

tance—I mean *direction*: that steeple is a mile off, and not *here* where we sit; and it lies south-east of us, and not north or west. And if the steeple were away, I should have just as clear a notion of its *place* as if I saw it there. There now! But then distance and direction imply two *places*. So there are three things anyhow that belong to a vacuum; and let me tell you, it is not everything that three things positively intelligible can be “predicated” of (to speak your jargon).

Hermogenes.—Dear me, Hermione! how can you twit me so? Jargon! Every speciality has its “jargon.” Even the Law, that system of dreams, has its “jargon”—the more so, to be sure, because it *is* a system of dreams, or rather of nightmares (God forgive me for saying so!). Well, then, you seem to have tolerably clear notions about a vacuum—at least, I cannot make them clearer. Much clearer, an yhow, than Des Cartes had, who maintained that if it were not for the foot-rule between them, the two ends of it would be in the same place. Still, there is much to be said about that same *Vacuum*, especially when contrasted with a *Plenum*, which means (if it mean anything) the *exact opposite of a vacuum*. In other words, a “jam,” a “block,” a “fix.” But, on the whole, I lean to a vacuum. The other idea is oppressive. It does not allow one to breathe. There is no elbow-room. It seems to realize the notion of that great human squeeze in which we should be landed after a hundred generations of unrestrained propagation.* One does no.

* For the benefit of those who discuss the subjects of Population, War, Pestilence, Famine, &c., it may be as well to mention that the