barons, and a baron was a rank foreign to this island until the Conquest."

Some of the pupils, who were baronets themselves, gasped. The instructor cleared his throat. "You question your own heritage, milord. Do you not find that an unseemly notion?"

Hugh shrugged. "I have made a pertinent observation, sir," he replied. "I cannot answer for my heritage or my lineage. Only for myself."

"That is a *Levelling* notion," accused one young baronet.

"A republican notion!" chimed another.

"But a true observation, nonetheless," answered Hugh.

The instructor quelled the uprising by rapping his pointer once on the floor of the dais. "Those who dispute the truth of Mr. Kenrick's observations may procure for themselves copies of Henry Care's *English Liberties,* Rapin-Thoyras's *History of England*—the Tindal translation—or Nathaniel Bacon's *Historical Discourse of the Uniformity of the Government of England.* These are but three of a shelf of works that make the same assertion. Copies are likely to be found in the inventory of any reputable bookseller in this city."

On another occasion, Hugh wrote an essay on the career of King John, to which he appended an aside on the distinct differences in meaning between the terms "King of the English" and "Rex Angliae." "The first term means 'king of the conquered.' The second means 'English king.' King John signed the Great Charter 'Rex Angliae.' There is, therefore, some credence in modern historians' arguments that the use of the second term marked the true beginning of our nation." Later in the aside, he commented: "I cite Edward the First, who, in issuing a writ for parliament, employed a phrase whose literal meaning must have eluded him, in regards to Philip, King of France, who was threatening to invade this island. 'If his power is equal to his malice, he would destroy the English tongue from the earth.' *If his power is equal to his malice:* What an odd thought for a sovereign, especially this one who is also called Longshanks, who was continually at war with the barons, who persecuted Jews and goldsmiths, who killed Llywelyn, the Prince of Wales, and his brother David executed by all the means it is possible to kill a man, and who executed William Wallace, the Scottish patriot. Why, here was a king moved by malice! *His* power might have been equal to it, had the barons submitted to him." Hugh ended the aside with another observation: "I think it should be the goal of Parliament to disempower the malice which can rule and ruin the nation, or even a single man, or group of men, such as the Jews, Catholics and other Nonconforists. Yet, what I note in my readings is a constant struggle between members of that august body to apply their malice to wresting power from the King, so that they themselves may exercise it, and those who seek, too often vainly, to stem that malice by checking that power."

His modern history instructor said to Hugh in private: "I shall not require you to read this work to your fellow pupils. It would . . . well . . . cause a stir. It is, however, worthy of Addison, or Sidney, or Locke. But, pray, milord, do not voice these sentiments until you speak in Lords, or in a pamphlet."

Hugh was a competent fencer before he left Danvers. Under the tutelage of the school's fencing master, he became an excellent foilsman. He applied himself in this art as earnestly and eagerly as he did in his other studies. Once, during a session with the fencing master, Hugh startled the man by asking the question, "Is it not true that the skills I learn here will help sharpen my thoughts?"

The fencing master, an Italian who fashioned his own foils and supplemented his school income by teaching French and Continental manners to other aristocrats' children, drove Hugh back across the polished floor of the gymnasium with a series of savage thrusts and counter-parries. "Not without your conscious design, sire. There exist connections and applications between the art of the rapier and the art of the mind that you must forge with your own head."

"Cicero!" shouted Hugh as he parried a thrust aimed at his heart.

The Italian responded with a half-circle of his foil that sent Hugh's foil flying through the air to clatter to the floor. "I recommend Cicero, sire. I am master of the blade; he of rhetoric." Then he planted the tip of his foil over Hugh's heart.

Hugh smiled. "Then I must learn to wed you and Cicero."

This remark brought an unwilling grin to the Italian's severe expression. He was a proud man who spoke *to* his students, not *with* them. He stepped back and stood to his full, imposing height. "Why that pleasant visage, sire? I have just gored you."

"You have just taught me that the true wisdom of a foilsman lies not in his wrist, but here." Hugh

tapped his own forehead twice.

The Italian drew himself together and turned his back on Hugh. "Do not patronize me, sire. I know my own value." He began to walk away.

Hugh bowed slightly to the retreating figure. "I do not patronize my peers, *Signor* Albertoli."

The fencing master stopped, stood for a moment, then turned and returned the bow. He rose again. "Pick up your weapon, sire, and let us resume the lesson."

The next week, after the lesson, the fencing master bowed again and held out a book. Hugh took it. It was a copy of George Silver's *The Paradoxes of Defence,* a fencing manual published in London in 1599. "A volume of wisdom, sire," said Albertoli. "May you profit from its connections and applications."

That night Hugh read the book, and was surprised by the amount of wisdom he did find in it. "Truly," he said to himself, "this is reason wedded to action." And a week later, he delivered an essay on Aristotle's argumentative fallacies to his instructor in rhetoric. "Milton wrote in the *Areopagitica* that the strength of the Truth should never be doubted. 'Let her and Falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?' To which one should add the caution: 'To seek a true defence in an untrue weapon, is to angle the earth for fish, and to hunt in the sea for hare. Truth is ancient, though it seems an upstart.' Briefly put, Truth shines best when allied with reason; it is compromised when wielded by fallacy."

The rhetoric instructor looked up at Hugh and bid him to rise from his desk. "This last quotation, milord," he asked with a frown. "Shakespeare?"

Hugh shook his head. "No, sir. A contemporary of his, Mr. George Silver, a fencing master."

The instructor shook his head. "But what have his words to do with the subject?"

"One should not choose a dagger to slay a wyvern, sir, when one needs a broadsword."

The instructor cocked his head in appreciation. "Excellent point, milord," he said, "but most attorneys would not subscribe to the notion. *They* thrive on the daggers of *particulars.*"

"Particulars should be governed—nay, subsumed—by general principles. Like the craters one can see on the moon through a telescope, they would not—cannot—exist apart from the body. Particulars can be

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