

Letter sent by Rupert Brooke to his mother while on holiday in Italy with his brother Alfred in 1907.

King's College, Cambridge. The Papers of Rupert Chawner Brooke. RCB/L/6/3

'1907.17 Pension White
Sunday morning ~~Piazza Cavallegieri 2.~~
Florence
(till Sat. perhaps)
[7 April 1907]

Dear Mother,

I expect you got our postcard from Genoa. I hope you and father are resting + enjoying Bournemouth, and getting as nice weather as we are now. As I said, we had an excellent journey. Podge thought he didn't feel particularly well between Calais and Paris; beyond that he was quite right all the way, and slept like a top, using me as a pillow. We had rain for a very hurried glimpse of Pisa (but train was $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour late) but since we came here the weather has been warm and delicious. Rather luckily, I think, we secured a cheap room in this Pension. It is kept by rather a dear English lady, and

there are about five males and forty or fifty females. The latter are mostly middle aged, and all quite serious. All the sitting-rooms are so full of them that Podge and I are terrified of going in. They are of course, all English. I'll wager Miss Mclure comes here. They are all just like her – pleasant, if only one dare speak to them. At dinner last night I sat next to the widow of an Army ~~Parson~~ Chaplain, who is also aunt of the Chaplain of King's, whom I know pretty well. When she discovered this she told all the other widdies (this is quite like Lincoln) that we were utterly respectable. So we are safe. She is rather a discerning old person. She asked me if I came from a public school. I said 'yes'. She gazed at me for a minute, +

said, "Rugby." I was terrified at her wisdom!

I hate writing on foreign paper. We were busy yesterday. I showed Podge round Florence; then we separated and 'did' Churches and things. He seems quite happy. He has a slight cold in the nose for which we have procured Ammoniated Quinine. It is quite trivial, and in no way interferes with our happiness except that he snores like a pig! Today, being Sunday, all galleries are free, and Podge and I, who are provident fellows, are going to spend the day in them, so saving some four francs! Yesterday, we both separately met Eckland (once of R.W.) The ugly friend of the Simpsons, who won a prize at our bridge last winter. A person called White, in father's form, travelled as far as Dijon, in our train, bound for Mentone. I got talking to him + reproved him for his place in the term's order!

We saw Maggie for a moment at Holborn, before starting.

Love to the aunts. Tell them we are revelling in Botticelli. I wish you were here; I think you'd both like it.

Your loving son
Rupert'