

## HISTORY

OF

## LAWRENCE LAZY.

CONTAINING,

His birth and slothful breeding; how he served the school-master, his wife, the 'squire's cook, and the farmer; which, by the laws of Lubberland, was accounted High Treason. His arraignment and trial; and happy deliverance from the many treasons laid to his charge.



STIRLING:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY C. RANDALL.

1803.

## P R E F A C E.

**W**HETHER of the court or country, nobility or mobility, young, or old, rich or poor, bond or free ; to thy protection I commit this book, hoping you will receive it in love and good-will ; for as much as it is of no small antiquity, the original being many years before your great grandfather peeped into the world, and so remains to this day, known by the name of Lazincfs. A thing in which some young people have so shrowded themselves, that in time they have been overgrown with it ; so that it has lately become so hard a crust, that they are forced to be well threshed before they can break them of it. Now among many that have been sore troubled with that distemper, the most noted was Lawrence Lazy.—The motive that encouraged me to publish this book, was for your mirth and raillery, and my pleasure and profit,

Who am,

Your's at command

## HISTORY,

O F

## LAWRENCE LAZY.

## C H A P. I.

Of his birth and heavy breeding ; and  
of his being carried to school.

**S**IR Lawrence Lazy, governor of  
Lubberland castle, in the county  
of Sloth, married a fair and beautiful  
lady, named Katherine Sloth, by  
whom he had one son, whom he cal-  
led after his own name. It is to be  
observed, that at his birth he was not  
only the wonder of the women present,  
but also the astonishment and grief of  
his indulgent parents: for as it is usual  
for children to come crying into the  
world, some struggling ; this had no  
manner of motion, either by limb or  
voice, but like a heavy lump he lay  
without any signs of motion, neither  
could he at any time open his mouth  
to be fed without help. 'Tis true he

throve in flesh but never would take to his feet. In the place where they laid him down there they found him. Moreover his chiefest delight was as he grew up to sleep in his clothes, and especially if he could get a pillow in the chimney corner, there he would lie to his satisfaction ; by which means he had almost lost the name of Lawrence, most of the servants calling him Lob-lie by-the-fire ; at which his parents were much offended, and sharply reproved the servants who gave him that nick-name. He must be called Lawrence, forasmuch as his name did agree with his qualities, and his qualities with his name.

Now the lady his mother on a certain day said to his father, Let us put our son to the boarding-school, for between the help of his learning, and the pleasant company of young scholars, he may be made to be both lively and active. His father consented thereto, so that he was forthwith carried to school, for he would not go ; the father agreeing with the master for his son's board and education, earnestly desired he might have the liberty



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walk forth with the scholars in the shady groves every evening for his recreation: this was agreed upon, and his parents returned home, leaving him to the care of his new master.

### CHAPTER II.

Of Lawrence falling asleep in a grove, and so losing his walk-mates. Of his meeting with an old man, who gave him a charm, with which he wrought many wonders.

**N**OW according to agreement, Lawrence was allowed to walk with several young scholars in the field; were upon a certain night he happened to stray from the rest of the company, where amongst some haystacks, he fell into a dead sleep. The night coming on, and his companions forced to turn home without him: what account they gave of him to his master, I have not heard, nevertheless Lawrence at last awaked, and beheld an ancient man, with white locks and lean visage coming towards him; so he arose, and in a sluggish manner

went to meet him. How now, my pretty lad, said the ancient man, who makes you so late in this lonely place? Marry, quoth Lawrence, I have lost my company, and by that means am left—My son, quoth the old man, though they have left thee, I have found thee, and will be no small friend to thee, if thou'lt follow my directions. I know in the first place, thou art the sorrow of thy parents, and the wonder of the world through the melancholy lazy sloth which has attended thee ever since thou first came into the world, and because thou shalt not be the first person given to laziness, I will furnish you with a charm, which shall enable thee to make others five times more lazy than thyself. And hereupon he presented him with a ring, saying, Whenever thou shalt put this upon thy finger, all men, women and children on whom thou lookest shall become as half dead, thro' heavy sleep, which shall then seize them, and they shall continue so during thy pleasure; and the charm shall be broken by drawing the ring from thy finger, when thou shalt see fit. Be sure

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my son, said he to make use of the same and it will stand thee in great stead in every time of trouble.—Lawrence received these gifts thankfully, and after having crossed the old man's hand with a grey groat, they parted very friendly, and Lawrence returned home, though late in the night, to his school; where his master threatened to chastise him in the morning severely for his demeanor.

### C H A P. III.

How Lawrence served his master, and then made his escape.

