Sir *GEORGE RIPLEY's*

# Compound of *Alchymie*

Expounded by a Son of ART.

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## The firſt Gate opened,

Which is

# CALCINATION.

*Calcination is the Purgation of our Stone.*

WE have led thee as it were by the hand through many a waſte Field, and many a Deſart and Thicket, and now lift up your eyes and behold where you are, and now welcom my Friend into the Garden of the Philoſophers; here you may behold (like a Landskip) a very glorious Caſtle, walled about with a very high wall, and twelve Gates one following another hindering your entrance and

poſſeſſion of it at will, one being opened the reſt open of themſelves, and yield to thee a far more renowned Conqueſt, then ever *Cæſar* or *Alexander* won. The firſt Gate loe is as it were dug hollow into the Earth, and little to be ſeen above the Superficies: view well the Inſcription which is written over it, which is the words of that Curſe which God inflicted on *Adam*, in the day that he fell, *Duſt thou art, and unto Duſt thou ſhalt return.* Mark the Eſcutcheon that is ſet forth upon the Gate, this ſignifies unto thee, that ſome Great Perſon is dead within, therefore behold the Attendants all ſtand in Mourning; amongſt whom one with this verſe of *Solomon*, *I am black, but comely, &c.*

This Lady the Sages have called *Juno*, or the Metallick Nature, which is indeed very comely, yet black, for why the Sun hath ſhined upon her. Another who ſeems to ſupply the room of the Porter, ſpeaks unto you in theſe words, *Nothing entreth hither that defileth, or that is unclean.* But enough of this, we muſt not here ſtand gazing, leſt we be taken for Spyes;



Spyes; but we will knock for a Guide, who may go along with us; for know that this Caſtle is a Garriſon, and muſt not be viewed without a Guide, who may conduct us in and out, and ſhew us what the places are through which we paſs. And now he is come, I ſhall acquaint you ſomewhat of his conditions, that you may know how to pleaſe him; that he may be the more willing to go along with you in the right way, and not leave you, as he hath done ſome, nor miſlead you, as he hath done others, who when they have attempted this work with good ſucceſs in the knowledge of matters requiſite, they notwithſtanding have fatally erred, not knowing how to pleaſe their Guide, who hath a humour of his own not to be equalled in the World; and if you make him either ſullen, or cholerick, you had as good give over the enterpriſe.

First of all then know, that for his parts he is a very ſtupid Fool, there is none more ſimple among all his Brethren; yet is he moſt faithfull to his Lord, and doth all things for him moſt

prudently, ordering all things in the Family very diſcreetly; which I may rather aſcribe to a natural inſtinct, then to any quickneſs of parts. He is very faithful, for that cauſe he will never either ask or anſwer any queſtion, but goes on ſilently: Nor will he ever go before you, but follow; you muſt be very wary how you lead him, if he can find an opportunity he will give you the ſlip, and leave you to a world of misfortune. By his countenance you ſhall know whether he be pleaſed or diſpleaſed; therefore lay bonds on him, that is, ſhut him cloſe where he may not get forth, then go wiſely before with heat, and ever obſerve his countenance as he follows; his anger you ſhall know, by redneſs in his countenance, and his ſullenneſs by his lumpiſh behaviour; in his good temper he is indifferent active and merry; and ſo you ſhall paſs on forward, or turn, or go back, as you ſee his countenance and temper inclined. In the next place you are to underſtand, that he was born to be a drudge, and is the very Servant unto all his Brethren; and hereupon he doth as it were



were monopolize the whole toyl and task of labour to himſelf, and if you go about to do any thing, he will preſently take ſnuff, and will leave you all the work to do, and will not do one ſtroke more.

Thirdly, he through long cuſtom hath gotten a habit of perpetual working, and therefore if you allow him one hours reſpite, he will never work more; for in his Fathers houſe he committed the offence of *Cham*, and is therefore judged to be a Servant of Servants: his body is very tender and naked, yet will he have no Cloaths, nor will he endure any Conſolidation of parts without exception; for in his youth he offended with *Ruben*, and went up to his Fathers Couch, and was for that doomed to a perpetual inconſtancy, and is as unſtable as Water. Theſe in general are the qualifications of your Guide, and you muſt addreſs your ſelf to him accordingly, or elſe your labour will be in vain.

*Reſtoring alſo of his natural heat.*
*Of Radical humidity it loſeth none,*
*Inducing ſolution into our Stone moſt meet.*

THe firſt place which you come to, worthy your obſervation, is a large Room floored with black, the Hangings part black, bluiſh, and yellowiſh, in which you may ſee a Carcaſs intombed, and very rotten; a Serpent almoſt dead with cold, laid to the fire, and a Fountain ſtill flowing forth to water a Pot which is nigh to it, in which is planted an Herb much like to *Ros ſolis*, only it hath the Root black, the Leaves yellow, with bluiſh veins and black ſpots in them continually ſtanding in a dew, and over it the Sun as in the Solſtice, ſhining in its full vigour, and under it a Fire, as it were of *Ætna* burning continually. The Fountain ſtill ſends a few ſmall ſtreams of Pearly water to the Root of this Herb, which by inſenſible pores aſcend and ſtand like drops diſcoloured on the Leaves of the Herb, which ſeems as though blaſted and withering, and yet always



always full of drops, which dropping down again, and riſing continually, do reſolve the Tree into a viſcous Juice, which is afterwards dried up into a dry duſt, yet unctuous to ſight, and very black.

*After Philoſophy I you behight.*

THen I liſt up mine eyes, and behold I ſaw *Nature* as a Queen glorioufly adorned, ſitting upon her Throne, and in her hand a fair Book, which was called, *Philoſophy Reſtored to its Primitive Purity*; whom with low ſubmiſſion I did obeyſance to, and ſhe graciouſly took notice of me, and gave me this Book to eat it up, which I did, and ſtraight-way ſhe had another of the ſame in her hand: Then was my Underſtanding ſo enlightned, that I did fully apprehend all things which I ſaw and heard; and when I approached to any Gate or Door, ſtraight-way (as though they were acted by a ſenſitive Spirit) they opened of their own accord: And all in the Houſe did fealty to me, and ſaid that I was to be honoured as

Lord

Lord of the place: *For*, ſay they, *the Queen and He are in love united, and ſhe moreover hath plighted her troth to him.* Then I conſidered with my ſelf, and behold the Book that I had devoured (like a Charm) had ſo commanded my Spirits, that I could think of nothing more than the enjoyment of this rare Beauty which I had beheld: And while I was full of theſe thoughts, behold I heard a Voice behind me, ſaying, *What wouldeſt thou in this World?* I was a little aſtonished at the Voice, but yet boldly anſwered, *Nothing but that I might once more ſee that admirable Perfection which once I beheld in* [redacted] *which not long ſince I ſaw, who with ſeeming affection did ſalute me, and gave me a Book to eat; which when I had eaten, my Intellectuals ſeemed as though the Candle of the Lord had been kindled in them: But ſince I could never ſee her whom my Heart longs for: Oh that I might only be ſo happy again!* Then ſaid the Voice, *Thou art happy in that thou haſt ſeen her, more happy in that ſhe gave thee that Book, which few in an Age attain to; moſt happy in that thou couldeſt and didſt eat it, which every one*



*one that hath it cannot do: She therefore whom thou ſeekeſt for, is gone into her retired Solitudes, and as a Legacy hath left thee two great Treaſures, the Treaſure of Riches, and the Treaſure of Long Life:* Then ſaid I, *Ah Sir, this you tell me of, is nothing but an aggravation of my miſery; for all the wealth in this world I count but as a ſtraw in compariſon of the enjoyment of that moſt admirable Lady's preſence, whoſe Service I ſhould take for a greater happineſs, than if I were Maſter of all the World beſides. If then I may not ſee her again, my Life will be to me a burden, and to what then will Long Life avail?* Thus I ſat bemoaning my ſelf, and I heard a ſhrill Voice as it were cloſe by me, and I looked ſuddenly, and behold an unſpeakable Light, in compariſon whereof the Sun it ſelf ſeemed dark; and cloſe by me I ſaw a moſt ſecret place, and in it a ſecret Room of Diaphanous matter, and round, and within it this Lady whom I formerly had ſeen, upon her Throne; and another in the perſon of a King, in moſt gay Raiment, as if it were a Robe of beaten Gold, which reached from his ſhoulders

to

to the ground, and a Crown of pure Gold on his head; and a third perſon, who like a Water-bearer had a Pitcher on his ſhoulder, and in the midſt of it there burned as it were a Lamp: The ſight was excellent, yet I could not be pleaſed, for that I ſaw this Lady ſtark naked with this King, ſo in private; and while I viewed the Room, I found it was exquiſitely cloſed on every ſide, ſo that it ſeemed as if it were made of one intire piece of Cryſtal. I marvelled at what I ſaw: for the Houſe was but ſmall, the Chamber leſs, and the Cloſet of Cryſtal to ſight no bigger than a ſmall Egg; and the three Parties, with all the Accoutremens of them, might well have been incloſed in a Hazel Nut: Yet was their Delineaments ſo lively, that I might eaſily diſcern her intire ſhape, whom I could not but with diſtracted thoughtfulneſs and a ſad countenance behold; which ſhe perceiving, ſaid unto me, *Friend, Why art thou ſad? I am not ſad*, quoth I, *moſt Noble Lady, but am penſively meditating on what I behold, which doth not a little amaze me, the ſight not being to be paral-*

*lell'd*



*lell'd in [illegible] Chamber of Rarities, which is the Syſtem of the Novel Rarities of the known World: For whom I lately beheld glorious upon a Throne in the Majeſty of a Queen, I now ſee cloiſtered up in a ſmall Diaphanous Pix, in a ſtature ſo ſmall as is ſcarce credible: Moreover, whom I deemed ſo piouſly virtuous a Lady, to be ſo retiredly naked with a man, only attended with a Water-bearer, makes me very thoughtful what this thing ſhould be. Moreover, it was my hopes ſo to have ingratiated my ſelf into your favour, as to have been a Servant unto you, who I ſee are otherwiſe provided of a Lover.* Then ſaid ſhe, *My Friend, what you admire in this ſtrange Metamorphoſis of me, know that it is by a Magical Vertue, which is alone given to me from GOD, my immediate Lord and Ruler; and for any Diabolical Art, which your Scruple ſeems to manifeſt your ſuſpition of, it is becauſe of your unexperience in theſe things; and this your Ignorance is no way provoking unto me, for in theſe Affairs (though a man) yet you are but a Child; and this liberty I allow all my Sons while they are Children, ſo to ſpeak, ſo to think,*

*and*

*and so to act; and I love to hear and answer their childish prattle. Know then that the Devil is but one of my Servants, and in my Kingdom he doth serve GOD, his and my Lord: And though of all my Servants he is the worst, yet he can do nothing of himself, either without me, or against me, or above me: He for the most part is a deceitful Juggler, and doth make things appear, that are not; but whatever is actually effected by him, is nothing but what is in my Power: He only applies Agents to Patients, and adds a little of his own villanous qualities, as a circumstantial aggravation of the horror of what he thus (by my virtue) brings to pass, and then his villanous mind attributes that to himself, which is my Act, that so he might arrogate the honour due to my Lord and his Master. Now I will tell you a strange thing, which yet is very true: I am obedient to all my Subjects, which are many, and they obey me; I rule them, and they do as it were inforce me, for so my Lord hath pleased to ordain it: If they call me, I am straight at hand; yea, in my Body which thou seest (which is no Body, (but only representative) for*



*for I am all Spirit) I feel the Sympathies and Antipathies, the Actions and Passions of every thing in the World; and I must be always present, for nothing is or can be well done without I be present: I always work according to the subject and its disposition, which doth alter the effect wonderfully. In a word, whatever thou seest that I am, and more then thou canst see by far, though thou hadst the Eyes of* Argus. *My Rule is not as is the Rule of Princes among Men, but I am serviceable to all, yea to the least in the World; and because I am so serviceable, therefore my Master hath appointed that nothing can or may disobey me, or offer violence to me; the Devil here hath no power, though malice enough: Therefore my Lord hath given me his own* Diploma *to make me the more Honourable; first, An Omniscience of all things which are done in the World, as touching the Being, Conservation, or Mutation of them; and next, An Omnipresency, by which I am every where present at once, and I am seated in the Will of God, which is my Centre, All my Subjects are put under Man, therefore he hath a free power to act any thing within his*

*his reach in the World; and the Soul of Man is as it were a Magnet unto me, and all my Subjects, in its Exaltation and Union, by Faith to my Lord and Maſter; though ſince Man loſt his Dignity, he loſt alſo his Knowledge, and his Will is liable to the Temptations of the Devil; and ſo as many as by renouncing their Creator do devote themſelves to Satan, he hath by his confederacy power to exalt their Will, and to apply their Power to the effecting of things poſſible in Nature, and impoſſible for the Devil to perform alone, (whoſe pride would ſcorn to crave help, if he could) and beyond the knowledge of the inthrall'ed Caytiff, who miſtaking the effect, and not ſeeing how it was done by himſelf and not Satan (though his power for want of knowledge to employ it, without his help were made uſe of by him, and applied according to his own Deviliſh Deſign) the Wretch is inſnared to bind over both his Soul and Body to the Devil, as a requital of this Service, ſo crafty a Deceiver is he. But this being from my preſent ſcope, I ſhall forbear to ſpeak further of it at preſent, leſt I ſhould diſtract, not edifie you. Now as concerning your jealouſie for that*



*that you ſee me naked with this King, know that this place and my Kingdom are in the State of Innocency, though we are by the Fall of* Adam *laid ſubject to Vanity; and till the final Reſtitution of that Fall, I am forbidden to work any thing of my own accord beyond the ſtate of fading corruptibility, though all things have an incorruptible Spirit, which when Heaven and Earth ſhall be renewed, ſhall cauſe an Immutable Glory in all theſe things. Know then that this King is my Servant, and he hath many Brethren who in their paſſage to him are taken Priſoners, and kept in bondage, and there is no way to Redeem them, unleſs he give his Fleſh and Blood for their Ranſom, which cannot be effectual, unleſs he die and ariſe from the Dead: This I cannot perform alone my ſelf, nor can any help me herein but Man alone; for God hath here limited my power, I cannot bring Agents and Patients together, though he hath given me power to work on them being compoſed, and to effect what may ſerve for the Ranſom of thoſe poor Captives, and he hath given man a free power to act in ſubordination to him in the World, though through*

*the Fall the Wings of this power are not clipt at all, but clogged with Ignorance, that it is very uneffectual in compariſon of its virtue. If thou couldeſt but underſtand and believe, thy very Soul would command all Nature in the whole Fabrick of it: for if thou didſt but know things as they are, thou wouldeſt withal clearly ſee the Dignity of thy Soul, being the Image of God; and this would command Faith, and kindle Deſire: Now Faith and a kindled Deſire in the Soul is that extatical Paſſion which attracts the whole* Phænomena *of Nature. This is the Dignity of a Mental Man. Now then, my Friend, hearken to me, and what I adviſe, that do; help me in what I cannot, and I will help thee in what thou canſt not; ſo ſhalt thou be (to GOD ſubordinate) Lord both of me and mine; and the Blood of this King, which redeems his Brethren, will give thee a Medicine to command all the Imperfections of thy mortal Body; and though it be no Antidote againſt Death, the irrevocable Decree being paſt, yet it triumphs over all the Miſeries of Life, both of Poverty and Sickneſs, and it poſſeſſeth a Man of the moſt incomparable Treaſures of this*



*this World.* Then full of Admiration, with Tears for very Joy trickling down abundantly, I beſpake her, and ſaid, *Lady, I thank you for your ſo great favour to me, as ſo familiarly to diſcourſe with me; Now then, without any Complement, I am yours* (ad uſque aras) *and whatever you pleaſe, that will I do.* Then ſaid ſhe, *Under this Chamber and Cloſet there is a Stove, put Fire into it, for this King muſt ſweat to death. Ah ſweet Lady,* ſaid I, *and what will become of you? Care not you for that,* ſaid ſhe, *do you as I bid you: But yet farther to ſatisfie your curious mind, let me tell you, That I indure without hurt the moſt violent Fires which are or can be made, for I am in them all, and no leſs in the moſt frozen places.* Then I conſidered, and methought my Underſtanding it was inlarged, and I perceived the extent of Nature, and of a ſudden ſhe appeared not to my ſight; but where ſhe was I ſaw a moſt exquiſite Light, which took up an incredible ſmall room, and methoughts my Head ſeemed as it were diaphanous: And while I conſidered theſe things, it came into my mind to wonder what was

become of my Guide, for I miſs'd him. While theſe thoughts perplexed me, an Anſwer was given, as if from an intelligent Spirit within the Glaſs, ſaying, *Let not thoughts fill your mind, he whom you ſeek is with us, for ſo it muſt be, this King is his Lord.* This ſtraight made me view the complexion of the Water-bearer, and his countenance told me that he was my very Guide: Then I viewed his Pitcher well, and I found that his Pitcher was clear as pure Silver; and what was ſtrange, the Bearer, and the Pitcher, and the Water in it were one; and in the midſt of the Water, as it were in the very centre, there was a moſt radiant twinkling Spark, which ſent forth its Beams even to the very ſurface of the Water, and appeared as it were a Lamp burning, and yet no way diſtinguiſhable from the Water. The Voice then ſpake to me a ſecond time, *Delay not to put Fire under us, and govern it as you ſhall hear the Voice direct you.* Then I put Fire in at the open door at the top of the high Turret, and Coals upon it, and cauſed my doors to be ſtopt both above and below, and



and on every ſide; only by a ſecret paſſage I conveyed my Immortal Fire under the Chamber in which was the Cloſet, and forthwith when all things were heated, the Water-bearer took his Pitcher, and through a ſmall Pipe he poured out his Water, and the Fire came out with the Water, without any particular ſhape, only it added a luſtre thereto; and no ſooner was the Water poured forth, but the Water-bearer with his Pitcher popt as it were under the ſtreams, and I ſaw them no more: And though the clearneſs of the Water did make it to appear as it were Diaphanous, yet I found by a diligent view that it was not ſo really, but only as to apparency, and that it was indeed very compact: And as I wiſtfully beheld it, I ſaw as it were a goodly Lady in the midſt of it, which was no way reſembling the former Beauty which I had diſcourſed withal, whoſe Name was *Nature*; yet indeed very beautiful, even to the parallel of *Helena*. This Lady was naked, and of an admirable fair complexioned Skin, as bright as the fineſt Silver; at firſt ſhe appeared very ſmall, and

waxed bigger and bigger, until the Water appeared no more, but ſhe her ſelf had tranſmuted its whole ſubſtance into her ſhape. This ſight I beheld with pity, for ſhe (far unlike unto the firſt Lady) was wholly impatient of the heat which I had made, and yet was ſo incloſed in the Cloſet that ſhe could not get out; ſhe ſweat therefore even as though ſhe would melt, and ſeemed as though continually fainting: Then the King (who ſeemed as it were glad of the heat) ſeeing her knew her to be his Siſter, his Mother, and his Wife, and compaſſionating her eſtate, ran unto her and took her in his Arms, and ſhe feeling him, did ſo ſtrongly embrace him, that he could not ſhake her off, and with her ſweat partly, and partly with her tears, ſhe did ſo beſtream his Kingly robes, which ſhone like unto *Tagus* or *Pactolus*, that they were all ſuddenly changed into colour Argent: the King loving her exceedingly, asked her what ſhe deſired? She anſwered, *That her deſire was to have of him Conjugal Fealty; for*, ſaid ſhe, *I cannot endure this heat, but I muſt die in it, and without me your High-*



*Highneſs can have no Off-ſpring*: The King condeſcended, and granted her Requeſt, and ſo ſoon as ſhe conceived the Kings Seed, ſhe ſaid that ſhe was better able to endure the Fire which did prevail upon her.

Therefore not contented, ſhe had a ſecond, a third and fourth Benevolence, even to the eleventh time: Then ſaid the King, *I am very faint and weak*: and trying to go, as formerly, his Legs and Feet failed him, his Fleſh and Body waſted as it were to nothing, and ſo continued worſe and worſe, until at length his Body being thus waſted by Venery, began to ſweat exceedingly, ſo long he ſweated, till he was as it were wholly conſumed; and his Wife ſeeing what fell out, wept bitterly, and her tears mingling with her Husbands ſweat, grew into a large ſtream, in which both ſhe and the King were drowned; ſo far I beheld: And then when they were both wholly out of ſight, I muſed at the ſtrangeneſs of the object, and while I wondered, methought I ſaw them aſcend again; but conſidering it well, I found that there ſwam upon

the Water a Carcaſs, which being wholly void of Life, did with the heat of the place draw to putrefaction more and more, ſo that it grew livid, black, blewiſh, and vellowiſh, and ſent up moſt venemous Exhalations, and with its odour did ſo infect the Waters, which were before of an Argent Clearneſs, that they did grow very thick and dark, and at laſt black, reſembling the form of muddy ſlime which is found in Boggs; and at length with the heat of the Sun the moiſture was wholly dried up (as Mooriſh low Grounds in the ſummer time uſe to be) and I tought what was become of my Bodies, and I found a horrible venemous tumefied Toad, which ſeemed as it were dying; and a Raven almoſt famiſhed walking there for to look for meat, lighted upon the Toad, and preyed upon him, and with its poiſon died, and made a moſt filthy ſquallid Liquor blacker than Ink, and thick like to Pitch melted, which made me to wonder at the ſight: And going to depart, I heard a Voice which ſaid to me, *You muſt not leave us; if you do, our Perſons and Kingdom is loſt without*





*out recovery.* Then my Eyes were opened, and I ſaw *Nature* walking up and down among the Carcaſes, and in her hand her unparallell'd Lamp; and taking a more ſerious view, I ſaw in thoſe rotten Atoms the Idea's of all things natural and ſupernatural; and I found the dead King with his Wife were intombed in a Field Sable, and the Tomb as it were of poliſhed Jet or Ebony; and as in that place all things were ſtrange, ſo moſt ſtrange was it that the Tomb and the intombed Carcaſs were one, and that inſeparably. Alſo upon the Tomb I found written a Propheey, *viz.* That they (if the Fire were kept equal and continual) ſhould riſe again, and be more glorious and powerful than ever they were before. Then ſaid I to the voice which is in the Glaſs, I muſt be directed both what, and how, and when to do. The voice anſwered me, Take no care, only do as I ſhall direct, and all ſhall be well; in the mean time you may view the places that are about, only be ſure that you neglect not your time of attending here: And for to take away the tediouſneſs which

the length of time would otherwiſe work, ask of me, and I ſhall inform you in whatever you deſire, nor ſhall I think my diſcourſe to me a burden, ſo you will not think your labour a trouble. Then ſaid I, Not ſo; though I ſhould be bound to ſerve you during my whole Life, yet ſhould I count it a priviledge, not a burden. Then ſhe gave unto me as it were a Ball of fine Silk, wound up as on a bottom, and ſaid, Make this faſt to a Pin of this Tower, and then go round and behold the place, it may ſhorten the time to you: Carry this bottom with you, and unwind it as you go, and by it you may return till you know the place.

*But do not after the common guiſe.*

THen I paſſed along, and was no ſooner out of that place, but a very thick miſty darkneſs apprehended me, ſo thick that I might feel it; and though my head were as it were tranſparent and very light, and I took alſo a Candle with me, which was burning there continually



ly at the entrance of the Tower, yet the darkneſs was ſuch, that it would not receive the light, for they were not homogenial, but were a little diſ-joyned by the Rays of the Light, and as it were here and there condenſed into ſtrange figures, as of Birds, Beaſts, and creeping things of monſtrous ſhapes: And by reaſon of this oppoſition the Rays of the Light extended but a little way, and the Light moſt clear did ſhoot as it were in Beams, and the darkneſs ſtood as it were in cluſters by it ſelf.

There were as it were a multitude of men, who ſeeing my Light in my hand, which they could not diſcern well, they being in that dark which would not be inlightned, but as through a thick cloud they beheld my Candle, and judged it ominous, and left their ſtations: for their eyes with dark and ſmoak were ſo tender, that my Candle over-poured them, and they could not bear its luſtre; therefore they crying out, ran away. I muſed much at this, how they could be in ſuch Cimmerian Darkneſs; and as I wondered, I eſpied that they had with them

them Light as it were of Fox-fire, or rotten Wood, and Glow-worms Tails, and with this they ſat in conſultation, reading *Geber*, *Rhaſis*, and ſuch whom I heard them name, and commenting on them, not without much pleaſantneſs: Then I conſidered that the Light which I had brought with me, did not enlighten the place, but ſtood ſeparated as it were from the darkneſs; and withal I remembred that once there was Light in the World, and the darkneſs comprehended it not, and that darkneſs had a falſe fire Light of its own with which it ſeemed to its inhabitants wonderous well inlightned: I ſet down my Candle, and went with my Thread in my hand, by which I intended to return. When I was gone out of ſight of my Candle, my head began to ſeem as it were opacous, and a wind had almoſt blown me down: Then I took my bottom of Thread, and made it faſt to my Girdle, leſt it might drop out of my hand; and well it was that I did ſo, for ſoon a Vertigo came upon me, and I fell and ſlumbered; and when I awaked, methoughts it was no more dark-



darkneſs, but day-light about me: I wondered at the very ſtrange change, and ſtill felt for my Thread, which by that Light I could not ſee, but only feel it. I began to look about me, to ſee where I was, and behold I was in a ruinous place of many millions of turnings, each leading ſeveral ways; and every room was ſo inlightned with Fox-fire and Glow-worm-Tails, that for want of a better Light it ſeemed as if it were day: I took out of my Pocket a ſmall Book to ſee if I could read in it, it was called *Enchiridion Phyſicæ Reſtitutæ*, with an *Arcanum* at the end of it, and I could not read one word in it. There met me a man aged and decrepit, his Face rugged, his Eyes bleared, his Hands and Fingers corraded, and ſaluted me, and ſaid merrily, What Book have you there? It is, ſaid I, *Arcanum Hermeticum*. It is a good Book, ſaith he. He and *Sendivow* are the two beſt that ever wrote. I but, ſaid I, I went to peruſe my Book, and I can read not one word in it. That's ſtrange, quoth he; let me ſee it: Then I ſhewed it him, and he read out of it ſuch ſtrange things that

that I never had heard of before; and *Sandivogius*, ſaith he, is of the ſame mind. Then he begun to read in him, and read ſuch Proceſſes that I had never heard of. I do remember well the Authors, and what they wrote, but never to my remembrance did I find what you read in them, ſaid I. Look on them your ſelf, ſaid he, and you ſhall find it plain: I went to look on the Book, but could not diſtinguiſh any word in it; which made me wonder. Then I thought with my ſelf, that as that Light had a peculiar difference from that Light which I ſaw about the Tower where I was before, ſo it might have its peculiar Objects: This Opinion I had confirmed by this, for that having *Geber* and *Rhaſis* with me, I tried how I could read there, and all the Proceſſes I could read very well, only ſome places ſeemed as it were left out, [illegible]. I knew that my Books were perfect, and ſome of the places (which were (as they ſeemed to me) left out) I remembred very well to be thoſe places in which the Truth was couched in few words: Then I returned by my



my Thread to my Candle, and ſtraight my head returned to its former diaphanity: I took my Candle in my way, and of a ſudden all my places that ſeemed light before, returned to be Cimmerian darkneſs; only with the time that I had been there, I found my Eyes were beginning to grow tender, and ſmarted and itched at the firſt glimpſe of this true Light, which then in compariſon of the Light I had before ſeen, did not ſeem barely Light, but the Super-Cœleſtial Light of Paradiſe. Then I demanded of her with whom in the Glaſs I had former converſe, concerning what I had ſeen. She told me, That they were ſuch who wrot in *Alchymy* according to the Light of Fancy, and not of Nature; though to them their Light ſeem clear enough, yet can they ſee nothing by it but what is phantaſtical, and myſtically or ſophiſtically written by the Envious, for the ſeducing of ſuch fanciful Doters: therefore when once the Light of Nature is brought to their ſtation, it diſcovers Cimmerian darkneſs there, where their imaginary Light only ſhines, ſuch as is Fox-fire and Glow-worms

worms Tails, that ſhine only in the dark; This Light makes their Eyes ſo tender, that the Lamp of Nature makes them fly. Moreover, whatever is written according to this Light, they cannot ſee, nay they cannot endure the Light of the true *Luna* of the wiſe men: for any true Light diſcovers their Darkneſs, and yet their Darkneſs is uncapable of apprehending the Light. Now in that you went in among them without your Candle, it was a bold adventure, for had you loſt your Thread, you could never have returned. Then I looked into my Tower, and did as I was directed; and again I went to view thoſe parts of Cimmerian Darkneſs once more, yet with my Candle in mine hand, and my Thread at my Girdle; when I came the ſecond time, at the ſight of this Light all fled, ſo that I could not meet with any, but I entered into ſeveral turnings which I ſaw, and found in them ſeveral works curiouſly erected, in which I might gueſs they aimed at nothing leſs than the Philoſophers Stone.

*With*



*With Sulphurs.*

I Found one Furnace moſt curiouſly built, in which all degrees of heat imaginable, by the Art of man, might be kept with one fire; in which was ſet a multitude of curious Glaſſes, in which were ſeveral Matters, ſome digeſting, others ſubliming, others diſtilling, others calcining, and about the Glaſſes and the Furnace was written this of *Geber*, *Per Deum Sulphur eſt omne illud illuminans quod eſt ſupra terram.* By this I knew, that *Sulphur* was the ſubject on which was wrought; and indeed with ſo great cunning, that I could not but admire the ingenuity of the men: and knowing that what a man prizeth, (though it be a trifle) yet to ſpoil or deſtroy that would be an injury, I meddled not with any Glaſs, (for indeed there were Labourers that fled not, becauſe they knew nothing, but only wrought as they were directed:) and when I came, they could not perceive that I had any Candle in my hand, and wondred their Maſters

I ſhould

ſhould fly ſo from a phanſie. Moreover I found that they could not ſee any light from the Fox-fire and Glow-worms tails, which were there; but the place being dark, as being under ground, they wrought by Candles and Lamps, which yet could give their Maſters no light, but they ſought all the world over for thoſe ſhining ſubjects: Yet I could notwithſtanding both diſcern utter darkneſs, which the Rays of my Candle would not enlighten. Then ſaid I to the Workmen, What is this that is brought in here? Oh, ſaid they, they are *Sol* and *Luna* terreſtrial, whereby our Maſters can ſee clearly the Natures of all things in the world, and to make by their light the great *Elixir*; and though we can ſee no light in them, or very little, it is becauſe of our Ignorance in theſe things, therefore we uſe our Lamps to work by. Where are your Maſters? ſaid I. They ran away, ſaid they, becauſe when you came they ſaid you were a Devil, and brought an ominous light with you, and if they did but once ſee that with a full view, their Works would all vaniſh; they



they did therefore lay a few Charms, and ran away. Then I looked, and the ground under me was full of Croſſes and Circles, at which I laughed, and departed into another Room.

*Or Salts preparate in divers wiſe,*
*Neither with Corroſives, nor with Fire alone,*
*Neither with Vinegar, nor with Waters ardent,*
*Nor with the vapour of Lead, our Stone*
*Calcined is according to our intent.*
*All thoſe to Calcining which are ſo bent,*
*From this hard Science withdraw their hand,*
*Till they our Calcining better underſtand.*

AND there I found in the like ſort rare Furnaces, with this Inſcription, *Sal Metallorum eſt Lapis Philoſophorum:* many proceſſes I beheld, which would be tedious to relate. On I paſſed from thence, and in another Room I found large Furnaces, in which they were labouring about Waters fort; others were with ſtrong reverberations calcining Lead, Tin, Copper, Iron, and all Metals

and Minerals; others were drawing Spirit of Vinegar with a great care, till it became exquiſitely ſharp, and in this they laboured to calcine ſeveral Metalline bodies; others were rectifying Spirit of Wine, ſo long till no Body almoſt or Receiver could hold it, it was ſo ſubtile, and this they ſaid was the true Water of Life that muſt do the work; others were ſubliming of Lead, hoping after it was exquiſitely ſublimed, to have out of it that *Menſtruum* which ſhould effect the Stone, without any further laying on of hands. This when I had ſeen, I returned to my Furnace, and recruited my Fire as I was directed, and made a particular relation of what I had ſeen, and deſired the verdict of Nature upon them all. She told me, That they could never by this way expect any thing but loſs. I asked her if they might not with trying many things, at length hit the right. She told me, No, they had not any ground of truth, nor could they expect either the great ſecret, or any other particular profitable truth, in that way. Then ſaid I, Noble Lady, pray let me know



know the reaſon of their error, that I may know how to avoid the like.

