

the sea-streams—turbulent, alive. As the captain makes the will of the wind his own, so must he who would be master of men. Free men only are worth the leading. Learn of the sea, our rough cradle, the most glorious of English graves.

BOMBASTES. Ha, ha! England grasps the trident, but we will wrest it from her feeble hand. Then she will use a different speech; then will she learn the way of the true conqueror.

Q. ELIZABETH. The destiny of conquerors is noble, but it is not to conquer; it is to provoke the spirit of the free, and kindle them to burning.

BOMBASTES. What do you know of conquerors, woman of England? We, the race of heroes, will destroy you with the fierce blast of our hate. We hate with a holy hatred.

Q. ELIZABETH. Hate is but rubbish here; the world's old rubbish.

BOMBASTES. Nothing shall tear this hate from me. It is in the violent beat of this heart: it is our health, our blood.