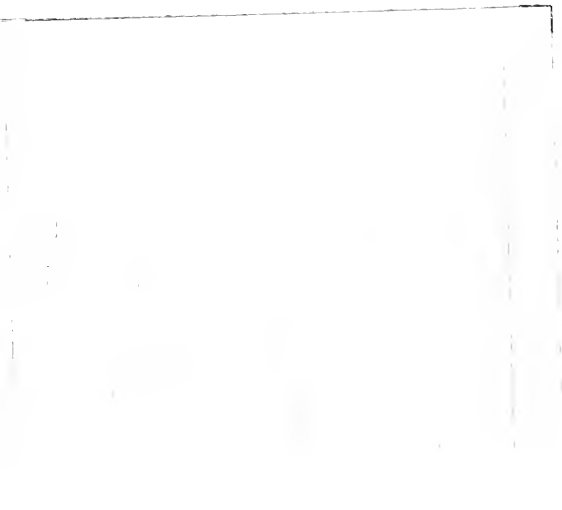


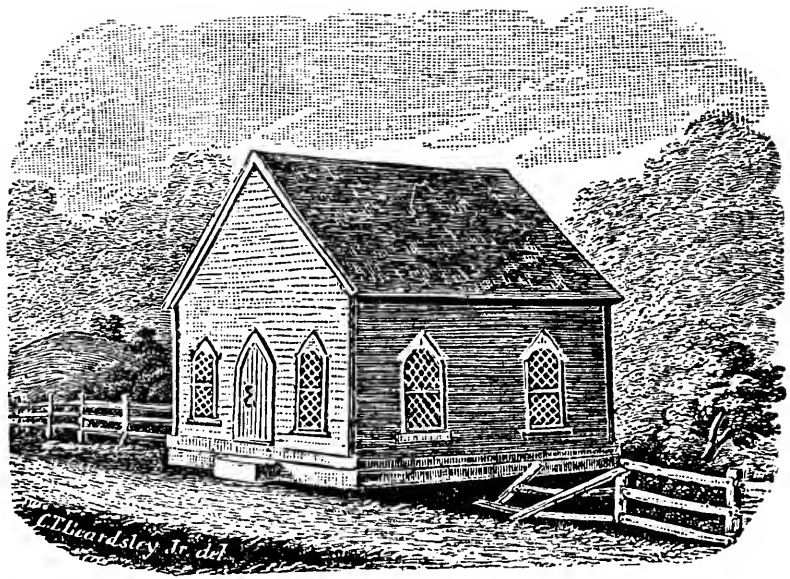
SOLDIER AND SERVANT SERIES

The Mansfields and The Church

Publication No. 146 Quarterly 25 Cents March, 1927

Church Missions Publishing Company
31-45 Church Street :: Hartford, Connecticut

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103 Act of October 3, 1917
Authorized January 12, 1924 Entered as Second Class Matter, Hartford, Conn.



FIRST CHURCH BUILDING IN DERBY, CONN.

"THE GLORY OF THE WILDERNESS"

THE COVER ILLUSTRATION

IT SEEMS APPROPRIATE THAT THE VIGNETTE OF THIS FAMILY GROUP SHOULD BE A SHIP. ON SUCH A SHIP MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD CAME TO AMERICA. ON A SHIP THE REV. RICHARD MANSFIELD WENT TO ENGLAND FOR HOLY ORDERS, AND THUS RETURNED. THE REV. A. R. MANSFIELD IS SHORE PILOT TO THOUSANDS WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS. THE HON. BURTON MANSFIELD IS LEGAL PILOT TO THAT SHIP WHICH IS CALLED THE ARK OF SALVATION. ALL HAVE BEEN OR ARE GUIDES TO PILGRIMS VOYAGING TO THE HAVEN WHERE THEY WOULD BE.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD

PIONEER

RICHARD MANSFIELD, one of the first settlers of New Haven, and ancestor of about all of the Mansfields in Connecticut, and most of them in New York State, and in several of the western and southern states, came from Exeter, Devonshire, England, and settled in "Quinnipiac," (New Haven, Conn.), in 1639. This is shown by a deed of land from James Marshall, of Exeter, England, duly recorded in New Haven land records, Vol. I, part of which was situated on the northwest corner of what is now Elm Street and Church Street, extending from near Temple Street easterly, and round the corner northerly, to near the present Wall Street. He owned another lot on State Street, nearly opposite the County Bank. For the first two or three years the settlers confined themselves to cultivating their lots in the Town plot, and near vicinity, included in what was called the first Division, and it is supposed he did not build on either of the above lots, unless it was temporary accommodations, perhaps a sort of a cellar, partly in the ground, with a thatched roof, a kind of habitation built and occupied by many of the most respectable inhabitants in the first year or two.

