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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING  
ASSOCIATION, PROPRIETORS. }

CHICAGO, MAY, 1866.

VOL. I.—NO. 1.

Written for the Little Bouquet.

### An Acrostic.

BY C. B. B.

Till the young are weaned from errors,  
Handed down from times of old;  
Every child will feel the terrors,

Learned from fables that are told.  
Is the sun less bright than ever,  
Tired of his endless round?  
Thanks oh! father—priests can never  
Lay the sunlight underground.  
Each may see and feel the shining,

By his light and warmth of sun:  
Oh, forbid that men combining,  
Undo what the truth hath done.  
Question truth in truth's own mirror,  
Under whatsoever guise:  
Eh! What? No! I tell you sirrah,  
That the LITTLE BOUQUET will.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Written for the Little Bouquet.

### The Pearl Diver of Ceylon.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

FROM remotest time, the pearl has been held in great esteem, being valued almost equally with the diamond. Its purity has made it a symbol of truth, and it has been deemed a fit ornament of regal loveliness and beauty.

My story relates to the pearl, and those who drag it up from the deep sea. We must first suppose ourselves in a very distant country. I think we will go to Ceylon. In the ocean surrounding that almost fabulous land and which borders Persia, the most valued pearls are found. It is only in a few localities that they attain perfection.

On a clear day, when the great ocean rests in calm repose, and there is no shadow of a storm in the sky, the pearl diver ventures far from land in his rude boat. There are always two in a boat, one to remain while the other dives. The sought for pearl is secreted in the shell of a kind of oyster, which grows in extensive banks. The boat is brought over these banks and then the diver prepares himself for his work. He ties a little sack to his waist, in which to bring up the oysters he may find. He also carries some short sharp sticks of bony reed, for what use, we shall presently see. Thus equipped, the diver draws in his breath and plunges into the sea. Down, down he falls until he stands on the floor of the ocean. It is light there, and he can walk over the clean white sand, surrounded by the denizens of the deep. He rapidly gathers as many oysters as he can find, and then by rapidly striking the water, ascends to the surface. He has not breathed for many minutes, and lies exhausted in his boat for some time before he recovers. As very few oysters have pearls, and not one in a thousand, one of any great value, the poor

diver makes many perilous descents without any reward. Yet he is not discouraged.

Such was the business of Arabée, a Ceylon boy, who every fair day went out in the boat with his father. They were poor people, living on almost aquatic life, for all they had they derived from the water. The mother of Arabée died while he was a child, and he had almost forgotten her love. The world was but a struggling place for existence to him. At times he thought that death was better than life, for then he would be at peace. Said he, "I can never change my lot. My father has sought pearls all his life, and he never found one really valuable. So may I waste mine." Arabée forgot that we all are made for a purpose, and although we may not see what it is, the future will unfold it to us. He repined as many boys and girls have repined, before his time and since. He continued at his work, and as years went by, he became a noble looking man. His forehead was high, his eyes large, dark and thoughtful, his mien engaging, but he wore the garb of the servile caste. Every one could see by that that he was lowly born.

The king of the neighboring coast was a great and powerful prince, proud of his descent through a long line of powerful chieftains. His palace was called the Golden Moon, and its doors were of silver. In its court a hundred fountains sparkled, and thousands of rare birds sang in its shade. Nowhere in all the storied East was there aught as splendid, or beautiful. The king had two daughters, the eldest of whom was betrothed to a neighboring prince. The king had promised as a part of her bridal wardrobe, "a pearl the shape of a pear, as large as a peach, and as pure as the water in the fountain of the sun." He sought his kingdom over, but could find none equaling his rash promise. He offered great rewards to the divers, but they never saw one so large nor pure.

The day of the wedding approached. The king saw that his word would be forfeited, and he pointed at as a boastful liar. He grew wretched and in agony exclaimed to his court: "I will give Ajel, my other daughter, in marriage to the one who will bring me the pearl I desire!"

Ajel was considered the most beautiful princess in the East. She was the pride and the light of the palace of the Golden Moon, and every courtier at once set his wits at work to gain the tempting prize. All in vain. Only two days remained, and the largest pearl the king possessed was not larger than the egg of a sparrow.

That day the news reached the ears of Arabée. It revived the yearnings of his boyhood to extricate himself from his position, which for years had been crushed beneath the routine of life. That night, for the first time in his life, the straw which formed his bed afforded no slumber. He thought over and over again the chances of the morrow. He could dive ten

times during the day, and there was a possibility of finding the treasure. The sun almost revealed the border of his gray twilight robes in the East as Arabée fell into a half conscious sleep. He dreamed his mother was with him. He heard her soft voice and felt her gentle touch. She was robed in a gossamer cloud. She told him to row his boat where he saw a nautilus floating, and when it sank to dive after it. There he would find what he sought.

He at once awoke. It was not yet light, but he arose. He was early out on the ocean. He saw the promised nautilus; its beautiful snowy shell looked like a whirl of foam, its legs extended out as oars, and above it spread its two azure sails. As it was wafted along by the breeze, it seemed the most wonderful and fairylike work of nature. Arabée's heart beat fast as he met this object of his dream, and saw it fold its sails, and prepare to drop into the depths of the ocean, but he faltered not; he too, prepared, and the nautilus no sooner sank than he plunged after it. He soon stood on the floor of the sea; craggy corals grew everywhere, festooned with mosses, and most gorgeously colored plants, among which fishes of purple and gold glided like flecks of light. At his feet was a very large oyster, the largest he had ever seen. Its shell was covered with long moss, and a dozen other shells had attached themselves to it. He knew it must be the prize. He placed it in his sack, and looked upward preparatory to ascend. What new horror? An enormous shark circled above him as a hawk circles in the air over its prey. As he passed the monster, it intended to devour him at a mouthful. Nothing daunted, he grasped one of his pointed sticks and sprang upward. He had met sharks before, and conquered. The shark opened his jaws, the stick was thrust into the upper, and the other end caught the lower jaw. It could not shut its jaws together, and in its pain rushed away like an arrow. Arabée climbed into his boat. He opened the shell and found the object of his search. The pearl exceeded in size and perfection even the promises of the king.

At the setting of the sun, the king assembled his court, and in a sorrowful voice asked if any one claimed Ajel by right of having answered his demands. There was a smothering silence.

After a little while, there was confusion at the gate. The usher said a poor man wanted to enter, and had been thrust out.

"Show him to me!" said the king, who prided himself on administering justice to every one on all occasions, and never turned one away unsatisfied.

The man entered. It was Arabée. He advanced, and bowed to the king, but not servilely. It was the bow of one noble to another. His air so at variance with his rustic garments, surprised the king, but did not displease him. He asked: "Why are you here?"

"You said that you would give Ajel in marriage to



## LITTLE BOUQUET.

CHICAGO, MAY, 1866.

OFFICE 84, 86 &amp; 88 DEARBORN STREET, THIRD FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
PRINTERS AND PROPRIETORS.

GEO. H. JONES, Secretary.

S. S. JONES, President.

## Salutatory.

DEAR CHILDREN: For a long time we have been watching with much interest the increasing demands of your young minds for light and truth, and have anxiously awaited the time when we could publish a little paper just suited to your needs.

We feel now that the time has fully come to publish such a paper, and this, our first number of the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, will bear to you our greeting and kindest feelings. We "older folks" have all been children as you are. By education and experience we have been brought forward to the places we occupy, and we know that you will advance to similar positions by the same general means.

Shall we try to help you? Shall we tell you stories of our lives that will show you the winding way we came, hoping that thereby yours may be better? Shall we appeal to the life that is within your dear little bodies, and try to call it out in beauty and usefulness?

We want to do so; and the only object we have in publishing the *LITTLE BOUQUET* is, that through it you may be made happier and wiser. You know how sunshine makes the flowers grow, and how sweet their fragrance makes the air we breathe; well, kindness expressed by one to another is to him who receives—and to him who gives also—like sunshine to flowers. Our natures grow and become fragrant—sweet—when we live in kindly relations to all.

We hope this *LITTLE BOUQUET* will be so arranged—so well made up—the recipient of so many kind sympathies and aids, that it will be fragrant, indeed; that its coming will be patiently awaited by every dear child who reads its contents. If so, then we shall know that you are being benefited, and that the *LITTLE BOUQUET* is a blessing to every household where "tiny feet make music on the floor." Children, will you help us? We want the *LITTLE BOUQUET* to go into every Lyceum—into the hands of every member of the Lyceum—and into every family; we want the rich and poor to read it and receive its blessings.

In neighborhoods where there are no Lyceums, you can form clubs and send for it, or if you are alone, you can have it as well, and it will be company for you. Now let all the children rally to the support of this, their new friend. We will not fail to do all in our power to help and bless you.

## TO PARENTS AND FRIENDS:

The *LITTLE BOUQUET* is and shall be the embodiment of our best effort in behalf of the rising generation. We are aware that the prevailing systems of education are wrong, that from the nursery to the pulpit there is an absolute demand for reform. Our purpose is to suggest and stimulate such reform through the columns of the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, and to direct the child mind away from the dismal superstitions of Theology to the cheerful suggestions and wise teachings of Nature. We, therefore, confidently call upon you to aid us in giving to the children a paper of unmistakable merit and efficiency. Do not fail to remember that, as the child is trained in belief and manner, so is manhood or womanhood substantial and noble, or the reverse, and that our best opportunity for doing good to the world is through and with the children.

## TO OFFICERS, MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS:

The *LITTLE BOUQUET* will be especially devoted to the interests of the Lyceum Movement. We believe the Lyceum to be a "child of the New Dispensation," an embodiment of the true idea of education; therefore to elucidate its plan and advance its interests will be one of our leading efforts. We know how much the children love the Lyceum, and with what noble zeal Officers and Leaders have labored for it;

and, too, how heartily it has been supported by all true friends of educational reform. The *LITTLE BOUQUET* may be made an instrument of great use to you all. Through its columns each Lyceum may know of all others; and such acquaintance may lead to mutual efforts resulting in a degree of success not known before. By diagrams our gymnastics may be extended and systematized; our movements and plans explained so that all can understand. Let every officer and member of the Lyceum peruse the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, become interested with us in its work and welfare, and we know that it will be a success.

Let us, then, all together strive to maintain a paper in the interests of children and education worthy of the grand ideas and system of philosophy we so much love.

## Anti-Tobacco Army.

Perhaps all of the children do not know of the "Anti-Tobacco Army" that has been organized in connection with the Progressive Lyceum Movement. So we want to tell you something about it. It was organized in 1863 by the New York Lyceum No. 1, and all of the little boys and girls, as well as many men and women, were very much interested in it. The purpose of this "army" is to discountenance and prevent the use of tobacco. Who could not say amen to that? Is there a boy in the United States who really thinks he would be better using tobacco? Is there one who does not know that it would injure him? Is there a girl who does not dislike it, and who would not by far prefer that her brothers or associates would not use it? We think that all can join in an effort to prevent the use of tobacco.

The nucleus of this organization is a pledge. When any sign this, they receive a certificate of membership from the Secretary of the Lyceum to which they belong, or where they sign, and are thus fully enrolled against the enemy of good taste, good health and happiness. The pledge is as follows:

"Believing that smoking, snuffing and chewing are uncleanly, unhealthy, demoralizing, unnecessary, and expensive, I hereby pledge to abstain from the use of tobacco in all its forms, totally and forever."

We have only seen a few who felt that they could not sign this pledge; and what do you suppose their reasons were? Why, they had used tobacco so long, had become such slaves to it that they could not do without it! Oh, how sorry they were that they had ever used it. Do you suppose the first time they took "just a little bit to see how it tasted," they had any thought or fear that the "little bit" would lead to a "plug a day"? Do you suppose the boy who starts with his first cigar in his mouth, thinking it is manly, has any fear that it is the beginning of slavery? Look out, little boy! Better abstain from its use "totally and forever."

We have seen men sign this pledge whose hands trembled so badly, that they could hardly hold the pen with which they wrote, because the use of tobacco had nearly destroyed the nervous system, but they have kept their promise, and rejoice that they have been delivered from a habit so foul.

Could not every boy and girl, every young man and woman sign this pledge without reservation and by keeping it sacredly be very much benefited thereby? We think so, and hope there will be no lack of interest in a cause so worthy. There is a great work to be done! Think of it and spare no effort that you can make to discountenance and prevent the use of tobacco. Especially do we hope that the members of Lyceums will organize "Anti-Tobacco Armies," and thus place themselves in the ranks of practical reform.

## Fraternal.

The electrotype of the "Children's Lyceum in Session," "Scale of Groups," and the embellished card on page 6, were kindly furnished us for the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, by Bela Marsh, Esq., Publisher of "Lyceum Manual," Boston, Mass.

The citizens of Charlestown, Mass., are about to organize another Children's Lyceum.

## Order of Exercises, Suggestions, etc.

In another column of this paper, we have introduced an "Order" for the "opening exercises" of Lyceums; also have appended thereto, a list of signals to be used during the session. No one, we trust, will for a moment look upon these suggestions, or this "order" as arbitrary or final. It is, or should be understood that the qualifying prefix in the name indicates the spirit of the Lyceum movement. It is "progressive," and this precludes the possibility of finality in arrangement. But at the same time it suggests utility, and out of order come the happiest results in the direction of use and profit.

We have witnessed fifteen or twenty of the Lyceums in operation, and observe that there is often a lack of directness, and waste of time, which the adoption of a simple programme of movements would quickly obviate: hence our suggestions in this direction. Whatever use can be made of them, or whatever improvement can be added, will make us alike happy.

## Our Frontispiece.

We call the especial attention of the many thousand children and youth who will see and admire this, the first number of the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, to its heading. The artist has done the subject justice. The design is intended to carry out some beautiful thoughts, which will be plain to those who scan it well. We really hope you will study it carefully, and discover its signification. If you will do so and will write a truthful and fine composition descriptive of its true meaning—the one sending the best, shall receive, at the end of the year as a gift from our Corporation, a nicely bound volume of the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, and the article shall be published in its columns.

There is a very fine Children's Lyceum in operation at Foxboro', Mass. The Guardian of Groups, Miss E. A. Chittenden, informs us that the children want "Sunday" to come oftener than once a week." On the other hand, among children who attend Orthodox Sunday Schools, you will hear one whispering to the other, "oh, I wish Sunday was over—wish it wouldn't come more than once a month."

## Our Cotemporaries.

**THE LITTLE PILGRIM:** A monthly journal for girls and boys. Edited by Grace Greenwood; published by Leander K. Lippincott, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, 60cts. per year single copies; 5 copies \$2.75.

This is a finely edited and wholesome little journal, ahead of the most of its cotemporaries, in clearness of thought and liberality of sentiment. We have always felt a thrill of pleasure when we met with it in the family reading room. We wish it a long life and abundant prosperity.

**THE LITTLE CORPORAL:** A monthly journal for boys and girls. Published in Chicago. Edited by Alfred L. Sewell. \$1 per annum single copies. For \$6 six copies and one extra copy to the agent. Address Alfred L. Sewell, care Dunlop, Sewell & Spaulding.

The *Little Corporal* has for its motto, "FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG, for the Good, the True and the Beautiful." It is filled with original and very interesting matter for children, and, indeed, "older folks" might well forget the passage of time as they perused its pages. So far as we have seen it, it is free from sickly cant, with which too many of our papers for children are filled. We wish all the children could have it to read.

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS:** An illustrated magazine for boys and girls. Published monthly by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, Mass. Edited by J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton and Lucy Larcom.

This is by far the most extensive publication for children in the country—perhaps the best in the country or the world. Its editors and corps of contributors are a warrant for its excellence. It is high toned, original and instructive. In its department of thought it is doing a great good work, and none but narrow minds can fail to rejoice in its prosperity.

Price \$2 per annum; single copy 20 cts.



## Opening Exercises of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

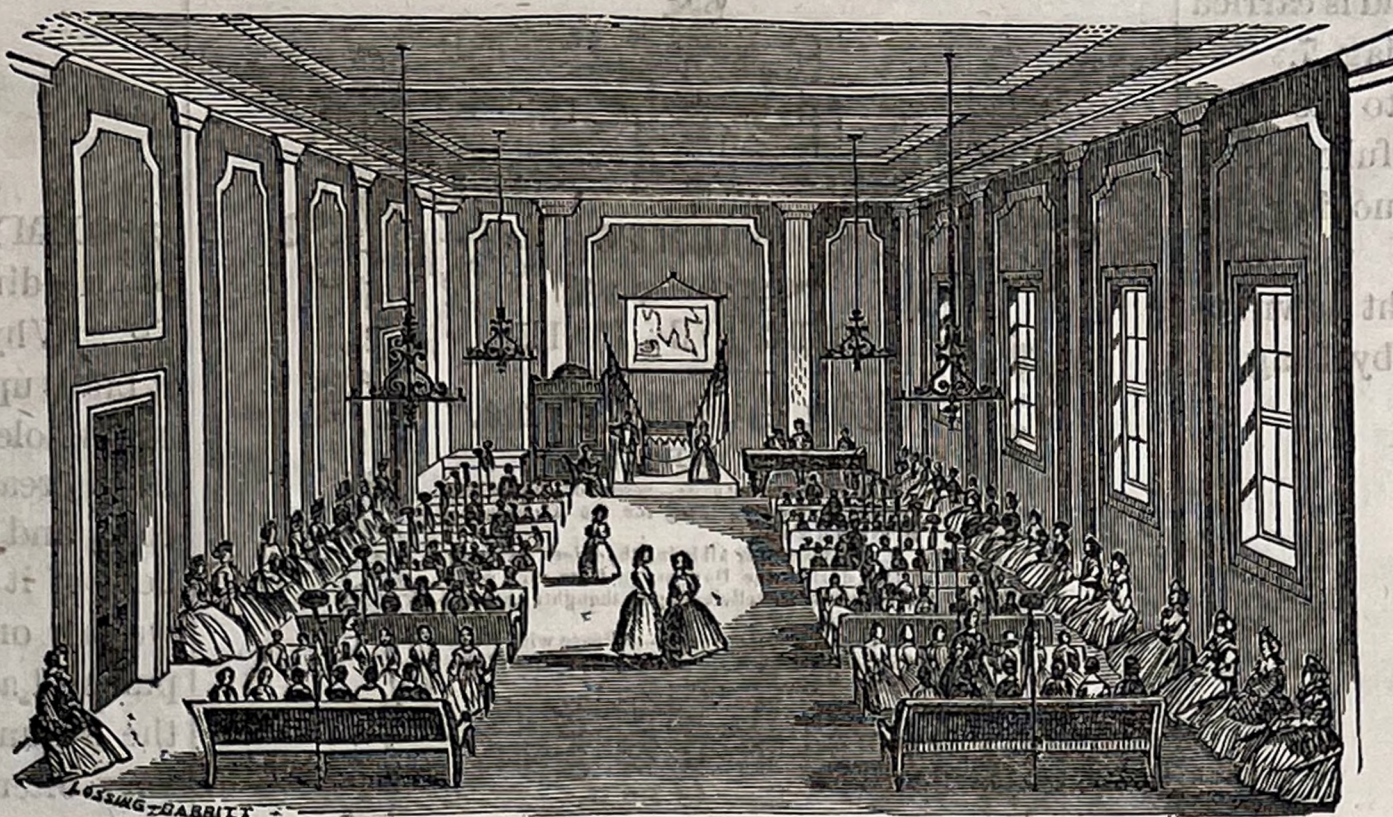
**First**—At the appointed hour the Conductor gives five strokes on a hand bell, or with a gavel—the bell is preferable—which is a signal for Leaders and Members to assemble in Groups, each Group around its respective Station Target. *Note*—The Targets should always be put in position by the Guards having charge of the room and "Lyceum Equipments" prior to the time for opening the Lyceum.

