ARTICLE.

Governor's Island, N.Y.,
Nov. 20, 1890.

No. 12, Vol. 10.

SUBJECT.

Milestones of my youth.
My dear Sir: You have generously ship me an article and several in,
justifying a book price! We have you for your and your books.
In fact, with your number of the 


Milestones of 

You will not have any mirth; why a few more suggestions.


Very affectionately yours,

Mark General U. A. W. R. E. C.

Preasident Board of Directors,

Lincoln Memorial University
At Columbia, Tenn., Tennessee

Burlington, VT

September 18, 1902

Governor's Island, N. Y.

Nov. 20th, 1900

Gen. O. O. Howard

Article by
My Dear Sir:

You have generously aided my co-trustees and myself in establishing a good plant; we have now the rooms and buildings nearly filled with four hundred of the mountain youth, and a partial endowment subscribed. To meet all accounts and start squarely this school year we urgently need a few more subscriptions.

Will you not, my dear sir, help me to another contribution?

Very gratefully yours,

Major-General U. S. Army, etc.
President Board of Directors.
By Howard designate certain mile-stones of his youth upon solicitation;

Courage, Shakespeare says, is one of the King becoming my grace.

Courage is that grace or principle within us which, facing every danger,
When a principle within us it is doubtless constitutional.

When acquired or further enhanced, for

When must be some foundation. It becomes

the King becoming grace.

Looking back of over fifty years of a checkered experience, I feel in my heart

that I must have been in my own principle

while I have designated Constitutional

Courage, and surely under providential

readings, home & school training, and

the ordinary & the extraordinary workings

of my life. The foundation has been somewhat

built on, but to what extent my associates

and my critics can best judge.

I may say, without egotism, that,

However, I have none by the principle or the

fancied grace, to courage. I once each

successful step in my career.

So say to me as a child, 'Thou dost not do
I am not troubled by the thought of falling in love. It seems a natural consequence of the human condition.

In fact, it is one of the few positive aspects of being alive. Even if love is often accompanied by heartbreak, it is still a deeply satisfying experience.

Despite the occasional disappointment, I find love to be a source of joy and fulfillment. It gives me something to live for, something to look forward to.

There is no greater gift than the ability to love. It is a power that can change the world, and it is something that I would be honored to possess.
that was simply to challenge my immediate trial; it was to throw down a gauntlet that I instantly took up. This was childish, reckless, foolhardy. For example at eight years of age a little flock of boys & girls were paddling our skidding way to the school. We had just had the usual "fanny flaw" By the roadside two deep ditches were full of water. The country being comparatively level the stream was shallow so that very quickly on the cold morning the water became covered with a thin ice.

In passing the deepest part began the argument definitely "Ole, you can't slide; ditch!"
The girls: "Oh, no, don't, don't. The ice is too thin!"

But no sooner said than attempted. Away goes the fasthardy boy. When half over the ice breaks & he goes into the freezing stream up to his neck.

This sort of daring of which I am not now at all proud was however a characteristic of my youth. It had perhaps this advantage for me, it made me play the roughest games, it early caused me to construct rafts for land & river, to ride
more without bridge or halter; to combat with fists and feet every encroachment of other strong opponents upon my controllable rights; it made me a leader in gymnastic performances; but was coupled with a final and serious disadvantage when, on trying a reckless leap, I fell from a horizontally bar through several feet of space and received a concussion upon the head that deeply cost me my life. The sight scar still reminds me of the morning desk I ran, in order to show to others what I could do.

When nine years of age, just before my father died, I had a test of courage of a little higher stamp. It had an element of timidity in it. There was a Congregational meeting at 'Uncle Warren's' house Sunday evening at early candle lighting. I sat in the full sitting room near Aunt Rhoda. Many members, men & women, had taken part in singing, praying, speaking. An impulse came into my heart to bear a hand. 'What could a boy do?' I said to myself. I had my Sunday school Testament in my pocket. 'Why not read a verse from that?'
...
and action. I opened to the 6th of Ephesians first verse commencing with, "Obedience to parents in the Lord, for this is right," and read a few paragraphs, and then sat down. My voice choked, my knees trembled, and a feeling arose to shame followed this child's effort. When I reached home I told my father who was then in his last illness, sitting there in his high backed chair. He approved, with some apparent misgiving. "My son, would you like to be a Christian?" I have today to recall the only prayer of his which I remember, and his unwonted tenderness. "Well, some young man asks, did you begin a religious life?"

