

# *Just Write*

**Gloucester County Library System**

**Logan Township Branch**

**Writers Group**

**Selections**

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Freeholder Director, **Robert M. Damming** | Freeholder Library Liaison, **Lyman Barnes**



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## GREY Hope

With wondrous thrust  
Our ancient artist stretched  
Canvas across the expanse  
An ocean of blue shown woven.

Applying gobs of pigment bleak  
What did He seek, for soon  
Shards of blue with green  
White and black went slack.

Just what do you mean... greying  
Somewhat paling, non-white, ashen  
Splattered willy nilly puffy white  
Turned silly. Not wanting grizzly.

Further saddened then gladdened  
A summer storm poured forth  
Entertaining us with bright bursts  
Of Light accompanied by clanging might.

Forty winks later interwoven  
Shades of grey reversed its  
Founding-turning lighter and whiter  
Returned peace to last.

The Mask was lifted  
The fast ran to the ground  
The silo overflowed  
The END profound.

## HOW SWEET IT IS!

Jane Harre

October 10, 2014

Wine? Coffee? Tea, or “sweet tea”, as they say in the south? What is your pleasure, your favorite beverage?

In our home in the Fall season of the year the favored beverage is also the hobby. You might say (if you don't mind some silliness) it is the “hobby of my hubby,” and also of his helpers. By which I mean that just as soon as apple season begins to crowd out the summer fruits and vegetables, there begin some rumblings about where to get jugs, who will have apples, and the cider press is uncovered and hosed down.

This has been going on for twenty years or so, ever since a nephew called to say he had seen a press for sale in the newspaper. In the first years, I was the helper as we double-rinsed the apples after inspecting and trimming. I won't say I was exactly reluctant, but when the grandsons grew big enough to handle a knife or turn the crank, I stepped back to the role of post-press utensil-washer.

Crew members are quite the connoisseurs, comparing their blends from one batch to another. That first taste out of the press's receiving tray is a happy moment, although the comment often is, “It will be better tomorrow”. And it usually is.

The process actually is simple; washing (with a little bleach in the first rinse) and trimming the apples, as I mentioned, then into the chopper which dumps the chunks of apple down into the slatted barrel, which has been lined with a nylon mesh bag. After a layer is judged deep enough, a wooden disk is set on top and more apples added. Sometimes this is repeated. And then the final disk is placed over all. Down comes the screw and the handle is turned (and turned) to press the disks tightly down onto the apples to crush them and the lovely juice escapes around all sides. The catcher tray fills and the cider flows through the exit hole into the bucket provided. A strainer and a funnel help with the bottling process. It is capped and dated. A mash remains and is sent to a friend's humus pile to feed wandering deer and turkeys.

Cider making is mostly a weekly event, with the family enjoying it daily and visitors offered a taste and possibly a jug to take along.

The popularity of this hobby/beverage can be measured by its loss. When last year's cider season ended, one grandson commented glumly, “This is the first day in three months that I haven't had cider!”

## **Autumn Contemplation**

By Marian M. Fay  
(From her blog, "The Front Porch Scribbler")

Autumn, the completion of springtime promises and  
summer dalliances

With brilliant finale hues of gold, orange, and red  
Nature announces, "Let's party ere we go to bed!"

No more tiny green shoots or flowers  
No more lawn mowing and sun bathing by the hour  
Just shorter and cooler back to work filled days  
With gusty winds that have come to play

I open the windows and let the fresh autumn breeze  
Fill my senses with feelings that please  
My soul and its longing for calm and cleansing  
From past angers and issues  
Instead of continuing are now ending  
They, like the autumn leaves, are falling away  
And blowing down the court by the winds of this day

# *John Hatton, “King of the Tories”*

## *Conclusion*

*By Ben Carlton*

Meanwhile, Jedidiah Mills, the pilot who had retaken the boat from us and had also detained my son in Philadelphia until the sailors could attack him, was going about my neighborhood armed with a club, threatening me with destruction. And so it was that on December 6 that I met Mr. Mills on the King’s Road. Brandishing his club, he threatened to promptly beat my brains out with it. But upon reaching my hand toward my coat pocket, Mills fled precipitately, perhaps fearing I was armed with a pocket pistol.