**Second**—One stroke of the bell or gavel calls to order, and every person in the room should be seated. *Note*—Perfect silence should be observed by all when this signal is given.

**Third**—Two strokes of the bell call up all subordinate officers and Leaders, who at once proceed to make such arrangements as will secure perfect ease and order in his or her department during the coming exercises. The Guardian, assisted, will distribute Badges and cards of membership to Leaders; the Librarian distributes Manuals to members (and visitors, if practicable); the Leaders take names of new members, issue cards of membership, and append badges.

**Fourth**—The duties of subordinate officers being thus performed, one stroke of the bell calls all to order again.

**Fifth**—Three strokes of the bell call



CHILDREN'S LYCEUM IN SESSION.

The Scale of Groups and Colors in Lyceum No. 1.

Numbers of the GROUPS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Titles of the GROUPS.	Fountain GROUP	Stream GROUP	River GROUP	Lake GROUP	Sea GROUP	Ocean GROUP	Shore GROUP	Beacon GROUP	Banner GROUP	Star GROUP	Excelsior GROUP	Liberty GROUP
Ages of Members.	4 Years.	5 Years.	6 Years.	7 Years.	8 Years.	9 Years.	10 Years.	11 Years.	12 Years.	13 Years.	14 Years.	15 and upward
Colors of the Badges.	Red.	Pearl.	Orange.	Lilac.	Yellow.	Purple.	Green.	Blue.	Crimson.	Azure.	Violet.	White.
Language of the Colors.	Opening Love.	Reciprocal Love.	Constructive Love.	Expanding Love.	Ascending Love.	Universal Love.	Love of the Useful.	Love of Justice.	Love of Power.	Love of the Beautiful.	Love of Aspiration.	Love of Harmony.

all officers and members of the Lyceum to their feet. *Note*—This movement should be executed quietly, gracefully and simultaneously; each one standing in the exact position in which he or she rises, until the order given by the Conductor,

**ATTENTION,** when all face the Conductor's stand, assuming position represented by Diagram 1. *Note*—Always in "facing" or "about facing" turn to the right, unless otherwise directed by the order, "left face" or "left about face." When "attention" is ordered, turn to the right, if necessary to turn at all.

**Sixth**—With these preliminaries, which may be made uniform without detriment, the Lyceum is open for the special arrangement of exercises which each corps of officers or Conductor may adopt. Singing, silver chain readings, gymnastics, lessons, declamation, marching, etc., may be arranged to suit different occasions.

### LIST OF SIGNALS.

1. Calls to order, and seats officers and members.
2. Calls up officers.
3. Calls up members and officers.
4. Calls up "Target Bearers."
5. Assembles officers and members in their respective groups.

Three signals, repeated, dismisses the Lyceum.

## Children's Progressive Lyceum Exercises.

The following Diagrams have been prepared expressly for the LITTLE BOUQUET, for the purpose of illustrating the exercises in "Free Gymnastics," as taught and practised in the "Children's Progressive Lyceum." We propose to continue these illustrations in the order used; and we suggest that as far as pleasant or practicable, they be adopted by the several Lyceums, thus securing a unity in the "order of exercises," and enabling children visiting different Lyceums, or on picnic and other public occasions where Lyceums unite, to enter at once into the exercises, without confusion.

What a grand sight it would be to see thousands of children come together from different locations, and all "fall into line," for a "Banner March," or at a given signal, move gracefully into "position" for the "Wing Movements"! And then thousands of little hands uplifted and moved to the time of delightful music! It would be the "poetry of motion," and the "melody of soul" combined.

Diag. 1.

Diag. 2.



1st Position.

1st Movement.

**FIRST POSITION.**—Body erect, head up, shoulders well back, hands at sides, heels together, toes turned naturally out. This is, in all cases, known as the "first position," and in all exercises, we proceed from this attitude in a given order.

**FIRST MOVEMENT—Fold arms.**—Always in executing orders of a single movement, remain motionless until the last word of the order is given. When the word *arms* is spoken, assume position represented by Diagram 2.

Diag. 3.

Diag. 4.



2d Movement.

3d Movement.

**SECOND MOVEMENT—Reverse Arms.**—Observe the same rule in executing the order as before, folding the arms behind. The body remaining unmoved. Diag. 3 shows the position of the arms reversed.

**THIRD MOVEMENT—Rest Arms.**—With this order the hands are brought to the hips as represented by Diag. 4. Observe that the open hands rest upon the hips with the thumbs pointing forward.

**FOURTH MOVEMENT—Arms Free.**—Return arms to 1st position as shown by Diag. 1, and by dotted lines in Diag. 4.

### The Wing Movements.

The wing movements are the exercises of the happy children of the "Summer Land." Besides being healthful and beautiful, these Musical Motions are exhilarating and truly suggestive of flights in the atmosphere.

The position of the body while these movements are being made should be perfectly erect, heels together, toes turned naturally sideward, shoulders back, without leaning backwards, head straight up from the neck, in short, the entire bodily position should be as perfect as possible.

The children standing in 1st position, (see Diag. 1.) receive the order "prepare for wing movements." On the pronunciation of the last word of the order, they assume position represented by Diag. 5.

**DIAG. 5.**—Right hand resting upon the left at waist, palms together, forearm horizontal. (The children are all facing the conductor or guardian—either may

Diag. 5.

Diag. 6.



1st Position of Wing Movement.

1st Wing movement.

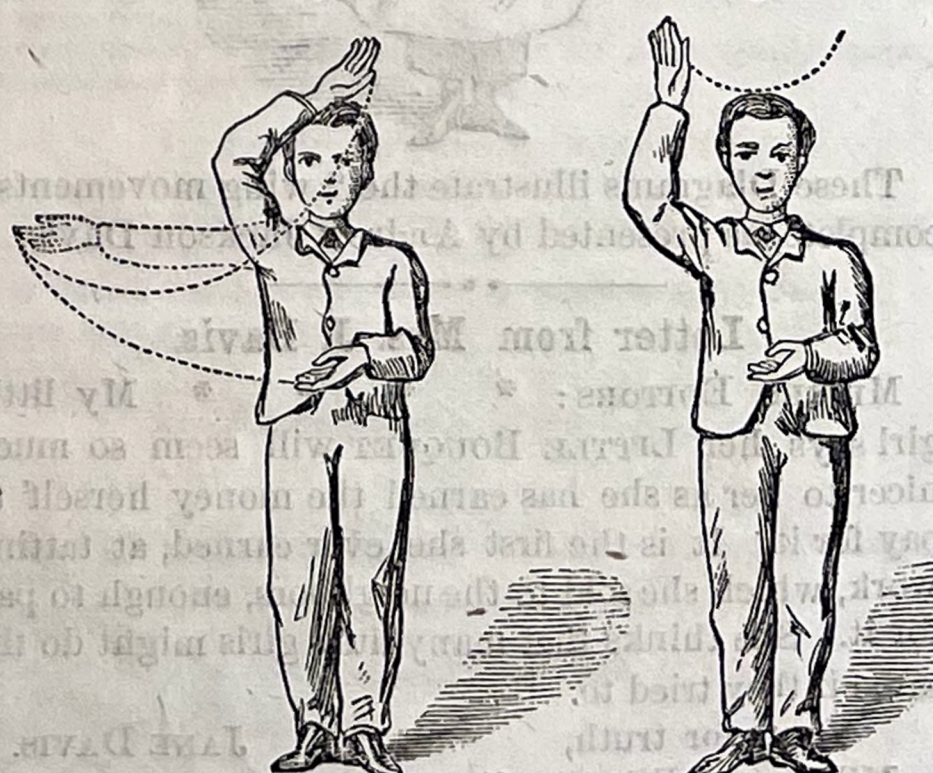
lead in the exercises—who stands in an elevated position with left hand resting on the right, and who will move the left hand first, thus making the direction of his or her motions uniform with those of the children. Let this be observed in all of the exercises.)

**MUSIC.**—(2-4, 4-4, or any equivalent time is appropriate. Without music, the Leader can count 1-2-3-4, etc.)

Play first strain and repeat—children standing in position. On the first beat of the "repeat," the right hand is carried gracefully out and up as per dotted line, to position shown by Diag. 6. Observe that the palm of the hand is up.

Diag. 7.

Diag. 8.



2d Wing Movement.

3d Wing Movement.





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Oh, forbid that men combining,  
Undo what the truth hath done.  
Question truth in truth's own mirror,  
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Eh! What? No! I tell you sirrah,  
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### The Pearl Diver of Ceylon.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

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My story relates to the pearl, and those who drag it up from the deep sea. We must first suppose ourselves in a very distant country. I think we will go to Ceylon. In the ocean surrounding that almost fabulous land and which borders Persia, the most valued pearls are found. It is only in a few localities that they attain perfection.

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The king of the neighboring coast was a great and powerful prince, proud of his descent through a long line of powerful chieftains. His palace was called the Golden Moon, and its doors were of silver. In its court a hundred fountains sparkled, and thousands of rare birds sang in its shade. Nowhere in all the storied East was there aught as splendid, or beautiful. The king had two daughters, the eldest of whom was betrothed to a neighboring prince. The king had promised as a part of her bridal wardrobe, "a pearl the shape of a pear, as large as a peach, and as pure as the water in the fountain of the sun." He sought his kingdom over, but could find none equaling his rash promise. He offered great rewards to the divers, but they never saw one so large nor pure.

The day of the wedding approached. The king saw that his word would be forfeited, and he pointed at as a boastful liar. He grew wretched and in agony exclaimed to his court: "I will give Ajel, my other daughter, in marriage to the one who will bring me the pearl I desire!"

Ajel was considered the most beautiful princess in the East. She was the pride and the light of the palace of the Golden Moon, and every courtier at once set his wits at work to gain the tempting prize. All in vain. Only two days remained, and the largest pearl the king possessed was not larger than the egg of a sparrow.

That day the news reached the ears of Arabée. It revived the yearnings of his boyhood to extricate himself from his position, which for years had been crushed beneath the routine of life. That night, for the first time in his life, the straw which formed his bed afforded no slumber. He thought over and over again the chances of the morrow. He could dive ten

times during the day, and there was a possibility of finding the treasure. The sun almost revealed the border of his gray twilight robes in the East as Arabée fell into a half conscious sleep. He dreamed his mother was with him. He heard her soft voice and felt her gentle touch. She was robed in a gossamer cloud. She told him to row his boat where he saw a nautilus floating, and when it sank to dive after it. There he would find what he sought.

He at once awoke. It was not yet light, but he arose. He was early out on the ocean. He saw the promised nautilus; its beautiful snowy shell looked like a whirl of foam, its legs extended out as oars, and above it spread its two azure sails. As it was wafted along by the breeze, it seemed the most wonderful and fairylike work of nature. Arabée's heart beat fast as he met this object of his dream, and saw it fold its sails, and prepare to drop into the depths of the ocean, but he faltered not; he too, prepared, and the nautilus no sooner sank than he plunged after it. He soon stood on the floor of the sea; craggy corals grew everywhere, festooned with mosses, and most gorgeously colored plants, among which fishes of purple and gold glided like flecks of light. At his feet was a very large oyster, the largest he had ever seen. Its shell was covered with long moss, and a dozen other shells had attached themselves to it. He knew it must be the prize. He placed it in his sack, and looked upward preparatory to ascend. What new horror? An enormous shark circled above him as a hawk circles in the air over its prey. As he passed the monster, it intended to devour him at a mouthful. Nothing daunted, he grasped one of his pointed sticks and sprang upward. He had met sharks before, and conquered. The shark opened his jaws, the stick was thrust into the upper, and the other end caught the lower jaw. It could not shut its jaws together, and in its pain rushed away like an arrow. Arabée climbed into his boat. He opened the shell and found the object of his search. The pearl exceeded in size and perfection even the promises of the king.

At the setting of the sun, the king assembled his court, and in a sorrowful voice asked if any one claimed Ajel by right of having answered his demands. There was a smothering silence.

After a little while, there was confusion at the gate. The usher said a poor man wanted to enter, and had been thrust out.

"Show him to me!" said the king, who prided himself on administering justice to every one on all occasions, and never turned one away unsatisfied.

The man entered. It was Arabée. He advanced, and bowed to the king, but not servilely. It was the bow of one noble to another. His air so at variance with his rustic garments, surprised the king, but did not displease him. He asked: "Why are you here?"

"You said that you would give Ajel in marriage to



the one who would bring you 'a pearl the shape of a pear, as large as a peach, and as pure as the water in your fountain of the sun,' " answered Arabée.

"Rustic, I did, and at this hour will add the free gift of the best principality of my empire," said the king with great emphasis.

"Then," said Arabée, "I claim your reward. Here is the pearl," saying this he laid it on a silver tray which was placed on a table in front of the throne. The king snatched it eagerly and examined it. It was all that he desired, and the court gathered around him. When all had examined it, and expressed their satisfaction, the king spoke to Arabée.

"Who are you?"

"I am," he replied, "a pearl diver."

The king then turned to his eldest counsellors, whom he consulted on different questions and said:

"Can I, with honor and justice, evade uniting my daughter to this man, because he is of a low caste?"

"No," they answered, "and you break your laws by so doing."

"What then am I to do?"

After consulting a long time, they replied: "If you first grant the principality, you make him a noble, and then he can lawfully marry your daughter."

This pleased the king, who valued justice more than life, and he acted accordingly.

Arabée and Ajel dwelt in a beautiful palace, and the people they had governed, generations after they had passed away, spoke of their goodness, and their interest in the welfare and happiness of the poor and distressed.

Written for the Little Bouquet.

### Children's Progressive Lyceum.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

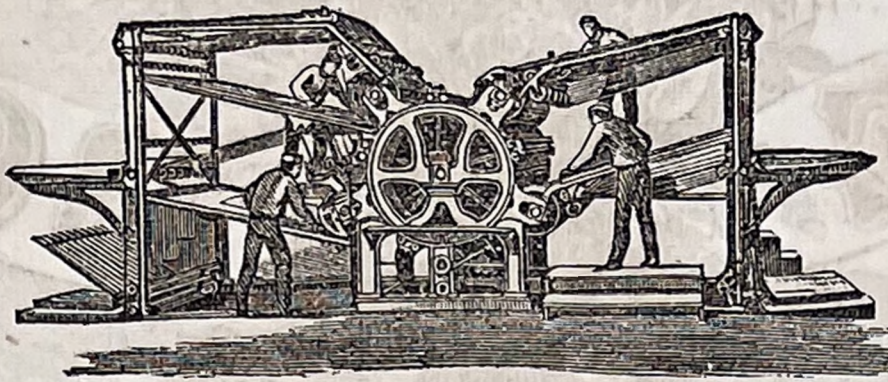
THOUSANDS and tens of thousands of very little children sicken and die every year. *Where* do they all live? How do they pass the hours, weeks and years after death? The home of earth is sad and desolate when the little one departs from it through the dark door of death. The heart of the mother is flooded with tears. There is deep silence in the bosom of the father. Where are the departed children? Have they entered other homes? Do they live in any of the many mansions in the temple of God?

Words cannot convey the joy that thrilled my soul when first I beheld the celestial play-ground of children! The holy effulgence of countless stars could not exceed in brightness and glory the radiance of the beautiful fields in which the little people from earth were congregated and grouped in the form of a "Children's Progressive Lyceum." I could not help wishing that every mother and every father who had "lost" children in the dark valley of death were permitted a few moments of vision into the eternal verities of the Summer Land. The grand joy of an angel's heart would displace sorrow in the mother's soul, could she but contemplate the celestial life now lived by the little one so long "mourned as dead."

The tens of thousands of children that "die" are gathered into groups beyond the stars. Celestial families are founded on the basis of heavenly love. Although no human being should be deprived of "the full measure" of earth's experience, yet the families and Lyceums in the Summer Land are so planned that whatever lies dormant in the qualities of the human spirit can be awakened to legitimate action, and thus measurably, the misfortune of "an untimely death" is effaced by the angel-ward growth of the individual.

Need I say that the "Children's Progressive Lyceum" is a family of celestial origin? Need I say that in it are the fruitful germs of the future systems of education? Need I hint that the timber for the foundations of the academies, colleges, and universities of Progressive America is growing in the beautiful groups of the Children's Lyceum?

May this LITTLE BOUQUET convey the holy love of celestial beings into the homes of earth. May the wings of wisdom hover over the minds of the people. Let the fragrance of immortal flowers fill the whole earth. May this little journal be the agent of the infinitely Good to all fathers and mothers and children.



Written for the Little Bouquet.

### The Printing Press.—No. 1.

BY TYPO.

IT cannot be expected that in a few brief articles we can enter into all the details of the rise and progress of the art of printing—so we will have to content ourselves by giving an outline of the principal events.

The early history of the art of printing is involved in much obscurity. The germ of the art, we know, existed in a very early period of the world's history. To the Chinese, however, belongs the credit of printing the first books of which we have any record. They took blocks of wood of the size of a page of the book to be printed, and after pasting upon one side a sheet of paper, on which the author wrote, an engraver cut out the letters on the block. This, of course, was a clumsy way of doing things. In England this method was very generally used during the first half of the fifteenth century.

