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TO A FEMALE SINGER.

Thou hast loved and thou hast suffer'd!
Unto feeling deep and strong,
Thou hast trembled like a harp's frail string—
I know it by thy song!

Thou hast loved—it may be vainly—
But well—oh! but too well—
Thou hast suffer'd all that woman's breast
May bear—but must not tell.

Thou hast wept and thou hast parted,
Thou hast been forsaken long,
Thou hast watch'd for steps that came not back—
I know it by thy song!

By the low clear silvery gushing
Of its music from thy breast,
By the quivering of its flute-like swell—
A sound of the heart's unrest.

By its fond and plaintive lingering,
On each word of grief so long,
Oh! thou hast loved and suffer'd much—
I know it by thy song!

Fidelio; or, a Wife's Devotion.

[CONCLUDED.]

While these courtesies were being exchanged, Marcellina having heard from her father of the stranger's arrival, and of his wondrous beauty, impelled by her sex's curiosity, hied herself to Jacquino's lodging place, and under one of those ready pretexts which are always at woman's command, soon obtained admission, without letting her lover plume himself on the visit being made on his account.

"Jacquino," said she, "my father informed me that you had in charge a young——"

Marcellina, dazzled by the appearance of the new addition to the fortress, could not complete the sentence but stood gazing on the handsome Fidelio blushing and bewildered. Jacquino hastened to her relief, and a formal introduction took place: after the lapse of a few minutes to the enamoured porter's manifest surprise, Fidelio did not betray that awkward bashfulness in Marcellina's presence which he had done in his own, but earnestly strove to render himself agreeable; so much so, that he volunteered several stories, and when Jacquino had succeeded in placing his betrothed by his side, actually ventured upon a song. It was a mournful ditty, sung so sweetly, that the lovers were melted—Marcellina into tears, Jacquino had to turn away his face to conceal something. At its conclusion a long silence ensued, which was broken by the prison-bell sounding forth the hour when all in the fortress, save those on duty, should retire to their chambers.

"My father will be waiting for me" said Marcellina, starting up hurriedly; "and—and—where will Senor Fidelio——"

Jacquino instantly comprehending her, promptly answered:

"He will for this night share my couch; to-morrow, I doubt not, he will have better accommodation provided for him"

Fidelio did not seem to appreciate this offer, but blushed deeply, and turned an imploring eye on Marcellina, who, although also much confused, understood the action, and said:

"The guest of my father, and the friend of Senor Mateo would prefer to sleep on a couch by himself,"—Fidelio looked his answer—"then let us to my father—adieu, Jacquino—this way, Senor Fidelio."

And before the astounded Jacquino could interpose, his interesting guest, accepting Marcellina's proffered hand, bade him good night, and immediately vanished.

From that, to both Fidelio and the susceptible Marcellina, interesting night, he became every day a greater favorite with the governor. His gentle manners, graceful deportment, and ready wit, won him favor with the whole establishment, and especially with Marcellina, who contrasting him with her affianced Jacquino, found so much to the disadvantage of the latter, that she regretted her engagement with the honest fellow. Fidelio, in her young eyes, was the *beau ideal* of a lover, and being frequently in his society—for the duties assigned him obliged him constantly to be near the governor—she gradually yielded to the new sensation that had stolen into her little heart. Fidelio encouraged her evident partiality, and would frequently stroll with her on the battlements, chaunt her an old Moorish legend, and sometimes, at her earnest entreaty, sing her a merry French or Italian song All this made Jacquino extremely jealous and wroth; and when he encountered Fidelio, he would scowl upon him, and lay his hand significantly upon the large knife he carried in his belt. But when in reply to these menacing gestures, Fidelio only smiled mournfully, and looked him inexplicably in the face, his anger gave place to a feeling of awe and astonishment, and he would walk away without uttering a word.—While all this by-play was going on, Fidelio, thanks to the praises of Marcellina and the impression he had himself made on Rocco, had so far ingratiated himself with that formidable personage as to be admitted to his table and companionship.

After supper one evening, Fidelio, after pleasing his host and daughter with a stirring romance of Spanish chivalry, ventured to prefer a request that he might be permitted to accompany Rocco in his next visit to the dungeons.

"Sword-blades and carbines! but that's a thing I have never done yet," replied Rocco, good humoredly.

