

Chapter 1 : Honoré de Balzac Quotes V

Honoré de Balzac was born into a family which through its industry and efforts aspired to achieve respectability. His father, born Bernard-François Balssa, [5] was one of eleven children from an artisan family in Tarn, a region in the south of France.

Due to his keen observation of details and an altered representation of society, Honore de Balzac is regarded as one of the main founders of realism in literature. Balzac is renowned for his unique and complex characters. In fact, his supporting characters are also exceedingly unique and complex, fully human and morally ambiguous. Furthermore, his inanimate objects are also filled with character, especially the city of Paris that the author gives human like qualities. A majority of his works have been adapted into a screenplay. A year after he was under the care of a wet-nurse, Balzac joined his sister with whom they spent more than four years away from home. During this period, wet-nurses were exceedingly popular, though many authors encouraged mothers to take care of their children. Upon returning home with his sister, Balzac did not spend enough time, with his parents, and thus, he was greatly affected. When he was ten years old, Honore de Balzac was sent to Oratorian Grammar school. He attended the school for seven years. This, in turn, made the boy an easy target for bullying and ridicule. Once he finished school, Honore de Balzac worked as a clerk. However, it did not take long before Balzac was disappointed with banal routine and inhumane nature of the job. During his career as an author, Honore de Balzac tried to be a printer, publisher, politician, and critic. However, Honore de Balzac failed completely in all these lines of work. In one of his works, Honore de Belzac reflects on his real-life challenges and has even included scenes from his life. Pere Giriot Of late the word drama has constantly been discredited; not only has the word been twisted but it has also been overworked. However, Honore de Balzac has done some great justice to the word drama, by authoring this outstanding novel, Pere Giriot. The storyline in this book is focused on two main characters, Eugene Rastignac a young student and Father Goriot. Goriot and Rastignac live together in one of the boarding houses in Paris, though separated by an exceedingly thin wall. Goriot is a father to lovely daughters, both of whom are married while Rastignac is still dependent on his parents. This book has everything from intrigue and murder through Vautrin, one of the characters in the book. Pere Giriot also has humor with the author using humorous conversations and banter. Just like King Lear, Father Goriot loved his two daughters; however, he was still not successful in controlling them. In the end, they managed to drain him all of his wealth while constantly refusing to visit him even when he was on his deathbed. The author has done an excellent job of portraying how tailoring was considered to be a highly successful career; thus it made most men exceedingly successful. The women who loved the high life were constantly fighting economic desperation, fighting unfaithful and stingy husbands and pawning jewelry. Eugene Ratignac is somehow fascinated and repulsed by the high society just like the way Balzac is. Honore de Balzac manages to pour himself enthusiastically into the story. Furthermore, the author has also managed to paint thousands of portraits in his literary works. With that said, the author has managed to capture an exceedingly important topic, the want for money, which was and still is an important theme. This installment was first serialized and published, by La Presse, a French newspaper in the year, Letters of the Two Brides is a story about two French women, Louise and Renee who eventually become close friends while working at the Carmelite convent. Once they leave Covent, they take different paths. Louise follows a life that is full of romance whereas Renee takes a logical approach. However, through their correspondence their relationship is preserved; hence it continues throughout the years. Louise is expected to take the veil. However, she refuses to sacrifice herself. By good luck, her dying mother intervenes and donates her fortune. By doing this, she rescues Louise from an enclosed life and leaves her financially independent. Expelled from Spain, Felipe lives in Paris and survives by teaching the residents Spanish. When Felipe regains his noble standing and fortune, he successfully woos Louise. It does not take long before the two, get married and lead a carefree life. Once she left the convent, Renee moved to Provence where she married an older man for his wealth and not out of love. Renee gives birth to three children and over the years that followed, she devoted her soul and body to her family. The man eventually becomes a peer of France. With that said, the letter of the two brides is an

exceptionally written drama. It is a story about friendship, marriage, and love. Jack Reacher is back! Family secrets come back to haunt Reacher when he decides to visit the town his father was born in. Because when he visits there he finds out no-one with the last name of Reacher has ever lived there. It leaves him wondering - did his father ever live there? Recommendations Every 2 weeks we send out an e-mail with Book Recommendations. Insert your e-mail below to start getting these recommendations. If you see one missing just send me an e-mail below. Featured Author Our author of the month is Canadian author Opal Carew who writes erotic romance novels. Opal has written over novels with multiple book series such as the Dirty Talk series and the Abducted series.

Chapter 2 : La Comédie Humaine of Honoré De Balzac

The Letters Of Honoré De Balzac has 1 rating and 1 review. The letters make a jump from to , during which interval he had established, with bor.