The invention of separate blocks for the different letters has been claimed by the Dutch for Lawrence Coster, of Harlaem. The story is, that in 1430, he used "separate moveable wooden types, fastened together by threads, and his press was shaped like the common wine press." For ten years he kept his invention secret; but in 1440, one of his employees stole a part of his apparatus, and established himself at Mentz as a printer. The best authorities, however, award the credit of the invention to Guttenberg, a wealthy citizen of Strasburg. Everybody is familiar with the trials of Guttenberg, Faustus and Schaeffer—how the two former furnished the means, and the latter, who was by trade a goldsmith, invented metal punches and moulds in which to run the metal for the types; and how Faustus gave his daughter as a wife to Schaeffer, in honor of his valuable discovery. We need not rehearse the story of the disagreement of the honored trio, and of the subsequent publication of the Psalter, by Faustus and Schaeffer; nor need we more than allude to the famous Latin Bible of Faustus, which was printed in 1460. The story is an interesting one, but we have not space to repeat it here.

The capture of Mentz in 1462, by Adolphus of Nassau, was the means of spreading this new art throughout Europe. William Caxton—all honor to his name—was the first to print the English language. In the year 1471, he published a book at Cologne, in the preface of which he said that the work was *printed*, "not wretton with penne and ink, as other bokes ben, to thende that every man may have them attonce, ffor all the bokes of story, named the Recuytle of the Historyes of Troye, thus empynted as ye here see, were begonne in oon day, and also fynished in oon day." Three years afterwards he published in England, "The Game and Playe of Chesse." Such was the origin of the art of printing—an art that has had, and is destined to have a greater influence upon the world than almost any other.

As yet a newspaper was not so much as dreamed of. All the early productions were large or small quartos or folios, and the leaves bore no running titles or numbers. The printer, as if terrified at what he had done, rarely ventured to print his name or residence in a book, and when he did, it was placed on the very last page, fortified with a pious doxology or devout ejaculation. Things have changed a little since that time, have they not?

To speak of the early contrivances for producing impressions by means of type as printing presses, is hardly correct, for the good people of those days had not coined the term. They called their clumsy contrivance a printing machine. The article in question was nothing more than an ordinary screw press,

with a contrivance for running the inked form of types under a screw, which was turned with a lever. Not only was it worked with great labor and very slowly, but the unequal pressure of the screw made sad havoc with the faces of the types. Nevertheless, no improvements were made for many generations.

(To be continued.)

Written for the Little Bouquet.

### Budding Rose.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Away in the blue, blue heaven  
Where we all shall sometime go;  
Where the skies are warm as amber  
And gem-like blossoms blow,  
Lived Budding-Rose in a valley  
Scooped like a shallow cup,  
And ever the tall white angels  
Were passing down and up.

Teaching her useful lessons,  
Leading her out to play,  
Where the jets of a silver fountain  
Joined in a roundelay,  
Bearing her over the waters,  
Off through the lucent air,  
For oh, in that ceaseless summer  
Beauty was everywhere.

Playmates as sweet and dainty  
As God ever shaped were there.  
The curly home of the sunshine  
Was the infant angels hair,  
The softest beams of the heavens  
Lay in their tender eyes,  
And the light of their crystal spirits  
Broke in their meek replies.

Budding-Rose was as happy,  
As the calm days flew away,  
As the heart of an early robin  
In the apple-blossoms of May.  
But a memory yet was precious—  
The home that was hers on earth,  
And she went sometimes—little spirit!  
And joined in her brother's mirth.

She went to her blooming garden,  
She sat in her vacant chair  
She hunted her dear old dolly,  
She played with her mother's hair.  
She spoke, but they never heard her,  
She sat in the lightest place;  
It ever seemed strange and painful  
That they could not see her face.

Then she would ask the angels—  
"When will they go to sleep  
And wake with their eyes wide open  
Here where we do not weep?"  
"After a few more winters,  
After a night of gloom,  
When you, Budding-Rose, are larger,  
And we call you Rose-in-Bloom."

The years! They were brief and glowing  
And subtle as rich perfume;  
Each bringing a rich oblation  
To the saintly Rose-in-Bloom.  
Who of the angels, sweeping  
Past in the ambient air,  
Stopped not above the valley  
To linger, if she were there?

She sat by a crystal fountain  
Ringing its tiny bells,  
And braided the slender leafstalks  
Of the graceful asphodels.  
Softly her head dropped lower  
Over her pearly breast  
And again the vision of earth-life  
Broke on the angel's rest.

She saw them, as in the old time,  
Threading the gloomy night,  
Borne by a band of spirits  
Toward the valley bright.  
Have the years gone by, she murmured?  
Is the separation past?  
Then there were—oh, such greetings!  
For they all had met at last!

Like the light of a dream, in heaven,  
Hurry the beautiful years  
Over the ones who leave us  
Here with our selfish tears.  
We know that the sacred purpose  
Of life will be duly wrought  
If it be hidden from us,  
Far from the place we sought.



Written for the Little Bouquet.

**To Little Mary Fuller on Her First Birthday.**

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

One year old to-day,  
Our little baby girl;  
The cloud flecked skies with purest ray  
Blend azure tints with pearl;  
And all around the glorious May  
Her penons gay unfurl—  
Just as they welcomed you our pet  
To life and love that guard you yet.

Your footsteps falter now  
Upon a threshold new:  
Upon thy pure young baby brow  
Missteps have left no rue;  
Back from the tide of restless woe  
And fruits that feel its dew,  
No bitterness of sin and tears,  
To blight the joy of coming years.

Within thy tiny veins  
The lifeblood mingling flows,  
From Georgia's bright savannah plains,  
And bleak New England's snows.  
If beauty's spell around thee reign,  
May life some aim disclose,  
And the wild South fire may it be  
Calm from its own intensity.

Within your eyes I look,  
Sweet babe, so dark and deep—  
Your broad white brow a sealed book  
Of latent powers that sleep.  
Lithe restless limbs that will not brook  
A long restraint to keep;  
Affections power and fervid glow  
The sweetest pouting lips we know.

Sweet birdling of the May  
That fills our own home nest  
With glad music like the lay  
That thrills the woodbird's breast,  
Ever may flowers be round thy way  
Nor thorns to bring unrest;  
Till flowers immortal bloom for thee  
Still farther on, o'er death's dark sea.

**NATURAL HISTORY DEPARTMENT.****The Black Bear.**

Black Bears are natives of North America—our own country—and were well known in their native haunts, to the early settlers of the United States; even to this day they are not extinct. In the forests of Maine and other eastern States, and in the northern regions of the country westward, they are often seen and caught. They live mostly upon roots, nuts, etc., but will, when opportunity offers, catch the sheep and lambs of the farmer, or feed upon his growing wheat and green corn. They are also very fond of honey, and will take it from wild bees whenever they can find it. They are excellent climbers, sometimes going far up the highest forest trees. They will not attack man to destroy him, unless in self defence, or in defence of their young. Their flesh is considered good for food; by some epicurians\* it is much admired. The Black Bear may almost always be seen in menageries, and often in public and private parks. We saw a fine cub in Central Park, N. Y., a year since. Also two very fine full grown bears in the park at Worcester, Mass. It has been, and we are sorry to say is now, the custom of some who have care of little children to frighten them into obedience with "bear stories"—"bears will catch them," etc., if they do not mind. This is all untrue and wrong. Little ones should be relieved of all distrust, and when they read this short history of the Black Bear, we trust they will no longer fear, for we dare say there is no danger of harm from them.

\* Epicurian. This is a "dictionary" word, meaning "Luxurious," "given to luxury," "one who contributes largely to the luxuries of the table."

It refers to Epicurus and his followers, a school of Greek Philosophers who lived some 400 B. C. They taught that temperance in all things, producing bodily health and comfort, was necessary to happiness. Epicurus is said to have lived on barley cakes and water. Query: Why do our dictionaries give the above definition to the word?

**The Lion.**

Of all the animals of the cat family, this is the largest and most majestic. It is a native of Africa and Asia. The average length of a full grown Lion is from six to seven feet, exclusive of tail, and about three feet high—some are much larger. The Lion prefers an open, level country, such as would abound with antelopes, etc., with only shrubbery enough for shade and concealment. His favorite haunt is about some spring where he can be concealed and spring upon his prey as it comes to drink. In daytime, the Lion will skulk away from man, but at night becomes bold and will tear a bullock or horse from his enclosure, or pursue man and devour him. Some Lions have been born in America, in menageries, but they seldom live beyond the time of shedding their milk teeth, and not many over a few weeks. The probable reason is that the lioness cannot give them proper nourishment in her close confinement. The average age of the Lion is 25 years.

Although Lions abound in Africa, and are sometimes met with in families consisting of Lion, lioness, and two or four cubs nearly full grown; and although the males sometimes band together for hunting purposes, yet Dr. Livingston, the great traveler says, "One is in more danger of being run over in the streets of London than of being devoured by Lions in Africa."

**The Leopard.**

Leopards are found in Africa and India. They are *carnivorous*—are of a tawny yellow color, whitish below the sides, and are covered with numerous circles formed of from three to five spots of black. They are very slender, active and graceful in movement. The full grown Leopard has a body about thirty-eight inches long; tail twenty-seven inches; height of body, twenty-six inches. They inhabit thick forests, preying upon the antelope, deer and smaller animals. They are excellent climbers, and are often shot from trees into which they have been chased by dogs. Leopards are easily tamed and can be trained to chase deer like a hound. In Africa they are valued only for their skin, which is worn by persons of distinction.

**The Giraffe or Camelopard.**

This curious animal is found in Africa; is of the ruminating species. Observe its form! How well adapted to its mode of living! How easily it could crop the tender boughs of young trees.

The nostrils of the Giraffe are provided with muscles of such action, that they open and shut like the eye. It has beautiful eyes, extremely large, soft and brilliant, and so placed that it can see what is passing on all sides and even behind it. It is, there-

fore, very shy, but if surprised it will kick with such rapidity and precision as to defend itself even from the attacks of the Lion. Its horny hoofs are split, and are very hard and sharp. The Giraffe is very docile when tamed. Will lick the hand that feeds it, and otherwise manifest its kindness.

The full grown Giraffe is of the following proportions: Head, 1 foot 8 inches; forelegs, 10 feet; from upper part of foreleg to top of head, 7 feet; length of hind leg, 8 feet.

**The Great Ant Eater.**

Ant eaters are natives of South America. There are three kinds. Our cut represents the largest and most interesting variety. When full grown, they measure four feet six inches from snout to origin of tail, and three feet three inches more to the end of the tail. Their heads are thirteen and a half inches long, from the snout to the roots of the ears. The tongue can be extended to the length of sixteen or eighteen inches; their claws are two inches and a half long, and are used as weapons in self-defence, and for tearing open anthills. Their principal food is ants, hence their names. Their hair is long, loose and flowing, the tail being very bushy. They are sluggish creatures! a man can easily walk faster than one of them can run. If they are pursued and hard pressed, they turn, sit upon their haunches and with their claws try to protect themselves; or if they can grapple with their adversary, they will try to hug him to death. They always remain upon the ground, and are, if unmolested, very harmless in their dispositions.

**The Codfish.**

We have several varieties of the Codfish. The *American Cod* is found off the New England coast, from New York to the St. Lawrence River. This variety grows to a great size, the largest weighing as high as one hundred and seven pounds. The *tom cod* is a much smaller fish; is caught all along the coast of New England, and sold in the markets as "fresh cod," in large quantities. The common, or *bark cod*, is well known the world over, especially by the "cod-fish aristocracy."

This fish is caught in abundance on the Grand Banks, in deep water, off the coast of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Labrador. It is a thick heavy fish, sometimes weighing ninety pounds. Its color is a greenish brown—fading into ash in the dead fish. The cod is a very voracious creature, lives upon small fish, marine worms, and shell fish. It is a great collector of deep sea specimens, otherwise unattainable. Naturalists obtain many rare shells from their stomachs. There is a great deal of capital invested in the fishing interests. Two thousand vessels go out from our ports every spring, (returning in November,) employing upwards of 10,000 men, who bring in 600,000 cwt. of fish. These are estimated at \$2,000,000. The oil extracted from their livers is estimated at \$100,000 more. The fishing interest has been, and is a matter of much contention between our own and the English government. Several of our war vessels have gone to the fishing grounds to protect our fishermen this season.



## LITTLE BOUQUET.

CHICAGO, MAY, 1886.

OFFICE 84, 86 &amp; 88 DEARBORN STREET, THIRD FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
PRINTERS AND PROPRIETORS.

GEO. H. JONES, Secretary. S. S. JONES, President.

## Salutatory.

DEAR CHILDREN: For a long time we have been watching with much interest the increasing demands of your young minds for light and truth, and have anxiously awaited the time when we could publish a little paper just suited to your needs.

We feel now that the time has fully come to publish such a paper, and this, our first number of the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, will bear to you our greeting and kindest feelings. We "older folks" have all been children as you are. By education and experience we have been brought forward to the places we occupy, and we know that you will advance to similar positions by the same general means.

Shall we try to help you? Shall we tell you stories of our lives that will show you the winding way we came, hoping that thereby yours may be better? Shall we appeal to the life that is within your dear little bodies, and try to call it out in beauty and usefulness?

We want to do so; and the only object we have in publishing the *LITTLE BOUQUET* is, that through it you may be made happier and wiser. You know how sunshine makes the flowers grow, and how sweet their fragrance makes the air we breathe; well, kindness expressed by one to another is to him who receives—and to him who gives also—like sunshine to flowers. Our natures grow and become fragrant—sweet—when we live in kindly relations to all.

We hope this *LITTLE BOUQUET* will be so arranged—so well made up—the recipient of so many kind sympathies and aids, that it will be fragrant, indeed; that its coming will be patiently awaited by every dear child who reads its contents. If so, then we shall know that you are being benefited, and that the *LITTLE BOUQUET* is a blessing to every household where "tiny feet make music on the floor." Children, will you help us? We want the *LITTLE BOUQUET* to go into every Lyceum—into the hands of every member of the Lyceum—and into every family; we want the rich and poor to read it and receive its blessings.

In neighborhoods where there are no Lyceums, you can form clubs and send for it, or if you are alone, you can have it as well, and it will be company for you. Now let all the children rally to the support of this, their new friend. We will not fail to do all in our power to help and bless you.

## TO PARENTS AND FRIENDS:

The *LITTLE BOUQUET* is and shall be the embodiment of our best effort in behalf of the rising generation. We are aware that the prevailing systems of education are wrong, that from the nursery to the pulpit there is an absolute demand for reform. Our purpose is to suggest and stimulate such reform through the columns of the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, and to direct the child mind away from the dismal superstitions of Theology to the cheerful suggestions and wise teachings of Nature. We, therefore, confidently call upon you to aid us in giving to the children a paper of unmistakable merit and efficiency. Do not fail to remember that, as the child is trained in belief and manner, so is manhood or womanhood substantial and noble, or the reverse, and that our best opportunity for doing good to the world is through and with the children.

## TO OFFICERS, MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS:

The *LITTLE BOUQUET* will be especially devoted to the interests of the Lyceum Movement. We believe the Lyceum to be a "child of the New Dispensation," an embodiment of the true idea of education; therefore to elucidate its plan and advance its interests will be one of our leading efforts. We know how much the children love the Lyceum, and with what noble zeal Officers and Leaders have labored for it;

and, too, how heartily it has been supported by all true friends of educational reform. The *LITTLE BOUQUET* may be made an instrument of great use to you all. Through its columns each Lyceum may know of all others; and such acquaintance may lead to mutual efforts resulting in a degree of success not known before. By diagrams our gymnastics may be extended and systematized; our movements and plans explained so that all can understand. Let every officer and member of the Lyceum peruse the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, become interested with us in its work and welfare, and we know that it will be a success.

Let us, then, all together strive to maintain a paper in the interests of children and education worthy of the grand ideas and system of philosophy we so much love.

## Anti-Tobacco Army.

Perhaps all of the children do not know of the "Anti-Tobacco Army" that has been organized in connection with the Progressive Lyceum Movement. So we want to tell you something about it. It was organized in 1863 by the New York Lyceum No. 1, and all of the little boys and girls, as well as many men and women, were very much interested in it. The purpose of this "army" is to discountenance and prevent the use of tobacco. Who could not say amen to that? Is there a boy in the United States who really thinks he would be better using tobacco? Is there one who does not know that it would injure him? Is there a girl who does not dislike it, and who would not by far prefer that her brothers or associates would not use it? We think that all can join in an effort to prevent the use of tobacco.

The nucleus of this organization is a pledge. When any sign this, they receive a certificate of membership from the Secretary of the Lyceum to which they belong, or where they sign, and are thus fully enrolled against the enemy of good taste, good health and happiness. The pledge is as follows:

"Believing that smoking, snuffing and chewing are uncleanly, unhealthy, demoralizing, unnecessary, and expensive, I hereby pledge to abstain from the use of tobacco in all its forms, totally and forever."

We have only seen a few who felt that they could not sign this pledge; and what do you suppose their reasons were? Why, they had used tobacco so long, had become such slaves to it that they could not do without it! Oh, how sorry they were that they had ever used it. Do you suppose the first time they took "just a little bit to see how it tasted," they had any thought or fear that the "little bit" would lead to a "plug a day"? Do you suppose the boy who starts with his first cigar in his mouth, thinking it is manly, has any fear that it is the beginning of slavery? Look out, little boy! Better abstain from its use "totally and forever."

We have seen men sign this pledge whose hands trembled so badly, that they could hardly hold the pen with which they wrote, because the use of tobacco had nearly destroyed the nervous system, but they have kept their promise, and rejoice that they have been delivered from a habit so foul.

Could not every boy and girl, every young man and woman sign this pledge without reservation and by keeping it sacredly be very much benefited thereby? We think so, and hope there will be no lack of interest in a cause so worthy. There is a great work to be done! Think of it and spare no effort that you can make to discountenance and prevent the use of tobacco. Especially do we hope that the members of Lyceums will organize "Anti-Tobacco Armies," and thus place themselves in the ranks of practical reform.

