

# **CARINE; A STORY OF SWEDEN**

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Carine; a story of Sweden by Louis Enault & Linda Da Kowalewska

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**LOUIS ENAULT & LINDA DA KOWALEWSKA**

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A STORY OF SWEDEN

By LOUIS ENAULT

TRANSLATED BY LINDA DA KOWALEWSKA

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LOUIS K. HARLOW



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1891

R. H.

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# CARINE.



TOWARD the end of July, in the year 1856, "La Walkyrie" (one of the finest packets of the great Hamburg line) sailed across the Baltic Sea, and after a superb voyage entered the fjord of Gothenburg.

It was nearly midnight; the sun descended majestically into the depths of the Skagerrak, leaving a golden light on the waves,—setting slowly, as if loath to leave our hemisphere. Arriving at the extreme point of the horizon, where sky and sea seemed to unite, the golden disk slowly sank beneath the waters, leaving

behind a mystic haze of mellow light. Ardent tints lingered in the west, of which the dominant colors were red and yellow blended in one harmonious cloud of most poetic tone, — the brilliant light above melting into a purplish hue, and above all the deep azure of the firmament, in which floated snowy clouds, taking all sorts of grotesque shapes. There were chariots with sparkling wheels, thrones of pale gold, and palaces with glittering spires and of most fantastic architecture. The wind arising from the sea dispersing them only to be replaced by still more ideal forms, they seemed like snowy silhouettes, so clearly were they defined by the deep blue background.

Scarcely had the last rays vanished, scarcely the last splendors effaced, scarcely had this bouquet of many colored flowers died away, when they were followed by tints of lilac; and then o'er the eastern sky glided, with roseate hue, the first faint rays of dawning, — for in this far northern land on this night there had been

no darkness. All the passengers of "La Walkyrie" were standing in groups at the bow of the vessel looking at the distant city which they approached, and from which stretched two long



piers like welcoming arms to receive them. At the foot of the bay, bathing its feet in the sea, leaning against two granite mountains crowned with fir-trees and surrounded by beautiful forests, the city of Gothenburg appeared before them, bathed in the rosy light of the rising sun; this light, glancing over the waves, seemed to