

**FORTY YEARS' RESIDENCE IN
AMERICA: OR, THE DOCTRINE OF A
PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE
EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LIFE OF GRANT
THORBURN, SEEDSMAN, NEW YORK**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649586905

Forty Years' Residence in America: Or, the Doctrine of a Particular Providence Exemplified in the Life of Grant Thorburn, Seedsman, New York by Grant Thorburn

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

GRANT THORBURN

**FORTY YEARS' RESIDENCE IN
AMERICA: OR, THE DOCTRINE OF A
PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE
EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LIFE OF GRANT
THORBURN, SEEDSMAN, NEW YORK**



GRANT THORBURN

NEW YORK

Alfred Russel

FORTY YEARS'

RESIDENCE IN AMERICA:

OR THE

DOCTRINE OF A PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE

44
EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LIFE OF

GRANT THORBURN,

SEEDSMAN, NEW YORK.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

'The fall of a sparrow, and the death of an eagle, are seen alike by him whose eye is every where.'

LIBRARY

21
BOSTON:
RUSSELL, ODIORNE, & METCALF.
PHILADELPHIA: MARSHALL, CLARK & CO.
NEW YORK: MONSON BANCROFT.

1834.

A. G.



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
584216
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1913 L

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1833, by
GRANT THORNTON,
in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

BOSTON:
James B. Dow, Printer,
122 Washington-st.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

TO THE PUBLIC.

I HAVE thought, that the incidents of my life are so plainly stamped by the directing hand of a particular Providence, that it is a debt I owe to the Giver of all good, to let the world know it.

I have always found, that whatever business was laid to my hand, was best done, when I attended to it myself. Therefore, if a man thinks that society may reap a benefit from his history; surely it is his duty to have a fair copy sent forth to the world while he lives.

It is a rare thing; to find either a friend, or a foe, to publish a true copy of a man's life. Besides, so many scraps and mutilated extracts of my history have appeared in Galt's 'Lawrie Todd,' in magazines, tracts,

reviews, and newspapers, in Europe and America, that I think I owe it to myself to state the simple truth.

Therefore, this first edition, now published by Russell, Odiorne, & Co., is the only genuine copy ever published. If, unwittingly, I have said any thing untrue, or hurtful to the feelings of any one, I will cheerfully retract.

GRANT THORBURN.

Boston, 1833.

W. W. W. W.
O. O. O. O.
Y. Y. Y. Y.

PREFACE.

I THINK there is as much novelty in the incidents of my life, as I have generally found in works of fiction. I think, also, that society may learn something from them, and have, therefore, thought it my duty to put them in print. I had thought not to have done this, till June 16, 1834, provided my life might have been spared, which would have completed my fortieth year in America; but events, unforeseen, and beyond my control, admonish me that the present is the time — and it is always best not to leave for to-morrow, what may be done to-day.

Because it seldom happens that a man publishes his own life, it is, therefore, thought something strange, wonderful, and unaccountable, when such a thing occurs. It is not, however, without precedents. In 1832, J. Taylor, Esq., of London, published the *Records of his own Life*, — and who, in the name of wonder, has a better right to publish a man's life, than himself? Or, who do you suppose is better qualified for such a task, than himself? Besides, if a man attends to the printing of his own life, it is most likely to be correct. The way in which some men's lives are sent forth into the world, is a mere insult to common sense. If a friend gets hold of it, he twists it this way, and makes a life to suit his own notion. If an enemy gets hold of it, he twists it the other way, and makes a life that might have belonged to Buonaparte's father, for aught that I know.

Now, neither of them is the true life of the dead man ; and were he to return from the dead, perhaps he could not discover ten lines in the whole book, that belonged to himself — only, that he was *born, lived, died, and was buried.*

My manner of life, from my youth up, is known to all the inhabitants of *New York.* The fact that I landed on Gouverneur's wharf, with only three cents in my pocket, and my nail-hammer in my hand — and the fact that our establishment is now the most extensive, of the kind in America, naturally suggests the inquiry of, *how was it brought about?* I think, for myself, I was the most unlikely subject that Providence could have selected, to plant and build up so large a concern. My education consisted in little more than learning to read the bible, and write my own name. In ciphering, I never reached the Rule of Three — indeed, I ever thought, that addition and multiplication were the only rules of any real use to a man in business — and I think so still ; *subtraction* and *division,* I think, are worse than nothing.

When I purchased the first plant, which was the means of leading me into this business, I may safely say, that I knew not a geranium from a cabbage head. Providence, to be sure, provided the tools, and gave me a head and hands to use them, — my business has been built up, by the abilities of my children. My oldest son is a self-taught botanist, though he never learned a word of Latin : my second daughter is, perhaps, the best flower drawer in *America.* In the line of our business, we receive from Paris, Amsterdam, and London, the works of the best artists of the day — compared with hers, they are found wanting. This is no vain boast. On the table in my store, lie one hundred of her drawings, open to the inspection of all. Let any one produce a better if they can. Now this, her *natural* taste, I not only admire as a beautiful accomplishment, but it is a real dollar and cent concern. When a gentleman asks the price of a root, laying on the counter, in appearance no better than a Wethersfield onion, we may say, one dollar — he starts : we turn to the *natural* drawing of the flower, in her book ; he throws down his money with more pleasure, than he