DAILY CRESCENT.

A CHILD'S FIRST LETTER.

To write to papa, 'tis an enterprise bold
For the fairy-like maiden scarce seven years old,
And see! what excitement the purpose hath wrought
In eyes that when gravest seemed playing at thought!

The light little figure surprised into rest—
The smiles that will come so demurely repressed—
The long passing hand on the paper that lies—
The sweet puzzled look in the pretty blue eyes.

'Tis a beautiful picture of childhood in calm,
One cheek swelling soft o'er the white dimpled palm
Sunk deep in its crimson, and just the close tip
Of an ivory tooth on the full under lip.

How the smooth forehead knits! With her arm round his neck,
It were easier far than on paper to speak;
Would loop up those tangles! their rich falling coil
Would blot out the story as fast as 'twas told.

And she meant to have made it in bed, but it seems
Sleep melted too soon all her thoughts into dreams;
But hush! by that sudden expansion of brow,
Some fairy familiar hath whispered it now.

How she labors exactly each letter to sign.
Gives over this whole at the end of each line.
And lays down the pen to clap hands with delight
When she finds an idea especially bright.

At last the small fingers have crept to an end:
No statesman his letter 'twixt nations hath penned
With more sense of its serious importance, and few
In a spirit so loving, so earnest, and true.

She smiles at a feat so unwonted and grand,
Draws a very long breath, rubs the cramped little hand:
May we read it? Oh, yes, my sweet maiden, may be
One day you will write what one *only* may see.

"But no one read it?" No, truly, it ought
To keep the fresh bloom on each natural thought
Who would shake off the dew to the rose-leaf that clings,
Or the delicate dust from the butterfly's wings!

Is it surely a letter? So bashfully lies
Unnoticed pity yet in those beautiful eyes,
And the parted lips' coral is deepening in glow,
And the eager flush mounts to the forehead of snow.

'Tis informal and slightly discursive, we fear;
Not a line without love, but the love is *sincere*.
Undisguised, papa said he would have it depart,
Like a bright leaf dropped out of her innocent heart.

Great news of her garden, her lamb, and her bird,
Of mamma, and of baby's last wonderful word
With an ardent assurance—they neither can play,
Nor learn, nor be happy, while he is away.

Will he like it? Ay, will he? what letter could seem,
Though an angel indited, so charming to him?
How the fortunate page to honor would rise
That should never be read by more critical eyes!
Ah, would for poor rhymsters such favor could be
As waits my fair child, on thy letter and thee!

The Parisian Money-Lender.

A TALE.

It would be difficult for one accustomed to see the open, unwalled towns of this peaceful country, to have a correct idea of Custrin and its warlike environs. Custrin is acknowledged to be one of the strongest fortifications in Europe. Entirely surrounded by water it is approached only by a succession of long, narrow, wooden bridges, which extend nearly round the town, and, after numerous windings, at length land you within the massy gates. Its interest is chiefly derived from its historical recollections. It is the state prison of Prussia, and has had within its dungeons many an unhappy victim. I had an opportunity of inspecting those dismal receptacles, being accompanied in my inspection by a physician of the town, to whom I had a letter of introduction. He pointed out to me the room in which Frederick the Great was incarcerated two years by his father, and the courtyard in which his friend was hanged, whose execution he was forced, by the express orders of his barbaric parent, to witness, until he swooned away in the excess of his agony.

After going through the various chambers of the pastile, my friend the physician led me to his own house, situated without the principal gate, and forming one of a straggling row of mansions of transparent whiteness, and surrounded by pleasant shrubberies. He insisted upon my staying to dine with him, which I the more readily agreed to do, since I discovered in him a type of the intellectual melancholy which is so frequent in Germany, but which often breaks out in a brilliant burst of imagination, the more delightful since it is so unexpected. His tone of voice, his manners, were those of a man of deep feeling and of great sensibility. After we had partaken of dinner, and whilst we sat enjoying the evening breeze in an arbor of honeysuckle, he said to me:

"I regret my wife is not at home; I should have wished to have introduced you to her. She is a native of France, and our first acquaintance sprang from a strange circumstance. You may think it odd that a young Parisian beauty should have followed me so far, and to so secluded a habitation. It is a thing to wonder at," continued he, musing.

