

## **As others see: artisan life in Camden Town in mid-Victorian literature**

Mark McCarthy May 2019

This narrative is built from extracts of 28 books within the British Library, mostly from the 1860s, that included passages mentioning Camden Town. Looking first at the material thematically, extracts by author alphabetically are then given below.

Typically, Camden Town is incidental to the story, lying 'outside' the writers' and readers' normal lives, a little distant from central London. Although for some it was a place of lodgings, the majority of descriptions were for lower-middle class families, large enough to fill the houses.

There are six women writers in the collection, who usually have women protagonists in their novels:

Mary Braddon was born and lived in London. Her best-known novel is *Lady Audrey's Secret*, and she also created the magazine *Belgravia*.

Ellen Clayton's family moved from Dublin to London when she was seven. She wrote five novels and then gained recognition through biographical anthologies on women, particularly 'English female artists (1876)', as well as children's books and humorous drawings published in magazines.

Eileen Eiloart was born in St. Pancras and married Carl Eiloart, a solicitor, at St Pancras Old Church. She wrote both for children and adults.

Annie French came with her family from Ireland to London and married an explorer, Alexander Hector, but later separated. 'Typically her fiction revolves around a young girl torn between money, family, and love, complicated by a legacy.'<sup>1</sup>

Annie Keary was raised in Yorkshire with an Irish father, an army chaplain. She wrote books for children and adults and was a friend of Charles Kingsley.

Harriet Scott was married to a baronet and lived in Kensington. The first four of her eight novels were published anonymously.

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<sup>1</sup> John Sutherland, *The Longman companion to Victorian fiction*, Harlow, Longmans, 1988.

There are references to Camden Town in the work of Dickens and Thackeray. Dickens lived with his family for a little over a year in Bayham Street, which was then close to open fields near the Fleet. It became the home of Bob Cratchit: in *A Christmas Carol*, Scrooge gives a turkey to his clerk, 'who ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt'. The Dickens family then moved half a mile south, to Somers Town, and Dickens went to school (Wellington House Academy) at Mornington Crescent. The much-quoted railway excavations in *Dombey and Son*, were nearer the school, between Primrose Hill and Chalk Farm, than Camden Town – and happened after Dickens had left the school. On the other hand, the student rooms near the Veterinary College are similar to his experience briefly in lodgings there in College Street. Two pieces from light writing by Thackeray each describe a 'cottage' in Camden Town where good people live modestly – on jam-pudding or bread and milk. Thackeray never lived in Camden Town but his friend Alfred Tennyson in 1849 was living in 'the upper floor of the lodgings ... in a somewhat dingy room' in Hampstead Road, just south of Mornington Crescent.<sup>2</sup>

Henry Kingsley, the brother of author Charles Kingsley, had a bilious fury, Camden Town representing the worst of suburban London: 'Philistine ghettos, artistically abominable terraces... squalid. The will and genius of a nation often – nay generally – expresses itself in architecture ... We had the daring greatness to be little, mean and low ... a depth of vulgarity in Camden Town we have surpassed ourselves.' Henry Morford, visiting from America, also found 'shabby sentry-boxes known as Camden Town, a north-western suburb of London' which he placed 'within that vortex of smoke and sound, of endless streets of palaces and succeeding miles of swarming hovels and misery, that pride and disgrace of civilization, that often-sketched and never described culmination of the word-idea "city," found in the metropolis of the British Islands.'

Yet many descriptions are more positive. Annie Frances described 'a neat little row of houses, with tiny front gardens, tiny bow windows, and tiny verandahs' – although noting 'the gates generally locked, as the habits of Camden Town boys are even more predatory than those of the ordinary type'. And for Henry Dircks, Joseph Anstey 'arrived early to dinner

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<sup>2</sup> FT Palgrave, 'Personal recollections', in Hallam Tennyson, *Alfred Lord Tennyson: a memoir*, vol 4, 1898:226.

at Mr Shingleton's new residence in Camden Town. It was located in a large handsome garden, and consisted of a rather small, but very neat convenient house – the kitchens on the ground floor, having two stories above and attics, the windows peering out of the almost perpendicular slated roof. The small flower garden ..' Dircks had been an engineer, an inventor and travelled widely: 'Anstey' was his only novel.

