"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray:
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

Oil and water will not mix; though colours may. The communication in the Beacon of the 31st ult. over the signature of R. Johnson Cotton, in its respective parts, is as widely different as oil and water. But the order of nature has been reversed. The water is on the top, and the oil at the bottom. The water—turbid—filthy—thick with slime. The oil—rancid—putrid—full of old venom. The discerning public will readily have noticed the two paternities to this production—a literary monster.

"His whole card" says Mr Cotton, ~~meaning~~ meaning mine, "was an invective, replete with invidiousness, and devoid of the slightest shadow of an argument."

My card having no arguments to combat, was intended as an exposure of Mr Cotton, in just retaliation for his coarse and vulgar assault upon me, in his card of the 10th ult. But he is not cured of his defects. "You can not expect blood from a turnip"

He is very captious indeed, about his announcement as a candidate, "subject to a decision of a Democratic Convention". Now it does not matter whether he announced himself, or was announced by a "friend". He must have sanctioned, and thereby authorized the announcement; for it was published continuously, from the 30th of March, to the meeting of the Democratic Convention, on the 11th of July. As he is a lawyer, I suppose he is acquainted with the law maxim, "qui facit per alterum, facit per se" This is enough to set his coarse denial at rest, and fix upon himself the stigma, he vainly attempts to apply to me.

His ideas of political ethics do not accord with the recognized—received ideas of all political parties. By his contempt