Madame, "I entreat you to completely separate the author from the man, and to believe in the sincerity of the sentiments which I have vaguely expressed in the correspondence you have obliged me to hold with you. In spite of the perpetual caution which some friends give me against certain letters like those which I have had the honour to receive from you, I have been keenly touched by a tone that levity cannot counterfeit. If you will deign to excuse the folly of a young heart and a wholly virgin imagination, I will own that you have been to me the object of the sweetest dreams; in spite of my hard work I have found myself more than once galloping through space to hover above the unknown country where you, also unknown, live alone of your race. I have taken pleasure in comprehending you among the remains almost always unfortunate of a dispersed people, a people scattered thinly over the earth, exiled perhaps from heaven, but of whom each being has language and sentiments to him peculiar and unlike those of other men, "delicacy, choiceness of soul, chasteness of feeling, tenderness of heart, purer, sweeter, gentler than in the best of other created beings. There is something saintly in even their enthusiasms, and calm in their ardour. These poor exiles have all, in their voices, their words, their ideas, something, I know not what, which distinguishes them from others, which serves to bind them to one another in spite of distance, lands, and language; a word, a phrase, the very sentiment exhaled in a look are like a rallying call which they obey; and, compatriots of a hidden land whose charms are reproduced in their memories, they recognize and love one another in the name of that country toward which they stretch their arms. Poesy, music, and religion are their three divinities, their favourite loves; and all these passions awake in their hearts sensations that are equally powerful. I have clothed you with all these ideas. I have held out to you my hand, fraternally, from afar, without conceit, without affectation, but with a confidence that is almost domestic, with sincerity; and could you have seen my glance you would have recognized within it both the gratitude of a lover and the religions of the heart, "the pure tenderness that binds the son to a mother, the brother to a sister, the respect of a young man for woman, and the delightful hopes of a long and fervent friendship. It is only frigid souls who cannot conceive all there is of vast in the emotions to which the unknown gives full scope. The less we are restrained by reality, the higher is the flight of the soul. I have therefore let myself gently float upon my reveries, and they are ravishing. So, if a star darts from your candle, if your ear should catch a distant murmur, if you see figures in the fire, if something sparkles or speaks beside you, near you, believe that my spirit is wandering among your panels. Amid the battle I am fighting, amid my heavy toil, my endless studies, in this agitated Paris, where politics and literature absorb some sixteen or eighteen hours of the twenty-four, to me, an unfortunate man, widely different from the author that people imagine, come charming hours which I owe to you. But a person who is a mother for me, and whose caprices and even jealousy I am bound to respect, exacted that this silent testimony of secret sentiments should be suppressed. I have the sincerity to avow to you both the dedication and its destruction, because I believe you have a soul sufficiently lofty not to desire a homage which would cause grief to a person as noble and grand as she whose child I am, for she preserved me in the midst of griefs and shipwreck where in my youth I nearly perished. I live by the heart only, and she made me live! I have saved the only copy of that dedication for which I was blamed as if it were a horrible coquetry; keep it, madame, as a souvenir and by way of thanks. When you read the book say to yourself that in concluding it and revising it I thought of you and of the compositions which you have preferred to all the others. Perhaps what I am doing is wrong; but the purity of my intentions must absolve me. Excerpt from first letter.

Chapter 3 : Letters of Two Brides, by Honoré de Balzac « La Comédie Humaine by Balzac

The web's largest collection of historic love letters. Romantic letters written by Shakespeare, Keats, Victor Hugo, Napoleon and dozens of other famous men and women.

My beloved angel, I am nearly mad about you, as much as one can be mad: I cannot bring together two ideas that you do not interpose yourself between them. I can no longer think of anything but you. In spite of myself, my imagination carries me to you. I grasp you, I kiss you, I caress you, a thousand of the most amorous caresses take possession of me. As for my heart, there you will always be "very much so. I have a delicious sense of you there. But my God, what is to become of me, if you have deprived me of my reason? This is a monomania which, this morning, terrifies me. There is a frightful conflict. This is not life. I have never before been like that. You have devoured everything. I feel foolish and happy as soon as I think of you. I whirl round in a delicious dream in which in one instant I live a thousand years. What a horrible situation! O, my darling Eva, you did not know it. I picked up your card. It is there before me, and I talk to you as if you were there. I see you, as I did yesterday, beautiful, astonishingly beautiful. The angels are not as happy in Paradise as I was yesterday!

Chapter 4 : Ewelina Hańska - Wikipedia

LibriVox recording of Letters of Two Brides, by Honore de Balzac. Letters of Two Brides is an epistolary novel. The two brides are Louise de Chaulieu (Madame Gaston) and Renée de Maucombe (Madame l'Estorade).

Sunday 19th My beloved angel, I am nearly mad about you, as much as one can be mad: I cannot bring together two ideas that you do not interpose yourself between them. I can no longer think of anything but you. In spite of myself, my imagination carries me to you. I grasp you, I kiss you, I caress you, a thousand of the most amorous caresses take possession of me. As for my heart, there you will always be – very much so. I have a delicious sense of you there. But my God, what is to become of me, if you have deprived me of my reason? This is a monomania which, this morning, terrifies me. There is a frightful conflict. This is not life. I have never before been like that. You have devoured everything. I feel foolish and happy as soon as I think of you. I whirl round in a delicious dream in which in one instant I live a thousand years. What a horrible situation! O, my darling Eva, you did not know it. I picked up your card. It is there before me, and I talk to you as if you were there. I see you, as I did yesterday, beautiful, astonishingly beautiful. The angels are not as happy in Paradise as I was yesterday! Related Posts From This Website:

Chapter 5 : The Love Letters Project #1: Honore de Balzac

To ask other readers questions about Letters of Two Brides, please sign up. Be the first to ask a question about Letters of Two Brides The Memoirs of Two Young Wives by Honoré de Balzac, (Jordan Stump translator) is a NYRB Classics publication. This book was originally published under the.

