#### Composite Photographs: Tuberculosis Patients, Criminals, Family Likeness, Classical Figures and Crania

#### **Publication/Creation**

c1870s-1880s

#### **Persistent URL**

https://wellcomecollection.org/works/vprwk473

#### License and attribution

You have permission to make copies of this work under a Creative Commons, Attribution, Non-commercial license.

Non-commercial use includes private study, academic research, teaching, and other activities that are not primarily intended for, or directed towards, commercial advantage or private monetary compensation. See the Legal Code for further information.

Image source should be attributed as specified in the full catalogue record. If no source is given the image should be attributed to Wellcome Collection.





Broad faces with thick and heavy features = Strumous type. ( Sursional usult).



composite of q males.



















composite of 10 fermales.





















#### Narrow ovoids with regular and well cut features. = Intercular type. ( Provisional result.).



Composite of 12 cases selected by W. Galton.



























onfronte of a 6 cases selected by the Makoned.





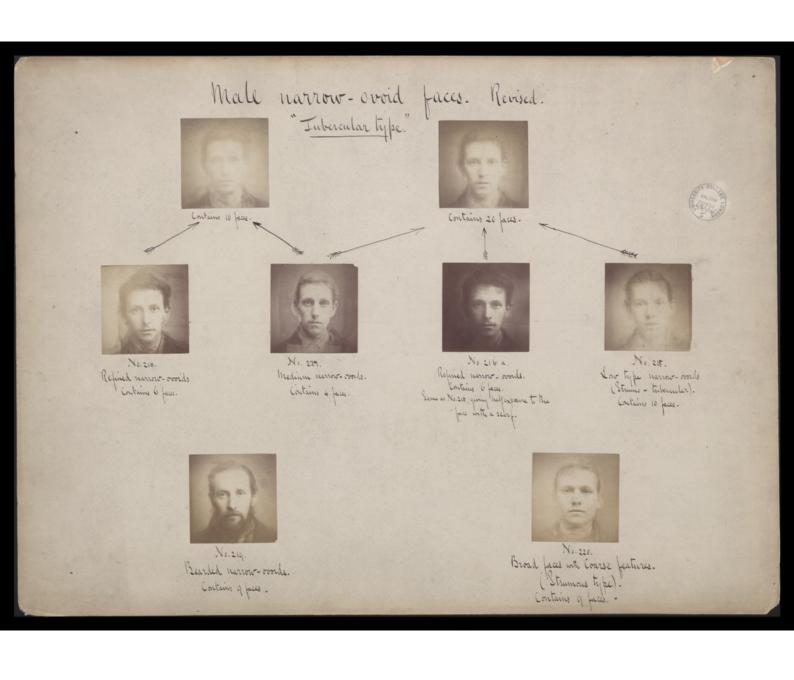




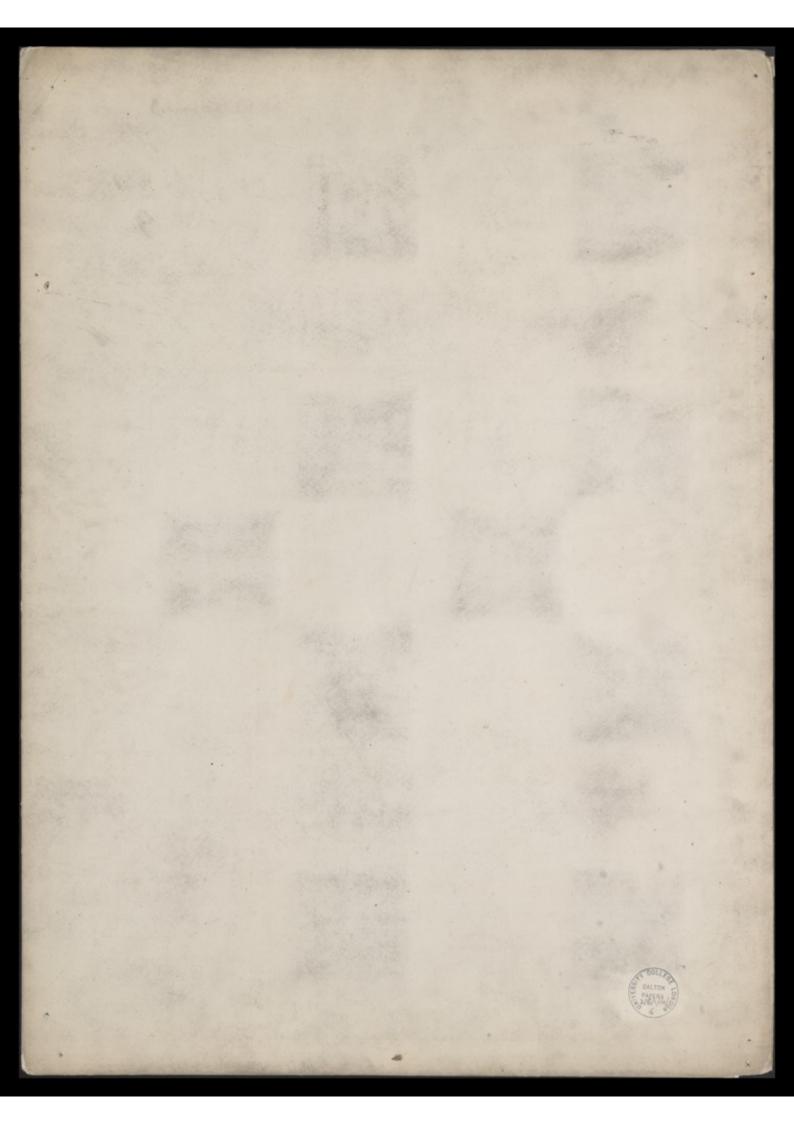








average Male faces. Co-composite containing 200. With Phthisis. With Thethisis. Contains 50 faces Contains 50 faces Co-composite containing 100. Contains 50 Jaces. Without Inthisis. Without Ththisis. Contain 25 faces Contains 25 pas Contains 25 par



Imperfect and incomplete male usults.

The average healthy male face. Royal Engineer officers and privates.



12 0 picers.



30 Divates 60



11 Trivates selected from preceding 30.



12 Officers and 11 privates.

The average male face with phthisis.



57 Cases taken without selection.



28 Cases taken without selections

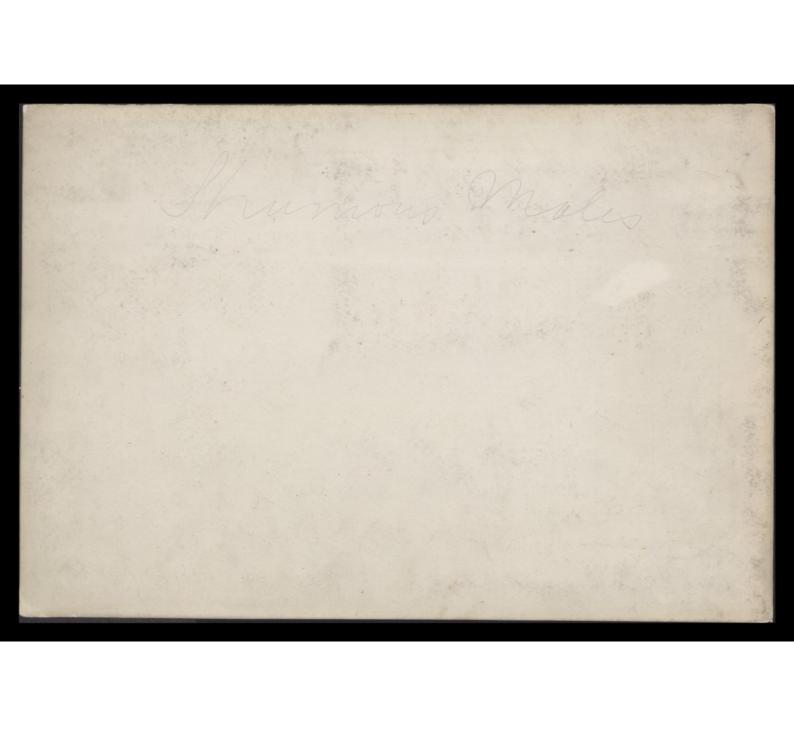


29 Cases taken without selection



36 cases all contained in 2 and 3, but taken without selection.

