

Fingerprints on Objects

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5th Century

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Finger prints in wax. Various
one, old Roman, on clay.



GALTON/2/9/6/11/6/1



Finger marks on Roman pottery
Given me by W. Miller Christie
see letter by W. Greathead



Skin prints on clay
Ancient Egyptian,
about 1400 B.C.
Tell el Amarna
Given me by Prof Flinders Petrie
July 22 / 94

GALTON/2/3/6/146/2

by the papal library
3C. Given to me by
July 22 / 94.

GALTON/2/9/6/11/6/2

In the paper bag
to be given to me by
Mr. Galton
on 22/9/4.







GALTON/2/9/6/11/6/3



Staples



Now finger prints

GALTON 12/9/6/11/6/4

Fragile wax
Fingerprints



Finger Print Impressions
w. Dentist's Wax ^{Ground} ~~Salt~~ -
to F.G. by to Grayhott
September 1910





Roman tile from Brading I. S. W.

IUVENTUS MUNDI.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. FLINDERS PETRIE.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, Gower-street, looks like the scene of an extravagant colossal beads and squaring him with rough-hewn torsi and fragments of friezes, the antiquarian and the collector, the dealer and the artist, with the bangle and the vase, the Egyptian and the Greek, the Persian and the Etruscan, in the Edwards Library, are further evidences of dissimulation. Here, in the midst of what is possibly the most valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities ever brought together from one place, a *Fad*! *Mell* representative humbly told Mr. Petrie as he was pressing upon Mr. Galtien the earliest specimen of a finger-print now extant, one of the little clay moulds used by Egyptian potters for casting beads and amulets. Rolled or pressed between the palms of the hand, the moulds, by their curious ridges, preserve not only the skin-prints of that early day, but also indelible proof that the hands of the first civilisation were not less skilful than those of the present.

Mr. Patrie was all courtesy and smiles. He led the way into an inner lumber room, beyond the attacks of inquisitive ladies with impossible questions, and poured out his heart. His fine bearded face glowed as he related the exciting account of his finds at Norton.

"What led you there?" "The Nile," Mary was pointed to as the spot where the original site of the Egyptian temple of Isis and Osiris were likely to have existed on their first journey. It was the Nile station at the end of the oldest trading route in the world, across the desert from the Red Sea, and even in early Islamic times was the most considerable port upon the river. No one had ever suggested it, except outsiders in search of stones, and I determined to do it. It took us eleven weeks, but the results were satisfactory beyond the fondest expectations."

“What did you discover?” “Remains of temples, raising back to prehistoric times. There were eight that we could identify, either from inscriptions or carved stones. The earliest place at about 3000 B.C. It is older than anything hitherto found in Egypt. The second points to Elufu, the builder of the great pyramids; the third belonged to the sixth dynasty; the fourth to the eleventh dynasty; the fifth to the twelfth dynasty, Amenemhat, and Userwatet I; the sixth to Thothmes III; the seventh to Psometry Soter; and the last to Roman times. There were additional memorials bringing the list up to thirty-four different kings, which is a record for any single place.”

"And what do the earliest remains prove?"—"Presumably that the gyffyns of history come from beyond the Red Sea; from Arabia and Somali Land. See here"—and the enthusiastic excavator turned to some fair coats, which without his help would have been difficult to decipher. "Here is an elephant, here an ostrich; there are skulls of *pithecanthropus*, as any one can tell, and there the blades of *sawfish*. Now, no one has ever seen the likes of those on Egyptian sculpture before. If the first two do not point to the south and the east, and the latter to the Red Sea, I do not know what they do point to."

The Uncommon Denominator.

"What were these immigrants ethnologically?"—"They seem to have been Phoenicians, from the sacred city of Puz. As such they would be allied to the Phoenicians, as the name might show. Besides, the early portraits are strikingly Phoenician in type. This people originated in the Persian Gulf and spread gradually westward. The Delta, as you know, was a hotbed for them; and from thence they spread southwards into Egypt and all about the Mediterranean to Spain."

"To return to Koptos. Did the place give their name to the Coptics?"—"That is a vexed question. Some think it came from the Greek *Agapetoi*. It might well have been that, as all the traders came from Koptos, the earliest Arabs got to know them by that name as *Kopti*, or rather *Qudri*, and so when later overran the land they called all the Egyptians indiscriminately by that name."

"Do the modern Copts betray signs of ancient descent?"—"Very plainly. One finds all the old types of faces from the sculptures reproduced among them."

¹⁰ When did Egypt decline? — "It began to fall away in early Achaemenid times, but Dariusian concentrated the fall by destroying the place for taking part in a rebellion, about 524 BC."

