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# I

## “THE YANKS ARE COMING!”

In which General Moses Cleaveland lays out a city in the Ohio wilderness, and makes ready for the Yankee Invasion.

The Yankee temperament seems to be resultant of forces between shrewd bargaining and a genius for faith. Faith kept bargaining from becoming sordid, and bargaining kept faith from becoming gullible. You can't help admiring these men. They were Puritans with a Mission Street education. They could deal with Scrooge to his disadvantage, and commune with Fenelon to his edification; yet neither function violated the other.

There was the matter of the Western Reserve for instance. The "Yanks" were delightfully clever in getting possession, and refreshingly altruistic in using their profits. Seven-eighths of the land, about thirty-five thousand acres, were sold to the Connecticut Land Company, and the proceeds ear-marked "Public Education." The remaining eighth was titled "The Fire Lands," and devoted to the relief of those who suffered from British depredations during the Revolutionary War.

Henry Parsons Crowell was a Yankee from Cleveland. You will never measure the sagacity with which he reared great enterprises, or the devotion of his walk with God until you take time to look at his forebears—the Yankees from Connecticut. (*Sketch Book*)

## “THE YANKS ARE COMING!”

WE NOW move up such slides, decorations, and fittings as seem convenient for making an open air theatre of a certain six hundred acres in downtown Cleveland. This theatre is to be the scene of a Pageant of Progress rich with thick-coming fancies. Hotel Cleveland and its Siamese sister, the Terminal Tower Building, will do for stage-center. Scribe a circle round about of half a mile. That is the arena. Now for a brief glance at its appearance in 1945.

Directly in front of the hotel, which has a northerly exposure, is the Public Square, on the north side of which, in fine centennial dignity, is the Old Stone Church. Continuing northward from the Public Square is a conventional huddle of American, big-city buildings, good, bad, and indifferent, which, after a few blocks, end at the waters of Lake Erie. A few doors east of the church is one of the buildings of the Western Reserve University. Running almost due east from the Public Square is Buffalo Road—pardon, “Euclid Avenue”; and forking southward from Euclid, about two-hundred feet from the Square is Fourth Street—but its name was once “Sheriff Street.” No modern map of Cleveland will help you make this identification. So you say to an officer,

“Where is Sheriff Street?”

He replies, “Well, this is Fourth Street. But right down there at the end, is an old building with a sign ‘Sheriff Street Market.’ Say! do you suppose Fourth was once Sheriff Street?”

Yes, as a matter of fact, Fourth Street was once Sheriff Street; and you cannot walk along this little street running from Euclid Avenue to Prospect Avenue without considering it a shrine: here Mr. Crowell was born! . . . Other streets running east from the square need not be mentioned at this time.

Back of the Hotel-Terminal Tower Buildings, the shabby little Cuyahoga River writhes northward. With a final squirm, it rounds a large bluff of white sand and enters the lake. This is not the time to admire the high level bridges over the river: or the skill with which engineers have blasted out, on the east bank, a cavern for an underground railway station so vast that several great buildings, such as the Post Office, the Union Depot, and the Terminal Tower, stand right on the top of it. Being in quest of yesterday, we leave it to you to muse upon this downtown nether world, replete with trackage for a fleet of trains, streets for auto traffic, and gleaming passageways, one of which comes up into the hotel itself. . . . Just before the river enters the lake, it runs through a covey of riff-raff buildings, one of which is an old hotel with an evil smell. But you are to remember this hotel, as it has an interesting part in our story.

Now let us go into the Florentine glory of the hotel lobby, take an over-stuffed chair, and dream awhile . . . the uproar of the traffic grows dim . . . the calendar slips backward . . . the raised letters of civilization disappear . . . the dense forests of the old Northwest Territory return, replacing the modern building . . . the little Cuyahoga looks much more important now. It is no longer degenerate from city contacts.

Here we are, back in primitive America! A dramatist would tell you these forests of oak, walnut, and butternut are just begging to be made into mantles and spinning wheels, bedsteads and chairs, wagons and barns: that this is a wonder-site for a future city! Out there on the hills are fields just right for oats and oil domes. In short, everything is all set for a Gold Tide, and the appearance of an American aristocracy with corn-fed children. . . . It is no longer 1945; it is 1796 . . . the month is July . . . the day is the twenty-first. . . . Bring out the bell, the book, and the candle. Curtain!

