Capt. A. Ferguson—Your fellow-citizens of this city, those who know you best, reflecting the views and sentiments of their race throughout the State, have assembled here to-night, to greet you upon the important mission you are about to assume; apart from the impetus, the assurance you have received of a position under the government, commensurate to your merit, has prompted us to tender this tribute, as a recognition of your representative character, in behalf of your people. The relations existing between you and them has been long and intimate; and now at the period of their separation, we again renew our confidence in your fidelity and courage, in any sphere where chance may throw you, to uphold the purity of that patriotism, which is just budding into the reality of principle and devotion. Should those in power appreciate the sacrifices we have made, you in departing from us, and we, in being deprived of your services, tell them that 6,000 loyal hearts pulsates through every artery, to be engaged in the issue with liberty against the despotism of slavery—to tell them, as they receive and advance you, to depend upon us in all emergencies to restore the old flag; and the mighty interest over which it waves, back to its pristine glory—tell them that in point of capacity, disinterested motives, singleness of purpose, and firm determination, we send you as the embodiment of the dignity of manhood. From the commencement of this rebellion, we have observed you a changed
and restless man. Home even, happy with the endearments of conjugal and filial love, lost its charms. In the immensity of your country’s struggles, all ties of tenderness were broken asunder—your business, though lucrative, was neglected—amusement though recreative seemed morbid, and all your hopes of the future were centered in the unquenchable desire to display your energies in maintaining the grand principles involved. The elder Napoleon would have made the man, however humble, encasing such a soul, a Marshal of France. Yet, sir, destiny is working mysterious wonders—misfortune has more than once severed the almost invincible power and resources of the nation; in this dark hour, California relieved monetary embarrassments. From the wealth of her inexhaustible hills, she, wafted consolation and assistance upon every breeze—she dedicated her Hallecks, Hookers, her Bakers and her Sumners to the cause. We now offer our own cherished Ferguson—the most capable and valorous within our midst, imbued with the rare qualities of Genius and Courage, softened by Sympathy and Judgment; comprehending the wants of the most insignificant, and impervious to menace and danger. Sir, I am not here to offend your sensibility with fulsome praise. The record of your actions will never be effaced. We remember the trials you encountered in the city of Pittsburg, the literary and political gems contributed, the annihilation of the arch-traitor, “Extra Billy Smith,” when he attempted to defame your race. We yet partake of the fame of the Altucks Blues, and their manly defiance against ignorance and doughfaceism.
These recollections, combined with your career here, makes this occasion and this tribute a fitting reward to crown your labors. If fortune attend your efforts and appease a worth ambition, we will treasure up your laurels as a part of our own; but should fate award a different doom, we will long mourn the event as a common calamity.