

every direction. It was probably worse when we were there for there was a cold snap and Genoa has to build fires to keep warm. We went from there by auto to Rapallo where the Cannaths have been several times. The ride of twenty miles was along very steep mountains with numerous jutting points and it was most delightful. Even at this season the gardens are by no means devoid of flowers. Roses, geraniums, pinks, Narcissus are in bloom & a tree like shrub they call *Cerbutus* was in flower & fruit, <sup>both</sup> the latter a round bright red strawberry looking fruit, tasting like a rather flat and insipid one. The persimmons introduced from Japan under the native name of *Kaki* are everywhere making wonderful color in gardens and the tree is entirely denuded of its leaves.

Recd. 15/924  
Dec

Hôtel Bond  
Beautien sur Mer (A.M.)

Dec 1<sup>st</sup> 1924

Dear Walter,

It is just one month ago today that we sailed on the *Conte Verde*, a most beautiful staunch ship, the finest I ever was in. The elegance and roominess of the public rooms was unexpected, for it exceeded by far the beauty of even greater ships I know, and to think the Italians would outdo the English, French, Dutch & Germans is rather staggering but that seems to be the ruling ambition of the present day Italian who has dreams of resuscitating the greatness of Rome at the present day. We had a few hours at Naples which impressed me very highly. More so than in 1904. All the mountains about it, at Ischia, Capri, Sorrento and

from there on to Vesuvius appears double the height of my recollections. It was a wonderful spectacle entering the Bay of Naples at sunrise with the volcano smoking quietly as usual. I can't imagine a more beautiful port so different from those of our Atlantic seaboard. At Genoa we enjoyed the old part of the town most, a big quarter full of narrow streets scarcely eight feet wide with hug seven or eight stories houses on either side. Many of these must have been very rich in their day for finely sculptured doorways & windows abounded with an occasional fresco or sculpture over the lintels. The queer small trades carried on in little wee shops interested us very much and rather Jackson was entranced and peeped her nose into every barred window or cellar hole we came to. The grand streets of the old town are fifteen or eighteen feet wide and it is on these that the famous palaces of the old doges were erected, those of the Doria's the Grimaldis, Pallavicini, and many more, still great families in Italy. Modern Genoa is superbly built on the steep hills which rise sharply above the old town and it would put to shame most American cities. Marble is used profusely in the building and even the poorhouse is a grand palace in a magnificent situation. The engineering which carries the streets with an easy grade up to altitude - now heights is most interesting. There is one drawback and that is the nasty smelling coal smoke which rises every where and obscures the beautiful views in

the terrace whence we see the sea  
towards Monaco and the trees and  
heights of Cap Ferrat. The hotel is  
perfect, kept by a nice French couple.  
It is not dear either. At Monaco  
the hotel keeper was Swiss and  
the table mean and parsimonious  
though we paid more than here.

Altogether we have fallen on our  
two feet by coming here and we  
propose to spend two or three  
months. We have scarcely as yet  
established communications with  
Cambridge but we hope for mail  
tomorrow. We did get one letter from  
you which was very welcome.

Hoping you keep well and with  
our love to your Miss Brown

Very sincerely

Ernest F. Williams

2/ We stayed at Rapallo ten days which  
gave us a chance to explore most of  
the neighborhood accessible by Carriage.  
We went to Chiavari, Sestri Levante,  
Portofino, San Maurizio, Santa Margherita  
& enjoyed it all hugely then we  
returned to Genoa where we spent  
a night in the grandest hotel we  
ever were in the Miramare - wonder-  
fully comfortable and the next  
morning we started in a huge auto  
with our four trunks on top and  
room for six people within to drive  
the 112 miles to Menton in France.  
This trip which gave us a glimpse  
of the entire Italian Riviera was  
again a dream of beauty which  
we would have liked to prolong for  
several days. It is a sin to go fast  
through such wonderful scenery.

but the time of year is not propitious for stopping  
anywhere except at well kept & especially well warmed  
hotels. It is coolish when the sun does not shine and  
frigid in unheated houses. The road winds & turns  
unceasingly and it was a wonder our chauffeurs could  
get the big car heavily loaded along the narrow roads  
often blocked with country teams and sometimes dense  
crowds of people. We passed through a market being  
held at Cerro and now we escaped crushing booths,  
babies and street stands I cannot see. The crowd <sup>was</sup>  
dense and the street very narrow but we did it. Prosper  
our chauffeur got his training driving armored cars in  
the great war and nothing seems to phase him. We

passed the custom house into France with no difficulty,  
only two pieces of hand luggage being examined and  
arrived at Menton an hour after dark. We did not take  
it at all for it is a veritable city of hotels & villas.  
The old town has some picturesque spots but not  
much that is really old. The atmosphere of an Atlantic  
city was to none of our tastes so we drove over  
to Beaulieu and here we are. That drive too, through  
Monaco and Monte Carlo was beautiful. Here which  
there are still many hotels and villas there is much  
real country and we do not have the feeling of being  
shut in a city. Our windows open on a large marble



Williams, Emile Francis. 1924. "Williams, Emile Francis Dec. 1, 1924." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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