



### EDITOR'S NOTE

"LA TULIPE NOIRE" first appeared in 1850. Dumas was then nearing the end of his Monte Christo magnifinces, and about to go into a prodigat's exile at Brussels. is said that he was given the story, all brief, by King William the Third of Holland, whose coronation he did undoubtedly attend. It is much more probable, nay, it is fairly certain, that he owed it to his history-provider, Lacroix.

An historical critic, however, has pointed out that in his fourth chapter, "Les Massacreurs," Dumas rather leads his readers to infer that that other William III., William of Orange, was the prime mover and moral agent in the murder of the De Witts. But against this suggestion, we may quote Macaulay, who wrote: "The Prince of Orange, who had no share in the guilt of the murder, but on this occasion as on another lamentable occasion twenty years later, extended to crimes perpetrated in his cause, an indulgence which has left a stain on his glory."

Whether Dumas owed it to Lacroix that he made the stain seem still deeper in his story, it is impossible to say. Paul Lacroix, alias the "Bibliophile Jacob," though not an artistic assistant like Maguet, supplied Dumas with

historical colours and effects.

"I used," he wrote, "to dress his characters for him, and locate them in the necessary surroundings, whether in Old Paris or in different parts of France at different periods. When he was, as often, in difficulties on some matter of archæology, he used to send round one of his secretaries to me to demand, say, an accurate account of the appearance of the Louvre in the year 1600. . . . I used to revise his proofs, make corrections in historical points, and sometimes write whole chapters." See Mr.



Arthur F. Davidson's admirable volume upon Dumas pers,

his life and works, published in 1902.

It ought to be added that the Black Tulip, invented by Dumas, has now been made a quotation in the current catalogue of Dutch bulbs, and a root can be purchased for a shilling.

The following is the list of Dumas' books-

Poetry and Plays. - Elégie sur la Mort du Général Foy, 1825; La Chasse et l'Amour (in collaboration), 1825; Canaris (Dithyramb) 1826: La Noce et l'Enterrement (in collaboration), 1826: Christian (or Stockholm, Fontainebleau et Rome), 1828; Henri III. et sa Cour, 1829; Antony, 1831; Napoléon Bonaparte, ou Trente Ans de l'Histoire de France, 1831; Charles VII. chez ses grands vassaux, 1831 : Richard Darlington, 1831 ; Térésa, 1832 ; Le Mari de la Veuve (in collaboration), 1832; La Tour de Nesle, 1832; Angèle (in collaboration), 1833; Catherine Howard, 1834; Don Juan de Marana, ou la Chute d'un Ange, 1836; Kean, 1836; Piquillo, comic opera (in collaboration), 1837; Caligula, 1837; Paul Jones, 1838; Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle, 1839; l'Alchimiste 1839; Bathilde (in collaboration), 1839; Un Mariage sous Louis XV. (in collaboration), 1841; Lorenzino (in collaboration), 1842; Halifax, 1842; Les Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr (in collaboration), 1843; Louise Bernard (in collaboration), 1843; Le Laird de Dumbicky (in collaboration), 1843; Le Garde Forestier (in collaboration), 1845; L'Oreste, 1856; Le Verrou de la Reine, 1856; Le Meneur des Loups, 1857; Collective Eds., "Théâtre," 1834-36, 6 vols., 1863-74, 15 vols. Dumas also dramatised many of his novels.

Tales and Novels, Travels.—Nouvelles Contemporaines, 1826; Impressions de Voyage, 1833; Souvenirs d'Antony (tales), 1835; La Salle d'Armes (tales), 1838; Le Capitaine Paul, 1838; Acté, Monseigneur Gaston de Phébus, 1839; Quinze Jours au Sinai, 1839; Aventures de John Davy, 1840; Le Capitaine Pamphile, 1840; Mattre Adam le Calabrais, 1840; Othon l'Archer, 1840; Une Année à Florence, 1840; Praxide; Don Martin de Freytas; Pierre le Cruel, 1841; Excursions sur les bords du Rhin, 1841; Nouvelles Impressions de Voyage, 1841; Le Speronare (travels), 1842; Aventures de Lyderic, 1842; Georges; Ascanio; Le Chevalier d'Harmental, 1843; Le Corricolo; La Villa Palmieri, 1843; Gabriel Lambert; Château d'Eppstein; Cécile; Sylvandire; Les Trois Mousquetaires; Amaury; Fernande, 1844; Le Comte de Monte-Cristo, 1844-5; Vingt Ans après, 1845; Les Frères Corses; Une Fille du Régent; La Reine Margot, 1845; La Guerre des Femmes, 1845-6. Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, 1846. La Dame de Monsoreau, 1846. Le Bâtard de Mauléon, 1846. La Dame de Monsoreau, 1846. Les Quarantecinq, 1848. Dix Ans plus tard, ou le Vicomte de Bragelonne, 1848-50. De Paris

