

## ad M. Caesarem et invicem 1.2

[pp. 1-2 VdH]

## M. Caesar M. Frontoni magistro meo

<sup>1</sup> Quid ego ista mea fortuna satis dixerim vel quomodo istam necessitatem meam durissimam condigne incusavero, quae me istic ita animo anxio tantaque sollicitudine praepedito alligatum attinet neque me sinit ad meum Frontonem, ad meam pulcherrimam animam confestim percurrere, praesertim in huius modi ejus valetudine propius videre, manus tenere, ipsum denique illum pedem, quantum sine incommodo fieri possit, adtrectare sensim, in balneo fovere, ingredienti manum subicere? Et tu me amicum vocas, qui non abruptis omnibus cursu concitato pervolo? Ego vero magis sum claudus cum ista mea verecundia, immo pigritia. O me, quid dicam? Metuo quicquam dicere, quod tu audire nolis; nam tu quidem me omni modo conisus es jocularibus istis tuis ac lepidissimis verbis a cura amovere atque te omnia ista aequo animo perpeti posse ostendere. At ego, ubi animus meus sit, nescio; nisi hodie scio, illuc nescio quo ad te profectum eum esse. Cura, miserere, omni temperantia, abstinentia omnem istam tibi pro tua virtute tolerandam, mihi vero asperrimam nequissimamque valetudinem depellere et ad aquas proficisci. Si et quando et nunc ut commode agas, cito, oro, perscribe mihi et mentem meam in pectus meum repone. Ego interim vel tales tuas litteras mecum gestabo.

<sup>2</sup> Vale, mihi Fronto jucundissime, quamquam ita me dispositus dicere oportet (nam tu quidem postulas talia): O qui ubique estis di boni, valeat, oro, meus Fronto jucundissimus atque carissimus mihi, valeat semper integro, inlibato, incolumi corpore, valeat et mecum esse possit. Homo suavissime, vale.

## ad M. Caesarem et invicem 1.3

[pp. 2-5 VdH]

## Caesari suo Fronto

<sup>1</sup> Tu, Caesar, Frontonem istum tuum sine fine amas, vix ut tibi homini facundissimum verba sufficiant ad expromendum amorem tuum et benevolentiam declarandam. Quid, oro te, fortunatius, quid me uno beatius esse potest, ad quem tu tam fragrantem litteras mittis? Quin etiam, quod est amatorum proprium, currere a me vis et volare.

<sup>2</sup> Solet mea domina parens tua interdum loci dicere se mihi, quod a te tanto opere diligar invidere. Quid si istas litteras tuas legerit, quibus tu deos etiam pro salute mea votis advocas et precaris? Procedo <jam>, babae, neque doleo jam quicquam neque aegre fero: Vigeo, valeo, exulto; quovis veniam, quovis curram. Crede istud mihi tanta me laetitia perfusum, ut rescribere tibi ilico non potuerim; sed eas quidem litteras, quas ad priorem epistulam tuam jam rescripseram, dimisi ad te; sequentem autem tabellarium retinui, quo ex gaudio respiscerem.

[vol. 1, pp. 81-83 Haines]

MARCUS CAESAR Imperator to my master Fronto.

1. What shall I say, that is adequate, as to my ill-fortune, or how inveigh as it deserves against this most hard necessity which keeps me a prisoner here with a heart so anxious and fettered with such great apprehension and dies not let me run at once to my Fronto, to my most beautiful of souls, above all to be with him at a time when he is unwell, to clasp his hands and in fine, as far as may be without pain, to massage the poor foot itself, foment it in the bath, and support him as he steps in? And do you call me a friend, who do not throw aside all hindrances and fly in hot haste to you? I, indeed, am more lame than you with that diffidence or rather, laziness of mine. Oh, as to myself – what shall I say? I am afraid of saying something you would not like to hear, for you indeed have always striven in every way, with you humorous sallies and your wittiest of words, to divert my mind, and to shew me that you can put up with all your ills with unruffled fortitude. But where my fortitude has gone to I know not, if it be not yonder in some mysterious way to you. For mercy's sake endeavour with all self-denial and all abstinence to shake off this attack which you, indeed, can endure with your usual courage, but to me it is the worst and sorest of trials.

2. Write and tell me quickly, I beseech you, to what waters you are going and when, and how well you now are, and set my mind going in my breast again. Meanwhile I will carry about your letter in spite of its sad tenor. Farewell, my most delightful Fronto: and yet I ought to put it more correctly thus – for to fare well is, of course always your wish–: O ye kind Gods, that are everywhere, grant, I beseech you, health to my Fronto, dearest to me and most delightful: let him ever be well and able to be with me. Most charming of men, farewell.

[vol. 1, pp. 83-91 Haines]

FRONTO to his own Caesar.

1. So without end, Caesar, is your love for this Fronto of yours, that for all your eloquence words are scarcely forthcoming fully to express your love and set forth your goodwill. What, I ask you, can be more fortunate, what more happy than I alone am, to whom you send such glowing letters? Nay, more, and this is peculiar to lovers, you wish to run, aye to fly, to me.

