

Mother of a Northern Black Soldier letter to the President

Buffalo [N.Y.] July 31 1863

Excellent Sir

My good friend says I must write to you and she will send it My son went in the 54th regiment. I am a colored woman and my son was strong and able as any to fight for his country and the colored people have as much to fight for as any. My father was a Slave and escaped from Louisiana before I was born more than forty years ago. I have a poor education I never went to school, but I know just as well as any what is right between man and man. Now I know it is right that a colored man should go and fight for his country, and so should a white man. I know that a colored man should run no greater risks than a white, his pay is no greater, his obligation to fight is the same. So why should not our enemies be compelled to treat him the same, Made to do it...

...Will you see that the colored men fighting now, are fairly treated. You ought to do this, and do it at once, Not let the thing run along meet it quickly and manfully, and stop this, mean cowardly cruelty. We poor oppressed ones, appeal to you, and ask fair play.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Hannah Johnson.

SIM YOUNGER, Union army: Ninth Army Corps; enslaved in Missouri, interviewed in Missouri, 1937

Do you want to hear how I ran away and joined the Yankees?

You know Abraham Lincoln declared freedom in '63, first day of January. In October '63, I ran away and went to Pine Bluff [Arkansas] to get to the Yankees. . . The young boy what cut the whips, □ named Jerry, he came along with me, and we waded the stream for a long time. Then we hid in the dark woods. It was cold, frosty weather. Two days and two nights we traveled. That boy, he got so cold and hungry he want to fall out by the way, but I dragged him on.

...When we got to the Yankee camp all our troubles were over. We got all the contraband [food taken by the troops] we could eat. Were there more runaways there? Oh, Lordy, yes. Hundreds, I reckon. Yes, the Yankees fed all the refugees on contraband. They made me a driver of a team in the quarter-master's department. I was always careful to do everything they told me. They told me I was free when I got to the Yankee camp, but I couldn't go outside much. Yes, if you could get to the Yankees' camp you were free right now.

BILL SIMMS, Confederate & Union armies; enslaved in Missouri, interviewed in Kansas, ca. 1937

When the war started, my master sent me to work for the Confederate army. I worked most of the time for three years off and on, hauling cannons, driving mules, hauling ammunition and provisions. The Union army pressed in on us and the Rebel army moved back. I was sent home. When the Union army came close enough I ran away and joined the Union army. There I drove six-mule team and worked at wagon work, driving ammunition and all kinds of provisions until the war ended. Then I returned home to my old master, who had stayed there with my mother. My master owned about four hundred acres of good land, and had had ten slaves, Most of the slaves stayed at home. My master hired me to work for him.

JANE PATTERSON, enslaved in Georgia, interviewed in Arkansas, ca. 1937

I was living in Bartow County in north Georgia when freedom came, I don't remember how the slaves found it out. I remember them saying, "Well, they are all free." And that is all I remember. And I remember some one saying – asking a question, "You got to say master?" And somebody answered and said, "No." But they said it all the same. They said it for a long time. But they learned better though.

GUS BROWN, Confederate army; enslaved in Virginia, interviewed in Alabama, 1937

I remember Stonewall Jackson. He was a big man with long whiskers, and very brave. We all fought with him until his death. We were not beaten. We were starved out! Sometimes we had parched corn to eat and sometimes we didn't have a bite of nothing, because the Union men come and took all the food for them selves. I can still

remember part of my ninety years. I remember we fought all the way from Virginia and wended up in Manassah's Gap. When time came for freedom most of us was glad. We liked the Yankees. They were good to us. "You are all now free." "You can stay on the plantation or you can go."

We all stayed there until our old master died. Then I worked on de Seaboard Airline [Railroad] when it came to Birmingham. I have been here ever since.

In all the years since the war I can't forget my old master. He was good and kind. He never believed in slavery but his money was tied up in slaves and he didn't want to lose all he had. I know I will see him in heaven and even though I have to walk ten miles for a bite of bread I can still be happy to think about the good times we had then. I am a Confederate veteran but my house burned up along with the medals and I don't get a pension.



MARY CRANE, enslaved in Kentucky, interviewed in Indiana, ca. 1937

When President Lincoln issued his proclamation, freeing the negroes, I remember that my father and most all of the other younger slave men left the farms to join the Union army. We had hard times then for awhile and had lots of work to do. I don't remember just when I first regarded myself as "free" as many of the negroes didn't understand just what it was all about.

