

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Rideam vanitatem, an exprobrem cæcitatem.—TERTULLIAN.

Shall I ridicule their folly, or deplore their blindness?

Claudentur belli portæ.—VIRGIL.

The brazen doors of war are permanently shut.

THERE is no species of knowledge the utility of which is more generally allowed than that which is called knowledge of the world, or perhaps more properly, worldly knowledge. It has often been remarked that men of acknowledged ability and of literary talents, have been found more deficient in this kind of knowledge than the illiterate and the vulgar. Some have ranked this acquisition so low, as to suppose it unworthy of the attention of such men: others have, perhaps erroneously, looked upon it as too high for their attainment; and others again, with more reason, have ascribed their frequent want of it to the imperfection of human nature. But as the excellence of this attainment is very universally admitted, it may not be improper to ascertain as nearly as possible the different meanings which different sets of men attach to *knowledge of the world*. With a very large class of the community it means a knavish kind of understanding, abounding in tricks, craft, and cunning, by which man advances his own interest without regard to the ruin of the unwary or the contempt of the upright. The man of trade, whom his own arts, and his own industry, have enriched, is fully con-