

the place occupied by his brother, on whom, from beneath his dark brows he cast a look of fire, then snatching up his crayons, with a bold and rapid hand, and in the sight of all present he sketched upon the wall the wonderful group which they had just heard described with such graphic and poetic beauty. Casting the crayons from him as he finished, he pointed significantly towards the figures, which had sprung suddenly to view, as though there had been magic in his touch, and with a look and accent of ineffable disdain, exclaimed, "Poets paint with words, but painters only with their pencils!" and immediately withdrew amid the low murmur of wonder and applause which arose like the sound of one voice from the lips of the assembly.

"He is right," said the generous Agostino, "Annibale's is the true power, and this wonderful offspring of his genius embodies all that I have laboured so long and vainly to express to you in words!"

Yet neither the homage, which on this and every other occasion, Agostino rendered to the assumed, not less than to the real superiority, where it existed, of his brother, nor the sacrifices which he continually made of personal fame and talent to his exacting jealousy, availed to ameliorate his harsh and bitter temper, or to awaken in him any permanent sentiment of gratitude, or true affection. Something, however, like cordiality appeared in Annibale's demeanour, when in conjunction with Agostino, he accepted an invitation from the Duke of Farnese, to paint the gallery of his palace; and accordingly the brothers repaired together to Rome, to engage in the great work, which had they left no other legacy to the world, would alone establish their claim to the immortality, which has been decreed to their genius. For some time they laboured at their new task in unbroken harmony, giving life and beauty by their creative touch to the bare and unsightly walls, and gratifying the admirers of the separate masters, by copying successfully the grace of Raphael, the power and grandeur of Michael Angelo, the delicacy of Correggio, and the brilliancy of Paul Veronese, and adapting each, to the character of their various subjects and designs.

Some persons praised most the genius of Annibale, others preferred that of Agostino, and as these comparisons became frequent, they failed not to reach the ears of the artists, and again the smouldering fires of envy blazed forth anew in Annibale's breast. Every word of commendation lavished on his brother fed

the flame, and drew from him unmerited censure, and ill-natured invectives against the beautiful products of Agostino's pencil. If he could not deny them elegance, they wanted grandeur; if he allowed them vigour, still they were deficient in grace, and so on, till wounded to the heart by his brother's unkind and envious hostility, Agostino prepared to retire, and leave the completion of the Farnesian gallery solely to Annibale. The proposal was accepted with apparent unwillingness, but in reality, with secret pleasure—and they separated. Had they remained united, had the rich mind of Agostino continued to lend its noble conceptions, its fine sensibilities, and extensive erudition, to the vigor, the softness, the freedom of Annibale, their task would have been beautifully perfected,—but it was left to the completion of one alone, and an acute writer has remarked of the princely gallery, that "It is a work of uniform vigour of execution which nothing can equal but its imbecility and incongruity of conception."

On quitting Rome, Agostino repaired to Parma, where he for some time devoted himself assiduously to his art, no longer annoyed by the jealous cavils of Annibale. But his life was embittered by the recollection of their past differences, and by the alienation of a brother, whom, notwithstanding the injustice he had received from him, he still loved with the most generous and entire affection,—and, at length, worn out by regret, and mortification, he died in the very prime of his days, and while engaged upon a large picture which wanted only one figure to render it complete—but which, even in its unfinished state, bore the impress of that genius, which had it not been continually thwarted by the baneful influence of another's evil passion, would have proclaimed him the greatest of the Carraccis.

Annibale too, laboured on through the remainder of his life in melancholy loneliness of heart—consumed with secret grief for the loss of his brother, and tormented with bitter self-reproach for the indulgence of that evil temper which had been the curse of his existence, which had poisoned every pure source of enjoyment, rendered the achievements of his genius but a cause of dissension and of hate, and alienated from him, not only the friends whom he esteemed, but the generous brother, who had suffered and forgiven so many wrongs, and, who he now felt to be dearer to him than the praise and homage which he had so much coveted, but which, since it had become undividedly his own, he could no longer enjoy.—