Thomas Anburey at the Battle of Hubbardton: How a Fraudulent Source Misled Historians

Hubbardton awaits researchers who can read the historical record without any reference to Travels through the Interior Parts of America, starting over with what was recorded soon after the battle, even if details are occasionally unclear and contradictory. A little sparkle, but a lot of confusion, will leave the story.

By Ennis Duling

Thomas Anburey’s Travels through the Interior Parts of America, published in London in 1789, contains the most readable eyewitness account of the Battle of Hubbardton, fought high in the hills of western Vermont, July 7, 1777. The two-volume work is a series of letters written to “my dear friend” by a British volunteer in the 29th Regiment, who became an officer in the 24th Regiment.

Calling the correspondence “the rapid effusions of a confessedly inexperienced Writer,” Anburey wrote that he had published the letters because of “the entreaties of some of the most respectable Subscribers to the Work.” More than six hundred in all, the subscribers are a guide to the British upper class. General John Burgoyne himself,

Ennis Duling of East Poultney is the communications director and editor of the alumni magazine at Castleton State College. He is a member of the board of directors of the Mount Independence Coalition. A graduate of Gettysburg College, he is currently completing a history of the American Revolution on the Yankee frontier, focusing on Seth Warner.
the Earl of Balcarres, Harriet Ackland, engineer William Twiss, artillery officer James Murray Hadden, and many more from the ill-fated expedition that ended at Saratoga, attested to their interest in Anburney's work.  

From September 1776 through October 1781, Anburey toured Canada, observing the landscape, the people, and the wildlife; sailed south on Lake Champlain with Burgoyne’s army; fought at Hubbardton; was taken prisoner when Burgoyne surrendered; and then as part of the Convention Army, the troops captured at Saratoga, saw America from New England to Virginia and back again.

The book was popular in Britain; it was quickly translated into French and German and has never gone away. Anburey’s letters were reprinted in North America three times in the twentieth century, and his observations are found in nearly every history of the northern campaign of 1777. Today the book is online, with searchable text and page images, at the Library of Congress’s “American Memory” collection.

In letter thirty-one, July 12, 1777, Anburey wrote first of the American retreat from Ticonderoga and Mount Independence, which began on the night of July 5–6. In his account, after repairing and crossing the communication bridge connecting the two forts, the British found four Americans stationed at a cannon “dead drunk by a cask of Madeira.” A curious Indian picked up the slow match and a spark ignited the cannon, but the gun was elevated and “no mischief ensued.” Anburey then described chasing the fleeing Rebels on “a very hot and sultry day, over a continued succession of steep and woody hills.” At five the next morning (July 7) the British surprised the Americans, who were still cooking breakfast. Major Robert Grant of the 24th Regiment—a “very gallant and brave officer”—was killed when he climbed on a stump. He was “struck by a rifle ball, fell off the tree, and never uttered another syllable.”

Anburey reported that the Rebels perpetrated a “breach of all military rules.” Nearly sixty Americans clubbed their muskets—barrels down in a sign of surrender—and approached a party of grenadiers, who held their fire. At ten yards, the Rebels raised their weapons, fired a devastating volley, and then ran.

In his description, Anburey focused on the grenadiers, who cut off the Rebels’ access to the road to Castleton and then tried to block their retreat “by a very steep mountain to Pittsford.” In a key passage Anburey wrote, “That you may form some idea how steep the ascent must have been, the men were obliged to sling their firelocks and climb up the side, sometimes resting their feet upon the branch of a tree, and sometimes on a piece of rock; had any been so unfortunate as to have missed his hold, he must inevitably been dashed to pieces.”
Two hours after the fighting stopped, Anburey was high on the mountain when officers examined the pocketbook of slain American Colonel Ebenezer Francis, who commanded a Massachusetts regiment comprised of men from Maine, which was governed from Boston until 1820. A Rebel hiding in the woods shot Captain John Shrimpton as he held Francis’s papers. The grenadiers remained on the summit of the mountain until five o’clock in the afternoon. In descending, they were amazed at how high they had climbed: “For my own part, it appeared as if I should never reach the bottom.”

