



# Westal Family

1688

GENEALOGY

OF THE

**Westal Family**

1683-1893



*Geneology*  
*of the*  
*Vestal Family*  
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In the year 1682 William Penn founded Philadelphia. In the following year there arrived from England two thousand emigrants; with them came one **William Vestal**; original progenitor of the family of that name. Two brothers started from London, England, **Daniel** and **William**, young men, Daniel died on the ocean and was buried at sea. On board William formed an attachment for a young woman from Wales named **Elizabeth Mercer**, when they arrived at Philadelphia they married. They afterward settled in Lancaster Co., Penn. Nothing is said about the old gentleman, but that he was an earnest and consistent member of the society of Friends (Quakers). To our knowledge seven children came to the estate of manhood; they were **David**, **James**, **William**, **John**, **Thomas**, **Jemima** and **Mary**. Of these very little is known to us. Their father built a large stone house in which he lived and died. The son John lived at the homestead. One of the girls married a man by the name of **Chapman** and moved to South Carolina. William remained single. Thomas emigrated to Chatham Co., North Carolina and married **Elizabeth Davis**; they had ten children, viz: **Jemima**, **Thomas**, **Hannah**, **Mary**, **William**, **Rachel**, **John**, **Jesse**, **David** and **Silas**.

**Jemima** married **Joseph Doane** and moved to Hamilton Co., Ohio, in the earliest settlement of that State. Of their several children we know nothing.

**Thomas**, commonly called **Faubush Tom**, married a **Miss Thomas**. They had seven children, viz: William, Mary, Elizabeth, Jemima, Rachel, Thomas and John. His first wife dying he married a widow named **Margaret Zacery**; they had one daughter, a remarkably handsome lass named Olivia. They lived and died in Surrey Co., N. C. He bore arms in the revolutionary struggle, thereby depriving him of church membership, though very young at that time.

**Hannah** married **John Pickett** and lived and died in Chatham Co., N. C. Mary married Wm. Marshall. They also lived in the same County.

**William Vestal** married **Mary Wheeler**; they had eight children, viz: Thomas, John, William, David, Solomon, Alfred Zemrey and Mary. He died in the old settlement on Rocky River.

**Rachel Vestal** married **Stephen Hobson** and moved to Surrey Co., N. C. They had seven children, viz: Thomas, William, George, David, Stephen, Annie and Elizabeth.

**John Vestal** married **Hannah Dickson** and moved to Ohio. They had some children; but he died young. **Jesse Vestal** married **Sophia McDonald**. They lived in Chatham Co., N. C. They had nine children, viz: Elizabeth, Jemima, Silas, Asa, Mary, William, John, Messer A., and Tilman. Jesse was left a widower at thirty odd. He never married again but spent the balance of his life in travel. He died at Chatham Co., N. C., aged 82 years.

**David Vestal** married **Elizabeth York**. They had several children. As far as known their names were

Hiram, Seymour and Sarah. He married as second wife, a **Miss Evans**. He lived and died in Chatham Co., N. C.

**Silas Vestal** married **Rachel Culberson**. Their children as far as known are Jesse, Zemrey, Rachel and Solomon. He lived and died on Rocky River, Chatham Co., N. C.

**"Faubush" Tom Vestal's** family 1st, was Mary, married William Hamblin of Surrey Co., N. C. Jemima married, name unknown to us, and moved to Indiana. Rachel married a Jonathan North of Surrey and moved to Indiana. Thomas, commonly called red-headed Tom, married Obediana William and moved to California. They had several children, viz: as far as known William, Louis, Harden, Mary, Sarah, Lucinda, Anna and Thomas.

**Wm. Vestal** and **Mary Wheeler's** family settled as follows: Thomas Vestal married a girl named Brower; had a large family; names unknown to us. They lived and died in Chatham Co., N. C. John Vestal moved to the town of Bedford, Indiana; was a man of wealth and integrity. He married there and raised five children. Of the family nothing more is known by us.

