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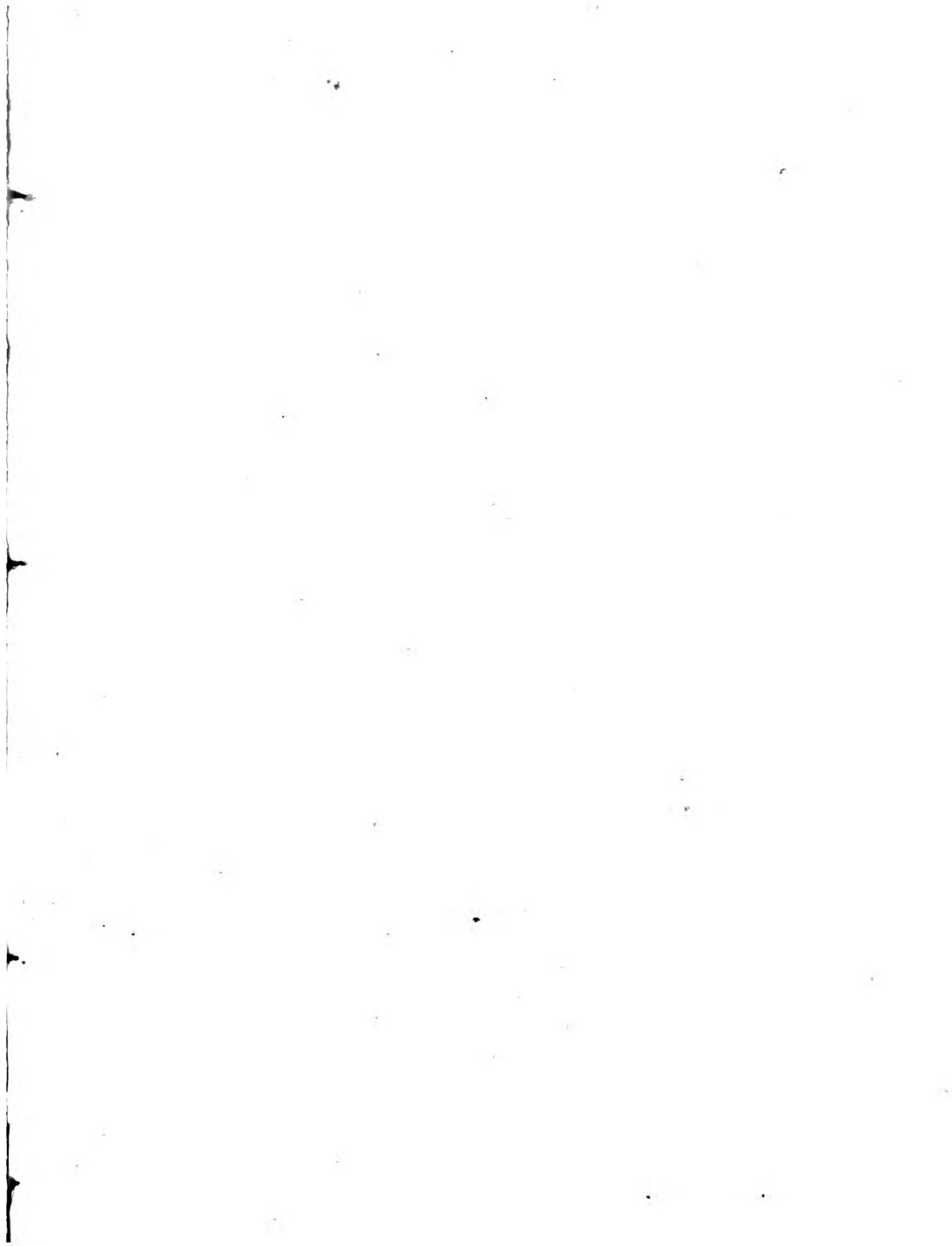


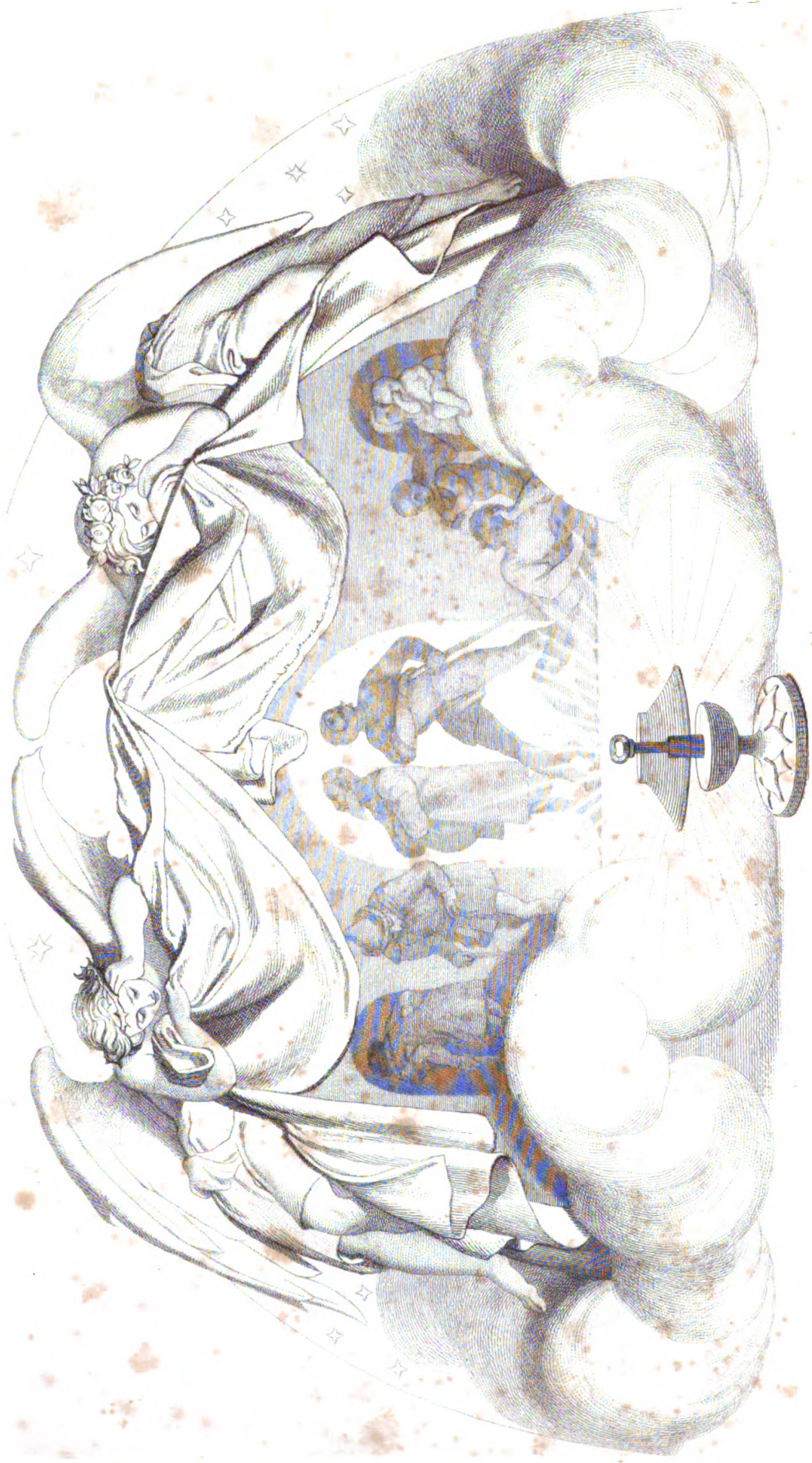
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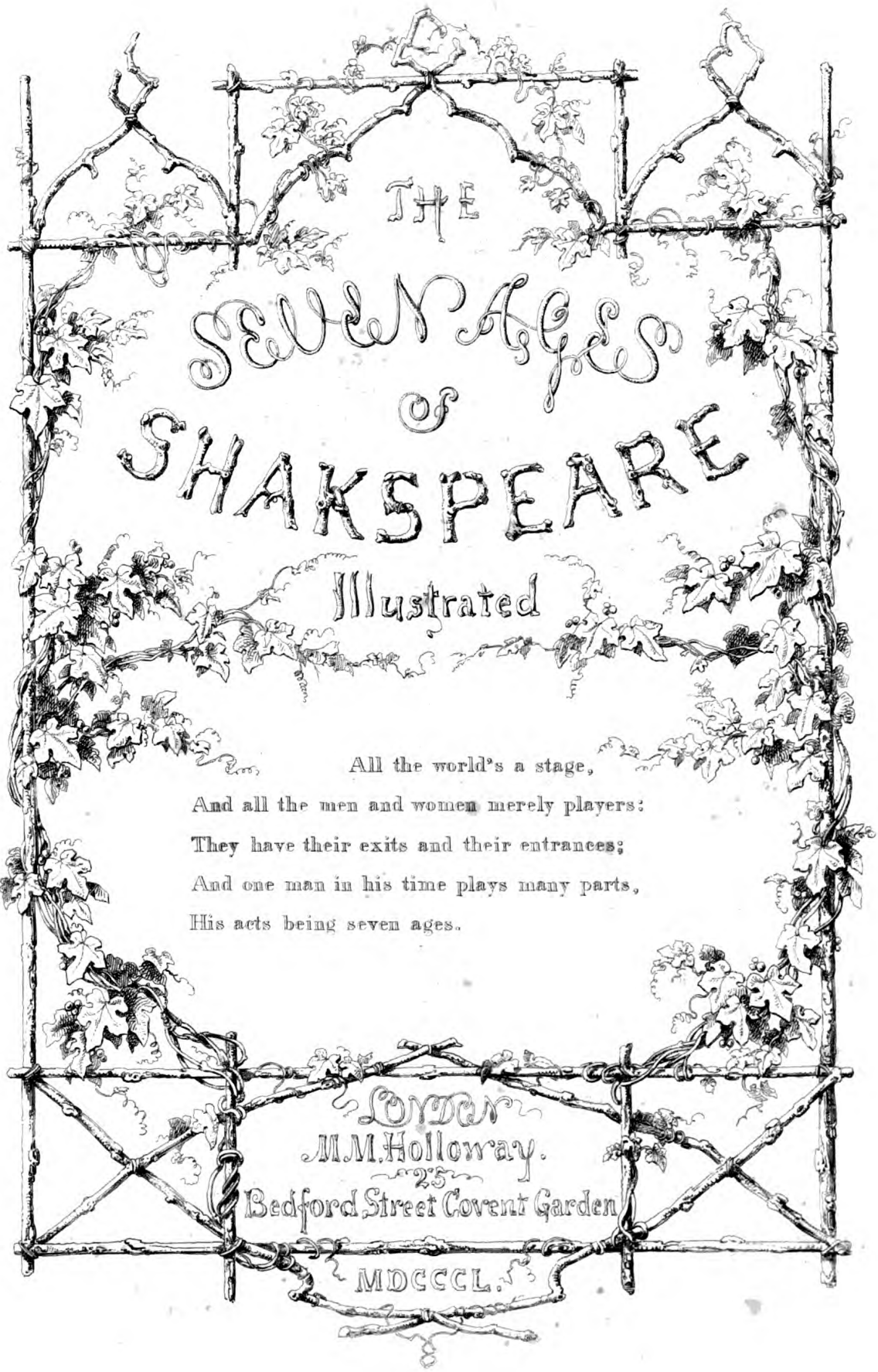




