

**FISHY.**—Oh, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Truly, our hearts are the hearts of trouts and the marrow of our bones is not fit for bait. Fish will not let us recognize Cuba lest England and France should come down on us. Our advice would be to let them come if they want to; but since they did not come when we had the war on our hands is it so very likely that they will come now? Verily, our fish is a light weight, though weighed in his own scales, which are golden.