

**KIT-CAT TOASTS**  
(Web Appendix to *The Kit-Cat Club* by Ophelia Field, 2008)

Richard Steele's introductory poem to the toasts, dated 24 January 1716

Bright dames when first we meet unheeded pass,  
We read frail charms on Monuments of Glass.  
In Joyless Streams the Purple Crystal flows,  
Till each is named for whom each Bosom glows.  
Then Friendship, Love and Wine Unite their fire,  
Then all their Homage pay, where each admires.

Lady Wharton<sup>1</sup> [by Dr Garth, according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

When Jove to Ida did the Gods invite  
And in Immortal toasting past the Night  
With more than Bowls of Nectar they were blest  
For Venus was the Wharton of the feast.

Lady Wharton Reverse [a reply to the above, possibly by the lady herself but more likely  
by a rival wit]

O Doctor, you're mistaken, twas not at Mount Ida  
But The Rummer in Queen Street with Temple and [Bar]  
Twas not with Nectar but with bumpers of Claret  
Twas not in the Cellar but up in the Garret.

Lady Wharton [by Dr Garth, according to Anderson, p.112]

You Rakes, who midnight judges sit,  
Of Wine, of Beauty, and of Wit,  
For Mercury and Cupid's Sake  
Two Bumpers to fair Wharton take;  
For in that graceful charming shell  
The Gods of Wit and Pleasure dwell.

Lady Essex<sup>2</sup> [by Dr Garth according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

The Bravest Hero and the Brightest Dame<sup>3</sup>  
From Belgia's happy Fame Britannia Drew  
One pregnant Cloud we find does often frame  
The Awful Thunder and the gentle dew



Portrait of Mary Bentinck, Countess of Essex

Lady Essex [by Dr Garth according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

To Essex fill the Sprightly Wine

The healths immortal and Divine  
Let purest Odours Scent the Air  
And Wreaths of Roses bind her hair  
On her Chaste lips these blushing lie  
And those her gentle sighs supply

The Duchess of St Albans [by Halifax, according to Alexander Pope<sup>4</sup> and to the 1716  
*Miscellany*]

The Line of Vere so long renowned in Arms  
Concludes with Lustre in St Albans' Charms  
Her Conquering eyes have made her race complete  
They rose in Valour and in Beauty set.

The Duchess of St Albans [by L.K. according to the 1716 *Miscellany* – Kingston?]  
The Saints above can Ask, but not bestow.  
This Saint can give all happiness below.

Lady Mary Churchill<sup>5</sup> [by Halifax, according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

Fairest and Latest of the Beauteous Race  
Blest with her Parents' wit, her first blooming face  
Born with our Liberty in William's reign  
Her eyes alone that Liberty restrain.

Lady Hyde [by Dr Garth according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

The God of Wine grows Jealous of her Art  
He only fires the head, but Hyde the Heart.  
The Queen of Love looks in and smiles to see  
A Nymph more mighty than a Deity

On Lady Hyde in Child-Bed [by Dr Garth, according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

Hyde, though in agonies, her graces keeps;  
A thousand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;  
In tears of dew so mild Aurora weeps,  
But her bright offspring is the cheerful morn.

Mrs Di Kirke<sup>6</sup> [by Mr C. according to the 1716 *Miscellany* - Congreve?]

Fair written name but deeper in my heart  
A Diamond can't cut like Cupid's dart  
Quickly the Cordial of her health apply  
For when I cease to toast bright Kirk, I die.

Mrs Di Kirke [by John Dormer or Edmund Dunch?]

Beauty and Wit in Charming Kirk combine  
Who wants but Mercy to be all-Divine  
Fill up the Glass for when the nymph we name  
Wine is to Love as Jewel to the Flame

Mrs Di Kirke [by John Dormer or Edmund Dunch?]

So many charms Di Kirk surround,  
Tis pity she's unkind;  
Her conquering eyes, not seeing, wound,

As Love darts home, though blind.

While such gallant tributes were engraved on the glasses, circulated around town and eventually published in Tonson's *Miscellany* (1716), lewder ditties about Di were recited within the privacy of the Kit-Cat Club:

Mrs Di's fair hand  
Doth make to stand  
A thing that bone is [i.e. a needle?];  
So you may guess  
She does not less  
By mine that none is.



