S.A.T.H.

HISTORY TEACHING REVIEW

YEAR BOOK

VOLUME 5 1991

THE YEAR BOOK OF THE SCOTTISH ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS OF HISTORY

The cover photographs show some of the different ethnic – social – religious groups who have, over the years, made up a part of the Scottish community. The pictures offer a subtle reminder that the visible contribution from these 'different' groups of Scots may not be especially overt, but is nevertheless significant.

For those that wondered, the photographs are as follows :

Top left	Jewish servicemen outside the synagogue in South Portland Street in the Gorbals, Glasgow in 1917.
Top right	The unveiling of the Katyn Plaque in memory of the lost Polish officers, by Dr Michael Kelly, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, outside General W. Sikorski's Memorial House in Glasgow on 29th April 1984.
Bottom left	A walk through Falkirk on June 30th 1990 by the members of the Camelon Purple Guards of the Loyal Orange Lodge No. 317.
Bottom right	Prize winners at the National Mod, Stirling in 1987.

I offer my thanks to the following, who provided the photographs.

HARVEY L. KAPLAN, M.A.
Director, Scottish Jewish Archives, Garnethill Synagogue, Hill Street, Glasgow.

BARBARA PALKA
Polish Social and Educational Society, General W. Sikorski's Memorial House, 5 Park Grove Terrace, Glasgow.

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EDITOR: ANDREW HUNT

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON THE CONTRIBUTORS

Cliff Hanley is a man about whom it is difficult to write a short portrait. He has filled his 69 very active years with many a report, performance, article or song on what it means to be a Glaswegian or a Scot or both. He started off as a reporter but began a novelist career in the late 1950's which has kept him busy ever since, producing *The Scots* in the 1980's and compiling his *Notable Scots* for the Mail on Sunday's *The Story of Scotland* in 1988. Out of modesty, he did not include himself.

Christopher Harvie has been Professor of British and Irish Studies at the University of Tubingen in West Germany since 1980. He made his name with such studies as *No Gods and Precious few Heroes* and he has written widely on the Scottish dimension of British politics and society in the inter-war years. His study of political fiction, *The Centre of Things* has just been published by Unwin Hyman, and he is finishing *Scotland and the New Europe* for Polygon Books.

Rosa Macpherson was born in Alloa in 1956 of Polish parents. Her short stories have appeared in various literary anthologies in Britain and America and have been broadcast on radio. She is editor of *We Must Not Cry Here;* a history of the Polish community in Alloa. She is currently writing for the stage and working on a collection of short stories.

Charles W. J. Withers is head of department of Geography and Geology at Cheltenham and Gloucester College of Higher Education. He has published widely on the historical geography of Gaelic Scotland and is currently researching Gaelic migrant communities in urban Lowland Scotland in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Graham Walker is a Glaswegian who currently lectures in History at the University of Sussex. He is author of *The Politics of Frustration: Harry Midgley and the Failure of Labour in Northern Ireland* (Manchester, 1985), and *Thomas Johnstone* (Manchester, 1988), and is co-editor of *Sermons and Battle Hymns: Protestant Popular Culture in Modern Scotland* (Edinburgh, 1990).

John Simpson began his teaching career at the University of Sheffield, and since 1964 has been on the staff of the Scottish History Department at the University of Edinburgh. Among his recent publications is *The Causes of the '45* in *"The '45":to gather an image whole."* edited by Lesley Scott-Moncrieff. (Mercat Press, 1988).

Dr. Kenneth Collins is a general medical practitioner in Glasgow. He has a special interest in the history of Scottish Jewry and has written three books on this subject, including *Second City Jewry: The Jews in Glasgow in the Age of Expansion 1790 - 1919*, published by the Scottish Jewish Archives in 1990. He is Co-Chairman of the Scottish Jewish Archives Committee.

Editorial

ANDREW HUNT

The visible external changes to the HTR Year Book may already have caught your eye; some of the internal changes are more subtle.

We felt that the change of emphasis that can be found within the following pages, deserved a change on the surface as well. The Editors of the HTR Year Book have always been well-served by the University teaching community; they have provided excellent articles on topical and often controversial themes, sometimes at very short notice. I repeat my thanks to them, and long may our association continue.

It was felt however that there was scope to broaden the range of our contributors. Enthusiasts, writers from a journalistic background and perhaps even 'amateurs' just starting, might all have something valid, interesting and important to say to the history teaching specialists.

We felt they too should be approached for their views and given an opportunity to contribute. The mild possibility that a 'dry as dust' academic journal might put them off, led to the long overdue decision to revamp the general appearance of the Year Book. If history stands for anything, surely it stands for something bold, colourful, and attractive. The purists might say not to judge a present by the colour of its wrapper, but there certainly is no harm in making the outside attractive when you genuinely believe the inside is just as good.

For those that missed the subtlety of the message on the front cover, the contributors of this year's Year Book have all worked towards a common theme. By no means is the theme exhausted; like "The Mousetrap", it will probably run and run, but the articles which follow do all look at the same general area from different angles and the width of historical viewpoints that emerged from reading these articles, is proof enough that the theme we selected was a valid one.

Just about every time I opened the newspapers over the past 12 months, I have seen articles and column inches on what has become one of the issues of the decade, and is bound to occupy classroom teaching time;

Who are We? What is the Scottish Identity if there is such a thing?

There was a conference held in late 1990 on Medieval Scotland and the impact of the diverse components that made up the Scottish Nation. "Was there a Scottish difference?" was a question they posed for that age. We are asking that same question in 1991. One speaker at that conference said "The Scottish National identity is a political identity", yet a recent book by Walker and Gallagher expresses the belief that for a large number of Scots, what they mean by cultural identity is dominated by religious factors not by any great understanding of political ones. Is there any easy answer to this problem?

This edition of the Year Book, in an attempt to show that historians are always capable of having a wider perspective, believes there is a case for saying that the Scottish identity is largely the product of inter-linked national cultures (and sub-cultures) that have been implanted in the Scottish geographical area over time.

The articles which follow therefore attempt to analyse the importance that different external ethnic, religious, social and national groups have had, on making the Scottish nation what it is today.

Once again, my thanks to all the contributors; they are always obliging and often perceptive, stimulating and thought provoking. I hope all the authors, who would only have seen the old version of the Year Book, feel their ideas have come over in a readable and worthwhile way in this new format. I hope all S.A.T.H. members feel the same. In the words of old-fashioned editors, I welcome correspondence!

The Elusive Identity

CLIFF HANLEY

It is a couple of decades ago, but still in modern times, that I worked as a freelance with BBC Radio Scotland introducing an early morning radio magazine. I enjoyed it. I am a show-off. I made jokes and avoided solemnity because listeners need a lift in the morning.

Plenty of fan-letters came in. Some of them were from English emigrés who were settling into their new home and liked a smile. One Scotsman hated it because it was an opt-out from the London morning show. He was a belted earl.

I am reminded of a line I wrote long ago in a Christmas show at the Citizens Theatre in Glasgow, and which I assured my Irish producer would get a laugh and a round of applause every night. No other could guarantee that, he scoffed. We put a bet on it. I won.

The line was: "He can't be a Scottish laird . . . he hasn't got an English accent!".

I knew my Glasgow audience. But when that Scottish earl wrote angrily to the Press about my incomprehensible gutter Glasgow he was suddenly supported by other listeners . . . most of them native Glaswegians. Yes, we can be a little mixed up. We are proud Scots who sometimes try to ape our betters.

The old Tommy Morgan show at the Pavilion caught this nicely with a character, determined to extinguish her proley roots, talking about lemming sole and chipes. Maybe some of us are still at it. But times have changed. Nobody today could be dumped from radio or television for being recognisably Scottish.

Maybe Billy Connolly's triumphal ascent has something to do with that; and the work of people like the late Norman Buchan in boosting our folk songs and verses. But here and there we can still be defensive about our Scottishness and not quite sure who we are. It can happen in minority cultures anywhere . . . the aggressive-defensive mechanism.

Incomers can sometimes be more relaxed. I have a vivid picture of a Pakistani lassie at Garnethill School, close to the Dental Hospital, playing peever at lunchtime on the pavement, using a plaster-cast of an upper set as her peever. Egad, I thought (or maybe help ma Boab) that's what I call integration.

Well, who are we? We were the Picts, I suppose, painting ourselves blue. My own theory about that there was no blue paint? They were just too poor to afford a spare outfit, so when their clothes were in the wash they had to run about in the scuddy, and in our climate they might well look blue.

Later we were just Lowland Britons, and the cross-border culture between here and Northern England was fairly homogeneous till the border was finally fixed (to be dented in 1715, of course.) What a parcel of rogues in a nation.

The Scottish Gaels infused the Lowlands in their time through the farsighted Highland Improvements, which some groups think of as the Clearances. Most of us like to claim Highland blood, or have since Walter Scott made the far north romantic and not alien. Of necessity, I have McLeans in my ancestry.

I have Hanley too, of course. I have an English quarter forby, and that is actually okay with me. But the Irish is probably dominant. The name comes from Roscommon. It was originally O'Hanleigh, but a lot of Irish folk dropped the "O" in Cromwellian times to shake off the Irish image. They had their identity problems too.

Some of them came, and to Liverpool, during the potato famine of the Hungry Forties last century. It's probably true that some sailed up the Clyde under the impression that they were arriving in New York, which is where they had planned to go.

And there was another big influx at the turn of the century. Frightening times. The Sinn Fein movement was on the go. Some established keelies assumed that every Irishman was a member, which is why the newcomers were called Fenians, as well as Papes and Micks. And few of them had the English, even the peculiar English of Glasgow.

Well might they be suspected of every villainy available. But they were useful as navigators, or navvies, to dig the canals. Burke and Hare got in there somewhere, so maybe the natives were entitled to be leery.

And of course, they *were* Roman Catholics. Interesting fact, this, in the Scottish identity. In the Highlands and Islands, especially the Uists, I find Presbyterians and Catholics rubbing along agreeably together, presumably because they have been at it for a long long time. In the West of Scotland it was a kind of war.

I hope I am right in feeling that, apart from pockets of myopia, the hostilities are dying away. Those earlier Irish Catholics were certainly under-privileged, or were content to go on being peasants and let the Scottish passion for education pass them by. It is significant that around Glasgow, a disproportionate number of Catholics became publicans or bookies. These trades were roads to prosperity for people without higher schooling.

In my youth, as an ex-Presbyterian agnostic, I was proud that Scotland had made available schools for Catholics along with the non-denominational schools. It was clearly a matter of equality and human rights. Today, I am not entirely sure. Maybe we would be better learning together, with separate periods for religious education.

I do know of two neighbouring schools, of different denominations, whose headmasters got together and staggered the lunch-hours to avoid pitched battles. So I fret about talk in England of establishing separate Muslim establishments. I think if I voluntarily migrated to, say, Turkey, I would keep my own philosophy but accept the institutions of my adoptive country.

But going back to the Irish , I think we owe them a cultural debt, and I don't say that because I am half-Mick. One thing they brought, and which developed and spread as they became Scots, was the tough unquenchable humour of places like Glasgow.

Scotland needs it. It is the great survival mechanism. It combines hilarity with stoic pessimism. And the history of the West of Scotland is the recurring tale of prosperity in industries that looked as solid as Ben Nevis but which were already facing decline when they arrived; followed by slump and disaster. Our land lives, always, with the prospect of collapse, and if we couldn't make jokes we would be doomed too.

One of the jokes I have observed in my own time is the passionate official rejection of mixed marriages. They just don't happen. Well, not often. Well, practically never.

Uhuh. Grandfather Fred Hanley, married to an Anglican woman from the North of England, had thirteen children. Virtually all of them married non-Catholics, all of whom "turned" . . . except my own mother, whose religious roots were too deep for that. My father was easy-osy. he even saw some logic in sun-worship, since the sun was the source of all earthly life. Not bad, for a boy who left school at twelve.

I haven't mentioned the Italians or the Jews. The Italians are dandy. Their descendants branch out into medicine and science and industry and everything, but the early settlers gave us our cafes and chip-shops, without which Scottish culture would have been fairly dreary. And even as a boy I realised that while native Scottish adults tended to impose silence on the younger generation (we have only now got round to

permitting conversation in public libraries), customers in a Tally shop could laugh and shout and sing and the boss just smiled as if he felt at home.

