

1: In Pictures: Property of the Week – A £m Hammersmith hideaway

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Story of Rimini English essayist and miscellaneous writer, born at Southgate, Middlesex, on the 19th of October His father, the son of a West Indian clergyman, had settled as a lawyer in Philadelphia, and his mother was the daughter of a merchant there. As a boy at school he was an ardent admirer of Thomas Gray and William Collins, writing many verses in imitation of them. An impediment in his speech, afterwards removed, prevented his being sent to the university. He began to write for the newspapers, and published in a volume of theatrical criticisms, and a series of Classic Tales with critical essays on the authors. In he left the War Office, where he had for some time been a clerk, to become editor of the Examiner newspaper, a speculation of his brother John. The new journal with which Leigh Hunt was connected for thirteen years soon acquired a high reputation. It was perhaps the only newspaper of the time which owed no allegiance to any political party, but assailed whatever seemed amiss, "from a principle of taste", as John Keats happily expressed it. The effect was to give a political direction to what should have been the career of a man of letters. But the cheerfulness and gaiety with which Leigh Hunt bore his imprisonment attracted general attention and sympathy, and brought him visits from Lord Byron , Thomas Moore, Lord Brougham and others, whose acquaintance exerted much influence on his future destiny. In he edited for his brother John a quarterly magazine, the Reflector, for which he wrote "The Feast of the Poets", a satire which gave offense to many contemporary poets, and particularly offended William Gifford of the Quarterly. The essays afterwards published under the title of the Round Table 2 vols. In he made a permanent mark in English literature by the publication of his Story of Rimini. There is perhaps no other instance of a poem short of the highest excellence having produced so important and durable an effect in modifying the accepted standards of literary composition. By a simple return to the old manner he effected for English poetry in the comparatively restricted domain of metrical art what William Wordsworth had already effected in the domain of nature; his is an achievement of the same class, though not of the same calibre. His poem is also a triumph in the art of poetical narrative, abounds with verbal felicities, and is pervaded throughout by a free, cheerful and animated spirit, notwithstanding the tragic nature of the subject. It has been remarked that it does not contain one hackneyed or conventional rhyme. In appeared a collection of poems entitled Foliage, followed in by Hero and Leander, and Bacchus and Ariadne. In the same year he reprinted these two works with The Story of Rimini and The Descent of Liberty with the title of Poetical Works, and started the Indicator, in which some of his best work appeared. Dilke, Walter Coulson editor of the Globe after , John Hamilton Reynolds, and in general almost all the rising young men of letters of liberal sympathies. He had now for some years been married to Marianne Kent, who seems to have been sincerely attached to him, but was not in every respect a desirable partner. His own affairs were by this time in the utmost confusion, and he was only saved from ruin by the romantic generosity of Shelley. Keats he welcomed with enthusiasm, and introduced to Shelley. He also wrote a very generous appreciation of him in the Indicator, and, before leaving for Italy, Keats stayed with Hunt at Hampstead. The project was injudicious from every point of view; it would have done little for Hunt or the Liberal cause at the best, and depended entirely upon the cooperation of Byron, the most capricious of allies, and the most parsimonious of paymasters. Leigh Hunt left England for Italy in November , but storm, sickness and misadventure retarded his arrival until the 1st of July , a rate of progress which Thomas Love Peacock appropriately compares to the navigation of Ulysses. The tragic death of Shelley, a few weeks later, destroyed every prospect of success for the Liberal. Hunt was now virtually a dependant upon Byron, whose least amiable qualities were called forth by the relation of patron to an unsympathetic dependant, burdened with a large and troublesome family. He was moreover incessantly wounded by the representations of his friends that he was losing caste by the connection. In an unfortunate litigation with his brother brought him back to England, and in he committed his greatest mistake by the publication of his Lord Byron and some of his

