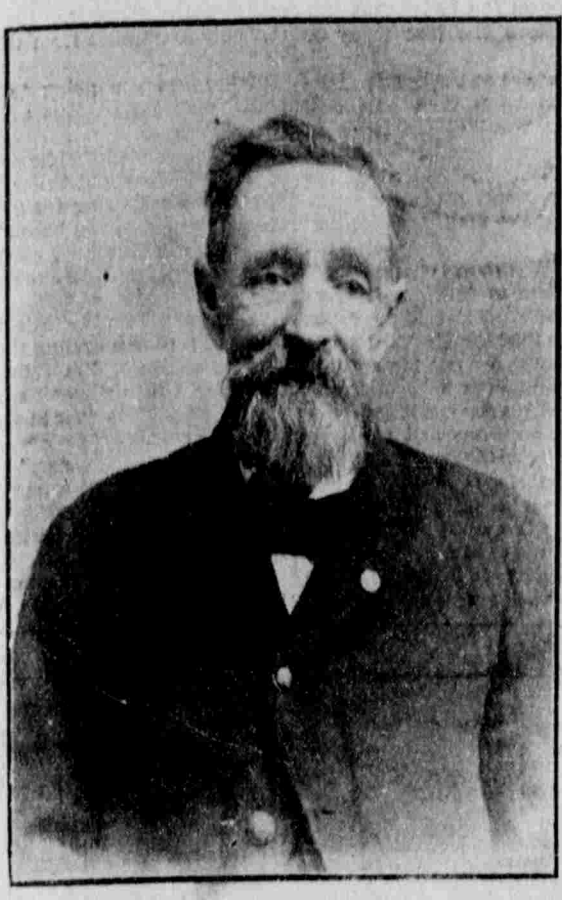


A Salt Lake Balaklava Hero's Thrilling Life Story.



WILLIAM DAY HARWOOD.

William Day Harwood, Who Fought Through the Crimean War as a Member of the Thirty-ninth Derbyshire and Second Division of the British Forces, Under Lord Raglan, and who Survived the Fire of Civil Conflict in the United States, Tells the Deseret News an Absorbing Tale of His Wonderful Career—Seems to Have Borne a Charmed Life—Passed Through Some of the Fiercest Battles of History Without Receiving so Much as a Flesh Wound.

of the immortal heroes of Balaklava, and helped take Sebastopol. He won laurels on the three great battle fields of the Crimean war, and then came to the United States and distinguished himself as a union soldier. It was men of his calibre that made possible a Fort Donelson, a Shiloh, Gettysburg and an Appomattox. Yet this little man, for he was just tall enough to get into the service by a close shave, is so unaccustomed to speaking of himself that when he does so he hangs his head to conceal his blushes and fidgets about like a school girl. He never says what he did; it is always what "the boys did," and it is plain to be seen that he has never learned to regard himself in the light of a hero, or indeed as an extraordinary man at all. But when a few questions call up the battlefields of the past his form becomes erect and the martial spirit dances in his eyes. This man is a born soldier.

For fourteen years it was his life's blood, and he thrived so well on it, that he was never sick a day while in the service. He was horrified at the sight of a wound, but never saw the inside of one. He never received so much as a flesh wound, yet he went through battles where not one-third came out alive of those who went in. He has stood in places where bullets were so thick that they rubbed against each other and he was not phased. If General Custer had been such a charmed life he would today be telling the story of the Big Horn.

William Day Harwood was born in Warwickshire, England, on August 27th, 1829, and could create more mischief and get out of it better than any boy in the neighborhood. He was a favorite and a terror at the same time, as agile as a cat and as pranksome as a monkey. When he grew up to be

twenty-four years old his country had just begun that awful dispute with the Russians called the Crimean war. He enlisted in the second division of the thirty-fifth Derbyshire and sailed for Balaklava from the Isle of Wight.