We have very few Jews, and the number is going down as they go in for smaller families. But they are great people, a lot of them are brilliant, and they fit into the scene; maybe because Scotland is virtually the only country in Europe (not Britain, Scotland) that has never had a pogrom.

It has been suggested that the Scots are the lost thirteenth tribe of Israel. I haven't found the time to research that, but I like the idea and I haven't heard of any other Scots protesting.

I have my fingers crossed for our modern Pakistani intake. We need amiability on both sides. But I cling to my picture of that lassie playing peever at Garnethill, and the other from Lewis who keeps winning in fluent Gaelic at Mods, and I am prepared to go on finding pleasure of joy, and laughs, in the rich mixture of our identity.

The Scottish Countryside and the Scottish City

Professor CHRISTOPHER HARVIE

I.

> That *is The land out there, under the sleet, churned and pelted there in the dark, the long rigs upturning their clayey faces to the spear-onset of the sleet. That is The Land, a dim vision this night of laggard fences and long-stretching rigs. And the voice of it — the true and unforgettable voice — you can hear on such a night as this as the dark comes down, the immemorial plaint of the peewit, flying lost.* That *is The Land — though not quite all. Those folk in the byre whose lantern light is a glimmer through the sleet as they muck and bed and tend the kye, and milk the milk into tin pails —they are The Land in as great a measure.*[1]

'*That* is The Land out there . . . .' Try this passage out on a class. Would they share my reaction, that this is one of those pieces of literature which, in D H Lawrence's phrase 'grabs you in the solar plexus'? Not having taught in a Scottish school in the 1980s, I honestly don't know. But I find that it has this near-physical effect on me when I read it, and I'm slightly disturbed, as if discovering that I too could be moved in this way by a blatantly emotional appeal, so close in apparent style to the *Blut und Boden* ('Blood and Soil') ethos of the Nazis. Grassic Gibbon's appeal is definitely not that of a Nazi: this powerful and deliberately-crafted invocation of something a great deal bigger than 'the Scottish countryside' (look at the skilful use of rhythm and repetition throughout) is almost instantly countered by the authorial, straight-from-the-typewriter statement that a return to the back-breaking work and social isolation of country life is now impossible for the urban man of — for example —Welwyn Garden City.

But to me, reading *Sunset Song* first at the age of 12 in 1956, Gibbon's impact was palpable. The images, the smell and the sensations were there from my experience of the Border country around St Boswells, to which my family had moved from Motherwell in 1949. This urban-to-rural shift (since 1945, a more normal Scottish experience than the opposite trend) may account for the impact, and I certainly find Gibbon's attempts to project Scottish urban life in *Grey Granite* (1935) much less successful and satisfying. Even Alasdair Gray's *Lanark* (1982), which set out to be a novel which would conjure an urban identity into being, and has had in the 1980s an impact comparable to that of *A Scots Quair,* projects the city as essentially nightmarish, and saves its most serene passages, those which suggest that some sort of positive resolution of the problems of Thaw or Lanark are possible, for the countryside.

II.

The subject of this article is the influence on the Scottish city of incomers from the Scottish countryside, and this sets a problem up right from the start. Generally, the city is thought of as sophisticated, the country as naive. But a counter-current runs in Scotland along the following lines : the country has been seen as producing more stable social relationships : therefore 'social overhead capital investment' has gone into it rather than the city. Think of projects like the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board (1943) or the Highlands and Islands Development Board (1965), and compare their reputation with that of the urban rehousing or motorway programmes of Glasgow. At the more subtle level of the institutions of socialisation, Andrew MacPherson has observed that the ideology of education has resulted in a network of social values, derived from rural, or at

least small-town Scotland, being imposed on the city.[2] Finally, until very recently, 'literary' Scotland was emphatically this sort of Scotland, meaning that the print-capitalist culture of the Scottish city has been of an urban-rural mix unexpected in a country where for much of the twentieth century over a third of the population lived in just four cities. Of the 25 leading writers featured in Cairns Craig's *History of Scottish Literature : Twentieth Century* (1987) 13 were born in rural Scotland, five in one of the cities. Careers were certainly made in a more urban ambience, but only six were made in the Scottish cities, compared with nine in the country and seven in England.[3]

On the other hand Bob Morris, in his treatment of urban life in the recent volume of *People and Society in Scotland, Vol. II*, talks in terms of the Victorian Scots automatically giving a superior rating to town life :

> . . . a Scottish perception of urbanisation which increasingly identified the urban place with higher levels of authority and order than was expected by the English . . . The town was a place of order. The countryside and the unbounded mining settlements like Blantyre were the sources of violence and chaos.[4]

Perhaps the critical point at issue is : what *size* of town? The example that Morris goes on to cite is Montrose with a population of about 12,000 in 1912, and a firm local status as port, market town and small manufacturing centre. This example comes very close to the Kirriemuir which Andrew MacPherson cites as his 'model' and indeed Montrose played host to much of the Scottish renaissance in 1926, when C M Grieve (Hugh MacDiarmid), T D MacDonald (Fionn MacColla), Edwin Muir and Francis George Scott were based there, and MacDiarmid wrote 'A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle' with Scott prompting him as editor. Towns of this size, and the notion of urban development as something 'planned', community-ordained, and harmonious, are of course ideals quite compatible with both the practice of the Scottish enlightenment — the building of Eaglesham, Helensburgh, Edinburgh New Town, Fochabers, etc — and with the stress on community of enlightenment philosophers such as Francis Hutcheson and Adam Ferguson.[5]

III.

Of the twentieth-century *illuminati* Grieve was from Langholm, MacDonald from Montrose, Muir from Orkney and Scott from Fraserburgh. Professions which required attendance at some institution of higher education — the church, education, medicine, perhaps journalism — naturally demanded a conscious break with the childhood environment, and such middle class mobility in the industrial epoch seems to have been considerably greater than that of the business community, most of the leaders of which seem to have been born, worked and (even when they made a lot of money) retired and died close to their businesses.[6] The working class tended largely to move into towns from the surrounding countryside. Of the population of Lanarkshire (530,073) in 1851, practically two-thirds (296,048) had been born in the county, though the next-largest group (at 89,330) were from Ireland. Renfrewshire came a poor third with 25,258. Ireland apart, there was relatively little long-distance migration.

My own family, for instance, moved only four miles in the course of the nineteenth century. Robert Harvie, whose portrait I still have, was a small tenant farmer near Dalserf, in the Clyde Valley. He died young in 1840 and his son, Ebenezer, moved to become a baker in nearby Larkhall, a mining town which at that time was still marked by a 'fermer-collier' ethos. His son, my grandfather, worked from the 1890s in the offices of David Colville's steelworks in Motherwell, where he died in 1954, although three of his brothers, all professional men (architect, engineer and finance consultant), ended up in Vancouver and London.

This tallies with Graham Hutton's investigation of suburban Edinburgh in the 1960s and 1970s, which found a 'hive' structure in traditional working class areas. In Wardieburn housing scheme, 27% of families had relatives living within a mile, 83% had relatives in Edinburgh. But this gave way in middle class districts to a 'net' of relationships. In Silverknowes, only 35% of families had kin in the city. The interesting thing was that the mobility rate was even greater for run-down Wardieburn than it was for Silverknowes. In 1974 only 12 out of the 40 families interviewed in 1962 remained; in Silverknowes 18. By contrast in the 'upper working class' scheme of Wardie 29 remained.[7]

This rapidity of mobility at both ends of the social scale is interesting, and seems to have been historically determined. In country districts single workers *and* families were not tied to the parish, as seems to have been the case with their English contemporaries, but were constantly on the move from ferm-toun to ferm-toun. The parish of Greenlaw in the Borders, which had a population of 1,355 in 1851, registered 1343 movements by individuals between then and 1861. Many of these were 'double entries' through individuals moving twice or three times in this period, but between a quarter and a third of the parochial inhabitants *did* move. Of these about a third moved in and out of the adjoining parishes, and 80% moved within the Scottish Borders.[8] This was still the case in the World War I period, according to the farm-workers trade union organiser Joseph Duncan's study in the Carnegie Endowment's *Rural Scotland and the War* (1929) and it doesn't seem to have slackened off until the introduction of wage regulation and National Insurance for the agricultural labourer in 1936-7.[9] James Littlejohn found in his study of Eskdalemuir in the 1940s that farm workers had little desire for allotments on the grounds that this tied them to one particular place and diminished their freedom in negotiating their wages and conditions of employment.[10] On the other hand young women were both more class-conscious than young men, more intent on bettering themselves by making upwardly-mobile marriages, and quicker to leave for the towns — a different situation than that obtaining in the previous century, when the man was first to move, and the family followed.

IV

This 'short-termism'seems to have transferred itself from rural to urban life. David Englander, in his study of landlord-tenant relationships in the industrial period, has noted the rapidity with which the Glasgow working class, especially its less-well-off, and presumably also most-recently-arrived section, moved from tenancy to tenancy (often without bothering to pay the rent!) This was obviously something facilitated by the small size of the available flats, and the absence of furniture other than mattresses, boxes and chairs.[11] Its consequence was that it was difficult to conceive of an experience of big-city community which was as settled as that, say, of the small or medium-sized town.[12] The working class saw the big city as a menu of possibilities; it was their social superiors who sought to dignify it into a 'civic community'.

Some groups, notably the Irish, consciously resisted the 'melting-pot', developing a dense network of social organisations based on an informal alliance between the church, the pub, and Irish nationalist politics, which lasted until the aftermath of World War I, when enfranchisement, the Irish Free State, and the rise of the Labour party forced a realignment.[13] There were various bodies in the Scottish cities catering for the needs of incomers from the various regions. Sinclair's *First Statistical Account* (1791 - 99) cites fifteen such charitable bodies, but most of them disbursed very small sums — under £20 — annually. The *New Statistical Account* saw these sums somewhat increased by the 1830s, the Highland Society of Glasgow (1727) disbursing £775 per annum, mainly in subsidising apprenticeships and running its own school. Unlike the Irish bodies,

however, these operated more as means of integration — no way were Glasgow highlanders going to be taught in Gaelic! — and although there was a degree of politicisation during the 1880s, in the cause of Highland land reform, ultimately commemorated no more than a nostalgic connection with the 'home county'.[14]

Such was the rapidity of the urbanisation of Scotland in the nineteenth century, and the sheer density of the working-class population, that the takeover of people's consciousness by a 'total' urban experience seems inherently improbable. The 'children who had never seen a cow' phenomenon, which my parent's generation used to talk about, seems to me more the result of the experience of evacuation in 1939 - 40. A child growing up in the interwar period would find him or herself far further from green fields (due to the spread of low-density housing developments), and more disadvantaged because of low parental income, high transport costs, and alternative ways of passing time (notably the cinema) than a Victorian child. A 1905 map that I have, *Porteous' Motoring and Cycling Map of Seventy Miles about Glasgow*, which has concentric one-mile circles radiating from the heart of Glasgow, shows that you could be in open country just over a mile beyond the centre of Glasgow, and that half-a-mile's walk from the Gorbals would bring you to 'rural' Polmadie. In Motherwell, then over 40,000 in population, wedges of open country came within a stone's throw of the town centre.

For a society, most of whose members had either come from the country or had parents who lived and worked there, the urban-rural division was a complex rather than a simple one. People could recognise their own experience in Edwin Muir's famous contrast in his *The Story and the Fable* (1940), between an edenic Orkney and a sulphurous Glasgow, but they could also come from an environment which, though rural, was engaged in an industrial occupation — in the coal industry, in fishing and on the railways. In few societies was 'market society', the technological processes of capitalism, and the idea of a 'labour force' so deeply disseminated as in Scotland. So the chances are that the conclusions that younger readers drew on encountering Muir, or Grassic Gibbon, were more political than cultural. The system was faulty, and not the town itself.

