

# SOUTHAMPTON PUBLIC LIBRARIES

| CLASSIFICATION | SUBJECT              | SOURCE | DATE     |
|----------------|----------------------|--------|----------|
| Biog.          | Chipperfield, Robert | S.T.   | 5-8-1911 |

## Mr. R. Chipperfield, J.P.

### His Last Will and Testament.

#### Valuable Requests to the Town.

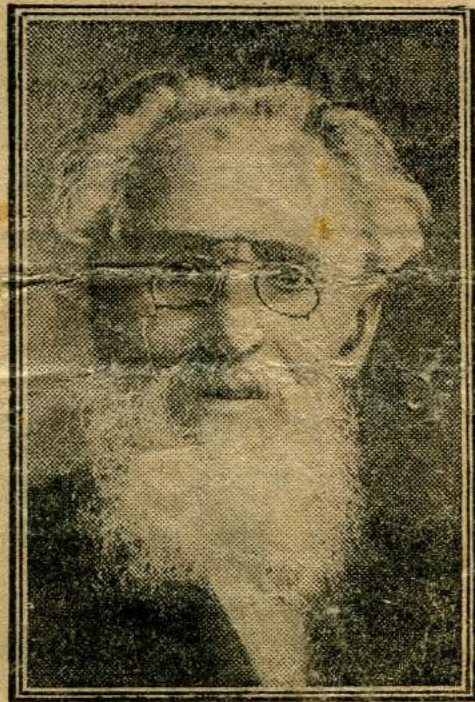
We regret to announce the death of Mr. Robert Chipperfield, J.P., which took place at his residence, Redcliffe House, Southampton, on Thursday morning. Mr. Chipperfield had reached his 94th year. He had been a prominent figure in Southampton for many years, and until quite recently he had been a constant attendant at the Borough Bench. He had been in business at Shirley and also in Oxford Street, Southampton. He led a very active public and business life while he was at Oxford Street. He retired from active business 32 years ago, when he was 62 years of age, and had completed thirty-eight years of hard work. Mr. Chipperfield was for many years a frequent contributor to the "Southampton Times," and his initials, "R.C.," were generally known to our readers.

The funeral is to take place at the cemetery at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning, and we are informed that it is the wish of the family that it should be of as private a character as possible.

Nearly ten years ago, Mr. Chipperfield entrusted the editor of this journal with a sealed packet, which was not to be opened until after he was dead. On January 27, 1903, the packet was taken away by Mr. Chipperfield and returned a week later in bulkier form. The same thing happened in April, 1904, October, 1904, March, 1905, and March, 1906. Each time it was returned it became bulkier, but it has reposed in the editor's desk undisturbed since March, 1906, until it was opened on Thursday. The packet contains a full account of Mr. Chipperfield's business life, and much of his private life, which is of no public interest. He has also enclosed a number of communications of various dates dealing with private and public matters, extracts from which are given below. Mr. Chipperfield also enclosed for publication a sketch of his last will, dated March 8th, 1905. He had written some columns of matter, the publication of a good deal of which would not be fair to the dead nor conduce to the comfort of the living. In closing his narrative Mr. Chipperfield, writing in 1905, says:

After being 20 years in business in Oxford Street, and 38 years in all, and having arrived at the age of 61, and in possession of an income amply sufficient for the wants of myself and family, I determined to retire from it. Twenty-six years have elapsed since then, and I am a fairly wealthy man, and I hope that I may not make other than a right use of the wealth that I possess. My life has certainly been a somewhat chequered one, and there have been times when I have been constrained to practise the most rigid economy, but I have never wanted either a sovereign or a shilling in my life. I never asked a favour of any one. I was for years a member of the Town Council (for by far the largest ward in the town), where, I believe, I did as much good, and created as much merriment, as any one of my confreres. I was elected on the Hartley Council, and was for one year its chairman, and I was elected a Governor of the Endowed Schools of Southampton, and was for 24 years the chairman, when I resigned the post, lest I should exhibit tarnished metal. I was made a magistrate, and as I had never expressed a wish for the appointment, when I received a letter of congratulation on the event, I deemed it was a hoax, until I received a second congratulatory letter. I trust that no one who assisted to place me in any position that I have occupied has had the slightest cause to regret doing so. I am wrong in saying that I never asked a favour of any one. I pride myself on my gallantry, and when women became burgesses,