In letter thirty-two, Anburey completed his account of the battle. “The confusion of the enemy on their retreat was very great, as they were neither sensible where they fled, nor by whom they were conducted, after Colonel Francis was killed, when they took to the mountains.” He included details of injuries: although Lord Balcarres’s clothes were torn by thirty balls, he was only touched slightly on the hip, but Lieutenant Haggitt was shot in both eyes and Lieutenant Douglas, already wounded, was hit in the heart.

In volume two, Anburey returned to memories of Hubbardton. In May 1778 a party of British prisoners-of-war on a relaxed parole somewhere outside Boston stopped at a house to buy vegetables. An old lady asked if any of them knew her son, Colonel Francis, or had any of his possessions. Captain Ferguson produced Francis’s watch and said, “There, good woman, if that can make you happy, take it, and God bless you.”

The tale was so touching that in 1859 Francis’s granddaughters, Elizabeth Bowditch and Sarah Mason, presented the pocket watch and a copy of Anburey’s book to the Massachusetts Historical Society. The silver watch, engraved with a floral design, probably of French manufacture, remains part of the society’s collection.

The Trouble with Thomas Anburey

At publication, *Travels through the Interior Parts of America* was greeted with some skepticism. *The Monthly Review* was duly impressed by the subscribers, but noticed an anti-American bias as well as a passage that was copied from the *Annual Register*, a yearly record of history, politics, and literature that began in 1758. *The Critical Review* went further and found, “From a careful comparison we can pronounce this work, in its most essential parts, to be an ill-digested plagiarism from general Burgoyne’s Narrative, and from the Account of the Prosecution of Colonel Henley.” The reviewer found borrowings from Andrew Burnaby’s *Travels Through the Middle Settlements in North America, in the years 1759 and 1760* and Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur’s
Letters from an American Farmer. But these early misgivings about Anburey made little impression, and the book became an indispensable source on Burgoyne’s expedition.11

It was not until the mid twentieth century that a scholar undertook the tedious work of comparing Anburey with other eighteenth-century travel books. In a 1943 study, Whitfield Bell, later an editor of The Papers of Benjamin Franklin and librarian of the American Philosophical Society, found plagiarism from more than a dozen sources, although (correctly) not Crèvecoeur. Bell pointed to Burnaby, the Marquis de Chastellux, Peter Kalm, Jonathan Carver, Samuel Peters, and—as they concluded in the eighteenth century—etc., etc., etc. “And had it seemed worth while to search for more borrowed passages more could have been found,” he wrote, already citing more than sixty examples. Copying was commonplace in eighteenth-century writings. But Anburey’s borrowings were wholesale; this was not petty theft, but grand larceny.12

Outside of the book and scattered references in British military records to Thomas Anbury (with no e) and Ensign Hanbury, nothing is known of the man. Hanbury, no first name but unquestionably the same gentleman volunteer, was commissioned as ensign in the 24th Regiment on August 10, 1777, through orders issued in Canada. That commission appears in Burgoyne’s Orderly Book for September 2, 1777. A signature for Thos Anbury of the 24th Regiment can be found on the British officer Parole of Honor, Cambridge, December 13, 1777. He retired from the service on January 23, 1783.13 Although reprints of Travels through the Interior Parts of America and sketches of the author often describe him as Lieutenant Anburey, there is no evidence that he was promoted higher than ensign.

Although Anburey claimed that the letters were “the actual result of a familiar correspondence,” he certainly did not write them at the time. It is hard to imagine that he had access to an extensive library during a military campaign and subsequent imprisonment; in any case, numerous sources were published originally in London after the dates on his supposed letters, one book as late as 1787. “My dear friend” is an abstraction, not believable as a friend or a real person. Epistolary books, both fiction and nonfiction, were popular in the eighteenth century, and Anburey adopted a genre that appealed to readers.

