Daily Appeal.

UNION SENTIMENTS.

We extract the following from a speech delivered by Hon. Jesse Cleveland, delivered during the recent campaign in Alabama:

I have no reason to fear the opinions of Gen. Jackson in your hearing that I pass them over for the present. Indeed, it is hardly worth while to address authority against the right of secession, when exercised, if it amounts to nothing more than a right of self-destruction; it is at best the poor right of self-murder—attended with all the consequences of suicide—grief and shame, and unavailing regret of those who are most dear to us, and who have been entitled to our protecting care.

If secession could be peacably effected—if the Northern and Southern States could be by common consent divided into two separate confederacies—if not one drop of blood was spilled, or one blade of grass destroyed in achieving the change, it would still bring untold evils in its train. There would be a standing army to be maintained of not less than 50,000 men, at a cost of $50,000,000 annually. A navy must be built up, and the money for that purpose dragged from the pockets of the people. There would be a long line of frontier extending from the Atlantic ocean to the western limits of Missouri, and from the northern boundary of that State to the Rio Grande, which it would be necessary to stud with military posts, and every mile of which would require to be secured by armed sentinels, for the double purpose of enforcing the revenue laws and preventing the escape of fugitive slaves. Every harbor along the vast extent of seacoast from Delaware bay to the Rio Grande, would require an appropriation of million for its fortification. The people would be groaned down by taxes, and demoralized by the constant presence of troops in their midst, who acknowledge no restraint but that of military law. Incessant quarrels would grow up between your Northern and Southern neighbors, and bloody wars would desolate your frontiers, if they did not spread destruction throughout every portion of your territory.

Fellow-citizens, it is idle to talk of a separation of this Confederacy, either peacably or forcibly. It is bound together by links too strong for human hands to break. You may create disturbances—you may cut each other's throats—its smiling fields may be laid waste, and its flourishing towns given up to the flames, but the Union in some form will abide forever. You may convert it into a more consolidated despotism, but you cannot destroy its parts. I do not believe that in the result of a civil war the Northern States can conquer the Southern, the North can conquer the South. What I fear is that some military leader will appear both—that weary and impoverished by exactions, and sickened by scenes of blood, the people will gladly welcome any change which promises exemption from such evils, and give up the little liberty that is left them in the wreck of ruin. To any event there will still be a government of the same government—you will still belong to the same country. In that event you can say in fact, The dream of a Southern Confederacy in the military vision that ever crossed the brain of a monomaniac enthusiast—a dream interrupted by bloody conflicts with your kinsmen, and a idle dependence on foreign powers.

A separation into two Confederacies is an impossibility as long as the Mississippi flows from the North to the South, and a civil war such begun, can have but one termination. In the language of Gen. Jackson, "the victory of the injured would not secure to them the blessings of liberty it would assign their wrongs, but they would themselves share in the common ruin."

Believing this to be the condition to which you would be reduced by intercecine war, I implore you to pause and consider well before you allow yourselves to be drawn into it. It is wrong to talk about laying down our lives on the battle field for a punctilio, and allow me to add in the spirit of vain boasting. That course of action would be wise and praiseworthy, if we could carry such a resolution in effect, if one had sinews enough to wield it—if there was no another class appealing to our patriotic or affectional feelings, as well as to our personal safety. But you and I are not in that condition. Those are others for whose welfare we are bound to provide. If fraternal strife does come, I know I will be need my share of its dangers and responsibilities as firmly as the most fiery spirit among you. I will agree to make every plain a battle field, and every plantation a breastwork, but when all else has failed, I will cheerfully lay down my life upon the last spot that is sacred to freedom. But I are no love for such scenes, and no desire to hasten them in view. I feel it to be the duty of a citizen to look well at the consequences, before plunging into revolution, either under the influence of his own passions, or at the dictation of ambitious leaders. Conceding the full right to stake his own life on the desperate game, it is still certain that he has no right to trifle with the lives and happiness of others. We have a ready refuge from tyranny, but in the meantime, what is to become of that portion of the race to whom we are indebted for so many years, and to whom we are bound by so many ties? What is to become of the wife who sheds a hale ground your freshly, these gentle and tender girls who are scattered like lovely flowers through this wilderness—of the little ones you have left at home in the sweet enjoyment of sleep? They are debarred by nature and the customs of society from taking part in the fierce conflicts

"Where the tyrant is not, or freedom was"

and when we have run down to bloody, though it may be honored graves, they will remain to become the victims or the slaves of our enemies. Am I wrong, then, in asking you to be cautious, lest some intolerable grievance exists, for which there is no other honorable refuge, before becoming a party to disunion? Lay your hand upon your hearts and tell me, if you can, what that grievance is? What wrong are you suffering? What oppression weighs upon you? The sun which will rise to-morrow from behind yonder mountains, in its long journey, will shine upon no land so happy, so blessed as ours. It will travel on from continent to continent, and from sea to sea, and everywhere in sorrow—looking down upon the chained captive in one place—upon the lordly proprietor in another—upon the widow's anguished father, and the lover's captive in another, but nowhere shall it shine on a people more blessed than we are. Shall we, then, in the wantonness of vain boasting, or in the heat of a passion, lay the foundation for a civil war, that will see the fairest portion of the earth become the battle field of contending armies? Shall we