"We were lying about five miles from the harbor," began the old veteran, "awaiting the advance of the Russian fleet. The last long they came sight a solid column miles long. Lord Raglan was in command of all our forces, while my regiment was under Colonel Smith. I was in the infantry, and the first thing I saw was a great wall of smoke. Presently Lord Cardigan rode out in front of his brigade of six hundred and gave the command to charge. The faces blanched and a third went through the army like it had been ordered to execution, but the order had been given, and as Tennyson puts it, 'There was not a reason why.' The spectacle that followed was a sight for the gods. Six hundred men on horseback hurled themselves at that solid wall like an avalanche, but they might as well have faced a wind storm and tried to escape the fire. Bullets, shot and shrapnel seemed to fill every inch of space in the air, but those men hadn't formed the habit of turning back and they didn't know how. They cut their way through that line and were fortunate in meeting a goodly number of the Russian army. Then they cut their way back again, at least twenty-five of them out of that magnificent band of 600."

"Do you know how many of those seven-hundred are living now?" was asked.

"That is almost impossible to state. One of the societies in England has been trying to ascertain how many are still living, and they have only been

able to locate six. Whether there are any more living I don't know."

Balaklava was this old veteran's introduction to warfare, but as terrible as it was it did not scare him out.

Lord Cardigan as is generally known, was arrested and sent back to England and tried. He was dishonorably discharged from the army, but his wife contended that he gave the orders as he received them.

From Balaklava, Harwood went to Alma and fought in that terrible encounter. He was one of the "Tommy Atkins" that whopped the Russians at Inkerman, and what is sufficient to enroll his name on the scroll of the world's immortal heroes is the fact that he helped to take Sebastopol and it was men of his fibre that alone carried the day. Sebastopol was one of the world's decisive battles. Its field was drenched in blood and the story of that most terrible day is known by all.

This man has grown to be a soldier and a laurel wreath bedecked the brow of the hero of war Sebastopol, and those who fought in that most sanguinary strife will never be forgotten.

"This man has grown to be a soldier and a laurel wreath bedecked the brow of the hero of war Sebastopol, and those who fought in that most sanguinary strife will never be forgotten."

"That is the one battle of my life," said the old soldier, "that has made the deepest impression upon me. I even now marvel as I think of how I came out alive. To us at that time it looked as though none would escape. We landed on the shore and remained under a fierce and unrelenting fire until Sebastopol was taken. The Russians had built a trench twelve feet deep and twelve feet wide all around the fort. At first we tried to get over it with

scaling ladders, but the charge was ordered and those in front were crowded into the trench. The sight was appalling. Men and horses went headlong into that awful ditch until it was filled with the dead and the wounded. Then the remainder passed over them. It was worse than the sunken road of Ohain, at Waterloo, and if we had not been engaged in the fight of our lives the Russians the horrifying sight would have overcome us. But we advanced under a withering fire. Our men were mowed down like grass, and once we were repulsed. But our English blood was thoroughly roused and the next time we charged that fortress no force on earth could have repulsed us. We fought steadily for four hours, like the Anglo-Saxons fight sometimes, but other races never.

"Sebastopol closed the Crimean war and I returned to England. While I had been fighting the Russian war, I had been fighting the American war, including my father and mother, and my sister here, had emigrated to the United States, and were making their way to Utah, having joined the Mormon Church. I was mustered out of the service in 1855, and the next year I sailed for America. I joined my people in Indiana, where my mother died soon after my arrival. I remained there and in Illinois until the war broke out. At one time I lived near Springfield, Illinois, and saw Abraham Lincoln frequently. I responded to the first call for volunteers and enlisted in the Fifteenth Missouri, which was part of the Union forces. The commander of my brigade was General Leonard, a Dutchman whom I did not love ardently, and when it came to fighting he was very much of a 'lobster.' By-the-way I picked that name up on my way to Utah, and in justice to myself I will explain that I am not much given to using slang."

"Well I didn't fight much on this side of the Mississippi," continued the old soldier, "but we soon got down into Tennessee. I was in the second day's fight at Shiloh and I must say it was about as fast fighting as I ever saw. I have been in several close places and have fought many kinds of soldiers, but those backwoodsmen from Louisiana, Texas, Georgia, Mississippi and their sister states were the hardest formation I ever faced. They fought like wild men and they could make things look more like war than anything I have seen."

