# THE DAILY EVENING, TELEGRAPH.-PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1866.

OUR NEW HOUSE; OR, THE

Pleasures of House Hunting.

#### A LECTURE,

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, LAST EVENING.

### AT MUSICAL FUND HALL.

A large and enthusinstic audience filled the Musical Fund Hall last evening, the occasion being a lecture by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, under the auspices of the Philalethean Literary Association. It was a rare treat, and the audience manifested their approbation by frequently applauding the speaker throughout his amusing address.

At 8 o'clock precisely, Mr. John D. Ford came forward and said: -Ladies and Gentlemen -The Philalethean Literary Association of Philadelphia is one probably known to the majority of you. It will seem useless at this time to make any extended remarks relative to it, and we would only state that it is an associa tion whose object is to promote the talent and usefulness of its members in the fields of hierary effort and pursuit. We hold our meetings every Friday evening, at our rooms No. 736 Arch street, and we would employ the present opportunity to cordially invite young men, who desire to avail themselves of the advantages which an active and efficient organization is capable of affording to the minds of its members, to come and join us. We feel confident in stating that all such will be gladly received, and that their connection with us will be amply rewarded. The lecture to be delivered this evening is presented under the auspices of this Association, and it needs no lengthy speech by way of introduction of the distinguished gentleman who is to address us. We thank you all, kind friends, for your attendance on this occasion, and on behalf of the Association I now have the honor, of introducing to you Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

The applause which greeted the mention of the lecturer's name continued for several minutes, and was again renewed when he stepped forward to the desk, after which he spoke as tollows:-

Ladies and Gentlemen :- At some time every man builds a house, or is interested in the build-ing of one. If he does not get enough dollars to do the work himself, his children will do it. He will be called upon for counsel in the matter. He will be called upon for counsel in the matter. Such large opportunities are opening that the probability is, almost every young man will be able to build himself a house, and from the way that matters look now, I judge that some of the young ladies will, before long, be invited to move into these newly constructed edifices. Every man ought to own a house. They will admit this whose ankles have ever ached in that delectable business of house-bunting. To start out on a spring morning, with the physithat delectable business of house-bunting. To start out on a spring morning, with the physi-cal system relaxed, up this street and down the other, looking out for those short, delicate words, "To Let." You are to "Inquire withia." But, alas! they do not want to show you the house. The present occupants, with an outburst of indignation, exclaim, "Who told you that this house was to let?" You cringe in the corner of the hall, and hold your hat down with the humblest air, and say, "Sir," or "Madaro, I saw the sign at the door, and thought I would just look through." By this time the whole family, some from the hall-opened doors, and some looking over the banisters, glower upon you till you feel that you must be a bur-glarious and miscrable offender, and are almost duposed to do as my little girl of two years old, who, when discovered with her hand in the who, when discovered with her hand in the who, when discovered with her hand in the cake-box, knelt down in the corner of the pantry, and prayed, "Dod bless papa and mamma." But the first outburst of indignation has passed, and you are told "to look away if you want to." As you are passing through the hall you are told that the furnace does not heat the house, and the bath-tub leaks, the cellar is damp, the and the bath-tub leaks, the cellar is damp, the window pulleys are broken, there are roaches in the closets and moths in the garret. But by this time you stand in the soap-suds of the kitchen, with a rat-terrier at your heels bark-ing with such perfect spite that you know some-body has given him the wink; or yeu are up-stairs gazing on the outside of the doors of rooms which they tell you are locked, but are just like all the other rooms. When you get out on the sidewalk you give one long breath of satisfaction, considering that you have had a hairbreadth escape, and feeling like the man who paid the dentist one dollar for drawing au who paid the dentist one dollar for drawing an ugly tooth, declaring that he had on previous occasions enjoyed himself more for the same amount of money. Nevertheless, you must have a house, and so you try it again. Up this street and down that, until at last you see a bill in such large letters that you think this must be a genuine case of a house to let; but you are to inquire of the house agent. Forthwith you seek his office. You find that there is a great scarcity of tenements, and that there are other applicants. He that will give the most can applicants. He that will give the most can have it. The rent so much, the bonus so much. Perhaps some of you don't know what a bonus is. It is a slight consideration, you know; "for you know people must live; good deal of trouble, you know; idoes not half pay anyhow." A bonus is—well, I cannot tell what it is. If you want to know, just ask anybody who, during the past two years, has wanted to rent a house. the past two years, has wanted to rent a house. The effect upon one is very much like having a mustard-plaster on the bottom of your feet, another on the paim of your hand, and one on the back of your neck, your hands tied behind your back, and a big horse-fly on the end of your nose that by no twisting or blowing can in anywise be induced to vacate the premises. If anywise the mouse to vacate the premises. in anywise be induced to vacate the premises. (Laughter, continued for several minutes.) But some say, "Escape all such perplexities, and pass your life in a boarding-house." Such a place is sometimes very attractive and home-like. The furniture indicates that there were other days of prosperity. The picture, the vase, the set of old-time chairs show that it once was an affluent home; but disorder or death came. She who presides at the table once had other hands to achieve her livelihood. There is a long romance of trouble in that careworn face. She was persuaded to put her name to papers that she ought never to have signed. There are still in the world those hiving who devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers. None may know pretense make long prayers. None may know her sacrifice of feeling day by day in the con-duct of household affairs which ence were attended to by other hands long ago folded in nited to by other hands long ago folded in attended to by other hands long ago folded in sleep. But there are boarding-houses where the home feeling never entered once, and the only question is how little care can be given in return for what you pay. You live chiefly in your trunk, and never find anything you want until you have pulled everything out, and got down to the last thing on the bottom. (Laughter.) You may be a little desperate, but you must swallow the indigestibles. What melancholy hash! What wast uncertainty of ausage! You would be satisfied if you only kyew what this is that you pick up from the soup, or would feel very thankful if you knew who?; belonged to. (Laughter.) You send out your sup for more tea on the same platter with other caps, and are often times afflicted withifthe possibility that you may have exchanged cups with the most disagreeable man at the table. You have no faith in the fidelity of napkins. Yous table-cloth ?s in mourning for departed hreakfasts. You enter this in a public parlor, all sorts of people looking on to see how you behave, and to hear what you say.

