CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BASIS OF DUALISM.

To the Editor of The Home.

While thanking you for the review of my pamphlet, "Das Materialismus, eine Verirrung des menschlichen Geistes, während durch eine rationale Wahrheit," in the last number of The Home (April, 1894), I take the liberty to make to the interested in the subject, the following remarks:

It is well known to me that Kant regarded the sentence "opus, ergo cogito" as a fallacy; and this is the reason why (on page 7, footnote 3) I expressly remark that "We must not pass over in silence the fact that such men as Hume and Kant, are so sorry to say, regarded the ego as a sum of spiritual activities. The ego has to be regarded as the vehicle of these activities, and consciousness is, strictly considered, only an activity of the ego."

Descartes' "cogito, ergo sum" means to me nothing but that the thinking ego asserts its existence as a fact which is guaranteed by my self-consciousness.

Nothing is at the start more certain, when I attempt to investigate something by reflection, than the fact that the ego exists. There is no "I think," but an "I think." Taking issue with your statement in the review, I have to add that, strictly considered, we should say "the lightning lights," and not "it lights." Every activity demands a subject from which it proceeds.

This being a fact which to me is beyond doubt, I cannot surrender my dualistic conception which in the course of my argumentation is a necessary consequence of this axiom.

Descartes' mistake is that he gives us to this axiom, "cogito, ergo sum," the form of a syllogism. In this sense I maintain, on page 66 of my pamphlet, "Descartes' axiom, "cogito, ergo sum," is and remains the unshakeable foundation of all thought. When we deny this fundamental certainty everything fails. If I am not, what do I know of the All, what do I care for it?"

"Let me add that with Duhem I do not consider in this motto of all true philosophy an abstruse syllogism, but the immediate expression of certainty which together with the act of thinking possesses the thinking subject so given. Matter of which existence the materialist is convinced from the start, because his senses make his existence appear to him as possessing immediate certainty has a claim of existence in the eyes of the critic, only on the account of the ego which on the basis of its preconcepts cannot help concluding that matter exists, and which is constantly conscious of the fact that an unconditioned reality is to be attributed to our sensations and ideas."

Will you kindly publish this letter or inform the readers of your periodical concerning its contents?

Respectfully Yours,
Dr. Eugene Dyer.

[Dr. Dyer is a well-known figure in the philosophy community. His dualism is thorough-going. The "ego" is the bearer of conscious thought; there is the act of lightning, and that something which does the lightning. There is the thundering and the thunder which does the thundering, etc. He to whom this dualism is an indubitable fact cannot escape dualism. Dualism is an inevitable consequence of this position. — Ed.]

NOTES.

The Prang Co., national pictor has published a handy little volume of 916 pages and eighty-four pages entitled "Suggestions for a Course in Instruction in Color for Public Schools, by Louis Prang, Mary Dana Hicks, and John S. Clark." This little book is intended to be a help to parents and teachers in their attempts to develop the perception, appreciation, and enjoyment of color.

Two fundamental ideas of the book are new. First, the book proposes an ideal color-board, and second, it introduces a method of investigating the color perceptions of the child in the starting-point of color instruction. The authors propose a new color-unit as the equivalent of all pure color. Hitherto the color spectrum has been used for purposes of defining colors. The solar spectrum, however, is incomplete, as it lacks a series of tones found in nature, that can easily be supplied. Nature nowhere gives a complete color-unit, and thus Dr. Prang regards it as necessary to construct an ideal color-unit as the basis of color instruction. While former color systems were given to the child arbitrarily, without any consideration of his power of color-perception, Dr. Prang's little book presents a course of exercises leading to a knowledge of color, through the development of the color-sense.

The book contains, besides many other helpful plates and illustrations, two charts showing the standard normal colors according to the Prang system.

The work of this book and all its implications are apparently a work of love, for everything is finished with great care and diligence. As it is intended to serve as a text-book for public schools, we expect that the price will be very moderate.

It is certain that not one else in the United States can be better fitted to present us with a school-book in color instruction than the Nector of Art, Publishers of our country, Mr. Louis Prang.
ethics, is it: Love God, and love your neighbor; or on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. It is properly regarded in a higher point of view that St. John, as the universal evolutionary formula. But in whatever light it is regarded or in whatever direction developed, the belief in the law of love is the characteristic of the new religion.

