

**THE OUTCAST: A  
RHYME FOR  
THE TIME**

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The outcast: a rhyme for the time by Robert Buchanan

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**ROBERT BUCHANAN**

**THE OUTCAST: A  
RHYME FOR  
THE TIME**





"Tall, lithe, and sinewy, marble pale  
Despite the stings of many a gale,  
With curling hair as black as night,  
Black eyes alive with ominous light,  
White teeth, and lips of lustrous red."—Page 48.

# THE OUTCAST

*A RHYME FOR THE TIME*

BY

ROBERT BUCHANAN

With Illustrations by

RUDOLF BLIND, PETER MACNAB, HUME NISBET, ETC.

*FIRST CHEAP EDITION*

"Pœna gaudebis amara  
Nomine invidi, tandemque fatebere lotus,  
Nec surdum nec Terensiam quemquam esse Deorum."  
—JUVENAL.

"There was a Ship, quoth he!"  
—COLERIDGE.

LONDON

ROBERT BUCHANAN

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07  
1896

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\*.\* The present volume contains the first of a series of poetic tales dealing with the Amours of Vanderdecken. The other tales will follow at intervals, until the series is completed.—R. B.

## P R E F A C E.

"THE OUTCAST," issued to the public in 1891, was the first of what I may describe as my "Satanic series," the most recent of which was "The Devil's Case." I use the word "Satanic" to express the spirit of moral and intellectual revolt, which is just as absolute in Vanderdecken as in the greater Devil. The same unrest and unhappiness, the same dissatisfaction with the Divine plan, the same appeal to Nature against God, emerge in both characters; Vanderdecken, indeed, is the stormy child of the Spirit of Pity. When the work is complete, it may be discovered that neither the Devil nor his favourite pupil has the last word, after all.

The critical reception of this work was, as usual, either infantine or hypocritical; the popular notion of Poetry being that it should be a sort of soothing syrup or nursery rhyme, adapted to people who desire to doze out the little span of life allotted to them. One valuable suggestion came, among remarks truly appreciative and sympathetic, from Mr. Herbert Spencer. Mr. Spencer suggested that the poem might acquire additional variety, in the yet

unpublished portions, if the metres were changed more frequently, and even the language of prose used upon occasion.

A critic of the period has defined a classic as an old book which is read by the young. "The Outcast" is not yet an old book, but if the test suggested is applied to it, it will be found to be already assuming classical pretensions. No work of mine, except "The Wandering Jew," has brought me so much correspondence from young thinkers in all parts of the world, and I am constantly urged to complete the plan, a somewhat exhaustive one, as soon as possible. In answer to such correspondents, I may explain that the work is well advanced towards completion, and that I hope to issue it before long in a definitive shape. In the meantime, the present volume is perfectly complete in itself—*totus teres atque rotundus*.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

July, 1896.