

A WEEK'S JOURNAL AT MARGATE.

BY A COCKNEY.

"The evenings are getting lengthy now," quoth I to myself, a brief time back, "and I do not think that I can amuse myself more harmlessly than by going to pay my long promised visit to my good friend Mr Tobias Simpkin". The affair was no sooner arranged in my own mind, than in an active train for being put in execution. Off I bundled, straight up the Strand, and through Temple-Bar, till I fairly found my way to the domicile of my respected elderly friend in — Row, not many miles from "Bow Church Steeple."

I was received with the customary warm welcome; no professions—no flummery—none of the active, endless talkativeness of being so glad to see me, and all that sort of thing; but almost as soon as I had entered, the little party, consisting of my friend, his wife, two daughters, and self, assembled round a roaring fire, and there was not a single expression in any of their visages which did not loudly assure me, that I was considered as one of the family.

Mr. Tobias Simpkin had been lately visiting, solus, that place of great fame and renown ycleped Margate. He had hinted to me that it was his intention to make a few dotchings—an idea which I warmly patronized; and accordingly, after a few words of gossip upon indifferent subjects had been exchanged, he hauled out his MS., and, enjoining silence, commenced, with a face of much importance, the following journal, which is characteristic of the worthy citizen, and shows the man to the life; while it gives at the same time no bad general idea of the place which he visited:—

Tuesday morning.—Started in the Albion steam boat from the Tower, at a quarter past eight o'clock precisely, glad to escape from the counter, and leave my wife and all my cares behind me—deuced good things these steam-boats, beat the old boys all to nothing—never shall forget being forty eight hours, a few years ago, with Mrs. S. and girls, in the *Greyhound*!—sure to get down in glorious time—found the deck crowded—all merry faces—few invalids—plenty of loose cash floating about—sure sign of the badness of the times—found myself excessively voluble—joked, laughed, and chuckled with every body and at every body—couldn't find out any originals to twig—blessed fat gentleman, who seemed to know every one on board—very jocose with the ladies—thought to cut me out, forsooth—gave him his own, and was looked upon as some body—old girl and six daughters very loquacious—evidently angling for matches—saw the wenches in the act of making some desperate attempts to inveigle the greenhorns—recognized "Mamma" as our fishmonger's wife—adjourned to the neighbourhood of the bowsprit to explode at the discovery—good humour the order of the day—music—rising generation knocked up a dance—enjoyed the fun, tho' an old prig—elegant fine day—blue sky above and breeze freshening around us—vast exhilaration of animal spirits at every bound of the vessel—send all the sons of Esculapius to Jericho, and wish all his gracious Majesty's hard working subjects were just inhaling the same fine air—edified two middle aged gentlemen and a venerable matron with my profound knowledge of the coast—enlarged upon Tibbury Fort—Gravesend—the Nore—and when a shout from many voices proclaimed the Reculvers in sight, began an erudite account thereof, and finished the same very much to my own satisfaction—appetite marvellous—increased to a ruinous degree—eating all day—arrived in the Bay—wile landing-place—thanked stars I had no womankind with me—chucked myself, portmanteau in my hand, into a boat, and soon put foot once more upon mother earth—stalked up the High-street with great dignity, boy behind with portmanteau—saw the vagabond's head half off with laughing—anchored at the King's Head, being always a loyal subject—said inn not to be squinted at—fair accommodations—no disparagement to the Duke's Head, which has a most enticing sea view, besides other excellencies—Adonised—took a cup of bohea, and sallied out for a walk on the Pier—beauteous dames, and gentlemen with reputable calves to their legs, not a few—query, more legs than understanding—met some knowing frequenters of "Change"—cut them—sundry waddlers too—bless us!—sauntered home, and took a warm bath—flesh brush very much at my service and the public's—fancied how daintily it might have been scouring the clay of my fat friend the fishmonger's wife, previously to its rejoicing mine eye-lids—bah—set my stomach in fine order with a bottom of brandy, and went to roost.

