

[illegible]



tredition was established in 2006 by Sandra Latusseck and Soenke Schulz. Based in Hamburg, Germany, tredition offers publishing solutions to authors and publishing houses, combined with worldwide distribution of printed and digital book content. tredition is uniquely positioned to enable authors and publishing houses to create books on their own terms and without conventional manufacturing risks.

For more information please visit: www.tredition.com

TREDITION CLASSICS

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series. The creators of this series are united by passion for literature and driven by the intention of making all public domain books available in printed format again - worldwide. Most TREDITION CLASSICS titles have been out of print and off the bookstore shelves for decades. At tredition we believe that a great book never goes out of style and that its value is eternal. Several mostly non-profit literature projects provide content to tredition. To support their good work, tredition donates a portion of the proceeds from each sold copy. As a reader of a TREDITION CLASSICS book, you support our mission to save many of the amazing works of world literature from oblivion. See all available books at www.tredition.com.



Project Gutenberg

The content for this book has been graciously provided by Project Gutenberg. Project Gutenberg is a non-profit organization founded by Michael Hart in 1971 at the University of Illinois. The mission of Project Gutenberg is simple: To encourage the creation and distribution of eBooks. Project Gutenberg is the first and largest collection of public domain eBooks.

The Northern Light

E. Werner

Imprint

This book is part of TREDITION CLASSICS

Author: E. Werner

Cover design: Buchgut, Berlin – Germany

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg - Germany

ISBN: 978-3-8424-8035-3

www.tredition.com

www.tredition.de

Copyright:

The content of this book is sourced from the public domain.

The intention of the TREDITION CLASSICS series is to make world literature in the public domain available in printed format. Literary enthusiasts and organizations, such as Project Gutenberg, worldwide have scanned and digitally edited the original texts. tredition has subsequently formatted and redesigned the content into a modern reading layout. Therefore, we cannot guarantee the exact reproduction of the original format of a particular historic edition. Please also note that no modifications have been made to the spelling, therefore it may differ from the orthography used today.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER I.

The grey mist of an autumn morning lay upon forest and field. Through its shadowy vapors a swarm of birds were sweeping by, on their Southward way, now dipping low over the tops of the tall fir forest, as if giving a last greeting to their summer homes, and then rising high in the air; turning their flight due South, they disappeared slowly through the fog.

At the window of a large manor-house, which lay at the edge of the forest, two men stood, watching the course of the birds and conversing earnestly with each other. One was a tall, stalwart figure, whose firm and erect bearing betokened the soldier fully as much as the uniform he wore. He was blonde and blue-eyed, not handsome, but with a strong and speaking countenance; a typical German in form and feature. Yet something like a shadow lay upon the man's face, and there were, wrinkles, on his brow which surely were not the result of age, for he was yet in the prime of life.

"The birds have started already on their journey to the south," said he, after watching the flight attentively until they had finally disappeared in the cloud of mist. "The autumn has come to nature and to our lives as well."

"Not to yours yet," objected his companion. "You are just in the hey-day of life, in the full strength of your manhood."

"True enough, as to years, but I have a feeling that age will overtake me sooner than others. I often feel as if it were autumn with me now."

The other man, who might have been a few years the speaker's senior, was slender, and of middle height, and clad in civilian's dress. He shook his head impatiently at his companion's last observation. He appeared insignificant when compared with the strong, well-built officer near him; but his pale, sharply cut face wore a look of cold, superior repose, and the sarcastic expression around the thin lips, together with his aristocratic air and bearing, suggested a hidden strength behind a feeble exterior.

"You take life too hard, Falkenried," he said reprovingly. "You have changed strangely in the last few years. Who would recognize

in you now, the gay young officer of other days? And what's the reason of it all? The shadow which once darkened your life has long since disappeared. You are a soldier, heart and soul, and have repeatedly distinguished yourself in your profession. A high position awaits you in the future, and the thing above all others is—you have your son."

Falkenried did not answer; he folded his arms and looked out again into the mist, while the other continued: "The boy has grown handsome as a god in the last few years. I was quite overcome with surprise when I saw him again, and you yourself, told me that he was unusually gifted and in many things showed great talent."

