THE DAILY NEWS.

VOLUME XVII. KINGSTON, (CANADA), TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 25, 1868. NUMBER 272.

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SEE LAST PAGE.

PARISIAN MUSHROOM CAVE.

It is pretty generally known that mushrooms are grown in great quantities under ground in its environs, but it is somewhat difficult to gain access to these *caveaux*, therefore a few words descriptive of them may not be unacceptable. The cave is that of Montrouge, just outside the barrière. The surface of the ground is cropped with wheat, here and there are heaps of large cut stones ready to be transported to the buildings of Paris, and which recently been brought to the surface by the conspicuous openings. There is nothing like a "quarry," as we understand it, to be seen about, but the stone is taken as we extract coal, and with no more ceremony whatever with the surface of the ground. We find a "champignoniste" in blue trousers, and he accompanies us to some fields to the mouth of his subterranean garden, if we may so call it. It is at opening, half of it being covered in planks, and the head of a pole stuck out through it, appearing a few feet above the surface, its base in the darkness seventy feet below. Guided by this shaky pole with the hand first through it, and soon reach the bottom of the shaft, from which little light radiate. A few small lamps fixed on pieces of pointed sticks are placed beside, with one of these we follow our guide. Our passage way is narrow, but high enough to stand erect, and immediately entering it mushroom culture begins. On each side of the pathway there is a bed of moist, half-decomposed manure, not covered with earth—the beds which have been made quite recently and have not yet been spawned. As we arrive at beds in which the spawn has been placed, and is "taking" The spawn in this cave is introduced in little beds by means of flakes from an old bed, or still better, from a portable manure in which it occurs naturally. Such spawn our guide presents us called it virgin spawn, and considers it many times more valuable than spawn from old beds. Of spawn in France and Italy, and there is none. Our guide pointed out with pride to us which the flakes of spawn had begun to spread their influence through the beds, and passed on, sometimes very low, and cautioning us against pointed stones in the roof where the beds were in a crude state. Here we saw, much pleasure, little, smooth, and ridges running against all the passage, and wherever the roof became as wide as a small room two or three little beds were placed side to each other. These beds were long, and dotted over on their sides with mushrooms no bigger than sweet-peas, and regularly dotted thus, and afford an excellent prospect of a crop. Be it remembered that the little beds contain a much smaller body of stuff than is ever the case in our gardens—20 inches high, and of the same width at the base, because of the minimum, and of course against the sides of the passages are so much matter as those shaped like potato pits, and placed in the open spaces. The soil with which covered to the depth of about an inch nearly white—it is simply sifted rubbish of the stone cutting above, the use of this gives to the recently dug the appearance of being covered with putty. Although we are from eighty feet below the surface of the ground, everything looks very neat, and very much more so than could be expected, not a particle of litter out of place being met with the eye. Some length of bed is made in the year, and, as they naturally one gallery or series of galleries the beds in each are of a like character. As we proceeds those in full bearing are up and down narrow passages, always between the two narrow that line the passages, and seeing now wider nooks at the side, filled with three little beds even, if the space a few feet long, daylight is again this time coming through another well-shaft, formerly used for getting up the but now for throwing down the materials into the cave. At the bottom a heap of white earth alluded to, barrel of water—for gentle waterings stored in the quiet, cool, mighty still. These caves, as well as in mushroom in the upper crust. Again, we into a passage dark as ink, and are two lines of little beds in full the beautiful, white, button-like appearing everywhere in profusion pointed out with pride to which the flakes of spawn had spread their influence through passed on, sometimes low, and cautioning us pointed stones in the where the beds were in a state. Here we saw, much pleasure, little, smooth, ridges running against all the passage, and wherever the became as wide as a small two or three little beds were side to each other. These beds and dotted over on their sides mushrooms no bigger than sweet-peas regularly dotted thus, and afford excellent prospect of a crop. Be it that the little beds contain a smaller body of stuff than is ever the our gardens—20 inches high, and the same width at the base, be the minimum, and of course the sides of the passages so much matter as those shaped potato pits, and placed in the spaces. The soil with which covered to the depth of about an nearly white—it is simply sifted rubbish of the stone cutting above, use of this gives to the recently the appearance of being covered with putty. 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