

charges, and it is probable that Charlotte urged her to resign her post and come home for a rest.

In 1841 Anne again set out to seek her fortune. Sun conjunction Moon inaugurated a fresh start. She went to Thorp Green Vicarage and stayed there four years. She was probably as happy, or rather as little miserable, there as she could have been in any situation. She often accompanied the family to Scarborough, and it was here that she learnt to love the sea.

In 1842 Mercury parallel Sun, and Venus trine Mars brought her the pleasure of Branwell's companionship. He joined her as tutor to Mr. Robinson's son. Mars in Cancer carried with it an atmosphere of home, and Mercury ruled her 3rd House, the House of brethren.

In 1843 the Sun came to the parallel of Jupiter and conjunction of Venus. The parallel to Jupiter lasted three years, and materially assisted in tiding over the following year when Anne had many troubles to meet.

The directions for 1844 are of a very mixed character. Anne had much to fight against. But Jupiter sextile Uranus—often a religious aspect—gave her the support she needed to help her to carry on. The primary directions are all adverse, and one can only conclude that she was already becoming anxious on Branwell's account. The contrary aspects to Venus and the Moon, in the Gemini decanate of Aquarius, all point this way. Sun conjunction Moon further indicates that her health must have begun to fail under the long strain of teaching, and that a change of conditions could not long be delayed.

But it was not till 1845 that Anne's release came. We are not told precisely her reasons for leaving Thorp Green, but no doubt her health was the main factor. We know that she left entirely by her own wish and that her pupils were more than sorry to part with her.

Sun conjunction Jupiter restored Anne to her home and kindred. In June she was once more back in the little 12th House nook where alone she felt really happy.

She was no sooner at liberty than she started to write her experiences. On 29th July she says in her diary, "I have begun the third volume of *Passages in the Life of an Individual*, I wish I had finished it." The young authoress exaggerated the length of her story. Instead of being a three-volume novel it made scarcely one volume.

Anne worked hard at *Agnes Grey*, and Charlotte says she could hardly persuade her to take a walk, so intent was she on her writing. But in spite of her diligence Anne was not able to produce a work of outstanding merit. The square aspects of the Moon, Venus and Jupiter to the Ascendant, then in force, were all against her. But the poor calibre of the story was not essentially due to this, but rather to the fact that the author herself had not the literary talent to write a better book. Even favourable progressed directions are powerless to supply fundamental deficiencies.

1847.

January	♀ p Par ♃ r and p, 4 years
September	Asc. Δ ☉, Zod. dir. ♃ p in ☿, 12th House.

1848.

August	Asc. ♁ ♁, Zod. con.
September	☉ ☌ ♃, Zod. con.
December	☉ ☌ ♃, Zod. dir. p in ♃, 12th House.

1849.

Opening	♃ app. □ ♃ r
April	☉ c ☌ ♃ r
February	♃ c ♁ ♁ r

Transit.

28th May	♀ ♁ ♃ r, □ ♃ p
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These are the last three years of Anne's life. Her Moon was passing through the 12th House, the House that rules hospitals and is never good for health. Venus parallel Saturn denotes sorrow and separation. It is interesting to note that the same parallel was in force in the horoscopes of all the three sisters in 1848 and 1849 when sorrow and death entered their home.

This is a good example of the grim power that Saturn can exert over Venus. But Ascendant trine Sun warded off the blow for the time being, and in December, 1847 Anne had the satisfaction of seeing her book published at last. But it brought her no profit; and very little praise.

Under the Sun's benign ray to the Ascendant she found courage, in spite of hindrances from other aspects, to start writing again. In six months *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* was finished and published. But her sister, who sanctioned a reprint of *Agnes Grey*, said: "*Wildfell Hall* it hardly appears desirable to preserve," and had it been left to Charlotte the book would probably never have been reissued. Her estimate of it was entirely correct, and she could not possibly have foreseen that her own and Emily's genius would shed the light that saved it from oblivion.

The shadow of illness and death was already hanging over Anne and her family. Her Ascendant opposition Mars in Cancer bodes ill for the home. Troubles and separations are inevitable when the most vital point in a horoscope is opposed to a malefic planet. Sun conjunction Neptune is a more difficult influence to interpret, and until we know what House and Planet Neptune governs we cannot be very definite regarding its sphere of action. But in the sign of the higher mind it can have a spiritual meaning, and we shall not be far wrong if we say that Sun conjunction Neptune accounted for that inward peace and serenity both so marked a feature of Anne's last illness.

Charlotte writes after the death of her two sisters:

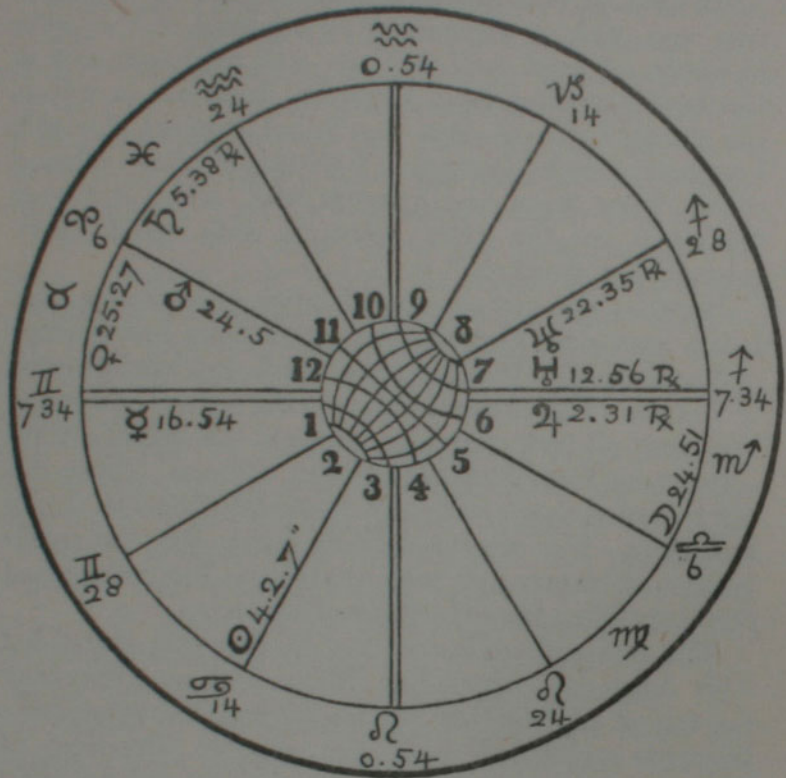
"She (Anne) followed in the same path with slower step and with a patience that equalled the other's fortitude. I have said that she was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly believed, that she found support through her most painful journey. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and greatest trial, and must bear testimony to the calm triumph with which they brought her through."

Neptune also gave Anne her longing for the sea, and it was on the sea that she last gazed from her window at Scarborough. But Neptune was being hard pressed by Saturn. Their square aspect in the radical horoscope was now all but complete, though the actual death-blow came from Sun conjunction Uranus. Anne did not live to struggle with this powerful planet as Emily had done. Her always delicate frame was too much weakened to struggle with anything. No sooner had the blow fallen than she succumbed to it.

The lunar direction earlier in the year coincided with Ascendant opposition Mars; and on 28th May the transit of Mercury square Saturn, and opposition Neptune coincided with the mutual direction of Saturn square Neptune, and at 2 p.m. on that day little Anne slipped across the border as gently and quietly as she had lived.

Charlotte says of Emily and Anne, "I may sum up all by saying, that for strangers they were nothing, for superficial observers less than nothing; but for those who had known them all their lives in the intimacy of close relationship, they were genuinely good and truly great."

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË



	Decl.	♃	♄	♅	♆	♇	♈	♉	♊	♋	♌	♍	♎	♏	♐	♑	♒	♓
☉	23 N 24																	
☽	18 S 42	P	♃	♄	♅													
♃	18 N 29			*			♃	♃										
♄	15 N 33			∨														
♅	7 N 43																	
♆	19 S 55										☐	Δ						
♇	10 S 51																	
♈	22 S 24																	
♉	21 S 58																	
Asc.																		
M.C.																		

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

BORN AT THORNTON, YORKSHIRE

June 26th 1817, 1^h 57^m 10^s a.m. L.M.T.

= 2^h 4^m 34^s a.m. G.M.T

BRANWELL BRONTË

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË'S HOROSCOPE

OF all the horoscopes we are now studying that of Patrick Branwell Brontë needed the least rectification. Miss Firth made an entry in her diary under the date June 26th, 1817, "Branwell Patrick was born early in the morning." In view of the controversies that have raged round poor Patrick's luckless head it is satisfactory to know that his horoscope was the easiest to calculate, and is the least open to question.

The horoscope of the only son of the Brontë family shows a strong mental affinity to the nativities of the three daughters. They are linked in feeling, sympathy, and aspiration. Branwell's Mercury is in aspect to the two planets so prominent in his sisters' maps.

Mercury is receiving a strong impress from the occult Uranus and mystic Neptune. But there are flaws in the glass of Branwell's mental window. Mercury is in opposition to these two most distant planets, and this aspect affects the focussing power of his inner vision. He has none of his sisters' firm and harmonious contact with these two great influences. He never, like Charlotte and Emily, lived close to the fountain-head of inspiration.

An opposition aspect always acts fitfully. It draws and it repels, and a wayward, capricious nature is the outcome of this uncertain vibration. At times Branwell was brilliant; but he lacked strength of purpose, and was devoid of the character and grit that were so conspicuous in Charlotte, Emily, and Anne.

RISING SIGN AND RULING PLANET

Branwell had the first decanate of Gemini on the cusp of his Ascendant; and his Ruler, Mercury, was rising in the Libra decanate of the same sign. This close connection between Sign and Ruler made him very Mercurial, and the sub-influence of Venus gave a somewhat feminine touch to his character.

The 3rd Sign of the Zodiac offers some very marked characteristics. It stands for all that is alert, active, restless, and versatile; hence the term mercurial for what is ever on the move, ever shifting its position and standpoint.

Gemini rules the mind, the nerves, the arms and hands. Geminians do everything quickly; they think quickly, talk quickly, and move and act with a rapidity unknown to those born under any other sign. So anxious are they to get through whatever is on hand that they often try to do two things at once, with the result that nothing is thoroughly done.

This restlessness of disposition reacts on the nervous system, and there is no Geminian who does not at times show symptoms of nerve-strain and irritation. They are too highly strung and often suffer acutely in consequence. Their power of seeing both sides of a question causes them agonies of indecision—they feel literally torn in two.

Gemini is above all a mental sign, and produces lovers of literature and of learning in all its branches. Most writers have it, or its ruler, prominently placed in their horoscopes, and the same may be said of orators and public speakers, for writing and talking appeal equally to this 3rd Sign of the Zodiac. It is a sign remarkable for its intuition and brilliancy of intellect when aspects are favourable. It can be very witty and very amusing. Impatience and vanity are among some of its failings.

Branwell Brontë possessed, in an unusual degree all the Gemini features that we have been enumerating, for his ruling planet is prominently placed and strongly aspected. The sextile to Mars in Aries made him impulsive, and in this he resembled Charlotte. Both sister and brother were inclined to act without due deliberation, and both had to suffer for their hastiness.

But the source of all Branwell's troubles was his Uranus and Neptune opposition Mercury. Uranus was also square to Saturn and in bad aspect to Mars. Branwell's impulsiveness amounted to rashness, and at times he indulged in passionate outbursts of temper. His friend Grundy says: "I have seen him, in his fits of passion, drive his double fist through the panel of a door: it seemed to soothe him; it certainly bruised his knuckles." This violent behaviour was the outcome of Uranus and its aspects.

Branwell's extreme nervousness was due to the same influence. As a boy he once went in a rocking-boat at a fair and screamed out at the top of his voice, "Oh, my nerves! my nerves! oh, my nerves!" He inherited the family nervousness, but not the family power of self-control. It was this lack of balance which was his undoing. He had brains and ability coupled with a generous disposition, but the sterner qualities of endurance, application, and perseverance were conspicuous by their absence.

Mercury opposition Neptune is not a desirable influence to come under, especially when the aspect is from angles and involves the Ruler of the horoscope. Like the opposition to Uranus it has a bad effect on the nerves, and though not irritable and violent it gives nameless dreads and apprehensions, and adds a touch of weakness to the character. It afflicts with an over-vivid imagination, and an ultra-sensitiveness that can play havoc with the nervous system.

This opposition also conduces to a certain irresponsibility of speech and action that cannot be

commended. Branwell has often been called a liar, without any reservation or apology, and we must allow that his horoscope admits of this indictment. But he was not the man who sets out deliberately to manufacture falsehoods for base ends. Branwell did nothing deliberately. He was a child of impulse. He sometimes talked big because he saw big, and he sometimes hit wide of the mark because his eyes did not see straight. To be always exact and definite was quite beyond him.

This was fully recognized by his family. Charlotte, a lover of truth above all things, and none too merciful to the backslider, made it quite clear to her brother that she did not always believe his statements. She had probably ample reasons for doubting the accuracy of his stories.

Branwell once complained to his friend, Phillips, how grievously he had been hurt by his sister's evident questioning of the truth of an account he was giving her of his doings.

"She looked at me," he said, "with a look I shall never forget—if I live to be a hundred years old. . . . It wounded me as if someone had struck me a blow on the mouth. It involved ever so many things in it. It was a dubious look. It ran over me, questioning and examining, as if I had been a wild beast. It said, 'Did my ears deceive me or did I hear aright?' And then came the painful baffled expression which was worse than all. It said, 'I wonder if that's true?' . . ."

These feelings would have been called hysterical even in a young girl, but for a grown-up man to talk like this shows an amount of morbid sensitiveness that is unnatural and deplorable. Branwell, unfortunately for himself, responded only too well to his Neptune opposition Mercury.

Grundy and Leyland, writing of Branwell as they knew him, give good illustrations of the dual characteristics of his Rising Sign. Leyland tells us that he "had acquired the practice of writing shorthand with

facility, and also of writing with both hands at the same time with perfect ease, so that he possessed the extraordinary power of writing two letters at once."

His moods were equally dual and erratic. "It was indeed amazing how suddenly he could pass from the discussion of grave and lofty subjects, or from a deep disquisition on some poetical theme, to one of his light-hearted and amusing Irish and Yorkshire sallies. He could be sad and joyful almost at the same time, like the sunshine and gloom of April weather.

He was ever in extremes, gloriously great or as ingloriously small. He would discourse with wondrous knowledge upon subjects moral, intellectual, philosophical for hours, and afterwards accompany his audience to the nearest public-house and recruit his exhausted powers by copious libations."

Branwell possessed the great facility in composition that is always connected with the 3rd Sign. Like his sisters, he scribbled and composed from his earliest youth. He was also a voracious reader. In a letter to Southey he says: "I read for the same reason that I ate and drank—because it was a real craving of nature. I wrote on the same principle as I spoke—out of the impulse and feelings of the mind; nor could I help it, for what came, came out, and there was an end of it."

"Nor could I help it, for what came, came out," is thoroughly typical of Gemini. This sign knows no restraint, all it thinks it says, all it feels it expresses; it hides nothing, everything is poured out—usually with great volubility.

Branwell was rather an extreme example of his Rising Sign. But with Mercury in Gemini opposition Uranus and Neptune he could hardly avoid going to extremes and being somewhat eccentric. The oppositions, however, gave him a touch of genius. Something good he received from these two powerful planets. They bestowed on him, as on his sisters, the poet's mind and he shared with them an intense love of

Nature. His translations of some of the Odes of Horace rank high as literary productions, so also do some of his sonnets. But it was, as Leyland says, unfortunate "that the scintillations of Branwell's genius were too often fitful, erratic and uncertain, his mind, indeed . . . was unstable."

But the germ of the poet was in him. "I shall never forget his love of the sublime and beautiful works of Nature, nor how he would tell of the lovely flowers and rare plants he had observed by the mountain stream and woodland rill. All these had excellences for him; and I have often heard him debate on the sweet strains of the nightingale and on the thoughts that bewitched him the first time he heard one."¹

Branwell was an artist in more ways than one. His Gemini fingers were capable of a variety of artistic accomplishments: he could draw well, paint some quite creditable portraits, and play the organ. He was, in fact, a man of many parts and a striking example of the versatility as well as of the superficiality of his Rising Sign.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

We have descriptions of Branwell Brontë's personal appearance from two sources, and they differ considerably. Francis H. Grundy, who knew him best, says: "Branwell was very like them [his sisters], almost insignificantly small—one of his life's trials. He had a mass of red hair, which he wore brushed high over his forehead—to help his height I fancy; a great bumpy, intellectual forehead, nearly half the size of the whole facial contour; small ferretty eyes, and deep sunk, and still further hidden by the never-removed spectacles; prominent nose, but weak lower features. He had a downcast look, which never varied,

¹ Letter from Mr. Wm. Heaton to Leyland.

save for a rapid momentary glance at long intervals. Small and thin of person, he was the reverse of attractive at first sight."

