

neglected look, and were lavishly ornamented by the week's washing fluttering on the lines.

"The river," said Slade, "cuts 'em off from your side of Lynn. But what is it cuts off the poor devils that live in 'em from their own kind? You know, deacon, how church members look upon Factory Hill. They won't have any association with 'em. Yet they're natives as much as you are. You see, deacon, factory life is looked down upon, natives won't take it unless they are starving, and they get out of it as soon as they can. Now, I say, let the Irish have it, and keep 'em to it. It's good enough for 'em."

"I wish the cotton factory had never raised its head in America," said the deacon fervently. He knew Slade spoke the truth. Natives would not work in the mill's just yet, and still mills would be built as long as there was money to be made from them. At the most he could do no more than save Lynn from the foreign invasion, and to that task he addressed himself.

"If you had natives, then," said he, "you would let the Irish go?"

"Every soul of 'em, deacon."

"Then, if I guarantee to provide seven families in a week's time you will dismiss these Irish?"

Slade opened his eyes to their widest extent.

"Seven families, that can provide twenty-eight workers, deacon," he said.

"Is that the number you get from——"

"That's it," said Slade, smiling.

"They are very prolific," the deacon remarked.

"Very."

A short pause followed.

"It must be done," said the deacon firmly, but he had already begun to lose confidence. It was easy enough to fight eccentricities like 'Lijah Palmer, but nature and the almighty dollar were forces of another sort.

"I tell you it can't be done, deacon," Slade said cheerfully, "and while you are finding that out I shall settle my wild Irish in their houses, and try and make money out of 'em."

The deacon wished to protest, but on second thoughts refrained. Slade and his employer were commercial patriots and commercial Christians, careful to preserve a prayerful connection with the Church, deferential to its rulers, lavish with their money, and bound that no power should interrupt their money-making. What motive could move such men?

"It is a pity," said the deacon, "to put them to so much trouble."

"They're used to it, deacon. But I reckon that they won't be troubled right away."

Nor were they. The deacon in bitterness of heart saw an Irish procession wind past his door, loads of household goods and a troop of men, women, and children, heard the sounds of their lively house-warmings a few nights later, saw them running to and from the mills, and their little ones going to school daily, and writhed under the sneers of Palmer and the banter of Slade. He saw in fancy this unwelcome race and their religion taking root in the soil of Lynn, the fibres twisting about the bones of his ancestors and the shadow of the Catholic cross falling across their graves. Was he altogether powerless to prevent it? Were there in all America no spirits like his own galled by this vision, and eager to drive back the invader? Thinking of these things made the deacon a moody fellow for the greater part of a year.

## II.—A LITTLE PERSECUTION.

The mouthpiece of public opinion on Factory Hill was Mrs. Fletcher, and that this good woman had a wonderful fitness for her vocation no one could deny. Being of a masculine character her feminine fluency was all the more terrible, since it never suffered from that restraint which sometimes accompanies a man's gifts of the tongue. It was her good fortune to live close to the two double dwellings that sheltered the seven Irish families. A week of close observation satisfied her there was nothing more inhuman about them than their disposition to raise pigs and chickens. While her eyes were growing weak from the effort to discover the devil in daily communication with the Irish, Mrs. O'Day's young porker and Mrs. McQuade's hens rooted and scratched in her garden. It was the first meeting in the domestic circle of the three ladies when the pig came rushing down the slope towards his mistress with Mrs. Fletcher and a broom annoying his rear.

"I want you Irish to know," she shouted, "that you'd better send your pigs to Ireland."

It dashed her that this challenge to public discussion received no reply. The Irishwomen disappeared into their homes with cowardly celerity, considering the reputation for valour which had preceded them to Lynn. But Mrs. Fletcher had found her text, which voiced the sentiment of Factory Hill:

"I thought we Hill people were low enough, but, good Lord! them Irish are wuss 'n niggers."

Her loudness on the subject brought her to the notice of the deacon. He was just then hunting quietly for the chief gossip of Factory Hill, and was delighted on his first visit to her house to find so much of her. A trumpet could not blast the ear as could Mrs. Fletcher's vocal forces. He had already invited her to a lecture on "Popery" a week previous, and had seated her himself in the very front of the church. Mrs. Fletcher now admired the deacon as much as she detested the Irish, and was ready to serve him.

"You are close to our new friends," he said, to begin.

"It's very lowerin'," Mrs. Fletcher answered. "When I look out an' see 'em, an' think o' my father an' mother in Swamp Hollar, an' the way we was raised, an' what the folks would say to see us a-livin' right side of 'em, I feel like walkin' straight down to Slade's office, be that brought 'em here, and cavin' in his——"

A fit of coughing saved her from the rest of the sentence whose downright sincerity made the deacon's eye twinkle.

"I tell my boy an' girl to have nothin' to do with 'em," she resumed, "an' they don't. But jest as soon as I kin git out o' Lynn,

I'm goin', deacon. 'Tain't no fit place to bring up children in now. An' that Slade! The way he does bow to 'em an' scrape his feet goin' in to 'em is jest sickenin'. I do believe he's a Jiwit as the lecturer spoke on, an' he's goin' to fill that mill with the dirty Irish."

