

A CABINET of Grief :  
X OR, THE X  
*French* MIDVVIFE'S

Miserable mean for the Barbarous Murthers  
committed upon the Body of her Husband.

With the manner of her Co-veying away his  
Limbs, and of her Execution ; She being Burnt  
to Ashes on the 2d. of March in Leicester-Fields.



Licensed according to Statute

. Blare, at the Looking-Glass on London-  
Bridge. 1688.

A

*Cabinet of GRIEF;*

O R,

The French Midwives miserable  
moan, &c.

U Nder a sense of that Horrid and Hellish Sin of Murther, which I lately committed, I desire to leave to the World this following Treatise.

First, the Cause of my Provocation: Secondly, the manner in brief of the Murther: And thirdly; my hearty and unfeigned sorrow for my Offence, which I hope may stand as a Monument to succeeding Ages, of that Unmerciful Murther, which brings me to my Miserable End.

First of the Cause; Since the time I became the Unhappy Wife of that miserable Man, his Unnaturalness and Cruelty has

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been

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been such, that no Tongue is able to express the daily sorrows that I underwent: from my unhappy Destiny let every Man and Wife be warned, let not sin and Sathan provoke your passions, but learn to live in Love and Unity one with another; for where it is otherwise, there is little hope of a happy life, or a blessing from God, as I by sad Experience know full well.

Dennis my Husband, whom I Murthered, through the bad Company he kept, and the abuses he gave me, caus'd great confusion between us. Time after time would he ransack and rife me of what I earned by my industrious Care; then would he ramble into Forreign parts, till he had wasted and consum'd the same. This being done, he would return to me home again, with promise of amendment of life, yet in few days he would run into the same Extravagancy, to my great discontent, tho' I often endeavour'd to perswade and reconcile him, yet it was all in vain; for the more I entreated the more he would revile me, vowing, That for the future it should be worse and worse: this aggrava-

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red my sorrows, and made them more than I was able to bear; so that groaning under the burthen of my afflictions, I knew not what course in the World to take, to ease my self of that miserable bondage I was in. At these times the Devil was busie with me, so that I often before this time attempted to do the same, but was prevented by the assisting grace of God; but he still running on in this race of Wickedness, it gave fresh occasion of the same temptations again; but yet the sorrows and sufferings that I underwent I own to be no Argument that I should make my self guilty of his Blood; yet wanting the fear of God, I gave way to the Temptation, the which has proved the Ruine of us both: my unhappy Husband has fall'n by my hand of Cruelty, and now I for this bloody Fact do wait for my just Punishment; which is, to end my days in Flames, in view of thousands that will be there to see my end.

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*A Brief Account of the manner of Committing this Crime.*

**J**anuary the 26th. in the Morning, when he had been all the foregoing Night in such bad company as he kept, he returned to his home, the Door being left for his coming in; he entred the Room while I was in a sweet sleep, free from the thoughts of all manner of Evil, but he being disguised in Drink, fell foul upon me, and bitterly abus'd me with blows, which did exasperate my Spirits to that height of Passion, that I resolv'd in my Heart to be Revenged of him, altho' it prov'd my overthrow: and in this manner did I contrive my desperate Design: he going into his Bed and falling into a sound sleep, I took my fair opportunity in this wise.

A Pack-thread being near at hand, the which he had us'd for a Garter, the same did I take, and putting of it round his Neck, made a Noose and Strangled him

in his sleep, tho' he strugg'd for his life, yet I hardned my Heart against him, and resolv'd to go forward with my design: He being dead, continued in our Lodging from *Thursday* till the *Munday* following, during which time, the *Horror of Conscience* so tormented me, that I could not be at rest until I had reveal'd it to some of my Friends, whom I thought I might trust with such a Secret; but instead of their siding with me in this black and bloody Crime which I had committed, they blamed me for my Unnatural Cruelty, and was abhorr'd and held detestable in their sight.

*Munday* the 30th. of *January*, I having contrived this following means to convey him away, I resolv'd then to put it into practice: for the more ease of conveying him out of our Lodging, I first cut off his Head from his Shoulders, after that his Arms and Leggs from his Body, then taking the Trunk of his Body, I wrapt it up in a Cloth, and lugg'd it forth my self by Night, throwing it upon a Dunghil in *Par-keys Lane*, and then his Limbs I threw into an House of Office in the *Savoy*, over



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the side of the Thames; the Head into a Vault, near the *Strand*.

This being done, I concluded all was safe and well, but the Carcass was soon found, and the next day the Limbs, which bloody Tragedy put the whole Town into a Consternation, wondering who might be the Actor of so bloody a deed; but I remained unapprehended till the *Thursday* following at Night, when being seized on by an Officer, I trembled, for *Conscience* began to afflict me: I was soon brought to Examination, then hurry'd to Prison, where I bitterly bewail'd my unhappy state.

During the time of my Imprisonment, I began to consider with my self what I had done, and likewise what I had brought my self unto, at which serious Consideration, I was afflicted in my Mind, wounded in my Conscience, and drowned in my Tears; the Guilt of my Crime was the Cause of my Grief; often did I earnestly desire of God that he would make me sensible of my sins, and likewise truly sorrowful for the same. Upon my bended knees often

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often did I present him with a broken Heart, truly humbled under a sense of unfeigned sorrow for that black Crime, that I had committed, earnestly begging of God to pardon my offences, and receive me into his favour. The short time I have in this world, I purpose, with Gods assistance, to spend in Holy Meditations, and the company of such whose good Instructions may help to prepare my Soul for Eternity; having so few Minutes in my Glass, there's no time to dally and let them slip, but so to make a full Improvement of the utmost of them, that I may find the comfort and benefit of the same to Eternity.