Francis Leyland tells us that "it was on a bright Sunday afternoon in the Autumn of 1840, at the desire of my brother the sculptor, that I accompanied him to Sowerby Bridge to see Branwell. The young railway clerk was of gentlemanly appearance, and seemed to be qualified for a much better position than the one he had chosen. In stature he was a little below the middle height; not 'almost insignificantly small' as Mr. Grundy states, nor had he 'a downcast look,' neither was he a 'plain specimen of humanity.' He was slim and agile in figure, yet of well-formed outline. His complexion was clear and ruddy, and the expression of his face, at the time, lightsome and cheerful. His voice had a ringing sweetness, and the utterance and use of his English was perfect. . . . His eyes sparkled and danced with delight; his nose was prominent and of the Roman type."

Branwell's outward appearance was evidently a matter of opinion. But so far as we can tell, Francis Leyland knew him but slightly, whereas Grundy knew him intimately, with all his varying moods. His Mercury rising in Gemini would make him cheerful, bright and pleasant at times, and his Saturn square Ascendant would afflict him with depression and gloom when things went wrong, so his appearance may well have varied according to the state of his spirits. His deep-sunk eyes and downcast look were Saturnine as was also his want of height, but his 'lightsome' expression and sparkling eyes were Mercurial.

Charlotte says of her brother that "nature had favoured him with a fairer outside, as well as a finer constitution, than his sisters'," so we may well concede to him a certain measure of good looks. His Ruler's aspect to Mars gave him the ruddy complexion and

red hair which were in such contrast to the sallowness and dark hair of his three sisters.

The Roman nose came from Gemini. Mercury often gives a bird-like shape to the nose, rather like an eagle's beak. This is very marked on the profile medallion which Joseph Leyland, the sculptor, made of Branwell.

THE SIXTH HOUSE

If we have begun by considering some of the weaknesses of Branwell's horoscope, as shown by his Rising Sign and Ruling Planet, it is because his Ascendant and Mercury are the most prominent features of his map; but it is a pleasure to turn to a more attractive side of his character, as shown by Moon conjunction Jupiter. The Moon is in the Cancer decanate of Scorpio, and Jupiter is in the first decanate of Sagittarius. The Moon being in a strong fixed sign is a great advantage in this horoscope where there is so much mutability, and the Cancer decanate shows us that his home was the fixed point on which Branwell rested.

But the Moon being in Scorpio, and Jupiter in Sagittarius considerably lessens the strength of the conjunction. A conjunction involving two signs is like two friends living in adjoining houses—they are not so intimate as if they lived under the same roof; in one case they are neighbours only, in the other they are companions. It is the same with planets posited in adjoining signs; they may be near enough to form a conjunction aspect, to be neighbours, but they are not so firmly joined as to be inseparable companions.

Branwell's Moon is in a Watery Sign, and his Jupiter in a Fiery Sign. Fire and Water are two incompatible elements; they are at war with one another. His Moon is also opposition Venus, and his Jupiter is opposition Ascendant, and these bad aspects further prevented Branwell from reaping the

full benefit of a fine conjunction. But it endowed him with some noble impulses and gave him a generous, open-handed nature, a love of his fellow-creatures, and a desire to be hail-fellow-well-met with everybody. Leyland says that Branwell's "disposition . . . was one of a singularly gentle, affectionate, and sympathetic character; passionate and unstable it is true, but a disposition, nevertheless, that has been frequently misunderstood, and not seldom wronged."

Branwell was very sociable and could not bear being alone. In this he was the exact opposite of his sisters, and it is not to be wondered at if, in their early days, they greatly admired and envied a brother who had no shyness and reserve to hamper him in his intercourse with the people around him. Their own shortcomings in this respect must often have weighed heavily upon them. Branwell had all the ease and brilliancy in conversation of the lack of which in themselves they were only too painfully aware.

Branwell "possessed a fund of anecdote," says Leyland, "combined with an entertaining manner of telling stories, that alone made him excellent company." His sociable disposition led him to seek companionship wherever he could find it, and that was unfortunately more often than not at the "Black Bull," the public-house not more than a stone's throw away from the Parsonage. The Moon in the 6th House inclines to intercourse with inferiors unless well aspected to elevated planets, which advantage Branwell's Moon cannot claim.

But the tragedy of it all was that the very aspect which made Branwell so open-hearted, generous, and lovable, "such a gentleman in all his ideas," as Grundy puts it, was the cause of his undoing. The conjunction of the Moon and Jupiter in Watery and Fiery Signs, together with the planets' adverse aspects, induced those convivial habits which, developing into intemperance, finally ruined him.

HIS CAREER

Aquarius is the sign on Branwell's mid-heaven, so Saturn is the ruler of the House representing his profession or occupation. Saturn is in Pisces in the 11th House, trine to the Sun in Cancer in the 2nd House, and square to the Ascendant and Uranus.

This good aspect, Saturn trine Sun, is a firm rock among the shifting sands of this changeful horoscope. It supplied Branwell with all the backbone that he could lay claim to, and though we may say that that was not much, it was yet enough to enable him to make an effort to start again after each of his successive failures. It gave him a desire to succeed, and filled him with some honourable ambition. It would have done more for him had Saturn been placed in a stronger sign.

Saturn in the 11th House trine to the Sun in the 4th Sign is another indication that his friends and his home were Branwell's chief stay and prop. He had many good friends. Grundy, in particular, stood by him and helped him all he could when he was sorely in need of a supporting hand. And in his home Branwell found the refuge as well as the material help he often so little deserved.

The Sun in the 2nd House, trine to Saturn, represents his father, and though Mr. Brontë showed scant initiative and foresight in placing his only son out in the world, yet he did stand by him in his hours of need. Out of his slender income he paid his son's debts "time after time," though it must have meant some real deprivation to himself and his family.

Saturn, ruler of the 10th House, trine to the Sun in the 2nd, indicates some earning capacity, and Branwell did earn enough at intervals to support himself. But the Moon in the House of service,

opposition to Venus in Taurus proves the amount gained by work to have been but small.

Apart from this one good aspect to the Sun, Saturn's influence in this horoscope is the reverse of helpful. The planet squares the Ascendant and Uranus, thus accentuating the ill-fated opposition of Uranus to the rising degree. Such aspects from the ruler of the mid-heaven offer no promise of lasting success, but rather foreshadow much change and bitter disappointment where work for a livelihood is concerned.

AS AN ARTIST

Branwell had two great ambitions in life, two careers in which he longed to succeed; he earnestly wished to become a portrait painter, and he equally desired to be a writer. Gemini has always two strings to its bow. He had some distinct artistic talent, and his father arranged for him to have lessons from a professional artist, Mr. William Robinson of Leeds. In his sisters' opinion there could be no doubt of their brother's talent for drawing and painting, and they quite expected him to make a name for himself in the artistic world.

His chief ambition was to go to London and study at the Royal Academy. He did go to London, but he stayed there only a week. Probably lack of funds forced him home again. It seems that no one had enquired what steps it was necessary to take in order to gain admission to the Academy as a student.

"It would," says Leyland, "seem scarcely possible that the difficulties attending Branwell's admission as a student to the Royal Academy had been duly considered. He could not be admitted without a preliminary examination of his drawings from the antique and the skeleton, to ascertain if his ability as a draughtsman was of such an order as would qualify him for studentship; and if successful in this he would be required to undergo a regular course of education and to pass

through the various schools where professors and academicians attended to give instruction. No doubt it was wished that Branwell should have a regular and prolonged preparation for his professional artistic career; but it would have lasted for years, and the pecuniary strain consequent upon it would perhaps have been severely felt, even if Branwell's genius had justified the outlay."

This matter it was the duty of Branwell's father to have looked into, and to have seen that proper ways and means were provided for his son when he was launched out into the world. But here Mr. Brontë failed altogether. (Branwell—h □ ♁ and Asc.). He lived shut up in his study, and did not trouble himself to enquire what went on in the world outside his parish.

Charlotte was more practical than her father and, realizing that Branwell would need money in London, began to arrange her plans accordingly. "Emily is going to school, Branwell is going to London, and I am going to be a governess. This last determination I formed myself . . . knowing well that papa would have enough to do with his limited income should Branwell be placed at the Royal Academy and Emily at Roe Head."

Branwell's want of success was a bitter disappointment to the ambitious young artist. London was the goal of all his hopes. "It is on record that before he visited London he so mastered its labyrinths, by a diligent study of maps and books, that he spoke with a perfect knowledge of it, and astonished the inhabitants of the Metropolis by his intimate acquaintance with the by-ways and places of which even they had never heard."¹

"'I know,' said Branwell, after speaking of Charlotte's talents, 'that I also had stuff in me to make popular stories; but the failure of the Academy plan ruined me. I was felled like a tree in the forest, by a

¹ Leyland.

sudden strong wind, to rise no more.' " And Branwell was then only eighteen years old!

A little later on he went to Bradford and established himself there in the hopes of being able to earn his living as a portrait painter. But there was little prospect of success for him as an artist. He was quite unknown, and his talents were undeveloped.

The portrait he painted of his three sisters now hanging in the National Portrait Gallery, though immature, shows promise. Branwell had had next to no opportunity of studying the technique of his art, and considering that he was almost entirely self-taught, he painted uncommonly well. The single head in the same gallery, labelled "Emily Brontë,"¹ is a great advance on the group, and we must regret that Branwell, owing to lack of means, was not able to devote his time to the serious study of an art for which he had undoubted talent.

Branwell remained at Bradford for about a year, and, according to Leyland, "he achieved considerable success, till eccentricity or desire for change removed him." He returned home in the spring of 1839, leaving debts behind him of which, he confessed in a letter to his artist friend, J. H. Thompson, "my father and aunt have no knowledge."

AS A WRITER

If Branwell could have definitely stuck to any employment, that of a writer would probably have suited him best. The position of Mercury rising in Gemini is an ideal one for an author, and some of the literary productions he has left behind show him to be a better writer than painter.

¹ The late Mr. C. K. Shorter says: "It is really a portrait of Anne," and adds, "This is quite easy of proof." The great resemblance between the single portrait and the left-hand figure in the group inclines one to accept Mr. Shorter's statement.

Mr. John Drinkwater says of Branwell's translations of some of the Odes of Horace that " They are unequal, and they have many of the bad tricks of writing that come out of some deeply rooted defect of character. But they also have a great many passages of clear lyrical beauty, and they have something of the style that comes from a spiritual understanding, as apart from merely formal knowledge, of great models. . . . Branwell Brontë's translation of the *First Book of Odes* need, at their best, fear comparison with none. In a few instances I should say that they are decidedly the best of all. . . . In the lovely rendering of xxi there is hardly a flaw from beginning to end. At his best he has melody and phrase, and he builds his stanzas well."¹

When Branwell rose to this level he was responding to some of the inspirational influence of Neptune in his horoscope. But there was no continuity in any of his efforts. Mercury sextile Mars gave him courage and energy to start out, but Mercury opposition Uranus and Neptune deprived him of staying power. Saturn square Ascendant was also a great hindrance to him, for it brought moods of depression that he could not shake off. When this influence was uppermost all his ardour vanished for the time being, and he became dejected and humble.

Leyland describes well the effect of Mars and Saturn on his spirits: " Branwell's extreme sensibility caused him to exaggerate both the lights and shadows of his existence. He was gleeful, as I found, full of fun, jest and anecdote in social circles, or where literature and art were the theme; and then, almost involuntarily, would rise to his feet, and with a beaming countenance, treat the subject with a vivid flow of imagination, displaying the rich stores of his information with wondrous and enthralling eloquence. But, under disappointment or misfortune, he fell a prey to gloomy

¹ *A Book for Bookmen*, by John Drinkwater.

thoughts, and reached a state near akin to despair. It was at such moments that he usually took his pen to express, in poetry, the fullness of his feelings and the depth of his sorrow; and it is to this fact that the pathetic sadness of most of his writings is due."

Grundy considered that Branwell's genius was "of the highest order" and that "he was at least as talented as any member of that wonderful family."

In his early days "he used to be the oracle of that secluded household," says George Searle—Phillips, "before the love of drink mastered him. His opinion was invariably sought for upon the literary performances of his sisters. But at the time I am now speaking of he was a cipher in the house."

No one could appreciate good literature more than Branwell did. He had a most laudable ambition to shine in the world of letters, and made several attempts to get into touch with literary people. In December 1835, he wrote a long letter to the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, requesting him to publish some of his writings. Branwell begins by saying that he has addressed him twice before, which perhaps accounts for his heading his third letter, "SIR, READ WHAT I WRITE" in large letters. "And would to Heaven you would believe in me, for then you would attend to and act upon it! . . . Now, sir, to you I appear writing with conceited assurance: but *I am not*; for I know myself so far as to believe in my own originality, and on that ground to desire admittance into your ranks. And do not wonder that I demand so determinedly: for the remembrances I spoke of have fixed you and your magazine in such a manner upon my mind that the idea of striving to aid another periodical is *horribly repulsive*. My resolution is to devote my ability to you, and for God's sake, till you see whether or not I can serve you, do not coldly refuse my aid. . . . I *know* that I am not one of the wretched writers of the day. I know that I possess strength to assist

you beyond some of your own contributors; but I wish to make you the judge in this case and give you the benefit of its decision.

"Now, sir, do not act like a commonplace person, but like a man willing to examine for himself. Do not turn from the native truth of my letters, but *prove me*; and if I do not stand the proof I will not further press myself on you. If I do stand it—why—you have lost an able writer in James Hogg, and God grant you may yet get one in PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË."

Four months later, in April 1836, Branwell sent another letter in the same style, beginning: "SIR, READ NOW AT LEAST. The affair which accompanies this letter is certainly sent for insertion in *Blackwood* as a specimen which, whether bad or good, I earnestly desire you to look at; it may not be disagreeable, but you will thus KNOW whether, in putting it into the fire, you would gain or lose. . . . But if what I send is worthless, what I have said has been only conceit and folly, yet CONDEMN NOT UNHEARD."

After waiting nine months for an answer he wrote again, imploring and even demanding a personal interview. "In a former letter I hinted that I was in possession of something, the design of which, whatever might be its execution, would be superior to that of any series of articles which has yet appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. . . .

"Now, sir, all I ask is to permit this interview, and in answer to this letter to say that you will see me, were it only for one half-hour. . . . Will you still so wearisomely refuse me a word when you can neither know what you refuse nor whom you are refusing? Do you think your magazine so perfect that no addition to its power would be either possible or desirable? Is it pride which actuates you—or custom—or prejudice? Be a man, sir! and think no more of these things. *Write* to me: tell me that you will receive a visit, and rejoicingly will I take upon myself the labour,

which if it succeed, will be an advantage both to you and to me, and if it fail will still be an advantage, because I shall then be assured of the impossibility of succeeding."

Mrs. Oliphant says in her history of the Publishing House of Blackwood, that "Robert Blackwood probably thought the writer crazy." Not one of these letters received an answer, yet "notwithstanding the chilling effect of silence with which alone his petition was received, he had the courage to write again years after, in September 1842, begging most respectfully to offer the accompanying lines for insertion in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*."

These are scarcely the letters of a normally-minded young man not yet twenty. They savour largely of the eccentricity and boastfulness shown by his Mercury in opposition to Uranus and Neptune and sextile to Mars in Aries. These aspects illustrate forcibly at least one phase of his character.

Branwell was not born to succeed even in that walk in life for which he had most aptitude.

AS A RAILWAY CLERK

If Branwell could not make good along the lines most congenial to his nature, it is not to be wondered at that he failed ignominiously in a position for which he was utterly unsuited.

That he ever accepted the post of railway clerk at Sowerby Bridge Station is something to his credit, for the prospect could never have pleased him. "Fancy me," he said, "with my education, and those early dreams, which had almost ripened into realities turning counter-jumper, or a clerk in a railway office, which last was, you know, my occupation for some time. It simply degraded me in my own eyes."

From Sowerby Bridge he was soon transferred to Luddendenfoot about a mile further west, and this is

where Grundy, who was assistant engineer on the line, first made his acquaintance. "When first I met him he was station-master at a small roadside place on the Manchester and Leeds Railway, Luddendenfoot by name. The station was a rude wooden hut. . . . With few books, little to do, no prospects, wretched pay, with no society congenial to his better tastes, but plenty of wild, half-educated manufacturers, who would welcome him to their houses, and drink with him as often as he chose to come—what was this morbid man, who couldn't bear to be alone, to do?"

