

CULLODEN



Non Oblitus
Not Forgetting



Drumossie Moor

11:00 A.M. Wednesday 16th, April 1746 the Battle of

CULLODEN

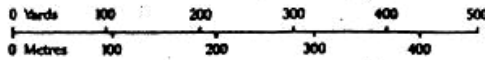
WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN. It was a cold rainy, windy day blowing into the Highlanders faces. The two armies came in sight of each other. Charles looked every inch the Prince as he rode on his fine, grey gelding, in his tartan coat and cockaded bonnet, carrying a light broadsword, and encouraged his men.

His front line consisted almost entirely of clansmen, standing from three to six deep. On their right was a wall which was to play an important part in the battle.

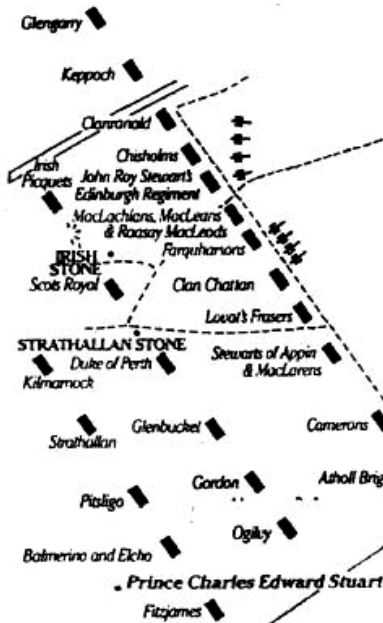
It enclosed the parks of Leanach; in parts of drystone, and in parts turf, it stretched north-east towards the Cumberland left flank.

Some accounts state that there has been dissention over the order of battle. On the right of the front line were the Athol Brigade, then came Camerons, Stewarts of Appin, and Frasers-The MacTavish men of the central Highlands, with them.

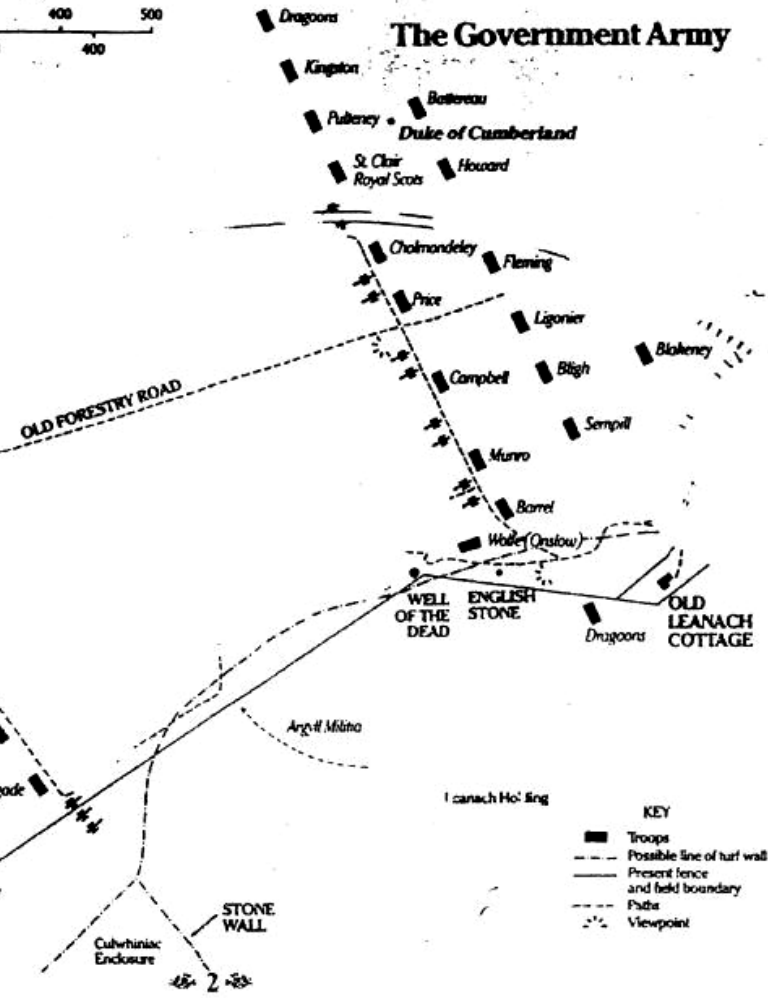
The Armies Drawn Up for Attack



The Jacobite Army



The Government Army



- KEY
- Troops
 - - - Possible line of turf wall
 - Present fence and field boundary
 - - - Paths
 - Viewpoint



