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**A BRAVE MADMAN.**—On the same night, so memorable in the history of Sarawak, the old fort upon the other side of the river was captured by the insurgents after a desperate resistance. It is now occupied by the treasurer, but the marks of Chinese axes upon the door of the closet in which Sir James Brooke's plate was formerly stored are still distinctly visible, and a new panel in the log wall is pointed out to the visitor as the spot where a round shot from the steamer Sir James Brooke passed, when, in their turn, the Chinese garrison was attacked. When the assault was made the building contained only the former treasurer, Mr. Orymble, and a few Malay soldiers, who had charge of two prisoners and a madman. Considering the weakness of the garrison, it was decided to arm these three suspicious characters, and let them do what they could. All behaved admirably, but the madman was the hero of the scene. His ecstasy of delight at the noise, and the blood, and the confusion, showed itself in the wildest acts of bravery. When the position was evidently no longer tenable, most of the garrison, being killed or disabled, the captain and another sane individual named Dout—at present a policeman in the Rajah's service—jumped from an embrasure, and cut their way through the Chinese. No remonstrances of theirs, however, produced any effect upon the madman. He was determined to hold the post as long as it would hold him, and he was last seen at the head of the stairs firing with undiminished energy among the insurgents, as they crowded into the fort. Possibly in the world's history, there have been more maniacs of this class than is generally suspected.—*Adventures among the Dyaks of Borneo.*