How did Branwell ever come to occupy a position so entirely out of keeping with his tastes and talents? It can be accounted for only by the afflictions to his ruling planet. Mercury governs railways, and the planet's inharmonious aspects played Branwell a particularly bad turn when they led him into a position so utterly unsuited to his bent.

He accepted the post, but he was incapable of doing anything so completely against the grain. It would have required a man of greater will-power than Branwell to tackle such uphill work. He neglected his duties and went about amusing himself.

Grundy says, "At times he would drive over in a gig to Haworth (twelve miles) and visit his people. He was then at his best, and would be eloquent and amusing, although sometimes he would burst into tears when returning, and swear that he meant to amend. I believe, however, that he was half mad, and could not control himself. . . . He had a porter at the insignificant station where he was to whom he left all the work; and the result was that very serious defalcations were discovered and the enquiry which succeeded brought out everything. Branwell was not suspected of the theft himself, but was convicted of constant and culpable carelessness."

The railway company decided to dismiss their very unsatisfactory station-master, and Branwell appealed

to Grundy to help him to find another situation. But "Brontë got no situation with us," writes Grundy. "Indeed it was altogether improbable. The cause of his leaving his appointment had been too notoriously glaring. His absence carousing with congenial drinkers, anything rather than 'congenial spirits' (rough, coarse, half-educated men) had been of days' continuance . . . so that it was almost hopeless to seek work with us again."

Some years later, in a letter to Grundy, dated May 22nd, 1845, Branwell referred to this unfortunate episode in his life. He writes from Haworth: "This quiet life, from its contrast, makes the year passed at Luddendenfoot appear like a nightmare, for I would rather give my hand than undergo again the grovelling carelessness, the malignant yet cold debauchery, the determination to find out how far mind could carry body without both being chucked into hell, which too often marked my conduct when there, lost as I was to all I really liked, and seeking relief in the indulgence of feelings which form the black spot on my character."

Certainly the occupation of railway clerk did not add to Branwell's reputation.

AS A TUTOR

Gemini people make good teachers. They see clearly and explain well, though perhaps they lack the patience necessary for instructing the very young. As a tutor Branwell was not out of his element, and in at least one of his situations he was valued.

He began as an usher at a school when he was twenty-one, but we know very little of this venture. Grundy, who just mentions the fact, says that Branwell "left in disgust; the lads, I think, ridiculed his down-cast smallness."

Two years later, in January 1840, Branwell went as private tutor to the sons of Mr. Postlethwaite of

Broughton-in-Furness. From there he writes, "I am fixed in a little retired town by the seashore, among wild, woody hills that rise round me—huge, rocky and capped with clouds. My employer is a retired county magistrate, a large landowner, and of a right hearty and generous disposition. His wife is a quiet, silent, and amiable woman, and his sons are two fine spirited lads."

This was his first attempt to fill a post in a private family. Charlotte had her misgivings. She says: "Branwell who lived to enliven us, is to leave us in a few days and enter the situation of a private tutor in the neighbourhood of Ulverston. How he will like to settle yet remains to be seen. At present he is full of hope and resolution. I, who know his variable nature, and his strong turn for active life, dare not be too sanguine." Her doubts were well-founded, Branwell remained with the Postlethwaites only six months, returning home the following June.

His third post was as tutor to the son of the Rev. Edmund Robinson, of Thorp Green Vicarage, where Anne was governess. He went there in December 1842, lodging at a farm within easy reach of the vicarage. As a tutor he appears to have given every satisfaction, for he was with the Robinsons for two and a half years. This is the longest time he had ever stuck to any occupation. But there was possibly another reason, besides devotion to duty, that induced him to remain at Thorp Green.

We have reached a point in Branwell's life when we must take his 7th House into account, for it is the aspects to this House which now come prominently forward. They were the cause of his complete undoing.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a horoscope where love affairs and marriage prospects are more disastrous than in this one. Mercury rules the House of lovers and opposes both Uranus and Neptune in the House of marriage; Saturn in the 14th House throws another

shadow across the 7th by squaring Uranus; and Jupiter, ruler of the 7th, is in opposition to the Ascendant. On the top of all these troubles we find the Moon in Scorpio in opposition to Venus in Taurus, from the 6th to the 12th, indicating a secret and unhappy love affair.

The one good aspect to the House of unions, Mars trine Neptune from fiery signs, was unequal to surmounting these many obstacles. All Branwell gained from this impulsive trine was the experience of a strong, passionate emotion that carried him completely away. He fell a victim to the romance of Neptune fired by the ardour of Mars, and there was no strength in him to stand up and resist this onslaught.

He fell violently in love with Mrs. Robinson, his employer's wife, who was seventeen years older than himself and, from all accounts, a very attractive woman socially. That Branwell should have set his affections on some one so much older than himself was due to his Saturn square Uranus in the 7th House.

Mr. Robinson was an invalid, and Branwell was given to understand, or imagined, that his wife's lot was an unhappy one. "This lady (though her husband detested me)," writes Branwell to Grundy, "showed me a degree of kindness which, when I was deeply moved one day, at her husband's conduct, ripened into declarations of more than ordinary feeling. My admiration of her mental and personal attractions, my knowledge of her unselfish sincerity, her sweet temper, and unwearied care for others, with but unrequited return where most should have been given . . . although she is seventeen years my senior, all combined to an attachment on my part, and led to reciprocations which I had not looked for."

There seems to be no doubt that Mrs. Robinson encouraged Branwell, or as we may call it, flirted with him. She probably did not realize that what was a

mere pastime to her was a desperately serious matter to the impressionable young man.

Charlotte, who must have received her information from Anne, was loud in her denunciations of Mrs. Robinson. She says: "Of their mother [Mrs. Robinson] I have hardly patience to speak. A worse woman, I believe, hardly exists, the more I hear of her the more deeply she revolts me. . . . The Robinsons still amaze me by the frequency and constancy of their correspondence. Poor girls! they still complain of their mother's proceedings, that woman is a hopeless being, calculated to bring a curse wherever she goes by the mixture of weakness, perversion and deceit in her nature."

Anne evidently had had no good word to say for Mrs. Robinson. But outwardly all appeared to go well till Anne and Branwell went home for the holidays at mid-summer, 1845. Anne wished to give up teaching and did not intend to return to Thorp Green, but Branwell was to have gone back after the vacation.

On her return from a visit to Ellen Nussey in July, Charlotte writes: "I found Branwell ill; he is so very often owing to his own fault. I was therefore not shocked at first, but when Anne informed me of the immediate cause of his present illness, I was greatly shocked. He had last Thursday received a note from Mr. Robinson, sternly dismissing him, intimating that he had discovered his proceedings, which he characterized as bad beyond expression, and charging him on pain of exposure to break off instantly and forever all communication with every member of his family. We have had sad work with Branwell since. He thought of nothing but stunning or drowning his distress of mind. No one in the house could have rest. At last we have been obliged to send him from home for a week, with someone to look after him; he has written to me this morning, and expresses some sense of contrition for his frantic folly; he

promises amendment on his return, but so long as he remains at home I scarce dare hope for peace in the house. We must all, I fear, prepare for a season of distress and disquietude. When I left you I was strongly impressed with the feeling that I was going back to sorrow."

This is the end of Branwell's career so far as actual employment was concerned. The consequences of his behaviour were far-reaching, and he never shook them off while life lasted.

LAST YEARS

These were miserable years for Branwell Brontë. If we look at his House of death we see that the planets governing it are disastrously placed: Jupiter is opposition Ascendant and square to Saturn; Saturn is square to Ascendant and square Uranus. The one helpful aspect is Jupiter conjunction Moon, and to this he owed the care and attention he received at home, particularly during the last two years of his life. But, apart from this one comfort, nothing but sickness and misery surrounded the end of this unhappy young man.

In a letter to Grundy dated October 1846, he refers to Mrs. Robinson and all he was suffering on her account: "I have been during nine long weeks utterly shattered in body and broken in mind. The probability of her becoming free to give me herself and estate never rose to drive away the prospect of her decline under her present grief. Eleven continuous nights of sleepless horror reduced me to almost blindness, and being taken into Wales to recover, the sweet scenery, the sea, the sound of music caused me fits of unspeakable distress."

And to Joseph Leyland he writes: "I returned yesterday from a week's journey to Liverpool and North Wales; but I found during my absence that,

wherever I went, a certain woman robed in black, and calling herself 'MISERY' walked by my side and leant on my arm as affectionately as if she were my legal wife. Like some other husbands, I could have spared her presence."

Poor Branwell, his distress was very real, very acute. His horoscope is an extraordinarily sensitive one. He had an infinite capacity for suffering, and very little strength for bearing up against adverse conditions.

We know that he sought consolation from a source that could only in the end aggravate his troubles. Not only did he drink heavily at times, but he gave way to drug-taking. Grundy says that it was not long after leaving Bradford that Branwell began to give trouble at home. That was as early as 1839, when he was only twenty. "He had at that time been reading de Quincey," writes his friend, "and with the obstinate determination of doing himself whatever anyone else had done, he positively began the practice of opium-eating. He did this until it became a habit, and when it seized upon his nervous system he underwent the tortures of the damned."

Grundy induced Branwell to leave off his ruinous habits, for a time at any rate. Neptune rules drugs and poisons and, when badly aspected, can give a craving for stimulants; so it is not to be wondered at that when overwhelming calamity came upon him he should seek to drown his grief in a drug that soothed his nerves and brought forgetfulness.

Branwell never entirely shook off his addiction to opium. He returned to it at intervals, whenever trouble was in the air. Charlotte complains of his behaviour during the summer holidays of 1844, while he was still tutor at Thorp Green. "Branwell has been more than ordinarily troublesome of late; he leads papa a wretched life. . . ."

"My hopes ebb low indeed about Branwell," she writes later, "I sometimes fear he will never be fit for

much. His bad habits seem more deeply rooted than I thought. The late blow to his prospects and feelings has quite made him reckless. It is only absolute want of means that acts as any check on him. One ought, indeed, to hope to the very last; and I try to do so, but occasionally hope, in his case, seems a fallacy."

But a still worse blow was to befall him. After his dismissal from Thorp Green he had buoyed himself up with the hope that Mrs. Robinson would marry him in the event of her husband's death. This idea must, more or less, have been the invention of his own vivid imagination, for Mrs. Robinson does not seem to have been the kind of woman to throw herself away on a penniless tutor.

Mr. Robinson died in May 1846, about a year after Branwell's dismissal. His widow at once sent her coachman over to Haworth with a note to Branwell Brontë telling him that she could not see him. She said that her husband had stated in his will that she would forfeit all her inheritance should she communicate with him again.

There is no clause of this exact nature to be found in Mr. Robinson's will, and the story has been put down as another of Branwell's many fabrications. But it is quite possible that in this case he was speaking the truth, and that he did receive some message of the kind. Knowing well the impetuous character of her hot-headed young admirer, Mrs. Robinson probably felt by no means sure that he would not rush to her side the moment she was free; and in order to avoid such a catastrophe this resourceful woman hurriedly invented any excuse likely to keep him at a distance. She could have had no wish to see Branwell Brontë again, for she had not the slightest intention of marrying him. Eventually she became the second wife of Sir Edward Scott, "whose infatuated slave, it would appear she is," says Charlotte.

Branwell was plunged into the depths of despair on

learning that he was never more to see the woman he adored. He never held up his head again. He lost all hope in life, all desire to live.

"Well, my dear sir," he writes to Joseph Leyland, "I have got my finishing stroke at last and I feel stunned into marble at the blow. . . . It's hard work for me, dear sir. I would bear it, but my health is so bad that the body seems as if it could not bear the mental shock. . . . My appetite is lost, my nights are dreadful, and having nothing to do makes me dwell on past scenes—on her own self—her own voice—her person—her thoughts, till I would be glad if God would take me. In the next world I could not be worse than I am in this. . . . Cheerful company does me good till some bitter truth blazes through my brain, and then the present of a bullet would be received with thanks. I wish I could flee to writing as a refuge, but I cannot; and as to *slumber*, my mind, whether awake or asleep, has been in incessant action for seven weeks."

Charlotte recounts how Branwell distressed them all at home: "We, I am sorry to say, have been somewhat more harassed than usual lately. The death of Mr. Robinson, which took place about three weeks or a month ago, served Branwell for a pretext to throw all about him into a hubhub and confusion with his emotions, etc., etc. Shortly after came news from all hands that Mr. Robinson had altered his will before he died and effectually prevented all chance of a marriage between his widow and Branwell, by stipulating that she should not have a shilling if she ever ventured to reopen any communication with him. Of course, he then became intolerable. To papa he allows rest neither day nor night, and he is continually screwing money out of him, sometimes threatening that he will kill himself if it is withheld from him. . . . Branwell declares that he neither can nor will do anything for himself; good situations have been offered to him more than once, for which, by a

fortnight's work, he might have qualified himself, but he will do nothing, except drink and make us all wretched."

Branwell lived for another two years. They were miserable years for himself and all connected with him. Charlotte mentions him at intervals in her letters, and always in the same despairing strain.

"I went into the room where Branwell was, to speak to him, about an hour after I got home; it was very forced work to address him. I might have spared myself the trouble, as he took no notice, and made no reply; he was stupified. My fears were not in vain. I hear that he had got a sovereign from papa while I have been away, under the pretence of paying a passing debt; he went immediately and changed it at a public-house, and has employed it as was to be expected. Emily concluded her account by saying he was a hopeless being; it is too true. In his present state, it is scarcely possible to stay in the room where he is."

"Nothing happens at Haworth, nothing at least of a pleasant kind. One little incident occurred about a week ago to sting us to life; but if it gives no more pleasure for you to hear than it did for us to witness you will scarcely thank me for adverting to it. It was merely the arrival of a sheriff's officer on a visit to Branwell, inviting him either to pay his debts or take a trip to York. Of course, his debts had to be paid. It is not agreeable to lose money, time after time, in this way; but it is ten times worse to witness the shabbiness of his behaviour on such occasions; but where is the use of dwelling on such subjects? it will make him no better."

"Branwell is quieter now and for a good reason; he has got to the end of a considerable sum of money, and consequently is obliged to restrict himself in some

degree. You must expect to find him weaker in mind and a complete rake in appearance."

"We have not been very comfortable here at home lately, far from it, indeed. Branwell has, by some means, contrived to get more money from an old quarter, and has led us a sad life with his absurd and often intolerable conduct. Papa is harassed day and night; we have little peace; he [Branwell] is always sick; has two or three times fallen down in fits; what will be the ultimate end God knows. But who is without their drawback, their scourge, their skeleton behind the curtain? It remains only to do one's best and endure with patience."

But the end was drawing near. Two months before his death Branwell writes to Leyland, and speaks of "five months of utter sleeplessness, violent cough, and frightful agony of mind. Long have I resolved," he continues, "to write you a letter of five or six pages, but intolerable mental wretchedness and corporeal weakness have utterly prevented." The letter is signed "Yours sincerely, but nearly worn out, P. B. Brontë."

Branwell died of consumption on September 24th, 1848, when only thirty-one. His many planets afflicted in mutable signs were the cause of the trouble, the bad aspects of Mercury and the Ascendant being particularly fatal.

Charlotte wrote to Mr. Williams to tell him of her brother's death, and sums up his life with its unfulfilled promises in a few graphic sentences:

"'We have buried our dead out of our sight.' A lull begins to succeed the gloomy tumult of last week. It is not permitted us to grieve for him who is gone as others grieve for those they love. The removal of our only brother must necessarily be regarded by us rather in the light of a mercy than a chastisement. Branwell was his father's and his sisters' pride and hope

in boyhood, but since manhood the case has been otherwise. It has been our lot to see him take a wrong bent; to hope, expect, wait his return to the right path; to know the sickness of hope deferred, the dismay of prayer baffled; to experience despair at last—and now to behold the sudden early obscure close of what might have been a noble career. . . .

“ My brother was a year my junior. I had aspirations and ambitions for him once, long ago—they have perished mournfully. Nothing remains of him but a memory of errors and sufferings. There is such a bitterness of pity for his life and death, such a yearning for the emptiness of his whole existence as I cannot describe. I trust time will allay these feelings.”

Charlotte has been accused of being hard on her brother. If hardness means telling the sad, unvarnished truth, maybe she was. Charlotte had her Moon conjunction Saturn which always imparts a certain austerity to the nature; and her Saturn in Aquarius was square to Branwell's Moon in Scorpio, so she was not likely to have taken a lenient view of his misdemeanours.

There is far more affinity between the horoscopes of Branwell and Emily. Emily's Moon is conjunction his Sun in the sympathetic sign Cancer. She loved him more tenderly than Charlotte did. But she did not love him blindly. Her lines, “ The Wanderer from the Fold,” were written after his death, and give an account of his life as seen through the eyes of his most devoted sister.

