

Sir, I forecast, that ye are all running into anarchy, if ye do not apply the punitive faculties of the state to chastise your contraveners. What is your doubt anent the matter now before you? If I roborate my hands against a neighbouring clan, shall it be a question among my clan, whether this ought or ought not to be done? or whether they shall or shall not approve it? Ye ought every man be hailed away, and be incarcerated, if ye presume to criticise the measures of such a government as ye now have.

I will not mention the king, because the opinion of our adversaries is conform to ours anent his majesty. But I shall speak of the minister, whose praises are above the powers of my countryman, Mr. David Malloch's pen, though he has gotten well by supporting his lordship's administration in this place. Sir, the great and immortal bishop *Burnet*, the best historian, that ever this island produced. ——— ”

At these words there was a general uproar in the room, and the chairman, with some emotion, told Sir Archibald, that his description of that historian, if he might be so called, was quite new to the company, and had never been given to him but by foreigners, and the Whig faction in England, for whose service he wrote and acted.

Sir Archibald was somewhat disconcerted at having slipped inadvertently into Whig language. He asked pardon, and pleaded, that he should not have used such extravagance in speaking of that reverend prelate, if he