

**The life, trial, and sorrowful lamentation and remarkable behaviour, of  
Patrick Forbes, who was sentenced to execution on Wednesday, July 31.**

**Publication/Creation**

Gateshead : R. Rankin, Printer, [1850]

**Persistent URL**

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/remdx4f8>

**License and attribution**

This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.



Wellcome Collection  
183 Euston Road  
London NW1 2BE UK  
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722  
E [library@wellcomecollection.org](mailto:library@wellcomecollection.org)  
<https://wellcomecollection.org>

61741/P

# THE LIFE,

## TRIAL,

AND

## Sorrowful Lamentation,

AND REMARKABLE

## BEHAVIOUR,

OF

## PATRICK FORBES,

Who was sentenced to Execution on Wednesday,

July 31.

R. RANKIN, PRINTER, GATESHEAD.

Price one Penny.



## LIFE, TRIAL, &C.

---

PATRICK FORBES, the unfortunate young man who was sentenced to death on Wednesday, for the murder of his wife, in this town, on the 23rd of March, is about 40 years of age, rather under the middle size, thick set, full face, with nothing very particular in his features or appearance. He is a native of Ireland, and of the Roman catholic religion. He has resided for at least seven or eight years in Newcastle, and for most of that period in the same tenement in which the murder was committed. Since he came to live in this town he has mostly been employed as a labourer; but previous to his leaving Ireland, he had lived several years in the capacity of under butler with Lord Castlestewart. He is a man not at all deficient in his understanding, but rather the contrary, being endowed with a good deal of acuteness and common sense, but irritable. He writes a good hand, and his letters are creditable as to the composition. He was much given to drinking; but seemed attached to his children. Since his committal for the fatal crime of which he stood charged, he has on more than one occasion acted as if he anticipated what would be the result of his trial at the assizes. A few weeks ago he sketched the form of a coffin with the death's head, cross bones, &c., under the bed in the cell which he occupied; possibly this might be for the purpose of impressing himself with a sense of his approaching doom; yet, we have not heard of his having at all confessed his guilt either before or after his trial. Since his conviction we understand he has taken very little food, and appears in a low dejected state. He is attended by a Roman catholic priest, who has often visited him during his imprisonment. Neither the day nor the place of his execution has been yet fixed, but the sentence will have to be carried into effect within twenty-one days, and it is not improbable but the execution may take place in front of the gaol, to avoid the revolting spectacle of a death-procession having to pass through the streets of the town to the Town Moor, where the last execution (of Mark Sherwood, also for the murder of his wife) took place, on the 23rd of August, 1844, six years ago.



*Margaret Dees, examined by Mr. Losh, deposed that she*  
**TRIAL.**—*The following witnesses were then examined.*

*Bridget Forbes* now appeared, pale and distressed, and was examined by Mr. Ingham. Saw her father and mother on the day in question, at the foot of the stairs. (Mr. Ingham said he would not ask her to describe how they got up stairs.) Saw her mother lying on the bed. Afterwards saw her father in the inner room, vomiting. Went up again for some bread for the younger children, who were with Mrs. Dees, about seven o'clock. Her father and mother were then both lying upon the bed. Heard one of them snore, and believed it to be her father. Went up for some more bread between nine and ten. Saw nothing particular. Had seen some wet on the floor, when she went up at seven, near the bed, but took no notice of it, thinking her father had been vomiting. Witness awoke about one, or soon after, and heard her father shouting. He shouted loudly "oh my Betty," several times. By Mr. OTTER.—Some of her father's goods had been found in McWemes's house. Witness had got them from him on threatening to fetch a policeman. McWemes had threatened her life. He had told her in court the previous day that he would do for her unless she told lies enough to hang her father. (Witness wept.) He claimed to be a half-cousin to her mother.

*Thomas Forbes*, prisoner's son, aged 15, was examined by Mr. INGHAM. He was pale and agitated. Had not seen his sister since the previous night. On the day in question, went home from his work, at Mr. Hutchinson's, at five o'clock. Saw nobody in the room. Did not look at the bed, went to work again. Went home again at ten at night. Went up to the room; had not been in it between those times. Saw his father and mother lying on the bed. They had two rooms. The bed was in the first. There was a fire then. Sat on a form near the fire, and put his head on a chair. Was sleeping and waking. Heard nothing. Did not go to the bed. Stopped there till one o'clock. His father called him to put the clothes upon him. His father was lying towards the bed stock; not that side next the wall. Put the clothes over them both. By the JUDGE.—His mother was next the wall. Examination continued.—Nothing else was said, only that his father told him to go to bed. Witness went to bed in the inner room. Had been in bed some time, and heard his father say, "Get up, Betty," ever so many times. Then he called witness, and said "Run down to Mrs. Dees; your mother's dead." (The witness was much distressed.) Had told all that he knew.