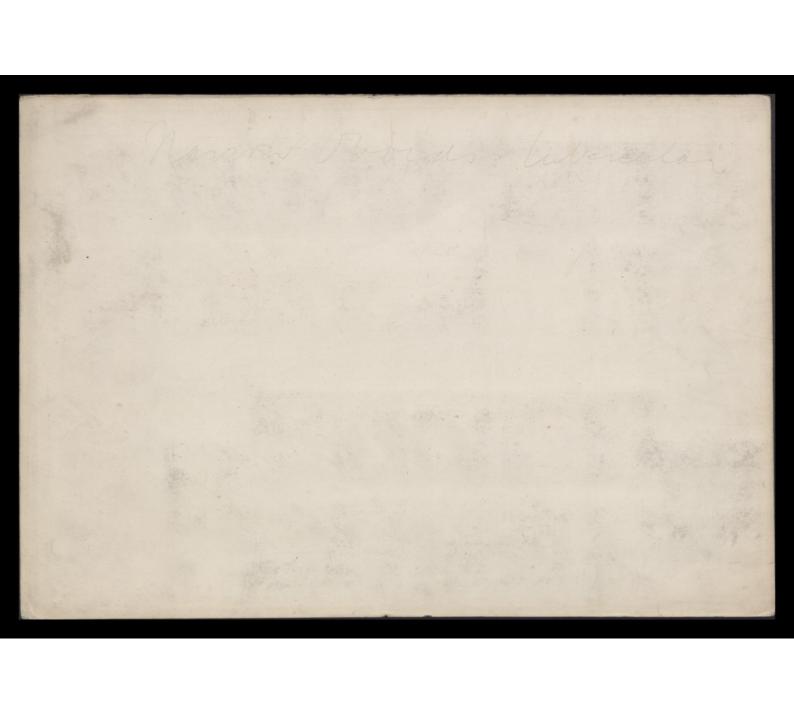


























#### PLATO.

Τὰ γὰρ ἀόρατα αὐτοῦ ἀπὸ κτίσεως κόσμου τοῖς ποιήμασι νοούμενα καθοράται, ήτε ἀἰδιος αὐτοῦ δύναμις καὶ θειότης. Rom. 1. 20.

Χρυσιόν και άργύριον θεῖον αίει έν τŷ ψυχŷ ἔχουσι. Plato Repub. IV.

Lo, time, careering in his scythed car,
Still sweeping onwards with unwearied flight
Nor stayed nor checked by all the adverse strength
Of weak mortality; a mightier far
Hath bid him speed his course and work his will
On this material world—to him is given
To make, to change, and to annihilate,
Until the star-set heavens shall roll away,
And angels shall declare time is no more.
Worlds may corrupt, but love, and truth, and right,
Are changeless as the God that knoweth them,
Aye, and all mortal works thence modelled
Borrow the same endurance and remain.—

The godly mind is firm, for God supports; The righteous state subsists, for God cements; In their own nature are they durable, But one with sin do they admit decay, And as corrupt so they diseased are. Oh! Athens, deeply wert thou fallen when Thy principles of just morality, More noble far than strength or intellect, Were bartered for mere worldly vanities. Then wert thou all unstable and a prey For quick decay and dissolution. But lo, the swarm from brown Hymettus' sides Hath clustered on a baby's parted lips; And, 'mid the mart of crime and sensual vice, The swan hath flown from Cupid's love-lit shrine, And Plato strove and wrought for Athens' sake. He strove to build a state, new modelled From out its corrupt elements, to cure And recreate its all diseased frame, Ere yet a victim to complete decay. But pause, and mark the moral of these days, And while we sit upon the judgment seat With their's will we accuse our own weak times And grieve and mourn at their analogy; As though, in reproducing cycles, Time Thought fit to weave again the obscure mists And exhalations of a former age. And we will look abroad upon the earth,

