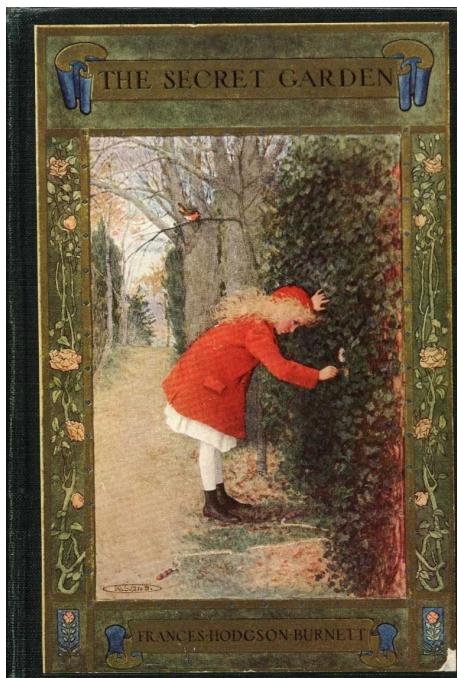




The Secret Garden

By Frances Hodgson Burnett, published 1911



Full text: <https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/113>

Flora and Fauna References

APOTHECARY'S ROSE (*Rosa gallica*)

"Rose-trees," said Mary. "Are there rose-trees?"

Ben Weatherstaff took up his spade again and began to dig.

"There was ten year' ago," he mumbled.

–Chapter IV: Martha

THE PRINCESSE JULIE D'ARENBERG (*Rosa indica odoratissima*)

All she thought about the key was that if it was the key to the closed garden, and she could find out where the door was, she could perhaps open it and see what was inside the walls, and what had happened to the old rose-trees.

—Chapter VIII: The Robin Who Showed the Way

CROCUS (*Crocus sativus*)

"Yes, they are tiny growing things and they *might* be crocuses or snowdrops or daffodils," she whispered.

—Chapter IX: The Strangest House Any One Ever Lived In

COLUMBINE (*Aquilegia vulgaris*)

"There's some big clumps o' columbine in th' garden. They'll look like a bed o' blue an' white butterflies flutterin' when they're out."

—Chapter XIX: "It Has Come!"

CARRION CROW (*Corvus corone*)

But Dickon did not feel the least shy or awkward. He had not felt embarrassed because the crow had not known his language and had only stared and had not spoken to him the first time they met. Creatures were always like that until they found out about you.

—Chapter XIX: "It Has Come!"

DELPHINIUM (*Delphinium elatum*)

Ben Weatherstaff had seen it done and had himself scraped out mortar from between the bricks of the wall and made pockets of earth for lovely clinging things to grow on. **Iris** and white lilies rose out of the grass in sheaves, and the green alcoves filled themselves with amazing armies of the blue and white flower lances of tall delphiniums or columbines or campanulas.

–Chapter XXIII: Magic

EUROPEAN ROBIN (*Erithacus rubecula*)

The robin kept singing and twittering away and tilting his head on one side, as if he were as excited as she was. What was this under her hands which was square and made of iron and which her fingers found a hole in?

–Chapter VIII: The Robin Who Showed The Way

ROCK-CRESS (*Aubrieta deltoidea*)

The low wall was one of the prettiest things in Yorkshire because he had tucked moorland foxglove and ferns and rock-cress and hedgerow flowers into every crevice until only here and there glimpses of the stones were to be seen.

–Chapter XXIV: “Let Them Laugh”

EUROPEAN PLUM (*Prunus domestica*)

SWEET CHERRY (*Prunus avium*)

APPLE BLOSSOM (*Malus domestica*)

"There'll be apple blossoms an' cherry blossoms overhead," Dickon said, working away with all his might. "An' there'll be peach an' plum trees in bloom against th' walls, an' th' grass'll be a carpet o' flowers."

–Chapter XVI: "I Won't!" Said Mary

EURASIAN SQUIRREL (*Sciurus vulgaris*)

A squirrel was perched on Dickon's bent back attentively nibbling a nut.

–Chapter XX: "I Shall Live Forever—And Ever—And Ever!"

CANTERBURY BELLS (*Campanula medium*)

"Are there any flowers that look like bells?" she inquired.

"Lilies o' th' valley does," he answered, digging away with the trowel, "an' there's Canterbury bells, an' campanulas."

"Let us plant some," said Mary.

–Chapter XI: The Nest of the Missel Thrush

PURPLE FOXGLOVE (*Digitalis purpurea*)

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–Chapter XXIV: "Let Them Laugh"

SNOWDROP (*Galanthus nivalis*)

"Martha," she said, "what are those white roots that look like onions?"

"They're bulbs," answered Martha. "Lots o' spring flowers grow from 'em. Th' very little ones are snowdrops an' crocuses an' th' big ones are narcissus an' jonquils an' daffydowndillys. Th' biggest of all is lilies an' purple flags.

–Chapter IX: The Strangest House Anyone Ever Lived In

MIGNONETTE (*Reseda odorata*)

Dickon had bought penny packages of flower seeds now and then and sown bright sweet-scented things among gooseberry bushes and even cabbages and he grew borders of mignonette and pinks and pansies and things whose seeds he could save year after year or whose roots would bloom each spring and spread in time into fine clumps.

–Chapter XXIV: "Let Them Laugh"

FOX (*Vulpes vulpes*)

"This is th' little fox cub," he said, rubbing the little reddish animal's head. "It's named Captain."

–Chapter XV: Nest Building

IRIS (*Iris germanica*)

"I think it has been left alone so long—that it has grown all into a lovely tangle. I think the roses have climbed and climbed and climbed until they hang from the branches and walls and creep over the ground—almost like a strange gray mist. Some of them have died but many—are alive and when the summer comes there will be curtains and fountains of roses. I think the ground is full of daffodils and snowdrops and lilies and iris working their way out of the dark. Now the spring has begun—perhaps—perhaps—"

—Chapter XVII: A Tantrum

DWARF DAFFODIL (*Narcissus minor*)

"What are bulbs?" he put in quickly.

"They are daffodils and lilies and snowdrops. They are working in the earth now—pushing up pale green points because the spring is coming."

"Is the spring coming?" he said. "What is it like? You don't see it in rooms if you are ill."

"It is the sun shining on the rain and the rain falling on the sunshine, and things pushing up and working under the earth," said Mary. "If the garden was a secret and we could get into it we could watch the things grow bigger every day, and see how many roses are alive. Don't you see? Oh, don't you see how much nicer it would be if it was a secret?"

—Chapter XIII: "I Am Colin"

BADGER (*Arctonyx isonyx*)

"Everything is made out of Magic, leaves and trees, flowers and birds, badgers and foxes and squirrels and people. So it must be all around us. In this garden—in all the places."

—Chapter XXIII: Magic

SPOTTED WOODPECKER (*Dendrocopos major*)

Mary and Dickon worked a little here and there and Colin watched them. They brought him things to look at—buds which were opening, buds which were tight closed, bits of twig whose

leaves were just showing green, the feather of a woodpecker which had dropped on the grass, the empty shell of some bird early hatched.

—Chapter XXI: Ben Weatherstaff