"What harm would there be in it?" interposed Marcellina, who well knew that Fidelio ardently desired the favor.

"No great harm that I can see," replied Rocco; "but what do you want to see?"

"I have heard and read so much about the famous caverns of Toledo," said Fidelio, quietly, "that I have an irresistible curiosity to ascertain whether it is all true"

"True enough, and more true than reported," said Rocco, grimly; "but your nerves would be too weak to endure the sights—you would be—"

"Only try me, senor," urged Fidelio; "I am stronger than I seem; and perhaps, after the trial, you might think proper to let me assist you a little in your labors. It must be hard work, for sometimes when you return, I can see large drops of water trickle from your brows, down your face."

"Do, father grant Fidelio what he asks, it is not much, I am sure," said Marcellina, as she coaxingly encircled her father's neck with her warm, rounded arm.

The jailor resisted her for sometime; but Fidelio was so modestly pressing, and his daughter so insinuating, and the wine so generous, that he at length gave way; so, as he heard the prison bell sound, he started to his feet, and good humoredly exclaimed:

"Come along, then—but only this once, remember. This is my last round; and, as it is a dark night, with a cloak over your shoulders—which, by-the-bye, you will want when underground—you will not attract the notice of the sentinels, who, I may tell you, have orders to report everything of the kind"

"I know how to close their mouths," said Marcellina, shly. Rocco winked at the wine-bottle and taking several formidable-looking keys in his hand, bade Fidelio follow him, which the latter did with alacrity, after having had his cloak adjusted by the delicate hands of Marcellina, and, in return, gave one of them a delicate squeeze.

The air of the dungeons was fearfully cold, and the sense of smell was shockingly offended by the mouldy, and almost fœtid exhalations; while the ear was every now and then appalled by a low groan, or a dismal shriek of either madness or mortal agony. Fidelio, following close upon the heels of Rocco, had provided himself with a lamp, the rays of which he threw into every cell, as they traversed the long, damp passages. He would have inquired from Rocco the names of the prisoners, but the jailor peremptorily enjoined silence—he had been sworn to preserve inviolable secrecy in that respect; so that Fidelio, whose agitation was dreadful, could only gratify his curiosity by gazing eagerly through the awful prison-bars when he could cause the light he carried to fall on the faces of the prisoners within At length they arrived at the extremity of these subterranean horrors, and were about to return, when, suddenly Fidelio heard a voice pronounce a name, and then call upon the jailor piteously to release an innocent captive.

"Does she survive?" exclaimed the voice, amid the clanking of chains; "inhuman monster, relieve my suffering by a single word—only one; curse me if you will, but say something; the sound of another voice will be music to my imprisoned soul—only a word—oh! my Leonora!"

Fidelio heard no more: overcome by his emotions, he sank senseless to the stony ground.

Rocco, after cursing his folly for having yielded to the stripling's solicitation, and attributing his insensibility to his being unaccustomed to such dreadful sights and cries, copiously sprinkled his face with water, and, when he had somewhat recovered, led, or rather dragged him along the passages, up the dark and slippery stone steps, and thence into the open air of a court yard where, assistance being at hand, poor Fidelio, more dead than alive, was conveyed to his chamber, and placed under the ministering care of the tender Marcelina. In the morning he appeared paler than usual, but a sterner expression than was common with him rested on his beautiful face; and, avoiding inquiry as much as possible, he solicited leave of absence from the fortress for a few hours, for the alleged purpose of recovering from his shock of the night before, by breathing the fresh air of the country. Rocco readily assented, and Fidelio, as if winged to do a holy errand, speedily left the fortress, and stealthily proceeded to a lonely house in the suburbs, where he had an interview with a middle-aged man of strong body and determined aspect, who, after listening in a respectful attitude to his narrative, or whatever it might have been, hastily took horse and galloped furiously away. Fidelio returned to the fortress in less time than that which had been allowed him, and, pleading indisposition, retired to his chamber. Four days afterwards the cardinal and Rocco were together in close conference.

