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The Further Fortunes of Falstaff

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There are some figures in literature of whom the public can never have enough. The general welcomes Tamburlaine received made Marlowe pen his second part, and within four months of Robinson Crusoe's life and strange surprising adventures his further adventures were on sale. Tamburlaine died, and Crusoe grew older; but William Brown was boy eternal, and Richmal Crompton, who related his strange surprising adventures in some thirty volumes, with rueful affection called him 'my Frankenstein's Monster'.

Frankenstein's Monster himself, having been given life directly by Frankenstein and ultimately by Mary Shelley, has enjoyed a robust afterlife in the cinema. The death of the author, whatever it may mean to students of modern critical theory, need not mean the death of the author's creations. Other hands can take up the pen and continue the story, sometimes with unexpected results. Thomas Hughes followed his hero Tom Brown from Rugby to Oxford; it was left to George Macdonald Fraser a century later to follow Hughes's anti-hero Flashman from Rugby to India. *Flashman* was so successful that in its turn it had to have sequel volumes.

Falstaff's original career, mapped out in advance by the sources from which Shakespeare created the First and Second Parts of *Henry IV*, was developed in both these ways, by the author himself and by others in later centuries. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* bears clear signs of being a play for a court occasion (its allusions to Windsor Castle and the Order of the Garter in the final scene are far more extensive than is required by the context or would be appropriate in a play for the public stage): probably Shakespeare fitted in its composition for the Garter Feast of 1597 while completing 2 *Henry IV*. In it, Falstaff and some of his companions are involved in a comedy of domestic intrigue quite independent of their activities in the history plays. In *Henry V*, the action of which takes place after Prince Henry has been

crowned and has rejected Falstaff, Falstaff's last illness and death are touchingly reported but he makes no personal appearance despite Shakespeare's undertaking, in the epilogue to *2 Henry IV*, to 'continue the story with Sir John in it'. Both these plays show Shakespeare improvising developments of the Falstaff story – an offshoot and a sequel – when the story itself, his relations with Prince Henry, had run its course. To what good purpose he improvised has been often enough discussed. Little attention, however, has been paid to those later literary works in which Falstaff becomes the focus of their authors' original compositions.

Falstaff's Wedding is a title with two great merits: it arouses curiosity and it does not give away the plot of the play to which it belongs. (The wedding, like that in *Bunthorne's Bride*, may never come off.) William Kenrick, the author, states in his preface of 1760 that he wrote the play nine years before its publication when he 'was young and giddy enough to amuse himself, in a stuffed doublet, before a private audience, with an attempt at a personal representation of the humours of Sir John Falstaff', and that it was never intended for the stage.¹ An abridged version was nevertheless staged by Garrick at Drury Lane for one night in 1766, Kenrick subsequently publishing an open letter to Garrick complaining that it had not been repeated. (His relations with Garrick spectacularly deteriorated further in due course, as his *Dictionary of National Biography* entry reveals.)

Kenrick's title-page describes the play as 'a sequel' to *2 Henry IV*, 'written in imitation of Shakespeare'. Accordingly its action begins immediately after Henry V's coronation and Falstaff's dismissal. Falstaff's doings are combined with those of the conspirators Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, and the characters speak in verse if they are noble or serious and in prose if they are base or comic. Falstaff, as usual, is in financial difficulties: Mistress Quickly brings an action for debt but is pacified by the news that he has a thousand pounds; Shallow, by whom the thousand pounds has been lent, resolves to recover them by the law or by the sword; and Dame Ursula, to whom Falstaff has long promised marriage and to whom he also owes money, has written demanding either repayment or the fulfilment of his promise. Since she is rich he chooses the latter alternative, declares his passion, and is accepted. The wedding takes place off stage. A farcical duel is fought by Falstaff and Shallow, who is finally defeated when Falstaff's target is clapped on his head like an extinguisher, and who resigns himself to the loss of his loan. Meanwhile the conspirators mature their plans. Scroop, who is the villain of the piece, is the secret paramour of Cambridge's wife and aims at the crown by marriage with her after the removal of Henry, Mortimer, and her husband; for good measure he is plotting to seduce Eleanor Poins, Henry's former mistress who

is now a penitent and is about to enter a nunnery. His latter scheme is frustrated by two virtuous friars, and his former one by Falstaff, whose presumed disaffection the conspirators have relied upon by engaging him to assassinate the King on the eve of his French expedition. The interview between Falstaff and the King is the climax of the plot:

Fal. My business is, my liege, principally to make your majesty an unworthy present.

