

**THE LAST LOOK. A
TALE OF THE SPANISH
INQUISITION**

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The Last Look. A Tale of the Spanish Inquisition by W. H. G. Kingston

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W. H. G. KINGSTON

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"A FROWN PASSED OVER THE BROW OF THE PRIEST OF ROME"—p. 4.

THE LAST LOOK:

A Tale of the Spanish Inquisition.

BY

W. H. G. KINGSTON, ESQ.



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THE LAST LOOK.

CHAPTER I.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

THE beauty of Seville is proverbial. "Who has not seen Seville, has not seen a wonder of loveliness," say the Spaniards. They are proud indeed of Seville, as they are of everything else belonging to them, and of themselves especially, often with less reason. We must carry the reader back about three hundred years, to a beautiful mansion, not far from the banks of the famed Guadalquivir. In the interior were two courts, open to the sky. Round the inner court were marble pillars richly carved and gilt, supporting two storeys of galleries; and in the centre a fountain threw up, as high as the topmost walls, a bright jet of water, which fell back in sparkling spray into an oval tank below, full of many-coloured fish. Creeping plants, bearing sweet-scented flowers, climbed up the pillars, and

hung festooned in wreaths from above; while orange trees, bearing fruits and flowers at the same time, were arranged round the court in deep boxes, coloured and ornamented, diffusing a peculiarly rich and powerful odour around. The court was kept pleasantly cool, however, by an awning drawn over it, which prevented the rays of the sun from penetrating below. The whole scene wore a truly Oriental aspect; indeed, although the Moors had now for some time been driven from the kingdom, they had left monuments of their long occupancy in their elegant architecture, in the arts and sciences they had taught the natives, and in their religious faith, which lingered, for many years after their departure, among their descendants. In the court, at a sufficient distance from the fountain to avoid its spray, which, falling around, increased the delicious coolness of the air, sat a group of ladies, employed in working tapestry, the colours they used being of those bright dyes which the East could alone at that time supply. The only person who was moving was a young girl, who was frolicking round the court with a little dog, enticed to follow her by a coloured ball, which she kept jerking, now from one side, now to the other, laughing as she did so at the animal's surprise, in all the joyousness of innocent youth. She was very beautiful, with a clear complexion, unusually fair for a maiden of Spain, and yet her hair was of raven hue, long and glossy, and of remarkable fineness. She had scarcely yet reached that age when a girl has become