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STRICTURES

ON THE PROPOSED

U N I O N

BETWEEN

*GREAT-BRITAIN and IRELAND;*

WITH

OCCASIONAL REMARKS.

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BY

*NICHOLAS GAY, ESQ. F. R. S.*

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QUI MORES HOMINUM. MULTORUM VIDIT ET URBS.—HOR.

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STRUCTURES

BY THE EDITOR

UNION

REVIEWED

CREATING A NEW IRELAND

BY THE EDITOR

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

BY

THE EDITOR

THE EDITOR

DUBLIN

PRINTED BY THE EDITOR

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## STRICTURES, &c.

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**I**N this age of politics, when every man so freely gives his opinion by word, writing, or in print, I'll e'en take up the pen, enter the lists, and as freely give my sentiments on this great and momentous subject, an incorporating union between Great Britain and Ireland; a subject which in that kingdom is a principal topic—the terror and fears of some, but the hopes and sanguine wishes of many more. To this latter class I most cordially join my mite of suffrage, as, from the first day I ever heard it mentioned, I never had a more unequivocal and decided opinion, that it was the happiest

B thought



thought and the best possible measure that could take place in the present crisis, and I blessed the hands that first introduced and brought it forward. And this I did, under the firmest conviction that this measure alone was not only necessary to the salvation of Ireland, but that the kingdom was lost without it; nay more, that it was a necessary measure eventually to save Great Britain.

But, before I proceed any farther, as I am a very private individual, and little known to the public eye, having passed my life in the retired circle of my friends, I think I shall here follow the good Spectator's advice, that whoever offers himself to the world in print, the public have a right to know somewhat about him, some general outlines of his character, &c. as his birth, parentage, life, and education; he even goes so far, I think, as to describe his countenance



tenance, that he has a round short face, &c. I shall not be so minute, my face and person being of such little consequence to the public, and still less to my subject; but I shall just tell them that I was born in Ireland, am originally of an English family who settled in that kingdom the middle of the last century. I now, from private family motives, of no consequence to any one but myself, reside here, and here most probably shall live and die. The family estate, of about three thousand pounds a year, I found, at my father's death, twenty years ago, much impaired. He was a hospitable generous man, but improvident. However, what still remains is to me, a single man, an ample independent competency, fully sufficient to all the necessaries of life, and even to some of its luxuries. Being of a very active and itinerant disposition, and having nothing else to do, I set out (though then past fifty,



when the hey-day in the blood is over, and reason more matured) on one of the most extensive continental tours, that I believe few men have made. Visiting with a good deal of attention for the space of eight years the whole of Europe (with some part of Asia), from Malta to Peterburgh, and from London to Constantinople, and yet not satisfied with all these peregrinations, I am just now returned from a four months excursion, of about twelve hundred miles, through these two kingdoms.

These are my credentials; and thus furnished and thus equipped, I think I have as fair pretensions to give my opinion on the subject of an Union as many others who have published their's. It shall not be very long, as in my mind the whole of this argument lies in a very narrow compass. Lord Shaftesbury remarks, that in the way of  
reason



reason as much may be said in a folio sheet as in a folio volume.

After some years absence from my native land, I lately paid it a visit, and in different excursions travelled over the greater part of the kingdom, and that with some attention. I there found that the union was the universal topic; and by some it was, I own, most severely, most virulently, and most bitterly handled, in the strongest possible terms, as the basest of all measures, fraught with ruin, destruction, nay almost the dissolution of the country. It would ruin trade, ruin Dublin, ruin the people. The honor, the character, the independency of the nation would be lost, No court, no balls at the castle, &c. &c. That fine building, the parliament house, after so much expence, was to become useless. Some were very clamorous against the measure, as brought forward