And seek societies' hid moving springs, And we shall find men covetous, untrue, Unthankful, and unholy, having still, As in the days of dark idolatry, A form of godliness—a tangled web, On which they reason as upon a scheme Of any popular philosophy. A code of principles which serveth them As a broad topic to dispute upon A field wherein deep scholars may display Their skill in paper polemics; and yet Those hands which turn about so slightingly The bible leaves would tremble were they made To touch those two fresh quarried blocks of stone, As Moses brought them down from Sinai's mount, Fresh written by Jehovah's hand. No, they Forget the God they talk so boldly of Is close beside them, listening to each word, A silent party in their dialogues; Not by them, but around them, everywhere; His lidless eyeballs close opposed to theirs, And searching to their very brain. Oh! shame, That men who think themselves sagacious, At the same time confessing to a God, Can hold His orders in so slight esteem As to assert, as they have dared to do, That mercy, justice, truth, and holiness Are but the creatures of expedience,

And therefore handmaids to our mortal sense. They have a form of godliness, indeed, And yet deny its power. Oh! for the time Of the world's youth, when man was fresh from God; When the warm heart knew not to calculate, And had not learnt the chill of selfishness, And saw and knew and felt those wondrous truths Which He has hidden from the sceptic wise. Oh! Plato, if, as thou didst fable it, The parted spirit clingeth to the earth, Watching the toilings of mortality, The while it gazeth on a kindred soul, As earnest as a mother on its child, Do thou be with me now, inspire me With feelings such as thine, that I may cry With honest indignation at these times, And raise my voice against their worldliness; More frivolous and not less dissolute Than when whilom thy loud protest was heard From Athens to the court of Syracuse, And thy great master nobly threw himself A sacrifice upon the road to ruin Before the state; but it, unchecked, crushed on, As the huge car of Indian Jaga-naut. Alas! for thee, O Britain, though thou art The Ocean Queen, and though thou compasseth 5/ The round earth with the hundred arms Of ever growing commerce, and hast culled

The choice fruits of the wide world's nations-Alas! for thee, O Britain, for thy mind, All cramped by the engrossing search of gain, By it at length has grown new modelled, E'en as the reptile to its rocky bed. The heart of man is intellectualized, And the high souls of other days are gone; Men in whose noble gait and manly eye Was written hardihood to dare the last Their life, their wealth, their all, at duty's hest. Feeling in truth that they but creatures were, While their Creator was omnipotent, Yet sanctified as temples for his use, Wherefore they deeply did respect themselves. But there are times of flippant vanity, Of self sufficiency, not self respect, Of vain philosophy and arrogance, As though the supercilious reasoner Were fit material for a christian. Oh! would I had the simple earnestness, The faith of those unlearned fishermen, Who left their nets and followed-all for love.

God well declares himself to man, for He
Hath on the face of nature stamped his seal,
Whereon we read all wise, all powerful;
And in the human heart hath placed a soul,
A strange mysterious moving principle,
To which all actions are amenable,

As to a supreme court of justice, where Th' eternal rule of right and wrong is law. Man hath a monitor within that speaks, E'en in his Maker's accents, teaching him That love and justice are our better guides, That He is just, and true, and merciful. Aye, as the heavens declare Thy glory, Lord, And spangled firmament Thy handy-work, Loud lauding Thee as God most powerful, So, from the human heart, which Thou didst mould And fashion in a likeness of thyself, A glorious embryo of future might, We learn the right and power of godliness. Oh! well might angel hosts in halos round, Hymn loudly forth their high Creator's praise, In solemn wonder at His deep resolve In linking powers so high, so like His own, To a debasing, loathsome form of clay,— Feelings that image forth His attributes, His loving kindness, justice, mercy, truth, Dark to the vain and scoffer, though most clear To the calm gaze of every humble mind; Yet not at first, but after pondering, Then seem most plain and evident, As outlines, portrayed in the burning coals Of some bright evening, e, at first unseen, But when once caught refuse to be forgot. The wise and godly man best knoweth them,

So Plato searched and found these Ocal
The faint objective copies of his God,
And seeing them he worshipped; let us, too,
Not question but obey, for circumstance,
With plausible aspect, may outface truth,
While he that trusts in God alone walks on,
And threads the narrow way, like the blind girl,
Best guide through fall'n Pompei's burning streets.