The majority of people portrayed in Camden Town lived respectably. Ellen Clayton writes of Val and Aubrey in 'quiet lodgings' with their brother 'on the outskirts of Camden Town'. For William Duthie, John Redman had been a 'substantial man', whose house of 'Bayham Hill, Camden Town [was] dignified and solid respectability incarnate' – although his widow 'found Camden Town too low a place to spend her money in, so migrated to Brompton'. Eileen Eiloart described the senior clerks 'with snug little houses in Camden Town or Brixton'; and for Annie French wrote of an 'un-aristocratic, but healthy, locality' for Jessie Morcroft's mother.

Nevertheless, Camden Town was not always seen as equal to the status of the novel's characters. In Anee Keary's novel, the 'dear' Lutridges who, 'owing to some carelessness of Mr Richard's affairs at the bank ... had had to give up Laurel Lodge and come down into the town to live'. In Henry Stebbing's novel also, Mr. Erwell 'occupied a small house in one of the smallest streets in Camden Town', which was unexpected as he was 'so well employed by the publishers, and now a holder of so many shares'.

Camden Town was family life. In Henry Holl's first novel, *The King's Mail*, Polly provided refuge for Nelly in a room in Camden Town, brought her work 'from the great square' and sat with Nelly, 'feeding the baby while Ned carried up the dinner.' Holl's own family had lived near Camden Town: 'the great square' is plausibly Camden Square which he knew well and where he also briefly lived.<sup>3</sup> Similarly, Edmund Yates wrote that 'after his daughter's marriage, the old gentleman ... went to live with his son-in law in a little house which Kincherton had taken in Camden Town, where the birth of a son crowned Kincherton's happiness'. And Edward Viles, writing of earlier times in *Black Bess*, described 'a pleasant country village ... half way between Camden and Kentish Towns': No 4 Cain's-place had 'a

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<sup>3</sup> Holl thanks 'my friend Wilkie Collins for introducing me to my publishers'. James Payn was also a friend of Collins, [http://www.wilkie-collins.info/dedications\\_to.htm](http://www.wilkie-collins.info/dedications_to.htm)

garden in front of the cottage and a little wicket gate in front of the cottage [where] Ellen was sitting at the window sewing.

Of course, not all the Camden Town people were respectable. In Edward Cook's *Leo*, the artist Lackington had a 'small shabby comfortless studio' in Omega Street, Camden Town – 'think of the half-shaved man; imagine the women whose unhooked dress yawns at her back a ghastly gap' – where Stippleman had 'moved in at once with his lay figure, his carpet-bag ...' Characters arrive in and depart from Camden Town – in Henry Byron, Lady Glenburn arrives at Portman Square hiding that she had before 'never entered a drawing room of superior calibre to Camden Town; while in Charles Collins, Mr Spaltock had lured a promising singer away from her family home in Camden Town – 'I got her an engagement at a theatre in London, and she completely took the town'. Or they may become invisible: James Payn's fictional narrator of London, a visitor from Australia, searching for a Mr Cranium, was disconcerted to learn from local boys 'that having a bad cold means, in Camden Town, being in debt, while "a very bad cold" implies that the sufferer has taken clandestine departure from his lodgings'.

'Why go to Camden Town?', writes William Duthie. To meet Dorcas, who was 'so beautiful, so gentle, yet so self-possessed; so simple yet so sensible'. Characters may go seeking someone such as (in George Reynolds) an impatient mistress who is given a Camden Town address to find an errant servant; or (in Harriet Anne Scott) a gentleman is advised by a pot-boy that the person he seeks lives in Camden Town; while (for Russel Whitney) Lord Merwyn 'drove to a house in Camden Town, which he had taken, and in which he had placed a woman for the purpose of taking charge of his son'.