*For by ſuch Calcination their bodies be ſhent,*
*Which miniſheth the moiſture of our Stone;*
*Therefore when bodies to powder are brent,*
*Dry as aſhes of Tree or Lone,*
*Of ſuch Calxes then will we none:*
*For moiſture we multiply radical,*
*In Calcining miniſhing none at all:*

THen ſaid ſhe, Beſides that they work not on the true Matter, they work not in a right way, which are two moſt deſperate errors; for our work is to make a ſubſtance fluid, penetrating and entring, that may have ingreſs into imperfect Metals: for which cauſe we do preſerve humidity, without which our Stone cannot be penetrative. So then inſtead of purifying the crude, and ripening what is raw by theſe Calcinations, the tender Soul is put to flight, and the crudities are the more ſtrongly vitrified, ſo that all hope of fruit is wholly by this means taken away: for take this for a rule, whatever either by violence of Fire,

or Corroſives, is turned into a dry Powder or Calx, it is wholly reprobate in our work: for though we Calcine, yet it is in ſuch a Fire in which our moiſture is not burnt, and in ſuch a Veſſel ſo cloſed that the Spirits are retained, and in a word ſo ſweet is our Regimen in reference to our Matter, that moiſture is advanced, and is made more unctuous, and by conſequent more ingreſſive.

(*tion,*

*And for a ſure ground of our true Calcina-*
*Work wittily only kind with kind,*
*For kind unto kind hath appetitive inclination.*

BUt all this is not enough to declare our Calcination, for Operation follows Preparation, and he that doth not before he begin to work, prepare his Matters, and ſet true Agent and Patient together, it is not his Regimen that can or will produce any thing. Therefore firſt you muſt know, that we joyn kind with kind in our work, for Nature is mended and retained with its own Nature: for this cauſe is our King wedded to the Water-



Water-bearers Daughter, of which Water-bearer I told you that his Body, his Pitcher, and the Water in it, are all one; and his Daughter was the Queen which aroſe out of the water, in which was ſeen a Lamp burning: Wonder not at it, that a Queen ſhould ſpring out of a Water-bearers loins, for the King is alſo his Son, and he is greater then both. For know, that in this place there is nothing ſo hard to get as Water, which cannot be brought but by him that hath the Keys of the whole Kingdom. Take this then for a great ſecret, our Water-bearer is Father to the King and Queen: the King being at perfect years, is at his own diſpoſe, and enjoys more Riches then his Father; but his Father hath the Key of a Cloſet, in which is Riches enough for all in the Kingdom, to make every Subject as rich as the King; but the diſpoſe of this wealth the King only is to have, yet can he not have it in his poſſeſſion till he marry his Siſter, which is in the water of the Pitcher inviſible. This his Siſter, is alſo his Mother and his Father, for it is one with the Water-bearer, the

Water and the Pitcher, as is ſaid. By reaſon of his Conſanguinity the King embraceth his Siſter very deſirouſly, and ſhe by his embraces appears as a Queen, and then the Water-bearer, and his Water and Pitcher vaniſh, and the King and Queen remain alone: at length both King and Queen are drowned, after the immoderate uſe of Venery, and violent ſweating, weeping and piſſing, which ſweat, tears and urine, do make one Sea, in which ſwim two Fiſhes without fleſh and bones, which after reſolve and make one Broth, which is called Water permanent.

*Who knoweth not this in knowledge is blind,*
*He may forth wander as miſt in the wind,*
*Wotting never with profit where to light,*
*Becauſe he underſtands not our words aright.*

THus though I have ſomewhat Metaphorically deciphered our true principles, yet ſo plainly as that you may with diligence underſtand the meaning; and unleſs you know this, you will proceed blind-fold in your work, not knowing



ing the cauſes of things, ſo that every puff of Sophiſters will toſs you, like as a Feather is toſſed in the Air with a blaſt of wind: for our Books are full of obſcurity, and Philoſophers write horrid Metaphors and Riddles to them who are not upon a ſure bottom, which like to a running Stream will carry them down head-long into deſpair and errors, which they can never eſcape till they ſo far underſtand our writings, as to diſcern the ſubject Matter of our ſecrets, which being known the reſt is not ſo hard.

*Joyn kind therefore with kind, as good reaſon is,*
*For every Burgeon anſwers his own ſeed,*
*Man getteth Man, a Beaſt a Beaſt I wis,*
*Further to treat of this it is no need.*
*But underſtand this point if you will ſpeed,*
*Each thing is firſt Calcin'd in his own kind,*
*This well conceiv'd, fruit therein ſhalt thou find.*

STep therefore not one ſtep further till you have learned this Leſſon, namely, to wed Conſanguinity with Conſanguinity,

guinity, and conſider well what it is you deſire to produce, and according to that let be your intention. Take the laſt thing in your Intention, for the firſt thing in your Principles: this is according to Nature, and it is the true ground of all Generation, for out of kind nothing doth engender; a Man begetteth a Man, and not a Lion, nor doth a Lion beget a Sheep, a Roſe doth not produce a Thorn, nor a Nettle a Gilliflower; and ſo, if need were, I could particularly demonſtrate it throughout all Vegetable, Animal, and Mineral Bodies, but it is ſo plain a thing that I need ſay no more, but leave it with you as the Foundation-ſtone on which you ſhall build whatever you intend. Attempt nothing out of its own nature and kind, leſt you reap a fancy inſtead of truth. Whatever you intend to increaſe by way of Multiplication, attempt it only in its own kind; and ſo in this work eſpecially, in which Calcination is the mingling of Seminal influence, which muſt be done in the ſame way of homogeneity. If you apprehend this in its cauſe aright, and know how



how to apply this doctrine in your operation as you ought, in this you will find great benefit, and a door hereby opened to the diſcovery of greater Myſteries.

*And we make Calx unctuous, black, white, and red.*

AND now the opportunity of this diſcourſe, leads me to handle our Magical Calxes, know that we do Calcine three times in our work, of which the general principle is, that our Calxes are not combuſt powders, but unctuous, for in them we innoble the *Sulphurs*, which are the Baſis of Radical Humidity, which *Raymund* calls Oyls and Unguents: So then our Calxes are one in kind, and do only differ in colour and maturity. Our firſt is black of the blackeſt, and is called *Saturn*; our ſecond white of the whiteſt, and is called *Luna*; our third is red of the reddeſt, and is called *Sol.*

Of

*Of three degrees or our Baſe be perſite.*

THeſe Calxes are the periods of ſo many Circulations, and have ſo many degrees allowed to each of them; our firſt Circulation confounds the Elements, our ſecond renews the Air, and the third exalts the Fire, and then is our Stone perfect.

*Flexible as Wax, elſe ſtand they in no ſtead.*

OUr Calxes thus graduated, are diſtinguiſhable from all the Calxes in the world; firſt, in that they are done without any laying on of hands: ſecondly, from their exquiſite ſubtilty of parts, (for they are finer then Atoms of the Sun) joyned with an eminent Humidity, by reaſon of which, to the aſtoniſhment of the beholders, they flow like unto melted Wax; the firſt in the Glaſs by continuance of heat, and ſo the ſecond as not being come to their period of perfection, and the ſecond and third upon a plate of hot Metal, or on a melted Metal, or on *Mercury*



*Mercury* heated ſo long till it is ready to fly.

*By right long proceſs, as Philoſophers do write,*
*A year we take or more for our reſpite:*
*For in leſs ſpace our Calxes will not be made,*
*Able to tyne with Tincture that will not fade.*

WHich laſt Calxes, as they are the period of Arts skill, and Natures power in this thing, ſo they are a conſiderable time in perfecting; the former in five months, *viz.* the white, and the red in nine months and a half, which is the true time, and a month we allow for the preparing of our Materials, and three months for Fermentations and Imbibitions, ſo that our whole Operation is above a year. For indeed it is not an ordinary thing that we expect, but a Fire-abiding Tincture, which is unfading and incorruptible, which cannot be expected in a ſhort time; yet verily the Induſtry of the Work-man may forward, or ſet back his Work, a month, two, or three, accor-

according to his more exquiſitely preparing of his Matters, and governing of his Fire, whoſe exact Regimen is for ſpeed, or retarding of the Work, almoſt all in all.

*And for thy proportion thou muſt beware,*
*For therein mayſt thou be beguil'd,*
*Therefore thy Work that thou not mar.*

AFter the knowledge of the true material Subject, and its Preparation, the next main thing to be underſtood is the myſtery of Proportion, which is a ſecret of no light concernment, for many erre therein. Thou ſhalt therefore underſtand, that our Proportion is two-fold, Internal and External; the Internal *pondus* is a Labyrinth in which all erre who know our Subject as many do, but not its Proportion. He who would effect any thing, muſt principally learn this which is ſet down in Golden words, in *Bernard Treviſan* his Treatiſe of the Chymical Miracle: *The Sulphur*, ſaith he, *which is in the Mercury, and predominates not, is the Fire alone which governs the whole Work; and*



*and he therefore that in theſe things would be a skilful Artiſt, let him know how much Fire is beyond other Elements in ſubtilty, and what a proportion of it will overcome all the reſt.* Theſe Golden words, worthy to be ingraven in Marble, are the true foundation of our *pondus*.

*With Mercury as much then ſo ſubtil'd,*
*One of the Sun, two of the Moon,*
*Till all together like pap be done.*

BUt there is an External proportion, which is as neceſſary as the other, or elſe the Work will either for lack, or exceſs of moiſture, be deſtroyed; and that is thus: Take thy Body which without any equivocation is moſt pure Gold, let it be exquiſitely purged, then filed or laminated, or calcined with *Mercury*, as is vulgarly known; of this take one part, and of our Water (which is without equivocation Argent-vive animated, which then we call our *Luna*) two parts, mix them together in an *Amalgama*, and grind them in a Mortar of Glaſs, or on a Marble, till they become very ſoft, and all

all the grettineſs of the Body be ſubtilized with the *Mercury*, that they may ſeem to be one pap or paſte, which we call Inceration.

*Then make the Mercury four to the Sun,*
*Two to the Moon as it ſhould be.*

NOw pluck up your attention, for my ſpeech will be difficult. When your Body to your *Mercury* in outward proportion is one to two, then muſt your *Mercury* in its inward proportion be juſt oppoſite, that is, four to two, elſe you ſhall never make Harmony that is good Muſick; for do not think it is all one, with one and the ſame proportioned *Mercury*, to put either one of the Body to two of the Water, or one to three, or two to three, or three to four; no verily, till you come to this, to meaſure your Lamp elibanically to your Furnace, you are yet in the dark for Practice, though you may be true in Theory. I almoſt tremble to ſpeak of this point, for it is the very wilde of all thoſe who ſtudy this Art, and cannot come to the end of their



their deſires for want of true information in this particular. Know then, that when thy *Mercury* is to *Sol* in external *pondus* two to one, it muſt be as I ſaid in reſpect of its own internal qualities, four to the *Sun* to two of the *Moon*; therefore, ſaith *Artephius*, that our Water is of kin to the *Sun* and to the *Moon*, but more to the *Sun* then to the *Moon*: Note this well, that is four to two, as *Ripley* hath it. This is indeed a great ſecret, which hath befooled many.

Now know that our Eagles duly prepared are accommodated to the *Sun* from three to ten, ſo that four to the *Sun* will be juſt ſeven; and thy *Mercury* thus proportioned, let it be two of the *Moon* to one of its Body. Know alſo, that our Water is not called the *Moon*, but in, or in reference to conjunction, and ſo let the *Moon* be two. In reference to its one Conſtitution, it is called *Mercury*, (for ſo it ought to be in that form and flux) and ſo it ought to be four to the *Sun*, that is ſeven Eagles, which are to the *Sun* not before three, to which adding four, you make ſeven.

*And thus thy Work muſt be begun,*
*In figure of the Trinity,*
*Three of the Body, and of the Spirit three;*
*And for the unity of the ſubſtance ſpiritual,*
*One more then of the ſubſtance corporal.*

AND thus thy Work is brought to the true Touch-ſtone, and that is Trinity in Unity; for in this *pondus* of your *Mercury* you have a potential Body, which is one part of three of the *Mercury*, which may by Art be made appear. This potential Body is to be reckoned to your actual Body, and that makes with it two, and ſo *in potentia* you have two of the Body to one of the Spirit, which is three to three, and one to one. And this potential Body is at firſt ſpiritual and volatile, (*in manifeſto*) for unity ſake, without which could be no unity. Thus then a potential Body, but an actual Spirit, is joyned with an actual Body, by which means the actual Body, when it is actually diſſolved and made no Body, but a Spirit or Spiritual Body, then this potential Spiritual Body (which was in the Water before)



before) receives this potentialized Body, and both unite and congeal together, and is endowed with a double nature and virtue, that is, Spiritual and Corporal, Heavenly and Earthly. And thus is made an union, of which the proportion of the Water in its firſt preparation, and its due mixing with its Body, was the moving cauſe, really though hidden only enforcing the Compound by the neceſſity of its end, which it could not have done had it not been ſo proportioned.

*By* Raymunds *Repertory this is true*
*Proportion, there who liſt to look;*
*The ſame my Doctor to me did ſhew.*

THIS is the true meaning of our proportions, both according to the myſtery of Internal and External *pondus*; this is that which Authors have ſo much concealed, both *Raymund*, *Arnold*, *Albert*, and all who ever have wrote of it: I have broke the Ice firſt in plain diſcovering the myſtery.

Yet for all this, you ſtand in need either of a Maſter, or of more then ordi-

nary pains, accompanied with the bleſſing of God, elſe never look to find out this myſtery, which though by me revealed more plainly then any, yet it will and muſt remain ſecret even till the fulneſs of time.

*But three of the Spirit* Bacon *took*
*To one of the Body: For which I awoke*
*Many a night ere I it wiſt.*
*And both be true, take which you liſt.*

THere is another External proportion, which is three of the Spirit to one of the Body, according to the working of Noble *Bacon*, and many others; which though it ſeem little to differ from the former, yet there is a wide difference: I know them both, but ſhall not ſet down the grounds of the other; if you underſtand the former, the rule of it may guide you in the latter; for there is an infallible rule of proportion, how the External and Internal ought to concur, to make a ſweet Harmony: only let me this aſſure you out of *Norton*, *That if thy Body have plenty of drink, Then muſt thou wake when*



*when thou deſir'ſt to wink*; it will coſt thee more aſſiduity of boiling for to dry up three parts, then two parts of Water; and there muſt be neceſſarily a diverſity of Internal *pondus*, for the Water being of one and the ſame Internal heat, and the External fire being the ſame, the difference of decoction between two parts and three will be half in half almoſt until blackneſs, though after blackneſs there is one and the ſame time to both. Yet either of theſe proportions are true, only you muſt be ſure to qualifie your *Mercury* in heat, and your Regimen of your Furnace accordingly as you work with one or other of theſe proportions, or elſe your firſt token of the Crows head will come wonderful ſlowly.

*If the Water alſo be equal in proportion*
*To the Earth with heat in due meaſure,*
*Of them will ſpring a new Burgeon,*
*Both white and red in a Tincture pure,*
*Which in the Fire ſhall ever endure.*
*Kill thou the quick, the dead revive;*
*Make Trinity Unity without any ſtrive.*
*This is the ſureſt and beſt proportion,*

*For there is least of the part spiritual;*
*The better therefore shall be solution,*
*Then if thou didst it with Water small,*
*Thine Earth over-glutting which loseth all.*
*Take heed therefore to Potters Loam,*
*And make thou never too nesh thy Womb.*
*That Loam behold how it temper'd is,*
*The mean also by which it is Calcinate,*
*And ever in mind look thou bear this,*
*That never thine Earth with Water be suffocate.*

ALso if your Water have its proportion qualified accordingly, you may temper it with your Earth almost in an equal quality, that is, two to three, or three to four; but be sure then of your due government of external Fire, and a just size of your Vessel, and so you may expect from this mixture Conception and Generation: for in this *pondus* you shall find the death of the Spirit, and the quickning of the Body, and the exalting of your Tincture first into white, and after that into red, which will have ingress into Bodies, and tyne them permanently and radically. Though the Tincture is largest



largest where the Water is most, but the work is speediest where the Water is least, the Fire is also less hazardable; but your true proportion of your *Mercury* for such a *pondus* is hard to be found, and thou wilt not easily find it unless thou be very skilful; the middle proportion is less difficult, that of three to one is worse, for a *Tyro*, because he may very easily have his time made tedious by it. The last would be better for such a one, if it were not so hard to apprehend, for the Body would soon be made no Body, and the Spirit mortified, and so Union would follow in a short time, in comparison to other proportions. So then if thou knowest how to prepare thy *Mercury* aright for its Internal proportion, the lesser thou puttest of the Spirit, the better and quicker shall be thy Calcination and Dissolution; and the more thou givest of the Water, the longer thou shalt be in attaining the mastery: but if thou glut thy Earth with Water, thou wilt so suffocate the active virtue, that thy moisture will not be dried up; at least it would require so tedious a decoction, that thou

wouldeſt never ſee the effect. But the mediocrity is for thee the beſt, at leaſt at firſt; be not too coveteus, nor too prodigal, for over-drineſs and over-moiſture are both enemies to Generation, and make a barren Womb. If thou beſt witty to apprehend therefore, I ſhall ſhew you the certain way of External proportion; for know, that as the Water is qualified internally, ſo doth it act externally, and if thou canſt apprehend the ſympathy that is between the inward quality, and the outward effect, thou mayſt eaſily diſcern by what is apparent to ſight, that which is hiddenly contained. Then for your true information take this rule: Let your Body be very well ſubtilized, and very pure, (which is a great matter, at the leaſt 24 Carrats) mix this at firſt with twice as much of its Water, and grind it either on a clean Glaſs, or Marble Mortar; grind it thorowly, as Painters uſe to grind their Colours, and make not a light matter of this, for lack of one half hour or hours pains in thy Amalgamation, thou mayſt ſet thy work backward 20 or 30 days; for the more ſubtlely



ſubtlely the *Amalgama* is mixed, the more eaſily and ſpeedily it reſolves into *Mercury*, and is wrought upon, and the ſigns appear. When thou haſt ſoundly and well ground it, and waſhed it very clean, and dried it very thorowly, ſo that there be not the leaſt moiſture in it, obſerve the temper; if it be plyable like to Paſte, yet ſo as when you incline it this way or that, you ſee no Water run to the inclining ſide, which you may eaſily diſcern, it is a good & ſure temper; but if it be ſo hard and dry, that it will not ſpread eaſily, it lacks moiſture; or if that Hydropical water run as it were within a skin, to the declining ſide of your *Amalgama*, add more of your Body to it, till you ſee that ſign no more; and grind it thorowly, as is ſaid, and rather chuſe to lean to the other hand, then to this, for there is nothing more irkſome to an Artiſt in his Scholarſhip, then to wait for his ſigns beyond the time.

*Dry*

*Dry up thy moiſture with heat moſt temperate.*
*Help Diſſolution with moiſture of the Moon,*
*And Congelation with the Sun, then haſt thou done.*

WHen thou haſt done this, then be ſure to decoct it in a very gentle Fire till it be dry, not by exhaling the Water, but by coagulating it with the Body, in which thy main care muſt be, that thy Veſſel be cloſe, and thy Fire gentle: Now the way to diſtinguiſh a gentle from a violent Fire, is a thing deeply concealed by the envious, I ſhall preſcribe ſome few rules.

1. Know that it is the internal Fire of the *Sulphur* of thy Water, which doth perform the whole work.

2. That the external Fire is but an outward circumſtance, which yet is ſo abſolutely neceſſary, that nothing can be effected without it.

3. The Regimen of the Fire is one Linear decoction, from the beginning to the end of the Work, boiling the thick, and ſubliming the thin, and ſo diſſevering both (*ſuaviter & cum ingenio*) according to old *Hermes*.



4. All our Maſtery conſiſts in Vapour, which cannot be done without Sublimation and Diſtillation; for if our Spirit aſcended not in a living form, it would all aſcend and hang; but aſcending quick, it returns again and moiſtens the Body.

5. Our Diſtillation or Circulation, is not without a conſtant motion of Separation; for as the ſubtle is ſeparated from the groſs by Sublimation, ſo the thick of that which is below is ſevered from the thin, which is by continual boiling and decocting, without a moments intermiſſion: Therefore, ſaith *Hermes*, thou ſhalt ſever the ſubtle from the groſs, and the thick from the thin.

6. Our tender Spirit learns every day more and more to ſuffer Fire; and therefore, ſaith *Arnold*, boil it with a Fire daily increaſing: yet is it but one degree of Fire, and that is boiling, till the Womans Empire is vanquiſhed; and then there is another degree, and that is roaſting,

ing, which hath two periods, Fixation and Calcination: therefore ſay Philoſophers in the beginning, *Coque*, that is, Boil, for as much as the Stone is moiſt; and at the end they ſay, *Aſſa*, that is, Roaſt, for then the Stone is dry.

7. The periods of the ſtrength of the Fire are in this time many: every day if thou canſt, augment a little, that it may increaſe inſenſibly, and you will find the effect the more ſweetly and ſpeedily.

8. The Philoſophers in their deſcription of the Fire, and its degrees, did more obſerve their matter and its capacity, then the Fire it ſelf.

9. They chiefly liken their Work to Man's Generation, and ſo they call their Compound, Man: therefore ſaith *Ripley*, remember Man is the moſt Noble Creature

10. This is the true meaning of *Arnold's* four degrees of Fire, *Primus formetur ut ſenſus ei dominetur*; that is, the Stone being compared to Man, and its firſt moiſt Regimen to a Bath; the firſt degree makes it ſwear gently, as a Bath to a Man, which is leſs hot then he can ſuffer,



ſuffer, doth cauſe a gentle ſweat. *Senſibus æquato gaudet natura ſecundo*, is the ſecond degree, in which ſweat is exceedingly cauſed, as a Bath which is as hot as a man can poſſibly ſuffer, cauſes a moſt violent ſweat. *Tertius excedit & cum tolerantia lædit*, is the third degree, which cauſeth bubbling and ſwelling, and anſwers to that heat which will bliſter a mans hand; for our Compound in this heat riſeth in bliſters, which fall and riſe continually. *Deſtructor ſenſus gaudet procedere quartus*, is the fourth heat of Congelation, which takes away ſenſe, that is, quickneſs, and brings in ſiccity, juſt as the cauterizing heat ſears the fleſh, and drys the moiſture. Thus hiddenly did that ſubtle Sophiſter veil his Fires.

11. Know that after 40 or 46 days continually boiling, the moiſture will begin to waſte, and the Compound will begin to dry; which thou ſhalt know, in that the boiling will begin to turn to a ſwelling, like to Puff-paſte or Leavened-dough.

12. Know that in 36 days thou mayſt have thy moiſture begin to congeal, if thou

thou be exact in thy Fire, and Proportions both inward and outward.

13. Know that thy Glaſs muſt be thick, and very ſtrong, and no leſs ſtrongly cloſed, leſt it break with thoſe winds which the firſt decoction will raiſe in thy Veſſel.

14. Let its neck be ſomewhat long, and faſtned, that the motion which is in the Glaſs may not cauſe it (by reaſon of the length and thickneſs of the neck, and the Sublimation that is ſtill in it, in drops which make it heavy) to ſway the little Body one way or other; for if it incline, the Matter will be apt to grow to the inclining ſide, which ſhould be avoided.

15. Let the neck be conſiderably cooler then the other part, that thy Vapours may condenſe in it, which elſe will burſt the Glaſs violently; ſo mayſt thou give thy Fire more ſtrong then otherwiſe, and let thy neck be guarded from unneceſſary heats and colds, which therefore would have holes at the top of the Cover, which may ſhut over every Glaſs, and let out a part of the neck, which would



would be very advantageous both for the faſtning of the Glaſs, and condenſing of Vapours.

16. This boiling will begin in the firſt three days, and if you be a good Work-man, in the firſt 24 hours; and from its firſt ebullition your time is to be reckoned.

17. When you ſee the Water thicken in its boiling, there is leſs danger of the Fire.

18. If your Fire go out, your Stone dies.

19. Every intermiſſion of your Fire, is a waſting both of its ſtrength and virtue; and beſides the moſt tedious protraction of time, it makes the Stone ſubject to many Sickneſſes, which would require a moſt ſubtle Philoſopher to amend, and it lays your Stone in danger of having a return of the Crows Pullets to their neſt, after they are fled, which is an ominous ſign.

20. Your Gold is not totally loſt before blackneſs perfect; yet it may be ſo metamorphoſed, as to puzzle the beſt Mechanick to reduce it, and then it is never

never ſo full of Spirit as it was before.

21. Yet ſome of it will be loſt in a ſhort decoction, and moſt of it in thirty days. In a Fire then governed according to theſe Rules, dry up thy moiſture: and that thou mayſt dry up the moiſture of thy Water, thou muſt diſſolve the Compages of thy Body, ſo then thy Water diſſolves thy Body, and thy diſſolved Body re-congeals it ſelf by a further decoction, and with it ſelf congeals the Water, which in diſſolution was ſo united as to make one with it.

*Four Natures into a fifth ſo ſhalt thou turn,*
*Which is a Nature moſt perfect and temperate.*

THus ſhalt thou turn thy four qualities in which were repugnancy, into a fifth which is temperate; that is, thou ſhalt in this drineſs of Calcination, reconcile the *Mercury* with its qualities of cold and moiſture, to *Sulphur* with its qualities of heat and drineſs, ſo ſhall thy Elements remain at the bottom, and thy Exhalations ſhall ceaſe, and the moiſture being



being daily terminated into drineſs, by the ferment of the Body, as Milk by Runnit is terminated into Cheeſe, thou ſhalt have a middle product, partaking of the complexion of either Parent.

*But hard it is with thy bare foot to ſpurn*
*Againſt a bar of Iron, or Steel new acuate;*
*For many ſo do which be infatuate,*
*When they ſuch high things take in hand,*
*Which they in no wiſe underſtand.*

THus we have plainly and faithfully done our duty, and by a Line as it were have diſſevered the Truth from Falſhood; yet we know, that in the World our Writings ſhall prove as a curious edged Knife; to ſome they ſhall carve out Dainties, and to others it ſhall ſerve only to cut their Fingers: yet we are not to be blamed; for we do ſeriouſly profeſs to any that ſhall attempt this Work, that he attempts the higheſt piece of Philoſophy that is in Nature; and though we write in *Engliſh*, yet our Matter will be as hard as *Greek* to ſome, who will think they underſtand us well,



TIDES

MUD
thick and
ſubſtance

when they miſconſtrue our meaning moſt perverſly: For is it imaginable that they who are fools in Nature, ſhould be wiſe in our Books, which are teſtimonies unto Nature?

*In Eggs, in Vitriol, or in Blood,*
*What Riches ween they there to find?*
*If they Philoſophy underſtood,*
*They would not be in working ſo blind,*
*Gold and Silver to ſeek out of its kind:*
*For like as Fire of burning principle is,*
*So the principle of gilding is Gold I wis.*
*If thou therefore intend for to make*
*Gold or Silver by craft of our Philoſophy,*
*Thereto neither Eggs nor Blood thou take,*
*But Gold and Silver, which naturally*
*Calcined wiſely, and not manually,*
*A new Generation will forth bring,*
*Increaſing its kind as doth every other thing.*

SOme I know will ſerve my Book as they have ſerved others, out of it they will read their own fantaſtick proceſſes, which I never dreamt of, nor yet are they in Nature; and whatever I write moſt plainly, they will Allegorize, and ſay it is true,



true, for matter of Operation he wrought well, but withall very enviouſly and myſteriouſly: he calls the matter *Gold*, and *Mercury*, but that is but alluſively; but he meant Egg-ſhels calcined, or Vitriol, or Mans Blood, or Dew, or Rain-water, or [illegible], or [illegible] or Tartar, or this or that thing, according to their ſordid fancy, and ſo they will proceed, nothing unſettled in their fancies by what I have candidly written. Groſs Sots, thus to think that I in what I without any equivocation call *Gold* and *Mercury*, they ſhould make to allude to ſuch trifles: it is the ſign of an Owl to be blinder, by how much the Sun ſhines clearer; let me therefore to ſatisfie the Ingenious, profeſs and proteſt, that without any Alluſion or Figure in ſpeaking, our Matter is *Gold*, even the pureſt that is ſold, or can be bought; this is our Maſculine Sperm. And our other principle is *Mercury*, like to that which is commonly ſold, in form, in flux and colour, only it is brighter, and ſomewhat more ponderous; and without any Metaphor we call it *Argent vive*. In the making of this *Mercury* is all our

ſecret, and in the Regimen of the Fire according to its capacity, conſiſts the whole Maſtery. O fools and blind! think you to gather Grapes of Thorns, or Figs of Thiſtles? wherefore do you thus waſte your Goods, proceeding in your Work, as an Aſs to his Crib, never conſidering the nature of the thing you go about? If Gold and Silver be your intention to produce, in what would you find them? in Eggs, or Blood, in Salts, or ſuch things? what a madneſs is this? to what end think you theſe operations will tend? what conformity is there between what you ſeek, and that which you take in hand? do you not conſider the difference of impoſition between thoſe Subjects, and Metals? how do you think that they ſhould give weight to imperfect Bodies, when as they themſelves are far more light themſelves? how can you expect from them a ſpecifick perfect Metalline Tincture, which have not any thing Metalline in them? You ſee not your own madneſs. It is no light matter to cauſe a Body, which perhaps is 10 or 12 parts at the leaſt in 16 defective of the dimenſions of Gold,



Gold, to penetrate its own dimenſions ſo many times, to anſwer your fond deſires. This which you attempt is to force Nature, and to create Sperms, both which are vain to undertake, and truly impoſſible. Leave then this Sophiſtry, and imbrace true Light. To create Sperms is Gods alone property, and every thing hath its own Sperm, as it hath its own Form: there is nothing that hath a ſeminal virtue applicable to two things, every thing hath its own Seed, and according to its own Form. Gold therefore and Silver being thine intention, let the ſame be thy ſubject to work upon; Gold is thy firſt Baſis, for thy white muſt firſt come out of thy red, and when thy white Stone is perfect, then mayſt thou uſe *Luna* vulgar. Now Gold muſt have its hidden Seed extracted, and that is done by *Mercury* in Calcination, for that operation is the Mineral Copulation, in which the Seeds are ſent forth and mingled together, then ſhall the old Body die, and a new Body ſhall riſe again, endowed with a multiplicative virtue, according to the nature of all things; for

it ſavours rankly of abſurdity and ignorance, to allow all things almoſt a multiplicative power, and to deny it to Gold, the moſt perfect of all ſublunary things.

*And if it true were that proſit might be,*
*In things which are not Metalline.*

BUt ſome will ſay, How will you anſwer the Philoſophers, who affirm that their Stone is in all things, though in ſome things nearer, and in ſome things at greater diſtance, yet in all things according to the rule of (*propinquius & remotius*?) To ſuch I anſwer, I grant and know that all things originally owe all their principle material unto Water, and their formal unto Light; and according to the congreſs of theſe two principles, through the command of the Architect, this Light doth illuminate the material Water in a ſingular way, according to the Ideal ſpecies which were before in the Archetype: So then the Matter reſides in Water, the Informing in Light, and the determination of the Form, which is as I may ſay the Form's formality, is in the will of the Creator,



Creator, firſt impreſſed or ſealed in the word (*fiat,*) and ratified in his command (*producat unumquodque juxta ſpeciem ſuam.*) Now to apply this to our preſent purpoſe, in Water and Light all things agree, in the determination of Illumination they differ. This determinative ſentence of the Almighty, ſealed a great variety in the products of the Matter and Form, which are in themſelves general, and being thus ſealed, not any thing can paſs from its kind to mix with another kind, but it will cauſe a product partaking of either Parent, nor can mixture be made but in the ſame *genus* or *ſpecies*; as an Apple may be graffed on a Crab-tree, a Man may (though abominably) mix with a Beaſt, (*licentia naturali*) but out of *genus* or *ſpecies* nothing can mix. There are alſo many particular exceptions of things in one *genus*, for many Trees I know which the Art of man cannot ingraff one in another, ſo as to grow, will yet grow well ingraffed elſewhere; ſo a Dog and a Mouſe cannot mix, being one ſo diſproportionable to another. But this by the by.

