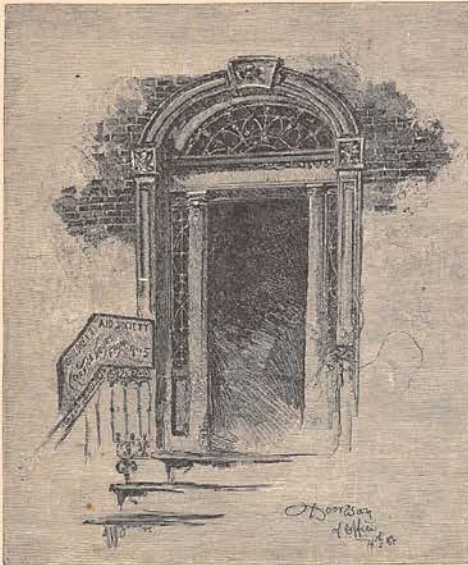


WOLF-REARED CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES L. BRACE.



ENTRANCE DOOR TO THE OFFICE OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

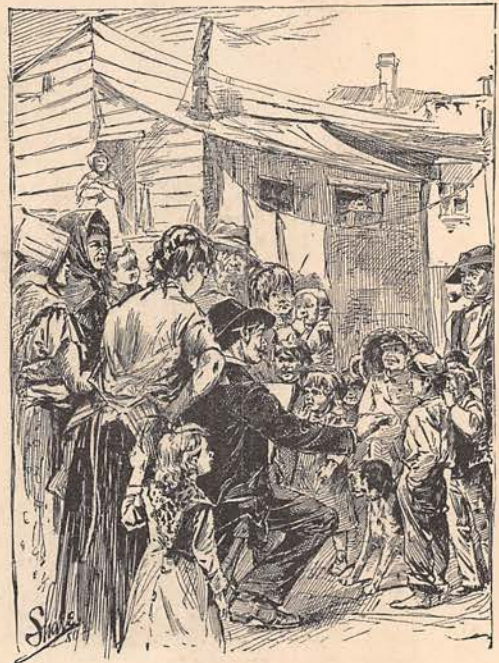
A TRAVELER who has recently journeyed in India, a man of science, Mr. V. Ball, gives an account of a very curious matter which before had been somewhat discussed by the celebrated scholar, Mr. Max Müller—that is, the history of “Wolf-reared Children.”

It appears that, in the province of Oude, the wolves are exceedingly destructive. They creep at night from the jungles and mountains into the villages of the poor people, and, crawling into the little huts, will often snatch the babe from the mother's arms, sometimes even without awaking her; or they will pick up an infant that has been left for a moment during the day by the hard-working mother. Wolves are said to have an especial appetite for young and tender infants, and so destructive are their ravages that, in one district mentioned by Mr. Ball, it is estimated that *one hundred* infants are carried off annually by wolves; and the business of smoking out wolves from their dens, in order to find the golden and other ornaments worn by the unfortunate babies, is an extensive and profitable one.

It seems that now and then a wolf captures and carries home an infant to his cubs, and that they do not at once eat the child; perhaps because they have recently eaten a kid or a lamb, or other food.

The baby probably suckles with the young wolves, and the mother-wolf comes to have a wild affection for the child, and he grows up with the wolf-cubs. At length, the mother-wolf is smoked out of her cave, or the cubs are killed or caught, or they are all hunted down, and the wild little human being is caught also—sometimes after he has lived six or eight years among his four-footed companions.

Mr. Ball saw two of these wild children in an orphan asylum at Sekandra, in Oude, and in different orphanages in India there have been others whose history was well known. At first they appear like wild beasts; they have no language, and only keep up a curious whine, creeping around on hands and feet like the young wolves, and smelling everything before eating it, as an animal does. For a time they will eat nothing but raw flesh, and they snatch eagerly at a bone, and gnaw it like a dog. Their hands and the skin of the



OUR ARTIST AMONG SOME WOLF-REARED CHILDREN.

knees are hard and callous from constant creeping, and the fore-arms of one whom Mr. Ball saw had become short from the same habit. A photograph* was made of one, who, with his open mouth and

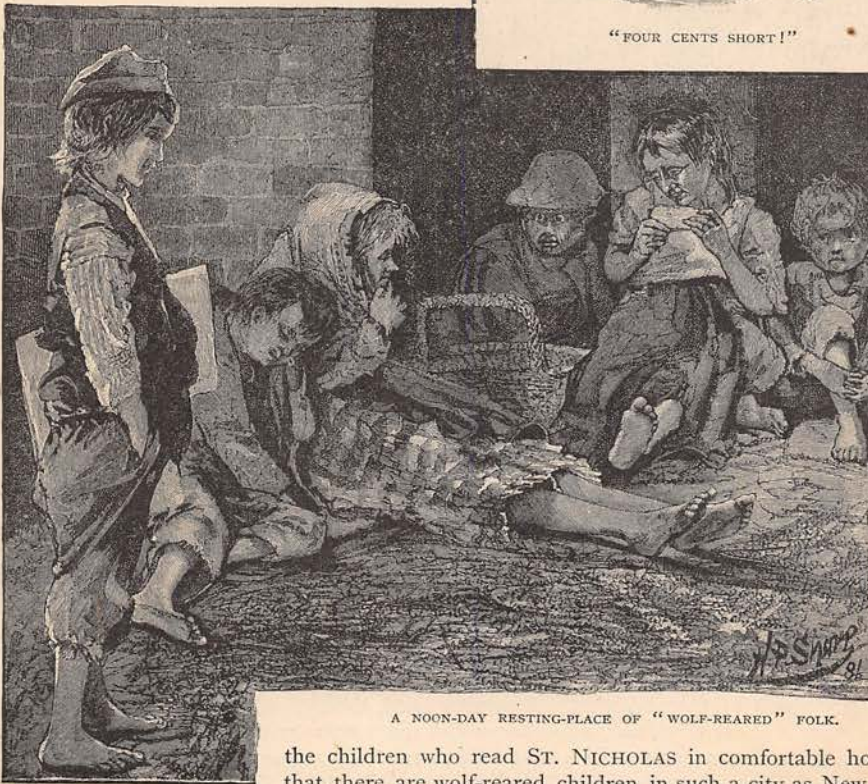
* “Jungle Life in India,” by V. Ball, of the Geological Survey of India. Page 459. London, 1880.

