

A McCarthy Story

The original hand-written letter can be found at the end of this document.

Talk given Nov. 14th, 2013 by Maggie (McCarthy) McGuire at Olde Sandwich South & Area Historical Society.

The name McCarthy means “Loving”. McCarthy is the number one ‘Mac’ name in all of Ireland and one of the top 12 names in the country. An ancient and powerful clan, the family name is the third most numerous in county Cork overall.

Many McCarthy castles and other buildings are now among the most famous of Ireland’s tourist attractions. The buildings on the Rock of Cashel, for instance, include the remains for Cormac’s Chapel built by Cormac McCarthy, Bishop and King of Munster(?) and was consecrated in 1134.

The Muckross estates in Killarney, County Kerry, which are now a national park, were the lands of McCarthy Mor, the head of another branch of the family.

Perhaps the most famous landmark is Blarney Castle near Cork city, which was built by another Cormac McCarthy who lived 1455 – 1495. The legend of “Blarney” derives from yet another later Cormac McCarthy. He persistently evaded Queen Elizabeth’s approaches seeking to obtain his submission. His eloquent and evasive replies eventually led her to describe his statements as “blarney”. The kissing of the stone in Blarney castle in the hope that it will convey the gift of eloquence continues today. We kissed the stone in 1996 while on a trip with my sister and brother-in-law Elaine and Gary Deehan.

Somewhere in the county of Cork lived a man named Jeremiah McCarthy who was married to a lady named Mary who was a Coverly. In 1824 three of their sons Jeremiah, Cornelius, and Richard left their family and homeland and headed to the new world. They must have thought their decision to leave was a good one because 12 years later their older brother Michael and his wife Catherine Finn followed them. They crossed the Atlantic ocean in a sailing vessel, their journey requiring eleven weeks on the water. The voyage was generally by way of United States. The travelers arrived tired, sometimes sick and often penniless. This situation often forced them to work in the port cities of New York or Boston before continuing their travels.

Eventually they made their way to Canada, to Essex County to the area where Colonel Tom Talbot was establishing a new settlement. This would become the new home for the McCarthy families. I am a descendant of Richard McCarthy born in 1808 and now will continue the focusing on his branch of the family tree.

In order to legally own the land, they were occupying the settler had several grant conditions to fulfill.

- Clear some land and build a home withing 12 months
- Live on the land for most of the year
- The government told you which size log house had to be built. A lean-to shelter was not sufficient
- Road making was required in some areas
- When sons of settlers reached 21, they were eligible for a 100 acre lot
- Daughters were eligible when they married

Sandwich South Historical Society

On October 12, 1846 the Crown granted to Richard McCarthy 100 acres on the south half of lot 299.

In several cases, the north half of the lot was granted approximately 10 years later indicating fulfillment of the grant conditions for another parcel of land.

On August 31, 1854, the Crown granted to Richard McCarthy, 100 acres on the north half of lot 299.

My great-great grandfather Richard, a farmer, married Honora Cantalon (sp?) also Irish born. I don't know when or where they were married but their 7 children John, James, Richard, Marie, Jeremiah, William, and Margaret were born between 1831 and 1843. In some of the old census records, Honora is called Ann or Annie. I've since learned that it is a familiar nick name for Honora especially with the Irish.

There is no record of either Honora who died in 1868 or Richard who died in 1881 having been buried in St. Mary's, Maidstone. I guess there is more digging to be done.

Their third child Richard is my great grandfather, was born in 1835. He also was a farmer. On Aug. 27, 1860, he married an Irish lass named Catherine McCann. In 1938 my dad and mom, Emmett & Mary McCloskey would marry on the same date. Richard and Catherine had 7 children.

- 1) William who settled in Detroit
- 2) Mary who became Sister McCarthy
- 3) Annie whose given name was Honora who became Sister St. Joseph
 - Both nuns worked at Hotel Dieu hospital
 - Sister McCarthy being a registered pharmacist and also the first Director of the Hotel Dieu of Windsor School of Nursing
- 4) Andrew, my grandfather. I'll get back to him in a minute.
- 5) Richard worked at the Records office in Windsor. He died at age 26 of typhoid fever
- 6) Jane who settled in Detroit
- 7) Robert who married Mary Tour (sp?) and raised his family as he farmed on the east half of lot 299.

