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Aula Lucis,  
462.

OR,

The House of  
L I G H T:

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*

L O N D O N, Jan. 14. 1651.

Printed for William Leake, and are to be sold  
at his Shop at the signe of the Crowne in Fleet-street,  
between the two Temple Gates. 1651



To my best, and noblest Friend,  
Seleucus Abantiades.

**W**Hat you are, I need not  
tell you : what I am, you  
know already. Our Ac-  
quaintance began with  
my Child-hood, and now you see  
what a Peere you have purchased.  
I can partly refer my *inclinations*  
to your self, and *those* onely which  
I derive from the *contemplative Or-*  
*der*, for the rest are besides your *in-*  
*fluence*. I here present you with  
the *fruits* of them, that you may  
see my *Light* hath *Water* to play  
withall. Hence it is, that I move in

the *Sphere of Generation*, and fall short of that *Test of Heraclitus*; *Lumen Siccum optima Anima*. I need not expound this to you, for you are in the *Center*, and see it. Howsoever you may excuse me, if I prefer *Conceptions* to *Fancies*; I could never affect any thing 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 *owne*, 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

which your *owne 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 yeares in *Regione Lucis*. It is enough that I have *light*, as the *King of Persia* had his *Sponsa Solis*; and truly I thinke a *happinesse* to have seene that *Candle lodg'd*, which our *Fathers* judg'd to be *Lux errans, quærens Habitaculum*. But I grow *absurd*, I speake as if I would *instruct* you; and now me thinks you aske me,

*Quis Legit Hæc?*

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 *libertie* you are still pleased to *allow* me, hath carried me be-

yond my Cue. It is a *trespasse* you know, that's very *ordinary* with me, and some junior *Collegues*: nor can I omit these *Verses* which you have been sometimes pleased to apply to this *forwardnesse* of mine.

*Talis Amyclæi demitus Pol'ucis habenis  
Cyllarus, & quorum Graij meminere poeta,  
Martis equi bijuges, & magni currus Achillis*

It is my opinion Sir, that *truth* cannot be urg'd with too much *spirit*, so that I have not *sinned* here as to the *thing* it selfe, nor the *dangers* onely in your *Person*. I am affraid my *boldnesse* hath been such, I may be thought to fall short of that *Reverence* I owe you. This is it indeed which I dare call a *Sin*, and I am so *farre* from it, that it is my *private wonder*, how I came

to *thinke* 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 owne *Indulgences*.

Your humble servant.

S. N.

From Heliopolis

1651.

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To



## To the present Readers.

**I** will be questioned perhaps by the envious, to what purpose these sheets are prostituted; and especially that Drug wrapt in them, the Philosophers Stone. To these it is answered by Solomon, There a is time to cast away Stones: And truly I must confesse I cast away this Stone, for I misplace it: I contribute that to the Fabrick, which the Builders in all ages have refused. But lest I seeme to act Sine proposito, I must tell you I doe it not for this Generation, for they are as farre from Fire, as the Author is from Smoke. Understand me if you can, for I have told you an honest Truth. I write Bookes, as the old Roman planted Trees, Posteris & Diis immortalibus: for the glorie of God, and the benefit of Posteritie. It is my designe to make over my Reputation to a better Age, for in this I would not enjoy it, be-

## To the present Reader.

because I know not any from whom I would receive it: And here you see how ambitious am growne, but if you judge the humor amiss, tell me not of it, lest I should laugh at you: I look indeed a step further then your lives, and if you think I may dye before you, I would have you know, it is the way to goe beyond you: To be short, if you attempt this discourse, you doe it without my advise, 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. I speake this to the Universitie Quixots, and to those only who are ill-dispos'd, as well as ill-disciplin'd; there is amongst them a generation of Wasps, things that will fight though never provok'd: These buckle on their Logick as proof, but it fares with them, as with the famous Don, they mistake a Basson for a Helmet; for mine owne part I am no Reformer, I can well enough tolerate their positions, so they doe not trouble mine. What I write is no rule for them, it is a Legacie defer'd to posteritie, for the

To the present Reader.

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 predestin'd for myself, but if any present Mastix fastens on this discourse, I wish him not to traduce it, lest I should whip him for it: This is my advise, which if it be well observ'd, 'tis possible I may communicate more of this nature: I may stand up like the Pharus in a dark night, and hold out that Lamp, which Philaethes hath overcast with that envious phrase of the Rabbins, Sæpes sapientia silentium.

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Aula

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( I )



# Aula Lucis,

&c.

