

Knowledge is the possession of a thing for itself, or "Power"
is the poss. of it for another. "Kn. is Powe." : ^{possessing} ~~possessing~~ of
the thing for itself is essential to real possession of it for itself,
of its essence before of its appearance.

"Oh that I were many!" (Latin. that is of God). (has "numbers"
generated "in emotion" :) Pure will generating "in itself" numbers,
of the Solitude of God. (P)

Height: the primordial woman.

The names of animals were ascribed, & especially human. man
and Symbolic the sacrament of Christ, which is Christ
God. - man was created in God's image, man is or?
pure will, human being separated from his (God) in the
same way as God separates his Son for himself (God). - Man
strives to reunite & become God & not only God's image, because
human (like the Philosophy, contemplation, for all the world one
essence) listens to the spirit.

[Sophia (2nd p.) - knowledge, not intell. - The Word = expression]
"I see you, a new saint" (Latin. text.) - which is the key
of all, it shows that above the Great Comunion is, Father,
the unconscious presence have in the "debt" with the
presence the own figure of the "association" for which
they are born.

The vertical & the horizontal within the circle - "Circle"
See also "Lucifer" (p. 47) - also Key to Key. (symbol of the "self-
vigilance" power, p. 52)

Other of "Hermes" - (p. 46)
"The being in the Word" (p. 58) is the Key - note!
S became Th, Th became T (tan) - p. 57. [Take key to the
sub 1st chapter of Genesis]

Love - Power - Law (p. 61)

Vertical downward - p. 73 | Phil. - Vert. = T-My, long. = T, three macro, then
micro.

Fernando Pessoa

God is the soul of the world, He is the soul of God

Cada homem é forte quanto prima segunda e terceira em
seu estado e forma para a distância, como se haja nenhuma
superstição. Amor e material viver no seu estado
de força. Força no estado, e o alquímico (P.),
o mag, como no estado, e o mag no estado
de força. Com no estado e no estado. Para tudo
e ilusão no estado (que deu o estado)



p. 377 - most important.

THE ROSICRUCIANS



THE
ROSICRUCIANS

Their Rites and Mysteries

FOURTH EDITION, REVISED



BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS

AUTHOR OF 'THE INDIAN RELIGION ; OR, RESULTS OF THE MYSTERIOUS
BUDDHISM' ; 'PHALLICISM' ; 'ONE OF THE THIRTY', ETC. ETC

Illustrated by Upwards of Three Hundred Engravings
and Twelve Full-Page Plates



LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED

NEW YORK : E. P. DUTTON & CO

Vnto the very points and prickes, here are to be found great misteries.

—*Nicholas Flammel*, 1399.

Quod sit Castellum in quo Fratres degunt? Quinam et quales ipsi sint? Cur, inter alia nomina, appelletur Fratres? cur CRUCIS? cur ROSÆ CRUCIS?

Gassendus, 1630.

Quod tanto impendio absconditur, etiam solummodo demonstrare, destruere est.

—*Tertullian*.

Preface to the Third Edition

THE words 'Third Edition' to a work of this character, which, it will readily be confessed, prefers claims to being quite *sui generis*, excite mixed feelings on the part of its Authors.

The present edition has been carefully revised, at the same time that it has been largely extended. It comprises, now, TWO VOLUMES. The addition of new engravings—singularly suggestive, prepared with great care, presenting very antique and authentic claims—speaks for value.

The Authors can refer with pride to the numerous letters which reach them, if pride, or even particular gratification (according to ordinary ideas), could actuate in the statement of the fact. This is a serious treatise upon the '*Rosicrucians*'. Letters expressing great interest, some anonymous, some with names, addressed from all parts—from Germany, France, Spain, the West Indies; from India, Italy, and Denmark, and from remote corners in our own country—these have multiplied since the work was first published. America has displayed unbounded curiosity. To all these communications, with a few exceptions, no answers have been (nor could be) returned. The volumes themselves must be read with attention, or nothing is effected. The book must be its own interpreter, if interpretation is sought. But interpretation does not apply in this instance.

With one word we shall conclude. The Authors

of *The Rosicrucians* would quietly warn (for to do more would imply a greater attention than is due) against all attempts in books, or in print or otherwise, to subscribe with 'letters' or any addition (or affectation), signifying a supposed *personal* connexion with the real 'Rosicrucians'. These haughty Philosophers forbade disclosure—this, of either their real doctrines or intentions, or of their personality.

We may most truly say, that in this work—as it now stands, care being taken to keep all reserves—will be found the best account of this illustrious and mysterious Fraternity.

LONDON :

January the Twenty-First,

1887

Preface to the Second Edition

THE Authors of this important Book—such must obviously be the fact of any work speaking with authority in regard of that extraordinary Brotherhood the ‘Rosicrucians’—feel assured that it will only be necessary to penetrate but to the extent of two or three pages therein, to secure vivid curiosity and attention. The Producers—particularly in the instance of this much enlarged Second Edition—are particularly desirous that no one shall identify them with, or consider them as maintaining personally, the strangely abstruse, and, in some instances, the startlingly singular ideas of these Princes among the Mystics. We are—and desire to be viewed as—the Historians only of this renowned Body; of whom it may most truly be asserted that no one can boast of having ever—really and in fact—seen or known in any age any supposed (or suspected) ‘Member’ in the flesh. It is sufficient honour to offer as the medium only, or the Intermediaries to the reading-world—of this Illustrious Membership; whose renown has filled, and whose mystical doctrines (assumed or supposed) have puzzled the ages:—in the intenser degree, still, in the present time; as the inquisitive reception of the Authors’ First Edition of *The Rosicrucians* abundantly proved.

Dr. Ginsburg says of the *Cabala*, or *Kabbalah* (regarding the mysteries of which the Rosicrucians claimed to be the only true exponents), that it is a

system of religious philosophy, or more properly of theosophy, which has not only exercised, for hundreds of years, an extraordinary influence on the mental development of so shrewd a people as the Jews, but has captivated the minds of some of the greatest thinkers of Christendom in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. 'It—and all that refers to it'—therefore claims the greatest attention of both the philosopher and the theologian. 'The thinkers of the past days, after restlessly searching for a scientific system which should disclose to them the "deepest depths" of the Divine Nature, and approve to the understanding the *real tie* which binds all things together, found the craving of their mind SATISFIED by this Theosophy.'

We say enough in reference to the august possessors of this knowledge when we remind the reader that among those who knew how to wield (and to adapt) the stupendous acquisition to which they were supposed to have at last penetrated, were Raymond Lully, the celebrated scholastic, metaphysician, and chemist (died 1315); John Reuchlin, the renowned scholar and reviver of oriental literature in Europe (born 1455, died 1522); John Picus di Mirandola, the famous philosopher and classical scholar (1463–1494); Cornelius Henry Agrippa, the distinguished philosopher, divine, and physician (1486–1535); John Baptist von Helmont, a remarkable chemist and physician (1577–1644); Dr. Henry More (1614–1687), and lastly and chiefly (in regard of whom this whole Book is but the translation and exposition of his highly-prized and very scarce works), our own countryman¹, Robert Flood or Fludd (Robertus de Flucti-

¹ In regard to the value and rarity of Robert Fludd's books it may be mentioned that Isaac D'Israeli says that 'forty' and

bus) the famous physician and philosopher (1574-1637).

HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

LONDON, *April 6th*, 1879.

'seventy' 'pounds' were given for a 'single volume' abroad in his time—such was the curiosity concerning them. At the present time the value of these books has greatly increased. Fludd's volumes, and any of the early editions of Jacob Bøehmen's books, are worth much money. Indeed they are so scarce as to be caught up everywhere when offered—especially when encountered by foreigners and Americans.

Preface to the First Edition

THIS book, which now leaves our hands, concentrates in a small compass the results of very considerable labour, and the diligent study of very many books in languages living and dead. It purports to be a history (for the first time treated seriously in English) of the famous Order of the 'Rose-Cross', or of the 'Rosicrucians'. No student of the occult philosophy need, however, fear that we shall not most carefully keep guard—standing sentry (so to speak) not only over this, which is, by far, the pre-eminent, but also over those other recondite systems which are connected with the illustrious Rosicrucians.

An accomplished author of our own period has remarked that 'He who deals in the secrets of magic, or in the secrets of the human mind, is too often looked upon with jealous eyes by the world, which is no great conjuror.'

How is it that, after centuries of doubt or denial—how happens it, in face of the reason that can make nothing of it, the common sense that rejects, and the science which can demonstrate it as impossible, the supernatural still has such vital hold in the human—not to say in the modern—mind? How happens it that the most terrible fear is the fear of the invisible?—this, too, when we are on all hands assured that the *visible* alone is that which we have to dread! The ordinary reason exhorts us to dismiss our fears. That thing 'magic', that superstition 'miracle', is

now banished wholly from the beliefs of this clear-seeing, educated age. 'Miracle', we are told, never had a place in the world—only in men's delusions. It is nothing more than a fancy. It never was anything more than a superstition arising from ignorance.

What is fear? It is a shrinking from possible harm, either to the body, or to that thing which we denominate the mind that is in us. The body shrinks with instinctive nervous alarm, like the sensitive leaf, when its easy, comfortable exercise or sensations are disturbed.

Our book, inasmuch as it deals—or *professes to deal*—seriously with strange things and with deep mysteries, needs the means of interpretation in the full attention of the reader: otherwise, little will be made, or can come, of it. It is, in brief, a history of the alchemical philosophers, written with a serious explanatory purpose, and for the first time impartially stated since the days of James the First and Charles the First. This is really what the book pretends to be—and nothing more. It should be mentioned that the peculiar views and deductions to be found herein were hinted at as demonstrable for the first time by the same Author in the year 1858, when a work entitled *Curious Things of the Outside World* was produced.

Let it be understood, however, that the Author distinctly excepts against being in any manner identified with *all* the opinions, religious or otherwise, which are to be found in this book. Some of them are, indeed, most extraordinary; but, in order to do full justice to the speculations of the Hermetic Brethren, he has put forward their ideas with as much of their original force as he was able; and, in some parts of his book, he believes he has urged them with such apparent warmth, that they will very likely seem to

Note!

have been his own most urgent convictions. As far as he can succeed in being so considered, the Author wishes to be regarded simply as the Historian of the Rosicrucians, or as an Essayist on their strange, mysterious beliefs.

Whether he will succeed in engaging the attention of modern readers to a consideration of this time-honoured philosophy remains to be seen ; but this he is assured of, that the admiration of all students and reflective minds will be excited by the unrivalled powers of thinking of the Rosicrucians. The application, proper or otherwise, of these powers is a matter altogether beside the present inquiry.

The Author has chiefly chosen for exposition the Latin writings of the great English Rosicrucian, Robert Flood, or Fludd (Robertus de Fluctibus), who lived in the times of James the First and Charles the First.

Our final remarks shall be those of a very famous Brother of the 'R.C.', writing under the date of 1653 : 'I will now cloze up', saith he, 'with the doxology of a most excellent, renowned Philocryphus :

Soli Deo Laus et Potentia !

*Amen in MERCURIO, qui pedibus licet carens decurrit AQUA, et
metallice universaliter operatur.'*

LONDON, January 20th, 1870

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THE ROSICRUCIANS

PART I

CHAPTER THE FIRST

CRITICS OF THE ROSICRUCIANS CRITICIZED

THAT modern science, spite of its assumptions and of its intolerant dogmatism, is much at fault—nay, to a great extent a very vain thing—is a conclusion that often presents itself to the minds of thinking persons. Thus thoughtful people, who choose to separate themselves from the crowd, and who do not altogether give in with such edifying submission to the indoctrination of the scientific classes—notwithstanding that these latter have the support generally of that which, by a wide term, is called the ‘press’ in this country—quietly decline reliance on modern science. They see that there are numerous shortcomings of teachers in medicine, which fails frequently, though always with its answer—in theology, which chooses rather that men should sleep, though not the right sleep, than consider waking—nay, in all the branches of human knowledge; the fashion in regard to which is to disparage the ancient schools of thought by exposing what are called their errors by the light of modern assumed infallible discovery. It never once occurs to these eager, conceited professors that they themselves may possibly have learned wrongly, that the old knowledge they decry

is underrated because they do not understand it, and that, entirely because the light of the modern world is so brilliant in them, so dark to them, as eclipsed in this novel artificial light, is the older and better and truer sunshine nearer to the ancients: because time itself was newer to the old peoples of the world, and because the circumstances of the first making of time were more understood in the then first divine disclosure, granting that time ever had a beginning, as man's reason insists it must.

Shelley, the poet, who, if he had not been so great as a poet, would have been perhaps equally eminent as a metaphysician, that is, when age and experience had ripened and corrected his original brilliant crudities of thought—used to declare that most men—at least, most thinking men—spend the latter half of their lives in unlearning the mistakes of the preceding half. This he declares to have been the fact in his own experience—which was, even for this test, a very brief one; for Shelley was only twenty-nine when his lamentable death occurred. The early departure of three brilliant poetic spirits of our fathers' period, at the same time that it is very melancholy, is worthy of deep remark. Shelley was, as we have said, twenty-nine; Byron was only thirty-six; John Keats—in some respects the most poetically intense and abstract of the three—was only twenty-four. And in these short several lifetimes, measuring so few years, these distinguished persons had achieved that which resulted in the enrolment of their names in a nation's catalogue in a grand branch of human attainment. They live in lasting records, they grow in honour, and their names do not fade, as is the case with those reputations which have been unduly magnified, but which give way to time. Perhaps the lot of some contemporaneous accepted important, not to say

great, reputations will be diminution and disappearance. Time is not only an avenger, but a very judicious corrector.

