

Thomas A. Clements

(- 3 Sep 1896)

The Evening Star, November 5, 1879

A Policeman Terribly Beaten Assailed By Negro Roughs

One of the most outrageous cases of beating a policeman occurred on Sunday morning last, which, for the purposes of furthering the ends of justice, was kept quiet, but as there is very little probability that the guilty parties will be punished, further secrecy is unnecessary. About 1 o'clock Sunday morning Officer Thomas A. Clements, of the eighth precinct, one of our oldest and best policemen, whose beat is on Capitol Hill, hearing a party of disorderly persons in the neighborhood of St. Peter's Church, hurried to the spot, when he found a mob of fifteen negro roughs very disorderly and quarrelsome, evidently having just left some place of drunken carousal. He cautioned them, and reminded them that their conduct was calculated to arouse orderly people from their sleep. They gave him back insulting words and became more noisy than before, when he took hold of the one who appeared to be the worst of the gang and was about to lead him off to the station, when one of them called back "don't go with the brass-buttoned - - -;" at the same time a whole brick thrown with great violence struck him in the face, knocking him down and stunning him. The whole gang then jumped upon him and commenced kicking and beating him to their heart's content. Mr. Clements blew his whistle, but, no response following, he drew his revolver, and managed to fire one charge at the scoundrels, with what effect is not known, but this was the signal for a fiercer attack on him, and, after kicking and jumping on him to their entire satisfaction, they left him insensible. In this condition private watchman Daniel McNamara found him, having heard the pistol shot fired several squares away, but when he arrived the assailants had disappeared. A citizen named Albert Ports, who was riding on the street cars, hearing the shot fired, also arrived soon after McNamara, and they together picked up Mr. Clements and took him to the 8th precinct station house. When McNamara came on the spot he found Officer Clements on his hands and knees trying to arise, but speechless, groping around in the dark, and without any further power to change his position for one more upright. It was sometime before he came to his senses. His head and neck were kicked full of ugly bruises and gashes, and his sides, where the marks of heavy boots could yet be distinctly seen, were black and blue and very much swollen. Dr. McKim was called at once and dressed his wounds, and afterwards he was sent to his home, which it will probably be many weeks before he will be able to leave. The worst feature about the affair is that Officer Clements has so far been unable to recognize any of his assailants, although several arrests have been made of suspected parties, and the chances now are that they will escape punishment for this abuse of one of the best officers on the force.

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Arrest Of Nine Of Officer Clements' Assailants

Ever since the cowardly assault was made upon Officer Clements by a mob of some fifteen drunken and disorderly negroes near St. Peter's church, early on the morning of the 1st instant. Lieutenant Boteler, of that precinct, has been on the alert to find the guilty parties. From time to time he has picked up information so direct as to result in the arrest about 4 o'clock this morning of nine men supposed to be of the gang. Officers Hamilton, Howe, McGreevy, Nicholson, Marks and King, were directed by the lieutenant to proceed to their shanties in the lower part of South Washington, in the neighborhood of the brick yards, where they succeeded in arresting Marshal Tyler, John Swan, Albert

Jones, Thomas Black, Edgar McKinny, Charles Page, Battle Keyes, Isaac Johnson and William L. Williams, all young men, none of them above 25 years of age. The evidence against them is pretty direct. They were taken to the Police Court this morning and committed for a hearing on Saturday. Officer Clements has so far recovered as to be able to go on duty again.

Clements. On Thursday, September 3, 1896 at 1:30 a.m. after a long and painful illness, Thomas A., beloved husband of Sarah E. Clements, aged 78 years. Funeral from his late residence, 420 10th street s.e., Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Friends and relatives are invited.

The Evening Star, September 3, 1896

Death of Officer Clements

Policeman Thomas A. Clements, one of the oldest members of the force, died at his home, on 10th street southeast, about 1 o'clock this morning, after an illness of several weeks. He was 74 years old, and was a native of Prince George's county, but had lived here many years. In 1862 he was appointed a member of the police force, and during the thirty-four years of service he has figured in some hard battles. In 1876 he was nearly killed by a party of toughs in front of Providence Hospital. About two years ago, while doing rescue work at a fire in Southeast Washington, he was severely injured by an explosion, when a large piece of glass was blown in his side. For a number of years he was detailed for duty at the city post office, and recently, up to the time he was taken sick, he was detailed at the District building. The deceased was one of the best-known men in the department, and had seen as many years of active service as any other man in the department. Arrangements for his funeral have not yet been made.

Clements. The body of Thomas A. Clements will be taken from the public vault, Congressional Cemetery and buried in the family lot Thursday, October 1, 1896 at 4 p.m. Friends and relatives invited.