

The North Carolina Whig.

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

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THOMAS J. HOLTON,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

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Poetry.



FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA WHIG.

Hope.
There is a land of light and gladness,
Far, far away,
When free from sin and pain, and sadness,
Days an eternal day.
All up and down a world of sorrow,
Sully I roam,
Still looking for a bright tomorrow,
And for my heavenly home.

Hope.
All the world seems sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam,
With watching how my eyes grow weary,
Seeking for my heavenly home.

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Miscellaneous.

From the Dallas Newspaper.

WHO IS HAPPY?

OF BOB WALTER'S EXPERIENCES.

BY FRANK LEE.

Who is happy? Are you? Am I? Is our neighbor? No, don't say yes, or you will tell a lie, and you know it. Look around, bring into review all your acquaintances, and name the lucky individual. It is said, in some old tale, that an Eastern Caliph once instituted a search for a perfectly happy man, and after a long time they found one, but the person in question had no shirt; since then I have wondered if it were necessary to be without that useful garment in order to enjoy a state of entire bliss. People marry for love, and after five years live like a cat and a dog. The words are synonymous with husband and wife? Two persons love to distraction and don't marry; they fret and moan for a life time. It appears that you'll be sorry if you do, and sorry if you don't; there's a nice choice. It's like allowing a man to choose the rope with which he is to hang.

Love and morality are the two important things in existence; who'll define their meaning? The one is a short intoxication; the other, is to be more fortunate than the happy man, and possess a tall garment where-with to hide one's real self, one's follies and sins from the world. After all, there is but little difference between men; circumstances make the chief distinction; if we haven't one sin, we have another.

Some married people quarrel like two wild animals shut up in a cage, by their actions cursing God for their fate; yet looking with pious horror upon those who have broken through the trammels society imposes, and left their rightful spouses for one they love. Which is worse? Now I don't approve of eloping with other men's wives or other women's husbands, but if half of our wedded people were severed, they'd be just as happy!

But when such an elopement occurs, it is not one time in ten that the parties concerned are most to blame; it is the world, the wise, prudent world, that brings it about. I have seen more than one such case. I give you an instance now.

Minnie Anderson married George Thirstane, because he asked her—the wise reason for which half the women marry. Why he asked her, God knows—so shall we, when the Great Book is opened. They were about as well suited to each other as a she eagle and a barn door fowl would be. Yet all this world seemed it an "excellent match" for he was rich and Minnie pretty—"not pretty!" He was some ten years her senior, gentlemanly enough, well enough looking; he admired her beauty and vivacity, and she—hem! never said a woman's reason for choosing a husband! Now, in her heart, Minnie loved Beau Volton; but her heart had never been allowed to speak; it was rather late in the day to begin. Beau had never asked her to marry him, though he loved her better than any other girl he knew; but he was poor and proud, and would make a show, and so he couldn't wed Minnie!

Well, she married Thirstane. I don't

believe she was unhappy, that is, no more so than all the world. She had diamonds to wear, carriage at her command, and was the queen of fashion. What more could a reasonable woman desire? She did meet Volton for a year after her marriage, then he came back to New York. He visited in her circle, and of course they met; they were still good friends—and why shouldn't they be?

Now, on my life, I believe the thing would go no farther, if the world had not meddled! Thirstane was not jealous; invited Volton to his house; Minnie went out with him, for she thought it proper enough to retain him as a friend; and so it would have been, if people would only have allowed her. But no! They began to wag their wise heads, to whisper and sneer as usual. Those reports came to their ears; they learned to color consciously when they met; naturally their thoughts reverted to the past. Minnie made herself wretched, and Volton was forced to believe he had loved her better than he thought. Minnie, woman-like, was first to speak.

"Volton, we must part! People are talking about us, and I must not expose myself to slander."

"Do you fear their tongues, Minnie?"

"Ah, you cannot understand a woman's heart."

"Yet I once thought I read yours."

"Did you ever try, Beau? Without an effort you permitted me to marry Thirstane—you never offered to make me your wife."

"Would you have married me if I had?"

"It is too late to ask that question. Yes, I would, for I loved you, Beau, and you know it."

