

"Well yes. I have, so I imagine," said the Squire, "and if it be as I think, the same, a most insolent, diabolical scoundrel he is."

"He ought to be taught better manners, Sir," said Sertum, "he should be taught better than to treat a gentleman in the way he has treated you, and if your honor has no objection, Dick Sands and me could teach him a lesson to night, that is if he's stopping here."

The Squire rode slowly along apparently musing upon the proposition but without returning any answer. At length soon after they had entered the park, the Squire suddenly reined up.

"Sertum," he said, and his voice fell to a much lower and impassioned tone, "You must give yonder villain a lesson he will not forget for a while, but mind now that my name does not get mixed up in the business."

"Depend on me, Sir," said Sertum, as he bowed a parting salute and disappeared among the trees.

The young Squire allowed the reins to fall upon the neck of his steed, and rode along absorbed in thought. The young man as naturally he would, felt angry, humiliated. This was the first public rebuff he had ever received, he had not received many of any kind, and this coming from, as he thought, a low fellow, some kind of travelling vagabond, he was proportionably mortified at the whole circumstances. What will the villagers think and say? there is no telling who will hear of the affair. Such was the soliloquy, or such were the thoughts which occupied his mind as he rode along.

In the meantime Sertum by crossing the park in a direct line emerged near the stables where he found, as he expected the hostler and Dick the coachman, Dick had been brought up in the house and regarded himself as one of the family.

"Has the young Squire returned yet?" inquired Sertum.

"No," said Dick, "what for?"

"Oh, nothing particular, but I thought I'd just run up and tell you how he'd been insulted and see whether we are to let the fellow, who did it, off quietly."

"The Squire insulted, said Dick, his nostrils dilating "just let me know who durst do it and I'll fix his flint for him never fear. The Squire insulted! and on his own estates, and among his own tenants, that's going it. I wonder whether we are to have a *revolution* like the French have had, and the King and Queen and our Noblemen murdered in cold blood. But let's hear the particulars."

Sertum narrated the circumstances, carefully exaggerating those points he thought most likely to excite Dick's indignation, and in this respect he succeeded quite beyond his expectation.

"If I'd been there," said Sands, "I'd a gone at him."

"I dont know about that," said Sertum, "he's no trifle of a fellow to go at, besides it strikes me, he's something of a *Nob*. But even supposing I'd been able to give him a drubbing. I dont think that was the best time or place to do it, when so many were by to see what passed."

"But he shall have one or I'll be busy," said Dick.

Just then the sound of a horse's hoofs in the paved yard attracted their attention and they went out to meet the Squire.

"Well Sertum you got here before me; I suppose you could