THE WANDERER FROM THE FOLD.

How few, of all the hearts that loved
 Are grieving for thee now;
 And why should mine to-night be moved
 With such a sense of woe ?

Too often thus, when left alone
 Where none my thoughts can see,
 Comes back a word, a passing tone
 From thy strange history.

Oh, fairly spread thy early sail,
 And fresh, and pure, and free,
 Was the first impulse of the gale
 Which urged life's wave for thee!

Why did the pilot, too confiding,
 Dream o'er that ocean's foam,
 And trust in Pleasure's careless guiding
 To bring his vessel home?

An anxious gazer from the shore—
 I marked the whitening wave,
 And wept above thy fate the more
 Because—I could not save.

It reeks not now, when all is over:
 But yet my heart will be
 A mourner still though friend and lover
 Have both forgotten thee! ¹

It is rather touching to see how Branwell's friends, those who knew him personally, rallied round him when they considered that he was not being fairly dealt with. *The Brontë Family* was written by Francis Leyland, chiefly with the object of vindicating the memory of his brother's friend, to whom he considered less than justice had been done by the Brontë chroniclers.

It does not appear that Francis Leyland had himself more than a slight acquaintance with Branwell, yet the book must have been written entirely on his own initiative, for his brother Joseph, Branwell's friend

¹ *Complete Poems of Emily J. Brontë*, edited by C. K. Shorter.

died in 1851, and *The Brontë Family* was not published until 1886. In a way Branwell received more appreciation from his friends than he did from his own family. Gemini people, whose horoscopes are deficient in strong aspects, are often more attractive as friends than as relations. Their gaiety, wit, light-heartedness, and childlike simplicity make them delightful companions. But they can be trying to live with. They frequently refuse to grow up and to take life seriously, remaining to the end irresponsible children, in need of help and guidance.

To those who watch over these children of Gemini, and have their true welfare at heart this unpractical attitude of theirs towards the things that matter most can be maddening. We see the effect it had on Charlotte; she entirely lost patience with her brother; her love, and even her pity, came to an end at last. She did not possess that mother-love that gives itself doubly to the weak and the erring because they are doubly in need. It was Emily, with her Moon in Cancer, whose love never failed.

And posterity has judged much as Charlotte judged. For otherwise how is it that Branwell has met with so little appreciation and so much condemnation from the majority of Brontë biographers?

It is not due to his lack of brains—he was endowed with a more than average intellect; it was not his drinking—he probably drank no more than many highly respected men of his day; it was not even his drug-taking—much as that was to be deplored and deprecated. But his horoscope points plainly to the reason why he failed to share in the respect and admiration accorded to his sisters—to all three of them.

His radical map has several fatally weak points which reacted as inherent want of character, and instinctively we withhold our approval from a fellow-creature who is weak and deficient in backbone and will-power. We may pity him, we may even love him,

but we cannot admire him. Emily pitied her brother, she loved him devotedly, but she could not praise him. She called him "a hopeless being."

It is on account of Branwell's want of manly strength, his inability to steer a straight course in life, to fight his way through in spite of all difficulties, and to make a success out of poor opportunities, as his sisters did, that we condemn him and pronounce him a failure.

Whether we are right in thus judging and condemning is another matter. But the fact remains that the world in general does so judge and condemn, and it has made no exception in favour of Patrick Branwell Brontë.

BRANWELL BRONTË'S DIRECTIONS

1835.

♁ p Par. ♃ r

In 1835 Branwell made his first move from home. He went to London, intending to study drawing at the Royal Academy, with what result we have already seen.

His Mercury had now come to the parallel of Uranus. These two planets were in opposition at Branwell's birth, so the progressed direction could not be a harmonising influence. Unfortunately this parallel lasted to the end of his life.

To this aspect we must attribute much of Branwell's nervous restlessness, his waywardness, his irritability and love of change, and the lack of balance that marked his character and career, particularly from now onwards.

Mercury parallel Uranus is always a trying vibration, but it is doubly so when the horoscope in general

is of a "nervy" type. It is not surprising that Branwell could not stay in London. A city ruled by Mercury was a particularly unsuitable place for him at this moment. He remained there only a week.

1838.

Opening \odot p \square δ r

It was under this very unpropitious solar direction that Branwell made his next venture. He took a studio at Bradford, and tried to earn his living as a portrait painter. Some of his work was good, for he had talent, and he managed to hold on for a time. He left Bradford and returned home in the spring of 1839; Leyland thinks that a desire for change took hold of him, which is more than likely when we consider his directions. Sun square Mars would have made it difficult for him to settle down.

1839.

Opening Asc. p \wedge ζ p
 January \odot p Δ \rangle r
 July \odot c Par and δ Hr r
 \rangle in m , 5th House

1840

July p Par p r
 October M.C. \ast δ Zod. dir.
 \rangle p in m , 5th House.

1841.

April Asc. δ δ , Zod. con.
 June \rangle δ p , mund. con.
 July M.C. \square \rangle , Zod. dir.
 \rangle p in m , 6th House.

1842.

April M.C. \square p , Zod. dir.
 May p δ Hr
 September \odot δ Asc., mund. dir.

The year 1839 seems to have been spent by Branwell at home. We conclude from the mixed solar directions that he was not altogether happy there.

In January 1840 he accepted a post as tutor to Mr. Postlethwaite's son at Broughton-in-Furness, but he stayed there only six months.

Venus parallel Mercury will probably have roused the poet in him, and some of his verses must have been written about this time.

In October, under mid-heaven sextile Mars, Branwell obtained another post, this time as clerk-in-charge at Sowerby Bridge Station. After a few months he was moved on to Luddendenfoot. The directions for 1841, which cover the Luddendenfoot period, are somewhat disastrous. Branwell disgracefully neglected his duties and was ignominiously dismissed by the railway company at the end of fifteen months. Mid-heaven square Moon was the chief factor in his fall.

The directions for 1842 are very separative. Besides his other troubles Branwell experienced two personal sorrows. In September he lost his friend, Mr. William Weightman, who had been curate at Haworth; and in November his aunt, Miss Elizabeth Brontë, died at the Parsonage.

He writes to Francis Grundy: "I have had a long attendance at the death-bed of the Rev. Mr. Weightman, one of my dearest friends, and now I am attending the death-bed of my aunt, who has been for twenty years as my mother. I expect her to die in a few hours.

"As my sisters are far from home I have had much on my mind. . . . Death only has made me neglectful of your kindness, and I have lately had so much experience with him that your sister would not now blame me for indulging in gloomy visions either of this world or another. I am incoherent, I fear, but I have been waking two nights witnessing such agonizing suffering as I would not wish my worst enemy to endure; and

I have now lost the guide and director of all the happy days connected with my childhood."

Mid-heaven square Venus, and Venus opposition Uranus, brought this sorrow and separation.

1843

January	☉ c Par ♃ r
January	♂ c Δ ♃ c
June	♀ p Par ♃ r
Summer	Asc. p. Δ ♃ p
September	♀ c Par ☉ r
	♃ p in m ₁₂ , 6th House

Transits

January	♃ * ♀ r and Δ ♃ r
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1844.

April	☉ ó ♀, mund. dir.
Summer	Asc. p Δ ♃ r
December	☉ ♂ ♃, mund. dir.

1845.

January	☉ □ ♃, mund. dir.
January	♂ c □ ☉ r
January	☉ c ó Asc. r
May	☉ □ ♀, mund. dir.
June	☉ p Par ♃ r
October	☉ p Δ ♃ p
	♃ p in. ♃, 7th House.

1846.

January	☉ ♂ M.C. mund. con.
November	Ass. □ ♃, Zod. con.
December	♂ ∟ Asc., mund. dir.

Transits

April to August	♃ □ ♀ and ♃ r
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These three years all relate to one chapter in Branwell's life, that of his sojourn at Thorp Green Vicarage, with all its disastrous consequences.

As was to be expected, the planetary directions show many cross aspects: Sun conjunction Venus and Sun square Venus; Sun parallel and trine Jupiter, and Sun square and opposition Jupiter; Mars square Sun and Mars trine Jupiter. Branwell was on the rack. His life must have been one long anxiety and suspense. His emotions were stirred to their depths, and he had no certainty of hope on which to build.

It was only the good aspects to the Ascendant: Ascendant conjunction Sun and trine Saturn, that supported him through it all. Sun parallel Neptune did him no good. It shows the clandestine nature of his love affair; it surrounded him with deception and, worse still, it encouraged those habits of intemperance that finally mastered him. Two extracts from Charlotte's letters give us an insight into Branwell's condition at this particular time. In November 1845, after he had left Thorp Green, she writes to Ellen Nussey to tell her not to come to Haworth because "Branwell still remains at home and while he is here you shall not come. I am more confirmed in that resolution the more I know of him. I wish I could say one word to you in his favour, but I cannot, therefore I will hold my tongue." In the following January she writes to Miss Wooler: "You ask about Branwell. He never thinks of seeking employment, and I begin to fear he has rendered himself incapable of filling any respectable station in life; besides if money were at his disposal he would use it only for his own injury; the faculty of self-government is, I fear, almost destroyed in him."

It was in May 1846, that Mr. Robinson died and Branwell's cherished day-dream of marrying Mrs. Robinson was shattered. Sun opposition mid-heaven shows the blasting of his hopes. The transits of Neptune during the summer are significant. No realization of wishes can take place when Neptune squares Venus and the Moon.

Later on, he writes to Joesph Leyland and pours out all the misery of his soul: "This last week an honest and kindly friend has warned me that concealed hopes about one lady should be given up, let the effort to do so cost what it may. . . . God only knows what it does cost and will, hereafter, cost me, to tear from my heart and remembrance the thousand recollections that rush upon me at the thought of four years gone by. . . . I had reason to hope that ere very long I should be the husband of a lady whom I loved best in the world, and with whom, in more than competence, I might live at leisure to try to make myself a name in the world of posterity, without being pestered by the small but countless botherments, which, like mosquitoes, sting us in the world of work-day toil. That hope and herself are gone. . . . I shall never be able to realize the too sanguine hopes of my friends, for at twenty-nine I am a thoroughly old man, mentally, and bodily, far more indeed than I am willing to express. . . ."

1848.

February	M.C. Par h_2 , Zod. dir.
November	M.C. \square u , Zod. dir.

Transits

September	Ψ \square u p. h_2 \square Ψ r and p
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Branwell's days were numbered. Even as he wrote the above letter the shadow of Saturn's parallel hung over him.

His old friend Grundy went to Haworth to see him, and describes his sad state: "As he never came to see me, I shortly made up my mind to visit him, and was shocked at the wrecked and wretched appearance he presented. Yet he still craved for an appointment of any kind, in order that he might try the excitement of change; of course uselessly. I now heard his painful history from his own lips—his happiness, his misery and the sad story which was the end. He was miserable.

At home the sternness of the father never relaxed, and he was unfitted for outside social companionship. He was lost now, for he had taken again to opium."

Grundey went once more to see Branwell, and gives a dramatic and rather terrible account of his visit. "Very soon I went to Haworth again to see him, for the last time. From the little inn I sent for him to the great square, cold-looking Rectory. I had ordered a dinner for two, and the room looked cosy and warm, the bright glass and silver pleasantly reflected the sparkling firelight, deeply toned by the red curtains. Whilst I waited his appearance, his father was shown in. Much of the Rector's old stiffness of manner was gone. He spoke of Branwell with more affection than I had ever heretofore heard him express, but he also spoke almost hopelessly. He said that when my message came, Branwell was in bed, and had been almost too weak for the last few days to leave it; nevertheless he had insisted upon coming, and would be there immediately. We parted, and I never saw him again.

"Presently the door opened cautiously, and a head appeared. It was a mass of red, unkempt, uncut hair, wildly floating round a great, gaunt forehead; the cheeks yellow and hollow, the mouth fallen, the thin white lips not trembling but shaking, the sunken eyes, once small, now glaring with the light of madness—all told the sad tale but too surely. I hastened to my friend, greeted him in my gayest manner, as I knew he best liked, drew him quickly into the room, and forced upon him a stiff glass of hot brandy. Under its influence, and that of the bright, cheerful surroundings, he looked frightened, frightened of himself. He glanced at me a moment, and muttered something of leaving a warm bed to come out into the cold night. Another glass of brandy, and returning warmth gradually brought him back to something like the Brontë of old. He even ate some dinner, a thing which he said he had not done for long; so our last

interview was pleasant though grave. I never knew his intellect clearer. He described himself as waiting anxiously for death—indeed, longing for it, and happy, in these his last moments, to think it was so near. He once again declared that death would be due to the story I knew, and to nothing else.

“When at last I was compelled to leave, he quietly drew from his coat sleeve a carving-knife, placed it on the table, and holding me by both hands, said that he imagined that when my message came that it was a call from Satan. Dressing himself, he took the knife, which he had long secreted, and came to the inn, with the full determination to rush into the room and stab the occupant. In the excited state of his mind he did not recognize me when he opened the door, but my voice and manner conquered him, and ‘brought him to himself,’ as he expressed it. I left him standing bareheaded in the road, with bowed form and dropping tears.” Two days later he was dead.

Neptune square Jupiter, and Saturn square Neptune were the transits in force during the last month of Branwell’s life. He had always shown himself to be very susceptible to the vibrations of the most distant planet. In temperament he was a mixture of Mercury and Neptune, as his whole career proves. “Patrick Branwell Brontë was no domestic demon,” says Grundy, “he was just a man moving in a mist, who lost his way.” He lived all his life under the spell of vague, unpractical, visionary, dreamy, shadowy Neptune. At times he was able to reach up to its heights and then the poet’s spirit awoke in him; but more often than not he fell under its baneful influence.

Neptune dangled visions of greatness before his eyes, and at the same time deprived him of the will-power necessary for achievement. Branwell always collapsed at the critical moment, when just one more effort might have saved him. And in his weakness he turned for strength to the poisons over which Neptune

holds sway. This step was fatal. To a man of his temperament it was as good as shaking hands with the devil, and consequently he had the devil to pay. He suffered terribly.

Francis Grundy understood Branwell and had real sympathy with him. "Poor, brilliant, gay, moody, moping, wildly excitable, miserable Brontë!" he writes. "No history records your many struggles after good—your wit, brilliance, attractiveness, eagerness for excitement—all the qualities which made you such 'good company,' and dragged you down to an untimely grave."

WHO WROTE "WUTHERING HEIGHTS"?

This is a question that was first mooted nearly twenty years after the deaths of Emily and Branwell Brontë, and one that has latterly been more prominently brought forward. Our hope is that Astrology may assist in answering it.

For the sake of argument we must have both sides of the question clearly before us, and we will begin by considering Emily's claim to the authorship of the book.

Charlotte tells us that it was in the winter of 1845-46, after their volume of poems had been sent to the publishers, that the three sisters each set to work on a prose tale. Emily produced *Wuthering Heights*, Anne *Agnes Grey*, and Charlotte wrote *The Professor*.

It has been suggested, in view of the abnormal character of *Wuthering Heights*, that Emily was not the author of the book to which she put her name. But certainly Charlotte never had any doubts on the subject, and she had better opportunities than anyone else of judging. We know from the Preface to *Wuthering Heights*, that Emily read the story aloud to her sister before it was published, for Charlotte speaks of

herself as "the auditor of her [Emily's] work, when read in manuscript," and she describes the dreadful effect the reading had on her; how "the mere hearing of certain vivid and fearful scenes banished sleep by night, and disturbed mental peace by day." But she tells us that if she made any complaint of the kind, Emily only suspected her of affectation and wondered what she meant. So it is evident that the sisters viewed the book from totally different angles, and that to Emily the characters did not appear so "relentless and implacable . . . so lost and fallen" as they did to Charlotte. We must bear this in mind when faced by the argument that Emily's poetic nature would have revolted at such a story.

The manuscript of *Wuthering Heights* has never been traced, and presumably it was destroyed by Emily herself, or by Charlotte. But the corrections in the margins of Emily's printed copy are in her own handwriting.

Wuthering Heights and *Agnes Grey* were published together as a three-volume novel in December 1847, under the pseudonyms of "Ellis Bell" and "Acton Bell." Emily had an eccentric dislike to publicity and would never have consented, in any circumstances, to her real name appearing. She even objected to Messrs. Smith & Elder, Charlotte's publishers knowing that Currer and Acton Bell had a third sister, and Charlotte had to beg them never to refer to the fact in their letters.

Emily and Anne's books were not well received by the public, but Charlotte says, "neither Ellis nor Acton allowed herself to sink under want of encouragement, energy nerved the one, endurance upheld the other. They were both prepared to try again." Emily would scarcely have been prepared to try again if the book had been written by her brother and passed off as hers, as has been suggested.