Having my curiosity excited by these remarks, I entreated him to relate the event he alluded to, and, after some delay, seeming to spring into animation, he thus proceeded:

"In my youth I studied medicine at Paris for some years, and as my finances were low, I led a very secluded life. The only friend I had in that modern Babylon was a personage of whom it will be difficult for you to form an idea; he was a money-lender. Can you picture such a character to yourself? He was of a complexion pale and leaden, or, if I may be allowed to say so, of a saffron silver. His hair was straight, and of an ashy gray; his countenance as indefinable as that of a diplomatist; his features seemed as if cut in bronze; his eye, yellow as the ferret's, had no lashes; his nose was peaked, and his lips contracted. He was a man who spoke low, in a small voice, and allowed of no excitement. He assisted his sunken eyes with a pair of old green spectacles. His dress was black—his age a mystery. The apartment of this savage being was chilly and disconsolate. In winter, I never saw his grate filled; the fire emitted smoke, but no flame, since it was smothered beneath a load of cinders.

This man moved through life as noiseless and silent as the sand of an ancient horologe. His actions were all regular, and his hour of rising was not more fixed than that at which his fit of coughing came on. After the fashion of Fontenelle, he sought to economise the vital action, and concentrate all feelings and sentiments in self. Sometimes his victims protested and exclaimed against him; but he was unprovoked, and beheld such excitement in calm indifference.

Up till seven o'clock in the evening he was grave, but towards eight, the man of bills was changed into an ordinary being: it was the mystery of the transmutation of metals exemplified in the human heart. It was then he rubbed his hands, and indulged in a species of gaiety, extending even to a thin and withering smile; but, in his greatest joy, his conversation seldom mounted above the monosyllable. Such was the neighbor whom chance afforded me in the Rue des Gres. It was a dreary and damp house, which, having no court, was supplied with light only from the narrow street. The division of the building into chambers of an equal size, with a single opening leading into a long corridor, where the sun never penetrated, showed sufficiently that it had formerly been part of a convent. The appearance was sad and gloomy enough to chill the heart of an aspirant of discounts, even before he entered the apartment of the usurer himself. There he sat, dark and inexorable. The only being with whom he held intercourse, socially speaking, was myself. He came to seek fire from me; he borrowed a book or a newspaper; and in return for these small courtesies, in the evening I was the only one whom he permitted to enter his place of abode, and to whom he talked of his own accord. These proofs of his confidence were the result of a five years' neighborhood. Had he relations, friends? I knew not. I had never seen him with a penny. All his money was in the cellars of the bank. In the morning, he prepared his own coffee, in an old utensil which never stirred from the corner of his chimney. His dinner was brought him from an eating house. An old woman ascended at an hour fixed to arrange his apartment. In fine, the name of this individual was Gosbeck.

One evening I entered the chamber of this man, whose being was gold. I found him seated in his chair, motionless as a statue, his eyes fixed upon the chimney-piece, where he seemed to read the rates of discount. A small smoky lamp, the body of which had once been green, cast a glare upon his death-like face. He raised his eyes as I advanced, but said nothing. My chair was placed near him, prepared for me, for I was expected. "Does this being think?" said I to myself. "Does he know if there be a God? Has he feeling, hope? Can he taste happiness? Is he dead to sentiment, to passion?". I pitied him as I would a person in illness, though I was perfectly aware he had millions at the bank, and that his imagination grasped the possession of the wealth of worlds.

"Good evening, Father Gosbeck," said I to him. He turned his head towards me, and his shaggy eyebrows were slightly moved. This characteristic motion was equal to the gayest smile of a son of the gay south. I continued: "You are as gloomy as the day when the failure of the great publisher was announced to you. Have you sustained some losses to-day?" This was the first time I had spoken to him of money matters.

He looked at me, and with a half sneering, half chuckling voice, said: "I am amusing myself."

"You amuse yourself, then, sometimes?"

He shrugged his shoulders, regarding me with a look of pity. "Do you believe there are no poets but those who publish verses?" said he. "Poetry is in that head!" thought I. "There is no life more brilliant than mine," continued he; and his eyes grew animated. "Listen to me. By the recital of the events of the morning, you shall understand my pleasures." He arose, and bolting the door, drew close a curtain of old tapestry, and returned to his seat.

