

#### OUR TRIP TO CEDAR LAKE.

Mr. Editor:—There were nine of us, all told. The Commodore, the Military Man, the Harness Maker, the Deacon, his two sons and invited guest—the last a gentleman over eighty years of age—Frank, the Major Domo, and the writer. We left our rendezvous—the residence of the Commodore—at about six p. m., Tuesday, July 21st, and reached our destination—Stewart's Lake-side Farm,—about ten o'clock, going by way of Half Day and Libertyville. Why the road from Highwood to Half Day should be known as the "plank road" is beyond my ken. All the planks we saw were in the culverts and bridges. It has the merit, however, of being a good, as well as a straight road. We stopped to water our horses at Half Day, and enquired of a German fellow-citizen the distance to our destination. He "didn't just know how far it was, but knew a man who had come from there, and it took him all night." Not very encouraging, but we consoled ourselves with the reflection that probably he went afoot or by ox-team. At Half Day we struck the prairie, and from thence to Libertyville we passed many fine farms, with comfortable and costly improvements; also a cheese factory, which suggested to the practical among us "that it was probably a good grazing country;" to the writer, that it "looked like a splendid range for prairie chickens." This last remark woke up the Commodore, who, it seems, was familiar with this district in years gone by—when the rest of us were boys,—and he related marvelous tales of the "bags of game" he had made.

Libertyville we found to be an old-fashioned town, boasting a three-story hotel, a church, and quite a number of stores. We arrived there just before dusk, and, after watering the horses again, and lighting fresh cigars, (the smokers of the party) we resumed our journey.

The original intention of the Deacon and his party had been to remain at Libertyville until the next morning, but his venerable guest stoutly maintained his ability to go through to Cedar Lake that night. We found the good people of Libertyville somewhat given to croquet; also the young gentlemen to riding out with their sweethearts,—("Laura" please note). On the outskirts of the village we passed the Fair Grounds, with its buildings and race course, and were again among waving fields of wheat, oats and corn. We bowled along by moonlight over the prairie—the road on either side lined with magnificent osage orange hedges—passed large farm houses and barns, and through a fine, extensive grove. Stopping at one point to enquire the way, (the Commodore's "instinct" having failed him) until a little before ten o'clock, we crossed the Waukegan road, and knew we were less than a half mile from our destination. In a short time we drove up to the barn, a little dusty and hungry, but very much charmed with our cool, delightful drive of twenty-five miles. Although unexpected, we were soon made to feel very much at home, and after making the acquaintance of our host's family, being shown a monster black bass captured that day, and partaking of a good hot supper, we were shown to cool and comfortable rooms, and were soon dreaming of ten-pound pickerel and four-pound bass to be taken on the morrow. Before sunrise the next morning, the Deacon, his two sons and the writer were out on Cedar Lake, and to the boys belong the honor of the first catch, at which, as was natural, they were very much elated, and showed a disposition to grow over the "old folks."

Returning about seven o'clock, we found the others up and ready for business—our nervous man a little afraid the fish would all be caught before he could get his breakfast.

It is not my purpose, Mr. Editor, to fill up your space with a detailed statement of how we passed every moment of time, but during the two days we were at the "Lake-side Farm" we fished a great deal, with varying success, pitched quoits, and played ball—the "Pickereles" versus the "Black Bass,"—resulting in a victory for the latter club, of twenty-two to two,—(worse than the "Unexpected" and "Highlanders"). It is perhaps not necessary to mention I belonged to the "Black Bases." Some of us blossomed out into first-class story tellers, and all into number one sleepers. The house is but a

short distance from "Cedar," and about a quarter mile from "Deep" and "Sun" lakes. East of "Deep" is "Crooked Lake," which we did not visit. The Commodore and myself did the most of our fishing in Deep Lake, while the balance of the party rather favored Cedar Lake. The Picnic grounds belonging to the house, are on the banks of Deep Lake. They are shaded with magnificent oaks, and furnished with a swing, tables and benches. On these grounds a company of ladies and gentlemen from Chicago, with their children and servants, had, we were informed, "camped out" for some two weeks, earlier in the season. It struck us as being a most healthy and sensible way of rustication. Indeed, Mr. Editor, don't it appear to you that the average American citizen is a little prone to "stag it" too much? and is a "stag party" as pleasant as when the "frau" is along? Not only for one's self, but to the better half left pining at home? It seemed so to us when we unpacked our bags and found (we had packed our own "dads") we had just *one night-shirt to the crowd*. The Commodore rather had us that time, but I'll wager something handsome wife or daughter packed *that bag*. Talk about "twelve miles from a lemon," its *nothing* to twice the distance from a night shirt, to staid married men, used to the comforts of life. We left Stewart's at four o'clock Thursday afternoon, and arrived safely at home that evening, coming by way of Hainesville.

