The Appeal on Hands.
How Hans enjoys it!
Another paper with different motives.

VERONA, June 17, 1873.

MUSICAL LESSONS.

"One Hans is the musical critic of the Verum (Perttio) Standard. The Verum of which we speak is not of Italy, but of Mississippi, but there is an Italian flavor blended in its music. In a modern, the audience was again launched upon a sea of music [many perhaps, were half asleep]. Now the multitude, from an offhand survey, rendered the hall almost a haven of harmony. In truth, Mr. Editor, your correspondent was so transported he should be sent to Bolony Barl, so captivated, so completely carried away, that he could take no note of time or anything, and if you want any additional report of the progress of the entertainment, you will have to apply to others whose nature is not so otherworldly as that of Hans."

[Hans is an excitable, ravished public man.]

Editor of Standard:

The extract above is from the Appeal, printed at Memphis, Tennessee. It excites feelings of pride in the breast of Hans to know that his communications to the Standard, are read and admired by the talented editors of the Appeal and other papers of equal prominence. The aim of the Appeal is doubtless to make Hans notorious, and in this light deserves his lasting gratitude.

But another contemporary of far humbler influence also gives Hans an indirect compliment. The aim it has in view can be no other than to provoke Hans to make mention of it in the Standard, and thus advertise its existence to a public to a great extent unconscious thereof. Hans therefore leaves it nameless. The insane friend of Tiburio Claudius Gracchus Juventus, evidently mistook the head-line of a newspaper article, for the epitaph on a tombstone. In no other way can his absurd inference be rationally accounted for. An old man in Noboxbee once put the white skulls of dead bovines with extended horns upon all his fence posts. When asked why, he said it was to make fools wonder. As he certainly achieved his purpose, it seems Hans was equally successful in the famous head-line, to which no allusion was made in the body of his letter. Hence the concomitancy that filled his bosom, as he read the letter of Jones.

Yours, etc.,

HANS.