In the schedule of the list of the first Planters, 1641, he is put down at £400; 30 acres in the first division, 6 acres in the "Neck," 22 acres of meadow, and 88 in the second division. About this time, it is supposed, he established his large farm, and built his dwelling-house and farm accommodations at a place in the "second division," called the "East Farms," some 4½ miles out, on the present North Haven road, where he lived till he died, January 10, 1655. His nearest neighbors were David Atwater, Capt. Nathaniel Turner, William Potter, William Bradley, and a few others.

His wife's first name was Gillian; what her surname was probably can never be ascertained. After his death, she married, in 1657, Alexander Field, and removed into the Town to live with her husband in a house just purchased by him of Josiah Stanbrough of Southampton, L. I., and Elizabeth, his wife, formerly the wife of Thomas Wheeler, who had owned and occupied the same while living, "House and barn with about one acre of land facing easterly the Market Place." Richard Mansfield and Gillian, his wife had only two children, Joseph, born about 1636, and Moses, born in January or February, 1639 Old Style. She had no children by her second marriage. Her second husband died in 1666, and she then went to live with her son Moses, whose homestead occupied the large lot, corner of Elm and Church Streets, formerly his father Richard's. His dwelling house fronted on Elm Street. She died in 1669. We extract from the Colony Records the following:

"At a Court held 1643, Richard Mansfield demanded a debt of 40s. of Henry Gibbons, which said Henry promised to pay within a month, only desired to have 20s. of it abated for lodging and firewood for a whole winter in his cellar, which was thought reasonable, and Richard Mansfield ordered to allot it."

Gov. Theophilus Eaton gave oath of fidelity to Richard Mansfield at General Court at New Haven, July 1, 1644.

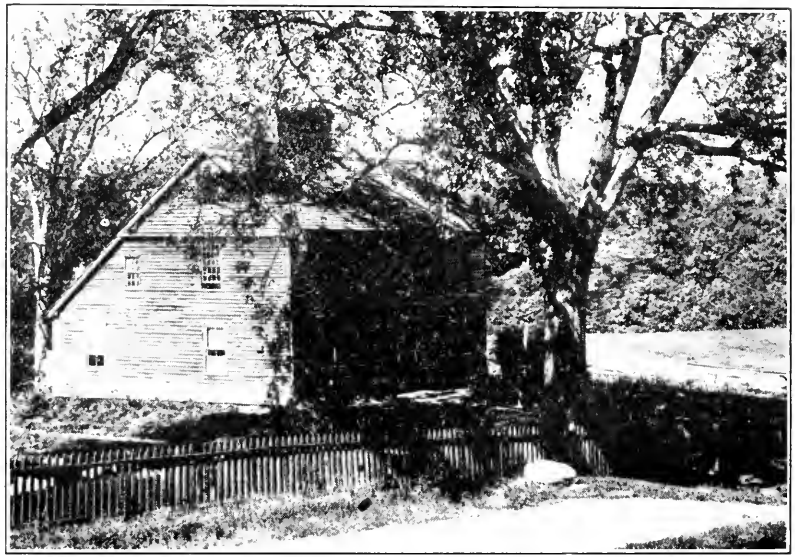
At General Court October 7, 1646, "Bro. Richard Mansfield had liberty to dept. the Court. Richard Mansfield with John Thomas are appoynted to view East river for a Bridge, and consider in what place, and how with the least chardge it may be most conveynient and commodious to suite the end propounded, and report to the Governor and Magistrates, what their apprehensions are concerning it."

At General Court Maye 1648, Richard Mansfield and David Atwater, "is to finde each of them a man to watch at the towne, in regard of ther house lots heare."

In 1648, Richard Mansfield and others (18 in all) "each of them fined 12d. for not bringing their weights and measures to be tryed, upon the day appoynted".

February 6, 1648, Richard Mansfield, John Thompson, and Andrew Low, were complained of for, "their fencing lying down, the most part of the last summer, and yet it is not up. 20 posts Richard Mansfield, 12 posts Andrew Low, and 6 posts John Thompson, as John Cooper informs." They answered, "it was a middle fence and some of the Quarter was in a demurr for some time whether to have it maintyned or taken away. Upon which consideration the Court ordered that they pay but 12d. a post for the whole time past."

