorem lacertæ viridis.*

openly but in one place, and he calls it *viscum terræ*, the slime or viscous part of the earth.[1] Raymund Lully describeth the crisis or constitution of it in these words: "The substance of our Stone"—saith he—"is altogether fat or viscous and impregnated with fire"[2]—in which respect he calls it elsewhere "not water but earth." "Take our earth"—saith he—"which is impregnated or with child by the sun; for it is our precious Stone which is found in desolate houses, and there is shut up in it a great secret and a treasure enchanted."[3] And again, in a certain place, he delivers himself thus: "My son"—saith he—"the First Matter is a subtle, sulphureous earth, and this noble earth is called the mercurial subject."[4] Know then for certain that this slimy, moist sperm or earth must be dissolved into water, and this is the Water of the Philosophers—not any common water whatsoever. This is the grand secret of the Art, and Lully discovers it with a great deal of honesty and charity. "Our Mercury"—saith he—"is not common Mercury or quicksilver. But our Mercury is a water which cannot be found on earth, for it is not made or manifested by the ordinary course of Nature, but by the art and manual operations of man."[5] Seek not then for that in Nature which is an effect beyond her ordinary process. You must help her, that she may exceed her common course, or all is to no purpose. In a

[1] See DE NATURALIBUS AQUIS, *Lib.* iii: *De Viscosis Aquis*; but there is nothing to the purpose of alchemy and nothing corresponding to Vaughan's thesis.

[2] *Substantia lapidis nostri est tota pinguis, et igne impregnata.*

[3] *Capias terram nostram impregnatam a sole, quia lapis est honoratus, repertus in hospitiis desertis, et est intus inclusum velut magnum secretum et thesaurus incantatus.*

[4] *Prima materia, Filii, est terra subtilis sulphurea, et hæc nobilis terra dictum est subjectum mercuriale.*

[5] *Argentum vivum nostrum non est argentum vivum vulgare: imo argentum vivum nostrum est aqua alterius naturæ, quæ reperiri non potest supra terram, cum in actionem venire non possit per naturam, absque adjutorio ingenii et humanarum manuum operationibus.* This is an important statement; but after what manner does that which is not found on earth and is not brought into activity by Nature become subject to the hands of man and to his skill?

word, you must make this water before you can find it. In the interim you must permit the philosophers to call their subject or chaos a water, for there is no proper name for it—unless we call it a sperm, which is a watery substance but certainly no water. Let it suffice that you are not cheated, for they tell you what it is and what it is not, which is all that man can do. If I ask you by what name you call the sperm of a chick you will tell me it is the white of an egg, and truly so is the shell as well as the sperm that is within it. But if you call it earth or water, you know well enough it is neither ; and yet you cannot find a third name. Judge then as you would be judged, for this is the very case of the philosophers. Certainly you must be very unreasonable if you expect that language from men which God hath not given them.[1]

Now that we may confirm this our theory and discourse of the sperm not only by experience but by reason, it is necessary that we consider the qualities and temperament of the sperm. It is then a slimy, slippery, diffusive moisture. But if we consider any perfect products, they are firm, compacted, figurated bodies ; and hence it follows they must be made of something that is not firm, not compacted, not figurated, but a weak, quivering, altering substance. Questionless thus it must be, unless we make the sperm to be of the same complexion with the body ; and then it must follow that generation is no alteration. Again, it is evident to all the world that nothing is so passive as moisture. The least heat turns water to a vapour and the least cold turns that vapour to water. Now let us consider what degree of heat it is that acts in all generations, for by the agent we may guess at the

[1] The argument is of course stultifying. Vaughan could not describe an egg accurately because he was not acquainted with its real constituents. The incapacity was through want of knowledge, since acquired, not because the question was ineffable. And so in metaphysical subjects language is always given to the clear thinker but fails with him who is confused. That which cannot be communicated is the living nature of an experience to those who have not shared it.

nature of the patient. We know the sun is so remote from us that the heat of it—as daily experience tells us—is very faint and remiss. I desire then to know what subject is there in all Nature that can be altered with such a weak heat but moisture? Certainly none at all; for all hard bodies—as salts, stones and metals—preserve and retain their complexions in the most violent, excessive fires. How then can we expect they should be altered by a gentle and almost insensible warmth? It is plain then—and that by infallible inference from the proportion and power of the agent—that moisture must needs be the patient. For that degree of heat which Nature makes use of in her generations is so remiss and weak it is impossible for it to alter anything but what is moist and waterish. This truth appears in the animal family, where we know well enough the sperms are moist. Indeed in vegetables the seeds are dry, but then Nature generates nothing out of them till they are first macerated or moistened with water. And here, my Peripatetic, thou art quite gone and with thee thy pure potency,[1] that fanatic chaos of the son of Nichomachus.

But I must advise my chemists to beware of any common moisture, for that will never be altered otherwise than to a vapour. See therefore that thy moisture be well tempered with earth; otherwise thou hast nothing to dissolve and nothing to coagulate. Remember the practice and magic of Almighty God in His creation, as it is manifested to thee by Moses. "In the beginning"—saith he—"God created heaven and earth."[2] But the original—if it be truly and rationally rendered—speaks thus: "In the beginning God mingled or tempered together the thin and the thick."[3] For heaven and earth

[1] *Pura potentia.*

[2] *In principio creavit Deus cœlum et terram.* Vaughan uses the Vulgate.

[3] The supposed emendation is foolish, supposing that it were admissible—as it is certainly not. The words heaven and earth—*cœlum et terra*—of themselves denote tenuity and spissitude, so that we are carried no further by reading: *In principio Deus miscuit rarum et densum.*

in this text—as we have told you in our ANIMA MAGICA—signify the Virgin Mercury and the Virgin Sulphur. This I will prove out of the text itself, and that by the vulgar, received translation, which runs thus: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the abyss. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." In the first part of this text Moses mentions two created principles—not a perfect world, as we shall prove hereafter—and this he doth in these general terms, heaven and earth. In the latter part of it he describes each of these principles in more particular terms, and he begins with the earth. "And the earth"—saith he—"was without form and void." Hence I infer that the earth he speaks of was a mere rudiment or principle of this earth which I now see; for this present earth is neither void nor without form. I conclude then that the Mosaical earth was the Virgin Sulphur, which is an earth without form, for it hath no determinated figure. It is a laxative, unstable, incomposed substance, of a porous, empty *crasis*, like sponge or soot. In a word, I have seen it, but it is impossible to describe it.[1] After this he proceeds to the description of his heaven or second principle in these subsequent words: "And darkness was upon the face of the abyss. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Here he calls that an abyss and waters which he formerly called heaven.[2] It was indeed the heavenly moisture or water of the chaos, out of which

[1] It is desirable to note that Vaughan testifies to having seen something—probably in one of his chemical experiments—which he believed was the Mosaical Earth, or one of the three principles. The fact that he cannot describe it proves that he was ignorant of its constitution and had therefore no warrant for the claim which he prefers concerning it. I hold to his perfect sincerity, but he was mistaken—doubtless like many others before him.

[2] Nothing of the kind follows from the first words of GENESIS, according to which original creation consisted of (1) heaven, (2) earth, (3) water. Vaughan's identification of heaven and water arises in the fact that the first sentence of Genesis specifies the creation of two things, while the second sentence introduces a third.

the separated heaven or habitation of the stars was afterwards made. This is clear out of the original, for המים = *Hamaim* and השמים = *Hashamaim* are the same words, like *Aqua* and *Ibi Aqua*, and they signify one and the same substance, namely, water. The text then being rendered according to the primitive natural truth and the undoubted sense of the author speaks thus : "In the beginning"—or, according to the Jerusalem Targum, *in wisdom*—"God made the water and the earth. And the earth was without form and void ; and there was darkness upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Here you should observe that God created two principles, earth and water, and of these two He compounded a third, namely, the sperm or chaos.[1] Upon the water—or moist part of this sperm—the Spirit of God did move ; and—saith the Scripture—"there was darkness upon the face of the deep." This is a very great secret ; neither is it lawful to publish it expressly and as the nature of the thing requires ; but in the magical work it is to be seen, and I have been an eye-witness of it myself.[2]

To conclude : remember that our subject is no common water, but a thick, slimy, fat earth. This earth must be dissolved into water and that water must be coagulated again into earth. This is done by a certain natural agent which the philosophers call their Secret Fire. For if you work with common fire it will dry your sperm and bring it to an unprofitable red dust, of the colour of wild poppy. Their Fire then is the Key of the Art, for it is a natural agent but acts not naturally without the sun. I must confess it is a knotty mystery ; but we shall make it plain,

[1] This does not follow from the text. The chaos was a state of the earth originally, not a thing made separately. It is said simply that "the earth was without form and void."

[2] Vaughan saw the primeval water as well as the primeval earth. Fortunately he does not add that he saw the chaos as something separate from these. As to the third principle, being that which is called Salt figuratively, he does not claim a similar experience.

if you be not very dim and dull. It requires indeed a quick, clear apprehension ; and therefore, Readers : Snuff your candles.

IV.—The Philosophical Fire

Fire—notwithstanding the diversities of it in this sublunary kitchen of the elements—is but one thing from one root. The effects of it are various, according to the distance and nature of the subject wherein it resides, for that makes it vital or violent. It sleeps in most things—as in flints, where it is silent and invisible. It is a kind of *perdue*, lies close like a spider in the cabinet of his web, to surprise all that comes within his lines. He never appears without his prey in his foot. Where he finds aught that's combustible there he discovers himself; for if we speak properly, he is not generated but manifested. Some men are of opinion that he breeds nothing but devours all things and is therefore called "as it were, inbreeding fire."[1] This is a grammatical whim, for there is nothing in the world generated without fire. What a fine philosopher then was Aristotle, who tells us this agent breeds nothing but his *pryausta*—a certain fly which he found in his candle but could never be seen afterwards.[2] Indeed too much heat burns and destroys ; and if we descend to other natures, too much water drowns, too much earth buries and chokes the seed, that it cannot come up. And verily at this rate there is nothing in the world that generates. What an owl was he then that could not distinguish, with all his logic, between excess and measure, between violent and vital degrees of heat, but concluded the fire did breed nothing because it consumed something. But let the mule pass, for so Plato called him, and let us prosecute our Secret Fire. This

[1] *Ignis quasi ingignens—ingignens* being used in the opposite sense to *gignens.*

[2] Πῦραύστης means any fly which burns its wings in lamp or candle and so perishes.

Fire is at the root and about the root—I mean, about the centre—of all things, both visible and invisible. It is in water, earth and air ; it is in minerals, herbs and beasts ; it is in men, stars and angels. But originally it is in God Himself, for He is the Fountain of heat and fire, and from Him it is derived to the rest of the creatures in a certain stream or sunshine. Now the magicians afford us but two notions whereby we may know their fire. It is—as they describe it—moist and invisible. Hence have they called it the horse's belly and horse-dung[1]—a moist heat but no fire that is visible. Now let us compare the common Vulcan with this philosophical Vesta, that we may see wherein they are different. First of all, the philosopher's Fire is moist, and truly so is that of the kitchen too. We see that flames contract and extend themselves ; now they are short, now they are long, which cannot be without moisture to maintain the flux and continuity of their parts. I know Aristotle makes the fire to be simply dry, perhaps because the effects of it are so. He did not indeed consider that in all complexions there are other qualities besides the predominant one. Sure then this dry stuff is that element of his wherein he found his *pyrausta*. But if our natural fire were simply dry the flames of it could not flow and diffuse themselves as they do : they would rather fall to dust or turn, like their fuel, to ashes.

But that I may return to my former discourse : I say the common fire is excessively hot, but moist in a far inferior degree, and therefore destructive—for it preys on the moisture of other things. On the contrary, the warmth and moisture of the magical agent are equal ; the one temperates and satisfies the other. It is a humid,

[1] *Venter equi* and *Fimus equinus* are familiar symbols of the moderated heat which developed the potencies within the alchemical substances. These were the way of life and its nourishment, while the work of a violent fire was the way of death. There are analogies in the spiritual world, notwithstanding consuming ardours and fiery soliloquies of the soul with God.

tepid fire or—as we commonly express ourselves—blood-warm. This is their first and greatest difference in relation to our desired effect : we will now consider their second. The kitchen fire—as we all know—is visible but the philosopher's fire is invisible, and therefore no kitchen fire. This Almadir[1] expressly tells us in these words : "Our work"—saith he—"can be performed by nothing but by the invisible beams of our fire." And again : "Our fire is a corrosive fire which brings a cloud about our glass or vessel, in which cloud the beams of our fire are hidden."[2] To be short : the philosophers call this agent their bath, because it is moist as baths are ; but in very truth it is no kind of bath—neither of the sea nor of dew,[3] but a most subtle fire and purely natural ; but the excitation of it is artificial. This excitation or preparation—as I have told thee in my *Cœlum Terræ*—is a very trivial, slight, ridiculous thing. Nevertheless all the secrets of corruption and generation are therein contained. Lastly, I think it just to inform thee that many authors have falsely described this fire and that of purpose, to seduce their readers. For my own part I have neither added nor diminished. Thou hast here the true, entire secret, in which all the easterns agree — Alfid, Almadir, Belen, Gieberim, Hali, Salmanazar and Zadich, with the three famous Jews, Abraham, Artephius and Kalid.[4] If thou dost not by this

[1] Vaughan had access to some exceedingly rare texts. As in a previous case, I am unable to report anything concerning Almadir. He is not in the Byzantine, Arabic or Syriac collections ; he is not included among the Wise Masters of the Turba or mentioned in the developments therefrom, nor is there a word concerning him in du Fresnoy's Bibliography.

[2] *Ignis noster corrosivus est ignis, qui supra nostrum vas nubem obducit, in qua nube radii hujus ignis occulti sunt.*

[3] The *Balneum Maris* and *Balneum Roris* are prescribed frequently in the texts, the former more especially.

[4] I am unable to identify Alfid or Belen, but the latter must be distinguished from Albert Belin, to whom is attributed a French Hermetic romance entitled AVANTURES DU PHILOSOPHE INCONNU, published in 1646. Gieberim is of course Geber ; Salmanazar or Salmanar, an Arab, wrote four treatises ; Zadich or Zadith was the author of AURELIA OCCULTA. With the others we have made acquaintance previously.

time apprehend it thou art past my care, for I may tell thee no more of it : I may only teach thee how to use it.

Take our two Serpents,[1] which are to be found everywhere on the face of the earth. They are a living male and a living female. Tie them both in a love-knot and shut them up in the Arabian *Caraha*.[2] This is thy first labour, but thy next is more difficult. Thou must encamp against them with the fire of Nature, and be sure thou dost bring thy line round about. Circle them in and stop all avenues, that they find no relief. Continue this siege patiently ; and they will turn to an ugly, shabby, venomous, black toad, which will be transformed to a horrible devouring Dragon—creeping and weltering in the bottom of her cave, without wings. Touch her not by any means, not so much as with thy hands, for there is not upon earth such a violent, transcendent poison. As thou hast begun so proceed, and this Dragon will turn to a Swan, but more white than the hovering virgin snow when it is not yet sullied with the earth. Henceforth I will allow thee to fortify thy fire till the Phœnix appears. It is a red bird of a most deep colour, with a shining, fiery hue. Feed this bird with the fire of his father and the ether of his mother ; for the first is meat, the second is drink, and without this last he attains not to his full glory. Be sure to understand this secret, for fire feeds not well unless it be first fed. It is of itself dry and choleric ; but a proper moisture tempers it, gives it a heavenly complexion and brings it to the desired exaltation. Feed thy bird then as I have told thee, and he will move in his nest and rise like a star of the firmament. Do this and thou hast placed Nature "within the horizon of eternity."[3] Thou hast performed that command of the Kabalist : "Unite the end to the beginning, like a flame to a coal ; for God"—

[1] Compare the twin Serpents on the Caduceus.
[2] I do not find this word in the lexicons or in the Arabian alchemists.
[3] *In horizonte æternitatis.*

saith he—"is superlatively one and He hath no second."[1] Consider then what you seek: you seek an indissoluble, miraculous, transmuting, uniting union; but such a tie cannot be without the First Unity. "To create"—saith one—"and transmute essentially and naturally, or without any violence, is the only proper office of the first Power, the first Wisdom and the first Love."[2] Without this love the elements will never be married; they will never inwardly and essentially unite, which is the end and perfection of magic. Study then to understand this, and when thou hast performed I will allow thee that test of the *Mekkubalim*: "Thou hast understood in wisdom, and thou hast been wise in understanding; thou hast established this subject upon the pure elements thereof, and thou hast posited the Creator on His throne."[3]

For a close to this section, I say it is impossible to generate in the patient without a vital, generating agent. This agent is the philosophical fire, a certain moist, heavenly, invisible heat. But let us hear Raymund Lully describe it:[4] "When we say the Stone is generated by fire, men neither see, neither do they believe there is any other fire but the common fire, nor

[1] *Fige finem in principio, sicut flammam prunæ conjunctam, quia Dominus superlative unus et non tenet secundum.*

[2] *Creare enim atque intrinsecus transmutare absque violentiâ, munus est proprium duntaxat Primæ Potentiæ, Primæ Sapientiæ, Primi Amoris.*

[3] *Intellexisti in sapientiam et sapuisti in intelligentia; statuisti rem super puritates suas, et Creatorem in Throno Suo collocasti.*

[4] *Quando dicimus quod lapis per ignem generatur, non vident alium ignem, nec alium ignem credunt, nisi ignem communem; nec aliud Sulphur, nec aliud argentum vivum, nisi sit vulgare. Ideo manent decepti per eorum cæcas estimationes, inferentes quod causa sumus suæ deceptionis et quod dedimus illis intelligere rem unam pro aliâ. Sed non est verum salvâ eorum pace, sicut probabimus per illa quæ philosophi posuerunt in scriptis. Solem enim appellamus ignem, et vicarium suum vocamus calorem naturalem. Nam illud quod agit calor solis in mineris metallorum per mille annos, ipse calor naturalis facit in una hora supra terram. Nos vero et multi alii vocamus eum Filium Solis, nam primo per solis influentiam fuit generatus per naturam, sive adjutorium scientiæ, vel artis.*

any other Sulphur and Mercury but the common Sulphur and Mercury. Thus are they deceived by their own opinions, saying that we are the cause of their error, having made them to mistake one thing for another. But—by their leave—it is not so, as we shall prove by the doctrine of the philosophers. For we call the sun a fire and the natural heat we call his substitute or deputy. For that which the heat of the sun performs in a thousand years in the mines, the heat of Nature performs it above the earth in one hour. But we and many other philosophers have called this heat the Child of the Sun, for at first it was generated naturally by the influence of the sun without the help of our Art or knowledge." Thus Lully: but one thing I must tell thee and be sure, Reader, thou dost remember it. This very natural heat must be applied in the just degree and not too much fortified; for the sun itself doth not generate but burn and scorch where it is too hot. "If thou shalt work with too strong a fire"—saith the same Lully—"the propriety of our spirit, which is indifferent as yet to life or death, will separate itself from the body, and the soul will depart to the region of her own sphere."[1] Take therefore along with thee this short but wholesome advice of the same author: "My son"—saith he—"let the heavenly power or agent be such in the place of generation or mutation that it may alter the spermatic humidity from its earthly complexion to a most fine, transparent form or species."[2]

See here now the solution of the slimy, fat earth to a transparent, glorious Mercury. This Mercury, Gentlemen, is the water which we look after—but not any common water whatsoever. There is nothing now behind

[1] *Si cum igne magno operatus fueris proprietas nostri spiritus, quæ inter vitam et mortem participat, separabit se et anima recedet in regionem sphæræ suæ.*

[2] *Facias ergo, Fili, quod in loco generationis aut conversionis sit talis potentia cœlestis quæ possit transformare humidum ex natura terrestri, in formam et speciem transparentem et finissimam.*

but that which the philosophers call the Secret of the Art,[1] a thing that was never published and without which you will never perform, though you know both fire and matter.[2] An instance hereof we have in Flamel, who knew the Matter well enough and had both fire and furnace painted to him by Abraham the Jew; but notwithstanding he erred for three years because he knew not the third secret.[3] Henry Madathan, a most noble philosopher, practised upon the subject for five years together but knew not the right method and therefore found nothing. At last—saith he—"after the sixth year I was entrusted with the Key of Power by secret revelation from the Almighty God."[4] This Key of Power or third secret was never put to paper by any philosopher whatsoever. Paracelsus indeed hath touched upon it, but so obscurely it is no more to the purpose than if he had said nothing.

And now I suppose I have done enough for the discovery and regimen of the Fire. If you think it too little, it is much more than any one author hath performed. Search it then, for he that finds this Fire will attain to the true temperament; he will make a noble, deserving philosopher and—to speak in the phrase of our Spaniard —"he shall be worthy to take a seat at the table of the twelve peers."[5]

V.—The River of Pearl[6]

It is a decomposed substance, extreme heavy and moist but wets not the hand. It shines after night like a star

[1] *Secretum Artis.*

[2] A statement of this kind is common in alchemical books, though it is not always put so plainly. In such case the question arises as to the use of any such books as have been written by Vaughan and others.

[3] According to the confession of Flamel.

[4] *Post sextum annum clavis potentiæ per arcanam revelationem ab omnipotente Deo mihi concredita est.*

[5] *Dignus erit poni ad mensam duodecim parium.*

[6] The treatise of Bonus under the titles Margarita Novella, Margarita Pretiosa Novella and Introductio in Artem

and will enlighten any dark room. It is full of small eyes, sparkling like pearls or aiglets. It is the whole Demogorgon but now actually animated by manifestation of his own inward light. The father of it is a certain inviolable mass, for the parts of it are so firmly united you can neither pound them into dust nor separate them by violence of fire. This is the Stone of the Philosophers. "It is compassed about"—saith one—"with darkness, clouds and blackness. It dwells in the inmost bowels of the earth. But when he is born he is clothed with a certain green mantle and sprinkled over with a certain moisture. He is not properly generated by any natural thing, but he is eternal and the father of all things."[1] This description is very true and apposite but enigmatical: howsoever, forget not the green mantle. This is that substance which Gieberim-Eben-Haen—or, as the rabble writes him, Geber—calls "the Stone known in high places"[2]—a very subtle expression, but if well examined it is the key to his whole book and to the writings of the old philosophers in general. But let us return to our River of Pearl, and—for our further information—let us hear it described by a most excellent *adeptus*, and that in the very act of flowing forth,[3] before the full moon appears. Here we have portrayed unto us the whole philosophical laboratory, furnace, fire and matter, with the mysterious germinations thereof. But because the terms are difficult and not to be understood by any but such as have seen the thing itself I will for the reader's benefit—I cannot say, satisfaction—put them into English.

DIVINAM ALCHIMIÆ is of consequence in Hermetic literature, but the pearl as an alchemical symbol occurs rarely. It was attributed to the vernal dew as distinguished from that of autumn, the varieties being regarded as female and male respectively.

[1] *Qui ab omni parte circumdatus est tenebris, nebulis, caligine. Habitat in mediis terræ visceribus, qui ubi natus fuerit vestitur quodam viridi pallio, humiditate quadam aspersus et non prognatus ab aliquo, sed æternus et parens omnium rerum.*

[2] *Lapis in capitulis notus.*

[3] Ἐξάνθησις.

Lumen de Lumine

"This is the work"[1]—saith he—"which I have sometimes seen with a singular and a most dear friend, who shewed to me certain large furnaces and those crowned with cornues of glass. The vessels were several, having—besides their tripods—their sediments or caskets, and within them was a Holy Oblation, or present dedicated to the Ternary. But why should I any longer conceal so divine a thing? Within this fabric was a certain mass moving circularly, or driven round about, and representing the very figure of the great world. For here the earth was to be seen standing of itself in the midst of all, compassed about with most clear waters, rising up to several hillocks and craggy rocks, and bearing many sorts of fruit—as if it had been watered with showers from the moist air. It seemed also to be very fruitful for wine, oil and milk, with all kinds of precious stones and metals. The waters themselves—like those of the sea—were full of a certain transparent salt, now white, now red, then yellow and purpled, and—as it were—chamletted with various colours, which did swell up to the face of the waters. All these things were actuated or

[1] *Hoc opus est quod mihi aliquando ob oculis posuit unicus exechedistes magnas quippe fornaces, atque vitro easdem varico redimitas ostendens. Vasa erant singula, in suis sedilibus habentia sedimenta atque interius dispari dicatum, sacrumque munus. Quid vero rem tam Divinam celem diutius? Erat intus circumacta moles quædam, mundi præ se ferens imaginem ipsissimi. Quippe ibi terra videbatur in medio omnium consistens, aquisque circumfusa limpidissimis, in varios colles, salebrosasuque rupes assurgebat, fructum ferens multiplicem, tanquam humentis aeris imbribus irrigua. Vini etiam videbatur et olei et lactis atque pretiosorum omne genus lapidum et metallorum esse apprime ferax. Tum aquæ ipsæ instar æquoris, sale quodam pellucido, albo interdum, interdum quoque rubeo et fulvo et rubro, multisque præterea variegato coloribus inlitæ, inque superficiem ipsam æstuabant. Igne autem hæc omnia suo sed impercepto quidem, atque æthereo movebantur. Id vero unum præ cæteris incredibilem me rapiebat in admirationem. Rem hæc tam multa unicam, tam diversa, tamque in suo genere integra singula, parvo etiam imbecillique adminiculo producere. Quo facto paulatim robustiore, redirent tandem atque coalescerent in unum omnia, confidenter asseverabat. Hic equidem observavi fusilis illam salis speciem nihil ab aphrolitho degenerantem, atque argentum illud vivum cui Mercurii nomen ab hujusce disciplinæ priscis authoribus inditum est, illam ipsam referens Lullianam Lunariam, adversa scandens aqua, noctuque relucens atque interdiu glutinandi præditum facultate.*

stirred with their own appropriate fire, but in very truth imperceptible and ethereal. But one thing above the rest forced me to an incredible admiration—namely, that so many things, such diverse and in their kind such perfect particulars should proceed from one only thing, and that with very small assistance, which being furthered and strengthened by degrees, the Artist faithfully affirmed to me that all those diversities would settle at last to one body. Here I observed that fusil kind of salt to be nothing different from a pumice-stone, and that quick-silver which the ancient authors of this Art called Mercury to be the same with Lully's *Lunaria*,[1] whose water gets up against the fire of Nature and shines by night, but by day hath a glutinous, viscous faculty."

This is the sense of our learned *Adeptus*, and for his analogy of the Philosophic Salt and a pumice-stone it cannot be well conceived without the light of experience. It is then a porous, hollow, froth-like, spongious salt. The consistency of it is pumice-like, and neither hard nor opaceous. It is a thin, slippery, oily substance, in appearance like mouth-glue but much more clear. Sometimes it looks like rosials and rubies. Sometimes it is violet blue, sometimes white as lilies and again more green than grass, but with a smaragdine transparency; and sometimes it looks like burnished gold and silver. The River of Pearl hath her name from it, for there it stands like the sperm of frogs in common water. Sometimes it will move, and swim to the face of his bath in thin leaves like wafers, but with a thousand miraculous colours. This is enough and too much, for I hold it not my duty to insist upon secrets which are so far from the reader's inquiry that I dare say they are beyond his expectation.

[1] *Lunaria* is the plant moon-wort, the sap of which is said to have been used in love-potions, but *Succus Lunariæ* was also a name of Sophic Mercury, as we see by the text above. The Moon is another symbolical term for the same substance, but Eirenæus Philalethes called it the herb of Saturn.

VI.—The Ether, or the Air of Paradise[1]

Hitherto I have discoursed of the First Matter and the Fire of Nature—terms indeed commonly known but the things signified are seldom understood. I shall now descend to more abstruse, particular principles, things of that secrecy and subtlety they are not so much as thought of, much less inquired after. The common chemist dreams of gold and transmutations, most noble and heavenly effects, but the means whereby he would encompass them are worm-eaten, dusty, musty papers. His study and his noddle are stuffed with old receipts; he can tell us a hundred stories of brimstone and quicksilver, with many miraculous legends of arsenic and antimony, *sal gemmæ*, *sal prunæ*, *sal petræ*[2] and other stupendous alkalies, as he loves to call them. With such strange notions and charms does he amaze and silence his auditors, as bats are killed with thunder at the ear. Indeed if this noise will carry it, let him alone: he can want no artillery. But if you bring him to the field and force him to his polemics, if you demand his reason and reject his recipe, you have laid him as flat as a flounder. A rational, methodical dispute will undo him, for he studies not the whole body of philosophy. A receipt he would find in an old box or an old book, as if the knowledge of God and Nature were a thing of chance, not of reason. This idle humour hath not only surprised the common, illiterate broiler, where in truth

[1] A poetic figure on the part of Vaughan himself. When air is used symbolically by alchemists it is supposed to signify water coagulated by fire. On the other hand, the alchemical matter in a state of putrefaction—understood as a stage of the work—is called Breath or Wind, though the latter name is assigned by Raymund Lully to the Sulphur contained in Mercury. So also White Wind is called Mercury, Red Wind is Red Orpiment and Wind from the East is a name of the Stone itself.

[2] According to the lexicons *Sal gemmæ* is Hungarian Salt—called otherwise *Sal Nominis*; *Sal prunæ* seems to be unknown among them; and *Sal petræ* does not signify more than its name implies, being ordinary saltpetre.

there is some necessity for it, but even great doctors and physicians. Bate me the imposthume of their titles and their learning is not considerable. Hence it comes to pass that so many men are undone in the prosecution of this Art. They are so wedded to old scribblings they will not submit them to their judgment but presently bring them to the fire. Certainly they believe such ridiculous impossibilities that even brute beasts—if they could speak—would reprove them. Sometimes they mistake their own excrement for that Matter out of which heaven and earth were made. Hence they drudge and labour in urine and such filthy, dirty stuff which is not fit to be named. But when all comes to all and their custard fails them, they quit their filthiness but not their error. They think of something that's more tractable and dream perhaps that God made the world of egg-shells or flint-stones. Truly these opinions proceed not only from simple people but from doctors forsooth and philosophers. It is therefore my design to discover some excellences of this art and make it appear to the student that what is glorious is withal difficult. This, I suppose, may remove that blind, sluggish credulity which prevents all ingenious disquisitions and causes men perhaps to exercise that reason which God hath given them for discoveries. I shall not dwell long on any one particular : I am drawing off the stage in all haste and returning to my first solitudes. My discourse shall be very short and—like the echo's last syllables—imperfect. I intend it only for hint and suggestion to the reader : it is no full light but a glance, and he must improve it to his better satisfaction.

We are now to speak of the ether of the little world,[1] which is the very same in nature and substance with the outward ether of the great world. That you may the better understand what it is we will examine the notion before we state the thing. Aristotle in his book *De*

[1] Perhaps understood as the spirit within man.

Mundo derives this word from "ever in movement,"[1] because the heavens are in perpetual motion. This is a general irregular whimsy, for the stars also—as well as the ether—move perpetually. The sea is subject to a continual flux and reflux and the blood of all animals to a restless unwearied pulse. The more ancient philosophers—whose books this enemy burnt—derived it from ἄινθω = *ardeo* = I burn, but especially Anaxagoras, who was better acquainted with heaven than Aristotle, as it appears by his miraculous prediction and the opinion he had of that place, namely, that it was his country and that he was to return thither after death.[2] Indeed this last etymology comes near the nature of the thing, for it is a healing, cherishing spirit; but in its genuine complexion it burns not. I cannot then approve of this latter derivation, no more than of the former. I rather believe that ether is a compound of ἀεὶ = always, and θέρω = I become hot, this substance being called æther from its effect and office, as that which is ever growing hot. Supposing this to be the true interpretation, let us now see whether it relates more strictly and properly to this principle than to any other nature whatsoever. The ether is a moist, thin, liquid substance, and the region of it is above the stars, in the circumference of the Divine Light.[3] This is the true and famous empyrean,[4] which receives the influent heat of God, and conveys it to the visible heaven and all the inferior creatures. It is a pure essence, a thing not tainted with any material contagion—in which sense it is styled of Pythagoras "the free ether,"[5] "because"—saith Reuchlin—"it is freed from the prison of the matter, and being preserved in its liberty it is warm

[1] *A semper currendo.*

[2] There is a curious inconsequence in this reasoning, as if an etymology can be justified by an opinion on the locality of disembodied souls.

[3] Vaughan opens this section by saying that he intends to handle deep things, apparently the question of an identity between the ether in the cosmos and that of *minutum mundum*; but he forgets the latter entirely.

[4] Ἐμπυραίον.

[5] ἐλεύθερος αἰθηρ.

with the fire of God and by an insensible motion heats all the inferior natures."[1] In a word—because of its purity—it is placed next to that Divine Fire which the Jews call *Lumen Vestimenti*,[2] the Light of the Vestment, and it is the very first receptacle of the influences and derivations of the supernatural world—which sufficiently confirms our etymology.

In the beginning it was generated by reflection of the First Unity upon the celestial cube, for the bright emanations of God did flow like a stream into the passive fount,[3] and in this analogy the Samian styles Him the Fountain of perpetual Nature.[4] You shall understand that the ether is not one but manifold, and the reasons of it we shall give you hereafter. By this I mind not a variety of substances but a chain of complexions. There are other moistures, and those too ethereal. They are females also of the masculine Divine Fire, and these are the fountains of the Chaldee, which the oracle styles "fountain heights,"[5] the invisible upper springs of Nature. Of all substances that come to our hands, the ether is the first that brings us news of another world and tells us we live in a corrupt place. Sendivogius calls it the urine of Saturn, and with this did he water his lunar and solar plants. "Out of my sea"—said the Jew—"do the clouds rise up which bear the blessed waters, and these irrigate the lands and bring forth herbs and flowers."[6] In a word, this moisture is animated with a vegetable, blessed, divine fire, which made one describe the mystery thus: "Out of Nature is it made, and out of the Divine in like manner: it is truly Divine, because—conjoined with Divinity—it produces

[1] *Quoniam a materiæ potentiâ segregatus et præservatus in libertate calescit Dei ardore ac insensibili motu inferiora calefacit.*

[2] According to the ZOHAR, this is also the Robe of Glory in which *Neshamah*, the higher soul, will be clothed in its highest state.

[3] Πηγὴ.

[4] *Fontem perpetuæ Naturæ.*

[5] *Summitates fontanes.*

[6] *Ex mari meo oriuntur nebulæ, quæ ferunt aquas benedictas, et ipsæ irrigant terras et educunt herbas et flores.*

Divine substances."[1] To conclude: the ether is to be found in the lower spring or fountain,[2] namely, in that substance which the Arabians call "the flower of white salt."[3] It is indeed born of salt, for salt is the root of it, and it is found withal "in certain saltish places."[4] The best discovery of it is this: the philosophers call it their Mineral Tree, for it grows as all vegetables do, and hath leaves and fruits in the very hour of its nativity. This is enough; and now I pass to another principle.

VII.—The Heavenly Luna[5]

This *Luna* is the Moon of the Mine, a very strange, stupefying substance. It is not simple but mixed. The ether and a subtle white earth are its components, and this makes it grosser than the æther itself. It appears in the form of an exceeding white oil but is in very truth a certain vegetant, flowing, smooth, soft salt, &c.

VIII.—The Star-Soul

This is the true Star of the Sun,[6] the Animal Spiritual Sun. It is compounded of the ether and a bloody, fiery, spirited earth. It appears in a gummy consistency but with a fierce, hot, glowing complexion. It is substantially a certain purple, animated, divine Salt, &c.

[1] *Ex Natura et ex Divino factum est. Divinum enim est, quia cum Divinitate conjunctum Divinas Substantias facit.*

[2] Πηγὴ.

[3] *Flos salis albi.* Rulandus says that *Flos salis* is the Greek *Alasanthos.*

[4] *In locis salsosis.*

[5] In a general sense Luna in alchemical symbolism is *argentum*, *i.e.*, silver, but it stands also for philosophical or sophic Mercury, as we have seen already. Pernety distinguishes the Hermetic Moon as (*a*) Mercurial Water and (*b*) the same substance united with its Sulphur and arrived at the white grade—after passing through that of blackness or putrefaction. The Heavenly Luna of Vaughan seems to represent his understanding of sophic Mercury.

[6] *Astrum solis.*

IX.—The Prester of Zoroaster[1]

It is a miracle to consider how the earth, which is a body of inexpressible weight and heaviness, can be supported in the air, a fleeting, yielding substance, and through which even froth and feathers will sink and make their way. I hope there is no man so mad as to think it is poised there by some geometrical knack, for that were artificial; but the work of God is vital and natural. Certainly if the animation of the world be denied there must needs follow a precipitation of this element by its own corpulency and gravity. We see that our own bodies are supported by that essence by which they are actuated and animated; but when that essence leaves them they fall to the ground, till the spirit returns at the resurrection. I conclude then that the earth hath in her a fire-soul that bears her up, as the spirit of man bears up. To this agrees Raymund Lully in the seventy-sixth chapter of his *Theoria*. "The whole earth"—saith he—"is full of intelligence, inclined to the discipline or operation of Nature, which intelligence is moved by the Superior Nature, so that the inferior intelligence is like to the Superior."[2] This spirit or intelligence is the Prester,[3] a notion of the admirable Zoroaster, as I find him rendered by Julian the Chaldean. It comes from $\pi\rho\acute{\eta}\theta\omega = uro$, I burn, and signifies lightning, or a certain burning *Turbo*,[4] or whirlwind. But in the sense of our Chaldee it is the fire-spirit of life. It is an influence of the Almighty God, and it comes from the Land of the

[1] Πρηστὴρ is that which burns and inflames. It was the name of a poisonous serpent, whose sting caused thirst and fever. It signified also a fiery whirlwind and a pillar of fire. The Oracles speak of a formless fire, an abyss of flame and its brilliance, of an intellectual fire, to which all things are subservient and from which all things have issued.

[2] *Tota terra plena est intelligentia, ad operationem Naturæ inclinata, quæ intelligentia movetur a Natura Superiore, ita quod Natura intellectiva inferior assimilatur Naturæ Superiori.*

[3] *Prester* is the Latin form.

[4] See Hederici Lexicon, *s.v.* πρηστὴρ.

Living Ones,[1] namely the Second Person, whom the Kabalists style the Supernatural East. For as the natural light of the sun is first manifested to us in the East, so the Supernatural Light was first manifested in the Second Person, for He is *Principium Alterationis*,[2] the Beginning of the Ways of God, or the First Manifestation of His Father's Light in the Supernatural Generation. From this Land of the Living comes all life or spirit,[3] according to that position of the *Mekkubalim*: "Every good soul is a new soul coming from the East"[4]—that is, from חכמה = *Chokmah*, or the Second *Sephira*, which is the Son of God.

Now for the better understanding of this descent of the soul we must refer ourselves to another *placet* of the Kabalists, and this is it: "The souls"—say they—"descend from the Third Light to the fourth day, thence to the fifth, whence they pass out and enter the night of the body."[5] To understand this maxim you must know there are three Supreme Lights or *Sephiroth*, which the Kabalist calls "one throne, wherein sits the Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts."[6] This Third Light from whence the souls descend is בינה = *Binah*, the last of the Three *Sephiroth*, and it signifies the Holy Ghost.[7] Now that you may know in what sense this descent proceeds from that Blessed Spirit I will somewhat enlarge my dis-

[1] *Terra viventium.* There is the Earth of Life in Kabalism, and this is now *Binah* and again *Malkuth.*

[2] The reference is presumably to *Chokmah*, the second *Sephira*, which is sometimes incorrectly referred by Christian Kabalists to the Second Person of the Divine Trinity. The Divine Son of Kabalism is extended from *Daath.*

[3] *Terra Viventium.*

[4] *Omnis anima bona est anima nova veniens ab Oriente.*—No. 41 in the CONCLUSIONES KABALISTICÆ of Picus.

[5] *Animæ a tertio lumine ad quartam diem, inde ad quintam descendunt: inde exeuntes corporis noctem subintrant.*—CONCLUSIONES KABALISTICÆ, No. 8.

[6] *Sedes una, in quâ sedet Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth.*

[7] *Binah* is the place of Shekinah in the transcendence. See my SECRET DOCTRINE IN ISRAEL, pp. 216 *et seq.*, for the Sephirotic allocation of the Holy Spirit according to the Zohar.

course, for the Kabalists are very obscure on the point. "To breathe"—say the Jews—"is the property of the Holy Ghost."[1] Now we read that God breathed into Adam the breath of life, and he became a living soul.[2] Here you must understand that the Third Person is the last of the Three, not that there is any inequality in them but it is so in the order of operation, for He applies first to the creature and therefore works last. The meaning of it is this. The Holy Ghost could not breathe a soul into Adam but He must either receive it or have it of Himself. Now the truth is He receives it, and what He receives that He breathes into Nature.[3] Hence this Most Holy Spirit is styled by the Kabalists "the River flowing forth from Paradise," because He breathes as a river streams.[4] He is also called Mother of sons,[5] because by this breathing He is, as it were, delivered of those souls which have been conceived ideally in the Second Person.[6] Now that the Holy Ghost receives all things from the Second Person is confirmed by Christ Himself: "When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will shew you things to come. He shall glorify me: for He shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that He shall take of mine."[7] Here we plainly see that there is a certain subsequent order or method in the operations in the Blessed Trinity, for Christ tells us that He receives from His Father and the Holy Ghost receives

[1] *Spirare Spiritus Sancti proprium est.* [2] GENESIS, ii, 7.

[3] He receives and gives eternally and infinitely because of the super-incession between the Divine Persons, according to the high doctrine of transcendental theology.

[4] *Fluvius egrediens a Paradiso.*

[5] *Mater filiorum.* I do not know whence this title is drawn, but it is probably from a Kabalistic text and refers to Shekinah.

[6] None of the theosophical systems from which Vaughan derives was guilty of this irrational mixture of sex offices in dealing with sex symbolism.

