

ruling body; when this seething mass of hungry and ill-treated mortals finds itself enduring not only political wrong, but personal injury and lifts up its voice to say, "This cannot, this must not, and it shall not continue," who will deny the divinity of that voice even though desperate things are done in the utterance of it? Such was the state the people of Rome in the days of the Servian Reformation, when the Vox Populi demanded and obtained some political representation in the Comitia Centuriata.

When a people discover that the king, the "cunning or able man," has ceased to be the ablest man, the strong, true-hearted man, but has turned tyrant and is robbing them of the liberties so dearly bought, will any assert that it is not the divine right of the people to unking that man? Thus, was it in Rome when Tarquin Superbus undid all that Servius had done, and the Vox Populi thrice shouted its indignant protest and drove him from the city gates.

But although the hated name of King is gone, and gone forever, the thing remains. Tyranny and injustice still reign; hence with ever-increasing violence the struggle goes on. Louder than the clangour of arms and above the din of party strife is heard the cry of the Plebeians, "Give us liberty or give us death." But as yet they are rigorously excluded from all administrative offices. They see the public lands, procured by their blood and toil enjoyed by the ruling body, while they are left the alternative of starvation or slavery. The executive bodies are composed of their oppressors and they remain without redress. What wonder if now their voice is expressed in the startling act of "Secession to the Sacred Hill?" During this fierce and sometimes frantic contest, the tribunate, the Aedileship, and the Comitia Tributa came into political prominence as tokens of victory won by the Vox Populi. This voice which first made itself heard in the dim and dubious days of the Kings ceased not to speak until the removal of all the disabilities, social and political, under which the people had labored; until the "populus" of Rome meant more than the nobility; until the saying of Tacitus, "*Rara temporum felicitate ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet,*" possessed at least a measure of truth; and until Romans rejoiced in such peace and freedom that the Orientals delighted to tell of the Republic in the West, where "no one usurped the crown and none glittered in purple dress; but they obeyed whomsoever from year to year they made their master; and there was among them neither envy nor discord."

"For freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeated by bleeding sire to son,  
Tho' baffled oft is ever won."