vacant expression, looks like an idiot. Rescued wolf-reared children have a constant desire to get back to the jungles, and to creep into holes, and they have not been able to learn much, nor to become used to civilized habits; and then, too, they die early. It is said, though for this we can not vouch, that when a wolf comes to a house where is a wolf-reared child, he seems to know it by its odor, and never harms it.

The wolf-child has no language; its morals and habits are wolfish; it has drawn into its body wolf-milk; it hates the dwellings and ways of men; it loves creeping instead of walking, and jungles and caves and the forest, rather than fields and cottages and houses. It is a wild beast, but with the brain and soul of a human being. The wolf-child of India has all the capacities and possibilities of any ordinary boy or girl. No doubt, if he were left with his step-mother, the wolf, his brain would make him more cunning than his wolf play-fellows, and he would show the savageness of the beast with the skill of the man. He would become the most dangerous wild animal—worse than tiger or leopard—of the Indian jungles.



"FOUR CENTS SHORT!"

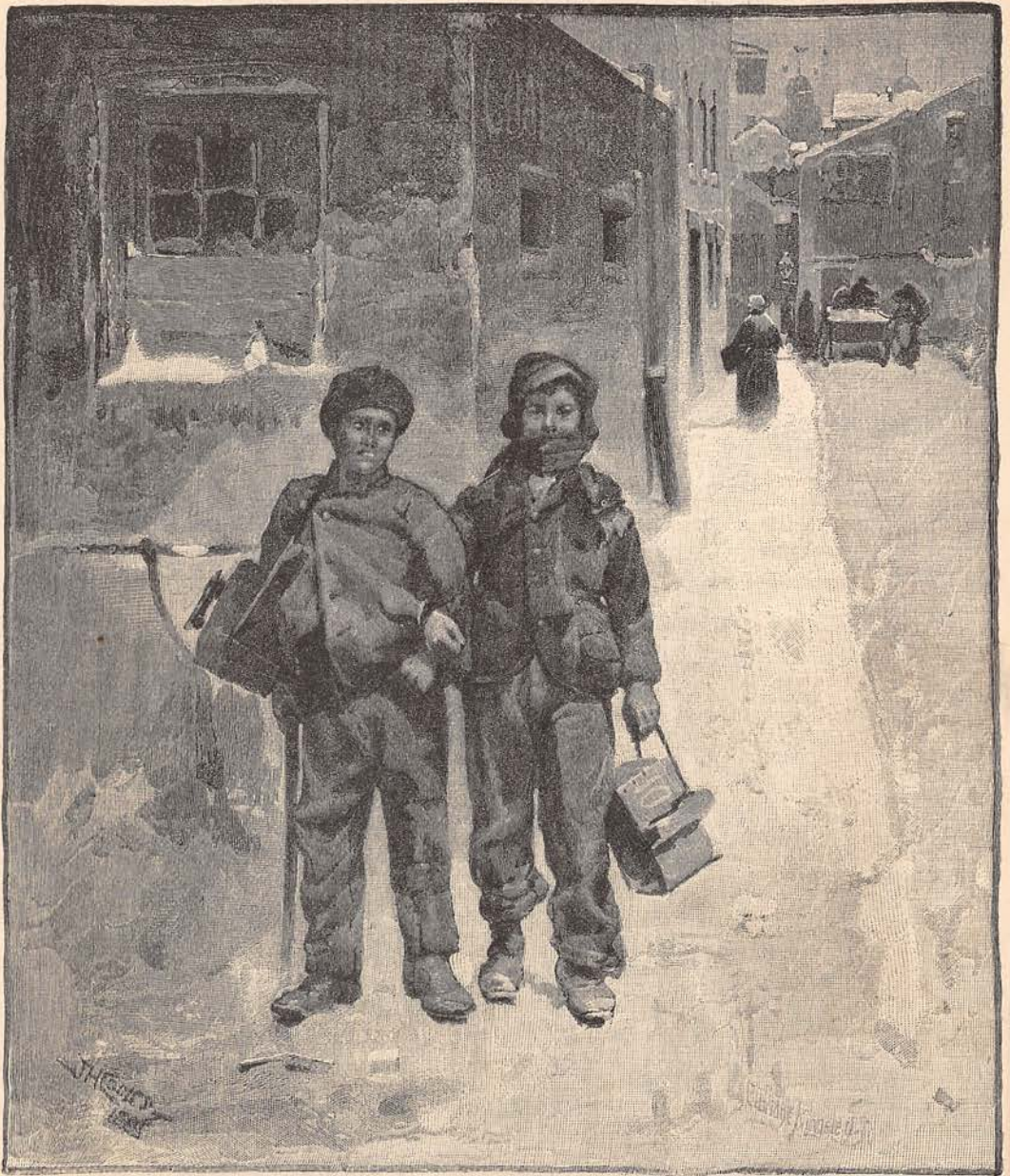


A NOON-DAY RESTING-PLACE OF "WOLF-REARED" FOLK.

