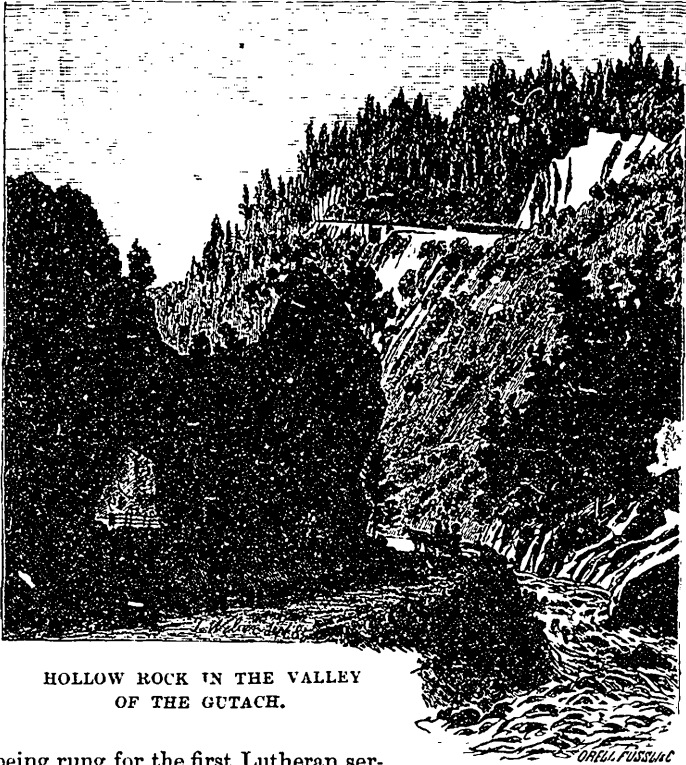


St. Georgen is a very ancient town, founded in the eleventh century by the Benedictine monks, those pioneers of Christianity and civilization in these inhospitable wilds. At the time of the Reformation the town accepted the Lutheran faith and the monks were driven away.

“In connection with the pond at the foot of the convent hill the following legend is told ; it would seem to have originated in the excited imagination of one of the exiled monks :—While the old bell of the convent church



HOLLOW ROCK IN THE VALLEY
OF THE GUTACH.

was being rung for the first Lutheran service, it fell from the tower, and rolled half way down the mountain-side. A waggon with ten oxen was brought to draw it up again, and the bell was placed in the waggon ; but the five yoke of oxen pulled and tugged in vain, the waggon did not budge. Hauling and pushing had no effect, except that finally the entire team—oxen, and waggon, and drivers—rolled altogether into the lake and sank to the bottom. Nothing more was ever seen of them, but at sacred seasons the surface of the water is always ruffled, even though not a breath of air be stirring, and people with sharp ears can then hear the oxen bellowing, the drivers cracking their whips, and the lost bell ringing in the depths.”

At Sommerau we reach the culminating-point of the railway