

The Outrage in Dougherty County.

We had not time last week to glean the particulars of the shooting of Mrs. Walters, as it occurred the night previous to the day of our publication. We have since been able to learn the following particulars:

Between eight and nine o'clock on Friday night, the 23rd inst., four or five men came to the plantation of Mr. Walters, and got into conversation with his negroes, informing them that they were free, and advising them to leave their master's employ. Pretty soon the negroes marched up in a body and asked Mr. W. for a holiday on the morrow, telling him that they learned they were free, and that it was hard to work under such circumstances without remuneration. In the meantime Mr. W.'s overseer came up and told him that some Federals were listening outside the fence to every word he said. Mr. Walters pacified the negroes, and thinking that the men only came after his horses, sent his overseer down to the stables to remove them to a more secure place. Mr. W.'s son was also going to the stables when he was seized and a Colt's repeater taken from him. Mr. Walters took advantage of their movements and started over to Mr. Childers' to get him to come to town after a guard. When about half way he heard a pistol shot, but having never thought that the robbers would attempt any thing serious, he kept on his way.

In the meantime the robbers advanced to the house and saw Mrs. Walters and Mrs. Wilkinson sitting in the porch. One of them immediately fired, it is supposed at a large dog lying at Mrs. W.'s feet. Mrs. W. then rose from her chair, when the scoundrel leveled at her. She placed her hands over her eyes, and while in this attitude she was shot through the left arm and breast. She fell to the ground and cried out she was killed. Her companion, Mrs. Wilkinson, never thought she was hit. The wounded woman was raised up and placed in a chair. As she saw the robbers advancing, she summoned new energy and run into the carriage house; from thence to a negro cabin, and from there she was carried by a faithful negro, named Bill, into the garden. The robbers ransacked the house, but found only two shot guns and a rifle, which they broke. Master John Majors, nephew of Mr. Thos. Walker, was at the house at the time. The robbers seized him and threatened to kill him if he would not divulge the whereabouts of Mr. Walters. He told them he did not know. They then asked him, where was the safe key. This he did not know. They then turned on Mrs. Wilkinson, threatening to kill her; she told them Mr. Walters had gone to a neighbor's house, but she did not know where the key of the safe was.

The scoundrels commenced to "smell a rat," and they beat a hasty retreat towards Albany, where they must have arrived before any word of the attempted murder had reached headquarters. They met Mr. Walters when returning from Mr. Childers', and one of them advanced with his pistol cocked and asked him if he knew anything about "that shooting scrape." He truthfully denied knowing anything about it. Two were in favor of killing him anyhow, but he begged them out of it, and he returned home to find his wife in the sad condition we have before stated. On the first reception of the news, here, a Federal Surgeon and Dr. Hillsman repaired to the scene of blood shed, extracted the ball, which was lodged under the left shoulder blade, and dressed the wound.

At last accounts, we are happy to state, Mrs. Walters was recovering, and Doctor Hillsman now expresses the hope of her recovery.

Shortly after the would-be robbers and murderers left Mr Walters, they came on a camp of wagoners from Bainbridge, whom they also attempted to rob. But it is pretty hard to get blood from a turnip; the wagoners had no money, and they were left undisturbed. We learn that some of these wagoners recognized a certain paroled soldier of the Confederate army, but not wishing to cast any stigma on his family, we withhold his name until we are better advised of his guilt. We hope he will prove himself innocent, but if the opposite is true, we want to see justice vindicated.

It is no more than simple justice to the Pennsylvania troops, under Lieut Summers, stationed here as guards, to say that none of them have been guilty of a misdemeanor since their arrival, and of course had nothing to do with this hellish outrage.

The parties arrested under this charge (four in number) were sent to Macon last Thursday morning, to be tried by a court martial. We have certainly no animosity against any person particularly, but we most sincerely hope that the perpetrators will be made to suffer the penalty of their barbarity.