

THE LETTERS OF ST GERMAIN



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A Treasure Hunt

WELCOME

This booklet is a treasure hunt inspired by the mysterious alchemist, the Comte de St Germain. Like any good mystery, each chapter is open to interpretation, each verse a set of clues and each image, well, an extra, little hint.

"For both the hiders and the seekers, the thrill is in the discovery"
(John Lahr).

Thanks to Charlotte E Bradford for painting the Count. Thanks to Jackie Harvey at Skywalker Gems, NM, for handcrafting the *Horn of Magistrum*.

THE LETTERS OF ST GERMAIN

A TREASURE HUNT

"I walk unseen"

Use skill and ingenuity to solve the clues and find your way to the hidden item - St Germain's *Horn of Magistrum*.

The *Horn of Magistrum* can only be obtained if you find the proxy item (which is hidden somewhere in the mainland United States).

To reach the proxy, you must know the city or town of its location. Find the names of the nine places that St Germain describes cryptically in his verses and images. Take the first letters of each place and re-arrange them to form the name of the final destination (where you may find the proxy). However, there is a final clue that will help you to discover the proxy's resting place.

The Final Clue will be given to you, upon your request if you submit the nine place names correctly.

Email us directly at enigmatreasurehunts@gmail.com or go to the website - www.lettersofstgermain.com - and complete the request form. You must include the name of all nine places described by St Germain (so no guessing) in your email message. Only then will the Final Clue be released by his helpers, via email, to you! If you do not name the nine places (in any order), you will not receive the Final Clue. If you submit correctly, or incorrectly, we will inform you by an emailed response.

Teams are allowed, but only one *Horn of Magistrum* will be awarded to the proxy finder(s).



The Horn of Magistrum

When you have decided on the proxy's location, you, or a partner, may go to that place and retrieve it. A photo of the proxy, together with a description of the location, should then be sent to the email address enigmatreasurehunts@gmail.com. The first correct photo identification of the proxy and its location, received at that email address, will receive the treasured items: The *Horn of Magistrum* and the Count's garnet stone.

The majority of this hunt is armchair based. However, the final step requires someone to collect the proxy item in person. The proxy location is visible on Google Street View and is located on

public property. There should be NO CLIMBING. The proxy location is safe and can be found between 4 inches below ground level, and 4ft above ground level. It is not next to water.

All the clues needed to discover the nine locations are included in this Ebook.

The hunt authors may issue helpful hints or additional clues from time to time. These will be released on the website (www.lettersofstgermain.com) and on social media. Terms and Conditions of this hunt can also be found on the official website.

If you reach what you think is the proxy location, and it isn't there, please contact us via email with a photo of the location and explanation. It's possible that it has already been found, or someone else (not a treasure hunter) may have discovered it and took the proxy away. Either way, please let us know. If you are correct, and no-one informs us they have found the proxy item, you may still be rewarded with the *Horn of Magistrum*. Once you have notified us, we will invite anyone else to come forward with the proxy. This will be done via the website and social media. If they have not reported the proxy find to us within 24 hours of the post appearing on our website, you will be deemed the worthy one!

You do not need to be located in the United States to solve the clues to find the proxy item, but you (or a partner) do need to retrieve it by going "boots on the ground".

We want the hunt to be solved and the final day/time deadline will be 11.00am (Eastern) on 31st May 2021. As that time/date approaches, we may release more hints and clues via social media. The *Horn of Magistrum*, and the other prizes, will be mailed to the winner(s) within fourteen days of the proxy being found. To claim the prize, you need to buy the Ebook or the PDF version. Good luck!



The Comte de St Germain
Circa 1765, Paris, France

BACKGROUND

Several years ago, construction workers in Georgia discovered a forgotten attic room in an old plantation home, somewhere south of Athens. The secret space contained a Capetian trunk, dusty and unopened for many years. Inside was a set of papers, deeply faded, yet still decipherable, and reference to a strange, horn, embedded with crystals, that is of "great power and significance to servants of alchemy." A curious necklace, engraved with strange symbols, and a garnet teardrop were also discovered, wrapped in an old lace handkerchief. The papers found were a set of odd verses and pictograms, together with journal entries and letters that spanned many lifetimes. The identity of the author would remain unknown, if it were not for a small, painted portrait that accompanied them, and his initials on some of the pieces of paper. A set of brief instructions were also present, detailing the "why" but not the "where".

To protect the documents from the wrath of time, the researchers scanned the originals and created eternal, digital copies.

Researchers identified the subject of the fine enamel portrait as the mysterious Comte de St Germain: Magician, Time Traveller, Alchemist.

