



DOCK CHAUTAUQUA, ON THE SHORE OF LAKE CHAUTAUQUA.

CHAUTAUQUA.

Who has not heard of Chautauqua! That great literary centre whose influence, perhaps, permeates the entire globe. Certain it is that among all degrees of literary culture, from that of the university man down to the graduate of the simplest village school, the Chautauqua "circles" claim their devotees. They have found entrance even through the dense walls of our prisons and penitentiaries, and many darkened hearts whose weary existence hitherto knew no hope, no interest, now bless the name of the inaugurator of the movement, good Bishop Vincent, as, in the pages of their histories, they study the progress of the world, and thus lose sight of their own darkened past and despairing present.

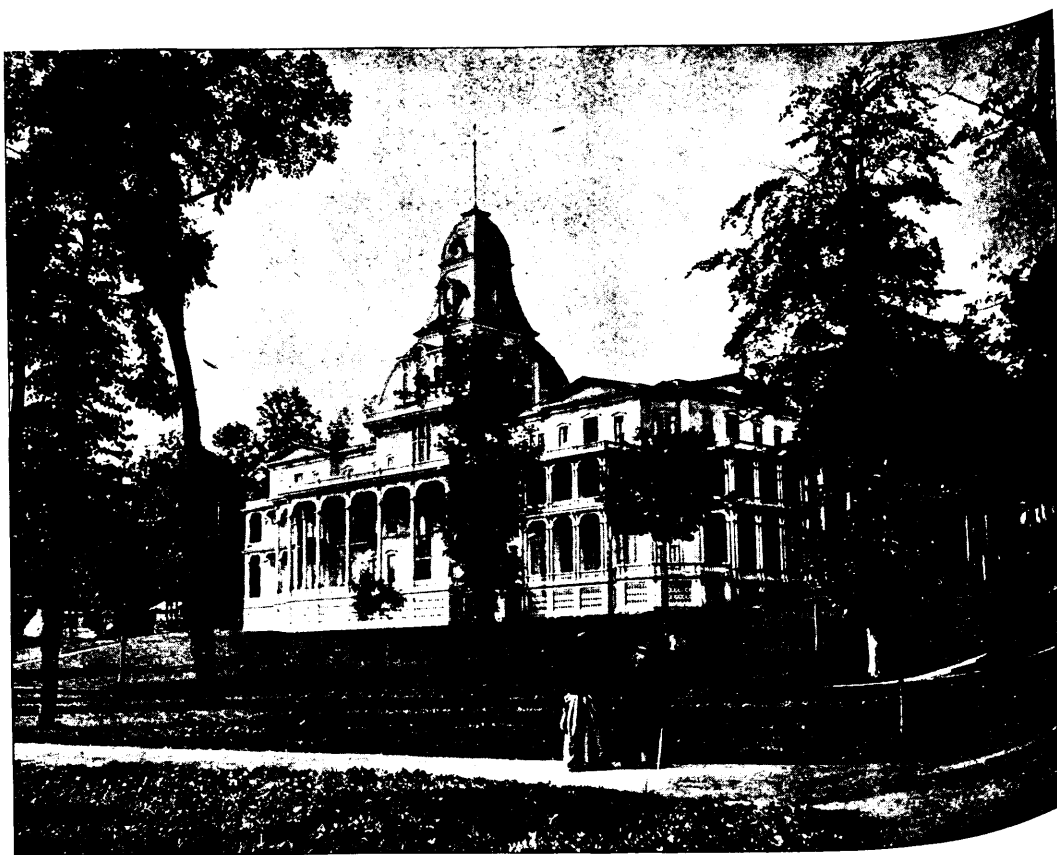
Yet this great literary centre, this beehive of intellectual activity, is comprised in some fifty acres of New York soil, situated on a ten mile strip between Lakes Erie and Chautauqua, the latter being 700 feet above the level of Lake Erie. The Assembly Grounds are three-quarters of a mile long by one-quarter broad, and enclosed by a high fence, beyond which, for ingress or egress, one may not pass without permission, procurable only by presentation of a Chautauqua ticket.

Taking the steamer at Mayville, on the shore of Lake Chautauqua, we cross to the summer city, landing at "the dock," a tasteful wooden structure gleaming white across the waters; and having purchased our tickets, in delighted wonderment we pick our way over the miniature Palestine, said to be a perfect representation of the Holy Land. It is laid out on a scale of two feet to a mile for horizontal distances, and 380 for vertical measure, with the various towns and villages represented in plans on plaster mounds.

Leaving the main road at "Beersheba" we follow the valley of the Jordan to the city of "Dan," threading our way among the bible students, who, with open maps in hand, attentively study the plan beneath their feet. Taking a seat for a moment, perchance in the grateful shade of Mount Hermon, we plan a future examination of the ingenious model which, in all probability, we never get a chance to

execute, owing to the continuous succession of prayer meetings, club meetings, "round table" discussions, concerts and

lectures, each, in its way, a literary treat, from the moment of opening our eyes in the tiny, sweet-smelling bed rooms of the cottages, roused by the cry of the newsboys—"Chautauqua Assembly Daily Herald!"—to the close of the busy day, when, with lights out and windows open to the quiet sky, we woo the fresh straw ticks and smile ourselves to



HOTEL CHAUTAUQUA.