"I would that Hartmut had fewer talents and more character," said Falkenried, in an almost acrid tone. "He can make verses quick enough, and to learn a language is child's play to him, but as soon as he tries some earnest science, he's behind all the others, and in military tactics I can make nothing of him at all. You cannot comprehend, Wallmoden, what iron severity I am constantly compelled to employ."

"I fear you accomplish little by this same severity," interrupted Wallmoden. "You should take my advice and leave your son to his studies. He has not the qualifications for a soldier. You must see that for yourself by this time."

"He shall and must acquire those qualifications. It is the only possible career for such an intractable nature as his, which revolts at every restraint and to which every duty is a burden. The life of a student at the university would give him unrestrained liberty; only the iron discipline of the service will force him to bend."

"The only question is, how long will you be able to force him to do your will? You should not deceive yourself; there are inherited tendencies which will not allow themselves to be repressed or eradicated. Hartmut, now, is in appearance the counterpart of his mother; he has her features and her eyes."

"Yes," assented Falkenried gloomily, "her dark, demoniacal, glowing eyes, which cast their spell upon all who knew her."

"And were your ruin," supplemented Wallmoden. "How often did I warn and advise you then; but you would not listen. Your

passion had seized you like a fever and held you like chains. I declare I never have been able to understand it."

Falkenried's lips were drawn in with a bitter smile.

"I can readily believe that you, the cool, calculating diplomat, you, whose every word is weighed, are protected against all such witcheries."

"I should at least be cautious in my choice. Your marriage carried unhappiness on its face from the very beginning. A woman of a foreign race, with strange blood in her veins and the wild, passionate Slave nature, without character, without understanding of what we here call duty and morality; and you with your rigid principles, with your sensitive feeling of honor, it could ultimately lead to but one end. And I believe you loved her in spite of all, until your separation."

"No," said Falkenried, in a hard tone, "the fire burned out in the first year; I saw that only too clearly. But I shrank back from publishing to the world my household misery by a legal separation. So I bore it until no choice remained, until I was forced. But enough of this."

He turned abruptly on his heel and looked from the window again; but the quick movement betrayed rather than concealed the torture which he with difficulty repressed.

"Yes, it takes a great deal to tear up a nature like yours by the roots," said Wallmoden earnestly. "But the divorce freed you from the unhappy bond, and why should you not bury the memory as well?"

Falkenried shook his head and sighed heavily. "One cannot bury such memories; they are forever rising from their supposed sepulchres, and just now —" he broke off suddenly.

"Just now; what do you mean?"

"Nothing; let us speak of other things. You have been in Burgsdorf since day before yesterday; how long do you expect to remain?"

"About two weeks. I haven't much time at my disposal, and am for that matter only nominally Willibald's guardian, for my diplo-

matic position keeps me out of the country most of the time. The guardianship really rests in the hands of my sister, who rules over everything."

"Well, Regine is equal to the position. She governs the great estate and the numerous servants as though she were a man."

"And gives her orders like a cavalry officer from morning to night," put in her brother. "Recognizing all her excellent qualities, I, nevertheless, feel a slight creepy sensation whenever I am constrained to visit Burgsdorf, and I always leave the place with shattered nerves. They live in a most primitive fashion over yonder. Willibald is a perfect young bear, and of course at the same time the apple of his mother's eye, and she, by the way, is doing her best to bring him up as a bluff country squire. It's useless to enter any protest, and, for the matter of that, it seems just what the youngster's good for."

Their conversation was interrupted at this moment by a servant, who entered and handed his master a card. Falkenried glanced at it. "Counsellor Egern? I am glad of that. Tell the gentleman to come in."

"You have a business engagement I see," said Wallmoden rising. "Then I'll not disturb you."

"On the contrary I beg you to remain. I have had an intimation of this visit and its purpose, and know what will be the result of our conversation. The question is—" He did not finish, for the door opened and the lawyer entered. He seemed surprised not to find the officer alone, as he had fully expected, but Falkenried took no notice of his ill-concealed astonishment.

"Herr Counsellor Egern—Herr von Wallmoden, secretary of legation," said the host, presenting them. The man of law bowed with cool politeness as he took the seat offered him.

"I have the honor of being known to you, I believe, Herr Major," he began. "As your wife's attorney at the time the suit for divorce was in progress, I had the opportunity of making your acquaintance." He paused as if expecting an answer; but Major Falkenried gave no sign beyond an affirmative nod.

