

“CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D.”

“Shadows avaunt! Rogers' himself again.”

“Know all men by these presents,” that the Reverend Charles Rogers, LL.D., has, in addition to his other multifarious self-imposed duties, appointed himself an Improved Spiritual Medium for “the publication of news concerning the ‘better country’” (we quote his own words). And thus another act is played out, and the public anxiously await the uprising of the curtain, on the last scene in the great Rogers drama. The event is unusual enough

to warrant us improving the occasion, and therefore we mean to moralize a little on the chequered fortunes of the subject of our sketch, since the time we last directed public attention to his misdeeds. There is something in the twelvemonth's retrospect that elevates it far above the experience of ordinary garrison chaplains; and something also calculated to instil a doubt in honest folk's minds whether the "Rev. Charles" has not clearly mistaken his "trade." It may be recollected that, disappointed in his unblushing attempt to make a handsome living out of the Wallace Monument Supplemental Fund, it occurred to his fertile mind that he would start an opposition newspaper, and thus requite the local press in some degree, for venturing last year to expose his shameless way of "raising the wind," under the pretence of raising a monument to Wallace. We shall not attempt to describe the literary mess which he dignified

with the title of "weekly newspaper;" but merely say that the writings of the meanest of those Grubb Street scribblers who long ago excited old Johnson's ire, were purity itself, compared with the "things" which issued from the brain of this ordained minister of the Church of Scotland. Unheard-of were the efforts he made to establish the *Bouncer*, as the print was nicknamed by the very newsboys who hawked it about the streets; in the art of puffing, proving that a greater than Barnum was here. The first week it achieved a circulation twice as great as the *Observer* and *Journal* put together; by and bye it resolved itself into "a larger circulation than either of our cotemporaries;" and at the beginning of the year, the "doctor"—holy man—specially and publicly returned thanks to Providence (it sounds blasphemous, but we state a fact) for the mighty success which had been vouchsafed his efforts to establish "an organ of social, moral, and religious

lish "an organ of social, moral, and religious reform."

We fear the devil worst when in gown and cassock,
Or in the lack of them, when Calvin's cloak
Conceals the cloven hoof.

Had we liked, we could have thrown some light on the subject of "circulation" six months ago; but as we were convinced in our own mind that the bubble would ultimately burst of its own accord, we reserved our facts for future use. The bubble has burst, though later than most people prophesied; and the "Doctor," by that Hey-Presto-Cockolorum process, in which he is so great an adept, suddenly resigns the editorial chair, but opens a "British Christian Institute," over which is painted, in large letters, "*Money Orders* should be made payable to the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., sole director of the Institute." As it may afford some valuable hints to struggling newspaper proprietors, we shall now make known the

secret of the *Bouncer's* temporary, though not *bona fide*, success, and we select the following letter as a fair sample of many on the same subject which have littered our table for some time:—

“Falkirk, 7th Jan., 1863.

“Dear Sir,—The proprietors of the *Stirling* —, after sending me their paper, without orders, for the last six months, sent me the other day an account for 3s. 1½d, clearing the subscription up to this date.” [The price of a stamped copy was said to be 4d.—according to our correspondent, it was to subscribers 1½d.] “Not wishing to be bothered with them, I paid the money, but of course will take care to pay no more. They boast of their great success and circulation, but if they go to work with others as they have went with me, it must be altogether a myth. You could show up this puffing humbug, and use this letter any way you think proper, as I do not like to encourage such a system.—I am, &c.”

That this was the “*Doctor's*” regular systematic plan of going to work, hundreds of farmers in the district are, we have no doubt, prepared to testify; but we can prove our case from the “*Doctor's*” own words. In a printed

circular, signed "Charles Rogers & Co.," of date 29th Dec, 1862, parties to whom papers had been sent, were addressed in the following terms, viz. :—

"Dear Sir,—Some weeks ago, we took the liberty of sending you a circular, along with a copy of the *Stirling* ———, stating that, *unless we received contrary orders*, we would send you the paper regularly. In consequence, the paper *has b'en regularly sent* to your address, and we now take leave to render account for the same."

Need we wonder that douce, canny farmer bodies, dreading being held up in the columns of this wonderful paper, as stingy specimens of humanity, if they did not "fork out the tin," should have been bullied or inveigled into taking out his newspaper. Some, indeed, are reported to have bearded the lion in his den, and given him a good round swearing; while others, after receiving a few copies, very coolly made them up in a respectable parcel, addressed to the "Rev. Charles," and tricked *him* into paying the railway carriage on a bundle of his old

papers. The more timorous, however, of the "Doctor's" involuntary subscribers, reluctantly paid their first year's subscription, taking especial care they would pay no more. Thus it was that the *Bouncer* obtained a gaseous kind of circulation; but gardeners know the result of early and extreme *forcing*—the plants are apt to shrivel and die; we rather think Dr Rogers can now add his testimony to the truth of the principle. But assuredly the art of "doing," and the aggravation of "being done," were never better illustrated. The wonder is that the "Doctor" did not make as permanent a hit as Hyam in his toggery, or Morrison in his pills. The Stirling drapers would make their fortunes in a twelvemonth, if they could only screw their courage up to treading in the footsteps of the immortal Rogers. Imagine, if our readers can, the luxury of living in a country where every grocer, and draper, and coal merchant, conducted his business on the Rogers

principle; and was at liberty to send a ham or a hat, or a cart of coals, *without orders*, and write at the bottom of his half-year's account, that, because you didn't *send contrary orders*, you would require to cash up. A stunning trade would of course be done for a short time, and then—there would be, as in Rogers' case, "the devil to pay, and no pitch hot" The advertising department of the paper was conducted in the same style; advertisements were set up without orders, and then begging letters sent, offering to insert them for next to nothing, *seeing that they were already in type*. The crash, however, though long delayed, has come at last, and the "Doctor" leaves the editorial chair, after creating quite as great a sensation as he did that memorable day in June, when, on the top of the Abbey Craig, he thrice waved a huge piece of pot metal above his head, and shouted, "This, is the sword of King Robert the Bruce." As regards the new object to which

he is about to devote his herculean energies, time will show whether or not it is to turn out another Supplemental dodge. He is still in his prime, and neither the Stirling Presbytery, nor the Secretary at War, seem to think it any public scandal in the chaplain of Stirling Castle making politics a trade, or in his entrapping unwary farmers into parting with their hard-earned money. But we entreat this man's superiors to consider the following facts. Here is a minister of the Gospel, who, in addition to making his name a bye-word in connection with the Wallace Monument, is at this moment printer and Town Councillor in Stirling; Right Worshipful Master of the Stirling Ancient Lodge of Free Masons; agent for

the Self Protecting and Life Assurance Company, whereby a person makes provision for others in case of his early death; ditto for the Indisputable Fire and Life Assurance Company; ditto for the Caledonian Assurance Company; ditto for the Guardian Assurance Company; local manager for the West African Cotton Company; local secretary to the West Cambrian Gold Mining Company; and the Stirling agent for a company which proposes to bring *coals* from the Danube to Newcastle, and sell them there for eighteenpence a ton. But time and space would fail were we to go on with our catalogue; the plain truth is, that instead of being a minister of the Gospel, he is a mere advertising van—a dead wall of secular pursuits.

A chaplain you? Nay, nay for shame,
It looks too blasphemous a jest;
The blameless man! to take his pay and wear his name.
You humbug! off! and cease to pest.