"And I loved you, Minnie, but what could I do? My income hardly served to buy shoe-strings, and we were neither of us fitted to endure poverty; we had been bred in idle, extravagant habits; in fact, destiny was against us, and there's an end of everything."

"Of everything! Ah, no! Now we both have wealth; but it is too late to look back or repent; only one thing remains."

"And that?"

"To part!"

"I believe on my soul, Minnie, you are right. I would not make you more unhappy, would not embitter your whole existence. Yes, we must part!"

Now a woman is never so sure to go to the devil as when her lover tries to save her. She may withstand protestations and vows, but an appearance of indifference—and she is gone!

"You speak the words coldly, they cost you no effort—but I! No matter; let us part. I can endure the destiny which has been forced upon me; I can suffer in silence. Leave me."

"Minnie, do you love me?"

"Why do you ask that question now, Beau Volton? Had you done it long ago, I might have answered; now it is an insult."

"At least we may be friends, Minnie."

"So my heart said, but the world wills it otherwise."

Volton might have said with Byron—
"I would not lose a world for thee,
But would not lose thee for a world."

However, they parted.

Now, though they had reached dangerous ground, all would have gone well, had not the world again interposed. That very day some friend whispered in George Thirstane's ear the sad tale. He was a proud man, and saw but one course.

Coldly, sternly he ordered Minnie never to speak to Volton again; forbade his being admitted into the house; in short, raised a demon in the bosom of his wife which was powerless to slay. He had met Volton in the street, and treated him with covert insult; but it was not heeded, for Minnie's sake.

She hurried to her room and wrote to Beau.

"My husband has been with me; now all is indeed over! He is mad, furious, and forbids my ever again addressing you. Am I to be a slave? To-morrow we leave for Vermont, to visit some tiresome old aunt of his, as a punishment for my sins. I must see you before we start; must and will—Meet me at Fountain's at five."

Volton was irritated, as any man would have been, and gladly accepted the appointment. They met with no definite purpose, with a thought of evil. Minnie offered him a drive, and while she made some trifling purchase, a group of ladies passed near, and they heard one say—

"Volton and Mrs. Thirstane. I shall strike her from my list; one may as well drop her first as last, and she is going down very rapidly."

Minnie took Beau's arm and walked to the carriage. She was strangely pale; in his eye was a misty madness.

"You see," she moaned, as they hurried away, "you see!"

"I see!" was the response.

"Will you tell me what I must do? O God! has it come to this? Am I to be condemned, though innocent?"

She wrung her hands in agony, frantically imploring comfort. Volton drew her toward him; for the first time since her marriage their lips met, and the fires of a wild love blazed up. Her head sank on his shoulder, and she sobbed there in silence.

"There is but one way, Minnie," he said; "we must fly! The world forces it upon us; we must go this very night!"

They did fly; Minnie's woman followed with her possessions, and before morning they were far away.

Now, who was to blame? They did not elope from a guilty passion; it was forced upon them; and only to few would any other resource have occurred.

Were they happy? Alas! Volton did not love her; his passing fancy was soon gone, though he could not treat her otherwise than kindly. Still she saw, for woman's eye is quick, that she was a burden to him. And she? Woman-like, the less he cared for her, the more ardor grew her devotion; she would have laid her heart at his feet, to be trampled on, but for one smile.

The end was near at hand! She was soon to become a mother; then would her cup of misery be filled to overflowing. Volton was absent one evening, and she sat

brooding over her situation until sudden insanity must have seized her. How those hours passed, none will ever know; but when Volton returned, he found a letter on the table. Minnie was stretched on a couch—not sleeping, but dead.

"To-night," she wrote, "I have determined to die! I marvel I never before thought how to rid myself of existence; but I shall not now hesitate. Oh, Volton, farewell! Sometimes think of me. Do not blame yourself; do not grieve! It is the work of fate; it is ending to my career. If either to blame, it was I; the world more than we. But God is not as merciful as man—I can write no more, else this opportunity will pass. I have kissed your miniature; it seemed to smile! Dearest, best, farewell!"