It was not till twenty years later, long after the

brother and sisters had passed away, that the authorship of the book was called in question.

In 1867 an article appeared in *The People's Magazine* in which an anonymous writer expressed surprise that *Wuthering Heights* had been "conceived by a timid and retiring female." Thereupon, three of Branwell's friends, William Dearden, Edward Sloan and George Searle Phillips, announced that Branwell was really the author of the book. First one and then the other described how Branwell had discussed the story with him or had read portions of the manuscript as it was produced. Edward Sloan declared "that he no sooner began to read *Wuthering Heights*, when published, than he anticipated all the characters and incidents of the story."

William Dearden wrote a letter to the *Halifax Guardian* of June 15th, 1867 giving an account of Branwell's meeting him at the Cross Roads Inn, between Keighley and Haworth, and of his reading him some chapters of *Wuthering Heights*. The story has been told in Francis Leyland's *The Brontë Family*, but it was not till 1927 that Dearden's original letter was republished in full by the Brontë Society.

The particulars are, briefly, as follows: William Dearden and Branwell Brontë agreed each to write a poem, or drama, on some antideluvian subject, and in a month's time to meet at the Cross Roads Inn and read the result of their efforts. This arrangement they carried out; Joseph Leyland, the sculptor, being present at the interview.

When called upon to produce his composition, of which the title was "Azrael, or Destruction's Eve," Brontë discovered that he had not brought his poem with him, but had, by mistake "picked up some stray leaves of a novel, 'on which, some time ago I tried my prentice hand.'" He was begged to read what he had brought, and after some hesitation, he complied, saying that "he had not yet fixed upon a title for his

production, and was afraid he should never be able to meet with a publisher who would have the hardihood to usher it into the world." When later Dearden found the scenes and characters reproduced in *Wuthering Heights* he naturally concluded that Branwell was the author of the book. But when we come to examine dates this is not so certain.

We get the approximate date of the Cross Roads meeting from Dearden himself. He tells us that "shortly after the event occurred" he wrote a poetic account of it called "A Retrospect" (published in the *Halifax Guardian*). In this poem he speaks of *Wuthering Heights* as already in print and of Ellis Bell as the supposed author. It is, therefore, evident that the Cross Roads incident must have taken place shortly before the appearance of the novel. The date of publication was December 1847, and the manuscript had been going the round of the publishers for nearly two years previously. Branwell's obvious ignorance of what was happening to the book bears out Charlotte's statement that "My unhappy brother never knew what his sisters had done in literature—he was not aware that they had ever published a line." So we see that Dearden's assertion that "Branwell's manuscript was in existence many years before the three sisters became known to the public" seems to rest on only slight foundation, that is on Branwell's remark that it was written "some time ago."

In 1879 Francis Grundy, who had been for twenty years in Australia, wrote and published a book called *Pictures of the Past*, one chapter of which is devoted to reminiscences of Branwell Brontë. Grundy mentions a visit he once paid to Haworth Parsonage and says that on this occasion "Patrick Branwell declared to me, and what his sister said bore out the assertion, that he wrote a great portion of *Wuthering Heights* himself."

The sister in question must have been Anne, for

Charlotte was away with her father in Manchester, and we cannot believe that Emily, who hastily retired from the kitchen when the butcher's or baker's boy was heard approaching, and who had her tea alone rather than face Mr. Nicholls in the parlour, would have done otherwise than absent herself when a perfect stranger called. That soft-hearted Anne would not give her brother away by contradicting his statement is more than likely. In the circumstances she could hardly do otherwise than appear to back him up. So her assent, or apparent assent, to what he was saying is no real evidence of its truth.

Further colour has been given to Branwell's claim by a letter written by him to Joseph Leyland in 1845 saying that he was engaged on a three-volume novel, one volume of which he had completed. Francis Leyland, in his *Brontë Family*, jumps to the conclusion that this novel was *Wuthering Heights*. But he does this without any evidence to support his opinion. Branwell left among his papers a fragment of a story called "And the Weary are at Rest," which, from internal evidence, was probably written about this time. It is possible that it was to this uncompleted story that he was referring in his letter to Leyland.

Evidently, therefore, it was Branwell himself who was responsible for raising the question of the authorship of *Wuthering Heights*. Four men who knew him personally all united in saying that they had it from his own lips that he wrote the book, or at least the greater part of it.

We must believe that they were speaking the truth and that Branwell did in fact say so. It would be difficult to come to any other conclusion, even though Branwell's friends did not speak up in his favour until many years after his death. This, however, is not hard to account for. These men had other things to do and to think of in life besides concerning themselves as to the authorship of a book in which they may not have

been particularly interested. The Brontës were not in those days the prominent people that they have since become. But when the question was publicly brought forward Branwell's friends wished to see justice done to the young man they had known and liked, and for his sake they published what they believed to be the truth.

Even with their evidence before us we cannot agree that Branwell wrote *Wuthering Heights*; but we must concede at least one point, namely, that he had read and was allowed to handle the manuscript. Though the brother and sisters no longer did concerted work, discussing their writings with each other, it is very probable that Emily took her much-loved brother into her confidence, and allowed him to see what she had written.

The consequences are quite in accordance with Branwell's horoscope. He had brains enough to appreciate her book and vanity enough to think that he could have done the same himself. Gemini can be very vain and conceited, and Branwell's Mercury opposition Neptune tended to give him an inflated idea of his own powers and importance. Had he merely made suggestions regarding the story it would have sufficed to convince him that it was his own composition.

But, in the writer's opinion, Branwell had but a small share, if any, in the writing of this powerful book.

The word "powerful" is the key to the whole problem. It gives us the strongest evidence that the novel emanated from the brain of the sister and not that of the brother. Power is the predominant feature of *Wuthering Heights*. While almost apologising for its "harshly manifested passions," Charlotte admits that it is "a form moulded with at least one element of grandeur—power."

And it is Emily's horoscope that shows power, determination, and driving force. Branwell's nativity

possesses none of these attributes. They did not enter into his composition. Except for a certain brilliancy of intellect, Branwell, with his wayward impulsiveness and want of stability, was the exact opposite of Emily. This point we must emphasize, for it is just because the sister and brother were of such opposite natures that, to a reader of the stars, the authorship of *Wuthering Heights* cannot be called in question.

The guileless purity also of the book is another strong point in Emily's favour. *Wuthering Heights* is so sexless as to be almost unnatural. This fact alone would rule Branwell out as its author. No man with the Moon in Scorpio opposition Venus in Taurus could have written of passionate love so utterly free from sensuality. The one portion of the story we possess from Branwell's pen, "And the Weary are at Rest," is enough to show us that he would have handled a subject of this kind very differently.

But putting Astrology aside for the moment, it will be interesting to examine one or two arguments brought forward by those who seem anxious to prove that Emily could not have written the book published under her pseudonym of Ellis Bell.

A favourite contention is that only a man could have conceived and described such characters and scenes as we read of in *Wuthering Heights*. But Emily had a far more masculine mind than Branwell, though she combined it with the tenderness and motherliness of a woman. It is this combination of the man and the woman in her that has led some of her critics astray. They have rashly decided that one so retiring and so domesticated in her habits could not have been so astonishingly emancipated and unconventional in her mind. But her horoscope says otherwise.

Then, "Could Shirley Keeldar have written *Wuthering Heights*?" is a test question often asked, as it is well known that Charlotte intended the character of her heroine to represent her sister Emily. If, there-

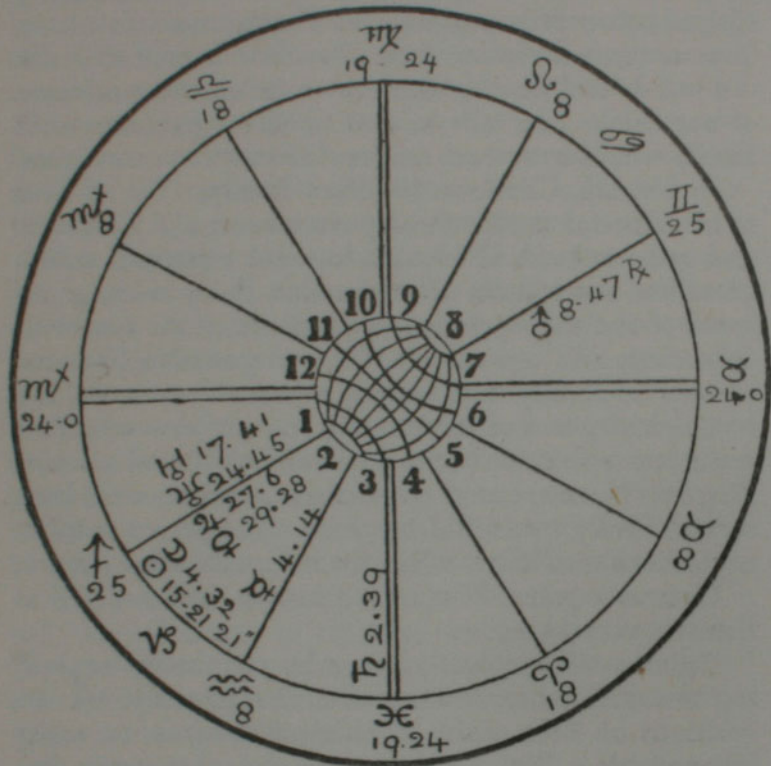
fore, we cannot imagine Shirley writing *Wuthering Heights*, then it is argued that Emily could not have done so; but we know from Charlotte herself that she did not intend Shirley Keeldar to be an exact likeness of her sister. She tells us that Shirley represents what Emily would have been under different circumstances.

In Shirley, Charlotte idealizes Emily. We all love to idealize our most valued possessions; and Charlotte was artist enough to be able to paint a portrait which smoothed away some of the harsher lines, rounded off some of the angles, toned down some of the too vivid colouring, and yet remained a recognizable likeness. Shirley is Emily remoulded, shorn of some of her eccentricities and of the extreme traits of character that made it possible for her to write a book like *Wuthering Heights*. No mere change of circumstances could have turned Emily into a Shirley, for nothing from without could have eradicated what was inherent in her nature.

Uranus square Mars and Saturn was built into Emily's very being.

Opinion will probably never be unanimous regarding the authorship of this extraordinary work, for the evidence on both sides is too conflicting to be easily reconcilable. But, as an astrologer, the writer has given her verdict, and it is for other astrologers to say if they consider the horoscopes justify her assumption that it was Emily's and not Branwell's genius that produced *Wuthering Heights*.

REV. A. B. NICHOLLS



	Decl.	♃	♄	♅	♆	♇	♈	♉	♊	♋	♌	♍	♎	♏	♐	♑	♒	♓
☉	22 S 35			P		P	∟	P	P									
☽	26 S 59	∟	♄				*									Cardinal		2
♀	20 S 18				Δ			∟								Fixed		1
♁	23 S 15					♄ P	*	P								Mutable		6
♂	24 N 40							□	♁									
♆	23 S 9								P	♄	Fire							4
♇	12 S 5										Earth							2
♈	22 S 52									♄ P	Air							2
♉	22 S 5										Water							1
Asc.																		
M.C.																		

REV. A. B. NICHOLLS
 BORN AT CRUMLIN, CO. ANTRIM, IRELAND
 January 6th, 1818, 4^h 20^m 19^s a.m. L.M.T.
 = 4^h 45^m 11^s a.m. G.M.T.

THE REV. ARTHUR BELL NICHOLLS

THE HOROSCOPE OF THE REV. A. B. NICHOLLS

THOUGH we have now come to an end of our review of the horoscopes of the Brontës, there still remain four nativities that offer points of interest to all who are attracted to the story of the Yorkshire family. These belong to the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, Miss Ellen Nussey and Monsieur and Madame Heger. Mr. Nicholls, as Charlotte Brontë's husband, is the most closely related to the family; but Ellen Nussey and Monsieur and Madame Heger are also so intimately connected with Charlotte that only to mention their names calls up associations with the author of *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley* and *Villette*.

The birth date of Mr. Nicholls has not been easy to ascertain as it is not given in any of the numerous Brontë biographies; indeed, even the year, when stated, is not correct. But with the help of one of his nieces, two reliable sources of information have been discovered, and we now know definitely that he was born on January 6th, 1818.

Both Mr. Nicholls's parents were Scottish, but he was born in Ireland, at Crumlin, Co. Antrim. He had one brother older than himself, and no sisters. He was left an orphan at the age of seven, and taken charge of by his uncle, Dr. Alan Bell, headmaster of the Royal High School, Banagher, who brought him up with his own large family of eight boys and girls. At eighteen and a half he matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, and four years later took his degree and was ordained. In 1844 he accepted the curacy

of Haworth, and for the next seventeen years was closely associated with the home of the Brontës. The story has already been told of his marriage to Mr. Brontë's eldest daughter; of her premature death and of his devotion to her father during the few remaining years of his life. After Mr. Brontë's death, he returned to his Irish home at Banagher, and a few years later he married Miss Mary Bell, one of the cousins with whom he had been brought up. He settled down to a quiet, retired life, occupying himself with farming, and died at the age of 88.

Such is the bare outline of Mr. Nicholls's life—the man who owes his prominence in the literary world to-day to the fact that for nine months he was the husband of an authoress of lasting fame. We look to his horoscope to tell us what kind of a man it was who succeeded in winning a woman so critical and hard to persuade.

PLANETS IN SAGITTARIUS

Mr. Nicholls's horoscope falls naturally into two parts: (1) The four planets in Sagittarius, and (2) Sun and Moon in Capricorn and Saturn square Mars in Gemini. Each part stands for a distinct side of his character, the Jupiterian and the Saturnian. But his was not a complex nature; his map is almost free from cross aspects, which shows an even temperament and a life that, in the main, runs a level course.

To take the planets in Sagittarius first: these are Uranus, Neptune, Jupiter and Venus. We may count them in conjunction, for though Uranus and Venus would be out of orbs were they alone, they find a bond of union by both being in aspect to Neptunes, and Jupiter. Venus is also conjunction Moon, so the ruler of the House of marriage in this nativity is a wonderfully aspected planet. The conjunction with Jupiter in the Leo decanate of the fiery sign Sagit-

tarius, produces a very affectionate nature, one that possesses a warmth of heart much above the average, and the conjunction with Neptune imparts an element of the ideal where love is concerned, so it is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Nicholls worshipped his first wife. Venus conjunction Moon in Capricorn adds the virtue of constancy to complete the list of attributes belonging to his rather remarkable Venus.

With Scorpio on the Ascendant we have another proof that he was capable of deep, intense, emotional feeling. Charlotte says of him: "He is one of those who attach themselves to very few, whose sensations are close and deep, like an underground stream, running strong, but in a narrow channel."

The number of well-aspected planets in the 2nd House benefited Mr. Nicholls financially. He inherited all Charlotte's money, and he was also the sole beneficiary under Mr. Brontë's will.

SATURN, AND PLANETS IN CAPRICORN

The sterner, more rigid side of Mr. Nicholls's character is shown by Sun and Moon in Capricorn and Moon sextile Saturn. We see clearly from these positions that Charlotte was justified in saying that he was narrow-minded and prejudiced in his views. He could have had little toleration for opinions that clashed with his own. Moon in Capricorn sextile to Saturn does not move with the times, but prefers the old grooves. It makes the "Staunch churchman" that he was. Charlotte remarks: "he is a Puseyite and very stiff."

His Sun is also in Capricorn, that business-like, orderly sign that never hesitates when duty calls, and after her marriage Charlotte came to appreciate her husband's steady, reliable qualities. "I am obliged to be more practical, for my dear Arthur is a very practical as well as a very punctual and methodical

man. Every morning he is in the National School by nine o'clock; he gives the children religious instruction till half-past ten. Almost every afternoon he pays visits amongst his poor parishioners." This punctuality and regularity are due to his Sun and Moon in Capricorn and his Moon sextile to Saturn.

Capricorn and Saturn made him intensely reserved, and gave him a horror of publicity, and Uranus conjunction Neptune rising made him nervously sensitive. When, during his later years, there was an access of interest in the Brontës, and his name again came before the public, he used to relapse into a silence which sometimes lasted for days. "When those silences occurred, my aunt at once knew that he had seen some reference to himself in print, and realised what his reserved nature was suffering."¹

MARS IN GEMINI

When we find the ruler of a horoscope posited in the 7th House we know that marriage plays a more than usually important part in the life. This is certainly true in Mr. Nicholls's case. He owed more to his marriage with Charlotte Brontë than he could ever have realized during his lifetime.

