

Kossuth & Rev. Parkman, Francis, Boston  
on intervention

520

The Middle Years

On Sat. (27th) dined with us, a Syrian gentleman, Mr. Lazarus L. Murad, introduced to Sarah by a letter from Mrs. Gardell. He wore his red woolen cap & black tassel. He speaks English remarkably well. He was educated at the American College in Constantinople, & knows six languages well, viz: Arabic, Turkish, Italian, Persian, Armenian & English, & has considerable acquaintance with French, German, Latin, Greek & Hebrew. He was born at Bethlehem & lived at Jerusalem, where his brother is American Consul. He was very entertaining & instructive, & knew nearly every American that had travelled in the Holy Land the last ten years.

Sultan	is pronounced	Sool-tai
Pacha	"	Pa-sháy
Emir	"	Em-meer
Beg	"	Bake
Bechir	"	Be-sheer
Visier	"	Vis-sheer
Mahomet	"	Ma-hóm-med
Koran	"	Ko-rán

Dana, Richard Henry;  
"Diary"  
Ladd's Kossuth & Dana, R.H.

Rev. Dr. Parkman<sup>91</sup> is dead. A strange, minute, whimsical man, with a good deal of quiet wit. So fond was he of a good story or bon-mot, that he did not scruple much what he went through to get at it, nor did he always regard the breadth of his subject matter. Many anecdotes of his are current, but the fun of them is very lost without his manner, his thin piping voice, his drawl, & the funny twinkle of his eye.

When Kossuth was here, preaching a crusade in favor of intervention in the affairs of Europe - Dr. P. said to a circle of gentlemen - "No man respects the talents of Louis Kossuth, & sympathises with his misfortunes, more than I do. But if the Archangel Gabriel & his brother Michael were to quit their celestial homes & come to Boston, clothed in white robes & bearing palms in their hands (See Revelations 16.9)<sup>92</sup> & should undertake to teach us the doctrines of Washington's Farewell Address<sup>93</sup> - so help me Heaven, not meaning to be profane, I should pluck them by

<sup>91</sup>Francis Parkman (1788-1852) was father of Francis Parkman, the historian, and brother of the murder victim, Dr. George Parkman. From 1813 to 1849 the Reverend Parkman was pastor of the New North Church (Unitarian) in Boston, and from 1849 to his death was vice president of the Society for the Relief of Aged and Indigent Unitarian Clergymen.

<sup>92</sup>Dana appears to have been mistaken in his citation. He could have meant Revelations 15:6: "And the seven angels came out of the temple, having the seven plagues, clothed in pure and white linen, and having their breasts girded with golden circles."

<sup>93</sup>Washington's address warned against permanent foreign alliances, but advised temporary associations in matters of emergency. Presumably it was against this last that Dr. Parkman was objecting.

their robes & say to them, go back where you came from, praise God & mind your own business!"

Once, on a visit to a friend on the North River, after breakfast, the Dr., seeking his daily relief of nature, went through a long passage-way that led to but one place. There was no mistaking the object of a person in the passage-way. He must be either going to or coming from this place. When too far in to retreat, the lady of the house appeared, from the other end. There was no [chance] for escape or concealment. The lady made the best of it, tried to look as though there was nothing at all embarrassing in the occurrence, & said, as she passed, "Good morning, Dr. Parkman". The doctor replied "Good morning, Madam! We are fearfully & wonderfully made". Another anecdote of the Dr., is too broad to be read except among men, & intimates, but it is very funny. The imitators of the Dr. give it on this line—

I had been summoned to E. Lexington to perform the Marriage Service for a young man who had once been a parishioner of mine. It was in the evening, in Nov. I staid a reasonable time, took a glass of wine, gave them my benediction, & the bride-groom brought my horse to the door. He was a plain young farmer, & was a little embarrassed with the civilities of the occasion. It was a cold evening, with indications of freeing. There was an awkward interval, while I was putting on my gloves, & getting my reins, & gathering the buffalo skin about me. The bride-groom thought it incumbent on him to make some remark; and what do you think that young man was permitted to say? Said he, "it begins to stiffen!" The Dr.'s look at this crisis of his story, deprecatory & humorous, was indescribable.

I shall never forget his introducing the Rev. Mr. Coggin,<sup>94</sup> an awkward simple clergyman from the out-of-the-way country town of Tewksbury, to Judge Metcalf: "Judge Metcalf! This is brother Coggin, the angel of the Church at Tewksbury!"

[Nov.] 30. Tuesd. was the celebration of Webster's death—oration by Hillard,<sup>95</sup> procession &c. Rather a dull day, & the procession small. It was too long after the occasion.

DEC. 1. WED. Dined with [E. P.] Whipple, [Horatio] Woodman, [J. T.] Fields, & [H. J.] Raymond (of the N. Y. Times). Choate's address in the ev. Not much in it. The poorest thing for body, though one of the richest for drapery that he ever gave. It was on Kossuth & intervention.

<sup>94</sup>Jacob Coggin (1782-1854), a clergyman who attended Harvard, served in the state legislature, 1848-1849, and was a delegate to the 1853 Constitutional Convention.

<sup>95</sup>Published in *A Memorial of Daniel Webster, from the City of Boston* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1853), pp. 231-270.