almost constant pain. As I have said, I was then eighty-seven and a half years old, and I deemed it my last and fatal illness, yet in 29 days I was able to resume my regular attendance at the Bench! I think my life's career has not been less than extraordinary, and even marvellous, and though I am daily reminded of my terrible accident in May last, I trust I am not insensible or unmindful of the great goodness and mercy vouchsafed me by the Almighty. I was 25 when, with £200 of borrowed capital, I commenced business in London in 1842. When 62, in 1879, after a career of 37 years, I retired from it, a fairly wealthy man, I little thought then that the Almighty would lengthen out my years to 88. I feel that my life is drawing towards its close, and I trust that I shall not make other than a rightful disposal of my said wealth. I have yet to men-



Photo]

[Debenham & Smith

By the courtesy of Messrs. Debenham and Smith, we are enabled to reproduce a photograph of Mr. Chipperfield taken on his 90th birthday, the last, the sitter declared, that he would have taken—unless he lived to be 100. It is a brilliantly successful portrait, and we are sorry that in the process of reproduction the very fine qualities of the original print are lost, inevitably.

tion the most important event of my life. In May, '53, it was my privilege—my good fortune—to wed one of the sweetest women on the face of God's earth—that was the universal testimony of every soul whose lot it was to know her. Her age at the time was 24 and mine 36. Our alliance lasted 34 years during which period she never gave me an unkind word, despite my quick and irritable temper.

family, I determined to retire from it. Twenty-six years have elapsed since then, and I am a fairly wealthy man, and I hope that I may not make other than a right use of the wealth that I possess. My life has certainly been a somewhat chequered one, and there have been times when I have been constrained to practise the most rigid economy, but I have never wanted either a sovereign or a shilling in my life. I never asked a favour of any one. I was for years a member of the Town Council (for by far the largest ward in the town), where, I believe, I did as much good, and created as much merriment, as any one of my confreres. I was elected on the Hartley Council, and was for one year its chairman, and I was elected a Governor of the Endowed Schools of Southampton, and was for six years the chairman, when I resigned the post, lest I should exhibit tarnished metal. I was made a magistrate, and as I had never expressed a wish for the appointment, when I received a letter of congratulation on the event, I deemed it was a hoax, until I received a second congratulatory letter. I trust that no one who assisted to place me in any position that I have occupied has had the slightest cause to regret doing so. I am wrong in saying that I never asked a favour of any one. I pride myself on my gallantry, and when women became burgesses, I felt it to be as much my duty, as it was my pleasure, to wait upon them, and solicit the honour of their support.

## HIS LIFE IN BRIEF.

Written by Himself.

Mr. Chipperfield had written for us a sketch of some of the more serious events of his life. In this he says: At the age of 14, I was apprenticed to the handsomest man I have ever known or seen, and also the greatest scoundrel and villain. At the age of 45, I told him so with much emphasis, and some little vehemence, in my own house, into which he had ventured to enter. The room in which we had our meals, and in which I usually spent two hours nightly—from 9 to 11—rising at 6 a.m., to commence each day's work: this room had no window or

simply a glazed door, dividing it from the shop, and another door from the kitchen. The ceiling of this room was not more than 6 feet 3 inches from the floor, and, of course, a tall man hatted could not stand upright in it. Thus domiciled, or incarcerated, I spent most of my Sundays, and have known my hat to remain six successive weeks in its box undisturbed—only chimney-pot hats were worn in those days. At the age of 20, I fell off a stage coach on Holborn "Hill"—"Hill" no longer—a hind wheel of the said coach passing over my right arm, and as I lay upon the ground, unable to move it, I quite thought it was severed from my body, and as I reposed upon the stones, unable to rise, I spent that time in ruminating on my future prospects of being, during the remainder of my existence, obliged to write myself a one-armed man—that arm a left one. But when two colleagues, emulating the speed of the said coach, passed me, as it turned out to be—erroneous idea was instantly dispelled, by the excruciating pain I experienced as my broken limb hung dingle dangle from its sinews. When I was 24, I had a very serious attack of erythema, the result, my doctor assured me, of too low living, of which I had been guilty, consequent of the apprehension which haunted me, that, peradventure, I might not be possessed of sufficient coin as would enable me to pay all my creditors 20s. in the £, my business not being in a flourishing condition. So, after some ten months' essay—consequent on the state of my health—I sold it, and found myself £100 better off than when I had started with £200 of borrowed capital! I never stood in need of a single pound, or a single shilling in the whole course of my life (though I often feared lest I should).

