

纯英文名著分级阅读丛书

[法] 大仲马 / 著



2000—2500 单词

THE BLACK TULIP

黑色郁金香

中国书籍出版社

H317.4
V57
纯英文名著分级阅读丛书

—THE
BLACK
TULIP

183/185

黑色郁金香

2000—2500 单词

[法] 大仲马 / 著

中国书籍出版社

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

黑色郁金香 = The Black Tulip / (法) 大仲马 (Dumas, A.) 著. —北京: 中国书籍出版社, 2007. 1
(纯英文名著分级阅读丛书)
ISBN 978 - 7 - 5068 - 1496 - 6

I. 黑... II. 大... III. ①英语—语言读物②长篇小说—法国—近代 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2006) 第 159970 号

责任编辑 / 毕 磊

责任印制 / 熊 力 武雅彬

封面设计 / 周周设计

出版发行 / 中国书籍出版社

地 址: 北京市丰台区三路居路 97 号 (邮编: 100073)

电 话: (010)51259192(总编室) (010)51259186(发行部)

电子邮箱: chinabp@vip.sina.com

经 销 / 全国新华书店

印 刷 / 北京京海印刷厂

开 本 / 880 毫米 × 1230 毫米 1/32

印 张 / 4

字 数 / 128 千字

版 次 / 2007 年 1 月第 1 版 2007 年 10 月第 2 次印刷

印 数 / 8001 ~ 11000 册

定 价 / 9.00 元

版权所有 翻印必究

CONTENTS

1. A Happy Man	1
2. Secret Papers	4
3. De Witte Sends A Message	6
4. Death in the Street	10
5. Van Baerle Goes to Prison	13
6. Boxtel Follows	17
7. A Long Night	19
8. Gryphus Breaks His Arm	22
9. Led out to Death	25
10. Saved	29
11. A Message to Dort	32
12. A Visit from Rosa	35
13. A Reading Lesson	38
14. The First Bulb	40
15. Van Baerle Makes A Plan	44
16. Rosa	49

17. The Second Bulb	51
18. Gryphus Finds Nothing	57
19. Rosa Brings News	59
20. Watch! Watch!	63
21. The Tulip Opens	66
22. Danger!	69
23. The Tulip is Stolen	71
24. Rosa Meets the President	75
25. The Prince of Orange	80
26. The Prince and Boxtel	89
27. Where is the Third Bulb?	94
28. The Prince Sends A Letter	99
29. Gryphus Gets A Beating	103
30. Van Baerle Goes to Haarlem	108
31. The Feast of Tulips	111
32. The Prince Arrives	114
33. The Prize	119

1. A Happy Man

In the little town of Dort in Holland, in the year 1672, there lived a really happy man. There are very few really happy men in the world, but Cornelius Van Baerle was one of these very few. Cornelius began life as a doctor, but when his father died he gave up that work. Van Baerle's father had gained a lot of money as a trader. When he was near death he said to his son, Cornelius, "Be happy. Working all day in an office is not a happy life. Do not be like me, a trader. Do not be like Cornelius De Witte, a politician, for he will certainly end in trouble. Live quietly and, above all, be happy." So Cornelius Van Baerle remained in the large house. He did not know how to pass the time, so he began to grow **tulips**^①. At this time people were very interested in the growing of tulips and great prizes were offered to anyone who could grow some new kind—a tulip of some new shape or new color. Van Baerle grew three new kinds of tulip; he called them Jane (after

① tulip *n.* 郁金香

his mother), Van Baerle (after his father), and Cornelius (after Cornelius De Witte, his father's friend).

2 In the next house to Van Baerle lived a man named Isaac Boxtel. He also was a tulip grower, but he was not rich. He worked very hard, and he hated Van Baerle. He was afraid that this rich man might grow better tulips than his own. He looked over the garden wall and watched everything that Van Baerle did. He even bought a telescope so that he might look into the window of Van Baerle's house and see him working with his seeds and **bulbs**^①. (Tulips are grown from bulbs.) When he saw Van Baerle's garden filled with the most beautiful flowers, he tied two cats together and dropped them over the wall at night. The cats broke down all the flowers.

