

II. Now since no well-regulated society ever did or can subsist without officers to govern it, and without some subordination among these, and since it appears that the Christian Church is a regular society, it must of necessity have its officers. And as this society is to be continued by a succession of believers to the world's end, it follows, that there must be an uninterrupted succession of officers till that time. And as it is a society of God's institution, the officers of it must receive their commission from Him.

First, That there are officers in the Christian Church does not admit of doubt: our blessed Lord, the head and founder of it, when on earth, chose twelve that they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach, whom he named apostles (a) and gave them power and authority over devils, and to cure all manner of diseases b; and besides these, he appointed other seventy c. After his resurrection, when he declared, All power was given unto him in heaven and in earth, he commissioned his apostles to teach and baptize all nations d, and invested them with the same authority which he had received from his Father; As my Father hath sent me, EVEN SO send I you e; as he had received authority to send them, so he gave them authority to send others; and accordingly, when they were farther endued with power from on high f; by the descent of the Holy Spirit, whom Christ promised to send, we read, that they ordained the seven deacons g, that Paul and Barnabas ordained elders in every Church h, and Paul ordained Timothy: so that from the beginning, there were three distinct orders of ministers in the Church, namely, that of deacons, another of presbyters, and over them a superior order, in which were not only the apostles, but also Timothy and Titus, who governed the Churches in which they resided.

Secondly, And that there is a subordination among the officers of this society is evident from Scripture. For the commission of the seventy was more limited and restrained than that of the twelve. And as the apostles and disciples were subject to Christ, so were the elders and deacons to the apostles. St. Paul sends to Miletus, and calls thither the elders of Ephesus, to whom he gives a most solemn charge; which is a manifest sign, that they were under his government i. And at Corinth, where several prophets and evangelists were then present, the same apostle, being absent, both excommunicates, and absolves, and enacts laws. Let the prophets speak two or three, and let the rest judge k. If any man think himself to be a prophet or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things which I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord l. And in like manner, Timothy, by virtue of the authority conferred on him by the imposition of St. Paul's hands, ruled the whole Church of Ephesus, officers as well as private Christians. Whence it is manifest, that as the Christian Church was governed by the three orders of apostles or bishops, priests and deacons, so the supreme authority was lodged in the superior order of the apostles or bishops, from whom the priests and deacons derived their power, and without whose consent they could not lawfully perform any religious act.

Thirdly, That there will be an uninterrupted succession of these officers in the Church to the world's end, may be inferred from the nature of their functions. Their constant office is to prescribe rules for maintaining the outward peace and order of the Church—to preach the Gospel—to admit members into the Church by baptism m—to take care that there be no schism in the body n—to administer the eucharist o—to oppose heresies p; and therefore their continuance is as necessary as their first institution; so long as the Church shall last: and as that will be to the end of the world, there must be a constant succession of officers till the same time. And that it will be so, we have the assurance of our Lord's promise to his apostles just before his ascension, Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world q: the meaning of which promises must be, that they should always be succeeded by others in the same office: for as the apostles all died within the compass of

a. Luke vi. 12, 13. b. Luke ix. 1.  
c. John xx. 21. d. Mat. xxviii. 19, 20.  
e. Acts i. 4. Acts xiv. 23. f. Acts xx. 17. &c.  
g. 1 Cor. xiv. 29. h. 1 Cor. xiv. 26, 37.  
i. Acts ii. 28, 29. j. 1 Cor. xii. 4, 12, 13.  
k. 1 Cor. xiv. 29. l. 1 Cor. xii. 23, 26. m. 2 Tim. ii. 2.  
n. Matt. xxviii. 20.

four score years after this extensive promise was made, it could no other way be fulfilled, but by our Lord's being with their successors in the Gospel ministry till the world's end.

Fourthly, That the officers of this society must receive their commission from God is manifest from Hebrews v. 4. No man taketh this honour to himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron. Now besides the plain meaning of the words, which shews, that he who officiates in divine matters is to be set apart, and to have a distinct commission from the rest of mankind, and that this commission must be derived from Divine institution, the necessity of such a Divine commission to qualify a person for any sacred office may be proved by three invincible arguments.

(To be Continued.)

## THE QUEEN'S CASE STATED.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS, ESQUIRE.  
Sligo, Ireland, August 1, 1820.

To His Majesty the KING.

