

**LIBERTY AND A LIVING; THE RECORD
OF AN ATTEMPT TO SECURE BREAD
AND BUTTER, SUNSHINE AND
CONTENT, BY GARDENING, FISHING,
AND HUNTING**

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Liberty and a living; the record of an attempt to secure bread and butter, sunshine and content,
by gardening, fishing, and hunting by Philip G. Hubert

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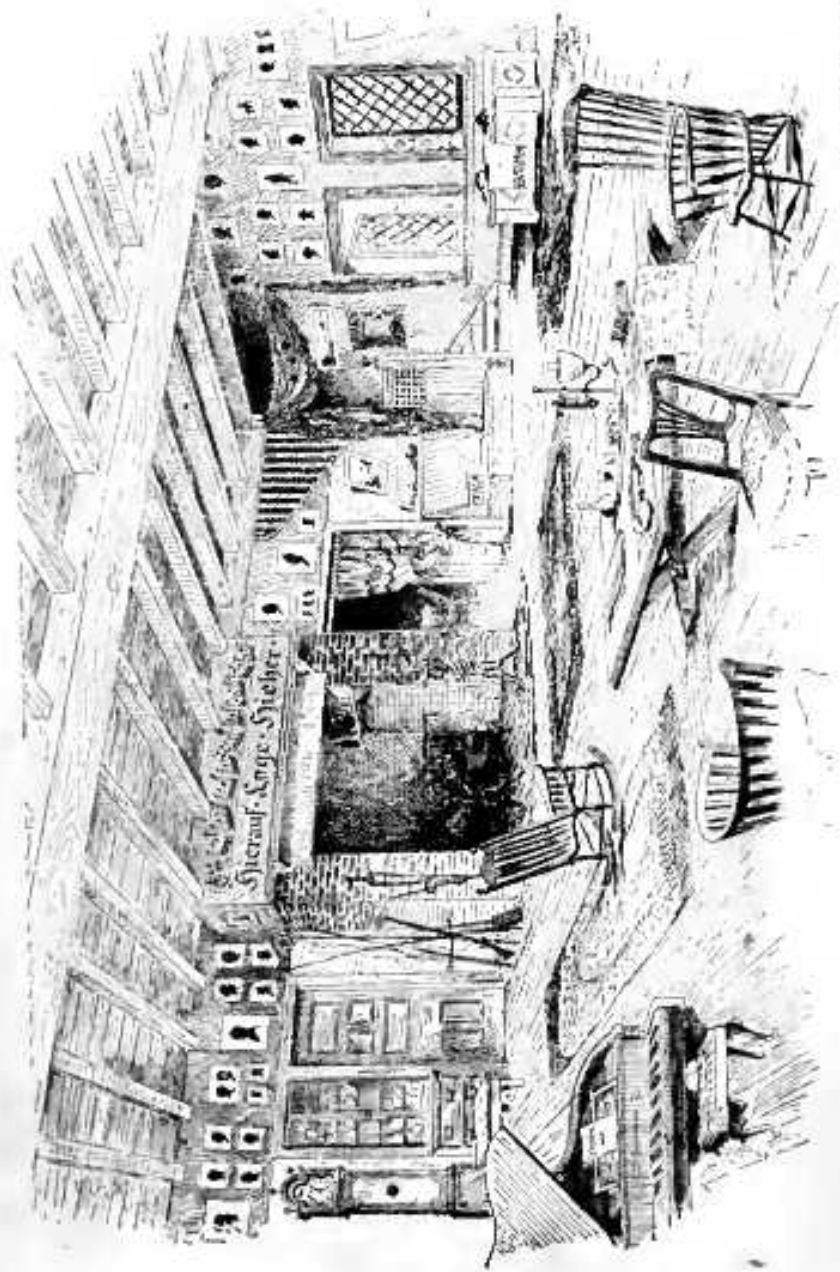
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PHILIP G. HUBERT

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Charles A. Koch, artist.

HOME

LIBERTY AND A LIVING

THE RECORD OF AN ATTEMPT TO SECURE
BREAD AND BUTTER, SUNSHINE AND
CONTENT, BY GARDENING, FISH-
ING, AND HUNTING

BY

PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

"That I may accomplish some petty, particular affair well, I live my whole life coarsely. Yet the man who does not betake himself at once and desperately to sawing is called a loafer, though he may be knocking at the doors of heaven all the while, which shall surely be opened to him. I can see nothing so holy as unrelaxed play and frolic in this bower God has built for us."—H. D. THOREAU.

"The royal peace of a rural home."—W. S. WARD.

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The Knickerbocker Press

1889

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LIBERTY AND A LIVING.

THE PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED.

IT may be well to say at the outset that by the word liberty I do not mean idleness, the two having no connection in my mind. By liberty and a living, as contrasted with work and a living, I mean the getting of bread and butter, clothes and shelter for my little ones and myself by the exercise of common skill in gardening, fishing, shooting, and other out-door sports. This entails no anxious work, no tedious grind of routine in dusty towns and musty offices. It is life in the sunshine. It gives bread and butter, and contentment, if not fortune. It offers health and opportunities for intellectual recreation beyond the reach of most men under our present system. Life, to the average man, means hard, anxious work, with disappointment at the end, whereas it ought to

mean pleasant work, with plenty of time for books and talk. There is something wrong about a system which condemns ninety-nine hundredths of the race to an existence as bare of intellectual activity and enjoyment as that of a horse, and with the added anxiety concerning the next month's rent. Is there no escape? Throughout years of hard toil I suspected that there might be such an escape. Now, having escaped, I am sure of it. So long as I can get a house and garden for three dollars a week, so long as oatmeal is less than three cents a pound, so long as the fish bite and the cabbages grow, I shall keep out of the slavery of modern city existence, I shall live in God's sunshine and enjoy my children's prattle, my books and papers.

For a good many years I worked hard at newspaper correspondence and miscellaneous writing without doing more than keep my family in the most modest way of life. I went to my desk early and remained late. Year after year I dreamed of the day when my bank account should be large enough to allow me at least a few months for that out-door work and sport I love so well; yet the day of rest seemed to grow more distant rather than nearer. Grad-

!well
But
no
only?