

## CHAPTER LVI

OF THE EXTRAORDINARY AND UNACCOUNTABLE  
COMBAT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE DE LA  
MANCHA AND THE LACKEY TOSILOS, IN VINDI-  
CATION OF THE MATRON DONNA RODRIGUEZ'S  
DAUGHTER

THE duke and duchess were not sorry that the interlude of Sancho's government had been played, especially when the steward, who came that very day, gave them a full and distinct account of every thing the governor had done and said, during his administration, using his very expressions, and repeating almost every word he had spoken, concluding with a description of the storming of the island, and Sancho's fear and abdication, which proved no unacceptable entertainment.

And now the history relates, that the day appointed for the combat was come, nor had the duke forgotten to give his lackey, Tosilos, all requisite instructions how to vanquish Don Quixote, and yet neither kill nor wound him; to which purpose he gave orders that the spears,

or steel heads of their lances, should be taken off, making Don Quixote sensible that Christianity, for which he had so great a veneration, did not admit that such conflicts should so much endanger the lives of the combatants, and that it was enough he granted him free lists in his territories, though it was against the decree of the holy council, which forbids such challenges; for which reason he desired them not to push the thing to the utmost rigour. Don Quixote replied, that his grace had the sole disposal of all things, and it was only his duty to obey.

And now, the dreadful day being come, the duke caused a spacious scaffold to be erected for the judges of the field of battle, and for the matron and her daughter, the plaintiffs.

An infinite number of people flocked from all the neighbouring towns and villages, to behold the wonderful new kind of combat, the like to which had never been seen, or so much as heard of, in these parts, either by the living or the dead. The first that made his entrance at the barriers, was the marshal of the field, who came to survey the ground, and rode all over it, that there might be no foul play, nor private holes, nor contrivance to make one

stumble or fall. After that, entered the matron and her daughter, who seated themselves in their places, all in deep mourning, their veils close to their eyes, and over their breasts, with no small demonstration of sorrow. Presently, at one end of the listed field, appeared the peerless champion, Don Quixote de la Mancha; a while after, at the other, entered the grand lackey, Tosilos, attended with a great number of trumpets, and mounted on a mighty steed, that shook the very earth. The vizard of his helmet was down, and he was armed *cap-a-pee* in shining armour of proof. His courser was a flea-bitten horse, that seemed of Friesland breed; and had a quantity of wool about each of his fetlocks. The valorous combatant came on, well tutored by the duke, his master, how to behave himself towards the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, being warned to spare his life by all means; and therefore to avoid a shock in his first career, that might otherwise prove fatal, should he encounter him directly, Tosilos fetched a compass about the barrier, and at last made a stop right against the two women, casting a leering eye upon her that had demanded him in marriage. Then the marshal of the field called to Don Quixote, and, in presence of Tosilos, asked the mother and the

daughter, whether they consented that Don Quixote de la Mancha should vindicate their right, and whether they would stand or fall by the fortune of their champion? They said they did, and allowed of whatever he should do in their behalf, as good and valid. The duke and duchess, by this time, were seated in a gallery that was over the barriers, which were surrounded by a vast throng of spectators, all waiting to see the vigorous and never-before-seen conflict. The conditions of the combat were these, That if Don Quixote were the conqueror, his opponent should marry Donna Rodriguez's daughter; but if the knight were overcome, then the victor should be discharged from his promise, and not bound to give her any other satisfaction. Then the marshal of the field placed each of them on the spot whence he should start, dividing equally between them the advantage of the ground, that neither of them might have the sun in his eyes. And now the drums beat, and the clangour of the trumpets resounded through the air; the earth shook under them, and the hearts of the numerous spectators were in suspense,—some fearing, others expecting, the good or bad issue of the battle. Don Quixote, recommending himself with all his soul to Heaven, and his

Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood expecting when the precise signal for the onset should be given.—But our lackey's mind was otherwise employed, and all his thoughts were upon what I am going to tell you.

It seems, as he stood looking on his female enemy, she appeared to him the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his whole life; which being perceived by the little blind archer, to whom the world gives the name of Love, he took his advantage, and, fond of improving his triumphs, though it were but over the soul of a lackey,\* he came up to him softly, and, without being perceived by any one, he shot an arrow two yards long into the poor footman's side, so smartly, that his heart was pierced through and through—a thing which the mischievous boy could easily do; for love is invisible, and has free ingress or egress where he pleases, at a most unaccountable rate. You must know then, that when the signal for the onset was given, our lackey was in an ecstasy, transported with the thoughts of the beauty of his lovely enemy, insomuch, that he took no manner of notice of the trumpet's sound; quite contrary to Don Quixote, who no sooner heard it, than, clap-

\* *Lacayuna*, a lackean soul. A word made for the purpose.