Anburey is a genial guide to North America. Even commentators who recognize the plagiarism maintain that he participated in the events he described. The reviewer for The Critical Review argued that the trip over Lake Champlain is “the most entertaining, and is undoubtedly the most original part of the whole work.”14 The author of a 1922 study of Revolutionary-era travels through Virginia, Alfred Morrison, was also
captivated by Anburey’s account, but had his doubts: “And it is not at all impossible that the work was wholly a compilation, done skilfully at London.”

Bell imagined that Anburey “found his memory inadequate to the task” of writing and so padded his recollections. “What remains of Anburey’s own are a few anecdotes, some pictures and sidelights, and some judgments,” Bell concluded, but he did not say how to detect which observations are trustworthy.

And Sydney Jackman, editor of a 1963 Canadian abridgement of volume one, accepted Bell’s case against Anburey but believed that “at least the earlier parts are largely drawn from personal experience and owe little or nothing to others. The remainder of the work is certainly less authentic.” Jackman concluded that from the Battle of Saratoga on, the plagiarism was extensive. Even so, he saw “great charm” in a book that might be an “idealized memoir of each and every member of the Convention Army.”

However, none of the writers who have previously addressed the problem of Anburey’s plagiarism recognized his indebtedness to Father Pierre de Charlevoix’s Journal of a Voyage to North-America. A comparison makes it clear that the early part of Anburey’s book has no great claim to originality. At a minimum, he lifted lengthy sections on trees and the timber industry in Canada, bear hunting, beavers, rattlesnakes, passenger pigeons, and Indians. Anburey even mimicked Charlevoix’s conclusion to one letter. The priest ended his comments on beavers by writing that he had been told his carriage was ready; Anburey, claiming to be in Montreal, was interrupted in his similar description of beavers by news that “the pacquet is going to sail.”

But even if all the plagiarism were eliminated, how reliable would the remainder be? Anecdotes may be impossible to prove or disprove. One must decide based on the reputation of the source, common sense, and knowledge of human nature and history.

Anburey can be judged by his descriptions of unchanged geography. According to him, Lake Champlain is so wide at its widest that “you are not able to discern the opposite shore.” The three-quarters of a mile narrows at Split Rock, across from Thompson’s Point in Charlotte, is “just wide enough for our large ships to pass through.” Then there is his perplexing description of the settlements along the lake: “There are several plantations on each side, but they are more numerous on the south, the north side being lofty rocky mountains.”

In the end, Anburey remains a mystery. Was he Ensign Anbury of the 24th Regiment, cobbling together his story to please his betters? Or was he a London hack, borrowing the ensign’s name just as he borrowed
innumerable sources? Are surprising details unique observations, exaggerations, or fiction?

ANBUREY AND HUBBARDTON

The Battle of Hubbardton poses a critical test of Anburey’s reliability, for his anecdotes and observations have become a key source in attempts to write an accurate, engaging history of the battle.

For much of his account of the pursuit from Ticonderoga and the Battle of Hubbardton, Anburey copied from Burgoyne’s A State of the Expedition from Canada, which is a transcript of the general’s defense before the House of Commons plus supporting documents. Burgoyne was not at Hubbardton and his description of the battle, sent to Lord George Germain, secretary of state for the colonies, and included in the appendix of A State of the Expedition, was based on a now missing report from commander Simon Fraser, who was later killed at Saratoga.20

Burgoyne’s report to Germain reads, “Some stragglers of the enemy were picked up, from whom the Brigadier learned, that their rear guard was composed of chosen men, and commanded by Colonel Francis, one of their best officers.” Anburey rephrased slightly: “On our march we picked up several stragglers, from whom General Fraser learnt that the rear-guard of the enemy was composed of chosen men, commanded by a Colonel Francis, who was reckoned one of their best officers.”21