Wallmoden was all attention. He could understand now his friend's irritation on his arrival.

"I come to you to-day in the name of my former client," continued the counsellor. "She has authorized me—have I your permission to speak freely?"

He glanced at the diplomat, but Falkenried answered shortly: "Herr von Wallmoden is my friend, and knows all about this affair. So you may speak freely."

"Very well. The lady has, after an absence of many years, returned to Germany, and naturally enough wishes to see her son. She has already written you about the matter but has received no answer."

"I should think that was answer enough. I do not wish any such meeting, and I will not permit it."

"That sounds very blunt, Herr Major. Frau von Falkenried, in that case, has—"

"Say Frau Zalika Rojanow, if you please," interrupted the Major. "I believe she assumed her maiden name again when she returned to her own country."

"The name does not signify on this occasion," responded the lawyer composedly. "The question concerns only and alone a mother's natural desire, which the father neither can nor dare refuse, even though, as in this case, the son has been unconditionally adjudged to him."

"Dare not? But suppose he does dare?"

"In so doing he will overstep the limit of his rights. I beg you, Herr Major, to consider the matter quietly before giving so decided a no. A mother has rights of which no judicial decree can ever divest her, and one of those rights is the privilege of seeing her only child again. In this case my client has the law on her side, and she will appeal to it, too, if my demand meets with the same refusal as did her written request."

"Very well, she can make the attempt. I'll run the risk. My son does not know that his mother is living, and shall not learn it now. I

will not have him see her or speak with her, and I will know how to prevent it, too. My no is absolute under all circumstances."

This declaration left nothing to be wished for as regarded energy; but Falkenried's face was deathly pale, and his voice had a hollow, menacing sound. One could see how fearfully the interview had excited him. He was scarcely able to preserve the semblance of outward composure.

The attorney seemed to see the uselessness of further endeavor, and only shrugged his shoulders.

"If this is your last word, then my errand is at an end, and we will determine hereafter what our next step will be. I regret having troubled you about the matter, Herr Major." He bowed himself out with the same cool, indifferent manner with which he had entered. As the door closed upon him, Falkenried sprang up and began pacing excitedly up and down the room; there were a few minutes of oppressive silence, then Wallmoden said, half aloud: "You should not have done that. Zalika will not resign herself readily to your no; she made a desperate struggle for her child in the beginning."

"But I obtained the victory. It is to be hoped she has not forgotten that."

"At that time the question concerned the possession of the child," objected the secretary. "Now the mother only asks permission to see him again, and you will not be able to refuse her that, if she demands it peremptorily."

The Major stopped suddenly, and his voice was full of undisguised contempt as he answered:

"She will not venture to do that after all that has happened. Zalika learned to know me in the hour of our separation; she'll be cautious about driving me to extremes a second time."

"But perhaps she will seek to accomplish secretly what you have openly refused."

"That is impossible; the discipline of our institution is so severe there could be no intercourse here of which I should not learn at once."

Wallmoden did not seem to share his friend's confidence. He shook his head doubtfully.

"To speak openly, I regard it as a great mistake that you are obstinately silent toward your son concerning his mother and the fact that she is living. When he learns it from some other source, what then? And sometime you must tell him."

"Perhaps, in a couple of years, when he'll have to enter the world. Now he's only a student, a half-grown boy, and I cannot disclose to him the drama which was once played in his father's house—I cannot."

"So be it. You know the woman who was once your wife, and know what to expect from her. I fear there is nothing impossible for this woman to accomplish."

"Ah, I know her," said Falkenried with intense bitterness, "and because I know her I will protect my son from her at any price. He shall not breathe the poisonous breath of her presence; no, not even for an hour. I do not under estimate the danger from Zalika's return, but as long as Hartmut remains at my side he is safe from her, for she will never come near me, I give you my word for that."

"We will hope so," answered Wallmoden, as he rose and reached out his hand at parting. "But do not forget that the greatest danger with which you have to contend lies in Hartmut himself; he is in every trait the son of his mother. You are coming over to Burgsdorf with him day after to-morrow, I hear?"

"Yes, he is to spend his short autumn vacation with Willibald. I shall be able to remain a day only, but I'll surely come for that time. Good-bye."

