

ANNANDALE GALLERIES PRESENTS

megan evans



KELOID #9

megan evans

25 JUNE - 30 JULY 2022
OPENING Saturday 25 June 12pm - 4pm

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Editing David MacFarlane

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All images courtesy of megan evans



Cover: *DISguised* 2014
digital print on rag, charcoal, eucalyptus leaves, pins 520 x 385 mm
me4

Painted ON Bourke St East Melbourne, 2021
gouache on antique Carte de Visite 165 x 110 mm
me14



megan evans and Annandale Galleries would like to acknowledge the Traditional Owners of the land this exhibition stands on, the Gadigal and Wangal people of the Eora Nation.

We acknowledge that their sovereignty was never ceded and pay our deep respect to their Elders from the past, in the present and future emerging Elders, and to all First Nations people and all Indigenous people.

*megan evans chooses to decapitalize her name as a conscious act.
Not a grammatical mistake.

Mother Country, 2019
cotton, embroidery thread, glass beads 930 x 500 mm
me40

ANNANDALE GALLERIES



Begging to Belong I, 2021
digital print on rag, feathers, pins 795 x 610 mm
meI



Begging to Belong 2, 2021
digital print on rag, eucalyptus gumnut lids, pins 795 x 610 mm
me2

megan evans

Introduction by BILL GREGORY

With contribution by WILLIAM KENTRIDGE

'megan evans has always been making sense of her history. Coming to terms with the country she lives in, its general history and her particular position in it. When I first met megan (cousin, virtually sister, of my wife) she was working on a large social mural project, collaborating with a range of different Aboriginal artistic groups and collectors. These were large and impressive.

In the last ten years, however, she has shifted her focus. Not from looking at history, she is more invested in that than ever. But looking at what it is to be stuck inside white skin in a colonial country. Her work has taken off in marvelous ways. There is a meeting of the broad questions, which she has always been investigating, and the mediums she works in. Fine brushwork, hyperrealism, a delight in the absurd forms of Victorian and Edwardian dinnerware, palimpsests of colonial documents and wills. The unashamed pleasure of the trompe l'oeil transformation of objects into painted surfaces.

One senses she is flying, more ideas and impulses than there is time to do them. All mediums become possible: painting, photography, film-making, sculpture. The understanding that this interrogation of herself is her route to acknowledging her history and taking responsibility for it. It is a burst of energy in the work (and I think in her whole being in the world). It is wonderful for us, family friends, artistic colleagues, to watch unfold.'

- William Kentridge, Johannesburg May 2022

We all have a story to tell, although no story exists in isolation. Whether the story we tell is of ourselves, or a family, or a city, or a country, it is influenced by other stories. Ideas are subject to reconstruction over time. But truth is not always the arbiter of this process. Most stories are told to serve a purpose. Even in the stories we tell about ourselves our accomplishments tend to become feathers in our caps.

Take nationalism as an example. The whole idea of 'being Australian' is a story that has been told again and again. It morphs into something different with each version in order to address changing cultural and political agendas. And where do these subtle and not-so-subtle adjustments leave objective truth? We are now all too familiar with fake news. Embellishing the truth, cherry picking the facts, manipulating the cultural context, and outright lying, make it difficult to know with certainty what actually happened in the past.

For any serious contemporary artist, knowledge of art history is critical. Without it, a practice cannot be placed in the overall continuum of art. This is not the only arbiter, of course, but it is an important one. For megan evans, getting to the truth in cultural history is crucial to her practice. evans is a white Australian. And the story of what really



Begging to Belong 3, 2021
digital print on rag, moth casings, pins 795 x 610 mm
me3

happened to the Aboriginal people and what her responsibility is inform her work. As Anne Stanwix points out in her insightful catalogue essay featured below, it is not enough to say you are sorry. It is the 'doing of sorry' that counts.

megan Evans was married to Aboriginal artist Les Griggs from 1985 until his passing in 1993. This relationship – and Evans' ongoing relations with Griggs' extended family – has had a profound influence on her work.

As a white Australian she interrogates herself about her relationship to her past and to her ancestors. This interrogation is much more intimate than the vague sense of guilt that many white Australians feel about the treatment of Aboriginal peoples. Most of us are of the view that history doesn't have a direct, individual connection to our present lives. Not Evans. She looks at the colonial past and wonders about her grandmother, for example. And the question is always there: what role did evans' ancestors play in colonial invasion? evans' story of her search for her personal truth, through the complex prism of the past, is told with unblinking honesty. For those willing to earnestly engage with these works, Evans offers to renew our dialogues with the past and she provides strategies to come to terms with what we find.

megan evans' debut show at Annandale Galleries is an exciting occasion for the gallery. The integrity of her practice is undeniable. evans works in a variety of mediums – weaving, furniture, photography, prints and drawings among them – detonates the space, defying boundaries of past and present. What is remarkable about evans' exploration of history is that it leans forward to solution rather than backward to the problem.

