Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. VI | LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSRDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 18, 1869 | NO. 18

1869. "THE AGE." 1869.

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Feb 18, 1869.

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Nov. 7, 1867—y.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS—HER SPHERE

The design of God in creating woman was to complete man—a consecrated being without her. Together they make a complete, perfect unit. She has a mission—no higher one could be given her—to be the mother, and the *former of all the character of the human race*. For the first most important earthly period of life, the race is committed to her for about twelve years entirely. The human family is what she makes them. She is the queen of the home, its centre, its light, and glory. The home, the home is the fountain of all that is good on earth. If she desires a higher, loftier, nobler trust than this, I know not where she can find it. Mother, wife, daughter, sister, are the tenderest and the most endearing words in language. Our mothers train us, and we owe everything to them.—Our wives perfect all that is good in us, and no man is ashamed to say he is indebted to his wife for his happiness, his influence, and his character, if there is anything noble about him. Woman is the highest, holiest, most precious gift to man. Her mission and throne is the family; and if anything is withheld that would make her more efficient, useful, or happy in that sphere, she is wrong and has robbed her "rights."

If woman steps out of her sphere and demands to be and do what men do, to enter political life, to enter the professions, to wrestle with us for office and emoluments, and gains the material rights and that she will have to take the low places as well as the high places of life. She will not be allowed to be a man, and be treated with the tenderness due to woman. If she goes to Congress she must also go to the heavy drudgery of earth. I claim, then, for her that it is her "right" to be treated with the utmost love, respect, honor, and consideration, in her sphere. I claim that it is her "right" to have every possible aid and advantage to fulfil her mission. I claim that she has a "right" to be let alone there, and not to be teased or flattered or wheedled out of place, and made to believe what can never be.

She has a "right," then, to be exempted from certain things that men must endure. It is her privilege and her right. She ought to be exempted from the hard drudgery of earth. She ought not to be made a sailor, to hang on the yard arm, to chase and kill and dig up whales—to be a surgeon to pull teeth, cut off legs, or cut out tumor—to go into the mines and dig ore and coal—to burn over the smelting furnace. She ought not to be compelled to be a barber—a bricklayer—to carry hods of brick and mortar up the ladder—to be a soap boiler—to groom the sick, dig canals, dig peat, tan leather, and stir the tan vats—to make coffins and dig graves—to go to the Arctic ocean for seals, or to spend the long winter in the forest cutting down timber, and in the snow-water of spring to drive logs for hundreds of miles to get these logs out of their native forests. She ought not to be made a butcher—bleed calves, knock down oxen, stick swine, and slaughter cattle. Now she must go in for all this if man leaves her sphere and tries to be a man. I claim that she has a "right" to be exempted. But, you may ask, has she not a *natural* right to enter any and all employment, as well as man? Suppose we allow it, and admit, that she has a *natural* right to wear jack boots and spurs, horse pistols and a sword, and be a complete soldier, and a natural right to sing bass and beat a bass-drum, and that men have a natural right to wear petticoats, dress with low necks, short sleeves, wear pink slippers with paper soles, but would it be wise to do so? Dear sisters, you can't be good wives, mothers, and queens of your families and go into these things—can you?

Some have tried to become semi-men by putting on the Bloomer dress. Let me tell you in a word why it can never be done. It is that a woman robed and folded in her long dress is beautiful. She walks gracefully. The very waving of her robe makes her walk graceful. If she attempts to run the charm is gone.—Even Venus never tried to run. So long as she is thus clothed there is just enough of mystery about woman to challenge admiration and command reverence. Take off the robes, and grace and mystery are all gone. And yet, to be like a man, you must doff your own dress and put on ours. In doing it you lose more than I can tell. No ladies want our respect and admiration and reverence too much—ever to lay aside their appropriate dress. Their very instinct makes them safe here.