"This morning," resumed he, "I had only two drafts to receive; for all the others had been given the evening before as cash to my bankers. I had received the first bill from a young man, handsome, and in the first ranks of fashion. He came here in a tilbury. The paper, signed by one of the most beautiful women in Paris, the wife of a rich landholder, had been obtained, I know not how or wherefore, although it was in all likelihood for a gambling debt, and was for the sum of a thousand francs. The other bill, for the same amount, was to be also paid by a female, for it was signed 'Fanny Malvert.' It had been passed to me by a linen-draper. The countess resides in the Rue du Helder, and Fanny in the Rue Montmartre. If you could know the romantic conjectures which I formed in going out this morning! What joy I felt in reflecting, that if these two fair dames were not in funds, I should be received with more respect and attention than their own fathers! How many things would not the countess do for a thousand francs! She would assume an air of affection: would address me in that sweet tone which she reserves for her most particular friends; would actually supplicate me; and I"—

Here the old man knit his brows, and continued with a demoniac chuckle: "And I—I am the avenger—I bring remorse. But let us quit conjecture. I arrive. 'The countess has not yet risen,' lisped a *femme-de-chambre*. 'When can she be seen?' 'At twelve.' 'The countess is ill?' 'No, sir, but she did not return before three from a ball.' 'My name is Gosbeck. Tell her my name. I shall be here at twelve.' I proceeded to the Rue Montmartre, to a house of modest appearance. I rushed open an old door, and saw one of those obscure courts where the sun never penetrates. I found the porter in his lodge. 'Mademoiselle Fanny Malvert, is she at home?' 'She is gone out; but if it be for a bill, the money is here.' 'I will return,' said I; for the moment that I heard the sum was ready, I felt inclined to know the fair debtor. I passed the morning on the Boulevards, and as mid-day sounded, I was traversing the saloon which adjoined the chamber of the countess. 'Madam has this moment rung her bell,' said the *femme-de-chambre*; 'I do not believe she can be seen yet.' 'I will wait;' and I seated myself upon an embroidered ottoman. In a few minutes the *femme-de-chambre* approached, and said: 'Please to enter, sir.'

"By the polite tone in which she addressed to me these words, I was sure her mistress was not prepared. But what a beautiful woman I saw! She had hastily thrown over her shoulder a cashmere shawl. Her black hair escaped in dishevelled ringlets from beneath a beautiful cap, perched capriciously or at random, on her head. Upon a large bear-skin, stretched at the feet of lions chiselled in the mahogany of the bed, lay two shoes of white satin, thrown there with all the carelessness which the lassitude of a ball produces. Upon a chair lay the rumpled dress, the sleeves of which trailed upon the floor. Stockings, which a Zephyr might have worn, lay at the feet of the couch. Flowers, diamonds, gloves, a bouquet of flowers, a sash, were thrown in confusion around. I felt a vague odor of perfumes. A rich fan, half spread out, was on the chimney-piece. The drawers of her wardrobe were open. All was luxury and disorder, beauty without harmony, richness and misery. The jaded figure of the countess smiled well with a chamber covered with the wrecks of a fete. Viewed these scattered ornaments with scorn; the night before they had, on the person of the countess, drawn homage and admiration. Here was the life of dissipation, of luxury, of disquiet—the idle efforts to seize phantom pleasures! A slight blush upon her cheeks altered the fineness of the skin of the countess, yet the brown circle beneath her eyes were more distinctly marked than usual. But nature had sufficient energy to prevent those marks of exhaustion trenching much upon her appearance, and her eyes had not yet lost their brilliancy.

"'Sir,' said she, presenting me a chair, 'pray have the goodness to wait a little.' 'Until to-morrow at noon, madam,' answered I, folding up the bill which I had shown to her: 'I have no right to protest before that hour.' But I said within myself: 'Pay for thy luxury, pay for thy folly, pay for the monopoly which thou enjoyest. There are tribunals, judges, and scaffolds for wretches without dread of consequences but for you, who sleep on silk and tread on satin, there is remorse, and the anguish which tears the heart!' 'A protest! What are you thinking of?' exclaimed she. 'You would not surely have so little regard for me?' 'If the king owed me money, madam, and did not pay me, I would not delay—no, not an instant.'