**H**ave resolved with my self, to discourse of *Light*, and to deliver it over to the hands of posteritie, a practice certainly very ancient, and first used by those who were first wise. It was us'd then for *Charitie*, not for pomp, the designs of those Authors, having nothing in them of *glorie*, 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

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and did not see : To effect this, they proceeded not as some *modern Babarians* doe, by clamorous, malicious *disputes* ; a calme *instruction* was propos'd, and that being once *rejected*, was never afterwards *urged*, so different, and remote a *path* from the the *School-men* did they walk in, and verily they might well doe it, for their *principles* being once *resisted*, they could not inflict a greater *punishment* on their *Adversaries*, then to *conceale* them. Had their doctrine been such as the *Universities* profess now, their *silence* indeed had been a *vertue*, but their *positions* were not meer *noyse* 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 *Veru'am*, and is most justly called *traditio Lampadis*. But I observe, that in their *deliverie* of *mysteries*, they have as in all things else, imitated *nature*, who dispenseth nor her light without her shadows : they have provided a *Veile* for their *Art*, not so much for *obscuritie* as *ornament*, and yet I cannot deny but  
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some of them, have rather buried the *truth* then *drest* it ; for my own part, I shall observe a *meane way*, neither too *obscure*, nor too *open*, but such as may serve *posteritie*, and add some *splendor* to the *Science* it selfe, And now whosoever thou art, that in *times* to come, shalt cast thine eyes on this *book*, if thou art corrupted with the *common Philosophie*, doe 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 *Philosophie* ? hast thou made *nature* the onely *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 *brill* ? It is meer *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 *base-nes*, so some may insult because their  
Adver-

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*Adversarie* is out of the way, and tell mee with that friendly *Stoick*.

*Audisne hoc Amphiaræ sub terram abite?*

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 prepar'd them a convenient *Destinie*, and by my present *Scorn*, annihilated their future *malice* : It is a better and more serious *Generation* I would be serviceable unto, *Generation* that seek nature in the *simplicitie* thereof, and follow her not only with the *Tong*, but with the *hand*. If thou art such then as this *Character* speaks, let me advise thee not to *despaire* ; give me leave also to affirm unto thee, and that on my *soule*, that the *consequences* and *treasures* of this *Art*, are such, and so great, that thy best and highest *wishes* are farre short of them, reade then with *diligence* what I shall write, and

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to thy *diligence* add *patience*, to thy *patience* *hope*, for I tell thee neither *fables* nor *follies*.

— *Tibi res Antiquæ laudis, & Artis Aggredior, Sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

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 it selfe, which must be but *short*, I will quit this kind *out-work*, that I may bring thee within *doores*, and here will I shew thee the *Throne* of *Light*, and the *Chrystalline Court* thereof.

*Light* originally had no other birth then *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 *generall contract* before any *particulars* were made; the matter of it self was a *passive skin*

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substance, but apt to retaine Light, as Smoke, is to retaine flame. After impregnation, it was condens'd to a Crystalline moisture, unctuous and fiery, of nature Hermaphroditical, and this in a double sense, in relation to a double Center, Celestial, and Terrestrial. From the Terrestrial Center proceeded the earthly Venus, which is Fierie and Masculine, and the earthly Mercury, which is Waterie and Feminine; and these two are one against the other. From the Celestial Center 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 signes, whereby you may direct yourselves in the knowledge of the Matter, and in the Operation it selfe, when the Matter is knowne. For if you have the true Sperm, and know withall how to prepare it, which cannot bee without our secret fire; you shall find that the Matter no sooner feels the Philosophicall

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Philosophicall heat, but the white light will lift himself above the water, and there will hee swim in his glorious blew vestiment like the Heavens. But that I may speak somthing more concerning the Chaos it self, I must tell you it is not rain-water, nor dew; but it is a subtile mineral moisture, a water so extreamly thin and spiritual, with such a transcendent incredible brightness, there is not in all nature any liquor like it, but it self. In plain terms it is the middle substance of the wisemen's Mercurie, a water that is coagulable, and may bee bardned by a proper heat into stones, and metals: Hence it was, that the Philosophers cald it their stone, or if it be lawful for mee to reveal that, which the Devil out of envie, would not discover to Illardus, I say they cal'd it a stone, to the end that no man might know what it was they cal'd so: for, there is nothing in the world so remote from the complexion of a stone, for it is water, and no stone. Now what water it is, I  
B have

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have told you already, and for your better instruction I shal tell you more: it is a water made by nature, not *extracted* by the hands of *Man*, nor is it *meere water*, but a *spermatie viscons composition* of *Water, Earth, Air, and Fire*; all these foure nature unites in one *Chrystalline 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 mee 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 onely *materials* whereupon *nature* works, for these *two* being *passive*, are compassed about with the *active superior bodies*, namely, with the *Aire, Heaven, Sun* and *Stars*. Thus doe they stand 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 continuall *coction*: Hence it comes to pass, that wee are perpetually overcast with *Clouds*, and  
this

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this by a *Physicall Extraction* or *sublimation* of *water*, which *nature* herself *distils*, and *rains* downe upon the *earth*: Now, this *water*, though of a different complexion, from the *Philosopher's Mineral water*, yet hath it many *circumstances*, that well deserve our *observation*. I shall not insist long upon any, I will onely give you one or two *instances*, and then *returne* to my *subject*. First of all then, you are to consider, that *nature* *distils* not beyond the *body*, as the *Chymist* doth in the *Recipient*; she drawes the *water* up from the *Earth*, and to the *same earth* doth she *returne* it, and hence it is, that shee generates by *circular* and *seasonable imbibitions*. Secondly, you must observe, that shee *prepares* her *moisture* before shee *imbibes* the *body* therewith, and that by a most *admirable preparation*; her *method* in this point is very obvious, and *open* to all the *Worlds*, so that if *men* were not *blind*, I needed not much to *speak* of it. Her *water* (wee see) shee *rarifies*