[7] ST JOHN, xvi, 13.

from Him. Again, that all things are conceived ideally or—as we commonly express it—created by the Second Person is confirmed by the word of God. "The world was made by Him"—saith the Scripture—"and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."[1] This may suffice for such as love the truth ; and as for that which the Kabalist speaks of the fourth and fifth days it suits not with my present design, and therefore I must waive it. It is clear then that the Land of the Living, or the Eternal Fire-Earth, buds and sprouts, hath her fiery spiritual flowers, which we call souls, as this natural earth hath her natural vegetables. In this mysterious sense is the Prester defined in the Oracles as "the flower of thin fire."[2]

But that we may come at last to the thing intended, I think it not amiss to instruct you by this manuduction. You know that no artificer can build but the earth must be the foundation to his building, for without this groundwork his brick and mortar cannot stand. In the creation, when God did build, there was no such place to build upon. I ask then : where did He rest His matter and upon what ? Certainly He built and founded Nature upon His own supernatural centre. He is in her and through her, and with His Eternal Spirit doth He support heaven and earth—as our bodies are supported with our spirits.[3] This is confirmed by that oracle of the apostle : "He bears up all things with the word of His power."[4] From this power is He justly styled "the infinitely powerful and the all-powerful power-making power."[5] I say then that Fire and Spirit are the pillars of Nature, the props on which her whole fabric rests and without which it could not stand one minute. This Fire or Prester is the Throne of the Quintessential Light, from

[1] ST JOHN, i, 10, 11.

[2] *Λεπτοῦ πυρὸς ἄνθος.*

[3] The doctrine of Divine Immanence is here enunciated in its fulness within the limits of a sentence.

[4] *Omnia portat verbo virtutis suæ.*

[5] *Ἀπειροδύναμος καὶ παντοδύνἄμος δυναμοποιὸς δύνἄμις.*

whence He dilates Himself to generation, as we see in the effusion of the sunbeams in the great world. In this dilatation of the light consists the joy or pleasure of the passive spirit and in its contraction his melancholy or sorrow. We see in the great body of Nature that in turbulent weather, when the sun is shut up and clouded, the air is thick and dull and our own spirits—by secret compassion with the spirit of the air—are dull too. On the contrary, in clear, strong sunshine the air is quick and thin, and the spirit of all animals are of the same rarefied, active temper. It is plain then that our joys and sorrows proceed from the dilatation and contraction of our inward quintessential light. This is apparent in despairing lovers, who are subject to a certain, violent, extraordinary panting of the heart, a timourous, trembling pulse which proceeds from the apprehension and fear of the spirit in relation to his miscarriage. Notwithstanding he desires to be dilated, as it appears by his pulse or sally, wherein he doth discharge himself; but his despair checks him again and brings him to a sudden retreat or contraction. Hence it comes to pass that we are subject to sighs, which are occasioned by the sudden pause of the spirit; for when he stops the breath stops, but when he looseth himself to an outward motion we deliver two or three breaths, that have been formerly omitted, in one long expiration: and this we call a sigh. This passion hath carried many brave men to very sad extremities. It is originally occasioned by the spirit of the mistress or affected party; for her spirit ferments or leavens the spirit of the lover, so that it desires an union as far as Nature will permit. This makes us resent even smiles and frowns, like fortunes and misfortunes. Our thoughts are never at home, according to that well-grounded observation: "The soul dwells not where she lives but where she loves."[1] We are employed in a perpetual contemplation of the absent beauty; our very joys and woes

[1] *Anima est ubi amat, non ubi animat.*

are in her power ; she can set us to what humour she will, as Campian was altered by the music of his mistress.

> When to her lute Corinna sings
> Her voice enlives the leaden strings ;
> But when of sorrows she doth speak
> Even with sighs the strings do break :
> And as her lute doth live or die,
> Led by her passions, so do I.

This and many more miraculous sympathies proceed from the attractive nature of the Prester. It is a spirit that can do wonders ; and now let us see if there be any possibility to come at him. Suppose then we should dilapidate or dis-compose some artificial building, stone by stone, there is no question but we should come at last to the earth whereupon it is founded. It is just so in magic : if we open any natural body and separate all the natural parts one from another we shall come at last to the Prester, which is the Candle and Secret Light of God.[1] We shall know the Hidden Intelligence and see that Inexpressible Face which gives the outward figure to the body. This is the syllogism we should look after, for he that has once passed the Aquaster enters the fire-world and sees what is both invisible and incredible to the common man. He shall know the secret love of heaven and earth and the sense of that deep Kabalism : "There is not an herb here below but he hath a star in heaven above ; and the star strikes him with her beam and says to him : Grow."[2] He shall know how the fire-spirit hath his root in the spiritual fire-earth and receives from it a secret influx upon which he feeds, as herbs feed on that juice and liquor which they receive at their roots from this common earth.

This is it which our Saviour tells us : "Man lives not

[1] Not, however, by any manual operation, for therein it escapes. The deep searching is after another manner, as Jacob Böhme knew.

[2] *Non est planta hic inferius cui non est stella in firmamento superius, et ferit eam stella, et dicit ei : Cresce.*

by bread alone, but by every word that comes out of the mouth of God."[1] He meant not, by ink and paper, or the dead letter: it is a mystery, and St Paul hath partly expounded it. He tells the Athenians that God made man to the end "that he should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him."[2] Here is a strange expression, you will say, that a man should feel after God or seek Him with his hands. But he goes on and tells you where he shall find Him. He is "not far" —saith he—"from every one of us: for in Him we live, and move, and have our being."[3] For the better understanding of this place I wish you to read Paracelsus his PHILOSOPHIA AD ATHENIENSES, a glorious, incomparable discourse: but you will shortly find it in English.[4] Again, he that enters the centre shall know why all influx of fire descends—against the nature of fire—and comes from heaven downwards. He shall know also why the same fire, having found a body, ascends again towards heaven and grows upwards.

To conclude: I say the grand, supreme mystery of magic is to multiply the Prester and place him in the moist, serene ether, which God hath purposely created to qualify the fire. For I would have thee know that this spirit may be so chafed—and that in the most temperate bodies—as to undo thee upon a sudden. This thou mayst guess thyself by the "thundering gold,"[5] as the chemist calls it. Place him then as God hath placed the stars, in the condensed ether of his chaos, for there he will shine—not burn; he will be vital and calm—not furious and choleric. This secret, I confess, transcends the common process, and I dare tell thee no more of it. It must remain then as a light in a dark place; but how it may be discovered do thou consider.

[1] ST MATT., iv, 4. [2] ACTS, xvii, 27. [3] *Ibid.*, xvii, 28.
[4] A new translation was included in my edition of the HERMETIC AND ALCHEMICAL WRITINGS OF PARACELSUS.
[5] Χρυσοκεραυνὸς, *id est*, *Aurum fulminans*.

X.—The Green Salt

It is a tincture of the sapphiric mine[1] and—to define it substantially—it is the air of our little invisible fire-world. It produceth two noble effects—youth and hope. Wheresoever it appears, it is an infallible sign of life—as you see in the springtime, when all things are green. The sight of it is cheerful and refreshing beyond all imagination. It comes out of the heavenly earth, for the sapphire doth spermatise and injects her tinctures into the ether, where they are carried and manifested to the eye. This sapphire is equal of herself to the whole compound, for she is threefold, or hath in her three several essences. I have seen them all—not in airy, imaginary suppositions but really, with my bodily eyes. And here we have Apollodorus his mathematical problem resolved, namely, that Pythagoras should sacrifice a hundred oxen when he found out "that the subtendent of a right angled triangle was equivalent to those parts which contained it," &c.

XI.—The Diapasm, or Magical Perfume

It is compounded of the sapphiric earth and the ether. If it be brought to its full exaltation, it will shine like the day-star in his first eastern glories. It hath a fascinating, attractive faculty, for if you expose it to the open air it will draw to it birds and beasts, &c.

XII.—The Regeneration, Ascent and Glorification[2]

I have now sufficiently and fully discovered the principles of our chaos. In the next place I will shew

[1] This figurative expression seems peculiar to Vaughan. The alchemical Sapphire signifies Mercurial Water, into which also it was supposed that the precious stone could be itself reduced.

[2] This section offers peculiar difficulties. Now it seems to speak of a physical work depending on the maintenance of an external fire, but

you how you are to use them. You must unite them to a new life, and they will be regenerated by water and the Spirit. These two are in all things. They are placed there by God Himself, according to that speech of Trismegistus: "Each thing whatsoever bears within it the seed of its own regeneration."[1] Proceed then patiently, but not manually. The work is performed by an invisible artist, for there is a secret incubation of the Spirit of God upon Nature. You must only see that the outward heat fails not, but with the subject itself you have no more to do than the mother hath with the child that is in her womb. The two former principles perform all; the Spirit makes use of the water to purge and wash his body; and he will bring it at last to a celestial, immortal constitution. Do not you think this impossible. Remember that in the incarnation of Christ Jesus the *Quaternarius* or four elements, as men call them, were united to their Eternal Unity and *Ternarius*. Three and four make seven; this Septenary is the true Sabbath, the Rest of God into which the creature shall enter. This is the best and greatest manuduction that I can give you. In a word, salvation itself is nothing else but transmutation. "Behold"—saith the apostle—"I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump."[2] God of His great mercy prepare us for it, that from hard, stubborn flints of this world we may prove chrysoliths and jaspers in the new, eternal foundations; that we may ascend from this present distressed Church, which is in captivity with her children, to the free Jerusalem from above, which is the mother of us all.

pursued without other interference on the part of the artist, so that—as Vaughan suggests elsewhere—the alchemist would not necessarily neglect his business by reading the famous ARCADIA. And now it is concerned with the mysteries of eternal salvation.

[1] *Unumquodque habet in se semen suæ regenerationis.*

[2] I CORINTHIANS, xv, 51, 52.

XIII.—The Descent and Metempsychosis

There is in the world a scribbling, ill-disposed generation : they write only to gain an opinion of knowledge, and this by amazing their readers with whimsies and fancies of their own. These commonly call themselves chemists and abuse the Great Mystery of Nature with the name and nonsense of *Lapis Chemicus*.[1] I find not one of them but hath mistaken this descent for the ascent or fermentation. I think it necessary therefore to inform the reader there is a twofold fermentation—a spiritual and a bodily one.[2] The spiritual fermentation is performed by multiplying the tinctures, which is not done with common gold and silver, for they are not tinctures but gross, compacted bodies. The gold and silver of the philosophers are a soul and spirit ; they are living ferments and principles of bodies ; but the two common metals—whether you take them in their gross composition or after a philosophical preparation—are no way pertinent to our purpose. The bodily fermentation is that which I properly call the descent ; and now we will speak of it.

When thou hast made the Stone or Magical Medicine, it is a liquid, fiery, spiritual substance—shining like the sun. In this complexion, if you would project, you could hardly find the just proportion, the virtue of the Medicine is so intensive and powerful. The philosophers therefore took one part of their Stone and did cast it upon ten parts of pure molten gold.[3] This single small grain did bring all the gold to a bloody powder ; and, on the contrary, the gross body of the gold did abate the spiritual strength of the projected grain. This descent or incorporation some wise authors have called a bodily

[1] See *ante*, Anima Magica Abscondita, p. 95.

[2] On this statement see my Introduction. Vaughan does not necessarily mean that there is a spiritual alchemy belonging to the inward nature of man and a physical alchemy or work on metals of the mine. The Spiritual Fermentation produced the Stone itself.

[3] Presumably metallic gold, as appears from the statement which follows almost immediately.

fermentation ; but the philosophers did not use common gold to make their Stone, as some scribblers have written. They used it only to qualify the intensive power of it when it is made, that they might the more easily find what quantity of base metal they should project upon.[1] By this means they reduced their Medicine to a dust, and this dust is the Arabian Elixir. This Elixir the philosophers could carry about them, but the Medicine itself not so, for it is such a subtle, moist fire there is nothing but glass that will hold it. Now for their Metempsychosis : it hath indeed occasioned many errors concerning the soul, but Pythagoras applied it only to the secret performances of magic.[2] It signifies their last transmutation, which is done with the Elixir or Qualified Medicine. Take therefore one part of it ; cast it on a millenary proportion of quicksilver, and it will be all pure gold, that shall pass the test royal without any diminution.

Now, Reader, I have done, and for a farewell I will give thee a most noble, secret, sacred truth. The chaos itself, in the very first analysis, is threefold ; the sapphire of the chaos is likewise threefold. Here thou hast six parts, which is the Pythagorical *Senarius*, or Number of the Spouse.[3] In these six the influx of the Metaphysical Unity is sole monarch and makes up the seventh number or *Sabaoth*, in which at last—by the assistance of God—the body shall rest.[4] Again, every one of these six parts is twofold, and these duplicities are contrarieties. Here then thou hast twelve—six against six in a desperate division and the unity of peace amongst them. These

[1] This is very plain sense for once, indeed to an unusual degree. The Medicine itself was not derived from metals but was applied thereto. Yet when alchemical philosophers spoke most clearly we are warned that they darkened counsel only the more effectually.

[2] The meaning is that it is not a transmigration of the spirit of man.

[3] *Numerus Conjugii.* But the number of the Eternal Spouse Who is the Christ-Spirit is eight.

[4] It is very difficult to think that Vaughan is speaking here of any physical process, or of any body except the body of man—psychic or corporeal—upon which the spirit operates from within.

duplicities consist of contrary natures : one part is good, one bad ; one corrupt, one incorrupt ; and—in the terms of Zoroaster—one rational, one irrational. These bad, corrupt, irrational seeds are the tares and sequels of the curse. Now, Reader, I have unriddled for thee the grand, mysterious problem of the Kabalist. "In the seven parts"—saith he—"there are two triplicities, and in the middle there stands one thing. Twelve stand in battle array : three friends, three foes ; three warriors make alive ; three in like manner slay. And God the Faithful King ruleth over all from the Hall of His sanctity. One upon three, and three upon seven, and seven upon twelve, and all standing in close array, one with another."[1]

This and no other is the truth of that science which I have prosecuted a long time with frequent and serious endeavours. It is my firm, decreed resolution to write no more of it ; and if any will abuse what is written, let him. He cannot so injure me but I am already satisfied : I have to my reward a light that will not leave me. "Of his fellow-traveller the sun cannot fail to be mindful."[2] I will now close up all with the doxology of a most excellent renowned Philocryphus.

To God alone be Praise and Power !
Amen in the name of Mercury, that Water
which runs without feet and
operates metallically
wheresoever it is found.[3]

[1] *Septem partibus insunt duo ternaria, et in medio stat unum. Duodecim stant in bello : tres amici, tres inimici : tres viri virificant, tres etiam occidunt : et Deus Rex Fidelis, ex suo sanctitatis atrio dominatur omnibus. Vnus super tres, et tres super septem, et septem super duodecem ; et sunt omnes stipati, alius cum alio.*

[2] *Nescit sol comitis non memor esse sui.*

[3] *Soli Deo laus et potentia. Amen in Mercurio, qui pedibus licet carens decurrit aqua, et metallice universaliter operatur.*

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES: HIS MAGICAL APHORISMS

THIS IS THE FIRST TRUTH AND THIS ALSO THE LAST

I

The Point came forth before all things: it was neither atomic nor mathematical, being a diffused point. The Monad manifested explicitly but a myriad were implied. There was light and there was darkness, beginning and the end thereof, the all and naught, being and non-being.

II

The Monad produced the Duad by self-motion, and the visages of the Second Light manifested through the Triad.

III

A simple, uncreated fire sprang forth and beneath the waters assumed the garment of manifold, created fire.

IV

It looked back on the primeval fountain and taking this as a pattern set its seal upon the lower in triadic form.

V

Unity created the one and the Trinity divided into three. It is thus that there arises the Tetrad, as the bond and link of reduction.

VI

Among things visible the water first shone forth, the feminine aspect of brooding fire and fruitful mother of figurable things.

VII

She was porous inwardly and variously clothed with skins : in her womb were interfolded heavens and inchoate stars.

VIII

The Artificer, who parts asunder, broke up the womb of the waters into spacious regions ; but when the fœtus appeared the mother vanished.

IX

This notwithstanding, the mother brought forth resplendent sons, who overran the Land of Chai.

X

These in their turn generated the mother anew : in the wood of wonder her fountain sings.

XI

This is the Steward of wisdom : let him be clerk who can.

XII

He is Father of all created things and forth from the created Son, by a living analysis of that Son, is the Father brought forth anew. Herein is the highest mystery of the generating circle : Son of the Son is He Who first was Father of the Son.

AULA LUCIS

OR THE HOUSE OF LIGHT

To My Best and Noblest Friend,
Seleucus Abantiades

What you are I need not tell you: what I am you know already. Our acquaintance began with my childhood, and now you see what you have purchased. I can partly refer my inclinations to yourself, and those only which I derive from the contemplative order; for the rest are beside your influence. I here present you with the fruits of them, that you may see my light hath water to play withal. Hence it is that I move in the sphere of generation and fall short of that test of Heraclitus: "Dry light is best soul."[1] I need not expound this to you, for you are in the centre and see it. Howsoever, you may excuse me if I prefer conceptions to fancies. I could never affect anything that was barren, for sterility and love are inconsistent. Give me a knowledge that's fertile in performances, for theories without their effects are but nothings in the dress of things. How true this is you can tell me; and if I but recite what is your own you must not therefore undervalue it, it being in some sense a sacrifice; for men have nothing to give but what they receive. Suffer me then at the present to stand your censer and exhale that incense which your own hands have put in. I dare not say here is revelation, nor can I boast with the prodigious artist you read of that I have lived three years "in the realm of light."[2] It is enough that I have light, as the King of Persia had his Bride of the Sun;[3] and truly, I think it happiness to have seen that candle lodged which our fathers judged to be wander-

[1] *Lumen sicca optima anima.*
[2] *In regione lucis.*
[3] *Sponsa Solis.*

ing light, seeking habitation.[1] But I grow absurd: I speak as if I would instruct you; and now—methinks—you ask me: Who readeth this?[2] It is I, Sir, that read the tactics here to Hannibal and teach him to break rocks with *vinacre*. I am indeed somewhat pedantic in this, but the liberty you are still pleased to allow me hath carried me beyond my cue. It is a trespass you know that's very ordinary with me and some junior colleagues. Nor can I omit those verses which you have been sometimes pleased to apply to this forwardness of mine.

> Such was the steed in Grecian poets famed,
> Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tamed;
> Such coursers bore to fight the god of Thrace
> And such, Achilles, was thy warlike race.[3]

It is my opinion, Sir, that truth cannot be urged with too much spirit, so that I have not sinned here as to the thing itself, for the danger's only in your person. I am afraid my boldness hath been such I may be thought to fall short of that reverence which I owe you. This is it indeed which I dare call a sin, and I am so far from it that it is my private wonder how I came to think it. Suffer me then to be impertinent for once and give me leave to repent of an humour which I am confident you place not amongst my faults but amongst your own indulgences.

Your humble servant,

S. N.

From Heliopolis.
1651.

[1] *Lux errans, quærens habitaculum.*

[2] *Quis legit hæc?*

[3] *Talis amyclæi domitus Pollucis habenis*
Cyllarus, et quorum Graii meminêre poetæ,
Martis equi bijuges et magni currus Achillis.
I have given Dryden's rendering in the text.

TO THE PRESENT READERS

It will be questioned perhaps by the envious to what purpose these sheets are prostituted, and especially that drug wrapped in them—the Philosopher's Stone. To these it is answered by Solomon : "There is a time to cast away stones."[1] And truly—I must confess—I cast away this Stone, for I misplace it. I contribute that to the fabric which the builders in all ages have refused. But lest I seem to act *sine proposito*, I must tell you I do it not for this generation, for they are as far from fire as the author is from smoke. Understand me if you can, for I have told you an honest truth. I write books, as the old Roman planted trees, for the glory of God and the benefit of posterity.[2] It is my design to make over my reputation to a better age, for in this I would not enjoy it, because I know not any from whom I would receive it. And here you see how ambitious I am grown ; but if you judge the humour amiss tell me not of it, lest I should laugh at you. I look indeed a step further than your lives, and if you think I may die before you I would have you know it is the way to go beyond you.

To be short : if you attempt this discourse, you do it without my advice, for it is not fitted to your fortunes. There is a white magic this book is enchanted withal : it is an adventure for Knights of the Sun, and the errants of this time may not finish it.[3] I speak this to the university

[1] Ecclesiastes, iii, 5. [2] *Posteris et diis immortalibus.*

[3] A satirical reference to the extraordinary length and prolixity of a certain romance of chivalry called Le Chevalier du Soleil : one of the editions is in eight stout volumes : and probably many errants in this kind of literature failed to finish it.

Quixotes, and to those only who are ill-disposed as well as indisciplined. There is amongst them a generation of wasps, things that will fight though never provoked. These buckle on their logic as proof, but it fares with them as with the famous Don : they mistake a basin for a helmet. For mine own part I am no reformer ; I can well enough tolerate their positions, for they do not trouble mine. What I write is no rule for them ; it is a legacy deferred to posterity ; for the future times, wearied with the vanities of the present, will perhaps seek after the truth and gladly entertain it. Thus you see what readers I have predestined for myself ; but if any present *Mastix*[1] fastens on this discourse I wish him not to traduce it, lest I should whip him for it. This is my advice, which if it be well observed, 'tis possible I may communicate more of this nature. I may stand up like a Pharus in a dark night and hold out that lamp which Philalethes[2] hath overcast with that envious phrase of the Rabbins : " Ofttimes the silence of wisdom."[3]

[1] Yet another jibe at Henry More and his criticism, as if two rejoinders at full length in the form of books had not testified adequately.

[2] A reference to Vaughan himself under his pseudonym of Eugenius Philalethes.

[3] *Sæpe sapientiæ silentium.*

AULA LUCIS

I HAVE resolved with myself to discourse of Light[1] and to deliver it over to the hands of posterity, a practice certainly very ancient and first used by those who were first wise. It was used then for charity, not for pomp, the designs of those authors having nothing in them of glory but much of benefit. It was not their intention to brag that they themselves did see but to lead those who in some sense were blind and did not see. To effect this they proceeded not as some modern barbarians do—by clamourous, malicious disputes. A calm instruction was proposed and, that being once rejected, was never afterwards urged, so different and remote a path from the schoolroom did they walk in ; and verily they might well do it, for their principles being once resisted they could not inflict a greater punishment on their adversaries than to conceal them. Had their doctrine been such as the universities profess now their silence indeed had been a virtue ; but their positions were not mere noise and notion. They were most deep experimental secrets, and those of infinite use and benefit. Such a tradition then as theirs was may wear that style of the noble Verulam and is most justly called a Tradition of the Lamp.[2] But I observe that in their delivery of mysteries they have, as in all things else, imitated Nature, who dispenseth not

[1] In alchemical symbolism the term *Lux* was applied to the powder of projection, as the light of imperfect metals ; to philosophical Mercury, when the darkness of its impurities has been separated from the whiteness of its essence ; and to red sophic Sulphur, which is accredited with a solar nature.

[2] *Traditio Lampadis.*

her light without her shadows. They have provided a veil for their art, not so much for obscurity as ornament: and yet I cannot deny that some of them have rather buried the truth than dressed it. For my own part, I shall observe a mean way, neither too obscure nor too open, but such as may serve posterity and add some splendour to the science itself.

And now, whosoever thou art that in times to come shall cast thine eyes on this book, if thou art corrupted with the common philosophy, do not presently rage and take up the pen in defiance of what is here written. It may be thou hast studied thy three questions *pro forma* and a quick disputant thou art. But hast thou concocted the whole body of philosophy? Hast thou made Nature the only business of thy life? And hast thou arrived at last to an infallible experimental knowledge? If none of these things, upon what foundation dost thou build? It is mere quacking to oppose the dead and such perhaps as thy betters durst not attempt in time of life. But as one said: that advantage breeds baseness. So some may insult because their adversary is out of the way, and tell me with that friendly stoic: "Dost thou not hear this, Amphiarus, you who are hidden under the earth?"[1]

If any such tares spring above ground, when I am under it, I have already looked upon them as an idle, contemptible bundle. I have prepared them a convenient destiny and by my present scorn annihilated their future malice. It is a better and more serious generation I would be serviceable unto, a generation that seeks Nature in the simplicity thereof and follows her not only with the tongue but with the hand. If thou art such then as this character speaks, let me advise thee not to despair. Give me leave also to affirm unto thee, and that on my soul, that the consequences and treasures of this art are such and so great that thy best and highest wishes are far short

[1] *Audisne hoc Amphiarai sub terram abdite?*—The son of Œclus was an augur who was swallowed by an earthquake.

of them. Read then with diligence what I shall write, and to thy diligence add patience, to thy patience hope ; for I tell thee neither fables nor follies.

> For thee old stores of fame and power I steal,
> And holy springs audaciously unseal.[1]

I tell thee a truth as ancient as the fundamentals of the world ; and now, lest my preface should exceed in relation to the discourse itself, which must be but short, I will quit this out-work, that I may bring thee within doors ; and here will I shew thee the throne of light and the crystalline court thereof.

Light originally had no other birth than manifestation, for it was not made but discovered. It is properly the life of every thing, and it is that which acts in all particulars ; but the communion thereof with the First Matter was celebrated by a general contract before any particulars were made.[2] The matter of itself was a passive thin substance but apt to retain light, as smoke is to retain flame. After impregnation it was condensed to a crystalline moisture, unctuous and fiery, of nature hermaphroditical, and this in a double sense, in relation to a double centre—celestial and terrestrial. From the terrestrial centre proceeded the earthly Venus, which is fiery and masculine, and the earthly Mercury, which is watery and feminine ; and these two are one against the other. From the celestial centre proceeded two living images, namely, a white and a red light ; and the white light settled in the water but the red went into the earth. Hence you may gather some infallible signs, whereby you may direct yourselves in the knowledge of the Matter and in the operation itself, when the Matter is known. For if you

[1] *Tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis*
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

[2] The mixture of notions is confusing but is not unusual in this order of speculation, or indeed in some higher orders. Discovery postulates some intelligent subject to which it is made and such subject belongs to the world of particulars, if there is any logic in terms.

have the true sperm and know withal how to prepare it—which cannot be without our secret fire—you shall find that the matter no sooner feels the philosophical heat but the white light will lift himself above the water, and there will he swim in his glorious blue vestment like the heavens.

But that I may speak something more concerning the chaos itself, I must tell you it is not rain-water nor dew, but it is a subtle mineral moisture, a water so extremely thin and spiritual, with such a transcendent, incredible brightness, there is not in all Nature any liquor like it but itself. In plain terms, it is the middle substance of the wise men's Mercury,[1] a water that is coagulable and may be hardened by a proper heat into stones and metals. Hence it was that the philosophers called it their Stone, or if it be lawful for me to reveal that which the devil out of envy would not discover to Illardus, I say they called it a Stone, to the end that no man might know what it was they called so. For there is nothing in the world so remote from the complexion of a stone,[2] for it is water and no stone. Now what water it is I have told you already, and for your better instruction I shall tell you more: it is a water made by Nature, not extracted by the hands of man. Nor is it mere water but a spermatic, viscous composition of water, earth, air and fire. All these four natures unite in one crystalline, coagulable mass, in the form or appearance of water; and therefore I told you it was a water made by Nature. But if you ask me how Nature may be said to make any such water, I shall instruct you by an example that's obvious. Earth and water are the only materials whereupon Nature works, for these two, being passive, are compassed about with the active superior bodies, namely, with the air, heaven, sun and stars. Thus do they stand

[1] Which according to the DICTIONNAIRE MYTHO-HERMÉTIQUE is manifested by the process of purification.

[2] This appears a contradiction in terms of the immediately previous statement—that the said water may be hardened into stones or metals.

in the very fire, at least under the beams and ejaculations thereof, so that the earth is subject to a continual torrefaction and the water to a continual coction. Hence it comes to pass that we are perpetually overcast with clouds, and this by a physical extraction or sublimation of water, which Nature herself distils and rains down upon the earth. Now this water, though of a different complexion from the philosopher's mineral water,[1] yet hath it many circumstances that well deserve our observation. I shall not insist long upon any: I will only give you one or two instances and then return to my subject. First of all then, you are to consider that Nature distils not beyond the body, as the chemist doth in the recipient. She draws the water up from the earth, and to the same earth doth she return it; and hence it is that she generates by circular and reasonable imbibitions. Secondly, you must observe that she prepares her moisture before she imbibes the body therewith, and that by a most admirable preparation. Her method in this point is very obvious and open to all the world, so that if men were not blind I need not much to speak of it. Her water—we see—she rarefies into clouds, and by this means doth she rack and tenter-stretch the body, so that all the parts thereof are exposed to a searching, spiritual purgatory of wind and fire. For her wind passeth quite through the clouds and cleanseth them; and when they are well cleansed then comes Nature in with her fire and fixeth it *in ente jure sapphirico*.[2]

But this is not all. There are other circumstances, which Nature useth above ground, in order to her vegetables. And now I would speak of her subterraneous preparations, in order to her minerals: but that it is not lawful for me, as it was for the poet—"To

[1] See CENTRUM CONCENTRATUM NATURÆ, under the name of Alipili, and the figurative language concerning a "dry water from the philosophers' clouds."

[2] Reproduced as printed by Vaughan. I know neither the source nor meaning of this quotation.

discover things hidden in deep earth and fire."[1] However, I shall not fail to tell thee a considerable truth, whosoever thou art that studiest this difficult science. The preparation of our animal and mineral sperm—I speak of the true preparation—is a secret upon which God hath laid His seal, and thou mayst not find it in books, for it was never entirely written. Thy best course is to consider the way of Nature, for there it may be found, but not without reiterated, deep and searching meditations. If this attempt fails thee, thou must pray for it, not that I hold it an easy or a common thing to attain to revelations, for we have none in England; but God may discover it to thee by some ordinary and mere natural means. In a word, if thou canst not attain to it in this life, yet shalt thou know it in thy own body, when thou art past knowing of it in this subject.[2] But because I will not deprive thee of those helps which I may lawfully communicate, I tell thee that our preparation is a purgation. Yet do not we purge by common, ridiculous sublimations or the more foolish filtrations, but by a secret, tangible, natural fire; and he that knows this fire, and how to wash with it, knows the key of our Art, even our hidden Saturn, and the stupendous, infernal lavatory of Nature. Much more could I say concerning this fire and the proprieties thereof, it being one of the highest mysteries of the creation, a subject questionless wherein I might be voluminous, and all the way mysterious, for it relates to the greatest effects of magic, being the first male of the Mercury and almost his mother.[3] Consider then the generation of our Mercury and how he is made, for here lies the ground of all our secrets. It is plain

[1] *Pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.*

[2] Presumably in the arch-natural body, since—*ex hypothesi*—this life has been exchanged for another. The passage is obscured by the doubtful significance of the last clause.

[3] So far as I am aware, this kind of sorry confusion in sex symbolism, of which we have had an example previously in another connection, is peculiar to Vaughan. The alchemists themselves do not confuse male with female and refer the offices or titles of one sex to another.

that outwardly we see nothing but what is gross—for example, earth, water, metals, stones and, amongst the better creatures, man himself. All these things have a lumpish, ineffectual outside, but inwardly they are full of a subtle, vital limosity, impregnated with fire ; and this Nature makes use of in generations, wherefore we call it the sperm. For instance sake, we know the body of man is not his sperm, but the sperm is a subtle extraction taken out of his body. Even so in the great world, the body or fabric itself is not the seed. It is not earth, air, fire or water ; for these four—if they were put together —would be still four bodies of different forms and complexions. The seed then, or first matter, is a certain limosity extracted from these four, for every one of them contributes from its very centre a thin, slimy substance ; and of their several slimes Nature makes the sperm by an ineffable union and mixture. This mixture and composition of slimy principles is that mass which we call the first matter. It is the minera of man, whereof God made him : in a double image did He make him in the day that he became a living soul. Hence a famous artist, speaking of the creation of Adam and alluding to the first matter, delivers himself in these terms : "From the limosity of the elements did God create Adam, namely, from the limosity of earth, water, air and fire ; and He gave unto him life from the Sun of the Holy Spirit, and from light, clarity and the light of the world."[1] Have a care then that you mistake not any specified body for the sperm : beware of quicksilver, antimony and all the metals ; and have nothing to do with aught that is extracted from metals. Beware of salts, vitriols and every minor mineral. Beware of animals and vegetables, and of everything that is particular, or takes place in the *classis* of any known species. The first matter is

[1] *Creavit Deus Adam de limositate elementorum, scilicet de limositate terræ, aquæ, aeris et ignis, et vivificavit eum a sole Sancti Spiritus, et de luce et claritate et lumine mundi.*

a miraculous substance, one of which you may affirm contraries without inconvenience. It is very weak and yet most strong; it is excessively soft and yet there is nothing so hard; it is one and all, spirit and body, fixed and volatile, male and female, visible and invisible. It is fire and burns not; it is water and wets not; it is earth that runs and air that stands still. In a word, it is Mercury, the laughter of fools and the wonder of the wise, nor hath God made anything that is like him. He is born in the world, but was extant before the world; and hence that excellent riddle which he hath somewhere proposed of himself: "I dwell"—saith he—"in the mountains and in the plains, a father before I was a son. I generated my mother, and my mother, carrying me in her womb, generated me, having no use for a nurse."[1]

This is that substance which at present is the child of the sun and moon; but originally both his parents came out of his belly. He is placed between two fires, and therefore is ever restless. He grows out of the earth as all vegetables do, and in the darkest night that is receives a light from the stars, and retains it. He is attractive at the first because of his horrible emptiness, and what he draws down is a prisoner for ever. He hath in him a thick fire, by which he captivates the thin; and he is both artist and matter to himself. In his first appearance he is neither earth nor water, neither solid nor fluid, but a substance without all form but what is universal. He is visible but of no certain colour, for chameleon-like he put on all colours, and there is nothing in the world hath the same figure with him. When he is purged from his accidents, he is a water coloured with fire, deep to the sight and—as it were—swollen; and he hath something in him that resembles a commotion. In a vapourous heat he opens his belly and discovers an azure heaven

[1] *Habito in montibus et in planitie, pater antequam filius: genui matrem meam, et mater mea—sive pater—tulit me, in matrice sua generans me, non opus habens nutrice.*

tinged with a milky light. Within this heaven he hides a little sun, a most powerful red fire, sparkling like a carbuncle, which is the red gold of the wise men. These are the treasures of our sealed fountain, and though many desire them yet none enters here but he that knows the key, and withal how to use it. In the bottom of this well lies an old dragon, stretched along and fast asleep. Awake her if you can, and make her drink; for by this means she will recover her youth and be serviceable to you for ever.[1] In a word, separate the eagle from the green lion; then clip his wings, and you have performed a miracle.[2] But these, you'll say, are blind terms, and no man knows what to make of them. True indeed, but they are such as are received from the philosophers. Howsoever, that I may deal plainly with you, the eagle is the water,[3] for it is volatile and flies up in clouds, as an eagle doth; but I speak not of any common water whatsoever. The green lion is the body, or magical earth, with which you must clip the wings of the eagle; that is to say, you must fix her, so that she may fly no more.[4] By this we understand the opening and shutting of the chaos, and

[1] Rulandus says that the Dragon devours the Mercury and dies: again it drinks the Mercury and is made alive.—LEXICON ALCHEMIÆ, *s.v. Draco.* But his explanatory account is complicated to an extraordinary degree, for the Dragon is itself Mercury, besides being Salt, Sulphur and "earth from the body of the Sun."

[2] Usually the Eagle is the volatile and the Lion is the fixed state. The combat between them is that operation by which the fixed becomes volatile.

[3] Called otherwise Mercury, understood as in a state of sublimation, or after that process has been performed.

[4] The Green Lion is understood in several senses. See J. Weidenfeld: DE SECRETIS ADEPTORUM, a sort of harmony between the chief alchemical processes. According to this author, the Green Lion signifies (1) the material sun; (2) philosophical Mercury, considered as a substance which is common to every species, is found everywhere and in all; (3) the matter of the work, when brought into a state of dissolution; (4) the same in that condition when it is called Lead of the sages; (5) the fetid menstruum of George Ripley, Geber and Raymond Lully, otherwise the Blood of the Green Lion; (6) common vitriol; (7) common Mercury sublimed with salt and vitriol, it being understood that this is not the true sophic matter.

that cannot be done without our proper key—I mean our secret fire, wherein consists the whole mystery of the preparation. Our fire then is a natural fire ; it is vapourous, subtle and piercing ; it is that which works all in all, if we look on physical digestions ; nor is there anything in the world that answers to the stomach and performs the effects thereof but this one thing. It is a substance of propriety solar and therefore sulphureous. It is prepared, as the philosophers tell us, from the old dragon,[1] and in plain terms it is the fume of Mercury—not crude but cocted. This fume utterly destroys the first form of gold, introducing a second and more noble one. By Mercury I understand not quicksilver but Saturn philosophical, which devours the Moon and keeps her always in his belly. By gold I mean our spermatic, green gold—not the adored lump, which is dead and ineffectual. It were well certainly for the students of this noble Art if they resolved on some general positions before they attempted the books of the philosophers.

For example, let them take along with them these few truths, and they will serve them for so many rules whereby they may censure and examine their authors. First, that the first matter of the Stone is the very same with the first matter of all things ; secondly, that in this matter all the essential principles or ingredients of the Elixir are already shut up by Nature, and that we must not presume to add anything to this matter but what we have formerly drawn out of it ; for the Stone excludes all extractions but what distil immediately from its own crystalline, universal minera ; thirdly and lastly, that the philosophers have their peculiar secret metals, quite different from the metals of the vulgar, for where they name Mercury they mind not quicksilver, where Saturn not lead, where Venus and Mars not copper and iron, and where *Sol* or *Luna* not gold or silver. This Stone verily is not made of common gold and silver, but it is made, as one delivers it, "of gold

[1] *Ab antiquo dracone.*

and silver that are reputed base, that stink and withal smell sweetly; of green, living gold and silver to be found everywhere but known of very few."[1] Away then with those mountebanks who tell you of antimony, salts, vitriols, marcasites, or any mineral whatsoever. Away also with such authors as prescribe or practise upon any of these bodies. You may be sure they were mere cheats and did write only to gain an opinion of knowledge. There are indeed some uncharitable but knowing Christians who stick not to lead the blind out of his way. These are full of elaborate, studied deceits, and one of them who pretends to the Spirit of God hath at the same mouth vented a slippery spirit, namely, that the Stone cannot be opened through all the grounds—as he calls them—under seven years.[2] Truly I am of opinion that he never knew the Stone in this natural world; but how well acquainted he was with the tinctures in the spiritual world I will not determine. I must confess many brave and sublime truths have fallen from his pen; but when he descends from his inspirations and stoops to a physical practice, he is quite beside the butt.

I have ever admired the royal Geber, whose religion—if you question—I can produce it in these few words:[3] "The sublime, blessed and glorious God of natures." This is the title and the style he always bestows upon God, and it is enough to prove him no atheist. He, I say, hath so freely and in truth so plainly discussed this secret that had he not mixed his many impertinences with it he had directly prostituted the mysteries. What I speak is apparent to all knowing artists, and hence it is that most masters have so honoured this Arabian that in their books

[1] *Ex auro et argento vilibus, fœtentibus simul et suaveolentibus, virentibus, animatis, ubique repertis, sed admodum quam paucis cognitis.*

[2] The times of the work are many and many figures are named as the cost thereof. The reference of Vaughan is to Jacob Böhme. Khunrath fixed the cost at thirty thalers, not including the personal expenses of the operator during the time of the process.

[3] *Sublimis naturarum Deus benedictus et gloriosus.*

he is commonly called *Magister Magistrorum*. We are indeed more beholden to this prince—who did not know Christ—than to many professed Christians, for they have not only concealed the truth but they have published falsities and mere inconsistencies therewith. They have studiously and of mere purpose deceived the world, without any respect of their credit or conscience. It is a great question who was most envious, the devil in his *Recipe*[1] to our Oxford doctor or Arnoldus in his *Accipe*[2] to the King of Arragon. I know well enough what that gentleman *de Villa Nova* prescribes, and I know withal his instructions are so difficult that Count Trevor,[3] when he was adept *suo modo*, could not understand them. For he hath written most egregious nonsense, and this by endeavouring to confute greater mysteries than he did apprehend. Now, if any man thinks me too bold for censuring so great an artist as Arnoldus was, I am not so empty but I can reason for myself. I charge him not with want of knowledge but want of charity—a point wherein even the possessors of the Philosopher's Stone are commonly poor. I speak this because I pity the distractions of our modern alchemists, though Philalethes laughs in his sleeve and, like a young colt, kicks at that name.

For my own part I advise no man to attempt this Art without a master,[4] for though you know the Matter yet are you far short of the Medicine. This is a truth you

[1] A marginal note of Vaughan says that "this receipt was extant in Bodley's archives."

[2] The reference is to PERFECTUM MAGISTERIUM *et Gaudium Magistri Arnoldi de Villa Nova*, otherwise FLOS FLORUM, which claims to have been transmitted by him *ad inclytum Regem Aregonum.* The direction in question begins *Accipe cupri lb. i et fiat ex eo limatura munda.* It is a long and elaborate process.

[3] That is, Bernard Trevisan, author of DE CHIMICO MIRACULO and of several other tracts, supposing that they are properly ascribed.

