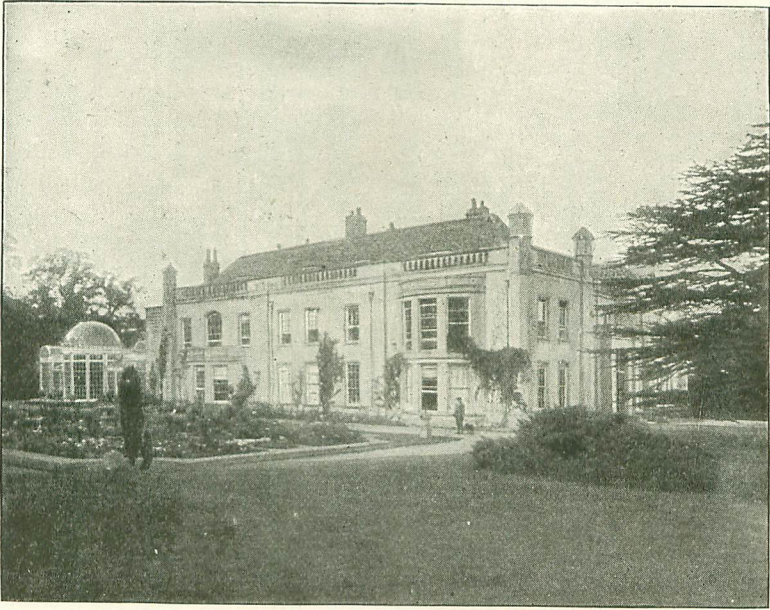


Illustrated Interviews.

XXVIII.—SIR HENRY HALFORD, BART., C.B.



From a Photo. by]

WISTOW HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.



WISTOW HALL, stands in one of the most picturesque parts of Leicestershire. One corner of it seems in a dell, another provides a glorious view of the country, whilst from a further side you catch sight of the ivy-clothed church and the pool with its tall flags, which shiver in the wind and serve for cover to the coots and water-hens, while the rooks and their near relations, the jackdaws, among the big elms on the other side of the house hold a noisy parliament. The Hall is one of the oldest in "the county of gates." You will find it mentioned in Domesday Book, and its owner still pays £2 a year as a knight's fee as the Lord of the Manor of Wistow—a fee first paid in 1236. As I pass through the avenue of elms, which stand like sentries on either side of the path which leads to the house, I am reminded that we are but ten miles from Loseby—another old Leicestershire seat—where the old Marquis of Waterford was wont to amuse himself by shooting at the family portraits, and on one memorable occasion rode a favourite hunter over a five-barred gate fixed on no less a course than that provided by the dining-room carpet!

Wistow Hall is the home of the man who may honestly be titled "The Grand Old Man of Shooting." Sir Henry Halford has revelled in records almost from the very first meeting at Wimbledon in 1860, and it is a remarkable fact that amongst his prizes—and there are twenty-one of them—are those of the Albert at Wimbledon in 1862, and the same trophy at Bisley in 1893, a record lapse of thirty-one years! Ten years ago a lady remarked at Wimbledon, "What a very old man to be shooting!" but on the 9th of last August, when he was forced to remember that it was his sixty-fifth birthday, he adjourned to the field adjoining the house, which makes a capital range, and rattled off a dozen or two bull's-eyes with as much deliberation and more certainty than he did when he first handled a rifle.

Sir Henry is of medium height. His hair is snowy white—his eyes look you through and through. He wears a comfortable knickerbocker suit, and a drab coloured, broad-brimmed, soft tennis hat. He talks rapidly, though always thoughtfully. Success with the rifle and gun—he has brought down his stag, too, with the best of them—has not spoiled what I soon discovered was the original foundation



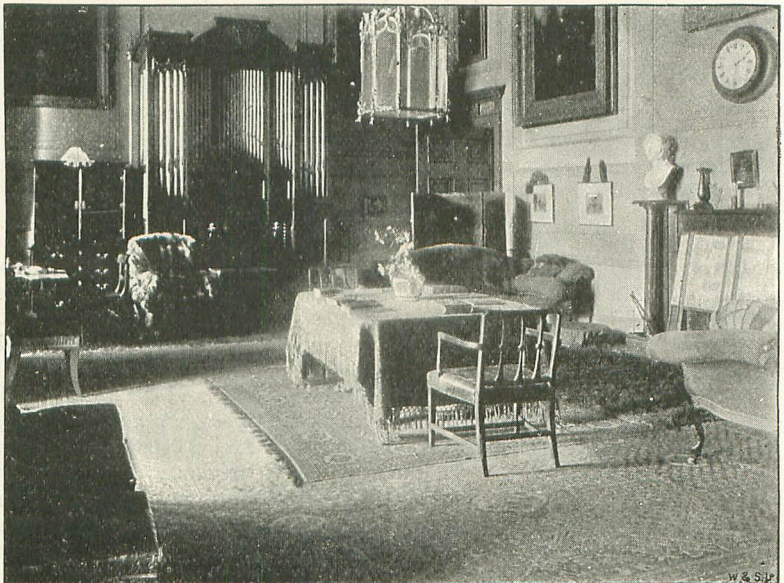
From a Photo. by]

AT WORK.

