

## 1: Balzac, Honor | The Online Books Page

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Pierre-aux-Boeufs, in the Parvis. This canon had come a simple priest to Paris, naked as a dagger without its sheath. But since he was found to be a handsome man, well furnished with everything, and so well constituted, that if necessary he was able to do the work of many, without doing himself much harm, he gave himself up earnestly to the confessing of ladies, giving to the melancholy a gentle absolution, to the sick a drachm of his balm, to all some little dainty. He was so well known for his discretion, his benevolence, and other ecclesiastical qualities, that he had customers at Court. Then in order not to awaken the jealousy of the officials, that of the husbands and others, in short, to endow with sanctity these good and profitable practices, the Lady Desquerdès gave him a bone of St. Victor, by virtue of which all the miracles were performed. And to the curious it was said, "He has a bone which will cure everything;" and to this, no one found anything to reply, because it was not seemly to suspect relics. Beneath the shade of his cassock, the good priest had the best of reputations, that of a man valiant under arms. So he lived like a king. He made money with holy water; sprinkled it and transmitted the holy water into good wine. More than that, his name lay snugly in all the et ceteras of the notaries, in wills or in caudicils, which certain people have falsely written CODICIL, seeing that the word is derived from cauda, as if to say the tail of the legacy. In fact, the good old Long Skirts would have been made an archbishop if he had only said in joke, "I should like to put on a mitre for a handkerchief in order to have my head warmer. But one day the courageous canon found himself weak in the back, seeing that he was all sixty- eight years old, and had held many confessionals. Then thinking over all his good works, he thought it about time to cease his apostolic labours, the more so, as he possessed about one hundred thousand crowns earned by the sweat of his body. From that day he only confessed ladies of high lineage, and did it very well. So that it was said at Court that in spite of the efforts of the best young clerks there was still no one but the Canon of St. Pierre-aux-Boeufs to properly bleach the soul of a lady of condition. Then at length the canon became by force of nature a fine nonagenarian, snowy about the head, with trembling hands, but square as a tower, having spat so much without coughing, that he coughed now without being able to spit; no longer rising from his chair, he who had so often risen for humanity; but drinking dry, eating heartily, saying nothing, but having all the appearance of a living Canon of Notre Dame. In fact, it seemed to his former customers that the devil could only by his great heat have furnished these hermetic distillations, that they remembered to have obtained on demand from this good confessor, who always had *le diable au corps*. But as this devil had been undoubtedly cooked and ruined by them, and that for a queen of twenty years he would not have moved, well-disposed people and those not wanting in sense, or the citizens who argued about everything, people who found lice in bald heads, demanded why the devil rested under the form of a canon, went to the Church of Notre Dame at the hours when the canons usually go, and ventured so far as to sniff the perfume of the incense, taste the holy water, and a thousand other things. To these heretical propositions some said that doubtless the devil wished to convert himself, and others that he remained in the shape of the canon to mock at the three nephews and heirs of this said brave confessor and make them wait until the day of their own death for the ample succession of this uncle, to whom they paid great attention every day, going to look if the good man had his eyes open, and in fact found him always with his eye clear, bright, and piercing as the eye of a basilisk, which pleased them greatly, since they loved their uncle very much--in words. At first the old man had struck fire in falling, but was, amid the cries of his dear nephews and by the light of the torches they came to seek at her house found standing up as straight as a skittle and as gay as a weaving whirl, exclaiming that the good wine of the penitentiary had given him the courage to sustain this shock and that his bones were exceedingly hard and had sustained rude assaults. The good nephews believing him dead, were much astonished, and perceived that the day that was to dispatch their uncle was a long way off, seeing that at the business stones were of no use. So that they did not falsely call him their good uncle, seeing that he was of good quality. Certain scandalmongers said that the canon found so many stones in his path that he stayed at