[4] A very common recommendation on the part of alchemists, but the long life-story of Comte de la Marche Trevisan is an instructive commentary thereon, and it pretends that he reached his term when he let alone the search after masters but had recourse to a comparative study of the literature and to meditation.

may be confident of, and if you will not believe my text, take it upon Raymund Lully's experience. He knew the Matter, it being the first thing his master taught him. Then he practised upon it, in his own phrase, after many and multifarious modes,[1] but all to no purpose. He had the Cabinet but not the Key. At last he found himself to be—what many doctors are,—a confident quack, a broiler and nothing more—as it appears by his subsequent confession. "The Masters assure us in their goodness that the Great Work is one of solution and congelation, the same being performed by the circulatory way; but through ignorance hereupon many who were sound in scholarship have been deceived regarding the mastery. In their excess of confidence they assumed themselves to be proficients in the form and mode of circulation, and it is not our intent to conceal that we ourselves were of those who were stricken in this respect. With such presumption and temerity we took our understanding of this science for granted, yet we grasped it in no wise, till we came to be taught of the spirit by the mediation of Master Arnold de Villa Nova, who effectually imparted it unto us out of his great bounty."[2]

Thus he; and now I shall advise the chemist to set a watch at his lips because of some invisible gentlemen that overhear. I myself have known some men to affirm they had seen and done such things which God and Nature cannot do, according to the present laws of creation. But had my young friend Eugenius Philalethes been present he had laughed without mercy. Take heed then

[1] *Multifarie multisque modis.*

[2] *Eleganter dixerunt philosophi quod opus magnum non est nisi solutio et congelatio, sed ista fiunt per viam circulorum, quorum ignorantiâ plures magnates in literatura decepti fuerunt in magisterio, credentes notabiliter cum confidentiâ se intelligere formam et modum circulandi, ex quibus nos fuisse unum lethaliter vulneratum celare non intendimus. Cum sola enim presumptione et temeritate scientiæ hujus naturam firmiter nos intelligere credebamus, sed nullo modo intellexímus, donec tempus adfuit in quo spiritus nos docuit, non immediate sed mediate per Magistrum Arnoldum de Villa Nova, qui largitate sua immensa reficienter in nos inspiravit.*

what you say, lest you make sport for the wise, for they are something like the immortals :

"Laughter unquenchable arose among the blessed gods."[1]

Many men there are who think it ordinary to be instructed in these secrets, but in this they are confidently mistaken. He must be a known, true friend, a friend of years, not of days ; not a complimental thing, whose action is all hypocrite ; not a severe dissembler, who gives thee fair words but—if once tried—his heart is so far from his promises that, like a fly in a box, it is scarce a part of his body. Raymund Lully hath in a certain place delivered himself handsomely in relation to the practice, and this for his friend's sake. But how rigid then was he *in scriptis*. His disciple—if he could understand him—was to be accountable to him in the use of the mystery ; and therefore he tells him plainly that he did it "by way of loan only, looking for restitution at the judgment day."[2] We must not expect then to be instructed because we are acquainted, and verily acquaintance with such persons is a thing not common. In ordinary favours it is supposed that men should deserve them before they receive them ; but in this thing—which is a benefit incomparable—it falls out otherwise. We look for present discoveries ; we believe the philosophers will teach us and in plain terms tell us all their Art ; but we know not wherefore they should be so kind unto us. Such impudent hopes have no more reason in them than if I should spend a compliment on a rich gentleman and then expect he should make me his heir in lieu of my phrase, and so pass his estate upon me. This is very absurd, but nothing more common ; though I know there is another sort of well-wishers, but they are most miserable, for they cast about to fool those men whom they know to be wiser than themselves. But in this

[1] Ἄσβεστος δ' ἄρ ἐνωρτο γέλως μακάρεσσι θεοίσιν.—OD. viii, 325.
[2] *Mutuo tantum, et sub restitutione coram judice generali.*

point the philosophers need no instructions; they can act many parts, and he that plots to over-reach them takes a course to break before he sets up. It remains then that we bestow our attempts on their books, and here we must consider the two universal natures, light and matter.

Matter—as I have formerly intimated—is the house of light. Here he dwells and builds for himself, and, to speak truth, he takes up his lodging in sight of all the world.[1] When he first enters it, it is a glorious, transparent room, a crystal castle, and he lives like a familiar in diamonds. He hath then the liberty to look out at the windows; his love is all in his sight: I mean that liquid Venus which lures him in; but this continues not very long.[2] He is busy—as all lovers are—labours for a more close union, insinuates and conveys himself into the very substance of his love, so that his heat and action stir up her moist essences, by whose means he becomes an absolute prisoner. For at last the earth grows over him[3] out of the water, so that he is quite shut up in darkness; and this is the secret of the eternal God, which He hath been pleased to reveal to some of His servants, though mortal man was never worthy of it.[4] I wish it were lawful for me to enlarge myself in this point for religion's sake, but it is not safe nor convenient that all ears should hear even the mysteries of religion. This leprous earth—for such it is, if it be not purged—is the toad that eats up the eagle, or spirit, of which there is frequent mention in the philosopher's books. In this

[1] I am reminded of "the Soul that rises with us, our life's Star," which "had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar."

[2] "Shades of the prison-house begin to close."

[3] "At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

[4] It is not alone that in "a crust of bread" we may find the matter and spirit of "all the stars and all the heavens," but that it is possible also to realise within such matter, and behind that spirit, the *secretum inexprimabile* which is very God of very God, while that which is the grand secret of the crust, after another manner and in a wider measure, is the hidden treasure, the pearl beyond price of our manhood, awaiting the discovery of each.

earth also have many of the wise men seated that tincture which we commonly call darkness. Truly they may as well bestow it on the water or the air, for it appears not in any one element but either in all four or else in two, and this last was that which deceived them. Now, the water hath no blackness at all but a majestic, large clarity. The earth likewise, in her own nature, is a glorious crystallised body, bright as the heavens. The air also excels both these in complexion, for he hath in him a most strange, inexpressible whiteness and serenity. As for the fire it is outwardly red and shining—like a jacinth—but inwardly in the spirit white as milk.

Now, if we put all these substances together, though purged and celified, yet when they stir and work for generation the black colour overspreads them all—and such a black—so deep and horrid—that no common darkness can be compared unto it. I desire to know then whence this tincture ariseth, for the root of every other colour is known. It is to be observed that in the separation of the elements this blackness appears not anywhere but in that element which is under the fire; and this only whiles you are drawing out the fire—for the fire being separated the body is white. It is plain then that darkness belongs to the fire, for in truth fire is the manal of it; and this is one of the greatest mysteries, both in Divinity and philosophy.[1] But those that would rightly understand it should first learn the difference between fire and light.

Trismegistus, in his vision of the creation, did first see a pleasing, gladsome light, but interminated. Afterwards appeared a horrible sad darkness, and this moved downwards, descending from the eye of the light; as if a cloud should come from the sun. This darkness—saith he—was condensed into a certain water, but not without a mournful, inexpressible voice or sound, as the vapours

[1] Because of "the Divine Darkness which is behind all manifested Divine Light."

of the elements are resolved by thunder. After this—saith that great philosopher—the Holy Word came out of the light and did get upon the water, and out of the water He made all things. Let it be your study then—who would know all things—to seek out this secret water, which hath in itself all things. This is the physical and famous Pythagorean cube, which surpriseth all forms, and retains them prisoners. "If anywise"—said my Capnion—"a form implanted in this ground remain thereon ; if it enters therein and doth abide in such solid receptacle, being laid up therein as in a material foundation ; it is not received at random nor indifferently but permanently and specially, becoming inseparable and incommunicable, as something added to the soil, made subject to time and to place, and deprived—so to speak—of its liberty in the bondage of matter."[1]

The consequences of this prison, which sometimes are sad, and the steps that lead unto it, are most elegantly expressed in the oracles. "A steep descent extends beneath the earth, leading seven ways by stages, beneath which is the throne of a horrible necessity."[2]

In a word, all things in the world—as well events as substances—flow out of this well. Hence come our fortunes and our misfortunes, our riches and our poverty, and this according to the scales of the Supreme Agent, in his dispensations of light and darkness. We see there is a certain face of light in all those things which are very dear or very precious to us. For example, in beauty, gold, silver, pearls, and in everything that is pleasant or

[1] *Huic fundo si qua forma demersa innitatur huic solido receptaculo si fuerit illapsa, et in hanc sedem materialem reposita, non vage nec communiter recipitur, sed stabiliter et singulariter, fit individua et incommunicabilis, tanquam ascripticia glebæ, tempori et loco subjecta, et quasi de libertate in servitutem materiæ proscripta.*—Reuchlin: DE ARTE CABALISTICA, *Lib.* ii.

[2] *Præcipitium in terra subest,*
Septemvios trahens per gradus, sub quo
Horribilis necessitatis thronus est.

carries with it any opinion of happiness—in all such things I say there is inherent a certain secret, concomitant lustre, and whiles they last the possessors also are subject to a clearness and serenity of mind. On the contrary, in all adversity there is a certain corroding, heavy sadness, for the spirit grieves because he is eclipsed and overcast with darkness. We know well enough that poverty is but obscurity, and certainly in all disasters there is a kind of cloud, or something that answers to it. In people that are very unfortunate this darkness hath a character, and especially in the forehead there lieth a notable judgment; but there are few who can read in such books. Of this Vergil—who was a great poet but a greater philosopher—was not ignorant, for describing Marcellus in the Elysian fields he makes his sad countenance an argument of his short life.

> Æneas here beheld, of form divine,
> A godlike youth in glittering armour shine,
> With great Marcellus keeping equal pace:
> But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.
> He saw, and wondering ask'd his airy guide
> What and of whence was he who press'd the hero's side;
> His son, or one of his illustrious name;
> How like the former and almost the same.
> Observe the crowd that compass him around:
> All gaze and all admire, and raise a shouting sound.
> But hovering mists around his brows are spread
> And night with sable shades involves his head.[1]

But these are things that ought not to be publicly discussed, and therefore I shall omit them. He that desires to be happy let him look after light, for it is the

[1] *Atque hic Æneas—una namque ire videbat*
Egregium forma juvenem et fulgentibus armis,
Sed frons læta parum et dejecto lumina vultu—
Quis, pater, ille virum qui sic comitatur euntem?
Filius, anne aliquis magna de stirpe nepotum?
Qui strepitus circa comitum! Quantum instar in ipso!
Sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra.
The translation is that of Dryden.

cause of happiness, both temporal and eternal. In the house thereof it may be found, and the house is not far off nor hard to find, for the light walks in before us and is the guide to his own habitation. It is the light that forms the gold and the ruby, the adamant and the silver, and he is the artist that shapes all things. He that hath him hath the mint of Nature and a treasure altogether inexhaustible. He is blest with the elect substance of heaven and earth, and in the opinion of the TURBA "deserves to be called blessed and is raised above the circle of the earth."[1] Nor indeed without reason, for Nature herself dictates unto us and tells us that our happiness consists in light. Hence it is that we naturally love the light and rejoice in it, as a thing agreeable and beneficial unto us. On the contrary, we fear the darkness and are surprised in it with a certain horror and a timourous expectation of some hurt that may befall us. It is light then that we must look after, but of itself it is so thin and spiritual we cannot lay hands upon it and make it our possession. We cannot confine it to any one place, that it may no more rise and set with the sun. We cannot shut it up in a cabinet, that we may use it when we please, and in the dark night see a glorious illustration. We must look then for the mansion of light—that oily, ethereal substance that retains it—for by this means we may circumscribe and confine it. We may impart and communicate it to what bodies we please, give the basest things a most precious lustre and a complexion as lasting as the sun. This is that mystery which the philosophers have delivered hereunto in most envious and obscure terms ; and though I do not arrogate to myself a greater knowledge than some of them had, yet I do affirm—and that knowingly—that this secret was never communicated to the world in a discourse so plain and positive as this is. It is true this script is short, and the body of magic hath no proportion to these few lines.

[1] *Felix dici meretur et super circulos mundi elevatur.*

To write of it at large and discover its three scenes—elemental, celestial and spiritual—was sometimes the design of one that was able to perform.[1] But he—and it was ever the fortune of truth to be so served—was not only opposed but abused by a barbarous, malicious ignorant.[2] I should think that gentleman did set up for Bartholomew Fair—he hath such contrivances in his *Second Lash*. The tutor dedicates to his pupil, and the same pupil versifies in commendation of his tutor.[3] Here was a claw; there was never any so reciprocal: surely Rosinante and Dapple might learn of these two. But this is stuff to stop our noses at: let us leave it for Cambridge, whence it first came.

The coagulation of our water and the solution of our earth are the two greatest and most difficult operations of the Art, for these two are contrary keys: the water opens and the earth shuts. Be sure then to add nothing to the subject but what is of its own nature, for when it is prepared it is all-sufficient. He coagulates himself and dissolves himself, and passeth all the colours—and this by virtue of its own inward sulphur or fire, which wants nothing but excitation, or, to speak plainly, a simple, natural coction. Everybody knows how to boil water in fire; but if they knew how to boil fire in water their physic would reach beyond the kitchen. Study then and despair not; but study no curiosities. It is a plain, straight path that Nature walks in; and I call God to witness that I write not this to amaze men; but I write that which I know to be certainly true.

[1] That is to say, Eugenius Philalethes—by the testimony of S. N., being Thomas Vaughan—was qualified to expound the three palmary divisions of occult philosophy; and it will be remembered that he promised a "great work" to come in ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA.

[2] The inference is that More's *Observations* made Eugenius Philalethes unwilling to produce his "great work."

[3] THE SECOND LASH of Henry More is dedicated to his pupil Mr John Finch, and is followed by certain verses of a highly commendatory kind on the part of Joannes Philomastix, who is here identified with Finch by Eugenius.

This is all I think fit to communicate at this time, neither had this fallen from me but that it was a command imposed by my superiors, &c.[1] They that desire experimental knowledge may study it as a sure guide ; but he that rests at his lips and puts not his philosophy into his hands needs not these instructions. *Wit's Commonwealth* or a *Book of Apothegms* may serve his turn. I prescribe not here for any but such as look after these principles ; and they must give me leave to inform them, if they be not perfect masters of the art. I am one that gives and takes, and this to avoid contentions. I can suffer the schoolman to follow his own placets, so he doth not hinder me to follow mine. In a word, I can tolerate men's errors and pity them. I can propound the truth, and if it be not followed, it is satisfaction to me that what I did was well done.

[1] I have discussed the implications of this statement in the introductory essay. The reader may compare the postscript which here follows, according to which the license implied by the command was subsequently withdrawn.

A POSTSCRIPT TO THE READER

This small discourse was no sooner finished—though by command—but the same authorities recalled their commission ; and now being somewhat transformed I must—as some mysteriously have done—live a tree.[1] Yet the wise know that groves have their durdals,[2] and I remember I have read of an image whose *Hic fodias* placed the substance in the shadow. To be plain, I am silenced, and though it be in my power to speak, yet I have laws as to this subject which I must not transgress. I have chosen therefore to oppose my present freedom to my future necessity, and to speak something at this time which I must never publicly speak hereafter. There is no defect in aught that I have written, if I but tell you one thing which the philosophers have omitted. It is that which some authors have called "the Vessel of Nature[3] and the Green Vessel of Saturn" ;[4] and Miriam calls it the Vessel of Hermes.[5] A menstruous substance it is ; and—to speak the very truth—it is the matrix of Nature, wherein you must place the universal sperm as soon as it appears beyond its body. The heat of this matrix is sulphureous, and it is that which coagulates the sperm ; but common fire—though it be most exactly regulated—will never do it ; and in this opinion see that you be not deceived. This matrix is the life of the sperm, for it preserves and quickens it ; but beyond the matrix it takes cold and dies, and nothing effectual can be generated thereof. In a word,

[1] I give this expression as it appears in the original. It is an obscurity, not a misprint. The writer must submit to live like a spirit shut up in a tree.

[2] *Durdales* are wood-nymphs, so called by Paracelsus.

[3] *Vas Naturæ.* [4] *Vas viride Saturni.* [5] *Vas Hermetis.*

without this matrix you will never coagulate the matter nor bring it to a mineral complexion. And herein also there is a certain measure to be observed, without which you will miscarry in the practice. Of this natural vessel speaks Miriam in the following words: "The key of the science is in all bodies, but owing to the shortness of life and the length of the work the Stoics concealed this one only thing. They discovered tingeing elements, leaving instructions thereon, and these also the philosophers continue to teach, save only concerning the Vessel of Hermes, because the same is Divine, a thing hidden from the Gentiles by the wisdom of God; and those who are ignorant of it know not the regimen of truth, for want of the Hermetic Vessel."[1]

In the proportion and regimen of this thing which they call their vessel, and sometimes their fire, consists all the secret. And verily the performances thereof are so admirable and so speedy they are almost incredible. Had I known this at first it had not been with me as it hath been; but every event hath its time, and so had I. This one thing—to lay aside other reasons—doth not only persuade but convince me that this Art was originally revealed to man. For this I am sure of—that man of himself could not possibly think of it; for it is invisible. It is removed from the eye, and this out of a certain reverence; and if by chance it comes into sight it withdraws again naturally. For it is the secret of Nature, even that which the philosophers call "the first copulation."[2] This is enough to a wise artist; at least it is all I intend to publish. And now, Reader, farewell.

[1] *In omnibus corporibus est scientia, sed Stoici propter eorum vitæ brevitatem et operis prolixitatem hoc unicum occultaverunt. Illi vero invenerunt elementa tingentia, et ipsi docuerunt ea, et omnes philosophi docent illa, præter vas Hermetis, quia illud est Divinum et sapientia Domini gentibus occultatum; et illi qui illud ignorant nesciunt regimen veritatis propter vasis Hermetis ignorantiam.*—Miriam was the sister of Moses, and the old tract attributed traditionally to her is of authority in alchemical literature.

[2] *Primus concubitus.*

THE FRATERNITY OF THE ROSY CROSS

AND

A SHORT DECLARATION OF THEIR PHYSICAL WORK

A PREFACE TO THE READER[1]

It is the observation of such as skill dreams that to travel in our sleep a long way and all alone is a sign of death. This, it seems, the poet knew, for when the Queen of Carthage was to die for love he fits her with this melancholy vision :

From all apart she treads the weary way.[2]

Now the use I make of it is this : I would be so wise as to prognosticate. I do therefore promise my present work not only life but acceptance ; for in this my dream—and I know you will call it so—I travel not without company. There were some gentlemen besides myself who affected this Fame and thought it no disparagement to their own. But it was their pleasure it should receive light at my hands ; and this made them defer their own copies, which otherwise had passed the press. I have, Reader, but little more to say, unless I tell thee of my justice, and now thou shalt see how distributive it is. The translation of the *Fama* belongs to an unknown hand, but the abilities of the translator I question not. He hath indeed mistaken Damascus for Damcar[3] in Arabia, and this I would not

[1] In the original this address is supposed to be on the part of the publisher, but it is the work of Thomas Vaughan and appears over his initials.

[2] *Longam incomitata videtur*
Ire viam.

[3] The *Fama Fraternitatis* states in the German original that Christian Rosy Cross visited Damascus on the way to Jerusalem, but instead of proceeding to the Holy City he went to a mysterious country or town called Damcar and was taught secret wisdom therein. The English translation of the document prefaced by Vaughan gives both places under the name of Damascus.

alter—for I am no pedant, to correct another man's labours. The copy was communicated to me by a gentleman more learned than myself, and I should name him here but that he expects not either thy thanks or mine. As for the preface, it is my own and I wish thee the full benefit of it, which certainly thou canst not miss if thou comest to it with clear eyes and a purged spirit. Consider that prejudice obstructs thy judgment; for if thy affections are engaged—though to an *ignis fatuus*—thou dost think it a guide because thou dost follow it. It is not opinion makes things false or true, for men have denied a great part of the world which now they inhabit; and America—as well as the Philosopher's Stone—was sometimes in the predicament of impossibilities. There is nothing more absurd than to be of the same mind with the generality of men, for they have entertained many gross errors which time and experience have confuted. It is indeed our sluggishness and incredulity that hinder all discoveries, for men contribute nothing towards them but their contempt or—which is worse—their malice. I have known all this myself and therefore I tell it thee; but what use thou wilt make of it I know not. To make thee what man should be is not in my power, but it is much in thy own, if thou knowest thy duty to thyself. Think of it and fare well. E. P.

THE FRATERNITY OF THE ROSY CROSS

If it were the business of my life or learning to procure myself that noise which men call Fame I am not to seek what might conduce to it. It is an age affords many advantages, and I might have the choice of several foundations whereon to build myself. I can see withal that time and employment have made some persons men whom their first adventures did not find such. This sudden growth might give my imperfections also the confidence of such another start; but as I live not by common examples so I drive not a common design. I have taken a course different from that of the world, for —Readers—I would have you know that, whereas you plot to set yourselves up, I do here contrive to bring myself down. I am in a humour to affirm the existence of that admirable chimæra, the Fraternity of R. C.[1] And now, Gentlemen, I thank you: I have air and room enough. Methinks you sneak and steal from me, as if the plague and this Red Cross were inseparable. Take my "Lord have mercy" along with you, for I pity your sickly brains, and certainly as to your present state the inscription is not unseasonable. But in lieu of this some

[1] It may be well to mention here that the Rosicrucians were first heard of in Germany about the year 1615; but though documents were issued in their name, making great claims concerning them, it was an open question from the beginning as to who and what they were, and whether they had any corporate existence except on paper. From the year 1616 and onward the Rosicrucian cause was defended at length and frequently by Robert Fludd in England; but his works were in Latin, and by the year 1652 there was very little general knowledge of the subject in this country.

of you may advise me to an assertion of the Capreols of del Phæbo or a review of the library of that discreet gentleman of the Mancha; for in your opinion those Knights and these Brothers are equally invisible.[1] This is hard measure, but I shall not insist to disprove you. If there be any amongst the living of the same bookish faith with myself, they are the persons I would speak to, and yet in this I shall act modestly: I invite them not, unless they be at leisure.

When I consider the unjust censure and indeed the contempt which Magic—even in all ages—hath undergone, I can, in my opinion, find no other reasons for it but what the professors themselves are guilty of by misconstruction, and this in reference to a double obscurity of life and language. As for their nice or, to speak a better truth, their conscientious retirements, whereby they did separate themselves from dissolute and brutish spirits, it is that which none can soberly discommend. Nay, it is a very purging argument and may serve to wipe off those contracted, envious scandals which time and man have injuriously fastened on their memory. For if we reason discreetly, we may not safely trust the traditions and judgments of the world, concerning such persons who sequestered themselves from the world and were no way addicted to the affairs or acquaintance thereof. It is true they were losers by this alienation, for both their life and their principles were cross to those of their adversaries. They lived in the shade, in the calm of conscience and solitude; but their enemies moved in the sunshine, in the eye of worldly transactions, where they kept up their own repute with a clamourous defamation of these innocent and contented hermits. The second obstacle to their fame was partly the simplicity of their style,

[1] The Rosicrucians could not be found by most of those who sought them, though there was a loud hue and cry after them for a few years after their manifestoes were issued, and they came to be called the Invisibles because they seemed to be permanently in hiding. It was simply a catch description and by no means a title of credit.

which is Scripture-like and commonly begins like Solomon's text with *mi filii*. But that which spoiled all, and made them contemptible even to some degree of misery, was a corrupt delivery of the notions and *vocabula* of the art; for magic—like the sun—moving from the East, carried along with it the oriental terms which our western philosophers, who skilled not the Arabic or Chaldee, &c., did most unhappily and corruptly transcribe; and verily at this day they are so strangely abused it is more than a task to guess at their original. But this is not all, for some were so singular as to invent certain barbarous terms of their own; and these conceited riddles—together with their magisterial way of writing—for they did not so far condescend as to reason their positions—made the world conclude them a fabulous generation. Indeed this was a strange course of theirs and much different from that of Trismegistus, in whose genuine works there is not one barbarous syllable, nor any point asserted without most pregnant and demonstrative reasons. Certainly Hermes, as to his course of life, was public and princely, in his doctrine clear and rational, and hence it was that not only his own times but even all subsequent generations were most constant tributaries to his honour. On the contrary—if we may conjecture by effects—there succeeded him in his school certain melancholy, envious spirits whose obscure, inscrutable writings rendered their authors contemptible, but made way for that new noise of Aristotle which men call philosophy. I may say then of these later magicians what Solinus sometimes said of those contentious successors of Alexander the Great—that they were born "to reap the harvest of Roman glory, not to inherit so great a name."[1]

It is equally true that some skulking philosophers, whiles they enviously suppressed the truth, did occasionally promote a lie, for they gave way to the enemy's

[1] *Ad segetem Romanæ gloriæ, non ad hæreditatem tanti nominis.*

growth, till at last tares possessed the field and then was the true grain cast into the fire. Nor indeed could it be otherwise, for this bushel being placed over the light, the darkness of it invited ignorance abroad. And now steps out Aristotle with his pack, the triumphs of whose petulant school had but two weak supporters—obscurity and envy. Both these proceeded from the malignancy of some eminent authors, whom God had blessed with discoveries extraordinary. These, to secure themselves and the art, judged it their best course to blot out the past, that such as were unworthy might never be able to follow them. It cannot be denied that this mystery and cloud of the letter carried with it both discretion and necessity;[1] but what spoiled all was the excess of the contrivers, for they passed all decency—both in the measure and the manner of it. I could be numerous in examples and proofs of this kind but that I hold it superfluous to pause at a point which is acknowledged on all hands.

To be short then: the umbrage and mist of their text required some comment and clearness; but few being able to expound, the world ran generally to the other side and the schoolmen have got the day, not by weight but by number. This considered, it cannot be thought unreasonable and certainly not unseasonable if a Society, conscious of the truth and skilled in the abstruse principles of Nature, shall endeavour to rectify the world.[2] For hitherto we have been abused with Greek fables and a pretended knowledge of causes, but without their much desired effects. We plainly see that if the least disease invades us the schoolmen have not one notion that is so

[1] Perhaps Vaughan is referring to the texts of alchemy as dealing with a subject which for some reason had to be described darkly. The position of the literature is very curious in this respect. From the TURBA PHILOSOPHORUM downward there was always railing at the envious who darkened counsel by obscurity; there was always a pretence of speaking plainly; but the end was always the same—a new form of hiding.

[2] A reformation of the world was *ex hypothesi* the proposal put forward by the Rosicrucian documents.

much a charm as to cure us; and why then should we embrace a philosophy of mere words, when it is evident enough that we cannot live but by works? Let us not, for shame, be so stupid any more, for 'tis a barbarous ignorance to maintain that for truth which our own daily experience can assure us to be false. But somebody will reply that the antiquity of this peripatism may claim some reverence; and we must complementally invite it abroad, not churlishly turn it out of doors. This in my opinion were to dance before Dagon, as David did before the Ark, to pay that respect to a lie which is due only to the truth: and this is answer sufficient.

As for that Fraternity whose history and confession I have here adventured to publish, I have for my own part no relation to them, neither do I much desire their acquaintance.[1] I know they are masters of great mysteries, and I know withal that Nature is so large they may as well receive as give. I was never yet so lavish an admirer of them as to prefer them to all the world; for it is possible and perhaps true that a private man may have that in his possession whereof they are ignorant. It is not their title and the noise it hath occasioned that makes me commend them. The acknowledgment I give them was first procured by their books, for there I found them true philosophers and therefore not chimæras—as most think—but men. Their principles are everyway correspondent to the ancient and primitive wisdom: nay, they are consonant to our very religion and confirm every point thereof.[2] I question not but most of their pro-

[1] Notwithstanding this open disavowal certain occult writers—usually connected with pseudo-Rosicrucian societies—have claimed Vaughan as a member of the Brotherhood and even as having filled the chief office of Imperator therein. The mendacity has been repeated from mouth to mouth continually.

[2] Robert Fludd is mentioned once only by name in the writings of Thomas Vaughan, but there is much in common between them, and I think that this Kentish philosopher exercised no inconsiderable influence on the later theosophist.

posals may seem irregular to common capacities; but where the prerogative and power of Nature is known there will they quickly fall even, for they want not their order and sobriety. It will be expected perhaps that I should speak something as to their persons and habitations, but in this my cold acquaintance will excuse me; or had I any familiarity with them I should not doubt to use it with more discretion. As for their existence—if I may speak like a schoolman—there is great reason we should believe it, neither do I see how we can deny it, unless we grant that Nature is studied—and books also written and published—by some other creatures than men.[1] It is true indeed that their knowledge at first was not purchased by their own inquisitions, for they received it from the Arabians, amongst whom it remained as the monument and legacy of the children of the East. Nor is this at all improbable, for the eastern countries have been always famous for magical and secret societies.

Now am I to seek how far you will believe me in this because I am a Christian; and yet I doubt not you will believe a heathen, because Aristotle was one.[2] Take then amongst you a more acceptable ethnic—I mean Philostratus, for thus he delivers himself in the Life of Apollonius. He brings in his Tyaneus discoursing with Prince Phraotes and, amongst other questions proposed to the Prince, Apollonius asks him where he had learnt his philosophy and the Greek tongue; for amongst the Indians—said this Greek—there are no philosophers. To this simple *Quære* the Prince replies smiling with a notable sarcasm: "Our forefathers"—said he—"did ask all those who came hither in ships if they were not pirates; for they conceived all the world but themselves

[1] An entertaining illustration of Vaughan's sense of evidential values.

[2] Another illustration that no argument was too bad and foolish to be used against Aristotle by Vaughan. He forgets here that his great authority, the so-called Hermes Trismegistus, was not less heathen than the Greek, on the hypothesis of his traditional antiquity. As a matter of fact, the writings are of course post-Christian.

addicted to that vice, though a great one. But you Grecians ask not those strangers who come to you if they be philosophers."[1] To this he adds a very dissolute opinion of the same Grecians, namely, that philosophy, which of all donatives is the divinest,[2] should be esteemed amongst them as a thing indifferent and proportionate to all capacities. "And this, I am sure"—saith Phraotes to Apollonius—"is a kind of piracy tolerated amongst you, which being applied here to philosophy I should make bold to render it sacrilege."[3] But the Prince proceeds and schools his novice, for such was Apollonius, who was never acquainted with any one mystery of Nature. "I understand"—saith he—"that amongst you Grecians there are many intruders that unjustly apply themselves to philosophy, as being no way conformable to it. These usurp a profession which is not their own, as if they should first rob men of their clothes and then wear them, though never so disproportionate. And thus do you proudly straddle in borrowed ornaments. And certainly as pirates, who know themselves liable to innumerable tortures, do lead a sottish and a loose kind of life, even so amongst you these pirates and plunderers of philosophy are wholly given to lusts and compotations. And this, I suppose, is an evil that proceeds from the blindness and improvidence of your laws. For should any man-stealer be found amongst you, or should any adulterate your coin these were offences capital and punished with death. But for such as counterfeit and corrupt philosophy, your law corrects them not, neither have you any magistrate ordained to that purpose."[4]

Thus we see in what respect the Greek sophistry was with the Indians, and that clamourous liberty they had to distract one another, some of them being epicures, some cynics, some stoics, some again peripatetics and some of

[1] See PHILOSTRATUS, Book ii, *cap.* 29. Οἱ μὲν παλαιοὶ, &c.
[2] Θειότατον.
[3] *Ibid.* Καὶ ὅτι μὲν παῤ ὑμῖν ταὐτὸν τῷ ληστεύειν ἐστὶν, οἶδα.
[4] *Ibid.*, c. 30.

them pretended platonics. It is not to be doubted but the scuffling and squabbling of these sectaries did at last produce the sceptic, who finding nought in the schools but opposition and bitterness resolved for a new course and secured his peace with his ignorance. Phraotes having thus returned that calumny which Apollonius bestowed on the Indians to the bosom of this conceited Greek gives him now an account of his own College—I mean the Brahmins—with the excellent and wholesome severity of their discipline. And here I cannot but observe the insolence of Tyaneus, who being a mere stranger in the Indies notwithstanding runs into a positive absurdity, and before he has conversed with the inhabitants concludes them no philosophers. These bad manners of his I could—and perhaps not unjustly—derive from the customary arrogance of his countrymen, whose kindness to their own issue distinguished not the Greeks and the sages. But the rest of the world they discriminated with a certain sheep-mark of their own and branded them with the name of barbarians. How much an aspersion this is we shall quickly understand if we attend the prince in his discourse: for thus he instructs Apollonius:

"Amongst us Indians"—saith he—"there are but few admitted to philosophy, and this is the manner of their election. At the age of eighteen years the person to be elected comes to the River Hyphasis[1] and there meets with those wise men for whose sake even you, Apollonius, are come into these parts. There he doth publicly profess a very ardent desire and affection to philosophy, for such as are otherwise disposed are left to their own liberty, to follow what profession they please. This done, the next consideration is whether he be descended from honest parents or no; and here they look back even to three generations, that by the disposition and quality of the ancestors they may guess at those of the child. If

[1] Otherwise, Hypasis or Hypanis, a supposed boundary of Alexander's world-conquests.

they find them to have been men of a known integrity, then they proceed to his admission : but first they try him and prove him with several temptations—for example, whether he be naturally modest or rather acts a counterfeit bashfulness for a time, being otherwise impudent and lascivious ; whether he be sottish and gluttonous or no ; whether he be of an insolent, bold spirit, and may prove refractory and disobedient to his tutors. Now those that are appointed to examine him have the skill to read his qualities in his countenance, for the eyes discover most of men's manners, and in the brows and cheeks there are many excellent *indicia* whereby wise men, and such as are skilled in the mysteries of Nature, may discover our minds and dispositions, as images are discovered in a glass."[1] And certainly since philosophy amongst the Indians is had in very great honour, it is necessary that those who would know the secrets of it should be tempted and proved by all possible trials before ever they be admitted. This was then the discipline of the Brahmins and indeed of all the Magi in the election and proof of their pupils.

But all this was news to Apollonius, and therefore he asks Phraotes if these wise men, mentioned in his discourse, were of the same order as those who did sometime meet Alexander the Great and had some conference with him concerning heaven ;[2] for it seems they were astrologers. To this the Prince answers that these planet-mongers were the Oxydracæ,[3] who were a people disposed to the wars.[4] "And for knowledge"—saith he—they make a great profession of it, but indeed they know nothing that is excellent. But he proceeds :[5] "Those wise men who are truly such dwell between the River Hyphasis and Ganges, into which place Alexander never came, not that he durst not attempt it ; but as I think"—saith the Prince—"the reverence due to their mysteries

[1] *Ibid.* It should be understood that Vaughan's rendering is by way of paraphrase. [2] *Ibid.*, c. 33. Περὶ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ. [3] Ὀξυδράκαι.
[4] Σοφίαν τε μετάχειρίσαθος φασὶν, οὐδὲν χρηστὸν εἰδότες.
[5] Οἱ δὲ ἀτεχνῶς σοφοὶ, &c.

kept him off."[1] To this he adds that Alexander knew the River Hyphasis was passable and that he might with ease beleaguer the city, wherein these Magi did dwell.[2] "But their towers"—saith he—"had he brought with him a thousand such soldiers as Achilles was, and three thousand such as Ajax, he could never have taken it." To this he gives his reason, namely, that the Magi did not make any sallies to beat off their enemies, but keeping quietly within their gates they destroyed them with thunder and lightning. Here was a story might have startled Apollonius, who knew not the power of gunpowder; but in these our days there is nothing more familiar and credible.

But, notwithstanding, the improvements of this fatal invention are not known even to the present generations, for the pyrography of Cornelius Agrippa and the powder of Friar Bacon were never yet brought to the field. And now let us hear the Friar himself, who, discoursing of several wonderful experiments, tell us, amongst the rest, of a secret composition which, being formed into pills or little balls and then cast up into the air, would break out into thunders and lightnings more violent and horrible than those of Nature. "Over and above these"—saith he—"are other marvels of Nature, for reports like thunder and lightning can be caused in the air, more horrible by far than are those which occur normally. For a small quantity of prepared matter—say, about the size of one's thumb—can produce a terrific sound and generate vivid lightning. This can be done after several manners, by any of which a city or an army may be destroyed. These are strange effects, given knowledge of their proper use, their material and porportion."[3]

[1] Philostratus says nothing of the kind. His words are: "Not from any fears of the consequence, but from the omens being, as I suppose, unpropitious." Ἀλλ' οἶμαι τὰ ἱερὰ ἀπεσήμηνεν αὐτῷ.

[2] Ἀλλὰ τὴν γε τύρσιν.

[3] *Præter vero hæc sunt alia stupenda Naturæ, nam soni velut, tonitrûs et coruscationes possunt fieri in aere, imo majori horrore quam illa quæ*

Thus he: but let us return to Apollonius, for now he trots like a novice to the River Hyphasis and carries with him a commendatory letter to the Brahmins, having requested the Prince to tell them he was a good boy.[1] Here these admirable eastern magicians present him with such rarities as in very truth he was not capable of. First of all they shew him—as Philostratus describes it—a certain azure or sky-coloured water, and this tincture was extremely predominant in it, but with much light and brightness. This strange liquor, the sun striking on it at noon, attracted the beams or splendour to itself and did sink downwards, as if coagulated with the heat, but reflected to the eyes of the beholders a most beautiful rainbow. Here we have a perfect description of the philosopher's Mercury, but there is something more behind. Apollonius confesseth how the Brahmins told him afterwards that this water was a certain secret water[2] and that there was hid under it or within it a blood-red earth.[3] In a word, they told him that none might drink or taste of that liquor, neither was it drawn at all for any ordinary uses. After this most mysterious water they shew him also a certain mysterious fire,[4] and here for my part I do not intend to comment. From this fire he is brought to certain tubs, or some such vessels, whereof one is called the vessel of rain and the other the vessel of winds—all which are most deep and excellent allegories. But these rarities imply no more than the rudiments of magic. Let us now come to the Medicine itself and the admirable effects thereof.

"The Brahmins"—saith Apollonius—"anointed their

fiunt per Naturam. Nam modica materia adaptata, scilicet ad quantitatem unius pollicis sonum facit horribilem et coruscationem ostendit vehementem; et hoc fit multis modis, quibus civitas aut exercitus destruatur. Mira sunt hæc si quis sciret uti ad plenum in debitâ quantitate et materia.

[1] *Ibid.*, c. 41. The introductory letter of Phraotes describes Apollonius as "a man famed for wisdom."

[2] *Ibid.*, Book iii, c. 14. Ἀπόρρητον δὲ τὸ ὕδωρ.

[3] Ὡς σανδαραχίνη. [4] *Ibid.*

heads with a gummy medicine,[1] and this made their bodies to steam at the pores and sweat in that abundance as if"—saith he—"they had purged themselves with fire." This is enough to prove them philosophers. And now let us see what kind of habitation they had and how much a parallel it is to that place or dwelling of R. C. which his followers call *Locus Sancti Spiritus*.[2] "The wise men"—saith Apollonius—"dwelt on a little hill or mount, and on the hill there rested always a cloud, in which the Indians housed themselves"—for so the word signifies—"and here did they render themselves visible or invisible at their own will and discretion."[3] This secret of invisibility was not known to the Dutch boor nor to his plagiary, the author of *The Manna*; but the Fraternity of R. C. can move in this white mist. "Whosoever would communicate with us must be able to see in this light, or us he will never see—unless by our own will."[4]

But Tyaneus tells us something more, namely, that the Brahmins themselves did not know whether this hill was compassed about with walks or had any gates that did lead to it or no; for the mist obstructed all discoveries. Consider what you read, for thus somebody writes concerning the habitation of R. C. "I beheld on a day the Olympian towers shining by a certain stream and famous city, which we have consecrated by the Name of the Holy Spirit. I speak of Helicon—or double-peaked Parnassus—wherein the steed Pegasus opened a fountain

[1] Ἠλεκτρώδει φαρμάκῳ, a preparation of amber. *Ibid.*, c. 17.

[2] The House of the Holy Spirit was the place of assembly at which the Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross were covenanted to meet once a year, "or write the cause of absence." See *Fama Fraternitatis*. It is not clear whether it was in fact the "fitting and neat habitation" which C. R. C. built for himself after his travels, and wherein "he ruminated his voyage and philosophy." It was that presumably which contained the vault of C. R. C., according to his story.

[3] *Ibid.*, c. 13.

[4] *Vt nobiscum autem convenias necesse est hanc lucem cernas, sine enim hac luce impossibile est nos videre, nisi quando volumus.*

of perennial water, flowing unto this day. Therein Diana bathes; therewith are associated Venus as a waiting-maid and Saturn as a patient client. These are words which will say too much to those who understand, but to the inexpert little or nothing."[1]

But to clear the prospect a little more let us hear Apollonius in a certain speech of his to the Egyptians, describing this Elysium of the Brahmins.[2] "I have seen"—saith he—"the Brahmins of India[3] dwelling on the earth and not on the earth. They were guarded without walls and, possessing nothing, they enjoyed all things." This is plain enough, and on this hill have I also a desire to live, if it were for no other reason but what the sophist sometimes applied to the mountains: "These first the sun salutes and last forsakes. Who shall not love the place and the long days therein?"[4]

But of this place I will not speak any more, lest the reader should be so mad as to entertain a suspicion that I am of the Order. I shall now therefore proceed to the theory of the Brahmins, and this only so far as their history shall give me leave. I find Jarchas then seated in his throne and about him the rest of his society, where having first placed Apollonius in the seat royal of Phraotes,[5] Jarchas welcomes him with this unconfined liberty. "Propound"—said he—"what questions thou wilt, for thou art come to men that know all things."[6] Here Tyaneus puts in and very wisely asks them what

[1] *Vidi aliquando Olympicas domos, non procul a fluviolo et civitate notâ, quas S. Spiritus vocari imaginamur. Helicon est de quo loquor, aut biceps Parnassus, in quo equus Pegasus fontem aperuit perennis aquæ adhuc stillantem, in quo Diana se lavat, cui Venus ut pedissequa et Saturnus ut anteambulo conjunguntur. Intelligenti nimium, inexperto minimum hoc erit dictum.*

[2] PHIL., Bk. iii, c. 15.

[3] Εἶδόν φησιν Ἰνδοὺς βραχμᾶνας οἰκοῦντας ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς, κοὐκ ἐπ' αὐτῆς.

[4] *Hos primum sol salutat, ultimosque deserit. Quis locum non amet, dies longiores habentem.*

[5] *Ibid.*, c. 17.

[6] *Ibid.*, c. 18. Ἐρώτα ὅ τι βούλει παρ' ἄνδρας γὰρ ἥκεις πάντὰ εἰδότας.

principles the world was compounded of.[1] To this the Brahmins reply: "It was compounded of the elements."[2] "Is it made then"—saith Apollonius—"of the four elements?" "No"—said the great Jarchas—"but of five." Here the Grecian is puzzled, "for besides earth"—saith he—"and water, air and fire I know not anything. What then is this fifth substance?" "It is"—saith Jarchas—"the ether, which is the element of spirits, for those creatures which draw in the air are mortal, but those which draw in the ether are immortal."

And here I cannot but observe the gross ignorance of Apollonius, who being a professed Pythagorean had never heard of the ether, that famous Pythagorean principle. But let us come to his second question, which of all others doth most betray his weakness and insufficiency. He requests Jarchas to inform him which of the elements was first made. To this absurdity the learned Brahmin answers like himself. "They were made"—said he—"all at once"; and he gives this reason for it: "because no living creature is generated by piecemeals."[3] This was a wholesome and a rational tenet, for the chaos was first made, and in that all the elements at one and the same instant; for the world was manifested and brought out of the chaos like a chick out of an egg.[4] To this Apollonius replies like a pure sophister: "And must I think then"—saith he—"that the world is a living creature?" Saith Jarchas: "Yes, verily, if you reason rightly; for it giveth life to all things."[5] "Shall we then"—saith Tyaneus—"call it a male or a female creature?" "Both"—saith the wise Brahmin—"for the world, being a compound of both faculties, supplies the office of father and mother in the generation of those things that have life."[6]

[1] As a matter of fact, the first question of Apollonius was concerning self-knowledge, the second concerning the soul, and the third respecting pre-existence and transmigration.

[2] *Loc. cit.*, c. 34. [3] *Ibid.* [4] This is a commentary of Eugenius.