Contemporaries. The work is of considerable value as a corrective of merely idealized estimates of Lord Byron. But such a corrective should not have come from one who had lain under obligations to Byron. British ideas of what was decent were shocked, and the author especially writhed under the withering satire of Moore. He worked unremittingly, but one effort failed after another. His editorship of the *Monthly Repository*, in which he succeeded W. Fox, was also unsuccessful. In a collected edition of his poems was published by subscription, the list of subscribers including many of his opponents. In the same year was printed for private circulation *Christianism*, the work afterwards published as *The Religion of the Heart*. A copy sent to Thomas Carlyle secured his friendship, and Hunt went to live next door to him in Cheyne Row in In his circumstances were improved by the successful representation at Covent Garden of his *Legend of Florence*, a play of considerable merit. The pretty narrative poem of *The Palfrey* was published in He was at times in absolute want, and his distress was aggravated by domestic complications. In he was further benefited by the generosity of Mrs. The fruits of the improved comfort and augmented leisure of these latter years were visible in the production of some charming volumes. Foremost among these are the companion books, *Imagination and Fancy* , and *Wit and Humour* , two volumes of selections from the English poets. In these Leigh Hunt shows himself within a certain range the most refined, appreciative and felicitous of critics. Homer and Milton may be upon the whole beyond his reach, though even here he is great in the detection of minor and unapprehended beauties; with Edmund Spenser and the old English dramatists he is perfectly at home, and his subtle and discriminating criticism upon them, as well as upon his own great contemporaries, is continually bringing to light unsuspected beauties. His companion volume on the pastoral poetry of Sicily, quaintly entitled *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla* , is almost equally delightful. *The Town* 2 vols. *The Old Court Suburb* 2 vols. In he published his *Autobiography* 3 vols. *A Book for a Corner* 2 vols. In his narrative poems, original and translated, were collected under the title of *Stories in Verse*, with an interesting preface. He died at Putney, London on the 28th of August His great misfortune was that these foibles were for the most part of an undignified sort. The very sincerity of his nature is detrimental to him; the whole man seems to be revealed in everything he ever wrote, and hence the most beautiful productions of his pen appear in a manner tainted by his really very pardonable weaknesses. Some of these, such as his helplessness in money matters, and his facility in accepting the obligations which he would have delighted to confer, involved him in painful and humiliating embarrassments, which seem to have been aggravated by the mismanagement of those around him. The notoriety of these things has deprived him of much of the honor due to him for his fortitude under the severest calamities, for his unremitting literary industry under the most discouraging circumstances, and for his uncompromising independence as a journalist and an author. It was his misfortune to be involved in politics, for he was as thorough a man of letters as ever existed, and most of his failings were more or less incidental to that character, But it is not every consummate man of letters of whom it can be unhesitatingly affirmed that he was brave, just and pious. When it was suggested that Leigh Hunt was the original of Harold Skimpole in *Bleak House*, Charles Dickens denied that any of the shadows in the portrait were suggested by Hunt, who was, he said, "the very soul of truth and honor. In some respects his literary position is unique. Few men have effected so much by mere exquisiteness of taste in the absence of high creative power; fewer still, so richly endowed with taste, have so frequently and conspicuously betrayed the want of it; and he was incapable of discovering where familiarity became flippancy. But his poetry possesses a brightness, animation, artistic symmetry and metrical harmony, which lift the author out of the rank of minor poets, particularly when the influence of his example upon his contemporaries is taken into account. His *Poetical Works* 2 vols. Among volumes of selections are: *Essays* , edited by A. Kent; *Essays and Poems* , edited by R. Johnson for the Temple Library. His *Autobiography* was revised by himself shortly before his death, and edited by his son Thornton Hunt, who also arranged his *Correspondence* 2 vols. Additional letters were printed by the Cowden Clarkes in their *Recollections of Writers* *The Autobiography* was edited 2 vols.

2: Hunt/Leigh-Hunt Family Tree - Ancestors

, *Leigh Hunt and his family in Hammersmith Hammersmith Local History Group London Wikipedia Citation Please see Wikipedia's template documentation for further citation fields that may be required.*

