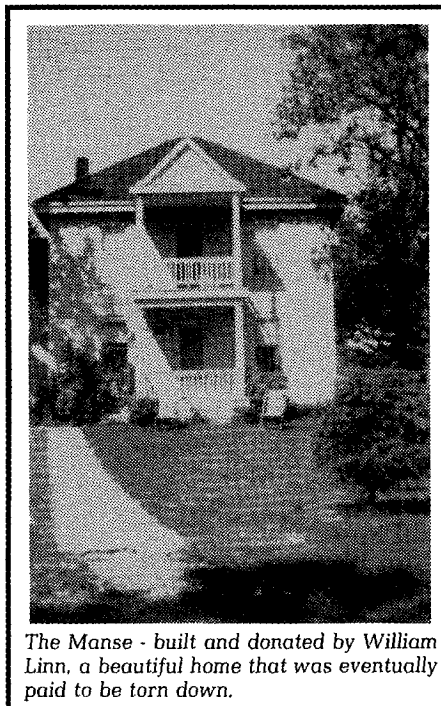


CHAPTER 13



The Manse

The rectory, the manse, the white house, the big house on the corner, no matter what it was called, I always associated it with another white house that I had read about; often referred to as the president's house, the palace or the mansion. Having cousins living near the manse and visiting frequently, I often stood and gazed at this house that in my mind was always a mansion.

While walking to and from Sunday School, I always stopped a minute or two in overwhelming respect, relating its majesty with the Almighty I was learning about in Sunday School.

Being well enough acquainted with the minister, whom I always called Mr. Towle, we went fishing together many times. I was quite familiar with the river and at first I was the guide providing the bait and carrying the knapsack with the fishing equipment. We had to walk to and from the river, where I was happy to point out the likely spots for offshore fishing, for the sometimes very evasive bass.

Knowing Mr. Towle as a dedicated servant of the ministry and an efficient, as well as popular school teacher, this avid fisherman who used an unusual verbal expression when his fishing line got tangled in the weeds was quite a different man. His annoyance was quite evident when he shouted, "Oh! Drat it!"

During the fishing excursions, I tried my best to use proper grammar, no slang and no profanity, believing he appreciated my presence as a fishing buddy. It wasn't always easy to agree with him, but never difficult to admire and respect him. Having never known anyone with the characteristics of this gentleman and being aware of where he and his family lived and what they stood for, made the white house even more important to me. All the people who ever lived in that house were good people, good neighbours, honest and above all, God fearing and believers. One friend of mine described the house as one with character. All these people, all who ever lived in this house exemplified character.

From Sunday School days, until the day hearing it was being torn down, I never passed the manse without taking a look, each and every time the same thoughts of some day owning a house like that came to mind.

Not until every vestige had disappeared did I go near the site again and then it was with some remorse when I realized what had taken place. As the memories flitted through my mind like the pictures on a movie screen, I rebuked myself for not knowing sooner. I would have mortgaged everything I owned to have prevented the destruction of this, my favourite white house of all time and one for which I had a feeling of sincerest reverence.

It was with some despair that I conceded that the epidemic had struck again; claimed the existence of another very important part of Bellview. Many decades since first looking at the white house, when passing I never fail to take a look at the spot where it stood and for a few seconds my mind projects it into reality once more.

During the influenza epidemic of 1918, I was deathly sick myself, when my mother told me that Clara and Carrie had been taken from us, two pretty young women I had often met in the old country store. My cousins, daughters of one of

the builders were then also the owners of the manse. When my mother told me they had lost their own mother nineteen years before, I thought then what a cruel world it was and wondered if I might be going to meet them. They left with me a lasting impression and those two and the family cousins who built the great house, only added to its prestige.

Knowing the circumstances relevant to the acquisition of the white house by the church fathers and the purpose for which it was to serve in conjunction with the church, it had no doubt been blessed many times by those who were qualified to do so while living within its walls and under its roof. These two man-made structures and those who minister to their fellow man were the backbone of the community. The church and the manse, having been dedicated to religion, should never have been torn down.

Several and varied answers were given intended for valid reasons for the demolition of the manse, none being satisfactory.

“It was a cold house.”

“It wasn’t insulated.”

“It needed repairs.”

“They don’t make houses like that now. It had to be modernized.”

These feeble excuses left me thinking and wondering, “Is there anything sacred anymore?”

The rather awesome respect I had for this church and the manse since first Sunday School days was always evident when in or near any other building of a similar nature. While working as a helper with Bert, a friend and a sheet metal mechanic, installing duct work in a church, I had the privilege and the ultimate pleasure of learning there were others older and wiser who shared the same feelings.