Mr. Harwood bore his customary undaunted front at the capture of Fort Donelson, the battle of Franklin, and the campaign in and about Nashville. He was in Texas when the Confederates' Appomattox was mustered out in that state. Then he made his way to St. Louis, where he received his pay. He remained there for about six months

and then went to Illinois. After casting about for some time he settled down near Litchfield, where he lived for thirty-five years.

His people had moved on to Utah and he was there in the West also. His father, Richard Harwood, was killed at the corner of Goshute and Fifth drug store by a runaway team in 1875. He was well known in this city and his end was remembered by the older residents. A few months later his sister's husband, Mr. Aspinwall, died, leaving her with two children to raise. She was of her brother's heroic mold and never flinched from the task. Through her fragility and anxiety, she has acquired a comfortable home and furnished a very nicely. She had not heard from her brother for thirty-five years, and had long ago come to the conclusion that he was dead. But in the early part of last May a local G. A. R. officer called on her and told her that William was living in Illinois and was anxious to come and see her. The good woman wept for joy. She thought of again seeing her brother, nearly overcome her. She sent for him at once and on the 13th of May they met in a close embrace.

"I have never married," remarked Mr. Harwood, "and I had known around the world so long that I thought I might and my days away from my relatives but last Spring, when the birds were green, and the birds filled the air with their songs, my heart was turned back to my childhood days when my little sister here, and I used to romp in the fields. And I began to yearn to see her again and with a longing hope I wrote to find out if she were still living. Now I am here with her," and with that remark the brother and sister exchanged places of love. But as he goes to remain here as long as I live. We have been apart long enough and now I am going to help her all I can. I have passed through many scenes in war and in peace that have tried my nerve. I have witnessed the struggle of humanity like they were cattle, and have had them drop all around me until I think my thirst for war is satiated, but, and the old man gave a shy wink, "I would like to have gone to the Philippines and tried my hand with the rest of the boys. But I have been a man of peace for many years and I am too happy for words at being here with my sister."

Mr. Harwood has a medal that was given him by the British soldiers, and no doubt he would have received many other distinctions had he not been so modest. But as he put it, "I have always lived a quiet life and all I care for now is to live on here with my sister until the last reveille calls me to the camp on the other side."

DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE SALVADORIANS.

Brigham Young Academy Exploring Expedition's Travels in Central America.

Country Capable of Being Made the Garden of the World—People Hospitable and Honest—In the Mineral Belt—Again in Honduras—Interesting Experiences by the Way—From a Palace to a Hovel—Seek Rest Under Difficulties.

WHILE El Salvador is the smallest of the Central American republics it is the most densely populated, and contains more cultivated land to the square mile. It is drained by two principal rivers, or I might say one principal and one unimportant river. The Lempa rises in the southwest part, flows northeast until it reaches the northern boundary of the republic, thence nearly due south to the coast. Its valleys are rich and fertile and well peopled except some near La Barca. Here could be made rich rubber or cane plantations. For thirty miles from its mouth the river is navigable for small river steamers, but I believe none are running. At La Barca we crossed on a scow, the river being much swollen an account of the recent rains, but usually it is fordable at this place towards the end of the dry season. The other stream is the Rio San Miguel, which drains the northeastern part of the republic, and with some windings flows southwardly into the Jiquilisco Bay. It is crossed by a bridge at San Miguel, and was at the time we reached it a considerable stream. Its bottom, too, are rich and productive. We have never seen on the whole trip a greater wealth of fruit trees of all kinds, cane, grass and flowers than is seen on this part of the bottom extending from the town to the river. Coconut trees, mangoes and banana predominate, though almost all tropical fruits are grown. The change to the dry and unproductive hills away from the river is marked and sudden. There are no large ranges of mountains in El Salvador, but there are some volcano peaks or cones that deserve notice. Volcan de Chingo, 2,000 m.; Volcan de San Miguel, 1,650 m. and by the same name, 2,060 m. This one and Santa Ana, near the town of Santa Ana, 2,164 m., are still active, though the fires are burning low. The highest peak of all is that called Volcan de San Vicente, near the town by the same name, which has an altitude of 2,640 m., or 8,660 feet. Others of interest because of their beauty are Coatepeque, 1,810 m., and Jucupana, 1,650 m. These volcanoes form a broken range parallel with the coast and reaching almost from one side of the republic to the other. Their sides are rich and fertile, and furnish soil for the largest and most productive coffee plantations. They are landmarks, too, which no doubt guided the Nephites in their marches and travels as they have guided others of Father Lehi's sons and daughters since.