Exeter, the place from which he emigrated, has been a city, and governed by a Mayor, etc., ever since the year 1200. There was a Sir John Mansfield, knight, Mayor of the City a few years before the first emigration to New England. He was also "Master of the Minories, and Queen's Surveyor under Queen Elizabeth." There was a "rich merchant," a Mr. Marshall, in Exeter, who advanced considerable money to John Mansfield, a son of the above Sir John, to enable him to come over and settle in New England. He came in the *Regard*, in 1634, settled in Charlestown, had a family, and died about 1670, but there are no descendants, at least by name of Mansfield. Probably this Mr. Marshall, whom Gov. Winthrop calls "That rich merchant," in his "History of New England," was the same as the James Marshall, who sold all his possessions in New Haven to Richard Mansfield, and perhaps, or probably, Richard was also a son of Sir John. In the list of the 123 first grantees of New Haven, Richard Mansfield has Mr. affixed to his name, with only 7 others in the whole list, with that title. The title of Mr. (Master) at this time was far more honorable than that of Esquire, 200 years later.



THE OLD MANSFIELD HOUSE IN DERBY, CONNECTICUT

THE OLD MANSFIELD HOUSE

IN DERBY, CONNECTICUT

This ancient house, when the property was bought by the Polish Church Corporation in 1924, was to have been torn down, after having stood on the "Town Street" of Old Derby for many a decade, but upon the intercession of Mrs. F. E. Stivers for its preservation, they most generously gave it to her, if she would move it off the property.

An Association was formed of three persons who valued the old house for its historical associations with the early church. After an almost hopeless search for a lot nearby to put it on, part of the old "Hotchkiss homestead" across the street and a little further down was secured.

Money had been collected from individuals, in town and out, who were interested in preserving the remnants of our early Colonial life and architecture, and the "Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities" gave $1,300 towards the project. A new cellar was built allowing an air space under the half of the house without a cellar, in order to prevent the sills from rotting. As the lot was on a hillside, a retaining wall had to be built on the south side, which was an added expense.

The house had to be straightened up, as it was twenty-one inches out of plumb due to the sagging of the immense stone chimney, whose foundation having been built on the sand had gradually dropped, there being no cellar under that side, taking the house with it; the chimney had to be taken down before moving, but all the stone and brick were saved, and each section was carefully measured and drawings were made, so it was rebuilt exactly as before, with the exception of a concrete foundation, to guard against sagging in the future. The sills on the side without a cellar were found to have rotted, so they were

replaced, and the old house started on its journey down the hill to its new site across the street. It took a week, but the journey was safely accomplished despite the many predictions that it would fall to pieces on the way. In moving it down the hill, the house being large, considerable weight was brought against the front of the building and the jolting loosened the beams supporting the frame, but it was safely placed on its new foundation and the beams were replaced and fastened, — a considerable task, as the whole house was of oak, — frame, clap-boards, even the laths. While this was being done and the windows and doors were out, there came a terrific wind storm, almost a hurricane, and the wind tearing through the house forced some of the front boards that were loosened entirely off, clap-boards and all.

This damage was repaired and the whole outside made weather tight; the upper windows were the original ones but in the lower ones large panes of glass had been substituted at some time; after considerable search some were found that exactly matched the old ones, even to number of panes, in the old Josiah Smith homestead on Main Street. The present owner very kindly offered to exchange them for new ones, also donating two flights of old oak stairs, one of which was used for the cellar and the other for the upper attic from the lean-to.

The repairing and restoration of the interior was done by an Italian, who was not only a master carpenter but an artist in wood, and who took infinite pains in restoring the woodwork and old carvings to their original beauty.

The paint was scraped down to the original coat and matched up in each room, there being only two colors, Indian red and the old gray green. The wall papers are reproductions of the very earliest made in New England and mostly historical.

A most unusual feature of the house is, that the old hardware was complete, even some of the old latch fastenings before locks were used, and the front door was fastened with a bar across. At present there are three rooms to be furnished for inspection. These rooms will be furnished as far as possible in the fashion in vogue during Dr. Richard Mansfield's occupancy of it, and many pieces have already been given.

While the chimney was being rebuilt, the date 1672 was found chiselled on one of the large beams forming the frame of the house. After long and careful study of the ancient Land Records, Mrs. Stivers came to the conclusion it was built by Ephraim Smith, one of the first settlers of Derby. When bought for a "Glebe" in 1748, it was the property of the Gunn family, a very wealthy and churchly family.

