

indexes, and occasionally runs through catalogues of books, with which, and the retailed opinions of those who look deeper, he passes after dinner and at tea-tables for a well read gentleman.

The IDLE Reader, (who is so named, not from the apathy or indolence with which he reads, but from the idle quality of what he reads) is a great peruser of light literature, duodecimos are his delight, and he never goes beyond a small octavo. But he reads without method or object; amusement, not knowledge, being his pursuit. As long as there are novels, poems on several occasions, memoirs of demireps, and lives of heroes or highwaymen to be procured, he will not want entertainment.

The SLEEPY Reader is one of a dull and languid temperament, both of body and mind. He takes up a book when he can do nothing else, and pores over it till it drops from his grasp. If by good chance the same work is always at hand, he may perhaps reach the conclusion, but if he does so, he has waded through it so much between sleeping and waking, that he is often himself doubtful whether he has read it at all. Few works of genius appear on his shelves, they are of too stimulating a nature and would defeat his object. Controversial divinity, metaphysics, moral essays, memoirs of statesmen, and soporifics under various titles, form his library. An old gentleman who died a martyr to the gout, used, as he sat in his study, to estimate his books, not from the pleasure, but from the good naps they afforded him. This, said he, to a friend who visited him, and pointing round with his crutch, this is a composer,—this is a dozer.—I believe I was nearly three months sleeping through that large quarto; and to this worthy gentleman on the middle shelf I am indebted for two nights