

ply from his lips. Striding hastily on, he soon gained his own dwelling; but scarcely had he seated himself within it, when Agostino entered also. His demeanor was gentle and benign, yet somewhat more serious than usual—for though his pride was not in the slightest degree wounded by the taunt of Annibale, his affectionate nature felt the unkindness of his conduct, and mourned that he should have exposed to another the ebullitions of his unamiable and envious nature.

"My brother," he said, calmly yet earnestly, "may I ask, how I have been so unfortunate as to incur your deep displeasure?—how I have wholly forfeited your love, and awakened in your heart an intense hatred which perpetually betrays itself, and makes me the constant object of your scorn and bitterness?"

Annibale turned upon him a countenance dark with the lowering gloom of nurtured jealousy and hate, and replied in a tone of harsh unfeeling mockery:

"And what matters it to the elegant Agostino, the courted, the admired, whose place is at the tables of the great, whom the learned and the noble approach with the incense of flattery, and on whom beauty lavishes her smiles; what matters it to him, the bland speech or the sullen mood of the rugged Annibale, whose soul, like the unwrought diamond, is despised because art hath not brought forth its lustre from the deep encrustings of earth in which nature hath enveloped it?"

"Remember, Annibale, we are brothers," said Agostino with gentle earnestness; "a holy tie unites us, and can you doubt the cravings of my heart for your love—your sympathy?—Nay, formed we not some brief months since a solemn compact—"

"Name it not!" interrupted Annibale, with sudden vehemence, "since it is you, who have voluntarily broken your plighted faith—forsaken the brother who would have clung to you, the mistress who would have bestowed on you an earthly immortality, to lie supinely on the silken couches of luxury, and weave idlevibes for those minions of wealth, who would spurn you, could you not minister by your ill-used talents to their pleasure."

"Annibale, you accuse me wrongfully—"

"Nay, then," again interposed the impetuous artist,—"I do not so, when I say that you wile away time, each moment of which is a golden sand in the hour-glass of your life, in the arms of a low-born peasant, whose beauty has bewitched your heart, and quenched in it

those noble aspirations, without which great and glorious attainments never can be won."

"Again I say, my brother, you accuse me wrongfully,—and that you do, let the products of my pencil testify. What excellence or progress, they manifest in design, in colouring, or conception, I leave for others to declare, averring only, that they have received my individual thoughts, for never have I given to other, and it may be lighter enjoyments, the hours which should have been dedicated to the study of my art alone. Do me but justice, Annibale, and confess thus much—I ask no more,—and then let us still press on with undivided hearts in the career which points us to a glorious goal."

"There can exist no true union between tastes and pursuits so diverse as are ours," answered Annibale moodily,—“But, forsake the glittering triflers whose companionship you so prefer to mine, and renounce the shameful tie which leads you day by day, and duly as the eve returns, to sigh at the feet of the peasant girl Antonia, and these token rings which we once so solemnly exchanged, shall no longer shine as baubles to the eye, but be to our hearts in very deed, the symbols of a true love, a noble ambition, and an earnest purpose to remain wedded only to the art we have embraced."

"Annibale, you demand of me too much," said his brother, seriously. "The triflers of whom you speak are the poets, the painters, the musicians of the age,—men less distinguished by noble birth and princely wealth, than by those rare gifts of mind, which render their society a privilege, and permit one to feel, even while in bondage to the flesh, that he holds communion with an essence from the skies. And for Antonia—I cannot cast her from me—she has given me the first pure offering of her young and trusting heart—the offering of as true and fond a love, as ever woman rendered to her chosen lord."

"It is easy now to speak of truth and faith," said Annibale with a gathering frown; "but when the dew has vanished from the flower its sweetness will be gone, and then the noble Agostino may find it easy to throw the worthless thing away."

"Nay," said Agostino, and a deep and burning flush crimsoned his cheek and brow, "dare me not so base my brother,—when its early dew and bloom are fled, still will that sweet flower be precious to my heart, and then, and ever, shall it be fondly cherished there.—Annibale, forgive me that dreading to incur