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## TRIUMPHANT CARRIAGES.

AFTER much consideration, we have come to the conclusion that there is less wear of shoe-leather in Ireland than in any Christian country in the world. In Ireland, when a man ceases to go barefoot, he somehow or other rides. This is a curious and a rather serious matter, which may be looked at in more ways than one. The deficiency of a middle class in Ireland is a solemn and mournful truth, on which it is not now our business to enlarge. We do not mean, of course, that there is no middle class; nor that it is much smaller in the half-dozen chief towns of Ireland than in considerable towns elsewhere. In fact, a town is impossible without a broad middle-class stratum on which to found its institutions. What we mean is, that over the greater part of the surface of Ireland there is spread a thin population of uncomfortable people (as we should think), with a nobleman's seat, and the mansions of a few gentry somewhere near; and very few shopkeepers, or farmers, or merchants, to transact the business of those above and below them. My lord's family and the gentry ride and drive, of course, as lords and gentry are wont to do; and the poor people walk—without shoe-leather. They are, no doubt, less uncomfortable than they look to English eyes; for in good looks, in health, strength, and merriment, they seem to beat the English and Scotch all to nothing—that is, between June and the new year, when they have their potato crops to feast on (and they do consider it feasting to eat potatoes, in comparison with all other food). How it may be with their looks and spirits during the rest of the year we cannot say from personal observation; but it is well known that they have never, under any circumstances, any desire to be plagued by the consideration of shoe-leather. They like a cast in a vehicle very well; but they excuse themselves from wearing shoes, even when there is a handful of bank-notes in the thatch, or a handsome litter of pigs under the bed, or half-a-dozen sleek cows wading among the ragwort and thistles in the field. You may see the fishermen's wives walking barefoot on the sharp rocks and rough shingle, looking for bait, or bringing up the lobsters. You may see the peasant women, with stout red petticoats

and blue cloaks, or gay yellow and red shawls, trotting and skipping barefoot over the bogs, finishing with a grand hop over the last ditch into the road, on the way to chapel, market, or fair. If the last, they are probably carrying stockings and shoes in their hands, to be put on when within sight of the spot: but the same pair may last a life-time, if worn only at such times, and in such a manner.

If you travel near a bog in autumn—and that is a thing sure to happen to the tourist in Ireland—you will occasionally see a dingy procession on the road before you, which looks, from a distance, like a small brown funeral. When you come nearer, you see a dozen or so of large hampers, without lids, filled and piled up with dried peat, in the shape of bricks; each hamper being mounted on a rude sort of truck, and each truck being drawn by a small donkey. On the truck is somewhere perched a boy, man, or woman. Time seems to be of small value; for these cars are proceeding as slowly as possible, exactly in the middle of the road, till your driver calls out that if the people do not clear the way, he will bring the Police upon them. Then heads pop up from behind the hampers, and voices shout and scream, and donkeys scramble, and the way is cleared, and half-a-dozen children catch hold of your carriage, and run for half-a-dozen miles, begging for a halfpenny. This is, we believe, the lowest order of Irish carriage. Then comes the superior sort of turf-car, made of upright slips of wood, sloping outwards, so as to look like a square basket of rails upon wheels. This is light and pretty, and serves well for carrying peat, hay, animals, and whatever the farmer has to convey that is solid. Our substantial country carts and waggons are rarely seen—and still more rarely the farmers' gigs which abound on English roads. Besides that, there are few men in Ireland answering to our farmers; they prefer their "outside car" to our gig—and very reasonably. That "outside car" is the most delightful vehicle we know of—so light and well-balanced, that a horse can draw a greater load for a longer distance than an Englishman can believe, until he sees it: so safe, that it is scarcely possible to apprehend an accident: so convenient, that it has been praised till people are tired of hearing of it; wherefore we will say no more

about it. After this come the handsome carriages, made in Dublin, which are much like the handsome carriages seen in London and Paris, and New York, and other places where an aristocracy has to please itself about its means of conveyance.

Made in Dublin, we say. Thereby hangs a tale, which has, for years, interested us, whenever we have thought of Dublin and the Irish, and which may, therefore, interest others. So we will briefly tell it.