Alaric Alexander Watts In the long and eventful career of this charming writer is so essentially involved the literary and political history of the present century, that it is impossible to give adequate consideration to any one of its varied aspects without occupying a larger space than I can here afford to all. Thus I can only offer a "fierce abridgment," leaving much that occurs to me altogether untouched; for, like Dr. Johnson, I find it more easy to be abstinent than temperate. At the age of fifteen, he left the Hospital; and after a short time passed in the office of one of his brothers, a lawyer, he obtained an appointment in the War Office. About this period, his elder brother, John, had established a weekly paper called *The News*; and to this he contributed a series of criticisms on the drama, in a style entirely new, a selection of which he republished in , under the title of *Critical Essays on the Performances of the London Theatres*. These papers entitle their author to a high rank as a dramatic critic, "the highest, indeed, after Hazlitt himself. His judgments are marked by refinement of taste, felicity of expression, and nicety of discrimination; and the little volume is charming reading, even at this lapse of time. I am not, however, unaware that the author seems to have looked upon it with some disfavour, and says that "if he thought that it had a chance of survival, he should regret and qualify a good deal of uninformed judgment in it respecting the art of acting. But these were troublous times, and although his articles were rather literary than political in their motive, his paper managed to get involved in three several Government prosecutions. The second was in the following year, when the *casus belli* was a leader in which flogging in the army was denounced. He and his brother were tried before Lord Ellenborough, but, being defended by Brougham, were acquitted by the jury. The third occasion, however, paid for all. Hunt, in a rather severe article, called the Prince Regent an "Adonis of Fifty," and awoke the *spretae injuria* of the "first gentleman of Europe. The fine sonnet by John Keats, "written on the day that Mr. Hunt left prison," is a proof of the affection and respect with which the prisoner was regarded by his friends. He employed his enforced leisure in literary composition; and *The Descent of Liberty, a Masque*, "The Feast of the Poets, with Notes, and other Pieces in Verse" and the *Story of Rimini*, published after his release, gave him a high place among the poets of the day. He who judges, will be judged by others. Hunt made bitter enemies by his *Feast of the Poets*, greatly abridged and modified in succeeding editions, as also are many of his other pieces, the original issues of which should be sought for. His severe remarks on Sir Walter Scott, repented of afterwards, and among the passages cancelled, brought down upon him the undying enmity of the Scotch critics, who were never tired of laughing at his alleged Cockneyisms, his immortal "yellow breeches" and the "Cockney School of Poetry" generally. The matchless impudence of these Northern lights, themselves imbued with the narrowest provinciality, is amusing enough; and we can afford to laugh at their Petrarchian Sonnetto, in the great Edinburgh magazine: Besides the stings of these Scottish gad-flies, Leigh Hunt was long the chosen mark for the Zoili of his own city, all eager to strike the politician through the poet. Thus Gifford, the cobblering editor of the *Quarterly*, whose unmanly sneer at the crutches of poor Mary Robinson, actress, poetess, and cast-off mistress of the Prince Regent, had excited the indignation of the poet, went on misquoting and ridiculing the *Story of Rimini*, till pilloried by its author in his pamphlet *Ultra Crepidarius*, 8vo, pp. It was nothing but his friendship with Leigh Hunt that brought doom on poor Keats. The alliance between the men was well known, and the fiat went forth that he must be slain, as Byron has it: So savage and tartarly, "It was one of my feats! The death of Shelley, by drowning at sea, just upon his arrival July , was a great blow to his fortunes. He was one of the sad party that assisted at the cremation of the poet, and his companion in fate, Captain Williams, on the desolate sea-shore of *Via Reggio*. It must have been an impressive and melancholy ceremony. Byron, in a letter to Murray, speaks of the desolate condition of Hunt and his family. The death of Shelley left them totally aground, and I could not see them in such estate without using the common feelings of humanity, and what means were in my power, to set them afloat again. They parted, with less of mutual good feeling than when they met. The *Liberal* was discontinued; Byron himself

