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"Woodcock" Carden – a balanced account

By Arthur Carden

John Rutter Carden of Barnane is known to this day in Co. Tipperary and perhaps elsewhere for two things: his attempted abduction of Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot, and his tenants' unsuccessful attempts to assassinate him, which earned him the nickname "Woodcock." Barnane lies on the southern side of the Devil's Bit mountain between Templemore and Borrisoleigh, with wonderful views over the fertile lands of Eliogarty. This article may serve to give some background, and perhaps show that he was not entirely a villain.

Relations between landlords and tenants in the 19th century were far from the simplified picture of popular legend. "We think we know that tenants were exploited; that landlords waxed fat on the labour of their tenants; that agents were rapacious; that eviction was a common occurrence; that the tenant farmers, so long victims of an alien system, finally emerged victorious to inherit the earth. This altogether simplistic view has been replaced by a recognition that the motivation was less some inchoate sense of national destiny, but rather economic interest and political opportunism." I am much indebted to Denis Marnane for the above words, and for my understanding, however slight, of the causes of the problems faced by landlords.[1]

At the start of the 19th century much of the Barnane estate consisted of 200 or more small tenancies. The tenants found it difficult to scrape a living from their few acres, which were continually divided up among large numbers of children, becoming smaller still. Much of the mountain-land was of poor quality, and the tenants' inability and unwillingness to invest in even the simplest land management techniques led to further deterioration, so that much of the land degenerated into thistle-covered waste.

At Barnane and elsewhere an attempt was made to combine the holdings into economic units, some held by a small number of efficient tenants and some directly run by the family, most of the latter converted from tillage to grass and plantations. The resentment this activity caused is perfectly expressed in the ballad written toward the end of the century, *Carden's Wild Domain*, the title of which is used by the *Tipperary Star* for its weekly column on local affairs.[2]

This essential transformation, partly forced on landlords by the need to create an income sufficient to meet their often very heavy debts, was of course resisted by the small tenants, who had to become agricultural labourers or emigrate. During the period covered by Woodcock's responsibility there was little organised resistance: merely widespread and uncoordinated violence. The violence at Barnane was not particularly extreme compared with the rest of the county, despite the legends.

It should be noted that Woodcock declared that no tenant ever left his property without compensation, and it is said that he often offered land or work elsewhere as well.[3] As Denis Marnane says, in the decades before the famine Tipperary had an extraordinary reputation for violence. The periods 1814-16, 1821-3, 1831-4 and during the famine were periods especially disturbed, largely because of special economic factors such as poor harvests.[4] Apart from a few Whiteboy incidents, it fell to Woodcock's successors to cope with organised withholding of rent and political attacks on landlords by the Land League, the Fenians and others.[5]

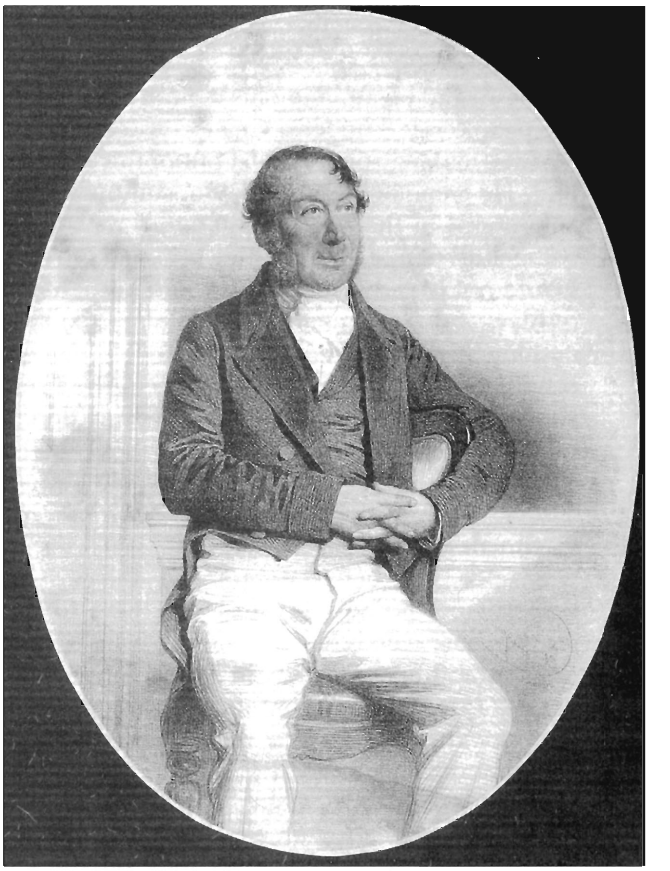
Woodcock was born in England in February 1811. His father, also named John Carden, was described by Hugh Disney as follows:

This John was only 17 years old when he came into the property. He was good looking and if he was also a man of his time he was probably also a fairly frivolous and happy-go-lucky young man. It has been said that he was known as 'Killing Jack', those killed presumably being young ladies, or did he indulge in duelling which was widespread at that time? He certainly had plenty of time to enjoy himself without responsibilities, for he was 37 years old before he married Ann Rutter on 21st November 1809 at Lincoln. She was an only child and brought with her a considerable fortune with which she paid all debts and charges then on Barnane. Marriage does not seem to have made him feel he must settle down quietly because his first three children, John, Ann and Henry, were born in Oxford, Chester and Dublin respectively. However, his other four children, Andrew, Lionel, Charles and James were all born at Barnane. As a young man of 24 John was High Sheriff of Co. Tipperary and he also served as a Justice of the Peace. But, after only some 12 years of marriage, and at the young age of 48, he died [in March 1822] while he was in Boulogne, where he had gone for his health.[6]

So Woodcock was just 11 when his father died. He and his younger brothers and sisters were brought up by his mother, a formidable lady, who ran the estate until Woodcock was able to do so.[7] Woodcock was her favourite son. She would have received little help with the estate, or with bringing up her young children, from her late husband's family. Of his two surviving brothers Jonathan was deaf and dumb and Washington was in the army; his sister Elizabeth was married and living in Shropshire.

Doubtless like his younger brothers he was sent away to school in England. Andrew joined the army in 1833; Lionel and James left for Oxford University in about 1836 and 1838 respectively. Ann married in 1838. So by the time he was 27, Woodcock and his mother were living alone at Barnane, apart perhaps from his youngest brother Charles about whom there is no relevant information. It is not known how long his mother remained at Barnane. She spent the latter years of her life at Stradone House, Co. Cavan, where she lived with her daughter, Mrs Robert Burrowes, and her husband, dying there of a tumour in 1849, several years before the Arbuthnot affair.

Woodcock managed the estate through a steward, and presumably



John Rutter Carden, 1811-1866.

his mother did the same. Nowhere is the name of the steward recorded, but perhaps it was the same man throughout, possibly an early member of the Thompson family, said to have been Protestants brought from Scotland to help run the estate.[8] As is mentioned later, a major part of the estate was let to a William Thompson shortly before Woodcock's death. It is interesting that in evidence to the Devon Commission it is stated that the policy of clearing the estate of tenants was set during his minority.[9]

In about 1833 – perhaps immediately on reaching his majority – Woodcock took into his own occupation some lands, held by seven families who would not pay rent, and who, he said, resorted to acts of violence and intimidation to avoid being compelled to leave. Woodcock was, in consequence, twice fired at. This information comes from a statement he made to the Devon Commission in 1844.[10]

A. M. Sullivan, writing only a few years after Woodcock's death, gave an extraordinary description of this period in his life, which must be treated with reservation, being mostly based on hearsay:

> Tipperary, the North Riding especially, is full of the most astonishing stories of this remarkable character. He was a compactly built, muscular man; about five feet six inches in height; haughty, perhaps it might be said overbearing, with strangers, and not given to forming friendships. Yet he was warmly regarded by his dependants; and, fiercely stern as was his dealing with some of his tenantry, many of them – those who experienced his better qualities – spoke and speak of him in the highest terms. He was educated in England; and on attaining his majority found his property had been "under the courts," as the people say – under a Chancery Receiver – for several years, owing to litigation. The tenants, making some pretext out of this state of things, thought to escape paying him the rent. He came home to Barnane, summoned them all to meet him on a given day, and announced to them his ultimatum – rent or land, pay or quit. They had the repute of being a desperate lot, and they apparently relied on this to intimidate him. The rent they would not pay; the land they would keep; having reasons, they said, to justify the former resolve, and determination to maintain the latter. But they knew not their man. He said nothing more just then, but forthwith proceeded to put Barnane Castle into fortress condition. Blacksmiths and carpenters were set to work to make the doors and window-shutters bullet-proof; and when this was done a goodly stock of provisions was laid in. Local tradition asserts that he had the stairs cut away, and the interior of the castle so arranged that if the first story was forced he could retreat to the next, and, by pulling up a ladder, cut off all communication. He now commenced operations in the law courts. Ejectment decrees were taken out against the tenants, and the work of eviction began. It was open war between him and them. I am told that when any of "the enemy" surrendered, he not only restored them to their land, but treated them liberally as to terms. Those who refused to submit were remorselessly expelled. Of course he was shot at – again and again; but with miraculous good fortune, always escaped. His pluck, his daring, extorted the admiration of friend and foe. One day, as he was riding along the road towards Nenagh, he was fired at by two men in an adjoining field. He faced his horse round, and although it was truly a stiff jump, cleared the fence at a bound, galloped after his would-be assassins, struck one of them senseless with a blow from his loaded riding-whip, then overtook the other, dismounted, and, after a desperate struggle, captured him. He deliberately took off the stirrup-leathers, and with them bound his prisoners, and marched them into Nenagh jail. They were tried for the crime, convicted on

