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MINNEAPOLIS MINN

TOPIC: Carleton College (FEC)
Submitted by Stella Mathews
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Rice ☺

Carleton College

For a small college of less than eight hundred students, Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota (forty miles south of Twin Cities), has one of the largest and most beautiful campii that can be found in the country. The College grounds comprise eight hundred acres bounded on the west by the Cannon river and includes part of a picturesque valley containing The George Huntington Lyman Memorial Lakes. The grounds are divided into five main sections: The main campus, the Laird Athletic Field for Men, the Bell Athletic Field for Women, the Farm, and the Arboretum.

The Carleton Arboretum, 300 acres along the shores of the Cannon river, is characterized by a great diversity of terrain and soil types. Here may be found over 300 widely differing species of trees and shrubs, a good representation of most of the woody plants hardy in this climate. Also there have been established bird shelters and feeding stations. A six-mile nature trail, for the most part following the river, has been carefully laid out and marked in this area, and parts of the trail pass through some territory that is naturally wooded. A seven-mile bridle

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path also traverses the arboretum, and for tourists who wish to follow such an unusual and instructive nature tour, mimeographed guides are furnished which describe and classify every unusual plant in the arboretum.

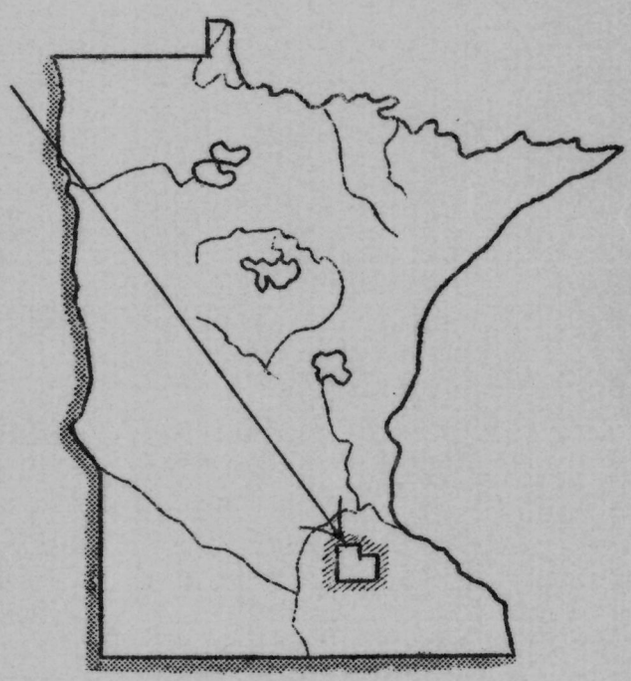
The most colorful social event on the College calendar is the May Fete. For twenty-five years the old buildings and majestic trees have framed the annual May Fete held every year (May 18, 1936); and presented by the woman students of the college. This event is also Parent's Day and attracts thousands of interested parents, alumni and visitors.

MINNESOTA
COUNTY
HISTORIES
SERIES

RICE COUNTY

The Story of its Discovery and Settlement

Raymond Munson



MINNESOTA
FEDERAL
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PROJECT

Prepared by

MINNESOTA FEDERAL WRITERS' PROJECT
Works Progress Administration
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Minneapolis

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STATE OF MINNESOTA
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St. Paul

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FOREWORD

In the process of collecting data for a State Guide Book, the workers of the Minnesota Writers' Project were repeatedly astonished by the average citizen's ignorance of the natural and social forces that have made his State. The landing of the Pilgrims and the founding of Jamestown we found were often more real to a Minnesotan than the migration of thousands of Europeans to the Northwest two and a half centuries later, or the birth and development of his own community.

This ignorance we ascribed to the schools--especially to the history text-books. But school histories, designed for use throughout the country, have naturally enough placed their emphasis on national rather than local issues. Their aim is, moreover, not only to impart facts but to inspire patriotism. Yet, we argued, if patriotism like all emotions, has its deepest roots in childhood, surely its earliest promptings come from the familiar countryside or street in which the child plays and feels at home. Before a youth's love of country can spread out to embrace distant states as diverse as Maine, California and Texas, he must have come to identify himself with the soil from which he has sprung, and to share with his neighbors the traditions of a common struggle. To this end every child is certainly entitled to a knowledge of his immediate environment and of the changing forces in the past that have produced the type of life he now shares.

Thus it was that we decided that the Federal Writers' Project should undertake the compilation of this home knowledge for Minnesota's boys and girls.

We have taken the county as a relatively small unit base. Our hope is that through these studies, boys and girls may be aroused to a greater awareness of their own localities, and perhaps to a new pride in the accomplishments of their forbears.

We do not claim to have produced comprehensive county histories. We have been able to emphasize only those occurrences that have most widely affected its evolution from a wilderness, and to suggest the courage and endurance demanded of builders of a commonwealth. We have included the names and contributions of local pioneers since we believe them as worthy of remembrance and honor as many famed military heroes. For historical material state and county histories have been used, while for their "atmosphere" the authors have drawn extensively upon contemporary newspapers and personal records.

Aside from a brief description of the county's natural setting, we have said little of the contemporary scene. This has been intentionally omitted with the thought that the modern picture should be contributed by the pupil himself. It is hoped that at every possible point the teacher will require a written description of the modern machine as contrasted with the tool of yesterday. (A threshing machine vs. a scythe; a modern cooperative creamery vs. the old churn, etc.).

These pamphlets should be regarded primarily as an experiment. We have had no precedent to follow. Until they have been tried out in the classroom, we are not even sure what age group will be most responsive. We have therefore adopted two forms of writing; for the junior high school age we have used the straight narrative, trusting to the intrinsic drama to sustain interest; for younger pupils we have attempted to present the picture in the guise of fiction. It is our hope to prepare a study of each of Minnesota's 87 counties. Several are now completed, but their final form will be determined in part at least by the manner in which teachers and students react to these first issues.

It has been the unflagging interest and cooperation of Dr. Rockwell, Commissioner of Education, that has made this work possible. He has given so

generously of his time and his experience that it is difficult for us to express adequately our appreciation. To Dr. Blegen, Secretary and Superintendent of the Minnesota Historical Society, who read our manuscripts and checked their accuracy, we wish also to acknowledge our profound gratitude.

Minnesota Federal Writers' Project

Dr. Mabel S. Ulrich, Director

June, 1938.

RICE COUNTY

Introduction

Rice County, in the productive dairy-farming region of southeastern Minnesota, is 40 miles south of the Twin Cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis. The visitor is immediately impressed by the good roads flanked with nicely improved and well-stocked farms. He long remembers the attractive, busy towns, and the cities, Faribault and Northfield, with their broad, tree-lined residential avenues, their churches, their colleges, and their bustling main streets.

Named for Henry M. Rice, the county was established in 1853, with Faribault, because of its central location, the county seat. It is bounded on the north by Scott and Dakota Counties, on the east by Goodhue, on the south by Steele and Waseca and on the west by Le Sueur. Subdivided into 14 townships, it has within its borders two cities and five incorporated villages.

The rolling prairies of the southern part of the county shade off to the wooded hills of the north. The Cannon River with its source in the lakes west of Faribault cut a deep gorge in its way from southwest to northeast. At the County seat where it is joined by the Straight River the bluffs rise 200 feet above water level. The gorge deepens at Dundas to 250 feet and then becomes shallower, being 100 feet at Northfield.

Of the county population, 29,974 in 1930, German and Scandinavian stock predominates among those of foreign birth or descent. Faribault has a population of 12,767 and Northfield in 1930 counted 4,153.

Creameries, canneries, woolen blanket, wagon, and piano factories represent the chief industries, while dairying is the main source of income for the farmers.

The First White Men

Early in the summer of 1695 the first white men came to Rice County and saw its wooded hills, winding streams, and clear blue lakes. Their leader was Le Sueur, a French explorer, who in 1686 had helped another Frenchman named Perrot to build a fort on Lake Pepin, not very far from where Wabasha now stands. After Perrot had claimed all the upper Minnesota for the King of France, Le Sueur went back home. But he came again nine years later, this time to build a fort on Prairie Island. He traded with the Indians and with his men explored much of the region around him.

The First White

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With Le Sueur was his secretary named Penicault, and a group of hunters, scouts, and boatmen. The men were all dressed alike. They wore moccasins, fringed buckskin pantaloons, calico shirts, and around their waists were scarlet sashes. In spite of the fact that it was summer, they had on scarlet stocking caps with coon tails fastened to the top knot. If it had been winter they would have had beaver-skin caps, knitted scarves or "fascinators," and fringed buckskin coats.

An operating base was established on the Mississippi River at Fort Prairie Island, between the points where Red Wing and Hastings now stand. Le Sueur and his men then explored the land to the west as far as the bend in the Minnesota River, the present site of Mankato.

One day in midafternoon Le Sueur halted his men at the gorge of a fast running creek. Weary from the day's long trek, the men sprawled in the shade to rest. Only one, the youngest of the group remained standing, his eyes aglow.

"Oh! But such beauty," he fairly bubbled with French enthusiasm. "Nature. The wooded hills. Trees--oak, maple, walnut. The many-colored birds. The animals....."