Bert was an ordinary hard-working man; a chain smoker; an occasional drinker; used profanity when distracted or confused and on occasion could be real obnoxious. He never mentioned church or religion to me, but once on the church grounds and inside, he became a changed man. No jesting; no loud talk nor profanity; no smoking; walked around very quietly; took the occasional look around as if he thought he was being watched. Perhaps, he too, remembered Sunday School days and the apparent sanctity of the church was responsible for the temporary change in my friend.

Frank was a good driver, drunk or sober, but a poor navigator, seemingly losing his sense of direction in the dark, even in an area with which he was familiar.

As we were leaving our favourite fishing lake, about midnight on a dark

night, we had one more for the road, bid our host and guide goodnight and headed for our boarding house. The early autumn fog or the alcoholic haze of the driver must have been responsible for Frank making a wrong turn. After what seemed like driving for hours; being in the ditch twice; coming to a dead end in the road and having trouble getting turned around, we finally came to a road that looked familiar. We couldn't tell if we should turn right or left, but after hearing the whistle of a train that seemed to be a long ways off, we turned right. A few minutes later the gasoline gauge showed nearly empty. Just as we came around a turn in the road, we could see the outlines of some buildings in the inky darkness, but we decided to pull off and wait for daylight.

As the first light cast its spell upon the shadows, the outline of an old country church emerged. Upon shaking out the cobwebs of unconsciousness, this sight exhausted my friend's confusion with a sobering effect that no medical prescription could ever have had. It was an amazing, snap-of-the-finger transformation.

In a serious, sober and almost pathetic tone of voice, he told me of how he had always had the sincerest respect for all churches, for as long as he could remember. He believed now that someone or some power had prevailed and guided us to this church. As we talked, he told me about his first job in summer holidays, shortly after finishing high school. Arriving at the job site with a demolition crew, he was handed a wrecking bar and a sledge hammer. Along with the foreman and several others, they were escorted into an old building that looked familiar from the outside. Once inside he remembered. It was here he first attended Sunday School and his mother had been one of the teachers. Once again he saw his mother with the lesson and the Bible in her hands. Overcome with emotion, but hiding the tears as best he could, while being shouted at by the foreman, he dropped the wrecking tools and headed for home.

He related yet another incident which drew a wide and vivid picture of his great respect. His father and three of his buddies had been spared certain death by hiding in a church basement that had been bombed.

As we talked, he said if he had not been drinking, he would have entered this old church and prayed, no matter how he was dressed. He would converse freely with his priest on the street when he had been drinking, but never would enter his church under the same circumstances.

As we continued our drive from where we had stoped in the darkness, about two miles down the road, we came to some detour signs. The old bridge was out and some flimsy barricades might never have stoped us from driving

into the river. As we drove around the detour to the main road again, Frank stopped the car. In an after-the-night-before tone of voice, he looked at me and said, "That old church saved our lives."

I concurred there was nothing else to say. Reflecting on the events of the past few hours, especially when the car left the road and entered the ditch missing a service pole by inches, I had exclaimed, "You just missed that pole!"

"I thought you were driving," had been his stunned reply.

Frank was a strong man, physically adapted well to an artificial hand, always ready to help others, a good operator and well liked on any job. When under the influence of alcohol he never was loud or belligerent, but had a tendency to become noticeably passive.

While driving along a country road, through a town or city, at the first sign of a church, he would unwind the car window as if to get a better view. For about two minutes, he was unaware of my presence, appeared to be in deep thought and as suddenly as it started, he would start talking as if nothing unusual had taken place. I didn't think much about those incidents at the time, but later I got to wondering what it was that brought about that unusual emotion. My friend, working and drinking buddy left me with this unanswered question to stir my mind.

The obvious respect he had for any church was a tribute to the man and four decades later when I see a church, I think of Frank with the same admiration and respect. A man who would not burn or mutilate a picture of a church leaves me believing I was a better person for being his friend for which I will be eternally grateful.

CHAPTER 14



The Community Hall provided a meeting place for the lodge and club members, travelling shows, medicine men, parties and dances, as well as church services. Built in the heart of Bellview, it was eventually moved across the road and made into the Country Store.

The Community Hall

With the increase in the local population, as well as the transient, the obvious popularity of Bellview prompted and was responsible for the building of the community hall; another part of the master plan that was intended to give something back to the good people of that community.

The hall was well built, even by today's standards and served the people well. Travelling shows, medicine men, lodge and club meetings, parties and dances, as well as church services were some of the many services it provided.

