

"As they never conversed together, they had nearly forgotten their native tongue. If one was addressed, they both answered—(that may be, but I am positive I saw them speak to two different persons separately)—and a gentleman who is in this city told me only last evening he had seen them do so also." I continue Dr. Pas-savant's narrative:—

"They played some games of skill, but never with each other, as that, they said, would be like the right hand playing with the left. They read the same book at the same time, and sang together in unison.

"In America they had a fever which ran precisely the same course. Their hunger, thirst, sleeping and waking, were always coincident, and their tastes and inclinations were identical.

"Their movements were so simultaneous that it was impossible to distinguish with which the impulse originated, they appeared to have but one will. The idea of being separated by an operation was repugnant to them; and they consider themselves happier in their duality than are the individuals that look on them with pity. This admirable sympathy, although