Richard Bull to Thomas Pennant

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To:	Thomas Pennant
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Dear Sir

Northcourt, Isle of Wight 28 Sep^{r}: 1790

I should have answer'd your last letter before this time, but I had no earlier opportunity to obey your commands in the manner I wish'd, respecting the pictures &^{c}, of my neighbor Sir Richard Worsley. I now send you a *rough lump of information*, and if you think it worth while to lick any part of it, into form and shape, my little labor will not be lost; You may rest assur'd, that you are misled in nothing, and if it will be of the least use to your *Vectianum*, fruere et lætare.[1] I shall use my interest to procure you *his intended book*, for we often talk of you, & your works. He is of the most liberal disposition I have ever met with, and if the state of his finances will allow it, I dare believe, the book will be printed for the benefit of a few select friends, and not intended for publication, but this is entre nous, for it will not be fair to anticipate his intentions.

Sir George Cornwall has lately inform'd me that there is,, at his house in Herefordshire, a well authenticated original Picture of Lord Fanhope, which was given to his father in law, Walters Cornwall, by M^{r} Perry of Penshurst, and of which he offers me a drawing, and a copy of which I, of course, offer you.

We went from hence on Saturday, a large party, to spend the day with Admiral Barrington, and Sir John Jarvis at Spithead, where there is just now a noble fleet assembled, and seven flags Flying. they know nothing of their future destination, but as their orders are, to get in beer and water, and recruit all their Stores, and repair their top masts and rigging, which have suffer'd in their last cruise, so as to be ready for sea as soon as possible, they conclude, they are not to remain long unemploy'd. they saw no enemy, and look'd into Brest, where there was only one line of battle ships, so that there is nothing to be expected from france this season, nor do they think much of Russia, and yet we are arming in every port at a great rate. the Commanders don't seem contented, offended perhaps with the unusual Secrecy that is now observ'd in every department of the Marine – they don't like being call'd out for nothing; they say we have no pretence to fall upon the Spaniards, who are ready to grant every thing we ought to require, except a free trade in the South seas, which was never yet demanded; – they don't suppose the Spaniards will ever fight us, unless with alliances to make them more than our match, and that they are vulnerable in none of their ports or settlements, ^of consequence enough for ~~worthy~~ the whole fleet of England being called out to attack. for my part I give M^{r} Pitt credit for good luck, as well as great abilities, and I hope and trust he will find a way of getting out of ^the scrape which he has apparently got into.

The new *Isle of Wight Tour*, publish'd by the owner of a circulating Library[2] is too contemtible to say a word about.

I am Dear Sir, as alway's
much yours.

Rich[d]: Bull

Marginalia

Endorsement on top of first page in Thomas Pennant's hand: answ[d] ab[t] 25.[th]

Editorial Notes

[1] 'enjoy and rejoice'.

[2] This refers to Thomas Hookham (c.1739–1819), a London bookseller and publisher. Established in 1764, his circulating library was, by the 1800s, among the largest in London.