We are so convinced of the irresistible dominancy, all the world over, of opinions, and of the *dicta* relative to this or that merit, or this or that truth, propounded by people with names and of influence in our good, readily believing England, and of the power of supposed authority in matters of taste and literary acceptance, that we desire to warn querists against the statements about the fraternity—for it is not a body—of the Rosicrucians appearing in all the published accounts, whether of this country or abroad. We have examined all these supposed notices and explanations of who the Rosicrucians were in biographical works, in encyclopædias and histories, and we find them all prejudiced and misrepresenting, really telling no truth, and only displaying a deplorable amount of mischievous ignorance. They are, besides, in the main copied from each other—which is notably the case with the early encyclopædias. Old Fuller, who has some notices of Robert Flood, a famous English member of the order of Rosicrucians, fully admits his ignorance of whom the brotherhood comprised, and of their constitution or purpose. All generally received accounts, therefore, are wrong, principally for three reasons: first, through ignorance; secondly, through prejudice; thirdly, as instigated by distrust, dislike, and envy—for in criticism it is a dogma that the subject must be always *under* the critic, never that, by a chance, the subject may be *above* the critic—that is, above the critic's grasp and comprehension. But suppose the criticized choose to except to the ability of the critic in any way to judge of him?

From this obstinacy and conceit arise such under-rating and false comment as is implied in the following

which is extracted from *The Encyclopædia Britannica*—which account is copied again into several other encyclopædias, and repeated into smaller works with pertinacious, with even malicious fidelity :

‘In fine, the Rosicrucians, and all their fanatical descendants, agree in proposing the most crude and incomprehensible notions and ideas in the most obscure, quaint, and unusual expressions.’—*Encyclopædia Britannica*: article ‘Rosicrucians’.

During the age of James the First, Charles the First, even during the Protectorate, and again in the time of Charles the Second, the singular doctrines of the Rosicrucians attracted a large amount of attention, and excited much keen controversy. Sundry replies or ‘apologies’ appeared on the part of the Rosicrucians. Among them was a most able work published in Latin by Dr. Robert Flood, at Leyden, in 1616. It was a small, closely printed, very learned octavo, entitled *Apologia Compendiaria Fraternitatis de Rosea Cruce*, etc., and abounds in knowledge. It is an exceedingly rare work ; but there is a copy in the British Museum. All this long period was marked by considerable speculation regarding these Rosicrucians. Pope’s *Rape of the Lock* is founded upon some of their fanciful cabalistic ideas. *The Spectator* contains notices of the mystic society ; and, to prove the public curiosity concerning the Rosicrucians, and a strange incident, the particulars of which we are going to supply from the best sources now for the first time, we may state that there is included, in one number of Addison’s elegant series of papers called *The Spectator*, a resumption of a notice, and some after-comment, upon the supposed discovery of the burial-place in England of one of these mighty men the Rosicrucians. The story is to the following purport, as nearly as it can be gathered. We have

written much more fully of it from other means ; for *The Spectator's* account is very full of errors, and was evidently gained afar off, and merely from hearsay, as it were. It is, besides, poor and ineffective, gathered from no authority, and produced with no dramatic force ; for the life and the beliefs of the Rosicrucians were very dramatic, at the same time that the latter were very true, although generally disbelieved.) N.



Delphic E
(With the significant point in the centre)

CHAPTER THE SECOND

SINGULAR ADVENTURE IN STAFFORDSHIRE

DR. PLOT, who was a very well-known and reliable man, and a painstaking antiquary and writer of natural history, in his *History of Staffordshire*, published by him in the time of Charles the Second, relates the following strange story :

That a countryman was employed, at the close of a certain dull summer's day, in digging a trench in a field in a valley, round which the country rose into sombre, silent woods, vocal only with the quaint cries of the infrequent magpies. It was some little time after the sun had sunk, and the countryman was just about giving over his labour for the day. Dr. Plot says that, in one or two of the last languid strokes of his pick, the rustic came upon something stony and hard, which struck a spark, clearly visible in the increasing gloom. At this surprise he resumed his labour, and, curiously enough, found a large, flat stone in the centre of the field. This field was far away from any of the farms or 'cotes', as they were called in those days, with which the now almost twilight country was sparingly dotted. In a short time he cleared the stone free of the grass and weeds which had grown over it ; and it proved to be a large, oblong slab, with an immense iron ring fixed at one end in a socket. For half-an-hour the countryman essayed to stir this stone in vain. At last he bethought himself of some yards of rope which he had lying near amongst his tools ; and these he converted, being an ingenious,

read the
story there

inquisitive, inventive man, into a tackle—by means of which, and by passing the sling round a bent tree in a line with the axis of the stone, he contrived, in the last of the light, and with much expenditure of toil, to raise it. And then, greatly to his surprise, he saw a large, deep, hollow place, buried in darkness, which, when his eyes grew accustomed a little to it, he discovered was the top-story to a stone staircase, seemingly of extraordinary depth, for he saw nothing below. The country fellow had not the slightest idea of where this could lead to ; but being a man, though a rustic and a clown, of courage, and most probably urged by his idea that the staircase led to some secret repository where treasure lay buried, he descended the first few steps cautiously, and tried to peer in vain down into the darkness. This seemed impenetrable ; but there was some object at a vast, cold distance below. Looking up to the fresh air and seeing the star Venus—the evening star—shining suddenly like a planet, in encouraging, unexpected brilliancy, although the sky had still some beautiful placid sunset light in it, the puzzled man left the upper ground, and descended silently a fair, though a somewhat broken staircase. Here, at an angle, as near as he could judge, of a hundred feet underground, he came upon a square landing-place, with a niche in the wall ; and then he saw a further long staircase, descending at right angles to the first staircase, and still going down into deep, cold darkness. The man cast a glance upward, as if questioning the small segment of light from the upper world which shot down, whether he should continue his search or desist and return. All was stillest of the still about him ; but he saw no reason particularly to fear. So, imagining that he would in some way soon penetrate the mystery, and feeling in the darkness by his hands

ex.
note all this detail

upon the wall, and by his toes to make sure first on each step, he resolutely descended; and he deliberately counted two hundred and twenty steps. He felt no difficulty in his breathing, except a certain sort of aromatic smell of distant incense, that he thought Egyptian, coming up now and then from below, as if from another, though a subterranean, world. 'Possibly', thought he—for he had heard of them—'the world of the mining gnomes: and I am breaking in upon their secrets, which is forbidden for man'. The rustic, though courageous, was superstitious.

But, notwithstanding some fits of fear, the countryman went on, and at a much lower angle he met a wall in his face; but, making a turn to the right, with singular credit to his nerves, the explorer went down again. And now he saw at a vast distance below, at the foot of a deeper staircase of stone, a steady though a pale light. This was shining up as if from a star, or coming from the centre of the earth. Cheered by this light, though absolutely astounded, nay, frightened, at thus discovering light, whether natural or artificial, in the deep bowels of the earth, the man again descended, meeting a thin, humid trail of light, as it looked, mounting up the centre line of the shining though mouldering old stairs, which apparently had not been pressed by a foot for very many ages. He thought now, although it was probably only the wind in some hidden recess, or creeping down some gallery, that he heard a murmur overhead, as if of the uncertain rumble of horses and of heavy waggons or lumbering wains. Next moment, all subsided into total stillness; but the distant light seemed to flicker, as if in recognition or answer to the strange sound. Half-a-dozen times he paused, and turned as if he would remount—almost flee for his life upward, as he thought; for this might be the secret

he, the countryman?

haunt of robbers, or the dreadful abode of evil spirits. What if, in a few moments, he should come upon some scene to affright, or alight in the midst of desperate ruffians, or be caught by murderers! He listened eagerly. He now almost bitterly repented his descent. Still the light streamed at a distance; but still there was no sound to interpret the meaning of the light, or to display the character of this mysterious place, in which the countryman found himself entangled hopelessly like a knight of romance in an enchanted world.

The discoverer by his time stood still with fear. But at last, summoning courage, and recommending himself devoutly to God, he determined to complete his discovery. Above, he had been working in no strange place; the field he well knew, the woods were very familiar to him, and his own hamlet and his wife and family were only a few miles distant. He now hastily, and more in fear than through courage, noisily with his feet descended the remainder of the stairs; and the light grew brighter and brighter as he approached, until at last, at another turn, he came upon a square chamber, built up of large hewn ancient stones. He stopped, silent and awe-struck. Here was a flagged pavement and a somewhat lofty roof, gathering up into a centre, in the groins of which was a rose, carved exquisitely in some dark stone or in marble. But what was this poor man's fright when, making another sudden turn, from between the jambs, and from under the large archivolt of a Gothic stone portal, light streamed out over him with inexpressible brilliancy, shining over everything, and lighting up the place with brilliant radiance, like an intense golden sunset. He started back. Then his limbs shook and bent under him as he gazed with terror at the figure of a man, whose face was

hidden, as he sat in a studious attitude in a stone chair, reading in a great book, with his elbow resting on a table like a rectangular altar, in the light of a large, ancient iron lamp, suspended by a thick chain to the middle of the roof. A cry of alarm, which he could not suppress, escaped from the scared discoverer, who involuntarily advanced one pace, beside himself with terror. He was now within the illuminated chamber. As his foot fell on the stone, the figure started bolt upright from his seated position, as if in awful astonishment. He erected his hooded head, and showed himself as if in anger about to question the intruder. Doubtful if what he saw were a reality, or whether he was not in some terrific dream, the countryman advanced, without being aware of what he was doing, another audacious step. The hooded man now thrust out a long arm, as if in warning; and in a moment the discoverer perceived that this hand was armed with an iron *bâton*, and that he pointed it as if tremendously to forbid further approach. Now, however, the poor man, not being in a condition either to reason or to restrain himself, with a cry, and in a passion of fear, took a third fatal step; and as his foot descended on the groaning stone, which seemed to give way for a moment under him, the dreadful man, or image, raised his arm high like a machine, and with his truncheon struck a prodigious blow upon the lamp, shattering it into a thousand pieces, and leaving the place in utter darkness.

This was the end of this terrifying adventure. There was total silence now, far and near. Only a long, low roll of thunder, or a noise similar to thunder, seemed to begin from a distance, and then to move with snatches, as if making turns; and it then rumbled sullenly to sleep, as if through unknown, inaccessible passages. What these were—if any passages—no-

body ever found out. It was only suspected that this hidden place referred in some way to the Rosicrucians, and that the mysterious people of that famous order had there concealed some of their scientific secrets. The place in Staffordshire became afterwards famed as the sepulchre of one of the brotherhood, whom, for want of a more distinct recognition or name, the people chose to call 'Rosicrucius', in general reference to his order; and from the circumstance of the lamp, and its sudden extinguishment by the figure that started up, it was supposed that some Rosicrucian had determined to inform posterity that he had penetrated to the secret of the making of the ever-burning lamps of the ancients—though, at the moment that he displayed his knowledge, he took effectual means that no one should reap any advantage from it.

The Spectator, in No. 379, for Thursday, May 15th, 1712, under the signature of 'X', which is understood to be that of Budgell, has the following account of that which is chosen there to be designated 'Rosicrucius's Sepulchre':

'Rosicrucius, say his disciples, made use of this method to show the world that he had re-invented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients, though he was resolved no one should reap any advantage from the discovery'.

We have chosen the above story as the introduction to our curious history.

Christian Rosencreutz died in 1484. To account for Rosicrucianism not having been heard of until 1604, it has been asserted that this supposed first founder of Rosicrucianism bound his disciples not to reveal any of his doctrines until a period of one hundred and twenty years after his death.

The ancient Romans are said to have preserved

lights in their sepulchres many ages by the *oiliness of gold* (here steps in the art of the Rosicrucians), resolved by hermetic methods into a liquid substance; and it is reported that at the dissolution of monasteries, in the time of Henry the Eighth, there was a lamp found that had then burned in a tomb from about three hundred years after Christ—nearly twelve hundred years. Two of these subterranean lamps are to be seen in the Museum of Rarities at Leyden, in Holland. One of these lamps, in the Papacy of Paul the Third, was found in the Tomb of Tullia (so named), Cicero's daughter, which had been shut up fifteen hundred and fifty years (Second edition of N. Bailey's *Φιλολογος*, 1731).



CHAPTER THE THIRD

EVER-BURNING LAMPS

IN the Papacy of Paul the Third, in the Appian Way, where abundance of the chief heathens of old were laid, a sepulchre was opened, where was found the entire body of a fair virgin swimming in a wonderful juice, which kept it from putrefaction so well, that the face seemed no way impaired, but lively and very beautiful. Her hair was yellow, tied up artificially, and kept together with a golden circlet or band. Under her feet burnt lamps, the light of which was extinguished at the opening of the sepulchre. By some inscriptions found about the tomb it appeared that she must have lain there fifteen hundred years. Who she was was never known, although many concluded her to be 'Tulliola', the daughter of Cicero. This discovery has been reported from various hands.