That example is harmless, but Anburey could also twist quotes, causing mischief for historians. Burgoyne’s official report is clear about the beginnings of the battle: “At three in the morning he [General Fraser] renewed his march, and about five his advanced scouts discovered the enemy’s centries, who fired their pieces and joined the main body.”22 Anburey began by copying and then enlivened this incident at the expense of the Americans: “At three in the morning our march was renewed, and about five we came up with the enemy, who were busily employed in cooking their provisions.” Then he returned to the thread of his plagiarism: “Major Grant . . . attacked their picquets, which were soon driven in to the main body.” It makes little sense as written, and even less when one knows the straightforward source Anburey was revising; but the quote, implying that the Americans had neglected to post sentries, has harmed the reputation of brigade commander Colonel Seth Warner of Vermont.23

In his account Anburey is in two places at the same time: climbing Pittsford Ridge with the grenadiers and on the main battlefield on today’s Monument Hill, where he personally hears German Major General Friedrich Von Riedesel “pouring forth every imprecation against
his troops, for their not arriving at the place of action time enough to earn the glories of the day.” Most of the section on the German role in the battle is lifted from Burgoyne’s account, but Anburey can be confusing, as if he was revising so quickly that he was unable to create a consistent narrative.24

Anburey’s major contribution to the history of the battle is the struggle for Pittsford Ridge, what Burgoyne called Pittsford Mountain. Burgoyne reported, “The grenadiers scrambled up a part of that ascent, appearing almost inaccessible, and gained the summit before them, which threw them into confusion.” Anburey copied the sentence nearly word for word, except he dropped the puzzling but perhaps significant “part of that” ascent and added “great” confusion and the summit “of the mountain”: “The grenadiers scrambled up an ascent which appeared almost inaccessible, and gained the summit of the mountain before them; this threw them into great confusion.” To illustrate the steepness of the mountain, he next told of the harrowing climb in which a fall might have ended in death.25

But Pittsford Ridge is nothing like Anburey’s description. From Monument Hill where Fraser stood, forested Pittsford Ridge appears far more forbidding than it is on foot. Due east of the battlefield visitor’s center, the slope is such that today a logging road climbs to the top. A few hundred yards south, a sharp spine blocks an easy ascent, but a hiker can scramble up (to use Burgoyne’s words) and then down again before continuing toward the ridgeline. By any route, someone reaching the ridge will be breathing hard, but never in danger of being dashed to pieces.26

Throughout, Anburey’s anecdotes are suspicious. In his account, Major Grant was killed by an American rifleman, but only the German jägers (light infantry; literally, hunters) had rifles at Hubbardton. Then there is the pretend surrender that allowed the Americans to fire an unanswered volley. It is hard to imagine how, in the heat of battle, they could have organized and timed this ruse; it is harder to imagine professional British soldiers letting their guard down so completely.

Finally, in the fight on Pittsford Ridge, the grenadiers—the crack troops in the British army—forgot all their training in the manual of arms in their haste to fire. Instead of using their ramrods, some “struck the butt end of their piece upon the ground,” supposedly sending the cartridge down the barrel of the musket. Like the greenest militia, others kept cramming as many as five or six cartridges into their firearms without discharging them.27

The geographic impossibilities continue. Two days after Hubbardton, Fraser’s brigade marched hurriedly toward Skenesborough (today’s
Whitehall, New York). Anburey told of the difficulties in crossing a creek, which could only be the Poultney River. The pioneers felled trees for a bridge, and the soldiers crawled over one at a time. Major Shrimpton, who was wounded at Hubbardton (and was Captain Shrimpton just a few pages earlier in Anburey’s account), nearly fell before the man behind caught him by his clothes.28

The scene is absurd. On the road from Castleton to Skenesborough there was a ford, passable in rainy weather, west of today’s Fair Haven. In fact, the Poultney River has many easily fordable spots and could not slow an army in July. The makeshift bridge was unnecessary and impractical. The story is another invention.29