A great hue and cry is set up about the right of women to vote, and the cruelty of denying this right. Plainly this is a civil and not a natural right. Minors, foreigners and idiots are denied it. The property of the world, for the most part, is, and ever has been and must be earned by men. It is useful only to support and educate families—our own, or those of others. It would seem less, then, for those who, at any hazard or labor, earn the property, to select the rulers and have this responsibility. The wealth of the age is expended by woman—earned by the man—for the most part. He wants rulers in reference to the industry and business of the age. Let him select them. Moreover, there is something so unseemly in having women wading in the dirty waters of politics, dragging and wrangling around the ballot-boxes for example, mingling with the mobs and rowdies of New York city, that I wonder she ever thinks of it. But, "she is a widow, and has property, and pays taxes." Why not vote? Being a widow, or fatherless, is a misfortune. But the husband or father earned the property, and voted as long as he lived. It may be a misfortune that the property does not now vote, but not so great a misfortune to the world as to have the sex go out of their sphere and enter into political life. Indeed, it is allowed that voting is only the stepping stone to civil office. But it is stepping out of her sphere, and the moment you do that you put a few of the sex into office, but depress and degrade at least a thousand where you elevate one. If a few go up, the many go down.—*John Todd.*

HENRI ROCHEFORT.

No part of a French newspaper is more interesting, or more characteristic, than *Chronique*, or record of passing events, and in none is the airy grace and versatility of Parisian journalists more strikingly displayed. Unfettered by the formalities that limit the more dignified editorial articles, for this department of the paper nothing is too high or too low. The overthrow of a dynasty, or the removal of a street lamp, are alike occasions for lively gossip or sparkling wit. A brilliant and vivacious chronicler soon wins high favor with the public, and some of the most prominent writers of France have first achieved popularity in the columns of the nominally trivial, but really important *Chronique*.

Henri Rochefort, editor of the world-renowned *Lanterne*, first brought himself into public notice in this way. He was first a theatrical critic, and then one of the editors of the *Charivari* or French *Punch*; a paper which, considering that it represents the wit of so witty a nation, to that nation's entire satisfaction, apparently, has always astonished us by its feebleness and weakness. Perhaps the French requirelessto make them laugh than other people—but this by the way. Rochefort was next the chronicler of the *Figaro*, and soon became famous for the vivacity of his style, his inexhaustible powers of satire, and the pungent shrewdness of his sarcasm. For years the *Figaro* owed its great popularity almost entirely to Rochefort's pen. Being a fierce opponent of the present dynasty, as well of the ideas which it represents or is supposed to represent, and of the persons of the Emperor, and his favorites, he omitted no opportunity of letting fly a telling shot against them. Now witty satire or ridicule is of all modes of attack the most galling, and Frenchmen seem of all men most impatient of it, probably because each and every man of that nation has a more or less definite idea that the eyes of the universe are fixed upon him.

So the men who bore with tolerable patience Victor Hugo's furious invectives, in which there is about as much wit as in the Curse of Eurulphus, or the Dirge of Vathrias Gaia, could not stand the running fire of keen, stinging, rankling satire that Rochefort kept up, week after week, in the columns of the *Figaro*. M. Villemessant, the proprietor of the paper, received official intimation that he must dismiss or stop the *Figaro*, or dispense with the services of M. Rochefort.

Now M. Villemessant was a good friend of Rochefort, but he was a much better friend of Villemessant and the *Figaro*. Small blame to him, indeed, if he judged it better for all concerned to have his paper without his *chroniqueur*, than his *chroniqueur* without a paper. So the two friends parted, probably with tears and embraces, though we have no record of the fact.

Rochefort wished to start a paper of his own, but the Ministry, as was to be expected, refused him the necessary license. When, however, the new law regulating the press went into operation, his hands were untied, and he at once started the *Lanterne*. As if he knew that his time was likely to be short, he threw into it all his force, and opened all his light artillery on the Imperial Government, to the extreme delight of the million Parisians. As a consequence, in brief time he had rendered himself liable to more than two years imprisonment.