And there is work in Camden Town. James Allan's Rev. Mr Arncliffe is 'an independent minister' there, while Henry Kingsley's minister Silcote had 'lost prestige by retreating from an outpost like Camden Town' into a 'scholastic society'. For laundresses, Camden Town had 'airy drying grounds' (Sydney Whiting). Annie French's Miss Foster found 'small dingy drapery establishments [with] piles of prints and rolls of long-cloth ticketed at fabulously low prices'. And even the River Fleet was at work: Andrew Wynter described 'little girls who vend ... the best watercress ... from Camden Town [where] the beds are planted in an old

brick-field, watered by the Fleet Ditch; and though the stream at this point is comparatively pure, they owe their unusually luxuriant appearance to a certain admixture of the sewerage'.

Camden Town is seen fleetingly, usually in positive terms as a place of respite, sometimes lodgings, a relative or friend, or a place for necessary information. The novelists give very little detail (Anne Foster is a little more characterful). There is little mention of the trades of Camden Town, nor the larger houses (Camden Road, Camden Cottages, Camden Square) with professional people. The narrative does not begin in Camden Town, nor does it end there.

### ***Nineteenth century novels***

#### **Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*, 1843**

... the knocker caught his eye. "I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face ! It's a wonderful knocker! — Here's the Turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you! Merry Christmas! " It was a Turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax: "Why, it 's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab." The chuckle with which he said this, buttoning his great-coat to the chin." But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning." The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's-buff.

#### **William Thackeray, *The great Hogarty diamond* Fraser's Magazine, 1841**

Before I left London, I had, to tell the truth, looked round me for a proper place befitting persons of our small income; and ... had fixed on a little cottage in Camden Town, where there was a garden that certain small people might play in when they came: a horse and gig-house, if ever we kept one, — and why not, in a few years ? — and a fine healthy air, at a reasonable distance from 'Change; all for 30/- a year. ... my dear wife was delighted with the prospect of housekeeping there, vowed she would cook all the best dishes herself (especially jam-pudding, of which I confess I am very fond), and promised Gus that he should dine with us at Clematis Bower every Sunday, only he must not smoke those horrid cigars.

**William Thackeray**, *Hobson's choice, or the tribulations of a gentleman in search of a manservant* Punch, January 1850.

My friend and head clerk Raddles has a hundred and twenty a year and eight children. ... gentlemen work harder, and fare worse, than any of the servants in my house. ...that uncommonly shy supper of dry bread and milk-and-water the Raddles family take when I have dropped in to visit them at their place (Glenalvon Cottage, Magnolia Road South, Camden Town), on my walks from Hampstead on a Sunday evening.

I, who have seen these people, and thought about my servants at home, on the same July evening, eating buttered toast round the kitchen fire — have marvelled how resigned and contented some people were, and how readily other people grumbled.

**James Allan**, *Nobly False* Newby, 1863

The Rev. Mr Arncliffe was an independent minister, at whose chapel at Camden Town, Gerald and Miriam had been regular attendants.

**Mary Braddon** (Mrs Maxwell), *Eleanor's victory*, Tinsley, 1863.

[Eleanor Vane, the young heroine, arrives at the Pilasters, near Dudley Street. There, Signora Picirillo is giving a lesson on the 'Deh, Conte' duet in *Norma*.] When Miss Dodson had finished singing ... and had been finally hustled out of the room and lighted down the stairs, and fully instructed as to the way from the Pilasters to Camden Town, Eliza Picirillo was able to give her full attention to the pale-faced girl who had returned so suddenly to her old shelter.'