Rumors persist that Germain had discovered the elixir of eternal life and that he could live, perpetually unnoticed, hidden in the shadows of our world, as the centuries passed. The researchers realized that the documents were a set of clues that would ultimately lead to *The Horn of Magistrum*.

These verses and memories can now be your journey, but only if you are worthy. Follow the Count's instructions to the latter.

Travel well.

THE NEW WORLD

I arrived upon these shores in the year of our Lord, 1785. Reports of my death in Europe had been exaggerated, but rightly so. I cared no longer for that life, even though my existence would continue for many years to come. A transformation occurred, just as it has many times before, and just as it would many more times in the future. All I will say is that my craft allows me to transmute, to reinvent and to live a new life undiscovered. I am eternal!

Sadly, the new capital city to which I came was not a place of rest or retirement. It was a bustling pit of people and I was not attracted to its mud or mayhem. This was very much unlike the place I had come from which seemed so very civilized in comparison. Yet, this new city was alive, flourishing, and that proved attraction enough to keep me there for several years. Filled with people from many different countries, I immersed myself in languages and cultures that I had not experienced for many years. Just walking across the street allowed me to converse in Italian, German, Dutch and even Chinese. Of course, I had to dodge the mudpools, and dirty hogs that ran around freely.

I found myself a splendid brownstone where I entertained both men and women from all walks of life. The rich and pompous offered me entertainment as they fawned and flocked to my abode. The poor presented favors of the flesh. At other times I play the violin, to free my mind and let it dance. In doing so, I managed to stay entertained despite the foul and fetid world outside my door. I even managed to find a Portuguese tailor, one who could work with silks (red is my favorite shade) and who loved me enough to make waistcoats that were simply magical.

On Sundays I made the pretense of religious thought, while working on the darker arts at home. I practiced magic, illusion

and excelled as an expert conjurer. It is amazing what you can make the eye see if you train it to be blind to the truth. My pastimes allowed me to forget my surroundings and, after a few years I became accustomed to the misery.

When others realize that you have hidden talents, and that a special gift or recipe may lead to riches, they seek you out and demand a revelation of your secrets. Yet my secrets are not mine to share with just anyone. Only the worthy may have them. I am not at liberty to disclose them, no matter how big or burly the bully who asks. My work is of eternal importance and it has always been my role to protect it. For this reason, I have chosen to submerge it within a special place. As Voltaire most eloquently said, I am “a man who knows everything”. I understand the universe and all its complexities, and it is this knowledge that I feel most inclined to preserve, as I do my practice of alchemy.

After much thought, I decided to hide my secrets in houses and buildings – places where I lived, or which were special to me. I now offer you written and visual clues to those locations. Each place you find is where I lived a life, each new life being a reinvention of myself. I changed my name, my age, my beginnings. I hid in time, always running from my past. I walked unknown. Eternal life can be a curse as well as a gift. To this date, my concealments remain hidden behind the veils of mankind. They lie in living places, where busy eyes watch without seeing.

Are you worthy of my secrets? To even begin to understand my disguises, you must first become a master of them. Only those with inquisitive minds will find my hidden trail. Each life, and place, is what you seek. Find all and you will unmask the final hiding place of my grandest secret. The *Horn of Magistrum* is my scrying and meditation tool. It unlocks the magical world and lifts the veil of time. Embrace it, and you too can dance in the darkness

while infinity turns. Be warned, however. The *Horn of Magistrum* is a powerful tool. It is not for the faint-hearted. Treasure it and nurture your own powers with humble fortitude.

Alas, I did not marry, although I came close once, many moons ago. Love is a truly precious commodity that immortality ignores. I love to live, and yet I am doomed to out-live. Nor did I bear children and so have no-one now with whom to share my treasures. My journey, therefore, leads me to you. Are you worthy?

In this arrangement of manuscripts, you will find a set of images and verses. They will assist you to discover my secret locations – each a landmark or building where I lived or hid, and each within a town or city in the new world. Take the first letter of each name to guide you on your way. The final clue will lead you to my special spot. For that, you will need to use the wonders of technology and gain assistance from my helpers.

Do not spare the horses and leave no stone unturned... CDSG

CHAPTER ONE

Greetings Brother...

After our final meeting at the Lodge on 23rd, I left the city for cleaner air. The journey was quite remarkable, and I found it a pleasant distraction. No smog or thieves here, just countrified ladies who seem to enjoy the company of a European gentleman! It is most delightful. My new home has a bright room at the rear that has become my new Magistram. I can safely store my potions and materials within its confines and need not worry about discovery or accident. There is plenty of room for my precious books and alchemical files. Alas, the neighbors seem only interested in cattle and crops, and tales of my adventures in Paris, of course! They stand and wonder at my clothing, especially my red silk waistcoats. The men wear clothes of poor materials. It is no wonder that the ladies are drawn to me like moths to a flame! My dear, you must come and stay.

