tribes, and whose honour he upheld in his struggle with Jugurtha, he afterwards made red with blood merely to carry out his own personal ambition. The highest position that could be occupied in the Roman republic was that of Consul, and it was rare for any one to be elected to that office more than once; but while Cicero was an infant, sucking his thumb at Arpinum, Marius was loaded with honours at the hands of the Republic, being five times elected Consul. Had he ended his days with this, great honour would have been his; but twice again he obtained the Consulship—once by unworthy intrigue, and at last by a fearful carnage, when he made the streets of Rome run with the best of Roman blood.

But as he went down (for he died soon after this) another great name appeared above the horizon. This was Lucius Sulla, or Sylla. He carried on many wars, and made the name of Rome a terror to her neighbours. He was of patrician birth, and therefore favoured the cause of the aristocracy, and though of a depraved and profligate life, was possessed of many of those peculiar qualities which make men rulers over their fellows. While he was holding sway with a rigid hand which made old Romans tremble for the constitution—going so far as to make himself Dictator—three young men were fast growing into notice, men whose names were destined to figure largely in Roman history. These were Cnæus Pompeius (popularly known as Pompey), Marcus Tullius Cicero (who were born in the same year, or 106 years B.C.), and Caius Julius Cæsar, six years younger than the other two, but destined to strain the power ventured upon by Sulla to its highest pitch, until, indeed, the dagger of outraged lovers of the republic should lay him low as a tyrant and as one untrue to the established constitution of his country.

But we are chiefly concerned now with Cicero. Plutarch tells us that as a child he was remarkably bright, and that many people would visit the school in Rome to which his father sent him—taught by a Greek master—for the express purpose of listening to the boy Tully in the recitation of his lessons and his answers to questions. Of somewhat delicate organization, with a neck, Froude tells us, no larger than that of a woman, he and his friends felt that if he was to win distinction it must be as a scholar and politician, not as a warrior. The army, of course, had been the channel through which men usually rose to power, but Cicero marked out a different line for himself. He meant, if possible, to be great. His question was sometimes, "What will history say of me six hundred years hence?" Ambition of this sort has its good points. No man can work lawfully to advance himself without to some extent benefiting his fellow-man. Cicero studied—studied with a view, let us say, to advance himself. Those studies have been of the greatest value. To this day few authors write more elegantly than Cicero. We are fortunate in possessing a very large portion of his writings. The general wreck which happened to early literature has been somewhat kind to him. We have his treatises, speeches, and letters, and from these we are able to form a better opinion of his public, private and even inner life than of any other of the ancients. But his exertions were not altogether with a view to his own advancement. It is not too much to say that he dearly loved the Roman republic. He seems to have lived and worked for it, and, therefore, he always dreaded any one man gaining too much power. As a young man at the commencement of his career as an advocate or lawyer, he viewed with great apprehension the power of Sulla. It was fast ripening