



MARY NELSON ATKINSON

Birth: 3 April 1802
England

Death: 20 Oct 1884 (Age 82)
Green County, Wisconsin, USA

Burial: Greenwood Cemetery
Brodhead, Rock County, Wisconsin,
USA

Believed to be the daughter of William and Elizabeth (Bowman) Nelson of Low Grantley, Ripon, and of Lumley farm, sometimes given as in Kirkby Malzeard but now Grantley, Ripon, Yorkshire.

Married Richard Atkinson in Kirkby Malzeard and came to America in 1843.

OBITUARY

ATKINSON.--In the town of Albany, Oct. 21st, of paralysis, **Mrs. Mary Atkinson, wife of Mr. Richard Atkinson**, aged 82 years and 6 mos.

The subject of this sketch was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1801 [sic]; was married in 1824, came to America in 1843, and to Wisconsin in 1847, settling in Albany, where she lived and died in the same house. She was the mother of 8 children, who with her husband and grandchildren, survive to mourn her loss. She and her husband were raised in the Church of England, but while in Ohio, in 1845 she united with the Methodist Church.

Mrs. Atkinson had been unwell for years. Two years ago she had a stroke of paralysis, which rendered her almost helpless up until the time of her death. Her funeral was from the old home, Thursday, Oct. 23, at 10 a. m., and her remains were interred in the Brodhead Cemetery.

Thus has passed away another well tried Mother. Hers was a life of earnest toil for the loved ones. But her "Labors have ceased," and may her works follow her.

Memories of Mary Nelson Atkinson by her son: J.C. Atkinson

Mother was a tallish, blonde with a luxurious growth of auburn hair which was not gray when she died in 1884. Had severe stomach trouble ever after coming to America. She was a model of industry, a slave to her family and a noble, kind and tenderhearted dear mother. My education was limited. Being poor we were kept at home to work much of the three or four months of winter district school and I remember one winter that I never went a day. Hauled logs every day with two yoke of lazy oxen that were too poor to work, no overcoat, no overshoes at that day. Didn't even have an undershirt or drawers. Oh, but we did it enjoy a warm supper and the big log fire until we had to climb the ladder in the loft where the snow sifted through the warped, oak shingles often an inch or more