A Colored Camp Meeting

On one pleasant Summer morning in the Early part of August I had an invitation with my brother to visit a colored camp Meeting situated about 25 miles from this city at a place called Rye. We left the foot of Tenth Street about 9 O'clock on board the fast Steam-boat Island City. We stopped at several places and each time our boat was replenished with a new swarm of the colored tribe all fixed in their best. We arrived there about ~~12½~~ half-past Twelve O'clock and proceeded to a friends house where we regaled ourselves with a bountiful repast which was set before us. We started from the house (our number increased by two) about half-past One and it was not long before we were in sight of the Sacred spot. There were about 250 colored folks in Camp mostly women. The preacher he was a man of about fifty (50) or sixty (60) Years of age and spoke with a clear unfaltering voice his speech was often interrupted by the noise of some colored children which ~~were~~ lay sprawling in every direction and music was not lacking for every now and then some baby would favor us with the most annoying yells. It was now ~~the~~ a quarter to 3 and as the boat ~~are~~ started at Three I thought it was time for us to be starting. We arrived home at six O'clock well pleased with our days journey.

2 heads

Written too rapidly

H. B. Tweed

Opposition
Exercise
by
M. Sneed
Monday Apr. 28th 1863