## Fraternal.

The electrotype of the "Children's Lyceum in Session," "Scale of Groups," and the embellished card on page 6, were kindly furnished us for the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, by Bela Marsh, Esq., Publisher of "Lyceum Manual," Boston, Mass.

The citizens of Charlestown, Mass., are about to organize another Children's Lyceum.

## Order of Exercises, Suggestions, etc.

In another column of this paper, we have introduced an "Order" for the "opening exercises" of Lyceums; also have appended thereto, a list of signals to be used during the session. No one, we trust, will for a moment look upon these suggestions, or this "order" as arbitrary or final. It is, or should be understood that the qualifying prefix in the name indicates the spirit of the Lyceum movement. It is "progressive," and this precludes the possibility of finality in arrangement. But at the same time it suggests utility, and out of order come the happiest results in the direction of use and profit.

We have witnessed fifteen or twenty of the Lyceums in operation, and observe that there is often a lack of directness, and waste of time, which the adoption of a simple programme of movements would quickly obviate: hence our suggestions in this direction. Whatever use can be made of them, or whatever improvement can be added, will make us alike happy.

## Our Frontispiece.

We call the especial attention of the many thousand children and youth who will see and admire this, the first number of the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, to its heading. The artist has done the subject justice. The design is intended to carry out some beautiful thoughts, which will be plain to those who scan it well. We really hope you will study it carefully, and discover its signification. If you will do so and will write a truthful and fine composition descriptive of its true meaning—the one sending the best, shall receive, at the end of the year as a gift from our Corporation, a nicely bound volume of the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, and the article shall be published in its columns.

There is a very fine Children's Lyceum in operation at Foxboro', Mass. The Guardian of Groups, Miss E. A. Chittenden, informs us that the children want "Sunday to come oftener than once a week." On the other hand, among children who attend Orthodox Sunday Schools, you will hear one whispering to the other, "oh, I wish Sunday was over—wish it wouldn't come more than once a month."

## Our Cotemporaries.

**THE LITTLE PILGRIM:** A monthly journal for girls and boys. Edited by Grace Greenwood; published by Leander K. Lippincott, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, 60cts. per year single copies; 5 copies \$2.75.

This is a finely edited and wholesome little journal, ahead of the most of its cotemporaries, in clearness of thought and liberality of sentiment. We have always felt a thrill of pleasure when we met with it in the family reading room. We wish it a long life and abundant prosperity.

**THE LITTLE CORPORAL:** A monthly journal for boys and girls. Published in Chicago. Edited by Alfred L. Sewell. \$1 per annum single copies. For \$6 six copies and one extra copy to the agent. Address Alfred L. Sewell, care Dunlop, Sewell & Spaulding.

The *Little Corporal* has for its motto, "FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG, for the Good, the True and the Beautiful." It is filled with original and very interesting matter for children, and, indeed, "older folks" might well forget the passage of time as they perused its pages. So far as we have seen it, it is free from sickly cant, with which too many of our papers for children are filled. We wish all the children could have it to read.

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS:** An illustrated magazine for boys and girls. Published monthly by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, Mass. Edited by J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton and Lucy Larcom.

This is by far the most extensive publication for children in the country—perhaps the best in the country or the world. Its editors and corps of contributors are a warrant for its excellence. It is high toned, original and instructive. In its department of thought it is doing a great good work, and none but narrow minds can fail to rejoice in its prosperity.

Price \$2 per annum; single copy 20 cts.



### Opening Exercises of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

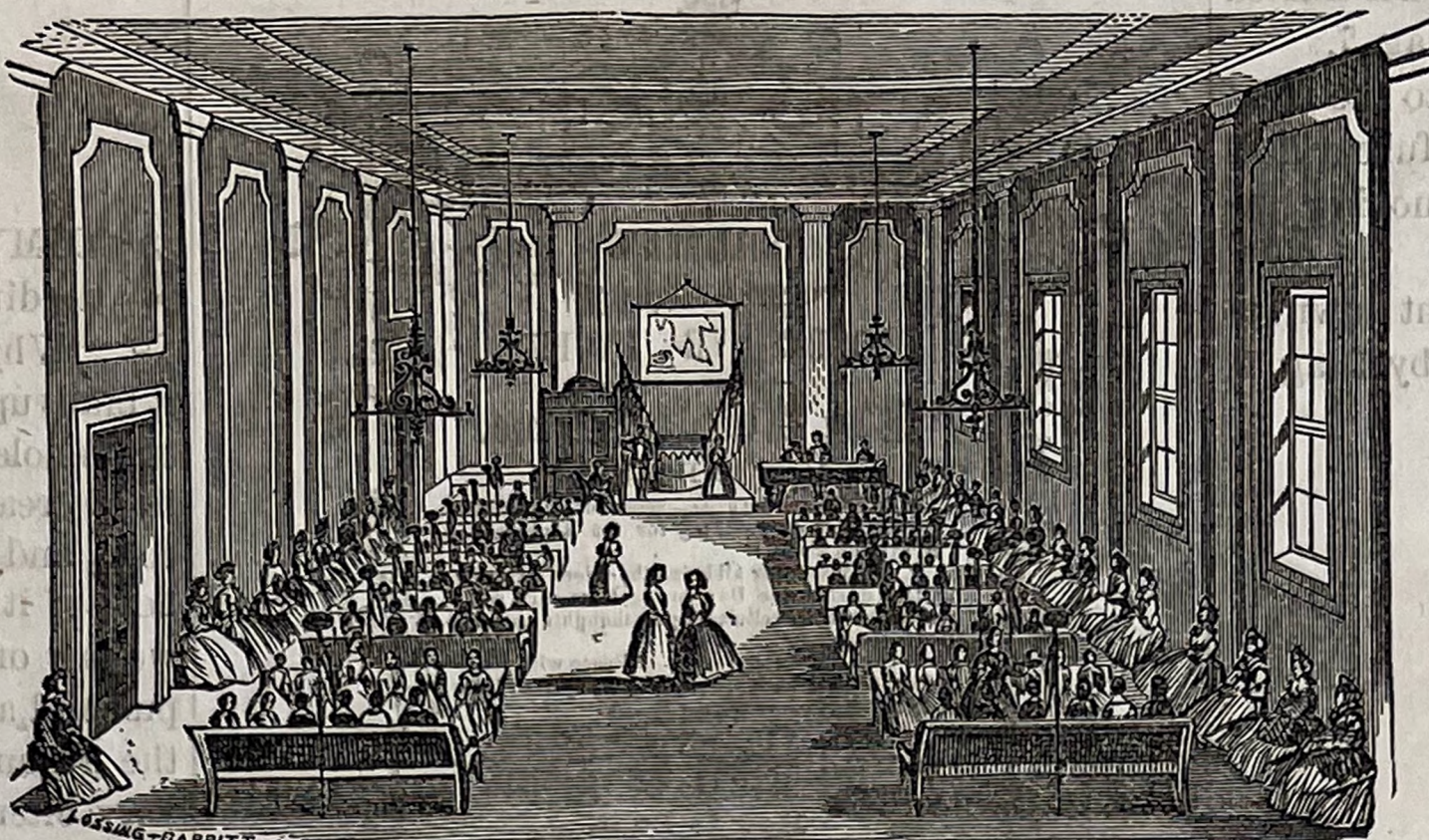
*First*—At the appointed hour the Conductor gives five strokes on a hand bell, or with a gavel—(the bell is preferable)—which is a signal for Leaders and Members to assemble in Groups, each Group around its respective Station Target. *Note*—The Targets should always be put in position by the Guards having charge of the room and "Lyceum Equipments" prior to the time for opening the Lyceum.

*Second*—One stroke of the bell or gavel calls to order, and every person in the room should be seated. *Note*—Perfect silence should be observed by all when this signal is given.

*Third*—Two strokes of the bell call up all subordinate officers and Leaders, who at once proceed to make such arrangements as will secure perfect ease and order in his or her department during the coming exercises. The Guardian, assisted, will distribute Badges and cards of membership to Leaders; the Librarian distributes Manuals to members (and visitors, if practicable;) the Leaders take names of new members, issue cards of membership, and append badges.

*Fourth*—The duties of subordinate officers being thus performed, one stroke of the bell calls all to order again.

*Fifth*—Three strokes of the bell call



CHILDREN'S LYCEUM IN SESSION.

The Scale of Groups and Colors in Lyceum No. 1.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Numbers of the GROUPS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Titles of the GROUPS.	Fountain GROUP	Stream GROUP	River GROUP	Lake GROUP	Sea GROUP	Ocean GROUP	Shore GROUP	Beacon GROUP	Banner GROUP	Star GROUP	Excelsior GROUP	Liberty GROUP
Ages of Members.	4 Years.	5 Years.	6 Years.	7 Years.	8 Years.	9 Years.	10 Years.	11 Years.	12 Years.	13 Years.	14 Years.	15 and upward
Colors of the Badges.	Red.	Pearl.	Orange.	Lilac.	Yellow.	Purple.	Green.	Blue.	Crimson.	Azure.	Violet.	White.
Language of the Colors.	Opening Love.	Reciprocal Love.	Constructive Love.	Expanding Love.	Ascending Love.	Universal Love.	Love of the Useful.	Love of Justice.	Love of Power.	Love of the Beautiful.	Love of Aspiration.	Love of Harmony.

all officers and members of the Lyceum to their feet. *Note*—This movement should be executed quietly, gracefully and simultaneously; each one standing in the exact position in which he or she rises, until the order given by the Conductor,

#### ATTENTION,

when all face the Conductor's stand, assuming position represented by Diagram 1. *Note*—Always in "facing" or "about facing" turn to the right, unless otherwise directed by the order, "left face" or "left about face." When "attention" is ordered, turn to the right, if necessary to turn at all.

*Sixth*—With these preliminaries, which may be made uniform without detriment, the Lyceum is open for the special arrangement of exercises which each corps of officers or Conductor may adopt. Singing, silver chain readings, gymnastics, lessons, declamation, marching, etc., may be arranged to suit different occasions.

#### LIST OF SIGNALS.

1. Calls to order, and seats officers and members.
  2. Calls up officers.
  3. Calls up members and officers.
  4. Calls up "Target Bearers."
  5. Assembles officers and members in their respective groups.
- Three signals, repeated, dismisses the Lyceum.

### Children's Progressive Lyceum Exercises.

The following Diagrams have been prepared expressly for the LITTLE BOUQUET, for the purpose of illustrating the exercises in "Free Gymnastics," as taught and practised in the "Children's Progressive Lyceum." We propose to continue these illustrations in the order used; and we suggest that as far as pleasant or practicable, they be adopted by the several Lyceums, thus securing a unity in the "order of exercises," and enabling children visiting different Lyceums, or on picnic and other public occasions where Lyceums unite, to enter at once into the exercises, without confusion.

What a grand sight it would be to see thousands of children come together from different locations, and all "fall into line," for a "Banner March," or at a given signal, move gracefully into "position" for the "Wing Movements"! And then thousands of little hands uplifted and moved to the time of delightful music! It would be the "poetry of motion," and the "melody of soul" combined.

Diag. 1.

Diag. 2.



1st Position.



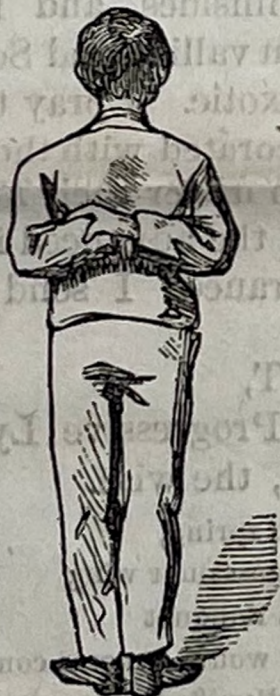
1st Movement.

**FIRST POSITION.**—Body erect, head up, shoulders well back, hands at sides, heels together, toes turned naturally out. This is, in all cases, known as the "first position," and in all exercises, we proceed from this attitude in a given order.

**FIRST MOVEMENT—Fold arms.**—Always in executing orders of a single movement, remain motionless until the last word of the order is given. When the word *arms* is spoken, assume position represented by Diagram 2.

Diag. 3.

Diag. 4.



2d Movement.



3d Movement.

**SECOND MOVEMENT—Reverse Arms.**—Observe the same rule in executing the order as before, folding the arms behind. The body remaining unmoved. Diag. 3 shows the position of the arms reversed.

**THIRD MOVEMENT—Rest Arms.**—With this order the hands are brought to the hips as represented by Diag. 4. Observe that the open hands rest upon the hips with the thumbs pointing forward.

**FOURTH MOVEMENT—Arms Free.**—Return arms to 1st position as shown by Diag. 1, and by dotted lines in Diag. 4.

### The Wing Movements.

The wing movements are the exercises of the happy children of the "Summer Land." Besides being healthful and beautiful, these Musical Motions are exhilarating and truly suggestive of flights in the atmosphere.

The position of the body while these movements are being made should be perfectly erect, heels together, toes turned naturally sideward, shoulders back, without leaning backwards, head straight up from the neck, in short, the entire bodily position should be as perfect as possible.

The children standing in 1st position, (see Diag. 1,) receive the order "prepare for wing movements." On the pronunciation of the last word of the order, they assume position represented by Diag. 5.

**DIAG. 5.**—Right hand resting upon the left at waist, palms together, forearm horizontal. (The children are all facing the conductor or guardian—either may

Diag. 5.

Diag. 6.



1st Position of Wing Movement.



1st Wing movement.

lead in the exercises—who stands in an elevated position with left hand resting on the right, and who will move the left hand first, thus making the direction of his or her motions uniform with those of the children. Let this be observed in all of the exercises.)

**MUSIC.**—(2-4, 4-4, or any equivalent time is appropriate. Without music, the Leader can count 1-2-3-4, etc.)

Play first strain and repeat—children standing in position. On the first beat of the "repeat," the right hand is carried gracefully out and up as per dotted line, to position shown by Diag. 6. Observe that the palm of the hand is up.

Diag. 7.

Diag. 8.



2d Wing Movement.



3d Wing Movement.



On the second beat of the music, the hand is carried as per dotted line to position shown by Diag. 7.

On the third beat, the hand is brought to the right of the head, as in Diag. 8, making a graceful curve as per dotted line by bending the wrist, moving the elbow as little as possible.

On the fourth beat the hand is brought down to 1st position of wing movement as shown by Diag. 9.

Diag. 9.



4th Wing Movement.

Diag. 9 also shows by dotted lines the four motions combined. First, the hand moves from first position of wing movement per dotted line to fig. 1, thence to fig. 2, thence to fig. 3, thence returns to place. These movements are usually repeated four times with each hand, (first the right, then the left,) then alternately twice, then simultaneously (both hands move at the same time) four times. The simultaneous movements are shown by Diags. 10 and 11.

Diag. 10.



Starting from position shown by Diag. 5, each hand is carried to fig. 1, thence to fig. 2, (see Diag. 10) thence to fig. 3, (see Diag. 11), thence to first position of wing movement at fig. 4. Do not fail to observe the direction of the dotted lines, and the position of the hands at each figure.

Diag. 11.



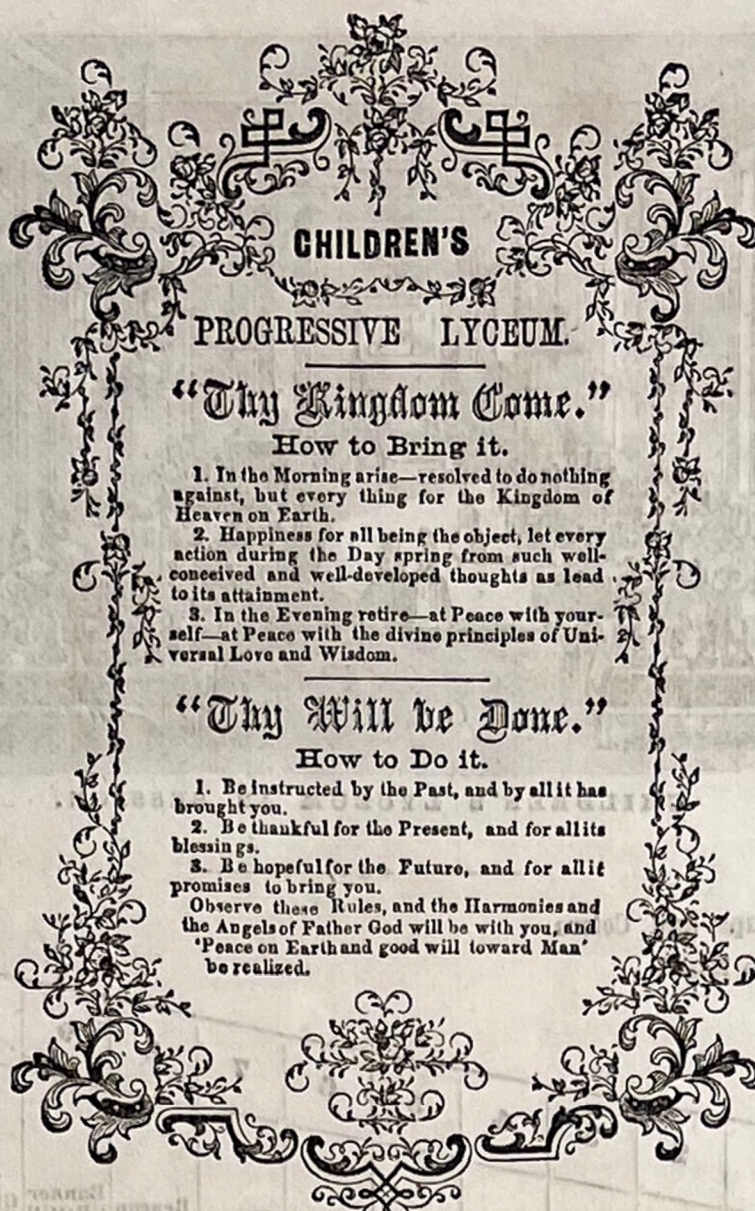
These Diagrams illustrate the "wing movements" complete, as presented by Andrew Jackson Davis.

#### Letter from Mrs. J. Davis.

MESSENGERS. EDITORS: \* \* \* \* My little girl says her LITTLE BOUQUET will seem so much nicer to her as she has earned the money herself to pay for it. It is the first she ever earned, at tatting work, which she sold to the neighbors, enough to pay for it. She thinks that many little girls might do the same if they tried to.

Yours for truth,  
Milwaukee, Wis., April 26, 1866.