THE MORAL OVERLAP OF DICTIONARIES

"How did you set about your excavations?"—"There was a bit of Roman wall showing, and we began along this till we struck the outermost temple wall. Working to the end of this we struck the cross wall, then, fished for the other long wall, struck it, and finished digging along that; then we worked gradually inward, converging on to the centre, excavating every part as we went along, and covering up the foundations again for fear of destruction."

the way to destruction?" "The spies made it so. We were haunted with spies looking out for what they could steal. They were mostly easy to tell with practice, but difficult to catch. One man was tremendous trouble with. He was so persistent that finally we caught him, held him down, and thrashed him for all he was worth; the next day, he appeared again, and appeared for months. The third day he came, and he carried a letter. The letter said, 'The man who will give you is his name. They are afraid of its serving as a handle for the police.' I collected that if I secured a portion of the man's clothing, which his wealth might identify, it would alarm him more than any amount of hounding; so, the next time I took my friend's head, I took his coat, and I took his shoes. I took his shoes, I took his coat, and I took his shoes, and eventually covered the neighborhood. The wealth of the place was pleased to comply as to the dress we had utilized."

"Wasn't your crashing just a little bit—um?—Well, it was, perhaps, just a little. But it's no me sticking strictly to the law when you're dealing with the naive Egyptian. He doesn't; so why should you? He is a confirmed thief. We had to camp out for the night sometimes, if we had disturbed a find without being able to finish it; and then we were likely to find marauders prowling about discontentedly."

"Were you ever personally molested?"—"Never by natives. I was twice arrested by Arabi's soldiers and robbed before the war, but never since."

THE FATE OF PHILAY.

One could not omit the subject of Egypt without asking about Philae. Mr. Petrie's opinion is that to ruin Philae, and many Nubian remains as well, by building the barrage there, would be barbarous and unnecessary. The engineer (Mr. Gurnea's) own report shows Kadscha, higher up the river, to be as suitable a site, and, even if Soudanians had to be sent, a not more expensive one. But on the whole he favours the plan of building a temporary barrage for a few years and then transferring the Soudanese to the permanent one. If there was to regulate the water-level of every source almost, as Mr. von Helldorf would have no time in selling this lost unoccupied belt of Africa, before others do so, for it controls the whole life of Egypt.

"And what about the French?"—But Mr. Petrie had his heart too full of French interference in Egypt to speak of it. The French have absolute command over all the antiquities in the land, and their rule is burdensome. With the sole exception almost of M. de Morgan, who is impartial, and therefore unpopular at home, the French in Egypt are not a pleasant lot.

[illegible]

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THE WARES OF AUTOLYCUS.

BATHING DRESSES.

In spite of grey skies and ~~sea and~~ ~~clouds~~ ~~and~~ ~~clouds~~, the exodus from London is slowly but surely beginning. The shores will soon be hearkened to the deluge which they mean to purchase for the seaside. For though clouds hover upon us now, we can yet expect to grill in August; and what would life be without optimism? Truly but a sorry thing, pointing to suicide as the only possible means of solving the tiresome problem of existence. Let us therefore believe in blue skies and blue seas, yellow sands and yellow sunshine, and prepare to do these blessed gifts honour with garments meet for their approval.

Foremost in importance to those who are seawards bent is the bathing-dress, a most neglected item in this country, where even in this year of grace may yet be found that most indecent garment the long chemise of blue serge, which every wave taken mischievous delight in playing wholly peevish with for the benefit of neighbouring field-glances. It is possibly, owing to the lack of practical sense as regards bathing-dresses that English women and girls are more backward than all Continental nations in the matter of swimming. At any ordinary seaside watering-place it is the exception to find a woman who can swim well. The majority of female bathers seldom let go the rope of their bathing-machines, or, if they do, at all events never venture out of their depth.

At any French or Italian coast resort, the woman who cannot swim is the exception, and she feels herself so isolated that it is not long before she profits by the lessons of her *baïgonner* and removes the stigma of ignorance. In Italy particularly the girls swim to perfection, with a peculiar erect carriage of the head and shoulders, which raises them partly out of the water and is extremely graceful. Of course the sea-warmed water of southern latitudes in summer gives greater opportunities for the practice of this most fascinating pastime; and when one can stay for an hour in the water without feeling chilled in any way, the most inveterate coward takes heart of grace, and develops into a swimmer almost instantly. In the hottest months, when to bathe by day is to court sunstroke, then comes the most delightful form of bathing—the swimming machine by moonlight is a phosphorescent sea, when each swimmer matters little for at every forward stroke and leaves a glittering track behind! That is the time to feel close to nature, when, tired of swimming, one turns over on one's back, cradled on the heaving bosom of the sea, and with nothing above one but the sapphire-blue vault with the stars all palling in the silver brightness of the moon.

