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## PREFACE

This translation is intended to supplement a work entitled *The Authoress of the Odyssey*, which I published in 1897. I could not give the whole *Odyssey* in that book without making it unwieldy, I therefore epitomized my translation, which was already completed and which I now publish in full.

I shall not here argue the two main points dealt with in the work just mentioned; I have nothing either to add to, or to withdraw from, what I have there written. The points in question are:

(1) that the *Odyssey* was written entirely at, and drawn entirely from, the place now called Trapani on the west coast of Sicily, alike as regards the Phaeacian and the Ithaca scenes; while the voyages of Odysseus, when once he is within easy reach of Sicily, resolve themselves into a periplus of the island, practically from Trapani back to Trapani, via the Lipari islands, the Straits of Messina, and the island of Pantellaria;

(2) that the poem was entirely written by a very young woman, who lived at the place now called Trapani, and introduced herself into her work under the name of Nausicaa.

The main arguments on which I base the first of these somewhat startling contentions, have been prominently and repeatedly before the English and Italian public ever since they appeared (without rejoinder) in the *Athenaeum* for 30th January and 20th February 1892. Both contentions were urged (also without rejoinder) in the *Johnian Eagle* for the Lent and October Terms of the same year. Nothing to which I should reply has reached me from any quarter, and knowing how anxiously I have endeavored to learn the existence of any flaws in my argument, I begin to feel some confidence that, did such flaws exist, I should have heard, at any rate about some of them, before now. Without, therefore, for a

moment pretending to think that scholars generally acquiesce in my conclusions, I shall act as thinking them little likely so to gainsay me as that it will be incumbent upon me to reply, and shall confine myself to translating the *Odyssey* for English readers, with such notes as I think will be found useful....

In the preface to my translation of the *Iliad*,<sup>1</sup> I have given my views as to the main principles by which a translator should be guided, and need not repeat them here, beyond pointing out that the initial liberty of translating poetry into prose involves the continual taking of more or less liberty throughout the translation; for much that is right in poetry is wrong in prose, and the exigencies of readable prose are the first things to be considered in a prose translation. That the reader, however, may see how far I have departed from strict construe, I will print here Messrs. Butcher and Lang's translation of the first lines of the *Odyssey*. Their translation runs:

“Tell me, Muse, of that man, so ready at need, who wandered far and wide, after he had sacked the sacred citadel of Troy, and many were the men whose towns he saw and whose mind he learnt, yea, and many the woes he suffered in his heart on the deep, striving to win his own life and the return of his company. Nay, but even so he saved not his company, though he desired it sore. For through the blindness of their own hearts they perished, fools, who devoured the oxen of Helios Hyperion: but the god took from them their days of returning. Of these things, goddess, daughter of Zeus, whencesoever thou hast heard thereof, declare thou even unto us.

“Now all the rest, as many as fled from sheer destruction, were at home, and had escaped both war and sea, but Odysseus only, craving for his wife and for his homeward path, the lady nymph Calypso held, that fair goddess, in her hollow caves, longing to

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<sup>1</sup> See Classics Club *Iliad*, xxix.

have him for her lord. But when now the year had come in the courses of the seasons, wherein the gods had ordained that he should return home to Ithaca, not even there was he quit of labours, not even among his own; but all the gods had pity on him save Poseidon, who raged continually against god-like Odysseus, till he came to his own country. Howbeit Poseidon had now departed for the distant Ethiopians, the Ethiopians that are sundered in twain, the uttermost of men, abiding some where Hyperion sinks and some where he rises. There he looked to receive his hecatomb of bulls and rams, there he made merry, sitting at the feast, but the other gods were gathered in the halls of Olympian Zeus. Then among them the father of men and gods began to speak, for he bethought him in his heart of noble Aegisthus, whom the son of Agamemnon, far-famed Orestes, slew. Thinking upon him he spake out among the Immortals:

“Lo you now, how vainly mortal men do blame the gods! For of us they say comes evil, whereas they even of themselves, through the blindness of their own hearts, have sorrows beyond that which is ordained. Even as of late Aegisthus, beyond that which was ordained, took to him the wedded wife of the son of Atreus and killed her lord on his return, and that with sheer doom before his eyes, since we had warned him by the embassy of Hermes the keen-sighted, the slayer of Argos, that he should neither kill the man, nor woo his wife...”

The *Odyssey* (as everyone knows) abounds in passages borrowed from the *Iliad*. I had wished to print these in a slightly different type, with marginal references to the *Iliad*, and had marked them to this end in my MS. I found, however, that the translation would be thus hopelessly scholasticized, and abandoned my intention. I would nevertheless again urge on those who have the management of our University presses, that they would render a great service to students if they would publish a Greek text of the *Odyssey* with

the Iliadic passages printed in a different type, and with marginal references. I have given the British Museum a copy of the *Odyssey* with the Iliadic passages underlined and referred to in MS. I have also given an *Iliad* marked with all the Odyssean passages and their references; but copies of both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* so marked ought to be within easy reach of all students.

Anyone who at the present day discusses the questions that have arisen round the *Iliad* since Wolf's<sup>2</sup> time, without keeping it well before his reader's mind that the *Odyssey* was demonstrably written from one single neighborhood, and hence (even though nothing else pointed to this conclusion) presumably by one person only—that it was written certainly before 750, and in all probability before 1000 B.C.—that the writer of this very early poem was demonstrably familiar with the *Iliad* as we now have it, borrowing as freely from those books whose genuineness has been most impugned, as from those which are admitted to be by Homer—anyone who fails to keep these points well before his readers, is hardly dealing equitably by them. Anyone, on the other hand, who will mark his *Iliad* and his *Odyssey* from the copies in the British Museum above referred to, and who will draw the only inference that common sense can draw from the presence of so many identical passages in both poems, will, I believe, find no difficulty in assigning their proper value to a large number of books here and on the Continent that at present enjoy considerable reputations. Furthermore, and this perhaps is an advantage better worth securing, he will find many puzzles of the *Odyssey* cease to puzzle him on the discovery that they arise from oversaturation with the *Iliad*.

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<sup>2</sup> The German scholar, Wolf, was the founder of a school of modern higher critics who denied that Homer was the author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. He broke both poems up into separate folk lays, which he claimed had been composed at different times and only at a much later period united as we have them.