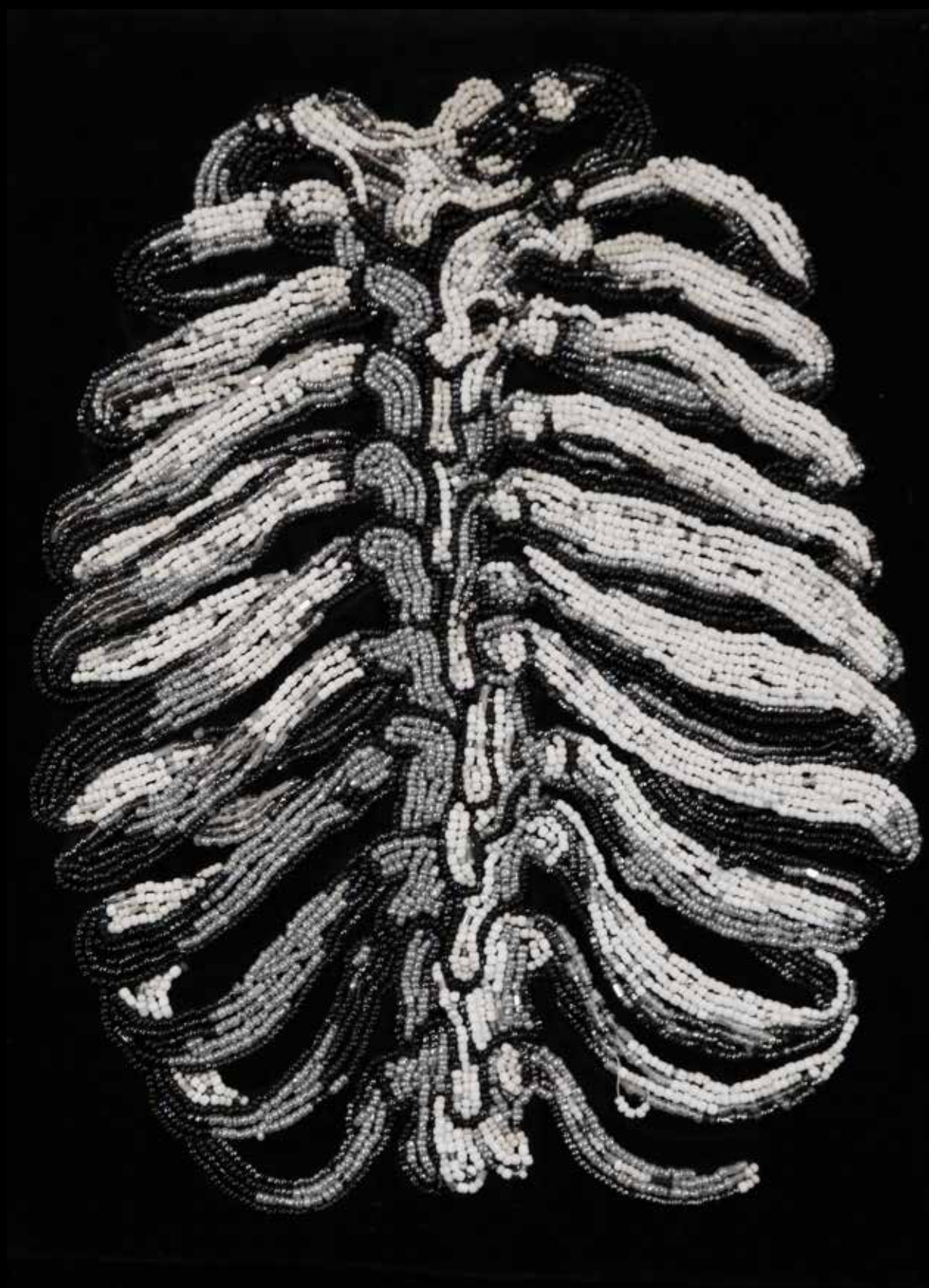
– Bill Gregory Director Annandale Galleries



Unstable Aesthetic 14, 2019
antique silver plated objects, black 3.0
paint, brass fixtures
350 x 260 x 250 mm
me39



DISEased, 2014
digital print on rag, eucalyptus leaves, pins 520 x 385 mm
me48



megan evans in conversation with Andrew Christie

AC: Your exhibition at Annandale coincides with *Behind the Barricades*, a display of original posters and photographs from the 1968 student uprising in Paris, an event that spread throughout the city and brought an entire nation together in protest. With that in mind I wanted to ask what role you see art playing when it comes to dissent in the 21st Century. Do you think things have changed with the emergence of the Internet and social media? Do you feel compelled to fill a need in society, or is the work born from another impulse?

ME: *I began life as an artist with large scale political murals that were intent on dissent. I first met my husband in Pentridge prison when I was arranging for him to paint on one of these when he was released. He later told me that he saw me as 'a pretty little pink thing out to change the world'. Thirty nine years later I have a different approach, influenced by contemporary thinking, which unpacks the duality inherent in my former approach and understands intersectionality.*

I spent many years pointing out at the world with idealism and accusation and then I realised that I had three fingers pointing back at me so I turned the gaze on myself. I am an artist not a politician or social worker but I do make art with an intention. My nieces and nephews are Aboriginal and through them I see up close the impact of my people's Anglo Celtic culture on their lived experience. I also see the amazing strength and inherent wisdom they carry through their bloodlines and I am always learning from them.

AC: The act of being selective, to a degree self-censoring, is an important task for any artist. Considering the politically charged and highly emotive character of your work, how do you decide on the subject matter and critical angle that is taken.

