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**CONFORM TO THE TIMES.**

My good friend, the late M. de Montampui, rector of the university of Paris, had a great wish to go to see the representation of *Zaire*, a very pious piece, in which the heroine makes an appointment, only for the purpose of being baptised. It would be necessary, however, to go in a hackney-coach from his college to the theatre, in his usual dress, as other honest men did; and he believed, like P. Cartel, that all the universe had eyes upon him; and he believed this with so much the more reason, as, according to the full meaning of the words, being rector of the university, he had the direction of the universe, which, of course, would be continually observing him. He felt that the universe would learn with astonishment, that a man

named Montampui had been to the theatre, and that all ages would be scandalized at it. M. Montampui, unwilling either to give so much pain to the universe, or to give up his visit to the theatre, he bethought himself of going disguised as a woman. He had in an old wardrobe a dress of his grandmother's, who died in the time of the Fronde. He muffles himself up in a red petticoat and a russet-colored mantle, covers his learned head with a head-dress of three stories, surmounted by a large knot of rose-colored ribbons. A pair of long red ruffles, somewhat torn, show off to advantage his rough, square arms; and, thus dressed out, our rector leaves the college by a private door, and makes the best of his way to the theatre. His strange figure attracted every body's attention; little respect was paid to *madam*, who being hauled about pretty roughly, was soon discovered to be a man, and led off to prison, where she remained until she made full confession that she was the rector of the university, the oldest daughter of our kings. If M. de Montampui had followed the admirable maxim, "Conform to the times," he would not thus have exposed himself before the universe.

