

# THE DESERTED FARM

A TRAGIC STORY OF OLD CANADA.

## CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

"After some persuasion, M. Desjarniers consented to his son's desire, and Felix, with many kind wishes on the part of his parents and Louise, and many regrets that he was to leave them, even for so short a time, set forth immediately, half-resting himself, when the hour of departure arrived, that he would be so long parted from his betrothed.

"He had been absent but a few days when M. de Lavigny, the lord of the manor, who had just visited his property for several years, arrived, with his nephew, M. le Capitaine de Lavigny, a young French officer, who had lately come to Canada on a visit to his uncle.

"M. de Lavigny expressed his intention to remain at St. Claude for several weeks, to enjoy the sports of hunting and shooting with his nephew; and to a great difficulty arose as to where the distinguished visitors should find suitable lodgings.

"Certainly there was no accommodation for them in any of the cabins of the small farmers and fishermen, the seigneur's tenants. M. Desjarniers' house was the only one, within many miles, where they could find rooms, and M. Desjarniers held his farm in independent possession. M. de Lavigny held no authority over him whatever. The honest, kind-hearted farmer, however, no sooner heard of the awkward dilemma in which the two gentlemen found themselves, than he hastened to assure them that he and his wife would be happy to place the best rooms in their house at their disposal, which offer was thankfully accepted.

"My story," continued M. le Cure, "which has hitherto been all happiness, now begins to partake of sadness.

"Captain de Lavigny had hardly taken possession of his lodgings, ere he was attracted by the exquisite beauty and naive innocence and simplicity of Louise. Accustomed to the open country, and innate frivolity which at that period prevailed among females of the highest rank in the French capital, there was something irresistible to the young man in the manners as well as in the appearance of the young Canadian. He thought her the loveliest creature he had ever beheld, and lost no time in the endeavour to establish himself in her good graces.

"The only son of one of the oldest and proudest families of France, and heir to a large fortune, he imagined that his conquest of the heart of the uneducated country girl would be an easy one. In this, however, he was greatly mistaken. He was a handsome young man, though far inferior to Felix in true manly beauty. His gay clothing, and easy, insinuating manners, however, set off his natural good looks to advantage, and while Louise acknowledged to herself that Felix was taller and handsomer, and better formed, she could not help admiring him, and wishing, in her secret heart, that her betrothed husband possessed something of the officer's personal graces, in addition to his own manly beauty. Still alarmed at the young Frenchman's ardent, admiring glances, she sought in every way to shun him, for several days, and until at length Madame Desjarniers told her that she was sorry to see her behave so rudely to their stranger guest.

"Ah, poor, innocent unsuspecting Madame Desjarniers," apostrophized M. le Cure, "if you had but had a little more knowledge of the world, and had been aware that this apparent coldness and rudeness on the part of your adopted child was but the instinctive modesty of a youthful womanhood and the defence against libertine advances with which nature has endowed the pure-minded of the sex!

"Madame Desjarniers, however," continued M. le Cure, "resuming the thread of his narrative "was long past the age at which female innocence and beauty has to dread the arts of the would-be spoiler; and having, in her own original lowly sphere, known no temptation, she had no idea, in her ignorance of the world, of the depravity which could lead men to seek the destruction of her sex's modesty, nor could she conceive it possible that her betrothed bride could forget the ties by which she was bound to her lover. She was herself pleased with the manners of her youthful guest, and she wished her adopted daughter to aid her endeavours to render him comfortable.

"The young officer, too, perceiving that Louise was frightened at his advances, assumed a more retired manner in her presence; and in a short time the young girl, losing her fears, began to think that they had been groundless, and to treat the young man with greater cordiality.

"Suffice it to say that, in the course of a fortnight, the young Captain and Louise became mutually pleased with each other, and though Louise had not yet sworn for one moment from her duty and affection for her betrothed husband, she found a strange fascination in the officer's conversation, and especially in his descriptions of the perils and dangers he had encountered (for he had already seen service during his brief military career). Many of these perils might have been exaggerated, or invented—probably they were; still he showed proudly the scar of a wound he had received while fighting at the head of his regiment; and if Louise did not yet love him, she admired him for the dangers he had passed.

"Simple and ignorant, however, as were the villagers, they were not altogether blind to the growing partiality of Louise and the young French Captain to each other's society. Not that they imagined that any great harm would come of it; but they thought it a pity that Felix, who was a general favorite, should have absented himself at this special period.

