

leaves are burned. Amulets and jewelry are offered up to the corpse. Then the hut is entirely and finally abandoned.

The intellectual life of the Krickamola is really sluggish. Nevertheless, along with their superstitions they have vivid imaginations, and are very easily dominated by suggestive influences. Their dream life is very lively. After a bad dream they are silent for a whole day, morose and low in spirits. At such times they are useless for work, and consider themselves physically ill. Indeed, this kind of autosuggestion goes so far that a man might conceivably die simply from the effects of a bad dream. Here too the medicine man must come in with aid — wrapping the possessed man in leaves and exorcizing the demons with prayers and incantations.

It was only with great difficulty that I managed to get the Lurria to commit himself on any details. Although regarding me as a colleague, he did betray some of his hocus-pocus with a kind of humor. But, all the same, he was quite serious when he said to me, 'White man, you are very clever, and think yourself very wise, but there are a great many things that you do not know.'

Well, I took leave of the Lurria with the feeling that he was not really inferior to many of our own faith healers, because he supplements his incantations with positive remedies, and as a therapeutician certainly accomplishes more than our own quacks, whom he outdoes by having a genuine equipment of empirical knowledge, and probity to boot.

SPANISH DANCER

BY R. W. POVEY

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A CLEAR stringed chord . . .
 Poised, smilingly alert,
 Soundstruck, her lithe and lovely figure stands;
 Laughter in all the foldings of her skirt,
 Joy in her firm brown arms, her lifted hands;
 Fixed living beauty in her back-thrown head,
 Her parted thin jet hair, quick-tilted chin.
 — Now, swift with mazy skirl and measured,
 Thin string-tunes run, bewildered, out and in.
 Life, with the music, thrills her body through;
 Wakened to joy of movement, glad and fleet
 Her sure limbs revel in the work they do,
 High-mettled rhythmic mirth is in her feet.

THE HYENA MAN¹

BY A. C. G. HASTINGS

WHEN two white men live alone together in the wilds of Africa, and have understanding with similarity of tastes and interests, they generally get pretty intimate. Shott and I certainly were. We had a good deal in common.

He commanded the company of native troops at Nafada, I was the administrative officer of the district, and in work and sport we were the best of friends. Shott was a first-rate soldier — keen, energetic, invariably cheerful; I fancy there was no smarter lot of men than C Company in the country, and they would have followed him through hell and out the other side at any time. He is but a memory now; he died as I know he would have wished — at Mons.

Nafada was a far cry from the West African coast, — six weeks' journey at the least in those days, — just four hundred miles up the Niger River, followed by three hundred more up its confluent, the Benue, and lastly a slow crawl for another hundred up the Gongola in a native canoe to where the old walled town lay on the low sandy riverbank in the country of the Bolewa tribe. Our nearest white neighbors were more than a hundred miles away, and for months at a time we saw no one but each other. In tropical countries friendship does not always stand the test of such unchanging intercourse, but in our case it did.

Both of us, I think, were practical, common-sense fellows, with healthy

but controlled imaginations — we were not a bit the sort to be unduly impressed by the uncanny; in fact, it would have been hard to find two men more unlikely to be affected by examples of 'black magic.' For all that, nobody, I think, can live among a witchcraft-ridden people, as we were doing then, without being forcibly struck by the amazing hold that wizardry has upon the native mind. This terror is almost a concrete thing — it creates an atmosphere which envelops the people's lives; so much so that even strangers like ourselves felt the effect of it in all our relations with them. Shott and I had often discussed it, perhaps with the amused tolerance of racial superiority, but none the less with an understanding of its seriousness to a primitive people. One could not fail to have that, for the Bolewa were so tremendously under the influence of the wizards — it was evident everywhere. In most of the big towns of the district there was a local wizard. Nafada had two, and of these the more important and fear-inspiring was undoubtedly the Galadima, a native official of sorts whose worldly authority was quite eclipsed by the magical influence he had over the people. In their eyes his power was unlimited; in mine he was an unmitigated rascal, a stumblingblock to progress.

What a bogey he was to the town! I came upon a woman one day in the market. She was writhing and screaming on the ground in awful fear — al-

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