

This is but one of many similar experiments that have been successfully carried out after the operator had thrown his subject into a state of trance, and which it is in the power of nearly every one possessed of a strong will and concentrativeness of purpose to demonstrate for himself.

Nor is this mental transfer confined to the reproduction of impulses and mind-pictures, but in the same manner pains and tastes can be transferred from the operator to the percipient. This is generally done in a state of trance, but I carried out a most successful series of experiments a few months ago with my subject in a normal waking condition, and without contact.

I pinched my right leg: subject at once rubbed the identical spot on his own leg. I nipped my left arm: the exact place was at once indicated by the subject on his own arm.

I then gave my left leg two consecutive pinches, and afterwards bit my lower lip, both of which results were immediately and accurately described by my subject. In fact the experiments were altogether most successful, and I did not experience a single failure.

But there is still one more remarkable feature in some of these instances upon which I will only touch, as it passes almost out of the region of thought-trans-

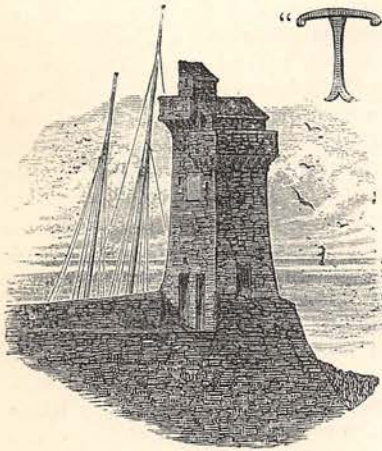
ference to the more complex subject of mesmerism, of which thought-transference is but a branch, and that is that the influence of mind over mind, when persons are in intense sympathy, seems completely to annihilate all space and time. The subject of telepathy, as it is called, has created a vast amount of discussion lately, and an exceedingly interesting and remarkable article appeared in a well-known Review on the subject, by Messrs. Gurney and Myers, entitled "Transferred Impressions and Telepathy;" but as these are of very exceptional occurrence, and only manifest themselves in persons of extremely sensitive temperament, such instances do not strictly demand a place in a paper on the subject of thought-transference.

In conclusion let me observe that although this power has only recently attracted public attention, there is very little reason to doubt that we can look to it to explain away a great amount of the witchcraft, demonology, and superstition of the Middle Ages. Indeed, even at the present day such experiments cannot be carried out without a strange feeling of awe and astonishment at the subtle connection of mind and matter, and we are bound to exclaim in the words of Hamlet:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

GEORGE D. DAY.

IN THE ENGLISH SWITZERLAND.



TOWER ON THE BEACH, LYNMOUTH.

TWENTY miles from everywhere," nestling on the western sea in a lovely little bay, lies the village of Lynmouth, to the country round which has often been given the name of the English Switzerland. Seldom, indeed, can a

district be found which unites in itself such an infinite variety of scenery. The thickly wooded valleys, through which flow the mountain streams, seeming, as they roll over the huge stones, to make one long waterfall, open downs, the rock-bound coast, heather-clad moorland—all are found here in their most lovely forms.

There are several ways of reaching Lynmouth and its sister village, Lynton, which is some 400 feet higher—any one of which forms a pleasant change to

the usual routine of travel. You may take train to Minehead, to which a branch line runs from Taunton through very fine scenery, and from there reach your destination by coach, passing through Porlock and the very heart of the wild Exmoor district. If this be your first experience of Devonshire hills and Devonshire horses, you will probably be somewhat surprised at the little account the latter make of the former, a stumble being an almost unknown thing.

The journey may also be made by coach from Ilfracombe and Barnstaple, but the Minehead route is certainly to be preferred.

Then, again, if you are not afraid of a sea-passage, you may leave the train at Portishead and take the steamer which plies daily to and from Ilfracombe during the season, calling off Lynmouth. The voyage is a very pleasant one on a fine day, and as the channel gradually widens out, the coast-line becomes more and more rugged, till, as you round the Foreland, a huge promontory about 1,100 feet high forming the eastern boundary of the bay, you see the little boats waiting to land you, for there is no pier or landing-place; and should the tide be low, you will probably have a somewhat rough scramble over the rocks.

