Copy

M. Ella Shuman Pratt

Madam,

My cousin M. Harriem.送来 me
to add some of my memories of what I
have heard, from my mother's mouth, in the
subject of their child life., and Monticello.
Respectfully,

Wm. T. Byrde.

My mother (M. A. P. Truch) the "Virginia"
of the Monticello family, and my two aunts
Cornelia & Mary, who made their home
mostly with my mother, (after the breaking
up of the family) have often told me of
their childhood games such as "Puss in the Corner"
played among the trees on the edge of the
towers, or "Hide & seek" up in the 3rd story
room under the large roof, their own ample
rooms, for "lofts & 'Haddies,'" affordings ad-
sirable places for hiding; there on rainy
days, or in windy weather the children
could play, & make as much noise as they
liked, without danger of annoyance to the
other members of the family. "If disturb-
ing "Grandpapa" while the youngest child
was busy, not to do. In the winter evenings, sitting around the fire at dusk, the
children were encouraged by "Grandpapa" to
play games suitable to the hour & to the place,

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The often joined them in games such as "Hunt the Slipper" or "I love my love with an R." I took him in her, to the sign of the Antelope, on the锄, % I treated her to "Alphonse," then My love was I'd with a B and, the point being to quickly answer some place or some thing, the name of which began with the specified letter, or in case of mistake, in two words, her taking on the part of the person who was to receive, there would be a forfeit. These many games were interrupted by the constant of "Russell" with "Candies" when "Grandpa" and "Papa" and mamma would have their Candies. Stacks, with Candies, and every child (who was old enough) would sit up till 8 or 9 o'clock, would take his or her book, or stories, and gather around the table, where Candies were left after tea, for their benefit. Besides these evening side games, there were French games such as "Oh, o! Oh! "Belle Marquise, "Oh! o! pare Beno!" "to be sung while dancing around in a circle, on the lawn in summer evenings. There were reminiscences of mamma's Cowen days in Paris, and she taught them to her children, besides many pretty French songs and ballades which my mother (who had a sweet, clear voice) learned from hearing mamma sing them on the avenue at Monticello. My mother in her turn during them to her children and grandchildren.
Monticello "child life"

memories of which were heard from
our parents, E. W. Harrison & Mrs. J. Burke

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