Cedrenus makes mention of a lamp, which, together with an image of Christ, was found at Edessa in the reign of Justinian the Emperor. It was set over a certain gate there, and elaborately enclosed and shut out from the air. This lamp, as appeared from the date attached to it, was lighted soon after Christ was crucified. It was found burning—as in fact it had done for five hundred years—by the soldiers of Cosroes, king of Persia; by whom, at this strange discovery and plunder, the oil was taken out and cast into the fire. As it is reported, this wild act occasioned such a plague as brought death upon num-

11. (bers of the forces of Cosroes, sufficiently punished for their sacrilegious mischief.

At the demolition of our monasteries here in England, there was found in the monument which was supposed to be that of Constantius Chlorus, father to the great Constantine, a burning lamp, which was thought to have continued burning there ever since his burial, which was about three hundred years after Christ. The ancient Romans are said to have been able to maintain lights in their sepulchres for an indefinite time, by an essence or oil obtained from liquid gold; which was an achievement assumed to have been only known to the Rosicrucians, who boasted this among some other of their stupendous arts.

Note (Baptista Porta, in his treatise on Natural Magic, relates that about the year 1550, in the island of Nesis, in the Bay of Naples, a marble sepulchre of a certain Roman was discovered; upon the opening of which a burning lamp, affording a powerful illumination, was discovered. The light of this lamp paled on the admission of the air, and it was speedily extinguished. It appeared from undoubted tokens in the mode of inscription that this wonderful lamp had been placed in its present receptacle before the advent of the Saviour. Those who saw the lamp declared that the effulgence was of the most dazzling character; that the light did not flicker or change, but burnt marvellously steadily.

A most celebrated lamp, called that of Pallas, the son of Evander, who, as Virgil relates, was killed by Turnus (the account will be found in the tenth book of Virgil's *Æneid*), is that reported as discovered not far from Rome, as far forward in time as the year 1401. It is related that a countryman was digging in the neighbourhood, and that delving deeper than

The countryman again!

usual, he came upon a stone sepulchre, wherein there was discovered the body of a man of extraordinary size, as perfect and natural as if recently interred. Above the head of the deceased there was found a lamp, burning with the supposed fabulous perpetual fire. Neither wind nor water, nor any other super-induced means, could extinguish it; but the flame was mastered eventually by the lamp being bored at bottom and broken by the astonished investigators of this consummate light. The man enclosed in this monument had a large wound in the breast. That this was the body of Pallas was evident from the inscription on the tomb, which was as follows:

Pallas, Evander's son, whom Turnus' spear
In battle slew, of mighty bulk, lies here.

A very remarkable lamp was discovered about the year 1500 near Ateste, a town belonging to Padua, in Italy, by a rustic who in his explorations in a field came upon an urn containing another urn, in which last was deposited one of these much-doubted miraculous lamps. The aliment of this strange lamp appeared to be a very exquisite crystal liquor, by the ever-during powers of which the lamp must have continued to shine for upwards of fifteen hundred years. And unless this lamp had been so suddenly exposed to the action of the air, it is supposed that it might have continued to burn for any time. This lamp, endowed with such unbelievable powers, was discovered to be the workmanship of an unknown contriver named Maximus Olibius, who must have possessed the profoundest skill in chemical art. On the greater urn some lines were inscribed in Latin, recording the perpetuation of this wonderful secret of the preparation and the starting of these (almost) immortal flames.

St. Austin mentions a lamp that was found in a temple dedicated to Venus, which, notwithstanding that it was exposed to the open weather, could never be consumed or extinguished.

Ludovicus Vives, his commentator, in a supplementary mention of ever-burning lamps, cites an instance of another similar lamp which was discovered a little before his time, and which was considered to have been burning for a thousand and fifty years.

It is supposed that the perpetuity of the flame of these wonderful lamps was owing to the consummate tenacity of the unctuous matter with which the light was maintained; and that the balance was so exquisitely perfect between the feeding material and the strength of the flame, and so proportioned for everlasting provision and expenditure, that, like the radical moisture and natural heat in animals, neither of them could ever unduly prevail. Licetus, who has advanced this opinion, observes that in order to effectually prevent interference with this balance, the ancients hid these lamps in caverns or in enclosed monuments. Hence it happened that on opening these tombs and secret places, the admission of fresh air to the lamps destroyed the fine equilibrium and stopped the life (as it were) of the lamp, similarly as a blow or a shock stops a watch, in jarring the matchless mechanism.



CHAPTER THE FOURTH

INSUFFICIENCY OF WORLDLY OBJECTS

IT is a constant and very plausible charge offered by the general world against the possession of the power of gold-making as claimed by the alchemists, who were the practical branch of the Rosicrucians, that if such supposed power were in their hands, they would infallibly use it, and that quickly enough; for the acquisition of riches and power, say they, is the desire of all men. But this idea proceeds from an ignorance of the character and inclinations of real philosophers, and results from an inveterate prejudice relative to them. Before we judge of these, let us acquire a knowledge of the natural inclinations of very deeply learned men. Philosophers, when they have attained to much knowledge, which wearies them of merely mundane matters, hold that the ordering of men, the following of them about by subservient people, and the continual glitter about them of the fine things of this world, are, after all, but of mean and melancholy account, because life is so brief, and this accidental pre-eminence is very transitory. Splendour, show, and bowing little delight the raised and abstract mind. That circuit of comfort formed by the owning of money and riches is circumscribed by the possessor's own ken. What is outside of this sight may just as well be enjoyed by any other person as by the owner, since all is the thinking of it; only granting that a man has sufficient for his daily wants,

letting the 'morrow, indeed, take thought for itself'. One dinner a day, one bed for each night, in the alternations of sun and darkness, one of everything that is agreeable to (or is desirable for) man, is sufficient for any one man. A man's troubles are increased by the multiplication even of his enjoyments, because he is then beset with anxiety as to their repetition or maintenance. Reduction of things to attend to, and not multiplication, is his policy, because thinking of it is all that can affect him about anything in this world.

By the time that the deep, philosophical chemist has penetrated to the control and conversion of the ultimate elements, so as to have in his view the secret operations of Nature, and to have caught Nature, as it were, preparing her presentments and arranging her disguises behind the scenes, he is no more to be amused with vain book-physics. After his spying into the subtle processes of Nature, he cannot be contented with the ordinary toys of men; for are not worldly possessions, honour, rank, money, even wives and numerous or any children, but toys in a certain sense? Where sink they in importance to him when the great unknown sets in which awaits every man? He who can work as Nature works, causing the sunshine, so to speak, to light fire up independently in itself, and to breed and propagate precious things upon the atmosphere in which it burns, causing the growing supernatural soul to work amidst the seeds of gold, and to purge the material, devilish mass until the excrement is expelled, and it springs in health into condensating, solid splendour, a produce again to be sown, to fructify into fresh harvests—the alchemist, or prince of chemists, who can do this, laughs at the hoards of kings. By the time that the artist is thus so much more than man, is he the less

desirous of the gratifying things to the ordinary man. Grandeur fades to him before such high intellectual grandeur. He is nearer to the angels, and the world has sunk infinitely below. His is the sky, and the bright shapes of the clouds of the sky: which he is going to convert, perhaps, into prisms, showering solid triumphs. He can well leave to common man his acres of mud, and the turbid pools spotted over them like the shining, showy discs of a snake. Man, under these enlightened philosophical circumstances, will only value the unseen kingdoms—glimpses of the immortal glories of which and of their Rosicrucian inhabitants he has obtained in his magic reveries. What can the longest ordinary man's life give to such a gifted thinker? Man's senses and their gratification, as long as the inlets and avenues of perception remain—world's music, so long as the strings cling tight, for the air of imagination to play upon them—appetites, with downward eyes to find their satisfaction—man's mortality, with an exit into the shadows or into the grave while the sun is up: the longest life can but give him repetition to satiety of these things—repetitions until he seems almost to tire of the common sun. Of which he grows weary, as well as of his waste or extent of knowledge.

To some minds, this world does not present such extraordinary attractions. The very possession of the heights of knowledge induces rather stay up there, amidst the stars, than descent. Every man almost has felt the sublime exaltation of a great height, when he has achieved the top of a high hill, and looks out and over the landscape for miles and miles. How very little the world looks under him! He is obliged to descend, because he has his home under there. But he quits the upper regions with reluctance, although it is somewhat frightening (as though he

were going to be flown away with) to stay so high up. You become giddy by looking up at the stars, which then seem to be so much nearer as to be attainable.

Limited as it is, life itself—very brief, very empty, very much disposed to repeat dull things, gathering up from about you in a strange sensation sometimes, in folds like a dream, or flowing on like a sleep-inducing river to the sea, carrying faces seen and snatched away, and obliterating voices which change into echoes—life, at its very best, ought to be the stoicism of the spectator, who feels that he has come here somehow, though for what purpose he knows not; and he is rather amused as at a comedy in life, than engaged in it as in a business. Even perpetual youth, and life prolonged, with pleasures infinite—even the fancied ever-during life—would, to the deeply thinking man who had risen, as it were, *over* life, and to that strangely gifted being who has in himself the power of self-perpetuation (like the Wandering Jew), seem vain. Man can be conceived as tiring of the sun—tiring of consciousness even. What an expression is that, 'forgotten by Death'! The only being through whom the scythe of the great destroyer passes scatheless! That life, as a phantom, which is the only conceivable terrible doom of the 'Wanderer' (if such a magical being ever existed); whom as a locomotive symbol, to be perpetuated through the ages, the earth, at the command of the Saviour, refused to hide, and of whom a legend—soon hushed in again—now and then rises to the popular whisper and to the popular distrust!

We only adduce these remarks to show that, in the face of the spectator of the great ultimate, mysterious man, children are no necessity, but an anxiety, estates are a burden, 'business' is the oft-told purposeless tale to the wearying ear. He who can be

the spectator of the ages has no particulars in ordinary life. He has nothing which can interest him. He can have no precise and consolidated likings or affections or admirations, or even aversions, because the world is as a toy-shop to him—its small mechanism is an artificial show, of which (given the knowledge of the wheels) he can predicate as to the movements safely—completely. n.

To return for a moment to the idea of the 'Wandering Jew', which some have supposed to be derived from the claim of the Rosicrucians to the possession of a secret means of renewing youth, and to the escape of some notion of it from out their writings. n. Even supposing that this strange tale was true, nothing can be imagined more melancholy than the state of this lone traveller, moving with his awful secret through the world, and seeing the successive generations, like leaves, perishing from about him. He counts the years like the traveller of a long summer day, to whom the evening will never come, though he sees his temporary companions, at the different hours of the day, depart appropriately and disappearing to their several homes by the wayside. To him the childhood of his companions seems to turn to old age in an hour. He remembers the far-off ancestors of his contemporaries. Fashions fleet, but your unsuspected youth is accommodated to all. Yours is, indeed, the persecution of the day-life, which will not let you fall to sleep and cease to see the vanity of everything. Your friends of any period disappear. The assurance of the emptiness of all things is the stone as into which your heart is turned. Grey hairs (and the old face) have nothing with you, though you see them appearing upon all others. Familiar objects disappear from about you, and you and the sun seem the only things that survive as old friends.)

Indeed, it may be doubtful whether, to this supposed man of the ages, the generations would not seem to be produced as a purposeless efflux out of the ground by the sun, like flowers or plants ; so as mere matter of *mould* would all flesh appear, with a phenomenon only going with it in the article of the figure's uprightness as man ; it having so strangely set its face against the stars, unlike the creatures doomed to move horizontally.

We make these observations to show that, notwithstanding the opinions of the world to the contrary, there *may* have been men who have possessed these gifts—that is, the power of making gold and of perpetuating their lives—and yet that the exercise of these powers was forborne ; and also that their secrets of production have most carefully been kept, lest less wise men should (to speak in figure) have 'rushed in where they feared to tread', and have abused where the philosophers even would not use—despising wealth, which they could not enjoy, and declining a perpetuated life, which would only add to their weariness—life being only a repetition of the same suns, already found too unmeaning and too long. For it is a mistake to suppose that this life is so equally enjoyable by all. There is a sublime sorrow of the ages, as of the lone ocean. There is the languishment for the ever-lost original home in this tearful mortal state.

The philosophers knew that possession blunted desire, and that rich men may be poor men. A remarkable answer was made by a man who, to all appearance, possessed superabundantly the advantages of life—wealth, honour, wife, children, 'troops of friends', even health, *by day* : but in his night he lived another life, for in it was presented another picture, and that unfailingly uncomfortable, even

to this good man—exchanging joy for horror. ‘My friend’, replied he to an inquirer, ‘never congratulate a man upon his happiness until you become aware how he sleeps. Dreams are as that baleful country into which I pass every night of my life; and what can be said to a man who dreams constantly (and believes it) that he is with the devil’?

There was no answering this, for every person leads two lives, altogether independent of each other—the days and the nights both full of life, though the night, with the dreams, may be of an opposite order. The world’s circumstances may afford you solace and gratification—even happiness—in the day; but you may be very miserable, notwithstanding, if it happen that you have persecution in your dreams. Here the world’s advantages are of no use to you, for you are delivered over helpless, night after night, in your sleep—and you must have sleep—to the dominion of Other Powers, whom all your guards cannot keep out, for their inlet is quite of another kind than the ordinary life’s access. We advise you, then, to beware of this dark door; the other will perhaps take care of itself, letting in no ugly things upon you: but the former may let in unpleasant things upon you in full grasp with your hands bound.