one to board. There is not more than one out of ten of the boarding-houses worthy of being called by that endearing name of home.

Have a house we must, and build one to our liking we some day ought. Therefore it is that we spend this hour in making a draught of what will be the outward and inward architecture of Our New House.

Now, you need not wonder whether I choose Ionian, Corinthian, Doric, or Byzantine style of srchitecture, or expect a scientific discussion of archades, capitals, and transcrier windows. of architecture, or expect a scientific discussion of architecture, or expect a scientific discussion. All these things are well enough if you come to consider a cathedral, palace, or basilica; but when we build our new house our chief anxiety will be to make it look like home. Every brick or stone in the front must have a way of looking out, as much as to say, "We are all at home; come in and enjoy yourself." Our door-knobs shall not be lustronally burnished; and our door-bell shall be so arranged that, without straining your wrist or geiting red in the face, you can set it agoing with a clear lond ring. The roof shall project just far enough out to bang a good row of glittering iclefs. Having the plan of the house, now for the laying of the corner-stone. Let not the occa-sion pass thoughtlessly, for this house shall be a sacred place. Oh, yea! a house is a sacred place, and we must have all our family friends at the laying of the corner-stone. Place within it a box containing the family record, telling

it a box containing the family record, telling the story of births and deaths. As the workmen lift the sacred stone to its place, join hands about it, young and old, and say :-

"Mid pleasures and pa'aces, though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there is no p ace like home, sweet home."