"All, however, were too innocent and ignorant of the world's ways to anticipate any evil; and so matters proceeded until two months had expired, and M. de Lavigny was intending to return to Quebec.

"Matters, however, had proceeded much further than any one in the village had any idea of. To do the Captain due justice, whatever may have been his original intentions, he had quite given up any idea of working evil towards Louise. He had, in fact, become perfectly fascinated by her rare grace and beauty; and regardless of the objections which he would expose himself from his gay friends in France—careless of the opposition of his aristocratic relatives to such an alliance—he had resolved, if possible, to make the fair Canadian his wife, and had already

asked her to accept his hand and share his fortune.

"Then Louise had honestly assured him that she was betrothed to her foster-brother, whom she sincerely loved, and that within three months she expected to become his wife.

"As yet, she had not sworn, even in thought, from her duty; and her heart was still true to the absent Felix.

"She hid, however, listened to the voice of the tempter; and thus the young French officer had gained an advantage of which he was not slow to avail himself.

"He pictured in glowing language the numerous charms and delights of the aristocratic society to which he sought to introduce her, and to which he, assured her, she was fitted by nature to become one of its fairest and brightest ornaments. He pictured, in contrast, a life wretched, as he termed it, in a remote district of a dependent colony, in the society of bores and hinds, with whom she was ill adapted to associate; and though she might not have won her love, he fired her latent ambition, and awakened her inherent love of admiration. Instead of shunning his society, now that she knew his object, as she ought to have done, she sought it more than ever, and listened, with tell-tale blushes and sparkling eyes, to the flatteries with which he assailed her. What wonder, then, that, at length, she succumbed to his flatteries?—for, alas! poor child, she had no one to warn her of the dangers to which she voluntarily exposed herself.

"M. de Lavigny was ready to return to Quebec, but his nephew had made up his mind not to return with him. The young officer professed to have derived much benefit from the pure air of St. Claude, and expressed his intention to remain yet a few weeks longer, promising to rejoin his uncle at Quebec early in the autumn; and so blind were Monsieur and Madame Desjarniers to the dangers which threatened their domestic happiness, and so much pleased were they with the young officer's society, that they listened to his decision with satisfaction, and assured him that they would do all in their power to make his longer sojourn agreeable to him.

"If Monsieur would but honour us by remaining our guest until the return of our son, and would graciously assist at the wedding of our dear Felix and Louise," said Madame Desjarniers, "our satisfaction would be complete; and the Captain expressed his deep regret that the necessity of his return to France before the winter set in, would oblige him to quit St. Claude a few weeks before the expected return home of M. Felix.

"What need," continued M. le Cure, "to be more explicit with my story? Suffice it to say, that within a few weeks of the departure of M. de Lavigny, his nephew had succeeded in the accomplishment of his wishes. Louise, dazzled by the brilliant prospects opened out to her in the future, and forgetful of her vows before heaven, and of the duty she owed her earthly protectors—heedless, alas! of the misery she would entail upon her more than parents, and her too trusting lover and foster-brother—had promised to become the wife of the high-born French officer, and to return with him to Paris.

"It was arranged that their marriage should take place at Quebec; and a plan was laid out, by which Louise was to follow the Captain to that place the day after his departure from St. Claude.

"The day appointed for the departure of the young officer arrived; and amidst the regrets and good wishes for his future welfare of his simple minded host and hostess, the young Frenchman embarked on board the vessel which was to convey him to Quebec; he, on his part, promised to send a handsome present to Madame Desjarniers from France, as a mark of his regard, and as a slight return for the many kindnesses he had received from herself and her husband.

"Little did they—poor, simple, honest people—imagine that their treacherous guest was about to rob them of their greatest treasure!

"Louise had, for some time past, lost much of her former cheerfulness; and her foster-parents had noticed the change in her, and had attributed it to indisposition, and to the absence of Felix. They had sought to console her by reminding her that the day when her lover would return to claim her as his bride was drawing near.

"Poor child!" said Madame to her husband; "she is naturally anxious as the day of her nuptials approaches. I remember how it was with me when I was about to become thy wife; but when once the wedding is over, our beloved Louise will be herself again. What a pity it is that our late guest could not remain to assist at the wedding festivities!"

