PART ONE

C H A P T E R T W O

The Making of a Legend

The remarkable extent to which John Farley's story of seeing an apparition of Frederick Fisher caught the fancy of people in various parts of the world, and the volume of criticism directed towards it by the forces of 'common sense', coincided with the opening of an era when human thinking was undergoing tremendous changes before the onslaught of scientific -- but as yet also a little rabid hostility to 'superstition'.

On the basis of a few outstandingly useful discoveries, a furore of rationalism mounted, confident of putting all supernatural balderdash into everlasting limbo. As it happened, these reformatory forces were not clear in their own minds what they or anyone else meant by 'supernatural', even when they were as one in regarding most of what they disagreed with was superstition. Some of them were so intellectual they could not think, or think far enough along lines of theory wherein to a point they were doing pretty well. And they were supported and admired by that large conservative horde, of whose extraversion the rising psychologist, Carl Jung would analyse as those who do not think, but only pass judgments.

Centuries past had yielded an immense quantity of diverse psychical phenomena which had even then the aroma of witchcraft, sorcery and deviltry which the thick odours of burning human flesh and livid ecclesiastical faggots of centuries had not been able to terminate. And it was still proliferating. With the growth of scientific interest in the phenomena -- certainly with a half-sceptical expectancy of tracing all claims to natural causes misinterpreted by hysterical people -- psychical studies opened up. Even brilliant minds would glance at the psychological data, sometimes judging them by criteria which had nothing to do with psychology; but on the whole anxious to seize upon the truth.

The Society for Psychical Research was founded in London in

1882 for the purpose of investigating the strange stories which were reported among all classes of persons in all countries. Within a relatively short time, considering the magnitude of the task, it had completed its major enterprise, the Census of Hallucinations, after which it was never again quite safe for anyone to say there were no such things as ghosts, or that premonitions, dreams, etc. could be without veridical basis. One development from the Census was a useful theory of the nature of apparitions, and the drawing out of the categories of apparitional qualities, by G.N.M. Tyrrell who gave thirty years study to the project. It became possible to show that a ghost could belong to the category of apparitions without an apparition necessarily being a ghost. This was a long way from the common hazy notions of what constituted 'supernatural' because all the elements of apparitional and ghostly behaviour curiously duplicated the ordinary behaviour of living people.

1 9 0 3 Among those who studied the subjects which fell under the headings of the new psychical research, was Andrew Lang, English writer. He had learned of the Fisher ghost story and as early as 1897 wrote of it in Blackwood's Magazine, always good for a touch of the supposedly supernatural, one way or another, since it was a line with an eager public. Lang again told the story in the Monthly Review, under the title, The Truth About Fisher's Ghost. The same article was incorporated in his book, The Valet's Tragedy & Other Stories (Longmans Green & Co., 1903).

Andrew Lang was no prey to convention, and the Fisher story -- or rather, Farley's story -- would receive from him an intelligent and analytical consideration. He went to the trouble to enlist the help of the then Chief Justice of New South Wales and the Countess of Jersey, wife of the reigning Governor of the same State, hoping to gain some facts about the legend.

'Everybody,' Lang wrote later, 'has heard about Fisher's Ghost. It is one of the stock yarns of the world . . .' But he too, was confronted with the problem which had beset earlier

enquirers -- serious lack of documentation, not only of the ghost incident, but about the whole history of the murder of Fisher and the official investigations which attended it. The court notes of the trial of George Worrall were insufficient to satisfy Lang, as they had failed to satisfy others who felt they must test the integrity of the legend, and expected it to be found in court depositions. The public, which accepted the story throughout succeeding decades might have looked upon it as a nebulous trifle possessing a remarkable degree of persistence, however deeply it touched secret hopes for meaning. Andrew Lang probed:

> . . . Now if the yarn were true, it would be no proof of a ghost . . . the story . . . might be explained as an excuse for laying information against the overseer /Worrall/ already suspected on other grounds. But while this motive might act among a Celtic population, naturally credulous of ghosts, and honourably averse to assisting the law . . . it is not a probable motive in an English Crown colony, as Sydney then was.+ Nor did the seer inform against anybody.