IV

This identification of social reform with planning and collectivism was unquestionably strengthened by the Report of the Royal Commission on Scottish Housing (1917), which found:

> unspeakably filthy privy-middens in many of the mining areas, badly-constructed, incurably damp labourers' cottages on farms, whole townships unfit for human occupation in the crofting counties and islands . . . gross overcrowding and huddling of the sexes together in the congested industrial villages and towns, occupation of one-room houses by large families, groups of lightless and unventilated houses in the older burghs, clotted masses of slums in the great cities.[15]

The endemic nature of the housing problem — with overcrowding five times worse than in England and Wales — showed that the failure of market forces was not limited to urban areas, and when only a year later the Reform Act of 1918 tilted the balance in favour of Labour, it also made it clear what its priority had to be. Prompted by figures like Patrick Geddes, the discipline of town and country planning was a major input into collectivist reform in the inter-war period. Its numerous failures — the grim slum-clearance schemes of the 1930s like Blackhill in Glasgow and Craigmillar in Edinburgh, and the high-rise panacea of the 1960s — have to be set against the gravity of the original problem, and successes such as Glasgow's overspill schemes and the new towns.

In the wider range of organisations generated at the pit of the depression in the 1930s, which sought to foster a non-political 'national awareness' — the Scottish National Development Council, the National Trust for Scotland, the Scottish Youth Hostels Association, the Saltire Society all come within six years of one another in 1930 - 36 — the idea of nation is given an environmental coinage as a means of repairing the damage that industrialisation had inflicted. The Saltire Society's aims: 'not a mere revival of the arts of the past, but a renewal of the life which made them, such as the Scots themselves experienced in the eighteenth century' revealed themselves in a commitment to town and country planning whose ethos seems to come straight out of the repertoire of the enlightenment, just as the constitutional projects being discussed today reawaken the notions of balance and disseminated sovereignty broadcast by Fletcher and by Ferguson.[16]

FOOTNOTES

1. Lewis Grassic Gibbon, 'The Land' in **The Scottish Scene**, 1934, reprinted in Ian S Munro, ed., **A Scots Hairst**, Hutchinson 1967, p.67.
2. See Andrew MacPherson, 'An Angle on the Geist' in Walter Humes and A B Paterson, **Scottish Culture and Scottish Education, 1800 - 1980**, John Donald 1983.
3. I used as my sample each author with more than ten separate entries in Craig's index. See *op.cit.*, Aberdeen University Press, 1987.
4. Morris, 'Urbanisation and Scotland' in *coll. cit.*, John Donald 1990, p.91.
5. See George Elder Davie, **The Scottish Enlightenment**, Historical Association 1971.
6. Samples of businessmen alive in 1900 taken from **The Dictionary of Scottish Business Biography, 1860 - 1960**, Aberdeen University Press 1986.
7. Graham Hutton *et al.*, **Social Environment in Suburban Edinburgh**, Rowntree Foundation, York, 1975, pp. 11:19, 15:23.
8. Michael Flinn, **Scottish Population History**, Cambridge University Press 1977, pp.471ff.
9. Joseph Duncan in D Jones, ed., *coll.cit.*, Oxford University Press 1929; J H Smith, **Joe Duncan, the Scottish Farm Servants, and British Agriculture**, Edinburgh University 1974, esp. pp.55-59.
10. James Littlejohn, **Westrigg: the Sociology of a Cheviot Parish**, Routledge 1963, p.29.
11. David Englander, **Landlord and Tenant in Victorian Britain,** Oxford 1980.
12. See Christopher Harvie and Graham Walker, 'Community and Culture' in W Hamish Fraser and R J Morris, *coll.cit.* p.344.
13. See Tom Gallagher, **Glasgow: the Uneasy Peace**, Manchester University Press 1986.
14. **Old Statistical Account**, Vol.vii, p.321; **New Statistical Account**, Vol.vi, p.186; and see Olive Checkland, **Philanthropy in Victorian Scotland**, John Donald 1980, p.25.
15. **Report of the Royal Commission on Scottish Housing**, 1917, p.
16. Robert Hurd and Alan Reiach, **Building Scotland**, with a preface by Tom Johnston, Saltire Society 1944, and Davie, *op.cit.*

Biting the Dust.
The Poles in Alloa.

ROSA MACPHERSON

. . . My mother shivered in the cold, wrapped in her black coat and bright-petalled scarf. With the silent speech of dreams she lamented the whiteness all around her. She pointed her cold finger towards the white, then towards me, accusing,

"No colour. Look everywhere there is no colour."

Her sadness strangled me and I stretched up to reach her hand, but she kept pointing outwards, accusing, like a victim.

I cried because I could see the white too. But I tugged her sleeve and willed her to find the patterns in the ice, so I could breathe again.

Look carefully, there are shades of white and different tones. There's beauty in the white if you look closely enough. And patterns, pretty patterns, like frost at Christmas.

Her tears wet me and she didn't answer.

I can't deny the white. It was wrapped around me like a shroud as soon as I could breathe and learn to shiver.

This extract comes from a short story of mine and partly deals with an attempt by the narrator to define and explore her relationship with her mother. I'm sure Freud and others would pick out the love, resentment and despair displayed there.

And Freud would be correct. In fact, the origin of this picture comes exactly from a recurrent dream of my own; (ah yes! Zis does not zurprize me, Freud might reply. Zis perfectly reprezents vat I believe to be ze ezzential factors in ze mutter/daughter relationzhip).

And again Freud would be correct.

From my earliest childhood, in that area of Alloa known as the 'Bottom End' my mother did lament the 'white'; the lack of colour. Whenever she spoke to me of her native Poland it was in terms of what Scotland was not; Poland was warm and green; it had cows and chickens as family pets; it had trees that could be climbed; friends that could be played with; understood. Poland was family. And consequently Poland had love, hope and caring.

So she cried. She talked of Poland and she cried. And I cried too. For a mother to dry her tears; for a country I did not know; for a family I did not know and for a war that tore it apart and stuck bits together with glue.

For my mother, with no English language, no means of communication in a new land full of strangers, there was no colour, no hope.

The ordinary ways of living here in Scotland were a constant stress for her; shopping; worrying about money; worrying about her Scottish children who could speak no other than Polish; worrying about her lack of understanding. She was lonely for her kind.

This is how postwar immigrant victims are made, regardless of what country they choose to settle into, and this is how their post war children become casualties; born into a country that Mother calls strange.

A Scots/Polish friend of mine put this succinctly, when, after the death of her Polish mother, admitted how 'off the deep end' she had always been. At the age of thirty six, my friend now found it easier to understand why her mother was so gyte; living still with the trauma of war; living with people in Alloa who mistrusted her different culture; who were not understanding of the experience of military invasion; slave labour, starvation. How her alien custom, even her different sense of dress made her apart from everyone else.

This strangeness is more understandable to us now but for a baby to be born into a world that it accepts as home but Mother fears . . . a world that Mother teaches as a world apart, makes a Freudian dream.

To me, then, and children like me, home was a place that called for tears and yet it was home. How could one expect a small town in Scotland to accept and understand these aliens with their different lives when even their own children could not? I was born into a Polish environment in a wider and all engulfing Scots environment: they were not readily reconcilable. In fact I would say that for the immigrants themselves there is never true rehabilitation. But for we children, we learn to be both.

Unlike my elder brother and sister I had the advantage of being born into a home in the same year as we moved to a house that had electricity and consequently a television set. For them this had not been the case: look at the history records in Alloa Library under the heading Housing and you will find that Poles were lucky to have public housing at all. There were many local protest marches, petitions to the Town Council; harrassment that called for police action, all aiming at disputing the allocation of housing to Poles. Even a local Councillor called Lennox declared to an angry crowd that in his view 'they should all go back where they came from'. The local Alloa librarian tells me that nowadays these files and records would be listed under the term Racism, but then such a phrase had not yet been in common usage. Certainly not in Alloa prior to the war.

The television set: Superman, Samantha, the lady who was Bewitched, taught me the English language. Both Regina and Henryk however spoke only the language of their parents. When they were due to begin school neither could talk to their teachers. They had to leave little Poland and join the big world of Alloa. I was luckier than they but even still the trauma for any child to attend school for the first time was accentuated by suddenly having to think in English all day long. However it did not take much for me to learn that my parents were very different from everyone else's: even the class teacher on that first day grew exasperated as she tried to explain to my mother that I had to attend the first class and not the class of my friend further up the corridor.

Language is a powerful tool. One only learns how powerful when you do not have it or cannot use it. Think of your frustration when, in the Spanish chemist's shop, you attempt to ask for the sunburn ointment or insect repellent. Do you not feel rather foolish? Impotent? The Poles in Alloa lived with that for many years until they learned. Some still live with it.

My godfather, Stanislaw Zbieg, died with a cruel, eating cancer very recently. He was in hospital a month, in great pain, and, while the nursing staff were more than caring, more than kind, they could not soothe him in the most obvious way; with words, or reassurances; the doctor could not explain his illness to him. They could not prepare him for the fact that it was going to hurt, and keep on hurting till it killed him.

My eyes did that.

I try to understand why people like Stasiu, my godfather, refused adamantly, to learn the English language. And I believe it has something to do with his love for Poland; for his own cultural heritage. His refusal to give up, here in Scotland, the only thing that kept Poland alive for him; and consequently himself alive as the same person he was, was his

language. His Polishness; his thought processes; his tool for expressing who and what he was, became his only link with his past. He would not give it up. He was one of the Poles who refused to adapt to life in Alloa. For Alloa had no reason to adapt to him.

But most Poles adapted. So why did Stasiu fear giving up his way of Speaking?

A Scots friend of mine married a German and has lived there, fairly contented for many years. She thinks in German now. She is Scots through and through, and yet on a recent trip to her home we were remarking on a German meal she had just prepared.

"What's that meat called that ye get fae a coo?" she asked, horrified that she had forgotten the word 'beef'.

Of course that doesn't mean that beef no longer existed for her; it did, but only in it's German context, because she'd learned it. But what happens with thought; speculation; the imagination; when you no longer explore it within the vast, natural range of your own language? Is the range of your thought limited to the extent of your vocabulary? Some would say no. You only learn to think in another language when you are capable of it; when you have already learned sufficiently in that language. Does the thought come first and then the word to fit it? Does there come a point when you think a thought in two languages.

Biting the Dust

Of course Stasiu could have chosen to learn English, as others did, but he was reluctant perhaps to give up his already perfect way of expressing himself, no matter how briefly.

Giving up the language of your birth and adulthood is more than simply changing your words. It's giving up and changing what you essentially are at that time.

It's something we British, never mind Scots, refuse to do.

Everyone should speak English. This attitude has become the stereotypal portrait of the British; and for a good reason: we deserve it.

Why, even the Scots reject the English language, especially when it is forced upon us in school, during our formative years. This is the time when we are exploring and learning just who we are, when suddenly we are told:

"Speak properly! That's not correct English!

"Aye, a ken." you may say.

"It's true, a mind that,"

But you mean, 'Yes, it's true. I remember that.'

Is it more important that a child tell you in correct English why she's afraid of the dark or that she tells you in the only language that has meaning for her.

If you cannot speak freely, and be accepted, in the language of your birth and upbringing, you will hesitate; you will avoid complexity of expression. And perhaps you will also learn to think safe. And stay quiet.

But at last the Scots are no takin' it lying doon. At last a new respect for the Scots language in all it's dialects is gaining ground. But it's time tae respect the other voices tae.

My own father's English is not very good but he is a determined man and learned or chose to learn to communicate after experiencing the obvious disadvantages of being a non talking person.

One day in Alloa he and a Polish friend met a Scot. The latter two proceeded to chat for thirty five minutes while my Dad became more bored, then paranoid (are they talking about me?), then finally angry. When the man left he asked what the conversation had been about. "Oh nothing," the Pole answered, nonchalantly.

My father bought a Polish/English book of translation.

Being male, life in Scotland was easier for him. He mixed with other men on building sites: at Dunblane Cages he quickly learned the phrases which deemed him one of the boys.For a man who loved and fought for his country against both Germany and Russia, he was not going to stay quiet with these lads. His determination bordered at times on arrogance, determined never to be treated as the foreigner. This same attitude applied to we children when we had any problems at school.

When Regina and Henryk first started school the Headmaster called my father in and suggested that their surname be changed. It was rather difficult to pronounce he said. And after all, was this difficulty really necessary to endure?

My father told him that his name too was very difficult to pronounce. Did he plan on changing it?

My father may have given up his homeland, and to an extent his language, but he would not give up his name.

