

A CAVE FULL OF MUSHROOMS

WHAT A FRENCH CHEMIST IS DOING IN HOBOKEN UNDER THE PALISADES.

PRODUCING ARTIFICIALLY GREAT FUNGI, PURE WHITE AND SOME OF THEM THREE TO THE POUND.

At what might be called the foot of First street, Hoboken—could the head or the foot of that queerly-built street be definitely ascertained and were it not that Hoboken, where First street crosses the Paterson plank-road, suddenly becomes Jersey City—directly under the Palisades, with the elevator to the left and the first stairway ascending to the hill on the right, there is a gray stone structure 180 feet long and over 30 feet high. A large iron gate, firmly locked, unlocks the door of entrance. Twenty years ago it was built as a brewery storehouse and for that purpose it was used for fourteen years. For six years, up to within three months, it has been an occupied. In May last a new lease took possession of it, made extensive alterations and set all sorts of conjectures going about the new uses to which the old cellar was to be put.

The neighbors finally agreed that it was a "mush room plantation." They had heard from some of the workmen that mushrooms were raised there, and that was all up to the present time that anybody had ascertained. The workmen were forbidden under penalty of instant discharge to admit any one into the building, and the door was kept constantly locked. It was noticed that a young and distinguished looking gentleman, evidently a foreigner, came to the place every morning at 8 o'clock, looked himself in the cave until noon, then came out, went off and, returning at 2 in the afternoon, remained until 6 in the evening. He kept himself so completely aloof from everybody that no one in the neighborhood was able even to tell his name. The few working-men in the foreigner's employ were all Frenchmen. They boarded at one of the saloons near by, and in answer to all questions merely shrugged their shoulders and said, briefly: "Chemique," which mystical word the Jersey men were left to translate for themselves. It was yesterday that a World reporter, having arranged for a meeting with the foreign gentleman, through the agency of one of the working-men, succeeded in clearing the mystery.

Fifteen months ago there arrived in New York one Antonio Muzzarelli, a Frenchman of Italian descent, who fled from Paris to escape imprisonment for violent public opposition to the Ministerial Government of the Duc de Broglie. He was a warm friend of Gambetta's, had served as officer of engineers during the Franco-Prussian war, and belonged to a wealthy French family. He was a chemist by profession and had devoted himself zealously to his science since the close of the war. When he arrived in this country he cast about to find the best possible field for his chemical labors. He found that nobody in America had devoted himself to the artificial culture of mushrooms. In France he had visited fields where mushrooms are raised through supplying the ground with spawn, and it occurred to him that if the chemical nature of

zealously to his science since the close of the war. When he arrived in this country he cast about to find the best possible field for his chemical labors. He found that nobody in America had devoted himself to the artificial culture of mushrooms. In France he had visited fields where mushrooms are raised through supplying the ground with spawn, and it occurred to him that if the chemical nature of the germ that produces the mushroom could be ascertained and then such germ be created through chemical processes, mushrooms could be made to sprout on any soil. To quote the chemist's own words, as given to the reporter in yesterday's interview after long hesitating in speaking upon the subject at all—

But I ask you to excuse me. I make you make me excuse me. If you make me excuse me, I make you make me excuse me.

When the reporter entered a little room in a frame house on the road opposite the cave the headman, fashionably attired gentleman with a dark complexion, who was seated at a table awaiting his arrival, did not receive him cordially. His brow was clouded as he bade the reporter be seated, and remarked in response to his request for information:

"How I raise mushrooms is my own business. I do not care to have it made public." M. Muzzarelli had already spent \$3,000 in perfecting his machinery, and as the process is strictly his own and one to which he had devoted many years of study he has kept it entirely a secret. A few weeks he was induced to describe to THE WORLD reporter the interior of his cave which heaving man, save himself and his three workmen—not even, as he remarked, his "dearest friend on earth" had ever entered.

When after looking around for six months for a suitable spot for his botanical laboratory he came upon this cave, it was in a dingy and unhealthy condition. He immediately set to work drying it. Then he built his private laboratory in one corner of the cave, whence the substance which is infused into the mushroom bases of soil and spawn is conducted through pipes. He laid out his floor in five long ridges, and all along these ridges covering 108 feet of ground are single mushroom beds about a foot high, with the same breadth and curving gently at the top. On every available spot of each one of these beds the mushrooms sprout, some five hundred on a bed. These are not the kind of plants that can be raised on old pastures during the summer. They are large, milk-white disks, weighing in some instances five or six ounces each and averaging fifteen or twenty to the pound.

