



We know with a good deal of detail the story of Grant's successes from the time of Belmont to the day when he delivered over the White House to his successor. But the part of his career which was uneventfully contained in the few months prior to the outbreak of the Civil War and a few weeks after, or until he received his colonelcy, is so little known that all that can be said of it by almost every one is that it was a period of trial, of hard luck and at times almost of despair. It is possible, however, now to give something of detailed narrative of that time, because one who was near Grant at Galena, who saw him in the tanner's store many times, who went with him to the meeting called by the citizens of Galena in answer to Lincoln's proclamation, who had him as a companion from Galena to the Illinois capital, and his roommate while Grant was there desperately struggling to gain an entrance into the service, is now living and can recall those times with vividness. He is General Augustus L. Chetlain, now living in Chicago, known to every member of the Loyal Legion of the United States not only as a fighter who knew no fear, although in many battles, but as the man who was the intimate of Grant, who had him as a companion from Galena to the Illinois capital, and his roommate while Grant was there desperately struggling to gain an entrance into the service, is now living and can recall those times with vividness.

It is from General Chetlain in the main that this narrative has been obtained, although his recollections are not unaided, and some of the incidents narrated were collected from other sources of information. Captain Grant went to Galena to serve his father as a clerk in the leather-store and tannery of J. D. Grant & Co. He gladly accepted such employment a year or two before the outbreak of the war. He received at first \$40 a month, and his pay was afterward raised to \$75. He hired a little cottage, still standing, and paid \$12 a month rent, leaving a sum upon which he could support his family only by scrimping and the hardest sort of economy. Upon young days or times when customers were few, he would take to the young men used to go into the tanner's store and there they often found young Captain Grant seated upon the counter sometimes with an old gray coat that cost \$5 on his shoulders, very rusty felt hat upon his head and a short pipe in his mouth. He was known also as a clerk who had no special fondness for the counter or for hides, but who would rather sit upon the floor and read a book or take in money.

When Lincoln's proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers was published Grant presided at a meeting in Galena and was the most important man in the enlistment of a company of volunteers. It was the general desire to make him captain of the company, but this he declined, and Mr. Chetlain was chosen captain instead. In conversation with Captain Chetlain, just after the outbreak of the war, Captain Grant said: "I don't want to overestimate my abilities, and I don't think I do when I say that I feel that my education at West Point and my service in the army have qualified me to take the command of a regiment. I have a share of military pride which causes me to feel justified in asking the Governor to give me a regiment, and I'm going to get it."

On the day that the Galena company was to depart for the State capital patriotic enthusiasm was most gloriously stirred in that town. The company, in its new uniform, paraded through the streets, and then turned toward the railway station. As it was passing the leather-store of J. D. Grant & Co. Captain Chetlain saw standing in the doorway a short, slender young man with a musty overcoat concealing his well-worn and coarse shoes. The captain's eye fell upon an old-fashioned, wax-candle-bag made of carpet, one of those which justified the early name of carpet-bag, a well-known and ancient relic of domestic service, and this man who was standing in the doorway of J. D. Grant & Co. leather-shop was carrying. Captain Chetlain nodded and received in reply a recognition which was a half military salute and half friendly sign. When the company passed the young man stepped from the doorway, fell in behind and marched at the rear of the company, bearing his faded carpet-bag and still smoking his pipe.

Captain Grant carried with him to Springfield nothing excepting the change of linen which was contained in an old carpet-bag, and a letter of introduction to Governor Yates, written by E. D. Washburn, then a member of Congress from the Galena district. The captain and his men were proud to display their buttons and their activity. Two or three days after the Galena company reached Springfield Captain Chetlain had some business which called him to the Capitol. As he walked down the corridor he saw a man sitting on a bench smoking a pipe and looking almost the picture of a beggar. The young man's dress and his brushed by, some of them turning for an instant to glance at this man who seemed almost like an outcast, so strong was the contrast between his appearance and that of the other men. Captain Chetlain recognized him, although he had not seen him for a day or two, and going up to him said, "Why, captain, what are you doing here?"

