GIVE ME SLEEP.

A sister sent us a copy of the following, which she says she found in some old book. We give it to our readers:

Give me sleep, sweet sleep, I ask
When I shall wake to wait,
But just for some short hours
Give me sleep!

Let me have a return
To my accustomed rest,
Grief must cease with tears
Yes, sleep is sweet.

Be patient, poor heart, be patient
Your chamber doth not yawn,
Soon will the sweet bird warble
Soon, soon, morn.

—Mrs. Harris Alfrich in Northern's.

A FAMILY FEUD.

Those two rival families repeated on a small scale the historic feud of the Montagues and Capulets, which arose from regard to the distribution of the tones, instead of spilling blood they spilled money. In spite of dead relatives there had been many lawsuits, long and entangled, they went to law for four generations, for some, they lost at law with that intensive delight in litigation which is one of the joys of provincial life. As much it was a question of dollars and cents of some pine land which a strong minority claimed on merely good that had kept from the hold of one into the field of the other some chestnut and stupid pasture which, spreading from the underground, had encroached the home acres.

Upon this showered legal documents. The lawyers failed to write in that style of them, the bad odds of purchasers increased. Judgments were multiplied, lawsuits grew complicated. The two adversaries rubbed their hands for joy, and from the aspect of things were sure of transmitting of a valuable inheritance from parents to their sons. Now the very between the Pasquali and the Tavera families had been correct could not be clearly learned. Affirmations were and one and the other side. But it was a dense and stubborn country. Neighbors in town and in the country, they frequently met, looking askance at each other. The women bowed more in two different directions. If the Dorpia girls wore blue ribbons, the Pasquali girls of course put on pink ones. In the municipal council the Pasquali were always conservative and the Taveras naturally radical. That which one did the other would not have done for a thousand gold. Where one went the other did not appear.

And their gaunt, well troubled, intelligent, easy-mannered cousin, meanwhile, in the midst of the tumult of political life, which took place in provincial towns between two rival families. On top of all this, Carlo, the oldest son of the Pasquali, and Maria, the second daughter of the Tavera, thought it best to fall in love with each other.

Love in a small town has not much variety usually it begins in childhood, continues and ends in childhood's half, so it is another heart to meet at evening parties and round games, and is always joined by the parish priest and the mayor. Thus love are neighbors, experienced, established, approved by the kindred and cousins and grown up, tested by generating grandfathers and by priestly sanction, love without scorn, without tears, without tenderness and further something extremely calm and sane, the exceptional case.

But Carlo Pasquali had had the longunfortunate fortune to pass, once, a fortnight at Naples, which made him back with an open pocketful contempt and Maria Tavera, who might be double, had sent also the hopless business of Martino, and had carried them to their distaste personal therefore for those two was required an exceptional love. Then it was a further glance, a sudden unexpected word, yet heard with singular perception by her who should hear it, a sensation that fallen from a hill, may be moved by the wind, or crown a sudden pocket of love, a rather a thing of love, then, by the sweet intervention of a copse of a fifteen year-old girl who came with a failure to smooth Maria's hair and the course of true love at the Tavera house—for such is the fate of little lover, a long letter and finally from schoolmaster, epistles of eight or ten sheets of note paper which mark the highest point of the folly of love.

After The joy of the young people was brief and sorrow rapidly arrived to destroy it. They were seen, spied, the news reached their respective papers and all the thunderbolts of paternal wrath, enhanced by clown breadth, fell upon the heads of the poor lovers. The lofty very windows were closed, the lofty gate fastened on the terrace door, the carnation pinks on the back were counted, walks were forbidden, or at least walks without previous notice, the hour of going to mass varied each Sunday—but these two continued to love each other. Billets, exclamations, protestations, kisses stealed only to increase their love, at night, in the winter, Maria arose, dressed herself, wrapped herself in a cloak, and in slippers, with bated breath, trembling for fear, descended the stairs, was snapped up by her lover, the young friend was in the street, leaning against the wall.

So they talked for two or three hours, without caring for the cold, the rain, or the loss of sleep; they talked without seeing each other from a distance of five meters of estimate, becoming silent at every sound of a passer, then cautiously resuming their discourse, with the sure friend that the Madre Santissima intercede and find her in that social college. But what did it all matter to them? They had within their hearts—sunshine, light, spring-time, courage, resolution. If the king had ordered them to marry, they would have moved. Instead of the brother of Maria, one night when he escaping shop, arose from his bed and found the door ajar, went down the stairs, found the lovers, and caught the sister in the act. He unceremoniously forced the sisters to the door of Carlo—gate Maria a resounding box on the ear and brought her to her room. Next morning the small window on the first floor was walled in.

Oh, all ye faithful lovers, who groan amid the pains of thwarted love, imagine the despair of these two! Their letters were no longer legible, for tears blurred the words, even of condemnation points, that indeed like Prussian soldiers under arms, followed the daily proclamation against treason, cowardice, fear and other imperial beings incapable of meeting than a thousand. Insatiable pines were wanted, sighed, and their woeful. Carlo would have died to elope with Maria, but his father allowed him no money, and it would have been difficult to get together the sine qua non of a contract for two tickets for the journey to Naples; they thought for a moment of suicide, but found that it would not solve the difficulty. Then, in the long run, their loves became unbearable, the impossibilities were always the same, and they could not go to their beds without having "poured forth upon the faithful paper the fullness of their grief."

In the town nothing was talked of but their unbearable love and their enormous; they were the objects of general interest. If a Napoleon arrived, the township took him to see the relics of the amphitheater and related the case of Carlo and Maria. Therefore the young people, flattered in their amour propre, assumed the tragedy fitting to their circumstances. Maria was always pale, with a melancholy air, never smiling, always talking to her girl friends about her yellow days, refusing to amuse herself, wasted and unmusical in all respects one of Manzoni's heroines.

Carlo was lonely walks, was always deeply depressed, at balls he never moved out of a corner, confessed that they ruined and spoiled his life, "Poor young man, that unfortunate love affair was done his bar." In society, at small festivities, in visits, with the unwavering monotony of the province, the thousand stroke reminded upon the subject of the two lovers. Carlo and Maria bore with dignity the burden of their popularity.

Finally, after I don't know how many years—four or five, it needs to me—of this continual struggle, of daily worry and fog, of long, long nights sanctified alone by sorrows, the object of their passion changed. There was a worthy personage there still are such—who with many efforts of eloquence persuaded the parents that by the marriage they were doing property, and consequently, as to witness the two adversaries who had grown old at the expense of their affects that these two young people were young and would go into a shelter for the sake of that thrash of love the losses were due by silence and the estates contiguous. Christ forgave and they went forgive, if they wished to find forgiveness. He said so, and the parents and other persons, moved by the example, interposed that the question rules to a compromise which had, as its first chapter, the marriage of Carlo and Maria.

Here, easily, every one will suppose that the young people were greatly outwitted, and will suppose truly—but my obligation as a sincere story teller constrains me to say that in their first fortnight of conjugal happiness,