Being brought to the Court of Justice, in order to Tryal, the Fact I confest, and *Guilty* was all I cou'd plead, but the Court in tenderness bid me put my self upon Tryal, notwithstanding all I had said, but *Conscience* told me 'twas true, I only pleaded *Guilty*, which was Recorded, and so I receiv'd the due Sentence, *To be burnt till I was dead*, which was the most terrible and astonishing sound in my Ears, that ever I heard in my Life.

For

*For the better impressing of this Subject on  
your Hearts and Minds take these following  
Lines, which may be Sung to the Tune of,  
The Pious Christians Exhortation.*

**A** Lack! my very heart does bleed,  
to see my woful Destiny,  
You that my Dying Lines shall read,  
I pray you all to pity me.

**A** Murder here I did commit,  
for which I have deserved Death,  
This Crime I never shall forget,  
as long as I have life or breath.

With grief and sorrow am I slain,  
to see the Race that I have run,  
**A** thousand times I wish in vain,  
this Wicked deed I had not done.

It was my Husband whom I kill'd,  
and Mangl'd at so strange a rate,  
The World may be with Wonder fill'd,  
while I this Tragedy relate.

In sorrow here my hands I wring,  
on Wrack of Conscience am I rowl'd,  
What did provoke me to this thing,  
in brief to you I will unfold.

With care and grief I was oppress'd,  
e're since I did become his Wife,  
And never could have peace or rest,  
but led a discontented life.

No Tongue is able to express  
what I with him did undergo,  
He Cruel was and pittiless,  
which now has prov'd our overthrow.

From time to time he Riff'd me,  
scarce leaving any Cloaths to wear,  
Besides his Acts of Cruelty,  
this drove me into deep Dispair.

My heart was ready then to break,  
in private I shed many a Tear,  
As knowing not what course to take,  
my sorrows they were so severe.

Against me his whole heart he set,  
and often vow'd my Blood to spill,  
Morn-

Morning and Night when e're we met,  
 confusion was our Greeting still.

When him I strove to Reconcile,  
 saying, thou know'st how 'tis with us;  
 Maliciously he'd me Revile,  
 and swear it should be worse and worse.

Though he to Wickedness was bent,  
 and show'd himself so cross and grim,  
 I own this was no Argument  
 that I, alas! should Murder him.

But S'n and Satan so took place,  
 by living so from time to time,  
 For want of Gods preventing Grace,  
 I did commit this horrid Crime.

When Man and Wife lives at discord,  
 they may expect both fear and dread,  
 For there's no Blessing from the Lord,  
 where such a Wicked life is led.

For coming from bad Company,  
 when I was in a sweet Repose,  
 He from the sleep did waken me,  
 with many cruel bitter Blows.

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This did the height of Anger raise,  
 when he did such unkindness show;  
 That I resolv'd to end his days,  
 altho' it prov'd my overthrow.

To Bed he straightways did repair,  
 as soon as he these Blows did give,  
 Thought I thy life I will insnare,  
 thou hast but little time to live.

I vow'd no favour to afford,  
 to him that us'd me so amiss,  
 Straight he I Strangl'd with a Cord,  
 when as he little thought of this.

Altho' he struggl'd for his life,  
 as surely very well he might,  
 Yet I his cruel-hearted Wife,  
 resolv'd to expell my spight.

Thus him of life I did deprive,  
 then in his Bed some days he lay,  
 My greatest care was to contrive  
 how to convey his Corps away.

To bear him forth my self alone,  
 I cut off Head, Arms, e'ry Limb,

He

Had I not had a heart of Stone,  
I could not thus have Mangl'd him:

His Head into a Vault I threw,  
his Carcass on a foul Dung-hill,  
His other Limbs into the *Thames*,  
and then I thought all things was well.

Safe was I then, as I did think,  
yet seiz'd I was in a short time,  
For Heavens Justice would not wink  
at such a black and bloody Crime:

Then to a Prison was I sent,  
there to bewail my wretched state;  
And there in Tears I did lament,  
but this was when it was too late.

To Justice was I brought indeed,  
where Conscience in my face did flye;  
*Guilty* was all that I could plead,  
I knew I did deserve to Dye.

O then my sad and dismal Doom;  
soon after this I did receive,  
It was in Fire to Consume,  
which made my very heart to grieve.

Alas !

Alas ! I knew not what to say,  
'tis Death alone must end the strife;  
Behold this dreadful dismal Day,  
the which must end my dearest Life.

Altho' I Weep and make sad moan,  
as being Wounded to the heart,  
I cannot chuse but needs must own  
it is no more then my Desert.

To see me go some Thousands throng,  
and thus in shame and much disgrace;  
Through many Crowds I past along,  
unto the Execution place.

Lord, tho' my Body here must Burn,  
for my sad Crime so gross and foul,  
Yet when I shall to Ashes turn,  
receive my poor Immortal Soul.

**F F R F S.**