In the last century, we must remember, Ireland did not belong to England as she does now. She was yoked to England, but not incorporated with her. There was then no United Kingdom, such as we speak of now. Ireland was subject to our monarchs, and had a Viceroy living in Dublin, as representative of the Sovereign; but she had her own Parliament, managed her own affairs, and had much less claim on the aid, fellow-feeling, and co-operation of England than now, when the representatives of the whole people of our islands sit in the same legislature, and become more united in their real interests, year by year. In those days it was all-important to Ireland to have flourishing branches of industry of her own. One of the best illustrations of the wisdom and folly of that day is the coach-making business, for which the Messrs. Hutton have made Dublin famous.

In 1779, Mr. John Hutton, a worthy citizen of Dublin, set up a coach-manufactory in Great Britain Street. All that we know of his business during the first ten years is that it was successful. There was no doubt about that: but his friends believed his success to be owing in part to the central situation of his factory, while he knew it to be owing to the goodness of the work done there. When, in 1789, he removed to Summerhill, where the factory now is, he was told that he was going out of the way of the great thoroughfares, and that the citizens would desert him. His reply was, that if his carriages were good, people would come to Summerhill for them; and so they did, for the business became a very fine one, employing a large number of men. It was easier to make carriages then than now. That is, there was less variety: less science was put into the business: people did not think so much of securing lightness, of consulting speed, of economising room, and so on. We can judge of the carriages of those days by the pictures of them. We remember the heavy coaches that George the Third and his family used to ride about in; and it strikes us with a kind of grief, even at this day, to remember how different might have been the issue of events if, at the time of Mr. John Hutton's removal to Summerhill, one of the carriages that may be seen there now, had been in waiting, with the same Count Fersen to drive it, for Louis the Sixteenth and his family, on the occasion of their attempt to escape to the fron-

tier. When they left their own carriage, at a little distance from Paris, it was to enter a berline, which was so heavy, and went so slowly, that they were not out of sight of people who knew them when daylight came. To be sure, they blundered so dreadfully that they had but a poor chance any way: but a lighter carriage would have incalculably improved their case; and then, if they had got away, how different would have been the fate of Europe, ever since, and at this day! The gallant Count Fersen drove well and did his utmost; but what could be the speed of a coach half as big as a drawing-room, filled with a stout gentleman and ladies in hoops, and drawn by horses jogg-trotting like those which, in our day, convey our old-fashioned squires to church, in all the leisure of Sunday morning? So the unhappy family were caught; and all but one lost their lives in consequence. The surrounding nations made war, and the fate of Europe and the world was changed for evermore.

Meantime, Mr. Hutton's workmen went on making carriages, without thinking much of changes, or dreaming that they should have to learn anything new; although the whole world was changing, and finding itself obliged to learn. The Irish rebellion—one of the most mournful events in history—took place; and then the flag with the united arms of Great Britain and Ireland, floated from the Tower of London and the Castle at Dublin, on the first day of the century; and Mr. John Hutton went on growing rich, and his men went on making coaches in the old way, never imagining that anything could be better. The coaches were eminently good, certainly; and Mr. Hutton chose that they should continue to be so. More Irish gentry now went to London, and they saw and valued all recent improvements in carriages. In 1806, one young son came into the business, and in 1811, another; and it may fairly be supposed that these young men might introduce some new ideas, and infuse fresh spirit into the business. However this may be, it is clear that the men—some few of them—at this time made up their minds to manage the business in their own way, and allow none but friends of their own to be employed.

One April afternoon in that year (1811), they waylaid and cruelly beat a fellow-workman, named Davis, on the ground that he had been a saddler originally, whereas he was now foreman of the harness-makers in the factory. The folly of this act presently appeared. Owing to Davis's ability, the firm had been able to make some harness at home which had before been imported from England. When Davis was disabled, the importation was renewed, and several men lost their employment,—none of them being qualified to fill the place of the injured man. On the twenty-seventh of the same month, some of the malcontents concealed themselves in the factory, instead of going home from work;

and in the course of the night they destroyed the linings of several new carriages, and cut and defaced the panels, carving on them the names of obnoxious persons, and threats to their employers.