Did
think

boys and girls who were born to hunger, and cruel treatment, and who live in miserable dens and holes; who are as ignorant of love and hope, and of the missions, and churches, and schools of this

the children who read ST. NICHOLAS in comfortable homes ever that there are wolf-reared children in such a city as New York?—



SWORN FRIENDS.

city as are the infants found in the wolves' dens of the mountains of Oude; who have been taught only in the schools of poverty, vice, and crime; whose ways are not our ways, and who have wolfish habits; whose brain makes them more cunning, more dangerous, than the animal, and who, if they grow up thus, will be more dangerous to this city than wolf or tiger to the villages of India.

But, fortunately for us, these children have not lost our language, like the poor babies of Oude, and, though wolves in human shape have brought them up to crime and sin, they can be saved and made into reasonable human beings.

Would you like to hear how this is done?

Well, here comes one of the wolf-reared children to the office of the Children's Aid Society, in

Fourth street, New York. He has no cap, but his tangled hair serves as a covering for his head; bright and cunning eyes look out from under the twisted locks; his face is so dirty and brown that you hardly know what the true color is; he has no shirt, but wears a ragged coat, and trousers out at the knees and much too large for him; he is bare-footed, of course. He is not at all a timid boy, small as he is, but acts as if nothing would ever upset his self-possession, whatever might happen. The benevolent Mr. Macy, who has been dealing with poor children for the last quarter of a century, meets him, and asks:

"Well, my boy, what do you want?"

"A home, please, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Haint got no name, sir; the boys calls me Pickety."

"Well, Pickety, where do you live?"

"Don't live nowhere, sir."

"But where do you stay?"

"I don't stay nowheres in the day-time, but

and jist now a cove has taken me in at the iron bridge at Harlem."

"Iron bridge! What do you mean?"

"Why, them holler iron things what holds the bridge up. He got it first, and he lets me in."

"Pickety, who is your father?"

"Haint got no father, sir; he died afore I knew, and me mither, she dranked and bate me, and we was put out by the landl'rd, and she died, and the City Hall buried her!" And something like a shadow came over the cunning blue eyes.

"Pickety, did you ever hear of God?"

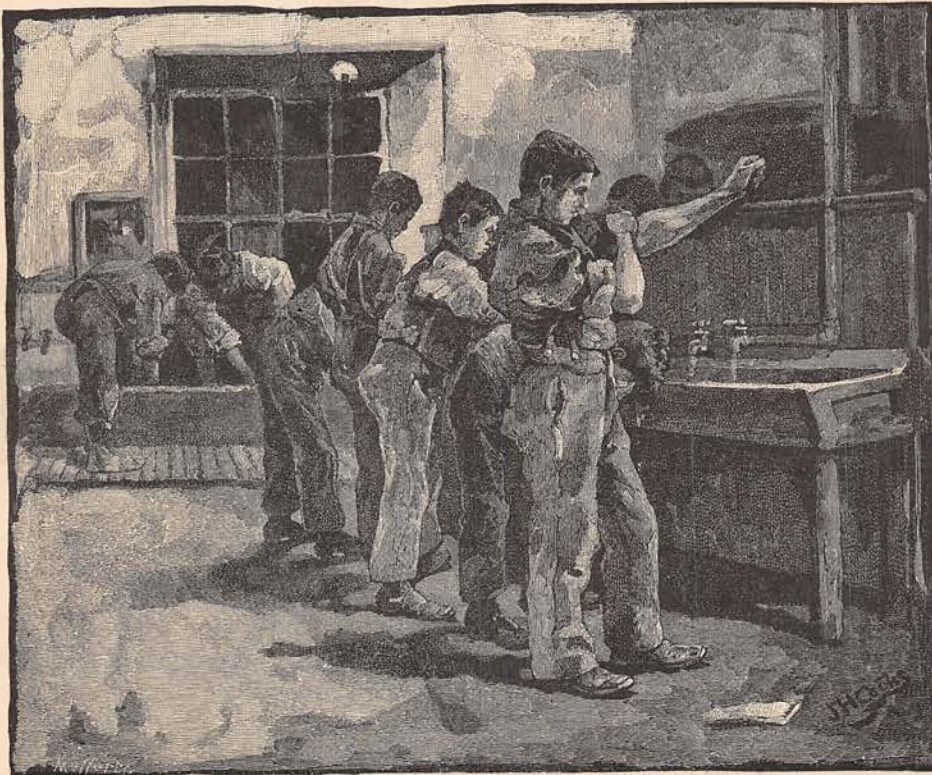
"Yes, sir; I have hearded the fellers swear about Him, and I know it's lucky to say something to Him when you sleep out in bad nights."

"Did you ever go to school, Pickety, or to church?"

"No, sir; I never went to no church nor school. I *should* kind o' like to learn somethin'!"

"Well, Pickety, we'll make a man of you, if you will only try. You will, I see!"