A veritable Bohemian in his habits, he was perfectly reckless of his safety; and yet those habits stood him in good stead, for of all men he was the hardest to find. His friend, more concerned about him than he was about himself, set to work to hunt him up, and the faithful Villemessant at last got hold of him. He represented to his old friend the extreme danger in which he stood, and after much difficulty obtained his consent to take refuge in Brussels. This point once gained, Villemessant, knowing his man, never let him out his sight until he saw him safely off. He also took the very necessary precaution of putting him in charge of a trusty person as an escort; for Rochefort is so extremely absent-minded and careless, that if left to his own guidance he might have turned up next at Cimpiegne or Biarritz, or more probably still, at his own office in Paris.

In Brussels, where he has a multitude of friends, he was received with enthusiasm. He immediately recommenced the publication of his *Lanterne*, which is now sharper and more envenomed than ever, and a large edition of which, notwithstanding the stringency of the law, is smuggled into France, and sold at extravagant prices, its character of forbidden fruit making it all the more eagerly sought after.

Apropos of Rochefort's carelessness, M. Villemessant says:—

"On the evening of his hurried departure for Brussels, he had bought a new umbrella, which, as a matter of course, he forgot and left at my house. Now he has not an idea where he left it; but if I write and tell him that he left his umbrella with me, he will run over my note in his hasty fashion, catch the notion that *I* left my umbrella with *him*, and send me at once a new one to replace it."

THE TYRANNY OF MARRIED PEOPLE.—We think it was Lamb who made a pathetic complaint against the enclearments and exchanges of married couples in his presence. In his quaint style, the humorist let out that on such occasions he felt entirely subdued, awkward and desolate, that he also experienced a sense of injury and as if there were a direct attack made upon his peace of mind. We should say that most persons of single views would feel very much as Lamb did under similar circumstances; but there is another situation, not of so pronounced a kind, in which a bachelor is often made conscious of certain social advantages possessed by the married man.

Even in good circles, a visitor may observe a constant flashing of signals between the married guests. It is perhaps needless to remark that such messages are confined, where there is propriety, to wives and their respective husbands; but, in any case, the fact of their going about, combined with the consciousness that the, of all assembled, has nothing in common with the actions that prompt them, render the bachelor, if not for a moment unhappy, at least impelled to fall back upon those cynical consolations which have been specially designed for celibates.—He may note that if he addresses a remark to Mrs. A., who sits next him, Mr. A., at the other end of the table, seems to have it conducted to him by a process of sympathy which we must leave statesmen to or Mr. Home to discover. When Mrs. A replies, A. looks up with a glance of intelligence, although his attention is due, and indeed is given, to the conversation of those in his immediate neighborhood. You must know that what you say and what you do will be subjected on your departure to a dual criticism which has the dangerous advantage of being neither public nor responsible, and, which, being the sum of two experiences, one male and one female, often possesses an accuracy terrible for the subject of it to contemplate. For instance, supposing you are the sole bachelor at a country house. A few of the men remain up to smoke a last cigar, having been almost audibly cautioned (you can either hear or see the notice) against overstaying a short leave of absence.

One by one they disappear, except, perhaps, an extra polite or courageous gentleman, who is good enough to see you suffering from a dim sense of injury, and remains longer than the rest. At length he goes, and you are left. Next morning you may be perfectly certain that if you were thought worth a discussion, you have been thoroughly weighed, measured, and done for, in that mysterious conclave at which there are no witnesses. If you only study or draw out the men a little, ten to one you will get from them what the wives think of you, and perhaps even what they have said; for there are men with clever wives who do not object to give you a quiet peep of the bodkin they are proud of. But the wives—sweet hypocrites!—conceal their opinion from most, though if you watch their faces off guard, you catch a glimpse of it. Here, without doubt, the married man has a social power far beyond the isolated and "wild ass" independence of the bachelor. It has been settled that the wife selects her husband's friends after marriage. She weeds them at her own tast, and plants others more in accord with her sentiments. And indeed she does this constantly, to the end of the chapter; and, as a rule, she is right in her instincts. For the woman in this way acts in a great measure from instinct, aided by the direct knowledge which she extracts from her husband, and which has been, perhaps, imparted to him in bursts of confidence never intended for conveyance to her.

