

HOTTENTOT CHILDREN;

WITH A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT

OF

PAUL DIKKOP.

BY THE LATE

REV. JOHN CAMPBELL.

LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

56, PATERNOSTER ROW,

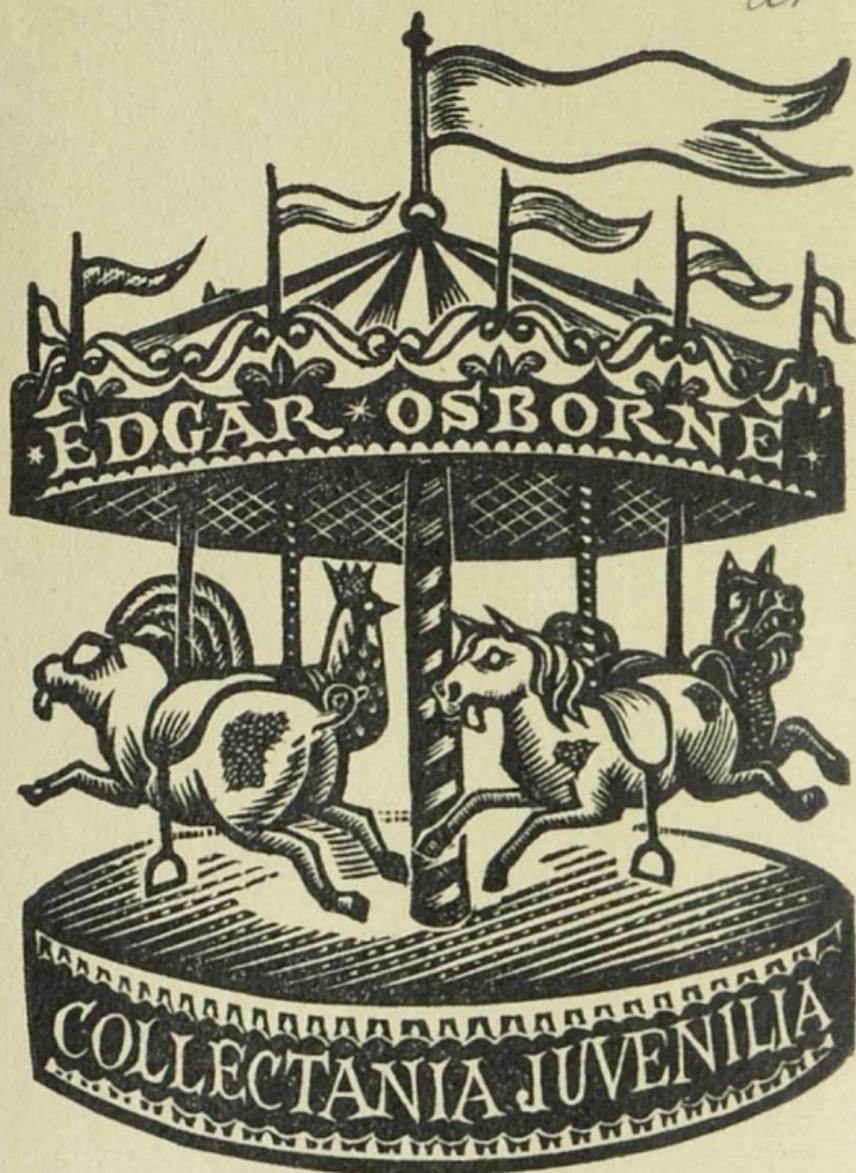
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# HOTTENTOT CHILDREN;

WITH

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT

OF

## PAUL DIKKOP,

THE SON OF A HOTTENTOT CHIEF, WHO DIED IN  
ENGLAND, SEPT. 14, 1824.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN CAMPBELL,  
OF KINGSLAND.

LONDON:

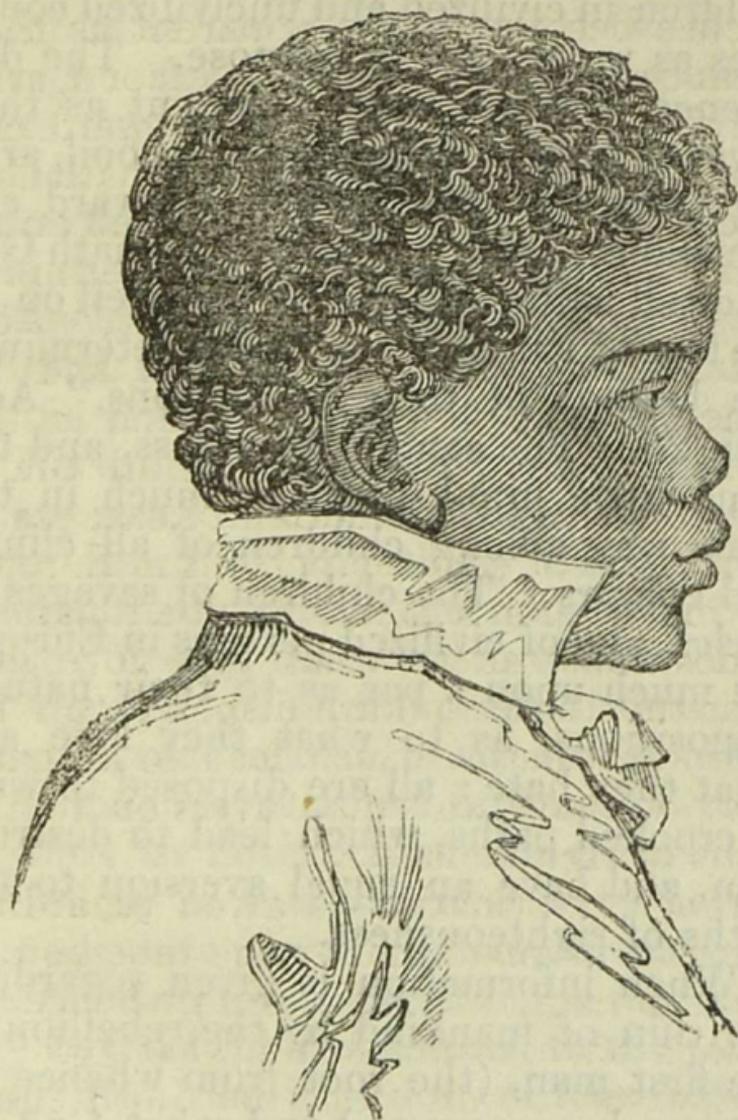
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

