

July 9 1804

May it, please your Royal Highness

Your preeminent station in the National Council, impels me from the extreme of necessity to address you, On a Subject of oppression, unexampled, I hope, at this period, in the British Empire, and for which in this part of the united Kingdom I am left without remedy. For Murder, for Robbery, the Laws are explicit, and enforced, but where a Subject is plundered of his property, under colour of Law through the influence of a Judge, who has himself an interest, in the cause, and, through whose influence, and power, the Gates of the Temple of Justice are barred, the Grievances of a Subject are denied a hearing, a Judgement is thereby refused him, from that Court, which prevents the possibility of that Cause being carried to a Superior Tribunal for redress.

The Petition which I herewith send, will explain the oppression our family has suffered, through the influence of the Lord President, of the Supreme Court of Session in

Scotland, ultimately to throw the plunder of our property, quietly, into the hands of his Son in Law

The Petition contains less than I can show from a just dread, of the powers assumed by the Constituted, Authorities, in this part of the Empire: re, but contains a plain narrative of facts founded on recorded, Deeds, which I have brought to view, after seven years of unparalleled legal torture and Oppression. The Charge contained in these, against, the Lord President, alarmed, every Counsel to whom I presented, my Petition for Signature. The influence it impers, in, Twenty five Actions, I have sustained at the instance of the minor tools of this association, Eighteen, of which are narrated, in the appendix to my Petition are sufficiently obvious and evident

Every Counsel acknowledged my Petition, to be drawn in constitutional language, and relevant matter, and agreed to support it. But my Grievances have been refused to be discussed, or judged of, by the Court, upon the pretext of a late Act of Sederunt, Enacted, by themselves which

declares, they will not be troubled, with the inconvenience of redressing wrongs, which are not, previously approved, and, tolerated by the signature of a practising Counsel, whose fears, and hopes depending on the smile of the Court, and particularly the Lord President, deter them from exciting in him, a resentment unextinguishable against them, and in compliance to another Act of Parliament, of date 17. June 1674.

To obviate this in some shape, and to prepare my misfortunes, to be heard in England, that happy Land, where Liberty and property, is respected and secured, I presented, the Minute which accompanies this, . . . But no Judgement could, be procured.

I was thereafter cited to the Bar of the House, and there informed by the Lord President, that, my Petition would, not, be received, that, a continuation, of the days of Inducio was granted me, to allow the youngest, counsel at the Bar a Nephew of the Lord President, selected, by himself to draw a Petition, (such as he would dare to draw) which should be considered of, in November next,

In the mean time, our property remains in the hands of Strangers, denied every means of Subsistence, out of our ^{own} funds, we now live upon such articles of apparel, and furniture as from,

day, to day, we are obliged, to sell, to buy Bread,

In this Situation I have applied, to your Royal Highness, as the Guardian, the protector of the Liberties, and property of British Subjects, even of those domiciled in Scotland, to know if there ^{are} any constitutional means, yet left, me for redress. . . . I have a Mother, aged and infirm, a Wife, a family, and though our circumstances ought to be affluent, and ~~we~~ ^{John Fumfham} we are in absolute want,

All our Grievances are contained in Twenty seven pages of print in my Petition, the rest of the printed papers, are more reference except, the Minute. . . . The Ores of a British Subject, domiciled, in Scotland, entreats your Royal Highness to desire your Attorney General to report upon his case and say, if there remains any means of redress. . . . Such is the prayer of

John Fumfham

Springfield
Leithwalk
Edinburgh
July 9. 1804.