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MY TRIP TO SCOTLAND: NOTES AND REMINISCENCES

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NB Words printed in English in the original are italicised.

I. The Glasgow Exhibition

I spent last summer in Glasgow, where I managed to observe much of Scottish life and more specifically, of life in Glasgow. Now, as I intend to share my impressions with my readers, my thoughts are inadvertently drawn first of all to the Glasgow International Exhibition.

Often, rather than huddling in a crowd, I preferred to watch the exhibition from a distance, from the high mountains to the west and south of it. The view from these heights was breath-taking. The whole exhibition was in plain sight, its bright colours and peculiar architecture standing out against the grey and colourless background of the huge city. The main exhibition building was a bright white spot with its veranda and portico, the leaf gold gleaming on its turrets and minarets in the midst of which towered a gigantic dome supporting a gilded angel soaring high in the air. On both sides of this building were strewn pavilions, stages, restaurants, and kiosks, elaborately designed and brightly coloured. The view was especially mesmerising at night, when tens of thousands of multi-coloured lights were kindled against the dark background of the night. Standing on a mountain terrace, one could see below the tall towers, columns, cornices, galleries, balconies all lit by strings of electric lightbulbs; one could see huge crowds of people who drifted around slowly or stood motionless around the stages from which could be heard the mellifluous sounds of various orchestras. The shorter the days, the more bustling and radiant did the exhibition appear in the evening. The illuminations became richer and more splendid; firework displays started as well, so that often the exhibition would be lit by a sea of technicolour lights and filled with the booming and cracking of the rockets blending with the orchestral music. The public itself became more and more agitated and mobile as the end drew nearer. It seemed like it was eager to live and have fun while the exhibition was still open, until Glasgow fell back into its ordinary routine. And when the lights would be promptly extinguished by 10 p.m., and the fireworks would stop, the music would fall silent, and the exhibition area would suddenly be immersed in the dark and calm in which the eerie gurgling of the river Kelvin flowing through it could be heard, the picture became all the more fairy tale-like. Like Aladdin's palaces, these exhibition buildings and all these architectural beauties and oddities would rise and then disappear again.

Yes, mankind arose out of the world of fairy-tales, and it looks like it is returning to that world! Twenty or thirty years ago, nothing like these light effects that could be seen at the Paris or Glasgow

Exhibitions was possible. There were lanterns instead of electric bulbs; where now you can have incandescence lamps strewn on wire which can be thrown over balconies and towers, placed at the bottom of a river, under waterfalls, and trace the zigzagging architectural silhouettes, there used to be reeking bowls and vats filled with pig fat and tar. When illumination was needed, one had to light one bowl at a time, climb under stairs, hoist oneself up on ropes and perform various other back-breaking and difficult tricks. The fires would the be gradually extinguished, by wind or when the supply of fat or tar ran out, or for other reasons. There was nothing which could appeal to the imagination or stupefy the reason. Now a turning of a hidden key somewhere in a secret and unknown spot makes everything light up and come alive and then suddenly fall dark and silent again. What other magic wands or Aladdin's lamps could one wish for?

But although the exhibition appeared from a distance to be something unreal, as if transported from another world, alien to Glasgow and its life, in reality it was flesh of Scotland's flesh, and hardly any other exhibition in the world labelled "international" had a equally strictly local character as the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1901. Like a focus lens, this exhibition brought together and represented everything that Scotland was rich in and lived by. Not only the items on display, but the entire exhibition routine, rules, and organisation, its entertainment programmes - all of it put in sharp relief and defined the character of the Scottish people, its traditions and tastes, its culture and public life with all its merits and faults.

It goes without saying that the Glasgow exhibition was an entirely private venture. It was conceived by several Glaswegians mindful of the success of the 1888 exhibition. Since everywhere and always private initiative goes hand in hand with a wide-ranging public life, without which it is unthinkable, here at once the case became a popular cause. On 20 October 1897, a meeting of Glasgow citizens and other persons was called in the City Chambers and the people who gathered there, having listened to the enterprise project, straight away proceeded to sign a guarantee for capital in the amount of 200,000 pounds sterling. The exhibition company was formed and an executive committee elected from those present. After three months, the secured capital was increased to 349,667 pounds, and by the exhibition opening date it was over half a million pounds; it was decided to direct the excess income, if any were left after interest was paid on the secured capital, for a specific cause to the benefit of the city. In 1888, the exhibition produced a surplus of 47,000 pounds, which was used to build the "Art Gallery" which cost over two million roubles all in all. Now it was again decided to use the profits for the cause of artistic education available to everyone, i.e. not on schools and academies available only to the youth and students as a whole, but on purchasing paintings and other works of art, on buying organs for people's halls, on folk concerts, and other similar events open to everyone.

The foundation ceremony took place on 22 April 1899, and by 2 May 1901, all the exhibition halls, all sections with the exception of the Russian one, and the entire technical department for its maintenance including lighting, water supply, etc. were complete.

In view of the public significance of the exhibition, various honourable persons were invited to be its patrons, council and committee members, starting with the King and down to the members of the Glasgow municipal government. The city mayor (Lord Provost) was elected chairman of the exhibition

council, and he conducted all receptions and ceremonies relating to it as a representative of the City of Glasgow. Thus, a venture started by private individuals and realised entirely at private cost became the city's public cause, merged with the City Corporation and formally became a city enterprise even though taxpayers bore no risk and accepted no responsibility for it. Each citizen of Glasgow thought the exhibition was in some way his property; each was proud of its success as if he himself had organised it and as if everything that was on display was produced by his own hands.

Indeed, the majority of exhibits were Scottish products. England (i.e. not Scotland) took next to no part in the event. London, Liverpool, Manchester, and the other large English cities looked upon the Glasgow Exhibition as a private Scottish affair, not even relating to the whole of Scotland but relevant only for the single city of Glasgow. Even Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, which is only an hour's journey from Glasgow, was not too eager to respond to the invitation to take part in the exhibition. The rivalry that exists between these two Scottish cities, each of them vying for seniority, was very clearly felt in the disdain with which Edinburgh treated Glasgow's appeal. Edinburgh is in a way a Scottish Moscow, an old "purple widow", which has its historic Kremlin in the *Holyrood Palace*, the place where Scottish kings were crowned and where some kings of Great Britain have been crowned as well. Glasgow, on the other hand, can be described as a St. Petersburg, an upstart despite its many centuries of history, which is more lively, more cosmopolitan than Edinburgh, and also more progressive and populous.

This contemptuous attitude to the exhibition also explains the fact that once it was opened, the main visitors came from Glasgow itself and other areas of Scotland. There were very few Englishmen there. Londoners sneered most of all. "Glasgow! Whatever can Glasgow show us! Those Scots and their ideas!", they seemed to be saying, giving vent instinctively to an old, fossilised feeling of rivalry between Scotland and England. Below, I shall have the opportunity to write at length about the national relations between these two parts of the United Kingdom; now let us return to the exhibition. It goes without saying that there were even fewer foreign visitors there than English ones. Strictly speaking, hardly any foreigners were to be seen at all. Very occasionally, one could see a chance traveller from France, Germany, or Russia; but as a phenomenon commonly seen at any other large international exhibition, the foreign visitor was non-existent. In terms of its exhibits and the majority of visitors, it was a Glasgow, and more generally a Scottish event. It is not surprising that its entire routine had a purely national character, a distinctive local colour rich in its own peculiar traits.

One of the most interesting sections and most representative of the Glasgow industries was the shipbuilding section. This section occupied most of the main building and consisted of a rare display of various models of ships built in the Glasgow shipyards. There were models of vessels which maintain the sea traffic between Ireland and Scotland, and models of enormous ships voyaging to the remotest lands; models of ships built in the early days of steam transport and representing the first timid attempts in shipbuilding technology, alongside models of recently launched giants representing the last word in comfort and propelling power. Amongst the models was a ship built in 1839 in Glasgow for the first excursion on the Clyde, which could be compared to models of excursion boars built in the same place 30 or 40 years later. What an increase in the number of passengers and demands relating to their comforts! Here is the model of the last ship built of iron in 1855, and another model of a steel steamer built at the same shipyard for the Cunard steamship company. Its capacity is 14,000 tons, and its length is 580 feet,

which comes as a stark contrast with the 2,050 tons of capacity and 270-foot length of the first steel steamship built by the same shipbuilding firm. It would take too long to dwell here even on the most interesting ship models which figured at the exhibition and provided a vivid illustration of the scale and progress of the shipbuilding industry in Scotland.

In the engine section, which was the second attraction of the exhibition, the Scottish mechanics industry was also given pride of place, and one could see here that the spirit of James Watt is still alive in Glasgow and that his inventiveness and business acumen are still contributing to an inexhaustible creative outpouring by the factories. Here are the gas motors with a special system produced by the Cambell company; mining pumps producing 2,500 gallons of water per hour to a height of 900 feet; gas and oil engines from the town of Johnston 15 versts from Glasgow, which can be started automatically, without an engineer's help; locomobiles of the new MacCallum system, which use coal powder as fuel and represent the latest in heat saving; a new "*Headech*" moving machine, invented by the same company as the MacCallum locomobile.

A whole forest of machine tools for making various tools and parts of different machines were displayed nearly exclusively by Americans and Scotsmen. Some firms in Johnston which make wood cutting and grinding machines, like John McDowell and Son, claim in their catalogues that they manufacture up to 300 types of machinery, and many of these can be produced in different sizes.

A visitor to the Glasgow exhibition reported as follows to the specialist English journal *Engineering Times*:

"In the manufacturing of tools and machine parts, a tendency towards specialisation is felt more and more. There are many specimens which function wholly or partly automatically, and some of them represent remarkable mechanical inventions, performing in several minutes the tasks which hitherto required this many hours... One machine on display can work with a piece of metal 3 1/2 inches in diameter, automatically performing up to eight operations which are quite distinct from one another. There are new and recently invented thread-cutting machines, and one sanding grinder which can work with a precision of up to 0.001 inch, which undoubtedly constitutes a progress in machines of this type."

I could quote a great number of this kind of expert reports, but my task does not consist in the description of exhibits. The exhibition is interesting for us from the everyday point of view, as a characterisation of Scotland, and not in and of itself. Since we are going to touch upon some of its traits below, we could move straight to the subject of the next chapter; but whilst speaking about the exhibition, I think it reasonable, for the fullness of the picture, to say a few words here about its Russian section.

As we know, the exhibition was called international. Along the cornice of the vault under the dome of the main exhibition building ran an inscription borrowed from various psalms and reading "They will bring the glory and honour of peoples… Let there be peace in your dwelling and prosperity in your house… The Lord’s earth and everything that fills it, the universe and everything that lives in it…" As you see, the words concerned "peoples" and "the universe". In reality though, only seven foreign states, apart from the British colonies, have taken part in the exhibition. These seven were: Russia, Austro-Hungary, France, Denmark, Morocco, Persia, and Japan. But if the exhibition had any claim to the international title, it was

due to the participation of Russia and to a lesser extent France. The rest took a merely nominal part, were represented without any pretensions and occupied relatively little space. Strictly speaking, these other states did not even take a notional p[art since the majority of them did not allocate any funds for their participation in the Glasgow event, and all the costs of their representation were borne by the exponents themselves. Russia alone assigned a huge sum totalling around 350,000 roubles and commandeered an entire staff of civil servants headed by the General Commissioner. Of the huge area of 71,540 square feet allocated to foreign countries at the exhibition, Russia occupied 40,836 feet, i.e. considerably more than half the space.

Russia viewed this exhibition solely from the point of view of the trade balance, and so its participation was limited to the products which could serve or were already serving as exports. Literature, science, art, social life, and other aspects of national activities and creativity was not included in the Russian section as it was not quoted on the stock exchange and could not have any direct impact on the trade balance. However, a visitor to the exhibition could have stumbled across two or three Russian exhibits from the field of pure creative art, such as statuettes by Prince Trubetskoy or a pyrograph portrait of Count Leo Tolstoy; but these two or three exhibits were a mere eventuality, like a barely noticeable bas-relief on the facade of a huge market building. The Russian pavilions bore notices indicating a distinctly economic nature of the exhibits contained therein. One building was marked "agriculture", another "the mining industry", the third one "forestry". These were the three main buildings next to which three smaller pavilions were erected, one of which bore the inscription "Central Asia", the other, a tiny one, was owned by the Dreifus bread trading firm, and the third to a congress of millers. Items relating to factory production were displayed in the general exhibition building, the so-called "*Industrial Hall*", where Russia occupied an area of 11,131 sq. feet. This part of the Russian section is not even worth writing about. With the exception of a few really large and well-known firms, it was rather poorly presented. This was in effect a bazaar which traded in everything except for the products of Russian factories. Only the larger buildings had a certain integrity and character, showing a real desire to show England what we are rich in and what we could sell abroad. Some collections were quite considerable, especially those which were transferred wholesale from the Paris exhibition, like, for instance, the collection of minerals, oil products, and others. The collection of grains by the Dreifus firm was quite diverse and impressive. The millers also sent a rich collection of samples of their industry, but their pavilion fell into inadequate hands which led, as they say, to a quandary. The pavilion was overseen by a certain R., who turned it into a bedroom. The pavilion overseer liked to rest after dinner, and floor was not displayed in cases under glass but stored in sacks piled in one huge heap which served as a soft bed. The state of affairs reached the point when the General Commissioner I.N. Lodyzhensky was forced to remove the miller and even temporarily to close the pavilion.