All under the command of Lord George Murray. In the center Lord John Drummond were the Clan Chatten men, mostly MacKintoshes, the MacTavishes of the Western Highlands (Knapdale) in their ranks. Others, from Badenoch and Strathspey, Farquharsons, the MacLachlans and MacLeans in one regiment, Chisholms, and the regiment of volunteers raised in Edinburgh by John Roy Stewart. On the left, under the Duke of Perth, were the MacDonalds of Clanranald, Keppoch and Glencoe, (the latter under a Chief who, as a baby, survived the massacre by the Campbells, in 1692). The MacDonalds of Glengarry and men from Glenurrquhart and Glenmoriston. Somewhere too, were those MacLeods who, in opposition to their chief, had joined the Prince and the MacKenzies from Torridon.

The Jacobite second line was 100 yards behind the front line and was much shorter. On the right was Lord Ogilvy's Angus regiment, then Lord Lewis Gordon's regiment, John Gordon of Glenbucket's regiment, the Duke of Perth's regiment, the Scots Royal (not to be confused with the Royal Scots on the other side; these were men of a regular French regiment under Lord Lewis Drummond) and the Irish picquets-French speaking men of Irish decent from the French army. According to some historians there had been murmuring among the MacDonalds at finding themselves on the left. Their position in battle, accorded to them by Bruce at Baannochburn it was claimed, was on the right of the line. Other accounts, however, suggest that this position of honour was to go by rotation, and on that day it was

the turn of the Camerons, who gave it up to the Men of Atholl in respect to Lord George Murray.

Clan pride apart, there was an important factor in the final dispositions. The two front lines were not equal in length, nor in distance apart. The right of the Prince's armies perhaps one hundred yards nearer the Duke of Cumberland's front line than the left of the line was. This was to place the MacDonalds at a serious disadvantage in the charge.

Cumberland's three column approach ended in a standard military manoeuvre; a well-practised drill had the columns swinging into line to confront the enemy. Drumossie Moor was no parade ground, but the manoeuvre took only ten minutes.

In the front line were six regiments; front right to left, St. Clair's Royals (later the Royal Scot's), Cholmondeley's Price's, CAMPBELL'S, MUNRO'S and Barrel's. On the flanks were the cavalry, Cobham's Dragoons, Lord Mark Kerr's Dragoons, and Kingston's Horse. Then came the second line of infantry; Wolf's, Howard's Fleming's, Ligonier's, Bligh's and Sempill's. In the rear were the reserves, Pulteney's, Blakeney's and Baltereau's.

Forward, behind the wall on the left, the CAMPBELL MILITIA probed round the Prince's right flank.

Just as Prince Charles had done, Cumberland rode slowly along the lines encouraging his men.



Encouragement was needed for, the fury of the Highland onslaught had become legendary. There were men on that field who, at Falkirk, had broken and run from the Highland charge; it must not happen again.

A new drill had been developed the infantryman should not attack the man directly at him, thereby catching his bayonet in the Highlander's ox-hide shield, (targe), and falling to broadsword or dirk. Instead he should go for the unprotected right side of the man on his attacker's left, and trust that his comrade on his left would perform the same service for him.

But it was not yet time for hand to hand fighting. The first shots fired came from a Jacobite gun, and it is said, one of them narrowly missed the Duke. There was to be no artillery duel, however. The Commander of the artillery in the Duke's army was Brevet Colonel William Belford, as experienced a gunner as any in that day and time, and his men were trained to his standards. He had ten, three-pounder guns in pairs in the front line; the cochorn mortars were in the rear.

