

Scottish Nationalism – The Rancour of the Meek

by Robert Bruce (August 2015)

Every miserable fool who has nothing at all of which he can be proud, adopts as a last resource pride in the nation to which he belongs; he is ready and happy to defend all its faults and follies tooth and nail, thus reimbursing himself for his own inferiority. – Schopenhauer

There has always been a bittersweet flavour to the adage that Scotland's greatest export is its people, for if it permits scots to hold on a little longer to a Carnegie or Baird, and seek vicarious pride in their transatlantic achievements, it also implies what is left is distinctly unimpressive, a sobering fact to which its bloated political class provides eloquent testimony. Most of the MSPs squatting in their grotesque modernist eyesore in Holyrood would barely have made the grade as English parish councilors, and since the start of this disastrous experiment in home rule they have adorned the parliament with all the solemn dignity of a banana republic. Anyone witnessing the Inaugural ceremony with members standing rapt to attention with lips quivering to a toe curling rendition of *Auld Langs Syne* might have heard hubris beating its wings, and it did not have to wait too long for its first post-colonial elephant – the parliament building – a Celtic-Spanish cocktail to blow budgets' defying hoary old myths of Scottish prudence and coming in a cool 900% over budget. Not an auspicious start and eerily appropriate that the road to independence should have begun with an accounting error, but even when one is left reeling by the economic illiteracy of the nationalists it is the horrific spectacle of the MPs, with all their cramped secondary school eloquence which registers the ominous portents of doom.

Consider if you will Natalie McGarry MP for Glasgow East's musings on her swearing in to the mother of parliaments:

Today I made an affirmation, not a sworn oath. As a Republican I believe that no child should be born unequal, no one child should be subject to another. I think the act of swearing allegiance to a monarch is antiquated and reinforces inequality. However in order to represent my constituents in parliament, I made the affirmation. *I will always stick up for my constituents where I can.*

Daylight enters dreams fade. Even by the degraded standard of British political debate this is embarrassingly infantile stuff though to judge by subsequent forays into the inadequate sanitary provision in British cities (for those wishing to plumb these depths of her [here](#)).

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