home not to be ill with the stone, and the fear of worse was the cause of his seclusion. Of all these sayings and rumours, it remains that the old canon, devil or not, kept his house, and refused to die, and had three heirs with whom he lived as with his sciaticas, lumbagos, and other appendage of human life. Of the said three heirs, one was the wickedest soldier ever born of a woman, and he must have considerably hurt her in breaking his egg, since he was born with teeth and bristles. So that he ate, two-fold, for the present and the future, keeping wenches whose cost he paid; inheriting from his uncle the continuance, strength, and good use of that which is often of service. In great battles, he endeavoured always to give blows without receiving them, which is, and always will be, the only problem to solve in war, but he never spared himself there, and, in fact, as he had no other virtue except his bravery, he was captain of a company of lancers, and much esteemed by the Duke of Burgoyne, who never troubled what his soldiers did elsewhere. This nephew of the devil was named Captain Cohegrue; and his creditors, the blockheads, citizens, and others, whose pockets he slit, called him the Mau-cinge, since he was as mischievous as strong; but he had moreover his back spoilt by the natural infirmity of a hump, and it would have been unwise to attempt to mount thereon to get a good view, for he would incontestably have run you through. The second had studied the laws, and through the favour of his uncle had become a procureur, and practised at the palace, where he did the business of the ladies, whom formerly the canon had the best confessed. This one was called Pille-grue, to banter him upon his real name, which was Cohegrue, like that of his brother the captain. Pille-grue had a lean body, seemed to throw off very cold water, was pale of face, and possessed a physiognomy like a polecat. He and his brother, the soldier found their share very small, since loyally, in law, in fact, in justice, in nature, and in reality, it was necessary to give the third part of everything to a poor cousin, son of another sister of the canon, the which heir, but little loved by the good man, remained in the country, where he was a shepherd, near Nanterre. Thereupon, hearing this, Chiquon determined to do well by his uncle, and puzzled his understanding to appear better; but as he had a behind shaped like a pair of pumpkins, was broad shouldered, large limbed, and far from sharp, he more resembled old Silenus than a gentle Zephyr. In fact, the poor shepherd, a simple man, could not reform himself, so he remained big and fat, awaiting his inheritance to make himself thin. One evening the canon began discoursing concerning the the devil and the grave agonies, penances, tortures, etc. If you had here a wicked man who turned everything upside down; would you not kick him out of doors? I recognise no devil if there be a good God; you may depend upon that. I should very much like to see the devil. I am not afraid of his claws! I assure you that will be a precious merit on high. Do you mean it? God will defend me from the devil because I believe him more learned and less stupid than the savans make him out. Then, seeing their uncle laughing, they said to him-- "If you will make a will, to whom will you leave the house? The fire of his flaming eye enlightened the shepherd, who from that moment had his understanding and his ears all unfogged, and his brain open, like that of a maiden the day after her marriage. The procureur and the captain, taking these sayings for gospel prophecies, made their bow and went out from the house, quite perplexed at the absurd designs of the canon. Then having sewn him up, we could throw him into the Seine, at the same time begging him to swim. For a simple numskull of a shepherd are so many words necessary? The poor shepherd heard the planning of his death, although the two cousins had walked in the parvis, and talked to each other as every one speaks at church when praying to God. So that Chiquon was much coupled to know if the words had come up or if his ears had gone down. Michael, my guardian angel; I go there where he calls me. His two cousins having no presumption of the divinatory science, of which shepherds have had many passing attacks, had often talked before him of their secret goings on, counting him as nothing. Now one evening, to amuse the canon, Pille-grue had recounted to him how had fallen in love with him a wife of a jeweller on whose head he had adjusted certain carved, burnished, sculptured, historical horns, fit for the brow of a prince. The good lady was to hear him, a right merry wench, quick at opportunities, giving an embrace while her husband was mounting the stairs, devouring the commodity as if she was swallowing a strawberry, only thinking of love-making, always trifling and frisky, gay as an honest woman who lacks nothing, contenting her husband, who cherished her so much as he loved his own gullet; subtle as a perfume, so much so, that for five years she managed so well with his household affairs, and her own love affairs, that she had the reputation of a prudent woman, the confidence of her husband, the keys of the house, the purse, and all. There is a room close to, a