To return to our intention, we ſay, that as all things are by the will and power of God ſpecificated, ſo with the deſtruction of that *ſpecies*, the Form (as to that individual) perithing, (for no intire *ſpecies* can periſh) things may both by Nature and Art return to their firſt ſtable principle material, which is Water, of which Nature, if it found it in a convenient place, might (impregnating it with a Metalline Seed) produce a Metalline Sperm, or viſcoſity, which then might be a Metal by decoction, and yield unto our work a profitable ſubject.

*As in Blood, Eggs, Hair, Urine, or Wine,*
*Or in mean Minerals digg'd out of the Mine;*
*Yet muſt that Element be firſt purified and ſeparate,*
*And with Elements of perfect Bodies be deſponſate.*

SO then if thou canſt (as by the Liquor *Alcahеſt* thou mayſt) reduce a Body (be it what it will, whether Eggs, or Hair, or Urine, or a Spirit ardent, or any mean Mineral which is not of a Metalline impoſition)



ſition) to Water, and after knoweſt how to impregnate that Water with a ſpecificated, ſeminal, influential Light, ſo that that Water may penetrate its dimenſions at the leaſt 15 times, and become a Mineral, Mercurial Juice; thou mayſt then expect as much profit from that *Mercury*, as from the beſt *Mercury* that is ſold in the Apothecaries ſhops, and no more; for thou mayſt ſo purifie it, and ſeparate its faeces and crudities, as that it may become fit to joyn with thy perfect Bodies: but I doubt this way will be ſo hard, (try it when thou wilt, I fear the firſt will puzzle thee all thy life long, to turn all Bodies into Water, and the next would puzzle all the Devils in Hell, to bring this Water to a Metallick ſeminal viſcoſity) that thou hadſt better leave muſing on theſe Impoſſibilities, and take my counſel, that is, ſeek it there where Nature hath put it.

*But*

*But firſt of thine Elements make thou Rotation,*
*And into Water thine Earth turn firſt of all,*
*Then of thy Water make Air by levigation,*
*And Air make Fire; then Maſter I will thee call*
*Of all our Secrets great and ſmall:*
*The wheel of Elements then haſt thou turn'd about,*
*Truly conceiving our Writings without doubt.*

TAke of thy clean *Mercury*, which is animated according to what I have faithfully taught in my little Latine* Treatiſe, and mix it with thy Body, as there I told you, without ambiguity; put it in a Glaſs, as I there adviſed, and govern it with a Fire, as I in that Treatiſe ordered, and thou ſhalt ſee thy Elements circulate; firſt thou ſhalt have thy Gold diſſolved, which thou ſhalt know by thy firſt ſign, which is a whiteneſs which will ariſe like a skin in boiling upon the Water. This Water will be made aërial, by ſubliming in a continual Vapour; for by conſtant and continual Sublimation, our Stone

* *Introitus apertus.*



Stone is inſpired, and takes life in the Air, and lives, and ſhews the actions of life, and a living Water or Dew ſhall from the top of the Glaſs deſcend upon the lower grounds, and make them fructifie; then ſhall the Central Fire, which was hidden in the Earth, and is now in the Water, come forth and aſcend with the Water, and in the form of Air and Vapour, ſhall beautifie thy Veſſel with changable colours, Citrine, pale, blewiſh and blackiſh: This is the Fire of Radical *Sulphur*, which when it is once ſtirred up, is like unto the Fiery Dragon, and *Ignis Infernalis*; by this thou mayſt know that the Heaven and the Earth, the Form and the Matter, the Male and the Female are now beginning Conjunction: when thou ſeeſt this ſign, rejoyce, for know that now thy Bodies are made in greateſt part no Bodies; and this if thou doſt work well, will be in 30 or 36 days.

*This*

*This done, go backwards turning thy wheel again,*
*And into Water turn thy Fire anon,*
*Air into Earth, elſe laboureſt thou in vain.*

NOw know, that all our three Circulations are ſo called not without great reaſon, for ſo indeed they go on as a Wheel; put a Nail in a Wheel, and turn it, and you ſhall ſee the Nail will with one half of your turning aſcend, and the other half deſcend: And then that Circulation is compleat, and you then muſt go on to another Circulation.

Theſe our Circulations are Solution and Congelation, Volatization and Fixation, opening and ſhutting; when once thou haſt brought thy Body to the height of Subtiliation, that the Spirit by decoction can bring it to, then the Spirit hath done its work, and ceaſeth then to be active; then begins the diſſolved Body to work after its kind, and then the Spirit is paſſive, and the Body active; thus paſſive Natures are made active, and active paſſive, which is the Key of our Ma-



Maſtery. Firſt then, advance the Spirit above the Body, till the Fire be diſcovered, which is in a yellow colour; then advance the Body over the Spirit, till the Earth again appear, which is in a colour blacker than Pitch; which firſt will begin with blewneſs, and this will decline daily more and more unto blackneſs. This yellow colour remember that it comes with a moiſture of the Compound, otherwiſe what you do is all in vain: turn it then into Water, that is, let this yellowneſs appear *in humido*, till by oppoſition from the terrene qualities there be engendred a blewneſs, then continue this decoction till all be intirely black, for in groſs moiſture heat working, engenders blackneſs, with ſuch like groſs colours.

*For ſo to temperament is brought our Stone,*
*And Natures contractions four, are made one;*
*After they have three times been circulate,*
*Alſo thy Baſe perfectly conſummate.*

THy Air then muſt be thickned with the Body, which is terrene and groſs, being

being not yet putrified, and by this means the Fire and the Air, and the Earth and Water will accord; for Air will agree with Water, and Earth with Fire: The Air being then tempered with Earth, doth by this reconcile the Water and the Fire. Thus our firſt decoction confounds the Elements, and thus our Stone which was of ſevered qualities, is brought to a temperateneſs. Thus by a natural Circulation, the Quadrangle is made a Circle, and four qualities make a fifth, which is a Neuter from the four, and yet partakes of all. This firſt Conjunction natural, which is made in the Glaſs without laying on of hands, which we call Triptative, is the ground of the laſt Tetraptive Conjunction, which is made in the turning round of the three Wheels, which doth perfect the Stone.

*Thus under the moiſture of the Moon.*

GOvern then thy Bath firſt with a moiſt Fire, until the Body be made no Body, but a flying Spirit; this is the time of the Womans reign, and it is attributed to



to the *Moon*: for our Gold till it be diſſolved, all the work depends only upon the active virtue of the Water, which cauſeth the ſlow appearance of our ſigns.

*And under the temperate heat of the Sun,*
*Thy Elements ſhall be incinerate ſoon,*
*And then haſt thou the Maſtery won.*
*Thank God thy Work was ſo begun:*
*For then haſt thou one token true,*
*Which firſt in blackneſs to thee will ſhew.*

WHen thou haſt by thy firſt Waters Pontick virtue and firineſs, ſo far diſſolved thy Body as to ſet at liberty its internal *Sulphur*, then thy Operations will be ſpeedy; for the *Sulphur* of the Water, together with the natural *Sulphur* of thy Gold, by mixture will make an unnatural Fire, which will then burn like to the Fire of Hell, firſt making a total end of that diſſolution which was but in part made by the Water, and after that drying up and congealing its own moiſture, and the moiſture of the Water, uniting the *Sulphur* of the *Sun* and the *Sulphur* of the Water, and the *Mercury* of the *Sun* and

and the *Mercury* of the Water, and the united *Sulphur* prevailing over the united Humidity, rotting it into powder as ſmall as Atoms, black of the blackeſt black, thou ſhalt then ſee a total mixture of Seeds, and death of thy Compound. This rotting will begin about the 42, 46 or 50th day; and the ſigns of it are, the Fumes will not aſcend, but the Matter will boil at the bottom of the Glaſs, like to melted Pitch, boiling and bubbling, ſwelling and puffing in a black colour, every day blacker and blacker, ſhewing changable rotting colours in its boiling. This will continue till it be ſo thick, that it boil not, but grow hard and ſwell; yet it will vary often, and appear ſometimes as though dry, and ſometimes a little moiſture will appear, with freſh bubbling, but no Fumes. And this will laſt about 46 days, no Fumes riſing at all, ſo that about the 84th or 90th day, after thy Matters begin to be boiled in a continual decoction, Putrefaction will be compleat, and then Sublimation or Circulation will begin again, which in 46 or 50 days will end in a white Dove.

This



This firſt token of blackneſs proclaims thee a Maſter, after which thou canſt not well miſs, unleſs thou wilt. This is the aſtoniſhment of Art, to make Gold volatile, which was ſo fixed: be patient then, and boyl continually till your Gold begin to diſſolve, and come upon the Water like a Cream. Then continue your decoction till the colour begin to change into an imperfect Citrine, with moiſture, and ſend up yellowiſh vapours. This Citrine will ſoon be mixed with a blewiſh black, and yet continue the decoction till the Clouds begin to riſe, and a dark miſt: then continue your boyling, till breath fail, that is, the Clouds and Fumes ariſe no more; then the Compound boyl at the bottom without Fumes, and will ſhew dark, obſcure, reddiſh, yellowiſh, blewiſh, gray and blackiſh colours; then continue your decoction till the Body and whole Compound begin to rot into Atoms, which the 50th day will give you a Harbinger or fore-runner of, with Pitchy blackneſs; then know that all is thorowly mingled together, and will never ceaſe till the damned Earth come, the

Earth of Leaves, which is a duſt impalpable.

*The Head of the Crow that token call we,*
*And ſome do call it the Crows Bill,*
*Some call it the Aſhes of* Hermes *Tree;*
*And thus they name it after their will,*
*Our Toad of the Earth which eateth his fill.*
*Some call it by what it is mortificate,*
*Our Spirit with Venom intoxicate.*
*Yet it hath names I ſay to thee infinite;*
*For after each thing that blackneſs is to ſight*
*Named it is, till time it waxeth white;*
*Then hath it names of more delight,*
*After all things that been full white.*
*And the red likewiſe after the ſame,*
*After all red things doth take the name,*
*At the firſt Gate,* &c.

THis token then is called the Crow, the Crows Head, and the Crows Bill, for it is a ſhining blackneſs, like unto Printers Ink, or a ſolid Coal new broken, or the moſt black and compacted broken Pitch.

Others name it the Aſhes of *Hermes* Tree, for it is Aſhes out of which grows a



a Tree afterwards, beautiful and glorious with Sprigs and Branches, and changable colours.

And indeed this liberty the Philoſophers have taken, to call it what they liſt: they call it their Toad which crawleth on the ground, and feedeth upon the ſlime of the Earth; becauſe before it is quite black, it may reſemble the colours of a Toad, and its likeneſs, puffing and ſwelling, and rugged with bunches and bliſters, and knobs.

Others call it a Spirit killed with its own deadly poiſon, that is, *Mercury* diſſolving Gold, in which diſſolved Body (which then ſeems a Spirit) there is a hidden ferment, which may recongeal the ſame: this fermental virtue it is that doth coagulate or thicken the Water, that to the wonder of the Beholders what before was thinner and thinner, doth after 40 days thicken, till it come to a duſt or powder like to impalpable Atoms.

But I ſhall not inſiſt upon theſe denominations, there being ſo many given to it by the Envious, that there is nothing almoſt in the World that is black, or may

be made black by the Fire, but they have named it by it. Alſo whatever is filthy or fæculent, or unſavoury either to taſte or ſmell, they have Alluſively called their Stone by, in reference to its firſt putridneſs or corruption. So likewiſe when by continuance of decoction the colour changeth to white, they then call it their Swan, their Dove, their white Stone of Paradiſe, their white Gold, their Alablaſter, their white Smoak, and in a word whatever is white they do call it by. And ſo the Red they name their Vermilion, their red Lead, their Poppy of the Rock, their Tyre, their Baſilisk, their red Lion, and in ſum it borrows the names of all red things.

Now thou art entred the firſt five Gates of the Philoſophers Caſtle; for do not believe but that Calcination is verily Putrefaction, and is done by Diſſolution, Separation and Conjunction, as if thou haſt attended this diſcourſe thou mayſt eaſily conceive: only here is the Sophiſm, after this total Calcination, there is a relenting again; for as I ſaid before, our Operation is but turning as it were of a Wheel,



Wheel, which runs one half of its circulation directly backwards to its firſt progreſs. Thou ſublimeſt ſo long, till the Body is made as volatile as it may be, this is the activity of the Spirit; then thou congealeſt ſo long, till all appear like Atoms, and then is thy bodily virtue active, and thy Spirit paſſive; then thy Spirit begins to be active again, and thy Compound which was apparently fixed, relents again and diſtils as before, till it come to its height again of volatility, which is again a Separation; then is celebrated again a Conjunction Tetraptive, and from that time all aſcends and deſcends together, and there is ſuch an union, that there doth not then (as at firſt) exhale a quick Fume, and deſcend upon the bodily Moles, but all aſcends like to a glorious Tree with branches, and is not ſublimed to the top, but ſprouts up like the tender Froſt in a fair morning, which falls and riſes till all become a Powder impalpable. So then after Calcination is again a Solution, and that divides between *Azoth* and *Laton*, and a diſtilling Separation in which *Azoth* waſh-

*Laton*; and after that a Conjunction, not of the four Elemental qualities only, which was in the firſt Conjunction, but of the Elements themſelves, the Body, Soul and Spirit; and then is made another Calcination into a white Calx, which by continual decoction relents again, and is made volatile again: for our Wheel goes round, and when it is come thither whence it ſet forth, it begins again. Thus is made a third Solution, Sublimation and Calcination into a red *Elixir*, which is the Sabboth of Nature and Art; at which being arrived, there is no farther progreſs without a new Marriage, either by Ferment or otherwiſe, according to the rule of Nature and Art: ſo that indeed all our work is three Rotations, and every Rotation hath three Members, Solution, Sublimation, and Calcination. The firſt Solution, is called Inceration, and Reduction or Liquefaction, the ſecond properly Solution, the third Inceration. The firſt Sublimation is called Diſtillation, Aſcenſion and Deſcenſion, the ſecond Separation and Ablution, the third Exaltation and Sublimation. The firſt



firſt Calcination is called Calcination and Conjunction Triptative, Putrefaction, *&c.* The ſecond Congelation, Albification and Fixation, the Third Illumination, *&c.* only remember, thou in thy firſt Calcination attaineſt compleat Putrefaction, in the ſecond the compleat white *Elixir*, and in the third the compleat Red. This I premiſe to undeceive thee, that thou mayſt not think to have a Calcination firſt, a Diſſolution next, a Separation thirdly, a Conjunction fourthly, a Putrefaction fifthly, *&c.* No verily, when thou firſt putteſt thy Matters into the Veſſel, in the firſt day of thy Operation, thou giveſt a Fire in which thy Compound boileth, ſwelleth, and puffeth viſibly, and drops run down in veins off from the Convex of thy Glaſs; for in this *Mercury* thy Gold will, beyond the nature of any other *Mercury*, flow in the Fire as if the whole was *Mercury*, and boyl viſibly, which muſt never ceaſe, not a moment, for it brings imminent damage. In the firſt days of your boyling, which is accompanied with a conſtant aſcending and return of Fumes, your Compound

grows more and more liquid, now and then a skin appearing in the form of a diſtinguiſhable, though not very obſervable, whiteneſs. At length a yellowiſh colour will appear, leſs at firſt, and more afterwards diſtinguiſhable, both in the boyling Compound below, and in the Fumes above; and when thou ſeeſt thy Glaſs as if it were all over gilded, where the Fumes aſcend with a blewneſs, then know that thy Man and Wife do mix their Seeds, then ſhall an obſcure greenneſs paſs and continue a ſeaſon, then ſhall thy Fumes diminiſh, and at length be none at all, and the Compound ſhall boyl and ſwell in the bottom of the Glaſs.

After that, the more you boyl, your Compound will be the more black, coming at laſt to the temper of melted Pitch for colour and bubbling, which ſhall rot with obſcure colours untill it come to the period of Putrefaction, which is a moſt exquiſitely ſubtle, black, unctuous Powder, which about the 84th or 90th day in a good decoction will be compleat.

Take



Take heed now, for I ſhall not make ſuch another particular Syſteme of the Work in all my Writings. When the fulneſs of compleat Calcination is perfect, then will the parts begin to liquefie together again, and you then ſhall ſee Vapours begin to ariſe again, firſt like to a Smoak, which will after return in drops condenſing on the Veſſel ſides, which believe me is a gallant ſight; for in this Operation as blackneſs by little wears away, ſuch colours will appear which thou canſt not imagine, that thou wilt ſteal from Natures due to ſatisfie thine eyes in the beholding of it, when thou ſhouldeſt ſleep.

This Circulation with infinite variety of colours will laſt between 20 and 30 days, and then thou ſhalt ſee thy Matter appear pretty white, which then will grow whiter and whiter, till it become like a glittering Sword in the Sun-beams: truſt me, for I have ſeen this ſhining ſparkling white, which yet will be quick like a moſt glorious Heaven-born *Mercury*, the ſubject of wonders.

Then ſhall theſe Fumes begin to ceaſe, and

and thou ſhalt ſee a Congelation, like to the ſparkling twinkling eyes of Fiſhes, which moving unceſſantly on the Fire, will glitter incomparably and wonderfully, and thickning more and more, it will ſprout like the tender Froſt in a moſt aimable luſtre, and in 25 days ſhalt thou have it a moſt impalpable undiſcernable Powder. Now thou needeſt no farther inſtruction, only this let me tell you, that the continuing your Glaſs in the Fire, and increaſing it diſcreetly, this white will relent again, and change into a perfect green, and will again circulate and become perfect Azure, and at the length thicken, and in the end become (after a long Citrinity) in a moment a ſparkling red pure impalpable Powder. Underſtand this well, and you will not be amazed any longer with the diſtinction of our Operations, which is but Solution (which contains Separation or Sublimation, and Volatization) and Coagulation, which contains Conjunction, Calcination and Fixation; and all is but a ſucceſſive action and paſſion of Gold the Body and his qualities, and *Mercury* the Soul and



and its qualities, between which interceedes a Spirit of Life, which carries them up and down like a Wheel, which turns till it returns thither whence it proceeded, and then begins again and turns ſo long till it finds its reſt, which is in the Fiery *Cathedra*, the red of the reddeſt, the great *Elixir*, commanding all Metals, and reducing them to the higheſt period of Nature, which is Gold it ſelf, having attained a *pluſquam* perfection, through the marvellous co-operation of Art and Nature.

This Gold is thy Baſe or Foundation, the Centre in which all thy Operations return, and in which they reſt; for they are but Circulations in their own kind, and theſe Circulations are unceſſantly carried along through the never-ceaſing action of the Fire, which in a little intermiſſion would retard notably, an extinction of the heat would extinguiſh irrecoverably. If any then ſhould ask us, what our natural Operation of the Stone is; we would anſwer, a making of active Natures paſſive, and paſſive active, by continual decoction. We boyl continually,

ally, and when the Spirit is active there is a conſtant aſcenſion and deſcenſion, and the Body is diſſolved and made to fly like a Spirit; and when the Body is active, the Fumes by little and little ceaſe, and the Compound remains below, boiling without fuming, thickning and then at length calcining: and this is without hands repeated three times, the Fire only being kept continually, and then a Sabboth of reſt and perfection is attained: in the mean time divers colours come and go, which the dying Body and vegetative Soul do work and cauſe. Truſt me, Friend and Brother, thou never hadſt ſuch a manuduct as this in thy life, the Reaſons of my plainneſs my little Latine Treatiſe doth clearly ſhew.

*The Battle's fought, the Conqueſt won,*
*The Lyon dead reviv'd;*
*The Eagle's dead which did him ſlay,*
*And both of ſenſe depriv'd.*
*The Showrs ceaſe, the Dews which fell*
*For ſix weeks, do not riſe;*
*The ugly Toad that did ſo ſwell,*
*With ſwelling burſts and dies.*

*The*



*The Argent Field with Or is ſtain'd,*
*With Violet intermix'd,*
*The ſable Black is not diſdain'd,*
*Which ſhews the Spirits fix'd.*
*The Compound into Atoms turn'd,*
*The Seeds together blended;*
*The flying Soul to th' Earth return'd,*
*The ſoaring Bird deſcended.*
*The King and Queen contumulate,*
*And joyn'd as one together;*
*That which before was two, by Fate*
*Is ty'd, which none can ſever.*
*The King begets the Queen with Child,*
*Conjunction doth allay*
*Their fury who before were wild,*
*Conception both doth ſlay.*
*The King is Brother to his Wife,*
*And ſhe to him is Mother;*
*One Father is to both, whoſe life*
*Depends upon each other.*
*The one when dead, the other dyes,*
*And both are laid in Grave;*
*The Coffin's one in which both lyes,*
*Each doth the other ſave.*
*Yet each the other doth deſtroy,*
*And yet both are amended;*

*One*

*One without t'other hath no joy,*
*Both are of one descended.*
*Twice fourty days do come and go,*
*To which twice five are added,*
*These do produce a perfect Crow,*
*Whose blackness chears hearts saddled.*
*Twice fifteen more produce a Dove,*
*Whose wings are bright and tender;*
*Twice ten more make the Soul above*
*To need no Fire defender.*
*For Soul and Body so combine,*
*The Spirit interceding,*
*Tincture to give of Silver fine,*
*The Soul the Body in leading.*
*Also such fixity to add,*
*Against the Fumes prevailing,*
*Which may the Chymist make full glad,*
*The Sophister still failing.*
*Who seeks in fancies for to find*
*Our Art so much concealed,*
*Not duly weighing in his mind*
*That 'tis a Fountain sealed,*
*Which one thing only can unlock;*
*This one thing learn to know,*
*Lest you the same event should mock,*
*That thing these Lines do shew.*

AN

# AN EXPOSITION UPON THE Second Gate, Which is DISSOLUTION.

# The Second Gate Opened,

## Which is

# DISSOLUTION.

*Of Diſſolution now will I ſpeak a word or two,*
*Which ſheweth out what erſt was hid from ſight,*
*And maketh intenuate things that were thick alſo,*
*By virtue of our firſt Menſtrue clear and bright,*
*In which our Bodies eclipſed been of light,*
*And of their hard and dry compaction ſubtilate,*
*Into their own firſt Matter kindly retrogradate.*

HAving run through the Chapter of Calcination, I now come to handle Diſſolution, which as I ſaid before, is the firſt beginning of the Spirits activity, and it is the firſt half of

the Wheel which turns up the Spirit, and down the Body; the second hath a contrary operation, for it makes the Body active, and Spirit passive: so then Calcination hides the profundity of the Body, which Solution discovereth. It is then nothing else but a boiling of hard and dry Bodies in our *Mercury*, in a convenient Fire, so long till they be dissolved and made thin; then the same Fire makes them fly, and flying they condense and return in drops on the Body, and moisten it: This is Solution and Sublimation together, for the Water circulating upon the Body, doth soften it, and by often returning doth at length bring it to its own nature of moisture. In this Resolution, according to *Artephius*, the *Sun* loseth its colour and is darkned, and the *Moon* doth not give her light, for all things are turned into their confused Chaos, or first Matter, in which the Elements with their qualities are hurried together.

*One*



*One in Gender they be, and in Number two,*
*Whose Father is the Sun, and the Moon the Mother;*
*The mover is Mercury: These and no more be*
*Our* Magnesia, *our* Adrop, *and none other*
*Things here be, but only Sister and Brother:*
*That is to mean, Agent and Patient,*
*Sulphur and Mercury co-essential to our intent.*

THe cause of this is the Homogeneity of the Matter, wherein they agree in essence, together with the difference which is between them in Sex, they being in the Glass as Male and Female; and in ripeness of years one being more mature, and by consequent more active, (to wit, the *Sun*, who therefore is the Father) the other more crude (in comparison of the *Sun*) and so more passive, *viz.* the *Moon*, which therefore is the Mother of our Stone. This Mother is our *Mercury* (which for its eminent difference from any other *Mercury*, is called the *Moon*) with its internal true *Sulphur*, which is hidden under its *Mercurial* form,

doth firſt move; for at firſt our Body, which is Gold, is dead, and liveth not till it be quickned by our *Mercury*, then it lives: it behoveth thee then to put in thy Body and thy Water, and let them ſtand together, an I add nothing to them. This Compoſition duly made we call our *Magneſia*, and our *Adrop*, and nothing entreth, neither Powder nor Liquor, ſave only theſe two *ſpecies*, which *ſpecies* are the perfect Body and *Argent vive*.

Theſe two ſprung out of one Root, for as I told you, the Soul of thy animated *Mercury* is perfect true Gold, yet volatile, which by Art may be made to appear in a fixed form: ſo then we joyn Conſanguinity with Conſanguinity, Brother with Siſter, and make them become together Man and Wife. Theſe two by continual Fire do act and re-act, the Woman firſt, and then the Man, ſeveral, which then are joyned and make one Hermaphrodite, acting one half of each Circulation as a Woman or Spirit, and the other half as a Man or Body.

For each of the two principles have a *Sulphur* and a *Mercuriality*; the Gold or Body



Body hath its *Sulphur* external and apparent, the *Mercury* the Spirit hath it internally hidden, yet both theſe are co-eſſential each to other, and in that reſpect they are the only ſubjects in the World for our Art.

*Between theſe two in quality contrarious,*
*Ingendred is a mean moſt marvellous,*
*Which is our Mercury and Menſtrue unctuous;*
*Our ſecret Sulphur working inviſibly,*
*More fierce then Fire burning the Body,*
*Diſſolving Metals into Water Mineral,*
*Which Night for darkneſs in the North we do call.*

FOr with their Homogeneity, they have withall ſuch a Contrariety in oppoſite qualities, that they do no ſooner feel the Fire, but they are ſtirred up to Work, and boiling and circulating in a continual Ebullition or Vapour, they do mingle their homogeneal qualities together: by reaſon of which there is a ſtrange *medium*, of an unnatural Fire and a putrefying Bath ingendred, then the

*Sulphur* or Fire of the Gold, which is the Fire of Nature, and the *Sulphur* of the Water, do embrace one another, and theſe two make an unnatural Fire, in which the Humidity appears, and the *Sulphur* being hidden to the eye, appears in its effects only to ſight, and that is, it burns, deſtroys and conquers the Bodies, which common Fire never could do, making them to be no Bodies, but a Fume of Mineral Vapour; and in this Operation the Elements are confuſed, and make our Chaos which is void and dark, for here the Lights of the World are eclipſed, the *Sun* is darkned, and the *Moon* ſheweth not its light: which watriſhneſs of the Compoſitions, for its abundance of moiſture, and privation of light, we call Winter, and Night, and the North Latitude of our Stone.

*But*



*But yet I trow thou underſtandſt not utterly,*
*The very ſecret of Philoſophers Diſſolution,*
*Therefore underſtand me, I counſel thee wittily,*
*For the truth I will tell thee without deluſion,*
*Our Solution is cauſed of our Congelation;*
*For Diſſolution on the one ſide corporal,*
*Cauſeth Congelation on the other ſide ſpiritual.*

WHen once thou haſt the true maſtery of our Diſſolution, thou needeſt take no care for Congelation, for governing it on with thy Fire, thou ſhalt attain Coagulation without any laying on of hands. Therefore ſaith *Ricardus*, above all things it is wonderful, that in our work, Calcination, Diſſolution, Sublimation, Putrefaction, Separation, Conjunction, Death and Purification, ſhould be performed in one Veſſel, and one linear decoction, without laying on of hands: for verily the Diſſolution of the Body thickens the Spirit, as it is in Water in which Gum or ſuch a thing is diſſolved; for by how much the one is diſſol-

ved, the other is congealed: this proves the naturality of our Work, for as a grain of Corn is in the bowels of the Earth ſoftned with the moiſt Vapour, and ſwelleth thereby, this Vapour is alſo terminated by the fermental odour of the Grain, and ſo both grow up together into Stalks and Ears.

*And we diſſolve into Water which wetteth no hand;*
*For when the Earth is integratly incinerate,*
*Then is the Water congeal'd: This underſtand,*
*For our Elements are ſo together concatenate,*
*That when thy Body from its firſt form is alterate,*
*A new form is induced immediately,*
*Since nothing being without all form is utterly.*

SO we in our Work diſſolve our Body, which is Gold, in its own Water, in which it is ſoftned as a Seed in its proper ground, and being ſoftned it relents into Water, not diaphanous, ſuch as is the Waters of the Clouds, or of Fountains, but



but Mineral, even *Mercury* which wetteth no hand, nor cleaves to any thing but that which is of its own ſubſtance and eſſence.

So that then in our Work, our two Principals work not according to their ſingle diſpoſitions, but as conjunct; the one, ſaith the Philoſopher, dyeth not without its Brother: therefore when thou calcineſt the Earth, thou doſt in it and with it calcine the Water, and in this the Souls of both are tyed together, to the end that they may ſerve the wiſe Philoſophers. Therefore let all thy ſtudy be to unite Natures, which thou canſt never do, unleſs thou ſeparate firſt their Souls by Sublimation, and afterwards unite them in blackneſs, which a continual Circulation of thy Water upon the Earth will produce.

Now know, that when thou ſeeſt thy Water and thy Body boil together, ſo as to thicken one another, and to congeal one another, that then thy ſcience is true, and then thy Body which thus thickens, is not the ſame which thou putteſt in, but a middle coagulate, a *terra Adamica*, a

*Limus*

*Limus* and *Chaos*, for one form being taken away, a ſecond neceſſarily follows immediately; for as no Body can at any time have more than one form, ſo can it never be void of all form.

*And here a ſecret I will to thee diſcloſe,*
*Which is the ground of our ſecrets all,*
*And it not known thou ſhalt but loſe*
*Thy labour and coſts both great and ſmall:*
*Take heed therefore in error that thou not fall.*
*The more thine Earth, and the leſs thy moiſture be,*
*The rather and better Solution ſhalt thou ſee.*

AND here take notice by the way, that that is no total Diſſolution which is before Calcination, but only partial, the Water reſolves as much as it can of the Body, ſo much that it doth ſever between its Spirit and Body; but by reaſon of its perfection and ſtrong compaction, it finds a great deal of difficulty before a total Reſolution, and therefore it putrefies what is moſt groſs, and thus brings it to Atoms, which when it is once ſubtilized beyond



beyond the exigency of its own nature, it then is diſſolved, and relents, and then Diſſolution is made totally, *viz.* after Putrefaction. Then at length it becomes all like a glorious *Argent vive*, and this immediately before the Lunary Coagulation: Know then that our firſt looſing is into a viſcous Powder, which is brought on by Incrudation, or rather Liquefaction; for know that till after Putrefaction, our Stone and Compound is moiſt in the Fire, but hardens more and more by how much the colder it is, and ſoftens more and more by how much hotter it is, and the heat ſlacking, the boiling will change into a ſeeming Vegetation, and the Fire going out, it is hard rather than ſoft, yet the mingling of the Natures is known by the colours, and drawing to Calcination. Therefore thy firſt Operation is to dry up thy ſuperfluous watriſh moiſture, not evaporating it, but congealing it on the Body. Think not then, as ſome of the envious Sophiſtically write, that the more you put of your Water, the ſooner you diſſolve, and congeal the flower: No verily, your Calcination is but the *medium* of

powder

of true Solution, which is (truſt me) not total nor proper till after Putrefaction. I ſhould never have told thee this Myſtery, had not the love of my Neighbour compelled me. That opening of the Body which is before, is but an opening of its pores, which lets our Water in, and then after death and reſurrection the *Mercury* of *Sol* is viſible to the eye, which before was but diſtinguiſhable by its effect.

*Behold how Ice to Water doth relent,*
*And ſo it muſt, for Water it was before;*
*Right ſo again our Water to Earth is went,*
*And Water thereby congeal'd for evermore:*
*For after all Philoſophers that ere were bore,*
*Each Metal once was Water Mineral,*
*Therefore with Water they turn to Water all.*

SO then our Body hath moiſture in it ſelf, but this moiſture is ſealed, as Water when frozen by the Cold. But when the pores of the Body are by our Water opened, and its central Fire ſet at liberty, this internal Fire of Nature makes the Body to become no Body, but a very Spirit.