King. A present! needed there so much formality;
This intercession for thyself in person,
To be the bearer of a paltry present?
And to what end? think not on any terms
But those of thy repentance and amendment,
King Henry's favour ever can be purchas'd.

Fal. Nay, my liege, this present is not properly my own, nor indeed made with a view to my particular emolument. I am employ'd herein by certain great personages of your majesty's court; who, I imagine, were afraid, or asham'd, to present so improper an offering in their own persons.

King. Trifler! What is't?

Fal. A – dagger, my liege.

King. Ha!

Fal. (*kneeling*) See, here it is. (*Presents it to the King, and rises*) Your majesty will doubtless pardon me, that I fail in so material a part of my commission, as that of lodging it deep in your left breast.²

After some rather superfluous complications (the King pretends to disbelieve Falstaff in order the better to entrap the conspirators) Falstaff is restored to royal favour.

Falstaff's Wedding is almost equally divided into its serious and comic parts. Falstaff is given room to expand, as in this dialogue with Bardolph:

And am I thus requited? Is this the guerdon of my great achievements? Hang valour, I'll hack my sword no more. Thus has it ever been the fate of merit to be rewarded. Alcibiades and Bellisarius for that!

Bar. Ay, Sir John, they were tall fellows: they were sadly us'd indeed: I have heard of them. But that was in king John's time, I think.

Fal. They were the Falstaffs of antiquity, Bardolph.

Bar. Like enough, Sir John: they were before my time, to be sure; though Pistol told me, t'other day, that general Bellisarius was his godfather.³

There are some good touches here: 'I'll hack my sword no more' simultaneously recalls Falstaff's and Peto's contradictory accounts of how it came to be hacked in the Gadshill robbery.⁴ But no one would mistake the dialogue for the genuine Shakespearean article. James White's *Falstaff's Letters* catches the flavour infinitely better.

The original title-page of 1796 bears no author's name:

*Original Letters, &c., of Sir John Falstaff and his friends; now first made public by a gentleman, a descendant of Dame Quickly, from genuine manuscripts which have been in the possession of the Quickly family near four hundred years.*⁵

The irony of this title-page is twofold. Transparently fictitious writings are presented as authentic, and it is also implied that a recently published collection of original manuscripts is no more genuine. These were the Shakespeare papers forged by William Henry Ireland and published by his father Samuel in December 1795 (dated 1796), which included, besides manuscripts of part of *Hamlet* and the whole of *King Lear*, letters from the Earl of Southampton and Elizabeth I to Shakespeare, and from Shakespeare to Ann Hathaway.

Though the publication of the Shakespeare papers no doubt precipitated that of the Falstaff letters, the latter must have been in gestation for some time; and though White's friend and contemporary Charles Lamb wrote to Coleridge that he 'took the hint from *Vortigern*' (a pseudo-Shakespearean play forged by Ireland and acted for one night in April 1796), to which White's text and notes make some playful allusions), Lamb later described how, under the spell of the *Henry IV* plays to which he had introduced White, 'over our pottle of Sherris he would talk you nothing but pure *Falstaff* the long evenings through'.⁶ This is exactly the impression that the book makes – a series of spirited impersonations, based on a thorough familiarity with the Falstaff plays, including *The Merry Wives* and *Henry V*. There are letters from Falstaff, Prince Henry, Justice Shallow, Davy, Pistol, Nym, Mistress Ford, Mistress Quickly, Master Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, the Host of the Garter, and finally from Captain Fluellen commiserating with Mistress Quickly on Falstaff's death. Slender also dies (his last days are affectingly described by the simple Davy), but otherwise White makes no important additions or alterations to the Shakespearean stories; he simply fills them out with inventions that are always in keeping with the spirit of the original, while sometimes heightened into fantasy. For instance, when Falstaff is tipped out of the buck-basket into the Thames at Datchet he is observed by a goatherd floundering to the shore, roaring and shaking his dagger, and the goatherd reports to Shallow that he has seen a monster come out of the river and gesture

threateningly towards Windsor Castle. This incident is given as a dialogue, with Shallow in fine justiciary form:

Now, good man, what is your business? What is the matter that you would desire to disclose? Marry, I am of the Commission in the county of Gloucester; but if you have anything to depose, that is salutary, and beneficial, and for the welfare and good of his most gracious Majesty, I care not: – Robert Shallow, esquire, will take cognizance of it, though in the county of Berks.⁷

He eventually decides that it must have been ‘Owen the Welchman, a very doughty rebel’. His irascible earnestness, the goatherd’s rambling prolixity, and Slender’s ineffectual attempts to get into the conversation give the long dialogue its zest. As to the letters proper, they all display the verbal habits of their authors: as Pope said of the speeches in the plays, every sentence can be confidently assigned to its proper speaker:

I lie down at Shrewsbury out of base fear! I melt into roods, and acres, and poles! I tell thee what, Hal, there’s not a subject in the land hath half my temperance of valour. Did I not see thee combating the man-queller, Hotspur; yea, in peril of subduement? was it for me to lose my sweet Hal without a thrust, having my rapier, my habergeon, my good self about me? I did lie down in the hope of sherking him in the rib. – Four drummers and a fifer did help me to the ground. – Didst thou not mark how I did leer upon thee from beneath my buckler?⁸

Thy letter, Knight, in spite of yeoman and base hounds of Hesperus, which did him circumvent, I did deliver to the quondam Hal. ‘The man of mickle span unto his lovely bully’ – Thus Antient Pistol – whereon the Fry of Majesty, Herodian worms and insects damn’d also, which Lucifer doth hatch upon his morning crown, did mow and chatter like to apes of Ind.⁹

Here’s Master Martlet, that you call’d the eves-dropper, ‘cause, goodsooth, he had a bird’s name – ‘twas no longer ago than yesterday – says he, Goodwife Quickly – *Goodwife*, Sir John – for he always names me so, altho’ he knew my poor husband that’s dead;¹⁰

After the authentic letters came the authentic life: Lord, Lord, as Falstaff said, how this world is given to lying! *The Life of Sir John Falstaff, illustrated by George Cruikshank, with a biography of the knight from authentic sources by Robert B. Brough* was published in 1858. As with the early numbers of *The Pickwick Papers*, the etchings came first

and the text was written to illustrate them. Artist and writer were well matched. Cruikshank had aimed at historical accuracy in depicting the fifteenth-century world (St Paul's is of course *old* St Paul's and has its steeple, erected in the fourteenth century and destroyed by lightning in 1561), and Brough supplied plausible provenance for his documentary evidence: a letter from the young Falstaff, in London, to his mother, giving his impressions of the city and the royal family and asking for six shillings, is 'Preserved in the Strongate collection' owned by 'Mr Roderick Bolton, F.S.A., of Kemys-Commander, Monmouthshire'.¹¹

Most of Cruikshank's etchings depicted Falstaff in his most famous exploits, such as running away from the men in buckram suits at Gadshill and cowering before the pretended fairies in Windsor Forest, and here Brough's task was to retell the familiar story interestingly, but he was well able to invent a new story when the etching sprang from the slightest hint of one. Shallow, recalling his mad days at Clement's Inn, tells his cousin Silence that

Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. . . . I see him break Scoggin's head at the court gate when a was a crack, not thus high.¹²

Cruikshank depicts a slim boyish springheeled Falstaff and a tall swarthy staggering Skogan duelling with basket-hilted cudgels before a crowd of spectators backed by a medieval archway. Brough gives the episode a context. Falstaff is seeking a chance to re-establish his courage after deserting his comrades in a street fight with prentices because he did not want to spoil his new doublet. He happens to enter a tavern.

A burly, black-bearded fellow of some five and twenty, far gone in his cups, was challenging a roomfull of people to make verses, quote Latin, fight, wrestle, or drink against him, declaring that he was the great poet, cudgeller, or wrestling scholar, Henry Skogan. He brandished a scrap of greasy parchment, on which, he said, were written verses which Master Chaucer or Dan Virgil himself need not be ashamed of, as would be owned when he read them at the court gate in the morning to the Earl of Cambridge, in honour of whose twenty-seventh birthday they were composed. He volunteered to read them to the company, and dared any one to find them bad.¹³

A waterman challenges Skogan and is defeated. Next day Falstaff, having reassembled his comrades, gets one of them, Thomas Doit, to ask Skogan to recite his verses, which Falstaff then criticises:

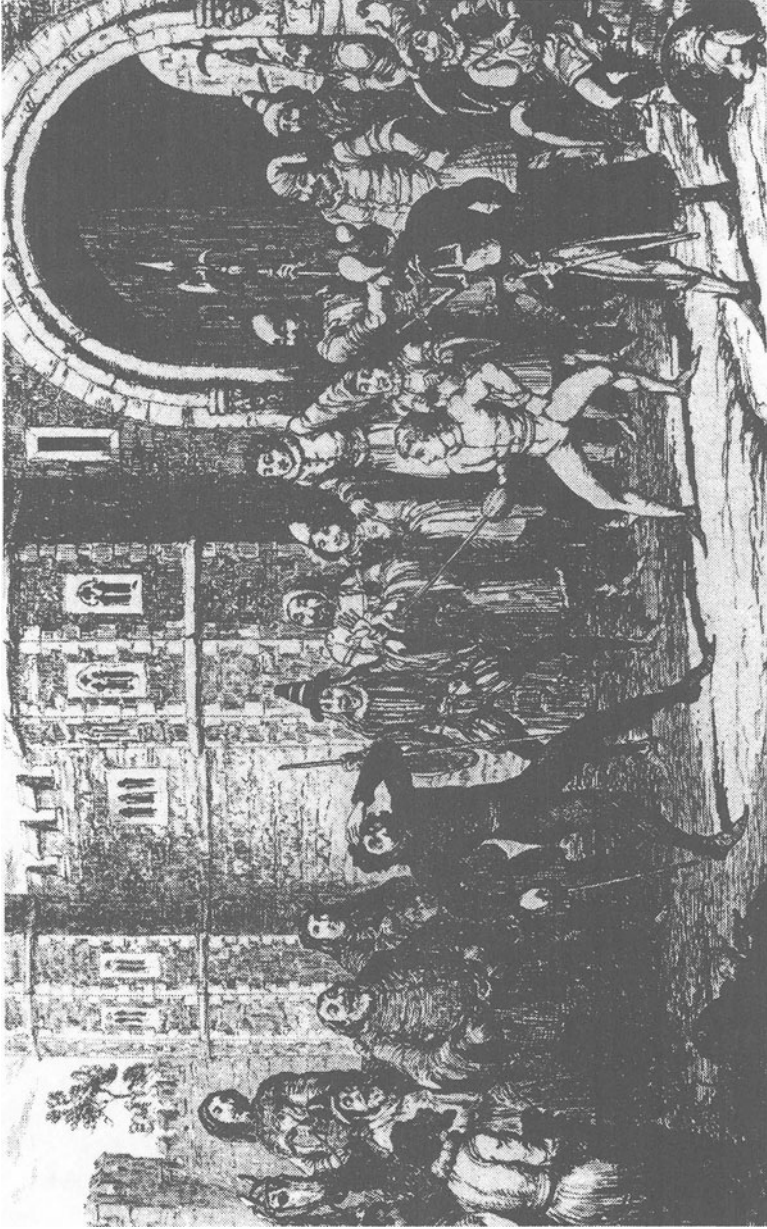


Figure 24.1 Illustration by George Cruikshank for *The Life of Sir John Falstaff* (1858) by Robert B. Brough (The Shakespeare Centre Library, Stratford-upon-Avon)

'Oh, royal Edmund, son of Edward Third.'
 'You lie,' said Jack, 'he's the fourth son.' ...
 'Though fourth in line - '
 'I told him so,' said Jack. 'He steals my very words.'

The predictable challenge is issued and accepted. 'The lists were soon formed and orthodox weapons provided.' Falstaff is victorious and his reputation is secured.¹⁴

Edmund de Langley (the York of *Richard II*) was born on 5 June 1341, so Falstaff's victory can be dated 5 June 1368, plausibly enough as regards Shakespeare's Falstaff but anachronistically as regards Henry Scogan, Chaucer's disciple and tutor to Henry IV's sons (1361–1407), who must have been younger than Brough's Falstaff at the time. Brough's lively anecdote reappears in Robert Nye's *Falstaff*, which will be discussed later; only the recipient of Skogan's poem (now Thomas, Duke of Clarence), the colour of Skogan's hair (now red), and the first name of Doit (now John, as in Shallow's reminiscences) are changed. In all likelihood Shakespeare was not thinking of Henry Scogan at all, but of the Scoggin who was Edward IV's jester and whose apocryphal jests were entered for publication in 1565–6, though no edition earlier than the seventeenth century survives. When the young Falstaff broke this Scoggin's head it was probably for some personal remark, as when Prince Henry broke the old Falstaff's 'for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor'.¹⁵