SUSA LAGRONE, enslaved in Mississippi, interviewed in Arkansas, ca. 1937

I think – now I don't know, but I think I was about six or seven when they surrendered. . . . When we went down to the gate to see the soldiers, I heard Miss Judy say (she was old mistress' sister), I heard her say, "Well, you let them beat you" and started crying. I cried too and mama said, "What are you crying for?" I said, "Miss Judy's crying." Mama said, "You fool, you are free!" I didn't know what freedom was, but I knew the soldiers did a lot of devil-ment. . .

. . . I think Abraham Lincoln wanted to give the people some land after they were free, but they didn't give them nothin' – just turned them loose. Of course we ought to be free – you know privilege is worth everything

LIZA SMITH, enslaved in Virginia and Texas, interviewed in Oklahoma, ca. 1937

I was at Pine Bluff when the Yankees was shooting all over the place. The fighting got so hot we all had to leave; that's the way it was all the time for us the War – running away to some place or the next place, and we were all glad when it stopped and we could settle down in a place.

We were back at Waco when the peace come, but Master Frank was away from home when that happen. It was on a Sunday when he got back and called all the slaves up in the yard and counted all of them, young and old.

The first thing he said was, "You men and women are all free! I'm going back to my own mammy in old Virginia, but I ain't going back until all the old people are settled in cabins and the young folks fix up with tents!"

Then he kind of stopped talking. Seems like he was too excited to talk, or maybe he was feeling bad and worried about what he going to do with all of us. Pretty soon he said, "You men and women, can't tell anybody I ain't always been a good master. Old folks, have I ever treated you mean?" he asked. Everybody shout, "No, sir!" And

Master Frank smiled; then he told us he was going around and find places for us to live...

JENNY PROCTOR, enslaved in Alabama, interviewed in Texas, ca. 1937

Lord, Lord, honey! It seems impossible that any of us ever lived to see that day of freedom, but thank God we did.

When ole master comes down in the cotton patch to tells us about being free, he said, "I hate to tell you but I know I got to, you are free, yes' as free as me or anybody else that's white." We didn't hardly know what he meant. We just sort of huddled around together like scared rabbits, but after we knew what he meant, didn't many of us go, because we didn't know where to of go.

Old master, he said, he would give us the woods land and half of what we make on it, and we could clear it and work it or starve. Well, we didn't know hardly what to do because he just gave us some old dull hoes and axes to work with but we all went to work and as we cut down the trees and the poles he told us to build the fence around the field and we did, and then we planted the corn...and I never seen so much stuff grow in all my born days, several ears of corn to the stalk and them big cotton stalks were laying all over on the ground. . . we were getting going now, and before long we were building better houses and feeling kind of happy like.



MATTIE LOGAN enslaved in Mississippi, interviewed in Oklahoma, ca. 193

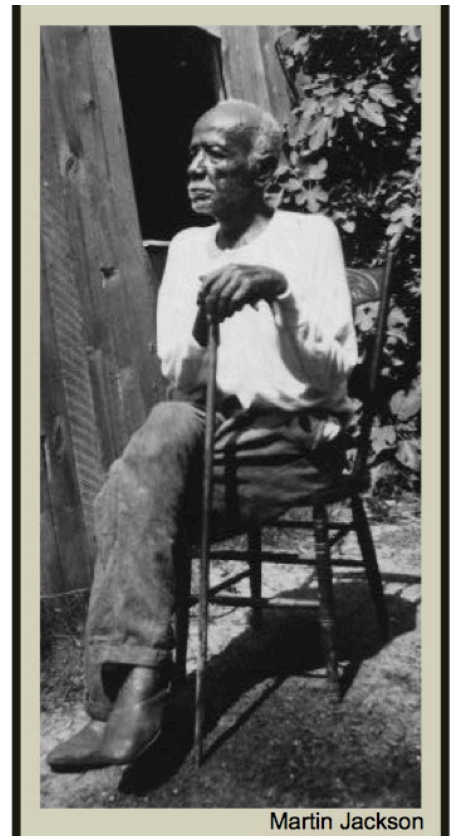
The Yankees didn't come around our plantation during the war. All we heard was "They'll kill all the slaves," and such hearing was a plenty!