She was not in love with her husband". When the Balzac children returned home, they were kept at a frosty distance from their parents, which affected the author-to-be significantly. His father, seeking to instill the same hardscrabble work ethic which had gained him the esteem of society, intentionally gave little spending money to the boy. This made him the object of ridicule among his much wealthier schoolmates. As a result, he was frequently sent to the "alcove", a punishment cell reserved for disobedient students. I should think I do! I had the honour of escorting him to the dungeon more than a hundred times! He had told me that he found indescribable delight in reading dictionaries for lack of other books. Meanwhile, his father had been writing a treatise on "the means of preventing thefts and murders, and of restoring the men who commit them to a useful role in society", in which he heaped disdain on prison as a form of crime prevention. This was an unhappy time in his life, during which he attempted suicide on a bridge over the Loire River. During this time Balzac began to understand the vagaries of human nature. In his novel *Le Notaire*, he wrote that a young person in the legal profession sees "the oily wheels of every fortune, the hideous wrangling of heirs over corpses not yet cold, the human heart grappling with the Penal Code. He despaired of being "a clerk, a machine, a riding-school hack, eating and drinking and sleeping at fixed hours. I should be like everyone else. I am hungry and nothing is offered to appease my appetite". Realizing he would have trouble finding a composer, however, he turned to other pursuits. In Balzac completed the five-act verse tragedy *Cromwell*. Although it pales by comparison with his later works, some critics consider it a good-quality text. In Balzac met the enterprising Auguste Le Poitevin, who convinced the author to write short stories, which Le Poitevin would then sell to publishers. Balzac quickly turned to longer works, and by he had written nine novels, all published under pseudonyms and often produced in collaboration with other writers. The latter, regarding the Jesuits, illustrated his lifelong admiration for the Catholic Church. This business failed miserably, with many of the books "sold as waste paper". His inexperience and lack of capital caused his ruin in these trades. He gave the businesses to a friend who made them successful but carried the debts for many years. It resurfaced painfully later when—as a renowned and busy author—he traveled to Sardinia in the hopes of reprocessing the slag from the Roman mines there. The *Maison de Balzac* is one of three Parisian literary museums. There he drew inspiration for *Les Chouans*, a tale of love gone wrong amid the Chouan royalist forces. This was the first book Balzac released under his own name, and it gave him what one critic called "passage into the Promised Land". He followed his father in the surname Balzac but added the aristocratic-sounding nobiliary particle to help him fit into respected society, a choice based on skill rather than by right. He felt that the new July Monarchy which claimed widespread popular support was disorganized and unprincipled, in need of a mediator to keep the political peace between the King and insurgent forces. He called for "a young and vigorous man who belongs neither to the Directoire nor to the Empire, but who is incarnate. But after a near-fatal accident in he slipped and cracked his head on the street, Balzac decided not to stand for election. He obtains these things, but loses the ability to manage them. In the end, his health fails and he is consumed by his own confusion. Balzac meant the story to bear witness to the treacherous turns of life, its "serpentine motion". The writing is simple, yet the individuals especially the bourgeois title character are dynamic and complex. He tried to enforce strict impartiality in its pages and a reasoned assessment of various ideologies. It produced three issues. The book undergoes a massive temporal rift; the first part of four covers a span of six years, while the final two sections focus on just three days. The conniving and wrangling over wills and inheritances reflect the expertise gained by the author as a young law clerk. Their length was not predetermined. He wrote from 1 am to 8 am every night and sometimes even longer. Balzac could write very rapidly; some of his novels, written with a quill, were composed at a pace equal to thirty words per minute on a modern typewriter. He then rose and wrote for many hours, fueled by innumerable cups of black coffee. He