They opened fire with devastating effect. The round shot cut swatches in the Highland ranks. The Jacobite guns answered ineffectually.

With wind, sleet and the enemy gun-smoke blowing in their faces, the long tartan-clad line could do nothing but stand and suffer the slaughter.

The ranks were often six deep, and a

cannonball could mangle several men. This was not the kind of warfare to which the Highlander was accustomed.

Some fire was directed over their heads at the Prince and his command group, his servant was killed and his horse shot under him.

The minutes went past, Belford's guns roared shots at the Highlanders, but still the order "CLAYMORE", (charge!) was not given. The Prince was too far in the rear to see what was happening. If he was waiting for Cumberland to attack, he waited in vain. His opponent did not deny his artillery one minute of their murderous work.

Lord George Murray asked the command be given and it was. But there was more delay, as the messenger carrying the order to the Highlanders, young Lachlan MacLachlan, was killed by a cannonball. It is possible that the MacDonalds on the left, who having furthest to go to reach the enemy should have had the order first, never received it.

Cumberland had prepared for the onslaught he knew would come. He moved Pulteney's regiment from the rear to the right of St. Clair's in the front line to prevent them from being outflanked by the MacDonalds. Battereau's were sent up from the rear to strengthen the right of the second line.

On his left he ordered Wolfe's regiment forward to a position on the left front of Barrell's,



but at right angles to that regiment and in front of the wall. It was a clever tactical move, designed to impede the charge with musket fire at right angles to the Highland lines sweeping them from end to end.

When the charge did come, it was not what is should have been - a wild terrifying rush by the whole Highland line. The MacKintoshes along with the Argyll Mactavishes and Clan Chattan men, in the center went first, possibly without an order, and the men of Atholl on their right followed at the same time. A hail of bullets from Cumberland's centre made the Clan Chattan men swerve to their right, and the combined charge hit MUNRO'S and Barrel's regiments in the front line of Cumberland's force. Barrels were forced back to Sempill's in the second line of defense. But Sempill's stood their ground, and from the flank, Wolfe's and the CAMPBELL MILITIA poured in devastating fire from behind the wall.

The Highland army took the devastating fire for over thirty minutes with no order to charge given. By the time the charge came, more than one-third of the Highlanders were killed or maimed by the cannon-ball and the terrible "grape-shot" which latterly took off arms and legs leaving the wounded withering in pain where they fell.

We will not give the details of the carnage the killing that took place and even though it was a terrible picture, the worse was yet to come.

The battle lasted less than an hour. Its aftermath was to affect the future of the Highlands.

What little remained intact of the Prince's army withdrew in good order under Lord George Murray, towards Ruthven, in Badenoch. There, next day, cold comfort awaited them - a message from Prince Charles that each an should save himself as best he could.

On the moor with its dead and wounded, and on the road to Inverness packed with Clansmen, one of the ugliest chapters in British history had opened. Cumberland's dragoons slaughtered indiscriminately not only the fleeing clansmen, but innocent bystanders including women and children. On the battlefield, surgeons cared for the Government wounded; redcoats, watched by their officers, bayoneted or clubbed to death the wounded of the Prince's army, often obscenely mutilating the bodies.

There were still men who resisted and whose bravery was passed into Highland legend. Gillies MacBean of Clan Chattan, badly wounded but with his back to a wall and broadsword in his hand is said to have killed thirteen of the enemy before the horses of the dragoons trampled him underfoot. Even then he did not die, but crawled to a barn at Balvraid where he lived until evening. The farm folk buried him in secret; later his body was interned at Dores.

Robert Mor MacGillivray, trapped and without a weapon, seized the wooden shaft of a peat



cart and accounted for seven of his pursuers before he was killed.

The courage of the men of Clan Cameron, who carried their wounded Chief from the field, was matched by that of Iain Garbh Cameron who bore the wounded grant of Corriemont on his back all the way to Glenurquhart.

