

**IN BUFF AND BLUE; BEING CERTAIN
PORTIONS FROM THE DIARY OF
RICHARD HILTON,
GENTLEMAN, OF HASLET'S REGIMENT
OF DELAWARE FOOT, IN OUR EVER
GLORIOUS WAR OF INDEPENDENCE**

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In Buff and Blue; Being Certain Portions from the Diary of Richard Hilton, Gentleman, of Haslet's Regiment of Delaware Foot, in Our Ever Glorious War of Independence by George Brydges Rodney

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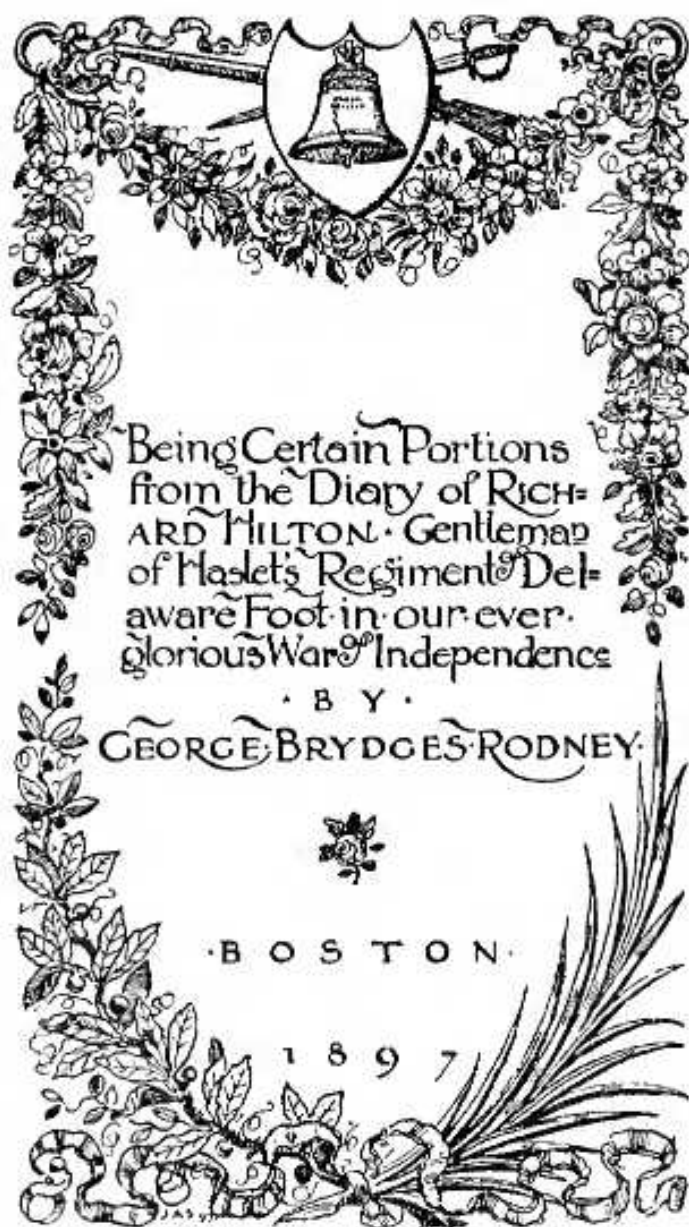
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TO

M. R. H.

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IN BUFF AND BLUE

CHAPTER I

DO you know the west bank of the Delaware, below the Schuylkill, where the Brandywine and Christiana — the old Christine-kill of the Dutch — empty into the South, now the Delaware River? The low shores and reed-beds green and golden, the long stretches of yellow sand, and above all the hiss and roar of the water, running ever onward toward the land? The long stretch of blue sky and bluer water off to the southeast where Pea-patch Island is, where the fort now stands, from which point the salt wind comes roaring in from sea, sure follower of the sunset?

If you do know the spot, there is no use in my describing it to you: if not, no words of mine can make you understand its beauties. I have heard men say that the mountains are grander, more

In Buff and Blue

beautiful, more varied in their scenery; but I have seen both, and I solemnly declare it to be my opinion that the long stretch of water now before me, with its waves running high before the wind, is no more to be compared with the tame and lifeless scenery of a ridge of earth and rocks than a living, breathing being can be compared with a statue.

They say too that the mountaineers are a hardier, sterner set than those we breed by the water. Of this I cannot speak, yet — we of the Delaware line, in the old days from '76 to '82, did not show ourselves as weak as water.

I have just been reading an old play in which occur the words: "Who fails in his life's work, let him write success, for man's judgment is not God's judgment. So may our failures be His successes;" and I am tempted to put down a few failures and a few successes I have met with in some sixty years of life, as long a sixty years of stormy life as ever a man was cursed with. But now, as the sailors say, I have "boarded my main-tack and trimmed my sheets," but notwithstanding all, I am slowly drifting on a "lee-shore" from which I cannot beat.

You do not remember, how could you, 'tis a matter of history now, the old days of '75, when Revere took his famous ride, when Mr. Henry's