

**DOROTHY Q: TOGETHER WITH
A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON
TEA PARTY & GRANDMOTHER'S
STORY OF BUNKER HILL BATTLE**

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Dorothy Q: Together with a Ballad of the Boston Tea Party & Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle by Oliver Wendell Holmes & Howard Pyle

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES & HOWARD PYLE

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A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party
&

Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

With Illustrations by

Howard Pyle



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PREFACE



DOROTHY QUINCY, the subject of the first poem in this volume, was aunt of the first Josiah Quincy, Junior, "that fervid orator who expended his life for the cause of his country, dying on ship-board in sight of home, as he returned from England after hostilities had begun only seven days." She was also the aunt of a second Dorothy Quincy, who became the wife of John Hancock, President of the first Continental Congress.

The painting hung in the house of my grandfather, Oliver Wendell, which was occupied by British officers before the evacuation of Boston. One of these gentlemen amused himself by stabbing poor Dorothy (the pictured one) as near the right eye as his swordsmanship would serve him to do it. The canvas was so decayed that it became necessary to remount the painting, in the process of

doing which the hole made by the rapier was lost sight of. I took some photographs of the picture before it was transferred to the new canvas.

The tax on tea, which was considered so odious and led to the act on which A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party is founded, was but a small matter, only two pence in the pound. But it involved a principle of taxation, to which the Colonies would not submit. Their objection was not to the amount, but the claim. The East India Company, however, sent out a number of tea-ships to different American ports, three of them to Boston.

The inhabitants tried to send them back, but in vain. The captains of the ships had consented, if permitted, to return with their cargoes to England, but the consignees refused to discharge them from their obligations, the custom house to give them a clearance for their return, and the governor to grant them a passport for going by the fort. It was easily seen that the tea would be gradually landed from the ships lying so near the town, and that if landed it would be disposed of, and the purpose of establishing the monopoly and raising a revenue effected. To prevent the dreaded consequence, a number of armed men, disguised like Indians, boarded the ships and threw their whole cargoes of tea into the dock. About seventeen persons boarded the ships in Boston harbor, and emptied three hundred and forty-two chests of tea.¹ Among these "Indians" was Major Thomas Mel-

¹ Holmes's *Annals of America*, vol. II. pp. 181-2.

ville, the same who suggested to me the poem,
"The Last Leaf."

The story of Bunker Hill battle is told as literally in accordance with the best authorities as it would have been if it had been written in prose instead of in verse. I have often been asked what steeple it was from which the little group I speak of looked upon the conflict. To this I answer that I am not prepared to speak authoritatively, but that the reader may take his choice among all the steeples standing at that time in the northern part of the city. Christ Church in Salem Street is the one I always think of, but I do not insist upon its claim. As to the personages who made up the small company that followed the old corporal, it would be hard to identify them, but by ascertaining where the portrait by Copley is now to be found, some light may be thrown on their personality.

Daniel Malcolm's gravestone, splintered by British bullets, may be seen in the Copp's Hill burial-ground.

O. W. H.