"The pesky redskins," echoed a bronzed, bearded scout with a wink at the others.

"Ah! Such primeval splendor," breathed the poetic young man disregarding the interruption. "So different from the north of France."

"I wouldn't mind seeing the north of France right now," said one of the boatmen. "Or the south of France either for that matter. I'd gladly give the whole country just to see the gay crowds on the water front at Calais, the music and laughter....."

Softly the sentence died in his throat and all sat quietly regarding the patch of sky that showed between the trees. The afternoon shadows lengthened as the warm summer sun began to sink. Le Sueur arose and counted noses.

"Are all the men here?" he asked.

"All present or accounted for," came the reply.

"Very well. Now, men!" the leader raised his voice. "Prepare to move on. Pierre and André will precede us upstream and find a camp site."

They had hardly scrambled to their feet when the woods behind them rang with a wild yell.

"Redskins!" cried Pierre

The men whirled about, firearms poised.

"Hold, men!" commanded Le Sueur. "Put down your weapons. These are not hostile Indians."

The Indians, a hunting party of about 50 braves, broke from the woods and bore down on the explorers with savage yells. Le Sueur stood erect and dignified, right hand raised with palm forward in a gesture of peace.

Surrounding the white men, the braves, talking in excited gutterals, examined the pale faces and hands, and the queer clothing of the French explorers. The Indians wore moccasins of hide, and breechcloths that looked like short aprons and were made of skins. Some of them had a feather or two in their straight, black hair. Their copper-colored bodies and faces were unpainted, indicating that they were not on the war path.

"Speak to them, André," said Le Sueur to the French-Canadian scout who had a wide knowledge of Indian tongues.

André addressed a stalwart brave, who later proved to be a son of the Chief.

"We are friends come to visit the land of the Dakotas," said André.

"We are of the Wahpekute band," answered the brave. He waved one hand in a wide arc. "This is our hunting ground."

"Where is their village?" asked Le Sueur.

André relayed the question, and several of the braves pointed upstream. Two of them broke into a run toward the village to carry the news. Le Sueur and his men followed, surrounded by the curious, jabbering Indians.

The young man whose name was Jean, fell in beside André.

"What is the meaning of Wahpekute?" he asked.

"Wahpekute," replied André, "means the 'silent shooters,' or 'those who shoot from among the trees."

Jean noticed that they were armed with bows and arrows instead of guns as were the French.

"Are they a big nation?" he asked.

"No, Jean," said André, "They are only a small band. This has been their hunting ground for a long time. They are joined, however, with 30 or 40 other bands and tribes in a federation called the Dakota nation."

"They do not seem at all warlike," offered Jean as a curious warrior took his hat, examined it carefully and tried it on to the delight of all the Indians.

"The Wahpekute have been at peace ever since they drove the Ioway and Fox tribes from their hunting grounds. I've been told by Canadian traders that that was a long time ago, longer than the oldest medicine man remembers."

André stopped talking to join the laughter as one of the Indians attempted to insert a curious hand in his pants' pocket. Then he continued.

"In recent years the Chippewa from the north have been crowding the Dakota Tribes. They too would like to have this hunting ground. By the Chippewa the Dakotas are called Nadowessioux, which means 'enemy'."

The village proved to be a temporary one, such as a roving band in search of food would have. It consisted of a few cone-shaped tepees built with long poles placed in the form of tripods and covered with hides.

Children, dogs, squaws, and the few men who had not been in the hunting party came to meet the white men. Each out of curiosity felt compelled to examine the hands, face, and clothing of the explorers.

Nearing the semicircle of tepees, Le Sueur saw that not all of the Indians had been in the reception committee. Around the open fire sat five noble red men. One was the Chief. He was flanked on either side by two younger and less important chiefs, and in addition there were two old and wrinkled medicine men. The Chief wore a feather headdress, while the medicine men had on headgears to which short elk horns were attached.

Le Sueur and the chiefs exchanged greetings, the raised right hand. The Chief motioned for the French to sit down around the fire. André sat next to the leader to interpret, but there was little conversation. They all sat quietly as the peace pipe was passed from one to the other.

Before night fell supper was cooked over the open fire and the explorers were invited to partake. The meal consisted of fish, tubers, and berries from the woods, and the men ate surrounded by the curious red faces, the yapping dogs and the half-frightened, copper-colored children.

"It has been a good day's catch," said André, "the Dakotas have uncanny skill in spearing fish."

"Do they eat fish always?" asked Jean.

"No," replied André, "do you see that squaw over there by the tepee? She is scraping a buffalo hide. No game, not even buffalo, elk or bear, is too big for the Dakota brave's bow."

"They are good craftsmen," said Le Sueur, "considering the tools they have." He pointed to a brave who sat by the fire chipping a stone. "He is making an arrowhead. It is a long job, but well worth the effort if it brings down a buffalo."

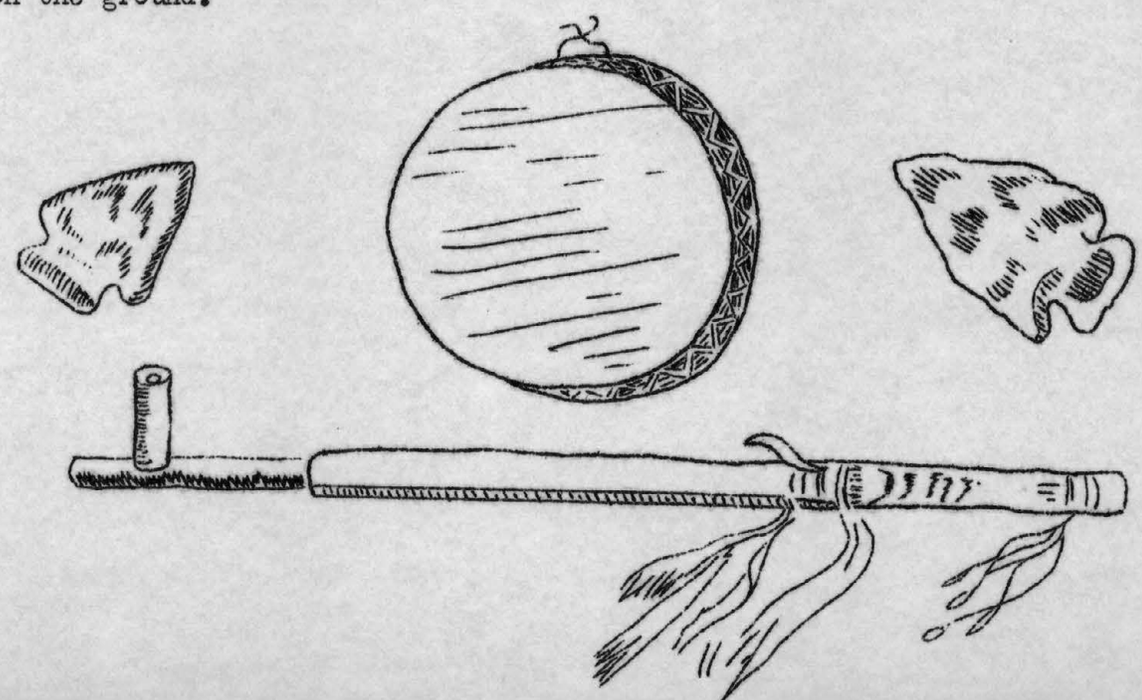
Jean was interested in the trappings of the wrinkled old medicine men. Each had a tom-tom made of hides, a charm bag and a rattle also of skin.

"They are supposed to have magic power," explained André. "And they act as advisers to the Chief."

Before leaving, Le Sueur learned that the Wahpekute band had a permanent village a short distance west of the river, on the north shore of the lake later named the Cannon. But more than 100 years were to pass before a white man ever saw this village.

Faribault comes to the Cannon River

It was a crisp fall day in 1826 when Alexander Faribault approached the village of the Wahpekute. At the top of a hill higher than the others he stopped, eased the pack from his back and rested the butt of his rifle on the ground.



"Mary would like this," he murmured, referring to his bride of a year, and looking at the wooded hills about him. "But this country is too wild for a woman."

These were the same wooded hills that Le Sueur and his men had seen in the summer of 1695. But now it was fall and the Cannon River district was ablaze with color-red, yellow, orange, green, and brown.

Faribault was dressed much like Le Sueur and his men had been. Over his shirt was a fringed buckskin coat, and on his head, a beaver cap. Fringed buckskin trousers and moccasins completed his attire. He was young, having been born in Prairie du Chien in 1806, and most of his 20 years had been spent in the woods with his father, the fur trader Jean Baptiste Faribault.

Faribault was no tenderfoot. He knew Indians and he knew the woods. But as he drew nearer the Wahpekute village his excitement grew. This was his first big venture on his own. In his pocket was a license from the American Fur Company. If everything worked well he would not see the face of a white man until spring.

When the Indians in the village sighted him and the whooping reception committee swooped out to meet him, his scalp prickled under his beaver cap. However, he controlled himself and assumed a calm and dignified air by the time he was ushered into the presence of the chief.

"I am Alexander Faribault, son of the white trader at Mendota," the young man said. "I've come with a canoe full of guns and blankets to trade with you for furs."

