

[ The citizens of Philadelphia have recently been favored with a visit from John S. Rock, Esq., the distinguished colored orator and lawyer, of Boston. During his short stay he gratified a wish long cherished by them to hear one or two of his popular lectures. Last week he spoke in the scientific library course of the Institute for colored youth, to a very full audience.] His theme was, "The Character and Writings of Madame de Stael." The address itself was one befitting the place and the audience: it was chaste, accurate, scholarly, and marked with exceeding good taste[.] But *the* address of this visit was given at Sansom St. Hall, on Monday evening. That large and fashionable Hall was quite well filled by an audience partly white and partly colored, among whom we noticed some of our best and most influential fellow-citizens. Dr. Rock's subject was, "A Plea for My Race." To say that the lecture was *eloquent*, conveys only an idea in the aggregate—it was something more than what is generally termed an eloquent discourse. It was full of meat for strong men, pith for rousing the sluggish, humor for the lively, and logic for the philosophical. Everything was in excellent taste. The *manner*, as well as the *mater*, was noticeable. Dr. Rock, tall and manly in form, his stern, dark eye flashing under an intellectual brow, did himself look the orator. There was no bluster, no empty rant and beating of the air, no mere clamoring after effect, no "hollow words of empty sound." His voice, smooth, pleasant, mellifluous, is exactly

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