

"I know  
t is, and  
e an ac-  
waste in  
ents. I  
expres-  
that you  
own head-  
e to my  
l indulge  
hooose to  
ne book,  
you the  
  
me from  
y sullen  
window-  
inclined  
e dared  
is tutor,

though, at times, he was exceedingly  
rude and impertinent to him. So  
he sat, in no very amiable mood,  
twisting the pen with which he had  
been writing his Greek exercise, and  
scattering the fragments of feather  
all over the carpet. There was  
little wisdom in this conduct, but it  
was the young gentleman's pleasure.  
He endeavoured not to listen to  
Mr. Hill; but, as he had not lids to  
his ears, to let up and down at his  
pleasure, and he possessed the sense  
of hearing to an acute degree, he  
could not fail, in spite of his inat-  
tention, to catch a part of what his  
tutor was reading. He tried to  
think of something else; but his  
imagination, which was generally  
roving on some wild-goose chase,