ME: *It took many years to summon the courage to face my own ancestry and their part in the brutal colonisation of this country. But once I did, I felt that this was the work of my life. It might sound dramatic but it is hard to imagine my focus turning away from these issues and the big question of how does one take responsibility for the actions of one's descendants.*

From there the work just emerges. I don't contemplate how to 'represent' these concerns, I just find myself making the work and after the fact I understand where it specifically comes from. I guess don't see the work as politically charged or highly emotional. It doesn't seem too far from the experiences I have witnessed or known in over 30 years being connected to my friends and family who are First Nations. It makes sense when you understand the number of funerals I have attended of people who have passed too young, when you know the circumstances of people who I love and see them struggle everyday with racism and the combined effects of cultural, and material dispossession.





AC: The newly elected Federal Government has stated its commitment to the Uluru Statement from the Heart, calling for 'substantive recognition in Australian history' for First Nations peoples. This involves a First Nations Voice to Parliament enshrined in the Constitution and the establishment of a Makarrata Commission for the purpose of treaty making and truth telling. Navigating these issues is a difficult but essential part of our progress towards becoming a more honest and fair country for generations to come. What were your thoughts hearing about this new development? Additionally, at times your work references the interlinked relationship between First Nations people and colonialism, and I was hoping you could speak to what influences caused the inclusion of these themes within your practice, and how you approach this delicate task.

ME: My late husband was taken away from his mother at age two. When I met him he had spent 21 out of 28 years in children's homes and youth detention centres, finally landing in adult prison at age 17. I remember him saying on a radio program he regularly appeared on in the late 1980's 'What we need is a Makarrata!' He died before the term Stolen Generation existed but he always spoke about his experience. He asked me to tell his story but his life was cruel and a very long way from my upbringing and I knew I could never speak on his behalf, so I speak on behalf of myself. As I grew up, the common tenet from White Australia was 'well I didn't do it, I am not responsible'. If I don't look at how I can take responsibility, then who will, which generation is it up to? I truly believe that until white Australia comes to terms with its violent past we will always be, not only ill at ease, but we will never know who we really are. When it comes to how to approach this delicate task, I am stumbling in with humility, with care for my family and a willingness to laugh at myself, to be wrong and own what my people before me have done and still continue to do.

Above Bone Orchard, 2018 (detail)

Victorian antique mahogany tilt top wine table, antique silver soup spoons and ladle, brass fixtures 1130 x 700 x 200 mm
me32

AC: Many of the pieces in this exhibition feature practices that historically might be considered 'women's work' - textiles, beading, even the painting of feathers. This suggests a certain degree of reclamation and subversion on your part. Does it feel empowering to take these practices and use them in a critique of colonialism and its residual effects?

ME: I am very interested in what the women were doing in the early days of colonisation. I put myself in the frame as my great Grandmother Isabella Robertson in many of the works as I was always told I was like her growing up. She was born in 1860 in Melbourne. It is easy to think that the women played less of a role in the violence, however they were complicit by their presence and benefited from the theft of land, life and language that the men enacted. I don't know what my family were responsible for in any detail as these things were mostly not recorded but I take the case that they were there and therefore were as much a part of the violence as if I had the details.

We are all complicit as we all occupy the land that was stolen, which still remains the lands of the First peoples.

Below: *Hero*, 2015 (detail)

model ship (1864), glass beads, timber and glass case, star pickets, aluminium 900 x 750 x 270 mm
me33



"MEGAN EVANS HAS ALWAYS BEEN MAKING SENSE OF HER HISTORY. COMING TO TERMS WITH THE COUNTRY SHE LIVES IN, ITS GENERAL HISTORY AND HER PARTICULAR POSITION IN IT. ...ONE SENSES SHE IS FLYING, MORE IDEAS AND IMPULSES THAN THERE IS TIME TO DO THEM. ALL MEDIUMS BECOME POSSIBLE: PAINTING, PHOTOGRAPHY, FILM-MAKING, SCULPTURE."

—WILLIAM KENTRIDGE



Edge of Empire, 2020
timber frame, upholstery, ebony handle. antique knives 900 × 900 × 500 mm
me30



Bone Orchard, 2018

Victorian antique mahogany tilt top wine table, antique silver soup spoons and ladle, brass fixtures 1130 x 700 x 200 mm
me32



Hero, 2015
model ship (1864), glass beads, timber and glass case, star pickets, aluminium
900 x 750 x 270 mm
me33



Campaign Chest, 2016
antique Colonial campaign chair; velvet, glass beads, cotton 870 x 400 x 400 mm
me28



Sovereign, 2016
antique Colonial bedroom chair; leather, carving forks 900 x 560 x 560 mm
me29

A long thread of red blood, not yet broken

Margaret Atwood, A Red Shirt (for Ruth)

'The shirt we make is stained
with our words, our stories'

'A secret river of blood runs through Australian history'
W.H. Stanner (1968)

megan's affinity for red is a constant.