JANE DAVIS.



#### Letter From D. H. Shaffer.

DEAR EDITOR: I am delighted that you have concluded to begin the establishment of a LARGE GARDEN, wherein to cultivate flowers choice and rare to form into sweet bouquets. Through the columns of the JOURNAL, you ask for material aid, as well as *Seeds, Bulbs and Roots*, to begin the spring-time planting. Although you have many rich native flowers in your wide-spread prairies, you call for specimens from the Northern hillsides, and Eastern mountain slopes; from Western valleys, and Southern plains, native, cultivated and exotic. I pray that the young may be adorned and decorated with their loveliness and beauty, and grow up under their healthful and invigorating influence, and the advanced in years may be blessed by their fragrance. I send you a small

#### BOUQUET,

Respectfully inscribed to all Progressive Lyceums, as well as to the good, the true, the wise.

A beautiful fairy, one morning in spring,  
To a sweet blooming garden, on gossamer wing  
Made a visit, on purpose to cull a Bouquet  
Which, to the good and the wise, would a moral convey.  
The first choice she made was a dignified rose:  
"Dearest fairy," said she, "sure every one knows,  
That in spring, summer, autumn, in sunshine and showers,  
I am praised and adored as the fair queen of flowers,  
In vain other flowers their influence have tried—  
I flourish and bloom in my glory and pride;  
When my beauty has faded, my glory has fled,  
A fragrance more lasting around me I shed,  
Then, take me kind fairy, to be worn as a prize  
On the brow of the good, and the true, and the wise."

Near by to the Rose, bloomed a Lily so fair,  
Whose rich fragrance was scattered abroad on the air;  
A little bee found a snug home in her cup  
And from her sweet petals did honey dew sup.  
The fairy gazed on her most exquisite form  
So tender and frail, as she bow'd to the storm,  
Robed in chaste virgin white, and bright emerald green,  
While the rich golden pollen was scattered within.  
A shower had fallen and watered the ground,  
And delicious perfume, in the air did abound.  
The Lily she smiled as the drops from the shower  
Like diamonds shone bright, and bedecked her all o'er.  
The fairy approached her to bear her away,  
As a choice floral gem in her morning bouquet.

When lo, and behold, as the fairy drew nigh,  
'Neath the Rose and the Lily, a flow'r met her eye;  
It was that of a modest and sweet Violet:  
Thou art worthy a place in a Queen's coronet;  
For thou art a symbol of modesty blest;  
In purity's raiment the Lily is drest,  
The Rose is an emblem of love it is true,  
And if you're good children, this Bouquet's for you.

Cincinnati, April 18, 1866.

DAVID H. SHAFFER.

An Anti-Tobacco Army was organized by the members of the Progressive Lyceum in Sturgis, Mich., in June last. It now numbers hundreds of members, and is in a flourishing condition.

Written for the Little Bouquet.

#### About Insects.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,  
634 Race st., Philadelphia.

TOMMY said: "Papa, how do the little ants carry the dirt out of their holes and lay it around them?"

"Why, my son, the ant has a pair of pincers and it takes up a grain of sand in these and carries it out of its hole and lays it on the top of the ground. These little creatures are very wise; they take grains of corn, and if one cannot carry it, two or three take hold of it and all pull together. Like the sailors that we saw on the ship, they give 'a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether,' and then they get it into the ground. When corn is put into the ground it very often grows. So God has taught these little insects to eat out the germ which is in the soft part of the corn, and which is the only part that will grow—and when they have done this, they can pack it away and keep it a long time for their winter food. Solomon, a very wise man, said, 'Go to the ant thou sluggard,' and we may all learn something from these little insects, but we must not do all that they do, for they have armies and fight—and some of them make slaves of other ants and make them work without pay, and this is wrong. Not long ago we were like the ants; we had armies of men fighting and killing one another, and we had slavery, and some white men thought they had the right to hold black men and women in bondage, and buy and sell them, just as we do horses and cows. When the war came, our good President Abraham Lincoln, said they should not hold slaves any more."

"That was very good; I love Abraham Lincoln. Mamma tells me they don't sell any little colored babies now," said Tommy.

"It is the black ants that hold white ones in slavery; but it don't make any difference about the color. People don't think or feel with their color, but they do with their minds. In some hot countries these ants build quite large houses, as big as Marian Dyott's playhouse, and they have rooms in them like that has."

"I think a good many ants could live in such a house as that. Does thee think they can make as nice a house?" asked Tommy.

"I have never seen these houses. I have read about them and can show thee the pictures of them. Many men have watched these insects and given very interesting descriptions of their habits; and when we read about them, we will look at these curious little things with much more interest. Little children always love one another, but when you meet with boys and girls whom you know, you feel much more interested in them; so when you know about these insects, how curious they are, and how many cunning things they do, you will love them better, and not tread on them or hurt them."

"Papa," said Tommy, "I wish I knew all about all the things that God has made, then I would love them better."

"Yes, my son, and when we know all we can about what God has made, we not only love them better, but we love Him better also. God has given us minds to learn all we can about His works, and it is right for little boys and girls to ask all the questions they can, for this is the best way to learn. Men and women are asking questions of one another, and the of things around them; and as they receive answers they, too, are happier and better. The little ants build their houses for the same reasons that men and women do—to live in them, and take care of their children, and thus enjoy life."

"Why, papa, do ants have little babies? I never saw any."

"Yes, my son, they have their young ones, though they are not little, or else they would all die, and we should not see them all around us as we now do. These ants talk to each other—they have a language of their own; it is not like our language. Would thee like to know how we know they talk to each other, as we cannot hear them? These little creatures are very fond of sugar and molasses"—



"That shows their good sense," interrupted Tommy, "for I like these."

"A gentleman was very much annoyed by these little creatures eating his molasses. So he drove a hook up in the middle of the ceiling of his room and hung his jug on a string. It was safe enough here for several days, but he thought he would try an experiment; so he took one of the ants and put it on the jug. After it had eaten as much as it wanted, it walked up the string, and across the ceiling and down the wall to its nest; and when it got home it made a speech to the other ants. It stood up and spoke right loud, as little boys and girls ought to when they have any good news to tell, and I think this is what it said: 'My brothers and sisters—do you remember the great molasses jug, out of which we have all fed and enjoyed ourselves so often? well, I have found where it is,' (great applause—the little ants all clapped their hands,) 'and I have found the way to get to it,' (still louder applause which waked up even the most sleepy of them,) 'well,' said he, when order was again established, 'it was through great peril, for I was taken up by a great big man and carried a long distance, and set down on the self same jug. After I got over the fright of my journey, and the fear of being pinched to death in his fingers, I saw where I was, and began at once to eat my dinner, and when I had finished this I was somewhat alarmed for fear I would never get away; but seeing a rope I walked up that to the top of this great room, and then I found my way home without much difficulty.' Seeing how well fed he was, they all at once set out and in a few hours long winding trains were seen making their way up to the ceiling, across to the string, and down to the much desired treasure.

"That is all I have time to tell you to-day."

## RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

### About Enigmas, etc.

Perhaps some of our readers may not know the correct definition of the words "*Enigma*," "*Charade*," "*Rebus*," etc., and therefore would not understand how to proceed to solve the various problems presented in this department. The following explanation will help them in this direction:

The word *Enigma* is a comprehensive term, that may be applied to any riddle, of whatever nature it may be.

A *Charade* is an enigma composed of a word that may be syllabically divided into other words, which are severally described as *first*, *second* and *third*, or *fourth*, as the case may be; while all together are called the *whole*.

A *Rebus* is strictly a pictorial enigma; but this word is now very frequently used to designate all those irregular forms of enigmas which are supposed to require a separate name.

An *Anagram* consists of a word transposed into other words. A *Logogryph* is a riddle formed on a similar plan, but on a larger scale. A *Transposition* is the same as an *Anagram*.

### Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 10, 4, 13, 2 is a gulf on the north of Russia.

" 11, 9, 7, 5, 6, 4 is a mountain in Texas.

" 7, 5, 3, 1, 12, 13 is one of the West India islands.

" 9, 4, 9, 12, 13 is a lake in Wisconsin.

" 8, 4, 13, 12, 2 is a strait in Wales.

" 13, 12, 1, 4 is a river in Africa.

" 9, 2, 13, 7, 8, 11 is a city in New Grenada.

My whole is a beautiful sheet of water in the United States.

### Anagram.

Thaw fi het rulapop threab lousdh mand eth nus  
Ni sih andiriem logyr?—tosd outh knith  
Sih seamb loudw lafi sels thyrglib?

### Riddle.

With much labor and care I am cut down to be saved; scattered and thrown about to be gathered up; though young, I am withered; sweet without being perfumed; and at last laid away to be used in winter.

## PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM REGISTER.

### CHICAGO, ILL.

Lyceum organized February 25, 1866.

Dr. J. S. Avery, Conductor; Mrs. C. A. Dye, Guardian.

No. of members, one hundred.

### MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Lyceum organized Feb. 11, 1866. Meets every Sunday at 2 p.m., at Sivyers Hall.

G. W. Williams, Conductor; Sarah Dickinson, Guardian.

The number of members recorded on the new books (our first books were burned,) is eighty-four. We are prospering finely.

G. A. WILLIAMS, Conductor.

### TROY, N. Y.

Lyceum organized May 6, 1866. Meets in Harmony Hall, every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Henry Rousseau, Conductor; Mrs. Louise Keith, Guardian.

Has nearly one hundred members.

### CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Meets at Temperance Hall, 184 Superior street.

J. A. Jewett, Conductor; Mrs. D. A. Eddy, Guardian.

Has one hundred members.

### PHILADELPHIA, PENN., No. 1.

M. B. Dyott, Conductor; Arrabella Ballenger, Guardian.

Meets at Sansom street Hall every Sunday at 3 p. m., except July and August, in which the summer recess occurs.

Number of members, two hundred and twenty-five.

### PHILADELPHIA, PENN., No. 2.

Meetings held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock at Thompson street Church, below Front street.

Isaac Rehn, Conductor; Mrs. Stretch, Guardian.

Number of members, one hundred.

### STURGIS, MICH.

Organized May 24, 1863. Meets every Sunday at 12:30 p. m., in the Free Church.

John B. Jacobs, Conductor; Mrs. Nellie Smith, Guardian.

Number of members, one hundred and twenty-five.

### ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Organized April 1, 1866. Meets every Sunday, at 2:30 p. m., at Mrs. L. Hayden's Gymnasium rooms, Washington Hall.

Mrs. Jonathan Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian.

### SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m.

Wm. H. Planck, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Planck, Guardian.

### ST. LOUIS, MO.

Organized December, 1865. Meets every Sunday, at 2:30 p. m., at Mercantile Hall.

Col. Wm. E. Moberly, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Blood, Guardian.

### SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Lyceum meets in Hall of Friends of Progress every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m.

### VINELAND, N. J.

Lyceum organized Feb. 11, 1866. Meets every Sunday at 1 o'clock p. m.

Hosea Allen, Conductor; Mrs. Deborah Butler, Guardian.

### NEW YORK CITY.

Lyceum organized Jan. 25, 1863—(first ever organized.) Meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at Ebbitt Hall, No. 55 West 33d Street, near Broadway.

A. J. Davis, Conductor; Mary F. Davis, Guardian.

### PUTNAM, CONN.

Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., in Central Hall.

### PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., in Pratt's Hall, Waybosset street.

### WORCESTER, MASS.

Lyceum meets every Sunday at 11:30 a. m., in Horticultural Hall.

Mr. E. R. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian.

### PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Lyceum meets every Sunday at 11 a. m., in Leyden Hall.

### HAVERHILL, MASS.

Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 a. m., in Music Hall.

### LOWELL, MASS.

Lyceum meets every Sunday in the forenoon, in the Lee Street Church.

### CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

Two Lyceums; one meets at 10 a. m., in Washington Hall, the other at 10:30 a. m., in Mechanics' Hall.

Battle Creek, Mich., Richmond, Indiana, Coldwater, Mich., and other societies have Lyceums from which we have received no report. If conductors will furnish us with reports, including date of organization, place and time of meeting, name of Conductor and Guardian, we shall be very happy to insert them in the Register. We shall expect to be notified when changes take place.

### Items.

The Orthodox folks in the city of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia, begin to drill their Sunday School children in gymnastics, and to march with flags, on each succeeding Saturday afternoon—to keep them from joining the children's Lyceum!

There is an Anti-Tobacco army at Battle Creek, Mich. We hope to record many more soon.

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## LITTLE BOUQUET,

Published on the 15th day of each month, at Chicago, Ill., by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association.

## THE LITTLE BOUQUET

Is exclusively devoted to the interests of

## CHILDREN AND YOUTH

And is an especial advocate of

## CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

It contains eight pages, printed upon fine, clear white paper, and is embellished with electrotype illustrations, which give it a most attractive appearance.

It will abound with short, pithy articles, contributed by the best writers of the age, all of which will be adapted to the unfoldment of the youthful mind to the highest standard of truth and goodness. Its sole aim is to begin at the foundation, and lay the basis of a noble character and pure principles, by inculcating those sentiments of virtue in the hearts of tender children, which will bring forth rich fruits in mature life.

It is the intention of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association to publish the LITTLE BOUQUET weekly, at as early a date as the subscription list will justify it in so doing.

No exertions will be spared to make it the most desirable paper ever published for Children and Youth.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, One Dollar in advance.

Clubs of ten subscribers for one year will entitle the one making up the club to a copy for one year, free.

All letters should be addressed to LITTLE BOUQUET, P. O. Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

S. S. JONES, President of the  
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

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WM. HYATT, Cincinnati, Ohio.

L. D. HANDY, Providence, R. I.



## LITTLE BOUQUET.

Words and Music composed expressly for the LITTLE BOUQUET, by H. M. HIGGINS, 115 Randolph Street, Chicago.

## LULU MAY.

Tenderly.

H. M. HIGGINS.

1. A little green grave all white with snow, A dear lit-tle bod-y ly-ing low! Is all the world may

ev-er know Of the sleep-ing form be-neath the snow. Still mem'ry holds as sweet-ly dear,

Our angel babe with sun-ny hair; Child of ten-derest love and care— Lu-lu, dar-ling, Lu-lu May!

Chorus.

Lu-lu, Lu-lu! Dar-ling Lu-lu! Dear-est, sweetest Lulu May; Guardian an-gels watching o'er Our sweet darling Lulu May!

Lu-lu, Lu-lu! Dar-ling Lu-lu! Dear-est, sweetest Lulu May; Guardian an-gels watching o'er Our sweet darling Lulu May!

2.

'Twas on a chill and weary day,  
We laid her 'neath the lonely clay;  
From our tear-dimmed eyes astray  
Guardian angels led the way.  
How we loved her! none can tell,  
But those, like us, who've loved as well;  
Her name is now a magic spell,  
Our precious darling, Lulu May!

3.

Shrinking from her childish glee,  
Clinging close to mamma's knee,  
In her face we well could see  
How brief on earth her time must be;  
Faded thus our blossom fair,  
A little child with sunny hair—  
Child of tenderest love and care,  
Our sweet darling, Lulu May!

4.

Swiftly the seasons come and go,  
Thickly falls the drifting snow,  
O'er a little grave, we know,  
Flowers bud and bloom and grow.  
Passing through a pearly door,  
Her feet now tread the shining shore,  
Fair and fadeless ever more,  
Our sweet darling, Lulu May!





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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING  
ASSOCIATION, PROPRIETORS. }

CHICAGO, MAY, 1866.

VOL. I.—NO. 1.

Written for the Little Bouquet.

### An Acrostic.

BY C. B. B.

Till the young are weaned from errors,  
Handed down from times of old;  
Every child will feel the terrors,

Learned from fables that are told.  
Is the sun less bright than ever,  
Tired of his endless round?  
Thanks oh! father—priests can never  
Lay the sunlight underground.  
Each may see and feel the shining,

By his light and warmth of sun:  
Oh, forbid that men combining,  
Undo what the truth hath done.  
Question truth in truth's own mirror,  
Under whatsoever guise:  
Eh! What? No! I tell you sirrah,  
That the LITTLE BOUQUET will.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Written for the Little Bouquet.

### The Pearl Diver of Ceylon.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

FROM remotest time, the pearl has been held in great esteem, being valued almost equally with the diamond. Its purity has made it a symbol of truth, and it has been deemed a fit ornament of regal loveliness and beauty.

My story relates to the pearl, and those who drag it up from the deep sea. We must first suppose ourselves in a very distant country. I think we will go to Ceylon. In the ocean surrounding that almost fabulous land and which borders Persia, the most valued pearls are found. It is only in a few localities that they attain perfection.

On a clear day, when the great ocean rests in calm repose, and there is no shadow of a storm in the sky, the pearl diver ventures far from land in his rude boat. There are always two in a boat, one to remain while the other dives. The sought for pearl is secreted in the shell of a kind of oyster, which grows in extensive banks. The boat is brought over these banks and then the diver prepares himself for his work. He ties a little sack to his waist, in which to bring up the oysters he may find. He also carries some short sharp sticks of bony reed, for what use, we shall presently see. Thus equipped, the diver draws in his breath and plunges into the sea. Down, down he falls until he stands on the floor of the ocean. It is light there, and he can walk over the clean white sand, surrounded by the denizens of the deep. He rapidly gathers as many oysters as he can find, and then by rapidly striking the water, ascends to the surface. He has not breathed for many minutes, and lies exhausted in his boat for some time before he recovers. As very few oysters have pearls, and not one in a thousand, one of any great value, the poor

diver makes many perilous descents without any reward. Yet he is not discouraged.

Such was the business of Arabée, a Ceylon boy, who every fair day went out in the boat with his father. They were poor people, living on almost aquatic life, for all they had they derived from the water. The mother of Arabée died while he was a child, and he had almost forgotten her love. The world was but a struggling place for existence to him. At times he thought that death was better than life, for then he would be at peace. Said he, "I can never change my lot. My father has sought pearls all his life, and he never found one really valuable. So may I waste mine." Arabée forgot that we all are made for a purpose, and although we may not see what it is, the future will unfold it to us. He repined as many boys and girls have repined, before his time and since. He continued at his work, and as years went by, he became a noble looking man. His forehead was high, his eyes large, dark and thoughtful, his mien engaging, but he wore the garb of the servile caste. Every one could see by that that he was lowly born.

