

About the year 1738 Colonel Wolfe gave up the house at Westerham and moved to Greenwich. This may have been in anticipation of war, or merely for the sake of his sons' education. At any rate the two boys attended there the school of the Rev. J. F. Swinden, a gentleman who not only secured the life-long affection and esteem of his famous pupil, but who was both a scholar and an excellent teacher. His school was popular among the local gentry. A sturdy urchin of six or seven, with maritime tastes already strenuously developed, was there spelling out his letters, while James Wolfe in the same room was struggling with his Greek and Latin verbs. The youngster was Jack Jervis, the future Lord St. Vincent.

In 1733 war had broken out over disputes concerning the Polish throne. The King, who cared nothing about domestic government, but imagined himself a second Henry the Fifth, was eager to fight. Queen Caroline, who managed him, was almost persuaded by her German sympathies to take his side and abandon her league of peace with Walpole. But the great minister stood firm, and the martial spirit of the King and the animal spirits of his prosperous subjects were for a time at any rate kept at bay.

A secret compact between France and Spain had long been suspected. The former was increasing her fleet; the latter was heaping restrictions on British commerce. The colleagues whom Walpole had one by one got rid of, and in getting rid of turned into enemies, shouted for war. The younger members of the Whig party, headed by William Pitt, joined in the rising chorus. The merchants, goaded to wrath by the commercial