\* \* \*

There on the summer-blue waters of Lake Erie is a stubby little vessel moving in like a wooden shoe with sails on it, making its way towards that white sand bluff, for a landing in the mouth of the Cuyahoga River. Anchors down for the Silver Swan! And

while the boat is heaving-to, the scrip will quickly tell you of the captain and the crew!

The boat itself is rough-hewn, hacked out of the wilderness a year ago and launched in Lake Erie just above Niagara Falls, near the Village of Buffalo. For three months it has been "poking along, looking over the one hundred and fifty miles of wilderness shore-line from Buffalo to the Cuyahoga River."

The captain is that fair-sized hunk of violent young manhood just turned forty, General Moses Cleaveland, Yale graduate, class of 1786, and Barrister by the will of God. Canterbury, Connecticut, was his birthplace, January 29, 1754; the Revolutionary War, the source of his rank as "Brigadier General in the Militia." After student days in Yale, he practiced law for a time; then became a realtor when the State of Connecticut sold the Western Reserve. ("Realtor," Colonial for a Yale graduate selling real estate.) Along with the General are fifty more Roving Yankees, mostly from Connecticut. And the firm which they represent is The Connecticut Land Company.

\* \* \*

Mr. Crowell, in the Biographical Interviews, often spoke of the Western Reserve, and quite properly. That "gigantic real estate deal" captured the imagination of his forebears, the Connecticut Crowells and Parsons, and finally in the year 1853, occasioned the entry in the register of the Forest City House on Superior Street of "Henry Luther Crowell and wife." A thumb nail memo on the Western Reserve is therefore in order.

\* \* \*

At the close of the war in 1783, an empire-sized region of raw continent lay east of the Mississippi, which had in turn been owned by France, Great Britain, and in part, Quebec; "265,878 square miles of the best land you ever laid eyes on." By the Paris treaty, this tract was ceded to the United States. Two years later, Congress called it "The Northwest Territory." It is scandalously affirmed that one T. Jefferson proposed it be cut up into new states, and named as follows: "Assenipia, Cheronesus, Sylvania, Pelisipia, Illinoia, Polyptoamis, Washingtonia, Mesopotamia, and

Michigan." If this be true, aforesaid T. Jefferson could have rendered valuable service in naming Pullman sleepers.

Several conflicting claims at once arose as to which of the Thirteen States owned the Northwest Territory. The most vociferous claims were made by New York, Virginia, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. But the Connecticut Yankees outsmarted the others. In the year 1786, Connecticut briefed her equities: "She had a right to the new land by her charter of 1662, which gave her title to 'those lands limited east and west by the Sea.' (What sea? South Sea? Pacific Ocean?) So, in order to end all dispute, Connecticut with a notable *beaux geste* wished to cede all her rights and claims in the Northwest Territory to the Federal Government, except. . . ."

"Except!" There's the Ethiopian! Except a pleasant little patch of six thousand square miles of the best forest land in what is now eastern Ohio! The Nutmeg State Fathers felt it was only fair that her public spirit should be recognized in a little keepsake. This little keepsake they called "the Western Reserve," or "the Connecticut Reserve," all Connecticut had left over from her voluntary impoverishment. Like the gentleman from Tombstone, who affirmed ownership of Arizona, but was willing to settle for Phoenix.

The Western Reserve extended one hundred and twenty miles west of the Pennsylvania line, and lay north and south in the Horse Latitudes, forty-one and forty-two degrees. The same frugal Yankees, 1795-6, organized "The Connecticut Land Company," and purchased seven-eighths of the Western Reserve from the State, for the sum of one million two hundred thousand dollars. And the covered wagons started to roll westward.

