

LETTER TO PRESIDENTS W. S. PHILLIPS AND JOHN DAVIS.

*Pottawatamie, June 22, 1852.*

DEAR BROTHERS PHILLIPS AND DAVIS,—I take the present opportunity to write to you from Pottawatamie. The Welsh Branch has begun its journey toward the Great Salt Lake Valley, with some of the English and the French in the company. Fifty wagons make up the camp, and are divided into five groups, namely 10 wagons in each group, and a captain over 10 wagons; also, there is a captain over the entire camp: I shall name the ones I know,—Capt. D. Evans, Llanelli, the first; John Rees, blacksmith, formerly from around Pont Haiarn, Merthyr Tydfil, the second; H. Evans, the former president of West Glamorgan, the third; Coward, fourth; the fifth, I do not know. William Beddoe, *Brickman*, formerly from Pendaren, the scribe of the camp, and Abel Evans as captain of the *Guards*, and the writer is the servant of the entire camp. I have written three letters, and according to what I heard from Brother Evans, they have not reached the end of their destination.

All the Saints are in good health, each one with his *canvas* house as white as snow; and we would be glad if our brothers and our sisters, many of whom we know, were closer to us to be able to see the truth of the proverb which is like this:—"A land flowing with milk," &c. There is plenty of milk in our camp that is being thrown out as casually as is the water, which three or four of the *colliers* in Merthyr have bathed in, for we have more than we can make use of, or than anyone needs that is close by.

Rachel Rowlands, Hirwaun, is improving well; she and William's two daughters are in the camp on their journey to the Valley, together with Thomas Morris and my sister Ann; thanks to you for sending them over. I shall close now; you shall have more of our story after we have crossed the river.

I am in haste,

WILLIAM MORGAN.