



Richard Atkinson 1804 - 1887

Birth: 9 Nov 1804
England

Death: 14 sept 1887 (age 82)
Green Dounty, Wisconsin, USA

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

Son of Thomas and Ellen (Richmond) Atkinson of Low Ray Carr farm, Dallowgill, Kirkby Malzeard, Yorkshire. Came to America with his wife and children in 1843 on the ship Mississippi from Liverpool to New York City. Naturalized in 1845 in Champaign Co., OH, and in 1847 bought land in Green Co., WI, where he and his wife lived until their death.

OBITUARY: RICHARD ATKINSON.

Father **Richard Atkinson** died at his home near Albany Wednesday, Sept. 14, 1887.

He was born in Yorkshire, England, Nov. 9, 1804, and was consequently nearly 83 years of age. He came to this country in 1843, and Aug. 1st, 1848 settled on the farm which for nearly forty years was his earthly home, whence he passed to the eternal home beyond, to rejoin the dear companion with whom he lived nearly 61 years here below, and who preceded him a little while to the better land.

The funeral services were held at the house on Saturday, Sept. 17, and were conducted by Rev. G. W. Nuzum, of Viroqua, who preached an appropriate sermon from the words found in Job 19, 25: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth."

A large audience of neighbors and friends attested by their presence their respect for the dead and their sympathy with the living. The interment was in the cemetery at Brodhead where he rests beside his wife.

Eight children were born to them, seven of whom are still living, one son, Mr. Geo. Atkinson, formerly a resident at Brodhead, having departed this life about two years ago.

Another of the grand old pioneers of Green Co. has gone, but Father Atkinson was ready for his change and we trust his sainted spirit rests in his home above.

May God care for and keep all his loved ones.

Memories of Richard Atkinson by his son: J.C. Atkison

"I, (**J.C. Atkinson**) was then in my ninth year *when we came to America from England*. We came to Springfield, Ohio. From that time I have worked incessantly until my health failed.

My parents (**Richard and Mary Nelson Atkinson**) bought 80 acres northwest of Springfield in what was then called "Beachwood" which was comparatively new, mostly small clearings and heavy timber. Beautiful and productive country. Lived there for years. Did lots of hard work, cleared and loved our place and made it beautiful. But still not satisfied. Moved to Wisconsin in 1847 with a team, overland. Arrived in Beloit on 7 August, 1847.

Didn't like the country much. Had the ague a great deal. Finally bought 160 acres and subsequently entered more from the government, up to 300 acres. Here they (parents) made a beautiful home with a cheery hearth and a log fire and happy group on which we look back with a sigh. Here, at a ripe age, they died and are buried in Broadhead, Wisconsin.

Father (**Richard Atkinson**) was a man of strong will, conscientious and independent. His word was law in the family and we didn't talk back. He stood up straight, 5 feet (*Mildred: I can't tell how many inches.*) and carried all his teeth to his grave. Died in 1887, age 84 years.

Mother (**Mary Nelson Atkinson**) 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.