

It appears that the ex-King of Quedah is to be "roused out" of Bruas, and in the last Penang paper that has reached us we observe that H. M. Sloop of War *Zebra* and the gun-boat *Diamond* had sailed for that island "for the express purpose of deciding the vacillating

conduct of the ex-Raja, and of conveying him to Singapore where it is determined his Highness shall in future reside;" according to which it appears that the poor old man's mind has been made up for him already at Penang, which is always the proper course when a poor devil that can't help himself don't choose to make up his mind for himself in the way required—and we suppose we shall in due course have to record the arrival of the ex-King of Quedah at this place "under the salute due to his rank"—the only gunpowder we are ever likely to spend in his behalf.

heu! quibus ille
Jactatus fatis, quæ bella exhausta canebat!

His adherents, it appears, who were reported to have been assembling in such numbers at the Lancaw Islands and to be preparing for some enterprise in his favour against the Siamese,

"Have melted from the field, as snow,
When streams are swollen, and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew;"

—not a vestige of this mighty Malay armament remaining—and this sudden dispersion is said to have been effected by the apparition of a green coat with yellow facings, a huge pair of epaulettes, scarlet inexpressibles, a cocked hat and feather, top boots & a cavalry sabre, mounted upon one Bullock—not a quadruped, gentle Reader, but a very ingenious biped, who rejoiceth in the name; and who, being resolved to prove to the admiring world that the qualifications of an experienced cattle-dealer (for such he is, *in spite* of his name) could be united in the same person with those of a first rate *diplomate*, repaired in this guise to the camp at Lancaw, presented his credentials in the shape of a pair of horse pistols as Ambassador from the British government, and threatened the assembled force with the immediate vengeance of the power which he had the honor to represent if they did not instantly break up the confederacy and retire! A Bombshell could not have been more effectual than Mr. Bullock—the consternation was complete and the dispersion total! Although it is possible this gentleman had no higher motive for his doughty enterprise than some very reasonable doubts as to whether his trade in cattle at Quedah, where it appears he has been for some time residing, would prosper under an invasion, yet the important service rendered by him to government will not, we trust, be passed over without due acknowledgement—and if he is not rewarded, as some heroes have been who lately figured in these parts, with services of plate and other marks of distinction and approbation we trust that as his name is *Bullock* and as he deals in bullocks, government will at least shew its gratitude by seeing that his body after death is carefully embalmed and transmitted to *Bullock's* museum. His cranium, we think, should be carefully concealed from the Pirenologists until a fit opportunity presents itself of allowing them to confound it with Talleyrand's