

ADVENTURES IN BORNEO: A TALE OF SHIPWRECK

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Adventures in Borneo: a tale of shipwreck by Catherine Grace Frances Gore

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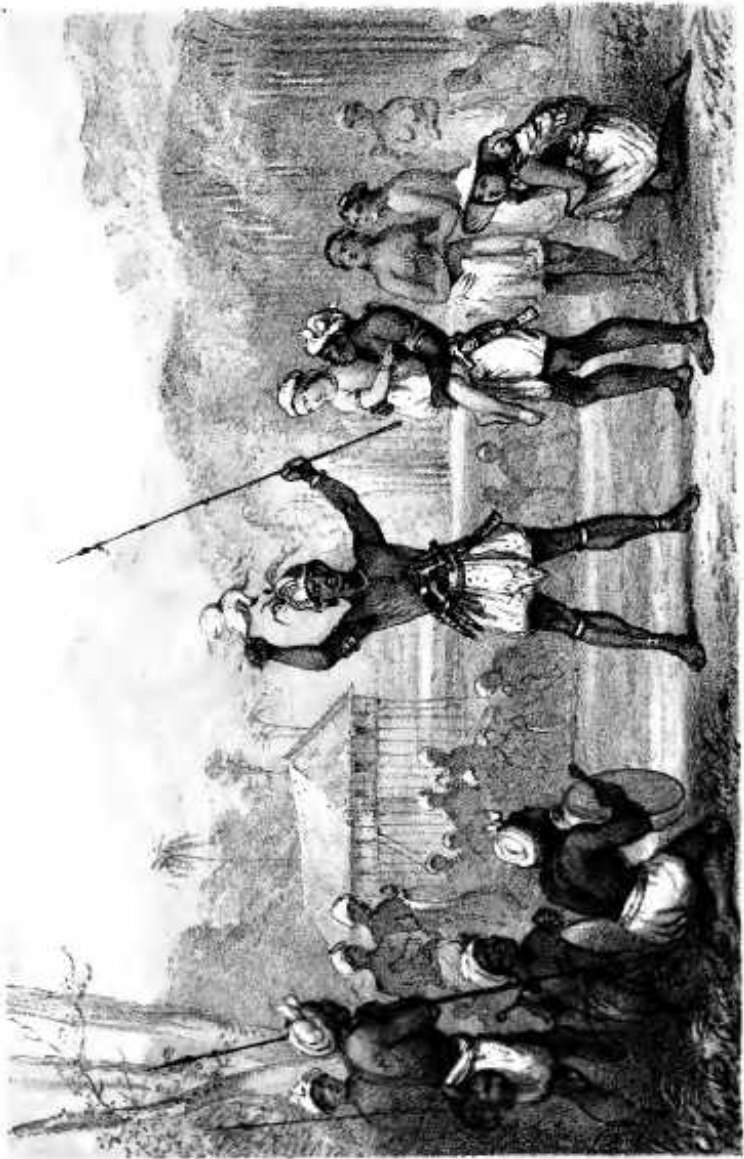
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CATHERINE GRACE FRANCES GORE

**ADVENTURES IN
BORNEO: A TALE
OF SHIPWRECK**



E Gore, Catherine Grace Frances (Moody)

A D V E N T U R E S

IX

BORNEO:

A TALE OF SHIPWRECK.

"Remember that thou wert a bondman in Egypt, and that
the Lord thy God redeemed thee from thence."—EXODUS.

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1849.

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TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
SIR JAMES BROOKE, K.C.B.

GOVERNOR OF LABUAN,
AND
RAJAH OF SARAWAK,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED,

BY AN ADMIRER OF HIS ENERGY, FIRMNESS,

AND MODERATION.

ADVENTURES IN BORNEO.

CHAPTER I.

It has been often said that no human life is so uneventful but that, if fairly and simply recorded, the story would afford profit to the reader. I will not pretend, however, that I am commencing my autobiography by way of lesson to mankind. It is rather for the purpose of relieving my own breast, long the solitary prison-house of painful reminiscences, that I am about to confide to the world what,

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for years, I had not courage or self-command to relate to even the dearest of my friends.

The first thing I can recall to my recollection is a mean house in a dreary street towards Gray's Inn Lane, where I lived with my father and mother. *They*, however, were neither mean nor dreary. Throughout the years that have since elapsed, I have rarely seen a nobler-looking man than my father, and never, decidedly *never*, a more beautiful woman than his wife. He was grave, indeed,—much graver than my mother; and I attributed the different impression they made upon me to the black colour of his dress, while she was constantly attired in white, or some light quaker-colour, pleasant to look on. I did not then know that the black coat I thought so mournful, was simply the livery of a grave profession.—My father was in orders.

Unluckily, the sobriety of his deportment

was to be accounted for in another manner. He was poor!—A curate, and with slender hopes of preferment, he had won the affections of the only daughter of a noble family in whose parish he officiated; and their marriage, unsanctioned by her parents, had never obtained forgiveness. Aware that nothing could be argued against her young husband but his want of fortune, my poor mother had trusted as mistakenly to the promptings of affection in the hearts akin to her, as the man whose intrinsic worth had captivated her heart, confided in the clemency of the great personages to whom, professing and calling themselves Christians, he had long preached the duty of forgiveness of trespasses.

On the death of Lord H——, two years after the rash marriage of his daughter, her name was found to have been erased from his