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# *Greene County* Magazine

Memories of My Old Home in Virginia

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## *Memories of My Old Home in Virginia*

*By James Vernon Meadows, (born c. 1885)*

Some of my children have urged me to write the history of my family and after a great deal of thought and misgivings. I have decided to attempt it. I am afraid, at best, it will be a rather feeble accomplishment, because of my lack of information concerning my ancestors, who came and were gone long before I was born.

For the records of my great-grandfather, also my great-great-grandfather, I must depend almost entirely upon the things told to me by my oldest sister, Hattie. She knew great-grandfather Johnny Meadows and was at his bedside when he died. She had been told many interesting stories about his father, who was my great-great grandfather, James Meadows.

Now I will go on to give all I can of the history of my family but hope I may be forgiven if I digress at times. Maybe frequently, and add some personal notes, maybe wander way off from what might be considered "family history," but please don't criticize me too severely, for, remember it is only I who am doing it and I am apt to become sentimental about it at times, for I have a precious store of memories of the many incidents of our past life as a family.

I have been accused of living too much in the past, but I don't think so.

We do know the present and know not, the future, but I have a priceless wealth of memories of the past. Mostly pleasant, some not so pleasant, but I love to relive most of them.

I am not a writer, but hope I may be able to write in a way that folks may appreciate the pleasure I have in trying to tell it.

Incidents that occurred before my time will necessarily have to be retold as they were told to me by my sisters, Hattie and Lula. That will suffice until we come to the point where my own memories cover the slate, also a few of my own personal notes. To tell all of them would fill a huge book.

My great-great grandpa James came here from Scotland and was a soldier in the Continental army. He received a grant of land, on which there was a beautiful spring of water. This land was located near where Spotswood Trail crosses the Blue Ridge. He started improving it, when a group of unscrupulous men wanted to buy it from him. He would not sell it. They threatened to murder him if he did not vacate, so he did. He moved to a new location, built a house and cleared enough land for a farm. This place is visible from the Sky Line Drive. He lived there, raised a family and died there.



One of his sons was my great-grandpa Johnny Meadows. He was a very pious man. In his old days, when he could scarcely walk, it was his custom to take two canes, or staffs and walk to the top of a nearby ridge and there pray to his God until the sun would come up over the mountain, then slowly walk back down the mountain. Hattie told me that she and Lula got on two horses and took a bucket of fresh trout over to him when he was on his deathbed. These trout were caught by my father in South River.

Great-grandpa Johnny had two sons that I know of: one was my great uncle Noah Meadows, and my grandpa Joel Meadows. I knew him quite well, for he lived with us for some time, when I was nine years old, and grandma had died a year before; then Grandpa moved over the mountain in the vicinity of Number Two Furnace and died there.

My grandma Elizabeth Breedon Meadows was a very religious woman. She was familiar with the Bible to a far greater extent than the average man or woman, and had an abiding faith in the power of prayer. My father told me the following story; a preacher was holding a protracted meeting in the South River Church. The meeting continued for more than a week without any success in the way of converts. The church board held a meeting to decide what could be done to give the meeting some spirit. The preacher said, what we need is a Godly woman to pray for us. My father said, "I think I can bring you that kind of woman." "Who?" asked the preacher. "My own mother," said my pa. So, the next night, he put grandma on a horse and took her to South River Church. When the time came for prayer, the preacher called on grandma to come up front and lead in prayer. She went up, got down on her knees and prayed a prayer such as none of them had ever heard before. This continued every night for two weeks, with the greatest attendance and the greatest number of converts that had ever been known in the history of the church. Because of the prayers of a humble, sincere Christian woman, my grandma.

At the time of this meeting, she was staying with us for a time, acting as mid-wife for one of my mother's children, a service she performed for all the women for miles around. Any hour the call came, day or night, she would get on her horse and go. Never receiving any pay except for a few yards of goods to make dresses for herself, but she would make dresses for the baby she had brought into being. Doctors, then, were not to be had. She was the mother of eight girls and three boys. She was known by every one as Aunt Betsy, and loved by all. She could belch the loudest of anyone I ever knew. I know, because I often heard her.