It was now time for Government to interfere. A reward of two hundred pounds was offered for the apprehension of each of the first three persons who should be convicted of either of the offences which signalled that unhappy month. As for the Messrs. Hutton, they were fully aware of the importance to their country of sustaining such a manufacture as theirs; and they knew that it could be done only by their conducting their own business in their own way. They reasoned kindly with their men, even affectionately, showing them the true state of the case, while they declared that they would submit to no dictation, but conduct their manufacture in their own way, or retire from business. By this time, the manufacture was so large, that the whole city was interested in its continuance.

In 1812, it was found to be desirable to bring over an accomplished coach-painter from London. No man was removed to make way for this Richard Couchman. The benevolent employers hoped to provide work for new men by every improvement they introduced; but some few of their people were rather muddle-headed—confounding the employment of an Englishman in Ireland with sending over Irish work to be done in England; which last was exactly the misfortune which the Messrs. Hutton were striving to avert. They knew that the Irish gentry would buy carriages in London (now that every body was frequently going to London), unless they could have them at least as good for the same money in Dublin. Richard Couchman gave a supper to his fellow-workmen on his arrival, according to custom. On that night (in December, 1812), one of his guests, Arthur Conolly, told him that the Irishmen did not want any Englishmen among them, and that he, for one, would not have his work found fault with. This man had been originally a labourer in the yard, at eight shillings a week. He had been taught a branch of the business by Mr. Hutton; and was now receiving excellent wages as a painter. After this supper, he became so morose and sullen, that his employers, at the suggestion of Couchman himself, raised his wages to twenty-eight shillings per week, to remove from his mind any notion that he was supplanted, or out of favour. Nothing would do, however; and he so conducted himself, that it was necessary to discharge him the next June.

On the twenty-seventh of August, as Couchman and another workman were going home in the evening, and just as they had parted, Couchman was felled by a blow on the head. He was not at once perfectly insensible. He felt many more blows, "as a sort of jar," saw many legs, the glittering

of weapons, and the ends of bludgeons. He saw also the face of Conolly and of one Kelly; and so did the comrade he had just parted with, who was also struck, and had a narrow escape. It seems to carry us back to a very old time, to read that these two men—Conolly and Kelly—were pilloried. They were imprisoned for two years, and pilloried three times.

And now came out the civic heroism of the benevolent employers. They were very rich, and they might have withdrawn from business. But they knew the worth, both of the principle for which they were contending, and of the maintenance of such a manufacture as theirs. They knew themselves to be in peril of their lives. They went out to their country houses every evening well armed. But they issued addresses to their men, brave as benevolent,—in which they avowed that they knew the guilty ones among their people, and had their eye upon them; that they would not yield a single point on any compulsion whatever; and that they preserved their sincere attachment to the faithful among their work-people, to whom they would be faithful in return. They escaped attack. The two sons are living now. If it had been otherwise, all Ireland would have rung with the shame; for their munificence was too great to be kept secret by their modesty.

In 1824, there was another conflict; but it was much less serious. The coach smiths of the city of Dublin complained of the importation, by the firm, of certain articles of wrought iron, different from what they were accustomed to make; which was, of course, the reason of the importation. The firm declined corresponding with any but their own men; but pointed out to them that not a forge or a man in Ireland was thrown out of work by their importation, while there was increased employment for everybody else engaged in coach-making. The business had grown prodigiously within forty years, and this was owing to the liberty the firm had so carefully guarded, of improving their manufacture to the utmost; a liberty which they meant to keep. Their men, however, had not yet grown wise. Some of them refused to touch the iron work imported from England. This stopped the manufacture, of course, as far as the new material was meant to be applied. The firm issued an admirable address to the rest of their people, promising to employ them as long as it was possible to do so; but showing that this could be but for a short time, if the carriages could not be finished. They had already offered to set up in business two of their own smiths, to copy the English patterns, supplying them with capital, material, and apparatus, and paying the same price as in England; but the refusal of the offer showed that the aim of the men was to preclude recent improvements, and compel their employers to make coaches in

the old way, and in no other. On this occasion, there appeared to be very great danger that the firm would be obliged to close their manufactory. This, though it would have thrown several hundreds of persons out of bread, would have been a smaller evil than allowing the business to perish under the ignorant dictation of a small proportion of the work-people; but it would have been a wide-spreading misfortune—*how* serious can hardly be fully understood but by those who have seen that factory as it is at this day, when there is but one mind among all who are busy within its walls.