chest into which I get. On the morrow, when my jeweller is at his forge, I depart, and as the house has one exit on to the bridge, and another into the street, I always come to the door when the husband is not, on the pretext of speaking to him of his suits, which commence joyfully and heartily, and I never let them come to an end. It is an income from cuckoldom, seeing that in the minor expenses and loyal costs of the proceedings, he spends as much as on the horses in his stable. He loves me well, as all good cuckolds should love the man who aids them, to plant, cultivate, water and dig the natural garden of Venus, and he does nothing without me. Now coming straight to the fact, he made the happy jeweller get up from his table, led him to a corner, and said to him: On your arrival, he who looks after your you- know-what, to keep it in good order, gets into the big clothes chest. Now make a pretence that I have bought the said chest of you, and I will be upon the bridge with a cart, waiting your orders. He arrives and knocks, the door is opened, he runs hastily up the stairs, finds two covers laid, sees his wife coming out of the chamber of love, and then says to her, "My dear, here are two covers laid. Where do you see a chest? Is the usual to put friends in chests? Am I a woman to keep chests full of friends? How long have friends been kept in chests? Are you come home mad to mix up your friends with your chests? I know no other friend then Master Cornille the draper, and no other chest than the one with our clothes in. The giver of the warning is a box-maker, to whom I am about to sell this cursed chest that I wish never again to see in my house, and for this one he will sell me two pretty little ones, in which there will not be space enough even for a child; thus the scandal and the babble of those envious of your virtue will be extinguished for want of nourishment. Our linen is at the wash. It will be easy to have the mischievous chest taken away tomorrow morning. Then he, their master, having briefly ordered the handling of the said chest, this piece of furniture dedicated to love was tumbled across the room, but in passing the advocate, finding his feet in the air to the which he was not accustomed, tumbled over a little. The apprentice tumbled over on to a stair in a way that induced him to discontinue his studies in the language of chests. The shepherd, accompanied by the good jeweller, carried all the baggage to the water-side without listening to the high eloquence of the speaking wood, and having tied several stones to it, the jeweller threw it into the Seine. Then Chiquon continued to proceed along the quay, as far as the Rue- du-port, St Laudry, near the cloisters of Notre Dame. There he noticed a house, recognised the door, and knocked loudly. The hunchback who has robbed you has come back again. Keep under arms, for he is quite capable of easing you of the rest. Her appearance was so tickling to the sight, that it would have put all Paradise to rout. Besides which she was as bold as a woman who has no other virtue than her insolence. Poor Chiquon was greatly embarrassed while going to the quarter of the Marmouzets. He was greatly afraid that he would be unable to find the house of La Pasquerette, or find the two pigeons gone to roost, but a good angel arranged there speedily to his satisfaction. On entering the Rue des Marmouzets he saw several lights at the windows and night-capped heads thrust out, and good wenches, gay girls, housewives, husbands, and young ladies, all of them are just out of bed, looking at each other as if a robber were being led to execution by torchlight. Do you hear the varlets and the serving maids? Ah, you sing out now, do you? Ah, you want your money now, do you? Take that--" And La Pasquerette was groaning, "Oh! The shepherd, bold as a man with but one end in view, opened the door of the handsome chamber where slept La Pasquerette, and found her quite exhausted, her hair dishevelled, and her neck twisted, lying upon a bloody carpet, and Mau-cinge frightened, with his tone considerably lower, and not knowing upon what note to sing the remainder of his anthem. Come, let me put you tidy. Seeing which her companion found it was time for his hump to retire from the game; however, the artful fellow before slinking away said, "Poor Pasquerette, how could I murder so good of girl, and one I loved so much? But, yes, I have killed her, the thing is clear, for in her life never did her sweet breast hang down like that. Good God, one would say it was a crown at the bottom of a wallet. Thereupon Pasquerette opened her eyes and then bent her head slightly to look at her flesh, which was white and firm, and she brought herself to life by a box on the ears, administered to the captain. Oh, well, my good friend, I bring you a large sum. This is how the matter stands. I have for a sweetheart in all loyalty, the servant of the Lombard who is in the city near the house of our good uncle. Now I have just learned on sound information that this dear man has departed this morning into the country after having hidden under a pear-tree in his garden a good bushel of gold, believing himself to be seen only by the angels. But the girl who had by chance a bad toothache, and was taking the air at her garret

window, spied the old crookshanks, without wishing to do so, and chattered of it to me in fondness.

**2: Honoré de Balzac (Author of Père Goriot)**

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

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.

