STRATFORD ON AVON, April 4.—I have walked to-day from here to the neighboring village of Shottery to see the cottage where Anne Hatheway lived and where Shakapeae won her. It is a charming bit of representative English scenery—that landsespe and view so unlike our own, and yet so familiar through literature and tradition that it always seems to me as if I had seen it before in dreams or some previous condition of existence. I followed a footpath across, the fields, with old-fashioned stites at every fence and hawthorn hedges along the lanes—the very path trod by Shakapeare in his quest of Anne. Tradition does not say how often he had to walk it.

The cottage, a quaint, straw-thatched building, covered with ity and rose bushes, is in a good state of pressrvation. The old house, which was for its time commodious and of some pretensions, is now occupied by three families—famil-thorser. The central division, which is formed of the hall and main fireplace and the sitting-room of the old building as it atood in Shakapear's time, is now known as the Hatheway cottage, and is kept much as it sto d then, with some of the old durniture and heirlooms of the tamily. An elderly woman, with the pleasant manners of the humble classes here, received me and showed a real and intelligent into et in explaining the legend and roics of the place. I nanser to a question sho to do me she was herself a Hathoway, and that her family had lived on the spot ever a nec the time of Shakapeare, as well as for gonerations before.

Although the exterior of the house is of humble appearance, the Hatheway family must have been of the botter sort in those days. The room where Shakapeare made love or where Anne made love to him, as a somewhat cynical and mature dameel of the place, who seemed to look can mysaralk. Answer and the strategue of the time. The great feature of the room is the wide, old-fashioned cuimney-place, in which you can sit, and sitting look up through to the sky. In the left wing of this capacious tireplace, as you face it, ther

that you touch the ceiling everywhere but in the centre, and the joints and ra ters are joined together, not by nails, but by wooden pogs.

Visitors, the Hatheway dowager informed me, came often, but not so many in these hard times as in years before. The Americans, she said, were "the best," and to my toquiry as to what was best, she said they took mot interest and cemed most pleased. It was protty sure my hostess took me for an American prince, and so, mobitsse oblige, give her a stilling, where I think a sixpense was the usual gratuity. This modest British coin irought me a shower of blessings and kind wanes, and what was more practical, a me smowdrops and "rosemary for remembrance" from the garden. Indeed, the real gratuide which a sulling given to a decent man or woman in this land always evokes is a sad evidence of the narrow mar, in of existence here. Life is a struge, and the poor go into it burdened and handic speed almost beyond hope.

In the mudest garden of the cottage, planted with box, lavender, marigold, rocamary, pany, thywe and other familiar English flowers and shrubr, stands the well of pure cold water, in the same place and serving the homey uses as of old. It is doubtful, however, if Shakapeare ever drank of it. The Englishman of the sixteenth century, like the Englishman of the sixteenth who knew the story of Shakapeare's love, and their simple pride in it. In other localities, where there were famous churches, in which gool knights and od earls, famous in itsory, lay buried, I have often enquired of respectable-booking people and found them growth or only half acquainted with the great historic features of these places. In Warwick, for instrance, I found several worthy people who semed to know nothing of the great earl of Licisster, and net to care much whether his body was in their church or only half acquainted with the drawich were an of Anne Hatheway was a household word, and the humble thathed

"I have one favour, one great favour to a lattice respectable-locking people and found them ignorant or only half acquainted with the great hier; cutture of it noul everal wortry people who seemed to know nothing of the great and of Liciater, and us; to cae much whether his body was in their every, the name of Anne Hattwewy, was a household word, and the humble thatched exitage a hirrin. Some rule farm laborers, who spoke so thickly I could hardly understant and the season of the properties of the country of th



## Listowel Standard.

Prince Louis Napoleon.

VOL. II.-NO. 13.

LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, APRIL 25, 1879.

HAWKINS & KELLS,

Ambitious Italy.

"TO THEE ALONE."

Prince Leopoid, who preferred to remain at Darm stants with the orphans of his sister the Princes Alice, rather than attend the wedding of his brother the Duke of Connaught in Lent, inherits the artistic that states of his father the Prince Consort, and, his his brother the Duke of Edinburgh, is a composer, too is an anature. He is somethin following pretty low one of the prince of the present the property of the present t

I sat upon the purple his difference of a volume or gracers petry. And laughed at love, as cynics will. When one one o'er the heath. There was need to say, 'twas she,' No said of sound or sign, For all the heat leaped out of me And murmured, "Dir Allein t"

She spoke—her voice rang silver clear,
The birds hushed in the grove,
The earth stood still that I might hear
The first words of my Ore.
Ah, we is me to red to the heath,
Yet must I hear through life and death,
This motto, "Dir Allein!"

