

considerable personal attractions, but the beauty of her mind exceeded that of her person. She was now a widow. At the age of eighteen she married a worthy young man, a promising member of the Cincinnati bar; after the death of her husband, which occurred in a brief period, she returned to the home of her childhood, where her grief would be respected. Edward, the subject of our story, was about two years younger than his sister. He was above the medium height, and possessed a most commanding figure; he was not handsome, but there was something in those bright eyes, and thoughtful brow, that won the respect and admiration of all beholders. He had received a classical education, and had recently established himself as a lawyer in his native village.

On the Fourth of July, 1850, some three thousand persons assembled in a delightful grove, to participate in the celebration of our national anniversary. In the centre, a platform was erected to accommodate the speakers; a band of music was engaged for the occasion, and everything prepared to make the day pass pleasantly. On the arrival of the Judge and his family, a tremendous cheer was given by the multitude, for Edward McDonald was the chosen orator of the day.

The Declaration of Independence was read in beautiful style by the gentleman appointed, and was received with tremendous cheers by the company, but it was when young McDonald took the stand, that the very welkin rang with enthusiastic shouts; those who were present on the occasion, and heard the eloquent speech of the young orator, will not easily forget it. The writer of this has listened with admiration to the greatest

statesmen, the most eloquent divines, but never did he experience such emotions as when listening to Edward McDonald on the above occasion. There was one continual buzz of admiration at the end of the soul-stirring oration, and many were the prophecies of the young man's future greatness, and one venerable gentleman was heard to remark: "There is one destined to be one of the brightest stars in the horizon of America."

On the evening of the day above mentioned, the Judge and his family were seated in an elegantly furnished apartment, together with some friends, assembled to spend a social hour. There was one whom we wish particularly to mention. Lucy Merville was in her nineteenth year, the daughter of a wealthy merchant; she had received an accomplished education, and was endowed with all the qualities admired in woman. Although possessing a beautiful figure, there was nothing strikingly handsome in her features, but her virtue, refined manners, and generous nature, endeared her to all.—She was the betrothed bride of Edward McDonald.

As we have already stated the Judge indulged freely in the use of wine, and was often heard to remark, he owed his success on the bench to its influence, he never summed up a case or charged a jury before imbibing his favorite drink. With the example set before him, it was not strange that Edward should follow the example of his parent. On the evening alluded to, the refreshments were ample and luxuriant; the most costly wines were provided, and the company did most ample justice to the rich viands. Until about ten o'clock, the time passed pleasantly in relating incidents of the revolution, and congratulating