

rest in my last paroxysm.—But my most valuable friend is this set of books on my right hand. I call them my grand opiate, and you see I place my flannel night-cap upon them as a mark of distinction.

The PEEVISH Reader is made up of conceit and ill humour. He cavils with the title, the subject, the diction, the division, of every work that falls into his hands; nay, rather than not find fault, the paper, the type, the printing, or even the binding and lettering, are not to his liking. A man of this cast is an object of compassion, for in the imperfect state of human labours he must pass the time he devotes to reading very miserably. Some, however, enter this class without much natural peevishness, but only to shew off, and acquire the name of judges; so that to it belong most of the class which has sometimes been called that of the CRITICAL Reader; but there are so very few really entitled to the latter appellation, that they may be put into the next rank; namely;

The LEARNED Reader, who is a well read, and intelligent gentleman, but who, possessing too much pedantry, arising perhaps from the comparison of his own acquirements, with those of the pigmies in literature around him, is apt to look for technical precision alone, and can neither reconcile himself to flights of genius, and the excursions of fancy, nor make allowance for shade, but would have all one glare of light and science.

Next comes the PLODDING Reader. He goes through all manner of books; reads straight onward, begins at the preface, and so on through the epistle dedicatory, if there be one, the introduction, etc. He has generally a good memory, but no judgement, and his brain is a storehouse