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The physiology of marriage ; petty troubles of married life ; repertory of the Comédie Humaine Item Preview.

Introduction [to Analytical Studies] by J. Although they come far down in the list of titles, their creation belongs almost to the formative era. In December of that same year appeared the Physiology of Marriage, followed eleven months later by a few papers belonging to Petty Troubles of Married Life. We are thus particular to place the two Analytical Studies in time and in environment, that the wonderful versatility of the author may become apparent and more: Such traits might have been charged against him had he left only the Analytical Studies. But when they are preceded by the faithful though heavy scene of military life, and succeeded by the searching and vivid philosophical study, their faults and failures may be considered for the sake of their company. They are not novels. His seventh sense of subdivision saw here fresh material to classify. And so these grim, almost sardonic essays were placed where they now appear. In all kindness, the Balzac novice is warned against beginning an acquaintance with the author through the medium of the Analytical Studies. The mistake would be serious for the reader and unjust to the author. These studies are chiefly valuable as outlining a peculiar and, shall we say, forced? His Physiology is fairly representative of the material, being analysis in satirical vein of sundry foibles of society. This class of composition was very popular in the time of Louis Philippe. At times he seems honestly to be trying to analyze a particular phase of his subject; at other times he appears to be ridiculing the whole institution of marriage. If this be not the case, then he would seem unfitted for his task through the ignorance of a bachelor and adds to error the element of slander. He is at fault through lack of intimate experience. And yet the flashes of keen penetration preclude such a charge as this. A few bold touches of his pen, and a picture is drawn which glows with convincing reality. While here and there occur paragraphs of powerful description or searching philosophy which proclaim Balzac the mature, Balzac the observant. This inexhaustible subject has again inspired an entertaining book full of Gallic malice and English humor, where Rabelais and Sterne meet and greet him at the same moment. The whole edifice of romance seems but a card house, and all virtue merely a question of utility. We must not err, however, in taking sentiments at their apparent value, for the real Balzac lies deeper; and here and there a glimpse of his true spirit and greater power becomes apparent. The bitter satire yields place to a vein of feeling true and fine, and gleaming like rich gold amid baser metal. It is touches like this which save the book and reveal the author. It first appeared anonymously, December, , dated , from the press of Charles Gosselin and Urbain Canel, in two octavo volumes with its present introduction and a note of correction now omitted. Its next appearance was signed, in , in a two-volume edition of Ollivier. All the subsequent editions have retained the original small division heads, called Meditations. Its composition was achieved piecemeal, beginning shortly after its predecessor appeared. But it was not till long after in that its present two-part form was published in a single octavo volume by Chlendowski. A break had ensued between the first and second parts, the latter having appeared practically in full in La Presse of December, . The sub-headings have remained unchanged since the original printing.

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Chapter 2 : the chouans brittany in | Download eBook PDF/EPUB

Excerpt from The Physiology of Marriage, And, Petty Troubles of Married Life: Repertory of the Comédie Humaine
Marriage is not an institution of nature. The family in the east is entirely different from the family in the west.