often worked for fifteen hours or more at a stretch; he claimed to have once worked for 48 hours with only three hours of rest in the middle. He sometimes repeated this process during the publication of a book, causing significant expense both for himself and the publisher. Nevertheless, he did not spend as much time in salons and clubs of Paris like many of his characters. Her marriage to a considerably older man Charles du Fresnay, Mayor of Sartrouville had been a failure from the outset. This revelation from French journalist Roger Pierrot in confirmed what was already suspected by several historians: His response was to place a classified advertisement in the Gazette de France, hoping that his anonymous critic would see it. Thus began a fifteen-year correspondence between Balzac and "the object of [his] sweetest dreams": In Balzac Countess Ewelina found a kindred spirit for her emotional and social desires, with the added benefit of feeling a connection to the glamorous capital of France. Petersburg in and won her heart. His health deteriorated on the way, and Ewelina wrote to her daughter about Balzac being "in a state of extreme weakness" and "sweating profusely". At his memorial service , Victor Hugo pronounced "Today we have people in black because of the death of the man of talent; a nation in mourning for a man of genius". Rodin featured Balzac in several of his smaller sculptures as well. It haunts me in my moments of pleasure. I remember it when I laugh". Struggling against the currents of human nature and society, they may lose more often than they winâ€”but only rarely do they give up. Intricate details about locations sometimes stretch for fifteen or twenty pages. But the cynicism declined as his oeuvre developed, and the characters of Illusions Perdues reveal sympathy for those who are pushed to one side by society. As part of the 19th-century evolution of the novel as a "democratic literary form", Balzac wrote that "les livres sont faits pour tout le monde" "books are written for everybody". Engels declared that Balzac was his favorite writer. Helm calls one "the French Dickens" and the other "the English Balzac", [] while another critic, Richard Lehan, states that "Balzac was the bridge between the comic realism of Dickens and the naturalism of Zola ". Praising his portrayal of society while attacking his prose style, Flaubert once wrote: In James wrote with sadness about the lack of contemporary attention paid to Balzac, and lavished praise on him in four essays in , , , and In James wrote: Many of his works have been made into popular films and television serials, including: Truffaut believed Balzac and Proust to be the greatest French writers. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed.

Chapter 6 : Honor   de Balzac - Wikipedia

*The Letters of Honore de Balzac [Henry James] on theinnatdunvilla.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This scarce antiquarian book is a facsimile reprint of the original. Due to its age, it may contain imperfections such as marks.*

Sweetheart, I too am free! And I am the first too, unless you have written to Blois, at our sweet tryst of letter-writing. Raise those great black eyes of yours, fixed on my opening sentence, and keep this excitement for the letter which shall tell you of my first love. By the way, why always "first? The sombre melancholy which seized me after you left hastened the happy climax, my aunt did not want to see me die of a decline, and my mother, whose one unfailing cure for my malady was a novitiate, gave way before her. So I am in Paris, thanks to you, my love! Dear Renee, could you have seen me the day I found myself parted from you, well might you have gloried in the deep impression you had made on so youthful a bosom. We had lived so constantly together, sharing our dreams and letting our fancy roam together, that I verily believe our souls had become welded together, like those two Hungarian girls, whose death we heard about from M. Never surely was man better cut out by nature for the post of convent physician! Tell me, did you not droop and sicken with your darling? In my gloomy depression, I could do nothing but count over the ties which bind us. But it seemed as though distance had loosened them; I wearied of life, like a turtle-dove widowed of her mate. Death smiled sweetly on me, and I was proceeding quietly to die. To be at Blois, at the Carmelites, consumed by dread of having to take my vows there, a Mlle. How could I not be sickâ€”sick unto death? How different it used to be! Imagination had thrown open her fairy realms, and in these our spirits ranged at will, each in turn serving as magic steed to the other, the more alert quickening the drowsy; the world from which our bodies were shut out became the playground of our fancy, which reveled there in frolicsome adventure. The very Lives of the Saints helped us to understand what was so carefully left unsaid! But the day when I was reft of your sweet company, I became a true Carmelite, such as they appeared to us, a modern Danaid, who, instead of trying to fill a bottomless barrel, draws every day, from Heaven knows what deep, an empty pitcher, thinking to find it full. My aunt knew nothing of this inner life. How could she, who has made a paradise for herself within the two acres of her convent, understand my revolt against life? A religious life, if embraced by girls of our age, demands either an extreme simplicity of soul, such as we, sweetheart, do not possess, or else an ardor for self-sacrifice like that which makes my aunt so noble a character. But she sacrificed herself for a brother to whom she was devoted; to do the same for an unknown person or an idea is surely more than can be asked of mortals. For the last fortnight I have been gulping down so many reckless words, burying so many reflections in my bosom, and accumulating such a store of things to tell, fit for your ear alone, that I should certainly have been suffocated but for the resource of letter-writing as a sorry substitute for our beloved talks. I am beginning my journal this morning, and I picture to myself that yours is already started, and that, in a few days, I shall be at home in your beautiful Gemenos valley, which I know only through your descriptions, just as you will live that Paris life, revealed to you hitherto only in our dreams. When my aunt summoned me to her room and told me the news, I could not speak for joy, and only gazed at her stupidly. God has placed on your forehead the sign of the elect. You have the pride which leads to heaven or to hell, but your nature is too noble to choose the downward path. I know you better than you know yourself; with you, passion, I can see, will be very different from what it is with most women. The kiss made my flesh creep, for it burned with that consuming fire which eats away her life, which has turned to black the azure of her eyes, and softened the lines about them, has furrowed the warm ivory of her temples, and cast a sallow tinge over the beautiful face. Before replying, I kissed her hands. You will not see me here again till my royal lover has deserted me, and I warn you that if I catch him, death alone shall tear him from me. I fear no Montespan. There is certainly more of the bold Montespan in you than of the gentle la Valliere. The poor lady could not refrain from escorting me to the carriage. There her tender gaze was divided between me and the armorial bearings. At Beaugency night overtook me, still sunk in a stupor of the mind produced by these strange parting words. What can be awaiting me in this world for which I have so hungered? To begin with, I found no one to receive me; my heart had been schooled in vain. My mother was at the Bois de Boulogne, my father at the Council; my brother, the Duc