Oh, but it may be said, "that is not distinctive of Christianity!" That very idea was anticipated by the early Egyptians, by the Sibyls, by the Buddha, and by Confucius. So it was; nor can the not insignificant difference between the negative and the positive concept be properly estimated as sufficient for a differentiation between religions. Christians may, indeed, claim that Christianity possesses that earmark of distinctiveness which was anticipated from the very beginning of primitive ages. The higher the religion the more catholic.

Man's highest developments are social; and religion, though it begins in a seminal individualism, only comes to full flower in a great church collective with a civilization. This is true of every religion, but supremely so of the religion of love. Its ideal is that the whole world shall be united in the bond of a common love of God accomplished by each man's loving his neighbor. Without a church, the religion of love can have but a rudimentary existence; and a narrow, little, exclusive church is almost worse than none. A great catholic church is wanted.

The invisible church does now embrace all Christians. Every man who has been brought up in the bosom of Christian civilization does really believe in some form of the principle of love, whether he is aware of doing so, or not. Let someone, get all the good from the vital element in which we are all at one that it can yield; and the good that it can yield is simply all that is any way possible. The principle of love is easily conceivable. Let us endeavor, then, with all our might to draw together the whole body of believers in the law of love into one great religious abode. Discourages is no more than an immoral movement that exaggerate differences, or that go to make fellowship depend on forms invented to exclude some Christians from communion with others.

A tangent critic has recently blamed me for defective acquaintance with physics. That is no less an indictment of preciseness as I have always prescribed. Absurd has the epitaph ever coming to my tongue for the confidence in opinions which other minds, as good as they, deme. You induce the philosophic world to agree upon any assignable creed, is in condemning any specified item in the current inventory to exclusion from the great catholic church. I believe not; though doubtless you can gather a sequacious little flock, quite disposed to follow their bell-bearing into every vagary, if you will be satisfied to. For my part, I should not be greatly to patch up such peace as might be with the great religious world. This happened to be easy to an individual whose unblazed study of scientific logic has led him to conclusions not discordant with traditional dogmas. Unfortunately, such a case is exceptional; and guilt rests on you who insist on so tampering the lines of churches as to close them against the great body of educated and thinking men, pure and undefiled though the religion of many of them (you are obliged to acknowledge it) be. Surely another generation will witness a sweeping reform in the respect. You will not be permitted to make those churches a permanent laughing-stock for coming ages.

May I be not to be insisted on: the law of love is not the rule of angry and bullying insinuations. Thus, it seems plain to me, that the clients of a genuine religion. But it is not half so important to emphasize this as it is to draw into our loving communion, almost the entire collection of men who smile clear through with intellectual integrity. And who are you, any way, who are so zealous to keep the churches small and exclusive? Do any number among your party the great scholars and the great saints? Are you not, on the other hand, egged on by all the notoriety-humbugs,—soratories of Mammon or of Ward McAlister,—who deem the attitude of a church required to be a respectable or a genteel thing? Your voting-power, too, is repledged with many who, as soon as they are a little better informed and educated, will drop away from you; and in these days that education will come speedily.

For those who for the present are excluded from the churches, and who, in the passionate intensity of their religious desire, are talking of setting up a church for the scientifically-minded, please to speak. Say, Walt, if you can, it will be but a few years longer; but if you cannot wait, why then Godspeed! Only, do not, in your humanitarianism include such as believe a little less, or, still worse, to exclude such as believe a little more.—than yourselves. Doubtless, a lot of superficialities cling to the historical churches; but superstition is the grime of the venereal pavement of the sacred edifices, and he who would wash that privilege would be wishing to get down on his knees to his work, and that is church.

A religious organization is a somewhat idle affair unless it be worn in as a regiment of that great army which takes life in hand, with all its delights, in greatest fight to put down the principle of self-seeking, and to make the principle of love triumphant. It has something important to do with the fighting of the great articles of war. Fall onto the ranks then; fol-
low your colonel. Keep your one purpose steadily and
alone in view, and you may promise yourself the at-
tainment of your sole desire, which is to hasten the
chariot wheels of redeeming love!

GOOD LUCK TO ALL.
BY VARIOUS GENRES.