died in ; and by and by the Hunts returned to England. The book, indeed was, a serious mistake, and hurt his reputation. While still in Italy, and at a period of his life beset with trials and difficulties, Leigh Hunt had employed himself by the composition of a volume, which, of great subjective interest, is now a bibliographic curiosity of no small value. This is entitled *Christianism, or Belief and Unbelief Reconciled*, and consists of a series of cardiphonic thoughts, feelings and aspirations, connected with the best hopes and interests of man, both with regard to this world and the next. The author readily gave his consent, and Mr. Forster, "the circumstance is not generally known, but I do not think that I am wrong in the attribution," printed seventy-five copies only, at his own expense, and stated, in an anonymous preface, the circumstances attendant on the issue of the volume. So early as , he had set on foot a modest weekly periodical of essays, after the model of the *Spectator* of Addison, and the *Rambler* and *Idler* of Dr. This was called *The Indicator*; and he now , while contributing largely, with Lamb, Hazlitt and others to the serials of the day, including the *London Magazine*, determined to issue a kind of sequel to this, which was appropriately called the *Companion*. His thought was refined, rather than vigorous; and his strong individuality was unfavourable to united working for a common object. He was, nevertheless, a hardy and pungent writer, who made the literature of politics respected. He was a fearless Liberal, striking those in high places where the blow was merited; and one who fought well for us that long fight for political freedom, the results of whose victory we enjoy to-day. But that which was, in some sort, the defect of his political writings, is the very charm of his light and discursive essays. With much of the quaint humour of Charles Lamb, though perhaps somewhat inferior to that unique genius in form and mode of expression, he has an equal, if not a greater breadth of thought, reminding us at times of Addison and Steele, with a delicacy and sensitiveness which is sometimes even morbid. He made himself the friend of those whom he addressed, and loved to regard his subject in all its bearings. Truth was to him a polygon, courting examination at each of its angles, and changing its character with the various standpoints at which it was seen. Many of these Essays will live with the language, and be the delight of great men of other generations, as they were of those who are gone. I must pass with rapid pen over the subsequent literary career of this voluminous writer. In , he founded another serial, the *London Journal*, which he continued to edit during that and the following year. In , he published for the first time separately his celebrated poem *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*. In , he gave to the world his *Legend of Florence*, which previously neglected as it had been by a leading manager, was a great favourite with the Queen, who went several times to see it at Covent Garden, and commanded its performance before her at Windsor; and he also edited the Dramatic works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar. In earlier life, Leigh Hunt had a propensity to write for the stage, and had produced certain other blank verse plays, of which, inasmuch as they were, even in his own recorded opinion, failures, much need not be said. I must content myself also with a bare enumeration of still later literary labours, either original works or compilations. *Imagination and Fancy*, an analytical examination of the older poets, with a preliminary essay, appeared in *Wit and Humour*, a sort of companion, in *Stories from the Italian Poets, with Lives*, came out in , and exhibit, in marked degree, his admirable quality, previously and elsewhere displayed, as a translator from the Italian. In this respect Leigh Hunt is truly "facile princeps. His *Bacchus in Tuscany* , small 8vo , which I might have mentioned earlier, from the fine dithyrambic of Francesco Redi, is as far as my knowledge extends, the best translation in verse in the language; and his version of the exquisite *Lutrin* of Boileau is, in its way, hardly less excellent. In also, he published an edition of the *Dramatic Works of Sheridan*, with biography and notes. Horatio Smith bought the book, unwitting, till he opened it, that it was dedicated to himself, "a compliment which he felt very acceptable. This was *The Town: Passing over The Religion of the Heart, a Manual of Faith and Duty* , "an expanded reprint of the privately printed volume, *Christianism*, to which I have already referred at length, "and a series of *Stories in Verse*, collected from his earlier writings , we come to another pair of charming volumes, which form a companion to the *Town*. In , Leigh Hunt gave to the world his *Autobiography*, in 3 vols 8vo, "of which, just ten years later, appeared "a new edition, revised by the author, with further revision, and an introduction, by his eldest son," in one volume, 8vo. This is a charming book. The career of its writer had not been marked by striking events, "except, indeed, the Examiner attack on the Regent, the consequent imprisonment for two years in Horsemonger Lane Gaol, and the visit to Italy, "and the interest