Shortly after the hotel and hall were built, it became evident that the store and post office in the hotel were not large enough to accommodate the growing

demands made on both.

Additional lands for expansion were not available on the east side of the main road; but after some considerable bartering a lot was made available west of the main road and south of Station Road. It was decided to move the hall to that site and redesign the interior for a store. Considering the dimensions and the weight of the building, it was, according to the old timers, an amazing feat. With one mule for motive power and many helping hands, the community hall was moved with a full basement and became what was affectionately referred to by many people for many years as the old country store at Bellview.

Having served the public as well in many ways the transition period from a place of worship and entertainment, to one of strictly business, brought about mixed emotions as the hall was being moved.

Those who were directly involved with actual moving were excited as it was a most unusual procedure.

For those who sought solace within the consecrated walls of this building, feelings of sadness and nostalgia were obvious. Tears were no exception among some of the elderly ladies. One was heard to say, "It was like watching a funeral procession going by."

The interested onlookers daily, mostly farmers and their wives, railroaders, business men and travelling salesmen were the ones who envisaged the potential benefits for themselves and the entire community; a store big enough and capable of supplying every commodity necessary for country living.

When the hall was finally in position on the prepared foundation, a simple dedication, a lunch and some drinks followed.

The finale was a big round of applause for the mover and his many helpers who had so generously donated their time to what they considered a most worthy cause.

The ensuing quiet that followed the applause was suddenly interrupted by the mule, who took advantage of the opportunity to make his presence known by braying several times in rapid succession; sounds that can be made only by a mule.

It was an amusing conclusion to the celebrating crowd, who may well have construed the mule was simply making them aware of the part he had played in the project.

However, before the final handshakes of the day, there were those who knew the mule had a liking for the whiskey that was added to the water in his

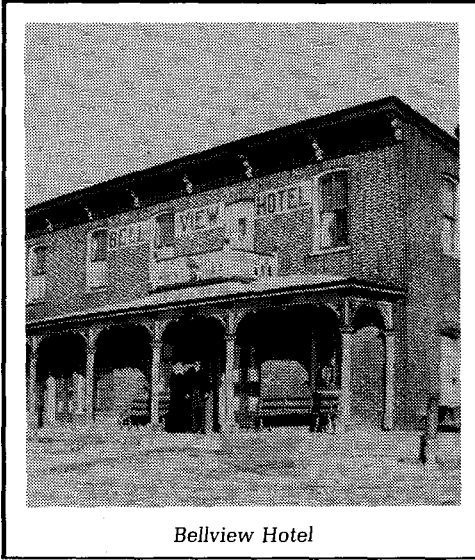
pail and saw to it that he got his share.

“When he was being led to his stall later, he was walking cross legged,” a spectator humorously contracted.

For the good people of Bellview and the surrounding area, two very important events took place that day. First, with a ring of nostalgia, the sadness of nodding farewell to the community hall, which had been good for so many of them.

Secondly, a very happy event, the dedication and christening of the new country store and post office; a gift to them and the future of Bellview. Little did they know what fate or destiny had in store for them.

CHAPTER 15



The Hotel

Like the pregnancy that produced the triplets, was the vision of one man responsible for the birth and building of three very important buildings. This birth influenced the lives of many people and added much to the progress of Bellview.

The Hotel was built with the accommodation and comfort of the weary travellers in mind and there were many of them at that time. A large dining room, a sitting room, a stand up bar, a spacious kitchen, a laundry room and woodshed at the rear, its abundant dry hardwood feeding two large wood-burning stoves in the cold months.

The open stairway, with the polished hardwood railing, offered an invitation to the comfortable well maintained bedrooms upstairs. The apartments over the kitchen and utility rooms were usually occupied by railroaders. The Bellview Hotel was as modern as any of that time.

The manager and good cook, as well as the dedicated staff, were responsible for the reputation that attracted many people to the Bellview Hotel.



CHAPTER 16

The Hotel and the Horse Barns

During the planning and building process, another of man's faithful servants, the horse, was not overlooked. While the hotel was being built, accommodations were provided for local horses. Later, this was expanded and developed into one of the best horse barns in the area.

Summer or winter, the services provided were well patronized by the travelling public. Included were horses for hire, buggy, cutter, democrat or saddle, whatever the season or the occasion. Later on, an open-sided shed was built for those who were stopping for a short time.

One Hallowe'en night, a gentleman tied his horse and buggy in the shed,

while he visited the local school teacher. As his attention was otherwise employed, the pranksters in the shed went unnoticed. Some boys wired the front and rear wheels of his buggy together. Watching from a vantage point, the eager mischief makers were able to see their prank take action. It soon became evident to both horse and driver that something was seriously wrong, when they could go neither forward or backward. What was amusing to one party was frustration for the other. The witnesses were never quite sure whether the horseman overcame his dilemma with wire cutters or what, but that hallowed night would be remembered with a few smiles.