Moving on to the trial of George Worrall, Andrew Lang says:

> Not one word is printed about Fisher's ghost; but the reader will observe that there is a lacuna in the evidence, exactly where the ghost, if a ghost there were, should have come in. The search for Fisher's body starts, it will be seen, from a spot of Fisher's paddock fence, and the witness /Constable George Luland/ gives no reason why that spot was inspected, or rather no account of how, or by whom, sprinkled blood was detected on the rail. Nobody saw the murder committed . . .
>
> Chief Justic Forbes said in summing up . . . that the evidence was purely circumstantial. We are therefore so

+ Campbell Town had a large proportion of Irish settlers.

> far left completely in the dark as to why the police began their investigations at a rail in the fence.
>
> It appears that though a reward was offered on September 27 (1826) the local magistrates . . . did not bid their constable make special researches until October 20 /Error in the trial notes./ apparently after the seer told his tale.

Lang shows a high degree of perceptivity, for he puts his finger upon the crucial omissions, especially that of the gap between the offer of reward and the eventual discovery. Andrew, the bloodhound, sticks to his trail: Why was no one interrogated about the blood-stains on the rail which were four months old? What could have been the date on which the alleged attempt to burn out stains of blood had been made?

For the benefit of those who considered non-mention of the apparition at Worrall's trial constituted proof that there had been no apparition, Andrew Lang quoted an analogous case in England, in which as a result of an apparition being perceived, a crime was solved; but no mention of the ghostly agency was permitted in the evidence before the court when the perpetrator of the crime was on trial.

Disagreeing with the viewpoint of Legislator W.H.Suttor (1887) that John Farley had invented the ghost as an excuse for laying information, or because he had been privy to the crime, Lang pertinently asks why Farley did not then 'peach' (inform)?

> . . . What Farley did was not what a man would do who, knowing the facts of the crime, and lured by a reward of £20, wished to play the informer under cover of a ghost story . . .
>
> To secure a view of the original form of the yarn of Fisher's ghost, what we need is what we are not likely to get -- namely, a copy of the depositions made before the bench of magistrates at Campbell Town in October,

1826. For my own part, I think it highly probable that the story of Fisher's ghost was told before the magistrates and was suppressed at the trial . . .

1 9 1 1 J.M.Forde, an Australian journalist showed the utmost determination in his newspaper contributions over many years, to include among his historical topics, every scrap of information he could secure concerning the Fisher story. Much of it was fragmentary and little of it helped to bring the origins into desirable perspective. However, his frequent allusions to it and the ever ready response of readers to them showed that the legend was held in great affection.

1 9 1 2 Prejudice dies hard, and even lack of any evidence to support his opinion did not deter C.T.Burfitt from echoing the old slur upon John Farley. In an article in the Sydney Sun, on July 30, 1912, Burfitt observed that the ghost story had been

> . . . accepted generally without question; at any rate, little attempt has been made to show that it was merely the invention of one who, if not an accomplice of the of the actual murderer, knew well by whom the crime was committed, and how the victim's body had been disposed of.

After recounting the story as based upon the published reports of Worrall's trial in the Sydney Gazette, the Australian and the Monitor, in February, 1827, and making numerous mistakes about dates, not to mention the blunder of stating that Worrall and Fisher lived together in Fisher's house, Burfitt crowns his highly unsatisfactory and meagre report with what seem to be paraphrases of W.H.Suttor's valueless sentences about the apparition.

1 9 2 1 J.P.M'Guanne, F.R.A.H.S., during 1921 compiled A Century of Campbelltown (ML) If any writer had a true sense of history in dealing with such a subject, he could scarcely have forborne to dwell intensively upon an incident which above all others in Campbell Town, brought it fame. M'Guanne was not on

the 'supernatural' beam, as it were. There is a tinge of sourness at the prospect of taking up the matter. Mr. M'Guanne was plainly not one to go into a tizzy over a supposed ghost.

> . . . Many believers in psychology have accepted that yarn at its face value. No manifestation of an aerial thing is mentioned in the newspaper account of the trial of his /Fisher's/ murderer. Nor does Lady Forbes /widow of the trial judge/ in her diary refer to a ghost. We briefly state the facts.

But before the facts -- such as M'Guanne possesses -- a few mistakes are thrown in. Worrall's Christian name is given as 'William', which is well-nigh incredible, although it might be explained by the fact that a William Worrall had about that time been exported to the colony. Fisher, M'Guanne adds 'had just come out of jail'. The truth is that Fisher emerged from Sydney Gaol in September, 1825 -- almost ten months before his death.