*Instituted 1799.*

SOLD AT THE DEPOSITORY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW,  
AND 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD;  
AND BY THE BOOKSELLERS,



## HOTTENTOT CHILDREN.



THE following incidents, regarding some Hottentot children, are designed both to

please and profit young readers. The narration may convince them that there is not naturally such a difference between children in civilized and uncivilized countries as we are apt to suppose. The difference becomes more apparent as they advance from childhood to manhood, arising from the difference in outward circumstances; for "of one blood hath God made all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the bounds of their habitations," Acts xvii. 26. The same playfulness, and the same little pranks, appear much in the same way among children of all climes and colours. The children of savages in Africa, and of civilized persons in Europe, are much upon a par as to their natural dispositions, as to what they love and what they hate: all are disposed to walk in crooked paths, which lead to destruction, and have an equal aversion to the paths of righteousness.

When information is given regarding the ruin of mankind by the rebellion of the first man, (the root from whence all nations have sprung,) and what God, in the person of his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, has done for the recovery, the

restoration, the redemption, in a word, for the everlasting salvation of men, it is treated much in the same way by the children of the civilized and those of the savage: the wondrous and all-important facts slip, with equal ease, out of their minds; the authority of God is no more influential on the one than on the other; and the aversion increases in both as they advance in life, if not checked by the grace of God, through the powerful application of the precious gospel of Jesus Christ.

No wonder if savage tribes should become more and more savage, not having ever heard of any thing calculated to check or counteract the prevailing principle; having never heard of the will, or of the love, or of the grace of God; the happiness of heaven, or the misery of hell.

It may increase the interest of young readers to notice, that the children referred to in this narrative were born at the opposite part of the world from them; there being no people living in any country beyond the Hottentots, to the south; and, also, that it is not yet four hundred years since their existence was unknown to Europeans; and much less time since any thing certain was known about this people.

God, in his providence, has made the Hottentots our fellow subjects; they now form a part of the British empire. They have been long a most oppressed people, but the government of our country now protects them.

Various friends of the missionary cause having expressed regret, after my first visit to Africa, in 1812, that I had not brought home some Hottentot or Bushman youth, to try what effect might be produced by an European education, on revisiting that country, in 1819, I resolved, if I could meet with a suitable Hottentot boy, whose parents were willing to intrust him to my care, I would certainly bring him to England.

There was one missionary station in the colony of the Cape (or Hottentot country) to which I was particularly attached, having seen it in its uncivilized and in its improved state. I was, therefore, anxious to procure one of the children belonging to it. The name of the place was Hooge Kraal, and of its chief, Dikkop, or Thickhead. It is situated about 250 miles N. E. of the Cape of Good Hope, on the Indian Ocean. Dikkop visited me, at the head of about sixty of his

people, when my wagons were encamped about three miles from his kraal, expressing an earnest desire that a missionary should be sent to them, to teach them the things which were taught white people.

On visiting his place, I found nothing but poverty and wretchedness. The people lived in miserable huts, without gardens or fields, their bodies covered with filth, and ragged sheepskins. Among them were a number of young people, as ignorant as the wild beasts which roamed in their wildernesses. These, standing in a row, promised if a missionary came, they would attend his instructions from sunrise to sunset.

Mr. Pacalt, missionary from the London Society, soon after commenced his successful labours amongst them. He met the inhabitants mornings and evenings to give them religious instruction, and teach them to read. At other times, he taught them to build better houses, to enclose ground for gardens, to surround their town with a substantial wall, in order to protect their gardens from the ravages of cattle, and to erect a building to be used both as a chapel and a school-house.

Thus improved, I found Hooqe Kraal

on my second visit, six years after the first, and had an opportunity of residing three months in it, detained by the Caffre war; which rendered it extremely hazardous to cross the forests in that direction, which were infested by parties of that barbarous people. This afforded me an opportunity of observing the dispositions and talents of many of the children, who were my daily visitors. My little thatched cottage having no window, the door was always open, to admit light during the day; they were thereby frequently encouraged to come in, with solicitations to see some pictures I had brought from England, and drawings I had made of African animals, flowers, trees, etc.

They seemed highly diverted when they discovered any of the animals or flowers with which they were acquainted; and I was no less so, when I had said something, in my bad Dutch, which was unintelligible to them, to see them shake their heads, saying, "they did not *hear* me;" meaning they did not understand me.

I had upon one occasion an opportunity of discovering considerable talents in a Hottentot boy, which attached me much to him. Though Hooge Kraal is only

four miles from the Indian Ocean, little of it is seen from the settlement, owing to the high land which forms the cliffy beach. I only heard of one place where the sea was at all accessible, for a range of many miles, from the height of the perpendicular cliffs, and the almost impenetrable thicket of shrubs which grew on their summits. This place was a small bay, called Shell Bay, only about a quarter of a mile wide, formed by a rocky cliff, ending in a reef of rock, running into the ocean on each side. In this little bay the ocean retires about one hundred yards from the shore during part of every month. The people of Pacaltsdorp frequently embrace those opportunities to collect shells on the beach, which they burn, and thus make excellent lime. A party setting out on an expedition of this kind, I took the opportunity of accompanying them, in order to examine this bay, of the beauty of which I had heard much.

At length we approached near enough the ocean to hear the roar of its mighty waves, dashing against the shore: but no part of it was visible during the journey of about five miles, till we had descended by a steep winding path, among trees,

almost to the beach, when a romantic miniature bay, all at once, came into view, having a fine look-out to the Indian Ocean. Though the day was calm, and delightful sunshine, yet, owing to the swell of the sea constantly on those shores, the waves were about four feet in perpendicular height, and fell, with interesting grandeur, in succession on the sandy shore.

The Hottentots divided themselves into little parties, each choosing those parts which to them appeared most plentifully strewed over with shells, which, in storms, had been cast ashore from the bosom of the ocean, many of which had probably been brought by currents and tempests from the Indies, Pacific Ocean, etc. These they collected into heaps, and appeared striving which party would soonest raise their heap to the standard. No situation could be more retired from the rest of the world; for nothing more was seen from it than the interesting bay itself, lined with cliffs, almost concealed by the evergreen trees which grew everywhere upon them; and the interminable ocean in front, the snowy spray from whose waves formed a pleasing contrast with

the towering green cliffs by which it was nearly surrounded.

