

**HUMAN
SUBMISSION.
PART SECOND**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649441297

Human Submission. Part Second by Morrison I. Swift

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MORRISON I. SWIFT

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BY
MORRISON I. SWIFT.

PUBLISHED BY
THE LIBERTY PRESS
PHILADELPHIA
1905

Price, Twenty-Five Cents.

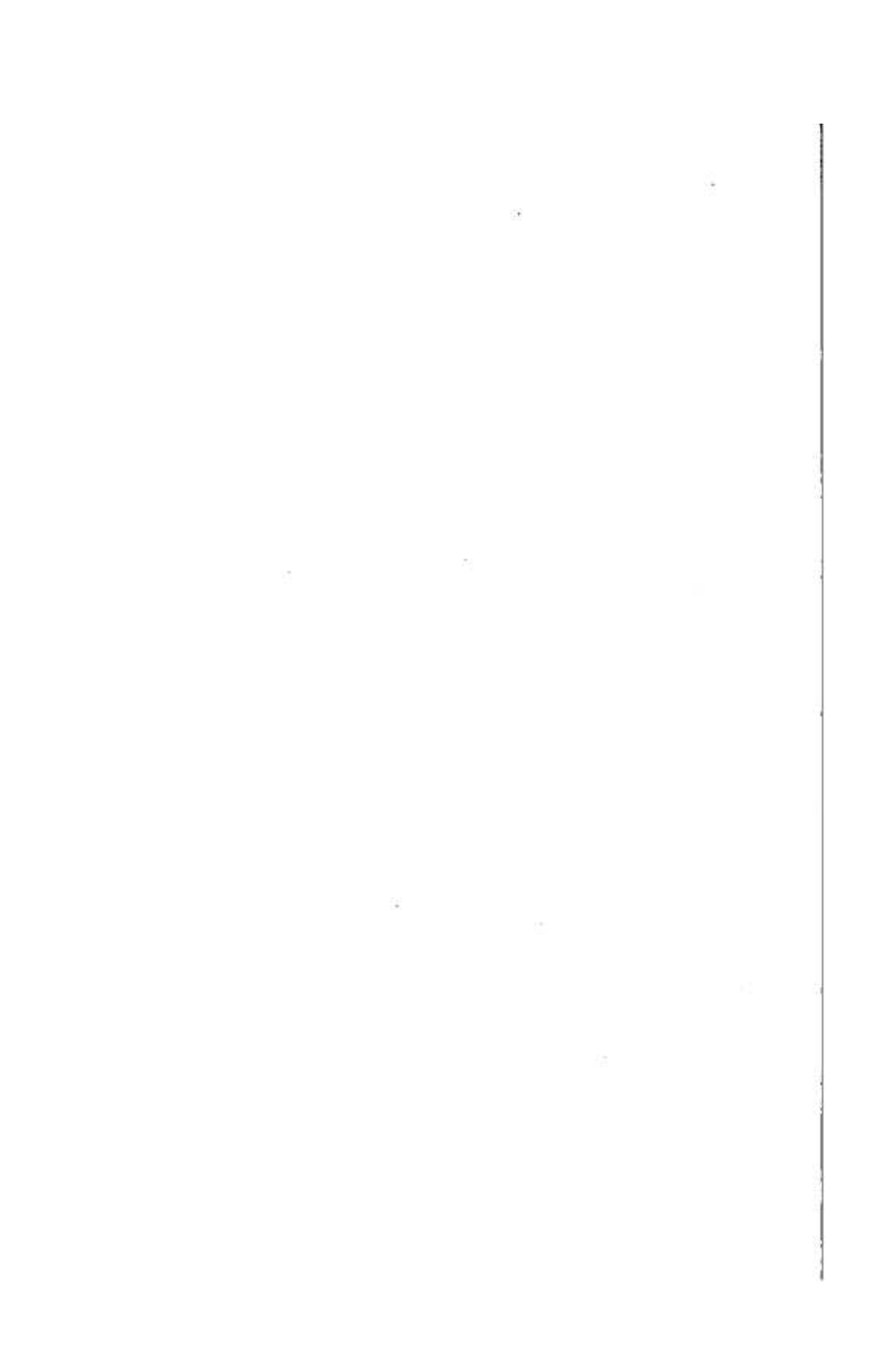
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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

As yet there exists no satisfactory work on the theme of Human Submission. Yet the part this principle has played in the affairs of man is absolutely primary. It is the lost or undiscovered key to the philosophy of human history, and when its importance is recognized all history will have to be revised under its light.

Our philosophy of man and all our opinions of what is to be done will likewise change. It is not intended to be implied in these pages that non-resisters from principle are not brave men; it is shown that in practical results the doctrine ends where cowardice does. Part I, whose title is *Our Servile Religion*, has not yet been published. The subject of Part III is, *The Confiscation of Wealth*.



HUMAN SUBMISSION.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRUE KEY OF THIS UNIVERSE.

