

FULL PARTICULARS OF THE LIFE, TRIAL, CONFESSION, AND EXECUTION OF NATHANIEL MOBBS, For the Murder of his Wife.

Copy of Verses.

The fatal moment have arrived,
My wretched breast down thro'-
And on one stone to cry aloud
With poor Nathaniel Mobbs;
A loving wife I murdered, look
Submissively, lastingly,
For which, this fatal Monday morn,
I do upon a tree.

Oh! what wonders look on me,
Mobbs die upon the fatal tree.

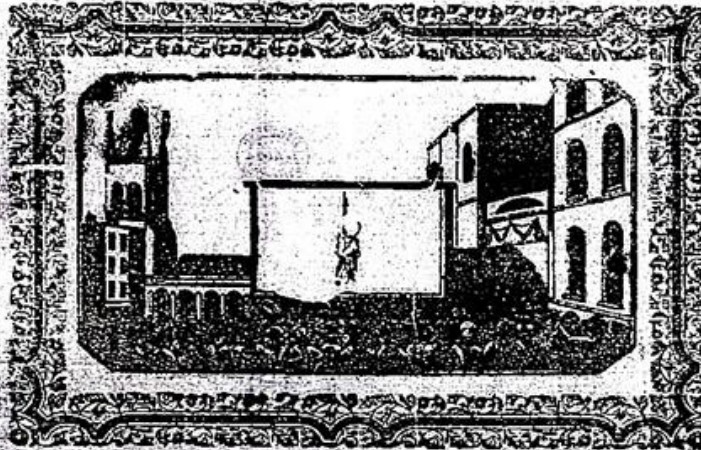
Oh, Obedience's Tare I did needs
Despised by neighbours all,
Where drunkenness—how sad to tell,
Has proved my downfall;
Whispered Haysan I was drunk,
Ere children focused on me,
And I am doomed—a wretched man—
To die upon the tree.

I had a second virtuous wife,
A woman good and kind,
A mother to my children—
Whose welfare she did mind;
Although a step-mother to them,
Would never on them frown,
But used them far more tenderly,
Than if they'd been her own.

Old Bailey, Monday.

At an early hour this morning crowds of people were assembled in front of the goal to witness the execution of Nathaniel Mobbs, for the wilful murder of his wife. About seven o'clock the sheriffs arrived at the prison, and were received by the Governor, who conducted them to the condemned cell, where they found the Rev. Chaplain, who was engaged in fervent prayer with the unfortunate prisoner. After the usual formalities had been gone through, the unhappy criminal was then given over to the executioner, Calvert, who, with his assistants, commenced the operation of pincoring, which operation was quickly performed by them. During those awful and melancholy preparations, the prisoner sighed deeply and appeared to suffer greatly. The preparations being completed, the mournful procession moved through the courts and yards leading to the scaffold, preceded by the Rev. Ordinary.

The ordinary then commenced reading the burial service for the dead, in a clear and distinct tone, no sound except the tolling of the bell interrupted the clergyman as the mournful cavalcade moved towards the platform; on arriving at the foot of the steps leading to the scaffold, the prisoner thanked the sheriff and the governor for their kindness to him during his confinement. He then with a firm step ascended the scaffold, and the executioner placed him in a proper position. As soon as the unfortunate man appeared on the scaffold a death-like silence seemed to prevail over the vast multitude assembled to witness the last moments of the miserable man. The executioner having adjusted the fatal rope and drawn the cap over his eyes, then raised from the platform, and on the signal being given, the signal being given, the bolts were withdrawn, and the murderer was launched into eternity.



After hanging the usual time, the body was cut down and buried within the prison's walls.

On Thursday Nathaniel Mobbs, 33, described as a cooper, was indicted before Mr. Justice Coleridge for the wilful murder of his wife Caroline by cutting her throat.

