

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE DEATH OF CAPT. NELTHROPP AND ENSIGN POWELL

Since our hasty account in our last number of the unfortunate catastrophe at Chittledroog, we have seen two others in the Madras and Calcutta papers of the 3d and 9th Aug., the first of which gives the following account:

“Died on the morning of the 16th July, at Chittledroog, Captain Nelthropp and Ensign Powell, of the 2d bat. 14th N.L, by the accidental explosion of some damaged gunpowder, thrown into a cavern where these unfortunate gentlemen were amusing themselves, while on a party of pleasure up the hill. Thus was the Hon. Company’s Service deprived of two valuable officers; a wife and infant of an affectionate husband and father; and their brother officers of two amiable members of society. Captain N. had always made it his study to acquaint himself with every portion of the duty of an officer, and his success is evinced by the important services he has generally been employed on.

Ensign Powell was a very young man, whom all in his corps admired, and from his natural good abilities it was extremely likely that he would have turned out an ornament to the service.

Captain N. as a father, a husband, and a friend, could hardly be surpassed.”

The other account states that, “after breakfast the party separated, and took a ramble among the rocks, and that the two unfortunate gentlemen separated from the rest, and were returning to the tent with their servants; their path lay by a magazine of some damaged gunpowder, which had been emptied; near this was a cave into which the lascars, from idleness, and thinking no harm could arise, had thrown part of the powder, instead of depositing the whole in a well used for that purpose. Some of the party had segars, and it is supposed that an end was thrown into the cave by one of them, unconscious of any danger. The whole exploded, and these unfortunate officers, with two of their servants, were in an instant hurled into eternity. Poor fellows! they rose in the morning with all the happy glee of happy mortals, anticipating a day of pleasure; we all intended to join them and to partake of their happiness. Join them indeed we did, but oh, under what cruel circumstances! Instead of seeing the cheerful and joyous countenances, we beheld the mutilated and disfigured bodies of departed friends; instead of returning home with them, to close the day in cheerfulness and conviviality, Providence ordained that we should follow them to their graves. Their day of pleasure was ended in death, and ours in tears and sorrow. Those who best knew Capt. Nelthropp can best appreciate his many amiable and endearing qualities, in the various relations of husband, father, friend, and soldier; many may be his equals, but few his superiors. He has left a widow to bewail his loss, and an infant, to learn in after years the fate of its unfortunate parent.

The friends of poor Powell have to lament his short but happy career: Heaven in its wisdom has deemed fit to deny him the time which would have nourished and brought to maturity the talents and excellent qualities with which he was gifted.

Peace to their remains! Their memory will be cherished with sorrow and affection by their brother officers, to the last hour of their lives.”

It has often fallen to our lot to record worth, which is the only tribute we can offer here for the loss of two such valuable characters. In Capt. Nelthropp was found every thing that could endear him to his friends, and render his life valuable; and we have seen accounts from private letters, which, in speaking of Mr. Powell, bestow upon him a character beautifully drawn, for correctness of principle, sweetness of disposition, excellent attainments, and promising talents.