2. My Lady, your mother, is wont at times to say in fun that she envies me for being loved so much by you. What if she read this letter of yours, in which you even beseech the Gods and invoke them with vows for my health? O, happy that I am! commended by your lips to the Gods! Can any pain, think you, find its way into body and mind of mine to count against delight so great? . . . hurrah! No longer do I feel any pain, nor any distress: I am whole, I am well, I leap for joy; whither you wish, I will come; whither you wish, I will run. Believe me when I say that I was so steeped in delight as not to be able to answer your letter at once; but the letter is indeed, which I had already written in answer to your previous one, I have sent off to you. However, I have kept back the second messenger that I might recover from my joy. And lo, the night has passed, a second day is already here, which is

<sup>3</sup> Ecce nox praeteriit, dies hic est alter, qui jam prope exactus est, necdum quid aut quemadmodum rescribam tibi, reperio. Quid enim ego possim jucundius, quid blandius, quid amantius, quam tu scripsisti, mihi proponere? Unde gaudeam, quod ingratum me et referundae gratiae imparem facias; quoniam, ut res est, ita me diligis, ut ego te magis amare vix possim. <sup>4</sup> Igitur ut argumentum aliquod prolixiori epistulae reperiam, quod, oro te, ob meritum sic me amas? Quid iste Fronto tantum boni fecit, ut eum tanto opere tu diligas? Caput suum pro te aut parentibus tuis devovit? Succidaneum se pro vestris periculis subdidit? Provinciam aliquam fideliter administravit? Exercitum duxit? Nihil eorum. Ne cotidianis quidem istis officiis circa te praeter ceteros fungitur, et immo sectator vel is satis infrequens. Nam neque domum vestram diluculo ventitat neque cotidie salutatur neque ubique comitatur nec semper <ex>spectat. Vide igitur, ut, si quis interroget, cur Frontonem ames, habeas in promptu, quod facile respondeas. <sup>5</sup> At ego nihil quidem malo quam amoris erga me tui nullam extare rationem. Nec omnino mihi amor videtur, qui ratione oritur et justis certisque de causis copulatur. Amorem ego intellego fortuitum et liberum et nullis causis servientem, inpetu potius quam ratione conceptum, qui non officiis, ut lignis apparatus, sed sponte ortis vaporibus caleat. Bajarum ego calidos specus malo quam istas fornaculas balnearum, in quibus ignis cum sumptu atque fumo accenditur brevique restinguitur. At ingenui vapores puri perpetuique sunt, grati pariter et gratuiti. Ad eundem prorsus modum amicitiae istae officiis calentes fumum interdum et lacrimas habent et, ubi primum cessaveris, extinguuntur; amor autem fortuitus et jugis est et jucundus. <sup>6</sup> Quid quod neque adolescit proinde neque corroboratur amicitia meritis parta ut ille amor subitus ac repentinus? Ut non aequae adolescent in pomariis hortulisque arbusculae manu cultae rigitaeque ut illa in montibus aesculus et abies et alnus et cedrus et piceae, quae sponte natae, sine ratione et sine ordine sitae nullis cultorum laboribus neque officiis, sed ventis atque imbribus educantur. <sup>7</sup> Tuus igitur iste amor incultus et sine ratione exortus, spero, cum cedris porro adolescit et aesculis; qui si officiorum ratione coleretur, non ultra myrtos laurusque procrederet quibus satis odoris, parum roboris. Et omnino quantum fortuna rationi, tantum amor fortuitus officioso amori antistat. <sup>8</sup> Quis autem ignorat rationem humani consilii vocabulum esse, Fortunam autem deam dearumque praecipuam, templa, fana, delubra passim Fortunae dicata, at Rationi nec simulacrum nec aram usquam consecratam? Non fallor igitur, quin malim amorem erga me tuum fortuna potius quam ratione genitum. <sup>9</sup> Neque vero umquam ratio fortunam aequiperat neque majestate neque usu neque dignitate. Nam neque aggeres manu ac ratione constructos montibus comparabis neque aquae ductus amnis neque receptacula fontibus. Tum ratio consiliorum prudentia appellatur, vatum impetus divinatio nuncupatur. Nec quisquam prudentissimae feminae consiliis potius accederet quam vaticinationibus Sibyllae. Quae omnia quorsum tendunt? Ut ego recte malim impetu et forte potius quam ratione ac merito meo diligi. <sup>10</sup> Quamobrem, etiamsi qua justa

already almost spent, and still what and how to write back to you I find not. For what professions of mine could be more sweetly, what more winningly, what more lovingly expressed than yours for me? And so I rejoice that you make me ungrateful and put a due requital beyond my powers, since, as the matter stands, your affection for me is so great that I can scarcely exceed your love.

