

Albert Parsons last words: reprinted in Lucy Parsons, The Life of Albert R. Parsons (Chicago, 1889) 211-212

Cook County Bastille, Cell No. 29, Chicago, August 20, 1886.

My Darling Wife:

Our verdict Ns morning cheers the lw" of tyrants throughout the world, and the result will be

....There was no evidence that any one of the eight doomed men knew of, or advised, or abetted the Haymarket tragedy. But what does that matter? The privileged class *demand*s a victim, and we are offered a sacrifice to appease the hungry yells of an infuriated mob of millionaires who will be contented with nothing less than our lives. Monopoly triumphs! Labor in chains ascends the scaffold for having dared to cry out for liberty and right!

Well, my poor, dear wife, I, personally, feel sorry for you and the helpless little babes of our loins. You I bequeath to the people, a woman of the people. I have one request to make of you: Commit no rash act to yourself when I am gone, but take up the great cause of Socialism where I am compelled to lay it down.

My children - well, their father had better die in the endeavor to secure their liberty and happiness than live contented in a society which condemns nine-tenths of its children to a life of wage-slavery and poverty. Bless them; I love them unspeakably, my poor helpless little ones.

Ah, wife, living or dead, we are as one. For you my affection is everlasting. For the people - humanity. I cry out again and again in the doomed victim's cell: Liberty - Justice - Equality.

Albert R- Parsons.