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in the colony—not vagabonds, as we understand the word commonly, yet wanderers—pedlars and tinkers, who are known and respected wherever they go—very useful members of society in a new country.

Seven miles, partly over an excellent plank-road, took us to the river Jordan, and to a village so called, where we watered our horses. It is a very neat pretty location, with a deep valley on one side, through which flows the "Twenty-mile Creek," navigable from the lake three miles off, and upward to near the village, for boats. On the left commence the wooded heights, called the Mountain, which extend all the way to Hamilton, and contribute so much to the picturesque beauty of the scenery. An immensely long oak-bridge extends across the river and valley to support the Great Western Railway. It is well worthy of remark that, during the whole day's journey, we were scarcely ever out of sight of a house, cottage, or habitable hut or shanty.

The next village we came to, six miles from the last, was Beansville, so called by a Mr. Beam, who, seventy-five years ago, settled on the spot where there stood only three or four birch-bark shanties. The venerable patriarch has lived here ever since; and, perhaps to encourage the younger part of the population to do likewise, only two years ago took to himself a wife. Of late it has not made much progress in extent, but the frame-houses are being displaced by those of brick, a fair sign of the increasing wealth of the inhabitants. It is surrounded by a rich agricultural country, and many roads branch off right and left to other hamlets; the black stumps are also removed from most of the fields, though snake-fences are still in vogue. These will give way ultimately to rails or palings. The bridges, likewise, of loose planks,