

**JOHN DONNE,
SOMETIME DEAN OF ST.
PAUL'S: A.D. 1621-1631**

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John Donne, sometime dean of St. Paul's: A.D. 1621-1631 by Augustus Jessopp

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AUGUSTUS JESSOPP

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SOMETIME DEAN OF ST.
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TO MR
ANDREW



This was for youth, Strength, Mirth, and wit that Time
Most count their golden Age; but 'twas not thine,
Thine was thy later yeares, so much refined
From youths Droesse, Mirth, & wit; at thy pure mind
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the Praise
Of thy Creator, in thosè last, best Dayes.
Times this Booke, (thy Embleme) which begins
With Love; but ends, with Sighes, & Teares for slay
Will Marshall sculpsit.

12:WA1

JOHN DONNE

SOMETIME DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S

A.D. 1621-1631

BY

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D.

RECTOR OF SCARNING

WITH TWO PORTRAITS

METHUEN & CO.

36 ESSEX STREET, W.C.

LONDON

1897

TO YINU
AMBOUJAO

929

0685

J58

TO
MY GIFTED AND MUCH VALUED FRIEND
HENRY WILLETT
I OFFER THIS LITTLE VOLUME
A TRIBUTE OF LOYALTY AND
HIGH REGARD

614032



PREFACE

IT is fifty years since, as an undergraduate at Cambridge, I projected and began to make collections for a complete edition of the works of Dr. Donne.

In those days there was a great revival of the study of our seventeenth-century divinity, the result of the great Oxford Movement. Young men were told that the great teachers of that period were the safest and the wisest guides to follow. Certainly we knew none better. The Textual Criticism of the New Testament was then in its infancy, and the New Theology was not yet born.

Perhaps it was just as well that publishers shrank from embarking in so ambitious a venture as I had contemplated; and soon circumstances intervened which took from me "the dream of doing and the other dream of done."

In 1855, however, I issued a reprint of Donne's little-known *Essays in Divinity*, with a brief account of the author's life. The critics said that the volume was absurdly overloaded with foolish notes and an unnecessary display of learning. I think the critics were right. When young men are in the happy

twenties, they are apt to "show off," especially if they are solitary students; and I confess that to this day, when I have occasion to look into the small pages of that little bantling of mine, I feel as Mr. Pennennis felt when recurring to one of his early reviews—nothing astonished him so much as the erudition which he found he had amassed in his first attempts in criticism.

Since those days I have never quite given up my old interest in the life and works of Dr. Donne. The design of publishing a complete edition has long since been abandoned; but the hope of issuing the life and letters of the great Dean I still clung to, till the conviction forced itself upon me that there was one who was better qualified for such a task than I could ever hope to be.

I have never been able to feel much enthusiasm for Donne as a poet; and it is as a poet that Donne's fame has chiefly come down to us. Who was I that I should undertake to deal with the life of the man whose poetry I had not the power of appreciating at its worth? There must be some deficiency, some obliquity, in my own mind. It was only slowly and reluctantly that I was brought to see that such a work as I had hoped to do, only Mr. Edmund Gosse was fitted to undertake. There is no man in England who has written so exquisitely on Donne as he, or shown such subtle sympathy with his poetic genius. It is to him, accordingly, that I resign that delightful