

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Jass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;  
The grabest Fish is the Oyater; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1875.

## Assyrian M. S. S. No 2.

EDITOR GRIP,

I send you Assyrian M. S. S. No. 2. Excuse delay in transmission. These ancient things take a deal of time deciphering and copying out.

Yours truly,

RICHARD DE DICKE.

CONCERNING THE "OTS" AND THE "NOTS."

Now the great *Hokuspokus* sail—"come and I will cause thee to see things worth seeing. I have secured BARNUMBUND's big balloon, and have stored it with things needful for a long outing. Tobacco thou wilt find; neither have I forgotten the concoction from malt and hop!" Hereupon I skipped three skips on the floor, and answered—"Truly nothing is so pleasing to the well-regulated mind as vagrancy and vagabondism, when the weather is fine, and there is nothing to pay. Wherefore, I am thy man, and, like CROOKS, we will now proceed on the free and independent tramp."

Now behold we sallied forth, and got into the balloon, and sailed through what poets and newspaper parties call cloudless ether, until we had, according to my reckoning—in empty beer bottles—gone 79,860 miles and 2 furlongs in a N. S. direction. The skipper then made preparations to descend, and I beheld spread beneath us a country clothed with verdure, which the skipper told me was called *Knockerogherri* [In Assyrian—"the land of simpletons."] Having lowered the balloon, and fastened it securely to a stump, one of the savage inhabitants came up, and politely asked us to dinner, which he said was just being put on the table. Though he wore clothes, and was not wholly barbarous in look and manners, yet, in effect, he and all the *Knockerogherrians* as we found, were quite uncivilized, and generally contemptible in their condition, ways, and notions. They have, for instance, no king, parliament, ministers of religion, sects, parties, titles, or mad-houses. The public business is conducted by town or district councils, to which these unfortunate people elect only the men they deem most qualified by ability and character for the duties to be performed. So dull are they of comprehension that when *Hokuspokus* told them the strict rule in his great civilized country is—suppose roads have to be constructed, to appoint an overseer ignorant of road-making—and so with all other appointments, they stared, and cried *Botriphuel* ["Did you ever?"] They believe in a Divine Being, who, they ignorantly say, ought to be revered and worshipped according to every man's conscience. Hence penal ecclesiastical laws are unknown. One of them nearly went into a fit with laughter over a letter I showed him in the *Littlemud diyorko Mail-bag* complaining that the sensibilities of a pious Assyrian on his way one Sunday to worship, had been fearfully lacerated by the sight of some watches in a jeweller's unshuttered store, whereby his thoughts all through the holy service had been corroded with envy and anger, (and thus diverted into their ordinary "carnal" week-day channel,) the watches being so much better than the one he had in his pocket. Hence he wanted a law passed compelling all watch-sellers and jewellers, and indeed tradesmen of all kinds, either to have shutters to their shop windows, or cover over their goods with a sacred soot-bag.

We took leave of these barbarians without regret, and after two days' more journeying, we came to *Coolagurry* ("country of wise men.") This is a truly glorious land, clothed with verdure, with great lakes and forests, and very rich in a produce called *Drumlithie* [Assyrian "thistle."] The skipper told me much of this land was under cultivation, but a great deal more had yet to be brought under the husbandmen. Indeed, LAULINSNIP, an eminent authority, who had spent five years and five months travelling all over it—without once washing or going to bed—had put in an affidavit before a proper legal functionary that there were 1,412,300,000,000½ acres of uncultivated rich soil—an area 619 times as big as all Europe and Africa. The same authority further testifies that there is in *Coolagurry* one, among other fresh-water lakes, so outrageously and obstinately big that though he had at times, in fancy, put into it all the mountain ranges in the world, with the continent of Asia, on top, it refused to be filled up, and had still remaining a 'nice little pond,' 118,332 cubic miles in extent! "This affidavit," said the skipper, with a smile, "has been sent by the *Coolagurrian* Government to all their agents who are employed abroad in entreating foreigners to come and accept 2,000 acres of rich soil; in fact it seems to be mainly relied on as a loadstone for settlers. Though—strictly between ourselves—I don't myself see why they should suppose people would find special attraction in such a lot of water, unless they were whales, or brewers."