Where is Beau Volton now? A maniac! Six months after Minnie's death, he was placed in a lunatic asylum. I saw him there for reason had wholly forsaken his throne.

"God is my witness," he said, after relating this mournful tale, "that this sin was forced upon us; we did not seek it. The world, the heartless, cruel world, caused all our woe, and I believe will answer for our crime."

I tell you such is the history of many a love-lover—I tell you, too, the world must bear the consequences of the error, which is of its own causing.

FOR THE NORTH-CAROLINA WHIG. THOUGHTS ON ALMANACS.

The term Almanac is derived from the Arabic, *al manach*, to count. It is therefore properly a book of calculation and counting. What family is without an Almanac? Who so poor as to be unable to purchase one? Who so learned as to be unwilling to consult its instructive pages? It is truly a valuable piece of household property—a work of almost daily reference as the READY RECKONER, and regulator of time. These without one grope their way in uncertainty throughout the year, and are evidently "behind the times." This little book is one of the *indispensables* to every industrious farmer and vigilant housewife who would rise with the early dawn, and witness the "glorious orb of day" rising in the East. It is really the most popular literary production "under the sun." If it does not always make us "weather-wise," it never fails to make us *timely wise*, which is far better. It conspicuously claims our attention, too, at the very threshold of its intrinsic lore, with *twelve* significant reasons of *shooting pungeny* for becoming both physically and mentally wiser; thus reminding us of man's nakedness and exposure to the shafts of the "wicked one." But we desist from pointing out all the advantages of this useful ready-reckoner, and shall proceed to notice briefly a few of the different varieties of Almanacs that have casually fallen under our observation.

First, then, we have religious Almanacs of different kinds published mainly for the purpose of inculcating good, wholesome instruction, not sectarian but practical, and profitable to all.

Of this class, the Presbyterian Almanac issued by the Board of Publication is one of peculiar excellence, not only for the necessity of the calculations, but also for the valuable religious instruction which adorns its pages. Its main object is to disseminate and edifying information to the exclusion of that trashy reading so frequently abounding in other Almanacs.

Secondly, we have Medical Almanacs flooding our country from Maine to Florida. These are evidently got up by the proprietors of potent medicines to increase the sales of their respective *specifics* and *panaceas*. Almost every alternate page is illustrated with some swollen, emaciated, or other grotesque representation of frail humanity. If some Vermifuge is intended to be the theme of embellishment, then look out for a host of "marvelous cures" resulting from its potent efficacy. Or, perhaps, by way of variety, a beautiful vermifuge picture is made to burst upon our bewildered vision! Now, we wage no war against a good medicine—no truly so, but would greatly prefer to see an Almanac filled with more appropriate matter than swelled legs, bald heads, vermifuge pictures, and "astounding cures" of *doubtful occurrence*.

Thirdly, a numerous class claims our attention under the name of Comic Almanacs. Their number is legion. The caricatures in many of them are unsightly and horrid (monstrum horrendum). The mirth which they intend to create too often pampers to a depraved appetite, and is consequently reprehensible. The attempts at wit are frequently far-fetched, silly and unmeaning.

A little plain-arity, now and then, is indispensable by the most of us.

particularly when well-timed and appropriate to the occasion. Our lambs critique then of this class of Almanacs must, in the main, be commendatory. How much better for the pages of an Almanac to be filled with practical information and edifying to the million!

Fourthly, the Pictorial Almanac has lately come in our way. This, as its name implies, is intended to illustrate the doctrine of probabilities or *leaps*. Every man cranium or skull is said to have some peculiar developments indicating his traits of character. Not pretending to be deeply versed in this mysterious science we refrain from approving or condemning its positions. To all, however, who indulge the belief that some peculiar lumps is displayed on their cranium, we would say examine this Almanac for yourselves, and discover, if you can, the origin—the genuine clue of your present or future greatness!

