

Let Not Man Put Asunder

but a gain in picturesque effect. As one looked at the old house in its new aspect one felt the existence of a change not only in taste but in manner of life. Simplicity had yielded to complexity, severity to elaboration. The New England foundation was still there, but much that was new had been built thereon. The spirit which had urged the Bradfords out of England and the Faneuils out of France was still alive, but grown sophisticated and self-conscious; not less eager and morally ambitious, but seeking its ideals in more daring ways. Between the Faneuil Hill of the moment and that of thirty years before there was the same difference of life and thought and spiritual standards as between Petrina and the father who had built the house, or the grandfather who had first stood upon the spot, or any other of the line of quiet Boston merchants from whom she sprang.

The same difference was manifest in all the township of Ashuelot. Great Erda had had her way. The delver and the reaper had gone. Their sons were winning among men — in law, commerce, and finance — the living they could not wring from the New Hampshire hills where they were born. Their places had been taken by those who had come, like young Peter Faneuil, to seek from Nature not her substance but her soul. Little by little Ashuelot had been discovered by the rich, the tired, the leisured, and the lovers of the clean, cool woods, the wine-like air, and the green perpetual hills. The pretty wooden cottage was now everywhere; it was of every size and form and degree of beauty, from hut to hall, from Doric palace to Italian villa, from colonial mansion to the many-gabled, many-columned, many-colored, rambling dwelling of the style that architects call Queen Anne.

All this was evident from the semi-open room where