The Cameron standard-bearer, MacLachlan of Coruanan, wrapped the flag of his Clan around his body as he withdrew. This is believed to be the old stained flag which still hangs in Achnacurry, east of Lochiel, Chief of the Clan.

The stories of heroism and of brutality were legion. One of the best known is told of Cumberland himself. He asked a badly wounded man to which side he belonged, and was told "to the Prince" turned to one of his aides, Major Wolfe, and ordered him to kill "the insolent rebel". Wolfe refused, saying he would rather resign his commission; a private soldier was found who obeyed the order.

The murdered man was Charles Framer Younger, of Inverallochy, Commander of the Framer contingent, and is said that Wolfe's popularity in Canada among the Highlanders of his army and in particular the Framer regiment, stemmed from this incident.

The story, however, is also told of General Henry Hawley-Hangman" Hawley as he was known. Hawley commanded the cavalry at

Culloden. The incident well with his known character and Wolfe was brigade major on his staff, not on that of Cumberland. Wolfe's own letters from Culloden, however, show relish rather than distaste for the slaughter.

Hawley's nickname was of long standing, and came from his own men. Cumberland was in process of winning his nickname, "THE BUTCHER" and it did not entirely come from his victims. One of his own officers wrote in a letter that the men, engaged in the slaughter on the moor, "looked like so many butchers rather than Christian soldiers".

Among those men whom Cumberland himself singled out for praise were of Kingston's Horse, the unit which had wrecked havoc on the road to Inverness. They were, by trade, butchers from Nottingham, England.

The bodies which lay alongside the Inverness road included many who had come as spectators. It was understandable that the dragoons could not tell who had fought from those who had come to watch, but women too were sabred, and there were casual murders such as a farmer and his nine year old son.

Cumberland made a triumphant entry into Inverness, and took up residence in the house recently vacated by the Prince. On the moor that night, sentries were posted to keep away relatives looking for their dead.



Next day the Duke issued an order to search all cottages near the battlefield for rebels. The officers and men will take notice they are "TO GIVE NO QUARTER". Cumberland authorized the killing to continue.

The killing continues for days, as the search parties discovered survivors, mostly wounded, in their hiding places. They found over 30 officers and men in a barn on Old Leanach farm, barricaded it, and set it on fire. A woman who had given shelter to another twelve, watched as they were led away by redcoats who had promised them medical attention. They were shot within yards of her house. A widow returning from burying her husband at Inverness found sixteen dead men at her door.

The atrocity stories are legion, the weeks and months ahead brought even more clear that the Highlander was to be "wiped out".

From the government point of view, the rebels, and those who sympathised with them, were guilty of treason and outside the protection of the law, (this was the charge against Chief Dugald MacTavish in 1745 and placed him in prison until the amnesty in 1747). The events of the previous half century had shown that if the Jacobitism was to find support anywhere in Britain, it would find it in the Highlands. Cumberland knew that no punishment inflicted on the vanquished would be judged excessive by those in London.

It was all the most acceptable because his victims were "different", and the differences were

immediately apparent, in dress, in language, in social customs. This racial element made prosecution easier, as it has done throughout history. It also meant, as succeeding months were to underline, that troops on the ground and lawmakers in London made no distinction between a Highlander who had fought for the Prince and one who had stayed at home.

Cumberland made his own attitude very clear in May when he wrote a letter to London advocating his own "final solution" to the Highland problem. (Another leader, in 1939 had a similar solution), the transportation of whole Clans" such as the Camerons and almost all of the tribes of the Macdonalds (excepting some of those in the Isles) and several other lesser Clans."

His views, of course, extreme, but outside the Highlands there was little sympathy for the defeated. In that same month, the people of Edinburgh who had watched when the Prince and his army entered the city, looked on when the captured Jacobite standards were public; and ignominiously burned. The city handyman himself bore the Prince's banner, those of the Clans were carried by chimney sweeps whose faces had been grimed with soot.

