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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XVI.—(*Concluded.*)

Profession and Practice—Hopes for Africa—Piety and Respectability—A splendid Sermon—Society and Scripture—Tom turned Singing Master.

IN Tom's external situation, at this time, there was, as the world says, nothing to complain of. Little Eva's fancy for him—the instinctive gratitude and loveliness of a noble nature—had led her to petition her father that he might be her especial attendant, whenever she needed the escort of a servant, in her walks or rides; and Tom had general orders to let every thing else go, and attend to Miss Eva whenever she wanted him—orders which our readers may fancy were far from disagreeable to him. He was kept well dressed, for St. Clare was fastidiously particular on this point. His stable services were merely a sinecure, and consisted simply in a daily care and inspection, and directing an under servant in his duties; for Marie St. Clare declared, that she could not have any smell of the horses about him, when he came near her, and that he must positively not be put to any service that would make him unpleasant to her, as her nervous system was entirely inadequate to any trial of that nature; one snuff of anything disagreeable being, according to her account, quite sufficient to close the scene, and put an end to all her earthly trials at once. Tom, therefore, in his well-brushed broadcloth suit, smooth beaver, glossy boots, faultless wristbands and collar, with his grave, good-natured black face, looked respectable enough to be a bishop of Carthage, as men of his colour were in other ages.

Then, too, he was in a beautiful place, a consideration to which his sensitive race are never indifferent; and he did enjoy with a quiet joy the birds, the flowers, the fountains, the perfume, and light and beauty of the court, the silken hangings, and pictures, and lustres, and statuettes, and gilding, that made the parlours within a kind of Aladdin's palace to him.

If ever Africa shall show an elevated and cultivated race—and come it must, some time, her turn to figure in the great drama of human improvement—life will awake with a gorgeousness and splendour of which our cold western tribes have faintly conceived. In that far-off mystic land of gold, and gems, and spices, and waving palms, and wondrous flowers, and miraculous fertility, will awake new forms of art, new styles of splendour; and the negro race, no longer despised and trodden down, will, perhaps, show forth some of the latest and most magnificent revelations of human life. Certainly they will, in their gentleness, their lowly docility of heart, their aptitude to repose on a superior mind and rest on a higher power, their childlike simplicity of affection and facility of forgiveness. In all these they will exhibit the highest form of the peculiarly *Christian life*, and, perhaps, as God chasteneth whom he loveth, he hath chosen poor Africa in the furnace of affliction, to make her the highest and noblest in that kingdom, which he will set up when every other kingdom has been tried and failed; for the first shall be last, and the last first.

Was this what Marie St. Clare was thinking of, as she stood, gorgeously dressed, on the verandah, on Sunday morning, clasping a diamond bracelet on her slender wrist? Most likely it was. Or, if it wasn't that, it was something else; for Marie patronised good things, and she was going now, in full force—diamonds, silk, and lace, and jewels and all—to a fashionable Church, to be very religious. Marie always made a point to be very pious on Sundays. There she stood, so slender, so elegant, so airy and undulating in all her motions, her lace scarf enveloping her like a mist. She looked a graceful creature, and she felt very good and very elegant indeed. Miss Ophelia stood at her side, a perfect contrast. It was not that, she had not as handsome a silk dress and shawl, and as fine a pocket-handkerchief; but stiffness, and squareness, and bolt-uprightness enveloped her with as indefinite yet appreciable a presence as did grace her elegant neighbour; not the grace of God, however—that is quite another thing.

"Where's Eva?" said Marie.

"The child stopped on the stairs, to say something to Mammy."

And what was Eva saying to Mammy on the stairs? Listen, reader, and you will hear, though Marie does not.

"Dear Mammy, I know your head is aching dreadfully."

"Lord bless you, Miss Eva, my head allers aches lately! You don't need to worry."

"Well, I'm glad you're going out; and here—" and the little girl threw her arms around her—"Mammy, you shall take my vinaigrette."

"What! your beautiful gold thing, thar, with them diamonds! Lor, mis, 'twouldn't be proper, noways."

"Why not? You need it, and I don't. Mamma always uses it for headache, and it'll make you feel better. No, you shall take it to please me, now."

"Do hear the darling talk!" said Mammy, as Eva thrust it into her bosom, and, kissing her, ran down stairs to her mother.