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THE
SEVEN AGES
OF
SHAKSPEARE
Illustrated

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.

LONDON
M.M. Holloway.
25
Bedford Street Covent Garden

MDCCL.

THE FRONTISPIECE AND SEVEN SUBJECTS COMMENCING THIS VOLUME, ARE ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY MR. EDWARD GOODALL, AFTER A SERIES OF ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY DANIEL MACLISE, ESQ., R.A., PRESENTED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ART-UNION OF LONDON. THE TITLE PAGE AND SEVEN PLATES OF TEXT WITH ORNAMENTAL BORDERS, WERE DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY MR. F. P. BECKER.

THE EIGHT WOOD-CUTS, SUCCEEDING THE ABOVE, WERE DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS.

“ALL THE WORLD’S A STAGE.”

WILLIAM MULREADY, ESQ., R.A. JOHN THOMPSON.

THE INFANT.

SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A. JOHN THOMPSON.

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ., R.A. JOHN THOMPSON.

THE LOVER.

A. E. CHALON, ESQ., R.A. JOHN THOMPSON.

THE SOLDIER.

A. COOPER, ESQ., R.A. JOHN JACKSON.

THE JUSTICE.

SIR A. W. CALCOTT, R.A. JOHN THOMPSON.

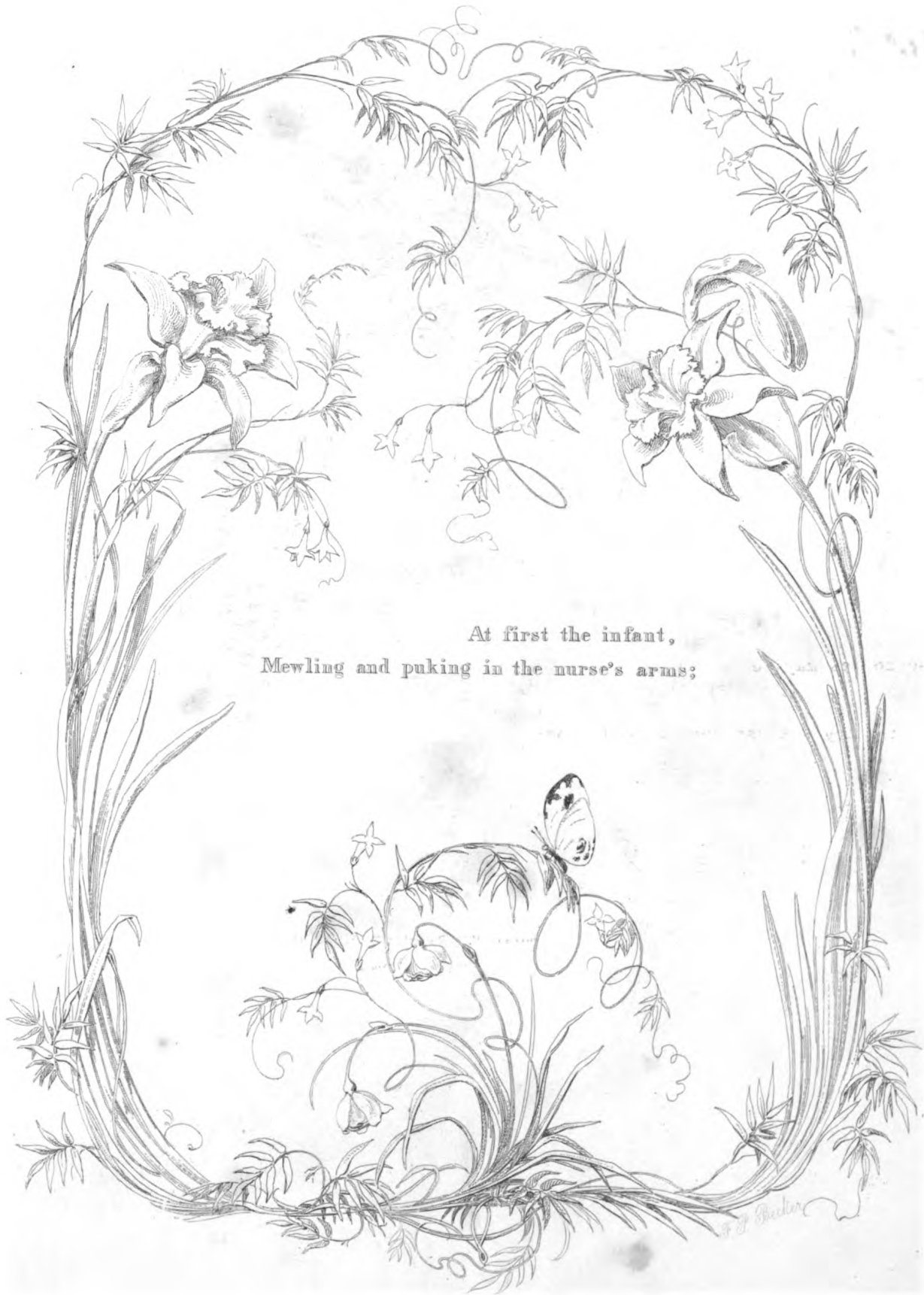
“THE LEAN AND SLIPPER’D PANTALOOON.”