• à Cadix, 1848. Tanger, Alger, et Tunis, 1848. Les Milles et un Fantômes, 1849. La Tulipe Noire, 1850. La Femme au Collier de Velours, 1851. Olympe de Clèves, 1852. Un Gil Blas en Californie, 1852. Isaac Taquedem, 1852. La Comtesse de Charry, 1853-5. Ange Pitou, le Pasteur d'Ashbourn; El Satéador; Conscience l'Innocent, 1853. Catherine Blum; Ingénue, 1854. Les Mohicans de Paris, 1854-8. Salvator, 1855-9 (the two last with Paul Bocage). L'Arabie Heureuse, 1855. Les Compagnons de Jéhu, 1857. Les Louves de Machecoul, 1859. Le Caucase, 1859. De Paris à Astrakan, 1860.

Other Works.—Souvenirs de 1830-42, 1854. Mémoires, 1852-4. Causeries, 1860. Bric-à-brac, 1861. Histoire de mes Bêtes, 1868. Temoirs of Garibaldi, Reminiscences of various writers, historical compilations, etc.; Children's Tales; Histoire d'un Casse-Noisette,

La Bouillie de la Comtesse Berthe, Le Père Gigogne.

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### THE BLACK TULIP

### CHAPTER I

#### A GRATEFUL PEOPLE

On the 20th of August, 1672, the city of the Hague, whose streets were ordinarily so neat and trim, and withal so tranquil that every day seemed like Sunday; the city of the Hague, with its shady park, its noble trees reaching out over the roofs of the Gothic dwelling, and its broad canals so calm and smooth that they resembled smammoth mirrors, wherein were reflected its myriad of church-towers, whose graceful shapes recalled some city of the Orient,—the city of the Hague, the capital of the Seven United Provinces. saw all its arteries swollen to bursting with a black and red flood of impetuous, breathless, eager citizens, who with knives in their belts, muskets on their shoulders, or clubs in their hands, were hurrying on toward the Buytenhof, a redoubtable prison, whose Agrated windows still frown on the beholder, where Cornelius de Witt, brother of the former Grand Pensionary of Holland, was languishing, in confinement, on a charge of attempted mirrael Preferred against him by the surgeon Tyckelaer.

If the history of that time—and especially of the year in the middle of which our narrative commences—were not indissolubly connected with the two names just mentioned, the few explanatory pages which follow might appear quite supergrogatory; but we must first warn our old friend, the indulgent reader, whom it is our invariable custom on the first page to promise to entertain, and to whom we do our best to redeem our promise in the subsequent pages, that

8- 4. 2- 2 Day

standing of our tale as to that of the great event itself on which it is based.

Cornelius de Witt, Ruart de Pulten,—that is to say, Inspector of Dikes,—ex-burgomaster of Dort, his native town, and member of the Assembly of the States of Holland, was forty-nine years of age when the Dutch people, weary of the Republic as it was administered by John de Witt, the Grand Pensionary of Holland, suddenly conceived a most violent affection for the Stadtholderate, which had been abolished for ever in Holland by the Perpetual Edict forced by John de Witt upon the United Provinces.

John de Witt upon the United Provinces.

In accordance with the common experience that

public opinion in its capricious flights seeks always to identify a principle with some man whose name is connected with its promulgation, the people saw the personification of the Republic in the stern features of the brothers De Witt (those Romans of Holland) who disdained to pander to the whims of the mob, but were the unyielding apholders of diberty without licence and prosperity without extravagance; won the other hand the thought of the of addholder recalled to the popular mind the stooping head and the grave and thoughtful lineaments of young William of Orange, whom his contemporaries christened the "Taciturn,"—a name which has come down to our own day.

The brothers De Witt were very gentle in their treatment of Louis XIV., whose moral influence throughout Europe they perceived to be steadily increasing, and whose material supremacy over Hoveland they had been made to feel in that marvellow campaign of the Rhine, made famous by the explosion of that hero of romance, the Comte de Guiche, and celebrated in song by Boileau,—a campaign which had laid the power of the United Provinces prostrate

in three short months.