"On the very day on which the French officer took his departure, a letter, arrived from Felix, in which he spoke of his expected return that day week, and expressed his ardent desire once more to embrace his parents and his darling betrothed Louise, and his longing for the day on which he should claim her as his bride.

"Louise was on that day very dull and distressed. She did not seem to know what she was doing, and when Madame Desjarniers, after reading the letter aloud, placed it in her adopted daughter's hands, the unhappy girl burst into a passion of tears, and hastened to shut herself up in her own room.

"Poor child!" said the old lady, "how deeply she feels! What love she bears in her heart for our noble boy! But the youthful pair will soon be reunited, and our Louise will be all smiles and happiness again."

"Perhaps, even at that late moment, had Louise possessed a confidante from whom she might have sought advice and consolation, the impending blow had yet been averted, and she might have been restored to her foster-parents and her lover. But this, alas! was not to be.

"All that day Louise kept her room, complaining, in response to the anxious inquiries of Madame Desjarniers, of a severe headache, which, however, she assured her foster-mother would no doubt be better on the morrow. When, at length, Madame Desjarniers was about to retire for the night, Louise kissed her several times, and clasped her in her embrace; and, contrary to her usual habit, she also kissed M. Desjarniers affectionately when he came to bid her good-night.

"The worthy, unsuspecting farmer and his wife rose in the morning at their usual early hour. Louise did not make her appearance, and when Madame Desjarniers, fearing that she was still suffering from headache, entered the young girl's apartment, she found that it was unoccupied. It was thought that Louise had risen early and gone for a walk, and Madame Desjarniers, assisted by her domestics, prepared for breakfast, anticipating her adopted daughter's return by the time the meal was ready.

"Still, Louise came not, and supposing that she had prolonged her walk, the farmer and his wife sat down to their morning meal. When, however, hours passed away, and still Louise had not returned, her foster-parents began to feel some anxiety, and to wonder what had become of her; and when noon-day had passed, and the young woman was still absent, and the servants and several of the villagers, on being questioned, declared that they had seen nothing of her, the anxiety of the old folks was changed into alarm, though this alarm took no definite shape, since they could not conceive that any accident could have befallen their child, in the quiet village and neighborhood.

"M. Desjarniers, however, set forth in search of her, and returned late in the afternoon without having heard any tidings of the absent one, and hoping to find her already at home.

"When he discovered that such was not the case, he knew not what to think. Her room was searched, and it was seen that she had gone abroad in her ordinary garments. Nothing was missing with the exception of a large cloth cloak, which she would probably have wrapped around her if about to take an ordinary walk at an early hour in the morning. A search was immediately instituted throughout the night and the greater portion of the following day, and though every foot of ground for miles around was carefully examined, no traces of the lost Louise were discernible. No suspicion of the truth entered the villagers' minds, and, in their simplicity, they began to attribute Louise's strange disappearance to some supernatural cause.

"Vain would it be for me to attempt to describe the grief of Monsieur and Madame Desjarniers, intensified as it was by their knowledge of the agony of grief and distress into which their son would be plunged when he should hear of his betrothed bride's mysterious disappearance.

"The search was continued at intervals for three days; but on the evening of the third day certain news was brought to the village which threw some light upon the matter.

"A fisherman belonging to a village some eight miles distant along the river shore had been plying his vocation near Cape St. Anne on the night of Louise's disappearance; and this man now came on a visit to a friend at St. Claude. Of course, he very soon heard of the sad affair which was the almost sole talk of the village.

"Three nights ago, do you say?" said he to his friend. "That will explain something which struck me at the time as being very strange. Listen, old comrade. It was about three nights since, and I had lowered my sail, and was lying to, under the Cape, when I saw a schooner coming down the river, close in shore. There was nothing in that; but when she arrived opposite St. Claude, she was hove to, and a boat was lowered from her deck, into which descended two sailors, and a tall man, wrapped in a large military cloak. The boat was pulled to the shore, and the tall man sprang out on to the beach.

"He, ha, ha!" thought I to myself; "this is strange! Why should a passenger land at St. Claude at this late hour? Who or what can he be, I wonder? I thought the boat would return to the schooner; but no, it remained where it had landed its passenger. My curiosity was aroused. 'By Jove!' I exclaimed to myself, 'I will watch and see the end of this!'