SIRE,—When I presume to address you on the subject which afflicts and agitates the country, I do so with the most profound sentiments of respect and loyalty. But I am no flatterer. I wish well to your illustrious House, and therefore I address you in the tone of simple truth—the interests of the King and Queen are identified, and her Majesty's advocate must be yours. The degradation of any branch of your family must in some degree compromise the dignity of all, and be assured there is as much danger as discredit in familiarizing the public eye to such a spectacle. I have no doubt that the present exhibition is not your Royal wish; I have no doubt it is the work of wily sycophants and slanderers, who have persuaded you of what they know to be false, in the base hope that it may turn out to be profitable. With the view, then, of warning you against interested hypocrisy, and of giving to your heart its naturally humane and noble inclination, I invoke your attention to the situation of your persecuted Consort! I implore of you to consider whether it would not be for the safety of the State, for the tranquillity of the Country, for the honour of your House, and for the interests alike of royalty and humanity, that an helpless female should be permitted to pass in peace the few remaining years which unmerited misery has spared to her.

It is now, Sire, about five and twenty years since her Majesty landed on the shores of England—a Princess by birth—a Queen by marriage—the relative of Kings—and the daughter and the sister of an hero. She was then young—direct from the indulgence of a paternal court—the blessing of her aged parents of whom she was the hope and stay; and happiness shone brightly o'er her; her life had been all sunshine; time for her had only trod on flowers; and if the visions which endear, and decorate, and hallow home, were vanishing for ever, still did she resign them for the sacred name of wife, the sworn affection of a Royal husband, and the allegiance of a glorious and a gallant people. She was no more to see her noble father's hand in the warrior brow to tangle o'er his child—no more for her a mother's tongue delighted as it taught; that ear which never heard a strain—that eye which never opened on a scene, but those of careless, crimeless, cloudless infancy, was now about to change its dulcet tones and fairy visions for the accent and the country of the stranger. But she had heard the character of Britons, she knew that chivalry and courage co-existed, she knew that where the brave man and the free man dwelt, the very name of woman bore a charmed away; and where the voice of England echoed your Royal pledge, to “love, and worship, and cleave to her alone,” she but looked upon your Sire's example, and your nation's annals, and was satisfied. Pause and contemplate her enviable station at the hour of those unhappy nuptials! The created world could scarcely exhibit a more interesting spectacle—There was no earthly bliss of which she was not either in the possession or the expectancy. Royal alike by birth and by alliance, honoured as the choice of England's heirs, reputed the most accomplished gentleman in Europe, her reputation spotless as the unfallen snow, her approach heralded by a people's prayer, and her footsteps obliterated by an obsequious nobility, her youth, like the lovely season which it typified, one crowded garland of rich and fragrant blossoms, refreshing every eye with present beauty, and filling every heart with promised benefits! No wonder that she feared no famine in that spring-tide of her happiness, no wonder that her speech was rapture, and her step was buoyancy! She was the darling of her parent's hearts, a kingdom was her dower, her very glance, like the sun of heaven, diffused light, and warmth, and luxury around it—in her public hour, fortune concentrated all its rays upon her, and when she shrunk from its too radiant noon, it was within the shelter of an husband's love, which God and nature, and duty and morality, assured her unreluctant faith should be eternal. Such was she then, all joy and hope, and generous credulity, the credulity that springs from honour, and from innocence. And who could blame it? You had a world to chuse, and she was your selection; your ages were compatible, your births were equal, you had drawn her from the home where she was honourable and happy, you had a prodigal allowance showered on you by the people, you had bowed your anointed head before the altar, and sworn by its majesty to cherish and protect her, and this you did in the presence of that moral nation from whom you hold the crown, and in the face of that church of which you are the guardian. The ties which bound you were of no ordinary texture, you stood not in the situation of some secluded prodigal, whose brutal satiety might leave its victim to a death of solitude, where no eye could see, no echo tell the quiverings of her agony. Your elevation was too luminous and too lofty to be overlooked, and she, who confided with a vestal's faith and a virgin's purity, in your honour and your morals, had a corroborative pledge in that publicity, which could not leave her to suffer or to be sinned against in secret. All the calculations of her reason, all the evidence of her experience combined their

confirmation. Her own parental home was purity itself, and yours might have bound Republicans to Royalty; it would have been little less than treason to have doubted you; and, Oh! she was right to brush away the painted venom that infested a Court, who would have withered up her youthful heart with the wild errors of your ripe minority! Oh! she was right to trust the honour of “fair England's” heir, and weigh but as a breath-blown grain of dust, a thousand follies and a thousand faults balanced against the conscience of her husband. She did confide, and what has been the consequence?