[5] *Ibid.* [6] *Ibid.* Αὐτος γὰρ αὐτῷ, &c.

We are now come to Apollonius his last philosophical query, and sorry I am that he had not the wit to propound either more or better questions; but we must take them as they are. He asks Jarchas whether the earth or the sea did exceed in quantity. To this the Indian replies that if he only considered the Mediterranean or some other particular channel, the earth without question did exceed. "But if you ask"[1]—said he—"concerning humidity or moisture in general, then verily the earth is much lesser than the water, for it is the water that bears up the earth." This indeed is sound reason and conformable both to Scripture and Nature; for the very Spirit that animates and supports the universe hath his habitation in the water.

And now I suppose it is apparent to the understanding readers—for others I would not have—that the Brahmins were not a fabulous, superstitious society but men of a severe doctrine, whose principles were answerable to the very rigour of Nature and did not wanton beyond her laws. I could wish Apollonius had been more able to deal with them; but so short was he of philosophy that he knew not what to ask them, and that ample liberty which they gave him was all of it to no purpose. This is clear to such as know anything out of his former queries, which we have already mentioned. But if we look on the rest of his problems they are most of them but so many historical fables which he brought with him out of Greece: and now he begins to shake his budget. The first thing that comes out is the Martichora,[2] a monster which Mandeville could never meet withal; and then he questions Jarchas concerning a certain water of the colour of gold;[3] and this indeed might signify something but that he understood it literally of common, ordinary well-springs; and therefore Jarchas tells him

[1] PHIL., *Lib.* iii, c. 37. Πρὸς πᾶσαν τὴν ὑγρὰν οὐσίαν.

[2] Μαρτιχόρα *vel* Μαντιχόρας, a monster mentioned by Aristotle in his history of beasts.—*Ibid.*, c. 45.

[3] *Ibid.*

that he never heard of his *Martichora*, neither was it ever known that any fountains of golden waters did spring in India. But this is not all. In the rear of this strange beast march the Pigmies,[1] the Sciapodes and the *Macrocephali*, to which might be added all the animals in Lucian's history. But—as we commonly say—there is no smoke without some fire: so amongst these foreign fables came in some Indian allegories, and probably the Brahmins themselves had given them out, at once to declare and obscure their knowledge. These allegories are but two, and Jarchas insists much upon them, besides a solemn acknowledgment.

"There is no reason"—said he—"but we should believe there are such things."[2] The first of these two mysteries is the Pantarva, which Ficinus corruptly transcribes Pantaura;[3] and of this Apollonius desired to know the truth—namely, if there was such a stone at all and whether it was enriched with so strange a magnetism as to attract to itself all other precious stones. This question the Brahmin satisfies experimentally, for he had this goodly stone about him and favoured Apollonius with the sight thereof. But for our better information let us hear Jarchas himself describe it, for he doth it so fully that a very ordinary capacity may go along with him. "This stone"—saith he—"is generated in certain earthy caverns, some four yards deep, and hath in it such abundance of spirit that in the place of its conception the earth swells up and at last breaks with the very tumour. But to look at this stone belongs not to every body, for it vanisheth away unless it be extracted with all possible caution. Only we that are Brahmins, by certain practices of our own, can find out the Pantarva."[4]

These are the words of Jarchas, where you shall observe that he hath confounded the first and second generation of the Stone, it being the custom of the

[1] PHIL., *Lib.* iii, c. 45.
[2] *Ibid.*, Bk. iii, c. 46. Οὐ χρὴ ἀπιστεῖν.
[3] *I.e.*, Pantarba.
[4] *Ibid.*, c. 46.

philosophers never to express their mysteries distinctly. The second birth then he hath fully and clearly discovered, for when the philosophers' first earth is moistened with its own milk it swells, being impregnated with frequent imbibitions, till at last it breaks and with a soft heat sublimes. And then ascends the heavenly Sulphur, being freed from his hell; for it leaves behind the Binarius or recremental earth,[1] and is no more a prisoner to that dross. This first, heavenly Sulphur is commonly called stellated rock and earth of pearls;[2] but Raymund Lully calls it earth of earth,[3] and in a certain place he describes it thus. "This is that Tincture"—saith he—"which strips off its vile earth and clothes itself with a nobler kind."[4] But elsewhere prescribing some caveats for the rorid work, he expressly mentions the first and second Sulphurs, commonly called "Sulphur from Sulphurs."[5] He saith that "this is understood of that earth which is not separated from the vessel, or earth of earth."[6] This is enough to prove the affinity of the Pantarva and the Philosophers' Stone.

Let us now return to Jarchas, for he proceeds in his instructions, and Apollonius hears him to no purpose. "The Pantarva"—saith he—"after night discovers a fire as bright as day, for it is fiery and shining; but if you look on it in the daytime it dazzles the eye with certain gleams or coruscations."[7] Whence this light came and what it was the Brahmin was not ignorant of. "That light"[8]—said he—"which shines in it is a spirit of admirable power, for it attracts to itself all things that

[1] *Terra damnata.* This is the *caput mortuum*, explained in a previous note, called also the fæces left by substance after its purification.

[2] *Petra stellata et terra margaritiarum.*

[3] *Terra terræ.*

[4] *Hæc est tinctura quæ a vili terrâ se spoliat et aliâ multum nobili reinduit se.*

[5] *Sulphura de sulphuribus.*

[6] *Hoc intelligitur de terrâ quæ non est separata a vase, de terra terræ.*

[7] *Loc. cit.*, c. 46.

[8] Τὸ δὲ ἐν αὐτῇ φῶς πνεῦμά ἐστιν ἀρρήτου ἰσχύος.

are near it." And here he tells Tyaneus that if precious stones were cast into the sea or into some river, and this too confusedly, as being far scattered and dispersed one from another, yet this magical stone—being let down after them—would bring them again together ; for they would all move towards the Pantarva and cluster under it, like a swarm of bees. This is all he tells him ; but in conclusion he produceth his Pantarva. In plain terms he shewed him the Philosophers' Stone and the miraculous effects thereof.[1] The second secret which Apollonius stumbled on, for he knew it not as a secret, was the gold of the Gryphons,[2] and this also Jarchas doth acknowledge, but I shall forbear to speak of it, for I hold it not altogether convenient.

It is time now to dismiss Apollonius and his Brahmins, and this I will do ; but I shall first prevent an objection, though a sorry one, for ignorance makes use of all tools. It will be said perhaps I have been too bold with Apollonius, who—in the opinion of many men, and such as would be thought learned—was a very great philosopher. To this I answer that I question not any man's learning : let them think of themselves as they please, and if they can, let them be answerable to their thoughts. But as for Apollonius, I say, the noise of his miracles, like those of Xavier, may fill some credulous ears, and this sudden 'larum may procure him entertainment ; but had these admirers perused his history they had not betrayed so much weakness as to allow him any sober

[1] *Loc. cit.*, c. 46. The Pantarva is brought forward in the first instance as a magnetic stone, but this quality is never ascribed to the stone of alchemy, though—according to Sendivogius—sophic Mercury has an attractive power respecting solar and lunar rays. The Pantarva is also said to have a vanishing tendency, which again does not characterise the *Lapis philosophorum.* Vaughan is in fact misled by a very shadowy analogy. There is no need to say that the Philosophers' Stone and its particular operations are not mentioned by Philostratus.

[2] *I.e.*, griffins. They were supposed to dig up certain stones with their beaks, break them in pieces and exhibit the gold contained therein.—*Ibid.*, c. 48.

character. It is true Philostratus attributes many strange performances to him, as that he should raise the dead, free himself from prison and shake off his chains with as much divinity as St Peter himself ;[1] nay, that pleading with Domitian in a full senate he should suddenly vanish away and be translated in a moment from Rome to Puteoli.[2] Truly these are great effects ; but if we consider only what Philostratus himself will confess we shall quickly find that all these things are but inventions. For in the beginning of his romance, where he would give his readers an account of his inventions, and from what hands he received them, he tells us that Damis, who was Apollonius his fellow-traveller, did write his life and all the occurrences thereof ;[3] but those commentaries of Damis—saith he—were never published by Damis himself, only a friend of his, a somebody,[4] a certain familiar of Damis did communicate them to Julia the Queen.[5] And here Philostratus tells me that this Queen commanded him to transcribe these commentaries. It seems then that they were originally written in the Greek and Philostratus is a mere transcriber,[6] and no author. This I cannot believe, for Damis was an Assyrian and—as he himself confesseth—a very ignorant person, and altogether illiterate. But meeting with Apollonius and conversing with the Greeks,[7] he also was almost made a Grecian, but not altogether—not so learned a Grecian as to write histories, and in a style like that of Philostratus. But this is not all. Our author tells us of one Moeragenes, who had formerly written the life of Apollonius in four books ; but this fellow—saith he—was ignorant of the performances or miracles of Tyaneus. And what

[1] The reference is to ACTS, xii, 7. [2] PHIL., Book viii, c.10.
[3] *Ibid.*, Book i, c. 3. Also c. 19.
[4] Προσήκων τις, &c. [5] Ἰουλία τῇ Βασιλίδι.
[6] The original reads "transcribler," which is presumably a typographical error, though it may have been so written by Vaughan in his satire.
[7] *Ibid.*, iii, c. 43. Ἕλλησί τε ἐπιμίξειν Ἕλλην ὑπ' αὐτοῦ γενόμενος.

follows this ignorance? We must not therefore believe Moeragenes.[1] And why not, I beseech you? Because forsooth he lived near if not in the days of Apollonius but never heard of those monstrous fables which Philostratus afterwards invented.[2] We must then believe Philostratus himself, for he is not the familiar friend but the familiar spirit[3] of Apollonius. It was he indeed that wrought all these wonders, for Apollonius himself never wrought any.

Now for the learning of this Tyaneus—since it is the pleasure of some men to think him learned—I must confess for my part I cannot find it. The philosophy that he pretended to was that of Pythagoras, for thus he rants it to Vardanes the Babylonian. "I am a master"—saith he—"of the wisdom of Pythagoras the Samian.[4] He taught me the true form of worshipping the gods and who of them are visible, who invisible, and how I may come to speak with them." How true this is we may easily know, if we look back on his education. His tutor in the Pythagorean principles was one Euxenus, a notable sot, and a man ignorant, as Philostratus tells us.[5] "He was"—saith our author—"an epicure in his course of life; and for his learning, he could only repeat some sentences of Pythagoras but did not understand them"; and therefore he compares him to certain mimic birds, who are taught their "farewell"[6] and their "Propitious Zeus,"[7] but know not what the words signify. Now, what instructions he was like to receive from this man let any indifferent reader judge. But we have something more to say; for if Apollonius when he was at Babylon could converse with the gods, why did he afterwards

[1] PHIL., *Lib.* i, c. 3.

[2] Philostratus says that he happened to meet with the four books of one Meragenes, but they were not of "great value" because of the writer's ignorance.

[3] Προσήκων τις.

[4] *Ibid.*, c. 32. Σοφία δὲ ἐμοὶ Πυθαγόρου, Σαμίου ἀνδρός, &c.

[5] *Ibid.*, c. 7.

[6] Εὖ πρᾶττε.

[7] Ζεὺς ἵλεως.

desire to be taught of men? For when he comes to India he requests the Brahmins to teach him the art of divination. Certainly had he been familiar with angels and spirits he had not troubled them with such a question. These indeed are the slips of Philostratus, who had the art of lying but wanted the art of memory. In another place he tells us that Apollonius understood all the languages that men did speak[1] and—which is more miraculous—even their secret cogitations. This is much indeed, but shortly afterwards he forgets these strange perfections; for when he brings him to Phraotes —that serious eastern Prince—there doth he use an interpreter; for Tyaneus—who formerly understood all languages—could not understand the language of the Prince,[2] and so far was he from knowing his secret thoughts that he did not know in how many languages he could express those thoughts. For when the Prince was pleased to express himself in the Greek tongue Tyaneus was quite dejected and did much wonder how he came to be a master of that dialect.

Now if any man will say that the Brahmins did impart their mysteries to him, it is apparent enough they did not.[3] This is it which even Damis tells us, for Apollonius —saith he—requested nothing of the Brahmins but certain divinatory tricks, by which he might foretell things to come. And here Jarchas takes occasion to discourse with him about revelations, for he speaks not of any prognosticating knacks which this Greek did look after. He tells him then that he judged him a most happy man who could obtain any foreknowledge at the hands of God and preach that to the ignorant which he did already foresee.[4] As for rules to divine by he prescribes not any, for it was too gross an error for such

[1] Πάσας οἶδα φωνὰς ἀνθρώπων. See Book i, c. 19, among other places.
[2] *Ibid.*, ii, c. 26.
[3] Jarchas promises Apollonius the full possession of all his knowledge. —*Ibid.*, iii. 16. See also c. 41.
[4] *Ibid.*, c. 42.

a philosopher as himself. He only tells him that he should lead a pure life and keep himself spotless from the flesh. One passage indeed there is which I cannot omit. Jarchas informs Apollonius that of all gifts imparted to man by revelation "the chiefest"—said he —"is the gift of healing, or Medicine."[1] But this heavenly and most beneficial truth Apollonius was not sensible of, for he was so great a stranger to the secrets of Nature that he did not know what to ask for. For my own part, if I durst think him a philosopher, I should seat him with the Stoics; for he was a great master of moral severities, and this is all the character I can give him. As for Philostratus, if we were not even with him I should think he had much abused us; for when he penned his history he allowed us no discretion to come after him. I could be sorry for some absurdities he hath fastened on Jarchas, did not the principles of that glorious Brahmin refute them. What they are I shall not tell you,[2] for I am confined to a preface and cannot proportion my discourse to the deserts of my subject.

And here some critic may drop his discipline and bid me face about, for I am wide of my text—the Society of R. C. I have indeed exceeded in my service to the Brahmins; but in all that there was no impertinency. I did it to shew the conformity of the old and new professors; and this is so far from digression I can think it near a demonstration. For when we have evidence that magicians have been it is proof also that they may be, since it cannot be denied that precedents exclude impossibility. I hold it then worth our observation that even those Magi who came to Christ Himself came from the East. But as we cannot prove they were

[1] PHIL., *Lib.* iii, c. 44. Μέγιστον δὲ τὸ τῆς ἰατρικῆς δῶρον.

[2] This is one of Vaughan's tricks in the lesser arts of mystery. The subject-matter of the discourses between Jarchas and Apollonius have been fairly set forth, and we can estimate their measures without referring to Philostratus. They enabled Apollonius to write four books on astrology and one on sacrifices—that is, according to the romance.

Brahmins so neither can we prove they were not. Now if any man will be so cross as to contend for the negative he shall have my thanks for the advantage he allows me; for then it must follow that the East afforded more magical societies than one. But this point I need not insist on, for the learned will not deny but wisdom and light were first manifested in the same parts, namely, in the East, where the first man planted. And hence did the world receive not only their religion but their philosophy, for custom hath distinguished those two. From this fountain also—this living oriental one—did the Brothers of R. C. draw their wholesome waters; for their founder received his principles at Damcar in Arabia, as their *Fama* will instruct you at large. It was not amiss then if I spent my hour in that bright region and paid a weak gratitude to those primitive benefactors; for 'tis a law with me "that he who draws the water should adorn the well."[1]

But that I may come at last to the subject intended, I shall confess, for my part, I have no acquaintance with this Fraternity as to their persons; but their doctrine I am not so much a stranger to.[2] And here, for the reader's satisfaction, I shall speak something of it, not that I would discover or point at any particulars, for that's a kindness —as they themselves profess—which they have not for any man till they first eat a bushel of salt with him.[3] They tell us then that the fire and Spirit of God did work upon the earth and the water; and out of them did the Spirit extract a pure, clear substance, which they call the terrestrial heaven. In this heaven the Spirit—say they—seated Himself, impressing His image therein. And out of this heavenly, clarified extract, impregnated with the influx and image of the Spirit, was formed that most noble creature whom we call man. This first matter

[1] *Qui aquam haurit puteum coronat.*

[2] The second affirmation of Vaughan on this subject, so that there may be no doubt thereon.

[3] *Nisi absumpto salis modio.*

of man, as they describe it, was a liquid, transparent salt, a certain bright earth, purified by a supernatural agent and tempered with a strange, unctuous humidity, enlightened with all the tinctures of the sun and stars. It was and is the minera of all creatures ; and this Society doth acknowledge it to be their very basis and the first gate that leads to all their secrets. This earth or water—call it which you will, for it is both—naturally produceth their agent ; but it comes not to their hands without art. By their agent I understand their fire, commonly called Male of Water, Vulcan, Invisible Sun, Son of the Sun, Lower Star, Hidden Smith, Immanent—with a thousand other names.[1] It is, *sans* all metaphors, "a divine fire and nutriment of all," [2] and that I may speak truth, even in the phrase of Aristotle, it is "a very divine principle and conformed to the starry elements." [3] This is that fire which Zoroaster calls "the fiery soul of the Kosmos and a living fire." [4] In plain terms, it is the tincture of the matrix, a fiery, radiant soul, that calls up another soul like itself ; for it makes the *anima* of the Mercury which is almost drowned in a cold and phlegmatic Lethe.

And here, Reader, let it be thy endeavour to understand the philosophers, for they tell us that God at first created the chaos and afterwards divided it into three portions. Of the first He made the spiritual world, of the second the visible heavens and their lights, but the third and worst part was appointed for this sublunary building. Out of this coarse and remaining portion He extracted the elemental quintessence or First Matter of all earthly things, and of this the four elements —for there is such a bold arithmetic—were made. Now,

[1] *Mas Aquæ*, *Vulcanus*, *Sol invisibilis*, *Filius Solis*, *Astrum inferius*, *Faber occultus*, *Intrinsecus*. The symbolical names applied to Hermetic Fire are by no means so many as those of the First Matter, which fill ten columns in the *Dictionnaire Mytho-Hérmétique*.

[2] Τὸ θεῖον πῦρ, καὶ παντότροφος.

[3] Θειότερον στοιχεῖον, καὶ ἀνάλογον τῷ τῶν ἄστρων στοιχείῳ.

[4] Ἐμπυροειδὴν τοῦ κόσμου ψυχὴν, καὶ πῦρ ζωηφόρον.

Reader, guess—if thou dost know the Matter—for it may be thou art one of those who conceive themselves to be somebody. I tell thee this theory is Raymund Lully's, and if thou canst make nothing of it I can, without a figure, tell thee how wise thou art. There are in the world as many sorts of salts as there are species, and the salts differ as the species do, namely, essentially; for the specific forms lie in the salt. Now learn of me that there is no true physic but what is in salt; for salt was never known to putrefy; nay, it hinders putrefaction and corruption in all things, and what hinders corruption hinders all diseases. Now, it is evident to all the world that salt hinders corruption and a solution of the parts, and this not only in living things but even in dead bodies; for if they be seasoned with salt they are preserved and corruption comes not at them. It is to be observed that Vergil in the cure of Æneas brings in his mother Venus with a panacea, or an Universal Medicine:

> This Venus brings, in clouds involved, and brews
> Th' extracted liquor with ambrosian dews
> And odorous panacee.[1]

This word is much abused by certain alchemists—as they call themselves; but Servius upon the place tells us it is an admirably devised name,[2] and he observes—out of Lucretius—that the panacea was salt. It is true that if we could putrefy salt it would discover all the mysteries of Nature, for it hath all the tinctures in it. But to destroy this substance is a hard task, for he that would do it must do something more than death can do—for even her prerogative comes not so far. Howsoever, it cannot be denied but some wise men have attained to the putrefaction of salts; but this key they received from

[1] *Occulte medicans, spargitque salubres*
Ambrosiæ succos et odoriferam panaceam.
The translation is Dryden's, and it is to be noted that the herb brought by Venus was "healing dittany."

[2] *Nomen mire compositum.*

God, and it is the great secret of their Art. What I admire most in it is this—that when it is killed it dies not but recovers to a better life, which is a very strange privilege. On the contrary, if some animal dies, if an herb withers, or if some metal be calcined and the parts thereof truly separated, we can never restore them again. But this mystical substance, this root of the world, if you bring his parts together after they are separated, they will not be quiet but run from one complexion to another, from this colour to that—as from green to red, from red to black, from black to a million of colours. And these miraculous alterations will not cease till he hath worked out his own resurrection and hath clearly brought himself to a supernatural temperature. I say then that salt is the true grain, the seed not only of this world but of the next ; and it is the mystery that God hath made.[1] It is a living water, wherein there dwells a Divine Fire, and this Fire binds the parts thereof to himself, coagulates them and stops their flux. And salt is the water that wets not the hand. This fire is the life, and therefore it hinders death. Nay, it is such a preservative against it that the very gross body of salt prevents corruption wheresoever it comes. But if any man fully know the power of this fire, let him wisely and effectually dislodge him. Let him destroy his habitation, and then he shall see what course this artist will take to repair his own house. Do not think now that I speak of common salts, though I confess they are great medicines—if rightly prepared.

I told thee formerly there were several sorts of salts ;

[1] According to Peter John Fabre, sophic Salt is the key of the Art and is scarcely mentioned by old writers on alchemy because of their anxiety to conceal it. The secret virtues of Sulphur and Mercury are manifested thereby. Nothing can be effected in its absence, so far as the Great Work is concerned. It contains the sun and moon, all stars and all the heavens. Fabre dwells also on the importance of its solution and putrefaction. See Mangetus : *Bibliotheca Chemica Curiosa*, *Tomus* i, pp. 296, 297. There is no title to the tract, which claims to be printed from a MS.

and here I would have thee study, lest thy labours should end with that complaint of the chemist in Sendivogius, who "bewailed the lost Stone and his folly in not asking Saturn what manner of Salt was this, seeing that there are many varieties of this substance."[1]

I shall advise thee then to consider the several divisions of the chaos which I have formerly mentioned out of Raymund Lully; for the Matter as it is there described is not subject to many complexions, and therefore thy mistakes cannot be many. And now let us touch at the treasures of our saltish liquor and our liquid salt. Saith one: "Let us seek after that grade of spirit or water which is, so to speak, more sensible and much more familiar to us; with zealous investigation let us follow the footsteps of the aerial nature, in the hiddenness whereof are treasured the great wonders, namely, angels of all degrees, essential forms of inferior things, the radical humidity of all that lives, the nutriment of thick fire, admirable portents of meteors, hurricanes from the four quarters and innumerable other mysteries."[2]

And now perhaps thou dost begin to bless thyself, for is it possible—say'st thou—that any bodily substance should inclose such mysteries as these? In this, my friend, thou hast thy liberty. Trouble not thyself about it, for thy faith will add nothing to it and thy incredulity cannot take anything from it. This only thou shalt do: be pleased to give way to my sauciness, for—I must tell thee—I do not know that thing which I may call impossible. I am sure there are in Nature powers of all

[1] *Lapidem amissum deplorabat et maxime condolebat, quod Saturnum non interrogaverit, quale Sal hoc fuerit cum tot varia genera salium reperiantur.*

[2] *Veniamus, quæso, ad illum spiritus, seu aquæ gradum, qui nobis sensibilior magisque familiaris est, naturæque aereæ vestigia diligenti inquisitione scrutemur, in cujus occulto mirabilia delitescunt: videlicet, angeli omnium generum, formæ rerum inferiorum essentificæ, humidum radicale cujusque viventis, ignis spissi nutrimentum, admirabiles meteororum apparitiones, ventorum cujusque anguli violentæ irruptiones, et infinita alia mysteria.*

sorts and answerable to all desires; and even those very powers are subject to us. Behold, I will declare unto thee their generation and their secret descents even to this earth. It is most certain that God works by the ideas of His own mind, and the ideas dispense their seals and communicate them daily to the matter. Now the *Anima Mundi* hath in the fixed stars her particular forms or seminal conceptions, answerable to the ideas of the Divine Mind; and here doth she first receive those spiritual powers and influences which originally proceed from God. From this place they are conveyed to the planets, especially to the sun and moon; and these two great lights impart them to the air, and from the air they pass down to the belly or matrix of the earth in prolific spirited winds and waters. Seeing then that the visible heavens receive the brightness of the spiritual world and this earth the brightness of the visible heavens, why may not we find something on earth which takes in this brightness and comprehends in itself the powers of the two superior worlds? Now if there be such a subject to be found, I suppose it will not be denied but the powers of the angelical and celestial worlds are very strange powers, and what that is which they cannot do is hard to determine. The subject then is the salt I have spoken of formerly. It is the body of the universal spirit—Ὄχημα καὶ αἰθερώδες σῶμα τοῦ πλαστικοῦ λόγου. It is the sperm of Nature which she prepares for her own light—as if we should prepare oil for a lamp. A strange substance it is but very common, and of some philosophers most properly called "green and admirable salt."[1] And here it will not be amiss to speak something of the Kabalist's Green Line,[2] a mystery not rightly apprehended even by some of the *Mekkubalim*;[3] but certainly the modern Rabbins know it not at all. It

[1] *Salina virens et mirabilis.*

[2] See the *Conclusiones Kabalisticæ* of Picus, in the seventh of which heaven is said to be that "green line which encircles all things."

[3] The Keepers of the Secret Tradition in Israel.

is the last *Midah*[1] or propriety of the *Sephiroth*, for it receives and includes all the influences of the Sephirotical order. It compasseth the heavens and in them the earth, like a green rainbow or one vast sphere of viridity, and from this viridity the Divine Influences are showered down, like rain through the ether, into the globes of the fixed stars.[2] For what the air is to the globe of the earth such is the ether to the globes of the stars ; and here lies a secret of the *Mekkubalim* ; for they tell us there is a double Venus in a twofold air.[3] But of this enough.

I will now speak of the philosophers' secret and blessed viridity, which is to be seen and felt here below. It is the Proteus of the old poets ; for if the spirit of this green gold be at liberty—which will not be till the body is bound—then will he discover all the essences of the universal centre.

> There many shapes shall mock and mouths of beasts,
> A horrid swine emerge, the tiger black,
> Mail'd dragon, tawny-headed lioness.
> Midst flames shall acrid sound break forth, in chains
> He perishes or falls in shallow wells ;
> All is transform'd in miracles of things,
> Appalling fire, wild beast and melting flood.[4]

But this is poetry. Let us now hear the same scene described by a most excellent and withal a severe professor of philosophy. "But after the spirit has failed"—says he —"through the perishable courses amidst which it is dispersed, it is presently purged from all impurity, and

[1] A virtue and influence.

[2] This is not true Kabalism, by which I mean the Zoharic tradition, but probably the personal reverie of a rabbinical Jew.

[3] *In duplici aere.*

[4] *Tum variæ illudent species atque ora ferarum :*
Fiet enim subito fus horridus atraque tigris,
Squamosusque draco et fulvâ cervice leæna.
Aut acrem flammis sonitum dabit, atque ita vinclis
Excidet, aut in aquas tenues dilapsus abibit.
Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,
Ignemque horribilemque feram, fluviumque liquentem.

changes into innumerable forms, here into herb and there into stone, or perchance into some extraordinary animal; but now and then into a clod, a pearl, some gem or metal; and sweetly glittering with blushing flames, it passes continually through a myriad changes of colours, and lives always an operator and magus of prodigies, never wearying with the toil thereof but ever young in strength and energy."[1]

Thus he; and now, Reader, I must tell thee that all these miracles grow out of a certain earth, a soft red clay which is to be found everywhere. It may be that thou art much troubled at these appearances which I have mentioned; but what wilt thou say to Iamblichus, who tells us seriously that this earth will attract angels—I mean, good spirits? For so did he. But let us hear this auditor of Anebo, for thus he writes from Egypt to Porphyrius. "The first and most ancient of substances"[2]—he says—"shines forth also in the last, and

[1] *Ubi vero spiritus excessit è fragilibus, per quos sparsus erat, meatibus, estque ab omni prorsum colluvie purgatus; in infinitas sese attollit formas; modo in herbam, modo in lapidem, aut in insolitum quoddam animal; interdum in æquor, aut unionem, aut gemmam, aut metallum; dulceque rubentibus jam flammis emicans, in multas statim colorum myriades transit, vivitque portentorum semper effector ac magus, isto nequaquam fatiscens labore, sed vigore ac viribus indies adolescens.*

[2] *Omnium prima et antiquissima entia in ultimis quoque subrutilant, immaterialiaque principia materialibus adsunt. Nemo itaque miretur si quam materiam esse dicimus puram, atque divinam. Nam ipsa quoque materia, quum ab Opifice, Patreque omnium facta sit, merito perfectionem sui quandam acquisivit, aptam ad deos suscipiendos. Quinetiam quum nihil prohibet superiora lumen suum ad inferiora diffundere, neque igitur materiam permittunt expertem fore superiorum. Quapropter quantumcunque materiæ perfectum et purum est, atque deiforme, ad deorum susceptionem non est ineptum. Nam quum oportuerit etiam terrena nullo modo divinæ communionis expertia fore, ipsa quoque terra divinam quandam portionem suscepit, ad capiendos deos sufficientem. Non ergo fas est omnem materiam detestari, sed solam quæ diis fuerit aliena. Propriam vero ad illos decet eligere, utpote quæ consentire possit. Neque enim aliter terrenis locis, et hominibus hic habitantibus, possessio, portione ulla ex divinis contingere potest, nisi tale quiddam prius jactum fuerit fundamentum. Arcanis itaque sermonibus credendum est, testantibus a deis per beata spectacula, tractatam fuisse Materiam Quandam. Hæc ergo illis ipsis tradentibus cognata est. Talis ergo Materia deos excitat, ut se demonstrant, &c.*

immaterial principles are present in those which are material. No one should marvel therefore that we affirm such matter to be pure and even divine. For when it was made by the Artificer and Father of all, it rightly assumed to itself a certain perfection, suitable to be accepted by the gods. Moreover, there is nothing which hinders higher things from dispensing their light to those which are below, and they do not suffer matter to be destitute of virtues from above. For this reason, in so far as matter is perfect and pure it is not unworthy the reception of the gods. And seeing that it is in no wise meet for the earthly to be bereaved of divine communion, so also the earth receives a certain divine portion, sufficient to entertain the gods. It is not lawful therefore to detest matter altogether but that aspect of it only which is alien to the gods. It is right to select what is suitable to them, as something which can be consented unto. But no possession or portion of divine things can befall terrestrial places and men dwelling therein unless such foundation be laid in the first place. It is to be believed on the faith of secret teachings bearing witness to the gods in the blessed pageants that the mystery concerning a certain matter has been handed down and that the same is known therefore to those who transmitted it. Such matter moves the gods to manifest themselves," &c.

These are the words of Iamblichus in that profound discourse of his, where he gives Porphyrius an account of the Egyptian, Chaldean and Assyrian Mysteries. I know the philosophical earth discovers not those forms I have spoken of in the common, ordinary process, which if any man knows I shall not therefore call him a philosopher. There are several ways to use this mystery, both first and last, and some of them may be communicated, but some not. To conclude, I say that this clarified earth is the stage of all forms, for here they are manifested like images in a glass ; and when the time of their manifestation is finished they retreat into that centre out of which

at first they came. Hence came all vegetables, all minerals and all the animals in the world—even man himself, with all his tumult and principality. This soft clay is the mother of them all; and what the divine Vergil sometime said of Italy may be very properly applied to this our saturnine and sovereign earth.

> Our quarries, deep in earth, were famed of old
> For veins of silver and for ore of gold.
> Th' inhabitants themselves their country grace;
> Hence rose the Marsian and Sabellian race,
> Strong-limb'd and stout, and to the wars inclined,
> And hard Ligurians—a laborious kind.
> And Volscians arm'd with iron-headed darts.
> Besides—an offspring of undaunted hearts—
> The Decii, Marii, great Camillus, came
> From hence, and greater Scipios' double name.
> And mighty Cæsar, whose victorious arms
> To farthest Asia carry fierce alarms,
> Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome,
> Triumph abroad, secure our peace at home.
> Hail sweet Saturnian soil, of fruitful grain
> Great parent![1]

Thus, Reader, have I endeavoured to produce some reasons for those strange effects whereof this Society hath made a public profession. I did it not as a kindness to them, for I pen no plots, neither do I desire their familiarity. I am indeed of the same faith with them, and I have thus prefaced because I had the impudence to think it concerned me as much as them. And verily it is true that wheresoever I meet my own positions there I have an interest, and I am as much bound to the

[1] *Hæc eadem argenti rivos aerisque metalla*
Ostendit venis atque auro plurima fluxit.
Hæc genus acre virûm, Marsos, pubemque Sabellam,
Assuetumque malo Ligurem Volscosque verutos
Extulit: hæc Decios, Marios magnosque Camillos.
Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum.—Georgics, ii.
The translation which I have given in the text is that of Dryden.

defence of that author as I am to my own. Now for the ground here laid : it is the Art of Water, the philosopher's Humid Key[1] and this Society's *parergon*. I dare not speak anything of their metaphysical mystery, but I can tell thee it is not the same with the Philosopher's Stone,[2] either in form or matter ; and let this satisfy thee. I know some dispositions are so cross to these principles I might write again to excuse what I have written ; but this I am resolved not to do. If thou art a malicious reader and dost think it too much because it suits not with thy own jingles, I must tell thee thou art none of my peers ; for I have known some sciences which thou hast never heard of, nor thy fathers before thee.

But to make an end : I would have every man descend into himself and rationally consider those generations which are obvious to our eyes. We see there is a power granted to man over those things whose original he doth know. Examples and instances we have in corn and other vegetables, whose seed being known to the husbandman he can by the seed multiply his corn and provide for himself as he thinks fit. It is just so in minerals : there is a seed out of which Nature makes them, a First Matter ; and this the magicians carefully sought after, for they reasoned with themselves that as Nature by the vegetable seed did multiply vegetables so might they also by the mineral seed multiply minerals. When they found out the seed they practised upon it in several ways. They did shut it up in glasses, keeping it in a most equal, temperate heat for many months together : but all was to no purpose. Then did they fancy another course, for they buried it in the earth and left it there for a long time : but without any success. At last they considered, God without all question being their guide, that Nature had for every seed a vessel of her own and that all her

[1] A recurring expression in certain alchemical texts.

[2] The Rosicrucian manifestoes implied that the transmutation of metals was one of their secrets, but assuredly the least of all. The symbol became more and more spiritualised in later documents.

vessels were but several sorts of earth. For example, the vegetable seed had the common earth for his vessel, for therein Nature did sow it. The animal sperm had the flesh for his, and flesh is but a soft, animated earth—as it appears in the dissolution of the body. They saw plainly then that both these vessels were not appointed for the mineral sperm. They were too cold for it, and common fire was too hot, or if it were well regulated yet could it not alter the sperm, for it had not the qualities of a matrix. Then did they try several new heats. They exposed their Matter to the sun ; they buried it in dung-hills and beds of quicklime ; they placed their glasses in the moonbeams ; they invented new baths ; they made use of sand, ashes and filings of iron ; they burnt oils and fancied all sorts of lamps : but all this was error, and it ended in a troublesome nothing. Now all these falsities shall a man meet with in their books ; for when they had found out the mineral vessel, and especially the second earth, wherein they sowed their Mercury and Sulphur, then did they so confound the earth that it is almost impossible to get the preparation out of their hands.

This I thought fit to touch upon, that those difficulties which great and aspiring wits must strive withal may be the more apparent ; and surely I think I have pretty well cleared the way. Thus, Reader, have I given thee my best advice ; and now it remains thou shouldst rail at me for it. It may be thou hast a free spirit, but if this liberality concerns not thy credit, keep thy spleen to thyself, for I would not have thee spend what thou canst well spare.

SOLI DEO GLORIA

A SHORT ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER[1]

THIS advertisement, Reader, invites thee not to my lodging, for I would give thee no such directions, my nature being more melancholy than sociable. I would only tell thee how charitable I am, for having purposely omitted some necessaries in my former discourse I have upon second thoughts resolved against that silence.

There is abroad a bold ignorance, for philosophy hath her confidants, but in a sense different from the Madams. This generation I have sometimes met withal and lest they should ride and repent, I thought it not amiss to shew them the precipices. The second philosophical work is commonly called the gross work, but 'tis one of the greatest subtleties in all the Art. Cornelius Agrippa knew the first preparation and hath clearly discovered it; but the difficulty of the second made him almost an enemy to his own profession.[2] By the second work I understand not coagulation but the solution of the Philosophical Salt, a secret which Agrippa did not rightly know, as it appears by his practice at Malines, nor would Natalius teach him, for all his frequent and serious entreaties. This was it that made his necessities so vigorous and his purse so weak that I can seldom find him in a full fortune. But in this he is not alone. Raymund Lully—the best Christian artist that ever was—received not this mystery from Arnoldus, for in his first practices

[1] This is printed in the original edition at the end of the FAME and CONFESSION.

[2] The general opinion of Agrippa on the alchemists and alchemy of his period is found in a chapter of THE VANITY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES. He rejects the chaos of artificial symbolism but claims to have received the Secret of the Stone.

he followed the tedious common process, which after all is scarce profitable.[1] Here he met with a drudgery almost invincible ; and if we add the task to the time it is enough to make a man old. Norton was so strange an ignoramus in this point, that if the solution and purgation were performed in three years he thought it a happy work.[2] George Ripley laboured for new inventions to putrefy this Red Salt, which he enviously calls his gold ;[3] and his knack is to expose it to alternate fits of cold and heat. But in this he is singular, and Faber is so wise he will not understand him. And now that I have mentioned Faber, I must needs say that Tubal Cain himself is short of the right substance ; for the process he describes hath not anything of Nature in it. Let us return then to Raymund Lully, for he was so great a master that he performed the solution inside nine days ;[4] and this secret he had from God Himself : for this is his Confession.[5] "When seeking to extract that benign spirit

[1] The alchemist who passed under the name of Raymund Lully adopted one which did not belong to him, for there is no reason to suppose that it was borne actually by two persons at two different periods. He who was the author of ARS MAGNA and the true Lully knew nothing of alchemy. The Hermetic master came later and much yet remains to be done in the criticism of his writings, including the personal memoranda which they contain.

[2] Thomas Norton wrote the ORDINAL OF ALCHEMY in English verse, and it was first printed by Elias Ashmole in THEATRUM CHEMICUM BRITANNICUM.

[3] See RIPLEY REVIVED, by Eirenæus Philalethes.

[4] *Intra novem dies.*

[5] *Nos de primâ illâ nigredine a paucis cognitâ, benignum spiritum extrahere affectantes, pugnam ignis vincentem, et non victum, licet sensibus corporis multoties palpavimus, et oculis propriis vidimus. Extractionis tamen ipsius notitiam non habuimus quacumque scientiarum indagatione vel arte. Ideoque sentiebamus nos adhuc aliqua rusticitate excæcatos, quia nullo modo eam comprehendere valuimus, donec aliquis Spiritus prophetiæ, spirans a Patre Luminum, descendit, tanquam suos nullatenus deserens, aut a se postulantibus deficiens ; qui in somniis tantam claritatem mentis nostræ oculis infulsit, ut illam intus et extra, remota omnia figura, gratis revelare dignatus est, insatiabili bonitate nos reficiendo, demonstrans ut ad eam implendam disponeremus corpus ad unam naturalem decoctionem secretam, quâ penitus ordine retrogrado cum pungenti lancea, tota ejus natura in meram nigredinem visibiliter dissolveretur.*

which prevails over the fire and is not itself conquered, we have experienced with our physical senses and seen with our proper eyes concerning that prime blackness known to few. But our knowledge of the extraction thereof we did in no wise derive by the way of the sciences, nor yet by art; and therefore we thought ourselves as it were hoodwinked by a kind of clownishness, being unable anywise to comprehend the mystery, until a spirit of prophecy came down from the Father of Lights, as if no wise deserting His own or leaving postulants to their own devices. This spirit infused during sleep such clearness into the eyes of mind, that it deigned in its pure bounty to make known the secret within and without, apart from all figures of speech, refreshing us by its illimitable goodness and demonstrating that to perform the work we must prepare the body by a secret, natural decoction, in which wholly retrogressive process, as if by a sharp lance, all its nature shall be visibly dissolved into pure blackness."

Here lies the knot, and who is he that will untie it? "For"—saith the same Lully—it was never put to paper, and he gives this reason for it[1]—"because it is the office of God only to reveal this thing, and man seeks to take away from the Divine Glory when he publishes, by word of mouth or in writing, what appertains to God alone. Therefore thou canst not attain to this operation until thou hast first been approved spiritually for the favours of Divinity. For this secret is of no human revelation but for that of the Benign Spirit, Which breathes where it wills."

It seems then the greatest difficulty is not in the coagulation or production of the Philosophical Salt but in the putrefaction of it, when it is produced. Indeed

[1] *Quia Solius Dei est ea revelare, et homo Divinæ Majestati substrahere nititur, cum soli Deo pertinentia vulgat spiritu prolationis humanæ, aut literarum serie. Propterea operationem illam habere non poteris, quousque spiritualiter prius fueris Divinitatis meritis comprobatus. Quia hoc secretum a nemine mortali revelandum est, præterquam ab Almo Spiritu, qui ubi vult, spirat.*

this agrees best with the sense of the philosophers, for one of those strict observers[1] tells us that "he who knoweth salt and the solution thereof knoweth the hidden secret of the ancient philosophers."[2] Alas then, what shall we do? Whence comes our next intelligence? I am afraid here is a sad truth for somebody. Shall we run now to Lucas Rhodagirus,[3] or have we any dusty manuscripts that can instruct us? Well, Reader, thou seest how free I am grown; and now I could discover something else, but here is enough at once. I could indeed tell thee of the first and second sublimation, of a double nativity—visible and invisible—without which the matter is not alterable as to our purpose. I could tell thee also of Sulphurs simple and compounded, of three *argents vive* and as many Salts; and all this would be new news—as the bookmen phrase it—even to the best learned in England. But I have done, and I hope this discourse hath not demolished any man's castles; for why should they despair when I contribute to their building? I am a hearty *Dispensero*, and if they have got anything by me, much good may it do them.

It is my only fear they will mistake when they read, for were I to live long—which I am confident I shall not—I would make no other wish but that my years might be as many as their errors. I speak not this out of any contempt, for I undervalue no man. It is my experience in this kind of learning—which I ever made my business—that gives me the boldness to suspect a possibility of the same failings in others which I have found in myself. To conclude: I would have my reader know that the philosophers finding this life subjected to necessity and that necessity was inconsistent with the nature of the

[1] Præcisians.