**Henry Byron**, *Paid in Full* Maxwell, 1865

No one could have told that Lady Glenburn had been born in a far lower sphere ; that his lordship's proposal had surprised her even more than Ledbitter ; that she had, previous to her arrival in Portman Square, never entered a drawing-room of superior calibre to Camden Town ; and that a few months back a bow from a real live lord would have sent her into hysterics of delight. Nobody of course asked her husband impertinent questions, though she was pretty freely canvassed by her female acquaintance

**Ellen Clayton** [Needham], *Cruel Fortune* Maxwell, 1865

A week had not elapsed before Val and Aubrey were with Raymond in quiet lodgings on the outskirts of Camden Town. Raymond had written to his brother, boldly, and without any kind of circumlocution ...

**Charles Collins**, *The Man in Chains* Maxwell, 1864

Silvester Langdale smiled, an invitation to Mr. Spaltok to proceed, and be a little more explanatory.

"She had a splendid organ," continued Mr. Spaltok. "She came in our chorus first; but I soon found out the rich voice she had got, so I waited on her father, who was a journeyman baker living up in Camden Town, and proposed to him to article his daughter to me for three years,—my remuneration to be half the proceeds of her engagements after that time for seven years. He jumped at the idea, of course, and the engagement was entered into. In two years I made her a first-class vocalist. I got her an engagement at a theatre in London, and she completely took the town. But in two months after that, although she was not eighteen then, a fellow picked her up and married her, and all my pains went for nothing; for in my agreement there

**Edward Cook**, *Leo* Smith, Elder & Co, 1863

"I am told not to go near the Temple, nor down to Oakmere, for fear of arrest. I must take lodgings somewhere; or I must ask some friend to give me house-room for a few days."

"Let me see," says Rob, meditatively; "there's Lackington, at Camden Town." Then he remembered that Lackington's opinions expressed on the previous night might not sound very pleasantly ...

... what had become of our friend Robin Hooper? Well, he had secured a temporary residence in a house in Omega Street, Camden Town, inhabited, as to its first-floor, by that distinguished artist, Mr. Lackington.

...before this happened, he had been joint tenant with Lackington of a small, shabby, comfortless studio, in Omega Street, Camden Town. Stippleman had, of course, taken the place; and moved in at once with his lay figure, his carpet-bag, and his eternal associate Jack Lackington...

Omega Street, Camden Town, was situated in what is generally called an unfinished neighbourhood, which means, of course, a very uncomfortable place. Incompleteness is never pleasing. Think of the half-shaved man; imagine the woman whose unhooked dress yawns at her back a ghastly gap — these are not creditable objects. And a street snapped off short, barred by an ugly hoarding, or blockaded with stacks of bricks, is not an attractive sight neither. Mounds of earth piled up for unknown purposes, deep trenches — sad traps and pitfalls to the traveller — puddles of stagnant water, puddings of mire and mortar...

the other lodgers in the house. There was great shop talk, of course. It was not of much consequence after all that there were no pictures by Mr. Lackington to be considered : there were plenty more pictures by other painters to be talked about and over. What about the pictures going to the Academy? What had the Bayswater fellows got to send ? What had the Langham men been after ? How did the Camden Town colony come out ? Would it be a decentish sort of exhibition, did fellows think, even with the absence of McChrome, and Dogman, and Nudely, and Verditer, and the other swells who weren't going to send?

**William Duthie, *Counting the Cost* 1867**

Seymour Street was a rural avenue, and talked of its gardens and its flowers, when first I trod its row of clean, white, newly built houses. Rhodes's Field lay at its upper end, and divided it by its broad space from the suburb of Camden Town proper. A railed footway led through the field, where flourished in a rotation of crops, coarse grass, weeds, and mangel wurzel, then a foreign innovation. Its strong, stiff clay has been found to yield since then a much more profitable crop of bricks. But there was then a certain rural air about the neighbourhood; grass grew green in open spaces; simple flowers flourished in back gardens, and in tiny plots of front areas ...

But why go to Camden Town ? I went to see young Tom Linnell. I cared not, nor did I seek, to analyze my own motives or sentiments in making this visit. No doubt dim visions of Dorcas floated through my brain, but then I had no expectation of meeting her there

What a happy half-hour I passed as we sauntered together down that prosaic and commonplace Ludgate Hill, ... Dorcas was so beautiful, so gentle, yet so self-possessed; so simple, and yet so sensible. ... I tore myself perforce away, as I reached one of the numerous courts which led from Fleet Street into Gough Square, and only sweetened my parting by promises of an early visit to Camden Town.