CHAPTER THE FIFTH

THE HERMETIC PHILOSOPHERS

THERE was among the sages a writer, Artephius, whose productions are very famous among the Hermetic Philosophers, insomuch that the noble Olaus Borrichius, an excellent writer and a most candid critic, recommends these books to the attentive perusal of those who would acquire knowledge of this sublime highest philosophy. He is said to have invented a cabalistic magnet which possessed the extraordinary property of secretly attracting the *aura*, or mysterious spirit of human efflorescence and prosperous bodily growth, out of young men; and these benign and healthful springs of life he gathered up, and applied by his magic art to himself—by inspiration, transudation, or otherwise—so that he centred in his own body, waning in age, the accumulated rejuvenescence of many young people: the individual owners of which new fresh life suffered and were consumed in proportion to the extent in which he preyed vitally upon them, and some of them were exhausted by this enchanter and died. This was because their fresh young vitality had been unconsciously drawn out of them in his baneful, devouring society, which was unsuspected because it afforded a glamour delightful. Now this seems absurd; but it is not so absurd as we suppose when considered sympathetically.

Sacred history affords considerable authority to this kind of opinion. We all are acquainted with the

history of King David, to whom, when he grew old and stricken in years, Abishag, the Shunammite, was brought to recover him—a damsel described as ‘very fair’; and we are told that she ‘lay in his bosom’, and that thereby he ‘gat heat’—which means vital heat, but that the king ‘knew her not’. This latter clause in *1 Kings* i. 4, all the larger critics, including those who speak in the commentaries of Munster, Grotius, Vossius, and others, interpret in the same way. The seraglios of the Mohammedans have more of this less lustful meaning, probably, than is commonly supposed. The ancient physicians appear to have been thoroughly acquainted with the advantages of the companionship, without irregular indulgence, of the young to the old in the renewal of their vital powers.

The elixir of life was also prepared by other and less criminal means than those singular ones hinted above. It was produced out of the secret chemical laboratories of Nature by some adepts. The famous chemist, Robert Boyle, mentions a preparation in his works, of which Dr. Le Fevre gave him an account in the presence of a famous physician and of another learned man. An intimate friend of the physician, as Boyle relates, had given, out of curiosity, a small quantity of this medicated wine or preparation to an old female domestic; and this, being agreeable to the taste, had been partaken of for ten or twelve days by the woman, who was near seventy years of age, but whom the doctor did not inform what the liquor was, nor what advantage he was expecting that it might effect. A great change did indeed occur with this old woman; for she acquired much greater activity, a sort of youthful bloom came to her countenance, her face was becoming much more smooth and agreeable; and beyond this, as a still more decided step

backward to her youthful period, certain *purgationes* came upon her again with sufficiently severe indications to frighten her very much as to their meaning; so that the doctor, greatly surprised at his success, was compelled to forego his further experiments, and to suppress all mention of this miraculous new cordial, for fear of alarming people with incomprehensible novelties—in regard to which they are very tenacious, having prejudices inveterate.

But with respect to centenarians, some persons have been mentioned as having survived for hundreds of years, moving as occasion demanded from country to country; when the time arrived that, in the natural course of things, they should die, or be expected to die, merely changing their names, and reappearing in another place as new persons—they having long survived all who knew them, and thus being safe from the risk of discovery. The Rosicrucians always most jealously guarded these secrets, speaking in enigmas and parables for the most part; and they adopted as their motto the advice of one of their number, one of the Gnostics of the early Christian period: 'Learn to know all, but keep thyself unknown'. Further, it is not generally known that the true Rosicrucians bound themselves to obligations of comparative poverty but absolute chastity in the world, with certain dispensations and remissions that fully answered their purpose; for they were not necessarily solitary people: on the contrary, they were frequently gregarious, and mixed freely with all classes, though privately admitting no law but their own.

Their notions of poverty, or comparative poverty, were different from those that usually prevail. They felt that neither monarchs nor the wealth of monarchs could endow or aggrandize those who already esteemed

Note this
"purgationes"
will

Note all
this

G. Alchemist
→

themselves the superiors of all men ; and therefore, though declining riches, they were voluntary in the renunciation of them. They held to chastity, because, entertaining some very peculiar notions about the real position in creation of the female sex, the Enlightened or Illuminated Brothers held the monastic or celibate state to be infinitely that more consonant with the intentions of Providence, since in everything possible to man's frail nature they sought to trample on the pollutions and the great degradation of this his state in flesh. They trusted the great lines of Nature, not in the whole, but in part, as they believed Nature was in certain senses not true and a betrayer, and that she was not wholly the benevolent power to endow, as accorded with the prevailing deceived notion. We wish not to discuss more particularly than thus the extremely refined and abstruse protesting views of these fantastic religionists, who ignored Nature. We have drawn to ourselves a certain frontier of reticence, up to which margin we may freely comment ; and the limit is quite extended enough for the present popular purpose, though we absolutely refuse to overpass it with too distinct explanation, or to enlarge further on the strange persuasions of the Rosicrucians.

There is related, upon excellent authority, to have happened an extraordinary incident at Venice, that made a very great stir among the talkers in that ancient place, and which we will here supply at length, as due to so mysterious and amusing an episode. Every one who has visited Venice in these days, and still more those of the old-fashioned time who have put their experience of it on record, are aware that freedom and ease among persons who make a good appearance prevail there to an extent that, in this reserved and suspicious country, is difficult to realize.

Note
this well.

11.

This doubt of respectability until conviction disarms has a certain constrained and unamiable effect on our English manners, though it occasionally secures us from imposition, at the expense perhaps of our accessibility. A stranger who arrived in Venice one summer, towards the end of the seventeenth century, and who took up his residence in one of the best sections of the city, by the considerable figure which he made, and through his own manners, which were polished, composed, and elegant, was admitted into the best company—this though he came with no introductions, nor did anybody exactly know who or what he was. His figure was exceedingly elegant and well-proportioned, his face oval and long, his forehead ample and pale, and the intellectual faculties were surprisingly brought out, and in distinguished prominence. His hair was long, dark, and flowing; his smile inexpressibly fascinating, yet sad; and the deep light of his eyes seemed laden, to the attention sometimes of those noting him, with the sentiments and experience of all the historic periods. But his conversation, when he chose to converse, and his attainments and knowledge, were marvellous; though he seemed always striving to keep himself back, and to avoid saying too much, yet not with an ostentatious reticence. He went by the name of Signor Gualdi and was looked upon as a plain private gentleman, of moderate independent estate. He was an interesting character; in short, one to make an observer speculate concerning him.

This gentleman remained at Venice for some months, and was known by the name of 'The Sober Signior' among the common people, on account of the regularity of his life, the composed simplicity of his manners, and the quietness of his costume; for he always wore dark clothes, and these of a plain, unpretending

style. Three things were remarked of him during his stay at Venice. The first was, that he had a small collection of fine pictures, which he readily showed to everybody that desired it; the next, that he seemed perfectly versed in all arts and sciences, and spoke always with such minute correctness as to particulars as astonished, nay, silenced, all who heard him, because he seemed to have been present at the occurrences which he related, making the most unexpected correction in small facts sometimes. And it was, in the third place, observed that he never wrote or received any letter, never desired any credit, but always paid for everything in ready money, and made no use of bankers, bills of exchange, or letters of credit. However, he always seemed to have enough, and he lived respectably, though with no attempt at splendour or show.

Signor Gualdi met, shortly after his arrival at Venice, one day, at the coffee-house which he was in the habit of frequenting, a Venetian nobleman of sociable manners, who was very fond of art, and this pair used to engage in sundry discussions; and they had many conversations concerning the various objects and pursuits which were interesting to both of them. Acquaintance ripened into friendly esteem; and the nobleman invited Signor Gualdi to his private house, whereat—for he was a widower—Signor Gualdi first met the nobleman's daughter, a very beautiful young maiden of eighteen, of much grace and intelligence, and of great accomplishments. The nobleman's daughter was just introduced at her father's house from a convent, or *pension*, where she had been educated by the nuns. This young lady, in short, from constantly being in his society, and listening to his interesting narratives, gradually fell in love with the mysterious stranger, much for the reasons of

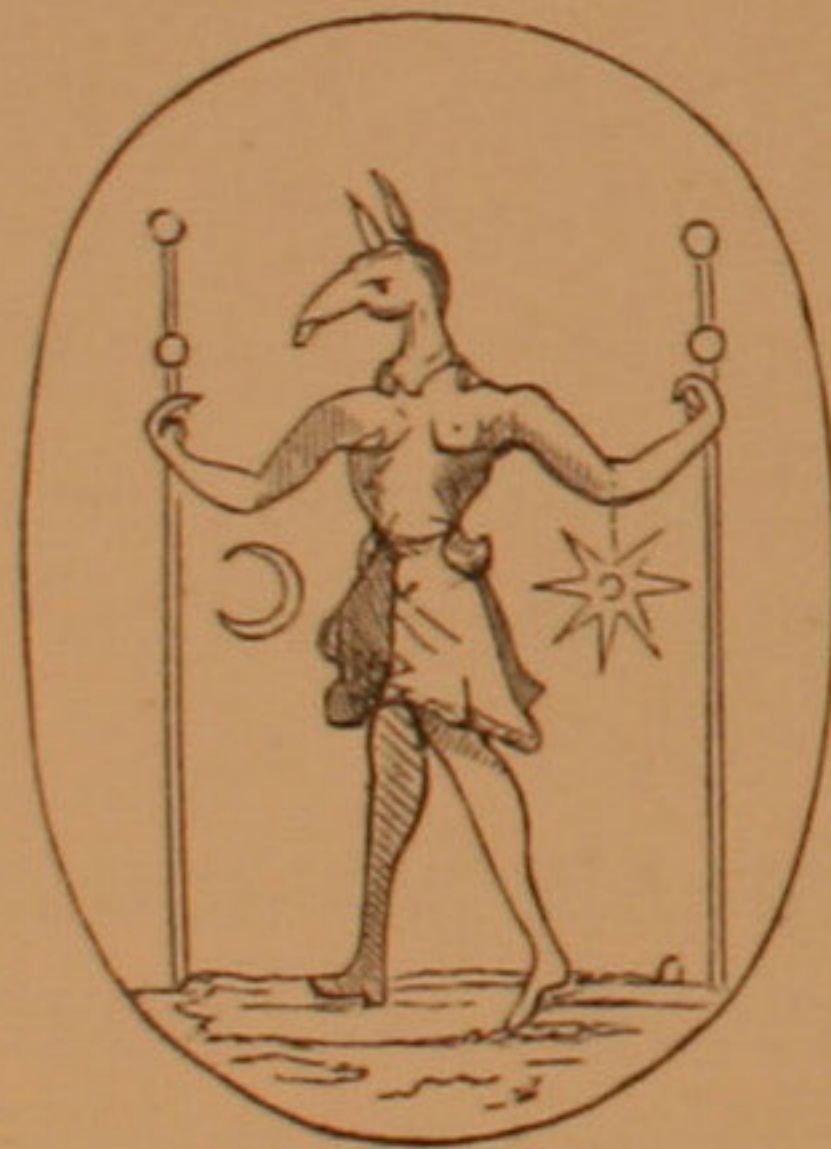
N. Desdemona ; though Signor Gualdi was no swarthy Moor, but only a well-educated gentleman—a thinker rather than the desirer to be a doer. At times, indeed, his countenance seemed to grow splendid and magical in expression ; and he boasted certainly wondrous discourse ; and a strange and weird fascination would grow up about him, as it were, when he became more than usually pleased, communicative, and animated. Altogether, when you were set thinking about him, he seemed a puzzling person, and of rare gifts ; though when mixing only with the crowd you would scarcely distinguish him from the crowd ; nor would you observe him, unless there was something romantically akin to him in you excited by his talk.

M. And now for a few remarks on the imputed character of these Rosicrucians. And in regard to them, however their existence is disbelieved, the matters of fact we meet with, sprinkled, but very sparingly, in the history of these hermetic people, are so astonishing, and at the same time are preferred with such confidence, that if we disbelieve—which it is impossible to avoid, and that from the preposterous and unearthly nature of their pretensions—we cannot escape the conviction that, if there is not foundation for it, their impudence and egotism is most audacious. They speak of all mankind as infinitely beneath them ; their pride is beyond idea, although they are most humble and quiet in exterior. They glory in poverty, and declare that it is the state ordered for them ; and this though they boast universal riches. They decline all human affections, or submit to them as advisable escapes only—appearance of loving obligations, which are assumed for convenient acceptance, or for passing in a world which is composed of them, or of their supposal. They mingle most gracefully in the society of women, with hearts wholly incapable

of softness in this direction ; while they criticize them with pity or contempt in their own minds as altogether another order of beings from men. They are most simple and deferential in their exterior ; and yet the self-value which fills their hearts ceases its self-glorying expansion only with the boundless skies. Up to a certain point, they are the sincerest people in the world ; but rock is soft to their impenetrability afterwards. In comparison with the hermetic adepts, monarchs are poor, and their greatest accumulations are contemptible. By the side of the sages, the most learned are mere dolts and blockheads. They make no movement towards fame, because they abnegate and disdain it. If they become famous, it is in spite of themselves : they seek no honours, because there can be no gratification in honours to such people. Their greatest wish is to steal unnoticed and unchallenged through the world, and to amuse themselves with the world because they are in it, and because they find it about them. Thus, towards mankind they are negative ; towards everything else, positive ; self-contained, self-illuminated, self-everything ; but always prepared (nay, enjoined) to do good, wherever possible or safe.