Gerard continued to farm there and along with his wife Elizabeth raised their three children Jean, Mary, Joe, and Ann on the family farm in the house that was built about 1915 that replaced an older house that was on the other side of the driveway. I believe that one was the original home built by old Richard and Honora. Joe recently took down the house on the farm. My sister Elaine, cousin Carol Hebert, and I used to love playing house on the big wrap around porch at Gerard's and aunt Mary always had cookies for us.

Getting back to my grandfather, child #4, Andrew Joseph born November, 1871. He also was a farmer. On April 23, 1901 he married Grace Sexton who was 12 years younger than him. 75 years later my brother Chris and his lovely bride Kathy Pulleyblank married on that same date.

When Andrew and Grace first married they lived on the 9th concession of Sandwich South. Their first three children Monica, Leonard, and Kitty were born there. It wasn't until 1907 that

they moved to Talbot road. When old Richard (my grandpa's grandpa) died in 1881 he willed 32 acres to his daughter Margaret (a spinster) and his grandson Lawrence Hickey whose mother Marie had already passed away. It said in his will that he had previously given their son's their respective parts of his property. This 32 acres remained in Margaret and Lawrence's names until 1900 when they sold it to Charles Van Hauwentuse (sp?). Then in 1907 my grandparents bought that 32 acres, the south half of the west two thirds of the south half of lot 299, save and except land conveyed for a school site. That school would become SS #7 at the corner of Talbot road and Sexton Side road. The rest of Andy and Grace's children (Mary, Richard – called Dick, Emmett, and Rosemary were born in the brick farmhouse on Talbot road. This is the same house that I was raised in along with my 8 brothers and sisters. My brother Dick still lives in the house.

As was all too common in those days, sickness and tragedy struck the family. Four of the seven kids died. Kitty at 4 years, Monica at 16 years, Dick at 9 years, and Mary at 18 years old. My dad, who was seven when he lost his brother Dick said he cried himself to sleep because he had lost his best friend. I'm sure that's why he called his first son Dick.

Grandpa Andy ran a typical farm. Besides planting and harvesting cash crops, he also had dairy cattle. A sign showing this use to hang in the front yard. My brothers Dick and Bob along with cousin Dan Hebert used it for target practice with their BB guns, aiming for the cow's eyes. Our sister-in-law Carolyn did a great job repainting one side of it so my sister could hang it in her family room.

They stopped shipping milk about 1950.

In 1921 Grandpa Andy started his milk transport business – pick up cans of milk at various dairy farms and delivering them to the dairy. Everyday for the past 92 years a truck has left that yard to pick up milk at local farms. I guess he sort of started a bus business as well because I've had several people over the years tell me that they used to hitch a ride to school with my grandpa, or later my dad, on the milk truck. I also recall a Sunday afternoon of maybe 1957 or 1958. After dad had finished the milk route, he emptied the truck of all the milk cans and filled it up with kids – teenagers from the C.Y.O. at St. Mary's in Maidstone and off to River Canard we went for an afternoon of skating. As kids, we all loved when we had the opportunity to go with Dad on the milk route. There was good quality time spent together and you always knew when you got to the dairy he'd treat you to a bottle of chocolate milk.

My dad's older brother Leonard, born in 1904, worked as a pipefitter in the States. He and his wife Patricia Primeau raised their two daughters Kitty and Mary Lou in the Detroit area. After aunt Trish passed away, Uncle Leonard moved back to Canada and married Clare McLean, who was from Maidstone, in 1972.

My aunt Rosemary, born in 1919, married John Hebert on November 6 1943. They raised their six children Don, Carol, John, Hugh, Tim, and Gerry on the corner of Talbot road and Sexton side-road, opposite the school on the Sexton property where our grandmother Grace was raised. The lane which is still there between the farms and Sexton side road was

well used as we kept in close contact with each other throughout the years. My aunt Rose, or "Doos" as we all call her will turn 94 in a few days on November 18th.

My dad Emmett was born July 24, 1913. He attended school next door at SS #t – St. Mary's. He also went to Assumption high school. He loved farming and worked closely with his dad Andy, learning how to become a good farmer.

On August 27, 1938 Emmett married the love of his life, Mary, daughter of Tom and Mary Jane McCloskey (nee McHugh) from the village of Maidstone. Both families had known each other forever as they were all active parishoners at St. Mary's catholic church. Mom's uncle, Father Art McHugh, married them. The newlyweds settle in a little house on Sexton side road, north of the school. My grandmother Grace truly became a mother to my mom as my mom had lost her mother when she was only 5 years old. My mom was given her mother's wedding ring and when she passed away on April 27, 2011 it was the first time it was off her finger in 72 years.