"There have been attempts, I believe," said the chemist, "to raise mushrooms in caves in this country, but you will not find the plants clustering like this in my cave. You find one mushroom here, another here, another yonder, scattered all about the cave, and say raise maybe ten pound a day. And still the demand for fresh mushrooms is so great that the hotels in New York are glad to buy all that can be raised in any way."

M. Muzzarelli has already been able to raise 150 pounds a day. He has thus far not sought any customers; he wishes first to perfect his unusual appliances. At Manhattan Beach last week he obtained to speak of his cave, and the hotel immediately gave him a standing order for thirty-five pounds a day for the rest of the summer. He has no doubt that the demand will be far greater than he will be able to supply. He is to receive 60 cents a pound for his mushrooms in summer and 80 cents in winter. During cold weather his cave will be heated by steam.

Thus far restaurants and hotels have had to depend for their main supply upon mushrooms im-

ported from France in sealed tins. M. Muzzarelli's plants can be torn from their beds while they are still very young and tender and therefore the more palatable. The imported ones are usually old and have lost their flavor before they get here.

When the chemist had finished describing his cave, and had drawn a diagram of it on paper, he was in a pleasant frame of mind, and the reporter ventured to ask permission to enter the cellar. But on this point he was for a long time inexorable. After long entreaties, however, and a solemn promise that the request should not be made a second time and that the stay among the mushroom beds should be no longer than was absolutely necessary, he yielded, and summoning the swarthy Frenchman who had been lingering about the grounds bade him, much to his amazement, get a lamp and lead on to the cave. The lamp-bearer, as he led the way, cast side-glances at the reporter, and in a string of fluent French and jocular expressions his surprise.

The lamp in the workman's hand lent but a feeble light to the gloomy cave, but reflected beneath it, on hundreds of beds as the owner had described, the thriving fungi were seen. Some of them were the size of a man's fist, and the reporter expressed his surprise in simple terms. Upon this the silent enthusiasm of the French chemist burst forth:

"Ah, n'est-ce pas?" he exclaimed as he stooped and plucked the plant and held it to the light. "See," and he pointed out its structure, commenting on the convex shape of the pileus or convex disk which distinguished the young plant from the old, whose disks were always flat. The stem which connected the disk was of a fine fleshy texture, and on the top there was a milk-white ring caused by the curtain or veil of the young plant. The chemist broke this veil, and rubbing the plant quickly through his fingers held them to his nostrils and drew a long breath.

"Terrible," he said, inviting the reporter to test the aromatic fragrance of the fungus.

"But are these no poisonous specimens among these fungi?"

"Poisonous among my mushrooms!" he repeated in surprise, with a strong emphasis on the possessive pronoun: "No, my dear sir, by no chemical processes here employ such one grow no poisonous mushrooms."

He was just explaining that there were some fifty different kinds of mushrooms to be found in every country and that he only grew one distinct species in his cave, when he reached the closed door of the laboratory—a room some six feet square. Immediately the chemist turned back and led the way to the entrance. The visit to the cave was over.

Returning to the little room where he had started he resumed his seat. Now in a cheerful, sociable mood he cordially invited the reporter to stay and chat with him. He added to his previous history of himself the fact that he is thirty-four years of age and resides at 84 Ogden street, West Hoboken; that he had been a contributor to the press in Paris and was now American correspondent for a Parisian journal. He had married two years ago a young girl, then but seventeen years of age, who had come with him to America, but having fallen sick had returned to her parents in Paris. She is, he said, a marvellous musician, and is now a pupil of the famous pianist M. Mermontel, who is fitting her for his profession.

M. Muzzarelli is still an enthusiastic politician, and his speeches about Gambetta glowed with animation. He despises MacMahon. The swarthy workman who

appeared to be on amiable terms with his employer sat on the window sill awaiting his leg and chills contentedly at his pipe listened eagerly to the conversation, though he couldn't understand a word of English; but the mention of a name like Gambetta's roused him into some odd bars of French. M. Muzzarelli spoke of every honest Republican's hatred of communism and its principles of destruction. Just here, and for this occasion only, the reporter took a plunge into the Gallic and asked the swarthy son of toil in his native tongue:

"Are you a Communist?"

With characteristic promptitude he hung back an epigram:

"I'm a commover, but not a Communist."

"Mushroom business has not made a fool of him yet," observed the chemist.

BY TENS OF THOUSANDS

The World.

NEW YORK: MONDAY, JULY 29, 1878.

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A CAVE FULL OF MUSHROOMS

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LORD DUFFERIN'S

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Transcription of article column, 3; end at top of column 4

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Producing Artificially Great Fungi, Pure White and Some of Them Three to the Pound.