"What were you stopping for?"

"I was just stopping to give Mammy my vinaigrette, to take to Church with her."

"Eva!" said Marie, stamping impatiently. "your gold vinaigrette to *Mammy!* When will you learn what's *proper*? Go right and take it back this moment!"

Eva looked downcast and aggrieved, and turned slowly.

"I say, Marie, let the child alone; she shall do as she pleases," said St. Clare.

"St. Clare, how will she ever get along in the world?" said Marie.

"The Lord knows," said St. Clare; "but she'll get along in heaven better than you or I."

"O papa, don't," said Eva, softly touching his elbow; "it troubles mother."

"Well, cousin, are you ready to go to meeting?" said Miss Ophelia, turning square about on St. Clare.

"I'm not going, thank you."

"I do wish St. Clare ever would go to Church," siad Marie; "but he hasn't a particle of religion about him. It really isn't respectable."

"I know it," said St. Clare. "You ladies go to church to learn how to get along in the world, I suppose, and your piety sheds respectability on us. If I did go at all, I would go where Mammy goes? there's something to keep a fellow awake there at least."

"What! those shouting Methodists? Horrible!" said Marie.

"Anything but the dead sea of your respectable churches, Marie. Positively, it's too much to ask of a man. Eva, do you like to go? Come, stay at home and play with me."

"Thank you, papa, but I'd rather go to church."

"Isn't it dreadful tiresome?" said St. Clare.

"I think it is tiresome, some," said Eva, "and I am sleepy, too: but I try to keep awake."

"What do you go for, then?"

"Why, you know, papa," she said in a whisper, "cousin told me, that God wants to have us; and he gives us everything you know; and it isn't much to do it, if he wants us to. It isn't so very tiresome, after all."

"You sweet little obliging soul!" said St. Clare, kissing her; "go along, that's a good girl, and pray for me."

"Certainly, I always do," said the child, as she sprang after her mother into the carriage.

St. Clare stood on the steps and kissed his hand to her as the carriage drove away; large tears were in his eyes.

"O Evangeline! rightly named," he said; "hath not God made thee an evangel to me?"

So he felt for a moment; and then he smoked a cigar, and read the *Picayune*, and forgot his little gospel. Was he much unlike other folks?

"You see, Evangeline," said her mother, "it's always right and proper to be kind to servants, but it isn't proper to treat them *just* as we would our relations, or people in our own class of life. Now, if Mammy was sick, you wouldn't want to put her in your bed?"

"I should feel just like it, mamma," said Eva, "because then it would be handier to take care of her, and because, you know, my bed is better than hers."

Marie was in utter despair at the entire want of moral perception evinced in this reply.

"What can I do to make this child understand me?" she said.

"Nothing," said Mis Ophelia, significantly.

Eva looked sorry and disconcerted for a moment, but children, luckily, do not keep to one impression long; and in a few moments she was merrily laughing at various things which she saw from the coach-windows as it rattled along.

"Well, ladies," said St. Clare, as they were comfortably seated at the dinner table, "and what was the bill of fare at church to-day?"

"Oh, Dr. G——preached a splendid sermon!" said Marie. "It was just such a sermon as you ought to hear; it expressed all my views exactly."

"It must have been very improving," said St. Clare. "The subject must have been an extensive one."

"Well, I mean all my views about society and such things," said Marie. "The text was, 'He hath made everything beautiful in its season;' and he showed how all the orders and distinctions in society came from God; and that it was so appropriate, you know, and beautiful, that some should be high and some low, and that some were born to rule and some to serve, and all that, you know; and he applied it so well to all this ridiculous fuss that is made about slavery, and he proved distinctly, that the Bible was on our side, and supported all our institutions so convincingly. I only wish you'd heard him."

"Oh, I didn't need it," said St. Clare. "I can learn what does me as much good as that from the *Picayune* any time, and smoke a cigar besides; which I can't do, you know, in a church."

"Why," said Miss Ophelia, "don't you believe in these views?"

"Who—I? You know, I'm such a graceless dog that these religious aspects of such subjects don't edify me much. If I was to say anything on this slavery matter, I would say out, fair and square, 'We're in for it; we've got 'em and mean to keep 'em—it's for our convenience and our interest; for that's the long and short of it; that's just the whole of what all this sanctified stuff amounts to, after all; and I think that will be intelligible to everybody, everywhere."