Towards dusk, after an early dinner, I found myself tracing the way towards Camden Town. I felt that I loved her more intensely than ever, now that I was released from my bondage with Fanny, and knew that I might be capable of any impulsive outburst of passion if the least occasion offered itself; but I had no deliberate intention...

... accurate front gardens of Abingdon Villas few equalled, none surpassed, No. 13, the abode of dignified and solid respectability incarnate, in the person of Mrs. Redman, relict of the late John Redman, of Corbet Court, City, and Bayham Hill, Camden Town, a substantial man who, after scraping together a good jointure for his wife, a fair portion for his elder daughter (the one who had married to please him), and a tolerable business for his only son, departed this life — having toiled much and enjoyed little — leaving, however, a name and reputation calculated to encourage others to tread in the same ... and now the widow found Camden Town too low a place to spend her money in, so migrated to Brompton and the neighbourhood of her married daughter.



**Henry Dircks** [DS Henry], *Joseph Anstey or The patron and the protégé* 1863

Anstey daily visited Camden Town to see Mr. and Mrs. Shinington. Each interview developed some secret worth knowing as a piece of family biography.

Joseph Anstey, taking a coach, arrived early to dinner at Mr. Shinington's new residence in Camden Town. It was located in a large handsome garden, and consisted of a rather small, but very neat convenient house — the kitchens on the ground floor, having two stories above and attics, the windows peering out of the almost perpendicular slated roof. The small flower garden ...

Mr. Anstey driving into a safer part of the road, renewed his horse's speed towards Camden Town...

**Elizabeth Eiloart**, *Meg Hurst & Blackett*, 1868

"Look like her, if you can! Who was she? — well, a Jewess." "And wore such clothes as these?" said Meg, whose ideas of a Jewess were connected with a stout personage who kept a small shop in a dirty, narrow by-street, leading out of Camden Town, and sold fried fish, which she had sometimes purchased. "Yes, and better. It was a long time ago; she was very beautiful.... She fell in love with a handsome young fellow, who cared for some one else instead of her, and ... nursed him till he got well again."

**Elizabeth Eiloart**, *The curate's discipline* London, 1867

The senior clerks were married men, with snug little houses in Camden Town or Brixton ; men to whom even a rise of salary would be but a small inducement to risk the dangers of cholera, which, the papers informed them, was attacking others besides Mr. Davidson in Marseilles

**Annie French** [Hector] (Mrs Alexander), *Which shall it be?* Richard Bentley, 1867

The dinner was a wearisome business, and soon after Madeline prepared to return, asking leave for Miss Foster to come with her to secure a place in the omnibus for Camden Town. This was reluctantly granted, and Miss Foster gladly availed herself of the permission

she received a guarded letter, with polite messages for the Misses Jones, a warm welcome for herself, and ample directions how to proceed to Camden Town, in which unaristocratic, but healthy, locality Jessie Moorcroft's mother resided.

sprinkled with small dingy drapery establishments, at the doors whereof were ranged piles of prints and rolls of longcloth ticketed at fabulously low prices. Passing through these they came to a neat little row of houses, with tiny front gardens, tiny bow windows, and tiny verandahs, on the strength of which latter ornaments, we presume, they were called Ashley Villas. They had little gates, generally locked, as the habits of the Camden Town boys are even more predatory than those of the ordinary type.

**Henry Holl**, *The King's Mail* London 1863

Nelly sat in her bed at last, propped up by pillows sent from the good lady's house. She was not afraid of fever, nor afraid to face it when good was to be done; and when the poor girl could be moved, a room was taken for her at Camden Town, where Polly bought her work from the great square, and sat working by her, feeding the baby, talking of unheard-of-shillings saved per week, and even cocked her nose up at the thought of bygone twopence-halfpennies. Ned carried up the dinner ...

