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"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

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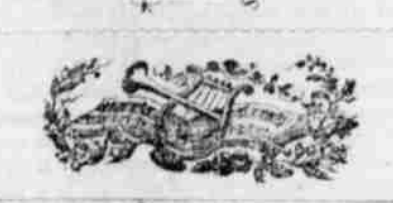
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Poetry.



The Light of Home.

The Light at Home! how bright it beams
When evening shades around us fall!
And from the lattice that twinkling gleam
To love, to labor, and to cheer us all.

When, through the dark and stormy night,
The weary wanderer homeward hies;
How cheering is that twinkling light,
Which through the forest glades he spies.

It is the Light at Home; he feels
That loving hands will greet him there,
The joy and love that vanish cease,
Around the Light at Home.

The Light at Home! where'er at last
He reaches the season through the storm,
He feels no more the chilling blast,
That beats upon his lonely form.

Long years upon the sea have fled,
Sorrow may give her parting kiss,
But the old love, which then she shed,
Will now be paid with rapturous bliss,
Around the Light at Home.

The Light at Home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door—
The weary laborer to greet—
When the rough bills of day are o'er!

Sad the soul that does not know
The blessing that the home affords,
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
And lighten up the heaviest hours,
Around the Light at Home.

Miscellaneous.

THE DIAMOND RING; OR, THE ASTROLOGER'S STRATAGEM. A TALE OF BOSTON IN 1775.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.—CONTINUED.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MURDER.

Punctually to his appointment, Colonel Powell went to the goldsmith's shop the next morning. The loan of five hundred pounds was ready; the necessary papers were executed, and the officer, with a feeling of deep satisfaction, deposited the amount in his pocket.

"Where is Mr. Dewie?" asked he.

"He has not been seen since your visit here yesterday afternoon," replied the goldsmith, with a nervous twitch of the head.

"Is it possible? Where can he be?"

"I can form no idea. The last I heard of him was during the quarrel with his nephew—you remember the circumstance?"

And Mr. Waldeck fixed an uneasy glance on Colonel Powell.

"I do, perfectly well. Have you made any inquiries?"

"Yes, I have been to every place he is accustomed to visit, but have been unable to obtain any tidings of him. His bed was not occupied last night."

"My daughter's ring was on his finger at the time I called upon you. Mr. Waldeck searched, but the ring could not be found."

"Nothing has happened to him, I trust."

"Since I came into the shop this morning and learned he was not in the house, I have felt the most gloomy doubts."

"Where is his villainous nephew?"

Colonel Powell scowled at the mention of that name.

"He has not been seen since the quarrel with his uncle. Probably you had the last interview with him."

The events of the previous evening, as the reader has followed, were known to him; indeed, he had suspected Robert Dewie, and given Colonel Powell the information which had made him a listener at the dining-room door.

"The quarrel has not resulted in anything serious, has it?" asked Colonel Powell, with a glance of intelligence at the other.

"No, the young man is, in the main, a very good fellow."

"But, in his passion, he has not made way with the old man?"

"Impossible! he could never be guilty of such an act."

Perhaps not; but my own opinion of the young fellow is anything but favorable."

"You wrong him by such a suspicion. I assure you he is a very worthy man; and as to any immoral or criminal act, he is utterly incapable of it."

"Perhaps he is. But have you searched the house?"

"Yes, every part of it."

"Where does he keep his valuables?"

Mr. Waldeck hesitated a moment, and then replied that they were scattered about in various hiding places, he believed; he did not know where.

"Have you examined the cellar?"

Mr. Waldeck acknowledged that the thought of searching the cellar had never occurred to him—that it was a mere lumber room, rarely visited by any one.

Colonel Powell, who, in his prejudices against Robert Dewie, was harboring the most terrible suspicion of him, proposed to search the cellar. Waldeck, protesting that it was needless, assented, and the trap door was raised. As they were about to descend, two of the neighbors, who had been engaged in the search, entered the shop. They were requested to accompany the others, and the four descended together.

On the bottom of the cellar lay the hat of the missing man.

"Here is a clue at least; let us examine more closely," said Powell, as he stooped over to examine more particularly the spot, which was partially obscured by the darkness of the cellar.