THOMAS ANBUREY AND THE HISTORIANS

Nineteenth-century accounts of Hubbardton were simple: The battle began in the early morning; the outcome hung in the balance until the arrival of the Germans; Francis was killed; and Warner ordered a retreat over the mountain.30

Hubbardton became more complicated with the publication in 1928 of Hoffman Nickerson’s The Turning Point of the Revolution, Or Burgoyne in America, which became the leading history of the Saratoga Campaign for much of the twentieth century. By the time of his death in 1965, Nickerson, who was a staff officer in both world wars, had written military histories from the Roman Empire through World War Two.31

But Nickerson was taken in by Anburey. He was certain the battle began around 4:40 a.m., Anburey’s 5 a.m., adjusted a little based on an American account that the battle began “just as the sun rose.” Having posted no sentries, the Americans were completely surprised. In trying to make sense of the grenadiers’ mountaineering, Nickerson moved the location of this action away from Pittsford Ridge. A half-mile southwest of the battlefield and today’s visitor’s center is a rocky outcropping that fits Anburey’s description far better than the wooded slope to the east. Mount Zion, as it is called today, rises some four hundred feet above the valley. In The Turning Point of the Revolution, Nickerson imagined that a climb over Mount Zion by the grenadiers was decisive. His details came straight from Anburey: “So precipitous were the crags that they had to sling their muskets and scramble up with the aid of both hands, supporting themselves on branches, tree roots, and projecting bits of rock. Indeed, the danger such inexperienced cragmen were in from falling seems to have been as vivid to them as that which they ran in fighting.”32

The supposed exploits on Mount Zion never made sense. There was enough room in the valley between Monument Hill and Mount Zion
for the British to flank the Americans, so that a trek over the mountain would have been a long, arduous, and pointless detour. For men armed with muskets, Mount Zion offered no advantage and no threat.

Despite logic, Nickerson established the importance of Mount Zion, and other historians followed his lead. In 1960 the Vermont Board of Historic Sites asked Colonel Richard Ernest Dupuy, a military historian who had served on Eisenhower’s staff during World War Two and was the press officer who notified the world of D-Day, to research the battle. His unpublished manuscript, “The Battle of Hubbardton: A Critical Analysis,” was the first lengthy study of the battle in the twentieth century. In it, he imagined the moment in which Fraser’s “military eye” instinctively noted that “the key to complete victory lay on that craggy knob on the right front (Mount Zion).” A shortened version of Dupuy’s research, still stressing the importance of Mount Zion, appeared in Vermont Life in the summer of 1963. The early displays at the battlefield were influenced by Dupuy as well. Today one large map showing the grenadiers’ supposed sweep across Mount Zion remains in the visitor’s center on Monument Hill, although it hangs in an out of the way corner of the entrance hall.33

But during the 1970s dissatisfaction with the Mount Zion scenario grew among those responsible for protecting Vermont’s heritage. Finally,
Director of the Division of Historical Preservation William Pinney asked Colonel John Williams, editor of the State Papers of Vermont, to research the battle. Williams had fought in Italy in World War Two and in the Korean War before serving at Norwich University and with NATO. He had the military background and historical knowledge to rethink the battle.

Former director of the Vermont Historical Society Edward Hoyt wrote a lengthy critique of Dupuy’s analysis, maintaining that the conclusions about Mount Zion were “without foundation.” Anburey plagiarized, Hoyt said, but parts of the work were original, although exaggerated. “His account of the ascent of the steep mountain, for example, was apparently original, since he himself was engaged in it.” But Anburey’s description “lends a specious credence to the conclusion that he could only have been referring to Mount Zion.”

In 1988 the Division of Historical Preservation published Williams’s seventy-five-page *The Battle of Hubbardton: The American Rebels Stem the Tide*. For Williams, the battle was “a classic example of a rear guard action.” The Americans, although burdened with sick and wounded, were prepared and fought well. The battle did not start at the crack of dawn, but after 6:30 with the height of the action after 7 a.m. There was no mention of the false surrender, the grenadiers embellishing upon the manual of arms, or the coincidence of Francis’s watch.