A torrent of blood falls from a chandelier; red beads substitute for the salt in the still-life; bleeding gloves; knives plunge into the red-cushioned chairs; a bleeding flag; the shape of Victoria threaded onto the back of a chaise longue with red dots to mark the fifty sites of indiscriminate killings of Aboriginal people from the 1830s until the 1850s.

megan and I share a bloodline. Her mother and my father were siblings and share a Scottish-Irish heritage of settlers who euphemistically 'took up land' and became Australian pastoralists on what was good grazing land for sheep and at the same time good kangaroo hunting ground for local Indigenous people.

We were properly introduced as first cousins at the ages of 10 and 12. We couldn't have been more different. But we shared a passion for the Billabong books. These were a series of books written by Mary Grant Bruce between 1910-1942. Their depiction of the Linton family and bush life championed the Australian landscape and celebrated values such as independence, hard work and hospitality.

Much later, a re-reading calls out the racial stereotyping of Indigenous people and of Chinese and Irish immigrants in keeping with the Social Darwinism that was a theory of those times.

The Billabong station was described as being in Gippsland. Gippsland was one of the two main clusters of massacres in Victoria, which underlies the controversial and contested aspect of white settlement in Victoria.

megan was a good stand-in for Norah Linton. She rode; she had masses of curly hair wrangled into a plait; she loved camping and exploring the bush. Her letters to me were illustrated with ink drawings of decorative eucalyptus leaves. She wrote that she was trying to learn some Aboriginal words.

In 1967 I went with megan and her mother (my aunt) to visit the family sheep station called Booroomugga in western NSW. It was a much harsher countryside than that of the lyrical Billabong. Temperatures were above 40 degrees C for ten days. A lot of mutton was on offer at mealtimes. But megan and I vowed that we would grow up and make our fortunes and preserve this heritage for the family.



I left Sydney in 1969 and didn't truly re-encounter Megan until she visited us in South Africa 30 years later. By then she had been and continues to be many things – an artist; an activist; a teacher; a curator and a mentor to many.

She has taken the eucalyptus leaves first inked on her childhood letters and pinned them on family photos; painted them on pages of *The Illustrated London News* and on the curious *Cartes Visites*. She has taken other environmentally fragile objects like feathers to oppose the texts and tracts and wills of a new Victoria. In 1901 Melbourne was the largest city in Australia and was its federal capital until 1927.

Megan focused first on family ephemera; then on (in no particular order) faces; frontiers; fortunes; fatalities; failures of feeling; fictions; finery; furniture; the fussiness and follies of Victoriana.

The bones that act as relics of the internal wars of Australia are there to be seen embroidered on lace handkerchiefs and doilies. She has seen the aesthetic and political potential in found objects to create installations (the Parlor room); sculpture (the *UNstable* blackened EPNS rococo objects); paintings and photography (dressed in a replica of our great-grandmother's black dress with an EPNS cloche, the dome-shaped food cover over her head to act as a blind against seeing or as a protective helmet against an unspecified threat.)

There is shock value and cleverness in exhibits like *Edge of Empire* where the legs of the furniture are poised on sharp knives that pierce the floor.

There is the sheer beauty of the painted objects that can unsettle nevertheless.

How does megan's art practice relate to the personal and the political?

The great Australian silence on its past is lifting. As in the Truth and Reconciliation process of South Africa (my adopted country) from 1996 onwards the starting basis is knowledge and acknowledgement. More recently at the Recognition; Reparation and Reconciliation – the Light and Shadow of Historical Trauma conference held at Stellenbosch University December 2018, Wilhelm Verwoed (the grandson of the architect of apartheid Hendrik Verwoed), stated that the overriding question is what whites are willing to do by way of white work and that the focus should be on the 'doing of sorry' rather than saying sorry. More broadly, Claudia Rankine stresses how whiteness must be made visible before its power can be dismantled. I think megan's art practice is an act of faith in both these concepts.

Anne Stanwix Johannesburg May 2022





Whine Table, 2015
engraved antique wine table 620 x 530 x 410 mm
me3l



Isabella's Umbrella, 2019
digital print of rag, edition of 7 625 x 500 mm
me6



PARLOUR - Self portrait as Isabella with Maree, 2019
digital on rag 680 x 1000 mm
me8



PARLOUR - Self portrait as Isabella with wani, 2019
digital print on rag 680 x 1000 mm
me9




PARLOUR - Self portrait as Isabella with Anindita, 2019
digital print on rag 680 x 1000 mm
me10



Rabbits and Wrongs, 2019
digital print on rag, edition of 7 750 x 1000 mm
me7



Phantom Pain
digital print on rag, edition of 7 750 x 1000 mm
me7



IF I DON'T LOOK
AT HOW I CAN TAKE
RESPONSIBILITY, THEN
WHO WILL, WHICH
GENERATION IS IT UP
TO? I TRULY BELIEVE THAT
UNTIL WHITE AUSTRALIA
COMES TO TERMS WITH
ITS VIOLENT PAST WE WILL
ALWAYS BE, NOT ONLY
ILL AT EASE, BUT WE WILL
NEVER KNOW WHO WE
REALLY ARE.

WHEN IT COMES TO HOW
TO APPROACH THIS DELICATE
TASK, I AM STUMBLING IN WITH
HUMILITY, WITH CARE FOR MY
FAMILY AND A WILLINGNESS TO
LAUGH AT MYSELF, TO BE WRONG
AND OWN WHAT MY PEOPLE
BEFORE ME HAVE DONE AND
STILL CONTINUE TO DO.