"Good heavens! here is blood!" exclaimed he, as his eyes rested on a large dark pool.

"Ay, it is blood!" repeated one of the neighbors.

"Great God! is it possible? Are you sure it is blood, Colonel?" said Mr. Waldeck, in a slightly tremulous tone.

"Blood? certainly, sir! I have been long enough a soldier to know blood when I see it," replied the Colonel. "But let us look farther."

"Here is a knife," said one of the men, who was engaged in the search, as he picked up a long-bladed jack-knife.

"And covered with blood," added Colonel Powell, as he took the knife. "This looks like foul play."

"It does, indeed," said Mr. Waldeck, whose nerves were terribly agitated.

"Ay, there has been murder here—foul, cold-blooded murder!" exclaimed Colonel Powell. "But to whom does this knife belong?"

"He who approached the little window which shed a few faint rays upon the scene."

"Here is a name," continued he, as he discovered a small silver plate on the handle; "but it is so stained with blood that I cannot read it."

With his handkerchief he rubbed the blood from the plate, and approached still nearer the window to read the name.

"My suspicion was not unfounded," said Col. Powell. "The name is Robert Dewie."

"My God!" exclaimed Waldeck; "it cannot be!"

"I fear it is too true; and the murder must have been committed in this place—Now, where is the body? Look around, gentlemen, look around, and we will find any indications of the ground having been disturbed."

The party all diligently examined the bottom of the cellar, but the earth appeared not to have been disturbed.

"This is singular," said Colonel Powell. "Very singular. Could the body have been removed during the night?"

"There is a passage way to the street, but it has not been opened to my knowledge, for years," said Waldeck.

The door was examined, and there were evidences that it had been quite recently opened. A light was procured, and a more particular examination disclosed several smears of blood. It was plain that the body had been removed from the cellar.

A further search was made to discover, if possible, anything which would throw more light on the foul association, but nothing was found, and the party returned to the shop.

Enough had been ascertained to convince all that a murder had been perpetrated, and there was strong presumptive evidence to implicate the murderer. The quarrel and the threat, the knife and the absence of the nephew, all conspired to throw the guilt upon him. But even with this apparently overwhelming testimony, Mr. Waldeck cautioned to believe, or pretend to believe, that Robert Dewie could not be the assassin.

The two neighbors, satisfied in their own minds that the young man had murdered his uncle, departed from the shop to spread the news.

"Mr. Waldeck, I have a double reason for lamenting this unhappy occurrence. My daughter's ring, unless he removed it before his disappearance, was on the finger of the victim, as I have said before—a ring which no money could replace; for whose loss nothing could compensate her. It was bequeathed to her by a dying mother under very peculiar circumstances, and she values it beyond comparison. I know not how I can tell her it is forever lost. Those are the particulars connected with it, and they are such as to cause me much uneasiness."

"But, perhaps, Colonel, the body may be found," suggested Mr. Waldeck, looking to the face of the other with a blank expression.

"It is possible, but not probable. The villain has probably made his escape, and it will be long before he shows himself again—By heavens! here he is," said he, as he saw Robert Dewie, apparently ignorant of the painful circumstances which the last hour had disclosed, enter the shop.

The young patriot certainly appeared to be entirely unconcerned and at ease. Noting to Colonel Powell, and with a word of salutation to Waldeck, he was about to pass into the back parlor, when the officer placed his hand upon his shoulder, and haughtily bade him stop. Robert Dewie turned a round, and, with a look of his finely chiselled brow, was about to hurl his indignation at the Colonel, when the latter addressed him.

"Robert Dewie, your crime has found you out!"

"Colonel Powell, I am not to be intimidated; you threatened me last night, but yet you see I do not fear you," interrupted Robert.

"Young man, I accuse you of a greater crime even than treason. You are a murderer."

"No, no, Colonel, it cannot be true; do not accuse him," interposed Waldeck.

"What cannot be true, Mr. Waldeck; I do not understand you," said Robert, calmly, but with an anxious glance of inquiry at the goldsmith.

Colonel Powell looked with surprise at the goldsmith, while something like a sneer rested upon his countenance.

