

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 5, 1828.

Mr. Editor-Since the attack by Mr. Roberts

on Noah, the New York Enquirer has been quite pathetic and sentimental; expostulating every day upon the alarming frequency of per sonal outrage, to resent or revenge private injuries, and deprecating in the most moral and severe terms, "lawless violence." Surely this cannot proceed from that "right merrie and conceitede wight," Modecai, whose "gibes and jests, and merriments" have so long been wont to set his readers in a roar; whose facetious and sarcastic remrks on the "Nose Committee" as he very humourously used to call it, would make the merry Jackson men shake their sides again. Surely something more

mittee" as he very humourously used to call it, would make the merry Jackson men shake their sides again. Surely something more than common has happened to the Wag of the Enquirer—is he sick—has he met with any accident or misfortune—is he dead? Pray Mr. Editors relieve my anxiety at once, and let me know the worst. Yours. Cowskin.