## In Business at Shirley.

At the age of 26, when, after about a year's idleness, I left London to start a business in Shirley, I was spitting blood, and I recollect that I took with me a stock of Steel Wine. When I was 40, I broke a blood vessel on my lungs—the cost that I paid for ascertaining the weight of a lady's trunk, by putting one up at the back of my dogcart, prior to driving its owner from the railway terminus to Shirley. That breakage changed the whole tenor of my life. I had prior to it lived in a village, quite content to be anything, but what is understood by the term "a public man." But I am veering from my narrative. The doctor who attended me kindly assured me, on my becoming convalescent, that I "might" live two years, but that "I could not possibly live longer." My prophetic doctor, who thus expressed himself, has been beneath the turf some 30 or more years. He when performing a needful operation on me, somewhat prior to my convalescence, used a damaged instrument, which caused me excruciating pain and frightful vomiting, and it was marvellous that it did not cause a re-rupture.



Photo]

[Debenham & Smith

By the courtesy of Messrs. Debenham and Smith, we are enabled to reproduce a photograph of Mr. Chipperfield taken on his 90th birthday, the last, the sitter declared, that he would have taken—unless he lived to be 100. It is a brilliantly successful portrait, and we are sorry that in the process of reproduction the very fine qualities of the original print are lost, inevitably.

tion the most important event of my life. In May, '53, it was my privilege—my good fortune—to wed one of the sweetest women on the face of God's earth—that was the universal testimony of every soul whose lot it was to know her. Her age at the time was 24 and mine 36. Our alliance lasted 34 years during which period she never gave me an unkind word, despite my quick and irritable temper.

ROB. CHIPPERFIELD.

Southampton, 20th February, 1906.

## What he Desired to do.

The following letter was penned in January, 1903, and we reproduce it only after making certain emendations:

Redcliffe House,  
Southampton,  
27.1.'03.

To the Editor of the "Southampton Times."

Dear Sir,—It has been for some years a growing desire of mine to do—"before I go hence and be no more seen"—something calculated to substantially benefit the town of my adoption—Southampton. But I must confess that at times I have been sorely tempted (query by the "devil" in human form?) to do nothing of the kind, consequent on the breaches of faith and acts of injustice, of which I have been, from time to time, the victim of those "clothed with a little brief authority," who, if they have not played "such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as make the angels weep," have acted towards me in a manner both despicable and dishonourable. . . . But we are rejoined to "return good for evil, and even to do good to them that persecute you," and therefore I pray that during the very brief period that may be unexpired of my terrestrial existence, the said temptation may not become irresistible. My dear son will, I have no doubt, do all that may be in his power to further his father's desire—the encouragement of art in Southampton, the special thing, or at least one special thing, which I think our town lacks.

Yours faithfully and obliged,  
ROB. CHIPPERFIELD.

## MR. CHIPPERFIELD'S WILL.

The following is a rough, but correct, sketch of R.C.'s will, as given to us under seal by the deceased gentleman:—

R.C.'s last will, dated March 8th, 1905. He appoints as his Executors, the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton, in conjunction with his son (whom he describes as the best son, and best man, he has ever known), and leaves in trust to them the whole of his real and personal estate, with the exception of the contents of Redcliffe House, which he leaves to his son (with the exception of the oil and water colour paintings and engravings, of which more anon). Should his son pre-decease his sister, then they shall become hers, with the exception of the piano, which he bequeaths to her directly on his decease. He directs his executors to pay to his son an annuity of £1,200, and to his daughter an annuity of £300, to be increased to £1,000, on his son's decease, should she survive him. The real property consists of eight freehold houses at Shirley (which the will states are all let at greatly less rents than they are worth), the freehold of Redcliffe House, Southampton, and the leasehold of No. 50, Oxford Street, Southampton; his son and daughter are to be allowed to occupy, rent free, Redcliffe House, for the term of their natural lives. On the death of his son, his executors are to pay within three months, five thousand pounds to the Trustees, Managers, or Governors of the Shirley Homes (known as the Barlow and Elyett Homes), the said sum to be expended in enlarging the structure of the Homes, or in any way the Trustees, Managers, or Governors may deem most calculated to increase their usefulness. He bequeaths in trust to his Executors, on the death of his son and his daughter, all his Oil and Water Paintings and Engravings, which, fortified by an expert's opinion, may be deemed worthy of public exhibition, his desire being that they shall erect an art gallery for the reception of paintings and sculpture, worthy of

