

## Other writers

children to be taught to cook ; and until about 1851, when my brother Charles and I kept house together, we did all the cooking at our lodgings in **Camden Town**. During the dark days of the long nightmare of Bohemianism, I did not forget how to cook, but my culinary faculty was in a state of suspended animation. After my marriage the cunning of the *archimogeiros* came back unbidden to me ; and it was one of the earliest and most delightful of my experiences as a Benedict to teach Beatrice how to cook. The poor soul

Sala was a journalist who worked in his early years for Dickens, and thereafter for the London Illustrated News, travelled widely and died in 1888 in Melbourne, Australia.

"The Ballad of Camden Town" in  
James Elroy Flecker, *Forty-two poems*, Dent, 1911

### THE BALLAD OF **CAMDEN TOWN**

I walked with Maisie long years back  
The streets of **Camden Town**,  
I splendid in my suit of black,  
And she divine in brown.

Hers was a proud and noble face,  
A secret heart, and eyes  
Like water in a lonely place  
Beneath unclouded skies.

A bed, a chest, a faded mat,  
And broken chairs a few,  
Were all we had to grace our flat  
In Hazel Avenue.

But I could walk to Hampstead Heath,  
And crown her head with daisies,  
And watch the streaming world beneath,  
And men with other Maisies.

When I was ill and she was pale  
And empty stood our store,  
She left the latchkey on its nail,  
And saw me nevermore.

Perhaps she cast herself away  
Lest both of us should drown :  
Perhaps she feared to die, as they  
Who die in **Camden Town**.

What came of her ? The bitter nights  
Destroy the rose and lily,  
And souls are lost among the lights  
Of painted Piccadilly.

What came of her ? The river flows  
So deep and wide and stilly,  
And waits to catch the fallen rose  
And clasp the broken lily.

I dream she dwells in London still  
And breathes the evening air,  
And often walk to Primrose Hill,  
And hope to meet her there.

Once more together we will live,  
For I will find her yet :  
I have so little to forgive ;  
So much, I can't forget.

**Edgar Wallace** The man who knew, P32,

The cab took them to **Camden** Town, and they descended in front of a respectable-looking house in a long, dull street. It was too

Pp 281-301 for Camden Town

there was no conveyance in sight. He decided, rather than take the trams which would have carried him to King's Cross, to walk, and, since he hated main roads, he had taken a short cut, which, as he knew, would lead him into the Hampstead Road.

Thus he found himself in Flowerton Road, a thoroughfare of respectable detached houses occupied by the superior industrial type. He was striding along, swinging his umbrella and

It was half past five, and dull, but his eyesight was excellent, and it was impossible for him to make a mistake. The houses of Flowerton Road stand back and are separated from the sidewalk by diminutive gardens. The front doors are approached by six or seven steps, and it was on the top of one of these flights in front of an open door that the scene was enacted which brought Mr. Mann to a standstill.

The characters were a young man and a girl. The girl was extremely pretty and very pale. The man was the exact double of Frank Merrill. He was dressed in a rough tweed suit, and wore a soft felt hat with a fairly wide brim. But it was not the appearance of this remarkable apparition which startled the investigator. It was the attitude of the two people. The girl was evidently pleading with her companion. Saul Arthur Mann was too far away to hear what she said,

but he saw the young man shake himself loose from the girl. She again grasped his arm and raised her face imploringly.

Mr. Mann gasped, for he saw the young man's hand come up and strike her back into the house. Then he caught hold of the door and banged it savagely, walked down the stairs, and, turning, hurried away.

The Morning Post (London, England), Saturday, December 22, 1821; pg. [1]; Issue 15841. British Library Newspapers, Part II: 1800-1900

**Daniel Puseley** was married to (builder of Rochester Terrace) John Darlington's daughter, Mary Anne, in 1844 He died (in 1882, age 58) at 21 Rochester Road.

[https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Puseley,\\_Daniel\\_\(DNB00\)](https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Puseley,_Daniel_(DNB00))

PUSELEY, DANIEL (1814–1882), author under the pseudonym of Frank Foster, son of Henry Puseley, maltster, was born at Bideford, Devonshire, on 9 Feb. 1814, and was educated at the grammar school in that town. At an early age he obtained a clerkship in a London mercantile house, and was afterwards a commercial traveller. In 1844 he became a hosier and silk merchant in Gutter Lane, city of London.

He was known as a public speaker on political and literary subjects, and as a remarkably good public reader. In 1854 he went to Australia for his health, and after his return published 'The Rise and Progress of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. By an Englishman,' 1857; the fourth edition, in 1858, bore his own name. He returned to Australia in 1857. Settling again in England, he devoted himself to literature and to philanthropic undertakings.

In 1868 he gave a banquet, the first of its kind, to six hundred ragged-school children, at St. James's Hall, London. In later life he was impoverished by the loss of his savings in foreign stocks. He died at 21 Rochester Road, Camden Town, London, on 18 Jan. 1882, and was buried in Highgate cemetery.

[Academy, 28 Jan. 1882, p. 63; Athenæum, 28 Jan. 1882, p. 127; information from Mrs. Daniel Puseley.]

**Dinah Craik** 1822-1887 was raised in Staffordshire, her father was a non-conformist minister. She came to London and was quickly successful with novels including *The Ogilvies*, *Olive* and *The Head of the Family*. The setting tended to be of a small town, perhaps Scotland, with the protagonists only occasionally going to London. A photograph in the Camden Local Studies and Archives Centre states that she lived 1851-1852 at 94 Camden Street, formerly 18 Camden Street North.



*Photo by HWE Lockyer (Camden Local Studies and Archives Centre)*

Some of *The Ogilvies* is set around Russell and Brunswick Squares in what we would now call Bloomsbury. But Craik is primarily a writer of people, and their places are secondary. She herself moved to Hampstead and had a wide circle of contacts.