**Wm. Vestal** married **Miss Nubia**; lived in Chatham Co.; family unknown to us.

**David Vestal** also married a **Miss Nubia**. They had some children; he died young; was killed trying to save the life of his father.

**Solomon Vestal** married a **Miss Branson** and lived in Chatham Co., N. C.

**Alfred Vestal** married a Dutch girl named **Staley**; lived and died in the same County.

**Zemrey Vestal** unknown.

**Mary Vestal** married a **Nubia**; brother to the wives of her brothers. They also lived in Chatham Co., N. C.

**Rachel** and **Stephen Hobson's** family having lived more immediately in our neighborhood and being very intimate, we will step out of our original design and say that **Thomas** married a **Miss Williams** and moved to Indiana, and of them nothing more is known.

**Wm. Hobson** married a **Miss Hadley** and raised a numerous family. They lived in Surrey Co., N. C.

**George Hobson** married **Annie Marshall** and moved to Indiana.

**David Hobson** married a **Miss Annie Hadley**. They had ten children, viz: **Hadley**, **Lemuel**, **Rachel**, **Ruth**, **George**, **Alfred**, **William**, **David**, **Elizabeth** and **Joshua**.

**Stephen Hobson** was married four times. His first wife was named **Bond**. They had children as follows: **William David**; **Annie**, **Caleb**, **Jesse** and **Stephen**. The second wife was named **Elizabeth Vestal**, a member of our family. They had one child. The third wife was named **Moore**; they had several children. They lived in Surrey Co., N. C.

**Annie Hobson** married a **Marshall** and moved to Indiana. One other daughter of **Aunt Rachel Hobson** married a **Jonathan Wiles** and moved to Indiana.

The family of **John Vestal** and **Hannah Droxson** are unknown to us.

**Jesse Vestal** and **Sophia McDonald's** family comes next in order. **Elizabeth Vestal** married **Joshua Barker** of Chatham Co., N. C. They had seven chil-

dren, viz: Ruth, Samuel, Brantly, Jemima, America, Tilman and Jesse.

**Jemima Vestal** and **Benjamin Cox** married and moved to Indiana near Indianapolis. Their children were Lavina, Paulina, Asa, and the names of the rest we do not know. **Silas Vestal** married **Bethsheba Jones**, of Surrey Co., N. C. They had four children, viz: Alexander, Isaac, Nancy and Caswell. He died in Tennessee.

**Asa Vestal** married **Elizabeth de Jarnette**; they had six children: Richard, Martha (dead), Emily (dead), Columbus (dead), DeWitt C. and Wm. A. (dead). They were married in Surrey Co., N. C.; moved to Missouri and in 1849 moved to California and settled in San Jose, Santa Clara Co. (where they lived until their death in Dec., 1883).

**Mary Vestal** married one of the same name and line, **John T. Vestal**. They moved near Nashville, Tenn. Their children are named Anderson, William, Henderson, Jessie and Eliza.

**William Vestal** married first **Nancy Runnels** of East Tenn. Their children are as far as known: Jesse, Madison, Tilman, Eliza, William, Marie, Lucinda and Martha. He has been married to four wives. P. O. address is Bentonville, Arkansas.

**Messer. Amos Vestal** married **Rhoda Mendenhall**; their children are Delphinia, Laura, William and Tilman. P. O. Nashville, Tenn. John died single at Paducah, Ky. Tilman Vestal married in South Carolina; his children are unknown to us. He now lives in Alabama.

The above genealogy was dictated by **Asa Vestal** son of **Jesse Vestal** and **Sophia McDonald**, in the year 1862.

**H**

The tree planted by our worthy ancestors, continues to flourish. Its branches have spread until no one knows their limits. Let us make it a work of love, to continue the record and write it down to date.

To do this, it will be necessary that each member of the family do his or her part, for without co-óperation the effort will fail.

Gather together any data possible from your family records and send to me at the address below, for compilation.

An early compliance may make it possible to have the story complete for the 1914 gathering.