Grandpa lived at first, down on South River, just as the stream emerges from between the mountains, a short distance up the stream from where Gibbon Taylor now lives.

For a time (I do not know just how long), he was slave boss for Evans Taylor, who lived adjacent to him, and who owned about twelve slaves. Two of the slaves, a man and woman were seventy years old, when their owner or master, offered the woman a new dress if they would have a baby for him. They tried, but could not make it.



Aunt Mandy and Uncle Jim (Negroes) lived in a cabin at the foot of the mountain, just above Gibbon Taylor's present place. My stepbrother and I came by their cabin one day to get our fortunes told. She claimed to be able to read the palm. She promised to tell our fortune the next day when she could come up to help Miss Lula wash, but gave us a very large potato pumpkin to take up to Miss Lula. As soon as we got out of sight of the cabin, the day being hot and the pumpkin very heavy, we tossed it over the fence into the bushes. She came up the next day and asked Miss Lula how she liked 'de tater pumkin.' Lula told her she hadn't seen it. Aunt Mandy, said, "Miss Lula, you tell dem no 'count boys dey don't git no fawtune outa me till dey tell where dey sot dat tater punkin." We never got the fortune told.

About forty-five years ago, the mountains were rich with chestnuts. My brother Joel, Irven and myself, went over the mountain to get some chestnuts. After gathering a good supply and on our way home, we came through the field where Aunt Mandy lived along, (just below where 'Gurney Lee now lives), in an old tumble down cabin. When we were passing, we heard Aunt Mandy inside, praying for something to eat. She was very old, almost blind, so we chipped in and collected some money for her. Brother knocked on the door, "Who dat?" Joe, "Aunt Mandy, we have something for you." When she opened the door and Brother gave her the money, she dropped on her knees and said, "thank de Lawd, thank de good Lawd." Brother said, "Why thank the Lord, Aunt Mandy, we gave you the money." "Yas, Mahs Joel, but de good Lawd done sent you heah."

Aunt Mandy and Uncle Jim had been slaves in their young days. she told me many stories of her life as a slave. I wish I could repeat them here.

When the slaves were set free, they had no name of their own, so they took the name of their owner. That is how Aunt Mandy and Uncle Jim had the same name of 'Taylor.' They had been owned by Evans Taylor. One very hot day I went down to their cabin to take them some milk. Uncle Jim was working in his little patch of corn, the perspiration flowing freely. I asked him about his welfare. He said, "Mahs Berny, I is so busy, I jes ain't got time to scratch mah hid," (a job that was very frequently necessary). "I doan see why de dabble it have to be so hot." That was the nearest he ever came to profanity. Aunt Mandy heard him and being very religious, she jumped all over him. She said, "Taylor, what you know 'bout de debble? Spose de good Lawd come down heah an' take de chains off'n dat ole debble and turn him loose an he come up heah an' grab you by de neck. What you gwine do den, Taylor? Doan you let me heah you talking' 'bout de debble no mo."

Aunt Mandy's daughter Clara got in the family way. Aunt Mandy called her Clay. One day she was talking to Lula. This was about the time Clay was beginning to expand in the middle. She said, "Po Clay! She done got de drapsy." It wasn't long until Clay drapped it. Aunt Mandy was a great singer, as were almost all of the negroes of her time. Whether on the road or at her work, she was always singing, always songs of a sacred nature. There were two songs I heard her sing most frequently. One was entitled. "I'se a gwine to set down and aheah wid de angels, Hallelloo!" The other one, "Bow low Mahs Jesus, bow low." There were many others, dating, (I imagine) back to slave time, when they would all sing at their work, keeping time with the singing.



I could tell many stories of slave times and their lives which is old stuff there, but seldom heard north of Mason and Dixon, but is plain that I have wandered far from the family history, so, now to get back to it.