3. Therefore, to provide some matter for a longer letters, let me ask you for what desert of mine you love me so. What benefit has your Fronto bestowed upon you so great that you should shew him such affection? Has he given up his life for you and your parents? Has he braved perils vicariously in your stead? Has he been the faithful governor of some province? Has he commanded an army? Nothing of the kind. Not even those everyday duties about your person does he discharge more than others; nay, he is, if you wish the truth, remiss enough. For neither does he haunt your house at daybreak, nor pay his respects to you daily, nor attend you everywhere, nor keep you always in sight. See to it then that, if anyone ask you why you love Fronto, you have an easy answer ready.

4. And yet there is nothing I like better than that there is no reason for your love of me. For that seems to me no love at all which springs from reason and depends on actual and definite causes: by love I understand such as is fortuitous and free and subject to no cause, conceived by impulse rather than by reason, that needs no services, as a fire logs, for its kindling, but glows with self-engendered heat. To me the steaming grottoes of Baiae are better than your bath-furnaces, in which the fire is kindled with coast and smoke, and anon goes out. But the natural heat of the former is at once pure and perpetual, as grateful as it is gratuitous. Just in the same way your rational friendship, kept alight with services, not unfrequently means smoke and watery eyes: relax your efforts for an instant and out they go: but love fortuitous is eternal and enchanting.

5. Again, friendship that is won by desert has no such growth or firm texture as the love that is sudden and at first sight. So in orchards and gardens the growth of shrubs, reared and watered by hand, is not like that of the oak and the fir and the alder and the cedar and the pine on their native hills which, springing up self-sown and set without plan and without order, owe nothing to the toil or services of a planter, but are fostered by the wind and the rain.

6. That love of yours, therefore, unplanted and sprung up without reason, will, I trust, grow steadily on with the cedars and the oaks; whereas if it were cherished by reason of services done, it would not outgrow the myrtles and the bays, which have scent enough but too little strength. In a word, love spontaneous is as superior to love earned by service as fortune is to reason.

7. But who is there knows not that reason is a term for human judgment, while Fortuna is a Goddess and the chief of Goddesses? that temples, fanes, and shrines have been dedicated to Fortuna all the world over, while to Reason has been consecrated neither image nor altar anywhere? I cannot be wrong then in preferring that your love for me should be born rather of fortune than of reason.

8. Indeed reason can never compare with fortune either in grandeur or utility or worth. For neither can you match your pyramids, raised by hand and reason, against the hills, nor your aqueducts against the rivers, nor your cisterns against the fountains. Again, reason that guides our actions is called wisdom, the intuition of the seer is named divination. Nor is there anyone who would rather put faith in the wisest of women than in the oracles of the Sibyl. What is the drift of all this? To shew

ratio est amoris erga me tui, quaeso, Caesar, sedulo demus operam, ut ignoretur et lateat. Sine homines ambigant, disserant, disputent, coniectent, requirant, ut Nili caput, ita nostri amoris originem.

<sup>11</sup> Sed jam hora decimam tangit et tabellarius tuus mussat. Finis igitur sit epistulae. Valeo revera multo, quam opinabar, commodius. De aquis nihil dū cogito. Te dominum meum, decus morum, solacium m<a>i, quam multum amo! Dices: “Num amplius quam ego te?” Non sum tam ingratus ut hōd au<deam> dicere.

<sup>12</sup> Vale, Caesar, cum tuis parentibus et ingenium tuum excole.

## ad M. Caesarem et invicem 2.2

[pp. 17-21 VdH]

### Caesari Aurelio domino meo consul tuus Fronto sal(utem)

<sup>1</sup> Quae sint aures hominum hōd tempore, quanta in spectandis orationibus elegantia, ex Aufidio nostro scire poteris: Quantos in oratione mea clamores concitarit, qu<a>ntoque concentu laudantium sit exceptum “omnis tunc imago patriciis pingebatur insignibus”. At ubi genus nobile cum ignobili comparans dixi: “Ut si quis ignem e rogo et ara accensum similem putet, quoniam aequae luceat”, ad hōd pauculi admurmurati sunt. <sup>2</sup> Quorsum hōd rettuli? Uti te, domine, ita conpares, ubi quid in coetu hominum recitabis, ut scias auribus serviendum; plane non ubique nec omni modo, attamen nonnumquam et aliquando. Quod ubi facies, simile facere te reputato, atque illud facitis, ubi eos, qui bestias stenuē interfecerint, populo postulante ornatis aut manumittitis, nocentes etiam homines aut scelere damnatos, sed populo postulante conceditis. Ubique igitur populus dominatur, praeva<let> et praepollet. Igitur ut populo gratum erit, ita facies atque ita dices.