**L**awrence finding what his master had said, made no great haste to rise the next morning; wherefore, when the school was full, the master in his place, and the scholars round him, Lawrence was sent for, who was brought in, led between two. At which time his master commanded him to be horfed, in order to give him correction; but Lawrence slyly putting on his ring, just as he was taken upon the boy's back, he first cast his eyes on the master, and then upon the whole

school, by which means they all became in the twinkling of an eye so stupified in their senses, that they fell into a profound sleep, where they all lay, while Lawrence sat in his place, laughing at the wonderful effects of this ring. At length his mistress coming across the yard with a hot mess of his masters, he looked upon her, and immediately she fell down, broke the bason, spilt the posset; and continued sleeping, whilst he made this verse, which he left:

My master he did threaten me,  
But I am much mistaken,  
If I have not my freedom got,  
And fairly sav'd my bacon.

This done, dreading what might follow, he took his flight, and at his going off he drew the ring, which broke the charm, so they returned again to their senses, and upon finding the verse, they concluded that Lawrence had surely bewitched them, and if it were possible he could be found, he should be severely punished for the same.



## C H A P. IV.

Of his causing a gentleman's cook to lose his place.

**N**OW Lawrence having left the said school, and betaking himself unto travel, without either meat or money, at last he grew extremely hungry, and calling at a gentleman's house, hoping to get some refreshment, the cook told him he had nothing for him. Why, said Lawrence here is great preparations made for feasting. It is true, said the cook, our master is gone to be married, and I am getting ready the wedding dinner; nevertheless it is not to feast such idle knaves as you. — On this Lawrence put on his ring, then casting his eyes on the cook, and the rest of the servants, there was no more business minded. One fell asleep here, and another there; there was no body left awake to wind up the Jack or bake the meat; the fowls at the fire were soon burnt up to a coal. Quoth Lawrence to himself. So now their master will have a fine dinner when he comes home, with his new bride

and the rest of his friends.—Lawrence found something to fill his belly, and then sat down and made the following verse :

Poor Lawrence was here,  
And beheld this good cheer,  
And crav'd with a sorrowful look,  
To have a bit,  
Yet none could he get,  
Wherefore he has fitted the cook.

When he has thus done, he locked up the gates, and threw the keys over the wall, and then walked to and fro upon the green before the house, till the bridegroom with his attendance returned, who finding the gates locked, and although they knocked vehemently, they could get no entrance, so were forced to send for a smith to open the same. When as they entered, they found their servants all asleep, and their dinner burnt and spoiled at the fire, which put the bridegroom into a great passion. So then Lawrence drew off the ring, the charm broke, and the cook was able to speak for himself : Sir, said he, a young man, whom they

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call Lawrence came thither, and I am persuaded that by him we are all bewitched. Then Lawrence and you may go to the devil together, replied



the master, for you shall stay no longer with me; so he turned him out of doors, and made shift for a dinner at the tavern.

## C H A P. V.

The trick he served a country farmer who would not give him the least morsel of meat.

**S**OON after, Lawrence in his travels came to a corn-field, where a far-

mer and his harvest folks were sitting under a hedge at dinner.—Much good may it do you, said Lawrence, will you give a young traveller a drop of your drink, and a morsel of your meat?—No, said the farmer, I would sooner send you to the whipping-post, a punishment provided for such vagabonds as you.—Sayest thou so, said Lawrence, if I am not soon even with you, then let my name never more be called Lawrence, so putting on his ring, and looking at them, the farmer and all his folks fell fast asleep with their dinner before them, and the victuals in their mouths. Lawrence then filled his belly, and left them all snoring. He was hardly got out of the field, before it fell a raining, and so continued the remaining part of that day and night, and even till the next morning ; at which time he returned to the field, and found them all asleep as he had left them, and also like drowned rats. Then he wrote the following short verse, broke the charm, and made his escape :

You threatened Lawrence but of late,  
Therefore he brought on you this fate.



Now being come to themselves finding by the verse that Lawrence had been the cause of this, the farmer vowed, if he ever lighted on him he should be made a public example, for the trick he had put upon them.

## C H A P. VI.

Lawrence is taken and sent to Lubberland castle.

SO Lawrence in a short time grew so notorious, by the many exploits that he had wrought on those who affronted him, that at last there was warrants issued out for apprehending him, though they proved fruitless and to no purpose, he being protected by the ring; for no sooner did they come to seize him, but he overcame them with laziness, so that he got his liberty. But being one night at an inn and in his merry cups, he told the landlord by what power he did all those wonderful things, and shewed him his ring; which the landlord snatched out of his hand, and sending for an officer he was carried to Lubberland Castle, of which his father was gover-

nor, to remain there till the affizes, and then to be tried for all his offences.