"I do think, Augustine, you are so irreverent!" said Marie. "I think it's shocking to hear you talk."

"Shocking! it's the truth. This religious talk on such matters, why don't they carry it a little further, and show the beauty, in its season, of a fellow's taking a glass too much, and and sitting a little too late over his cards and various providential arrangements of that sort, which are pretty frequent among us young men; we'd like to hear that those are right and godly too."

"Well," said Miss Ophelia, "do you think slavery right or wrong?"

"I'm not going to have any of your horrid New England directness, cousin," said St. Clare, gaily. "If I answer that question, I know you'll be at me with a half-dozen others, each one hrader than the last; and I'm not a going to define my position. I am one of the sort that lives by throwing stones at at other people's glass-houses; but I never mean to put up one for them to stone."

"That's just the way he's always talking," said Marie; "you can't get any satisfaction out of him. I believe it's just because he don't like religion, that he's always running out in this way he's been doing."

"Religion!" said St. Clare, in a tone that made both ladies look at him. "Religion! Is what you hear at church religion? Is that which can bend and turn, and descend and ascend, to fit every crooked phase of selfish, worldly society, religion? Is that religion which is less scrupulous, less generous, less just, less considerate for man than even my own ungodly, worldly, blinded nature? No! When I look for a religion I must look for something above me and not something beneath."

"Then you don't believe that the Bible justifies slavery?" said Miss Ophelia.

"The Bible was my *mother's* book," said St. Clare. "By it she lived and died, and I would be very sorry to think it did. I'd as soon desire to have it proved, that my mother could drink brandy, chew tobacco, and swear, by way of satisfying me, that I did right in doing the same. It wouldn't make me at all more satisfied with these things in myself, and it would take from me the comfort of respecting her; and it really is a comfort in this world to have anything one can respect. In short, you see," said he, suddenly resuming his gay tone, "all I want is that different things be kept in different boxes. The whole frame-work of society, both in Europe and America, is made up of various things which will not stand the scrutiny of any very ideal standard of morality. It's pretty generally understood, that men don't aspire after the absolute right, but only to do about as well as the rest of the world. Now, when any one speaks up like a man, and says slavery is necessary to us, we can't get along without it, we should be beggared if we give it up, and of course, we mean to hold on to it—this is strong, clear, well-defined language; it has the respectability of truth to it; and if we may judge by their practice, the majority of the world will bear us out in it. But when he begins to put on a long face, and snuffle, and quote Scripture, I incline to think he isn't much better than he should be."

"You are very uncharitable," said Marie.

"Well," said St. Clare, "suppose that something should bring down the price of cotton once and for ever, and make the whole slave property a drug in the market; don't you think we should soon have another version of the Scripture doctrine. What a flood of light would pour into the church all at once, and how immediately it would be discovered, that everything in the Bible and reason went the other way!"

"Well, at any rate," said Marie, as she reclined herself on a lounge, "I'm thankful I'm born where slavery exists; and I believe it's right—indeed I feel it must be; and, at any rate, I'm sure I could not get along without it."

"I say, what do you think, pussy?" said her father to Eva, who came in at this moment, with a flower in her hand.

"What about, papa?"

"Why, which do you like the best: to live as they do at your uncle's, up in Vermont, or to have a house full of servants, as we do?"

"Oh, of course, our way is the pleasantest," said Eva.

"Why so?" said St. Clare, stroking her head.

"Why, it makes so many more round you to love, you know," said Eva looking up earnestly.

"Now, that's just like Eva, just one of her odd speeches."

"Is it an odd speech, papa?" said Eva, whisperingly, as she got upon his knee.

"Rather, as this world goes, pussy," said St. Clare. "But where has my little Eva been, all dinner-time?"

"Hearing Tom sing, eh?"

"Oh, yes! He sings such beautiful things about the New Jerusalem, and bright angels, and the land of Canaan."

"I dare say: it's better than the opera, isn't it?"

"Yes; and he's going to teach them to me."

"Singing-lessons, eh!—you *are* coming on."

"Yes, he sings for me, and I read to him in my Bible; and he explains what it means, you know."

"On my word," said Marie, laughing, "that is the latest joke of the season."