On the whole, though, the Russian section made an impression of dire poverty - not so much because of the paucity of exhibits but because of an extremely unfortunate plan of buildings. It was indeed difficult to conceive of anything worse or uglier. The main three pavilions had extraordinary sizes. With a certain economy of space, it was possible to accommodate there not only the most characteristic exhibits, but the entire Apraxin Market and Merchant's Yard to boot. The architect's design clearly intended to represent the quintessence of Russian national architecture; in reality, the structures resembled dark and

even gloomy barns where sunlight could only penetrate, like a thief, through a tiny window cut close to the roof. To reflect a "national character", a Baba Yaga and Firebird were crudely painted on one building, another had a gable shaped as a corbel, and the third as a gaping mouth of some monster horrendous. The fourth, Central Asian building had high-reaching tall and curvy towers which resembled a wedding cake made by an amateurish provincial baker.

To cut a long story short, the Russian section pavilions with there barrack-like brown paint, ponderous and dark, cut an unfavourable contrast with the neighbouring cosy, light, and elegant Irish cottage; with the simple, unpretentious, light and comfortable Canadian and Japanese buildings, let alone the breathtakingly beautiful facade of the main hall.

An even more unfavourable conclusion can be drawn from comparing the Russian section with the sections of other nations, for instance the Canadian one, where the floors were all covered by soft carpets, the walls occupied by showcases, and the ceiling decorated with garlands, flags, and different fabrics, which produced an overall impression of a tightly packed container. In the second half of summer, when the days started to shorten, the Russian pavilions, which were very dark and had no artificial lighting, started to get locked very early, around 6 or 5 p.m., when all the other buildings at the exhibition, which had electric lighting and remained open until ten in the evening, were attracting even larger crowds in the evening than over the day.

However, it is not my purpose here to point out the faults and deficiencies of the Russian section. I would like only to note one of its characteristics, which marked its most important and deepest defect in comparison to the sections run by other countries: this was the complete lack in the Russian commissariat of the private enterprise, and the complete exclusion of the public element from the organisation of the section. The entire business was conceived and implemented by the civil service. Not a single Russian merchant or industrialist, not a single agriculturalist of those exhibited was invited to participate in the organisation or management of the venture which was carried out for the benefit of the Russian industry. It has to be said that the chief civil servants entrusted with organising the Russian section could least of all be described as a type of "pen pushers" which is often equated with the civil service. On the contrary, the General Commissioner and two or three of his closest aides were not devoid of personal initiative and industriousness, and in terms of their past occupation they were landowners more than civil servants. But the industriousness or business acumen of the public officials is not important here. Industry is not a philanthropic cause or a public activity. It lives and develops based on personal interests of the merchants, their desire for profit, for lining their pockets. Amateurishness is equally useless and harmful in industry, like in any other business. "Love for the cause" is not enough, you need a craving for personal gain. But where shall this craving come from in a civil servant who has a secure wage and who has no material interest in whether one or two million sacks of grain is exported from Russia, whether Russian tobacco or wine or other exportable products find a market abroad or not. The only potential incentive for him is a service reward, but the actual progress of the case may have nothing whatsoever to do with it.

This radical disadvantage of the Russian commissariat, highly typical for us, can serve to explain a lot of the deficiencies and defects of the Russian section of the Glasgow exhibition, which, although it managed to attract the attention of the English press, was still far from what it might have been under

different circumstances. To illustrate my thought, I think it necessary to quote here the composition of the committees of several other states which took part in the Glasgow event. The French exhibition committee, making use of the official sanction of the Republican Government, consisted entirely of industrialists themselves and intermediary traders. The honorary President of the committee bureau was a lace and embroidery producer. The President was an industrialist from the Oise Department, and Vice-Presidents included a book publisher, watch and clockmaker, a morocco leather product manufacturer and a biscuit producer; the Secretary General was an export trader, the Treasurer was a textile trader, Secretaries included producers of upholstery, a secretary of a Paris photographers' club, a wholesale trader in ties and a rubber products manufacturer. The Glasgow delegate was Lucien Levy, an exporter who had a branch of his office in Glasgow. Then, each group of French exponents had a bureau of their own, which was also run by some persons who did not have anything on display but represented certain commercial interests.

Denmark's participation in the Glasgow Exhibition was restricted solely to an exhibition of various wares, statuettes and bas-reliefs made of Delft ware, terra cotta, and glass, and several pieces of furniture. On the whole, six Danish firms participated, who sent remarkably fine samples of their produce. All expenses arising from the exhibitions were borne by these same six companies, and the chairman of the Danish section was their representative, completely independent of the Danish Government. I had a conversation with this representative and he told me that the costs incurred by the Danish companies had already been compensated many times over, since the Glasgow Exhibition allowed them to receive huge commissions from Great Britain for terra cotta items.

The Austro-Hungarian section was organised by the Viennese Chamber of Commerce, i.e. a private institution separate from the civil service, and the Glasgow section was headed by a representative of this Chamber with help from the exponents.

The Russian section, however, as we have seen, was fully run by the Government, and so the Glasgow exhibition proved to us Russia's primary and most urgent need: the need to develop private commercial enterprise aided by the wide personal and social freedom. While the Russian section of the exhibition proved this by its negative aspects, the other foreign sections and the entire rest of the exhibition were proofs positive of this fact.

II. Anglo-Scottish Parallels and the Church

It has already been said above that the main visitors to the exhibition were Scots. Indeed, the whole of the provincial Scotland seemed to have considered it their patriotic duty to attend it. Every day, excursion trains would bring to Glasgow hundreds and thousands of people from the *Western Highland* and from the Southern and Eastern "Lowlands", from the remote far North, from the Hebrides, and of course, from all the neighbouring towns and villages around Glasgow itself. One could confidently say that there was no village, even the tiniest one, which did not send its representatives to the exhibition. The

exhibition organisers always knew when they were expecting guests from a particular corner of Scotland. The thing is that each individual place here observes its own holidays, its festivals which in most cases last for only one day, but sometimes for longer, even occasionally for a week or two. Every town and village has its own local festivals, which have nothing whatsoever in common with the Russian church festivals. The Scottish local festival is not a church one and is not restricted to the parishioners, but includes all citizens; it is a celebration of an area, not a saint, a "town" or "village" rather than a "church" event. Such fetes are often established by the municipalities and in some places, especially in small towns, do not even have a fixed date but each time depend on the decision of the citizens. Thus, the coal miners in Perth, the main city of the county of that name, have an annual celebration of the anniversary of the eight-hour working day, and since the cessation of mining work leads to the closure of the mine owners' offices, which means that the banks close as well, the whole city considers this miners' celebration to be a city-wide occasion. This year, they were celebrating the 31st anniversary and its date depended purely on the local miners' union, which fixed it based on different circumstances. As a rule, this day falls on a Monday, but sometimes it is set on the first Monday of June, and sometimes on the last or second, or third Monday of the same month.

Like in England, holidays in Scotland are marked by the custom of going on a trip somewhere. Last summer it meant to go on an excursion to Glasgow and see the exhibition, which temporarily became a Scottish Mecca. The daily Glasgow papers published regular reports of visits by excursion parties from various God-forsaken Lochwinnochs, Lochranzas, Lochows, Lochgoilheads, Tighnabruaichs and such other places with Celtic names which are alien to our ear and often hard to pronounce. The native Scotsman, especially a Glaswegian, with his capacity to distinguish between the finest differences in the local accents, could perfectly well recognize them as the dwellers of this or that part of Scotland. For us, however, they all were a generic mass, whose appearance would be difficult for us to distinguish from the South Englishmen. Despite this external similarity between a Scottish crowd and an English one, there is a vast gulf between the Scots and the English, and even a less attentive person can notice that they are two different nations. It is truly remarkable how the Scots managed to preserve to this day their national identity despite the constant relentless inflow of new forms of life and racial elements which are alien to them. There are no guards or pillars along the border between England and Scotland; up to 50 passenger trains a day link Glasgow and Edinburgh with London, let alone the rest of England; Scottish ports are daily sending their steamships to various overseas countries and receive ships from all over the world; the annual passenger turnover between Scotland and England numbers many millions. It seems like the small Scotland, with an area of only 30,902 sq. miles, must sink and be completely diluted by this torrent of alien elements. But like the rocks which are so abundant in its islands, it stands nearly untouched by the waves which are forever attacking it. Its language, its religion, its national identity, its everyday customs - all of these have a distinctly original character, something that belongs to it alone and entirely different from what can be observed in England. It seems, nevertheless, that it shares with England a common language, religion, nationality, and rules; but at the same time they are not English but purely Scottish. The English language as spoken by a Scotsman does not mean the constant swallowing of letters and words, not the soft guttural burring but the broad, loud croaking of unlubricated wheels, which in the moments of anger or quarrel rises to the pitch intolerable to an untrained ear. Of course, the Scots from the highland regions and islands have their own local words on top of the peculiarities of their English

pronunciation; they even have their own ancient Celtic (or Gaelic) language, but we'll come to it in due course; for the time being, we are only saying which traits they share with England and yet imbue with their own Scottish character.

The Scottish religion is equally fervently national, even though it is not materially different from the English one. The Scots are Protestants, just like the English, they have the same rationalism in their approach to the dogmas and Biblical criticism, and the same spiritualism in their understanding of Christianity as a teaching of faith rather than action. But Scotland still has its own church (*Church of Scotland*), which has evolved historically and has a different administrative structure and liturgical forms from the Church of England. Thus, the Scottish Episcopal Church, although it has appropriated even the liturgical missal used in England, has preserved in some cases its original liturgical manner, while its administrative structure is established on completely different grounds than the Anglican denomination. The latter is considered to be a state religion and its bishops are appointed by the Government, whereas in Scotland, the Episcopal denomination is independent from the state and the bishops are elected by the clergy and parishioners themselves; the election is only lawful if a candidate gets the majority of votes from both the clergy and the congregation. The Anglican Church has two Archbishops; there are no Archbishops in Scotland, where there is a Primus who is elected by the bishops themselves. This Primus has certain privileges, but he holds no power whatsoever. The main legislative power of the Episcopal Church lies with the General Synod, which consists of two chambers, one of them reserved for bishops, the other for representatives of the rest of the clergy. The financial matters are handled by the Church Council, which consists of bishops, other clergy and representatives of parishioners, while the judicial power lies with the "College of Bishops", i.e. a convocation of all the bishops.

The state church of Scotland is Presbyterian, i.e. exactly the denomination which would be considered non-conformist in England.

On the whole, church matters have an immeasurably greater role in Scotland than in England. Church disputes within the Presbyterian denomination do not just rock individual congregation but spill over into, so to say, the general public. The agendas of annual church meetings of various sects fill the newspapers with their shorthand reports, and the matters raised, as well as the speeches of the participants, are constantly providing front-page topics. One of the eternal roots of dissent and strife is the issue of church independence. Many parishioners and members of the clergy among the Presbyterians are unhappy about the situation of their church. They want to have absolute freedom in their internal procedures; they want to be full masters of their prayer houses, whereas now, while they are receiving financial support from the state, they are somewhat limited in power. Of course, those unhappy about this dependence on the state can secede at any time and form their own congregations, and indeed, this is what many have done. But our flesh is weak, and pastors who get their regular wages, which are often considerable, prefer to stay within the bosom of the state church and to pour out their protestations and grievances at the annual congresses, when a striking speech delivered in the presence of crowds of outside public, including many ladies, allows one to show off the independence of one's thoughts, the staunchness of one's convictions, and the depth of one's scholarship. One can even declaim verses by Wordsworth or Walter Scott and in general show oneself to be not a simple person but someone who is a connoisseur of poetry as well and theology, all the while not risking to part with one's secure wage.

The questions of dissent within this or that denomination (or, to be more precise, church, since the issue here is more to do with the external aspect, the organisation, rather than the foundations of the faith) often rise to the surface of everyday life and worry and engage the Scotsmen. Over the last two years, there has been a resurgence of the movement for the union of the "Free Church of Scotland" with the "United Presbyterian Church" under the common name of "United Free Church". Both these churches have once (one in 1843 and the other in 1733) seceded from the state church over the issue of patronage, i.e. the right to appoint pastors without the parishioners' consent. In 1874, the Parliament abolished patronage within the state Church of Scotland, and the parishioners gained the right to elect their pastors themselves. The cause of the secession of the above-mentioned congregations having thus been removed, there started a campaign for their reunification if not with the state church, then at least with one another. This campaign proved a success, and in 1900 both branches of the seceded congregations were formally reunited under the above-mentioned name of the "United Free Church". The union was unanimously supported by the Synod of the "United Presbyterian" Church, while the congress of the "Free Church" supported it by 557 votes against 58. The celebration of the union was held in Edinburgh on 31 October 1900. At the same time, the leaders of the reunited congregations gathered in different parts of the city and marched in separate processions along the streets, and as they met and mixed along the way, they then entered as one crowd a great temporarily erected hall in the *Waverley Market* square, where the appropriate acts were read aloud and signed by the elders (moderators) of each sect separately.

This might have been the end of the matter. In reality, however, this union created an even worse schism, since many of the congregation of one party would never agree to share pastors and prayer houses with the congregations of the other party and continue to insist on their independence. This strife within the recently created "United Free Church" sometimes becomes rather fierce, if somewhat comical for external observers. Thus, last summer the supporters of the "Free Church" drove out of the prayer house in the parish of Kiltarlity, near Inverness, the supporters of the "United Free Church" who had gathered there for a meeting headed by Pastor Connell from Inverness. They were literally driven out, and the doors were bolted and locked. This happened on a Wednesday. The following Saturday, the supporters of the "United Free Church" removed the locks and in the presence of police and a bailiff, installed their own locks. The supporters of the Free Church left the locks alone this time and the following Friday, held a service in the yard within the church gates. When their enemies headed by Connell turned up and asked to be let into the church, the "free" ones drove them away so that they were also forced to hold their service under the sky, near their adversaries, if across the road. Thus, rather than praying together in the same building, both the united sects preferred to pray outside opposite each other.

