ARTICLE.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

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SUBJECT.

Early Days, or My First Speech.
Early Days, or
My first speech/

by Gen. O. O. Howard,
President Board of Directors.

S, Army, etc.

Yours

Dear Mr. Smith,

Please send me more subscriptions.

More subscription.

accounts and start squarey this

united youth and a partial

now the rooms and buildings nearly

read my co-trustees and myself in

Burlington, V.T.

September 15, 1903.

U.S. Army, etc.

Cap, Tennessee.

Rial University
The first public speech.

I am told that I was born the 8th day of November 1850. During the winter of 1839-40, I came to a distinct consciousness of myself & some of my surroundings. My father, my mother & my grandfather Howard seem then to have impressed themselves like figures upon the tablet of memory. Grandfather was tall, well proportioned with mild languid eyes while their hair, usually short & erect, like sticks, as when the fingers are thrust thru. He often led me about, or stood me on his knee and told me stories which went to the higher places in my listening heart. His clay pipe was often in his mouth, and it was my rival for it always kept the child at arms-length.

Father had a keen eye under a shaggy brow. I was rather afraid of him, though I soon received evidence that he was proud of some things which his son could do. He never seemed affectionate, but always earnest & interested, more approving than praising.

I saw watching & correcting them loving. He was tall and slender, had very dark hair, a high forehead and slight, reddish side whiskers. Mother was of medium height, had rosy cheeks, dark brown hair and her own blue eyes. The laughed & talked a lot, and yet usually was serious with me. I guess they all were
Looking into the future when they gazed into my eyes.
What sort of a man will this child be? Pity to ask such a question too soon and too often during the tenderest days!

After the snow had come that winter when I was three years old, there came two men with a string of horses and a sled, probably drawn by two horses to help gather the villagers' surplus corn. It was so cold in the corn-harvest that they mounted the corn-sheller, a curious machine, looking like a large box. It was as broad as long, into four large front halls. Our house was one of those two-story, flat-roofed pyramid buildings which dotted the inhabited parts of Maine fifty years ago. There were four large rooms of nearly equal size in the main, with a large hall, one running from front to rear. A door was cut by a partition and door. The corn-sheller was as interesting as a coffee-mill.

I enjoyed seeing the man shovel the shelled corn onto the table, and then trying to catch glimpses, from the cracks of the machine, of the kernels as they were showered into the bag receiver at the bottom. After the work was done and all had retired to the bedchamber, and all had been refreshed by a blazing wood fire upon the hearth, and by such a fine welcome repast as nature happily could offer.
public attention was given to me. How I was suffered to sit up so late, I cannot justly establish, but probably excitement and curiosity of strangers fixed this as a special exception. Grandfather probably suggested that I could make a speech. Then I say, "Oh, even that child make a speech!"

Father answered, "Well, my dear, manning the bench and show us what you can do." The bench was a low foot-stool with four firm legs. With red cheeks and beating heart his fingers played. The shrunken and question an order from his father.

"Then, now, make your bow. All right, go on." So I did.

"You never expect one of my age to speak in public on the stage.

So if I chance to fall below,

Demosthenes and Cicero,

Never more, with a critical eye,

But gently press my imperfection by!

The cheering, laughing, and commotion, made me very happy. Soon I went to my bed in the North East room, and was not long in fasting to the sweet return of a child's sleep.

\**The sleigh ride on the pond\**

Some time this season when the snow was at its most
suitable depth, neither too dry so as to drift, nor so soft as to "shump."
my father warmed his favorite horses to the sleigh, put upon
the one seat always wide enough for two persons, the two large
frames buffalo runners. When all things were ready, to the heated block
for mother's feet. The upper robe was lifted, mother stepped in over
the sliding side rail. father, holding the reins in his left
hand and soothing his restless horse by gentle word, seized his boy
with the other hand, and passed him to the foot block
where his mother makes him sit flat upon the lower
robe. father quickly gained his seat and the buffalo
was pulled high up their breasts over the boy's head.
"Sit still sir; away we go. The snow shines and glistens
under the sleigh runners and gives forth a crisp
frosty, ringing sound, like squeezing brake in the
church aisle at sermon time; and the bells sound to pier
me like muffled ones as they try to play for my
imprisoned ones. This struggles to get his head out
for just one minute. "No, no, my son, it's very cold.
Sit still and keep your nose warm."
mother's pleading
tone. The feel of a frozen nose kept me there, very safe.
Soon we were crossing the great "chocolate-c negociing pond.
obody called it a lake in these days. Still it was
large enough for a lake being 8 or 9 miles across and some
nine miles long. There was a monotonous sound
on the ice, the crushing of snow by the narrow runners, hollow reverberations from the body's joint tread and more steady jingle, jingle by the seemingly muffled bells. I suspect that it is under the buffalo, warm as least by the foot-block and protected by the robes from the wind, sitting between his further murmur with his back against the buffalo-seat did as such young men usually do, second the crushing sounds, the muffled bells, the horses' hooves less and less, till his pleasant dreams gradually led him to surrender sleep. I do not know why that ride across the fields and across the ground and along the way to New Sharon so much affected my memory. It was a great joy to go somewhere away from home. It was an odd experience under the thick roofs. It was a great refreshment to keep me there in the darkness, but on the whole I was content. Happily when just as night we arrived at a tavern or another led me there. a dark hall into the common office room where there was a large hot stove. We were there warming ourselves, when I left my mother, by some sudden impulse, and started there by a door ajar into it as I supposed the dark hall. No, no! it was the adjoining door. Down the cellar stairs I rolled over and over to the bottom! My nose was bruised and bleeding.
But, still bundle up, I was not much hurt, no bones broken, yet the blood and the blueness of the cedar frightened the young drifter so much that he screamed loud enough at least to reveal his unpleasant situation. A tall stranger who adroitly crossed his shoulder and motioned me to my proper conscience with another meaning. The camping gear was quickly applied, x x x his horse having been well cared for when he appeared and saw the blood. Why, Eliza, what does this mean! Why didn’t you take better care of him? I cannot recall the words. But long ago when I learned that such words as such times had better not be said. $10 to tear the tender shoots of love. In an instant further spoke kind words to the time, but the child remembered the child of proof. Mother’s tears and trembling lips. & $ from bright joy to deep sorrow.