Like most newly married couples at that time they were anxious to start their family but that didn't seem to be happening. My mother said she made a deal with God that she would quit smoking if he would allow her to have a baby. Well, she quit smoking and on Feb 6, 1941 God blessed them with a beautiful daughter Mary Moreen. When the ninth child Kerry was born in [REDACTED] my mother's best friend Monie Collins suggested she might want to take up cigars.

It was decided that the little house on the side road would be moved so it was put up on skids and brought up the lane and placed on a new foundation behind the big brick house. A small addition of a new kitchen and bathroom was added to it. One of the children who was in the school yard at the time recall seeing mom and Moreen looking out the window as they rode in the house for the big move. In 1 [REDACTED] Dick was born and Bob followed the next year.

Shortly after a switch was made. Andrew and Grace moved into the little house abd Dad and mom and their brood into the big house. Dad was now back to the place he was born. He remained their until August 21, 2001 when he passed away about 6 feet from where he was born.

In [REDACTED] Elaine was born, then me in [REDACTED] Mom had lost a baby between us. Tom followed in [REDACTED] Dan in [REDACTED] Chris in [REDACTED] and Kerry in [REDACTED]

With the exception of Moreen who moved to the Peterborough area, we have all remained withing 20 minutes of the family farm. We lost Moreen in January, 2004 and this past June our brother Bob passed away. I never knew my Grandpa Andy as he died three weeks before I was born, but my grandmother always said Bob was just like him. He was so silly and had such a sense of humour.

Between the nine of us my mom and dad had 30 grandchildren and so far there are 37 great grandchildren with three more on the way at this present time.

Sandwich South Historical Society

As I said at the beginning the name McCarthy means “loving”. I thank God for the blessing of having been born into such a loving family and I am, and always will be, proud to be a McCarthy.

Maggie McCarthy-McGuire

Talk given Nov. 14, 2013 by Magsie (McCarthy) McGuire
at Old Sandwich South Area Historical Society

~~McCarthy is a Irish spelled McCarraig~~
meaning the son of Carthac which means
'loving'. The name McCarthy means "loving."

McCarthy is the #1 Mac name in all of
Ireland, and one of the top 12 names in
the country. An ancient and powerful
clan, the family name is the third most
numerous in County Cork overall.

Many of the McCarthy castles and other
buildings are now among the most famous
of Ireland's tourist attractions. The buildings
on the Rock of Castel, for instance, include
the remains of Cormac's Chapel built by
Cormac McCarthy, Bishop and King of Limerick
and was consecrated in 1134.

The Buckross estates in Killarney, County Kerry,
which are now a national park, were the lands
of McCarthy Broc, the head of another branch
of the family.

Perhaps the most famous landmark is Blarney
Castle near Cork City, which was built by
another Cormac McCarthy who lived from
1455-1495. The legend of "Blarney" derives from
yet another later Cormac McCarthy. He
persistently evaded Queen Elizabeth's approaches
seeking to obtain his submission. His eloquent
and evasive replies eventually led her to
describe his statements as "blarney". The kissing
of the stone in Blarney Castle in the hope that
it will convey the gift of eloquence continues today.
We kissed the stone in 1966 while on a trip with my
sister & brother in law Elaine & Gary Decker.

Somewhere in the County of Cork lived a man named Jeremiah McCarthy who was married to a lady named Mary who was a Cooney. In 1824 three of their sons Jeremiah born in 1794, Cornelius born in 1795, and Richard born in 1796¹⁸⁰⁸ left their family and homeland and headed to ~~North America~~ ^{The New World}. They must have thought their decision to leave was a good one because 12 years later their older brother Michael born in 1797 and his wife Catherine Finn followed them. They crossed the Atlantic Ocean in a sailing vessel, their journey requiring eleven weeks on the water. The voyage was generally by way of the United States. The travellers arrived tired, sometimes sick and usually penniless. This situation often forced them to work in the port cities of New York or Boston before continuing their travels.

Eventually they made their way to Canada, to Essex County to the area where Colonel Tom Talbot was establishing a new settlement. This would become the new home for the McCarthy families. I am a descendant of Richard McCarthy born in 1796¹⁸⁰⁸ and now will continue the story focusing on his branch of the family tree.

16 years old when he came.