The varieties and beauties of this lower world, though inhabited by rebels against its Creator, are many, great, and marvellous; and most plainly declare his glory, his wisdom, his power, and his goodness. The ocean, also, no less than the land, proves the glory of his perfections. In the sea in front of this very bay might have been found an endless variety of animals, from the gigantic whale down to the smallest animalcule, and all fulfilling some purpose, though utterly unconscious thereof.

When fatigued by their labours, the Hottentots amused themselves by advancing as near as they could to the foaming billows, then taking to their heels, they endeavoured to reach the shore before the billows could overtake them, which afforded them much sport on outrunning them. When tired of their sport, they repaired to a beautiful patch of grass, under the overspreading branches and thick foliage of a charming evergreen tree, where they kindled a fire, and cooked a portion of the victuals they had brought with them.

The sun began nearly to reach the end of its course before I discovered it, being so intent upon examining the variety of shells, flowers, trees, rocks, etc.; but on noticing that the shadows of the evening were everywhere visible, I inquired of the Hottentots when they meant to return home. To my surprise, I learned they were to remain for several days, till they had collected a sufficient quantity of shells for the purpose intended. Having neither house, hut, nor tent, they meant to sleep in their sheepskins under the bushes.

When wondering how I should find my way home, a Hottentot boy, about eleven years of age, arrived with two horses, one for me, and the other for himself, and wearing only a small sheepskin over his shoulders.

On reaching the top of the ascent from the sea, he began to ask me a variety of questions, in so lively and friendly a way, that I became quite pleased with him. He wished to know how I got across the river, on foot, in the morning, which was so deep. Having observed me fatigued by my walk in the morning, he kindly inquired if I was well, and if I could eat. He told me he could read; but when I

asked if he could write, he most significantly shook his head, and answered, No. On coming to a steep descent, he proposed that we should walk the horses; and when we came to a still steeper part, he advised me to dismount, and offered to lead both horses down, which he did in a clever manner. When I asked him how many days there were in a week, he said, Six. When I told him there were seven, he said, Yes, but that includes Zondag, or Sunday. When I asked him who was the Saviour of the soul, he said he did not know; but I judged from his countenance that he did not understand my Dutch. I felt anxious to bring this boy to England, but, on inquiry, I found he was a half-caste Hottentot, his mother only being a Hottentot. I made him a present of a clasp-knife, as a reward for his trouble, with which he seemed greatly pleased.

Hearing that a young Hottentot had just been bit by a serpent, I called to see him. Poor boy! he was greatly alarmed lest he should die; for death is the king of terrors everywhere, except among those who have obtained mercy from God, through faith in Christ Jesus, to whom

they have fled for refuge from sin and wrath to come. The wound was on the side of his foot, and he felt the poison paining him to about four inches above the wound. He said the serpent was a small one; that he had trod\* upon it, and it bit him among the grass. He was surrounded by Hottentot women, who all seemed concerned about what might be the issue. A white kidney bean was sticking fast to the wounded part, which they said would stick so long as poison remained in the wound, sucking the poison to it. They had also tied a cord very tight round his leg, a little below the knee; and had his foot standing in warm water, with which a woman kept rubbing his leg downwards. The boy's parents were from home, and these kind attentions were paid to him by the neighbours; and God crowned their endeavours with his blessing, for the little fellow recovered.

Sin has poisoned our natures, and

\* The chief danger from serpents arises from treading on them while walking among long grass, where they cannot be easily distinguished. In allusion to this hinderance to rapid travelling, Christ assures his apostles they might tread on serpents, and they should not injure them.

brought a train of evils along with it. Our nature received the mortal sting in paradise from him who, in the Bible, is called the old serpent and the devil, who to this day exerts all his power to prevent our receiving a cure. Were parents as anxious and industrious in the use of means for extracting the poison of the old serpent from the souls of their children, as these Hottentots were for saving the life of this boy, with the blessing of God, more would be saved from destruction than we generally hear of.

During the many visits I had from the young people, to view the pictures from Europe, there was a little boy about ten years of age, whose mild manners attracted my notice. On bringing him to Mr. M——, the missionary at the station, I found that his name was Paul, son of Dikkop, late chief of the Hottentots of Hooge Kraal, the same who had petitioned me on my former visit, to endeavour to obtain a missionary to instruct him and his people. Mr. M—— spoke very favourably of the mildness and good behaviour of the boy. Finding him very willing to go with me to England for education, we sent for his mother, in

order to obtain her consent to his going; who, immediately on hearing my proposal, laconically answered, "I cannot part with my child." Various reasons were stated to her why she ought to part with him for a season, to all which she gave the same answer, "I cannot part with my child." On inquiring of her, a few days after, if she had thought upon the proposal I had made to her regarding her son Paul going to England, she made no reply, but fled from the mission-house as if it had been in flames. We all admired her attachment to her son. So I left Pacaltsdorp without having obtained a young Hottentot.

On visiting another missionary station in the Hottentot country, I was pleased with the appearance of a young Hottentot belonging to it, and asked him if he would accompany me to England, the country from whence the missionaries came. He immediately leaned with his back to a wall, put his hands on his face, and after looking at us through his fingers for some time, he said, "No, I cannot go!" We sent to his father, who was herding cattle at a distance, to inquire if he was willing his son should go to England for education. He said he was willing if his wife

consented. The mother was then sent for, and asked the same question. She immediately looked at her son, who was playing near us. Her eye indicated the affection of her heart to him; covering her eyes with one hand, while the other arm hung trembling at her side, she stooped forward, and, with a maternal smile on her lips, and plaintive voice, said "Mynheer, ik kan niet doen het; Ik kan niet doen het;" or, "Sir, I cannot do it; I cannot do it;" which she continued to repeat till she gladly left us.