And also in May, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland sent Cumberland a letter acknowledging that it had been enabled to meet "in a state of peace and security exceeding our greatest hopes ... owing to His Majesty's wisdom and goodness in sending your Royal Highness, and to



your generous resolution in coming to be the deliverer of this Church and Nation."

At the end of that month, "the deliverer of this Church and Nation" moved his headquarters to Fort August, and the process of laying waste the glens continued. Garrisons at Fort George, Fort William and Inverness were similarly engaged. Military looting was legal, providing there was an officer present. Discipline was brutal. A soldier discovered looking on his own would be flogged. Sentences of a thousand lashes of the cat-o-nine tails were common, administered in daily doses of two hundred for humanitarian reasons!!!

Houses were in ruins, cattle, horses and sheep were driven off and sold. The country had never been rich, now many of its people faced starvation.

Cumberland returned to London to something like a Roman triumph. To the mob, he was "the martial boy" (although he was never to win another battle in his life). Handel composed "The Conquering Hero" to greet him, the flower of "Sweet William" was named after him (and the Scots retaliated by christening a weed "Stinking Willie". His personal allowance had been increased by a grateful nation from 15,000 pounds to 40,000 pounds.

Jacobitism was to become a romantic, nostalgic cause, enshrined in a wealth of song and story and it continues to be so to this day. But, in 1746 for many, it was very grim. Since the battle,

the gaols and prisons were filled to overflowing.

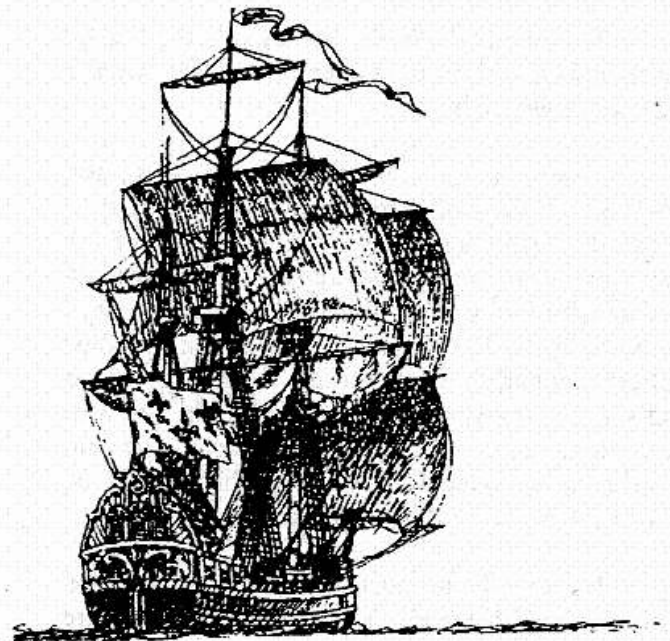
This not only demonstrated the official distrust of all Scots, it was a flagrant breach of the Treaty of Union between Scotland and England.

The Prisoners of the 45" listed 3,470 known to be in custody. Some had played prominent parts in the Rising, others were accused of nothing more serious that they had been heard to "wished the rebels well" or to have drunk to the Prince's health. Such charges, however, could mean transportation of death.

One hundred and twenty prisoners were executed, four of them, peers of the realm, were beheaded - the privilege of their rank: the others suffered the barbaric ritual hanging, drawing and quartering: 936 were transported to the colonies, there to be sold to the highest bidder; 222 were banished, being allowed to choose their country of exile; 1,287 were released or exchanged; others escaped or were pardoned and there were 700 whose fates could not be traced!

But this was far from the end: the spectacle of the armed and again in rebel, haunted the Government. It had to be prevented and it was.

The Disarming Act demanded that all weapons be surrendered. Bagpipes also, as they were considered a weapon of war, a court in York



decreed so, and executed the piper. To remove the Highlander's identity, the wearing of the tartan was prohibited, the 'kilt' or any part whatever of Highland garb. The penalty was six months imprisonment and, for a second offence, exiled for seven years.