[Elliott & Fry.

of his constitution—modesty. He converses with extreme enthusiasm on all things connected with shooting weapons, and discusses the Volunteer movement with equal heartiness. His days are passed in experimenting. Go into his workshop — it abuts from a magnificent conservatory where, amongst the flowers, oranges and lemons are making satisfactory progress. It is a working man's room indeed. Sir Henry is a practical gun-maker, and here you will find every known appliance for making tools associated with the gun-maker's art. Immediately after breakfast the veteran enters his experimenting apartment, though he has before now stuck to his task till eleven at night and started work at three in the morning. And his dog, "Numa

Pompelius," invariably keeps its master company. Sir Henry admits that he lives with his dogs. He kept them as a lad and has grown up with them. This particular animal is a sort of canine alarm-clock—it digs its master out of bed every morning. It carries various articles about from one part of the house to the other. Master and animal



From a Photo. by]

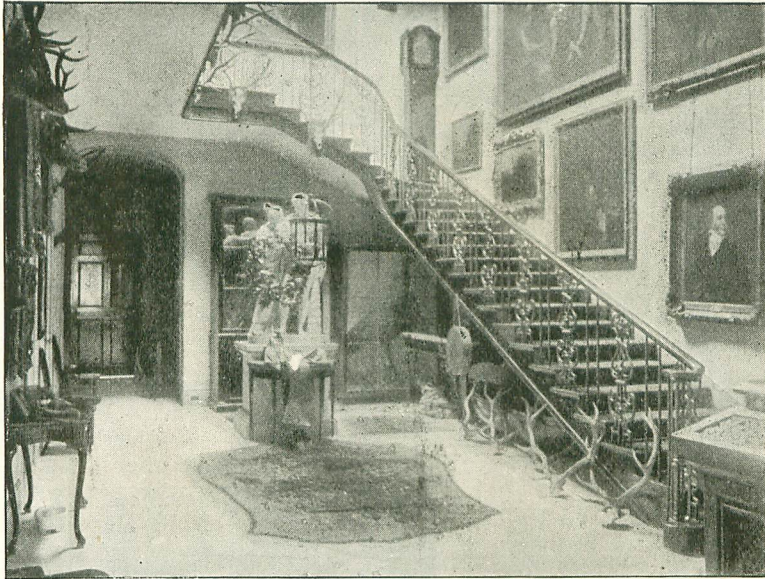
THE HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

invariably take a Sunday stroll together. On the Sunday previous to my visit Sir Henry had dozed off in his easy chair, and the hour of setting out had passed. The dog hurried

and rods and the photographic camera, as though hurriedly put down by Sir Henry after a visit to the stream or an attempt to catch a likeness of his friends. From this

hall you pass to the Inner or White Hall, which at first sight is remarkable for the number of trophies of deer-stalking which are arranged about the walls—skeleton heads and antlers—whilst magnificent skins are thrown about the floor and overhang the banisters. But go to the far end, just behind a fine piece of Grecian statuary. Here is a glass case containing, amongst a number of old-time army accoutrements, two saddles. The crimson



From a Photo. by]

THE WHITE HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

out into the hall, picked up the broad-brimmed hat, returned to the room and laid it on the baronet's knees. The dog got its walk.

The interior of Wistow Hall is in every way interesting.

The entrance-hall is at once impressive. Its height and width are remarkable for symmetrical balancing. It contains some fine oils by Sir Thomas Lawrence, notably portraits of the grandfather of the present baronet, Sir Henry Halford; and of Sir Charles Vaughan, and Baron Vaughan, a noted judge. A fine organ stands at one end, and scattered about behind marble busts one notes the fishing tackle

velvet and gold trappings are faded—the leather looks worn and hard-ridden—but there is something unmistakably regal about them.

Then Sir Henry remarks :—

“Charles I. slept here the night before the



From a Photo. by]

CHARLES I.'S BEDROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

Hastings, the Duke of York, George IV., Wellington, Archbishop Laud; and Sir Henry's father and mother by Pickersgill.

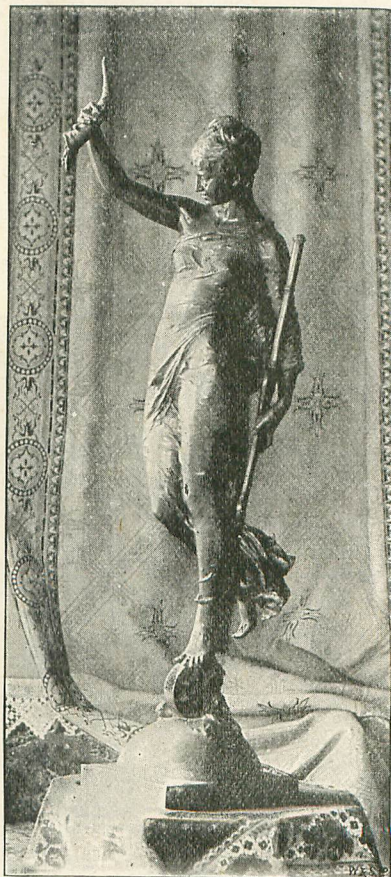
The only two associations of shooting are noteworthy ones. The great silver cup on the table is the Albert Cup of 1893, whilst on the massive oaken sideboard is a bronze figure of "Fortuna," presented by the National Rifle Association of America to the winners of the

battle of Naseby, and those are the saddles of the King and Prince Rupert, which they left at Wistow on their flight from Naseby to Leicester when they changed horses. Come upstairs and see the bedroom."

