derived only from the general. A particular existing alone is an absurdity."

"What gives you leave to express your certainty in those statements?"

"Aristotle—and nature, sir."

In his art lessons, Hugh exhibited fine draughtsmanship. His renderings of the nearby Abbey, of Westminster Bridge, and St. Paul's Cathedral were the delight of his drawing master. He also did sketches and studies of the Chelsea Waterworks and the London Bridge Waterworks, the most elaborate mechanical "engines" of his time; of inanimate, man-made objects such as staircases, water towers, steeples, the piazzas of the Royal Exchange and Covent Garden, of the weighing tripods of the Steelyard, of the nine-story Dye House near Blackboy Alley, of the timber and coal wharves across the Thames; of wherries, arches, and pocket watches. Of his brass top. His instructor collected these drawings and sent them with his report to Dr. Comyn and the boy's father. "Master Kenrick's drawings conceive of accurate and often thrilling perspectives. Some are worthy of Canalleto, others of illustrations for the *Encyclopedia,* and still others of the best pattern books. Together, they would make a pretty book of engraved prints, ready for framing, and could grace the walls of the most elevated households. Were he to enter an allied trade, Master Kenrick would become accomplished and quite prosperous, quite as much a Mr. Hogarth."

Hugh excelled in other arts as well. Because he became a favorite of many of the instructors and tutors; because he did well in his lessons and subjects without having to exert much effort, or so it appeared; because he was aloof and preoccupied and self-possessed; because he was regarded by most of the staff with a deference that went beyond his aristocratic rank—three of his fellow pupils decided that it was time Hugh was humbled and made one of their own. They cornered him in the cobblestone yard behind the school. They were the sons of minor barons. The oldest boy challenged Hugh to a duel.

"To the death?" inquired Hugh.

"No!" laughed the boy, glancing at his friends. "Only so far as to cause injury and require a surgeon's ministrations."

Hugh frowned. "If it's not worth a fight to the death, sir, then it's not worth a fight." He paused. "What is your grievance?"

"We hear," said one boy, "that you did not pay the Butcher his due respect."

"It is said that you ruined the hands of the Marquis of Bilbury, at Eton."

"You voice sentiments that are alien and unnatural."

"And dangerous."

"True on all counts," replied Hugh. "But injuring me will neither erase nor even balance those facts. What is your solution?"

"Punishment, *milord,* Danvers, with a good drubbing," said the oldest boy, who moved toward Hugh, his hand reaching down for the pommel of his sword.

Hugh drew his sword and in a blink cut a gash on his attacker's left cheek. The boy jumped back with a cry. The other boys reached for their swords. Hugh's sword flicked across the nose of one and ripped the sword hand of the other. "I told you—to the death!" cried Hugh. "Shall we pursue this?"

The three boys staggered away, sobbing. "You are mad!" yelled the boy with the injured hand. "Mad!"

"If you have disfigured me, your father shall pay!" shouted the boy with the injured nose.

"To the death!" replied Hugh. "Those are my only terms! Those or nothing! Spare me your society! Get you to a surgeon!"

And the three boys disappeared into the school. Hugh glanced at the tip of his sword. It was wet with blood. He found a rag on the ground nearby and wiped the tip clean. Twenty other pupils had gathered around to watch the fight that did not happen. They moved out of Hugh's way when he passed. There were no more attempts to initiate him, to humble him, to make him bend.

* * *

East of London Bridge on the Thames were the Lawful Keys, or wharves, twenty of them, near which all merchantmen bringing goods into the country were obliged to anchor to have their cargoes unloaded by lighters and deposited on the wharves for inspection and distribution. Custom House sat conveniently in the middle of these keys, with its own wharf and stairs. This was the most congested part of the Thames on any given day; not infrequently a thousand ships of all size sail would be anchored below the Bridge, each waiting its turn to be unshipped and "customed." Until later in the century there were no other "lawful" keys; the twenty that Hugh became fa-

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miliar with formed a monopoly, protected by statute. The port duties, warehousing charges, and other miscellaneous expenses paid to the keys' proprietors by ship captains and merchants were not regulated. Bribes in money or in kind were necessary to get cargoes off the ships and into warehouses, or onto barges that would take the goods upriver under the impassable Bridge to stairs, private wharves and landing places beyond.

Benjamin Worley was a partner with the other owner of Lion Key, John Biddle, whose sister he had married. Lion Key sat west of the Billingsgate docks, in between Somerset and Botolph Keys. Worley acted as agent not only for the Earl and Baron of Danvers, but for other prominent men of means as well. By himself, he owned another warehouse behind Lion Key, on Thames Street. This was No. 66; warehouses were the first buildings in London to employ numbers. He also was a partner in two merchantmen with their captain-owners. One traded along the coast of Europe and in the Mediterranean, the other in North America and the Caribbean. Worley and his family lived in a modest mansion on Mincing Lane, complete with a staff of servants, a stable for his post-chaise and team of horses, and quarters for all his staff.

Worley, of course, got preference for his merchantmen when they came up the Thames, as did merchantmen belonging to captains and syndicates with whom he did the most business. Worley's only extraordinary expense was to provide the Customs man assigned to Lion Key a modest "regular subsidy" in order to clear his own and other vessels' cargoes with the least amount of duty on dutiable commodities and with the best dispatch. Through Lion Key passed grain, resins, timber, whale oil, Lettish deerskins and other imports from the Baltic; wines, olive oil, spices, medicinal herbs, silks and edibles from the Levant and southern Europe; tea, fine woods, opium, china, and other exotic goods from the occasional East Indiaman; and tobacco, cotton, hemp, sugar, beaver pelts, and rum from North America and the Caribbean. All of it was carted directly to No. 66 Thames Street, to be collected and paid for by merchants who had contracted for it, or sold to bidders on site.

Here at the Keys were also unloaded holds of corn at the Great Bear wharf and bought and sold in the coffeehouse of the Corn Factors' Exchange, most of it reloaded onto barges and taken upriver to the Queenhithe wharf. And at Billingsgate were unloaded