"The Wahpekute welcome the pale face brave. We have heard of his great wisdom and hunting skill. We want him to stay always and be the trader of the Wahpekute just as his father is the trader for the Dakota bands where the big rivers meet."

Faribault stood quietly. Although glowing inwardly, he said nothing as he gently fingered the American Fur Company license in his pocket.

The chief continued.

"The Wahpekute are a peaceful band. For a long time we have hunted with our bows and arrows and fished with spears. The old ways are good. But now we are faced with a new enemy. The Chippewa armed with white men's guns come from the north to drive us from our hunting ground. We are a peaceful tribe but we must be armed to fight for the land of our fathers. The Wahpekute need guns to defend themselves."

"In my canoe, in the gorge where the two rivers meet, are guns, traps, and blankets. I will bring them here and set up my trading post. With the guns and traps we will get many furs this winter. In the spring we will take them to the post on St. Peter's River and get more guns, traps, blankets, and clothing."

"May the white brave be happy in the village of the Wahpekute," said the chief, concluding the council.

A score of braves accompanied Faribault to the river and helped carry the canoe and cargo back to the village.

Each time he covered the route between the river and the Indian village, Faribault's practised eye caught new signs of fur-bearing animals. On the banks of small streams were mink and marten runs. Here and there were badger and skunk holes. Fox and wolf tracks were visible where the soil was moist and soft.

Once when the portage party stopped to rest, Faribault held up a hand for silence.

"Thwack, thwack, thwack!" a sharp slapping sound cut the crisp fall air.

"Beaver," said a brave.

"Yes," said Faribault, "building a dam on the river."

Leaves fell in the path of the portagers as they continued. There was no wind. The day was clear and still.

"It'll freeze tonight," said the young trader, shouldering his pack. "High time to get the traps set."

In the spring Faribault and two dozen braves took the winter's catch to Mendota in a fleet of canoes.

Jean Baptiste Faribault, the fur trader at St. Peter, greeted his son warmly. They talked as the furs were being unloaded, sorted, weighed, and stored.

"Son," said Jean Baptiste Faribault, "Fur-trading is a great business. I've spent my life at it. But it won't last."

"What do you mean, Father?"

"After all there are only a limited number of animals. To be sure they multiply every year, but when they are killed faster than they are born, fur-trading will be over."

"I hadn't thought of that, Father. Maybe we ought to stop trading in furs."

"Mon dieu, no!" said the elder Faribault. "I've been a trader all my life. It is the only thing I know. And it is not our fault alone. There are hundreds of other traders scattered about the Northwest. The Indians used to hunt and trap for food, but now they are in the employ of the American Fur Company, and they hunt for furs. They kill the animals, skin them, and leave the meat for the buzzards.".

"What will happen? We will starve. All the Indians will starve."

"That's what I thought at first, but lately I've been talking to the men up at the fort," said the elder trader, jerking a thumb toward the Round Tower of Fort Snelling on the bluffs across the river. "Some of them believe it will be a good thing for the country when fur trading is done. Some believe that the day is not far when settlers will come to this country. Taliaferro, the Indian agent, says that this land will all be in farms some day. Taliaferro is one smart man."

"But what of the Indians? They are not farmers. Before my Wahpekute would hoe weeds they would starve."

"Taliaferro says they will learn to farm; that they will have farms beside those of the whites. Taliaferro is a smart man. Right now he is teaching the braves of Little Crow's band at Kaposia to plant crops."

Alexander Faribault stayed at Mendota for several days. In the evenings he and Mary sat by the river, swatted mosquitoes, and planned for the future. He went up to the fort and talked to Taliaferro. He talked to the officers and men. In the evenings he sat with his father and the other trappers and traders and talked. He packed a lot of talking and listening in those short days, because he knew it would be a year before he again would speak or hear any language but the Dakota tongue.

On the return trip up the Cannon River, his head buzzed with a mass of newly acquired information. Animals were being killed faster than they multiplied. Fur trading would soon go into decline. Indians would learn to farm. Settlers were pushing westward. This would be farming country.

The young fur trader had never seen a country laid out in farms, but he had heard others describe such lands. Now in his imagination he saw the hills along the Cannon River dotted with farms, the woods all cut down and the land neatly fenced and plowed; a trail that had become a wagon road; on the right his own farm with a white house and a red barn; on the left the farm of Red Feather, a Wahpekute brave with whom he had often hunted; down the road a way would be a farm of a newcomer, a stranger who had brought his family from some foreign place.

Faribault beached his canoe at a point where the banks of the river gorge were low. This was the place where he had docked the fall before. Clambering up the bank the young trader saw the tepees of the Wahpekute, for this was the fishing season and they were again at their temporary village

on the Cannon.

Walking toward the tepees he thought, "Settlers would have to have towns. Towns grow up on rivers. This would be the best spot on the Cannon for a town."

He stopped short, struck with a new idea.

"The man who owned land where a town grew up would make a lot of money," he said to himself.

In a council of the chiefs that evening Faribault rose and spoke.

"This camping place would be ideal for the permanent village of the Wahpekute," he declared.

"The Wahpekute have always lived on the lake," replied the chief.

"It is called 'Lake of the Big Village' because the Wahpekute have always lived there," said another.

"Here two rivers join. Both are main routes for the canoes of the Indian bands. Some day these rivers will be traveled by white settlers. Perhaps here will grow up a white man's village. Property here will be valuable," continued Faribault. The Wahpekute chiefs listened politely but did not understand. Land to them meant merely a place to hunt. One did not own the air, why then the land?

"Our fathers have told us that the great mounds near our village on the lake are the graves of our ancestors. We will remain there," said the old chief.

Faribault returned with the band to the lake village but he did not abandon his idea. He built a post at the junction of the two rivers, the Straight and the Cannon, where the city of Faribault now stands. He built another post on the present site of Waterville, and one where Morristown was later founded.

A few years later the Indians did join him. They built their permanent village on the bluffs near his Cannon River post. To prepare for

the coming civilization Faribault began to farm the land near the post.

Indian bands other than the Wahpekute were now his customers and frequent visitors. Friends from Mendota and Fort Snelling came now and then to call, and Faribault went frequently to Mendota to visit his family. In 1838, Faribault entertained a visitor more distinguished than the others. He was Joseph Nicollet, scientist and explorer, who had made an extended canoe trip on both the Cannon and Straight Rivers.

Nicollet stopped for a time at Faribault's post and the two became well acquainted.

One evening as Nicollet was working by candlelight on his map of the Cannon River the conversation turned to the Indians of the vicinity.

"You say the Wahpekute have had their village here only two or three years?" asked the scientist.

"Yes," replied Faribault, "After I built the trading post here."

"Where was the village before that?"

"On the lake about three miles upstream from here. It is known by the Indians as the 'Lake of the Big Village'."

Faribault smiled as he recalled his plea with the chiefs in council. He continued.

"I tried to convince them that this was the logical place for their village. They wanted to stay at the lake with their mounds. They seem to think the mounds are the graves of their ancestors. But after I built the post they came in the summer to fish and have been here ever since, except for short hunting trips."

"The mounds.....what sort of earthworks are they?" asked Nicollet.

"There are several on the knoll near the outlet at the northeast side of the lake. Most of them are circular in shape, some as high as a man's head and several steps across."

"That's very interesting," said the scientist. "I must see them.

Perhaps they are burial mounds of the early Dakotas. On the other hand, they might have been built by an extinct race of men who lived here before the time of the Indians."

"Before the Indians!" mused Faribault. "These woods, hills and prairies that seem so new and fresh to us each spring are really mighty old, aren't they?"

"The phrase 'older than the hills' is no idle saying," replied Nicollet, intent on his work.

Conversation with Nicollet opened new trains of thought for the unlettered trader. To him the scientist's store of knowledge was a source of unending amazement.

At the risk of exposing his lack of "book learning" before his visitor, Faribault launched a question.

"The ice-rivers you talked about last night," he began, "glaciers, didn't you call them? How is it that all that ice covering everything did not kill all living things here--the trees and grass and plants?"

"There wasn't any vegetation then. This land was a barren, ice-covered waste."

Nicollet picked up a smooth rock from the collection of specimens on the table before him.

"By studying stones like this and rock formations like those you see on the side of the river gorge, we have made some interesting discoveries," continued the scientist. "We believe that thousands of years ago three great ice sheets completely covered this part of the country. The first moved slowly out of the north to a point perhaps a long way south of here. Gradually it melted and moved back, to be followed by another and another."

"Did the country look like this before the glaciers came?" asked Faribault.

"It is hard to say," replied Nicollet, almost at the end of his geological knowledge. "Perhaps before the first glacier the surface was solid, jagged rock, although some say it was like the tropics."

He paused impressively for a moment and then continued.

"For years and years the great ice sheets moved down, grinding and crushing. They pushed masses of loosened rock before them--rolling and pulverizing it into sand and gravel. Here and there big loads of rock and sand were dropped to form these rolling hills. Then as the moving ice began to drift back, some of it melted and the water collected in the hollows."

"And the lakes were formed by the melting ice, was that the way?" Faribault asked eagerly.