Portrait of Diana Kirke

Mrs Brudenell<sup>7</sup> [by Mr C. according to the 1716 *Miscellany* – Congreve?]  
Look on the fairest [loveliest] tree in all the Park  
And Brudenell you will find upon the Bark  
Look on the fairest Glass that's filled the Most  
And Brudenell you will find the darling Toast  
Look on her Eyes if you their light can bear  
And Love himself you'll find sits Toasting there

Mrs Brudenell  
Imperial Juno gave her Matchless Grace  
And Pheobus' youthful bloom adorns her face  
Bright as the Stars that lead the heavenly host  
Brudenell proceeds the Glory of the Toast

Mrs Long<sup>8</sup> [by Wharton, according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]  
Fill the Glass, let Hautboys sound  
Whilst Bright Long's health goes round  
With eternal beauty blest  
Even blooming, still the best  
Drink your Glass and think the rest –

Mrs Hare

In fair Hare there are Charms,  
Which the coldest Swain warms,  
And the vainest of Nymphs cannot bear,  
Slighted Toasts with her blind,  
Loving Knights with her kind,  
Then about with the Ring of Hare.

Mrs Hare

The Gods of Wit, and Wine, and Love, prepare  
With cheerful Bowls to celebrate the Fair,  
Love is enjoined to name his favourite Toast,  
And Hare's the Goddess that delights them most,  
Phoebus appoints, and bids the Trumpet's sound,  
And Bacchus in a Bumper puts it round.

Mrs [Mademoiselle] Spanheime [by Halifax, according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

Admired in Germany, Adored in France  
Your Charms to brighter glories here advance  
The Stubborn Britons own your Beauty's claim  
And with their native Toasts install your name

The Duchess of Beaufort<sup>9</sup> [by Halifax, according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

Offspring of a tuneful Sire  
Blest with more than Mortal fire  
Likeness of a Mother's face  
Blest with more than Martial grace  
You with double charms surprise  
With his Wit and with her Eyes

The Duchess of Beaufort [by Maynwaring?]

Empire the Daughter and the Sire divide,  
She reigns in Beauty sovereign, he in Wit;  
Thus as in blood, they are in power allied,  
To him our minds, to her our hearts submit.

Lady Sunderland<sup>10</sup> [by Halifax, according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

All Nature's Charms in Sunderland appear  
Bright as her eyes and as her reason clear  
Yet still their force to Men not safely known  
Seems undiscovered to herself alone

Lady Sunderland's Picture, with these words under...

Learn by this portrait how the Kit-Cats toast;  
How charming those can such-like features boast.  
From Nature's hand this vast profusion came,  
And with as bright a soul informed the frame.  
She with no haughty airs her triumphs views;  
So her great Father looks, when countries he subdues.



Lady Sunderland

Lady H. Godolphin<sup>11</sup> [by Maynwaring, according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

Godolphin's easy and unpractised air  
Gains without Art and Governs without Care  
Her conquering race with Various fate surprise  
Who 'scape their Arms are Captive to their Eyes



Portrait of Henrietta Godolphin

The Duchess of Richmond<sup>12</sup> [by Halifax, according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

Of two fair Richmonds different Ages boast  
Theirs was the first, ours the Brighter Toast  
The Adorers offering who's the most Divine  
They Sacrificed in Water, we in Wine

The Duchess of Richmond [by Lord Carbery, according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

Richmond has charms that continue our claim,  
To lay hold of the Toast that belongs to the name.

The Duchess of Bolton<sup>13</sup> [by Mr Gr--- according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

Love's keenest darts are charming Bolton's Care  
Which the fair Tyrant poisons with despair  
The God of Wine the dire effect foresees  
And sends the Juice that gives the lover ease

The Duchess of Bolton [by Dr B. according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

Flat contradictions wage in Bolton war!  
Yet her the Toasters as a goddess prize;  
Her Whiggish tongue does zealously declare  
For freedom, but for slavery her eyes.