No, but it was an Epoch—It was just the point of a blade—green shoot, the evidence of the dawn of a truest courage—that courage which enables a youngster to stand to his convictions. Other boys laughed, I said smart things. I was sensitive to ridicule—sarcasm cut like a twisted blade. Probably the reaction caused worse doing than before, and the green shoot, with the wheat among its suddenly colt, was withered at the point. But the root was there.
As we can see, the document is handwritten and appears to be a page from a notebook or personal writing. The content is not clearly legible, but it seems to contain a narrative or descriptive text. The handwriting is cursive and filled with neatly spaced lines. There are no visible headings or titles, suggesting that this might be a personal note or a draft of a longer piece of writing. The page is marked as page 18, indicating it is part of a larger collection or series of notes. The content may be related to personal reflections, observations, or notes on a specific topic, but without clearer legibility, it is challenging to ascertain the exact details.
During my college days in Doredon, I had a grand object lesson in the person of a young man two classes in advance of mine. He could not object to the use of his name. It was Rich, I think from Bangor. He was the head of our mess-club. Rich was the complete embodiment of my conception of a true Christian. Full of mental resources, in good health physically, he was gentle, winning in manner and fervent in spirit. Though I resisted his influence, feeling more in rugged natures than in softer a different companionship; yet now I know that his uprightmindedness moved my conscience like the square edge of the divine law, embedded in the Ten Commandaments. I do not think Rich was ever intended to bear arms or fight battles with earthly weapons, yet surely God sent him to a nobler work, namely to win away hearts & influence them toward the right paths to follow.

Another courageous little student when I was a junior in college heard me one day in great excitement use some scurrilously rough expression. He came close to me and said:
I am so glad you're here. It's been a long time since I've seen you. How have you been?

It's been quite a chaotic year for me. Work has been demanding, and I've been busy with various projects. But I've also found time to reflect and rediscover my hobbies. I've been especially enjoying gardening, and I've been experimenting with different crops. It's been a great way to unwind after a long day.

How about you? What have you been up to? Have you been able to take some time for yourself?

I've been thinking about starting a new book. I've been jotting down some ideas in my journal, and I think I might have something interesting to share. Would you be interested in hearing about it?

Anyway, I hope you're doing well. Let's catch up over coffee or lunch sometime.
"Howard, I never thought anybody would hear you use such words!" I did not reply. It was voicing my own conscience. It made an impression that year never affected. "Now good is a word spoken in season." To my mind that young student evinced a genuine courage.

In 1850, after graduating from Bowdoin, in August, I put in an appearance at West Point. Soon after my arrival the cadets passed from their tented field to their barracks, a kind fellow order of the next higher class most cordially invited me to join Professor Morehouse's Bible Class. For a time my study soon was as far as possible from the cadet's building where the exercise was held. When the cadets during a recess from quarters went to the area near the barracks, they filled the whole space walking in twos or threes, or standing chatting in groups. This was the condition of things as I emerged from my room and descended to the area. I could not escape the fun. "Hello! How goes the Bible? Will he feel like the professor? Perhaps help his standing!" Such phrases struck my ears. It was a real
tag of war for me. I set my teeth and held up my head and marched through the crowd to the academy entrance. And, though it was to my sensitive soul as hard as going into battle, I felt that I had been courageous. And I had won a victory in the presence of ridicule, opposition and my own Self. Yes, it was a moral victory, an epoch in which strengthened the inner man. It opened the door for the meaning of acceptable and useful knowledge of The Truth.

Of 1857

During the spring and summer, as the Ordinance Arsenal for the screw Department of Florida, I was stationed for the most part near Tampa within the garrison of Old Fort Brooke. The Methodist Meeting House, the only church east of the small town, was not far from the Ordinance Depot where I lived and worked.