**3: La Peau de chagrin - Wikipedia**

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Although his parents had persuaded him to make his profession the law, he announced in that he wanted to become an author. His mother was distraught, but she and his father agreed to give him a small income, on the condition that he dedicate himself to writing, and deliver to them half of his gross income from any published work. Frustrated, he moved back to his family in the suburb of Villeparisis and borrowed money from his parents to pursue his literary ambitions further. He spent the next several years writing simple potboiler novels, which he published under a variety of pseudonyms. He shared some of his income from these with his parents, but by he still owed them 50, francs. *Les Chouans*, a novel about royalist forces in Brittany, did not succeed commercially, but it made Balzac known in literary circles. Bolstered by its popularity, he added to his fame by publishing a variety of short stories and essays in the magazines *Revue de Paris*, *La Caricature*, and *La Mode*. He thus made connections in the publishing industry that later helped him to obtain reviews of his novels. After reigning for six controversial years, King Charles X was forced to abdicate during the July Revolution of The July Monarchy brought an entrenchment of bourgeois attitudes, in which Balzac saw disorganization and weak leadership. The title *La Peau de chagrin* first appeared in print on 9 December, as a passing mention in an article Balzac wrote for *La Caricature* under the pseudonym Alfred Coudreux. His scrapbook includes the following note, probably written at the same time: In it, a young man loses his last Napoleon coin at a Parisian gambling house, then continues to the Pont Royal to drown himself. He referred to it as "a piece of thorough nonsense in the literary sense, but in which [the author] has sought to introduce certain of the situations in this hard life through which men of genius have passed before achieving anything". Balzac delivered the novel in July. During the intervening months, however, he provided glimpses of his erratic progress. Two additional fragments appeared in May, part of a scheme to promote the book before its publication. Although the three fragments were not connected into a coherent narrative, Balzac was excerpting characters and scenes from his novel-in-progress. Eventually he removed himself from Paris by staying with friends in the suburbs, where he committed himself to finishing the work. In late spring he allowed Sand to read a nearly-finished manuscript; she enjoyed it and predicted it would do well. *Conte philosophique* was published in two volumes. It was a commercial success, and Balzac used his connections in the world of Parisian periodicals to have it reviewed widely. The book sold quickly, and by the end of the month another contract had been signed: This second edition included a series of twelve other stories with fantastic elements, and was released under the title *Romans et contes philosophiques* *Philosophical Novels and Stories*. A third edition, rearranged to fill four volumes, appeared in March. Arabic writing engraved into the shagreen promises that the owner "shal[l] possess all things". On the way, however, he decides to enter an unusual shop and finds it filled with curiosities from around the world. The elderly shopkeeper leads him to a piece of shagreen hanging on the wall. It is inscribed with "Oriental" writing; the old man calls it "Sanskrit", but it is imprecise Arabic. The shopkeeper is willing to let Valentin take it without charge, but urges him not to accept the offer. He is immediately met by acquaintances who invite him to such an event; they spend hours eating, drinking, and talking. Unable to win her affection, however, he becomes the miserable and destitute man found at the start of "Le Talisman". Valentin, having used the talisman to secure a large income, finds both the skin and his health dwindling. He tries to break the curse by getting rid of the skin, but fails. The situation causes him to panic, horrified that further desires will hasten the end of his life. He organizes his home to avoid the possibility of wishing for anything: Events beyond his control cause him to wish for various things, however, and the skin continues to recede. Desperate, the sickly Valentin tries to find some way of stretching the skin, and takes a trip to the spa town of Aix-les-Bains in the hope of recovering his vitality. With the skin no larger than a periwinkle leaf, he is visited by Pauline in his room; she expresses her love for him. He pounds on the door and declares both his love and his desire to die in her arms. She, meanwhile, is trying to kill herself to free him from his desire. He breaks down the door, they consummate their love in a fiery moment of passion, and he dies. The skin grants a world of possibility to Valentin, and he uses it to satisfy