My father was born and spent most of his young life down on South River. After he was married to Mary Mildred Estes, my mother, he lived with grandpa for a time, then bought the place we know now as 'The Old Home Place.' While he was clearing the land and building the log house, he lived on the Rapidan, where the following children were born, Joel, Amos, Rufus, who died in infancy, Marietta, Cora Lee and Lula Estes. Then he moved to the 'Old Home Place.' There Ruben Elijah was born. He died at the age of fourteen. Then came Irven Mack and Sarah Elizabeth. Then came John Wesley and Hilton Lester, both died in infancy. Then came the last one, who was to become the Beau Brummel of the family. That's me, James Vernon, or was it the black sheep? Oh, well!

I never learned much about my mother's family. From what I have been able to learn from my older sisters, the Estes side of the family seemed to think that ma took a step downwards when she married pa. They seemed to consider themselves leaning just a little towards the Southern aristocracy, though I was never able to figure why, because they lived in the mountains as we did. After all, why should mountain people be considered inferior to those living in the lowlands? Some of the finest people I have ever known lived in the mountains. I think this feeling of superiority on the part of the lowlanders, stemmed from the slave owners and their associates.

A man's wealth and influence and social standing was supposed to be indicated by the number of slaves and the amount of land he owned. As late as 1912, I met an old Negro in Shenandoah, who had know my father when he was a teenager and had dated a slave owner's daughter occasionally. He said, "Mahs Mack could have been well fixed, if he had married dat gal." But then, I thought, what would have happened to pa after the slaves were set free? That great event happened when pa was about twenty years old and the slave owners were as poor as Job's turkey after the slaves were freed. They had so much land they couldn't get enough help to keep it from growing up with the bushes and trees before it could be used for farming. Pa started raising corn and tobacco. The corn was for bread, the tobacco paid for the farm, 160 acres. Well, here I am, rambling off and trying to write the history of Dixie, instead of the history of the Meadows family.

So, now I come to the period when I and my own recollections of the activities of our family come into the picture. I have mentioned many incidents that happened within my recollection, but now I go back to my earliest memories and start again.

I can remember only two incidents of my mother. The night she died and one other. She died when I was four years old.



When I was five years old, our family moved from the 'Home place' to Shenandoah, Virginia. I have never been able to learn why, for it must have been a poor venture. I think we lived there a little more than a year. I don't have one pleasant memory of our stay in Shenandoah. It was there that I had my first lessons in school, which were the first steps toward my vast? Education. I don't know how the rest of the family felt, but from the short stay, not so good. I don't believe there was ever a kid so homesick as I was. Then the family, being influenced by the greatly exaggerated reports of an addleminded galoot, who was hunting for recruits to work in the cotton factory, the family moved to Alberton, Maryland, about twenty miles west of Baltimore. It was a small town, the cotton factory being the only means of earning a living. The whole family worked in the factory, except Lula and myself, and eked out a meager living.

Again, I don't have one really pleasant memory of the place, but there is where I learned to swim, and secretly started my career as a cigarette smoker, to which I have faithfully stuck. I was eight years old. One day sister Cora caught me swiping some home spun tobacco to take out for my playmates and me to smoke, so she decided to break me of the filthy habit. She borrowed an old strong clay pipe from a neighbor, filled it up and said, now you smoke. When the pipe was empty she would fill it again. She did this several times. By then the slobber was running out of my mouth quite freely, and Boy, it was hot! I begged for water to cool my burning mouth, but, nothing doing. But for one thing, I expect she would have succeeded in making me sick, which was the main objective, but it so happened that pa, Lizzy and I were going to Baltimore that evening to do some shopping. I had to quit smoking to get ready for the trip. That's all that saved me.

We lived there about two years, and not only myself, but the whole family, got so homesick, they decided to move back to 'The Old Home Place, in the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia.' So, pa went back ahead of the family and built a new, quite spacious addition to the old house, which made it one of the nicest homes on the mountain. In the meantime, the family continued work in the cotton factory and I lived with sister Hattie one winter in Harrisonburg and went to school. I wonder if the family were glad to get rid of me while pa was not there to keep control, for I was a mean little cuss, and came in frequently for a good switching. They had to put a dress on me to keep me in the house.

