Copy of Ellen Wayles Randolph's "Anecdotes of Child Life" at Monticello

July 5th, 1858.

The Jefferson daughters were both

married before his 1st Presidential

term. It is his grandchildren who

appear on the roll of the "Children

of the White House," and in the roll

of "children of his old age," we

find the children of "Dear Patsey"

Mrs. Randolph and her chivalrous lover, the husband.

At Edge Hill, in the "White House,

and finally when Grand papa's

public duties were over, the home life

of "Monticello." The oldest "Anna

Cary," named for her great mother

(her daughter of "Old Iron" of revolu-

tionary times) was old enough

to appear at a ball in Washington.

This she did, with some companions

under the chaperonage of Mrs. Madison.

Anna bought up amongst the moun-

tainous strem of Virginia, had not before been

in social circles. Mr. Randolph,

being a lovely fair haired girl enter-

ing the room turned to Mr. Butler

and said, "Who is she? Mr. Butler

eclaimed. Heaven's woman, don't you

know your own child?" Mr. Butler

was near sighted, being at change of eyeglasses needed glasses.)
Thomas Jefferson, named for his maternal grandfather, and destined to be the support and comfort of his aged "Ellen" afterwards the "Josephine" of Boston, then who as a child was a miracle of beauty, exciting the admiration of all the visitors at the White House, James Madison, born (in the early days of Jefferson's administration) at the White House, a sister Cornelia & Virginia born at the old farm, were "Benjamin Franklin" & "Josephine" both born there both born in the arms of Monticello, at six weeks to "Monticello", the little Monticello child. The little Monticello child, the last five children having left there, to have added to their number the 3 births. Misses Ginette, "Teresa", "Teresa", & "Eugene" all were. Wither When Mr. Jefferson visited the farm to Monticello, child, he in playful reproach said, "My dear, we shall have to send you back to the convent!" - The high-sounding names of these little people, must have been a protest against the Dolly's & Polly's of the past generation, as well as a tribute to "Dear Papa"'s friendships.

The surroundings of these children would be considered beggary in these days of "Toy" making - a few dollars, often of home manufacture. A "coral & bells" for the "baby"
Home, made carts, skilts & sleds, or bows & arrows, all enjoyed by both boys & girls. They enjoyed the care of fowls (for each had at least one hen) and the never ending amusement derived from rides on the Donkey, "Jack & Jersey" with them they shared their lunch, or begged meat or tracts from "Old Squire" the cook. Where Jefferson was old enough to walk to school, the little black "Phill" would be sent off with Jack to bring him home. The school mates would crowd on the Donkey as many as could sit on his bare back. Each boy armed with stick or scythe, "Jack" was started with a shower of kicks (almost harmless to him as neither white nor black wore shoes) and the crowd, of legs shielded him from all three, save those aimed at his long ear. "Jack" started off for home with a very rapid pace which was kept up till he began to feel tired, when he deliberately hit the foremost boy's hind against the corner of the fence, and with a vigorous push, send them all into the road. Before they could recover their selves, he was off in full run, and a hot chase, would only end at the gate.
gate entering the grounds. "There was more velocity, she would often be sent with a bag of "corn" to the mill, grind around until the meal was made when the bag being returned to her back, she would "mutter." "Mill went home, washed into the large kitchen, and turned her side to the meal barrel so the "Old Stove" could empty the meal, her work being accomplished, she waited for her reward, a piece of corn bread, and nothing would induce her to leave the kitchen till she got it. On the removal of the family to "Monticello," Mr. Randolph came constantly to attend the farming operations at Edgehill.

My father, Jefferson Randolph, came over Monday morning, and did not return to "Monticello" till Saturday night, walking every day to his school. Often his father stayed all night with him, till he was generally left to the care of the "overseer," who occupied a room in the house. The absence of the family rested all to various amusements, which would not have been allowed, had "Mama"'s watchful eye been upon the boy, amongst these mid night forays.
forms on "Wild Bee trees," and potash hunting, both pursued by the light of the torch. The Bee trees had been found masked in the day time, and the dogs guided to the haunts of the Bees. But potash, we may well guess the study of "Siccit et Latinus root" must have been entered with by the enjoyment of potash hunting, and taking of wild Bee nests; these enjoyments still dear to the hearts of country boys in Virginia, were pursued at night in the company, and under the care of the keener men. Jefferson often told with great enjoyment of a night spent in this way. The first tree (a grand of the species) felled, for the sake of the honey, proved barren of the coveted sweet, and another was sought and felled with little success by this time the little Jefferson was tired, sleepy, and "Ben Brander" a stalwart black, took him on his back and carried him to his "wife's house," there cuddled up on Betsy's bed, he slept till the next return from a more successful hunt. Old Betty "so hospitable cares intent" had a pot of hot coffee, fried meat, eggs, and a dish of honey ready to regale the whole party. "Mass Jeff" was rosed from his chamber, and seated at a little table covered with the best; while the blacks enjoyed around the blazing fire, their well earned meal.
Suffer over, the men took it, by turns to take Miss Jeffy's back to the house.