To this immeasurable exaltation of themselves, what standard of measure, or what appreciation, can you apply ? Ordinary estimates fail in the idea of it. Either the state of these occult philosophers is the height of sublimity, or it is the height of absurdity. Not being competent to understand them or their claims, the world insists that these are futile. The result entirely depends upon their being fact or fancy in the ideas of the hermetic philosophers. The puzzling part of the investigation is, that the treatises of these profound writers abound in the most acute discourse upon difficult subjects, and contain splendid

R. passages and truths upon all subjects—upon the nature of metals, upon medical science, upon the unsuspected properties of simples, upon theological and ontological speculation, and upon science and objects of thought generally—upon all these matters they enlarge to the reader stupendously—when the proper attention is directed to them.



Why this interruption?

CHAPTER THE SIXTH

AN HISTORICAL ADVENTURE

BUT to return to Signor Gualdi, from whom we have notwithstanding made no impertinent digression, since he was eventually suspected to be one of the strange people, or Rosicrucians, or Ever-Livers of whom we are treating. This was from mysterious circumstances which occurred afterwards in relation to him, and which are in print.

The Venetian nobleman was now on a footing of sufficient intimacy with Signor Gualdi to say to him one evening, at his own house, that he understood that he had a fine collection of pictures, and that, if agreeable, he would pay him a visit some day for the purpose of viewing them. The nobleman's daughter who was present, and who was pensively looking down upon the table, more than half in love with the stranger as she had become, thinking deeply of something that the Signor had just said, raised her eyes eagerly at this expression of wish by her father and, as accorded with her feelings, she appeared, though she spoke not, to be greatly desirous to make one of the party to see the pictures. It was natural that she should secretly rejoice at this opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with the domestic life of one whom she had grown to regard with feelings of such powerful interest. She felt that the mere fact of being his guest, and under the roof which was his, would seem to bring her nearer to him; and, as common with lovers, it appeared to her that their

note the detail

being thus together would, in feeling at least, appear to identify both. Signor Gualdi was very polite, and readily invited the nobleman to his house, and also extended the invitation to the young lady, should she feel disposed to accompany her father, since he divined from the expression of her face that she was wishful to that effect. The day for the visit was then named, and the Signor took his departure with the expressions of friendship on all sides which usually ended their pleasant meetings.

It followed from this arrangement, that on the day appointed the father and daughter went to Signor Gualdi's house. They were received by the Signor with warm kindness, and were shown over his rooms with every mark of friendliness and distinction. The nobleman viewed Signor Gualdi's pictures with great attention; and when he had completed his tour of the gallery, he expressed his satisfaction by telling the Signor that he had never seen a finer collection, considering the number of pieces. They were now in Signor Gualdi's own chamber—the last of his set of rooms; and they were just on the point of turning to go out and bidding adieu, and Gualdi was courteously removing the tapestry from before the door to widen the egress, when the nobleman, who had paused to allow him thus to clear the way, by chance cast his eyes upwards over the door, where there hung a picture with the curtain accidentally left undrawn, evidently of the stranger himself. The Venetian looked upon it with doubt, and after a while his face fell; but it soon cleared, as if with relief. The gaze of the daughter was also now riveted upon the picture, which was very like Gualdi; but she regarded it with a look of tenderness and a blush. The Venetian looked from the picture to Gualdi, and back again from Gualdi to the picture. It was some time before

Note

he spoke ; and when he did, his voice sounded strangely.

‘ That picture was intended for you, sir ’, said he at last, hesitating, to Signor Gualdi. A slight cold change passed over the eyes of the stranger ; but he only made reply by a low bow. ‘ You look a moderately young man—to be candid with you, sir, I should say about forty-five or thereabouts ; and yet I know, by certain means of which I will not now further speak, that this picture is by the hand of Titian, who has been dead nearly a couple of hundred years. How is this possible ’ ? he added, with a polite, grave smile. ‘ It is not easy ’, said Signor Gualdi quietly, ‘ to know all things that are possible or not possible, for very frequently mistakes are made concerning such ; but there is certainly nothing strange in my being like a portrait painted by Titian.’ The nobleman easily perceived by his manner, and by a momentary cloud upon his brow, that the stranger felt offence. The daughter clung to her father’s arm, secretly afraid that this little unexpected demur might pass into coolness, and end with a consummation of estrangement, which she feared excessively ; she dreaded nervously the rupture of their intimacy with the stranger ; and, contradictory as it may seem, she wanted to withdraw, even without the demur she dreaded being cleared up into renewed pleasant confidence. However, this little temporary misunderstanding was soon put an end to by Signor Gualdi himself, who in a moment or two resumed his ordinary manner ; and he saw the father and daughter downstairs, and forth to the entrance of his house, with his usual composed politeness, though the nobleman could not help some feeling of restraint, and his daughter experienced a considerable amount of mortification ; and she could not look at Signor Gualdi, or

rather, when she did, she dwelt on his face too much.

This little occurrence remained as a puzzle in the mind of the nobleman. His daughter felt lonely and dissatisfied afterwards, eager for the restoration of the same friendly feeling with Signor Gualdi, and revolving in her mind, with the ingenuity of love, numberless schemes to achieve it. The Venetian betook himself in the evening to the usual coffee-house; and he could not forbear speaking of the incident among the group of people collected there. Their curiosity was roused, and one or two resolved to satisfy themselves by looking at the picture attentively the next morning. But to obtain an opportunity to see the picture on this next morning, it was necessary to see the Signor Gualdi somewhere, and to have the invitation of so reserved a man to his lodgings for the purpose. The only likely place to meet with him was at the coffee-house; and thither the gentlemen went at the usual time, hoping, as it was the Signor's habit to present himself, that he would do so. But he did not come; nor had he been heard of from the time of the visit of the nobleman the day before to the Signor's house—which absence, for the first time almost that he had been in Venice, surprised everybody. But as they did not meet with him at the coffee-house, as they thought was sure, one of the persons who had the oftenest conversed with the Signor, and therefore was the freer in his acquaintance, undertook to go to his lodgings and inquire after him, which he did; but he was answered by the owner of the house, who came to the street-door to respond to the questioner, that the Signor had gone, having quitted Venice that morning early, and that he had locked up his pictures with certain orders, and had taken the key of his rooms with him.

This affair made a great noise at the time in Venice ; and an account of it found its way into most of the newspapers of the year in which it occurred. In these newspapers and elsewhere, an outline of the foregoing particulars may be seen. The account of the Signor Gualdi will also be met with in *Les Mémoires Historiques* for the year 1687, tome i. p. 365. The chief particulars of our own narrative are extracted from an old book in our collection treating of well-attested relations of the sages, and of life protracted by their art for several centuries : *Hermippus Redivivus ; or, the Sage's Triumph over Old Age and the Grave*. London, Second Edition, much enlarged. Printed for J. Nourse, at The Lamb, against Catherine Street in the Strand, in the year 1749.

And thus much for the history of Signor Gualdi, who was suspected to be a Rosicrucian.

We shall have further interesting notices of these unaccountable people as we proceed.



CHAPTER THE SEVENTH

THE HERMETIC BRETHREN

THE following passages occur in a letter published by some anonymous members of the R.C., and are adduced in a translation from the Latin by one of the most famous men of the order, who addressed from the University of Oxford about the period of Oliver Cromwell; to which university the great English Rosicrucian, Robertus de Fluctibus (Robert Flood), also belonged, in the time of James the First and Charles the First. We have made repeated visits to the church where Robert Flood lies buried.

'Every man naturally desires superiority. Men wish for treasures and to seem great in the eyes of the world. God, indeed, created all things to the end that man might give Him thanks. But there is no individual thinks of his proper duties; he secretly desires to spend his days idly, and would enjoy riches and pleasures without any previous labour or danger. When we' (professors of abstruse sciences) 'speak, men either revile or contemn, they either envy or laugh. When we discourse of gold, they assume that we would assuredly produce it if we could, because they judge us by themselves; and when we debate of it, and enlarge upon it, they imagine we shall finish by teaching them how to make gold by art, or furnish them with it already made. And wherefore or why should we teach them the way to these mighty possessions? Shall it be to the end that men may live pompously in the eyes of the world; swagger and

make wars ; be violent when they are contradicted ; turn usurers, gluttons, and drunkards ; abandon themselves to lust ? Now, all these things deface and defile man, and the holy temple of man's body, and are plainly against the ordinances of God. For this dream of the world, as also the body or vehicle through which it is made manifest, the Lord intended to be pure. And it was not purposed, in the divine arrangement, that men should grow again down to the earth. It is for other purposes that the stars, in their attraction, have raised man on his feet, instead of abandoning him to the "all fours" that were the imperfect tentatives of nature until life, through the supernatural impulse, rose above its original condemned level—base and relegate.

' We of the secret knowledge do wrap ourselves in mystery, to avoid the objurgation and importunity or violence of those who conceive that we cannot be philosophers unless we put our knowledge to some ordinary worldly use. There is scarcely one who thinks about us who does not believe that our society has no existence ; because, as he truly declares, he never met any of us. And he concludes that there is no such brotherhood because, in his vanity, we seek not him to be our fellow. We do not come, as he assuredly expects, to that conspicuous stage upon which, like himself, as he desires the gaze of the vulgar, every fool may enter ; winning wonder, if the man's appetite be that empty way ; and, when he has obtained it, crying out " Lo, this is also vanity ! "'

Dr. Edmund Dickenson, physician to King Charles the Second, a professed seeker of the hermetic knowledge, produced a book entitled, *De Quinta Essentia Philosophorum* : which was printed at Oxford in 1686, and a second time in 1705. There was a third edition of it printed in Germany in 1721. In corres-

pondence with a French adept, the latter explains the reasons why the Brothers of the Rosy Cross concealed themselves. As to the universal medicine, *Elixir Vitæ*, or potable form of the preternatural *menstruum*, he positively asserts that it is in the hands of the 'Illuminated', but that, by the time they discover it, they have ceased to desire its uses, being far above them; and as to life for centuries, being wishful for other things, they decline availing themselves of it. He adds, that the adepts are obliged to conceal themselves for the sake of safety, because they would be abandoned in the consolations of the intercourse of this world (if they were not, indeed, exposed to worse risks), supposing that their gifts were proven to the conviction of the bystanders as more than human; when they would become simply intolerable and abhorrent. Thus, there are excellent reasons for their conduct; they proceed with the utmost caution, and instead of making a display of their powers, as vainglory is the least distinguishing characteristic of these great men, they studiously evade the idea that they possess any extraordinary or separate knowledge. They live simply as mere spectators in the world, and they desire to make no disciples, converts, nor confidants. They submit to the obligations of life, and to relationships—enjoying the fellowship of none, admiring none, following none, but themselves. They obey all codes, are excellent citizens, and only preserve silence in regard to their own private convictions, giving the world the benefit of their acquirements up to a certain point: seeking only sympathy at some angles of their multi-form character, but shutting out curiosity wholly where they do not wish its imperative eyes.

This is the reason that the Rosicrucians passed through the world mostly unnoticed, and that people

generally disbelieve that there ever were such persons ; or believe that, if there were, their pretensions are an imposition. It is easy to discredit things which we do not understand—in fact, nature compels us to reject all propositions which do not consist with our reason. The true artist is supposed to avoid all suspicion, even on the part of those nearest to him. And granting the possibility of the Rosicrucian means of the renewal of life, and supposing also that it was the desire of the hermetic philosopher, it would not be difficult for him so to order his arrangements as that he should seem to die in one place (to keep up the character of the natural manner of his life), by withdrawing himself, to reappear in another place as a new person at the time that seemed most convenient to him for the purpose. For everything, and every difficult thing, is easy to those with money ; nor will the world inquire with too resolute a curiosity, if you have coolness and address, and if you have the art of accounting for things. The man of this order also is solus, and without wife or children to embarrass him in the private disposition of his affairs, or to follow him too closely into his by-corners. Thus it will be seen that philosophers may live in the world, and have all these gifts, and yet be never heard of—or, if heard of, only as they themselves wish or suggest.