\* \* \*

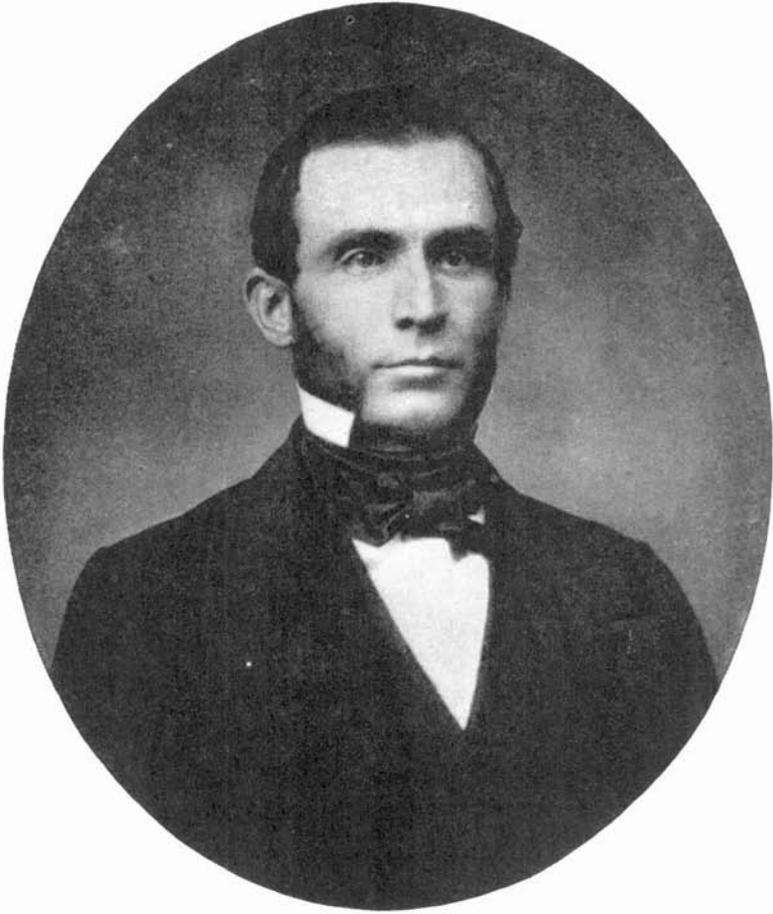
There was certainly no accounting for the men of Connecticut. One would think these post-Revolutionary Yankees could find, in the trackless solitudes on the west side of their own state, all they needed to slake their land thirst. But they did not, these restless men of New England! Though fixed enough in frugality and faith, they were marked by a boyish wanderlust that for a full



Hotel Cleveland and its Siamese Sister, the Terminal Tower Building. The Public Square is in the foreground; the shabby little Cuyahoga River, degenerate from city contacts, at the rear, happily out of view. These buildings center an area of six hundred acres where the City of Cleveland began. Within a yard-arms distance, there was once a street called "Sheriff," now Fourth, where Mr. Crowell was born.



Edifice, Second Presbyterian Church on Superior Street, to which the Luther Crowells belonged.



HENRY LUTHER CROWELL  
Father of Henry Parsons Crowell



Rev. James Eells, D. D., second pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Cleveland (January 24, 1855—April 3, 1860). On December 16, 1869, he was recalled to the church, remaining pastor until June 22, 1873. (Copied from a print in the records of The Old Stone Church.)

Rev. Theron Holbrook Hawks, D. D., third pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church (April 21, 1861—April 26, 1868). He it was who "led Mr. Crowell to Christ." (Copied of an oil painting. Church of the Covenant, Cleveland.)





