

**MORTARA**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649542031

Mortara by Mrs. Helen Aldrich De Kroyft

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**MRS. HELEN ALDRICH DE KROYFT**

**MORTARA**



# MORTARA

BY

MRS. HELEN ALDRICH DE KROYFT

I heard it in the breezes, and my heart shaped it out of the  
hoarse voices of the winds, — He will come again, he will come  
again!

CAMBRIDGE

Printed at the Riverside Press

1890



THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
S24877 A  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
R 1938 L

Copyright, 1898,  
By Mrs. HELEN ALDRICH DE KROYFF

ROY W 331  
LIBRARY  
1898

#### DEDICATION

*Looking back through the years to all those who "in their lives" have been "lovely and pleasant" to me, my heart selects one too great to more than wear as a flower on her bosom the dedication to any work of mine; still, this is my soul's best, and, eager to do her ever so little reverence, here upon its whitest page I inscribe her name, —*

*Mrs. E. M. HARDY, of Norfolk, Virginia,*

*pausing the while to set it around with grateful memories; and so leave it in the world, like a thing of light, shining forever in its own unborrowed lustre.*

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107



## PREFACE.

---

I HAVE lived much that I have not written, but I have written nothing that I have not lived, and the story of this book is but a plaintive refrain wrung from the overburdened song of my life ; while the tides of feeling, winding down the lines, had their sources in as many broken upheavals of my own heart.

The day that I was a bride I was a widow ; and finding me thus weeping and alone, the fates stole away the light from my eyes, leaving me henceon to walk with the angels, one on either hand ; who, themselves guiding, brought me ere long to a rosy glen by the sea, where resided one of lofty mien and of speech and manner courtly. Much learning he had, and many tongues he spoke. The gathered lustre of all lands shone in the grace of his presence, as the charity that comes of knowing all religions lent a charm to his words, and added potency to the magic of his smile. But most he knew to heal a wounded heart, to dry away tears, and bring smiles in their

stead. Knew to gild with linings fair the clouds himself could not disperse; nor failed the subtlety of his art e'en to rally hope when hope was dead!

The name they named him by was goodly, ancient, and renowned. It was the name his Syriac fathers wore; and straight on down through long ancestral lines of warriors, kings, and princes, flowed the haughty Hebraic tides that crimsoned in his veins. Yet, of all his graces, modesty was the chiefest; nor ever boasted he of aught save that Honor was to him a ruling star, whose parallax held him ever to God and the right.

Such was Mortara, noblest of his line; and, having thus announced him, gentle reader, begging leave, I would fain introduce him to you as the heaven-appointed hero of my foreshadowed way.

## INTRODUCTORY EXTRACTS

FROM LETTERS WRITTEN AT THE LONG ISLAND WATER  
CURE, OYSTER BAY, DURING THE SUMMER AND AU-  
TUMN OF 1846.

JULY.

WHEN I proposed trying the city Cure awhile for my eyes, I little dreamed of finding myself ensconced in this breezy place, and for double the time, — thanks to a triple revenue from the *Willowbank* letter.

The sail up the Sound in company with the Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Dr. Nott, to whom the Chancellor introduced me soon after your father left, was all that the most solicitous could have desired. Indeed, the happy consciousness of once more drifting out into the world, added to the exhilaration of the briny breezes and the growing conversation of those two cultivated strangers, served to keep my thoughts quite aloof from the chilling experiences supposed to await one at a Water Cure. At the last moment, too, a lovely Miss Marsh came on board, who, like myself, was to be met by the Doctor at the landing. His cordial reception was of itself enough to banish any fears one might have entertained of his, to say the least, rather heroic treatment. At the establishment, too, exchanging greetings with one and another, I verily felt myself in