The room remains the same, as far as the ceiling and wooden panelling go, as it did on the night when Charles was grateful for his rest. Outside, the fair view of the oak trees and rising ground, with its old fountain and sun-dial, is unchanged. But the bedstead is gone. The old wooden walls are decorated with many pictures, amongst which a portrait of the King is visible, and excellent engravings of Wellington and of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair."

We returned to the hall. There was a story to be told of every pair of antlers and every head which hangs here. This pair over the door belonged to a fine stag who stayed for the moment on the brow of a hill watching with jealous eyes the movements of another who apparently had intentions on his retinue of wives. That halt brought a shot from Sir Henry's gun and triumph to the rival.

The dining, drawing, and morning rooms run one into the other, terminating in the conservatory already referred to. The dining-room is notable for its paintings. A copy of "Rubens, by himself"—the original of which is at Antwerp—is conspicuous, though there are many grand canvases by Lawrence and other artists of eminence—Warren



STATUE WON IN UNITED STATES.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

early age of twenty-six was appointed Court Physician to George III., and subsequently to George IV., William IV., and Her Majesty. He was also physician to nine crowned heads without ever leaving the country.

We stay for a moment to admire a picture of Fag, a black and white spaniel — “One of the best retrievers I ever had,” said Sir Henry — when I was suddenly interested in a fine

International Military Match between the Volunteers of Great Britain and the National Guard of the United States, competed for on September 14th and 15th, 1882. Sir Henry captained the winning team, who gave him this token. Here, too, is the Cambridge Cup, won in 1865 at 1,000 and 1,100 yards.

The reception-rooms are full of works of art, cabinets, bric-à-brac, sculpture, and pictures, whilst the number of miniatures about are as numerous as they are precious. Photos of the “English Eights” of the early days of shooting abound—very quaint some of the competitors look in their queer-cut coats and the most approved of “Dundrearies.” In a niche is a gold bust of George IV., presented by the members of the Royal Family to the present baronet’s grandfather, who at the

piece of carving in the form of a head, the face and features of which seemed familiar.

It was a bust of Napoleon I. as a child. It was the sign of a boyish smile, but the heavy, immovable lineaments of the man were there.

I missed Sir Henry from my side. He returned in a moment with a faded letter, brown and creased with age, in his hand. And he read aloud:—

“July 2nd, 1815.

“MY DEAR HENRY,
—I have time only to write you one line. Your last letter to me was of the 7th June. You will have heard of the great battle of the 18th. It was quite terrible—however, its effects have been decisive.

“I think I shall have the king upon his throne and the world at peace in a few days. As my day is scarcely long enough for all I have to do, of course I have



BUST OF GEORGE IV.

From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

"ENGLISH EIGHT," 1863.

[Herbert Watkins, Regent Street.

CAPT. DRAKE.

CAPT. WILLIA
CAPT. HEATON.A. ASHTON.
LADY BURY.

LORD BURY.

MARTIN SMITH.
EARL DUCIE.LIEUT.-COL. HALFORD.
E. J. HAWKER.WM. PALMER.
CAPT. ROWLAND.

not time to enter into details. But the business is certainly settled. Whether a few days sooner or later does not signify, and the world will at last be at rest.

"Believe me,

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

It was the first letter from the Great Duke to his brother, Lord Wellesley, written after the memorable Sunday which decided Waterloo.

It is not before you settle down in Sir Henry's den that you get a firm idea of his past career and present-day work. A table crowded with everything suggestive of guns—from an old-time powder-flask to a delicate pair of scales for weighing grains of explosive—takes up considerable room. He is always experimenting—always trying to get better work out of rifles, as they vary so tremendously; but he thinks the future of the match rifle about settled now, and but little remains to be done. The mahogany gun-cabinet stands in the centre of the room, and provides accommodation for ten weapons—match rifles, magazine rifles, express shooting rifles, and the little American '22 rifle for rabbit shooting. I examined the gun with which Mr. Bagshaw won the Wim-

bledon Cup this year at Bisley, making the record score at 1,100 yards of seventy points out of seventy-five, whilst the rifle used by Sir Henry this year at the same camp comes in for attention. It appeared with the grand old shot at his twentieth time of shooting in the English Eight, and helped to make for him his biggest score of any year. Mingled together with many trophies on the mantel-board are relics of the hunting field. A curious chart is plastered all over with representations of targets showing extraordinary scores. Gibbs stands first with the finest ever made, on October 4th, 1886, with forty-eight bull's-eyes out of fifty at a thousand yards, and Sir Henry comes a good second with forty-three out of forty-five at the same distance, in October, 1885.

Around the room is an excellent collection of books—including all works bearing on the sport with which Sir Henry's name is inseparably associated—the sideboards and spare spaces are taken up with portable reminiscences of travels in foreign countries, whilst the pictures are for the most part shooting subjects, in which Sir Henry plays no small part. Several of them are reproduced in these pages. The trio of rifle shots who comprise an aggregate of ninety-five

years' shooting at Wimbledon is surely a record. The three gentlemen are Captain Pixley, a Queen's Prize winner; Mr. Henry Whitehead, a noted shot; and Sir Henry Halford.

Sir Henry refilled his pipe and laid aside his spectacles. Whilst he was handling the tobacco I noticed the difference between the shape of the right hand as compared with the left.