Its roof sheltered many of those prominent in the history of the early Church and of our country. The first three Bishops were often partakers of Dr. Mansfield's open hearted hospitality; Bishop Seabury speaks of its being his "favorite stopping place," and on his visitation always planned to stop there as his headquarters. Major Elijah Humphreys, Dr. Mansfield's son-in-law, General David Humphreys, Anna Mansfield's brother-in-law, and "Lady Humphreys" all were frequent visitors, and local tradition says that General Washington stayed there one night on his way to places north. The Hulls, of course, were very much at home there, Captain Joseph Hull, Mrs. Mansfield's father, her brother Captain Joseph Hull, Jr., also her uncle Samuel Hull, a great churchman of his day whose daughter Eunice married Dr. Mansfield's son William. The Mansfields were connected by marriage with Dr. Samuel Johnson, and he besides many other church dignitaries and prominent men from the surrounding country visited at the old house. Many a weighty matter was discussed within its walls.

To Mrs. Stivers is due the fact that the Old Mansfield House has been preserved. It may be regretted that it could not have been retained on the old site, but there are similar instances of removal, as of the Edgar Allen Poe house in the Bronx, in New York. For two years Mrs. Stivers worked to that end, but, having failed to interest anyone sufficiently to purchase the house, it needed the threat of instant destruction to cause her to feel that it must be saved. In 1927 she had collected and expended $7,000. Friends had been secured, and her zeal inspired the workmen on the house to show the greatest interest, and to take the utmost pains to preserve everything just as it was originally. At that date $2,000 was desired to complete the

restoration and begin an endowment fund, but it could not be doubted that it would be secured to finish and maintain one of our most valuable historic buildings.

The illustration, taken from a contemporary picture, shows the charm of the old manse in the many years when its presiding genius was the Rev. Dr. Richard Mansfield.

THE REV. RICHARD MANSFIELD, D. D.

THE REV. RICHARD MANSFIELD, D.D.

"SARVANT OF THE LORD"

Dr. Richard Mansfield was probably the most picturesque character, and without doubt one of the most potent factors, in the early development of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Colonies.

His is believed to be the longest pastorate on record in America — 72 years, from 1748 to 1820.

This period, of course, was a vital one in our national life, for it saw the last of the Indian wars; the Revolutionary War with the painful days preceding and following it; the founding of the new Republic; and the establishing of that Republic on the seas for all time.

And it included a no less significant period in the history of the Church. During his pastorate, Dr. Mansfield participated in the election of the first Bishop in the United States, (the Rt. Rev. Samuel Seabury), and of the two succeeding Bishops of Connecticut; he served through the trying days of the Revolutionary War when the Episcopal clergy were subjected to the ordeal of remaining true to their ordination vows pledging loyalty to the King, and at the same time serving their people in the Colonies; he helped formulate the Office for the Holy Communion, which is substantially the office in our Book of Common Prayer; and for 72 years in unspectacular fashion he worked quietly and patiently, but none the less effectively, to promulgate the doctrines in which he believed.

One cannot think but with reverence of the old rector, going about the Connecticut countryside from parish to parish in all kinds of weather, almost up to the time of his death at the age of 96. He travelled, of necessity, on horseback, and an unusual figure he must have presented indeed, even in those

days. He was tall and slight, and wore a snow-white wig. He was a typical "gentleman and scholar" of the old school, from his broad-brimmed black felt hat to his Colonial shoe buckles; and throughout his life he adhered to knee breeches, ruffled shirt, and flowing cape.

He was always kindly and affectionate in manner. On his rounds he would halt to admonish a group of children, to tell them on one occasion that they grew like weeds, and then to correct himself like the courtly gentleman he was, "rather like little flowers, I should say." He had a word for all whom he met on his way, and many a farmer's wife would pause in her doorway to look after him and remark, "There goes a sarvant of the Lord."

Richard Mansfield was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1723, the youngest son of Jonathan Mansfield, who was a deacon in the Congregational Church. At the age of eleven, Richard satisfied the academic entrance requirements for Yale College, but in accord with their policy he was not allowed to enter until he was fourteen. He was graduated before his eighteenth birthday with the highest honors in his class. He continued his studies for two years, during which time his theological readings resulted in his adopting the Episcopalian faith. This did not meet with the approval of his family, who, it will be remembered, were "pious and painful congregationalists."

From 1744 to 1747, he was in charge of the Hopkins Grammar School of New Haven, and then he went to England with several clergymen who doubted the validity of their Congregational orders. There he was ordained a deacon by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a few days later was advanced to the priesthood. He then received an appointment from the Venerable Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

He returned to America in 1748 and was assigned to a little church in Derby, Connecticut, located in that part of Derby which has since become Ansonia, with the parishes of West Haven, Waterbury and Northbury (now Plymouth) thrown in for good measure. In 1755 he gave up West Haven, Waterbury and Northbury, and from then on he ministered

only to Derby and Oxford — that is, officially. As a matter of fact, his heart often took him as far afield as the wilds of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, to take cheer and comfort and spiritual help to former parishioners who had moved away and had no clergymen.