Being male and being allowed therefore to have a certain degree of aggressiveness made an adaptation to Scotland an easier process.

Perhaps my mother would have found re-settlement less of an ordeal if she had organised Polish baking afternoons or set up a sewing bee . . . learn how to repair split seams, Polish style! She could have created her own little niche in the Bottom End. But being a woman, she grew up learning to be quiet: and in an alien land she stayed quiet for many years. Equally I believe that Asian women living now in Scotland, and a fair number of them in Alloa, have the same difficulties in adapting, while trying to retain their own cultural and sexually determined heritage.

I spent a time teaching Asian women to speak English and one day while my student and I were walking along an Alloa street I bumped into an old 'Bottom End' acquaintance who had taken many years to accept our family, but now, as I was firmly one of them, turned to me and said: "Christ Sake, Rosa! Blacks wear lipstick!"

Thirty years of accepting that I was truly a Bottom Ender evaporated instantly as I recalled similar taunts thrown at my family. Thirty years of learning to belong, even as a cultural half-breed, vanished as if it had never existed.

My student urged me away, saying that she was used to it. She was not to understand that I felt the taunt as deeply as she. After all, I was white . . . But it wasn't just the remark that slapped me. It was the memory.

I could spend time re-telling the occasions when a swastika was painted on our door; or our father pinned to a wall and called a Polish bastard; or the times our garden was vandalised (wee bits of Poland dug out of the earth) or the times Monica, my younger sister and I were attacked by gangs of waiting Bottom Enders, or how my mother, after eighteen years in Alloa, finally retreated into a severe mental breakdown and withdrew to her own safe world of silence for many months. Doctors had great difficulty in treating her: how can you therapy-talk someone back into this world when they don't really understand what you're saying? And you don't really understand what they've endured?

Since language therapy was out of the question E.C.T. attemped to dull the memories away. I could say then that she got better but the truth is she simply learned to adapt.

But to return to the patterns in the ice . . . the shades of white and different tones".

One day, my mother, eight months pregnant with my youngest sister, Anne, went out into the close and started to shovel coal that had been dumped there by the merchant for our new next door neighbour. Up till that point, the new neighbour, an Alloa woman, was ignored. Neighbours watched from their windows while these two women shovelled coal. When the work was done my mother invited Helen inside for coffee and Polish cake. They became firm friends. My mother's first Alloa friend then became accepted as a new Bottom Ender. Because Julia, the Pole, had accepted her. This was therefore a turning point for our family. Because we also became Bottom Enders. Helen was the stranger. But although their friendship was a firm one there were problems experienced by both of them.

My mother had lived through much suffering and wartime horror, she had witnessed death; by murder, starvation, suicide. Her Polish perceptions of what was, remained different from other peoples.

One day Helen's baby son started to choke on a sweet. Helen panicked and my mother thumped the thing out. She continued to drink her coffee and chat as if nothing had happened. Helen thanked her then accused her of being heartless and hard because she acted as if nothing untoward had happened.

My mother laughed at Helen's panic and she was offended. It took several days for them to speak again.

However close these two women were, Helen could not understand that my mother dealt only with facts, with what is, and not what might have been. She had experienced too much real tragedy in her life to waste time on what was not.

This is something my whole family has had to learn from my parents: their difference makes them appear at times to lack sensitivity, even to us. But perhaps this is true of all races, including the Scots. And what I am talking of now may well be what we all call the generation gap. The culture and history gap simply makes it wider.

When my mother took ill and had to be hospitalised the whole street it seemed came to see her off. The neighbours shouted from their windows telling her not to worry; they would look after us. But my father did not trust them sufficiently and we were placed in a children's home until she recovered. Years later he admits to his own prejudices. He could not trust his children with these now - friendly strangers.

But he finally learned to accept them and they learned to trust us. In so doing we became a true part of the Bottom End. In a way we became their Poles: my parents are referred to as the wee Pole fae the Bottom End and his wife . . .

But Scotland does know racism. Of that there is no doubt. Even today I have witnessed, although not personally experienced, people throw excrement into Asian gardens, use Asian doorsteps as dumping grounds and continue to isolate Asian children through taunts and assaults. But at least now Scotland, and even our own Central region has a Race Relations Council, and for a time, a multi-cultural awareness group in the area. The latter was little more than a talking shop, but they were talking. Schools also respect the religious and cultural needs of their ethnic pupils; excusing them from Christian services, providing acceptable lunch menus. encouraging local children to learn something from their cultures.

Integration has become an accepted active policy. When did the change occur then?

Perhaps having forty years of Poles, Yugoslavs, Italians and other races come into the country and learn to adapt to Scots ways have taught the latter that they need not fear new cultures, although I believe that the Scots as a whole have such an inferiority complex that their fears won't ever fully diminish. And although I have seen National

Front stickers on shop doorways. I see attempts also to deface them.

Clackmannan District Council, as with many Scots and British Councils support Equal Opportunities.

But if these organisations had existed locally then, when we were children, I don't believe they really would have helped us. It was only time that did that . . . it was unfortunate some Poles decided not to give the Scots that time. People like Stasiu; like my mother's Polish friend who preferred to kill herself than stay here; my friend's mother who retreated into paranoia and finally madness: none of them could wait to adapt or wait to be accepted.

So then, who are the Scots? Who are the Poles? They are simply people from different countries, with different histories, and different ways of cooking breakfast.

But my mother makes a pretty good porridge. And our Scots friends appreciate a plate of kluski.

Our respective stomachs have learned to adapt to a new diet, despite the initial sickness.

The children of Clackmannanshire are being taught to live with one another. With luck their parents might learn as well.

Scotland's adaptation into a multi-cultural community has not been an easy process: it is on-going and retains a small but strong anti-black voice.

As more immigrants come to our area, especially refugees from wartorn countries we must remember that their scars need to be healed, and so too the scars of their children, even if those children have been born here.

Despite the prejudices my family suffered from the people of Alloa I do not believe they will be much different from those being experienced by immigrants today because ultimately I can't deny the white. It was wrapped around me like a shroud as soon as I could breathe and learned to shiver . . .

The Scottish Highlands and Scottish National Identity

Dr. CHARLES W. J. WITHERS

The Highlands occupy a central yet paradoxical place in Scottish national identity. Both before, if more dramatically after, 1745; the region was subject to processes of 'Improvement' designed to civilise and modernise the backward Gael. At the same time, many of the modern forms of what are too commonly perceived as Scottish national identity — rugged scenery, the kilt and tartanry, Bonnie Prince Charlie, and so on —stem from the appropriation of Highland culture to sustain particular images of Scotland. In tourism and in the outsider's view of Scotland especially, the association between 'Highlandism' and Scotland as a whole is persistent if not pernicious.[1]

This brief essay examines the creation of the Highland myth and discusses both the forms of the myth and the historiographical reasons why the Highlands have come to be so closely linked with Scottish national identity. In considering the enduring (if false) equation between Highlandism and national identity, a final section suggests ways in which this persistent historiography may be taught and discussed in history classes.

The historical origin of the Highlands

The historical creation of the Highlands is often considered a later eighteenth-century phenomenon consequent upon the collapse of the Jacobite rebellion of 1745. More properly, the Highlands enter Scottish history as the result of the decline of Gaelic from the remainder of Scotland during the medieval period.[2] The commonly-reiterated division within Scotland between Highlands and Lowlands is not an immutable element in Scottish history and geography. It is a cultural creation with a precise chronology and known causes: '. . . the very terms 'Highlands' and 'Lowlands' have no place in the considerable body of written evidence surviving from before 1300. 'Ye hielans and ye lawlans, oh whaur hae ye been?' The plain answer is that they do not seem to have been anywhere: in those terms, they had simply not entered the minds of men.[3]

The equation between the Highlands and the **Gaidhealtachd** — the Gaelic-speaking areas of Scotland — is not found in Gaelic historical tradition. To the Gael, the term **Gaidhealtachd** does not directly translate into 'Highlands' and the Gaelic **'Galldachd'** does not find equivalence in 'Lowlands'. The folk memory of the Gael distinguishes between **Goill** ('lowlanders') and **Sasannaich** (the 'English'), at the same time as it expresses grief at the earlier retreat of Gaelic and the resultant loss of what is held to have been a greater Scotland.[4]

Given this creation in the medieval period, we must be careful not to link the whole of Highland history too closely with the events of the mid-eighteenth century onwards. The 1745 rebellion was important, of course, in directing attention to the Highlands and it is undeniable that the region is ideologically burdened with images of romance, valour and aesthetic pleasure from this period in particular. But these facts neglect the Gaels view of their own history and underplay the extent to which the Highlands as a regional problem had become a national issue centuries before Bonnie Prince Charlie.

The discovery of the Highlands from 1745

The representation of the Highlands from the later 1700s is the result of several factors in combination: the geographical 'discovery' of the region by outsiders; the idea of the

Highlander as noble savage; the central significance given to aesthetic delight in wild and picturesque scenery; the 'invention' of the kilt; the associations between Highlandism and militarism; and Royal patronage of the region.

Several trends may be identified in the geographical discovery of the Highlands. In the early 1700s, the region was considered a sort of anthropological curiousity, a view not altogether replaced by the later eighteenth century and early nineteenth century emphasis on the Highlands as a **locale** of picturesqueness and sublimity. By the later 1800s, the region was opened up to what has been called 'vulgar tourism', itself replaced by the 'mass tourism' of the twentieth century.[5] What increasingly drew people to the region after the threat of rebellion was over were the very qualities of wildness and distance (in both cultural and geographical terms) that the Highlands had earlier been despised for. The Highlands were, from the later 1700s especially, created in the minds of out-siders as a combination of opposites: cultural interest in wild and uncultivated landscapes occurred together with but in opposition to economic demands for improved landscapes. The Highlands became invested with qualities of scenic grandeur because of contemporary European attitudes that saw spiritual and aesthetic reward in an adversarial and a recreational Nature.[6] At one and the same time, the Highlands were represented as economically backward and unproductive yet culturally advanced — the birthplace of Ossian, the home of the primitive people and the location of sublime scenery. For these reasons, moral, aesthetic, and economic judgements about the Highlands have become (and were more so in the past) inseparable.

What lent these ideas particular weight in the European as well as in the Scottish mind was the idea of the Highlander as a 'noble savage'. Eighteenth-century stadial theories on societal development not only represented a normative model through which all peoples and nations should progress but also provided ideological support for the representation of 'lesser' groups and places as 'backward'. Highlanders fitted the model of the primitive, a rude savage in an uncultivated landscape, very well. To the urban bourgeoisie, the Highlander was a contemporary ancestor. The Highlands were the Scottish past on the doorstep and Highlanders what all more 'improved' Scots once had been: as Womack notes, 'before and after' interpretations dominate the reading of every Highland phenomenon.[7] For Chapman, 'The Scottish Gael fulfilled this role of the 'primitive', albeit one quickly and savagely tamed, at a time when every thinking man was turning towards such subjects. The Highlands of Scotland provided a location for this role that was distant enough to be exotic (in customs and language) but close enough to be noticed; that was near enough to visit, but had not been drawn so far into the calm waters of civilisation to lose all its interest'.[8] This incorporation of the Highlands into prevailing paradigms of 'Improvement' demanded that the region and its people be portrayed in ways that would both conform to the created image and show them to be in need of advancement. This portrayal took (and takes) several forms: on the stage: in painting; and in literature,

In the theatre from the 1730s, the Highlander is represented either as a fool, or rogue, or canny oaf in order to sustain the legitimacy of outside authority in bringing a new order to the Highland mind and landscape.[9] This portrayal of the Highlander as disingenuous dolt is a persistent theme of the 'Hielan' picture postcard, from the later 1800s especially.[10] What is also true is that this representation of the Highlander as fool, moral bankrupt, or physiological incompetent, parallels and is denied by the image of the Highlander as a warrior.