<sup>3</sup> Fid summa illa virtus oratoris atque ardua est, ut non magno detrimento rectae eloquentiae auditores oblectet; eaque delenimenta, quae mulcendis vulgi auribus comparat, ne cum multo ac magno dedecore fucata sint: Potius, ut in compositionis structuraeque mollitia sit delictum quam in sententia inpudentia; vestem quoque lanarum mollitia delicatam esse quam colore muliebri, filo tenui aut serico; purpuram ipsam, non luteam nec crocatam. Vobis praeterea, quibus purpura et cocco uti necessarium est, eodem cultu nonnumquam oratio quoque est amicienda. Facies istud, et temperaberis modo <te>mpramentoque optimo. Sic enim auguror: Quicquid egregie umquam in eloquentia factum sit, te id perfecturum: Tanto ingenio es praeditus tantoque te studio exerces et labore, quom in aliis vel sine ingenio studium vel sine studio solum ingenium egregiam gloriam pepererit. Certum habeo te, domine, aliquantum temporis etiam prosae orationi scribendae impertire. Nam etsi aequae pernicitas eorum exercetur, sive quadripedo currant atque exercentur sive tolutim, attamen ea, quae magis necessaria, frequentius sunt experiunda. <sup>4</sup> Jam enim non ita tecum ago, ut te duos et viginti annos natum cogitem, qua aetate ego vixdum quicquam veterum lectione attigeram. Deorum et

that I do right in preferring to be loved by intuition and chance rather than by reason and by desert. Wherefore, even if there is any adequate reason for your love for me, I beseech you, Caesar, let us take diligent pains to conceal and ignore it. Let men doubt, discuss, guess, puzzle over the origin of our love as over the fountains of the Nile.

9. It is now close on four o'clock and your messenger is muttering. So my letter must end. I am really much better than I expected; I have given up all ideas of waters. Dearly do I love you, my Lord, the glory of our age, my chiefest solace. You will say, *Not surely more than I love you?* I am not so ungrateful as to dare say that. Farewell, Caesar, and your parents too, and cultivate your abilities to the full.

[vol. 1, pp. 119-125 Haines]

To my Lord Aurelius Caesar your consul Fronto.

1. What nice ears men have nowadays! What taste in judging of speeches! You can learn from our Aufidius what shouts of applause were evoked in my speech, and with what a chorus of approval were greeted the words *in those days every bust was decorated with patrician insignia*; but when, comparing a noble with a plebeian race, I said, *As if one were to think the flame kindled on a pyre and on an altar to be the same because both alike give light*, at this a few murmurs were heard.

2. Why have I told you this? That you, my Lord, may be prepared, when you speak before an assembly of men, to study their taste, not, of course, everywhere and by every means, yet occasionally and to some extent. And when you do so, remind yourself that you are but doing the same as you do when, at the people's request, you honour or enfranchise those who have slain beasts manfully in the arena; criminals even they may be or felons, yet you release them at the people's request. Everywhere, then, the people prevail and get their way. Therefore must you so act and so speak as shall please the people.

3. Herein lies that supreme excellence of an orator, and one not easily attainable, that he should please his hearers without any great sacrifice of right eloquence, and should let his blandishments, meant to tickle the ears of the people, be coloured indeed, but not along with any great or wholesale sacrifice of dignity; rather that in its composition and fabric there should be a lapse into a certain softness but no wantonness of thought. So too in a garment, I should prefer it to be of the softness that belongs to wool rather than an effeminate colour; it should be of finely woven or silken thread, and itself purple not flame-red or saffron. You and your father, moreover, who are bound to wear purple and crimson, must on occasion clothe your words too in the same dress. You will do this and be restrained and moderate with the best moderation and restraint. For this is what I prophesy, that what has ever been done in eloquence will be done to the full by you, so great is your natural capacity, and with such zeal and application do you devote yourself to learning; although, in others, either application without capacity, or capacity alone without application, has won outstanding glory. I feel sure, my Lord, that you spend no little time in writing prose also. For though swiftness of steeds

tua virtute profectum tantum in eloquentia adsecutus es, quantus senioribus ad gloriam sufficiat, et, quod est difficillimum, in omni genere dicendi. Nam epistulae tuae, quas adsidue scripsisti, mihi satis ostendunt, quid etiam in istis remissioribus et Tullianis facere possis.

<sup>5</sup> Pro Polemone rhetore, quem mihi tu in epistula tua proxime exhibuisti Tullianum, ego in oratione, quam in senatu recitavi, philosophum reddidi, nisi me opinio fallit, peratticum. Ain, quid iudicas, Marce? Quemadmodum tibi videtur fabula Polemonis a me descripta? Plane multum mihi facetiarum contulit istic Horatius Flaccus, memorabilis poeta mihique propter Maecenatem ac Maecenatianos hortos meos non alienus. Is namque Horatius Sermonum libr(o) s(ecundo) fabulam istam Polemonis inseruit, si recte memini, hiscel versibus:

“Mutatus Polemon ponas insignia morbi,  
fasciolas, cubital, focalia, potus ut ille  
dicitur ex collo furtim carpsisse coronas,  
postquam est inpransi correptus voce magistri.”

<sup>6</sup> Versus, quos mihi miseras, remisi tibi per Victorinum nostrum atque ita remisi: Chartam diligenter lino transui et ita lino obsignavi, ne musculus iste aliquid aliqua rimari possit. Nam mihi ipse de tuis hexametris numquam quicquam impertivit, ita est malus ac malitiosus. Sed ait te de industria cito et cursim hexametros tuos recitare: Eo se memoriae mandare non posse. Remuneratus est igitur a me mutuo; paria paribus habet, ne ullum hinc versum audiret. Memini etiam te frequenter, ne cuiquam versus tuos ostenderem, admonuisse.

