

indicated by a scornful elevation of the lips and nostrils, which a Suffolk girl calls sneering (pronounced *snaaring*) at a person. Now, it is a well-known fact, that no Suffolk lad, from the age of three years old and upwards, can tamely brook being sneered at, as a sneer is by them considered as the most offensive of all insults. The first time Sophy began to practise this feminine art of war, Robert was more deeply hurt than if she had twitched out a handful of his chestnut curls; and he actually fled home to his mother, out of breath, and with tears in his eyes, exclaimed,

"Mother, what do you think? Sophy Flaxman has sneered at me!" To which his mother, who was in the critical act of turning the heel of a stocking, dropped a dozen stitches from her knitting-pin at once in her surprise, as she replied, in a tone of lively indignation, "Why, you don't say so, Robert?" "Yes, but I do, mother," responded Robert; "and she is always stoning me, and calling me out of my name. I have hid her once or twice, but it arn't of no manner of use, for she is such a serpent, nobody can ever get the master of her; but I wouldn't have minded her pulling my hair, nor stoning master's pigs, nor nothing else that she has done, if she had not sneered at me." "Well, but, Bobby dear," responded the mother, affectionately stroking down the injured curls, which truth to tell, bore some marks of recent rough usage, "I'll tell you what I would do if I were in your place." "What would you do, mother?" asked he, eagerly. "Why, I would sneer at her again." "It is no use, mother, for I couldn't sneer like her if I tried ever so. She sneers up her mouth, and nose, and eyes, and chin, all at once in a way that nobody else can do, 'specially a boy." "Well, then, I wouldn't look at her." "No more I won't," replied the indignant hog-herd, with an air of deep determination.

This resolution was made on a Saturday evening, and on the Sunday noon he communicated to his sympathising mother the mortifying fact, that Sophy had sneered at him all church-time. "Why did you look at her, Robert?" asked Goody Rowe. "'Cause I couldn't help it," responded Robert, with infinite *nai-vete*. "I looked to see if she meant to

sneer at me, and she did sneer worse than ever every time I caught her eye, even when the parson was giving out his text. And oh, dear mother, that text seemed as if it was meant on purpose for me, for it was, 'See ye fall not out by the way;' and while I was thinking how well it seemed to suit Sophy Flaxman, she sneered again, with the whole church looking on." "Her mother makes a proper fool of herself by keeping that girl at home," observed the sagacious Goody Rowe, with infinite indignation; "but I suppose these Flaxmans think themselves above their neighbours, as they have such lots of eggs and fowls to carry to market every week, and we shall see that their girl, instead of going to service like other folk's children, will be kept dawdling on the green with her turkeys and geese till she gets the name of the green goose herself, and you may go and tell her I say so."

Robert took the earliest opportunity of repeating his mother's witticism to his fair adversary, in the hope of provoking something in the way of conversation, but all the reply he received from Sophy was—another sneer. Robert felt greatly annoyed at the continuation of this system of silent hostility. "You shall have your own little hill all to yourself, Sophy," said he one day, "and I wont drive master's hogs among your fowls any more, nor yet upset your turkey's pan, nor kick your work-basket over, nor do nothing else to spite you, if you will leave off sneering at me, and be friends; but Sophy would not accept the terms of pacification. In fact, the list of outrages which Robert enumerated, and which had been of daily occurrence for many weeks, had left a feeling of deep resentment on the little maiden's mind. When Robert found he could not succeed in mollifying her by submissions, he once more resorted to open acts of aggression, which were met by Sophy with the same indications of silent contempt.

Sophy was growing a tall womanly girl; having rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and flaxen ringlets, set off as they were by the extreme neatness of her dress, and the demureness of her general behaviour began to attract the admiration of some of the pastoral swains of her own age, and, instead of persecutions from youthful shepherds and swine-herds, she became