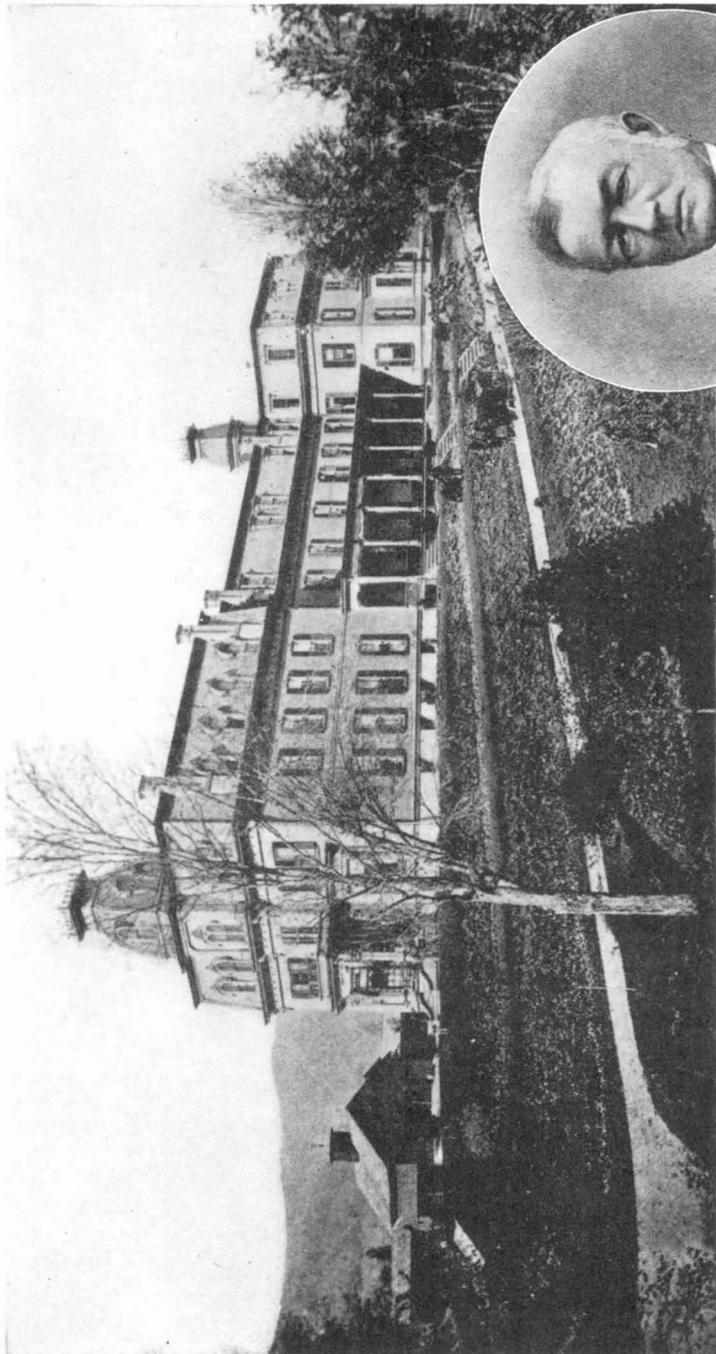
Joel Burton Parsons, (born 1833) brother of Mrs. Henry Luther Crowell. "He came down from Connecticut following the death of Luther to look after the three fatherless boys." (Photo supplied by his daughter, Miss Marion A. Parsons of Cleveland.)



William Henry Waite, who "took his nephew, Henry Parsons Crowell, away on the afternoon of Luther's death."



Frances Parsons (Mrs. William Henry Waite) "the beauty of the family": sister of Mr. Crowell's mother. So much did Frances and Mrs. Luther Crowell resemble each other as girls that, lacking a girlhood picture of his mother, Mr. Crowell constantly kept the above likeness on the library tables of Green Court and Winnetka homes.



GREYLOCK INSTITUTE

As rebuilt after the fire of  
April 14, 1872, along the lines  
of the original building.

PRINCIPAL BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MILLS



HENRY PARSONS CROWELL

Student at Greylock Institute, age sixteen. From the collection of Mr. Crowell's daughter, Mrs. Frederick Cowles Herrick of Cleveland.



LILLIE AUGUSTA WICK

(In her teens)

"The little Wick girl" had become a very attractive young woman. When Henry left Cleveland for California in the fall of 1877, they were engaged.

century put their little wooden boats into every ocean, and their emigrant trains into every wilderness.

Hardly had the ink dried on the Treaty of Paris, 1783, before the Yankees were moving westward, swarming like locusts over the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge Mountains. Little did they care what this meant to New England! For more than half a century, "the ox horns pointed west, until folks began to wonder if anybody would be left in New England."

A large number of these colonists were from Connecticut. "They were characterized by thrift, industry, and the manner in which they established public schools." Even the money received from the sale of the Western Reserve was set aside by the State of Connecticut for the support of public schools.

All of this explains the arrival in our six hundred acre amphitheatre, of the Silver Swan, General Moses Cleaveland, and his Fifty Yankees, July 21, 1796. This landing in our coliseum, you are to remember, is the beginning of the city of Cleveland. And you are also to note that the natural resources of this new country are so great that we have asked the orchestra to begin playing the Cash Register Symphony. Something certainly is going to come out of this!