Verse #1

From the city of my arrival, I travelled far and wide,
Strangely, to a folly that many viewed with pride.

3 and 5 will make the key,
Washed through lime and stone,
The earth was slipped by beasts
And scraped right to the bone.
On opening, with packets sent,
I went straight to its heart,
Before getting to my next new home
Where I could then restart.
I bought a house, and took its name,
To find it you must try,

You may even see a Butler if you look up at the sky.
The home is from the lowlands, with feathers of a dove,
And in a place where Mary would like to live and love.

To find my house look for a 5,
Against all odds you must strive,
Drink a cock, seek out a tail,
If you wish to follow this little trail.
Find a book I helped Smith write,
And then my Nook is just in sight.

Image #1



CHAPTER TWO

Aleistar...

Do not, I repeat, DO NOT follow me here. It is truly a gray and desperate place. I spend all day trying to keep my skin warm from the elements that are, at best, fierce. It is Spring and yet the ground is still frozen. No flowers bloom or raise their heads above the soil yet. I am assured, nevertheless, that it will grow on me once the summer arrives!

I attempted the ritual you suggested last night, hence my note to you today. Whilst it may have worked to some degree, it was not a triumph. It needs further refinement I would suggest. I will, in future, stick with my own conjurings, since I only managed to achieve the Tenth Degree...

How is your new temple progressing? Each morning, when I awake, I throw open the window shutters, breathe the cold air and see the sunrise. The dawn, its light and chorus, always reminds me of you. Time seems to flow more quickly in the mornings...

Are you still wearing the headdress we designed together? I have to admit, I would find it a tad uncomfortable. A little tough on my skin - I'm quite delicate. It's much too heavy for my liking. Nevertheless, it looks rather impressive on you, my dear A.

Verse #2

This one is very simple,
All you do is read,
Look out for the gobbler,
But not one that you feed.
Kismet, Victory, VV is here,
Close by the second,
Blue and clear.
A governor once lived there too,
First in place, before me or you.
Dream like a mother,
Then parlez-vous the name,
Find it on the edge,
You'll be glad you came!

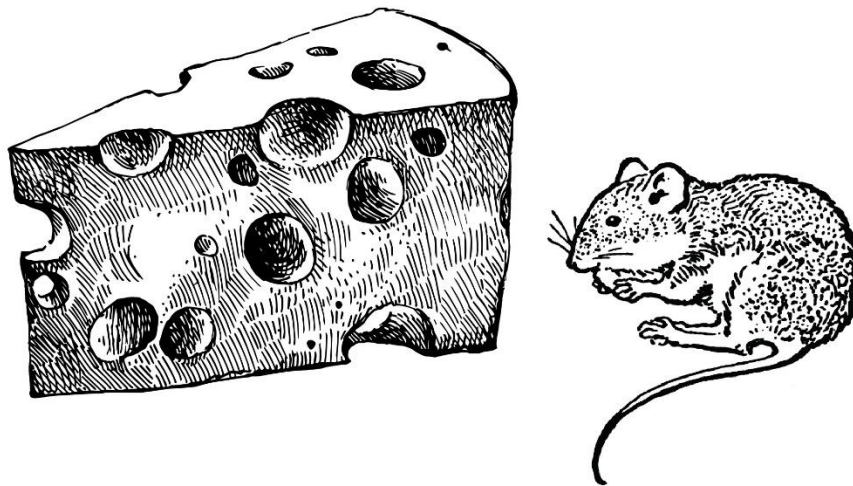
Image #2

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CHAPTER THREE

1st January Another new year!

I travelled to a rather pitiful gathering last night - it was so dull I almost fell asleep. The people here are simple, and their homes lack the grandeur to which I am accustomed. And no fireworks? Dreadful. In fact, I am already planning my next move.

I do not ask for much in a home...warmth, when the weather is cold, and cold when it is hot. The walls should offer privacy from prying eyes (here there are many, especially from those visiting the gaol across the street). I watch them as they stand in line to meet with felons and murderers - although I think this place might encourage anyone to follow a life of crime!

For clothing stores of any fashionable repute, I must travel many miles to the south. Even then, the styles are not to my liking. Trousers are ill-cut, and the tailors lack finesse. One day, when God permits, I pray I may travel home to my beloved Europe. I long to sit in the squares of Rome or stroll down the grand boulevards of Paris. Only there do I feel free. Here, I am a prisoner to time and myself. There are times when I like it, but mostly I loathe it. The snow is particularly intolerable and has ruined my best pair of leather boots...