Henry Scogan is not the only historical figure whom Brough introduces into his life of Falstaff. Dick Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, who died in 1428, also appears as his faithful friend. On Falstaff's death Whittington pays for his burial in the crypt of St Michael Paternoster and erects 'a simple tomb':

King Henry the Fifth, on his return from France, in a remorseful fit, took his fair bride to see his old friend's last resting-place. It is whispered that he left the church with reddened eyes. It is certain that he caused to be inlaid, at his own expense, on the marble tomb, the following inscription in brass: -

'We could have better spared a better Man.'

This might have been seen up to the year 1666, when the church of St Michael Paternoster was burnt to the ground - and the last material traces of Sir John Falstaff's existence faded from the memory of man, even as fades the recollection of having read a foolish book.¹⁶

Brough thus brings his *Life* to a neatly-turned conclusion.

It is not surprising that Sir John Falstaff and the facts of history are hard to bring together. Shakespeare had originally named him Sir

John Oldcastle, following the tradition that included the Lollard knight among Prince Henry's riotous companions, and had countered objections by re-naming him, Falstaff being an auditory anagram of Fastolf, another Sir John, who had played a craven's part in 1 *Henry VI*. Falstaff, then, is under no historical constraints except that he must be considerably older than the Prince and that he must die just before the French campaign. Brough was careful to confine himself to the biographical outline provided by Shakespeare's plays and Cruikshank's etchings. In his preface he wrote:

An imaginary biography of Falstaff, away from the scenes described by Shakespeare – supposing the kind of life that must have led up to the marvellous development of an individuality with which the poet has made us all familiar – might have been a work worthy an ambitious man's undertaking. The ambitious man would, probably, have failed to satisfy either his readers or himself, – but that is neither here nor there.¹⁷

The two twentieth-century novels about Falstaff both take up this challenge, though in very different ways.

Phoebe Fenwick Gaye's *Good Sir John. Being an account of the rise and fall of Sir John Falstaff, Knight, 1343–1413*, published in 1930, is a biography in which the historical background frequently becomes the foreground, with disquisitions on fourteenth-century England, the Black Death, the Hundred Years' War, the Wycliffite movement, the Peasants' Revolt ('To understand the Peasants' Revolt, we must know something of the circumstances which caused it'), and so on.¹⁸ (The author's previous novel, her first, had treated of Napoleon's 1812 campaign.) But the biography is imaginatively conceived and handled. Falstaff is born in the opening chapter, the child of a Gloucestershire knight and a peasant on his minor Yorkshire estate; robust and self-confident, at five years old he smuggles himself to York fair in a woolsack, is lost, is taken to Selby abbey where he passively resists the monastic life, and is sent down to his Gloucestershire relations when his parentage is discovered five years later; Lady Falstaff, now widowed by her husband's death at the siege of Calais, arranges for the boy's reception as a page by her brother Sir John Mowbray, with whom, and with Sir John's squire Fleance, he sails for France and sees the battle of Poitiers. His patron dies and bequeaths him an entry to Clement's Inn; he meets Shallow there, and at the Boar's Head the teenage Mistress Quickly; on Lady Falstaff's death he returns to Gloucestershire and is presently back in France as squire to his half-brother William; at the siege of Limoges William is killed and Falstaff is knighted in his stead through a misunderstanding. Later

