

tino's, it exhibited itself in so violent a manner, that his noble brother, in order to pacify and conciliate him, threw by his pallet, and gave his attention almost exclusively to the art of engraving, which he carried to an exquisite degree of perfection.

Even towards his pupils, Annibale exhibited the most unworthy jealousy. If any among them betrayed marks of a superior genius, he failed not to repress by coldness and silence his ardent aspirations, while on another, less promising, he would not hesitate to bestow tokens of his favour and approval. Thus, that famous school of painting, where the future masters of the art met for instruction, and by study and observation developed their various tastes and their different degrees of genius, was often dishonoured by unworthy rivalries, and through the influence and example of that debasing passion which dwelt in the breast of Annibale, made the scene of shameful bickerings and dispute. Agostino's life was embittered by it, and he sometimes thought seriously of withdrawing himself wholly from the companionship of Annibale, and taking up his abode in some distant city, where he could devote himself in peace to the pursuit of his art. But strange as it may seem, the brothers could not live apart—Agostino's affection for the wayward Annibale, was earnest and sincere; nor could the envious sneers, and bitter taunts which continually wounded him, wholly alienate his generous heart from the offender. Annibale also, felt that he should lose half the glory he claimed, were Agostino to quit his side, for well was he aware, though he would have repelled with scorn the insinuation from another, that his paintings would fail in expression, and in consistency of design, without the aid of his brother's beautiful conceptions, supplied from those rich, and varied sources of erudition, which were as sealed fountains to his mind.

One day the academie had been thrown open for a periodical exhibition, and was thronged as usual, with visitors, the learned and the noble, as well as those, who came but to gaze and admire—and all listened with rapt attention, while Agostino discoursed to his pupils on the study of architecture and perspective in combination with their art, and from the field of nature, and the inexhaustible stores of history and fable, suggested subjects worthy to employ their pencils. Annibale stood apart, wearing on his sullen features such a look of dark and withering envy as a great artist of the present day has given to the traitor Judas, while

through a group of faithful disciples he watches his master performing his mighty works in the temple. The same lowering scowl was upon his darkened brow, as he looked upon the noble countenance and graceful figure of his gifted brother, and heard the rich tones of his voice giving utterance to his fine thoughts in language of thrilling eloquence. Around him were clustered the most distinguished of his pupils,—the timid and shrinking Dominichino, to whose beautiful drawings, Ludovico, ignorant to whom they belonged, had thrice adjudged the prize of superior excellence—and when the young artist was at last compelled to acknowledge them, he did so with a downcast eye, and a cheek glowing with modest shame at the applause he had never hoped to win.—And though he afterwards became one of the greatest masters of the Italian school, this almost womanly timidity followed him through life. Yet so rich and so truthful was his expression of character, that a celebrated writer of his own country has said of him, "He drew the soul and coloured life." Beside him was the youthful Guido, whose early and uncommon excellence awakened an emotion of jealousy even in the gentle breast of his master, Ludovico. Exquisite and beautiful were the touches of his graceful pencil, and so heavenly in features and expression, were his groups of infant figures, that it was said of him by one, "His faces came from Paradise." There too was Albani, whose works breathe such perfect and serene pleasure, that he was styled the Anacreon of painting, with Guercino, Areturi, and others whose names shine brightly in that galaxy of artists which adorned the close of the sixteenth century.

To all these, and many eager listeners beside, Agostino continued to discourse of themes connected with his art, descending now upon the merit of some fine painting, or the beauties of some ancient statues, till, to illustrate a remark, he seized upon the group of the Laocoon, and dilated with resistless eloquence, upon its faultless proportions and its marvellous conception. Annibale writhed in jealous agony, as he listened unwillingly to his brother's words, and marked the spell of enchantment in which he wrapped the breathless and admiring audience. Scarcely could he restrain his impatience till the speaker paused; but then, and when all present, thrilled by Agostino's vivid description of the group, seemed to shrink as though around their own limbs they felt the wreathing serpents twine in their crushing embrace, Annibale strode forward towards