"Of course he will deny it. After all the pains he has taken to conceal the deed, he is not likely to inform against himself."

"Dony what, sir? Will you tell me the meaning of all this?" said the young man with a gesture of impatience.

"Then you do not know that your uncle has been murdered—basely, cruelly murdered?"

"Murdered? good heavens! no," exclaimed Robert. "When and where was the deed done?"

"This pretended ignorance will not avail you, Robert Dewie. The evidence already obtained leaves no doubt as to the assassin," said Colonel Powell sternly.

"My God! it is possible that I am accused of the foul crime?"

"But perhaps, Robert, you can remove the suspicion which attaches to you," mildly added Waldeck.

"God is my witness that I am entirely innocent," exclaimed Robert, shrinking back at the horrid thought.

"You not your part well, young man," remarked the Colonel, whose prejudices had convicted the accused, rather than the suspicious circumstances.

"Colonel Powell, I believe you are a soldier and a gentleman. Recent events have unfortunately made you my enemy. You have, in your rankling heart, already condemned me. Is this just? Is it generous? Can you not treat your foe with magnanimity?"

Colonel Powell folded his arms in dignified composure, regarding with an eagle gaze the haughty man before him.

"Robert Dewie," said the officer, after a momentary pause—"it is true, you have attempted to injure me in a vital part, but I bear you no malice."

"It is false, sir; I have never attempted to injure you in any manner. I love your daughter, but the affection is mutual; I have not intruded myself upon her."

"It matters not now. It has already gone forth to your fellow-citizens—ay, to your fellow-patriots, that you are a murderer."

"Which is false, sir," interrupted Robert, with an indignant flash of his bright eye. "I am no man's judge, but the evidence will consign you to the gallows and an everlasting infamy."

"Ay, ay, Colonel, let us not proceed to extremities with him," exclaimed Waldeck. "Would you allow him to escape?"

Colonel Powell, with a glance of astonishment at the goldsmith,

"I would, but let us rather to the back parlor; the people will shortly interrupt us."

"I wish not to escape," said Robert calmly. The three retired to the inner apartment where an examination of the murder was in progress. Robert was shown his own knife covered with blood. He was horrified at the sight, and protested his innocence. He had left it in the shop some days before, he said. He was next reminded of the quarrel, which certainly tended to implicate him. His absence since the quarrel was commented upon. But this, the young man vehemently denied, and appealed to Waldeck.

"Was I not in my room at seven o'clock last evening, Mr. Waldeck?" said he.

"I do not know that you were, Robert; if the fact can be shown, it would be greatly to your advantage," said Mr. Waldeck, in a gentle and persuasive tone.

"Did you not come to my room about that time?" asked Robert, almost with astonishment, at the goldsmith's cool denial.

"Not that I remember, Robert," answered Waldeck, with a sorrowful air.

"And did you not let me have an hundred pounds?"

"Why, Robert, you are demoted; you had no money of me."

"My God! what can it mean?" and the young man pressed his hands on his swimming head.

Robert Dewie was overwhelmed by this unexpected evidence of the treachery of the criminal duplicity of Waldeck, and for a time endeavored to collect his scattered senses. A sudden thought inspired him with new energy, and more calmly than he had acted, he examined his pockets for the purse handed him by Waldeck on the previous evening.

"Here are the purse and the money just as you gave them to me. Luckily I have not disturbed either." And Robert extended the purse towards Waldeck.

"Now, God be with you, Robert; this was your uncle's purse," exclaimed the goldsmith, as he took it from him. "Here are the initials."

Colonel Powell examined the purse and recognized the letters.

"The evidence is conclusive," said he, returning the purse to Waldeck. "Our duty is plain."

But Waldeck was unwilling to give the young man into the hands of justice, and while they were deliberating upon this point, Robert, by a hasty movement, made his escape from the house through the back door.

He had taken this step, after a hasty, but thorough examination of his position. The disturbed state of the colony had materially affected the administration of justice. Before a jury of loyalists, he would have a small chance of his life. It was evident that Waldeck was conspiring against him, even while he was manifesting the deepest anxiety for his safety. The goldsmith's denial of the fact of lending him the money, was sufficient to convince him of the existence of a deep-laid plot for his ruin. Waldeck had a motive, too, in desiring to get rid of him. Under these circumstances, he determined not to abide the combined action of conspiracy and partial justice. Trusting, therefore, in the future to redeem his name from infamy, he had made his escape; and folding his cloak closely around him, he directed steps towards Cambridge.