"Yes. But most of the water drained away. This Cannon River no doubt was a line of glacial drainage. Surely it has taken many centuries to carve such a gorge in the solid rock."

"But the trees, and plants and grass," interrupted the trader, "They could not come out of water. How did they get here?"

Joseph Nicollet was equal to the question.

"The seeds were probably brought by the wind," he said. "They lodged in the cracks and crevices, took root in the sand and grew."

Faribault nodded, much impressed with the learning of the scientist. He finished the story for himself.

"As the first plants had dropped their seed they died, and then they decayed and fertilized the ground. And every year afterwards the new crop of plants grew thicker and more luxuriant. This much I have myself learned from farming."

Events of the next few years convinced Faribault that his father had been right in predicting the decline of the fur trade. There were many traders and trappers now in the vicinity. Faribault did not resent their coming. Rather he welcomed them. They were French-Canadians--his

people--and he enjoyed their company. He was thinking too of the day when there were sure to be many more settlers. On his trips to Mendota and Prairie du Chien, he encouraged others to come.

"There is plenty of land for everybody," he would say. "We will all be friendly neighbors. French-Canadians, settlers from the east, and Wahpekutes. We will all be farmers."

"You won't catch me living alongside a redskin," was a remark often heard.

"But my Wahpekutes are good Indians, peaceful, friendly, and honest," Faribault would insist.

"How do you know your land'll grow crops, Alex?" skeptics would ask.

"I, myself, have farmed the land around my post on the Cannon. Mon Dieu, such crops! And the Indians! The Wahpekutes have raised maize, pumpkins, and squash for many generations. They just throw the seeds on the ground. The seeds sprout and grow faster than the weeds," the trader would reply enthusiastically.

Sometime a listener was convinced and then a new resident came to the Cannon River.

One summer day in 1853 a stranger came to the Cannon River post. His arrival strengthened Faribault's belief in the future of the country, but shook his faith in a happy answer to the Indian question.

Faribault, who was always on the lookout for Indians with furs to trade or for the influx of the white settlers he had long predicted, was the first to see the canoe. The French-Canadian trappers lounging about the post ran down to the waters' edge and helped the lone occupant beach his craft.

"Is this Alexander Faribault's post?" asked the stranger.

"You are right," replied a trapper. "That's him up by the big cabin weighing up furs."

Faribault stopped work as the stranger approached.

"Welcome, my friend," he said, shaking hands warmly.

"Howdy, Faribault. I'm John North. Just paddled down from Mendota."

"But you have not been at Mendota long, Mr. North. I go there frequently. In fact I thought I knew every white man in the Minnesota territory."

"That's right," said North, "I came from Massachusetts."

"From the East!" exclaimed the trader.

"Yes! I came out to look over the land. There are a lot of people back East who are anxious to come out here to settle."

"There, boys, you see!" Faribault turned triumphantly to the trappers. "Just what I've been saying all along. Soon this will be a settled farming country just like New England."

"Of course," said North, "that can't happen until the Government opens the land to settlement, which means it can't happen until the Indian problem is settled."

"But here we have no Indian problem," said Faribault. "The Wahpekutes will learn to farm and become good citizens. They are good Indians."

"Maybe, neighbor! But all the history of our country, from the day the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, makes me question that," said John North. "Others have thought it would work out that way too. But it's no use, it's not in the cards. When the white men once outnumber the reds, they outreach them and out-talk them, and crowd them from the territory. The Indians may make one last stand, and with their backs to the wall, put up a fight, but in the end they are bound to be beaten, herded into reservations, and forgotten."

"But" began Faribault, "the Wahpekute are . . . "

"I know," interrupted North, "the Wahpekute are good Indians. But you will see I am right just the same, Faribault. Good or bad, they get

the worst of it. Red cunning can't beat white greed. It's a shame but it's true."

The easterner spoke like a man who knew what he was talking about. His was a flat statement of fact as he saw it, and there seemed nothing left to be said.

"Let's talk about something pleasant," he said at length. "You haven't got any grub in that cabin of yours, have you?"

"Sure," said Faribault," come on in. I'll rustle up some biscuits and venison in a minute."

Few people shared with Faribault the belief that the Indians and white men could live peaceably side by side. Many attempts had been made to get the Dakotas to give up all their rights to the lands of southern Minnesota. Each succeeding treaty narrowed down the boundaries of Dakota land, although for a time none had affected the Wahpekute country. In 1851, however, the Wahpekute with other Dakota bands signed a treaty which opened the territory to white settlers. This was the treaty of Mendota in which the Red Men agreed to go to a reservation on the upper Minnesota River.

Dakota Chiefs met with Alexander Ramsey and other representatives of the United States Government. Alexander Faribault acted as interpreter.

Ramsey stood before the Dakota Chiefs and read the terms of the agreement whose stilted legal wording had little meaning for his listeners.

"These bands cede to the United States all their lands in the State of Iowa, and also all their lands in the Territory of Minnesota lying east of the following line, to wit: Beginning at the junction of the Buffalo River with the Red River of the North; thence along the western bank of said Red River of the North to the mouth of the Sioux Wood River; thence along the western bank of said Sioux Wood River to Lake Traverse; thence along the western shore of said lake to the southern extremity thereof; thence in a direct line to the junction of Kampeska Lake with the Tchankas-an-data or

Sioux River; thence along the western bank of said river to its point of intersection with the northern line of the State of Iowa, including all the islands in said rivers and lake."

The reader's voice droned on through a maze of "to wits, whereases, and thereofs." Faribault watched the assembled chiefs. Some sat quietly, smoking. Others talked in low tones to their neighbors. Little Crow of the Kaposia band made diagrams with small twigs on the ground before him. Little Six of the Shakopee band sat admiring himself in a newly acquired hand mirror.

"Surely," said Faribault to himself, "they do not realize the seriousness of this document."

After Ramsey had finished Faribault rose.

"The United States Government wants you to leave your hunting ground forever and go to a reservation on the upper Minnesota River," he said.

"What are we to get in return?" asked a chief.

"Annuities will be paid each member of the tribe every year," explained the interpreter. Then he repeated, "But, they ask you to give up all claim to the land that has been your hunting ground for ages."

This thought did not seem to bother the chiefs. A settled, fenced, and cultivated countryside on which they could no longer roam and hunt at free will was beyond their imagination. They were interested mostly in the promised payment of money. That meant guns, firewater, plenty of food, shining ornaments, and other luxuries they had come to envy the whites.

"The Dakotas have made treaties before with the Government," said an old chief. "The white men do not always remember their promises."

The council lasted several days. In the end the Red Men made their marks on the Government paper, and southern Minnesota was then thrown open to white settlement. It was two years later, however, before the Wahpekute began the trek to the reservation.

On his return to the Cannon River, Faribault's family, Mary and

the ten children, accompanied him.

"I guess the kids are big enough now to look out for themselves," said he ruefully. The years had been so filled with adventure and had gone so fast he could hardly realize that the oldest, George, was already twenty-five.

John North, the easterner, had settled at St. Anthony Falls and had become an important man in the Territory. In 1851 he was chosen representative to the legislature, and then he spent a part of each year at the territorial capital, St. Paul. When he returned to Faribault's post in the spring of 1853 the trappers, traders and settlers gathered in the big cabin to hear the news.

North settled down on a pile of hides near the wood stove and looked slowly around at the eager group.

"Well," he began deliberately, well knowing that the curiosity of his listeners was at the breaking point, "it won't be long now."

"If you're talking about the number of days 'til Christmas, you're wrong," said a trapper, tongue in cheek. "My calendar says March 7."

"As I was saying," continued North, ignoring the interruption, "it won't be long until the settlement of this country begins in earnest. This summer all the Dakota tribes will be moved to the reservation for sure. And the day before yesterday the legislature created a new county," he paused for emphasis. "Your county!"

"You mean we are no longer a part of Dakota County?" asked Faribault.

"Last time I was here they said it was Wabasha County," said an old timer.

"In 1849 when the Territory was created," explained North," all southern Minnesota to the Missouri River was in Wabasha County. Two years later it was broken up in sections and we were a part of Dakota County. Now Dakota County has been cut up."

"And where do we live now?" asked Faribault.

"You're in Rice County," replied North.

"Rice!" moaned a trapper in mock despair. "How can we bear it, boys. Before I'd live in a county named Rice, I'd go live in a wicked city, yes sir, even if it had a sewerage system. Wabasha was all right and Dakota wasn't bad, but Rice--sounds like baby food."

"Rice," chimed in another, "is the stuff that the heathen Chinese eats."

"They could at least have called it Wild Rice. That's food fit for human consumption," said the old timer. "'S funny I didn't see the new county line when I mushed in from the west. Any you fellers see it lying 'round?"

"Wait 'til it thaws in the spring and you'll see it marked out with a chalk line," laughed North. "They named it for Henry Mower Rice. Some of you must know him or heard of him anyhow. He is a real white man!"

"I consider it a honor that our county bears the name of Henry Mower Rice. I know him well," said Faribault. "He was born in Vermont, came out here in '39, ran the store at Fort Snelling for several years and then went into the fur trade at Prairie du Chien."

North took up the narrative.