E. G. VESTAL,  
1023-24 Story Bldg.,  
Los Angeles, Cal.



*An original poem written by Vina Vestal Stanley and read by her at the Vestal reunion held at the home of Sarah Vestal Sharpless, January 1, 1912, Whittier, California.*

I've been asked to write a poem  
All about the Vestal tribe,  
But the best way is to know 'em,  
For their traits one can't describe.

But this much we'll say in passing  
That of all tribes far and near  
The Vestals are most fascinating  
Although some would count them queer.

Always in the path of duty  
You will find them brave and true,  
With scarcely one that acts up lunny  
And the cranky ones are few.

Ever pressing forward, onward,—  
They are known to win the day  
Since the time the dear Grandparents  
Work and toiled and paved the way.

Yes, the dear sweet, faithful couple  
God bless the memory of their lives.  
May we follow their example  
And their goodness ever prize.

Glancing backward through the ages  
We in fancy, see them now  
Settled down in dear old Hoosier  
With pigs and chickens and a cow.

But the best that blest their household  
Was six children, fond and true,  
Aunt Sarah H. the first to gladden,  
Then Uncles Dave and Benny, too.

Uncle Nate came next in order,  
But his baby-hood was short.

For the twins had claimed the dinner,  
And they each could hold a quart.

They were black as little niggers  
But their hearts were white as snow.  
They were not so bright in figures,  
But they learned to work the dough.

Oh, the cakes and little goodies  
That we children used to get,  
And the most delicious puddings  
How we taste them even yet.

Years went on—the children married,  
Each a good companion found,  
Sharing joys, and burdens carried;  
With cords of love they all were bound.

But in time we find them scattered.  
Kansas claiming some you know,  
Even to the Indian Territory  
The Hoosier Vestals had to go.

But that was deemed a great big joke  
To have to stay so far from home,  
'Way down among the Indian folk  
With their blankets there to roam.

We'll not mention how they did it,  
And the homesick feelings wrought,  
How they jumped their claims and beat it  
And a ticket home they bought.

Resolving never more to wander, never  
From their native state so dear.  
Nor from the bonds of love to sever  
To try a trip that was so queer.

Here they've lived and reared their families,  
Bought and sold fine horses too,  
Tilled the ground, bought sheep and cattle,  
Sometimes cheerful, sometimes blue.

But the fact is one can't budge them  
From their happy Hoosier homes.  
They'll just stick and stick and stick there  
To make sure their crops are sown.

But we leave them, coming westward,  
Where the Kansas breezes blow,  
Where the grasshopper often pestered  
And the mercury dropped so low.

There upon the old Kaw River  
Which sometimes o'erflowed its banks,  
With its bottom land of richness  
Figuring in the foremost ranks.

Fancy, if you will, a couple  
Starting out on life's highway;  
She the belle of Hendricks County,  
He a strong man in his day.

Farming, thrashing, money-saving,  
Soon a new stone barn was built,  
And the wheat fields gently waving  
While the housewife pieced her quilts.

Years they lived upon this river  
Until their children all were grown,  
And a nice new house erected  
They were proud to call their own.

From Douglas Co. down to Johnson  
Follow in your thoughts just now  
In a little Quacker village,  
Where they speak both "Thee and Thou."

In the brown house on the corner  
Sat a Vestal making shoes  
Struggling for his little family  
That he was so soon to lose.

Then he hied him on to Centre,  
Where rolled the prairies far and near,

There in business soon to enter  
Which was now his life's career.

Here he won both friends and honor,  
For he named the little town,  
And the first babe born within it  
Was little Elie, just nine pound.

Then for years he was the postmaster,  
This position held with trust,  
All the people round the country  
Knew their treatment would be just.

But the family ties were broken  
When Life's race had just begun  
And the farewell words were spoken  
And the master said "Well done."

But we must not linger longer  
Round the trails of this home  
For the sadness of its history  
Would fill our hearts with gloom.

But we're taken back in memory  
To when the twins were wed,  
In the old brick church at Plainfield  
Where Friends marriage rites were said.

When the young men entered bravely  
On their happy wedding day,  
Bearing on their arms their brides  
Eliza K. and Martha J.