de Rhetore, never comes in, I am told, till it is time to dress for dinner. Miss Griffith she is not unlike a griffin and Philippe took me to my rooms. The suite is the one which belonged to my beloved grandmother, the Princess de Vauremont, to whom I owe some sort of a fortune which no one has ever told me about. As you read this, you will understand the sadness which came over me as I entered a place sacred to so many memories, and found the rooms just as she had left them! I was to sleep in the bed where she died. Sitting down on the edge of the sofa, I burst into tears, forgetting I was not alone, and remembering only how often I had stood there by her knees, the better to hear her words. There I had gazed upon her face, buried in its brown laces, and worn as much by age as by the pangs of approaching death. The room seemed to me still warm with the heat which she kept up there. For to me it was as though the Princess, who died in , had passed away but yesterday. I saw many things in the room which ought to have been removed. Their presence showed the carelessness with which people, busy with the affairs of state, may treat their own, and also the little thought which had been given since her death to this grand old lady, who will always remain one of the striking figures of the eighteenth century. Philippe seemed to divine something of the cause of my tears. He told me that the furniture of the Princess had been left to me in her will and that my father had allowed all the larger suites to remain dismantled, as the Revolution had left them. On hearing this I rose, and Philippe opened the door of the small drawing-room which leads into the reception-rooms. In these I found all the well-remembered wreckage; the panels above the doors, which had contained valuable pictures, bare of all but empty frames; broken marbles, mirrors carried off. My suite, consisting of a drawing-room, bedroom, and the pretty morning-room in scarlet and gold, of which I have told you, lies in the wing on the side of the Invalides. The house is only separated from the boulevard by a wall, covered with creepers, and by a splendid avenue of trees, which mingle their foliage with that of the young elms on the sidewalk of the boulevard. But for the blue-and-gold dome of the Invalides and its gray stone mass, you might be in a wood. The style of decoration in these rooms, together with their situation, indicates that they were the old show suite of the duchesses, while the dukes must have had theirs in the wing opposite. The two suites are decorously separated by the two main blocks, as well as by the central one, which contained those vast, gloomy, resounding halls shown me by Philippe, all despoiled of their splendor, as in the days of my childhood. Philippe grew quite confidential when he saw the surprise depicted on my countenance. For you must know that in this home of diplomacy the very servants have a reserved and mysterious air. This piece of news flung me back despairing on my drawing-room sofa. Could it be that my father, instead of spending this money in arranging a marriage for me, would have left me to die in the convent? This was the first thought to greet me on the threshold of my home. Renee, what would I have given then to rest my head upon your shoulder, or to transport myself to the days when my grandmother made the life of these rooms? You two in all the world have been alone in loving meâ€”you away at Maucombe, and she who survives only in my heart, the dear old lady, whose still youthful eyes used to open from sleep at my call. How well we understood each other! These memories suddenly changed my mood. What at first had seemed profanation, now breathed of holy association. It was sweet to inhale the faint odor of the powder she loved still lingering in the room; sweet to sleep beneath the shelter of those yellow damask curtains with their white pattern, which must have retained something of the spirit emanating from her eyes and breath. I told Philippe to rub up the old furniture and make the rooms look as if they were lived in; I explained to him myself how I wanted everything arranged, and where to put each piece of furniture. In this way I entered into possession, and showed how an air of youth might be given to the dear old things. The bedroom is white in color, a little dulled with time, just as the gilding of the fanciful arabesques shows here and there a patch of red; but this effect harmonizes well with the faded colors of the Savonnerie tapestry, which was presented to my grandmother by Louis XV. The timepiece was a gift from the Marechal de Saxe, and the china ornaments on the mantelpiece came from the Marechal de Richelieu. The Prince, her husband, is conspicuous by his absence. I like this frank negligence, untinged by hypocrisyâ€”a characteristic touch which sums up her charming personality. Once when my grandmother was seriously ill, her confessor was urgent that the Prince, who was waiting in the drawing-room, should be admitted. The bed has a canopy and well-stuffed back, and the curtains are looped up with fine wide bands. The furniture is of gilded wood, upholstered in the same yellow damask with white flowers which drapes the windows, and