In order to legally own the land they were occupying the settlers had several grant conditions to fulfill

- clear some land & build a home within 12 months
- live on the land for most of the year
- the government told you what size log house had to be built - a lean-to shelter was not sufficient
- road making was required in some areas
- when sons of settlers reached 21 they were eligible for 100 acres lot
- daughters were eligible when they married

* On October 12, 1846 Crown granted to Richard McCarthy, 100 acres, south half of lot 299

In several cases the north half of the lot was granted approximately 10 years later, indicating fulfillment of the grant conditions for another parcel of land

* And so on August 31, 1854 Crown granted to Richard McCarthy, 100 acres north half of lot 299

My great-great grandfather Richard ^{a farmer} married Honora ~~McCarthy~~ ^{McCarthy} ~~McCarthy~~ ^{an Irish boy} I don't know when or where they were married but their 7 children John, James, Richard, Maria, Jeremiah, William, and Margaret were born between 1831 and 1848. In some of the old census records Honora is called Ann or Annie. I've since learned that it is a familiar nickname ^{for Honora} especially with the Irish.

I could find

~~There~~ is no record of either Honor who died in 1868 or Richard who died in 1881 having been buried in St. Mary's, Waidstoes.

~~Their~~ third child, Richard, I guess there is more digging to be done.

Their 3rd child, Richard, is my great grand father, was born in 1835. He also was a farmer. On Aug. 27, 1860 he married an Irish lass named Catherine McCorn

(In 1938 my dad & mom would marry on the same date) ^{Emmett & Mary (McCloskey)}
Richard & Catherine together they had 7 children

- 1) William who settled in Detroit
- 2) Mary who became Sister McCarty
- 3) Annie whose given name was Honor who became Sister St. Joseph

Both nuns worked at Hotel Dieu Hospital St. McCarty being a registered pharmacist and also the 1st Director of the Hotel Dieu of Windsor School of Nursing.

4) Andrew - my grand father - I'll get back to him in a minute

5) Richard - worked at the records office in Windsor (died at age 26 - typhoid fever)

6) James - who settled in Detroit

7) Robert - who married Mary Tower and raised his family as he farmed on the east 1/2 of lot 299

Gerard continued to farm there and along with his wife Elizabeth raised their children

Gene, Frank, Joe, and Ann on the family farm in the house that was built about 1915

on July 4, 1875 her married Louis Brothers but there were no children

that replaced an older house that was on the other side of the driveway. I believe that one was the original home built by old Richard & Honor. Joe recently took down the house on the farm. My sister Elaine, cousin Carol Hebert and I used to love playing house on the big wrap around porch at Grand's and Aunt Mary always had cookies for us.

Getting back to my grandfather, child # 4, Andrew Joseph ^{born July 5, 1871}. He also was a farmer. On April 23, 1901 he married Grace Sexton ^{who was 12 years younger than him} (75 years later my brother Chris & his lovely bride Kathy Pullyblank married on that same date.) I would like to read you the write up that was in the paper.

READ ARTICLE

When Andrew & Grace first married they lived on ~~what is now~~ the 9th Con. Sandwich South. Their first 3 children (Tronica, Leonard and Kitty) were born there. It wasn't until 1907 that they moved to Talbot Rd. When old Richard (my grandpa's grandpa) died in 1881 he willed 32 acres to his daughter Margaret (a spinster) and his grandson Lawrence Hickey whose mother Marie had already passed away. It said in his will that he had previously given his sons their respective parts of his property. This 32 acres remained in Margaret & Lawrence's names until 1900 when

they sold it to Charles Van Hauwenduyse.
Then in 1907 my grandparents bought that 32 acres
the south half of the west two thirds of the
south half of Lot 299, save and except land
conveyed for a school site. That school would
become # 7 at the corner of Talbot Rd & Dexter Side Rd.
The seat of Andy & Grace's children, Frank,
Richard (called Dick) Emmett & Rosemary were
born in the brick farmhouse ^{on Talbot Rd.} This is the same
house I was raised in along with my 8 brothers
and sisters. My brother Dick still lives in the house.

As was all too common in those days,
sickness and tragedy struck the family. Four
of the seven kids died - Kitty at 4 yrs, Monica
at 11 yrs, Dick at 9 yrs and Frank at 18 yrs old.
My dad ^{was} seven when he lost his brother,
Dick said he cried himself to sleep at night
because he had lost his best friends. I'm sure
that's why he called his first son Dick.