<sup>7</sup> Quid est, domine? Certo hilaris es, certe bene valet, omnium rerum certe sanus es. Male dum similiter, ne umquam ita nos perturbes, ut natali tuo perturbasti; cetera minus laboro. “εἰ τί σοι κακόν, εἰς Πυρραίων κεφαλῆν”. Vale, meum gaudium, mea securitas, hilaritas, gloria. Vale et me, obsecro, omni modo ames, qua joco, qua serio.

<sup>8</sup> Epistulam matri tuae scripsi, quae mea inprudencia est, Graece, eamque epistulae ad te scriptae inplicui. Tu prior lege et, si quis inerit barbarismus, tu, qui a Graecis litteris recentior es, corrige atque ita matri redde. Nolo enim, me mater tua ut Opicum contemnat. Vale, domine, et matri savium da, cum epistulam dabis, quo libentius legat.

is equally well exercised whether they run and practise at a gallop or a trot, yet the more serviceable qualities must be the more frequently put into requisition.

4. For by now I do not treat you as if I thought you were twenty-two years old. At an age when I had scarcely touched any of the ancient authors you, by the grace of the gods and your own merit, have made such progress in eloquence as would bring fame to greybeards, and that, too – a far from easy task – in every branch of the art. For your letters, which you write so regularly, are enough to shew me what you can further do in that more familiar and Ciceronian vein.

5. Instead of Polemo the rhetorician, whom you lately presented to me in your letter as Ciceronian, I have given back to you in my speech, which I delivered in the Senate, a philosopher, if I am not mistaken, of the hoariest antiquity. Come, what say you, Marcus, how does my version of the story of Polemo strike you? Of course, Horatius Flaccus, a famous poet, and one with whom I have connexion through Maecenas and my “gardens of Maecenas”, supplied me with plenty of smart things on that subject. For this Horatius, in his second book of *Satires*, brings in the story of Polemo, if I remember rightly, in the following lines:–

*Would you the marks of mental ill forswear,  
The scarf, spats, lappet, that the rake declare?  
Be changed, like Polemo, who in drunken rage,  
Scoffed at the teaching of the sober sage;  
But cut to the heart by what he heard, 'tis said,  
Plucked off by stealth the garlands from his head.*

6. The verses which you sent me I have sent you back by our Victorinus and this is how I have sent them. I have carefully sewn the paper across with thread, and so sealed the thread that the little mouse should not poke his nose in anywhere. For he himself has never given me any information about your hexameters, so naughty is he and knavish. But he says that you purposely recite your hexameters so glibly and so fast that he cannot commit them to memory. So I have paid him back in his own coin: tit for tat – not to hear a line out of the packet. I remember, too, that you have often impressed upon me not to let anyone see your verses.

7. How is it with you, my Lord? Surely you are cheerful, surely you are well, surely sound in all respects. Other things are of little consequence, so you never give us the bad fright you gave did on your birthday. If any evil threatens you, “may it fall on the Pyrrhaeans’ heads.” Farewell, my joy, my refuge, happiness, glory. Farewell, and love me, I beseech you, every way in jest as in earnest.

I have written your mother a letter, such is my assurance, in Greek, and enclose it in my letter to you. Please read it first, and if you detect any barbarism in it, for you are fresher from your Greek than I am, correct it and so hand it over to your mother. I should not like her to look down on me as a goth. Farewell, my Lord, kiss your mother when you give her my letter, that she may read it the more gladly.

**Aurelius Caesar Frontoni suo salutem**

<sup>1</sup> Saepe te mihi dixisse scio quaerere te, quid maxime facere gratum mihi. Id tempus nunc adest: Nunc amorem erga te meum augere potes – si augeri potest. Adpropinquat cognitio, in qua homines non modo orationem tuam benigne audituri, sed indignationem maligne spectaturi videntur. Neque ullum video, qui te in hac re monere audeat. Nam, qui minus amici sunt, malunt te inspectare inconstantius agentem; qui autem magis amici sunt, metuunt, ne adversario tu amiciores esse videantur, si te ab accusatione ejus propria tua abducant. Tum autem, si quod tu in eam rem dictum elegantius meditatus es, per silentium dictionem auferre tibi non sustinent. Adeo sive tu me temerarium consultorem sive audacem puerulum sive adversario tu benivolentiorum esse existimabis, non propterea, quod rectius esse arbitror, pedetemptius tibi consulam, sed quid dixi ‘consulam’, qui id a te postulo et magno opere postulo et me, si inpetro, obligari tibi repromitto. Et dices: “Quid? Si lacessitus fuero, non eum simili dicto remunerabo?” At ex eo tibi majorem laudem quaeris, si nec lacessitus quicquam responderis. verum, si prior fecerit, respondentem tibi utcumque poterit ignosci; ut autem non inciperet, postulavi ab eo, et impetrasse me credo. Utrumque enim vestrum pro suis quemque meritis diligo et scio illud: quidem in avi mei P. Calvisii domo eruditum, me autem apud te eruditum. Propterea maximam curam in animo meo habeo, uti quam honestissime negotium istud odiosissimum transigatur. <sup>2</sup> Opto, ut consilium conprobes, nam voluntatem conprobabis. Ego certe minus sapienter magis scripsero, quam minus amice tacuero. Vale, mi Fronto carissime et amicissime.