Verse #3

A canoe nearby - although it travels not,
By '85 George bought and owned his lot.

He had a rank, on water fared,
With his MC, but not one squared.

The town he chose for this place,
Was named after a human face.

JJ's twins. East and West.

Tramp as, close. Marriage blessed.
Stained glass, Anne royal, find six fires.

Look up high and see my spire.

Image #3



CHAPTER FOUR

Dearest Cardini

How is your run at the Palladium going? I do hope it's successful. I miss the fog and those dreadful crumpets you insisted on serving at tea. How can anyone like them, even with lashings of butter...?

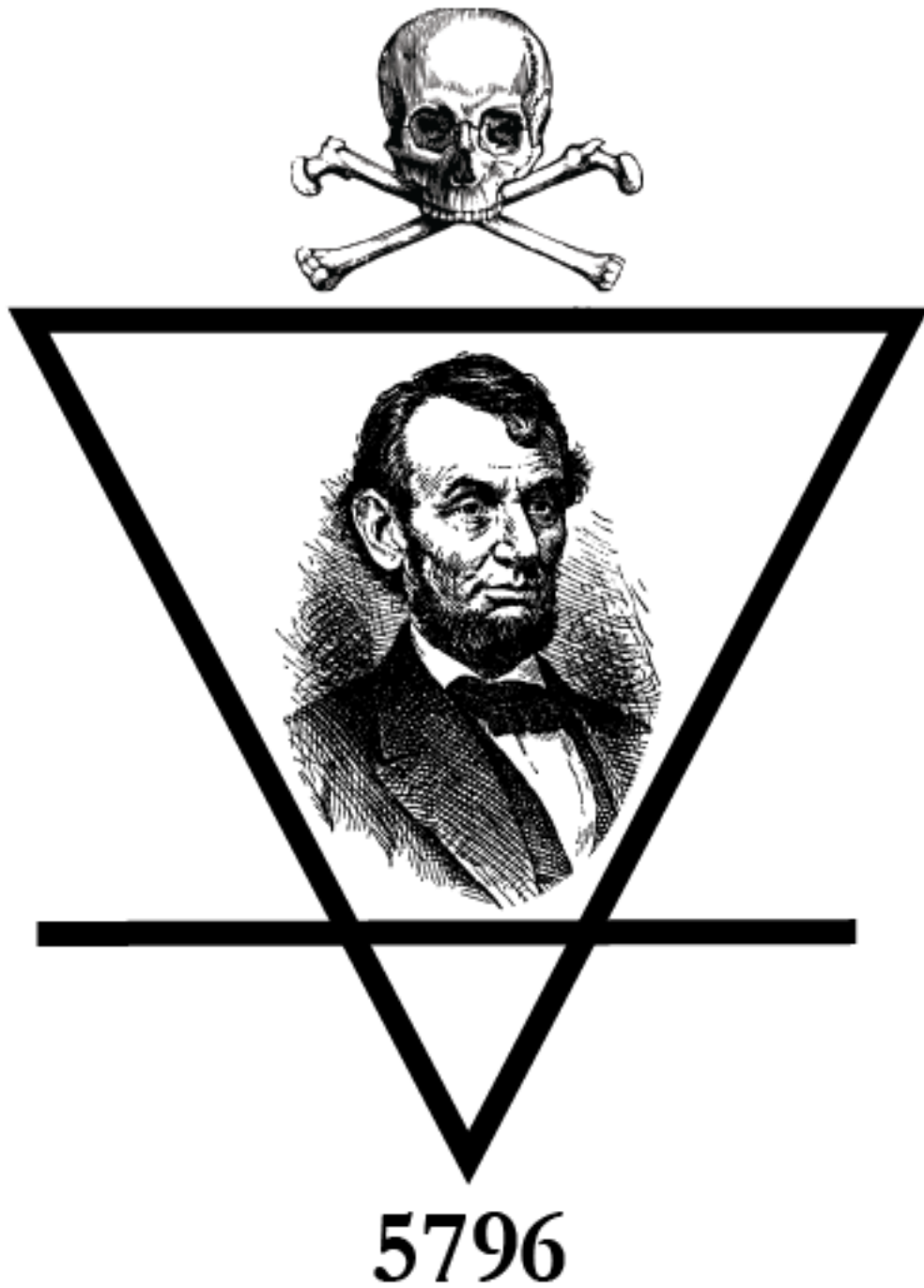
I thought I would write and inform you I have moved home, once again. It was necessary. The meddlers were about to accuse me of witchcraft, or something as equally false and ridiculous.