[2] *Qui scit salem, et ejus solutionem, scit secretum occultum antiquorum philosophorum.*

[3] He wrote PISCES ZODIACI, *sive de Solutione Philosophica*, 1566, and ÆNIGMA VERSIBUS, which I know only by the THEATRUM CHEMICUM, vol. v.

soul, they did therefore look upon man as a creature originally ordained for some better state than the present, for this was not agreeable with his spirit. This thought made them seek the ground of his creation, that if possible they might take hold of liberty and transcend the dispensations of that circle which they mysteriously called Fate. Now what this really signifies not one in ten thousand knows ; and yet we are all philosophers.

But to come to my purpose : I say the true philosophers did find in every compound a double complexion—circumferential and central. The circumferential was corrupt in all things, but in some things altogether venomous ; the central not so, for in the centre of everything there was a perfect unity, a miraculous indissoluble concord of fire and water.[1] These two complexions are the *manifestum* and the *occultum* of the Arabians ; and they resist one another, for they are contraries. In the centre itself they found no discord at all, for the difference of spirits consisted not in qualities but in degrees of essence and transcendency. As for the water it was of kin with the fire, for it was not common but ethereal. In all centres this fire was not the same, for in some it was only a solar spirit, and such a centre was called "Water of the Sun, Celestial Water, Water of Gold, Water of Silver."[2] In some again the spirit was more than solar, for it was supercelestial and metaphysical. This spirit purged the very rational soul and awakened her root that was asleep. And therefore such a centre was called Water tinged with Fire, Clarifying Water, a Candle uplighting and illuminating the House. Of both these waters have I discoursed in those small tractates I have published ; and although I have had some dirt cast at me for my pains,

[1] As the familiar expression goes, this is true on all the planes, and above everything in the spiritual order, due allowance being made for the real meaning of the symbolism concerning fire and water.

[2] *Aqua solis, aqua cœlestis, aqua auri et argenti.*
Aqua igne tincta, aqua serenans, candelas accendens et domum illuminans.

yet this is so ordinary I mind it not ; for whiles we live here we ride in a highway. I cannot think him wise who resents his injuries, for he sets a rate upon things that are worthless and makes use of his spleen where his scorn becomes him. This is the entertainment I provide for my adversaries ; and if they think it too coarse let them judge where they understand, and they may fare better.

EUPHRATES

OR THE WATERS OF THE EAST

TO THE READER

I HAVE, Reader—and, I suppose, it is not unknown to thee—within these few years, in several little treatises, delivered my judgment of philosophy. I say, of philosophy, for alchemy—in the common acceptation, and as it is a torture of metals—I did never believe: much less did I study it.[1] On this point, my books—being perused—will give thee evidence; for there I refer thee to a subject that is universal, that is the foundation of all Nature, that is the matter whereof all things are made, and wherewith being made are nourished. This, I presume, can be no metal; and therefore as I ever disclaimed alchemy in the vulgar sense, so I thought fit to let the alchemists know it, lest—in the perusal of my writings—they should fix a construction to some passages which cannot suit with the judgment of their author. Hence thou mayst see what my conceptions were, when I began to write; and now I must tell thee, they are still the same, nor hath my long experience weakened them at all, but invincibly confirmed them. But—to acquaint thee how ingenuous I am—I freely confess that in my practice I waived my own principles, for having miscarried in my first attempts, I laid aside the true subject and was contented to follow their noise who will hear of nothing but metals. What a drudge I have been in this fetid and feculent school for three years together I will not here tell thee.[2] It was well that I quitted it at last and

[1] The testimony is curious, having regard to the note-book of experiments, of which a full account is given in Appendix I of the present volume, and in view of the story of Vaughan's death. He was, moreover, a student and interpreter of alchemical literature, as there is no need to say, but his thesis presumably is—their symbolism notwithstanding—that the great alchemists did not work in metals.

[2] It follows that his experiments were undertaken on a hazard, apart from real faith or guidance.

walked again into that clear light which I had foolishly forsaken. I ever conceived that in metals there were great secrets, provided they be first reduced by a proper dissolvent. But to seek that dissolvent, or the matter whereof it is made, in metals is not only error but madness.[1] I have for the truth's sake and to justify my innocent and former discourses added to them this little piece, which perhaps is such—and hath in it so much—as the world hath not yet seen published. It is not indeed the tenth part of what I had first designed, but some sober considerations made me forbear, as my sudden and abrupt close will inform thee. Howsoever, what I now reserve as to philosophical mysteries may be imparted hereafter in our Meteorology; and for the Theological we shall draw them up for our own private use in our *Philosophia Gratiæ*.[2]

I have little more to say; but if it may add anything to thy content, I can assure thee here is nothing affirmed but what is the fruit of my own experience.[3] I can truly say of my own, for with much labour I have wrung it out of the earth, nor had I any to instruct me.[4] I would not have thee build mountains on the foundation I have here laid—not especially those of gold. But if thou dost build physic upon it,[5] then I have shewed thee the rock

[1] This does not appear to be the real issue in alchemy. I do not find that any of the seekers—and much less the masters—sought their dissolvent in metals. The question—by the hypothesis of the subject—is whether metals ever went into the crucibles of those who knew the work, whether, in the physical process, they did not rather operate on substances out of which art produced in the laboratories of true artists the perfect metals which Nature generated in mines.

[2] The tract on meteorology and the work on grace did not appear, though Vaughan was certainly alive for some ten years after the publication of *Euphrates*. The second of these promised books should have been important for the position of Vaughan as a mystic. I have always felt that—could he for once have got away from cosmical reveries—he would have borne true witness on the soul and its attainments.

[3] See *ante*, on walking in the clear light.

[4] This statement is of note in a previous connection. He found no individual instructor and entered no school of initiation.

[5] As if he himself had built otherwise.

and the basis of that famous art, which is so much professed and so little understood. Here shalt thou find the true subject of it demonstrated, and—if thou art not very dull—sufficiently discovered. Here God Himself and the Word of God leads thee to it. Here the Light shews thee light; and here hast thou that testimony of Iamblichus and the Egyptian Records cleared, namely, that God sometimes delivered to the ancient priests and prophets a certain matter in blessed visions,[1] and communicated it for the use of man.

I shall conclude with this admonition: If thou wouldst know Nature take heed of antimony and the common metals.[2] Seek only that very first mixture of elements which Nature makes in the Great World. Seek it, I say, whilst it is fresh and new, and—having found it—conceal it. As for the use of it, seek not that altogether in books, but rather beg it at the hands of God; for it is properly His gift and never man attained to it without a clear and sensible assistance from above. Neglect not my advice in this, though it may seem ridiculous to those that are over-wise and have the mercies of God in derision. Many men live in this world without God. They have no visits from Him and therefore laugh at those that seek Him—but much more at those that have found Him. St Paul gloried in His revelations, but he that will do so now shall be numbered amongst ranters and anabaptists. But let not these things divert thee: if thou servest God, thou servest a good Master, and He will not keep back thy wages. Farewell in Christ Jesus.

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES.

[1] *Per beata spectacula.*

[2] Meaning that we must beware of these. Notwithstanding Basil Valentine and his TRIUMPHAL CHARIOT OF ANTIMONY, the way of attainment is in an universal, not in a particular subject. But the virtues of antimony had become of great repute in alchemy because of this celebrated treatise, though it was concerned with pharmacy rather than metallurgy.

EUPHRATES

It is written in those living oracles which we have received and believe that there is an angel of the waters ;[1] and this seems to be spoken in a general sense, as if the angel there mentioned had been president of all that element. Elsewhere we find an angel limited to a more particular charge, as that which descended at a certain season and stirred the waters in the pool of Bethsaida.[2] Nor is it indeed anything strange that angels should visit and move that element on which the Spirit of God did move at the beginning.[3] I cite not these places as if they were pertinent for my purpose or made altogether for it, though I know they make nothing against it. But I cite them as generals, to shew that God is conversant with matter, though He be not tied to it, and this is all my design. Notwithstanding, I know that Prince Avicen hath numbered St John the Evangelist amongst the chemists ;[4] and certainly if some passages in the Revelations were urged—and that no further than their own

[1] Revelations, xvi, 5.

[2] St John, v, 4. Vaughan belonged to an age and family of faith to which it had not occurred that Holy Scripture might be of other than plenary and literal inspiration. He approached the New Testament in the same manner that the canon of the Old Testament was approached by Rabbinical Jews.

[3] By Vaughan's hypothesis, our natural water is not that element upon which the Spirit of God moved at the beginning. It follows that he was either a careless thinker or believed that logical consistency mattered little in dealing with a hidden subject.

[4] There are some nine supposititious treatises attributed to Avicenna. I have found no reference to St John in the Tractatulus, which is one of the most important, nor in the Declaratio Lapidis Physici, nor in De Congelatione et Conglutinatione Lapidum. There is, I presume, no need to say that if the Persian philosopher had been the author of any such works, it would be ridiculous to look therein for such an allusion.

sense would carry them—it would be somewhat difficult to repel his opinion. Surely I am one that thinks very honourably of Nature, and if I avoid such disputes as these it is because I would not offend weak consciences. For there are a people who though they dare not think the majesty of God was diminished in that He made the world, yet they dare think the majesty of His Word is much vilified if it be applied to what He hath made—an opinion truly that carries in it a most dangerous blasphemy, namely, that God's Word and God's work should be such different things that the one must needs disgrace the other.

I must confess I am much to seek what Scripture shall be applied to, and whom it was written for, if not for us and for our instruction. For if they that are whole—as our Saviour testifies—have no need of a physician,[1] then did God cause Scripture to be written neither for Himself nor for His angels; but it was written for those creatures who having lost their first estate were since fallen into corruption. Now then if Scripture was written for us, it concerns us much to know what use we shall make of it; and this we may gather from the different conditions of man before and after his Fall. Before his Fall man was a glorious creature, having received from God immortality and perfect knowledge;[2] but in and after his Fall he exchanged immortality for death and knowledge for ignorance. Now as to our redemption from this Fall, we may not—in respect of death—expect it in this world, God having decreed that all men should once die. But for our ignorance—we may and ought to put it off in this life, forasmuch as without the knowledge of God no man can be saved; for it is both the cause and the earnest of our future immortality.[3] It remains

[1] St Mark, ii, 17.

[2] Compare Paracelsus, Böhme, Saint-Martin and even Latin theology, the last as at a far distance.

[3] Man having come into this world that he might know God, or into separate being from Him that he might know God consciously.

then that our ignorance must be put off in part even in this life,[1] before we can put off our mortality; and certainly to this end was Scripture written—namely, that by it we might attain to the knowledge of God and return to Him from Whom we were fallen.[2]

And here let no man be angry with me if I ask how Scripture teacheth us to know God: doth it only tell us there is a God and leave the rest to our discretion? Doth it—that I may speak my mind—teach us to know God by His works,[3] or without His works? If by His works, then by natural things, for they are His works, and none other. If without His works I desire to know what manner of teaching that is, for I cannot yet find it. If they say it is by inspiration, I say too that God can teach us so,[4] but Scripture cannot, for certainly Scripture never inspired any man,[5] though it came itself by inspiration. But if it be replied that in Scripture we have the testimony of men inspired, I say this answer is beside my question, for I speak not here of the bare authority or testimony of Scripture, but I speak of that doctrine[6] by which it proves what it testifies, for with such doctrine the Scripture abounds. Sure I am that Moses proves God by His creation, and God proves Himself to Moses by transmutation of his rod into a serpent, and of the serpent into a rod. And to the Egyptians He gives more terrible demonstrations of His power and sovereignty in Nature, by turning their rivers into blood and the dust of their land into lice; by a murrain of beasts, by blains and

[1] The meaning is that he who ceases from ignorance of God ceases from the inward sleep or figurative death of the soul.

[2] The construction is obscure. It is not intended to say that we cannot die before we put away ignorance, but that we ought to have done with this latter before we can safely dispense with that earthly envelope which has been assumed for our education.

[3] But chiefly by that work of God which is man.

[4] Speaking in the inward being of the soul, or so awakening it that the soul testifies to us—on its own part—of God.

[5] On the contrary, that which is inspired does assuredly inspire those who respond to inspiration.

[6] But this is a work of awakening and inspiration.

boils and the death of their first-born; by the several plagues of frogs, locusts, hail, fire, thunder and darkness —all which were but great natural works by which He proved His Godhead, as Himself hath said. "And the Egyptians shall know that I am the Lord when I stretch forth my hand upon Egypt."[1] When He reveals Himself to Cyrus He doth it not by a simple affirmation that He is God, but He proves Himself to be such by the world that He hath made. "I am the Lord," saith He, "and there is none else, there is no God beside me: I girded thee, though thou hast not known me. . . . I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the Lord do all these things. . . . I have made the earth and created man upon it: I, even my hands, have stretched out the heavens, and all their host have I commanded."[2]

Let any man read those majestic and philosophical expostulations between God and Job;[3] or in a word, let him read over both Testaments and he shall find—if he reads attentively—that Scripture, all the way, makes use of Nature and hath indeed discovered such natural mysteries as are not to be found in any of the philosophers. And this shall appear in the following discourse. For my own part, I fear not to say that Nature is so much the business of Scripture that—to me—the Spirit of God in those sacred oracles seems not only to mind the restitution of man in particular but even the redemption of Nature in general.[4] We must not therefore confine this restitution to our own species unless we can confine corruption to it withal, which doubtless we cannot do.[5] For it is evident that corruption hath not only seized upon man but on the world also for man's

[1] EXODUS, vii, 5. [2] ISAIAH, xlv, 5, 7, 12.

[3] The references given are to JOB, xxxviii, xxxix, xl and xli.

[4] The things which are without do testify to the things that are within, and the world is remade in man, for and with man.

[5] Compare LE NOUVEL HOMME of L. C. de Saint-Martin and the TRAITÉ DE LA RÉINTÉGRATION DES ÊTRES by Martines de Pasqually.

sake.[1] If it be true then that man hath a Saviour, it is also as true that the whole creation hath the same, God having reconciled all things to Himself in Jesus Christ. And if it be true that we look for the redemption of our bodies and a new man, it is equally true that we look for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. For it is not man alone that is to be renewed at the general restoration, but even the world as well as man—as it is written: "Behold I make all things new."[2] I speak not this to disparage man or to match any other creature with him; for I know he is principal in the restoration, as he was in the Fall, the corruption that succeeded in the elements being but a chain that this prisoner drags after him. But I speak this to shew that God minds the restitution of Nature in general and not of man alone, who—though he be the noblest part—yet certainly is but a small part of Nature.

Is Scripture then misapplied, much less vilified, when it is applied to the object of salvation, namely, to Nature, for that is it which God would save and redeem from the present depravations to which it is subject? Verily, when I read Scripture, I can find nothing in it but what concerns Nature and natural things. For where it mentions regeneration, illumination and grace, or any other spiritual gift, it doth it not precisely but in order to Nature;[3] for what signifies all this but a new influence of spirit, descending from God to assist Nature and to free us from those corruptions wherewith of a long time we have been oppressed? I suppose it will not be denied that God is more metaphysical than any scripture can be, and yet in the work of salvation it were great impiety to separate God and Nature, for then God would have nothing to save, nor indeed to work upon. How

[1] The allusion is to GENESIS, iii, 17. [2] REVELATIONS, xxi, 5.

[3] I print this as it appears in the original edition, but without being able to follow the thought which the writer is meaning to convey. Though often deficient in power and care of expression, Vaughan's exact meaning is very seldom a point at issue, as in this place.

much more absurd is it in the ministry of Nature to separate Scripture and Nature, for to whom—I beseech you—doth Scripture speak? Nay, to whom is salvation ministered if Nature be taken away? I doubt not but man stands in Nature, not above it; and let the Schoolmen resolve him into what parts they please, all those parts will be found natural, since God alone is truly metaphysical.[1] I would gladly learn of our adversaries how they came first to know that Nature is corrupted, for if Scripture taught them this physical truth, why may it not teach them more? But that Scripture taught them is altogether undeniable. Let us fancy a physician of such abilities as to state the true temperament of his patient and wherein his disease hath disordered it. Doth he not this to good purpose? Questionless, he doth; and to no less purpose is it in my opinion for the Spirit of God—Whose patient Nature is—to give us in Scripture a character of Nature, which certainly He hath done in all points, whether we look to the past, present or future complexion of the world.

For my own part, I have this assurance of philosophy, that all the mysteries of Nature consist in the knowledge of that corruption which is mentioned in Scripture and which succeeded the Fall; namely, to know what it is and where it resides principally, as also to know what substance that is which resists it most and retards it—as being most free from it—for in these two consist the advantages of life and death.[2] To be short, experience and reason grounded thereupon have taught me that philosophy and divinity are but one and the same science. But man hath dealt with knowledge as he doth with

[1] The point is that the lesser world is sphered in the greater world.

[2] It would appear that Vaughan is speaking here of physical corruption and the dissolution to which it leads, in which case his hypothetical substance which resists and retards corruption is some dreamed-of physical elixir. But he who says truly that philosophy and divinity are one makes frequent transits from physical to spiritual things, and we are often by no means certain as to where he ceases to speak of the one and begins consideration of the other.

rivers and wells, which being drawn into several pipes are made to run several ways, and by this accident come at last to have several names. We see that God in His work hath united spirit and matter, visibles and invisibles; and out of the union of spiritual and natural substances riseth a perfect compound, whose very nature and being consists in that union. How then is it possible to demonstrate the nature of that compound by a divided theory of spirit by itself and matter by itself? For if the nature of a compound consists in the composition of spirit and matter, then must not we seek that nature in their separation but in their mixture and temperature, and in their mutual mixed actions and passions. Besides, who hath ever seen a spirit without matter or matter without spirit, that he should be able to give us a true theory of both principles in their simplicity? Certainly no man living. It is just so in divinity, for if by evasion we confine divinity to God in the abstract, who—say I—hath ever known Him so? Or who hath received such a theology from Him and hath not all this while delivered it unto us? Verily, if we consider God in the abstract, and as He is in Himself, we can say nothing of Him positively, but we may something negatively, as Dionysius hath done.[1] That is to say, we may affirm what He is not, but we cannot affirm what He is. But if by divinity we understand the doctrine of salvation, as it is laid down in Scripture, then verily it is a mixed doctrine, involving both God and Nature. And here I doubt not to affirm that the mystery of salvation can never be fully understood without philosophy[2]—not in its just latitude—as it is an application of God to Nature and a conversion

[1] Proceeding step by step, from lesser to greater negation, and finally daring to deny all that is affirmed of God, He being nothing of all that is—of that which is positive nothing and nothing of that which is manifest. —TREATISE ON MYSTICAL THEOLOGY, c. ii.

[2] The word philosophy must be understood here in the sense of Vaughan's previous statement—that it is one and the same science with divinity. See p. 393.

of Nature to God, in which two motions and their means all spiritual and natural knowledge is comprehended.

To speak then of God without Nature is more than we can do, for we have not known Him so; and to speak of Nature without God is more than we may do, for we should rob God of His glory and attribute those effects to Nature which belong properly to God and to the Spirit of God, Which works in Nature. We shall therefore use a mean form of speech between these extremes, and this form the Scriptures have taught us, for the prophets and apostles have used no other. Let not any man therefore be offended if in this discourse we shall use Scripture to prove philosophy and philosophy to prove divinity, for of a truth our knowledge is such that our divinity is not without Nature, nor our philosophy without God. Notwithstanding, I dare not think but most men will repine at this course, though I cannot think wherefore they should, for when I join Scripture and philosophy I do but join God and Nature, an union certainly approved of by God, though it be condemned of men.[1] But this perverse ignorance—how bold soever it be—I shall not quarrel with, for besides Scripture I have other grounds that have brought me very fairly and soberly to this discourse.

I have sojourned now for some years in this great fabric which the fortunate call the world, and certainly I have spent my time like a traveller—not to purchase it but to observe it. There is scarce anything in it but hath given me an occasion of some thoughts; but that which took me up much and soon was the continual action of fire upon water.[2] This speculation—I know

[1] We should remember that Vaughan had passed through the Commonwealth gross purgation, its hot gospels and puritanism apart from purity. *Matrimonium Dei et Naturæ* was an impossible thesis then, though even in high places of the protectorate there were a few chosen souls like Rouse who knew something of the greater espousals and an union of God and Nature in the human soul.

[2] Not perhaps without some intimations concerning the work of Divine Fire upon the water of natural emotions.

not how—surprised my first youth, long before I saw the university ; and certainly Nature, whose pupil I was, had even then awakened many notions in me which I met with afterwards in the Platonic philosophy.[1] I will not forbear to write how I had then fancied a certain practice on water, out of which—even in those childish days—I expected wonders, but certainly neither gold nor silver, for I did not so much as think of them, nor of any such covetous artifice. This consideration of myself when I was a child hath made me since examine children, namely, what thoughts they had of those elements we see about us ; and I found thus much of them—that Nature in her simplicity is much more wise than some men are, with their acquired parts and sophistries. Of a truth I thought myself bound to prove all things, that I might attain to my lawful desires. But lest you think I have only conversed with children, I shall confess I have conversed with children and fools too—that is, as I interpret it, with children and men, for these last are not in all things as wise as the first. A child, I suppose, *in puris naturalibus*, before education alters and ferments him, is a subject hath not been much considered, for men respect him not till he is company for them, and then indeed they spoil him. Notwithstanding, I should think, by what I have read, that the natural disposition of children, before it is corrupted with customs and manners, is one of those things about which the ancient philosophers have busied themselves, even to some curiosity. I shall not here express what I have found by my own experience, for this is a point of foresight and a ground by which wise men have attained to a certain knowledge of morals, as well as naturals.

[1] And yet we seem missing continually, though often as if on the verge of finding, those real and living intimations which would have offered a true memorial concerning that action of fire upon water which is not of external elements but of the soul's elemental life. I speak of that mystical marriage which—if we are to use the terms of symbolism—is made between "great waters of understanding" and the fire of "supernal wisdom."

But to return from this digression to the principles first proposed, namely, fire and water, I shall borrow my entrance into this discourse from my famous countryman, Rice of Chester, who speaking of this art delivers himself thus. "This Art," saith he, "belongeth to occult philosophy and to that part of the philosophy which treats of meteors. The said Art discourses not only of the elements but also of things produced by these. Search herein, because it is a great secret."[1]

These words—if the mysteries they involve and relate to were distinctly laid down—would make an endless discourse, for they contain all that Nature doth and all that Art can do. But that we may, in some order and as far as conscience will permit,[2] express what they signify: We do first say that God is the principal and sole Author of all things, Who by His Word and Spirit hath formed and manifested those things which at present we cannot see. As for the matter whereof He formed them, it being a substance pre-existent not only to us but to the world itself, most men may think the knowledge of it impossible, for how shall we know a thing that was so long before us and which is not now extant with us, nor ever was—in their opinion—since the creation?[3] To this objection, which at first sight may seem invincible, we shall return an answer shall break it; for we will shew how and by what means we came to know this matter and not only to know it but after long labours to

[1] *Ars hæc de philosophia occulta est, et est de illa parte philosophiæ quæ meteora tractat. Loquitur enim hæc ars non solum de elevatione et depressione elementorum sed etiam elementatorum. Scias hoc, quia magnum secretum est.*—I have endeavoured to trace this author under all possible forms and variants of his name, but without success.

[2] As it was in the beginning with Vaughan so also it remains to the end of his literary life. I have discussed this conscience which permits and hinders in the introductory part.

[3] On the hypothesis that the original of all things is one thing—an ether, an essence, a primal, irreducible matter—it seems obvious that it must be everywhere "extant" through all the æons, for it is the universal root and foundation.

see it, handle it and taste it.[1] It is evident enough that every individual—suppose man himself—is made by a seed, and this seed—when the body is perfected—appears no more, for it is altered and transformed to a body. However, that self-same body doth afterwards yield a seed, which is the very same in Nature with that original first seed whereof the body was made. I presume then that he that would know the generation of man needs not look back so far as Adam to know the first seed; for if Nature still affords the like, what needs that fruitless retrogradation? It is even so with the world, for it was originally made of a seed, of a seminal, viscous humidity or water. But that seed—as we have said in our Aphorisms[2]—disappeared in the creation, for the Spirit of God that moved upon it transformed it and made the world of it. Howsoever, that very world doth now yield and bring forth out of its own body a secondary seed, which is the very same in essence and substance with that primitive general seed whereof the world was made. And if any man shall ask what use Nature makes of this general seed, and wherefore she yields it, I answer that it is not to make another world of it but to maintain that world with it which is made already? For God Almighty hath so decreed that His creatures are nourished with the very same matter whereof they were formed; and in this is verified that maxim which otherwise would be most false: "By the self-same things of which we consist are we also nourished."[3] We seek not much whence our own nutriment comes, nor that of beasts, for both

[1] The affirmation is made here, but the promised revelation does not of course follow. Taking Vaughan at his own words, the one thing needful was a plain statement of that procedure—whatever it was—in virtue of which he believed himself able to touch, taste and see what he believed to be the First Matter.

[2] The reference is not apparently to the MAGICAL APHORISMS of Eugenius which follow the text of LUMEN DE LUMINE, and no others are extant, unless it be the ten aphorisms mentioned in the title of THE CHYMIST'S KEY TO SHUT AND TO OPEN, for which see Appendix IX to the present work. But these were the work of Nollius.

[3] *Ex iisdem nutrimur ex quibus constamus.*

provisions are obvious. But what is that which feeds grass, herbs, corn and all sorts of trees, with their fruits? What is it that restores and supplies the earth when these copious and innumerous products have for the greatest part of the year lived sucking on her breasts and almost exhausted her? I am afraid they will speak as they think and affirm it is water, but what skilful assertors they are shall appear hereafter.

Certainly even that which we eat ourselves, and beasts also, proceeds all of it from the same fountain; but before it comes to us it is altered, for animals feed on particulars but vegetables abstract this sperm immediately in its heavenly, universal form. Notwithstanding I would not have this so understood as if this seed did serve only to nourish, for many things are made of it, and especially that subterraneous family of minerals and metals. For this thing is not water otherwise than to the sight but a coágulable fat humidity, or a mixture of fire, air and pure earth, overcast indeed with water, and therefore not seen of any nor known but to few. In vegetables it oftentimes appears, for they feed not—as some think—on water but on this seminal viscosity[1] that is hid in the water. This indeed they attract at the roots and from thence it ascends to the branches, but sometimes it happens by the way to break out at the bark, where meeting with the cold air it subsists and congeals to a gum.[2] This congelation is not sudden but requires some small time, for if you find it while it is fresh it is an exceedingly subtle moisture but glutinous, for it will spin into strings as small as any hair; and had it passed up to the branches it had been formed—in time—to a plum or cherry. This happens to it by cold and above ground, but in the bowels of the earth it is congealed by

[1] It would appear therefore that the life and nourishment of plants depend upon their power of drawing into them the First Matter, everywhere described by Vaughan as a seminal viscosity.

[2] The said gum is therefore the First Matter, whether qualified or not by the particular channel of vegetation through which it has passed.

a sulphureous heat into metals,[1] and if the place of its congelation be pure then into a bright metal, for this sperm is impregnated with light and is full of the Star-Fire,[2] from whence all metals have their lustre. The same might be said of pearls and precious stones, this starry seed being the mother of them all. For where it is mineralised by itself and without any feculent mixture, then it sheds and shoots its fires,[3] and hath so much of heaven that if we did not know the conspiracy we should wonder how it could love the earth. Let us now in a few words resume what we have said, and the rather because we would explain our method, for we intend to follow Raymund Lully, who in the third chapter of his *Testament*[4] hath laid down a certain figure which fully answers to those words we have formerly cited out of Rhæsus Cestrensis.[5]

We have already mentioned two principles, God and Nature, or God and the created world; for that third principle or chaos that was pre-existent to the world we shall speak of no more. But in lieu of it we shall have recourse to the secondary sperm or chaos that now is and comes out of the visible world. For we will ground our discourse upon nothing but what is visible, and in the front of it we place the Divine Majesty, Who is the sole, central Eternal Principle and Architect of all.

This figure is Raymund Lully's, and in the centre of it you see the first Hyle or Matter, whereof the world was made.[6] In this Hyle—saith Raymund—all the elements and all natural principles—as well means as extremes—were

[1] The gum, the cherry, the gold—these three are of one substance: hereof is the physics of Vaughan.

[2] Or, as it is called by modern occult writers, the Astral Light.

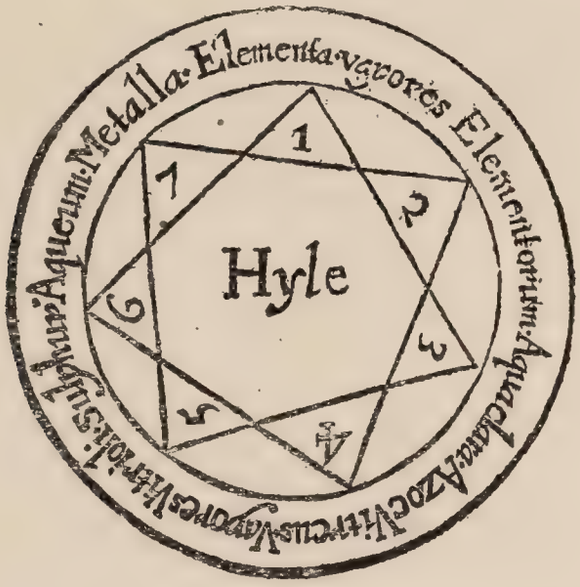
[3] *Vomit igniculos suos.*

[4] TESTAMENTUM *Raymundi Lullii, duobus libris Universam Artem Chymicam complectens.* Pars i, *cap.* 4. The diagram as produced by Vaughan is altered slightly from the original.

[5] See note on p. 397.

[6] That is to say, (1) the primal chaos, (2) the matter of the Philosophical Stone, (3) the basic matter of Mercury, (4) the First Matter.

mingled potentially "in a confused form of water";[1] and this primitive spermatic ocean filled all that space which we now attribute to the air, for—saith he—"it extended even to the lunar circle."[2] Out of this central Hyle—with which we have now done—did rise all those principles and bodies which you find written in the circumference of the figure: and here begins our philosophy.



In the first place over the Hyle you see the elements, or the visible created world, whose parts are commonly called elements, namely, earth, water, air and heaven—for there is no other fire but that *ignis fatuus* which Aristotle kindled under the moon.[3] From the elements on the right hand, by rarefaction and resolution of their substance, you see derived another principle, namely, the vapours of the elements or the clouds, in which vapours the inferior and superior natures meet and are there married, and out of their mixture results that secondary sperm or chaos philosophical, which we look for. Next to the clouds or vapours of the elements you will find in the figure a third principle, namely, a clear water which proceeds immediately from the clouds. "And that"—

[1] *In forma confusa aquæ.*

[2] *Attingebat usque ad circulum lunarem.*

[3] Apparently another derisive allusion to Aristotle's notions concerning a quintessence, Vaughan ignoring the fact that alchemical literature is full of this symbolism.

saith Lully—"is the substance rather[1] like unto quicksilver which is truly found running and flowing upon the earth." The fourth principle, which Nature immediately generates by congelation out of the substance or viscosity of the aqueous universal Mercury, is the glassy *Azoth*,[2] which is a certain fiery, sulphureous, masculine minera. And this is gold philosophical—the sulphur, the earth and the male, as the viscous water is the Mercury and the female. The rest of the principles which are ranged in the figure are artificial principles, and cannot be known or manifested without Art, excepting the seventh and last principle, which is either gold or silver. For these are perfect metals and ferments that specify the medicine—which of itself is universal—and reduce it to a particular disposition and effect.

Thus far we thought fit to deal plainly with you, and for the practical part of this figure we shall waive it, for we had rather speak nothing than to speak that we cannot be understood. I dare say there are some writers who rejoice in their own riddles and take a special pleasure to multiply those difficulties which are numerous enough already. For my part I shall not put you to a trial of wit. You may take the rest from their author and thus expose you to no other hazard but what I have been formerly exposed to myself.

We shall now again return to our theory, and to make our entrance we say that fire begins every motion and motion begins generation. For if the elements or parts of this material world did all of them stand within their

[1] *Et illa est res argento vivo magis propinqua, quæ quidem reperitur supra terram, currens et fluens.*

[2] *Azoth* is the Mercury of metallic bodies. The term is used not only by Raymund Lully but by the Latin Geber, Mary of Egypt, Basil Valentine and Paracelsus. In DE OCCULTA PHILOSOPHIA, *s.v. De Magicæ Abusu*, it is said to have power against sorceries. Azoc would seem to be one of its synonyms, and in AURORA Paracelsus says: "Let fire and *Azoc* suffice thee." Vitrified or glassy *Azoth* is mentioned by Rulandus. It is the universal medicine, of catholic and central virtue. A precipitate of ordinary Mercury used to be called by this name in some old chemical books, but true *Azoth* had nothing to do with common Mercury.

proper bounds,[1] such a cessation would produce nothing. To prevent this the Almighty God placed in the heart of the world, namely, in the earth—as He did in the heart of every other creature—a fire-life, which Paracelsus calls the Archæus[2] and Sendivogius the Central Sun.[3] This fire—lest it should consume its own body, the earth—he hath overcast with a thick, oily, saltish water, which we call the sea.[4] For sea-water — as we have tried — not to speak of its salt, is full of a sulphureous, volatile fatness, which doth not quench fire, like the common water, but feeds it. The like providence we see in the bodies of animals, whose heat or life is tempered with a sulphureous, saltish moisture—namely, with blood—and the blood with the breath, as the sea is with wind and air. Over this Archæus or central fire God hath placed His heaven, the sun and stars, as He hath placed the head and the eyes over the heart. For between man and the world there is no small accord, and he that knows not the one cannot know the other.[5] We may observe also that the wind passeth between the inferior and superior fires, that is, between the central and celestial sun; and in man the breath hath all its liberty and motion between the heart and the eyes—that is, between the fire and the light that is in us.[6] We see, moreover, in man and the world a most even correspondence of effects; for as the blood, even so the sea hath a constant

[1] *In suis terminis.*

[2] The principle of motion in Nature, the universal and particular agent, which disposes to generation and reproduction. Sendivogius calls Archæus the servant of Nature, which distils and sublimes the elements.—NOVUM LUMEN CHEMICUM, *Tract.* ii and iv.

[3] *Ibid.*, in the Epilogue or Conclusion to the Twelve Treatises.

[4] Sendivogius claims to have concealed nothing but "our sea-water," otherwise Sophic Mercury, for this secret can be revealed only by God. *Ibid.*

[5] So also Alipili says that if we cannot find within us the Great Secret of the Stone we shall never find it without.

[6] This is only a dream-analogy. Vaughan on physics is like any other student at his period, and he is not altogether to be judged thereby. He was indeed more fanciful than many; but he had saving lights of another and higher kind.

pulse or agitation, both spirits stirring and working alike in their bodies.

Nor ought we to neglect another consideration—that the light of the world is in the superior parts of it, namely, the sun and stars. But the original fire from whence these sparks fly upwards appears not, but lives imprisoned in the earth. Even so certainly all the brightness of man is in his face, for there he sheds his light at the eyes; but the first source of it, namely, that fire which is at the heart, is no more seen than that which is in the earth. Only this we may say that both these imprisoned fires are manifested to reason by the same effects, namely, by the pulse that the one causeth in the blood and the other in the sea, to which may be added that transpiration or evaporation of humours which both these spirits produce, alike in their several bodies. And that we may further prove that these terms of Archeus and *Sol Centralis*[1] are not vain words let us but consider what a strong heat is required to this sublimation of vapours and exhalations; for it is not simple water that is driven upwards but abundance of salt and oil, together with the water. If any man thinks the sun can do this I must tell him he knows not the operations of the sun, nor for what use it serves in Nature. The sun serves only to dry up the superfluous humidity which the night leaves behind her on the outside of things; for this makes all vegetables cold and flaccid, hinders their digestion and maturity. But the sun, with a clear heat, taking off that extraneous moisture forwards their concoction and helps to ripen that which is raw. This must be done with a most gentle heat, not with such as shall make the earth to smoke and extract clouds from it, for this would not bring things to a maturity but rather burn and calcine them. We know that if we stand

[1] The Central Sun of Vaughan is in the earth, and is to be distinguished therefore from that metaphysical Sun which is figured in some theosophical systems as in the centre of the cosmos and is in most of these reveries regarded as God Himself. Vaughan follows Sendivogius. See NOVUM LUMEN CHEMICUM, *Tract.* xi.

long in the sun we shall grow faint, and common fire will not burn in the light of it, for the sun—which is the true element of fire—attracts it, so that by degrees it goes off and forsakes its fuel. But if you convey the fire out of the sun then it will more strongly apply to the fuel and unite itself to it and burn it.

It is just so with the earth, for whiles the heat of the sun is present, the heat of the earth is more busy with the sun than with its own body. For as Sendivogius hath well written: "Rays are joined with rays on the surface of the earth."[1] In the face of the earth the beams of both luminaries meet, and there is such a conspiracy between fire and fire that the central—breaking forth to meet the celestial—suffers a kind of ecstasy and doth not much mind its own body. Give me leave to speak thus, for there is such an affinity between these two that they had rather join with one another than with any third nature. But that is it which cannot be but in part, and by way of influence, God having confined the one to the centre and the other to the circumference. I could demonstrate this sympathy by a most noble magnetism, which I have seen to my admiration, between the sun and sweet oil, or rather the fire and soul of nitre.[2] And here I shall tell you that the earth is full of nitre.[3] Nay, I must affirm that pure earth is nothing else but nitre, whose belly is full of wind, air and fire, and which differs no more from heaven than the root of a tree that lodgeth in the dirt doth from the branches of it that grow in the sunshine. This attraction of fire by fire is the true cause why the heat of the earth is so weak

[1] *In superficie terræ radii radiis junguntur.*

[2] A reference to philosophical nitre, but there is very little about it in the literature. *Igne nitrum roris invenitur* was one of the word-groups formed out of the I.N.R.I. formula. Sendivogius says that it is the dissolvent of gold and is in fact sophic Mercury—one of the thousand names.

[3] That is, in the sense of Sendivogius. Under the more common name of saltpetre it has scarcely been symbolised alchemically. Sendivogius seems to identify it with philosophical Magnesia.

in summer and so strong in winter. For in the winter—when the sun is absent—the central fire keeps altogether within the earth and, being irritated by an hostile invasion of cold, heats the waters much more vigorously, so that exhalations and clouds are far more copious in the winter than they are in the summer, which could not be if the sun were the cause of them. Add to this that an outward, dry heat—as that of the sun is—falling immediately on the earth, must needs burn the earth before it can make it smoke; but an inward fire, that is mingled with the moisture of the earth, cannot burn, be it never so intense, for it is qualified with the water and tempered to a moist heat. And without doubt such a fire may very naturally resolve some parts of the earth and cause them to exhale—as our own inward heat being moistened with the blood makes us sweat without any violence.

To reduce all this to a corollary, we say that in the winter God seals the face of the earth with frost and cold, as a man would seal a glass, and this to keep in the congelative spermatic humidity, which otherwise might ascend with the more crude vapours that break out copiously at that time and, filling the sphere of the air, take in—like so many sponges—the celestial, vital influences. For we must know that Nature begins to impregnate the earth about the end of autumn and continues it all the winter, the fiery subtle influx of the heavens being then condensed by the cold and moisture of the moon—who is regent all the winter and elevated above the sun. This you may see in snow, which falls in hard frost, which being taken up whiles it is fresh, and digested in a blind glass in ashes for twenty-four hours, if then you open the glass whilst the solution is warm, you shall perceive in the breath of the water all the odours in the world, and certainly far more pleasant than they are in the flowers at May. Look into the bottom of the glass and you will find there a fat, grey

slime—not unlike to castile-soap. Separate the phlegm from it by a soft distillation in the bath[1] and put the residue in a bolthead,[2] well stopped, in a dry heat of ashes. Keep it there warm for an hour or two and suddenly the glass will fly to pieces, for the wind—the life or spirit—is not well settled in the body. Here you may see the first attempts of Nature; but if you know how to work upon water you shall find greater things than I have told you.

The Magnesia[3] then—as Sendivogius hath written—is generated in the winter, and not without reason, for then the heat of the earth is strongest and best able to digest the nutriment that comes down from heaven and concoct it to a viscous sperm. But in the spring and summer seasons, when the sun hath chased off the frost and the central and celestial luminaries have—by their mutual mixture and conflux of beams—relaxated and dilated the pores of the earth, then there is a way made for the sperm to ascend more freely, which subliming upwards is attracted and intercepted by the vegetable kingdom, whose immediate aliment it is.

To return then to those first words of Rhæsus Castrensis: we say this sperm is made of the vapours or clouds, and the vapours are made by elevation and depression of the elements, and not only of the elements but—as he saith—of *elementata*[4] also, that is, of bodies compounded of the elements. And this bears a double sense, for we must know that the earth is charged with many particular natures—as minerals of all sorts and

[1] *In balneo.*

[2] *I.e.*, a receiver.

[3] See NOVUM LUMEN CHEMICUM, *Tract.* iv. A certain unctuous vapour, consisting of Sulphur and Mercury, is said to be liberated in the spring-time and attracts the Mercury of the air, giving life to all things. It is said in the epilogue that "the inmost heart of our Magnesia" corresponds to "the respective centres of the sun and earth." The Salt of the sages is hidden in "the womb of Magnesia."

[4] This word is practically untranslatable—things formed of the elements is crude and awkward; children of the elements suggests elementary spirits of old folk-lore and magic.

cadaverous relics ; for our bodies also lodge in the earth when the spirit of life hath left them. All these, as well as the earth itself, suffer a rarefaction and resolution of substance ; for into these vapours, saith Raymund Lully, "are resolved all bodies produced from the elements, that they may enter into a new generation." [1]

This puts me in mind of an opinion I have read sometimes in the Kabalists, namely, that this bulk or body we have attained to by attraction and transmutation of nutriment riseth not in the resurrection. But out of that seminal particle which originally attracting the nutriment did overcast itself therewith, there shall spring another new body, and this seminal particle—say they—lurketh somewhere in the bones, not in that part which moulders into dust.[2] Of a truth we see that bones are very permanent and lasting ; and this Joseph was not ignorant of when, dying in Egypt, he gave that charge to his brethren : "Ye shall carry up my bones from hence." [3] We know the Israelites were bondmen in Egypt near four hundred years after Joseph's death ; yet all that time his bones were not consumed, but were carried away to the land of Canaan, as it is written : "And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him : for he had straitly sworn the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you ; and ye shall carry up my bones hence with you." [4]

Certainly, if we judge rightly, we must confess that this seminal particle is our only fundamental matter, the rest being an accretion that comes from the extraneous substance of meat and drink. What loss is it then if we lay by this corrupt secretion or access of matter, for cannot He that made us at first of the seminal particle make us of it again ? From this opinion St Paul, in my judg-

[1] *Omnia corpora elementata resolvantur ad intrandam novam generationem.*

[2] See my SECRET DOCTRINE IN ISRAEL for Zoharic reveries concerning the resurrection of the body.