Fifthly, Agricultural and Horticultural Almanacs have been lately issued, of this class the Horticultural Almanac published by D. Landreth Esq., of Philadelphia is one of considerable merit. The subject of gardening, and incidentally of farming, is treated of in a concise and practical manner for every month in the year. It abounds with useful directions for the cultivation of almost every vegetable production, of culinary value, in the United States. The calculations of this Almanac are made to *mean* or *clock* time, and on that account is preferable to those adapted to *apparent* or *sun* time.

And last though not least we will notice the Salem Almanac, a genuine production of the old North State. This Almanac has been, for many years, a welcome annual visitor to our homes and friends. It is now extensively used, and preferred by many to all others. Its astronomical and statistical information is generally believed to be more

correct and satisfactory. It is much to be regretted however, that so much space on every calendar page is devoted to the dull enumeration of more than three hundred obscure and imaginary saints. Not one in a thousand pays any devotional, or even passing regard to the formidable catalogue of unknown worthies. Even the old-fashioned "conjectures of the weather" are more tolerable. We hope, therefore, the publishers of the Salem Almanac will make the judicious alteration of *omitting all imaginary saints*, and substitute, in their stead, important biographical and historical notices. We make these suggestions in no envious, or unfriendly spirit, but simply with a view of improving the leading features, and extending the usefulness of a time-honored Almanac. If much truth may be inculcated in a "nut-shell," surely much more may be disseminated in the page of an Almanac—the little annual visitor to every portion of the State, and read by all classes of the community. C. L. H.

BISHOP SCOTT IN OREGON.

The Columbus Times publishes a letter from Bishop Scott, giving a glowing account of the climate of Oregon. Up to December 20, the fall and winter were as open and delightful as any in Middle Georgia. During the whole of last summer there were not more than a dozen days which could be called hot, while all the nights were delightful cool.

"What made this appear the more strange was, that but few showers of rain fell from May till October. Added to this was the length of the days—the sun during the long days, rising not much after 4 o'clock in the morning, nor setting much before 8 in the evening. And even the twilight—how glorious! lingering till near 10 o'clock in the evening, and re-appearing soon after 2 in the morning."

Twice only have we heard thunder, and that in the distance towards the mountains. The Indians say it never thundered here until the Bostonians came.

The agricultural advantages of the country are represented as highly flattering:

"Farmers can commence sowing fall wheat in September, and continue until January. If this be not enough, they can sow spring wheat during all of April and May. The grain thus sown will ripen in a similar succession, from the middle of July until the last of August. More than this, the grain is little, if any injured, by standing in the field for a week or ten days after it is ripe, and there is very seldom any rain to interfere with the harvesting. You have probably noticed some 'long ears' in the papers respecting our vegetable productions—cabbages, cauliflower, turnips, beets, &c. but I assure you the threads are not stretched. In no part of the States have we seen anything to surpass our apples."

The opening of the California mines proved a serious injury to the settlement of Oregon. Many of the people went to the mines, and a portion of them never returned. Of those who returned, the major part were poorer than when they went, while a few "made their pile."

"However, during the year just closing, large crops were harvested, affording a fair surplus for exportation. The people are turning their attention in good earnest to developing the resources of the country. Our merchants are endeavoring to introduce a direct trade with the Sandwich Islands, China, &c., and as we are nearer to Japan than any body else, we are hoping for a share of its forthcoming commerce."

FROM THE TAYGETTVILLE OBSERVER.

SPEAKER WINSTON, MR. BADGER, AND ALEX. BIGGS—A Lively Scene.—An occasional correspondent has furnished us with the following sketch of a scene in the Senate: RALEIGH, Feb. 18.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE OBSERVER.—

The Legislature adjourned yesterday morning, leaving, in the language of the Wilmington Herald, "covered stiff with glory and the STATE WITH DEBT."

Among the last *piquant* scenes in the Senate, was the family quarrel between those two high priests of the Democratic Church, Mr. Speaker Winston, of your town, and the Hon. Senator-elect, Mr. Biggs of Martin—and it was decidedly rich, and to be fully appreciated, should have been heard. A description will fall far short; nevertheless, for the edification of your readers, I will attempt to give you the outlines.