I went immediately to the authorities to request that Mills be arrested, but was told that Justice of the Peace, James Whilden, was not there. While I was away from home five men rearrested Ned as he was driving my wagon, having been engaged all day gathering my summer’s crop, which had been until then rotting in the ground.

Minutes after discovering that Ned had been apprehended, I, myself, was arrested and taken to the courthouse. There I saw Jedidiah Mills, his club at his side, sitting next to Joseph Leonard, the Magistrate. Judge Leonard expressed himself to me in a most discourteous manner. I then demanded that Mills be secured and again repeated to them that he was the pilot who had threatened me with death if I came near the boat to discharge my duties as His Majesty’s Collector of Customs.

Likewise, he was the man who took away the pilot boat after I seized it, and,

furthermore, the same scoundrel who laid hold of my son until the aforesaid mob of sailors attacked him along the wharf at Philadelphia.

Mills did not deny any of my accusations; indeed he acknowledged he would do it all again if there were occasion. His conduct was not in the least disapproved of by the Magistrate present.

I was allowed to post £200 security for my release, but was refused any security I could give for the release of my servant, who was ordered immediately back to gaol. The reason given for releasing me and sending Ned to gaol was that Mills declared to the Judge that my son had told him in Philadelphia what his father's Negro would do to him if and when he should lay hands on him. But Mills could not produce any proofs of this conversation. In truth, they feared "Negro Ned," as they called him. He was a giant of a man and fiercely loyal to me; therefore, they kept him confined as long as they possibly could. All the while Mills and his ilk conducted their smuggling operations in full public view, bidding defiance to any that should try to stop them. As a result, His Majesty's revenue suffered as a result of the inaction of the Magistrates at Cape May.

Governor Franklin referred my case (i.e., passed the buck, as it were) to the Attorney General, Cortland Skinner, for consultation. Mr. Skinner wrote that it was his opinion that "as the transaction [the offloading and seizure of the goods and subsequent attack upon my son, myself, and Ned in Delaware Bay] was on the high seas, the Admiralty [Court] only hath jurisdiction and it is [to] those you ought to apply." He added further that the Magistrates of Cape May had no authority to issue their warrant [against me and against my servant] or bind us over to court without the approval of the Admiralty. Attorney General Skinner stated that the Magistrates showed insolent contempt for the Governor's proclamation, and had illegally demanded security from me, and ought to be removed from their offices by the Governor. And

he also declared, and I quote: "It was their duty to support Mr. Hatton, the Collector." Alas, as there was no Court of Admiralty in the Province, I could only take out a Supreme Writ for Mills, the Pilot, by the Attorney General's advice.

I traveled back to Burlington, arriving there on December 27, to deliver the letter from Attorney General Skinner to Governor Franklin regarding the ill treatment I received at the hands of the Cape May Magistrates. To that date I had spent nearly £40 in traveling so many hundreds of miles through snowy wastes and in fees for counsel and other expenses caused by this affair. Indeed, I had spent nearly my last farthing in a fruitless effort to procure justice for my son and myself.

Truly I felt everyone's hand against me. Forced to flee Cape May County to ensure the safety of my family, I retired to my abode in Raccoon hoping to live there peaceably with my neighbors. But it was not to be. With the coming of rebellion and war in 1775, I was continually threatened and harassed by the Whigs, the so-called Patriots, for holding open house for all citizens loyal to the Crown.

On July 4, 1776, independence was declared by the Continental Congress meeting in Philadelphia. Shortly thereafter, on July 18, 1776, a Treason Act was also declared by a Convention of the State of New Jersey meeting at Trenton. The Act was allegedly designed to ensure the safety of the people in rebellion against Great Britain so that anyone found to be "so wicked" as to assist the enemy, would be "punished with death." Furthermore, anyone found guilty of "reviling the government of this state, or giving seditious speeches" in support of King George III, "shall be punished in like manner."