The white manager rounded up as the party returned after "day break," to sold, and promise to tell the lot." If Jeff stayed out so late again this life was not to fear, yet, for his studies, but it developed in my father a wonderful physique, a keenly observant eye, and self-reliance, and a warmth of feeling between him and his negro guides and protectors, culminating in loyal service on the one side, and a kindly government when the reins came into my father's hands. The life at "Monticello" was more varied than at "Edgewood." The grounds more extensive, and the house much larger.

Amongst the visitors, moreover, there were many who made friends with bright, observant little people. Of these visitors none was more warmly welcomed than Mr. Madison, who came every year with his husband for a visit of a month's duration. Mr. Madison helped the girls with their dressing and fancy work, made clothes for the dolls, told such lovely fairy tales, and was so sympathetic and kind, that they young girl never hesitated to call on her kindly aid. On one occasion...
occurred, the little Benjamin Franklin, 
designated into "Ben" seated next Mr. M., 
found himself unequal to the management 
of his muffin. Mr. Madison’s side being 
involved, she took the knife to cut it, but 
a little hand was laid on hers, and an 
carried voice exclaimed, "No! No!" that is not 
the way!" Well, how then, master Ben? Why, 
you must tear him open, and push butter 
inside, and stick holes in his back, and then 
put him & squeeze him & the juice 
will run out!" Mr. Madison much amused 
followed his directions, any lover of the 
"English muffin" will appreciate their 
results. The rewards around the mountain 
tides offered never failing enjoyment, to 
peep through the Park gates and watch 
the deer, to walk around the shady 
"Roundabouts," where offered longer walks, 
as they followed in succession, till the 
end swept along the little river, which 
washed the base of the mountain. A 
visit to the "Hoghead" Spring, where the 
water received from the mountain side, was 
conducted through a succession of 
these primitive erections, till tumbling 
over the side of the fall, a rivulet was 
formed, which was utilized for miniature 
Islands, lakes, and waterfalls. All other 
announcements failing, there was a visit to 
"Daddy" in the carpenter’s shops, to beg for.
nails & bits of wood, or to make in the completion of a love for my drawings. I
reach a table or stand, or a flower box. Very well, my little "Messies," but you paper is
found. There are new book shelves to be made together for the room, besides the work
to be done. This reply brought down showers of tears and "Yes, Vmount Daddy you
promised," probably to burst the room's promise.
One day Daddy had quite a day from work. The day was very hot, and the
wood bench offered a tempting place for a nap, and yielding to the tem-
station, "Daddy" forgot himself, and his labor, some slight noise awakened
him to see hismaster step invisibly through the door, and close it after him. A
"Jenny Wrennings" had been caught, him to see his master, step invisibly
through the door, and close it after him.
Johnny Wrenning had been caught, to sapping but by one who recognized
in it, the needed look of a faithful servant. There much of course have ocurred
savings among these young people, but the only one that did come
town to us here where on a wind to the
dolls, there was a wild rattle, and as such for mamma's sitting room, all
the dolls had been found, suspended by their necks! The light was too humble.
4 the little girls had flown to mamma
for aid, Jefferson's guilty look was justified.
A Fig. is murainless from paper and tins.
and from "mama," which cured them against a repetition of the temper. The honor which the younger children had for blood, caused a wish of their parents to afford perfect protection to the dolls from these incursions. We must not leave these little people without a word of the good "Priscilla," who presided over the nursery, through so many long years. At the White House we may picture her as tall and comely young woman watching over the children in the nursery, as they played in the "back room," which was quite unoccupied save for the "Big Cheese" with its rude row apparatus for turning it. Mrs. Adams had "dress" clothes there, and it afforded a royal play room for rainy weather.

As time passed on, and Priscilla's charges were constantly added to, "Nabilla" was called in to aid, and the children were over "Loyal" in their devotion to "Hammy," and when my father was over eighty years old, he climbed up a rickety ladder that he might stand over eighty years old, he climbed up a rickety ladder that he might stand on the floor of his nursery room. The uncovering of an old building at "Edge Hill" resulted in it after having been named for fifty years. My aunt's, "cousin Mr. Nicolson," never had a governess, or went to a regular
school. My Grandmother, with all the duties of Mother, Mistress, Hostess, found time to teach them to aid materially in the education of a family of orphans (of Gov. Randolph) who lived in the neighborhood. She had the happy faculty of inspiring them with such a thirst for information, that they never lost an opportunity for self-culture, and were highly cultivated women.

"Virginia" (Mrs. R. Trist) dying about congratulated herself the year before her death, that she "could not fail to read Don Quixote in the original!" She began the study of Spanish, when she was the mother of three children. Their moderate income entailed on them labor, which was often burdensome, but amid it all there was a regular system of intellectual culture kept up.

It will interest you to know that boys clothed and often the little girls dressed were from the workrooms of "Edge Hill" and many of教训 in the cottage homes of the poor neighbors. Spun probably by the slaves, and dyed under Grandma's supervision.

Copied from E.W. Trist's memoir
finished July 16, 1888.

M.J.T. Runcie

Original manuscript in the Collection of the Thomas Jefferson Foundation, Inc., Jefferson Library