The Clansmen at Culloden wore kilts of tartan, but neither the garments nor the patterns we know today would have been generally familiar to the Highlands at that time.

The traditional dress was the belted Plaid (palide is Gaelic for blanket). This was a rectangle of cloth about six feet wide and six yards long. The lower part, pleated, formed a skirt, and held in place by a belt around the waist; the upper part could be arranged in a variety of ways and, the belt being loosened, it could serve to wrap the wearer in at night.

The modern kilt is simply the lower half of this garment with its pleats stitched.

The distinguishing mark of the Jacobites was the white cockade, worn on the bonnet.

The great upsurge of interest in Highland dress came in 1822, after King George IV's celebrated visit to Edinburgh, masterminded by Sir Walter Scott whose novels had seized public information. Not only His Majesty but the Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Curtis, appeared in the kilt, as did Scott himself. Soon every well-known family in Scotland, Highland and Lowland, had its own tartan. Seventy five years after it had been outlawed, the kilt again became Scotland's national dress, not just in the Highlands but all of Scotland.

THE LAST VICTORY

On May 20th, 1748 eleven men and women "swore to the truth" before the town Council of Aberdeen, that on the 5th of May 5 miles west of the city, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon saw three globes of light in the sky. These globes grew in brilliance until they saw 12 tall men dressed in clean and bright attire, crossing the valley.

They then saw two armies, one dressed in



dark blue with the cross of Saint Andrew on the ensigns. The other army was dressed in scarlet marching under the Union Jack. Twice the red army attacked the blue and twice they were beaten back. A third time the red army attacked, this time they were routed and scattered by the Scots army.

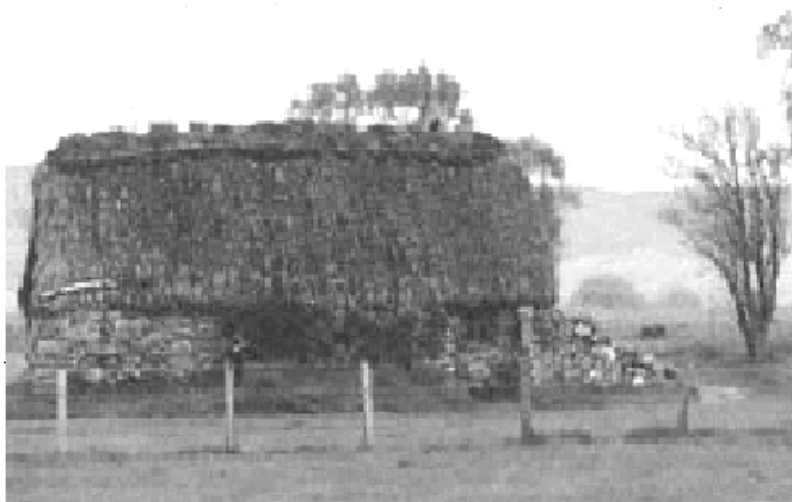
Although they saw the smoke from the cannon's the glitter of steel and the flags waving, they heard no sound. When the blue army was triumphant, the vision passed.

A lost cause will always win a last victory, in man's imagination.



Looking towards the Government lines from the Highlanders positions. (note wall) from east to west

Looking towards Highlander lines from British position. look west to east



Old Leanach Cottage

This was the farmhouse of Leanach, and survived the battle. At one time it had outbuildings but these have vanished. They included the barn, said to have been the scene where over 30 Jacobites were deliberately burned alive.

The cottage was inhabited until 1912 and, until 1944, it was cared for by the Gaelic Society of Inverness. It was then presented to the Trust by the late Hector Forbes of Culloden.

The roof is heather thatched, an interesting example of a craft once common in the Highlands.

The cottage has now been furnished as it might have been at the time of the battle. There is a taped recording of contemporary music played on the bagpipes and the clarsach, and of Gaelic songs and verse.



