

DEATH OF THADDEUS STEVENS.

LAST HOURS OF THE OLD COMMONER—BAPTISM BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY—THE BODY IN STATE—FUNERAL ON FRIDAY—FINAL CEREMONIES ON MONDAY—THE REVENUE LAW—COMMISSIONER ROLLINS—SECRETARY SCHOFIELD—GEN. ROSECRANS.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Aug. 12, 1868.

The telegraph told the readers of THE TRIBUNE this morning that Thaddeus Stevens died in this city last night, precisely at 12 o'clock. The sad event was known in every newspaper office in the country within a few minutes after its occurrence, but the hush of the hour forbade an account of the closing moments of the Old Commoner. One of the most unpretending houses in one of Washington's most unpretending streets, Mr. Stevens, during the sessions of Congress, had for many years past made his home. And there he died. Inside that little two-story brick house, with its seven windows fronting on the street, half shaded by a row of fine Linden trees, were born and matured most, if not all, of those important measures of legislation which have become woven into the history of the Republic, and which will remain a monument more enduring than bronze to the memory of the great Pennsylvanian. There, during the last and preceding sessions of Congress, Cabinet officers, foreign ministers, senators, representatives, newspaper correspondents, and the public visited Mr. Stevens to learn his views on every pending measure, to ascertain what course he would pursue on question after question, and to hear from his lips words of counsel and advice. And so far as the representatives of the press are concerned, it is but just to say that Mr. Stevens was hardly ever too unwell to see any journalist who called on him. In his kindness of heart he once said to the writer of this dispatch: "I am very sick indeed, but never too ill to see you and, through you, all my good friends of THE TRIBUNE. Come to me at any time whenever you are in difficulty or doubt, and I will do all I can for you." Again and again through the stormy nights of last Winter and Spring, the lights were at a late hour ablaze in his simply-furnished room, and the Reconstruction Committee, the Appropriation Committee, and later, the Board of Managers of Impairment were assembled, when he was too unwell to leave his home. During the last six months Mr. Stevens rarely walked out even to the Capitol, on account of his enfeebled health. He was so weak during the impeachment trial that he was day after day taken in a chair to his seat at the Manager's table. When he could possibly bear the fatigue, he went to the House. He made a speech from the clerk's desk a few days before Congress adjourned, and then gathered around him the usual knot of eager listeners. For the last two years, Mr. Stevens's health had been gradually failing. Month after month glided by, and found him weaker and weaker. Indeed, it was a common remark in political circles here that he was kept alive solely by political excitement and his own strong will; that he would not die until he had seen some solution of the difficulties and dangers that surrounded the nation. He died in the service of the country as truly and nobly as ever did a soldier on the battle field. When Congress adjourned, two weeks ago, he alone, the master spirit, was too faint, worn out, and exhausted, to return to his home and the constituents whom he had served so faithfully, so long, and so well. His friends from day to day hoped for a change for the better. At one time he was seemingly strong and cheerful, and smiled at the mention of the plans for the future. Then again came hours of weakness when he seemed at the point of death. Within the last two weeks he was attacked by diarrhea which superinduced his decease. THE TRIBUNE for the last 14 days contained almost daily bulletins of his condition. His friends were anxious about him but still not more so than on many and many a previous occasion. He had fought so many fights, he had outlived so many attacks, that it was fondly hoped that enough of vigor and vitality remained in his once strong constitution to overcome the malady to which he succumbed. Indeed, he was so far recovered at the end of last week that preparations were made for his return to his home at Lancaster. The members of his household were sanguine that he might be able to travel within a week. Only the day before yesterday Mr. Simon Stevens was so confident of this that he mimicked the fact to your correspondent. Mr. Stevens himself was apparently so much improved that his attendants ventured to show him, and send to him some of the newspaper dispatches relative to his health.

Mr. Stevens's condition during Monday and yesterday morning was such as to give hope to his friends that he might recover. He maintained full possession of his faculties to the last, and chatted freely and intelligently with the members of his household. Many personal and political friends called at his residence yesterday to inquire about his health. Thaddeus Stevens, jr., and his nephew, Simon Stevens, his relative Mrs. Smith, his housekeeper, and the Sisters of Charity, were constantly in attendance on him. Mr. Stevens entertained a deep affection for the "Sisters," and they in turn watched over and tended him for months and months past, during his many hours of illness. He was nursed by them with the tenderest solitude, the only return they could make him for the interest which he had taken in their institution, Providence Hospital, about 10 minutes walk from his residence. Mr. Stevens's liberal heart knew no distinction of race or creed. He was instrumental in procuring from Congress appropriations for this institution amounting to upward of \$60,000, and it may truly be said that it stands a monument of his charity and humanity.