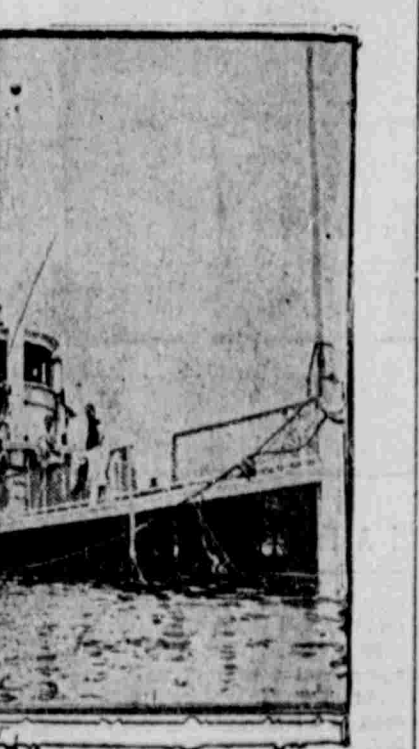
DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE SALVADORIANS.

The people as a whole have a shade lighter as we pass from Mexico into Guatemala, especially in the eastern part, and still lighter in El Salvador. Some are even white with blue eyes and

red hair. As a whole, however, the eyes are dark, and the skin is that of a half white. They are as a rule more civilized in El Salvador, are fed better and clothed better, though the naked children up to the age of ten years are still seen. I believe, too, that the Salvadorians are more industrious though their good appearance may be due entirely to the richness of the soil. Their houses, those of the common people, while in a degree better than those seen in Mexico and the western part of Guatemala are still lacking much in comfort and convenience, as we understand them. Usually the roof is well thatched or covered with tiles. The sides are sometimes of corncobs tied together like willows and stood on ends, sometimes of thatch and often of split sticks or round smaller sticks. Adobe walls are seen but not often. Of course the better class have better houses, houses of rock, adobe, or of brick, but I speak now of the poorer people. Often the sides of the houses are wanting except in one corner where the bed stands. There is never a mat on the floor, and usually the soil patted down and dampened is all the floor they have. This seems strange to one who has traveled among the Hawaiian people, whose floors are always covered with two

to five thicknesses of mats, but the explanation lies in the fact that the women's time here is almost entirely taken up in making tortillas, especially if there is a large family to eat them. We have seen women begin the grinding at 3:30 in the morning and with only such interruptions as may be necessary for other house work, continue nearly the whole day. Where a woman has help at home and does not need to grind the spring or along the streams, and often one sees from a dozen to a hundred women sitting in the edge of the water with a large flat rock in front of them, washing clothes. The clothes are never boiled and the softness of the water enables them to become quite white and clean. Soap is usually home made, only in the larger towns can we find the imported article. Starch and bluing are also home made.

TO INVESTIGATE MOHAWK WRECK.



Experienced boatmen and yachtsmen who examined the wrecked St. Lawrence steamer as she lay in the waters of Long Island sound off Glen Island are convinced by her position that her captain tried to pass one of the buoys on the wrong side.

I doubt that we could find a country in which we could travel with greater safety than we have found in Mexico and Central America.

IN THE MINERAL BELT.