The feud between the unionists and the separatists became so intense that it spread to the remote and tiny island of St Kilda, the most western of the Hebrides. Lost amongst the waves of the Atlantic Ocean, lying 40 miles from the nearest island and only occasionally communicating with the rest of the world, only during the summer months, it seemed to be completely unaware of the events of the noisy human society, the large and vibrant cities of Scotland. Its entire population of 70 people are devout members of the Free Church, and the St Kildans wanted to be "free" forever. However, the local pastor, Mr Fiddes, went to the mainland for his summer vacation, and visited Edinburgh and Glasgow, even attending the exhibition and learning a lot of dangerous novelties. The first thing he did when he returned

home and disembarked from the steamboat, which the entire population, young and old, came to greet, was to announce to the astounded and horrified St Kildans that he had formally joined them with the United Presbyterians and that they were no longer members of the *Free Church* but the *United Free Church.*

"What's this about a new church?" asked the islanders, aghast. "Our fathers and grandfathers have belonged to the *Free Church* since 1844, and now we are meant to join the *United Free Church*. This is treason and heresy!"

In vain did Mr Fiddes try to persuade them that everything would remain the same in essence and that the difference lay in name only; in vain did the captain of the steamboat and the tourists who were on board try to protect Mr Fiddes and join in the religious dispute which was flaring up on shore between the pastor and his parish. St Kildans had no understanding of niceties and refused point blanc to move the belongings of their apostate pastor from the boat to the shore. They had no need for a pastor or his possessions! Let him go back to where he learned all these heresies! Luckily, the St Kildan intelligentsia represented by the local schoolmaster took the side of the hapless pastor, so that the latter remained on the island, even if sans his belongings. What was the outcome of this strife on the remote little island we do not know for certain.

The power of the church is most clearly felt in Scotland on Sunday. This day in Scotland has such a strong national character that speaking about Scotland, to an extent, means speaking about the Sunday rest. This is why I believe it advisable to dedicate a separate chapter to the "Sabbath".

III. The Scottish Sunday

For every traveller to Scotland, Sunday is undoubtedly the dullest day. Sundays are also dull in England, although they are observed there at least within the limits of human tolerance, if not prudence. When a huge city, full of life, hustle and bustle, suddenly falls silent and ceases its usual activities, you feel like you are walking alone in a huge and empty building. This is not the country solitude, which often has a soothing and refreshing effect. In the country, peace and quiet are natural, like water in a lake or fire in an oven. But in the city they weigh on you like a heavy stone from which you do not know where to run. In England, like, for example, in London, the shops, banks, and generally trading establishments would be closed, but trains, trams, omnibuses are running; there is music playing in the parts, there are meetings and musical soirees in clubs; various leagues and societies give cheap concerts, sometimes with rather interesting programmes. Museums and libraries are open between certain hours. If there is no post and no newspapers, thank God for that; it won’t hurt to have one day of rest from various expectations and disappointments. As you lie in bed on a Sunday morning, you know that you should expect no postman’s knock on the door; whatever is happening in God’s wider world, no news will disturb your peace, delight or sadden you. This morning, this day is yours, it belongs wholly to you alone, your inner “I”, and no external power can break through into this intimate world of yours. In Scotland, you are not just spiritually

separated from the rest of the world, you are also physically separated from it. No trains are running at all. Only two trains leave Glasgow on Saturday evening going south to London, and two more run to Edinburgh. These are the only trains in the whole of Scotland which dare to disturb the Sunday peace. Not only do the steamers no go anywhere, they do not even dare to enter any Scottish ports. Just one steamer goes on an excursion tour down the Clyde river and the Firth of Clyde, and that one steamer has to fight a strong opposition. Glasgow is believed to be one of Scotland's most freethinking cities when it comes to Sunday traffic. Even trams can be seen in its streets in the afternoon, which the most radical thinkers in Edinburgh can still only dream about, and which is beyond the wildest dreams of the most ardent freethinkers in the Highlands. However, they have recently started to open one of the Edinburgh museums for a few hours on Sunday, while the Glasgow museums remain closed.

Thus, not only is a visitor to Scotland cut off from the rest of the world on Sunday, he also feels like a prisoner since he has nowhere to escape from his boredom and gloom and is doomed to sit in his room all day or go for a walk. That would not be so bad if there was any hope to find shelter and rest somewhere. But the trouble is that if you dare to embark on a journey, you risk to die of starvation somewhere by the roadside, because all taverns, pubs, restaurants are closed and the hotels will not let you in because they would suspect you to be a runaway prisoner. Indeed, what respectable person would roam the roads on a Sunday instead of sitting at home and reading something improving in between going to church? You must have a guilty conscience and you must be hiding from prison.

The vast majority of the Scottish population goes to church three times on Sunday, and very few people in Scotland would not go to church on Sunday at least once. A Sunday in Scotland is not merely a day of rest, but a holy day, more often referred to as "*Sabbath*" than "*Sunday*". Having a rest and doing nothing is not enough, one also has to abide in a state of certain sanctity. If you can play the piano, you are advised to play nothing but *sacred music*, various hymns or at least such interpretations of the Bible as "*The Pillar of Fire*", "*The Prince of the House of David*", and other similar compositions of religious nature.

It is remarkable that while in England, the Sunday ice has started decidedly to melt, and is melting more and more as this day is becoming more lively and agreeable, in Scotland no change is to be seen. On the contrary, reaction makes itself felt in some places, and the Sunday noose is tightened even stronger. Thus, last year, a small town of *Dannon* which lies some 45 versts from Glasgow on the northern bank of the Clyde made very serious attempt to interfere with the Sunday steamboat excursions. It is a very comfortable town, with a large and handsome quay, half a dozen churches, various orphanages, ruins of an old castle, monuments, and other attributes of every Scottish town. Some years ago, after the construction of its new quay was completed, Dannon was delighted enough that it opened it for the steamer which conducts the Sunday excursions. The summer of 1899 passed relatively peacefully. The steamboat would board during its voyage down the Clyde and on its return journey to Glasgow, and each time passengers would embark and disembark without delay. But the following summer the tourists began to experience certain privations. The citizens of Dannon must have started to repent of their liberalism but were too shy to acknowledge this to themselves, and instead of reversing their decision, they resorted to ruses and said that they had nothing against the steamboat stopping at the landing place in the morning but cannot permit it to stop on the way back in the evening, since the citizens of Dannon

are praying in church at this particular hour and the steamboat's whistle brings them into temptation, profanes the sanctity of the day and interferes with the church choir. It goes without saying that if the steamboat was prohibited from either receiving or unloading passengers in Dannon, there no visitors to Dannon would be able to come on a Sunday, which is why the steamboat administration decided to stop in Dannon in the evening after all but not to give such a loud whistle. The Dannon citizens, however, remained unhappy about this decision of the steamboat administration, and negotiations, disputes, and threats ensued. In the meanwhile, the "fair summer" was gone and the excursions ceased on their own accord. Then came the summer of 1910. The steamboat company which organised the Sunday excursions had especially high hopes for that summer. The exhibition was bound to attract numerous visitors to Glasgow, who had never before been on the Clyde and hence would be eager to go on the excursions. Many foreigners and Englishmen who served at the exhibition and did not know what to do with their spare time would be delighted at the opportunity to go on a boat trip to the islands lying in the so-called *Firth of Clyde*. However, this time the Dannon citizens were no longer in the mood for niceties; from the very start, they announced to the exhibitioners: "Find another spot for your trips", and prohibited the steamboat from stopping both during the return journey and during the journey down from Glasgow. The steamboat, nevertheless, ignored the prohibitions and resumed its Sunday visits to Dannon. The citizens then decided to lock the landing place from the side of the quay, but even that did not help, so that the steamboat continued to discharge and take passengers in Dannon.

I once embarked on one of these Sunday voyages down the Clyde, and I witnessed, so to say, with my own eyes this curious struggle between the conservative Sabbatarians and the modern disturbers of their peace. On our ship The Duchess of York were, among others, some 12 passengers who have only bought tickets as far as Dannon. The steamer moored at the landing at half past one, i.e. at the time when the citizens of Dannon were just finishing their Sunday dinner. But evidently, the approach of the boat caused them to hasten with their meal since the whole quay, along a stone wall, was full of onlookers. From the high mountain towering to the right of the quayside, several dozen young ladies in light-coloured summer dress were looking at us, rendering the whole view more picturesque and beautiful. But not a soul was to be seen at the landing place itself. The ticket office, the luggage and passenger rooms were locked and the exits to the quay closed and fenced. It felt like we were approaching some alien shore, some unknown land whose inhabitants had gathered to gaze at us but prefer to keep a distance between us and themselves. It was clear that we were not wanted, that, like the Europeans in the land of Blacks, we were forcing our way into their life, full of Sunday calm, quiet, and propriety. The disembarkation of the passengers was also more akin to an attack upon a hostile shore than a visit to the riverside country area. As soon as the steamboat was able to stop, the passengers and crew immediately jumped down and, equipping themselves with ropes, ladders, and gangways, ran to the one side of the landing place from which it was possible to reach the quay and evade all the various grilles and barriers. The boldest of the passengers even walked on the parapet, risking a fall into the water. The citizens of Dannon did not go beyond passive resistance. They had locked the landing site, and now let those stubborn passengers do what they like, let them break their necks and fall into the water, if they fancy it.

Such scenes of passenger disembarkation in Dannon were repeated, with slight variation, every Sunday. Many local citizens finally got tired of it, and they demanded that the town council either take

more drastic measures to guard their Sunday peace or open the landing place. After several hot debates, the council decided to "consult the law" to discover whether it might be possible to sue the steamboat company. When I was leaving Glasgow, this matter was yet to be settled. It goes without saying that the Glasgow exhibition was closed on Sunday and many Glaswegians, especially the pastors, were trying to procure a permission to hold services and deliver sermons in its main concert hall. All summer, the newspapers were debating the matter of allocating this concert hall for Sunday religious meetings, as if Glasgow had a dearth of premises to be used to this end. The exhibition committee, however, for various reasons remained deaf to all these requests, so that the Glaswegian preachers had to be content with staging religious meetings in the streets, near the main entrances to the exhibition, or in their own churches, having called them "exhibition meetings".

It is well-known that open-air religious meetings and disputes are a common Sunday phenomenon in the entire island of Great Britain. But nowhere are they more widespread than in Scotland, especially in Glasgow. The main place allocated to religious disputes in Glasgow is the *Glasgow Green* park, the only park here which is located almost in the city centre. It is a very large park, with an area of 130 acres, which plays in Glasgow's life the role that Hyde Park plays in London, i.e. it is a Glasgow forum where people rally to react to different situations arising in their public life. The favourite haunt of various disputants is, however, not the park itself but the square outside its gates. Here you can see many hundreds gathering each Sunday, breaking into small huddles and arguing loudly amongst themselves. As a rule, there are two or three people holding a debate in the centre of each huddle, surrounded by a mass of listeners who take an active part in the debate by voicing their approval or laughing. In London's Hyde Park, the majority of such debating groups are preoccupied with matters of political and overall secular nature. In Glasgow, the principal topic for debate is provided by the Bible and religion as a whole, although quite a number of worldly matters are covered as well. Having made your way with difficulty through a dense ring of listeners towards the centre of the huddle, you can hear a positively trivial argument about some obscure place in the Bible, which one person interprets in one way and another differently; or the matter might be whether genuine Danish butter or margarine is sold in Glasgow, whether Christ manifested Himself to people once or twice, whether Carnegie has donated everything he should have donated or whether it was only a part of the amount due, and so on: matters often suggesting either a limitless naiveté or a bookish scholarship. But sometimes one stumbles upon debaters who show a decent learning and even a depth of thought. If one keeps in mind that both the debaters and the public listening to them consists entirely of the common people, workers and small, very small traders and craftsmen, then one may well be struck by the high level of the manner and nature of the debate. To give some notion of these disputes, I will quote an excerpt from one of them which I happened to hear in *Glasgow Green* on a Sunday. It was a rainy and cold day; but there was the usual crown outside the park gates engaged in disputing. I stopped near one huddle and started to listen. It was a debate between a believer and an unbeliever; and when I came closer, I realised that the subject of the debate was provided by a line from the Gospel of Matthew: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels". The unbeliever denied the possibility of Christ having uttered these words. He quoted excerpts from the works by the prominent American writer Robert Ingersoll and resorted to psychological arguments.

"It is is a common psychological fact," he was saying, "that man is as responsible for his thoughts

as for the colour of his hair. How could Christ have condemned a person with a different way of thinking! This must be untrue!"

"Untrue!" the believer snarled, "not everything you don't understand is lies. You have to learn to read. You have read your Ingersoll and you think you understand everything, but in the Bible itself you can find an example of an unknown youth Daniel who surpassed all the magicians and soothsayers of Nebuchadnezzar's kingdom tenfold in his wisdom."

"Why would Christ say something that not every person can understand?" the unbeliever asked.

"Everyone can understand: He that has ears to hear, let him hear," the believer replied.

"And here I am, and I don't understand how He could condemn them."

"It's not a question of understanding but willingness. You are unwilling to understand, that's the thing. It is said: some fell upon stony places, and some fell among thorns, but other fell into good ground."

"That's what I am saying: Christ knew that beside good ground, there were also stony places which are not to blame because nothing can grow on them, so he couldn't have condemned them."

