

we labored up against the current, we passed the launch of the Governor of the State of Tabasco, Tomas Garrido. It looked like a moving circus. On the roof of the cabin was an orchestra, and tied to the railing along the stern was a flock of turkeys and chickens. A bunch of heavily armed Lazzaroni formed the guard for this most powerful man.

Long before dawn we were chased out of our hammocks by a heavy shower, and thereafter huddled together under our rubber ponchos with our backs against the wall of the cabin. We tried to sleep, but did not have much success. Daylight came, and with that, some food. Then the sun broke through the clouds and dried us out.

The banks of the river are low, and planted with bananas. Here and there lie plantation houses, all in an advanced state of decay. Twice we passed the wrecks of steamers which had been dynamited by the rebels during the last revolution to stop the Government gun boats from approaching the capital of the State, Villahermosa.

Sighting a fast launch, we signaled it to come alongside, and the owner took us on board. This made better progress than our barge, and by noon we at last reached Villahermosa, and there found Mr. Gates and the two agronomists of the Tulane Botanical Expedition, Messrs. Hartenbower and Haskell.

Villahermosa is the Spanish for "Beautiful City," but alas, the name is the only thing beautiful about that place. To quote La Farge, verbatim, "There is little to say about it except that it is misnamed and smells worse than any town we have yet been in. The mediaeval atmosphere is completely preserved." Dirt and flies were so plentiful that we decided to leave the following day. Mr. Gates put his important botanical projects aside for a few days and joined us in order to make himself acquainted with our archaeological work.

Here again we met difficulties in buying animals, and as we were to return through Villahermosa a string of animals were hired to take us to Comalcalco. The country between the capital of the State and the town of Comalcalco consists of alluvial plains cut by many rivers, and covered with extensive pastures and scattered groups of trees. During the dry season it is preferable to travel at night, and we therefore left Villahermosa about 4:30 p. m.

An hour's ride from the town we reached Tierra Colorada, where we had to cross a broad and swift river called Rio Hondo, or Gonzales, or Plátano—all rivers here appear to have several names. Here our animals had to be unsaddled, and swim across, while we and our luggage went over in canoes.