

THE CYNIC'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

No. 1.

EVA HEAD.

A NAUGHTICAL ROMANCE OF BEAUTY, BLOOD, AND BOOTY.

(Continued.)

CHAP. XII.

I am, and always have been, of a very sensitive organization, and therefore forbear to wound the feelings of my readers with a description of the vicissitudes and dangers through which my hero and heroine passed, before they discovered that island which, in all such stories as this, invariably turns up at the proper time.

How they endured hunger and thirst; how Eva was unable, for an unlimited space of time, to "do up" her back-hair, for lack of a mirror, which Carrajo had thoughtlessly omitted to put into the boat; how,—totally unable to shave or have his hair dressed,—the Chief found, like a good many would-be M.P.'s, the "state of the poll" exceedingly annoying; how, after Eva had broken the magnetic needle, in her efforts to repair sundry rents in her garments with it, they were unable to determine their position, and felt inclined to echo that cry of the politicians, "whither are we drifting;" how all this happened, and how, on the three hundred and sixty-fifth morning after leaving the vessel, they were compelled to devour their ballast, which, as you recollect, was tolerably indigestible;—for all these, and sundry other details even more revolting, I have the honor, as this story is intended to be entirely original, to refer you to "Foul Play," simply calling your attention, *en passant*, to the fact, that the author of this veracious history, unlike C. R. in the novel aforesaid, has, with a due regard to the properties, married his hero and heroine, before casting them on a desert island. Enough said.

On the three hundred and sixty-sixth morning, Eva was gazing intensely at nothing in particular; and Carrajo, who, you remember, was blind, was exhorting her to do as he did, and keep "a bright look out." And thus the day wore on, while, with fatigue and hunger, they wore out.

Night cast her sable shades around them; hushed was the song of the flying fish; stilled the small voice of the porpoise; whilst with each dip of the oar, the ocean, pitying their fate, wept tears of phosphorescent light.

And thus the night wore on.

THREE O'CLOCK A.M.—Somewhere on the South Atlantic, a small boat tossed here and there,—and back again, and in in the distance—what? A bank of cloud? a clam bank? a Royal Canadian Bank, or something still more unsubstantial? None of these, but a "trim little, tight little island" with "verdure clad;" in truth, a very G. T. R. appointment for them.

Now for the correct phase. The boat "grated on the pebbly beach," and Eva, giving her hand for the second time to Carrajo, leaped ashore. But no further would the Chief go. Seating himself on a large stone, he sat in moody and muddy contemplation. Was this to be the end? were all his schemes to come to this? The more he reflected, the more he despaired; and the climax was reached when he remembered that, to shelter Eva from the chilly night, he had sacrificed his cloak. Then, then, indeed, he felt that in very truth

ALL HIS CAPE WAS CUT OFF!

CHAP. XIII.

On the beach at Cacouna is all very well, but on the beach of an island, name unknown, and position exceedingly uncertain, is not quite so satisfactory.

Eva and Carrajo, however, having somewhat recovered

from the fatigue and exposure they had suffered while afloat on the ocean, and having also killed, cooked and eaten, a bird, which Carrajo pronounced to be a *Cock-of-the-walk*—one of a species peculiar to the island;—having also narrowly escaped being impaled on the horns of a *dilemma*,—which animal is found in these latitudes in a wild state,—they seated themselves on a projecting rock, to watch for any passing vessel which might come within their range of vision. To beguile the time, and improve her education, Eva suggested to Carrajo that they should manufacture riddles, which, if they ever reached the main-land in safety, might be given to the world; and which, if the public could be induced to *Read*, would probably supply them with considerable "Hard Cash."

He consented, and thus Eva propounded:

"What proverb sanctions the eating of *fish* on Fridays."

Carrajo could not see it, and this was Eva's answer:

"The one which says 'one man's meat is another man's *poisson*!'"

"Fishy, fishy, and very like a whale," criticised her husband; "but I have one for thee to match it. 'Where is there, in the 'Inferno,' a suitable inscription for the Montreal Custom House.'? Dost give it up? 'All hope abandon ye who enter here.'"

At this moment a sail appeared on the distant horizon,—a dim speck in the Western sky;—and the Chief shouted with all the power his lungs possessed. As the ship was some ten miles away, and not coming in the direction of the island at all, she naturally passed on, and once more Carrajo was in despair. Though he had a good *Bass* voice, it was, indeed, a *Bitter Hail* for him.

Days, weeks, months, years passed on, and still they were monarchs of all they surveyed, with no one their right to dispute, until Carrajo, almost distraught with grief, brought to perfection a plan which had been occupying his mind for some time. Furnishing himself with a long and strong rope, which Eva and he had constructed by ingeniously splicing monkey's tails together, and which had been the reverse of *apepopular* measure, taking with him two immense Turkish pipes as *Hookahs*, and seating Eva (who had gone into training several months previously, in order to use as a serviceable *wind-lass*) in the stern of the boat, they set sail once more over the ocean.

Arriving at the proper spot, the chief threw over his grappling irons, and directed Eva to row in a straight line for the North Star.

Can you guess his object?—Hardly—for the author is of opinion that this is the first time such a means of rescue, as conveying news of their whereabouts by means of a splice on a submarine cable, has been attempted.

Revenons a nos moutons—that is to our *ship*. A tug at the end of his line convinced Carrajo that his attempt was successful, and hauling in rapidly, he discovered that he had actually hooked some cable, but which he knew not. Being, in politics, a Copper-Head, he soon spun out a yarn, and the island furnishing all the insulation necessary. Carrajo was soon in communication with the main land, but a storm coming on, he was obliged to cut.

Before doing so, with his usual blood-thirsty and wanton cruelty, in order to mark the spot,

HE LEFT A B(U)OY THERE.

CHAP. XIV.

"A Spanish gentleman and a negro lady are wrecked on an island somewhere in the neighborhood of the cable this comes by. Send assistance immediately."

Such was the message which astonished some half-inebriated and slightly-sleepy operators in the New York telegraph office, and startled them out of that haughty indifference which is popularly supposed to be the prerogative of