What hopes must have burned in the heart of the young clergyman, and what prayers must have trembled on his lips as he set out to take up his duties in the little church in Derby! It had been built by 7 fervent and painstaking souls who hewed out the timbers with their own hands. It was completed in 1746, and although it boasted only four pews, it was called the "Glory of the Wilderness." It was unconsecrated except by the prayers of the little congregation, for it antedated the first bishop by nearly forty years.

And so Richard Mansfield, at the age of 25, fell heir to the "Glory of the Wilderness," to an annual pittance of £20 sterling from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and to a house with 9 acres of land. There were slaves to work the farm which was to furnish a living for the pastor and his family.

In 1751, Mr. Mansfield married Anna Hull, a charming fifteen year old girl whose brother's grandson commanded the Frigate *Constitution* in 1812. The ceremony was performed by the bride's uncle, Dr. Samuel Johnson, "the father of American Episcopacy," in the little Derby Church, much to the horror of the townspeople, who felt it to be much too "high church" a proceeding. Weddings should be held at home.

Then followed a period of anxiety that must have called for all the fortitude the young wife could muster. At that time Mr. Mansfield's parish covered 50 miles, and it took a matter of days for him to make his rounds. It was therefore necessary for him frequently to leave his wife alone, with little children, to confront prowling Indians, for it was not until the close of the Indian wars in 1763, that a stop was put to their mauraudings.

Even more stirring times were in store for them when the discontent of the Colonists began to crystallize into open opposition to the Mother Country. Because of his ordination vows, Richard Mansfield felt he could not conscientiously be anything

but a Loyalist. In 1775, in a personal letter, he prided himself on the fact that through his efforts 110 of the 130 families in his parish had remained loyal to the King. He also wrote to the Governor of Connecticut stating that in his opinion, if the King's troops were sent to protect the Loyalists, they might count upon the support of several thousand men in the western counties of the Colony. A warrant was immediately issued for his arrest.

One Sunday while Dr. Mansfield was preaching, the American troops came. Without ceremony he descended from his pulpit and departed "in double quick," as one historian puts it, without his hat. He escaped to Long Island, which was then occupied by the British.

His son-in-law, Elijah Humphries, was an officer on a war vessel, and it is believed that he became guarantee for his father-in-law's conduct, and was responsible for having him restored to his family and pulpit soon after.

A tragedy had befallen him in the meantime, however. He had left his wife with 9 children — 5 of them little and helpless — and he returned in the fall of 1776 to find that she had died in the summer, a victim of the strenuous times. (They had 13 children all together, only 9 of whom lived to maturity.)

After the War, Mr. Mansfield's erstwhile political feelings were forgotten because of his zealous and unselfish service to his Church. And when the War of 1812 came along, he was as loyal a citizen as the country had.

In 1783, Dr. Mansfield was a delegate to the convention that elected Dr. Seabury, in secret session, as the first Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. Four years later he was mentioned for Coadjutor Bishop to Dr. Seabury, but he refused the office on the grounds that he was not able to assume its responsibilities.

On September 21, 1786, Bishop Seabury delivered his last charge to the clergy of the diocese in Dr. Mansfield's little church, and it was at this gathering that the Office for the Holy Communion was submitted, although it was not accepted by the American Church until 3 years later.

Richard Mansfield was pre-eminently a scholar of the highest order — an erudite man who could keep his learning in the background when necessary, and who always tried to magnify his office rather than himself personally. It was therefore fitting that he should have been the first Episcopalian clergyman in America upon whom Yale College conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity. That was in 1792. He was then almost 70, and still he had before him nearly 30 years of active service. For 20 years preceding his death, Dr. Mansfield was unable to preach because of his failing voice, but this did not deter him from rendering other pastoral services among his people, for he remained in excellent health almost to the end, and all but died with his boots on. As a matter of fact, he never was a vehement preacher, but solemn and impressive and sincere.

In June, 1797, in the same little church that had been called the "Glory of the Wilderness," the annual convention elected the Rev. Abraham Jarvis, D. D., to succeed Bishop Seabury, who died in 1796. Immediately afterward the group marched down the Derby hillside, a half mile nearer the Naugatuck, and Dr. Mansfield laid the cornerstone for a new church which was consecrated two years later.

