

was closed with felt rugs and the light-proof burkha. Before nine o'clock a furious north wind blew over Tebbes, sweeping and howling through the garden, and my tent was dangerously bulged in on the windward side, and was stretched like a sail in a storm. The sky became overcast in a moment with black clouds, and some heavy raindrops fell. The night was pitch dark, and there was a noise as of a roaring flood outside.

At twelve o'clock on March 6 I was fetched by the ferrashes of the *Hakim* or Governor, and we marched in close order down the khiaban, which was now crowded with people, to view the performance on the greatest day of mourning in Moharrem. The air was warmer than usual, and the temperature was above 68°. We could hear from a distance the sounds of lamentation from the mollahs' tekkieh, where the performance was in full swing; but the Governor's tekkieh, which on ordinary days is a theological high school, was still quiet, for the day's performance had not yet commenced. We took a back way through a passage which led directly to my open *eivan* or niche. Here a number of spectators, mostly women, had assembled, but the place was cleared at once by the switches of the ferrashes. They have not the slightest respect for ladies. They drove them like a flock of sheep or cattle down into the court. There seemed to be at first only 500 spectators, but the crowds increased, and people streamed in through all the gates and entrances. As usual they flocked to my place to stare at the camera, and there they stood looking on with extraordinary patience. The large tent cover was this day raised a little to let in what little draught there was; but the shadow under the vaulted roof, where the Governor and his retinue, the higher dignitaries and ecclesiastics were placed, was still too dark to allow me to see clearly what was going on, and I could not, under any circumstance, gain an entrance to the place. The Governor himself had no objection, but the priests positively refused to sit beside an unbeliever. I had been especially told that on this day my two Cossacks should be with me, armed with rifles. The Persians are indeed peaceable and kind-hearted, but