consists in its subjective tone of thought, and the literary gossip about the brilliant men who were his friends and contemporaries. What Thomas Carlyle thought of the book may be seen by an extract from a letter, written "out of the fulness of the heart" after perusal, to its author, "than which a more generously appreciative and large-hearted expression is not to be found in the entire range of epistolary literature: In fact, this book has been like a written exercise of devotion to me; I have not assisted at any sermon, liturgy, or litany, this long while, that has had so religious an effect on me. Thanks in the name of all men. I had the good fortune to be present, and the mise-en-scene comes vividly before me as I write. An admirable address in verse, written for the occasion by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, at that time personally unacquainted with Hunt, was delivered, after the overture, by John Forster, who occupied the same post on the Examiner, as theatrical critic, which the beneficiary had held in former days. The following passage occurs in it: The base may mock, the household asp may sting, The bard, like Lear, is "every inch a king. Comes with the pomp of memories in his train, Pathos and wit, sweet pleasure and sweet pain! Forster gives an account of these amateur performances in his *Life of Charles Dickens* vol. Of course it was; I have it before me, and transcribe from it. On the Monday following, the same company performed with the same object at Manchester. On this occasion the opening address, of which I have also a printed copy, was written by Mr. But though Leigh Hunt was poor, he cannot be said to have been in circumstances of destitution. It was his fortune, by reason of protracted days, to see effected much of that change in public feeling and opinion which he had worked so strenuously to speed. In , the same Government which forty years before had consigned him to a prison, found him worthy of a pension. Carlyle, it is pleasant to know, was one of the most strenuous promoters of the movement to obtain this, and the "Memoranda concerning Mr. Leigh Hunt," drawn up by him, is a most interesting document, equally honourable to himself and his friend. Here, inter alia, we are informed: Hunt is a man of most indisputably superior worth; a Man of Genius in a very strict sense of that word, and in all the senses which it bears or implies; of brilliant varied gifts, of graceful fertility, of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness; of childlike open character; also of most pure, and even exemplary private deportment; a man who can be other than loved only by those who have not seen him, or seen him from a distance through a false medium With this provision for the quiet evening of that day whose heat and burthen had been so well and bravely borne, Leigh Hunt continued to enjoy, in his Hammersmith cottage, his old books, and such old friends as time had spared him. He contributed occasionally to the serials of the day, "to Household Words," and to *The Spectator*, for which he wrote a paper the week before his death. In , he was planning a removal to London, to be nearer to his eldest son, and other friends; but rapidly failing health seeming to render immediate change of air desirable, he was induced to remove to the house of his friend, Mr. Reynell, at Putney, "the printer, by the way, of *The Examiner*, the paper which he had founded just half a century before," and here he breathed his last, without suffering, in the possession of all his faculties, and without a sigh or struggle, on Sunday, August 28th, , in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was buried in the place of his choice the cemetery at Kensall Green, where his funeral was attended by his sons and grandsons, "Severn, the friend of Keats in Italy," and Trelawney, the "Younger Son," the associate of Byron and Shelley. For the space of ten years there was nothing to mark the spot where he slept; but at length, mainly through the exertions of S. Hall, the disgrace has been removed. A sum was raised by subscription; and on October 19th , a graceful monument by Joseph Durham, A. On one side of this memorial may be read the date of his birth and death; on the other, the line "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men," "from the beautiful little poem, *Abou Ben Adhem*," significant as embodying his own theory of religion, in which theology is conspicuous by its absence "contributed by him many years before to the album of Mrs. As Dickens warmly repudiated the imputation, and so affectionately referred to Leigh Hunt in *Household Words*, we are bound to believe that he had no such intention. I imagine that if John Tenniel, in a *Punch* cartoon, chose to surmount the body of a gorilla with the head of Gladstone, he would have some difficulty in convincing the public, that he had no intention of bringing contempt on the Minister. What a fine stanza that is of Shelley, in his *Adonais*, where he depicts Leigh Hunt, "much as he was, says G. Craik, "to the last, in outward form, forty years later: Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?"

Prepared by the Hammersmith Historical society in west London, this booklet relates to Hunt's final years as a resident of the area. There is much information about the marriages and relationships of Hunt's numerous children with other members of the community, which will be found elsewhere only with difficulty.