the age of 20, I fell off a stage coach on Holborn "Hill"—"Hill" no longer—a hind wheel of the said coach passing over my right arm, and as I lay upon the ground, unable to move it, I quite thought it was severed from my body, and as I reposed upon the stones, unable to rise, I spent that time in ruminating on my future prospects of being, during the remainder of my existence, obliged to write myself a one-armed man—that arm a left one. But when two good lawyers, consulting the recorded case of the good *Barlow*, dashed me up that—as it turned out to be—erroneous idea was instantly dispelled, by the excruciating pain I experienced as my broken limb hung dingle dangle from its sinews. When I was 24, I had a very serious attack of erythema, the result, my doctor assured me, of too low living, of which I had been guilty, consequent of the apprehension which haunted me, that, peradventure, I might not be possessed of sufficient coin as would enable me to pay all my creditors 20s. in the £, my business not being in a flourishing condition. So, after some ten months' essay—consequent on the state of my health—I sold it, and found myself £100 better off than when I had started with £200 of borrowed capital! I never stood in need of a single pound, or a single shilling in the whole course of my life (though I often feared lest I should).

### In Business at Shirley.

At the age of 26, when, after about a year's idleness, I left London to start a business in Shirley, I was spitting blood, and I recollect that I took with me a stock of Steel Wine. When I was 40, I broke a blood vessel on my lungs—the cost that I paid for ascertaining the weight of a lady's trunk, by putting one up at the back of my dogcart, prior to driving its owner from the railway terminus to Shirley. That breakage changed the whole tenor of my life. I had prior to it lived in a village, quite content to be anything, but what is understood by the term "a public man." But I am veering from my narrative. The doctor who attended me kindly assured me, on my becoming convalescent, that I "might" live two years, but that "I could not possibly live longer." My prophet doctor, who thus expressed himself, has been beneath the turf some 30 or more years. He when performing a needful operation on me, somewhat prior to my convalescence, used a damaged instrument, which caused me excruciating pain and frightful vomiting, and it was marvellous that it did not cause a re-rupture, which could hardly have failed to finish me. When convalescent, it was arranged that I should take a voyage by a P. and O. steamer to Alexandria. On arriving there, as the vessel would remain three days, I determined to proceed by rail to Grand Cairo. It was a single line, and there was only one stopping place on the line, where an up and down train could pass each other—a sort of half-way house. On reaching it, observing that there was a foot-bridge crossing the railway, I alighted from the train and mounted the bridge with a view to surveying the surrounding country. But great was my horror on reaching the summit, and turning round, to observe that the reverse train had arrived, and was passing the station, and that both trains were in motion! I hastened down, bawling my loudest. The engine driver heard me, but instead of stopping drove slowly and offered his hand to help me on to the engine, evidently delighted to have the company of a fellow-countryman—he was an Englishman. This adventure of mine was hardly calculated to do a man much good who had recently ruptured a blood vessel on his lungs. I may just mention that I remained three days at Cairo, returning by the same steamer that had taken me out, to Southampton. When I had reached my 87<sup>th</sup> year, on the last Sunday in May, 1905, at about 1 p.m., I left home for a stroll, accompanied by my son. We went up the lane opposite my abode and crossed the road at the top. I had raised my left foot, with the intention of stepping on to the curb, but at that instant I observed some children a few yards in advance, and with, peradventure, my usual besotted infatuation, I quickened my pace, with the result that instead of stepping on to the curb, I struck it with such violence that I quite thought I had smashed my left knee-pan which, with extremest force, I came down upon, and the further disastrous effect was that my body was flung forward with such terrific force that I was equally certain that I had broken my collar bone when my shoulder came in contact with the iron post across the footpath. My shrieks and bellowings must have been hideous as I lay prone and helpless on the ground. A crowd quickly collected, among whom were two "good Samaritans," who picked me up and would have carried me home, but I preferred, with their assistance, to walk. I quite thought that I had fatally injured myself; for more than three weeks I was obliged, night and day, to sit in a chair, able to obtain but little sleep, and experiencing excruciating and

be unexpired of my terrestrial existence, the said temptation may not become irresistible. My dear son will, I have no doubt, do all that may be in his power to further his father's desire—the encouragement of art in Southampton, the special thing, or at least one special thing, which I think our town lacks.