"I tell thee, man, it is true," said the former, angrily; "somehow or another the suspicions of the Minister of the Interior have been aroused. Listen to what he writes me. Rumors have reached not only me, but his most sacred majesty, that Don Florestan, so lately by you reported to be dead, is not only living, but a prisoner, unlawfully detained in the dungeons of Toledo, of which you have the supreme charge. Such a scandal his majesty will not allow to remain disproved, and he has deputed me fully to inquire into the matter and report accordingly; for which purpose I intend to visit Toledo forthwith, to inspect the fortress, and examine such persons connected therewith as I may deem suitable and proper for the ends of justice.' Now wilt thou believe thine own ears, and consult thy safety by acting as I would suggest to thee?"

"Give me a warrant under your own seal, and the prisoner dies within the hour," said Rocco, doggedly.

The cardinal, glaring like a tiger, rose from his seat, as if with the intention of slaying the goaler on the spot, but, restraining himself, he hissingly said:

"Wilt thou betray me?"

"I never do, I never did, and I never will!" exclaimed Rocco, excitedly; "give me the warrant under your own signet, and I——"

"Fool!" thundered the prelate, "would you have me put a rod in thy hands to beat me? No! thou shalt do my bidding, or——"

"What?" inquired Rocco moodily.

"Die!" said the cardinal, solemnly.

"Better than be a murderer," was the dogged reply.

The cardinal, finding that threats were unavailing, had recourse to persuasion and promises of large pecuniary reward; and so wrought upon the, in some respects, rather plastic disposition of the goaler, that he gave a reluctant assent to perform a certain part in a fearful compact.

"Do thou prepare the grave," whispered the cardinal, "and I will find the tenant. I tell thee once again, man, that *he* hath wronged me—turned my summer into winter—my blood into gall; and we both but execute upon him a deed of sovereign—aye, sig[illegible]"

Rocco left the palace with a heavy heart, but, being *lemerally* doggedly consistent in all his actions, also with a firm determination to keep his word.

After he arrived at the fortress, he remained for some time buried in thought, he then summoned Fidelio to his presence, and thus addressed him:

"Wilt thou do me a favor?" said he.

"If within my power, I will," answered Fidelio.

"Canst thou keep a secret?"

"I can."

"Wilt thou for my sake swear to keep it?"

"I will."

Fidelio then took an oath, common at that period; and then, to his horror, Rocco disclosed to him that he required his assistance in preparing a grave in a remote part of the fortress.

"A grave!" ejaculated Fidelio, with blanched cheeks and straining eye-balls.

"Even so," answered Rocco, softly, but hoarsely; "it is for one who hath numbered all his days, and there will be no wrong in it; so go—get thee on a coarser dress, and we will away to our task at once."

"A grave!" said Fidelio to himself, when alone; and then as he felt his limbs sinking from under him, and his eye-sight failing he poured out for himself a goblet of wine, and drank it off. The effect, to one unused to such an indulgence, was instantaneous; his eyes recovered their lustre, his limbs their power, and an inflexible resolution penetrated his heart.

"Should it be for him," whispered he, taking a long dagger, and concealing it about his person, "he shall neither die alone nor unavenged."

After some severe labor, the grave was prepared by the hour agreed upon, and at midnight four persons stood on its brink. They were Rocco and Fidelio, the prisoner so emaciated by long confinement that he could scarcely stand, and a tall figure, concealed from head to foot in a cloak. The scene, by the light of the single torch which Rocco carried, was hideously picturesque. There was the grave, the victim, the murderer, and the accomplice, witnesses.

"Dost thou know me?" said the cloaked stranger, advancing toward the prisoner, and disclosing sufficient of his features to afford a recognition of them.

"Know thee?" said the prisoner, in faint tones; "I do, Pizarro; and heaven forgive thee the wrong thou has done me! Where is my wife—my Leonora?"

"Breathe not that name again," uttered the cardinal, savagely—for it was him—"but look at thy feet."

"I see a grave," said the prisoner, calmly. "If for me, it is welcome; for life is nothing without Leonora."

"Again!" shouted the cardinal; then die in thy fatuity."

As he raised his arm, a dagger gleamed in the torchlight; but, before it descended, Fidelio, with a scream that rang through the whole fortress, sprang forward, and buried the weapon he carried deep into the uplifted arm of the assassin.

The cardinal staggered backward, and, missing his footing, fell headlong into the gaping orifice he had intended for another.

"Florestan! my own Florestan?" cried Fidelio, clinging round the neck of the prisoner, and sobbing as only a woman can.