B 2

into

into *Clouds*, and by this *meanes* doth  
 thee *rack* and *tenter-stretch* the *body*,  
 so that all the *parts* thereof are *expos'd*  
 to a searching spiritual *purgatorie* of  
*winde* and *fire*; for, her *wind* passeth  
 quite through the *Clouds*, and *cleans-*  
*eth* them, and when they are *well*  
*cleansed*, then comes *Heaven* in with  
 her *Fire*, and *fixeth* it in *Ente puro S-*  
*phirico*: But this is not *all*, there are  
 other *circumstances*, which *nature*  
 useth *above ground*, in order to her *ve-*  
*getables*, and now would I speak of her  
*subterraneous preparations*, in order to  
 her *Minerals*, but that is not *lawfull*  
 for mee as it was for the *Poet*,

*Pandere res altâ terrâ, & Caligine*  
*mersas.*

Howsoever I shall not fail to tell  
 thee a considerable *truth*, whoever  
 thou art that studieth this *difficult Sci-*  
*ence*. The *preparation* of our *Animal*  
 and *Mineral sperm* (I speak of the  
*true preparation*) is a *secret* upon  
 which

which *God* hath laid his *Seale*, and  
 thou mayst not *find* it in *books*, for it  
 was never intirely *written*; thy best  
 course is to consider the *way of nature*,  
 for there it may be *found*, but not  
 without reiterated, deep, and search-  
 ing *meditations*. If this *Attempt* fails  
 thee, thou must *pray* for it (not that I  
 hold it an *easse* or a common thing to  
 attaine to *Revelations*, for wee have  
*none* in *England*) but *God* may *dis-*  
*cover* it to thee, by some *ordinarie* and  
 meere *natural meanes*: In a word, if  
 thou canst not attaine to the *knowledg*  
 of it in this *life*, yet shalt thou know it  
 in thy *own body*, when thou art past  
 knowing of it in this *subject*; but  
 because I will not deprive thee of those  
*helps* which I may *lawfully* communi-  
 cate, I tell thee that our *preparation* is  
 a *purgation*, yet doe not wee *purge*  
 by common *ridiculous sublimati-*  
*ons*, nor the more foolish *filtrations*,  
 by a *secret*, *tangible*, *natural fire*,  
 and hee that knowes this *Fire*, and  
 how to wash with it, knowes the *key*

of our *Art*, even our hidden *Saturn*, and the stupendious *infernal* *lavatorie* 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 bee *voluminous*, and all the way *mysterious*, for it relates the greatest *effects* of *Magic*, being the *first male* of the *Mercurie*, and almost his *Mother*: Consider then the *Generation* of our *Mercurie*, and how he is made, for here lyes the *ground* of all our *secrets*. It is plain that *outwardly* wee see nothing but what is *grosse*, for example, *Earth*, *Water*, *Metals*, *Stones*, and amongst the better *Creatures* *Man* himselfe. All these *things* have a lumpish, ineffectual *outside*, but *inwardly* they are full of a subtil, vital *limositie* impregnated with *fire*, and this *nature* makes use of *in generations*, wherefore wee call it the *sperm*: For instance sake, wee know the *body* of *Man* is not his *sperm*, but the *sperm* is a subtil *extraction* taken

ken out of his *bodie*: Even so in the *great world*, the *bodie* or *fabric* it self, is not the *seed*, it is not *Earth*, *Water*, *Aire*, or *Fire*: for these *foure* if they were put *together*, would bee still *four Bodies* of different *formes*, & *Complexions*. The *seed* then, or *first matter* is a certaine *limositie* extracted from these *foure*, for every one of them contributes from its very *Center*, a thin *slimie substance*, and of their several *slimes* nature makes the *sperme* by an ineffable *union* and *mixture*; this *mixture* and *composition* of *slimie principles*, is that *Mass* which wee call the *first matter*, it is the *Minera* of *Man*, whereof God made him; in a *double image* did hee make him in the *day* that he became a *living soule*; hence a famous *Artist* speaking of the *Creation* of *Adam*, and alluding to the *first matter*, delivers himself in these terms. *Creavit Deus Adam de limositate Elementorum, scilicet de limositate Terræ, Aquæ, Aeris, & Ignis*