SELECTING COWS.—One of the most difficult things for a person to do in selecting a cow is to tell whether he has found a good one. Some one in Vermont, who has had much experience in this business, offers the following excellent ideas on this subject. They are well worthy of a careful consideration:

"First, I get a broadside view of the animal at the distance of about two rods; as I have noticed for years that there was a great similarity in the general proportions of all first-class milkers, being very small in girth just back of their forward legs as compared with the girth just toward of their hips. I never knew a first rate milker, of any breed, not thus proportioned; so that if this form is wanting in an animal recommended to me, I do not care to look at her more, unless I want a breeder for some other purpose than the dairy.—For breeding oxen I should want a cow of reverse proportions, i. e. larger girth forward. I next feel the size of the milk veins, and trace them to their entrance into the chest, which, in superior cows, are large, admitting the ball of the large finger, if divided or subdivided, as is sometimes the case, I judge of the size of each orifice, as I care less for the vein itself than the orifice. Next, I examine, by sight, and touch, the udder, or bag, which must be capacious, in order to hold much milk, with teats wide apart and free from large seed warts or sores of any kind; I then enquire how long she goes dry before calving, as I don't want a family cow to give milk less than forty-six weeks out of every fifty-two; also as to the quality of milk, and, to close, I milk her with my own hands.

NAPOLEAN SITTING FOR HIS PORTRAIT.—All Italy did homage to the conqueror, and it was, therefore, very natural that sculptors and painters should endeavor to draw some advantage from this enthusiasm for its deliverer, and that they should endeavor to represent to the admirers of Bonaparte his peculiar form and countenance.

But Bonaparte did not like to have his portrait painted. The staring, watchful gaze of an artist was an annoyance to him: it made him restless and anxious, as if he feared that the scrutinizing look at his face might read secrets of his soul.—Yet at Josephine's tender and pressing request he had consented to its being taken by a young painter, Le Gros, whose distinguished talent had been brought to his notice.

Le Gros came, therefore, to Montibello, happy in the thought that he could immortalize himself through a successful portrait of the hero whom he honored with all the enthusiasm of a young heart. But he waited in vain three days for Bonaparte to give him a sitting. The general had not one instant to spare for the unfortunate young artist.

At last, at Josephine's pressing request, Bonaparte consented on the fourth day to sit for him, one-quarter of an hour after breakfast. Le Gros came, therefore, delighted, at the time appointed, into the cabinet of Josephine, and had his easel ready, waiting the moment when Bonaparte would sit in the arm-chair opposite. But, alas, the painter's hopes were not to be realized. The general could not bring himself to sit in that arm-chair, doing nothing but keeping his head quiet, so that the painter might copy his features. He had no sooner been seated, than he sprang up suddenly, and declared it was quite impossible to endure such martyrdom.

Le Gros dared not repeat his request, but with tears in his eyes gathered up his painting materials. Josephine smiled—"I see very well," said she "that I must have recourse to some extraordinary means to save for me and for posterity a portrait of the hero of Arcola."

She sat down in the arm-chair, and beckoned to Le Gros to have his easel in readiness. Then, with a tender voice, she called Napoleon to her, and, opening both arms, she drew him down on her lap, and in this way she induced him to sit down a few moments and allow the painter the sight of his face, thus enabling him to sketch the portrait.

At the end of the peculiar sitting, Bonaparte smilingly promised that he would the next day grant the artist a second one, provided Josephine would again have the "extraordinary means" ready. She consented, and for four days in succession Le Gros was enabled to sit before him a quarter of an hour, and throw upon his canvas the features of the general, while he quietly sat on Josephine's lap.

The picture that Le Gros thus painted thanks to the sweet ruse of Josephine, and which was scattered throughout Europe in copper-plate prints, represented Bonaparte, with uncovered head, holding a standard in his hand, and with his face turned towards his soldiers, calling on them to follow him as he dashed on the bridge of Arcola, amid showers of Austrian balls.