At 4 o'clock yesterday evening Mr. Stevens's death was not expected by his friends, and least of all by himself. He was very weak, it is true; but no one supposed that the end was so near at hand. His active spirit never faltered to the last. His last hours were smooth and tranquil. He knew that life and death were struggling for the mastery, as may be gathered from the following incident:

A few days ago the physician changed his medicine.

Mr. Stevens at once noticed the change, and said, "You have changed my medicine, have you not?" "Yes," "Well, this is a square fight," and as he said so his face was illumined by a grim smile of mingled humor and determination.

Between 4 and 5 o'clock, yesterday afternoon, Mr. Simon Stevens entered his room and told him that he had been to see Mr. Everts, and that he (Mr. E.) had told him what would be the purport of his opinion in the Rollins case, which was that the resignation could not be accepted. Mr. Stevens responded, apparently very much pleased, "I believe Mr. Everts is not only a sound lawyer but a statesman, who will advise the President so to administer the laws as to render unnecessary a meeting of Congress in September." "If he does," he continued, "I shall feel prouder than ever that I urged his (Everts's) confirmation." Then Mr. Stevens spoke of Mr. Seward and his position in the Cabinet. Said he, "He (Seward) has labored very well recently in relation to our foreign affairs. His purchase of Alaska was the biggest thing in his life, and if he could have purchased Samana it would have been the crowning event of his whole career." Mr. Simon Stevens again remarked that he had seen Gen. Rosecrans, who had spoken of Alanson Stevens, nephew of Thaddeus Stevens, who was killed at Chickamauga. He was the old man's favorite boy, and, by the way,

it may be remarked that early in the war Alanson, who had charge of the iron works, took all the horses of the establishment and tendered them to the Governor of Pennsylvania for the use of the Government, and then joined the army as a private, frequently receiving promotion, until he became Captain of artillery. This probably flashed across the old man's mind, for he smiled at the mention of his nephew's name, and replied, "He was a brave boy, I like Rosecrans. I hope that Mr. Seward's instructions to Gen. Rosecrans will be such as will tend to build up and strengthen that tottering sister Republic," meaning Mexico.

As the evening wore on Mr. Stevens dropped off into a quiet slumber, from which he occasionally started, and made some remark, probably on national affairs. Once he broke out to his relation, "Simon, the great questions of the day are reconstruction, the finances, and the railway system of this country." Then he turned off, and went to sleep. Shortly afterward he again awoke, and said: "I believe Grant will be elected, and that he will carry out the great Reconstruction laws." His relative told him about Morrissey's betting on Seymour. He replied, "I like him for the pluck." He then conversed with the Rev. Dr. Emory, Mrs. Smith, his nephew, Thaddeus, and his body-servant, Lewis West. None of the remarks to these were especially noticeable, save one to his nephew, to whom he said: "We'll have a nice trip home; I'll visit the foundry with you, perhaps," and then he smiled, as if aware of the impossibility of the suggestion. Dr. N. Young, his physician, called at about 5:30 o'clock and recommended that no one be allowed to disturb him, and that he must not be fatigued with talking. He at the same time pronounced him in a sinking condition. He constantly ate small pieces of ice, and appeared to enjoy the relief afforded by being fanned.

About nine o'clock two colored clergymen, the Rev. Mr. Hall and the Rev. Mr. Reed, both of the Israel Methodist Church, arrived, and requested permission to see Mr. Stevens and pray with him. It is a curious coincidence one of them stood by the bedside of John Quincy Adams, and prayed with him in his last illness. Mr. Stevens was asked whether they should be admitted. He replied (and these were probably the last connected words that he uttered): "Certainly, certainly." They entered the room. He turned on his side, and reached his hand to one of them. A hymn was sung, and a few prayers were offered; after which they departed at about 8 o'clock. At about 9 o'clock Dr. Young again called, and had a brief interview with his patient. The Doctor pronounced him dying, and so told him. Mr. Stevens looked at him, and nodded his head, but made no reply.