forward at an improper period ; it was premature and ill-timed, when rebellion, tumult, religious rancour, &c. overspread the land. Here I differed from them totally and diametrically. This was the time, I assert it, the true time, the only time : in a season of loyalty, unanimity, peace, and prosperity, it might not be so necessary. Those that are well need not a physician, but those that are sick : and such was our case, very sick indeed, nor yet by any means recovered, nor ever shall, without an union. What had their parliament done, to be thus taken from them, &c &c. &c. with much more in the like strain ; all which I confess, for want no doubt of quick intellects on my part, made no great impression upon me. I rather thought it *vox et præterea nihil*, except in the last article, what had their parliament done. Here I fully agreed with them : not  
much



much indeed ! And to this answer I was very fully competent, having so lately travelled through the country, and attentively viewed its face, situation, &c. and to this particular I will entreat my reader's close attention, as on this criterion the present situation, state and face of the country, will rest my whole argument in favor of an union. It is the very being, end and aim, the very head and front on which this subject for and against an union will unquestionably rest.

With these men, these violent anti-unionists, I used to reason, that I really could not see this measure in the strong light they represented it : nor that all this destruction, desolation and woe would be attendant on it ; and this I observed, from the plainest of all reasons, Whose interest can it be to thus destroy and subdue this kingdom ? It cannot be the interest of England, that is impossible



possible: for the more you flourish, the greater will be their advantages. They would be richer, stronger, more powerful, &c. just in the same proportion. In this light England certainly views it, and in the fulness of the best intentions and best wishes for the prosperity, peace, honor and happiness of Ireland, it is thus brought forward, recommended and advised. And by whom? Not your enemies certainly: that is impossible: no! but much, very much the contrary.

England, your sister kingdom, your best friend, in whom you live, and move, and have your being, the joint legislature of England, they, I say, offer to unite with you; they, in the most warm, kind, and friendly manner, invite you to this Union; an Union with what? With the first nation in the world! And all this recommended  
by



by whom? By one of the best kings that ever swayed the English sceptre! The father of his people! A truly good constitutional and patriotic king, And this I assert in the teeth of all jacobins; and I further predict that at his demise (late, very late indeed may that fatal event take place for the blessing and happiness of, I hope e'er long to say, his three united kingdoms) his epitaph will be *Here lies a patriot King*. And this king most fortunately assisted, counselled and advised by the best, wisest, truly constitutional, patriotic, and efficient ministry, (this I assert and will prove) that ever guided the helm of the state; and this I say in direct contradiction to Mr. Fox and all his wordy declamations,\* as also to his young nephew

\* The great Dr. Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne (who by the way was my very near relation) in his excellent maxims concerning patriotism, printed some years since, says, " We are not to think every clamorous haranguer, or every splenetic repiner against



in the house of lords, and their associates. They are, indeed, thank God, few in number, hardly worth being counted, and much less being weighed, but, peace to their manes, they are dead, and so is my enmity; I war not with the dust. They are indeed dead, buried and forgotten; never again to rise, and no loss for any good they have done, nay I fear much the contrary, a great deal of mischief. But this I leave to better pens, and I wish some such would take it up; it is an ample and a copious subject.

I shall just here observe, that in thus introducing these gentlemen they cannot suppose I mean them the least personal offence—far be it from me. I speak of them in their political characters as members of parliament, public men, and as they have often a court, is therefore a patriot.” These are his words, the book is now before me. They are very apposite and strong in the present case; and again he says, “The factious man is apt to mistake himself for a patriot.”

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very freely done of others. In their private life I dare say they are very worthy, very amiable, and so indeed have I heard, but in their public conduct I think them highly censurable.