It is a beautiful, imposing picture, and contemporaries praised it for the likeness of the hero; but no one could believe that this pale, grave countenance, these gloomy eyes, and earnest lips, which seemed incapable of a smile, were those of Bonaparte as he sat on the lap of his beloved Josephine when Le Gros was painting it.

TEN FOLLIES.—To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become.

To believe that the more hours children study at school the faster they will learn.

To conclude that, if exercise is good for the health, the more violent and exhausting it is the more good is done.

To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, without regard to more ulterior effects.

To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping somehow or other, it may be done in your case with impunity.

To advise another to take a remedy which you have tried yourself, without making inquiry as to whether all the conditions are alike.

To eat without an appetite or to continue after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expence of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

NEW PLAN FOR RAISING POTATOES.—A correspondent gives the following as his plan for raising potatoes: Plow your ground deeply, harrow down smooth, mark out three feet apart, drill or plant in hills as you like, cover shallow with dirt on top of which place straw (if partly rotted all the better) ten or twelve inches thick. You have now nothing to do in the potato patch until digging time, when you raise the straw and take out the potatoes, which will be found in large yield, and rise and clean.

WHY NOT BE POLITE?—How much does it cost to say, "I thank you?" Why not practice it at home to your husband, to your children and to your domestics? If a stranger does you some little act of courtesy, how sweet your acknowledgment! If your husband—oh it is a matter of course; no need of thanks. Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your very, very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your "never mind—I don't care at all—don't think of it." If a husband does it, he gets a frown; if a child he is chastised.

"Ah! these are little things," you say. They tell mightily on the heart, let us assure you, little as they are.

A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it in confusion. He don't see anything to apologize for; never thinks of little matters. Everything is all right, cold supper, cold room—crying children perfectly comfortable. Goes home where his wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and working her life almost out.

Don't see why things can't be kept in better order; there were never such children before. No apologies except at home.

Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, "I thank you"—or "you are very kind!" Dandy, yes, thrice, sweet from the lips we love when heart-smiles make the eye sparkle with clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful to your welfare? To bound away to do your pleasures before the request is half spoken?—Then with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness—give it a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have learned the true secret of sending out into the world really "finished" gentlemen and ladies. What we say to all is—be polite.—*Square and Compass.*

THE WORD "MARRY"—There has been not a little discussion as to the use of this word, chiefly in regard to public announcements of marriage. The usual mode of inside of making the announcement is—Married, John Smith to Mary Jones. Some people being dissatisfied with this form, of late years we have seen in certain quarters—Married, John Smith *with* Mary Jones, and in others—John Smith *and* Mary Jones. I have no hesitation in saying that all of these forms are incorrect. We know, indeed what is meant by one of them; but the same is true of hundreds and thousands of erroneous usages of language. Properly speaking a man is not married to a woman, or married with her; nor a man and woman married with each other. It is her name that is lost in his, not his in hers; she becomes a member of his family, not he of hers; it is her life that is merged, or supposed to be merged in his, not his in hers; she follows his fortunes, and takes his station, not he hers. And thus manifestly she has been attached to him by a legal bond, not he to her; except indeed, as all attachment is necessarily mutual. But nevertheless we do not speak of tying a ship to a boat, but a boat to a ship. And as long at least as man is the larger, the stronger, the more individually important, as long as woman generally lives in her husband's house and bears his name—still more, should she not bear his name—it is the woman that is married to the man. In speaking of the ceremony, it is proper to say that he married her and not that she married him, but that she was married to him; and that the proper form of announcement is—Married, Mary Jones to John Smith. The etymology of the word agrees entirely with the conditions of the act which it expresses.

TIME DOES IT.—Time has a wonderful power in taking the conceit out of people. When a young man first emerges from the school and enters upon the career of life, it is painfully amusing to witness his self sufficiency—he would leave the world to understand that he has "cleared out"—that he is master of all knowledge and can unravel all mysteries. But as he grows older he grows wiser, he learns that he knows a great deal less than he supposed he did, and by the time he reaches to three score year, he is prepared to adopt as his own the sentiment of John Wesley. "When I was young I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of most things, as I was before. At present I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man."

