

there is a move made. I received a price list of trade work from a gentleman named Knox; in it he asks the question: "Are you in favor of union?"

My reply was in the affirmative. He sent me a post card, stating that the sum of three dollars was required to enrol my name as a member—a sum, in my opinion, which every one in the trade should contribute in order to bring about the needed reforms.

In our village even the dry goods men are selling jewelry, and no men squeal more if they think we buy our dry goods in Toronto.

Hoping you will excuse my troubling you, I remain,

Yours truly,

THE MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE.

May 20, 1884.

### Selected Matter.

#### ARISTARCHIUS PLUMBAGO AND HIS BICYCLE WATCH COMPANY.

In my last communication to the *Jewelers' Circular*, injustice was done me through the instrumentality of the red-haired son of Erin whom I had employed in a menial capacity at my embryonic factory at Stoneville. I had commenced writing an account of the invasion and siege I was undergoing at the hands of the flop-over button brigade when I became mentally prostrated from their importunities and the large quantities of cod-liver oil I had consumed by way of stimulating my nervous energies. Three bottles of this invigorating beverage had I secured for my personal delectation, and to which I had frequent recourse during my interviews with the flop-over button men, and was finally in a most unaccountable manner reduced to a condition of insensibility. It subsequently transpired that the office boy used the cod-liver oil to grease his hair with, and had filled the empty bottles with a vile decoction of bad whiskey, and this I drank in my bewilderment with the result mentioned. To add to his infamous conduct, that office boy sent off my unfinished letter to *The Circular*, first adding a postscript stating that I had been conveyed to the lunatic asylum. While this might naturally happen to a man who had been besieged by the flop-over button brigade, yet it was not the result in my case. When I fell upon the floor in a state of insensibility a police-

man rushed in, hastily placed me in a hand cart and trundled me off to the police court. Here he made the unfounded charge of habitual drunkenness against me, and the magistrate forthwith committed me to an inebriate asylum until such times as my habits should be reformed. Think what an outrage this was! A free and enlightened American citizen, of good moral character, of rare intellect, refined, cultivated, with occasional gleams of transcendent genius, industrious, frugal and abstemious, committed to an inebriate asylum as an habitual drunkard through the devilish machinations of a snub-nose, freckled, Irish office boy with a red head. It was infamous—an act of injustice and persecution for which I should demand redress from the national government were it not for the fact that in the seclusion thus involuntarily forced upon me, I was enabled to mature and put in form some of those grand ideas that have tortured my gigantic intellect for many years, and of which some faint glimmerings have been conveyed to an impatient public in my letters to *The Circular*.

At the asylum I found many congenial spirits—men of almost infinite intelligence—whose brains teemed with rare and philanthropic ideas, to give practical shape to which would be to enfranchise the human race, and lift it to a higher plane of intellectuality and spiritual happiness. Daily intercourse with these incarcerated geniuses gave me renewed hope and courage, and enabled me to give shape and form to many of my own benevolent and industrial plans. These poor imprisoned geniuses were, like myself, confined through a mistake; the world said we were habitual drunkards and must be restrained of our liberties; as a matter of fact we were philosophers, whose ideas were many years in advance of our time; what was regarded by the worldly as beastly intoxication was simply spiritual exaltation; conduct that was deemed evidence of drunkenness was simply the eccentricity of genius manifesting itself in ways incomprehensible to ordinary men. The world did not appreciate us and so placed us under restraint. In the asylum we were treated—Oh! the humiliation of it!—as common drunkards, and efforts were made for our reclamation. Of course, I needed no efforts of this kind, for my habits, with occasional lapses, had always been temperate. Nevertheless, I accepted the

treatment in a spirit of investigation and was amply rewarded. I was benefitted by it physically, and also ascertained precisely how much spiritual comfort I can imbibe with safety. There is no danger of my ever becoming a drunkard for the treatment at the asylum demonstrated the precise amount of cheering beverage I can carry without befogging my intellect or entangling my organs of locomotion. Therefore, I am safe for the future, and if in the past there have been those who distrusted my capacity, they need have no doubts of me hereafter, for I have ascertained to a finger how much I can take without disturbing my equilibrium. Out of evil good sometimes comes, and out of the malicious proclivities of that son of Erin with Skaneateles hued hair, has come to me this knowledge of my capacity, and beyond this limit Aristarchus Plumbago will never pass.

So much in explanation of the past and my long silence; now for the future. I have been released from the asylum as cured; my friends need have no further apprehensions for my future, but may entrust me with their funds with all the confidence of olden times. I now have a practical proposition to submit to them. In *The Circular* of last month there appeared a notice of a new watch movement which you termed the bicycle movement, said to have been invented by some German. You also appeal to me to come to the front and become sponsor for the commercial fortunes of this new discovery. You are in error in attributing this invention to a German—I, Aristarchus Plumbago, am the designer of this movement that is to revolutionize the watch industry of the world. In this colossal brain was the revolution hatched. I had intended to keep the matter secret for a time, but the ubiquitous press has discovered it; but why you should give credit to a German I do not understand. Probably this was intended as another slap at Chicago, of which wonderfully enterprising city I am now a resident. It is a habit you Eastern men have fallen into of belittling and discrediting everything that originates in Chicago, and I suppose this was another illustration of your petty jealousy; you had rather credit an unknown German with this magnificent invention than give it to a resident of Chicago to whom it rightfully belongs.

But this bicycle movement is, as you