

Mr. *Sheriff*. Have you any thing to say by way of Confession, or Denial of the Fact, for which ye came hither to Suffer?

Sir *W. Parkyns*. What I think fit to say, is contained in that Paper.

Mr. *Sheriff*. If you desire more time, you may have it, you shall have your liberty.

Then Sir *J. Friend* held a Paper up.

Mr. *Sheriff*. What do you say, Sir *John*?

Sir *J. Friend*. Sir, Here is a Paper, I desire it may be Printed; for I came here to Die, and not to make a Speech; but to Die, and to Reign my self to God; and I desire it may be Printed for all People to see it. And I have no more to say, but to Beg of God to receive my Soul; I Resign my Soul to him.

Mr. *Sheriff*. The Lord have Mercy upon you.

Sir *J. Friend*. I hope the Lord will have Mercy on me.

Mr. *Sheriff*. Sir *John*, If you desire any more time, you shall have it, we will wait on you with great willingness.

Sir *J. Friend*. I thank you Sir: Mr. *Sheriff*, I desire the Cart may not be too hasty to go away, till we give a Sign.

Mr. *Sheriff*. You shall have your own time; take your time, communicate your own Sign, and the Cart shall not go before.

Then the Ropes were tyed about them.

Sir *J. Friend*. I have no Animosity against any Man; I freely Forgive all, and I hope God, for Christ's sake, will Forgive Me.

Then their Caps were put on.

Sir *J. Friend*. My Saviour had a Crown of Thorns for me; the Lord receive my Soul; the Lord have Mercy upon me.

Then the *Executioner* ask'd them both forgiveness; and they answered, We freely Forgive you.

Sir *J. Friend*. Will not the things lye in my way?

*Executioner*. I will remove them. If you please, tell me when I may pull your Caps over your Eyes.

*Prisoners*. When you will.

Sir *W. Parkyns*. The Lord receive my Spirit. *Executioner*, Had I best hold up my Legs, or stand in the Cart, when it goes away?

*Executioner*. It is best to stand, Sir, I think.

Sir *W. Parkyns*. But then my Feet will hang in the Cart.

*Executioner*. If you please, give me Notice when you will have the Cart go away.

Sir *J. Friend*. Stretch forth thy Arms, O Lord, and receive my Soul! O Lord, for thy Son's sake, receive my Soul, and carry it into Heaven, I beseech thee. *Executioner*, when we knock, go away.

And after a few Ejaculations they gave the Sign, and the Cart drew away.

They both of them gave Money to the *Executioner*, and having Hung above Half an Hour, being a considerable time after they were Dead, they were cut down, and Quartered according to the Sentence.

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