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A. S. WILLIAMS.

“LAST SCENE OF ALL!”

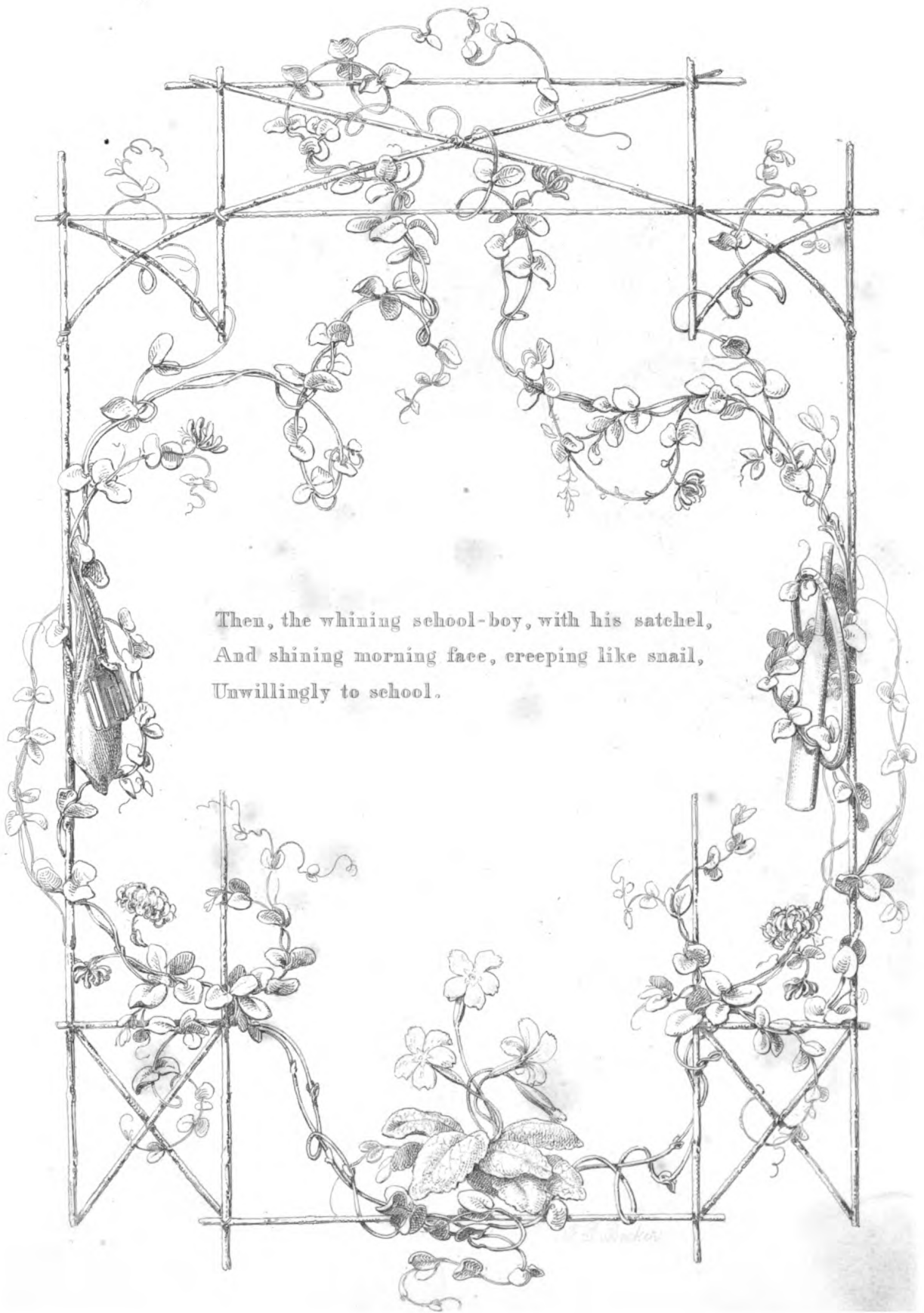
WILLIAM HILTON, ESQ., R.A. S. WILLIAMS.





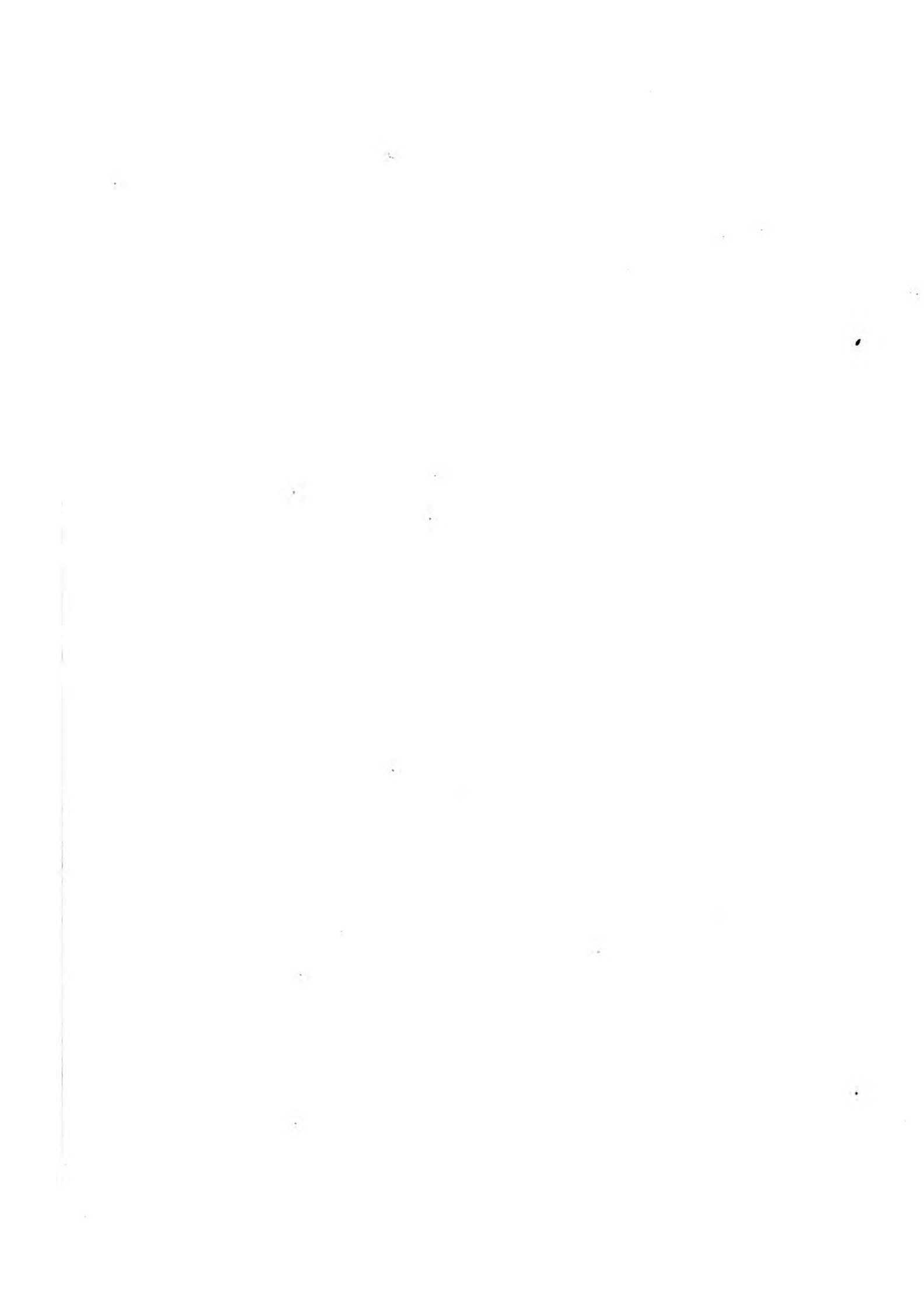
At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;



