

# TALES OF A TRAVELLER.

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## PART FIRST.

### STRANGE STORIES BY A NERVOUS GENTLEMAN.

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I'll tell you more, there was a fish taken,  
A monstrous fish, with a sword by 's side, a long sword,  
A pike in 's neck, and a gun in 's nose, a huge gun,  
And letters of mart in 's mouth from the Duke of Florence.

*Cleanthes.*— This is a monstrous lie.

*Tony.*—  
Do you think I'd tell you truths?

I do confess it.

FLETCHER'S WIFE FOR A MONTH.

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### THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

THE following adventures were related to me by the same nervous gentleman who told me the romantic tale of the Stout Gentleman, published in Bracebridge Hall. It is very singular, that although I expressly stated that story to have been told to me, and described the very person who told it, still it has been received as an adventure that happened to myself. Now I protest I never met with any adventure of the kind. I should not have grieved at this, had it not been intimated by the author of *Waverley*, in an introduction to his novel of *Peveril of the Peak*, that he was himself the stout gentleman alluded to. I have ever since been importuned by questions and letters from gentlemen, and particularly from ladies without number, touching what I had seen of the Great Unknown.

Now all this is extremely tantalizing. It is like being congratulated on the high prize when one has drawn a blank; for I have just as great a desire as any one of the public to penetrate the mystery of that very singular personage, whose voice

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