



Mussolini - The 'Little' Caesar

"Oh mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure?"

The man who would be Caesar is gone. Where? At the moment this is not certain. What is sure, though, is that - unless some misguided patriot has already exacted private vengeance - there is no country in the whole wide world that will be able to shelter him for long, or that would dare to afford safety to him in defiance of the justice of the United Nations.

"There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar."

Perhaps he will bethink himself of the uniform of his black-guard, blackshirt Fascisti and of the dagger he loved to carry so conspicuously. Will he echo the words of Brutus, we wonder, and attempt to dramatise a miserable craven suicide with, "I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death."?

Whatever his fate, sanctuary, prison, or grave, he is gone.

"We are blest that Rome is rid of him."

F/L. 1.C.