Lady Harper [by Lord Lansdowne (Toaster, not Kit-Cat) according to Nichols, p.173]

In Harper all the graces shine  
Gay as our mirth and Sparkly as our Wine

Here's to the fair were poison in the Cup  
Might I be blest thus would I Drink it up

Lady Harper [as above – see Nichols, p.276]

To Harper, sprightly, young and gay,  
Sweet as the rosy morn in May,  
Fill to the brim; I'll drink it up  
To the last drop, were poison in the cup.

Lady Manchester<sup>14</sup> [by Addison in 1703]

While Gallia's haughty Dames that Spread  
O'er their pale cheeks an Artful red  
Beheld this Beauteous Stranger there  
In Nature's charms divinely fair  
Confusion in their looks they showed  
And with unborrowed blushes glowed

Mrs Barton<sup>15</sup>

Beauty and Wit strove each in vain  
To Vanquish Bacchus and his train  
But Barton with successful Charms  
From both their Quivers drew their Arms  
The Roving God his sway resigned  
And awfully submits his Wine

Mrs Barton [by L.H., possibly Lord Halifax, according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

Stamped with her reigning Charms the standard glass  
That current through the Realms of Bacchus pass  
Full fraught with Beauty shall new flames impart  
And mind her shining Image on the heart

Mrs Barton [by Halifax?]

At Barton's feet the God of Love  
His arrows and his quiver lays,  
Forgets he has a throne above,  
And with this lovely creature stays.

Not Venus' beauties are more bright,  
But each appear so like the other  
That Cupid has mistook the right,  
And takes the nymph to be his mother.

Mrs Digby [by Mr C. according to the 1716 *Miscellany* – Congreve?]

Why laughs the wine with which the glass is browned  
Why leaps my heart to hear this health go round  
Digby warms both with sympathetic fire  
Her Name the glass, her form my heart inspires

Mrs Digby

No Wonder ladies that at Court appear  
And in front boxes sparkle all the year

Are chosen Toasts, twas Digby's matchless fame  
That, Caesar-like, but saw and overcame.

Mrs Howard

Howard of Heavenly form so bright  
Tis well she keeps from human Light  
Tis not in Wine her wounds to ease  
She that so kills must greatly please

Mrs Clavering [by Mr C. according to the 1716 *Miscellany* – Congreve?]<sup>16</sup>

Such Beauty joined with such harmonious skill  
Must doubly Charm then doubly let us fill  
If Music be Love's jewel as Lovers think  
When Clavering's named then toasting is the Drink.

Mrs Tempest<sup>17</sup> [by Walsh?]

Venus contending for the Golden ball  
Used Helen's charms to bribe her judge withal  
Had she been blest with Tempest's brighter Eyes  
Unborrowed Beauties would have gained the Prize

Mrs Tempest [by Walsh?]

If perfect joy from perfect Beauty rise  
Now Tempest's shape, her Motion and her Eyes  
Undoubted Queen of Love, but Honour's Slave  
Whilst thousands languish she but one can save

Mrs Dunch<sup>18</sup> [by Dr B. according to the 1716 *Miscellany*, but by Walsh according to Pope]

O Dunch! If fewer with they charms are fired  
Than when by Godfrey's name though was't admired  
Think now that Marriage makes thee seem less fair  
But then we hoped, now we must all despair

Mrs Dunch

Fair Dunch's eyes such radiant glances dart,  
As warm the coldest with desire;  
Those heavenly orbs must needs attract the heart,  
Where Churchill's sweetness softens Godfrey's fire.

Mrs Dunch

The Mystery of Toasting is Divine  
Dunch is the Deity, the Sup is Wine;  
Too partial is the bright young Goddess grown,  
She damns a thousand and she saves but one.