**Annie Keary**, *Oldbury* 1869

"...It seems that, owing to some carelessness of Mr Richard's, affairs at the bank began to go wrong. There were difficulties. Some people who have lost money complain a good deal, and the dear Lutridges themselves have been obliged to give up Laurel Lodge and come down into the town to live." "That must have been a great trial to Mrs Lutridge," said Elsie, a little blankly.

"... I have promised to spend the last evening with the poor Richard Lutridges at Camden Town, so I am afraid this must be good-bye. Mrs. Adams is beckoning quite impatiently, you see." Elsie followed her friends to the outer door and took an affectionate leave of Mrs. Adams..

**Henry Kingsley**, *Silcote of Silcotes* 1867 ('an early exponent of muscular Christianity')

she had determined not to say what was on her tongue. What was on her tongue was in effect this. That, having committed himself to extreme High Church formulas, he had lost prestige by retreating from an outpost like Camden Town, and coming into a scholastic society like St. Mary's, half, or more than half, mediæval in its ways, where he could do as he liked without criticism.

**Henry Kingsley**, *Stretton* Ward Lock, 1869

That great outcome of one side of British genius is one of the first things which an intelligent foreigner should be taken to see. As an example of the national genius displayed in architecture, I conceive that it is unequalled in Europe, and also in America; and in this opinion I am confirmed, after consultation, by intelligent travellers, who go with me in saying that it is absolutely unique. There is a depth of vulgarity about it with which the Nevskoi Prospect and the Hausmann Boulevards compete but feebly. The Russian and the Frenchman have each made an effort at soulless, characterless vulgarity, but they have failed because they have brought in the element of size or bigness, the only thing which saves Niagara from being one of the ugliest cascades in the world. Now, in Camden Town we have surpassed ourselves. We have had the daring greatness to be little, mean, and low. We have banished all possibility of a man's expressing his character in the shape of his house: that is nothing—have not mere French prefects done the same? But we have done more. Over hundreds of acres we have adopted a style of house-building which is, I believe, actually unique in the history of the world. The will and genius of a nation often—nay, generally—expresses itself in architecture. Nineveh, Paris, San Francisco, St. Petersburg, Pitt Street, Sydney, the Pyramids, are all cases in point. With regard to Axum, of the Ethiopians, and Caracorum, of the Tartars, one has little reliable information, but I have no doubt that they would bear this out, and assist one in rendering the theory arguable, that the genius of a nation generally expresses itself in its houses.

It would be unwise to commit one's-self. With Chatsworth and Buckingham Palace before us, it could not be asserted that the very curious taste for gregarious vulgarity of opinion among the least vulgar, and really the most independent people in the world, has culminated at Camden Town. It is possible to say that, if Arminius were to see Camden Town he would remark, "Here is the genius of the English nation in bricks and mortar. Stone don't pay. You can't get at best more than four per cent. out of fair Ashlar, and you ought never to build under seven."

Yet there are about one million people, of good education, who live in these Philistine ghettos in London, and never grumble. Is there any reader who does not know some family living in one of these artistically abominable terraces—some family shut up, with not too much money, in a hideous brick box—a family which, in spite of its inartistic surroundings, exhibits every form of gentleness and goodness? Any reader who does not know such a family is exceptionally unfortunate.

Some, whose souls are elsewhere, never think of its being inartistic and squalid. Others, the people who habitually eat their hearts, beat against such a prison like caged tigers. Until his grandmother came to him, young Gray never thought of finding fault with the decent, quiet little home he had prepared for her. When she came, he wished she had never come, for he saw at once that she disliked him, and only knew afresh that he disliked her; and now that she had come, she took good care to prove to him, not only that she disliked him, but that she hated Camden Town; and what was still more unfortunate, utterly hated his ways and his works. A glance at him would not be amiss.