"He fixed up that treaty with the Chippewa that opened their land between the St. Croix and Mississippi Rivers, and he helped Henry Hastings Sibley and Franklin Steele to put through the bill that made Minnesota a territory. Shouldn't be surprised if some day we sent him to Congress. Mark my words you'll hear more of him, for he is what you call a statesman."

"How'd they fix the boundaries of this Rice County?" inquired Faribault.

"This trading post is just about in the center," answered North, "whichever way you go it's never more than 16 or 15 miles away to the edge."

"Centrally located, eh?" thought Faribault as the gathering broke up. "This will be the county seat."

One evening in April of the same year the post frequenters gathered as usual. They built a smudge fire to drive mosquitoes away, and sat smoking and spinning yarns. One of the post dogs, lying at the edge of the circle of light, rose growling and peering into the darkness downstream. Then he began to bark and other dogs joined the chorus.

"Bears," said a trapper.

"Reckon so," said another.

Then they heard a horse neigh. Every man was on his feet as the rider came into the circle of light.

"Howdy, men," he called.

"Hi there, Yankee!" said John North. "I don't know who you are but your voice says you're a back-East Yankee."

"You're right," said the stranger swinging down from the saddle. "Peter Bush is the name. Pete, the blacksmith, that's me!"

"Why this must be the lad who owns the farm down the river," said one of the men.

"Yes, sir! I staked my claim last August. But I didn't stop. Been in Mendota. Where's Faribault?"

"Here I am," said Faribault stepping into the firelight and extending his hand. "Welcome, Peter Bush! Neighbors, this is the smithy I told you about I met up to Mendota. You know, the one I was trying to get to join up with us here. Well here he is! Bush, we are sure glad to see you, man!"

All the men crowded around shaking hands. They were very pleased to have a blacksmith for by now seven families and nine unmarried men were living in Faribault. There were horses to be shod, wagons to be mended, and plows to be sharpened.

It was on a morning a month later that word sped around the little

community that a party of men had driven into the post. This was on May 15th, 1853 and is an important date for it was the day when settlers first came to Rice County and decided to stay there and farm. They did not all stay, but of the six who came together that day, Luke Hulett, Levi Nutting, Mark Wells and A. McKenzie all later played an important part in the building up of both Faribault city and the county. They were given a warm welcome and then Faribault invited everyone over to his house to get acquainted and to hear Levi Nutting's story of their trip from St. Paul.

"We started across the Mississippi at St. Paul," he began. "Let's see. That must have been early morning on the 13th. Only day before yesterday, and it seems easy more than a week ago! We'd brought along some flour, pork, ham, tea, coffee, and a few other things just in case we needed them. The boat we crossed in wasn't much bigger than that there hogshead. But for a space we got along fine. Then we reached the river bottoms, and just there our troubles began!"

"Landed in plenty of mud, I'll bet!" chuckled Bully Wells.

"Mud! Say I thought I'd seen mud, but I was never before in anything like that. We'd left out of our calculations the wet spring we'd had this year. Anyhow, there we were stuck as fast as a fly in molasses. Nothing to do but to climb out, unhitch the horses and unload all those victuals. We lugged them all to high ground, and then we pushed and hauled on that wagon, dragging the horses along with us, and I swear before we got to where it was dry and firm, it seemed like ten miles!"

The men chuckled. "How far you'd manage to get that day?" inquired one.

"About fifteen miles and we were darned lucky to do that. There was a storm blowing up in the northeast, so when we found a place that had a little shelter, we built up a fire, rolled up in our blankets and turned in."

Mark Wells, one of the younger men, broke into a loud guffaw. "Tell them about the bad smell that woke you up.'" he exclaimed.

Mr. Nutting grinned a little sheepishly. "Well, you see, I was pretty well tuckered out," he began. "The six of us, every mother's son of us, were sound asleep before you could say Jack Robinson. All of a sudden I woke up, just sort of half-way woke, you know, and thought I smelt something like hide and flesh burning. Wells here, he was next to me and soon he begins to move and sniff. Then the whole bunch were sniffing. And darned if it wasn't my own foot! A pesky ember had got under my blanket, ate a hole in my boot, and had started on me!" Nutting thrust out his leg, and sure enough there was a round burned out hole just over his ankle. After a hearty laugh everyone called for the rest of the story.

"There was still plenty of bad luck ahead of us" resumed Nutting. "The next morning the northeaster broke, and it rained like it just wanted to show what it could do in these parts. Say, we couldn't see the ears of the horses from the driving seat. We slushed along--there wasn't anything else we could do--and before long there we were stuck again. This time we were in a slough in ten inches of water. Had to unhitch again, unload and do our own hauling for a spell."

"Did you see any signs of any settling going on between here and St. Paul?" asked Faribault.

"There were just two cabins down near the river we saw the first day. But nothing, else, not even an Indian, in all that time?"

"We weren't any of us any too gay, by the time we reached the woods. Everything we owned was soaked, the horses were all petered out, mud splashed over clothes and food and wagon. But when we got to the knoll back where you can look way off," he looked questioningly at Faribault, who nodded. "Well, then the sun shot out of a cloud. It was time it was setting, and we looked down on as pretty a view as you'd see in many a year.

All that yellow light was pouring down on an Indian village. Must have been sixty wigwams strung along the river, and all around was some of the finest country we'd ever seen."

"Those were my Wahpakute" said Faribault, proudly, "finest Indians in the whole country."

"Well, that's the story, men," Nutting concluded. "We camped that night right there, and here we are."

"It was no easy journey, friends," said Faribault, "but now that you are here and safe, we hope that you will stay with us. You may travel thousands of miles, but I promise you, you will not find finer country than ours right here."

Although Alexander Faribault had expected his town to be built up by his friends the French-Canadians, he was so pleased with these New Englanders that he did what he could to induce them to settle and help him to develop the community. He and Peter Bush showed them over the land, helped them drive the stakes around the claims they selected, and directed them to the land office at Red Wing where they had to file for ownership.

Those who took claims, including Mr. Nutting and Hulett, returned to St. Paul promising to return with their families and household goods. Mr. Nutting prolonged his visit three weeks. He told about it in the book he wrote of his pioneer experiences. He says that he "had a good appetite and enjoyed a varied bill of fare--bread and pork for breakfast, pork and bread for dinner, and some of both for supper.

From now on more and more often little groups came into the vicinity of the post. Sometimes they came in oxcarts piled high with household goods, and then the trappers gathered to watch the unloading, full of interest and curiosity. For here were articles for cooking and tools that looked to these men whose lives were reduced to the simplest possible terms, as the most thrilling luxuries. In each wagon was a walking plow, scythes and garden tools,

as well as several sacks of seed--grains, potatoes, and vegetables. In each also was a box or two of books, which were regarded with more curiosity than understanding by the trappers.

A warm summer Sunday in the following year, the settlers again congregated around the trading post for their Sabbath service. Reverend Standish led the outdoor worship at the site of the first camp the easterners had pitched in Rice County.

In his sermon, the minister gave thanks for the blessings they had received. After the services ended a general discussion of the year's progress followed.

"Now that we are all settled in our new homes, we must begin to think about building a church," said Luke Hulett.

"Why not here?" suggested Faribault. "This spot is bound to be right in the center of things, and the town will grow around it. As owner of this property, I say you're welcome to it."

"That's a most commendable idea," said Mr. Nutting, voicing the sentiments of the congregation. "We will all join in a log rolling just as we did in building our houses."

"Certainly friends, we have proved again and again by our cooperation in this new and wild country, that we all want to help each other," said Mrs. Hulett. The Reverend Standish nodded.

"When we built our homes," he began, assuming his pulpit manner as he often did when they were all together, "we chose a wooded knoll and ran up the walls as we cut the trees. It was the logical thing to do. It eliminated the necessity of hauling logs for long distances. Let us build our house of worship on this wooded knoll, but let us not cut these trees. The logs, the best available, can be cut in the woods down the river. They can be hauled here, and our church can be built here in the friendly shade, on our first camp site."

"Dinner! dinner!" came the cry from the open fires where several of the

women had withdrawn to prepare. It was indeed a banquet for the settlers, for there was more than enough for everyone to eat.

There were new potatoes and corn on the cob, fresh from Faribault's garden, and venison. The trader, himself, had shot a deer for the occasion. Bread brought by the settlers' wives, and berries spicked by the children before the church services, completed the meal.

Among the pioneers at the picnic dinner were many who had arrived within the past year.

"I hear there is a new settlement on the river west of Cannon Lake," remarked Peter Bush, his mouth full of venison.

"I was up there hunting the other day,"said Faribault. "A fellow named John Morris has staked a claim on the river."

"Farmer?" asked Bush.

"No," replied the trader, "at least he hasn't started farming yet. He's laying out a townsite.....going to call it Morristown."

"Maybe civilization will conquer this wild country yet," murmured one of the women.

"Civilization has already come," said Faribault. "When I built the post there wasn't a white man within 50 miles."

"Now we're even going to have a sawmill," added Mr. Nutting. "The Scott boys are going to run it."

"They can't get enough water power from the river, can they?" asked the mechanically minded Peter Bush.

