



UNIVERSITÄTS-  
BIBLIOTHEK  
PADERBORN

## **Hogarth moralized**

**Hogarth, William**

**London, 1831**

The Country Inn-Yard.

---

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62527](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62527)

## THE COUNTRY INN-YARD.



In order to give such persons as are unaccustomed to travelling in a stage-coach some small idea of the entertaining scene that occurs on its leaving an inn and proceeding on its journey ; and to give some description of the manners and strange appearance of its passengers, Mr. Hogarth designed the print before us, which must be allowed to be as full of incident and humour as the subject will admit of ; and by way of further enlivening it, he has supposed the time to be that of electioncering, which is usually attended with hurry, mirth, and uproar ; a season of festivity, when

business is laid aside and pleasure takes the lead. But not to trespass any longer on the patience of my reader, I refer him to the plate itself, that he may enjoy it in its true spirit, and feast his imagination with the view.

Behold then a well-disposed group of inside and outside passengers in their travelling dresses : for, whether people cover themselves on these occasions so whimsically by way of disguise, or in order to keep themselves warm and preserve their better cloaths ; whether on either, or, both accounts, I shall not take upon me to determine ; but such is the prevalence of custom, that stage-coach passengers affect a meanness in their outward appearance, and dress themselves in a very awkward and ridiculous manner. As a proof and illustration of this, see the monied man, on the right of the steps, of whom the post-boy is in vain soliciting his customary fee ; I say monied man, for his coming part of the way in a post-chaise, his sword, and covetous disposition import him such ; see him in all the outward show of poverty and meanness ! Take notice of the lusty old gentlewoman getting into the coach, in much such another dress, with her fellow-traveller behind, handing in her dram bottle ! a convenience elderly women generally carry with them, either under a pretence of keeping the dust from the throat, the cold from the stomach, or supporting their spirits under a fatiguing journey. The other passengers are the tall old lady, in a joseph and a velvet travelling hood ; and the man in front discharging his bill. This man, (an original) we are told, by the act of parliament in his pocket and his threatening countenance is cautioning his landlord against imposition, idly imagining his carrying with him the act against extortion, and his significant looks, will save him a little money on the road ; I say idly, for so accus-

tomed are masters of country inns to all dispositions, that they will carry their point though they are obliged to swear to some, and plead conscience to others. Travelling in a stage-coach with agreeable company of different turns of mind is certainly pleasureable ; for there mirth is tempered with solidity, and good-humour is supported with pleasantry ; so that the passengers may be considered as a little society, where harmony presides and good-fellowship's in waiting. But now, on the other hand, let us imagine six lusty people, of perverse and opposite tempers, crammed into a narrow jolting carriage on a sultry day with a squawling child ; some pulling the windows up, others quarrelling to have them down, and all crowding for room ; one wanting to stop, another ordering the coachman to go on ; in short, conceive them almost smothered with dust and sweltered with heat, scolding, fretting, stewing, with the child squalling, and you will have a just idea of the present company proceeding on their journey. On the top of this vehicle are two men, finely contrasted, an English sailor and a French footman, this inn being supposed on the Dover road ; one in high spirits, the other in low, alluding to the situation of the two nations in the year 1747. To add to the scene, we are to conceive this inn-yard in the greatest noise, from the roaring of the drunken fellow at the window, the sounding of the horn, the landlady bawling and ringing the bar-bell for her maid, whom a fellow is kissing in the passage ; and the uproar among the people at the back of this plate, who are chairing a man dressed up like an infant in swaddling cloaths, with a rattle in one hand, and a horn-book in the other, in ridicule of the age and incapacity of their representative ; for so venal are we grown, and so

degenerate in our principles, that let the candidate be what he will, if he has but money he is sure to succeed.

---

[“ Among the writers of English Novels, Henry Fielding holds the first rank ; he was the novelist of nature, and has described some groupes which bear a strong resemblance to that which is here delineated. The artist, like the author, has taken truth for his guide, and given such characters as are familiar to all our minds. Nothing can be better described than this scene ; we become of the party—the vulgar roar of the landlady is no less apparent than the grave insinuating, imposing countenance of mine host. Boniface solemnly protests that a bill he presents to an old gentleman is extremely moderate. This does not satisfy the paymaster, whose countenance shews that he considers it as a palpable fraud, though the act against bribery, which he carries in his pocket, designates him to be of a profession not very liable to suffer imposition. They are in general less sinned against than sinning. An ancient lady getting into the coach, is from her breadth a very inconvenient companion for such a vehicle ; but to atone for her rotundity, an old maid of a spare appearance, and in a most grotesque habit, is advancing towards the steps.