**Henry Morford**, *Over-Sea; or, England, France and Scotland as seen by a live American*, Hilton 1867

Sergeant Holihan and his hawbucks left at that aggregation of shabby sentry-boxes known as Camden-Town, a north-western suburb of London .. I found myself coming within that vortex of smoke and sound, of endless streets of palaces and succeeding miles of swarming hovels and misery, that pride and disgrace of civilization, that often-sketched and never described culmination of the word-idea "city," found in the metropolis of the British Islands.

**James Payn**, *Lights and shadows of London life* Hurst & Blackett, 1867

I was left alone on the pavement, patronized, subjugated, with my hands full of party-coloured tickets, with 'Admit the Bearer' upon them. One of these cards had *Camden Town* for its address.

"Mr. Cranium ain't at home, he ain't. He's got a werry bad cold." At this affecting intelligence the three boys burst into shrieks of laughter. I confess this conduct puzzled me. After a few minutes, however, and many genial impertinences, I discovered that having a bad cold means, in *Camden Town*, being in debt, while " a very bad cold " implies that the sufferer has taken clandestine departure from his lodgings.

**George Reynolds**, *Mary Price; or, the Memoirs of a servant-maid*. Dicks 1852.

..... " I will go with you at once !" was my next ejaculation : and I rang the bell violently. "Is it for hence? have you come on foot? have you a vehicle waiting?" "Lord, no — not I, Miss!" responded the woman, looking surprised at the question. "I don't ride in coaches; and as for the distance, it's a matter of two mile or so — up in Camden Town." "Eliza," I said to the maid, who at this moment entered the room, "quick — my bonnet and shawl — and hasten ..."

"Dear me, Miss Clavering!" said poor Eliza,...address of the house in Camden Town, and of which she represented herself to be the mistress, — adding that she let the chief portion out in lodgings — and that Miss Smith (the name by which Sarah appeared to be passing at the place) occupied one of the rooms.

**Harriet Anne Scott**, *The pride of life*. A. & W. Hall, Caxton Steam Press, (Camden Town) 1854.

Therefore, did she consent to accompany Lord Arlington, until she at last identified the pot-boy. This individual was possessed of all the acuteness of his profession, and he perfectly remembered the driver of the fly in question, and knew that his home was in Camden Town. He said he nodded to him, because he was surprised to see him in his elevated situation on the box of a fly.

That he should see that man was decidedly important, and though the day was by this time waning fast, he started instantly for Camden Town. Of course his companion was the pot-boy, for how other wise could he have traced the person of whom he was in search ?

**Henry Stebbing**, *Near the Cloisters*. 1868

Mr. Erwell occupied a small house in one of the smallest streets in Camden Town. George felt some surprise that a man so well employed by the publishers, and now a holder of so many shares, should occupy no larger or better house. But Mr. Erwell was one of the simplest and humblest of men. He had married a farmer's daughter, when, his father being at the height of prosperity, he might have selected a wife from among the daughters of the richest merchants in the kingdom. But the farmer's daughter was, like himself, a quiet, loving creature; and they were well content to live in

The footman received his directions, but Dr. Arkwright failed to hear the address given, and the carriage drove off at a rapid pace. Confused by the numerous turnings between Camden Town and the West End, he scarcely knew where he was, till the stately houses in Hanover Square, then the residences of earls

He took the wisest course in his power, and proceeding at once to Camden Town, acquainted the last-named friends with his want of a lodging. The poor author, he knew, had fallen into great distress, and would have been absolutely reduced to poverty, but that his good little wife had rallied her spirits, and immediately upon learning his losses, and seeing him less and less able to write, had put their house in order, and prepared it for lodgers.

**Edward Viles**, *Black Bess; or, the Knight of the road* E. Harrison 1866

Without the occurrence of any special incident which deserves our notice, he at length managed to reach the village of Camden Town without being seen by any of his foes. The house in which Tom Davis resided was one of a small row of cottages

A hackney-coach lumbered by at this moment, and Matthew hailed it eagerly, and directed the coachman to drive him to Cain's-place, Camden Town.