"No, they plan to run it by steam," said Faribault. "The boys are gone to St. Louis now to buy the boiler. They figure it'll take 12 teams of oxen to haul it over from the Hastings boat landing. Yeah, civilization is hear for sure."

Returning to their homes that evening, the settlers discussed the old trader's statement.

"Well, if this country is civilized now, I'd hate to have seen it 35 years ago when Faribault came here," remarked Mrs. Hulett as the family approached the one-room log house.

Luke Hulett laughed understandingly.

"It's not much like Massachusetts, I'll admit," he said, pushing open the door and surveying the room.

The little cabin was furnished with a table and some chairs, roughly fashioned out of two 14-foot planks brought from the East. At one end of the low-ceilinged cabin was a fireplace, and at the other was a pile of ticks stuffed with hay, called "prairie feathers." At night the furniture would be moved to the wall, and the ticks would be spread on the floor for beds.

"No it's not much like Massachusetts," echoed Mrs. Hulett.

On Feb. 17, 1855 the plat of the town of Faribault was filed in the office of the Register of Deeds of Dakota County by Alexander Faribault, F. B. Sibley, John W. North and Porter Nutting.

By 1856 immigration had gotten underway in earnest. Peter Bush had hung out his blacksmith shingle, and Faribault the fur trader had become Faribault the realtor. The town site was booming, and real estate took up most of his time.

The former trader often stopped in the blacksmith shop to talk to Peter Bush, for now in a sense they were both "old settlers." Both of them liked to talk over the development in the county; it helped them keep the current events straight.

Peter Bush let the forge fire die down as Faribault entered the shop.

"What's the news?" he asked, packing his cheek with burley "chewin'."

"Just sold some river-front property for another sawmill," said Faribault. "That makes three in town now."

"I guess we've got enough settlers in Rice County to keep 'em all running full time."

"According to the number of votes in the election I figure there are about 2,000 people in the county now. There are more on the way and they're all wanting lumber for houses and barns."

Faribault lit his pipe and continued.

"Yes sir! Right now we've got 23 stores in town, besides 4 hotels, 5 wagon shops, 2 livery stables, and 2 meat markets."

Bush added, "I hear John North's got his town up river all platted and filed."

"Yes," replied Faribault, "They filed it the 7th of March. Named it Northfield. Its just inside the north county boundary.

"The Archibald brothers are putting up their flour mill at Dundas between here and Northfield," said Faribault.

"A flour mill!" exclaimed Peter Bush, "That's what we need right here, Faribault, a flour mill. Why not fix it so they'll come up here?"

"Can't be done. Halsey M. Matteson, has got them all keen on the future of Dundas."

"He's the New Yorker who jumped the Irish claim up there a couple years ago, ain't he?"

"Yeah," said Faribault, "he's a pretty smooth feller. When James Irish went away for the winter, Matteson moved right on the claim, paid for the improvements and began promoting it as a town site."

"They've ordered lumber for a schoolhouse, too. It'll be the first in the county."

"Yes," said Faribault, "I thought we ought to build a church first. But now that's done, we must begin plans for the school. The classes are too big already for the school room in the Nutting house."

"Hotel de Bush," a two-story frame building, kept by the Nutting family, had to serve also as the schoolhouse. Upstairs where the hotel guests, fully clothed, slept at night on the hay-filled ticks, by day was the 'school section'.

The school term was short, lasting only a few months in winter. For their lessons in reading, writing , and arithmetic the scholars came dressed in their best clothes, brought from the East. These were usually a jacket and "Kentucky jeans," patched and repatched. A popular saying was, "Patch beside patch is neighborly, patch upon patch is beggardly."

The next few years brought hundreds of people to Rice County. In 1858 there were 30 schools with 1,489 pupils, and that meant there were probably four or five thousand settlers in the county.

Alexander Faribault prospered as the settlers poured in. He was the first postmaster, and later he owned and operated a flour mill. The property for stores, mills, and homes he sold brought prices which a few years before would have seemed like a fairy story to him. He gave land and money for building churches and schools, and all the settlers liked and respected him. His house, the first frame dwelling in town, was pointed out to newcomers from the east as the home of the "Father of Rice County."

"It cost $4,000," an old settler might say, "and every stick of it was hauled down from St. Paul."

The newcomer would be duly impressed, especially if he had come to Faribault over the rough and muddy wagon trail from St. Paul.

"Yes sir! they hauled the lumber on wagon running-gears," the old settler would continue. "Halfway down the roads got so bad that part of the lumber had to be unloaded and left. When they went back to get it a

few days later it had been burned in a prairie fire."

On being shown the church of the Immaculate Conception the newcomer would be told that Faribault had donated the bell, valued at $3,000.

"Alexander Faribault is a devout Catholic," his friends would say. "He built the first church in town. It burned in 1857."

The daily life of the pioneer farmers was packed with hard work. In this work every member of the family had his place and lent his efforts to the struggle for existence.

Clearing land, breaking sod, sowing and harvesting was man's work. Housework, such as cleaning, weaving, spinning, sewing, canning and churning, and barnyard chores such as milking, caring for the chickens and other stock, was woman's work. To the children went the lighter of these tasks, and as they grew older their share in the family work grew larger. Boys at 12 or 13 often were expected to do as much as a man in the fields, and girls of that age shouldered the housework.

At first the crops were grown for use rather than for sale. Vegetables for the table, wheat for bread, oats, hay, and some corn were raised for the livestock. Wheat was cut with a scythe, threshed with a flail, ground into flour, and baked into bread. Vegetables were harvested, stored in root cellars, or canned. Livestock was raised and butchered on the farm, the meat smoked or pickled in brine to preserve it. All this was done on the farm by the family. Ginseng roots, found in the woods, and cranberries in the swamps were about all there was to sell. These were hauled to Hastings or Red Wing by oxteam.

The more experienced and progressive farmers did not believe in this kind of primitive farming. When work went around that a meeting would be held in Faribault one day in the fall of 1858 to discuss agricultural problems, farmers drove into town from all parts of the county. At this meeting the Rice County Agricultural Society was organized and plans were laid for more

progressive farming.

"Spring wheat is the crop for this country," said a farmer from the southern part of the county. "Ours is a short growing season here in the Northwest, but spring wheat will mature long before the first fall frost. I've experimented with my prairie land and find it will yield 50 bushels to the acre."

"At that rate two or three farms can produce enough wheat flour for the whole county," declared another.

"When the railroads get here we'll have the Nation and the whole world for our market," said the first.

The railroads reached Rice County in the early '60's and then the world wheat market did open to Minnesota farmers. Wheat became the chief crop, and the only other grains, vegetables and livestock raised were those used by the family at home.

Late July and August became the busiest time on the farm. About every farm had to have a "hired man," or two, to shock the grain as the farmer cut it with a binder. Then all the farmers of a community would get together, a dozen or more in a "ring," and help each other with the threshing. As the wheat was threshed it was hauled by team and wagon to the mills at Faribault, Dundas, and Northfield. There the farmer sold it for cash, and now he was able to buy clothes for the family, household furnishings, farm equipment, and delicacies he never had had money for until now.

About 20 families of Wahpekute Indians returned from the reservation on the Minnesota River to their old hunting grounds along the Cannon River. Faribault was glad to see his old friends but he was powerless to help them.

"Go back to the reservation," he counciled them.

"This is our hunting ground!" they replied. "It has always been the land of our fathers."

"This is no longer free hunting land. Soon it will all be fenced and plowed. There will be no place to hunt," said Faribault.

"We will trap along the streams and lakes like we used to do, and sell the hides to you."

"But I'm no longer a fur trader. There is no market for furs. I'm now the postmaster and a dealer in land," said Faribault. "There is little chance that the Government will give you land within the county now. You have signed treaties giving up all your rights. You had better return to the reservation." But the Wahpekute built rude little shanties on the river bluffs and gave every sign that they meant to stay right there.

In the winter of 1859 Bishop Whipple arrived in St. Paul as Episcopal Bishop of Minnesota. Whipple came to the new State because he wanted to help the Indians. He started out at once to visit the various settlements and came to Faribault to preach his first sermon there on February 19, 1860. Two years before this the Reverend Dr. J. L. Breck and the Reverend S. W. Manning had started missionary work among the Indians around Faribault. When Bishop Whipple came he found that these two men had a flourishing parish school, had built two houses, a little log chapel and a Divinity school. Most of the land they were using had been given to them by Faribault. After his sermon the community liked the Bishop so much that forty men came to him and begged him to stay on, promising him a good house, land, and all their help in his work. Faribault went to see him.

"I've heard," began Faribault, "that you are much interested in the Indian problem.

"Yes," said the Bishop, "I've not been here long, but wherever I have been I've seen the increasing misery of the Indian and the hate the whites bear him. It is sad and must not go on."

The old trapper hardly knew how to express what he wanted to say. He shifted his coonskin cap from one hand to the other, cleared his throat and began.

"This town I founded and which is named for me, is going to be a busy little city some day," he said. "If you will make it the headquarters of your church in Minnesota, I can do a lot for you." The Bishop hesitated.

"I'm grateful for your offer," said the Bishop, "but the secretary of the Board of Missions is not in favor of my staying here. But I like your settlement and some fine work has already been started here."