Mars in Gemini well represents his wife as an enthusiastic, passionate writer; but Mars square to Saturn in Pisces shows the source of all his sorrow. This aspect bodes ill as regards the health of the marriage partner, and we know that Mr. Nicholls's period of happiness with the woman he loved above all others was tragically short.

Mars and Venus both posited in dual signs indicate a second marriage; and Mars trine Mercury stands for his marriage to one who had been as a sister to

¹ *Charlotte Brontë's Husband*, by H. K. Bell. *The Cornhill Magazine*, January 1927.

him; and his attitude to his second wife was always rather that of an elder brother.

Mars in Gemini square to Saturn in the 3rd House has a decided mental significance. When Charlotte criticized her father's curate rather severely she was referring to the effect of this jarring aspect. Mr. Nicholls could express himself somewhat forcibly when provoked, making himself appear for the moment unnecessarily contentious and ungracious. "If Mr. Nicholls be a good man at bottom," writes Charlotte, "it is a sad thing that nature has not given him the faculty to put goodness into a more attractive form. Into a bargain of all the rest he managed to get up a most pertinacious and needless dispute with the Inspector in listening to which all my old unfavourable impressions revived so strongly, I fear my countenance could not but show them."

But Charlotte was fair to her future husband, and even praised him when she portrayed him as Mr. Macarthey, the Irish curate in *Shirley*.

"Perhaps I ought to remark that, on the premature and sudden vanishing of Mr. Malone from the stage of Briarfield parish . . . there came as his successor another Irish curate, Mr. Macarthey. I am happy to be able to inform you, *with truth*, that this gentleman did as much credit to his country as Malone had done it discredit; he proved himself as decent, decorous and conscientious as Peter was rampant, boisterous and—(this last epithet I choose to suppress, because it would let the cat out of the bag). He laboured faithfully in the parish; the schools both Sunday and day schools, flourished under his sway like green bay-trees. Being human, of course he had his faults; these, however, were proper, steady-going, clerical faults: the circumstance of finding himself invited to tea with a dissenter would unhinge him for a week; the spectacle of a Quaker wearing his hat in the church, the thought of an unbaptized fellow-creature being

interred with Christian rites—these things could make sad havoc in Mr. Macarthey's physical and mental economy: otherwise he was sane and rational, diligent and charitable."

Mr. Nicholls was pleased with this portrait of himself, for in a postscript to a letter to Ellen Nussey Charlotte writes:

"Mr. Nicholls has finished reading *Shirley*. He is delighted with it. John Brown's wife seriously thought he had gone wrong in the head as she heard him giving vent to roars of laughter as he sat alone, clapping his hands and stamping on the floor. He would read all the scenes about the curates aloud to papa, he triumphed in his own character."

William Wood, the carpenter's son at Haworth, graphically describes Mr. Nicholls's worship of fresh air. "I wor, in th' school before and after he married th' owd Parson's daughter. He wor not, so to speak a tall man, but of fair height, mebbe five-foot ten I should say, an stocky-like. Broad shoulders, an' a broad face. Sometimes he wore his beard full, sometimes he'd only whiskers. A master-hand he wor for fresh air. He cut round holes in panels of the door of his room at the sexton's where he lodged. Said he could na get his breath without them. As well as if I'd seen him yesterday, I moind how he'd walk in the back field of the Parsonage every morning after breakfast rushing up an' down, swinging his arms, an', of a frosty day, beating them across his chest; an' when he'd kep this up for half an hour or so an' got himself into a glow, he'd come tearing down the street an' into the schoolroom where there was only a wee bit of a stove to warm us in the dead of winter, and throw open every winder to let in 'real live air' he'd say, pantin' for breath all the time. An'—laughing and shrugging his burly shoulders in the recollection—'we poor wee devils, all blue, and fair *stairroved* w' the cold! He wor niver so friendly in the parish

as Mr. Brontë. It was all work, an' no play, when Mr. Nicholls wor about.'"¹

Here we see the influence of Sagittarius, Scorpio and Capricorn. The tireless energy and love of open air is very Sagittarian, and Scorpio is a hard worker who expects others to work hard too; and Capricorn, also, is not a sign that spares itself, or is over-lenient to the weaknesses of its fellow-creatures.

DIRECTIONS

1852.

January	♃ p * ♃ r
December	M.C. * ♃, Zod. dir.
December	♃ p Δ ♃ r

Transits

December 13th	♃ Δ ♃ r
	♀ Par ☉ p
	♃ ☐ ♂ r
8-9 p.m.	♃ Par ♃ r and ♃ c

It will be interesting to give briefly some of the major directions that were in force during the very few years that Mr. Nicholls's and Charlotte Brontë's lives were united.

He first proposed to her on December 13th, 1852, between 8 and 9 p.m. The Jupiter directions for this year were favourable for love and courtship, but the aspect of Saturn square Sun looming ahead shows the very trying time he was in for—difficulties, obstructions, and reversals had to be faced before he met with success.

The progressed Moon trine Uranus in December no doubt contributed to break down Mr. Nicholls's habitual reserve; and the transit of Uranus trine Moon on 13th, reinforcing the lunar direction, brought matters to a head. Between 8 and 9 p.m. that evening

¹ *Literary Hearthstones*, by Marian Harland.

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the cosmic Moon formed a parallel to his Uranus and Neptune, and we know what a painful ordeal the interview was to this reserved man. Charlotte refused him, and afterwards Mr. Brontë abused him, and for the next few months he went through a distressing time, which ended in his departure from Haworth.

1853.

April	h □ ⊙, Zod. dir.
Spring	♀ c * ⊙ r
September	M.C. □ ♃, Zod. con.
April) c Par h r
May) p Par h p
June) c Par h c
July) p Δ ♃ r
August) p Δ ♃ p
September) p Δ ♃ r
December) p Δ ♀ r

The first half of 1853 was overshadowed by the Moon's parallels to Saturn which, coinciding with Saturn square Sun, plunged Mr. Nicholls into a wretched state of mind and health. He became morose, silent, and miserable, and suffered from a severe attack of rheumatism. It was not till Saturn's cloud had lifted and the Moon formed good aspects to Neptune, Jupiter, and Venus that the kindly ray of Venus sextile Sun made itself felt. Charlotte then began to answer his beseeching letters.

1854.

May	♂ Δ ⊙, Zod. con.
August	Asc. * ♀, Zod. con.
November	Asc. Par ♃ Zod. dir.
November	⊙ ♂ ♂ mund. dir.
February) c Δ ♀ r
March) p * h r
April) c Δ ♃ r
June) c Δ ♃ r
July) c Δ ♃ c

Transits

June 29th	♃ Δ ⊙ r
	♃ * ⊙ r
	⊙ Par ♃ c
	♃ Par ♃ c
a.m.) Par ♃ c
During day) Δ ♃, ♃, ♃, ♃, ♀

The directions for 1854 were, on the whole, very propitious. Mr. Brontë at last gave way, and Charlotte and Mr. Nicholls became formally engaged in the Spring. The marriage took place on June 29th. For some months the converse Moon had been repeating the trine aspects to the planets in Sagittarius, and the honeymoon was spent under the expanding influence of Moon trine Neptune. Happiness restored Mr. Nicholls's health and spirits. "Have I told you how much better Mr. Nicholls is?" writes Charlotte to Ellen Nussey. "He looks quite strong and hale; he gained 12 lbs. during the four weeks we were in Ireland."

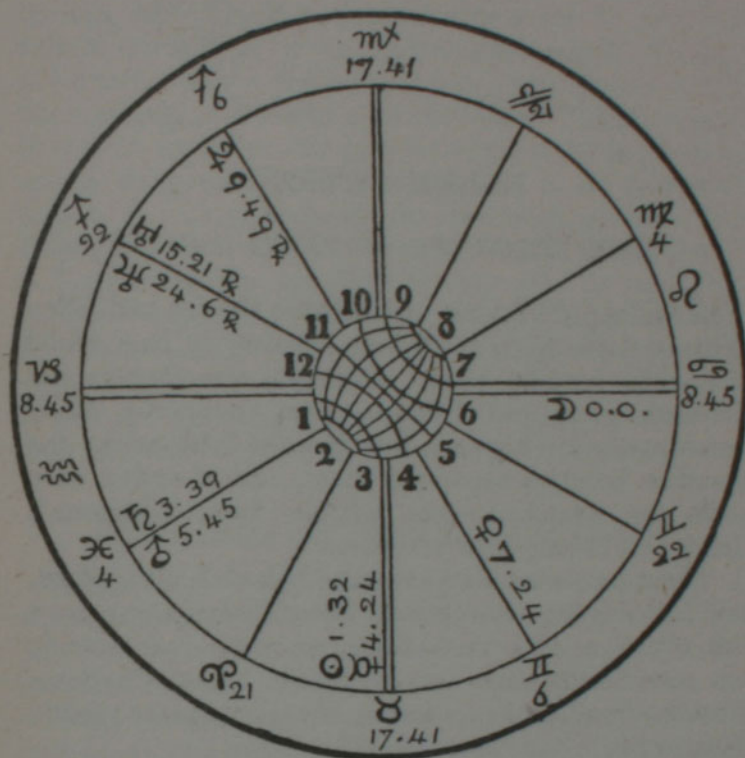
But Mr. Nicholls's happiness was short-lived. His wife's health began to fail before the end of the year, and in March 1855 the union, that had been so hard to consolidate, was cut short by the opposition of the Sun to Mars in his House of marriage.

This was the fulfilment of Saturn square Mars in his radical map.

If we compare the horoscopes of Charlotte Brontë and her husband, we do not find any great sympathy between them. The strongest links come from three trines: her Ascendant trine to his Sun, her Jupiter trine to his Saturn, and her Mercury trine to his Uranus. But there are many inimical aspects. Her Venus squares his Moon, her Mercury squares his Sun, and most conflicting of all—her Uranus is in

opposition to his Mars, and her Mars in opposition to his Neptune, Jupiter and Venus. These oppositions alone would have prevented a long and harmonious wedded life between Charlotte Brontë and Arthur Bell Nicholls.

ELLEN NUSSEY



☉	12 N	1	*	♂P	*		*P	☐	Cardinal	1
☽	26 N	15	*	P	Δ		Δ	♂	Fixed	2
♀	12 N	56			*		*		Mutable	6
♀	26 N	49				☐	♂	☐		
♂	10 S	41					☐	♂P	Fire	3
♃	21 S	3						☐	♂ P	Earth
♅	11 S	30							Air	1
♁	22 S	40						♂P	Water	3
♂	22 S	1								

ELLEN NUSSEY

BORN AT BIRSTALL, YORKSHIRE

April 22nd, 1817, 1^h 1^m 56^s a.m. L.M.T.

= 1^h 8^m 32^s a.m. G.M.T.

ELLEN NUSSEY

THE HOROSCOPE OF ELLEN NUSSEY

THE lifelong friendship of Charlotte Brontë and Ellen Nussey dates from their first meeting at Roe Head School in January 1831. Charlotte was then in her fifteenth year, and Ellen a year younger. Their correspondence began a few months later when the summer holidays separated them, and it ended only with the pencilled note written from Charlotte's death-bed twenty-four years later.

There are no exciting events in Ellen's life to record, nor had she any conspicuous talents. But she gained the affection of a remarkable woman; and outside her own family there was no one to whom Charlotte Brontë turned, in happiness or in sorrow, more readily than to her "*dear, dear Ellen.*"

Ellen Nussey preserved what was virtually the whole of Charlotte's correspondence with herself. Without these five hundred and more letters we should know little indeed of Charlotte's intimate home-life, for to no one else did she write in quite such a free and sisterly manner. We might make an exception of her letters to her other great friend, Mary Taylor, but as Mary Taylor spent many years of her life in New Zealand, their intercourse naturally became less intimate. We must regret, nevertheless, that, in a fit of caution, Mary decided to burn all Charlotte's letters to herself.

Charlotte always adapted her style of writing to suit her correspondent, and as Mary was an intellectual woman we lost something really interesting when the letters were destroyed. Ellen Nussey was not intel-

lectual, and Charlotte's communications to her are full of trivialities, of just those small events of daily life which would be likely to interest her friend. After her marriage, Charlotte wrote to Ellen: "Arthur says that such letters as mine never ought to be kept, they are as dangerous as lucifer matches, so be sure and follow a recommendation he has just given, 'fire them,' or 'there will be no more,' such is his resolve."

Fortunately for us, Miss Nussey paid no attention to this command. With Capricorn rising and her Moon in Cancer she did not lightly part with old possessions, and it is from among the hundreds of letters she preserved that the writer has gathered the data necessary for the rectification of her horoscope.

HER FAMILY AND EARLY SURROUNDINGS

Ellen Nussey had ten brothers and sisters, all of whom she regarded with pride and affection. Her Sun and Mercury were in the 3rd House, and both the planets were well aspected.

Two of her brothers were doctors, prominent members of their profession, being surgeons-in-ordinary to King William IV and to Queen Victoria. Two were clergymen—one, Joshua, was curate of St. John's, Westminster; and the other Henry, who proposed to Charlotte Brontë, was Rector of Earnley, near Chichester, and later of Hathersage in Derbyshire.

Charlotte paid several visits to Hathersage when Ellen was staying there. It is the "Morton" of *Jane Eyre*, where Jane found a refuge with the "St. Johns" after fleeing from "Rochester."

Ellen's early life was passed at The Rydings, Birstall; the house figures as "Thornfield Hall" in *Jane Eyre*, though the interior of "Thornfield" owes something to Norton Conyers, near Ripon. The building is now divided into two houses, but the room Charlotte Brontë occupied when visiting the Nusseys

is still shown, and the old lightning-struck tree, the victim of a storm in *Jane Eyre*, was still standing some years ago, bound together with iron hoops.

The Nussey family moved later to Brookroyd, another house in Birstall, where Ellen lived till long after Charlotte Brontë's death. Birstall is only some seventeen miles from Haworth, and many were the journeys Charlotte made there, in a two-wheeled gig hired in the village. This was her only means of transit until the advent of the railway.

Unlike the Brontë sisters, Ellen had no need to go out into the world to earn her living. She had a well-aspected moon in Cancer in the 6th House, which, being interpreted, means comfortable home conditions in rather obscure surroundings. She passed all her life at home, varied by occasional visits to friends and relations.

This state of existence was in accordance with early Victorian traditions, and from her horoscope we gather that Ellen had no desire that it should be otherwise. The Moon in the 6th House has no ambition, and its good aspects show that Ellen was happy and contented in her lot. The opposition to Neptune brought a good deal of sickness to the family. One brother, George, suffered from mental trouble; and Charlotte Brontë speaks of the Nusseys as being "far from strong, and having no stamina." Of Ellen Nussey herself, she says, "that much anxiety or over-exertion do not suit her." But on the whole Ellen had good health. Thanks to her Moon's favourable aspects she lived in comfort to an advanced age, surviving all her brothers and sisters.

It may be mentioned that she always considered herself to be the original of "Caroline Helstone" in *Shirley*, and from what we know of her character this appears to be at least partly true. But Charlotte, as usual, put too much of herself into her heroine for the portrait to be a perfect likeness.

HER CHARACTER

On most points Ellen Nussey was the very opposite of Charlotte Brontë. Charlotte was nervous and excitable—Ellen was calm and steady; Charlotte had ambition—Ellen had none; Charlotte had genius—Ellen's intellect was of a very average order; Charlotte had dreams and longings—Ellen's thoughts did not soar above the practical needs of everyday life. And yet their friendship was true and lasting. It was founded on real sympathy and understanding. "My friend Ellen is with us," writes Charlotte, "I find her presence a solace. . . . She suits me and has always suited me well. I like her, her phlegm, repose, sense, and sincerity, better than I should like the most talented without these qualifications."

The Moon in Cancer trine Mars in Pisces bestowed on Ellen a warm, motherly sympathy for those she loved; and the trine to Saturn ensured her sympathy taking a practical turn.

Sun and Mercury in Taurus is another indication of a staunch, affectionate nature, with reserves of strength for those in need of it. It is said of Taurus people that they are rocks on which to lean; and it was as a rock that Charlotte valued Ellen.

Ellen was generous; and we more than once find Charlotte scolding her for having smuggled some present into her box when she was leaving Brookroyd to return to Haworth. We come across a number of small articles mentioned as having been presented to Charlotte and her sisters—cushions, apples, cork soles, jam, crochet collars, wrist frills, pen-wipers, tasteful watch-guards, etc. On Mr. Brontë she once bestowed "crimson velvet rubbers," with which "papa was quite charmed . . . it will be really very useful to him." (What "velvet rubbers" may be, by the way, and why they are referred to as "it," it

is not easy to understand!) Moon trine Mars in Pisces in the 2nd House made Ellen impulsively open-handed.