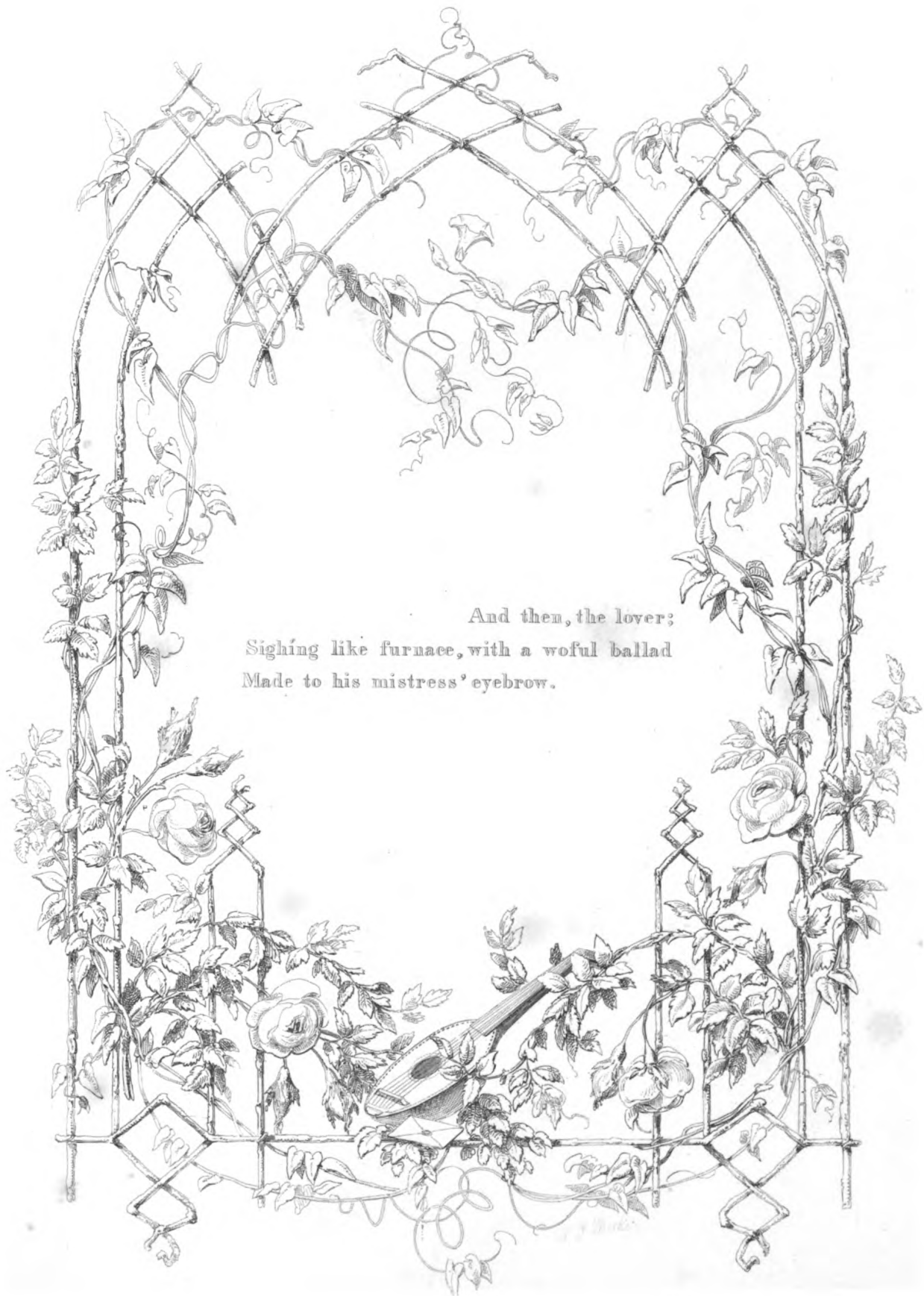


Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school.