Some may say this eulogy, this just praise of our ministry is flattery. I deny it. Truth is not flattery. I have not the honour of the least personal acquaintance with any one of them; and again what could my poor mite of praise add to such exalted characters? Nothing, not a jot. They deserve well of their country. So I think, so I speak, and in full, irrefragable and indisputable proof of this assertion, I will ask a few questions. Was this nation ever more decidedly unanimous in their love, loyalty, prayers and good wishes for their king? Never! Was the commerce of this nation at any other period of time at a greater height than at present? Never! This is allowed. Were our arms ever



greater or more successful by sea or land, in Europe, Africa, and the East? Our nautical achievements almost pass credence, and will hardly be believed in a future age. Led on by our gallant admirals, their spirited officers, and brave tars, they are invincible. Or did we ever, I ask it, at any other æra, more gloriously assert, or more strenuously maintain, our paramount empire over the ocean? Never! never! If these be not proofs of a good, a wise and an efficient ministry, I know not what are; and yet this good ministry, which thus prudently conducts the affairs of England, are all a parcel of rogues leagued and united for the utter ruin and destruction of Ireland, by the introduction and recommendation of this vile union. For with these anti-unionists ruin, destruction, and union are synonymous terms. And further, these wicked ministers, from the fulness of their malice against this poor kingdom,



kingdom, have seduced and brought over our worthy lord lieutenant to join the plot, for in his last speech on the prorogation of the Irish parliament, he fully and strongly, in the most polite, amiable, and friendly terms, recommends this union as the best possible measure for the peace, prosperity, and happiness of Ireland. Yet this man, one of the greatest characters of the age, and among the foremost for every civil and military virtue, comes like a thief in the night, forfeits his fair fame and well-earned praise, and joins in the wicked league to ruin, subvert, and utterly destroy this country which he governs, which he loves, and where he is adored.

All this, I own, is too laughable, too ridiculous, and I am almost ashamed to mention it; yet strange as it is, I have heard such language, nor could I account for it, but that in politics I have sometimes found  
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a certain perverseness, an obliquity of intellects with some men, that nothing will persuade, no truth convince: they are like the deaf adder, they will not hear.

With such I never argue long; I leave them to themselves. With others more ductile I endeavoured to reason them out of this belief, that all was leagued against them. No such thing, say I, but just the contrary, the very reverse of what you suppose; there is no treachery meant nor intended; all is done with the best possible intention, and for the sole view and advantage of the Irish nation. That those who advised it did it from the best motives, seeing, as they must, the present state of the kingdom, the late invasions and consequent rebellion, they thence naturally saw that something was very wrong, something rotten in the state; that something should be done, some new measures taken, and that  
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an union, and an union alone, would be efficient : and there they were certainly right. I repeat it again and again, nothing short of that will save the nation. Thus I reasoned, and thus I argued. Some I convinced, others were obdurate, and nothing could persuade them but that ruin and union were one and the same thing ; but they are, I am sure, much mistaken, and will on the day of trial be found, I have no doubt, light in the balance.

Having said thus much, I will now adduce my reasons why I am so sanguine in my hopes and wishes for an union, firm and lasting between Great Britain and Ireland, which, after some years absence, I have lately visited, travelled over the greater part, and I must freely own, and sorry I am to say it, I cannot report any very favourable picture ; I saw no great improvement, not much meliorated since I left it. Little  
 progressive



progressive. I saw no new towns arise, nor enlargement of old, but the contrary ; dilapidations in some, no great increase of gentlemen's houses, rather the reverse ; for many of them were sacked, pillaged, and destroyed, by the late horrid, infamous, cruel, bloody, and disgraceful rebellion, an everlasting blot to Irish annals. No great increase of commerce, manufactures, &c. and so I was told by others in that line that there was very little. I saw few new plantations, hedges, or inclosures, and yet these are great additional beauties to all countries. The inns in general were very bad : I will not describe them, but I felt them. I did not perceive that the state of the poor and the peasantry was in any thing bettered : and I will freely here declare, that the poor and peasantry of Ireland are the worst clothed, the worst fed, and the worst lodged, of any in Europe ; and this I say from ocular conviction.

