

Paul Methuen

Mar 31 1784

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Most Gracious Sovereign

May I once more presume
to implore your Royal Condescension, and
that you will permit me Royal Fire
to repeat my former Requests humbly
submitted to your Majesty to confer on
me the Dignity of Peerage. It is with
the utmost deference I again presume
with all possible Humility, to represent
that upwards of Twenty years are elapsed
since I received a most Gracious Answer
from your Majesty, wherein I was encouraged
to hope that your Majesty's Goodness in
granting me that High Honour would be
extended to me, as it has been to many of

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Your Subjects, none of whom I may venture
to assert has a more invariable Attachment
to Your Majesty's Royal Person, Family,
and Government, or would delight more
in testifying his Gratitude on all Occasions
Should Your Majesty be graciously pleased
to grant me the Dignity of a Baron of
This Realm on the Present Creation.

It would be presumptuous in me, to say
any thing of myself, my Fortune or Family,
but if Your Majesty's Gracious Condescension
should extend to any Enquiry into the latter
I flatter myself it will be found among
the most ancient in Scotland possessed in
the earliest Ages of the Castle and Barony
of Methuen near Perth, removed from that
Kingdom, on Account of its Zeal in the Cause
of the Protestant Religion and by the Favor
of Queen Elizabeth planted in the West of
England, where it has produced Persons
who have eminently distinguished themselves
in the Service of their King and Country. I

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should be unwilling to omit the peculiar
circumstances of my maternal descent,
being descended from Cohors of the two
noble Families of Lucas and Scarsdale
who had both English Peerages and
both equally Loyal to their Sovereign
in the time of the Great Rebellion.

I throw myself at your Majesty's Feet
for Protection, it being my utmost wish
and Ambition to be deem'd and to prove
myself

May it please your Majesty

Your Majesty's

Most Dutiful and Loyal Subject

And most Devoted Servant

London

Paul Methuen

March 31st 1784.

[Faint, illegible cursive handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

W. M. McArthur

March 31, 1904