

concise history in manuscript of Nova Scotian Forest Trees, and Shrubs, which contains much valuable information. He retained a vigorous intellect even to extreme age and by a kindly disposition manifested to those around him gained the good will of all. He died at his residence in the Dutch Village, a small-farm house on the borders of the forest, which had been for many years his home, and according to his wish was buried in a picturesque spot in the pine woods overlooking the calm waters of Bedford Basin.

The following letter was written by his brother, resident in the United States, in answer to enquiries made respecting his early life:—

“WATERTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY,  
March 10, 1850.

“Dear Sir,

“Yours of the 4th ult., came duly to hand, in which you inform me that the friends of my late brother are making arrangements to publish his *writings*, and ask me for such facts as memory can furnish relative to his parentage, the character and standing of his father, his motives for leaving the United States and adopting Nova Scotia as his final residence, and his position during the American Revolution. Also, indications of character, and predominating attachment to particular branches of science manifested by my brother in early life; also for his correspondence with me. The latter has been wholly of a very domestic character, and very few of his letters remain in my possession, having been transmitted to a sister of his and mine, residing at a distance, and who now like him is numbered with the dead. On the general subject of your enquiry, the information must necessarily be limited, about fifty-four years having passed away since I last saw my brother; but such information as I have here to give, obtained from my father and some of his early friends, added to what memory can supply on the subject of your enquiry, will be most cheerfully communicated. Indeed it is a source of gratification that the gentlemen you name, should give so distinguished a mark of consideration to the memory of one so very dear to me, the constant companion of my childhood, and to whom I feel indebted, for the early inculcation of the principle ‘that knowledge is better than fine gold.’

“I shall speak in the first person in naming recollections of our ancestors, who at an early day emigrated from England and settled on the Connecticut River, in South Hadley, county of Hampshire, and now state of Massachusetts. The first of whom I have any knowledge, was my grandfather, generally known as Deacon John Smith, who was born about the year 1690, and was by occupation a farmer. During much of his life theological considerations engrossed almost the entire public mind. The settlements too were surrounded with tribes of hostile Indians, so that procuring the necessaries and comforts of life, and guarding the frontier against the inroads of the savages, left little time for literary pursuits. Neither have I any knowledge of his tastes. He held the rank of a captain in the Frontier Guards, and occupied for most of his life the position of Select-man; (three officers bearing that title being elected by the inhabitants of the town, to whose hands was committed the public concerns of the town); he was considered a man of strong common sense. My father who was his fourth son, was born June 4, 1734. Of his early history I know but little. His constitution was not strong, and having an ardent desire to study, he fitted for college; but the war with France of 1756 coming on, and the French having brought many of the Indian tribes into their interest, the utmost vigilance was required to protect the inhabitants of the frontier. My