"And Job also had the same claims, for it is said: "Thou knowest that I am not wicked; and there is none that can deliver out of thine hand", but after that he still acknowledged the righteousness of the merciful God."

"What has Job got to do with me?" the unbeliever exclaimed at last impatiently. "I have my own mind and my own head. Job did not suffer for me, but for himself, and you have to answer my questions!"

"What can I tell you! The prophet Isaias said: "Because I knew that thou art obstinate, and thy neck is an iron sinew, and thy brow brass". What more do you want?"

The listeners burst out laughing and the disputants went their separate ways.

This snippet of conversation, which I tried to write down in my notebook right there on the square, is in some way a characteristic sample of Glaswegian religious disputes.

In their observation of Sunday alone, the Scots betray their own national character, deeply serious, stubborn, and not alien to a certain lofty sternness; but the Scottish nationality also makes itself felt in other ways, to which I shall now move.

IV. The Scottish Nationality

The Scots still believe themselves not only to be a nation separate from the English but also a much better and higher race, and they dislike very much to be called English... The English themselves, however, only

chuckle at these Scottish pretensions, and always make fun of the Scots' passion for appropriating all the British talents and celebrities of note. "The Scots even speak better English than we do", joke the English, who are much more cosmopolitan, tolerant and, one may say, well-bred that their brothers across the border. It has to be said that the Scots like to lay their claim to famous people not just in Britain, but also overseas, even in Russia. One Scotsman earnestly tried to persuade me that General Skobelev was of Scottish origin,[1] on the grounds that the family name Scobell was very widespread in Scotland, although there are many Scobells living in the south of England.

However, it is only in Scotland itself that the Scots' national feeling really comes to the fore. Outside it, the Scots mix well with the English, and one can hardly notice any external manifestation of separatist sentiment. When they are at home in Scotland, matters are very different indeed. The word "*Englishman*" here means precisely an Englishman in the geographical sense of the word, i.e. a native of that part of the Great British isle which lies to the south of the Cheviot hills. If a Scotsman wants to express his allegiance to the English state as a whole, he uses the word "*British*" or "*Britain*" which encompasses all the peoples of the kingdom and empire. For instance, early last summer Lord Salisbury[2] provoked a strong protest amongst some Scots by using the expressions "English Empire" and "English military forces" in a speech he gave at the time. The *Glasgow Herald*, the main Glasgow newspaper and organ of the governing party, published several incensed letters, in one of which some disgruntled Scotsman wrote as follows: "The most insulting thing about it is that the Lord's speech travelled around the entire civilised world and so our name was not given its due, and the agreement signed by our trusting ancestors is deliberately ignored by the English. When will Scotland awake and put an end once and for all to the serious violation of our national honour and independence? I usually voted for the Unionists, but as a patriotic Scotsman, I feel it my duty now not to have anything to do with party politics, and I am surprised that any Scotsman can support a party whose chief goal seems to consist solely in destroying our nation. This supremely insulting speech (by Lord Salisbury) should have been taken up by the recently established Scottish Patriotic Association, if the latter were not already so preoccupied with the matter of the King's title."

Of course, the author of this letter is an extreme manifestation of national patriotism. The majority of Scots do not take so much to heart the question of whether Salisbury used the word "English" instead of "British". It is, however, beyond doubt that every Scotsman would find more or less jarring a reference to the "English" rather than the British Empire.

It is telling that the author of the above-quoted letter, clearly an ardent Scottish patriot, is nevertheless ironic about the recently created Association, whose patriotism is unlikely to be more circumscribed than that which fills his own heart. The Association was established not so long ago, primarily in order to protest against the King adopting the title of Edward VII. I unexpectedly found myself at one of the meetings held by this Association when I was taking a walk in the environs of Stirling on Saturday, the 15th of June. Here stands a kind of village or town, called Bannockburn, known for the fact that 685 years ago a battle was fought in its vicinity in which the Scottish King Robert Bruce defeated the English King Edward II.

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[1] Mikhail Skobelev (1843-1883) was one of the best-known Russian generals of the nineteenth century, responsible for the conquest of Central Asia and famous for his role in the Russo-Turkish war.

[2] Lord Salisbury was Conservative Prime Minister until 1902.

I must confess that I did not learn about this historic site until after I had already visited Bannockburn. What drove me there was not history, but geography, or more precisely, topography, since I could see from the map that this was a place abundant in charming views and lying near to the railway line from Glasgow to Edinburgh. So I decided to alight from the train carriage here and walk around until evening, when it would be time for me to return to Glasgow. Well, as I was taking my rest at an inn on the outskirts of Bannockburn, I noticed from the window either a procession or simply a crowd of tourists and local people, who were heading for a large field behind the inn. In the van went a wagon carrying an old man dressed in national Scottish costume and some other people, with two bagpipe players walking behind it and playing some march. Behind them followed men, women and children. Along the way I could see other people meet the wagon and join in, so that the crowd grew bigger and bigger.

"What is happening?" I asked the innkeeper.

"A Patriotic Association meeting," he answered; and he explained to me that they had a historic field there. "They usually gather here," he told me, "for various patriotic demonstrations which are concerned with Scotland alone. Once every two or three years we have large gatherings here with musical and vocal performances, all of them national; there is dancing, sports, different physical exercises. Sometimes gatherings organised by the local antiquities preservation society can last an entire week. Some people come and some people go."

This came as complete news to me. I had never suspected that there was such a Scottish Olympus, and of course I hastened to the historic field. The meeting was chaired by some pastor, who opened it with a speech discussing the essence of the matter. It turned out that the Prince of Wales deeply offended the patriotic feelings of some Scots by adopting the title of Edward VII upon ascending the throne, since "Edward VII" continues after "Edward VI", who was a king of England alone, and not Great Britain. "The fact that the King forsook the good name of Albert and adopted the name of Edward VII was not only a surprise for everyone," the pastor was saying, "but it also delivered a heavy blow to many Scotsmen. Such a title falsifies the history of Scotland, and its adoption is an unprecedented insult for our country. Scotland never had a king called Edward VI and so it cannot have an Edward VII."

Of course, the Patriotic Association did not hesitate to appeal to the King himself, but he left the petition unnoticed, although to pacify the Scots, he decided to visit Edinburgh immediately after his coronation and to give a feast in the historic *Holyrood Palace*. The pastor is convinced that the blame lies with the King's councillors who, in the speaker's words, "may have their particular reasons" for letting the King ignore the Association's plea. The latter however, cannot let the matter lie and so it has decided to draw up a letter of protest and offer it to all Scotsmen to sign. The plan is to present the letter to the King before the coronation, then have it bound and left for preservation in some public archive or museum, "so that even our descendants would know about the injustice inflicted on us". Then the meeting chairman immediately and loudly read out the protest text to be signed, which concluded with the statement that it was made not only in the interests of historical truth and Scottish national rights, but also in the interests of British unity, brotherhood, and peace.

After the chairman some schoolteacher took the floor, who seemed, as they say, to have an axe to grind against teachers from England being invited to Scottish schools and "spoiling the purity of our language". A few other people spoke; but the most interesting orator was a gentleman dressed in national costume who finished his speech with a certain melodramatic effect. He drew a dagger from the sheath

hanging over the side of his kilt, brandished it high over his head, then kissed it and solemnly announced: "I swear that I shall never recognise the sovereignty of any Edward VII, King of Great Britain!"

The public must have really liked the oath pronounced with such theatrical solemnity and it merrily greeted it with a thunderous ho-orray!

But this old man with his anti-royalist oath is more of an eccentric and an odd bird than a genuine representative of Scottish separatism. In reality, politically speaking the Scottish nation has merged with the English so closely that it can have no separatist sentiment in this respect. On the contrary, as we shall see later, Scotland identifies itself politically with the whole of the British Empire to a greater extent than Wales does and perhaps even England. Scotland's insularity finds expression not in politics, but in its society, its traditions and the feeling of national pride. It has preserved and jealously guards its national songs and melodies, its traditional costumes, musical instruments, its language and folk customs. At the Exhibition in Glasgow, a visitor could listen daily to real Scottish music, played on the national *bagpipe*. And this music was not performed as an Exhibition rarity or national curiosity but as the traditional programme of entertainment of any Scottish gathering, as a necessary attribute of the popular spirit. There are bagpipe orchestras, not to mention individual musicians, in every town, if not in every village. At the Exhibition, these orchestras succeeded one another every week, and when a week happened to pass without one the public grumbled; complaints appeared in the newspapers about disregard for "our good Scottish music", and the Exhibition committee hastened to rectify their fault.

To tell the truth, this is a kind of music to which it is better and more pleasant to listen at a considerable distance, and certainly not every day. Like all primitive music, the Scottish variety is very monotonous and reminds one of a never-ending story.[3] Each piece can be drawn out endlessly, and the finale is only signalled by the drums and bagpipes suddenly ceasing from playing all at once. All Scottish musical pieces for the drums are divided into three genres: marches, *strathspeys* and *reels*. There is hardly any difference between them in terms of tune, and all comes down to the difference in tempo. The same piece will be a march if it is played *moderato*, a strathspey if it is played *allegro*, and a reel if it is played *presto*. Scots can stand around and listen to this peculiar music for hours; an unaccustomed person may get tired after the first ten minutes of this monotonous bagpipe humming and rumbling of the drums. Then again, even the Scots themselves are unable to bear it in large quantities, as can be seen from the following rather good parody of the Exhibition programme published in one of the Glasgow newspapers:

"9.30 a.m. Entrance to the Exhibition is open. – 9.31. The bagpipers begin. – 10.30. The bagpipers play in the North pavilion. – 11.30. The bagpipers in the South pavilion. – 12.30. The bagpipers in the East pavilion. 1.30 p.m. 15 minutes of respite for the visitors. – 1.45. The bagpipers again. – 2.30. More bagpipers. – 3.30. The bagpipers march right. – 4.30. The bagpipers march left. – 5.30. The visitors march on their own heads. – 10. Closing of the Exhibition. – Midnight. The public is paralysed: everyone is gripped by nightmare; the bagpipers celebrate victory."

From this parody, poured from the heart of a worn out journalist who was duty-bound to stay at the Exhibition the entire time, the reader can see, among other things, that Scottish bagpipers march as well as play. Indeed, Scottish music has to be watched as well as listened to. Sounds are only a detail in its

[3] In Russian, literally 'The Tale of the White Bull-calf', which has become proverbial for a topic that is returned to incessantly.

interesting picture. The bagpipe players are usually dressed in national costumes, since playing a national instrument in ordinary dress would be considered a sort of profanation of the native art, just as some would consider a church service conducted without the appropriate vestments and stoles a profanation of religion. Moreover, some of the pieces, namely the marches, are played on the go. The sight of such an orchestra is always very appealing. Tall and stately musicians in Highlander costumes, their tartans blowing in the wind, march like soldiers back and forth on some platform, with a drummer in front who carries an enormous drum, and all of them together playing with unbounded spirit and captivating abandon a warlike and never-ending story.

But apart from this music of the bagpipers, the Scots have also preserved genuinely fine singing melodies that have spread far across Great Britain and Ireland. The Exhibition visitors in Glasgow had a chance to hear them performed by the best Scottish choirs, with a new choir singing in the concert hall nearly every day, and sometimes several choirs at once. In that respect, Glasgow, and Scotland as a whole, proved remarkably rich. One finds every kind of choir, amateur and professional, here! University, school, church, private amateur, orphanage choirs, choirs of temperance associations and mutual aid societies, Co-operative, trade union, and many other choirs of every imaginable stripe. Every church, every district of the city of Glasgow and then nearly every village sent their male and female singers to the Exhibition, and although the repertoire of all these choirs was by no means restricted to national songs, national music – old and new – did prevail. As for the lyrics of the songs, it goes without saying that almost all of Robert Burns – the foremost national bard of Scotland – has been put to music. His song *Auld Lang Syne*, in which a lover with touching simplicity remembers bygone happy times, has become the customary drinking and farewell song at formal gatherings in England as well as in Scotland. In fact, the poet himself thought this song to be ancient, written down from the words of an old man. Its tune is also old and has long been known as an expression of the sadness of parting, and it seems to have stuck to the words of Burns's song effortlessly, like pollen blown on the wind to a flower's pistil. Usually, when *Auld Lang Syne* is sung at the end of a farewell dinner, the guests rise and hold each other's hands crossed (the right hand in the right hand of the neighbour to the left, and the left in the left hand of the neighbour to the right), like links in a single chain.

The second poet whose songs have become national is Walter Scott. His ballad "*Macgregor's Gathering"*, put to an old tune that used to be sung by members of the clan Macgregor, has become the Scottish Marseillaise. You can hear it at all workers' meetings, at crowded political rallies, at election gatherings and in general at festivities which have to do with struggle, social questions and popular interests. I heard it many times during my sojourn in Glasgow and every time it made an unspeakably strong impression on me. The melody is full of stern grandeur and sweeping passion, but at the same time it is permeated by the poetry of the Scottish landscape, that soft melancholy inspired by calm lakes hemmed in by ever-billowing mountain mists.

Then gather, gather, gather Grigolach!
Gather, gather, gather!

The choir is booming and you can almost hear the pounding feet of the gathering Highlanders and the clanging of the heavy armour of bygone centuries.