*Ignis, & vivificavit eum a sole Sancti Spiritus, & de Luce, & claritate, & lumine Mundi.* Have a care then that you mistake not any *specified body* for the *sperm*, beware of *quick-silver, Antinomie*, and all the *metals*, and have nothing to doe with *ought* that is *extracted* from *metals*. Beware of *Salts, Vitriols*, and everie *minor mineral*: beware of *Animals*, and *Vegetables*, and of every *thing* that is *particular*, or takes *place* in the *Classes* of any *knowne species*. The *first matter* is a *miraculous substance*, and of which you may *affirme contraries* without *Inconvenience*. It is *very weake*, and yet *most strong*, it is *excessively soft*, and yet there is *nothing so hard*. It is *one* and *all*: *spirit* and *body*: *fixt* and *volatile*, *Male* and *Female*: *visible* and *invisible*. It is *fire*, and *burnes not*: it is *water*, and *wets not*, it is *Earth* that *runs*, and *Aire* that *stands still*; in a word it is *Mercurie*, the *laughter of fools*, and the *wonder* of

of the *wise*, nor hath *God* made any *thing* that is *like* him. Hee is *borne* in the *World*, but was *extant* before the *world*, and hence that *excellent Riddle*, which hee hath *somewhere* *propos'd* of himselfe. *Habito in Montibus & in Planitie, pater antequam Filius: genui matrem meam, & mater mea, sive pater tulit me in matrice sua generans me, non opus habens Nutrice.*

I dwell (saith hee) in the *Mountains* and in the *Plains*, a *Father* before I was a *Son*: I *generated* my *Mother*, and my *mother* carrying mee in her *womb* *generated* mee, having *no use* for a *Nurse*. 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*. Hee is plac'd between *two fires*, and therefore is ever *refleess*. Hee grows out of the *earth* as all *vegetables* doe, and in the *darkest night* that is, receives a *light*

light from the *starrs*, and reteins it. Hee is *attractive* at the first, because of his *horrible emptines*, and what hee drawes downe is a *Prisoner* for ever; hee hath in him a *thick fire*, by which hee *captivates* the *Thin*, and he is both *Artist* and *matter* to himselfe. In his *first appearance* he is neither *earth* nor *water*, neither *solid* nor *fluid*, but a *substance* without *all forme*, but what is *universal*; hee is *visible*, but of no certaine colour, for *Chamelion-like*, hee puts on all colours, and there is nothing in the world hath the same *figure* with *him*; when hee is purg'd from his *Accidents*, hee is a *water* colourd with *fire*, deep to the *sight*, and as it were *swollen*, and he hath something in him that *resembles* a commotion, in a *vaporous heate* hee opens his *belly*, and discovers an *azure Heaven*, ting'd with a *milkie light*, within this *cælum* hee hides a little *Sun*, a most powerfull *red fire*, sparkling like a *carbuncle*, which is the *red gold* of the *wise-men*. These are the *Treasures* of our

our *sealed fountain*, and though many desire them, yet none *enters* here, but hee that knowes the *Key*, and withall *how to use* it; in the *bottom* of this *Well* lyes an old *Dragon*, stretch't a-long and fast *asleep*; awake her if you can, and make her *drinke*, for by this meanes shee will recover her *youth*, and bee *serviceable* to you for ever, in a word, separate the *Eagle* from the *Green-Lyon*, then clip her *wings*, and you have perform'd a *miracle*: but these you'l say are *blind termes*, and no man knowes what to make of them. True indeed, but they are *such* as we received from the *Philosophers*; howsoever that I may deal plainly with you. the *Eagle* is the *water*, for it is *volatil*, and flies up in *clouds* as an *Eagle* doth, but I speak not of any *common water* whatsoever. The *greene 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, that shee may fly no more. By this wee under-

understand the *opening*, and *shutting* of the *Chaos*, & that cannot be done without the proper *key*, I meane our *secret fire*, wherein consists the whole *mysterie* of the *preparation*; our *fire* then is a *naturall fire*, it is *vaporous*, *subtil*, and *piercing*; it is that which *workes* all in all, if wee looke on *Physicall digestions*, nor is there any thing in the *world* that answers to the *stomack*, and performs the *effects* thereof, but this *one thing*, it is a *substance* of *proprietic solar*, and therefore *sulphureous*; it is prepar'd as the *Philosophers* tell us, *ab antiquo Draco-*  
*ne*, and in plaine termes, it is the *fume* of *Mercurie*, not *crude* but *cocted*. This *Fume* utterly destroys the *first forme* of *gold*, introducing a *second*, and a more noble one. By *Mercurie* I understand not *quicke silver*, but *Saturn Philosophicall*, which devours the *Moone*, and keeps her alwaies in his *Belly*: by *gold*, I meane our *spermatie green gold*, not the ador'd *Lump* which is dead, and inefficall, it were  
 well

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 wee must not presume to add any thing to this *matter*, but what wee have formerly *drawne* out of it; for the *stone* excludes all *extractions*, but what *distill* immediately from its owne *Chrystalline universall Minera*.

Thirdly, and lastly, that the *Philosophers* have their peculiar *secret metals*, quite *different* from the *metals* of the *vulgar*, for where they name *Mercurie*,

ry they mind not *Quick-silver*; where *Saturn* not lead, where *Venus* and *Mars*, not *Coper* and *Iron*; and where *Sol* or *Luna*, not gold or silver. Their stone verily is not made of common gold and silver, but it is made as one delivers it, *Ex Auro & Argento vilibus, fatentibus simul & suaveolentibus, virentibus, animatis, ubique reperitiis, sed admodum quam paucis cognitis*, Of gold and silver that are reputed base that stinke, and withall smel sweetly, of green, living gold and silver to be found every where, but known of very few: away then with those *Mountebanks*, who tell you of *Antinomie*, *Salts*, *Vitriols*, *Marchasits*, or any mineral whatsoever; Away also with such Authors as prescribe or practise upon any of these bodies, you may be sure they were meer cheats, and did write onely to gaine an opinion of knowledge: There are indeed some uncharitable but knowing Christians, who

