

MARY MCGILLUP.

A SOUTHERN NOVEL.

AFTER BELLE BOYD.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY G. A. S—LA.

INTRODUCTION.

“Will you write me up?”

The scene was near Temple Bar. The speaker was the famous rebel Mary McGillup,—a young girl of fragile form, and long, lustrous black hair. I must confess that the question was a peculiar one, and, under the circumstances, somewhat puzzling. It was true I had been kindly treated by the Northerners, and, though prejudiced against them, was to some extent under obligations to them. It was true that I knew little or nothing of American politics, history, or geography. But when did an English writer ever weigh such trifles? Turning to the speaker, I inquired with some caution the amount of pecuniary compensation offered for the work.

“Sir!” she said, drawing her fragile form to its full height, “you insult me,—you insult the South.”

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