In 1896, the family all moved back to 'The Old Home Place.' Then I really started to live. I mean happily. I have very few unpleasant memories for many years after that. I was eleven years old then and thought I had really become a man, when pa let me take a horse and double shovel plow in the field to plow in oats all day. In the rocks, bare footed, I was some proud kid.

Then one summer, typhoid fever hit us. Pa, Cora, Lula, Irven and Lizzy, all had it. Seems like a bad nightmare. After it was over, Irven was down at McMullen and met old Mr. Bazeel Runkle. He said, "Y'all had fever up thah, didn't y'all?" "Yes, we did." "Didn't non o' y'all die?" "No," said Irven. "Y'all musta been a tough set up thah."



It was really a miracle that they all pulled through, due mostly to the excellent care by Dr. Kauffman, from Elkton. He came over on horse back, twice each week, through the long siege. The neighbors were deathly afraid to come near the house, so we were left very much to our own resources; except for one neighbor, Ben Anderson, who personified everything that the word 'faithful' could possibly mean to us. I believe but for him, some of us would surely have died. Brother Joel and I did all the farm work that summer. A right smart order for a lazy kid, but Brother had enough energy for both of us.

After that the girls started getting bitten by the love bug. Though we had no money, we had an abundance of almost everything we needed. But Cora went away to work, then Lula, which left only Irven, Lizzy and I at home, to do things there (another large order for kids).

Then pa got bit by a love-bug or something. It wasn't long after that until he remarried, a widow named Elva Glenn. Then all the kids left but me. I went to school at Mt. Pleasant, two winters, which wound up my public schooling.

Brother Joel married Mittie Stroll about 1897, and they have lived in the Shenandoah Valley ever since. Sister Hattie married J. A. Nicholas and lived in Harrisonburg, Virginia. Both died there.

Cora married Tom Heskett of Barberton, Ohio. Later went to California, then to Oregon, then to Florida, then to Oella, Maryland. They then moved to Newark, NJ, and for some years did quite well in the gasoline business. Losing their lease, they then moved to Middle River, Virginia, where Tom became ill, they went to Maplewood, NJ. Tom died there. Cora stayed on at Middle River, until she became ill. Her children took her back to Maplewood, where she died shortly after.

Lula married William Warfield Shiplett and they have lived in Altoona, Pennsylvania, ever since. Lizzy married Gene Wright, a professional baseball player. They traveled over much of the western U.S., until Gene became an invalid and could no longer play baseball. They moved back to Greene County, Virginia, to take care of pa. Later Gene went to stay with his mother in Ohio and died there. Lizzy stayed with pa until he died in 1928. Then moved to the old home place and lived there until she died in 1951.

Irven Mack married Edith. They lived in Shenandoah until Irven was killed on the railroad about 1935. James Vernon married Flora Veda Soyster. They lived in Juniata, Pennsylvania, until 1920, when they moved to McMullen, Virginia. Bought a small farm and store, lived there a little more than two years. Upon the death of Flora's father, they moved back to Juniata. Then to a whippoorwill farm in the sticks. Then to the Bell farm, then to the place now known as 'The Meadows.' Flora died in 1944.



Now, before I bring this to a close, I would like to go back to the early life of our family and write about what should be the most important phase of our life as a family and that I failed to mention.

It is that of education. I have a suspicion that none of us had more of that than we needed, and some of us could have used a heap more. Brother Joel walked over the mountain, to a place called Fletcher, which was the nearest school, long enough to get the fundamentals. For a time, he taught the children younger than he, there in the old home. Later, he and Lula stayed one winter at grandma's and walked to Dean school, which was located about a mile west of what is now the Sky Line Drive. Still later Brother went over in the Shenandoah Valley, and studied under the tutelage of Professor White, until he had the equivalent to a college degree. He then started teaching at Grove Hill school, later becoming Principal of Shenandoah school. Sister Hattie got some schooling at Wolftown, while they lived on the Rapidan. Cora, Lula, Irven, Lizzy and myself, went to school on the mountain, about a mile above the old home. It was called Mountain View school.