"Tom isn't a bad hand, now, at explaining Scripture, I'll dare swear," said, St. Clare. "Tom has a natural genius for religion. I wanted the horses out early this morning, and I stole up to Tom's cubiculum there, over the stables, and there I heard him holding a meeting by himself; and, in fact, I haven't heard anything quite so savoury as Tom's prayer this some time. He put in for me with a zeal that was quite apostolic."

"Perhaps he guessed you were listening. I've heard of that trick before."

"If he did, he wasn't very politic; for he gave the Lord his opinion of me pretty freely. Tom seemed to think there was decidedly room for improvement in me, and seemed very earnest that I should be converted."

"I hope you'll lay it to heart," said Miss Ophelia.

"I suppose you are much of the same opinion," said St. Clare. "Well, we shall see—shan't we, Eva?"

THE POTATO ROT.—H. Penoyer, of Union county, Ill., writes to the St. Louis Republican that he has found a perfect cure and preventive of the potato rot, and which also "restores the potato to its primitive vigor, and the product is not only sound, but *double* the size, consequently producing twice the quantity, on the same ground, and the vines grow much larger, and retain their freshness and vitality until the frost kills them." The remedy is as follows:—

Take one peck of fine salt and mix it thoroughly with half a bushel of Nova Scotia plaster or gypsum, (the plaster is the best) and immediately after hoeing the potatoes the second time, or just as the young potato begins to set, sprinkle on the main vines next to the ground, a table-spoonfull of the mixture to each hill, and be sure and get it on the main vines, as it is found that the rot proceeds from a sting of an insect in the vine, and the mixture coming in contact with the vine, kills the effect of it, before it reaches the potato.

MAINE LIQUOR LAW AGITATION.

Resolutions adopted at a Public Meeting, held at the Temperance Hall, on the 25th March (Good Friday), together with the speeches in reference thereto.

(*Continued from No. 21.*)

MR. FOUND.—I concur in what has fallen from the hon. gentleman who last addressed you, that it was not the duty of the House of Assembly to interfere in this matter, without being in full possession of means by which such a Law could be carried out. I conceive that the House of Assembly had no right, on that occasion, to come to any other conclusion on the subject than that at which they arrived. It is a principle universally established that, in every free country, in which a popular branch exists in the Legislature, that they are to represent the wants and desires of the majority of the people, and not the interests of a few; and that, in all cases affecting the liberty and rights of the people, they should be instructed by them. This has not been the case on this subject. The petitioners are too premature. Let them bide their time; and, as I believe they ardently desire to use it as a political engine, let them make it the watchword and battle-cry at the next General Election; and if they succeed in placing a majority in the House of Assembly on those views, then the time will have arrived for legislative action; but not until then. That there was a more favourable time than the present, I am prepared to prove, when, instead of three thousand petitioners,—composed as they are, in many cases, of children who are incapable of giving an opinion in the matter,—there could not have been less than from fifteen to twenty thousand teetotallers on the Island, and who were very observant of their pledges. It must be remembered that in the years 1840–41–42–43–44, Father Mathew was working wonders in Temperance reform; and, in the Old Country, as well as in America, hundreds of thousands flocked to his standard; and other kindred Societies were formed everywhere, eminently calculated to carry forward the cause. Zealous advocates, men of superior abilities, stood upon their platforms; but did they seek for prohibitory laws to enforce their will? The late Mr. O'Connell countenanced and supported Father Mathew; and, although I believe that he had a political motive in doing so, yet did he ever trouble the House of Commons on the subject? No, he never did. The Sons of Temperance might well be satisfied to carry out their principles by persuasion and example, as it is the most effectual way; and if they use discretion in their respective Division Rooms, they will accomplish a vast amount of good; but, of late, they have gone beyond the bounds of moderation, and have failed to do any thing. I was connected with Temperance for years, and connected with a Society called the "Independent," under the auspices of the late Mr. Binns, whose number, at one time, was about 400, and who carried out their principles with vigour and consistency, until some over-zealous bigots amongst that number sought for a similar measure to this under our present notice,—which rent the Society into fragments; because the more sensible members of that body saw the folly of compulsory Laws.

[Here Mr. F. was interrupted. The Chairman thought that he wandered from the point. Mr. R. B. Irving insisted that Mr. F. was speaking to the point as closely as any of those who had preceded him; and observed that, if the Chairman and those parties who had caused the interruption would not allow a fair discussion of the question, after having called the public together for that purpose, the sooner they closed the meeting the better. After this interposition, Mr. F. was permitted to proceed.]