This summary will try to provide a flavor of the work as might be appropriate in discussing a work of essay, but it will not be comprehensive because of the nature of the work. Caroline is an only daughter and yet later Balzac says Caroline has a sickly sister age Her father is age 59, mother age To be sure, and such is the osteology of the most amorous intent. Her mother meanwhile tightens her corsets because, uh-oh, she too is pregnant! Caroline has a little girl who will not live while her mother has a robust, twelve-pound baby boy, the son desired for sixteen years. Such are the dangers of matches by notary. Balzac declares a young woman does not exhibit her true character until two or three years of marriage when she is no longer on her best behavior and occupied with her introduction as a married woman and is preoccupied with her role of mother. One by one she casts off her natural artifices to reveal that she is dull!! At the home of a distinguished lady she obstinately maintains that the newest addition to that distinguished family looks not at all like the family but rather like a family friend. She advises a poet to try to write something more likely to live. She complains of slow service at houses with few servants. She speaks ill of widows who remarry before a woman who has married a third time. Adolphe tries to restrict Caroline to a small circle of friends. He cannot talk sense into her, and the battle begins. To keep Caroline in some sort of control, Adolphe must find the means of flattering her many self-loves, those self-loves of a married woman. Adolphe cajoles her to win social silence by telling her how charming she is at home and how timidity in company is a sign of being witty. Congratulating himself on improving his wife, they go to a party where they play a game, a sort of charades. And so Adolphe gives up his plan of enlightening his wife. He can make strange noises, luxuriate in extra moments in the down covers, decide to be master of his fate for the day. If he decides to be late for an appointment, so be it! His servant patiently awaits his instruction. Of your own accord! So she mistakenly wakes him two hours early, after which he cannot sleep. And when he returns to the house five hours later, she is back in bed, exhausted from making sure he kept his appointment. She declares to one and all that without her he never would get up in the morning. Soon the married man learns to not tell all he knows to his family, to have no confidant but himself. Could it be true that the inconveniences of the married state do not exceed its advantages? Sort of like trading a sports car for a mini-van today! He has ventured to take the family on an outing "mother, mother-in-law, nurse, two children they now have a boy and a girl. What a price he pays to fund this luxury, which consists of driving aimlessly from one place to another looking for the prettiest landscape. They have been out for some time, and the boy declares he is hungry. Caroline and her mother talk among themselves about the selfishness of men. Adolphe is not having fun" what happened t those carefree days? She twists and turns, asks over and over how she looks, and no care is too great to make sure her hair, her gown, everything are perfect. Caroline approaches the ball, loftily, but alas when she arrives she is just one of many pretty women, some better dressed and prettier than she is. No one asks her to dance. Adolphe is oblivious and occupies his time playing cards. When he sees Caroline, she demands HER carriage. She goes home deflated, and Adolphe does nothing to help. He has the indecency to declare the ball splendid! Balzac relates a long tale of Adolphe wanting to send his six year old son Charles to boarding school and Caroline opposing it with a scattered approach of diversionary topics. Like everything pertaining to female nature, this system may be resolved into two algebraic terms " Yes: Caroline complains excessively of not having enough money for true finery " a fancy carriage, ability to give fine balls, etc. This idea thrills Caroline, and somehow this results in Charles being sent to boarding school. Caroline brags to all her friends of the finery she will have. But when the venture fails, Caroline proclaims she was against it from the first and that Adolphe would not listen to her. He is tired of Caroline, for she is not what he thought she was. Adolphe sees a new woman he desires: Adolphe fantasizes an early death for Caroline and makes love to her that night more passionately than usual while

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thinking of the new woman he saw earlier that evening. And then it is back to the routine of marriage while Adolphe begins to think of Madame de Fischtaminel, a friend of the family. But when Adolphe is exasperation tries to use Madame de Fischtaminel as a comparable weapon Caroline declares him a monster. At first it works, Caroline is delighted, and even Madame Deschars is jealous. Adolphe is frustrated because things were going so well! He further suggests that perhaps the red nose is caused by her stomach, the central communicator of the body. Caroline retorts by offering him a tonic and suggests it will help his stomach since it is the central communicator of the body. Perhaps it will act upon his heart and his tongue. Adolphe wonders at the acuteness of his wife, could she be winning the Civil War? So then Caroline accuses Adolphe of getting angry with her to make her believe he loves her. After great expense, it is discovered food and servants are expensive and the country neighbors are dull. Adolphe remembers an English proverb: Where has he been? Putting her in a country villa was a diabolical plot to get away from her! Adolphe sells the villa at a great loss, for only seven thousand when he paid twenty-two thousand for it. The villa only provided amusement for Caroline for six months. Perhaps she can find out herself what she wants. Adolphe also was curious to see just how far she would go in mismanaging their assets. Everything is done for Adolphe. The meals are superb, he has everything renewed he might need, the household articles are upgraded, and Caroline has an ambition to be an incomparable housekeeper. Food suddenly is dear, there are problems with the cook, Caroline is anxious about money. Men are fortunate not having a house to keep. It is women who bear the burden of innumerable details. Caroline is in debt. His personal possessions are entirely neglected. Caroline on the other hand is beautifully dressed. On another occasion they have 11 to dinner invited by Adolphe. Caroline is there looking like a guest, and Adolphe finds out she gave no dinner order to the cook. On still another occasion when Madame de Fischtaminel visits, Caroline is working on embroidering slippers. When Madame de Fischtaminel asks her about them, she tells her she sells them to the tradesman to buy herself a few luxuries. Caroline is not nearly as dull as Adolphe has claimed. She reappears in society but makes sure everyone knows her mother is funding her dress. And it seems that Adolphe has spent even more money than Caroline did on household management. Adolphe offers to return household management to her. She tells him no and to go away. She begins observing her neighbor, and lovely woman who appears to be so much in love. She studies the couple and wonders if she can use them to rekindle her relationship with Adolphe. She mentions the woman to Adolphe, and he tells her he knows the man, a Monsieur Foullepointe, and how much in love he is with his wife. Adolphe agrees to invite the couple to dinner. Caroline pulls out all the stops for a fine dinner and invites the Deschars and the Fischtaminels, the cream of her society, to the dinner. She tells her other guests about the lovely young couple. In walks Madame Foullepointe and a fat gentleman with thin grey hair, who is introduced as her husband. She says she is suicidal. Finally a doctor is called, who tells Adolphe he should not neglect his wife. They have both recently married, Stephanie supposedly to an ideal gentleman Armand. But it seems that Armand chews tobacco he quit for the seven months of their courtship, so Stephanie was unaware of the habit. He has seven false teeth!! He makes the second-rate tier of hack writers, has a few respectable things published but is clearly not in the inner circle of talent and of writers. Surely this must be the Adolphe of our book, but this is the first hint in the book that he has a profession or that he is a writer. We presume this is between Caroline and her friend Claire.

