

Many of our readers will read the following extract from the *Times of India* with the greatest interest:-

“On Friday afternoon, the 24th January, at his house at Emery Down in the heart of the New Forest, General Hill, who had been suffering for the last year from heart disease, passed away peacefully and without pain. I ask permission to say a few word about him in the *Times of India*, because he is a man who has left very many friends and comrades behind him to deplore his loss, and because I had the honour of serving many years in the same regiment with him, and know that not only was he a good soldier and most upright gentleman, but also one of the kindest and best men that ever lived. General Hill joined the Bombay Infantry, in which he passed the whole of his thirty-five or six years of active service – a rare thing to be able to say in these days of chopping and changing. He was an admirable regimental officer, just and firm, but exceedingly kind and sympathetic towards the native ranks, who had great liking and admiration for him. He was in fact the type of an Indian Office – a man whom his sepoys would follow anywhere and fro whom they would do anything. Powerfully built and most athletic in his habits, he was in his younger days one of the best known and most daring shikaries and riders in the Presidency. He was also a dead shot, and possessed a nerve and coolness that never failed him in any emergency or crisis. He was the intimate friend of Major Oliver Probyn and Colonel Baigri, and their constant companion in their annual expeditions after big game. In the early Fifties General Hill (who was then a Subaltern) and Probyn made a great bag of bears in the valley between Sattara and Mahableshwar, from whence, I fancy, the bears must long ago have departed. But I will not dwell upon General Hill’s exploits with rifle and spear, concerning which I have heard much from others, but very little from himself, for he was the most modest of men in all that concerned his own doings. I will merely add to this brief and most imperfect notice of him that he always appeared to me one of the best specimens of an Indian officer of the old school – the school that produced Outram, Probyn, and many other gallant soldiers and sportsmen – that I have ever seen. Even as a Subaltern, General Hill had great influence over the young fellows in his own regiment, as well as over others with whom he was brought into contact. He lived then, as always, a most abstemious, active life, and not only did he never get into debt, but he managed to save out of his pay as a Subaltern the wherewithal to enable him to join in those hot weather expeditions after big game which were the great joy and delight of his existence as a young man. A youngster who would model himself upon General Hill, who would persistently have the same high ideals as he had towards everything that was manly, bold, and of good report, would inevitably turn out a very fine fellow. General Hill had the good fortune to be very fond of reading as well as of field sports, and his knowledge of natural history and of the ways of doings of birds and beasts, trees and plants, and all out-of-door life, animate and inanimate, was wonderful. He was also a great student of military history, and his general reading was singularly wide and varied – always with bias towards what was practical and solid. I must now close these few words which I have ventured to write in memory of a dear friend, with whom I shall always regard as one of the best, most generous and most unselfish men I have ever known. Napier’s well-known words on Outram are thoroughly applicable to General Hill. He was indeed “Sans peur et sans reproche.”

Brittany, February 6.

PEN.