MEMOIR OF ANNIE KEARY

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Memoir of Annie Keary by Eliza Keary

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MEMOIR OF ANNIE KEARY

Trieste

Annie Keary

MEMOIR

OF

ANNIE KEARY

Keary, Eliza

BY HER SISTER

"Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed:
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on."

London
MACMILLAN AND CO
1882

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PART I.

"I WISH her gentle life were written. Her works are not the full expression of herself; no written thing could express all the wealth of her gracious womanhood, and sweet human-heartedness." These words, which appeared in a notice of Annie Keary's writings in the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and the wishes of many friends who have said to me, "You ought to tell us something more about her," have made me consider whether there might not be something that I ought to say, some simple record that I might make, which would give pleasure to those who knew Annie Keary personally, as well as to those who have known her heretofore only through her works. I must premise that her life was a very quiet one, almost uneventful; the task before me is indeed rather to trace the growth of a character than to give the record of a life. I invite my readers to walk step by step with the subject of

these pages; from gracious childhood, through peaceful useful prime, up to the sudden opening of that gate through which she passed from mortal sight. Perhaps some soothing influence may flow out upon us in this contact with one of a gentle, unworldly nature. If it should seem to some that we linger unduly over the picture of Annie's early childhood, I would ask them to recall how much they *lived* in those days when every sensation was new to them, and to take account of the moulding power which the impressions of childhood have had upon them.

Of the persons and things that surrounded Annie I wish to speak in their action upon her life, therefore any detailed description of them in their relation to others is unnecessary. A few words will suffice to introduce her family and parents. Annie's father was William Keary, the only son of an Irish gentleman, of Clough, near Tuam, in the county of Galway. Her mother was Lucy, the fifth daughter of Hall Plumer, Esq., of Bilton Hall, near Wetherby, in Yorkshire. Mr. Keary entered the army very early in life, and served through the greater part of the Peninsular war. He came back to England from the Continent when he was twenty-three, and married. Shortly after, on account of an entire change in his prospects from the loss of his property in Ireland, he was forced to sell out of the army. He then settled in England, and in the course of a year or two he took holy orders. He was appointed to the living of Bilton, and afterwards to the perpetual curacy of Sculcoates, a part of the town of Hull, with which