ping spurs to his horse, he began to make towards the enemy with Rozinante's best speed. At the same time, his good squire Sancho Panza, seeing him start, "Heaven be thy guide," cried he aloud, "thou cream and flower of chivalry-errant! Heaven give thee the victory, since thou hast right on thy side." Tosilos saw Don Quixote come towards him; yet, instead of taking his career to encounter him, without leaving the place, he called as loud as he could to the marshal of the field, who thereupon rode up to him to see what he would have. "Sir," said Tosilos, "is not this duel to be fought, that I may marry yonder young lady, or let it alone?"—"Yes," answered the marshal. "Why, then," said the lackey, "I feel a burden upon my conscience, and am sensible I should have a great deal to answer for, should I proceed any farther in this combat; and therefore I yield myself vanquished, and desire I may marry the lady this moment." The marshal of the field was surprised; and, as he was privy to the duke's contrivance of that business, the lackey's unexpected submission put him to such a non-plus, that he knew not what to answer. On the other side, Don Quixote stopped in the middle of his career, seeing his adversary did

not put himself in a posture of defence. The duke could not imagine why the business of the field was at a stand; but the marshal having informed him, he was amazed, and in a great passion. In the meantime, Tosilos, approaching Donna Rodriguez, "Madam," cried he, "I am willing to marry your daughter; there is no need of law-suits nor of combats in the matter; I had rather make an end of it peaceably, and without the hazard of body and soul."—"Why then," said the valorous Don Quixote, hearing this, "since it is so, I am discharged of my promise; let them even marry in God's name, and Heaven bless them, and give them joy." At the same time, the duke, coming down within the lists, and applying himself to Tosilos, "Tell me, knight," said he, "is it true that you yield without fighting, and that, at the instigation of your timorous conscience, you are resolved to marry this damsel?"—"Yes, if it please your grace," answered Tosilos.—"Marry, and I think it the wisest course," quoth Sancho; "for what says the proverb? What the mouse would get give the cat, and keep thyself out of trouble." In the meanwhile, Tosilos began to unlace his helmet, and called out that somebody might help him off with it quickly, as being so

choked with his armour, that he was scarce able to breathe. With that they took off his helmet with all speed, and then the lackey's face was plainly discovered. Donna Rodriguez and her daughter, perceiving it presently, "A cheat! a cheat!" cried they; "they have got Tosilos, my lord duke's lackey, to counterfeit my lawful husband; justice of Heaven and the king! This is a piece of malice and treachery not to be endured."—"Ladies," said Don Quixote, "do not vex yourselves; there is neither malice nor treachery in the case; or, if there be, the duke is not in the fault. No, these evil-minded necromancers, that persecute me, are the traitors, who envying the glory I should have got by this combat, have transformed the face of my adversary into this, which you see is the duke's lackey. But take my advice, madam," added he to the daughter, "and in spite of the baseness of my enemies, marry him; for I dare engage it is the very man you claim as your husband." The duke, hearing this, angry as he was, could hardly forbear losing all his indignation in laughter. "Truly," said he, "so many extraordinary accidents every day befall the great Don Quixote, that I am inclinable to believe this is not my lackey, though he appears to be so.

But, for our better satisfaction, let us defer the marriage but a fortnight, and, in the meanwhile, keep in close custody this person that has put us into this confusion; perhaps by that time he may resume his former looks; for doubtless the malice of those mischievous magicians against the noble Don Quixote cannot last so long, especially when they find all these tricks and transformations of so little avail."—"Alack-a-day! sir," quoth Sancho, "those plaguy imps of the devil are not so soon tired as you think: for where my master is concerned, they used to form and deform, and chop and change this into that and that into the other. It is but a little while ago that they transmogrified the Knight of the Mirrors, whom he had overcome, into a special acquaintance of ours, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco of our village; and as for the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, our mistress, they have bewitched and bedevilled her into the shape of a mere country blouze; and so I verily think this saucy fellow here is like to die a footman, and will live a footman all the days of his life."—"Well," cried the daughter, "let him be what he will, if he will have me I will have him. I ought to thank him, for I had rather be a lackey's wife, than a

gentleman's cast-off mistress; besides, he that deluded me is no gentleman neither." To be short, the sum of the matter was, that Tosilos should be confined, to see what his transformation would come to. Don Quixote was proclaimed victor, by general consent; and the people went away, most of them very much out of humour, because the combatants had not cut one another to pieces to make them sport, according to the custom of the young rabble, to be sorry, when, after they have staid in hopes to see a man hanged, he happens to be pardoned, either by the party he has wronged, or the magistrate. The crowd being dispersed, the duke and duchess returned with Don Quixote into the castle; Tosilos was secured, and kept close. As for Donna Rodriguez and her daughter, they were very well pleased to see, one way or another, that the business would end in marriage; and Tosilos flattered himself with the like expectation.