But apart from Burns and Scott, those giants of national song, the Scots also have many other pure folk singers, whose works have become so popular, so blended with vernacular art that they have even outlasted the names of their creators. Few now remember the name of Anne Barnard, daughter of the Scottish Earl of Balcarres of Fife, although the whole of Scotland sings and knows her beautiful ballad "*Auld Robin Gray"*. The name of Clerk (1680-1755) is also forgotten although at least a fifth of the Scottish population knows his comic song "The Miller" by heart. Only specialists now recognise the names of Ramsey, Blair and other 17th and 18th-century poets, although their works are alive and fresh in the popular memory.[4]

All this poetry, albeit purely Scottish, is accessible to Englishmen because, local expressions notwithstanding, its language is still English. However, the Scots have an entire area of poetry which is completely inaccessible to Englishmen: that written in the Old Celtic (Gaelic) language. Even today, the entire population of the Highlands and the islands of Scotland speak and write this language. Even in Glasgow there are churches with services in Gaelic. And the Highland Scots who have preserved this language consider themselves to be the only native Scots, while the "Lowlanders", i.e. the inhabitants of the south and east of Scotland, are only half-breeds.

The support and preservation of national music and literature, and all national antiquities generally, has become the task of a society known as *The Highland Association*, whose main aim is to preserve and promote the Gaelic language. Once a year this society organises a choir and soloist competition and awards prizes for literary works in Gaelic. Last year (1901), the Association's annual meeting was held in Glasgow. There was competitive singing during the day, and in the evening a public concert took place at the Exhibition concert hall, in which all choirs and individual singers who won awards at the competition took part. This was probably the most interesting concert at the Exhibition during the entire summer. All male and female choir members occupied the back part of the stage. The forestage was allocated to two orchestras, one string and the other with bagpipes and drums. The string musicians were wearing tailcoats, but the bagpipers were, of course, dressed in national costume. Among the public that filled the stalls and the galleries, there were many people also dressed in Highlander costumes, which offered a huge variety of detail.

It is well known that the main elements of the Scottish or, as the Scots themselves call it more accurately, Highland dress, are a short knee-length skirt (*kilt*) and a short caftan with metal buttons and lace cuffs. Sometimes this caftan has a waistline, as becomes a proper caftan, and sometimes it is tailored like a long suit coat, without a waistline. A dagger hangs on a wide belt below the waistcoat, under the caftan, sometimes accompanied by a knife, a spoon, and a fork. All these items are hidden in sheaths and cases around the belt, over the front of which hangs a pouch (*sporran*) made of badger skin and decorated with tassels and silver. The footwear is boots or shoes worn over chequered hose made of thick wool, tied under the knees with a coloured ribbon. On the head there sits a "*bonnet*" – a brimless hat reminiscent of a tricorne with its back and front ends cut off. A feather sticks out from the side of the "bonnet" and a shiny buckle. Sometimes, a round soft hat without a peak is worn instead of the bonnet. Then, a long plaid (tartan) is attached to the left shoulder, whose colour and pattern depends on the clan to which the costume's owner belongs. National dress was banned in Scotland in 1747 because of the Jacobite rebellion

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[4] Rapoport is referrring to Sir John Clerk, Allan Ramsay (1686-1758) and Robert Blair (1699-1746).

and was punishable on first offence by six months' imprisonment, and on second offence by an exile of seven years. But this persecution did not last long, and national costumes were again worn publicly with impunity in the 1760s. The ban was formally lifted in 1782. However, the lifting of the ban came a little late because Scottish national dress had by then completely fallen out of fashion, and is yet to become fashionable again. Nowadays only children in Scotland wear the national dress as their everyday attire, and even that happens quite rarely. Adult Scotsmen wearing the national costume, apart from soldiers of national regiments and volunteers, can be more easily met with in London than in Glasgow. The wearing of the "kilt" (skirt) has become an eccentric act, a showing-off of one's patriotism that is quite superfluous where everyone is a patriot.

It is remarkable, however, that only male national dress has survived in Scotland. At any rate, only a few female singers at the above-described meeting of the *Highland Association* wore tartans descending from the left shoulder. And these were pinned to ordinary ballroom gowns and were hardly a direct replica of ancient costumes worn by Celtic women.

The music, however, was entirely and unquestionably Scottish. First the bagpipers, as one might expect, played their never-changing marches, strathspeys and reels, after which the President of the Association, the young Marquess Graham, dressed in national costume, gave a speech. At first he gave his condolences to the American people for the assassination of President McKinley, then moved on to the beauty and significance of Old Celtic songs and music, and finished by expressing his hope that the lovers of antiquity would try to provide for those Scotsmen who wanted to dedicate themselves to the teaching of the Gaelic language. After this, the Secretary of the Association read out the list of persons who won awards for literary works, the awards were presented, and the programme concluded with the singing of the choirs, the male and female soloists, and a recital by the string orchestra, which performed the same endless and monotonous "strathspeys" and "reels".

V. Scottish Politics

Nationalist in its songs, literature, and, as some would claim, in its painting, Scotland is nevertheless extremely Imperialist in its politics, and in that respect it is not self-contradictory but on the contrary, brings its nationalism to its logical conclusion. It is Imperialist precisely because of its narrow nationalism. It is well-known that politically, Scotland finally merged with England in 1707 following an accord between the Westminster and Edinburgh Parliaments. The latter, as it were, let itself be transferred to London, preserving for Scotland the independence of the state church, schools, and the court. This is why Scotland does not believed itself to be, and has never effectively been, a defeated nation, but rather thinks of itself as the dominant, senior partner in Great Britain, whose glory and might it sees primarily as the glory of Scotland alone or for the most part Scotland. Having introduced its national identity into its politics, it unwittingly falls into the same excessive and unpleasant Jingoism, which is typical of all the so-called nationalists. A Scotsman in politics is no longer a soft sentimentalist sighing over his native highland groves and lakes, his mountain rills and mists, but a dry, proud, haughty man for whom all other nations are nothing but wretched rabble. There may be some decent folk among them somewhere, but they would still be as far from Scotsmen as the earth is from the sky. There is only one chosen people, and this people

happens to occupy the most picturesque corner of the globe, have the best literature and poetry in the world and the bravest and most doughty heart. There are no other soldiers in the world beside the highland brigades. Who marched through the Dargai Gorge in India's North-West Frontier playing their pipes under a hail of bullets from the local tribes if not the Scottish soldier? Who lay down their lives at Magersfontein in South Africa if not the Scottish Brigade and Wauchope its glorious leader? (I heard this entire tirade about Scottish soldiers once at a rally in Whitechapel, in London, from Dewar, a famous Scottish millionaire distiller, now an MP from Whitechapel). Wherever and whenever Great Britain is in need of people who know no fear and who are ready to perish for the motherland, she is sending the "Highlanders".

It is not surprising that under the influence of this haughty attitude, Scotland has shown itself to be more nationalist than England in the war with Transvaal. All the Scottish newspapers, conservative and liberal, took the side of Imperialism. Only a single influential paper from Dundee remained faithful to the high traditions of the erstwhile Scottish liberalism.

It has to be said that at the bottom of their hearts, all Scots are Radicals. As a purely Protestant country which has never known any political oppression, it is free from the gloom that obscures the minds of Catholic and dependent peoples. A free, unbounded independence has become an unalienable aspect of the Scottish character. A Scotsman simply does not understand how people can live and breathe without free institutions and a wide public life. All issues, national or local, are solved by communal effort, and every commoner believes himself to be entirely interested in the common causes. This is why the Conservative Party, which is in theory anti-progressive, has never had a firm foothold in Scotland. The English Liberal Party had long believed Scotland to be its stronghold, an entailable property of the Liberals. But the Irish Home Rule Bill of 1885 had dealt a considerable blow to the cause of the Liberal Party. The Protestant, Anti-Papist Scotland is least of all friendly towards the Catholic Ireland. Scotland mistrusts Catholicism, suspects it of every deadly sin, and believes it capable of any horrors. While the English Unionists, Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Salisbury, and their followers spoke out against the Home Rule for political reasons, Scotland was frightened of the Home Rule for reasons to do with the church and religion. It saw the Home Rule as an attempt, or at least an opportunity for the Papist rule to be re-established in England, for Scottish Protestants to be persecuted and maybe even for the Age of Inquisition to return. This entirely church-related matter is mixed up with a certain economic and social element. More and more Irishmen are settling in Scotland, especially in Glasgow, where there are up to 60,000 or 70,000 of them. As the poorest and most ignorant part of the population, they live in conditions which are dirtier and more squalid than those enjoyed by the Scots, and for that reason the latter, even the poorest ones, tend to look down on the Irish.

"We have all decent families in our street, only the one Irish woman in No. so-and-so," I was once told by my Glasgow landlady, herself only a labourer's wife; but she pronounced "*Irish Woman*" with such a grimace and made such a gesture of derision with her hand as if she herself were the Queen and the other woman lower than a court washerwoman.

Not commanding any love or special respect, the Irish therefore were least likely to count on the Scots' support. One has to understand how deeply each Scotsman feels the alienation from Papism or, to

put it straight, the feeling of hatred and scorn towards it to appreciate the role of the church in the Home Rule issue. In England, as I have observed before, people are on the whole more tolerant. There are hundreds of thousands of Catholics amongst the English themselves, and there are never any religious riots or fights in England. The Protestants can even witness the Catholic street processions calmly, and although the latter are, strictly speaking, banned, they never meet with any obstruction. Street services and sermons conducted by the Catholics are listened to with the same indifference as speeches by Anti-Catholics. In London's Hyde Park, one can see two crowds listening peacefully to two religious antagonists who speak against one another, and a speaker can only meet with resistance or protest from the crowd if he crosses the line of derision and abuse. Not so in Scotland. A Catholic street procession here causes rioting and bloodshed. Sermons against the Pope or for him are delivered under strong police protection. Thus, when I visited the *Glasgow Green* on a Sunday, I was surprised to see a multitude of policemen, whole columns of mounted and foot guards. It turned out they were gathered there to prevent unrest which was expected because a famous Anti-Papist was due to deliver a religious sermon. In this respect, Glasgow is not so different from Belfast or Dublin, where religious unrest is a common consequence of attacks by Catholics on Protestants or by Protestants on Catholics.

This is why Scotland, remaining deeply Liberal and even Radical, nevertheless turned away from the Liberal Party because of the Home Rule, and has been sending more and more supporters of Chamberlain to the Parliament since 1886. During the election of December 1886, Scotland voted for 62 Liberals and 10 Conservatives. The political map printed at the Times, which showed the Liberal Party in white and the Tories in dark hatching, represented Scotland as almost entirely white, with only Glasgow and its nearest seaside counties of Dumbarton and Renfrew, and two tiny marginal spots at the Southern border of Scotland, being the only dark hatched spots. But as little as six months after that, at the 1886 election, Scotland elected 29 Conservatives out of its 72 MPs. In 1895, it seemed to revert again to the Liberal Party, electing 50 Liberals and 22 Conservatives, but after Gladstone's second attempt to create a Home Rule, it became even more Conservative, electing 33 Conservatives and 39 Liberals, while in 1900, it elected 38 Conservatives and 34 Liberals, which means that the current majority of Scottish MPs are Conservative or more correctly, Unionist. Of course, the main reason for the Conservative Party's victory in the last elections was the Transvaal War, which made Imperialists out of all Scots, even those who belonged to the Liberal Party. Things have changed to the extent that the huge city of Glasgow, which has two morning and three evening newspapers, has not a single one which could be called a Liberal mouthpiece on any grounds. All newspapers published in Glasgow are unconditional supporters of the militaristic policy. It has to be said that a third morning paper, *The Daily Mail*, which was published in Glasgow until mid-June 1901, was still calling itself Liberal out of habit. And indeed, it maintained a point of view somewhat independent from the dominant mood. But in the case of the Boer War, even that newspaper joined the Jingoes, and there was indeed no difference between it and the other, openly Conservative, papers. In the middle of June the newspaper was sold to the Harmsworth Firm, which merged it with its own paper called *The Daily Record*, thus forming *The Daily Mail and Record.* This latter one, which costs half a penny, is published in the same spirit and the same way as the other newspapers owned by Harmsworth, which has the London *Daily Mail* and other newspapers in different English cities. The company publishes "Liberal", "Conservative", "Unionist" etc. papers, but strictly speaking, it does not tow any political line and is directed entirely by market demand. At the moment, or rather, a year or two ago Imperialism was

very much in vogue, so all the Harmsworth editions are Imperialist.

The *Scotsman*, an influential newspaper which is well-known in England is published in Edinburgh. It used to be Radical before 1885; since then it has drifted towards Unionism and is getting closer and closer to the Conservatives. Now the *Scotsman* is a most ardent proponent of the Salisbury-Chamberlain ministry.

However, it would do the Scots a great disservice if one were to say that they are all without exception chauvinists or Jingoists. One has to remember that such an anti-Imperialist as John Morley is an MP for the Scottish town of Montrose, or that the leader of the Liberals Sir Campbell-Bannerman, who is such an energetic supporter of the peaceful policy, is elected from Stirling, which is also in Scotland, while he himself is a patriotic Scotsman. Even in Glasgow, that nest of Imperialism, I had a chance to witness rallies and speeches touching in their sincerity and striking in the spirit and bravery with which the speakers denounced the war; full houses of listeners would often burst into uproarious applause. Of course, these sketches of mine can only deal in superficial observations, the main trends and the most eye-catching phenomena. So Jingoism comes inevitably to the foreground. Thus, at the Glasgow exhibition the most popular numbers of the cinematograph (or, as it was called at the exhibition, the "biograph") were patriotic and military pictures. The biograph shows were held every evening and the public was always crowding at the doors in their thousands. The onrush of the viewers to these performances was so great that the exhibition administration had in the end to resort to charging an entrance fee, but even that did not help, and the "biograph" continued to attract many more viewers than the hall could even contain, and it could easily accommodate up to 4,000. These performances inevitably consisted of some portraits and scenes from the Transvaal war interspersed with various other scenes of, shall we say, civil and homely character. So the public would sometimes watch calmly, with only a few shouts of satisfied curiosity, a train speeding across Canada, diving into tunnels or running under a steep cliff, or cutting through a deep wild forest; they would watch with quiet dignity an elephant taking its morning bath or a Negro woman washing her black Negro baby in a trough, and other pleasant and light-hearted pictures brought to life on the screen by the magic lamp. But once the screen started to show the meeting between Baden-Powell and Roberts, the return of General Buller, the raising of the British flag over the government building in Pretoria, and other views of that nature, the public would burst into wild applause, shout, scream, and in general lose their cool as if they had been shown a God knows what amazing trick.