"Ah!" said Sir Henry, in reply to my query, "you can always tell the hand of a man who has shot much. Look at that second finger, it is quite disjointed; indeed, the whole hand is turned. Then many men bear the kiss of the rifle butt on the jawbone. The eyes, too, are a guide in singling out your rifle shot. I always think that blue or grey are the best shooting eyes; that's why the Scots are so successful at the target, for apart from their thoroughness in all they undertake, there are more blue eyes amongst them. An eye with a very small pupil is a great advantage. Brown eyes seldom come in; the marked exception to this, however, is Lamb, who is as good a shot as any man, and his are chestnutty brown."

A great cloud of smoke from Sir Henry's briar was blown with a satisfaction that blessed the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh. Then I learnt that amongst shooting men the larger proportion of them are non-smokers. The veteran is a persistent smoker, and, practically, never shoots without a pipe in his mouth.

"Let me put in a plea for the pipe," he said, merrily. "I was once shooting in one

of the matches for the Elcho Shield—and shooting very badly.

"Why, where's your pipe?' somebody standing by asked. 'Light up—you'll do better.'

"And I did. I hadn't been smoking for some little time, but with the first few puffs my very next shot was a bull's-eye!"

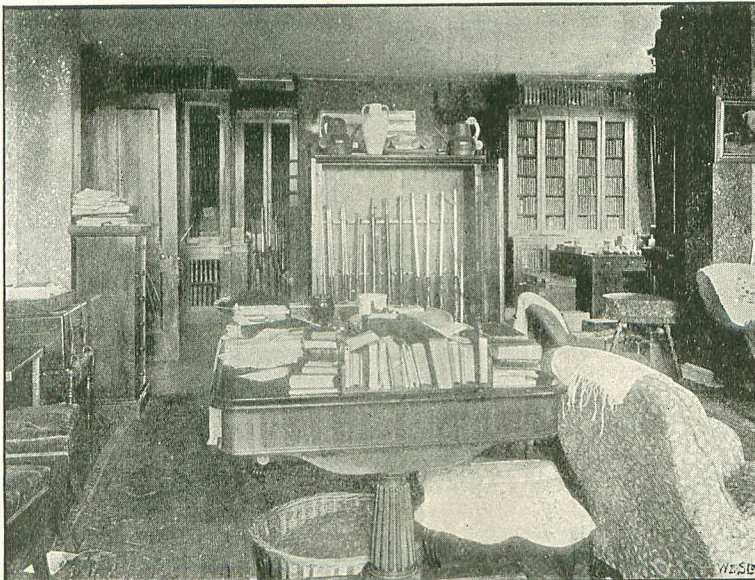
I tried some of Sir Henry's tobacco.

Sir Henry St. John Halford, C.B., was born at Maidwell, Northamptonshire, on August 9th, 1828, and curiously enough his family motto is: "To exercise, unambitious of glory, the *silent arts*." His first lessons were learnt at a dame's school when five years of age, and at seven he was promoted to a grammar school at Market Bosworth, and after a term at a preparatory tutor's, went to Eton at twelve.

"It was a very rough place in my time," said Sir Henry, "and one of my first adventures was to get nearly killed by a boy, who rejoiced in the name of Bill Sikes, and was a Yorkshireman, and a very good fellow. I got into a fight with the worthy Sikes—a boy bigger than myself—and had to stand up for three-quarters of an hour, until the chapel bell rang, otherwise I should have had to 'take a licking.' I was in the boats at Eton, and amongst my schoolfellows were Justice Chitty, the Speaker of the House of Commons—there were no fewer than ten Peels when I was there—and the Marquis of Salisbury. Chitty was in my house, and was a leader in football, the boating

eight, and the cricket eleven. He was a splendid fellow, clever with his books, and looked upon with great respect. I think I may say that Lord Salisbury was one of the few boys who never got into any trouble. He was always very reticent, kept a good deal to himself, not 'hail fellow well met!' with the boys. He wasn't a boating or cricketing man, but more of the literary class. Everybody liked him.