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The neighbors finally agreed that it was a "mushroom plantation." They had heard from some of the workmen that mushrooms were raised there, and that was all up to the present time that anybody had ascertained. The workmen were forbidden under penalty of instant discharge to admit any one into the building and the door was kept constantly locked. It was noticed that a young and distinguished looking gentleman, evidently a foreigner, came to the place every morning at 8 o'clock, locked himself in the cave until noon, then came out, went off and, returning at 2 in the afternoon, remained until 6 in the evening. He kept to himself so completely aloof from everybody that no one in the neighborhood was able to even tell his name. The few working-men in the foreigner's employ were all Frenchmen. They boarded at one of the saloons near by, and in answer to all questions merely shrugged their shoulders and said, briefly "Champignons," which mystical word the Jerseymen were left to translate for themselves. It was yesterday that a WORLD reporter, having arranged for a meeting with the foreign gentlemen, through the agency of one the working-men, succeeded in clearing the mystery.

Eighteen months ago there arrived in New York one Antonio Muzzarelli, a Frenchman of Italian descent, who fled from Paris to escape imprisonment for violent public opposition to the Ministerial Government of the Duc de Broglie. He was a warm friend of Gambetta's, had served as officer of engineers during the Franco-Prussian war, and belonged to a wealthy French family. He was a chemist by profession and had devoted himself zealously to his science since the close of the war. When he arrived in this country he cast about to find the best possible field for his chemical labors. He found that nobody in America had devoted himself to the artificial culture of mushrooms. In France he had visited fields where mushrooms are raised through supplying the ground with spawn, and it occurred to him that if the chemical nature of the germ that produces the mushroom could be ascertained and then such germ be created through

chemical processes, mushrooms could be made to sprout on any soil. To quote the chemist's own words, as given to the reporter in yesterday's interview after long hesitating in speaking upon the subject at all —

'Feerst I ask vat za cause of ze mushroom' zen, can you make ze cause! If you make ze you make ze mushroom. '

When the reporter entered a little room in a frame house on the road opposite the cave the handsome, fashionably attired gentleman with a dark complexion, who was seated at a table awaiting his arrival, did not receive him cordially. His brow was clouded as he bade the reporter be seated, and remarked in response to his request for information:

"How I raise ze mushroom is my own business. I do not care to have it made public." M. Muzzarelli had already spent \$3,000 in perfecting his machinery, and the process, is strictly his own and one to which he had devoted many years of study he has kept it entirely a secret. After a while he was induced to describe to THE WORLD reporter the interior of his cave which no living man, save himself and his three workmen — not even, as he remarked, his "dearest friend on earth" had ever entered.

When after looking around for six months for a suitable spot for his botanical laboratory he came upon this cave, it was in a dingy and unhealthy condition. He immediately set to work drying it. Then he built his private laboratory in one corner of the cave, whence the substance which is infused into the mushroom beds of soil and manure is conducted through pipes. He laid out the floor in five long ridges, and all along these ridge, covering 108 feet of ground are single mushroom beds about a foot high, with the same breadth and curving gently at the top. On every available spot of each one of these beds the mushrooms sprout, some five hundred on a bed. These are not the kind of plants that can be raised on old pastures during the summer. They are large, milk-white disks; weighing in some instances five or six ounces and averaging fifteen or twenty to the pound.

"There have been attempts, I believe," said the chemist, "to raise mushrooms in zis country, but you will not find the plants clustering like in my cave. You find one mushroom here, anozer zere, anozer sere, scatter all about ze cave, and zey raise maybe ten pound ze day. And still ze demand for fresh mushrooms is zo great that ze [illegible] hotels in New York are glad to buy all zat can be raise in zat vay."

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"Perfume," he said, inviting the reporter to test the aromatic fragrance of the fungus.

"But are there no poisonous specimens among these fungi?"

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America, but having fallen sick had returned to her parents in Paris. She is, he said, a marvellous musician, and is now a pupil of the famous pianist Marmontel, who is fitting her for his profession.

M. Muzzarelli is still an enthusiastic politician, and his speeches about Gambetta glowed with animation. He deplored MacMahon. The swarthy workman who appeared to be on sociable terms with his employer [illegible] sat on the window sill swinging his leg and puffed(?) contentedly at his pipe listened eagerly to the conversation, though he couldn't understand a word of English; but the mention of a name like Gambetta's roused him into spasmodic [illegible] of French. M. Muzzarelli spoke of every honest Republican's hatred of communism and its principles of destruction. Just here, and for this occasion only, the reporter took a plunge in the Gallic and asked the swarthy son of toil in his native tongue:

"Are you a Communist?"

