New Orleans Daily Crescent.
SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1861.

THE TREMENDOUS RECOIL.

The most venomous of the Abolition journals of the North are beginning to perceive and appreciate the frightful dilemma in which they have placed themselves by their own folly, fanaticism and dishonesty. The New York Times, of a late date—a strong Black Republican journal—speaking of exhaling and prospective effects of the Morrill Tariff, observes:

We have unquestionable authority for stating that orders to the amount of at least $1,000,000, sent out from this city before it was deemed possible that the Morrill tariff could become a law, have been countermanded, and the manufacturers have been directed to send the goods immediately to New Orleans. There, those destined for sale in the Gulf States will enter into consumption exempt from the prohibitory imposts of the Northern tariff; while the remainder will pass into the Western and Northwestern States wholly free from duty. The result of this policy cannot be doubtful. Not only will the Federal Government suffer a ruinous loss of revenue, but the direst prophecies of those who deprecated the election of Mr. Lincoln will be verified by the destructive policy transmitted to his Administration by its predecessor. We shall not only cease to see marble palaces rising along Broadway, but reduced from a national to a merely provincial metropolis, our shipping will rot at the wharves and grass grow in our streets. No earthly influence, short of a reversal of the policy referred to, can save not only New York, but every Northern port from this frightful destiny.

Why, what a terrible-looking picture is here drawn. "Nobody's hurt," said Mr. Lincoln, on his way to Washington. "Nobody's hurt," said the Black Republican presses, first and foremost among which is the New York Times. "Nobody's hurt," was shouted and shouted again from Black Republican throats over the North—and yet here we have the deliberately concocted statement of one of the leading organs of Black Republicanism, that "not only New York, but *every* Northern port," will be subjected to the "frightful destiny" of ruin, unless the Morrill tariff is repealed and a different revenue policy adopted!

"It is too late," gentlemen of the Times. The sentence, which pealed in clear, trumpet tones through the hall of the French Chamber of Deputies—"It is too late!"—sealed the "frightful destiny" of the dynasty of Louis Philippe, and drove them forth exiles and wanderers from their native land. "It is too late," so far as the commercial supremacy of New York is concerned. She can never recover from the shock she has received and the shocks she is bound to receive, except in one way, and even in that event but partially. She must secede from the United States, assert and maintain her independence, and declare herself a free port to the trade of the world. If she does this, she will remain a great city, although the crown of absolute commercial sovereignty will never again press upon her brows. But unless she does this, her shipping will rot at the wharves," and "grass *will* grow in her streets."

We have "unquestionable authority" for stating that the figures given at the commencement of the extract of the Times' article may be greatly multiplied. Indeed, we expect here in New Orleans to import to the extent of our exports. This will simply be legitimate trade. The Times may consult the statistics, if it chooses, but, roughly in round numbers, as we shall export at least $100,000,000 next season, we calculate upon importing very near that amount. Seventy-five per cent. of this importation, assuming the lowest margin, will be taken from New York. This may be very disagreeable to the Times, but "facts are stubborn things."

"Nobody's hurt"—down South. Up North they appear to be "hurt" most confoundedly.

METAIRIE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

SPRING MEETING, 1861—SIXTH DAY.

The weather yesterday, though threatening an early rain, was bright, cloud belied, breezy, dry, and uncomfortably dusty. The dust powdered the city, and offered itself in double quantity on the those avenues which generally are most polished by the vehicular rush during race week.

The Metairie was, as usual, visited by a great crowd. The public stand was jammed. The quarter-stretch and members' stand were crowded. The ladies' stand was brilliant and altogether lovely with the beautiful and refining presence of the loveliest, the tenderest and the best. The backslopes were so crowded with cabs, carriages, buggies, and other vehicles, that under the slanting rays, and other vehicles, that under the slanting rays, and other vehicles, that under the slanting rays