HALF AN HOUR TOO LATE.—A young couple eloped from a neighboring town lately, and when at a safe distance from home were married. Soon after an officer was sent in pursuit and arriving at the hotel where they were stopping, he immediately entered their room, and found them snug in bed. He explained his errand, when the lady said, with a ringing laugh: "Tell mother it is too late—we have been married some time, and have been in bed half an hour. Snuggle up George, and don't get out of bed for him."

A worthy Quaker thus wrote: "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now.—Let me not defer or neglect it for I will not pass this way again."

A GOOD LIE.—Anybody can tell a lie; but it requires a practised hand to tell a lie with circumstance." For something like four hundred years—much longer, for aught we know—there has been a story floating about the world to the effect that in certain northern regions the words one speaks are frozen as soon as they are uttered, and have to be thawed before they can be heard. Castillian tells the story as a story; Heylin repeats it.—Rabelais adds that the words when spoken fall about like hail, and are taken up carefully in the order in which they fell, and placed in a frying pan to talk. Another writer says, that some of them break in being picked up, and perish without utterance. It required the master hand of Sir John Mandeville to complete the thing. Hearsay was far too tame for him. He saw the phenomenon, he says, and gives you the name of the ship he was on board of at the time, and the exact latitude and longitude in which the occurrence took place. Growing even more minute, he tells you that certain of the words fell overboard and were no more heard of, and that the little frozen flakes when much talk was going on, were a great annoyance to the common seaman in their work. His crowning triumph, however, occurs when the thaw comes.—A rude fellow, a boatswain, he thinks—having swallowed the camel, he is very particular about the gnat, it will be observed—had, during the continuance of the frost, cursed the captain in a fit of passion; but as soon as the words began to thaw, his sin found him out, and he was soundly beaten for his disorderly behavior. Munchausen's version of the story is uninventive compared with this!

BURSTING OF DOUBLE GUNS.—It is stated that ninety-five out of every hundred instances of the bursting of a double-barreled gun can be traced to defects in the left barrel. The reason is simply that the right is most frequently used and reloaded—perhaps ten times to the left one before being discharged once. Every time the right barrel is discharged the gunpowder in the left is pulverized more or less by the shock, and the settling of the grains leaves a space between the charge and wadding. Hence when the left barrel is discharged it frequently explodes. These accidents, it is asserted, can be avoided by sending the ramrod home with one or two smart blows into the non-discharged barrel every time the other is reloaded.

KEEPING SUNDAY.—A sea captain trading regularly to the African coast was invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa. Among numerous questions touching the religion of the African races, he was asked, "Do the subjects of King Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday?" he replied; "yes, and every other darned thing they can lay their hands on."

We cannot name nor can any one name a single battle in which the Federal troops defeated a Confederate force equal to themselves in number. No such incident either upon a large or small scale, occurred during the four years. That's one of the truths of history, and not all the world can make it aught but a truth.—*Louisville Courier.*

A Carpet-bagger, now in the South wrote to his father lately, in the North, "Come down here, father, mighty mean men get office here, now. You could be elected United States Senator without any trouble."

A gentleman traveling on a steamer one day at dinner was making way with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was desert. 'It matters not with me,' said he, 'I would eat it were it a wilderness.'

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years and hear nothing but purring. But accidentally tread on the tail, and memory of sinfulness is obliterated.

A young man generally gives a lock of his hair to his sweetheart before he marries her. After marriage she helps herself—and don't use the scissors.

A polite philosopher once thanked a belle who had been singing to a party for an hour, by saying, 'Madam you have wasted our time charmingly.'

There are two periods in the life of man at which he is too wise to tell woman the exact truth; when he is in love, and when he isn't.

If industry is no more than habit, it is at least an excellent one.

Riches got by fraud is dug out of one's own heart, and destroys the mind.

Riches got by deceit cheat no man so much as the getter.

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.

The only everlasting people on earth are the shoemakers.

Who were the first astronomers?—The stars for they first studded the heavens.

In becoming the lion of a party does a man necessarily make a beast of himself?