

[Newspaper clipping (1874?) featuring an illustration of 'The Siamese Twins' Chang and Eng and the report of their death with an obituary].

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in noting the astonishing performances of Mr. C. Absolon, who has not only, by continual and successful practice, placed himself one of the most popular promoters of the healthiest of many games, but has also done great service in the cricket world by the kindness and liberality with which he has fostered rising talent. It has naturally occurred to some correspondents of *Bell* that it would be a just recognition of the veteran's long years of service in the cause of cricket to present him with a substantial testimonial. "Umpire" set the ball rolling on the 17th, and that the ball will gather plenty of moss in the shape of five-pound notes and smaller sums is clear from the readiness and cordiality with which the members of two cricket clubs announced in last Saturday's *Bell* subscriptions of five guineas each to the Absolon Fund.

THE LATE SIAMESE TWINS.

We represent, for the last time, Chang and Eng, the Siamese twins, who died on Saturday, the 17th inst., at their home in Carolina, aged sixty-three. Chang expired first, and Eng survived his brother only two hours, according to the special *Times* telegram.

These extraordinary twins were born in Siam, of Chinese parents, in May, 1811. From birth their bodies were united in a singular manner by a band of flesh, stretching from the end of one breastbone to the same place in the opposite twin. The survival to advanced life of such a *usus nature* made this one of the most remarkable cases on record. A union of the bodies of twins by various parts is not an unusual occurrence. Ambrose Paré has depicted instances of

union by the back, belly, and forehead, occurred in two girls, who lived to the age of ten years, when, one of them dying, a separation was made. The wound of the living girl assumed a bad character, and soon proved fatal. The Hungarian sisters, who lived about a century since, were united by the back. They died when they were twenty-two years of age.

The Siamese twins were purchased of their mother at Meklong, a city of Siam, and were taken to America by Captain Coffin and Mr. Hunter in 1829. On examination, the connecting band seemed to have united them at first face to face; but constant traction had so changed its direction that they stood partially side by side. Its length above was about 2 in., below nearly 4 in.; from above, downwards, it measured 3 in., and its greatest thickness was 1½ in.



"CHANG" AND "ENG," THE LATE SIAMESE TWINS.

It was covered with skin, and when the centre was touched both felt it; but on touching either side of the median line only the nearest individual was sensible of it. The connection between the Siamese twins presented many interesting points in regard to physiology and pathology, for, although they formed two perfectly distinct beings, they appeared most frequently to think, act, and move as one individual.

After realising a competence by the exhibition of themselves in the various countries of Europe, the Siamese twins settled in one of the Southern States of America, where they were married to two sisters, and had offspring. Owing to domestic quarrels, however, two houses were found necessary, each living with his wife a week at a time alternately. They were, it is asserted, ruined by the disastrous civil war in America, and in 1869 reappeared in Europe

for exhibition. Having realised a considerable sum, they again returned to America, to end their days in rest.

The *Lancet*, in its number for Feb. 13, 1869 (at which time the twins were exhibiting in London), gave the following additional particulars of the twins:—

"The two brothers are entirely distinct individuals, both corporeally and mentally. On Wednesday morning the pulse of Eng, the taller of the two, beat at the rate of 96, that of Chang at the rate of 99, in the minute; and the others state that there has been a much greater difference than this on several occasions.

"They married two sisters, and each is the father of nine children. Eng has six sons and three daughters; Chang, six daughters; and three sons.

Between the families there is not the same perfect harmony as between the fathers; and there are periods when each family wishes to have a father all to itself.

"It would be unjust to conclude our notice without a few words of praise and admiration for the manner in which the twins have overcome the great difficulties entailed upon them by their calamity. Many men—and especially many Orientals—would have been utterly crushed beneath it. The brothers Chang and Eng—or, to give them their due as American citizens—the Messrs. Chang and Eng Bunker—have educated themselves fully in the language and literature of their adopted country. They have been successful tobacco planters on a large scale in North Carolina, and appear to have gained the respect and esteem of their neighbours."

ADELA; OR, SAVED BY AN ANGEL. A TALE OF THE "STAKED PLAIN." BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, AUTHOR OF "THE DEATH SHOT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII. DREAD CONJECTURES.

It is Wilder who so emphatically proclaims the character of the cavalcade. He has no need, Hamersley having already made it out himself.

"As they are soldiers," he rejoins, mechanically, adding, "Mexican, as a matter of course. None of our troops ever stray this far west. 'Tis out of United States territory. The Texans claim it. But those are not Texans; they are uniformed, and carry

lances. Your old friends the Rangers don't affect that sort of thing."

"No," responds Wilder, with a contemptuous toss of the head, "I shodn't think they did. We niver tuk to them long sticks; 'bout as much use as bean-poles. In coorse they're Mexikins, *lanceeros*."