who stick not to lead the blind out of this 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 slipperie spirit, namely, that the stone cannot be opened thorough all the grounds as hee calls them, under seven years. Truly, I am of opinion that hee never knew the stone in this naturall world, but how well acquainted hee 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 stoopes to a Physical practise, hee is quite besides the *But*. I have ever admir'd the royal *Gieberin*, whose religion if you question, I can produce it in these few words, *Sublimis naturalium Deus, Benedictus, & gloriosus*. This is the title, and the style hee alwaies bestowes upon God, and it is enough to prove him no Atheist. Hee I say, hath so freely, and in truth so plainly



plainly discovered this *secret*, that had hee not *mixt* his many impertinencies with it, he had directly *prostituted* the *mysterie*. what I speak, is apparent to all *knowing* Artists, and hence it is that most *Misters* have so honour'd this *Arabian*, that in their books hee is commonly cal'd *Magister magistrorum*; we are indeed more beholding to this *Prince*, who did not know *Christ*, then to many profest *Christians*, for they have not onely *conceal'd* the *Truth*, but they have publish'd *falsities*, and meere *inconsistencies* therewith, they have *studiously*, and of meer purpose *deceiv'd* the *world*, without any respect of their *credit* or *Conscience*. It is a

<sup>a</sup> This receipt was extant in Bodley's Archives.

<sup>b</sup> See Arnoldus his *Flos Florum*.

great *Question*, who was most *envious* the (a) *Devil* in his *Recipe* to our *Oxford-Docter*, or <sup>b</sup> *Arnoldus* in his *accipe* to the King of *Aragon*, I know well enough what that Gentleman *de Villa nova* prescribes, and I know withall. his instructions are

are so difficult that *Count Trevers* when he was *Adept suo modo*, could not *understand* them: for hee hath written most *egregious Non-sense*, and this by endeavouring to confute greater *Mysteries*, then hee did *apprehend*. Now if any man thinkes mee too *bold*, for censuring so great an *Artist* as *Arnoldus* was, I am not so *emptie*, but I can *reason* for my self; I charge him not with want of *Knowledge*, but want of *Charitie*, a point wherein even the *possessors* of the *Philosopher's stone* are commonly *poore*. I speak this, because I pitty the *distractions* of our moderne *Alchymists*, though *Thilalethes* 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*, for though you know the *Matter*, yet are you farr *short* of the *Medicine*. This is a *Truth* you may be confident of, and if you will not believe my *Text*, take it upon *Raymond Lullie's* Experience, Hee knew the *Matter*, it being the first thing his *Mister* taught him,

him, then hee practic'd upon it in his own phrase, *multifarie multisq; modis*: but all was to no purpose, hee had the Cabinet but not the Key. At last hee found himselfe to bee (what many Doctors are) a confident Quack, a Broyler and nothing more, as it appears by his subsequent confession. *Eleganter* (sayth hee) *dixerunt Philosophi, quod opus magnum non est nisi solutio & Congelatio, sed ista sunt per viam Circulorum, quorum ignorantia plures Magnates in literatura decepti fuerunt in magisterio, credentes notabiliter cum confidentia, se intelligere formam, & modum Circulandi, ex quibus nos fuisse unum lethaliter vulneratum celare non intendimus. Cum sola enim presumptione & temeritate, scientiae hujus naturam firmiter nos intelligere credebamus, sed*  
*nullo*

*nullo modo intelleximus, donec tempus adfuit, in quo spiritus nos docuit, non immediate sed mediate per Magistrum Arnoldum de Villa nova qui largitate sua immensa reficenter in nos inspiravit.*

Thus he: and now I shall advise the Chymist to set a watch at his lips, because of some invisible Gentlemen, that overheare. I my selfe have known some men to affirme, they had seen and done such things, which God and Nature cannot doe according to the present Laws of Creation, but had my young friend Eugenius Philalethes been present, hee had laugh'd without mercie. Take heed then what you say, least you make sport for the Wise, for they are somethiug like the immortals.

Ἄσβετος δ' ἠρεῶντο γέλωτος κενάρισσι  
 θεοῖσιν.