"Leonora!" cried the prisoner.

It was all he could utter, for his brain swam: feebly clasping his wife to his bosom, he fainted, and fell to the earth, carrying with him her now senseless form.

Rocco was so staggered by what had occurred that, for some moments, he reeled about like one drunk; but when the reality burst upon him in all its force, remorse for the part he had played lent him energy; and, hastily procuring assistance, he had the strangely re-united husband and wife conveyed to his own apartments, and placed under medical care. The cardinal was also extricated from his perilous position, and carried to his palace in a litter; for in his fall he had broken one of his legs.

The Minister of the Interior arrived the next day, and Rocco made a full and unreserved confession of the whole transaction. Horror struck at such villany, the minister issued his warrant for the committal of the cardinal and Rocco to prison; but with the former it was useless, for he had already been claimed by a goaler who was adamant to all the tamperings and entreaties of man—the cardinal was dead.

Don Florestan slowly recovered. Leonora, happy in his company, and rejoicing over his rescue from a living grave, became convalescent more rapidly; and nursed him until the bloom once more re-visited his cheeks and the fire his eyes. As for Rocco, at the solicitation of Leonora, the only punishment awarded him was the loss of his situation—a misfortune he did not much regret; for in the society of his daughter, and Jacquino, his son-in-law, he lived peaceably for the remainder of his days on a farm which Don Florestan had given the young couple; and never, to his dying day, did he cease to eulogise the marvelous love of Leonora; nor, when in a cheerful humor, did he omit to raise a merry laugh at the expense of Marcellina, and her affection for Fidelio and Jacquino, and his jealousy.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CUBAN EXPEDITION.

The steamer Winfield Scott brought to New York on Friday week from Key West, Lieutenant Van Vechten, one of the invading party who left New Orleans for Cuba, but who was pardoned by the Captain General of Havana, through the intercession of Capt. Platt, of the U. S. sloop-of-war Albany.

The editors of the N. Y. Express state that they have read the correspondence between Gen Concha, the Captain General of Cuba, and Capt. Platt, the commander of the sloop-of-war Albany, which resulted in the liberation of Philip Schuyler Van Vechten, one of the party which landed from the Pampero. Capt. Platt wrote an earnest appeal to the Captain General in behalf of the "miserably deluded men" who had invaded the Island, in which, for the sake of the good effect it would have at home, and as an act of great though undeserved clemency to prisoners, he begged for their release with permission to come on board his ship, to be taken to the United States. In this letter, Capt. P. acknowledged the courtesy and kindness of the Captain General in allowing him to visit the prisoners taken on the Island, and in allowing officers Kelly and Haines, also liberated, to come on board his vessel.

The Captain-General answered the letter at once, and said that he appreciated the humane feelings which prompted the request that had been made to pardon the prisoners then in duresse. But he did not feel at liberty, consistently with the duties which he owed to his Government and Queen, to extend relief further than had already been granted. Nevertheless, to show his respect for Capt. Platt, and his high regard for the manner in which he had performed his duty upon a most trying occasion, he would assume so much power to himself as would allow Capt. Platt to select any one individual from among the prisoners for free pardon, and to be sent under his direction to the U. States. The remaining prisoners would have to go to Spain, there to be disposed of as Her Majesty's Government thought proper.—It is understood, however, says the Captain-General, in the conclusion of his letter, that "*the lives of the prisoners are guarantied by the amnesty contained in my circular of the 24th of August.*

The prisoners were accordingly ranged for inspection, and Capt. Platt at once recognized Van Vechten, with whose father and mother, resident at Albany, N. Y., he had been acquainted. Gen. Concha was as good as his word.

STATEMENT OF VAN VECHTEN.

Van Vechten's statement, as published over his own signature contains one or two important facts, one of which is that while the Pampero was lying off Key West, Sunday, 10th of August, "a quantity of brandy and champaigne was received on board, which was imbibed tolerably freely by Lopez and his staff. About dusk of that day, no pilot appearing, Lopez called a council, composed entirely of the Cubans and Hungarians attached to his staff, (no Americans being called) who decided to give up going to the St. John's River, and run in immediately for the coast of Cuba, which was done at about 10 P. M. The next morning owing to the variation of the compass from muskets being stacked near it, we found ourselves in plain sight of Moro Castle, and about twelve miles distant; the vessel was immediatly headed to the Northward and Westward, and run out of sight of land. About 2 P. M., of that day, Lopez took the captain and mate out of a Spanish schooner, to act as pilots, giving them to understand that they would be shot if they showed any disposition to escape or deceive."