Lady Carlisle<sup>19</sup> [by Dr Garth, according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

Carlisle's a name can every Muse inspire  
To Carlisle fill the Glass and tune the Lyre  
With his loved Bays the God of day shall Crown  
Her wit and Beauty equal to his own

Lady Carlisle

Behold this Northern Star's auspicious light  
Our fainter Beauty's shire not half so bright  
Formed to Attract and Certain to repel  
Her Charms are blazing but she guards them Well

Lady Carlisle

She o'er all hearts and Toasts must reign  
Whose eyes outsparkle bright Champagne  
Or when she will vouchsafe to smile  
The Brilliant that thus writes Carlisle

Lady Carlisle [by Dr Garth according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

At once the sun and Carlisle took their way,  
To warm the frozen earth, and kindle day;  
The flowers to both their glad creation owed,  
Their virtues he, their beauties she bestowed.

Lady Carlisle

Great as a Goddess, and of form divine,  
Our heads we bend, and all our hearts resign;  
Like heaven she rules with imperial sway,  
And teaches to adore and to obey.

Lady Carlisle

Approach, ye mean coquettes, and view her well,  
Finished within, as suits the stately shell;  
Smile on your fops, and slaves of fools create;  
But if you'll conquer men, like her fair and great.

Lady Bridg[e]water [by Maynwaring according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

All health to her in whose bright form we find  
Excess of Charms with Native meekness joined  
Whose tender Beauty safe in Virtue's care  
Springs from a race so fruitful and so fair  
That all Antiquity can boast no more  
For Venus and the Graces were but four

Mrs Penelope Dashwood

Fair as the blushing grape she stands  
Tempting the gatherer's ready hands  
Blossoms and fruit in her together meet  
As ripe as Autumn and as April sweet

Mrs Bradshaw

Ranging all the Universe I think  
You'll never find Peggy's [Cleggie's?] fellow  
Her health forever I will drink  
Till drinking makes me mellow

Mrs Collier [by Maynwaring, according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]

No wonder Scots our kingdom would invade,  
Since we have stolen from thence this lovely maid.  
Troy's mystic tales a prophecy appear  
Of wars predestined to be fought for her;  
And all those charms, the Grecian poets give  
Their fancied Helen, in this beauty live.

Mrs Guybons [by Dr B. according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]  
Could Grecian masters from the shades return,  
To copy Guybons, twould advance their art,  
Theirs never made but one with passion burns,  
And this Belle Venus conquers every heart.

Mrs Nicholas [by Dr B. according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]  
Unrivalled Nicholas, whose victorious eyes,  
Love for a place of arms with darts supplied;  
Does on the Toasters like fair Phoebe rise,  
To rule their wines, and passion's might tide.

Lady Orrery [by Maynwaring, according to the 1716 *Miscellany*]  
Phoebus, from whom this Fair her wit derives,  
No toast beholds, though round the world he drives,  
That charms so much, or has such conquest won,  
As this bright daughter of his darling son.

Lady Orrery<sup>20</sup>  
Here close the list, here end the female strife;  
View here the dawn of heaven, and joys of life.  
Nature, to warm the world into desire,  
Makes Dorset's charms in her soft sex conspire,  
His youthful form and his immortal fire.

Lady Ran[n]elagh  
The God of Love, aided by Cecil's charms,  
Upon his rival Bacchus turns his arms;  
When her idea governed in the heart  
E'en wine increases, which should cure the smart.

Mrs Stanhope<sup>21</sup>  
Soon as one Phoenix sought her kindred skies,  
A brighter rose than blest our wondering eyes;  
Then in a cheerful bowl dissolve your cares,  
Since, fast as Heaven deprives, the Court repairs.

Mrs Vernon  
London, no more thy trade or riches boast,  
Within thy walks there lives the brightest toast,  
Who lays no bait to please, or strives to kill,  
Or, wanting nature, does supply by skill.  
Her air, her mien, such darts are in her eyes,  
Who looks on Vernon, loves, adores and dies.

Lady Mary Villiers [by Lansdowne (non-Kit-Cat) according to Nichols, p.276]

If I not love you, Villiers, more  
Than ever mortal loved before,  
With such a passion, fixed and sure,  
As even possession could not cure,  
Never to cease but with my breath,  
May then this bumper be my death.

