

On the road between
Martinsbruck & Sanders. Sept 11²
My dear Papa

I left Feltan this morning
at 8.30. a.m., and at
1.30 reached Martinsbruck.
There I dined and for
a dinner consisting of
Cold meat, bread, butter
and half a bottle of wine
paid one franc! I brought
away with me a Romansh
newspaper for which the
hostess would accept no
payment. At the Austrian
customhouse on the other
side of the river, my passport
was examined by a sunny-
looking old man, who, though
it was not quite en règle,
made no difficulty about it,

supposed I had no tobacco
or other contraband in my
knapsack, and finally
wished me a prosperous
journey. I am now sitting
on a knoll above Martinsb.
looking up the Engadine
which I am sorry to leave.

It is the finest and pleasant-
-est of all the Swiss valleys
I have yet seen, and though
the inns are poor, and as
Bädecker says, - little ad-
-apted for the reception of
strangers; still they are clean
and comfortable, and cer-
tainly cheap.

Landeck Sept. 12th

I reached Sanders last night,

and on coming into the hotel found two monks, in brown, with white robe girdles sitting over a very good dinner.

This morning I left at 7.30 and arrived here at at 5.15.

It rained more or less during the afternoon so it was rather tiresome, particularly as the scenery was monotonous.

The only company I had was a cattle driver with some long-horned, white Hungarian oxen, but as he went very slowly, and his dialect was almost unintelligible to me, I pushed on.

Tomorrow I shall proceed by the post to Innsbruck. I have now been walking

hard for the last six days, and if you look at the map you will see it is a good long stretch from the lake of Como to Landeck. I have not had a letter now for more than a month, and indeed hardly seen a newspaper during that time.

I do not like the Tyrolean custom of drinking coffee out of a glass at all, and I wish they did not use quite so much grease in the cookery. At dinner to day they gave me turnips sliced thin and stewed in grease!

Sometime ago I got a letter
from uncle Joe saying that
he thought a little wine
~~would~~^{al} do me no harm
and that a little beer
would be good for me;
and accordingly on this trip
I have been drinking Bohemian
beer and find it drinkable
but it is always poor or
litter and I can't say I much
fancy it; however I am beginning
like it somewhat more and
Dresden Beer is much better
according to all accounts.

Tomorrow morning we start
at 6 or half past and
taking an occasional lift
~~will~~ be in Dresden at 6 p.m.
When I shall post this I
have not the least idea
- possibly - indeed probably
in Dresden.

I am very glad indeed at
having seen Prague and
Berlin now and in such a
pleasant way for no one
can ^{not} tell what may happen
now in a couple of months.

Tell uncle Frank that we
saw some Hungarian regiments
in Prague who greatly pleased
me, fine swarthy strapping
men, marching with long strides
and though without any swagger
yet having something very
impressive about them and
altogether looking very capital
soldiers. If the worst comes
to the worst I can always
go into the Austrian army
and I believe that worse
things might befall me.

2
Everything here is very lively
with soldiers &c, one thing
but ever-flowing stream of
soldiers and ammunition
pouring southwards.

It is a pity that you cannot
read the Emperors proclamation
in German, it it makes ones
blood run ~~quicker~~ ^{TO} quicker
and ends with the words
Mit Gott fürs Vaterland!
(with God for Fatherland)
The Germans certainly have their
blood up now and will not
be easily quieted. They seem
to adore Franz Joseph.

Francis E. Rindergast