GENERAL NEWS.

a British Admiralty have abolished flogging in the navy.

a English Government has sent troops to Ballylelon, Ireland.

a Benjamin Springer, a millionaire of London, is reported dying.

a Secretary Thompson denies that he has been formally offered the Presidency of the Panama Canal Company.

a Keene is negotiating for the sale of a farm in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia. Price, $300.

a Lorne opened the Canadian government Thursday, with an assurance that the Canada Pacific railroad will be completed.

a The National Bank of Canada has increased its earnings for November from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000, an increase of $500,000.

a The Mississippi Valley Sanitary Association has adopted a resolution in favor of the Confederate Sanitary Association and sending a delegation to the Confederate Sanitary Association, the Mississippi Valley.

a Man who shot and killed a man while attempting to execute a man in Cook's Town, near Tyrone, has been arrested.

a The Crown Prosecutor was acting as a court in Limerick, he assaulted a man with a street boy because he defended a man to whom Land League was opposed, but he was not destroyed.

a Nevada City, the city of Lowden vs. The Idaho Mining Company for $50,000, failed to appear and were discharged.

a Examination of the charge of forging with and robbing the dead, against J. W. McFarland, of San Francisco, has been reported.

a The New York Star, Kelly's organ, says: The profound conviction must rest itself on the minds of Democrats everywhere that New York is no longer a Democratic city. It has traded off, handed over to the Republicans, body and soul.

a The arrivals at the assay office at the Union gold from Europe, for the week, were $1,604,700, of which $500 was in American coin, and 80,900 foreign coins and bars. The total arrivals since August 2d were $5,760,000, of which $5,760,000.

THE MINER'S LOT.

BY WM. JONES.

I dive into the deep well,
You'd tremble where I stay,
And through the rock and glittering ore
My arm must break its way.

I cannot breathe the summer air,
Nor see the roses blow;
No scent of flowers can meet me there,
No freshness we go.

Though every element declare
That death's at every turn,
I fear no dark abyss if but
My little lamp should burn.

Nor do I fear the threatening cliff,
Precipitations o'er my head;
Nor yet the wild and rushing stream
That tears its rocky bed.

Nor yet the blue and glistening flame,
From where comes poisoned breath,
Blown out to bring us suddenly
Into the jaws of death.

I boldly bore into the hill,
And split the hardest rock;
God grant the grace—I light the match,
And wait the dreadful shock.

I boldly dig from mountain depths,
The veins that lighten earth,
And bring from out of rocky gulf
The marrow of the earth.

How beautiful it is! but soon
We see an idol rising;
They worship it, forgetting us,
And God Himself despising.

I open many a golden lode,
And many a silver vein,
And when the rich take up the prize,
What, think you, is my gain?

Stiff rheumatism in my limbs,
And oft a beggar's slave;
Dry bread, with but a little salt,
And oft an early grave.

True, many a miner passing by,
Weeps when he sees me end;
And having blest my ashes, says:
"Rest well, rest well, my friend!"

So glimmer on, my little friend,
For certain soon or late,
With many a brave and noble man,
The grave will be my fate.

Sutter Creek, 1860.