Heathens! The locals are limited in their vision and intellectual acumen, I'm afraid. This latest gem of a home is quite unusual, even by my standards, and the location is a little remote. In fact, it's tucked away nicely. Shall I pencil you in for a visit? Be prepared for a bit of a trek, my dear. It's not the easiest place to travel to.

Verse #4

I rented it from Thomas, where broncos are galore.
The land is periodic, and far from a seashore.
I drove there on a wagon, via a spirited place,
Sought succor from a local, past men of metal's base.
You will, however, see a lake,
A ridge and mountain high,
29 by 19, a lawman is close by.
You can always find me where sleeping giants hide,
It's just a little graveyard, RIP outside!

Image #4



CHAPTER FIVE

Dear Arthur

I have to say, I was a little disturbed by your last letter. What is this leather apron that you speak of? Stained with blood? What have you been up, dear boy? And who, exactly, is Watson?

How is your wife? Is she still visiting those people who speak with the dead? I find that quite troubling, if I'm being honest. The thought of death, and its finality, fills me with the sheerest dread! I hope never to experience it, or talk to your wife in that manner!

Life here in the promised land, is wonderful. My new abode reminds me of Italy. In fact, I fill it with arias from my new gramophone each day. The birds love Madame Butterfly. My personal favorite is that opera by Smareglia. Such beauty in sound. I stand each day and feel the fresh air against my milky skin. I have a wonderful view from the Magistrum. It is truly elementary!

Verse #5

A Lady and a National, met in water wide,
In the early morning, bystanders sobbed and cried.
And that is how it came to be, by landing and a beach,
LOL, next to it, a playground you will reach.
Deep, in the darkness, peering, long did I stand there,
I smelled the sweetest flowers, and then I climbed the stairs.
Nel, not No, day and night.
Fat and thin, quite a sight.
See the body, red and cream,
13 North. A climber's dream!

Image #5



CHAPTER SIX

14th February

What a wonderful Valentine's Day! I spent most of it with Claudia, sitting by the river. It was truly beautiful, if a little cold. I am in love!

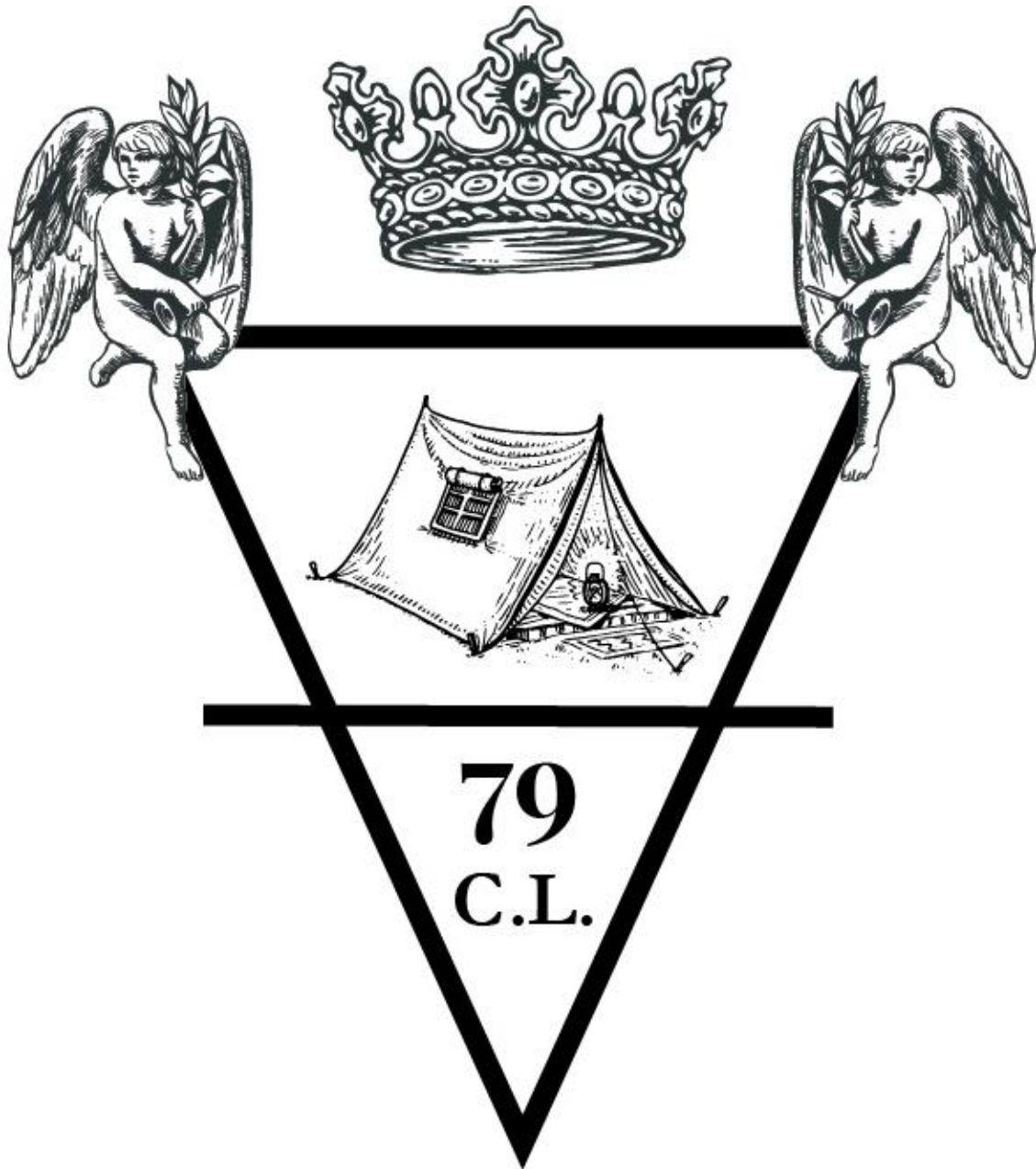
Claudia, with her infinite skill, prepared a winter picnic feast fit for a king. A banquet of quail, salmon sandwiches and French pastries which, as you know, are my favorite! We shivered a little, under the blankets. A glass or two of ruby Port warmed us.