History must record it, Sire, when the brightest gem in your diadem shall have mouldered, that this young, confiding, inexperienced creature had scarcely heard the last congratulatory address upon her marriage, when she was exiled from her husband's bed, banished from her husband's society and protection, and abandoned to the pollution of every slanderous sycophant who chose to crawl over the ruin! Merciful God! was it meet to leave a human being so situated, with all her passions excited and inflamed to the impulses of such abandonment? Was it meet thus to subject her inexperienced youth to the scorpion stings of exasperated pride, and all its incidental natural temptations? Was it right to fling the shadow of an husband's frown upon the unsullied snow of her reputation? Up to the blight of that all-withering hour no human tongue dared to asperse her character. The sun of patronage was not then strong enough to quicken into life the serpent brood of local expectants, then hoped to fasten upon the offals of the Royal reputation. She was not long enough in widowhood to give the spy and the perjurer even a colour for their inventions. The peculiarities of the foreigner—the weakness of the female—the natural vivacity of youthful innocence, could not then be tortured into “demonstrations strong;” for you, yourself, in your recorded letter, had left her purity not only unimpeached, but unsuspected. That invaluable letter, the living document of your separation, gives us the sole reason for your exile, that your “inclinations” were not in your power! That, Sire, and that alone, was the terrific reason that you gave your Consort for this public and heart-rending degradation! Perhaps they were not; but, give me leave to ask, are not the obligations of religion equally independent of us? Has any man a right to square the solemnities of marriage according to his rude caprices? Am I, your lowly subject, to understand that I may kneel before the throne of God, and promise conjugal fidelity till death, and self-absolve myself whatever moment it suits my “inclination?” Not so will that mitred Bench who see her Majesty arraigned before them, read to you this ceremony. They will tell you it is the most solemn ordinance of our Saviour, consecrated by the approving presence of our Saviour, acknowledged by the whole civilized community, the source of life's purest pleasures, and of death's happiest consolations, the great moral chain by which society is held together, the sacred cement of all social intercourse, the rich fountain of our life and being, whose draught not only purifies existence, but causes man to live in his posterity; they will tell you that it cannot perish by “inclination,” but by crime, and that if there is any difference between the prince and the peasant who invoke its obligation, it is in the more enlarged duty entailed upon him, to whom the Almighty has vouchsafed the influence of an example.

Thus, then, within one year after her marriage, was she flung “like a loathsome weed” upon the world, no cause assigned except your loathing inclination! It mattered nothing, that, for you she had surrendered all her worldly prospects, that she had left her home, her parents, and her country; that she had confided in the honour of a Prince, and the heart of a man, and the faith of a Christian; she had, it seems, in one little year, “outlived your liking,” and the poor, abandoned, branded, heart-rent outcast, must bear it all in silence, for—she was a defenceless woman and a stranger. Let any man of ordinary feeling think on her situation at this trying crisis, and say he does not feel his heart's blood boil within him! Poor unfortunate! who could have envied her her salaried shame and her royal humiliation? The lowest peasant in her reversionary realm was happy in the comparison. The parents that loved her were far, far away, the friends of her youth were in another land, she was alone and among strangers, and he who should have rushed between her and the bolt of heaven, left her exposed to a rude world's caprices. And yet she lived, and lived without a murmur; her tears were silent, her sighs were lonely; and when you perhaps in the rich blaze of earth's magnificence forgot that such a wretch existed, no reproach of his awoke your slumbering memory. Perhaps she cherished the visionary hope, that the babe whose “perilous infancy” she cradled, might one day be her hapless mother's advocate! How fondly did she trace each faint resemblance! Each little casual maternal smile which played upon the features of that child, and might some distant day be her redemption! How, as it lisped the sacred name of father, did she hope its innocent infant tone might yet awake within that father's breast some fond association! Oh, sacred fancies! Oh, sweet and solemn visions of a mother—who but must hallow thee! Blest be the day dream that beguiles her heart, and robes each cloud that hovers o'er her child in airy colors of that heart's creation! Too soon life's wintry whirlwind must come to sweep the prismatic vapour into nothing.