Many men there are, who think it Ordinarie to be instructed in these secrets,  
 C 2 but

but in this they are confidently mistaken. Hee must bee a knowne tryed *Friend*, a friend of years, not of dayes; not a complement all thing, whose *Action* is all *Hypocrit*: not a severe dissembler, who gives thee fair words, but if once tryed, his heart is so farr from his Promises, that like a Fly in a Box, it is scarce a part of his Body. *Raymund Lullie* hath in a certain place deliver'd himself handsomly in relation to the practise, and this for his friends sake; but how rigid then was hee in scriptis? His Disciple (if hee could understand him) was to bee accomptable to him in the use of the mysterie, and therefore he tels him plainly, that hee did it *mutuo tantum, & sub restitutione coram iudice generali*, wee must not expect then to be instructed, becaule wee are acquainted, and verily acquaintance with such persons is a thing not common. In ordinarie favours it is suppos'd, that men should deserve them, before they receive them: but in this thing, which is a Benefit incomparable, it falls out otherwise,  
we

wee looke for present discoveries, wee believe the *Philosophers* will teach us, and in plaine termes tell us all their Art; but wee know not wherefore they should bee so kind unto us. Such impudent Hopes have no more reason in them, then if I should spend a complement on a rich Gentleman, and then expect hee should make mee his Heire in lieu of my phrase, and so passe his Estate upon mee. 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 foole those men, whom they know to bee wiser then themselves. But in this point the *Philosophers* need no Instructions, they can act many parts, and hee that plots to over-reach them, takes a course to breake before hee sets up. It remains then, that we bestow our Attempts on their Books, and here wee must consider the two *Universal Natures*, Light and Matter. Matter as I have formerly  
C 3 intima-

mated, is the *House of Light*, here hee dwells and builds for himself, and to speake Truth, hee takes up his lodging in sight of all the *World*. When he first enters it, it is a glorious transparent Roome, a *Chrystall-Castle*, and hee lives like a *Familiar in Diamonds*. Hee hath then the *Libertie* to look out at the *Windows*, his love is all in his sight, I meane that *liquid Venus*, which lures him in, but this continues not very long. Hee is busie 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* stirre up her *moyst Effences*, by whose meanes he becomes an *absolute Prisoner*. For at last the *Earth* growes over him out of the *water*, so that he is quite shut up in *darknesse*, and this is the *secret* of the *Aeternall God* which he hath been pleas'd to reveale to some of his *servants*, though mortall *Man* was never worthy of it. I wish it were *lawfull* for mee to enlarge my selfe,

selfe in this point for *Religion's sake*, but it is not safe, nor convenient that all *Eares* should heare even the *mysteries of Religion*. This lepreous *Earth* (for such it is if it bee not purgd) is the *Toad* that eats up the *Eagle*, or *Spirit*, of which there is frequent mention in the *Philosopher's Bookes*. In this *Earth* also have many of the *wisemen* seated that *tincture*, which wee commonly call *darknesse*: Truly they may as well bestow it on the *water*, or the *Aire*, for it appears not in any one element, but either in all *Feure*, or else in *two*, and this last was that which deceiv'd them. Now the *water* hath no *blacknesse* at all, but a majestic, large *Claritie*. The *Earth* likewise in her owne nature is a glorious *Chrystallized body*, bright as the *Heavens*. The *Aire* also excels both these in *complexion*, for hee hath in him a most strange inexpressible *whitenesse*, and *serenitie*. As for the *Fire*, it is outwardly *red* and shining like a *Jacinth*, but inwardly in the *spirit*

*white as Milke.* Now if wee put all these *substances* together though *purged* and *celified*; yet when they *stirre* and worke for *Generation*, the *blacke colour* over-spreads them *all*, and such a *blacke*, so *deepe* and *horrid*, that no common *darkenesse* can be *compared* unto it. I desire to know then whence this *Tincture* ariseth, for the *Roote* of every other *Colour* is *known*. It is to be observed, that in the *separation* of the *Elements*, this *blackenesse* appeares not any where, but in that *Element* which is *under* the *Fire*; and this onely *whiles* you are *drawing* out the *Fire*, for the *Fire* being *separated* the *Body* is *white*. It is plaine then that *Darkenesse* 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 *Philosophie*; but those that would *rightly understand* it, should first learne the *difference* betweene *Fire* and *Light*.

*Trismegistus* in his *Vision* of the *Creation*, did first see a pleasing, glad-  
some

some *Light*, but *interminated*. Afterwards appeared a horrible sad *Darkenesse*, and this moved *downe-wards*, descending from the *Eye* of the *Light*, as if a *Cloud* should come from the *sunne*. This *darkenesse* (saith he) was condens'd into a *certaine water*, but not without a mournfull *inexpressible Voyce* or *Sound*, as the *Vapours* 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 bee your study then who would know *all things*, to seek out this *Secret water*, which hath in it selfe *all Things*. This is the *Phisicall* and famous *Tythagorean Cube*, which surpriseth all *Formes*, and retaines them *Prisoners Huic fundo* (said my *Caption*) *Si qua forma demersa, huic solido Receptaculo si fuerit illapsa, & in hanc sedem materialem reposita, non vage nec*

*communiter recipitur, sed stabiliter & singulariter, fit individua & incommunicabilis, tanquam ascriptitia glebæ, temporis & loco subiecta, & quasi de libertate in servitutum Materiae proscripta.*

The Consequences of this Prison, which sometimes are sad, and the steps that lead unto it, are most elegantly exprest in the Oracles.