An outside observer could have no sympathy with this warlike fervour which had to produce an entirely false impression of a people who live least of all by military interests and whose greatness and power do not lie in military victories but in education and the public culture. Now we shall move on to that antidote to chauvinism.

VI. Popular Education

Every visitor to the city of Glasgow notices the University of Glasgow; the visitors of the Glasgow

exhibition could not fail to see it. The University building was only separated from the exhibition by a light iron railing, and standing as it does on a height with a tall tower soaring over its pediment, it dominated over the entire panorama of the exhibition. Both the University building and its life seemed to have merged with the life of the exhibition, and its spirit hovered over the entire enterprise just like its tall tower dominated over the general landscape. Every event at the University was an event for the exhibition, and vice versa, all prominent and important events at the exhibition reverberated through the University. The celebration of the 450th anniversary of the University of Glasgow, which fell on mid-June 1901, was partly a festival for the city and the exhibition, which staged banquets, receptions, fetes to mark the occasion. The Mayor of the City was awarded the degree of the Honorary Doctor of Law, and members of the Glasgow City Council were always present and had pride of place at all festivities held within the University, the festive "orations" of Lord Kelvin (the famous William Thompson), Professor Jung and Professor Smart (the first spoke about James Watt, the second about William Hunter, the founder of the University museum, and the third about Adam Smith), as well as at the degree conferral ceremonies and at other occasions. On the other hand, no city festivity would be conceivable without the presence of the *Principal* of the University.

And it could not be otherwise, because the University of Glasgow is, so to say, flesh of the flesh of the City of Glasgow. The University is not some special institution, separated from everything else, "belonging" to some Ministry or Department, but a public enterprise, a brother, if not a child, of the City Council. Whereas in Oxford or Cambridge the University is everything and the rest just serves it, or whereas in London, the University is just a small corner, an appendage of the Royal Academy, as before, or of the Imperial Institute, as now, the University of Glasgow is neither the city's king nor its slave, it is the city itself, the Glasgow society, the City Council, with which it has partly official ties, since the Mayor and one of the City Councillors are *ex officio* members of the *University Court*, which manages the administrative aspect of the University.

And the exhibition, being a public project of the City of Glasgow, by virtue of that very fact was a vital project for the University, which opened its halls and auditoria for members of various congresses and conferences convened in Glasgow because of the exhibition.

It was in that very summer of 1901, when the Glasgow exhibition was meant to showcase the richness of Scotland, that one Scotsman who had long been an American citizen decided to crown the cause of education in his native country and donated two million pounds sterling to make higher education in Scotland accessible to all students at all four of its universities. This, of course, was a considerable and important donation; but it has to be noted that higher education in Scotland has always been relatively accessible even for very poor people, and in any case, it has always been immeasurably cheaper than at the ancient English universities. Consequently, Carnegie's donation (and it is he who is mentioned here) could not have caused a revolution in the country's education. Aside from the fact that the fee for attending lectures at Scottish universities was rarely above 8-10 pounds a year, it was not always required, and many students did not pay anything and on top of that received various scholarships from the University. The University of Glasgow alone has up to 400 so-called *bursaries* (scholarships) totalling up to 100,000 roubles per year. Some of the bequeathed capital is in real estate which due to the rise in land prices in some cases has a value several time greater than its original worth. The University of

Edinburgh, founded 132 years after the one in Glasgow, is even richer in bursaries. This is why it is possible to see students in Scottish universities who spend their vacations labouring with their fathers in mines, farming fields, working in factories and doing other menial jobs. I myself was acquainted with one Doctor from Scotland, who as a student worked as a night porter for one of Glasgow's building contractors. Carnegie's millions helped to open even wider the doors which had been thrown open for a long time, so that now a young Scotsman who has some means for maintenance and a desire to study is completely free of any worries about paying for lectures.

It goes without saying that universities in Scotland, as well as in the rest of Great Britain and Ireland, are private corporations, independent from the state in both the ethical and the financial sense. They are created and supported by private donations and private initiative. For instance, in 1864 the University of Glasgow received government aid in the amount of 120,000 pounds sterling to construct a new building, whereas 261,429 pounds were raised from public subscription, and the total construction costs amounted to 520,329 pounds. The University of Aberdeen got £40,000 from the government for building an extension, and 100,000 more came from private sources. The Rector of the University of Glasgow has recently expressed in print the urgent need to expand the University premises used for laboratories, physiological experiments, etc., defining the expenditure roughly as £100,000; and now, while I was writing this report, I read in the papers that the Rector had announced at a rally in Glasgow that £63,000 out of the required sum had already been subscribed for in Scotland.

Each Scottish university is governed by its own Senatus Academicus, consisting of Professors and a Principal (Rector). The latter is elected by the "general council" which includes all persons involved in University scholarship, both Professors who have a learned degree and students. In this respect, Scottish universities are much more democratic than English ones, where students are excluded from the election of a Rector. Edinburgh University alone has long had no Senatus Academicus of its own, being governed by the City Council, but it has now secured its right to have an independent "academic senate" and has equal rights with the other Scottish universities.

Although we have no ambition whatsoever to offer in this survey an exhaustive account of Scotland and its public education, but since we have mentioned the universities, the following figures, which we obtained from the recently published university reports for the 1899-1900 academic year, will not be out of place. All in all, 6,187 people have studied at Scottish universities this year, 5,339 men and 848 women. The university with the smallest number of students was the University of St Andrews, which only had 353 male and 144 female students. The income of the universities was as follows in round numbers: the University of Edinburgh had 86,349 pounds sterling, the University of Glasgow had 57,837, the University of Aberdeen had 14,316, and the University of St. Andrews 56,100. It has to be said, however, that these income figures vary widely year on year depending on chance donations.

These hotbeds of higher education, like the higher technical establishments rest in Scotland on a very wide foundation of elementary and secondary education of which Scotland can justly be proud. In this respect, it is much better placed than its partner, i.e. England. Public education was a cause for concern and patronage for the government in Scotland long before it became so in England. Two hundred years ago, each parish was already mandated to have and maintain a school, while landowners

were obliged to provide land plots for houses and gardens for schoolteachers. It is not therefore surprising that the school system is much richer and the education itself much better here than in England. A public school, the so-called *board school*, is here attended by everyone on equal terms, whereas in England, middle-class children, i.e. those with more or less affluent parents, avoid it and attend private schools where they had to pay for tuition. In Scotland, only the richest, members of the highest echelon of the aristocracy, educate their children at home or in boarding schools, whereas the rest of the population do not consider it demeaning to use free education, i.e. supported by local and state taxes. When it comes to schools, Scotland has yet another advantage over England: the complete absence of religious agitation in the school "politics".

In England, especially in London, the Church of England, and to an extent the Nonconformist Church, stands as a huge obstacle, a horrible Cerberus in the way of public education. Having been before 1871, i.e. before the foundation of public schools, the only owner of elementary schools in England, the church can still not be reconciled with the loss of its influence and does everything in its power to reclaim it, by means of incessant agitation against *board schools* and by putting every obstacle in the way of their success and development. Nothing of the sort happens in Scotland. Here, the pastors are already accustomed to the fact that the school is administered by the parents themselves and that it is not a church concern. For this reason, for all the Scots' passion for church rows and arguments, religious debates and disputes, their school is completely free of any sectarian spirit, and the "school politics", which is such a concern for England, is not even known here. On the whole, Scotland spends over 16 million roubles (in the school year 1898-1899, Scotland spent 1,621,544 p. st.) on elementary education, including only the school tax and government assignations, and the spend per pupil was on average £2 12s. 2 1/2d.

But apart from higher, secondary, and elementary educational establishments, Scotland also has its own special institutions which combine education with entertainment. In Glasgow, the first amongst them is the local "Athenaeum". The English have grown very fond of this word. As we know, in Ancient Greece, an "athenaeum" was a temple in which poets and scholars were wont to read their works in front of a crowd of listeners. In England as well, almost every town has an "Athenaeum" of its own, which, however, does not always gather together poets and scholars for educational purposes. In London, for instance, there is an Athenaeum Club, where "scholars" and "poets" gather with the sole purposes of having a tasty dinner and playing billiards. In Manchester, the "Athenaeum" is an educational club for the youth alone; in other places, an "Athenaeum" may be a restaurant in which poets and scholars do not even set foot. The Glasgow Athenaeum, however, represents, so to say, a union of all these various Athenaeums and is so remarkable in terms of its organisation and goals that it merits a longer description. Its object, stated in its charter, is "*The object of the institution is to place within the reach of the public the fullest and most recent information on all subjects of general interest, whether commercial, literary, or scientific; to provide an agreeable place of resort in the intervals of business; to excite a taste for intellectual and elevating pursuits; and to secure the means of its gratification by affording the utmost facilities for systematic study in various branches of useful knowledge*".

The Glasgow Athenaeum was founded in 1847 by a group of young men and was originally very modest in size. But the institution must have offered a response to a vital need, so that now it occupies a large and handsome building in the very centre of the city, amongst stock exchanges, banks, and offices. Anyone who wishes to use it must be a member, a subscriber, or a pupil. A member must have a stake, which, apart from a certain interest (if there is any source for it) does not provide any dividends; all the net profits, after interest has been paid, are used for the benefit of the institution. Subscribers pay 1 guinea per year or 7 ½ shillings for a quarter of the year. Male and female pupils, who may not be younger than 16 years old, only pay for attending lectures. At present, the Athenaeum consists of a great number of huge and very comfortably furnished, lecture halls and study rooms. The reading room offers over 600 periodicals, including major foreign ones. The lending library has tens of thousands of volumes. Near it is a room for those who wish to read a book or a journal inside the institution itself. There is also a special room for writing, which is equipped with every writing implement and a number of very comfortable separate desks. The rich reference library has a room of its own, over the reading room gallery, and also has every amenity for those who want to work there and make the necessary notes. Several large halls are allocated to a restaurant which serves very good and cheap breakfasts, lunches, teas, and various snacks. There is also a smoking room, a billiard room, and a restroom where you can always use hot water which is served by means of a whole row of taps over marble basins; you can also use soap, clean towels, and various tidily kept toiletries free of charge.

Those who have a right to use the Athenaeum form different circles and clubs amongst themselves within its walls, for which special rooms are allocated. There is a chess club, a dramatic art club, clubs for the learners of French, German, and Spanish. Because of all the amenities it provides, the Athenaeum attracts as subscribers men young and old, as well as men of office, traders, stockbrokers, and other so-called "*businessmen*", as well as retired merchants and civil servants and other "pensioners" and persons without any definite occupation. For some, the Athenaeum is only an extension of the stock exchange, since here they can meet all the "buyers" and "sellers" they need, and it is equipped with a telephone, telegraph machines, a post box, and couriers. All stock exchange, political, and any other news sent by the major telegraph agencies and automatically printed by machines installed here, are immediately displayed in the reading room on stands specially made for the purpose. It goes without saying that only the more mature subscribers use these telegrams. The young spend the day serving at various offices and seldom comes to the Athenaeum before the evening, when most of the classes are scheduled, although there are afternoon courses as well. In terms of their scope and content, the courses taught here are intended for those young men who want to prepare for exams which would enable them to enter government service or a university, i.e. for those prospective university students who want to obtain an academic degree; those who do not wish to read for a degree do not need to take the university entrance exam. Lately, the Athenaeum has been paying attention to the teaching of commercial subjects, as well as new languages. There is also a music school here, the best in Glasgow, and the pupils of this school give several concerts a year for the benefit of charitable organisations.

All it all, there were 2,339 students attending different Athenaeum course over the past academic year, i.e. between 1 September 1900 and 31 August 1901, of which 1,784 in the winter term

and 555 in the summer term. The music school had 1.266 pupils. There were also 2,584 pupils. Subscribers are persons of either sex, but those who wish to subscribe must be recommended by persons known personally or by virtue of their position to the institution manager. While in Glasgow, I also made temporary use of this institution, which offered a combination of an excellent club, restaurant, library, reading room, and a place for literary work and meeting friends, and I could only regret that my age and pursuits during my stay in Glasgow left me no opportunity to take up violin lessons. I may have learned even that there!

In the matter of organising their Athenaeum, the Glaswegians reflected, on a smaller scale, what they showed in a much more complex and wide-ranging matter of city administration. In the arrangement of their club and educational establishment in the midst of the city's trading whirlpool, and equally in the municipal organisation, the same public spirit, the same inimitable social instinct so well developed amongst the Scots could be seen, something that is yet to evolve in nations where the individual initiative is suppressed.

