INFANTILE SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES CURED BY Cuticura

EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous or hereditary, is speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood and Skin Purifier, and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c; SOAP, 35c; RESOLVENT, $1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER.

LORD O'HAGAN.

SKETCH OF THE IRISH PATRIOT.

Another of Glassnevin's Graves—The Career of the Great Jurist—His Times and His Contemporaries.

Near the ashes of the Liberator lie those of another distinguished Jurist, generally speaking, beloved by his contemporaries. With winning ways, and the gift of the gab, in the stormiest period of Irish history, he paddled his way across the rough current of Irish politics and drew up his canoe in the safe port of an Irish Judgeship, without sacrificing honor and principle like Keogh, and the many Irish Barrister adventurers. He did not start out with a murderous design against "cruel England," nor to coin calumny of scurrilous and commonplace epithets to inflame the peasantry to a rebellion that was to aid to his fame and procure a mouthstopper in the form of employment from "cruel England."

When he became Judge the fervent fiery words of denunciation from those who call themselves patriots. Men knew that he had struck the bull's-eye in the target he had so long been aiming at, and their congratulations were hearty. "By Jove, what a shot!" was echoed on every side. His face was no longer seen in the winding ways of the Four Courts, and his shingle became the property of the voracious tax-man. His "Mr." disappeared in the general change and Lord O'Hagan became a picturesque figure in the History of his country. The greatest statesman of this or any age, recognizing the brilliancy of his attainments and the purity of his character, gave him his confidence, and in further elevating him, aimed at wiping out the famous Penal Code.

THE LAST REMNANT OF IT,

the office of Lord-Lieutenant, the last lost rose of summer, sung by the poet withered and petalless, must also follow the common fate. There is something elaborate about his grave. Its gratuitous pretentiousness irritates Godly divinities, bearing Christian Ethics of Faith and Hope to guard its portals. There is a cold offering telling Graces of the dead, that the living Deputies place, staple, in petitions for favors to this consecrated spot. We could see in a box that jack had the window and gazed through the iron bars. In the coming twilight we could discern the altar, a few candles had burned to the faded bouquet. Our guide came to the front, in his rich brogue and a thousand uninteresting things were told. "Sitted down, the flowers had been put there a few days previous to the coming by the widow, the candles had been used at a service that had taken place inside the vault, the young O'Hagan was acolyte, a charming boy who looked every inch a lord. God bless him." When I mildly insisted that in our country lords were like Bengal tigers, seen now and then, and mighty interesting at all times, he naively replied that it must be so, since so many of my countrymen came over here to revel in a society so scarce in their own land. Like O'Connell's grave, that of O'Hagan brought forth memories. There is a class of spasmodists that can only find in classic lands, like Greece and Rome,

SUBJECT FOR MEDITATION.

If the little withering wayside flower can call up the emotions of him who sees, what emotions will not the grave of one prominent in his country's history beget? Here were two graves, side by side, and devoid indeed of imagination must the traveller be, who could not sit on the dead box, and have no other ideas save of his present surroundings, and the commonplace fact that he sat on a box. Would not the cemetery disappear and the dim and human clamor surround him on all sides? Would he not become a participant in those fiery debates and deep vibrations which made the Corn Exchange classic ground. Would not the figure of Meagher, the merry eye twinkle, the convulsive shake of the body, the sudden jerk of the hand, Dillon's impassive handsome countenance, Davis' deep lines of thought, Mangan's worn face, Mitchell's determined brow, and the impassioned music of O'Connell's voice rise before him? Another figure would also arise, that of a man in the prime of life, with fortune beckoning to him, and the way strewn with roses, leaving fortune and the easy path, to join a branded set of men whose body of opinions he could not hold, but whose honesty and truth he at once discerned. While the majority condemned them as dreamers, destroyers of society, and men fit only to glut the scaffold, this young man amid the chaff, heeded the sacred cause of liberty. In each passionate strophe, and high wrought period he but saw a manly fight in many ways for liberty. To err with them in dungeons and poverty was better than to abet the majority in a Cathay of slavery. This man, who was not afraid to be a man, when it took courage to place manhood in the front was none other than

THE GENEROUS HEARTED O'HAGAN.

Let one of the actors of that most fascinating period of Irish history tells us how it came to pass. But the signal accession of the day remains to be mentioned. Thomas O'Hagan was then one of the most successful, and beyond comparison the most popular member of the Junior bar. It was said of him that he had no enemy. He was sometimes compared by his friends to Francis Horner for the sweetness of his nature and the unstained probity of his career. His face had the frankness, and his bearing that unaffected grace which politics bestow on Milton and Somers in their youth.

Among a profession which has never wanted conspicuous intellect, he was often named as legitimate heir to the eloquence of Curran. From the outset of his career a signal success at the bar was predicted for him, and he has justified these predictions by attaining to the office and the rank of Prankett, without exciting jealousy by unwarrantable progress or reproach by any vacillation of his political convictions. Mr. O'Hagan attended the Association, described its motives in forming it, and indicated the exact position he occupied, a position which was singular in that assembly. It was a speech which reflected his character, where active courage united with moderations of aims and a proud sense of personal integrity. He desired "a federal union with England, a local parliament to deal with local interests, and an Imperial Parliament in which Ireland should be adequately represented, to deal with imperial interests." His utterance on that occasion, is sufficient to show

WHAT SORT OF A MAN

the young lawyer was. With the air of a man who is a thinker, and not afraid to make his thoughts known, little caring who may be displeased at the young lawyer on that famous occasion and in the presence of O'Connell and the Young Irelanders thus spoke:—"I should have wished to pursue the ordinary course of professional life to which my life is devoted without any reference to questions of my own personal position, but the privileges for thought and speech conferred upon me by Ireland's generous people have created duties. I think that persons, convictions and personal interests should give way to a sense of public duty. I am but a novice. I think that from this place no man of real independence can be [illegible] maintenance of the connection which I desire in all things I agree with many of those whom I address." Listened to by the struggling throng that surrounded him, and applauded by the earnest veterans, upon whose stood upon the same platform little dreamed the young Anglo-Irish Barrister, whose rights to be respected, would be trampled upon, and those fair fields of freedom and peace be converted into become pallid and worthless with slavery's weeds and chains. He lived long enough to see the federation system dwindle to a mere [illegible] was born during the [illegible] of the people not by honest leaders and loved country, but by a mere [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Part [illegible] [illegible] to his [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]