THE OUTCAST: A RHYME FOR THE TIME

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649102563

The outcast: a rhyme for the time by Robert Buchanan

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ROBERT BUCHANAN

THE OUTCAST: A RHYME FOR THE TIME

Trieste



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

THE OUTCAST

A RHYME FOR THE TIME

BY

ROBERT BUCHANAN

Selith Elinstrations by

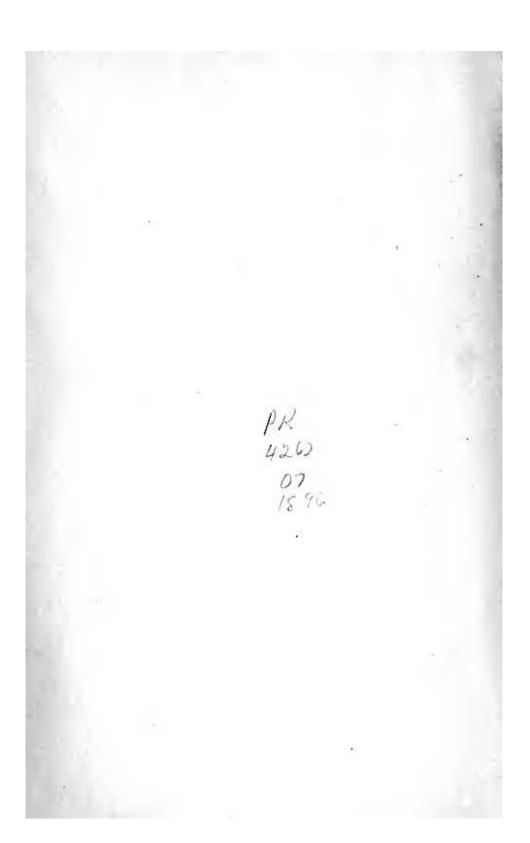
RUDOLF BLIND, PETER MACNAB, HUME NISBET, ETC.

FIRST CHEAP EDITION

" Pona gaudebis amara Nominis invisi, tandemque fatebere totus, Nec surdum nec Teresiam quemquam esse Deorum." —JUVEXAL

> "There was a Ship, quoth he!" --Congrouper.

LONDON ROBERT BUCHANAN 36, GERRARD STREET, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.



CONTENTS.

PROEM-AD CARIS	SSIM	AM	PUE	LLAN	đ	5	Χs.	(e);		PAGE 1
THE FIRST CHRIS	тма	S E	VE	85		e :	8		×	10
MADONNA .	8	52	s		20	5		٠	80	45
THE FIRST HAVE	N	÷	æ			s	×	e	×	71
INTERLUDE .	×.	s:	R	89.	59	e.		æ	×	167
FIDES AMANTIS	÷	2	3	12	9	1	22	8	۲	183
LETTER DEDICAT	ORY	то	C. V	v. s.		6	÷	\mathbf{c}	32	189

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

PREFACE.

"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 symp 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

PREFACE.

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—totas teres at que rotundus.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

July, 1896.

viii