

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 26.

A correspondent of the Monitor at Wyoming says:

"Having seen in the Boston Journal a notice of the death of the last supposed survivor of the Wyoming massacre, I give you the following."

Amos Adams, now living in Wethersfield, N. H., was over the survivors of the Wyoming Massacre in 1865. He was born in April, 1778, Hosay:

"I have seen from end to end human scalps on an Indian's back, with the long gray hair of the aged and the gory scars of theaceous

At that early age he traveled on foot, in company with his father and mother, to a child younger than himself had to carry in his arms, from a marshy hunting settlement to a distance of about 150 miles. During their long, hard journey they were obliged to travel many miles without water to quench their thirst. "Once," he says, "we came to a marshy place where some water had previously been, leaving a large quantity of yellow soil, in which we found water running from a hole in the ground. My mother said, 'I asked my mother if I might get down and drink it, said I might and eagier did I drown my face into the dirt to obtain the precious water."

Even now, when a ten-year-old boy in the age of six or seven has the urge of hugging his parents to pass on and leave him to die alone, there is something to pity, and no physician can be sure which to treat him best. He is now eighty and has never met with the so-called Democratic party.

BOSTON, June 25.—A correspondent of the Brunswick Telegraph tells of the late Dr. Tyler:

"Dr. Tyler, the President of the East Wind-Drill, and one of the fathers in New England and New York, died well known in this region as the successor of Dr. Pease, used to say that it took him a great deal of time to learn the worth of his calling, and that he had to labor a long time, it may be eight years."

He went into an apothecary shop in Hartford, and said, "I am a doctor, and am not inclined to sell the goods of another." The clerk said, "I am only a D. D. and have not yet had the time to study and practice, and as far as I can tell, I am a doctor," but he refused to take the money back, and so I have always been ready to testify that a D. D. might be worth a sixpence."

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