J. S. Walker

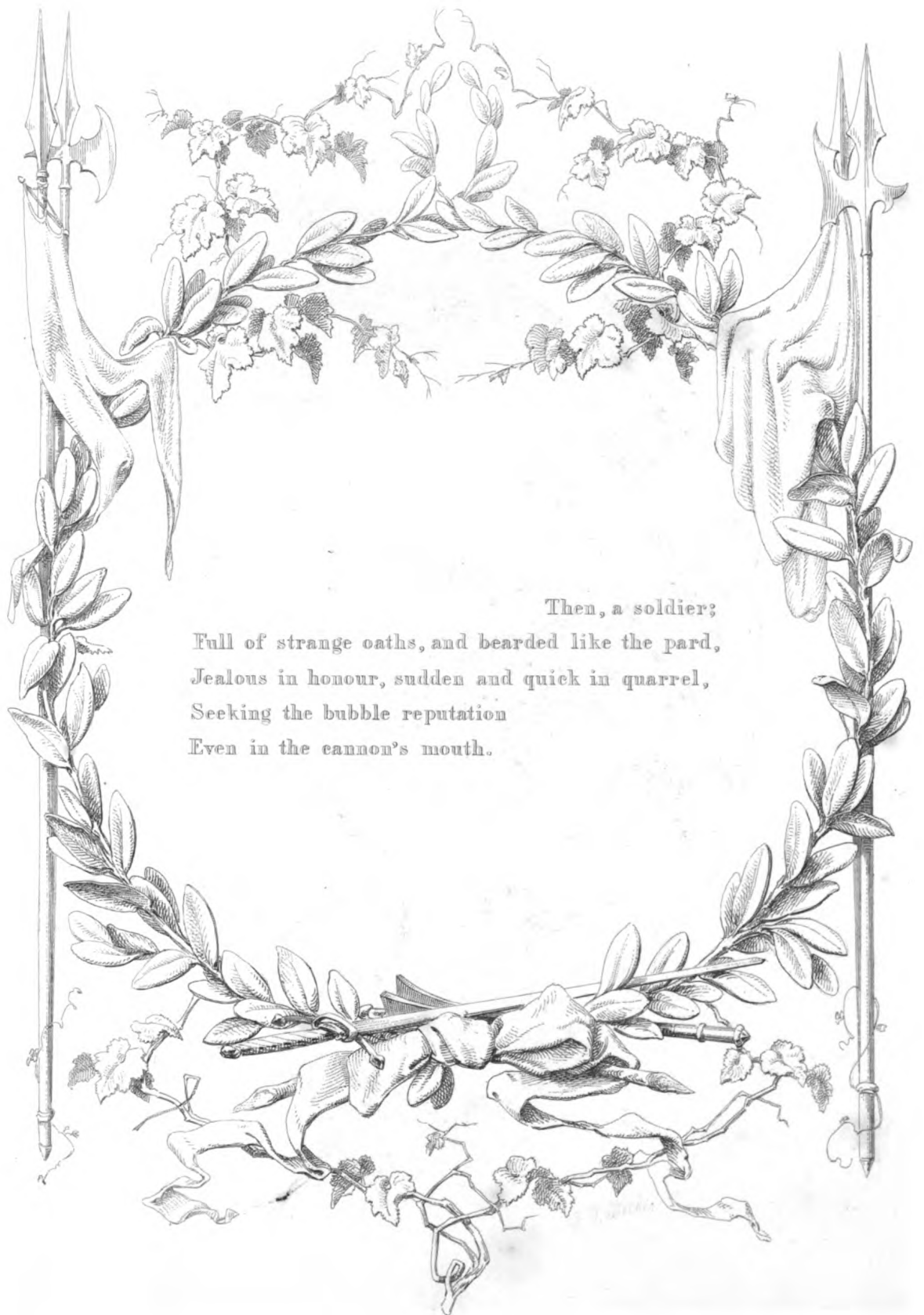




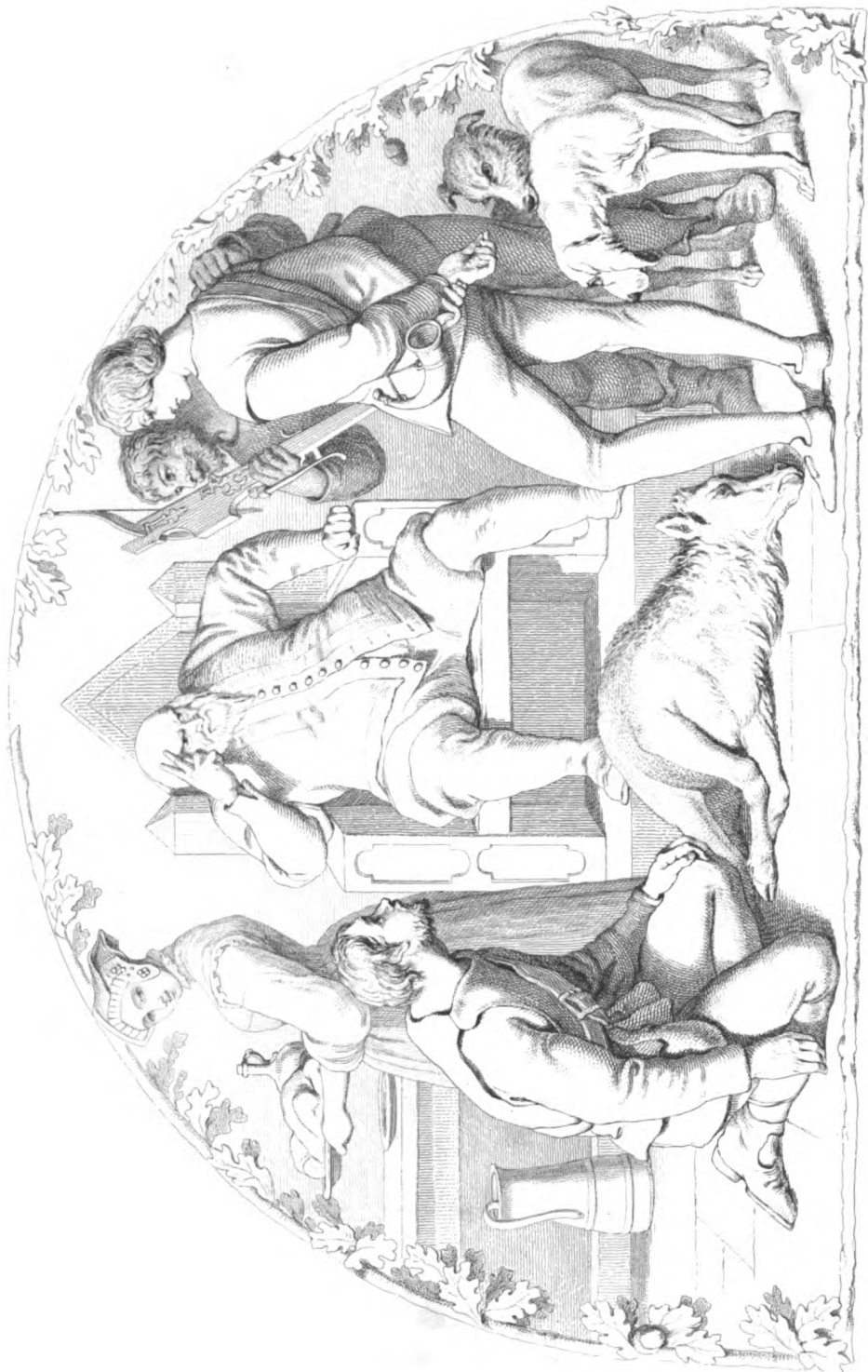


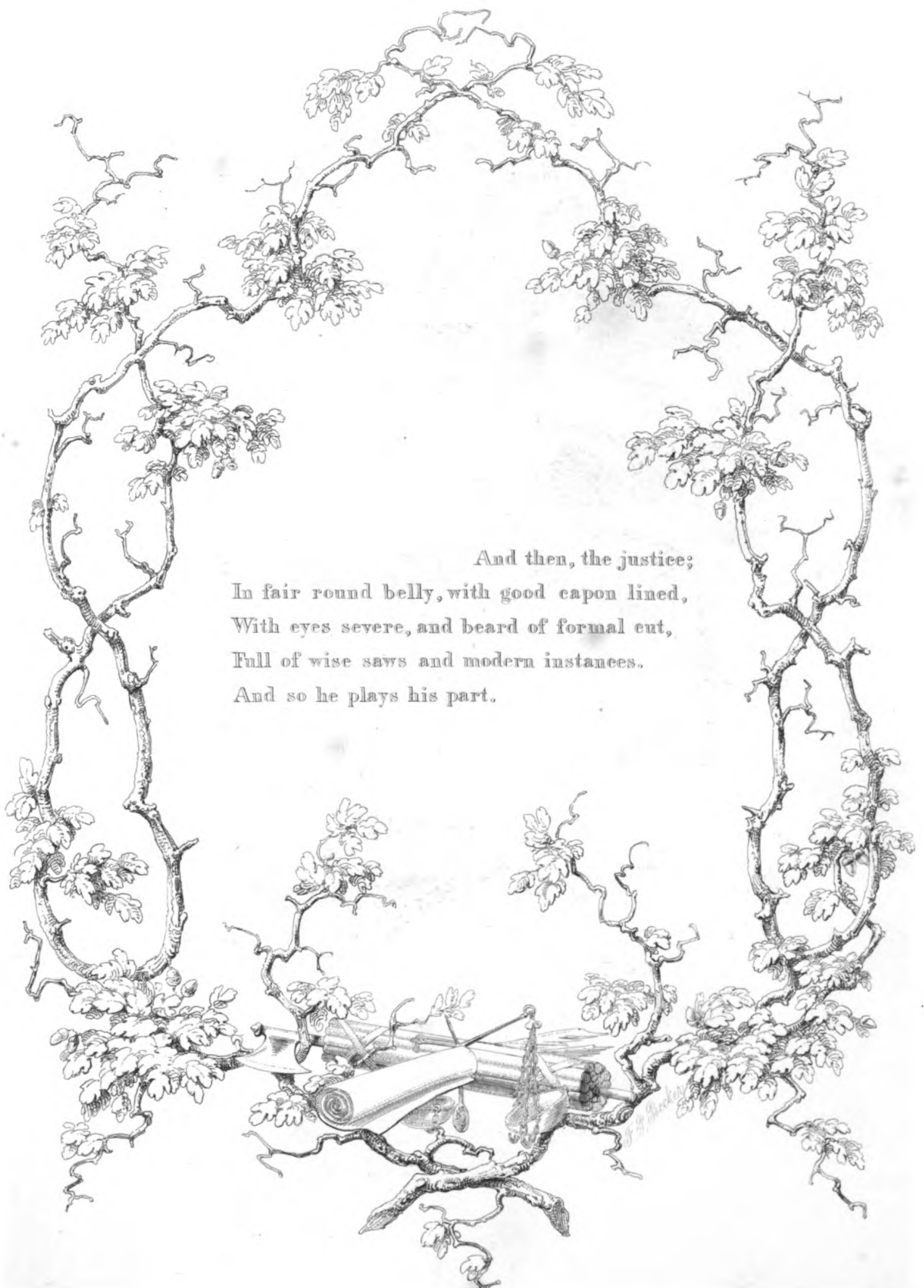
And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.



