

**MANUELLA, THE
EXECUTIONER'S DAUGHTER: A
STORY OF MADRID. IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. III, PP. 2-279**

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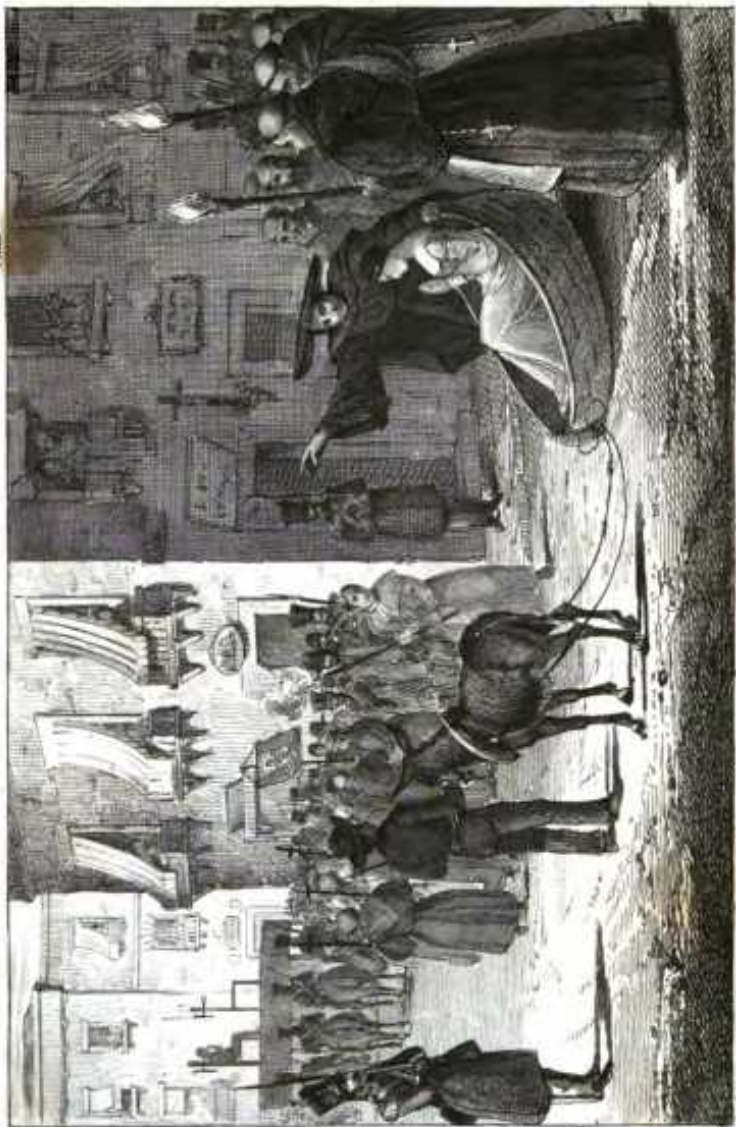
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EDWARD SMALLWOOD

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MANUELLA.



R. W. Dumas, del.

THE GARROTE.

J. Lawrence, del.

Elizabeth Thomson

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MANUELLA,

THE EXECUTIONER'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF MADRID.

"At Madrid, and in every part of Spain, it would be safer to rob and murder on the highway than to take from an image of the Virgin Mary a pin, a bracelet, or a top-knot."—LANGLE'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON-STREET.

1837.

altars stood in the recesses of the walls. A group of three individuals were pacing the aisles, each bearing a lighted taper. Their attention was at length drawn to a small altar-piece, richly decorated with the gaudy emblems of catholic worship.

The three friars were intently examining, and taking notes of, the various relics displayed before them. One held a catalogue, and, approaching the taper, began to read the contents aloud :—

“ A gold bracelet of the blessed Señora de Atocha ; value sixty piastres.

“ A shoe-buckle of the Reverend Father in God San Cristofolo ; forty piastres.

“ A necklace of our Lady of Carmen, brilliants mounted in gold ; eight hundred piastres.

“ A diamond pin from the dress of our Señora del Pilar ; two hundred piastres.

“ Total, eleven hundred piastres, contribution for the Carlist battalion of Guipuscoa.”

“Little enough! Fra Bernardo, we must strip the immaculate Virgen de las Angustias in the corner there; her sensibility will surely weep pearl-drops for the holy cause of Don Carlos de Borbon.”

“God forbid!” said the monk, who appeared the Cicerone of the temple; “that blessed image is worth an annuity of fifty thousand dollars to the convent. The little brooch in the centre of her sash, mounted in pearls, contains a thorn plucked from the temples of our Redeemer, and dyed with his precious blood. Not for the salvation of King Carlos will our order part with that valuable relic.”

“Take you the relic, brother, in God’s name, but leave us the casket.”

“Impossible! Geronimo Merino! not a pearl of it must be removed. As soon as the gates of the chapel are opened, our habitual devotees flock to kiss the sacred treasure. Don Rodrigo

—friend Merino—bear with me; any boon but this!”

“Well, well!” said Rodrigo, “but make up the value. Are those rubies which I see on the petticoat of that little Magdalen?”

The fray so addressed gathered himself to his full height. “Is this temple so meanly endowed, brother Rodrigo, that you would suspect any trash defiled our holy images?”

“Not for a moment! Off with them for the love and welfare of Don Carlos de Borbon!”

But Merino had anticipated the order, and the founce of Magdalen’s petticoat was already in his safe keeping.

“What are the baubles worth?” asked the Cura.

“Eight hundred piastres!”

“Psha! Brother Rodrigo, write four; the other four hundred is little enough to allow for our friend’s conscience.”

The bell for matins now rang, and the brothers

of the order were seen entering from different doors leading into the church, whilst the gates were thrown open.

"Let us retire!" said the Cura, "our collection shall be resumed after vespers."

"I will take an inventory in advance," observed Rodrigo, "whilst I recite my matins. Retire, Merino, and beware of the Christinos: not even the saints will preserve thee if thou art known to be in Madrid."

The early votaries of the convent were dropping in one by one, it being chiefly women who attended at that hour. Many of high rank and noble blood, whom the vicissitudes of life had reduced to penury, but who still clung to their religious duties, would seek the early twilight for public worship, thus eluding the gaze of the proud and contumelious, as they exercised the indispensable duties of catholic religion; and hence the admirer of female beauty at Madrid is induced to rise betimes, aware that