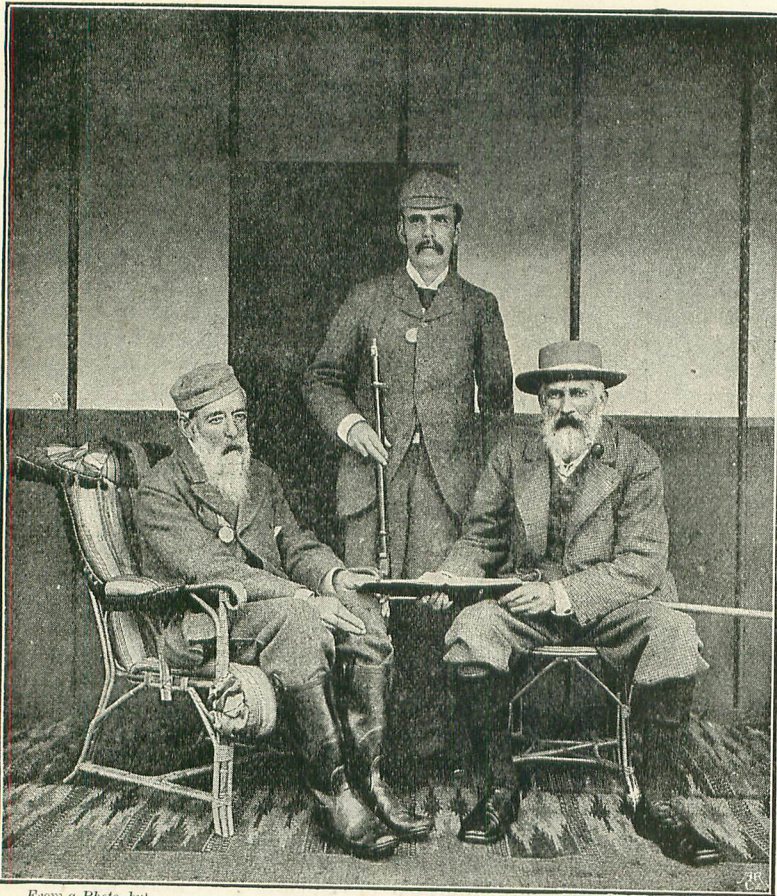
"I left Eton in 1845, and went to



From a Photo. by

THE DEN.

[Elliott & Fry.]



From a Photo. by]

PORTRAIT GROUP.

[W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.

CAPT. PIXLEY.

MR. HENRY WHITEHEAD.

SIR HENRY HALFORD.

Merton, Oxford. Out of twenty-eight undergraduates, nineteen of them were Etonians. After taking my degree I travelled a good deal, and was the first with four others to row a four-oared boat on the Rhine, Maine, and Moselle for a distance of 600 miles."

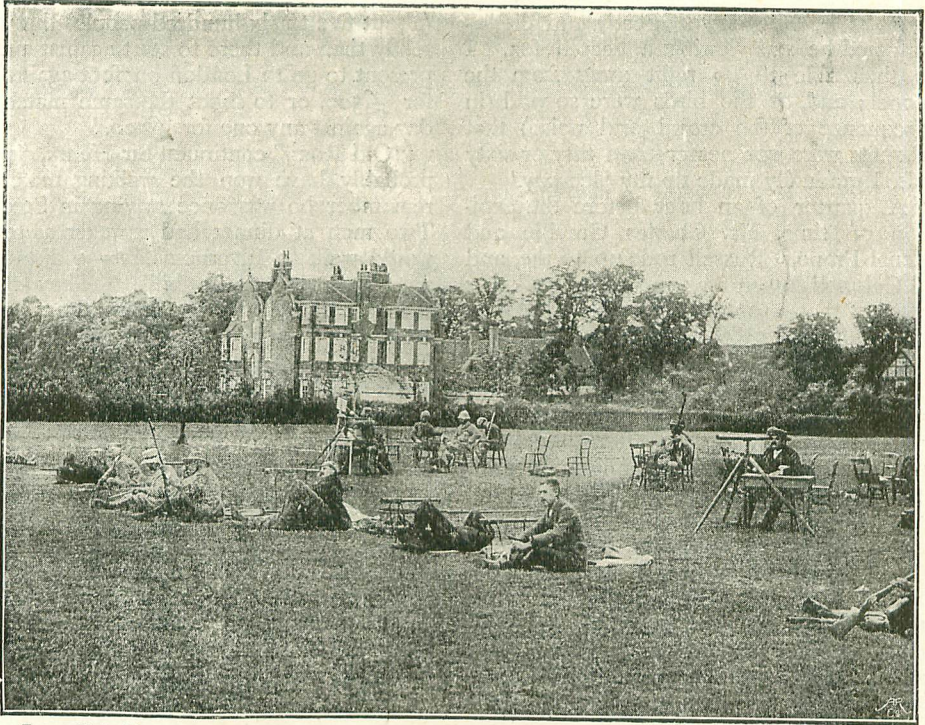
Up to 1860 Sir Henry did nothing but magisterial work in the county—he has been Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for twenty years, and chairman of the County Council for the first four years. When in 1860 the Volunteer movement was started, he was appointed captain of a company formed in Leicestershire. Soon afterwards he was made a major, and finally took command of the Leicestershire Rifle Volunteers in 1862. In those early days the men found their own clothes and rifles. He remained—with a brief lapse of six years—in command until 1891, when he retired: having in 1886 been made a C.B. for his services to Volunteers. It should be mentioned that in

1880 Sir Henry was placed on the Small Arms Committee, and was one of those who had much to do with the selection of the Lee-Metford rifle.

"I was eight years of age when I had my first gun," Sir Henry continued, "and went in for rabbit shooting. I was always fond of burning powder, and when rifle shooting came to a head with the Volunteer movement, I got my rifle, went to the Wimbledon meeting of 1861, but found I had not learned enough. In 1862 I got a 'Whitworth,' practised hard all the spring, and went to compete in the English Eight at Hythe. I came out first. In the match against

Scotland, in that year, for the Elcho Shield, I made top score. It was an exciting match, but ended in England scoring 890 points to Scotland's 724. That year I made £265.

"It was in these early days that old Captain Ross was very much in evidence at Wimbledon camp, with his three sons—Hercules, Edward, and Colin. In 1863 they formed part of the Scottish team. Edward won the first Queen's prize. I knew old Ross well. The father and boys had been deer-stalkers all their lives. Ross at this time must have been close upon sixty, and was the finest shot in the world. He was very averse to duelling—pleading that it enabled good shots to insult men with impunity—and told me that he had been appointed second in sixteen duels, and had always got his men apart without allowing a single shot to be fired. So great was he with the use of the pistol that a Spaniard came over specially to study his methods, querying whether Ross was as pro-



From a Photo. by]

SHOOTING FOR THE CAMBRIDGE CUP.