A selection of his earliest poems was published by his father in under the title of *Juvenilia*. In he joined his brother John in conducting a paper, the *News*, which the latter had started. Thereafter the brothers embarked upon the *Examiner*, a paper of pronounced radical views. With his customary genial philosophy, however, the prisoner made the best of things, turned his cell into a study, with bookcases and a piano, and his yard into a garden. He had the sympathy of many, and received his friends, including Byron, Moore, and Lamb. On his release he published his poem, *The Story of Rimini*. In the latter year he started the *Indicator*, a paper something in the style of the *Spectator* or *Tatler*, and after this had run its course the *Companion*, conceived on similar lines, took its place in In Hunt went to Italy with Byron, and there established the *Liberal*, a paper which did not prove a success. In Hunt started the *London Journal*, which he edited for 2 years. Although his poems have considerable descriptive power and brightness, he had not the depth and intensity to make a poet, and his reputation rests rather upon his essays, which are full of a genial philosophy, and display a love of books, and everything pleasant and beautiful. He did much to popularise the love of poetry and literature in general among his fellow-countrymen. His father, Isaac, was descended from one of the oldest settlers in Barbadoes, and studied at a college in Philadelphia, U. He married Mary Shewell, a lady of quaker extraction, whose memory was, says Leigh Hunt, "a serene and inspiring influence to animate me in the love of truth. He encountered much persecution as a loyalist, and finally, with broken fortunes, came to England, where he became a popular metropolitan preacher. His manners were theatrical, and he was fond of society. He acquired a reputation for unsteadiness, which prevented him from getting preferment in the church. He was subsequently placed on the Loyalist Pension Fund with l. He was watched over with great tenderness by his mother, and after a short visit to the coast of France his health improved. He was nervous, and his elder brothers took a pleasure in terrifying him by telling him ghost-stories, and by pretended apparitions. His recollections of his schooldays and schoolmates occupy a large portion of his *Autobiography*. He describes himself as an "ultra-sympathising and timid boy. His gentle disposition often made him the victim of rougher boys, but he at length gained strength and address enough to stand his own ground. He only fought once, beat his antagonist, and then made a friend of him. Among his school-fellows were Mitchell, the translator of *Aristophanes*, and Thomas Barnes , subsequently editor of the *Times*. With Barnes he learned Italian, and the 2 lads used to wander over the Hornsey fields together, shouting verses from *Metastasio*. While at school he wrote verses in imitation of Collins and Gray, whom he passionately admired. At 13, "if so old," he fell in love with a charming cousin of The book reached a 4th edition in Hunt himself afterwards thought these poems "good for nothing. Its theatrical criticisms by Leigh Hunt attracted attention by their independence and originality. Although no politician, he undertook to be editor and leader-writer. The paper soon became popular. It was thoroughly independent, and owed allegiance to no party, but advocated liberal politics with courage and consistency. Its main object was to assert the cause of reform in parliament, liberality of opinion in general, and to infuse in its readers a taste for literature. In the same year appeared *An Attempt to show the Folly and Danger of Methodism* , a reprint, with additions, from the *Examiner*. Only 4 numbers of it appeared. Barnes, Charles Lamb , and other friends contributed to it. Hunt wrote for it a poem called "The Feast of the Poets" afterwards published separately , a playful and satirical piece, which offended most of the poetical fraternity, especially Gilford, editor of the *Quarterly Review*. More than once the brothers were prosecuted by the government for political offences, but in each case were acquitted. An article on the savagery of military floggings led to a prosecution early in , when Brougham successfully defended the Hunts. Shelley had made him "a princely offer," which was declined immediately after the sentence was pronounced *Autobiography*, i. When Jeremy Bentham came to see him he found him playing at battledore. During his imprisonment he wrote *The Descent of Liberty: A Masque*, dealing with the downfall of Napoleon, published