M'Guanne gives the story in the briefest possible compass as though he found it distasteful, but strangely enough seems unduly partial to isolating the workman, Laurence, one of Fisher's employees living at Worrall's cottage along with fellow workmen, as a suspected participant in the crime, simply on the grounds of an attempt by Worrall in a notoriously lying 'confession' to implicate him, and when in fact, if M'Guanne consulted the trial notes, he must have seen that Laurence never came before the court!

M'Guanne unfortunately uses the sentence: ' . . . Worrall was arrested, acknowledged himself particeps criminis inasmuch as he knew that Lawrence had committed the crime'. This slip has led to the claim being persisted in by some critics who wish anything rather than a ghost, to the detriment of Laurence's good name.

From M'Guanne it is learned that Worrall died impenitent -- which Rev. William Cowper reported as otherwise -- and that his body was given to a doctor for anatomical purposes (dissection).

Frederick Fisher, concludes Mr. M'Guanne, 'was a tall, muscular fellow, about 36 years of age . . . it was he, rumour said, who first attempted to make paper in New South Wales'.

Rumours are not good enough for a historian to use if there is the least chance of getting hold of facts.

1 9 2 2 Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer and philosopher, became profoundly interested in the question of possible survival after death, of the human personality. Early in the present century he conducted a one-man survey throughout France, somewhat on the lines of the earlier Census of Hallucinations by the London Society for Psychical Research. Flammarion received an almost staggering response, shoals of reports of strange psychical experiences by people in all walks of life descended upon him. This amazing array, he classified, obtaining wherever possible, documented corroboration by reliable witnesses, such as would satisfy the scientific conscience.

Flammarion shaped the mass of material into several books under the general title, Death And Its Mystery. The first volume translated into English appeared in London in 1922, and it is one of the flaws in the whole fascinating pageant depicted therein that a brief, garbled and unsubstantiated outline of the Fisher apparition story was included. No doubt the fame of the legend -- not that Flammarion drew upon classical cases to any great extent -- appeared to him to guarantee its authenticity.

1 9 3 6 Under the title, Lord Halifax's Ghost Book (Geoffrey Bles Ltd.) was published in London during 1936 a collection of stories garnered mainly during the previous century by a former Lord Halifax, edited for publication by the succeeding Earl, along with items of more recent date.

One of the stories had been contributed to the late peer by a Miss Nash, from India. She claimed it had come from her father and his brother who had lived for a number of years in 'Western Australia'. During a period when her father was superintending her

Uncle Richard's country property, a prosperous settler in the same district, who had at times spoken of returning to England, suddenly disappeared . . .

It is of course, the Fisher story; but now, the aboriginal trackers detect (for a change) 'white man's brains'.

> . . . Everyone, including my father and Uncle Richard went to the trial /Miss Nash concludes/. Both my father and my Uncle were present when the murder confessed, and this is their account.

The notion of 'Western Australia' probably derives from the fact that Campbell Town is south westerly from Sydney. The presence of the two Nash gentlemen at one of the Campbell Town hearings (when Worrall made his first confession after the discovery of Fisher's body) is not unlikely; but they would not be present when he made his gallows confession.

1 9 5 0 With the passage of a century and a quarter after the event, and when it seemed that no further possibility of error or serious variation could remain, Louis A. Triebel's book, Fisher's Ghost & Other Essays appeared. The lead piece, offering 'two sidelights' tells that in his gallows confession, Worrall claimed he and Fisher had quarrelled over money. This departure is one of several. Alleged testimony by Surgeon Patrick Hill* is to the effect that the severity of the injuries on Fisher's head was intentionally to conceal the identity of the victim, to which it might as well now be objected that Fisher's body was identified readily by other means. Professor Triebel also oddly concludes that as the receipt for a purchase of horses from Fisher had been a forgery (and Worrall could neither read nor write) the forger was Nathaniel Boon, a settler of Campbell Town.

Boon himself was a prosperous property owner and farmer. Certainly, Worrall used Boon's threat of prosecution of Fisher to explain Frederick's sudden disappearance. Boon's being literate

* Surgeon Hill had personally known Frederick Fisher: they came to Australia on the same ship, Atlas in 1817.

did not make him a forger in this instance, the forger being well enough indicated by the evidence as Worrall's servant who was only a shade less illiterate than his master. Triebel bases his theory on a fancy that Boon was Worrall's staunchest ally,'and withal well-informed about forgery'. Boon, it appears, is suggested as an ally and an accessory on the basis of his having been a witness for the defence at Worrall's trial -- something which was never planned -- and thus was proved to possess 'more covert cunning than the archfiend'. No evidence is offered by the Triebel opus for his various departures from the increasingly baffling array of unsupported details. It is not sufficient to faintly suggest that Boon's gravestone's being so acutely tilted over that its inscription can be read only by one's almost lying on the ground, is in some way appropriate to his villainy. These exaggerations may be forgiven anyone who had been unable to see the documents which have since been recovered from a mysterious limbo.