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The house, or rather hut, of an Irish peasant, is the cave of famine, dirt, rags, and nastiness; and in this every gentleman in the kingdom that I spoke to on the subject fully agreed with me. Thousands without shoes or stockings; all which are surely strong criterions, query whether they are not the best, to form a just judgment of the prosperity or poverty of a nation. And here I cannot help citing a very apt quotation or two, and fully corroborative of my opinion on this point, taken from one of the greatest men and best Irish patriots of this age, no less than the great Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, in his book called the Querist, printed in the year 1750; he asks "Whether the bulk of our Irish natives are not kept from thriving by that cynical content in dirt and beggary, which they possess to a degree *beyond any other people in Christendom?*" Again he asks, "Whether the

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creating of wants be not the likeliest way to produce industry in a people? and whether, If our peasants were accustomed to eat beef and wear shoes, they would not be more industrious?" These are his words: This was the state of the poor near half a century ago, and it is in nothing since improved.

Again, I found drunkenness very prevalent, and whisky still kept its sway—that baneful drug to Irish prosperity and Irish industry, and such will it ever be till totally abolished, or so modified as to render it above the purchase of the poor.

Seeing things thus, the present situation of Ireland, certainly not flattering nor flourishing, the state of the poor, &c. &c. I reasoned with myself, What is this? what can all this mean? Now, at the end of the eighteenth century, so little advanced, so little improved; comparatively with England,



land, nothing; though not many miles distant from each other, yet with a constant resident parliament meeting in the capital five or six months in each year; yet, I again repeat it, so little done!

Here, on this circumstance, and this alone, I rest my whole argument in favour of an union; that though we have had a parliament for such a series of years annually assembling, consulting, advising, &c. yet still so backward. Add to this the late horrid rebellion that raged throughout the land, which, though for the present suppressed, I yet fear (but hope I am mistaken) the embers still are smoking, not wholly extinguished, nor ever will, I am convinced, till the union takes place. That will effectually extinguish them, and nothing else; and from the ashes will, phoenix-like, arise Ireland regenerate, born anew, a work to



wonder at—progressively and in time another England!!!

So I pray, so I predict, and so I prophesy. We have gone on too long floundering; let us change hands, let us change measures; an union is still offered to you; and by England, the greatest kingdom now existing, in every possible idea, a world within itself, with wonders blessed!

I love the theme, and could fill a folio on the subject. I own myself an enthusiastic admirer of this mighty empire, I believe the rather from my having seen all others, to which, take it for all in all, they are in truth but shades and shadows. She cordially invites you, holds out her arms to receive you; let us then embrace, seize the opportunity, unite with her in indissoluble bands; cordially, willingly, and sincerely unite with England; and from that happy,  
happy



happy day, may progressively be dated the prosperity of Ireland. My utmost ambition and my utmost wish is to assimilate Ireland to England, which can alone be accomplished by an union.

In this statement I speak of Ireland in its political light, its policy, its government, &c. for it possesses every physical advantage equally with England. Our soil is good; nay, Mr. Young I think says, in some instances, better. Our climate perhaps more moderate, more temperate, less extreme of heat and cold: noble lakes, fine rivers, the best bays and harbours, inferior to none. Yet, with all these advantages, what is our situation at this day, comparatively with our neighbours? how inferior! Does it not then most naturally follow, that there must be something radically wrong in our political constitution, as it now exists? What then is our best specific? I again and again repeat



repeat it—an union, and that alone, can save us.

I should here, in justice, observe, and with much pleasure I relate it, that there is one part of the kingdom which differs materially from the rest. The face of the country has a much better appearance, more populous, better planted, as about Armagh, Richill, Belfast, Lurgan, &c.; and here, the lower class are better fed, lodged, and clothed; more cleanly, but still not enough so. I call nothing well enough, if it can be better; and nothing short of English cleanliness will satisfy me. All these advantages are the result of commerce, that great and happy blessing that clothes the naked, feeds the poor, and enriches all; for here the linen trade (the vitals of Ireland) flourishes in its fullest scope. It is, I understand, mostly carried on by the dissenters, a race of men very honest, active, industrious,



industrious, and of much commercial turn; and in this light are valuable members of the community, and well deserving of public applause. But I have been told (I hope it is not true), that in their political principles they are not quite what they ought to be, fond of change, &c. and not, as firmly, attached to the government under which they live, as might be expected. I am sure if this be so, it is highly reproachful, illiberal, ungenerous, and most ungrateful on their part, to make so bad a return to that government under which they have so long lived in peace, happiness, and prosperity, protected and secure, and under which they have battered, fattened, and grown rich. Let me then here, as their best friend, advise them to reform, to take this hint, and become, as they ought, good and loyal subjects. It is their interest, as well as their duty, so to do. He that is not with

us



us is against us, and ever will be suspected.