I have just learned that sister Hattie went one winter to a little school, a short distance south of Shenandoah, called Frog Pond school. Maybe it may seem that I have dwelt too little on our school days, but almost all my life I have felt so keenly the lack of education. It seemed important that I make mention of the fact that most of the family had some small opportunity for schooling. That is, all but me. I was the one who had a brighter opportunity than any of the rest, but would not accept it. It was my golden opportunity, but I failed to take it, to my everlasting regret.

My brother Joel offered to put me through college, if I would come and live with them, but no, I thought I must go out, make some money and have a good time. That is how I missed my golden opportunity.

When I left home I went to Barberton, Ohio, and lived with sister Cora about two years. As has been mentioned, she moved to California, then to Oregon. After having had a fling at St. Louis, Missouri, working on the World's Fair grounds, known as the 'Louisiana Purchase Centennial of 1902,' I joined Cora in Oregon and lived there about three years. Visited the 'Louis and Clark Centennial Worlds Fair, 1905,' in Portland, Oregon. Then the wander lust got me again, so I came to Denver, Colorado, stopped there awhile, then back to Virginia. Messed around there a year, then started on my way west, again. Stopped off in Altoona, Pa., to see my sister Lula. I spent all my worldly substance and never got enough of it to get away.

One more mountain custom, as applied to our family and many other families in the mountains. It was the custom for the father to give each son a colt and his freedom when he reached the age of twenty-one years. I was the first son in our family to cause that custom to be broken. You see I left home when I was fifteen, so had not earned my freedom or the colt.



When I go back and read over these memoirs. I find that maybe folks will think the capital letter 'I' appears too frequently. Well, I will use an old philosophy of mine, "When you want to talk about a subject, the more you know about it, the more convincing you can be." I know more about me than I know about any of the other members of the family, and I know more about me than any of the rest of the family know about me. For which I am never to be sufficiently thankful.

Robert Burns said, "Would that God the gift would give us, to see ourselves as others see us." I would like to paraphrase that and say that others might see us as we were. A happy, carefree family, when we were all together at the 'Old Home Place.' I think so often of the happy times we had at Christmas. There were no Christmas trees, no gifts, no work, but an abundance of good things to eat and happy associations. Brother Irven and I would work hard for weeks, chopping reserve supply of stove and fireplace wood, so that there was no need for work, except to look after the livestock, during the holiday week. We always had lots of company and community parties every night. We would meet at our house one night, somewhere else the next night and so on, during the week. Playing innocent games, sometimes a little square dancing, depending on whose house we were in. Some folks opposed square dancing, but it was a full week of festivities.

Then, in the spring came bark peeling; that is cutting down chestnut oak trees, peeling the bark off and curing it, to be used for tanning sole leather. Then came corn planting and gardening, but from then on it was a continual fight to keep down the bushes and weeds.

Now, when we planted corn, it was all done by hand. The first man would use a horse and single shovel plow, scoring out, (or as we called it), 'laying off the ground.' The next one followed, dropping the seed corn in hills, three feet apart, usually dropping six grains to the hill, which was supposed to provide enough seed for the following formula; 'One for the cut-worm, two for the crow, one for the budworm and two for to grow.' Which made six grains, then followed one covering up with a hoe. (It was said that my mother could drop seed corn faster than most any one else). If the cutworm, the crow and the bud-worm, failed to take their share, we would go through and thin it down to 'two for to grow,' which left two stalks to the hill about six inches high. Then cultivating and hoeing started, which fell mostly to Irven and myself.

When we were working in 'the big field,' which was a mile away from the house, and too far to go home for dinner, we would take a one gallon coffee pot, half full of milk, and take a pone of corn bread and two spoons. We dug a hole in the ground for the coffee pot to keep the milk cool. Then when dinner time came, we would crumble the corn bread into the milk and wade into it. That, ladies and gentlemen, was our dinner, "Mmm, GOOD!" It was really good and abundantly sufficient. This kind of farming was hard work, but lots of fun.