his evidence, and hanged.[11] It was, I believe, during this "war" that the insurgent tenantry marched as a body on the castle, but found him so securely barricaded that he could not be got at. They, however, had prepared to take revenge on him in another way. They brought with them a number of horses and ploughs, and now commenced to plough up the beautiful and extensive lawn before the hall-door. Mr. Carden had a swivel-mounted cannon on the top of the castle; he loaded it with grape-shot in view of the ploughing party, and then sang out to them that they had ten minutes to depart. They unyoked in five, and galloped off.[12]

Woodcock stated in his response to the Devon Commission that no further land outrages (by which was meant shootings) occurred at Barnane until about 1843, when his steward was fired on as a result of the dispossession of a 37-acre farm.[13] A sum of £150 compensation was offered for quiet possession and refused. The dispossessed tenant was ultimately given £100 together with £25 allowance of rent due, after Woodcock had been put to considerable law expenses. He stated that no tenant ever left his property without compensation.

In October 1845 the Irish correspondent of the London *Times* described the same incident and a subsequent one:

The other day I had the opportunity of visiting the estate of Mr. Carden of Barnane, near this town. This gentleman, on the falling in of an old lease, found his land in such a wretched condition, and the tenants on it so miserable, that he determined to buy them out, and take the land into his own hands. They agreed to take £150, and to leave the land. It is a hard case for poor men, with no means of employment to fly to, to lose even the most wretched means of subsistence. Though this gentleman was giving much employment in residing, and in building a family mansion, this step created a strong feeling against him. His steward paid the outgoing tenants the money they had agreed to take, and a fortnight afterwards, in June last year, though an old man much respected, he [the steward] had two shots fired at him and was wounded in the arm. In the following October another lease of mountain-land fell in, covered with cottier-tenants in the most wretched condition. Mr. Carden was anxious to obtain this land, because it was in the centre of his plantations. He offered to buy their interest, to provide the tenants with houses, and to give them constant employment in another part of the estate. He employed his wood-ranger to negotiate with them, and this poor fellow was most treacherously and inhumanely murdered. A notice was then stuck up on part of the estate, that if any person reaped this gentleman's crops, or dug his potatoes, they would be murdered. He offered 5s a day to get his potatoes dug, but such was the feeling of terror inspired amongst the rest of his tenantry, that no one would attempt it. Being a young man of high spirit and determination, he went to Shinrone, a Protestant colony, to procure labourers, and a number volunteered to reap his crops. These men narrowly escaped being murdered by the people, and had to be protected by the police. During the whole of last winter there was a perfect system of terror established. This gentleman, on riding up the avenue of his domain one night, was fired at by four different people, who fortunately missed him. On another occasion, shortly afterwards, on driving through his entrance gate, two shots were fired at him, and his horse was shot – a tenant farmer living within ten yards of the spot. [Footnote: Having escaped six shots, this gentleman has been named the "wood-cock," by which cognomen he is generally known in the neighbourhood.] In three months of last year no less than eight murders were committed in the police district of

> Borrisoleigh adjoining, generally shooting from behind hedges, because of dispossessions of land by the tenants among one another. How many gentlemen who could afford to live elsewhere would risk their lives by residing in such an unfortunate community? It is enough to compel absenteeism. This gentleman is building an agricultural school – is affording much employment – and yet is compelled to walk about his estate, with two men with guns to guard him, to have ball-proof window-shutters to his house, and two armed policemen to guard his steward as he walks about! This frightful state of society I saw, or could scarcely have credited it. The very men who attempted to shoot him, who shot his steward, and murdered his woodranger, are his own tenants, and at large![14]

The same letter goes into considerable detail regarding the destruction of the fertility of the land by tenants unwilling to farm it properly.

Resentment at Woodcock was vividly expressed in an article (containing several erors) in the *Tipperary Star* written about 150 years later.