Highland regiments were recruited before 1745 (to assist in the control of anti-Hanoverian clans), but from the later eighteenth century the recruitment of Highlanders into the British army established a persistent tradition of employment for Highlanders and secured an enduring symbolic liaison between Highlandism and militarism. By

1881, this liaison was so strong that the War Office ordered all Lowland regiments (with the exception of the Scots Guards), even those whose past battle honours were gained in fighting Highlanders, to wear tartan 'trews' and Highland-style doublets. The military connections between this appropriate Highland culture and Scottishness are re-affirmed annually at the Edinburgh Military Tattoo.[11]

The modern kilt is only part of what in Gaelic was the **'feaileadh-bhreacain'**, the lengthy plaid which was wrapped around the upper body as well as hanging from waist to knee. This modern shortened version is largely the work of one Thomas Rawlinson who shortened the plaids of the workmen in his iron foundry at Furnace, had a tailor-made version produced for himself and MacDonell of Glengarry, his business associate, and thus established what has become the sartorial emblem of Scottishness ever since. For one author, '... the kilt is a purely modern costume ... bestowed .... on Highlanders in order not to preserve their traditional way of life but to ease its transformation: to bring them out of the heather and into the factory'.[12] But what lent the kilt its significance as a symbol of Scottish nationality was its affirmation as both Highland **and** Scottish through Royal patronage.

When, in August 1822, King George IV landed in Scotland, he did so wearing the kilt. Royalty had worn the kilt, and tartans were well established as (fake) clan motifs well before then, but the 'plaided panorama' of the King's Jaunt as it became known gave the Royal imprimateur to what had only decades before been regarded as the dress of a thief. As John Prebble has argued of this episode, 'Scotland could not be the same again once it was over. A bogus tartan caricature of itself had been drawn and accepted, even by those who mocked it, and it would develop in perspective and colour. With the ardent encouragement of an Anglo-Scottish establishment, and under the patronage of successive monarchs who took to kilt and cromach with Germanic thoroughness, Walter Scott's Celtification continued to seduce his countrymen, and thereby prepared them for political and industrial exploitation'.[13] Chief amongst those successive monarchs was Queen Victoria. In 1848, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert bought Balmoral on 'Royal' Deeside as a summer residence, and furnished it with 'Balmoral' tartan designed by Albert. This Royal patronage of the Highlands and of Scotland (to many the differences were by then indistinct) brought hunting parties, fishermen, and a new generation of painters to the region. Each in their own way appropriated the Highlands and reinforced the image of the Highlands as tranquil wilderness with little thought to the history of Highland people themselves.

The 'Ossianic controversy' was also important in drawing the Highlands to the attention of a world predisposed to see present cultural value in the past. In 1760, one James MacPherson published a book entitled **Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language**, which he claimed was the work in translation of Ossian, an ancient Caledonian bard. This and other works reinforced the image of the Highlands as both the desolate refuge of a primitive people and an example of a sublime landscape. Together with those cultural trends towards an uncultivated Nature then prevalent amongst the educated classes throughout Europe (see above), Ossian provided a new way of looking at wild and desolate scenery.[14] Geographical 'ways of seeing' — landscape paintings of upland scenes of exaggerated grandeur or the sought-for isolation of the holiday cottage — are crucial to the making of Highland identity.

The Highlands and Scottish National Identity

The attitudes outlined above were chiefly the preserve of the educated classes. In an important sense then, there is no single Scottish identity since different groups in Scotland, then and now, would claim loyalty to particular things in articulating to

themselves or to others the complex array of historical facts, myth, and contemporary beliefs that we call, variously, patriotism or nationalism. But what is undeniable is the central role played by the Highlands (chiefly the mythic and imagined Highlands) in the formation of the modern image of Scotland.

In one way, the place of the Highlands in Scottishness is an affirmation in a particular guise of what has been seen by others as an 'inferiorist historiography'. For Beveridge and Turnbull, Scotland has long suffered from being uncritically compared with England, the more 'advanced' and 'developed' neighbour. Scottish history has been commonly written in ways which consider paths of national prosperity conforming to some prescribed scale of values: 'backward' societies become 'improved', 'Enlightenment' dawns upon a people and nation hitherto existing in Stygian gloom. In this historiographical tradition, considerable attention is given to the 1707 Act of Union as a watershed between the backwardness of the Scottish past and the progressive modernity of the present (and future) Scotland.[15]

The Highlands fit this picture well. The imagined function of the 1707 Act of Union is, for the Highlands, filled by the 1745 Jacobite Rebellion and the legislation that came in its wake. However 'backward' the Lowlands, the Highlands were far worse. And, just as for Lowland Scotland and for England, the past is invented as 'tradition', often as compensating image to the real materialist bases on which present-day prosperity is based. In the case of England, for example, the representation of Englishness during the 1800s was as something enduringly timeless and, above all, rural at just that period when England was becoming massively urbanised and industrialised.[16] In Scotland, the Highlands (and especially the historic Highlands) are used to represent a Scotland we have moved away from in terms of chronology and, largely, culture, but would still adhere to in terms of values like steadfastness to the cause and endurance in the face of adversity. Above all, the trappings of Highlandism are used to sustain a sense of Scottishness which, however unsure of its historical validity, is certain in the knowledge that it is not English.

The Highlands do not figure in Scottish national consciousness in the way they do because of historical and current interest in the actual transformation of Highland society. The region has national associations precisely because the historiographical creation of Highland myths has been both more enduring and more fascinating (and enduring **because** fascinating) than knowledge of changes in Highland life and economy. For this reason, the place of the Highlands in the making of Scottish national identity should not be seen as a question of 'false consciousness' or 'imagined community' in contradistinction to a 'real' Highland history too few people know about. To most persons in the past (and to still too many today), many of the representations of the Highlands we have here shown to be myths were real. Historical 'reality' is a function of the way history is written and presented. For many of those persons, in Scotland and throughout the world, who take part in 'Highland' games and clan gatherings, the myth of Highlandism as integral to the Scottish past is more 'real' and more self-sustaining to the received notion of what it means to be a Scot than is the critical questioning of historical truth itself. The means by which this received notion is regularly reinforced do not make its challenging any easier. As Womack has recently shown, there is an unbroken connection between modern Highlandism and the created myths on which it is based: 'That all Scots wear tartan, are devoted to bagpipe music, are moved by the spirit of clansmanship, and supported Bonny Prince Charlie to a man — all these libels — live on as items in the Scottish tourist package of the twentieth century'.[17] So, too, does the significance of Highland landscape in the advertising of certain motor cars, the figure of the martial Highlander in selling some whiskies, and the role of the canny Hielan Chiel was conspicuously evident (as supporting parts) in the film **Local Hero**.

The Teaching of Highland Historiography

The enduring significance of Highland myths as part of Scottish national identity serves, if nothing else, to weaken seriously the claims of those who would claim history to be the teaching of facts alone. Facts are data. But they are also produced in a certain context and have to be interpreted in that context. Those elements that shape the persisting representation of the Highlands as Scotland and, often, vice versa, were set in a particular historiographical and ideological context. That context may be impossible to recreate but it is not difficult to assemble evidence of the ways in which the Highland myth is perpetuated and, commonly, equated with Scottishness.

One way to investigate these issues is to examine pictorial representations of the Highlands and Highland life.[18] Some places, like Loch Lomond and/or Ben Lomond, figure much more often than other Highland locations. There are good reasons for this. Before the coming of the railways, the more distant north and west Highlands did not figure as regularly as the more accessible south and west. Some pictures of the Highlands deliberately either over-steepen the slopes and hills or falsify distances in order to achieve the 'correct' perspective of Highland ruggedness: comparison of eighteenth-century paintings and prints with modern photography may highlight some interesting differences in this respect.

If possible, examine a range of history books on the Highlands published over the last century or so. In many, the view of the Highlands as 'backward' will be prevalent, and not only in the later texts. Consider how many (if any) attempt to examine the history of the Highlands from the point of view of the Highlanders and how many see 1745 as the watershed for (or even the beginning of) Highland history as a whole.

In contemporary tourist brochures for Scotland, examine the attention given to those elements of what has here been called 'Highlandism': it is surprising how the marketing of modern Scotland is dependent, if only in part, upon the presentation of an imagined Highland past: a wild and windswept landscape (often with ruined cottages); a lonely piper; the promise of being able to 'get away from it all' in a landscape we have turned into a recreational commodity.

That the Highlands are represented in these and other ways says much both about the present state of our own past and about the ways in which we perceive ourselves and are perceived by others.

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Scotland and Ulster · The Historical Links

Dr GRAHAM WALKER

Protestant Irish immigration to Scotland has been something of a neglected topic in modern Scottish historiography. There are several reasons for this: hard statistical evidence regarding their numbers is elusive; 'the Irish' as an area of study in Scotland has tended to mean the Catholic Irish because of their greater numbers and the richer vein of source materials concerning their community identity; and the Protestant Irish immigrants' dominant role in the history of Orangeism in Scotland has put off researchers squeamish about the extent of religious sectarianism in the country.

However, this state of affairs seems to be changing. There is now, for example, a lot of overdue serious research going on into the Orange Order. Elaine McFarland's engrossing doctoral thesis on the organisation in the nineteenth century has now been published,[1] and the present writer has contributed a chapter on the Protestant Irish experience in Scotland from the late eighteenth to the early twentieth century in a new collection of essays on the Irish in modern Scotland.[2] It should also be pointed out that Alan Campbell's valuable work on the mining industry in Lanarkshire remains one of the most informative sources for this particular immigrant group.[3]

It is all the more surprising that little has been done on the Protestant Irish in Scotland given the common ground of Presbyterianism. The Scottish religious influence in Ulster from the time of the plantation in the reign of James VI and I and the ensuing cultural interaction between the two places, has been well discussed by prominent Ulster historians,[4] and this theme has also featured in the best of Ulster fiction such as the novels of Sam Hanna Bell.[5] However, much less has been written by Scots on the reciprocal religious and cultural currents brought back to Scotland by Protestant Irish immigrants from the late eighteenth century.

The first 'wave' of Protestant Irish to Scotland, most of whom would have had Scottish forebears, occurred in the eighteenth century in the form of the considerable number of Ulster Presbyterian students who studied at Glasgow and Edinburgh universities. These students were often sons of Presbyterian ministers and the Scottish universities were favoured on account of their religious character when compared to the rigidly Anglican Trinity College Dublin. Many of these students trained in Scotland returned to Ulster to become ministers; one such was Francis Hutcheson who then crossed back to Glasgow to take up the Chair of Moral Philosophy and inspire some of the men, notably Francis Allison, who helped provide the political philosophy of the American Revolution.

Protestant Irish immigration to Scotland increased dramatically at the end of the eighteenth century. This had a lot to do with political unrest in Ireland at the time; in 1798 the long-awaited uprising of the 'United Irishmen' against the British Government took place and was brutally crushed. The 'United Irishmen' of the North of Ireland were largely Presbyterians of Scottish origin, and many were of the farmer-weaver class typified by the most famous of the 'rhyming weavers', James Orr of Ballycastle. The rebellion was in many ways an assertion of an Ulster-Scottish community identity against the English establishment, since Presbyterians, along with Roman Catholics in Ireland, had suffered civil disabilities throughout the century. Following the rebellion, many Protestants fled to Scotland and joined those who had already moved there on account of the political situation, or who had moved to find more secure and remunerative employment for the weaving skills which they had acquired in Ireland.

The linen industry in Ireland hit a rough patch when cotton-spinning was taking off in the West of Scotland.

It was thus the weaving centres of the South-West of Scotland where the Protestant Irish settled in the early nineteenth century. Places like Maybole and Girvan in Ayrshire, Paisley and Glasgow saw an influx of both Protestant and Catholic Irish looking for work and apparently more prepared to thole wretched pay and conditions than the Scottish workers.

In this early nineteenth century period Protestant and Catholic numbers seem to have been quite even. Valuable evidence concerning both groups is to be found in two Parliamentary Inquiries of the time: The Report of the Inquiry into the Irish Poor in Britain published in 1836; and The Report of Inquiry into Orange Institutions in Britain, published a year previously.[6] In the former there is much information to be derived from personal testimonies of ministers, priests, factory owners, police spokesmen and so on, of both the Catholic and the Protestant Irish presence. This oral evidence testifies to the way religious sectarian quarrels were imported to Scotland. For example, the Police Superintendent of the Gorbals in Glasgow was quoted on the subject of public disorder as follows: 'The Scotch mix occasionally in these affrays; but the rows of the Irish are chiefly among themselves, betwixt the Catholic and Protestants'. A Catholic clergyman in Paisley offered this rather jaundiced view of the Protestant Irish and their activities: 'There are not a few Irish here professing the Protestant and Presbyterian religions; of them I know little. I shall only observe that, of late, attempts have been made to get up Orange Lodges, balls, processions etc., attempts which, if persevered with, will, to a certainty, occasion disturbance.'