*Margaret Dees*, examined by Mr. Loth, deposed that she was a widow, living in the Clogger's Entry, in a tenemented house, in which Patrick Forbes and his wife lived. Witness lived on the second story. Prisoner and his wife on the fourth. Witness was in her room at four o'clock on Friday, March 22nd, when prisoner called her down to assist him up stairs with his wife. She was lying at the foot of the stairs. Went down, and found his wife lying there. She was the worse for drink. Forbes asked her to assist him up with his wife. Did help him, and so did Mrs. Wheatley, who was then in witness's room. Prisoner carried his wife's head and shoulders; they carried her feet. Prisoner said they had been at Robinson's spirit shop. He said *they* had been. He let her fall with her head against the stanchion of witness's door, accidentally. She was hurt down the side of her face. He lifted her up. On getting to his door, at the top of the house, he broke it open with a poker. They then took prisoner's wife in, and laid her on the bed. Mrs. Wheatley wiped her face with a towel. She and witness left Forbes sitting at the bed-side, and went down. Prisoner's daughter Bridget was on the stairs when they carried her up. The younger children were in witness's room. Went up again with Bridget between nine and ten; she went in to get bread for the younger children. Witness remained at the door. Could not then see on the bed—there was a curtain at the foot. Saw neither Forbes nor his wife, nor any blood. At half-past eleven o'clock witness, Mrs. Wheatley, and Bridget Forbes all went to bed. Heard nothing in the night, till Bridget Forbes wakened her, saying, her brother was at the door. Bridget had not wakened her before. That was from a quarter to half-past one. Heard Thomas Forbes; he said his father would have them up stairs; his mother was dead. Bridget and witness went up to Forbes's room. Took no candle. There was a clear fire; light enough to see things standing. Forbes and his son Thomas were there. Forbes said nothing. He sat by the fire. Went to the bed. The wife was lying on the bed. Witness put her hand on the wife's face, and found she was dead. Witness told Bridget to call for assistance and get a doctor. I said "Patrick, she's dead." He said, "I'll tell you what it is." Witness replied, "Don't tell me; keep your own counsel to yourself. I have nothing to do with it, keep it to yourself." Mrs. Wheatley was there. Prisoner put Bridget to the door. Witness told him that unless he would let Bridget bid there she would not stop.



He ordered her out, because they had quarrelled on the previous Tuesday. Bridget went down shouting. Mrs. Wheatley was there. She and witness went down; the boy had gone for candles; Forbes was sitting at the fire. Saw nothing then on the floor. Went up again, just before the police. Thomas Forbes was then sitting by the fire. Mrs. Wheatley went up too. Mrs. Forbes remained on the bed.

**Mr. S. W. Rayne**, surgeon, deposed that he was sent for on the Saturday morning about two o'clock. Found deceased in bed, but dressed. Turned the clothes up, and found the sacking saturated with blood. Turned up the deceased's clothes, and saw a handkerchief or cloth saturated with blood, lying on the lower part of the abdomen. There was blood flowing from the vagina, and blood on the thighs, which had been wiped. Had the body stripped and removed from the bed to a table. Found no external marks of violence, except a mark on the leg, and one above the eye, of no importance. The same day he opened the body, and, in conjunction with Mr. Winship, made a *post mortem* examination. Mr. Rayne here described (though not so minutely as at the inquest,) the appearances in the interior of the body. His evidence was not of a nature to be given in detail; but the substance of it was that there were several jagged and lacerated wounds inside the body of a fearful kind. These wounds, he said, had been occasioned by violence, and by some instrument which had been introduced through the vagina and had penetrated up into the body to the extent of a foot. They had not been caused at once; the instrument must have moved. One of the knives produced was too short to have occasioned these injuries, the other hardly long enough. It was just possible that they might have been inflicted by a blunt knife, but more probably by the poker. Dissolution must soon have followed such wounds. Death would be caused by loss of blood, or even by the shock to the nervous system. The agony at first would be intense; and there would be a considerable expression of a feeling of pain if the person were awake and conscious; but a person who was in a deep sleep, after heavy drinking, might have made but little noise. The time which would elapse before death might vary a little in different cases.

The Jury retired, and were absent about 25 minutes. On their return the foreman announced amidst breathless silence, in the densely crowded court, that they found the prisoner guilty of *Willful Murder*.



The prisoner sat as before with his face covered, but was now raised by the police to hear his sentence, and stood in a fearful state of agitation.