## C H A P. VII.

Lawrence's Trial in the Town-hall of Never-work ; and of his coming off at last with flying colours.



**O**N the seventh day of the ninth month, the trial of Lawrence Lazy in the town-hall of Never-work, before the right Honourable William Baxter, judge of the court ; and Sir James Baxter, recorder ; Peter Widgeon, cryer. The court being set, the prisoner was called to the bar, and silence commanded.

Cryer. Lawrence Lazy, hold up your hand, thou standest here indicted of High Treason, by the name of Lawrence Lazy, of the county of sloth, in the town of Never-work. Whereas thou, as a false and wild traitor, not having the fear of thy father before thy eyes, but stirred up by the instigation of old Ralph, hast wickedly and maliciously, at sundry times endeavoured to overthrow and disquiet the government of our Sovereign Lord the King, by stupifying the senses of his loyal subjects, by bringing on them such a sloth and idleness, that it has endangered not only their welfare and health, but also brought them to utter ruin and destruction. What sayest thou? Art thou guilty of these treasons, or not guilty.

Law. Not guilty my Lor.

Cryer. By whom wilt thou be tried?

Law. By jury of twelve men, and the known laws of Lubberland.

Cryer. I wish thee a good deliverance. O yes, O yes, O yes, all manner of persons who have been wronged by the prisoner at the bar, let them come in, and they shall be heard, for

he stands on the deliverance of life, and death.

Clerk of the Crown. Call over the jury. David Dunstable, Henry Heartless, Samuel Soufecrown, Timon Smellsmoke, Ralph Rattlehead, Benjamin Bellycock, Jonas Gingerly, Giles Gambler, Barnaby Bottlenose, Dick Careless, Sam Folly, and Francis Fumbler. Twelve good men and true, stand all of you together and hear the evidences.

Judge Jobson. Let them stand fix on one side, and fix on the other, for their better hearing.

Attorney General. Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the indictment all read, touching the treasonable practices of the prisoner at the bar, which we doubt not to prove upon him; and if so, you must find him guilty; and then we shall enquire what goods and chattles he is now possessed of, and when he committed those treasons.--- And if you find him not guilty, then ye shall enquire whether he fled, and if he did not fly, ye shall say so, and no more. And therefore now hearken to the evidences.

Cryer call Mr. Penman. (Mr. Pen-



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man called and sworn) Mr Penman you must tell my Lord what treasons you know already to have been committed by the prisoner at the bar.

Mr. Penman. My Lord, the prisoner at the bar was my scholar, and when I was about to correct him for a misdemeanor, by some cunning craft he stupified our senses, and overcame us with such sloth and laziness, that we were not able to stir hand nor foot, but were laid like so many senseless stocks and stones upon the ground. Morcover, he wrote some lines to upbraid me with what he had done.

Judge. Set Mr. Penman aside.

Cryer. Call Mrs. Penman (Mrs. Penman called and sworn) Mrs. Penman you are to tell my Lord what treasons you know committed by the prisoner at the bar.

Mrs. Penman. My Lord, on that very morning that my husband suffered by the prisoner at the bar, I was coming across the garden, with a hot Breakfast for my husband, the prisoner at the bar cast an eye upon me, at which time such a fit of Laziness seized me in every limb, so severely, that

I could not stand, but fell to the ground, sprained my leg, broke the basin and spilt the posset.

Law. I desire that Mr Penman may be asked how he knows that I wrote the verse of which he speaks; in regard he says they were all like senseless stocks and stones.

Judge. Lawrence, will you deny your own hand?

Law. I deny nothing, but it is your business to prove it.

Cryer. Call Mr Dripping the cook. (Mr. Dripping call'd and sworn.)

Mr. Dripping tell my Lord what you know of the prisoner at the bar.

Mr. Dripping. My Lord, when the squire my master was gone to be married, and I left at home to dress the dinner, the prisoner at the bar came into the kitchen, and at his approach, in the twinkling of an eye, I was taken with a gaping, stretching, reaching, and yawning, which was followed with so much lazy sloth, that I was not able to proceed on my business, and for want of winding up the jack, the pig was scorched and burnt to a cinder, and the capons to a coal; nay,

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and myself, with all the rest of the servants were laid snoring in the middle of the kitchen insomuch that when my master came home, and found me in that pickle, he was not only in a passion but likewise kicked me out of his service—And all this I suffered by the unreasonable practices of the prisoner.

Law. My Lord, it is no wonder for a fat greasy cook to be lazy; and therefore it is very hard that I should be called in question for it. Perhaps he had been down in the cellar, and in drinking his master and Lady's health he might stupify his senses.

