



## CHAPTER X

### A GLIMPSE OF CYPRIAN HISTORY

My experiences of a Cyprian mule had taught me one thing, and that was never to ride one when there was any other means of conveyance. It was accordingly arranged that we should drive as far as Kythrea and ascend the mountains on foot, accompanied, however, by a guide, and our two servants on mules, which would carry our luncheon, and I hoped carry back some marble.

I breakfasted at eight with Mr. Matthews in his old archbishop's palace. One entered the pile through a low-browed Gothic doorway, which admitted one to a vaulted hall, used originally as a stable; and from this one passed into a court, surrounded with dim arcades, and full, in the usual way, of palms, orange trees, and bananas. An old stone staircase rose through the air on arches, its balustrades brushed by the dark green leafage, and brought one in two turns to an immense open loggia, carpeted with matting and surrounded by plain divans.