

DEATH OF THADDEUS STEVENS.

THADDEUS STEVENS is dead! He was a long time dying. His intellect and spirit have for months kept vitality in a frame worn out by age and disease. His death occurred at his residence in Washington, at twelve o'clock Tuesday night. The circumstances connected with it will be found detailed in our news columns. He was a remarkable man, but one whose death will be more talked about than regretted. He was not the man to excite love or to inspire reverence. His influence was great, but was due chiefly to his indomitable will, his controversial pugnacity and that immense power of scorn with which he intimidated those with whom he came in contact. His political career has been a long one, but with all his ability he never rose to high official position. Nor was it until age and decrepitude stole upon him that he attained that full measure of party influence which we have seen him exhibit in the last three years. Since the war closed, he has stood before the country as the very incarnation of sectional prejudice and party passion and revenge. In Mr. STEVENS' death the North may have lost a friend and the negroes an advocate, but the South will feel that she has lost a bitter and implacable enemy. But he was an outspoken enemy, without SUMNER'S cant and cowardice, and without BUTLER'S roguery and unspeakable baseness. However variant may be the feelings inspired by his death in the two sections of the country and among the members of the two political parties, all will feel that a man, and a strong man, has gone from the earth, and that his departure is an event in the history of the country. While we affect no hypocritical sorrow, we shall indulge no flippant and unbecomingly joy. We recognize the hand of God, and would be reverentially silent.