In



In this ſame Operation the Spirit is congealed, for the Body hath in it more virtue then its two Sociats, that is, than the Soul and Spirit. This is the action and re-action of our Body and its Water, for our Body is in its *occulto Mercury*, and our *Mercury* is in its *occulto Sol*; therefore they embrace each other, becauſe of the nearneſs of their Natures, and ſo the Body hath its profundity diſcovered, and the Water its altitude, and both together are glorified in one Spiritual Body together, according to Noble *Hermes*, *Vis ejus eſt integra ſi verſa fuerit in terram.* But thou canſt never have this excellent fixity, till the fixed have attained its volatility.

*In which Water of kind occaſionate,*
*Of qualities been repugnance and diverſity,*
*Things into things muſt therefore be Rotate,*
*Until that Trinity be brought to perfect Unity.*

THis Water into which our Bodies are firſt liquefied, is not properly Water, but (*modo quodam*) as we may ſay in the

the Fire. During the predomination of the Woman, all appears in a moiſt poſture, and ſo will do moſt part of the firſt 50 days; yet this is a groſs moiſture, and by conſequence the more fit for Putrefaction: in which groſs Humidity all the Elements are in a confuſion, not the Elements of the great World, but our Mineral Elements; thou muſt therefore work by a continual boiling, in which thy Compound will appear like unto the ſtormy Sea in a Tempeſt, raging and ſwelling, waves and bubbles riſing one in the neck of another inceſſantly. The Vapour of this Bath being impriſoned, condenſeth and returns every moment, until there be an union made of all the Elements, in a *terra Adamica*, or *Limus*. Then will the Body, Soul and Spirit remain below in the bottom of the Veſſel, which is as a Tomb, in which they dye and rot, and are putrified.

*For*



*For the Scripture recordeth when the Earth ſhall be*
*Troubled, and into the deep Sea ſhall be caſt*
*Mountains and Bodies likewiſe at the laſt.*

THen will our Earth be moved, and the powers of our Heaven will be ſhaken, and the windows thereof opened, and an univerſal Deluge will come upon the face of the whole Earth, which will deſtroy all things, and cover the higheſt Mountains, ſo that all Fleſh ſhall dye: theſe Waters will be a long time upon the face of the ground.

*Our Bodies be likned conveniently*
*To Mountains, which after high Planets we name;*
*Into the deeps therefore of Mercury*
*Turn them, and keep thee out of blame,*
*For then ſhalt thou ſee a noble game,*
*How all will become Powder as ſoft as Silk;*
*So doth our Runnit kindly curd up our Milk.*

THus have many of the envious allegorized of the Scripture, and veiled their

their Work under ſeveral paſſages and overtures which are mentioned therein, to which they have ſome reſemblance: they have called their Metals *Sol* and *Luna*, Mountains, either for the ſituation ſake, they being generally found in Mountains; or by oppoſition ſake, for as Mountains are higheſt above ground, ſo they lye deepeſt under ground; or for that as the Mountains are nearer the Sun, ſo thoſe do approximate nearer to cœleſtial Influences than any other Bodies whatſoever: ſo alſo they have ſtiled them by the names of Planets, by reaſon of ſome ſimilitude.

But it makes not ſo much for the name, the thing is, take the Body which is Gold, and throw it into *Mercury*, ſuch a *Mercury* which is bottomleſs, that is, whoſe centre it can never find but by diſcovering its own; govern them wiſely with Fire, as thy Matter requireth, then ſhall thy Gold viſibly liqueſie in the Fire, that is, appear thin as if it were *Mercury*, and it will ſwell, bubble and boil, ſo long till the moiſture be terminated by the Body into an impalpable Powder,



der, as naturally as Runnit doth curdle Milk into Cheeſe. This total reduction into Atoms, is the perfection of Putrefaction, in blackneſs moſt black, and it begins before the 50th day, and endeth before or about the 90th day, in variable colours.

*Then have thy Bodies their firſt form loſt,*
*And others been indued immediately,*
*Then haſt thou well beſtowed thy coſt,*
*When others uncunning muſt go by,*
*Not knowing the ſecrets of our Philoſophy.*

THen thou haſt a Body, not ſuch a one as thou putteſt in, but Hermaphroditical, which yet hath but one form. Nor is it the ſame form it had, though an accidental imperfect one in the ſame kind; which imperfect form is not to be deſpiſed, for theſe Aſhes are the Tomb of our King. Honour then the Sepulchre of him and of his Queen, if ever thou expect to ſee them returning from the Eaſt in power and great glory. Never grutch it then that thou haſt deſtroyed thy Gold, for he that thus deſtroys it, loſeth

it not, but ſoweth good Seed in good Earth, from whence he ſhall receive it with an hundred-fold increaſe: when as he that ſaveth his Gold in this Work, loſeth his labour, and is deceived for lack of true underſtanding, when as he undertakes this Work without the true knowledge of its cauſes.

*Yet one point more I muſt tell thee,*
*How that each Body hath dimenſions three,*
*Altitude, Latitude, and alſo Profundity;*
*By which all Gates turn we muſt our Wheel.*

HAving then this Myſtery, which is the Stumbling-block at which thouſands ſtumble, who cannot for all their talk deſtroy their Bodies, which is not to be done but by the *Alkaheſt*, which is an unprofitable way for our Work, and by our *Mercury*, *viz.* in 40 days, or thereabouts: Then know which muſt be your next progreſs, for Calcination is but a term put on our Work by Authors, and it reacheth to the end of Putrefaction, our firſt Calcination. I told you before, that all our Work was compleat in three Circu-



Circulations, and every Circulation had three periods; ſo now I tell you, that theſe three periods are Altitude, Latitude and Profundity: Altitude and Profundity being united, make Latitude, and ſo our Wheel is turned round: the Profundity is the Water below, the Altitude is Vapour or Waters above, and the union of theſe two is in a Calx, which is Latitude; which is done by Liquefaction, Sublimation and Calcination: Liquefaction diſſolves and confounds, Sublimation volatizeth, ſeparates and waſheth, and Calcination unites and fixeth.

*Knowing that thine entrance in the Weſt ſhall be,*
*Thy paſſage forth to the North if thou do well,*
*And there thy Lights will loſe their lights each deal,*
*For there muſt thou abide for 90 nights,*
*In darkneſs of Purgatory without lights.*

THou muſt begin in the Weſt, and in the Autumn, which is Barren, for then Crops are gathered; take then thou Gold, which is the Harveſt of Natures

works, and it is barren of it ſelf: to make it fruitful thou muſt bring on the Winter ſhowrs, which is the North Latitude, and by theſe the Earth will be made mellow, and the Seeds will rot; which Seeds are *Sol* terreſtrial, in whoſe belly is a hidden *Luna*. Theſe Lights will in this Operation be darkned, and by little and little a horrible Night will over-ſhadow the Earth and Heaven, a blackneſs like unto Pitch: this blackneſs and Eclipſation will continue until the end of thy firſt three months, perhaps 100 days, perhaps 120, yea ſometimes 130 days, as it may fall out; think not this time long, for it muſt be that thy Matters muſt be purified, before they can or ſhall be glorified.

*Then take thy courſe up to the Eaſt Canon,*
*By colours riſing variable in manifold wiſe,*
*To the Eaſt therefore thine aſcending deviſe,*
*For there the Sun with day-light doth upriſe*
*In Summer, and there diſport thee with delight.*

THen ſhalt thou ſee thy Exhalations to return again, and by the continuance



ance of them on thy Body, light ſhall begin to appear, which is our Spring and Eaſt ſeaſon, in which as the riſing Sun ſcatters the darkneſs with multitude of previous colours, eſpecially in a miſty morning; ſo is it with our Work, ſuch admirable colours will appear, as never were ſeen by the eye of man in ſo little a room before. Then rejoyce, for now our King hath triumphed over the miſeries of death, and behold him returning in the Eaſt with the Clouds in power and great glory. Now the Night is overgone, and the Morning breaks; the Winter is paſt, and the Spring comes on pleaſantly, with ſweet ſhowrs of *April*, hatning the moſt beautiful Flowers of *May*. Now as the Winter is a ſad time, being cold and wet, froſty and ſlabbery, the Countries of Pleaſure being dirty to the Horſes belly, but the Spring returns the year, and pleaſure with its ſweet ſeaſon: ſo in our Work, thy firſt Operations before blackneſs ſeem tedious, but after blackneſs far more tedious, for thou wilt think there will never be an end of it; ſo variety of colours brings delight in

its daily and hourly variety, even to perfect whiteneſs.

*Forth from the Eaſt into the South aſcend,*
*And ſet thee down there in a Chair of Fire,*
*For there is Harveſt, that is to ſay, an end*
*Of all this Work after thine own deſire,*
*There ſhineth the Sun up in his Hemiſphere.*
*After the Eclipſes in redneſs with glory,*
*As King to reign over all Metals and Mercury.*

HEre thou mayſt light and bait, and enjoy the glory of thy white *Elixir*, but do not, for thou hadſt better wait the end. Proceed then with a Fire a little more increaſed unto the Summer or South quarter, where after ſome colours, as green, yellow, azure, and the like, thou ſhalt have a ſparkling red, like unto the flaming Fire. Then thou art come indeed to thy Harveſt, and to the end of all thy Operations; for now thou beginneſt by apparent colours the upriſing of the Sun, after it hath been ſo long beclouded and eclipſed; now haſt thou mourned long enough, now the time is come



come that thou ſhalt need no more to mourn, for the Bridegroom is now come forth out of his Chamber, and the Sun comes forth as a valiant Champion to win a prize: now is the time come in which that of the Poet is fulfilled;

*Ne te pœniteat faciem ſuligine pingi,*
*Adſpret hæc Thœbi nigra favilla jubar.*

Now hath our King of Peace attained his Kingdom, whoſe Government is, *parcere ſubjectis & debellare ſuperbos*; for whatever is infected our King will cure, what is lame he will heal, and what is rebellious he will ſuppreſs and ſubdue. *Sic Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis.*

*And in one Glaſs muſt be done all this thing,*
*Like to an Egg in ſhape, and cloſed well.*

NOw all theſe our Operations, as the Philoſopher ſaith, are done in our ſecret Fire, hidden Furnace, and in one Veſſel; for if thou thinkeſt to make any of theſe Operations with thy hand, thou art in a certain way of errour. Our Veſſel then,

then, which for ſimilitudes ſake we call an Egg, muſt be ſo cloſed when our Materials are ſet in it, that the Spirits cannot poſſibly get out, nor the Air get in, elſe our Work were ſpoiled.

*Then muſt thou know the meaſure of Firing,*
*The which unknown thy Work is loſt each deal.*
*Let never thy Glaſs be hotter then thou mayſt feel,*
*And ſuffer ſtill in thy bare hand to hold,*
*For fear of loſing, as Philoſophers have told.*

THis done, we then ſet our Veſſel and Matter to the Fire, and let it ſtand untouched till the Work be done: ſo that the Philoſopher hath nothing then to do but behold his Glaſs, and the Operation in it, and to govern his Fire artificially.

So then when once the Stone is ſet to work, the whole Maſtery is to govern the external Fire, which as the Philoſopher doth either perfect or deſtroy all: if thy Fire be too ſlow for want of motion, thou wilt hardly ever ſee an end; and if too big,



big, thou mayſt happen to ſeek thy fortune in the Aſhes.

Be not therefore immoderate in governing; and for better ſecurity, let not your Glaſs neck be under a ſpan in length, but as much longer as you ſhall ſee good; the longer for a *Tyro*, the better he ſhall work, and with the more ſecurity. But the uſual length which we uſe, is about 12 or 14 inches high; this height being ſo allowed, order ſo your Furnace as to let out about 3 or 4 inches of the top of your Glaſs, which may come forth through the cover of your *Athanor*, and if you can without hurt feel or ſuffer any part of that neck, fear not your Fire, but ſtew him without fear, your Glaſs being ſtrong, and the quicker Fire the better.

Yet know, that your Furnace muſt be anſwerable, for do not believe that Philoſophers did formerly uſe our Art of Furnaces, but made them of Brick, or Earth, with Earthen Covers, which had holes for letting out part of the necks of their Glaſſes, over which if they put a Cover, which they could remove and ſet on

on again at their pleaſure; this Earthen Cover was not ſo reflective of heat, as our Iron Covers are, but that end of the Glaſs which came out at the hole of the Cover, they could feel without any damage, and by their being able to ſuffer that in their hand, they judged the temperament of their heat. Therefore in thy Furnace let thy Cover or Top be luted with good Loam every-where, at the leaſt half an inch thick, ſo ſhalt thou be ſure not to have too ſcalding a heat in the concavity of thy Neſt, which otherwiſe thou wouldſt have, ſo mayſt thou govern thy Fire at thy pleaſure; the necks of thy Glaſſes which come forth, thou needeſt not cover. ſo ſhalt thou ſee this of *Ripley* verified, thy Work will go on very ſucceſsfully, and thou wilt ever be able to endure thy Glaſs in thy hand; and this is the true meaning of all Philoſophers, to give a certain rule by which thou ſhalt never exceed, and that is ſo long as you can endure to feel any part of thy Glaſs, provided thy Neſt be covered, and the ends of thy Glaſs necks come forth.

*Yet*



*Yet to my Doctrine furthermore attend,*
*Beware thy Glaſs thou never open ne meeve,*
*From the beginning till thou have made an end;*
*If thou do otherwiſe thy Work may never cheeve.*
*Thus in this Chapter which is but brief,* &c.

AND that this is according to the ſence of all Wiſe men, is evident by their teſtimony in general, and the following words of *Ripley*; *See* (ſaith he) *that thou open not thy Glaſs, nor move it, from the beginning to the end of the Work.* So then this feeling of the Glaſs, it muſt be ſuch as may be without opening or moving of the ſame; for if the Seed be diſturb'd in its beginning to vegetate, the Work is undoubtedly ſpoiled, or at leaſt it will be ſo notably weakned, that it will hardly afford thee thy true Signs in thy due time.

Therefore when thou ſetteſt in thy Egg in thy Neſt, take heed of meddling with it until the Maſtery be attain'd, but with a Wyre or ſome ſuch thing, or with

a

a hole in thy Cover, ſtay the neck of thy Glaſs from jogging this way or that, which otherwiſe it will be very ſubject to.

Thus have I briefly run through this ſecond Gate of Diſſolution, which is indeed one with Calcination and Separation; for by a conſtant Sublimation, is made a Solution of the Body, and at length a Congelation of Spirits, for they by oft aſcending, come to that paſs that they will aſcend no more, but remain at the bottom of the Veſſel together, which is Conjunction: in which Conjunction they ſwell, bubble and boil, till they calcine and putrefie. The black Earth, impalpable like Atoms of the Sun, being the higheſt degree of Putrefaction: and this is a ſecret not ſo clearly diſcovered by any before.

*THe Sun is ſet, no wonder darkeſt Night*
*Doth veil the Cryſtal Skie?*
*The Moon's eclipſ'd, no marvel that her light*
*Doth from us hidden lie.*
*The Sun's declined to the Northern Pole,*
*And O the change that's made!*

*The*



*The pearly drops are turned to a Coal,*
*All brightneſs quite doth fade.*
*Is this* Apollo *bright, whoſe glory did*
*A luſtre great diſplay?*
*Is this fair* Phœbe, *who ere light was hid,*
*Did ſhine as bright as day?*
*Is this the King whoſe glory and renown*
*Through all the World did ring?*
*Is this the Queen who far and near was known?*
*Oh 'tis a wondrous thing,*
*Such glory and ſuch beauty thus ſhould fade!*
*That what before did ſhine*
*More bright then* Tagus, *ſhould ſo ſoon be made*
*More foul then ere 'twas fine!*
*The Earth doth melt, the Heavens drop down rain,*
*The Rocks which do relent,*
*They ſeem like Water, then condenſe again*
*Till all their moiſture's ſpent.*
*To Aſhes they return, for Duſt they were,*
*This Duſt from Water ſprings;*
*Therefore at length they melt to Water clear,*
*Which all to Spirits brings.*
*The Reſt is Earth, therefore they will congeal*
*To ſparkling pearly dew,*
*Shining like tender Pearl, on which doth ſteal*
*A Body dry and new.*

*And*

*And then the parts like Atoms of the Sun*
*For fineneſs do appear:*
*Rejoyce, for now thou half thy courſe haſt run,*
*Nor haſt thou cauſe to fear.*
*Proceed until thou ſee the ſparkling red,*
*Oh happy ſight to ſee!*
*By which unto the Royal Palace led,*
*Thou ſhalt aye happy be.*
*Happy are they who ſhall not miſs to find*
*The new upriſing Sun:*
*More happy they who with renewed mind,*
*In God find reſt alone.*

---

AN

# EXPOSITION

UPON THE

# Third Gate,

Which is

# SEPARATION.

# The Third Gate Opened,

Which is

# SEPARATION.

*Separation doth each part from other divide,*
*The ſubtle from the groſs, the thick from the thin;*
*But manual Separation ſee thou ſet aſide,*
*For that pertains to Fools, which little fruit doth win.*
*But in our Separation Nature doth not blin,*
*Making diviſion of qualities Elemental,*
*Into a fifth degree till they be turned all.*

HAving now run through two of the twelve Gates, I am come to the third, which is Separation, which begins ſo ſoon as the Matters have been ſo long circulated, as to begin to hold one of another. This Operation the Ancient Sages have denominated Diviſion of Elements, which afterwards they ſay muſt be joyned with a perpetual union. This

Separation is by others called Extraction of Natures, and the parts ſeparated are compared to two Dragons, the one winged, and the other without wings.

*Artephius*, who for Age and Candor was next to *Hermes* the moſt eminent, calls this Separation the Key of the Work, which according to him is a Sublimation in a continual Vapour, that what is Heavenly and ſubtile, may aſcend aloft, that is, to the upper part of the Veſſel, and there take the nature of a Body Heavenly, or Spirit; and what is groſs may remain below, in the nature of a Body Earthly, which is the end of our Maſtery, to bring the Bodies which are compact and dry, to become a Spiritual fume, which is only to be done by Sublimation, and Diviſion or Separation.

So then our Separation is not to be underſtood, as many fooliſh Alchymiſts do interpret it, who have their Elements of which they boaſt much, which are indeed manual, done by handy-work, the Glaſs being removed, altered or renewed every



every time. Nor are our Separations made by filter, or *per tritorium*, as many imagine, who know not the nature of our Work, and therefore run into ſuch fooliſh fancies.

Nature then in our Work doth all in all, who as a curious Artificer maketh no confuſed mixtures, but firſt of all cauſeth the moiſture to aſcend, which becauſe it cannot get out, it doth therefore condenſe in drops, and deſcends ſo long till at length it begin to be acuated from the Body, which is below; for naturally all homogeneal moiſture, cohobated on a bodily ſubſtance, with which it hath affinity, is acuated by it. Gold then is a Body in which the active qualities of heat and drineſs, are more than in the *Mercury*, and the *Mercury* being cohobated on it, begins to be a little more Fiery or hot, and then the Exhalations are more Aërial, which before were more Watry, and by continued Cohobation the Water partakes yet more and more of the *Solary* nature, until at length this heat or *Sulphur* impregnating the *Mercury*, cauſe it to congeal into a new Body

or quinteſſence, which is after the corruption of the old Body, which is called the Earth, or Aſhes of *Hermes*'s Tree.

*Earth is turned into Water under black and blue,*
*And Water after into Air under very white,*
*Then Air into Fire, Elements there be no more,*
*Of theſe is made our Stone of great delight:*
*But of this Separation much more I muſt write;*
*And Separation is called by Philoſophers definition,*
*Of ſeveral qualities a Tetraptive diſperſion.*

SO then this is the method of our Operation, Earth, that is *Sol*, is boiled in our *Mercury*, in ſuch a heat in which the *Mercury* may aſcend conſtantly in a ſmoak, and deſcend in drops, and the Body below ſtand liquid and boil: then ſhall the Water dry up, under which is blackneſs hidden, which when the Water is dryed up ſhall appear like the Crows Bill.

Then



Then ſhall this Powder again relent, and after 40 days rotting without fumes, ſhall ſend up a ſmoak again, which ſhall aſcend and deſcend ſo long, till the whole be made volatile and Aërial; then ſhall the black colour vaniſh, and the white appear.

This white *Argent vive*, or *Mercury* animated, which appears after blackneſs, ſhall then totally congeal, and ſhall be then Fire, whoſe Nurſe is the Earth; then haſt thou the four Elements, that is, cohobated thy Natures to the higheſt degree of perfection of the white Stone, then canſt thou go no further, but go back and turn the ſame Wheel till thou haſt attained the red Stone. Thus haſt thou the true Principles and Operation of our great *Elixirs* both red and white, which if thou once haſt, thou haſt Riches enough, and needeſt no more in this life.

This, if no more were ſaid of this point, might be enough to ſhew thee the truth of our true Separation: yet becauſe Philoſophers have ſpoken much of it, and indeed it is all the work to cauſe aſcen-

ſion and deſcenſion of our true Water on our true Body, ſo long till by the Water the Body be volatized, and after that by the Body the Water fixed; and till that be brought to paſs, there will come and go the four Qualities in their ſeaſon, and will cauſe change of colours ſuitable to their ſtation, pleaſant to the Philoſopher to behold.

*Of this Separation I find a like figure thus ſpoken:*

*So out of our Stone precious if thou be witty,*
*Oyl incombuſtible and Water thou ſhalt draw,*
*And thereabout thou needeſt not at the Coles to blow.*

THeſe Philoſophical Operations ſome have had the fancy to compare with ſome paſſages of Scripture, but I had rather bound Philoſophy within its own Pale, and not allegorize the Holy Scripture thereto, where Philoſophy is not underſtood there.

To the thing in hand; by continual decoction our Work will ſhew, as in Circulation,



culation, a real change of the aſcending Humidity; the firſt will be white, and ſo continue a long time, which is called Water or Phlegm, and after it the Water will be coloured, and aſcend ſo on the ſides of the Veſſel, which is called Oyl; and this Oyl is not combuſtible, for it is the true *Sulphur* of Gold, and therefore as permanent as the *Mercury*.

Yet be not miſtaken, nor do not imagine that becauſe we ſpeak of incombuſtible Oyl, that our Work is to be performed with the Fire of a Wind, Oven, or of Bellows, (as ſome fooliſhly imagine) to burn up what is combuſtible, until the very incombuſtible Oyl be left, for all our volatile ſubject is turned into incombuſtible fixity, with a moderate decoction in our ſecret *Athanor*, whoſe heat in its higheſt vigoration is but very obſcurely red, hardly perceptible, and in its loweſt degree is not full half ſo ſtrong, or half at the moſt.

*Do this with heat eaſie and nouriſhing,*
*Firſt with moiſt Fire, and after that with dry,*
*The Flegm with patience out-drawing,*
*And after that the other Natures wittily:*
*Dry up thine Earth until it be thirſty,*
*By Calcination, elſe laboureſt thou in vain,*
*And then make it drink up the moiſture again.*

THis is a heat which is friendly to the Bodies, for it cauſeth the Spirit to aſcend, and yet ſuffers it to return, and by reaſon of its aſcending and returning, the Matter below ſtands continually moiſt, and boileth with a perpetual motion and exhalation, which aſcends and returns day and night every hour and minute without intermiſſion.

This moiſt Air, or liquid form at bottom, with Ebullition and ſending forth a ſpiritual ſmoak or Vapour, (in which, ſaith *Artephius*, the whole Maſtery conſiſts) continues about ſix weeks, or thereabouts, and then the boiling will turn to a Pitchy ſwelling, and puffing up like Leavened



Leavened Dough; and from that time the Compound ſhall grow dryer and dryer, coming at length to Pitch-black Atoms, or Powder impalpable, and the fumes ſhall ceaſe for ſix weeks.

Be patient therefore in decoction, and wait with a great deal of confidence, until thou ſeeſt thy Water, which at firſt aſcends white and flegmatick, to begin to change colour, and the Exhalations to ariſe diſcoloured within the Glaſs. Then continue your decoction till the Cloud which is conceived be brought forth: for in this Operation be ſure that the Seeds begin to mingle, and will give you a ſign of the beginning of the Conjunction of Natures, and that is the gilding of the Glaſs about the ſides within the Concave, as if it were overſpread with leaves of pure Gold.

Continue ſtill your decoction till the Earth at the bottom begin to appear, and the moiſture of the Compound begin to be terminated in Drineſs, in colour Black, which is a ſure ſign of your right progreſs, and without which you can never attain the Maſtery.

Remem-

Remember that in this Calcination thou haſt a portion of Water in the upper part of thy Veſſel, which did not deſcend; and in the time of the ceaſing of the fumes, the Body grows very dry, even to Calcination, which when it is intirely perfected, the Water is as it were by a Magnetical virtue drawn down, and then follows a ſecond Liquefaction.

*Separation thus muſt thou oftentimes make,*
*Thy Waters dividing into parts two,*
*So that the ſubtle from the groſs thou take,*
*All the Earth rem[illegible] below in colour blac[illegible]*
*That Earth is fixed [illegible]*
*The other part is ſpiritual and flying,*
*But thou muſt turn them all into one thing.*

BUt to return to our Work of Sublimation, which is as was touched before, the Key of the whole Work, by which Separation is made unceſſantly each day and hour.

Thus are the Waters divided from the Waters, that is, the Waters above from them which are below; for part of the Water aſcends up like a fume, and congeals



geals and runs down the ſides of the Glaſs in drops like veins, and part remains ſtill below with the Body, and with it boils viſibly, and that unceſſantly.

By this Work thou haſt the ſubtle or thin parts of the Body, and the thin parts of the Water, aſcend and mingle; and the groſs part of the Body, and the groſs part of the Water, mixt below, the one by ſubliming together, and the other by boiling together: thus is thy Body below compounded of two even the moſt fixed parts of *Sol*, with the groſſer parts of *Lunaria*; and thy Water of two parts, the Soul of *Sol*, and the Spirit of *Lunaria*, which is the true myſtical ground of Fixation.

Thus by ſubliming in a continual Vapour whatever is Spiritual and Heavenly, both in the Water and in the Body lightly aſcending, and in the upper part of the Glaſs taking the nature of a Spirit; what is more groſs, earthy and corporeal, will in the bottom take the nature of a Body, whoſe colour, the Soul being ſeparated, will be as Black as Pitch.

This

This Body is a middle substance between the Body and the Water, a *Limus*, a new Body, or *Adamica terra*, a *medium* between fixed and not fixed; it is not so fixed as to be equal to *Sol*, nor yet so volatile as the *Mercury*, but it is sufficiently fixed to endure a Fire requisite for this Work, and to suffer all the pain and woe of this our Purgatory, in which it abides six weeks without fumes or vapour.

But as for the Spirit, that is a tender thing, nor is it able to endure the Fire, but flys from it, and abides in the uppermost part of the Glass; only so long as the fumes arise, the ascending do still meet with them which are above, till at last making over great drops, they fall down; and when the fumes cease, as much of the Spirit as the Concave of the Glass will hold without running down, stays above until intire Calcination be perfected, and then they are drawn down by a Magnetical virtue: So that here is all the mystery of the proportion of the Glass to the Matter, namely, that it be so big, and no bigger, as in its Concave will



upon a competent quantity of [illegible], (after Calcination to water the dry pores) while the Body below rots into Atoms.

Then shall you bring back the Water upon the Earth, and circulate again so long till there be a total joyning, till the Spirit become the Body, and the Body become the Spirit, and all be made true Fire or Tincture; of which Conjunction this true Separation is the cause, and without it it cannot be made.

*Then Oyl and Water with Water shall distill,*
*And through her help receive moving:*
*Keep well these two, that thou not spill*
*Thy Work for want of due closing,*
*And make thy Stopple of Glass melting,*
*The top of thy Vessel together with it,*
*Then Philosopher lick it is up shit:*

IN this second Circulation, which is after Conjunction, there shall be no more the Body below and the Spirit above, but all shall be one, and the Body which is the *Sulphur*, shall always follow the Spirit on the Fire wherever it flys.

The

The occaſional cauſe of all this, is our firſt Water, which though vile, is therefore to be much valued, for it is very precious; through the virtue of which it comes to paſs, that our Earth yields a Water, and cauſeth it to fly with the Spirit aloft, and is the Soul of our *Sol*, which at length doth allure the ſaid Spirit and Body to union, which elſe would never be: and then the Body beyond its own nature is lifted up, moving unceſſantly with the Spirit and Soul upon the Fire, for all now are made one inſeparably; and this is called the *ſealing the Mother in the belly of the Infant which ſhe bore*, that is, the Earth below is ſo united to the Water that aroſe from it, that in this Operation after this true Conjunction, they are never more divided, but are together ſublimed, and deſcend continually, moving and altering continually until perfect Complement.

Now for as much as all the Maſtery conſiſts in Vapour, which are called the great Winds, which are in the Veſſel at the forming of this our *Embrio*, therefore



fore great care muſt be had leſt the Spirits exhale. Which they will do, without the Glaſs have a ſtrong guard; for firſt, they are ſubtle; nor that only, but aſcend with a great *impetus*, by reaſon of our Fire, which muſt cauſe the *inferiora ebullire & moveri continuò*, *& inferiora circulari*, *quolibet momento*; and thirdly, in Putrefaction the Body and Spirits have a moſt ſubtle odour, which alſo muſt be retained.

For preventing of all, thou ſhalt have thy Stopple as firm as any part of thy Glaſs, which let it be ſtrong, as is ſaid, and the neck long and ſtrong, and let the neck be melted up with a Lamp, or with Coals, and cloſed well without much wringing, which makes the Glaſs brittle; but being nipt up, and after that ſtaying in the ſame heat, turning it to and fro in the clear heat, the Glaſs will come to as exactly cloſe and ſmooth a *ſuperficies*, as in any other place.

This is the true and ſure way which Philoſophers have ſecured their Glaſſes by. Let it cool by degrees, and be very wary that it get no crack in cooling, which

which if it do, though never ſo little, you muſt not connive at it, leſt the winds within cauſe it there to burſt, as being a weak defective place.

*The Water wherewith thou mayſt revive thy Stone,*
*Look thou diſtill before thou work with it.*
*Oftentimes by it ſelf alone,*
*And by this ſight thou ſhalt wit,*
*From feculent faces when it is quit:*
*For ſome men can with Saturn it multiply,*
*And ſuch like ſubſtance, which we deſie.*

THus thou ſeeſt how our Work muſt be ordered in reference to its Regimen, but the main matter is our Water. Which Water, as ſaith *Artephius*, is the Vinegar of Mountains, and it is the only Inſtrument for our Work: its Preparation conſiſts in Cohobation, which we will diſcover. In my little Treatiſe called *Introitus Apertus*, and in my other Tractate called *Ars Metallorum Metamorphoſeos*, I ſpeak as much of it as a man can ſpeak, without giving a Receipt; but to the Ingenious, what there



there is written is far better than any Receipt.

This I ſay, that it muſt firſt be cohobated in a very wonderful way, (for it is ſuch a Cohobation that hath not its like in the World) and for ſeveral times, to a determinate number, and after it may and ought to be diſtilled *per ſe*, without addition, again and again, that thou mayſt have the Water clean from any Exotical mixture.

When it aſcends like to the Pearled dew, thou mayſt then know that it is ſufficiently pure, which is not till all the filthineſs be caſt from the centre, and waſh'd from the ſuperficies: Thy Water then hath ſo excellent a Pontick faculty, that it will diſſolve *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, or *Venus*, into *Mercury* and *Sulphur*; for it commands Metals as their true Water Mineral, which no *Mercury* in the World is, but our *Mercury*, nor can be, for Reaſons known to the *Adepti*, which if I ſhould give, there would be none almoſt ſo ſtupid but would eaſily apprehend them, for they are moſt demonſtrable. This only I at preſent ſay of this *Mercury*,

that it is the Mother of Metals, and therefore hath power to reduce them, by dividing their principles of *Sulphur* and *Mercury*; but we count it a loſs to imploy our *Mercury* to ſuch ſordid uſes, for we ſpoil the goodneſs of it hereby. Gold only is drowned in it, that is, it is reduced without diviſion of parts; but though the *Sulphur* and *Mercury* be for a time diſtinct, yet they will joyn with the Water, and together, and ſo remain perpetually; which other Metals in their diſſolution will not, for their *Sulphurs* being not perfect, are rejected to the ſuperficies, and never are received to union again, for they are Heterogeneous.