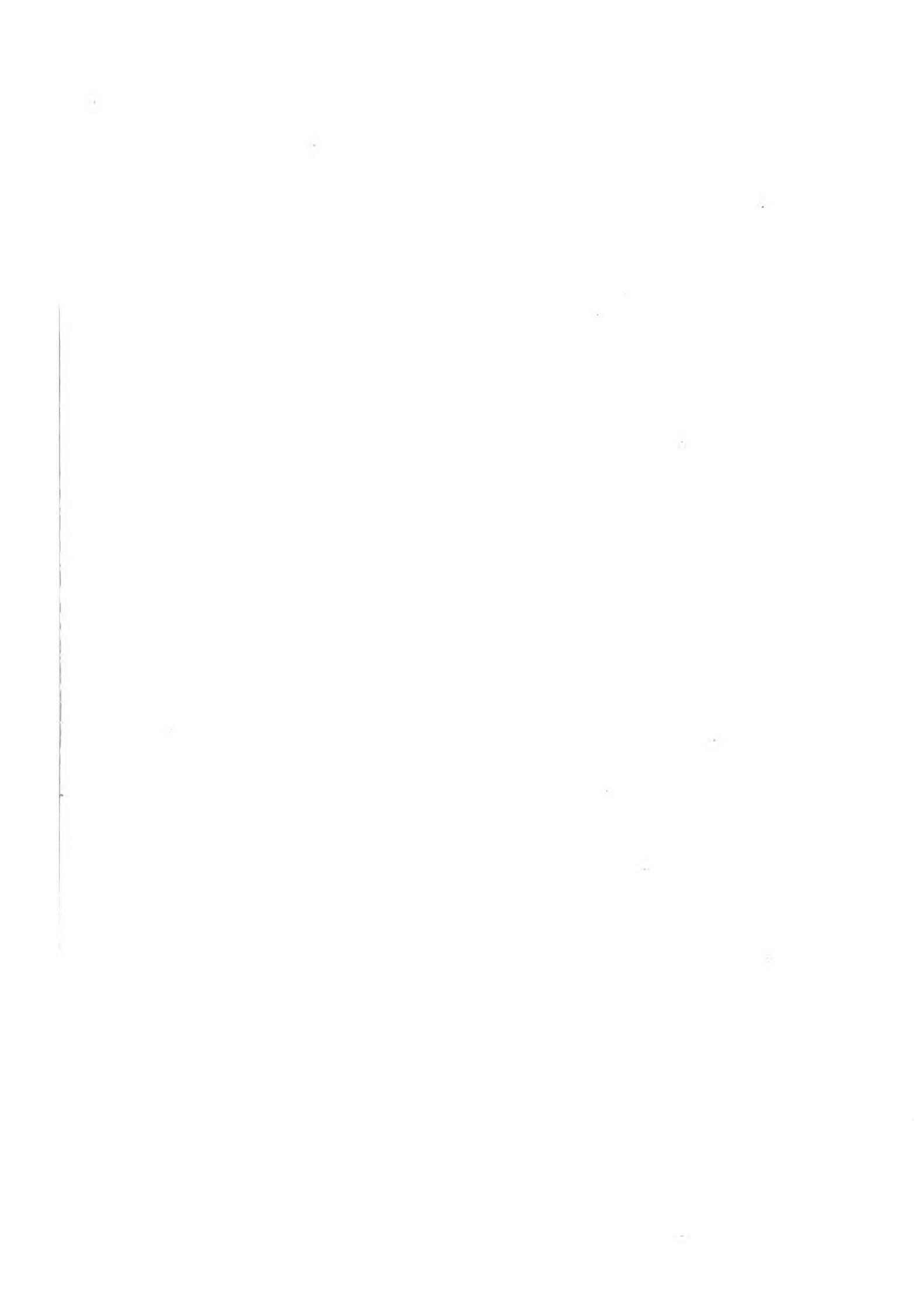


Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.

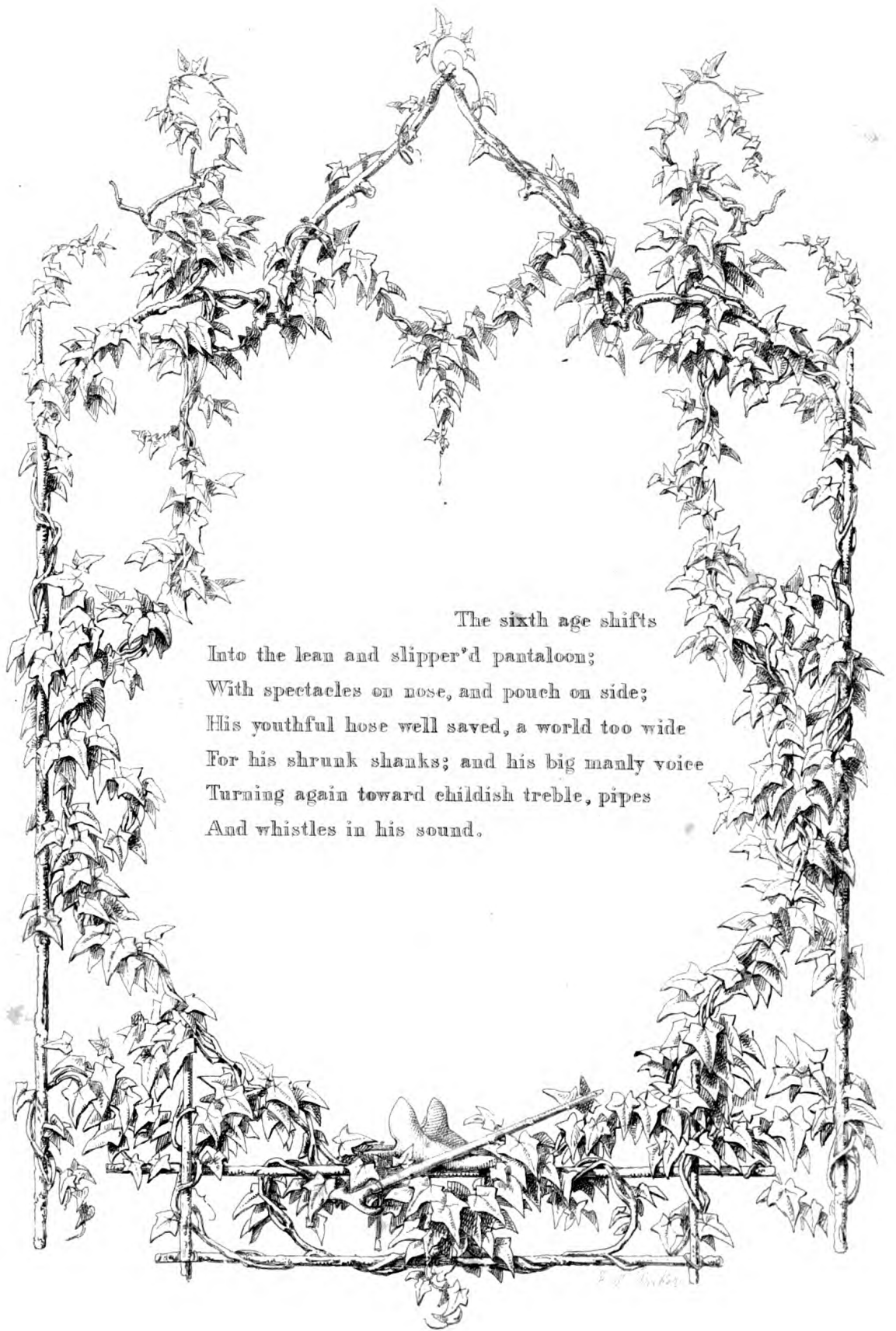




And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances.
And so he plays his part.