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Chapter 3 : The Works of Honoré de Balzac V.I (), by Honoré de Balzac: FREE Book Download

Download The Physiology Of Marriage And Petty Troubles Of Married Life written by Honoré de Balzac and has been published by Forgotten Books this book supported file pdf, txt, epub, kindle and other format this book has been release on with Biography & Autobiography categories.

This response strikes everybody, and you especially; so you persist in seeking the meaning of it. In short, as the greatest pleasure of the respondents is to see their Oedipus mystified, as each word guessed by you throws them into fits of laughter, superior men, perceiving no word that will fit all the explanations, will sooner give it up than make three unsuccessful attempts. Neither Madame Deschars, nor any one of the young women understand. You revolt, there is an insurrection among the girls and young women. They seek and are puzzled. You want an explanation, and every one participates in your desire. Your feet are glued to the carpet, and you have so much salt in your throat that you believe in a repetition of the event which delivered Lot from his wife. You see an infernal life before you; society is out of the question. The attentions of A wife. Among the keenest pleasures of bachelor life, every man reckons the independence of his getting up. The fancies of the morning compensate for the glooms of evening. A bachelor turns over and over in his bed: He can curse the expectant boots which stand holding their black mouths open at him and pricking up their ears. He can pretend not to see the steel hooks which glitter in a sunbeam which has stolen through the curtains, can disregard the sonorous summons of the obstinate clock, can bury himself in a soft place, saying: Yesterday was a dotard. To-day is a sage: But how can I resist the downy creases of my bed? My feet feel flaccid, I think I must be sick, I am too happy just here. I long to see the ethereal horizon of my dreams again, those women without claws, those winged beings and their obliging ways. In short, I have found the grain of salt to put upon the tail of that bird that was always flying away: And you go to sleep again, lulled by the rumbling of the morning wagons. Those terrible, vexatious, quivering teams, laden with meat, those trucks with big tin teats bursting with milk, though they make a clatter most infernal and even crush the paving stones, seem to you to glide over cotton, and vaguely remind you of the orchestra of Napoleon Musard. Though your house trembles in all its timbers and shakes upon its keel, you think yourself a sailor cradled by a zephyr. You alone have the right to bring these joys to an end by throwing away your night-cap as you twist up your napkin after dinner, and by sitting up in bed. Then you take yourself to task with such reproaches as these: You look round your chamber, you collect your wits together. Finally, you emerge from the bed, spontaneously! You go to the fireplace, you consult the most obliging of timepieces, you utter hopeful sentences thus couched: After all, you say to yourself, you are responsible to no one, you are your own master! Such sleep is troubled by an idea dressed in grey and furnished with wings, which comes and flaps, like a bat, upon the windows of your brain. A woman in a case like this is as exact as a devil coming to claim a soul he has purchased. I got everything ready last night; now you must, my dear; do you want to miss him? She opens the blinds, she lets in the sun, the morning air, the noise of the street, and then comes back. Who ever would have supposed you had no energy! I am only a poor, weak woman, but when I say a thing, I do it. Caroline gets you everything you want with provoking promptitude; she foresees everything, she gives you a muffler in winter, a blue-striped cambric shirt in summer, she treats you like a child; you are still asleep, she dresses you and has all the trouble. She finally thrusts you out of doors. Without her nothing would go straight! She calls you back to give you a paper, a pocketbook, you had forgotten. You return five hours afterwards to breakfast, between eleven and noon. Your servant is laying the cloth in a most leisurely style, stopping to look out of the window or to lounge, and coming and going like a person who knows he has plenty of time. You ask for your wife, supposing that she is up and dressed. You find your wife languid, lazy, tired and asleep. She had been awake all night to wake you in the morning, so she went to bed again, and is quite hungry now. You are the cause of all these disarrangements. For everything which goes awry she has this answer: She makes you go to bed early, because you got up early. She can do nothing all day, because you would get up so unusually early. This petty trouble,