Dr. Mansfield's last public service to the church was to assist in the election of the Rev. Thomas Church Brownell, as third Bishop of Connecticut in 1819. Then in 1820, just before Easter, he died serenely with the name "Jesus, Jesus" on his lips. He had fought the good fight for 72 years — he had finished his course at 96. He lies buried in the old Episcopal Cemetery in Ansonia, almost under the spot where the cornerstone of the "Glory of the Wilderness" was laid. He performed 2,191 baptisms and probably as many marriages and funeral services.

There is a memorial window for him in the church in Ansonia, and still another landmark is now being nurtured into a fitting monument to his almost unprecedented service. It is the old house in which he lived during his entire pastorate — the old house where his girl wife hid with her babies in the great brick oven when the Indians broke loose — the old house where Dr. Samuel Johnson and Bishop Seabury used to pay frequent visits

and discuss affairs of great moment to the Church. "One thousand six hundred seventy-two" is the date chiselled into one of its beams, and it is known to have been completed in 1720, and possibly it dates back of that.

It was about to be demolished recently, when it was rescued by Mrs. Mabel P. Stivers of Derby, a staunch churchwoman and a patriotic citizen who realized its sacredness and its value to future generations.

The old Doctor is still talked about reverently in Derby where there are old folk who have heard about him from their grandparents. He was beloved by all and many a legend proves it. One of the favorites is the " 'lasses" story which crops out all over New England in various guises. Dr. Mansfield was being entertained by some admiring parishioners, and in honor of the occasion they were serving coffee with molasses "fretted in" for sweetening. The genial hostess gave her guest such a generous portion of the delicacy that he protested. Thereupon she reassured him, "La me, parson, 'twould be none too good for you if 'twas *all* 'lasses."

And so the old Doctor lives on in the hearts of his people, and his good works still follow him. May his old home become a shrine where for generations to come the visitor may be inspired by the memory of his long, selfless devotion to his God and to his people.

THE REV. ARCHIBALD ROMAINE MANSFIELD, D. D.

THE
REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
"SHORE PILOT"

In the preceding article are set forth the achievements of Dr. Richard Mansfield, a fourth generation descendant from the first pioneer of that ilk to come to these shores, also named Richard.

This article concerns itself with a tenth generation scion of the same original Richard — the Rev. Archibald Romaine Mansfield, D. D., Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

For over thirty years Dr. Mansfield has been engaged in the herculean task of cleaning the Augean stables of New York's waterfront, so to speak, and the Institute building itself is tangible and indisputable evidence of his success.

Atop it is the Titanic Memorial Tower with its Green Light, one of the best known landmarks in the Port of New York. Like the Statue of Liberty, it sends out a message of welcome and freedom. It is the only welcome to the only home they know for thousands of worthy sailormen who roam the seven seas; and its other message is a promise of freedom from the temptations of the waterfront — a promise of a square deal ashore.

Dr. Mansfield is largely responsible for it. He came to the Seamen's Church Institute direct from the General Theological Seminary 30 years ago, and from that day to this, the Institute has been his very life. To outline his work for the past few years, it is necessary to indulge in a bit of retrospection, for his recent activities have been the culmination and realization of years of work and planning. He has seen the clipper ship replaced by the steamer and the oil burner, and he has seen equally drastic im-

provement in the seaman himself and in social conditions along the waterfront. His has been a service to the individual seaman, to the shipper, to the Port of New York, to the nation and even to international interests.

At the close of Dr. Mansfield's thirtieth year as Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute, and at the end of the eighty-second year of its existence, we have down on South Street, overlooking the world's greatest port, the largest institution on earth for merchant seamen. The imposing thirteen-story building with the shell of its new $2,000,000 annex, merely considered as a thing of stone and steel, is an achievement any man might well be proud of — a monument to a life's hard work — but the building of the Seamen's Church Institute represents so much more than this. It represents a development of character and a conquest of a particular type of iniquity that has few parallels in social history.

Through the work of the Institute, the seaman has justly been able to shake off the cloak of ignominy that formerly enveloped him. The "land shark" is practically extinct. At least he is now a rare bird, with little of his erstwhile evil influence. The same is true of the "crimp" who existed to prey upon the proverbially "easy" sailor when he came ashore with his pockets jingling. The waterfront has emerged from a line of dives of various sorts to a decent thoroughfare. Reduced to a negligible number are the "shanghai" victims that existed in truth as well as in fiction.

