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Michael Angelo's cartoon of Pisa may without exaggeration be said to personify with unexampled variety that motion, which Agasias and Theon embodied in single figures in imagining this transient moment from a state of relaxation to a state of energy, the ideas of motions, the use the bold figure of Dante, seem to have showered into the artist's mind.

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On the immense plain of the Last Judgment, Michael Angelo has wound up the destiny of man, simply considered as the subject of religion, faithful or rebellious; and in one generic manner has distributed happiness and misery, the general feature of passions is given, and no more.—But had Raphael meditated that subject, he would undoubtedly have applied to our sympathies for his choice of imagery; he would have combined all possible emotions with the utmost variety of probable or real character: a father meeting his son, a mother torn from her daughter, lovers flying into each other's arms, friends for ever separated, children accusing their parents, enemies reconciled; tyrants dragged before the tribunal by their subjects, conquerors hiding themselves from their victims of carnage; innocence declared, hypocrisy unmasked, atheism confounded, detected fraud, triumphant resignation; the most prominent features of connubial, fraternal, kindred connexion.—In a word, the heads of that infinite variety which Dante has minutely scattered over his poem—all domestic, politic, religious relations; whatever is not local in virtue and in vice: and the sublimity of the greatest of all events, would have been merely the minister of sympathies and passions. Much has been said of the loss we have suffered in the marginal drawings which Michael Angelo drew in his Dante. Invention may have suffered in being deprived of them; they can, however, have been little more than hints of a size too minute to admit of much discrimination. The true terrors of Dante depend as much upon the medium in which he shows, or gives us a glimpse of his figures, as on their form. The characteristic outlines of his fiends, Michael Angelo personified in the daemons of the Last Judgment, and invigorated the undisguised appetite, ferocity or craft of the brute, by traits of human malignity, cruelty, or lust. The Minos of Dante, in Messer Biagio da Cesena, and his Charon, have been recognized by all; but less the shivering wretch held over the barge by a hook, and evidently taken from the following passage in the *xxiid* of the *Inferno*:

Et Graffiacan, che gli era piu di contra
Gli arronciglio l'impegolate chiome;
E trasse 'l su, che mi parve una lontra.

None has noticed as imitations of Dante in the *xxivth* book, the astonishing groups in the Lunetta of the brazen serpent; none the various hints from the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* scattered over the attitudes and expressions of the figures rising from their graves. In the Lunetta of Haman, we owe the sublime conception of his figure to the subsequent passage in the *xviith* c. of *Purgatory*:

Poi piobbe dentro al'alta phantasia
Un Crucifisso, dispettoso e fiero
Nella sua vista, e lo qual si moria.

The bassorelievo on the border of the second rock, in *Purgatory*, furnished the idea of the *Annunziata*, painted by Marcello Venusti from his design, in the sacristy of St. Giov. Lateran, by order of Tommaso de' Cavalieri, the select friend and favourite of Michael Angelo.

We are told that Michael Angelo represented the Ugolino of Dante, inclosed in the tower of Pisa: if he did, his own work is lost; but if, as some suppose, the bassorelievo of that subject by Pierino da Vinci be taken from his idea, notwithstanding the greater latitude, which the sculptor might claim, in divesting the figures of drapery and costume; he appears to me to have erred in the means employed to rouse our sympathy. A sullen but muscular character, with groups of muscular bodies

and forms of strength, about him, with the allegoric figure of the Arno at their feet, and that of famine hovering over their heads, are not the fierce Gothic chief, deprived of revenge, brooding over despair in the stony cage ; are not the exhausted agonies of a father, petrified by the helpless groans of an expiring family, offering their own bodies for his food, to prolong his life.

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