I fain would speak, yet dare not, for Her gentle soul's distress; What is to me one sorrow more, So that she have one less? Yet I could wish when I am dead Her eyes should look through mine And on my heart engraren read This motto, "Dir Allein!"

## "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

"You have a treat in store for you, Sir Robert," she whispers to my companion, while Jack Mellish says pretty nothings—as he so well knows how to say them—to me. "Mr. Titkins—that tiny little man with the big eyes and the retreating forchead—do you see? there!—we call him the Ow!—is he not like one?—is going to sing 'Nanoy Lee.' He has sung it regularly at every one of Graonie's 'at homes,' We think he does not know any other soog. Look at him when he comes to the 'yeo ho's—he looks as if he were going to burst?"

I say "Hush?" and Sir Robert tries not to smile; but how can he help it with that merry face so close to his owa?—and the opening hars of 'Nancy Lee' are struck on the piano, and Jennie retreats into the shade of the curtains, and seats heaself on the window-sill, close—a great deal too clore—to my smuity plants, for the good of her white gown, and Jack Mellish sits, as well as his long legs will allow him, by her side; and we—Sir Robert Arnstruher and I—find ourselves much as we were before, only now we are silently listening, with admiration a good deal tempered with astonishment, to the little man with the big voice.

"It is a great gift to be able to sing," says Sir Robert, with a sigh, when the first verse has come to a violent end. (He does not know one note from another, and takes it all in, voice, false chords, and all, with the simple, all-believing confidence of a child.) "I often wish that I had the gift myself."

"Do not wish it," I say hastily. "I am sure that your friends must thank Heaven that you have not. Look at Grannie' she is sitting on thorns. She knows—we silk know—that the last and far the worse verse is to come. You do not know yet what he can do.

"I think that I must have heard the song before," he says simply. "It seems fami-

is to come. You do not know yet what he can do.

"I think that I must have heard the song before," he says simply. "It seems familiar tome."

But while he speaks to me his eyes keep wandering to those two on the window—Jennie looking up now and then with her pretty flushed face, oftener looking down with a consciousness quite new—Jack bending over her a good deal closer than he need do. When a little lull in the music makes their voices audible, Sir Robert turns his head religiously and honourably in the other direction, trying not to listen. I, untroubled by any such honourable scruples, listen with all my might.

"You know that I warned you not to come," my sister is saying. "Is it not worse—far worse than you expected?"

"And if it were," I tek Mellish answers—"if it had been a dissenters' prayer-meeting, and we all had to say texts and pray aloud in turn, do you not think I would come to be near you?"

His eyes, looking down, straight down into hers, say a great deal more than his words. . . How I wish he would not look at her like that?

"The tempest of music waxes louder. Mr. Titkins is insisting so furiously, so wrathfully, that,—

"A sallors wife a sallor 'sa'ra' sha'l be,

"A sallors wife a sallor 'sa'ra' sha'l be,
"A sallors wife a sallor 'sa'ra' sha'l be,
"Yeo ho! 'Yeo ho."

outweigh the youth and good looks of the other, that a woman who should be forced, to choose between them could not for a moment hesistate.

But then, I am twenty-nine, and Jennie is mineteen; and I have had no lovers. Men have never looked into my eyes as Jack Mellish looks in Jennie's—never with any hing warmer than the ealm, cold friendliness of a comrade or a brother. That may make all the difference.

"Captain Mellish has not long come from India, I believe," continues Sir Robert—this time with visible, numistakable hesitation. "Is he—returning there soon?"

"Impessible to say what Jack will do," I nawered it as whisper—(we have been pursuing the whole of our conversation in a whisper, with heads close together, for the subject of it—engrossed though he is—is non ear, so dangerously near. It is one of the ew advantages of being a cripple. I may talk to one man all the evening through, and no one, not even the most malevolent, will think anything of it. Who would be even suspected of making love to a woman who has to be dragged from one room to another like a log! . .). "His father got him, by hook or by crook, a commission in a roak regiment. In a year Jack was so hopelessly in debt that he had to exchange into a regiment going to India. He has only been home three months."

"Mrs. Brandreth is making signs to you," interrupts Sir Robert. "I think that some one must be going to sing."

I wake up to the fact that Grannie is waving her fan and making faces at me from the other end of the room, and that Puski is standing by the piano in ominous silence, and with an expression of digust that makes me shrivel with shame.

