

**A TREATISE OF
MODERN
FAULCORN**

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A Treatise of Modern Faulcorny by James Campbell

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JAMES CAMPBELL

**A TREATISE OF
MODERN
FAULCORN**

A
T R E A T I S E
O F
M O D E R N F A U L C O N R Y :

To which is prefixed,

FROM AUTHORS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN,

. AN INTRODUCTION,

Shewing the Practice of FAULCONRY in certain Re-
mote Times and Countries.

By JAMES CAMPBELL, Esq;

— *Nititur pennis.* Hor.



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For the AUTHOR.
M, DCC, LXXIII.

268. b. 70.

P R E F A C E.

AS every nation has a peculiarity of manners which makes it different from its neighbours ; so every age has some predominant qualities which distinguish it from those that went before, and from those that come after it. The age of Leo X. is celebrated for the resurrection and rapid progress of the fine arts and of polite literature ; that of Cromwell is remembered with execration, as the triumph of tyranny, enthusiasm, and hypocrisy.

The characteristic of each age, however, is more clearly seen by posterity, who view it at the proper distance, than by contemporaries, who stand too close to it to observe it with exactness. This last being my own situation with regard to the present times, it is with hesitation I venture to place the spirit of them in a perfect energy of ridicule, scepticism, and incredulity, which delights in opposing almost every thing whatever. Men derive an extraordinary sort of pleasure from contradiction, which, thank Heaven,

ven, the peculiar structure of my passions cannot relish. They measure the worth of every object and opinion by the fickle standard of their tastes, humours, and prejudices—loudly condemning this moment the very things which but the moment before they embraced with raptures. Now they think it clever to turn whatever is respectable into a jest; whatever is probable, into doubt; whatever is demonstrable, into absurdity: But, were the world to give a general assent to their positions, they would straight stand forth as the redoubtable champions of common sense. Whether pride decoys them into this study of singularity; whether they are conscious of perfections which deserve the admiration of the crowd, and ought not to be obscured in it; this is an inquiry which demands greater acuteness than I am possessed of. I wish I may not be mistaken, when I take upon me to suspect they are the practical disciples of that laudable philosophy which surprises us with the discovery, that beauty and deformity, virtue and vice, are not in the objects to which we ascribe these qualities, but only in the feelings of those who contemplate them. Thus, the charms of a fine lady are not in herself, but in the inward emotions

emotions of her admirers: The integrity of a worthy man is not to be found in himself, but in the favourable sentiments of his neighbours: And my book must not, according to this humiliating system, pretend to any more merit than the generosity of my readers will be pleased to confer upon it. This amazing philosophy convinces me, that popularity is the great end to which all men ought to direct their actions, since, without it, they must all be fools, or knaves, or profligates; and the ladies, let them see to it! unless they learn to be a little more explicit and kind with regard to their fond languishers, must be all transformed into frights and witches. The man must have more than the patience of ten Jobs, whose internal feelings shall persevere to paint his mistress as an angel, after she has exhausted on the kind wretch her whole stock of torment, and made him more miserable than a score of devils. The reader will take notice that I do not speak my own experience: The sex have always used me with a warmth which I shall never forget, but, ah! which I shall never again be able, however willing, to deserve.

If I have properly described the spirit of the times, I have little cause to hope that the work

I am

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I am now offering to the public will procure me many compliments, since it is introduced with a few narrations which are not yet according to the common notions of mankind. My readers will easily discover the narrations I have in my eye; and I will not be so much their enemy as to deprive them of this delicious exertion of their sagacity, by pointing out these exceptionable parts of the book myself. I am not prophetic enough to foretel the treatment they shall think due to my labours; but hope it will not be of the severest kind, after they are acquainted with the motives which seduced me into the perilous character of an author. These, in a word, were, to entertain them with a view of Faulconry, in times and countries very different from their own; to help them to some insight into this manly art, as it is practised in modern days, if they do not already understand it; and to leave a remembrancer behind me, which may now and then tell future sportsmen that I lived not altogether uselefs to their interests. Such are the motives from which I have written; and, if I may be allowed to judge of their nature, they are far from being provocative to overwhelm me with the derision or contempt

tétempt of any reasonable person whatever. Nay, I will be bold to say more; these motives will, to the truly learned and judicious, be an apology for the numerous oversights which their perspicacity will detect in my performance, but which their sweetness of temper will conceal from those who succeed best in criticism at second hand. Experience has taught me, that those who are the best qualified to judge are evermore the least forward to condemn; and, when necessity extorts their disapprobation, the readiest to soften the rigour of their sentence, by every comfort their humanity can suggest. Give me the countenance of a few men of this magnanimous character, and I shall easily endure the strictures of those who are actuated by the odd spirit of the times. Yet I must beware of exasperating men of their immense talents. I am a person myself of the most harmless and innocent disposition in the world, and most seriously inclined to live to the end of my days, without the smallest intercourse with them; and therefore they will lay me under the strongest obligations to gratitude, if they suffer me to walk on to fame, without the honour of their notice. Pox on't! do they imagine that an author can
find

find any amusement in their effusions of scorn, petulance, and acrimony, when they are directed against the best efforts of his mental powers?

But why should I hope to escape persecution? **This** is a piece of good fortune which writers have not attained, who have handled subjects of very high importance, and with a reach of genius that commands my admiration and respect. The last, so far as I know, who has been attacked by the spirit of the times, is a gentleman who, ambitious of literary fame, and nobly qualified to earn it, has published a treatise on the **ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF LANGUAGE**, the beginning and pledge of a work which will do honour to the intellectual faculties. In this profound, but perspicuous, masculine, but elegant book, the author has displayed the most accurate knowledge of the operations of the human understanding, according to the conceptions of both the ancient and later philosophers. He remarks with great justness the difficult rise and tardy growth of our ideas, and applies his ingenious observations on that subject, by a beautiful analogy, to show that language is not natural to mankind; that is, language is not, as motion or sleeping, the effect