The services provided to the public and the horses included full-time employment for one knowledgeable man, sometimes referred to as the Hostler. He knew exactly what horse to rent to a lady or the travelling salesman.

There were three blacksmiths in Bellview at one time. The horse importance to progress was obvious. The gentleman who was in charge of the horses also served as a handyman and bartender on occasion, and was on duty in the bar when a very exciting incident required his services.

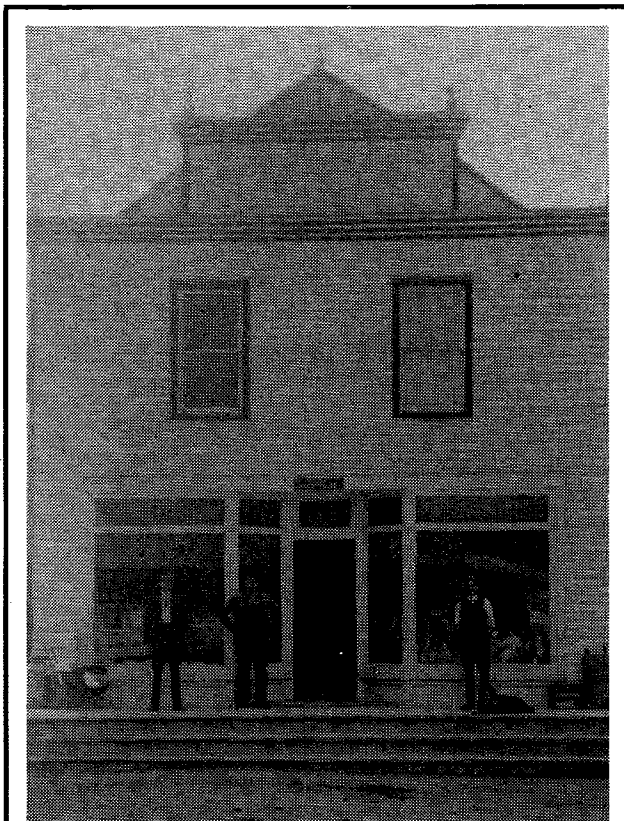
Hearing screams upstairs, he recognized the voice of Katie the maid, and rushed upstairs. Opening the door of the room where the screams were coming from, he was more than surprised to see Katie holding her skirts down with one hand and holding a squirming rat by the tail with the other hand. The rat was halfway through a hole in the baseboard and apparently couldn't go any further or couldn't get back out. Tom said that it took a lot of nerve to change places with Katie, whom he told to get out and close the door.

Grabbing the squealing rat by the hind legs, as well as the tail, he pulled it out, banged its head on the wall until there were no signs of life. When he found Katie, she was still hysterical. Slipping into the bar, they locked the door and a drink settled their nerves. The second was to celebrate the demise of the rat.

Later, when Tom was asked why Katie was holding her skirt in one hand, he related the story. She had entered the room, closing the door behind her, not knowing the rat was there, when it made a dash for the door and couldn't get out. It made another for the hole and in doing so, it ran between her legs, and being a knowledgeable person, she protected herself from it running up her legs. He mentioned again the strange sensation it gave him holding a live rat in his bare hands. Finishing the story, he said, "I always hated the damn things anyway!"

When the hotel was being demolished, it was noted that the hole was wedge shaped in the corner where the two baseboards came together. The rat had gotten in past the shoulders and could go no further and could not get back

CHAPTER 17



Old Country Store - Dan Bell, Tom Prest, Will Rombough standing out front.

The Hotel and the Old Country Store

There was a harmonious union between the hotel and the store. Either one was good for the other. Together, they were good for Bellview.

The weary travellers availing themselves of the services of the hotel, usually patronized the store across the road, where almost any commodity was available day or night. The hospitality and the old wood stove were an invitation to young and old alike to retrace their steps to the old country store. Those who stopped here for the first time were usually attracted to the commotion and activities around the building across the road. One visit and the Bellview Hotel was assured of many more to come.

These two business places and the services they offered were the dominant factor in making Bellview the most popular and prosperous place in the community.

Writing about the conveniences and the ensuing prosperity evolving from the old country store, brings to mind the real value of the penny at that time; a stamp, an envelope, a few nails, a few crackers from the cracker barrel, or a button or two to match the missing ones on your favourite jacket.

