

treated with, to say the least, common decency, all of which he is certainly entitled to, for we/p.107/must admit that the war was forced upon him and his people for no other reason only for the advancement of our noble Saxon race.

The idea of forcing him into a common puppet show in different places, much to his displeasure, was, to say the least, very disgusting to him and wholly uncalled for. No wonder he said he thought the white folks were making fools of themselves in forcing him into a position to be sneered and laughed at./p.108

After ascending two more flights we found the door opening into Mr. Mulvany's studio. He seemed glad to receive a representative from the frontier, and more especially so on account of my coming from so near the scene exhibited on the canvas which hung upon the wall before me, covering a space of about 22 x 12 feet. He at once placed a chair for me to sit in at a distance of about thirty feet from the painting, and at the first glance my eyes were of course brought directly upon the soldierly and most natural-looking figure of "Major-General George A. Custer," with his huge revolver drawn in his right hand and at arms length, with his eye making a sure aim, which at once convinced me that at least one more painted and plumed warrior fell before his own time had come, which was no doubt then close at hand. On my right and just, at Custer's left, was the genial noble-hearted Cook (Custer's Adjutant), in a half kneeling position, with his carbine drawn with deadly aim (and no doubt for the last time) on some one of the warriors who were just at this time making a fearful onslaught upon his heroic and lonely little band, all that were left of the brave three hundred after a most bitter and heart-rending, yet the most glorious defense that has ever been made in the world, or recorded in the annals of any history of civilized or Indian warfare. A few feet from Custer, on his left, lay the gallant Captain