

Lester Taylor—Walter Cleon Taylor—Walter Evan Taylor—  
Taylor—**Evan Taylor**—James A. Taylor



## **EVAN TAYLOR**

1845—Mt Airy, North Carolina

*In writing the story of my father's life, my source of information will be the family records and my own memory—Nettie T. Christensen*

My father, Evan Taylor, was born on October 25, 1845 at Mount Airy, Surry County, North Carolina. He was the seventh child of a family of eleven children whose parents were James Taylor and Nancy Hiatt. Two years ago when I made a trip to North Carolina in search of genealogies, I was privileged to go the old Taylor homestead where my father was born, and although the house had been removed, I was thrilled to stand on the spot and view the landscape. The old apple and cherry trees which stood behind the house are still standing and they surely look to be nearly the hundred years that they are. The farm is nestled in and around large clusters of pine and quaken aspen trees. It was here that my father learned to work—the usual farm work—caring for animals, plowing, sowing and reaping. The chief crop was tobacco. The farms were small and it was necessary for those who owned them to plant the crops that produced the most money in order to have enough to provide for their families.

Even though he was in this environment, he didn't from the habit of using tobacco. I was always proud of him for that.

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Taylor—**Evan Taylor**—James A. Taylor

The farmland was all on rolling hills and small valleys. In all the years that have passed since my father left there, the trees and shrubbery have not been removed from more than half the land. There are many beautiful hillsides and streams of water in the valleys. I can imagine my father with his friends spending many happy hours together when they were not working.

Father had a cheerful disposition, but a quick temper if things provoked him, and even with that he was soon laughing and joking again. He has lots of friends. I have heard him and mother tell about the young folks in the neighborhood getting together at someone's home and spend the time singing and dancing—not to the music of someone's orchestra, but to a violin or banjo or guitar, and that was the music.

Sometimes they would get together at a “husking bee” after the crops were “carried in” as they called it. The crowds would husk all the corn and put it in large bins ready to take to the grist mill, where it would be ground into corn meal to make bread. There was very little wheat raised, so corn bread was the staff of life. They used to have happy times at the “husking bees” at the close of which they would all be served a chicken dinner with “johnnie cake.”

Father's schooling was in the winter months of two to three

Lester Taylor—Walter Cleon Taylor—Walter Evan Taylor—  
Taylor—**Evan Taylor**—James A. Taylor

of two to three years. Even though the time in school was short, he learned to read well; also write and figure well enough to take care of his business and financial affairs. When the Civil War broke out, father was not old enough to go as he was fifteen; Neither did he want to go. He always had a desire for peace, and because his home was in the South, he would have had to fight for the thing he was opposed to. He didn't think it was right to have slaves. Near the close of the war, however, he was drafted into service. He went with a heavy heart, but fortunately the last battle was fought just before he reached the firing lines. We couldn't ever think of him as one who would shirk his duty, but rather one who was willing to serve, even against his honest convictions.

I should like to have been there when the courting days were on. There were no cards to take the girls out for a ride, no places of amusement except as I have mentioned. It was even before the horse and buggy days, so a young man had to walk or ride a horse when he went to call on his girl friend. My father lived about three or four miles from where my mother lived at the time he was courting her. I fancy I see him now, in his best homespun clothes (all the cloth that they used in those days was made by the mother and sisters of the family). Sometimes he took a shortcut through the fields to make a call on the sweetest girl in all the world, who was all dressed up in a dress she had made herself from wool that was taken from her father's sheep which was washed and carded

Lester Taylor—Walter Cleon Taylor—Walter Evan Taylor—  
Taylor—**Evan Taylor**—James A. Taylor

of was all dressed up in a dress she ha made herself from wool that was taken from her father’s sheep which was washed and carded and spun by the use of the old family spinning wheel into fine thread and dyed and woven into a beautiful piece of cloth.

Father enjoyed calling at the Scott home. The evening was usually spent with the family in friendly conversation and in “spinning a few yarns.” There was not much opportunity to be alone with the girl of his choice, except to and from husking bees or to and from dances. Sometimes they found an excuse to go to the pond for water, as there must always be fresh water in the house at nights.

One evening it happened this way—they found themselves out in the open. What a beautiful night! The full moon just peeping over the mountains, or hill, which was about three hundred yards away. The house stood on a small hill opposite. They followed the path down the hill to the creek, which they called Rutlege Creek, crossed the sparking stream and a few yards beyond they were at the spring. I fancy they stopped on the bridge and watched....

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Your ancestor who served in the war of 1776 was **Joseph Taylor**, born 1751 in Virginia, but moved to North Carolina before the war began. He enlisted in 1776. The family was prominent — one of the most noted in Virginia in Ante Bellum days.....

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began. He enlisted in 1776. The family was prominent — one of the most noted in Virginia in Ante Bellum days.....later family members intermarried with the first families of Virginia. Some were leaders in the Revolution, most prominent ones from Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, Tennessee, North and South Carolina.

Shelton Town is a suburb of Mount Airy, eight or ten miles to the east. The burial plot referred to one Scott homestead is nestled among the pines and trees about a half a mile from the old home where my mother, Jarmelia Scott grew up. Buried in this plot are grandfather Jarrot Scott and his two wives Permelia Thomas and Sarah Evans; also some sons and daughters, whose names we could not read as the markers were chiseled from red sandstone and storms over the years has washed away most of the markings.

The Taylor burial plot is located on the old Taylor farm, a few hundred yards from the house. In this cemetery were family members for several generations back and the markers were almost hidden weeds. This information is authentic because I made the trip myself back to all the places of interest in 1935 and found this first hand information. Nettie T. Christensen..