Louis XIV. had long been the enemy of the Durch, who insulted or ridiculed him to their heart's content, although it must be said that they generally vented thier spleen through the medium of French refugees.

Their national pride held him up as the Mithridates of the Republic. The brothers De Witt therefore had to contend against active opposition, arising in the first place from the fact that a vigorous resistance had been conducted by them against the inclination of the nation, and, furthermore, from that feeling of weariness which is natural to all vanquished people, who hope that a new leader may be able to save them from ruin and shame.

This new leader—quite ready to appear on the political stage and to measure himself against Louis XIV., however towering the destiny of the Grand Monarque might seem to be—was William, Prince of Orange, son of William II., and grandson, by his mother Henrietta Stuart, of Charles I. of England,—the tacitum youth whom we have referred to as the person to whom the popular mind at once reverted

when the Stadtholderate was mentioned.

This young man was in 1672 twenty-two years of age. John de Witt, who was i is tutor, had brought m up with the view of maling this youth of royal sage a good citizen of the Republic. Loving his country better than he did his pupil, the master had by the Perpetual Edict extinguished the hope which the young Prince might have entertained of one day becoming Stadtholder. But God laughs at the presumption of man, who assumes to make and unmake earthly sovereigns without consulting the King of Heaven. Through the capricious humour of the Dutch and the terror inspired by Louis XIV., He overturned the policy of the Grand Pensionary, and repealed the Perpetual Edict by re-establishing the ffice of Stadtholder in favour of William of Orange, byor whom He had decreed a lofty destiny still buried in the mysterious depths of the future.

The Grand Pensionary bowed before the will of his fellow-citizens. Cornelius de Witt, however, was more obstinate; and notwithstanding all the threats of death from the Orangist rabble, who besieged him in his house at Dort, he stoutly refused to sign the act by which the office of Stadtholder was restored.

Moved by the tears and entreaties of his wife, he af last complied, but affixed to his signature the two letters V. C., which signified vi coactus, or "done under duress."

It was only by a miracle that he escaped alive from

the hands of his foes on that occasion.

John de Witt derived no advantage from his ready compliance with the wishes of his fellow-citizens. Only a few days later an attempt was made to murder him, in which he was severely although not mortally wounded.

This by no means accorded with the necessities of the Orange faction. The two brothers so long as they lived were a constant obstacle to its plans; nevertheless, the Orangists changed their tactics for the moment (leaving themselves free at any time to revert to their first method), and undertook with the aid of slander and calumny to effect the purpose which they had not been able to effect by the aid of the poniard.

It is seldom ordained by the will of God that a great man shall be at hand at the right moment to carry a great work to a successful conclusion; and for that reason, when such a providential concurrence of circumstances does occur, history is prompt to record the name of the fortunate individual, and to hold him

up to the admiration of posterity.

But when Satan interposes in human affairs to cast a blight upon some happy existence, or to overthrow a kingdom, it as seldom happens that he does not find at his side some wretched tool, in whose ear he has but to whisper a word to set him at once about his task.

The wretched tool who was at hand to be the agent of this dastardly plot was one Tyckelaer, whom we have already mentioned,—a surgeon by profession.

He lodged an information to the effect that Cornelius de Witt, rendered desperate by the repeal of the Perpetual Edict (as he had proved by the letters affixed to his signature thereto), and inflamed with hatred for William of Orange, had hired an assassin to deliver the Republic from its new Stadtholder, and

that he, Tyckelaer, was the person thus chosen; but that stung with remorse for having for one moment admitted the idea of the deed which he was asked to perpetrate, he had preferred rather to reveal the crime

than to commit it.

This disclosure was, indeed, well calculated to call forth a furious outbreak among the Orange faction. The Procureur-Fiscal caused the arrest of Cornelius at his own house on the 16th of August, 1672; and the Ruart de Pulten, noble John de Witt's noble brother, was forced to undergo, in one of the rooms in the Buytenhof, the preliminary torture by means of which they hoped to extort from him, as from the vilest criminals, a confession of his alleged plot

against William of Orange.