But like Nickerson and Dupuy before him, Williams accepted the belief that Anburey’s description of the fight on the inaccessible mountain was key to understanding the battle. Instead of an invented struggle for Mount Zion, he believed that a second crucial phase took place on the ridge. The Americans were “trapped in a virtual cul-de-sac” as the grenadiers seized the heights, and the Americans had to fight up and over the mountain to make their retreat, not merely fade into the vast forest. The fighting ended with “a running battle through the woods and along the ridgeline.” Colonel Francis was killed somewhere high on the ridge by fire from the grenadiers, not on Monument Hill by German riflemen, as tradition and General Riedesel had it.

Williams’s version of the battle was adopted for the narration of the electric map at the visitor’s center, dedicated in 1990. In other parts of the new exhibit, Anburey was quoted prominently.

But despite the efforts in Vermont to omit the grenadiers’ climb over Mount Zion from accounts of Hubbardton and substitute a struggle for Pittsford Ridge, the Nickerson/Dupuy interpretation of Anburey appeared in Richard Ketchum’s *Saratoga: Turning Point of America’s Revolutionary War*. Published in 1997, *Saratoga* is clearly the leading history of the campaign for our time, as Nickerson’s was earlier. Ketchum
—a resident of Dorset, former editor at *American Heritage*, and author of many books, including works on Bunker Hill and the battles of Trenton and Princeton (with more works on the Revolutionary War to follow *Saratoga*)—weighed Anburey against other sources.

Ketchum realized that the Americans had placed sentries and that the battle started much later than sunrise. But once again, Americans—in Ketchum’s account they are from Warner’s Regiment—pretend to surrender and then open fire. The grenadiers fight for possession of “a rocky precipice that commanded the road to Castle Town” and the grenadiers “haul themselves up the rocky face, clinging to bushes and bracing their feet on the branches of trees.” The grenadiers run down the slope of Mount Zion to seize the road to Castleton and block the American retreat.38

**Hubbardton without Thomas Anburey**

Hubbardton awaits researchers who can read the historical record without any reference to *Travels through the Interior Parts of America*, starting over with what was recorded soon after the battle, even if details are occasionally unclear and contradictory. A little sparkle and a lot of confusion will leave the story.

The signature detail of the American retreat from Ticonderoga and Mount Independence—those drunken men, their Madeira wine, and the unfired cannon—suddenly is gone. We are left with the surprise of a more reliable British officer, William Digby, that the Americans did not mount a gun to defend the bridge.39

Any lingering doubts about the time the battle started are resolved: around 7 a.m., certainly not at sunrise. Major Grant is just as dead, but there is no reason to believe he was shot while standing upon a stump and no need to explain that a prominent source was mistaken about riflemen. There is no evidence of the Americans clubbing their muskets in pretend surrender, or the British being so naïve as to fall for the trick. The grenadiers still cut off the American retreat to the south, but they don’t scale a precipice, forget their training in the manual of arms, or remain on the summit for hours after the battle. Colonel Francis is killed by German rifle fire, not by the grenadiers on the ridge. The watch in the Massachusetts Historical Society is just another eighteenth-century timepiece, not proof of a charming coincidence.

Eliminating Anburey’s anecdotes is the simplest part of the challenge. Far more difficult is dealing with his hidden influence. He has wormed his way into so many accounts that it is often hard to tell where a viewpoint worth consideration ends and Anburey takes over. Even two very late American eyewitnesses—Ebenezer Fletcher, whose memoir was
published in 1813, and Joseph Bird, whose observations first appear in a study written nearly a century after the battle—present this problem. Was their memory helped along by *Travels through the Interior Parts of America*?