VII. The Glasgow Municipality

Glasgow has long had an image of an abominable city. The tourists have long dismissed it and utterly tarnished its reputation. And the tourists are partly right. Indeed, from their point of view Glasgow just would not do. Imagine a cheerful person who has heard a lot about the wonders of Scottish nature and comes with a special purpose to enjoy them. Being hardly two steps away from these sights, he is first of all confronted with a huge city, where, one might say, not a snatch of "nature" can be found, and which is nothing but a sprawling mass of stone and factory chimneys, chimneys without end, in the south and north, the east and west, which spew forth whole clouds of smoke with abandon. It is only natural for the tourist to be disappointed and his first impression to be most disagreeable. If, God forbid, the tourist is an "inquisitive" fellow, a pen-pushing journalist or a scatterbrain Frenchman looking for "impressions", then, before he even goes to bed after a long journey, he will ride on the roof of the horse tram around all the main streets of the city and collect his "terrible evidence". From his seat, he will not fail to observe a barefoot boy selling matches on the corner, houses populated doubtless by paupers, the drunks and the ragamuffins - and his sentence is thereby complete, especially if it happens to drizzle at the time: Glasgow is a city of drunks and paupers, is shrouded in grime and fog, full of slums and crawling with street beggars and prostitutes. Thus, the shallow chatterbox *Max O'Rell*, who spent a whole of a day and a half living in Glasgow, in his book "*L'Ami Mac-Donald"* could only compare this city with a "grim dungeon which Satan appoints for the sinners". "This," he says, "is a nest most virulent, most yellow (?), most black and dirty and most stinking in which a man ever had to live".

Of course, Glasgow's exterior leaves much to be desired. Like all cities in the West of Scotland, it is not built of brick but of grey stone, which gives to its buildings a look of imposing, somewhat austere grandeur, but also makes them a little ponderous and extremely monotonous. You will not see any bright colours or architectural flourishes here. The entire colour scheme consists of the shades of grey

stone which changes with time. A newly-constructed building will be light grey, and an old one will be dark grey, and there is a whole range of shades of the same grey stone in between. Against this dark grey background, all architectural details and all features of individual buildings, are lost from view. The streets as well, with one or two exceptions, are never livened by the green of trees, whose absence is especially striking when one arrives from England, where even in London, every house has its "garden", its tree that can be seen from the street or from the back yard. However, Glasgow has splendid parks; but all of them, with the exception of the *Glasgow Green*, are located far from the city centre and can be considered suburban.

Then, the whole architecture of Glasgow houses is little resembling an English town. The houses are multi-storeyed, with each family occupying a flat in a single storey, like on the Continent. The majority of buildings populated by labouring families or small tradesmen, have no hallways; instead, narrow open corridors lead to the staircases directly from the street. On the whole, such a building is reminiscent of a back wing of any St. Petersburg house, but in this case, the back wing faces the street, and behind it, in place of a cesspit, there is an open yard bordering on the yard of the house opposite or on the street. As you climb the staircase, you are faced with two doors on the landing of each floor, one on the right and one on the left, which lead to the flats. Each door will always have a copper plate with the name of the tenant, whether it be a schoolteacher, a merchant, or a day labourer. As you enter a flat, you will easily discover one characteristic which you will probably find nowhere except Scotland: the wardrobe-like beds. In the local parlance, such bedrooms are called a "*concealed bed*". Indeed, you are led into a parlour where there is a piano, a console mirror, and all the usual parlour furniture, and you think that a door in the corner leads to another room, a cupboard, or a wardrobe. In practice, however, one only needs to open this door to see the bedhead of a bed partly hidden somewhere in the wall beyond the door. In recent years, the City Hall has not been allowing such hidden niches to be built for reasons of hygiene and demands that they should be completely uncovered. So far, all the buildings had been constructed with such "concealed beds", which look like stone wardrobes with just one half of the door opening.

Nevertheless, if one casts aside the first impressions and gets to know Glasgow more closely, one's opinion about is is bound to be different. It will no longer seem "a grim dungeon" but appear a city most excellent in its organisation and urban administration – a city which serves as an example and sets the pattern for other municipalities both in Great Britain and overseas. Over the past few years, Glasgow has become a university of municipal organisation where all those who care about the improvement of big cities come to study.

A full description of all the occupations of the Glasgow City Council would require too much space, which I can hardly presume to have. I hope, however, that some facts and figures do not seem out of place here.

The municipal activities in Glasgow are especially remarkable since the city, despite its many centuries of history (since 1440 as a proper city, a *Royal Burgh*), has grown, as it were, suddenly, and in a short space of time, it had to deal with a matter which in other cities took years of surreptitious, gradual, and interrupted evolution. Like the student Frankenstein in Shelley's tale, seems to have

brought upon itself all its difficulties and problems, but unlike Shelley's hero, it was not daunted by them but with a remarkable energy and determination set about solving and removing them. As early as the late 18th century, the city decided that it needed to use the river Clyde which flowed through it towards the sea as a route for world trade, and started to deepen it and construct docks and a quay. A mere 50-60 years later, the Clyde, which was formerly a shallow rivulet, hardly usable even for flat-bottomed barges making their way into Glasgow, became a full-flowing and deep river up which even ocean-going steamers can sail as far as the *Glasgow Bridge*, where the main wharfs are. All in all, the city spent over 16 million pounds sterling on deepening and widening the river, out of which 5,500,000 are debt; but once its port was created, Glasgow seems to have made itself, and from a town with a population of 83,769 people according to the census of 1801 it became a city with a population of 735,906 people according to the 1901 census. If one counts its suburbs, the population will exceed 900,000. A city which had engaged in no sea trade before the start of the 19th century was by the end of the century counting the tonnages of ships loading and unloading in its port by millions. For instance, in 1900, the total tonnage of loaded ships amounted to 2,240,161 tons, and of unloaded ships to 1,452,023 tons, whereas the city's total income from the port administration amounted to over £500,000.

So this city, which grew so fast and which immediately attracted a huge labouring population from Ireland and highland Scotland, needed to obtain all the amenities, all the safety and hygiene which is now required of every municipal administration at the head of any cultured urban society. And Glasgow has complied with all requirements put to it, so far as it was possible.

Of course, the matter of primary importance for any city is water, and Glasgow gets its water, most agreeable for drinking and extremely pure, from Loch Katrine, a lake 34 miles away from the city. The entire water supply system is a pinnacle of engineering art. Water flows by tunnels and eight miles from the city is collected in colossal reservoirs 300 feet above the city and is hence distributed among water pipes under very strong pressure, which allows it to flow up to the tallest buildings and removes the need for pumping during fires. Last May, a new system of water tunnels was unveiled, so that now the Glasgow waterworks can bring 110,000,000 gallons of water from mountain lakes per day. Considering that the daily use of water amounted to around 55,000,000 gallons, Glasgow shall be served by its current water supply system even if its population grows twice. In the financial respect, the waterworks, owned by the city since 1866, proved very profitable, and a Glaswegian has to pay three times less for his wonderfully clean and harmless water than a Londoner does for water which is much inferior.

The city built its own gas works in 1869, and one can safely say that there is no other English city in which gas, both for lighting and for kitchen needs, was in such common use as it is in Glasgow. The city now supplies over 6,000 million cubic feet of gas per year. The number of gas meters installed by the city stood at 206,364 as of 31 May 1901.

A curious characteristic of lighting in Glasgow is that the city itself lights its house staircases. The workers who light street lamps must also oversee the lighting in staircases of private houses of their district. The city believes stairway lighting to be as important for the purposes of public safety as the lighting of streets and the maintenance of the police force.

Moreover, the city also leases and sells gas appliances for kitchens. As of 31 May 1901, it had 21,053 gas devices for heating and cooking leased to tenants and sold 1,384 such devices during the year. Over the past years, the city has also been actively engaged in providing electric lighting for streets and offering the supply of electricity to private subscribers.

Glasgow has proved itself very energetic and highly progressive when it comes to dwellings and the related cause of city sanitation. In this respect, like in many others, Glasgow has achieved astonishing results. It was the first city in Great Britain to obtain Parliament dispensation to repossess old derelict buildings and construct new ones at municipal expense. First of all, it decided to cleanse the most horrid nest of virulence at the very centre of the city, where it purchased a huge plot of land with the area of 88 acres (around 18 dessiatines), which was nearly completely covered with the most abominable slums. Houses here did not seem to have been constructed based on any definite plan but grew as the city itself grew and its population increased. One house was adjacent to the next; one storey was constructed over another, the former front and back gardens were covered up and divided into cages; this whole rotten and stifling quarter, which did not even have proper streets but some corridors, was one big Noah's Ark which was not carried by the waves but came to shore on the banks of the Clyde and continued to cram more and more inhabitants into its cabins. When the city started the cleansing and improvement of this quarter, it numbered 51,294 dwellers. The mortality rate was up to 38.64 per thousand every year, with considerably over one third of the deaths being caused by epidemics of diseases. The average density of population was around 600 people per acre, sometimes as high as 1,000. All in all, the occupancy of this plot was over seven times greater than any other part of the city. The demolition of the old houses proceeded gradually, as it was impossible to relocate their entire population at once, so the rejuvenation of the area assigned for cleansing was proceeding slowly; the plots cleared of old buildings were gradually sold and built up following a new rigid plan which placed the greatest emphasis on compliance with sanitary requirements. The entire reconstruction of this area, begun in 1866, is only now coming to an end. Then the City Council itself embarked on a construction programme and is now one of Glasgow's richest landlords. In total, as of the latest month of October (1901), it owned buildings it different parts of town with as many as 1,519 flats. It goes without saying that any municipal construction has to be intended nearly exclusively for the least affluent classes, so that the majority of the flats only consist of one or two rooms, with only 148 out of the 1,519 flats having more than three. The applications for renting a flat in a municipal building are classified according to the material situation of the prospective tenants, and those poorest are provided for soonest, such as menial and day labourers, etc. According to the census held by the City Council in the middle of the summer of 1901, it had 6,066 tenants living in its houses. The average monthly rent per room amounted to 11s. 3d., i.e. approximately six roubles per month; two rooms cost 18 shillings, and a three-room flat cost 24s. 6d. It has to be said, however, that even a one-room flat has a separate space for a bed, a hallway, a water closet, a cupboard, and a stove with gas cookers. Many buildings have steam heating.

Apart from *buildings* with *houses* for permanent tenants, the city council has also built and is maintaining doss-houses for persons without families and vagrants. All in all, last summer the city had shelters for 2,430 people, each of whom is provided with their own bed, completely separate from the

next, a lockable desk, a chair, and a clothes hanger, and finally, of course, clean bed linen. During the past reporting year, all the beds (over 96%) were occupied every night. All in all, the city can make £14,225 a year from dossers and in fact it made £13,711.

In 1896, the Glasgow City Council made another step towards solving the housing issue and opened the so-called *Family Home*, which is intended as a replacement of the *home* for orphans who have neither father nor mother. Apparently, the Glasgow "family home" is the only such municipal institution in Great Britain. Its purpose is to take care of children left without carers because of the death of a parent or for any other reason. In terms of its organisation and goals, the *Family Home* combines a nursery with an ordinary block of flats for working families. The house costs £17,000 and is intended for 160 families. A widower would pay 5s. 6d. per week for a room, and a widow would pay 4s. In exchange for this fee, the tenants can have free use of heating (steam), electric light, bathrooms and common rooms, such as the dining room, reading room, meeting room, children's playroom, concert room, etc. The widowers' rooms are cleaned by the servants, while widows are expected to do their own cleaning. When the parents go to work, the children are left in the care of nannies, three or four in number. The home administration also provides its tenants with food at special prices. The parents pay a separate fee for the children's daycare. In summer, when I visited this house, there were 80 widowers, 30 other adults, and 217 children living there. This experience of municipal childcare, however, has not been especially successful, as far as I could judge from a conversation I had with John Shearer, one of the most senior members of the Glasgow City Council and former Vice President of the Exhibition Committee.

"We have conducted this experiment," he told me, "but we are going to leave it at that. We have no intention of building any more "family homes". We need capital to establish them properly, because the tenants themselves are never able to cover all the costs. But if we raise the fees, we will not get any of the children who have been our main targets and who have the greatest need of our care. This means that the city has to incur losses every year, and Glasgow taxpayers do not like that. The success of any municipal endeavour is not assessed here by the moral good it brings, which are impossible to measure, but by its financial aspect. From this point of view, the *Family Home* has not met our expectations, although this year, the income has in fact exceeded the loss. There are, of course, council enterprises which never produce any monetary profits, such as, for instance, concerts in parks or the maintenance of these same parks; but such projects require direct consent or even demand from the taxpayer, which is not to be seen in the case of the Glasgow *Family Home*..."

Not thinking it possible to dwell here on other city enterprises, such as electric trams, libraries, the laundry in which the city does the washing for its public, the removal of sewage and its subsequent use as manure at a municipal farm, the organisation of Saturday public concerts, etc., I shall now move to the composition of Glasgow's city administration itself.

In Scotland in general, municipal organisation is considerably different from England; in Glasgow, it also has its own, purely local peculiarities, which you are unlikely to meet even in another Scottish city. The whole city is divided into 25 constituencies, each of which elects three city councillors. Thus, 75 people are elected directly by the population who produce around 123,000 persons entitled to vote, which depends on a property qualification. Around one sixth of voters are women. Apart from these 75 men,

the right to sit as members on the Glasgow City Council belongs to two representatives of ancient institutions which had long lost their importance and status and continue to exist as a tribute to tradition and because they possess considerable capitals. These are a merchant society known as the *Merchant House*, and a tradesmen's society known as the *Trades House.* Both these societies once used to be the main masters of the city, living bodies which possessed entirely creative and active properties, whereas now they are nothing but dead hulks without any municipal or class functions, only existing as legacies of bygone days and as charitable societies.