many desires. He fires without care, and kills the other man instantly. One critic suggests that "the story would be much the same without it". Whereas he had used fantastic objects and events in earlier works, they were mostly simple plot points or uncomplicated devices for suspense. Have men the power to bring the universe into their brain, or is their brain a talisman with which they abolish the laws of time and space? Realism[ edit ] The novel is widely cited as an important early example of the realism for which Balzac became famous. Descriptions of Paris are one example: As he wanders about, he tours the world through the relics of its various epochs: It does not deter him from his goal, however; only when he finds the skin does Valentin decide to abort his suicidal mission. In doing so, he demonstrates humanity favoring ego over divine salvation. This dilemma, he proposes, is directly related to the conflict between will and knowledge indicated by the shopkeeper at the start of the novel. The roofing fell in a steep slope, and the sky was visible through chinks in the tiles. There was room for a bed, a table, and a few chairs, and beneath the highest point of the roof my piano could stand. Critics agree that the "Woman without a Heart" described in the novel is a composite of other women Balzac knew. Will, he explains, consumes us; power or, in one translation, "to have your will" [40] destroys us; and knowledge soothes us. These three concepts form the philosophical foundation of the novel. The shopkeeper tries to warn Valentin that the wisest path lies not in exercising his will or securing power, but in developing the mind. Foedora also serves as a model for resistance to the corruption of will, insofar as she seeks at all times to excite desire in others while never giving in to her own. In the gambling house, the orgiastic feast, the antique shop, and the discussions with men of science, Balzac examines this dilemma in various contexts. The lust for social status to which Valentin is led by Rastignac is emblematic of this excess; the gorgeous but unattainable Foedora symbolizes the pleasures offered by high society. In another, a physicist and a chemist admit defeat after employing a range of tactics designed to stretch the skin. All of these scientific approaches lack an understanding of the true crisis, and are therefore doomed to fail. That expression was painful to see It was the inscrutable glance of helplessness that must perforce consign its desires to the depths of its own heart; or of a miser enjoying in imagination all the pleasures that his money could procure for him, while he declines to lessen his hoard; the look of a bound Prometheus, of the fallen Napoleon of , when he learned at the Elysee the strategical blunder that his enemies had made, and asked for twenty-four hours of command in vain The novel sold out immediately after going on sale, and was reviewed in every major Parisian newspaper and magazine. In some cases Balzac wrote the reviews himself; using the name "Comte Alex de Bâ€™", he announced that the book proved he had achieved "the stature of genius". German writer Johann Wolfgang von Goethe declared it a shining example of the "incurable corruption of the French nation". Grandville had to stop everything to read it, because the librarian sent round every half-hour to ask if he had finished. It says so in black and white on page of *La Peau de chagrin* Publishers fought among themselves to publish his future work, and he became a mainstay on the list of invitation for social functions around Paris. They married in Intrigued, she ordered copies of his work, and she read them with her cousins and friends around Volhynia. They were impressed by the understanding he showed toward women in *La Physiologie du mariage*, but felt that *La Peau de chagrin* portrayed them in a cruel and unforgiving light. She did not, but wrote again in November: I would like to know you, but feel I have no need to do so. When the baron died in , the French author began to pursue the relationship outside the written page. They wed in the town of Berdychiv on 14 March , five months before he died. He did, however, introduce several individuals who resurfaced in later stories. Balzac used the character Foedora in three other stories, but eventually wrote her out of them after deciding on other models for social femininity. So vividly had the doctor been rendered that Balzac himself called out for Bianchon while lying on his deathbed. It enables a depth of characterization that goes beyond simple narration or dialogue. Detective novelist Arthur Conan Doyle said that he never tried to read Balzac, because he "did not know where to begin". The novel has also been cited as a possible influence on Oscar Wilde for his novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray* , although this hypothesis is rejected by most scholars. The protagonist, Dorian Gray, acquires a magical portrait that ages while he remains forever youthful. After re-reading *La Peau de chagrin*, he said to his doctor: Robb writes that his parents supported his new career "quite generously". The exact amount of the fee is disputed: Millott and Robb list 1, francs; Maurois lists 1,; and Gerson writes:

**4: The Devil's Heir**

*DROLL TALES The Second Decade. N.Y. Covici, Friede, Jean De Bosschere. Limited Edition. Fine / Good. Item #C A fine, clean and tight hardcover copy. Limited to copies and numbered*