"It was a fairly bright moonlit night, so that, though I was some distance off I could see every thing that occurred almost as well as though it had been daylight; while, my boat lying in the deep shadow of the cliff, I could not be seen. Perhaps ten minutes elapsed, and then the tall man who had the bearing of a gentleman, reappeared, with a female, also wrapped in a cloak, hanging on his arm.

"At length the man partly led and partly carried his companion to the boat, put her on board, and got on board himself. As soon as he had taken his seat in the stern-sheets, the woman hid her face in his bosom; and now I could plainly see that she was greatly agitated and was weeping bitterly, while the man sought in every way to soothe and console her. The boat was speedily pulled back to the schooner, the passengers and sailors climbed to the deck, the woman being lifted on board by her companion, the yards were braced forward, and the schooner returned up the river in the direction whence she had come.

"Some mischievous work going forward," thought I to myself, "but it is no business of mine, and I couldn't prevent it if I would. My good friend, it strikes me very forcibly that this narrative has something to do with the disappearance of the pretty Louise Desjarniers."

"So thought the listener, and others to whom the story was told, and gradually the truth forced itself upon their minds. They recollected the friendly intimacy that had existed between Louise and the military officer; and some arrived at the conclusion that Louise had eloped with the young and gallant Frenchman.

"I was over the conflicting feelings of grief and regret of Monsieur and Madame Desjarniers, and the agonizing pang which tore the breast of the unhappy, betrayed Felix, when on his return home only a few days later, all eager to embrace his betrothed bride, he learnt how basely and cruelly he had been wronged.

"It is enough to say that gradually, after a time, his distracted mind became more tranquil, all he thought of was vengeance. His very nature seemed suddenly to have undergone a complete change.

"It is too late now to think of redress," he said, moodily, to his sorrowing parents, "I have torn the image of the unfaithful Louise from my breast; Loathing has taken the place of love, and I live but for revenge. As for her base seducer, he and I cannot live upon this earth together. One or other of us must perish. Louise I will yet live to spend a long life of remorse and misery."

"He declared his intention to go immediately to Quebec, seek out the man who had wronged him, and challenge him to mortal combat; nor could all the entreaties of his almost heartbroken parents swerve him from one moment from his resolve.

"He made immediate preparations for his departure, when, shortly after midnight, on the very day on which he intended to embark for Quebec, a large ship, bound to some port in France, came down the river, and lay to for a few minutes opposite the village. Several fishermen were plying their vocation in the neighbourhood, and one of these men was signalled by the captain of the ship.

"I wish you, my good man, to carry two letters on shore to the village of St. Claude," said the captain, as soon as the fisherman stepped on to the ship's deck. "One is for Monsieur and Madame, the other for M. Felix Desjarniers. Doubtless you are acquainted with the parties?"

"Everybody hereabouts knows those good people," replied the fisherman.

"Good! Then deliver these letters as soon as possible. They are not from me, but from a lady—passenger of mine—Madame de Lavigny. I am directed to recompense you well for your trouble;"—and as the captain spoke, he placed five gold louis in the fisherman's hand.

"Delighted at receiving such an abundant reward for such a small service, the fisherman faithfully promised to deliver the letters, with his own hand, at daybreak; and thanking the captain of the ship, and sending his grateful thanks to the generous lady he returned to his boat. The ship's yards were immediately braced forward, and she went on her way towards the broad Atlantic.

"The fisherman saw no passengers while he was on board the ship; but he said afterwards that he had no sooner quitted the vessel's side than a lady and gentleman appeared on the quarter-deck, the former supported by the latter, and the lady continued to gaze earnestly towards the shore as long as the ship remained in sight of St. Claude.

"These letters were of course from Louise, who was now, indeed, Madame de Lavigny. They were very long, and so blotted with tears, that they were scarcely legible.

