

Being much of Dr. Johnson's way of thinking, that "an arm-chair at an inn" "is the height of human felicity," and especially so in the present instance, when a cold sickening voyage rendered some repose necessary; I quickly sought to make myself master of one, in the *casa de posada*, situated in one of the principal streets. On my way thither, I was amused in spite of my fatigue, by observing the busy scene around me; the singular dress and appearance of the inhabitants, uttering their cries with greater mixture of sounds, than ever were delivered at the tower of Babel; their various occupations, some driving mules, some in violent contest with pigs whether they should or should not go to market, others with oxen, yoked to small carts, whose creaking wheels made confusion hoarse; and a thousand other novelties, which must forcibly strike a traveller upon his first entrance into a strange country. I was introduced into a room, dark, gloomy, and comfortless, where the whole furniture consisted of