That Protestant Irish numbers were substantial is attested to by a Presbyterian minister in Girvan: 'I should think that fully half of the population of Girvan is Irish, and that more than half of the Irish proportion are Protestants'; and a Catholic priest in Wigtonshire: 'a large number of the Irish in this county are not Catholics'.

It should also be noted that a significant number of the Protestant Irish were not Presbyterian. Many of the poorest Protestant Irish, often unemployed weavers and labourers, were Church of Ireland and so gravitated to the Episcopal Church in Scotland. However, an historian of this latter church in a work published in 1843, these Irish immigrants could not be catered to by the small and very socially elitist Episcopal Church, especially in areas like the east end of Glasgow. Moreover, the pronounced 'High Church' flavour of the Episcopal Church in Scotland contrasted with what the immigrants were used to in the much less ritualistic Church of Ireland.

The activities of the Orange Order were occasionally referred to in the oral testimonies in the Parliamentary report on the Irish poor. This reflected the fact that this organisation of Irish origins, which stood for loyalty to the British crown and constitution as the guarantors of Protestant religious dominance, had taken root in Scotland in the areas of heavy Protestant Irish settlement. The first lodge in Scotland, it is generally believed now, was set up in Maybole in 1800. Such was the notoriety attached to the Orange movement by the 1800's that a Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry was set up to discover the extent of their activities. The evidence in this Committee's report shows that there were lodges in Ayrshire, Renfrewshire, Lanarkshire, Wigtonshire, Kirkcudbrightshire, and the city of Glasgow by the 1830's. By this time, in some contrast to Ireland, the movement had become overwhelmingly one of the 'lower orders' as the report put it. Indeed, the vast majority of Protestant Irish immigrants at this time and subsequently, were not from well-off backgrounds; emigration from Ireland, as in the case of the Catholic Irish, was often spurred by poverty or unemployment. Moreover, it was the case that Protestant Irish unemployed weavers or labourers who went to Scotland in search of work and found none, had too depend on poor law relief; the Poor

Law records for some Glasgow parishes, held in the Strathclyde Regional Archives, provided detailed evidence of their plight.[7]

The Orange Order seemed to take on the role of a benefit society and a protective community support body for Protestant Irish immigrants. In this way it shed much of the gentry and established church image which attached to it in Ireland in its early days, and became, in its Scottish context, more populist and a means of enabling the Protestant Irish to distinguish themselves from their Catholic counterparts. Native Scots seem to have joined the Order from its earliest days and there is no doubt that different currents of Protestantism, or perhaps more accurately anti-Catholicism, converged in the movement. However, there was also a durable and profound sense of distaste on the part of many Scots for Irish party feeling, whatever its religious hue.

The Irish Famine of 1845 - 49 triggered massive waves of immigration to Scotland, but mostly of Catholic Irish. Ulster, where the Protestant presence was, of course, by far the most concentrated in Ireland, suffered less by comparison with most other parts of the country. However, by the 1860's, and especially the 1870's, the development of the coalfields and of heavy industry in West-Central Scotland brought further Protestant Irish immigration. This in turn inspired an expansion of Orangeism into the mining areas of Ayrshire, Lanarkshire, Stirlingshire, Dunbartonshire, and the Lothians. In many of these areas, but especially Lanarkshire towns such as Airdrie, Motherwell, and Coatbridge, there was marked residential segregation of Catholic and Protestant Irish, and much sectarian disorder. Such friction was a major impediment to the development of trades unionism among the colliers.

In the shipyards of the Clyde, Protestant Irish workers were a strong presence from the 1860's, particularly among occupational groups such as the boilermakers, and there was much to-ing and fro-ing of shipyard workers between Belfast and the Clyde depending on the demand for skilled work. Areas like Govan and Partick, on either side of the River Clyde, became strongholds of Protestant Ulster cultural and political sentiment which seems to have been expressed through such recreational activity as support for the Govan-based Rangers football club from around 1890.

From 1886, when the issue of Irish Home Rule took root in British politics, the Protestant Irish as well as the Catholic Irish organised themselves politically. For the Protestant Irish this meant the Conservative party, or the 'Unionists'. The Orange Order's influence on the party grew in the 1880's and 1890's and the Order provided a grassroots campaigning apparatus for the Unionists in many working class constituences for the first time. Indeed, the Order might be said to have played a similar organising and recruiting role for the Unionists among working people in Scotland as the Primrose League did in England, albeit in a manner which was often crudely sectarian and anti-Catholic Irish. However, it should also be stressed that the Orange-Unionist alliance could be brittle, and that many Orangemen believed their support for the Party should be conditional on its standing up for what they saw as matters of Protestant principle. Consequently, when the Unionists were seen to drag their feet on such issues, this support was withdrawn. It was also the case that the overwhelmingly working class Orange membership were hardly 'natural' Tories, and class tensions between them and the well-heeled were, as in the Unionist movement in Ulster, clearly discernable.

However, the Conservatives committed themselves unequivocally to Ulster's stand against Home Rule in 1910 - 14. In Scotland there was considerable anti-Irish Home Rule agitation largely on the part of Ulster immigrants. This was to a large extent orchestrated by the Orange Order and by Ulster-born churchmen and maverick preachers such as the Reverend James Brisby. Brisby, who ran his own 'Christian Union' church in the Calton area of Glasgow, organised a contingent of Volunteers who

were trained in the use of arms and were prepared to go to Ulster to fight if necessary. In October 1913 the Ulster Unionist leader, Edward Carson, spoke to an enthusiastic gathering in Glasgow in terms which indicated that he believed the audience comprised his own countrymen.[8]

After the First World War and, indeed, well into the 1930's, reports of Orange Order meetings reveal that Irish-born members were still prominent in their ranks, particularly among office-holders. Lodges bore names like 'Sons of Ulster' and Irish images and slogans predominated. Irish political affairs were still top of the Orange agenda long after partition had, in effect, removed them from British politics.

In 1929 the Rev. Brisby, still to the fore, addressed an Orange gathering in Glasgow in the following terms; 'As sons of Ulster they had the honour of Ulster to maintain in that city of Glasgow, and to give the people of Scotland to understand that they belonged to an unconquered and imperial province. That was the proudest heritage that anyone could claim, to be an Ulsterman and the son of an Ulsterman. Let them realise their responsibility of leading clean, upright lives, maintaining their principles, and the people of Scotland would accept them'.[9] That a speech such as this could be made as late as 1929 indicates that an Irish or Ulster Protestant community identity was a very real fact of life for thousands of people in Scotland. Undoubtedly the Orange Order was the main vehicle for its expression, but it should be noted that other friendly and mutual benefit societies such as the Glasgow Ulster Association[10] were also in existence in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century period. The Orange Order, for all its religious and political trappings, increasingly functioned as a social organisation and as the most obvious symbol of Ulster Protestant cultural influence in Scotland.

Scotland's Presbyterian religious traditions certainly helped Protestant migrants from Ireland to gain acceptance and, at least in some measure, social mobility markedly faster than the Catholic Irish. However, the Scottish Presbyterian churches were generally indifferent or hostile to Orangeism, and were always loathe to become embroiled in Irish affairs. Ministers did continue, through the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, to pass back and forth to Ulster, but it was the independent evangelical preachers who spoke most directly to the Protestant immigrants. In addition, the churches grew increasingly bourgeois in character throughout the nineteenth century and a strong middle class Irish Protestant presence in Scotland was conspicuous by its absence. However, this is not to overlook the singular success stories of Ulster-born Scots such as Lord Kelvin and Thomas Lipton.

With the decline of the mining, shipbuilding and heavy engineering industries in lowland Scotland, and the cultural dominance of secularism, many of the underpinnings of what was a keenly felt sense of ethnic identity among Irish Protestant immigrants and their descendants well into this century, have disappeared or been substantially weakened. As a distinct group they never achieved as high a profile as their Catholic Irish counterparts, they had fewer shared institutions and activities, and probably less community coherence. However, their contribution to the overall Irish cultural impact on Scotland was nonetheless profound and, in certain areas of lowland Scotland, that influence is still to be found.

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Norwegian Links with Scotland

JOHN SIMPSON

The first contact between Scotland and Norway of which we can be sure, took place during the Viking period, somewhere around 800 A.D. The Norwegians possessed the superb ships required for long sea voyages, but their initial motive for migration seems to have been sheer land hunger and over-population.

They were to settle Iceland, and even to reach Greenland and North America. Their first land-falls, however, when they ventured 'west over sea', were Orkney and Shetland. There the Pictish inhabitants were quickly and completely assimilated, and the islands took on a basic and long-lasting Scandinavian character. Some of the incomers travelled south along the west coast of Scotland: the lure was the rich and undefended monasteries of Scotland and Ireland.

For several centuries there was a mixed population, under Scandinavian warlords, in the western isles of Scotland. These warlords owed obedience to the kings of Norway, and it was not till the reign of Alexander III that the Scots could effectively challenge this. In 1263 King Hakon of Norway came with a great fleet, but failed to get to grips with the Scots, though there was a skirmish known misleadingly as the 'battle' of Largs. In 1266 Hakon's successor, Magnus the Lawmender, accepted the logic of this situation, and by the Treaty of Perth ceded the western isles to Scotland.

The northern isles remained politically Scandinavian for two more centuries. Then Christian I of Norway, but also and more significantly, of Denmark, arranged to marry his daughter Margaret to James III of Scots. Being financially embarrassed, he was forced in 1468-9 to pawn his rights in Orkney and Shetland in order to provide his daughter with a dowry. Whereas Gaelic influences triumphed relatively early in the western isles, so that the main evidence now for the Scandinavian presence lies in place-names, Orkney and Shetland remained partly Scandinavian in speech until the eighteenth century, so that Scandinavian cultural influence can be traced there to the present day.

The place-name element 'bolstathr', meaning a farm, is one of the many indicators of Norwegian settlement in Scotland. In Orkney and Shetland it survives in fairly recognisable form in names like Sandbister and Kirbister. But in the western highlands and islands, generations of Gaelic-speakers have transformed the names: it takes the experts to show us that 'bolstathr' is the second element in names like Shawbost, Cornabus, Eriboll, Embo and even Ullapool!

The Norn language once spoken in Shetland has contributed many words to the modern speech of the islands, as was demonstrated by the great Faroese scholar Jakob Jakobsen at the turn of the century. Examples are 'peerie', meaning small, and 'moorit', the distinctive brownish colour that the fleeces of the islands sheep once took on. In Orkney, too, the Scandinavian past reverberates through the writing of George Mackay Brown. In particular, he has drawn inspiration from the martyrdom of St. Magnus, a twelfth-century earl of Orkney, as recounted in **Orkneyinga saga**. It would be impertinent for an outsider to say how far the Scandinavian character of the northern isles is the result of their historical and geographical heritage, and how far something deliberately assumed for patriotic reasons. On the one hand, the contacts have been kept up, in especially dramatic form during the Second World War; and it is for the most practical of reasons that Shetland skippers listen to the Norwegian weather forecast. On the other

hand, the islanders feel, with much justice, that the Scottish connection has often brought them little but 'dear meal and greedy ministers'. In this context, traditions and events like the annual festival of Up Helly A' serve to reinforce a distinctive and **non-Scottish** sense of identity.

Some notable Norwegians have been descended from Scots immigrants to Norway. Petter Dass (1647 - 1707), the son of a Scots merchant, was a pastor and poet. His great work **Nordlands Trompet** was a loving depiction of that area, affording to the outside world one of the first glimpses of its Sami inhabitants. The composer Edvard Grieg was descended from a family from north-east Scotland. On going to Norway they had changed the spelling of their surname from 'Greig' so as to remain as close as possible to the original pronounciation. Grieg's more remote ancestors may well have been, as he liked to believe, MacGregors, dispersed from Loch Lomondside by King James VI after they had clashed with the Colquhons, and complying only as little as possible with the requirement that they change their names. A Bergen family related to the Griegs produced W. K. Christie, the statesman who ensured that the 1814 union of Norway and Sweden was a peaceful one. When Bergen decided to honour Christie by erecting a statue in his memory, it was appropriate that they commissioned Grieg to compose a march to be played at the unveiling ceremony. It was, however, unfortunate that they then forgot to send an invitation to the composer.