"I thought maybe you'd let me drive you around a little and show you our county," suggested Faribault.

Bishop Whipple got up and reached for his coonskin cap and fur coat. "Let's go right away," he said.

Faribault led the way to the cutter waiting in the snow. When they had settled down among the buffalo robes, the horse leapt forward and the sleigh-bells broke into a merry jingle.

"You will find that this place has many advantages," said Faribault, warming up to the job. "It is the old hunting ground of the Wahpekuta, a Dakota band. The land was taken from them and they were moved to a reservation on the Minnesota River. Many of them, however, have now come back to the Cannon River to make their homes. They are hungry, ragged, and they need help."

Then he told the Bishop of his own arrival in Rice County. He told of the primitive Sioux as he had found them, the fur trade, the Indian treaties, the violation of good faith by the Government agents, the coming of settlers, and the recent developments.

"I had visions of the Wahpekuta living on farms near their old village; I thought they would put on overalls and calico dresses, and raise crops and be good neighbors," confided Faribault. I have learned much since then of the Red Men-and of the greed of the whites," he added sadly.

"I knew every inch of Rice County before there was another white man within miles. And I've made it a point to get acquainted with most of the settlers as they arrived," he went on as the cutter slid through the crunching snow.

"You have helped to make history," remarked Bishop Whipple, "you have seen the wilderness tamed by civilization."

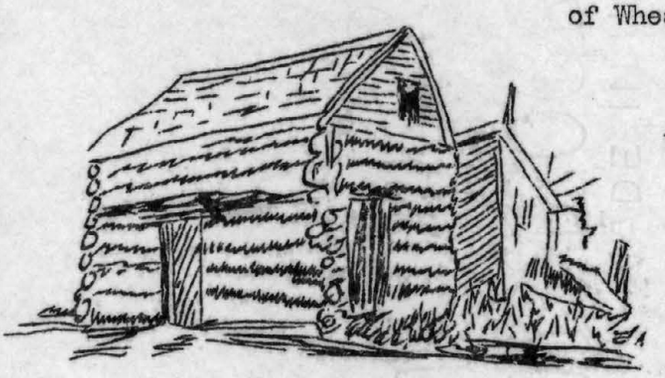
They had come into the main street of Northfield. As Faribault pointed out the sawmill, flour mill, and the home of John North, he added many lively stories of the pioneer statesman.

At Dundas, they passed the stone mill built by the Archibald brothers.

"It has four runs of stone and turns out the best flour in the State, they say."

"That's the 'Big Woods's, I presume." Bishop Whipple pointed to the dark line of the western horizon.

"Yes, it cuts the northwest corner of the county. Covers the whole of Wheatland Township."



"It will probably be a long time before settlers go there will it not?"

"No, there are several farms in Wheatland already. Three Bohemians, John Markorwski, Johan Bocet and Raimund Palschovsky settled there with their families in 1854. There was plenty of open land to be had, but they preferred the woods. They believed the land would grow better crops."

Bishop Whipple stamped his cold feet in the straw on the bottom of the cutter.

"Get out and run awhile. That'll warm you up," advised Faribault. The Bishop trotted along beside the cutter for a half mile, and then got back in and wrapped the buffalo robe about him.

"Cold is treacherous," said Faribault, and then he told the story of J. Freeman Weatherhead, who migrated from New Hampshire to Minnesota in 1854.

"Weatherhead's feet were frozen on the way. He had to have them cut off, but in the spring he pushed on with his family to the head of Cannon Lake

and took a claim. The town of Warsaw was platted from his farm."

It was dusk when they got back to Faribault. The cutter slipped quietly over the snow, and as they approached the scattered Indian shanties on the river bluffs, they could hear the steady rhythm of a tom-tom. Soon they came upon a dozen Wahpekuta bucks who were circling around a bonfire in the double-tread shuffle of the scalp dance.

"Drunk," grunted Faribault.

"They need clothes, warm clothes and food, too," Bishop Whipple said half to himself, and then he added, "Alexander Faribault I think I should like to stay here, and make this the See City of the Episcopal Church of Minnesota."

Faribault drove to the southeast corner of Central Avenue and Sixth Street where stood a large new house not yet completed. "This is my house;" he said "stay with us and it shall be your residence."

The Bishop returned to St. Paul promising to give much thought to the matter, and on March 24, 1860 he wrote to the Faribault Committee accepting their offer and promising to come on May 1st.

Bishop Whipple was to become famed as an educator, clergyman, and friend of the Indians. He worked tirelessly throughout the State, helping those in need. Faribault treasured his friendship and counted each step the clergyman took up the ladder of success as a personal triumph. The old trader was closely identified with the Bishop's work in the See City. He contributed land and money not only for the development of the Seabury Divinity School, but for Shattuck in 1865, and for St. Mary's Hall, 1866.

In 1860, when the census was taken, Rice County had 7,886 residents. The fourteen townships had all been organized, and Faribault, with a population of about 1,000 was the county seat. Other towns, Northfield, Dundas, Shieldsville, Warsaw, Lake City, Millersburg, Cannon City, East Prairiesville, Nerstrand, and Morristown were growing rapidly.

Alexander Faribault watched with interest the rise of wheat farming

in southern Minnesota. Memories constantly recurred to him of stories he had heard of French flour milling methods. Around the campfires as a young man he had heard French fur traders talk of the bread and wine of "la belle" France. The fine French bread, they said, was due to the way the flour was made.

Through Canadian friends, he got in touch with Nicholas La Croix, a Montreal miller, and induced him to come to Faribault and build a mill. In 1861 Nicholas La Croix arrived with his brother, Edmund, and a son Joseph.

The two brothers were engineers, graduates of the "Ecole des Arts and Metiers" in Paris. The flour mill they built for Alexander Faribault had all the newest French inventions. He watched each step of its construction, and by the time it was finished he felt he could almost operate it himself, but he engaged the La Croix brothers to do it for him.

After the harvest of 1862 the farmers brought in their wheat and the machinery was started in motion. The mill was such a success that Faribault saw at once that milling was going to make more money for him than anything he had done yet.

"Build a mill for yourselves," he advised the La Croix brothers, "You will make more money that way."

"But we are engineers, not millers," the Frenchmen said. However, in 1866 they took his advice and built themselves a mill on the other side of the river. But they used it more for experiments than business.

One day Faribault visited the mill of his "competitors" and found them as usual working on a new piece of machinery.

"You boys should give more attention to making flour and less to making machines," he scolded them. "My mill runs every day. I am making money. You should run the machinery you have here instead of always making something new."

Edmund La Croix took the rebuke with a smile, and held up a blue-printed sketch.

"Here, Alexander," he said, "is something that will revolutionize the milling industry."

"What is it?" asked Faribault.

"A middlings purifier," answered La Croix. "I saw one once in southern France when I was a boy."

"What will it do?" inquired Faribault.

"It will revolutionize the milling industry," repeated La Croix. "The way it is done now, half the food value of our spring wheat is wasted. Every time the stones of your mill turn a pile of middlings is left. It can't be used for anything except as meal for livestock. Yet this middling is full of food and if it could be converted into flour the food value of bread would be doubled. That would double the price of flour and the farmers would get twice as much for their wheat. Everyone will profit by it."

"You are a man of vision," said Faribault, recrossing the river to his own mill where the well-oiled machinery was humming smoothly.

Highwater in the spring of 1870 washed out the La Croix mill dam. The brothers made no effort to rebuild it. Instead they went to Minneapolis to interest the big millers in their middlings purifier.

Four years later Joseph La Croix, the son of Nicholas, returned to Faribault. He was collecting all the information on the improvements made by his father and uncle on the French middlings purifier, so that he could apply to Washington for patents.

"Edmund La Croix was right," said Faribault to him. "That invention

he spent so much time on has revolutionized the milling industry. Your family will probably make a fortune from it."

"Perhaps," said Joseph doubtfully. "But you know when father and uncle Edmund died this spring they hadn't received a penny for it."

"There is a consolation in the fact that they thought little of money. They cared most of all to raise the quality of bread and the price of wheats for the farmers."

"It seems that the big millers are the only ones who have profited by it so far. The Washburn "B" mill in Minneapolis installed the first machine. It cost $300 and immediately the price of flour went up from $1 to $3 a barrel. Now all the big mills are using it and see what they get for their flour. But none of the profit has yet reached the farmers in higher wheat prices."

"That will come later," said Faribault.

But although Joseph La Croix secured patents on the middlings purifier, neither he nor any of his family benefited, for when he had to prove his rights against other claimants, he had no money to take his case to court.

By this time Rice County was rapidly losing its pioneer aspects. Schools and churches were springing up on all sides. Literary societies and Lyceum bureaus brought many of the famous eastern writers and speakers to the larger towns of the county. Even the famous Ralph Waldo Emerson came to lecture at Faribault. Then on the afternoon of September 7, 1876, Northfield lived through seven minutes of a real western adventure and for a long time talked much more about shooting than about music or literature.