Warrants were issued for the arrest of my son and myself for being considered dangerous spies and enemies of the state. Our chief offense had been to invite my friend, Moses Kirkland, into our home. Colonel Kirkland was an avowed Loyalist and planter from South Carolina, who had recently been captured and confined in Philadelphia before making his escape and seeking refuge in our home. A party of militiamen was dispatched to secure the arrest of all three of us, but by the time the scoundrels arrived at my door, Moses Kirkland and my son were already on their way to Virginia to join the Queen's Own Loyal Regiment under the command of Lord John Murray Dunmore, the last royal governor of Virginia. John Jr., now fully recovered from his previous wounds and a strapping young man of 20, was commissioned a Lieutenant in Lord Dunmore's regiment.

Meanwhile I was placed under arrest and taken to Philadelphia and incarcerated in the infamous Walnut Street gaol. Ironically, I was imprisoned just across the way from the Pennsylvania State House, later to be known as Independence Hall – the so-called “cradle of liberty” – for having spoken my mind freely and for having invited a familiar friend to shelter in my home. I was held in this stifling jail from August 5th to the 20<sup>th</sup>, at the height of the yellow fever season, before being released on bond.

Returning home to Raccoon, I found my situation barely tolerable until, about one year later in the fall of 1777, I sought refuge with the British Army in Philadelphia. I remained with General Howe's forces until June 1778 when the army evacuated Philadelphia and returned to New York. I left with the soldiers, leaving my long-suffering wife behind to manage our estate. Before long she too was compelled to flee after being treated harshly by the Patriots. Mrs. Hatton, in the words of the Reverend Nicholas Collin, rector of the Swedish Church at Raccoon, had been “robbed in the most dishonorable manner of cattle, household goods, clothing, etc.”

In contrast to the knaves who plundered my estate, on one occasion during my exile, a company of British soldiers was passing by my home on the Salem Road. They took possession of a horse belonging to me, but Mrs. Hatton sent a servant girl running after them. The young girl represented who I was and the horse was immediately returned.

Mrs. Hatton was eventually given permission by the Rebel authorities to pass through the lines to join me in New York on the condition that the man who conveyed her there by wagon give assurances he would bring back the bed on which she was lying and without which she could not travel, being much weakened by sorrow and illness.

As punishment for joining with the King's Army and for being a fugitive from the punitive justice of the Patriots, my property was confiscated by the County of Gloucester of the State of New Jersey, in accordance with a law passed Dec. 11, 1778. My house in Raccoon and adjoining 15 acres of land were subsequently purchased by Dr. James Stratton for £1,325. [Dr. Stratton resided in Hatton's former home until he built a mansion on the north bank of the Raccoon Creek in 1794.]

After the devastating conclusion of the war, I returned to my native England where I received some recompense from the British government for the loss of my property. I was allowed £1,534 on my claim of £4,180, and I was given a yearly pension of £90 for my services to the crown.

As for my son, John, Jr., after Lord Dunmore's Loyalist regiment was disbanded, he was commissioned a Lieutenant of the 6<sup>th</sup> Battalion, New Jersey Volunteers (NJV), later serving in the consolidated 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion, NJV, through the end of the conflict. He was wounded at the Siege

of Fort 96 in the South Carolina backcountry on June 18, 1781, but survived the war. After a retirement of several years, Lt. John Hatton, Jr. joined the army once more as an officer in the 23d Regiment of Foot, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Soldiering agreed with him, and life in the army became his full-time occupation.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, as I have nearly reached the conclusion of my presentation, I humbly beg the question: Was I, John Hatton, an odious, dishonest tax collector, violent and overbearing, a man who made himself contemptible in the eyes of his countrymen by his misbehavior? Or, was I simply doing my duty as a loyal and faithful servant of my sovereign? Before you answer, I'll end by sharing

with you the published words of a former neighbor, a neutral and apolitical observer and stalwart man of God, the Reverend Nicholas Collin.... "[They also pillaged the home of] John Hatton, a native Englishman, belonging to the Episcopal Church, an inspector of the customs in the lower part of Jersey, who had for some years lived near to the Raccoon Church. This man had for a long time been unpopular, simply because of his occupation, and was truly devoted to his King and nation. "

On that note I will conclude and bid you fond farewell. Thank you for your time and kind attention, and may "God save the King!"

# *Just Write*

**Meetings held 2<sup>nd</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> Wednesdays at**

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