**Domino meo Caesari Fronto.**

<sup>1</sup> Merito ego me devovi tibi, merito fructus vitae meae omnis in te ac tuo parente constitui. Quid fieri amicis, quid jucundius, quid verius potest? Aufer ista, obsecro, ‘puerulum audacem’ aut ‘temerarium consultorem’. Periculum est plane, ne tu quicquam pueriliter aut inconsulte suadeas? Mihi crede, si tu vis (si minus, egomet mihi credam), seniorum a te prudentiam exsuperari. <sup>2</sup> Denique in isto negotio tuum consilium canum et grave, meum vero puerile deprendo. Quid enim opus est aequis et iniquis spectaculum praebere? Sive sit iste Herodes vir frugi et pudicus, protelarei conviciis talem a me virum non est verum; sive nequam et improbus est, non aequa mihi cum eo certatio neque idem detrimenti capitur. Omnis enim cum polluto complexus, tametsi superes, commaculat. Sed illud verius est, probum virum esse, quem tu dignum tutela tua judicas. Quod si umquam scissem, tum me di omnes male adflixint, si ego verbo laedere ausus fuissem

AURELIUS CAESAR to his own Fronto greeting.

It is a fact that you have often said to me, *What can I do to give you the greatest pleasure?* Now is the opportunity. If my love for you admits of any increase, you can increase it now. The trial approaches in which men, it seems, will not only give a generous ear to your eloquence, but turn a grudging eye upon your angry animosity. And I see no one else who can venture to advise you in this matter. For those who are less friendly to you prefer to see you acting unlike yourself, while those who are truer friends are afraid of seeming too friendly to your opponent if they divert you from accusing him as you are entitled to do. The again, if you have conned some especially choice phrase for the occasion, they cannot bear to rob you of its due delivery by an enforced silence. And so even if you think me an ill-advised counsellor or a forward boy, or too partial to your opponent, I will not, for all that, shew any the more hesitation in pressing upon you what I think the best counsel. But why have I said *counsel*, whereas it is a favour I claim, urgently claim, from you and, if it is granted, promise to be bound to you in return? But you will say, *What! if assailed, shall I not requite in like terms?* Nay, you will win by this means greater glory for yourself if, even when assailed, you make no reply. Still, if he is the first to attack, it will be excusable in you to answer as you can; however, I have begged of him not to begin, and I think I have got my way. For I love both of you, each one for his own merits, and I do not forget that he was brought up in the house of my grandfather, P. Calvisius, and I educated under you. Wherefore I am most anxious that this very disagreeable business should be handled as honourably as possible. I trust my advice will commend itself to you, for my goodwill you must commend. At any rate, I would rather fall in judgment by writing than fail I friendship by keeping silence. Farewell, my Fronto, most beloved and most loving of Friends.

FRONTO to my Lord Caesar.

Rightly have I devoted myself to you, rightly invested in you and your father all the gains of my life. What could be more true? But I beseech you, away with your *forward boy* and *rash counsellors!* There is danger, forsooth, of anything you suggest being childishly conceived or ill-advised! Believe me, if you will – if not, I will for my part believe myself – that in good sense you leave your elders far behind. In fact, in this affair, I realise that your counsel is weighty and worthy of a greybeard, while mine is childish. For what is the good of providing a spectacle for friends and foes? If your Herodes be an honourable and moral man, it is not right that such a man should be assailed with invectives by me; if he is wicked and worthless, my fight with him is not on equal terms, nor do we stand to lose the same. For any contact with what is unclean contaminates a man, even though he come off best. But the former supposition is truer, that he, whom you count worthy of your patronage, is a virtuous man. Had I had an inkling of the fact, may all the gods plague me if I should ever have ventured to say a word against any friend of yours. As it is I should wish you for the great love you bear me,

quemquam amicum tibi.<sup>3</sup> Nunc me velim pro tuo erga me amore, quo sum beatissimus, in hac etiam parte consilio iuves. Quin nihil extra causam dicere debeam, quod Heroden laedat, non dubito. Sed ea, quae in causa sunt (sunt autem atrocissima), quemadmodum tractem, id ipsum est, quod addubito et consilium posco: Dicendum est de hominibus liberis crudeliter verberatis et spoliatis, uno vero occiso; dicendum de filio impio et precum paternarum inmemore; saevitia et avaritia exprobanda; carnifex quidam Herodes in hac causa constituendus. Quodsi in istis criminibus, quibus causa nititur, putas debere me ex summis opibus adversarium urgere et premere, fac me, domine optime et mihi dulcissime, consilii tui certiozem. Si vero in his, quoque remittendum aliquid putas, quod tu suaseris, id optimum factu ducam. illud quidem, ut dixi, firmum et ratum habeto nihil extra causam de moribus et cetera ejus vita me dicturum. Quodsi tibi videbitur servire me causae debere, jam nunc admoneo ne me inmoderate usurum quidem causae occasione: Atrocia enim sunt crimina et atrociter dicenda; illa ipsa de laesis et spoliatis hominibus ita a me dicentur, ut fel et bilem sapiant; sicubi Graeculum et indoctum dicero, non erit inter necivum.