Then, the City Councillors elect from among themselves the "*bailies*", i.e. the city judges, and the Lord Provost, their chairman, who also performs the functions of a judge. None of the City Councillors or elected judges or the Lord Provost receive any remuneration. All the administrative and service functions are performed for free. The responsibilities of Mayor and Lord Mayor in England and of Lord Provost in Scotland are honorary. Their power is not above that of an ordinary City Councillor. Their only function is to preside at Council meetings and "represent" the municipal dignity and prestige. The Lord Provost of Glasgow is, of course, the first person in Glasgow, and you will be hard pressed to find a society or institution, from some young footballers' club to the University, which would not believe itself entitled to use his services. All religious and charitable rallies, public lectures, congresses of various societies, public representations, and anything which might seek some honorary person as its chairman or president or participant, addresses the Lord Provost. He opens markets, exhibitions, clubs; he found hospitals, orphanages, stock exchanges, museums, and receives honorary visitors, foreign guests, famous fellow Scotsmen. It remains a mystery how the Lord Provost manages to perform the full range of his honorary duties.

The City Council is elected for three years, and one third of Councillors need to renew their mandates every year. This is why every autumn, 25 City Councillors (each for each constituency) appear once again as candidates. The actual elections only take place in 5-10 constituencies, whereas in others the same people retain their place without any electoral campaign. The same people can be re-elected as City Councillors for several three-year terms, but it is customary to elect the judges ("bailies") and Lord Provosts for three years only, since these are most honorary positions which have to be accessible for all City Councillors as a reward for their useful labours for the benefit of the city.

The building occupied by the City Council is the most beautiful in Glasgow. It cost the city over five million roubles, although it cannot nearly accommodate all of its office which are scattered across different parts of the city, like the electric and horse tram office, water supply or building offices. But the chambers building is very handsome and striking in its splendour and spaciousness. All the interior facing of walls in the vestibule and corridors, as well as the staircases and floors, is made of excellent multi-coloured marble. The council chamber and banqueting hall are, of course, the most beautiful of the chambers. The location of seats in the council chamber is rather original, and I have never seen anything like it in any of the English town halls. In the middle of the chamber and across it, there is a long table with seats usually reserved for the more honourable councillors, such as *ex-bailies*, those who have served several terms in a row, etc. The end of this table is perpendicular to other tables, horseshoe-shaped and positioned opposite one another. Thus, the perpendicular table seems to stand within these horseshoes. There are chairs around the latter, and beyond these, other smaller tables and chairs in parallel lines. The

Lord Provost sits near the head of one of the horseshoes, with various officials on both sides of him. The City Secretary sits opposite the Lord Mayor inside the horseshoe, occupying the first place at the perpendicular table.

I was able to witness a session of the Glasgow City Council, which was held in early November for the first time after the tertiary elections. The agenda was a pure formality and consisted in the election and swearing-in of new "bailies" and other civil officials. The session, being the first one after the election, was opened with a prayer said by a parson invited at the discretion of the Lord Provost. After that the Lord Provost, wearing his chain and gown and having two splendid bouquets of flowers in vases on the table in front of him, started reading aloud the list of proposed magistrates (the same thing as the "bailies"). Since these candidates had already been put forward and elected in a closed session, the reading of the list was a purely formal action, with each name met with a unanimous "Aye". After this, each elected person approached the Lord Provost, who laid upon them the chain of office while the rest of the councillors applauded. When the laying of the chains was over and all new bailies returned to their places, the City Secretary read the oath which they all listened to standing up, with their right hand upraised. After this, having appointed their members as chairmen of various committees and other persons, the session was concluded.

Apart from members of the City Council and representatives of the press, one could also see in the chamber another tall, middle-aged gentlemen with a shaven moustache and sideburns, wearing a red dress coat and waistcoat, who was standing next to the wall near the Lord Provost. This is yet another of Scotland's peculiarities; *the Provosts Man*. He is a lackey who is at the service of the city and whose responsibility is to stay near the person of the city's head. At official dinners, he will be found behind his master's chair; at official meetings, you will see him on stage with the most important persons; at municipal receptions, he will stand near the entrance, like the master of the house himself. In a word, his red dress coat can be spotted wherever and whenever the Lord Provost makes his appearance as the city's representative. He is, so to say, the Lord Provost's official shadow; but once the latter removes his chain of office, the shadow, like that of Peter Schlemihl, will at once disappear.

VIII. A Trip to the Countryside

Strictly speaking, Glasgow cannot be at all contained by its municipal boundaries, however wide it may cast them. All big cities are now much larger than their official designation. With the improvement of transport, the urban population is quickly dispersed far from the city centre, and everywhere in big cities one can now observe the same phenomenon of the inflow of the public in the morning and their outflow in the evening. In many cities, such as St. Petersburg, London, Berlin, this dispersion of the population to the suburbs and surrounding towns and villages can mainly be explained by the high prices of flats in the centre of the capital. In Glasgow, the only motive for it is the desire to live "in the countryside". This is how beautiful and charming is the local nature! Flats in the city are not more expensive but sometimes even cheaper than far away from it, in the towns and villages of the surrounding

counties of Lanark, Stirling and the southern regions of Renfrew, to say nothing of the banks of the Clyde, or the lakes and firths or the isles of Bute and Arran, where villas, castles, and cottages are temporarily or permanently occupied by Glaswegians, who for the most part own them as well. The majority of Clydeside settlements have excellent bathing spots little frequented by visitors from other parts of Great Britain and serving, as it were, as retreats for the Glaswegians themselves and the local inhabitants. Some riverside places favoured by the richer class of the population, do not even have a restaurant or hotel so that, as one Wemyss Bay local told me, "no strange rag-tag started coming over here".

I once happened to come to Wemyss Bay in late July. Having heard that this was a lovely spot and having read in a "guidebook" a raptured ode to its surroundings, I decided to go there for a day or two, especially since Wemyss Bay lies only 45 versts away from Glasgow and trains there run nearly every hour. I imagined it as a bathing spot in Southern England, a lively coastal centre, full of visiting public, resounding with loud singing and street "minstrels" strumming their guitars, peppered with restaurants, coffee houses, hotels, shops, and awash with street vendors and beggars. Imagine my astonishment when the train, after an hour or 50 minutes, stopped at some remote wharf near which a large steamer was belching forth smoke. One one side, I could see a calm surface of a quiet and wide bay, with outlines of some islands blueish on the horizon, and on the other rose a high bank which concealed from view all the buildings and woods above. I got off the train and felt as if I was in a desert.

"Well, this is even better," I thought. "At least, it is quiet and peaceful, and I can have some rest."

It was nearly half one. Not only had the midday "Admiral's Hour" long arrived, it was insistently requiring satisfaction; so my first task was to ask a railwayman where the nearest restaurant could be found.

"We have no restaurants here," he replied, not without a certain pride.

"Where can one have a bite?" I asked, crestfallen.

"You may be able to have a cup of coffee and a bun here at the station buffet," he consoled me. "But hardly anything more substantial".

"In that case, I shall proceed straight to the hotel," I said, hoping that something "more substantial" might be procured there.

"What hotel?" the railwayman asked. "We have only one here, and it is full. If you booked your room in advance, then, of course..." he said.

My face must have assumed a most dejected expression at this point, so that my interlocutor hastened to correct the impression caused by his words.

"Why do you need Wemyss Bay?" he exclaimed somewhat cheerfully. "Here is a steamer, go to Millport instead, you will find excellent rooms, and you can eat on the steamer on the way, and you shall be able to see our Wemyss Bay like the palm of your own hand from the deck. Hurry up though, the steamer's about to leave!"

I thanked him for his advice and hastened to board the steamer. Millport it is then, I thought. It does not matter where to enjoy oneself!

The steamer, full of passengers, pulled off from the shore, and taking slightly to one side, sailed along the coast due South, bound for the wharf in the town of Largs. Now I could indeed see from the deck the whole extent of Wemyss Bay, which proved to be undulating and peppered with fine red stone villas buried in verdure. One could see the lanes leading from the seaside over the slopes of the hills, the lawns and flower gardens. A church towered nearby, then some hydropathic building and a post and telegraph station. Nannies in their white kerchiefs could be seen from a far like white gulls, pushing white children's buggies. The whole picture exuded an air of calm, rich and ordered life, which would be positively ruined by an intrusion, and I could really sympathise with a Wemyss local with whom I got acquainted on board the steamer and who told me frankly that they were trying to prevent hotels and other tourist shelters from being built, using the phrase already known to the reader, "so that no strange rag-tag started coming over here".

From the wharf in Largs, the steamer turned due West and sailed towards the islands known as the Cumbrae.

There is a large and small Cumbrae islands, which are called precisely that, Great Cumbrae and Little Cumbrae. Both lie half a mile from each other and two miles away from Largs, i.e. the Western coast of Scotland, the Ayrshire coast. Steamers only stop at Great Cumbrae. Little Cumbrae is far too small for steamers to honour it with their attention. All in all, it now numbers nine inhabitants, who form two families: a farmer's and a lighthouse keeper's. They have their own deep-sitting boats in which they communicate with the rest of the world, which for them is the nearby Great Cumbrae. But Great Cumbrae itself is not so very great; I walked round it in three and a half hours on the first day since my arrival. It only has around 1,700 inhabitants, who mostly live in its only town of Millport. Apart from this town, only two or three houses can be found on the entire island.

Millport is a charming little town, clean, comfortable, and quiet. And why would it not be quiet if the only source of noise is the sound of the waves! But the bay here is well protected, and only occasionally do East winds bring high waves and cold. The island itself has no factories or railways, or even trams. The island is a tall plateau surrounded by a narrow band of low-lying beach. The eastern side of the island is shaped like a large semicircle, with several smaller semicircles within it. The town of Millport, which some Glaswegians insist on calling a village, is located in these round bays, near the foot of the plateau and climbing towards it.

I grew so fond of the calm and seclusion of the island that I decided to stay there for several days. And what fine days they were! A mere memory of them immerses me again in some blissful nirvana, which knows neither sadness nor worry. I stayed in a hotel near the harbour, and the windows of my clean room, for which I was only paying around 1.25 roubles (2 ½ s.) per night, overlooked the expanse of the bay with the rocky outcrop of Little Cumbrae visible on one side. The hotel keeper told me that she was an Englishwoman (i.e. not Scottish), a native of Lancashire, that there was only one good man in the island of Great Cumbrae, and that man was her husband, who had died only several months before. She had

lived in Millport for twenty years, and for twenty years she was happy in Millport, where she gave birth to and brought up her children; but now she has grown to dislike the town and she was happy to sell everything and to escape from it. “Here,” she was telling me, “everyone is related to everyone else, everyone is family, and there is no end to gossip, chitchat, and envy”. I, however, had neither family nor friends there, and all I was seeking was rest, which I found in abundance.

Little Cumbrae is owned by the Earle of Eglinton, and Great Cumbrae by the Marquis of Bute. Millport has a wonderful paved quay several miles long, churches of different denominations, schools, and a seminary. One or two miles away from it along the coast, one can see a small building with a clean yard and a notice at the gate claiming that visitors are accepted from morning till evening upon paying a penny for entrance. This is a marine station, which may in time become one of the most remarkable biological museum in Europe. You open the gate, cross the yard and enter the wide-open doors. You put your penny on the table and start looking at the rarities exhibited here. The museum consists of several rooms located on two floors. On the ground floor, there is a tank for live fish, desks for study, etc. The upper floor is full of stands, and the maps are covered with maps, various illustrations, and collections, and you enter a whole new world the existence of which you may not hitherto had suspected. A specialist in marine biology would probably find here treasure-troves of interesting specimens. I, as a non-specialist, was more struck by the bright colours and the monstrous and wonderful forms. Here is a sea mouse, gleaming with the wondrous colours of its glittering cover; here is a curious shell formed as a watering can, bearing the (to me) obscure name of “Euplectella aspergilla”; here is a sea polyp shaped as a feather with a delicate fan made seemingly of slik; here are the acalephs, tiny blobs with umbrellas on top and thin protuberances below, remarkably like ladies’ hats with their ribbons. Here is a walrus at every stage of its development, from an embryo; here is a “diamond beetle” with wing-cases of incredible beauty and brightness. The museum is especially rich in collections of so-called starfish.

All the collections and specimens displayed in the museum were discovered at the bottom of the sea near the Western mountainous coast of Scotland and gathered together on Cumbrae by the efforts of one local naturalist, David Robertson, a native of Millport, who died in 1897. Establishing a marine station on his native island was his life’s ambition, and although he died before the station was unveiled, his dream came true and the station opened soon after his death. Now it is one of the most interesting sights in the Scottish isles. At present, the museum, or the station as some call it, is managed by the West Scotland Biological Society, which has its own steamboat for research purposes. In summer, during one or two months, public lectures in biology were delivered at the museum, which were attended primarily by the folk teachers who came there on purpose, while the pupils from Millport schools went on “research trips” on board the Society’s steamboat, taking part in the catching of various animals from the sea bed and their classification.

Before my journey to Millport, which, as the reader has seen, was entirely accidental, I had never heard of the existence of the marine station there, and it was for me just such as discovery as many of the specimens extracted from the depths of the sea and displayed there.

It was with a heavy heart that I left the peaceful island of Great Cumbrae, as if I were thrown out of a comfortable study to a strange and noisy marketplace, into the midst of pushing and shoving crowd. The

Ayrshire coast was looming blue far ahead, while on the starboard side, Little Cumbrae rose grimly with its nine inhabitants, as if reproaching me for passing so near and yet failing to visit it as well. Its tall rocky shores seemed to promise a yet deeper rest and a further separation from the grimy world of men. But my road lay ahead of me, and soon I not only lost from sight the little islands, but parted with Scotland itself, the country in which a profound romanticism and an unquenchable poetry live side by side with a somewhat harsh prose and cruel reality of life.

S.I. Rapoport