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LONDON, APRIL 5.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

Hamburgh, March 19, 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—By the two letters I had the satisfaction of addressing you, in the course of the month, you have been informed, that the Usurper's satellites finally left us on the 12th of March,—a blessed day for every honest heart; but still the joy kept inward, nobody daring to give it vent, lest the departing robbers of our liberty and property, taking notice of our sentiments, should cast their vengeance on the innocent and unarmed inhabitants, as they had done but a week before; besides, who knew whether they might not return? The very next day we learned, that the French General Morand was retreating from Stralsund by Wismar on Rätzburg; whilst a division of the victorious Russian army, under command of the Colonels Tettenborn and Beuckendorff, was advancing from Berlin, and had reached the banks of the Elbe, near Boitzenburg.

The French were for passing the river at Zollinspicker; but they might easily have been cut off, and forced to retreat upon Hamburgh, in order to pass, as well as possible, from hence to Harburg, which, of course, would have put our city in a most unfortunate situation. This event was improbable; but the very idea of it threw a damp on the joy that heaved every breast. The French General retreated to Bergedoff, a small town only eight miles distant, with about 3000 men. This we knew; but nothing of his future plan. In the night from the 16th to the 17th, we heard the firing of cannon and small arms, which continued the following forenoon.

The French, on their march to Zollinspicker, had been overtaken in the country of Geesthaicht by the Cossacks, who harassed them: the former, however, made good their retreat with a trifling loss, they being near 3000 men, of all arms, against a few hundred of light cavalry. We were still organised after the French cut, with a Maire, Municipal Body, &c. therefore, two members of the Conseil municipal, Messrs. Bartels and Knore, were sent to Bergedoff, to compliment the Russian commander, and to recommend our city to his clemency.—Colonel Tettenborn received the deputation in a most gallant manner; declared, however, that, according to his instructions, he could treat with nobody who bore a French character; that he knew of no authority in the free city of Hamburgh but its Senate; that it was only with a deputation of that body he could treat; and that, finally, he recommended to the Gentlemen then before him, to make the best of their way home, and at Hamburgh, to abolish every thing that savoured of a French constitution; ad-

ding, that were he to find the Municipality assembled, he should not fail to send them as prisoners into Russia. This happened on the 17th of March, and Col. Tettenborn had fixed the following day for his entrance into Hamburgh. Unexpectedly, however, a reconnoitring party of thirty Cossacks came the same afternoon into the city. The mob received them with huzzas, conducted them to the Town-House, and they afterwards were quartered in the vicinity of the Grossoumarkt. Every body had prepared to illuminate on the day of Col. Tettenborn's arrival. The people, however, whose spirits were exalted (and behaved as in former times I have seen John Bull,) had lost all patience. They, in large bodies, passed the streets, called for lights at every house, and in an hour the town was illuminated. The night was noisy enough; I heard as much huzzaing and firing as ever I did in London.

Now came the day of blessing—the 18th of March. Our flag, which for two years we durst not shew, appeared in the harbor, on the Alster, and out of many windows. The Senate had been summoned, and two of its number, Messrs. Schulte and Koch, deputed to receive the Russian commander at Mr. Koch's country-house, near the Hamme Baum. The streets, through which he was expected to pass, were filled with people, and the windows with ladies. Joy and expectation were painted on every countenance; and what added to the general bliss, was the beauty of the weather, it being a complete may-day. The Russians staid too long for the anxious multitude, for they, who had intended to arrive at an early hour, were so thronged by the numbers that had gone out to meet them, that they did not enter the gates before 2 o'clock. What a blessed hour! The procession, as I can justly call it, was headed by a company of the City Guard (Burger compagnie); next came the carriages of the Deputies of the Senate, and other Corporations; then a corps of horse volunteers, which was embodied in the last fortnight only; and now, Colonel Tettenborn.

It was a moment worth a whole life,—tears of joy sparkled in every eye,—the ladies saluted him from the windows with handkerchiefs and favours. On the road he had been met by others who had adorned him with a crown of laurels, and garlands of flowers. His face bespoke great satisfaction; and he has since confessed himself highly gratified with the reception he met with, and which has exceeded his warmest expectations. Though heartily welcomed in every place through which the Russian army passed, he has no where found the enthusiastic applause he met at Hamburgh.—The Commander was followed by his Cos-

sacks and Hussars; an honest jolly set. The people that were near them, kissed their hands and faces, even their horses, so overjoyed were they to see the men that contributed to deliver them from the French yoke. Towards night the whole town was illuminated;—not a pane of glass but what had a light and many houses appeared one blaze. Firing and huzzaing continued of course.—I have since heard, that the principal Russian officers appeared at the Theatre in the evening to see Kotzebue's play, 'The Russian in Germany.'—They were received as before, and, on retiring, the mob took the Colonel's horses from the carriage, and drew it home. For further particulars, I refer you to the public prints, which probably have reached you before the present.

"I long to hear from you, and all my friends in England."

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The following is the copy of a letter from a Lady at Hamburgh, dated March 19. It will be perused with much interest, as it shews the patriotic feelings with which the people of that ancient city are inspired, in consequence of their deliverance from the tyranny of the French. The following are its contents:

"Freedom! Freedom! is the watchword!

"The Burghresses of the free Imperial City of Hamburgh salute the free City.

"Oh! had you been here yesterday you would have been enraptured with joy. All the inhabitants were children of one family. All were united—fancy might have pictured the spirit which now prevails, but that it should exist in reality was what, not long ago, I could not have expected.

"There is nothing but shaking of hands. The Cossacks cannot move from their posts, but every hand is ready to help them to alight, every arm to embrace them, and when their bodies cannot be reached, their clothes are eagerly grasped. Mothers lift up their children to take them by the hand, and on all sides loud *Vivas* resound to welcome them. The Angel of Joy exults in all hearts.

"The Senate was assembled yesterday, as our noble high-minded deliver would treat with Hamburgh Authorities only.

"Gratitude knows no bounds. I was an eye witness of the scene, when the horses were thought too worthy for the carriage of our deliverer, and it was drawn by Burghers of all ranks. We have three days illumination.

"The Cossacks lie among their horses in the streets. Heaven favours the just cause! Not a cloud to be seen in the sky! Even the moon and every star seem to rejoice at our good fortune! This evening the Post goes as it was wont to do, to free, happy, hospitable England.—Hurrah!"