As an instance of the unexpected risks which a member of this order may run if he turns his attention to the practical side of his studies, spite of all his precautions, we may cite the accident which happened to a famous Englishman, who disguised himself under the name of Eugenius Philalethes, but whose real name is said to be Thomas Vaughan. He tells us of himself, that going to a goldsmith to sell twelve hundred marks' worth of gold, the man told

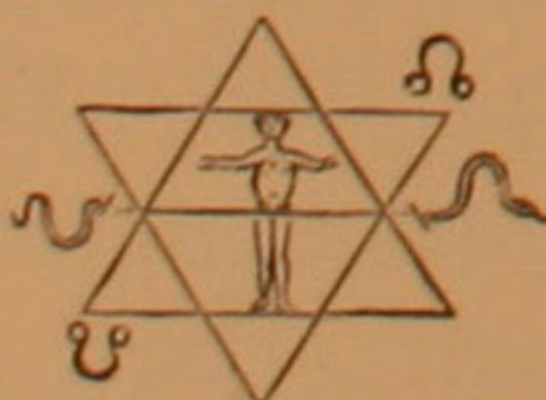
him, at first sight, that it never came out of the mines, but was the production of art, as it was not of the standard of any known kingdom: which proved so sudden a dilemma to the offerer of the gold, that he withdrew immediately, leaving it behind him. It naturally follows from this, that it is not only necessary to have gold, but that the gold shall be marketable or acceptable gold, as otherwise it is utterly useless for the purposes of conversion into money in this world. Thomas Vaughan, who was a scholar of Oxford, and was vehemently attacked in his lifetime, and who certainly was a Rosicrucian adept if there ever was one, led a wandering life, and fell often into great perplexities and dangers from the mere suspicion that he possessed extraordinary secrets. He was born, as we learn from his writings, about the year 1612, which makes him a contemporary of the great English Rosicrucian, Robert Flood; and what is the strangest part of his history, as we find remarked by a writer in 1749, is, that he is 'believed by those of his fraternity' (so the author adds) 'to be living even now; and a person of great credit at Nuremberg, in Germany, affirms that he conversed with him a year or two ago. Nay, it is further asserted' (continues the author) 'that this very individual is the president of the Illuminated in Europe, and that he sits as such in all their annual meetings'. Thomas Vaughan, according to the report of the philosopher Robert Boyle, and of others who knew him, was a man of remarkable piety, and of unstained morals. He has written and edited several invaluable works upon the secrets of the philosophers, some of which are in our possession; among others: *Introitus Apertus ad occlusum Regis Palatium*; *Lumen de Lumine*; *Magia Adamica*; *Anima Magica Abscondita*, and other learned books; advancing very peculiar

theories concerning the seen and the unseen. These books were disbelieved at the time, and remain discredited, principally because they treat of eccentric and seemingly impossible things. It is, however, certain that we go but a very little way out of the usual learned track before we encounter puzzling matters, which may well set us investigating our knowledge, and looking with some suspicion upon its grounds, spite of all the pompous claims of modern philosophers, who are continually, on account of their conceitedness, making sad mistakes, and breaking down with their plausible systems.

'Progress and enlightenment are prerogatives to which no generation in particular can lay a special claim', says a modern writer, speaking of railways and their invention. 'Intelligence like that of the Stephensons is born again and again, at lengthened intervals; and it is only these giants in wisdom who know how to carry on to perfection the knowledge which centuries have been piling up before them. But the age in which such men are cast, is often unequal to appreciate the genius which seeks to elevate its aspiration. Thus it was in 1820 that Mr. William Brougham proposed to consign George Stephenson to Bedlam, for being the greatest benefactor of his time. But now that we have adopted somewhat fully his rejected ideas of steam-locomotion and high rates of speed, which were with so much difficulty forced upon us, we complacently call ourselves "enlightened"; and doubtless we are tolerably safe in doing so, considering that the Stephensons, and similar scientific visionaries, no longer live to contradict us.' We might add, that the Rosicrucians hold their critics in light esteem—indeed in very light esteem.

If such is the disbelief of science of everyday use,

what chance of credit has the abstruser knowledge, and those assertions of power which contradict our most ordinary ideas of possibility? Common sense will answer, None at all. And yet all human conclusions and resolutions upon points which have been considered beyond the possibility of contradiction have been sometimes at fault. The most politic course is not too vigorously to take our stand upon any supposed fixed point of truth, but simply to admit that our knowledge is limited, that absolute truth is alone in the knowledge of God, and that no more truth is vouchsafed to man than he knows how to utilize: most of his uses, even of his little quantum of truth, being perverted. He must await other states for greater light, and to become a higher creature—should that be his happy destiny. As to certainty in this world, there is none—nor can there be any. Whether there is anything outside of man is uncertain. Hume has pointed out that there is no sequence between one and two. Other philosophers have ingeniously detected that our senses are all one, or all none. Man is the picture painted upon external matter, and external matter is the individuality that surveys the picture. In the world of physics, colours are tones in other senses, and tones are colours; sevenfold in either case, as the planetary powers and influences are septenary—which, in the ideas of the Rosicrucians, produce both.



CHAPTER THE EIGHTH

MYTHIC HISTORY OF THE FLEUR-DE-LIS

THE maypole is a *phallos*. The ribbons depending from the *discus*, or ring, through which the maypole pierces, should be of the seven prismatic colours—those of the rainbow (or *Règne-beau*). According to the *Gnostics and their Remains, Ancient and Modern*, a work by the Rev. C. W. King, M.A., published in 1864, Horapollo has preserved a talisman, or Gnostic gem, in yellow jasper, which presents the engraved figure of a 'Cynocephalus, crowned, with *bâton* erect, adoring the first appearance of the new moon'.

The phallic worship prevailed, at one time, all over India. It constitutes, as Mr. Sellon asserts, to this day one of the chief, if not the leading, dogma of the Hindoo religion. Incontestable evidence could be adduced to prove this—however strange and impossible it seems—the key of all worship the world over; and highest in esteem in the most highly civilized nations. Though it has degenerated into gross and sensual superstition, it was originally intended as the worship of the creative principle in Nature. Innumerable curious particulars lie scattered up and down, in all countries of the world, relating to this worship, mad as it seems—bad as, in its grossness, it is. It is only in modern times that sensuality, and not sublimity, has been actively associated with this worship, however. There was a time when the rites connected with it were grand and solemn enough. The general diffusion of these notions regarding the

Phalli and the *Ioni*, and of the sacred mystic suggestions implied in both, as well as the inflections in design of these unlikely, repulsive figures for serious worship, prove that there was something very extraordinary, and quite beyond belief to the moderns in the origin of them. The religion of the *Phallos* (and of its twin emblem) is to be traced all over the East. It appears to be the earliest worship practised by man. It prevailed not only amongst the Hindoos, Assyrians, Babylonians, Mexicans, Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans in ancient times, but it still forms an integral part of the worship of India, Thibet, China, Siam, Japan, and Africa. We cannot, therefore, afford, to ignore this grand scheme of ritual, when we discover it to be a religion so widely spread, and reappearing so unexpectedly, not only in the countries with which we are contemporaneously acquainted, but also in those old countries of which we in reality know very little, or nothing at all; for all history reads doubtfully, being written for popular purposes.

In the *Temple-Herren* of Nicolai there is an account of a Gnostic gem, or talisman, which represents a 'Cynocephalus', with a lunar disc on his head, standing in the act of adoration, with *sceptrum* displayed, before a column engraved with letters, and supporting a triangle. This latter architectural figure is, in fact, an obelisk. All the Egyptian obelisks were *Phalli*. The triangle symbolizes one of the Pillars of *Hermes* (*Hercules*). The *Cynocephalus* was sacred to him. The Pillars of *Hermes* have been Judaised into Solomon's 'Jachin and Boaz'. So says Herz, in regard to 'Masonic Insignia'. We will explain fully, later in our book, of these interesting sexual images, set up for adoration so strangely; and from the meaning of which we foolishly but determinedly avert.

We now propose to deduce a very original and a very elaborate genealogy, or descent, of the famous arms of France, the *Fleurs-de-Lis*, 'Lucifera', *Lisses*, *Luces*, 'Lucies', Bees, Scarabs, Scara-bees, or Imperial 'Bees' of Charlemagne, and of Napoleon the First and Napoleon the Third, from a very extraordinary and (we will, in the fullest assurance, add) the most unexpected point of view. The real beginning of these inexpressibly sublime arms (or this 'badge'), although in itself, and apart from its purpose, it is the most refined, but mysteriously grand, in the world, contradictory as it may seem, is also the most ignoble. It has been the *crux* of the antiquaries and of the heralds for centuries! We would rather be excused the mentioning of the peculiar item which has thus been held up to the highest honour (heraldically) throughout the world. It will be sufficient to say that mystically, in its theological Gnostic allusion, it is the grandest device and most stupendous hint that armory ever saw; and those who are qualified to apprehend our hidden meaning will perhaps read correctly and perceive our end by the time that they have terminated this strange section of our history of Rosicrucianism—for to it it refers particularly.

N. Scarabæi, Lucifera ('Light-bringers'), Luce, Fleur-de-Lis, Lily, Lucia, Lucy, Lux, Lu(+)x.

The Luce is the old-fashioned name for the 'pike' or jack—a fish famous for the profuse generation of a certain insect, as some fishermen know full well. This once (incredible as it may seem) formed an object of worship, for the sake of the inexpressibly sublime things which it symbolized. Although so mean in itself, and although so far off, this implied the beginning of all sublunary things.

The bees of Charlemagne, the bees of the Empire

in France, are 'scarabs', or figures of the same affinity as the Bourbon 'lilies'. They deduce from a common ancestor. Now, the colour heraldic on which they are always emblazoned is *azure*, or blue—which is the colour of the sea, which is salt. In an anagram it may be expressed as 'C'. Following on this allusion, we may say that 'Ventre-saint-gris!' is a very ancient French barbarous expletive, or oath. Literally (which, in the occult sense, is always obscurely), it is the 'Sacred blue (or grey) womb'—which is absurd. Now, the reference and the meaning of this we will confidently commit to the penetration of those among our readers who can felicitously privately surmise it; and also the apparently circuitous deductions, which are yet to come, to be made by us.

Blue is the colour of the 'Virgin Maria'. Maria, Mary, *mare*, *mar*, *mara*, means the 'bitterness' or the 'saltness' of the sea. Blue is expressive of the Hellenic, Isidian, Ionian, Yonian (Yoni-Indian) Watery, Female, and Moonlike Principle in the universal theogony. It runs through all the mythologies.

The 'Lady-Bird' or 'Lady-Cow' (there is no resemblance between a *bird* and a *cow*, it may be remarked, *en passant*, except in this strangely occult, almost ridiculous, affinity), and the rustic rhyme among the children concerning it, may be here remembered:

Lady-Bird, Lady-Bird, fly away home!
Your House is on fire—your children at home!

Such may be heard in all parts of England when a lady-bird is seen by the children. Myths are inextricably embodied—like specks and straws and flies in amber—amidst the sayings and rhymes of the common people in all countries; and they are there preserved for very many generations, reappearing

to recognition after the lapse sometimes of centuries. Now, how do we explain and re-render the above rude couplet? The 'Lady-Bird' is the 'Virgin Maria', Isis, the 'Mother and Producer of Nature'; the 'House' is the 'Ecliptic'—it is figuratively 'on fire', or 'of fire', in the path of the sun; and the 'children at home' are the 'months' produced in the house of the sun, or the solar year, or the 'signs of the Zodiac'—which were originally 'ten', and not twelve¹, each sign answering to one of the letters of the primeval alphabet, which were in number 'ten'. Thus, re-read, the lines run:

Lady-Bird, Lady-Bird (*Columba*, or Dove), fly away home!
Your House is *of Fire*—your children are *Ten*!

The name of the flying insect called in England 'Lady-Bird' is *Bête-à-Dieu* in French, which means 'God-creature' or 'God's creature'. The Napoleonic green is the mythic, magic green of Venus. The Emerald is the *Smaragdus*, or *Smaragd*. The name of the insect Barnabee, Barnbee, 'Burning Fire-Fly', whose house is of fire, whose children are ten, is *Red Chafer*, *Rother-Kaefer*, *Sonnen-Kaefer*, *Unser-Frauen Kohlein*, in German; it is 'Sun-Chafer', 'Our Lady's Little Cow', Isis, or Io, or C—ow, in English. The children *Tenne* (*Tin*, or *Tien*, is fire in some languages) are the earliest 'Ten Signs' in the Zodiacal Heavens

¹ Lady-Cow, Lady-Cow,
Fly away home!

Thy house is on fire,
Thy Children are flown.

All but a Little One
Under a 'Stone':

Fly thee home, Lady-Cow,
Ere it be gone.

The 'Lady-Bird', or 'Cow', is the Virgin Mary, the 'Little One' under the 'Stone', or the 'Mystic Human Possibility', is the 'Infant Saviour' born in the mysterious 'Month of the Propitiation', or the mystical Astrological and Astronomical 'Escaped Month' of the Zodiac; and the 'Stone' is the 'Philosopher's Stone'.

—each 'Sign' with its Ten Decans, or Decumens, or 'Leaders of Hosts'. They are also astronomically called 'Stalls', or 'Stables'. We may here refer to Porphyry, Horapollo, and Chifflet's Gnostic Gems. The Speckled Beetle was flung into hot water to avert storms (Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, lib. xxxvii. ch x). The antiquary Pignorius has a beetle 'crowned with the sun and encircled with the serpent'. Amongst the Gnostic illustrations published by Abraham Gorlæus is that of a talisman of the more abstruse Gnostics—an onyx carved with a 'beetle which threatens to gnaw at a thunderbolt'. See *Notes and Queries*: 'Bee Mythology'.

The 'Lilies' are said not to have appeared in the French arms until the time of Philip Augustus. See Montfauçon's *Monumens de la Monarchie Française*, Paris, 1729. Also Jean-Jacques Chifflet, *Anastasis de Childeric*, 1655. See also *Notes and Queries*, 1856, London, 2d Series, for some learned papers on the 'Fleur-de-lis'. In the early armorial bearings of the Frankish kings, the 'lilies' are represented as 'insects', *seméed* (seeded), or spotted, on the blue field. These are, in their origin, the *scarabæi* of the Orientals; they were dignified by the Egyptians as the emblems of the 'Enlightened'. If the reader examines carefully the sculpture in the British Museum representing the Mithraic Sacrifice of the Bull, with its mystic accompaniments (No. 14, Grand Central Saloon), he will perceive the *scarabæus*, or crab, playing a peculiar part in the particulars of the grand rite so strangely typified, and also so remotely. The motto placed under the 'lilies', which are the arms of France, runs as follows: 'Lilia non laborant, neque nent'. This is also (as all know) the legend, or motto, accompanying the royal order of knighthood denominated that of the 'Saint-Esprit' in France. We are immediately

now recalled to those exceedingly obscure, but very significant, words of our Saviour, which have always seemed very erroneously interpreted, on account of their obvious contradictions: 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin'¹. Now, in regard to this part of the text, what does the judicious speculator think of the following Rosicrucian gloss, or explanation? *Lilia non laborant* (like bees); *neque nent*, 'neither do they spin' (like spiders). Now of the 'lisses', as we shall elect to call them. They *toil not* like 'bees' (*scarabæi*); neither do they *spin* like 'spiders' (*arachnidæ*).