Migrants in the opposite direction were the family of Salvesen, who developed the Leith whaling industry. The Norwegian novelist Gabriel Scott (1874 - 1958) was born in Leith, where his father was pastor of the Scandinavian seamen's church. 'Gabriel Scott' was a non de plume, derived from his two Christian names, the 'Scott' coming from Sir Walter, his father's favourite author.

There are not many Scottish schools where a Scandinavian language can be studied. It is a pity that our linguistic shortcomings tend to hide from us the fact that, historically, the North Sea has linked us with our Norwegian neighbours. The Shetlanders at any rate are not in danger of forgetting this. In **Shoormal**, his book of Shetland dialect poems published in Edinburgh in 1986, Robert Alan Jamieson quotes William Morris: 'It would seem fitting for a Northern folk, deriving the greater and better part of their speech, laws and customs from a Northern root, that the North should be to them, if not a holy land, yet at least a place more to be regarded than any part of the world beside . . .'

Morris overstated his case, but it does supply a useful corrective to the usual Scottish world-view, in which we are obsessively concerned with southern influences.

The Jews of Glasgow: Aspects of Health and Welfare 1790 - 1920

Dr KENNETH E. COLLINS, PhD, MRCGP

Introduction

The city of Glasgow developed rapidly during the nineteenth century. The industrial, commercial and trading developments attracted newcomers from the Highlands of Scotland, from Ireland and from Continental Europe and led to Glasgow's new position as the Second City of the British Empire, that is second only in size and importance to London. The small eighteenth century university town was already an important commercial centre with 200,000 inhabitants by 1830 and its population exceeded one million by 1912. As the city grew the pressure on housing increased and overcrowding bred disease. In response the city fathers developed a municipal structure which included the provision of public health facilities, with a modern water and sewerage system. Thus Victorian Glasgow was at once a city of industry and trade, and of culture but the air of prosperity which pervaded much of the city did not extend to all its inhabitants.

Many of the newcomers to Glasgow towards the end of the nineteenth century settled in the Gorbals just south of the city centre area on the other side of the River Clyde. While the Gorbals was not the slum area in Victorian times that it later became, gradually the large apartments became subdivided to accommodate more newcomers, whether from Ireland, Italy or Russia, or from elsewhere in Scotland. Smaller apartments, mostly without basic sanitation, became unsavoury places of vermin and disease. Hovering over the Gorbals air, symbol of the great industrial city that Glasgow had become, were the smoke and furnaces of the nearby Dixon's Blazes works.

Jewish Immigration

Jews had been living and working in Glasgow from the end of the eighteenth century and the first synagogue was established in 1823.[1] Many of the first Jews to settle in Glasgow were from Germany and Holland but gradually Jews from Poland and Russia predominated especially as more Eastern European Jews were passing through Glasgow on trans-migrant routes to America from the 1860s.[2] Many of these early Jews were traders and merchants attracted by the new commercial opportunities but others had left their homes fleeing from poverty and brutal anti-semitism.

The burgeoning industries of Victorian Glasgow provided work-places for the Jewish newcomers especially in tailoring, peddling, shoe-making and the manufacture of cigarettes. Jewish efforts aided the rapid development of production in these areas providing expanded output and serving new consumers who were able to buy the more economically manufactured products. The concentration of Jews in certain trades, such as tailoring, led to accusations of sweated labour and overcrowding but community spokesmen were able to give a detailed rebuttal of these charges, which in Glasgow at least, were not applied to Jews alone.[3]

There were only a few hundred Jews in the city in 1870 but by the outbreak of the First World War this number had increased to over 10,000. Some came following the unrest in Russia in the 1880s and more arrived with continuing unsettled conditions in Russia in 1891. In addition, Scottish shipping companies became more involved with transporting

would-be emigrants to America in the 1890s and many travellers decided to end their journey in Glasgow often joining relatives or friends who had already settled in the city.

Travelling conditions varied. In some years they were horrendous with travellers passing through Leith, at a rate of two boatloads a week in 1891, sometimes described as being in a 'wretched' state and often unfit for onward travel.[4] There had been only cursory inspection of would-be emigrants from Eastern Europe and travellers were examined in Glasgow prior to embarkation for the United States where the medical requirements for entry were known to be strictly applied.[5] Those who were fit passed directly through Glasgow but there were others who spent some time in the city until they were able to meet the American regulations. Some had returned to Glasgow after rejection in New York as the shipping companies were under no obligation to return sick migrants to their country of origin. Thus pauper Jews, requiring medical treatment, came to be an increasing burden on the local Jewish, and parochial, welfare.

Despite the introduction of the Aliens Act in 1905, which limited the number of poorer immigrants, the number of arrivals actually increased in the years before the First World War with 19,828 trans-migrants, of whom more than half were Jewish, passing through Glasgow in 1908 alone.[6] Other Jews arrived in Glasgow from other parts of the country, and especially from London, where a Dispersion Committee were seeking to reduce the number of Jews settling in the metropolis.[7]

In London the Jewish Board of Guardians embarked on a large scale repatriation policy which returned 50,000 Jews to Eastern Europe between 1880 and 1914 to try to reduce local tensions.[8] In contrast, the Glasgow Jewish Board of Guardians recognised repatriation as a contentious issue and it was only arranged when necessary as part of arrangements for re-uniting families, as many heads of households had already travelled on to the United States leaving other family members behind.

Housing Conditions

Jews arriving in the city after 1870 tended to settle in the Gorbals rather than in the city centre area where earlier Jewish newcomers had made their homes. The existing, and increasingly well established, community was prospering and moving to the West End of Glasgow and their growing confidence was symbolised by the handsome synagogue erected in Garnethill in 1879 before the major wave of immigration was fully under way.

Glasgow Jews were upset by reports which exaggerated their numbers and which gave false information about Jewish housing and health matters. In particular there were concerns that frankly anti-semitic attitudes were noticeable in the rented housing market. The difficulties encountered by Jewish tenants derived mainly from attitudes held by factors, but sometimes also by property valuers and assessors and by the tenants themselves when they expressed an aversion to the admission of a Jewish family.[9]

Jewish spokesmen claimed that there was no evidence of Jewish overcrowding and there is evidence to suggest that Jewish housing and hygiene conditions were better than that of their neighbours.[10] Outbreaks of contagious disease in the Gorbals affected the Jews less than their neighbours.[11] The slow and relatively small nature of the Jewish immigration and its concentration in the heavily populated Gorbals area did not provoke the popular clamour for alien immigration control in Glasgow as happened in other similar areas in Britain.

Jewish Welfare and Self-Help

The Jewish response to the influx of poor, and sick, newcomers was the formation of a network of charitable and welfare institutions to deal with the problems. The established

Jewish community saw it as their responsibility to develop specific institutions which would cater for the particular needs of the Jewish community. Firstly there were the religious obligations, which included the need for the manufacture and provision of kosher food, the observance of the Sabbath and other holy days. In addition, the Jewish customs brought over from Eastern Europe, and the clannish nature of the community made it easier, and more appropriate, for welfare provision to be provided by the Jews themselves. Some was organised by the Jewish leadership whether for moral reasons, for increasing their status within the city by engaging in philanthropy and thus reducing anti-semitism or even for attempting to control the newcomers by encouraging their reliance on communal welfare.

The first Jewish welfare charity in Glasgow was established by 1845 and the Hebrew Philanthropic Society, with its own Glasgow born Jewish medical officer Asher Asher, was already in existence in 1858. The increasing numbers of Jews settling in the Gorbals led to a considerable expansion of these activities. Besides reliance on community philanthropy much of the welfare provision was organised by the immigrants themselves in the form of self-help groups. These societies, dating back to the Gorbals-based Glasgow Hebrew Sick Society founded in 1878, and the Free Loan Society formed ten years later, were funded by the weekly 1d subscription of their members. This principle was further developed by the formation of a number of Jewish friendly societies. These aided social cohesion, provided sick visitors, medical and welfare services and financial support during bereavement and unemployment. A Jewish refugee shelter was opened in 1897 and accommodated up to 700 immigrants each year until permanent housing could be arranged. Thus, the medical and welfare needs of the immigrant community became closely responsive to its religious and ethnic needs.

As the number of Jews increased, the community became a more noticeable part of the city and intensive efforts, including the provision of English language evening classes, were made by the authorities to integrate the newcomers. The level of welfare provision increased. The Hebrew Philanthropic Society was transformed into the Jewish Board of Guardians, a heavy-handed body whose commitment to medical and social support was conducted in a very paternalistic manner. It operated from the Garnethill Synagogue Chambers and, despite the need for a welfare centre in the Gorbals where its clients were almost exclusively to be found, it did not move to the Gorbals until 1911. In 1891 - 1892 the level of immigration swamped the resources of the Board and they had to seek support from the Russian Jewish Relief Fund in London despite the raising of the considerable sum of £2,432 in a co-operative civic and Jewish fund-raising effort.[12]

Paradoxically, one of the stimuli to the better provision of Jewish welfare services was the activity of Christian missionary groups. Many Jewish organisations, social as well as welfare, were formed to provide direct competition for missionary facilities.[13] The Jewish leadership was alarmed at the possibility of missionary inroads into the large Gorbals Jewish community. They were aware of the Jewish poverty, misery and disease in the Gorbals and knew that the missionaries dangled the carrot of financial support and medical aid to induce needy Jews into the mission halls. In a major response the Jewish Hospital Fund and Sick Visiting Association was founded in 1899 to provide funds for Jews requiring hospital care and to maintain community links with poor hospitalised Jews who had no family support. Christian groups provided regular and substantial sums for Jewish medical relief though acknowledging a lack of conversionist success blamed on the Jewish attitude to Christianity brought over from Russia.[14] They remained determined to persist in their work despite the distress, and even hostility, that their activities provoked.

The problem of Jews being enticed into the clinics of the Christian missionaries caused the Jewish Hospital Fund and Sick Visiting Association to establish a free Jewish

Dispensary in the Gorbals in 1910.[15] This decision was taken despite the availability of care from dispensaries attached to the major city teaching hospitals and the consequent concern that Jewish patients might get inferior medical care. However, the necessary comparison was not felt to be with the dispensaries of the Royal and Western Infirmaries but with those of the missionaries, who were providing medical care to the Jewish poor in the Gorbals, with a well equipped dispensary and a Yiddish speaking apostate doctor, as Yiddish speaking patients preferred to consult a doctor who could speak their language rather than have to use an interpreter. The Jewish Board of Guardians actually employed a prescribing physician but he did not have a dispensary and many Jewish patients would take their prescriptions straight from the Jewish doctor to the Christian dispensary!

Jews, and their supporters, liked to boast that there were no Jews in the city poorhouses and in fact their numbers there were extremely small. In 1902 alien Jews made up 28 out of the 5,656 applicants in Glasgow for Poor Relief and in subsequent years the number of Jews admitted to Merryflatts rarely exceeded 30 admissions in a year with only one two long-term inmates amongst them. In 1908 only 65 Jews were receiving poor relief in the Glasgow area.[16]

Jewish welfare in Glasgow provision was a valuable addition to the sums provided by the statutory authorities. Welfare was not the only call on Jewish charitable endeavour as synagogue building, Jewish education, purchase of burial grounds and supply of kosher food also had to be funded. The safety net provided by the Jewish welfare organisations undoubtedly prevented many Jews from requiring parochial relief. With the proliferation of new charities there was always concern at the Board of Guardians that their income would be affected as it detracted from their attempts to conduct a community based strategy for welfare provision. There was concern also that wider Jewish concerns, such as support for the nascent Zionist movement and distressed Jews abroad, might hinder local welfare efforts.

