

posterity to obey its impulse, till that on which the wife of Lot suffered the penalty of her transgression, on her journey to the city of Zoar.

The pride of man has limited the operation of curiosity to the female mind. Under this impression it has been the target of satire, and the convivial jest. Yet man has not reflected, that there are occasions, on which *he* acts under its impulse. On those occasions he listens with such avidity to its "*small still voice*," that it might be suspected, he has not become curious for the same reasons by which he explains some other acts--a deference to the judgment of females, and a desire to imitate them in their pursuits, but that he has merely obeyed a passion implanted by nature in his soul.

The Exchange and the Tavern oft witness the inquisitive spirit of man. But of all the lounges, where *curiosity* may peep, or idleness may yawn, where the Marplots of the hour may unburthen their own brain, or pry into a neighbours, none seems to have been frequented more than the Barber's shop. If report be not a very liar, the barber surgeon was, in the days of antiquity of no mean repute. His shop was a resort for those who had wounds to be cured, and for those who were to be trimmed. Trimming was a term implying either *shaving or cutting, or curling the hair*. These in addition to phlebotomy, were the occupation of the ancient barber surgeons. The care of setting limbs devolved on another class, named, energetically, BONE-SETTERS, who, though resembling in their occupation, the BARBER SURGEON did not rank with them. The common furniture of the shop of the latter, was a table and a chair or two, and the report says not, that females passed his threshold, yet a mirror hung on the wall, where a looking glass hangs now. Besides these, a lute or violin were always in the shop, and were essential to the entertainments of those, who waited while the earlier visitors were *trimming*.

*To be continued.*