To be wise is to be enlightened. *Lux* is the *Logos* by whom all things were made; and the *Logos* is *Rasit*—R.s.t.: 'ρ.'σ.'τ=600; and *Lux* makes *Lucis*; then LX, ξ's=666. Again, L=50, v=6, ψ s=300, i=10, ψ s=300=666.

The Fleur-de-lis is the Lotus (water-rose), the flower sacred to the *Lux*, or the *Sul*, or the Sun. The 'Auriflamme' (the flame of fire, or fire of gold) was the earliest standard of France. It was afterwards called *Oriflamme*. It was the sacred flag of France, and its colour was red—the heraldic, or 'Rosicrucian', red, signifying gold. The three 'Lotuses', or 'Lisses', were the coat of arms—emblems of the Trimurti, the three persons of the triple generative power, or of the Sun, or 'Lux'. שלה, *sle*, 'Shilo', is probably שיל, *sil*=360, or χ=600, λ=50=10, v=6=666. This is Silo, or Selo. 'I have no doubt it was the invocation in the Psalms called "Selah", שלה(ס)'.¹

¹ The full quotation is the following: 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon' (here steps in some of the lore of the Masonic order) 'in all his glory was not arrayed' (or *exalted*, or *dignified*, as it is more correctly rendered out of the original) 'like one of these' (St. Matt. vi. 28).

Thus asserts the learned and judicious Godfrey Higgins.

‘The Holie Church of Rome herself doth compare the incomprehensible generation of the Sonne of God from His Father, together with His birth out of the pure and undefiled Virgine Marie, unto the Bees—which were in verie deede a great blasphemie, if the bees were not of so great valour and virtue’ (value and dignity).—‘Beehive of the Romish Church’: Hone’s *Ancient Mysteries Described*, p. 283.

In the second edition of *Nineveh and its Palaces*, by Bonomi (London, Ingram, 1853), p. 138, the head-dress of the divinity Ilus is an egg-shaped cap terminating at the top in a *fleur-de-lis*; at p. 149, the Dagon of Scripture has the same; at p. 201, fig. 98, the same ornament appears; at p. 202, fig. 99, a bearded figure has the usual ‘*fleur-de-lis*’. In the same page, the tiaras of two bearded figures are surmounted with *fleurs-de-lis*. At p. 322, fig. 211, the Assyrian helmet is surmounted with a *fleur-de-lis*; at p. 334, fig. 217, the head-dress of the figure in the Assyrian standard has a *fleur-de-lis*; at p. 340, fig. 245, the bronze resembles a *fleur-de-lis*; at p. 350, fig. 254, an Egyptian example of the god Nilus, as on the thrones of Pharaoh-Necho, exhibits the *fleur-de-lis*.

Vert, or green, and *azure*, or blue (feminine tinctures), are the colours on which respectively the golden ‘bees’, or the silver ‘lisses’, are emblazoned. The Egyptian *Scarabæi* are frequently cut in stone, generally in green-coloured basalt, or *verdantique*. Some have hieroglyphics on them, which are more rare; others are quite plain. In the tombs of Thebes, Belzoni found *scarabæi with human heads*. There is hardly any symbolical figure which recurs so often in Egyptian sculpture or painting as the *scarabæus*, or beetle, and perhaps scarcely any one which it is so

difficult to explain. He is often represented with a ball between his forelegs, which some take for a symbol of the world, or the sun. He may be an emblem of fertility. The 'crab' on the Denderah Zodiac is by some supposed to be a 'beetle' (*Egyptian Antiquities*). It is for some of the preceding reasons that one of the mystic names of Lucifer, or the Devil, is the 'Lord of Flies', for which strange appellation all antiquaries, and other learned decipherers, have found it impossible to account.

Of the figure of the Fleur-de-Luce, Fleur-de-Lis, or Flower-de-Luce (*Lus, Luz, Loose*), the following may be remarked. On its sublime, abstract side, it is the symbol of the mighty self-producing, self-begetting Generative Power deified in many myths. We may make a question, in the lower sense, in this regard, of the word 'loose', namely, wanton, and the word 'lech', or 'leche', and 'lecher', etc. Consider, also, in the solemn and terrible sense, the name Cromlech, or 'crown', or 'arched entry', or 'gate', of death. The Druidical stones were generally called *cromlechs* when placed in groups of two¹, with a *coping* or *capstone* over, similarly to the form of the Greek letter *phi* (Π, π), which was imitated from that temple of stones which we call a cromlech.

Cromlechs were the altars of the Druids, and were so called from a Hebrew word signifying 'to bow'. There is a Druidic temple at Toulouse, in France, exhibiting many of these curious Druidical stones. There is a large, flat stone, ten feet long, six feet wide, one foot thick, at St. David's, Pembrokeshire. It is called in Cymric '*Lêch Lagar*, the speaking stone'. We may speculate upon the word 'Lich, Lych, Lech'

¹ The whole forming a 'capital', 'chapter', 'chapitre', 'chapel', 'cancel', or 'chancel'—hence our word, and the sublime judicial office of 'Chancellor', and 'Chancery'.

in this connexion, and the terms 'Lich-gate', or 'Lech-gate', as also the name of 'Lich-field'. There is a porch or gateway, mostly at the entrance of old-fashioned churchyards, which is called the 'Lyke-Porch', or 'Litch-Porch'. *Lüg*, or *Lük*, is a word in the Danish signifying the same as *Lyk* in the Dutch, and *Leiche* in the German. Thus comes the word 'Lich-gate'. *Lich* in the Anglo-Saxon means a 'dead body'. See *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. p. 4. The 'Lich-gates' were as a sort of triumphal arches (*Propylæa*) placed before the church, as the outwork called the 'Propylon', or 'Propylæum', was advanced before the Egyptian and the Grecian temples. They are found, in the form of separate arches, before the gates even of *Chinese* cities, and they are there generally called 'triumphal arches'.

Propylæa is a name of Hecate, Dis, Chronos, or the Π, to which sinister deity the *Propylon* or *Propylæum* (as also, properly, the Lych-gate) is dedicated. Hence its ominous import, *Pro*, or 'before', the *Pylon* or passage. Every Egyptian temple has its Propylon. The Pyramid also in Nubia has one. We refer to the ground plans of the Temples of Denderah, Upper Egypt; the Temple of Luxor, Thebes; the Temple of Edfou, Upper Egypt; the Temple of Carnac (or Karnak), Thebes.

Colonel (afterwards General) Vallancey, in the fourth volume, p. 80, of his *General Works*, cited in the *Celtic Druids*, p. 223 (a valuable book by Godfrey Higgins), says: 'In Cornwall they call it' (i.e. the rocking-stone) 'the Logan-Stone. Borlase, in his *History of Cornish Antiquities*, declares that he does not understand the meaning of this term Logan, as applied to the Druidical stones. 'Had Dr. Borlase been acquainted with the Irish MSS', significantly adds Colonel Vallancey, 'he would have found that

the Druidical oracular stone called *Loghan*, which yet retains its name in Cornwall, is the Irish *Logh-oun*, or stone into which the Druids pretended that the *Logh*, or divine essence, descended when they consulted it as an oracle.' *Logh* in Celtic is the same as *Logos* in the Greek; both terms mean the *Logos* ('Word') or the Holy Ghost.

Sanchoniathon, the Phœnician, says that Ouranus contrived, in Boetulia, 'stones that moved as having life'. Stukeley's *Abury*, p. 97, may be here referred to for further proofs of the mystic origin of these stones, and also the *Celtic Druids* of Godfrey Higgins, in contradiction to those who would infer that these 'poised stones' simply mark *burial-places*, or foolish conclusions of shallow and incompetent antiquaries.

The Basilidans were called by the orthodox *Docetæ*, or Illusionists. The Deity of the Gnostics was called 'Abraxas' in Latin, and 'Abrasax' in Greek. Their last state, or condition for rescued sensitive entities, as they termed souls, was the 'Pleroma', or 'Fullness of Light'. This agrees precisely with the doctrines of the Buddhists or Bhuddists. The regulating, presiding genius was the *Pantheus*. The Pythagorean record quoted by Porphyry (*Vit. Pythag.*) states that the 'numerals of Pythagoras were hieroglyphical symbols by means whereof he explained ideas concerning the nature of things'. That these symbols were ten in number, the *ten original signs of the zodiac, and the ten letters of the primeval alphabet*, appears from Aristotle (*Met.* vii. 7). 'Some philosophers hold', he says, 'that ideas and numbers are of the same nature, and amount to *ten* in all.' See *The Gnostics and their Remains*, p. 229.

But to return to the arms of France, which are the 'Fleurs-de-Lis', and to the small representative creature (sublime enough, as the farthest-off symbol which

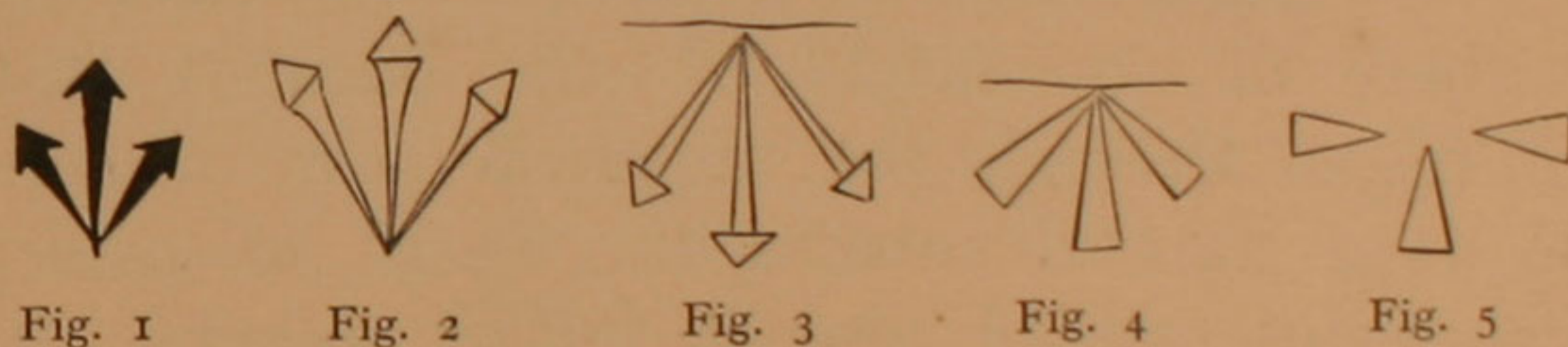
they are imagined in their greatness to indicate). A Bible presented to Charles the Second, A.D. 869, has a miniature of this monarch and his court. His throne is terminated with three flowers of the form of 'fleurs-de-lis sans pied'. On his head is a crown 'fermée à fleurons d'or, relevez et recourbez d'une manière singulière'. Another miniature in the Book of Prayers shows him on a throne surmounted by a sort of 'fleurs-de-lis sans pied'. His crown is of 'fleurs comme de lis', and the robe is fastened with a rose, 'd'où sortent trois pistils en forme de fleurs-de-lis'. His sceptre terminates in a fleur-de-lis.—*Notes and Queries.*

Sylvanus Morgan, an old-fashioned herald abounding in suggestive disclosures, has the following: 'Sir William Wise having lent to the king, Henry VIII, his signet to seal a letter, who having powdered (seméed, or spotted) 'eremites' (they were emmets—ants) 'engray'd in the seale, the king paused and lookit thereat, considering'. We may here query whether the field of the coat of arms of Sir William Wise was not 'ermine'; for several of the families of Wise bear this fur, and it is not unlikely that he did so also.

' "Why, how now, Wise!" quoth the king. "What! hast thou lice here?" "An', if it like your majestie", quoth Sir William, "a louse is a rich coat; for by giving the louse I part arms with the French king, in that he giveth the *flour-de-lice*." Whereat the king heartily laugh'd, to hear how prettily so byting a taunt (namely, proceeding from a prince) was so suddenly turned to so pleasaunte a conceit.'—Stanihurst's *History of Ireland*, in Holinshed's *Chron.* Nares thinks that Shakespeare, who is known to have been a reader of Holinshed, took his conceit of the 'white lowses which do become an old coat well', in

The Merry Wives of Windsor, from this anecdote. See *Heraldic Anomalies*, vol. i. p. 204; also Lower's *Curiosities of Heraldry*, p. 82 (1845). It may here be mentioned, that the mark signifying the royal property (as it is used in France), similarly to the token, or symbol, or 'brand', denoting the royal domain, the property, or the sign upon royal chattels (the 'broad arrow'), as used in England, is the 'Lis', or the 'Fleur-de-Lis'. The mark by which criminals are 'branded' in France is called the 'Lis—Fleur-de-lis'.

