

Here is still another name,—

Now the rotten diseases of the south.

Troilus and Cressida, v, 1.

* A placket is the slit or opening in a woman's under garment. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, iii, 1. and *Troilus and Cressida*, ii, 3.

Timon of Athens calls syphilis the "infinite malady" when he refers to rupia—

Of man and beast the infinite maladie
Crust you quite o'er!

Timon of Athens, iii, 6.

Tertiary syphilitic bone affections are undoubtedly referred to in the two following quotations:—

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow: impiety has made a feast of thee.

Measure for Measure, i, 2.

After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket.

Troilus and Cressida, ii, 3.

The Duke in *As You Like It* tells the melancholy Jacques pretty plainly that his anxiety to speak his mind and blow on whom he pleases is but the result of his dissolute youth and the venereal disease he then contracted.

Thou thyself has been a libertine
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all th'embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot has caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

As You Like It, ii, 7.

It is evidently syphilis that the Grave-digger in *Hamlet* refers to—

Hamlet. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1st Clown. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky corpses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Hamlet, v, 1.

In the speech to the two rapacious courtesans by Timon of Athens, the mad misanthropist, there is a most vivid description of some of the characteristic lesions of tertiary syphilis—

Timon. Consumption sow
In hollow bones of man: strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly; hoar the flamen
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself; down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal; make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you; plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection—There's more gold—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Timon of Athens, iv, 3.