There is nothing that a religious philosopher keeps at such a distance as the actual facts of life. But while these philosophers go their way ignoring the actual and indeed very ignorant of it, the people are going their way and leaving philosophers to their little artificial world of old texts, desks, and lecture rooms, and they are making up their own minds about 'god' and religion, a very different mind from what the scholastic thinkers would like them to have. Yet the main light on whatever god there may be is not thrown by the nature of Being, of which the philosophers are so competent to speak, nor by the nature of Consciousness, but by the things happening to men every day in this sphere of god's power and love. And knowing full well the commiseration I shall inspire in philosophers for thinking of these mere events and drawing deductions from them, I lay them down as the First Principles from which any theory of the universe must be drawn. If we eliminate consciousness from the universe I do not know of what consequence its existence is, and if consciousness is the greatest thing, the way this universe uses every conscious being is our test of the universe.

When these facts are presented to the philosopher he will be contented by saying, "but suffering is not the only postulate whence our moral nature starts; it is also *the discipline* through which it gains its true elevation."* But

* Martineau, *A Study of Religion*, ii, 100.

how will this strike the sufferer? And men of fineness can sharply realize the sufferer's point of view. Will they follow the proclamation of another philosopher, who says: "To the question, then, how evil consists with the goodness of God? I answer flatly, it does not consist with the goodness of God. *Either there is no God, such as we figure him, or there is no evil.* Pain and suffering in abundance, but no evil. For only that is really and absolutely evil which is . . . evil in its issues, *evil for evermore.* Nothing in God's universe answers to that condition."*

Only a philosopher, and a religious philosopher at that, could make this assertion. Who knows anything about good or evil *for evermore*? Who is familiar with 'God's universe' beyond the immoral medley of it here? Is there then no evil? Let us try to conceive how men who are neither philosophers nor proprietors of the planet would answer this question.

I have already cited one fact of Being where two refined women ended their lives through poverty; this I should call reality, and now let us continue the study of the universe and of reality on these lines. On the 11th of October, 1904, the press contained some curious information from Cleveland, Ohio:

"After murdering his two children, John, aged three, and Emma, aged four, Bohunil Schnepf, a Bohemian laborer, aged forty-one, made an unsuccessful attempt on his own life at the grave of his wife in Woodland Cemetery here. He is now in a local hospital, where the doctors say he will recover. Schnepf has vainly searched for weeks for employment, and, becoming discouraged over the prospect of not being able to provide a home for himself and his

* F. H. Hedge, *Ways of the Spirit*, 243-245. Quoted by Martineau, ii, 60.

two motherless babies, he yesterday decided to blot out the entire family.

"He took the two children into the basement of his boarding house, where, after tying handkerchiefs tightly over their mouths so that they could make no outcry, he fired a shot from an old revolver into each of their heads. The bullets failing to kill instantly, he seized an old hammer which was lying nearby and struck the children on the skull behind the temple. The two bodies were then placed side by side on the floor, while the frantic father went to the cemetery where the body of his wife was buried. There, with the pistol he had used on his babies, he fired a shot into his head.

"He was picked up unconscious and hurried to the hospital, where examination revealed the fact that the bullet had missed the brain and that he would recover. In the meantime the bodies of his unfortunate victims had been found, Emma being dead and John dying within half an hour. Schnepf left a letter in which he stated that he 'had nothing left to do' but kill himself; that he now 'had a job in hell as a fireman' and asked that he and the children be buried in the same grave."

This phenomenon happened in a world whose God is Love. In New York an old man starved to death: "Two shoemakers, Michael and Jacob Buthren, both more than 70 years old, have been living in a rear tenement in Gates Avenue, Brooklyn. To-day the police were notified by neighbors that something was wrong with the old men. They visited the house and found Michael dead and his brother Jacob lying half conscious and barely alive by his side. Both were victims of starvation. It is impossible to say how long they had been without food, but it must have been several days." *

* Dec. 17, '03.

A tailor in Philadelphia paid his debts and took poison, writing, "The other world may be just as bad." "Max Horn, a tailor, fearing that he would become blind and so be thrown out of work committed suicide yesterday, at 920 South Street, by drinking carbolic acid. He had been troubled with weak eyes for some time, and had been unable to work at his trade. This note addressed to the man with whom he lived, was found in the suicide's room :

"Friend Witkin—I leave you 30 cents for two suppers, Sunday and Monday, that belongs to you. Excuse me, friends, for the trouble, but I couldn't help myself. I hope you will excuse me. I want you to sell all my clothes and buy me new ones for the grave. I wish you good-by and good luck from me. Yours truly,

HORN.

"The world aint more for me. The other world may be just as bad.

MAX HORN."*

Charles Lorsch, a Brooklyn sculptor, about 30 years old, and married, in a fit of despondency committed suicide in the woods of Valley Stream, L. I., by drinking carbolic acid. A letter denying application for work was on his person.† Another smashed a window and stole in order to go to jail and get a home. "James Anderson, alias Campbell, a slender, thinly clad man, about 40 years old, who smashed a window of the store of C. De Young, at Front Street and Girard Avenue, with a coupling pin done up in cotton waste, on Sunday, and gathered up watch chains, rings and other jewelry, valued at \$50, but was overtaken before he ran very far, was accused before Magistrate Kochersperger, at the City Hall, yesterday, of also having shattered a window of the store of W. Eisele, 2905 Frankford Avenue, and stolen four watches. 'I plead guilty to

* Philadelphia Ledger, Jan. 14, 1903.

† Brooklyn Eagle, July 20, 1903.