*Diſtill it therefore till it be clean,*
*And thin like Water as it ſhould be,*
*Like Heaven in colour bright and ſheene,*
*Keeping both figure and ponderoſity:*
*There with did* Hermes *moiſten his Tree,*
*In his Glaſs that he made it to grow upright,*
*With Flowers diſcoloured beautiful to ſight.*

SO then to return to what we digreſſed a little from, thy Water muſt be ſo



ſo long diſtilled, until it be very clean; for this, ſaith the Philoſopher, is thy firſt work, to make clean thy *Mercury*, and then into clean *Mercury* to put clean Bodies, for who can expect a pure Generation from that which is unclean?

The next property of thy Water is, that it muſt be thin, even as thin as any other *Mercury*; for if the external proportion be corrupted, it is an evident ſign that the inward nature is confuſed.

It muſt alſo be of a very bright colour, even like to fine burniſhed Silver, as ſaith *Artephius*. Hence ſaith a certain Philoſopher, that our Water to ſight is like to a Cœleſtial Body.

Our Water muſt not be reduced into any limpid Diaphanous liquor, as ſome fondly imagine, and as I my ſelf in my time of errours did conceit, but it muſt keep its *Mercurial* form pure and incorrupted. It is alſo very ponderous, ſo ponderous that it is ſomewhat more weighty then any other *Mercury* in the World.

This is the only one *Mercury*, and there is none in the whole World beſides it which can do our Work: with this

*Hermes* did moiſten his Body, and made it to rot and putreſie.

By means of this Water the Body ſhall be brought to have a vegetative Soul, for it will ſhoot forth as with Sprigs, and Leaves, and Branches, and after it will reſolve into Powder like Atoms.

In the time of this proceſs many colours ſhall come and go, riſe and ſet, which will be a pleaſant ſpectacle to the beholder, and ſhorten the time wonderfully, which elſe would ſeem very tedious.

*This Water is like to the venomous Tyre,*
*And with it the mighty Triacle is wrought;*
*It is a poiſon moſt ſtrong of ire,*
*A ſtronger poiſon cannot be thought,*
*Oft times therefore at the Pothecaries it is ſought.*
*But no man ſhall thereby be intoxicate,*
*From time it is to Medicine Elixerate.*

THis Water is by Philoſophers called their Venom, and indeed it is a very ſtrong poiſon, to wit, to the Body of *Sol*, to which it is mixed: but what it is to the



the Body of Man, I never tried my ſelf, nor gave it to another, nor do I believe did any of they. But as concerning the Medicine that is made by it, and out of it, it is certain, that of all Medicines in the World it is the higheſt, for it is the true *Arbor vitæ*, which doth anſwer the univerſal deſires of them who have it in this kind; for beſides its virtue Curative, which it hath in a wonderful miraculous way, it can penetrate even to our Conſtitutive principles, which no other Mineral Medicine can do. Though *Paracelſus* glory much of his *Renovantia & Reſtaurantia*, (which we have known, as being Maſters of his ſecret *Alcaheſt*, of which if I live I will write a particular Treatiſe) yet it is not his *Hæmatina*, nor yet his *Arcana*, nor his *Elixiria*, nor his *Eſſentiæ*, nor any of his ſecrets, which are ſurely noble Medicines, that can reach the root of Life, which this can and will; for it performs all, only it cannot prevail againſt the appointment of God, otherwiſe were it not for that decree it could really keep a man immortal, for it renews Youth, retards Age,

and reſtores to moſt exquiſite and compleat health, encreaſeth ſtrength wonderfully; yea it will not only renew Hair to thoſe from whom it is fallen, but it will change the hoary head into a youthful colour, which will not grow hoary again for many years, nor ever, if the uſe of it were fully known, and it were uſed as it ought to be.

Hereupon in reſpect of its wonderful virtue, after it is made into Medicine, Philoſophers have by Analogy concluded, that it was before the greateſt poiſon, for they have a Maxim (*ex ſummo veneno, ſumma Medicina*) which as I do not always hold true, ſo I ſhall not here diſpute. But he who thinks, becauſe Philoſophers ſay it is ſuch a deadly poiſon, that it is to be bought at the Apothecaries, or Druggiſts, he is miſtaken; for as it is firſt bought, I confeſs it is very venomous, but this malignity I conceive and know is fully taken away, before it become the Philoſophers *Mercury*.

But whatever it be in its Crudity, I am ſure it is not ſo in its Perfection, for he who ſhall take of it then, ſhall be ſo far from



from receiving any damage by it, that he ſhall find it to be a ſoveraign Medicine, which hath not its like in the whole Univerſe.

*For then as is the Triacle true,*
*And in its working doth marvels ſhew,*
*Reſtoring many from death to life;*
*But ſee thou mingle it with no Corroſive,*
*But chooſe it pure and quick running,*
*If thou thereby wilt have winning.*

IT is not the Triacle of *Galen*, nor yet of *Hippocrates*, (which yet if right made are of great efficacy) that can compare to it; for firſt, it kills all the venom of any diſeaſe or malady, ſo that thoſe diſeaſes which do aſtoniſh the beholders, are by this overcome even *ad miraculum*: for ſuppoſe a man dying with the Tokens of the Plague, ſo that he is upon the very point of departure, (and the decree be not paſt, for then there is no recovery) if he have but a drop of this *Elixir* poured down, ſo that he ſwallow it, he ſhall immediately recover, and in ſhort time he will be reſtored to his for-

ther health. Now that it doth immediately reach the root of Life, I ſhall demonſtrate: Suppoſe one with a very languiſhing diſeaſe be conſumed to nothing in compariſon, and for want of Spirits be juſt going out of the World, ſo the decree be not paſt, if he have but ſtrength even in the Agony of death, but to take a drop of this *Elixir*, he will recover and revive, and in a few days in compariſon will be doubly ſtronger then ever he was before. Suppoſe one of a very weak Conſtitution, and ſickly, and every day ill, feeble all over, if he take of this *Elixir*, it will in a ſhort time alter his Conſtitution fundamentally, ſo that he ſhall be far ſtronger then any other man ordinarily is.

A noble Philoſopher (though I ſcarce believe him to be an *Adeptus* of the Stone) hath wrote of late a ſmall Treatiſe of *Fevers*, the *Lithiaſis*, and the *Peſtilence*, and there he ſaith in one of his Tractates, That the loſs of ſtrength which is made by Venery and Bloud-letting, is wholly irrecoverable. It is true, and I verily believe that he had Medicines very noble,



noble, and it is pity but he had this ſecret to preſerve his old age, for I ſeriouſly profeſs, that of all the Tractates that ever I read, they are the moſt Philoſophical; but by this expreſſion it is evident, that he was ignorant of this ſecret.

For although by Venery, or a *Tabes*, or Bleeding, or by any other way a man be debilitated, he may be reſtored by this *Elixir*, not only to perfect health, but alſo to ſuch a meaſure of ſtrength which he never had before. Yea and a man or woman who is born to hereditary weakneſs, may be changed into a more then ordinary ſtrength by the uſe of our Medicine; or a man who by labour, ſickneſs and years, is come to the Graves mouth, even to drop in it, may by uſe hereof be reſtored his hair, his teeth, and his ſtrength, ſo that he ſhall be of greater agility then in his youth, and of greater ſtrength, and may live many years, provided the period of the Almighties decree be not come.

For Minerals are of all Sublunary Bodies the moſt perfect, and the beſt part of them

them are Metals, which when they are perfect, defend themſelves from all fear of corruption perpetually. Now the Spirit of the Metal when it is exalted to a millenary perfection, it tingeth all Metals imperfect to an incorruptible purity; but then this Spirit muſt be made a Body, according to the ſaying of *Hermes*, *Vis ejus eſt integra ſi verſa fuerit in terram.*

But this tranſcendent Tincture may be diſſolved into an Oyl, or rather a pure Liquor, which that is not proper for Metals, but is only Medicinal; for it is of the nature of Light, and therefore it doth as readily concur with our formal vital principle, as one flame will enter another.

Yea and beyond this, it may be exalted beyond the nature of man, yea and of any tangible Body, to become a moſt radiant perpetual Light, which I have ſeen, though not my ſelf actually made. All this is done by the Divine virtue of our Water, which is to be prepared, as is ſaid, by Cohobation and Diſtillation, for our Water is a living Water, and not



not corroſive, as many do miſ-interpret our Books.

Theſe then are the circumſtantial qualities of our Water, it is pure, clean, and very bright, it is quick, and very fluent, without Humectation; it is the only profitable ſubject that we can chooſe for this Art, and whatever can be taken in hand in the World beſides this, is but fallacious.

*It is a marvellous thing in kind,*
*And without it can nothing be done,*
*Therefore did* Hermes *call it his Wind,*
*For it is up-flying from Sun and Moon,*
*And maketh our Stone to fly with it ſoon,*
*Reviving the dead, and giving life*
*To Sun and Moon, Husband and Wife.*

IT is of a wonderful Compoſition, yea ſo wonderful that if thou ſhouldſt know it by relation only, thou couldſt not believe it. Study therefore only to know it, for it is the very hinge on which turns all perfection, it is that which the Wiſe men never revealed but only in Figures and Metaphors.

Some

Some have called it their ſharp Vinegar, becauſe of its diſſolvent quality; others have called it a Bird, a Gooſe, a Pheſant, and many ſuch names they have given it.

But becauſe it ariſeth in the form of a Wind or Vapour, the Philoſophers have called it their Vapour, their Smoak, and their Wind; and for this cauſe command, that the Porter keep diligent watch, that it fly not away or exhale, for it would ſpoil the Work.

This Water then flyeth the more Spiritual part of it, and the Corporal part remaineth below in the form of an Humidity, which doth bubble and boil continually, and the ſmoak in the Head condenſeth and returneth in drops upon the Body; and by this means the Body of *Sol*, which is moſt fixed, to the aſtoniſhment of Nature is made volatile, and ſends out in the Exhalation of the Water its ſubtle fiery Soul.

Thus the dead Body hath infuſed into it a Spirit of life, and begins to be endowed with a living Soul, which moves aloft with the Spirit, and returns with the



the ſame, till the Body be wholly renewed.

And by this means the Body of the *Sun* retaining the more Corporeal part of the Water at the bottom, they boil together, and enter one another, and ſo both by decoction become more and more Corporal, and make together one Hermaphroditical Body, of which the more fixed parts of the *Sun*, and the groſſer parts of the Water, are the Component principals: So that being thus mixed, the more Corporal parts below, and the more Spiritual parts in Sublimation, the Bodily part is Husband and Wife to it ſelf, for all Conception is made at the bottom of the Veſſel.

*Which*

*Which if they were not by craft made quick,*
*And their fatneſs with Water drawn out,*
*And ſo the thin diſſevered from the thick,*
*Thou ſhouldeſt never bring this Work about.*
*If thou wilt therefore ſpeed without doubt,*
*Raiſe up the Birds out of their Neſt,*
*And after bring them again to reſt.*

THeſe Bodies do ſend forth a thin ſubtle fume, which may be compared to their breath; and the returning of it, and fuming continually, may be likened to the breathing in and out of Air, for ſaith *Artephius*, all things live by Air: and ſo our Stone it is inſpired by the Air, which Air is the fume which aſcends continually, which partakes of both Natures as well as the Body below doth. Alſo this makes that below to boil and ſwell continually, which it would not do, did not the Earth retain the moiſture; and the Sublimation carries with it the ſubtileſt part, or Soul of the Body, which eaſily appears by its changing of colours, for whatever coloureth is of *Sulphur*, which is unctuous, and therefore the



the Sublimation appears pinguous: the *medium* of this Extraction is Water, becauſe our Water and the *Sulphur* are Homogeneal.

Wherefore in this Circulation there are two things to be conſidered, the bottom, and the top; the bottom is not only the Body of *Sol*, for ſo it would not ſtand liquid, and flow, and boil, and bubble as it doth: therefore it is certain, that the Body retains part of the Water, which is more thick, which thickneſs digeſtion and mixture hath cauſed; which groſſer part of the Water is joyned with the Body, but not perfectly united. The uppermoſt part is not only from the Water, nor yet the moſt whole of the Water, but a certain ſubtle portion of your firſt Vinegar, which hath in it the moſt pure part of your Gold, which is ſublimed with it, which both together make a *medium* of much Fitneſs: So then by reaſon of the mixture both the uppermoſt and the ſubſident part are reduced to a mean, which hold one of another; therefore our Body at this time, and in this Operation, is called the Body both of

of the *Sun* and *Moon*, and the Vapour contains both the Soul of the *Sun*, and the Spirit of the *Mercury*. Take this for your prey, for I have reveal'd what Philoſophers upon penalty of an *Anathema* would never diſcloſe.

If you have well attended to what I have ſaid, I have ſaid enough, and if this do not ſuffice you, I know not what will. Remember well what I have ſaid, if you ever expect ſucceſs.

To ſum up all therefore in one word, for I have been ſo long that I fear I have been too prolix: Remember what you go about, and what you work on. You take in hand an Earthly Body, which you would bring to a Heavenly Tincture. This you would effect by *Mercury*, which is the only way or *medium* in the World. Firſt then, ſublime till by *Mercury* thou haſt brought thy Body to the height of volatility, and thou ſhalt find that in this diſſolved Body there will be ſuch a ferment, which will recongeal the Spirit.

*Water*



*Water with Water accord will and aſcend,*
*And Spirit with Spirit, for they be both of one kind,*
*Which when they be exalted make to deſcend.*
*So ſhalt thou unlooſe that which Nature erſt did bind,*
*Mercury eſſential turning into Wind;*
*Without which natural and ſubtle Separation,*
*May never be compleat profitable Generation.*

FOr the Body though in its *manifeſto* it be *Sulphur* congealed, and dry, yet in its *occulto* it is *Mercury* liquid, and moiſt: Now the Water which thou mixeſt with it hath this vertue, to open its pores, and then the Water of the Body will as naturally agree and aſcend with thy Water of Life, which thou didſt put to it, as one Water will join with another.

Now as *Sol* hath a hidden Spirit, ſo hath our *Mercury*, which is in it inviſible; for to ſight it appears as other *Mercury*, only a little brighter, but in effect

they differ wonderfully: which Spirit will as naturally unite with the Soul, or Fiery part of the Body, as Light will mix with Light, and then the groſs part of the Body, and of the Water, in the bottom of the Veſſel, will be brought in abſence of the Soul and Spirit to putreſie. So then theſe two Fiery Natures being Homogeneous, will readily mix, and will ſublime together in form of a white Smoak or Vapour, as ſaith noble *Artephius*, and there condenſing in the top of the Veſſel, that is, about the ſides, and in the Concave of the Glaſs, will return again and circulate up and down, till it have deſtroyed the ſolidity of the Body, making it no Body, but ſubliming what is ſubtle, and what is earthly and reſiſting turning into Aſhes, or an impalpable Powder, by Calcination.

And after Putrefaction is compleat by Circulation, the moſt fixed part which is called the Body of Fixion, the eſſential and moſt permanent part of both Body and Water, will ponderouſly be lifted up and carried aloft into the Air.

And without this Separation and Diviſion,



viſion, all is nothing, for this is the very Key of the Maſtery, it is the cauſe of Generation: therefore in vain is whatever is attempted without this, boiling the groſs, and ſubliming what is ſubtle, that in the troubles of the ſtormy Sea, which works up and down as the Sea in the mighty Winds, what is pure may aſcend, and whatever is impure may remain at the bottom; and when all that is pure is aſcended, that which is left is called the Earth that remains. So *Artephius*.

*Now to help thee in at this Gate,*
*This laſt ſecret I will diſcloſe to thee,*
*Thy Water muſt be ſeven times ſublimate,*
*Elſe ſhall no kindly Diſſolution be,*
*Nor Putrefaction ſhalt thou none ſee;*
*Like liquid Pitch nor colours appearing,*
*For lack of heat within thy Glaſs working.*

NOte then that Sublimation, which otherwiſe is called Separation, Diviſion, Aſcenſion and Deſcenſion, is the Key of the Work; it is placed for the third Gate, and yet it is the laſt and the

firſt; the laſt it is called by *Ripley*, and I to Eccho to his voice aſſure thee it is the firſt and laſt.

And as the Key of all our Operations is Separation, ſo the Key to it is our true *Mercury*, truly prepared and proportioned as it ought to be. Now the proportion of thy Water, is in reference to its internal additional *Sulphur*, which is added by the Philoſopher; which is done by ſucceſſive Eagles, which are made by our Philoſophical *Arſnick*, the number of which ought to be ſeven. The darkneſs vaniſhing, and the light appearing, after many Showrs, before the flight of each Eagle; our Water being thus acuated, is by Acuation purged, and then it becomes powerful in diſſolving the Body, which will be done with a fewer number of Eagles, or a greater, but with 7 or 9 moſt deſiredly.

This acuated Water is alſo the Inſtrument which doth move the Gold to putrifie, which no other Agent in the World can do; for by this the Body is ground, ſofned and mollified, the pores of it are opened, and the *Sulphur* inviſible



ble is ſet at liberty, which cauſeth the Body to rot, change colours, and at length become black like unto melted Pitch:

But if thou omit any of the number of Eagles, or fail in the goodneſs of thy *Arſnick*, or erre in the preparation of the Water with thy *Arſnick*, either in Conjunction, or Purification, or Digeſtion, or any other errour, of which experience will warn thee, do not then expect that the moſt exact Regimen of heat of thy external Furnace will do the Work.

*Four Fires there be, which thou muſt underſtand,*
*Natural, againſt Nature, unnatural alſo,*
*And the Elemental, which doth burn the brand;*
*Theſe four Fires uſe we and no moe,*
*Fire againſt Nature muſt do thy Body woe.*
*This is our Dragon as I thee tell,*
*Fiercely burning as the Fire in Hell.*

NOw to give thee a touch concerning our Fire, which he that knows may

well be accounted a Maſter of our Secrets: We have indeed four Fires, which is one more than *Artephius* numbred, which yet he intended to include. The moſt noble Fire is Natural, which is that which we ſeek to have multiplied, and that is the *Sulphur* of Gold, or rather its Fiery Tincture; it is that which we ſeek for, and we uſe *Mercury* for *Sol* his ſake.

Our next Fire is our Fire againſt Nature, and that is the Fire of our Water which is to be corrupted, and by this corruption Multiplication is made.

The third Fire is Unnatural, which is the mixture of theſe two Fires, while they are in their action and paſſion, and neither doth actually predominate.

Now for to give you a reaſon of theſe Fires denomination, know that Mineral Fire is *Sulphur*, which is hot and dry, and it is the death of the Mineral Tree, that is, it is the cauſe of coagulating, that is, taking away the flux of the *Mercury* which is cold and moiſt; this in Gold is apparent, for it is a coagulated perfect Body, fixed and permanent in all tryals: this



this it hath from its Fire or *Sulphur*, and this is Natural.

But now our Water hath an actual and active *Sulphur* in it, and yet quick and fluid, a Fire in Water which yet is not burned; this *Sulphur* is true Gold, and yet it is volatile; this is a Riddle, the Philoſophers Myſtery, and yet true; this is contrary to Natures ordinary operation in Mineral bodies.

Now Nature will always care and provide for her own Child, before a Stranger; Gold is her own Son, and is according to her own Rules: but this *Mercury* is the Son of the Philoſopher, to whoſe nativity though Nature contribute her help, yet he is out of her ordinary road, and through the co-operation of Art and Nature, he is for his qualifications an aſtoniſhment to Nature, hot and dry internally, and that actually; for it is impregnated with real *Sulphur*, and yet not coagulated, but in one word *Ignis aqua*, Gold truly ſo called, and that moſt pure, yet volatile and crude, and no abortive; not perfect, yet left in the way to perfection, and yet its virtue active, not

extinguiſhed. This ſubject Nature finding mixed with her Son, the King, even Gold, by it ſhe endeavours to mend his Conſtitution, and to multiply his virtue; for though living Gold be a thing of admirable force, yet being out of the ordinary channel of Natures operations, Nature doth not mind its preſervation, much leſs its propagation.

Theſe three forenamed Fires are internal, ſecret and inviſible, but there is one more which we uſe, which is not ours properly; for every Sophiſter hath it and uſeth it as well as we, and that is Culinary Fire, which yet is ſo neceſſary that without it we can do nothing, nor yet without the true knowledge of its due proportion. So then we uſe no Fires of Dung, nor of the *Sun*, or of Baths, as ſome Sophiſters perſwade themſelves and others, for theſe are all the Fires which we uſe.

With the ſecret *Sulphur* that is in our Water, which we proportion exactly in the beginning, we open our Body, for this Fire can do and doth that which no other Fire can do, for it deſtroys and con-



conquers the Body, and makes it no Body but a Spirit.

So that whatever any Sophiſters may ſuggeſt, our Fire is Mineral, it is *Sulphur*, and that pure; it is united to the Water in one form, and yet hinders not its flux, nor corrupts its form:

This is the true *Ignis Gehennæ*, for it Eclipſeth the light of the Bodies, and makes them become black as Pitch; which is a ſymbol of Hell, and for its *Cimmerian* darkneſs is by many of the Wiſe men called Hell.

*Fire of Nature is the third Menſtrual,*
*That Fire is natural in each thing,*
*But Fire occaſionate we call unnatural,*
*As heat of Aſhes and Balnes for putrefying.*
*Without theſe Fires thou mayſt nought bring*
*To Putrefaction, for to be ſeparate,*
*Thy Matters together proportionate.*

OUr natural Fire is, as I ſaid, the true *Sulphur* of Gold, which in the hard and dry Body is impriſoned, but by the mediation of our Water it is let looſe, by rotting the moles of the Body under which

which it was detained, and after ſeparation of Elements, it appears viſibly in our third Menſtrual.

For though Gold be a compact and dry Earthy Body, none may think that it became what it is without the virtue of a Seed, which by perfection is not extinct, but ſealed up only; which Seed is a Fiery form of Light, which nothing in the World wanteth, and therefore it would be a great *Anomalum* if it ſhould be only defective in Metals, the choice of all ſublunary Bodies.

Betwixt theſe two Fires, in the time of their action and paſſion one upon another, and from another, there is made a *medium* which is part of both, which becauſe it is not altogether natural, nor wholly againſt nature, is called unnatural.

The duration of this unnatural Fire is from the time that the Body begins to open, and colours to change, that is in a word, all the time of the rule of *Saturn*, and part of the rule of *Jupiter*, the whole Regimen of Putrefaction, and ſo much of Ablution until the Dove begin to prevail



vail over the Crow; which Putrefaction as it is the turning of an intire Wheel, ſo part of it is done *in ſicco*, when the Body is all a diſcontinuous Calx or Aſhes, and part *in humido*, which is called a Bath, when the ſubſident part is liquid and boils, and the ſuperiour part vapours aloft and deſcends.

Thus you ſee how many Fires we have, and how they are diſtinguiſhed: wherein I have written what I know, and as many as underſtand me will eſteem my Writings highly; for without boaſting let me aſſure thee, thou haſt not ſuch another Directory in the whole World: I may ſpeak it without offence, being unknown to thee, and thou to me. This I ſay not to detract from any Philoſopher, for many were deeply ſeen in this Maſtery, but almoſt all were envious, and the moſt candid would have judged my plainneſs deſerving an *Anathema maranatha*. I have here laid you ſo plain demonſtrations as I go, that you cannot miſs, if God direct you; and without the knowledge of the Fires you are far wide, whatever whimſies you have in your

your head; for you ſhall never ſee the diſſolution of the Body, nor ſhall you ever make black, and by conſequence you cannot divide Elements as you ought to do, becauſe you proportioned not your Matters wiſely in the beginning of the Work; for, *Dimidium facti qui bene cepit, habet*, he who makes a good beginning, hath as good as half done.

*Therefore make Fire thy Glaſs within,*
*Which burneth the Body much more than Elemental, if thou wilt win (Fire*
*Our ſecrets according to thy deſire:*
*Then ſhall thy Seed both rot and ſpire,*
*By help of Fire occaſionate,*
*That kindly after they may be ſeparate.*

TAke then my counſel, be not ſo careful of the Fire of the *Athanor*, as of your Internal Fire; ſeek it in the houſe of *Aries*, and draw it from the depths of *Saturn*; let *Mercury* be the Internuncio, and your ſignal the Doves of *Diana*. By the River you ſhall find a Tree, in which is the Neſt of 10 Eagles; take of them 7, 9, or all, but take them very white,



white, which oft plunging in the River (will cauſe: with theſe you may overcome the Lion.

The heat of their ſtomachs is far more powerful than any Fire in the World; for in it Gold will be deſtroyed, that thou ſhalt not know what is become of it; which yet loſeth nothing from it ſelf, though expoſed to the greateſt violence of any flame.

Thus with patience thou ſhalt ſee thy deſire fulfilled, and thy heart ſhall rejoyce; for a wide door ſhall be opened by which thou mayſt behold the Myſteries of Nature in all her Kingdoms.

In 40 or 50 days thou ſhalt behold the higheſt ſign of moſt perfect corruption of thy perfect Body, which of a dead lump is thus become Seed, in which though many cannot believe that there is any active virtue, yet it is now to the aſtoniſhment of Nature made living, and by its life it kills that by which it was made alive, and both being mingled make one Bath, which by continual decoction, moving the Earth and Water below, and circulating the Air and Fire

above,

above, make at laſt one inſeparable quinteſſence, the Father of Wonders.

Now to God only wiſe, the revealer of theſe hidden Myſteries, be praiſe from all his Creatures for ever.

*Of Separation the Gate muſt thus be won.*

THus I have run through this Gate of Separation, which might be enough, for it is all; but becauſe the Wiſe men have made many Operations for to hide the ſecret, and have ſcattered their notions here and there in every Gate or Operation, ſometimes being at the beginning, ſometimes at the end, thereby to puzzle the unwary; I muſt to make this Treatiſe intire, run through the reſt with what brevity and plainneſs I can.





*I Shall now ſing a pleaſant Elegy,*
*What did betwixt two Lovers*
*Fall out, ſeek the reaſon why,*
*This Song diſcovers;*
*A Wife*
*Did loſe her life,*
*Becauſe ſhe did her Husband revive,*
*Whoſe death did enforce*
*The man to remorſe,*
*To ſee her dead who gave him life.*

*He was a King, yet dead as dead could be,*
*His Siſter a Queen,*
*Who when her Brother ſhe did breathleſs ſee,*
*The like was never ſeen;*
*She cryes*
*Until her eyes*
*With over-weeping were waxed dim,*
*So long till her tears*
*Reach'd up to her ears,*
*The Queen ſunk, but the King did ſwim.*

*Theſe Waters with the Fire which prevail'd,*
*Did him ſo perplex,*
*That ſtarting up, not knowing what him ail'd,*
*He ſorely did vex;*

*He*

He thought
That there was wrought
Some Treaſon, but full little did know
That it was a Queen
Him ſav'd, though unſeen,
And dy'd her ſelf ſad white I trow.

At length her Carcaſs, when her Gall was broke,
Roſe up to the top,
From which ſum'd up ſo venomous a ſmoak,
His breath which did ſtop;
He found,
Which made him ſound,
The cauſe of his life his Siſter did ſlay;
This made him full ſad,
And grief made him mad,
Thus ſoon his ſtrength fell to decay.

His Houſe and Chamber were ſo charg'd with heat,
It made him to faint,
And fainting fell into a grievous ſweat;
His ſweat did ſo taint
The Room
With ſoul perfume,
Which did e'en almoſt ſuffocate:
So feeble he grew,
He could not eſchew,
But dung'd and piſs'd there where he ſate.

At



At length with ſorrows many he expires,
Full glad of the change,
That death at laſt ſhould anſwer his deſires;
But what is moſt ſtrange,
When dead,
That it might be ſaid
How dearly he his Siſter did love,
Their Corps did unite,
That they in deſpight
Of Fire, would not aſunder move.

And thus together they contumulate
A rotting did lye,
Paſſing through diſmal Purgatories Gate;
Wherein they did fry
So long,
Until among
The Saints for purity they might paſs:
Their ſins were no more
To be found on ſcore,
They then were clear as Cryſtal Glaſs.

A Spirit then of life from Heaven came,
In their Bodies dead,
Which now united, of renowned fame
To Heaven were led;

S Where

*Where they*
*Abode for aye,*
*Enjoying pleaſures for evermore,*
*To death not ſubject,*
*Were now the object*
*Of wonder, for th' had Riches ſtore.*

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AN

# EXPOSITION

UPON THE

# Fourth Gate,

Which is

# CONJUNCTION.

AN

# The Fourth Gate Opened,

Which is

# CONJUNCTION.

*After the Chapter of Natural Separation,*
*By which the Elements of our Stone disſevered be,*
*The Chapter here followeth of ſecret Conjunction,*
*Which Natures repugnant joyneth to perfect unity,*
*And ſo them knitteth that none from others may flee,*
*When they by the Fire ſhall be examinate,*
*They be together ſo ſurely conjungate.*

HAving run through the Chapter of Separation with a plain ſtile, we ſhall now come to the life of all, which is Conjunction; for we ſeek not a thing which may be capable of Separation, but which may abide in all tryals, the parts being impoſſible to be

ſeparated one from another, for ſo our Tincture ought to be, or elſe it will be wholly unprofitable for our purpoſe. For Separation is but the middle motion, by which we paſs from the unary ſimplicity of Gold, to the millenary *pluſquam* perfection of our Stone; before which can be attained, there muſt be a looſing of the Compages of the Body, that ſo the Spiritual Fire, or Tincture may be ſet looſe; which being looſed, will certainly multiply it ſelf with that by which it was diſſolved, with which it is neceſſary that it ſhould Radically be mixed and united, ſo as that both the diſſolvent and the diſſolved may make one together.

This then is the benefit of our Water, that it doth not only reduce, open and mollifie our Body, and cauſe it to ſend out its Seed, but it is actually recongealed with the fermental virtue of this ſeminal influence of Gold, that it becomes together with the Body, one new Body perpetually united.

So that although our Water be volatile when it is firſt taken, yet notwithſtanding after it hath firſt made the Body no



no Body, but a Spirit, in which ſpiritualizing the Virtue or Tincture is augmented; after that the Body by Congelation, makes this no Spirit but a Body, by which the fixity is advanced mightily, ſo that both will endure all Fire.

For it is not only an apparent union that is made, but real, ſo real that the Spirit and the Body paſs one into another, penetrating each others dimenſions, the Spirit being one with the Body, and the Body being the Spirit, the Form ſwallowing up the Matter in unity, ſo that all becomes really Tincture.

*And therefore Philoſophers give this definition,*
*Saying this Conjunction is nothing elſe*
*But of diſſevered qualities a Copulation,*
*Or of principles a Coequation as others tells.*
*But ſome men with Mercury that Apothecaries ſells,*
*Meddleth Bodies that cannot divide*
*Their Matter, and therefore they ſlip aſide:*

OF this Operation Philoſophers make a great Myſtery, and ſpeak of it

very hiddenly, in reſpect to the *terminus* of it, which they call *the hour of the Stones Nativity*, in which they ſay many marvels will appear, for all the colours that can be invented in the World will be then apparent.

Some ſay their Conjunction is our reconciliation of Contraries, a making friendſhip between Enemies, becauſe in that time the volatile is ſtill aſcending and deſcending upon the fixt: this is by them aſcribed to Contrariety.

Others meaſuring all ſublunary things by the rules of Symmetry and Ametry, do aſcribe this Operation (which they for ſimilitude ſake compare to a Duel) to the over-prevailing of one principles qualities above the qualities of the other, and therefore they define Auriety to be the Anaticalneſs of the four Elements in mixture, each in his quality acting proportionable to the reſiſtance of its contrary, *& vice verſa*. But this is but an Entanglement, in which the Chymiſts ſtumble upon School Academical Principles: I had rather embrace their Secret, as for Operation; but for Philoſophy, jump



jump with that noble *Pruxellian*, whoſe promiſed Treatiſes when the World ſhall enjoy, I ſuppoſe they will be the profoundeſt piece of Philoſophy that ever was revealed to the World: which I admire not ſo much for his Experiments, of none of which I am ignorant, nor *Paracelſus* to boot, many, yea moſt of which are far harder (though ſooner wrought) than the *Elixir*, and the *Alchaheſt* is a hundred times more difficult; but what I moſt honour in that noble Naturaliſt is, that he did ſearch out the *Occulta Naturæ*, more accurately then ever any did in the World. So that (ſetting aſide the skill of this Maſtery, of which I cannot find any footſteps in what of his is extant) I am confident he was without flattery Natures Privy-Counſellor, and for Philoſophical verity might have commanded this Secret; but God doth not reveal all to all men, yet who knows what he may live to be Maſter of in this point too.