Tact was another quality that made her a general favourite. Her well-aspected Moon and Mercury, especially her Moon to Mercury, gave her an intuitive sense of what was the right thing to do or say. Her Venus in Gemini, parallel Moon, also gave a touch of Libran amiability to her speech.

After her first visit to Haworth, Charlotte writes to her: "Were I to tell you of the impression you have made on everyone here, you would accuse me of flattery. Papa and Aunt are continually adducing you as an example for me to shape my actions and behaviour by. Emily and Anne say they never saw anyone they liked so well as Miss Nussey; and Tabby talks a great deal more nonsense about you than I choose to report." And on one occasion, when a visit from Ellen had to be postponed for domestic reasons, Charlotte writes: "I am not the only one who is disappointed. All in the house were looking to your visit with eagerness. Papa says he highly approves of my friendship with you, and he wishes me to continue it through life." Both friends desired nothing better than to gratify Mr. Brontë on this point.

THE HOUSE OF FRIENDS

We are concerned with only one friendship in Ellen Nussey's life, but it was one that dominated her life. Ellen was no mere hero-worshipper, worshipping her idol from afar, content with a few crumbs of recognition. She received as much as she gave. Jupiter and Uranus are in conjunction in her House of friends. Both the planets are in Sagittarius, Jupiter's own sign, and, moreover, one also congenial to Uranus. These two planets, joined in a fiery sign, gave a capacity for expansion above the average. We see at once that

Ellen enjoyed a friendship that was more fervid, more absorbing than falls to the lot of many.

Her Moon and Mars, in Cancer and Pisces respectively, are in trine to Charlotte's Jupiter in Scorpio. Between them the friends completed the watery, emotional triangle. Ellen's devotion was sympathetic and compassionate—Charlotte's was deep and fervent.

Jupiter conjunction Uranus is the only good aspect connected with Ellen's 11th House; for Jupiter is out of harmony with Mars, and Uranus is afflicting the Sun, and both are in opposition to Venus. These contrary aspects show that Ellen's separation from Charlotte was inevitable, and as Venus has chief sway over her 8th House, it was death that parted them. Incidentally, it was the afflictions to Venus which prevented Ellen marrying.

In a letter to Mr. Williams, her publisher's reader, Charlotte speaks of her attachment to Ellen Nussey: "True friendship is no gourd, springing in a night and withering in a day. When I first saw Ellen I did not care for her; we were schoolfellows. In course of time we learnt each other's faults and good points. We were contrasts—still, we suited. Affection was first a germ, then a sapling, then a strong tree—now, no new friend, however lofty or profound in intellect—not even Miss Martineau herself—could be to me what Ellen is; yet she is no more than a conscientious, observant, calm, well-bred Yorkshire girl. She is without romance. If she attempts to read poetry or poetic prose, aloud, I am irritated and deprive her of the book—if she talks of it, I stop my ears; but she is good; she is true; she is faithful, and I love her."

The watery element in Ellen's horoscope is blended with earth. Her Sun and Mercury are in Taurus. This is a good combination, for water and earth amalgamate well. Taurus was the prop on which Charlotte leant, and Cancer and Pisces supplied the sympathy which held the friends together.

Charlotte speaks many times of the comfort and rest that Ellen's nature was to her. "I am sitting down to write a few hurried lines to my dear Ellen. . . . It is a stormy evening, and the wind is uttering a continual moaning sound that makes me feel very melancholy. At such times, in such moods as these, Ellen, it is my nature to seek repose in some calm, tranquil idea, and I have summoned up your image to give me rest."

At another time she writes: "Ellen, I wish I could live with you always. I begin to cling to you more fondly than ever I did. If we had but a cottage and a competency of our own I do think we might live and love on till *Death* without being dependent on any third person for happiness."

In sorrow or sickness, Charlotte always looked to her for support. After Emily's death, she wrote to her: "Try to come. I never so much needed the consolation of a friend's presence."

And when Anne was ill, she said: "Dear Ellen, your friendship is some comfort to me. I am thankful for it. I see few lights through the darkness of the present time; but amongst them the constancy of a kind heart attached to me is one of the most charming and serene."

It was Ellen Nussey who accompanied Charlotte and Anne to Scarborough, where Anne died; and Charlotte wrote: "The society of a calm, serenely cheerful companion—such as Ellen soothes pain like a soft opiate."

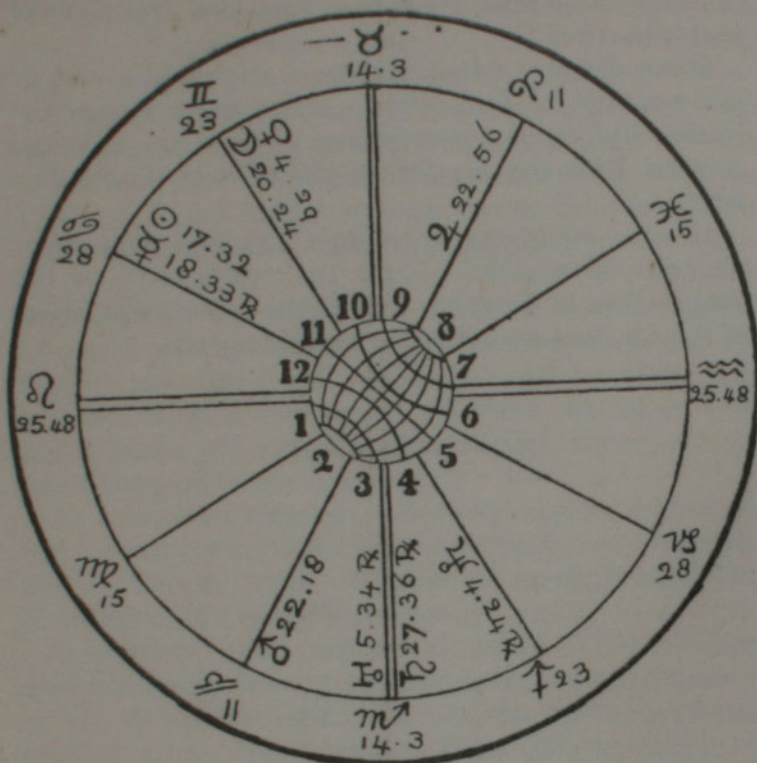
On one occasion when Charlotte was ill, she sent for Ellen; and she tells Miss Wooler that "Ellen has only been my companion one little week. I would not have her longer, for I . . . consider it was a weak yielding to temptation in me to send for her at all; but, in truth, my spirits were getting low—prostrate sometimes, and she has done me inexpressible good." And after Ellen had returned home Charlotte writes

to her: "I do miss my dear companion. No more of that calm sleep."

Ellen Nussey was Charlotte's only bridesmaid at her wedding in June 1854. After the marriage the friends had fewer opportunities of meeting, and nine months later the friendship closed with Charlotte's death.

Ellen's secondary directions for this time were ominous of trouble. Mars had retrograded to the conjunction of Saturn; and Jupiter, from the house of friends, was squaring the malefic aspect.

MONSIEUR HEGER



	Decl.	♃	♀	♂	♄	♅	♆	♇		
♁	22 N 19	♂	♂	♂	♂				☐	Cardinal 4
♂	19 N 11				Δ	*			☐	P Fixed 2
♀	17 N 27		♂	P	☐	☐	P		☐	Mutable 3
♂	17 N 0				☐	♂	♂	P	♂	
♂	9 S 24					♂			♂	Fire 2
♄	7 N 42								☐	Earth 0
♅	17 S 39								♂	Air 3
♆	12 S 58								♄	Water 4
♇	19 S 30									

Asc. * * Δ

M.C.

MONSIEUR CONSTANTIN HEGER

BORN AT BRUSSELS

July 10th, 1809, 17^h 35^m 4^s a.m. L.M.T.

= 7^h 17^m 36^s a.m. G.M.T.

MONSIEUR CONSTANTIN HEGER

THE HOROSCOPE OF MONSIEUR HEGER

THE birth dates of Monsieur and Madame Heger have been obtained from the official Registrar of births and deaths in Brussels. The necessary data for the rectification of the horoscopes, consisting of dates of births, marriages and deaths in the Heger family, has come from the same source. This data has been ample for the purpose, and we may consider that the horoscopes as cast are correct.

“ Monsieur Paul Carl David Emmanuel ” and “ Madame Modeste Maria Beck, *née* Kint ” are household words wherever Charlotte Brontë’s books are read, which is all the world over.

The originals of these two characters of fiction were, as is well known, Monsieur Constantin Georges Romain Heger, Préfet des études de l’Athenée Royal at Brussels, and Madame Claire Zoë Heger, *née* Parent, his wife, Directrice of a Pensionnat de Demoiselles in Rue d’Isabelle, in the same town.

M. Heger gave lessons in French literature to the senior pupils of his wife’s school, and that is how Charlotte Brontë came into touch with him. Apart from this he had no connection with the Pensionnat, which was entirely under his wife’s management.

HIS CHARACTER

We must not take Charlotte Brontë’s description of M. Paul and Mme. Beck in *Villette* to be necessarily exact portraits of M. and Mme. Heger. Ample

allowance must be made for the imaginative art of the writer, and for the demands of plot and story.

But in studying M. Heger's map we must admit that it confirms to a large extent what we know of his character in real life and what is represented to us as M. Paul in *Villette*.

We are often told that M. Heger was domineering, passionate, and fiery, brooking neither contradiction nor restraint. He has the 3rd decanate of the fiery, masterful sign Leo, rising. His ruler, the Sun and his sub-ruler, Mars, are in square aspect, which is indicative of a turbulent nature often at war with itself.

Leo is the sign of the lord and master. Mrs. Frederika Macdonald, who was a pupil at the Pensionnat Heger some twenty years later than Charlotte Brontë, says of M. Heger that he "was a lover of kings, and by constitution he was a king in his own right: a masterful man, not only a law to himself but a lord, by virtue of his sense of superiority, to everyone else" . . . his "rôle in life was not that of a disciple, but of a Master of other people, and a very arbitrary and domineering master too."¹

Charlotte Brontë was also impressed with his forcible qualities. "He is a professor of rhetoric, a man of power as to mind, but very choleric and irritable in temperament; a little black being, with a face that varies in expression. Sometimes he borrows the lineaments of an insane tom-cat, sometimes those of a delirious hyena; occasionally, but very seldom, he discards these perilous attractions and assumes an air not above 100 degrees removed from mild and gentlemanlike."

Leo is imperious, overbearing, impetuous; and Mercury square Mars, with Moon in Gemini sesquiquadrate Uranus, in the 3rd House, produce highly

¹ *The Secret of Charlotte Brontë*, by Frederika Macdonald (née Richardson).

strung nerves and great irritability, that will often find vent in facial expression and freedom of speech. It is not surprising that Charlotte remarks that his milder moods were rare, for there is not much indication of them in M. Heger's horoscope. Moon sextile Jupiter is benevolent and kindly, and Sun conjunction Mercury in Cancer has a tender side; but as the conjunction is adversely aspected, the tenderness will not often have been apparent on the surface.

Lucy Snowe says to M. Paul, "you know, Monsieur, I only see you in class—stern, dogmatic, hasty, imperious. I only hear of you in town as active and wilful, quick to originate, hasty to lead, but slow to persuade, and hard to bend." Saturn in Scorpio, square a Leo Ascendant, is indeed hard to bend, stern and dogmatic; Mercury square Mars is wilful and hasty, and Moon in Gemini is quick to originate.

At another time Lucy speaks of her Master as "a man of moods, so difficult and fitful," and says: "M. Paul half apologised, he half regretted too, the fitfulness of his moods at all times. . . . The restive little man detested spur or curb: against whatever was urgent or obligatory, he was sure to revolt." Cancer and Gemini both produce varying moods, and Mars and Uranus are independent and rebel against restraint.

Lucy mentions "M. Paul's love of display and authority—a love not offensive, only because so naïve." A Leo Ascendant trine Jupiter can at times be pompous, but the childlike simplicity of Moon in Gemini disarms all criticism. She often alludes to the effect of his Sun and Mercury square Mars; "His passions were strong. . . . Suppression was not much in his habits; he lacked the calm of force, but its movement and its fire he signally possessed. . . . When I re-entered the schoolroom, behold M. Paul raging like a pestilence."

But his pupil also took his Moon and Jupiter into

account, and speaks of him as "a religious little man, in his way," of "childlike faith" and "artless piety," and adds "he was a man whom it made happy to see others happy; he liked to have movement, animation, abundance, and enjoyment round him . . . well might we like him, with all his passions and hurricanes, when he could be so benignant and docile at times."

In one sentence she sums up the Ascendant, Jupiter, Mars and Uranus of this horoscope when she says: "Never was a better little man, in some points, than M. Paul: never, in others, a more waspish little despot."

AS A MASTER OF LITERATURE

It was as a literary, intellectual man that M. Heger exercised such a strong influence over Charlotte Brontë. He had a genius for teaching, and his lessons in French literature were meat and drink to a mind craving for nourishment in order to grow and expand.

He had a wonderful power of imparting knowledge, and of kindling mental activity; of stirring the mind to perceive and appreciate beautiful impressions and noble thoughts. His Moon was in Gemini (the sign ruled by Mercury, the teacher's planet) in the 10th House, in trine to Mars in the Gemini decanate of Libra, in the 3rd House. The Moon was also sextile to Jupiter in Aries in the 9th House, and Jupiter was in trine to the Ascendant. What energy, what enthusiasm for his work is depicted here!

"If vivacity of feeling, susceptibility to enthusiasm, ardour in present pursuits . . . and complete ignorance of ennui be characteristics of healthy spiritual youth, then who amongst us all was quite so vigorous, and young in spirit as he? Vigour, animation, and a generous exhilarating delight in human genius and all

its works were the qualities that distinguished him as a teacher, the chief virtues, too, that went out of him as a life-giving influence.

"Looking back to those days," continues Mrs. Macdonald, "the effect produced by M. Heger's entrance into class, to give his literature lesson, is of a sudden gust of fresh air, half-startling, half-delighting one with the expectation of new surprises." (Lucy Snowe likens M. Paul's entrance to a "clap of thunder.") "But the impression that remained after the lesson proves, more than anything else, that M. Heger's method of teaching was the result of a genuine gift for feeling the beauties of literature, and for communicating to his pupils his own sense of enjoyment in great ideas, clothed in beautifully fashioned words."¹

Moon in Gemini cares much about the fashioning of words, and when linked to Jupiter reaches a high standard of achievement. M. Heger fully appreciated the remarkable talents of his Brontë pupils. He recognized that they were women of genius, and worth all the instruction he could give them. He spared himself no pains in order that they might profit to the full from their sojourn in Brussels. He gave them private lessons, and set them especial studies; he opened up to them the treasures of French literature, freely sharing with them the delights of every intellectual feast. The position of his Moon shows a generous teacher.

And he has his reward. The name of Constantin Heger will not be forgotten as long as the name of Charlotte Brontë is remembered.

¹ *Secret of Charlotte Brontë*, by Frederika Macdonald (née Richardson).

MONSIEUR HEGER'S DIRECTIONS

1842.

Ascendant * ♀ Zod. dor.

♀ p □ ♁ r

♃ p in ♀

1843.

♀ c ♁ □ Asc. r

Ascendant □ ♃, Zod. dir.

These are the only two years in M. Heger's life that concern us. In February 1842 Charlotte and Emily Brontë went to the Pensionnat Heger in Brussels, returning home the following November. In January 1843 Charlotte returned there alone, this time staying a year.

The good direction to Mercury in 1842 would indicate M. Heger's intellectual enjoyment in having two exceptionally gifted young women as pupils. But with Mercury square Uranus in operation, we may believe every word that Charlotte says of her Professor's "choleric and irritable temperament." She must have witnessed many forcible examples of it!

The directions of 1843 are altogether adverse, and we may conclude that fortune did not smile on the Professor during this year. But the important point is that these aspects give a definite answer to the question, which sometimes arises, as to whether M. Heger in any way returned the more than friendly devotion Charlotte lavished upon him. We may say explicitly that the stars give no indication that he was personally attracted to her. The evidence is all the other way. With bad directions from Venus and the Moon to a Leo Ascendant, the heart is cold and unmoved. Moreover, M. Heger's progressed Moon was now passing through Virgo, an intellectual, but singularly unemotional sign.

In comparing his horoscope with that of Charlotte

we find several interesting points of mental affinity. The following are the most striking:

M. Heger's Uranus in Scorpio, in the 3rd House, is exactly on Charlotte's Jupiter in Scorpio, in the same House. Both their minds were in touch with this deep, intense, Watery Sign.

