

that he was in the highway of promotion, from these and such-like causes, he could not fail to be borne onward from rank to rank, without the least thought or effort of his own, until he attained the elevated position of general, although many doubted his ever making a Marlborough.

Not the least remarkable of the members of this mess-room company was Captain Andrews, a gentleman of very few words. His eyes looked unutterable things—keen, penetrating, and searching, as though capable of reading one through and through. At the first approach of any person, there appeared to be a kind of slow, calculating process going on in his own mind, as though taking the full mental and moral measure of the man for his ulterior use and benefit, and which, by his own mental culture, he seemed well calculated to accomplish. And when he had apparently finished the process in his own mind, he seemed to exercise great caution and wariness, like the stealthy approaches of a cat. Aiming to gain your good opinion, and firmly secure your confidence, with oily words, and soft insinuating manners, a stranger to him would be led to suppose that he was a man of undoubted probity. In any and all cases of difficulty he seemed to be perfectly at home; for, with native shrewdness and sagacity, he would at once take in the length and breadth of the subject brought before him, and give his advice as though prompted by inspiration,—the inspiration being proportionably quickened where it was likely to bring grist to his own mill. His own personal interests seemed to be the grand moving impulse of his entire nature; he appeared to be completely absorbed in self. His whole