### **Surviving Toast Lists**

Jacob Tonson included 'Verses written for the Toasting Glasses of the Kit-Cat Club in the year 1703' in *The Fifth Part of Miscellany Poems* (1716)

The Duchess of St Albans  
Lady Bridg[e]water  
Duchess of Beaufort  
Duchess of Bolton  
Mrs Barton  
Mrs Brudenell  
Lady Mary Churchill  
Mrs Claverine  
Lady Carlisle  
Mrs Collier  
Mrs Dunch  
Mrs P. Dashwood  
Mrs Digby  
Lady Essex  
Lady H. Godolphin  
Mrs Guybons  
Lady Hyde  
Lady Harper  
Mrs Hare  
Mrs Di Kirk[e]  
Mrs Longe  
Lady Manchester  
Mrs Nicholas  
Lady Orrery  
Lady Rannelagh  
Duchess of Richmond  
Lady Sunderland  
Mrs Stanhope  
Madamoselle Spanheime  
Mrs Tempest  
Mrs Vernon  
Lady Wharton

'La Flote Triumphante' (1705) [Add MSS 40,060] celebrating the capture of Gibraltar in 1704, contains 43 toasts in which each French warship captured or destroyed is equated with an English lady. (E.g. La Fiere = Lady Carlisle; La Friponne = Lady Wharton; L'Invincible = Lady Manchester, etc.)

Toast of Great Britain for the Year 1708 [Add MSS 40,060]

The Desirable – Lady Ryalton  
The Miracle – Lady Sunderland  
The Conquering – Lady Mounthermer  
The Gay – Lady Hinchbrook  
The Bloom – Lady Louisa Lennox  
The Careless – Mrs Dunch  
The Dejected – Lady Scudamoor  
The Irresistible – Lady Katherine Tufton  
The Fortunate – Lady Lindsey  
The Restored – Duchess of Bolton  
The Happy – Mrs Pollixfen  
The Haughty – Lady Ken  
The Surprising – Mrs Collier  
The Desirable – Lady Carlisle  
The Pretty – Mrs Temple

Toasts for the Year 1712 (MDCCXII) in the Tonson Papers [NPG]

D. of Bolton  
C. of Bridgewater  
C. of Berkeley  
L.B. Bentinck  
Mrs Coke  
L. Cowper  
C. of Dorset  
Mrs Dashwood  
Mrs Doyne  
L.Ch. Finch  
Mrs Fane  
Mrs Gleg  
Mrs Grant  
L.B. Herbert  
Mrs F.Horden  
Mrs Let. Hooker  
Mrs Hammond  
Mrs Halford  
Mrs Sa. Hare  
L. Hingingbrook  
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C. of Jersey  
Mrs Langton  
M. of Lyndsey  
D. of Montagu  
Mrs Mareschal  
L.M. Pierepont  
Mrs Pollixfen  
L.H.Rialton  
C. of Sunderland  
Mrs Selwyn  
L.Shannon  
C. of Salisbury



Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

Mrs Let. Trelawny  
Mrs Pen. Temple  
Mrs Verney  
L.K. Wyndham  
Mrs D. Walpole  
L.K. Watson  
C. of Wharton

Toasts for the Year 1714 (MDCCXIV) in the Tonson Papers [NPG]

D. of Bolton  
C. of Bridgewater  
C. of Berkeley  
L.J.Boyle  
L.T. Blythe  
Mrs Baker  
Mrs Balladen  
Mrs Brewer  
Mrs Broderick  
L.M.Cavendish  
Mrs Coke  
C. of Dorset  
Mrs L. Dashwood  
Mrs Dunch  
L.Ch. Finch  
C. of Godolphin  
Mrs Grevile  
Mrs Gumley  
L. B. Herbert  
L.Herbert  
--  
L.J. Hide  
L. Hinchinbrook  
Mrs Hammond  
Mrs L. Hooker  
D. of Montague  
Mrs Pawlet  
Mrs Roberts  
C. of Salisbury  
C. of Sunderland  
L.F.Spencer  
Mrs Selwin  
Mrs Shorter  
Mrs Slingsby  
L. Townshend  
Mrs Pen. Temple  
L.K. Walton  
L.M. Wortley  
Mrs Warburton  
Mrs Wright