- megan evans

Unstable table, 2019
antique wine table, EPNS silver objects, brass bolts, black 3.0
paint
1000 x 500 x 500 mm
me34



Painted ON, 2021
gouache on antique Carte de Visite | 10 x 65 mm
me23



Painted ON Colonial Family, 2021
gouache on antique Carte de Visite 150 x 200 mm
me24



Yeoman & Co

169, BOURKE ST. EAST.
MELBOURNE.

Painted ON Bourke St East Melbourne, 2021
gouache on antique Carte de Visite 165 x 110 mm
me14



Painted ON Hobart, 2021
gouache on antique Carte de Visite 165 x 110 mm
me19

Painted ON Cardiff, 2021
gouache on antique Carte de Visite 165 x 110 mm
me18



Painted ON Manningham Rd Bradford, 2021
gouache on antique Carte de Visite 165 x 110
me15



Painted ON Anvers, 2021
gouache on antique Carte de Visite 110 x 65 mm
me17



Painted ON Hobart 2, 2021
gouache on antique Carte de Visite
165 x 110 mm
me20



Painted ON Tredegar 1, 2021
gouache on antique Carte de Visite
110 x 65 mm
me21



Painted ON Tredegar 2, 2021
gouache on antique Carte de Visite
110 x 65 mm
me22



Painted ON Queen St Cardiff, 2021
gouache on antique Carte de Visite 165 x 110 mm
me16



Painted ON Armory Terrace Eben Vale, 2020
gouache on antique Carte de Visite 165 x 110 mm
me12



Painted ON Anvers Blue, 2021
gouache on antique Carte de Visite 165 x 110 mm
me13



Unstable Aesthetic 2, 2019
antique silver plated objects, black 3.0 paint, brass
fixtures 650 x 400 x 220 mm
me36

General J. H. Yule, whose portrait we give in the uniform of Colonel Commanding the 1st Battalion Devonshire Regiment, has attained a swift and honourable prominence at an early stage in the Second Boer War. Landing barely a month ago at Durban as Brigadier, commanding one of the Infantry Brigades of the Indian Contingent—in which the 1st Devon were included—General Yule was immediately sent to the front, and at the time war broke out was at the Glencoe Camp with the late General Sir William Symonds. The events of Oct. 29 are too fresh in the public memory to require recapitulation here. It is sufficient to say that when General Symonds was stricken down by what proved to be his death-blow, General Yule assumed charge of the force at Glencoe Camp, and it was from him that Sir George White learnt the particulars of the victorious repulse of the Boer attack. To General Yule the battle-field was no new experience, for he had served with distinction in Afghanistan, Burma, and in the Indian Frontier operations of 1897. But the sudden devolution upon him of such an important command in peculiarly trying circumstances was enough to test severely even the highest capacity, and the manner in which General Yule rose to the occasion was such as instantly to qualify him for future important employment. No sooner had he collected his forces after the victory, and made arrangements for the reception of his wounded, including his gallant chief, at Dundee, than it became necessary for General Yule to abandon an untenable position and effect a junction with Sir George White at Ladysmith. This trying movement he carried out with very great



GENERAL YULE, COLONEL COMMANDING THE 1ST DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT, IN COMMAND AT LADYSMITH.

skill, and happily with complete success, making the operation not so much a retreat as a most useful reconnaissance in force, and finally joining hands with Sir George White without losing a man. As an instance of a strategic withdrawal under the eyes of a watchful and formidable enemy, Yule's march from Dundee to Ladysmith will rank high in military history.

We have spoken of the trying circumstances in which General Yule took over command of the force at Glencoe Camp. Among these must surely be reckoned the untoward capture by the enemy of a squadron of the 18th Hussars, with the Colonel, one of the Majors, and the Adjutant of that corps, and also of several young officers of the 2nd Dublin Fusiliers, believed to have been employed with the Mounted Infantry. It would seem that in the heat of pursuit these must have been suddenly cut off, and their disgust at finding themselves prisoners of a badly defeated force is better imagined than described. A recent despatch announces that after the battle Colonel Moller, in command of the detached squadron, led his men round Talana Hill in a south-easterly direction, crossed Venter's Drift Road, made several prisoners, and at the Dundee Vryheid railway was hotly engaged. Colonel Moller afterwards retired into a defile, and he and his party were not seen again. The incident was a very unfortunate one, but is of the sort that must sometimes occur when troops are eager to distinguish themselves, as our cavalrymen invariably are. Judging, too, by all accounts, the prisoners have been well treated at Pretoria, and will doubtless before long be either exchanged or rescued by their comrades.

MAJOR GUSTAVUS, 18TH HUSSARS, PRISONER AT PRETORIA.

CAPTAIN POLLOCK, 18TH HUSSARS, PRISONER AT PRETORIA.



OFFICERS OF THE 18TH HUSSARS. RESIMENTAL GROUP TAKEN AT UMBALLA IN 1901.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

COLONEL KEKEWICH AND KIMBERLEY.