This I ſpeak not to flatter him, who (beſides what is evident to the whole World in his Writings) have no other cha-

character of him, and to him I am like to remain a perpetual Stranger; yet could as heartily deſire his acquaintance, as any mans I know in the World, and if the Fates prevent not mine intentions, by mine or his death, I ſhall endeavour familiarity with him. But this by the way.

To return whence I digreſſed; our final ſecret is firſt to unite the Spirit and Soul of our diſſolving Water, that by the mediation of the Soul, the Spirit and Body may be conjoyned, and then after ſeveral Sublimations and Precipitations made for that end, that the Body may be ſpiritualized, and the Spirit corporalized, ſo fix together the Soul, Body and Spirit, the flying and the fixt, that all the Elements (to uſe Philoſophers terms) may acquieſce and reſt in this Neſt of Earth, in which all the virtue of the ſuperiours and inferiours is contained, both in power and act.

From what hath been ſaid may appear, the ſtrong paſſive deluſion that hath taken many men of our Age, and formerly, who with the Chymiſt in *Sendivogius*, cannot



cannot dream of any other *Mercury*, then that *Mercury* which is to be bought at Druggiſts, which they take and ſublime variouſly to make it clean, and then with *Hogheland* mix it with Gold, applying all the words and ſayings of Philoſophers to this their mixture: But when the time comes that they ſhould ſee the ſigns ſpecified of the Philoſophers, there they fail, it may be by reaſon of ſomething external to the Gold, (which it gets in foliating, or the *Mercury*, which it gets in waſhing and purging, which though it be but little, yet it is enough in heat to give a light Tincture to the Superficies) they may with *Hogheland*, ſee a diſcoloured outſide, which is nothing; for our Operation is not ſo trivial, that a man had need of Spectacles, and a moſt clear light to diſcern it: but it is ſo apparent, that a half blind man would be amazed at it, for our Body, even the perfect Body is divided, which common *Mercury* can never do, though a man bleſs himſelf never ſo much in his mock-purgations.

But when as ſuch Work-men have waited their time out, and it may be out again,

again, and ſee not blackneſs, then they run into another extreme, and ſhare the fault of their errour (which was only in their *Mercury*, or withall in their proportion for *pondus* and heat of external Fire) between both principles, and then ſay with *Hogheland*, our *Mercury* and our Gold are not vulgar, but they are ſomething (no man knows what) which the Philoſophers have called Gold and *Mercury*; which yet are ſome ſtrange thing which man never heard of, or ſome common thing, or ſome vile thing. Thus they vaniſh into ſmoak, and all for want of knowledge of our true *Mercury*.

*For until the Soul be ſeparate,*
*And cleanſed from its original ſin*
*With the Water, and throughly ſpiritualizate,*
*The true Conjunction mayſt thou never begin.*
*Therefore the Soul firſt from the Body twine,*
*Then of the corporal part and of the ſpiritual,*
*The Soul ſhall cauſe Conjunction perpetual.*

REmember then that thou get ſuch a *Mercury*, which may deſtroy and conquer



quer thy Body; mollifie it, ſoften it, and draw out its Seed, and ſever the Soul from it, by virtue of that Spirit which is in thy diſſolving Water; Spirits naturally uniting with Spirits, as one flame will mix with another.

The Soul being thus ſevered from the Body, it will dry and rot as naturally as any other thing will, that hath its Soul ſeparated. And as by the Water (which extracts the Soul) it dies and grows putrid and black, ſo by the ſame Water it is waſhed from its filthy blackneſs; then the clean Soul having cleanſed the Body, is united to it, that from that time the Body follows the Soul, and is moved always with it upon the Fire, flying and deſcending in the form of a Spirit, which is a wonder to behold.

This is our Secret ſo much eſteemed, *Conjunction*, which is celebrated after the looſing, putrefying and purifying of our Body. This is the true proceſs of our Work, according to the true exigency of Nature; firſt the Soul is to be divided from the Body, that is, groſneſs may be purged by corruption and rotting, and

the

the Spirit which is a form of light, and ſeminal, may, being let looſe, multiply it ſelf by the Spirit of the Water, and ſo being allied to the Body from whence it was drawn, and to the Water from whoſe Spirit it receives an increaſe in virtue and Tincture, it may unite both the Spirit and the Body with a perpetual bond. He who works thus, ſhall undoubtedly attain unto perfection.

*Of two Conjunctions Philoſophers mention make,*
*Groſs when the Body is with Mercury re-incrudate;*
*But let this paſs, and to the ſecond heed take,*
*Which is, as ſaid, after Separation celebrate,*
*In which the parties be left with leaſt to colligate,*
*And ſo promoted unto moſt perfect temperance,*
*That never after may be repugnance.*

BIND & UNITE

BUt when as the Philoſophers ſpeak of Conjunction, it is warily to be conſidered of what Conjunction they do mean, for as it is a term very often uſed, ſo



ſo is it very doubtfully to be taken. One Conjunction which they ſpeak of is groſs, which is properly *Amalgamation*, it is the firſt Operation after the preparation of the *Mercury*.

But this is not the Conjunction here to be underſtood, but a more ſecret by far, in which man worketh nothing at all, but ſtands by only and beholds Natures Operation. And this work is done without any laying on of hands, and very quickly, when the Matters are prepared and made fit. This work is therefore called a Divine work.

This Conjunction is far more intimate than the groſs, for this is an union *per minima*, or *intima*, ſo that the eſſence of the one, enters the eſſence of the other, ſo as to make it but one ſubſtance.

This maketh a temper which man by no Art could make, for even as Water mixed with Water is inſeparable, ſo is it now with theſe principles. Now is concord, amity and friendſhip made, for now the hot and the dry, will embrace the cold and moiſt, and now patience is made between the Water and the Fire.

*Thus*

*Thus cauſeth true Separation true Conjunction to be had,*
*Of Water and Air, with Earth and Fire;*
*But that each Element into other may be led,*
*And ſo abide for ever at thy deſire,*
*Do as do Dawbers with Clay or Mire,*
*Temper them thick, and make them not too thin,*
*This do up-drying the rather thou ſhalt win.*

THus the Proverb is verified, *Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio eſt*, for Love brought them together, Love parted them with a ſeeming diſcontent, and at laſt Love unites them with a perpetual tye, that they can no more part for ever, without a new Reſolution in this diſſolving Water, after they are firſt become perfect.

Now the ſame thing is both moiſt and dry, hot and cold, according to the qualities of the Elements, (that I may ſpeak according to the uſual voice of Philoſophers) for now, is of two made three, and of three made four, and of four one; the



the Quadrangle is turned into a Circle, to the amazement of Nature.

For the eſſence of one Element now penetrateth the eſſence of another, that is, the eſſential properties are ſo throughly mixed, that all four now make but one partaking of all.

Theſe are thoſe principles which God now hath conjoyned, and therefore nothing can ſeparate: Rejoyce now, O Son of Art, for thou haſt the Sun for thy Diadem, and the Moon Creſcent for thy Garland.

That thou mayſt the more certainly, eaſily and ſpeedily attain to this, and that thy ſigns may the better and orderly appear, next to thy care of preparing true and purged *Mercury*, and pure Gold, firſt be ſure of thy mixture, mix them like as a Potter mixeth his Loam.

Be ſure you do not over-glut your Earth with Water, nor cloy your Water with Earth, but impaſt them, and then grind them together as diligently as a Painter would grind his Colours; for the more exactly thou mixeſt them, the

better and ſooner will they work one upon another in heat.

Then ſet thy Glaſs in a Furnace made for thy Work, and give a convenient Fire, in which it may boyl night and day perpetually, without a minutes ceaſing; order the Fire ſo that it may in 12 or 24 hours begin to boyl, and from that hour not to ceaſe boyling, ſubliming, aſcending and deſcending, until ſuch time as the moiſture be dried up, and all remain below (at leaſt greateſt part) in form of a diſcontinuous Calx.

*But manners there be of our Conjunction three,*
*The firſt is called by Philoſophers diptative,*
*The which between Agent and Patient muſt be,*
*Male and Female, Mercury and Sulphur vive,*
*Matter and Form, thin and thick to thrive.*
*This Leſſon will help thee without doubt,*
*And our Conjunction truly bring about.*

NOw to help thee throughly in this myſtery of Philoſophical Conjunction,



on, I ſhall particularize all our Conjunctions. We have particularly three Conjunctions, all which muſt be known by him who intends to compleat this Maſtery.

The firſt is groſs, which I touched before; it is the *Amalgamation* of *Sol* with our *Mercury*, which becauſe the mixture is made of two things, it is cal'ed Conjunction diptative; and the Compound is now called *Rebis*, that is, two things, according to the verſe, *Res Rebis eſt Vina conjecta.*

In this mixture there are two Natures, the one more active, which is the *Mercury*, the other more paſſive, which is Gold: where note, that the activity of the *Mercury* above the Gold, is becauſe the moving virtue of *Sol* is ſealed, that is, his *Sulphur* is impriſoned. Otherwiſe when Diſſolution is made, *Sol* then is moſt active, and *Mercury* more paſſive; *Mercury* then is as it were the Feminine Sperm, which being more crude and tender, it is ſooner wrought upon by the Fire, which *Sol* the Maſculine Sperm feels not till it be penetrated by the *Mercury*,

and then it is forced to ſend forth its Seed; for the formal principle reſides moſtly in the Gold, and the material chiefly in the Water; in the one, being thick of conſtitution, the formal part is ſealed; in the other, that little which is, (in reſpect of the Body) is more at liberty, and ſo by conſequence ſooner active. Theſe two then muſt be mixed (*ad juſtam exigentiam naturæ*) as is elſewhere hinted and proſecuted largely. To this if thou haſt attended, thou ſhalt know the extent and full Latitude of this Conjunction; this is a manual work, and the laſt manual work, next to the putting and ſealing of it in the Egg, that thou haſt, before thou haſt attained the firſt degree of the Maſtery.

*The ſecond manner is called Triptative,*
*Which is a Conjunction of things three,*
*Of Body, Soul and Spirit, that they not ſtrive,*
*Which Trinity thou muſt bring to Unity.*

THe next Conjunction that follows this in order, is when thou haſt ſo adminiſtred



niſtred and regulated thy Fire, that thy Spirits ſhall ſo aſcend and circulate, until they have extracted out of the fixed Body its moſt digeſted virtue, or ſubtle Soul, which is Sulphureous, or of great Fireneſs. Then ſhall the Spirit and Soul deſcend, and ſhall unite it ſelf with the Body; then ſhall the Air be converted into Duſt, according to the proceſs of noble *Sandivogius*, where they [redacted] and after when the Spirit of life ſhall enter into them, the Spirit and Soul ſhall by their mighty force carry aloft the Body with them, ſo that it ſhall go out and return with them, for now theſe three are made one.

*For as the Soul to the Spirit the bond muſt be,*
*Right ſo the Body the Soul to him muſt knit.*
*Out of thy mind let not this Leſſon ſlit.*

SO then by the mediation of the Soul, the Spirit is made one, and incorporate with the Body; for the Soul being by the Spirit drawn from the Body, doth

naturally deſire to be united with it again, and ſo long as it is from it, is from home as it were in a Pilgrimage. The > Body alſo naturally doth deſire its Soul, and will as forcibly attract it as a Loadſtone doth attract Iron: for know, that the Soul doth not aſcend, but it carries > with it a [redacted] of the Body, by which it doth ſo effectually affect the Spirit, that it begins to think of taking a new impreſſion, and becomes daily by little and little more and more able to ſuffer Fire, and by conſequence draws to the nature of a Body: obſerve this.

*The third manner, and alſo the laſt of all,*
*Four Elements together which joyns to abide,*
*Tetraptive certainly Philoſophers do it call,*
*And ſpecially* Guido de Montanor, *whoſe fame goeth wide,*
*And therefore in moſt laudable manner this tide.*

BUt yet this Conjunction doth not retain the volatility of the Compound, though

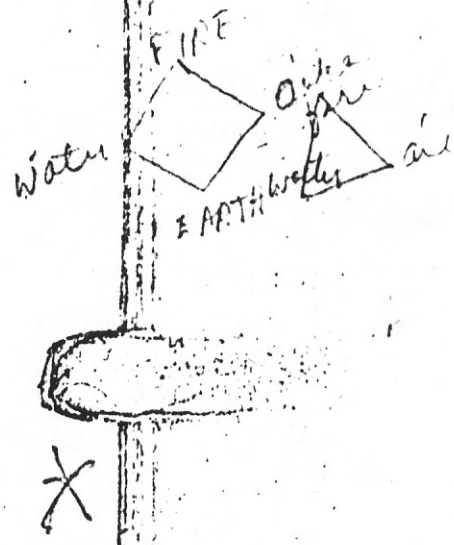


though it is ſo united that the parts aſcend and deſcend together; the reaſon is, that though by the Soul the Spirit and Body be united, yet the Spirit ſometimes doth carry the Body with it aloft, and the Body at times precipitates the Spirit, the Soul holding faſt together, till at length not only theſe parts, but the Elemental qualities of them, are ſo ſtrongly permixt, that the one doth not more in acting, then the other doth in reſiſting, by which means they are not only united to follow one another, but fixt to abide Fire together.

This is the laſt and nobleſt Conjunction, in which all the myſteries of this Microcoſm have their Conſummation. This is by the Wiſe called their Tetraptive Conjunction, wherein the Quadrangle is reduced to a Circle, in the which there is neither beginning nor end. He who hath arrived here, may ſit down at Banquet with the *Sun* and *Moon*.

This is the ſo highly commended Stone of the Wiſe, which is without all fear of corruption; for here are by Nature all





Elements Anatically mixed and united, ſo that it cannot ſuffer from any, for it agrees with all.

*In our Conjunction four Elements muſt aggregate*
*In due proportion, which firſt aſunder were ſeparate.*

THeſe our Elements are not ſuch vain trifles, which are idly imagined by Sophiſters; by the primary qualities, to ſpeak after the common phraſe, though I do not think that any thing attains perfection upon an account of qualities, but ſo it pleaſed the Ancients to expreſs themſelves; only this is moſt certain, that what was before inconſtant in the Fire, now is impatible therein, and what at firſt in the beginning of the Work diſcovered two diſtinct Natures, is now one intirely and inſeparably.

*There-*



*Therefore like as the Woman hath veins fifteen,*
*And the Man but five to the act of their fecundity,*
*Required in our Conjunction firſt I mean,*
*So muſt the Man his Son have of his Water three,*
*And nine his Wife, which three to him muſt be:*
*Then like with like ſhall joy have for to dwell.*
*More of Conjunction me needeth not to tell.*

OUr Stone is as it is called *Microcoſmos*, which name unleſs to our Stone, hath been only appropriated unto Man; ſo is there in the Generation of our Stone, much that may anſwer to the Generation of Man: for as Anatomiſts do allow the Woman fifteen veins conducing to the act of Venery and Procreation, and the Man from whom comes the Male Sperm but five; ſo our Stone in his firſt Compoſition requires three parts of the Water or Feminine Sperm, to one of *Sulphur* or the Male: ſo the Artiſt decocting, and Nature perfecting, the Maſtery

ſtery will be accompliſhed with the bleſſing of God.

Remember now that the more thy Water is, the more ought to be thy Internal Fire to dry it up; ſo then when thou ſhalt make the proportion of Water to the *Sun* three to one, remember that thy number of Eagles, which is the proportion of thy *Mercury*, ought to be nine, or at moſt ten.

This is the higheſt Acuation of the Water, which is beſt for ſuch a proportion; as for ſeven Eagles, two to one is a very good proportion, ſo haſt thou proportionably three Eagles to every one of the Water which is added to the Body. Some are ſo acute as to ſay, that with four Eagles well cleanſed, the Work may be performed, and then the proportion muſt be as three of the Water to two of the Body, but the decoction muſt needs be longer. I never yet tryed it, knowing the forenamed proportions will do far better, and nine months time is a ſufficient waiting for a Philoſopher. Any ſhorter way is and would be acceptable, but more tedious are very unacceptable,



ble, ſince they ſhew nothing more than quicker ways, but protract the time of Putrefaction; for from that time the Fire of Nature is at work, and then every *pondus* hath the ſame period, provided the Fire be accordingly, and the Matter in the Glaſs not much over the other, for one ounce or two will be far ſooner accompliſhed, than five or ſix ounces; therefore we adviſe all rather to content themſelves with one ounce, or two at moſt: if an ounce ſucceed, you can wiſh no more.

*This Chapter I will conclude right ſoon therefore,*
*Groſs Conjunction charging thee to make but one,*
*For ſeldom have Strumpets Children ybore,*
*And ſo ſhalt thou never come by our Stone,*
*Without thou let the Woman lig alone;*
*That after ſhe have once conceived by the Man,*
*Her Matrix be ſhut up from all other than.*

I Shall ſoon draw to an end concerning this ſubject, for I trow that thou underſtandeſt

ſtandeſt it fully; take heed then to my Doctrine, mix thy Water with thy Body in a due quantity, and grind them together diligently, and when thou haſt mixed them, ſhut them up in thy Glaſs carefully, and there let them ſtand till compleat perfection.

And after thou haſt mixed them, and ſet them to heat, be ſure thou ſtir them not, much leſs open them, or add any thing to them, or take ought from them, whatever any Author do ſeem to adviſe: For if thou do contrary to this my Doctrine, thou doſt run an extreme hazard of loſing all; for as it is with Harlots, who lying with many men, conceive rarely of any: ſo if thou joyn crude *Mercury* after thy firſt Conjunction, I will not ſay that it is impoſſible, but very unlikely that ever thou ſhalt attain our Maſtery. And what I ſay of putting in freſh *Mercury*, is to be underſtood of the Body alſo, for if thou ſhalt add freſh of that, thou wilt deſtroy all; for after thou ſetteſt them to the Fire, thou muſt expect Conception, that is, that the *Mercury* by aſcending and deſcending will extract part



part of the ſeminal virtue out of the reins of the *Sun*, which when ſhe hath done, there then ſtands a relation between the *Sun* and that *Mercury*, as between Husband and Wife. Now other *Mercury*, or other *Sol* are not as yet ſo related, and therefore they are as a third perſon, which Love abhors. Therefore mix thy Matters ſo judiciouſly at firſt, that thou need not afterwards to wiſh for any new addition, and cloſe your Veſſel well, and decoct it carefully.

*For ſuch as evermore add crude to crude,*
*Opening their Veſſel, letting their Matters*
*kool,*
*The Sperm conceived they nouriſh not, but*
*delude*
*Themſelves, and ſpill their Work each deal;*
*If therefore thou have liſt to do weel,*
*Cloſe up thy Matrix, and nouriſh thy Seed*
*With heat continual and temperate, if thou*
*wilt ſpeed.*

THey who ſhall do otherwiſe, as they diſcover themſelves to be too impatient, ſo they certainly will deſtroy their Opera-

Operations. For were it no other damage then this, that they cool their Seed, it is an irreparable errour; but over and beſides, the crude Air, will they, nill they, will get in, and being as it is a great enemy to Generation, it deſtroys the germinative and living virtue.

Then inſtead of getting profit, they reap certain loſs; and inſtead of attaining truth, they get a deluſion: for no man that underſtands himſelf would do it, but he that would open a womans Womb that is conceived, to make her bring forth ſooner, or crack an Egg he would ſet under a Hen, to make it hatch more ſpeedily.

Therefore as I adviſed before, ſo I do now, and ſhall make it the *Epiphonema* of this diſcourſe: mix thy Seeds, and elaborate them with what pains thou canſt, then ſhut them in a houſe of Glaſs, that is to ſay, an ounce in a Glaſs that would hold about 16 ounces, or 20, or two ounces in a Glaſs that would hold two ounces or thereabouts of Water diſtilled; ſet thy Glaſs in thy Neſt, about a part of it in Sand, which muſt be ſifted from



from Stones. Let the Neck be faſtned either with a Wyre, or ſet into a hole which may be in the Cover of thy Neſt, the Neck about 6 inches long, or longer a little. Let thy *Athanor* be ſo that thou mayſt give in it what heat thou pleaſeſt, and keep it about a day, or 16 or 12 hours at leaſt, without renewing, and yet no ſenſible alteration in heat.

In this Furnace thou ſhalt give thy Matter ſuch a Fire, as may within the firſt day or two cauſe it to boyl, like to a Pot over the Fire, or as the ſtormy Sea ſwelleth in a mighty Wind; from the ſurface of which there will exhale a Vapour which we call the Winds, which are in the belly or womb in the forming of our *Embrio*, which will condenſe at the top, (the Glaſs being ſtrong) and run down in drops, and this continually night and day without ceaſing. Thus is verified the ſaying of the Philoſopher, that our Stone retaineth life, and is perfected, that is, divided and united, and at laſt fixt and congealed, by continual boyling and ſubliming. Thus are thy Waters divided, the uppermoſt part carry aloft the

the Soul with them, and the lowermoſt boyl and tear and ſoften the Body, and make it more fit for the returning Spirit and Soul to work on, in their continual deſcending.

*And when thy Veſſel hath ſtood by months five,*
*And Clouds and Eclipſes paſſed each one,*
*The light appearing increaſe thy heat, then believe,*
*Until bright and ſhining in whiteneſs be thy Stone.*
*Then mayſt thou open thy Glaſs anon,*
*And feed thy Child which is ybore,*
*With Milk and Meat aye more and more.*

THus ſhalt thou keep them for the ſpace of 150 days, in which time thou ſhalt ſee a gallant Game played, the Earth ſhall be overflown with Waters, the two great Lights eclipſed, the Heavens be clouded, the Air darkned, and all things in diſorder and confuſion; then ſhall the Earth be turned into a *Limus*, and the Water by decoction continual ſhall be dryed up, and by moderate ſhowrs



ſhowrs and dews ſhall be moiſtned, and by continual waſhing ſhall be cleanſed; then through the good pleaſure of God the day-light ſhall ſpring forth, and what was before dark, ſhall now become clear, and what was black of the blackeſt, ſhall now be made very white.

This when thou ſhalt ſee, rejoyce, for our King is now coming from the Eaſt triumphing, he hath conquered death, and now is made immortal; ſtrengthen then your Fire a little, prudently and with diſcretion continue it till ſuch time as your Stone become white, and very clear and bright, ſparkling like to a Sword new ſlipped, and by drineſs be reduced into a Powder impalpable.

Now art thou come to the end of the white, and thou haſt a Stone perfect; though this be but of ſmall virtue, yet thou mayſt now take it out, and uſe it either by Fermentation, or Cibation, or Imbibition, or Multiplication, and make it fit for projection: ſo that if thou haſt but an ounce, thou mayſt ſoon have a thouſand.

*For now both moiſt and dry is ſo contemperate,*
*That of the Water Earth hath received impreſſion,*
*Which never after that aſunder may be ſeparate,*
*And right ſo Water to the Earth hath given ingreſſion,*
*That both together to dwell have made profeſſion;*
*And Water of the Earth hath purchaſed a retentive,*
*They four made one never more to ſtrive.*

NOw thou haſt an intimate union between the moiſt and the dry, that one is paſſed into another, and of two there is a third made, which is a Neuter from both, and yet partakes of both; and theſe two Natures that did ſeem ſo oppoſite, are now conſpired together to make one ſubſtance incorruptible.

For the Water which is a Spirit, hath given ſuch an impreſſion to the Earth, that it which was corporal and dry, and uncapable of communicating Tincture, is



is by it become penetrative, ſo that it can in the very twinkling of an eye paſs to the very Centre, upon an imperfect Metal on which it is project, as I have oft with an unſpeakable content obſerved.

For it is not in our union of this *Sulphur* to its *Mercury*, as it is with the union of Water to Earth, though we make ſuch compariſons; for though we call our *Sulphur* Earth, and our *Mercury* Water, yet our *Mercury* will not in the Examen of the Fire flow away as Water will exhale from Loam, how exquiſitely ſoever it be contempered with it.

So then our Body which by our Art is renewed, is advanced into the order of Spirits, or Bodies glorified, which though they have Bodies, yet they are not ſubject to thoſe Laws of groſs corporeity, which is in Bodies not regenerate: therefore our Stone is a Syſtem of Wonders, ponderous, fixt, and exquiſitely compact, and yet as penetrative as hot Oyl is into ſoaking Paper.

So that it is not now as it was at firſt beginning of Operation, when the one

was above, the other below, compared to two Dragons or Birds, the one winged, the other without wings; but now both are capable to reſiſt the Fire in its utmoſt fury.

Now hath the Water received a fermental impreſſion from the Earth or *Sulphur*, ſo that it is now made *Sulphur* with *Sulphur*, as the other is made by the Water like with like.

This is the higheſt perfection which any ſublunary Body can be brought to, by which we know that God is one, for God is perfection; to which when ever any creature arrives, in its kind it rejoyceth in unity, in which is no diviſion or alterity, but peace and reſt without contention.

*Thus in two things all our intents do hirg,*
*In moiſt and dry, which be contraries two;*
*In dry, that it the moiſt to fixing bring;*
*In moiſt, that it give Liquefaction to the*
*Earth alſo.*

WHatever then we ſeem to ſay or write to the contrary, all our intentional Secret



Secret conſiſts only in two things; whatever we ſeem to adviſe more, is but only to intangle the unwary.

Our firſt Secret is to know our true *Sulphur*, which many do allegorize to all the abſurdities in the World: This is Gold, which is to be bought pure almoſt in any place.

The next is to know our *Mercury*, which is not common, but artificial, drawn from three heads by the mediation of one thing, which makes the two which are dry and Sulphurous, to unite with one which is moiſt and Mercurial. Theſe are different in their qualities, which difference our decoction ſo reconciles, as to make of them ſweet Harmony. For the *Sulphur* in whoſe increaſe of virtue conſiſts our final intent, it doth give conſiſtence to the Water, yet ſo as that it doth not part with it from it ſelf, but with its Fermentative virtue it doth ſo infuſe it, that of a moiſt Spirit tender and volatile, it becomes a fixt dry Fire-abiding ſubſtance.

But firſt of all the Water doth mollifie the Body, and ſoak into it, and ſearch

out its profundity; for the *Sun* teyneth not, till it teyned be, for hard and dry Bodies cannot enter ſo as to tranſmute, till ſuch time as themſelves be firſt Radically entred, and changed from colour to colour, till they come to perfection; then it is fluid and penetrative, for it will enter to the root of the imperfect, and cauſe it to loſe its imperfection, and become perfect, flowing upon it like Wax when it is heated by the Fire.

*Then of them thus a temperament may forth go,*
*A temperament not ſo thick as the Body is,*
*Neither ſo thin as Water withouten miſs.*

BEtween the dry Body and the fluid Water, we make a temperament which is called Impaſtation, for it is made like unto Paſte; and Inceration, for it brings it to the temper of Wax; but moſt properly Amalgamation, or groſs Conjunction, which is a middle conſiſtence between *Mercury*, and a Metal not ſo hard as the one, for it may with a Knife or ones Finger be ſpread to and fro eaſſly;



ly; nor yet is it ſo currant as *Mercury*, for no *Mercury* will run out of it, though it be inclined one way or other. I need ſay no more, for there is hardly any vulgar Chymiſt who is not acquainted with the notion of an *Amalgama*, and knows what temper that is, when it will ſpread like Butter, and yet laid declining, will let nothing run from it which is thinner then the whole Compound; for in a thin *Amalgama*, the *Mercury* if it be declined will run to the declining ſide, like Hydropical *intercutis* Water. But ours is not ſo thin, and yet ſo ſoft that it is eaſily plyable, yet ſo that it may be rouled up in Balls, and no quick *Mercury* run down or ſink to the botrom. He that can miſs in this direction, would hardly find the ſhining Sun at Noon-day.

*Looſing and knitting be principles two*
*Of this hard Science, & Poles moſt principal,*
*Howbeit that other principles be many moe,*
&c.

WE have done this Chapter, and to conclude aſſure thee, that all our

twelve Gates are nothing elſe but locking and unlocking, ſhutting and opening, diſſolving and congealing, volatizing and fixing, making the dry ſoft, and afterwards the ſoft dry, looſing and binding. Learn but this, and thou ſhalt be ſure of the Keys of this Terreſtrial Paradiſe.

Yet becauſe I would be more clearly underſtood, I ſhall paſs through the other Gates of the Philoſophers, that running through their multiplicity, I may as I go reduce them all to unity.

*UPon a day as I abroad was walking,*
*The pleaſant Fields to view,*
*A voice I heard in ſilence ſoftly talking*
*Of Wonders paſſing new.*

*Whereat I ſtarting ſtood like one amazed,*
*Not knowing what to gueſs;*
*But when I round about a while had gazed,*
*This terrour it grew leſs.*

*The voice I heard came from a Grove, which*
*At my right hand did grow,* (there
*Which I conſidering, ſilently drew near*
*The cauſe of it to know.*

*Where*



*Where I did ſee a Lady finely dreſſed,*
*Sit ſighing by a Spring,*
*She uttered words as if with grief oppreſſed,*
*And oft her hands would wring.*

*Ah me, quoth ſhe, how is my joy departed!*
*Oh diſmal cruel death!*
*Could any think the Fiend ſo flinty hearted,*
*So to bereave him breath?*

*I then drew near, and thought to have aſſwaged*
*With pleaſant words her grief:* (ged
*The more I ſpake, the more ſhe was enraged,*
*Nay ſhe diſdain'd relief.*

*Her face was Lilly white, with Purple ſpots*
*Upon her cheeks and chin;*
*Her Roſie lips, her feature free from blots,*
*T' amaze me did begin.* (weeping?
*Beauty moſt rare, quoth I, what doſt thou*
*What Wight moſt vile ſhall dare*
*To wrong thee, whom the Gods have in their* (keeping,
*Whoſe face is mortals ſnare?*

*Good Sir, quoth ſhe, forbear your words of*
*I live, yet living dye:* (ſorrow,
*I wiſh my life might end before the morrow,*
*Ah death I fear 's not nigh.*

I had a Husband dear, of comely feature,
A King of great renown;
So lovely and ſo loving, that in Nature
There's none may put him down.

His Conſtitution was ſo ſtrong, he ſcorned
To fly from any Foe:
His Perſon was with grace ſo well adorned,
That none but him did know.

Great Phœbus he was nam'd, whoſe princely merit
'Tis death for to recite;
So Rich he was, the wealth he did inherit
Great honour did invite.

We walking here the pleaſant Woods among,
Found this unhappy Spring,
Of which to drink for thirſt my Lord did long,
Which draught his end did bring.

For ſtooping down, the Water with its ſtream
His head did make ſo light,
He could not riſe, but dropt into the ſtream
To everlaſting Night.

He ſtrove to ſwim, but to the bottom ſank,
O diſmal ſight to ſee!
Then ſwelling with the Water which he drank,
Himſelf he could not free.

But



But burſt, and then the Spring began to boil,
And bubbling, colour chang'd;
'Tis wonder for to ſee (alas the ſpoil!)
King dead, and Spring eſtrang'd.

So from its former ſtate, that what then ſhone
Like unto glittering Skie,
Now like a ſtinking Puddle reaks, that none
Can it endure: yea I

Who in it loſt a Husband dear, do loath
The vapours that aſcend;
I hope one Spring will be the end of both,
'Twould be a happy end.

So long ſhe ſpake, until the Water ſeem'd
Like Ink, ſo black it grew;
And eke the ſavour erſt ſo bad eſteem'd,
Did far ſurpaſs the hew.
That never
The Air with Clouds moſt dark was fill'd,
Such Fogs and Miſts were ſeen,
The which a Soul from the dead Corps did ſever,
Whoſe colour firſt was green,

Then yellow, mixt with blue; the fumes aſcended,
Which bore the Soul on high,
Which when the Lady ſaw, her tears were ended,
She fainted by and by.

Into the ſame Stream ſhe did ſwouning drop,
And never more appear'd;
She lov'd her Husband ſo, ſhe would not ſtop,
Like one of death aſear'd,

And ſtraightway ſhe of vital breath de-priv'd,
Was of a Lady fair
A Careaſs made, thus both in love who liv'd,
Alike in death did ſhare.