With characteristic promptitude he flung back an epigram:

"I'm a commoner, but not a Communist."

"Mushroom business had not made a fool of him yet," observed the chemist.

[end]

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A ROUGH PASSAGE ON THE ADRIATIC—
WHAT HE THINKS OF HIS TREAT-
MENT ABROAD.

SHOOTING A BOY AS A
George Hipp, the son of a shoe-dresser living on Jackson avenue, Dutch Kills, L. I., went out to pick blackberries on Saturday afternoon by himself. Later in the afternoon George, who is ten years old, went to Dr. Boyer's drug store, and saying that he had shot himself, he showed his wound dressed. Dr. Boyer examined the boy and found that a bullet

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THE HOME COMING OF MRS. M' HUGH
HER STEPCHILDREN BAR HER OUT AND ARREST THEIR FATHER FOR ASSAULT.

Marquis had accepted the office. It was

RESULTS IN NEW ORLEANS.

SUB-COMMITTEE'S WORK.
[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE WORLD.]

[illegible]

THE EAST.

THE KAFFIR INSURRECTION.
CAIRO, July 11.—There has been some severe fighting with the natives in the outlying districts of Transvaal. The British losses were comparatively heavy.

CURIOUS VOLUMES AMONG WHICH A RE-
PORTER RUMMAGED BY PERMISSION OF
MR. BOUTON, THE PUBLISHER.

"Isn't the business in all books other than those which constitute the current literature of the day and what people have been pleased to call 'stand-

"Yes, that is true to the extent that certain large

Wainwright," an extraordinary work in five volumes, is a treasure trove from the fact that it is all about Horace Wainwright, a Londoner, and all one wonders what the remainder may be. It contains 2,500 engravings, portraits, views, autographs, &c., and is said to have been the work of thirty years on the part of an enthusiastic Englishman. The volume is bound in leather, and is the work of the English Stage. "Some account" is a most useful term for a complete history from 1830 to 1850. "The work is a perfect album of portraits of celebrated actors and opera singers, and is filled besides with the most beautiful autographs, letters, caricatures and cuttings from contemporary newspapers."

"Manuscript Sermons by Isidro Watts," which consist of 120 closely-written pages in shorthand, besides a unique memorial written when Dr. Watts

Officer Smith, of the Twentieth Precinct, arrested Tully. Sergeant Stevens had him taken to a room in the station house. When Justice Smith was summoned, when Tully was left alone he jumped out of the window, climbed over a fence and escaped. On Saturday he was arrested and Justice Smith held him for examination.

ONE OF THE MADISON SQUARE VOTERS
Henry Smith, of No. 482 Second avenue, one of the two men who were arrested in Madison square early Saturday morning by Roundman Price, of the Twentieth Precinct, for suspected larceny from

the person of an unknown man, and on whom valuables of various sorts were found, was yesterday morning searched in the Jefferson Market Police

Tomba Police Court for shooting Isaac Follock, a cigar-maker, of 185 Mott street, in the riot that occurred on Saturday night at O'Brien's Morgan. John Dalton, John Kelly and Daniel Sullivan were charged with disorderly conduct. The evidence was very conflicting, and Justice Morgan finally discharged Dalton and Kelly and fined O'Brien and Sullivan \$10 each.

HE WILL NOT DELIVER UP HIS DAUGHTER

and staff and the Twenty-seventh Regiment were tendered a complimentary dinner at the Central House this afternoon and left for home on the steamer Granite State. They left the wharf amid the cheers of the crowds assembled to bid the good-by. They will arrive in New York to-morrow morning.

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CRACKS OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.
Frank Murphy, drunk, beat his wife Saturday night. She had just been confined. He was sent to the Island for a month by Judge Duffly.
John J. Lator, sober, kicked Kate Delaney, who within a month of her confinement. Judge Duffly held him for trial.

that the Queen's son-in-law would be made Governor General of Her Majesty's American dominions. The

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and Mr. J. W. Benton, the well-known publisher and dealer in rare and curious books, to a WORLD reporter the other day, about the same matter.

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SUICIDE FROM THE STEAMER ST. JOHN

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ment of \$2 initiation fee each said yesterday. "De dey b'lieved dat de make had been up to dese yunglings long time." They wished they had the money

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his companion, received two cuts in one thigh, and though seriously injured, will recover. Paul Baker, another Frenchman, was cut slightly in the abdomen.

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