"Well, I am trying to get my letter of introduction to Governor Yates, and I have been waiting so long that I think it will be of any use. However, I am going to stay here until the building closes." Captain Chetlain saw that Grant was a little despondent and suggested to him that he should return to the Governor's office, and that he would be sure to receive any one who bore a letter from Congressman Washburn. Two or three hours later Captain Grant was able to find some one who condescended to take the letter of introduction from Mr. Washburn to the Governor, and after a while this messenger returned saying that the Governor would see Captain Grant as soon as he had leisure. The Governor must have been very busy, for leisure did not come until another hour or two had passed. Grant went into the Governor's room with what seemed to be almost a timid manner, and the Governor, casting a quick glance at him and perceiving that he was coarsely dressed, and also that he clearly was not a man of high rank, would make the interview a short one. So he said, "Ah, you are Captain Grant? What can I do for you?"

were making the offices for the regiments and brigades. The opportunity came more quickly than he expected. He had soon good seed at Mattoon. The ability, energy and thorough understanding of himself and his duties which he displayed when mustering in the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Volunteers made a deep impression upon some of the officers and many of the men. For some reason the first appointed colonel of that regiment resigned, and at that time the officers of a regiment had the privilege of designating by vote their wishes as to the colonelcy. These officers met, and among them was Captain Patterson, who afterward was an able judge in one of the Illinois districts. During the discussion Captain Patterson suggested that they vote for the election of that Captain Grant who had mustered the regiment in, and the idea was received with instant favor. A vote was taken and the proposition was carried, and a petition setting forth these facts was sent to Governor Yates.

A few days later Captain Grant, sitting in his father's leather-store, received a telegram from Governor Yates asking him if he would accept an appointment as colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment. Accept the appointment! Would an eagle fly if it had the chance? Grant telegraphed back instantly that he would gladly command the regiment, and as soon as possible went again to Springfield. He received his commission and joined the regiment, and the firm impulse of his discipline was immediately made apparent. Yet Grant was not freed from humiliation. He had been unable to procure any better clothes than those which he wore when he first went to Springfield, and while those served him well enough, having upon the shoulders of his coat the straps, which were the only indications of his authority when he was drilling the regiment, yet, of course, he could not appear upon dress parade in full uniform, and he did not possess the money to buy a uniform, a sword or a horse. Therefore, for more than two weeks he left to Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander the duty of appearing upon dress parade, no man in that regiment then knowing the reason why he himself did not take command was because his clothing would not permit him to do so.

In that emergency Colonel Grant wrote his father and asked for the loan of \$400,



General J. A. Rawlins, General Grant, Colonel Bowen, Chief of Staff. AT GRANT'S CITY POINT HEADQUARTERS EARLY IN 1865.

was a few years later to rule the nation began his formal service in the war. A captain and joined the regiment. Captain Grant went to Galena, a small office and to get there he must needs pass as every one did through the little anteroom. He saw what he thought was a familiar figure. "What are you doing, captain?" said Chetlain. "Oh, I'm ruling blanks and some other work upon minor reports such as any clerk can do," he said. "I can do it any longer. There's no place for me here, no chance, and I'm going back to Galena."

"No, I would not do that, captain," cried Chetlain, "be patient. Everything is in turmoil here. Even if you give up this work don't go back to Galena. I am sure some chance will come for you very soon." Saying nothing, Grant turned back to his work. That evening he met Captain Chetlain and told him that he had decided to remain in Springfield a little while longer, but that he had got to practice the strictest economy in order to support himself. Then he made a suggestion. Said he: "I can't live at the hotel any longer; it costs too much. But I have found a room right across the street, in a good size and has a double bed in it. The price is \$3 a week. Now, if you will come and share the room, it will cost us only \$10 a week apiece, and we can get our meals where we can find them."

Captain Chetlain agreed to this proposition, and that evening he became Captain Grant's roommate, and remained with him until the company was mustered into the service and joined the regiment. Captain Grant must have lived very plainly at that time. He did not complain, but there is some reason to believe that he now and then skipped a meal, and when he did eat he bought the plainest food. He went to the State capitol every evening, returned every evening more and more despondent. Twice he decided to go to Galena. Once he determined to go by the train, but it was only after the most urgent pleading of Chetlain that he changed his mind and decided to remain a few days longer.

At last one day he came to Captain Chetlain in camp and said to him: "They have asked me to go down to Mattoon and look after a regiment which is going into camp there," and then he also confessed that his money had so completely given out that he would be unable to take the trip unless some friend would advance him no more than \$15. That little sum was found and Grant went down to Mattoon and spent a day or two with the new regiment, giving its officers such advance as his own experience enabled him to do. He returned to Springfield, and again there was a time of delay. But after a little, owing to some disappointment or inefficiency somewhere, it was found necessary to return to some one competent to do the work to Mattoon again to muster that regiment in and Captain Grant was sent upon that service. He came back from Mattoon feeling somewhat encouraged, but found that his service had entailed him to no condition. Thinking that there might be an opportunity in St. Louis he went there, and although he met one or two old army comrades, and even rode with them when they were on their way to the West, he never, nevertheless he found no encouragement that Missouri would accept his services. Returning to Springfield, and again almost determined to go to his home, he happened to think of Mr. Chetlain, who was then in Cincinnati preparing to leave for the front. He knew McClellan slightly and was certain that McClellan knew of him. But in Cincinnati he faced the same indifference and bad luck. McClellan had just returned to Washington, but his brilliant uniformed staff were in and about the hotel and there was no offer of comradeship when Captain Grant timidly introduced himself to two or three of them. There was nothing to do but to return to Springfield, and on his way thither he stopped over for a day in Indianapolis, thinking that perhaps his services might be accepted by Governor Morton. A few hours there showed him plainly that the political colors and political influences were quite strong in Indiana as they were in Illinois. Then his mind was made up. He went to Springfield, bade Captain Chetlain good-by, and then returned to his dependent man to his home in Galena, where he remained at least there was no chance for an obscure military man, since the politicians

