

do is for the belly, they do not care for you, but for your food." [217] To this I answered in an undertone and to myself, *in vino veritas*.

As the night was coming on rapidly, I retired into the woods, to escape being annoyed by this drunkard, and to get a little rest. While I was saying my prayers near a tree, the woman who managed the household of my host came to see me; and, gathering together some leaves of fallen trees, said to me, "Lie down there and make no noise," then, having thrown me a piece of bark as a cover, she went away. So this was my first resting place at the sign of the Moon, which shone upon me from all sides. Behold me an accomplished Chevalier, after the first day of my entrance into this Academy. The rain coming on, a little before midnight, made me fear that I might get wet, but it did not last long. The next morning I found that my bed, although it had not been made up since the creation of the world, was not so hard as to keep me from sleeping.

The next day I wanted to throw the barrel, with what was left of the wine, into the river, as I had told them I would do, [218] in case any one abused it; but my host, seizing me around the waist, cried out, *eca toute, eca toute*, "Do not do that, do not do that. Dost thou not see that *Petrichtich*" (it is thus they call the Renegade in derision) "does not know anything, that he is a dog? I promise thee that we will never touch the barrel unless thou art present." I yielded, and made up my mind to distribute it liberally, in order to free myself of the fear that a little wine might make us drink a great deal of water; for, if they were to get drunk while we were sailing, we would be lost.