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- <sup>1</sup> Lady Wharton was Lucy Loftus, daughter of Viscount Lisburne and second wife of Thomas Wharton, whom he married in 1692 when she was 22-years-old and who was described by his friends as ‘the witty fair one’ (Bodleian, MS Carte 79, f.420)
- <sup>2</sup> Lady Essex was Lady Mary Bentinck, daughter of King William’s Dutch favourite Willem Bentinck, who married to Kit-Cat Algernon Capel, 2<sup>nd</sup> Earl of Essex. She is mentioned in a Kit-Cat manuscript entitled ‘Votes’ (Add MS 40,060), where the first item of business is a motion that Lady Essex, Lady Carlisle and the Hon. Mrs Howard (Lord Carlisle’s sister-in-law, wife and daughter respectively) should replace three other ladies as toasts.
- <sup>3</sup> NB the frequency of the adjective ‘bright’ – here mainly used for beauty. p. 159 n.4 – New usage of ‘bright’ meaning intelligent, witty = edition of *The Spec* in April 1711 by Steele. Bond, Donald F. ed., *The Spectator*, 5 vols. (Oxford, 1965), vol 1.
- <sup>4</sup> Pope identifies some of the authors in marginalia on his copy of *A New Collection of Poems relating to State Affairs* (1705), British Library shelf-mark C.28.e.15, but he titles them ‘The Toasters, Written by the Toasting-Club’ rather than Kit-Cat toasts.
- <sup>5</sup> Lady Mary Churchill was the daughter of Marlborough and later wife of John, Duke of Montagu.
- <sup>6</sup> Diana Kirke married Kit-Cat John Dormer, after having had some sort of liaison with Kit-Cat Edmund Dunch (among others). The marriage ended in disaster and scandal. Though divorce was still rare – since 1660, only six had been granted by Parliament – Dormer sued for it in 1715 on grounds that Di had had an affair with their footman (‘from the Dregs of the Populace’, as one account put it). After Di had the footman’s baby, who died in infancy, and the footman proceeded to blackmail and beat her, Dormer sued the footman for ‘trespass’ on his property (his wife), the jury awarding him £5,000 in damages. The footman escaped punishment by fleeing the courtroom and seeking sanctuary in the Mint. Only after this did Dormer sue for the divorce, which was granted. Anon. (Curll?), *Cases of Divorce for Several Causes; III – The Case of John Dormer, Esq.* (1715) + Turner, David M., *Fashioning Adultery: Gender, Sex and Civility in England 1660-1740* (Cambridge 2002) p.163 and 182.
- <sup>7</sup> Mrs Brudenell has been identified as Frances Brudenell, the first woman toasted by the Knights of the Toast, before the Kit-Cat was founded. An anonymous poem of 1704, ‘The Celebrated Beauties’, is addressed to the 10-year-old Lady Louisa Lenox, daughter of the Kit-Cat Duke of Richmond and his wife Anne Brudenell (and wife of Kit-Cat James, 3<sup>rd</sup> Earl of Berkeley, who was therefore toasted as the Countess of Berkeley in 1712 and 1714 – see below). In it, Louisa’s aunt, Frances Brudenell (The youngest daughter of Francis, Lord Brudenell, son of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Earl of Cardigan) is referred to as ‘her from whom our toasting came’ – in other words, the first toasted beauty of London. Malone tells us that Frances Brudenell was the glamorous ‘Mira’ in a poem by George Granville (later created Lord Lansdowne) and on this basis attributes the above toast to Lansdowne (Malone, Edmond, ed., *Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works of John Dryden*, 3 vols. (London, 1800), Vol.1 part 2, p.113-4.), however the appearance of this poem in the 1716 *Miscellany* under the title of a Kit-Cat poem makes this impossible since Lansdowne was not a Kit-Cat member. Instead, Mrs Brudenell was probably the Hon. Mary Brudenell (1680-1766) who Horace Walpole identifies as a Kit-Cat toastee and who later died, as Lady Molyneux, smoking a pipe. Walpole, Horace, *Correspondence* ed. W.S. Lewis (Oxford 1895-1979) 48 volumes, Vol 32, p.199.
- <sup>8</sup> Mrs Anne Long was a beauty, who later became a close friend of Jonathan Swift’s who said she was ‘the most beautiful Person in the Age she lived in, of great Honour and Virtue, infinite Sweetness and Generosity of Temper and true good Sense’. DNB entry by Eric Salmon.
- <sup>9</sup> The Duchess of Beaufort was Lady Mary Sackville, the Earl of Dorset’s daughter by his second marriage, who married the Duke of Beaufort in 1702, both being minors. The first toast, probably by Halifax, was written when she was 15, in honour of the match. She died in childbirth in 1705.
- <sup>10</sup> Lady Sunderland was Anne Churchill, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough and married to Charles Spencer, 3<sup>rd</sup> Earl of Sunderland. The most like her mother in politics, the Countess was often toasted as ‘the Little Whig’.
- <sup>11</sup> Lady Henrietta Godolphin was the daughter of Marlborough, wife of Francis Godolphin (by which she became the Countess of Ryalton) and lover of William Congreve.
- <sup>12</sup> The Duchess of Richmond was Anne Brudenell, wife of Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, after 1692/3.
- <sup>13</sup> The Duchess of Bolton was hated and ignored by her husband, the 3<sup>rd</sup> Duke of Bolton, who had many affairs and eventually fell in love with the actress Lavinia Fenton. Alternatively, the subject of this toast may have been Henrietta Crofts, the illegitimate youngest daughter of the Duke of Monmouth and the wife of Charles Pawlet, 2<sup>nd</sup> Duke of Bolton (father to the above)