Wednesday.—Weather still bobbish—up berimes—scandalous to go to the sea side, and lose the most healthy part of the day, perspiring at every pore in a feather-bed—

walk on the Fort—scarce a soul stirring but myself, or body either—sun-rise—became thoughtful—caught myself in something of a devotional frame—not displeased the reat—tried how memory would serve me to con Addison's hymn—couldn't remember any of it, but

"For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

Crawled as far as the preventive service establishment, then sat down, and began to muse on the mighty ocean—small white sails popping about in every direction—detected something within me of the sentimental—got cruelly hungry, and turned my nose towards my good looking King's Head—"did all that might become a man" to an excellent breakfast, and spent the morning in scouring the town and its outskirts—no change in my old friends—every stone in the same place as when I last was here—few houses repaired and beautified on the Marine Parade—some new ones rising on the Fort, but still the same old place—all unchanged in the main, amid the many calamitous and eventful changes jammed together in the nutshell of two or three short years, that rise up in my mind's eye—when I think—but "I'll not weep"—Met an old friend, who proposed a trip to Broadstairs—no objection—mounted a "Tally-ho," and drove off with a pair of donkeys in a style that astonished the natives—friend a very passable whip—self having no pretensions that way—gravelled the outworks of a neat mansion near St. Peter's, and were all but spilt—landlady bustled out in a furious heat—red as a turkey-cock—managed to appease her—friend did the handsome, and paid damages—laughed a mortal half hour, by St. Peter's clock, at the joke—got muzzy with some singularly fine Burton ale at Broadstairs—friend affirmed poz, that he would go and have a cup of fine flavoured souchong with the wrathful landlady, ere he quitted the Isle of Thanet—was as good as his word, and (as he afterwards informed me) being well received, they laughed the matter over, and

"Twice he drove the donkey gig.

And twice knocked down the rails."

Concluded the day at the Ranelagh Garden—delightful spot, rhyming with cool grot, charming cot, and such like sweet associations—...evening passed away with much hilarity—...music, dancing—...sweet sights and pleasant sounds—in good sooth, I have often spent pleasant hours there, which may not soon be forgotten—...and at Dandelion too, the old place—...but that bath departed: the merciless plough has gone over it, and alas, my dear Mrs. S., we shall never, no never, have the felicity of sipping our afternoon's early cup of tea there again!

Thursday.—First morning of the races, and such a morning!—...delicate Scotch mist, alias an unquestionable English drizzle—...nothing could be more annoying—...managed to procure a crick in my neck, not to mention a decided headache, watching for a scrap of blue among the heavy clouds that were sailing over us.

12 o'Clock.—A regular fixed day—...raining frying-pans and gridirons—...reconciled to remaining in a dry skin for the next twelve hours at least—...hurled the settee near the fire, sprawled at length thereon, and seizing "The Guide to the Watering Places," commenced reading—...I am much filled with compassion, like my Lord Falkland, for unlittered gentlemen, on a wet day—...fell fast asleep—...roused by waiter hinting that dinner was ready—soon took up a position, and evinced as much alacrity as could rationally be expected in the discharge of the various duties, to which I was called—...thought with complacency of the Clonakilty lad's facetious remark, that the public was much indebted to the man who first invented eating—...had recourse again to my settee, and did not require "The Guide to the Watering Places" to encourage my afternoon's nap—...was amused the rest of the evening with beholding the triumphal entry of those who had been at the races, into Margate—...ladies much like unto drowned rats, and gentlemen like fricasseed porcupines—...calculated upon colds and catarrhs not a few, and wished much I was in the physic line—...must speak about it to my old chum Mr. Bolus.

Friday.—Morning fine—...up with the larks—...never have yet forgotten the two lines in my Primer—...

"Early to bed, and early to rise,

Will make ye both healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Scuttled off betimes to the race-ground—...a good stiff walk—...must be a mile and a half beyond Dandelion—...all the conveyances engaged—...couldn't have got even a wheelbarrow for love or money—...fagged and hot—...stood still and looked around me—wondered where all the people could have come from—...received a smart well-aimed blow between the shoulders—...looked up, and rapping out an oath (as an acquaintance passed me with a shout at a hand gallop, on a grey Rosinante,) repeated those lines of Cowper's,

"The man that hails you Tom or Jack," &c.