Soon they settled down in Kansas  
On a farm arranged for four,  
With their parents near to bless them  
Thus a happy smile they wore.

Years passed by and precious children  
Played around their cabin door,  
Adding thus unto their pleasures  
Such they had not known before.

But we cannot all remember  
How one home was childless left  
When one day in bleak December  
Down to earth an angel swept.

And it gathered little Mary  
Winged its way to realms of light  
Soared away its love to carry  
To a future ever bright.

But the farms passed on to others  
And the Vestals moved away,  
Settling in about old Lawrence  
Where their homes together lay.

But here's to Shawnee town and old times,  
When in childhood we roamed  
Living in the homes of dear ones,  
Just a short time we were loaned.

But the memories of those pleasures  
Still linger in our hearts and lives,  
How we ponder o'er at leisure  
The good times we so much prized.

But let us pause—now, and consider  
How the Vestals all were struck  
With the California fever,  
And they come to try their luck.

How this far, far, western country  
With its charms and beauties, too,  
Drew us thither to its borders  
Where it thrills us through and through.

Here we have our great reunion  
Started just three years ago,  
When we meet and hold communion  
And we laugh and jolly so.

Yes, we come from Pasadena,  
The crown city peaked with snow,

Where the homes are most luxurious,  
And the people have the dough.

Then from Long Beach, dear old Long Beach,  
Where the rolling billows sweep,  
And the seashore stretches ever  
As far as the eye can reach.

Some come hustling down the canyon  
Where the wind blows off and on,  
Where the river flows so gently  
And the birds sing all day long.

Where the boys round up the cattle,  
And hunt in the woods for wild game ;  
Sitting all day in the saddle  
And roaming all over the range.

And we come from Beautiful Whittier,  
Nestled away in the hills,  
For of all towns none are prettier,  
And the frost on the vine never kills.

And whether we come from Los Angeles,  
The center of all the rest,  
We come with our hearts full of gladness,  
Thanking God that we live in the west.

But our ranks are sadly broken  
And we miss the older ones,  
Their advice so timely spoken  
To our minds now often comes.

From Indiana and Sweet Oregon,  
To California's sun-kissed shores,  
We remember aunts and uncles  
That we children all adored.

But we cousins have been favored  
All along life's checkered way—  
In that only five are taken,  
Let's rejoice this New Year's Day.

And let's strike glad hands together  
For the new recruits we have  
And congratulate each other  
That their presence adds one-half.

For we love these Vestal cousins,  
So big and fat and jolly, too;  
And the lean ones, have a corner  
In our hearts, we know they do.

For they're all the kind to bank on  
We have proved this o'er and o'er,  
They're a bunch that's good to draw to  
But we'd like to see them more.

The poetic name **they** cherish,  
The name we all love well,  
May its beauty never perish  
That the Spanish call Vestel.

So here's a toast to host and hostess  
For this dinner that's been fine,  
May they truly never roast us,  
But invite us back to dine.

And if the goose should make us ill,  
It's up to them to buy the pills,  
And if we're turning green and white  
We'll blow them up with dynamite.

And may they live through this occasion  
And be glad this New Year's Day,  
That the bills aren't any bigger  
But just smile, dig up and pay.

But here's hoping that by next year  
We'll all be down at Bruce's,  
And we'll try their hearts to cheer,  
And not let them make excuses.

Yes—we'll go by automobile  
Or pay our street car fare.

*Geneology of the Vestal Family*

One wouldn't miss the good old meal  
If the Vestals all are there.

We'll even walk to get there  
If we find it isn't far,  
Especially if the jolly crowd  
Should ever miss the car.

Or if we're taken past the place  
We'll just walk back with added grace,  
No difference 'bout the Sunday duds,  
We'll just go splashing through the mud.

Or on the wrong car get aboard  
And when we find we're wrong, feel bored.  
The con will let us off, don't fear,  
Just make your exit at the rear.

But we'll go by invitation  
And it doesn't matter where,  
Just so we're here in California  
And the Vestals all are there.