which is lined there with a white silk that looks as though it were watered. The fireplace is a very interesting feature in the room. It is easy to see that life in the last century centered largely round the hearth, where great events were enacted. The copper gilt grate is a marvel of workmanship, and the mantelpiece is most delicately finished; the fire-irons are beautifully chased; the bellows are a perfect gem. The tapestry of the screen comes from the Gobelins and is exquisitely mounted; charming fantastic figures run all over the frame, on the feet, the supporting bar, and the wings; the whole thing is wrought like a fan. Dearly should I like to know who was the giver of this dainty work of art, which was such a favorite with her. How often have I seen the old lady, her feet upon the bar, reclining in the easy-chair, with her dress half raised in front, toying with the snuff-box, which lay upon the ledge between her box of pastilles and her silk mits. What a coquette she was! How the armchair recalls to me the inimitable sweep of her skirts as she sank back in it! These women of a past generation have carried off with them secrets which are very typical of their age. The Princess had a certain turn of the head, a way of dropping her glance and her remarks, a choice of words, which I look for in vain, even in my mother. There was subtlety in it all, and there was good-nature; the points were made without any affectation. Her talk was at once lengthy and concise; she told a good story, and could put her meaning in three words. Above all, she was extremely free-thinking, and this has undoubtedly had its effect on my way of looking at things. From seven years old till I was ten, I never left her side; it pleased her to attract me as much as it pleased me to go. This preference was the cause of more than one passage at arms between her and my mother, and nothing intensifies feeling like the icy breath of persecution. How charming was her greeting, "Here you are, little rogue! She felt that I loved her, and this childish affection was welcome as a ray of sunshine in the winter of her life. This drawing-room is furnished in the same style as the bedroom. The chairs and tables are oddly shaped, with claw feet and hollow mouldings. Rich garlands of flowers, beautifully designed and carved, wind over the mirrors and hang down in festoons.

Chapter 7 : The Letters Of Honoré De Balzac by Henry James

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See Article History Alternative Title: He helped to establish the traditional form of the novel and is generally considered to be one of the greatest novelists of all time. His sister Laure later de Surville was his only childhood friend, and she became his first biographer. During this time he already aimed at a literary career, but as the writer of Cromwell and other tragic plays he was utterly unsuccessful. He then began writing novels filled with mystic and philosophical speculations before turning to the production of potboilers—gothic, humorous, historical novels—written under composite pseudonyms. Then he tried a business career as a publisher, printer, and owner of a typefoundry, but disaster soon followed. In he was narrowly saved from bankruptcy and was left with debts of more than 60, francs. From then on his life was to be one of mounting debts and almost incessant toil. He returned to writing with a new mastery, and his literary apprenticeship was over. Two works of brought Balzac to the brink of success. Les Chouans , the first novel he felt enough confidence about to have published under his own name, is a historical novel about the Breton peasants called Chouans who took part in a royalist insurrection against Revolutionary France in The other, La Physiologie du mariage The Physiology of Marriage , is a humorous and satirical essay on the subject of marital infidelity , encompassing both its causes and its cure. These long short stories are for the most part psychological studies of girls in conflict with parental authority. The minute attention he gave to describing domestic background in his works anticipated the spectacularly detailed societal observations of his later Parisian studies. From this point forward Balzac spent much of his time in Paris. He began to frequent some of the best-known Parisian salons of the day and redoubled his efforts to set himself up as a dazzling figure in society. To most people he seemed full of exuberant vitality, talkative, jovial and robustious, egoistic, credulous, and boastful. He adopted for his own use the armorial bearings of an ancient noble family with which he had no connection and assumed the honorific particle de. He was avid for fame, fortune, and love but was above all conscious of his own genius. He also began to have love affairs with fashionable or aristocratic women at this time, finally gaining that firsthand understanding of mature women that is so evident in his novels. Between and Balzac led a tumultuous existence, spending his earnings in advance as a dandy and man-about-town. A fascinating raconteur, he was fairly well received in society. But social ostentation was only a relaxation from phenomenal bouts of work—14 to 16 hours spent writing at his table in his white, quasi-monastic dressing gown, with his goose-quill pen and his endless cups of black coffee. She, like many other women, had written to Balzac expressing admiration of his writings. They met twice in Switzerland in —the second time in Geneva, where they became lovers—and again in Vienna in He was at the peak of his creative power. Between and he also published three sets of Contes drolatiques Droll Stories. These stories, Rabelaisian in theme, are written with great verve and gusto in an ingenious pastiche of 16th-century language. During the s he also wrote a number of philosophical novels dealing with mystical, pseudoscientific, and other exotic themes. In all these varied works Balzac emerged as the supreme observer and chronicler of contemporary French society. These novels are unsurpassed for their narrative drive, their large casts of vital, diverse , and interesting characters, and their obsessive interest in and examination of virtually all spheres of life: No theme is more typically Balzacian than that of the ambitious young provincial fighting for advancement in the competitive world of Paris. Balzac admired those individuals who were ruthless, astute , and, above all, successful in thrusting their way up the social and economic scale at all costs. He was especially attracted by the theme of the individual in conflict with society: Frequently his villains are more vigorous and interesting than his virtuous characters. He was both fascinated and appalled by the French social system of his time, in which the bourgeois values of material acquisitiveness and gain were steadily replacing what he viewed as the more stable moral values of the old-time aristocracy. These topics provided material largely unknown, or unexplored, by earlier writers of French fiction. Once such an obsession has gained a hold, Balzac shows it

