

There is advic'd by capt. Mesnard, that capt. Condy, of this place, bound to Lōndon from Maryland, was taken some time ago by a French privateer: And that the ship Bolton, formerly of this place, and taken in our bay last year, and carried to Hispaniola, is retaken on her passage from thence to France, and sent to Lōndon.

NEW YORK, August 8.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in Schenectady, to his Friend in New York, dated July 20, 1748.

“ On Monday the 18th instant, Daniel Toll, Dirk Van Vorst, and a negro, went out to Poependal, about three English miles North of our Town, to fetch their horses; but not finding them in the pasture, they went into the woods to a place call'd the Clay Pit, where they observ'd a number of the enemy, which made them hasten back; but the enemy pursuing fir'd, and kill'd Daniel Toll, and wounded Dirk in his arm, and made him a prisoner; but the negro escaped by running away. This sring was heard by some people at work at Maalwyck, about two English miles distance, who knowing that Daniel was gone to seek his horses, immediately sent a messenger to town, to acquaint us with it: This happened about 10^o o'clock in the forenoon: It was about 12 o'clock when we first had notice of it. Our people, with some of the new levies posted here under the command of lieu enant Dearing, of Connecticut, to the number of 70 men, went out toward Poependal: They search'd the fields and pastures as far as the lands of Simon Groot, but discover'd nothing of the enemy: Mean while the negro of Daniel (who was Red) came and told me, that his master and Dirk were kill'd near the Clay Pit. I furnish'd the negro with a horse immediately, and sent him to acquaint our people, where his master lay dead; which he did, and found about 40 of our men near Poependal, at Abraham De Graaff's house, who directly thereupon enter'd the woods with the negro, where they found the body of his master. They immediately then perceived a great number of the enemy, and gave them a volley, with a shout, at the same time discharging about one half of their musquets: Upon this the enemy gave a shout, and fir'd a volley upon them. Two or three of our men fled, but the rest behaved courageously, and fought till 18 of them lay dead upon the spot (notwithstanding they found they were surrounded by the enemy on every side, on the space of about two acres of ground. ¶ Of the inhabitants of Schenectady, 12 are killed and 3 are missing; of the levies, 8 are dead, (among whom is lieutenant Dearing,) and 6 are missing, in all, 20 killed and 11 missing; hope the latter may have the good fortune to be made Captives.

As soon as the battle began, several people in this place heard the firing; upon which I immediately went out towards them, with about 70 men: About a mile from town I met Dirk Van Vorst, who had been near four hours a prisoner with the enemy, but had cut his bands loose, and escap'd when the fight with the lieutenant began: He inform'd us, the number of the enemy was about 250 or 260 men, including 40 Frenchmen; that he had counted them thrice while they were eating. He also told us, our people had behaved exceeding well: What number of the enemy were kill'd and wounded, he could not justly tell, but they were two hours busy in carrying them away. Our people found one Breach Indian dead about 300 yards from where the fight happened: I suppose his comrade could not find him to carry him off. I don't doubt but the enemy have a great many kill'd and wounded, as our men understood firing, and made several volleys. There is but about 9 or 10 men returned that were in the height of the engagement, and an even surpris'd there are so many escap'd, inasmuch as the enemy's number were superior to ours by six to one. When I with my men came in sight of Abraham De Graaff's house, we found the enemy had surrounded it, in order to catch 9 of our men that went out first, who had taken refuge there; but they took to their heels as soon as they espy'd us. We went to the field, where the dead men lay, but as it was near night, and having no waggons with us, we were oblig'd to leave them till next day; when they were fetch'd off.

As this melancholy affair may be related diverse ways, I send you this account to inform you of the truth of it, as near as possible I can collect.

A N N A P O L I S.

By late Letters from Lōndon, we are inform'd, that the Captains *Judd's Brown*, *Gibson* and *Chew*, from this Province, were safe arriv'd in England.

We are likewise inform'd, that there was a General Cessation, and it was expected that there would be a Proclamation of Peace, immediately on his Majesty's return from *Hannover*. Insurance hither, was fell to 3 or 3 and half per Cent.

