

Under our obituary head is announced the death of Thomas J. Clay. Thomas was the youngest son of Colonel Henry Clay, who lost his life in the defence of his country on the field of Buena Vista, and the grandson of the illustrious statesman of Kentucky. He secured a liberal education at the University of Virginia, and had inspired his friends with high hopes of his future distinction. He was frank and courageous, generous and impulsive. His confiding nature made him, before he attained his majority, a victim to the insidious influence of Buckner, Breckinridge, and others, and he held the position of Inspector-General on Buckner's staff at the time of his death.

Scarcely a year ago, we announced the death of his only and older brother, Henry. Of mature age, Henry had treasured up more sacredly the lessons taught by his patriotic fathers. Always devoted to his country, his love for it was strengthened and deepened by travel in other lands. Early in this struggle he entered the Federal service, and, after distinguishing himself in the battle of Shiloh, returned home to die of disease contracted in the field.

How sad the reflections which the career and end of these two brothers suggest. Born under the same roof, nurtured in the same arms, taught the same lessons, brothers devotedly attached to each other, they yet separated in this great national struggle to meet face to face in opposing armies. Let us hope that, after their brief separation, they have now met in that better world, where the current of their love shall no more be checked by war, but flow on in one perpetual stream throughout an immortal life.

Gathered to his People.

On yesterday the remains of Major Thomas H. Clay, a gallant Confederate officer, who died in this city, in the Spring of 1864, and which were buried in the cemetery near by, were disinterred, and accompanied by a number of the friends of the deceased to the depot, from thence were forwarded, by Express, to the land of his fathers.

A son of the gallant Lieutenant Henry Clay, Jr., who fell upon the plains of Mexico, and a grandson of the immortal Sage of Ashland, it is meet that his ashes should mingle with the soil of that State made illustrious by the name he bore.

In the beginning of the war, young Clay, then in the vigor of youth, and the hope of manhood, thought

"Through whom his life-blood tracked its parent lake," and struck for the honor of his native State, the pride of principle, and the memories clustering around his glorious name. As in the instance of his father, death came upon him in a strange land—each a sacrifice to the convictions of truth and right. His surviving friends imitating the example of Kentucky, in removing the father's remains from the battle field of Buena Vista, to her own capitol cemetery, where they sleep in the shadow of a proud monument on whose marble front engraved his deeds glitter in the sunlight of Heaven, have resolved that the son shall be placed beside the father in the silent halls of death, whilst

"On Fame's eternal camping ground,
Her silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

REMAINS OF MAJOR THOMAS H. CLAY.—The remains of Thomas H. Clay, who died in this city in 1864, were, on yesterday, taken from the cemetery and forwarded to Kentucky.

Maj. Clay was a distinguished officer in the Confederate army, a son of Col. Henry Clay, Jr., of Mexican fame, and a grandson of the illustrious Henry Clay, of Kentucky. We understand that the remains of the deceased are to be re-interred beside those of his lamented father, in the State Cemetery at Frankfort, Kentucky.

A number of friends of deceased paid the last sad tribute of respect to his memory, in escorting his remains from the cemetery to the depot. Among the number were nearly all of the Kentuckians now residing in this city.

As we looked, for the last time, on the decaying mortality of one whose ancestral name is indelibly written in the history of our country, we imagined we could see the broken spirit of that mighty genius in the mirror of whose comprehensive thought, the dangers of the conflict in which the grandson fell, were so vividly portrayed, weeping over the lost liberties of his fallen country, and the overthrow of that constitution whose banner he had so often borne aloft amid the tempest strifes of party discord and sectional hate.

ing?

No. 223 Fourth st.,

Under our obituary head is announced the death of Thomas J. Clay. Thomas was the youngest son of Colonel Henry Clay, who lost his life in the defence of his country on the field of Buena Vista, and the grandson of the illustrious statesman of Kentucky. He secured a liberal education at the University of Virginia, and had inspired his friends with high hopes of his future distinction. He was frank and courageous, generous and impulsive. His confiding nature made him, before he attained his majority, a victim to the insidious influence of Buckner, Breckinridge, and others, and he held the position of Inspector-General on Buckner's staff at the time of his death.

Scarcely a year ago, we announced the death of his only and older brother, Henry. Of mature age, Henry had treasured up more sacredly the lessons taught by his patriotic fathers. Always devoted to his country, his love for it was strengthened and deepened by travel in other lands. Early in this struggle he entered the Federal service, and, after distinguishing himself in the battle of Shiloh, returned home to die of disease contracted in the field.

How sad the reflections which the career and end of these two brothers suggest. Born under the same roof, nurtured in the same arms, taught the same lessons, brothers devotedly attached to each other, they yet separated in this great national struggle to meet face to face in opposing armies. Let us hope that, after their brief separation, they have now met in that better world, where the current of their love shall no more be checked by war, but flow on in one perpetual stream throughout an immortal life.