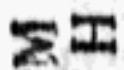


RUN away from Thomas Hill of Salem, on the 18th of this Instant September, An Indian Man named Pompey, of a middle Stature, pritty much pox-broken, aged about Thirty Years, he wears a Tellow Thickset Coat, with Horn Moulds, covered with Black-Tin, an Ozenbrig Shirt and Draws, and a Pair of white Yarn Stockings. He took with him a little black Pacing Horse, branded on the near Side with the Letters H.M. standing thus,  Whoever takes up the said Indian, and secures or brings him to his said Master, shall receive reasonable Satisfaction.