Institutional care

The care of orphaned children in the community had posed a problem for many years. There were the premature deaths of tuberculosis sufferers and the families who had become divided during the period of immigration and some Jewish children had to be housed in the various city orphanages. There was therefore a need for a home for Jewish children where kosher food would be provided and the children would be encouraged to take their part in the life of the Jewish community. Support for such an orphanage was promised by members of the local Glasgow and Govan parish councils of up to £100 which was about one third of the anticipated annual costs.[17] By the time of the official opening of the Gertrude Jacobson Orphanage in November 1913, 11 children were admitted and after the war the facilities were greatly expanded to cope with increasing numbers of orphaned Jewish children as well as some refugee children from Belgium and Hungary.

At the same time the need for some provision of residential care for the Jewish elderly in the Gorbals was identified.[18] It was felt to be important to provide a Jewish alternative for those older members of the community living in the Poorhouse. A home for the Jewish elderly, beginning with 2 or 3 residents in a rented Gorbals flat, was opened in July 1913 but it did not survive to the end of the war.

Jews in the Hospitals

The Victoria Infirmary and Merryflatts Poorhouse dealt with the majority of hospitalised members of the community based as they were on the southern side of the city. Visiting hours in hospital were strictly enforced at this time and relatives would not

be allowed to bring in food and many observant Jewish patients found many problems with the food, both from the unfamiliarity with the Scottish diet as well as from the lack of kosher food. Besides the obvious difficulty with religious observance it was felt that eating gentile food would be a hindrance to convalescence.[19]

The Victoria Infirmary were unwilling to commit themselves to the provision of kosher food which they felt might lead them having to offer additional facilities to the Jewish or other communities noting that there had been no difficulty in the past "with Jewish patients taking the ordinary food".[20] In the end it was the Merryflatts Poorhouse, run by the Glasgow Corporation, which agreed to permit the opening of a kosher kitchen, under the supervision of Rabbi S I Hillman, religious leader of Gorbals Jewry, in January 1914.[21]

Health and diet

New solutions had to be found for health problems, such as trachoma, tuberculosis and mental disease, for the social concommitants of disease, including poor housing, cramped working conditions and inadequate dietary intakes, and for the provision of social welfare. While the Jewish community was not immune to such scourges as trachoma, tuberculosis and enteric fevers they managed to avoid some of the more serious illnesses, such as bubonic plague and smallpox, raging around them.

In Glasgow the traditional small overcrowded tenemental flat was blamed for the city's poor record with tuberculosis.[22] However, it was noted in all Jewish immigrant areas that the incidence of tuberculosis in the Jewish community was lower than in their neighbours although it appeared with the lower Jewish death rate in tuberculosis the condition ran a longer, chronic by non-fatal course.[23] The costs of tuberculosis, in the form of weekly and monthly grants to sufferers and their families,were a heavy burden on Glasgow Jewry. Increasing numbers were requiring hospitalisation in Glasgow and their families required regular doles of relief from the Jewish Board of Guardians. Thus, there was enough of a problem, for the Jewish Board of Guardians to designate their ambitious Special Jubilee Fund in 1916 for TB relief.[24] The drain on the Jewish communal purse might be eased by emigration and so it was planned to raise £3,000 to send 40 consumptives, and their dependents, on to such parts of the Empire, like Australia or the Orange Free State, where the climate might be beneficial. Further sums were expended to treat patients at home or to send them to sanatoria in the south of England.[25]

Although the Special Jubilee Fund was slow to reach its target the movement of the Jewish consumptives out of Glasgow had longterm benefits for the health of the community. Within ten years after the end of the war, city and community health statistics showed that Jews had a lower incidence of TB than their non-Jewish neighbours whether due to the improvement in general living standards within the community or by the judicious exporting of consumptive families.[26]

It was alleged that the infant mortality was lower within the Glasgow Jewish community than in the surrounding population possibly by as much as one third.[27] These benefits were attributed to the greater care taken by Jewish mothers in Glasgow of their children, especially in diet, and to the activities of the many Jewish associations and societies; similar findings were also noted in London.[28]

The incidence in trachoma in the Jewish community, and more particularly among transmigrants to New York who were failing medical examinations at Ellis Island and being returned to Glasgow, was first noticed in 1885 by Glasgow's Medical Officer of Health.[29] The condition was alleged to be commoner in the Jewish community but in fact its incidence was high in overcrowded areas, affecting Jew and Gentile alike. However, there was not much evidence of trachoma amongst the Jewish community in Glasgow

and its incidence was highest amongst transmigrants temporarily living in Glasgow but awaiting resettlement elsewhere.

Prejudiced claims of Jewish insanitary habits were commonly made and had to be rebutted frequently and an allegation that Jewish children were drinking methylated spirits, made in July 1910, had no basis in fact and was clearly anti-semitic in intent.[30] Careful controlled studies which gave a proper factual basis included a study of Glasgow working-class diets in 1913, where 5 of the 60 families studied were Jewish. This study showed the difference between Jewish and native diets, including a greater reliance on fish and a much lower consumption of alcohol. With more expensive meat and poultry, the Jewish families expended more than the native families for their diet and the kosher diet meant that great care was taken with the preparation and cooking of food.[31]

Conclusion

The Jewish community in Glasgow developed rapidly during the last years of the nineteenth century and the first years of the twentieth century. An impressive infrastructure, based on a strong self-help movement as well as the support of the more established members of the community, was created to provide for the welfare and charitable needs of its weakest members.

At the same time synagogues were built and a network of educational institutions, meeting after school and at weekends, was established to enable the transmission of the Hebrew language and Jewish religious customs to the new generation of Jews growing up in Scotland. Politically too, Glasgow Jewry was active with a strong commitment to the Zionist movement dating back to the formation of the first Zionist group in April 1891. Labour and trade union activities were also well supported and a wide range of cultural and social outlets were established.

By the end of the First World War, the Jews of Glasgow formed a well integrated portion in their adopted city taking full advantages of the opportunities afforded for economic, social and educational advancement.

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Reviews

The Sunday Mail's Story of Scotland

The Story of Scotland, published by the Sunday Mail in 52 weekly parts during the course of 1988, is still available by application to The Story of Scotland, PO Box 441, Glasgow G40 4HR. Last session Lothian negotiated very favourable terms for the issue of the magazines on a bulk basis to our schools and teachers have expressed much satisfaction with this most welcome additional resource for the teaching of Scottish History.

The Editors, Roy Campbell, Archie Duncan and Dorothy Dunnett, have called upon a host of distinguished contributors — from Universities, from Museums and Galleries and from the Media. Their contributions in the main are unstuffy and highly readable, being aimed at the general reader rather than the scholar. This amenable style together with the vivid use of pictorial sources — a large number in full colour — make the series well suited to school use. An intelligent pupil will find many avenues to explore beyond the exposition of Scotland's political history whether it be in the fields of industry, the law, literature, crime or the armed services. And there is much material to spark off historical investigations within and beyond Standard Grade.

Two useful articles which run throughout the series are 'Clans and Families' and 'Notable Scots'.

Scottish Television has generously offered free to schools and teachers' centres a video programme entitled 'Scotland's Story'. The four video tapes which make up the programme offer pupils a valuable background to the key topics covered in the magazines.

The Sunday Mail and Scottish Television deserve our warm congratulations for their important contribution to the teaching of Scottish History in Scottish schools.

ROY WILSHER

Death in Hamburg: Society and Politics in the Cholera Years 1830 - 1910

By RICHARD J. EVANS Publ. Penguin Paperback Price £8.99

XIV, 568 pages, plus Statistical Appendix, Maps, Illustrations, Bibliography and Index.

'Death in Hamburg' was the winner of the Wolfson Literary Award for History and rightly so. Its fluency, gripping tale and clarity of style made this one of those rare books one is loathe to put down — even after a hard day's teaching.

Evans builds up a detailed picture of life at all levels in the complex, industrialised urban environment of Hamburg at the end of the 19th Century. He traces the intricate inter-relationships of power, money and the political decision-making process which had evolved (but ossified) in the city, with disastrous consequences in 1892. Attitudes to public health, contagion and the disbursement of public funds are unveiled, revealing many apposite parallels with Great Britain then and now. 'Soap' is linked indubitably to 'civilisation'. The minutiae of political allegiance and faction/fraction is presented as a necessary prelude to the structured extermination of urban pollution, arguments over the provision of a clean water supply and the pattern of mortality in the districts of the city. The epidemic of 1892 is then seen through the eyes of both protagonists and victims, with microscopic statistical analysis of its impact on the different social/occupational groups. The accompanying maps (43 in all) illustrate clearly the key arguments being made in the text.

Finally, the author does not flinch from drawing lessons and making comparisons with our late 20th Century scourge: **AIDS**. He concludes that "the fundamental issue to be tackled is social inequality, not wealth creation or moral improvement" and that "state intervention must be subject to democratic control".

Whether one accepts/rejects the validity of these final judgements, the book still stands on its own merits —meticulous research, painstakingly detailed analysis and a lively, historical exposition. One almost regrets reaching the end!

PAT CLARK

Atlas of British Social and Economic History Since 1700

Edited by Rex Pope | Published by Routledge | Paperback £12.99

This new book is compendious in its coverage of the issues involved in the title. It is, as the title suggests, an Atlas. By that I mean, it has maps, shaded areas and essentially tries to give the geographical location of things. But it's much more than that. The sections of maps cover 12 themes, written by about 10 different authorities on their subject areas. Thus we have the editor himself covering maps relating to changing employment and general engineering (in separate sections), while Callum Brown of Strathclyde contributes the section on urbanisation and Bill Marsden of Liverpool covers education. All the other main social history topics of the last 250 years are there, with a literate and readable *precis* to accompany each section of maps. The work is strong on factual information, 250 pages worth; and every section contains between 8 and 48 maps to illustrate it's theme.

This is what makes it such a little compendium, information packed and indexed to let the reader get access to what is required.

The introduction also admits to the reader where the omissions are: (nothing on banking-finance, footwear and building industries or regional retailing for instance).

It is only when you look at what **is** included however that you sit back and wonder what you do with it.

One wonders how far the everyday reader would use a street by street breakdown of Chartist activity in Bradford (Page 188) or a map showing school attendance in Bootle after 1870 (Page 207). The mind boggles at the idea of some researcher sitting down and saying "This is it, let the world know the size of the increase in the provision of cinemas in inter-war Lancashire". (Page 233).

It would be unfair however, to carry on with this kind of criticism; every author-editor has their pet lines and takes the opportunity to put them in their own book. I would do the same. Let it be said therefore that this book contains plenty of excellent stuff: ship-building and mining coverage, demographic movements, agriculture, trade and religion. It's not bedtime reading but then it was never meant to be. But it is good, solid, up to date history, providing a bedrock of information in the maps and texts, plus a descent bibliography for each chapter. A good book to possess, a good buy for a library.

ANDREW HUNT.

The Making of the English Middle Class : Business, Society and Family Life in London 1660 - 1730.

PETER EARLE | Methuen, 1989, xiii, 446 pages | £25 net

To many, a book of social history devoted to those of the "middle station" of London life in the Augustan age might promise to be a potential cure for insomnia. Such prejudice would malign most cruelly this fine example of the historian's craft, which provides an object lesson on the imaginative use of apparently unprepossing sources.

Dr. Earle first identifies these groups, wealthy or modest, entitled to claim middle class status. Using a sample of 375 individuals from tavern keepers to Levant merchants, he proceeds to dissect every aspect of their lives and deaths, from their business organisation via choice of marriage partners and home lives to expenditure on funerals and disposal of their estates. He provides impressive quantitative data about their lives and possessions, while mining contemporary writings for the personal views which enrich the analysis with the human touch. Dr. Earle is not so committed to a thesis as to gloss over inadequacies in his sources; where the evidence is contradictory or inconclusive he is honest enough to say so. This sharing of confidence with the reader as an intelligent being makes his judgements the more convincing. He sees this period as one in which the middle class, often aping the aristocracy, became enthusiastic for novelties, for knowledge and for accumulation of capital, perhaps providing a model for the more dramatic burgeoning of these aspects of life in the eighteenth century. Without exaggerating his case, he suggests that this pattern anticipated the changes we know as the Industrial Revolution.

A work containing as much factual detail as this might have been dull in lesser hands. It is to Peter Earle's credit that he is aware of the need to entertain at least other historians. He certainly entertained — and enlightened — me.

IAN MATHESON.