

Taken from Ancestry.ca - the "Cousineau-Jackson" Family:

### **The Beginnings of the Canadian Jacksons**

Noah Jackson is said to have come to Wright's Town in the 1820's to participate in the lumbering trade. There he joined with Philemon Wright and others in subscribing to the building of the original St. James Church in 1823.

In 1834 he moved up the valley to Westmeath where he assumed many roles in the community including: Pathmaster in 1841, Town Warden in 1843, and Secretary of the Westmeath Township Fair for over a decade beginning in 1857. He was also a participant in the fair, showing cattle and judging farm products.

In 1919 Noah and Alfreda's daughter Elizabeth was asked by the Pembroke newspaper to share some of her memories of life on the Westmeath Front:

'My father came to the Westmeath Front in 1834. I was two years old, there was a family of ten children five girls and five boys, of which I was the youngest girl. I was born in Hull which is called Aylmer nowadays.

Timbering business brought my father up to Westmeath; then it was all bush, no road, no conveyance except canoes. In the summer my father used to go down to Ottawa, which was called Bytown then, and bring up all the provisions by canoes. He would carry the stuff across the portages; in the summer he went right through the bush with the trees blazed on both sides. Then in the spring he would raft his timbers and take it to Quebec, which would take about four months.

We had no school then. My father would bring up a young woman from Hull and would keep her a year to teach us in our own homes. I remember the first school house and the first teacher. We had no holidays.

Mr. Bellows was the man that kept our post office at that time. We had no stores, could not get anything only in the winter - if you were able to lay in your supply for the summer, if not, we had to do without. We would use herbs for tea and peas for coffee. We would brown the peas, could not get anything else.

We never thought of shoes in summer, ran barefoot. One thing we had was maple sugar and molasses. My father would tap three or four trees, maybe more, and would make a trough out of pine and scoop it out with an adze and boil the sap in big coolers. It was great fun for us. In time of a big run we would have to boil the sap all night.

Then we began to have school and would have to go right through the woods. In the summer my brothers and sisters and I would be jumping from side to side of the road to keep out of the water and mud in our bare feet, and when we could not get logs to go on we would go right through mud and water.

After awhile settlers came in and we began to have something better.'