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repeated several times, teaches you to live alone in the bosom of your family, not to tell all you know, and to have no confidant but yourself: You have made a transition from the frolicsome allegretto of the bachelor to the heavy andante of the father of a family. You have learned what paternal patience is, and you let no opportunity slip of proving it. Your countenance, therefore, is serious. By your side is a domestic, evidently for two purposes like the carriage. The vehicle is four-wheeled and hung upon English springs: It is a barouche in fine weather, and a brougham when it rains. It is apparently light, but, when six persons are in it, it is heavy and tires out your only horse. On the back seat, spread out like flowers, is your young wife in full bloom, with her mother, a big marshmallow with a great many leaves. These two flowers of the female species twitteringly talk of you, though the noise of the wheels and your attention to the horse, joined to your fatherly caution, prevent you from hearing what they say. On the front seat, there is a nice tidy nurse holding a little girl in her lap: And so she finally manages to keep her little Adolphe quiet. You have put your triumphant idea of taking your family to ride into execution. You left your home in the morning, all the opposite neighbors having come to their windows, envying you the privilege which your means give you of going to the country and coming back again without undergoing the miseries of a public conveyance. So you have dragged your unfortunate Norman horse through Paris to Vincennes, from Vincennes to Saint Maur, from Saint Maur to Charenton, from Charenton opposite some island or other which struck your wife and mother-in-law as being prettier than all the landscapes through which you had driven them. You come home by the left bank of the Seine, in the midst of a cloud of very black Olympian dust. The horse drags your family wearily along. His coat is roughened by the sweat which has repeatedly come out and dried upon him, and which, no less than the dust, has made him gummy, sticky and shaggy. The horse looks like a wrathful porcupine: You think a good deal of this horse; you consider him an excellent one and he cost you twelve hundred francs. When a man has the honor of being the father of a family, he thinks as much of twelve hundred francs as you think of this horse. You see at once the frightful amount of your extra expenses, in case Coco should have to lie by. For two days you will have to take hackney coaches to go to your business. It is half-past five, we are not at the barrier, and we started at two! But Adolphe is right, after all: What are you thinking of? My gown and hat will be ruined! Whip up your old horse! One would really think you cared more for your nag than for your child! You talk, turning your face to the carriage and then turning back to the horse, to avoid an accident. Adolphe, your son is dying of hunger. See how pale he is! She is a hypocrite and is delighted to see you quarreling with her daughter. Gently and with infinite precaution she throws oil on the fire. When you arrive at the barrier, your wife is mute. She says not a word, she sits with her arms crossed, and will not look at you. You have neither soul, heart, nor sentiment. No one but you could have invented such a party of pleasure. All the furies of Orestes are rankling in your heart. Was Madame Schontz anxious about babies, about her bonnet, the lace of which was torn to pieces in the bushes? No, she had no care for anything whatever, not even for her dignity, for she shocked the rustic police of Vincennes by the somewhat daring freedom of her style of dancing. You return home, you have frantically hurried your Norman horse, and have neither prevented an indisposition of the animal, nor an indisposition of your wife. That evening, Caroline has very little milk. If the baby cries and if your head is split in consequence, it is all your fault, as you preferred the health of your horse to that of your son who was dying of hunger, and of your daughter whose supper has disappeared in a discussion in which your wife was right, as she always is. There is a brilliant light. The chambermaid and the cook hover lightly about. The furniture is covered with dresses and flowers tried on and laid aside. The hair-dresser is there, an artist par excellence, a sovereign authority, at once nobody and everything. You hear the other domestics going and coming: The disorder is at its height. This chamber is a studio from whence to issue a parlor Venus.

Chapter 4 : J. Walker McSpadden (McSpadden, J. Walker (Joseph Walker),) | The Online Books Page

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Chapter 5 : The Poor Relations, Second Episode

Excerpt from The Physiology of Marriage; Petty Troubles of Married Life; Repertory of the Comédie Humaine He waved his hand, and appeared to bring before me a distant ocean where all the books of the world were tossing up and down like agitated waves.

Chapter 6 : Petty Troubles of Married Life, Second Part by Honoré de Balzac

The physiology of marriage ; petty troubles of married life ; repertory of the Comédie Humaine / By Honoré de Balzac, J. Walker (Joseph Walker).

Chapter 7 : Saintsbury Introduction, Volume XVIII " Part I " La Comedie Humaine by Balzac

The physiology of marriage ; Petty troubles of married life / Honoré de Balzac ; edited with introd. by J. Walker McSpadden. Access to this resource may be restricted to users from specific IU campuses.

Chapter 8 : Physiology Of Marriage by Balzac, Honore De

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Chapter 9 : The physiology of marriage ; Petty troubles of married life | Search Results | IUCAT

In his second book, The Petty Troubles of Married Life, Balzac thought to create a fictional married couple -- Adolphe and Caroline -- along with a cast of supporting characters. While it is not a novel, it is an amusing collection of Balzac has written two books about marriage.