"At this moment a gentle rap was heard at the door of the chamber. 'I am not here!' exclaimed the young countess in an imperious tone. 'Louisa, I wish much to see you,' answered the voice. 'Not at this moment, my dear,' answered she, in a tone less severe, but far from sweet. 'You joke, for you are speaking to some one.' So saying, a gentleman, who could be none other than the count, the husband of the lady, entered the room. The countess looked at me. I understood her: she was become my slave. 'What is your business?' said the count, addressing me. I saw the wife tremble. The pure whiteness of her neck grew freckled. I—I laughed without moving a muscle. 'Oh, he is one of my tradesmen,' said she. The count turned his back, but did not retire, and I drew the bill half out of my pocket. At this inexorable movement, she came to me, and presented a diamond. 'Take it,' said she, 'and leave us.'

"We exchanged the two securities, and I retired. The diamond was worth twelve hundred francs. I observed in the court two sumptuous equipages, valets brushing their liveries, and others cleaning boots. 'There,' said I, to myself, 'that's what brings these people to me'. But precisely at this moment the great gate was thrown open, and gave entrance to the elegant tilbury of the young man who had passed me the bill of exchange. 'Sir,' said I, as he descended, 'here are two hundred francs, which I beg the favor of your restoring to the Countess; and you will also inform her that I shall hold at her disposal, for eight days, the pledge which she placed with me this morning.' He took the two hundred francs, with a smile of irony, as if he would have said, 'Ah, ha!—she has paid it!—so much the better.'

"I now proceeded to the Rue Montmartre, to the house of Fanny Malvert. I ascended a small rude staircase, and on the fourth floor I was introduced into an apartment where every thing was simple and clean. I did not perceive the least trace of dust upon the unpretending furniture. Fanny was a young Parisian girl, of elegant and fresh appearance and a bewitching air, with her hair collected in two bows upon her temples, which gave an arch expression to her blue eyes, pure as crystal. She was dressed with great simplicity. The sun, passing through the blinds, cast a gentle light upon her beautiful features. Pieces of linen around her announced to me her habitual occupation. She offered to me the image of laborious solitude. When I presented her with the bill of exchange, I said that I had not succeeded in finding her at home in the morning, and that it appeared she went early out. 'Oh, I am very seldom from home,' said she; 'but when one works all night, it is necessary sometimes to take a bath.' I scrutinized her, and in a moment comprehended her history. She was the daughter of a family formerly rich, whom misfortune had condemned to labor. I cannot describe the air of virtue and modesty joined to a native nobleness, which I remarked in her. All around her was in unison with her manners. It appeared to me that I was in an atmosphere of sincerity and candor, and I breathed at my ease. I perceived a simple bed of painted wood, with a crucifix on the top of it. I was touched. I felt disposed to leave her not only the money which was due to me, but also the diamond of the Countess; but I thought that such a present might be faithful to her, and upon further reflection, I retained both, especially as the diamond would readily sell for fifteen hundred francs to an actress or to a newly-married lady. And then, thought I, she has some admirer who would make a breastpin of my diamond, and would soon devour the thousand francs. As you entered this evening, I was thinking what an excellent wife this Fanny Malvert would make. I shall not easily forget the impression made upon me by the comparison between her pure and solitary life and the career of the Countess, who has already made a plunge towards vice.'