1 9 5 4 Perhaps it would be too much to expect that with the advent of television the ghost story bonanza should not extend to one more rich, almost inexhaustible lode for those who have systematically exploited the eerie for commercial profit.

So many writers for radio and popular publications, and novelists, have borrowed heavily from genuine histories of supernormal phenomena, and handled the material unintelligently, that it has been difficult for the public to distinguish between the raw material of parapsychological research and the arrant nonsense borrowers vamp up profitably for the purpose of mass entertainment.

After 128 years of bad luck, the story of Fisher's ghost had to fall a relatively early victim to the television writer, as it had been to hack journalists, film producers and radio scriptwriters.

During 1954, Hutchinson & Co (Publishers) Ltd. gave the world Unsolved Mysteries, by Valentine Dyall, a collection of weird problems of the past, 'with contributions and historical research

by Larry Forrester and Peter Robinson'. The latter, said to be an Australian by birth, contributed to the collection, The Silent Witness, supposed to be an account of the Fisher ghost. The various pieces were reported to have been originally scripted for BBC television, then run as a series of articles in Everybody's Weekly, the English magazine. After publication under hard covers, the collection went into the paperback market.

This massive presentation might lead the astonished reader to suppose that here at last was something about the ghost legend which would carry some weight of authority. But history is one thing; entertainment is another, perhaps.

This worst of all versions of the Fisher haunting, pretentiously offered, tells that on the afternoon of October 20, 1826, John Farley, aware George Worrall had circulated a statement that Frederick Fisher had suddenly left for England, called to demand repayment of £80 long owed by Fisher to Farley's sick and needy friend, one Cooper. Worrall claimed he had only sufficient funds for farm expenses, but promised to write Fisher concerning Farley's demand. Farley rode on further to make a visit, but returning while it was still full afternoon, was surprised to see Fisher sitting on his farm fence whittling a piece of wood. In the short time it took the annoyed Farley to dismount and negotiate an intervening ditch crossed by a plank, in order to address Fisher, whom he suspected of playing tricks upon him, Fisher had vanished!

The flabbergasted Farley searched about fruitlessly, not even finding a trace of the whittler's shavings. Furious and apprehensive of again approaching Worrall -- for they were rough times -- Farley rode to the police office to secure a constable to arrest Fisher for the debt.

Farley and the constable went to Fisher's farm, but further searching proved vain. Farley was convinced Fisher was lurking somewhere on the property, hoping to avoid meeting his obligation. At length, Farley challenged Worrall to allow Fisher's aboriginal

tracker, Jimmy, to assist in the search for his elusive master. Reluctantly, Worrall assented and under the unnerving eye of the constable -- clearly one of the leering pistol trigger-fingering fraternity -- Worrall accompanied the search party. Jimmy the tracker comes upon a blood-spattered fence and leads his companions to a spot in a creek bed where, he opines, something interesting lies under the mud. It could be a bogged cow, Worrall suggests; but the law will have none of it. A spade is procured, the 'bloated' corpse of a man is soon exposed -- more fingering of the trigger, presumably -- and the unlucky Jimmy, as a reward for his efforts, is left to mind the body of Fisher, whilst Farley and the constable take Worrall to the police post.

Farley tells the constable he is prepared to go into court and swear he had seen Fisher sitting on the fence that very afternoon, to which the constable makes an unenthusiastic reply. Mr. Robinson then relates that 'Farley was as good as his word'.

Three months later, it is shown, Farley took the stand in a Sydney courtroom and under oath recounted the whole story of the memorable afternoon. He was subjected to 'a gruelling cross-examination in which the judge frequently joined'. But unwaveringly, John Farley testified with 'never the slightest discrepancy'. The prosecution, it appears, had already proven that shortly before Fisher's disappearance there had been several heated arguments, in one of which Worrall had threatened Fisher with a knife.