Dr. Young informed the household that his patient would in all probability die before morning. Sisters Louisa and Genevieve, of Providence Hospital, entered the room at about 10 o'clock. It was now evident that death was not far distant. Mr. Stevens became weaker and weaker. The Sisters of Charity knelt by the bed and began to pray. Mr. Stevens reached his hand to one of them, and she held it several minutes. After they had finished praying, Mr. Stevens took more ice, and small pieces were put in his mouth once or twice after that. Thaddeus Stevens, jr., Simon Stevens, Mrs. Smith, the Sisters of Charity, Mr. J. Scott Patterson of the Interior Department, and the servants of the house, were in the room at the time. The Sisters of Charity had learned through some channel that Mr. Stevens had never been baptised, and requested his permission to perform the ceremony. He said that he had no objections, and one of the sister's took a glass of water, and pouring it on his head, pronounced the words "I baptize thee, Thaddeus, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

Mr. Stevens expired precisely at 12 o'clock, about ten minutes after his baptism. He opened his eyes once or twice, and then closed them forever. The persons above mentioned were the only ones present at the death-scene. The Sisters of Charity immediately began to recite the prayers for the dead, which were soon finished. His death was so quiet that those in the room, especially the women, could not believe that he was really dead; but it was so. His features remain natural, and his face wears the same calm, earnest expression which was stamped on it in life. The intelligence was speedily telegraphed all over the country.

This morning the body was embalmed by Surgeon E. F. Schaffhirt of the Medical Museum. Many friends called to-day, to view the remains of the departed statesman. He is dressed in a suit of plain black, the same that he wore in the House of Representatives. The body is to be laid in state in the Rotunda of the Capitol to-morrow, and will be watched by a guard of the colored Zouaves of this city. The funeral will take place on Friday, when the remains will of course be borne to Lancaster, Penn. Senators Sumner and McDonald, Secretaries Stanton, Seward, Gen. Rawlins, Mayor Bowen, Mr. Everts, and Surgeon-General Barnes, will probably act as pall-bearers. A special train will take the funeral party to Lancaster, by the way of Harrisburg and York, and the interment will take place on Monday. The arrangements for the funeral in this city have not been completed. The religious ceremonies will probably be conducted by the Chaplain of the Senate, the Rev. Dr. Grey, assisted by the Rev. B. B. Emery of Pennsylvania. The Rev. Dr. Boynton is absent from Washington, and cannot possibly be here in time to attend.

Among many others who called this evening to view the remains of Mr. Stevens were Secretary Schofield, Attorney-General Everts, Senator Sumner, Gen. Laken, and Surgeon-General Barnes.

A meeting of citizens of Lancaster County, Penn., now in Washington, was held at the Capitol this evening in the Ladies' Reception-rooms of the House of Representatives. The Rev. A. B. Gooch presided and Mr. Huston acted as Secretary. After a few preliminary remarks by the chairman, explanatory of the object of the meeting, Mr. Huston offered the following resolutions, and they were adopted:

Resolved, That the friends of Providence our beloved friend and Representative, the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, who has so ably represented us for nearly 35 years, and whose ability and energy were used to the latest period of his life in behalf of his country, died at his residence in this city last night; therefore,

Resolved, That as citizens of Lancaster County, and friends of the deceased, we sympathize with the grief of true mourners in the bereavement which Divine Providence has brought upon our nation, to which our lamented representative was always true and loyal in all the relations of life; for as patriot, friend, and true gentleman, we cannot hope to meet his equal. We miss his voice, so familiar to us at home, as well as in the councils of the nation, and feel that his death has left a void which cannot be filled; for he was the veteran of a thousand fields, and the champion always of right.

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to transmit a copy of the resolutions to the friends of the deceased.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the relatives of our beloved representative, and tender to them our heartfelt sympathy in their irreparable loss and bereavement.

Resolved, That as a testimonial of respect for the memory of the deceased, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 12. — The flags on the Custom House, Post Office, Independence Hall, newspaper offices, and many private buildings, in this city, are at half mast, in honor of the memory of the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens.

Gen. Rosecrans, the new Minister to Mexico, received his commission and instructions at the State Department to-day. It is understood that he is not altogether pleased with the policy of the Administration toward Mexico, so far as it has been developed to him, and will have a conference with Secretary Seward before his departure. Mr. Seward is expected here to-morrow.

Secretary of War Schofield started this evening for West Point, being called thither on account of sickness in his family.

Commissioner Rollins writes to Deputy Commissioner Harland that he expects to reach Washington the last of this week. The appointment of Supervisors will not be consummated until his return.

The new revenue law requires five different stamps to be affixed to the barrel. The first, or tax paid