

madly strike her dead account

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the fall
of Robespierre."

"Murdered!" exclaimed Bonaparte, in threatening tones.

"Yes, general, murdered!" repeated Eugene, with resolution. "I come now to request, in the name of my mother, that you will have the kindness to bring your influence to bear upon the committee, to induce them to give me back my father's sword. I will faithfully use it in fighting the enemies of my country and defending the cause of the republic."

These proud and noble words called up a gentle, kindly smile to the stern, pale face of the young general, and the fiery flash of his eyes grew softer.

"Good! young man, very good!" he said. "I like this spirit, and this filial tenderness. The sword of your father—the sword of General Beauharnais—shall be restored to you. Wait!"

With this, he called one of his adjutants, and gave him the necessary commands. A short time only had elapsed, when the adjutant returned, bringing with him the sword of General Beauharnais.

Bonaparte himself handed it to Eugene. The young overwhelmed with strong emotion, pressed the weapon—the sole, dear possession of his father—to his lips and to his heart, and tears of sacred emotion started into his eyes.

Instantly the general stepped to his side, and his slender white hand, which knew so well how to wield the sword, and yet was as soft, as delicate, and as transparent as the hand of a duchess, rested lightly on Eugene's shoulder.

"My young friend," said he, in that gentle tone which won all hearts to him, "I should be very happy could I do anything for you or your family."

Eugene gazed at him with an

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