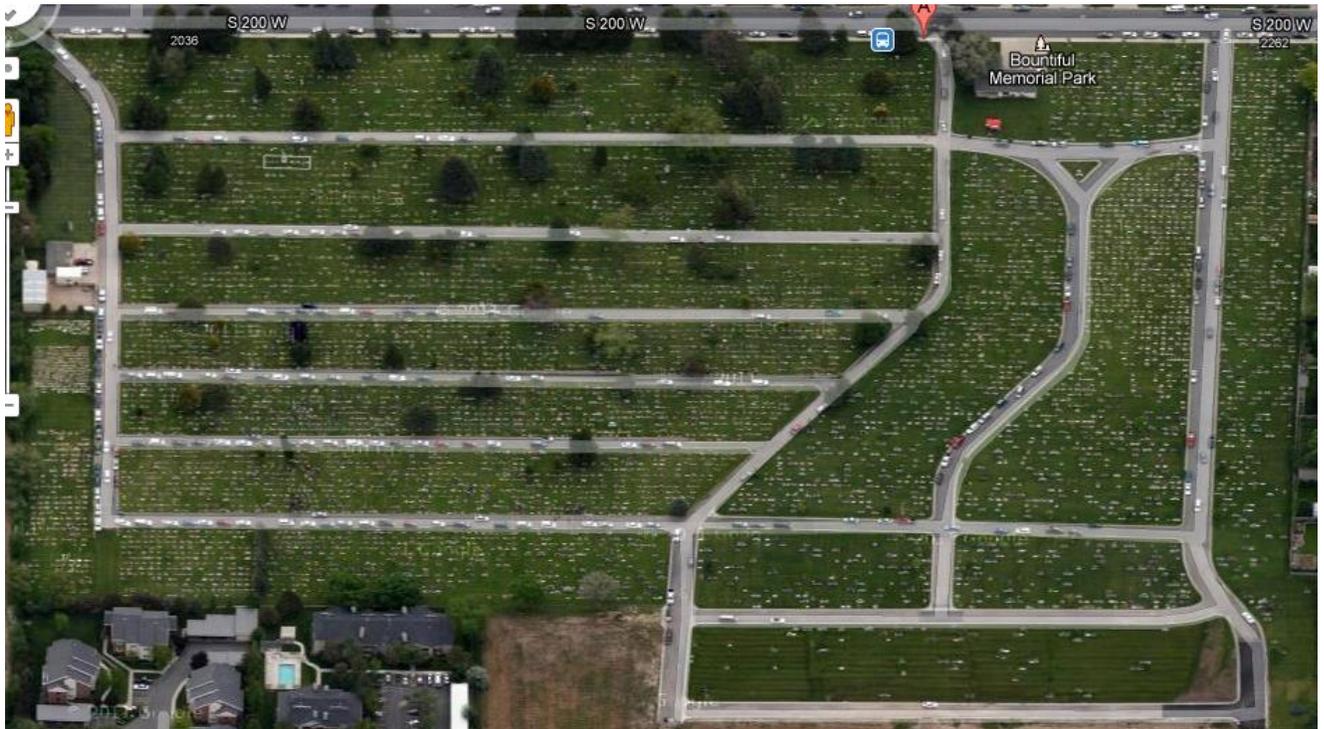


Bountiful Cemetery Historical Walking Tour



In 1992, in an effort to make Bountiful history live, the Bountiful Cemetery Historical Walking Tour brought to life twelve of the outstanding persons buried there. The tour was arranged by the Bountiful Centennial Committee, celebrating one hundred years since the incorporation of Bountiful, Davis County, Utah on December 14, 1892.

Henry Rampton was selected to be one of the outstanding persons buried in The Bountiful Cemetery. He was portrayed by a great-grandson, Robert E. Rampton of Centerville. A map of the old part of the cemetery is available ([CLICK HERE](#)) which shows Henry Rampton is buried north of the cemetery office and near the big pine trees that border 200 West.

HENRY RAMPTON

Presenter: Robert E. Rampton, Great-grandson
Written by Dora Flack

Many people approach death fearing they might have a hot life ahead in the nether regions. But mine was often pretty hot right here on earth. You see, as a youth, my father taught me his trade, blacksmithing, and sometimes those fires were mighty uncomfortable.

I was born September 6, 1829, in Old Alresford, Hampshire, England. In March of 1850 I married Caroline (Catherine) Harfield. Three years later our world changed when Elder William Budge taught us about Mormonism. We believed and were baptized.

The local residents figured they could bring me to my senses by not patronizing my business. My blacksmithing fell off to nothing. In April, 1854, a year after our baptism we pawned everything we owned to raise enough money for passage to America. We arrived in New Orleans and went up the river to St. Louis where my dear Caroline took sick and died.

Sometime later I married Frances Dinwoodey, sister of Henry Dinwoodey, a well-known furniture craftsman. We were soon blessed with a son and we named him Henry, after me.

We started for the Salt Lake Valley and arrived October 5, 1856. Almost immediately we went north to Sessions Settlement. The name was later changed to Bountiful and I lived here the rest of my life on earth.

As a blacksmith, I made everything that could be made from iron, from a horseshoe nail to plows. In fact, the first plow made in Utah came out of my shop.

In 1862 I married Eliza Stratford who died a year later in childbirth. Then in 1868, I married Ada Alice MacDuff.

Although I remained a busy blacksmith in Bountiful, sometimes my services were needed elsewhere. At one time I drove one of the wagons in a freight wagon train to Omaha to procure much-needed supplies for the saints in Utah. On the return trip, I carried in my wagon a coffin, bearing the body of a church member who had died enroute to Salt Lake City. As the company neared the last mountain range, we doubled up teams for the final pull. Because my wagon had a cow tied behind it, I pulled out of the train and was left behind to guard the wagon and the cow.

As night fell, I climbed on top of the coffin and went to sleep. In the wee hours I was startled awake by a shrill scream. Knowing that the man under me wasn't complaining, I opened my eyes to see two bright eyes staring down into mine from the wagon seat. I didn't move a muscle but stared right back into those terrifying eyes. Finally, a huge mountain lion leaped off the wagon seat and disappeared into the black of the night.

As I finally mustered the courage to slide off that coffin, I discovered the scream was from the cow which lay on the ground, hamstringed by the cat. Of course I had to kill the poor cow and spend the rest of the night dressing out the meat.

At daybreak, just as I finished the job, a handcart company staggered into view. They had been without food for several days and the ready meat literally saved their lives. I felt the cat saved me from having to make the decision to kill that valuable cow to save those poor folks.

In 1878 I was sent on a mission to England and made some choice lifelong friends, especially among the missionaries. I was the father of seventeen children who were a great credit to me and their mothers. One of my descendants, Calvin Rampton, even became a governor of Utah.

The Bountiful Tabernacle on Main Street was my pride and joy, and that's where a vast concourse of people gathered for my funeral. They came from all over Davis County, from Salt Lake City, and even from Idaho.

Bishop Stoker conducted the service, the choir sang, and there were nine impressive speakers who spoke in such high terms that I wondered if they were really talking about Henry, the blacksmith. They said I was a wise advisor, an efficient Sunday School Superintendent, an excellent missionary, an enterprising citizen, a kind husband, a tender father, and an honest man.

It's a good thing I could die when they could still say nice things about me. I hope my seventeen children and all their descendants will always respect me.



FATHER
HENRY
September 8, 1829
November 29, 1903

(Note: Death year is in error on headstone)