he is employed by Sir Thomas Mowbray, after whose banishment and Bolingbroke's usurpation he turns soldier again and presents himself at Chester castle, where Hotspur is Warden of North Wales and has the Prince of Wales under his tutelage; Falstaff at 67 and Prince Henry at 13 are instantly attracted to each other's personality, and despite royal opposition become mutually dependent; but the Prince's coronation dramatically severs them, and Falstaff in due course dies. The novel is four-fifths over when Falstaff first meets the Prince, and thus the problem of telling Shakespeare's events over again is avoided. Its principal theme, however, is continually shadowed forth. At about its mid-point Falstaff meets Fleance, now a monk (he later becomes a Wycliffite and Falstaff witnesses his burning for heresy), who has always been his well-wishing antitype, and who now warns him against his self-sufficiency: 'Something, or somebody, will smash up your whole life for you.'¹⁹ This prediction proves true, and even before it does Falstaff has misgivings. For 'Sir John was in love, for the first and last time in his life'; no longer self-sufficient, he fears that the Prince may die. 'It was providential for Sir John that he never thought of losing the Prince except by death . . .'.²⁰ At the coronation procession he bursts through the crowd, exclaiming 'Harry!', but the King silently looks 'at him, through him, to the crowd behind' with the unexpressive eyes of Bolingbroke. Two short episodes conclude the novel. In the first, three years later, King Harry stands on his flagship leaving Southampton for France; another ship, old, weather-beaten, rust-coloured, with belying rust-coloured sail and thirty oar to help it along, comes alongside and almost scrapes it:

A fat, drunken old rascal – that was what the ship was like. The king smiled.

We are not told whether he was remembering Falstaff. But in the final episode, dying at the Boar's Head, Falstaff is unconscious of his surroundings and oblivious of his rejection, his mind 'soaring in a greenwood with his beloved Harry'.²¹ The position of this episode, and the symbolism of the preceding one, surely mean that Falstaff's death occurs as King Henry sets sail – that is, in August 1415. The date 1413 in the sub-title, surprising though the fact is, must be a misprint.

About the dates 1378–1459 which span the hero's life in Robert Nye's *Falstaff* there is, surprisingly, no mistake. They are the dates of the historical Sir John Fastolf, and the novel consists of his autobiography as told to his various amanuenses, some of whom are also historical. The sub-title begins 'being the *Acta domini Johannis Fastolfe*', a Latin title which, according to the Paston Letters as reported in Fastolf's

Dictionary of National Biography entry, was that of a work in two volumes by William Worcester, who is the principal amanuensis of Nye's Fastolf. The genuine *Acta* are thought not to be extant, so Nye has a free hand with his fictional ones. But he has also a problem, that of combining Fastolf with Falstaff. Falstaff's death may have been Shakespeare's afterthought, but it is something that everyone is aware of, and so is the difference in age between him and the Prince. A Falstaff-Fastolf who is only nine years older than the Prince, and who survives him by 37 years, takes a deal of swallowing. Nye carefully understates Fastolf's age in the scenes which he takes directly from the plays. At the Boar's Head, when Fastolf is acting the Prince and the Prince his royal father, the words 'an old fat man' and 'that old white-bearded Satan' are included, but Doll Tearsheet is made to interject objections, 'Not so much of the *old*, ducky' and 'There ain't a white hair on him, darling. Save one. In a place *you* won't have seen!'²² As for the death, Nye ingeniously represents it as a stratagem: 'His story was that he had staged some kind of death to escape from his creditors.'²³ This statement comes from Fastolf's stepson Stephen Scrope, another historical amanuensis, but a rebellious one who ignores Fastolf's dictation and writes his own account of events. Fastolf's real death is narrated in the final chapter, again by Scrope, and this time with the familiar details – the time 'just between twelve and one, even at the turning of the tide', the fumbling with the sheets and playing with flowers ('There were no flowers. I mean, he *thought* he was playing with flowers'), the smiling on his fingers' ends, and the babbling of green fields. The difference is that no one is present but the unsympathetic Scrope, who finally notes with satisfaction that his stepfather was as cold as any stone and so beyond question dead, but adds:

I, Scrope, say that it is a lie that I heard a voice like his, and that voice saying:

'Remember me.'²⁴

The words echo the Ghost's in *Hamlet*, and are by implication addressed to the reader.

Though the cover of the paperback edition advertises *Falstaff* simply as 'rousting, lecherous, full-blooded, rude, and fantastically funny', Nye writes for sophisticated readers who, for example, reading 'To London then I came. Farting. Farting. Who's farting? Who farted?', will recall *The Waste Land*.²⁵ Unsignalled quotations from Shakespeare are scattered abundantly through the book. 'A woman's face,' cries the Duchess of Norfolk, 'with nature's own hand painted!' as her maids Portia, Rosalind and Celia are dressing her page Fastolf as a girl.²⁶ The names of practically all the young heroines occur, not all of them

