

## LXXIV.

H.M.S. *Triumph*.

Sandy Point, 11th September 1888.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We are well on our way home now, and you may expect us at Plymouth about the middle of November. We have been very lucky so far, in the way of winds. I have had a little shooting in the Straits, but it is the wrong time of year. However, at one place where we anchored I killed my first Brent goose, at which I was very pleased. It is horribly cold weather, so you must excuse a short letter. Give my love to father and all the others, and tell father I hope he is looking out for a horse for me. We leave here either to-morrow night or the next morning. I will write again from Rio de Janeiro, which is the next place we stop at. Good-bye, from—Your very loving son,

EDWARD BAIRD.

## LXXV.

H.M.S. *Triumph*.

Rio de Janeiro, 27th September 1888.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I am afraid I wrote you rather a hasty letter from Sandy Point, but there was not much time before the steamer went. We have still been very lucky, as we have done in thirteen days a distance which we expected to take nineteen. This seems to be a very nice place, although I have not been ashore yet. We found