The king of the neighboring coast was a great and powerful prince, proud of his descent through a long line of powerful chieftains. His palace was called the Golden Moon, and its doors were of silver. In its court a hundred fountains sparkled, and thousands of rare birds sang in its shade. Nowhere in all the storied East was there aught as splendid, or beautiful. The king had two daughters, the eldest of whom was betrothed to a neighboring prince. The king had promised as a part of her bridal wardrobe, "a pearl the shape of a pear, as large as a peach, and as pure as the water in the fountain of the sun." He sought his kingdom over, but could find none equaling his rash promise. He offered great rewards to the divers, but they never saw one so large nor pure.

The day of the wedding approached. The king saw that his word would be forfeited, and he pointed at as a boastful liar. He grew wretched and in agony exclaimed to his court: "I will give Ajel, my other daughter, in marriage to the one who will bring me the pearl I desire!"

Ajel was considered the most beautiful princess in the East. She was the pride and the light of the palace of the Golden Moon, and every courtier at once set his wits at work to gain the tempting prize. All in vain. Only two days remained, and the largest pearl the king possessed was not larger than the egg of a sparrow.

That day the news reached the ears of Arabée. It revived the yearnings of his boyhood to extricate himself from his position, which for years had been crushed beneath the routine of life. That night, for the first time in his life, the straw which formed his bed afforded no slumber. He thought over and over again the chances of the morrow. He could dive ten

times during the day, and there was a possibility of finding the treasure. The sun almost revealed the border of his gray twilight robes in the East as Arabée fell into a half conscious sleep. He dreamed his mother was with him. He heard her soft voice and felt her gentle touch. She was robed in a gossamer cloud. She told him to row his boat where he saw a nautilus floating, and when it sank to dive after it. There he would find what he sought.

He at once awoke. It was not yet light, but he arose. He was early out on the ocean. He saw the promised nautilus; its beautiful snowy shell looked like a whirl of foam, its legs extended out as oars, and above it spread its two azure sails. As it was wafted along by the breeze, it seemed the most wonderful and fairylike work of nature. Arabée's heart beat fast as he met this object of his dream, and saw it fold its sails, and prepare to drop into the depths of the ocean, but he faltered not; he too, prepared, and the nautilus no sooner sank than he plunged after it. He soon stood on the floor of the sea; craggy corals grew everywhere, festooned with mosses, and most gorgeously colored plants, among which fishes of purple and gold glided like flecks of light. At his feet was a very large oyster, the largest he had ever seen. Its shell was covered with long moss, and a dozen other shells had attached themselves to it. He knew it must be the prize. He placed it in his sack, and looked upward preparatory to ascend. What new horror? An enormous shark circled above him as a hawk circles in the air over its prey. As he passed the monster, it intended to devour him at a mouthful. Nothing daunted, he grasped one of his pointed sticks and sprang upward. He had met sharks before, and conquered. The shark opened his jaws, the stick was thrust into the upper, and the other end caught the lower jaw. It could not shut its jaws together, and in its pain rushed away like an arrow. Arabée climbed into his boat. He opened the shell and found the object of his search. The pearl exceeded in size and perfection even the promises of the king.

At the setting of the sun, the king assembled his court, and in a sorrowful voice asked if any one claimed Ajel by right of having answered his demands. There was a smothering silence.

After a little while, there was confusion at the gate. The usher said a poor man wanted to enter, and had been thrust out.

"Show him to me!" said the king, who prided himself on administering justice to every one on all occasions, and never turned one away unsatisfied.

The man entered. It was Arabée. He advanced, and bowed to the king, but not servilely. It was the bow of one noble to another. His air so at variance with his rustic garments, surprised the king, but did not displease him. He asked: "Why are you here?"

"You said that you would give Ajel in marriage to



the one who would bring you 'a pearl the shape of a pear, as large as a peach, and as pure as the water in your fountain of the sun,' answered Arabée.

"Rustic, I did, and at this hour will add the free gift of the best principality of my empire," said the king with great emphasis.

"Then," said Arabée, "I claim your reward. Here is the pearl," saying this he laid it on a silver tray which was placed on a table in front of the throne. The king snatched it eagerly and examined it. It was all that he desired, and the court gathered around him. When all had examined it, and expressed their satisfaction, the king spoke to Arabée.

"Who are you?"

"I am," he replied, "a pearl diver."

The king then turned to his eldest counsellors, whom he consulted on different questions and said:

"Can I, with honor and justice, evade uniting my daughter to this man, because he is of a low caste?"

"No," they answered, "and you break your laws by so doing."

"What then am I to do?"

After consulting a long time, they replied: "If you first grant the principality, you make him a noble, and then he can lawfully marry your daughter."

This pleased the king, who valued justice more than life, and he acted accordingly.

Arabée and Ajel dwelt in a beautiful palace, and the people they had governed, generations after they had passed away, spoke of their goodness, and their interest in the welfare and happiness of the poor and distressed.

Written for the Little Bouquet.

### Children's Progressive Lyceum.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

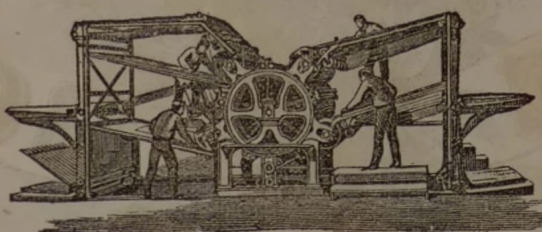
THOUSANDS and tens of thousands of very little children sicken and die every year. *Where* do they all live? How do they pass the hours, weeks and years after death? The home of earth is sad and desolate when the little one departs from it through the dark door of death. The heart of the mother is flooded with tears. There is deep silence in the bosom of the father. Where are the departed children? Have they entered other homes? Do they live in any of the many mansions in the temple of God?

Words cannot convey the joy that thrilled my soul when first I beheld the celestial play-ground of children! The holy effulgence of countless stars could not exceed in brightness and glory the radiance of the beautiful fields in which the little people from earth were congregated and grouped in the form of a "Children's Progressive Lyceum." I could not help wishing that every mother and every father who had "lost" children in the dark valley of death were permitted a few moments of vision into the eternal verities of the Summer Land. The grand joy of an angel's heart would displace sorrow in the mother's soul, could she but contemplate the celestial life now lived by the little one so long "mourned as dead."

The tens of thousands of children that "die" are gathered into groups beyond the stars. Celestial families are founded on the basis of heavenly love. Although no human being should be deprived of "the full measure" of earth's experience, yet the families and Lyceums in the Summer Land are so planned that whatever lies dormant in the qualities of the human spirit can be awakened to legitimate action, and thus measurably, the misfortune of "an untimely death" is effaced by the angel-ward growth of the individual.

Need I say that the "Children's Progressive Lyceum" is a family of celestial origin? Need I say that in it are the fruitful germs of the future systems of education? Need I hint that the timber for the foundations of the academies, colleges, and universities of Progressive America is growing in the beautiful groups of the Children's Lyceum?

May this LITTLE BOUQUET convey the holy love of celestial beings into the homes of earth. May the wings of wisdom hover over the minds of the people. Let the fragrance of immortal flowers fill the whole earth. May this little journal be the agent of the infinitely Good to all fathers and mothers and children.



Written for the Little Bouquet.

### The Printing Press.—No. 1.

BY TYPO.

IT cannot be expected that in a few brief articles we can enter into all the details of the rise and progress of the art of printing—so we will have to content ourselves by giving an outline of the principal events.

The early history of the art of printing is involved in much obscurity. The germ of the art, we know, existed in a very early period of the world's history. To the Chinese, however, belongs the credit of printing the first books of which we have any record. They took blocks of wood of the size of a page of the book to be printed, and after pasting upon one side a sheet of paper, on which the author wrote, an engraver cut out the letters on the block. This, of course, was a clumsy way of doing things. In England this method was very generally used during the first half of the fifteenth century.

The invention of separate blocks for the different letters has been claimed by the Dutch for Lawrence Coster, of Harlaem. The story is, that in 1430, he used "separate moveable wooden types, fastened together by threads, and his press was shaped like the common wine press." For ten years he kept his invention secret; but in 1440, one of his employees stole a part of his apparatus, and established himself at Mentz as a printer. The best authorities, however, award the credit of the invention to Guttenberg, a wealthy citizen of Strasburg. Everybody is familiar with the trials of Guttenberg, Faustus and Schaeffer—how the two former furnished the means, and the latter, who was by trade a goldsmith, invented metal punches and moulds in which to run the metal for the types; and how Faustus gave his daughter as a wife to Schaeffer, in honor of his valuable discovery. We need not rehearse the story of the disagreement of the honored trio, and of the subsequent publication of the Psalter, by Faustus and Schaeffer; nor need we more than allude to the famous Latin Bible of Faustus, which was printed in 1460. The story is an interesting one, but we have not space to repeat it here.

The capture of Mentz in 1462, by Adolphus of Nassau, was the means of spreading this new art throughout Europe. William Caxton—all honor to his name—was the first to print the English language. In the year 1471, he published a book at Cologne, in the preface of which he said that the work was *printed*, "not wretton with penne and ink, as other bokes ben, to thende that every man may have them attonce, for all the bokes of story, named the Recuytle of the Histories of Troye, thus empynted as ye here see, were begonne in oon day, and also fynished in oon day." Three years afterwards he published in England, "The Game and Playe of Chesse." Such was the origin of the art of printing—an art that has had, and is destined to have a greater influence upon the world than almost any other.

As yet a newspaper was not so much as dreamed of. All the early productions were large or small quartos or folios, and the leaves bore no running titles or numbers. The printer, as if terrified at what he had done, rarely ventured to print his name or residence in a book, and when he did, it was placed on the very last page, fortified with a pious doxology or devout ejaculation. Things have changed a little since that time, have they not?

To speak of the early contrivances for producing impressions by means of type as printing presses, is hardly correct, for the good people of those days had not coined the term. They called their clumsy contrivance a printing machine. The article in question was nothing more than an ordinary screw press,

with a contrivance for running the inked form of types under a screw, which was turned with a lever. Not only was it worked with great labor and very slowly, but the unequal pressure of the screw made sad havoc with the faces of the types. Nevertheless, no improvements were made for many generations.

(To be continued.)

Written for the Little Bouquet.

### Budding Rose.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Away in the blue, blue heaven  
Where we all shall sometime go;  
Where the skies are warm as amber  
And gem-like blossoms blow,  
Lived Budding-Rose in a valley  
Scooped like a shallow cup,  
And ever the tall white angels  
Were passing down and up.

Teaching her useful lessons,  
Leading her out to play,  
Where the jets of a silver fountain  
Joined in a roundelay,  
Bearing her over the waters,  
Off through the lucent air,  
For oh, in that ceaseless summer  
Beauty was everywhere.

Playmates as sweet and dainty  
As God ever shaped were there.  
The curly home of the sunshine  
Was the infant angels hair,  
The softest beams of the heavens  
Lay in their tender eyes,  
And the light of their crystal spirits  
Broke in their meek replies.

Budding-Rose was as happy,  
As the calm days flew away,  
As the heart of an early robin  
In the apple-blossoms of May.  
But a memory yet was precious—  
The home that was hers on earth,  
And she went sometimes—little spirit!  
And joined in her brother's mirth.

She went to her blooming garden,  
She sat in her vacant chair  
She hunted her dear old dolly,  
She played with her mother's hair.  
She spoke, but they never heard her,  
She sat in the lightest place;  
It ever seemed strange and painful  
That they could not see her face.

Then she would ask the angels—  
"When will they go to sleep  
And wake with their eyes wide open  
Here where we do not weep?"  
"After a few more winters,  
After a night of gloom,  
When you, Budding-Rose, are larger,  
And we call you Rose-in-Bloom."

The years! They were brief and glowing  
And subtle as rich perfume;  
Each bringing a rich oblation  
To the saintly Rose-in-Bloom.  
Who of the angels, sweeping  
Past in the ambient air,  
Stopped not above the valley  
To linger, if she were there?

She sat by a crystal fountain  
Ringing its tiny bells,  
And braided the slender leafstalks  
Of the graceful asphodels.  
Softly her head dropped lower  
Over her pearly breast  
And again the vision of earth-life  
Broke on the angel's rest.

She saw them, as in the old time,  
Threading the gloomy night,  
Borne by a band of spirits  
Toward the valley bright.  
Have the years gone by, she murmured?  
Is the separation past?  
Then there were—oh, such greetings!  
For they all had met at last!

Like the light of a dream, in heaven,  
Hurry the beautiful years  
Over the ones who leave us  
Here with our selfish tears.  
We know that the sacred purpose  
Of life will be duly wrought  
If it be hidden from us,  
Far from the place we sought.



Written for the Little Bouquet.  
**To Little Mary Fuller on Her First Birthday.**

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

One year old to-day,  
 Our little baby girl;  
 The cloud flecked skies with purest ray  
 Blend azure tints with pearl;  
 And all around the glorious May  
 Her penons gay unfurl—  
 Just as they welcomed you our pet  
 To life and love that guard you yet.;

Your footsteps falter now  
 Upon a threshold new:  
 Upon thy pure young baby brow  
 Missteps have left no rue;  
 Back from the tide of restless woe  
 And fruits that feel its dew,  
 No bitterness of sin and tears,  
 To blight the joy of coming years.

Within thy tiny veins  
 The lifeblood mingling flows,  
 From Georgia's bright savannah plains,  
 And bleak New England's snows.  
 If beauty's spell around thee reign,  
 May life some aim disclose,  
 And the wild South fire may it be  
 Calm from its own intensity.

Within your eyes I look,  
 Sweet babe, so dark and deep—  
 Your broad white brow a sealed book  
 Of latent powers that sleep.  
 Lithe restless limbs that will not brook  
 A long restraint to keep;  
 Affections power and fervid glow  
 The sweetest pouting lips we know.

Sweet birdling of the May  
 That fills our own home nest  
 With glad some music like the lay  
 That thrills the woodbird's breast,  
 Ever may flowers be round thy way  
 Nor thorns to bring unrest;  
 Till flowers immortal bloom for thee  
 Still farther on, o'er death's dark sea.

## NATURAL HISTORY DEPARTMENT.



**The Black Bear.**

Black Bears are natives of North America—our own country—and were well known in their native haunts, to the early settlers of the United States; even to this day they are not extinct. In the forests of Maine and other eastern States, and in the northern regions of the country westward, they are often seen and caught. They live mostly upon roots, nuts, etc., but will, when opportunity offers, catch the sheep and lambs of the farmer, or feed upon his growing wheat and green corn. They are also very fond of honey, and will take it from wild bees whenever they can find it. They are excellent climbers, sometimes going far up the highest forest trees. They will not attack man to destroy him, unless in self defence, or in defence of their young. Their flesh is considered good for food; by some epicurians\* it is much admired. The Black Bear may almost always be seen in menageries, and often in public and private parks. We saw a fine cub in Central Park, N. Y., a year since. Also two very fine full grown bears in the park at Worcester, Mass. It has been, and we are sorry to say is now, the custom of some who have care of little children to frighten them into obedience with "bear stories"—"bears will catch them," etc., if they do not mind. This is all untrue and wrong. Little ones should be relieved of all distrust, and when they read this short history of the Black Bear, we trust they will no longer fear, for we dare say there is no danger of harm from them.

\* Epicurian. This is a "dictionary" word, meaning "Luxurious," "given to luxury," "one who contributes largely to the luxuries of the table."

It refers to Epicurus and his followers, a school of Greek Philosophers who lived some 400 B. C. They taught that temperance in all things, producing bodily health and comfort, was necessary to happiness. Epicurus is said to have lived on barley cakes and water. Query: Why do our dictionaries give the above definition to the word?



**The Lion.**

Of all the animals of the cat family, this is the largest and most majestic. It is a native of Africa and Asia. The average length of a full grown Lion is from six to seven feet, exclusive of tail, and about three feet high—some are much larger. The Lion prefers an open, level country, such as would abound with antelopes, etc., with only shrubbery enough for shade and concealment. His favorite haunt is about some spring where he can be concealed and spring upon his prey as it comes to drink. In daytime, the Lion will skulk away from man, but at night becomes bold and will tear a bullock or horse from his enclosure, or pursue man and devour him. Some Lions have been born in America, in menageries, but they seldom live beyond the time of shedding their milk teeth, and not many over a few weeks. The probable reason is that the lioness cannot give them proper nourishment in her close confinement. The average age of the Lion is 25 years.

Although Lions abound in Africa, and are sometimes met with in families consisting of Lion, lioness, and two or four cubs nearly full grown; and although the males sometimes band together for hunting purposes, yet Dr. Livingston, the great traveler says, "One is in more danger of being run over in the streets of London than of being devoured by Lions in Africa."



**The Leopard.**

Leopards are found in Africa and India. They are *carnivorous*—are of a tawny yellow color, whitish below the sides, and are covered with numerous circles formed of from three to five spots of black. They are very slender, active and graceful in movement. The full grown Leopard has a body about thirty-eight inches long; tail twenty-seven inches; height of body, twenty-six inches. They inhabit thick forests, preying upon the antelope, deer and smaller animals. They are excellent climbers, and are often shot from trees into which they have been chased by dogs. Leopards are easily tamed and can be trained to chase deer like a hound. In Africa they are valued only for their skin, which is worn by persons of distinction.



**The Giraffe or Camelopard.**

This curious animal is found in Africa; is of the ruminating species. Observe its form! How well adapted to its mode of living! How easily it could crop the tender boughs of young trees.

The nostrils of the Giraffe are provided with muscles of such action, that they open and shut like the eye. It has beautiful eyes, extremely large, soft and brilliant, and so placed that it can see what is passing on all sides and even behind it. It is, there-

fore, very shy, but if surprised it will kick with such rapidity and precision as to defend itself even from the attacks of the Lion. Its horny hoofs are split, and are very hard and sharp. The Giraffe is very docile when tamed. Will lick the hand that feeds it, and otherwise manifest its kindness.

The full grown Giraffe is of the following proportions: Head, 1 foot 8 inches; forelegs, 10 feet; from upper part of foreleg to top of head, 7 feet; length of hind leg, 8 feet.



