

osities from every one of our sixty counties, and some of them will surely show us new types of copper handiwork.

More than fifty coppers have come to our cabinet from Washington County alone, and some specimen from every one of its townships. Was that county, then, the head center of prehistoric metallurgy? Or has more been found there, simply because there Mr. Perkins sought oftenest and most persistently? The latter view seems to me most credible.

Those readers who think the foregoing lucubrations not worth a copper, will think better of my next paragraph for other reasons than because it is my last. The initials of the Mr. Perkins to whom we owe most of our prehistoric copper, are F. S. Frederick S. Perkins did the work, but *Eli* Perkins has the fame in the *State Journal's* book on *Wisconsin at the Centennial*. Eli Perkins!

"Phoebus, what a name,

To fill the speaking-trump of future fame!"

The name of *Eli* Perkins must have been written by the compiler of that Wisconsin centennial exhibit, through what Richard Grant White calls, heterophemy or heterography. That compiler knew better. He knew Eli to be so brazen-faced, that he could not be fancied to go about gathering up copper, save in the mercenary sense of a mountebank. Eli has too much brass already.

MAY 22, 1877.

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### Aztalan, the Ancient City

It has often been a matter of shame to me, that while living a quarter of a century in Wisconsin, my feet had never stood within the gates of Aztalan. My having passed it by on the other side was a special mortification to me when questioned about it—as if it were the only object of interest in our State—by savants in France, Germany, and Italy. But, last Saturday, I atoned for my past neglect by dedicating many an hour to the ancient city, and, had not the wind been a blizzard, and the mud worthy of the Potomac, would have been glad of all my friends as fellow pilgrims—throughout the city of the dead.