The secretary left the house, and Falkenried returned once more to the window, but he only gave a fleeting glance after his friend, who waved him a parting greeting, then returned gloomily to his own thoughts.

"The son of his mother." The words rang in his ears, but the thought was not new to him; he had known it a long time, and it was this knowledge which had furrowed his brow so deeply, and wrung from him many a deep sigh. He was a man who could brave

any outward danger; but against this unfortunate heritage of blood in his only child he had battled with all his energy for years, but in vain.

"Now I tell you for the last time that all this noise and confusion must come to an end, for my patience is finally exhausted. Such goings on as we have had for the last three days are enough to make one think that all Burgsdorf is bewitched. That Hartmut is full of mad tricks from his head to his feet. When he once gets loose from the reins which his father holds tight enough, I'll admit that, there's no getting on with him, and of course you follow after him through thick and thin, and obey your lord and master's slightest behest. Oh, you are a fine pair."

This philippic, which was delivered in a loud tone, came from the lips of Frau von Eschenhagen of Burgsdorf, while sitting with her son and mother at breakfast. The great dining-room lay on the ground floor of the old mansion, and was an extremely simple room, with glass doors leading out upon a broad stone terrace, and to the garden beyond. On the brightly tinted walls hung a number of antlers, which bore witness to the sporting tastes of former possessors, but these were the only adornments of the room.

A dozen high-backed chairs, arranged stiffly in rows like grenadiers, a cumbrous dining-table and a couple of old-fashioned side-boards constituted the entire furniture of the room; and one could see at a glance that they had already done service for several generations. Such luxuries as wall-paper, paintings or carpet could not be found here. Evidently the occupants were contented to live on just as their ancestors had done, although Burgsdorf was one of the richest estates in the district.

The appearance of the mistress of the house was in keeping with her surroundings. She was forty years old or thereabouts, with a large, strong figure, cheeks glowing with health, and firm, solid features, which could never have been called beautiful, but denoted great energy. Very little escaped the sharp glance of her gray eye, her dark hair was brushed back smoothly, her gown was of coarse texture, simply made, and looking at her hands, you saw at once that they were made for work.

There was nothing attractive in her appearance, and her manner and bearing were thoroughly masculine.

The heir and future master of Burgsdorf, who had just been reprimanded so sharply, sat opposite his mother, listening, as in duty bound, while he helped himself liberally to ham and eggs. He was a handsome, fresh-looking youth, about seventeen years old, whose appearance indicated no great intellectual strength, but he seemed to beam with good nature. His sun-burned face was the picture of health, but otherwise he showed little resemblance to his mother. He lacked her energetic expression, and the blue eyes and blonde hair were not from her, but were an inheritance from his father. With his large, but very awkward limbs, he looked like a young giant, and formed a striking contrast to his more delicately formed, aristocratic looking uncle, Wallmoden, who sat next him, and who said now with a slight *soupcou* of irony in his tone: "You certainly cannot hold Willibald answerable for all these mad pranks; he certainly is a model son."

"I would advise him not to be anything else; who lives with me must obey orders," cried Frau von Eschenhagen, as she struck an emphatic blow upon the table, which made her brother wince.

"A man is bound to obey orders under your government," he answered. "At the same time I would advise you, dear Regine, to do something more for the intellectual development of your son. I have no doubt that under your guidance he will become, in time, a most excellent farmer, but to the education of a future landed proprietor, something more than that is needed. Willibald has outgrown home instructors and should be sent away now."

"Sent a—?" Frau Regine laid down knife and fork in unbounded astonishment. "Sent away," she exclaimed, greatly irritated, "and in the name of common sense, where?"

"Well, first to the university, and later to travel, that he may learn something of the world and of men."

"That he may be altogether ruined by this world and these men, and no comfort to me at all! No, Herbert, I'll never do that, and I tell you so now, once for all. I have educated my son to be honest and fear God, and do not think I shall turn him loose in your Sodom and

Gomorrah which the dear Lord in his forbearance has yet spared from the fire and brimstone which it so richly deserves."

"You only know this Sodom and Gomorrah by hearsay, Regine," interrupted Herbert, sarcastically. "You have lived in Burgsdorf ever since your marriage; you must acknowledge that yourself!"

