

Though at that time I was dissatisfied with everything, because I was much troubled in mind, I must say now that this Castle Wiggén is a beautiful spot. From the back room one looked right upon the long Rorschach hill, of which the slope falling off towards the lake is indeed a little world in itself. Approaching Rorschach from the lake, when still the snowy mountains behind the ridge are to be seen, this slope looks rather insignificant; but on coming nearer and the high mountains disappearing, it looks more interesting; but to become fully aware of its beauties, one must stay for a longer time and explore it. It is indeed, as I said, a little world in itself. There are little villages and farms, deep gullies with rocks and water rushing over them; fine woods and splendid meadows, covered with beautiful flowers like a garden. Everywhere crystal springs are bubbling. Towards the top of the ridge are pine-woods. It is a rather long and toilsome way up to them, but it is worth the trouble to make it, for behind these woods is the crest of the ridge, from where the enraptured eye looks on the Saentis, which seems so close by that every little rock on it can be seen. At the other end of the ridge the view is even finer, for before us are the Rhine valley, the mountains near Ragatz and Chur, and the Tyrolean Alps.

The beauties of the site of Rorschach, though it does not strike visitors on a first view, have been