

THE
UNFORTUNATE
BUT
HEROIC HIGHLANDER.



I WAS born in that part of our island which is called the North of Scotland. The country there, partly from the barrenness of the soil and the inclemency of the seasons, and partly from other causes which I will not now enumerate, is unfavourable to the existence of its inhabitants. More than half the year our mountains are covered with continual snows, which prohibit the use of agriculture, or blast the expectations of an harvest. Yet the race of men which inhabit these dreary wilds, are, perhaps, not more undeserving the smiles of fortune than many of their happier neighbours.