> On another slope of the Devil's Bit lived the Cardens of Barnane, reminding us of a prominent member of the family, "Woodcock" Carden, who destroyed so much of everything and everyone Irish in the vicinity; all the castles of the O'Meachair at Barnane and Killawardy were utterly destroyed and uprooted by this greatest exterminator and evictor, born at the base of the Devil's Bit, whose domain extended right up to the highest point of the mountain itself. He inherited 2,700 acres from his predecessors, the greatest portion of which was tenanted and built Turkish baths at a cost of £10,000. He also erected a beautiful mansion, a number of police barracks and then proceeded to evict with a ruthless hand about 100 families, leaving at his death only one small farmer on his Barnane estate.[15]

Both the preceding extracts mention the building of a mansion. Since the 1840 and 1902 Ordnance Surveys show little change in the buildings over this period, Woodcock must have built his mansion within a few years of attaining his majority in 1832. An 1818 drawing by Lieut. Robert Smith in the Victoria and Albert Museum shows the earlier house, and perhaps it was on the roof of the latter that Woodcock mounted a cannon, if Sullivan's account quoted earlier is true.[16]

It was in October 1845 that the potato disease first appeared and between one quarter and one third of the crop was lost.[17] In November Woodcock wrote to a local newspaper with a futile recipe for salvaging something from diseased potatoes.

In April 1846 Woodcock purchased 40 sacks of Indian Meal for the use of labourers on his estate, and applied for police or military escort from the boat at Mount Mellick to Barnane, based, he said on the reports of riot and plunder in parts of Tipperary. This was refused, but later in the month he withdrew the request, his enquiries on the spot suggesting that protection was no longer needed.[19]

In September the same year a meeting was called by the Lord Lieutenant "to apply for the execution of public works under the recent Act of Parliament to provide employment for the people now threatened with the worst horrors of famine". The editorial comment in *The Tipperary Vindicator* (an anti-landlord paper) vilified Woodcock:

> We are particularly well pleased with the admirable feeling which prevailed, with the excellent tone and temper of the proceedings, with the cordial unanimity with which all

present acted, with the sole exception of Mr. CARDEN, of Barnane, who seems to be just as unpopular with his brother magistrates as with the Clergy and the people of the district in which he resides. Mr. CARDEN's attack on the Rev. JOHN MEAGHER, P. P. of Toomevara, was in the worst possible taste, as the good sense and good judgement of the entire meeting pronounced.[20]

The Rev. John Meagher proposed the building of three miles of road which Woodcock maintained merely duplicated "a new road of Mr. Lanighan's near the same place," and his remarks which caused such offence were reported as follows:

I have told you that I would oppose the making of this road on every score. Then as to the dearth of employment in the district I can tell you to the contrary. I wanted men and could not find them, and I had to advertise for them. This morning I met a number of men on the road. I told them if they went to my steward at Barnane they would get plenty of task work, at which they would earn 14d a day, which is remunerative wages. And what did they tell me? That they would not go three miles off to work; and in this district you propose the making of a new road. I think it is the greatest absurdity I ever heard of (cries of oh! oh! and disapprobation).[21]

Woodcock attended this meeting in his capacity as a Justice of the Peace. Though he was probably also a Deputy Lieutenant of the County at this time, that is not mentioned in the newspaper report.

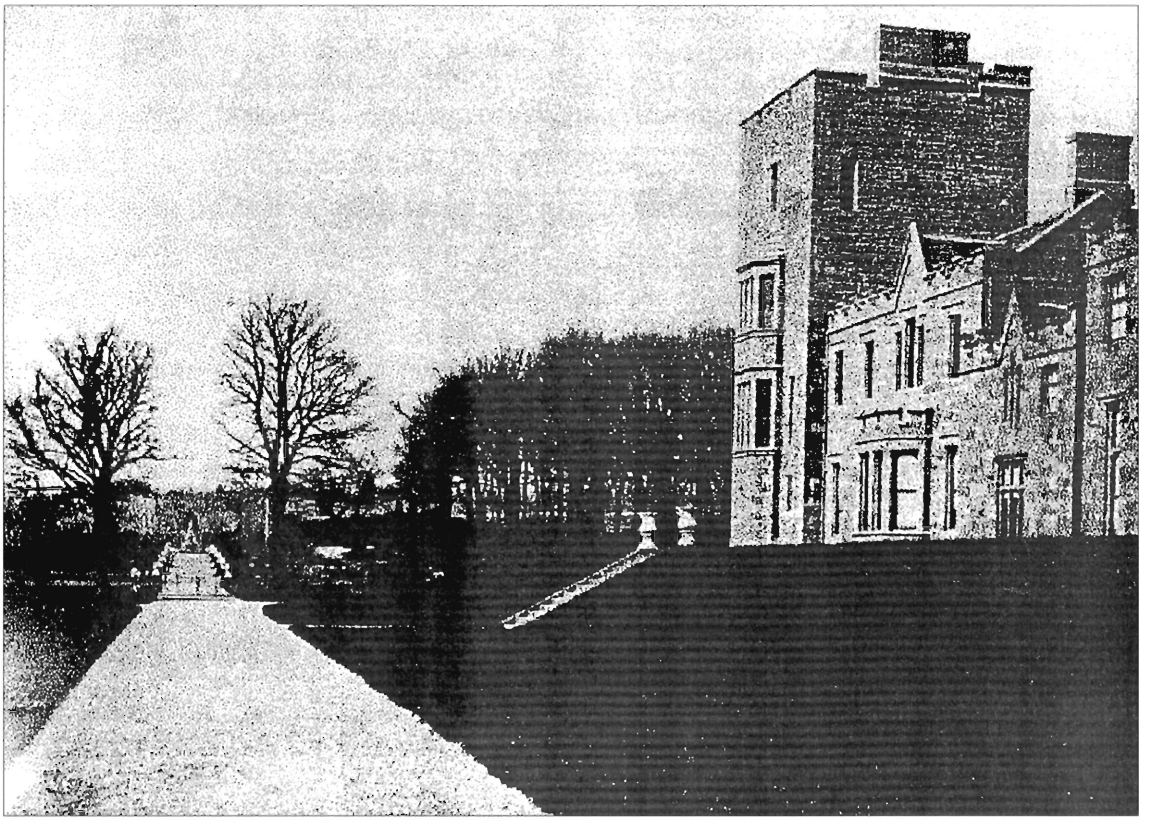
In early 1848 a news item in the *Nenagh Guardian* defended Woodcock:

Abuse and calumny has been heaped on this gentleman's head .... Mr Carden ... is constantly engaged in doing good, in creating employment for the people and the means of preventing hundreds from applying for reception in the poor house ... since the general distress commenced which pervaded the whole country Mr John Carden has created employment for persons numbering from 200 to 300 ...[22]

Then in 1852 came the Arbuthnot affair which culminated in a sentence of two years' imprisonment in August 1854. Apart from numerous newspaper reports locally and in *The Times* of London and elsewhere, a very spirited version of the story was written by Sullivan in about 1870 (quoted above and on a later page), and many years later a Miss Arbuthnot published a long and very carefully researched analysis.[23] There was also a radio play,[24] and a rather unsympathetic chapter in a book by John Michell.[25] Percy French (1854-1920), the well-known Irish poet and song-writer, wrote a sentimental poem *On the terrace, Barnane* including the words *"I'm with the Woodcock hand and glove."*[26] In 1995 an article by Nancy Murphy appeared in *Tipperary: A Treasure Chest*, containing much new information.[27] Recently two individuals have been writing screenplays for possible films.

Briefly, again in the words of Hugh Disney, based on the above sources:

At the age of 41 he was still unmarried and, living on his own in a large property surrounded by unfriendly tenants, probably a lonely man. In July 1852, when staying with a friend in Co. Cork he first met Eleanor aged 18 and fell hopelessly in love with her. He assiduously cultivated the acquaintance of Eleanor's sister and her husband – Eleanor's parents were not alive and she lived with them – but was informed by them that



Barnane in about 1855.

he had not a chance of success and begged him to put the idea of marrying Eleanor altogether out of his mind. However he felt that it was only the family who were against him and that Eleanor felt otherwise so he wrote to her and begged her to elope with him. She replied with a letter of deep resentment to her brother-in-law who was staying with John at Barnane at the time and saying that she never wanted to be under the same roof as John again. He continued to think that these expressed feelings were forced on her by her family and used mutual friends to intercede for him but to no avail. Throughout 1853 he continued to advance his cause with Eleanor's family until, in October, he was finally forbidden by letter to visit her house again. It was then that he conceived the idea of abducting Eleanor and carefully organised a plan whereby she was to be seized while returning home from church, relays of horses were to be posted along the road to Galway where his yacht was moored to take them to Skye to the house of a close friend. On 2nd July 1854 this plan was put into effect outside the gates of Eleanor's home but failed dismally because the ladies put up a good fight, the coachman had changed the carriage during the church service from open to closed so that it was difficult to extricate the ladies, and estate workers ran out to assist them. John fled in his brougham which he had prepositioned there but was caught by police some 20 miles to the north and was put in Cashel gaol. The Times said 'For years past no event of a non-political cast has created greater excitement than the adventurous attempt of the lord of Barnane to possess