"Louise wrote that she was lawfully married to Captain de Lavigny, within two hours of her arrival at Quebec, by the bishop of that place,—the vast influence of M. de Lavigny, the elder, having been sufficient to cause all the preliminaries to be arranged ready for the immediate consummation of the marriage ceremony. Yet, though she was now the wife of a distinguished gentleman, she averred, with many loud protestations, that if all the wealth of the world were at her disposal, she but blot out the past four months from her existence, and be once more what she was when she had bid her betrothed and betrayed foster-brother and lover farewell, ere he sailed for Nova Scotia. She vowed that she would have gone back home, even at the last moment, if it had not been too late, and had she not been carried on board the boat by her tempter, who, according to previous arrangement, had only proceeded a short distance up the river after he had taken his departure from St. Claude, instead of going directly to Quebec, as M. and Madame Desjarniers had supposed. It had been arranged that she was to meet the Captain at midnight on the day of his departure, and that she was not to encumber herself with luggage, but was to carry nothing with her but the clothing she wore.

"Though she was now, in duty bound, to love and honour her husband, she averred that she had never loved him, nor could ever love him as she loved Felix, whose memory, alas! it was now her duty to banish from her bosom. This, however, she felt was impossible, lether strive as she might. Even the moment after she had given the fatal promise to become the wife of Captain de Lavigny, she would have recalled it, had it been in her power; but she was fascinated—drawn, in spite of herself, by some irresistible power, as a bird is fascinated by the fatal gaze of the serpent, until she falls into its grasp, and is lost for ever. She prayed Felix and her beloved foster-parents to forget that such a vile wretch as she—so base, so ungrateful, so cruel—had ever existed; and then, with a strange inconsistency, that they would sometimes think of her as she once had been, and would not altogether forget her. She begged that, when their first righteous indignation had subsided, they would, at least, remember her in their prayers, as she would ever, ever remember them.

"Though her letters, in this portion, were so blotted with tears, that it was difficult to trace a single word, she expressed a hope that her ever-loved Felix would, in course of time, take to himself a wife, whose love and goodness would render him happy, and who might herself live long to enjoy the happiness which she had wantonly and wickedly cast from her. Her husband she said, was kind, loving, and generous. He had permitted her to write as she pleased, without asking to know what she had written. The fault was all hers, not his, since he could not help the fatal fascination with which he had drawn her from the paths of love and duty; and she only wished that he had a wife who could love him more devotedly, that she could ever love him, and who would be more worthy of him than she was, or ever could be.

"Her letters abounded, in fact, with evidently heartfelt expressions of fervent love for her deceived and betrayed foster-brother, and for her kind foster-parents, while she made no endeavour to spare herself, but was, on the contrary, vehement in her denunciations of her own ingratitude and cruelty. "But, indeed, indeed!" she repeated, time after time, "I was bewildered—tempted—I was not myself—I knew not what I was doing until I had gone too far to retract. Oh, why didst Thou permit these fatal strangers to come to our dear, happy, and retired St. Claude at such a time? Oh, my own, much-loved Felix, why wert thou absent when thy presence was most needed? But why do I ask these questions? Why do I endeavour to cast blame upon others, when the fault is mine—mine alone? May heaven forgive me! And thou, my beloved Felix, and ye, my cherished foster-parents—my more than father and mother—try, oh, try, in course of time to pardon your poor lost Louise, and to think of her as she once was in, her innocence and happiness—now lost for ever!"

"The letters concluded with expressions of ardent affection, and that addressed to M. and Madame Desjarniers contained a certificate, signed by the Bishop of Quebec, and properly witnessed, of the marriage of Mademoiselle Louise Legris, of St. Claude, district of St. Anne, Lower Canada, to M. and Madame Desjarniers wept bitter tears over their letter, and that of their son, which he permitted them to read.

"My son," at length sobbed forth Madame Desjarniers, "heaven hath interposed to prevent thy departure from Quebec on the deadly purpose thou hadst in view. Let us try to forgive our poor, lost Louise. For my part, I most freely forgive her the sorrow she has caused, and will continue to cause me, for I cannot forget her. Let her and her husband be in peace, and let us pray that they may be happy."

"With a grim smile, Felix received back his letter from his mother's hands, and crumpling it up, threw it into the fire, where he watched it in silence until it was reduced to tinder. Then he spoke.

"My mother," said he, "you may forgive Louise and her husband if you will, but I cannot. It is true that a journey to Quebec would now be useless. I shall go to France instead. I shall never seek rest until my project of revenge is consummated. Until then you will not see me again. Then, perhaps, if I survive, I may return to St. Claude. Never before."