**The Great Ant Eater.**

Ant eaters are natives of South America. There are three kinds. Our cut represents the largest and most interesting variety. When full grown, they measure four feet six inches from snout to origin of tail, and three feet three inches more to the end of the tail. Their heads are thirteen and a half inches long, from the snout to the roots of the ears. The tongue can be extended to the length of sixteen or eighteen inches; their claws are two inches and a half long, and are used as weapons in self-defence, and for tearing open anthills. Their principal food is ants, hence their names. Their hair is long, loose and flowing, the tail being very bushy. They are sluggish creatures! a man can easily walk faster than one of them can run. If they are pursued and hard pressed, they turn, sit upon their haunches and with their claws try to protect themselves; or if they can grapple with their adversary, they will try to hug him to death. They always remain upon the ground, and are, if unmolested, very harmless in their dispositions.



**The Codfish.**

We have several varieties of the Codfish. The *American Cod* is found off the New England coast, from New York to the St. Lawrence River. This variety grows to a great size, the largest weighing as high as one hundred and seven pounds. The *tom cod* is a much smaller fish; is caught all along the coast of New England, and sold in the markets as "fresh cod," in large quantities. The common, or *bank cod*, is well known the world over, especially by the "cod-fish aristocracy."

This fish is caught in abundance on the Grand Banks, in deep water, off the coast of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Labrador. It is a thick heavy fish, sometimes weighing ninety pounds. Its color is a greenish brown—fading into ash in the dead fish. The cod is a very voracious creature, lives upon small fish, marine worms, and shell fish. It is a great collector of deep sea specimens, otherwise unattainable. Naturalists obtain many rare shells from their stomachs. There is a great deal of capital invested in the fishing interests. Two thousand vessels go out from our ports every spring, (returning in November,) employing upwards of 10,000 men, who bring in 600,000 cwt. of fish. These are estimated at \$2,000,000. The oil extracted from their livers is estimated at \$100,000 more. The fishing interest has been, and is a matter of much contention between our own and the English government. Several of our war vessels have gone to the fishing grounds to protect our fishermen this season.



## LITTLE BOUQUET.

CHICAGO, MAY, 1866.

OFFICE 84, 86 &amp; 88 DEARBORN STREET, THIRD FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
PRINTERS AND PROPRIETORS.

GEO. H. JONES, Secretary.

S. S. JONES, President.

## Salutatory.

DEAR CHILDREN: For a long time we have been watching with much interest the increasing demands of your young minds for light and truth, and have anxiously awaited the time when we could publish a little paper just suited to your needs.

We feel now that the time has fully come to publish such a paper, and this, our first number of the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, will bear to you our greeting and kindest feelings. We "older folks" have all been children as you are. By education and experience we have been brought forward to the places we occupy, and we know that you will advance to similar positions by the same general means.

Shall we try to help you? Shall we tell you stories of our lives that will show you the winding way we came, hoping that thereby yours may be better? Shall we appeal to the life that is within your dear little bodies, and try to call it out in beauty and usefulness?

We want to do so; and the only object we have in publishing the *LITTLE BOUQUET* is, that through it you may be made happier and wiser. You know how sunshine makes the flowers grow, and how sweet their fragrance makes the air we breathe; well, kindness expressed by one to another is to him who receives—and to him who gives also—like sunshine to flowers. Our natures grow and become fragrant—sweet—when we live in kindly relations to all.

We hope this *LITTLE BOUQUET* will be so arranged—so well made up—the recipient of so many kind sympathies and aids, that it will be fragrant, indeed; that its coming will be patiently awaited by every dear child who reads its contents. If so, then we shall know that you are being benefited, and that the *LITTLE BOUQUET* is a blessing to every household where "tiny feet make music on the floor." Children, will you help us? We want the *LITTLE BOUQUET* to go into every Lyceum—into the hands of every member of the Lyceum—and into every family; we want the rich and poor to read it and receive its blessings.

In neighborhoods where there are no Lyceums, you can form clubs and send for it, or if you are alone, you can have it as well, and it will be company for you. Now let all the children rally to the support of this, their new friend. We will not fail to do all in our power to help and bless you.

## TO PARENTS AND FRIENDS:

The *LITTLE BOUQUET* is and shall be the embodiment of our best effort in behalf of the rising generation. We are aware that the prevailing systems of education are wrong, that from the nursery to the pulpit there is an absolute demand for reform. Our purpose is to suggest and stimulate such reform through the columns of the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, and to direct the child mind away from the dismal superstitions of Theology to the cheerful suggestions and wise teachings of Nature. We, therefore, confidently call upon you to aid us in giving to the children a paper of unmistakable merit and efficiency. Do not fail to remember that, as the child is trained in belief and manner, so is manhood or womanhood substantial and noble, or the reverse, and that our best opportunity for doing good to the world is through and with the children.

## TO OFFICERS, MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS:

The *LITTLE BOUQUET* will be especially devoted to the interests of the Lyceum Movement. We believe the Lyceum to be a "child of the New Dispensation," an embodiment of the true idea of education; therefore to elucidate its plan and advance its interests will be one of our leading efforts. We know how much the children love the Lyceum, and with what noble zeal Officers and Leaders have labored for it;

and, too, how heartily it has been supported by all true friends of educational reform. The *LITTLE BOUQUET* may be made an instrument of great use to you all. Through its columns each Lyceum may know of all others; and such acquaintance may lead to mutual efforts resulting in a degree of success not known before. By diagrams our gymnastics may be extended and systematized; our movements and plans explained so that all can understand. Let every officer and member of the Lyceum peruse the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, become interested with us in its work and welfare, and we know that it will be a success.

Let us, then, all together strive to maintain a paper in the interests of children and education worthy of the grand ideas and system of philosophy we so much love.

## Anti-Tobacco Army.

Perhaps all of the children do not know of the "Anti-Tobacco Army" that has been organized in connection with the Progressive Lyceum Movement. So we want to tell you something about it. It was organized in 1863 by the New York Lyceum No. 1, and all of the little boys and girls, as well as many men and women, were very much interested in it. The purpose of this "army" is to discountenance and prevent the use of tobacco. Who could not say amen to that? Is there a boy in the United States who really thinks he would be better using tobacco? Is there one who does not know that it would injure him? Is there a girl who does not dislike it, and who would not by far prefer that her brothers or associates would not use it? We think that all can join in an effort to prevent the use of tobacco.

The nucleus of this organization is a pledge. When any sign this, they receive a certificate of membership from the Secretary of the Lyceum to which they belong, or where they sign, and are thus fully enrolled against the enemy of good taste, good health and happiness. The pledge is as follows:

"Believing that smoking, snuffing and chewing are uncleanly, unhealthy, demoralizing, unnecessary, and expensive, I hereby pledge to abstain from the use of tobacco in all its forms, totally and forever."

We have only seen a few who felt that they could not sign this pledge; and what do you suppose their reasons were? Why, they had used tobacco *so long*, had become such slaves to it that they could not do without it! Oh, how sorry they were that they had ever used it. Do you suppose the first time they took "just a little bit to see how it tasted," they had any thought or fear that the "little bit" would lead to a "plug a day"? Do you suppose the boy who starts with his first cigar in his mouth, thinking it is manly, has any fear that it is the beginning of slavery? Look out, little boy! Better abstain from its use "totally and forever."

We have seen men sign this pledge whose hands trembled so badly, that they could hardly hold the pen with which they wrote, because the use of tobacco had nearly destroyed the nervous system, but they have kept their promise, and rejoice that they have been delivered from a habit so foul.

Could not every boy and girl, every young man and woman sign this pledge without reservation and by keeping it sacredly be very much benefited thereby? We think so, and hope there will be no lack of interest in a cause so worthy. There is a great work to be done! Think of it and spare no effort that you can make to discountenance and prevent the use of tobacco. Especially do we hope that the members of Lyceums will organize "Anti-Tobacco Armies," and thus place themselves in the ranks of practical reform.

## Fraternal.

The electrotype of the "Children's Lyceum in Session," "Scale of Groups," and the embellished card on page 6, were kindly furnished us for the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, by Bela Marsh, Esq., Publisher of "Lyceum Manual," Boston, Mass.

The citizens of Charlestown, Mass., are about to organize another Children's Lyceum.

## Order of Exercises, Suggestions, etc.

In another column of this paper, we have introduced an "Order" for the "opening exercises" of Lyceums; also have appended thereto, a list of signals to be used during the session. No one, we trust, will for a moment look upon these suggestions, or this "order" as arbitrary or final. It is, or should be understood that the qualifying prefix in the name indicates the spirit of the Lyceum movement. It is "progressive," and this precludes the possibility of *finality in arrangement*. But at the same time it suggests *utility*, and out of order come the happiest results in the direction of use and profit.

We have witnessed fifteen or twenty of the Lyceums in operation, and observe that there is often a lack of directness, and waste of time, which the adoption of a simple programme of movements would quickly obviate: hence our suggestions in this direction. Whatever use can be made of them, or whatever improvement can be added, will make us alike happy.

## Our Frontispiece.

We call the especial attention of the many thousand children and youth who will see and admire this, the first number of the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, to its heading. The artist has done the subject justice. The design is intended to carry out some beautiful thoughts, which will be plain to those who scan it well. We really hope you will study it carefully, and discover its signification. If you will do so and will write a truthful and fine composition descriptive of its true meaning—the one sending the best, shall receive, at the end of the year as a gift from our Corporation, a nicely bound volume of the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, and the article shall be published in its columns.

There is a very fine Children's Lyceum in operation at Foxboro', Mass. The Guardian of Groups, Miss E. A. Chittenden, informs us that the children want "Sunday to come oftener than once a week." On the other hand, among children who attend Orthodox Sunday Schools, you will hear one whispering to the other, "oh, I wish Sunday was over—wish it wouldn't come more than once a month."

## Our Contemporaries.

**THE LITTLE PILGRIM:** A monthly journal for girls and boys. Edited by Grace Greenwood; published by Leander K. Lippincott, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, 60cts. per year single copies; 5 copies \$2.75.

This is a finely edited and wholesome little journal, ahead of the most of its contemporaries, in clearness of thought and liberality of sentiment. We have always felt a thrill of pleasure when we met with it in the family reading room. We wish it a long life and abundant prosperity.

**THE LITTLE CORPORAL:** A monthly journal for boys and girls. Published in Chicago. Edited by Alfred L. Sewell. \$1 per annum single copies. For \$6 six copies and one extra copy to the agent. Address Alfred L. Sewell, care Dunlop, Sewell & Spaulding.

The *Little Corporal* has for its motto, "FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG, for the Good, the True and the Beautiful." It is filled with original and very interesting matter for children, and, indeed, "older folks" might well forget the passage of time as they perused its pages. So far as we have seen it, it is free from sickly cant, with which too many of our papers for children are filled. We wish all the children could have it to read.

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS:** An illustrated magazine for boys and girls. Published monthly by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, Mass. Edited by J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton and Lucy Larcom.

This is by far the most extensive publication for children in the country—perhaps the best in the country or the world. Its editors and corps of contributors are a warrant for its excellence. It is high toned, original and instructive. In its department of thought it is doing a great good work, and none but narrow minds can fail to rejoice in its prosperity.

Price \$2 per annum; single copy 20 cts.



### Opening Exercises of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

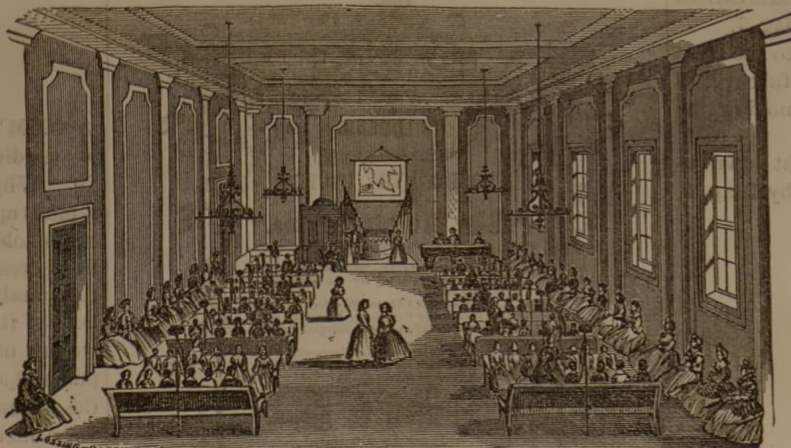
*First*—At the appointed hour the Conductor gives five strokes on a hand bell, or with a gavel—(the bell is preferable)—which is a signal for Leaders and Members to assemble in Groups, each Group around its respective Station Target. *Note*—The Targets should always be put in position by the Guards having charge of the room and "Lyceum Equipments" prior to the time for opening the Lyceum.

*Second*—One stroke of the bell or gavel calls to order, and every person in the room should be seated. *Note*—Perfect silence should be observed by all when this signal is given.

*Third*—Two strokes of the bell call up all subordinate officers and Leaders, who at once proceed to make such arrangements as will secure perfect ease and order in his or her department during the coming exercises. The Guardian, assisted, will distribute Badges and cards of membership to Leaders; the Librarian distributes Manuals to members (and visitors, if practicable;) the Leaders take names of new members, issue cards of membership, and append badges.

*Fourth*—The duties of subordinate officers being thus performed, one stroke of the bell calls all to order again.

*Fifth*—Three strokes of the bell call



CHILDREN'S LYCEUM IN SESSION.

The Scale of Groups and Colors in Lyceum No. 1.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Numbers of the GROUPS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Titles of the GROUPS.	Fountain GROUP	Stream GROUP	River GROUP	Lake GROUP	Sea GROUP	Ocean GROUP	Shore GROUP	Beacon GROUP	Banner GROUP	Star GROUP	Excelsior GROUP	Liberty GROUP
Ages of Members.	4 Years.	5 Years.	6 Years.	7 Years.	8 Years.	9 Years.	10 Years.	11 Years.	12 Years.	13 Years.	14 Years.	15 and upward
Colors of the Badges.	Red.	Pearl.	Orange.	Lilac.	Yellow.	Purple.	Green.	Blue.	Crimson.	Azure.	Violet.	White.
Language of the Colors.	Opening Love.	Reciprocal Love.	Con-structive Love.	Expand-ing Love.	Ascend-ing Love.	Univer-sal Love.	Love of the Useful.	Love of Justice.	Love of Power.	Love of the Beauti-ful.	Love of Aspira-tion.	Love of Harmo-ny.

all officers and members of the Lyceum to their feet. *Note*—This movement should be executed quietly, gracefully and simultaneously; each one standing in the exact position in which he or she rises, until the order given by the Conductor,

**ATTENTION,** when all face the Conductor's stand, assuming position represented by Diagram 1. *Note*—Always in "facing" or "about facing" turn to the right, unless otherwise directed by the order, "left face" or "left about face." When "attention" is ordered, turn to the right, if necessary to turn at all.

*Sixth*—With these preliminaries, which may be made uniform without detriment, the Lyceum is open for the special arrangement of exercises which each corps of officers or Conductor may adopt. Singing, silver chain readings, gymnastics, lessons, declamation, marching, etc., may be arranged to suit different occasions.

#### LIST OF SIGNALS.

1. Calls to order, and seats officers and members.
2. Calls up officers.
3. Calls up members and officers.
4. Calls up "Target Bearers."
5. Assembles officers and members in their respective groups.

Three signals, repeated, dismisses the Lyceum.

### Children's Progressive Lyceum Exercises.

The following Diagrams have been prepared expressly for the LITTLE BOUQUET, for the purpose of illustrating the exercises in "Free Gymnastics," as taught and practised in the "Children's Progressive Lyceum." We propose to continue these illustrations in the order used; and we suggest that as far as pleasant or practicable, they be adopted by the several Lyceums, thus securing a unity in the "order of exercises," and enabling children visiting different Lyceums, or on picnic and other public occasions where Lyceums unite, to enter at once into the exercises, without confusion.

What a grand sight it would be to see thousands of children come together from different locations, and all "fall into line," for a "Banner March," or at a given signal, move gracefully into "position" for the "Wing Movements"! And then thousands of little hands uplifted and moved to the time of delightful music! It would be the "poetry of motion," and the "melody of soul" combined.

Diag. 1.

Diag. 2.



1st Position.



1st Movement.

**FIRST POSITION.**—Body erect, head up, shoulders well back, hands at sides, heels together, toes turned naturally out. This is, in all cases, known as the "first position," and in all exercises, we proceed from this attitude in a given order.

**FIRST MOVEMENT—Fold arms.**—Always in executing orders of a single movement, remain motionless until the last word of the order is given. When the word *arms* is spoken, assume position represented by Diagram 2.

Diag. 3.

Diag. 4.



2d Movement.



3d Movement.

**SECOND MOVEMENT—Reverse Arms.**—Observe the same rule in executing the order as before, folding the arms behind. The body remaining unmoved. Diag. 3 shows the position of the arms reversed.

**THIRD MOVEMENT—Rest Arms.**—With this order the hands are brought to the hips as represented by Diag. 4. Observe that the open hands rest upon the hips with the thumbs pointing forward.

**FOURTH MOVEMENT—Arms Free.**—Return arms to 1st position as shown by Diag. 1, and by dotted lines in Diag. 4.

### The Wing Movements.

The wing movements are the exercises of the happy children of the "Summer Land." Besides being healthful and beautiful, these Musical Motions are exhilarating and truly suggestive of flights in the atmosphere.

The position of the body while these movements are being made should be perfectly erect, heels together, toes turned naturally sideward, shoulders back, without leaning backwards, head straight up from the neck, in short, the entire bodily position should be as perfect as possible.

The children standing in 1st position, (see Diag. 1,) receive the order "prepare for wing movements." On the pronunciation of the last word of the order, they assume position represented by Diag. 5.

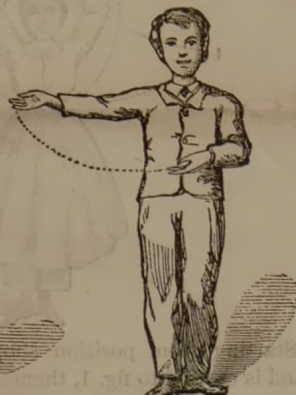
**DIAG. 5.**—Right hand resting upon the left at waist, palms together, forearm horizontal. (The children are all facing the conductor or guardian—either may

Diag. 5.

Diag. 6.



1st Position of Wing Movement.



1st Wing movement.

