

Mr. Hubert was forced into the fight by the unjustifiable conduct of the deceased.

THE ALLIED FLEET.—The allied fleet under command of Sir Charles Napier, is doubtless ere this in the Baltic sea, getting ready to storm the fortress of Constradt, the key to St. Petersburg, and which, notwithstanding it is the principal naval station of the Russians, and the port of the capital of the empire, the old Admiral has made a bet of \$2,000 he would take in two days after the firing of the first gun. At last accounts the fleet was laying at Kioge Bay, on the Baltic or east side of Zealand, and but a few miles south of Copenhagen. Here the Admiral received the declaration of war, and signalled the fact to the fleet in the following words:—

“Lads—War is declared! We are to meet a bold and numerous enemy. Should they give us battle, you know how to dispose of them. Should they remain in port, we must try to get at them.

“Success depends upon the quickness and precision of your fire.

“Lads, sharpen your cut’asses, and the day is your own.”

A PACKER SHOT BY AN INDIAN.—We regret to learn that Mr. Miron Scribner was shot on Monday, on the road from Reading’s Creek to the South Fork of Trinity river. He was struck under the left shoulder blade. The force of the ball, however, was considerably spent before striking, and did not therefore, it is hoped, inflict a mortal wound. In consequence of this affair all the Indians of that vicinity have broke for the mountains

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