<sup>4</sup> Vale, Caesar, et me, ut facis, ama plurimum. Ego vero etiam litterulas tuas diu amo. Quare cupiam, ubi quid ad me scribes, tua manu scribas.

#### ad M. Caesarem et invicem 3.9

[pp. 42 VdH]

Have, mi magister optime.

<sup>1</sup> Si quid somni redit post vigilas, de quibus questus es, oro te, scribe mihi. Et illud oro te: Primum valetudine operam da, tum securim Tenediam, quam minaris abde aliquo ac reconde nec tu consilium causarum agendarum dimiseris, aut tum simul omnia ora taceant.

<sup>2</sup> Graece nescio quid ais te conpegisse, quod ut aequae pauca a te scripta placeat tibi. Tune es, qui me nuper concastigabas, quorsum Graece scriberem? Mihi vero nunc potissimum Graece scribendum est. “Quamobrem?” rogas. Volo periculum facere, an id, quod non didici, facilius obsecundet mihi, quoniam quidem illud quod didici, deserit. Sed si me amares, misisses mihi istud novicium, quod placere ais. Ego vero te vel invitum istic lego; et quidem hac re una vivo et resto.

<sup>3</sup> Materiam cruentam misisti mihi. Necdum legi Coelianum excerptum, quod misisti, nec legam, priusquam sensus ipse venatus fuero. Sed me Caesaris oratio unceis unguibus adtinet. Nunc denique sentio, quantum operis sit ternos vel quinos versus in die etornare et aliquid diu scribere.

<sup>4</sup> Vale, spiritus meus. Ego non ardeam tuo amore, qui mihi hac scripseris? Quid faciam? Non possum insistere. At mihi anno priore datum fuit hac eodem loco eodemque tempore matris desiderio peruri. Id desiderium hac anno tu mihi accendis. Salutatur te domina mea.

wherein I am most blest, to help me with your advice on this point also. I quite admit that I ought not to say anything, which does not bear on the case, to damage Herodes, but those facts which do bear on it – and they are undoubtedly of a most shocking character – how am I to deal with them? that is the very thing I am in doubt about, and I ask your advice. I shall have to tell of freemen cruelly beaten and robbed, of one even slain; I shall have to tell of a son unfilial and deaf to his father’s prayers, cruelty and avarice will have to be denounced; there is one who must in this case be made out a murderer. But if on those counts, on which the indictment is based, you think I ought to press and assail my opponent with might and main, assure me, best of Lords and sweetest to me, that such is your opinion. If, however, you think that I ought to let him off lightly in these also, I shall consider what you advise to be the best course. You may, indeed, as I said, rest assured of this, that I shall not go outside the case itself to speak of his character and the rest of his life. But if you think I must do the best for my case, I warn you herewith that I shall not even use in a disproportionate manner the opportunity my case gives me, for shocking charges are made and must be spoken of as shocking. Those in particular which concern the robbing and injuring of freemen shall be so told by me as to smack of gall and spleen: if I chance to call him a greeking and unlearned, it need not mean war to the knife.

Farewell, Caesar, and love me, as you do, to the utmost. I, indeed, dote on the very characters of your writing; wherefore, whenever you write to me, I would have you write with your own hand.

[vol. 1, pp. 19-20 Haines]

HAIL my best of masters.

If any sleep comes back to you after the wakeful nights of which you complain, I beseech you write to me, and above all, I beseech you take care of your health. Then hide somewhere and bury that “axe of Tenedos,” which you hold over us, and do not, whatever you do, give up your intention of pleading cases, or along with yours let all lips be dumb.

You say that you have composed something new in Greek which pleases you more than almost anything you have written. Are you not he who lately gave me such a castigation for writing in Greek? However, I must now, more than ever, write in Greek. Do you ask *why*? I wish to make trial whether what I have not learnt may not more readily come to my aid, since what I have learnt leaves me in the lurch. But, as you really loved me, you would have sent me that new piece you are so pleased with. However, I read you here in spite of yourself and indeed that alone is my life and stay.

It is a sanguinary theme you have sent me. I have not yet read the extract from Coelius which you sent, nor shall I read it until I, on my part, have hunted up my wits. But my Caesar-speech grips me with its hooked talons. Now, if never before, I find what a task it is to round and shape three or five lines and to take time over writing. Farewell, breath of my life. Should I not burn with love of you, who have written to me as you have! What shall I do? I cannot refrain. Last year it befell me in this very place, and at this very time, to be consumed with a passionate longing for my mother. This year you inflame that my longing. My Lady greets you.