growing irresistibly in power and blinding the person concerned to all other considerations. The typical structure of his novels from the early 1830s onward is determined by this approach: There were to be three general categories of novels: This entire project resulted in a total of 12 volumes – By Balzac had written much more, and by he had hit upon a Dantesque title for the whole: He negotiated with a consortium of publishers for an edition under this name, 17 volumes of which appeared between 1830 and 1837, including a famous foreword written in 1830. In 1830, having new works to include and many others in project, he began preparing for another complete edition. A certain character would reappear – now in the forefront, now in the background, of different fictions – in such a way that the reader could gradually form a full picture of him. In January Balzac learned of the death of Wenceslas Henski. She in fact held back for many years, and the period of 1830–48 shows Balzac continuing and even intensifying his literary activity in the frantic hope of winning her, though he had to contend with increasing ill health. Balzac produced many notable works during the early and mids. He returned again in October to stay, mortally sick, until the spring of 1830. They were married in March and proceeded to Paris, where Balzac lingered on miserably for the few months before his death. Balzac did not quite realize his tremendous aim of making his novels comprehend the whole of society at that time. His projected scenes of military and political life were only partially completed, and there were certain other gaps, for instance in regard to the new class of industrial workers. Nevertheless, few novelists have thronged their pages with men and women drawn from so many different spheres, nor with characters so widely representative of human passions and frailties, projected with dynamic and convincing force. Balzac was notable for his peculiar methods of composition. He often began with a relatively simple subject and a brief first draft, but fresh ideas came crowding in during composition until finally the story expanded far beyond his first intention. The trouble lay in the fact that Balzac tended to expand and amplify his original story by making emendations after it had been typeset by the printers. Even when the novel was in print he would frequently introduce new variations on his theme, as successive editions appeared. There are lengthy digressions in which he aired his remarkably detailed knowledge of legal procedures, financial manipulations, or industrial processes, but at its best his style is remarkably graphic, fast-moving and tersely epigrammatic but richly studded with sarcasm, wit, and psychological observation. His command of the French language was probably unrivaled, and he was also an outstanding master of dialogue. His sardonic humour saves his more pessimistic stories from being uniformly dark, and he had a real gift for comedy. Balzac is regarded as the creator of realism in the novel. He is also acknowledged as having helped to establish the technique of the traditional novel, in which consequent and logically determined events are narrated by an all-seeing observer the omniscient narrator and characters are coherently presented. He was bent on illustrating the relation between cause and effect, between social background and character.

Chapter 8 : Honoré de Balzac (English) – Delphi Classics

Their correspondence, an exquisite and enduring paean to love and patience, is gathered in The Letters Of Honore De Balzac To Madame Hanska (public library). Here is a small but deliciously telling taste.

Petersburg, and elsewhere, he chose as his primary residence the village of Pohrebyszcze in the region of Volhynia. Most estimates range between Adam, Ernest and Henryk, and three sisters: Their marriage was a union of wealthy families, not of passion. The manor had been designed by a French architect, and its owner filled it with luxuries from around the world: He spent most of the day supervising the grounds, by some accounts with an iron fist. As one biographer put it: Petersburg, and even more bored by noble guests in her own home. She found nothing in common with the ladies of high society, and longed for the stimulating discussions she had enjoyed with her brother Henryk. She spent her time reading the books her husband imported from faraway lands. After laboring in pseudonymous obscurity for ten years, Balzac published *Les Chouans* The Chouans in A tale of star-crossed love amidst a royalist uprising in Brittany, it was the first work to which he signed his own name. She felt that Balzac had lost the reverence shown in his earlier works, and worried that he had based *Foedora* on a real woman from his life. Motivated partly by concern, partly by boredom, and partly by a desire to influence the life of a great writer as her sister Karolina had done, she wrote to Balzac. In it, she praised Balzac for his work, but scolded him for the negative portrayal of women in *La Peau de chagrin*. She urged a return to the glowing representations in his earlier novels, and signed enigmatically: She probably never saw this notice. Your soul embraces centuries, Monsieur; its philosophical concepts appear to be the fruit of long study matured by time; yet I am told that you are still young. I would like to know you, but feel that I have no need to do so. He purchased a notice similar to the earlier one in the *Gazette*, and signed it according to her instructions. Contradicting her vow of eternal anonymity, she suggested a meeting. Balzac agreed immediately, and began to make preparations for the journey. He was overwhelmed with her beauty, and she wrote soon afterwards to her brother, describing Balzac as "cheerful and lovable just like you". In the shade of a large oak tree, they kissed and exchanged vows of patience and fidelity. Did you not see in my eyes all that I longed for? But have no fear, I felt all the desire that a woman in love seeks to provoke". She left a ring for him at the hotel, with a note asking for a new promise of love. He gave it, and described how he began wearing the ring on his left hand, "with which I hold my paper, so that the thought of you clasps me tight. Balzac explained that she was his model for the latter. In the meantime, she asked Balzac to begin collecting for her autographs of the famous people he spent time with in Paris and elsewhere. He wrote to the French author, furious, and demanded an explanation. This was said wholly without meaning I wrote those two unfortunate letters to Vienna, supposing that she remembered our joke He instantly wrote back: Petersburg, Balzac wrote back to offer his help. He suggested that he could become a Russian citizen and "go to the Czar myself and ask him to sanction our marriage". Petersburg, in order to resolve some of the litigation issues surrounding her inheritance, [10] she took Anna to a recital by the Hungarian composer and pianist Franz Liszt. Although she did not succumb to Lisztomania, she was impressed by his musical talent and his good looks. One biographer says that their last meeting "gives striking evidence of her loyalty to Balzac". Petersburg, the first time they had seen one another in eight years. Biographers agree that she was much less physically attracted to him at this time. In early October he returned to Paris. Unhappy with it, she threw it into the fire, but the French author begged her to rewrite it so he could adapt it. He assured her that she would "know something of the joys of authorship when you see how much of your elegant and delightful writing I have preserved". One was his health, which had been deteriorating for years. In October he wrote to her about "horrible suffering which has its seat nowhere; which cannot be described; which attacks both heart and brain". In April of the following year they visited Italy; Balzac joined them for a tour of Rome, and they proceeded to Geneva. The thought of having a son, he wrote, "stirs my heart and makes me write page upon page". For years he had planned to buy a house for them to share, but in August she sent him a stern admonition. Until his debts were paid, she wrote, "we must postpone buying any property". He wanted to visit her, but Anna wrote asking him to remain in Paris. The emotion involved, she