"It was in vain that M. and Madame Desjarniers, with tears, prayers and entreaties, besought their son not to leave them desolate and alone in their old age. In vain that Madame Desjarniers said that the loss of both her children would soon bring her gray hairs to the grave—that if Felix left her, though he returned ever so soon, he would not find her living. Vainly they assured him that the vengeance he contemplated was wicked, and would recoil upon his own head: he was as if his heart had been turned to adamant. Nothing could move him from his stern purpose.

"Equally in vain did the distressed parents call in Monsieur Ligny, the then cure of St. Claude, to their aid. In response to the observation of the cure that vengeance alone belonged to heaven, the young man said impudently, 'Ay, good father; but heaven's vengeance is too slow for me. The revenge I seek must, and shall, if I live, be inflicted by my own hand. I will be the instrument in the hands of heaven.'

"Felix Desjarniers speedily embarked for France, having previously taken a fond farewell of his heart-broken parents, and registered a solemn vow to heaven that he would never return to St. Claude, nor hold any correspondence with any one in St. Claude, until the vengeance he contemplated had been fully and completely wrought. What was the nature of this vengeance, if, indeed, he had yet made up his mind on that point, he kept a secret in his own bosom.

"The words of poor Madame Desjarniers were, alas, but too prophetic! Deprived of both her tenderly loved children, she fell into a state of utter depondency; and, within six months of the date of her son's departure she was laid in her grave.

"Her husband, thus left alone in the world, after many years of happiness and prosperity such as are rarely accorded to mankind, sank into a condition of apathy, from which all the efforts of his friends were unable to arouse him. He lost all interest in his farm, and in the affairs of the village and parish; was seldom seen abroad, except on the Sabbaths, when he never failed in his attendance at mass; and the once active and energetic farmer henceforth lived the secluded life of a hermit."

Here Monsieur le Cure, who had talked long, gave himself a brief rest, and re-filled his glass.

"Perhaps, monsieur, I have wearied you," he said. "It is a story that cannot be told in a few words, and the most exciting portion has yet to come. If you feel weary, say so, and we will postpone the narrative of the concluding portion of this affecting history until our next meeting!"

"On the contrary, monsieur," I replied, "I have become every moment more interested in your narrative as you proceeded with it; and I will willingly listen to its conclusion. It is you who must feel fatigued, therefore if you wish to postpone the conclusion to some other day, I must rather content; but I confess that I would rather hear it now, if you are not too tired to proceed."

"By no means," returned the cure; "it shall be as Monsieur wishes. I have too seldom a friend, with whom I can converse on equal terms, to wish to get rid of him. Help yourself to some wine. You find it good, eh? 'Tis the best I can procure. We will sit quiet awhile and refresh ourselves, and then I will continue my story."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## King Milan.

The abdication of the King of Serbia again stirs up the Balkan question, and may be the cause of fresh Eastern complications. The event, but for this possibility, would not be more important than the final act of a foolish career. King Milan has no doubt been supported to a certain degree by his people in the aggressive course pursued by Serbia since its establishment over two years ago as an independent kingdom, but his unhappy dispute with Queen Natalie, the arbitrary actions committed by him throughout that trouble and his recent conflict with the committee of State engaged in framing a new constitution for Serbia, wherein he declared that if the alterations recommended by him were not adopted he would rule without any constitution, have thoroughly alienated the sympathy of his subjects.

The King, after his quarrel with his wife, applied to the Serbian Synod for a divorce on the ground of irreconcilable mutual antipathy, which is recognized as a valid cause for dissolution of marriage in Serbia. When the Queen refused the principal charge brought against her, King Milan had recourse to Theodosius, the Metropolitan, whom he induced to pronounce him divorced, and when two bishops objected to this high-handed proceeding the King suspended them. Since then other active measures of resentment have been undertaken against the Queen, which have not rounded out the royal credit, and, following upon this, his quarrel with the representatives of the people has put the finishing touches to his break with public favor. Unless the change of rule throws all parties into great confusion it is important to remember that the Radicals, or pro-Austrian party, are largely in the ascendancy in both the greater and lesser parliamentary bodies, and Russia's opportunity for active interference may not yet have come.

The ballet pantomime, "The Bollo Sofia," now being produced at Cassel, pictures Bulgaria and introduces the Emperors of Austria and Russia, the Sultan, the Kings of Greece and Italy, and Bismarck. In the final scene the Emperor of Germany sits on his throne, surrounded by dancing beauties, with Bismarck by his side.