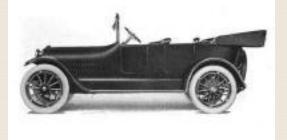


Henry Marshall II died on October 4, 1892.

Margaretha kept her spark. When Anton got his first family car in 1916, a seven passenger Studebaker, Margaretha wanted to be driven to Hastings to she her friend and relative. She was impatient, and couldn't see a delay in starting. As they drove, Margaretha fussed at the slow speed, saying that she could have got there faster if she walked. Finally, they got there, and after visiting for 15 minutes she was ready to go home. There was no point in sitting around any longer!



STUDEBAKER SIX Touring CAR-ED





On September 23, 1918, Margaretha died. She was 88 years old. She had been in failing health, and died on Sunday. The funeral was held at St. Mark's Church, and she was buried next to her husband at the Catholic Cemetery in Shakopee.





SHAKOPEE HERITAGE SOCIETY 2109 Boulder Pointe, Shakopee, MN 55379

> 952-693-3865 shakopeeheritage.org

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As she got off the ship in 1852, red-haired Margaretha Flammang smiled and said goodbye to the people she knew on the boat. She was energetic. She collected her luggage. She was strong, well built, and healthy. As the crowd thinned and the last few stacks of luggage were being loaded onto wagons, Margaretha drifted of to read bulletins, while keeping a sharp eye on her small assortment off baggages, according to Dorothy Klein Luers in the book **A Marschall Family History 1784-1980**. She returned to a bench and sat down.

Boisterous Margaretha turned silent and looked sad. Near by was Henry Marshall II. He noticed that no one arrived to meet her. Finally, Henry went over to see if she needed help.

"Are you waiting for someone?" Henry asked.

With tears in her eyes, Margaretha said, "I am alone." In fact, Margaretha was born on April 16, 1830 in Konsdarf, Luxembourg. Her older brother, Peter left a few years before, heading to the gold rush in America. She hadn't seen or heard from him since. Margaretha's plan was to find him in America.





Margaretha Flammang married Henry Marshall II in 1852. On the right are workers at the Marshall's farm in Eagle Creek Township now part of Shakopee, Minnesota.



And the Dakota Indians would stop by, and asked Margaretha to give them coffee and food before they left. Sometimes Margaretha would make weak coffee. When the Dakota grumbled, she would says that it was all she had, and then she would slam the door when she returned to the house. For the Dakota, it was normal to share with others.

It was long hours, the winter was cold, and on February 5, 1857 Anton was born.

In 1862, the Marshall's decide to sell the farm. A woman who bought the place came to them with \$1500 in gold pieces which she carried in the long apron that she wore! Margaretha and Henry bought a place in Eagle Creek Township for \$1200, which left them rich! The location was up the road from Shakopee, at the top of the hill.

Margaretha and Henry had seven children, with Anton the only boy. After Anton and his two wives took over the farm, and Margaretha and Henry moved to a house on East Fourth Street in Shakopee.



Her Mother went with her. The long trip on the ship, with the cold, wet weather, the poor food, the crowded cabins, and the sickness, including her Mother, made it hard. Margaretha asked the captain, but nothing happened. The ocean trip took over three months. At one stage, the wind blew and the storm raged so savagely that the voyage regressed three weeks. People died daily, according to Dorothy Klein Luers.

Margaretha's Mother died four weeks ago, and was buried at sea.

Henry knew that Margaretha was a forceful woman. He admired her spunk. He sighed her deep laughter as she recalled happier times. He asked her if she'd like to help him build this new life in a new country.

And so in a little French church in St. Anthony Falls in 1852, Margaretha Flammang became to bride of Henry Marshall II. They lived in St. Paul for a short time, then moved to Helena Township near New Prague. Margaretha was a loud, demanding, impatient, hot-tempered woman. Busting sod, building, growing, and all needed for the homestead demanded much work. And the neighbors were Bohemian, and the Luxembourg people couldn't understand them, and the Bohemians didn't understand the Luxenbourgers.