attached to Fastolf's conquests: Desdemona is his black pet rat, Cordelia the nickname of the French commander whom Fastolf defeats at the Battle of the Herrings (which sounds as if it comes straight from Rabelais, but is one of the historical Fastolf's triumphs). Sophisticated readers will think it a pity that Nye explains that bona-robas are courtesans and that to nim is to steal (this feels like reading Shakespeare with glossarial notes), and will enjoy least those parts of the book where whole pages of narrative accumulate around Shakespearian dialogues literally transcribed – with the odd exception ('Harry, it's not the drink talking. It's the tears.').²⁷ But they will respond to the juggling of fact and fiction. Falstaff, here as in Shakespeare, lies like truth. 'I make my men write lies about themselves. I tell the truth about me, but I tell lies about them. For the pleasure of having them write it down', he says.²⁸ But the penultimate chapter is headed 'Sir John Fastolf's confession to Friar Brackley' (from his autograph notes), and in it he disarmingly admits that many of his assertions, some of which he specifies, were lies:

Father, I am a vain man, and conceited, and all through these memoirs I have sought, however curiously, the admiration of my secretaries and whoever should one day cast his eye upon them. These tricks were mostly through fictitious immodesties. I always cared to picture myself as a great man. I was only ever a fat man, father.²⁹

Falstaff, the irrepressible humorist, has enjoyed a double career, in Shakespeare's plays and in subsequent drama and fiction. Will Nye's novel bring that career to an end? It seems hardly likely.

Notes

1. William Kenrick, *Falstaff's Wedding. A Comedy. Being a sequel to the second Part of the Play of King Henry the Fourth. Written in Imitation of Shakespeare* (London, 1760), iv, v.
2. *Falstaff's Wedding*, V.xi.
3. *Falstaff's Wedding*, II.i.
4. *I Henry IV*, 2.v.164–8, 306–11. References are to *William Shakespeare. The Complete Works*, eds Stanley Wells and Gary Taylor (The Oxford Shakespeare: Oxford, 1986). Peto is called in this edition Harvey.
5. *Original Letters, &c.* (London, 1796). Reprinted as *The Falstaff Letters by James White* [ed. Israel Gollancz] (London, 1904), to which references are made. See also T.W. Craik, 'Jem White and Falstaff's Letters', *Charles Lamb Bulletin*, New Series 91 (July 1995), 118–29.
6. *The Letters of Charles and Mary Anne Lamb*, ed. Edwin W. Marris Jr (3 vols, Ithaca, NY, 1975–8), i.4; *The Works in Prose and Verse of Charles and Mary Lamb*, ed. Thomas Hutchinson (2 vols, Oxford, 1908), i.247.

7. *The Falstaff Letters*, p. 36.
8. *The Falstaff Letters*, pp. 18–19.
9. *The Falstaff Letters*, p. 27.
10. *The Falstaff Letters*, p. 52.
11. *The Life of Sir John Falstaff* (London, 1858), p. 109 n.
12. *2 Henry IV*, 3.ii.23–30.
13. *The Life of Sir John Falstaff*, p. 32.
14. *The Life of Sir John Falstaff*, pp. 33–4.
15. *2 Henry IV*, 2.i.92–3.
16. *The Life of Sir John Falstaff*, p. 196. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, 5.iv.103.
17. *The Life of Sir John Falstaff*, p. xiii.
18. Phoebe Fenwick Gaye, *Good Sir John* (London, 1930), p. 172. The title-phrase is Justice Shallow's: *2 Henry IV*, 3.ii.80, 83.
19. *Good Sir John*, p. 170.
20. *Good Sir John*, pp. 273, 280.
21. *Good Sir John*, pp. 295, 297, 299.
22. Robert Nye, *Falstaff* (London, 1976; paperback edn Sphere Books, 1978, to which references are made), p. 272.
23. *Falstaff*, p. 350.
24. *Falstaff*, pp. 448–50.
25. *Falstaff*, p. 109. T.S. Eliot, *Collected Poems 1909–1935* (London, 1936), p. 72. There is a longer allusion, to 'Gerontion', later: *Falstaff*, p. 190; *Collected Poems*, p. 37.
26. *Falstaff*, p. 60. *Sonnets*, 20:1.
27. *Falstaff*, p. 271. *1 Henry IV*, 2.v.418–19.
28. *Falstaff*, p. 187.
29. *Falstaff*, p. 447.