Van Baerle then put a watchman in the garden to **guard**^② his flowers against cats (for he did not know that Boxtel had put the cats there).

Just at this time a prize was offered to anyone who could grow a black tulip without any other color on it at all. The prize offered

① bulb *n.* 【植】球茎

② guard *vt.* 保卫; 守卫

was one hundred thousand guilders. Van Baerle set to work. He grew deep red tulips. Then, from these dark red tulips, he got **brown**^① tulips. Next year he had very dark brown tulips. Boxel had, up to this time, only got tulips of a light brown color. He was very angry. He was so angry that he could not work. He sat at his **telescope**^② and looked at Van Baerle working with his bulbs and seeds so as to mix one kind of tulip with another. The more Boxel watched Van Baerle, the more he hated him. And just at this time Cornelius De Witte arrived in the town.

① brown *a.* 褐色的, 棕色的

② telescope *n.* (单筒)望远镜

2. Secret Papers

4

Cornelius de witte reached Van Baerle's house one evening in the month of January, 1672. He looked at the whole house; he saw everything. Then he said, "I wish to be alone with you for a few minutes." "Come to my seed room," said Van Baerle. All this time Boxtel was watching everything through his telescope. Van Baerle took a lamp and led De Witte to the seed room. Here was a large box in which the seeds and bulbs were kept. Boxtel watched through his telescope more carefully than ever. He saw the light come into the room. He saw De Witte and knew who he was (for Cornelius De Witte was well known as a leader of the government).

De Witte said a few words to Van Baerle. Boxtel could not tell what those words were. Then De Witte took out a number of papers all tied together. De Witte gave the papers to Van Baerle. It was clear that the papers were very important. Boxtel thought that they were papers written about matters of government. But why (thought Boxtel) were government papers given to Van Baerle who was not

interested in public matters at all?

Boxtel knew that the public did not like Cornelius De Witte. Every month they hated him more. Perhaps those papers were some secret of the government which De Witte did not wish to be known. Van Baerle took the papers and put them in a box with his bulbs. De Witte then said something; he shook Van Baerle's hand. They went out of the room. Soon afterwards De Witte went out into the street.

Boxtel was right in his thoughts. The papers which De Witte gave to Van Baerle were letters to the King of France. But De Witte was careful not to tell his friend what was in the papers. He only asked him to keep them carefully and not to give them up to anyone except himself or a person whom he might send. Van Baerle put the papers away in the box and thought no more about them.



3. De Witte Sends A Message

The Hague was the chief city of Holland. On August 20th, 1672, its streets were full of men carrying guns. They were all hurrying towards the **prison**^①. Just outside the prison was a company of horsemen keeping back the crowd. Inside the prison were Cornelius De Witte and his brother, John De Witte.

“On to the prison!” shouted the crowd, “The brothers De Witte shall not escape! Kill them!”

The soldiers outside the prison remained unmoved. “Kill the brothers De Witte!” shouted the crowd.

The captain of the soldiers rode forward. “What do you want?” he said.

“We want the brothers De Witte! We want to kill them!”

“My orders,” said the captain, “are to allow no one near the prison, and if you come any nearer, I shall shoot!” The crowd drew back.

① prison *n.* 监狱

Inside the prison Cornelius De Witte was lying ill on a bed. John stood by his side.

“Dear Cornelius,” he said, “are you better? I have a carriage near the back of the prison, all ready for your escape.”

“Death to the brothers De Witte.” shouted the crowd.

“I hear the noise of a crowd.” said Cornelius.

“Yes,” answered John, “they are crying out against us because of our letters to the French king. Where are those letters?”

