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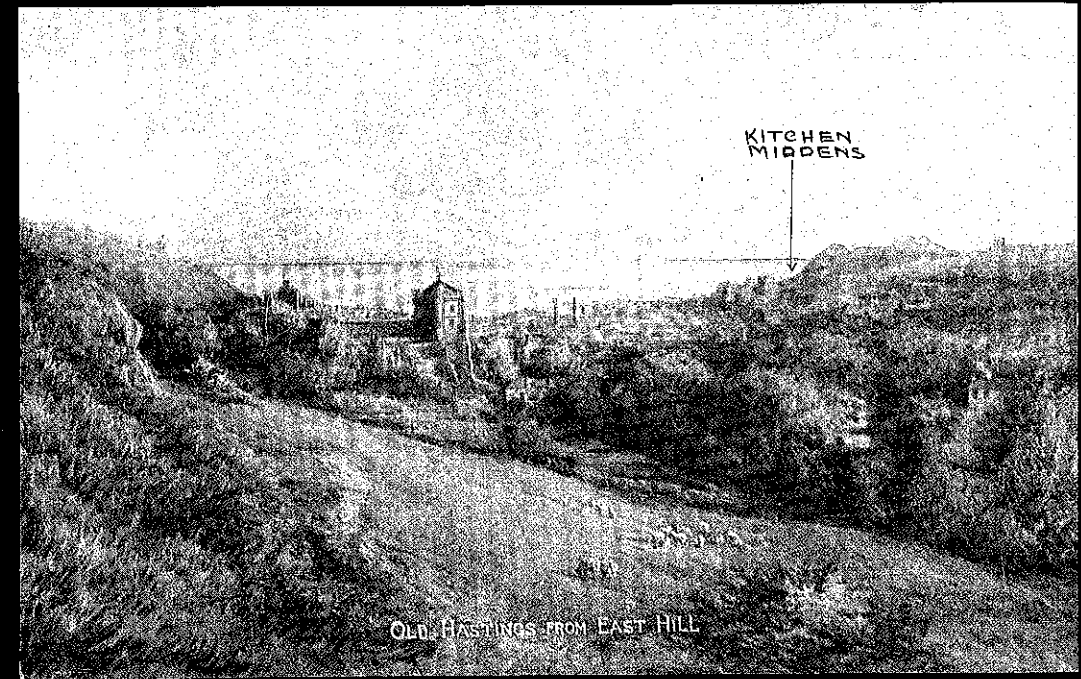
**The Hastings Kitchen Middens.**

Rather more than twenty years ago Mr. Carlyle first made known to the world his discovery in India of those remarkable little Jasper and Chalcedonic implements, which for minuteness of size, quaintness of shape, and delicacy of work, rivalled everything that had been found in any part of the world, and called forth the admiration of all pre-historic archaeologists. Soon a large band of workers were in the field, and these delicate little implements were traced up into Afghanistan, up the Red Sea into Egypt, across Arabia to the Morocco Coast, over the Straits of Gibraltar into Spain, where the Brothers Siret found them in numbers, along the South of France and into the interior by M. Mortilet, into the Valley of the Meuse, Belgium, by my friend, M. Rutot, Conservateur au Musée Royal d'Histoire Naturelle de Belgique a Bruxelles, and M. Pierpont. In this country research was not well rewarded until about 12 years ago, when I first began a systematic exploration of the cliffs at Hastings. Here it soon became evident that we not only had the delicate little implements, with their characteristic minute working and quaint fantastic shapes, of crescents, rhombs, trapezoids, and other use-incomprehensible outlines, but we had the veritable settlements of these interesting old Hunter-Fishermen. Here under the lee of the high cliffs, and in the open fissures of the rocks, they sought shelter, and cast out upon the rock ledges all the refuse of life, to accumulate in the form of rubbish heaps, known as Kitchen Middens. It soon became certain that here were enacted all the dramas of life. Hither they brought the trophy of the chase, the capture from the sea, the gathering of mollusca from the shore, and roots and fruit from the forest. Hither they brought the limb dissevered from the carcass of the beast slain in the forest, the other part of which was left to feed the hungry wolves. Hither they brought the flints from the foreshore to work into all those delicate little implements, as well as those required for the ordinary purposes of life. Here they lit their fires, cooked their food in various fashions. Here they used the first domestic pottery with which we are acquainted. For as has been pointed out by that great arch-barrow-digger, my esteemed friend the Venerable

