

## *A Traveling Morley*

**F** V. MORLEY is, yes, a brother of Christopher; and like Christopher he is the sentimental traveler. In "Travels in East Anglia" (Harcourt, Brace) he gives us a most unusual guidebook — essays filled with wisdom and charm, the essays of a student of both history and literature, and of a lover of beauty. Along the highways and byways of Lowestoft, of Cambridge, of Grantchester, of Sudbury, he discovers the historical tidbit, the literary illusion. There are moments with Crabbe, with Borrow, with Rupert Brooke. It is a walking and a bicycling book. Nor has Mr. Morley confined himself to fact — for he embroiders his ramblings by recounting countryside legends, than which there are few things more delightful. How valuable are bits like this one:

After tracing Dickens' trail in Ipswich, I may enter a few words about a less fa-

mous author. His name is Richard Cobbold, better known since his revival in the "World's Classics". Many greater men and many more acute minds have been associated with Ipswich in its long career as a manufacturing and trading centre ever since, in Kipling's phrase, the Danes blew in; but of all these none has had a name more pleasantly Suffolk than the name of Cobbold. John Cobbold—to begin with the father—was master of the Cliff Brewery; still will you see the cheerful name over most Suffolk inns. Like Chaucer, Richard came of bonded stock; but unlike in this—he was one of the last of twenty-two children. He entered the world to find ten nephews and nieces waiting for pocket-money from him. This is all by the way, but leads up to his quiet life as a clergyman who wrote a variety of books, notably "Margaret Catchpole" and "Freston Tower".