On Wednesday, in advocating the passage of a charter for the Bank of Charlotte, speaking in reply to an argument of Mr. Biggs, on the issue of small notes by the Bank of Fayetteville, Mr. Speaker Winston said, that before that Bank determined to issue those small bills, a very humble individual, not a member of the body, had been professionally consulted by the directors, to whom he had given the opinion, that under the charter, the Bank had the right, if they felt disposed, to issue the small notes to which the Senator from Hertford so strongly objected, and as the matter was of vital importance to the Bank, that person further advised, that the opinion of Mr. Badger, an admitted able jurist, a gentleman, who, for eloquence of logic, for keen powers of analysis, and for all the high moral virtues which adorn the Christian gentleman, stands a head and shoulders taller than any man North Carolina had ever produced.

Mr. Winston replied, stating what he had said, and though pointedly answered by Mr. B., it gave him pleasure and he thanked God he had the independence here in his place in the Senate, to say so:—It was not an act of justice to the man who so eminently possessed all those qualities to which he had referred.

Mr. Biggs, a little sensitive, and with a recollection of one having some aspirations for Mr. Badger's place in the U. S. Senate, with uplifted hands exclaimed, "shades of our revolutionary ancestors protect us!"

Next day, the Hon. Senator from Martin, Mr. Biggs, asked the attention of the Senate for a few minutes, in order to reply to some remarks made by the Hon. Speaker, Mr. Winston, the day before, on the subject of Banking and Currency. Mr. Biggs, on would infer, considered himself the exponent of the true doctrine of his party on that subject, and took the Hon. Speaker to task for the libelous notions entertained by him, as he conceived, entirely at variance with the *solid platform* of the Democratic party.

They had a rejoinder and sur-rejoinder, when Mr. Biggs said a *couple* of things, which he could not subscribe to; if he had rightly understood the speaker, he said, that for closeness of logic, keen powers of analysis, and all those virtues which adorn the Christian gentleman, Mr. Badger stood a head and shoulders higher than any man North Carolina had ever produced, or ever could produce. To this he could not subscribe, &c., &c.

Mr. Winston in reply stated that he had the Senator from Martin had already occupied much, probably too much of the time of this body, but that he must be pardoned for a short trespass further on their patience. *The senator understood the reason of the Senator's remark on the correctness* as it was another matter, which the Hon. Senator had let out, in his last remarks, that appeared to him, Mr. W., like the *postscript* of a lady's letter, by the *most tender and important part*—and lest the Hon. gentleman have misunderstood him after sleeping for a night on what was yesterday said relative to Mr. Badger, he would again repeat it. He said that, for closeness of logic, the high moral virtues which adorn the Christian gentleman, Mr. Badger stands a head and shoulders taller than any man North Carolina ever produced. He did not say, as the Hon. Senator from Martin had intimated, that he was a greater man than North Carolina ever produced. He said, that no such thing—it was not for him to look into the womb of futurity, and see what *good* might yet yet adorn, and give character to North Carolina. *The Senator himself*, when he leaves this hall, and takes the seat of another gentleman on the fourth of March next, he might be known, might be known, Mr. Badger in all his *glories*. Sir, I trust he may; but the Senator will pardon me if I say, that *with the light* before me, I am constrained to think Mr. Badger *very far* for his expertise and I say this in no unkindness to the honorable Senator from Martin.

But he did take it as unkind in the Senator, after sleeping for a night on what was said yesterday, that he had not come and advised with him privately, instead of presenting this spectacle in the Senate Chamber.

The Senator from Martin replied that he was sorry the spectacle was presented to two members of the same political party affording such *amusement* for some within those walls to crack. He knew they would enjoy the feast to his heart's content. He assured the honorable Senator from Cumberland, that he had no unkind feeling towards him, &c., &c.

