

BALTIMORE, *August 11, 1866.*OTTO HAHN, *Reutlingen :*

DEAR SIR :—My last letter you will have received a fortnight since. I informed you in it of my late arrival in Baltimore and also of my intention to visit, with Commissioner Cole and Secretary Bogen, on Friday the 10th, the land destined for colonization. We left on that day at six in the morning, on a steamer, and went down the bay, which is lined in part with farms on both sides, which offered a magnificent view.

After a ride of seven hours, we arrived at one in the afternoon, at the point of destination. Ah! what an indescribable view I had when I set my foot on this land. We first went through a splendid field of Indian corn and then we came to the farm house, which is situated near the bay. These were very respectable Americans. The servants, men and women, were blacks, but very good natured people they were. This farmer has 480 acres, but only the fourth part of it is under cultivation. The corn was very perfect and the two friends assured me that they never saw it better; it stood before me like the giant before David; it was from ten to eleven feet high and had many cobs; the wheat I could not see, as it had been harvested fourteen days before. Both of these grains succeed admirably and furnish excellent breads; the corn was served on the table in form of a cake. I hope you will taste it with me very soon. The potatoes here are very large. They raise here also many sweet potatoes, but I have not yet seen this vegetable. I assure you we could have of everything a double harvest. The people here are very lazy. One has only to look at their hands—they have hands like merchant's clerks. The soil is very prolific. One acre of this land brings 350 bushels of potatoes as the farmer cultivates the ground. Onions succeed also admirably well on this soil; an acre brings over 100 barrels, worth over \$300, as I have seen in a letter written by a farmer himself, and the land on which he lives cannot compare in fertility with that which I have seen and which I think is so well adapted for civilization. People know nothing here of meadows nor of manure heaps; the cattle run at large in the field grouped together; swine I could not count, so many they were; the same with hens, geese, ducks, &c. People live like Emperors; everything grows wild.

Horticulture they carry on very badly. Where we visited, they had a garden of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres—there were melons, tomatoes, some cabbage, and other vegetables. There was no gardener to be seen. I saw fine fruit upon the different trees, but the trees were greatly neglected; no saw nor any other instrument has ever been applied to one; everything wild; and yet plenty of fruit, and good fruit, too; they have no