Thus, Sire, for many and many a heavy year did your deserted Queen beguile her solitude. Meanwhile for you a flattering world assumed its harlot smile, the ready lie denied your errors, the villain courtier defied each act, which in an humble man was merely duty, and mid the din of pomp and mirth, and revelry, if remote spoke, it was inarticulate. Believe me Sire, when all the tongues that flattered you are mute, and all the gaudy pageants that deceived you are not even a shadow, an awful voice will ask in thunder, did your poor wife deserve this treatment, merely from some distaste of “inclination?” It must be answered, did not the altar's vow demand a strict fidelity, and was it not a solemn and a sworn duty, “for better and for worse,” to watch and to tend her, correct her waywardness by gentle chiding, and fling the fondness of an husband's love between her errors and the world? It must be answered, were the poorest rag upon the poorest beggar in your realm shall have the splendour of a coronation garment.

Sad, alas! were these sorrows of her solitude; but sad as they were, they were but in their infancy. The first blow passed, a second and severer follow'd. The darling child, over whose couch she shed her silent tear, upon whose head she pour-

ed her daily benediction, in whose infant smile she lived, and moved, and had her being, was torn away, and in the mother's sweet endearments she could no longer lose the miseries of the wife. Her father, and her laurelled brother too, upon the field of battle, sealed a life of glory, happy in a soldier's death, far happier that this dreadful day was spared them! Her sole surviving parent followed soon, and she left her almost alone on earth, yet how could she regret them? She has at least the bitter consolation, that their poor child's miseries did not break their hearts. Oh, miserable woman! made to rejoice over the very grave of her kindred, in mournful gratitude that their hearts are marble.

During a long probation of exile and of woe, bereft of parents, country, child, and husband, she had one solace still—her character was unblemished. By a refinement upon cruelty, even that consolation was denied her. Twice had she to undergo the inquisition of a secret trial, originating in foul conspiracy, and ending in complete acquittal. The charity of her nature was made the source of crime—the peculiarities inseparable from her birth were made the ground of accusation—her very servants were questioned whether every thought, and word, and look, and gesture, and visit, were not all so many overt acts of adultery; and when her most sacred moments had been heartlessly explored, the tardy verdict which freed her from the guilt, could not absolve her from the humiliating consciousness of the accusation. Your gracious father, indeed, with a benevolence of heart more Royal than his Royalty, interposed his arm between innocence and punishment; for punishment it was, most deep and grievous, to meet discountenance from all your family and see the same which had defied all prior made the capricious sport of hint and insinuation. While that father lived, she still had some protection; even in his night of life there was a sanctity about him which awed the daring of the highway slanderer—his honest, open, genuine English look, would have silenced a whole banditti of Italians. Your father acted on the principles he professed—he was not more revered as a King than he was beloved and respected as a man; and no doubt he felt how poignant it must have been to be denounced as a criminal, without crime, and treated as a widow in her husband's life-time. But death was busy with her best protectors, and the venerable form is lifeless now, which would have shielded a daughter and a Brunswick. He would have warned the Milan pandars to beware the honor of his ancient House; he would have told them, that a prying, petty fogging, purchased inquisition upon the unconscious privacy of a Royal female, was not in the spirit of the English character; he would have disclaimed the petty larceny of any diplomatic pickpocket; and he would have told the whole rabble of Italian informers and swindling ambassadors, that his daughter's existence should not become a perpetual proscription; that she was doubly allied to him by birth and marriage; and that those who exacted all a wife's obedience, should have previously procured for her an husband's countenance. God reward him! There is not a father or an husband in the land, whose heart does not at this moment make a pilgrimage to his monument.

Thus having escaped from two conspiracies equally affecting her honor and her life, finding all conciliation hopeless, bereft by death of every natural protector, and fearing perhaps that practice might make perjury consistent, she reluctantly determined upon leaving England. One pang alone imbrued her departure—her darling, and in spite of all discountenance, her precious child, clung around her heart with natural tenacity. Parents who love, and feel that very love compelling separation, alone can feel for her. Yet how could she subject that devoted child to the humiliation of her mother's misery! How reduce her to the sad alternative of selecting between separated parents! She chose the generous, the noble sacrifice; self-banished, the world was before her—one grateful sigh for England—one tear—the last, last tear upon her daughter's head, and she departed. Oh, Sire, imagine her at that departure! How changed! How fallen, since a few short years before she touched the shores of England! The day beams fell not on a happier creature; creation caught new colours from her presence; joy sounded its timbrel as she passed, and the flowers of birth, of beauty, and of chivalry, bowed down before her. But now, alone, an orphan and a widow! her gallant brother in his shroud of glory! no arm to shield, no tongue to advocate, no friend to follow an obliterated fortune; branded, degraded, desolate, she flung herself once more upon the wave, to her, less fickle than an husband's