The village of Lynmouth is very primitive. At the top of the harbour, which is marked by irregular posts driven into the beach, stands a quaint old tower, much beloved of artists, and which was built some



THE DOONE VALLEY.

years ago in imitation of one on the Rhine. A very picturesque row of old cottages straggling up the hill marks the road to Lynton, the ascent to which is very steep, and enough to test the staying powers of the most active pedestrian. The rest of the village follows the course of the river which picks its way to the sea through its midst.

Two rivers join at Lynmouth, the East and West Lyn, both of which flow through wooded gorges; the course of the latter, the vegetation of which is the more luxuriant, lying for the last half-mile through private grounds, to which the public are admitted on payment of a small fee, which is given to local charities. There are two hotels at Lynmouth, one near the sea, and the other at the head of the East Lyn Valley, both of which are very comfortable, and the charges reasonable, as you can be boarded well *en pension* at from £2 10s. to £3 10s. a week.

The place is much frequented by anglers, who find ample employment, salmon and trout being caught in the rivers. Fishing tickets are obtainable at the hotels at the rate of one shilling a day. The water is often very low, and sport is then bad; but after heavy rain, when the river is flooded, the salmon come up in large numbers, and if the "snatchers" are not too active, the catch is large. The waterfalls, too, are then very fine, and amply make up for any inconvenience which the weather may have caused during the preceding day or two.

A very favourite excursion from Lynmouth is to the Watersmeet, about two miles up the valley of the East Lyn, where the Brendon stream joins it, leaping down two very fine cascades. Watersmeet is one of the loveliest spots in the neighbourhood, the steep sides of the ravine being covered thickly with wood growing among a perfect jungle of ferns. It is frequented at certain seasons of the year by the red deer from Exmoor, the single spot in England where they still remain in their natural state. The summer visitor is not very likely, however, to see them here.

A very pretty walk further up the left stream, passing some fine salmon-pools, brings us in about two miles to Rockford, whence the return route is by the carriage-road which runs along the top of the valley, and is also very pretty. If a longer walk is intended, the road leads past Brendon, famous for its fine old church, to Malmsmead, where refreshment can be obtained at a farm-house. This is the place where pedestrians usually rest before starting up the Badgworthy Water for the celebrated Doone Valley, a trip which should certainly not be omitted. The walk lies up a well-wooded valley, and on the right is passed Jan Ridd's famous waterslide, now a small stream gliding over a smooth mossy rock, the beauties of which have been considerably overdrawn.

At the head of this valley, the character of the scenery entirely changes. The Doone Valley, so called from a set of outlaws who—so tradition says—once infested the place, is a very wild, desolate spot; and with the exception of the sheep which dot the slopes, and an occasional herd of deer or wild ponies, is quite deserted except in the tourist season. One small shepherd's cottage, some little way up the valley, breaks the monotony, but this is the only habitation for miles round. The walk from Lynmouth to the Doone Valley is about nine miles. A very usual

route for visitors who do not care for so long a walk is to drive to Malmsmead, and walk the two miles from there to the valley. The return walk or drive should be taken by way of Oare Church, and up an ascent to the coast road past Glenthorne, the beautiful seat of the lord of the manor, which lies below, and which should certainly be visited on another day. The road continues through Countisbury and down Countisbury Hill, which is very steep, back again to Lynmouth. Another nice little excursion, by road or sea, is to Porlock Weir, a little village distant about twelve miles by road and less by sea.

In the opposite direction, a very enjoyable walk of about eight miles may be taken to Heddons Mouth. Ascending and leaving the old church of Lynton behind you, you reach the North Walk, which is cut in the steep slope of Hollardy Hill on the seaward side. You soon reach the Castle Rock, a huge mass of limestone, rising some 400 feet almost perpendicularly out of the sea, and from the top of which a fine view may be obtained. This rock stands at the head of the "Valley of Rocks," about which Southey wrote so enthusiastically. This is a very weird spot, the rocks being scattered about in all directions, one of the finest being the "Devil's Cheese Wring," which lies on the opposite side.