[3] GENESIS, l, 25.

[4] EXODUS, xiii, 19.

ment, abhors not in that speech of his to the Corinthians, where he would shew them the manner of the resurrection and with what bodies the dead rise. "Thou fool"—saith he—"that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed a body that is proper for it."[1] For so signifieth the original. And here, you that are angry readers, let me be excused; for I deliver not this as my own sentiment but as the tradition of the Jews, who were sometimes a very learned people and knew more of the Mysteries of God and Nature than any other nation whatsoever.[2]

But to begin again where we left, you must know that when the central sun[3] sublimes the vapours those vapours partake not only of the nature of earth and water but of divers other particular minerals, whereof the earth and water are full. To make this more clear, the vapours—properly so called—rise from the sea and from all fresh waters. These partake of the substance and qualities of such minerals as are in the water, some of them being bituminous, some saltish, some mercurial, and all of them moist and phlegmatic. On the contrary, those exhalations that come from the earth are dry, for the earth is more hot and mineral than the water. These fiery, earthy fumes, meeting with the cold vapours of the water, oftentimes produce most terrible tempests, some of these being nitrous, some arsenical, some sulphureous and all hot; and some—by reason of their copious sulphur—inflammable. Both these—I mean the earthly exhalations and the watery vapour—meet in that vast circulatory of

[1] I CORINTHIANS, xv, 36–38. The Authorised Version gives: "To every seed his own body," but Vaughan translates the Vulgate: *Et unicuique seminum proprium corpus.*

[2] It does not follow that Vaughan accepts the Jewish reverie as literal truth, though he leans in that direction.

[3] Meaning the dark sun, fabled as in the centre of the earth.

the air, where their contrary complexions of heat and cold are mingled together like agent and patient, or Sulphur and Mercury. And the particular natures and vapours which they acquired from the minerals are resolved by the wind and totally reduced into general principles. It is strange to consider what a powerfully resolving faculty there is in wind or air, for wind is no other thing than air stirred, and that by fire, as we see in man that the motion of the breath is caused by heat, as well as that of the blood, both proceeding from the same hot principle of life. So certainly the life of the world causeth wind or a commotion in the air as well as a flux in the sea, for both these are seas and have their fluxes, as we shall prove elsewhere more fully. Air then—as we have said—resolves all things and especially wind, for it resolves all salts into water, and if this solution be distilled we shall find some part of the salt reduced into fresh water.[1] As for the residue, if it be exposed to the wind it will resolve again, and you may distil it the second time. In a word, if you repeat this process, you will bring the whole body of the salt into a volatile fresh water, nothing different from the common, either in sight or taste. And here you must not think your salt is lost, for if you know how to congeal your water you will find it again, but so altered from what it was that you will wonder to see it.

This practice, if well understood, sufficiently declares the nature of air; but he that knows where to find congealed air, and can dissolve it by heat to a viscous water, he hath attained to something that is excellent. Much more I could say of this wonderful and spiritual element, whose penetrating, resolving faculty I have sometimes contemplated in this following and simple experiment.

[1] It is difficult for commonly instructed people to believe that a writer who is so utterly at sea over physical things could be instructed in things spiritual; but the same reasoning would condemn in the same manner not only Plato and Plotinus but Eckehart and Ruysbroeck; nor do I know what sages or saints of old might be held to escape.

Common quicksilver hath a miraculous union of parts and of all compounds is the strongest, excepting gold; for if you distil it by retort a hundred times it will be quicksilver still — notwithstanding all those reiterated rarefactions of his body. But if you take a thousand weight of it and vapour it away but once in the open air, it will never come to quicksilver again; for the fumes will be lifted up to the wind, where they will suffer a total dissolution, and will come down mere rain-water.[1] This is the very reason why also the vapours of the elements are lifted up to the middle region of the air, for there the wind is most cold and hath most liberty; and in no other place can their resolution—which Nature intends—be perfected. This, if understood, is a most noble secret of Nature, nor was Job ignorant of it, when — complaining of the decays of his own body — he delivered himself thus: "Thou liftest me up to the wind; thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest my substance."[2]

We have hitherto shewed you how fire rarefies all things, and how wind and air resolve them yet further than fire, as we have exemplified in quicksilver. And this is it we have delivered elsewhere in more envious terms, namely, that circumferences dilate and centres contract; that superiors dissolve and inferiors coagulate; that we should make use of an indeterminate agent till we can find a determinate one.[3] For true it is that the mercurial dissolving faculty is in the air and in airy things, and the sulphureous, congealing virtue is in the

[1] We must remember that Vaughan by his own account was the least instructed of all chemists, proceeding without a guide and—as we learn from his autograph note-book—by no means invariably in a position to reproduce his own experiments.

[2] JOB, xxx, 22. Compare the Vulgate reading: *Elevasti me, et quasi super ventum ponens elisisti me valide.*

[3] ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA. If Vaughan's cryptic symbolism decodes throughout into this kind of stuff, few of us would have cause to be grateful were they presented with a master-key. It is worth no man's while to open a "closed palace" of this kind.

earth—that is to say, in some mineral natures and substances which God hath hid in the earth. Take therefore water of air, which is a great dissolvent, and ferment it with earth ; and, on the contrary, earth with water. Or to speak more obscurely : ferment Mercury with Sulphur and Sulphur with Mercury. And know that this congealing faculty is much adjuvated by heat, especially in such places where the sperm cannot exhale and where the heat is temperate. But if the place be open and the heat excessive, then it dissipates. It remains now that we speak something of the two passive material elements, namely, of earth and water, for these are the bodies that suffer by fire and whose parts are perpetually regenerated by a circular rarefaction and condensation.

It is the advice of the Brothers of R.·.C.·. that those who would be proficients in this Art should study the elements and their operation before they seek after the tinctures of metals.[1] It is to be wished indeed that men would do so, for then we should not have so many broilers[2] and so few philosophers. But here it may be questioned who is he that studies the elements for any such end as to observe and imitate their operations? For in the universities we study them only to attain a false book-theory, whereof no use can be made but quacking, disputing and making a noise. Verily the doctrine of the schoolmen hath alloyed and perverted even that desire of knowledge which God planted in man. For the traditions we receive there, coming from our superiors, carry with them the awe of the tutor, and this breeds in

[1] The philosophical tincture of things is neither an application of colour to a surface nor a colour permeation. It is an inward change of nature which manifests without. The nearest analogy is that of grace abiding in the heart and soul.

[2] One of the derisive terms applied by alchemists to gropers and sophists. But by the hypothesis of the literature—or at least by their own accepted testimony—after a long *correctio fatuorum*, some of them attained their term, as for example Bernard Trevisan, who had followed the wildest processes.

us an opinion of their certainty, so that an university man cannot in all his life-time attain to so much reason and confidence as to look beyond his lesson. I have often wondered that any sober spirits can think Aristotle's philosophy perfect when it consists in mere words without any further effects; for of a truth the falsity and insufficiency of a mere notional knowledge is so apparent that no wise man will assert it. This is best known to the physicians, who when they have been initiated into this whirligig are forced at last to leave it and to assume new principles, if they will be such as their profession requires they should be. Aristotle will very gravely tell us: "Where the philosopher ends, there begins the physician."[1] But I admire what assistance a physician can receive from this philosopher whose science tells us that "science does not pertain to a part,"[2] for without particulars a physician can do nothing. But in good earnest, did not Aristotle's science—if he had any—arise from particulars, or did it descend immediately from universals? If from universals how came he to be acquainted with them? Did he know the genus before he knew the species, or the species before the individuals? I think not. He knew the individual first and having observed his nature and propriety he applied that to the whole species; or—to speak sense—to all individuals of that kind; and this application made that knowledge general which at first was particular, as being deduced from a particular object. This is true and Aristotle will tell us so, though he gave himself the lie, for elsewhere he affirms: "There is nothing in the understanding which was not at first in sense"[3]—which if it be true then "science does not pertain to a part" is false.

But I have done with him at present, and for my own part I have learned long ago, not of Aristotle but of

[1] *Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus.*
[2] *Scientia non est particularium.*
[3] *Nihil esse in intellectu quod non fuit prius in sensu.*

Roger Bacon, that generals are of small value, nor fitting to be followed, save by reason of particulars.[1] And this is evident in all practices and professions that conduce anything to the benefit of man. For Nature herself hath imprinted the universal notions and conceptions in every soul, whether learned or unlearned, so that we need not study universals. And this our friar had observed, for saith he: "In general conceptions of the soul the crowd concurs with the wise, but in particulars and specialities it disagrees and errs."[2] And for this very reason he condemns Aristotle and Galen, "because they concerned themselves with generals and universals, and continued to old age, consuming life in common and worthless things, not discerning the paths to those great secrets."[3] Let not us do as those heathens did, though in this very point the greatest part of the world follows them. Let us rather follow where Nature leads, for she having impressed these universals in our minds hath not done it in vain but to the end we should apply them to outward, sensible particulars[4] and so attain a true experimental knowledge, which in this life is our only crown and perfection.[5]

If a man should rest in the bare theory of husbandry and only read Vergil's Georgics, never putting his hand to the plough, I suppose this theory could not help him to his daily bread. And if we rest in the notions and names of things, never touching the things themselves,[6]

[1] *Quo communia pauci sunt valoris, nec proprie sequenda nisi propter particularia.*

[2] *In communibus animi conceptionibus vulgus concordat cum sapientibus; in particularibus vero et propriis errat et discordat.*

[3] *Quia in communibus et universalibus se occupaverunt, et perducti sunt ad senectutem, vitam consumentes in pejoribus et vulgatis, nec vias ad hæc secreta magna perceperunt.*

[4] We must remember that John Locke was already in the world.

[5] Because the great realisations are also a matter of experimental knowledge. It may appear at first sight that Vaughan is speaking of external knowledge only, but he knew the correspondence between things within and without, between the physical and spiritual worlds.

[6] This is the test which we seek in respect of the previous statement.

we are likely to produce no effects, nor to cure any diseases, without which performances philosophy is useless and not to be numbered amongst our necessaries. But how false this is God knows, and man also may know it if he considers but those two obstructions of life—sickness and poverty. But they are not only effects that are wanting to Aristotle's philosophy, but even his theory is for the most part false ; and where it is true it is so slight and superficial that it doth not further us at all. He is none of our auxiliaries, believe it, but the very *remora* to all natural discoveries, and he hath for many ages not only obstructed but extinguished the truth. Much might be said of this fellow and his ignorance, which is not more gross than perverse. I omit to speak of his atheism and the eminency of his malice, which was not only destructive to the fame of the old philosophers—whose books this scribbler burnt—but even to the happiness and progress of posterity, whom he robbed of those more ancient, more excellent and invaluable monuments.[1]

I have digressed thus far to correct this scabby sheep, who hath spoiled a numerous flock ; and the rather because of a late creeping attempt of some of his friends, who acknowledge him their dictator and the father of their human wisdom ; and such indeed he is. But when they tell us—who write against him—that we do but restore old heresies, when indeed we oppose an atheist, and one that denied the creation of the world and the dear immortality of our souls, they must give us leave to be a little angry with them, since we must lay the heretic at their doors : for they are the men that maintain

Notions and names are images of the mind, symbols and sacraments of inward realities. As long as we rest in these we shall in no wise heal the miseries of the soul, nor indeed the outward sickness, or the poverty within and without.

[1] The works of Aristotle at large are the best answer to the charges in chief of Vaughan, perhaps especially to that of atheism, as to which, in addition to their evidence, we have the testimony of his dying words.

him. In the mean time, if they are in earnest and think us guilty of any heresy let them publicly shew wherein, and we shall not fail to give them an account of our sense and their misinterpretations. For our part, we had not troubled them at this time, had not one of them darkly and timorously signified[1] that we teach a new philosophy and new divinity. To whom I shall return no answer but this : that before he undertakes to judge what philosophy or divinity is new he should first endeavour to understand the old. But this is a step out of my way and that I may return to the matter in hand,[2] I shall now resume my discourse of earth and water ; and those sure are sensible substances, not universals and chimæras, such as the peripatetics fancy when they couple Nature and nothing.

By earth I understand not this impure, feculent body on which we tread but a more simple pure element, namely, the natural central salt-nitre.[3] This salt is fixed or permanent in the fire, and it is the sulphur of Nature, by which she retains and congeals her Mercury. When these two meet, I mean the pure earth and the water, then the earth thickens the water, and—on the contrary—the water subtiliates the earth ; and from these two there riseth a third thing—not so thick as earth nor so thin as water—but of a mean, viscous complexion—and this is called Mercury, which is nothing else but a composition of water and salt.[4] For we must know that these two are the prime materials of Nature, without which she can make no sperm or seed. Nor is that all, for when the seed is made it will never grow to a body, nor can it be resolved and disposed to a further generation unless these two are present and also co-operate with it. This we may see all the year long, by a frequent and daily experience. For when it rains this heavenly water

[1] A marginal note gives the initials T. P.
[2] Πρός τὸ πρότερον.
[3] See *ante*, p. 405.
[4] *Hoc falsum est* says an old MS. note in my copy of *Euphrates*.

meets with the nitre that is in the earth and dissolves it; and the nitre with his acrimony sharpens the water, so that this nitrous water dissolves all the seeds that are in the ground. And thus solution is the key of generation, not only in our Art but in Nature also, which is the Art of God. We need not speak much more of the earth, for these few words, if rightly understood, are sufficient and carry in them a deeper sense than an ordinary reader will perceive. I know there is another solar, oriental earth, which is all golden and sulphureous, and yet is not gold but a base, contemptible thing that costs nothing, for it may be had for the taking up.[1] This is the earth of Ethiopia, that hath all colours in it.[2] This is that Androdamas of Democritus,[3] the green Duenech[4] and sulphur that never touched the fire, which—if it be resolved—then it is our glassy Azoth,[5] or vitriol of Venus philosophical.

This is enough as to the nature of the earth; and now we will speak of the water. This element is the deferent or *vehiculum* of all influences whatsoever. For what efflux soever it be that proceeds from the terrestrial centre the same ascends and is carried up in her to the air. And on the contrary all that comes from heaven descends in her to the earth, for in her belly the inferior and superior natures meet and mingle; nor can they be manifested without a singular artifice. Hence it is that whatsoever is pure in the earth, all that she receives from the water. And here I mean such pure substances as are called by the philosophers *decomposita*. For the eagle

[1] I know not on what authority, but Pernety states that Solar Earth is the Matter of the Work fixed at the red stage. It is called otherwise Sun of the Sages, or Mine of Gold.

[2] Compare the earth of Zion, wherein is all sanctity reflected from the Zion that is above. Being without money and without price, it may be said to cost nothing; and being that which is desired by the wise only, it may be called contemptible in the sight of the world.

[3] A stone which, as its name signifies, was supposed to overcome poison.

[4] A name of antimony.

[5] See *ante*, p. 402.

leaves her egg; that is to say, the water[1] leaves her limosity in the earth; and this limosity is concocted into nitre and to other innumerous minerals. We have formerly told you of two suns or fires, the celestial and the central. Now both these dispense their effluxions, or influences, and they meet in the vapour of the water. For the Vulcan or earthly sun makes the water ascend to the region of the air, and here the water is spread under the superior fires; for she is exposed to the eye of the sun and to the pointed ejaculations of all the fixed stars and planets—and this in a naked, rarefied, opened body. The air of a truth is that temple where inferiors are married to superiors; for to this place the heavenly light descends and is united to the aereal, oleous humidity, which is hid in the belly of the water. This light being hotter than the water makes her turgid and vital and increaseth her seminal, viscous moisture, so that she is ready to depose her sperm or limosity, were she but united to her proper male. But this cannot be unless she returns to her own country—I mean to the earth—for here the *collastrum*[2] or male resides. To this purpose she descends hither again, and immediately the male lays hold upon her, and his fiery, sulphureous substance unites to her limosity. And here observe that this Sulphur is the father in all metallic generations; for he gives the masculine, fiery soul, and the water gives the body, namely, the limosity or heavenly, aqueous nitre, whereof the body—by coagulation—is made. We must know, moreover, that in this Sulphur there is an impure, extraneous heat, which gnaws and corrodes this watery Venus, endeavouring to turn her to an impure sulphur, such as his own body is. But this cannot be because of the heavenly seed or light hid in the aqueous nitre, which will permit no such thing.

[1] Among the four living creatures of Ezekiel's vision, the *facies aquilæ* is always referred to water.

[2] I do not find this word in Paracelsus or in any of the lexicons.

For as soon as the sulphureous, terrestrial heat begins to work, so soon it awakes and stirs up the heavenly light, which—being now fortified with the masculine tincture, or pure fire of the Sulphur—begins to work on its own body, namely, on the aqueous nitre, and separates from it the feculent, extraneous parts of the Sulphur, and so remains by itself—a bright, celestial, metalline body.

Observe then that the tincture or soul of the Sulphur cannot be regenerated in its own impure body; but it must forsake that dark and earthly carcase, and put on a new, purified body before it can be united to the light of heaven. This new body springs out of the water, for the water brought it down from heaven. And certainly by Water and Spirit we must be all regenerated, which made some learned divines affirm that the element of water was not cursed but only that of the earth. Nor can I here omit the doctrine of St John, who makes the water one of those three witnesses which attest God here on earth.[1] And much to this purpose is that speech of St Paul, how that God "in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless"—saith he—"He left not Himself without witness," inasmuch as He gave them "rain from heaven."[2] The benedictions or blessings that descend from God are not a form of words, like the benedictions of men. They are all spirit and essence, and their deferents are natural, visible substances. And these are the blessings which the patriarch wished to his son: "God give thee of the dew of heaven" from above "and the fatness of the earth" from beneath.[3] He was not ignorant of those blessings which the God of Nature had enclosed in those natural things; and therefore he saith in the same place: "The smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed."[4] And St Paul in his *Epistle to the Hebrews*

[1] I St John, v. 8.
[2] Acts, xiv, 16, 17.
[3] Genesis, xxvii, 28.
[4] *Ibid.*, v, 27.

tells us that "the earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it . . . receiveth blessing from God: but that which beareth thorns and briars is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned."[1]

But to explain what this blessing is: we remember we have written elsewhere that water is of a double complexion, circumferential and central.[2] In the circumference she is crude, volatile and phlegmatic; but in the centre she is better concocted, viscous, aerial and fiery. This central part is soft and saltish, outwardly white and lunar but inwardly red and solar; nor can it be well extracted without a lunar or solar magnet, whose proper aliment it is, and with which it hath a wonderful sympathy. Hence that obscure saying of the philosophers, who when they describe unto us their Mercury give it this character as most natural—that it adheres to the bodies, or metals.[3] And as Pythagoras saith in the *Turba*—it "follows and attains its companion without fire."[4] And therefore it is written in the same book that "great is the affinity between Magnesia and iron."[5] We see indeed by a vulgar experience that if any ordinary stone stands long but in common water, there sticks to it a certain limosity, which the water deposeth. But notwithstanding all this, and all they say, we must needs affirm that even their Mercury adheres not to the vulgar metals; and in this word Mercury, as in all other terms, they are not a little ambiguous and subtle. There is indeed a mystery of theirs in water, and a knotty one, with which many learned men have been gravelled. And now since we have mentioned it, we care not much if we speak soberly of it. There is nothing so frequent and indeed nothing so considerable in their books as fire and water, but the reciprocal and confused use of both terms puzzles much,

[1] *Loc. cit.*, verses 7, 8.
[2] ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA.
[3] *Quod adhæret corporibus.*
[4] *Suum absque igne consequitur socium.*
[5] *Magna est propinquitas inter magnesiam et ferrum.*

as when they tell us that their water is their fire.[1] Of this they have written so strangely that I have sometimes been angry with them; but amongst them all I found one had a good will to satisfy me.[2] This author confessed he miscarried two hundred several times, notwithstanding his knowledge of the true matter; and this because he did not know the fire or agent by which the matter is altered. These misfortunes of his own moved him, it seems, to a commiseration of posterity; but I must needs affirm he hath taken his liberty and expressed his own mind after his own way. "Our fire"—saith he—"is mineral, equal, continual; it vapours not, unless the heat be too great; it participates of sulphur; it dissolves, calcines and congeals all; it is artificial to find and not chargeable; and it is taken elsewhere than from the matter." To all this he adds that at last whereof he would have us take most notice. "This fire"—saith he—"is not altered or transmuted with the matter." He thought certainly he had spoken enough, and truly so he hath, but it is to such as know it already.[3]

For my own part, I have found a certain mineral, stinking water, which partakes of the nature of Sulphur and whose preparation is artificial; which is not of the essential parts of the matter but accidental and extraneous; which vapours not unless it be overheated; which dissolves, calcines and congeals all, but is not congealed; for it is expelled at last by the fire of Nature and goes off in windy fumes. This menstruous, sulphureous fire

[1] *Aqua Cœlestis* is called fire, for example, and was a synonym of philosophical Mercury, which is always symbolised as water. Van Helmont says that ordinary chemists burn and calcine with fire but the sages with water. Bernard Trévisan speaks of a vapourising fire which does not consume the matter. As the figurative water does not wet the hands, so the figurative fire does not burn them. *Azoth* itself is a moist fire.

[2] The allusion is to Pontanus and his EPISTOLA DE LAPIDE PHILOSOPHICO, *in Operibus quibusdam Chymicis*. His misguidance extended over a period of three years, but finally he found the secret in the CLAVIS MAJOR of Artephius.

[3] A similar remark applies to the tract of Artephius.

against Nature[1] hath taught me how natural our work is; for it doth that here which common water doth in the great world. In this respect it is called of some philosophers *phlegma*,[2] *Ros*, *Aqua nubium*—not certainly that it is such, and therefore let us not deceive ourselves with misconstructions. He that would know the reason of these terms, let him take account from a most knowing philosopher. "It is called water of the clouds"—saith he—"because it is distilled like the dew of May, and is water of most subtle parts. But the same water is also a most acid vinegar, which renders the body unmixed spirit. And as vinegar is of divers qualities, as—for example—it penetrates into the depths and astringes, so doth this water dissolve and coagulate, yet is not itself congealed—not being a firm substance."[3] Thus much as to the terms, and now let us return to the thing itself.

I said this fire effects that in the glass which common water doth in the great world; for as this phlegmatic element coagulates not, nor is it at all diminished, notwithstanding that infinite number of individuals which Nature still produceth, even so it is in our work. For our water also alters not, though the matter be altered in her belly, and our very principles generated there—namely, Sulphur and Mercury philosophical. Nor should any man wonder that I affirm common water to be incoagulable by heat at least, for in this I speak not unadvisedly. I know there are in water some natures coagulable; but they are not parts of the water, but of other elements. Nor will I deny that some phlegm—nay, a very great quantity and sometimes all—may be retained by mixture with other

[1] Raymund Lully and George Ripley enumerate a natural, unnatural or non-natural and contra-natural fire.

[2] Another name of Mercury, or alternatively of the Stone in its white stage.

[3] *Aqua nubium vocatur quia distillata est velut ros Maii, tenuissimarum partium. Est quoque eadem aqua acetum acerrimum, quod corpus fecit merum spiritum. Ut enim acetum diversarum qualitatum est, nempe ut in profundum penetret et astringat, sic hæc aqua solvit et coagulat, non autem coagulatur, quia non est de subjecto proprio.*

natures and seem to be coagulated into stones, and those sometimes transparent. But coagulation in this sense—namely, by mixture of parts, as in meal and water—I mind not; but by coagulation I understand a transmutation of the substance of mere water into earth or air; and this in simple water cannot be. I know there is a water that of itself, without all extraneous additions, will coagulate in a soft heat to a fusible salt, more precious than gold; but this is not any water that the eye sees, but another invisible humidity; which is indeed everywhere, "but is not seen"—saith Sendivogius—"until the artist chooses to manifest it."[1] This might satisfy as to this point; but I will add something more, lest I speak without reason, especially to those who are not willing to allow others a better judgment than they have themselves.

The commerce that is maintained between heaven and earth by the ascent and volatility of water may sufficiently inform us of what dangerous consequence the coagulation of this element would be. It is improbable then that the wise God of Nature should make that humidity coagulable whose use and office requires it should be otherwise. For if in the essence of water—as it is simple water—there were an astringent, congealing faculty, it would by degrees attain to a total fixation; and then there would be no further generation, either of sperm or bodies. Reason for it is this: if the water were fixed there would be no vapour nor cloud, and there being no vapour there could be no sperm, for the elements cannot meet to make the sperm but in a vapour. For example, the earth cannot ascend unless the water be first rarefied, for in the belly of the water is the earth carried up; and if the earth ascends not, having put off her gross body, and being subtiliated and purged with the water, then will not the air incorporate with it; for the moisture of the water introduceth the air into the rarefied and dissolved

[1] *Sed non videtur donec artifici placeat.*

earth. And here again as the water reconciled the air to the earth so doth the air reconcile the water to the fire, as if it would requite one courtesy with another. For the air—with its unctuosity and fatness—introduceth the fire into the water, the fire following the air and sticking to it, as to its fuel and aliment. It remains now that we observe that the vapour of the water was the *locus* or matrix wherein the other three elements did meet, and without which they had never come together. For this vapour was the deferent that carried up the pure virgin earth to be married to the sun and moon ;[1] and now again she brings her down in her belly, impregnated with the milk of the one and the blood of the other, namely, with air[2] and fire—which principles are predominant in those two superior luminaries.

But some wise one may argue and tell me that this vapour, being thus impregnated, may now be coagulated and fixed, by help of those hot principles of air and fire. To this I answer that the viscous, seminal part may, but the phlegm never ; and I will shew as much by an example. When this vapour is fully impregnated, it stays no longer in that region but returns presently to the earth from which it ascended. But how doth it return ? Certainly not in a violent, stormy precipitation, like rain, but—as I have written elsewhere[3]—it steals down invisibly and silently. For if it be a vapour, such as I speak of, "wherein is fashioned an astral semen of a certain weight,"[4] then it is neither heard of nor seen

[1] The marriage of the Sun and Moon in alchemy is that of the fixed and the volatile, or otherwise of Sulphur and Mercury. The union between triplicities is not mentioned under this form of symbolism, for the philosophers respected their own analogies. We have seen that Vaughan is in recurring confusion on this subject.

[2] The moon is usually referred to the old element of water, but one of the secret schools is in concurrence with Vaughan on this point, for important reasons connected with the school of symbolism to which it belongs.

[3] See LUMEN DE LUMINE.

[4] *In quo est imaginatum semen astrale certi ponderis.*

till a long time after. But to proceed in what I have promised to prove, I shall instance in common dew; for dew hath in it some small dose of the star-fire. We see therefore that this humidity comes down silently, for its enclosed fire keeps it rarefied in the form of air and will not suffer it to condense to water at that height, as the vapour of rain doth. But when it is descended near the earth it mingles with other crude vapours and—borrowing from them a great quantity of phlegm—settles at last into drops.

But before we go any further let us here consider those words of the son of Sirach. "Look"—saith he—"on all the works of the Most High, and there are two and two, one against the other."[1] In this he agrees with that little fragment which goes under the name of Moses, where God teacheth him thus: "Thou dost know that I have created a compeer and a contrary to each creature."[2] I will not peremptorily affirm that Moses is the author of this piece, or that God taught him in those very words; but I affirm that those words express the truth of God and point at some great mysteries of His wisdom. Nor will I here omit a considerable circumstance, namely that this piece hath in it some Hebrew words, and this proves the author was a Jew—if not Moses. But to pass by the author and come to his sense: I say that God created water to oppose it to the earth; and this appears by their different complexions and qualities. For the earth is gross and solid, the water subtle and fluid; and the earth hath in her the coagulating, astringent power, as the water hath partly in it the softening, dissolving faculty. The earth then shuts up herself and in herself the fire, so that there can be no

[1] I have not been able to identify this quotation or the author from whom it is drawn.

[2] *Scias quod unicuique creaturæ et compar et contrarium creavi.*—See the Byzantine Collection. The apocryphal literature concerning Moses was large, including an Ascension or Assumption, an Apocalypse and a book of Discourses, for which see the CODEX PSEUDEPIGRAPHIA of Fabricius.

generation or vegetation unless the earth be opened, that the fire may be at liberty to work. This we may see in a grain of corn, where the astringent, earthy faculty hath bound up all the other elements and terminated them to a dry, compacted body. Now, this body, as long as it is dry—or as our Saviour saith, "as long as it abideth alone"[1]—that is to say, as long as it is without water, so long it can bear no fruit. But if it falls into the ground and dies, that is to say, if it be dissolved there by the humidity of heaven—for death is but dissolution—then it will bring forth much fruit, as our Saviour testifieth.

It is the water then that dissolves, and life followeth the dissolution; for no sooner is the body opened but the spirit stirs in it, perceiving in the dissolvent or dewy water another spirit, to which he desires to be united. This spirit is the air, enclosed in the dew or water, which air is called in the philosopher's books "the water of our sea, water of life which does not wet the hands."[2] But who will believe that there is a dry water hid in the moist? Certainly few, and this Sendivogius tells us of some sophisters of his acquaintance: "They will not believe water to be in our sea, and yet they will be accounted philosophers."[3] I have myself known many such philosophers, and of whom I can say the very same. But to return to our business; it is called water of life, because this air involves in itself a fire, which is life universal, not yet specified, and therefore it agrees with all particular lives and is amicable to all kind of creatures. Now the particular specified fire or life of the grain, which is the vegetable magnet, attracts to himself the universal fire or life which is hid in the water, and with the fire he attracts the air, which is the vestment or body

[1] Vaughan is intending to quote ST JOHN, xii, 24: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone."

[2] *Aqua maris nostri aqua vitæ manus non madefaciens.*

[3] *Non credebant aquam esse in mari nostro, et tamen philosophi videri volebant.*

of the fire, called by the Platonics "Chariot of the Soul"[1] and sometimes "nimbus of descending fire."[2] Here then is the ground upon which the whole mystery of natural augmentation and multiplication is built, for the body of the grain of corn is augmented with the aliment of air, not simple but decompounded, which air is carried in the water and is a kind of volatile, sweet salt. But the fire or life of the grain is fortified with the universal fire, and this fire is involved in the air, as the air is in the water. And here we may observe that it is not water only that conduceth to the generation or regeneration of things but water and fire—that is, water and spirit, or water that hath life in it. And this, if rightly understood, is a great manuduction to Divinity.[3]

To conclude, the sum of all we would say is this: the roots and seeds of all vegetables are placed in the earth, in the midst of this dewy fountain, as a lamp is placed in the midst of oil; and the fire or life of the seed attracts to itself the *Abryssach* or *Lessa*—I mean, the juice or gum of the water—as the fire of a lamp attracts the oil that is round about it. Now when all the air is drawn out of the water, then attraction ceaseth and concoction or transmutation begins. But if the crude water, which was the *vehiculum* of the air, stays with the seeds then it hinders concoction, and therefore the sun and the Archeus[4] jointly expel her, so that she takes wing and returns to the region of the air, where again she fills her belly with that starry milk and then descends as before. This is the reason why there is in Nature such a vicissitude of showers and sunshines; for the showers bring down the aerial nutriment, and when the plants have attracted it then the sunshines call up the crude water, which otherwise would hinder digestion

[1] *Currus animæ.* [2] *Nimbus ignis descendentis.*

[3] Presumably because of the strict analogy which obtains, by the hypothesis, between material and spiritual things, the worlds within and without.

[4] See *ante*, pp. 403, 404.

and congelation. This then is the trade that common water drives; but if she could be coagulated this trade would cease, and all life would cease with it. I have for many years looked upon her as on a bird that flies to her nest and from it again, feeding her young ones and fetching food for them. Nor is this a new fancy of mine, for some learned men considered as much before; in which respect that milky moisture which is found in her crystal breasts is called by some of them the milk of birds;[1] and they have left it written that "birds do bring their stone unto them."

To make an end, observe that there is a great difference between this common water and our chemical water or fire, mentioned formerly out of Pontanus;[2] for our water helps coagulation and this hinders it. For if the phlegm or crude spirit stays with the air, the air will never congeal; and therefore said Sendivogius: "All water is congealed by heat, if it be without spirit."[3] And thus I have demonstrated my position, namely, that common water is not congealable.

Nothing now remains, nor is there anything hinders, but that we may safely and infallibly conclude that simple, crude water feeds nothing; but the gum or congealable part of it feeds all things. For this is the astral balsam[4] and the elemental radical humidity which being compounded of inferiors and superiors is a restorative both of spirits and bodies. This is that general, vital aliment which God Himself provides for all His creatures, and which is yearly produced and manifested

[1] *Lac volatilium.*

[2] See *ante*, p. 421. It will be observed that in this place Vaughan discloses the identity of a writer which he had concealed previously.

[3] *Omnis aqua congelatur calido si est sine spiritu.*

[4] Balsam, according to Paracelsus, is that essential quality or principle which preserves things from decay and putrefaction. The *astrum* is the virtue or potency which abides in each and all: it is usually described under the symbolism of fire. The terms are therefore allied closely in significance. To speak of astral balsam involves therefore a tautology and I do not remember seeing the combination in Paracelsus or elsewhere.

in the elements by the invisible operation of His Spirit, that works in all. This hath in it the whole anatomy of heaven and earth, whose belly is full of light and life, and when it enters into these lower parts of the world it overcasts them with a certain viridity, makes them break forth into flowers and presents us with something that is very like to the Paradise we have lost. In a word, this is no human confection but a thing prepared by the Divine Spirit, nor is it made for vegetables only but for man also, whom God did sometimes feed with it.[1] This the Scripture tells us, whose authority is above Aristotle and Galen. For thus I read in EXODUS: "And it came to pass, that at even the quails came up, and covered the camp: and in the morning the dew lay round about the host. And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground. And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, It is manna: for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat."[2] Every child knows that dew settles into round drops; and here Moses tells us that when the phlegmatic humidity was gone up the congelative part—that stayed behind—was a round, small thing, for it retained still the figure of the drop in whose belly it was hid. This congelative part is oleous and fusible, and with this also the Scripture accords, telling us that "when the sun waxed hot, it melted."[3] It is withal of a most facile, quick alteration, and therefore easily transmutable or convertible into any form; and for this reason Moses charged the people to

[1] It is an amazing reverie. The postulated "vital aliment," which contains "the whole anatomy of heaven and earth" and is "full of light and life," which also is "prepared by the Divine Spirit," is a substance specified by Scripture under the name of manna, a memorable feature of which is that it would not keep for twenty-four hours but "bred worms and stank."

[2] EXODUS, xvi, 13–15.

[3] *Ibid.*, 21.

leave none of it till the morning. "But some of them" —saith the text—"left of it until the morning, and it bred worms, and stank"[1]—whence we may gather that it is in some degree animal.

We see then that the Spirit of God is still busy with water, and to this hour moves not only upon it but in it; nor do I doubt that this is the ground of that deep question which—amongst many others—God proposed to Job: "Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew?"[2] It is worth our observation that the children of Israel, when they saw this thing—though they knew it not—said one to another: "It is manna." For what argues this but that manna—as the word imports—was some secret gift of God, which they knew not but had formerly heard of by tradition from their fathers; and perhaps by such a description as Hermes gives it in the *Zaradi*, namely, that it "ascends from the earth to heaven" and "descends again from heaven to the earth."[3] And this might make them call it manna, because it descended with the dew. I question not but Moses knew it well, though the common people wist not what it was. For the golden calf could not be burnt to powder with common fire but with the fire of the altar, which was not that of the kitchen. This is plain out of the Maccabees, where it is written that this fire was hid in a pit and that for many years it was there kept sure during the captivity.[4] But who is so mad as to hide common fire in a pit and to expect he shall find it there many years after. Is it not the best course to quench it and rather drown it in a well than bury it in a pit? We doubt not for our part but this fire was far different from the common, and this the text also tells us, for when it was brought out of the pit it was not fire but a

[1] EXODUS, v, 20. [2] *Loc. cit.*, xxxviii, 28.

[3] An excerpt from the so-called Smaragdine Tablet or TABLE OF HERMES, beginning: *Quod superius est sicut quod inferius.* It is of universal authority in alchemy, but it is an exceedingly late production.

[4] II MACCABEES, i, 19.

thick water.[1] The truth is that this mystery belonged to the Jewish Church, the priests and prophets having received it from the patriarchs—I mean, from Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and they from Noah, and all of them from Adam, as we have proved elsewhere.[2] These indeed were the men that planted the world and instructed posterity; and these and none other must be those ancient and first philosophers whom Zadith calls *avos mundi*—some of whose terms are cited by him.[3]

We shall now—before we make an end—repeat all we have said, and that in a few words, such as shall be agreeable to Nature and to the parts of the world, as they have been manifested to us by experience. We have certainly found that there is nothing above but the very same is also here beneath, but in a more gross, material complexion; for God hath ordained that the gross and corpulent sperm of inferiors should afford a body to the animating and subtle influx of their superiors. Now God hath decreed no union of sperms but of such as proceed from bodies that are of the same nature and kind; for His own word bears Him witness that He hates confusion or a mixture of seeds that are different, or of a diverse kind.[4] Not unadvisedly then did the priests or—as Proclus tells us—the founders of the ancient priesthood affirm that "heaven is on earth but after the manner of earthly things, and earth is in heaven but after the manner of things celestial:"[5] for otherwise they could not be of a kind. We say therefore that in this universe there are four luminaries, whereof two are celestial and two are central. The celestial are the sun and moon, and they are known to all the world. The

[1] II MACCABEES, i, 20. [2] See MAGIA ADAMICA.

[3] Zadith is known otherwise as Senior and has been quoted under this name. The tracts passing under it are DE CHEMIA, AURELIA OCCULTA and CONCLUSIO ALCHEMIÆ.

[4] See LEVITICUS, xix, 19.

[5] *Cœlum esse in terrâ sed modo terrestri, et terram esse in cœlo sed modo cœlesti.*

central indeed are not known and therefore not believed, for the one is overcast with earth and the other with water. In the centre then of the earth there is hid a fire which is of nature solar but more gross than that which is in the sun.[1] And in the belly of the water there is carried a viscous, gross air, of a menstruous, lunar nature, but not so bright and subtle as that which is in the moon. To be short, the central sun casts into the belly of the water a masculine, hot salt; and the water, receiving it, adds to it her seminal, feminine limosity, and carries it upon her wings into the region of the air. Thus we see how the material part of the seed is made; and now to this body of it the heaven gives life, the moon giving it spirit and the sun giving it soul. And thus are the four luminaries brought together, the superior contributing that to the seed which is subtle and vital, and the inferior that which is corpulent and material. This seed is carried invisibly in the belly of the wind and it is manifested in water—I say, in water as clear as crystal—and out of water it must be drawn, for there is not under heaven any other body where it may be found.

I have sought it myself in the common metals, in quicksilver, in antimony and in regulus of antimony, also in regulus of Mars, Venus and Saturn, and of all the bodies. But I lost my labour, for I sought it where it was not. All these errors did I run into after I had known the true matter; for having miscarried in my first attempts upon it I left it as a thing untractable, and this tergiversation of mine brought me into many inconveniences. I conceived indeed that a vitriol made of those four imperfect bodies—antimony, iron, lead and copper—might be that glassy Azoth[2] of Lully whose spirit or water he hath so magnified in his TESTAMENT.

[1] Compare Sendivogius: NOVUM LUMEN CHEMICUM, *Tract.* xi.: "In the centre of the earth there dwells a central sun, the heat whereof permeates the whole earth even to its surface," &c.

[2] See *ante*, pp. 402, 417.

This indeed clinks finely and may so swell a young head as to make him turn poet and, like the Delphic devil, tell a lie in heroics. No less obstructive to me was that speech of Parmenides in the TURBA: "Take copper or lead, letting these stand for the grease or blackness, and tin for the liquefaction."[1] What can this signify at first sight but antimony? And what can this tin that comes from it by liquefaction be but regulus?[2] This made me labour a long time on this feculent, unprofitable body, supposing of a truth that regulus of antimony was white lead or tin philosophical. But that we be not deceived, all these parables relate to another mineral and not to common antimony, which the *Turba* condemns in these words: "Note"—saith Cambar—"or observe that the envious called the Stone antimony."[3] But what the envious called it that certainly it is not. And Basil Valentine, in his *Currus Triumphalis*, which he hath written in the praise of antimony, tells us that "it has not been granted by God that Mercury philosophical, the first substance, quicksilver and the first water of perfect metals—out of which is composed the great Stone of ancient philosophers—shall be found in antimony or extracted therefrom. For this first substance is discovered in another mineral which has a more potent metallic action than antimony."[4] And the same Basil, a little afterwards, speaking of *Stella Martis*, delivers himself thus: "Many have esteemed this star to be the true matter of the Stone of the philosophers and believed themselves to have conceived rightly, because Nature

[1] *Æs aut plumbum pro pinguedine vel nigredine, et stannum pro liquefactione sumite.*

[2] On the subject of antimony and its regulus, see Basil Valentine: CURRUS TRIUMPHALIS, &c.