A word to the wife !

I must not conclude my subject without a quotation in favour of this measure, of very high authority indeed, and to which all anti-unionists should bend the knee and bow ; one of the greatest geniuses of that age, and the most sincere and zealous patriot that Ireland ever gave birth to. I mean the great William Molyneux (who was my uncle). In his famous case of Ireland, dedicated to king William, he there expresses his wishes in favour of an union between the two kingdoms ; and adds, “ But this is a happiness too great, I fear, for us to expect.” These are his words in the genuine edition printed a hundred years ago. I say genuine, as I have since been told, that a spurious edition has been printed with this paragraph left out. This is a mutilation with a vengeance ! The book I saw is in the family library



library now in the possession of his nephew, the present Sir Capel Molyneux. With this great authority on my side, I shall conclude with my most fervent wishes that this happy measure may take place, and that speedily.

Having thus settled and secured the union, as I hope, my next page, as in duty bound, shall be filled with my best and most sincere thanks to my friends in Ireland, for their many obliging civilities. They received me kindly, and treated me hospitably, for which I certainly do, and ever shall, retain a very just sense; but hospitality is the characteristic of Irish gentlemen, and of the nation—ever ready kindly to receive the stranger and the traveller. And here, in particular, I must not omit my best thanks to my good Lord Primate, for his condescending attentions during some weeks that I passed at a friend's house in his grace's neighbourhood. Here is a man, an honor

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to his cloth, to the church, and to the great station he so worthily fills. Pious, learned, courteous, and affable. Nothing puffed up. A truly primitive bishop; an example for all clergymen, from the highest to the lowest, to look up to and copy after. And this is the universal voice of the nation, where he is honoured, loved, and esteemed. Long, very long, may he enjoy his exalted situation, for the welfare of religion and the church, and for the happiness of his fine numerous family. Nor do I know a man who more fully deserves that high eulogy which Pope pays to his friend the bishop of Cloyne, in the following lines:

“ Ev’n in a bishop I can spy desert :  
 Secker is decent ; Rundel has a heart ;  
 Manners, with candour, are to Benson given :  
 To Berkley, every virtue under heaven.”

This praise, so justly due to Berkley, dead,  
 is as justly due to Newcome, living.

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The Primate is a constant resident in his diocese, except when his parliamentary duty calls him up to town; but he never leaves the kingdom.

Having mentioned residents, I shall just here observe, that I do not know a more censurable or a more reprehensible character than a non-resident clergyman, be he archbishop, bishop, dean, or rector. It is big with mischief, and a crying sin against God and against man. They cannot surely suppose that the great stipends they enjoy, and the tythe of the land, was given them to spend it out of their diocese, much less out of the kingdom. and certainly not out of their parishes. I hope there are few or no delinquents. I particularise no man—*qui capit, ille facit*. Yet I have heard wicked laymen, complain, perhaps they were angry at paying tythes; which indeed I should not much wonder at if the parson did not reside. The la-



bourer I freely allow is worthy of his hire ; but I as freely contend that he should do the duty. Of a bishop or clergyman, who absents himself from his diocese or his parish, I think it may fairly be concluded, that in such a case they are not necessary to the hierarchy ; that their place is a sinecure, and should be suppressed or they superseded. This is obvious ; and so I take leave of my clerical friends, with my best and most hearty wishes for their prosperity, happiness and duration, in both kingdoms, so long as they deserve it by residence, good lives, and good works, by example as well as precept, and not a day longer. All this I say from my perfect zeal for the established church, though I have not the least pretensions to saintship, yet no great sinner I hope, and still less a cynic. But I am thoroughly convinced that our ecclesiastical establishment is the first in the world, and our religion the  
best



best founded on reason and common sense, and that none other so forcibly inculcates piety, virtue, honor charity, and truth; and this wholly devoid of all mockery, mummery, bigotry, superstition, or priestcraft. Of what other church can so much be said? I am therefore the more anxious for its preservation.

