

suffering will kill me will
this suffering never cease?
"You love him, then! You too love
him!"

"Love him! Loved who?"

"Why, my poor George! my poor
nephew!"

"Oh him! Yes oh yes, yes ~~yes~~ certainly
certainly. Punch - punch - Oh this
misery will kill me.

"Bless you sir, for those sweet
words! I too - suffer in this dear
last moments?"

"Yes! I - whose last moments?"

"His, the dear departed's."

"Yes! Oh, yes yes yes! I suppose
so, I think so, I don't know! Oh,
certainly - I was there I was there."

"Oh, what a privilege! what a
precious privilege. And his last
words tell me - tell me his
last words! What did he say?"

"He said - he said - Oh, my head,
my head, my head. He said - he
said - he never said anything
but Punch, punch punch, in
the presents of the passenger!
Oh, leave me, madam! In the
name that of all that is
generous, leave me, leave me to
my madness; my misery, my despair."