[3] *Notandum est quod invidi lapidem antimonium nuncuparunt.*

[4] *Non tantum illi a Deo concessum est ut in vel ex antimonio inveniatur Mercurius philosophicus, primum ens, argentum vivum et aqua prima metallorum perfectorum, ex quâ fit magnus lapis antiquorum philosophorum. Sed hoc primum ens in alio minerali invenitur, in quo metallica operatio altior est quam ratione stibii.*

hath formed it of her own accord. But this I deny, for such persons have left the royal road for impassable rocks where wild goats and birds of prey make their abode. It is not to be accounted unto this star that it is the matter of the most noble Stone, albeit a most excellent medicine is concealed therein."[1]

It remains then, Reader, that we lay aside all common metals, as gold, silver, copper, iron, tin, lead, antimony and quicksilver; for if we seek the sperm in any of these we shall never find it, because we seek it "in the metals of the herd, wherein it is not"—as Sendivogius hath told us.[2] We must therefore seek another body, which is not common, nor is it made, by mixture or otherwise, of any metal that is common, but is a certain black Sulphur made by Nature and which never touched the fire. This is that body whereof Albertus Magnus hath thus written: "A certain metallic body exists in the nature of things; it dissolves and decomposes easily: a fortunate physician shalt thou prove, if thou knowest its preparation."[3] And after him his disciple Thomas Aquinas—speaking of the same *minera*—cites these notable words out of another philosopher: "There is a certain species of metal which the crowd has never discovered."[4] This is the metal we must seek for, and it is hard to find, because we must not dig to come at it. For if we know where it is we need no more but stoop and take it up gratis. Yet it is neither Glauber's antimony nor common lead, nor is it a flint stone, nor the marl of Peter Faber, who—after he had wearied himself and deceived his readers with

[1] *Plerique putarunt hanc stellam esse materiam veram lapidis philosophorum, cogitantes se veraciter hoc imaginari, quia natura stellam hanc sponte suâ formavit. Ego vero nego. Hi viri, regiâ viâ relictâ, per avias rupes, ubi ibices habitant, et prædatrices aves nidificant, iter instituunt. Non id debetur huic stellæ, ut materia sit lapidis nobilissimi, licet in eo latet medicina optima.*

[2] *In metallis vulgi, in quibus non est.*

[3] *Datur in rerum naturâ corpus metallicum quoddam, facilis solutionis, facilisque putrefactionis; si præparationem ejus nosti felix medicus eris.*

[4] *Est quædam species metalli quam gens nunquam invenit.*

discourses of antimony and sublimate with salts of common metals—sought the Sulphur at last in this clod or *marga*, as he calls it.[1] But to pass by these fooleries and come to a conclusion : I say that this black Sulphur is the male, which being found we are in the next place to seek the female. And here observe that God Almighty hath in particular bodies made no difference of sexes, but only in the animal kingdom ; for in vegetables and minerals there is no such thing. We see that in grains of corn—suppose, of wheat—there is no division into males and females, for the truth is they are all males, and God hath allowed them no female but the universal one, namely, water, whose viscous, general seed joining with the particular seed and spirit that is in the grain is therewith fermented and congealed into the same nature with the grain itself and so propagates and multiplies the corn. Even so it is in metals, for every one of them is masculine, sulphureous and choleric. Nor hath God ordained that any of them should propagate and multiply the other, either naturally or artificially, though we deny not but they may be multiplied by help of that seed wherein God hath placed the blessing of multiplication. In metals then there is no distinction or difference of sexes, so that out of them it is impossible to extract masculine and feminine sperms, for such cannot be extracted but from bodies that are male and female, which metals are not. For if they were, they would propagate without art, God having so ordained it. It is plain then that metals—being not male and female—breed within themselves no seed, and by consequence cannot give that which they have not.[2] For the truth is,

[1] According to Fabre, philosophical Sulphur is the igneous part of philosophical Mercury, and it is found—together with sophic Salt—in a certain figurative butter or fatness, which is presumably the *marga* referred to by Vaughan.

[2] This is at issue with Sendivogius, who says that common Mercury "contains metallic seed," and so also do "the other metals."—NOVUM LUMEN CHEMICUM, *Tract.* vi.

the seed whereof they spring is that general seed of the elements, namely, a certain humidity which appears—as Sendivogius tells us—in the form of a fat water.[1] This water is their seed, their mother and their female ; for of this they were originally made, and if in this they be again dissolved, then the child will attract the mother to it and convert her totally to his own nature ; and on the contrary, the spirit of the mother will multiply the spirit of the child and exalt it to a perfection more than ordinary.

This is the way, and besides it there is none ; for there is no water under heaven—from what bodies soever it be extracted—that hath in it the multiplying virtue but this one water, which God hath blessed. And here though I seem to speak indifferently of metals, yet do not I mind the common, for their spirits have been mortified by the fire. Take therefore our Sulphur—which never touched the fire and whose life is wholly in him. Join this living male to a living female, for in this—as I have elsewhere intimated[2]—lies all the mystery, namely, in the union of a particular spirit to the universal, by which means Nature is strangely exalted and multiplied. Labour therefore to unite these two substantially and thoroughly ; and thou canst not miss it if thou knowest the applications. For suffer me to tell thee a secret—that the application of actives to passives—I mean the manner of it—is the greatest difficulty in all the art.

Farewell, Reader, and enjoy these my labours, which I freely communicate to thee, not—I'll assure thee—out of any design ; for I seek not my own glory but that of God, and thy benefit.

[1] *In forma aquæ pinguis.*
[2] The reference is to ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA.

A SHORT APPENDIX BY WAY OF ADMONITION TO THE READER

It was not my intention to add anything unto what has been already written ; but when I reflect on those vexations I have endured myself in the pursuit of this science, I begin to think I have not said enough. To be a little more plain then : Know, Reader, that whosoever seeks the Philosopher's Mercury in metals, of what kind soever they be, is already out of the way ;[1] for that Philosophic Mercury so much talked of is a water, and in metals water there is none ; for the Sulphur hath not only congealed it there but hath withal dried it up. This is evident in common quicksilver and antimony, which of all metalline bodies are the most crude ; and yet—as crude as they are—their water is exsiccated by their fire. For if we force them into a fume that fume settles not to a liquid spirit but into dry flowers. This made the philosophers seek a more crude minera, whose fume was moist and would settle into water, as being not yet mastered by the Sulphur. Such there was none but the Mother of Mercury, or the First Matter, whereof Nature makes the common mercury, and this also they called quicksilver and a viscous water—for such it is. In this *minera* the mercurial vapour was not so dry but it would settle into water, and with this water they dissolved the metalline bodies ; for the moist fume of this minera reduced the metalline dry fumes, so that both turned into one water ; and this they called Mercury philo-

[1] This is the universal testimony of all instructed alchemists, and it seems strange that in the second half of the seventeenth century it should have been thought necessary to reaffirm the fact.

sophical and duplicated Mercury. On this point I need not say more ; and if they be not wilfully blind, here is light enough for our metalmongers, and especially for those confident roasters of antimony who—over the smoke of that drug—dream of mysteries, as if they were transported into a certain capnomancy. For my part I deny not but antimony may be reduced to a mercurial water, though I know not to what purpose, for neither our Mercury nor our Tincture riseth from it, if Basil Valentine may be believed.[1] True it is, the philosophers use it, but as a mere instrument that goes off again, and so they use even kitchen fire ; but it is not their matter or subject, and much less is common gold, as some ignorants would have it.

There is indeed another antimony, which is our Sulphur[2] and the subject of the whole Art ; but this is so hard to find—and when it is found so hard to prepare—that it hath almost cast me into despair. However, if thou dost seriously consider what I have written, and what hath fallen from me in some places with as much purpose as caution, then verily neither the thing itself nor the preparation of it can be hid from thee. To make an end, know that the philosophers have two Mercuries or waters, the First and Second. Their first is the spirit of our antimony ; and here understand me rightly. Their second is that of Mercury and Venus philosophical ; and this of itself is all-sufficient. But to shorten time the philosophers ferment it with common gold.[3] I have now spoken more than discretion can well

[1] The testimony of Basil Valentine is that "the true tincture of antimony, which is the medicine of men and metals," is prepared only from the ore of antimony and not from the commercial product. It is not, however, that universal tincture which is understood as the Philosopher's Stone. See the appendix to CURRUS TRIUMPHALIS on the Fixed Tincture of Antimony—otherwise, the Fire-Stone.

[2] According to Basil Valentine, antimony contains Mercury, Sulphur and Salt, regarded as "the three great principles of health."

[3] Vaughan should have remembered that common gold is dead—according to the philosophers—and cannot be therefore a ferment.

allow of; but the sense of those difficulties I have met withal hath carried me thus far. Howsoever, be thou cautious in thy construction, lest the name of antimony deceive thee; for so thou mayst run into a fruitless expense of time and substance. This is all I have to say, and now what use to make of it is in thy power. If thou canst believe, it is well; if not, forbear from this Art altogether, or thou wilt live to punish thy own incredulity.

APPENDICES

I

AQUA VITÆ, NON VITIS: A NOTE-BOOK OF THOMAS VAUGHAN

THIS precious manuscript is preserved in the British Museum and is numbered 1741 in the Sloane collection. It is a small quarto, written before and behind, with a number of blank leaves in the middle part. The full title is as follows:

AQUA VITÆ, NON VITIS; Or the Radical Humiditie of Nature, mechanically and magically dissected by the conduct of Fire and Ferment, as well in the particular Bodies of Metalls and Minerals as in its seminal, universal Forme and Chaos. By Thomas Vaughan, Gent. Of this there are 35 leaves, containing chemical and other recipes, headed: ARS TOTA: *ut inventa est in diebus Conjugii meæ dulcissimæ: una cum variis Nitri et Salium Præparationibus.* Immediately after the general title—that is to say, on the next leaf—is this inscription: *Ex Libris* Th: and Reb: Vaughan, 1651, Sept. 28. *Quos Deus conjunxit, quis separabit?* And then: *Sitivit anima mea ad Deum Elohim, ad Deum El vivum. Quando nam veniam et visitabo faciem Dei Ælohim!* *T. R. V.* 1658.

There are processes for Vegetable Mercury, mineral Mercury, notes on the arcana of nitre, a CABALA METALLORUM, *sive Lapis de Rebis*, a collection of particular secrets appertaining *ad rem medicam*. There are also quotations from TURBA PHILOSOPHORUM and an occasional invocation or prayer, breathing fervent piety. A LIBER ARCANORUM follows, and confused with these leaves there are those private Memoranda concerning Vaughan's wife and himself which are the important parts of the document. They are sometimes on the obverse and sometimes on the reverse side.

In the hinder part of the book, but written the reverse way, there are further miscellaneous recipes, including one called AQUA REBECCA, with the explanation: *Quam sic voco, quoniam hanc ex sacra scriptura ostendebat mihi conjux mea charissima. Ostendebat* (*inquam*), *nec unquam aliter invenissem.* It is said to be a noble *arcanum*, alike in medicine and alchemy. Such titles as ARS TOTA and ARCANA QUÆDAM PARTICULARIA recur frequently, but introducing different experiments. There are also a VIA BREVIS ET LEVIS, VIÆ VARIÆ ET VERÆ *ad Primam Aquam Metallicam.* This hinder side of the document is also interleaved with personal memoranda and particulars concerning his wife. It contains 69 leaves, written for the most part on both sides of the paper.

Of the processes I will give one specimen, because it deals with a subject which is often mentioned in the text of Vaughan's published writings: *Sequitur* EXTRACTIO HUMIDITATIS VISCOSÆ, ET SPERMATICÆ, *pro Opere Secundo. Magnesiam et Chalybem Commisce. Adde parum Sulphuris aquis* (*sic*), *sive Resina argentiva, puta partem quartam. Tunc extrahe et fiat.* LAUS DEO, Amen, T. R. V. 1662, August the 8th. It is of course impossible to say whether this represents an experiment actually performed or one that it was intended to put in practice at a future time. A similar remark applies to all the recipes. The uses, if any, of the resultant are not indicated, and it may be wondered vaguely what could be expected to follow from the combination of Steel, Magnesia and Sulphureous Water, called otherwise Argentiferous Resin. It is likely, however, that these are arbitrary names, to be understood alchemically and not in any literal sense: as to the things which they signified, those—if there be any—who wish to pursue the subject can take their choice among the multitude of explanations which darken counsel in the Hermetic lexicons. They are not likely to find that they have drawn appreciably nearer to an understanding of the First Universal Matter, according to the recognised philosophers or according to Thomas Vaughan.

With the personal memoranda we enter into a different field, and I propose to present them *in extenso*, as I have done on one previous occasion. They are valuable for the undesigned insight which they offer into the character of Eugenius Philalethes on its human, domestic side. The "irascible alchemist" was

assuredly a loving husband, and I am certain that the bond between Thomas and Rebecca Vaughan went deep on the spiritual side, while it seems to have been welded closely on the side of earthly union. The memoranda hereinafter follow.

MEMORIÆ SACRUM

I

This happened on a Sunday night, towards the daybreak, and indeed I think it was morning light. On the 13th of June I dreamed that one appeared to me and purged herself from the scandalous contents of certain letters which were put into my hands by a certain false friend. Then she told me that her father had informed her that she should die again about a quarter of a year from that time she appeared to me: which is just the 14th of September next, and on the 28th of the same month we were married. It may be my merciful God has given me this notice of the time of my dissolution by one that is so dear to me, whose person representing mine signified my death, not hers, for she can die no more. Great is the love and goodness of my God and most happy shall I be in this interpretation if I may meet her again so soon and begin the heavenly and eternal life with her, in the very same month wherein we began the earthly: which I beseech my good God to grant us for his dear Son and our Saviour's sake, Christ Jesus. Amen!

(Written on the 14th of June, the day after I dreamed it. 1658.)

II

N.B.—N.B.—N.B. 1658

On Friday the 18th of July, I myself sickened at Wapping, and that night I dreamed I was pursued by a stone horse, as my dear wife dreamed before she sickened, and I was grievously troubled all night with a suffocation at the heart, which continued all next day most violently, and still it remains, but with some little remission. On the Saturday following, being the 17th of July, I could not, for some secret instinct of spirit, stay any longer at Wapping, but came that very night to Sir John Underhill; and

the Sunday following after that night I understood that Mr Highgate was dead, as my heart gave me at Wapping a few days before. The will of my God be done: Amen and Amen! That night I came to Sir John, I dreamed I had lent 20 pounds to my cousin J. Wakebross, and that his mother had stolen the money and I was like to lose it. But my cousin advised me to give out I had received it and he would secure it for me. I pray God my dear wife's things do not miscarry!

III

My most dear wife sickened on Friday in the evening, being the 16th of April, and died the Saturday following in the evening, being the 17th. And was buried on the 26th of the same month, being a Monday in the afternoon, at Mappersall in Bedfordshire, 1658. We were married in the year 1651, by a minister whose name I have forgotten, on the 28th of September. God of his infinite and sure mercies in Christ Jesus, bring us together again in Heaven, whither she is gone before me, and with her my heart and my faith not to be broken; and this thou knowest, oh my God! Amen!

IV

On the same day my dear wife sickened, being a Friday, and at the same time of the day, namely in the evening, my gracious God did put into my heart the secret of extracting the oil of Halcali, which I had once accidentally found at the Pinner of Wakefield in the days of my most dear wife. But it was again taken from me by a most wonderful judgement of God, for I could never remember how I did it, but made a hundred attempts in vain. And now my glorious God (Whose name be praised for ever) has brought it again into my mind, and on the same day my dear wife sickened; and on the Saturday following, which was the day she died on, I extracted it by the former practice: so that on the same day, which proved the most sorrowful to me, whatever can be, God was pleased to confer upon me the greatest joy I can ever have in this world after her death. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord. Amen! T. R. V.

Appendices

V

To the end we might live well and exercise our charity, which was wanting in neither of us, to our power, I employed myself all her life time in the acquisition of some natural secrets, to which I had been disposed from my youth up; and what I now write, and know of them practically, I attained to in her days, not before in very truth, nor after, but during the time we lived together at the Pinner of Wakefield; and though I brought them not to perfection in those dear days, yet were the gates opened to me then and what I have done since is but the effect of those principles. I found them not by my own wit or labour, but by God's blessing and the encouragement I received from a most loving, obedient wife, whom I beseech God to reward in Heaven for all the happiness and content she afforded me. I shall lay them down here in their order, protesting earnestly and with a good conscience, that they are the very truth; and here I leave them for his use and benefit to whom God in his providence shall direct them. On the 28th August, being Saturday morning after daylight, God Almighty was pleased to reveal to me after a wonderful manner, the most blessed estate of my dear wife, partly by herself and partly by His own Holy Spirit, in an express disclosure, which opened to me the meaning of those mysterious words of S. Paul: "For we know, if our earthly house of this tabernacle, etc." Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless his holy name!

T. R. V.

Quos Deus conjunxit, quis separabit?

VI

1658

The dream I wrote on the foregoing page is not to be neglected, for my dear wife, a few nights before, appeared to me in my sleep and foretold me the death of my dear father; and since it is really come to pass, for he is dead and gone to my merciful God, as I have been informed by letters come to my hand from the country. It concerns me therefore to prepare myself and to make a right use of this warning which I received from my merciful and most loving God, Who used not to deal such mercies to all men; and Who was pleased to impart it to me by my dear wife,

to assure me she was a saint in His holy Heavens, being thus employed for an Angel and a messenger of the God of my salvation. To Him, be all praise and glory ascribed in Jesus Christ for ever! Amen! T. R. V.

VII

1658

The month and the day I have forgotten, but having prayed earnestly for remission of sins I went to bed and dreamed that I lay full of sores in my feet and clothed in certain rags, under the shelter of the great oak, which grows before the courtyard of my father's house, and it rained round about me. My feet that were sore with boils and corrupt matter troubled me extremely, so that being not able to stand up I was laid all along. I dreamed that my father and my brother W., who were both dead, came unto me and my father sucked the corruption out of my feet so that I was presently well, and stood up with great joy and looking on my feet they appeared very white and clean and the sores were quite gone! Blessed be my good God! Amen!

VIII

N.B.—N.B.—N.B.

When my dear wife and I lived at the Pinner of Wakefield I remember I melted down equal parts of Talc and the Eagle with Brimstone, repeating the fusion twice. And after that, going to draw Spirit of Salt with Oil of Glass, I chanced (as I think) to mingle some Bay-Salt, or that of Colla Maris, with the former composition and I had an oil with which I did miracles. But assaying to make more of it I never could effect it, having forgotten the composition; but now I am confident the Eagle was in it, for I ever remember the manner of the first fume that came out, and could never see the like again, but when I worked on the Eagle, though I never afterwards worked on her prepared as at that time. I know also by experience that Talc and Baysalt together will yield six times more spirit, than either of both will yield by itself. And that passage of Rhasis confirms me, when he mentions Aqua Salis trium generum; but above all that one word of Lullie, namely, Petra Salis, and

especially that enumeration of materials which he makes in his Ars Intellectiva, Nitrum, Sal, Sulphur, Vapor, than which nothing could have been said more expressly. And yet I doubt I shall be much troubled, before I find what I have lost, so little difference there is between Forgetfulness and Ignorance.

T. R. V. 1658.

Quos Deus conjunxit, quis separabit?

IX

Left at Mrs Highgate's

1. One flat trunk of my dear wife's, with her maiden name upon it.

2. Another cabinet trunk of my dear wife's in which is her small rock and Bible, and her maiden Bible I have by me.

3. One great wooden box of my dear wife's in which is all her best apparel, and in that is her great Bible with her practice of piety and her other books of Devotion.

4. Another wooden box with pillows in it and a sweet basket of my dear wife's.

5. One large trunk of my dear wife's with my name upon it, in which are the silver spoons. And in the drawers are two small boxes, one with a lock of my dear wife's hair, made up with her own hands; and another with several small locks in it.

6. One pair of grate irons with brass knobs and a single pair with brass knobs, a fire shovel, tongs and bellows; my dear wife's little chair, a round table, joint stool and close stool, with a great glass full of eye-water, made at the Pinner of Wakefield, by my dear wife and my sister Vaughan, who are both now with God.

X

1659. *April 8th. Die* ♀

In the evening I was surprised with a sudden heaviness of spirit, but without any manifest cause whatsoever; but I thank God a great tenderness of heart came along with it, so that I prayed most earnestly with abundance of tears, and sorrow for sin. I fervently solicited my gracious God for pardon to myself and my most dear wife; and besought Him to bring us together

again in His Heavenly Kingdom, and that He would shew me His mercy and answer my prayers by such means and in such a way as might quicken my spirit, that I might serve Him cheerfully and with joy praise His name.

I went that night to bed after earnest prayers and tears and towards the daybreak, or just upon it, I had this following dream: I thought that I was again newly married to my dear wife and brought her along with me to shew her to some of my friends, which I did in these words. Here is a wife, which I have not chosen of myself, but my father did choose her for me,[1] and asked me if I would not marry her, for she was a beautiful wife. He had no sooner shewed her to me, but I was extremely in love with her and I married her presently. When I had thus said, I thought, we were both left alone, and calling her to me, I took her into my arms and she presently embraced me and kissed me; nor had I in all this vision any sinful desire, but such a love to her as I had to her very soul in my prayers, to which this dream was an answer. Hereupon I awaked presently with exceeding great inward joy. Blessed be my God! Amen!

XI

April the 9th. Die ♄. 1659

I went to bed after prayers and hearty tears and had this dream towards daybreak. I dreamed I was in some obscure, large house, where there was a tumultuous, raging people, amongst whom I knew not any but my brother H. My dear wife was there with me, but having conceived some discomfort at their disorder, I quitted the place, and went out, leaving my dear wife behind me. As I went out I considered with myself, and called to mind some small, at least seeming, unkindnesses I had used towards my dear wife in her lifetime, and the remembrance of them being odious to me I wondered with myself that I should leave her behind me and neglect her company, having now the opportunity to converse with her after death. These were my thoughts, whereupon I turned in, and taking her along with me, there followed us a certain person, with whom I had in former times revelled away many years in drinking. I had in my hand a very long cane,

[1] This was not true of our temporal marriage, nor of our natural parents, and therefore it signifies some greater mercy.

and at last we came to a churchyard, and it was the brightest daylight that ever I beheld: when we were about the middle of the churchyard, I struck upon the ground with my cane at the full length and it gave a most shrill, reverberating echo. I turned back to look upon my wife, and she appeared to me in green silk down to the ground, and much taller, and slenderer than she was in her lifetime, but in her face there was so much glory, and beauty, that no Angel in Heaven can have more. She told me the noise of the cane had frighted her a little, but saying so she smiled upon me and looked most divinely. Upon this I looked up to Heaven, and having quite forgot my first apprehension, which was true, namely that she appeared thus to me after her death, I was much troubled in mind lest I should die before her, and this I feared upon a spiritual account, lest after my death she might be tempted to do amiss, and to live otherwise than she did at present. While I was thus troubled, the cane that was in my hand suddenly broke, and when it was broken, it appeared no more like a cane, but was a brittle, weak reed. This did put me in mind of her death again, and so did put me out of my fear, and the doubts I conceived, if I died before her. When the reed was broken, she came close to me, and I gave her the longer half of the reed, and the furthest end and the shortest I kept for myself; but looking on the broken end of it, and finding it ragged, and something rough, she gave me a knife to polish it, which I did. Then we passed both out of the churchyard, and turning to the gentleman that followed me I asked him if he would go along with us, but he utterly refused; and the truth is, he still follows the world too much. Then I turned to my dear wife to go along with her, and having so done I awaked.

By this dream, and the shortest part of the reed left in my hand, I guess I shall not live so long after her, as I have lived with her. Praised be my God! Amen!

XII

April the 16th, at night. 1659

I dreamed that a flame of a whitish colour should break out at the toes of my left foot, and this was told me in my dream by a strange person and of a dark countenance. It is to be noted, that this was the very night on which my dear wife died, 1658; it

being a Saturday night and but one short of the number, or true account. It may be the disease that shall occasion my death, was shewed me on the night wherein she died, for true it is, that in my left foot there is now a dangerous humour fallen down, and lodged under my very heel, and upon the lifting of my leg upward, it pains me strangely. It fell first into my knee, and what it may come to I know not, unless it will end in a gout; but it first of all troubled me in the sinews, and caused a contraction of them, and then I had a dull pain and still have in the uppermost joint of the thigh. T. R. V.

XIII

Many years ago, at Paddington, before my distemper in the liver seized me, there appeared to me twice in the same night in two several dreams, a young, strange person, not unlike to him who appeared in a strange manner to me at Edmond Hall in Oxford. His countenance was dark, and I believe it is the evil genius, but in this last dream, I saw him not so clearly, my life, I bless God for it, being much amended. The evil he so gladly signifies to me, frightens me not, for I am ready for death, and with all my heart shall I welcome it, for I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ, which is far better for me, than to live, and sin in this sinful body. T. R. V. 1659.

God is. T. R. V. Amen and Amen!

II

THALIA REDIVIVA: THE LATIN POEMS OF THOMAS VAUGHAN

I

The Dedication

Ornatissimo Viro Domino Mathæo Herbert,
Institutori suo imprimis suspiciendo.

Accipe primitias, dilecte Herberte, tuosque
  Quales formâsti, docte Mathæe, modos.
Te mea dissimili sequitur conamine Musa,
  Pallet ut ad vivas picta tabella rosas.
Sic quæ mella sacri congessit alumnus Hymetti
  Servant libati suavia prima thymi.

II

Aliud

Quæ viridi, Mathæe, fuit tibi messis in herba,
  Hoc te compensat fænore cocta Ceres.
Non potes in nostri furtivis litibus ævi
  Dicere, te segetem non decimâsse meam.

III

Vertumnus

Heus! Vertumne adsum, tumuloque incumbo rapinam
Commeditans: tu quos incepit dextra tumultus
Fugisti, partamque tenes in funere pacem.
Non liceat dormire; ego te, cineremque superbum
Excutiam somno. Non hic equites peditesque

Circumstant ; nulla est lateri Rhomphæa, Satelles
Nullus : nulla humeris jactatis læna lacertis
Fluctuat, et nostrum deridet murice pannum.
Præterît illa ætas, qua te timuisse necesse
Et tutum fuit ; haud umbras, manesque reclusos
Horremus. Nihil est, si clausis naribus adsto,
Quod metuam, morbos, hircum, excrementaque vermes
Sollicito ; lectusque tuus de stercore versus.
Cur non eloqueris ? nèque palma morebere, nec crus ?
Tende manus : hic sunt tibi vectigalia, census,
Poculaque argentumque auratusque annulus instar
Hannibalis. Sejanus equus tibi ducitur, aut si
Non placeant, præsto est meretrix ; hanc accipe saltem
In foveam, Vertumne. Neque hanc ? quid ? tunc clientem
Deseris ? ut video, nulla est captura sepulchri.
Tolle caput, raucâque iterum cum voce phalanges
Increpita ; satis est latrare audacter in hostem.
O qualis facies ! recitanda litania nunc est
Si possem ; lupus est, taceoque. Irata Minerva
Non tenuit tales, objecta Gorgone, vultus.
Sunt oculi patres, qui Lyncea, qui Galilæum
Cum speculo vicere ; et prophylactica Galli
Strumaque viderunt : quibus ipso Hispanus in ovo
Emicuit dolus ; hic Scoti tentoria vidit
Prima, novasque faces in sidere Cassiopeæ.
Nunc nihil hic præter cæcosque cavosque meatus,
Pejoresque isto spurcoque foramine per quod
Claudius, impleto jam ventre, cacare solebat.
Depasta est facies, magnæque proboscidis uncus
Depastus, totoque exesus fornice nasus.
Formosum faceret Tongillum et Rhinoceroten.
O patulam gingivam ! ubi nunc tua pharmaca, malas
Quæ radant, scabrosque albent rubigine dentes ?
Haud equidem infelix tales pandebat hiatus
Hecuba, cum misso vultu meliore, pudendis
Faucibus oblatret Græcis, rictuque canino.

Tunc humilis tritusque cinis decreta piorum
Excindi petis, et divini lumina verbi
Nocte premi, umbrisque ac sole funalia præfers ?

Et superesse putas ? Cujus jam brachia fracta
Curaque, multiplicis dispersa cadavera fati
Præsentant ; tua quanta dedit documenta ruina,
Quæ speciem immensæ cladis, mortesque coactas
Multorum, tumulo Vertumni ostendit in uno ?
Par cinis est, æquale lutum, similesque favilla
Quâ constas, milesque triobulus ; aut Agoræus,
Quo fœtat Quintana, parem cœlestia sortem
Non tribuere. Horum miseras stipendia vitas
Venales faciunt, animasque ut villica porcos
Expendunt pretio. Tu non bibis in nymphæo
Cum grege ; purpureus tecum commilitat, aut dux ;
Parmosos spernis ; quotiesque ad jurgia currus
Conveniunt, crassa cum majestate precantem
Absque oculis rides, et qui pede claudicat uno.
Nonne pudet duplicasse scelus, miserosque secunda
Morte premi, nec velle istis solatia servis,
Quos tua lignipedes fecit fuga, monoculosque ?
Nunc scio quo tendit tua parsimonia ; promus
Solvendus, meretrixque, et quæ nasuta lupanar
Olfecit, rugosa Venus. Respublica tuta est
His instrumentis. Si vivida vina supersint
Quo pugnabis, habes ; hic tota nocte tibi Mars
In lingua est, spirasque inter tua pocula fumos,
Quales Amsanctus vomit, aut Vesuvius ardens.
Grande stratagema ! Et quo Chinense domabis
Imperium, Budamque atque altos Ottomannos.
Procede, expugna mundum ; tibi serviet orbis
Terrarum, regnique extremo in margine pones,
Arcturumque Crucemque et sidera Medicæa.
Sclopetum loquere et flammas ; tormenta globosque
Ferratos ; verbisque tuis, tanquam catapultâ,
Disjice vicinas aures : hoc tramite victrix
Palma redit, quærenda tibi est his moribus. Hoc tu
Hannibalem fecisse putas, cum funera Cannis
Roma ageret, luscoque acies demessa Gradivo est ?
Supremos expende dies, sitque exitus hujus
Fabellæ ante oculos. Quid nunc inconditus iste
Mos tibi profecit ? vel quid sonus, et celeris vox
Juramenta rotans, et lassâ opprobria linguâ ?

Quis te miratur? vel quis tua fulgura pluris
Esse putat, quam sunt crepitus tibi posteriores?
His tamen alta malis laturum in sidera nomen
Sperasti te posse tuum nostrosque nepotes
Visurus aliquod Sydus, brutumve hominemve,
Assurgens, Angloque ardentes Hercule cælos.
Appia clausa via est, tumuit quâ Julius olim
In stellas, quâ qui expiravit podice, repsit.
Tunc istos, Vertumne, inter numeraberis heros?
Numinibus si scurra placet, si sancta libido
In trutina Jovis est, et Bacchanalia sacra:
Justius in cœlum quis scandet? apertior ibit:
Porta, et suprema sedeas, Vertumne, cathedrâ.

Quicunque es, qui scorta, dolos, homicidia, furta
Exerces, cæcæque armamentaria mentis.
Hic studeas; vocat e tumulo major Cicerone.
In cinere hoc scriptum est, extatque in manibus illis
Quod discas: Brevis est, et transit vita, nihilque
Profeci his telis! Dic, quis necromantica sumit
Hæc præcepta sibi, creditque sagacior urnæ?
Non unum invenio, cui consiliarius est mors.
Tu legesque forumque et barbara Causidicorum
Labra moves, majora alio tua prædia fundo
Ut pateant; addisque tuis male jugera pauca
Pauperis. Hæc magna et præter ludibria fati
Fixa putas; cum tu tantum examine vero
Ætatem laceras concessam, atque ardua nugis
Seria posthabeas; quoties improvida tecum
Digeris hæc intraque coquis. Mea vota secundet
Si non quæ præsens lux est, tamen altera, saltem
Tertia; nec cernis repentem in sæcula mortem
Incautus, credisque dies, ut savia, posse
Te rapere, et stabilem furto producere vitam.
Temporis (heu!) nulla est, annorum nulla rapina,
Quisque suos numeros habet. Altæ murmura famæ
Nos agitant, properique nimis vestigia fati
Nemo audit, struit hic turrita palatica, montes
Marmoreos; tetroque alludit regia busto.
Quippe sepulchra etiam sunt ipsa cubilia, quæ tot

Exanimes videre, et tristia funera ; nec stat
Improba posteritas, possitque in limine scribi
Hic vixit. Si vis animæ compendia nostræ
Ista petas, quæ sola fides mercatur, et alto
Intendas cælo, terramque moramque relinques.
Divitiæ veræ illæ sunt, et vera supellex
Quæ divina domos et prædia ponit in astris.

IV

Cynthia

Transierat jam pura dies, et fortior ignis
Cœlorum, temerasque ferens in lumine flammas
Phœbus, venturæ fecit præludia nocti
Cynthia cum molles æstus et nutra sensit
Astra, levemque leves errare per aëra ventos
Egressa est, hortosque suos floretaque sacra
Intravit, mediisque silens in floribus ibat.
Dumque omnem explorat circa se provida partem,
Excurrunt oculorum ignes, et purior oris
Aura tremit, roscisque halat diapasma labellis.
Luxuriant auro crines, dimissaque vestis
Ludentem insequitur specioso syrmate nympham.
Hîc gratas umbrarum hiemes et frigora quærit ;
Æstivas hic sola rosas carpebat, et albis
Intexit rubeas, positoque e vertice peplo
Ipsa genis docuit similes fratrare colores.
Carpit te Narcisse puer, vosque O sua signa
(Nam cecidit, nulloque jacet curante), Ligustra !
Lilia connectit violis, sacrosque amaranthos
Fasciculo immiscet ; nodoque maritat in uno
Dispersas florum veneres, speculoque remoto
Et formam faciemque suis agnovit in herbis.

Hæc illa. At vegetam Floræ sobolemque micantem
Dum legit, extincta est, obitusque in floribus est flos !
Nunc, O nunc sylvæ pereant, animæque virentes
Hortorum plantæque ! Et fascia casta valeto !
Ecce ! ruunt Veneres, multoque Cupidine cingunt
Spem vitæ studiumque meæ ; spoliatur amœnus

Hortulus, et rapto stant mœsta rosaria flore.
O si non ultra tentassent, si mea tantum
Cynthia mansisset similis sibi ! perfida mores
Fata regunt, frustraque omnes meliora docemur.
Aureus assurgit, multoque nitore Cupido
Aggreditur nympham, spiratque, superbior ignes.
Nectare distillant alæ, et divina volatu
Ambrosia exiliens cœlestes seminat auras.
Utque stetit, vidi celerem librare sagittam
Pennatamque suis plumis ; stat missile fixum,
Accenditque novas non duro in pectore flammas.
Illa ardet, clademque suam cœlestibus ambit
Blanditiis, ipsoque sinu fovet inscia mortem.
O toties miseranda ! deam hanc impure Cupido
Fædasti, simul ora tuam superantia matrem.
Ast ego prospiciens sensi discedere vultus
Purpureos, niveosque mori cum virgine flores.
Nulla rubent tepidis immixta roseta pruinis,
Nec tremulæ ludunt inter sua lilia flammæ.
Marcet tanta venus, tristique in vertice sylva
Aurea dispersis pendet neglecta capillis.
Nil manet Elysii nullusque hyacinthus, ut olim,
Vernat in his labiis ; tota est in funere Tempe.
Non nego (sit tua justa licet sententia) cœlos
Crudeles ; lapsæ stellæ revocantur in altum
Ex oculis, totoque excedunt sydera vultu.
Ingemuit, flevitque suum mea Cynthia fatum
Tristior, et nullâ fœlix albedine mansit.

V

In Chloen Intuentem

Affixus formosa Chloe dum ludit occellis,
  Et tacito in vultus labitur igne meos.
Obvia luminibus mea forma occurit apertis,
  Hospitat inque oculis transanimata suis.
Hic et aquas penetratque, ignes vitreasque pupillas
  Plena vel ærumnis pingit imago meis.
Flevit sacra Chloe, formosaque lumina plorat
  In speculum tantis facta fuisse malis.

Appendices

VI

In Ephemerides J. Kepleri

Ecce! mori properat dum prodigus annus, et horas
  Vrget sydereis in sua fata rotis,
Das, Keplere, novam temeris Echineida cœlis;
  Et stupet ad remoram machina tota tuam.
Nunc duraturo radias, Aurora, rubore;
  Et præsens hic est, præteritusque dies.

VII

Vitrum Horarium ex Sepulti Mathematici Pulvere

Sic inclusa tuæ respondet mimula dextræ
  Et cœli assuetas audet arena vices.
Affectare juvat superos post funera cursus,
  Surgitque ex atomis certior hora tuis.
Si numerat, partitque diem tam nescia techna,
Quid facit ad solem doctior umbra suum.

VIII

Ad Virum Eximium D. Thomam Poellum Cantrevensem S. S. Theologiæ Doctorem

Est niveæ amicus mentis et calens mihi,
  Rurique semper degit urbanus comes;
Nec scire possum, quas meus vices agit.
  Non in remotis trutinâ et pace curiis
Exercet ille lege quod cautum est, scelus;
Forique tritis litibus, jungit novas.
Non hospes intus rebus haud suis vacat,
Nec ambit arte, quicquid est dispar deo.
  At ore fundit ille non inops suo
Rosas, salesque mentis et mares Jocos:
Interque doctos humilis et summus simul
Quos hic solutus perdo, componit dies.

IX

Ad Fontem, ex quo Bibere Solita est Stella

O meæ Stellæ speculum! liberque
Suavium, castos ubi pingit ignes
Umbra subridens, et amantis Echo
Muta puellæ!

Quam nimis grato querelus susurro
In fugam serpis, viridesque tophi
Pectinas cinnos, vitreoque fundis
Ore fluentem?

Hac Venus spumâ poterit creari
Succubæ præstans vetulæque divæ;
Quæ novo formæ, fideique solvet
Fædere litem.

Pulchrior vultus, meliorque scæna
Fonte Narcissi facieque fluctus
Hos facit lautos magis, atque nulla
Cæde cruentos.

Hic levis albis volitare pennis
Adsolent ludi, veneresque castæ;
Ista cultori dedit unda mortem
Hæc mihi vitam.

X

In Stellam Lachrymantem

Non miror, mea Stella, tuo tua lumina fletu
Suffusa, et mixtas ignibus ignis aquas.
Ex oculis ducendus erat fons. Altera nulla est
Digna satis faciem quæ lavet unda tuam.

XI

In eandem acra Febre Dormientem

Hic jaceo: mixta mortis et vitæ Venus;
Amare Parcam docuit vel somnus meus.
Ludit corallis morbus, et multa in nive
Combusta mors est, dum meas genas petit
Mirata prædam, transit in vitam tepens:
Et quam necasset, stravit in lectem sibi
Dormitque capta. Quos superfusos vides
Florum popellos: lilia et deam rosam
Amator sparsit: exprimi nullis suam
Ut par, figuris ille sic deam docet.
Vix est creatus in rosis tropus mihi.

XII

Ejusdem Epitaphium

Adesto multâ superum nepenthe madens
Ver: annus infans, primula et florens Hebe.
Tuusque tecum Zephyrus accedat, tui
Serenus oris halitus, promus rosæ:
Florum solennis fascinus, carmen potens
Ipsis sepulchris mortuum germen vocans.
Adstes et Euri mitius volans ala,
Aurâque degens divite, et thure in sacro
Fumata, pennis incubet tuis Eos.
Est urna parva Stellulam meam tenens,
Quæ vos in arctum postulat typum deæ.
Florum huc adesto, quicquid hic mundus parit,
Sui character sparsus, ac inops icon.
Cognata venis viola, sanguini est rosa.
Natura ubique pingit in luctus meos,
Et tophus omnis parturit Stellæ notas.
Sit epitaphium par hyacinthus tibi,
Qui flore pandens, quas tegit tellus genas,
Aiacis instar αἰ meum semper ferat,
Tuæque cladis annue monens epos.
Visurus ora qualia, et quales manus,

Amplectar albas, purpurâ et tinctas rosas ;
Tibique flores servient, spinæ mihi !
Si liliis adsto, dicam, hic vivit meæ,
Et si sepulchris, hîc perit Stellæ color.

XIII

Gustavus Adolphus Rex Sueciæ Intrat Germaniam

Siste aquilas Cæsar : quæ solem, ignesque potentes
Sustinet, his oculis cæca revertet avis.
Explorare mori est : haud tanto in lumine tentes
Degenerem et nullo nomine pullitiem.
Fulminibus servire aquilæ est ; non regia flammis
Imperat ; est superis penna ministra focis.
Gustavus fulgetra regit Mavortis, et ille est
Invenient vel quem flammæ, aquilæque Jovem.

XIV

Tillium Congrediens Augurium Rident

Adstitit, in bellum Sueco veniente, volantûm
Turba, et Lipsiacum fusa tegebat agrum.
Cum miles sub utroque ruens ductore catervam
Dissipat et turmis territa surgit avis.
Primo te, Tilli, comitesque supervolat, et mox
Gustavum : at rapta ex hoste salute, petit.
Non erat augurium hoc : aliud victoria pennis
Et dignum vel te gessit, Adolphe, suis.

XV

Moriens Wallenstenium Fundit

Adsis et extrema major, Gustave, ruinâ,
Quam per tot vitæ sparsa trophæa tuæ,
Hic congesta jacent tanti miracula belli,

Contrahit inque unum se tua fama diem.
Cedite, Romani! vobis vicisse, triumphus;
Gustavo plus est quam superare, mori.

XVI

Testatur se Germanorum Libertatem Sanguine suo sigillare

Scripserat hanc, hostisque prius sua dextra cruore;
Jam signata suo sanguine charta valet.
Libertas quam lata tibi, Germania magna, est!
Cujus vel mundo tessera major erat.

XVII

Carolus Primus, Anglorum Rex

En, en deorum magnes, et tracti numinis
Sub sole thronus; ignium cœli silex
Ferroque tritus in suas flammas abiens!
Depressa palma, quæ veram palmam tulit,
Crevitque in ipsos oneri non cedens deos.
Christi, suoque sanguine hic unctus fuit,
Crucisque nemo majus exemplum dedit.
Rex ille regni, rex idem vixit sui,
Legemque, quam nec subditi ferrent, tulit.
Jus semper illi summa et regalis comes.
Fidesque sancta dirigens dextram suam,
Quam sic coercet, prasidem agnovit manum.
Furor, rapina, cædes et dolus malus
Unius omnes regium invadunt caput.
Caditque—nosti cœlum!—tam sanctus parens—
Ab his peremptus, vel quibus vitam daret.
Secunda ab ipso victima hæc Christo fuit.
Disce, Lector: Non semper bona invenit qui bonum quærit.

XVIII

Amicissimo Suo, et in Omni Philosophia Oculatissimo T. P.[1] in Elementa Sua Optica

Cum nimis amotos cum syrmate cœlos,
Hortosque pensiles colo ;
Stat gemata astris nox nigra : ut maura lapillis
Induta divitis sali.
Ipse coloratæ volvo miracula scænæ,
Memdique labiles Pharos.
Sic Fati rimamur opes, cursumque procacem,
Qui nostros atterit dies.
Demens ambitio ! curtique superbia sensus !
Frænare syderum choros !
Dirige me, qui tanta potes : cœlestia nolunt
Terreno dirigi duce.
Felix, qui propriis errorem absterget ocellis,
Et cœlos instruit suos.
Astra habeo cognata mihi, lucemque vagantem,
Quam docta corrigat manus.
Quippe facem crasso Natura in corpore clausit,
Suæque consulit domi.
Sol et luna oculi mihi sunt : solique renides
Poelle, phosphorus novus.
Claude tuas Aurora fores : mihi prævius alter,
Nec radiis Lucifer tuis.
Hic notis oculis, claroque propinquior igne,
Amata nascitur Venus.