"Well," he resumed, after a pause of profound silence, during which I sat in mute astonishment, "do you think it nothing thus to penetrate into the most secret workings of the human heart, to lay bare the life of others, to have all opened to you? I have perpetually varying scenes. I look upon hideous misery, upon cankering cares, upon woes that are selaced in the waters of the Seine, upon the follies of youth which lead to crime. I behold the scenes of suffering virtue, and I hear the laugh of despair. Yesterday, a tragedy: a father destroyed himself because he could no longer support his family—in extravagance. To-morrow, a comedy: a youth, inured to sumptuousness, sups his barley-broth in the almshouse. The eloquence of Mirabeau has been lauded. I have often heard him, but he never moved me; but often a young, unsophisticated girl, an old merchant on the eve of bankruptcy, a mother who would conceal the faults of a favorite son, a beggar without bread, a noble without honor, have made me feel the power of words! Sublime actors! but they have never deceived me. Pleasure! where have I a want? I possess every thing. We who have the key of wealth are lords of all. Those who sneer at avarice, and pretend to describe its folly, do not comprehend us. It is not the mere coin we love, but the power which it confers. We can move the passions of a world. We buy ministers and consciences, and therein lies our power. Kings reign only by our permission. Their ambition and their folly make them our slaves. We are, in short, the unseen monarchs of life; for money is life. Here," continued he, showing me his old and naked room—"here, the most passionate lover, who takes fire at a word, and draws his sword for a look, prays with clasped hands; here, beseeches the proudest merchant; here, the most vain and beautiful of women entreat; here, the proud and fiery soldier humbles himself; here, stand the artist and the author whose names are promised to posterity, but whose bodies in the meantime are craving for food! Do you *now* believe that there is no enjoyment beneath the mask, the intellectuality of which has so often surprised you?" said he, stretching towards me a visage wherein a love of money—nought but money—was the only expression.

I returned to my own room stupefied. This cold blooded old man had become a new being. I viewed him as a fantastic image: I saw in him the monster Gold personified! Life, mankind, horrified me! "Thus every thing is resolved into money!" said I to myself. It was long before I could sleep. I saw heaps of gold around me. The figure of the beautiful countess haunted me, and I confess with shame she eclipsed entirely the sweet and charming creature consigned to labor and obscurity.

But the following morning, through the clouds of my reveries, the pure and homely Fanny appeared to me in all her beauty, and I thought of nothing but her. Gosbeck's words haunted me—"I was thinking what an excellent wife she would make." It is needless for me to tell you how I sought and won her. But our fortunes were narrow, and my prospects held out little. I announced to Gosbeck my intended marriage. "You are a prudent young man," said he. "Fanny Malvert is my ward; I have taken a deep interest in her fate, and her fortune shall be twenty thousand francs, to be paid on your marriage day." It was thus that this singular being helped my fortunes. Fanny is now my wife, and I have found in her a treasure. Gosbeck yet lives and corresponds with me. He announces to me in his last letter that the countess ruined her husband, who has died insolvent, and that the wretch who helped to plunder her has sunk into the misery and degradation which sooner or later attend a departure from virtue and honorable principles.

OFFICIAL.

Proclamation

BY JOSEPH WALKER,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

☞ Whereas the Convention that assembled at the Capitol in Baton Rouge, for the purpose of forming a Constitution, did ordain, that "immediately after the adjournment of the Convention the Governor shall issue his proclamation, directing the several officers of this State authorized by law to hold elections for Members of the General Assembly, to open and hold a poll in every Parish of the State, at the places designated by law, upon the first Tuesday in November next, for the purpose of taking the sense of the good people of this State, in regard to the adoption or rejection of this Constitution;" and that "the Commissioners designated to preside at said polls, shall carefully examine and count such votes, and forthwith make due returns thereof to the Secretary of State, in conformity with existing laws upon the subject of elections; and upon the receipt of said returns, or on the fifth Monday in November, if the returns be not sooner received, it shall be the duty of the Governor, the Secretary of State, the Attorney General, and the State Treasurer, in the presence of all such persons as may choose to attend, to compare the votes given at said polls, for the ratification and rejection of this Constitution, and if it shall appear from said returns, that a majority of all the votes in favor of ratifying the Constitution, then it shall be the duty of the Governor to make proclamation of that fact, and thereupon this Constitution shall be ordained and established as the Constitution of the State of Louisiana; but whether this Constitution be accepted or rejected, it shall be the duty of the Governor to cause to be published in the official paper of the Convention the result of the polls, showing the number of votes cast in each Parish for and against the said Constitution." Therefore, in conformity with said ordinance, I do hereby proclaim the official vote cast in each Parish, for and against the Constitution, to wit as follows:

Parishes.	For Constitution.	Against Constitution.
Orleans (1st Ward)	466	882
Plaquemines	190	274
St. Bernard	158	41
Orleans (right bank)	74	191
Jefferson	173	499
St. Charles	99	37
St. John Baptist	200	117
St. James	146	192
Ascension	294	347
Assumption	565	171
Lafourche Interior	675	27
Terrebonne	300	45
Iberville	294	588
West Baton Rouge	127	141
St. Tammany	285	163
Washington	348	337
St. Helena	244	141
Livingston	115	459
East Feliciana	419	321
West Feliciana	244	248
East Baton Rouge	405	489
Point Coupee	223	259
Concordia	62	85
Tensas	114	159
St. Mary	457	211
St. Martin	576	194
St. Landry	676	513
Lafayette	72	119
Vermilion	33	165
Avoyelles	181	33
Calcasieu	92	193
Rapides	926	479
Caddo	527	214
Sabine	438	518
Natchitoches	559	149
Claiborne	402	102
Bossier	175	528
Clay	152	204
Sherrill	132	464
Caldwell	31	176
Union	352	570
Ouachita	197	589
Morehouse	221	113
Jackson	276	254
Franklin	46	261
Catahoula	206	303
Madison	220	48
Carroll	213	118
Winn	53	128

It is therefore, ordained, that "should this Constitution be accepted by the people, it shall also be the duty of the Governor, forthwith to issue his proclamation, declaring the general fact as stated under the 5th Constitution to be dissolved, and directing the several officers of the State authorized by law to hold elections for Members of the General Assembly, to hold an election at the places designated by law, on the fourth Monday in December next, for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Members of the General Assembly, Secretary of State, Attorney General, Treasurer, and Superintendent of Public Education." And whereas, from the foregoing return, it appears that a majority of the votes have been cast in favor of the adoption and ratification of the Constitution;

Now, therefore, I have thought proper to issue this my proclamation, declaring the present Legislature elected under the former Constitution to be dissolved, and hereby ordering and commanding, that on the 4th Monday in December next, for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Members of the General Assembly, Secretary of State, Attorney General, Treasurer, and Superintendent of Public Education." And whereas, from the foregoing return, it appears that a majority of the votes have been cast in favor of the adoption and ratification of the Constitution;

Now, therefore, I have thought proper to issue this my proclamation, declaring the present Legislature elected under the former Constitution to be dissolved, and hereby ordering and commanding, that on the 4th Monday in December next, for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Members of the General Assembly, Secretary of State, Attorney General, Treasurer, and Superintendent of Public Education, the Officers whose terms of office will then expire, shall severally examine and count such votes, and forthwith make due returns thereof to the Secretary of State, in conformity with existing laws upon the subject of elections; and upon the receipt of said returns, or on the fifth Monday in November, if the returns be not sooner received, it shall be the duty of the Governor, the Secretary of State, the Attorney General, and the State Treasurer, in the presence of all such persons as may choose to attend, to compare the votes given at said polls, for the ratification and rejection of this Constitution, and if it shall appear from said returns, that a majority of all the votes in favor of ratifying the Constitution, then it shall be the duty of the Governor to make proclamation of that fact, and thereupon this Constitution shall be ordained and established as the Constitution of the State of Louisiana; but whether this Constitution be accepted or rejected, it shall be the duty of the Governor to cause to be published in the official paper of the Convention the result of the polls, showing the number of votes cast in each Parish for and against the said Constitution." Therefore, in conformity with said ordinance, I do hereby proclaim the official vote cast in each Parish, for and against the Constitution, to wit as follows:

Parishes.	For Constitution.	Against Constitution.
Orleans (1st Ward)	466	882
Plaquemines	190	274
St. Bernard	158	41
Orleans (right bank)	74	191
Jefferson	173	499
St. Charles	99	37
St. John Baptist	200	117
St. James	146	192
Ascension	294	347
Assumption	565	171
Lafourche Interior	675	27
Terrebonne	300	45
Iberville	294	588
West Baton Rouge	127	141
St. Tammany	285	163
Washington	348	337
St. Helena	244	141
Livingston	115	459
East Feliciana	419	321
West Feliciana	244	248
East Baton Rouge	405	489
Point Coupee	223	259
Concordia	62	85
Tensas	114	159
St. Mary	457	211
St. Martin	576	194
St. Landry	676	513
Lafayette	72	119
Vermilion	33	165
Avoyelles	181	33
Calcasieu	92	193
Rapides	926	479
Caddo	527	214
Sabine	438	518
Natchitoches	559	149
Claiborne	402	102
Bossier	175	528
Clay	152	204
Sherrill	132	464
Caldwell	31	176
Union	352	570
Ouachita	197	589
Morehouse	221	113
Jackson	276	254
Franklin	46	261
Catahoula	206	303
Madison	220	48
Carroll	213	118
Winn	53	128

It ultérieurement, il est de plus ordonné que "si le peuple ratifie cette Constitution, il sera également du devoir du Gouverneur de publier une proclamation à l'effet de déclarer que la présente Législature est dissoute en vertu de l'ancienne Constitution et de donner ordre aux divers officiers de l'Etat, autorisés par la loi à organiser l'élection des membres de l'Assemblée Générale, d'ouvrir un scrutin dans chaque paroisse de l'Etat, aux endroits indiqués par la loi, le premier Mardi de Novembre prochain, pour consulter le peuple de l'Etat sur l'adoption ou le rejet de cette Constitution;" et que "les commissaires qui y auront présidé examineront avec soin et compteront leurs les bulletins déposés, puis ils en transmettront le résultat au Secrétaire d'Etat conformément aux dispositions de la loi actuelle sur les élections; lorsque le rapport des commissaires aura reçu, ou le cinquième Lundi de Novembre, si le rapport n'est pas reçu plus tôt, il aura été du devoir du Gouverneur, du Secrétaire d'Etat, de l'Avocat-Général et du Trésorier d'Etat, de déposiller, en présence de tous ceux qui voudront assister à cette opération, les votes donnés pour l'adoption ou le rejet de la Constitution. S'il résulte du rapport des commissaires qu'une majorité des suffrages reçus soit en faveur de la ratification de la Constitution, le Gouverneur doit alors proclamer cette Constitution sera dès lors la Constitution de l'Etat de la Louisiane. Mais que cette Constitution soit acceptée ou rejetée, il sera du devoir du Gouverneur de faire publier dans le journal officiel de la Convention le résultat du vote du peuple, avec le nombre des voix données dans chaque paroisse pour ou contre la Constitution." En conséquence, conformément à la dite ordonnance, je proclame par la présente le vote officiel donné dans chaque paroisse pour ou contre la Constitution, lequel est comme suit:

Paroisses.	Pour la Constitution.	Contre la Constitution.
Orléans (1ère section)	466	882
Plaquemines	190	274
St. Bernard	158	41
Orléans (rive droite)	74	191
Jefferson	173	499
St. Charles	99	37
St. Jean Baptiste	200	117
St. Jacques	146	192
Ascension	294	347
Assomption	565	171
Lafourche Intérieure	675	27
Terrebonne	300	45
Iberville	294	588
Ouest Baton Rouge	127	141
St. Tammany	285	163
Washington	348	337
St. Hélène	244	141
Livingston	115	459
Est Feliciana	419	321
Ouest Feliciana	244	248
Est Baton Rouge	405	489
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Concordia	62	85
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Calcasieu	92	193
Rapides	926	479
Caddo	527	214
Sabine	438	518
Natchitoches	559	149
Claiborne	402	102
Bossier	175	528
Clay	152	204
Sherrill	132	464
Caldwell	31	176
Union	352	570
Ouachita	197	589
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Paroisses.	Pour la Constitution.	Contre la Constitution.
Orléans (rive droite)	466	882
Plaquemines	190	274
St. Bernard	158	41
Orléans (rive droite)	74	191
Jefferson	173	499
St. Charles	99	37
St. Jean Baptiste	200	117
St. Jacques	146	192
Ascension	294	347
Assomption	565	171
Lafourche Intérieure	675	27
Terrebonne	300	45
Iberville	294	588
Ouest Baton Rouge	127	141
St. Tammany	285	163
Washington	348	337
St. Hélène	244	141
Livingston	115	459
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