

# THE TOMB OF

**A** vault of seven sides and corners, every side five foot broad, and the height of eight foot.

Although the Sun never shined in this vault, nevertheless it was illuminated with another sun, which had learned this from the Sun and was situated in the upper part of the center of the ceiling.

In the midst, instead of a tombstone, was a round altar covered over with a piece of brass, and thereon this engraving: *This compendium of the Universe I made in my lifetime to be my tomb.*

Round about the first circle stood: *Jesus is my all.*

In the middle were four figures, enclosed in circles, whose circumscription was:

1. A vacuum exists nowhere.
2. The yoke of the law.
3. The liberty of the Gospel.
4. The whole glory of God.

The vault:

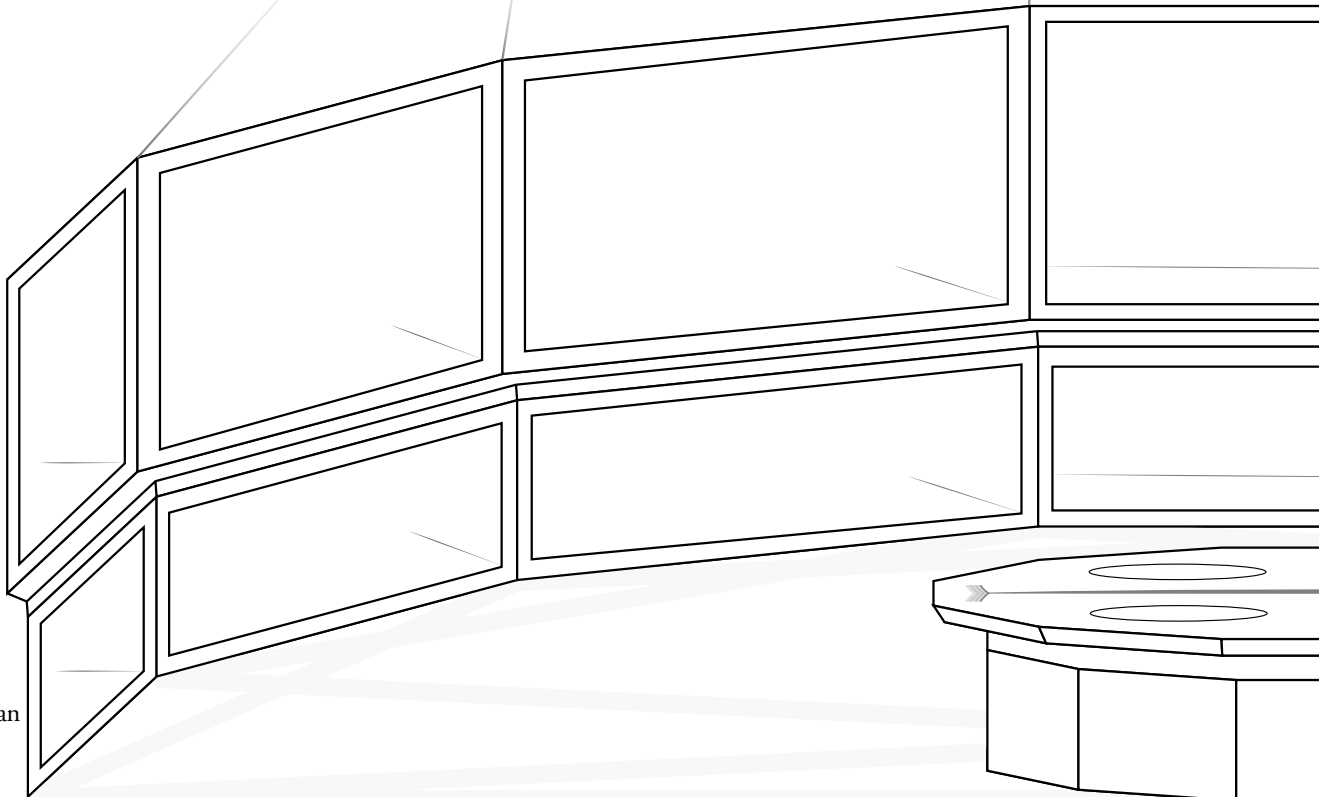
Upper part: divided according to the seven sides in the triangle, which was in the bright center.

But every side or wall is parted into ten squares, every one with their several figures and sentences.

Bottom part: parted in the triangle.

Every side of wall had a door for a chest, wherein there lay diverse things, especially our books, besides the *Vocabulary* of Theoph. Par. Ho. (Theophrastus Paracelsus von Hohenheim - Paracelsus) and his *Itinerarium* and *Vitam*.

In another chest were looking-glasses of diverse virtues, as also in other places were little bells, burning lamps, and chiefly wonderful artificial songs; generally all done to that end that if it should happen after many hundred years the Order or Fraternity should come to nothing, they might by this only vault be restored again.



# CHRISTIAN ROSENKREUZ

We therefore removed the altar aside, there we lifted up a strong piece of brass, and found a fair and worthy body, whole and unconsumed, with all the ornaments and attires.

In his hand he held a parchment book, called I. which next unto the Bible is our greatest treasure, and which ought to be delivered to the censure of the world. At the end of the book stands this following *Elogium*:

A grain buried in the breast of Jesus. C. Ros. C., sprung from the noble and renowned German family of R.C.; a man admitted into the mysteries and secrets of heaven and earth through the divine revelations, subtle cogitations and unwearied toil of his life.

In his journeys through Arabia and Africa he collected a treasure surpassing that of kings and emperors; but finding it not suitable for his

times, he kept it guarded for posterity to uncover, and appointed loyal and faithful heirs of his arts and also of his name. He constructed a microcosm corresponding in all motions to the macrocosm and finally drew up this compendium of things past, present, and to come. Then, having now passed the century of years, though oppressed by no disease, which he had neither felt in his own body nor allowed to attack others, but summoned by the Spirit of God, amid the last embraces of his brethren he rendered up his illuminated soul to God his Creator. A beloved father, an affectionate brother, a faithful teacher, a loyal friend, he was hidden here by his disciples for 120 years.

Concerning *Minutum Mundum* (Miniature world, Microcosm), we found it kept in another little altar.