But Cornelius was possessed not only of a great mind, but also of a great heart. He belonged to that race of martyrs who, being as constant in their political faith as their ancestors were in their religious belief, are enabled to meet suffering with a smiling face; and while he was stretched on the rack, he recited with a firm voice, and scanning the lines according to measure, the first strophe of the "Justum ac tenacem" of Horace. He made no confession, and at last tired out the fanaticism, as well as the strength, of his persecutors.

The judges, nevertheless, completely exonerated Tyckelaer; while they sentenced Cornelius to be deposed from all his offices and dignities, to pay all the costs of the trial, and to be banished from the soil

of the Republic for ever.

The insane passions of the people, to whose best interests Cornelius de Witt had ever been conscientiously devoted, were to some extent appeased by this judgment against one who was an entirely innocent as well as a great man; but, as we shall see, it failed to content them.

The Athenians, who have left behind them a pretty tolerable reputation for ingratitude, must in this respect yield precedence to the Dutch. They contented themselves with banishing Aristides.

John de Witt, at the first intimation of the charge brought against his brother, had resigned his office of Grand Pensionary. He, too, received a noble recompense for his devotion to his country, taking with him into the retirement of private life his burden of anxiety and his scarcely-healed scars, which are only too often the sole guerdon obtained by honourable men who are guilty of having laboured for their country, forgetful of their own interests.

Meanwhile, William of Orange urged on the course of events by every means in his power, eagerly waiting for the time when the people, by whom he was idolized, should have made of the bodies of the brothers the two steps up which he might ascend to

the chair of Stadtholder.

Thus it was that on the 20th of August, 1672, as we have already stated in the beginning of this chapter, the whole town was crowding toward the Buytenhof, to witness the departure of Cornelius de Witt from prison on his way to lifelong banishment, and to see what traces the torture had left on the noble frame of the man who knew his Horace so well.

Let us hasten to add that this vast multitude, which was hurrying on toward the Buytenhof, was not influenced solely by the harmless desire of feasting their eyes with the spectacle; there were many who went there to play an active part in it, and to take upon themselves an office which they conceived had been badly filled,—that of the executioner.

There were, indeed, others with less hostile intentions. All that they cared for was the spectacle, always so attractive to the mob, whose instinctive pride is gratified to see him who has long occupied a

lofty position prostrate in the dust.

"This Cornelius de Witt," they were saying, "this knight without fear, has he not been closely confined, and his courage shattered by the rack? Shall we not see him pale, streaming with blood, covered with shame?" Surely this was a sweet triumph for the bourgeoisie, who were even more consumed with envy than the common people,—a triumph in which

every honest burgher of the Hague might well share.

"Moreover," hinted the Orange agitators interspersed through the crowd, whom they hoped to mould to their own purposes, and to use either as an instrument of attack or of menace,-" moreover, will there not be a fine opportunity all the way from the Buytenhof to the city gate to throw some handfuls of dirt or a few stones at this Ruart de Pulten, who not only conferred the dignity of Stadtholder on the Prince of Orange 'under duress,' as he claims, but who also intended to have him assassinated?".

"Besides which," the fierce enemies of France chimed in, "if the work were done well and bravely at the Hague, Cornelius would certainly not be allowed to go into exile, where he will renew his intrigues with France, and live with his infernal scoundrel of a brother, John, on the gold of the Marquis de

Louvois.

In such a temper, people generally will run rather than walk,-which was the reason why the inhabitants of the Hague were hurrying so fast toward the Buvtenhof.

Honest Tyckelaer, with a heart full of spite and malice, and with no particular plan settled in his mind. was one of the foremost, being put forward by the Orange party as a very model of probity, national

honour, and Christian charity.

This daring miscreant, embellishing his narrative with all the exaggerated rhetoric which his mind or his fertile imagination could supply, detailed the attempts which Cornelius de Witt had made to corrupt him, the sums of money which were promised, and the diabolical plans, which were all laid beforehand, to smooth away whatever difficulties might arise to obstruct his (Tyckelaer's) committing the murder.

Every phrase of his speech, eagerly listened to by the populace, called forth enthusiastic cheers for the Prince of Orange and yells of blind fury against the

brothers De Witt.

The mob even fell to cursing the iniquitous judges who had allowed such a detestable criminal as the villain Cornelius to get off so cheaply.

Some of the agitators whispered, "He will be off;

he will escape from us!"

Others replied, "A vessel is waiting for him at Schevening,—a French craft. Tyckelaer has seen her."

"Honest Tyckelaer! Hurrah for Tyckelaer!"

the mob cried in chorus.