After the war some man come to the plantation and told the field negroes they was free. But he didn't know about the cabin we lived in and didn't tell my folks about it. They learned about the freedom from the old Master. That was some days after the man left the place. The Master called my mother and father into the Big House and told them they were free. Free like him. But he didn't want my folks to leave and they stayed, stayed there three year after they was free to go anywhere they wanted. The master paid them \$200 a month to work for him and that wasn't so much if you stop to figure there was two grown folks and thirteen children who could do plenty of work around the place. But that money paid for an 89-acre farm my folks bought not far from the old plantation and they move onto it three year after the freedom come.

MARTIN JACKSON, enslaved in Texas, interviewed in Texas, 1937

The master's name was usually adopted by a slave after he was set free. This was done more because it was the logical thing to do and the easiest way to be identified than it was through affection for the master.

Also, the government seemed to be in an almighty hurry to have us get names. We had to register as someone, so we could be citizens. Well, I got to thinking about all us slaves that were going to take the name Fitzpatrick. I made up my mind, I'd find myself a different one. One of my grandfathers in Africa was called Jeaceo, and so I decided to be Jackson.



Martin Jackson

HANNAH PLUMMER, enslaved in North Carolina, interviewed in North Carolina, ca. 1937

When the war ended mother went to old master and told him she was going to leave. He told her she could not feed all her children, pay house rent, and buy wood, to stay on with him. Master told father and mother they could have the house free and wood free, an' he would help them feed the children, but mother said, "No, I am going to leave. I have never been free and I am going to try it. I am going away and by my work and the help of the Lord I will live somehow." Master then said, "Well stay as long as you wish, and leave when you get ready, but wait until you find a place to go, and leave like folks." Master allowed her to take all her things with her when she left. The white folks told her goodbye

MARY ANDERSON, enslaved in North Carolina, interviewed in North Carolina, 1937

The war was begun and there were stories of fights and freedom. The news went from plantation to plantation and while the slaves acted natural and some even more polite than usual, they prayed for freedom. Then one day I heard something that sounded like thunder and missus and master began to walk around and act queer. The grown slaves were whispering to each other. Sometimes they gathered in little gangs in the grove. Next day I heard it again, boom, boom, boom. I went and asked missus "is it going to rain?" She said, "Mary, go to the ice house and bring me some pickles and preserves." I went and got them. She ate a little and gave me some. Then she said, "You run along and play."

In a day or two everybody on the plantation seemed to be disturbed and master and missus were crying. Master ordered all the slaves to come to the great house at nine o'clock. Nobody was working and slaves were walking over the grove in every direction. At nine o'clock all the slaves gathered at the great house and master and missus came out on the porch and stood side by side. You could hear a pin drop everything was so quiet. Then master said, "Good morning," and missus said, "Good morning, children." They were both crying. Then master said, "Men, women and children, you are free. You are no longer my slaves. The Yankees will soon be here.



Felix Haywood

**FELIX HAYWOOD enslaved in Texas,
interviewed in Texas, 1937**

Soldiers, all of a sudden, were everywhere – coming in bunches, crossing and walking and riding. Everyone was a-singing. We were all walking on golden clouds. Hallejulah!

...“Union forever,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah
Although I may be poor,
I’ll never be a slave –
Shoutin’ the battle cry of freedom!

Everybody went wild. We all felt like heroes and nobody had made us that way but ourselves. We were free. Just like that, we were free. It didn’t seem to make the whites mad, either. They went right on giving us food just the same. Nobody took our homes away, but right off colored folks started on the move. They seemed to want to get closer to freedom, as if they knew what it was – like it was a place or a city. . . .

We knew freedom was on us, but we didn’t know what was to come with it. We thought we were going’ to get rich like the white folks. We thought we were going to be richer than the white folks, because we were stronger and knew how to work, and the whites didn’t and they didn’t have us to work for them anymore. But it didn’t turn out that way. We soon found out that freedom could make folks proud but it didn’t make them rich.

**TINES KENDRICKS, Confederate army;
enslaved in Georgia, interviewed in Arkansas, ca. 1937**

Excerpt 1

I was here in Texas when the Civil War was first talked about. I was here when the War started and followed my young master into it with the First Texas Cavalry [Confederate State of America]. I was here during reconstruction, after the War. I was here during the European World War [1914-1918] and the second week after the United States declared war on Germany I enlisted as cook at Camp Leon Springs.

This sounds as if I liked the war racket. But, as a matter of fact, I never wore a uniform □□grey coat or khaki coat □□or carried a gun, unless it happened to be one worth saving after some Confederate soldier got shot. I was official lugger-in of men that got wounded, and might have been called a Red Cross worker if we had had such a corps connected with our company. My father was head cook for the battalion and between times I helped him out with the mess [military dining hall or tent]. There was some difference in the food served to soldiers in 1861 and 1917!

