'His feet stunk out of cry': Ben Stone's Satirical Manuscript Verses on Thomas Coryate

In the last iss Benjamin Stone, Dead Poet (c. ¹ who. as you may remember, was a New College fellow whose untimely death occasioned punning epigrams by Richard Zouche and others. One may also remember that Stone himself devised several poems, most of which were collected in Bodleian Library MS Malone 19 (and reproduced for readers of New College Notes s article). An additional Stone poem has come to light. Also collected in MSMalon isa Ben. Stone on Samburne, Sheriff of Oxford t targets a much more infamous seventeenth-century English figure Thomas Coryate (1577? 1617) of Odcombe, Somerset (whose father George Coryate, incidentally, was a Latin poet and fellow of New College). Represented by at least six textual witnesses, all of which I have collated, this poe is attributed to

in two seventeenth-

On Tom Coriat³

Tom coming near the Italian coast Of all his journeys⁴ past began to boast For travel was his fate:

He could not give himself to ease, A greater journey than all these, His heels did meditate.

I fear not these proud rocks said he Alps :

I fear nor wind, nor weather.

To those proud mountains will I go And try whether heaven yea, or no, Be worth the coming thither.

Thus lifting⁵ up his heels aloft He for good luck the Gods besought, In taming⁶ of that rock,

With resolution stout & brave As swift⁷ as did that cripple knave,

He had not passed half a mile His dauntless gan to quail And erst he back did look,

I verily am of an opinion (Quoth he) that you 56v This was the manner of their carrying of me: they did put two slender poles through certain wooden rings, which were at the four corners of the chair, one before, and another behind. But such was the miserable pains that the poor slaves willingly undertook for the gain of that cardakew,²¹ that I would not have done the like for five hundred. The ways were exceeding difficult in regard of the steepness and hardness thereof, for they were all rocky, *petricosae & salebrosae* [rocky and rugged], and so uneven that a man could hardly find any sure footing on them. When I had *tandem aliquando* [at last] gotten up to the top, I said to myself with Aeneas in Virgil: *Forsan & haec olim meminisse juvabit.*²²

then might I justly and truly say, that which I could never before, that I was above some of the clouds. For though that mountain be not by the sixth part so high as some others of them, yet certainly it was a great way above some of the clouds. For I saw many of them very plainly on the sides of the mountain beneath me.²³

Crudities Coryate does in fact (i.e., the sedan chair), ate for neglecting to provide for weary Alpine travellers. The episode is mentioned briefly in a few