The Last Words & Dying Speeches of John Bly & Charles Rose; Who were Executed at Lenox, in the County of Berkshire, and Common Wealth of Massachusetts, on Thursday, the Sixth Day of December, in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty Seven, for Burglary.

To the Good People of Massachusetts, more especially to Daniel Shay's, and Other Officers of the Militia, and the Selectmen of Towns who have been instrumental in raising the opposition to the Government of the Commonwealth; let us therefore, express our sentiments of the greatest respect and esteem for the government itself; and let us consider ourselves as one in the same cause.

Know ye, that I, John Bly, an unfortunate young man, hardly arrived at the age of 22 years, now under sentence of Death, and on the morrow to be executed for the crime of Robert McClean, West Stockbridge, was the principal person who induced me to go to that place with the party; although, after he had given evidence against me to the Grand Jury, he went to the place where I was confined, and declared that he had never known me.

I wish that Capt. Brooks may be informed, that one Martin Downey, of Sheffield, was the person who was with the party at his house, for whom Mr. Brooks has mistaken me; I at that time was not in the State of Massachusetts, and never was at Lanesborough in my life, to my knowledge, to the party.

Since my confinement in jail, I have never conducted as if I never was to be executed. The many passions that have since been granted, induced me to suppose what many others vainly encouraged me in, that we should never be executed. But as it seems right and myself to fall victims to our own folly, rashness, and presumption, in believing your representations as to the affairs of the government, and the power of Shay's; we hope and trust the mercy of an all-gracious God may be extended to us, dying men. We sincerely pray for mercy in all the world, and for the prayers of all good men. Our fate is a loud and solemn lesson to you who have excited the people to rise against the Government. We lay not our blood at your doors; but it behoves you well to consider and observe the shameful death that awaits our following your counsels, and crediting your accounts.

Remember, we beseech you, that at the final rendering of judgment, you cannot procure your own pardon, by electing men like yourselves to legislate for you. In the High Court of Heaven, the hope of the wicked shall fail them—pardon is not there granted to unrepenting sinners. Advers to those things—live peaceably with all men:—be not too jealous of your Rulers—remember that Government is absolutely necessary to restrain the corrupt passions of men;—they your Honest Governors—be not allured by designing men, to pay your honest debts and your reasonable taxes;—use your utmost endeavours to give peace to your divided, distracted country—and remember, that if you mixe with the out of inquiry, your hearts shall not endure, nor your hands be strong, when the Lord your God shall bring you in to judgment.

Merciful God! have mercy on us, dying men!—Forgive us all our trespasses—pardons all our sins—and look on us, miserable offenders, with an eye of pity through the merits of thy dear Son, who promised a blessing to the dying thief.

John Bly, Charles Rose.

Signed by the said John and Charles, before us.

Caleb Hyde, Joseph Peirce.