indeed influenced men while living, but the principle of life was wanting to himself. Much of his power was in his moral character. Clay had a greater hold upon the affections of men, for he was genial, cordial - full of sympathies, but his speeches will never be read. Their power was in his delivery - On paper they are as prosy as Blair's essays. Not so with the last of that great triumvirate. I have always [illegible] that Webster's greatest fame, analysed, was his literary fame. If he had never spoken a word, if he had never been in Congress or the Cabinet, he would still have ranked as the first living American Author. What a pity that he did not write his contemplated history of the first eight years of our government. Still, he will live in his own dying words, & that too when most of our great men are not merely dead but forgotten. He wrote his name on the great monuments of his country with great ideas.

Dejected Rome her last great man adored, that is until after his funeral, & then it was as busy as ever about what the smaller ones were ~~about~~ doing. "rich" as Mr Weller would say is verry natural, for the present is after all the subject most near to our thoughts - "Let the dead past bury its dead". Still I cant help thinking about that "Small Cathedral" as Sidney Smith called Websters head, or the stormy eyes that looked out of it.

But good night - You are about returning from the Opera and the men in the next room are swearing at me for taking away the light. Love to all from

George