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- <sup>14</sup> Lady Manchester was the Countess of Manchester, wife to the Kit-Cat Lord, first met by Addison in Paris. Vanbrugh stated that the old Earl of Carbery also toasted her ‘with exemplary constancy’.  
check cite.
- <sup>15</sup> Mrs Catherine Barton was the niece of Sir Isaac Newton, close friend of another toasted beauty named Ann Long, and the mistress of Charles Montagu (Halifax).
- <sup>16</sup> Mary Clavering, wife of Sir William Cowper.
- <sup>17</sup> William Walsh requested that Alexander Pope’s pastoral poem ‘Winter’ in Tonson’s 1709 *Miscellany* was inscribed to Mrs Tempest, who had recently died. Sherburn, George Wiley, *Early Career of Alexander Pope* (Oxford 1934), p.85
- <sup>18</sup> Mrs Dunch was Elizabeth Godfrey, daughter of Colonel Charles Godfrey and Marlborough’s sister Arabella, married to Kit-Cat Edmund Dunch. Their marriage was reported to be unhappy, a Tonson descendent gossiping that ‘Dunch had a lewd, handsome wife who lived many years with other persons.’ (Philip Lempriere – quoted in: DNB on Edmund Dunch, by R.O.Bucholz)
- <sup>19</sup> Lady Carlisle was Anne Capel, daughter of Arthur Capel, 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Essex, who married Charles Howard, 3<sup>rd</sup> Earl of Carlisle in 1688, when he was 19 and she was 13. In a Kit-Cat manuscript entitled ‘Votes’ (Add MS 40,060), the first item of business is a motion that Lady Essex, Lady Carlisle and the Hon. Mrs Howard (Lord Carlisle’s sister-in-law, wife and daughter respectively) should replace three other ladies as toasts. This suggests that the meeting took place in the first half of March 1702, before King William’s fatal fall, while Lord Carlisle was very much on top of the pile as First Lord of the Treasury.
- <sup>20</sup> Lady Orrery was Mary Sackville, Countess of Orrery, who was the illegitimate daughter of Charles Sackville, 6<sup>th</sup> Earl of Dorset, and therefore the half-sister of the Duchess of Beaufort. She married the 3<sup>rd</sup> Earl of Orrery.
- <sup>21</sup> Mrs Stanhope was most probably James Stanhope’s sister Mary (‘Molly’) who became a Maid of Honour to Queen Anne, indicating that she was a beauty. Born in 1686, she married Charles Fane and was toasted in 1712 as Mrs Fane (see below). By 1718 she was the 1<sup>st</sup> Viscountess Fane.

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