Our balloon descended in the garden of one JONMADIVERO, in *Londino* city, who appeared to have lots of money, and who received us with a lavish hospitality. We stayed several weeks at his house, and travelled far and wide over the country in MADDIVERO's *Comcalongo*: [Assyrian—"Four horse drag"] and found everything to be as near perfection as it is possible to conceive. The chief glory of this favored land, however,—that which in conjunction with its inflexibly big lake above-mentioned—elevates its standard high above other nations, is its system of *Pairy* [Assyrian—"Turn and turn about."] government, invented ages ago, by one PETER PINK, a man of remarkably small feet, and large brains, many of whose maxims have come down to posterity and are much revered, particularly the following:—"Some men have lots brains and no money. Other men have plenty money and no brains. The science of political economy consists in transferring the plenty money to the pockets of the men with the plenty brains!" PETER PINK, who was a sad invalid from a disease called *Confoundlaziness* [Assyrian—"Constitutional incapacity for physical exertion,"] Having discovered that the work of chopping, rail-splitting, and gee-hawing breechy oxen was an inferior and more fatiguing science than the above, gave bush-whacking up, and instituted the "nought" and "ought" system of government, (afterwards abbreviated to the "ots" and the "nots.") The "ot" party hold that—in addition—the correct expression is "ought and carry one," when you take forward the 10. The "not" party contend the right phrase is "ought and carry one." This ground of contention was amicably arranged by PETER PINK and a number of other leading plenty-brain people similarly incapacitated for bodily labour, whom he had indoctrinated with his new "political principles." "You see" said he, "if we always go on as we are now doing, electing only the best qualified men, numbers of us will have to work hard all our lives, and will never have any *fap*, [Assyrian—"Opportunity of serving our country."] But the *Pairy* [or turn-and-turn-about] system will give us all a chance. Anything will do to make a party on, so lets have "noughts" and "oughts." When the *noughts* have the majority in the country, the government shall be *noughtite*, when they haven't it will be *oughtite*. All agreed to this, and forthwith they began to stump the land on the respective "ot" and "not" standpoints. The people didn't understand it at first, afterwards they didn't care about it, but gradually they got interested and excited, and now nineteen twentieths of the community are zealous adherents of one party, or the other, and care about little else.

The amicable agreement to pretend to fall out on which the plenty-brain promoters of the *pairy* system, acted at the beginning, (remaining good friends all the time) in order to get the plenty money, has got lost sight of in the course of centuries, and thus the nation, MADDIVERO said is enormously advantaged as, being in earnest on "political" questions has a bracing effect on national life, and produces a healthy attrition of mind with mind, which keeps the intellect bright, and adds vim and vivacity to press and platform deliverances. I had frequent conversations with some of the leading *ots* and *nots*. They all assured me despite their abuse of each other, that the *pairy* system was the fertile soil in which purity, patriotism, and all the cardinal principles of public virtue could alone flourish. They were especially severe on a small section of the community who, when they carried one, said neither "nought" nor "ought," out loud, but merely made a mental memorandum. The *ots* assured me they had on their side all the talent, enlightenment, truth, honesty, and consistency in the country; and that no man unless he was an *ot* could be qualified for the most insignificant government post. But if he was an *ot* he was amply qualified for any place, even the highest, provided he had interest enough to get it. The *nots* informed me that they looked upon the *ots* as wholly degraded and scandalous beings whose deficiency in intellect was only matched by a capacity for everyting criminal, that most of them were believed to be addicted to private cannibalism, drunkenness, wife-beating, and other misbehaviours. The *ot* newspapers spoke of the *not* politicians generally or specifically, as scoundrels, villains, liars, thieves, perjurers, and drunkards: to which the *not* organs responded that every degraded entity of the *ot* genus, was born in infamy, cradled in ignominy, nurtured in folly, and matured in meanness and mendacity. One night being at a very crowded and stormy meeting in *Londino* unattended by HOKUSPOKUS, who was better acquainted than I with the ways of the people, and being called upon to "say a few words" I had hardly said—"It seems to me friends, it doesn't signify a bit whether, when one is adding up, one says ought or—" when a roar arose apparently from every man present, unequalled in all my experience. It was like 10,000 wild buffaloes in chorus. Knives were drawn, clubs brandished, pistols produced, and amid amazing howls of "Kill him!" "Lynch the villain!" "Tear him into pieces!" the whole crowd—more furious against me than five minutes before they had been against each other—made a terrific rush in my direction. Seeing my imminent peril, I took to my heels, and ran like a mad dog for the balloon, which HOKUSPOKUS had told me he intended to fill with gas experimentally that evening, and in the car of which fortunately he was sitting when amid a shower of stones and the whizzing of bullets I jumped in, cut the rope, and shot swiftly into the air, above the reach of my infuriated pursuers.

There is a strong probability that Mr. CROOKS will at last find a haven of refuge in South Oxford. The *Sun Skit* man is meditating suicide.