But I an almost plad when, being assured that we are all reduced to an awed and respectful silence, he assails us with such a storm of "Diavolo, Diavolo's," as to make conversation impossible not only to us but to those two in the window also.

storm of "Diavolo, Diavolo's," as to make conversation impossible not only to us but to those two in the window also.

Grannie is no longer "at home." Grannie has diasppeared in Parkinson's hands to go through the mysterious process of unmaking—the lights are put out—the guests are departed to digest as best they may the unwholesome sandwiches, the goose berry champagne; and we—Jennie and I—are in the tiny, the very tiny room where Grannie lodges us free of charge.

I, bereft of my smart company gown, and put into bed much as if I were a baby, am lying and watching Jennie as she stands before the glass, dreamily and thoughtfully combing out her long, bright hair. She looks like the Schontz Yungfru in 'Lorelie,' who kammt ihr goldnes Huar to the peril and destruction of unwary fishermen—si if she ought to have a golden comb in her had instead of a common tortoise shell one. There is no laughing gossip, no merry criticism of Grannie and her guests, to-night. When she has done her hair, when she has asid her prayers—there is nothing to come between her and God yet—my sweet, pure darling—she comes to me, as she has always done ever since was a little child, for her good-night kiss.

I have loved Jennie more as a mother loves an only child, than as sisters love. She has been the one brightness, the one gladness, of a life otherwise desolate. But for her, I should long ago have found it in when I to you the little of the blight.

Ever since the day when mother, dying,

on which he has seen lit to lay so heavy a blight.

Ever since the day when mother, dying, put her into my arms—a little soft baby with fluffy golden hair and dark, wondering eyes, and bade me be good to her, I have lived for her, and for her only.

But never has my heart ached for her with such sore misgivings as it aches to-night.

"Jennie," I say very gently, holding her to me, "do you remember, dear, what foolish castles in the air we used to build—what happy, foolish pictures we used to draw about all we would do whap you should sind the man whom you could love—and marry?"

No answer—not a word. Only her eyes droop and hide themselves away from mine—only I feel the clasp of her hands tighten on mine.

—only I feel the class of her nahus rigocan on mine.

"Has the time come dear?" I ask, very low, freeing one hand to stroke the loose, shining hair.

In a moment her arms are around my neck, and she is laughing and sobbing by

neck, and she is laughing and sobbing by turns.

"How did you guess? . . . Oh, Mimi, I am the happiest—the very happiest girl in all the world!"

My heart sinks. There is no longer any hope that I can be mistaken.

"Has it ceme to this, Jennie, and you have not told me?" I say, when I can find voice. "Has Jack Mellish asked you to marry him?"

She loosens her arms from about my nach and drawing hask.

wards the latter end of July. Sundays at Grannie's are not pleasant days. This Sundays is unpleasant: than most of its predecessors. Ever since early morning it has a manufacture and the state of the window, straight downpour, hopeless of clearing. My soft is drawn close to be the window, the heavy velvet profess are close drawn, shutting out the front drawning of the window, the heavy velvet profess are close drawn, shutting out the front drawning of the window, the heavy velvet profess are close drawn, shutting out the front drawning of the window, the heavy velvet profess are close drawn, shutting out the front drawning of the window, the heavy velvet profess are close drawn, shutting out the front drawning of the window, the heavy velvet profess are close drawn, shutting out the front drawning of the window, the heavy velvet profess are close drawn, shutting out the front drawning of the way we have on Sunday afternoons—Granning oce to her room and I to mine. It visitors come they are shown in to Grannic and the way we have on Sunday afternoons—Granning drawning drawning the way we have on Sunday afternoons—Granning drawning drawning the way we have on Sunday afternoons—Granning drawning drawnin I do not choose.

"Think well before you decide," answers Grannie in a voice of concentrated passion.

"There are one or two points for you to take well into consideration. Sir Robert is rich, and has a first-rate position. Do you think that you—you who have fiirted and made yourself talked about through two whole seasons, who are carrying on now to such an extent with that fool, Jack Mellish, that soon no decent woman will care to speak to you—will ever get such a chance again? Is it Jack Mellish you are hankering after?' (with a cruel laugh). "He may be a fool, my dear, but not such a fool as to märry a girl without a penny, for the sake of her beaus yeaz."

"Stick to the point," says Jennie . . . and the young voice sounds quite as hard and cold as the old one. "You called me here to speak to me about Sir Robert Austruther. Captain Mellish has nothing to do with it."

and the young voice sounds quite as hard and cold as the old one. "You called me here to speak to me about Sir Robert Anstruker. Captain Melliah has nothing to "im afrait he has a good deal to do with it," answers tirannie, sharply. (She is a clever old woman, I cannot deepy that, but on, not a nice one.) "If you pin your faith to him, you'll find yourself left in the lurch. Ask him" (with another laugh)—"ask him about the girl he was with at Ascot—the Manchester girl with the hundered the manyou, my dear!"

