

moved to Prague, and thence (1590) to Frankfort on the Main, afterwards the birthplace (1749) of his great poetical successor, GOETHE. This was a very fortunate move. That city was more free and "secular" than any other place he had ever dwelt in. It was the center of many peoples, with variety and exchange of markets, and consequent freedom in trade, in books, in ideas and even in religions. He naturally looked for the society of the Italians there, and among them were some Venetian booksellers, the brothers Ciotto. Bruno had been kindly received also by Wechel, the most prominent publisher at Frankfort, and had every prospect of a quiet, honorable and useful life there. But this good fortune, alas! was not to be. When these Venetian booksellers, Ciotto, returned home, they were vocal about the wondrous ideas of Bruno, and they showed his late publications, among others, to one of their nation's young noblemen named Mocenigo. This Mocenigo became his Judas. He was a character not yet quite obsolete, in which mental curiosity and weakness were combined with the idea that science, magic and mysticism, occultism, theosophy, alchemy and necromancy were all related. He thought that Bruno was an expert in them all, and that great wonders could be done through him. Ciotto was induced to join with Mocenigo to invite Bruno to come to Venice to instruct this patron in the new learning and enjoy his liberality. Bruno evidently thought that the coveted liberty of philosophizing and the influence of this great friend, would protect him for a time at least in Venice; nor can there be a doubt that he was most anxious to visit again the sunny land of his birth, and of his mother tongue. He left it as a refugee, he would return as an honored instructor and Philosopher!

Soon he appeared in Venice (1592), and soon he and his powerful host and pupil were in a state of "misunderstanding". The honest science and the "Art of memory" which Bruno had professed to teach, were there, but not the magic and necromancy which Mocenigo had expected; and his heart and mind were just wicked and vindictive enough to make the true science the means of revenge for his disappointment. He denounced his instructor and guest at "the Holy Office" in Venice, as a heretic, and Bruno was placed under surveillance. Nay, more—he was basely tempted to expose his views, and after being unknowingly played with as a cat would play with a mouse, he was arrested (May 23, 1592) just as he had completed his arrangements and was about to return to his friends at Frankfort. While in Venice he had been received as an honored guest in the literary and scientific circles which

were the pride of the city as one of the centres of the Renaissance. Perhaps he thought the influence of such friends, his reputation as a philosopher, his privilege as a foreigner and author, would make a frank avowal his best defense. It induced the great free city of which he was a guest to secure his immediate departure therefrom in safety. He acted accordingly. He did just what Voltaire or any sane man would have done to get out of the clutches of the far worse than wild beasts—the cunning, sly, cruel, remorseless fanatics into whose power he had fallen, and whose professions and ideas of truth and falsehood were only that both were simply instruments to effect their murderous ends. The discovery of the records of his preliminary trial or examination at Venice, from May to August, 1592, has thrown a new but lurid light on Bruno's trial and the sad remnant of his life. The frankness of the victim was fully taken advantage of under the instruction that if he "told all" and put himself on the "mercy" of the tribunal, it would go well with him. Under these circumstances he made full statements as to his past life, which would serve as a kind of autobiography. That he had made many errors, promised to obey the laws of the land and the requirements of the holy church, were the forms which were always imposed upon penitents; but we do not find in all the confessions wrung from him that he denied the facts of Science, which he had learned to be true, nor indeed that he told any untruth as to his past life. It was two months after this examination closed before the report of it was forwarded to the chief officer of the Inquisition at Rome. This delay seems to confirm the said impression that further proceedings might be avoided or mitigated by a release or some minor penalty, as was afterwards the case with Galileo. But the "holy office" at once required the transfer of the proceedings to itself at Rome, and the extradition of the prisoner. To this extradition the Venetian authorities objected, thus showing that there were friends and perhaps "reasons of state" in Bruno's favor. It was not until the pope personally interfered and required it as a "special favor" to himself that the Venetians yielded, and Bruno was removed, in February, 1593, to the prison of the Inquisition at Rome. The ways of the Inquisition are often past finding out. Why the victim was there kept in prison for six years without any record, does not appear. Perhaps it was to obtain copies of his works and to peruse them, and then try to make him recant; perhaps also by torture to make him disclose who had been his intellectual friends or pupils; perhaps to let time appease his friends, and "the deep damna-

