

ment told him possessed the germs of that genius, which, when properly developed, would make them able coadjutors in carrying out to perfection the plan of his long cherished ideal. These were Agostino and Annibale Carracci, the former pursuing the vocation of a goldsmith, the latter occupied beside his father upon the humble board of a tailor.

Agostino was a philosopher and a poet, a man of science and literature, whose gifted mind, enchanting conversation and elegant manners, untinctured, notwithstanding the meanness of his birth, with the slightest degree of vulgarity, had rendered him a favorite with the noble and refined, the friend and companion of the scholar and the genius. The delicate and beautiful artistry of the goldsmith formed his employment, but with it he combined a skill in engraving, which, when he afterwards became the disciple of Ludovico, and lent his rare invention, his fine taste, and the varied powers of his rich and cultivated intellect, to the support of his kinsman's school, he carried to such perfection, that with a bold and skilful hand, he often corrected the faulty outlines of the great masters who were a study to the pupils, till his own exquisite engravings were not unfrequently pronounced more perfect than their originals.

Annibale, though not the least renowned of the three Carracci, yet wanted the noble nature of Agostino; his was a bitter and sarcastic spirit, unloving, and by few indeed, beloved. And hence arose the misery and dissensions which forever disturbed the peace of the brothers, and introduced into a school, which beautiful and harmonious thoughts only should have been permitted to enter, the spirit of discord and jealousy, whose presence falls like a blight upon the noble aspirations of genius.—Conscious of his own powers, the suspicious Annibale yet imagined that others failed to appreciate them, and he demanded homage of all, though he forbore to render to any the praise which was their due, and secretly envied those whose excellence he could not gainsay. Quick to perceive, and rapid in execution, he disdained the more tardy movements of Agostino's mind, which was too fastidious easily to satisfy itself, but loved to mature and develop to the highest degree of perfection, every form of ideal beauty before embodying it upon the canvass. This deliberation, which the passionate Annibale could never bring himself to imitate, he affected to despise, through the fear that it might lead his brother to higher results, than it was in his power to attain.—

His style was, perhaps, the most eloquent and noble, and his pieces possess a lightness, a grace, a softness of colouring and outline, which form their peculiar characteristics. But his invention, compared to that of Agostino's, was meagre, for his mind, though powerful and active, was not enriched by the erudition that opened such stores of thought and imagery to his brother, who was in truth his better genius, the noble inspirer of those beautiful conceptions which breathe a living soul into the works of his pencil.

Opposite as were the brothers in the constitution of their minds and temper, the penetrating eye of Ludovico saw in each, qualities essential to the fulfilment of his project. In the elegant works of Agostino, his prophetic vision beheld the promise of an artist such as that age had not yet known; and with equal sagacity, he detected beneath the rough exterior of the sullen Annibale, and amid the rude ignorance of his unlettered mind, the germs of that genius which, when developed, caused him to be acknowledged by many of his own time, as well as in succeeding periods, the greatest Carracci. Sanguine also in the hope that their union in the love and pursuit of a noble art, would subdue every discordant feeling existing between them, and bind them in the close and loving bonds of true brotherhood, he won them from their less lofty callings, and sent them to reside for a time at Parma and at Venice, that they might there enjoy the advantages of suitable instruction, and imbibe, as he had done, the spirit of the great masters, from the constant and severe study of their works.

And there, under the teachings of the ablest artists, and surrounded by works of exquisite grace and beauty, grew the love of painting, like a new life in their souls, blending harmoniously with the pure and elegant tastes of Agostino, and eloquently responding to the faultless ideals of beauty that glowed within him, and which he now saw embodied with a breathing grace, by the matchless pencils of Raphael, of Correggio, and of Titian, and multiplied in endless and beautiful forms by the vivacious or philosophic masters of the Venetian and the Lombard schools. Even Annibale's obdurate nature seemed softened and subdued by the spirit of that glorious art amidst whose most noble productions he breathed and moved. It elevated and purified a mind, habitually envious and sarcastic: and, for a time, as he engaged with his brother in the pursuit of a common and lofty attainment, he ceased to see in him a rival, and often, as they sat side