My life has not been lucky in matters of the heart. Yes, frivolous unions have been many, but deep, lasting relationships are precious and hard to earn. The nature of my being ensures that honesty is out of the question. How can I tell my love that I will outlive her, and outlive her by many years? She will die as an old woman and yet I will stand by her bedside in my prime. A union with myself is not for the faint hearted. I just hope that Claudia has the courage...

Verse #6

Built in a country and next to water,
This dwelling is made of rock and mortar.
KW's jumper will lead your way,
Find the path or fail to play.
This is a folly to which you bring,
A quest, truly fit for a king.
By St Petersburg and a crane,
Trees close by will always remain.
They can't be chopped or used for fire,
Follow the shore, towers, not spires.

Image #6



CHAPTER SEVEN

Harry,

Your letter came as a welcome distraction. I'm so glad that the last "trick" worked well. Perception is all in the mind's eye. Gilding the lily can bear fruit, upon occasion.

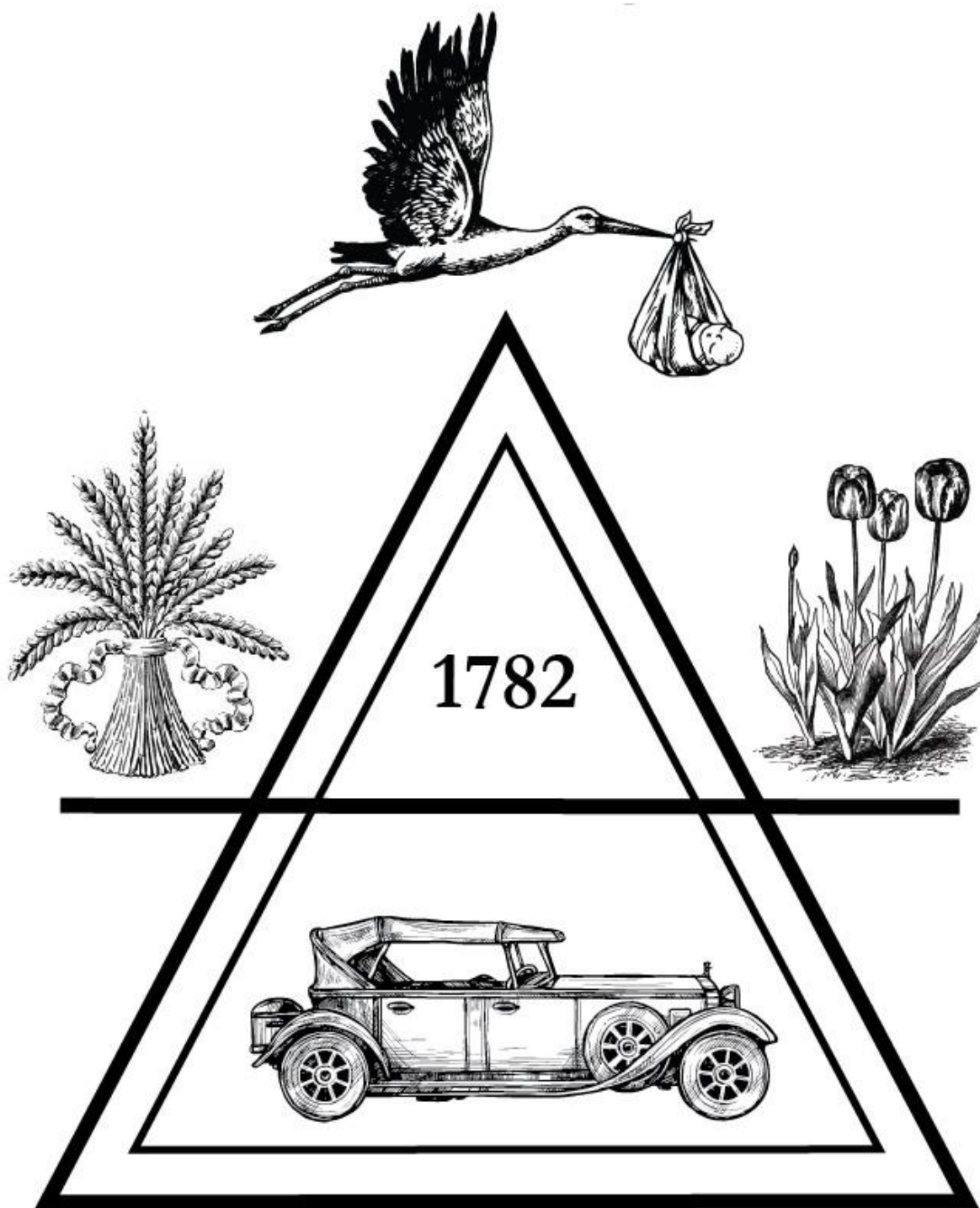
It would seem that we both like to escape. You from material bindings, and I run from time and death. I fear that your restrictions are bound tighter than my own, however. Take care with those padlocks! Try not to lose the keys! I have a friend who is adept with machinery and movement - he may be able to assist with your designs?