"Wanted: an amanuensis—must be well edu-
cated, and capable of correcting manuscript. To a
young man who fulfills these requirements a perma-
ent position and good salary is offered. Apply in per-
son, at 7 P. M. sharp, to Dan'l Dexter, No. 6 West Oddth
street."

This advertisement appeared in the New York Daily
Era, and was read early in the morning by two men,
to both of whom it presented a strong attraction—by
Willett Beekman, young, of olive, Latin complexion,
blue hair and eyes, journalist, up town over his mod-
est breakfast, and by John Stein, grizzled and
grey, forty-five and an immigrant, at a news-stand in
the Bowery.

Poor, hungry Geldstein, only half a year in the sav-
age city, almost penniless, weary of ransack the
streets for work, seized the chance like a drowning
man, and at five—he was worn clothes and shabby
enough as best he could—appeared at Mr. Dexter's
door.

Early as the hour was, he was there before him.
By six a dozen more applicants were on hand,
but on the stroke of seven the brown stone steps of Mr.
Dexter's house were cluttered with fifty or more, all,
it was safe to say, ravenous for a chance to work.

It seems a pity, does it not, in a great, half civi-
ized land that some call Christian, so many cultured
men should find it hard work to get work?

Something of this sort Geldstein said to Beekman,
and in the two hours together the men got friendly and
compassionate, each after his own fashion. At last
the time came, the door opened, and the American
went in.

Twenty minutes later he came out.

"I can't say I'm sorry," said he to Geldstein and
the rest, "but Mr. Dexter has engaged me, it's no use
for you to wait."

A few, perhaps incredulous, or very, very hungry,
not staying on, still hoping for a chance, but the German
took his new acquaintance's word as final.

"Could you think it impertinent to ask why he pay
for dot work?" he asked as they walked towards the
avenue.

"It's no impertinence," answered Beekman good
humorously, "the pay is twenty dollars a week, ten
hours a day."

"Twenty dollars," muttered Geldstein, "so mooch
as dot. Vell—glick auf!"

So he was about to turn away when a thought oc-
curred to him.
"Bote it may be you will not want to stay. Some-
ding better may turn up for you. Here—here is my
address. Will you not gif me word?"

Beekman promised, and they parted at the corner.
This was Thursday. On Saturday evening Geld-
stein received a postal card:

"I am going to quit. Couldn't stand it. If you
would like the place meet me in the park Sunday, at
six P. M."

At the time appointed the German came.
"Don't be in too big a hurry to thank me," said
Beekman gloomily, "wait till I tel you the sort of
man you'll have to deal with. I doubt if you can stand
it either."

"I assure you," replied the other, "I am not par-
ticular; I think I could stand anything, yes, anything—"

Beekman shrugged his shoulders.
"Well, perhaps. For one thing, I suppose you do
not mind working on the Sabbath—"

"On Sunday! No, oy should I?"

"I suppose not," continued Beekman; "most Ger-
man are, I believe, indifferent. Well, that was one
thing I couldn't do. I was brought up by a Christian
mother. I have always kept the day holy, and I al-
ways will. Mr. Dexter insisted upon my coming to
work to-day. I declined, and that was the end of it.
I spoke of you though before I left. You asked me to,
and I did. But that wasn't all, nor the worst, as I
look at it, for you; the man is rich, but he is a low,
illiterate blackguard. He did not want help in what
he called his literary work—he wanted a flatterer. He
was profane, coarsely, and vulgar. I need employment,
but not badly enough to stain my manhood or forget
that I am a gentleman."

"I respect you for dot," said Geldstein.

"You say you respect me; I suppose you intend
to apply for the place, and you too, are a gentle-
man."

"Yes," responded Geldstein slowly, "I am, or per-
haps I better say—I von."

"And could you stand to be cursed and sworn at?"

"Could I?" Geldstein smiled. "Oh yes, I dink
so; I would like to dry it vonce."

"Then you'll have the opportunity; Dexter said
he saw you out of the window last Thursday and liked
your looks—"

"He did—he did zay dot?"

"Yes, and he told me to tell you he'd keep the place
open till to-morrow at ten."

"I dink you," exclaimed Geldstein earnestly. "Gott
knows I dink you. I will be dare, be sure I will be
dare. I dink I can serve dis man's purpose. I am a
university graduate—Bonn."

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