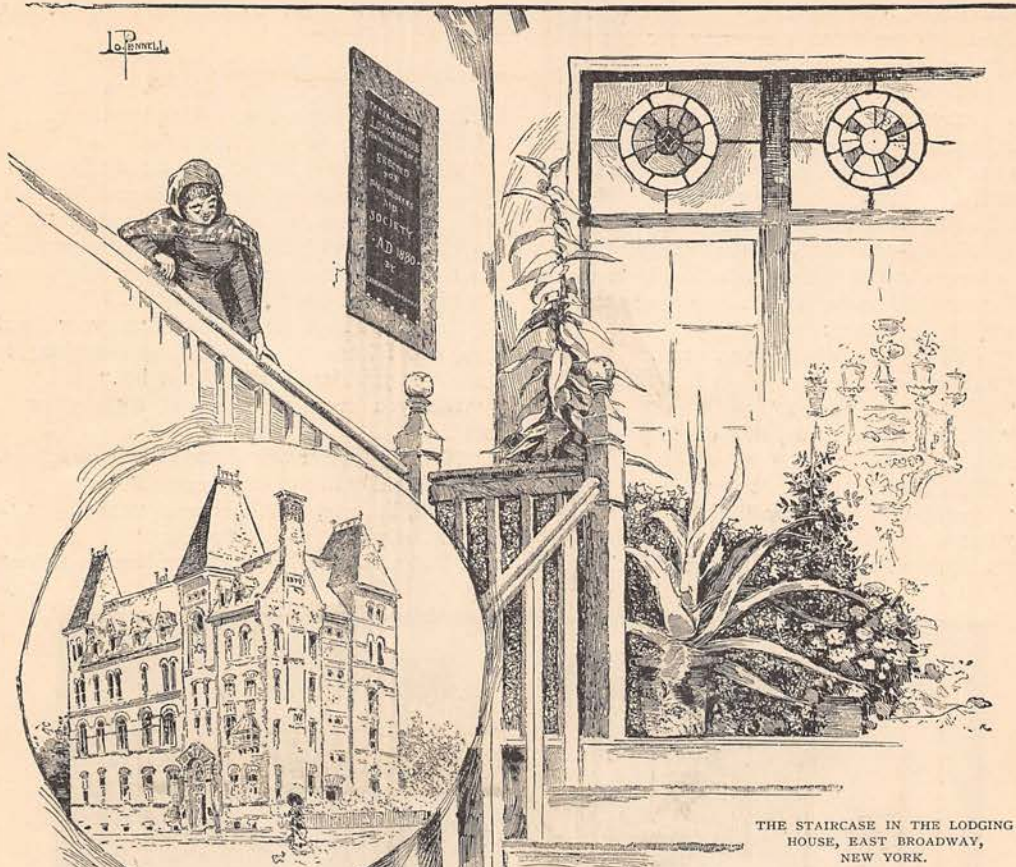
So Pickety is sent by Mr. Macy down to a clean,



THE EVENING TOILET.

I sleeps in hay-barges, sir, and sometimes in dry-goods boxes, and down on the steam-gratings in winter, till the M. P.'s [policemen] come along,

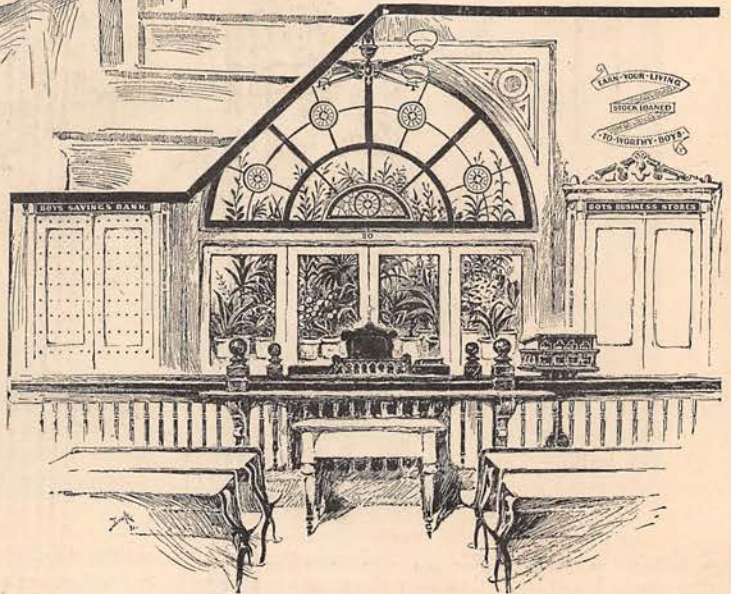
beautiful "Lodging House," put up by a generous lady for just such homeless children. It stands at No. 287 East Broadway. A kind, experienced



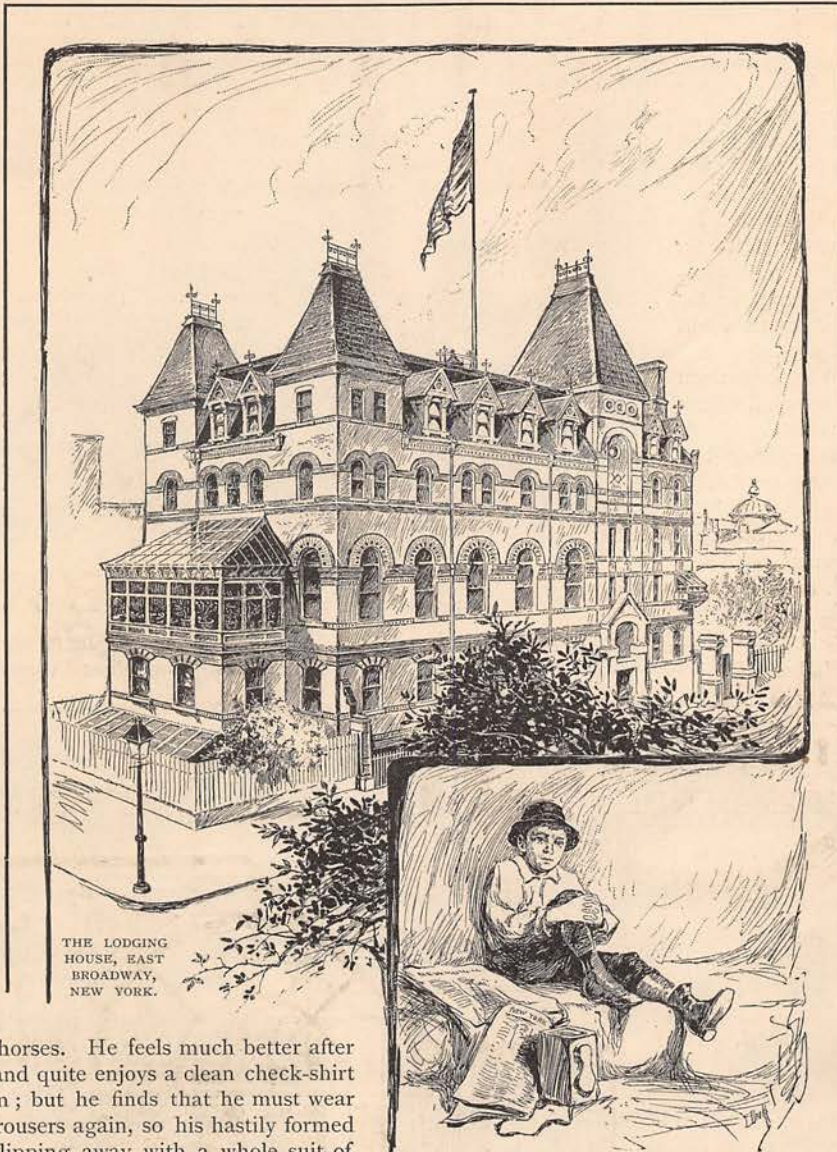
THE STAIRCASE IN THE LODGING HOUSE, EAST BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Superintendent, Mr. Calder, meets him, and a matron—Mrs. Calder—takes him in hand. Her smile alone would take the wolf-feeling out of him and make him more of a human child. In his secret heart, little Pickety thinks they must be a very soft set, or else that they want to make money out of him by and by, but he takes their kindness very quietly. Perhaps, too, he is watching for a chance to pocket a handy little article or so, or to slip out-of-doors with something.