Till we meet again, dearest Harry.

Verse #7

The place that you are seeking is like a giant foe,
Til' Sancho comes and tells you that it simply isn't so.
Hear, each day, the moans and groans,
The torture of the wood,
Husky dolls will tell you, they're so glad that it could!
Firstly by the Table, and seven at the feast,
Stone was added later. A friend to man and beast.
Second, by a neighbour who came from snow to snow,
Marhaba, said the horseman, it's similar I know.
Red and black will find me there,
You'll see my friend in sight,
He worked with another, who really was quite bright.
I met him where the palm trees are,
Away from winter weather,
But this building is much further north.
Can you be so clever?

Image #7



CHAPTER EIGHT

My Dear Cyprien

I am now settled in my new abode. The area lacks finesse and is most certainly a little rough around the edges. In this new world, full of promise and growth, I find little comfort. This is a brave, new world but I am not accustomed to bravery! An ass brays constantly all night outside (of the four-legged type - not human)! I may have to take my newly acquired gun and shoot the damn creature dead!

Ah, how I miss Paris. Sweet mother of the republic. I wish I could be with you once again, dear friend. This place is just horrible. However, it is very well located for caves, crystals and clean water. Take care, Cyprien. Treasure what you have.

Verse #8

When I travelled to this town,

I made the hotel mine,

A place for friends to visit,

and stay with me sometime.

Per favore, Turandot, please sing a song or two,

In the middle of everything, there's really lots to do.

