

## A Memorial

**Written by Miss Edith Dove Bryant  
on the occasion of the Scott,  
Carter and Mumford family reunion  
Held at Bidwell, Ohio, September 2,  
1911.**

Once again thru Heaven's kindness,  
We are spared to gather here,  
At our family reunion  
Held at Bidwell once a year.  
We have met to greet each other,  
And the strongest bonds of love  
Bind us one and all together,  
Sacred as the ties above.

We are all the proud descendants  
From the 3 families which in name  
Are the Scotts, Carters and Mumfords,  
All we honor just the same.  
The deeds of our grand forefathers  
Are as great, and good and grand  
As the deeds of any heroes,  
Pictured by the poet's hand.

As I'm not a dreamy poet,  
Nor an artist born for fame,  
I shall not attempt to tell you  
All the great deeds our family claim.  
But to honor those who've left us.  
And those present here today  
Winters o'er whose heads have passed,  
Changing locks to silver gray,  
I have written this memorial,  
That they all may know how dear

That their children love the story  
Of our ancestors to hear.

It is not an Indian legend  
That we read about in books,  
It is not of fairy capers  
In some pretty shady nook,  
But the real, true family history,  
Things that never more will be,  
That have been told many times,  
By my Grandma Long to me.

Down in Sunny North Carolina,  
By the rolling, restless sea  
Working in the fields of cotton,  
Here our ancestors we see  
Held by men as slaves in bondage  
O, the horror and the shame  
That the lovely land, America,  
Carries with that noble name,

Here began the three great families,  
Named before in lines above  
Here we find three loving sisters,  
Happy in a sister's love  
Barbara, Caroline and Luvinia,  
Working hard both night and day  
In the corn and in the cotton  
Owned by old John Hockaday.

Up and down the Roanoke River,  
Plying oars with might and main,  
Peddling produce on the river,  
Tobacco, cotton, meat and grain

From the farm of Father Hockaday  
To the people far and near.  
Here we find three loving comrades,  
Jeff Scott, Mumford and Carter.

Here they lived and worked together,  
From the rise till setting sun,  
Till the handsome Caroline,  
By Jeff Scott was wooed and won,  
Days came swiftly onward,  
And they swiftly passed away,  
Till Luvinia and Will Mumford  
Set their happy wedding day.  
Last of all the sisters Barbara  
To Randall Carter gave her hand,  
And pledged that they would walk together,  
Thru this lonesome, dreary land.

Oh how happy were these families,  
On this old plantation here.  
And how happy the Scott family,  
With six little children dear.  
Tho they worked and toiled and labored,  
Happy as the slaves could be,  
Still they prayed to God in Heaven  
That the Nation might be free.

Still they loved and cared for Master,  
Till he was feeble, old and gray,  
And the cares of years seemed whispering  
And the end's not far away.  
Different from most Southern Masters,  
He was generous, good and kind,  
And after days of silent worry,  
He at last made up his mind.  
One day as the sun was sinking

Afar in the golden West.  
And the quiet world seemed sleeping.  
In a calm and peaceful rest,  
Master sent for his laborers,  
Cater, Mumford and Scott  
To give them the glorious message  
That God in his heart had wrought.

“Say boys I’m getting feeble,  
And my days are numbered here.  
Yes, in a few days I fear:  
You know I have always loved you,  
And in turn you have been so kind  
So I cannot bear to leave you  
Dissatisfied in your mind.  
If I leave you on the plantation.  
Then they’ll be owned by my kin,  
And as I can figure plainly,  
Very bad hands you’ll be in.”

“So I have decided this way,  
And I want you all to go,  
You, your wives and little children  
To the State of Ohio.  
I want you to start on tomorrow,  
So that I may live to see  
All those whom I love so dearly,  
Enjoy the life of the free.”

It was on a clear, cool morning  
In the lovely month of May,  
That the heroes of my story,  
From the old Master came away,  
All their earthly goods and treasures  
Loaded in a one-horse cart,  
Six grown folks and six small children



On a long, long journey start.

From the roads of North Carolina,  
To the mountains rough and high,  
Wending their way slowly upward  
On toward the clear blue sky.  
Higher, higher and yet higher,  
Till the soft white clouds below,  
'gainst the green slides of the mountains,  
Seemed like banks of drifted snow.  
Onward by foot they journeyed,  
Reaching often the gates of toll  
Where they would crowd all the children  
And pass them for tobacco or coal.

Onward and on they journeyed,  
Till they reached West Virginia's hills,  
Hear the Rocky bed of New River,  
And Kanawaha calm and still,  
Still on and on they journeyed  
Till they reached the Charleston Town,  
Which seemed to them a great city,  
The greatest they had known.  
The next stop was Point Pleasant,  
And they viewed from Virginia's shore  
Their long sought land of Canaan,  
And knew their journey was o'er.  
Through the present county of Gallia  
Our immigrants wandered till,  
They reached the little hamlet,  
Known to us as Adamsville.  
After remaining there a short while,  
William Mumford went away,  
And he settled in Defiance,  
I think that's what they say.  
But the families, Scott and Carter,

Decided here to stay  
And we are their descendants,  
That assemble here today.

Of the twelve that took that journey,  
All but two are long, long gone,  
None are left to tell the story  
But Grandma Long and Uncle John.  
And indeed they have good memory,  
For they're the little tots,  
Who, as we told in our story  
Are the babes of Grandma Scott.

So we've gathered here to celebrate,  
Our own reunion dear,  
Though there's one dear one who's left us,  
That was present here last year.  
In our family reunion she will never  
Meet us more,  
But we will meet in that grand reunion  
Over on the other shore.

Then long live our own reunion,  
As long as time may last,  
May we ne'er forget our loved ones  
Though they lived far in the past.  
We will not forget their journey,  
In the year of 44  
When our Carolina fathers  
Landed on Ohio's shore.  
And whene'er the days of Autumn  
Shall begin to hover near,  
Let's remember our reunion  
And meet in Bidwell Once a year.