For the young shopper, and there were many of them, the small copper coin meant a trip to the country store. Seeing a three-year-old grasping a penny, with a rapturous look in her eyes, trying to decide what she wanted to exchange the penny for in the candy showcase, would give one an idea of values.

There were several treats in that showcase, that could be exchanged for the penny; a lollipop, an all-day sucker, a few peanuts, a plug of licorice, and an assortment of hard and soft candies, any of which could be exchanged for that one copper.

One particular incident comes to mind, when a farmer taking his ten-year-old fishing for the first time, gave the boy a dime to get some needed equipment. In exchange for the dime, he got a fish line, two fish hooks, a plug of licorice, and an all-day sucker. A very happy boy was the result of that transaction. The store keeper was a frugal man, but an honest one. If you had a penny coming to you in change, you got it. If you owed him one, he wanted it. While weighing out nails, he was known to add one or remove one to make the scales balance.

The ravages or the epidemic around Bellview, aptly called tear down, had shown some signs of remission. The good folks around Bellview were just beginning to forget what had disappeared when like a threatening black cloud on the horizon, the rumours started and in a very short time, the rumours became fact. John Bell's dream, his dynasty and his hope for posterity were to end right where they were birthed.

Considerable intervention was made to save them, but all to no avail. For the lives of the store, hotel and house were the victims of well planned, premeditated murder, precipitated by greed and jealousy. Murder by conspiracy.

Not one legitimate excuse or reason was ever offered to the public, as to why any move was not made to save the buildings and preserve what they stood for.

CHAPTER 18



The End of the Sidewalk today.

The End of the Sidewalk

Many captions have begun with the words, 'the end of'. The end of the sidewalk took place in what was once Bellview. Believing they were adding to the progress of Bellview, was the incentive responsible for the many helping hands that gave so generously of their time and sweat, that replaced the sometimes muddy path and wet ditch with a four-foot-wide concrete sidewalk, from the hotel to the station.

The sidewalk ran parallel to Station Road. Where it intersected the cattle pass that ran under Station Road, the contractor designed a nice railing, that allowed the visitors and children to stop and watch the cows and calves going

either to pasture or home to the barn.

When the project was completed, there were handshakes and speeches. The contractor was congratulated for a job well done. He in turn spoke highly of and thanked those present, who were obviously responsible for one more development in the progress of Bellview. After the applause had died down, he remarked, "This walkway will serve the community well for many generations and with little maintenance will withstand the ravages of time."

Like the neglected monument in the cemetery, the remains of the walkway are still apparent today, with nothing to indicate what they once stood for, stood under, and endured.

The footprints and initials in the wet concrete of royalty, dignitaries and public servants are no longer visible. They did not withstand the ravages of time.

In another chapter, the nature and volume of traffic on the sidewalk at certain times has been detailed to some extent. The ensuing confusion and frustration would be similar to our present day motor traffic going both ways in a single lane.

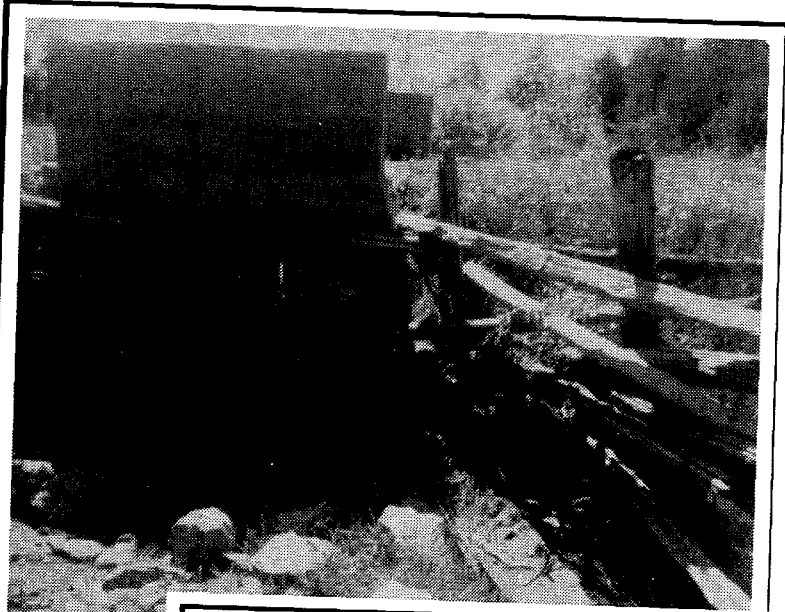
Like visiting a cemetery where old friends and relatives are resting, it has a tendency to turn one's thoughts back in time and relive once again some memorable events of the past.