The narrator or editor next proceeds to comment that the records of the trial have been much sought after by law students and 'psychic' investigators. It is startling to read also that 'Much of the evidence may be found in Mr. Montgomery-Martin's History of the British Colonies and in the well-known book, Botany Bay by John Lang'.

No one, avers the text, during more than a century, had produced a natural explanation of the ghostly phenomenon; and when

Farley declared in court he had seen Fisher sitting on a farm fence, whittling a lump of wood, he had set civilised people wondering. 'Today, many, like me, are re-examining his evidence -- and wondering still'.

And unquestionably, Messrs. Dyall and Peter Robinson will wonder for evermore, for Farley never went into court to testify, and no evidence by him thus exists to be re-examined!

The combined efforts of the writers becomes even more enthralling as the story-telling gives way to theorizing about the old mystery. Mr. Dyall is understood to regard the ghost of Fisher as an instance of 'materialisation' -- a diagnosis liable to drive the merest parapsychologist to the aspirin. Then, after the manner of so many modern diagnosticians, offers explanations or hypotheses having no relation to the symptoms.

The first possibility coming to Mr. Dyall's mind, is that Fisher's aboriginal tracker, Jimmy, knew of the murder, but fearing his testimony would not be accepted without corroboration, staged the 'ghost' episode /in broad daylight, of course/ in the hope it would lead to police inquiries.

The second theory advanced was that the ghost was rigged or acted by Worrall in order to frighten away Farley with his inconvenient demand for £80. And indeed, it is speculated that Worrall may have planned to lure Farley into the farmhouse to be processed suitably to join Fisher in the creek bed.

Whichever opinion or theory his readers prefer, warns Mr. Dyall, John Farley obviously remains a sincere and truthful witness, whose conduct in court earns respect.

Farley's sincerity cannot be questioned here, but it does seem that a surfeit of ghosts has been evoked! There is a natural apprehension that Mr. Dyall as ghost demolisher should be concerned with Farley's liability to be deceived by a concoction cropping up in Mr. Dyall's imagination 125 years later. In explaining the mechanics of a hypothetical ghost impersonation, the essay says

Farley never reached closer than twenty yards of the apparition. He may, therefore, have underestimated the distance and even the time during which he saw it -- and so on, until one becomes uneasily aware that Mr. Dyall is trying to test something he has vamped up all by himself and which is entirely unsupported by any facts. He does not disclose how Jimmy or Worrall could have engineered a haunting at such short notice of an unexpected visit by Farley to the farmhouse.

The spatial relations between Farley and an apparition simply cannot be discussed at this moment whilst we are in the throes of Mr. Dyall's stage management. Surely, he pleads, there was some sort of cover within 200 yards -- a bush, a patch of long grass or other concealment for a ghost to hide himself after his performance! Well, it is Mr. Dyall's theory, and he should have all his details worked out, and his properties in position, before throwing the conundrum into someone else's lap. Moreover, it is still bright afternoon, leaving him time to sum up that he remains dissatisfied with the story in one minor respect, which is that he has searched the court records in vain for mention of the exact spot where the fatal blows were struck. The prosecution, he complains, appears never to have managed to established whether the murder was committed in the house [whose house?] or out by the paddock fence where Farley saw the spectre and Jimmy found 'white fella's blood'.

This small thing, says the author, worries him as a loose end no crime novelist would leave untied, and laments that the trouble with writing factual material is that it may be stranger than fiction, though seldom so neat or convenient.

How right Mr. Dyall is! The present writer is worried about what court records Mr. Dyall and his aides consulted so vainly. Nothing was made clearer than where Fisher was killed. Or is it to be feared that Mr. Dyall resorted to Lang's Botany Bay. Alas and alack, Frederick Fisher did not employ an aboriginal tracker, so Mr. Dyall's creation will have to be classed as a ghost, too.

Without wishing to unduly protract this hilarious version of Campbell Town's ghost story, it can at least be pointed out that the poor and sick Cooper incorporated in the foregoing scenario could bear no relation to the wealthy Daniel Cooper who was associated with both Fisher and Farley. It would be too much . . . Choice of afternoon for the haunting incident is admittedly advantageous for the lighting of television stages, but it is rather hard on Australian history which is fairly precise as to its occurring late at night. The strain placed upon ghost impersonators is commensurately increased also.

It remains only to comment that fantasy surely reached its zenith in suggesting an aboriginal might have staged an impersonation of the ghost of an Englishman in mid-afternoon, especially an impersonation by someone who did not exist. One loose end left untied, was, who was The Silent Witness?