Colonel Kekewich is one of the public reputations that the war has made. You may look in vain for his name in even the year 1900's issue of "Who's Who," where, however, two members of his family figure—Mr. Justice Kekewich and Sir George Kekewich, of the Education Department. These are sons, both of them, of the late Mr. Samuel Trebawke Kekewich, M.P. for South Devon. Henceforth, it is safe to prophesy, no dictionary of current biography will appear without a third Kekewich, a grandson of the former member of Parliament, and the hero to-day of the long siege of Kimberley. Colonel Kekewich, who is forty-five years of age, began his military career when he was twenty, and when he was with the East Kent and the Inniskilling Fusiliers no less than now with the North Lancashire, has borne the reputation of being a particularly smart officer. He served the Persia Expedition of 1873-76, in the Expedition of 1884-85, and, three years later, he was at Snakin. When General Buller's cavalry entered Kimberley, at the end of a hundred days of siege, Colonel Kekewich did not lose much time in setting out in search of the enemy. The enjoyment of his first free ride as a combatant, in the face of a victorious army, after one hundred days of depressing imprisonment, may be imagined. A few hours after the General's arrival at Kimberley, Colonel Kekewich was sent to the General Post Office in London to announce that telegrams could be sent to Kimberley; and among the messages to be sent was that which to Colonel Kekewich that, by day, Queen Victoria had ceased to be a Lieutenant, and that his promotion to be a full Colonel had already been sent to the *Gazette*.

The relief of Kimberley is a relief of the kind. First, there is a weight of mind on the score of national prestige, a personal safety of the brave garrison, the relief of the Earl of Kimberley, in the town takes its name, must be considered for the good news came by cable just to dispel some of the gloom conjured up in the House of Lords a few days earlier. Then, too, there is the relief of the market-place, because the great mining centre of South Africa, in which of English capital are invested, is one of the mainstays of the Boer. Had it been wise, and the town been open to the enemy, diamonds might have been sold cheap for a few weeks in Pretoria. London mining market would have been in a panic. Mr. Cecil Rhodes's speculative mental speculations—during the siege of his treasure stood together, must have been mixed nature when his eye caught the relief, and that, the working-gear of which—Boer authority—would make a very handsome mine is not a very picturesque object. It has neither the artistic line-beauty of scaffolding, nor the solid structure of a mine, or, rather disfigures, the fields of

thousand. At first the diamond-mine was an open working; but intricate machinery was soon a necessity, and shafts have been sunk for deeper than a thousand feet. It is all safe now; and the fears of having lately felt make only more appreciated the sense of security now finally restored. The investment of Kimberley is a phrase with a double meaning. A place of investments for British capital it has always been, and is likely to be more than



THE DEFENCE OF KIMBERLEY. COLONEL KEKEWICH.

over now that the military investment is over and done with. No more floating and strategy in the air, but a careful consideration of the war against Nature, which they were a part in the

DEPARTURE OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.
Last Saturday morning, at the departure of a gallant contingent of the 15th Company, which was the title of "Cambridge's Own." The Southampton to bid good-speed to the Yeomanry—gentlemen all, who go to the front of their country, and who bear all the cost of their "pay" going to the Imperial Yeomanry. Among the rank and file were Mr. W. Allen, M.P.—for the time being, Mr. G. M. Gatherer-Hardy, and Mr. E. H. Gifford, who was the nephew of the First Lord of the Admiralty. The Yeomanry, Lieutenant-Colonel Sprague, D.S.O., and Lieutenant-Colonel Holland, Captain and Major Robinson, and Captain C. S. Keith. The Yeomanry, which bore this gallant company in khaki uniforms, had also on board some of its ordinary passengers, Lord and Lady Sefton, Lady Airlie, Lord and Lady Rosalby, Lady Gifford, and Mrs. Burdett. After the arrival of the Duke of Devonshire, who was accompanied by Admiral FitzGeorge and Colonel FitzGeorge, luncheon was served in the ship's saloon, the host, Sir Donald Currie, proposing the health of the Queen. Rain poured down pitilessly, but an inspection took place in spite of it, and the Duke made a stirring little speech, after which the last leave-takings were made, and the *Dunrobin Castle*, with the mails on board, set out on its course for the Cape.

BUGLER DUNNE.

Bugler Dunne had his visit to Osborne on Monday, crossing the Solent from Portsmouth in the charge of Lieutenant Knox. A boy of fifteen, dressed in khaki, he was ushered by Sir John McNeil into a small room, where sat her Majesty near a table. He stood and bowed a little nervously; then the Queen told him to step forward, asked him about his wound and whether he liked the Army—which he said he did—and finally presented him with a bugle to take the place of that which he lost by the Tugela River. The new instrument is silver-mounted; it has a green bugle-cord, the green dear to a boy whose father was born in County Tipperary; and a silver plate attached to it bears the inscription: "Presented to Bugler John Francis Dunne, 1st Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, by Queen Victoria, to replace the bugle

OUR WAR PICTURES.

Among the most interesting of our pictures this week are those which have been forwarded to us by our Special Artist, Mr. F. A. Stewart, who records the operations in connection with the capture of Spion Kop. The advance towards the Tugela by way of Springfield is illustrated by the picture of a body of troops in the act of crossing the spruit. The difficulties of transport are realised for us by a vivid picture of an accident to a wagon near Potgieter's Drift Camp. Another picture shows the method of crossing the swollen stream by causing long lines of troops to join hands, so as to support each other in the passage; despite this, as is already known, several gallant fellows were swept away and perished in the waters. Passing to the western frontier we illustrate Lord Roberts's reception by the troops at Modder Camp, when the iron-will of so many campaigns was called into play. The men who had been with him at Belmont, Gras Pan, and the Highland Brigade recalled their past adventures, and drew the happiest of conclusions from which by before the latest made the most certain confirmation.