in , and dedicated to his friend Barnes. All through his imprisonment he continued to edit the Examiner. About the same time Charles Cowden Clarke introduced Keats to him, and Hunt was the means of bringing Keats and Shelley together for the first time. To both Hunt was a true friend, and both recorded their gratitude. Keats stayed with him at Hampstead shortly before leaving for Italy. Shelley made him many handsome gifts; often invited him and his wife to stay with him at Marlow in ; and dedicated his *Cenci* to him in . It was dedicated to Lord Byron. The greater part of it was written during his imprisonment. It is conceived in the spirit of Chaucer and has in it lines worthy of Dryden. In conformity with the strictures of some of his critics he rewrote the poem some years later, but it is questionable whether he improved it. When he wrote it, he had not been in Italy, and afterwards he corrected some mistakes in the scenery, and restored its true historical conclusion. His close friendship with Shelley, whom he actively assisted in the difficulties consequent on his desertion of his first wife, and whom he vigorously defended from the onslaughts of the Quarterly in the Examiner September–October , caused him to be identified with some opinions which he himself did not entertain. This was followed in by *The Literary Pocket-book*, a kind of pocket and memorandum book for men of intellectual and literary tastes; 3 more numbers of it appeared, viz. The articles in the Pocket-book for descriptive of the successive beauties of the year were printed with considerable additions in a separate volume in , under the title of *The Months*. During the seventy-six weeks of its existence his papers on literature, life, manners, morals, and nature were all characterised by subtle and delicate criticisms, kindly cheerfulness, and sympathy with nature and art. A tale of the Woods; from the Italian of Torquato Tasso, appeared in . The Examiner was declining in circulation, and Hunt was in delicate health. He had been compelled to discontinue the Indicator, "having," as he said, "almost died over the last number. After a tremendous storm the vessel was driven into Dartmouth, where they relanded and passed on to Plymouth. Here they remained for several months. Shelley sent Hunt 1. Shelley was drowned on 8 July , and Hunt was present at the burning of his body, and wrote the epitaph for his tomb in the protestant cemetery at Rome. The 2 men were thoroughly uncongenial, and their relations mutually vexatious. The Liberal lived through 4 numbers, In he moved to Florence, and remained there till his return to England 2 years later. He produced during that period *Ultra-Crepidarius*: A satire on William Gifford, and *Bacchus in Tuscany*: A dithyrambic poem from the Italian of Francesco Redi; with notes, original and select. He also issued the *Literary Examiner*, an unstamped weekly paper, extending to 27 numbers; and wrote *The Wishing Cap*, a series of papers which appeared in the Examiner; and a number of papers in the *New Monthly Magazine*, called *The Family Journal*, signed "Harry Honeycomb. Although everything stated in the book was undoubtedly true, it ought never to have been written, far less printed. He himself afterwards regretted the imprudent act. It extended to 28 numbers, and consisted of criticisms on books, the theatres, and public events. He thereupon undertook the laborious task of issuing a daily sheet of 4 pages folio, called *The Tatler*, devoted to literature and the stage, entirely written by himself. It commenced on 4 October , and ended 13 February . Still he was never in better spirits or wrote such good theatrical criticisms. It was published in , and in reached a 3rd edition [5]. Being exercises and meditations. It was written while in Italy. It was printed in an enlarged form in , under the title of *The Religion of the Heart*. A list of the subscribers appeared in the Times, comprising names of all shades of opinion, some of his sharpest personal antagonists being included. The prejudices against him had to a great extent died away. In the same year he wrote reviews of new books in the *True Sun*, a daily newspaper. His health was at this time so feeble that he had for some time to be taken daily in a coach to the office. He then made the acquaintance of Laman Blanchard, to whom he pays a tribute in his *Autobiography*. A miscellany for the fields and the fireside. They contained a selection of the best papers in these periodicals written in and in . The publisher afterwards issued these volumes in 2 parts, double columns, at a moderate price, and they were several times reprinted. Admirable in every way, it was, unhappily, too literary and refined for ordinary tastes, and ceased on 26 Dec. It is chiefly remarkable for its vivid descriptions of the horrors of war. He was in perpetual difficulties. On more than one occasion he was literally without bread. He wrote to friends to get some of his books sold, so that he and his family may have something to eat. There were gaps of total destitution, in which every available source had been absolutely exhausted. His hair was black and shining, and slightly inclined to wave. His head was high, his forehead straight and white, under which beamed a pair

of eyes, dark, brilliant, reflecting, gay, and kind, with a certain look of observant humour. His general complexion was dark.

