

Sunday Eve Dec 7th 1850

There is a spot to memory dear  
A spot watered by many a tear  
When I well my wife my child my all  
And seems that I remember well  
I seem to see

Thou far from them this night I roam  
Far from my native land & home  
The happy look and cheerful smile  
That did my leisure hours beguile  
I seem to see

The parting hour at length it came  
When tears streamed down her cheek like rain  
The land that took her from my ~~view~~ view  
The anguish that she felt I knew  
John W. Newell 1850 and seem to see

Sat. morn 7 Dec 1850 saw the Island of Lays &  
Beauvista & saw the Islands St. Nicolas  
St. Lucia Raza Banca Anthony  
Sunday 15 Dec 1850 left St. Vincent bound for  
New York