A first-time visitor viewing what was once Bellview, the scene now depicting naught but jungle, desolation and despair, would never believe that the hotel, the old country store, Station Road, the station and the sidewalk had often hosted more than two thousand people in twenty-four hours.

When retrogression dispels progress to satisfy the whims of a few, there is something wrong with the system that allows it.



No one notices the footprints of dignitaries trapped in the cement sidewalk today. The few that follow the paths today see only a broken sidewalk leading to a station that once was.



The cattle pass.



CHAPTER 19

The Death of Bellview

The last vestige of what was once a vital part of Bellview for many decades was removed in August 1988, when the heavy steel rails and the supporting hardwood ties were picked up and shipped out to a new development in another country. It is ironic that some things must disappear to add to the progress of another.

For anyone born or having lived in the last century in or around Bellview, it would be a nostalgic occasion to take a final look at what was once the busiest and most prosperous hamlet in the province. Looking at the four trails all pointing in different directions after crossing the spot where the Diamond

was once so conspicuous, but no longer there. It is obvious that nature will soon reclaim and restore the entire railroad area to its original form.

Nature's monument commemorating the Diamond would be an oak tree on the actual site surrounded by flowers from the seed once planted and nurtured in the nearby fountain by the dedicated station master J. F. Baker. He loved the Diamond and Bellview.

In this great country of ours, where so many historic dates and events are remembered and celebrated, it would not be unreasonable to believe that a permanent marker or monument should grace the spot where what was once called the eighth wonder of the world, attracted so much attention and so many onlookers.

If this monument had both acute and obtuse angles, it would certainly be easily identified as the Diamond.

The historic century would be 1888 - 1988.

CONCLUSION



Sandford Rombough and the Pede on Sunday patrol, inspecting the CPR railroad from Bellview, west to the iron bridges. He pumped the 3-wheeled vehicle by hand looking for split rails or anything that might create an accident - 1918.

The Death of Bellview

The community, as well as the many dedicated public servants, were responsible for the progress and popularity of Bellview. As seen through the eyes of a ten-year-old boy, their contributions might appear to have been magnified, but the ever-persistent memories keep the picture bright and clear and easy to relive. In fantasy, I see a huge monument standing where the Bell House came to a tragic demise. On this monument I see prominently displayed commemoration.

John Bell or Donald and Margaret Bell.

Wilson Hulin and Jim Fitzpatrick operated a mail and parcel delivery

service in a manner that made the villages of Stirling, Sine, Harold, Springbrook, Bellview and Marmora seem like one big town.

Next I see the names of W. Sanderson, Manly Lavender, Joe Gallery, Philip Sopha and Gilbert Steenburgh. They operated a very important service day and night, rain or shine, getting the mail and the people to the trains on time, as well as meeting the incoming trains and the people coming home.

Prominent and dedicated railroad men, Tom Caldwell, John Forsythe, Jim Rathwell, and J. F. Baker, the station master.

The most important public servants of that era were the dedicated and faithful rural mail carriers who delivered the mail from Bellview Post Office servicing an area along a route of twenty-six miles and about one hundred and forty mail boxes. As well, they picked up the mail from the rural area and brought it to Bellview to be dispatched to many parts of Canada.

This service was provided to the rural area six days a week by a horse-drawn vehicle regardless of the weather, summer or winter. Watching for the mail man coming was the most important event of the day for the country folks. The degree of anticipation was similar to a child watching through a frosted window for the coming of Santa Claus. If a popularity poll had been taken at that time for public servants, the rural mail carriers would have topped the list.

For a service to the country folks around Bellview that was faithfully delivered under adverse conditions, the final names on the monument are Vernie Heath, Arthur Brown, and Jason Baker. Their final reward was knowing they had faithfully served their many friends along that mail route.

During the years when Bellview was enjoying prosperity and popularity while still growing, it was similar to the adolescent years of man. However, there were those who were past that time of life. Gentlemen - never old man - a more honourable, admirable and respectful title - men with experience.

I learned something from these gentlemen, I never would have learned from anyone else. A boy trying to emulate an older man is perfectly natural. With the advantage of my years now, writing about a few of the old gentlemen around Bellview puts things in a different perspective.

There was considerable variation in their characters, vocations and habits, but they had one thing in common. They loved Bellview and usually referred to it as the Diamond.

The ethics and moral principles of all the old gentlemen were as genuine and dependable as the name they revered - the Diamond.