"And let us not forget," a voice exclaimed from the crowd, "that meanwhile John, who is as unmitigated a scoundrel as his brother, will also escape."

"And the two rogues will make merry in France with our money,—with the money for our vessels, our arsenals, and our dockyards, which they have sold to Louis XIV."

"Well, then, let us not allow them to depart!" shouted one patriot, whose ideas had advanced farther

than those of the others.

"Forward to the prison, to the prison!" echoed

the crowd.

Amid such cries, the citizens ran along faster and faster, while muskets were brandishing, axes gleam-

ing, and eyes shooting fire and flame.

No violence, however, had as yet been committed; and the file of horsemen who were guarding the approaches of the Buytenhof remained cool, unmoved, silent, much more formidable in their impassibility than this excited, yelling, threatening crowd of burghers. Motionless they sat, under the eye of their leader, the captain of the cavalry of the Hague, who had his sword drawn, but held it with its point downward, in a line with the straps of his stirrup.

This troop, the only defence of the prison, overawed by its firm attitude not only the disorderly, riotous mass of the populace, but also the detachment of the burgher-guard, which, being placed opposite the Buytenhof to support the soldiers in keeping order, gave countenance to the seditious uproar of the rioters

by themselves shouting,-

"Hurrah for Orange! Down with the traitors!"

The presence of Tilly and his horsemen, indeed, exercised a salutary check on these civic warriors; but soon they worked themselves into a fine passion by their own yelling, and as they could not comprehend how any one could be endowed with physical courage and not manifest it by shouting at the top of his voice, they attributed the silence of the dragoons to cowardice, and advanced one step toward the prison, with all the turbulent mob following in their wake.

Thereupon Count Tilly rode forward alone to meet them, raising his sword slightly, as he demanded with

a frown,-

"Well, gentlemen of the burgher-guard, why are you in motion, and what do you wish?"

The burghers brandished their muskets, repeating

their cry,-

"Hurrah for Orange! Death to the traitors!"

"'Hurrah for Orange!' be it so," replied Tilly, 
"although I certainly am more partial to happy faces than to gloomy ones. 'Death to the traitors!' if you choose, so long as you confine your energy to shouting it. Shout 'Death to the traitors!' to your heart's content; but as to putting them to death in good earnest, I am here to prevent that, and I shall prevent it."

Then, turning round to his men, he gave the word of command.

"Ready !"

The troopers obeyed orders with a precision which immediately caused the burgher-guard and the people to fall back in such haste and confusion as to excite

the laughter of the cavalry-officer.

"There, there!" he exclaimed with that bantering tone which is peculiar to men of his profession, "be easy, my good fellows, my soldiers will not fire a shot; but, on the other hand, you must not advance one step toward the prison."

"And do you know, sir, that we have muskets?"

roared the commandant of the burghers.

"By Jove, I can't very well help knowing it," said Tilly, "after the way you have been waving them before my eyes; but I beg you to observe also that we have pistols, that the pistol carries admirably to a distance of fifty yards, and that you are only twentyfive from us."

"Death to the traitors!" cried the exasperated

burghers.

"Bah!" growled the officer, "you keep saying the same thing over and over again. It is very tire-some."

With this he resumed his post at the head of his troops, while the tumult grew fiercer and fiercer about

the Buytenhof.

And yet the furious mob did not know that at the very moment when they were hot upon the scent of one of their victims, the other, as if hurrying to meet his fate, passed at a distance of not more than a hundred yards behind the groups of people and the dragoons on his way to the Buytenhof.

John de Witt had alighted from his coach with a servant, and was walking quietly across the courtyard

of the prison.

Mentioning his name to the turnkey, who, however,

knew him, he said,-

"Good-morning, Gryphus; I have come to get my brother, Cornelius de Witt (who as you know is sentenced to perpetual banishment), and take him away from the city with me."

Thereupon the jailer, a sort of bear, trained to lock and unlock the gates of the prison, saluted him, and admitted him into the building, the doors of which

were immediately closed upon him.

Ten yards farther on, John de Witt met a lovely young girl of about seventeen or eighteen, dressed in the national costume of the Frisian women, who courtesied prettily to him. Patting her cheek gently, he said to her,—

"Good-morning, my pretty little Rosa; how is my

brother?"

"Oh, Mynheer John!" the young girl replied, "I am not afraid of the harm which has been done to him. That's all over now."