[Clarke, Cambridge.

ficient with the weapon as report avowed. A match was arranged between the two men with duelling pistols—the distance being twenty yards, and the target a bull's-eye the size of a sixpence. The Spaniard hurried off home after seeing Ross hit the bull's-eye with twenty consecutive shots.

“He was the hero of the great grouse shooting match with Colonel Anson.”

Sir Henry handed me an old paper which contained the story in Captain Ross's own words, and is so interesting that it may well be reproduced here.

“The terms were,” says Mr. Ross, “that I should make my appearance at Mildred Hall prepared to shoot against any gentleman that Lord de Roos should name; that we were to start at sunrise by the watch, and shoot until sunset, without any halt; that no dogs should be used, but that we were to walk about forty or fifty yards apart, with two or three men between, or on one side of us; that it was not necessary any birds should be picked up: the umpires seeing them drop was to be considered sufficient. The bet was £200 a side, but to that I added considerably before the event came off.

“We all breakfasted at Mildred Hall by candle-light, and were in line ready to start

at the correct moment when (by the watch) the sun had risen, for we could see no sun, as the country was enveloped in mist. Colonel Anson was a particularly fast and strong walker, and seemed to fancy he was able to outwalk me. So off he went at ‘score’ pace (I merely guess it), probably from four and a half to five miles an hour. I was not sorry to see him go off at ‘score,’ as I knew I was in the highest possible state of training, and that I was able to keep up that pace for fifteen or sixteen hours without a halt. Everything was conducted with the greatest possible fairness. We changed order every hour, and as Colonel Anson was quite able to hold on the great pace, we were fighting against each other as fairly as two men could do.

“The Colonel had luck on his side, for though in the arrangement of the match, as made by Lord de Roos, everything was fair, still by mere chance birds rose more favourably for him than for me, and in the course of the match he got eleven more shots than I did; the consequence was that he at one time was seven birds ahead of me. About two o'clock, I saw evident signs of the Colonel having near about ‘pumped’ himself. ‘The Old Squire’ rode up to me, and said: ‘Ross,

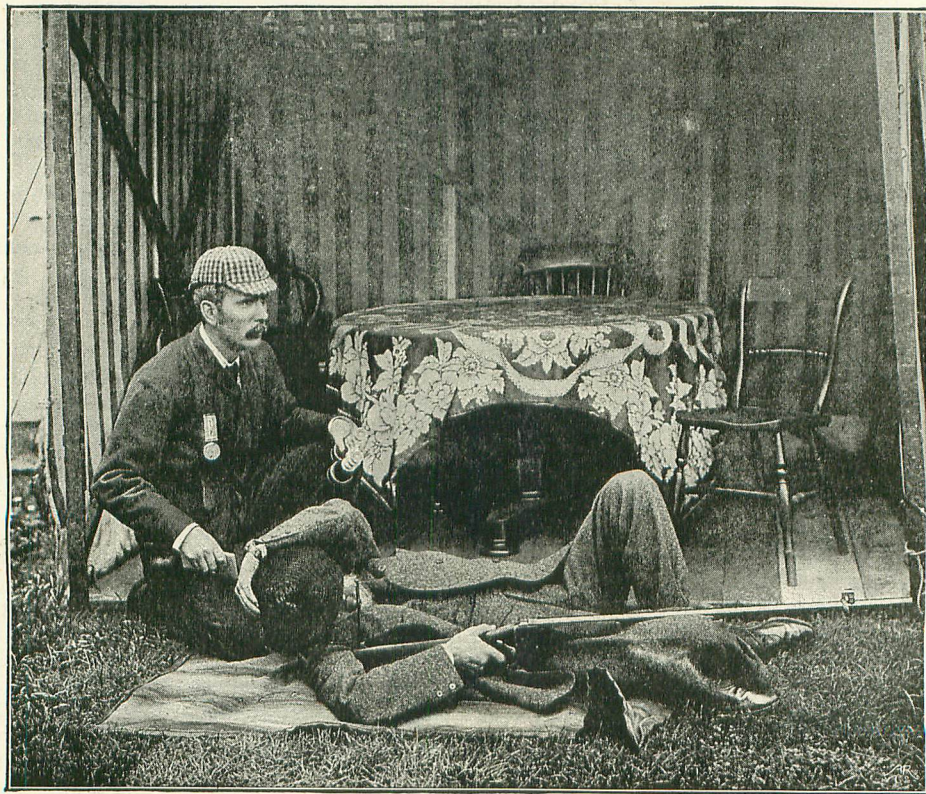
go along! he'll lie down directly and die'—he fancied he was viewing a beaten fox. I was thus able to go right away from the Colonel; and, as the birds were so wild (in consequence of the crowd and noise) that few shots were got nearer than fifty or sixty yards, I gradually made up my 'lee-way.'

