

Let Not Man Put Asunder

forehead, his thoughtful eyes, his straight nose, and sensitive nostrils. These, she felt, were points by which you could judge a man. She might have considered the mouth too stubborn, only that it was nearly hidden by a long, fair mustache; but she was aware that the ascetic, clean-shaven cheek, and the square-set chin were marks of a character bound to fight and work, and not to tread the primrose path of dalliance. That was not quite what she wanted; but then she would have had less interest in finding a husband already perfect in the graces it would be her pleasure to impart. Petrina believed that the best plan in marriage was to take a man, more or less unformed, and mould him. She knew that Vassall had pursuits for which she did not care; he was much occupied with the improvement of municipal politics in America, and with prison reform all over the world; he even wrote articles and attended conferences in which these unfashionable subjects were treated seriously. She had no positive objection to that, but she found it unnecessary to the ends she had in view. She did not see him as other people did. He never appeared to her as a rising lawyer, or as a promising fellow who might take a high place in public life. He was only a nice-looking, well-bred, honest young man, who had somehow managed to touch her heart.

Moreover, she acknowledged him to be her equal, and her equals she found rare. She had long meant to marry, and to marry one of her own countrymen. She had declined already more than one decorative name and picturesque ancestral background in order to carry out this patriotic principle; but up to the present she had seen no one worthy to erase the Faneuil name, and spend the Faneuil money, and walk as prince-consort at her own left hand.