A baker man might like to stay,

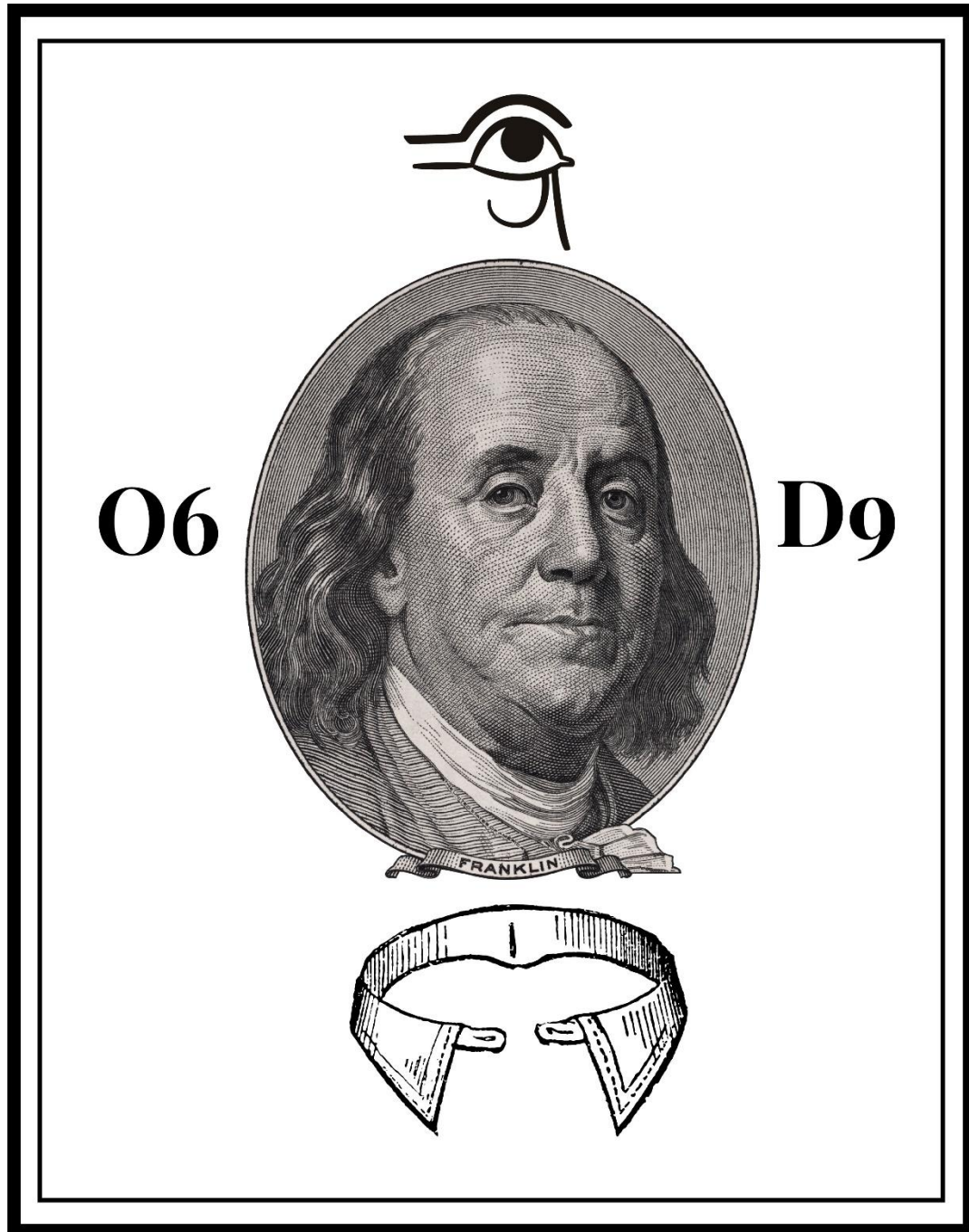
with or without a bath.

See it near a pope, and an easy path.

Face the floor, meet a lady, take some coins and dash,

Candy, Coffee, first-born J, alongside spruce, not ash.

Image #8



CHAPTER NINE

My Dearest Madame Blavatsky

I have pleasure in informing you of my latest success. I have, at last, managed to refine the transformation elixir. It is a revelation! The new process is a little more complicated than I anticipated, and it requires more dedication than I at first believed. I have learned that the method adapts to the individual. It is not just a case of turning back time, it is also a process that unifies mind and body. The elixir is as much alchemy of the mind as it is alchemy of the body. It goes well beyond the transmutation of metals! I am pleased to report that the Horn of Magistram has been a vital tool in allowing my meditations to take place. Having said that, the atmosphere here is peaceful.

I have found myself a generous new benefactor who has provided me with finances and resources galore. Of course, he wishes to enter the Magistram when he is ready. I will test the new elixir on him next week, assuming his sub-conscious is prepared. Rich and handsome, he provides me some amusement. Momentary distractions. The benefactor has provided me a small home, some horses, and other trappings of high society here. This location offers a solitude that allows secrecy to thrive. I can be myself without fear of ridicule. Life is sweet!

Alas, Madame, I do not believe you would like it here, though. Too many flies and too much lumber.

Verse #9

I gave this to my student, he went from A to Z,
Skilled with wood, a man of trade,
He made my proxy, you see.
His family was from Europe,
Something that we shared,
On the outside this is nothing,
Inside, you'll see he cared.
Think differently to find this,
Lisa has a clue,
Seek a selfless someone, with bravery and virtue.
Look within the walls, and you will find the glory,
Of a man who made good things,
This house is his own story.

Image #9

IX



NOW FIND IT

Take the first of every building name. Prepare yourself for the final game. Re-arrange, find the city, the proxy there is sitting pretty. Bound by a clue, you will be, the tenth will be revealed to see. Send a request, you know how... Only the worthy are clued up now.

Found the nine? Ask the helpers. Seek the tenth. Travel well.