4: Biography: William Bates on Leigh Hunt

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Meyer from a drawing by J. He entered the school shortly after Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Charles Lamb had both left; Thomas Barnes, however, was a school friend of his. As a boy, he was an ardent admirer of Thomas Gray and William Collins, writing many verses in imitation of them. A speech impediment, later cured, prevented his going to university. He began to write for the newspapers, and published in a volume of theatre criticism, and a series of Classic Tales with critical essays on the authors. Over the next 20 years they had ten children: Leigh Hunt made little mention of his family in his autobiography. The stoicism with which Leigh Hunt bore his imprisonment attracted general attention and sympathy. His imprisonment allowed him many luxuries and access to friends and family, and Lamb described his decorations of the cell as something not found outside a fairy tale. When Jeremy Bentham called on him, he was found playing battledore. Twelve of the fifty-two essays were by Hunt, the rest by Hazlitt. He wrote "The Feast of the Poets" for this, a satire, which offended many contemporary poets, particularly William Gifford of the Quarterly. Hunt probably wrote much of the content as well, which included reviews, essays, stories, and poems. The journal dealt with books, theatrical productions and miscellaneous topics. The poem is an optimistic narrative which runs contrary to the tragic nature of its subject. In appeared a collection of poems entitled Foliage, followed in by Hero and Leander, and Bacchus and Ariadne. In the same year he reprinted these two works with The Story of Rimini and The Descent of Liberty with the title of Poetical Works, and started the Indicator, in which some of his best work appeared. This group was known as the Hunt Circle, or, pejoratively, as the Cockney School. He introduced Keats to Shelley and wrote a very generous appreciation of him in the Indicator. Both his health and that of his wife failed, and he was obliged to discontinue the Indicator, having, he says, "almost died over the last numbers. An injudicious suggestion, it would have done little for Hunt or the Liberal cause at the best, and depended entirely upon the co-operation of the capricious, parsimonious Byron. Leigh Hunt left England for Italy in November, but storm, sickness and misadventure delayed his arrival until 1 July, a rate of progress which Thomas Love Peacock appropriately compares to the navigation of Ulysses. As a matter of fact Hunt was not standing before the fire, he remained in his coach the entire time. The death of Shelley, a few weeks later, destroyed every prospect of success for the Liberal. In a litigation with his brother brought him back to England, and in he published Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries, a corrective to idealized portraits of Byron. The public was shocked that Hunt, who had been obliged to Byron for so much, would "bite the hand that fed him" in this way. Hunt especially writhed under the withering satire of Moore. He worked unremittingly, but one effort failed after another. His editorship of the Monthly Repository, in which he succeeded William Johnson Fox, was also unsuccessful. In a collected edition of his poems was published by subscription, the list of subscribers including many of his opponents. In the same year was printed for private circulation Christianity, the work afterwards published as The Religion of the Heart. A copy sent to Thomas Carlyle secured his friendship, and Hunt went to live next door to him in Cheyne Row in The narrative poem The Palfrey was published in He was at times in absolute poverty, and his distress was aggravated by domestic complications. Now living in improved comfort, Hunt published the companion books Imagination and Fancy and Wit and Humour, two volumes of selections from the English poets, which displayed his refined, discriminating critical tastes. The Town 2 vols. The Old Court Suburb 2 vols. A Dobson, is a sketch of Kensington, where he long resided. In he published his Autobiography 3 vols. A Book for a Corner 2 vols. In his narrative poems, original and translated, were collected under the title Stories in Verse. It is an absolute reproduction of a real man"; and a contemporary critic commented, "I recognized Skimpole instantaneously; His Poetical Works 2 vols. Among volumes of selections are Essays, ed. Symons; Leigh Hunt as Poet and Essayist, ed. Kent; Essays and Poems, ed. Johnson for the "Temple Library". His Autobiography was revised shortly before his death, and edited by Thornton Hunt, who also arranged his

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Correspondence 2 vols. Additional letters were printed by the Cowden Clarkes in their Recollections of Writers The Autobiography was edited 2 vols. Oxford Dictionary of National Biography Volume 28

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Title / Author Type Language Date / Edition Publication; 1. Leigh Hunt and his family in Hammersmith. 1.

Isaac was staunch loyalist, and had made a name for himself by defending other loyalists in court. Also as the author of many pamphlets championing the cause of the British Crown. The inflammatory nature of these activities, carried out in the face of the revolutionary winds that were blowing at the time, ultimately triggered predictable consequences. Early one morning in , he was taken from his house and, along with a Dr. Kearsley, an equally dedicated Tory, was driven about the streets of Philadelphia in an open cart, the intention being eventually to tar and feather both men. After being paraded up and down the streets, both men were imprisoned. Isaac bribed a prison guard and escaped, ending up in England, via Barbados. It was almost two years before his wife and children were able to join him. Once In England the Hunt family fell on hard times and Isaac, unable to practice law, became a preacher. He even spent some time in debtors prison. Died , age Buried Bishopsgate Street Churchyard Cemetery. All information here is gathered from a number of internet sources. To best of my knowledge, after cross referencing many sites, this information is correct. Reverend Isaac Hunt Birth: Father was Brian Hunt , Born the 27th of July Christened in London in August , but brought up in Barbados, where he was to later become the curate of St. Married to Elizabeth Bryant of an old Barbadian family. Click here for more information and sources. Reverend Brian Hunt Birth: Father was Isaac Hunt. Native of Sevenoaks, Kent. Married to Ann surname unknown , while attending Cambridge So est. Children Of Brian and Anne were:

6: Leigh Hunt - Wikipedia

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7: February " News & Announcements

Leigh Hunt and his wife Marianne moved to Hammersmith in , leaving behind a house in Kensington steeped in the memories of a deceased son, and into a house near other family already settled in the area.

8: www.enganchecubano.com: Molly Tatchell: Books, Biography, Blogs, Audiobooks, Kindle

A friend of Byron, Lamb and many important writers, Leigh Hunt played a prominent role in London's literary and political affairs. He was famously imprisoned for two years in with his brother John for libeling the Prince of Wales.

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Publications. All prices include postage. Reduced prices apply to books sold at meetings. Bradmore House, Hammersmith. Leigh Hunt and his family in Hammersmith.

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