tion of his taking off. That his works were examined is certain, for on the 14th of January, 1599, he was placed before the Inquisitors and had read or presented to him eight propositions, which had been extracted from his books. These were not, unfortunately, the requirements and generalities of Theology only, which he had hitherto had to plead to and which he could promise to comply with. The very first of them involved the scientific truth of the Copernican System, and used his expression for it and which he had made the title of his great poem: "There are Numberless Worlds." "The Universe is Eternal." He had deduced this from the laudable sense and meaning of Copernicus. And he was charged with other false and blasphemous teachings; for instance, that "Adam and Eve were not the progenitors of the whole human race." He was to be compelled to recant and deny the scientific truth he had spent his life to ascertain and teach. Rather than do this he concluded to die the most awful of deaths. Time was given him, and he replied, "that he neither ought nor wished to recant." This reply makes him the first and greatest martyr for Science and its Era, and in its results one of the great saviors of mankind. In a similar position, Galileo seems to have saved his life by a recantation, with a mental reserve—"and yet it moves." The devotion of Bruno to Truth after eight years of imprisonment and torture is almost superhuman. To the sentence of his judges, pronounced one week before his execution, he made the memorable reply, "Perhaps you pronounce this sentence with greater fear than I receive it." "Majori forsitan cum timore sententiam in me dicitis, quam ego accipiam." This answer proves that he felt that he stood there as a representative of something higher than his judges; that he was there to die as a witness, a martyr to the Truth, and in vindication of the right and duty of man to do and suffer for the highest he could conceive; and, above all, the priceless liberty to think! The highest proof of the consoling value of the new view of the world was thus given. Many of the admirers of Bruno seem not to appreciate this notable matter fully. For instance, Prof. John W. Draper, in his grand "Conflict Between Religion and Science" (p. 180), says, in a most eloquent and beautiful passage, "The philosophical opinions, for the sake of which he surrendered his life, could give him no consolation." The truth is that he was possessed of a conviction which rendered the ordinary fanaticism of religious martyrdom trivial and childish in comparison. His answer, given above, proves that he knew that the time

must come when it would be the fate of his judges, or their creed and successors, to pale before the dawn of higher truth, as he did not before the fire of torture. In a similar way George Henry Lewes, in his invaluable "Biographical History of Philosophy" (vol. 2, p. 106), says, "As men die, so they walk among posterity." The sentence which consumed his body has embalmed his name. He had said it would be so. "La morte d'un seculo fa vivo in tutti gli' altri." (The death in one age makes alive in all ages to come.) But why and how alive? Because his death would be a part of the birth-throes of the New Era, which he could not but see was plainly portended by the new Scientific View of the true Solar System and the Numberless Worlds, as set forth in his last book, "De Innumerabilibus," for which the first charge against him shows expressly that he was about to suffer. Strange to say, neither Dr. Draper nor Philosopher Lewes seem to have seen "the consolation" with anything like the reality in which it appeared to Bruno. It is quite possible that neither of them had ever meditated over the startling discoveries of his last book as Bruno had done, and as we may do. In a beautiful poem he had described his career as that of Icarus, in which the flight, which would lead others heavenward, must more than compensate for the fall. When soaring on the wing his Icarus sings thus:

La voce del mio cor per l'aria sento:
"Ove mi parti, Temerario? China!
Che raro e senza duol troppo ardimento."

Non temer, respondio, l'alta ruina!
Fendi sicur le nubi e muor contento
S'il ciel si illustre morte ne destina!

My heart's own voice in the light air,
I hear:
"Whither soarest thou, Rash One?
Descend!
Seldom but to grief comes ardor too aspiring."

Fear not, is my reply, thy fate aloft!
Boldly cleave the clouds, and die content—
If for death so illustrious Heaven destines thee!

Thus in words singularly prophetic he had foretold his fate and anticipated its consolation.

Well! let us hasten over that execution, too horrid for words! The procession was formed to have him executed "without the shedding of blood," that is, by fire on the "Camp of Flowers." How he was clothed in the garment of flaming devils (San Benito); no friend could greet him; the confessor by his side made his last moments terrible by promise of strangulation instead of fire if he would only recant. Finally, the cruel sermon is over, he is chained to the lofty stake, to make for thousands a "Roman holiday," for it was a great festal occasion. The smoke and flames began to rise, the cross is raised before him. He turns his face away, then that

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