go to my mother's, I shall prefer it, and she will love you as if you were her own child."

I got red in an instant. It was so very unkind to make such a proposal. His mother! doubtless an ignorant, ill-bred person, from whom I should have no chance of escape.

"Certainly, I had better go to the lady my mother chose for my guardian. I have heard of Madame La Peyre."

I look up resolutely in Captain Brand's face; he is smiling, and yet I am sure I spoke with dignity.

"He is stupid as well as rough. He cannot understand manners. I must speak out if I want him to know what I mean."

"Very well," he says, "you shall do as you please, though I do not like French people, and I wish you could have been placed in England. I shall come and see you, and remember, my dear child, you must not keep any the smallest trouble from me; write, and tell me every thing." I look displeased; certainly I do not intend to write to Captain Brand.

"I don't ask you to do this"—he smiled again, just as if he saw into my thoughts—"as a task, but only because I can't have you worried or troubled about any thing, and you have no one else to help you."

"You seem to forget my father," I say very coldly and calmly. I want to show Captain Brand I am not quite such a child as he fancies. "As soon as I land I shall write to my father, and he will give me advice when I need it."

I look up—I hope he is really startled at last; but he is smiling still, and there is the same irritating touch of pity in his face I saw there before.

"Yes; you must write to your father, and *my* first business will be to write to Mr. Stewart. I have a letter to inclose to him, Gertrude, which your mother gave to me on that day, do you remember, when she took me below with her."

Of course I remember; and my old feeling of jealous dislike grows worse. So he got my mother to write exactly what he pleased. My eyes are full of angry tears.

"You can do as you choose, Captain Brand, it makes no difference to me; but my father will probably send for me."

He looks very sadly at me.

"I wish you would trust me, my child; I can't bear distressing you, and yet it is better to tell you that I know that your father will not withdraw you from my protection."

I looked incredulous.

"Well," he says, abruptly, as if he is growing tired; "there is just one more thing to be settled between us: a motherless girl must have a protector of some kind, or she is exposed to endless annoyances. You are too innocent to realize your position, and you must let me care for you, just as if I were your father or your brother. Don't encourage Mr. Rendu to talk to you."

Just the old lecturing voice I remembered on board the "Adelaide."

"I am not in the habit of talking to inferiors;" and then I bite my lips. In the midst of my vexation, at his interference, I am ashamed of myself. What would my darling mother have thought of such a speech to a man who is almost as much my inferior as the French mate is?"

But Captain Brand is evidently too insensitive to be offended.

"I am sure of it," he says cheerfully; "then it is a compact; you will trust me for the future, my dear child, and try to believe I am only seeking your real happiness in all I say or do."

And actually he takes both my hands in his and kisses them. I cannot prevent him, he has such a strange, rough power over me; but his look at me as he goes out of the cabin frightens me, it is so intense.

"I must and will get away from him; I don't feel free while he talks to me; I believe if he were always with me he would talk me into believing he is my husband. No; if I ever do have a husband it shall not be a big, rough, under-bred tyrant of a sailor—oh! oh!"

I shiver from head to foot, and then I break down in a passion of sobs and tears.

YELLOW JESSAMINE.

IN tangled wreaths, in clustered gleaming stars,
In floating, curling sprays,
The golden flower comes shining through the woods
These February days;
Forth go all hearts, all hands, from out the town,
To bring her gayly in,
This wild, sweet Princess of far Florida—
The yellow jessamine.

The live-oaks smile to see her lovely face
Peep from the thickets; shy,
She hides behind the leaves her golden buds
Till, bolder grown, on high
She curls a tendril, throws a spray, then springs
Herself aloft in glee,
And, bursting into thousand blossoms, swings
In wreaths from tree to tree.

The dwarf-palmetto on his knees adores
This Princess of the air;
The lone pine-barren stands afar and sighs,
"Ah! come, lest I despair;"
The myrtle-thickets and ill-tempered thorns
Quiver and thrill within,
As through their leaves they feel the dainty touch
Of yellow jessamine.

The garden-roses wonder as they see
The wreaths of golden bloom,
Brought in from the far woods with eager haste
To deck the poorest room,
The rich man's house, alike; the loaded hands
Give sprays to all they meet,
Till, gay with flowers, the people come and go,
And all the air is sweet.

The Southern land, well weary of its green
Which may not fall nor fade,
Bestirs itself to greet the lovely flower
With leaves of fresher shade;
The pine has tassels, and the orange-trees
Their fragrant work begin—
The spring has come—has come to Florida,
With yellow jessamine.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

MISCELLANY.

WITH DISRAELI.

BY THE LATE FRANÇOIS VICTOR HUGO.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

IT was just on the eve of our return to France, in 1868, that, during a brief sojourn in London, I called upon Benjamin Disraeli, to thank him cordially for various kind services he had rendered us while we had resided on British soil. For to the great British statesman and novelist, principally, I will say now we were indebted, during the darkest period of the imperial *régime* in France, for protection in our island-home at Guernsey, from insults and annoyances, at which British ministers, bearing the reputation of being Liberals, but in reality more subservient to the oppressor of our country than their Tory antagonists, might, perhaps, have connived. This is not the place to publish private letters, else I might feel tempted to insert here three or four from Mr. Disraeli, which, among all friends of liberty, and among those to whom the honor of Great Britain is dear, would be certain to excite admiration and respect.

One of these letters contained a pressing invitation for my father and his two sons to visit Mr. Disraeli, either in London or at his country-seat. Reasons, on which it is needless to expatiate here, prevented my father, who never was in England, outside of the islands of the Channel, and my brother Charles, who was there often, to respond to this invitation. I took a cab at Charing Cross, and drove to Mr. Disraeli's town residence. Generally followed by bad luck in almost every thing, I was most agreeably surprised when the servant at the door told me that his Right Honorable master was at home, and, after taking in my card, begged me to follow him.

We passed through a hall-way, rather dark, but yet profusely decorated with statues and paintings; something unusual in the house of a wealthy and prominent Englishman, but I had been told by M. Louis Blanc that I must not be astonished at any thing I might see during a visit to Disraeli, because he was so dissimilar in his tastes and predilections to most of his countrymen; and so I did not even wonder when, upon ascending the wide staircase, I found it hung with Turkish carpets, exactly after the fashion of Spanish or Venetian balconies or staircases.

We entered an anteroom, beautifully frescoed, and with windows of exquisitely colored glass, through which, just then, the sunlight fell with a softness that lent an additional charm to the walls, the heavy, velvety carpet, and the furniture, which seemed to have been selected from among the quaintest collections of Flemish châteaux.

Suddenly the door opened, and the remarkable man, whom one-half of the English nation almost idolizes, while the other half, although bitterly opposed to him, cannot withhold its genuine respect from him, stood before me. What a remarkably striking face! What splendid eyes! Who, after seeing him once, could ever forget him?—either foes, upon whom these lustrous eyes flashed fire, or friends, upon whom they poured a flood of the kindest, sweetest light!

Ah! as Mr. Disraeli held out to me his hand, with a sunny smile, uttering my name in a low, gentle voice, I discovered at least one of the secrets of his extraordinary popularity. But he gave me no time for reflection. Keeping my hand in his, he led me to the sofa in his library, and kindly seated himself by my side.