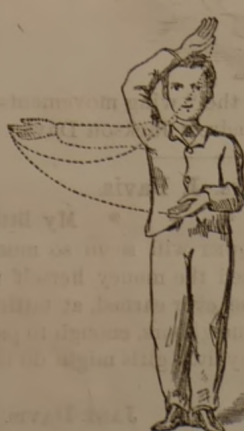
lead in the exercises—who stands in an elevated position with left hand resting on the right, and who will move the left hand first, thus making the direction of his or her motions uniform with those of the children. Let this be observed in all of the exercises.)

**MUSIC.**—(2-4, 4-4, or any equivalent time is appropriate. Without music, the Leader can count 1-2-3-4, etc.)

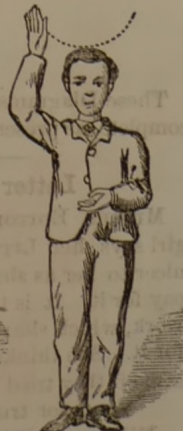
Play first strain and repeat—children standing in position. On the first beat of the "repeat," the right hand is carried gracefully out and up as per dotted line, to position shown by Diag. 6. Observe that the palm of the hand is up.

Diag. 7.

Diag. 8.



2d Wing Movement.



3d Wing Movement.



On the second beat of the music, the hand is carried as per dotted line to position shown by Diag. 7.

On the third beat, the hand is brought to the right of the head, as in Diag. 8, making a graceful curve as per dotted line by bending the wrist, moving the elbow as little as possible.

On the fourth beat the hand is brought down to 1st position of wing movement as shown by Diag. 9.

Diag. 9.



4th Wing Movement.

Diag. 9 also shows by dotted lines the four motions combined. First, the hand moves from first position of wing movement per dotted line to fig. 1, thence to fig. 2, thence to fig. 3, thence returns to place. These movements are usually repeated four times with each hand, (first the right, then the left,) then alternately twice, then simultaneously (both hands move at the same time) four times. The simultaneous movements are shown by Diags. 10 and 11.

Diag. 10.



Starting from position shown by Diag. 5, each hand is carried to fig. 1, thence to fig. 2, (see Diag. 10) thence to fig. 3, (see Diag. 11,) thence to first position of wing movement at fig. 4. Do not fail to observe the direction of the dotted lines, and the position of the hands at each figure.

Diag. 11.



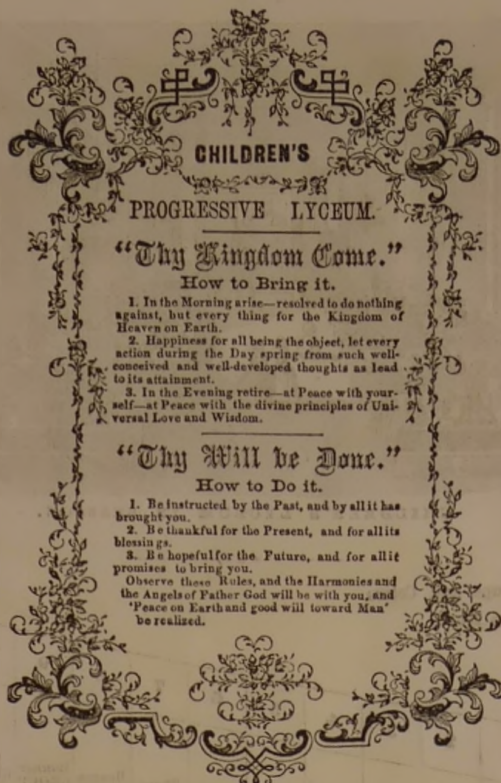
These Diagrams illustrate the "wing movements" complete, as presented by Andrew Jackson Davis.

#### Letter from Mrs. J. Davis.

MESSRS. EDITORS: \* \* \* \* My little girl says her LITTLE BOUQUET will seem so much nicer to her as she has earned the money herself to pay for it. It is the first she ever earned, at tatting work, which she sold to the neighbors, enough to pay for it. She thinks that many little girls might do the same if they tried to.

Yours for truth,  
Milwaukee, Wis., April 26, 1866.

JANE DAVIS.



#### Letter From D. H. Shaffer.

DEAR EDITOR: I am delighted that you have concluded to begin the establishment of a LARGE GARDEN, wherein to cultivate flowers choice and rare to form into sweet bouquets. Through the columns of the JOURNAL, you ask for material aid, as well as Seeds, Bulbs and Roots, to begin the spring-time planting. Although you have many rich native flowers in your wide-spread prairies, you call for specimens from the Northern hillsides, and Eastern mountain slopes; from Western vallies, and Southern plains, native, cultivated and exotic. I pray that the young may be adorned and decorated with their loveliness and beauty, and grow up under their healthful and invigorating influence, and the advanced in years may be blessed by their fragrance. I send you a small

#### BOUQUET,

Respectfully inscribed to all Progressive Lyceums, as well as to the good, the true, the wise.

A beautiful fairy, one morning in spring,  
To a sweet blooming garden, on gossamer wing  
Made a visit, on purpose to cull a Bouquet  
Which, to the good and the wise, would a moral convey.  
The first choice she made was a dignified rose:  
"Dearest fairy," said she, "sure every one knows,  
That in spring, summer, autumn, in sunshine and showers,  
I am praised and adored as the fair queen of flowers,  
In vain other flowers their influence have tried—  
I flourish and bloom in my glory and pride;  
When my beauty has faded, my glory has fled,  
A fragrance more lasting around me I shed,  
Then, take me kind fairy, to be worn as a prize  
On the brow of the good, and the true, and the wise."

Near by to the Rose, bloomed a Lily so fair,  
Whose rich fragrance was scattered abroad on the air;  
A little bee found a snug home in her cup  
And from her sweet petals did honey dew sup.  
The fairy gazed on her most exquisite form  
So tender and frail, as she bow'd to the storm,  
Robed in chaste virgin white, and bright emerald green,  
While the rich golden pollen was scattered within.  
A shower had fallen and watered the ground,  
And delicious perfume, in the air did abound.  
The Lily she smiled as the drops from the shower  
Like diamonds shone bright, and bedecked her all o'er.  
The fairy approached her to bear her away,  
As a choice floral gem in her morning bouquet.

When lo, and behold, as the fairy drew nigh,  
'Neath the Rose and the Lily, a flow'r met her eye;  
It was that of a modest and sweet Violet:  
Thou art worthy a place in a Queen's coronet;  
For thou art a symbol of modesty blest;  
In purity's raiment the Lily is drest,  
The Rose is an emblem of love it is true,  
And if you're good children, this Bouquet's for you.

Cincinnati, April 18, 1866.

DAVID H. SHAFFER.

An Anti-Tobacco Army was organized by the members of the Progressive Lyceum in Sturgis, Mich., in June last. It now numbers hundreds of members, and is in a flourishing condition.

Written for the Little Bouquet.

#### About Insects.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,  
634 Race st., Philadelphia.

TOMMY said: "Papa, how do the little ants carry the dirt out of their holes and lay it around them?"  
"Why, my son, the ant has a pair of pincers and it takes up a grain of sand in these and carries it out of its hole and lays it on the top of the ground. These little creatures are very wise; they take grains of corn, and if one cannot carry it, two or three take hold of it and all pull together. Like the sailors that we saw on the ship, they give 'a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether,' and then they get it into the ground. When corn is put into the ground it very often grows. So God has taught these little insects to eat out the germ which is in the soft part of the corn, and which is the only part that will grow—and when they have done this, they can pack it away and keep it a long time for their winter food. Solomon, a very wise man, said, 'Go to the ant thou sluggard,' and we may all learn something from these little insects, but we must not do all that they do, for they have armies and fight—and some of them make slaves of other ants and make them work without pay, and this is wrong. Not long ago we were like the ants; we had armies of men fighting and killing one another, and we had slavery, and some white men thought they had the right to hold black men and women in bondage, and buy and sell them, just as we do horses and cows. When the war came, our good President Abraham Lincoln, said they should not hold slaves any more."

"That was very good; I love Abraham Lincoln. Mamma tells me they don't sell any little colored babies now," said Tommy.

"It is the black ants that hold white ones in slavery; but it don't make any difference about the color. People don't think or feel with their color, but they do with their minds. In some hot countries these ants build quite large houses, as big as Marian Dyott's playhouse, and they have rooms in them like that has."

"I think a good many ants could live in such a house as that. Does thee think they can make as nice a house?" asked Tommy.

"I have never seen these houses. I have read about them and can show thee the pictures of them. Many men have watched these insects and given very interesting descriptions of their habits; and when we read about them, we will look at these curious little things with much more interest. Little children always love one another, but when you meet with boys and girls whom you know, you feel much more interested in them; so when you know about these insects, how curious they are, and how many cunning things they do, you will love them better, and not tread on them or hurt them."

"Papa," said Tommy, "I wish I knew all about all the things that God has made, then I would love them better."

"Yes, my son, and when we know all we can about what God has made, we not only love them better, but we love Him better also. God has given us minds to learn all we can about His works, and it is right for little boys and girls to ask all the questions they can, for this is the best way to learn. Men and women are asking questions of one another, and the of things around them; and as they receive answers they, too, are happier and better. The little ants build their houses for the same reasons that men and women do—to live in them, and take care of their children, and thus enjoy life."

"Why, papa, do ants have little babies? I never saw any."

"Yes, my son, they have their young ones, though they are not little, or else they would all die, and we should not see them all around us as we now do. These ants talk to each other—they have a language of their own; it is not like our language. Would thee like to know how we know they talk to each other, as we cannot hear them? These little creatures are very fond of sugar and molasses"—



"That shows their good sense," interrupted Tommy, "for I like these."

"A gentleman was very much annoyed by these little creatures eating his molasses. So he drove a hook up in the middle of the ceiling of his room and hung his jug on a string. It was safe enough here for several days, but he thought he would try an experiment; so he took one of the ants and put it on the jug. After it had eaten as much as it wanted, it walked up the string, and across the ceiling and down the wall to its nest; and when it got home it made a speech to the other ants. It stood up and spoke right loud, as little boys and girls ought to when they have any good news to tell, and I think this is what it said: 'My brothers and sisters—do you remember the great molasses jug, out of which we have all fed and enjoyed ourselves so often? well, I have found where it is,' (great applause—the little ants all clapped their hands,) 'and I have found the way to get to it,' (still louder applause which waked up even the most sleepy of them,) 'well,' said he, when order was again established, 'it was through great peril, for I was taken up by a great big man and carried a long distance, and set down on the self same jug. After I got over the fright of my journey, and the fear of being pinched to death in his fingers, I saw where I was, and began at once to eat my dinner, and when I had finished this I was somewhat alarmed for fear I would never get away; but seeing a rope I walked up that to the top of this great room, and then I found my way home without much difficulty.' Seeing how well fed he was, they all at once set out and in a few hours long winding trains were seen making their way up to the ceiling, across to the string, and down to the much desired treasure.

"That is all I have time to tell you to-day."

## RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

### About Enigmas, etc.

Perhaps some of our readers may not know the correct definition of the words "*Enigma*," "*Charade*," "*Rebus*," etc., and therefore would not understand how to proceed to solve the various problems presented in this department. The following explanation will help them in this direction:

The word *Enigma* is a comprehensive term, that may be applied to any riddle, of whatever nature it may be.

A *Charade* is an enigma composed of a word that may be syllabically divided into other words, which are severally described as *first*, *second* and *third*, or *fourth*, as the case may be; while all together are called the *whole*.

A *Rebus* is strictly a pictorial enigma; but this word is now very frequently used to designate all those irregular forms of enigmas which are supposed to require a separate name.

An *Anagram* consists of a word transposed into other words. A *Logogryph* is a riddle formed on a similar plan, but on a larger scale. A *Transposition* is the same as an *Anagram*.

### Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 10, 4, 13, 2 is a gulf on the north of Russia.

" 11, 9, 7, 5, 6, 4 is a mountain in Texas.

" 7, 5, 3, 1, 12, 13 is one of the West India islands.

" 9, 4, 9, 12, 13 is a lake in Wisconsin.

" 8, 4, 13, 12, 2 is a strait in Wales.

" 13, 12, 1, 4 is a river in Africa.

" 9, 2, 13, 7, 8, 11 is a city in New Grenada.

My whole is a beautiful sheet of water in the United States.

### Anagram.

Thaw fi het rulapop threab lousdh mand eth nus  
Ni sih andriem logyr?—tosd outh knith  
Sih seamb loudw lafi sels thyrglib?

### Riddle.

With much labor and care I am cut down to be saved; scattered and thrown about to be gathered up; though young, I am withered; sweet without being perfumed; and at last laid away to be used in winter.

## PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM REGISTER.

### CHICAGO, ILL.

Lyceum organized February 25, 1866.

Dr. J. S. Avery, Conductor; Mrs. C. A. Dye, Guardian.

No. of members, one hundred.

### MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Lyceum organized Feb. 11, 1866. Meets every Sunday at 2 p.m., at Sivyers Hall.

G. W. Williams, Conductor; Sarah Dickinson, Guardian.

The number of members recorded on the new books (our first books were burned,) is eighty-four. We are prospering finely.

G. A. WILLIAMS, Conductor.

### TROY, N. Y.

Lyceum organized May 6, 1866. Meets in Harmony Hall, every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Henry Rousseau, Conductor; Mrs. Louise Keith, Guardian.

Has nearly one hundred members.

### CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Meets at Temperance Hall, 184 Superior street.

J. A. Jewett, Conductor; Mrs. D. A. Eddy, Guardian.

Has one hundred members.

### PHILADELPHIA, PENN., No. 1.

M. B. Dyott, Conductor; Arrabella Ballenger, Guardian.

Meets at Sansom street Hall every Sunday at 3 p. m., except July and August, in which the summer recess occurs.

Number of members, two hundred and twenty-five.

### PHILADELPHIA, PENN., No. 2.

Meetings held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock at Thompson street Church, below Front street.

Isaac Rehn, Conductor; Mrs. Stretch, Guardian.

Number of members, one hundred.

### STURGIS, MICH.

Organized May 24, 1863. Meets every Sunday at 12:30 p. m., in the Free Church.

John B. Jacobs, Conductor; Mrs. Nellie Smith, Guardian.

Number of members, one hundred and twenty-five.

### ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Organized April 1, 1866. Meets every Sunday, at 2:30 p. m., at Mrs. L. Hayden's Gymnasium rooms, Washington Hall.

Mrs. Jonathan Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian.

### SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m.

Wm. H. Planck, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Planck, Guardian.

### ST. LOUIS, MO.

Organized December, 1865. Meets every Sunday, at 2:30 p. m., at Mercantile Hall.

Col. Wm. E. Moberly, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Blood, Guardian.

### SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Lyceum meets in Hall of Friends of Progress every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m.

### VINELAND, N. J.

Lyceum organized Feb. 11, 1866. Meets every Sunday at 1 o'clock p. m.

Hosea Allen, Conductor; Mrs. Deborah Butler, Guardian.

### NEW YORK CITY.

Lyceum organized Jan. 25, 1863—(first ever organized.) Meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at Ebbitt Hall, No. 55 West 33d Street, near Broadway.

A. J. Davis, Conductor; Mary F. Davis, Guardian.

### PUTNAM, CONN.

Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., in Central Hall.

### PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., in Pratt's Hall, Waybosset street.

### WORCESTER, MASS.

Lyceum meets every Sunday at 11:30 a. m., in Horticultural Hall.

Mr. E. R. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian.

### PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Lyceum meets every Sunday at 11 a. m., in Leyden Hall.

### HAVERHILL, MASS.

Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 a. m., in Music Hall.

### LOWELL, MASS.

Lyceum meets every Sunday in the forenoon, in the Lee Street Church.

### CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

Two Lyceums; one meets at 10 a. m., in Washington Hall, the other at 10:30 a. m., in Mechanics' Hall.

Battle Creek, Mich., Richmond, Indiana, Coldwater, Mich., and other societies have Lyceums from which we have received no report. If conductors will furnish us with reports, including date of organization, place and time of meeting, name of Conductor and Guardian, we shall be very happy to insert them in the Register. We shall expect to be notified when changes take place.

### Items.

The Orthodox folks in the city of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia, begin to drill their Sunday School children in gymnastics, and to march with flags, on each succeeding Saturday afternoon—to keep them from joining the children's Lyceum!

There is an Anti-Tobacco army at Battle Creek, Mich. We hope to record many more soon.

### PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## LITTLE BOUQUET,

Published on the 15th day of each month, at Chicago, Ill., by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association.

### THE LITTLE BOUQUET

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Words and Music composed expressly for the LITTLE BOUQUET, by H. M. HIGGINS, 115 Randolph Street, Chicago.

# LULU MAY.

H. M. HIGGINS.

Tenderly.

1. A little green grave all white with snow, A dear lit-tle bod-y ly-ing low! Is all the world may  
 ev-er know Of the sleep-ing form be-neath the snow. Still mem'ry holds as sweet-ly dear,  
 Our angel babe with sun-ny hair; Child of ten-derest love and care— Lu-lu, dar-ling, Lu-lu May!

Chorus.

Air.  
 Lu-lu, Lu-lu! Dar-ling Lu-lu! Dear-est, sweetest Lulu May; Guardian an-gels watching o'er Our sweet darling Lulu May!  
 Alto.  
 Lu-lu, Lu-lu! Dar-ling Lu-lu! Dear-est, sweetest Lulu May; Guardian an-gels watching o'er Our sweet darling Lulu May!  
 Tenor.  
 Lu-lu, Lu-lu! Dar-ling Lu-lu! Dear-est, sweetest Lulu May; Guardian an-gels watching o'er Our sweet darling Lulu May!

2.

'Twas on a chill and weary day,  
 We laid her 'neath the lonely clay;  
 From our tear-dimmed eyes astray  
 Guardian angels led the way.  
 How we loved her! none can tell,  
 But those, like us, who've loved as well;  
 Her name is now a magic spell,  
 Our precious darling, Lulu May!

3.

Shrinking from her childish glee,  
 Clinging close to mamma's knee,  
 In her face we well could see  
 How brief on earth her time must be;  
 Faded thus our blossom fair,  
 A little child with sunny hair—  
 Child of tenderest love and care,  
 Our sweet darling, Lulu May!

4.

Swiftly the seasons come and go,  
 Thickly falls the drifting snow,  
 O'er a little grave, we know,  
 Flowers bud and bloom and grow.  
 Passing through a pearly door,  
 Her feet now tread the shining shore,  
 Fair and fadeless ever more,  
 Our sweet darling, Lulu May!