From San Miguel we came a day and a half's drive to Santa Rosa, the great mining district of the republic. We have seen women begin the grinding at 3:30 in the morning and with only such interruptions as may be necessary for other house work, continue nearly the whole day. Where a woman has help at home and does not need to grind the spring or along the streams, and often one sees from a dozen to a hundred women sitting in the edge of the water with a large flat rock in front of them, washing clothes. The clothes are never boiled and the softness of the water enables them to become quite white and clean. Soap is usually home made, only in the larger towns can we find the imported article. Starch and bluing are also home made.

PEOPLE ARE HOSPITABLE AND HONEST.

The people are not inhospitable, though often they are suspicious of strangers. When we stop at a place a day or two and they become acquainted, confidence is restored and a very pleasant sociability established. Several times where we have camped over a day, as on Sunday, for instance, a little present, with the adios and voya bien has been given each member.

While perhaps more hospitable than the Mexican Salvadorians lack the politeness of the latter. Always in Mexico a bueno dias brought a polite ree never even from the lowest. Not so here, at least not always. Often when we here address a passerby thus he has acted as though he were taken by surprise. He was not expecting to be spoken to and had no answer prepared. As a rule the people are honest. We heard considerable before leaving home of the stealing propensities of the people of the southern republics, beginning with Mexico. Some no doubt steal. They could hardly be a human people and not; but as a whole I believe they compare in honesty to their more civilized northern brothers. We have had some few things taken, little things, but

the lady is a native of Salvador, though of the lighter ones, her face being as white as many of our northern women. She is refined and educated, is handy with the needle, as well as an expert in the kitchen, and possesses above all a sympathetic heart. The result of our travels interested her, and she expressed sympathy when we related our little trials and hardships.

AN ARTIST IN OBSCURITY.

Mr. White was taken by anyone for an American rather than an Englishman. He left England thirty-two years ago with the idea of settling in California. But on coming with a ship captain bound for Mexico, he came here and was supercargo on a coast steamer for a long time. Finally he came to Salvador, and liking the country he settled here.

From the many works of art which adorn his home, there is no question that nature intended him for an artist, while fate has made him a merchant in a little obscure Indian village in El Salvador.

RAIN IN THE TROPICS.

The rainy season is on. Every night a heavy shower passes over, flooding the ground for a while with water. When we camp out, which we do only when we cannot get a good room to put out cots in, we invariably get wet for the showers come up with such force and magnitude that long before the tent is soaked up sufficiently to shed the water much has passed through. A drizzling rain at first in the shape of a warning prepares us, but the tropics seldom furnish such a rain.

Already the grass and weeds are springing up, and the trees are covering themselves in a coating of new green leaves, and the whole land smiles in verdure. It is surprising how quick-

ly this change is made, from a dry, barren yellow, to a bright green. But the sun is hot and the rain itself is warm, and the leaves and grass fairly spring into existence.

I say the sun is hot. We are now passing through our mid summer. We feel the change, especially since we reached the lower lands of the coast. It is not warm, it is hot. It is sultry at times, and the perspiration even while one stands in the shade runs from every pore. Were it not for the cooling effects of the afternoon and evening thundershowers the earth would soon become unbearable.

AGAIN IN HONDURAS.

We are again in Honduras, and are crossing the narrow strip of that republic that reaches to the Pacific. We crossed the line yesterday at 8:15, and reached Nacama today at 11 a. m. May 23. This town is important only because it is the birthplace of the present president of Honduras. An American consul is here, but he has but little business to do, and I am told, sought the position for the standing it gives him in the community.

However that may be, in a consul, and we were full of regrets not to find him at home, he being temporarily absent on business in Tegucigalpa.

From here Mr. Klenke and I will make a quick trip to the capital, both to see that city and the country around and as well to get our mail. The rest of the party under the direction of Mr. Fairbanks will continue on the road towards Nicaragua, but will make a few days' camp as soon as they reach good feed for the animals. The trip to Tegucigalpa will take six or eight days.