It will have been observed that none of the conflicts, during all this long course of years, had been about wages, or hours of working. There had been no possible ground for it; for the firm had never been in combination with other employers against the men; although the men had been in combination with others against the introduction of English improvements. The practice of the firm had always been to pay liberal wages, in order to secure the best work. They hired the labour which suited them,—which was always of the highest order that could be obtained. If the men were satisfied, they supported them against all encroachment and injury. If the men were not satisfied, they let them go in all good will, and, if it was possible, helped them to settle themselves more to their minds. There was little of this parting, however; for the best men knew when they were well off. They were maintained in sickness, pensioned after long service, watched over with vigilant good-will; and wise men were in no hurry to throw away friends who would do this.

The time came when the advantage of such an understanding was put to the proof. In times of distress, the carriage is the first luxury laid down by those who must economise, and it is the last thing to be purchased by those who can do without it. We all remember the years of distress from 1836 to 1843. At that time the younger of the two brothers was alone in the business,—the father having died long before, and the elder brother being at that time the member for Dublin, with O'Connell for his colleague. It had long been foreseen that there must be some decline in the business from the increase of railroads. To this was added the seven years' distress. Mr. Hutton stood between his men and utter ruin as long as possible. His large capital enabled him to allow his stock to accumulate: but the time came, towards the close of 1842, when he was compelled, in order to keep on his men, to reduce their work and wages slightly. There were persons who endeavoured to make mischief between him and his people on this occasion; but he easily made himself understood by giving his reasons, and the facts of the case. After that came the famine, and with it, of course, a prodigious falling off of business. The Irish gentry could not buy carriages while the people were starving, and

the rates were heavier than many could pay. And when affairs began to come round, and there seemed to be a prospect of better days, a terrible accident happened. His family being absent, Mr. Hutton was sleeping in town, when a servant rushed into his room in the middle of the night, crying out, "O, sir! the factory is on fire!" He was on the spot instantly, in time to save the Lord Mayor's grand carriages, which were wanted the next day, and which were worth many hundred pounds. The timber-yard was safe, happily; a circumstance of great importance, as it takes some years to season the wood properly. But the loss was very great—many thousands of pounds over and above the insurance. It was a melancholy sight to the gazing crowd, to see the carriages brought out—some of them on fire inside, and others cracking and warping, and to know how many more were destroyed. And there was the fear that Mr. Hutton would now retire. He was rich; his brother had retired; and he might be supposed to have had enough of it, considering what the last few years must have been. Happily, he has not retired. He has rebuilt his factory, and very nearly brought everything round to its former state of order; and, as there are sons in the business, it may be hoped that the establishment may continue to be the blessing to Dublin that it has been for nearly three-quarters of a century.

The timber-yard is a picturesque spectacle, of itself. It is a sort of field, attached to the property when Summerhill was "out of town." The wood is of various kinds. Every wheel is made of three sorts—the spokes of oak, the nave of elm, and the rim of ash. Beech is used for some purposes, but it does not wear so well as ash. The panels are made of mahogany; and some of the upper parts, which are least subject to strain, are of pine, accurately covered with leather. Some of the bent and finely-curved pieces, which have to bear a great strain, and on which the beauty of the carriage much depends, are of witch hazel elm. The wood is bent by steam—the stocks actually boiled, to make them flexible. For all this, the wood can hardly be too old: and a great capital is always locked up in that timber-yard.

The great show-place of the establishment is, of course, the department where the finished carriages are kept. The variety is quite marvellous to a spectator who, not being worth a carriage of any sort, has never given any particular attention to the diversity out of which a purchaser may choose. But, after all, one may see finished carriages abundantly in the streets, while it is a novelty to see their skeletons and their separate parts. So we rushed gladly into the upper rooms, which look like an hospital for carriages.