The next adventure of the Pampero was running on a Reef, with eight feet of water, the boat drawing 9 feet. The landing over, Lopez sent his pronunciamento to Los Posas, threatening to kill all who would not join him.

There being no means of transporting baggage at Cabanos, where we landed, Lopez ordered Col. Crittenden to remain there and protect the stores, consisting of 100,000 musket cartridges, three thousand muskets and 700 pounds of powder, in kegs, together with the baggage of officers. Lopez went on with 323 men and left Crittenden with 123 men. Crittenden had orders to join Lopez as soon as he could, and left late at night in carts, with the ammunition. On the 13th, four miles from Los Posas, while breakfasting at a store and grog shop, their arms being laid by, they were surprised by the report of musketry and whistling of bullets, which proceeded from the advance guard of a body of the enemy, five hundred strong. We immediately seized our guns, and killed nine of the enemy, and made one prisoner, none of our party having been injured.—Not ten minutes after, the party were again attacked.

Crittenden then immediately gave the order to charge, leading himself, and forced the enemy to retreat to a large body of chapperal, some seventy-five or eighty yards in the rear of their first position, from which they opened a heavy fire upon our force as soon as it appeared in sight on the brow of the hill. Finding he could not maintain that position, Crittenden gave an order to retreat to the house, while the enemy resumed his position on the hill, and again opened his fire; upon which Crittenden ordered a second charge, at the same time saying that he wished a small party to attain a position at the right flank of the enemy, to charge from that side at the same moment he charged from the front. Second Lieutenant, W. H. Crails, (also of Company R.) and myself volunteered, and succeeded in attaining the position with twenty men. After remaining in it for about half an hour, and hearing nothing of Crittenden, we returned to the house, where we found Capt. Kelly, of Company A, with ten men guarding the carts, but could hear or see nothing of Crittenden. The enemy soon after advancing towards the house we were compelled to retreat, leaving our baggage and stores; and that night or rather the next morning, we succeeded in forming a junction with Lopez at Los Posas half an hour before his march from that place.

The battle of Los Posas is then mentioned, and the second battle of the 16th at the Hacienda of Lopez.

"Here the action lasted from 11 to 2 o'clock, on one of the hottest days I ever experienced. The enemy were again compelled to retreat, with a loss of three and twenty men; and at the same moment that the retreat of the Spaniards in one direction was reported to Lopez, he issued an order to his own force to retreat in the opposite, and actually that day made a forced march of eighteen miles in five hours, over a mountain road. On the 19th being still in the mountains, we were overtaken by a severe rain storm, which destroyed the greater part of our ammunition, and rendered our guns entirely useless. We encamped in the evening of that day at a rancho at the foot of the mountains, about two leagues from Bahia Honda. We remained undisturbed that night, and were attacked just at breakfast time on the morning of the 20th, being taken by surprise, the sentry at the outpost having left his post to wash himself in a creek where he was killed. Owing to the unserviceable condition of their arms, the force under Lopez was completely routed, flying to the mountains in all directions—Lopez himself barely escaping on horseback, with the loss of his saddle, pistols and spy-glass, of everything, in fact, but what he wore. That night he encamped on the top of one of the highest mountains on the Island of Cuba, exposed to all the violence of a terrific northerner, without either shelter, fire or food.

Here begins the narrative of personal suffering—a stormy night upon a mountain, 48 hours without food except the leaves of trees—the killing of a horse on the 24th, which was divided among 125 men, all that remained to Lopez. On Sunday the 24th, the party found their way from the mountains, on the road leading to San Cristobal. There were then but 80 muskets, and 20 of them only serviceable, and only 40 dry cartridges. The party retreated, and the enemy (900 strong) just discovered, pursued them. It was then the invaders dispersed to the mountains in small bodies—seven only going with Lopez, and nearly all throwing away their muskets. We remained in the mountains till the 26th, says Van Vechten, having but one meal in six days. Many overtaken by the enemy were killed and the writer preferred such a death to the lingering one of starvation.