Exactly one year before, Louis-Daniel had been born, but he lived for only a month. As an infant Balzac was sent to a wet-nurse; the following year he was joined by his sister Laure and they spent four years away from home. When the Balzac children returned home, they were kept at a distance from their parents. His father intentionally gave him little spending money to try to instill in him a sense of a hardscrabble upbringing but it primarily served to make him the object of ridicule among his much wealthier schoolmates. Balzac had difficulty adapting to the rote style of learning at the school. 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. This was an unhappy time in his life, during which he attempted suicide on a bridge over the Loire River. In Balzac entered the Sorbonne, where he studied under three famous teachers: After the Sorbonne Balzac was persuaded by his father to follow him into the Law. For three years he trained and worked at the office of Victor Passez, a family friend. During this time Balzac began to delve the vagaries of human behavior. I should be like everyone else. I am hungry and nothing is offered to appease my appetite. Balzac could write very rapidly; some of his novels, written with a quill, were composed at about thirty words per minute. His preferred method was to eat a light meal at 5 or 6 in the afternoon, then sleep until midnight. He then rose and wrote for many hours, drinking innumerable cups of strong black coffee. He would often work for 15 hours or more at a stretch, and claimed to have once worked for 48 hours with only 3 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. As a result, the finished product quite often was different from the original text. He had never enjoyed good health, but the journey to Russia to finalize his courtship with Ewelina who was also being courted by Franz Lizst , and his persistent overeating, along with his generally poor personal habits, weakened his system fatally. He showed all the symptoms of heart failure in his final year. The day he died he had been visited by Victor Hugo, who later served as a pallbearer and eulogist. Our worst misfortunes never happen, and most miseries lie in anticipation. First love is a kind of vaccination which saves a man from catching the complaint a second time. Life is simply what our feelings do to us. If you mean to cook your dinner, you must expect to soil your hands; the real art is in getting them clean again. Great love affairs start with Champagne and end with tisane. The majority of husbands remind me of an orangutan trying to play the violin. And he, like many jaded people, had few pleasures left in life save good food and drink. Cruelty and fear shake hands together. Hatred is the vice of narrow souls; they feed it with all their littleness, and make it the pretext of base tyrannies. After Balzac had closeted himself away for lengthy creative bursts, drinking coffee and eating only fruit and eggs, he would take a break and wolf down vast quantities of food. Once he asked his publisher, Monsieur Werdet, to lunch between writing bouts. Once he served a meal of nothing but onions: His idea, apparently, was to showcase the purgative properties of the vegetable. All his guests got sick. Maybe if you just make French onion soup you can avoid this fate. It takes time and patience. This is my recipe from memory which I have played with over the years. French Onion Soup Peel 10 sweet white onions, halve them, and finely slice them. Heat 3 tablespoons of butter in a large, heavy Dutch oven, over low heat and layer in the onion slices sprinkling salt between each layer. Let the onions sweat down, undisturbed for 15 to 20 minutes. After that, stir the onions occasionally until they take on a dark, even, mahogany color. This is the absolutely critical step, and requires patience and attentiveness. Eventually the onions will reduce to about 2 cups. Ignore cookbooks that say you can brown the onions in 10 minutes or so. This is complete nonsense. Slowly cooked onions take an hour sometimes longer to reach this stage. Add a cup or more of dry white wine to cover the onions and turn the heat to high. Also add a cup of good quality farm apple cider, and a bouquet garni your choice of herbs; I use thyme, parsley, marjoram, and bay leaf. Simmer gently for about 20 minutes. Cool and refrigerate overnight. Reheat the soup next day when ready to serve. Very lightly toast the bread under the broiler on one side only. Add a little cognac to the soup,

and ladle it into the crocks, leaving space for the bread. Place the crocks under the broiler and broil until the cheese is bubbly and toasted.

### 5: Tales From Balzac : George Saintsbury : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive

*Out of such tales one can see how Balzac was the great-grandfather to writers as diverse as Colette and Antoine de Saint-Exupéry." "The Boston Globe "I have learned more [from Balzac] than from all the professional historians, economists, and statisticians put together." "Friedrich Engels.*

### 6: Honoré de Balzac - Wikipedia

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### 7: Balzac | BOOK OF DAYS TALES

*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.*

### 8: The Droll Stories of Honore de Balzac by Honoré de Balzac

*Honoré de Balzac was a nineteenth-century French novelist and playwright. His magnum opus was a sequence of almost novels and plays collectively entitled *La Comédie humaine*, which presents a panorama of French life in the years after the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte in*

### 9: Droll Stories Balzac: Antiquarian & Collectible | eBay

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