Canon Greenwell, up to the date of these discoveries pottery found has been of a funereal character, but here we find the prototype of the cooking pot, and the plate or saucer. Here they split the bones of the beast for their contained luscious grease, and for material for needles, stiletos, arrow heads, bone ornaments, and host of other things. Here they sat and pierced the toe and heel bones of the deer, for suspension round their necks or limbs, or still more delicately drilled the little bone needles with the far smaller drills made from the harder flint. I deeply regret that want of time precludes me going into details, interesting as they are from so very many points, but, believe me, what I put forward are no wild hypotheses, built upon slender evidence, capable of any number of readings. Here are the specimens before you this evening, telling their own tale, and corroborating mine. I will, therefore, be content in just giving you a little description of one or two pictures unearthed in these excavations. In a corner formed by the cliff-face and a projecting fissure wall squatted one of the old fellows, chipping away at a flint, a heap of which lay by his side. In his hand was a hard-worn quartzite hammer-stone, one of the most cherished objects of his life. Near him crouched his squaw, and possibly offspring, collecting the flakes he struck off, and sorting them into little heaps according to the purposes for which they were suitable. Near him was another old fellow, working away at one of those beautiful bi-concavo-convex ridged-back, finely-worked, round-based, spear tips; he had finished the prize all but one blow, which would have removed the implement from the flint block in a finished condition, when he, too, stops of a sudden! Near to him are several others splitting bones either for their marrow or for material for implements, etc. One old fellow has broken a leg bone of one of the trophies just secured in the chase; beside him are two pointed flint wedges. He has already inserted one into the narrow cavity, and the bone is splitting in several places, but the skeletal element is firm and healthy, and grips the wedge tightly, and splitting requires force applied several times. A little further there is a fire on the hearth which has baked the underlying loam into a red brick for several feet in extent. Over

this is roasting a boar's head, till the jaw-bones are becoming so exposed that before the great episode of the evening is finished they will all be reduced to charcoal. Near at hand there are also several of the community engaged in taking off the damaged flint points broken in the chase, and replacing these truncated butt ends with new flint tips; consigning these broken portions to the accumulating Midden or refuse heap. The number of these flint butt ends that have accumulated tell us that these flint tools, whether on sticks or sinues as fish hooks, or bound to hafts or reeds, suffered greatly in use, and required periodical replacing. At this moment an esteemed implement has come into the hands of one of the old fellows. It is broken asunder across its centre, and out of some respect for it he is putting a new point to it, working off those delicate minute flakes in the manner characteristic of the race. He has run his bone flaker up one side, and left an edge such as no other system of flint working can produce. He has just begun the other, and apparently in a minute or two bi-symmetry will be again obtained, with a sharp piercing point as a result, but he stops just as suddenly! Near him, upon the hot ashes of a fire, stands the coarse earthen pot, the prototype of our modern tar kettle—the earliest saucepan we know; its bottom and sides are incrustated with a thick layer of soot, telling of the withstanding of the ordeal of fire accompanying many an evening meal, while close by is a pile of calcined flints beneath burning wood, cooking a clay-invested rabbit. Near by are several flat-bottomed vessels, the prototypes of our first saucers or basins, although the soot upon their bottoms tells the tale of their having been put upon the blazing fire. Everyone is busy; everyone appears intent upon what he is doing, when an alarm is raised, and everyone in the settlement has stopped what he is doing. It is the enemy! Down goes the core upon which the first man is engaged; even his cherished quartzite hammer is dropped in the alarm. Down goes the marrowbone, with the flint wedge firmly gripped, and down is thrown the implement finished all but for one blow. The pot is left upon the hearth, and the heap of hot stones, and everyone flees for dear life, which, in all probability, is barely saved! From the discovery of human bones it is probable that all did not escape, and what did were afraid to come back again for a long period: and between this time and renewed operations the Zephyrs and good old Bolus had spread a curtain of blown sand over it all, and thus preserved the picture of the times for thousands of years, to delight the soul of the pre-historic archæologist at the close

of the Nineteenth Century A.D.; but I see my time has gone. Just one more picture. It is one of the most interesting, because it shows us the antiquity of one of our burial rites, viz., the throwing of the dust upon the coffin. The obsequies of these old folk were quite unique. First, a hearth of ironstone was spread out; upon this the body was laid. This was covered with many hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of flint implements. Upon these the fire was lit, the heat of which was so great that the flints not only went to pieces, but fused, and thus performed the operation of cremation, as shown in the specimens in the case. Dancing around the funeral pile was then probably indulged in, and feasting off roast pig, a custom not yet quite extinct. Then handfuls of white sand brought from a distance were thrown upon the hot heap, with further offerings of implements and other treasured objects, until the pile was covered, and over the whole a mound was raised 80 to 100 feet in diameter. I deeply regret that time does not allow me to go into a description of their interesting and characteristic little implements, with their minute flakes an eightieth of an inch wide, the most delicate flint-chipping yet discovered, and their quaint shapes of crescents, rhombs, trapezoids, and other indescribable outlines, nor a description of the little needle-makers, and those remarkable little drills with which they pierced the eyes; or the beautiful chisels, gravers, gouges, scrapers, and other implements, all of which you can see in the cases before you. I should also have liked to have referred to the animals which were here at that time, but I will just remark that at this period they were beginning to domesticate the wolf into a dog, as they also were the fox, but they had not got so very far in the process, for if either of these did anything displeasing they too were eaten. There was a curious little long-legged mountain sheep or goat roaming the district, and two varieties of cattle: one a small one and the other the ponderous aurochs, showing the great antiquity of this people. There were also wild horses, boars, deer, wild ducks, and black-cocks, but, of course, the cultivated animals and poultry of our farms were then unknown. The mollusca on the foreshore and in the sea were also somewhat different from what they are to-day, as can be seen in the cases before you. I regret I have not been able to go more into details, but I trust I have whetted your appetites, and made you realise, in addition to the importance of the Premier Cinque Port in historic times, some of its interesting features altogether antedating history, when man met the needs of his life with nothing more important than the flints upon the shore.



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