

## HORRORS OF THE WAR; A FRIGHTFUL EXECUTION.

ONE of the papers gives the following harrassing account of an execution in Grant's army.

In the Army of the Potomac there is a stockade of logs, twenty feet high, and sharpened at the tops, and known as the "Bull Pen," in which captured deserters are confined before execution. In it there are about sixty wretched men awaiting their fate. Henry Clay Trumbull, Chaplain of the 10th Connecticut, thus writes of these shocking scenes:—

Executions for desertion are common now-a-days in the Armies of the Potomac and James. As many as sixty of the captured runaways have been confined at one time in the Provost Marshal's prison camp of a single division. The "Bull Pen," as this enclosure is generally called, is a collection of tents surrounded by a close stockade of pine logs twenty feet high, and guarded on all sides. Just at the right of its entrance, outside of its walls, is a small log cabin used as the condemned cell. The man who enters that goes out only to execution. Sad stories of remorse and agony the walls of that low, dark, gloomy cabin could tell. Soon as is convenient, after a deserter is arrested on his way to the enemy or the rear, and charges preferred against him, he is tried before a general court martial.

## A VERY SAD CASE.

The saddest case is the latest. A boy not yet sixteen, born and brought up in the upper part of New York city, was met in the street by a hellish broker, and enticed away to Connecticut to be sold as a substitute, he was far from being a bright boy, seemingly not full witted, but his childish ways were touchingly attractive. He said—and probably with truth—that until the broker had led him away he had not passed a night away from his parents. Like a tired, homesick school boy, determined to play truant, he started to run home. Being arrested, he again

slipped off, but was once more caught, as he exercised no shrewdness in his flight. Being tried and sentenced to death, he was put in the condemned cell in the evening to be shot the following morning. His boyish grief when told he was to die, was heart-rending.

With unaffected naturalness he sobbed out his lament over his hard lot, and for the dear ones at home. "Me, so young, to go outside the breastworks and—see the coffin and grave there, and be shot. I don't want to be killed. Won't the general pardon me?" On being assured that his execution was a certainty, he urged the chaplain not to let his friends know how he died, "for they'd feel so bad about it," he said, "I suppose it would kill my father," (for some reason his father seemed closer to his heart than his mother,) "I suppose it would kill 'em all. They'd be thinking of it nights. Don't tell 'em about it."

Once convinced that it was too late to obtain a reprieve—no official short of the department commander having the power to grant it, and there being no time to obtain it from him, and having cried his cry out, he quieted like a weary child, and listened to all the chaplain said to aid in preparing him for the eternal future. Kneeling on the soaked, swampy ground, under the dripping roof of that gloomy cabin, in the dark, stormy night, he folded his fettered hands, and meekly said his little evening prayer, and committed himself in seeming confidence to his Heavenly Father's care. He could not read, but he seemed to have a simple, child-like faith in God. Probably he had not been addicted to vicious habits. He said, when asked about the way he spent his evenings, that he always worked in the factory daytimes, and when evenings came he was tired, and went to bed early. His father and mother prayed with him, and taught him to do right. "If your life should be spared," asked