Waldeck's arguments were so strong, that Colonel Powell yielded the claims of duty, and permitted the young patriot to depart unpursued.

heart's fondest emotions had been banished from her presence—she had been treated with the most unfeeling contempt. To her devoted heart that was most cause for anxiety. The future seemed robbed of its promised bliss, and only freedom in gloomy forebodings upon her brightest days.

Her father's gay and luxurious habits compelled her to mix with the light-hearted reveller in the saloon of fashion; but, deprived of her soul's ideal, it was distasteful in the extreme. Unhappily the temperance and disposition of a meek and gentle mother, her happiness consisted in the most simple enjoyments of life. The peaceful heaven of the fireside of home was more desirable than the giddy mazes of the dance, or the light revels of the smoking room.

The routine of fashionable dissipation to which her father was devoted was a monotonous round of misery to her.

Her introduction to Robert Dewie had been entirely accidental. She had met him scarcely a year before, in the hotel of poverty ministering to the wants of the suffering. Her heart sympathized with him in the mission of mercy. His manly form, and handsome face, lighted by a bright, intelligent eye, now beaming with gentle sympathy; his modest, graceful demeanor, and the respectful but earnest gaze of admiration he bestowed upon her—all had contributed to engage her heart. Ere the name of the gentle girl had been evoked, the loved one, in her daily walks of charity she met him; occasionally he attended her home, and she learned more of his character and pursuits. The intelligence that he was one of the most devoted of the agitators of the day, which she had obtained from other sources, fell heavily upon her heart.

This would exclude him from her father's sympathy, this would be the dividing line between them. With much sympathy for the injured colonists, she could not but esteem her friend more highly for his devotion to the welfare of his country. There was a Roman virtue in his composition which increased her admiration, and appealed more strongly to her affection.

Various opportunities for intercourse occurred; and at a fitting time, Robert Dewie had unfolded his heart, and offered it on the shrine of her affections. The offering was not declined, and the record of their devotion and their vows was witnessed above.

The storm of war seemed to be rapidly gathering over all the colonies, and Robert Dewie found himself more and more attracted from the views and sympathies of Col. Powell. It was a sad thought, but his soul was so elevated, his patriotism too noble, to be subdued from his duty even by the silken lure of love.

The young patriot's open heart could not conceal entirely the joys which animated it, and Waldeck was led to suspect the fact. By the adoption of a system of espionage, he had satisfied himself that Robert Dewie was the rival most to be dreaded in his conquest of Amelia Powell's heart.

On the preceding night he had followed him to Queen Street, and revealed to the astonished father the disgraceful truth, which had emboldened him to surmise the lover.

Amelia, with a sad heart had seated herself in the sitting-room. The book she held, received no share of her attention—her mind was overpowered with anxiety for her lover. As she sat thus pondering her clouded prospects, her father, who had just returned from the goldsmith's shop, entered the apartment. From the events of the previous night, she expected to be treated with cold sternness; but to her surprise, he greeted her with even more than usual gentleness, and imprinted affectionately his kiss of affection on her cheek.

"You look pale this morning, Amelia, you are ill!" said Colonel Powell, in a tone of solicitude; for whatever his faults, whatever the peculiarities of his nature, he loved his daughter, his only child, with an earnest devotion.

"No, father, I am quite well," replied Amelia; and the tears glistened in her eyes—her father's gentleness had melted her tender heart.

"What ails you, child? Why these tears?" and the fond father wiped away the weeping drops.

"Forgive me, father; forgive me that I offended you last night."

"Nay, think no more of it, Amelia; forget him, he is unworthy of your love."

"Do not say so, father; I love him fondly, truly."