Failing to obtain that boy, another Hottentot was sent for, who had also a son at a proper age, who was asked if he was willing to allow his son to go to England for education. At once he consented, and despatched a messenger to bring the boy from a farmer's about five miles distant. The father could not wait the arrival of his son, being engaged to drive a wagon to Cape Town for some person. We remained till five o'clock in the evening, and there being no appearance of the boy, we put the oxen to our wagons, and were on the eve of departing, when the little fellow arrived. He

was immediately asked if he was willing to go to England, the country from whence the missionaries came, to be taught good things. We all felt for the poor boy, as he had not one friend to consult, his mother being dead, and his father gone to the Cape. He stood motionless for some time, covering his eyes with his left hand, slyly peeping at us through his fingers, repeating, "I know not, I know not." We told him his father was willing he should go: however, he still said, "I know not;" but a person standing near whispered something to him, on which he cheerfully said, "I will go." On inquiring the cause of so speedy an alteration, I found the person had said, "Kleinveld," which was his name, "if you go with that gentleman, you will get fine clothes, and tea-water, and plenty of victuals." A person then desired him to run and get into the foremost wagon. He took leave of no one, took nothing with him but his little sheepskin cloak, never looked back, but hastily got into the wagon, and immediately fell fast asleep.

Next day he attached himself to me, and became quite familiar, attending me on my walks while the wagons were halting,

carrying the flowers I collected. He began, also, to leave the luggage-wagon, and to mount mine, as if in play, and at length ventured inside, and took his seat at my feet, while I was writing, amusing himself with some small land tortoises, making them run about by scratching their shelly backs with his nails. His expectations regarding his condition in England soon began to rise; for on the third day after leaving his home he told a little girl, that on coming to England, he should have a horse, and a stable, and he should brush the horse, and ride upon it. He sometimes would bring me flowers, which he had picked up at little distances from the wagons, and tell me the Hottentot names for them, in consequence of observing me frequently examining such flowers with some attention.

I observed his confidence in me to increase after every meal that he received. During a walk, he showed me the fruit of a flower, part of which, he said, had been eaten by a serpent. For the first time, he sang as he walked. He asked me if he should get an A B C book at the Cape, and if he should get a horse in England, which seemed to be the summit of his

ambition. He then asked me some questions about a ship, which he had not yet seen. When he learned that there was plenty of victuals in ships, all his inquiries were satisfied. During the walk he collected a nosegay, which he said he should carry to the Cape.

11.—On drawing near to Cape Town, Kleinveld was surprised to see a ship, full sail, just coming to anchor in Table Bay. He immediately inquired if that was “the wagon” that was to take him over the sea to England.

On arriving at Cape Town, Kleinveld was very glad to meet with his father. I was pleased to see the anxiety of the father for the welfare of his son. He requested me to write to the missionary at his place as soon as I knew when his son should sail, and afterwards how his son got to England; and that, besides education, he wished him to be taught a trade; and with great simplicity asked me to send him once over to Africa during the period of his education, that he might himself see the progress he made; having no idea of the great distance, nor the expense, nor the loss of time which it would occasion.

After remaining some weeks in Cape

Town, Kleinveld accompanied me on a journey of ten months into the interior of that country. He left Cape Town in great spirits, though he had no idea where we were going; but having found by experience that sufficient victuals were daily allowed to him, he cared about nothing else. He sometimes assisted in driving the cattle and sheep, and sometimes in watching them while feeding.

When halting at Stellenbosh, a town about twenty-six miles from Cape Town, a poor Mosambique slave complained to me of Kleinveld, that he had destroyed some unripe melons. "Had they been ripe, and he had eat them," said he, "I should have thought nothing of it, but when they could be of no use, it was wicked to destroy them: but Hottentots are not good, they are not industrious. The Mosambique man do what master bid him; but Hottentot sleep, and not work."

Kleinveld kept his eyes fixed on the ground during this speech by the poor black man, which was delivered with great fluency and earnestness. He was reprimanded for his conduct, and desired never to be guilty of the like again.

About a hundred miles higher up the

country, when travelling along the Hex river, a Bootshuana man who accompanied us, and who took his turn in driving the loose cattle, brought Kleinveld before me in the evening, and sharply reproved him, in broken Dutch, for having left him to drive the oxen alone, and ran forward to the wagon to sleep; adding, "You Hottentot, when you come among the wild Bushmen, they will not treat you so tenderly as these good people do; they will lash you, and make you work." In his defence Kleinveld said, "I am master's boy, not your boy." On which I told him, that those who will not work, the word of God said, they should not eat; which made him look very downcast; however, in a few minutes, he fell fast asleep under a bush near the fire.

I found next morning that we were halting at a very tempting situation for boys, for at the side of our wagons was a very extensive orchard, uninclosed, covered with trees, laden with chestnuts, walnuts, figs, peaches, apricots, nectarines, mulberries, oranges, lemons, apples, pears, etc. most of which were perfectly ripe, and delightful to look upon. It was not long before this scene attracted the particular

attention of my Kleinveld and another Kleinveld, older and taller than him, who was one of our ox-wagon leaders, and who was generally distinguished by the name of Black, or Great Kleinveld. These two boys darted into the orchard, and were not content with pulling fruits which were within their reach from the ground, and for pulling which they would not have been found fault with by the proprietor, if they had asked permission; but my Kleinveld mounted a large pear tree, each branch of which was loaded with pears, while the other boy remained under to receive the fruit he might throw down from the tree. While thus employed, the branch on which he stood gave way, and both came to the ground. The proprietor complained, and both the boys were punished.

Kleinveld generally attended our morning and evening worship in the tent, and sometimes seemed to listen with attention to the Scriptures read and the address given, but seemed much disinclined to acquire the knowledge of the alphabet.

One morning about this time, I tried to teach our Bootshuana to name the letters in a very short word of six letters.

After going over these few letters ten or twelve times, he was as unable to name one of them as when we began. From the manner in which he laughed while thus employed, it evidently appeared to him a ridiculous amusement, as he had not the least conception of the importance of being able to read; and as I did not know his language, I could not explain it to him.

On the 11th, observing the footsteps of lions in various parts near our halting place in the evening, Kleinveld was very active in assisting to collect wood for making fires to frighten them away during the night; but as Hottentots are unable to keep awake in order to feed the fires, they only protect during the early part of the night. Indeed, they sleep so soundly, that one would suppose that though all the lions in Africa were roaring at their ears, it would hardly awake them. In hot weather, I have little doubt, that Kleinveld could have slept three and twenty hours out of the four and twenty.