On that day Jesse James, famous Missouri badman, and his bandit gang rode into town. It was two o'clock in the afternoon and Main Street was very quiet. Henry Wheeler, a University of Michigan medical student, was sitting in front of his father's store across the street from the bank, when he noticed three horsemen come riding into town from the west. As they approached, he

admired their horses who pulled at the bits and attempted to break into a trot now and then and kicked up little puffs of dust at every step.

"Any one of those three nags would do me," he said to himself.

The men dismounted at the hitching rack near the bank, dropped their reins, and sauntered over to a pile of drygoods boxes where they sat down. One--it was Bob Younger--produced a bag of tobacco and papers and rolled a cigarette. The three had little to say, but they looked intently up and down the street.

"They can't decide which saloon to go to first," thought Wheeler.

Presently two more strangers, Cole Younger and Clel Miller, rode in from the East. They, too, reined in and rode slowly, staring about. As they drew near, the first trio rose and entered the bank.

Younger and Miller stopped their horses in the middle of the street. Just then J. S. Allen, came out of his hardware store and walked toward the bank. Miller jumping from his horse strode hurriedly to the door and closed it.

"Stand back!" he ordered sharply grasping Allen by the arm.

Allen jerked away and ran toward the store.

"Get your guns, boys!" shouted young Wheeler, dodging into his father's store. "The bank is being robbed."

Clel Miller and Cole Younger sprang into their saddles and rode back and forth in front of the bank, firing their .44's in the air.

"Off the street everybody," they yelled between shots. "Off the street or you'll get perforated like a sieve!"

At the first shot, three more bandits, Frank James, James Younger, and Bill Stiles, the rear guard, rode up and joined the two in the street.

Nicholas Gustavson, A Scandinavian immigrant, who could not yet understand English, heard the noise and ran into the street. When he failed to obey the desperados' commands, they shot him dead.

Northfield was taken by surprise, but not cowed. Henry Wheeler, J. S. Allen, A. R. Manning, another hardware merchant, and Elias Stacy armed themselves with rifles and shotguns and found sheltered places from which to shoot.

Inside the bank the three bandits with drawn revolvers rounded up the three employees.

"It's a hold-up! Don't holler! We've got 40 men outside."

The crisp, impersonal voice of Jesse James and the steadily aimed guns proved that they were professionals.

Jesse James addressed Alonzo Bunker, the teller.

"Are you the cashier?"

"No."

"Are you the cashier?" the question was directed to Frank Wilcox, assistant bookkeeper.

"No."

Jesse James turned to Joseph Heywood.

"All right. You are the cashier. Open the safe quick, or I'll blow your head off."

"I can't do it," said Heywood. "And the cashier isn't here."

Pitts stepped into the vault and Heywood tried to slam the door on him. The other two bandits grabbed him and shoved their guns in his face.

"Open the safe now or you haven't a minute to live!"

"I can't open it. There is a time lock on it," said Heywood.

Two of the gunmen grabbed him and threw him roughly about the room.

"Murder! Murder!" yelled Heywood and was dealt a terrific blow on the head with a revolver.

"Unlock the safe!" Jesse James ordered again.

"It can't be done," said Wilcox. The truth was that the safe was already unlocked. The door was shut and the bolts were in place, but the

combination had not been set.

Pitts raised his gun.

"This is your last chance," he growled, firing a shot close to Heywood's head for emphasis.

As the shot was fired Alonzo Bunker made a dash for the rear of the bank and hurled himself through the closed shutters of the door. Pitts, firing, followed after and brought Bunker down with a bullet in the shoulder just as he reached the door of the next building.

Now shots could be heard popping the street.

"The game's up! Better get out, boys. They're killing all our men!" shouted Cole Younger from the street.

As the bandits ran from the bank, Jesse James turned and deliberately shot Heywood through the head.

Jesse James and his gang rode galloping out of town. One of his men was badly wounded and two were left dead in the street.

Many shots had been fired by the citizens, some of which had found their mark. Henry Wheeler shot Clel Miller, and Bill Stiles got a bullet through the heart from the rifle of A. R. Manning. Manning also shot Bob Younger in the arm, shattering his elbow.

Pursued by Northfield men, the bank robbers rode southeast to Dundas, west to Millersburg, and south to Shieldsville. By night 200 men had joined the chase; the next day there were 500, and a few days later, when the manhunt was at its height, there were more than 1,000 armed men in the field.

Jesse and Frank James ran the gauntlet and got away on stolen horses. They went to South Dakota and then to Missouri. On September 21, two weeks after the crime, the remainder of the outlaw gang was trapped in the Hanska slough, Brown County. Pitts was killed outright and the Younger brothers were wounded, captured, and sentenced to life in prison.

In 1889 Bob Younger died of tuberculosis in the penitentiary. The

other two were paroled in 1901. James Younger committed suicide in St. Paul, and in 1903, Cole Younger was pardoned. He returned to Missouri and joined with his old partner Frank James in conducting a "Wild West" show.

Faribault had not joined the manhunt. He had, however, been seen oiling and cleaning up a high powered rifle which, not so many years ago, had brought down many a bear and deer. Possibly he hoped the army of manhunters would chase the criminals his way.

"One thousand men after a half dozen tin-horn robbers is plenty," he had said.

"Tin-horn!" ejaculated one of the men who had been in the chase but hadn't caught sight of the quarry, "The James-Younger gang were the most cold-blooded outlaw band this country has ever seen."

"Did they steal any money from the Northfield bank?" asked Faribault, and then he answered the question himself. "No. The safe was unlocked for them and yet they were frightened out of the bank without a dollar. They were a bunch of tin-horns."

"But they murdered three men in cold blood."

"Yah!" laughed Faribault. "They burned up more powder than the Yankees used in the Civil War. Probably some of the Northfielders were hit by stray bullets."

When his listeners had become sufficiently exasperated, Faribault would begin a tale of the old days when, according to him, men were men. If these stories were not always wholly believed, they were always listened to with respect and interest.

Alexander Faribault became less active and more talkative as the years passed. He talked much of the good old days when buffalo and deer roamed the wooded hills and rolling prairie, stalked by the Wahpekuta. But he had no regrets for the passing of the frontier. He was proud of the achievements of Rice County settlers. He was proud of the wheat fields, the mills, the schools, the churches, the roads, and the bristling towns. Each of these represented a victory over the wild country he had known, and to his mind the triumph was complete.

When Faribault died on November 28, 1882, he was eulogized as "The Father of Rice County." The major events in his 76 action-filled years of life were retold and held up for public honor. The early settlers mourned his death sincerely; not a one but could recite instances when the old fur trader had done him a good turn.

"If it hadn't been for the way he helped us, I doubt we would have stuck it out through that first winter," said an old settler at the funeral.

The others nodded. Anyone of them could have said the same. Alexander Faribault had seen Rice County change from an Indian-inhabited wood and prairie land to one of the most thriving regions in Minnesota. But there were still more changes to come.

Wheat farming, which had given southern Minnesota the name "Bread basket of the Nation" gave way to what is called diversified farming. When

the lands of western Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Montana all were plowed for wheat, the price began to sag. Then Rice County farmers found it more profitable to plant more and more acres in corn and oats. These crops, it was found, yielded the best income when they were fed to livestock and sold "on the hoof" for shipment to the hungry cities. Livestock farming evolved gradually into dairy farming, as good roads, automobile trucks, and refrigerated cars made it possible to ship butter, milk, and cream to distant markets. Dairying became now the chief source of Rice County farm income.

Along with change in farming came changes in industry. The flour mills gave way to creameries and canneries. Woolen and blanket mills were established.

The early settlers, Yankees from the Eastern States, were followed and outnumbered by immigrants from the northern European countries, of whom most were German and Scandinavian. Generally these settlers from Europe came in groups that lived in colonies. Most of the Germans, for instance, settled in Wheeling and Northfield townships. The Irish on the other hand settled in Erin and Shieldsville townships. It was natural that the French-Canadians should find homes in Faribault since its founder was one of their kind. When the Bohemians arrived during the sixties they formed a colony of their own in Wheatland township.

Many of the Scandinavians--and they after the Germans were the largest group--came from Wisconsin where they stopped first. The first Norwegian colony settled along Prairie Creek in Northfield township, and one old Norwegian in this group was called "Old Saw-Mill" in the summer, because he and his daughter cut up by hand all the lumber the whole colony used; in the winter they called him "Old Shoemaker" because then he did all the cobbling for miles around. Nobody seems to have known what his real name was. Maybe it was too difficult to remember.

In spite of his dreams and his faith in his country, if the

Father of Rice County were to return today he would be more bewildered than was Rip Van Winkle himself when he came down from the mountains after his long sleep. He would find that his "children" and neighbors had increased to nearly 30,000. That the Indian trails and rough wagon roads he knew had been replaced by more than 200 miles of paved or graveled highways, crossed and recrossed by hundreds of automobiles, busses, and trucks, such as he could never have imagined; that five of these highways have come together at Faribault, the county seat, and here also come three main railroads; that the schools and colleges he helped to start have now spread the fame of Faribault and Northfield not only throughout Minnesota, but across the United States.

Rice County is now grown up. If no other county in our State has had a more interesting history, it is largely because no county ever had a better "Father."

RICE COUNTY

Scale 1" = 4 Miles