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Scrapbook Material

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Box 10_23 (Scrapbook Materials- Mount Temple, Lady-- Funeral-1889,1901)

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THE GUARDIAN.

MANCHESTER, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1901.

LADY MOUNT-TEMPLE.

I have this moment heard (writes a correspondent) that Lady Mount-Temple died this morning at Babbicombe. She was the youngest and the most beautiful of several beautiful sisters—daughters of Admiral Tollemache and sisters of the first Lord Tollemache of Helmingham. She was married in 1848 to Mr. William Cowper, who assumed the name of Temple on succeeding to the estates of his step-father, Lord Palmerston, and was the author of the famous "Cowper-Temple clause." Mr. Cowper-Temple during his long career in Parliament was an enthusiastic supporter of all social reforms, and more especially of temperance. When, in 1880, Mr. Gladstone made him a peer, he took the title of Lord Mount-Temple, from one of his Irish properties, and thereby inspired Lord Houghton to run about town saying: "Do you know the precedent for Billy-Cowper's title? It's in 'Don Juan'—

And Lord Mount Coffee-house, the Irish peer,
Who killed himself for love with drink last year."

Lady Mount-Temple was one of the most remarkable women of her time. She had, besides an almost faultless beauty, an extraordinary dignity of presence and bearing, which was the outward and visible sign of a nature singularly noble and elevated.

She had a passionate indignation against cruelty and injustice, a genuine love of the outcast and down-trodden, a chivalry of spirit which always instinctively

impossible beliefs," and which made her the champion of people whom the world casts out of its synagogue and of enterprises which it regards as offensive insanities. Her husband shared to the full her zeal for social service, and as this zeal was allied with an absorbing interest in religious, ethical, and psychological problems, the result was that their beautiful home—Broadlands, near Romsey—was the scene of strange gatherings. Thither, when she was evicted from her dwelling for refusing to pay rates, came the high priestess of the Shakers, and Pearsall Smith the American evangelist, and Lord Shaftesbury, and Archbishop Benson and Burne Jones, and Antoinette Sterling, and nigger preachers, and Ritualistic curates, and vegetarians, and thought-readers, and clairvoyantes, and "spiritual wives"; all these have I met in that beautiful house amid an unequalled environment of Italian pictures and of gardens where the saints seemed to walk under trees of Paradise by the crystal river.

It is almost impossible to avoid transcendentalism when one thinks of Broadlands and the company which gathered in it. I do not think that the host and hostess would have harboured a vivisector, for cruelty was the one sin with which they could make no terms. But with this one exception it mattered not how low one had sunk in social disgrace, how far one had wandered from the paths of sane thinking and the jog-trot customs of the world; the doors of Broadlands were always open to one, and the wanderer passing through them found himself in a society where the stateliest traditions of the *vieille Cour* were mingled with an openness of mind to which no conceivable aspect of truth was unwelcome and a largeness of

Not very many people will remember, we fancy, that it is to Mr. Lionel Tollemache's uncle—the late Lord Mount Temple, whose widow died recently, and who as Mr. Cowper-Temple was First Commissioner of Public Works—that London owes the principal glory of the parks. It was he who first had the flower beds laid down, which now bloom for far the greater part of the year in Hyde-park, and turned the paths from Piccadilly to Marble Arch almost into a garden.

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