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 [by Dr Garth, according to the 1716 Miscellany]
When Jove to Ida did the Gods invite
And in Immortal toastings 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 [by Dr Garth according to the 1716 Miscellany]
The Bravest Hero and the Brightest Dame
From Belgia’s happy Fame Britannia Drew
One pregnant Cloud we find does often frame
The Awful Thunder and the gentle dew

Lady Essex [by Dr Garth according to the 1716 Miscellany]
To Essex fill the Sprightly Wine

Portrait of Mary Bentinck, Countess of Essex
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 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 [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 [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** [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** [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] Spanheim [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 [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 [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[^11] [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[^12]** [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[^13]** [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 [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 [by L.H., possibly Lord Halifax, according to the 1716 Miscellany]
Stamp'd 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, Ceasar-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?]**
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[7] [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[8] [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 Marriages 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[9] [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 Bridgewater [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,
Their 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
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
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 Bridgewater
Duchess of Beaufort
Duchess of Bolton
Mrs Barton
Mrs Brudenell
Lady Mary Churchill
Mrs Clavertine
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 Ranelagh
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 Hinchpenbrook
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
--
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
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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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).

Lady Essex was Lady Mary Bentinck, daughter of King William’s Dutch favourite Willem Bentinck, who married to Kit-Cat Algernon Capel, 2nd 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.


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.c.15, but he titles them ‘The Toasters, Written by the Toasting-Club’ rather than Kit-Cat toasts.

Lady Mary Churchill was the daughter of Marlborough and later wife of John, Duke of Montagu.

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.

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, 3rd 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 2nd 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 (1660-1766) 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.

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.

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.

Lady Sunderland was Anne Churchill, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough and married to Charles Spencer, 3rd Earl of Sunderland. The most like her mother in politics, the Countess was often toasted as ‘the Little Whig’.

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.

The Duchess of Richmond was Anne Brudenell, wife of Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, after 1692/3.

The Duchess of Bolton was hated and ignored by her husband, the 3rd 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, 2nd Duke of Bolton (father to the above)
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. 

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).

Mary Clavering, wife of Sir William Cowper.

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

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)

Lady Carlisle was Anne Capel, daughter of Arthur Capel, 1st Earl of Essex, who married Charles Howard, 3rd 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.

Lady Orrery was Mary Sackville, Countess of Orrery, who was the illegitimate daughter of Charles Sackville, 6th Earl of Dorset, and therefore the half-sister of the Duchess of Beaufort. She married the 3rd Earl of Orrery.

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 1st Viscountess Fane.

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