

“ Wednesday, March 21st. At length a reaction has set in: the wind is S.E. and there is a strong drift northward again. The equinox is past, and we are not one degree farther north since the last equinox. I wonder where the next will find us. Should it be more to the south, then victory is uncertain; if more to the north, the battle is won, though it may last long. I am looking forward to the summer; it must bring a change with it. The open water we sailed in up here cannot possibly be produced by the melting of the ice alone; it must be also due to the winds and current. And if the ice in which we are now drifts so far to the north as to make room for all this open water, we shall have covered a good bit on our way. It would seem, indeed, as if summer must bring northerly winds, with the cold Arctic Sea in the north and warm Siberia in the south. This makes me somewhat dubious; but, on the other hand, we have warm seas in the west: they may be stronger; and the *Jeannette*, moreover, drifted northwest.

“ It is strange that, notwithstanding these westerly winds, we do not drift eastward. The last longitude was only 135° east longitude.

“ Maundy Thursday, March 22d. A strong southeasterly wind still, and a good drift northward. Our spirits are rising. The wind whistles through the rigging overhead, and sounds like the sough of victory through the air. In the forenoon one of the puppies had a severe attack of convulsions; it foamed at the mouth and bit