He did not believe that any law could make men wise or good, independently of an inherent feeling. The most that could be done to make them so, would be persuasion and example. He was not one of those who would offer any objections to those who may induce drunkards to become sober men. God forbid! Nor would he endeavour to obstruct such valuable services to the community; but he would not assist any body of men to controul the will of those who do not abuse their privileges and rights. It has been stated, that medical men tell us that Liquor is not good, but a positive evil, and is injurious to the human system, taken in ever so small a quantity. But the most eminent men of that profession are not of that opinion, and confirm the statement that, in many cases, it is essential and absolutely necessary. The Maine Liquor Law is a "Yankee notion," and as such I do not like it. The institution of the Sons of Temperance is from the same source, and is not more palatable. And I believe the association originated in the States for the purpose of infusing into the Colonies republican principles; for it was introduced here at a time when the greatest agitation prevailed in the Union on the question of Slavery, and when the Colonies were not satisfied with the old forms of Government, and talked of annexation. The Northern States could maintain a balance of power, if they could get the British Colonies annexed to them, against the Slave holding States,—and it is my opinion this was their aim. The emblematical colours of that Order, are only the symbol of Republicanism. The rosette could be removed from the breast to the hat, in a moment of time, at a given signal; and thus each member might be made to turn his arms against Old England, when she might be the least prepared. I do not think any loyal subject of England should have anything to do with such such a body; nor can I see any reason for becoming enamoured of Yankee Laws or Notions; and I am surprised to see a gentleman, wearing the British uniform, so zealous for their adoption.

MR. J. J. RICE.—Mr. Chairman; Notwithstanding the length of time which this discussion has occupied, I cannot resist the inclination to say a few words,—and they will be but few,—in reply to some observations which have fallen from Mr. Davies and Mr. Found, in speaking to the Resolution now under discussion. The reasons they have advanced, Sir,—if, indeed, they may be called reasons,—to shew the inexpediency of prohibiting by law the traffic in intoxicating liquors, are, in my opinion, gross, palpable fallacies; and this asertion I shall proceed to prove. There is one argument, however, in reference to the loss which would result to the public Revenue, in consequence of such a law, which it is not necessary that I should reply to; it has already been done, time after time, but never, to my knowledge, more conclusively than by some of the previous speakers on this occasion. But there is another assertion, Sir, to which I would particularly call your attention, viz., that a Coast Guard would have to be kept up for the suppression of liquor smuggling, the burden of which the Colony could not possibly bear. This is easily answered, Sir: Were it a Law forced on an already crushed and suffering people,—a Law by which the few remaining evidences of freedom were to be snatched away, and hopeless, abject slavery fastened upon them,—then, indeed, well might the oppressor fear resistance to its operation, on the part of those whom his tyranny had victimized. But, when we consider that the Law contemplated in the Resolution before us is to be obtained from the Government, as a concession to the popular voice,—when we consider that the People themselves demand it for their own protection and safety; I say, Sir, it is folly in the extreme to suppose that such a Law as this would meet with opposition from the people, after they had themselves sought for and obtained it. Allow me, Sir, to tell Mr. Davies, aye, and through him the whole honourable House of which he is a member, that, notwithstanding the many facilities afforded to the contraband trader, by the numerous indentations on our coasts, and other causes, such a Law can and will be carried into effect. I do not say, Sir, that it would be carried out to the letter; there is not a Law upon our Statute Book that is absolutely observed, without some instances of violation; but it would be effectual in rendering this traffic illegal, and he who would engage in it a criminal. No Government Coast Guard would be necessary; for it would be to the individual interest of every well disposed subject to aid in suppressing a traffic fraught with so much mischief to all within its fatal influence—whether as nations, communities, or individuals. Again, Sir: they have come to the conclusion, I find, that it is impossible to prove any good in alcoholic drinks as a beverage; hence the assertion, that wine and good porter are necessary in a community, for the relief of invalids! I am glad, Sir, that people have become ashamed to advocate the use of these in any other way. And now, since these drinks are admitted by their friends to be necessary only as medicines, where, let me ask, would you go with a medical prescription—to a Rum Shop? Assuredly not. No, Sir; put it in the Drug Store, and then, if invalids did require it, it would be as convenient to procure it there, as at the tavern. If, Mr. Chairman, it is not enough that Druggists keep and sell this medicine, I consider it highly inexpedient that the present system of sale should be continued, even were a few lives lost for want of it. I say, Sir, that if the sale of this poison cannot be confined to Drug Stores, there is not sufficient good effected by it to warrant its sale at all—better, much better, for the general good, that those few who are relieved by its use should perish for lack of it, than that they should continue to exist at the price of thousands and millions of other bodies as valuable as their own—not counting the value of this host of immortal *souls!* The public safety demands the suppression of this traffic, Sir, and the public safety must be regarded. But it is stated that we are premature in condemning the action of the House of Assembly;—we do not blame them. It was not to censure them, that this meeting was convened; no, Sir, it was to afford an opportunity to the public to hear and state reasons—which might have been advanced when our Petition was before the House of Assembly, but were not—why it is expedient and necessary, that this abominable traffic should be entirely rooted out from amongst us. In conclusion, Sir, I have only to add, that whatever may be the name by which the Law we seek is designated, matters not; it is a law adopted by states far ahead of us in intellectual improvement; it is a law at this moment engaging the attention of the noblest hearts and most gigantic intellects of our mighty Fatherland; and this law we also seek, and are determined to obtain; and, Sir, the agitation is but begun; it will never end, until its object shall be fully accomplished,—until the monster shall be securely bound, the plague-spot entirely obliterated. Then, indeed, shall an enslaved and almost ruined host be freed from worse than Egyptian bondage; then shall the standard of Truth be elevated, where vice and immorality now prevails; and then shall a beneficent and holy God be honoured and adored, where now He is blasphemed and despised. As to *when* we shall be the recipients of this blessing, is but a matter of time,—it may be next year, or perhaps at a more distant period,—it will come,—it must come; and we, who desire it, must be firm in the principle, zealous in its advocacy, looking to God to speed the day.

