

## IMPERIAL CUSTOM—SECOND NATURE.

*Man.*



ENSLAVED, yet not wishing to be free ;  
having wings, yet not caring to fly ;  
born to soar, yet contented to sit ; a  
denizen of the skies, yet grovelling  
rather in a cage ; see what custom has brought  
thee to, poor beautiful, degraded bird !

*Bird.*—Fine words, poet, fine words. I can  
repeat them myself to you.

*Man.*—Parrot-like, poor Polly !

*Bird.*—Parrot-like, poor master ! That's just  
what I say. Look at home, master, look at home !

*Man.*—What mean you, sirrah ? Am *I* enslaved,  
think you, without caring to be free ? Have *I* wings  
I do not use ? Was *I*, too, born to soar ? Am *I*