XIX

Epitaphium Gulielmi Laud Episcopi Cantuariensis

O fida tellus ! cœli depositum cape,
Neque illum topho premas, sed amplectere.
Hic jacet, Lector—serva tu lachrymas malis—

[1] *I.e.*, Thomas Powell, on whose intimate relations with Henry and Thomas Vaughan Mr A. B. Grosart has thrown an interesting light in his collected edition of the verse-work of both poets.

Ecclesiæ pharus, idemque naufragium sibi ;
Repumicator orbis et cœli pugil :
Frigentis aræ titio, haud ignis novus,
Sed angelorum flamma Manoæ capax.
Desiste, sæclûm, majus non potes nefas.
Lassata crux est, martyrum appendix fuit.
Quotidiana non est talis manus.
Liberius nemo sanguinem patriæ daret
Si res vocâssent ; nec confidentius dedit
Cum non vocabant, nempe curavit mori,
Anteitque istam, quam stabiliret fidem.
Sic ille cœlum rapuit, et vitæ tomos
Obliteratos maculis adversæ manûs
Proprio rescripsit sanguine, innocuus simul
Et condemnatus ; sic citat testes Deus !
O festus ille cinis ! et fœlix miser,
Qui probro honores mutat, et mundi satur
Injuriis emit cœlos, ac stellas tenet !
Fecisti probe ! fidei senex malum
Mors est : ereptus vitæ pugillus tibi
Cum diis acquirit annos, omisit diem.
Palles sceleste ? non habet sanum sibi
Cruorem, quisquis sic alienum sitit.
Sed non in terram fluxit, ne bibit lutum
Fluentem : sitiens sanguinem pulvis suum
Pulvere formatus homo est.
Non periit ergo. Laudis tam justæ threnos
Nec morituras nænias hostes sui
Qui habent aures, audient.
Abi jam, Lector, et bene discas mori.

XX

Mauritius Pontisfracti Castrum Ingreditur

Arx alta ! et Caroli spes una atque ultima nostri,
Quâ tria conveniunt hospita regna simul.
His extrema fides ponet vestigia muris,
Clarior eque tuis mœnibus astra petet.

Non superesse licet : cupio fundamina mortis
Ponere, et hoc nostram condere teste necem.
Præside Mauritio tua mœnia digna tueri,
Nec nisi Mauritio præside digna capi.

XXI

Proposita ab Hoste Pactione, Solus Excluditur

Hanc mea mors, mea vita diem celebrate : paresque
Et similes habeant utraque fata vices.
Vita, meam mortem celebra : tu, mors mea, vitam.
Sitque ; audere mori, pactio Mauritii.
Vivere me trepidant hostes : faciamus et ipsos
Quam petiere, meam vel trepidam necem.

XXII

Dedito Castro, et Pactione Exclusus per Medios Hostes Erumpit

Sol, orbis spectator ades, curruque represso
Mirandum e superis aspice Mauritium !
Solus in hostiles audet procedere turmas,
Hac illi oblata est conditione salus.
Mille refert, et mille ruit varia arte per hostes :
Et varios quasi se dividit usque locos.
Stravit totam aciem dux atque exercitus ipse :
Illa dies, quod vix postera credat habet.
Victricem obtinuit, morte indignante, salutem :
Credibile est tantum fata timere manum.

XXIII

Aliud

Arcta est, quam tribuis fortuna redemptio ; vel mors,
Vel requiem hostilis pervia turma dabit.
Aut manus hæc nobis tutela, aut mulla ; cadamque
Hoste semel major : me, Caraloque minor.

Par illi exemplum est ; regem assimulare docemur,
  Fataque inauditis exuperare modis.
Insilio ! levis est vobis, nullusque triumphus ;
  Non poteram vinci, nec dabo posse mori.

XXIV

Aliud

Venit summa dies, et qua pepigisse, perire est.
  Major sum, quam cui sic superesse licet.
Percutimus pulchrum posito cum funere fœdus,
  Sitque hæc pro vita pactio, velle mori.
Plebeius vigor hoc, quivisque gregarius haud dat :
  Hoc solius habent pectora Mauritii.

Desiderantur Alcippus et Jacintha (Poema heroicum absolutissimum), cum multis aliis Oxonii ab Authore relictis.—Note by Henry Vaughan.

III

THOMAS VAUGHAN AND HENRY MORE

In ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA Vaughan is said to have spoken disparagingly of More's PSYCHODIA PLATONICA. No reference is offered to clear up the point at issue, and I must confess that I do not know where the supposed allusion is found. In any case, neither the Cambridge Platonist nor his book is cited by name. The fact—if it be such—may account for the debate which followed. Independently of this I can believe that a ripe scholar and thinker like Henry More might have been moved to a humoursome bitterness by the attitude of Vaughan when he claims in ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA to have searched more deeply into "the centre of Nature" than some other writers on "spiritual mysteries." After all, the text depends from authorities who were, as they now are, perfectly well known and widely. His temper would have been tried also by the occasional manufacture of fantastic concealments, causing an atmosphere of artificial mystery, for Vaughan will quote from one of his sources up to a certain point and then suggest that it would be going too far if he merely extended quotation. But whatever the actuating cause, there followed speedily on Vaughan's first tracts—included within the covers of a single small volume—a criticism entitled: "OBSERVATIONS upon ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA and ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA. By Alazonomastix Philalethes . . . Printed at Parrhesia, but are to be sold by O. Pullen at the Rose in St Paul's Churchyard. 1650." A quotation on the title-page shewed the spirit of the tract: "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end."—Ps. I have no brief in my hands and wish to do even justice. It was a coarse period in polemics, foreign to all the courtesies and even the decency of criticism. The OBSERVATIONS are largely of the nature of lampoon, and abuse does duty for argument. But when

allowance has been made for the time, it remains to add that—worse still—in so far as critical points are debated, Henry More is not more wanting in good taste than he is in dialectical skill. He is dull, feeble and ineffective. The truth is that he knew nothing of official occultism and was not qualified to take his author seriously in hand, except perhaps from an Aristotelian standpoint; and even then he was a Platonist. As regards Aristotle and his description of Nature, Eugenius Philalethes is challenged on two occasions to state whether he has discovered "the naked substance or essence of anything." This it is, however, or the failure to do this, which constitutes the charge in chief of Eugenius against the Peripatetics. It is maintained further by More that these philosophers do not, as Eugenius states, regard God as having made the world like a carpenter "because they give an inward motion to all natural bodies." For the rest: (1) He ridicules his author's notions as to the pre-existence of souls and concerning the parts of the soul as derived from Kabalism; but (2) he says nothing that is worth reading on his own part. (3) He is very hard—though lame—on Vaughan's rather unconvincing comparison of the world to an animal, on his cosmic darkness, on his views concerning the elements, and on his suggestion that there could be an evening and a morning in the world at a period when it is affirmed by Vaughan that "the light was equally dispensed." (4) He seeks to know the nature of that light which alone—according to Vaughan—can be multiplied truly; and this seems pertinent, as in ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA the Peripatetics are thanked in scorn for their offering nothing when they explain the operation of things but do not say what they are. (5) When the soul is likened to light or air, More discovers materialism, and there is some ground for the criticism; but the use of these terms was doubtless by way of analogy. (6) The metrical eulogy of Agrippa leads to ridiculous questions—whether Eugenius can explain the flux and reflux of the sea, the operations of the lodestone, and so forth. (7) As an example of More in a mood of comedy, he discerns "a nun" in that First Principle which is called "a pure virgin." (8) In the worst taste of all is an unkindly reference to the death of a brother mentioned in ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA; but I need not write it here. (9) Finally, the Advertisement at the end of this tract, enumerat-

ing the qualifications of anyone who proceeds to criticise, has the benefit of prolonged censure and perhaps deserves it.

Vaughan replied promptly in THE MAN-MOUSE, published in the same volume as MAGIA ADAMICA, and of course presses Scripture into his service. "After the manner of men I have fought with beasts" is making a good beginning on the title-page—much better than More himself. And the tract quotes in its opening: "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Vaughan, moreover, had the whole freedom of Alsatia in respect of foul language, a qualification which appears to all the lees and depths in his later rejoinder. More did what lay within his measures, but he seems to have lived on the outskirts and to have been learning the language slowly. Second in this, he is second also in skill, and Vaughan scores points against him, though he tends to arrest in doing so the sense of some of his own statements which have been attacked by his critic. I must not be held to suggest that there is anything of real moment on either side of all the ribald contentions; but Vaughan is the more supple antagonist in an exceedingly sorry bout. (1) He reminds More—as regards pre-existence—that, according to Plato, "the knowledge which souls attain to in the body is but a remembrance of what they formerly knew, before they were embodied." (2) He defends his twofold division of the soul according to Kabalism—namely, *Rûa'h* and *Nephesh*, insisting that they are male and female; but Vaughan and More seem alike to have forgotten that the theosophy of Israel is by no means content with postulating these elements: they are extended in all to six. (3) He accuses his adversary of mistaking "analogies for positions," and this obtains against him, but he does not do much on his own part to redeem his awkward comparison between the world and an animal. (4) As regards the "diffused light" and the question of an evening and morning during this condition of things, he says that the nights and days of the creative week "were terrible mysterious radiations of God upon the chaos and dark evaporations of the chaos towards God"—which may be left to stand at its value. (5) As to the number of elements the debate evaporates in mouthings, to the credit of neither side. (6) There is perhaps no need to say that Vaughan passes over the question whether he has discovered the real nature of essences, of that light which is

multiplied, nor does he offer to explain the tides and the attractive power of lodestone. On this and on other considerations the debate issues in words, which are those of declamation and abuse.

Henry More re-entered the lists with "THE SECOND LASH OF ALAZONOMASTIX. Containing a Solid and Serious Reply to a very Uncivil Answer to certain OBSERVATIONS upon ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA and ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA. Printed by the Printers to the University of Cambridge." It was issued without date, but can be assigned certainly to an early part of 1651. It bore the following quotations on the title: PROVERB: "He that reproves a scorner gets to himself a blot." ECCLESIASTIC: "Be not proud in the device of thine own mind, lest thy soul rend thee as a bull." The tract may be summarised thus.

The Cambridge Platonist (1) Complains of Eugenius Philalethes for his "unchristian bitterness and inhuman railings," justifying his own scurrility and denying any "base" abuse; (2) Affirms that he is still "benignly affected" towards E. P., and signs himself a "careful and vigilant brother"; (3) Calls him "a bad chip of the Dr Fludd block," who cannot "distinguish abstracts from concretes"; (4) Has discovered his identity and terms him derisively "Tom Vaughan of Jesus College, Oxford"; (5) Describes ANTHROPOSOPHIA as a "conceited interpretation of Holy Writ," and claims for himself that he "keeps to the naked truth of Christianity"; (6) Affirms that he was moved to intervene by the "rash and unworthy abuse of Descartes," who is mentioned once only—and then quite casually—by E. P.; (7) Expends pages hereon, and terms himself *Incola cæli in terra*; (8) Maintains that reminiscence does not prove pre-existence, and condemns E. P.'s "gross opinion" of the soul; (9) Argues that substance cannot be known otherwise than by its operations or relations to this and that, which is obviously true but makes void several of his own previous challenges—as, *e.g.*, regarding the "essence of anything"; (10) Recurs to that "rare piece of zoography" which draws out the world in the shape of an animal, declaring that E. P. would match chalk and cheese together or marry an apple and an oyster; (11) Proposes to prove in the same fashion that a pair of bellows is an animal; (12) Rails at the

Rosicrucian Brotherhood, who were addressed by E. P. "when they were God knows where," while they will answer him "God knows when"; (13) Explains the Lamp of God as the light of reason; (14) Confesses that he has not read MAGIA ADAMICA, which appeared in the same volume as THE MAN-MOUSE.

Vaughan was not slow to come forward, and had a mind in THE SECOND WASH to "answer a fool according to his folly," but at the same time to "justify the truth" rather than himself, as one who is conscious beforehand that so far he has been "more just than bitter." Whether his rectitude emerges between the ashpits of his language I must leave to those who feel qualified for pronouncing judgment. For the rest: (1) More cannot distinguish between "the operations and the essence of the soul." (2) As regards pre-existence, "before the immersion in matter," the soul was a "knowing, intelligent spirit," no evidence being offered in favour of the postulated antecedence. (3) The argument is that intelligence is essential to the soul, and hence it must needs be intelligent before and after incorporation; but this is not the question at issue until pre-existence itself is determined. (4) Respecting the "First Matter of all things," Vaughan has "seen it and felt it ten thousand times"; it is "that sperm which God in the beginning of His ways created of nothing, and out of which He made heaven and earth"; it is not therefore—as More proposes—"a thing prepared by Art" so that it is "fit to receive any form whatever." (5) Vaughan can distinguish well enough between abstract and concrete, but the pretence of More's accusation brings forward something which is "a Bull both *in abstracto* and *in concreto*, and this is the Bull of Basan." (6) It is More alone who gives "a brutish account of the soul of man," for he says that the soul which is sensitive must needs be rational also "and animadversive," the answer to which is that a man's hands have sense "and yet they have no animadversion." (7) Those who would know the nature of substance must search the centre of Nature, the capacity for which is beyond the desert of More, nor does Vaughan claim the privilege. (8) It is not true, however, that all substances can be known only by their operations, because there are passive substances and these have no operations; so therefore how are they known? (9) The sense of the soul is not the vestment of the soul, which herself

is the vehicle of mind, or "the superior intellectual portion." (9) The soul, according to More, is a "spiritual substance without corporeal dimensions, but hath an immaterial amplitude, dilatable and contractible": it is therefore "long without length, and though it hath no length it may be shortened." (10) Finally, More is recommended to keep within his sphere and not to censure those things which he does not understand.

The Cambridge Platonist found repose in silence, but Vaughan continued to cherish a bitter remembrance which passed into sporadic expression in his later works. The tracts produced by the squabble are ineffably repellent, and where they touch upon such questions as the presence of water in the moon and whether the stars shine by light reflected from the sun it becomes difficult to think that either writer had any notions of the universe over which it would be worth while to waste the thought of a moment.

IV

ENGLISH METRICAL REMAINS

I

The Dedication of "The Chymist's Key"

The greedy cheat with impure hands may not
Attempt this Art, nor is it ever got
By the unlearn'd and rude: the vicious mind,
To lust and softness given, it strikes stark blind.
  But the sage, pious mind, who still adores
And loves his Maker, and His love implores;
Who ever joys to search the secret cause
And series of His works, their love and laws:
Let him draw near and joining will with strength
Study this Art in all her depth and length;
Then grave experience shall his consort be,
Skill'd in large Nature's inmost mystery.
The knots and doubts his busy course and cares
Will oft disturb, till time the truth declares,
But noble patience—through all trials past—
Brings the glad end and long hoped for at last.

II

On the Death of Mr William Cartwright[1]

So are we now beyond the spleen of fate,
Our miseries have made us fortunate:

[1] Prefixed to Cartwright's Comedies, 1651. He was proctor of Oxford University.

The grave was physic here ; death speaks us free—
Her malice now is spent as well as we.
Nay, now our ruin doth so much displease
That to strike more is to her a disease.
None can deserve her envy ; her contempt
Exceeds her former anger : she hath spent
No arrows but on precious lives, and we
Are but the leavings of her tyranny—
Such—whom when she hath taken from the prease—
Cannot requite the expense of a disease.
He fell, a nobler ruin ; we that live
Owe our short lives but to a base reprieve.
He, when as yet in death he was not lost,
Made fate suspect her jurisdiction cross'd,
'Cause learning knew no destiny : 'twas he
Whose studies border'd on eternity.
Our speculations were too poor to have
With thee the equal glory of a grave,
And share a fair mortality that we
Might be thought wise because we fell with thee.
Death had thee hence, lest thy large fancy might
In time take wing, and with a saving flight
Rove thee beyond the world into a state
Too high, and so outrun the reach of fate.
Thou wert so richly good, so great that we
The Church in thee ev'n at one view might see ;
Saints that so long possessed the quiet earth
And slept out centuries were at thy birth
Regenerate : they lived again in thee,
And did outdo their former piety.
And as their souls contracted in thine own
Did thus forestall the resurrection,
So in thy death they met a second fate :
Nature in thee did recapitulate.
So fraught wert thou with learning that we can
Style thee almost a breathing Vatican,
A library not framed of stones and wood
But animate and cemented with blood.
All arts so suffer'd in thy fall that we
May call thy grave an university

And look our schools out there, as if that now
Eternal Bodley did descend below
To gratify thy dust. O that we might
Instal thee lecturer again and right
That injured metaphysics, like to be
Eclipsèd of their own obscurity,
Robb'd of thy light: and yet they are content
To mourn the ruin of their armament.

When he did read how did we flock to hear:
Sure some professors became pupils there.
He would refine abstractions: it was he
That gave the text all its authority,
As if the Stagyrite resigned his pen
And took his censure, not his comment then.
And though with some the science goes for pelf,
His lectures made it to transcend itself.
He used the creatures as a scale to storm
The spiritual world, and though 'twas torn
And broken with uncertainties, yet he—
By reason, as by faith—a Deity
Could apprehend and reach. Thus having traced
These secondary things, his soul made haste
To view the Cause and then began to plod,
Nothing being left to puzzle him but God,
Whose mysteries he reach'd, as far as he
Of his great self had made discovery.
He plunder'd not the heavens, nor brought he down
Secrets from thence which were before unknown;
Yet some there are believe their wits so ripe
That they can draw a map of the Arch'type,
And with strange optics tutor'd they can view
The emanations of the mystic Jew.
In this his pious ignorance was best
And did excel his knowledge of the rest.
But he is gone and Providence took him
To add to heaven another cherubim.
This to our tears may minister relief:
'Tis this preferment that does cause our grief.

Appendices

III

Upon the Following Poems

I write not here as if thy last in store
Of learnèd friends; 'tis known that thou hast more,
Who—were they told of this—would find a way
To raise a guard of poets without pay,
And bring as many hands to thy edition
As th' City should unto their May'r's petition.
But thou wouldst none of this, lest it should be
Thy muster rather than our courtesy.
Thou wouldst not beg as knights do and appear
Poet by voice and suffrage of the shire:
That were enough to make my Muse advance
Amongst the crutches; nay, it might enhance
Our charity, and we should think it fit
The State should build an hospital for wit.
    But here needs no relief: thy richer verse
Creates all poets that can but rehearse,
And they—like tenants better'd by their land—
Should pay thee rent for what they understand.
Thou art not of that lamentable nation
Who make a blessed alms of approbation,
Whose fardel-notes are briefs in everything
But that they are not licensed by the king.
Without such scape-requests thou dost come forth
Arm'd—though I speak it—with thy proper worth
And needest not this noise of friends, for we
Write out of love, not thy necessity.
And though this sullen age possessèd be
With some strange desamour to poetry,
Yet I suspect—thy fancy so delights—
The Puritans will turn thy proselytes,
And that thy flame—when once abroad it shines—
Will bring thee as many friends as thou hast lines.

[1] Prefixed to Henry Vaughan's Olor Iscanus, 1651.

V

IN SUMMUM VIRUM THOMAM BODLEIUM, EQUITEM AURATUM, BIBLIOTHECÆ OXONIENSIS STRUCTOREM MAGNIFICUM[1]

Sancta Anima, et tam sancta simul salveto favilla,
  Sitque semel cineris fas meminuisse tui.
Instructor cœli et stellarum plenior ordo,
  Qui sporadas per te non finis astra fore.
Quippe Lares libris vel rite vagantibus addis
  Et cœlum, quo sint sydera fixa, cluis.
Nos vitam ut patres largimur fætibus, at tu
  Quo vitam hanc posssint vivere solus habes.
Hospitium agnoscunt Artes ; hic quælibet intrat
  Post obstetrices, nec peregrina, manus.
Scæna togæ, doctique capax panegyris orbis
  Et mare, vel potius plenior unda mari.
Concursus Geniorum et meta extrema Lycæi,
  Quo nullum nisi sit sanctius, iret opus.
Syllabus Heroum, mentisque omniscia proles,
  Est hæc et sensu theca animata suo.
Bodleii laus ampla, et fusior urna sepulti,
  Qua vitam invenit mors sua, morsque necem.
Hinc se fracta fugæ dedit, absumptisque sagittis
  Implevit vacuas sola pharetra manus.
Pax tibi vox nulla est : satagis dum condere Musam
  Fecisti, quod non noverit illa loqui.
    Pium est agnoscere per
      Quos profecisti.

[1] Prefixed to LUMEN DE LUMINE.

VI

COMMENDATORY VERSES

PREFIXED OR APPENDED TO THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS VAUGHAN

I

To His Ever Honoured Friend, the Learned Author

(Appended to Anima Magica Abscondita)

Sir:
Your book now finish'd, let a shallower pen
Add these few drops to your vast ocean—
Not by my shadowing praise t' eclipse the glory
Of your high worth. This book must tell that story
To truth-believing souls, whose eagle eyes
Can penetrate these hidden mysteries.
But you—thrice-honour'd Sir—my grovelling mind
Have raised to higher pitch, to tell how kind,
How rare a friend; how dear, how choice a treasure
My fates have bless'd me with, above the measure
Of vulgar thought: how this diviner ray
Of your bright soul would fill with clearest day
The darken'd world, did not earth-shadowing mist—
With thickest clouds—heaven's influence resist.

But who from envy's sordid mire
Is wash'd, is clad in pure attire
Of innocence, a light shall see—
Unthrall'd from error's sophistry—
Will kindle that magnetic fire
Which shall concentre wild desire,

And fix the roving thoughts in one
Inveterate TRI-UNION.
He'll then disdain the slimy earth,
A house too mean for noble birth:
His heaven-raised soul will then aspire
To bear a part in th' angel's choir.
Dear Sir, fare well. Let seekers' thirsty flames,
Refresh'd by these your soul-reviving streams,
Echo your praise, with thankful eulogies
Your ever-living name immortalise.

Sir,

Your own beyond expresses,

H. B.

II

On the Author's Vindication and Reply to the Scurvy, Scribbling Scolding, Alazonomastix

(Prefixed to Magia Adamica)

'Twas well he did assault thee, or thy foe
Could not have hit to thy advantage so.
What he styles ignorance is depth in sense:
He thinks there is no skill but common sense.
Had Bacon lived in this unknowing age
And seen experience laugh'd at on the stage,
What Tempests would have risen in his blood
To side an art which Nature hath made good.

. . . . . .

Great, rare Eugenius, do not thou delay
Thy course because this dirt lies in thy way.
Stain thy white skin for once, and be thou not
Surprised like ermines by the daubing plot.
Mount to thy full meridian; let thy star
Create a rubric to thy calendar;
And we will offer anthems to thy shrine
So long as date can give a name to time.

P. B., A.M. Oxoniens.

Appendices

N.B.—I have omitted the abusive couplets referring especially to Henry More, and shall take the same course in the excerpts which follow. They are disgraceful, like the controversy itself, and destitute of the least interest at this day.

III

Ibid

(Prefixed to The Second Wash)

But thou, admired Eugenius, whose great arts
Shine above envy and the common arts;
Thou kin to angels and superior lights,
A spark of the first fire; whose eagle flights
Trade not with earth and grossness, but do pass
To the pure heavens and make thy God thy glass,
In Whom thou seest all forms and so dost give
These rare discoveries, how things move and live:
Proceed to make thy great design complete
And let not this loathed Moore our hopes defeat.
Shake off the eclipse, this dark, intruding veil
Which would force night upon us and entail
The same gross ignorance—in whose shades he
Hath lost himself—on our posterity.
Down, all you stale impostures, castles rear'd
In th' air and guarded by thy reverend beard,
Brat of Nichomachus. I will no more
Bow to thy hoary handful nor adore
Thy tyrant text; but by this dawning light,
Which streams upon me through thy three-piled night,
Pass to the East of truth, till I may see
Man's first fair state, when sage simplicity,
The dove and serpent, innocent and wise,
Dwelt in his breast and he in Paradise.
There from the Tree of Knowledge his best boughs
I'll pluck a garland for Eugenius' brows,
Which to succeeding times fame shall bequeathe,
With this most just applause—Great Vaughan's wreath.

H.M. Oxon.

IV

Ibid

(Prefixed to The Second Wash)

Hail, great Eugenius, look what force you had
To wind and turn your adversary mad.
Faith, I'll petition for him : will you be
But merciful and cure his lethargy ?

. . . . . .

The world doth see
Eugenius' learning and thy foolery.
The weights you put upon him do at best
Speak him but palm ; he cannot be oppress'd,
For against virtue there is no success :
You make him more when you would make him less.

P. B., A.M. Oxoniensis.

VII

THE LATIN LETTER OF THE FRATRES ROSEÆ CRUCIS

Translated in *Lumen de Lumine*

Unusquisque naturâ desyderat esse Dux, habere aureos et argenteos thesauros, et magnus videri coram mundo. Deus autem hæc omnia creavit, ut homo iis utatur, eorumque sit dominus, et agnoscat in illis singularem Ejus bonitatem et omnipotentiam, Ipsi gratias agat, Eum honoret et laudet. Nemo autem vult hæc omnia nisi otiosis diebus, et nullo labore et periculo præeunte conquirere, neque ex loco eo consequi, in quo Deus illa posuerit ; etiamque vult ut quærantur, et quærentibus dabit. Nemo vero vult sedem sibi in illo loco quærere, et propterea etiam non inveniuntur. Siquidem à longo tempore via et locus ad hæc incognitus est, et maximæ parti absconditus. Etiamsi vero locum et viam difficile et laboriosum sit invenire, locus tamen est investigandus. Cum vero Deum coram suis nihil absconditum velit, ideo in hoc ultimo sæculo antequam Judicium extremum veniat, dignis hæc omnia sunt revelanda : uti (obscurè tamen satis ne manifesta fiant indignis) in quodam loco inquit : Nihil est absconditum quod non reveletur.[1] Nos igitur à Spiritu Dei acti, hanc Dei voluntatem mundo annunciamus, uti etiam in diversis linguis à nobis factum et publicatum est. Istam vero publicationem aut major pars calumniatur, aut contemnitur, aut sine Deo promissa ejus penes nos quærit, existimans nos illos statim docturos, quo modo Aurum Chimicum sit præparandum, aut illis afferre magnos thesauros, quibus possint coram mundo pomposè vivere, superbire, bella gerere, lucra exercere, helluari, potare, incontinenter vivere, et in aliis peccatis vitam commaculare ; quæ tamen omnia contraria sunt voluntati Ipsius Dei. Hi

[1] St Matt., x, 26.

exempla capere debebant à decem virginibus illis (quarum quinque stolidæ à prudentibus oleum petebant) esse multum aliam rationem, dum nimirum opus sit, ut quilibet proprio labore et studio in Deo id consequatur. Nos tamen illorum sociorum animos ex singulari teci gratiâ et revelatione, etiam ex ipsorum scriptis agnoscimus, aures nostras obturamus, et quasi nutibus nos obducimus, ne ipsorum boatus et ejulatus audiamus, qui in vanum aurum clamant. Atque hinc fit etiam quod multum calumniarum et convitiorum contra nos effundunt, quæ non curamus, sed Deus suo tempore judicabit.

Postquam vero nos vestrum duorum diligentiam et sedulitatem, quam in verâ cognitione Dei et lectione sacrorum bibliorum impenditis, jampridem (quamvis vobis inscientibus) bene scivimus, etiam ex vestro agnovimus scripto, Nos etiam vos præ multis aliis millibus responso aliquo dignari voluimus, et vobis hoc significare ex permissu Dei et Spiritus Sancti admonitione.

Est Mons situs in medio terræ, vel centro orbis, qui est parvus et magnus, est mollis, etiam supra modum durus et saxosus, est unicuique propinquus et longinquus, sed ex consilio Dei invisibilis. In eo sunt maximi thesauri absconditi, quos mundus numerare non potest. Qui Mons, ex invidiâ diaboli (qui omni tempore Dei gloriam et fælicitatem hominis impedit) multum trucibus animalibus et aliis avibus rapacibus circumdatus est, quæ viam homini reddunt difficilem et periculosam, et propterea huc usque etiam (quia tempus nondum est) ea via nec dum ab omnibus quæri potuit, aut inveniri. Nunc vero à dignis (interim proprio cujusque labore) via invenienda est. Ad hunc Montem ite nocte quadam (cum ea sit) longissimâ et obscurissimâ, et præparate vosmetipsos per fideles precationes. Insistite in viam ubi Mons sit inveniendus. Quærite autem ex nemine ubi via sit invenienda, sed sequimini fideliter vestrum Ductorem, qui se vobis sistet et in itinere vos offendet: vos vero illum non agnoscetis. Hic mediâ nocte, cum omnia tranquilla et obscura sunt, vos ad Montem adducet, sed necesse est ut vos præmuniatis animo magno et heroico, ne reformidetis ea, quæ vobis occurrent et recedatis. Nullo gladio corporali indigetis, nec aliis armis, sed Deum solummodo invocate syncere, et ex animo. Postquam vidistis Montem, primum miraculum quod procedet hoc est. Vehementissimus et maximus ventus, qui Montem commovebit et rupes discutiet. Tunc vobis se offerent leones et dracones,

et alia terribilia animalia, sed nihil hæc reformidate. Estote stabiles, et cavate ne recedatis ; nam vester Conductor, qui vos conduxit, non permittet ut aliquid mali vobis fiat. Verum thesaurum nondum est detectus, sed valde propinquus. Hunc ventum sequitur terræ motus, qui absolvet ea quæ ventus reliquit, et æquabit ea. Cavete tamen ne recedatis. Post terræ motum sequetur ignis maximus, qui omnem terrestrem materiam consumet, et thesaurum deteget : vos vero eum videre nequitis. Verum post hæc omnia, et ferme circa tempus matutinum erit tranquillitas magna et amica, et videbitis Stellam Matutinam ascendere et Auroram assugere ; et magnum thesaurum animadvertetis. Penes quem præcipuum et exactissimum est summa quædam tinctura, quâ mundus (si Deo placeret et tantis donis dignus esset) possit tingi et in summum aurum converti.

Hac tinctura utentes uti vos docuerit vester Conductor, vos quamvis senes, reddet juvenes, et in nullo membro animadvertetis ullum morbum. Penes hanc tincturam invenietis etiam margaritas, quas ne quidem licet excogitare. Vos vero nihil capietis pro autoritate vestrâ, sed sitis contenti cum eo quod vobis Conductor communicabit. Deo semper gratias agite pro hoc, et summam curam intendite, ne coram mundo superbiatis, sed dono hoc recte utimini, et in ea impendite quæ mundo sunt contraria, et ita possidere quasi non haberetis. Ducite viam temperatam, et cavete ab omni genere peccati, alioqui hic vester Conductor a vobis se divertet, et privabimini hac fælicitate. Scitote enim hoc fideliter. Qui tincturâ hac abutitur et non vivit exemplariter, pure et syncere coram hominibus, beneficium hoc amittet, et parum spei restabit quo iterum id recipere possit, &c.

VIII

APHORISMI MAGICI EUGENIANI[1]

(Veritas Prima est hæc : hæc etiam ultima)

I

Ante omnia punctum extitit—non τὸ ἄτομον aut mathematicum, sed diffusivum. Monas erat explicite, implicite myrias. Lux erat, erat et nox, principium et finis principii, omnia et nihil, est et non.

II

Commovit se Monas in duade, et per triadem egressæ sunt facies luminis secundi.

III

Exivit ignis simplex, increatus, et sub aquis induit se tegumento ignis multiplicis creati.

IV

Respexit ad fontem superiorem et inferiorem, deducto typo, triplici vulta sigillavit.

V

Creavit unum Unitas, et in tria distinxit Trinitas. Est et quaternarius, nexus et medium reductionis.

VI

Ex visibilibus primum effulsit aqua, fœmina incubantis ignis et figurabilium gravida mater.

[1] These Aphorisms were adopted apparently by Thomas Vaughan and are not his own excogitation. I remember meeting with them in an earlier printed book by another author, whom I am unable to identify now.

Appendices

VII

Porosa erat interius et corticibus varia ; cujus venter habuit cœlos convulutos et astra indiscreta.

VIII

Separator Artifex divisit hanc in amplas regiones, et—apparente fœtu—disparuit mater.

IX

Peperit tamen mater filios lucidos, influentes in terram Chai.

X

Hi generant matrem in novissimis, cujus fons cantat in luco miraculoso.

XI

Sapientiæ Condus est hic : esto qui potes Promus.

XII

Pater est totius creati, et ex filio creato per vivam filii analysin Pater generatur. Habes summum generantis circuli mysterium. Filii filius est, qui filii Pater fuit.

IX

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS VAUGHAN

Reproducing the Title-page of each work as originally printed

I

ANTHROPOSOPHIA THEOMAGICA ; Or a Discourse of the Nature of Man and his State after Death ; grounded on his Creator's Proto-Chemistry and verified by a Practical Examination of Principles in the Great World. By EUGENIUS PHILALETHES. "Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased."—DANIEL, xii, 4. *Audi Ignis Vocem.*—ZOROASTER in Orac. London : Printed by T. W. for H. Blunden at the Castle in Cornhill. 1650. pp. xvi + 70.

II

ANIMA MAGICA ABSCONDITA ; Or a Discourse of the Universal Spirit of Nature, with his strange, abstruse, miraculous Ascent and Descent. By EUGENIUS PHILALETHES. *Est autem universum speculum unum, ad quod astans amor, suum efformat idolum.*—Stapul. in DION. Dû a Digon : Hêb Dhû, Hêb Dhim. London : Printed by T. W. for H. B. 1650. pp. xiv + 57.

III

MAGIA ADAMICA ; Or the Antiquity of Magic and the Descent thereof from Adam downward proved : Whereunto is added a perfect and full Discovery of the True CŒLUM TERRÆ, or the Magician's Heavenly Chaos and First Matter of all Things. By EUGENIUS PHILALETHES. *Εγὼ δὲ τί βούλο-*

μαι: καταμαθεῖν τὴν φύσιν καὶ ταύτη ἕπεσθαι.—EPICT. in *Enchirid.* London: Printed by T. W. for H. Blunden at the Castle in Cornhill. 1650. pp. xxxiv + 140.

There is no separate title for CŒLUM ΓERRÆ, which begins with a fresh paragraph at line 4 of p. 78, and the distinction between the two texts is shewn thereafter by the headlines.

IV

THE MAN-MOUSE TAKEN IN A TRAP, and tortured to death for Gnawing the Margins of EUGENIUS PHILALETHES. *Et mecum confertur Ulysses.* . . . "After the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus."—COR., XV, 32. "I know my reward is calumny."—ANTHROP. THEO.-MAG., p. 27. Printed in London and sold at the Castle in Cornhill. 1650. pp. iv + 116.

This tract was issued in the same volume with MAGIA ADAMICA and its dedicatory epistle to Mr Mathew Harbert followed the dedication of that work to Mr Thomas Henshaw. The *errata* of MAGIA ADAMICA preceded the *errata* of THE MAN-MOUSE, immediately after the title-leaf of the latter.

V

LUMEN DE LUMINE: Or a New Magical Light, discovered and communicated to the World. By EUGENIUS PHILALETHES. "And God said, Let there be light."—GENESIS, i, 3. "And the light shineth in the darkness."—ST JOHN, i, 5. *Ne loquaris Deo absque lumine.*—PYTHAG. London. Printed for H. Blundel at the Castle in Cornhill. 1651. pp. xvi + 101.

VI

THE SECOND WASH: Or the Moore scoured once more, being a Charitable Cure for the Distractions of Alazonomastix. By EUGENIUS PHILALETHES. *Loripedem rectus derideat ÆTHIOPEM Albus.* London: Printed by T. W. and are (*sic*) to be sold at the Castle in Cornhill. 1651. pp. xiv + 88.

This tract was issued with LUMEN DE LUMINE and at the end appear the *errata* of both texts.

VII

AULA LUCIS, or The House of Light. A Discourse written in the year 1651. By S. N., a Modern Speculator. *Hic locus est, quem (si verbis audacia detur) haud timeam magni dixisse palatia cœli.* London. Printed for William Leake and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Sign of the Crown in Fleet Street, between the two Temple Gates. 1652. pp. x + 50.

The letters S. N. are the finals of Thomas Vaughan, and there is no question that the work is his. It was included by Henry Vaughan in the list of his brother's writings sent to Anthony à Wood for inclusion in *Athenæ Oxonienses*. Moreover, the style and characteristic notions testify unmistakably concerning it.

VIII

THE FAME AND CONFESSION OF THE FRATERNITY OF R. C., commonly, of the Rosie Cross. With a Preface annexed thereto, and a Short Declaration of their Physical Work. By EUGENIUS PHILALETHES. *καὶ γὰρ κέρδος εἴη, μήτε πιστεύν, μήτε απιστεῖν πᾶσιν.*—Jarch. apud PHILOSTRAT. *Veritas in profundo.* London. Printed by J. M. for Giles Calvert, at the Black Spread Eagle at the West end of Paul's. 1652. pp. lxix + 64.

The translation of the FAME AND CONFESSION "belongs to an unknown hand," as stated in the Address entitled "The Publisher to the Reader." Vaughan contributed (*a*) the Address in question; (*b*) the "Epistle to the Wise and Understanding Reader"; (*c*) "A Short Advertisement to the Reader," being the colophon to the whole work; and (*d*) the long discourse entitled "The Preface."

IX

EUPHRATES, OR THE WATERS OF THE EAST; Being a short Discourse of that Secret Fountain whose Water flows from Fire and carries in it the beams of the Sun and Moon. By EUGENIUS PHILALETHES. *Et dixit Deus, cujus Nomen sanctificetur: Fecimus ex Aqua omnem rem.*—SADITH *ex Lib. Sacro.* London. Printed for Humphrey Moseley at the

Princes Arms in St Paul's Churchyard. 1655. pp. xiv + 124.

X

THALIA REDIVIVA: the Pass-Times and Recreations of a Country-Muse in Choice Poems on Several Occasions. With some Learned Remains of the Eminent EUGENIUS PHILALETHES. Never made publick till now. 1678.

The Motto on the first title is from Vergil: *Nec eribuit sylvas habitare Thalia;* on the second from Q. Horatius: *Qui prægravat artes Infra se posita.* The dedication to the Marquis of Worcester is signed J. W. and the short "Address to the Reader" is signed I. W. The first belongs to both works, as it mentions "these twin poets," but the preface speaks only of "the Author." There is a separate title to the remains of E. P. as follows: EUGENII PHILALETHIS *Viri Insignissimi et Poetarum sui sæculi merito principis* VERTUMNUS ET CYNTHIA, &c. 1678. These Remains of Thomas Vaughan occupy sixteen pages and contain nothing in English.

ATTRIBUTED WORKS

I

THE CHYMIST'S KEY TO SHUT AND TO OPEN, or the True Doctrine of Corruption and Generation, in Ten Brief Aphorisms, illustrated with most faithful Commentaries out of the pure Light of Nature. Published by EUGENIUS PHILALETHES. Printed by E. B. for L. Lloyd, at the Castle in Cornhill. 1657.

I am indebted to the Rev. A. B. Grosart's edition of the WORKS of Henry Vaughan, Fuller Worthies Library, 4 vols., 1868, &c., for the full title. It is first mentioned by Anthony à Wood in ATHENÆ OXONIENSES, and is said to be a translation made by Thomas Vaughan. As such, it has no title to be included in an edition of his writings. It is exceedingly rare, and I have been unable to consult a copy, either in the British Museum or elsewhere in our public libraries. The following points should be noted: (1) Mr Grosart gives the date of publication as 1657, but according to Wood it

appeared in 1655, or the same year as EUPHRATES. (2) Mr Grosart seems almost indubitably to have reproduced the title from a copy in his possession or from one which passed through his hands; but Wood describes it as THE CHYMIST'S KEY TO OPEN AND SHUT, thus reversing the wording. (3) According to Grosart's title it might be an original work, unless the contrary is implied in the statement "published by Eugenius Philalethes." (4) The DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY says that the author was Nollius, and as I have no doubt that this is correct, I append the following bibliographical particulars. (5) In addition to other works, Heinrich Nolle was the author of (*a*) SYSTEMA *Medecinæ Hermeticæ Generale*, 1613; (*b*) METHODUS *Metaphysici Systematis . . . Canonibus illustrata*, 1613; (*c*) NATURÆ SANCTUARIUM . . . *in undecim libris tractata, una cum dua Appendices*, i.e., *Pansophiæ Fundamentum et De Lapide Philosophorum Quatuor Tractatus*, 1615; (*d*) THEORIA *Philosophiæ Hermeticæ*, 1617; (*e*) DE METHODO *Medendi Hermetice*, 1618; (*f*) VIA *Sapientiæ Triuna*, 1620. (6) A portion of one of these works was translated under the title of HERMETICAL PHYSICK, or the Right Way to Preserve and Restore Health, 1655, by Henry Vaughan the Silurist. The two brothers must have been much impressed by Nollius, as both were concerned with clothing him in an English vesture.

II

A BRIEF NATURAL HISTORY, intermixed with a variety of Philosophical Discourses and Observations upon the Burnings of Mount Etna. With Refutations of such Vulgar Errors as our modern Authors have omitted. By EUGENIUS PHILALETHES. London: Printed for Samuel Smelt, next door to the Castle near Moor-Gate. 1669.

Wood says: "By the language of it, it seems not to be written by our Eugenius Philalethes but another; and besides, when Olor Iscanus"—*i.e.*, Henry Vaughan—"sent me a catalogue of his brother's works, the title of that book was not put among them." I have examined the text carefully and accept Wood's conclusion. It differs in manner and style from Vaughan's writings and is quite tolerant

respecting Aristotle. There are allusions to many authors who are not referred to in the known writings of Vaughan, and above all there is no occultism, explicit or implied. The original Eugenius Philalethes was of course dead in 1669, according to his story, and there was nothing to prevent a new author adopting the pseudonym, as was done afterwards by Robert Samber and two or three unimportant writers.

III

Haskett and Laing catalogue a work called "THE RETORT. By the Author." London: 1761. They ascribe it to Thomas Vaughan, giving no reason and no further particulars. I have failed to find a copy, and in the absence of all evidence, either in the title or otherwise, the attribution to Vaughan of a work published more than a century after his death must be set aside—provisionally at least.

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