1 9 6 0 Much as the legend suffered at the hands of pseudo historians, and others even less interested in the facts, it reached the final stage of degeneration as a legend when used as the motif for a farce in verse. This was achieved by Douglas Stewart in a playlet issued in a limited, signed edition, with illustrations by the distinguished Australian artist, the late Norman Lindsay, and published by the Wentworth Press during 1960.

Mr. Stewart frankly offered the morsel as a 'historical comedy', although that is pretension enough since the playlet is on only nodding acquaintance with history. Mr. Stewart, acknowledging his indebtedness to the Trustees of the Mitchell Library for the opportunity afforded him to investigate the story, gives the result of his researches raw jocosity. But it must be remembered that it is all in fun, if the figures of a great tragedy can ever be funny.

When Constable Luland, of Campbell Town, appears under atill another misnomer of many, viz. 'Neeland', the reader already almost knows what to expect as regards history. John Farley, who has come through 124 years with his name virtually intact, though his character in shreds, is re-christened -- Joseph! Such is research.

A character named Billy Pike wanders in, probably an escapee from some other history, or just a supernumerary under the poet's licence.

The star, for whom the reader is impatient, proves to be 'a tall, powerfully-built and black-bearded individual who speaks 'with an English north country accent, somewhat modified by living in Australia'. The noted artist translates the description skillfully, and having regard to the post mortem circumstances, presents to view an attenuated, even scrawny, pallid derelict with a cascade of beard, and an expression more haunted than haunting. Yes -- it is Frederick Fisher, fully spectral. His north country accent does not make his illiteracy any easier to bear. But no doubt it is tiresome of history to record that Fisher was a Londoner (a Cockney, indeed), short in stature, clean shaven, fair complexioned and was only 34 years old when he died.

Quite unlike Stewart's hooting and coarse scarecrow he was educated, serious-minded and probably charming. But what is lost on the historical swings is made up on the imaginative roundabouts, as has been so well demonstrated. This is clear when Stewart's Fisher speaks of Worrall as 'wee George' and as 'a fine, strong, fat little fellow' when rhymed into the action. According to the stage directions, Worrall is 'a short, tubby labourer of about fifty, round faced with very small eyes'. Mr. Lindsay misses nothing of all this. Sad to say, however, as very little effort would have disclosed, George Worrall was a BIG man (5feet 9½ inches officially) from Cheshire. He was 41 when he killed Fisher.

Mr. Stewart admits at the outset that Fisher's ghost is probably Australia's best loved and most respectable phantom, said to reappear for obscure reasons which his play attempts to explore, on each anniversary of its /Fisher's/ death.

'Its history' says Mr. Stewart, 'is fairly faithfully related in the play . . .'

P A G E S

43 to 58 (inclusive)

DELETED

No authenticated[+] instance of the reappearance of Fisher's ghost is on record, although over many years professing clairvoyants have spent frosty June anniversaries in vigil at Campbell Town for the titillation of curious spectators.

The hold which the ghost story has taken over succeeding generations of people in the English speaking world - and elsewhere - is beyond dispute. In Campbell Town itself where there is nevertheless a striking general ignorance of Fisher's personal history and many of the events surrounding the manifestation, the title, 'Fisher's Ghost' has been incorporated with commercial and sporting events. The principal race in the inaugural meeting of the Campbelltown Picnic Race Club, at Appin, September, 1965, was named in honor of the ghost.

Fairly recently, the Australian Broadcasting Commission televized a short opera, Fisher's Ghost, composed by a Sydney musician. Unfortunately, the composer-librettist did not realize the great potential of his theme. The scoring for the ghost scene was very good, but the author wrote in as characters persons who were never connected with the original affair. The Hurley blunder occurred once more.

Fisher's Ghost Festival, at Campbell Town, annually for years past has focussed upon the haunting. And while the population and tourists alike continue fascinated by it all, and accept in good faith the emblem of a bed-sheeted apparition, for the good of local charities, there is no monument to the original who lies in an unmarked grave in St. Peter's churchyard, the precise location unrecorded.

It may be that even at the writing of these words over one hundred and fifty years after Frederick Fisher came to his terrible death, some press is churning out a seemingly interminable stream of malarkey about him for a public so far ignorant of the facts.

[+] That is, by competent psychical researchers.