And now, first, he is put into a bath and made clean, and his hair is cut short by a cutter such as those used for



THE EAST END OF THE SCHOOL-ROOM.



THE LODGING
HOUSE, EAST
BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

A LODGER.

clipping horses. He feels much better after all this, and quite enjoys a clean check-shirt given him; but he finds that he must wear his old trousers again, so his hastily formed plan of slipping away with a whole suit of new clothes is nipped in the bud.

He then enjoys a plain, wholesome supper in company with a number of other boys, who have been in the house longer; and when he sees the sweet face of the matron who is serving them, he finds his feelings change a little, and he almost thinks she is too good for him to try to cheat her.

Presently, he goes up willingly to a large, cheerful school-room. It is the prettiest place he ever saw; there are many lights, and large windows, and beautiful flowers in a conservatory at the end, and pot-flowers at the sides, and a nice library, and

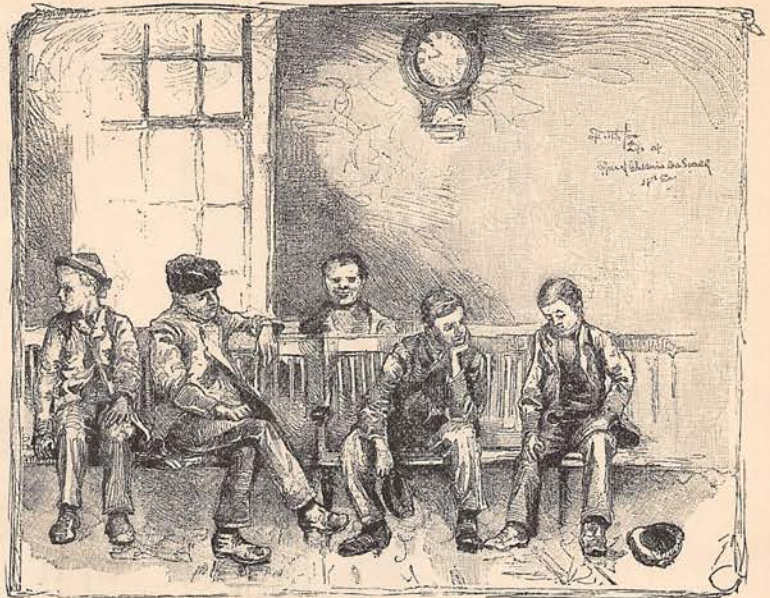
long rows of neat boxes, where the boys keep their books and things.

Every part of this room is as clean as wax-work, and Pickety is very glad he has had that thorough washing; it begins to dawn upon him, too, that the people must be good who have made such a nice room for poor boys. But he still keeps a lookout, lest he should be entrapped in some disagreeable way.

By and by, the Superintendent, a handsome, benevolent-looking man, talks to the boys about

things our little waif never heard of before—of doing right, and making true change in selling newspapers, and not stealing other people's property, and of a God above who is pleased if a street-boy is honest and good. Little Pickety thinks this is meant for him, for only yesterday a customer gave him a ten-cent piece by mistake for a penny, and he never told him, but pocketed the money; and he remembers a poor old woman, whose apples he used to steal, till she had to break up her stand and go to the Island Almshouse; so he feels very uneasy at the Superintendent's words.

After this came the lessons, and for the first time he was introduced to all the letters, though he had another; and he was very glad to find that he known enough before to tell one newspaper from learned them quickly, and that in counting and



BOYS WHO WANT TO GO WEST, WAITING IN THE OFFICE IN FOURTH STREET.

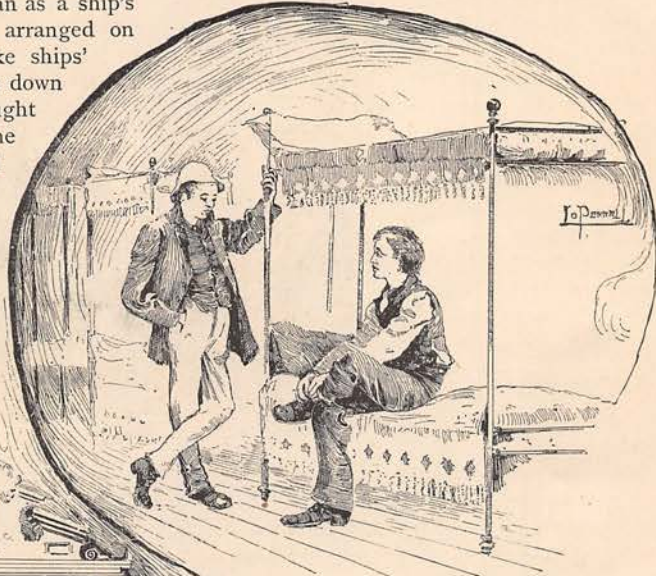


"THE LARGE, AIRY DORMITORY, CLEAN AS A SHIP'S DECK, WITH WIRE-BEDS ARRANGED ON IRON FRAMES."

sums he was quicker than the others; of course, this was because he had sold papers and so had had to make change so often.