Just what my feelings was about the War, I have never been able to figure out myself. I knew the Yanks were going to win, from the beginning. I wanted them to win and lick us Southerners, but I hoped they was going to do it without wiping out our company. I'll come back to that in a minute...

**TINES KENDRICKS, Confederate army;
enslaved in Georgia, interviewed in Arkansas, ca. 1937**

Excerpt 2

...As I said, our company was the First Texas Cavalry. Col. Buchel was our commander. He was a full-blooded German and as fine a man and a soldier as you ever saw. . .

Lots of old slaves close the door before they tell the truth about their days of slavery. When the door is open, they tell how kind their masters were and how rosy it all was. You can't blame them for this, because they had plenty of early discipline, making them cautious about saying anything uncomplimentary about their masters. I, myself, was in a little different position than most slaves and, as a consequence, have no grudges or resentment. However, I can tell you the life of the average slave was not rosy. They were dealt out plenty of cruel suffering. . . .

It was in the Battle of Marshall, in Louisiana, that Col. Buchel got shot. I was about three miles from the front, where I had pitched up a kind of first-aid station. I was all alone there. I watched the whole thing. I could hear the shooting and see the firing. I remember standing there and thinking the South didn't have a chance. All of a sudden I heard someone call. It was a soldier, who was half carrying Col. Buchel in. I didn't do nothing for the Colonel. He was too far gone. I just held him comfortable, and that was the position he was in when he stopped breathing. That was the worst hurt I got when anybody died. He was a friend of mine

All edited excerpts and photographs from:

<http://nationalhumanitiescenter.org/pds/maai/emancipation/text7/emancipationwpa.pdf>

*"We was free. Just like that, we was free." Emancipation through Union occupation and victory: *Selections from the WPA interviews of formerly enslaved African Americans, 1936-1938**

<http://nationalhumanitiescenter.org/pds/maai/emancipation/text7/text7read.htm>

From: Veney, Bethany
The Narrative of Bethany Veney, slave woman
CHAPTER IX.
NEW EXPERIENCES--HOME IN THE NORTH.

The feelings with which I entered my Northern home, 22 Chares-Field Street, Providence, R.I., on a bright pleasant morning in August, 1858, can be more easily fancied than described. A new life had come to me. I was in a land where, by its laws,

I had the same right to myself that any other woman had. No jailer could take me to prison, and sell me at auction to the highest bidder. My boy was my own, and no one could take him from me. But I had left behind me every one I had ever known. I did not forget the dreadful hardships I had endured, and yet somehow I did not think of them with half the bitterness with which I had endured them. I was a stranger in a strange land and it was no wonder, perhaps, that a dreadful loneliness and homesickness came over me.

It was not easy at first to accommodate myself to the new surroundings. In the Southern kitchen, under slave rule, there was little thought of convenience or economy. Here I found all sorts of Yankee inventions and improvements to make work easy and pleasant. There were dishes and pans of every description, clean and distinct cloths for all purposes, brushes and brooms for different uses. I couldn't help feeling bewildered sometimes at the difference in so many ways, and for a moment wished myself back in "old Virginny," with my own people; and I very, very often longed to see the old familiar faces and hear the old sounds, but never could I forget to be grateful for my escape from a system under which I had suffered so much.

FROM

Twelve Years a Slave:

Narrative of Solomon Northup, a Citizen of New-York,

Kidnapped in Washington City in 1841, and Rescued in 1853:

Solomon Northup (b. 1808)

It was a dark night. All was quiet. I could see lights, or the reflection of them, over towards Pennsylvania Avenue, but there was no one, not even a straggler, to be seen. I was almost resolved to attempt to break away. Had I not been hand-cuffed the attempt would certainly have been made, whatever consequence might have followed. Radburn was in the rear, carrying a large stick, and hurrying up the children as fast as the little ones could walk. So we passed, hand-cuffed and in silence,

through the streets of Washington through the Capital of a nation, whose theory of government, we are told, rests on the foundation of man's inalienable right to life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness! Hail! Columbia, happy land, indeed!

FROM:

A Narrative of the Adventures and Escape of Moses Roper, from American Slavery

Excerpt from: ESCAPE, &c.