Last Friday our Assizes begun and are not yet ended: Three Men have been Capitally Convicted, but have not yet receiv'd Sentence of Death.

Custom House, ANNAPOLIS, Entered, Sloop Endeavour, Benjamin Ingram, from Rhode Island; Sloop Elizabeth, William Loyal, from Madira.

Cleared for Departure,

Ship Neptune, Christopher Gindall, for London; Ship William, Samuel Wood, for London; Ship Sandwich, James Cawley, for London; Ship Kent, William Walter, for Biddeford; Ship Sophia, John Lavring, for Biddeford; Ship Winchella, Thomas Cornish, for London.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

RAN away from the Subscriber, on the 28th of August last, a Servant Man named *Robert Stokes*, between 30 and 40 Year of Age, about five Feet ten Inches high, of a dark Complexion, and wears his own Hair: He had on when he went away an Onabrigs Jacket, Shirt, and Breeches, a Pair of Country Cloth Breeches, and a Felt Hat.

Whoever apprehends the said Servant, and brings him to his Master on Kent Island, shall have Twenty Shillings Reward, besides what the Law allows. PHILIP COPAGE.

TO BE SOLD,

BY the Subscriber, on the ninth Day of October next, at *Bladesburg*, in Prince George's County, a Parcel of likely Slaves, belonging to the Estate of the late *Philip Lee*, Esq; THOMAS LEE, EXECUTOR.

RAN away from the Subscriber, on the 6th of the Instant September, an Irish Convict Servant Man, named *Thomas Butler*, about 30 Years old, middle siz'd, of a dark Complexion, much pitted with the Small-Pox, and pretends to know the Business of a Plasterer: He had on when he went away an old Castor Hat, a short black Wig, a blue Waistcoat, a Check Shirt, and grey cloth Breeches. He may probably attempt to pass for a sailor, and believe he was transported before, and liv'd on *Rapahamock*, near *Fredericksburg*. He is an impudent Fellow, and swears much: His Ankles are mark'd with the Irons he has worn, and have not long been cured.

Whoever will bring the said Fellow to his Master at *Bladesburg*, shall have Forty Shillings more than the Law allows. CHRISTOPHER LOWMEY.

TO BE SOLD,

BY the Subscriber, on Wednesday the 2d Day of November next, at the Town of *Joppa*, in Baltimore County, by Way of Public Sale, all the Lands that Mr. *Thomas Lightfoot* died seised of (except the Land sold, and given away by Will, by Mr. *John Hammond*, junior). Whoever is inclinable to purchase, may be inform'd of the Rights by JOHN HAMMOND DORSEY.

STolen or Strayed out of the City of Annapolis, on Tuesday the 6th of this Instant September, Two Horses belonging to Dr. *Charles Carroll*, of the said City: One a squat black Horse, with a Star, shod all four, and trimm'd, with a switch Tail, paces well, and marked on the near Shoulder. The other a dark Colour, or browner Black than the former, shod all round, trots and gallops, has a switch Tail, and is marked on the near Buttock with the Figure of a Diamond. Whoever secures the said Horses, and brings them to the Subscriber, shall have Five Shillings Reward if found within a Mile from the Town, or if at a greater Distance, a Reward suitable to the Trouble of securing and bringing them home; paid by C. CARROLL.

RAN away from the Subscriber, living near Mr. *Snodden's* Iron Works, on Sunday Night the 28th of August last, the two following Servant Men; viz.

John Tomlin, a thin Man, of a ruddy Complexion, about six Feet high: Had on when he went away, an old Felt Hat, an old red Great Coat, Linnen Trowsers, and old Shoes.

Richard Lawrence, a short Man, appears much like a Sailor, has lost one of his Eyes, and two of his Fore Teeth: Had on when he went away, a brown Wig, a blue Sea Jacket, and a Pair of Sailor's Trowsers.

Whoever brings the said Servants to the Subscriber, or to Mr. *Richard Snodden*, shall receive Five Pounds Reward. WILLIAM HALL.