It may be remembered that the Imperial Volunteers, a township of twenty-five miles south of the capital of the Transvaal, is a township of the Transvaal, and is situated at the junction of the Orange and Vaal rivers, which is distant about ninety miles from the Cape, and about forty miles from the Orange River last week.

RAILWAY PIONEERS.

The Railway Pioneer Regiment, raised and commanded by Major Capper, R.E., Assistant-Director of Cape Railways, is expected to render a good account of itself during the present campaign. Captains' commissions have been given to officers of the R.A., R.E., and certain line battalions, who are responsible for the military organisation and discipline of nine companies, and would in action take precedence of the Wing Mages. The latter are eminent civil or mining engineers, holding in times of peace the highest and most responsible positions on the Rand mines, and large employers of labour. Subalterns for the corps have been chiefly taken from the same professional class; while the rank and file were recruited from the mining population for the most part, and are men of splendid physique and as hard as nails. The corps, which was recently inspected by Lord Kitchener, is not unlikely to undertake engineering work of any kind. A detachment with complete engineering equipment

CURIOUS RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

at Street Station, Dublin, has been the scene of a curious railway accident, very similar to one in



BUGLE PRESENTED TO BUGLER DUNNE BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Manufactured by Messrs. Baskell, Carr, and Co.

thirty-three years since diamonds were discovered at the Colaba Kopje, at that time a barren field, but before



THE REMARKABLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT HARCOURT STREET, DUBLIN.

Photographed by Mr. Glass shortly after the occurrence.

Paris some time ago. An immense engine dashed through the wall of the station, turning an and inverting

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: CASUALTIES AT THE FRONT.



THE LATE MAJOR J. H. PICKETT
(Royal Marine Light Infantry).



(Royal)

MAJOR W. FENNEL
(Royal, Wounded).



MAJOR H. EASIE, D.S.O.
(2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry, Wounded).



THE LATE MAJOR SCOTT TURNER
(Royal Highlanders).



THE LATE ADVOCATE H. J. GEYER
(State Attorney, S.A.R.).



LIEUTENANT DENHAM
(Royal Field Artillery, Wounded).



SECOND LIEUTENANT W. G. NEILSON
(1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Wounded).



THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. P. NORTHCOTT
(Staff).



THE LATE PRIVATE J. SMITH
(West Yorkshire Regiment).



CAPTAIN THOMPSON
(Commanding Naval Brigade, Wounded).



LIEUTENANT H. T. CHRISTIE
(1st Northumberland Fusiliers, Wounded).



LIEUTENANT C. ALEXANDER
(Scots Guards, Wounded).



PRIVATE LAMBERT
(5th Lancers, Wounded).



THE MAXIM AUTOMATIC GUN.

The 37-millimetre Maxim automatic gun weighs half as much as the old Gatling gun which fires ordinary rifle ammunition, the projectiles of which weigh rather less than an ounce. But this Maxim gun fires projectiles which weigh slightly more than 1 lb. each, they have a diameter of 1 1/4 in., and the gun fires at the rate of 300 per minute.

The advantages of this gun over the ordinary light machine-gun are that, with the small gun using rifle ammunition, the gunner is quite unable to observe where the projectiles are striking; but with this gun the case is different. The shot makes a cloud of smoke in bursting, so the gunner is quite able, after firing a few rounds, to locate his aim, and bring the smoke patch, as one may say, to cover the enemy.

The gun in the photograph is shown on a naval mount. The Boers have the same guns mounted on wheels. The Boers operate this gun as follows: The sights are adjusted as near as possible to the range. The Boers then hold the trigger in the firing position for about two seconds; during this time, say, about ten shots will be put in flight. The Boer then waits until the shots strike, and observes the smoke carefully through a field-glass; if the aim is not correct he adjusts his sight, and keeps on doing so until the bursting shells explode in exactly the right spot. It will, therefore, be seen that the gun itself is a species of range-finder.

From the daily papers it would appear that the British have found this gun the most annoying of any weapon in the Boer service. It is effective at a range of 3000 yards. Our Government has not been slow to recognise its advantages since the war commenced, having purchased a very large number of a type considerably superior to the old guns which the Boers have. The Americans have also purchased a large number of these guns, but of a larger type and longer range, for their Navy; indeed, it may be



THE BOERS' MOST

Nicknamed by our soldiers the "Pom-pom."

said at
adopted
Service.

In the
those gun
and "Maxim"
the M

MAXIM AUTOMATIC GUN.

