

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE POET.

THOMAS MILLER was a basket-maker, in Elliott's-row, Whitechapel, for a long time living in the most abject state of poverty. Sitting between an apple stall woman and an oyster stall, did he offer his wicker baskets for sale; yet there, amidst the grossness and accumulated mass of ignorance and vice, did the indwelling spark silently work through his blood and brain, and the unquenchable fire of genius blaze out laughingly. The first man who took him by the hand was the *then* proprietor of the *Monthly Magazine*, in which he wrote, and received a few shillings for his contributions.

One day as he was cowering over the embers of his dying fire, without a penny in the house, working at a job of two baskets, for which he was to receive five shillings, a gentleman entered the room, (it was the editor of *Friendship's Offering*) and asked him if his name was Miller. "Then," said he, "I want you to write something for me. I can't promise to accept it; but if you will send it to me, I will see what can be done."

Miller rather hesitated; but he asked him if he was not in great distress, and threw down half-a-crown to relieve him.

On his departure, Miller sent his wife out for a penny sheet of paper, a penny worth of ink and a pen, and two pounds of rump steaks. The paper was brought, and by the light of the fire, he wrote the beautiful poem of "The Fountain."

"Herc," said Miller, "is a beautiful poem; but I don't think that 'ere chap can appreciate it." He folded the poem, and wafered it. We forgot to say, that when he sat down to the poem, the two baskets he had to finish, and for which he should get five shillings, occurred to him. "Wicker against literature," said he, and finished the baskets first. The next day the gentleman called, told him he thought the poem beautiful, and threw down two guineas on the table. Miller had never before possessed such a sum, and his astonishment may be well conceived. He actually barred the door that night lest he should be robbed. The gentleman engaged him to write another, and another. Fortune seemed at last to smile upon the poet. His rise upwards has been very great. The Countess of Blessington, of whom he speaks in the highest terms, used to send for him; and there, after sitting with her, Bulwer, and D'Israeli, with his feet on the Turkey carpet, he had to run down to Waterloo Bridge, or some such place, to sell baskets! The Countess (bless her heart for it!) used to endeavour to make him accept money, which he steadily refused; but one day she followed him to the door, and extending her hand, said "Good bye, Miller;" when she relinquished her grasp, he found three sovereigns in his hand. Mr. Miller is justly proud of his rise, and does not ape the gentleman, or despise his former owliness.

THE BANNER OF ENGLAND.

A LOYAL SONG—BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

The banner of old England flows
Triumphant in the breeze,
A sign of terror to our foes;
The meteor of the seas.
A thousand heroes bore it,
In the battle fields of old;
All nations quailed before it,
Supported by the bold.

Brave Edward and his gallant sons,
Beneath its shadow bled;
And lion-hearted Britons,
That flag to glory led.
The sword of kings defended,
When hostile foes were near;
The sheet whose colours blended,
Memorials proud and dear.

The hist'ry of a nation,
Is blazon'd on its page;
A brief and bright relation,
Sent down from age to age.
O'er Gallia's hosts victorious,
It tam'd their pride of yore;
Its fame on earth is glorious,
Renown'd from shore to shore.

The soldier's heart has bounded
When o'er the tide of war;
Where death's brief cry resounded,
It flash'd a blazing star.
When floating over leagred wall,
It met his lifted eye,
Like war-horse at the trumpet's call,
He rushed to victory.

Ye Sons of Britain will you see
A rebel band advance?
To seize the standard of the free,
That dar'd the might o' France?
Bright banner of our native land,
Bold hearts are knit to thee;
A hardy, free, determined band,
Thy champions yet shall be.
Melsetter, Douro, Jan. 2, 1838.

SELF LOVE.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebbles stir the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race.
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowing of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind.

Pope's *Essay on Man*.