ANGLING RESORTS NEAR LONDON, THE THAMES AND THE LEA

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Angling Resorts Near London, the Thames and the Lea by J. P. Wheeldon

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J. P. WHEELDON

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THE THAMES AND THE LEA.

BY

J. P. WHEELDON,

PISCATORIAL CORRESPONDENT "BELL'S LIFR."

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TO MY BROTHER FISHERMEN.

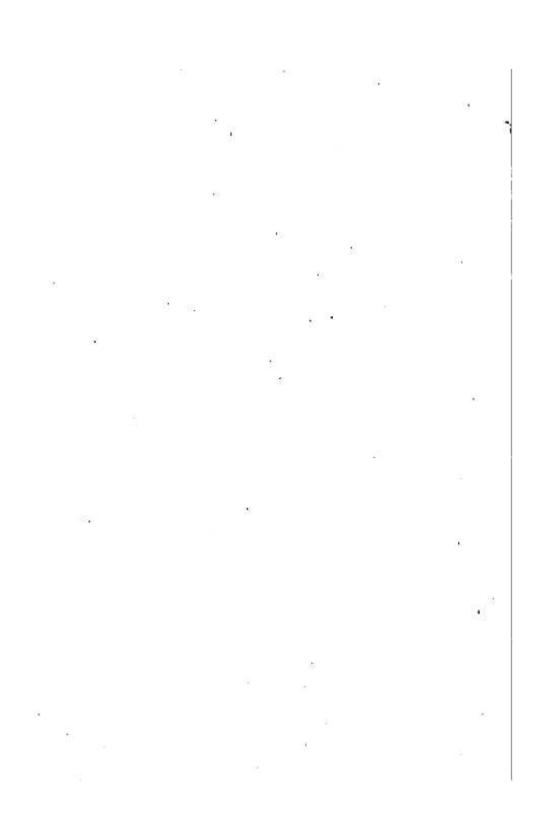
IT has been a great gratification to me to find that, during my connexion with the public press as a piscatory correspondent, my work has been of some little value to those who, in search of fishing quarters within an easy journey of their homes, have from time to time referred to the columns of "Bell's Life" in search of reliable information, in which journal much of the subjectmatter of these pages has been already published.

My thanks are due to the proprietors of the journal inquestion for permission to republish papers which had already passed into their hands; and now, at the solicitation of many friends whom I have met from time to time while wandering, rod in hand, in quest of sport, I place them before the general angling public, together with copious additions and corrections to what had been originally written.

Many faults may be found, many imperfections, but, dedicating my little book to my brothers of the angle (and desiring no more powerful patron), I leave it, with hopes for its success, in their hands.

J. P. WHEELDON.





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ANGLING RESORTS

NEAR LONDON.

THE RYE HOUSE.

QUAINT old Isaak, the father of the gentle craft, must surely have had in his mind something like this ancient inn, with its snug, cosy rooms, big, open-mouthed fireplaces, up which the crimson flame goes roaring and crackling on a wintry night. or, with the windows flung wide open to admit the gentle summer gale that comes laden with the breath of a thousand flowers, when he wrote of "the honest ale-house where we shall find a cleanly room, layender in the window, twenty ballads stuck about the wall, and a hostess both cleanly and civil." It is a fitting description of one of the pleasantest spots to which a smoke-dried Londoner could wend his way, and, let him be a disciple of the rod or no, he may spend many a worse time than he is likely to do by calling upon Mr. Teale, the proprietor, and after a glass of his capital ale, filling his pipe, and sauntering through the historically-interesting old place, and into the well-kept grounds behind. 1683 this Rye House Inn, or King's Arms as it

was then called, was kept by one Sheppard, and the conspirators engaged in the celebrated Rye House Plot were frequently in the habit of meeting at the house to perfect their nefarious designs against the life of his Majesty Charles II. and the Duke of York upon their return from Newmarket Races. Apart from its historical interest, the Rye House is well known as a resort for the angler. It is therefore to brothers of the rod, who have not, mayhap, made much acquaintance with the "silvery Lea," and the denizens of its waters, that the following remarks may prove useful. Years ago, when my piscatorial experience was much more limited than now. I used to eagerly look for my Saturday's paper, in order to skim the cream of the "Angling column," and get at what they were doing on Thames, Colne, or Lea. Somehow I always had a sneaking fondness for the last-named stream, and so surely as the announcement was made that "Mr. So-and-So had a splendid take of chub," or perch, perhaps, from some favourite Lea-side resort, than off I used to set to the same locality, burning with ardour to rival or eclipse the doughty deeds of "So-and-So." This is all very well, but, under such circumstances, the eager fisherman often gets to the water, and has not the remotest idea of where to sit down when he arrives there. An hour is first spent in finding the keeper, if it is a subscription water, and then, when he has been palmoiled sufficiently, and heart and tobacco-pouch opened to him at the same time, the somewhat vague direction is obtained. "Well, you go down to the further bend there, you see they