“I have left them with Van Baerle.” answered Cornelius, “He lives at Dort.”

“Van Baerle!” cried John, “Poor Van Baerle! He knows nothing about these matters. But, if the letters are found in his house, he will be killed or put in prison.”

“Death to the brothers De Witte!” shouted the crowd from below.

“Those letters must be **burnt**^①.” said John, “We must send orders to Van Baerle to burn them.”

“Whom can we send?” said Cornelius.

“Send Craeke, my servant. He is here.” answered John.

① burnt *a.* 烧过的

There was a **Bible**^① on the table. Cornelius took it. He took a page from the Bible and wrote on it.

Cornelius De Witte wrote this letter on the page of the Bible:

My dear Van Baerle,

Please burn the letters which I gave you without looking at them. It is not safe for you to know what is written in them. Burn them and you will save the lives and good name of Cornelius and John De Witte.

Cornelius De Witte.

August 20th, 1672.

John took the letter and gave it to Craeke. The noise of the crowd was louder: "Death to the brothers De Witte!"

"Come," said John, "we must go."

A man made his way through the crowd. "I have an order from the government," said the man, "The order tells you to take away the soldiers."

The crowd came closer to the soldiers.

"Stop!" cried the officer, "or I shall shoot."

① Bible *n.* 圣经

“It is an order,” shouted the man, “It is an order to you to take your men away.”

“This means death to the brothers De Witte,” said the officer, “but I must **obey**^①. Men! Right turn! Forward!”

The soldiers moved away.

① obey *vt.* 服从; 听从

4. Death in the Street

Cornelius de witte got up from his bed and his brother John helped him. They left the room and went down the stairs. At the **bottom**^① of the stairs stood Rosa, daughter of the prisonkeeper. She was a beautiful girl of about eighteen years of age.

“I want to tell you something.” said Rosa, “What is it, my child?” said John De Witte.

“Do not go out into the street.” said Rosa, “The soldiers are just moving away. The people will kill you if they see you.”

“What shall we do?” asked De witte.

“Go out at the back gate.” said Rosa, “It opens into a little lane, and I have told the driver of your carriage to wait for you there.”

“The question is whether your father Gryphus, the prisonkeeper, will open the door.” said John.

“I know that he will not open it,” said Rosa, “but I took his

① bottom *n.* 底;底部

key. Here it is. ”

“My child,” said De witte, “I cannot thank you enough. I have nothing to give you except the Bible which you will find in my room. I know that you cannot read, but perhaps someone will teach you. It is the last gift of a man who tried to save his country. I hope it will bring good to you. ”

“I thank you, sir,” said Rosa, “I will keep it always. But I cannot read. I wish that I knew how to read. ”

The shouts from the crowd became louder.

“Come quickly. ” said Rosa, They followed her down some stairs; they crossed a little yard. Rosa opened a small door and they passed out into the street.

“Goodbye, my child. ” they said.

“Go quickly!” cried Rosa. “The people are breaking in the gate. ”

The carriage moved away. It came at last to the gate of the city.

“Open!” cried the driver, “Open the gate!”

“I cannot open it. ” said the gateman. “The key has been taken away from me. ”

“We must try another gate. ” cried John. The carriage



turned. Some men came running round the corner. Others came running after them.

“Faster! Drive faster!” cried John. The men stood across the road.

“Stop!” they shouted. The carriage went on. A man was thrown to the ground and the carriage passed over him. More people ran into the street. There was no way on.

“Stop!” cried John, “We must leave the carriage.”

“There they are!” shouted the people.

12 A man struck one of the horses on the head and it fell down. Others pulled John and Cornelius out of the carriage.

“My brother! Where is my brother?” cried John. De Witte was already lying dead in the road. A man put a gun to John’s head, but the gun did not fire. He raised the gun above his head and struck John to the ground. Soon afterwards the bodies of the two brothers were hanging from a tree outside the prison.

The people had done their work!