

Apparently the wily fish is choice in his food this morning, for he gives no evidence of his presence, and a less experienced fisherman than our friend would hastily conclude that he was "not at home" for the day. Charles knows better; so, having offered his Highness one dish without exciting even curiosity, he is now intent on substituting another of less gaudy hue and more modest proportions.

While he is changing flies, let us just take our lungs full of this invigorating air, every inhalation of which is a positive pleasure, and look on the magnificent panorama before us, as length after length is unrolled in the gorgeous light of the rising sun. Our city artists, caged in brick and stone, talk learnedly of mellow tints, soft tones, and chiar oscuro, but look at yonder hill, as the rays of light steal slowly down its wooded sides, disclosing every possible variety of color, as they play amidst the many-tinted foliage and lighten up the crags that overhang the river. Is it not a sight to gladden the heart of the poor dweller in cities, who has almost forgotten when he last saw the sun rise? But look! Charles has caught either the monarch or his rock, for the arch of his rod tells its own tale. Ha! see there! a fifteen-pounder, at least! Again, and again the splendid fish throws himself full length out of water in the vain effort to snap the thread of fate. Foiled, by the dexterous management of our angler, in his cunning attempts to throw himself across the slender line that held him, he made directly for the rapids, and a most exciting combat ensued.

To the left, shorewards from the rock on which the angler stood, was a small, quiet basin, sheltered from the rush of water by the ledge, to the right the water rushed with the velocity of a mill-race, broken into foam by sunken rocks and projecting points of the ledge. In this basin, could he only succeed in restraining his captive, there was ample room to "play his fish," and every probability of ultimately securing him; but if he once got his nose into the rapid, no tackle could hold him, for the strength of the current was such that it required an effort to draw even the line up it, he would have the game all his own way, would run off from fifty to eighty yards of line, and most probably tangle or cut it round one of the numerous rocks at the foot of the rapid. As the whole energies of the fish were directed to getting into the current, the whole strength of rod and line, and all the skill and judgment of our angler were in requisition to keep him out of it. For some moments it was a tie—the persistent efforts of the prisoner were met by a stern determination to try rod and line to the utmost verge of prudence, and the two forces were so evenly balanced, that, for more than a minute, the fish did not gain an inch. Becoming convinced that his position was a dangerous one, desperation added strength to the prisoner, and slowly, foot by foot, he neared the rapids of hope to him, but of grief to his captor. With thumb on line, anxiously calculating the last

ounce it would bear, and with the but of his rod directed to the fish, reluctantly our angler yielded inch after inch to his retreating prey. With disappointment and dismay we see him gradually approach the edge of the current, and give up all hope of breakfasting off him. Not so our friend Charles; he had been victor in many more desperate straits, and now, cool and calculating in his judgment, while every nerve was tense with delicious excitement, he stood calmly weighing the chances, equal to either fortune, success or failure. He knew that if he increased his pressure on the line by another half ounce, one of two results was sure to follow, either the hook would be torn from the fish's mouth, or some part of the tackle would be broken; in either case, good bye monarch; but, by judiciously yielding, there was still a chance of final success; so his eagle eye and steady, skilful hand were both on the alert, ready for what the exigencies of the case might demand. The fish had now fairly won his way within three feet of the rapid, and most fishermen would have relinquished the last hope of turning him, but your true angler never gives away a trick. Our friend Charles, gauging to a hair the strength of his tackle, kept on the pressure to the extreme point of safety, but in spite of coolness, skill, judgment and determination, he had met his match; while resisting to the utmost the prisoner's efforts to escape, he admired his strength, endurance and persistent pluck, and smiled

" With the stern joy that warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel."

Inch by inch the noble fish fought his way—inch by inch the reluctant line slipped through the rings, the arch of the rod unbroke, and the but following the fish—until at length he gained the rapid; with one wild plunge, and a triumphant wave of his broad tail, down he went. The short arch of the rod was instantly relieved; the line, left free, uncoiled from the whizzing reel, and ran through the rings like lightning, making that most exciting of all music, that none but an angler can appreciate. Down, down the rapid he shot like an arrow, until he reached the still water below, when the weight of some fifty or sixty yards of line that he was towing, began to diminish his headlong career. Charles, still apparently cool and collected, but with the fire of intense excitement in his eye, had now his skill tried to the utmost, while our chance of breakfasting off that fish looked slim indeed.

There must have been at least fifty yards of line run off in that splendid rush, and the monarch was now in his familiar haunts, amid visible and invisible rocks, scattered thickly around. To exercise much control over him at that distance was impossible, and it became absolutely necessary to his capture, to turn his head up stream, and so prevent him winding among the dangerous rocks, and perhaps cutting the line against their sharp angles and ragged edges. While the salmon is running from you