Colonel Powell was distressed to find that the affair of the previous evening, which he had interrupted, was not an idle dissipation, as he had anxiously hoped. He saw with the deepest solicitude the clouds which a single night of sorrow had made. Whatever his own prejudices against the union of his daughter with a hot-headed rebel, the event was now rendered impossible by the infamy of the young patriot. His experience of woman's heart clearly indicated the danger of crossing a fond and tender affection like that of his beloved daughter.

"I trust, my child, you have not irretrievably bestowed your affections upon this young man," said Colonel Powell, after a long pause in which the painful realities of his daughter's position had rapidly flitted through his mind.

Amelia made no reply, but gazed with a look of inexpressible anxiety into the face of her father.

"You must forget him, Amelia, you must, indeed; he is utterly unworthy of you," said Colonel Powell, in a sorrowful tone.

"No, father, he is all that is manly, true, and just. I love him for his virtues, for his pure and noble nature. You cannot know him, father; you are prejudiced against him," pleaded Amelia from the nine of tenderness in her heart.

"I grieve for you, my daughter; but recent events have disclosed his true character. If he were a different man, I might look with favor upon him."

"What do you mean, father? What recent events? Do you refer to the battle of Lexington? His heart is true to his country; if he is at fault, it is because he has been misguided. Do not condemn him for that."

"Alas, my child, he is even worse than a traitor to his country."

"Do not wound me with these dark words. Tell me all; I know he is incapable of any baseness."

"Your heart deceives you, Amelia. The man you love is a murderer. You wrong him," and the devoted girl clasped with convulsive energy the hand of her father.

"It is too true, my child—may God be merciful to you—basely and cruelly Robert Dewie has taken the life of his own uncle!"

The cheek of the stricken daughter blanched, and her frame trembled with the violence of her emotions. With painful effort she maintained her composure, while Col. Powell narrated the revolting particulars of the tragedy at the goldsmith's. The suspicious circumstances which had eliminated her lover, were placed in the most heart-rending minutest before her. But she, still fond and true, refused to believe any ill of him whose honor and happiness were all in all to her. With an inward determination to cling to him in his hour of peril, as she had when his sky had been comparatively bright, she heard the conclusion of the terrible relation. All this might be the invention of his enemies. They might have conspired to ruin him. Yet with the evidence so palpably against him, she could not but recognize the possibility of his guilt.

"You see, Amelia," continued Colonel Powell, congratulating himself on the apparent fortitude with which his daughter had listened to his narration—you see that Robert Dewie, even while he pressed you to his heart last night, was a murderer! that his hand was stained with his uncle's blood!"

"O God! his bloody hand!" exclaimed she, as the terrible incident of the previous night rushed with appalling force to her mind, converting the irresistible conclusion that her father's idol was a fiend.

Her delicate nerves, already strained to their utmost tension, could endure no more, and she sank fainting into the arms of her father.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NATURALIZATION LAWS—POLICY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Speech of Hon. W. R. Smith,

OF ALABAMA,

In the House of Representatives, Jan. 15, 1855.

Mr. Smith, of Alabama, said:

Mr. Chairman: Propositions have been already made in this Hall, and at the other end of the Capitol, to repeal or modify the naturalization laws. That question is assuming proportions of considerable magnitude. In fact, sir, it is becoming the great question of the age. The time has come when American legislation will be forced to stand upon this subject; and before this question, which in itself embodies the grand idea of American nationality, all mere party organizations will have to give way and retire.

Intimately connected with the advent of this question is the rise and progress of a new order of men, whose name and designation, up to this period, are as yet unknown, but whose existence, however shadowy and mysterious, is a fact, and whose power in this country, for good or evil, has made itself felt from one end of the Union to the other.

Against this party, the vituperation of the press has been levelled. Many of our honorable friends have entered into the discussion of the subjects arising upon it with intense excitement. They behold in this new order nothing that is good, but some shadowy giant—some fabulous Hercules—some rare beast and bloody bones—some mysterious destroyer—some lion, endowed with voracious appetite, going about seeking whom he may devour. For my part, I have not been able to discover any of these dangers; I feel none of these apprehensions; and it is my purpose, on this occasion, to inquire into the existence of these dangers and apprehensions.