himself, by means beyond the pale of the law, of a bride endowed with all the requisites, personal and pecuniary, which are but too frequently irresistible for the philosophy of the Celtic temperament.' He was tried four weeks later at Clonmel. Picture the scene. 'For two days previous the gentry had been pouring into town.' On the day of the trial, 'The greatest excitement prevailed. Long before the hour named for opening the Court, the continued rolling of carriages towards the Courthouse evinced the anxiety of all parties to be present at this extraordinary trial.' John was charged with actual abduction the punishment for which was transportation for life, with lesser charges if not found guilty on this first charge. He was found guilty of attempted abduction but not guilty of felonious assault. When the verdicts were announced, the Times reported, 'An extraordinary scene took place in Court. The verdict was received with loud cheers and many ladies in the gallery enthusiastically waved their handkerchiefs. As soon as the verdict was made known outside the Courthouse, where a large crowd had gathered, three vociferous cheers were given for Carden of Barnane.' Nevertheless John was sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour. John was offered an early release on a bond for £20,000 never to approach Eleanor or her family again. He preferred to serve out his sentence. On release he persisted in his efforts to see Eleanor and, egged-on by so-called friends, he fell to certain intrigues which all failed. Nevertheless John continued to follow Eleanor almost wherever she went, often appearing unexpectedly in neighbourhoods where she was staying. Tradition has it that they actually met again just once in a hotel abroad when John was rebuffed. They both died unmarried, John in 1866 at Barnane and Eleanor nearly thirty years later in 1894 at Lough Cutra Castle in Co. Galway.[28]

Hugh Disney does not refer to Woodcock's apologia, published as *A Letter to the Public* in 1858, shortly after a hearing before a magistrate at Kingstown.[29] In it Woodcock gave a 40-page explanation, regarded by many as deluded ramblings. It explains clearly how he came to believe that Eleanor was forced by her relatives to suppress her feelings toward him, even to the extent of writing letters at their dictation contrary to her own views and finally at the Kingstown hearing signing an affidavit and making statements in court which amounted to perjury.

In those days, of course, a well brought up girl of good family would need tremendous strength of character to follow the dictates of her heart rather than those of her relatives – and there is little evidence of such strength of character. He makes several telling points. Never at any time in the long saga did her relatives trust her to tell him what she really thought, except in their presence. They sacked Eleanor's maid because they believed her to be sending him messages on her behalf. Her brother felt Woodcock was never given a fair hearing and gave him considerable help in his attempts to get a message to her.

He received a report from a certain Mrs Keating who managed to have a conversation with Eleanor at his request and reported that she liked Woodcock, but was not allowed to say so. His viewpoint was also expressed clearly in his many letters from gaol to his sympathetic friend and supporter Lord Donoughmore, and he must have been very confident of Eleanor's feelings when he made the abduction attempt as the death penalty would have applied to abduction without her consent.[30]

A few points can be added to the story, not previously published, thanks to items saved or recorded by his niece Octavia Higgon.[31] First, despite all the denials, there can be little doubt that Eleanor encouraged Woodcock when she and her family first visited him at Barnane.

Woodcock's brother Lionel told Octavia Higgon that he had frequently seen them on the terrace there, he with his arm round her waist, she with her head on his shoulder. Several letters exist. One, anonymous, sent to Woodcock in 1858 after his release from gaol, said:

> Notwithstanding recent occurrences – keep near Miss Arbuthnot occasionally if you really care for her. Be very careful and quiet but on the watch. I rely on you keeping this letter to yourself alone. Be not rash before the time or you must be defeated. If you are constant, patient and watchful you will win. Time will unravel much. Misrepresentations have occasioned great annoyance. I subscribe myself a wellwisher to you and Miss Arbuthnot, and one who is a close observer. PS. If your heart be not really in this matter abandon it.

Another, undated, apparently from the maid of a friend of Eleanor, said

> Mr Carden Sir – My young lady as *(sic)* sprained her hand and is not able to write herself. ... If you think anything of Miss Arbuthnot you must come to Bristol at once has *(sic)* Miss Eleanor will stay with my lady for a few days. ... My young lady says she as *(sic)* not seen you for a long time it is seven years since she saw you she was then quite a child. ... Please direct to Miss Stevens General Post Office Clifton. ...

It is difficult to know what to make of this: perhaps "my young lady" knew Eleanor in the early days of the affair, in 1852, so the letter could have been written in 1859. Miss Stevens was presumably her name.

Incidentally, Woodcock's sister Anne must have had a hard nature, for she wrote to him in prison that he should read the seven penitential psalms daily. Other members of his family were more supportive: we know this to be true of Lionel, and Andrew, despite his strict low-church attitudes, wrote several helpful letters and gave the name John Rutter Carden to his youngest son, born the year after Woodcock's death.