Our new house shall have a good wide hall, and have it well lighted, so that when people come and go they may do so without difficulty. If there were a full gush of light in the entry, could we rush out and take some disagreeable person by both hands, and say, "I am so glad to see you," "I am really delighted." "Why didn't you come before?" "Bless me! why really this you come before?" "Bless me! why really this is unexpected pleasure." When the fact is, we are half sick because they have come, and we go out into the kitchen, saying:-"Bridgel, put on more polatoes; another raft of company. Dear me! they have brought their trunks." (Langhter.) (Laughter.)

The parlor in our house shall have hung on The partor in our house shall have hung on the walls some pictures. We will gather up the wedding fees which ministers generally give to their wives; but generally borrow it the next day and purchase one well-executed painting. In our house we will have pictures, such as you can cut out of the weekly journal or the penny newspaper home scenes with a streak of newspaper -- home scenes, with a streak of nature. Pictures are chiefly to be admired for what they can make you feel and think of. I have no pleasure in looking at a farm scene, unless I can look right through the canvass and hear the corn stalk rustle, the calf bleat, the horse neigh, and the hen cluck. We will also have music in our new parlor. It we cannot afford a Chickering grand, perhaps we can a guitar; if not a guitar, an accordeon. We cannot always be listening to music, or gazing at pictures, and there is a class of parlor games that we mean to have a guitar and the second se to have in our new house, and can see no harm in a good romp. 1 will not attempt in a literary In a good romp. I will not attempt in a literary lecture to discuss how many may join each other on the floor, nor how much gracefulness may be in the step. There is something beautiful in the scene of a dozen young people so full of life, from head to toe, that nothing short of a ship-cable around the anckles, and an anchor in each pocket, could keep them still. We hail to the partor those modern games which shake the stiffness and stupidity out of the social choice, and leach our young people that they need not and teach our young people that they need not go to houses of dissipation for enjoyment. We shall be particular about our parlor door, to have it open easy. We want people to find no barrier to getting in.

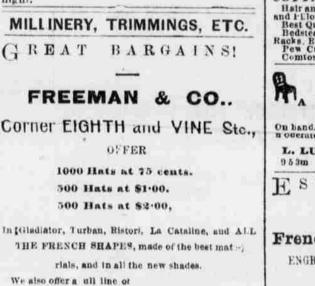
My friends, you will step right out from the parlor into the dining-room. I am sorry that I have kept you so long from the refreshments, but you know it is the custom to have these things a little late. The dining-room shall be a pleasant place. That is about the only place where the family all meet. However plain our fare may be, we will try to keep alum out of the bread, if it does make it white, and verdigris out of the pickles, if it does make them a lovely green. (Laughter.) God has made a world full of healthful tood, so then away with the will three In our dining-room we poison ! times a day cultivate the domestic virtues. To make the room attractive, perhaps a picture two, representing a basket of fruit or a string of fresh game. Let the picture of the game lifelike—the snipe and the partridge not look-ing as if they had been dead six months, but as if the feathers had only that moment ceased to flutter. Old game excites in me no exhilaration. I once had a neighbor who, either from some peculiar religious contom as I supposed or a peculiarity custom, as I supposed, or a peculiarity of taste, used in winfer to hang out of his window for a month at a time-right opposite to my study-a dead goose. (Laughter.) Now I have no objections to this bird alive, because I like anything classic, its cackling once having saved Rome; but, mark you well, this was a dead goose. I could not look out of the window without see-ing it. There it hung, day in and day out, night in and night out. If I happened to look out to eatch the inspiration of a brilliant night-scene, I saw nothing but that dead goose. There came times of great uplifting of spirits. I walked the floor in exultation; and wished I could look upon some great natural object, witness a look upon some great natural object, witness a thunder storm, or hear the ocean psalming with innumerable voices its magnificent "Old Hundred." I looked out of the window, and my spirits fell from the tp-top of my exhilara-tion flop down on the back of that dead goose. Time will roll on, and I shall pass great vicissi-tudes and look upon many scenes, grand, glorious, touching, and terrific, the Mexican Empire overthrown, Napoleon abdicated, the Atlantic cable snap till the continents swing off again, and all the earth be uptorn by revolu-tion; but none of these can ever crase from my mind the memory of that dead goose. mind the memory of that dead goose. The tea hour has come. You have washed off the cares of the day's work. There is something soothing in the song of the tea-kettle. The appearance of the family is different from the morning. You do not look quite so fresh, and there is a slight shade under the eye, as though there is a slight shade under the eye, as though the lcad-pencil with which you marked the goods had slipped and drawn two hall-circles below the lower lid. The children too are changed. Alse for the clean aprons with which they started the day! They have been up to their elbows in the dirt making mud pies. (Laughter.) The wife, opposite you a little more subdued than in the morning, but her hair more care-fully arranged. You say nothing, but think how well she looks, as well as twenty years ago, when for the first time you sat together at the tea-table in your new house, and cared not whetea-table in your new house, and cared not whe ther the tea was strong or weak, for she poured it; nor whether the biscuit was light or heavy, nt; nor whether the biscuit was light or heavy, for she made it; nor the smoked beel dry or iresh, for she frizzled it. You look incredulous, as though you never were so romantic as that, but your wife knows it was so. You are not disturbed as, seated opposite her, you see a few grey lines through her hair: you know it is only the frost-work on the window-pane of a palace. She looks back and says nothing, but you see in her eyes the two verses of Robert Burns, one in each eye. [The speaker then recited "John Anderson, my Jo, John," with great effect, the audience applying their handkerchiefs to their eyes.] Hark! What is that great racket up-stairs ? applying their handkerchiefs to their eyes.] Hark! What is that great racket up-stairs ? It is in the nursery. You wonder why I do not go into the kitchen before the nursery. I will tell you, Men had better keep out of there; the servant may have a beau, and that always makes trouble. It is one of the funniest and most inconsistent things on earth to see a matried person provoked because the servant has a beau. But we hasten up-stairs to see about that racket. We enter the room, and we find the children at play-rolling around on the floor, spinning tops, playing marbles, etc. Oh ! make the nursery bright. We never escape from its power. Thaf, in after years, will be the 'Heart's Content" that will hold its cable of magnetic influences under deepest seas and to post distant continents.