Sir, who composes this new party? So far as the public know, and so far as we all know, and so far as it is admitted, the party consists of native Americans, not foreigners, not exactly Catholics, but free-born American citizens. And how can an American behold in an organization of his countrymen such extravagant terrors? Who will say that an association of native Americans is less worthy of confidence than an association of mixed Americans and foreigners?

I assume that the admitted elements of this organization, being native Americans, absolutely exclude the idea that, as a party, they can have anything at all to do with the glory, honor, and welfare of the country. And what do they propose to do? With all their dangerous appearance, their mysterious organization, with all their terrors of secrecy, as alleged, what do they propose to do? They have but one simple proposition to submit to the country, and that is, the purification of the ballot-box. The idea embodies the whole doctrine of the organization of the party. In order to bring about that result, what do they propose to do? They propose to exclude unqualified foreigners from the ballot-box, and to check immigration, by wholesome laws for that purpose. That is the utmost extent to which they propose to go.

Intimately connected, however, with this question, is one of a very delicate character—the question of Catholicism in this country. It is said that it is the policy of this new party to exclude Catholics from office. I have no doubt that such a policy is a part of their faith, not only because of their Catholic faith, but because the Roman Catholic Church in this country is so intimately connected with foreign influence in all its branches, that it is impossible to separate the two—and they have to take the whole or exclude the whole.

I do not pretend that I have, upon this occasion, any well-arranged plan in reference to the repeal or modification of the naturalization laws. I have, however, some distinct propositions to make, which are radical in their character. I propose to strike at the root of the evil. I do not bring forward my proposition in the form of a bill, because nobody can suppose that the Congress will favor this information. It cannot

be expected that an administration which is so distinctly committed in favor of foreigners and foreign influence as this, should take the back track. I do not suppose that during the present session of Congress any bill of the kind will receive any serious attention. I will lay before the committee, however, the proposition which must, in the main, meet the desire of the Native American party; but I do not wish to commit any person but myself for these propositions. In the first place, it is well known that we now have no law by which a foreigner can be excluded. If there is any law requiring a foreigner to bring a passport, it is so loosely administered as to amount to nothing. Foreigners can come by millions, and there is nobody to exclude them, or to say any. Is there any other country upon the face of the earth, properly organized, that admits an influx of foreigners without any restriction whatever. None.

RADICAL PROPOSITION.
I make this, then, my first proposition, that no immigrant should be allowed to leave the ship in which he comes until, upon his solemn oath, he renounces his allegiance to all foreign powers, and until he swears that it is his *bona fide* intention to become an inhabitant of the United States. The necessity of this requisition shall be made to him by the captain of the ship before he takes passage, and his passport shall contain in its face this requisition.

A word, sir, upon this proposition. I stated that we had no law, and no clause of a law, by which to exclude foreigners in any number. England, France, and Russia, and all governments of the East, require every man who puts his foot upon their shores, to exhibit a passport. Thereby they can regulate immigration, and who is to come, and who is to remain. Suppose, sir, that England, France, or Russia, or any other government have a desire, and an intention to make war upon the United States. In the absence of the law to which I refer, before any act of hostility should be committed, they could land upon our shores in merchant ships, in the form of emigrants, a million of soldiers, from one hundred to a million. How would it be for the war? To send one hundred thousand Russians to this country as emigrants.

One hundred thousand immigrants arriving in New York in a month could create no excitement. Their promiscuous Broadway would not so swell the tide of that immense population as to be perceptible. They could go and equip themselves with American powder, and American bullets, and go in American cars to any portion of the country, and be ready at any time, to exhibit themselves as an armed force, in the heart of the country. This may never occur, but we know that the time of an army in an enemy's country, in case of war, is a most important matter, and our laws enable an enemy to flood the country with his soldiers in the form of emigrants. I ask now, of American statesmen, if it is their right to exist? Will any man say that it is his duty to live alone for this present day?

Will any statesman say his duty stops this hour? Will any statesman say he lives alone for his own age and his own generation? There may be no danger now, but we should look ahead, far into the future, and for that future, supply at this day, the lamentable deficiencies of our laws.

My second proposition, connected with the first, is, that no immigrant shall be allowed to land until he produces a passport from the proper authority of the United States, resident in the country from which the emigrant comes; which passport shall contain upon its face the requirements which I have read.