

The Recent Tragedy at Glastenbury, Conn.—Suicide of a Son of Hon. Thaddeus Welles.

From the Hartford Times of Saturday.

We were shocked to hear of the suicide of Capt. ROBERT G. WELLES, late of the regular army, and eldest surviving son of Hon. THADDEUS WELLES, of Glastenbury. The rash act was committed a few minutes before 6 o'clock last evening, in his father's library. Mr. WELLES sat reading his evening newspaper, when ROBERT, who had been conversing with him, exhibited a pistol. His father remonstrated against carrying such a weapon, and asked his son to give it to him. The latter declined, though in no unfriendly spirit. Suddenly approaching his father, he flung his left arm around his neck and kissed him, when with the single exclamation, "Farewell, father!" he sank back into a chair, put the pistol to his head and fired—all so quickly that his father, though springing up to arrest him, was unable to prevent it.

The ball passed through Capt. WELLES' head immediately back of the right temple, coming out just above the left ear, and striking a book in the library, fell flattened upon the floor.

Capt. WELLES continued to breathe for an hour and a quarter after the act, but was at no time conscious.

By this shocking occurrence Mr. WELLES' family are plunged afresh into the deepest affliction and grief. Last Summer Mr. WELLES' eldest son SAMUEL was killed by the explosion of a steam engine at Mare Island, California, while engaged in the capacity of engineer, in directing an important work there. He was much esteemed by everybody who knew him, and to the family his loss was a blow more severe than can well be told. It is believed by Mr. WELLES that this fresh affliction was occasioned by his son's melancholy over the untimely loss of his brother. He had been observed to be low-spirited much of the time since that distressing occurrence.

At the burning of the church in Glastenbury on Sunday he had taken cold in rendering assistance, and had since suffered from constipation and wakefulness—getting no sleep on Thursday night. His mother yesterday noticed and spoke of an alarming appearance in his eyes; but he seemed so rational and pleasant, and had conversed so well of his deceased brother, whose letters he had been reading, that his father was less alarmed about him. On seeing the pistol he told his son that it made him nervous, and that he feared he might do something with it to be dreaded, "for," he added, "you have of late been subject to depressed turns, and you may not know what you would do." Immediately after occurred the shocking result.

Capt. WELLES was just 24 years old. He served with marked credit in the regular army, where he gained his rank, and resigned not long after the close of the war. He was a young man of uncommon talents, and everybody esteemed him. The family are overwhelmed by this fresh and crushing affliction.

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