wrote, "would be fatal". He described it to her as "the saddest and most frightful day of my life I am looking at the ashes as I write to you, and I tremble seeing how little space fifteen years takes up. The Revolution of began one week after his return. In any case, a wedding would be impossible without approval from the Tsar, which he did not grant until spring of On 14 March they traveled to Berdychiv and, accompanied by Anna and Jerzy, were married in a small ceremony at the parish church of St. They returned to Paris in late May, and his health improved slightly at the start of summer. By July, however, he was confined to his bed. At one point he called out for Horace Bianchon, the fictional doctor he had included in many novels. I have accustomed her to so much love. As they worked one evening, he complained of a headache. As he wrote later: She began partaking of the social life around her. Rabou added extensively to them and published both books in They began a relationship that lasted many years, but never married.

Chapter 9 : Letters of Two Brides by Honore de Balzac

To Madame Hanska. Paris, January, Madame, "I entreat you to completely separate the author from the man, and to believe in the sincerity of the sentiments which I have vaguely expressed in the correspondence you have obliged me to hold with you.

He explores themes of man and his place in society and the influences of his environment, politics, love, and wealth. He also discusses art, literature, and metaphysics. While Balzac also had ambitions for life in the theatre and politics, he is best known for ranking highly with fellow French realist Gustave Flaubert as a major contributor to the movement. His works have inspired numerous adaptations to the stage and film and are still widely read and studied. While relations were somewhat strained with the rest of his family he maintained a correspondence with his sister Laure, later known as Madame Surville. He also dabbled in numerous business ventures as publisher and printer, though they failed and saddled him with debts for years to come. Who could determine the point where pleasure becomes pain, where pain is still a pleasure? Is not the utmost brightness of the ideal world soothing to us, while the lightest shadows of the physical world annoy? He made the acquaintance of and has been linked to many notable women who would inspire characters in his stories including the much older Madame de Berny and the Marquise de Castries. In a famous letter to her he wrote of their love; It is a beautiful plant growing from year to year in the heart, ever extending its palms and branches, doubling every season its glorious clusters and perfumes; and, my dear life, tell me, repeat to me always, that nothing will bruise its bark or its delicate leaves, that it will grow larger in both our hearts, loved, free, watched over, like a life within our life Merriman for Jalic Inc. The above biography is copyrighted. Do not republish it without permission. Here is a link to his Droll Stories and an invitation to read them and discuss them. I need a little help. I need the review that Balzac did of the novel in It is a fairly old article, so I guessed it would be easily available online, but I could not find it anywhere. Could any of you please point me to a link where that review can be found? Of these proposed three to four thousand characters Balzac succeeded in creating some two thousand, in twenty-two years of intensive work at relentlessly high pressure, working fourteen, sixteen, eighteen hours a day for months on end, choosing the night to work in, when he would be free from interruption, and stimulating his tired brain with cups of strong black coffee. In those years, apart from numerous essays, short stories and plays, he wrote nearly ninety volumes, of which almost every one is a novel of the first rank. My favourite now is Lost Illusion and Lucien Chardon is one of my favourite characters in literature. And which of his works do you like the best? Posted By Agatha in Balzac, Honore de 24 Replies Balzac and the Mob I have been re-reading Old Goriot and noticed something Vautrin said to Rastignac when he was trying to lead him astray - At this crisis, I am going to make you an offer which no man would refuse" - sound familiar to anyone? Only the characters who love the egoist become disillusioned. In the process, they gain freedom and modest prosperity There is a chapter of only around 4 pages late in A Harlot High and Low called "Last Incarnation", but otherwise I find no trace of a novel by such a name. Can anyone solve this mystery for me? Posted By stephen truelov in Balzac, Honore de 4 Replies.