

The first information that he had received in relation to Morgan was that he was in Canada, attending a bar; then that he was in Smyrna wearing the turban, and afterwards that he was among our Indians, wearing a breech cloth, and next, that he was on ship-board.

About the same time one Ezra Sturges Anderson stated in the Hallowell (Maine) *Advocate* that he had seen Morgan whom he knew years before, at Mount Desert Island, in April, 1829, (nearly three years after his assumed death,) hale and hearty, and boasting that he had made twenty thousand dollars by his book, which sum was lying in the hands of —, and that Morgan then passed by the name of Herrington.

More recently, we have another one of these relations that connect Morgan with Maine. Mr. A. P. Rogers, a resident of Minnesota, has, in reference to the letter of Thurlow Weed, published in the *St. Paul Press* the following narrative:

Perhaps I can throw more light upon the fate of Morgan than any other person living. Prior to 1826, the time of his disappearance, my father, then a young man, formed his acquaintance, and knew him well.

In the year 1827 or 1828, my father went eastward as far as Great Falls, N. H., where he remained a few years. Here he married, and here he experienced religion and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Feeling a deep love for the cause he had so lately espoused, he determined to devote the remainder of his life to the cause of Christ and humanity. With this object in view, he entered the ministry, and started as a missionary for the wilds of Northern Maine, which were then just being opened up to civilization. Arriving at Moulton, Me., he decided to locate there, and enter at once upon his work, and here he resided for a number of years. In 1844 he went still further north, and settled at Fort Fairfield. This part of Maine was then an unbroken wilderness, save a few straggling settlements that were many miles apart. In these missionary labors he visited these settlements from Sabbath to Sabbath. Upon one of these routes that he travelled through the forest, guided only by the trees that were blazed to mark the way, stood a solitary cabin, with but a lonely occupant, a man well advanced in years. The cabin, as well as the little clearing around it, showed marks of age, and led one to the conclusion that its occupant had long been a denizen of these wilds. With this strange old man my father often tarried and passed many pleasant hours while resting his weary limbs. Not only the hermit but the cabin, excited his astonishment, being built in a very unique manner, and constructed without the use of nails or anything else, save what he could procure from the forests. In conversation with this strange creature, the conviction gradually forced itself upon my father that he had seen him before—but when and where? Those questions he could not answer at once, but the truth finally flashed upon him that this lonely old man was none other than the friend of his early years, William Morgan. With this truth pressing upon him, he resolved to keep it a secret for awhile, until he should make himself doubly sure of the fact by watching him closely, and by tracing the resemblance, if any existed, between this old man and young Morgan. Thus, with the hermit all unaware that his true identity was suspected by any one, my father watched and studied him until he had not a shadow of doubt but what this was the veritable William Morgan, who, it was alleged, the Masons had murdered so many years before. Upon making inquiry in the settlements of those who came there first, they stated that they knew nothing about him, only this, that when they came he was there. He told some of his discovery, which reached the ears of the hermit, when he silently, and unknown to any one, departed in the darkness of the night; none knew where, but doubtless to seek anew some secluded spot where he could remain in solitude undisturbed by his brother man.

When William Morgan was abducted by his brother Masons and carried to Fort Niagara, he doubtless escaped from their hands, and fearing that his life would pay the forfeit for his dastardly outrage against the Masonic Fraternity, it seen again by one of their number, he fled here to the boundless forests of Northern Maine. And here he had lived all these years, his only companions the birds of the air and the wild beasts of the forests. His wants that he could not supply from the soil and from the game that is abundant in those parts, were probably met by visiting the settlements of the French refugees upon the St. John's River. The life that he led here must indeed have been a singular and a lonely one, and, doubtless, the first years of his life were full of terror, of fear and disquietude. At the rustle of every leaf, and the breaking of every twig, he would fancy an assassin was creeping upon him to strike him down; but as the years stole by, this feeling would give way to one of greater security and safety, till at last, like Selkirk, he would feel that he was "monarch of all he surveyed."

My father died in 1857, but the foregoing facts were received at the time from his own lips, and they can be relied upon as being strictly true. He knew this hermit to be William Morgan, and this is conclusive evidence to me that Morgan was not mur-