On my return from Ireland, and landing at Holyhead, I took the old Chester Road, merely to visit Liverpool, of which I had, heard so much; and I was not indeed disappointed. It is a wonderful place, a magnificent town, second I believe to none in wealth and commerce, London excepted. Their noble docks and crowded shipping are really astonishing. To give some idea of its trade, I was assured, that in the course of seventeen days they lately remitted to the custom-house of London, for duties, the enormous sum of one hundred and thirty-two thousand



and nine hundred and thirty-one pounds, ten shillings and seven pence; that there were many merchants worth an hundred thousand pounds, and some considerably more, which may readily be conceived, when it is known that the house of Bayley, Tayler, and Co. netted (to use a commercial phrase) last year to the amount of fifty-seven thousand pounds, and there were many such. Mr. Bolton, an African and West India merchant here, gave in his income tax at twenty-two thousand five hundred pounds a year; and Mr. Walker, they told me, makes from twenty to thirty thousand a year by commission business.

I repeat all this as it was related to me by gentlemen of the place with whom I dined at the ordinary with the stewards of the oratorio. The oratorio was then going on; it was performed for three successive days: at the one I saw they told me there  
were



were sixteen hundred in the church, at half a guinea a ticket, and in the evening the concert was crowded at the same price. I enquired about the population; some said seventy, and others ninety thousand: I believe the medium is the truth.

They have eleven noble churches, most of them built within these few years, and all I believe in the present century. These are thy wonders, O Liverpool! These thy works, O Commerce!

Here are several good inns: of these Bates's hotel is the first. The landlord told me he makes generally from fifty to sixty beds. In this visit to Liverpool I saw every man so active, so busy, so happy, and so well employed, that it confirmed me in an opinion I have ever entertained, that among all the different classes of society the life of a merchant is the happiest, certainly one of the most useful, and I often lament that I

was



was not bred one; daily growing rich and hourly occupied; these are great blessings. An English merchant is a great character, most useful to the state, in all his dealings proverbial for integrity and punctuality, and this I found was the universal opinion throughout Europe.

From Liverpool I went to Birmingham, another great commercial town, and though inland, carries on a prodigious trade: the works of Mr. Bolton are amazing, and well worth a journey to see them. There are excellent theatres, music-rooms, &c. both here and at Liverpool. They were fitting up the great church for oratorios to be performed the following week. Here again, as at Liverpool, are many good inns, Mrs. Lloyd's hotel is the first: there are sixty rooms all numbered with enamelled figures. She told me she had expended above nine thousand pounds, and still meant to make  
great



great additions ; the offices, stables, coach-houses, &c. are all in the same proportion. This I give as a hint to Irish inn-keepers. In my survey of these two towns, I fear I broke the commandment, for I own I coveted them and wished them in Ireland, or at least two such ; and I have been, perhaps, more prolix in these accounts, merely in the view and idea of stimulating my countrymen to go and do so likewise.