Nowadays, the self-respecting sailorman finds at the Seamen's Church Institute a home, club, bank, postoffice, library, employment agency, tailor shop, barber shop, church, and friendly rendezvous. Here he may enjoy the company of other decent seamen. He may get an immaculately clean bed with washroom and shower privileges. He may get good wholesome food like mother used to make. He may take advantage of the facilities of the library, reading and writing rooms, game rooms, etc. He may leave his baggage in the dunnage department from one trip to the next or longer without the possibility of its being looted. He may bank his savings or have his wages sent home

by the Institute bank. In many cases the Institute is the only permanent address a seaman can give, and he therefore appreciates the service of the post office as the only link he has with family or friends ashore. The Merchant Marine School makes it possible for an ordinary seaman to become third mate after a short course between trips. In another similar course he may become second mate, and a third course will give him his first mate's papers. The school has graduated 3,000 officers since its inauguration several years ago.

For the youngsters who sail the seven seas as apprentices the Institute provides a recreation room with a motherly hostess, games, current literature, a piano, a victrola, and occasional refreshments and picnics.

The work of the Seamen's Church Institute began back in 1843 in a little floating church built on a barge in the East River, which was successively replaced by a larger church and by land missions of increasing size and scope of service until the present building was dedicated in 1913 with sleeping accommodations for over 800 each night. Unfortunately, pending the completion of the new annex, which will increase the capacity to 1,500 many have to be turned away nightly.

It was at Dr. Mansfield's instigation that the legislation was enacted, making it compulsory for candidates for officers' commissions to pass examinations in first aid. He is also responsible for the inauguration of radio medical service to ships at sea, first conducting it privately until its desirability and feasibility had been demonstrated, and then getting the Government to manage it jointly with the Radio Corporation of America.

Helping men to help themselves has been Dr. Mansfield's policy. The seamen pay a nominal price for the material comforts they receive at the Institute, and funds are solicited from friends for only those services for which no charge can be made, such as help with naturalization papers, getting into a hospital, borrowing to tide over a difficult period, locating missing men, etc. The Institute is therefore not a charity, but a philanthropic effort to improve conditions for seamen ashore.

Obviously a national and international merchant marine must have for its backbone strong, upstanding men, who satisfy, standards of efficiency and decency as high as those demanded in other fields of labor. Dr. Mansfield had the vision to see this 30 years ago, and he has been working unceasingly to develop the highest type of mariner. The United States as a whole, and New York in particular, has benefited by his work, for its prosperity has been founded upon its commerce and its commerce upon increasingly fit mariners.

As to what the future holds — there was a time when the present structure would have been considered a castle in Spain, but now that its efficacy has been demonstrated, and now that work is under way to almost double its opportunities for service, one wonders where it will end. One thing is sure, however, ever growing, it will be a monument to the vision of a man who could understand other men, who could sympathize with them and yet minister to them without maudlin sentimentality — a man who could interpret the needs of the seaman to the landsman, and who could force fair treatment for the seaman ashore — a man whose character and ability fit him for the part of Shore Pilot to thousands of sailormen.

HON. BURTON MANSFIELD, D. C. L.

HON. BURTON MANSFIELD, D.C.L

CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF CONNECTICUT

Burton Mansfield is a son of the soil. He was born in Connecticut, of New England stock, and blessed or "cussed" with a New England temperament. He has lived all his life in Connecticut and is now too old to change, even if he would—and he wouldn't.

Born in Hamden, but a few miles from New Haven Green, he has never been able to stay very long away from it. His father moved to New Haven when he was quite young. He received his preparatory education in the Rectory School at Hamden, an institution well known half a century ago, and in Hopkins Grammar School of New Haven, one of the oldest schools in the country and still flourishing today. He entered the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University in 1872, and graduated from the same in 1875 with the degree of Ph. B. He entered the Law School the same year, and graduated from it in 1878 with the degree of LL. B., and was admitted to the bar in New Haven that same year.

Mr. Mansfield's activities have been so varied and his interests so wide that the simplest way to understand his rather unique position is to follow his footsteps through the different fields in which he has moved, and thus gather a clear and relatively complete outline of his busy life.

Immediately on his graduation he became a clerk of the Probate Court of New Haven, and this undoubtedly had some influence in shaping his legal practice, for that has been chiefly in probate matters. He has been engaged in the settlement of more estates than any other person now living in New Haven. He

has frequently appeared before the Supreme Court of the State in cases involving the construction and interpretation of wills and the rights of heirs, legatees, creditors, et al.

One of the most important cases was that by which the city of New Haven acquired the Marett Fund for the benefit of the Free Public Library. In this case he was the assistant to the late Judge William K. Townsend, who was at that time corporation counsel for New Haven.

He was also a member of the old court of Common Council from 1882 to 1884, and also a member of the board of finance for years.

For 8 years he was Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Directors of the Free Public Library. He was a member of the first board and saw the beginnings of the Library, first in the old Sheffield building on Chapel Street, and later in the old Third Church building on Church Street.