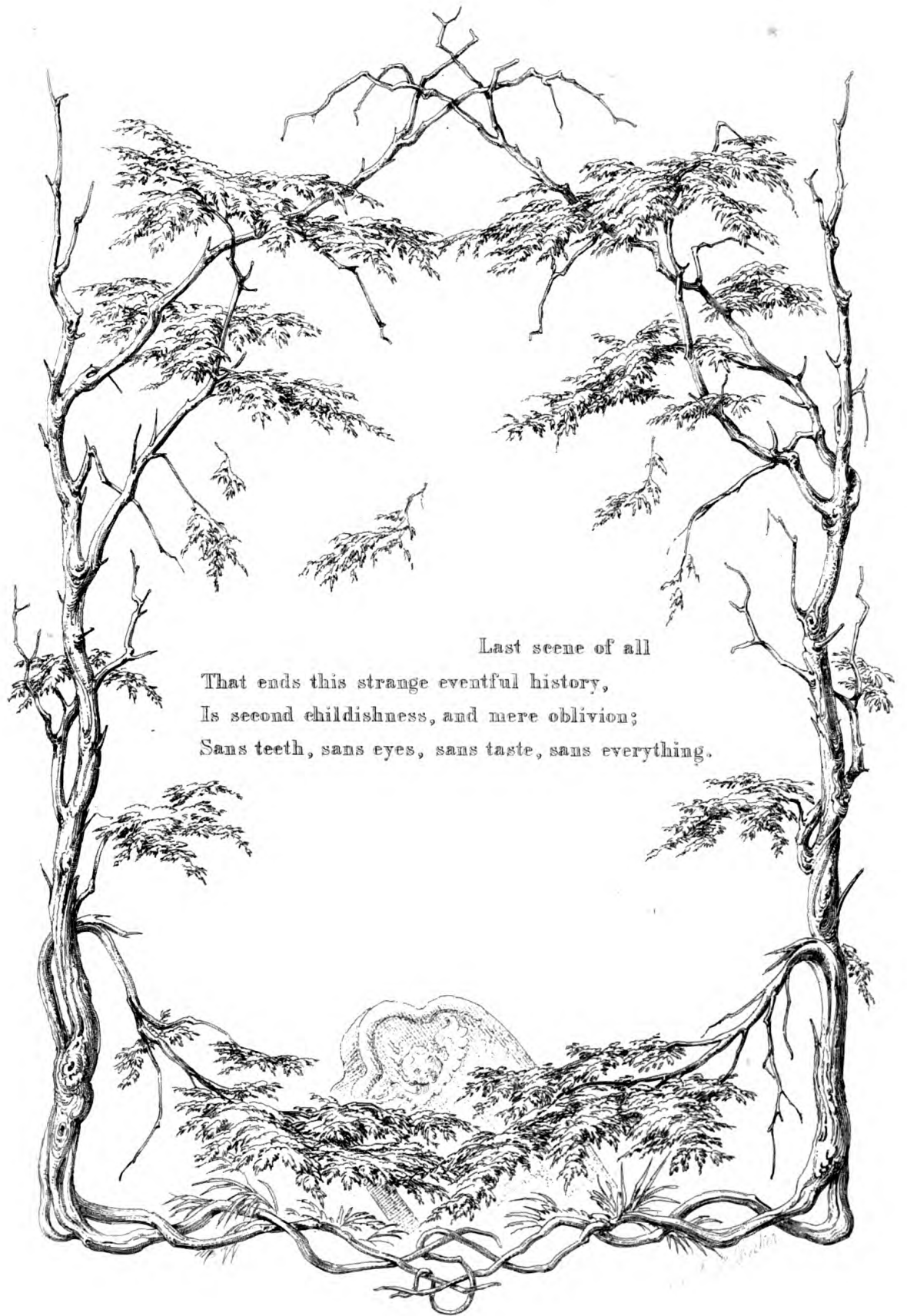




The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.





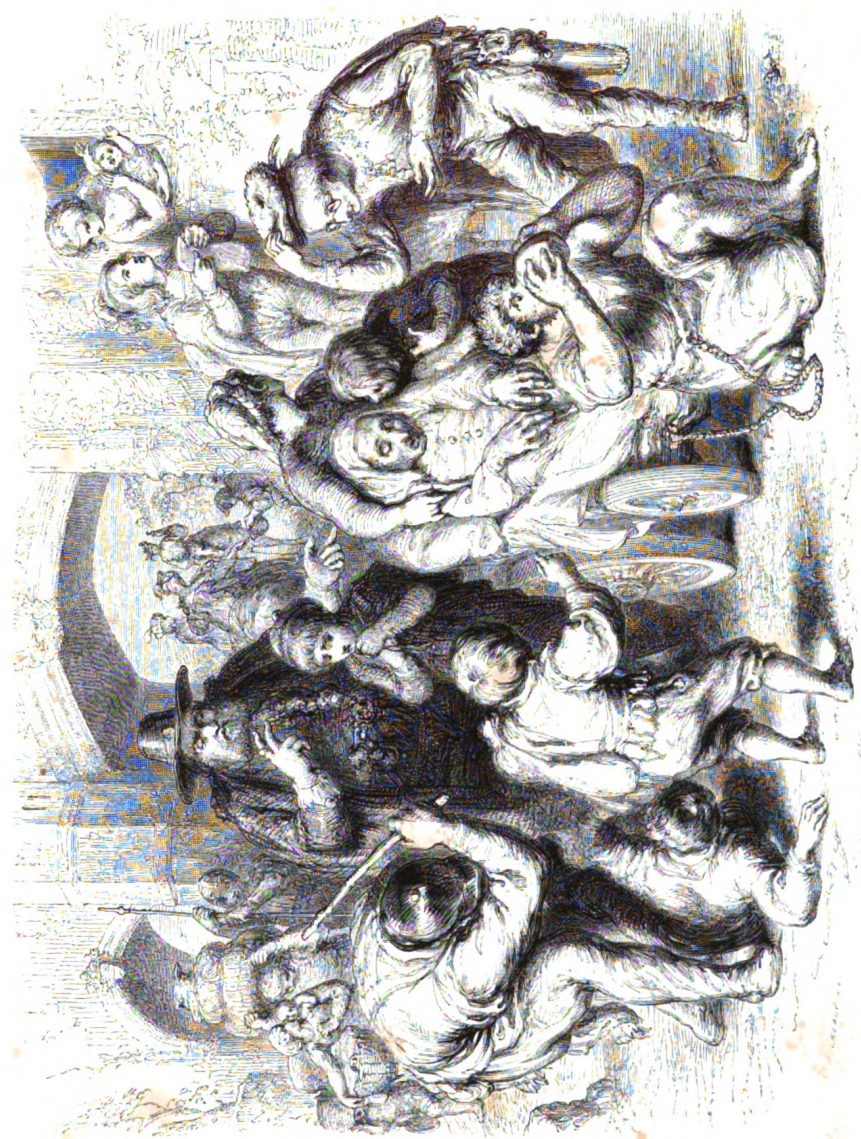


Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

THE SEVEN AGES.

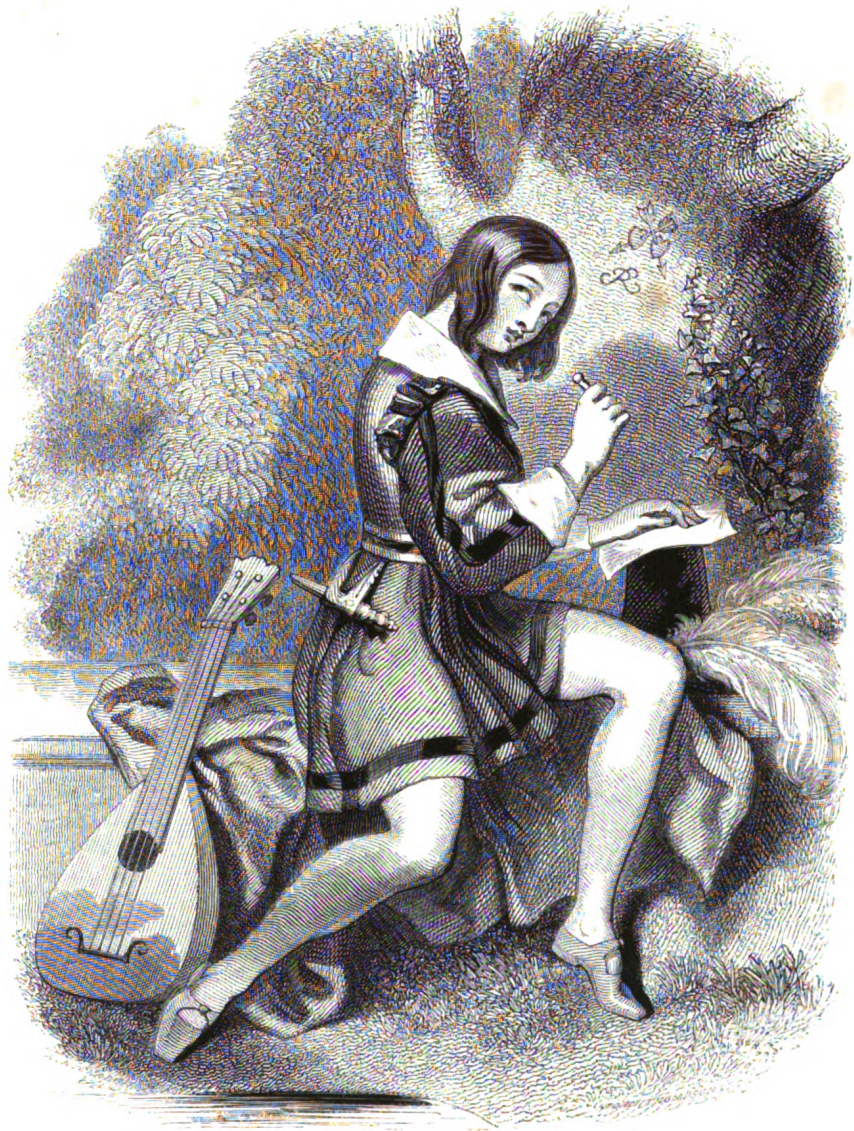
All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover ;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier ;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice ;
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
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Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

. The peculiar form of the Designs arises from their having been made, originally, for a special purpose.

