

THE CYNIC'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

No. 2.

EVA HEAD.

A NAUGHTIGAL ROMANCE OF BEAUTY, BLOOD, AND BOOTY.

(Continued.)

CHAP. IV.

"On the Strand! On the Strand!"

Popular Air.



CONTINENTALLY let us return once again to Carrajo and his lieutenant, Schwartz, whom we left gazing on the storm with that intense solicitude they shared in common with hungry boarders and the Smithfield martyrs,—a strange

comparison, truly; but, remember, they all had an interest at stake. As the noble vessel, urged on by the fury of the storm, struck on the reef of rocks which, as we have seen, proved so fatal to her, Schwartz uttered a cry, which speedily conveyed to his chief the information so desired by him, and actuated by a common impulse to save life—and property,—both rushed madly several fathoms into the waves before they became aware of their perilous position!

Here, the never-to-be-dashed and always-to-be-wondered-at mother-wit of Schwartz found room for action. In the height of the tempest, the waves rushing Belceil-Mountain's high around him, he was heard to remark, as a wave huger than any of its fellows swept the unfortunate first officer from the slippery deck: "Ah! me; 'tis sad! That noble ship,—not only has she met her doom, she's also doomed her mate!"

Meanwhile he was not slow to seize and convey to land any article of value that came within his grasp; and as it is a well-authenticated fact that wreckers, like bishops, are fond of "laying on of hands," a considerable pile of booty was soon confronting him on the shore. Having thus done all within his power to save anything that was valuable, he next, with a humanity characteristic of him, turned his attention to the saving of life.

An ejaculation of horror escaped his lips, coeval with an immense segment of negro-head, as he stumbled over the inanimate form of the fascinating Eva; and his cry was echoed by Carrajo, who, at this precise moment, had seriously hurt himself by stumbling against and falling on the sable body of Eva's dusky handmaid, Sara Jane, who lay stretched out "on the shining sands" in an attitude suggestive of anything from *mania a potu* to Tennyson. Conveying them with all speed on a stretcher to the cabin before described, the usual remedies in such cases, made and provided, were applied, with such success that one of them, (a quart of salt water swallowed hot), brought Eva round so rapidly that, in the effort, she, to use the elegant language of the poet, nearly

"Threw up her immortal soul."

As her eyes opened, they rested with a vacant glance upon the ill-featured Schwartz, and, with a loud shriek, she relapsed into insensibility. Some time afterwards, she gave as a reason for this singular attack that she couldn't bear poetry, and this man reminded her so much of Hood, because, "you know," said she, "the bridge of his nose was a

'BRIDGE OF SIZE!!!'

CHAP. V.

When the fair Eva finally awoke to consciousness, her first impulse—a not unnatural one under the circumstances—was to open her eyes; as she did so, it was to find two men, Carrajo and Schwartz, gazing at her with an expression of tender solicitude.

"Dost live, fair damsel?" gently questioned the noble Carrajo; "say, oh! say thou art not dead!"

"Yes, oh! yes," put in Schwartz, "we much did fear you were de-funk."

"Dog of a Spaniard!" ejaculated Eva, who had always a delicate way of hinting at a gratitude she dared not express; "thou yellow-livered cur, that even th' unlicensed dogs of far-off Montreal would spurn,—avaunt!"

She's mad," quoth Carrajo, who, by the way, was a great admirer of Dundreary,—the result, in a great measure, of his living in a *Sothern* climate. "She must be guarded, Schwartz; to your care I consign her. Bring me my hot water, and a copy of *Diogenes* with which to shave me!"

"Stay!" cried Eva, with the courage of despair. "What wouldst thou with me? Let me know the worst!"

"Oh! 'tis a mere trifle," replied Carrajo. "I would wed thee!—simply that and nothing more."

With the instinctive modesty so natural to one of her race, she passed her hand across her brow, and gathering in her fingers the crisp and kinky tresses, with which Nature and the liberal use of Savage's "Ursina" had so bountifully provided her, she gave a hasty side-long glance at Schwartz, who stood an unconcerned spectator of the scene, and from her ebon lips flowed, like soft music from a blackbird's throat, these melancholy words: "Didst speak to me of wedlock! Ah, thou didst but jest; for how couldst thou, a white man, wed locks like these?"

Cut to the core by these cruel words, and almost broken-hearted to think that "trifles light as (*h*)air" were likely to prove such an insurmountable obstacle to their union, Carrajo, with one expressionless glance at her lovely face, turned and left the room, repeating in an undertone to Schwartz, as he passed out, his injunctions to see that no harm came to her.

Scarcely was his back turned when Schwartz, with stealthy steps, approached her cot, and drawing his *chronometer* from his pocket, with a hasty glance to see that no one was near, hung it above her head! What meant this strange proceeding,—this mysterious act of Schwartz? There can be but one explanation. No harm can befall her now, for through the whole live-long night there will be

A WATCH OVER HER!!!

CHAP. VI.

"Skunked! Skunked!"—EUCHRE.

On the morning following the scene I have described, the usual atmospheric fracture occurred,—a poetical way of mine of intimating that the day broke, and the sun's refulgent rays, inspiriting alike to the Pharisee and the Sinner, raised even the drooping courage of the unfortunate Eva, who, by this time,—to use a homely but graphic expression,—had "slept upon" her resolutions of the previous night, and now felt that—come weal, come woe,—prompt action was, like the "young man who went wrong"—"wanted." Awaking her attendant, Sara Jane, by tugging at her dexter ear (a very *Turk* was Eva in her treatment of these *Fami(s)Saries*), she bade the frightened girl summon the watchful Schwartz, which worthy soon put in an appearance.

"Ad-sum!" said he, a remembrance of his old college days breaking in upon his memory,

"Thank you," replied Eva, "I will take some breakfast, since you are so kind; but you are mistaken in your impres-