

land of Burns,—we could afford to wish them substituted for the naturalist and the professor. There is, we repeat, a right of roadway through Glen Tilt: the Duke of Atholl is quite at liberty to challenge that privilege in a court of law; but he has no right whatever violently to arrest travellers on the public way; and all good subjects, when the policeman or the soldier is not at hand to protect them, in the name and authority of the civil magistrate, from illegal violence, have a right to protect themselves. And we are pretty sure a few scores of our working men could defend themselves very admirably amid the solitudes of Glen Tilt, even though assailed by the Knight of the Gael and all his esquires. As the case chanced, however, it is well that a learned professor and a party of amateur naturalists should have been the sufferers. We may just mention in the passing, as a curious coincidence, that the professor in question is one of the nearest living relatives of the philosophic Hutton, who sixty-two years ago rendered Glen Tilt so famous: the professor's father is, we understand, the philosopher's *nearest* living relative. We trust to see the country roused all the sooner and the more widely in consequence of the character of the outrage, to assert for the people a right to walk over the country's area,—to share in that cheap enjoyment of the beauties of its scenery which softens and humanizes the heart,—and to trace unchallenged, amid its wild moors, on its lonely hill-tops, or in the rigid folds of its strata, those revelations of the All-wise Designer which serve both to expand the imagination and to exercise the understanding. Not merely the rights of the poor man, but the privileges of the man of literature, and the interests of the man of science, are involved in this question,—those rights, interests, and privileges which the true aristocracy of the country have ever been the first to recognise. Our better proprietors have often admitted where they might have excluded,—never ex-