As we expected to reach the village of Beaufort the next day, I desired Kleinveld to make himself as clean as he could. The dirt was so ingrained in his jacket by

frequent sleeping on the ground, that his brushing made *little* alteration in its appearance, nor did he seem to care whether it did or not.

After crossing the wild Bushman and Griqua countries, we came to the city of Lattakoo, in the Matchappee country, which we left April 11, 1820, to explore three countries beyond it, namely, the Tammaha, Mashow, and Marootzee countries. When all was prepared for departure, I was amused by seeing Kleinveld fearlessly standing in the front of the luggage-wagon, shaking hands with all the children, and bidding them farewell.

In the Griqua country, when returning to the colony of Good Hope, observing Kleinveld travelling without any clothing, I inquired what had become of his trowsers. With a downcast countenance, he said he had forgotten them at Griqua Town. He had previously lost his cap in one country, his sheepskin cloak in the Bushman country, and the dogs in the Mashow country had eaten his shoes while he slept, so that he had nothing more to leave behind him anywhere, having now lost his last piece of dress; nor could any article be procured for him till we should

reach the first town within the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, which was then distant about a month's journey. After having related his misfortunes, he walked off perfectly satisfied and cheerful, whistling as he went. In the evenings, having no cloak to sleep in, he used to creep into the tent-sack, and be fast asleep in five minutes. Many Hottentots cannot be at the trouble to think, or reflect, which is a great hinderance to their improvement and comfort.

A singular escape of a Bushman child from being devoured by a lion, was reported to have happened about this time. The child was only four years of age, and was sleeping beside its parents, in a half open hut. About midnight, the child awoke, and sat by a dull fire. The father happening to awake about the same time, looked at his child, and while he looked, a lion came to the opposite side of the fire. The child not knowing what the lion was, was not afraid, but spoke to him, and sportingly threw live cinders at him; on which the lion snarled, and approached nearer, when the child seized a burning stick, and playfully thrust it into his mouth, which made him scamper off

as fast as he could run. The father witnessed all this, but was afraid to interfere, lest he himself, as well as his child, should have been torn to pieces by the ferocious animal; but his child's feat attached him to it more strongly than ever.

On reaching Graaf Reinet, the highest up-town in the colony, Kleinveld was almost in an ecstasy of joy, because every street was lined with a row of lemon-trees on each side, loaded with ripe fruit; and multitudes of orange-trees appearing in the same beautiful state, in the gardens behind and between the houses. Indeed, it was the glory of the season for those kinds of fruit; and nothing terrestrial could appear more enchanting to the human eye, especially during the vivid sunshine. It was not the beauty, however, that afforded to Kleinveld the most pleasure—it was the eating of them.

Kleinveld was diverted by our meeting some Hottentot females with their faces painted as black with soot as sweep boys in England. They did not do this as ornamental, but to preserve their faces from the effects of the sun: but the sight was novel, as all faces we had seen far in the interior were painted with red.

Some weeks after arriving at Cape Town, a letter came from a missionary, stating that Kleinveld's father considered himself dying of a consumption, and was very anxious that I should send back his boy to him, which I did without delay. The boy seemed to consider it a matter of indifference whether he went to England with me, or home to his father. This easiness or indifference of temper is shown in most young Hottentots I have seen.

About the time that Kleinveld was taken from me, a wagon arrived from Bethelsdorp, which had halted on the way at Pacaltsdorp (formerly Hooge Kraal.) The mother of Paul Dikkop, the little boy whom I had first wished to take to England, told the missionary she had repented her refusal of my proposal to take her boy to England, and begged him to take Paul with him to Cape Town, and offer him to me for that purpose. Thus the very boy whom I had been first anxious to obtain was sent to me.

On the 15th of February, 1821, the ship *Castle Forbes*, from India, which had touched for a few days at Cape Town, to put ashore some passengers, and to take in a supply of fresh provisions, was

appointed to sail to England, and I had taken my passage in her. In the morning I found Paul, the Hottentot, through the kind attention of Mrs. Philip, in complete readiness to depart. I could not but wonder at his apathy; for he appeared to leave his country with as much unconcern as if he had been to return in half an hour. While in the boat, he scarcely ever looked back to the land he was leaving, but was wholly intent upon the vessel to which we were sailing.

When the bustle and confusion connected with setting sail from a port had subsided, Paul became an object of considerable interest to all on board, only because he was a Hottentot; and he was particularly so to all the seamen.

He was delighted with the food which he had daily allotted to him; it was so superior, both in quality and quantity, to what he had been accustomed to at home from his infancy. From this circumstance, and the kind attention paid to him on board, especially by the sailors, he felt perfectly at home, and was always in good spirits. On the third day, he was attacked by sea-sickness, when all his fine spirits forsook him; he lost all

inclination for playing about the deck, and was only desirous to lounge or lie in corners, or among coils of ropes; but what seemed most to surprise him was, his inability to eat good victuals, owing, perhaps, to his never having before experienced the least failure of appetite.

When the sailors were trying to make him eat something savoury, he only put it to his mouth, but could not swallow it. I asked him if he knew why he could not eat such nice food. He said he did not know. One asked him if it was anything sticking in his throat, that prevented the food going down. He seriously told him he did not know, but intimated, by the expression of his countenance, that he was as much astonished at the circumstance as they seemed to be. The sickness passing away, Paul resumed his spirits and playfulness.

Paul had never been possessor of a shirt till the day we left the Cape of Good Hope. At the proper time, I desired him to put on a clean one; but leaving the dirty one on the floor of my cabin, a wave soon after rushed through the small window, which drenched with water various articles, among the rest the Hottentot's

shirt. On desiring him to take it on deck to dry, misunderstanding me, and supposing that a shirt was of no more use when dirty, he pressed it into the form of a ball, and threw it into the sea. The sailors observing what he had done, made sport of it, calling him a gentleman Hottentot, who would not wear a shirt twice. However, when the matter was explained to him, he never repeated the action, which had been done from ignorance.

A lady from Bombay kindly furnishing soap which could be used with sea water, Paul and another boy, of his own age, (an English boy, who was also under my care,) had a regular weekly wash of their own articles during the remainder of the voyage.

Though no land had been seen, except the small island of St. Helena at which we touched, for almost a quarter of a year, to our astonishment, the Hottentot never once expressed the least surprise that we were so long coming to the land to which I had promised to take him. Indeed, he seemed so contented with his situation, that he probably would not have complained even if we had sailed round the world.