— *Præcipitium in Terra subest, Septemvivos trahens per gradus: sub quo Horribilis Necessitatis Thronus est.*

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 povertie: and this according to the scales of the supreme Agent in his dispensations of Light and darknesse, wee see there is a certain face of light in all thole

those things which are very deare, or very precious to us. For Example, in Beautie, Gold, Silver, Pearls, and in every thing that is pleasant or carries with it any opinion of happiness. In all such Things I say there is inherent a certaine secret concomitant lustre, and whiles they last the possessors also are subject to a Clearenesse and Serenitie of Mind. On the contrary in all Adversities there is a certaine corroding, heavie sadness; for the spirit grieves because he is Ecclips'd, and overcast with darknesse. Wee know well enough that povertie is but obscuritie, and certainly in all disasters there is a kind of Cloud or something that answers to it. In people that are very unfortunate, this darknesse hath a Character, and especially in the forehead there lies a notable judgement, but there are few can read in such Books. Of this Virgil (who was a great Poet, but a greater Philosopher) was not ignorant, for describing Marcellus in the Elysian fields, hee makes his sad

countenance an Argument of his  
short life.

*Atq; hic Aeneas ( una namq; ire videbat  
Egregiam formâ juvenem, & fulgentibus Armis,  
Sed frons læta parum, & deiecto lamina vultu. )  
Quis pater, ille, virum qui sic comitatur euntem?  
Elias? ane Aiquis magnâ de stirpe Nepotum?  
Quis strepitus circa Comitum? <sup>(Ipsest?)</sup> Quantum instauria  
Sed NOX atra Caput tristi Circumvolat Umbrâ.*

But these are things, that ought  
not to bee publickely discussed, and  
therefore I shall omit them. Hee  
that desires to be happy, let him looke  
after Light, for it is the Cause of Hap-  
pinesse both Temporall, and Eternall.  
In the House thereof it may bee found,  
and the House is not farr off, nor hard  
to find, for the Light walks in before  
us, and is the guide to his owne habi-  
tation. It is Light that formes the gold,  
and the Rubie, the Adiant and the  
Silver

silver and he is the Artist that shapes all  
things. Hee that hath him, hath the  
Mint of Nature, and a Treasure alto-  
gether inexhaustible. He is blest with  
the Elect substance of Heaven and  
Earth and in the opinion of the Tur-  
ba, Felix dici meretur, & super circu-  
los mundi elevatur.

Nor indeed without Reason, for Na-  
ture her selfe dictates unto us, and tels  
us that our Happinesse consists in  
Light, Hence it is that we natural-  
ly love the Light, and rejoyce in it, as  
a Thing agreeable and beneficiall unto  
us. On the contrarie wee feare the  
darkenesse, and are surpris'd in it with  
a certaine Horror, and a Timorous Ex-  
pectation of some Hurt that may be-  
fall us. It is Light then that wee  
must looke after, but of it selfe it is  
so thin and spirituall, wee can not  
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 Sunne; wee cannot  
shut it up in a Cabinet, that we may

use it when wee please, and in the darkeſt Night ſee a glorious *Illustration*. Wee muſt looke then for the *Manſion of Light*, that oylie *Æthereal* ſubſtance that retaines it, for by this meanes wee may *circumſcribe*, and *conſine* it. Wee may *impart* and *communicate* it to what *Bodies* wee pleaſe, give the *baſeſt Things* a moſt precious *Luſtre*, and a *Complexion* as laſting as the *ſunne*. This is that *Mysterie*, which the *Philoſophers* have delivered hitherto in moſt envious and obſcure *Termes*; and though I doe not *Arrogate* to my ſelfe a *greater Knowledge* then ſome of them had; yet I doe *affirme*, and that *knowingly*, that this *Secret* was never *communicated* to the *World* in a *Diſcourſe* ſo *plaine*, and *poſitive* as this is. It is true, this *ſcript* is *ſhort*, and the *Body* of *Magic* hath no *Proportion* to theſe few *Lines*. To write of it at *large*, and diſcover its *Three Scenes*, *Elementall*, *Cæleſtiall*, and *Spiritual*, was ſometimes the *Deſign*

of

of one that was able to performe. But Hee (and it was ever the *Fortune* of *Truth* to be ſo ſerved) was not onely *Oppos'd*, but *Abus'd* by a barbarous malicious *Ignorant*. I ſhould thinke that *Gentleman* did ſet up for *Bartholomew Faire*, he hath ſuch *Contrivances* in his *ſecond Laſh*. The *Tutor* *Dedicates* to his *Pupill*, and the ſame *Pupill* verifies in *Commendation* of his *Tutor*. Here was a *Claw*, there was never any ſo *Reciprocall*: Sure *Rozinant* and *Dapple* might learne of theſe *Two*.

But this is ſuffe to ſtop our *Noſes* at, let us leave it for *Cambridge*, whence it *fiſt* 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 *Contrarie Keyes*, the *Water opens*, and the *Earth ſhuts*. Be ſure then to add nothing to the *Subject*, but what is of its *owne Nature*; for when it is *prepared*, it is *al-ſufficient*: Hee *coagulates Himſelfe*, and diſſolves



dissolves *Himselfe*, and passeth all the *Colours* : and this by vertue of its owne inward *Sulphur*, or *Fire*, which wants nothing but *Excitation*, or to speake plainely a Simple, Naturall *Cocction*. Every body knowes how to boyle *Water* in *Fire*; but if they knew how to boyle *Fire* in *Water*, their *Physic* would reach beyond the *Kitchin*. Study then, and dispaire not, but study no *Curiosities* : It is a plaine straight *Path*, that *Nature* walks in; and I call *God* to *witnesse* I write not this to *amaze Men*, but I write that which I know to bee certainly true.