ANARCHISTS, COMMUNISTS, STUDY IN INSECT ECONOMY.

that she may spin—and she spins that she may eat. She must be ever on the alert. She has no time for social intercourse. She has no other occupations than these two. She has no superfluous energy to expend in taking active exercise, as do the ants, nor in humming. She is the only creature known that seems to have no relaxation for mere pleasure. Her life is earnest, active, terrible. Every creature is against her, and she is against every creature. She is a thorough coward. She will not approach that fly so long as it moves.

But she is a thorough individual. She is a law unto herself and doubtless could she think at all she would reflect with scorn upon those misguided creatures that work for each other and draw their food supply from a common stock and have no personal webs or homes aside from the common one. She stumbled upon a whole colony of such this morning. It is early in the season

Just outside my study window an anarchist has taken up his abode. He has built him a house and is at this present moment engaged in securing his midday meal. Ordinarily I should wheel around on my swivel chair and with a poke of my pen-handle should interfere with this dinner-getting process, for I have small sympathy with anarchists and would willingly aid in selecting this particular varlet from off the earth. Just now, however, I desire to study this fellow, so I shall not interpose to play Providence to the riddy, stupid fly and will soon pay the penalty of its folly. For my anarchist is none other than a huge, sprawling, pot-bellied, black spider—as unpleasant to contemplate as any Her Most amon.

In the earlier days when the world was young, the spider was like most creatures, gregarious. Even now, in very richly fruitful tropical countries, there are still some slightly gregarious spiders. These will even, in moments of peril, join forces for mutual protection, but it must be some great danger that drives them to do this. They have never learned the first principles of co-operation. Indeed, so essentially individualistic have they become that there is enmity even between the sexes. Even in their love-making they are on guard against each other and mildly are more apt than not to bring the honey-moon to an untimely end by turning upon her leg and devouring him, body. This is the reason why she has become the larger of the two. Not that she has increased in size at his expense, but only those male spiders have survived who have been small enough to avoid and so escape the onslaughts of the female.

Each spider lives solitary and alone, and by virtue of its habits it has become eminently specialized for a solitary existence. It has purchased its specialization, however, at an enormous cost. It has perfect individual freedom to perish, unless it can secure itself against the depredations of its foes and the attacks of its own kind and at the same time obtain a food supply.

Each creature's life is the most precarious and uncertain. It does not go abroad and hunt for food, as do other creatures. It has too many foes to permit of this. It spreads a net and lies in wait for victims. This net is woven out of its own body, and should anything happen to it the fate of the hunter is sad indeed, for without the web it cannot catch its food, and without food it cannot store up material for further weaving. Thus it is helpless—a prey to every vicious insect. A puff of wind destroys its web. It may spin one, two, several more, but its supply of material destroyed at last before any food is caught, and the spinner is helpless—a prey to every vicious insect. I wonder if it is a liberal bundle of nerves and

for them to be abroad, but everything is strangely advanced this spring. I had spilled some grain the day before and a whole legion of communists had descended upon the scattered wealth and were bearing it away. One by one the little creatures filed along the pathway to an ant heap by the border, each carrying a kernel of oats. I saw one toiler roll over and over with a huge kernel, quite unable to get away with it. In her struggles she fell against a comrade who was returning empty handed to the grain pile. The two consulted together and presently each took hold of the kernel and together they proceeded to the common storehouse with it. One after another the next comers left the trail and began running madly about. At last, after a wide detour, one of them struck the trail and they all fell in line again, following the first one, and they kept to the new trail, although to do so they added some ten inches to the length of their journey. Plainly it was their sense of smell alone that guided them.