I left the ship in a pilot-boat, about eighteen hours before we came in sight of England, in order to reach London in time for the annual meeting of the Missionary Society. In the hurry to get ready to go into the boat, I entirely forgot the little Hottentot, but he had been watching the whole affair, and when I was ready to leave the ship, I found he had hastily dressed himself, and packed up a small parcel, which he carried under his arm, and was ready to step into the boat with me. When I told him that he was to remain in the ship till it should bring him to the place where I lived, and where I should meet him, he seemed full of terror, and screamed loudly. I had explained the matter to the English boy, who was under my care; I therefore desired him to look at James, and he would see he was not weeping. He immediately went up to James, and narrowly inspected both his eyes. On finding that there was not a single tear in either of them, he was satisfied, became silent, and returned to our cabin with his parcel.

It was almost a fortnight after my arrival in London before I had notice that the ship was expected to get up the

Thames to Blackwall. I went to the ship, and when Paul saw me come on board for him, he was greatly delighted; for the scene on board had become very dull, in consequence of all the passengers, with their servants, and about a dozen of children from India, having left the ship. He was soon dressed, and his box packed and standing ready to descend to the boat which I had brought with me to take him to Blackwall.

The change was so great, from three months' confinement on board a ship, to traverse the streets of such a city as London, in the evening, illuminated with gas, and all kinds of vehicles moving along, with crowds of passengers, that he seemed quite bewildered, noticing hardly anything particularly, but gazing strangely around him, as if he had at once fallen into a new world.

James, his chief companion on board the ship, though an English boy, spoke the Dutch language very well. This being the only language Paul understood, his company was rather an obstruction to his acquiring the English. However, notwithstanding this, though he did not know a single word of English when he

came on board, before he saw land he could speak it tolerably well, chiefly by means of frequently playing with the children from India. This fact shows that even Hottentots are far from being destitute of talents. The first English words which he was heard to speak were, "Dinner is ready," which he one day, when near the Equator, called to the cabin passengers, after hearing the dinner bell ring, in imitation of the steward.

Many surrounding friends came to see him soon after his arrival, who generally expressed surprise at the manner in which the black wool grew on his head, the singularity of his features, etc., but he never appeared to take the least notice of their surprise, nor did he seem either elated or depressed by their commendations of him as a fine boy, a good boy, a clever boy, etc., which were too frequently spoken in his hearing.

When we got a little settled, he was desired to repeat, after another, parts of Scripture, psalms, hymns, etc., in order to fix them in his memory. He did not relish this kind of exercise, for he said it made him so tired. The natural mind of man is carnal; it understandeth not, nor

does it know the value of the things revealed by the Spirit of God.

There were no persons Paul was so delighted to see, as the poor chimney sweepers, whom he called "kimney mans," evidently owing to their being black. He could not comprehend how there was a constant succession of young chimney sweeps; for he one day said, "When all the little kimney mans are great kimney mans, what will you do then?"

When the history of Ananias and Sapphira was related to him, of their being struck dead by the power of God for telling a lie, he inquired, "If dat womans not live before all de waters come upon de world?" Being asked, why he thought so, "Because," said he, "she was so very wicked, and de waters did come to kill de wicked peoples;" evidently referring to the destruction of the world by water in the days of Noah.

Being desired to repeat a verse of a hymn which begins with, "My Bible says that Jesus died;" instead of immediately repeating it, he said, "You know me has not got a Bible;" meaning, one that he could call his own.

For a considerable time after being in

England, he had formed no correct idea how people obtained money. We discovered this by his having asked a person for money, who told him he had not got any to give him. "Oh," said he, "why don't you go to de money-man in London, where Mr. Campbell gets de money." On being asked who that person was who had money to give away so freely? "It is the man that makes the money: he will give you plenty. Dere is a gentleman in de Cape [of Good Hope] dat gives every peoples money."

He had no idea of difference of rank amongst men, for he would speak as respectfully to a drayman driving his cart, as to the gentleman sitting in his carriage. However, he did not wish to be a servant, but said he would be a gentleman, and his reason evidently was, because he expected, in that case, an exemption from labour, forgetting that he had found 'head-work' to be very hard.

Hottentots in general have naturally, perhaps, as little emulation as any nation under the sun, yet Paul certainly had some. Returning from school one day in the October after his arrival, having been raised to the third class, he seemed

delighted at his advancement. "Oh!" said he, his eyes sparkling with joy, "I am so glad I have got into the first class."

The ancient Hottentots certainly had very filthy habits, though perhaps, not more filthy than many of the inhabitants in some of our narrow lanes in London. The change to the better, in most of the modern race of Hottentots, is very considerable. As for Paul, he was remarkably particular as to cleanliness in his food. Had he observed any one use a spoon or a mug, it must have been washed before he would use it. The servant once gave a beggar some beer in a mug he had been accustomed to drink out of. Immediately after the beggar was gone, Paul said, "Now, Jane, that is my jug, but I shall not drink out of it any more!" which was carrying his cleanliness to an extreme.

A young friend of mine, (Miss Mary Meikle,) only five years of age, arrived from India, and remained two or three months in the house with him. Though in general she treated him kindly, she would sometimes speak contemptuously to him, calling him a dirty black boy. Nevertheless, he continued to be very

fond of her, and was truly sorry when she left the house to go to her grandmother in Scotland. His affection for her continued long after she had left us, which he showed even a year after, by expending two shillings of his own money in purchasing a little present to be sent to her.

During the first summer and autumn he was in England, he eagerly longed for the winter, that he might see people walking upon water, which the boys at school assured him he should then see; but from the mildness of the winter there was no ice, which greatly disappointed him, and perhaps led him to doubt the truth of the report.

He was always pleased to hear read or related to him any of the historical parts of Scripture, especially the miracles of Jesus Christ, and the account given of his last sufferings and death, for the redemption of a lost world. He would sit with stillness and evident interest, as long as we chose to continue narrating, with the living voice, those wonderful facts; and would frequently ask simple questions as to what he had been hearing, which we viewed as an evidence that he felt interested in them.

