

his untiring legislation had saved the Republic. This is the burden of his song continually. And then to fail because of that very act on which he had plumed himself, and to be subjected to the lasting disgrace of exile, was enough to break his proud spirit. However, the recall soon set everything right again. His old vanity came back in a new shape. "The people have seen their mistake; after all, my policy was a good one; my consulship was brilliant; I was the saviour of my country, and the people see it now." In this he certainly made a mistake. Had Cicero been a little more resolute he would have done far better for himself. Had he been true to the people, who certainly clung to him as long as they thought he was their friend, it would have been far better for him. But he was somewhat dazzled by the Senate, and he put himself too much in its power. He thought it a grand thing to have so many aristocratic friends, but he soon learned that the most substantial friends were the people. His recall was an affair of great brilliancy. All the way from Brundisium to Rome he was congratulated and lionized. The citizens of Rome received him heartily. His status and property were restored to him, his houses were rebuilt at the public expense, and once more he became the popular idol. But Rome was in a frightful condition. We cannot, indeed, take everything that Cicero says of his enemies as true. Allowance must be made for the exaggeration of invective; but even admitting this, the men who then ruled in Rome were detestable examples of impurity and vice. In a letter to his brother, Cicero says: "I am broken-hearted, my dear brother—broken-hearted that the constitution is gone, that the courts of law are naught, and that now, at my time of life [he was then 53 years old], when I ought to be leading with authority in the Sen-

ate, I must be either busy in the Forum pleading, or occupying myself with my books at home."

But with all his ambition Cicero was not able to quell the turbulence of the times. Mere invective and the calling of hard names had little effect upon men whose lives were as bad as those who were assailed. Cicero's strong point was his oratory. In this he had no rival. He could sway the Senate and he could sway the crowd, but he had no power to fall back upon to help him to give his measures effect. He lacked the iron will to carry out what he was always courageous enough to advocate. He had suffered much in his contest with Clodius. The revenge of this young demagogue was insatiable, for even after Cicero's return he carried favour with the people so as to neutralize the eloquence of Cicero; and when at last Clodius was murdered, the people were enraged and burnt the Senate-house, as if the senators had been the cause of all their trouble. Cicero, as one of the Senatorial party, was detested by the crowd, and losing even his boldness of utterance, he never delivered the speech which he had prepared in defence of the alleged murderer of Clodius. He dared not deliver it. We have it preserved to us now—his speech in defence of Milo;—an eloquent effort, a masterly defence; but reason would have had no avail with the mob, and the speech was never made.

In this way the years wore on. Cæsar was achieving wonders in conquering Gaul and Britain. Pompey was doing equally well in the East. Rome was disorganized, and sooner or later some iron hand must grasp the reins there and make things bend before it. That hand was already stretched out towards the city. The warrior had to do what the statesman, however brilliant as an orator, had failed to do. The veteran legions of