Their Souls disjoyned from their Bodies ho-v'ring
Upon the Fountain plaid,
Expecting if their Careaſſes recovering,
Might have their lives repaid.

The Sun in Solſtice ſtood, whoſe heat did dry
The Waters more and more;
And eke beneath a Central heat did fry,
And ſent up vapours ſtore.

Which ſtill return'd, ſo long till they were chang'd
The greater part to duſt;
The wandring Souls which long had been eſtrang'd,
Were now allur'd with luſt

Of their own Bodies, in whoſe Atoms lay
A ſtrange Magnetick force;
They alſo though long baniſh'd, day by day
Awaited the dead Coarſe.

For



For Souls united were Bodies combin'd,
And both to each ally'd
So nearly, that no ſooner they can find
A way, but they are ty'd

With knot inviolable, that no power,
How ſtrong it may appear,
Can part them any more, even from the hour
They thus united were.

Thus two one Body have, of double Sex,
Which doth no ſooner live,
But is impregnated; this doth perplex
Their foes, who fain would drive

This tender off-ſpring to deſpair: but God
Him ſafely ever keeps
From all Invaſion, nor permits the rod
Of them to make him weep.

And though his Garments and his Skin be foul
With blackneſs and with ſtink,
He ſhall be purged, for both Spirit and Soul
Are clean, whate're men think.

A River ſprings amidſt a Garden fair,
With Flowers many deckt,
Whoſe drops are Cryſtal like, theſe into Air
By Central heat are checkt.

This

This Air condenſes like Pearl Orient,
Which on this Body falls,
Whoſe luſtre on its blackneſs being ſpent,
To brightneſs it recalls.

And both together make a Cryſtal Spring,
Whoſe Streams moſt ſtrangely ſhine;
Theſe after are condens'd, and with them bring
Treaſures of Silver fine.

Theſe Treaſures if to reſt untoucht a while
Upon the Fire are left,
The ſtealing Azure will the white beguile,
And both will be bereft

Of Being by the Vert, which long will dure;
The Citrine will ſucceed,
Which will abide full long, but then be ſure
To ſee the ſparkling red.

Then is the King who formerly was drown'd,
Become the whole Earths wonder;
His Wife and he are one, and both abound
With wealth; nor they aſunder

Will ever more depart: now all their Foes
Muſt their dominion know; (blows,
Who will not ſtoop, ſhall ſurely feel their
For all are him below.

His



His Brethren all who formerly were held
As Slaves in priſon faſt,
Are now ſet free; their Enemies which ſwell'd
With pride, full low were caſt.

Thus by his death, the King hath now ob-
That Glory which before (tain'd
He never had; his former ſtate's diſdain'd,
His Wife now weeps no more.

She's one with him, his former Kingdom he
Unto his Brethren gives;
The worſt of them doth now thoſe Fortunes ſee,
That each in plenty lives.

And what their Brother was before his death,
That they are now become,
For he their ſickneſs cures with his breath,
And makes them live at home.

No more in bondage, bonds no place can find,
All liberty enjoy; (mind
There's nothing here can hurt, for all one
Have: all that would deſtroy

Is baniſh'd from the Kingly Palace, where
The Streets with Gold are pav'd;
The Walls are Silver fine, the Gates moſt clear
Intire Gems, engrav'd

With

*With wondrous Art; the Windows glaſs moſt pure,*
*Which falls nor knocks can break; The Drink from fear of venom ſtill is ſure,*
*Whoſe virtue none can ſpeak.*

*Whoſo comes there, is at a place arriv'd*
*Where neither want, nor death,*
*Nor any grief is known; a place contriv'd*
*For Saints therein to breath.*

*Whom God ſhall chooſe, and to his Palace bring,*
*What need he more deſire*
*Then God himſelf, that he may praiſes ſing,*
*Kindled with holy fire?*

*But he whoſe hands unclean, and heart defil'd,*
*Theſe Myſteries forbear,*
*For you th' are not; ceaſe timely, for y' are wild*
*T' have neither wit nor fear.*

AN

# EXPOSITION

UPON THE

# Fifth Gate,

Which is

# PUTREFACTION.

# The Fifth Gate Opened,

Which is

# PUTREFACTION.

*Now we begin the Chapter of Putrefaction,*
*Without which Pole no Seed can multiply,*
*Which muſt be done only by continual action*
*Of heat in the Body, moiſt not manually;*
*For Bodies elſe may not be altered naturally.*

WE have already run through four Gates, the firſt being opened, the reſt ſtand open at will; ſo that thou haſt need only to enter. The courſe and method of Philoſophers now doth lead us to the Gate of Putrefaction, a horrible Gate, whoſe entrance is dark with *Cimmerian* night, dreadful with many windings and turnings.

And yet it is a Gate ſo neceſſary, that unleſs you paſs through it, you may never expect to reap fruit from your la-

bour; for without it can be no Life nor Generation, much leſs deſired Multiplication: therefore ſaith the Poet,

*Felices atrum quotquot habere queant.*

The cauſe of this death, or corruption or rottenneſs, proceeds from the action of continual heat, not ſo much of the external Fire of the *Athanor*, as of the Compound within it ſelf; in which the Fire of the Water which is againſt Nature, doth open the perfect Body by continual contrition and decoction, and ſo lets looſe its *Sulphur* that was incarcerate, which is Fire of Nature, that ſo between theſe two in continual action and paſſion, together with the external heat continually acting, the whole Compound is brought to corruption, being ſometimes roaſted with external heat, which doth ſublime the moiſture, which again of its own accord returns continually, and doth moiſten the Earth ſo long, until by reaſon of the heat it have drunk up the moiſture wholly, and then it dyes.

And unleſs thou ſee this ſign, of rotting of thy Compound, which is done in



in a black colour, a ſtinking odour, and with a diſcontinuity of parts, thy labour will ſtill be in vain; for thou mayſt never expect what thou deſireſt, to have a new form brought in, till the old form be corrupted and put off.

*Sith Chriſt doth witneſs, without the Grain of Wheat*
*Dye in the Ground, increaſe thou mayſt none get.*
*And in likewiſe without the Matter putreſie,*
*It may in no wiſe truly be alterate,*
*Neither thy Elements may be divided kindly,*
*Nor the Conjunction of them perfectly celebrate:*
*That therefore thy labour be not fruſtrate,*
*The privity of our putrefying well underſtand,*
*Or ever thou take this Work in hand.*

THis is ſo conſtant to Natures conſtant proceedings, that the painful Huſbandman, that he may have an increaſed Harveſt, commits his precious Seed to the Ground, in it to rot, and to be corrupted,

rupted, that ſo a new Life may ſpring from the old dead Body; nor doth he ever expect increaſe, ſo long as it remains in his Garner.

Right ſo we, ſo long as our Material principles continue in their own nature and form, they are but of a ſingle value, for Gold and *Mercury* are two ſuch principles, that they will for ever delude as many as proceed to work on them in a Sophiſtical way; for whatever the Artiſt may think, they will remain the ſame unto the end of the World, unleſs pure *Sol* being mixed with its own pure and appropriated *Mercury*, and ſet in a due heat of digeſtion, there ariſe a mutual action and paſſion between them, which without the laying on of the Artiſts hands, will tend to a new Generation. For in a convenient Fire, in which the Compound may perpetually and unceſſantly boyl, and the ſubtle parts may aſcend and circulate upon the groſs without intermiſſion, the moſt digeſted Virtue or Soul of the fixed Body, (which is his *baſis* of Tincture) will be extracted by the Water, and this will mix it ſelf with



with the pure Spirit of the Water, and with this it will aſcend and return, until a total ſeparation be made of the pure from the impure, and the ſubtle from the groſs.

Then ſhall the Body draw down its Soul again, and by the power of the moſt High it ſhall be united, and with it the Spirit of life ſhall be joyned alſo, ſo that all three ſhall become one with an union indiſſolvable; but all this pre-ſuppoſeth a Putrefaction, or Corruption of one form, elſe cannot there be an Introduction of another.

Therefore ſince this myſtery of Putrefaction is not more ſecret then neceſſary, ſo neceſſary that without it there is nothing can be done to purpoſe, that is to ſay, with profit; I ſhall be a little plain and full in the proſecution of this myſtery: For in the knowledge of this conſiſts all that is required to make a Philoſopher. All the intentions of the Artiſt, muſt be only ſo to prepare and order things, that he may be ſure of this *terminus*; and when he is there come, he is as ſure a Maſter as if he had the Stone

in his Cabinet. By the failing of this ſign, the Operator is always to turn either backward to ſeek out ſome other principles, or forward, or to the right hand, or to the left; but when he is Maſter of this, he then can fail in nothing but in the Regimen of the outward heat.

*And Putrefaction may thus deſined be,*
*After Philoſophers definition to be of Bodies the ſlaying,*
*And in our Compound a diviſion of things three,*
*The killed Bodies into Corruption forth leading,*
*And after unto Regeneration them ableing;*
*For things being in the Earth, without doubt*
*Be engendred of Rotation of the Heavens about.*

THe definition that the Philoſophers give of this Operation, is perpetually Allegorical, for this Gate they have named by all Metaphors almoſt in the World, eſpecially from death, and dead men: therefore they allegorize the Veſſel in this ſtation, to Grave, or Tomb, and emble-



emblematically diſcover this Operation by the types of Skuls, dead Bones, and rotten Carcaſſes; according to which Metaphors they call Putrefaction, the death of the Compound.

For when they ſaw the Body with the Water to melt in the Fire, to flow and to boyl, they called this *Magneſia*; when they ſaw the Water partly to aſcend, and partly to deſcend, and partly to remain below, ſo that at once there was both a Sublimation in vapour, and a Motion of what was below, they ſaid that it was the Spirit of the Water that aſcended, or more Airy part; and the more Fiery part, which rejoyceth moſt to be united to, and hidden in Earth, remained below, for that was more capable of the Fire, and did better agree with it, as with its like: which becauſe it did ſo unceſſantly ſwell and boyl, and rage at the bottom, and make the Body begin to change its colour, they ſaid it was Fire againſt Nature. Again, when they ſaw the aſcending Vapour to change colour, they ſaid it was the Soul of the Bodies was mixed with the Spirit, which becauſe it

it was green, they ſaid it was a vegetative Soul, and Fire of Nature.

Now when the Body below began to thicken, they ſaid this was an Hermaphroditical Body, becauſe part of the Water always remained below, and made the Body to boyl, and bubble, and flow; and therefore this they called a new Body compounded of two Bodies, the *Sun* and the *Moon*, the Man and the Wife, which becauſe it grew to a ſlimy conſiſtence, they named it *Limus*, or *Limbus*, *Hyle*, and a *Chaos*, or *Terra Adamica*.

When this Body began to grow very black, and to ſend up ſoul Exhalations, yellowiſh, blewiſh, and black, they ſaid this was Death and Corruption, which followed the ſeparation of the Soul from the Body.

Now when they ſee the Souls to be again united, and to remain below together, they knew that the Soul and Spirit were Immortal, that is, the Tincture or Vital Balſam was Incorruptible; and becauſe they ſee them again unite, they knew the Soul and Spirit would renew the



the Bodies, and this ſeeming Corruption, was but the natural ſtep to a glorious Regeneration; for if the Souls be again united to the Bodies, they will ſurely regenerate them, and renew them, and make them incorruptible; for if the Spirits had not returned to this union, they might only have expected the Exhalation of them: For Spiritual Tinctures or Eſſences, cannot be deſtroyed by corruption in many Vegetals, much leſs in the moſt perfect of Minerals and Metals. The union then of the Souls with the Bodies, argues evidently a hidden purity, under the apparent rottenneſs, which will after Purification be exalted to tranſcendent Glory.

Hereupon they ſaid, that the Spirit and Soul which were above, were the Heavenly Quinteſſence, and the Body below was the Earth; and this Circulation of Spirits, were but as the Circulation of the Heavens round about the Earth; and the falling drops were but as the influential dew, which did cauſe the Earth to fructifie; and the blackneſs and darkneſs, were but the Winter Latitude, which

which with its Clouds and droppings do mellow and fertilize the Earth, to ſhoot forth with the more beautiful varieties in the Spring.

*And therefore like as I have ſaid before,*
*Thine Elements commixt and wiſely co-equate,*
*Thou keep in temperate heat, eſchewing evermore*
*That they by violent heat be not incinerate,*
*To powder dry unprofitably Rubificate:*
*But into powder black as the Crows Bill,*
*With heat of our Bath, or elſe of our Dung-hill.*

FOr this cauſe they looked upon this as a ſecret, myſterious, yet very natural Operation, whereby the moſt ſolid and perfect Minerals, are by Nature ſo applied one to another, and cultivated, that the very Earth or Ground ſhould be found, in which this noble Tree of the *Heſperides* may be planted and grow; the Matrix or Womb ſhould be prepared, in which this noble Off-ſpring may again enter, and be born again.

There-



Therefore what by long Experience, and profound Meditation, Philoſophers have found out and ſeen, that alſo they committed and communicated unto us; ſo that we alſo are made fellow Heirs of this great Treaſure, and we ſhall as faithfully communicate our knowledge for thy Inſtruction. Firſt then, take thy Body which is *Gold*, and thy Water which is *Mercury*, the one ready made by Nature to thy hand, the other thou muſt Prepare, for it is not to be found in the Land of the Living, but muſt be made; Nature here is at a *non-plus*, and ſo is Art, taken aſunder, but both together effect it.

Mix theſe together in due proportion, ſo as I have often told thee; then ſet them to the Fire to decoct, and give them a convenient heat, in which they may boyl, aſcend and deſcend perpetually, without any intermiſſion night or day.

But eſpecially and before all things be careful in your Internal heat, to wit, the proportion of your Water for your *Sulphur*; that you muſt add and ſupply to it

it in the beginning of your Work, in its Preparation, is that which doth perform all the work within, without which your External heat is of no value, for it is of it ſelf uneffectual.

If then thou accend this heat ſo much as that it predominate, it will not then diſſolve the Bodies, as thou expecteſt, but contrarywiſe burn the Flowers before they are extracted from the depth of their Marrow: this thou mayſt eaſily do, either if thy *Arſnick* be not made as it ought, or elſe the number of Eagles exceeded, or the proportion of thy Water to thy Body not agreeing to the number of Eagles, or thy Glaſs not well proportioned to thy Matter; it will eaſily burn, if thy Glaſs be too big, for ſo the moiſture will ſo much be diſperſed about the Concave, that it will not return before the Earth below be left too dry. I have given Rules eaſily to avoid all theſe inconveniences.

And on the other hand, be ſure that thou do not erre in too little heat; let thy Water have Fire enough within it, to make a true diviſion and corruption, which



which if either thy *Arſnick* have not ſufficient Fiery virtue, or if the union of this and thy Water be not well attended, but ſlightly performed, or the Purgation of thy Water be not throughly made each Eagle, for ſo two or three Eagles may not add the virtue of one, or if thy number of Eagles be not juſt, or thy proportion of quantity be not duly obſerved.

Therefore follow my advice, and be careful in both theſe particulars, and then let your External heat be ſo that your Compound may boyl and ſublime, which for its ſimilitude is called a *Balneum*, ſo long till the Vapours ceaſe, and are retained within; then will the Compound rot, which for its great likeneſs is called our Dunghill.

*Until the time that Nights be paſſed ninety,*
*In moiſt heat keep them for any thing,*
*Soon after by blackneſs thou ſhalt eſpy,*
*That they draw faſt to putrefying.*

FIrſt then, our Operations begin *in humido*, for in the beginning moiſture it

pre-

prevails, and is called the Phlegmatick Conſtitution of our *Embrio*; and this is called the Reign of the Woman, which (according to *Flammel*) ſeeks to get the Domination for many months, that is to ſay, for three months or thereabouts, which according to our Author is ninety days and nights, to whom many other Authors agree. This time may be longer or ſhorter, according to the better or worſe preparation of the Matter, and the Regimen of the Fire.

But when thou haſt ſet thy Glaſs once, in the firſt place be ſure that thou give a due, yet temperate heat; govern it ſo as that between the Waters above, and the Flouds beneath, the Earth may liqueſie; then continue your decoction, and the Veſſel ſhall be beclouded, and thy Compound ſhall with conſtant Circulation become black.

This colour ſhall be a ſign unto you that you have not run your courſe in vain; this is the firſt Gate, into which and through which you muſt enter; now know for certain that thy Seeds begin to rot and engender. In this Putrefaction there



there is life, for this Operation is nothing elſe but an extracting of Natures from their profundity or root; this is that which will make thy fixt Body to become a volatile Spirit, for Putrefaction doth looſe the bands of all the Elements.

*Which after many colours thou mayſt bring*
*To perfect whiteneſs, by patience eaſily,*
*And ſo the Seed in his nature ſhall multiply.*

SO ſoon then as thou ſhalt have blackneſs compleat, know for certain that in this blackneſs whiteneſs is really hidden, ſo really as a living Plant in its Seed. But before thou attain to this whiteneſs, thou mayſt have patience, and paſs through many middle changable colours, which will be no ſmall chearing to the Work-man, who muſt wait with a great deal of Longanimity until the Earth and Heaven be united.

Then ſhall thy Elements perfectly accord, and one colour ſhall cover thy new-married Soul and Body, and that will be like to the moſt pure Lilly, or

ſublimed Salt, ſparkling like to a new-ſlipped Sword in the Sun beams.

In this whiteneſs is the Multiplicative virtue exalted, and made apparent in its firſt degree; by this white Soul thou mayſt turn either *Mercury*, or *Saturn*, or *Jupiter*, or *Venus*, or *Mars*, into moſt pure refined Silver, in a ſhort time, and that not Sophiſtically, to apparency, but in reality, inwardly and outwardly to abide all Eſſays.

*Make each the other to halſe and kiſs,*
*And like as Children play them up and down,*
*And when their Shirts are filled with Piſs,*
*Then let the Woman to waſh be bown,*
*Which oft for faintneſs will fall in a ſwoun,*
*And die at laſt with her Children all,*
*And go to Purgatory to waſh their filth Original.*

BUt in thy firſt Operation, as is ſaid before, firſt look for blackneſs, which will appear in the firſt Regimen by continual decoction, which blackneſs ſhall be an *Indicium* to you that your two Natures



Natures do begin now to imbrace and kiſs one another. EQ.

For ſo ſoon as they feel the Fire, they flow together within the Veſſel, and boyl by continuance of decoction viſibly, and the tender Nature not enduring the heat, flyeth aloft, and being incloſed ſo that it cannot get out, it congeals in drops in the head of the Veſſel, and about the ſides, and again returns to its Body, which may well be called Childrens play, running round as it were in a Circular motion: This play continues ſo long, till the Water begins to leave its thicker parts, with the thicker parts of the Body, which in the bottom of the Veſſel is called *Urina puerorum*; and the thinner parts of the Water, mixed with the thinner parts of the Body, which is diſſolved in it, flies ſtill and circulates until it have made a more full diſſolution of the Body, which here by the odour of its *Sulphur* doth penetrate the Spirit and Soul, and makes them faint at laſt, and remain as it were breathleſs in the bottom of the Glaſs.

Then ſhall the Body be deſtroyed, and

both the Water and it rot into ſmall Atoms, which will lie without motion, growing every day more and more black, until at length *Cimmerian* darkneſs cover the whole Sky.

This is called the North Latitude of our Stone, and it is Winter, cold and dirty; here are the Elements brought to reſt for a time, until a Generation be made in the bottom of the Glaſs, when through the will and power of God, a clean thing ſhall be brought out of this uncleanneſs and black venenoſity.

*When they be there, by little & little increaſe*
*Their pains with heat aye more and more,*
*The Fire from them let never ceaſe,*
*And ſee that thy Furnace be ſurely apt there-fore,*
*Which wiſe men call an Athanor: Concerning heat required moſt temperately,*
*By which thy Matter doth kindly putrefie.*

NOw thy Bath will begin to be a little more heated and ſtirred up, to waſh this young King, which though noble, is yet conceived in a Stable; for at this time thou haſt the *Sulphur* of thy diſſolved



ved Body let looſe, which mixing with the *Sulphur* of the Water, doth acuate it exceedingly; the one being a natural, the other a Fire againſt Nature, both together make an unnatural Fire, burning like to the Fire of Hell, comparable to nothing but the *Alcahëſt.*

Nor muſt thou think that this increaſe of Fire conſiſts in the blowing of the Coal, no verily, it is a more ſubtle internal Fire that we have, and yet that alſo muſt be kept conſtant, and in due order.

For this cauſe ſee that thy Furnace be truſty, elſe thou mayſt and wilt fail; for though the Fire of Coals do not effect any thing, yet it excites, and the Water though it be of a wonderfull nature, yet it acts no farther then it is ſtirred up, and intermiſſion in this Work when it is once begun, will in the end prove fatal extinction.

Therefore the Wiſe men have named the Furnace in which they work their Secrets, an *Athanor*, that is, Immortal, ſhewing that from the beginning to the end the Fire muſt not go out, for the

extinction of it deſtroys the Work; and as death includes all ſickneſſes, which are ſteps to it, ſo an Immortal Furnace or *Athanor*, muſt not only preſerve the Fire from going out, but alſo from exorbitancy either on one hand or other; for whatever ſwerves from the temperate mean, hinders the kind operation of the Matter, which is Putrefaction, by which means the Work is notably retarded and weakned, and by continuance of any extremity it will be deſtroyed, but with its due heat it doth putrefie kindly.

*Of this principle ſpeaketh ſapient* Guido,
*And ſaith by rotting dyeth the Compound corporal,*
*And then after* Morien *and others moe,*
*Up riſeth again regenerate, ſimple and ſpiritual.*
*And were not heat and moiſture continual,*
*Sperm in the Womb might have none abiding,*
*And ſo there ſhould no fruit thereof up ſpring.*

THis according to the intention of all Philoſophers, *Guido*, *Turba*, *Arnaldus*,



*dus*, and others, but eſpecially noble *Treviſan*, whom I chiefly honour; ſo *Flammel*, *Artephius*, *Morien*, and all Philoſophers teſtifie thus much, namely, that the heat muſt be ſo adequated to the Compound, as that in it the Body, through the Pontick virtue of the Water, may have its *Sulphur* let looſe, and ſo theſe two *Sulphurs* mixing together, may bring the whole to rotting or Putrefaction.

By which putridneſs a Ferment is engendred, which as it doth volatize all things naturally, ſo it doth quicken this groſs dead Body, in ſo much that it mounts aloft upon the Fire with the Water, and riſeth a new glorious Body mixed with the Water, ſo that both being become one together, the Spirit borrows from the Body permanency, and the Body from the Spirit obtaineth penetrativeneſs, ſo that both make one cœleſtial and terreſtrial Compound, named the Regenerate Body and Stone of Paradiſe incombuſtible. All which is occaſioned by the continuance and not failing of heat, both inwardly and outward-

ly, by which the moiſture is circulated and depurated, without which the ſeminal virtue would be extinct, which only vegetates by heat and moiſture.

And if once the ſeminal virtue were kill'd, the remaining Compound would be no better then a dead unprofitable thing, which could never be recovered; ſo that if either moiſture or heat within, or convenient heat without ſhould fail, there is nothing to be expected, but according to the Poet,

*Cuncta ruent, quæ non ulla reparaveris Arte:*

*Therefore at the beginning our Stone thou take,*
*And bury each in other with their Grave,*
*Then equal between them a marriage make,*
*To lig together ſix weeks let them have.*
*Their Seed conceived, kindly nouriſh and ſave,*
*From the ground of their Grave not riſing the while,*
*Which ſecret point doth many one beguile.*

THis then is the proceſs of our Work; take at the firſt our Stone, that is, the



the true Material principles thereof, which are one in kind, and two in number: mix theſe together in a due proportion, then ſhalt thou ſee as follows. Firſt, thy Feminine nature will ſo embrace thy Maſculine, as to extract from him his Seed, that is, the moſt digeſted virtue, ſo ſhall the Body dye, and the Water ſhall intomb it.

The Water by Cohabitation ſhall contract amity and friendſhip with the Body, for it is nothing elſe but a Feminine Body of the ſame Stock, which when they are united and joyned, this is called the Marriage of *Gabritius* with *Beya*.

Then ſhall the Vapours ceaſe, and all Exhalations ſhall be withheld from aſcending or deſcending during the ſpace of 40 days, or 42 at moſt, in which time though thou ſee not the former Circulation, rejoyce, for now the Body begins to retain his Soul in a black colour.

Now the Queen hath conceived the Kingly Seed, which muſt be nouriſhed with gentle convenient Fire, till it wax ſtrong,

ſtrong, and become a puiſſant triumphant Champion, whom no Earthly force is able to withſtand.

Thou muſt of neceſſity then let them have this prefixed time for their ſolitude and retirement, in which time the fixt and the volatile, the cold and the moiſt, the hot and the dry, do learn to agree each with other, being reconciled in this Head of the Crow, which is the converſion of Natures into a diſcontinuous Calx, finer then Atoms of the Sun.

This Operation as it is the Wyld and Labyrinth of all who ſeek this Art in vain, ſo it is the *Capo di Bona Eſperanza* to as many as attain to the perfect ſight hereof; for now moſt of the difficulties are paſſed, which they are like to meet withall in this their Voyage to the *Oriental Indies.*

*This*



*This time of Conception with caſie heat abide,*
*The blackneſs appearing ſhall tell thee when they die,*
*For they together like liquid Pitch that tide*
*Shall ſwell and bubble, ſetile and putreſie;*
*Shining colours therein thou ſhalt eſpy,*
*Like to the Rainbow, marvellous to ſight,*
*The Water then beginneth to dry upright.*

THou muſt then be very carefull that thy over-heat do not now hinder their Conjunction, for now is the main fear of burning thy Flowers, which thou mayſt eaſily do, and make theſe Natures become a half Red, or Orange colour, inſtead of the true Crows Bill.

Whereas if thy external heat be ſo gentle, as not to extinguiſh motion, thou ſhalt find that in this period thy Natures ſhall both of them die together, for one is not killed, nor dieth without the other; which death in its approach thou ſhalt diſcover by the appearing blackneſs.

And when once the Crow ſhall begin to ſhew it ſelf, know that thou ſhalt ſee

a terrible day, for thou muſt expect to be in the heat of the ſhore, and in the ſtorm of the inraged Sea, which now the Winds are abated, after a long and ſtrong blowing of them, doth ariſe in waves, raging and taking on, and raiſing the filth from the very bottom, ſo that all becomes like to a troubled Glaſs of Ink, or melting boiling Pitch.

After this blackneſs, which ſhall endure for a long and tedious time, thou ſhalt ſee various and glorious colours to ſucceed, ſuch as thou never haſt ſeen; for all the colours that the mind of Man poſſibly can imagine, ſhall then preſent themſelves to view, which ſhall be an evident token to thee, that the moiſt and dark Dominion of the Woman doth now begin to vaniſh, and inſtead thereof the Man beginneth to rule, who firſt dryeth up the moiſture of the Woman, with which there will vaniſh blackneſs, and the changable colours, and after all ſhall be fixed in a ſparkling dry white Powder, which is the Stone of Paradiſe.

*For,*



*For in moiſt Bodies heat working temperate,*
*Engendreth blackneſs firſt of all, which is*
*Of kindly Conjunction the token aſſignate,*
*And of true putrefying; remember this,*
*For then perfectly to alter thou canſt not miſs.*
*And thus by the Gate of blackneſs thou muſt come in*
*To the light of Paradiſe in whiteneſs, if thou wilt win.*

IN the beginning therefore of our Work, through the Co-operation of heat both internal and external, and the moiſture of the Matter concurring, our Body gives a blackneſs like unto Pitch, which for the moſt part happens in 40, or at the moſt in 50 days.

This colour diſcovers plainly that the two Natures are united, and if they are united, they will certainly operate one upon another, and alter and change each other from thing to thing, and from ſtate to ſtate, until all come to one Nature and ſubſtance Regenerate, which is a new Heavenly Body.

But

But before there can be this Renovation, the Old man neceſſarily muſt be deſtroyed, that is, thy firſt Body muſt rot and be corrupted, and loſe its form, that it may have it repaid with a new form, which is a thouſand times more noble. So then our Work is not a forced and apparent, but a natural and radical Operation, in which our Natures are altered perfectly, in ſo much that the one and the other having fully loſt what they were before, yet without change of kind, they become a third thing, Homogeneal to both the former.

Thus they who ſow in tears, ſhall reap in joy; and he who goeth forth mourning, and carrying precious Seed, ſhall return with an abundance of increaſe, with their hands filled with ſheaves, and their mouths with the praiſes of the Lord: thus the choſen or redeemed of the Lord ſhall return with Songs, and everlaſting Joy ſhall be upon their heads, and ſighing and ſorrows ſhall fly away.

*For*



*For firſt the Sun in his upriſing obſcurate*
*Shall be, and paſs the Waters of* Noah's *Floud,*
*On Earth which were a hundred days continuate*
*And fifty, away ere all theſe Waters goed;*
*Right ſo our Waters, as Wiſe men underſtood,*
*Shall paſs, that thou with* David *may ſay,*
Abierunt in ſicco flumina; *bear this away.*

REmember then this Chymical Maxim, namely, that a ſad cloudy morning, begins a fair day, and a chearfull noontide; for our Work is properly to be compared to a day, in which the morning is dark and cloudy, ſo that the Sun appears not.

After that, the Sky is over-clouded, and the Air cold with Northerly winds, and much Rain falls, which endures for its ſeaſon; but after that, the Sun breaks out, and ſhines hotter and hotter, till all become dry, and then at Noon-day not a Cloud appearing, but all clear from one end of the Heaven to the other.

But

But our Waters may more fitly be compared to *Noah*'s Floud, or Deluge, then to a day-ſhowr, by reaſon of their continuance; for before our Waters ſhall all be overcome, and dried up by prevailing ſiccity, it will be about 5 months, in which time the Artiſt ſhall be held in conſtant horrour, according as the Allegory of *Ariſteus* hath it;

*Sed ne pœniteat faciem fuligine pingi,*
*Adferet hæc Phœbi nigra favilla jubar.*

Wait patiently, for thou ſhalt ſee the Day-ſtar ariſing with deliverance, and theſe Waters ſhall through the command of the Almighty abate; *Jupiter* then ſhall rule, in whoſe reign all things ſhall be reſtored: for by conſtant decoction, thy Body ſhall have virtue to receive Tincture, and to retain it, and ſo increaſe it, by which it ſhall be renewed, and ſhall by little and little digeſt all the moiſture, which then ſhall be unto it as nouriſhment, Milk of Life, which we call Virgins Milk.

Then ſhalt thou have leiſure to contemplate theſe wonders of the moſt High, which



which if they do not raviſh and aſtoniſh thee in the beholding of them, it is becauſe God hath not intended this Science to thee in Mercy, but in Judgment, to wit, that it ſhould be unto thee a ſnare and trap, and a ſtumbling-block at which thou ſhalt ſtumble and fall, and never riſe again. Remember then when once thou ſhalt ſee the renewing of theſe Natures, that with humble heart and bended knees thou praiſe and extoll, and magnifie that gracious God, who hath been nigh unto thee, and heard thee, and directed thine Operations, enlightned thy Judgment; for certainly fleſh and bloud never taught thee this, but it was the free gift of that God who giveth to whom he pleaſeth.

*Soon after that* Noah *planted this Vineyard,*
*Which Royally flouriſhed, and brought forth*
*Grapes anon,*
*After which ſpace thou ſhalt not be afeard:*

NOw as the Earth when the Waters of the Floud were abated, was as it were renewed; even ſo thy Earth is

made new, and the Rain-bow is to thee a ſign that there ſhall never again happen ſuch another Deluge, as thou haſt now paſſed. Thy Earth then being renewed, behold how it is decked with an admirable green colour, which is then named the Philoſophers Vineyard.

This greenneſs, after the perfect whiteneſs, is to thee a token that thy Matter hath re-attained, through the will and power of the Almighty, a new vegetative life: obſerve then how this Philoſophical Vine doth ſeem to flower, and to bring forth tender green Cluſters; know then that thou art now preparing for a rich Vintage.

Thy Stone hath already paſſed through many hazards, and yet the danger is not quite over, although it be not great, for thy former experience may now guide thee, if raſh joy do not make thee mad.