We rode on to Bangor. The journey from A is forgotten. I recall my entrance to a beautiful parlor. There was a rectangular piano and upon it a large rosewood box. The lady inquired after a key to the side and wound it as you would a clock. Then she put it back as it began to discover the sweet smell of music my ears had heard. It was but a common music box of large size. But it enchanted my young soul and remains associated with an early exquisite pleasure.
But my few moments of intense delight were soon followed by an experience of quite a different character. There was a sweet little girl, and surely nothing could be sweeter than that little pretty child of three years. We played together as children play, wandering from room to room, ascending the stairs, hiding and seeking in closets and shelves. Two bairins were nearest. They saw this, a doorway in the Chamber over the porter and his fingers tingled by the post when with the show of a young shepherd who busied in his last abatement to lunch. The postman knocked on the door, shouting it loud. The door caught a tiny finger of the sweet child, nearly cast it aside unawares. The servant did not hear aloud. Quickly there appeared on the scene of pain and grief an arbiter. It was a young man on crutches, once by now a cripple, stiff, and angular. He quickly took in the situation. My heart was nearly broken already, but he scolded me till the issue of his wrath colored into my face. To hear it was to sense that one still lived. It was not a case for harshness, but for heartfelt sympathy and gentle admonition—Rough sorrow is apt to damage or spoil the tender wills.
It was my privilege when I was at home to sleep with my grandfather. I called him Grandpa. One night about this time, certainly before I was four, Grandpa was dreaming. I was suddenly awakened by an unusual noise. As I opened my eyes, I caught a glimpse of Grandpa sitting up in his bed and striking out with both hands to the right and left, while he gave a sort of smothered shout. I sprang up, caught his arm, and cried, "Grandpa! Grandpa! what are you doing?" My cries and pulling startled him out of his trance, where he told me that he dreamed that he was driving an ox-cart that his back-board was out, and that some wild Indians were trying to force themselves into the cart. He had clothed his hand in a huge iron bar and was swinging it effectively killing the intruders. He might have killed me with only his own powerful arm. I thought his strange appearance, with his top woolen nightcap and his strange voice and action, might make me pneumonial. The next day I was like that of a veritable colt. I think 

My mother, who was habitually stern with me, I think.
There must have been some special need, indeed, to keep my broad cotton reasonably clean. I wore them when I went to school some 3/4 of a mile to the south of us, or when I had the unspeakable delight of visiting Uncle Allen Woodman halfway to the school or Melissa V. Lucy Howard on the next farm to the north. One day the little fellow was quite dressed for a child's party at Melissa's, and his mother casually remarked as a safeguard: "Atis you must keep your collar neat. You know mother will have to punish you if you do not." You say such a rule is too hard; but I have an idea. Why, it is like the divine: Thou shalt keep these my laws and commandments, else I will punish thee. Or do not say unto thy heart: else God will punish thee. Well, the child went. Nineteen several children. Lucy, Melissa, Merrill, Howard and probably others. Some. The played as boys play. The edge of the upper fence rail is the very path for a boy. To slip from rolling stone to rolling stone or the wall tops had the delicious sensations of danger. To climb trees was a favorite pastime.
even if it sent little breezes into my soul.

Well, this day we found a tree so bent over
by the wind, like an old man whom a
pneumatic shock had half overturned & left
mired in its new position. We drew the sand
and took the canoe. At last by some unexpected
push or jolt, Otis slipped off the highest reach,
perhaps ten or four feet from the ground.
His face was bruised & his nose bled profusely.

Uncle Barney & Aunt Howard ran to the
rescue. Basin of fresh water was at the
back door of the house. Otis was bathed &
soothed while we cried lustily. In the midst
of his loud lament with clothes torn & stoiled &
that white collar all bloody, Uncle Barney
suggested that he was very much hurt, & that
he must not cry so. "Oh," he exclaimed, "is it
my nose? Is it my collar?" He said to me, "I'd whip
me if I got it dirty." But this time
Uncle Barney was too occupied at the wound, so the
was given afterward, after some back talk, to think of or
even for the clothes. How sensitive the heart of the
most careless child.
Having been selected for a high-level position in the government, I am now faced with the challenge of managing a large team of employees. The job requires strong leadership skills and the ability to make effective decisions. I have been working with my team to improve our processes and streamline our operations. We have made significant progress in reducing costs and increasing efficiency.

The department has been facing budget cuts, and we need to find ways to operate within the reduced funding. I have been working with my team to identify areas where we can cut expenses without compromising our mission. We have also been exploring new funding sources to support our programs.

In addition to managing the budget, I have been focusing on improving the morale of my team. We have been implementing new training programs to enhance their skills and keep them engaged. I have also been working to foster a positive work environment by recognizing the contributions of my team members.

Overall, the past few months have been challenging, but I am confident that with the support of my team, we can overcome any obstacles and continue to deliver high-quality services to our clients.