"What can they be doing out here? There are no Indians on the Staked Plain. If there were, such a small party as that, taking it to be Mexican, would not be likely to venture after them."

"Maybe it's only a advance guard, and thar's a bigger body behind. We shall soon see, as they're ridin' deereet this way. By the tarsal, 't wout do to let 'em sight us; leastwise, not till we've seen more o' them, an' know what sort they air. White men tho' they call themselves, I'd almost as soon meet Injuns. They'd be sure to take us for Texans; and 'bout me there'd be no mistake in that. But they'd treat you the same, an' thar treatment ain't like to be civil. Pullyur mule well back among the bushes. Let's blind the brutes, or they may take it into their heads to squeal."

The hybrids are led back into the grove, tied, and

tapadood—the last operation performed by passing a blanket, mask fashion, over their eyes. This done, the two men return to the edge of the copse, keeping themselves screened behind the outstanding trees.

In their absence the moving cohort has drawn nearer, and still advances. But slowly; and, as when first sighted, enveloped in a cloud of dust. Only now and then, as the wind wafts this aside, can be distinguished the forms of the individuals composing it. Then but for an instant, the dust again drifting around them.

Still the nimbus draws nigher, and is gradually approaching the spot where the travellers have concealed themselves.

At first only surprised at seeing soldiers on the Staked Plain, they soon become seriously alarmed. The troop is advancing towards the black jack grove, apparently intending it for a place of bivouac; if so, there will be no chance for them to escape observation. The soldiers will scatter about, and penetrate through every part of the copse. Equally idle to attempt flight on their slow-footed animals, pursued by over two score of cavalry horses.



"ADELA; OR, SAVED BY AN ANGEL": URAGA EXAMINES THE TREACHEROUS PEON.

They can see no alternative but surrender, submit to be made prisoners, and receive such treatment as their captors may think fit to extend to them.

While thus despairingly reflecting, they take note of something that restores their disturbed equanimity. It is the direction in which the Mexicans are marching. The cloud moving in slow, stately progress, does not approach any nearer to the copse. Evidently the horsemen do not design halting there, but will ride past, leaving it on their left.

They are, in truth, passing along the same path from which the travellers have late deflected; only in the counter-direction.

Now, for the first time, a suspicion occurs to Hamersley, shared by the Texan, giving both far greater uneasiness than if the soldiers were heading direct towards them.

It is further intensified as a fresh spurt of the desert wind sweeps the dust away, displaying in clear light the line of marching horsemen. No question as to their character now. There they are, with their square-peaked corded caps, and plumes of horsehair; their pennoned spears sloped over their shoulders, their yellow cloaks folded and strapped over the cantles of their saddles; sabres

lying along thighs, clinking against spurs and stirrups;—all the picturesque panoply of lancers.

It is not this that strikes dismay into the minds of those who are spectators, for it is now struck into their heart of hearts. On one figure of the cavalcade the eyes of both become fixed: he who rides at its head.

Their attention had been first attracted to his horse, Wilder gasping out, soon as he set eyes on the animal,

"Look yonner, Frank!"

"At what?"

"The fellur ridin' foremost. D'y'e see the anymal he's on? It's the same we war obleeged to abandon on takin' to the rocks."

"By Heavens! my horse!"

"Yurs, to a sartinty."

"And his rider! The man I fought with at Chihuashan, the ruffian Uruga!"

On recognising his antagonist in the duel, the Kentuckian gives out a groan. The Texan, too. For on both the truth flashes in all its fulness—all its terrible reality.

It is not the possession of Hamersley's horse, identifying its rider with the destroyers of the

caravan. That is nothing new, and scarce surprises them. What pains—agonises them—is the direction in which the soldiers are proceeding.

They can have no doubt as to the purpose of the military march, or the point to which it is tending.

"Yes," says Walt, "they're strikin' straight for the valley, goin' ithout guess-work, too. Thar's a guide along, an' thar's been a *treedur*."

"Who do you think?"

"That Injun, Manoel. Ye remember he went on a errand 'bout a week ago, to fetch them some things that war needed. Instead, he's made diskivery o' the hidin' place o' his master, and sold that master's head. What he's did, sure."

"It is," mutters Hamersley, in a tone that tells of affliction too deep for speech. Before his mind is a fearful forecast. Don Valerian a prisoner to Uruga and his ruffians—Don Prospero, too; both to be dragged back to Albuquerque and cast into a military prison. Perhaps worse still—tried by court-martial soon as captured, and shot soon as tried! Nor is this the direst of his provisions. There is one darker—Adela in the company of a rascal crew, surrounded by the brutal soldiery, powerless, unprotected—she his own dear one, now his betrothed!