

CAPT. ANDREWS' REMAINS.

SEQUEL TO A TRAGIC EVENT OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

The Remains of the Leader of the Mitchell Raids Found and Identified After a Search of Ten Years—They Will be Reinterred at Chattanooga.

On Monday afternoon last Major E. B. Kirke, A. Q. M., U. S. A., Dr. C. L. Wilson, president of the National Surgical Institute, and Mr. Fred J. Cooke, resident manager of the American Press Association, wended their way out Peachtree street, bent upon a mission which was to prove the sequel of a tragic event that occurred just a quarter of a century ago. Turning to the right along Ponce de Leon avenue, about one and one-half miles north of the Union depot, and again to the left and north up Juniper street, leading from the front of Mr. Ed. Peters's residence, they continued a few rods until they came to a narrow, unused cross street which led to the left. Just at the entrance of this last named narrow street, on the right side, they commenced digging, under the instructions of Mr. John H. Mashburn, an old resident, and worked steadily for two hours, making an irregular excavation about ten feet long, four feet wide and three feet deep.

The results of their research were laid carefully one side as they were found. They consisted of a portion of the leg, foot, arm and rib bones of a human body, and no more of them could be found.

These were the mortal remains of Captain J. J. Andrews, the intrepid leader of as brave and gallant a band of men as ever wore the blue or gray, known in history as the "Mitchell Raiders," "Bridge Burners" or "Engine Thieves." The thrilling adventures and final capture of these men on the Western and Atlantic railroad, on the 12th of April, 1862, sounds like a romance in these sober days, and are familiar to every household, both North and South.

Andrews escaped from prison at Chattanooga on Sunday, the 2d of June, but was recaptured on the next day, and having been condemned as a spy by a court martial and sentenced to be hung, he was brought to Atlanta for that purpose on the evening of June 8th. He was carried out Peachtree road, followed by a large crowd, to the gallows, which had been erected in the ravine, within a few rods of where his remains were found. At this time the limits of the town of Atlanta proper did not extend within nearly a mile of this spot, and the ground was covered with forest trees. He was accompanied by three clergymen—Messrs. Scott, Conyers and Conners—each of whom stood beside him on the scaffold and offered prayer and words of consolation. The former spoke the dying message of the prisoner which had been confided to him, and is said to have used his influence for a respite, but no one could, if they would, revoke the decree that had been solemnly pronounced. Rev. Scott is still a highly respected citizen of Atlanta, and there are several others now living in the city who witnessed the impressive scene. Capt. Andrews bore the trying ordeal like a true soldier, awaking feelings of admiration and regret in the minds of the men upon whom devolved the unpleasant duty of carrying out his sentence, and after the three clergymen had grasped his hand in a last farewell, he was launched into eternity. Before his death, he gave his watch and chain as a keepsake to one who had shown him special acts of kindness. After life had become extinct he was buried on the side hill, near the spot where he was executed.

Captain J. J. Andrews was a native of Hancock county, Virginia, born in 1829, and reared by pious Presbyterian parents, who removed, when he was still a young man, to Southwestern Missouri. A large portion of his life had been spent in Fleming county, Kentucky. At the breaking out of the war he sympathized with the Union cause, and rendered it signal service as a scout. A record of his career, if it could be obtained, would prove to be one of the most interesting personal histories of the war. He had no family, but was engaged to be married, and the ceremony was to have occurred about the date of his death.

His remains are said to have been exhumed a day or two after they were first buried, for the purpose of securing his clothing, and immediately re-interred. From the fact that the skull bone and other bones are missing, it is supposed that they must have been afterward disturbed. The place of his interment has always been known to a family living in the vicinity, and the sad story has often been told to the children who visited the spot and tried to realize, from the fate of poor Andrews, the dread realities of the terrible strife. A farther and more extended search is soon to be made for the balance of the remains. The portion which has been secured has been placed in the temporary charge of Dr. Wilson, at the Surgical Institute. They are to be sent to Chattanooga to be buried in the National Cemetery beside those of the seven other unfortunate members of his band who were hung at what is now a portion of Oakland Cemetery, June 18, 1864, and funds are to be raised for the erection of a suitable monument there.

For the past ten years repeated efforts have been made to find the remains of Capt. Andrews, and much time has been expended by survivors of the expeditions and others, in vain, and it was generally supposed, that on account of the grading of new streets, etc., the exact location of the grave would never be ascertained. The portion of the remains that have been found are identified beyond dispute, and the success which has crowned the recent efforts is due to Sheriff Thomas, Deputy Greene, Mr. J. H. Mashburne and others. Major Kirke received orders from the Secretary of War last November to secure Capt. Andrews' remains if possible, and he will have charge of their reinterment at the National cemetery in Chattanooga.