Mr. Winston said the apology was *unavailing*. It reminded him very much of an occurrence which took place in Wilmington some years ago, when a large number of the good citizens of that place proposed an excursion to Smithville and Bald Head on the old Frigate. A certain personage, not very reputable, had managed to join the party uninvited. It was not discovered until the Steamer was well on her way; and it was settled that a gentleman by the name of Levy, who was a very great wag, should dispose of the intruder. On reaching Bald Head, (an island at the mouth of Cape Fear,) Levy managed to have the gentleman landed and left on the island, where he remained until some Pilot received him from his lonely situation and carried him back to Wilmington. Soon after his return, he wrote a very long explanatory letter to Levy, stating that during his sojourn in Wilmington he had endeavored to behave himself as a gentleman; that he could conceive of no reason why his company was not agreeable as other gentlemen's, and would up by giving a challenge to Levy to meet him in mortal combat. Levy, a very excellent gentleman; was no fighting man, and to have a little fun out of the affair, and to bluff off the friend of the injured man, asked him if he knew the contents of the letter. Yes, said the friend. It is a challenge, said Levy, and I suppose you know that if your principal don't fight, you will have to take his place. Yes, said the friend, I understand all that. Then go to your friend, said Levy, tell him his *letter is perfectly satisfactory*; I accept his apology. So I say, Mr. Speaker, to the Senator from Martin, I accept his apology.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

Pursuant to a call of the President of the company, the Stockholders of the North Carolina Railroad Company, met in general meeting, at Greensborough, N. C., on 5th of March, 1855.

On motion of Mr. J. M. Morehead, the meeting was organized by calling P. C. Cameron, Esq., to the Chair, and appointing D. Coleman and F. Fries, Secretaries.

Messrs. D. Coleman and F. Fries, were appointed a committee to examine proxies, and report the number of stockholders present, and the number of shares represented.

The committee report that two stockholders present in person, representing twenty-five hundred and thirty-four shares, and two hundred and thirty-three stockholders present by proxies, representing thirty-five hundred shares, say in all 250 stockholders, holding 6034 shares.

As the necessary number of stockholders representing the necessary number of shares of stock to form a quorum to transact business, thus appear to be present, the meeting was pronounced by the Chair, ready to take up the subject for which they had assembled.

On motion it was resolved by the Stockholders of the North Carolina Rail Road Company, in general meeting assembled, that the capital stock of shares of said Company, shall be increased one million of dollars.

The President of the Board of Directors, laid before the meeting, "An act for the completion of the North Carolina Rail Road," passed by the last General Assembly of North Carolina, and explained the object of the provision of that act.

A motion was made, and a stock vote being called for, the meeting unanimously adopted the following:

Resolved, That the Stockholders of the North Carolina Railroad, in general meeting assembled, give their assent to the provision of an act, passed by the last General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, entitled, "An act for the completion of the North Carolina Rail Road," and do accept of the same.

Mr. D. Coleman presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That from and after the day of 1855, neither, persons, mails, merchandise, produce, or freight of any kind whatsoever, shall be transported upon the North Carolina Rail Road on the Sabbath day, except in cases of extreme necessity, which was laid on the table at the request of the mover.

Mr. F. Fries offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Stockholders of this Company, going to, and returning from general meetings of the Company, travel over their road free, which was adopted unanimously.

On motion it was

Resolved, That the President of the Company be directed to tender the subscription book for more stock, to the Treasurer of the State to make the State's subscription, authorities under an act passed by the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, entitled, "An act for the completion of the North Carolina Railroad," having previously furnished the Governor of the State with his certificate, signifying the assent of the Stockholders of this meeting to said act.

On motion the Chairman declared this meeting adjourned *pro hac vice*.

PAUL C. CAMERON, Chm'n.
D. COLEMAN, Secretary.
F. FRIES, Secretary.

The following is an authenticated copy of the Act amending the charter of the North Carolina Rail Road Company:

An act for the completion of the North Carolina Rail Road.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of that body, that the Public Treasurer is authorized and empowered to subscribe in behalf of the State, for ten thousand additional shares of capital stock in the North Carolina Railroad Company, and that he make payment for said stock by issuing and making sale of the bonds of the State, under the same provisions, regulations and restrictions prescribed for the sale of the bonds heretofore issued and sold to pay the State's original subscription in the stock of said company, and the same pledges and securities are hereby given for the faithful payment and redemption of the certificates of debt now authorized, that were given for those issued under the direction of said act: *Provided nevertheless*, That the whole amount of principal money of such bonds