His Lordship having put on the black cap, addressed him as follows :—Patrick Forbes, you have been found guilty upon clear and conclusive evidence, of a most cruel and foul murder, perpetrated upon your wife, and the means of death employed by you were so shocking, and cruel, and unmanly, as to excite feelings of the utmost horror. It does not become me to aggravate the horrors of your situation [the prisoner here moaned and tighed] by dwelling upon the enormity of your crime. By the laws of God and man, you have incurred the full penalty of death; and for you on earth there is no hope [Prisoner here sunk down, and had to be entirely supported by the police.] And what a dreadful picture does this present of the consequences of habitual intemperance; [Prisoner exclaimed as he writhed about, “Lift up my hands to heaven,”]—domestic misery, children abandoned to the care of strangers, and then this awful crime. [Prisoner now stood with his hands clasped, and pointing upwards, his eyes shut, his face towards heaven, as if mentally praying.] If your untimely fate should so operate as to be an awful warning to all around you of the fatal consequences of intemperance, you will not die in vain. [Prisoner moaned.] I can hold out no hope of mercy to you for such a crime as this. Prepare, then, for the worst, and make the best use of the short time allowed you on this side the grave, and by earnest prayer, [Prisoner sighed deeply] and by sincere repentance, endeavour to obtain that mercy in heaven which is denied to you on earth. But one duty remains for me now to perform. The sentence of the law upon you is, that you be taken back to the prison in which you have been confined, and from thence to the place of execution, and that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and that your body be interred within the precincts of the prison; and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul.

The prisoner was then carried out by the police.

On the prisoner's removal from the bar for the purpose of being taken back to the gaol, as he passed through the entrance room of the Moot Hall, in custody of several policemen, he was recognized by his children, who had been waiting round the court in the most intense anxiety to hear the issue, and on recognizing him they sprang forward towards him, with cries and exclamations were truly heart-rending. The police had great difficulty in getting the unfortunate man along, and the eldest daughter, a decent looking woman, attired in black, went about wringing her hands and uttering the most distressing cries in the neighbourhood of the Castle, until she was conducted off by the police. Numerous persons on leaving the court proceeded to view the scene of the tragedy in the Clogger's Entry.



# LAMENT OF PATRICK FORBES.

Con e all good people listen,  
To what I now relate,  
About Elizabeth Forbes,  
Who met a cruel fate.

It was in the Clogger's Entry,  
Elizabeth did dwell,  
Till this sad deed did happen,  
That I am about to tell.

With her, her husband,  
The murderer did reside,  
Destruction on his family,  
He oft before had tried.

But now a chance came in his way,  
And to the spot he went  
To execute this horrid deed,  
His mind was fully bent.

Into his house he boldly stept.  
With a deadly weapon armed ;  
With the dreadful cries of murder,  
The house was soon alarmed.

The daughter first ran to the spot  
From whence the cry did sound,  
She found her mother weltering,  
In her blood, upon the ground.

Then from the house, she ran with speed,  
Most shocking for to tell.  
Her little heart, with grief did bleed,  
Her mother's death to tell.

Her son in bitter agony,  
Into the room he went,  
When he beheld her lifeless form,  
It caused him to lament.

Oh ! gracious God, what have I done ?  
My loving wife I have kill'd  
And in a state of drunkenness,  
Her innocent blood I have spill'd.

Then I was quickly taken ;  
To Newcastle Jail was sent,  
To wait till the assizes,  
My crime for to lament.

The jury found me guilty,  
And the Judge with solemn breath,  
Pronounced that on a scaffold,  
I should die a public death.

And while he passed the sentence  
Tears from his eyes did flow,  
Saying guilty wretch confess your sins,  
Ere from the world you go.



For the dreadful scaffold does unfold  
A lesson to the young,  
And paints, in language seldom told,  
That crime will stop the tongue.

May God above support you all  
And guide you by his grace;  
Till you arrive, both great and small,  
In realms of endless peace.

You drunkard's who have families,  
I pray a warning take,  
And strive to rule your passion,  
Before it is too late.

For those who keep up drinking,  
And by Satan led to crime,  
Is sure to meet some awful  
And die before their time.

But now a change came in his way,  
And to the spot he went  
To execute this horrid deed,  
His mind was fully bent  
Into his house he boldly stepped,  
With a deadly weapon armed;  
With the dreadful cries of murder,  
The house was soon alarmed.  
The daughter first ran to the spot,  
From whence the cry did sound,  
She found her mother weltering  
In her blood, upon the ground.  
Then from the house, she ran with speed,  
Most shocking for to tell,  
Her little heart, with grief did bleed,  
Her mother's death to tell.  
Her son in bitter agony,  
Into the room he went,  
When he beheld her lifeless form,  
It caused him to lament.  
Oh! gracious God, what have I done?  
My loving wife I have killed,  
And in a state of drunkenness,  
Her innocent blood I have spilled.  
Then I was quickly taken;  
To Newgate Jail was sent,  
To wait till the assizes,  
My crime for to lament.  
The jury found me guilty,  
And the Judge with solemn breath,  
Pronounced that on a scaffold,  
I should die a public death.  
And while he passed the sentence,  
Tears from his eyes did flow,  
Saying guilty wretch, confess your sin,  
Let from the world you go.