It was a long time before he could remember any thing of the sermons he had heard. He began by remembering single words, such as God, Christ, Jesus, etc. ; after which he would recollect part of a verse that had been quoted by the minister, but seldom a sentiment or remark. However, when he was able to repeat any thing he had heard, he seemed highly gratified. No doubt, his imperfect knowledge of the English language rendered it more difficult for him to understand a regular discourse, being most conversant with boyish conversational language. When he recollected nothing, he was sometimes asked if he had ears to hear ; on which he would put up his hands to feel if he had ears, and, finding he had ears like other people, with a very pleasant smile he would confess he had ears, but could give no reason why he could not remember sermons, and yet was able to relate any droll story told him by his companions ; not being aware of the depravity of the heart, which naturally relishes trifles far more than all-important truths.

Soon after his arrival in England, he

was put to the Kingsland day school, which is taught according to the Lancasterian method. The progress he made during the first year of his attendance is stated in a letter from his master, an extract of which is subjoined.

“ I am happy to bear testimony to the good behaviour of Paul, and I think I may to his general improvement, as his exertions and acquirements, during the short time he has been with us, have been quite equal to any European youth in the school. He manifests great ambition; in fact, it requires some management to keep his emulation within due bounds. He has generally been the first boy through all the classes he has passed. I think his improvement will bear a comparison with any of the boys from Madagascar who are now at the Borough school. Some of them excel him in writing, but he reads as well as most of them. He has passed through our first five classes in eleven months; which we reckon very fair improvement: few boys would be able to do more in that period. It must be taken into consideration, that he was entirely unacquainted with the language, and it is

rather wonderful to observe the correct ideas he forms concerning the meaning of words.

“ I think about the 5th of last November, I was hearing him his lesson, when he had to spell the word *make*. I asked him the meaning of it, or whether he ever made any thing. He said, ‘ Yes, charcoal.’ ‘ Charcoal!’—‘ Yes.’ ‘ How did you make charcoal?’—I put a piece of stick into fire, and burnt it, and then scraped it with a knife.’—‘ And for what purpose?’—‘ I put it into a piece of paper to make squibs.’ It seems that he and a school-fellow had amused themselves previous to the 5th of November in this manufacture.”

After leaving Kingsland school he was boarded at the Borough-road school, along with the Madagascar youths, who were sent over from that island for their education. To show his talent for letter-writing during his residence at that seminary, I shall insert a letter which he wrote to me when I was travelling in Ireland.

“ Sir,

“ Miss Bower hath fetched me from the Borough-road school to your house,

and I was very glad; and I hope you are very well, and Mary. I should like to see her, I hope she can read well.

“I have saw in the newspaper that the Portuguese hath beaten the French; though the Portuguese are a little city, they have beaten them. We have one French man and one Portuguese man in our school. I did ride here in the coach, because it rained.

“The two Madagascar boys are gone to Manchester to learn Latin and Greek. I was very sorrow when they went away.

“I go to Mr. Hill’s chapel in the morning, and St. George’s church in the afternoon. I hope that when you come home that you will fetch me here again; for Joseph and Samuel are very glad to see me. The thieves have been stealing the apples in the garden.

“I remain, sir,

“Yours, respectfully,

“PAUL DIKKOP.

“*Shacklewell, Aug. 2, 1823.*”

From his arrival in England to the month of April, 1824, Paul enjoyed excellent health, and all fears about his standing the climate were gone. In that

month, however, he began to complain of a pain in his side ; but it was not until the beginning of the June following that we began to entertain any serious fears concerning him. At that time he was brought home to us, by the son of the late Dr. Vanderkemp, from the school where he had been boarded upwards of a year. He was very poorly indeed, but we hoped the change of air, and constant attention to all his wants, might be blessed of God to the restoration of his health ; but instead of this, we were sorry to observe the disease increasing, and his strength gradually declining.

From the nature of his disorder, he constantly felt such languor and depression on his spirits, it seemed troublesome to him to speak. His patience, however, surprised us all. Not a complaint or murmur came from his lips during the whole of his three months' illness under our roof, unless the following might be considered a murmur, which he expressed one morning. When asked, How he had been during the night, poor little fellow ! he said, " He had had great pain during the night, and had prayed to Jesus to take it away, but he had not done it."

During the greater part of his illness, he said little to us, except in answer to questions put to him. A few of these are selected as samples of the whole.

Early in the morning of the last sabbath of July, I asked him if he was afraid to die. With great calmness he answered, No. Did he think he should go to Jesus? Yes. But he could not give a good reason why he thought so; and asked for some toast and water, for he said he was very thirsty. On handing it to him, he seemed much struck on being reminded of the rich man's request in hell, only for a single drop of water to cool his tormented tongue, yet none durst give it him, because he was doomed to endure the unmingled wrath of God for ever for his sins.

At another time, when he said he had not slept much, it was asked him, "If, in sleepless nights, he ever thought of his being a sinner against God?"—"Yes." "And of Jesus being the Saviour of sinners that come to him?"—"Yes." "Do you know that Jesus is always near to you, Paul?"—"Yes." "Do you pray to him?"—"Yes."

On another morning he was asked,

“Have you thought on Jesus during the night, Paul?”—“Yes.” “Do you love him?”—“Yes.” “Why do you love him?”—“Because he saves us.”

On being asked by a friend, “For whom Jesus Christ was crucified?”—“For sinners.” “What effect should this have on our minds, Paul?”—“To love him.” “What punishment does sin deserve?”—“Hell.” “What is the reason that all sinners are not saved?”—“Because they do not believe.” “What do they not believe?”—“They do not believe in Jesus.”

At another time: “Do you still think about Jesus, Paul?”—“Yes.” “What do you think of him?”—“He will save me.” “What makes you think he will save you?”—“Because he says so.” “What becomes of the soul after death?”—“It goes to heaven or hell.”

Having an engagement in Cornwall, on behalf of the Missionary Society, for two or three weeks, which could not be altered, I was, at the latter end of August, obliged, with great reluctance, to leave my little Hottentot, who had cheerfully trusted himself with me to the distance of nine or ten thousand miles from his home; nay, more, would have gone round

the world with me, if I had only asked him, without entertaining a single doubt as to the propriety of it. Often have I desired to be able to give up myself as simply, completely, and confidently to the support and guidance of God, as that boy gave himself up to me.

