

“ ternal violence, when the *quantity* of matter is “ given whereof it is to be composed.”

But invention and composition do not constitute the whole of the character of genius, in the practical arts at least. Industry, both that which resists the listlessness arising from continuity and sameness of pursuit; and, still more, that which, though repeatedly repressed by unexpected impediments, as repeatedly recovers its elasticity; unconquerable and indefatigable industry, like that of the ant, is likewise requisite. And such industry did Smeaton manifest: and his industry has hitherto been completely crowned with success. The Eddystone has withstood the war of winds and waves through the greater part of a century, unshaken in a single point: and if of any human work we dare affirm as much, we might affirm of this, “ *manet æternumque manebit.*”

We now turn to the efforts of genius, of another, and, intrinsically, a higher order—to that beautiful composition of Chantrey, to which allusion has been already made. A different task is here to be accomplished: it is not the storm of the physical elements which is to be resisted, but the poignant grief of the bereaved parent is to be assuaged; and that, not by any *nepenthe* which may obliterate the memory of lost happiness; but by, I had almost said, the living image of the very objects themselves from which