

habitants. Whether they employed her because they had more faith in her skill, or because they could pay her with more ease, as she took her pay in the produce of the country, but was not very modest in her charges, I cannot with certainty state; and frequently after the army physician had attended a patient a long time, who perhaps for want of good nursing could not be cured, Mary Ann would take the patient home with her, and by the force of good nursing and "yarb drink" restore him to health, so that we frequently joked the physician about Mary Ann's superior skill in the healing art. There are at this time many of her descendants residing at Prairie du Chien, who are generally as industrious and orderly inhabitants as any others.

Mr. Campbell, of whom I have previously made mention as Indian Agent and Justice of the Peace, had passed to his long home before I came to the country, and I found a Canadian of French extraction by the name of Nicholas Boilvin clothed with the dignified office of Sub-Agent and Justice of the Peace. He had about the same amount of education as Judge Reaume of Green Bay, previously spoken of, and about the same idea of justice, and was nearly as arbitrary. His law library consisted of a single volume of old statutes of the North Western Territory, one of Illinois, and one of the Missouri Territory; but in deciding cases he paid no attention to the statute, but decided according to his own idea of right and wrong.*

* Col. Boilvin's trio volumes formed probably the first law library in Wisconsin, except perhaps Judge Reaume's single volume of Blackstone; one of which is now, by the courtesy of Judge Lockwood among the collections of the Wis. Hist. Society. He did not probably often consult them, if we may judge from his off-hand manner of administering justice as related by Mrs. Kinzie in her *Wau-Bun*: "Col. Boilvin's office was just without the walls of the fort at Prairie du Chien, and it was much the fashion among the officers to lounge in there of a morning, to find sport for an idle hour, and to take a glass of brandy and water with the old gentleman, which he called taking a little '*quelque-chose*.' A soldier, named Fry, had been accused of stealing and killing a calf belonging to M. Rolette, and the constable, a bricklayer of the name of Bell, had been dispatched to arrest the culprit and bring him to trial. While the gentlemen were making their customary morning visit to the Justice, a noise was heard in the entry, and a knock at the door.

'Come in,' cried the old gentleman, rising and walking toward the door.
Bell—Here, sir, I have brought Fry to you, as you ordered.

Justice—Fry, you great rascal! What for you kill M. Rolette's calf?

Fry—I did not kill M. Rolette's calf.

Justice—(Shaking his fist) You lie, you great rascal! Bell, take him to jail. Come gentlemen, come, let us take a little *quelque-chose*."

L. C. D.