More than details will change, for among all the supposed primary sources, Anburey did the most to denigrate the American effort. Without him, other voices may be heard more loudly. A few days after the battle, Lieutenant Hadden, who was not at Hubbardton but knew what fellow officers were saying, wrote, “[Fraser’s corps] certainly discover’d that neither they were invincible, nor the Rebels all Poltroons; On the contrary many of them acknowledged the Enemy behaved well, and look’d upon General Reidesel’s fortunate arrival as a matter absolutely necessary.” And two years later the Earl of Balcarras, who commanded the British flanking movement at Hubbardton, told the House of Commons, “Circumstanced as the enemy was, as an army very hard pressed in their retreat, they certainly behaved with great gallantry.”

In 1777 Hubbardton was a landscape of recent clearings, girdled and dying trees, heaps of unburned tops and brush, and fields of stumps. This frontier settlement of nine families, most of whom had fled, was the first sign of civilization that the retreating Americans had encountered since leaving Mount Independence. The settlement in Hubbardton was the frontier of Vermont, the frontier of New England.

Late in the afternoon of July 6, 1777, colonels Seth Warner, Ebenezer Francis, and Nathan Hale met in a cabin owned by John Selleck and discussed what to do next. A half-mile away the sick and stragglers lay exhausted in a clearing by Sucker Brook. Today a visitor to the battle field can stand at the site of Selleck’s cabin, and see to the south a view that is almost the same as it was in 1777, mountains upon mountains stretching toward Bennington. It is a good place to begin to rethink the Battle of Hubbardton.

NOTES


5 Ibid., 1:330–331.

6 Ibid., 1:327–328.

7 Ibid., 1:331–332.
8 Ibid., 1:335, 339.
10 Massachusetts Historical Society, Control File # 0091.
13 Eric H. Schnitzer, park ranger and historian at Saratoga National Park, was most helpful in explaining British military records and providing key source material. References to Anbury/Hanbury can be found in Guy Carleton, Orderly Book, 10 August 1777; War Office 65, Army Lists, British National Archives, 1777, 1778; John Burgoyne, Orderly Book, 92; “British officer Parole of Honor,” 13 December 1777, Boston Public Library, transcribed by Eric Schnitzer; and War Office 25/212, 23 January 1783, British National Archives.
16 Bell, “Anburey's ‘Travels,'” 8, 15.
19 Anburey, Travels, 1: 274, 298.
22 “Appendix,” A State of the Expedition, Ibid.
23 Anburey, Travels, 1: 326–327.
24 Ibid., 1: 328–329.
26 The impressions of what is steep and what can be climbed without danger are those of a 62-year-old man.
28 Ibid., 1: 342.
30 For examples that show variations on a simple theme, see Charles Neilson, An Original and Corrected Account of Burgoyne’s Campaign and the Memorable Battles of Bemis's Heights (Albany: J. Munsell, 1844), 26–27; Daniel Chipman, Memoir of Colonel Seth Warner (Middleville, Vt.: L.W. Clark, 1848), 51–52; Hiland Hall, The History of Vermont from Its Discovery to Its Admission into the Union in 1791 (Albany: Joel Munsell, 1868), 256.

34 Edward A. Hoyt, “Critique of Dupuy’s Battle of Hubbardton” (1982–1983), can be found in the John Williams Papers, Vermont Historical Society.


36 Ibid., 5.


40 Fletcher, Narrative. Fletcher was a sixteen-year-old recovering from the measles at the time of the battle, which began in his account as the Americans were surprised at sunrise while cooking breakfast (p. 12). Bird was an old man when interviewed by Henry Hall of Rutland, who was born in 1814. Hall’s notes are lost, but an article with Bird’s polished quotes, “Battle of Hubbardton,” can be found in the John Williams Papers, Vermont Historical Society. Bird can be read as describing an extended fight on Pittsford Ridge. (Williams, Battle of Hubbardton, 29–30.) Disappointingly, his memory may have been influenced by the official British map of the battle and by Anburey’s account.