Little Pickety's greatest surprise, however, was when he was taken up to the sleeping-room—a large, handsome, airy dormitory, clean as a ship's deck, with nice, springy wire-beds arranged on iron frames, one over another, like ships' bunks. He saw some boys kneeling down before climbing into bed, and he thought he, too, might say something to the Great Being above, of whom he had heard, and who seemed to care even for such poor creatures as he—and he made his prayer. He had had some intention of ranging around at night and playing some trick, or stealing something, but his new feelings drove the idea out of his head; and, besides, he saw presently that strict watch was kept.

ness, and others had paid for their lodgings and meals (five cents each), and he began to feel he, too, must do something. He did not wish to be a "pauper," nor to have anybody think of him as one, and he saw lads as small as he who said they



A GOOD-NIGHT CHAT.

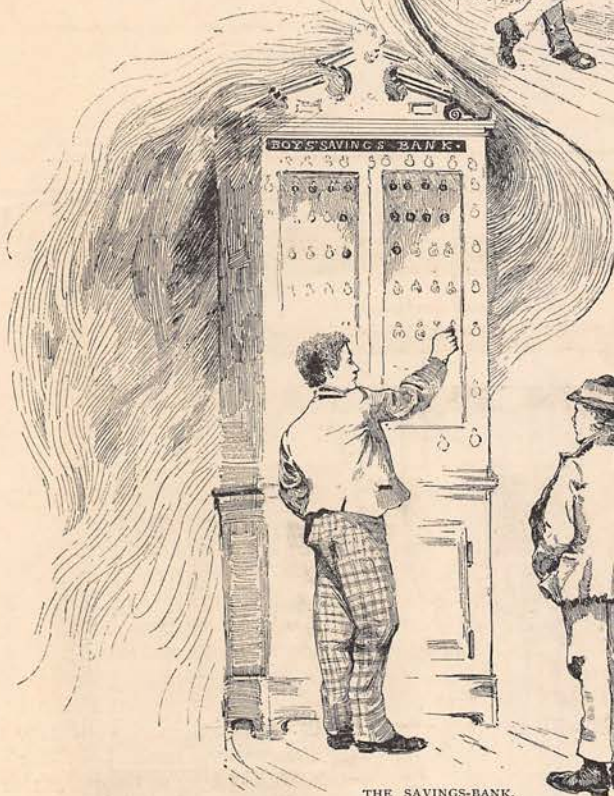
earned from fifty cents to a dollar a day, and that they bought their own clothes.

One bright little fellow especially excited his envy by declaring that *he* "belonged to the upper ten," as it appeared he slept in the ten-cent dormitory, and had his own special "ten-cent locker" for his clothes, with a private key.

Hearing all this, Pickety at length ventured to speak to the Superintendent, who kindly explained to him that each boy was expected to do all he could to pay his own way, that idle and pauper boys were not wanted there, and that some kind gentleman had supplied money with which to help boys who might wish to start in business.

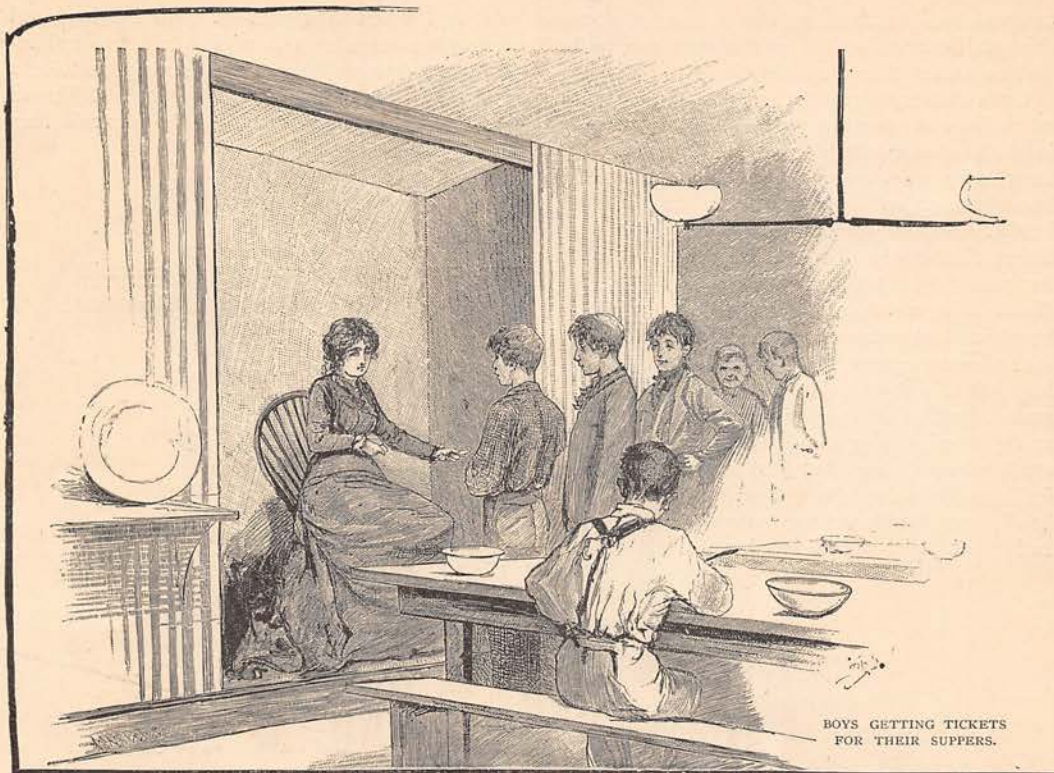
Pickety knew all about the boot-blacking business, but, as he explained, "a big boy had punched him and stolen all his

kit." He could sell newspapers, too, but he had been "stuck" with his last lot, and had lost all his money; and after that piece of bad luck he had lived on bits of bread that a hotel-waiter had