## Stylistic and rhetorical figures

	FRONTO			MARCUS AURELIUS		
words	11,647	100.00%	-	8,600	100.00%	-
etymological figure	19	.16%	77.8%	4	.04%	22.2%
homoioteleuton	25	.21%	72.5%	7	.08%	27.5%
metaphor	25	.21%	72.5%	7	.08%	27.5%
chiasm	25	.21%	69.8%	8	.09%	31.2%
alliteration	82	.70%	63.4%	35	.41%	36.6%
archaisms	27	.23%	62.4%	12	.14%	27.7%
asyndeton	19	.16%	60.9%	9	.10%	39.1%
syncopated perfects	19	.16%	58.4%	10	.12%	41.6%
post-Classical Latin	39	.33%	46.6%	33	.38%	53.4%
colloquialisms	52	.45%	36.1%	68	.79%	63.9%
diminutives	39	.33%	34.8%	54	.63%	65.2%

Figures according to the index of Van den Hout's commentary (pp. 635-646)

## Hypotaxe and parataxe

### FRONTO

words	11,647	100.00%	-
<i>et</i>	322	2.76%	69.2%
<i>ut</i>	143	1.23%	30.8%
<i>enim</i>	35	.30%	25.9%
<i>quod</i>	100	.86%	74.1%

### MARCUS AURELIUS

words	8,600	100.00%	-
<i>et</i>	229	2.55%	76.8%
<i>ut</i>	72	.84%	23.9%
<i>enim</i>	15	.17%	14.6%
<i>quod</i>	88	1.02%	85.4%

### CICERO

words	271,138	100.00%	-
<i>et</i>	6,352	2.34%	61.2%
<i>ut</i>	4,035	1.48%	38.8%
<i>enim</i>	1,751	.65%	36.1%
<i>quod</i>	3,096	1.14%	63.9%

### PLINIUS

words	67,594	100.00%	-
<i>et</i>	1,775	2.65%	65.4%
<i>ut</i>	941	1.39%	34.6%
<i>enim</i>	429	.63%	37.6%
<i>quod</i>	713	1.05%	62.4%

### SENECA

words	119,997	100.00%	-
<i>et</i>	3,744	3.12%	80.5%
<i>ut</i>	905	.75%	19.5%
<i>enim</i>	646	.53%	37.1%
<i>quod</i>	1,095	.91%	62.9%

## Deictic pronouns and adverbs

▪ <i>hic, hīc</i>	proximal deixis	"first person" = the speaker	} "this, here"
▪ <i>iste, istīc</i>	medial deixis	"second person" = the hearer	
▪ <i>ille, illīc</i>	distal deixis	"third person"	} "that, there"

### Epistolography:

#### FRONTO

words	11,647	100.00%	-
<i>hic</i>	93	.80%	46.0%
<i>iste</i>	49	.42%	24.3%
<i>ille</i>	60	.52%	29.7%
	202	1.73%	100.0%

#### MARCUS AURELIUS

words	8,600	100.00%	-
<i>hic</i>	84	.98%	47.7%
<i>iste</i>	44	.51%	25.0%
<i>ille</i>	48	.56%	27.3%
	176	2.05%	100.0%

#### CICERO

words	271,138	100.00%	-
<i>hic</i>	3,024	1.12%	51.7%
<i>iste</i>	602	.22%	10.3%
<i>ille</i>	2,224	.82%	38.0%
	5,850	2.16%	100.0%

#### PLINIUS

words	67,594	100.00%	-
<i>hic</i>	903	1.34%	55.4%
<i>iste</i>	100	.15%	6.1%
<i>ille</i>	628	.93%	38.5%
	1,631	2.41%	100.0%

#### SENECA

words	119,997	100.00%	-
<i>hic</i>	1,627	1.36%	42.6%
<i>iste</i>	497	.41%	13.0%
<i>ille</i>	1,697	1.41%	44.4%
	3,821	3.18%	100.0%

### Other genres:

#### TECHNICAL

words	337,393	100.00%	-
<i>hic</i>	3,717	1.10%	68.3%
<i>iste</i>	94	.03%	1.7%
<i>ille</i>	1,625	.48%	29.9%
	5,436	1.61%	100.0%

= Varro, Vitruvius, Quintilian & Frontinus

#### HISTORY

words	775,822	100.00%	-
<i>hic</i>	4,795	.62%	68.7%
<i>iste</i>	132	.02%	1.9%
<i>ille</i>	2,055	.26%	29.4%
	6,982	.90%	100.0%

= Sallust, Caesar, Livy, Tacitus

#### SPEECHES

words	414,489	100.00%	-
<i>hic</i>	6,817	1.64%	52.2%
<i>iste</i>	1,903	.46%	14.6%
<i>ille</i>	4,350	1.05%	33.3%
	13,070	3.15%	100.0%

= Cicero

#### COMEDY

words	218,201	100.00%	-
<i>hic</i>	6,101	2.80%	60.1%
<i>iste</i>	1,480	.68%	14.6%
<i>ille</i>	2,568	1.18%	25.3%
	10,149	4.65%	100.0%

= Plautus, Terence