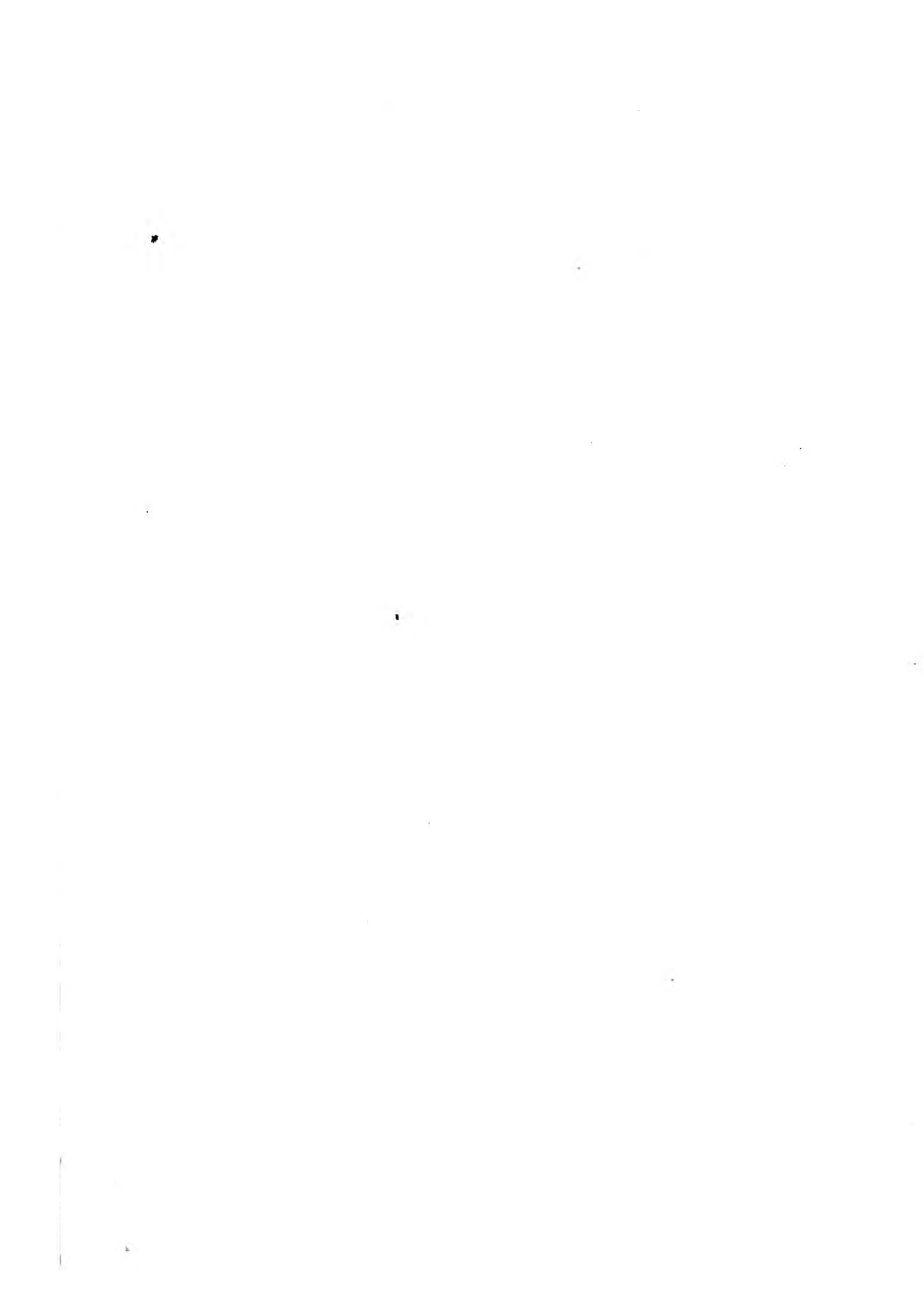


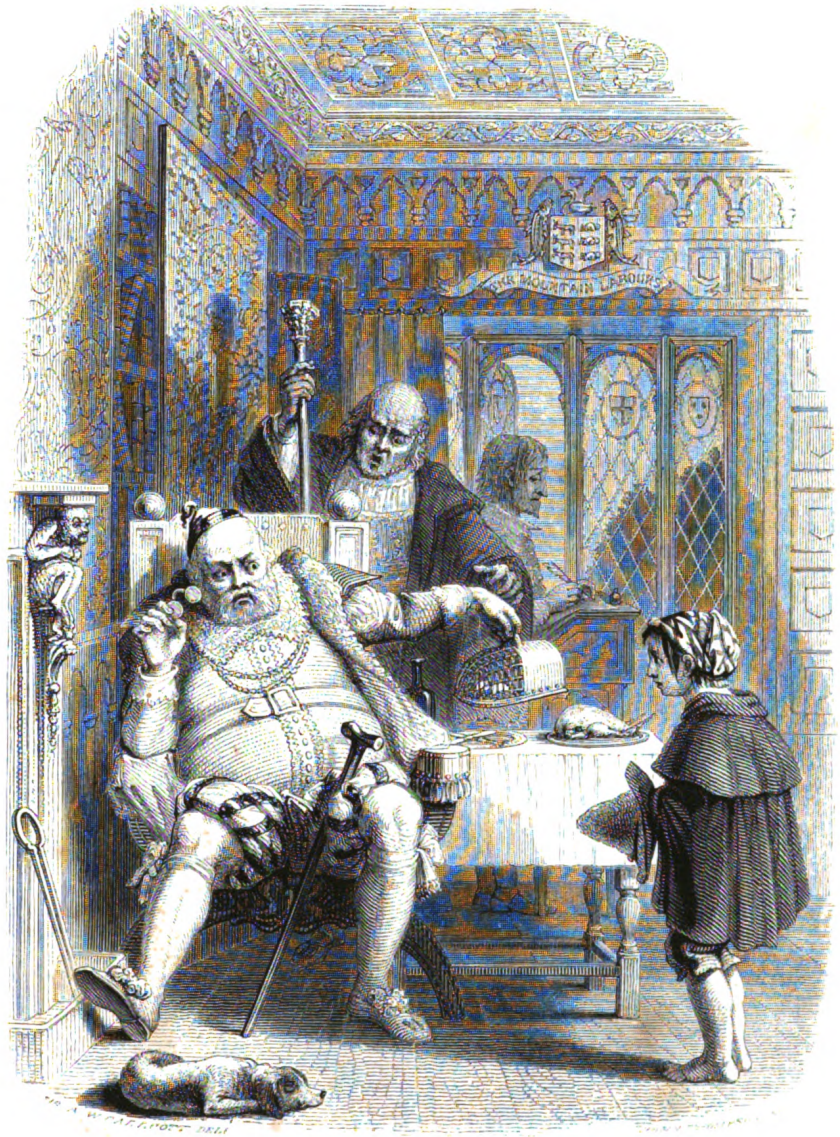




















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