Judge. Lawrence this is a cunning fetch of your own, but it will not avail you any thing, in regard you are noted for a promoter of sloth and idleness.

Cryer. Call Mr. Wheatley the farmer.  
Mr. Wheatley call'd and sworn.

Cryer. Mr. Wheatley, inform my Lord what you know concerning the prisoner at the bar.

Mr. Wheatley. My Lord, as I was dining with my harvest folks in the corn-field, the prisoner at the bar

came, and would have had me give him meat and drink, which I refused to do ; on which he immediately, by what means I know not, threw us all into such a slothful fit of laziness, that we did not only neglect our afternoon work, but lay sleeping all night in dismal showers of rain, which made us all look like drowned rats in the morning.

Judge. Lawrence you have heard the evidence, which is very full against you.

Law. My Lord, they are very large in their charge against me ; but there is nothing proved. Besides, I can call many to my reputation.

The first that was called was Tom At-reed, a weaver's eldest apprentice, who, addressing himself to the court, spoke thus :

My Lord, I have known Lawrence for some time, and do take him to be one of the best friends we apprentices ever had ; for, my Lord, I live with Mr. Shuttle the weaver, and if it were not for Lawrence I should have been worked to death : but he takes a walk with my master sometimes, by which



means, I as well as any other apprentices, lay hold of some refreshing pleasures : Wherefore, I hope this honourable court will be favourable to him, for he is a good man.

Then straight there rushed into the court a numerous train of shoemakers, glovers, and taylors' apprentices, together with all the tribe of the building trade, making most earnest and humble supplications to the court in behalf of Lawrence, saying, That if he died they would all go into mourning for him ; for he had ever been a friend to poor apprentices in several cases too tedious to mention ; and therefore they hoped the gentleman of the jury and the court would do their best endeavours to bring him off clear,

Judge. Gentlemen of the jury: you have heard the evidence against the prisoner at the bar, and it may be expected that I should sum it up, to bring it fresh into your memories ; but as you are men of sense and understanding, I shall say the less ; yet give me leave to put you in mind of some of the most remarkable treasons that have been witnessed against him.—You have all

heard what Mr. Tenman said, concerning his being laid by him into a deep sleep ; and his wife, who sprained her leg, broke the basin, and spilt the posset. Next Mr. Dripping's complaint, who declared, That through him the fat pig was burnt to a cinder, and the fowls to a coal ; and he himself kicked out of his service. And lastly, Mr. Wheatley the farmer, whose sufferings were none of the least ; and therefore, gentleman of the jury, I think in my opinion, you cannot but bring him in guilty.

The jury went out half an hour, and then returned again.

Attorney General, Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed in your verdict.

Jury. Yes.

At Gen. Who shall say for you ?

Jury. Our foreman,

At Gen. Look you upon the prisoner at the bar ; is he guilty of the treasons laid to his charge, or Not Guilty.

Foreman. Not Guilty.

At Gen. And so say you all ?

Jury. Yes.

At. Gen. Did he fly?

Jury. No.

At. Gen. Gentleman of the jury,  
the court discharges you.

At the word No, there was a general shout of acclamation; and the evening was spent in ringing of bells, bonfires, &c. for the happy deliverance of Lawrence Lazy.

Tho' many ow'd to him a grudge,  
Yet they were ne'er the near;  
The jury satisfy'd the Judge,  
And set poor Lawrence clear.

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• SONG: The Faithful Shepherd.

WHEN flow'ry meadows deck the year,  
and sporting lambkins play,  
When spangl'd fields renew'd appear,  
And music wak'd the day;  
Then did my Chloe leave her bow'r,  
To hear my am'rous lay,  
Warm'd by my love she vow'd no pow'r  
Should lead her heart astray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough  
Surround our couch in throngs,

And all their tuneful art bestow,  
 To give us change of songs :  
 Scenes of delight my soul possess'd,  
 I blest'd and hugg'd my maid ;  
 I robb'd the kisses from her breast,  
 Sweet as the noon-day's shade.

Joy transporting never fails,  
 To fly away as air,  
 Another swain with her prevails  
 To be as false as fair.  
 What can my fatal passion care ?  
 I'll never woo again ;  
 All her disdain I must endure,  
 Adoring her in vain,

What pity 'tis to hear the boy,  
 Thus sighing with his pain ;  
 But time and scorn may give him joy.  
 To hear her sigh again  
 Ah ! fickle Chloe, be advis'd,  
 Do not thyself beguile,  
 A faithful lover should be priz'd,  
 Then cure him with a smile.