

This morning, my husband and I took our breakfast on deck at the forbearance of our captain, discussing the storms we have left behind. We are a fortnight past our harbor. Just as we left Italy's tempestuous shores, her green countryside lush with the lives of an ancient people, witness to the rise and fall of many an empire, wise leaders and foolish leaders and every sort in between, I had prayed that my Nino would see the lands of his birth again. The Brownings sent news of the changing fortunes of that Pope who necessitated our departure having been dealt a great blow to his power at Castelfidardo, but until we reach New York, there will be no more news. Perhaps there will be one last chapter to this history. My tenure as the Tribune's war correspondent

*That you make much ado about a life
Lived simply, simply as you like it now?
KING: In stead of minstrels or ministers I have
Obeyed the counsel of ravens and rooks
In measured calm. And if the stirring wind
Howls Civil War raging on some far shore
I head them off, for why should the fate of
Some doomed king and his executioner -
Who met an end with treason thus proclaimed
Like Mary, Jane, and scores of Thomases,
That common fate of those uncommon folk
Bestir me moreso than the tempest gale?
For of the twelve months and a day there yet
Remains another turn until my heart
Will gaily double-speak no more of fair
Verona, she knows naught of patient love!
I have held faithful to our parting oath
In hopes that love will see its labours soon*

*The Knight did cry. Quoth I: "My friend,"
Your heart will know no better end
To trust a simple Pilgrim's speech
And he, your good will now beseech
O sire and scion of great kings
To hear his humble ponderings
On the language of love and jest
Gathered from those who know it best.
Throughout Britannia, good wives
From Canterbury to St. Ives
Have shared with me their merry tales
Of courtly woes and love's travails.
To win your Duchess, do beware
That dames of virtue take the air
Of distant faeries, sweet and blest,
Their hearts are of the lioness.
Expect thou not surrender sweet
As Edward at Calais meet.
Prepare for Wakefield, for a queen
Who will see armies on the green*

me that he had, once again, skipped out on his tutors to go on a cruise with his harlot of the month, even though he was the one who begged and begged for lyre lessons in the first place. I don't know what to do with my ungrateful son. Why can't he be more like that Flavian boy? He read his Cato, gifted his father Jerusalem, and listened to his mother because she obviously knows what's best. Meanwhile, my Praetorian Guard informants have been bringing reports day and night, forcing me to run around putting out fires when all I want is my bottle of Falernian and the freedom to laze around my villa and for my enemies to be more considerate and drop dead without more effort from me. If only his father (adopted and otherwise) could see him now! Things were so much sweeter with the previous Emperor - he even had a colony named for me! My son will be the the death of me, by Juno!

*of particular note is that the audience grants the comedian more liberty to craft original stories than they do tragedians. In analyzing some of the most recent popular works, it is evident that playwrights draw from the same well as their counterparts, taking fables, mythology, current events, and more. While my mentor dismissed the value of artists to a just society, past years' great comedians have rebuked injustice with commentary on ethics through wit, just as tragedies offer catharsis of emotions. However, the recent victory of the *Dyskolos* proves an appetite for quotidian humour. Perhaps a golden mean may be reached between these two modes eventually. To discuss the elements of classical comedies, I will dissect *The Frogs* of Aristophanes, as this play references works previously discussed in*

Improper regard for the correct scales and solemnities breeds disregard for the customs of law and society. Such carelessness may be seen in his instruments. The difference between the music of a moral musician - balanced, pleasing, in obedience of the natural order and human virtues - and the din by one who lets his hair grow unruly and dresses in rags is as the difference between a well-tended hearth and a bonfire into which all wisdom is cast and buried alive. It is but mere noise produced to promote unfit kings over sovereigns granted their reign through Heaven's mandate. Like a writer - a malicious rumourmonger whose ink incite neighbouring states to war, the rogue musician is a danger to the state when he refuses to obey his kings and dukes and betters