

By many family misfortunes, and his own writings, which in a manner realifed every feigned diftrefs, his nerves naturally weak, or as Pope expreffes it, 'trembling alive all o'er,' were fo unhinged, that for many years before his death his hand fhook, he had frequent vertigos, and would fometimes have fallen, had he not fupported himfelf by his cane under his coat. His paralytic diforder affected his nerves to fuch a degree for a confiderable time before his death, that he could not lift a glafs of wine to his mouth without affiftance. This diforder at length terminating in an apoplexy, deprived the world of this amiable man and truly original genius, on July 4, 1761, at the age of 72. He was buried, by his own direction, with his firft wife, in the middle aisle, near the pulpit of St. Bride's church.

In a MS. of the late M. Whifton the bookfeller, which fell into the hands of one of my friends, was the following paffage: 'Mr. Samuel Richardson was a worthy man altogether. Being very liable to paffion, he directed all his men, it is faid by letters; not trufting to reprove by words, which threw him into haflinefs, and hurt him, who had always a tremor on his nerves.' I have heard nearly the fame account from fome of his workmen. But this, I believe, was not the reafon; though the fact was certainly true. It was rather for convenience, to avoid altercation, and going up into the printing-office; and befides, his principal affiftant Mr. Tewley was remarkably deaf.

Befides his three great works, he published an edition of *Aesop's Fables*, with 'Reflections,' and 'Letters' to and from feveral Perfons, and had a fhare in 'The Chriftian's Magazine,' by Dr. James Mauleclerc, 1748; and in the additions to the fixth edition of De Foe's 'Tour through Great Britain.' Six original Letters upon Duelling, were printed after his death, in 'The Literary Repository, 1765,' page 227.

No. 97, vol. ii. of the *Ramblers*, it is well known, was written by Mr. Richardson, in the preamble to which Dr. Johnson ftyles him, 'an author from whom the age has received greater favours, who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the paffions to move at the command of virtue.' He has been often compared to Rouffeau; and Rouffeau was one of his professed admirers. In his letter to D'Alenbert, fpeaking of Englifh romances, he fays, 'Thefe, like the people, are either fublime or contemptible. There never has been written in any language a romance equal to, or approaching to *Clariffa*.' But the eftem was not reciprocal;

Mr. Richardson being fo much difgusted at fome of the fcenes and the whole tendency of the new *Eloifa*, that he fecretly criticized the work (as he read it) in marginal notes, and thought, with many others, that this writer 'taught the paffions to move at the command of vice.' If this fecret cenfure of Mr. Richardson's fhould be thought too fevere or phlegmatic, let it be confidered, that admitting the tendency of Rouffeau's principles to be better in the main than his more rigid readers allow, his fystem is too refined to be carried into execution in any age when the globe is not uniformly peopled with philofophers.

Dr. Johnson, in his *Biographical Preface to Rowe's Poems*, obferves, 'The character of *Lothario* feems to have been expanded by Richardson into *Lovelace*, but he has excelled his original in the moral effect of the fiction. *Lothario*, with gaiety which cannot be hated, and bravery which cannot be defpised, retains too much of the fpectator's kindnefs. It was in the power of Richardson alone to teach us at once eftem and deteftation, to make virtuous resentment overpower all the benevolence which wit, and elegance, and courage, naturally excite; and to lofe at laft the hero in the villain.'

Mr. Aaron Hill, in a letter to Mr. Mallet, who fupposed there were fome traces of Hill's hand in *Pamela*, fays, 'Upon my faith, I had not any (the minuteft) fhare in that delightful nurfery of virtue. The fole and abfolute author is Mr. Richardson; and fuch an author too he is, that hardly mortal ever matched him, for his eafe of natural power. He feems to move like a calm fummer fea, that fwelling upward, with unconfcious deepnefs, lifts the heaviest weights into the fkyes, and fhews no fenfe of their incumbency. He would, perhaps, in every thing he fays or does be more in nature than all men before him, but that he has one fault, to an unnatural excefs, and that is Modesty.' In a letter to Mr. Richardson, after endeavouring to divert him from a melancholy train of thought he had fallen into in 1748, from 'the death of a relation emphatically near,' Mr. Hill proceeds, 'Are you to hope no end to this long, long nervous perfecution? But it is the tax you pay your genius! and I rather wonder you have fpirits to fupport fuch mixture of prodigious weights! fuch an effufion of the foul, with fuch confinement of the body! than that it has conftrained your nerves to bear your fpirits' agitation.' Many other of this gentleman's letters are filled with commendations of Mr. Richardson and his writings; and from one of them I