"I acknowledge nothing at all," declared Frau von Eschenhagen, obstinately. "Will shall become a capable farmer; he is qualified for that, and for that he needs no cramming at your universities. Or perhaps you'd like to educate him in your own school, and make a diplomatist of him? That would be too great an honor."

She began to laugh loudly, and Will, to whom the whole conversation had appeared very comical, joined in in the same key. Herr von Wallmoden took no part in this sudden explosion of gaiety; he only winced again, as though his nerves were affected, and shrugged his shoulders.

"No, I had not thought of that. I know full well I should have my trouble for my pains. But Willibald and I are the only representatives of our family, and if I should not marry —"

"Should not? You are not thinking of marrying in your old age?" interrupted his sister, sharply.

"I am in my forty-fifth year, dear Regine, and a man is not usually considered old at that age," said Wallmoden, somewhat vexed. "Above all things I consider marriages made late in life by far the happiest; one is not influenced then by passion, as Falkenried was, to his lasting wretchedness, but gives to reason the decisive word."

"The saints protect us! What if Willibald should wait to marry until he is fifty years old and gray-headed?" cried Frau von Eschenhagen, greatly vexed.

"As an only son and future heir he will have to consider such matters; as for the rest, the main point will be his own inclinations. What do you think, Willibald?"

The young heir, who had disposed of his ham and eggs by this time, and with undiminished appetite was now attacking the sausage, was evidently much astonished that his opinion had been

asked. Such a thing had never happened before, and he was obliged to reflect deeply before he could answer at all.

At length he reached a conclusion. "Yes, of course I must marry some time, but mamma will choose a wife for me when the right time comes."

"She will indeed, my boy," assented his mother, warmly. "That is my affair, so you need not trouble your head about it, and until then you will remain here in Burgsdorf where I can have my eye upon you. As to the university and traveling, that matter is—settled."

She threw a defiant glance at her brother, but he was gazing with a look of horror at the enormous sausage to which his nephew and ward was helping himself for the second time.

"Have you always such a large appetite, Will?" he asked.

"Always," Will assured him complacently, as he helped himself to a large slice of bread and butter.

"No, we don't suffer thank God, with indigestion or any other stomach trouble," said the mistress of the house tartly, "but we earn our bread honestly here. First pray and work, then eat and drink, but what we do, we do thoroughly, and that keeps body and soul together. Just look at Will, now, and you will see that what I say is true." She gave her brother a friendly slap on the shoulder with her last words, but this token of her good will was so energetic that Wallmoden shrank back in his chair, and immediately moved it sidewise to be out of the reach of that muscular hand.

The expression of his face showed clearly that the "creepy sensation" was coming over him again. In the presence of these patriarchal conditions, he thought it best to forego any attempt to enforce his prerogative as guardian, an office, moreover, which, so far as he was concerned, had always been purely nominal. It was plain from Will's manner that his mother's praise was highly gratifying to the young man's feelings.

"And Hartmut is not here for breakfast again, this morning. He seems to think there is no necessity for being punctual at Burgsdorf, but I will enlighten the young gentleman when he comes and make it clear to him that—"

"There he is now," exclaimed Willibald. On the clear sunshine which flooded the room through the open windows, there fell a shadow, and a tall, slender figure appeared suddenly at the window and vaulted upon the high sill.

"Well, what kind of an imp are you anyway, that you can only come in through the window?" said Frau von Eschenhagen indignantly. "What are the doors for?"

"For Will and all other well-ordered human beings," laughed the new-comer good-naturedly. "I always take the nearest way, and that led this time through the window." So saying he gave one spring from the high seat into the middle of the room.

Hartmut Falkenried, like the young heir of Burgsdorf, stood upon the boundary line where boyhood and manhood meet, but it needed only a glance to recognize that he was his friend's superior in every respect. He wore a cadet's uniform which became him well, but yet there was something in his whole appearance which seemed to be at war with the military cut and fit. The tall, slender boy was a true picture of youth and beauty, yet there was something odd about this beauty, something wild in his motions and appearance, with absolutely nothing to remind one of the martial figure and earnest repose of his father. The luxuriant, curly locks which crowned the high forehead, were of a deep, blue black, and the warm, dark coloring of the skin betokened rather a son of the south than of German parentage. Neither did the eyes, which flashed in the youthful countenance, belong to the cool, earnest north; they were enigmatical eyes, dark as the night, and full of hot, passionate fire. Beautiful as they were, however, there was something uncanny hidden in their depths, and though the laughter which accompanied Hartmut's words was free and unrestrained, it was not a hearty, merry boy's laugh.

