

instead of the colour becoming paler by great age, it deepens to an extraordinary degree. The new wine is the ordinary tint of sherry, but it gradually becomes darker, until after forty or fifty years it is almost black, with the syrup-like consistence of new honey. Wine of this age and quality is much esteemed, and is worth a fancy price. I was presented with several bottles of the famous old Cyprus growths of *commanderia*, *morocanella*, and *muscadine*, by the kindness of Mr. Lanites, who is largely interested in the trade at Limasol. The old *commanderia* was sufficiently sweet to occasion a roughness in the throat, and each quality was far too luscious for English taste, but might have been agreeable to sip like Tokay, by soaking a sponge biscuit. The utterly rude method of producing native wines, which can scarcely be dignified by the term "manufacture," is a sufficient explanation of their inferior quality, but at the same time it is a proof of the great wine-producing power of Cyprus, where, in spite of ignorance and neglect, an extensive commerce has been established, which adds materially to the revenue of the island. If these badly-made wines have founded an important trade, there is every reason to expect a corresponding extension when scientific principles shall have resulted in a superior quality.

The black wines receive even less care than the *commanderia*; the grapes are trodden, and are thrown into receptacles to ferment, together with the skins and stalks. This bruised mass, after lying a certain time exposed to fermentation, is pressed, and the muddy juice is stowed in the large tarred jars to ripen for a few months, which, according to Cyprian taste, are sufficient to prepare it for consumption. The stalks