Watching Bellview grow was like seeing again the newborn; the toddler;

the little boy looking for guidance and advice; the blossoming young woman exemplifying the highest form of new life with the power to propagate her kind; the newborn colt; the calf and the baby chicks; the new season and the pregnant earth with new life bursting out all around. The wonders of creation and progress around Bellview is seen through the eyes of memories. With the realization there is a time when the old must give way to the new, the old relive life again in memories. The old gentleman is again the little boy searching and wondering what the future had in store for this beloved home town, Bellview.

One of the first newcomers to come to the area from another state was Redford Rombough and his wife. If they dreamed of or hoped for posterity, their prayers were answered. It would be reasonable to assume that since 1840, until the end of this twentieth century, there would be at least three hundred descendants. Many lived long enough to share and enjoy the prosperity and popularity of the good life in Bellview, as did those who lived long enough to regretfully witness the unexpected decline and eventual death.

Redford Rombough left his mark in the history of Big Springs and Bellview. The innate feelings of four generations later are still apparent mute testimony what he meant. In his farewell message to his family, he stated plainly, "This homestead has been good to all of us and could be a monument to the name Rombough."

The name Rombough was then and still is an honourable name and as such would appear on the monument of memories. One branch of Redford Rombough's future family tree would read as did Noah's in the Bible; Redford begat George and John Rombough.

George Rombough 1859-1943

This frugal, hard-working man raised a large family and provided for them as best he could, with seemingly unlimited energy and ambition. The first-born of Loyalist parents, who arrived here in the early part of the eighteenth century, he had some innate religious beliefs.

Knowing him, personally, I believed he was a man who had never broken any of the commandments. He gave due credit to his Bible for his success as a farmer, adhering devotedly to rules that he had memorized.

"He that observeth the wind shall not sow and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

"The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold, therefore shall he beg in harvest and have nothing."

His favourite was, "When ye reap the harvest, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corner of thy field; thou shalt leave them unto the poor and the

stranger.”

George Rombough loved his heritage and the environment he had known since birth. Big Springs and Bellview were the only two places he ever knew or ever wanted to know. The final recording in his Bible might read as it did in Noah’s time and would have been the way he wanted it.

George Rombough begat William, Sanford and John Rombough; Effie, Nettie, Mary, Elizabeth, Emma and Margaret Rombough.

In their time all had lived in and loved Bellview believing they were as much a part of the place as the earth that supported it.

And the fruitful and happy years of George were eighty and four.

He lived, died, and was buried in the place of his choice among his relatives.

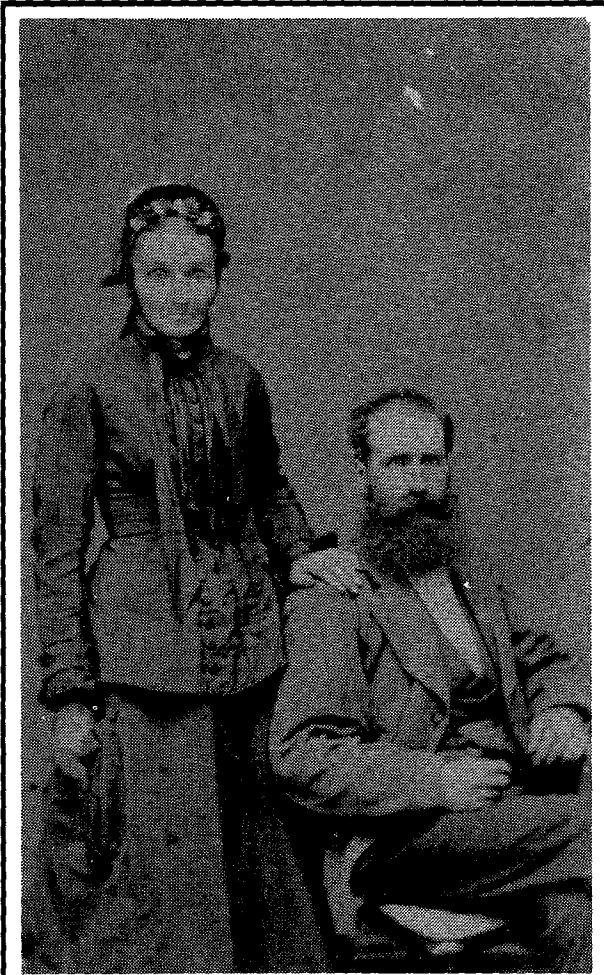
Isaac Neal was a brother-in-law to George Rombough. They had grown up in the same general area around Bellview, but Isaac had spent the most of his working years in another state as a logger, carpenter, axe handle maker, and saw filer.

