

Day and Hour, with certain Words and Ceremonies at the cutting up of the same, which I have found to be little to the Purpose. Thus I wrought about Midsummer, in a calm Morning: I cut up a Rod of Hasel, all of the same Spring's Growth, almost a Yard long; then I ty'd it to my Staff, in the middle, with a strong Thread, so that it did hang even, like the Beam of a Balance: thus I carry'd it up and down the Mountains where Lead growed, and before Noon it guided me to the Orifice of a Lead-mine, which I try'd, having one with me with an hacket of Iron and a Spade; and within two Hours we found a Vein of Lead Oar, within less than a Foot of the Grass: The Signs that it sheweth is to bow down the Root-end towards the Earth, as though it would grow there, near unto the Orifice of a Mine; when you see it does so, you must carry it round about the place, to see that it turneth in the String still to the same Place, on which Side soever you stand.

The Reason of this Attraction I conceived to be of Kin to the Load-stone, drawing Iron to it by a secret Virtue, inbred by Nature, and not by any Conjurat[i]on, as some have fondly imagin'd.

And the Reason of this my Opinion was, because that in divers of my practical Experiments I have observed an Attraction betwixt several things, like that of the Load-stone and Iron; and if it were to good Purpose, I suppose that I could shew more Experience of that Kind than any Man in *England*.