It was my custom to attend worship at this church, generally morning and evening, when no regular military duty prevented. On one Sunday evening in May I went as usual. The house appeared to be full and I took a seat against the wall near the door. Being in
[Handwritten text on lined paper,无法准确转写]
uniform I was just a little proud. It annoyed me to find a roughly clad person near the street by my side and still more when the lad fell asleep against me. Still lest I should make some disturbance I kept my place and let the boy sleep enjoying his pillow. I did not hear much about the minister the Rev. Mr. Lynde said. It struck me that was unnecessary earnest and that he a veritable hatred of wicked people among whom Iclassed myself. After the sermon there was much singing of old hymns. As the congregation sang the clear and searching voice of the pastor called for volunteers to go forward to the front seats or kneel at the Altar-rail. Several men and women went to the front. As they were going I noticed a hunch-back little woman stealing on with the others toward the rail. At that instant I caught sight of two or three young men whom I knew with whom I associated laughing at the movement. Perhaps the oddity of the deformed one amused them. On a sudden I said to myself: "Young man, which side do you prefer, that of the sufferers or that
of them poor ones who are trying to do right?"

instantly as so often in my boyhood. My resolve
came to be at once followed by action. I arose
but not my uniform coat and marched to the
front & knelt at that altar. Mr. Lynde
put his hand on my head & prayed for me with
tears, for he was a tender-hearted Christian man.

There was no visible or immediate
consequence following this action. My band of
conversion was some time subsequent to
this occasion. Still I had boldly taken my
stand among a class of Christians that were
considered fanatical & unwise by associates
among my proud & inclusive comrades.

It appeared to them a folly, a crazed, a mistake.

And indeed the situation was worse than when I
joined Professor Sycamore Bible Class; but this
act was marked another epoch of life — it did
indeed enhance the principle of courage in
my composition and prepared the way for
design results.

There is a physical stamina which is often
called physical courage. In the army when
soldiers lack this element in their makeup
They are despised and are usually treated with ridicule. In the beginning of my first battle, without parade, I was stationed by you, Mr. McDowell, behind the fighting line with a small forest intervening. We were perhaps three miles in a direct course from the batteries and screaming shells. The increasing battle of the musketry could occasionally be heard, while the booming of the cannon was incessant. To stand there and listen to those booming sounds, knowing that soon one must rush into the thick of the conflict, was trying in the extreme. For awhile I could scarcely hear it. I was dismounted. My limbs weakened and all my strength appeared about to desert. How ashamed I felt. I had not dreamed of such a condition. Then I lifted my face to God and earnestly prayed, "Oh, God, enable me to do my duty." As quick as a flash of lightning, the realization set in and I was wholly myself. When my command filed past me into action and I sat on my horse to observe them the men parrying looked up into my face. Many were pale. Many smiled and doubtless gathered assurance from my self-possession. The experience of
of physical instruction seemed to me again during the war of rebellion.

There are many other incidents of my life which have perhaps stronger bearing upon my military success, as I cannot trace, Mr. Barnum, whom I have noted. What Mr. French calls energy, such as so remarkably showed itself through such revolution, but was developed and strengthened, like muscular action, by intensified activities, is the quality which made some of our generals officers.

My first considerable success with a Brigade was based upon first getting the permission from General Summer to make a projected expedition. Second, the working a whole night to bring about the completion of supply, and other essential preparations.

In this preliminary work I detected a strong patriotic motion, and in addition those unaided ambition. In its subsequent success there was demanded an ability to command men and keep their confidence and the courage, both physical and moral, which pressed me to assault the enemy, follow him up, and drive him beyond the limits.
fixed for my expedition. This affair was a success. I won the confidence of my Generals, which I never lost. It was a stepping stone to a higher command and finally issued in my passing from a brigade to a division, from a division to a corps; from a corps to a larger corps, and at last, to the important charge, committed to me by President Lincoln on the recommendation of General Sherman of the Army and the Department of the Tennessee. This army, the field part of it, was at last called Sherman's thundering herd.

Surely nothing but a courageous and indomitable energy could have kept me to my tasks, and in after times to the trying work of Indian campaigns.

In 1872, with an Aide and an Interpreter, I entered the stronghold of Cochise and his Apache, over fifty miles from any possible help except that of our ever-present Father. It was done by laying my life upon the altar of sacrifice, as did both the Aide-de-camp and the Interpreter. The scripture ringing in
my ears, as I marched over the last hundred miles of approach, was "He that saveth his life shall lose it: He that loseth his life for my sake the same shall find it." We remained there some thirteen days and succeeded in making peace with the last tribe of Indians then at war with the United States; and in putting them upon a Reserve, and as we obeyed with ample success, our instructions to carry out the peace policy of General Grant.

If a young man has fair mental endowments, courage and push will carry him on over some pitfalls and apparent failures to a veritable success.

(Sgd.) Oliver C. Howard

Governor's Island, N.Y.,
Nov. 30th 1870