Drying apples, cherries and berries to sell or for winter use. The mountain folks were truly a happy, carefree people, with their cool spring water, their shade trees, their hunting and fishing, their social getting together at barbecues. They were a peculiar people in their ways, extremely hospitable. I often think how much city people could learn from their hospitality. I am speaking of the old days as I knew them. Knowing their lives as I did, I feel so sorry for the older ones, who lost their homes in the mountain, when the U.S. Government took over the area. Made of it a National park, moved these people to a shadeless, springless settlement down in the lowlands where some of them actually pined away and died of homesickness for the mountain homes. It was true, the government did give them a little money for their land, then tore down and burnt their cabins, a few nice homes, but what did a few dollars amount to compared to their lost contentment?

I have wandered away from the theme again, so will try to get back to it.

I have dwelt to some extent on the subject of slaves and slavery. There were quite a number of Negroes in our neighborhood who had been slaves in their young days and were still living during my early life. I met one of them as late as 1912. They had not gotten away from their slave vernacular, and that is why I have tried to write it as they spoke it. In thinking about Abraham Lincoln, slavery and the Civil war, folks may be skeptical, that one of my age could remember the slaves, in fact, it seems almost incredible to me. Those historical events seem so long ago, yet when you realize that the slaves were set free only about 23 years before I was born, it doesn't seem so long ago, after all. Or am I getting old? I can hardly believe it.

Now, when the government took over this area for a national park, there was one spot left inviolate. The Community Cemetery, located on Uncle Wesley Meadow's old place and donated by him. My family donated the wire to fence it in and it (the fence) was built by the families of the community. My father, mother, three brothers and one sister are buried there.

All the living members of my family got together and went there and erected a monument in the cemetery, with a plaque containing the names of the members of the family, who had been buried there, up to that time. I think it was in or near 1930.

Almost all my family, closest relatives and friends, who would naturally be interested in the sanctity of the spot, are gone. So I would like to feel that my children and grandchildren would visit the spot occasionally and see that it is kept inviolate.

Now, when I go back and read over this article again, I realize that I have just skimmed over the life of our family and have left out many things and incidents that might have been included, but I have little desire to become a bore, so will shortly bring this to a close.

But, I feel that I will have failed utterly unless I can convey in some degree, the kind of folks we had for a father and a mother.



Some folks may have considered my father rather a stern man, but I knew him as a kind and loving father. He was an active church member all of his life. He respected himself and demanded the same of others. One day, something happened that to others may seem peculiar, but, I am speaking of my father and the kind of man I knew so well. We were in our little store, when the hired girl came over and said, "Mr. Meadows, dinner is ready, call your Dad." I said, "OK, come on Dad" then went over to the house and thought no more of it. Until pa came in, walked up close to me, looked me straight in the eyes and said, "Boy, don't ever let me hear you call me that again." I answered, "All right, sire, I meant no disrespect, but you will never hear me say it again." I was about thirty-five years old and I know I had never called him 'dad' before nor had any of the other children. I felt right much ashamed, but he came over to the store, an hour later, put his arm around me and explained why he so disliked the name, dad. He regarded it a sort of defamation of the sacred word 'Pa' or 'Father.' Beside that, it reminded him of Gene Wright, his son-in-law, who he thoroughly disliked, and for good reason. Gene had a way of ridiculing him, and had slight regard for the principles for which pa stood. Worst of all, Gene used profanity, which pa never used or allowed to be used in his home. Gene was the only man I ever hear pa say that he disliked, and he had called pa, dad. Perhaps I can best describe his character by quoting from Mr. Ivy Bickers, who for many years had been County Clerk of Greene County, and who wrote a tribute to pa in the Greene County Record, a newspaper. He said many beautiful things about him, and concluded his column with this tribute: "Mr. Mack Meadows was a high class Gentleman." Pa died at the age of eighty-two.