"A quarter of an hour before the expiration of time, Mr. Charles Greville and Colonel Francis Russell rode up to me, and said Colonel Anson was unable to walk any more, but that he was one bird ahead of me, and that Lord de Roos had authorized them to propose to me to make it a drawn match. I had a great deal of money depending on the result (about £1,000), and had not had a shot for the last ten minutes, so, after a moment's consideration, I came to the conclusion that, at that late hour, when the birds were all out of the turnips and feeding in the stubble, it was too great a sum to risk on the chance of getting a brace of birds in a quarter of an hour. I therefore agreed to make it a drawn match. I was as fresh as when I started, and in the excitement of the moment, and perhaps a little anxious to show that I was not beaten, I said to the assembled multitude

(about five to six hundred people) that I was ready then and there to start against any one present to go to London on foot against him for £500, or to shoot the same match next day against any one for £500."

"Old Ross," continued Sir Henry, "would probably have won the walking match. I remember he was once staying in Scotland. Two men at dinner had a wager as to who would walk to Inverness first—a distance of sixty miles over the hills. They started there and then in their dress shoes, Ross accompanying them as a friend. He had almost to carry one of the contestants into Inverness at last! Old Ross killed two stags on his eightieth birthday, and died a year or two afterwards.

"You ask me whom I consider the most representative Irish shot. Rigby, now head of the Small Arms Factory at Enfield. He was a well-known Dublin gun-maker, and has shot more times in an International team than any man. He shot in the first Irish Eight for the Elcho Shield in 1865. Wales really has not got a representative man, for you must remember that the land of the leek never won a big prize until this year, when it



From a Photo. by]

SIGHTING A SHOT.

[W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.

captured the Queen's. Wales is particularly deficient in long ranges, and I should say we could not get a representative Welsh team. The Scots' rifle shot, though—in proportion to its population—is the most successful of all. In the final stage for the Queen's at Bisley this year there were 45 Scots, 43 English, 5 Welshmen, 2 each from Jersey, Guernsey, and the Cape, and one from Canada."

Sir Henry considers Continental shooting very much behind—they only fire at short range. No foreigners come here who are calculated to frighten, though it is worthy of note that in the very first year at Wimbledon a team of Swiss rifle shots came over, took away some of the best prizes, and were acknowledged superior to the Britishers.

Sir Henry's success in the early sixties as a rifle shot won him immediate recognition. He did not stay to have his powers tested only at the now-departed Wimbledon, but journeyed to the various meetings about the country, particularly distinguishing himself in Northamptonshire, Nottinghamshire, Somersetshire, Inverness, etc. The year 1874 found the famous shot in Norway.

Sir Henry was reminded of the rifle match there—and its very amusing surroundings—by the fact that our pipes had gone out, and when lighting up again he picked up a pretty little match-box from amongst a huge collection of briars on the table and passed it to me.

"It was in the Eikesdale Valley in Norway," he said, "and there was a rifle meeting of the reindeer hunters in the valley. The match was at 100 yards standing, with a six-inch bull's-eye. The rifles used by these hunters are of an old-fashioned pattern, and are made by village blacksmiths, who seem to have had some reputation for this sort of work. I won the prize with full score, and I thought the thing at an end. I returned to my house. At dusk

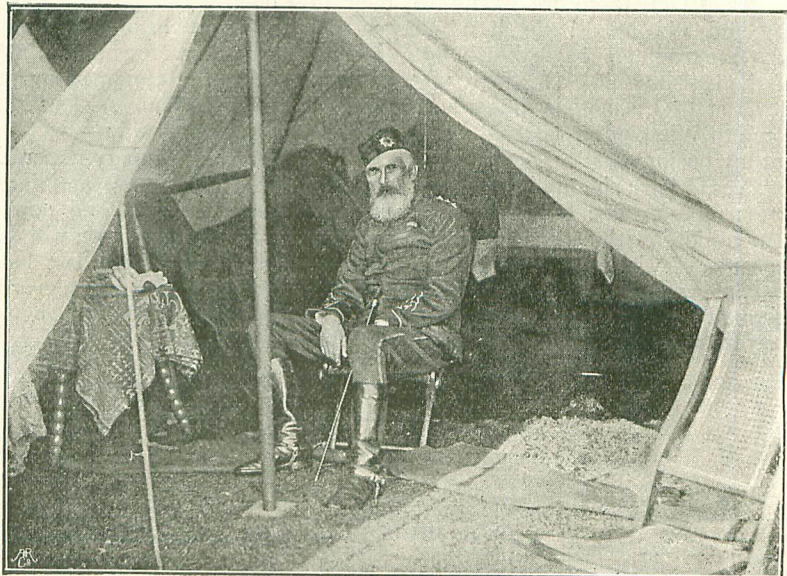
I was surprised by a deputation which came headed by a man carrying a huge accordion some two feet long tied up in a sack. They got me outside, formed a procession, the man took out his musical instrument, and led the way playing—I presume—a sort of Norwegian equivalent to 'See the Conquering Hero Comes.' I was marched off to a neighbouring house. The room was lit up with tallow candles. I was then with all due pomp and circumstance presented with that little match-box, and the evening ended up with a dance.

"In 1877 I captained the first English Eight that went out to America. We lost, but in 1882 we atoned for this by winning well. During my first visit I had a most curious adventure. A newspaper man applied to me for an interview. He was ushered into my room. I recognised him at once.

"'I know you,' I said; 'you call yourself General Millen, and you are the man who is believed to have led the Fenians into Canada.'

"He was very much surprised at my knowledge of his identity, but I gave him the interview. So, you see, I was interviewed by the very man who was at one time supposed to be the notorious 'No. 1' of the Phoenix Park murders!