At the time of our story, and for many a year after, it was nothing but a pleasant country village. No. 4, Cain's-place, was the end house in a small row of cottages, about half-way between Camden and Kentish Towns. Although the season was winter, and the trees destitute of leaves, yet, as the sun shone, the cottage had a pleasant look. It seemed delightful to old Matthew after living long in Drury-lane. There was a garden in front of the cottage, and a little wicket gate led into it from the lane. This gate Matthew opened and passed through, and strode slowly along the gravel path. Ellen was sitting at the window sewing. As soon as she saw old Matthew approaching, however, she threw down her work and hastened to the door of

**Sydney Whiting**, *The Romance of a Garret: a tale of London Life* 1867

don't 'ee bother yourself. She'll do well enough, and the boy, too, if 'e lives. I've giv her the washing of the house to do." "And the lodgers' things, too, I suppose?" " Only some," said she, quickly; "the things of hem as is mean and stingy in their ways — not yourn, Mr. Fisher. Dorothea won't let yourn go anywhere but to your old laundress in Camden Town. There's them as does, and them as doesn't; and we would send your things with neither, sir, 'cause small-pox and fever is catching along of washing gentlemen's things with the rags of paupers..."

"...to Camden Town, where there are airy drying grounds."

**S. Russell Whitne**, *The Mother's Favourite* 1866

Our detective then resumed the trace, and by careful inquiry convinced himself that the woman who had left the house at Camden Town was in some way connected with the affair.

These rooms had been engaged some time before, and as Lord Merwyn had brought no luggage with him, and had paid in advance, he was now enabled to depart without hindrance. Taking the little boy by the hand, he walked forth from the house without making any remark, and bent his steps to St. James' Street, and up that into Piccadilly, where he called a cab, and drove to a house in Camden Town, which he had taken, and in which he had placed a woman for the purpose of taking charge of his son. The Earl

but still he believed, and felt almost certain, that the affair could not be traced to him, so well had he broken off all connection between the man who arrived with a child at Jermyn Street, and the one who carried the child to Mrs. Mills, at Camden Town. The authorities at once ordered an examination of the premises where Williams said that the murder had

" All right, I am on the right track at last ; the woman is the one who left Camden Town, and she has the child ; the proofs could not be better. You keep watch until I return."

.. discovery of the woman and child who left Camden Town the other day?" said Lady Courtland. " I did," answered the Earl. " The whole thing is considered to be satisfactory so

far, and I hope they will succeed in catching the villain, for he must be a dreadful man!" cried Margaret. "Horrid wretch! hanging is too good for him," exclaimed Lady Frances.

**Andrew Wynter**, *Curiosities of civilization* London, Hardwicke, 1860

... little girls who vend watercresses. Such is the demand the demand for cresses that they are now largely cultivated for the market ... The best come from Camden Town. Most people fancy that clear purling streams are necessary for their production; but the Camden Town beds are planted in an old brick-field, watered by the Fleet Ditch; and though the stream at this point is comparatively pure, they owe their unusually luxuriant appearance to a certain admixture of the sewerage. A great many hundreds of bunches are sold every morning in Covent Garden; but the largest share goes to Farringdon Market. The entire supply to the various metropolitan markets cannot be less than three tons weekly.

**Edmund Yates**, *Broken to harness: a story of English domestic life* 1867

After his daughter's marriage, the old gentleman, who was a widower, gave up travelling, retired upon his savings, and went to live with his son-in law in a little house which Kincherton had taken in Camden Town, where the birth of a son crowned Kincherton's happiness.

.. the fortnight at Margate is over; no more morning dips, no more afternoon rambles on the sands, no donkey-backs, no pleasure-boats, no Pegwell Bay now! Paterfamilias is once more Hobbs and Motchkin's out-door at thirty shillings a week; the eight-roomed house in Navarino Terrace, Camden Town, resumes its wonted appearance; the children return to the "curriculum" of education at Miss Gimp's in the Crescent.