The Commodore promised to bring us in sight of Diamond Lake, and tried to palm off a mud-hole near Libertyville as that sheet of water, but it was no go, as some of us had been there before, and were not to be so easily fooled. Not much, Mary Ann! I want to say in closing, that the "Lake-side Farm" is as it professes to be, "A Charming Resort." The table is excellent, everything is comfortable and homelike, the boats are safe and kept in good order, the terms are moderate, and, best of all, no shooting or fishing on the Sabbath is permitted. If one don't possess a team, our old friend Yager, of railroad memory, will take parties over from Waukegan at any time, or by writing to A. H. Stewart & Sons, Sand Lake P. O., Lake county, they will send a carriage to Gurnee Station, on the St. Paul road, (nine miles) or to Waukegan, to meet the train. The next time I go I shall take the "frau" and the "kinder."

Yours,  
BLACK BASS.

#### THE TRUEST FREEDOM.

BY HENRY EVERTS.

All moral improvement depends on correct thinking; because the moral quality attaches *only* to *intelligent* choice of virtuous ends in the regulation of moral conduct, and all conduct inspired by false ideas can be no otherwise than disastrous in the end, even to the honest actors themselves, to say nothing of its complicated aggregate result on human affairs. Witness the pious devotion, resignation and serenity of conscience of Philip II of Spain on his death bed, after having caused to be burned, butchered and otherwise destroyed, tens of thousands of his innocent subjects, simply because they would not change the form of their religion at his behest. Now, the great moral impediment to correct advanced thought is slavery, physical and mental, in its varied forms, the cognate and coordinate of monopoly, the destruction of which in all its forms is the grandest of work, the *sine qua non* of civilization, and without such destruction civilization cannot advance to its goal. By the term slavery, we mean in this connection all those religions, (so called) civil and social restraints on human strength and conduct, by which human beings are deprived of their natural, inalienable and God-given right and duty, freely to enquire, investigate, and choose for themselves without any undue restraint of any kind whatever, their own lines of thought and conduct. We do not say there shall be no restraint on human conduct, but we do say that without freedom, there can be no virtue, and hence the absolute necessity of promoting virtue as far as possible only through freedom, and with the least possible arbitrary restraint, because freedom of action is a *sine qua non* of the essential moral quality of virtue. No wholly involuntary action has any moral quality whatever, and any action performed under the influence of fear or in-

timidation, or undue restraint of any kind or degree, contains no element of virtue, in so far as it is performed under such influence, but on the contrary is an essential moral degradation, and therefore the highest ends of individual culture and general civilization imperatively require that all restraint other than moral suasion over free thought and conduct, shall be entirely removed from every human, except in so far as such free thought trenches directly on the equal and similar rights of others. True, if a fellow being is rushing to destruction, whether physical or moral, and we know it, and can arrest him, it is our duty to do it if we can, even against his will; but what right have we to assume that our judgment is any better than his? How do we know that in thus arresting by force, instead of persuasive and convincing reason, the voluntary action of any human being, we are not committing an outrage against his moral nature, which is far more injurious to him than any anticipated result from his free and unimpeded voluntary action could possibly be? We do not know, and cannot know that we are not committing such outrage. In fact, we have every reason to conclude that we are committing such outrage, because we do certainly know that all restraint over voluntary action, except in those cases where such voluntary action is known by the actor to be an unrighteous interference with the free volition and conduct of others, is necessarily an impediment instead of an aid to the natural voluntary development of moral virtue in persons subject to such control.

Religious orthodoxy, now that the fagot and other such like forcible persuasions have disappeared, and in the absence of other equally effective means of supplying their place, are enforced, where practicable, by a greater or lesser amount of social ostracism. The despotisms of civil government are necessarily enforced by absolute physical coercion. There are many refined tyrannies of social life which are simply despotically cruel, or cruelly despotical. All these evils are to be overturned, and there is no way more direct and effective, and at the same time accompanied with so little painful social convulsion and individual suffering as the direct encouragement and support of a thoroughly free and independent arena for the radical discussion of all questions pertaining to human affairs and interests.

True, there must of necessity be more or less of uneasiness and suffering in the conflict of opinions, but the ends of freedom from undue restraint and imposition will surely be eventually attained, or else our boasted civilization will never reach its ideal goal; and if freedom of discussion is not merely permitted, but duly encouraged, while the evils complained of are of comparatively moderate dimensions, the desired ends of relief will surely be attained by more violent means. History is full of illustrations of this truth—of the struggle of man for physical and spiritual freedom. In fact, it is the sum and substance of history. The horrors of the French Revolution; the horrors of our recent American Rebellion; the existing struggles of Spain at home and in her colonial dependency of Cuba; the anarchies of France; the ultramontane struggles of Germany; all the revolutions in the history of the world, religious, political and social, are full of this great, this universal truth. Men must and will be free from all unjust and undue restraint on their just and normal development, and if they are not allowed, rationally and naturally, to approximate this goal, they will reach it through the sulphurous smoke and fire and lava of the social earthquake and volcano. The end they will attain, and the only alternative for reaction and revolution more or less violent, is the free arena for the radical discussion of all subjects of social interest. The freedom of the press we have already attained in considerable degree, though not as yet by any means perfectly. The freedom of personal verbal discussion is not yet equal to that of the press, owing to the press being more of a metropolitan agency, and hence issuing from the more advanced centers of thought. Now there is no more quiet, fundamental, effective, and legitimate way of promoting a more general diffusion of perfectly independent, highly individualized, and well digested advanced thought on all subjects of interest and importance, in any community, than a free arena of ver-