

had spared her to the world, she might have been for many years to come still inimitable in the serious line of genteel comedy.

Before, as well as since, she quitted the stage, Mrs. Crouch bestowed a great part of her time in the instruction of Mr. Kelly's pupils, many of whom have done infinite credit to the attentions and talents of such instructors. She has also rendered an orphan niece, the daughter of her eldest sister, perfectly capable of taking all the *first* trouble of tuition from Mr. Kelly, if he should continue to take pupils. Besides this young lady, she took under her care, from their infancy, the three children of her youngest sister, the widow of a Mr. Horrebrow, late Captain of a Danish East Indiaman. The eldest of these children is now abroad in the naval service; and the other two, a girl and a boy, have already given great promise of being acquisitions to the stage; but now, in the early dawn of their genius, the loss of their aunt as an instructress will be, perhaps, an irreparable misfortune to them.

As Mrs. Crouch had received great benefit from the sea breezes after various attacks of her disorder, she set out for Brighton last Autumn with the flattering hopes to her friends of a speedy restoration; but, alas! those hopes were deceitful, and soon after her arrival there, she was pronounced, by the faculty, to be in imminent danger, and her internal agony brought on a fever attended by frequent fits of delirium.

Mr. Kelly, and her only surviving sister, Mrs. Horrebrow, who were both constantly by her side, experienced the most heartfelt pangs on observing her

—“ Noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and
harsh;

and her “ unmatched form blasted” by disease.

During the last fortnight of her existence the intervals of reason were long and frequent; and, perfectly sensible of her approaching end, with the

der last at Brighton, where she was also interred. A neat monument is preparing to mark the spot where her remains are deposited; and the following lines were written to commemorate her virtues:

AN EPITAPH

*Designed for the Monument of the late
Mrs. CROUCH.*

Though here her mortal beauty must decay,

To the bright regions of eternal day,
On Mercy's downy wings her soul arose,
For much she joyed to sooth another's
woes,

“ To rock the cradle of declining age,”
The widow's and the orphan's pangs
allwage,

To give sincere affection every thought,
And practise all the lessons Mercy taught.

If, when within Mortality's confine,
Some human errors stain the soul divine,
Touch'd by Beneficence, with tender
care,

In Heaven's just eyes they fade—they disappear—

Her soul refin'd, among th' angelic choir
Joins the pure strains celestial joys inspire.

As it is impossible to say every thing due to the public and private character of Mrs. Crouch within the limits of this publication, the writer of the foregoing Memoir will as speedily as possible publish a regular life of that lady, selected chiefly from her *own* memorandums and the letters she preserved, which afford many interesting anecdotes concerning herself and others.

NOVELS.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I must beg permission, by means of your Magazine, to offer my sentiments to the Public, on a subject which at present but too much engages the attention of the youth of both sexes;

I mean Novels. To such a height is this dangerous and absurd diversion grown, (that I may not use a severer term,) that it really must excite our serious fears for the morals of the rising generation. Can any one hear without the utmost horror and detestation the most sacred tenets of his religion derided, the Christian's hope of a future existence treated as the idle chimera of false philosophy? Yet such are the infamous precepts of German atheism, which, couched under the most seducing eloquence of language, though they may be unable to eradicate, blait *by degrees* the fruits of the most virtuous education*. In vain might they attempt to disseminate these opinions if *openly* avowed; youth might then learn to avoid the treacherous snare, and reject it with deserved indignation; but when concealed beneath the mask of virtue, what evils may arise from hence? What vices are not encouraged and applauded?

Though more harmless than the other, yet, contrary to *appearances*, even *Methodism* has found its way into these books. I mention this merely to show that they are a vehicle for every sentiment which, if more plainly expressed, would fall under the severest censure of the law.

Should these remarks in any way tend to discover the real designs of these authors, my purpose will be satisfied. It is my ardent wish that the law would strictly restrain such indecencies, falsehoods, and *profaneness*, as are to be found in these publications; in which I believe, Mr. Editor, your good sense will heartily concur with me. I remain yours, &c. VERITAS.

WARD'S HOUSE, HACKNEY.

[WITH A VIEW.]

THIS mansion, which, though plain in itself, has long been traditionally conspicuous, from the infamous celebrity of its founder, stands at the

* It is a remarkable fact, that while one of the most celebrated of these male authors has been induc

corner of a lane leading from the upper extremity of that beautiful village Hackney, through Dalston to King'sland. It was built by John Ward, Esq., a gentleman whose character was so *notorious* for his readiness to take advantage of the foibles, the wants, and vices of his fellow creatures, that it attracted the satirical acrimony of Pope, who in his epistle to Allen Lord Bathurst, on the use of riches, has placed him in a *niche* in the adamantine temple of Obloquy, in company with a trio who seem extremely proper to descend with him to posterity, or rather to accompany him in the *descent* alluded to in these lines:—

“ Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,

We find our tenets just the same at last,
Both fairly owning, riches in effect
No grace of Heaven, no token of the elect:
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,

To Ward, to Waters, Chatres, and the Devil.”

Respecting the first of these celebrated characters, John Ward, Esq., very little of his private history is known. He is said to have been early in life engaged in a sail cloth manufactory. The exact period when he erected the mansion which we are now contemplating is also uncertain. We find that he resided in it in the year 1727. At this time he was a Member of Parliament*, but having made a *mistake* with respect to a *name* in a deed, in which the interest of the Duchess of Buckingham was implicated, he was, by that lady, prosecuted for forgery, and on the 17th of March in the same year stood in the pillory. The consequence of this was his expulsion from the House; and as misfortune seldom comes alone, about this time the attention of the public was still more strongly attracted to the character of this gentleman by the termination of an *action*, brought against him at the suit of the South Sea Company, for the recovery of fifty thousand pounds, which he had assisted that *well known* Director, Sir John Blunt, to conceal. The transactions of Sir