

palms. In the village itself a green blade is sought in vain. All the verdure is concentrated around the rock, where palms and fields are watered by small conduits.

From the stronghold, a small tower on the extreme eastern point of the rock, the view is immense, and we might be standing on a lighthouse in the midst of sea. On both sides of the rock deep valleys run between dark rugged bizarre ridges, the extremities of which slope down to the low country, and from the mistiness in the distance peep out small dark streaks, islands in the desert sea. The burial-ground lies in the middle of the village with its simple gravestones of mud and stone, and here have been gathered the children of Naibend, generation after generation, ever since it was laid out beneath the palms.

The village consists of 250 to 300 houses with four or five inmates to each, and the palms are said to number about 5000. Wheat, barley, and melons are grown and little else, at least not in large quantities. Like Tebbes, Naibend is isolated, and is in communication with the outer world only by means of small caravan roads of little account. The villagers are far removed from their nearest neighbours.

To foreigners a hasty visit to Naibend repays a journey through the whole of Persia. It reminds one of Yezdikast on the road to Shiraz, but there palms and fresh verdure are wanting. It surpasses Tebbes, where there is no relief in the ground, and though the palms of Tebbes are incomparably more numerous, those of Naibend are much grander, for they stand out against a background of bare rugged cliffs; and nearly everywhere the houses of the village on the summit of the rock look out between the waving fronds, and one cannot gaze long enough on this unique picture.

Here a painter might stay for a year, and every day find a new subject for his brush, and he would return home with his portfolio full of the most wonderful canvases. Now we see Naibend in its spring dress. Soon will come the burning heat of summer with its warm, subdued tones, its air quivering like overheated steam, and its slow lazy life, when men never go out of the door in the daytime