"Almost immediately I landed with the team I received a letter from a man pleading with us not to drink. You see, the Americans are often over-hospitable. They take you about, drink with you, and give you too many big dinners. Yet they are very keen and very



SIR HENRY HALFORD AT BELVOIR.

much in earnest, and their team was up at six o'clock every morning practising for dear life. They bet outrageously—putting their money on single shots. It is a very good thing that nothing puts me off a shot, otherwise, when competing under a volley of 'Go it, Harry,' when I made a bull's-eye, and derisive yells if I made a miss, might have upset me. It cost £900 to take that first team over.

"Your American wants a thing settled then and there. For instance, we went to Chicago. I arrived there—with the team—at five o'clock in the morning, and had not been in bed an hour when I was aroused and told to get up, as there was a match on! It was at 300 yards standing. They talked a great deal about standing shooting being the only business shooting, and did not care for long-range shooting. Milner won first prize, I second. There is the five-dollar piece I won; I have worn it on my chain ever since."

"And whom do you regard as the most representative American shot?" I asked.

"Colonel Bodyne," was the reply. "He is the man who brought the American rifles to perfection. I regard the Americans as coming second to ourselves in the matter of rifle shooting, though they are not so formidable as they used to be, owing to the fact that they have dropped all the long-range shooting. They are generally considered to be *au fait* in the way of fancy shooting—I mean the glass ball business, such as Buffalo Bill and Dr. Carver go in for—though, as a matter of fact, there are plenty of men in England who could do it if they would take the trouble. I can break 80 per cent. of the balls myself. Dr. Carver is extremely clever at trick shooting, but when asked to come to Wimbledon he said: 'No, that is not my business!'"

"Yes, I have shot under severe difficulties. I remember on one occasion at Altcar, in a competition for the English Eight, there was a change of wind requiring an alteration in the allowance of sighting of 34ft. The thermometer went down twenty degrees in five minutes, and old rifle shots put this

down as a record change in atmospheric conditions. I shall never forget shooting at Wimbledon on half a teaspoonful of laudanum and making a big score; but for sticking to your guns, recommend me to Major Young.

"I am speaking now of ten years ago. The Major unfortunately put his hand out of joint the very day before the match for the Elcho Shield. Notwithstanding this he went to the fray, and had to have his wrist put in three times during the competition! He made top score!"

We talked over many things. Sir Henry regards Bisley as a much better ground for shooting than Wimbledon, where the light was often bad. Though Mr. Winans has done much to popularize the pistol in this country, the veteran shot does not think there is any future for it. Still, every officer should learn to use it. Stick to scarlet for your men's uniforms—it is not seen so far as many other colours. The men of the Rifle Brigade, as they are now clothed, are "spotted" at a greater distance than any other. He considers the future of the Volunteer assured, but he would like to see him armed with a better gun. The Regular's rifle is now a really serviceable weapon, Mr. Metford, with whom Sir Henry has worked since 1863, being the inventor; and the Volunteer should have it as well. Still, it is not the rifle which will make or mar the man. All depends on the way a corps is officered. Every Volunteer officer ought to feel that his commission is as important as one in the line.

These little fragmentary though notable remarks were gathered as we walked together down the elm-lined avenue which led to the road to Glen. As I wished him "Good-bye," Sir Henry said:—

"The primary necessities to make a good shot are nerve, carefulness, a calm temperament, eyesight, and power of concentration. I don't think you will find any man who is not a steady liver last long at shooting. Let young Volunteers remember that the student of habit and a good shot must run together."

HARRY HOW.

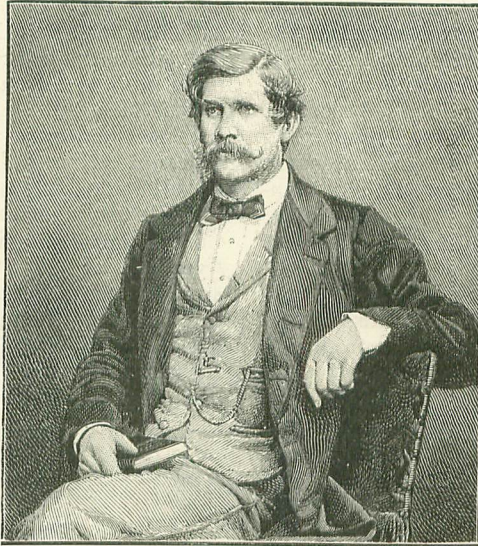
In last month's Interview with the Lord Mayor, the following photographs were erroneously attributed to Messrs. Elliott & Fry instead of to Messrs. Mavor & Meredith, 12, Fumival Street, E.C. : The Mansion House, the Banquet Tables in the Egyptian Hall, the Morning Rooms, the Smoking Room, the Kitchen, the State Bedroom.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

SIR HENRY
HALFORD, C.B.

BORN 1828.

SIR HENRY HALFORD'S biography is set forth in detail in the Interview which appears in another part of this number. It is, therefore, unnecessary to do more than note in this place that at



From a

AGE 31.

[Photograph.

the age at which our first portrait represents him he was just on the point of taking up shooting, but did not actually begin to practise till the following year. At forty-one he went to his first meeting at Wimbledon. The present-day portrait was taken especially for this series a few weeks ago.



From a

AGE 41.

[Photograph.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Elliott & Fry,