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APPENDIX

Pages	Lines
81	<p>She did not know anything about gardening, but the grass seemed so thick in some of the places where the green points were pushing their way through that she thought they did not seem to have room enough to grow. (Id) She searched about until she made nice little clear places around them. “<i>Now they look as if they could breathe,</i>” she said, after she had finished with the first ones. “<i>I am going to do ever so many more. I’ll do all I can see. If I haven’t time today I can come tomorrow.</i>” (Ego) She went from place to place, and dug and weeded, and enjoyed herself so immensely that she was led on from bed to bed and into the grass under the trees. (Burnet,2018,81) (Id)</p>
82	<p>Mistress Mary worked in her garden until it was time to go to her midday dinner. In fact, she was rather late in remembering, and when she put on her coat and hat, and picked up her skipping rope, she could not believe that she had been working two or three hours. (Burnet,2018,82)</p>
90	<p>Mary was an odd, determined little person, and now she had something interesting to be determined about, she was very much absorbed indeed. She worked and dug and pulled up weeds steadily, only becoming more pleased with her work like a fascinating sort of lay. (Burnet,2018,90)</p>

109	And then they began to work harder than ever and more joyfully. Mary was startled and sorry when she heard the big clock in the courtyard strike the hour of her midday dinner. (Burnet,2018,190)
163	The afternoon was even lovelier and busier than the morning had been. Already nearly all the weeds were cleared out of the garden and most of the roses and trees had been pruned or dug about. (Burnet,2018,163)

1. Considerate

Page	Lines
148	“She came into the room last night. She stayed with me a long time. She sang Hindustani song to me, and it made me go to sleep,” said Colin. (Burnet,2018,148)
149	She had spent hours of every day with Colin in his room, talking about rajas or gardens or Dickon and the cottage on the moor. They had looked at the splendid books and pictures and sometimes Mary had read things to Colin, and sometimes he had read a little to her. (Burnet,2018,149)
195	She was describing it with great joy, and Colin was listening and drawing in long breaths of air, when the nurse entered. She started a little at the sight of the open window. She had sat stifling in the room many a warm day because her patient was sure that open windows gave people cold. “Are you sure you are not chilly, Master Collin?” she enquired. “No,” was the answer. “I am

	breathing long breaths of fresh air. It makes you strong. I am going to get up to the sofa for breakfast. My cousin will have breakfast with me.”
146	She pulled her stool nearer to the sofa, and her expression quite changed at the remembrance of the wide curving mouth and wide open eyes. “See here,” she said. “Don’t let us talk about dying – I don’t like it. Let us talk about living. Let us talk and talk about Dickon. And then we will look at your pictures.”
177	<p>“Would you like me to sing you that song I learnt from my ayah?” Mary whispered to Colin. His hand pulled hers gently and he turned his tired eyes on her appealingly.</p> <p>“Oh, yes!” he answered. “It’s such a soft song. I shall go to sleep in a minute.”</p> <p>“I will put him to sleep,” Mary said to the yawning nurse. “You can go if you like.”</p>

2. Curious

Page	Line
35	<p>“One of th’ gardens is locked up. No one has been in it for ten years.”</p> <p>“Why?” asked Mary, in spite of herself. Here was another locked door, added to the hundred in the strange house.</p> <p>“Mr Craven had it shut when his wife died so sudden. He won’t let no one go inside. It was her garden. He locked th’ door an’ dug a hole and buried th’ key. There’s Mrs Medlock’s bell ringing – I must run.”</p>

	<p>After she was gone, Mary turned down the walk which led to the door in the shrubbery. She could not help thinking about the garden which no one had been into for ten years. She wondered what it would look like and whether there were any flowers still alive in it.</p>
37	<p>“What is this place?” she asked.</p> <p>“One o’ th’ kitchen gardens,” he answered.</p> <p>“What is that?” said Mary, pointing through the other green door.</p> <p>“Another of’ em,” shortly. “There’s another on t’ other side o’ th’ wall an’ there’s th’ orchard t’ other side o’ that.”</p> <p>“Can I go in them?” asked Mary.</p> <p>“If tha’ likes. But there’s nowt to see.”</p>
42- 43	<p>“What did he do that for? Asked Mary.</p> <p>“He’s made up his mind to make friends with thee,” replied Ben. “Dang me if he hasn’t took a fancy to thee.”</p> <p>“To me?” said Mary, and she moved toward the little tree softly and looked up.</p> <p>“Would you make friends with me?” she said to the robin, just as if she was speaking to a person. “Would you?” And she did not say it either in her hard little voice or in her imperious Indian voice, but in a tone so soft and eager and coaxing that Ben Weatherstaff was as surprised as she had been when she heard him whistle.</p>

