

**EMAN MORE: A  
TALE OF  
KILLARNEY**

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Eman More: A Tale of Killarney by Anna Jane MacLean

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**ANNA JANE MACLEAN**

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## CONVICTION.

A POEM.

BY ANNA JANE MACLEAN.

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### LITERARY NOTICES.

"The outpouring of a pious and humble spirit. It contains much subject for those reflections which should occupy the minds of all."—*Evening Mail*.

"There are passages in this little volume which recal the spirit of Young; and of Quarles: in point of sterling ability it towers immeasurably above the average level of such performances."—*Warder*.

"The Authoress has dedicated the efforts of her muse to religion, and the tribute is a graceful one: her verses indicate a vein of genuine poetic feeling."—*Weekly Freeman*.

"It has been written in a purely Christian spirit; is full of graphic descriptions of scenes and incidents in life, and inculcates excellent advice."—*Saunders*.

"The amiable Authoress of the Poem of which the above is the title, in former years contributed to our 'Poet's Corner' many sweet little pieces, and we hail with much pleasure her appearance as an authoress through a less evanescent medium. She boldly, but with great truthfulness, depicts the 'folly and vices of the human heart.' 'Conviction' bears the impress of a mind given to meditation."—*Glasgow Courier*.

"We have paid unusual attention to this little book, because, firstly, we like the ambition which urged its composition, and we heartily love the sincerity with which each line of it has evidently been written."—*Commercial Journal and Family Herald*.

"The Poem is written with much vigour."—*Church Sentinel*.

# EMAN MORE:

A Tale of Killarney.

BY

ANNA JANE MACLEAN,

AUTHORESS OF "CONVICTION,"

ETC. ETC.

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1852.

## TO THE READER.

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NOTWITHSTANDING the very flattering reception vouchsafed to "Conviction," still I must confess it would have saved me much nervous trepidation had I published it anonymously; for notwithstanding the alarming progress very recently made by many of my fair contemporaries in a *manly* independance of character as well as in their *masculine costume*, I must after all acknowledge it is with no little hesitancy I again appear before the public as the author of "Eman More."

As an anonymous scribbler I should not tremble at my own boldness in submitting a story, for the original idea of which I must refer the reader to the very "prosaic introduction" which precedes the "poetic" portion of the little volume I have now the honor of presenting for public approbation.

To those subscribers whose names grace my pages, and to those who have honoured me with their private patronage, I tender my best thanks, and should my efforts to please, however feebly expressed, serve but to fill up the vacancy of an idle hour, or to vary the monotony of sterner studies, it will afford me extreme gratification to find that what I originally wrote simply to please myself, has been exalted to the much more enviable pre-eminence of pleasing others.





## INTRODUCTION.

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Nobody *dreams* now—or perhaps I should say nobody is supposed to indulge in so obsolete a habit as that of *dreaming*—we should have lived in the halcyon days of Shakespeare, and have taken a “midsummer night’s” ramble with Titania and her companions, even at the risk of paying heart-homage to an ass—a risk which is out of all question in this wide-awake age—or have imbibed inspiration from the breezes that warbled melodiously through the hallowed bowers of Kilcolman, where the lofty muse of Spencer, immortalized through the delicate medium of an exquisite allegory, the glory and renown of his earthly sovereign and the realm which flourished beneath her maiden sceptre—or have been contemporary with Addison—that pure and touching moralist—to understand the real luxury of *dreaming*.

*Dreaming!* what can *we* know of dreaming, who are standing on the threshold of an “iron age.” Reality, stout-built, firm-footed, plod-

ding reality, in his sad-coloured suit of good serviceable cloth, and his gutta-percha soles, in which he might wade through the river that waters Helicon, without wetting his feet in the immortal element, is making rapid progress towards despotism; while imagination, soft, blushing, spiritualizing imagination, with her golden tresses confined only by a wreath of wild hedge-roses, and her Nora Creina-like form, arrayed in drapery of any material you like, gentle reader, whether it be that

“ —— Mantle from the skies  
Where the most sprightly azure pleased the eyes,  
—— With starry vapours sprinkled all—  
Took in their prime, ere they grow ripe, and fall,”

with which the poet Cowley invested Gabriel; or a mere modern changeable silk, is falling into a lingering decline, and with her is departing the romance of education.

Yes, the romance of education is departing; it may be, it must be for the better—for who does not weary at times of wandering amongst his own vague fancies, and in a moment when good common sense shews her homely features wish he were but a month old, that he might

stand a fair chance of being one of those steady, matter of fact, early-wise mediocre creatures of the rising generation, when the wild eloquence of minstrel song shall have waxed so feeble and so thin that, like Virgil's ghosts in their attempt to shout, the "weak voice," will "deceive the gasping throat." And when every man, woman, and child will think, and speak, and act, and eat, and drink, and sleep by the strictest rules of mathematical precision.

Yet in defiance of all this, will ye not join with me, O ye admirers of intellectual greatness, in casting a longing, lingering look back on the system that produced a Scott, a Moore, a Wordsworth, a Southy, and others whose like I verily believe we ne'er shall look upon again.

There are few tasks more trying to diffidence, or less easy of accomplishing without being either too apologetic or too flippant than the task of speaking of one's self, for well and truly has it been said by somebody—I believe by Johnson—"If you speak well of yourself you will be pronounced an egotist, if ill,