

**THINGS AS THEY ARE: OR,  
THE ADVENTURES OF  
CALEB WILLIAMS. IN  
THREE VOLUMES. VOL. II**

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Things as They Are: Or, The Adventures of Caleb Williams. In Three Volumes. Vol. II by William Godwin

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**WILLIAM GODWIN**

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ADVENTURES

OF

CALEB WILLIAMS.

THINGS AS THEY ARE;

OR, THE

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OF

CALEB WILLIAMS.

BY WILLIAM GODWIN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

*Shaltst the woods the leopard know his kind;  
The tyger preys not on the tyger breed:  
Man only is the common foe of man.*

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR B. CROSSY, STATIONERS-COURT,  
LUDGATE-STREET.

1794.

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
CALEB WILLIAMS;

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C H A P. I.

I HAVE stated the narrative of Mr. Collins, interspersed with such other information as I was able to collect, with all the exactness that my memory, assisted by certain memorandums I made at the time, will afford. I do not pretend to warrant the authenticity of any part of these memoirs except so much as fell under my own knowledge, and that part shall be stated with the same simplicity

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and

and accuracy that I would observe towards a court which was to decide in the last resort upon every thing dear to me. The same scrupulous fidelity restrains me from altering the manner of Mr. Collins's narrative to adapt it to the precepts of my own taste; and it will soon be perceived how essential that narrative is to the elucidation of my own history.

The intention of my friend in this communication was to give me ease; but he in reality added to my embarrassment. Hitherto I had had no intercourse with the world and its passions; and, though I was not totally unacquainted with them as they appear in books, this proved to be of little service to me when I came to witness them myself. The case seemed entirely altered, when the subject of those passions was continually before my eyes, and the events had happened but the other day as it were, in the very neighbourhood  
where



where I lived. There was a connection and progress in this narrative, which made it altogether unlike the little village incidents I had hitherto known. My feelings were successively interested for the different persons that were brought upon the scene. My veneration was excited for Mr. Clare, and my applause for the intrepidity of Mrs. Hammond. I was astonished that any human creature should be so shockingly perverted as Mr. Tyrrel. I paid the tribute of my tears to the memory of the artless miss Melvile. I found a thousand fresh reasons to admire and love my master.

At first I was satisfied with thus considering every incident in its obvious sense. But the story I had heard was forever in my thoughts, and I was peculiarly interested to comprehend its full import. I turned it a thousand ways, and examined it in every point of view. In

the original communication it appeared sufficiently distinct and satisfactory; but, as I brooded over it, it gradually became mysterious. There was something strange in the character of Hawkins. So firm, so sturdily honest and just, as he appeared at first; all at once to become a murderer! His first behaviour under the prosecution, how accurately was it calculated to prepossess one in his favour! To be sure, if he were guilty, it was very cruel of him to suffer a man of so much dignity and worth as Mr. Falkland to be tried for his crime! And yet I could not help bitterly compassionating the honest fellow, brought to the gallows, as he was, strictly speaking, by the machinations of that devil incarnate, Mr. Tyrrel. His son too, that son for whom he voluntarily sacrificed his all, to die with him at the same tree; surely never was a story more affecting!

Was it possible after all that Mr.  
Falkland

Falkland should be the murderer? The reader will scarcely believe that the idea suggested itself to my mind, that I would ask him. It was but a passing thought; but it serves to mark the simplicity of my character. Then I recollected the virtues of my master, almost too sublime for human nature; I thought of his sufferings so unexampled, so unmerited; and chid myself for the suspicion. The dying confession of Hawkins recurred to my mind; and I felt that there was no longer a possibility of doubting. And yet what was the meaning of all Mr. Falkland's agonies and terrors? In fine, the idea having once occurred to my mind, it was fixed there for ever. My thoughts fluctuated from conjecture to conjecture, but this was the centre about which they revolved. I determined to place myself as a watch upon my master.

The instant I had chosen this employ-