He was a big man and a quiet man who read a lot and carried a Bible in his knapsack. The story was told that he once put the bully of the camp to shame by throwing the bully’s axe high up in a pine tree, for having made an offensive remark about the Bible.

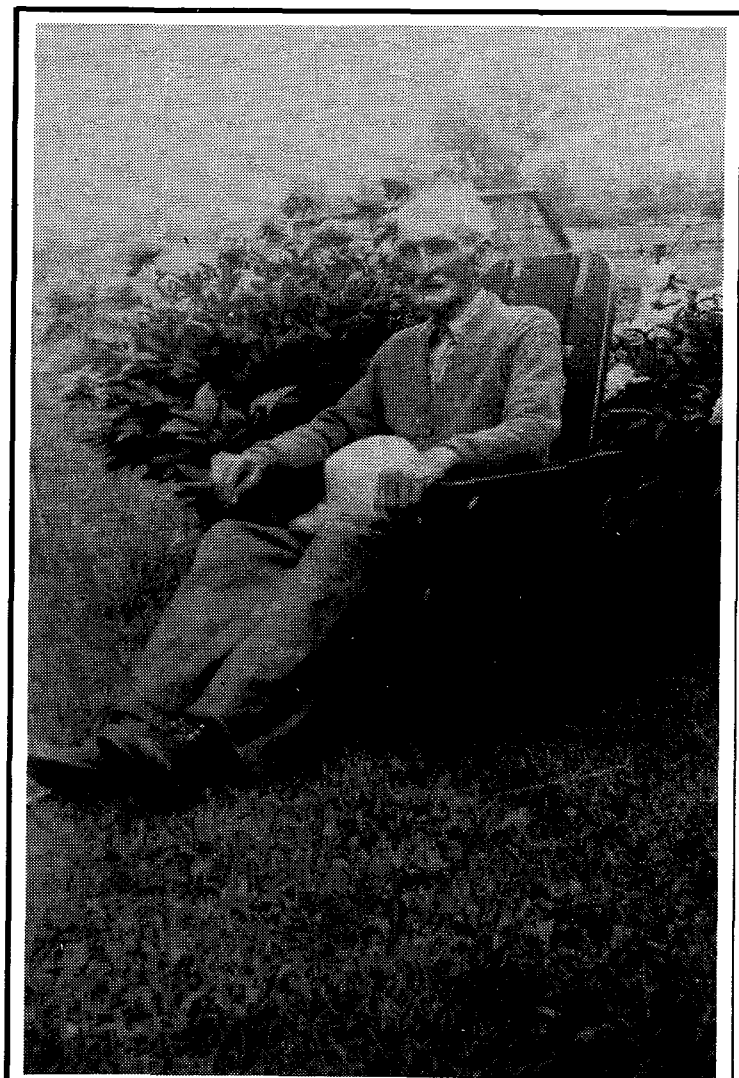
Declining health had been responsible for his seeing a doctor, who had informed him that his days on earth were numbered. He returned to his birthplace, Bellview. Being among old friends and relatives and able to carry on his trade, gave him a new lease on life. He attributed the reprieve that allowed him to live a full and normal life expectancy, to peace of mind and the serenity of Bellview. This, he often said, was the answer to his prayers and the only place he ever regretted leaving.

As he requested, he was buried with his Bible in his hands. Knowing the commendable life style and religious faith of this old gentleman makes it easy to believe his Bible will be with him for the infinity of time.

These old gentlemen keep with them the progress, the retrogression, and the death of Bellview.



William Redford Rombough settled here in 1840 and farmed the land. "Never travelled further than Belleville and only once there in horse and buggy."



George Rombough, second generation in Bellview and farmer.

For the many families who lived in the community around Bellview

Words could not adequately describe the characteristics of the people who lived in the community around Bellview during the boom years. Hard working, God fearing, neighbourly, always ready to help the less fortunate, the footsore weary traveller, the hungry transient, welcoming the new families, the donations after a fire. Their attributes were boundless; no discrimination here. They loved Bellview and their Diamond with a passion this writer would have been proud to have had the privilege to eulogize any one of the many older folks he had the pleasure of knowing. Their character was like the Diamond they loved; almost indestructible.

The family names that come readily to mind were Bateman's, Brown's, McComb's, McInroy's, Spry's, Rombough's, McKeown's, Barlow's, Neal's, Wellman's, Eastwood's, Caldwell's, Heath's, Huff's, Gordonier's, Morrison's, Mumby's, Webb's, Bronson's.

Now in conclusion to the hundreds of descendents of these families since 1840, I say you can be extremely proud of your heritage. It will be your most valuable possession and, like the Diamond, could be indestructible.