

AN EPIC OF CHAUTAUQUA.

(BEING A NOTE OF A VISIT TO THE
SUMMER CITY ACROSS THE
BORDER.)



AVE you never seen Chautauqua,
(New York State, Chautauqua
County,) On the bank of Lake Chautau-
qua,
Opposite to Point Chautauqua,
Where the famed Chautauqua
'Ssembly
(Chancellorled by Bishop Vin-
cent,) And Chautauqua L. & S. C.
Have their home and chief
headquarters? Then, you've something yet to
live for! Though I've struck the Hia-
watha

Style of amble in this epic,
I have neither space nor talent
To attempt detailed description
Of its infinite attractions;
For my editor says "Shorten!
Cut it! Boil it down! Condense it,
Don't you drag it out Long, fellow,
Or I'll squelch it altogether!"
So you see I really cannot
More than merely briefly men-
tion

'Mongst its list of varied
features,
Cottages, (about a thou-
sand),
Avenues and groves and
hammocks,
Fishing, preaching, bath-
ing, tennis,
Baseball, lectures, enter-
tainments,
Shops and stores and
elocution,
Classes, fountains, news-
stands, music,
Big hotel, skiffs, yachts
and steamers,
Dudes and dudines, girls
with glasses,
Schoolmarm from the
entire Union,

Yanks of every style and pattern,
Millionaires and plodding scholars,
University professors—
Such as Yale's most learned Harper,
Beaming genially through glasses
While he talks on Bible hist'ry
In a way no other fellow
Ever thought of talking on it;

And McClintock, slight and youthful
Master of the English poets;
Burnham, Wright and Schaff and
Townsend,

Each a star of exegesis—
Sherwood, the piano-wiz-
ard,

In his classical recitals;
Flagler, boss of the big or-
gan,

Always at his post of duty—
Ellis, like a half-ton fairy,
With a wand to lead the
singing,

Miller, model Sunday-
schoolist,
Cummock, prince of elocu-
tion,

With his class of readers
round him
Teaching 'em to do "King
Robert"

So's to paralyze the critics;
Duncan, full of business



details,
Driving round his winged-
steed "Peggy,"
Bishop Vincent, brainey,
lively,
And his chip—Lieutenant
Georgie—
Manager of things in gen-
eral,
Popular, polite and polished;
These you'll see, and many
others
Known as veteran Chau-
tauquans,
And you'll find upon the
platform
Night by night (and in the
daytime)
Singers, lecturers, reciters,
Chalk-talk artists, virtuosi,
Giving you for entertain-
ment

Everything the mind could conjure,
If it conjured like the dickens—
Everything—yes sir, and more, too!
How to get there? Well, I'll tell you:
Take the boat here at Toronto,
Suit yourself—the trim *Chicora*,
With handsome raking red-stacks,
And her jolly, smiling skipper,

And her genial Irish porter,
And her officers and sailors,
Decent chaps as ever
traveled;

Or her bigger - younger
sister,
Called mellifluously, *Ci-
bola*,

With a captain built to
fit her
(Which his name Mc-
Corkidale is)

Note his breadth of beam
—(referring

Here, of course, to his
good nature,
And the beaming smile
he weareth

As he works his various
bell-pulls,
Or anon, so light and
airy

Trips about among the
people
Crowded fore and aft and
midships,

Chucking all the pretty babies—
Making everybody happy.
Either is a gallant steamer,
And, with swift and steady side-wheel,
In an hour and sixty minutes,
Maybe less, she'll take you safely
To the dock at old Niagara.
Don't get off; stand by the rail-
ing,

On the wharf-side of the
steamer,
And observe the people
landing,

And the folks who've come
to meet 'em,
Dressed in fancy camping
costumes,

Girls and fellows looking
pretty—
Just as pretty as a picture—
(So they think, and 'twould
be cruel

To disperse the pleasing fic-
tion
In those cases where sound
judgment

Says they're awfully mis-
taken.)
Soon the steamer toots for
leaving,

