

## MY LORD SCULLY.

Such a grand object lesson is too much to hope for. But let Lord Scully in his luxurious London mansion, maintained by the labor of American citizens in return for his grant to them of the privilege of living and working in their country, possess his soul in peace. All this bluster is bark, not bite. Alien landlord though he may be, he is sheltered behind the ranks of a solid phalanx of domestic landlords. Tribune, Inter Ocean and Herald, Morning Tray, Evening Blanche and Weekly Sweetheart, though they might like to rend him limb from limb, will think twice before following his trail behind that wall. He is safe so long as American landlordism is safe. Till then, at the very most, all that he may find it necessary to do, is to renounce a purely sentimental allegiance and to protract one of his visits to that country of which part is his.

Signed Henry George,  
March 17, 1888.