A portly gentleman, with sword and cane in his hands, is deaf to the entreaties of a poor little deformed postillion, who solicits the customary fee. An old woman smoking a short pipe in the basket, pays very little attention to what is passing around her ; cheered by the fumes of her tube, she lets the world's vanities go their own way. Two passengers upon the roof of the coach, afford a good specimen

of French and English manners. Ben Block of the Centurion, surveys the subject of Le Grand Monarque, with ineffable contempt.

The first floor window is occupied by two pleasant fellows: one of them furiously blowing a French-horn, and the other endeavouring, but without effect, to smoke away a little sickness, resulting from an extra number of bumpers to the success of his favourite candidate. Beneath them a gentleman takes a tender farewell of the chambermaid, who is not disturbed by the clangor of a great bar bell, or more thundering sound of her mistress's voice.

The back ground is crowded with a procession of active citizens who have chaired a figure with a horn-book, a bib, and a rattle, intended to represent Child, Lord Castlemain, afterwards Lord Tylney, who, in a violent contest for the county of Essex, opposed Sir Robert Abdy and Mr. Bramston. The horn-book, bib, and rattle are evidently displayed as punningly allusive to his name.

Under the sign of an angel, who seems dancing a minuet upon a cloud, is inscribed, THE OLD ANGLE INN, TOM<sup>S</sup>. BATES FROM LONDON." J. I.

The singularities and inconveniencies of early stage-coach travelling are excellently described and ridiculed by the author of "Tales of an Antiquary," vol. iii. p. 96.

"The Ashborne Dispatch" said the Bill of Invitation, "is a new Posting Coach, excellently well provided with relays throughout the whole of the journey; and being drawn by three horses, one of which is driven by a Post-boy, is much more speedy and safe than the Derby Mercury, which hath but two, and no Postillion! 'Tis an entire new coach, with all the last improvements; and it starteth from the Talbot Inn, nigh unto the Spittle hill, in

the Town of Ashborne at 4 of the clock in the morning of the Monday in every fourth week ; and God being willing, it getteth in to the Bear and Ragged Staff Inn, at the north-west corner of West-Smithfield, before bed-time on the following Monday night, which is three days sooner than Slowpace's Derby Mercury, and notwithstanding its speed it is perfectly secure ! The Ashborne Dispatch is set forth and run by Giles Hooftrötter, who hath been at great charges to have the same carefully driven, and watched by an armed guard. The coach carrieth but four passengers ; and tickets for places may be had by giving timely notice."\*

\* Compare this with the worshipful and witty Charles Cotton's relation of his journey to, instead of from, the same neighbourhood, after a visit to London—and the description will not seem overcharged.

Regardless of expence, it took the hasty and impetuous angler four days and nights (probably about the year 1685) to get back to his favourite trout stream.

“ Know then, with horses twain, one sound, one lame,  
On Sunday's eve I to St. Alban's came,  
Where, finding by my body's lusty state,  
I could not hold out home at that slow rate,  
I found a coachman, who my case bemoaning,  
With three stout geldings and one able stoning,  
For eight good pounds did bravely undertake,  
Or for my own, or for my money's sake,  
Through thick and thin, fall out what could befall,  
To bring me safe and sound to Basford Hall.”

Once at home again, he thus continues his epistle to his friend John Bradshaw, Esq.

“ My river still through the same channel glides,  
Clear from the tumult, salt, and dirt of tides,  
And my poor fishing-house, my seat's best grace,  
Stands firm and faithful in the self-same place,  
I left it four months since, and ten to one  
I go a fishing ere two days are gone.”

The subject of travelling is of such very general interest that the reader "especially if he be an honest angler" will excuse a further remark, namely, that few indeed are those who leave their homes but with stronger feelings of regret than of hope, whatever it be that calls them away. On taking what he calls a "Voyage" to Ireland, and which he has most wittily described in verse—the ruling passion of the man is apparent in his address to his beloved river!

"And now farewell Dove where I've caught such brave dishes,  
Of over-grown golden, and silver scal'd fishes;  
Thy trout and thy grayling may now feed securely,  
I've left none behind me can take 'em so surely;  
Feed on then, and breed on, until the next year,  
But if I return I expect my arrear!                      Poems of C. Cotton.

In the present highly improved state of stage-coach travelling, there is a frequent instance of minute refinement which may have escaped general notice. On the coming in of the vehicle, the guard strikes up "Sweet Home" upon the keyed bugle, and on going out, probably

"Isabel, Isabel, fare thee well!"

or, "I will return safe back again to the girl I left behind me."

In former days the guard was furnished with a huge blunderbuss more calculated to alarm than give confidence to the passengers; but now, the exhilarating notes of an agreeable instrument remind them of the best feelings of their hearts!]