We left Nacama about 2 p. m. on the 24th. Mr. Klenke and I turned northward to the river, Nacama, and the rest of the party turned southwest towards Choluteca. The day was sultry, and we almost choked for a drink of cool water though we crossed the river twice. The water everywhere was warm, and one would get no satisfaction from a drink. Towards sundown the air cooled and traveling was more pleasant. The river bottom is rich and fertile, and we passed several banana plantations and corn fields of considerable size. But two leagues from town the land became rolling and suitable only for stock raising. A week later there would be plenty of milk, but now the grass is not sufficiently grown. At 5:30 o'clock we reached Pespire, a neat little town of fifteen hundred people, and beautifully located on the banks of the river. It is surrounded by hills, in fact, is partially on the hills itself, and with its large white church in a prominent place, is very picturesque. We found good pasturage, and a comfortable place to sleep.

The next day we traveled thirty-six miles over a very rough country, but in general following the river. I was not well, in fact, I had not been for two days, dating back to a night in wet blankets. It was after dark when we reached Sabana Grande, the largest and most important town next to Tegucigalpa. We found accommodations to sleep in one house and obtained supper in another. The room had no floor, and nothing in it looked clean, except the table spread and the dishes. We had eggs, fried beans, tortillas and sausage, all very rich, and all except the tortillas were cooked in lard. The people in these hot countries use much more lard in their cooking than we do in the north. Why, I cannot tell, but such is their custom in cooking.

The next day we crossed the Rubber mountains, and rose to a height of over 5,000 feet. The air was cool and pleasant, and even the drinking water was good.

We were crawling to Tegucigalpa to reach the postoffice before it closed, and the next day was Sunday and the opening of the office was uncertain. From the top of the Rubber Mountains the city could be plainly seen not more than six miles away, but the road distance was eighteen miles.

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

The scenes from here were beautiful. On all sides oceans of rolling hills and mountains could be seen, with most beautiful little valleys nestling between, and often a little town far away. The far down, with its great white church. These valleys and the sides of the hills and mountains surrounding them are

rich and productive, yielding an abundance of corn, cane, bananas and in fact all kinds of fruits. The roads, however, are poor, in places very severe, so that nowhere is the productive capacity of the land taxed to a hundredth part of its ability. With better roads, a thousand people could live where now a score subsist.

At 3:30 we were at the post office, and the clerks with a big grin at the quantity of mail, handed us our letters. We secured a paper, in fact we were aware that any papers published in Utah save from the mere fact that in a letter one of the boys received a clipping. We found a pasture for our animals about a mile from town at the place of Dr. Remigio Diaz, a very wealthy and a very intelligent gentleman. He surely does not make a business of keeping pasturage for horses, but was kind enough to let us remain there without explanation. The doctor had much to say, and in speaking of the country he pronounced it much about Honduras. He was posted on the mineral wealth, on the stock industry, the banana industry, and the railroad possibilities. "The richest valley in Central America," said he, "is the Olancha valley northeast of here about thirty leagues. There may be some places its equal, there are none its superior. In mineral it is rich in gold, silver, lead, and copper, for stock it has the best of pasturage, and for farming, the land is very fertile. The great drawback is the bad roads, but the government is fixing, and will soon have good roads."

We have heard before of this Olancha valley, and only regret now that we cannot pay it a visit. Col. J. R. Hosmer, whom I met at the hotel, spoke of it also, and said that at present he was here connected with a company as attorney, but he was going to the valley to settle. He declared that the valley was one of the richest in the world.

We stayed with Dr. Diaz for dinner, and the two hours before the meal were spent in the parlor with the family. Mrs. Diaz is a very sensible and a very practical lady. Although wealthy she is teaching her daughters, of whom she has four charming ones, to do house work as well as to play on the piano. Her two living sons are each learning a profession. One is following his father as a doctor, the other is studying law. The oldest son was killed in the last revolution, six years ago. The oldest daughter is a young lady of perhaps twenty years, the youngest a child of seven. They are light complexioned as compared with most of the natives, and at home would easily be taken for members of very busy and complex. They play the piano well, though excuse themselves on the ground that there are no teachers in Tegucigalpa. We were therefore entertained with song and music, in a well furnished parlor, and ate a dinner suitable for a king. New comes the contrast. We were surprised, though we have been on the road a year.

FROM A PALACE TO A HOVEL.