Our inaugural edition, MacTavish Tartan, etc. on fence at memorial

The Memorial Cairn

The 20 feet high memorial was erected by Duncan Forbes in 1881. It bears the inscription:

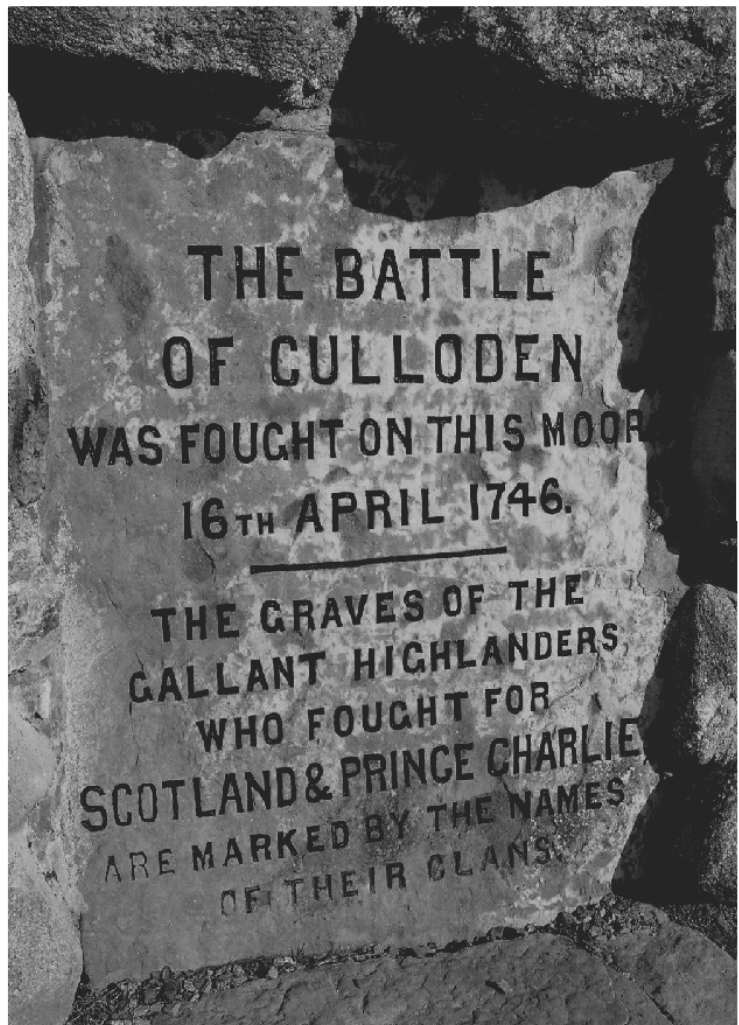
**THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN
WAS FOUGHT ON THIS MOOR
16 APRIL 1746**

**THE GRAVES OF THE
GALLANT HIGHLANDERS
WHO FOUGHT FOR
SCOTLAND & PRINCE CHARLIE
ARE MARKED BY THE NAMES
OF THEIR CLANS.**

It is doubtful if Duncan Forbes' ancestor and namesake, the fifth laird of Culloden, would have agreed with his wording.

Em bodied in the cairn is a stone bearing the inscription "Culloden 1716-E.P. fecit 1858". "E.P." was Edward Power, an enthusiastic Jacobite; the stone was to be part of a cairn which was never finished, but which was at that time the only memorial on the battlefield.

An annual commemoration service, organised by the Gaelic Society of Inverness, is held at the cairn on the Saturday nearest the anniversary of the battle.





Some interesting facts on Culloden

The Campbell Duke of Argyll received £21,000 pounds for fighting for the Government against their fellow Highlanders.

Over 1500 hundred Highlanders died at Culloden, in the months that followed, hundreds more, as well as women and children, were killed as the British and the "Black Watch" roamed the Highlands seeking out the rebels.

Of the many British regiments at Culloden, to this day, no regiment carries "Culloden" on their battle honors, which is commonly done with victorious battles.

Credits:

The National Trust For Scotland
John Prebbles "Culloden"
The Scottish Highlands
MacTavish Family Correspondence
The Commons of Argyll & Bute Archives

