

THE CANADIAN PHILATELIC MAGAZINE.

States, for which he had to pay the sum of £5. He tore off the wrapper and found MSS. called "The Cherokee Lovers," sent by a lady of New York, who requested Scott to read and correct it, write a prologue, have it produced on the stage of Drury Lane, and negotiate for a copyright. Whew! but Scott was swearing mad. In about a fortnight another large bulky letter arrived C.O.D., for £5 postage, and this the author thoughtlessly received and tore open. Out jumped a duplicate copy of "The Cherokee Lovers" with a letter from the same lady, saying that as the weather had been stormy and the mails so uncertain, she thought it prudent to send a duplicate, as the first or original might have been lost. This little diversion cost the gifted gentleman just \$50, and only two letters from New New York to England.

Compare the above figures with to-day's rate, when one can send a letter almost around the globe for a nickel. "Walton's Register" for 1823 shows Brattleboro to be the largest office in Vermont, and the cost of mailing letters, papers and pamphlets to be about \$20,000 a year. Postmasters received 30 per cent on the first \$100, 25 per cent on the next, and so on.

Asa Green was the postmaster, and his salary was fixed a 630.89. A single letter of one piece of paper, cost six cents for 30 miles; 10 cents for 80 miles; 12½ cents for 150 miles; 18¾ cents for 400 miles; and 25 cents for over 400 miles. A letter of two sheets was charged double, three sheets, triple, and so on. There were other local post-offices scattered all through the States when they were Colonies, and it is needless to add that the mail usually travelled by the time-honored old-fashioned "slow coaches."

The business of mail-carrying in strange lands has lost much of its romance at the present time, and the sleepy post-boy, Indian runners and overland express have given way and been superceded by steam power and electricity. Wouldn't it astonish Benjamin Franklin, Andrew

Hamilton, William Goddard, Andrew Bradford, Peter Franklin, and all those other postal continentals, could they but see our present lightning mail-trains rush by at nearly a mile a minute, and snatch a mail-sack from a crane so quick that one can scarcely see the operation?

One of the most remarkable romances connected with mail-carrying occurred in England about the time of George III. It was the case of Sir John Cochrane, who was in prison for participation in the Monmouth rebellion, and the mail packet coming from the south was supposed to contain the warrant for his execution.

Sir John's daughter, Grizel Cochrane, determined to save her father's life. She dressed herself in male attire and, mounting a fleet horse, galloped hard to Berwick-on-Tweed, where she waited, pistol in hand, for the post-boy to come along. On came the sleepy youth, and the girl thrust the old-fashioned pepper-box under his nose, threatening him with instant death if he did not deliver up the post packet. The boy took her for a highwayman, dropped the bag and ran for his life. The warrant authorizing the death of Cochrane was found, destroyed, and, not reaching its destination, the execution could not go on; and in the time thus gained Sir John's family, by the help of a heavy ransom, secured his pardon and thus saved his life.

It was a brave act for a girl, but not more so than hundreds of other cases in our own country. Note of one of the latest, the Jacksonville mail carrier, who, with his mail-sack on his shoulders, waded across Hillsboro inlet, and, in his endeavor to expedite and preserve the United States mail, was torn limb from limb by voracious sharks.

In connection with the mail service has grown up a wonderful trade in stamps.

Not to speak of the employment given to thousands of ships and railroad and manufacturers of stamps and business expedited by this means, yet a separate occupation is the buying and selling of