

When the females are near the time of bringing forth, they seek for an agreeable place in the inmost recesses of the forest; in the middle of the chosen spot, they level a small space, cutting away the thorns and briars with their teeth; they can carry thither a quantity of moss, which they form into a bed for their young; they generally bring forth five or six, sometimes eight or nine, but never less than three. The cubs, like puppies, come into the world with their eyes closed; the mother suckles them for some weeks, and soon learns them to eat flesh, which she prepares for them by chewing it; some time after she brings them field mice, leverets, partridges, and birds yet alive; the young wolves begin by playing with, and end by killing them, when the dam strips them of their feathers, skins them, tears them in pieces, and gives to each of her young a share. They do not leave this den until they are six weeks or two months old; they then follow the mother, who leads them to drink in the trunk of some old tree, or to a neighbouring pool. If she apprehends any danger, she hastily conducts them back, or conceals them in some convenient place. Though at other times more timorous than the male, yet when her young are attacked she becomes fearless, and defends them with fury. She never forsakes them.