As I have my pen in hand and shall certainly never again resume it on any political subject, I shall just make a few remarks (in which, I trust, my countrymen will at least give me credit for good intentions), as they occurred to me in my late tour through Ireland, which still I offer with the utmost diffidence and deference to better judgments. I thought the roads in general, though good, hard, and firm, yet much too narrow, which is still made more

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dangerous



dangerous from the large dikes or drains on either side. In England they have no dikes to their roads, which render them very safe and pleasant; in Ireland they are very large, and in many instances an overturn must be inevitable death; I did indeed escape, though I sometimes shuddered. The dikes should be on the outside of the road; and I have seen some few instances where this has taken place, as on some parts of the northern road towards Drogheda and Dundalk; and here I must remark, though some boasted to me the fine breadth of this road, I believe from sixty to seventy feet, yet I own I could not quite concur with them, I thought it too broad; I have no doubt it was well intended by the projector, but to what purpose so broad; I rather thought it a work of supererogation; all extreme is error. Is not this a great waste of ground from tillage and pasture



ture; if all roads were to be of this breadth, what would be left for agriculture, &c.? I think I was told that this was only to take place where the mail coaches run; but this is not, in my mind, a good reason. I believe there are twenty mail coaches in England for one in Ireland, and so of other carriages in proportion; yet, on an average, I doubt that the roads of that kingdom are not more than from twenty-five to thirty feet (except in some instances, as approaches to great towns, London, &c.) and these without dikes, are ample for every possible purpose; and surely if this be sufficient for England, Ireland need not look for more. I say so much pro bono publico, for as to myself, it is more than probable I may never again travel over them: I am now of a good round age, far advanced, and very possibly may be cut off before I can again revisit my native soil, which still shall have, to my latest breath, my best wishes.



Another circumstance that struck me forcibly enough, was our mode of land carriage, by cars, which appeared to me most disgraceful, poor, mean-looking machines. Ireland and Spain are the only kingdoms in Europe that use cars in common; and Spain is surely a bad example to follow in any thing. How much better is the English cart and waggon; I almost take off my hat as I pass by a broad wheel waggon, with its team of eight, sometimes ten stout, strong horses, their chime of bells, &c.; there is something majestic in it. How unlike our little carts with small shabby horses; and I am withall perfectly convinced, a more profitable, and more economical mode of conveyance; for these waggons are conducted by one man, or at most by a man and a boy; whereas, I have often seen, in Ireland, a man to each car. Is not this a great waste of time, hands, and labour? I wish much to see waggons



waggons and carts substituted in Ireland, instead of cars; but this, with all other good things, will be produced by an Union.

The inns, in Ireland, want much reform, they are, for the most part, very bad indeed, I never saw worse except in Spain and Portugal; the best inns in the world are in England, in some instances like little palaces. Good inns are of great public use and advantage; they are essential to our happiness, pleasure, conveniency, and even to our health. I wish something was done towards their amelioration.

I shall just mention one other circumstance as a great defect in Ireland, and the more to be lamented, where the natural situation of the country, the superficies are most beautiful, a fine irregularity and diversity of grounds, very few flats, and a just medium between hill and dale; yet with all these advantages, it is for the greater part  
very



very thinly planted, in many places totally devoid of trees. I wish plantations were more encouraged and promoted, which to effect, I do not know a better method than to oblige every man who makes a ditch, to quick it, and plant a forest tree at every ten or twenty feet, which, in a few years, would have a fine woody appearance, indeed look like an extensive forest, yet no waste of ground. The hedge-row elms of England is one of its most distinguishing features and greatest ornaments. I know nothing that more fully comprehends or better blends together the *utile dulci*, than plantations.

I have now done ; my reader will rejoice, and I am not sorry. I have thrown in my mite, which, if it should be attended with the smallest advantage to my native land, or to the empire at large, I am overpaid ; I otherwise, as very possibly may be the case,

and



and that this little essay is whole nugatory and of no avail, the loss alone is mine, of just so much time, ink, and paper.

P. S. On the subject of commerce, as relative to the Union, I earnestly recommend to my reader the perusal of four pamphlets lately published as the speeches of Lords Auckland, Minto, and Sheffield, and Mr. Peel, men of known abilities and great commercial knowledge; they have there very fully evinced the many advantages in trade that will accrue to Ireland by an Union. I am told their arguments on the subject are irrefragable, and their reasonings unanswerable.

*London,*  
*September, 1799.*

FINIS.



Houses of the Oireachtas