With considerable feeling—...mounted an old dust-cart in the twinkling of a gingerbread-nut, and had an enviable view of the race-course—...made friends with some of my neighbours, regular old files like myself, and entered into the spirit of the thing with "infinite promptitude"—...if I could have reconciled betting to my conscience, I might have won in two out of three courses—...considerably tickled with my skill in horseflesh—...never was aware of it before—...passed for a knowing one among a few in the vicinity—...got into a brown study—...was tired, and descending from my exalted station, "homewards trudged my weary way."

Saturday.—Lots of exportations—...went early to Ramsgate, and paraded the surrounding places, not forgetting Pegwell Bay—...glorious pier for a promenade—...recognised an old acquaintance—...never shall forget the appearance, the tout ensemble, as the French have it, of his inexpressibles—...must have changed them with a scarecrow—...hadn't the grace to ask me to take a chop and a tankard with him—...resolved to cut all Margate gossips for the future—...no heart about them—...came home in the dumps.

Sunday.—Started towards Zion Chapel—...Mr. T—, of Ramsgate, in the pulpit—...marvelled that he seemed to have the sacred writings, chapter and verse, upon all occasions at his fingers' ends; and yet more marvellous, that he made withal a sermon at utter variance with the beauty and sublimity of the book with which he appeared so well acquainted—...cantendure the jocose school of preaching—...visited the parish church in the afternoon, and heard a sober and plain address, certainly suited to the meaneast capacity—...fine evening walk on the Fort—...Pier crowded with people—...music playing—...beautiful way of "remembering the sabbath day to keep it holy"—...O! for the Rev. E. Irving to uplift his voice among them! with a stick of brimstone lit at both ends in one hand, and an Irish sprig of shillelah in the other, he might perchance work a reform.

Monday.—Fell in, as I was lounging on the Pier before breakfast, with a respectable elderly gentleman, not altogether unknown, or unremembered in the "days of yore"—...told me his womankind was with him, and that he had been one of two old fools who had been spinning over the Russian Mountains on the Fort, at the manifest risk of neck and limb, to procure an appetite for breakfast—...spent the entire day very pleasantly—...obliged to omit visiting Minister, with its fine old church and tempting tea-gardens—...went to roost with my chin much increased in longitude, that my time was up, and I must return to my wife and the smoke, din, and business of London.

Tuesday.—Rose with a face of alarming length—...Cheap-side a fool to it—...went on board the steam-boat, much out of temper—...a touch of the pathetic in blank verse, by way of farewell to Margate, while the music struck up "Off she Goes," by way of keeping up our spirits—...saw more faces in which flatness was legible on board, and some about as long as my own—...contrived to keep my chin out of my waistcoat-pocket, and knocked up a smile at having some companions in affliction—...sad difference between going to Margate and returning from it—...money all spent—...fought manfully every inch of ground for the odd sixpence—...horrid row with the boatmen at the Tower-stairs—...managed to throw myself at length into a hack, and arrived at home just in good time to express my veneration for a chine of beef which was smoking on the table.

REMOVAL. The Subscriber respectfully informs his Friends and the Public, that he has removed his Business from his late Store in Queen-street, to his new Stand at the Steam Boat Landing, where he has on hand a large and general assortment of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES; Which he offers for sale for Cash, on the most reasonable terms; and hopes from his convenience to both Town and Country, still to receive that liberal patronage hitherto afforded him.

JAMES BALLOCH.

Frederickton, 29th April, 1828.

FOR Sale, that well known Farm, belonging to the Subscriber, and his Creditors: he will dispose of it in lots, from 150 to 300 acres, or in toto, as may suit purchasers. It contains upwards of 1000 acres, 100 hundred of which is in complete order for the Scythe, or Plough. If not disposed of at private sale, by the first of June next, it will be sold at Auction, on the fifteenth day of that month. For particulars inquire of the Subscriber on the premises, two miles below Frederickton, in the Parish of St. Marys.

March 25, 1828.

CALEB FOWLER.

THE SUBSCRIBER,

HAS on hand a good supply of Old COGNAC BRANDY, of very superior quality.

Also, Wine, Rum, and old Jamaica Spirits, Pork, smoked Hams, smoked Herrings, Loaf Sugar, Tea, Currants, Mustard, Chocolate, Ginger, and a general assortment of Groceries.

Also, Superfine Cloths, of various colours and qualities; Forest Cloths, do. do. which will be disposed of at very low prices for cash.

D. B. SHELTON.

Frederickton, April 15, 1828.