This is all I think fit to communicate at this time, neither had this fallen from me, but that it was a *command* impos'd by my *Superiors*, &c.

They that desire *experimentall knowledg*, may studie it as a *sure guide*, but hee that *rests at his lips*, and puts not his *Philosophie* into his *Hands*, needs not these instructions : *Wits Commonwealth*, or a *Book* of *Apothegms*

*Apothegms* may serve his turne. I prescribe not here for *any*, but such a s *looke* after these *principles*, and they must give mee leave to *inform* them, if they be not perfect *Masters* of the *Art*. As for *Libertie of opinion*, I rob not *any man* of it, I am one that gives and takes, and this to avoid *Contentions* I can suffer the *School-man* to follow his owne *Placets*, so hee doth not hinder mee to follow *mine*. In a word, I can tolerate mens *Errors* and *pitty* them : I can propound the *truth*, and if it bee not follow'd, it is *satisfaction* to mee, That what I *did* was *wel done*.

A  
POST-SCRIPT  
To the  
READER.



His small discourse was no sooner finished (though by command) but the same Authoritic recal'd their Commission, and now being somewhat transform'd, I must (as some mysteriously

ly have done) live a Tree. Yet the wise know, that Groves have their Durdals, and I remember I have read of an Image who's Hic fodias plac'd the substance in the shadow. To bee plain I am silenc'd, and though it bee in my power to speake, yet I have Lawes as to this subject, which I must not trangresse, I have chosen therefore to oppose my present Freedom to my future Necessitie, and to speake something

thing at this time, which I must never publickly speak hereafter. There is no Defect in ought that I have written, if I but tell you one thing, which the Philosophers have omitted, it is that which some Authors have call'd *Vas Naturæ*, and *Vas viride Saturni*, and *Miriam* calls it *Vas Hermetis*, a menstruous substance it is, and to speak the very Truth, it is the Matrix of Nature, wherein you must place the Universal

versal sperm, as soone as it appears beyond its Body. The Heate of this Matrix is sulphureous, and it is that which coagulats the sperm, but common Fire, though it be most exactly regulated, will never do it, and in this point 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 dyes, and nothing effectual can be generated thereof, in a

*word, without this Matrix you will never coagulate the Matter, nor bring it to a minerall Complexion, and herein also there is a certain measure to be observed, without which you will miscarrie in the practise of this Natural vessel, speaks Miriam in these following words. In omnibus corporibus est scientia, sed Stoici propter eorum vitæ brevitatem, & operis prolixitatem hoc unicum occultaverunt; Illi vero invenerunt*

*venerunt elementa tingentia, & ipsi docuerunt ea, & omnes Philosophi docent illa, præter vas Hermetis, quia illud est Divinum, & sapientia Domini Gentibus occultatum: & illi qui illud ignorant nesciunt Regimen veritatis propter Vasis Hermetis Ignorantiam. In the proportion and Regiment of this thing, which they call their Vessel, and sometimes their Fire, consists all the secret, and verily the per-*

C 4      for-

performances thereof are so admirable- and so speedy they are almost incredible. Had I knowne this at first, it had not been with mee, 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 mee, That this Art was originally revealed to man, for this I am sure of, that man of himselfe could not possibly think of it, for it is invisible: it is removed from  
the

the eye, and this out of a certaine Reverence, and if by chance it comes into sight, it withdrawes againe naturally, for it is the secret of Nature, even that which the Philosophers call primus Concubitus. This is enough to a wise Artist, at least it is all I intend to publish, and now Reader farewell.

*Relinquit potius Rerum cognoscere Causas,*

*Atq; Metus omnes, & inexorabile Fatum*

*Subjicit pedibus, stropisumq; Acherontis avari,*

*Illum non populi Fasces, non purpura Regum*

*Flebit, & Infidos agitata discordia Fratres:*

*Non Res Romana, perituraq; Regna: neque Ille*

*Aur doluit miserans Inopem, aut invidis habenti.*



**FINIS.**

Reader,

**T**He neglects, and omissions of the Presse are so grosse, and so many, that if it were not for thy sake, more then any other consideration, the Author would bee ashamed to list them. Bee pleased to correct what others have corrupted, and for meere peccadillos wee present them not; thou hast here onely such Errors, as may pervert thy judgment, not thy candor.

In the Epistle Dedicat. pag. 2 lln. 8, read I think it a happines, &c. *ibid.* p. 3. l. 4. r. Those verses, &c. in the Epistle to the Reader, p. 2. l. 3. r. I am grown in the book it self, p. 5. l. 11. dele kind and r. This onr-worke. p. 9. l. 22. r. Method. p. 10. l. 15. r. That it is not lawfull. p. 11. l. 24. r. but by a secret. p. 12. l. 9. r. to the greatest effects. p. 21. l. 2. rea. out of his way, &c.

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