THE SAVINGS-BANK.

After his breakfast next morning, he heard that some boys had put their money into the "savings-bank" in the audience-room; and others had borrowed from the fund for starting boys in busi-



BOYS GETTING TICKETS FOR THEIR SUPPERS.



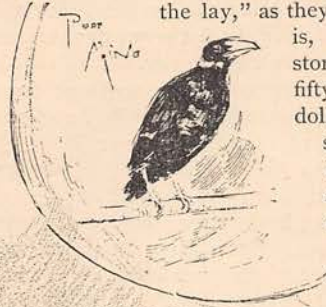
THE FLOWER-MISSION.—DISTRIBUTING BOUQUETS TO SICK WOMEN AND CHILDREN. [SEE PAGE 552.]

given him, and once or twice he had been fed by one of the other boys.

Mr. Calder was ready to supply him with a boot-blackening outfit, or to give him checks which would entitle him to so many copies of the *Telegram* or *Daily News*, the boy to return the value of the checks, after a few days, when he should have made some money.

Pickety chose the newspaper checks, and cleared twenty-five cents, and then invested again, and came back at night with fifty cents made, feeling very proud and independent, since he was now able to pay for his lodging and meals.

buy "policy-tickets," and thus take a short path to fortune. Other boys were after him to "go on the lay," as they called it—that



is, to break open stores, and so gain fifty or a hundred dollars at once, instead of working hard every day and all day, for the sake of getting a few pennies. But in the Sunday-evening meetings of the



"MINO" ADDRESSES THE BOYS. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

The next day and the next, he appeared at the Lodging House, for he rather liked the place and the people, and, wide-awake as he was, he saw that he got a great deal for his money, and could not hope to do better anywhere else. In a few days he had repaid the loan, had a little capital ahead, and actually found himself rich enough to afford a pair of new trousers.

Then, later, having some money, he was sorely tempted to pitch pennies and make more, or to

Lodging House, Pickety heard a great deal about the sin of stealing and the folly of such "short cuts to fortune," and he began to see how wrong and foolish all these things were; and that he ought to try in his humble way to lead a straightforward and manly life, and to please the wonderful Being of whom the teacher read in the Testament, and who had lived and died on the earth for men.

So Pickety broke away from bad companions, and, finding that liberal interest was offered in the

savings-bank of the Lodging House, he put his money there; and when, after some months, they would no longer keep it there, because, they said, it was too much to risk, he felt very proud to place it in a big savings-bank in the city.

Little Pickety happened to be sent one day to the Superintendent's sitting-room; he knocked at the door, and heard a harsh voice cry:

"Come in!"

So he opened the door and entered.

To his surprise, he found no one in the cozy, tasteful little room. But a deep, sepulchral voice from a dark corner of the room asked: "Who are you?"

The little street-rover was not afraid of human enemies, but of ghosts he had heard many a fearful story; and he now began to quake in his shoes. Suddenly, however, he discovered, in a cage in the corner, a strange, weird-looking bird, about as large as a crow, dark as night, with a most beautiful metallic luster on its feathers. The bird held its great head sidewise, and, after peering at the boy in a most searching fashion for a minute, it unexpectedly exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest misery:

"*P-o-o-r M-i-n-o!*" and again: "*M-i-n-o w-a-n-t-s a drink of w-a-ter!*" with various other plaintive speeches, which seemed to come from the throat of some stout, heavy alderman. The creature ended by whistling, in not at all a melancholy manner, that lively air called "Captain Jinks."

Pickety ran back in great haste to describe his wonderful discovery to his comrades, when Mr. Calder brought down the cage among them, and it was a source of endless amusement, as it often had been before to other sets of lads. The mischievous boys took special delight in having Mino in the school-room; for whenever the Superintendent had begun a prayer, or was making some serious remarks, the bird was sure to give vent to an unearthly scream, or to call out in its harsh voice: "Who are you?" or otherwise break in upon the sobriety of the occasion.

Pickety was especially touched, one day, by seeing poor sick women and children come up to Mr. Calder's desk for the little bouquets of flowers furnished to the Flower Mission by kind people in the country. The lad knew that these beautiful gifts were carried home to the dark cellars and miserable attics of that neighborhood, and that these bunches of bright, sweet-smelling flowers came like gifts from God, gladdening the bedside of many a sick and dying creature in the poor quarter around the Lodging House.

Pickety had now lost much of his former wolfish, savage nature: he did not wish to go back to his

jungle and den; he had learned to eat with his knife and fork, and to sleep in a bed, like a civilized human being; he was less cunning but more bright, and was kind to other boys; he had begun to have a desire to earn and own something, and to get on in the world. Besides, he had some idea of religion, and a great longing to be considered a manly fellow; and he was beginning to read in books.

At length, one day, the Superintendent called him and told him he could not be always in the Lodging House, for they did not keep boys long, and he must soon strike out by himself and endeavor to make his own way in the world.