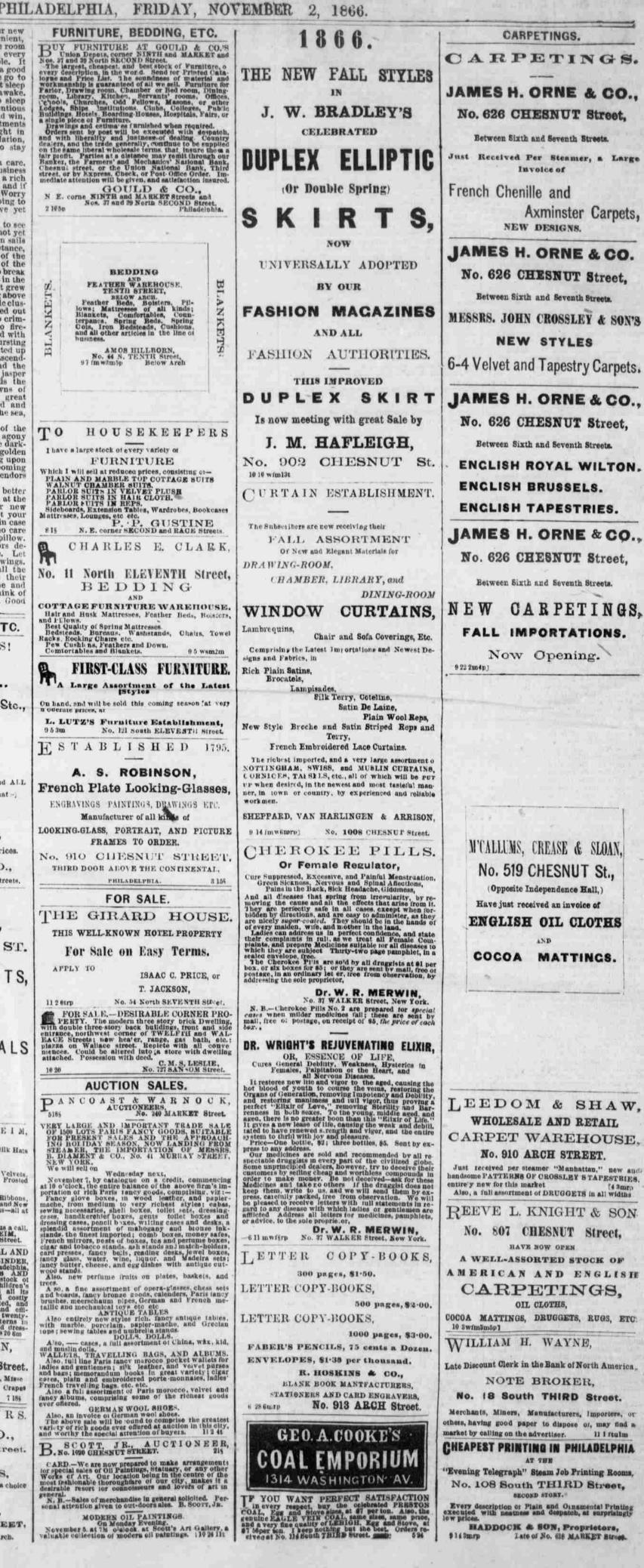
It is getting towards bed-time in our new house; we have the most ample, convenient, and healthful sleeping apartments. The room in which we spead seven or eight of every twenty-four hours ought to be comfortable. It twenty-lour hours ought to be comfortable. It is one of the greatest arts of life to be a good sleeper. Without this kind of repose we go to our work oally half armed. If you cannot sleep yourself, do not keep the whole house awake. There are those who, not being able to sleep themselves, consider it a kind of conscientious duty, all night long, to slam the doors and win, dow-shutters. We shall have the apartments well ventilated. I have passed the night in rooms that for months had feit no ventilation, the windows being nailed down as if to stay there. there Go to sleep to-night without a fret or a care.