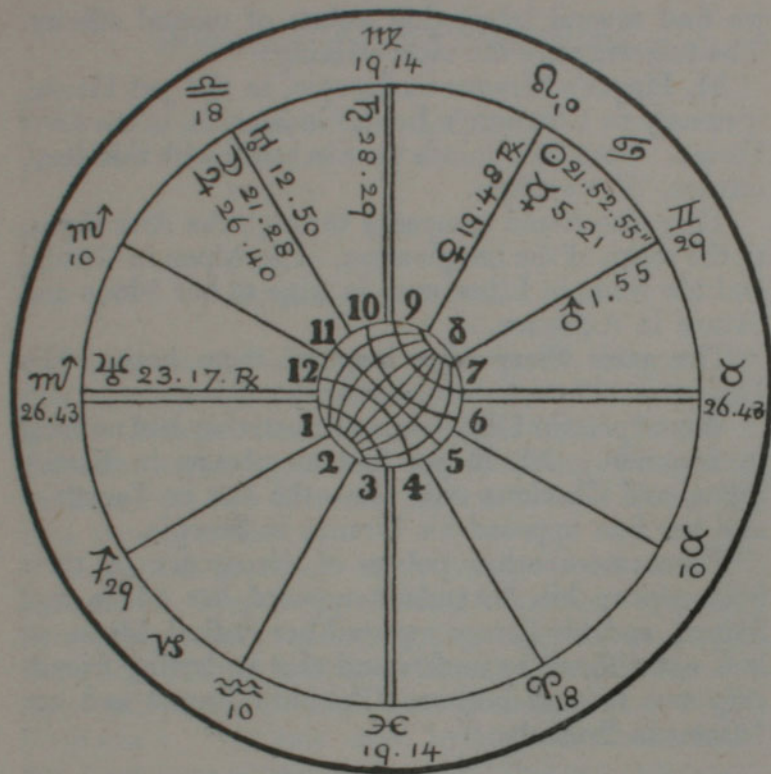
They also found sympathy through the Airy Signs, in the realm of the imagination. His Moon in Gemini and his Mars in Libra were in trine to her Moon and Saturn in Aquarius.

The same Fiery Sign inspired them both. His Jupiter was close to her Mercury in Aries.

Where practical Earth is concerned they had nothing in common. M. Heger had no planets in Earthy Signs, and Charlotte only one—the Sun in Taurus—and her Sun opposed his Uranus in Scorpio.

There were other points of divergence in their horoscopes; his Ascendant opposed her Moon and Saturn, and his Saturn squared her radical Moon, so it is not difficult to understand that no lasting friendship was formed between Charlotte Brontë and her Master in Brussels.

MADAME HEGER



	Decl.	☽	♀	♂	♃	♅	♁	♄		
☉	21 N 41	☐			☐	*		Δ	Cardinal	5
☽	13 S 5		*P	☐	♂			∇	Fixed	2
♀	22 N 49		∟					☐	Mutable	2
♂	12 N 13				*		*	☐		
♃	20 N 8						Δ		Fire	1
♅	9 S 10						∇		Earth	1
♁	2 N 43							*	Air	4
♄	4 S 29								Water	3
♁	17 S 1									
Asc.	19 S 29			☐	♂	∇	*	∟	♂	
M.C.	4 S 16	∇		∇				P	*	

MADAME HEGER

BORN AT BRUSSELS

July 14th, 1804, 3^h 51^m 15^s p.m. L.M.T.

= 3^h 33^m 47^s p.m. G.M.T.

MADAME HEGER

THE HOROSCOPE OF MADAME HEGER

THE horoscope of Madame Heger need not claim our attention for long. Her immediate connection with the Brontës is comparatively slight and unimportant. Charlotte spent two memorable years at her Pensionnat in Brussels, but she did not count the Professor's wife among her friends.

Our interest in Mme. Heger arises almost wholly from the fact that she is supposed to have been the original of Madame Beck in *Villette*. It is Charlotte's pen that has made her unevitably immortal.

Apart from this, there is a debt of gratitude owing to her which we are glad to acknowledge, for it was to her perspicacity and astuteness that we are indebted for the preservation of four of Charlotte Brontë's letters to M. Heger. She retrieved these letters from the waste-paper basket into which her husband had thrown them, repaired the torn ones, and preserved them all. Before her death she entrusted them to her eldest daughter, enjoining on her not to part with them on any account. Madame Heger was the first to realize that the letters had a literary worth, and would eventually, when the time came for them to be given to the world, have a great biographical interest and importance.

After her mother's death "Mlle. Louise Heger felt it to be her duty . . . to produce the Letters. . . . In fear and trembling she handed them to him [her father]. . . . He looked at them, turned them over, glanced at their contents, recognised them with

astonishment, and, with a frown, flung them into the basket along with other papers discarded and destroyed. . . . A little later, when he had left the room, Mlle. Heger rescued them, and for a second time the precious documents were preserved. . . . She wrote to a friend in Paris, Mme. M. of Passy [for advice]. . . . She was charged never to destroy them, because, besides clearing the two principals of all imputations such as were afloat in Paris, they had become a part of literary history, and were rightly the 'heritage of England!'"¹

Mlle. Louise Heger and her brother, Dr. Paul Heger, agreed to this view, and in 1913, nine years after the death of their father, and nearly seventy years after the letters were written, they presented them to the British Museum, where they can now be seen.

Had it not been for Madame Heger's intelligence and practical foresight in saving these documents, one of the most interesting phases in Charlotte Brontë's life would have remained an unsolved problem for ever.

MADAME HEGER AND "MADAME BECK"

A PASSING glance at Mme. Heger's horoscope will suffice to show that she and "Mme. Beck" in *Vilette* are by no means identical characters. With this map before us we feel inclined to think that Charlotte Brontë would be the first to admit that the *Directrice* of the Pensionnat in the Rue d'Isabelle bore but a partial likeness to the Mme. Beck of her novel, Head of the school in the Rue Fossette.

The most striking point of resemblance between the two is the wonderful administrative power possessed by both, and Charlotte does full justice to this talent when she describes Mme. Beck's excellent manage-

¹ *Inner History of Brontë-Heger letters.* M. H. Spielmann.

ment of her establishment. She represents the school as consisting of about twenty boarders, and over one-hundred day-boarders. "Madame must have possessed high administrative powers: she ruled all these together with four teachers, eight masters, six servants, and three children, managing at the same time to perfection the pupils' parents and friends; and without apparent effort, without bustle, fatigue, fever, or any symptom of undue excitement: occupied she always was—busy, rarely. . . . Madame's system was not bad—let me do her justice. . . . I say again, Madame was a very great, a very capable woman. That school offered for her powers too limited a sphere, she ought to have swayed a nation: she should have been the leader of a turbulent legislative assembly."

This high praise, if applied to Mme. Heger, is not overdone. Saturn in her horoscope is powerfully placed, being the most elevated of the planets. It is in the Mid-heaven, in the Capricorn decanate of Virgo, trine to Mars in Gemini, and sextile to the Ascendant and to Neptune in Scorpio. It has altogether five good aspects, and is entirely free from affliction. This is unmistakable testimony of a clever and capable organizer, and of a strength of character quite out of the common.

A few of Mme. Beck's virtues are enumerated in detail, and these also tally with the planetary aspects as seen in Mme. Heger's horoscope.

Mme. Beck was "very prudent . . . she possessed a genuine good sense, which is not given to all women nor to all men . . . she behaved wisely—she behaved well" ($\text{h} * \odot, \sphericalangle \psi$).

She could also be "intrepidly venturesome" ($\text{h} \Delta \text{z}, \text{D} \square \text{z}$). She was possessed of "consummate tact" (D in $\sphericalangle * \psi$ and Q). She was "the soul of discretion" ($\text{h} * \text{Mx Asc}$).

All this confirms our argument that, as regards her talents as a manager, the character of Mme. Beck is

a counterpart of Mme. Heger. But with these qualities the resemblance between the real woman and the woman of fiction practically ceases. The softer, motherly side of Mme. Heger's character is never alluded to in the novel. And yet a conspicuous point in her map is the satellitium of planets in Libra, all in good aspect to Venus in Leo. It would be hard to find a surer indication of a kindly, sympathetic, generous disposition than Moon conjunction Jupiter, sextile Venus, in the signs that stand for love and warmth of heart.

"The qualities I saw in Mme. Heger were serene sweetness, a kindness without preferences . . . un-failing benevolence . . . *tranquilité, douceur, bonté*," writes Mrs. Macdonald again.¹ And her horoscope shows that she fully deserved this praise. Even Charlotte admitted that Mme. Heger had been good in offering her the free use of her sitting-room when she was not engaged in the schoolroom, and had written her a kind and affectionate letter after her return to England.

Yet Charlotte did not like her. Writing home she said, "Mme. Heger is a politic, plausible, interested person. I no longer trust to her." And it was on these lines that she conceived the character of Mme. Beck, who is represented as a cold, calculating, self-interested woman: "she had no heart," she was "passionless," "devoid of sympathy," "no private sorrow touched her."

This is all so much opposed to Mme. Heger's real disposition that we must conclude that Charlotte Brontë was here largely drawing on her imagination, as she was quite entitled to do in a work of fiction. She was also drawing on her imagination when she described Mme. Beck as an accomplished spy, a "secret and crafty woman" who descended to the meanest of tricks in order to satisfy her curiosity, and

¹ *Secret of Charlotte Brontë*, by Frederika Macdonald.

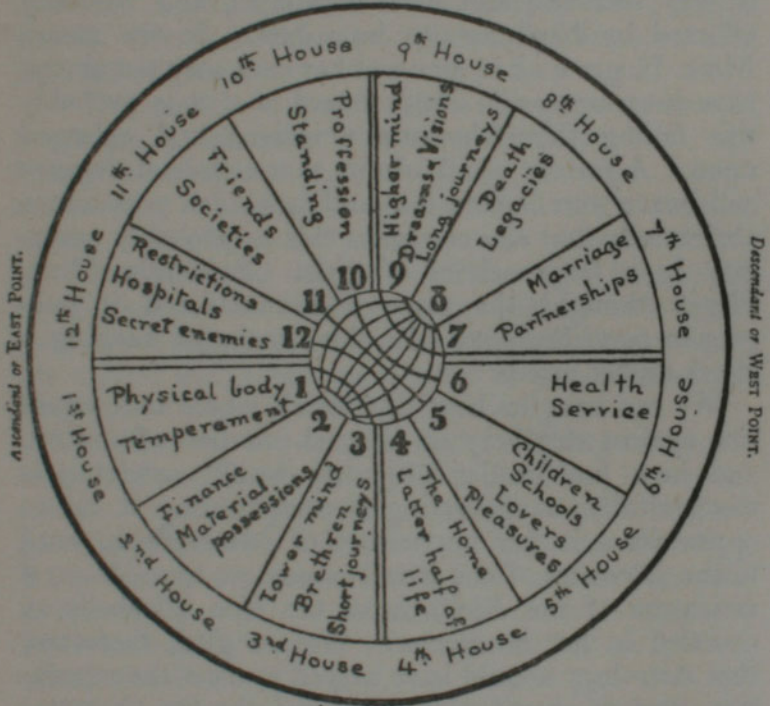
from whose prying eye no letter, no desk, drawer, or locked box was safe.

There is just a shade of resemblance here to Mme. Heger's character as read in the light of her stars. Mme. Heger had Neptune in the 12th House, close to the Ascendant, in Scorpio; and the planet is in adverse aspect to Mercury. There is something of the detective in this planetary combination. Scorpio is very secretive and loves mysteries, and Mercury afflicted by Neptune can be subtle. So the means Mme. Heger took to arrive at her ends may not always have been open and above board, and it is probably this failing that Charlotte perceived and enlarged upon. A former pupil admits that at school drawers and boxes were looked into and forbidden possessions abstracted; but she condones this as probably necessary in a large school of girls. Evidently Mme. Heger thought the same and considered it only proper *surveillance* to take this means of keeping a check on her pupils.

We can imagine how Charlotte's whole soul would rise against this very un-English method of control, and how her insular prejudice would condemn it unmercifully, exaggerating it and holding it up to opprobrium in her portraiture of Mme. Beck, until in the *Directrice* of the Rue Fossette we have almost a caricature of the *Directrice* of the Rue d'Isabelle as revealed in her horoscope. We are glad, therefore, that Astrology should have helped to clear the reputation, and to shew up in its true light the character of an extremely able, extremely kind, good woman. For such in fact was Madame Clair Zoë Heger, *née* Parent.

THE HOROSCOPE.

Zenith or SOUTH POINT.



Nadir or NORTH POINT.

GLOSSARY

FOR the benefit of readers who are not versed in astrological lore a short glossary is appended giving briefly the signification of the twelve Houses of the Horoscope, the Signs of the Zodiac, and of the Planets. It is thought that this may be some little help to the understanding of the Nativities here described.

But at the same time it should be pointed out that the interpretation of a Planet's influence must be taken in a general sense only. Though intrinsically correct it is capable of endless modification, according to the Planet's aspects, and to its House and Sign position in the map. For instance, the Moon in Libra in the 7th House, within 120 degrees (good aspect) of the Sun, will affect the life in a totally different manner to the Moon in Virgo in the 6th House, within 90 degrees (bad aspect) of the Sun. Then a Planet may form both good and bad aspects simultaneously: Venus may be in good aspect to Jupiter and in bad aspect to Saturn, a complication that will require some unravelling. And so it may go on almost indefinitely. It is, therefore, impossible to give in a short space more than a superficial idea of the intricate workings of a horoscope.

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC AND THEIR ASTROLOGICAL MEANING

- ♈ **ARIES.**—The Ram, Cardinal Water Sign, ruled by Mars. It is active, enthusiastic, the pioneer, and a lover of enterprise.
- ♉ **TAURUS.**—The Bull, Fixed Earth Sign, ruled by Venus. It is musical and affectionate, steady, slow, reserved, obstinate, contented, patient, sometimes lazy.
- ♊ **GEMINI.**—The Twins, Mutable Air Sign, ruled by Mercury. It is intellectual, and gives a clear, logical mind, breadth without depth, is wavering and inconstant, loves change and variety, is restless, nervous, impatient, irritable, a good talker, has no reserve.
- ♋ **CANCER.**—The Crab, Cardinal Water Sign, ruled by the Moon. It is extremely sensitive, emotional, timid, sympathetic, tenacious, motherly, a lover of home.
- ♌ **LEO.**—The Lion, Fixed Fire Sign, ruled by the Sun. It is the born ruler, self-opinionated, inflexible, ambitious, generous, magnanimous, honourable, possesses more heart than head.
- ♍ **VIRGO.**—The Virgin, Mutable Earth Sign, ruled by Mercury. It is intellectual, critical, practical, touchy, methodical, studies health, shy and retiring, better servant than master.

- ♎ LIBRA.—The Balance, Cardinal Air Sign, ruled by Venus. It loves harmony and beauty, seeks companionship, is good-tempered, easy-going, artistic and aspiring.
- ♏ SCORPIO.—The Scorpion, Fixed Water Sign, ruled by Mars. It is intense, profound, emotional, devoted, jealous, subtle, resentful, vindictive, powerful whether for good or ill.
- ♐ SAGGITARIUS.—The Archer, Mutable Fire Sign, ruled by Jupiter. It is energetic, high-spirited, open-handed, outspoken, philosophic, judicial, religious, a lover of freedom and sport.
- ♑ CAPRICORN.—The Goat, Cardinal Earth Sign, ruled by Saturn. It is prudent, cautious, ambitious, conservative, just, persevering, a practical organiser and manager.
- ♒ AQUARIUS.—The Water Bearer, Mutable Air Sign, ruled by Saturn. It is idealistic, unconventional, kind, refined, artistic, a truth seeker and a lover of humanity.
- ♓ PISCES.—The Fishes, Mutable Water Sign, ruled by Jupiter. It is compassionate, loving, fond of animals, gentle, dreamy, sensitive, diffident.

SUN, MOON AND PLANETS

	<i>Well placed</i>	<i>Badly placed</i>
The Sun	Life-giving Dignified Honourable A leader	Pompous Boastful Domineering
The Moon	Sympathetic Fortunate Maternal	Inconstant Unfortunate Moody
Mercury	Intelligent Intuitive Eloquent	Untrustworthy Erratic Irritable
Venus	Happy Peaceful Affectionate	Self-indulgent Careless Indolent
Mars	Courageous Energetic Enterprising	Turbulent Violent Rash
Jupiter	Generous Religious Courteous Hospitable	Extravagant Ostentatious Obsequious Profligate
Saturn	Prudent Faithful Just	Stingy Hard Narrow

GLOSSARY

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Uranus	Forceful Original Inventive	Eccentric Perverse Wilful
Neptune	Inspirational Mystical Poetic	Deceitful Deluded Vague

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