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Execution of William Mobbs, At Aylcsbury, for the Murder of Thomas J. Newbury

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EXECUTION OF WILLIAM MOBBS, At Aylesbury, for the murder of Thomas J. Newbury.



This morning, Monday, William Mobbs, aged 20, underwent the extreme penalty of the law at Aylesbury Gaol, for the wilful murder of Thomas Joseph Newton, aged 10.

The sheriffs arrived at an early hour, and immediately proceeded to the condemned cell, where the prisoner was. The time having now arrived for the prisoner to be pinioned, the operation of which was quickly performed, and the wretched man having thanked the parson, the governor, and other officials for their kindness towards him, the procession was then formed, and slowly took its way to the scene of execution. The cap and rope having been adjusted, the bolt was drawn, and the wretched man soon ceased to exist. Simultaneously with the drop falling, a black flag was hoisted on the prison wall, announcing that the last dread sentence of the law had been carried into effect.

Good Christians all of each degree,
In pity list awhile to me,
While I my mournful tale will tell,
Though confined within a gloomy cell.

In Aylesbury's dreary gaol I die,
And for murder I was condemn'd to die

William Mobbs it is my name,
My crime I own it, to my shame,
That poor child Newbury, I did slay,
It was I who took his life away.

On the 22nd of July last,
Oh, would I could recall the past,
We together in the fields did stray,
At Haversham, mark what I say.

I had no thoughts him to destroy,
I loved him dear, poor harmless boy,
It must have been Satan at that time,
That led me to commit the crime.

It was I who drew the fatal knife,
That robbed poor Newbury of his life,
From his throat I caus'd the blood to flow
To my sad disgrace I tell you now.

His looks of anguish I shall ne'er forget
Before my eyes I see them yet,

But I trust his soul is now in Heaven,
And all his sins they are forgiven.

When I saw the deed that I had done,
My bewildered senses to me did come.
His lifeless form dragg'd o'er the ground
Unto the spot where it was found.

How I worked that day I cannot tell,
Each sound it seemed like a death bell,
At night I hastened home to bed,
And sought to hide my guilty head.

But I am guilty found, and doom'd to die
Within a prison cell I lie,
May God forgive the deed I've done,
And save me through his blessed son.

I hope that none will e'er upbraid
My parents, when I'm in the grave,
Farewell to all, I've told the truth,
I am a guilty and misguided youth.

A warning take, young men, by me,
For crime it ends in misery;
Once more aa long farewell to all,
For mercy to my God I call.

DISLEY, Printer, 57, High Street, St. Giles,
London.—W.C.