"We must prevent that," said the deacon. "You must stay here, Mrs. Fletcher, and bring all your friends here. We must show a bold front to this people. And what we can do to make Lynn safe and pleasant for you and your interesting family shall be done. Is there any favour I could do you at present?"

"I reckon you could," said she, with a liveness that made the deacon jump. "There air three houses vacant on Lincoln Square. I want to git into one of 'em. An' I want those Irish kept out o' the others. They air better tenements 'n these, deacon, an' we're all crazy to git into 'em, but Slade's bound to give 'em to the Irish, and leave us natives to freeze where we air. Now, I think if Lincoln Square was kept in the mud here at the foot o' the hill, 'twould keep things about right."

The deacon saw from Mrs. Fletcher's expression as she looked at the tenements further up the hill that Lincoln square was one of her ambitions, and as it appeared sound sense to him to make big distinctions against the Irish in Lynn he resolved that the hill crest should be held by the natives and the poorer slop left to the foreigners. Having concluded a treaty with Mrs. Fletcher he hastened to call on Slade, who had a large club ready for him. It had been fashioning for months, but received its finishing touch only a moment before the deacon's entrance, and the cunning manager was eager to bring it down on a Lounsbury skull. It was placed in his hands by accident, various circumstances had shaped it, but the deacon himself had unwittingly supplied the material. Briefly, his efforts to rouse Lynn patriotism had roused Mrs. Fletcher, whose tongue never before swung to such effect as in table-talk against the Irish; which in turn so stirred the bile of her promising children that they abused the Irish boys and girls where and when they could; and as this persecution was most acute where the victims were the most helpless, Mrs. McQuade's three youngest children, two at school, one at work, bore as a final result of the deacon's crusade the heavy burden of actual suffering. How the deacon would have blushed to see such fruit upon a tree of his planting! The children wept and complained, but a large slice of cake quieted the two who went to school. With Anne it was different, and the good mother, whose eye had long been fixed on a house in Lincoln square, feared that no bribes would ever keep up the child's heart until the house was in their possession.

A daintier little creature than Anne never set foot on earth. Her soft silken brown hair, her big blue eyes of the most melting tenderness, her beautiful clear skin were wonderful to see. It was strange to see this child doing work that would tire many a strong man. At five in the morning she was standing at the spinning-frame, and with the exception of three-quarters of an hour for meals, she stood till seven at night. The close air of the spinning-room was foul with flying oil and cotton, and being Irish there were other and more painful hardships in store for her.

"Nasty Irishman," Tom Fletcher called her, and for the first time Anne knew that she was different from Americans. She asked her mother about it.

"Bad luck to him, darlin'," said Mrs. McQuade, "sure he has his mother's tongue in his head. But don't mind him, dear. Ye came of better blood than ever was in America."

But how could she help minding him when he became the torment of her innocent life.

"The priest forgive you your sins last night," he would sing in her ear. "You haven't earned enough to pay him yet. You won't earn enough the hull year to pay him."

He pinched her until the tears came, pulled her hair, made extra work for her, and played pranks with the spinning-frame, which were laid to her charge. Ida scolded her and slapped her, and the child's heart was heavy with sorrow.

"Oh, mammy," she cried at night, "I can't stand the two of 'em."

Mother comforted her and strengthened her for the day's battle each morning by loving words and caresses, and little bribes of gingerbread which Tom Fletcher stole from her within the hour. He was ever devising new torments for her.

"The Pope died last night," he would say, "and there was no room for him in hell. There were so many Catholics there."

"I'll tell me brother Terry o' ye, if ye don't stop troublin' me," said Anne.

"Ye will, will ye," mimicking her sweet brogue. "Now I'll take your gingerbread, dirty little Papist."

And he ate it before her eyes. Ida protected her on occasions. It was an awful day for the child when she was taken from this scanty protection and put in charge of her own spinning-frame. To the burden of responsibility was added the sense of helplessness against her tormentors. It was so hard to do the work with this evil spirit about, and how to lay him she knew not. Her mother could not help her, and had told her why in part. She wished to avoid trouble until she had moved to Lincoln Square, and her father being hasty might get them into trouble by an onslaught on the Fletchers. They could not afford to lose work now, and they must get the beautiful new house on the top of the hill.

"So put up with it, acushla," said Mrs. McQuade, "and in a few months we'll take you out o' this mill entirely."

A few months! Her little heart sank at the thought of so long a time. But for the mother's sake it must be endured. The boss scolded her for poor work which was Tom's fault. The children laughed at her want of skill and called her rough names. Much as she suffered at first it was heavenly compared with the persecution which followed the lecture on "Popery" and the honours paid to Mrs. Fletcher by the deacon. Tom Fletcher, in a sly, secret way, made life so bitter for the child that she shivered when her eyes opened in the morning to the light of another wretched day. Often in the night her pillow was wet with tears wrung from a sorrow as real and bitter as any heart could bear. Anne's misery ended at last — when nature could bear it no more. At the dinner-table one day