After dinner we bade our friends good by, thanked them for their kindness and hospitality, and pushed forward, hoping to cross the Tolu mountains for camp. This we were unable to do. The evening's rain set in a little earlier, and we found it difficult to reach the summit where feed was good, before the storm came. We came to a ranch, however, the best along the road, where pasturage was good, and decided not to run the risk of getting nothing by trying to better ourselves. There was nothing inviting, however, but the pasturage, and the fact that we could get corn for our mules. The extra room was already taken before we arrived by some gentlemen on their way with a cargo for the capital. But the family appeared to be small, and as the man told us we could sleep in the house we settled down and awaited developments. Supper was out of the question. We could not get even tortillas as the lady of the house was ill. But the lack of supper did not concern us so much as we had feared at noon. At dusk a half dozen persons came in, and evening worship began. We stepped out, not to intrude. This con-

tinued for half an hour. To our surprise, the addition of a half dozen to the family was to stay all night, and we were still more surprised later to see two other men come in.

Worship had scarcely closed when the rain came down in torrents. All thought of going on was out of the question. We retired early, but not to sleep or rest. I had a bench about 18 inches wide, on which I spread my blankets. My companion had a large well dried bull hide, a common bed in this country, spread on the floor. It was the best the people had, save they should give their own beds, and perhaps their own beds.

There were two rooms in the house, both packed full. We did not sleep, for not alone were our beds very hard, but we could get along with, but the beds and the gnats and the mosquitoes were unbearable. Then, too, a small baby, 15 days old, took turns with a child of two years in keeping its mother awake, and of course all the rest of us in the same room, at least the two of us. Mr. Klenke and I went to quiet, a half dozen pigs struggling at the front door to get out of the rain, squealing and fighting kept time with the children inside, and a lean pig once the door was open, lost his patience. For a few moments in the middle of the night, as the fury of the storm outside beat down on the pigs, they made a noise that made us think we were in a slaughter house. The man jumped up, and with broom in hand found his way rapidly in the dark to the door, stepping on Mr. Klenke, and grabbing me to keep himself from falling. Finally, with a slam and a bang he opened the door, and struck wildly into the darkness, where the pigs were but a few moments ago, but behold they had scrambled. He had not reached his way again, but he was again pushing one another and squealing to get the best place next the door, but the owner went again, this time more mildly and the squeal of a shoat told that he had reached the door. We retired, and again the pigs took possession of the doorway, and remained undisturbed so far as human being was concerned until morning. At 5:30 the tortilla grinders awoke and began their work. Before daylight all of the family had arisen. We were glad to be released ourselves for the morning was cool and pleasant.

Without breakfast we walked and pushed on, declaring that we had had an experience we never wanted to repeat.

At noon today we reached Hacienda San Bernardino, and here found the rest of our party at a comfortable camp. Prof. Fairbanks had been able to obtain some beautiful of the beautiful tropical forest near by. The animals had been in good feed, and the boys had wasted no new milk in abundance. All were well.

BENJ. CLUFF JR., San Bernardino, Honduras, May 31, 1901.

MIXED MAXIMS.

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow—the cook will go on a strike."

"Every cloud has a silver lining—" but usually it is made of German silver."

"Everything comes to him who waits"—including despair and decay.

"The darkest hour is just before dawn"—at least it seems darker when you are trying to find the light in a "speaking door" jagged a long time, and no one ever thinks to oil it.

"One swallow does not make a summer—" no, nor a meal.

"It is a long lane that has no turn—" and sometimes it does not turn at all; it just ends abruptly at a precipice.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath—but it is just as well to be prepared, and keep your hand near your pistol pocket."

"If at first you don't succeed, try again—" even if you have to impress it with a club.

"Virtue is its own reward—" at least it is the only amount one can get up to date.

"A good conscience makes a soft pillow—" as does also the knowledge that you have tomorrow's rent money.

"Where there's a will there's a way—" usually the strong one.

"It is better to give than to receive—" this holds good even to a blow.

—Ella Castille Bennett in San Francisco Chronicle.