Would that mine eyes were purged, that I might see The features of my God, the while I gazed My eyes should drink His nature, till I grew Half glorified, in turn, as Moses was When he descended shining from the mount; Aye, and as he then found blind Israel, Kneeling in their gross sensuality, And loudly crying to a calf of gold. So when we turn our own thoughts heavenwards, And gain some foretaste of the joys to come, How foolish and how wicked seems the world, With all its energies bent to amass Wealth, fame, or knowledge; scarce a thought Of those great voids which this life bridges o'er, The future and the past eternity, Or of that Mighty One who dwelleth there. Well may we loathe this world of sin, and strain, As an imprisoned dove, to away; Well may we burn to be as citizens Of some state, modelled after Plato's scheme,

And overruled by Christianity,
Where justice, love, and truth, and holiness
Should be the moving principle of all,
And God acknowledged as its prop and stay.

I am no ingrate foster son to thee,
Granta, revered mother, in thy lap
Have good men grown to their maturity,
Nourished and strengthened by thy wholesome lore,
And thence have proudly walked before the world
As statesmen, poets, and philosophers.
Still thou art but a corner in this earth,
Wherein a penitent may weep and pray,
While all abroad is rough disquietude.—
How little solace is there in this earth.
Oh! when called forth to do my duty there,
Uphold me o'er the stony, thorny way;
Teach me to spurn all earth-born appetites,
And, leaving them to hunger after heaven,
Oh! Father, lead me from temptation.

### Broad faces. heavy lower jaws, coarse features. = Strumons type.













































# Cases of Phthisis. - Guy's hospital.



## Cases of Phthisis - Guy's Hospital.



# Cases of Phthisis - Brompton hospital.



## Cases of Phthisis - Brompton hospital.





## Cases of Phthisis - Victoria park and Brompton hospitals.



# Cases of Phthisis - Brompton hospital.



### Cases of Ththisis - Guy's and Brompton hospitals.



### Cases of Phthisis - Brompton hospital.



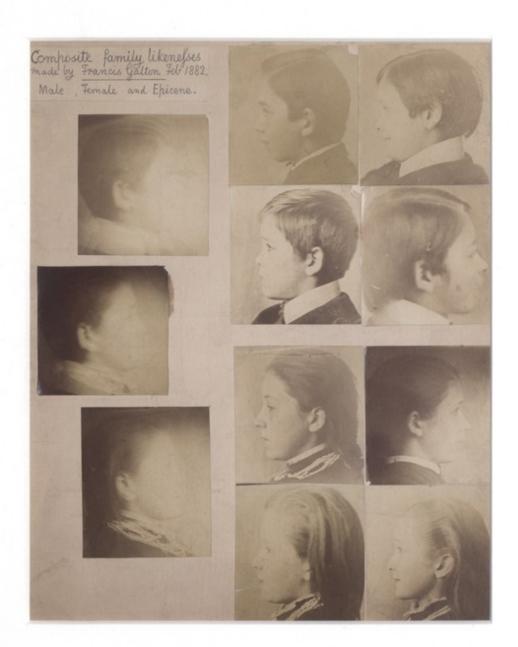


### Cases of Phthisis - Brompton and Victoria Park hospitals.



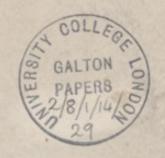
## Cases of Buthisis - Brompton and Victoria Park hospitals.





# Composites of only 2 components







S LIKENESSES OF NAPOLEON 1. TAKEN AT DIFFERENT PERIODS, AND THE COMPOSITE OF THEM IN THE CENTRE.