Woodcock was dismissed from his Deputy-Lieutenancy while in gaol, but stood unsuccessfully for election to parliament for Cashel in May 1859, strongly supported by the "Cardenites," the name by which his many supporters at the time of his trial were known. In January 1860 it was announced that Woodcock had let most of his land, except the house and desmene, for a five-year period to William Thompson.[32] The same news item mentioned his intention to build a residence near his extensive farmyard: this probably refers to the house now known as Barnane House, the farmyard being the agricultural school mentioned earlier, later referred to as his Model Farm. In 1864 he disposed of 900 acres in the Loughmore area and purchased the Killoskehane Estate of 1,305 acres.[33]

Violence seems to have returned to the locality after a lull following the Famine, and in 1862 Woodcock wrote to the *The Times* that "There can be no doubt that an organised conspiracy exists to interfere with the rights of property."[34] As Marnane commented, there was, of course, no such conspiracy. "What there was, however was ... a temporary setback to the general economic upswing of the period".[35]

Little other information has been found regarding Woodcock's activities in the few years between his release from prison in 1856 and his death in 1866 (apart from his pursuit of Eleanor, like Dante's pursuit of Beatrice, which even included a visit to India to plead with Eleanor's brother), except for some additional remarks by A. M. Sullivan.

> In the last few years of his life his eccentricity took a curious turn. He converted the castle into a vast hotel, and erected very extensive and costly Turkish baths. I am not sure that he ever threw the establishment open to the public in the ordinary way, but visitors and tourists passing the way were, I am told, very hospitably received.[31]

This extraordinary story is confirmed by the leaflet illustrated here, which was found in 1998. It appears to be a printer's proof – note the manuscript corrections – and there is no evidence that the establishment was actually opened to the public.[36] Sullivan continues :

> Some six years ago he was attacked by apoplexy, and never rallied. His death once more recalled his name to public notice; and with all his failings, the general sentiment was one of compassion and regret for one so strangely compounded of merit and demerit.[31]

The *Irish Times* reported Woodcock's funeral as follows:

> On Saturday the remains of this lamented gentleman were deposited in a newly built vault for the purpose in the Church in his own demesne. This death, which was caused by inflammation of the liver, was rather sudden as he was apparently quite in health the Saturday morning previous and died on Wednesday night, although every possible exertion which human means could devise, by Dr. Forsythe of Templemore, Dr. Wilmott of Dublin and Dr. Barton of Blamey. ... Nothing could exceed the regrets expressed by the labouring classes at the loss they experienced by the death of the deceased, who has been for many years one of the largest, if not the largest, employer in the county, and at the time of his death he was actively engaged in reclaiming, draining, farming and building. Upwards of 200 tradesmen and labourers walking in procession with scarfs and hatbands across the large and beautiful demesne he so much loved, formed a very impressive and melancholy sight. ...[37]

The last paragraph above is in such striking contrast to the vilification to which John Rutter Carden was exposed both in his lifetime and throughout the past 140 years that it is a fitting epitaph to this controversial man.

FOOTNOTES

1. Marnane, Denis G., "Land and Violence in 19th-Century Tipperary", in *Tipperary Historical Journal* 1988, p. 54.
2. Written by Timothy M. Corcoran. See for instance, *Tipperary Star*, 30 July 1977. Andy Dawling sent the music to which the ballad is sung to the author in 1963.
3. HC (1845) xx, Pt ii, Devon Commission, Appx B, No 60, p. 28.
4. Marnane, Denis G., *op.cit*, p. 67.
5. Bew, Paul, *Conflict and Conciliation in Ireland 1890-1910*, Oxford 1987, p. 81, describes the U.I.L.'s vigorous but confused attempts to oust Captain Andrew Carden's tenants, the Thompsons.
6. Disney, Hugh A. S., *The Disneys of Stabannon*, privately printed, 1995, based on Sir L. E. G. Carden's papers (see note 7).
7. Carden, Sir Lionel E. G., Woodcock's nephew, whose genealogical papers now form the Carden Collection at the Society of Genealogists and are the source of much of the information on Woodcock's relatives, though Sir Lionel was almost silent on the subject of his uncle.

