

THE ERUPTION OF AETNA.

(July, 1923 e.v.).

“ Have not I spoken, even I, Benito
The big, the brave, the mighty Mussolini,
The ultra-modern Cæsar, with my `Veni
Vidi, Vici`?—let all the world agree, too!
Does a mere mountain think that it is free to
Stir up sedition? Shall such teeny-weeny
Volcanoes venture to display their spleeny
And socialist cant?—Subside, mosquito!”

Inscrutable, the subterranean awe
Of Aetna belched in lava its dread Law :—
The gods would quell the Titans ;—bury, under
Earth, Earthquake! In their panic, tyrants heap
Load upon load on Liberty asleep :
She wakes. She stirs. Her tombstone? Tossed in thunder!