Sharon Spgs. Pavilion
Aug 21

Dear Eliza

I did not write by Tuesday's mail for the simple reason that I could not. I went with Mr Rankin on Monday afternoon Cave hunting and did not return till noon the next day. We had a most delightful excursion to Schoharie, a place celebrated for its caverns and visited the largest, Howe's Cave. After a half dinner, half supper we dressed ourselves in proper turn, to wit fustian trowsers, cow-hide boots, striped States prison jackets and old yellow felt hats & a most felonious appearance we made - the guide took a tin can of provisions & a hammer, not forgetting some brandy, a very needful precaution as we found, & between eight & nine o'clock in the evening we entered - The mouth of the cave high enough to walk in erect was closed by a door & within we found a chamber with a flat limestone ceiling, ~~wide enough~~ about the size of an ordinary parlour - crossing a few rooms we entered a low and narrow passage called the tunnel in which we crept & crawled by turns for a hundred yards from this, alternate passages & chambers led us to a small lake over which we were ferried in a boat, & still farther on we stopped at a room where a passage leading from the side admitted the sound of a Subterranean Cataract - We did not