The ants must all have been seeing creatures at one time. Certain of them still retain their sight. These are the winged males and females. The little creatures I saw running on the ground were the workers, really undeveloped females, the workers of the community. These have no wings, the earth is the scene of their activity and eyes would be of little use to them in their work underground. For transit over the earth their sense of smell is sufficient. The winged males and females, on the other hand, require to see in order to fly, and they have retained, in a less degree than their cousins, the bees, the power of vision. They do their love-making in the air and immediately after the mating period, the females lose their wings and retire to the ant village, there to occupy honorable positions as the mothers of the coming generation. Unlike the bees the ants have no queen. They are communists, holding everything in common. There may be many mothers in each village. They lay the eggs and the neuters do the work and look after the young. This latter is a tremendous task. The eggs must be nursed, being breathed upon by the neuters. The larva must be fed and the young ones must be assisted to break through the shell that contains them. They must be carried into the sunlight and carried back shoes the air become humid. If they venture forth alone they are caught by watchful neuters and brought back. When strong enough they must be taught the way about the city, they are instructed in the arts of hunting and, in fact, receive a thorough education in all the duties of ant-hood. The neuters, too, must be provided with a different kind of food from that on which the males and the true females are nourished. On the whole, the care-taking ants must often feel as did that woman, who declared, pathetically, that "it's a real chore to bring up children."

Their care of the young is truly wonderful. Michele relates witnessing a terrible battle between two different varieties of ants, carpenters and masons. I believe. The big fellows were defeated and the next day he found a single survivor wandering about the ruins of the vanquished city. It was carrying one of the young ones of its race that it had rescued from the general carnage. The cattle of the ants are certain plant lice that hang on the under side of the abdomen a glandular structure which secretes

the saccharine matter the aphides derive from the plants. The ants, though much smaller, literally milk these creatures and even carry them into their villages to minister to their love of sweets. There is a race of small red ants that raid the villages of the latter variety of larger, black ones and carry away the young as slaves. These latter, when once domesticated in the alien camp, perform all the work and literally rule their masters with a heavy hand. The latter are still another nearly helpless without them, being unable themselves to do anything but fight. This is one of the most interesting phases of an ant life, but the object of this paper is not to exhaust it, if it were possible, but merely to indicate a field of study that is at once accessible, profitable and almost as full of interest as the study of human life itself.

I have called the ants communists. There is a life, the mainspring of which is community of interests. They have no head, no special government, no common center, save the city, wherein all are equal. As I sit here writing I can, by raising my eyes, scan the horizon and still another and higher order of insects, which are in the highest degree socialistic. It was long customary to regard the bee as an absolute monarch, ruled by a queen. More recent study has shown that the queen is the bee as in the trust sense Republicans, and the government of the queen rests upon that surest foundation—the consent of the governed. Nay—she is not queen save in the name, and still another which are the worker bees. They elect her when she is yet but an egg in her cell, and rear her up and give her a royal education, not that she may rule over them for her own pleasure, but that she may serve them by perpetuating the species. If she dies, or is killed, or strays away and is lost, as sometimes happens in her nuptial flight, they undergo a season of trouble and mourning. Then they go to work and make a new queen by enlarging the cell of one of the larvae, not yet three days old, and feeding it upon the royal food. With an eye to economy of space they usually, in fact, rear several queens. These are not new queens, but fear of the wrath of the reigning monarch, until she decides whether or no she shall take off a swarm that season. If she does, one of the young queens is liberated, at once slays all the others and is established over the hive. If, on the contrary, the old queen decides to remain, she visits, one after another, the royal cells and kills her rivals, the workers looking on in approval. Queens are expensive to keep, but they can make others when necessity arises.

I have called them socialists, because their form of government is socialistic compared with others. I would not be understood as claiming this as a socialist characteristic any more than the holding is a feature of communism. In the true sense of the word the polity of the beehive is a government of the people, by the people, for the people.

The bees are far more intelligent than the ants. This is largely due to the fact that they have retained their power of flight. Traveling about in the air they come in contact with a wider world. Their intelligence is developed, in fact, by their minds are broadened by travel and they are wondrous wise. Huber, the great naturalist, tells us that a terrible nocturnal butterfly that made its appearance not long ago, shortly before the outbreak of the French revolution, proved a deadly foe to bees. They would enter the hives by dozens at night, and so rapacious were they that they could destroy in an hour the summer's work of the busy bees. Huber could devise no contrivance to keep the fly out. His gratings and screens annoyed the bees and broke their wings. He was in despair until one morning he discovered that the bees had guarded their hives on the inside by a series of elaborate approaches, made in wax. Here was a wall of wax, with narrow loopholes. Behind it another wall, with openings at different angles from the first, and then, without constructing a single impediment to their own progress they had erected some intercrossing arcades at the gates, one behind the other, but running in different directions. So the little bees

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