Van Vechten was discovered with his party while attempting to escape to the sea shore. The Proclamation of the Captain General, sparing the lives of those who yielded, was here received.

"On the 28th there being then forty-seven prisoners, we left San Cristobal for Havana; and on Friday night reached Guayamas, the terminus of railroad from Havana. There an order was received from the Captain General to proceed to Mariel, and embark, he being fearful that the prisoners would be torn to pieces by the rabble at Havana. We reached Mariel on the evening of the 30th, and were embarked upon the steamer Almandares, to proceed to Havana, when an express arrived, bringing information of the capture of Lopez; the steamer was delayed to await his arrival, which took place at two P. M., on Sunday, the 31st, when we immediately left for Havana. Lopez was entirely at liberty, and smoked his cigaretto with apparently as much unconcern as he ever did in his life. Outside the harbor of Mariel, Lopez was transferred to the steam frigate Pizarro, which conveyed him to Havana, and which he did not leave until he left next morning for the place of execution.

The remainder of us were confined that night in the city prison, in the rear of the fort called the Panta. The prisoners passed through a regular process, their hair being first cut close to their heads. They then passed into the hands of another barber, who deprived them of their whiskers; then another provided them with a prison uniform, and the exercises were terminated by a big negro, who securely fastened them in pairs by a chain, similar in size and weight to a log chain firmly secured to the ancle.

Van Vechten was released from prison, at 10 o'clock on the night of the 4th inst. There were then, he says, 160 of our force prisoners. They were all chained and confined in one large room, hardly large enough, however, for all to lie down at once. They were treated very kindly and allowed all the privileges that could be expected. Their sentence, he says, is ten years hard labor in Spain, probably in the construction of a canal.

Lopez was brought from the Pizarro and publicly garroted in the square adjoining the prison at seven in the morning of Monday the 1st of September. With him ended not only this expedition, but I sincerely trust, all expeditions to Cuba. Instead of finding the creoles our friends, we found them our most bitter enemies, far more so than the troops—keeping the troops informed of our movements, and hanging on our skirts, putting to death, without mercy, all those who straggled on the march. Of the troops I cannot but speak in praise, without a single exception. They treated the prisoners with the utmost kindness, giving them wine, segars, bread, tobacco, and aguadente freely, and from their own small means.

All the Pampero's force were accounted for at Havana, except 22.

"Lopez was caught with bloodhounds in the mountains on the morning of Friday the 28th of August. The dogs being some distance in the advance of the men, bit him badly in the left leg. There were seventeen countrymen in the party who captured him, each of whom was publicly presented with $1,000 and a cross of honor immediately after his execution."

Van Vechten says he received his appointment of Lieut. from Mr. Sigur of the New Orleans Delta, who told him and all that a revolt was regularly organized among the Creoles of Cuba, and that Lopez's landing was the signal of a general rising. Instead of being thus welcomed they received volleys of musketry.

Mr. Van Vechten's letter goes on to say that the executions of Crittenden and his party under the circumstances was just.—Such provocation merited death, and Mr. V. felt that he deserved to die.

"Crittenden with his force not only committed a crime in landing on the island, but actually committed an act of open piracy in taking those vessels in which he was caught, the punishment for which is, by the laws of all nations, death."

The mutilation of the bodies of the executed men by the Spaniards is denied on the best authority. Lopez, it is added, did not desert Crittenden, but erred in separating from him as Crittenden did in not joining him.

"Lopez without a doubt acted as he thought for the best; but there, as in many other instances, he erred. Of his personal courage there is no doubt—but when we speak of military knowledge, of judgment, of his ability to lead an expedition, I say at once he had neither. Lopez was probably as much or more deceived than any man in the expedition. His ambition led him to be the tool and victim of heartless speculators. Avarice, not philanthropy, was the main spring of the expedition."

The writer calls the Cuba Bond issuers speculators in human blood, and he adds:

Cuban bonds were worth, or were selling at 10 to 20 cents on a dollar, when this expedition left. Naturally they would increase in value, as the prospect of liberating Cuba became more certain; and if this expedition succeeded as they pretended to think it would, Cuba when liberated from what they denominated the tyranny of Spain, would have been burdened with a debt of fifty to one hundred millions of dollars, at least fifty per cent of which have been in the pockets of these would

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