

Delicia Patterson

(Jan. 2nd 1845- c - St. Louis Missouri WPA Interview done at age 92[c.1937]

Originals scan be found via the US Library of Congress, volume X(Ten) Missouri. *Federal Writers' Project: Slave Narrative Project, Vol. 10, Missouri, Abbot-Younger. 1936.* Manuscript/Mixed Material. <https://www.loc.gov/item/mesn100/>.

Listed as Delicia Ann Wiley Patterson aka Lucinda Patterson pages 269- 277 (Though begins on page 274-276 within the online facsimile)

"When I was 15 years ol' [1860] I was brought to the count house

Put up on the auction to be sold

Old Judge Miller was from the county was there.

I knew him well because he was one of the wealthiest slave owner in the county. [Present day Cooper county Missouri, roughly half way between St. Louis and Kansas City]

and the meanest one.

he was so cruel.

all of the slaves

and many owners hated him because of it.

He saw me on the block for sale and He Knew

I was a good worker.

So when he bid on me I spoke right out, on the auction block

and told em,

"Old judge Miller

don't you bid for me

cause if you do

I would not live on your plantation.

I will take a knife and cut my own throat

from ear to ear

before I'd be owned by you."

So he stepped back and let someone else bid for me.

Hah! [a laugh tone]

My own father knew I was to be for sale
so he brought his owner
to the sale for him to buy me,
so we could be together.

But when my fathers' owner heard what I had said to Judge Miller,
he told my father he would not buy me
cause I was 'sassy'.
he never owned a sassy niggah and did not want one who was sassy.

That broke my father's heart, but I couldn't help that.

Another nigger trader standing right beside my fathers' owner said, 'I wouldn't own a Nigger that didn't have some spunk.'

So I was sold to a Southern Englishman named Mr. Thomas (S.) Steele
for \$1,500 [roughly \$45,000 today]

He had an old slave he had in his home for years as they housekeeper,
and his wife did not like her.

and he had to sell her to keep the peace at home.

so he put me in his buggy and took me home to his wife,
and he told her,

'I brought you another girl Susanna, but I don't want you lay the weight of your finger on her when she disobeys, Let me know and I will punish her myself'

I lived in that family till the civil war was ova." [1865]