Continuing our journey, a little further on lies Ley Abbey in the midst of its lovely grounds. The road then winds through some beautiful pine and larch

woods to Woodabay, past Inkermar. Bridge, where the path is again cut out of the side of the cliff, till you are obliged to turn inland to Heddons Mouth.

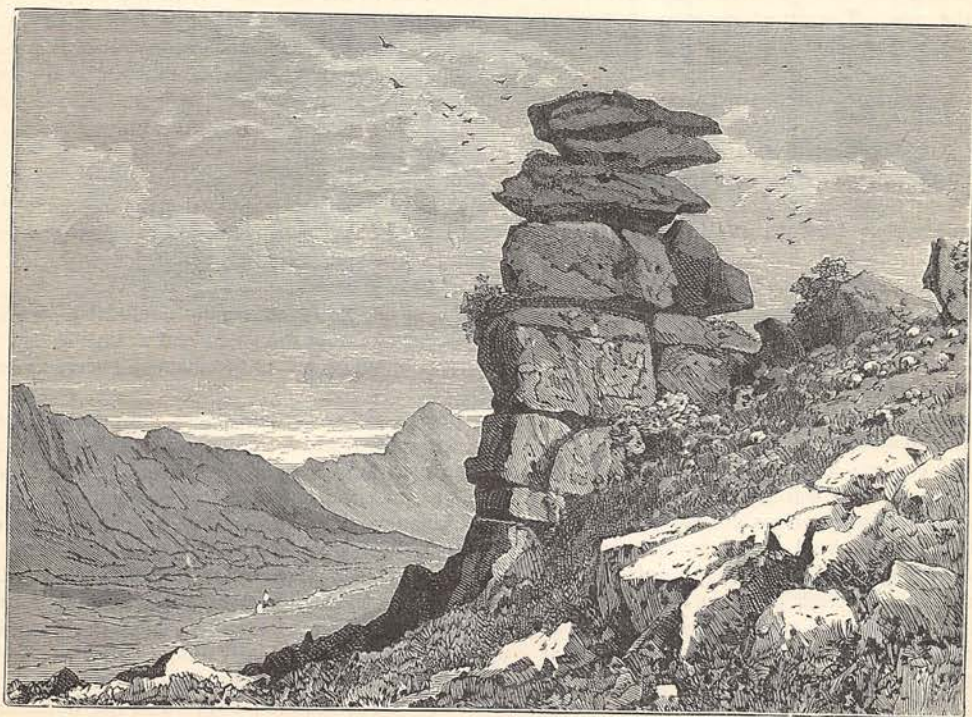
The road continues over the moor to Combe Martin, an untidy, straggling village, over a mile in length, and then on to Ilfracombe, a busy, thriving watering-place, which may be called the capital of North Devon.

We have not space to enumerate all the pleasant rambles which may be made from Lynmouth, and can only advise our readers to try it for themselves.

The climate is mild, and is said to be rather relaxing; but after a day or two this is not felt, and the purity of the air makes up in great measure for its mildness. The bathing is bad, as the shore is very rough, but a cove has been constructed for the ladies, while the gentlemen mostly go outside the harbour and bathe from boats. Ponies are easily obtainable, and can be hired cheaply by the day, though when a meet of the staghounds is held in the neighbourhood they are in great demand.

Lynmouth is really at its best in the early summer, though the regular season is not till August and September.

Altogether, the quiet beauty of the inland scenery, the wild grandeur of an iron-bound and exposed coast, and the long expanse of heather-clad moorland, make up the attractions of a spot which is certainly unequalled in our favoured island, and which many who only look abroad for their relaxation would do well to visit.



THE "DEVIL'S CHEESE WRING," LYNTON.