3. Moved by Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, seconded by Mr. William C. Trowan—

That whereas much misunderstanding exists upon the subject of the Maine Law, and on the subject of Temperance in general, therefore—*Resolved*, That a competent Lecturer, or Lecturers, be obtained, to travel throughout the Island, to deliver lectures, distribute Tracts and other Temperance publications, organize Temperance Societies, &c., and in every proper way promote the great object.

REV. D. W. FITZGERALD, in moving the third Resolution, said—Mr. Chairman; From what has fallen from Mr. Davies, and the several speakers who have preceded me, I think, Sir, the time has come for the adoption of the Resolution which I hold in my hand,—one which speaks of enlightening the public mind on the subject of Temperance in general, by means of a competent Lecturer, who would visit every part of the Island, and instruct the people in that which they now appear to a very great extent to be ignorant of. In advocating the adoption of this Resolution,—which, with your permission, Sir, I shall read to this assembly,—I will briefly shew, that Intemperance is an evil, what it is that causes it, and what are the remedies which may be lawfully employed to remove it; and should this meeting agree to the several questions which I shall put before it, I think, Sir, there will be very little difficulty in passing the Resolution. I have to shew that Intemperance in an evil. Now I would ask this meeting: Is it not a great and a sore evil, and does it not present itself to us in every way in which we can possibly view it, as detrimental to man's temporal and eternal interests? Is it not destructive to the welfare of man's condition, whether physical, social, or moral? Is it not pernicious to the soundness of his bodily powers and mental faculties? Is it not injurious to his moral sensibility and religious feeling? Is it not the exciter of passions which brutalize his nature, unfit him for companionship with his species, and for fellowship with the redeemed in heaven? Does it not take away his moral sense of right and wrong, incapacitate him for any lengthened or vigorous exertion of his body or mind, dethrone God from his lawful place in his affections, make him the moral pest of society, and rob him of that title to a place in the heavenly mansions which He who hath died for him hath procured by the shedding of his own blood? How many crimes and diseases does it not either create or encourage? How many sufferings in body or mind, heart-rendings, and bitter tears, does it not occasion? How many accidents by fire and water, sudden deaths, and irretrievable calamities, does it not produce? How many endless jealousies, family quarrels, and legal prosecutions does it not give rise to? How many powerful intellects has it