"Maxim-Maxim" and "Maxim-Norddeutsche."

has been
Navy

newspapers
Maxim
reality

paper:
a means
of duty
may be
a terror

MR. H. S. MAXIM (INVENTOR).

mother of the heir to the Earldom, wished to bear the name of her son. It was hardly an answer to say that the son, being styled by courtesy Viscount Dangan, did not really bear the same name. Courtesy titles and their associations are almost as familiarly known as family names, and the conjunction of mother and son in a common nomenclature is very naturally to be desired. A large number of instances, more or less similar to Lady Violet Myddelton's, will be called to mind. One such is that of Mr. George Wyndham and the Countess Grosvenor—the mother of the young Duke of Westminster having always retained the style and title of her first husband and the father of her eldest son rather than that of her second husband, the present Under-Secretary of State for War.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

There is no copyright in a name, at any rate for social purposes. But in the case of a title which is the grant of her Majesty the case is somewhat different; and a suit heard before Mr. Justice Barnes has brought into prominence one or two rather subtle points of law in its relation to domestic life. Lady Violet Nevill, having married Lord Cowley and having subsequently divorced him, married a second time, but still continued to bear the title of the Countess Cowley, and to use the Earl's arms. The Earl brought an action to restrain the lady from so doing, and the Court in this instance took the side of the Earl. Against that decision she is to make her appeal to a higher Court. Countess Cowley is held by her second marriage to have forfeited the honours conferred by her first. Marriage makes, but also unmakes. Mr. Justice Barnes (who, however, rather invited the worsted litigant to challenge his decision) laid this rule down as the basis of his judgment. A minor point was that the Countess Cowley—or Lady Violet Myddelton, as she is now styled—being the



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The two testamentary papers (two dated Jan. 20, 1889, and three Feb. 21, 1889) of the Right Hon. Lucy Joan Cavendish Scott, Dowager Baroness Howard de Walden, of 35, Portland Place, who died on July 29 at West Malvern, were proved on Oct. 18 by William George Frederick Cavendish Bentinck and William Francis Fladgate, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £182,950. The testatrix, in the event of her dying within twelve months from the time of the conveyance by her of a certain piece of land at Portland Town, Middlesex, for the purposes of the Portland Institute (which event has happened), whereby such conveyance under the Mortmain Act would become void, devised the said piece of land, upon trust, for the said Institute; and if she has not executed a contract previously to her death for the erection of a Nurses' Home in Langham Street at a cost of £14,500, directs her executors to do so. The sum of £2200, agreed to be found by her in connection with Mauds School, Eastbourne; and the £8500 agreed to be found by her in connection with the Nurses' Home, Langham Street, or the balances of such sums remain unpaid, are to be paid by her executors out of pure personality. She confirms the settlement of £50 made on her son, the Hon. Evelyn Henry Ellis, wife Mary, his daughter, and his issue, and she gives all her furniture, plate, pictures, articles of household and ornament, horses and carriages at 35, Portland Place and St. James's House, West Malvern (both of which houses she holds of him), to her said son. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to her executors, and £1000 each to them as the trustees of the £50,000 settlement; and to her real and personal estate she leaves to her son, Hon. Charles Arthur Ellis.

The will (dated June 19, 1899) of Mr. William Grey of Alison Lodge, Court Road, Eltham, who died



Photo. E. Barnard.

to his nephews the Rev. Frederick Tobin, Major Alexander John Goldie, the Rev. John Grey, Major Mark Goldie, and Thomas Robinson Grey; £5000 to his nephew Henry Arnold Tobin; £5000 each to his nieces Frances Sarah Tobin, Emily Margaret Dunn, and Emily Marion Grey; £500 each to St. George's Hospital and St. Thomas's Hospital; £500 to his sister-in-law, Eliza Grey; £1000 each to Ethel Goldie, Jack Kennard, and Amias Leigh Goldie; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews Thomas Robinson Grey, Major Alexander Goldie, Major Mark Goldie, the Rev. Frederick Tobin, and the Rev. John Grey.

The will (dated March 10, 1897) of Mr. Martin Pratt, of 42, Park Lane, Croydon, who died on Sept. 10, was proved on Oct. 13 by John Nicholl and George William Manby Gibbens, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £26,713. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institution, the Seamen's Hospital (Greenwich), the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum, the London Hospital, and the Croydon General Hospital; £1000 to his godson, Mr. Martin Runster Bremner; £1250 each to his daughter, Alice Kate King; £750 each to William Henry King, Mrs. Ada McBernott, and William James King; £500 each to Herman Lewis Sack and Mrs. Gilkes; £500 each to Captain John Ellis and William John Sea and a few other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves between John Nicholl, George William Gibbens, Herman Lewis Sack, and Alice Kate King. The will (dated Aug. 17, 1897), with two codicils (of 1898 and May 19, 1899), of Mrs. Sarah Anna Fitzgerald, of Shalstone House, Buckingham, who died on July 19, 1899, was proved on Oct. 10 by Gerald Beresford Fitzgerald, John Biddulph Martin, and Archibald Hanbury, the executors, the value of the estate being £28,340. The

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2½-pint Coffee Pot £14 10s.
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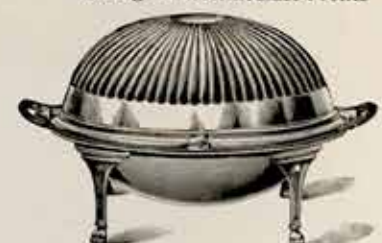


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Rabbits and Suppression to Wrongs, 2019
gouach on antique book - Victoria Statutes 1865 260 x 370 x 50 mm
me25

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me35





Isabella's Helmet, 2019
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me5

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