He has taken an active and helpful interest in the affairs of his community besides those activities already indicated. He is President of the Connecticut Savings Bank; Director in the Merchants' National Bank; Director in the New Haven Water Co.; Director of the West Haven Buckle Co.; Director of the Security Insurance Co., of New Haven; Director of the Pilot Re-insurance Co., of New York; Director in Permanence of the New Haven Colony Historical Society; Director of the Florence Crittenden Mission; Director of the Organized Charities of New Haven. He is also a member of the Board of Trustees of the New Haven Orphan Asylum. He was the first President of the Yale Alumni Association of New Haven. He is also a Fellow of the National Academy of Design. He was for two terms Insurance Commissioner of the State of Connecticut, having been appointed by governors of both the leading parties in the State. To enumerate further is unnecessary, and all these years he has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession.

It is not however to these varied activities and interests that Mr. Mansfield owes his particular place in the appreciation and regard of so many different groups of people, but rather to his religious interest and his devotion to duty. For Mr. Mans-

field is essentially a religious man and one who interprets religion in the old Puritan terms of Duty and Work. He therefore has always been interested in the established agencies of his Church, and worked through the existing machinery. At one time he probably knew more about the machinery of the diocese than any other layman in it. Whether he does so now is a question. It is doubtful whether any one does.

He began to attend St. Thomas's Church, New Haven, when he was 5 years old, and has attended there ever since. From Sunday School scholar he passed to Sunday School Superintendent. He early became a vestryman, and has served in that capacity for nearly 50 years, and has occupied successively the office of Junior and of Senior Warden. He became a delegate to the Diocesan Convention in 1884, and has been such ever since. In the diocese his official activities have been many and long. He was a member of the Missionary Board of the Diocese for 40 years, and its Secretary for 37. He is a trustee of the Berkeley Divinity School, of the Bishop's Fund, and also of the Society of Donations and Bequests. He is a member of the Executive Council, and has been the Chancellor of the Diocese since 1921.

He has been a deputy to the General Convention 10 times without interruption. He is a member of the National Council, and is its oldest member. He is a Trustee of the American Church Building Fund, and its Vice-President. He is Chairman of the Committee on Expenses of the General Convention, and has been for many sessions. These are not all of the varied forms in which his interest has found room to work.

As a citizen, he has been a member of the Municipal Art Commission of New Haven, and also of the State Sculptural Commission, and for a long time chairman of both. As a tribute to his public services and as an expression of their high estimate of his character and labours, both the Berkeley Divinity School and Trinity College have conferred upon him the degree of D. C. L.

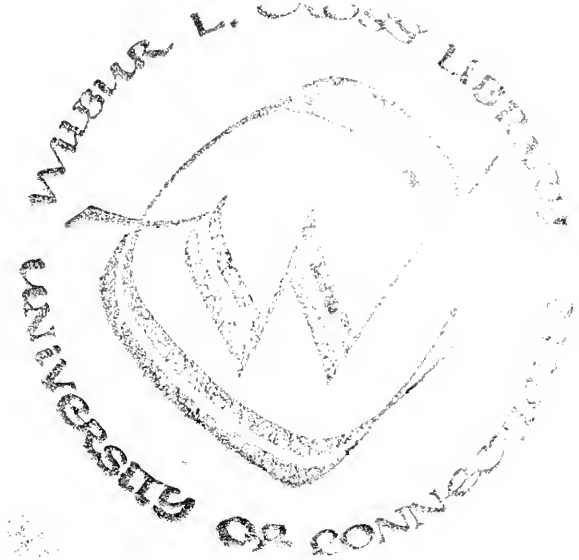
A mere catalogue of offices and honors does not mean much in this day of committees, commissions and organizations without end. No more to some in fact than Homer's catalogue of ships.

Any one who has served on many committees knows they are composed of two groups in the proportion of about 5 to one — those who talk, and those who act. Mr. Mansfield is not a talker in that sense of the word, for he always speaks to the point. Behind all these outward things there is something far more important, and that is the man himself.

There are few probably, who know him well. None probably who know him entirely. As a New Englander he is by temperament as well as habit, reticent. In matters of vital, personal interest he hides himself. He conceals in silence or by a pretense of calmness the things which move him most. His kindness and generosity are often masked by a certain brusqueness as if he were ashamed. In debate he often seems one sided which may be due to his legal training. Yet, there are few men concerning whom so many can speak of

"That best portion of a good man's life —
"His little, nameless, unremembered acts
"Of kindness and of love,"

as of Burton Mansfield.


WILBUR L.
UNIVERSITY OF