Catherine Scott said—I lived with my husband in Enoch-court, Whitechapel, at the time of the occurrence. I knew the prisoner and his wife. They lived in the same court at No 7, and occupied the first floor front room. They had lived there four or five months, and had four children I was in the court on the evening of the 23rd of August, and saw the prisoner come home between 6 and 7 o'clock, he was very tipsy. At this time the deceased was in the room of a Mrs. Lancaster, who lived on the second floor of the same house. The following day at a quarter past one in the afternoon, I saw the prisoner come into the court, and I said to him, There you are, he put his finger up to me and said, Hush, and then went into his own house. A short time after this I was in the prisoner's house, and I heard the deceased say that if she was what she represented her, she never would have been his wife. The prisoner replied in a soft voice, Never mind, it won't occur again. I went away and just as I got into the court, I heard a cry of murder, which proceeded from the prisoner's room, and which I recognised as being the voice of Mrs. Mobbs. I called to the prisoner to let deceased come out, and one of the lodgers named Jones went to the door of the prisoner's room and knocked at it. I then heard a box drawn across the room, and a child call out, Mother, mother. Directly after this the deceased came out of her room bleeding from the neck & covered with blood, and walked down stairs. I

saw that her throat was cut, and her hair and hands were covered with blood. The neighbours carried her out of the court, and I saw no more of her till she was dead. An hour after the prisoner was brought out with his throat bandaged. The prisoner and deceased lived very unhappily together.

Jane Jones said—I live at 10 Enoch-court. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the 23rd August, I heard screams of murder from the prisoner's house, and I went there with Mrs. Lancaster and two or three more. When we got there the screams were violent. I went upstairs, and when I got to the prisoner's door there were screams of murder and help proceeding from the room, but much fainter. I then knocked at the door and opened it a little way, and found something was against it which prevented me opening it wider. The screams by this time had entirely ceased, and I heard nothing more till there was a rushing in the room, and then the door was opened from within with a great crash. I ran downstairs, and at the street door turned round and saw the deceased coming down stairs with her throat cut. She did not utter a word or a groan.

John Hope Featherstone, one of the city police deposed, that upon hearing the alarm given on the day in question he went into the room, and found the prisoner lying on the floor with his throat cut. He had a dark-handled knife in his hand, and witness said to him, I suppose this is the knife with which the deed was done. He replied, No, it was not, it was done with a white

headed knife, which is in the cupboard. There was a large pool of blood near the place where the prisoner was lying, and another pool near the fireplace. When a surgeon arrived, witness opened the cupboard the prisoner had returned to, and he there found the white-headed knife covered with blood, which appeared quite fresh. The black-headed knife was also bloody. Before the prisoner was taken away to the hospital he gave witness twenty-two duplicates, and also said that he should not have done it if he had not seen his wife in company with a policeman upon the night when she left him. Upon searching the room he found a white stone which appeared to have been recently used.

Mr. Horace Debenham, house surgeon at the London Hospital, deposed that he examined the deceased when she was brought to the hospital. She was quite dead, and covered with blood, and her clothes completely saturated. He found a wound on her neck six inches long, & there were ten other wounds of a similar description on her face and neck. The fingers of both her hands were also cut. The prisoner was afterwards brought to the hospital, and he found a wound in his neck; the windpipe was opened in two places, and one of the principal arteries was severed. He did not think when the prisoner was first brought in that he could have lived an hour.

Several other witnesses were examined. The jury, after deliberating in the box for a quarter of an hour, returned a verdict of Guilt.

The Judge, having put on the black cap, pass sentence in the usual manner. *Per. Jones, 11, Great St. Andrew Street, Term 1864.*

Oh I weep with thee,
Bread in every way—
Alas! I did not know
My loving wife to die,
I did in France, near the sea,
And with a dreadful oath
I took away her precious life,
And not my darling's shade.
I killed my wife upon the spot—
She scarcely gave a groan,
And like a madman, then, I plunged
The same into my own.
But Providence ordained that I
For my barbarity,
Should live to die a death of pain
The Virgin's damal tree.
Farewell, my fondness children dear,
I wish to you I've proved,
I killed a wife, a mother kind,
Who under you I loved.
And now I've given you to laws,
Adieu! God bless you all!
The bolt is drawn—and I need go,
Oh Lord, receive my soul.
Oh men, I pray, a warning take
By my unhappy fate,
And think upon Nathaniel Mobbs,
Before it is too late.
Shun drunkenness and jealousy,
Remember, one and all
Those awful deeds—the world may read,
The proof my death.