To return to our text, which was that to swim in one of those serge chemises is an impossibility. Almost equally impossible is it to swim in other costumes we have seen, wherein the trousers come over the knee and half way down the calf. As soon as they are wet, these trousers will wind round the leg, will catch together, and generally impede the swimmer's progress. One of the prettiest and most comfortable forms of swimming-dress is to abolish the trousers, and in their place wear, under the tunic which reaches nearly to the knees, a complete mantle of thick silk, which goes from the tip of the toes to the waist, a far more complete and comprehensive covering than the trousers, which leave the legs and feet, of course, quite bare. The mantle should be the same colour as the tunic, and the effect is both charming to the eye and ideally comfortable on account of the perfect freedom it gives to the swimmer. It also has the merit of taking away that bareness of leg which catches the eye by the contrast with the usually dark-coloured costume. As no sensible person bathes without shoes, unless they like having their feet bruised with shingle or cut with the broken limpet shells which are always to be found in sand, it is hardly necessary to say that the feet should be protected; but we would like to enter a protest against the unsightly bathing shoes usually worn. They are shapeless monstrosities that would disgrace the foot of Venus herself. An excellent model is the softness of the ancient Romans; a leather sole, with sides of canvas cut to deep trenches, which are laced across the foot and up the leg with woollen ribbons. If these are worn with the mantle aforesaid, the latter should be made with a division for the big toe, so that the loop of leather from the sole of the sandal should be able to pass up between the first and second toes and take the lacing ribbon. This is far the best shape of bathing sandals; it leaves the toes and the greater part of the foot free and uncovered, and, at the same time, protects it from shingle and shells, while the sea-water can flow out of it as easily as it flows in.

The fashion in bathing-dresses this year in France is to have them made high to the throat, with full sleeves reaching to the elbow, thus carrying something of the prevailing costumes in land clothes into bathing-gear. A very pretty dress, made for a well-known Parisienne who makes Trouville her headquarters every summer, is in navy-blue serge, with lines of white waved woollen braid, placed horizontally at intervals around the tunic and bodice up to the throat. The waist is encircled with a white woollen ribbon tied in a big upstanding knot at one side, and the sleeves are full puffs of dark blue serge gathered into a band and bow of the white woollen ribbon, which fits closely round the arm. With this tunic will be worn a dark blue mantle, and a blue and red *Marseilles* handkerchief will be tied in a *gigamuse* round her head, hiding the protecting oblique cap without which no woman who values her hair or her appearance ever thinks of bathing. "Cachoures" in dark blue canvas finish this admirably neat and effective costume.

Another bathing costume is copied from a lady's bicycling dress. It consists of very full Zouave trousers made in one with the blouse, which flares on the left side. The garment is confined to the waist by a wide band of netted red silk, fastened with leather straps and buckles. Over the blouse is a little belted vest with square corners, covered with lines of contrasting braid—white on red, or red on blue; and the same lines of braid edge the neck band and the bands of the full elbow sleeves. Sandals and a big *Marseilles* scarf are not lost, with horns of the braid, complete a costume which would look very well on a very slight figure. In another dress the imitation of prevailing fashions in every-day wear is equally apparent. The long blouse or tunic reaching to the knee is in deep red serge, with an immense turned-back collar of white serge, edged with a *fil* of red, the collar reaching far over the shoulders, as in the recent *grand* fashion. It opens over a *plastron* of red serge that encloses the throat. The tunic is kept to the figure with a sash tied in a large bow at one side in front, and similar bow in miniature below the knickerbockers below the knees. Sandals with scarlet ribbons and a scarlet head-handkerchief give the last touches to a costume more effective than practical, as it would be perfectly impossible to swim with so absurd a collar flapping about one's shoulders.

As a sort of accompaniment to bathing-dresses, we may describe a dainty little costume for plover-fishing, one of the most fashionable seaside amusements on the coast of Normandy. It consists of a short skirt, reaching a little below the knee, in thick red flannel, ornamented with a band of Russian embroidery in red thread on white linen. The bodice is a semi-tight fitting blouse with a short basque, belted with one of the fashionable belts of white *du-silk*. The front of the bodice is covered with a plastron shaped like a *Honora's*, and buttoned on at either side with round white pearl buttons. A turn-down collar of white linen gives a workmanlike note to the costume, and the very full sleeves are finished with turned-back cuffs. Of course, when going on plover-fishing, *exquisite* *goggles* are abandoned, and bathing-dress knickerbockers are worn under such a skirt as we have described. The shoes that are used to embrace the fair bottoms on their walk to and from the fixed cabins of a French pier, are also much considered by those who wish to impress the beholders. Some go in for all sorts of luxurious *Cachoures* and Oriental embroideries; but such things look out of place and inappropriate. By far the best are the thick reversible flannel chaps, white one side, red or blue the other, or perhaps made gay with coloured stripes. These are deliciously warm, and never get dragged by the sea water; and so are most to be recommended.

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