Bodies lay on the ground, bare of covering and of lining, without door or window; every stock and frame and panel staring one in the

face, and all the iron strips and bolts open to examination; and the curious little wooden bolts—square morsels studding the inside of the roof and sides, to divide and equalise the strain, and prevent “springing.” To have caught a family of carriages thus *en désablée* was quite an event. Then we saw them dressed. There was lining upon lining, before the last silk and lace were put in. We felt the curly, elastic hair with which the cushions are stuffed. We noted the windows: how the inner edge of the frame is made higher than the outer, to prevent the rain oozing in, as it used to do in the days of our grandmothers for want of this simple precaution.

Other changes there are since the days of our grandmothers—one of which we think very striking. Formerly, the keeping a carriage signified the keeping a certain number of servants; and the servants were considered the most important part of the equipage and exhibition. Now, it is plain that carriages are kept, much more than of old, for their mere convenience; and some of the most valued improvements in a coach-manufactory are those which enable the occupant of the carriage to dispense with all service but that of the driver. There are newly-invented handles, to open the door from within with a touch; and the opening of the door lets down the step, which is folded under the carriage when the door is shut. There are various screens of recent invention, for keeping the entire doorway and window clear of mud. The medical man in moderate practice, the elderly lady of moderate income,—various people of moderate means—may now have a carriage who could not formerly dream of such a thing. Carriages cost much less than of old; they wear longer; and they can be used without the attendance of a footman. This increased use of carriages may set against their increased durability and lessened cost. Such has been the faith of this firm, while paying high for the best work, and exercising all possible ingenuity in strengthening the structure, and bringing down the cost of its carriages. In its show-rooms may be seen from forty to fifty different kinds of carriages, at prices rising from thirty pounds (if we remember right) to one hundred and thirty pounds. There were no Lord Mayor’s equipages, nor great lumbering vehicles, such as old prints show us, with room for several grand footmen behind; but there were some as handsome as any carriages of our own time; and a gradual descent from these to the useful, humble, neat family car,—the genuine Irish car, which may, according to tradition, carry the parson and his wife and thirteen children. Against the walls of these work-rooms hang large black boards, whereon are chalked ideal carriages, as new notions enter any brain on the premises. Some suggestions obtained in this way have been honoured by the testimony of successive Lord Lieutenants, as may be seen by the

diplomas which adorn the walls of the room appropriated to them. From the Exhibition there could be no testimonial, as Mr. Hutton was one of the jurors.

We saw here, applied to carriage-windows, the curved and bent plate-glass which is oftener seen used for lamps. This comes from London. The plated work is chiefly purchased; as are the laces and fringes. One room is gay with the colours used by the painters; and many were the polishers whom we saw at work. The diversity of employments is indeed very great, though Mr. Hutton declines making railway carriages; and the public cars, now so numerous in Ireland and so great a blessing to her population, are made by the successors of the inventor, the late Mr. Bianconi. There are, on Mr. Hutton’s premises, about one hundred and eighty men employed, besides the women who make the carriage linings; and their wages are high for Ireland. The labourers in the yards have eight shillings per week; and the highest wages paid are three pounds per week. These are the two extremities of the scale.

There are no heart-burnings there now;—no dispute—no mistrust. The principle of the firm is, at length, understood, so as never to be mistaken again. To make the best possible carriages, in order to secure this fine business to Dublin, is the aim; and to use their own judgment as to how this is to be done, is the determination of these gentlemen. Their fellow-townsmen now see what a blessing it is that they have been so resolute in holding to their determination. Any stranger in Dublin, who mentions their names, is sure to hear what is now thought of them and their kindly victory.

## THE TOPMOST CITY OF THE EARTH.

THIRTEEN thousand, seven hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea! At a perpendicular elevation of upwards of two miles and a half, nearly on the snow line of the Andes, stands the topmost city of the earth, Ceno de Pasco. It is the capital of the richest silver district in Peru. At the before-named height, the Andes spread themselves out into vast plains or table-lands. Such table-lands—Punas, the Indians call them—sometimes extend hundreds of miles, and, on one of them—that of Pasco—stands the before-named city of Ceno de Pasco, which I took care to visit when I was a dweller in Peru.

Through the Palace Square of Lima—not forgetting to look up for the fortieth time at its magnificent cathedral—over the Rimac by a handsome bridge, which connects the city with the suburb of San Lazaro, I got out with my friends into the open country. The plain on which Lima stands gradually contracts as it approaches the Sierra, until it becomes a narrow track between great walls