A Glimpse into the Wilderness.

HANGE cars!” With the promptness born of long travel, the passengers, arming themselves with their impedimenta, marched forth in single file. We had reached the northern terminus of the Adirondack Railway. Before lay the to us unexplored wilderness of Northern New York, with its primeval forest of hemlock, spruce, and pine, with its solitary log-cabins and chain of lakes. It seemed that we were about to step back a few centuries, to lead the rough, bold life devoid of comforts and conveniences that characterized the early settlement of this country. Behind us lay the world, with its teeming millions,—its noise, and bustle, and hurry, with its railroads, its telegraph, its steamboats. Henceforth we were to bid adieu to this noisy world, than which we had known no other since childhood, and plunge into that other, which was as yet unchanged by the hand of man,—which was quiet and soothing to the overtaxed brain and unstrung nerve. The shriek of the on-rushing train would henceforth be replaced by the weird hoot of the midnight owl, which would only serve to render nature’s silence the more impressive. Cozy rooms and soft beds were to be exchanged for the open camp and hemlock bough on the shores of a forest lake, where the wild doe rears her fawn, and the old buck comes to drink.

As we stepped from the train upon the little platform that surrounds the depot at North Creek, we felt that, for the nonce, we were bidding good-bye to friends, to home, and civilization. We were now to be out of reach of the telegraph, and we could obtain our letters only after great delay and at uncertain intervals. Notwithstanding these thoughts, which could not but be serious, we were all impatient to begin the life we had dreamed of so long.

North Creek is a little hamlet, with two miserable hotels and the same number of stores. It derives its entire importance from the fact that it is the terminus of the railway. The track was, in fact, laid out to a small place six miles farther on, but the influence of the good people of North Creek prevented the last six miles from ever being used. The rails were removed, and the ties may now be seen slowly rotting, as a temporary monument, at least, to the business sagacity of the North Creekers. Here the livery man is in league with the hotel-keeper, and it invariably happens that the tourist has to spend the night with mine host McInnery.

“Buck-boards” are the only kind of conveyance used, save the stages. They are generally three-seated and covered, and, drawn by a pair of powerful horses, make a very comfortable means of transportation.

Long Lake is the longest and one of the largest in the Adirondack wilderness. A small cluster of houses, termed Long Lake Village, nestles among the hills on its eastern shore, and forms the terminus of the carriage road from North Creek, from which it is distant about forty-five miles. The road is rough and hilly, in many places corduroy, but the easy buck-board and strong horses make light work of it; and provided the start is early, there is no difficulty in traveling the forty-five miles before sundown.

Space forbids my entering into a detailed description of this drive,—so novel, so primitive, so enchanting. Upon leaving North Creek the country is slightly undulating. The Hudson, here a mere brook, dances and tumbles rapidly by. Soon the aspect changes,—the outlines become sharper, the forest growth larger and more stately, the hamlets, composed mostly of log-cabins, more scattered. An extensive barren district is passed early in the day, which the deadly forest fire has left thus desolate, with now and then a white and naked tree stretching its withered arms to heaven, as if in mute protest against the destructive advance of man with fire and axe. Noble monarch of the past! even the wild flowers that cluster at thy feet