8. Remark by Canon Fogarty to the author, 1961.
9. HC (1845) *op.cit*, p. 594, evidence of Mr Edmund Byrne.
10. See n. 3.
11. Hassett, J. J. strongly denied this story in a typically anti-Carden article in the *Tipperary Star*, 14 May 1955, the year of his death. Nancy Murphy (see footnote 27 below), who has researched crime in North Tipperary, takes the same view: "The notion that a person could be summarily executed is completely inaccurate. I don't remember ever coming across a trial of persons charged with shooting at John Carden." Hassett was responsible for much anti-landlord agitation, especially regarding Barnane, commencing in 1908 or before as Hon. Secretary of the Drom U.I.L. He was a member of the Dail in the 1930s and a county councillor.
12. Sullivan, Alexander M., *New Ireland*, London 1877, p. 182 et seq., reprinted in James White *My Clonmel Scrapbook*.
13. HC (1845) *op. cit.*
14. Foster, T.C. *Letters on the Condition of the People of Ireland*, London, 1847.
15. *Tipperary Star*, 9 June 1990: article entitled *Bearnán Éile*.
16. Captain Robert Smith. "1792 (Dublin) – 1882 (Rathgar). An army officer and amateur draughtsman who joined the 44th Regiment in 1809 and was promoted captain in 1825. In 1840 he was appointed a Pursuivant of Arms, Dublin Castle, and in 1865 Athlone Pursuivant". (Mallalieu: *The Dictionary of British Watercolour Artists up to 1820*, Woodbridge, 1976). Among Smith's drawings held by the Victoria & Albert Museum are many of buildings in Tipperary. Copies of some of them are available in a monograph by the author at the Co. Library, Thurles.
17. Marnane, Denis G., "*The Famine in South Tipperary*", in *Tipperary Historical Journal* 1996, p. 5.
18. *Tipperary Constitution*, 1 November 1845.
19. Original letters in the National Archives: copies provided by William J. Hayes of Roscrea.
20. *Tipperary Vindicator*, 16 September 1846.
21. Ibid.
22. *Nenagh Guardian*, 15 January 1848
23. Arbuthnot, Miss Ada Jane, *Memories of the Arbuthnots of Kincardineshire and Aberdeenshire*, George Allen & Unwin, 1920.
24. Foley, George. The manuscript is held by the author. (Transmitted on Radio Eireann about 1960).
25. Michell, John, *Eccentric Lives and Peculiar Notions*, Thames & Hudson, 1984.
26. French, W. P. (1854-1920). The poem does not appear in the 1982 anthology of his works, and only seems to exist in manuscript, in various Carden family papers. (See Appendix to this article.)
27. Murphy, Nancy, "The Apologia of an Abductor in Tipperary", in *A Treasure Chest*, compiled by Elaine Burke Houlihan, Relay Books, Nenagh, 1995. Nancy Murphy has made a thorough search of newspapers and other sources, and has supplied many helpful references.
28. Disney , Hugh A.S., *The Disneys of Stabannon*, privately printed, 1995, based on Miss Ada Jane Arbuthnot's account (note 23).
29. *A Letter to the Public* by John Carden, Esq., of Barnane. Dublin, November 1 1858.
30. *The Donoughmore Papers*, files H/14 and H/15, Trinity College Library, Dublin. A typed transcript of about 35 letters has been made by the author.
31. Higgon, C. Octavia, *Pedigree Book* and *Cardens of Tipperary*, manuscripts in the possession of the author. (A daughter of Woodcock's brother Charles.)
32. *Nenagh Guardian*, 8 January 1860
33. Murphy, Nancy, *op.cit.*, p. 67.
34. *The Times*, 30 June 1862.
35. Marnane, Denis G., *op.cit.*, "The Famine in South Tipperary", in *Tipperary Historical Journal* 1996, p. 4.
36. The leaflet, together with a printed price list, was discovered in 1998 among family papers by Richard Carden of the Fishmoyne branch of the family, and is reproduced with his permission. Twenty-six rooms are listed with prices ranging from 3 to 6 guineas per person per room, with fascinating details and extra charges such as for servants, fires in rooms and saddle horses.
37. *Irish Times*, 30 February 1866.

APPENDIX

On the Terrace, Barnane

by Percy French

I sit beside the fountain's brim
And in my fancy picture him
Wayward, wilful, strong of will
An elemental man.

And she a maid of many charms:
He longs to hold her in his arms,
And so – excursions and alarms
And all that costly plan.

To carry off that maiden sweet.
Relays of horses! Steamship fleet!
But one thing wanted to complete
This happiness for life.

And that one thing the man has missed!
For main and myrmidons resist.
She strikes him with her little fist
She will not be his wife.

Oh, lovers in the long ago
Our ancestors were wild to know
And you were but a backward throw
To prehistoric time.

When prehistoric man would say
To maiden neither yea or nay
But bear her to his cave away;
A custom, not a crime.

Had I been judge, no County Jail
Had been the climax of the tale.
Of course I'm an unusual male,
And, tho' she'd none of him.

I'm with 'the Woodcock' hand and glove.
For I have known the pangs of love
And so this web of verse I've wove
Around the fountain's brim.

And sitting near the stately fane
He built for her, but built in vain,
I fance they might meet again
In some serener sphere

And find no flicker of the fire
That filled that too tempestuous squire.
He'll know no passionate desire
And she no maiden fear.