	<p>“Why,” he cried out, “tha’ said that as nice an’ human as if tha’ was a real child instead of a sharp old woman. Tha’ said it almost like Dickon talks to his wild things on th’ moor.”</p> <p>Do you know Dickon?” Mary asked, turning round rather in a hurry.</p> <p>“Everybody knows him. Dickon’s wanderin’ about everywhere. Th’ very blackberries an’ heather-bells knows him. I warrant th’ foxes shows him where their cubs lies an’ th’ skylarks doesn’t hide their nests from him.”</p>
49- 50	<p>“Why did Mr Craven hate the garden?” she said.</p>
122- 123	<p>“The rain is as contrary as I ever was,” she said. “It came because it knew I did not want it.”</p> <p>She threw herself back on her pillow and buried her face. She did not cry, but she lay and hated the sound of the heavily beating rain, she hated the wind and its “wuthering.” She could not go to sleep again. The mournful sound kept her awake because she felt mournful herself If she had felt happy it would probably have lulled her to sleep. How it “wuthered” and how the big raindrops poured down and beat against the pane!</p> <p>She had made Martha stay with her and Martha had not objected at all. She was very young, and used to a crowded cottage full of brothers and sisters, and she found it dull in the great servants’ hall downstairs where the footman and upper housemaids made fun of her Yorkshire speech and looked upon</p>

her as a common little thing, and sat and whispered among themselves.

Martha liked to talk, and the strange child who had lived in India, and been waited upon by “blacks”, was novelty enough to attract her.

She sat down on the hearth herself without waiting to be asked.

“Art tha’ thinkin about that garden yet?” she said. “I knew tha’ would. That was just the way with me when I first heard about it.”

“Why did he hate it?” Mary persisted.

Martha tucked her feet under her and made herself quite comfortable.

“Listen to th’ wind wutherin’ round the house,” she said. “You could bare stand up on the moor if you was out on it tonight.”

Mary did not know what “wutherin’” meant until she listened, and then she understood. It must mean that hollow shuddering sort of roar which rushed round and round the house as if the giant no one could see were buffeting it and beating at the walls and windows to try to break in. But one knew he could not get in, and somehow it made one feel very safe and warm inside a room with a red coal fire.

“But why did he hate it so?” she asked, after she had listened. She intended to know if Martha did.

Then Martha gave up her store of knowledge.

Author's Biography



Figure 1: Frances Hodgson Burnett

(Source : Gerzina on <https://www.britannica.com/topic/The-Secret-Garden>)

Frances Eliza Hodgson Burnett (24 November 1849 – 29 October 1924) was an American-English playwright and author. She is best known for her children's stories, in particular *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (published in 1885–1886), *A Little Princess* (1905), and *The Secret Garden* (1911). Burnett was born in Cheetham, England. After her father died in 1852, the family fell on straitened circumstances and in 1865 emigrated

to the United States, settling near Knoxville, Tennessee. There Frances began writing to help earn money for the family, publishing stories in magazines from the age of 19. In 1870 her mother died, and in 1872 Frances married Swan Burnett, who became a medical doctor. The Burnetts lived for two years in Paris, where their two sons were born, before returning to the United States to live in Washington, D.C. Burnett then began to write novels, the first of which (*That Lass o' Lowrie's*), was published to good reviews. *Little Lord Fauntleroy* was published in 1886 and made her a popular writer of children's fiction, although her romantic adult novels written in the 1890s were also popular. She wrote and helped to produce stage versions of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *A Little Princess*. Burnett enjoyed socializing and lived a lavish lifestyle. Beginning in the 1880s, she began to travel to England frequently and in the 1890s bought a home there where she wrote *The Secret Garden*. Her oldest son, Lionel, died of tuberculosis in 1890, which caused a relapse of the depression she had struggled with for much of her life. She divorced Swan Burnett in 1898, married Stephen Townsend in 1900, and divorced Townsend in 1902. Towards the end of her life she settled in Long Island, where she died in 1924. She is buried in Roslyn Cemetery, on Long Island. In 1936 a memorial sculpture by Bessie Potter Vonnob was erected in her honour in Central Park's Conservatory Garden. The statue depicts her two famous *Secret Garden* characters, Mary and Dickon.