Go to sleep to-night without a fret or a care. Everything will come out right in your business and in the world. You will probably be a rich man before you die. Keep a good heart, and if you fall, fall forward, never backward. Worry not about the world as though it were going to ruin. All wrongs will be righted, and we yet shall see the full gush of the morning. One summer day 1 weut to the beach to see the sunset over the sea. The night had not yet gathered up all its shadows. I counted ten sails against the sky. They were in the dim distance, and seemed stalking there like the spirits of the night walking the billows. The gloom of the hour and spot were so great, that I tried to break it by uttering aloud, "Thy way, O God! is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters," It grew lighter. The clouds in purple clusters hung above the korizon; and it seemed as if those purple clus-ters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, and every wave turned into erem. the horizon; and it seemed as if those purple clus-ters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, and every wave turned into crim-son. Yonder, fire-cleft stood opposite to fire-cleft, and here a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the iwindows—the whole sky lighted up until it was as if the angels of God were ascend-ters of descending upon states of fire and the until it was as if the angels of God were ascend-ing and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave creats changed into crystals and jasper and amethyst, as they were flung towards the beach. It made me think of the crowns of heaven, cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I threw myself upon the sand and uttered again, "Thy way, O God! is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters!" So, methinks, will come the morning of the

So, methinks, will come the morning of the world's deliverance; the long night of agony will begin to fade from the heavens; the dark-ness will fold its tents and away: the golden feet of the rising day will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful, booming billows of the world's woe break in the splendors of sternel ion

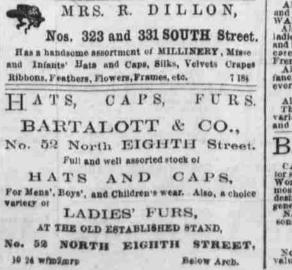
billows of the world's woe break in the splendors of eternal joy. Therefore don't fret. You will sleep better to-night if you don't fret. I leave you at the door of the sleeping apartment in our new house. Turn the gas off square, and set your shoes where you can get them quickly in case of fire. Good-night, old and young. Let no care ache your brow nor tear fall upon your pillow. Think not of the house-hunting horrors de-scribed in the opening of my lecture. Let God's hovering angel shake rest from his wings. Let the old feel no ailments through all the night hours, and may the young have their dreams filled with odors of spring-time and dreams filled with odors of spring-time and heaven. On your comfortable couch think of Him who had not where to lay His head. Good night.