However, I left him among kind friends; my neighbours, Mr. Joseph Reyner and Mr. Robert Steven, kindly undertook to visit him as often they could. The former conversed and prayed with him the very night before he died, and the latter did the same in the morning. Also, three young ladies and the servant were indefatigable in their attentions to the wants of his body and soul, by night and day.

As Paul experienced a little revival before my departure, I fondly cherished the hope that I was not taking a final leave of him, but should see him again; nor did he seem to have the least suspicion, when I shook his hand for the last time, that we should not meet again till the coming of the Son of man to judge the world in righteousness.

For a few days after I left him, he was thought to be getting better, being

improved in spirits, and able to take more nourishment; but he again relapsed to great weakness, again had restless nights, and, from the painful state of his throat, found much difficulty in speaking. The first letter I received in Cornwall was written on the morning of the day he died, which stated that his mind seemed to be in perfect peace, trusting in Christ.

A day or two before he died, he was asked if he would rather live or die. Paul answered, that he would rather die.

Next day I received a letter from the late Mr. Robert Steven, intimating the death of my little boy. He made the following remark at the close of his friendly letter:—"Though Paul said but little, I think there is ground for hope that he has made a happy exchange. May his death be the means of awakening his companions and acquaintance, of his own age, to a serious concern about their salvation."

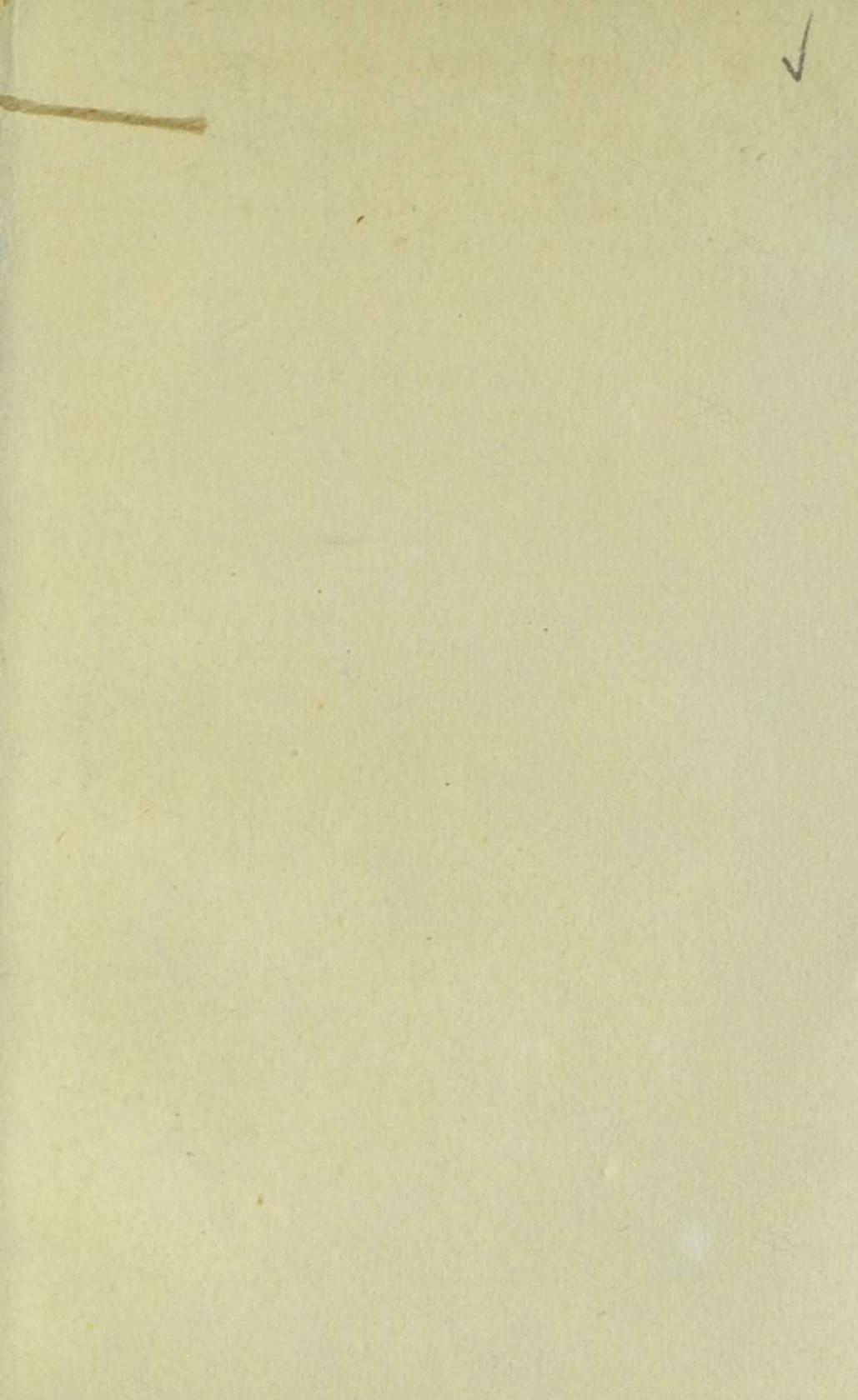
One trait in his character I must not forget to notice, THAT I NEVER KNEW HIM ONCE TO TELL AN UNTRUTH.

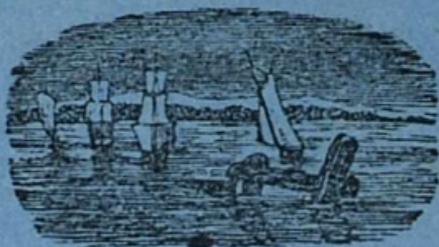
Thus all my prospects regarding Paul's future usefulness among his Hottentot countrymen in South Africa were at an end;

but I bowed to the Divine will, believing that the Judge of all the earth can do nothing but what is right; and that not one link in the chain of his wondrous plan of mercy to men is lost by the death of Paul Dikkop.

He died on Tuesday, the 14th of September, 1824, at twenty minutes past nine o'clock in the evening, aged about thirteen years.







WE'RE bound for yonder land,  
Where Jesus reigns supreme ;  
We leave the shore at his command,  
Forsaking all for him.

The perils of the sea,  
The rocks, the waves, the wind,  
Are small, whatever they may be,  
To those we leave behind.

The Lord himself will keep  
His people safe from harm ;  
Will hold the helm, and guide the  
ship,  
With his almighty arm.