"You certainly conduct yourself in a very free and easy manner," said Wallmoden, sharply. "You evidently take advantage of the fact that the inmates of Burgsdorf think little of etiquette. I have no doubt, however, that your father would protest against such an entrance into the dining-room."

"He would not do it if his father were here," said Frau von Eschenhagen, who did not seem to notice the stab intended for her-

self in her brother's remark. "And so you have come to your breakfast at last, Hartmut. But laggards get nothing to eat; did you know that?"

"Yes, I know that," replied Hartmut, quite undisturbed, "so I got my breakfast some time ago from the housekeeper. You can't starve me, Aunt Regine. I stand on too good a footing with your people."

"And so you think you can do as you please and go unpunished," cried the irate lady. "Break all the rules of the house, leave no one and nothing in peace, and stand all Burgsdorf on its head; but I'll soon stop all this business, my lad. To-morrow I'll send a messenger over to your father requesting him to come and take home his son who knows neither punctuality nor obedience."

The threat had its effect. The youth was frightened, and thought it well to surrender at discretion.

"Oh, you are only jesting; shall I not enjoy my short vacation with—"

"With all manner of folly?" Frau von Eschenhagen added for him. "Will has not done so much mischief in all his life as you have accomplished in the last three days, and you'll spoil him with your bad example and lead him into all manner of misdoing."

"Oh, Will is not the kind to be spoiled. I could not do it if I tried," said Hartmut very warmly.

The young heir, who certainly did not look as if he could be led into any impropriety, ate on, untroubled by these personal allusions, until he had finished the last slice of bread on the table; but his mother was highly incensed at this remark.

"That must grieve you greatly," she retorted. "It is certainly not your fault, for you have tried hard enough to ruin him; but as I just said I will write to your father to-morrow."

"That he is to come and fetch me away? You won't do that Aunt Regine, you are far too good. You know how very strict papa is, how severely he can punish; you won't complain of me to him; you have never done it yet."

"Leave me alone, don't bother me with your flatteries." Frau Regine's face was as inflexible as ever, but her voice had a certain un-

steadiness which made Hartmut feel he had won the day. He laid his arm upon her shoulder with the freedom of a child.

"I believe you do love me a little, Aunt Regine, and I—I have been happy for weeks over the thought of my visit to Burgsdorf. I have been sick with longing for woods and sea, for the green meadows and the far blue heavens. I have been so happy here; but of course, if you really do not want me, I'll go away from the place. I won't wait to have you send me."

His voice had sunk to a soft, seductive whisper, while his eyes spoke more eloquently than his tongue. They could plead more powerfully than the lips, and Frau von Eschenhagen, who yielded to no one, from her only son to the lowest tenant on the estate, permitted herself to be persuaded by them now.

"You are incorrigible, you merry-andrew" she said, brushing the curls from his forehead. "And as to sending you away, you know only too well that Will and all my people are always ready to make fools of themselves for you, and I, too, for that matter."

Hartmut laughed aloud at the last words, and kissed her hand with impetuous gratitude, then he turned to his friend, who, having finally ended his meal, was looking on in silent wonderment.

"Have you finished your breakfast at last, Will? Come, we'll go to the Burgsdorf fishing pond—don't be so vexatiously slow. Good-bye, Aunt Regine, I can see Uncle Wallmoden does not approve of your having pardoned me. Hurrah, now we're off for the woods." And away he rushed over the terrace and across the garden. There was something attractive in his exuberance and enthusiasm. The lad was all life and fire. Will trotted after him like a young deer, and in a few moments the two disappeared behind the trees.

"He comes and goes like a wind storm," said Frau von Eschenhagen, gazing after them. "That boy is not to be restrained once the reins are slackened."

"A dangerous youth," said Wallmoden. "He even understands how to manage you, who usually have all your commands obeyed. It is, within my knowledge, the first time you have ever forgiven disobedience and lack of punctuality."