# THE LAST LOOK. A TALE OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649518203

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

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.

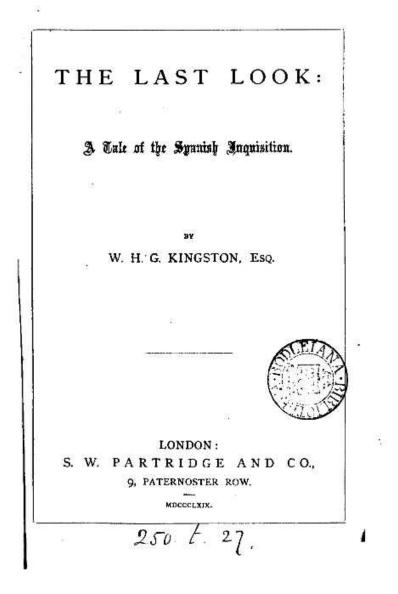
www.triestepublishing.com

# W. H. G. KINGSTON

# THE LAST LOOK. A TALE OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION

Trieste





### CONTENTS.

\* \_\_\_\_\_

•

### CHAPTER I.

		CHA	PTER	Ι.				
-	AN UNWELCOME VIS	ITOR	1993	2	595	25	I	
		CHA	PTER	II.				
	THE INQUISITION	40	•		•	٠	10	
		CHAR	PTER	III.				
	A NARROW ESCAPE		3 <b>9</b> 1)	38		38	26	
		CHAR	TER	IV.				
	SIGNS OF DANGER	¥2					40	
		CHA	PTER	V.				
£1	THE STORM BREAKS	•	(12)		<b>.</b> 2	9 <b>2</b>	52	
	CHAPTER VI.							
	THE ARREST .	8	<b>8</b> 2		<b>9</b> 0	ж ж	61	
		CHAP	TER	VII.				
	THE TORTURE		2	8 <u>9</u>	15	3	68	
	55	CHAP	TER V	VIII.			28. 1940 -	
	THE STAKE .	<u>a</u>	5 55	$\sim$	25	8 <b>2</b>	85	8
		CHA	PTER	IX.				
	FREEDOM .	12	10	1.	50		111	8823

5 •

**微** 

.

## THE LAST LOOK.

#### CHAPTER I.

#### AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

Ç.,

THE beauty of Seville is proverbial. "Who has not seen Seville, has not seen a wonder of lovelinesr," 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 Guadalquiver. 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 т 1

#### The Last Look.

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

2