The English 'broad arrow', the mark or sign of the royal property, is variously depicted, similarly to the following marks :



These are the Three Nails of the Passion. In figs. 1 and 2 they are unmistakably so, with the points downwards. Figs. 3 and 4 have the significant horizontal mark which, in the first centuries of Christianity, stood for the Second (with feminine meanings) Person of the Trinity; but the points of the spikes (*spicæ*, or thorns) are gathered upwards in the centre. In fig. 5 there are still the three nails; but a suggestive similarity to be remarked in this figure is a disposition resembling the *crux-ansata*—an incessant symbol, always reappearing in Egyptian sculptures and hieroglyphics. There is also a likeness to the mysterious letter '*Tau*'. The whole first chapter of Genesis is said to be contained in this latter emblem—this magnificent, all-including 'Tau'.

Three bent spikes, or nails, are unmistakably the

same symbol that Belus often holds in his extended hand on the Babylonian cylinders, afterwards discovered by the Jewish cabalists in the points of the letter 'Shin', and by the mediæval mystics in the 'Three Nails of the Cross'.—*The Gnostics and their Remains, Ancient and Mediæval*, p. 208.

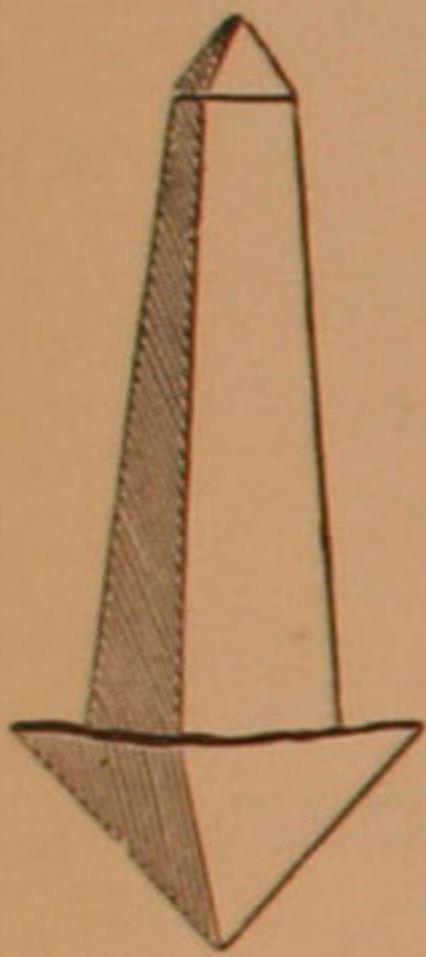
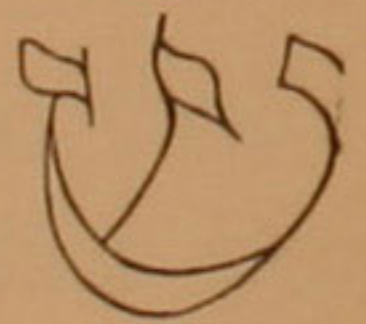


Fig. 6

This figure, which is clearly a nail, has also characteristics, which will be remarked in its upper portion, which suggest a likeness to the obelisk, pin, spike, upright, or phallus.

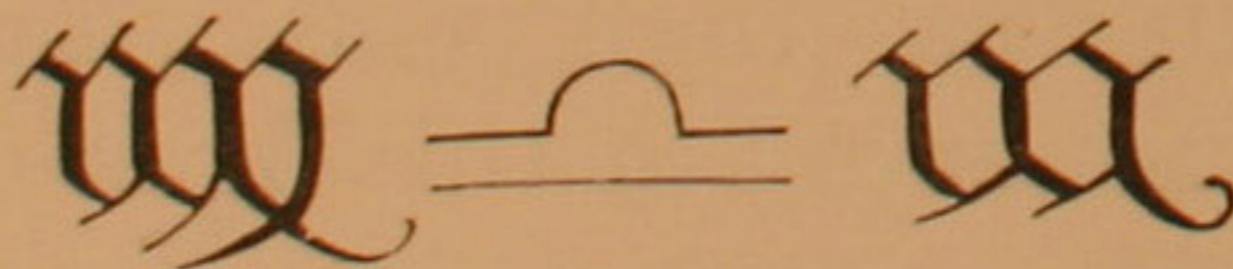
The Hebrew letter 'Shin', or 'Sin', counts for 300 in the Hebraic numeration. Each *spica*, or spike, may be taken to signify 100, or ten tens. We have strong hints here of the origin of the decimal system, which reigns through the universal laws of computation as a natural substratum, basis, or principle. This powerful symbol, also, is full of secret important meanings. It will be remarked as the symbol or figure assigned in the formal zodiacs of all countries, whether original zodiacs, or whether produced in figure-imitations by recognizing tradition. The marks or symbols of the zodiacal signs, 'Virgo-Scorpio', are closely similar to each other, with cer-

Fig. 7



The letter 'Shin'

'Behold! I show you a Sign.'



—Virgo — Libra — Scorpio—

The 'WOMAN CONQUEROR'—leading the—'Dragon'
The 'Restored World'

or

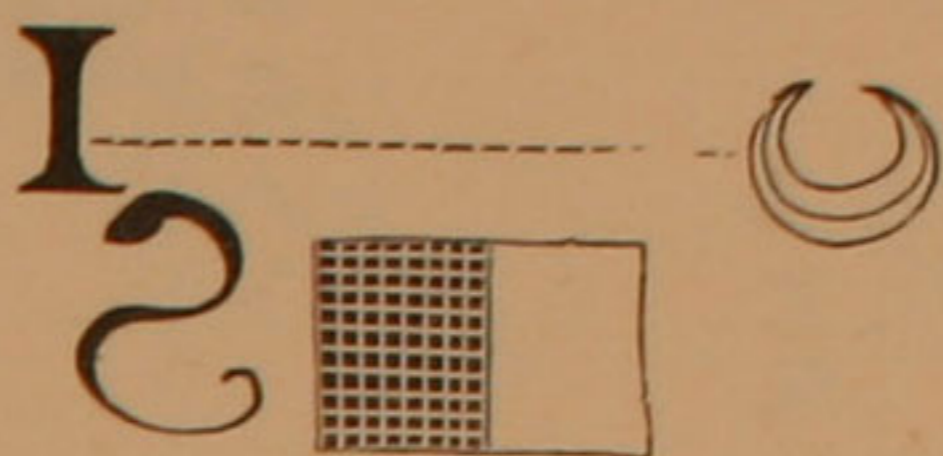
'CAPTIVITY' ————— 'Captive'

tain differences, which we recommend to the judicious consideration of close and experienced observers.

Fig. 8 is the symbol, or hook, of Saturn, the colour

of whom, in the heraldic configuration, is *sab.*, *sable*, or black, divided, *party per pale*, with the opening light of the first crescent moon of the post-diluvian

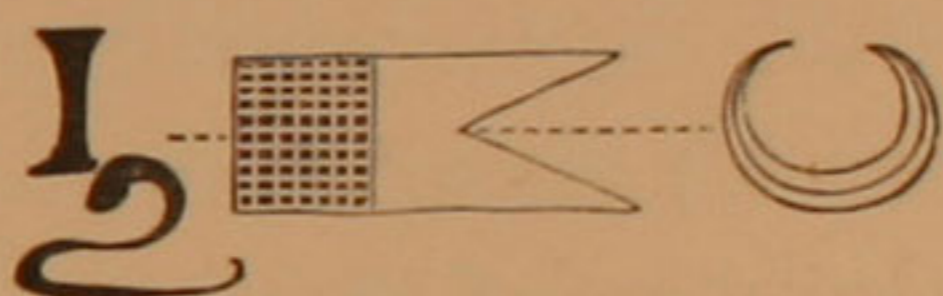
Fig. 8



The Templar Banner : the famous 'Beauséant'

world¹. Fig. 9 is the same grandly mystic banner, denominated Beauséant ('Beau-Séant'), revealing a whole occult theosophy to the initiate, which the leaders of the Templars undoubtedly were. The

Fig. 9.



or rather the
New Moon,
as thus :)

difference between these two figures, fig. 8 and fig. 9, is, that the 'fly' of the ensign marked fig. 9 is bifurcated (or cloven) in the 'lighted' part.

We subjoin the representation of the wondrous banner of the 'Poor soldiers of the Temple', as depicted abundantly on the spandrels of the arches of the Temple Church, London.

¹ The Shining Star as the Harbinger in the Moon's Embrace. Meaning the Divine Post-diluvian Remission and Reconciliation. Thus the sublime Mahometan mythic device or cognisance—the Crescent of the New Moon (lying on her back), and the Shining Star in this display :



Rd. Von Hammer's *Mystery of Baphomet Revealed* contains much suggestive matter relative to these mys-

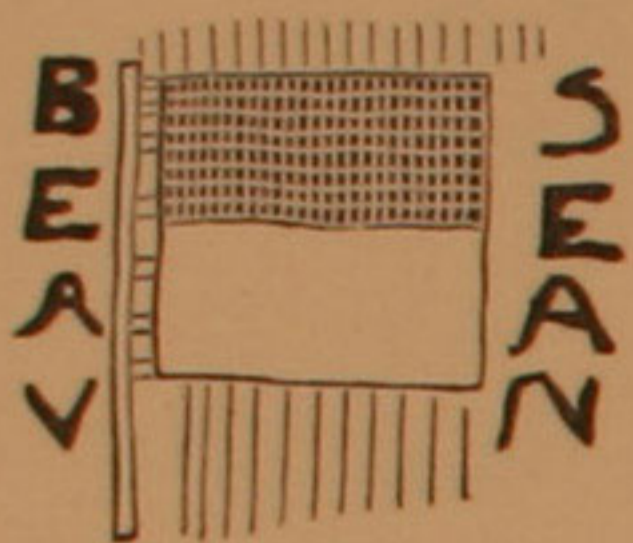


Fig. 10

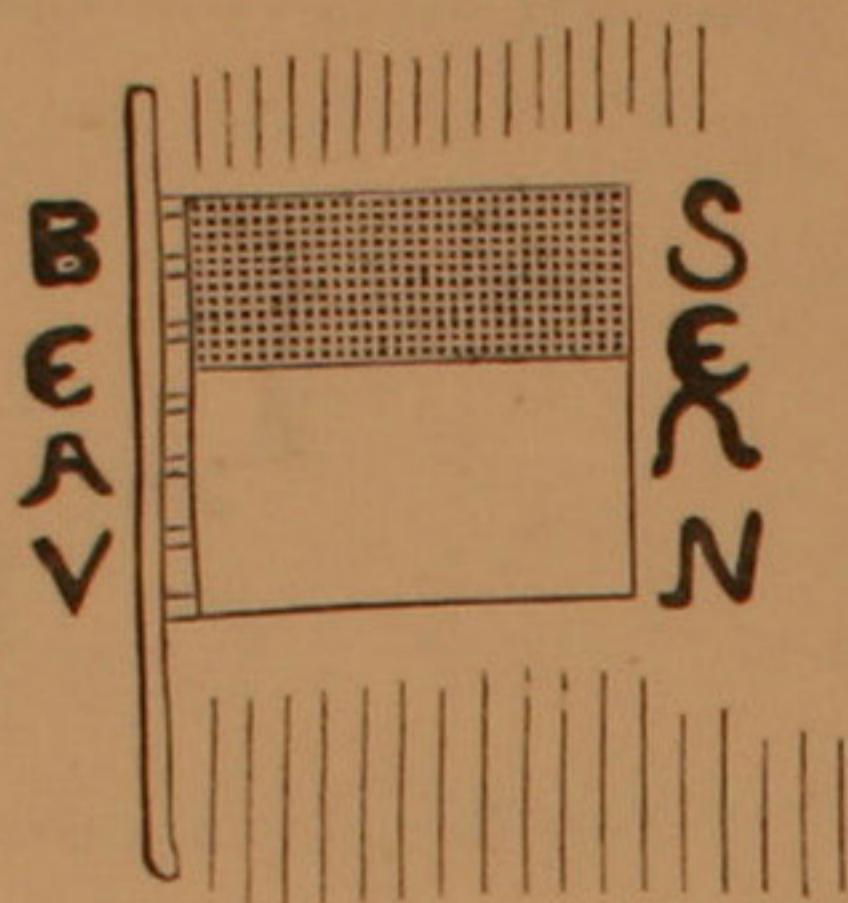


Fig. 11

terious supposed dreadful Templars. The Parisian 'Templiers' assert that there is a connexion between the recent Niskhi letter and the 'Cufic' characters, and that the origin of the secrets of the order of the Temple is contemporary with the prevalence of the latter alphabet. We here refer to the work entitled *Mysterium Baphometis Revelatum; seu, Fratres Militiæ Templi, qua Gnostici et quidem Ophiani, apostasiæ, idololatriæ, et quidem impuritatis convicti per ipsa eorum monumenta*, published in the *Mines de l'Orient*, vol. vi. This treatise is illustrated with numerous admirably executed copper-plates of magical statuettes, architectural ornaments, mystical inscriptions, vases, and coins. Amidst these there is a bearded, yet female, figure, 'Metē' (*magna*, or *maxima*), whom Von Hammer, following Theodosius and others, makes the same as the 'Sophia' of the Ophites. Some particulars referring to these subjects are contained in *The Gnostics and their Remains, Ancient and Mediæval*; although there is an evident betraying of total ignorance on the part of the author, throughout his book, as to the purpose, meaning, and reality of the whole of these remote and mysterious subjects: to which he is, however, blindly constantly referring, without the merit of even feeling his way. It is well