"If this is all you have to say," says Jonnie, and I know by her voice that it is all she can do to repress her passion, "I had better go."

"Stay a moment," says the old woman: "there is something—just one thing more. I do not know that it will have much weight with you—you, who are willing to throw away money, title, and position for a love-sick faney. Has it ever occurred to you to think, if you marry Jack Mellish, who has not a penny, or if you do not marry him—as you most certainly will not—what is to become of your sister? Your sister, who day by day gows a little thine, railed paler. I have been crying so fer many minutes, but to me?" (she says with a shrill cry)—"to me? Can I give her these things? But you—you, for whom he risked her life, and lost the use of her limbs—you are the only one that ona save her."

"Stop! stop!" I cry in agony—I have been crying so fer many minutes, but the ward from Mexico, as it did mare a love-se that every days he gets worse. You are the only one that can save her."

"Stop! stop!" I cry in agony—I have been crying so fer many minutes, but they will not hear me—"Jennie! Jennie! do not listen to the r!"

The heavy curtain is thrown violently back, and Jenie, with a face from which every particle of colourhas fled, with tottering limbs and horror stricken eye, comes through the ward from Mexico, as it did merit have been crying as for many minutes, but they will be a seen the control of the contr

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

know so little about philosophy that he would probably have spelt it with an f.

Gen. Frossart is the warrior who cut such a poor—very poor—figure at the battle of Forbach. He was a clever strategist on paper, and a decent scholar all round; but he was at the same time an extremely consequential, fussy personage, whom the Prince never liked. I saw them together in 1869, when the Prince went with his mother on a political trip to Corsica. While they stood on the platform of the Lyons railway station, where crowds were cheering, and loyal Mayors were presenting addresses, the General kept saying audibly to his pupil: "Take your hat off." Put your hat on." Bow to the gentleman." &c. The Prince, who knew very well what to do, looked profoundly bored, and ended by walking off to get nearer to his mother, leaving Frossart in the lurch. To give the Prince some emulation in his studies, the Emperor allowed young Louis Conneau to be educated withim. Conneau's father had been the Emperor's closest friend during his captivity at Ham, and was chiefly instrumental in abetting his escape from that fortress. The Emperor never faltered in his gratitude for this service, and he wished his son to make the friendship hieroidiary, It has become so, for Louis Conneau is to this day Prince Louis Napoleon's most trusted friend.

The Prince Imperial had to put up with more than one affort in his boylood, for the work of the prince Louis Angret and the property of the prince Louis Angret and the prince Louis Angret and and the prince Louis Angret and Louis Angret and the prince Louis Angret and Louis Angret and Louis Angret

We will be the start per larger of the start per large

The Cathedral Clock Once More.

Prince Louis Napoleon.

The Kaucation of the Boy for Whom Splendid Eugene Lives.

(From the Looden Truth.)

I Remember seeing the Prince Imperial where the seed of the Splendid State of the Splendid Sp

Jeots being considered as most necessary to the prosperity, health and provision of the city.

The railroad proposed in the Val D'Aosta will open to travelers one of the most beautiful and interesting regions of Italy. The mountains of this picturesque neighborhood are the natural bulwarks of Italy, and the courageous inhabitants are not less a protection than thoir impregnable mountains. It was in these fastnesses that Victor Emmanuel took refuge from the ceremonics of the court and followed the wild deer through the forests. Whoever goes there and breathes the fragrant air or sees the giant mountains of ice and rock comprehends at once the affection of the king for this region. Besides the picturesqueness and beauty of the Val d'Aosta it has great agricultural resources which the construction of this railroad will develop. The people, who have desired it for twenty-three years, have already paid their contribution to the expense—\$600,000—and now only wait for the action of the government. There are remains of Roman civilization in this valley, as well as that of the feudal periods. Boside the rich fields and pastures there are many mineral waters and mines which have been partly abandoned on account of the difficulty of transportation.

The railroad from Novara to the Swiss confines must be completed, contended and the of the St.

As, the weary allence since last I favoured the world with my meditations! The world than missed me, and I have missed my congenial employment in that world of service. And so many things to talk about! so many collies to shoot! so many wonders to chronicle! so many politicians to praise! so many orators to ovate is o many orators to call to many? all the many is on many? or dear! O dear in the control of the many of the m

Distinguished Gluttons.