Yours faithfully and obliged,  
ROB. CHIPPERFIELD.

### MR. CHIPPERFIELD'S WILL.

The following is a rough, but correct, sketch of R.C.'s will, as given to us under seal by the deceased gentleman:—

R.C.'s last will, dated March 8th, 1905. He appoints as his Executors, the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton, in conjunction with his son (whom he describes as the best son, and best man, he has ever known), and leaves in trust to them the whole of his real and personal estate, with the exception of the contents of Redcliffe House, which he leaves to his son (with the exception of the oil and water colour paintings and engravings, of which more anon). Should his son pre-decease his sister, then they shall become hers, with the exception of the piano, which he bequeaths to her directly on his decease. He directs his executors to pay to his son an annuity of £1,200, and to his daughter an annuity of £300, to be increased to £1,000, on his son's decease, should she survive him. The real property consists of eight freehold houses at Shirley (which the will states are all let at greatly less rents than they are worth), the freehold of Redcliffe House, Southampton, and the leasehold of No. 50, Oxford Street, Southampton; his son and daughter are to be allowed to occupy, rent free, Redcliffe House, for the term of their natural lives. On the death of his son, his executors are to pay within three months, five thousand pounds to the Trustees, Managers, or Governors of the Shirley Homes (known as the Barlow and Elyett Homes), the said sum to be expended in enlarging the structure of the Homes, or in any way the Trustees, Managers, or Governors may deem most calculated to increase their usefulness. He bequeaths in trust to his Executors, on the death of his son and his daughter, all his Oil and Water Paintings and Engravings, which, fortified by an expert's opinion, may be deemed worthy of public exhibition, his desire being that they shall erect an art gallery for the reception of paintings and sculpture, worthy of the important town of Southampton. He also wishes his Executors to build or rent a room for the purpose of chess play, and furnish it with at least twelve sets of good men and boards, the same to be free, or nominally free, to the public, say a fee of 1s. per annum., and as his estate will yield at least £1,000 a year, after payment of all the bequests and annuities, he trusts his Executors will commence at once compliance with his wishes, and not wait till the residue of his estate is at their command. He bequeaths a sum of two hundred guineas and one of one hundred guineas to each of two of his past assistants, one of them being our townsman, Mr. Bishop, of Bridge Street, whom he thus particularizes: "I bequeath to Samuel Bishop (in remembrance of services long and faithfully rendered me), and to Frederick Sellitoe, formerly resident with me, and afterwards of Redhill, Surrey (in remembrance of four of the happiest years of my life, during which, the happiness of my devoted wife, my loving children, and myself, was much enhanced, by the marked earnestness and ability with which he rendered me his valuable services, as well as by our every day pleasant intercourse with him), and I wish to record the fact, that to their sterling integrity, unremitting industry, and faithful discharge of their duties, I attribute much of my financial success." R.C. also makes one bequest of fifty guineas, nine of twenty guineas, fourteen of ten guineas each, and ten of five guineas each, and also two annuities of ten guineas. It is also worthy of remark, that in a codicil to his will, dated October, 1903, he authorises his Executors, should they see fit, to pay to the Governors of Taunton School, within five years of his decease, either in one sum or several, £500. He also authorises them, should they be so pleased, to expend £100 annually in giving a yearly treat or outing, either to the New Forest, or wherever else they may please, to deserving children resident in Southampton. It is also worthy of note that in a subsequent codicil he writes: "I also bequeath to Florence Wareham, daughter of Mrs. James, of 106, Northumberland Road, Southampton, and subsequently of 21, Pentrethane Street, Grange Town, Cardiff, 20 guineas" (i.e., one of the nine sums already mentioned), as a mark of my deep sympathy with them both, i.e., herself and mother, consequent on the lamentable and scandalous act of injustice done them at the Southampton Police Court by two of the Borough Magistrates, on July 4th, 1903.