MILLINERY COODS. At 25 Per Cent. Below the Wholesale Prices FREEMAN & CO., Corner EIGHTH and VINE Streets. 10 26 2mrp] WOOD & CARY, No. 725 CHESNUT ST. BONNETS AND HATS, LATEST STYLES. EVERY VARIETY OF BONNET MATERIALS AND TRIMMINGS. 10 I 2m rp WEYL & ROSENHEIM, No. 726 OFENUT Street, OPEN THIS DAY, A splendid assoriment of Felt and Silk Hats for Ladies and Children All the newest shapes at very low prices, Willow. Ostich, and Fheasant Flumes. Brown. Drab, White, and Garnet Bonnet Velvets, Royal Velvets, Uncut Velvets, Gross d'Atriques, Frosted Velvets. Koyal Vervels, Check Vervels, other shade of color. The same goods in every other shade of color. Yelveta. Yelvet Ribbons, Trimming Ribbons, Bonnet Ribbons, Yaris Ornamenis, Fine French Flowers, French and New York Hat and Bonnet Frames, Laces, Illusions--ail at the very lowest market proces-AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Country orders promptly attended to. Give us a call. WEYL & ROSENHEIM, 1051m No. 726 CHESNUT Street.

SPLENDID OPENING OF FALL AND SPLENDID OPENING OF FALL AND WINTER STYLES.-MRS. M. A. BINDER, No 1631 CHESNUT Birect, Philadeiphia, IMPORTER OF LADIES' DRESS AND CLOAK TRIMMIAGS. Also, an elsgant stock of Imported Paper Paitsins for Ladies' and Children's Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Parlisian Dress and Cloak Making in all its Dress. Dress and Dress. Barlis Dress. Barlisters in Dress. Dress and Dress. Barlisters in Barlist. Dress. Barlisters in Barlister, now ready Barlisters 2005 and Dress. Barlisters 20



M'CALLUNS, CREASE & SLOAN, No. 519 CHESNUT St., (Opposite Independence Hall,) Have just received an invoice of ENGLISH OIL CLOTHS AND COCOA MATTINCS.

CARPETINGS.

Invoice of

NEW DESIGNS.

NEW STYLES

Axminster Carpets,

## LEEDOM & SHAW. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CARPET WAREHOUSE.

No. 910 ARCH STREET.

Just received per steamer "Manhattan," new and handsome PATTERES OF CROSSLEY STAPESTRIES. entire'y new for this market Also, a full assortment of DRUGGETS in all widths

REEVE L. KNIGHT & SON

No. 807 CHESNUT Street.

HAVE NOW OPEN

A WELL-ASSORTED STOCK OF

CARPETINGS. OIL CLOTHS, COCOA MATTINGS, DRUGGETS, RUGS, ETC. 10 3wim3m5p1 WILLIAM H. WAYNE, Late Discount Clerk in the Bank of North America.

NOTE BROKER.

No. 18 South THIRD Street.

Merchants, Miners, Manufacturers, Importers, or others, having good paper to dispose of, may find a market by calling on the advertiser. 11 1 ftulm

CHEAPEST PRINTING IN PHILADELPHIA AT THE

"Evening Telegraph" Steam Job Frinting Rooms, No. 108 South THIRD Street,

SECOND STORY.

Every description of Plain and Ornamental Printing executed with neatness and despatch, at surprisingly low prices.

HADDOCK & SON, Proprietors, Late of No. 618 MARKET Street.