As I have said, I have only slight recollection of my mother, so will have to retell what I have been told by pa and my sisters. It was said that she was one of the most beautiful women in that section. She, too, must have been a firm believer in the power of prayer. Sometimes when pa would come into the house and find that Ma was not there, he usually knew where to find her, out in the nearby woods, on her knees, praying for her children. I think she must have known she would not live to raise them. I have been told many beautiful things about her by the family and others, but I love to think of her as a feminine prototype of 'Sir Galahad,' as he was portrayed in one of Tennyson's poems—

"The clouds are broken in the sky,  
And through the mountain walls.  
A rolling organ harmony  
Swells up, and shakes and falls.  
Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
Wings flutter, voices hover clear;  
Oh, just and faithful knight of God!!  
Ride on! The prize is near.  
So, pass I hostel, hall and grange,  
By bridge and ford, by park and pale.  
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,  
Until I find the Holy Grail."



### *Direct Descendants of Joel Meadows*

- 1 Joel Meadows, b: Abt. 1818 in Rockingham Co., Va.
- +Elizabeth Breeden, b: Abt. 1823, m: 18 December 1837 in Orange Co., Va., Father: Elijah Breeden, Mother: Mary (Polly) Ann Hensley
- 2 Sydney (Sydia) Ann Meadows, b: Abt. 1840 in Rockingham Co., Va., d: 27 August 1867
- 2 Sarah E. Meadows, b: Abt. 1842,
- 2 Mary F. Meadows, b: Abt. 1843 in Greene Co., Va.
- 2 Rebecca J. Meadows, b: Abt. 1845 in Greene Co., Va.
- 2 John Wesley Meadows, b: 09 April 1848 in Greene Co., Va., d: 07 October 1935
- 2 Susanna Eliza Meadows, b: Abt. 1849 in Greene Co., Va., d: Abt. 1917
- 2 Elijah Steward Meadows, b: 19 February 1850 in Greene Co., Va., d: 19 August 1922
- 2 Martha S. Meadows, b: Abt. 1852 in Greene Co., Va.
- 2 Nancy W. Meadows, b: March 1854 in Greene Co., Va.
- 2 Matilda Catherine Meadows, b: 18 April 1857 in Greene Co., Va.
- 2 Harriet E. Meadows, b: 10 November 1858 in Greene Co., Va.
- 2 Jeremiah M. Meadows, b: Abt. 1846 in Greene Co., Va., d: Abt. 1928
- +Mary Mildred Estes, b: Abt. 1841 in Greene Co., Va., m: 25 December 1866 in Madison Co., Va., d: Abt. 1888, Father: John Estes, Mother: Maria Marion Daniel
- 3 Joel A. Meadows, b: Abt. 1867 in Greene Co., Va.
- 3 Amos Meadows, b: Bet. 1868 - 1869 in Greene Co., Va.
- 3 Rufus Meadows, b: Bet. 1868 - 1869 in Greene Co., Va., d: Bet. 1868 - 1869 in Greene Co., Va.
- 3 Marietta (Hattie) E. Meadows, b: Abt. 1869 in Greene Co., Va.
- 3 Cora Lee Meadows, b: Abt. 1872 in Greene Co., Va.
- 3 Lula Estes Meadows, b: Abt. 1873 in Greene Co., Va.
- 3 Ruben Elijah Meadows, b: Abt. 1875 in Greene Co., Va., d: Abt. 1889 in Greene Co., Va.
- 3 Irving Mack Meadows, b: Abt. 1878 in Greene Co., Va., d: Abt. 1935
- 3 Sarah (Lizzie) Elizabeth Meadows, b: Abt. 1879 in Greene Co., Va., d: Abt. 1951 in Greene Co., Va.
- 3 Hilton Lester Meadows, b: Bet. 1880 - 1884 in Greene Co., Va., d: Bet. 1880 - 1884 in Greene Co., Va.
- 3 John Wesley Meadows, b: Bet. 1880 - 1884 in Greene Co., Va., d: Bet. 1880 - 1884 in Greene Co., Va.
- 3 James Vernon Meadows, b: Abt. 1885 in Greene Co., Va.
- +Mrs. Elva Glenn, m: Aft. 1890