

tonished many.

I knew, says Mrs. O'Fegan of Pill-lane, old Alderman **Truelock**, of Capel-street, whose marriage caused no small merriment, when, in his grey-headed years, he took it into his head to marry a tall young woman with a pair of rolling black eyes. At this time the **Truelock** was seventy-six, but in a fit of jealousy, for which he had not the smallest foundation, he attempted the poor woman's life, and when he missed fire, he took another **Truelock** of his own make and blew off his skull. Not