Grandpa Andy ran a typical farm. Besides
planting and harvesting cash crops, he also had
dairy cattle. [SHOW SIGN] This sign used to hang
in the front yard. My brothers Dick and Bob, along
with cousin Dan Hebert, used it for target
practice with their B-B guns aiming for the
cow's eyes. Our sister-in-law, Carolyn, did
a great job repainting one side of it so my sisters
could hang it in the family room.

~~Dad~~ ^{They} stopped shipping milk about 1950.

In 1921 Grandpa Andy started his milk transport business - picking up the cans of milk at various farms and delivering them to the dairy. Everyday for the past 92 years a truck has left that yard to pick up milk at the local farms. I guess he sort of started a bus business as well because I've had several people over the years tell me that they used to hitch a ride to school with my grandpa or later my father on the milk truck. I also recall a Sunday afternoon in the winter of maybe 1957 or 58. After Dad had finished the milk route, he emptied the truck of all the milk cans and filled it with kids - teenagers from the C.Y.O. at St. Brigid's, Maudsland and off to River Canard we went for an afternoon of skating. As kids we all loved when we had the opportunity to go with Dad on the milk route. There was good quality time spent together and you always knew when you got to the dairy he'd treat you to a bottle of chocolate milk.

My dad's older brother, Leonard, born in 1904, worked as a pipefitter in the States. He and his wife Patricia (Paineau) raised their two daughters, Kitty and Mary Lou, in the Detroit area. After Aunt Pats passed away Uncle Leonard moved back to Canada and married Cleo McLean who was from Maudsland in 1972.

Went at
A Sacramento
Detroit

Thank
you
Nov. 26, 1904

My aunt Rosemary born in 1919 married John Hebert in November 10, 1943. They raised their 6 children Dan, Carol, John, Hugh, Tim and Gerry on the corner of Talbot Rd. and Sexton Side Rd opposite the school on the ^{Sexton} property where our grandmother Grace was raised.

The lane which is still there between the farms and Sexton Side Rd. was ~~used~~ well used as we kept in close contact with each other throughout the years. My Aunt Rose or "Doo" as we all call her will turn 94 in a few days on November 18th.

My dad, Emmett, was born July 24, 1913. He attended school next door at S.S. #7 St. Mary's. He also went to Assumption High School. He loved farming and worked closely with his dad Andy learning how to become a good farmer.

On August 27, 1938 Emmett married the love of his life, Mary, daughter of Tom and Mary Jose McLoskey (nee McHugh) from the village of Mraidstone. Both families had known each other forever as they were all active parishioners at St. Mary's Catholic Church. Mom's uncle, Father Art McHugh, married them. The newlyweds settled in a little house on Sexton Side Rd. south of the school. My grandmother, Grace, truly became a mother to my mom as Mom had lost her

mother when she was only 5 years old. My mom was given her mother's wedding ring and when she passed away on April 27, 2011 it was the first time it was off her fingers in 72+ years.

Like most newly married couples at that time, they were anxious to start their family but that didn't seem to be happening. My mother said she made a deal with God that she would quit smoking if He would allow her to have a baby. Well she quit smoking and on [REDACTED] God blessed them with a beautiful daughter, Tracy (Tracye). When the sixth child, Kerry, was born in [REDACTED], my mother's best friend, Monie Collins, suggested she might want to take up cigars.

It was decided that the little house on the side road would be moved and so it was put on skids and brought up the lane and placed on a new foundation behind the big brick house - a small addition of a new kitchen and bathroom was added to it. One of the children who was in the school yard at the time recalls seeing Mom and Tracye looking out the window as they rode in the house for the big move.

In [REDACTED] Dick was born and Bob followed the next year.

Shortly after a switch was made, Andrew and Grace moved into the little house and Dad and Mom and their brood into the big house. Dad was now back to the place he was born. He remained there until August 21, 2001 when he passed away about six feet from where he was born.

In [redacted] Elaine was born there in [redacted] (Mom having lost a baby between us). Tom followed in [redacted], Devin in [redacted], Chris in [redacted] and Keray in [redacted].

With the exception of Frances who moved to the Peterborough area, we have all remained within 20 minutes of the family farm. We lost Frances in January, 2004 and this past June our brother Bob passed away. I never knew my

Grandpa Andy as he died three weeks before I was born, but my grandmother always said Bob was just like him - he was so witty and had such a sense of humour.

Between the nine of us my mom and dad had 30 grandchildren and so far there are 37 great grandchildren with three more on the way at the present time.

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MCCARTHY

lines 5
Andy
to 1427
dad.