*For in like wiſe ſhall follow the flouriſhing of our Stone.*

COnſider now that thou art in proceſs to a new Work, and though in perfect



fect whiteneſs thy Stone was incombuſtible, yet in continuing it on the Fire without moving, it is now become tender again; therefore though it be not in ſo great danger of Fire now as heretofore, yet immoderacy now may and will certainly ſpoil all, and undo thy hopes: Govern with prudence therefore during the while that theſe colours ſhall come and go, and be not either over-haſty, nor deſpondent, but wait the end with patience.

*And ſoon that after thirty days are gone,*
*Thou ſhalt have Grapes right as Ruby red,*
*Which is our* Adrop, *our* Uſifur, *and our red Lead.*

FOr in a ſhort time thou ſhalt find, that this green will be overcome by the Azure, and that by the pale wan colour, which will at length come to a Citrine, which Citrine ſhall endure for the ſpace of 46 days.

Then ſhall the heavenly Fire deſcend, and illuminate the Earth with inconceivable Glory; the Crown of thy Labours

ſhall be brought unto thee, when our *Sol* ſhall ſit in the South, ſhining with redneſs incomparable.

This is our *Tyre*, our *Baſilisk*, our red Poppy of the Rock, our *Adrop*, our *Uſſur*, our red Lead, our Lion devouring all things: This is our true Light, our Earth glorified; rejoyce now, for our King hath paſſed from death to life, and now poſſeſſeth the Keys of both Death and Hell, and over him nothing now hath power.

*For like as Souls after pains tranſitory,*
*Be brought to Paradiſe where ever is joyful life;*
*So ſhall our Stone after his darkneſs in Purgatory,*
*Be purged and joyned in Elements without en ſtrife.*

AS then it is with thoſe who are Redeemed, their Old man is crucified, in which is ſorrow, anguiſh, grief, heart-breaking, and many tears; after that the New man is reſtored, and then is joy, ſhouting, clapping of hands, ſinging, and the



the like, for the ranſomed of the Lord ſhall return with Songs, and everlaſting Joy ſhall be on their heads: even ſo it is after a ſort in our Operations, for firſt of all our old Body dyeth, rots, and is as it were corrupted, yielding a moſt loathſome ſtink, and engendring ſquallid and filthy colours, and moſt venomous exhalations, which is as it were the Purgatory of this old Body, in which its corruption is overcome by a long and gentle decoction.

And when it once is purged, and made clean and pure, then are the Elements joyned, and are of four contraries made one perfect, perpetual, indiſſolvable unity; ſo that from henceforth there is nothing but concord and amity to be found in all our habitations.

*Rejoyce the whiteneſs and beauty of his Wife.*

OUr Man then to ſhew his ſingular love to his Wife, and to give an evident token that they will never fall out any more, is content to attain the firſt

degree of its perfection in her colour; ſo that the firſt ſtable colour of thy renovate Body, after its Eclipſation in blackneſs, is the ſparkling white, which is a luſtre hardly imaginable.

*And paſs from darkneſs of Purgatory to light*
*Of Paradiſe, in whiteneſs* Elixir *of great might.*

THis is a noble ſtep, from Hell to Heaven; from the bottom of the Grave, to the top of Power and Glory; from obſcurity in blackneſs, to reſplendent whiteneſs; from the height of veneno-ſity, to the height of Medicine. Oh Nature! how doſt thou alter things into things, caſting down the high and mighty, and again exalting them being baſe and lowly! Oh Death! how art thou vanquiſhed when thy Priſoners are taken from thee, and carried to a ſtate and place of Immortality! This is the Lords doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

*And*



*And that thou mayſt the rather to Putrefaction,*
*I'll in this example, thou take,* &c.
*The heart of an Oak which hath of Water continual infuſion;*
*For though it in Water lay an hundred years and more,*
*Yet ſhouldeſt thou find it ſound as ever it was before.*

O Happy Gate of blackneſs, which art the paſſage to this ſo glorious a change! ſtudy therefore, whoever applyeſt thy ſelf to this Art, only to know this Secret; for know this, and know all, and contrarywiſe be ignorant of this, and be ignorant of all.

Therefore if that poſſible thou mayſt attain the depth of this Myſtery, I ſhall endeavour to unfold it to thy capacity by ſimilitudes and examples.

Thou knoweſt that if a ſolid piece of Wood lie in water perpetually, it will tire the patience of the moſt patient expecter to ſee it rot, for it will abide many Generations, and in the end be as

ſound as when it was firſt laid in. Yea ſome contend, that in our days Pine-Trees are dug up in their intire proportion, which have been buried ever ſince the Floud, being found in ſuch places in which no Hiſtories ever mentioned that ſuch Trees grew, and ſo deep under ground as it is almoſt incredible; which certainly have layn at leaſt many hundred years, and yet the Wood as ſound as any other Tree of that ſort, which hath not been cut down above a year or two: ſuch is the force of conſtant Humefaction, to prevent the ordinary corruption of Timber.

*But and thou keep it ſometimes wet and*
*ſometimes dry,*
*As thou mayſt ſee in Timber,*
*And ſo even likewiſe, &c.*
*Sometimes our Tree muſt with the Sun be*
*brent.*

BUt contrarywiſe, Timber which is kept wet ſometimes, and dry ſometimes, as uſually the foundations of Timber Houſes are, if not ſecured by the Maſons



Maſons Art, it would tire the Houſe-holders patience to ſee how ſoon ſuch Timber will rot, and molder away, and become fit for nothing; which is a thing ſo well known, that the experience of every Ruſtick almoſt can teach it him.

So reſolve our Stone muſt be uſed, if thou intend to have it putrefie kindly; our Wheel for Putrefaction muſt go round, in a conſtant Elevation or Extraction of the Water or Humidity from the Body, by which Operation our Man the *Sun* is helped in his acting; and this Water muſt as conſtantly return to the Earth, to moiſten it, by which the Woman the *Moon* is helped in her acting.

*And then with Water we muſt it keel,*
*That ſo to rotting we may bring it weel.*

BEtween theſe two various Operations which one and the ſame Fire produceth, our Body is both heated and cooled, his ſweat is drawn forth and returned upon him again, by the which means it is triturated, ground, ſoftned, and

and made weak even unto death; and dying, it rots and putreſies, changing colours from one into another, until at the length it becomes black as Ink or Pitch, which is our Toad, our Crow, our Tomb filled with rottenneſs, our *Golgotha* or place of dead bones, our *Terra foliata* or Earth of Leaves.

*For now in wet, &c.*
*To be ſhall cauſe it ſoon to putrefie,*
*And ſo ſhall thou bring to rotting thy Gold,*
*Intreat thy Bodies, &c.*
*And in thy putrefying with heat be not too ſwift,*
*Leſt in the Aſhes thou ſeek after thy thrift.*

OUr Operation then, ſaith *Morien*, is nothing elſe but extracting Water from the Earth, and returning it again upon the Earth, ſo long and ſo often till the Earth putrefie; for by elevation of the moiſture the Body is heated and dried, and by returning it again it is cooled and moiſtned, by the continuation of which ſucceſſive Operations, it is brought to corrupt and rot, to loſe its



its form, and for a ſeaſon to remain as dead.

This is the true intention and manner of our working, and there is no other manner of working that can be invented, that can give thee the effect of this our Operation; for this is the true way and means by which thy Body of Gold will be deſtroyed, and no other way profitable for our Art: Proceed therefore as I have directed thee, and ſwerve not either to the right hand or to the left: Take this Body which I have ſhewed thee, and joyn it with the Spirit which is proper to it, which the Wiſe men have called their *Venus*, or Goddeſs of Love, and circulate theſe two Natures one upon the other, until the one have conceived by the other.

But beware you urge not the Spirit too much, but remember that he is a volatile ſubſtance, and if he be over-provoked, he will certainly break the Veſſel, and fly, and leave thee the ruines of thy Glaſs for a recompence of thy over-ſpeedy raſhneſs; which truſt me will make thee fetch a deep Philoſophi-

cal

cal ſigh, and ſay when it is too late, I would I had been content to wait Natures time. Let the Fire then be ſuch in which thy Spirit may be ſo ſtirred up, as to return to its Body in the Glaſs, and not ſo irritated as to break the Veſſel, and return to the Aſhes or Sand of the Neſt, or ſtick about the ſides of the Cover of your Neſt, or elſe fly about in the Room wherein the Artiſt is, and lodge in his Head, and ſo make it far more unconſtant then it was before, by adding to his raſh giddineſs a Paralytical ſhaking.

*Therefore the Water out of the Earth thou draw,*
*And make the Soul therewith for to aſcend,*
*Then down again into the Earth it throw,*
*That they oft-times ſo aſcend and deſcend.*

PRoceed therefore not as a Fool, but as a Wiſe man; make the Water of thy Compound to ariſe and circulate, ſo long and often until the Soul, that is to ſay, the moſt ſubtle virtue of the Body, ariſe with it, circulating with the Spirit in manner of a fiery form, by which both the



the Spirit and Body are enforced to change their colour and complexion: for it is this Soul of the diſſolved Bodies, which is the ſubject of Wonders; it is the life, and therefore quickens the dead; it is the Vegetative Soul, and therefore it makes the dead and ſealed Bodies, which in their own Nature are barren, to fructifie exceedingly.

Therefore if this return unto the Earth from which it firſt took its flight, it will make it for to fructifie, and to increaſe in Tincture, and in the Earth it ſelf will multiply as a grain of Wheat doth in the ground.

Be ſure then that ſo faſt as thou makeſt thy aſcenſion, ſo faſt alſo thy deſcenſion be; this is agreeable both to Nature, and the intent of all Philoſophers, eſpecially *Treviſan* in his Chymical Miracle; *Authors*, ſaith he, *differ eſpecially in the documents of the Fire, but in this all agree, that the volatile aſcend not higher then it may return.* This is the true temperament of the Fire.

EQUAL

*From*

*From violent heat and ſudden cold defend*
*Thy Glaſs, and make thy Fire ſo temperate,*
*That by the ſides the Matter be not vitri-*
*ficate.*

TAke diligent heed then that thou exceed not this meaſure, eſpecially have a care that your Furnace be not apt to exceed, but that you may govern it at your pleaſure, without uncertain increaſing or ſlacking of heat, but that your Fire be equal and continually vaporous and boyling, for ſuch a degree is altogether agreeable to the intention of Nature.

Whereas if thou be too haſty, with *Vulcan* thou art always ſubject to errour; for even then when a diſcreet Work-man is paſt fear, I mean in the fourth Operation, in which the Elements are fixed and incerated, a haſty raſh *Vulcaniſt* ſhall make his Medicines to grow hard at the firſt, and with a ſtronger and continuate degree of heat, to melt into a vitrificate ſubſtance, without any hope of future profit.

Now



Now then that Vitrification is an errour which is incident in the laſt Operation, as burning of the Flowers is in the firſt Operation; for if in Calcination the Fire be too violent, inſtead of black thou ſhalt have a Citrine, or half red unprofitable Calx: ſo in the fourth Operation, by too violent Fire thy *Elixir* will melt being vitrified, inſtead of a natural flowing or Inceration.

*And be thou wiſe in chooſing of the Matter;*
*Meddle with no Salts, &c.*
*But whatſoever any Worker to thee chatter,*
*Our Sulphur and our Mercury been only in*
*Metals,*
*Which Oyls and Waters ſome men them*
*calls,*
*Fowls and Birds, &c.*
*Becauſe that Fools ſhould never know our*
*Stone.*

IF thou haſt attended well to what hath been told thee in theſe five Gates, thou art ſecure; make ſure of thy true Matter, which is no ſmall thing to know, and though we have named it, yet we

have

have done it ſo cunningly, that if thou wilt be heedleſs, thou mayſt ſooner ſtumble at our Books, then at any thou ever didſt read in thy life.

Meddle with nothing out of kind, whether *Salts*, or *Sulphur*, or whatever is of the like Impoſition; and whatever is Alien from the perfect Metals, is reprobate in our Maſtery. Be not deceived either with Receipt or Diſcourſe, for we verily do not intend to deceive you, but if you will be deceived, be deceived.

Our principal know that it is but one, and that is in Metals, even thoſe Metals which you may buy commonly, to wit, the perfecteſt of them: but before you can command it out of them, you muſt be a Maſter, and not a Scholar, namely as it is wiſely ſaid in *Norton*;

*To know to deſtroy their whole Compoſition,*
*That ſome of their Components may help in*
*concluſion.*

But truſt me this is not for a *Tyro*, nor for every one of us, unleſs he have the Secret from his own ſtudies, and not by



by Tradition from a Maſter or Guide. Know then that this fore-recited way is true, but involved with a thouſand broileries.

But our way which is an eaſie way, and (in which no man may erre) our broad way, our *Linear* way, we have vowed never to reveal it but in Metaphors; I being moved with pity, will hint it to you. Take that which is not yet perfect, nor yet wholly imperfect, but in a way to perfection, and out of it make what is moſt noble and moſt perfect: This you may conceive to be an eaſier Receipt, then to take that which is already perfect, and extract out of it what is imperfect, and then make it perfect, and after out of that perfection to draw a *pluſquam* perfection: and yet this is true, and we have wrought it. And becauſe it is an immenſe Labour for any to undertake, we deſcribe that way; but this laſt diſcovery which I hinted in few words, is it which no man ever did ſo plainly lay open, nor may any make it more plain, upon pain of an *Anathema*.

*For of this World our Stone is called the Cement,*
*Which moved by craft as Nature doth require,*
*In his increaſe ſhall be full opulent,*
*And multiply his kind after thy own deſire:*
*Therefore if God vouchſafe thee to inſpire,*
*Like unto thee in Riches ſhall be but few.*

OUr Stone it is the Repreſentative of the great World, and hath the Virtues of that great Fabrick, compriſed or collected in this little Syſtem; in it is the virtue Magnetical, attractive of its like in the whole World: it is the Cœleſtial Virtue, expounded univerſally in the whole Creation, but Epitomized in this ſmall Map or Abridgment.

This Virtue or Power is in it ſelf barren, ſluggiſh, dead and unactive, and for this cauſe it remaineth without fruit; but being looſed by Art, it doth through the co-operation of Nature, produce that *Arcanum* which hath not its like in the whole World; for it doth heal the imperfections of all Creatures and Metals, taking



taking away their ſickneſs, and reſtoring them to perfect health.

The reward which this Maſtery will bring to the Artiſt, is indeed ineſtimable; for having it, he needs want no worldly bleſſing, for wealth he need take no care, and from all frailties of Body he hath a moſt ſure Antidote.

Pray then to God, that he would be propitious unto your ſtudies and labours, in giving thee the true knowledge of this ſecret Myſtery; it is the gift of God, I have holpen thee what I can, but venture not to practiſe barely upon my words, for know that what I have only hinted, is far more then what I have diſcovered; and what I have declared to thy firſt apprehenſion moſt openly, hath yet its lurking Serpent under the green Graſs, I mean ſome hidden thing which thou oughteſt to underſtand, which thou being Cock-ſure at firſt bluſh wilt neglect; but yet it will bite thee by the heel when thou approacheſt to practice, and make thee begin again, and it may be at laſt throw away all as a man deſperate: for know that this is an Art very Cabaliſtical,

ſtical, and we do ſtudy expreſſions ſuch as we know will ſuit almoſt with any mans fancy, in one place or other; but be ſure to take this Maxim from one who knows beſt the ſence of what he hath written: Where we ſpeak moſt plainly, there be moſt circumſpect, for we do not go about to betray the Secrets of Nature; eſpecially then in thoſe places which ſeem to give Receipts ſo plain as you would deſire, ſuſpect either a Metaphor, or elſe be ſure that ſomething or other is ſuppreſt, which thou wilt hardly without Inſpiration ever find of thy ſelf, which in tryal will make all thy confident knowledge vaniſh; yet to a Son of Art, we have written that which never heretofore was by any revealed.

Now



*NOw for a cloſe of this moſt ſecret Gate,*
*Whereat few enter, none but they who are*
*By Gods grace favour'd; its not luck ne fate*
*That in diſcloſing this can claim a ſhare:*
*It is a portion which is very rare,*
*Beſtow'd on thoſe whom the moſt High ſhall chuſe,*
*To ſuch the Truth I freely ſhall declare,*
*Nor ought through Envy to them ſhall refuſe,*
*Nor with unwonted Riddles ſhall their hopes abuſe.*

*Of uncouth ſubjects now ſhall be my Song,*
*My mind intends high Wonders to reveal,*
*Which have lain hidden heretofore full long,*
*Each Artiſt ſtriving them how to conceal,*
*Leſt wretched Caitiffs ſhould theſe Treaſures ſteal:*
*Nor Villains ſhould their Villanies maintain*
*By this rare Art; which danger they to heal,*
*In horrid Metaphors veil'd an Art moſt plain,*
*Leſt each Fool knowing it, ſhould it when known diſdain.*

*Remember Man how he produced was,*
*How formed from a lump of abject Clay,*
*From whence Created; he each thing doth*
*pass,*
*Which next to Angels ever saw the day:*
*For God in him infus'd so bright a Ray*
*Of his own Image, which the Body joyn'd*
*To it, ennobled so that both pourtray*
*Their Maker, as though Heaven with Earth*
*combin'd*
*A little System of the Universe to find.*

*But yet though he of Soul and Body both*
*Was made, and of the two the nobler part*
*The Soul by far, which for the most part*
*doth*
*The subject nominate; yet that same Art*
*That made so rare a piece, doth from the*
*part*
*Less noble name the whole,* Adam, *or Dust,*
*Wherein a Mystery was couch'd, whose*
*heart*
*Of life the Centre, to Earth's bowels must*
*Return, the Earth it self for Man's sake*
*being curs'd.*

*Right*



*Right so our Stone containeth Natures two,*
*One hidden, subtle Soul, Heavens Pro-*
*geny,*
*The other gross, compact, terrene also,*
*Earth's product must to Earth by destiny;*
*Which when resolv'd is made a feculency*
*To sight, but the Cœlestial part is still*
*(Though over-clouded) most pure in-*
*wardly,*
*And shall at last most Pearlie drops distill,*
*Which shall the barren Earth with fruit in*
*plenty fill.*

*Thus all our Secrets from the Earth do flow,*
*'Tis Earth which for our Base at first we*
*take,*
*Our Water also unto Earth must go,*
*And both together must a* Limus *make,*
*Which we with respite by our Art must bake,*
*Till all become a Spirit glorify'd,*
*Whose firmness wasting, time shall never*
*shake;*
*By perfect union th' are so surely ty'd,*
*Each Element the other three within it self*
*doth hide.*

*Take then that thing which Gold we pleaſe to call,*
*Put 'tis not Gold, yet Gold it is in truth;*
*Metalline 'tis, yet from a Mineral*
*It flows, which Art by Nature help renew'th,*
*And to a Fool an ugly face it ſheweth;*
*Yet to a Son of Art it lovely ſeems,*
*'Tis tellar white, and tender in his youth,*
*And vile appears in many mens eſteems,*
*Yea the moſt part of men it for a triſle deems.*

*From it is made a ſubject of great price,*
*Shew it the Goldſmith and he'l ſwear 'tis Gold;*
*Put look you ſell it not, if you be wiſe,*
*The Paſs 'tis of Secrets manifold,*
*This for their ſecret main the Sages hold:*
*The like is in Gold digged from the Mine,*
*Put to procure it is ſcarce to be told,*
*That you may underſtand, though every line*
*Were plainly wrote, yet might your practice oft decline.*

*For*



*For 'tis a Labour hardly to be borne,*
*So many tricks and turnings in it be,*
*And he that tryeth it is ſurely forlorne,*
*Unleſs a craſty Maſter, credit me;*
*For I have tryed both, yet could not ſee*
*How any in this way can be ſecure:*
*I therefore who have vowed ſecrecy*
*Have writ this way, which we can ſcarce endure*
*For knowledge-ſake to try, its eaſe will none allure.*

*Our Kingly road I alſo hinted have,*
*Our way in which a Fool can hardly erre,*
*Our ſecret way, which much ſad toyl will ſave,*
*Which is ſo eaſie, that I may averr,*
*If thou ſhouldſt ſee it, thou wouldſt it preferr*
*To any Earthly pleaſure; yet beware*
*That you miſtake not, for I do averr,*
*A mingled Doctrine theſe lines do declare,*
*For both ways in this Book of mine do claim a ſhare.*

*Learn*

*Learn to diſtinguiſh every ſentence well,*
*And know to what Work it doth appertain;*
*This is great skill, which few as I can tell*
*By all their reading yet could ere attain,*
*And yet of Theory this is the main:*
*Alſo to know accordingly to give*
*Due heat, which in one way thou muſt be fain*
*T' increaſe ten-fold, thou mayſt me well believe,*
*For what doth one decoct, t'other away will drive.*

*Alſo their Operations different*
*Appear, the one thou muſt ſublime and boyl,*
*O tedious way! in which much time is ſpent,*
*And many errours, which the Work will ſpoyl:*
*The other ſilently doth make no toyl,*
*Like the ſtill voice which to* Eliah *came,*
*About which Work thou needeſt not to broyl,*
*Nor wantſt thou fiery* Vulcan's *parching flame,*
*A far more gentle heat begins and ends this Game.*

*But*



*But if thou canſt each Work perform apart,*
*And knowſt them afterward to reconcile,*
*Then art thou Maſter of a Princely Art,*
*The very ſucceſs will thy hopes beguile;*
*Thou haſt all Natures Works rankt on a File,*
*And all her Treaſures at command doſt keep,*
*On thee the Fates ſhall never dare but ſmile,*
*No Myſtery is now for thee too deep,*
*Th' art Natures Darling, whether thou doſt wake or ſleep.*

*Pardon my plainneſs, if the Art thou knowſt,*
*'Twas the fruit of my untame deſire*
*To profit many; and without a boaſt,*
*No man above my Candour ſhall aſpire:*
*My zeal was kindled with* Minerva's *Fire,*
*And thou who to this Art wilt now apply,*
*My Book in Natures way ſhall lead thee higher,*
*Then ever thou alone mayſt hope to fly,*
*If only thou ſhalt favour'd be by Deſtiny.*

*Peruſe*

*Peruſe theſe lines, and being read, review*
*And read again, and on them meditate,*
*Each reading ſhall freſh Myſteries and new*
*Diſcover, which are ſcatter'd in each Gate;*
*For they ſo linked are, that all relate*
*To each, and we our words have woven ſo,*
*That thou mayſt ſoon erre by miſleading Fate,*
*Unleſs for to diſtinguiſh thou do know;*
*Remember that 'mongſt Briars thick, ſweet Roſes grow.*

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AN

# EXPOSITION

UPON THE

## Sixth Gate,

Which is

## CONGELATION.

# The Sixth Gate Opened,

Which is

# CONGELATION.

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*Congelation*, &c.
*It is of ſoft things in duration of colour white*, &c.
*How to congeal he needeth not much to care for Elements:*
*But Congelations be made in divers wiſe of Spirits*, &c.
*Of Salts diſſolved*, &c. *and then congeal'd,*
*And ſome diſſolveth congealing manually*, &c.
*But ſuch congealing is not*, &c.

HAving largely run through the firſt five Gates, in which is all the difficulty, pre-ſuppoſing now that you have paſſed the ſhades of the Night, and are now come to the approaching of the Day, whoſe dawning is to be ſeen ſoon after the darkneſs of the Night, and

and is diſcovered by variety of gay Clouds, which run before the Sun in its up-riſing.

The firſt remarkable way mark that you are to meet with, is the whiteneſs of the Compound, for the Peacocks tail though with its gayneſs it refreſheth and delights the beholder, yet thoſe colours are but tranſient; but the white is a ſtable colour, and it is thy firſt Harveſt, in which the moiſture is vanquiſhed, and volatile Natures are fixed.

The Work as it is the long-wiſhed Haven, ſo it is performed without any help of the Artiſt, any more then to continue a due degree of outward heat; for know that thou haſt not ſo great a deſire after this ſight, but Nature hath as great an appetite to obtain it, for it is the end of all her former Operations, from the attaining whereof thou canſt not hinder her, if the external heat be continued as it ought.

Yet about this the whole company of Alchymiſts do mightily buſie themſelves, who have nothing more in their hopes then to make our great *Elixir*; do mainly



ly labour after Congelation, though in their Solution, in which the Key of our Coagulation reſteth, they are as ſtupid as Blocks.

Some diſſolve Metals with Corroſives, others Salts, and afterwards filter them, which they think graduates them, with which trumpery they intend no leſs a Coagulate, then the true permanent Tincture: but alas they are deceived, for they work not upon the right Matter.

Others although they happen to ſtumble in part upon the right Matter, yet herein they erre, that they underſtand our Operations prepoſterouſly, and interpret our meaning contrary to our true intent; for all that they dream of, is ſuch Operations which are to be performed by hand: thus they diſſolve and congeal, but ſtumble *in operandi modo.*

For our Congelation is no ſuch thing as this, but in every point it is contrary to it; for in our Operation Nature only works, who therefore doth bring forth a true, and not a Sophiſtical Operation.

*Our Congelation dreadeth not the Fire,*
*For it muſt ever in it ſtand unctuous;*
*And it is alſo a Tincture ſo bounteous,*
*Which in the Air*, &c.
*Moreover congeal not*, &c.
*But that like Wax it will melt anon without blaſt,*
*For ſuch congealing accordeth not, &c.*
*Which Congelation availeth us not.*

FOr as in our Solution we do not make our Gold volatile as to ſhew, as Fools may do, but actually it is made fugitive, ſo as that by no Art of man it can ever be fixt again, but only by that Nature which made it volatile; ſo alſo our Fixation doth make our flying Spirits ſo Fire-abiding, that they by no Art of man can ever be burnt away, yet it will flow like Wax.

Nor is it fixed in manner of flying Spirits in Vegetables, which are fixed by burning into an *Alcali*, for it will never relent neither in the Air nor Water, like to a congealed Salt.

Nor yet is our Congelation a formal Tranſ-



Tranſmutation of a thing by another ſeminal virtue, for then it would become of a Stony, Flinty, or Adamantine nature; but by its own internal virtue, the *Mercury* is changed into *Sulphur* incombuſtible, yet ſo as that the *Mercuriality* retains ſome of its qualities in a very noble remarkable way, furniſhing the Compound with a fuſible unctuoſity, when at the ſame time the *Sulphur* retains that fluxibility with a moſt noble incombuſtibility.

So then take this for the Touch-ſtone of all thy Alchymical endeavours, if ever thou intend any thing commendable in our Art; ſee that thy Medicine be of an eaſie fuſion, ſo that when it is caſt on a plate of Metal heated, it may enter it, and flow on it like Wax or melted Pitch; yea let the flux be ſo eaſie, that it may flow upon *Mercury*, and enter it before its flight, otherwiſe brag not of thy skill, for thou art yet in a way of Sophiſtry, out of which thou ſhalt never eſcape, without a more then ordinary providence of God.

tinually, will turn firſt into greater, and after that into ſmaller grains, till all at length become a Calx of an exquiſite fineneſs, and tranſcendent brightneſs, which is our Lilly Candent, which in the end of thy Operations by continual decoction will be turned into a purple redneſs, which is our wonderful Secret.

*The Earthly groſsneſs therefore firſt mortified in moiſture, &c.*
*This principle may not be denied, &c.*
*Which had, of whiteneſs thou mayſt not miſs, &c.*
*And if, &c.*

THe cauſe of all theſe ſtrange alterations in one Glaſs, on one ſubject, with one decoction, without laying on of hands, is from the internal diſpoſition of the Compound, which at the firſt is groſs and Earthy, therefore in decoction it becomes very black, it being the nature of all moiſt groſs things, by the Fire to acquire ſuch a colour. And this is according to the intention of all Philoſophers, that although thou ſeekeſt white and



and red, yet thou muſt at firſt make black, before thou canſt make white profitably.

But when once thy Matter is become truly black, rejoyce, for this death of the Body will be the quickning of the Spirit, and then both Soul and Body will unite into a perfect whiteneſs, which is our Kingly Diadem.

*The end of the ſixth Gate.*

THE

of the White Stone approacheth; Rejoyce then, for now the King hath overcome Death, and is riſing in the Eaſt with great Glory.

*Rule* XIX.

Then continue your Fire until the Colours appear again, then at laſt you ſhall ſee the fair Vermillion, the Red Poppy; Glorifie God then, and be thankful.

*Rule* XX.

Laſtly, you muſt boyl this Stone in the ſame water, in the ſame proportion, with the ſame Regimen, (only your Fire ſhall then be a little ſlacker) and ſo you ſhall increaſe Quantity and Goodneſs at your pleaſure.

*Now the only God the Father of light, bring us to ſee this Regeneration of the light, and make us to rejoyce with him for ever hereafter in light,* Amen

## *AN ADVERTISEMENT.*

THis Author having wrote many Excellent Pieces on this Subject, not ſo much to manifeſt himſelf an Adept (as many have done) as to benefit the World by his Writings, himſelf profeſſing, that although



although the reſt of his Adept Brethren had (as we may ſay enviouſly) *ſworn ſecrecie* (contrary to their received Maxim of doing all the good they may with this large Talent ſo long as they live, and longer if it might be,) yet had not he ſo ſworn, though they ſuppoſed it; for he had as himſelf confeſſeth, an extraordinary impulſe of mind, *to be helpful to all ſincere ſearchers of this ſecret Art*, (to uſe his own words) *and to ſtretch out his hand to ſuch as are behind.* Seeing therefore, that it was the Authors own deſire to benefit the World by his Labours, and that he gave his conſent to Mr. *Starkey* for Printing his Pieces, as appears in his *Preface to the Marrow of Alchimy*; I know no reaſon wherefore his Writings ſhould lie conceal'd any longer: And great pity it was that Mr. *Starkey* did ſeparate this Author's *Commentarie upon Sir* George Ripley's 12 *Gates*, which he did as I was informed by one unto whom he gave the very Book from which he confeſſed he had cut the laſt Six Gates; the Perſon demanding the reaſon wherefore he cut them in ſunder: he anſwered, that the

World

World was unworthy of them; which nevertheless he promis'd to give that Person a Transcript of, but did not, which is the reason that they cannot yet be found; the loss of which is very much lamented. Wherefore if any Gentleman hath them by him, or any other piece of this Author, It is humbly desired that they will send them to the *Pellican* in *Little Britain*, *London*, that they may be Printed with the first *Six Gates*, which are now in the Press: And that I may not be wanting to contribute what I can for the discovery of this Author's Works, I here make bold to present the Reader with a Catalogue of such Pieces as are noted to be writ by this Author under the disguised name of *Eyrænæus Philalethes*, part whereof are set down by Mr. *Starkey* in his Preface aforenamed, and part are mentioned by the Author himself, with several others, which he wrote (as he saith) for his own recreation, and afterwards burn'd; which Author is acknowledged by all hands to be an English-man, and an Adept & supposed to be yet living, and travelling, and about the age of 55 years, but his Name is not certainly known. *These*

These Books in this *Catalogue* were written by *Eirenæus Philalethes*, whereof these 15. following are Printed.

1. *Introitus apertus ad occlusum Regis Palatium*, Amst. 1667. This is Re-printed in *Germany*, with the Collection of Books called *Musæum Hermeticum* of the Edition 1677. in 4°
2. —— *Idem* in English, called Secrets Reveal'd, Printed at *London* 1669. in 8°. being much more perfect than the Latine Editions.
3. The Marrow of Alchymy, in two Poems or Parts, in English Verse, *Lond.* 1654. & 1655.
4. *Ars Metallorum Metamorphoseos*, } Amst. 1668.
5. *Brevis manuductio ad Rubinum Cœlestem*, } in 8°. These
6. *Fons Chymicæ Philosophiæ*, } are likewise in the aforesaid Edition of the *Musæum Hermeticum*.
7. *Methodica Enarratio trium Gebri Medicinarum*, } Lond. 1678. in 8°.
8. *Vade-Mecum Philosophicum, sive breve manuductorium ad Campum Sophiæ*, } Lond. 1678. in 8°.
9. *Experimenta de præparatione Mercurii Sophici*, } Lond. 1678. in 8°.
10. A Commentary or Exposition upon Sir *G. Ripley*'s Epistle to *Edw.* IV. King of *England*, } Lond. 1678. in 8°.
11. —— *Idem* upon Sir *G. Ripley*'s Preface to his Compound of Alchymy, } Lond. 1678. in 8°.