The Superintendent also explained to the bright young lad that the best possible employment for a young working-boy in this country was farming, and that there were kind-hearted farmers in the West who would be glad to take him, and teach him their business, giving him at first only clothing and food, but paying him fair wages later on. In this way he would have (for the first time in his life) a home, and might grow up with the farmer's family, and share in all the good things they had.

Pickety at first thought he might be sent where bears would hunt him, or Indians catch him, and that he would earn very little and would lose all the sights and fun of New York, so he was almost afraid to go; but, on hearing all about it, and seeing that he would never come to much in the city, and especially hoping to get more education in the West, and by and by to own a bit of land for himself, he resolved to join a party under one of the western agents of the Children's Aid Society and go to Kansas—which to the New York boy seems the best State in the West.

We have not time nor space to follow his fortunes there: everything was strange to him, and he made queer work of his duties in a farmer's house; but the strangest thing of all to him was to be in a kind, Christian family. He wondered what made them all so good, and he began to think he would like to be as they were, and most of all like the One he had heard of in the Lodging House meeting.

He was careful to write to his New York friends about his new home, and here is one of the letters received from him, after he had been in the West a few months:

"—, —, KANSAS.

"MR. MACY—DEAR SIR: I write you these few lines hoping you are in good health at present, and not forgetting the rest of the gentlemen that I remember in the Children's Aid Society. I am getting on splendid with my studies at school, and I send you my monthly report, but please return



A WOLF-REARED BOY.

it, as I want to keep all my reports. I have a good place and like my home, and am glad I came.

"The first time I rode a horse bare-back, he slung me off over his head and made me sick for a week. I also had diphtheria but I am all right again and in good health, and can ride or gallop a horse as fast as any man in town. When summer comes I will learn to plough and sow, and do farmer's work. I will get good wages out here. It is a nice country, for there is no Indians, or bears, or other wild animals—'cept prairie-wolves, and you can scare *them* with anything.

"If any boy wants a good home, he can come here and have plenty of fun. I have fun with the mules, horses, pigs and dogs. No pegging stones at rag-pickers or tripping up men or tramps in the Bowery or City Hall Park.

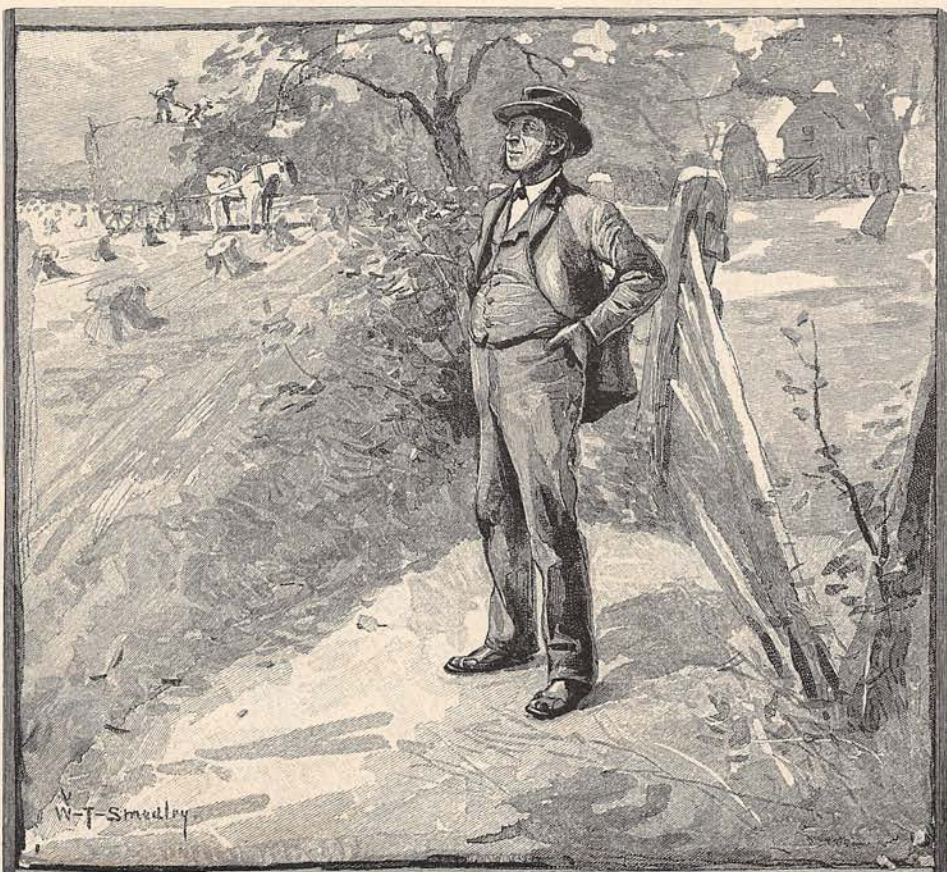
"Tell 'Banty' I send him my best respects. Tell him it is from 'Pickety,' and he will know me.

"Yours truly, ———."

He learned his farm-work fast and soon made

himself very useful; the next winter he went to school again, and became a very good scholar. He knew how to make money, too: when the farmer gave him a calf, or a lamb, or a sheep, he took good care of it, and by and by sold it, and bought other stock with the proceeds, and in this way, after a few years, he had saved a considerable sum. With this he bought some "Government land," on which he built a shanty; and so he began to be a "landed proprietor."

He was no longer "Pickety," but had a Christian name, and for his last name he took that of the kind people to whom he felt like a son. He had acquired a fair education, too; and the neighbors liked and respected the "New York orphan," as they called him. He had quite lost his wolfish nature by this time, and now had a new one, which had come to him from the Good Being he had heard of in the Lodging House, through the civilizing, Christian influences that had been thrown around him. And here we will leave him,—



A THRIVING FARMER ON HIS OWN LAND.