About two hours after we started, it began to rain very heavily, and continued to do so until we arrived at Marianna, about twelve at night, where we were to rest till morning. My master here questioned me, as to whether I intended to run away or not; and I not then knowing the sin of lying, at once told him that I would not. He then gave me his clothes to dry; I took them to the kitchen for that purpose, and he retired to bed, taking a bag of clothes belonging to me with him, as a kind of security, I presume, for my safety. In an hour or two afterwards I took his clothes to him dried, and found him fast asleep. I placed them by his side, and said, that I would then take my own to dry too, taking care to speak loud enough to ascertain whether he was asleep or not, knowing that he had a dirk and a pistol by his side, which he would not have hesitated using against me, if I had attempted secretly to have procured them. I was glad to find, that the effects of his drinking the day before had caused his sleeping very soundly, and I immediately resolved on making my escape; and without loss of time, started with my few clothes into the woods, which were in the

immediate neighborhood; and, after running many miles, I came to the river Chapoli, which is very deep, and so beset with alligators, that I dared not attempt to swim across. I paced up and down this river, with the hope of finding a conveyance across, for a whole day, the succeeding night, and till noon the following day, which was Saturday.

FROM:

A Narrative of the Adventures and Escape of Moses Roper, from American Slavery

Excerpt from: ESCAPE, &c.

About twelve o'clock on that day I discovered an Indian canoe, which had not, from all appearance, been used for some time; this, of course, I used to convey myself across, and after being obliged to go a little way down the river, by means of a piece of wood I providentially found in the boat, I landed on the opposite side. Here I found myself surrounded by planters looking for me, in consequence of which I hid myself in the bushes until night, when I again travelled several miles, to the farm of a Mr. Robinson, a large sugar-planter, where I rested till morning in a field. Afterwards I set out, working my way through the woods about twenty miles towards the east; this I knew by my knowledge of the position of the sun at its rising. Having reached the Chattahoochee River, which divides Florida from Georgia, I was again puzzled to know how to cross. It was three o'clock in the day, when a number of persons were fishing; having walked for some hours along the banks, I at last, after dark, procured a ferry-boat, which not being able, from the swiftness of the river, to steer direct across, I was carried many miles down the river, landing on the Georgian side, from whence I proceeded on through the woods two or three miles, and came to a little farm-house about twelve at night; at a short distance from the house, I found an old slave hut, into which I went, and informed the old man, who appeared seventy or

eighty years old, that I had had a very bad master, from whom I had run away; and asked him, if he could give me something to eat, having had no suitable food for three or four days; he told me, he had nothing but a piece of dry Indian bread, which he cheerfully gave me; having eaten it, I went on a short distance from the hut, and laid down in the wood to rest for an hour or two.

FROM:

A Narrative of the Adventures and Escape of Moses Roper, from American Slavery

Excerpt from: ESCAPE, &c.

All the following day, (Monday,) I continued travelling through the woods, was greatly distressed for want of water to quench being a very dry country, till I came to Spring Creek, which is a wide, deep stream, and with some of which I gladly quenched my thirst. I then proceeded to cross the same by a bridge close by, and continued my way till dusk. I came to a gentleman's house in the woods, where I inquired how far it was to the next house, taking care to watch an opportunity to ask some individual whom I could master, and get away from, if any interruption to my progress was attempted. I went on for some time, it being a very fine moonlight night, and was presently alarmed by the howling of a wolf very near me, which I concluded was calling other wolves to join him in attacking me, having understood that they always assemble in numbers for such a purpose. The howling increased, and I was still pursued, and the numbers were evidently increasing fast; but I was happily rescued from my dreadful fright, by coming to some cattle, which attracted the wolves, and saved my life; for I could not get up the trees for safety, they being very tall pines, the lowest branches of which were at least forty or fifty feet from the ground, and the trunks very large and smooth.

**Federal Writers' Project: Slave Narrative Project, Vol. 2, Arkansas, Part 3,
Gadson-Isom**

Mrs. Cora Gillam Little Rock, AK Age 86

The mistress was kind; she took care of me and my sister while mama was gone*
It was while she was in Little Rock that mama married Lee. After peace they went
back to Helena and stayed two years with old
mistress.

She let them have the use of the farm tools and mules; she put up the cotton and seed
corn and food for us. We could work on shares, half and half she told us. You see,
ma'am, when slaves got free, they didn't have nothing but their two hands to start out
with. Never heard of any master giving a slave money or land. Most went back to
farming on shares. For many years all they got was their food.

Some white folks was so mean. I know what they told us every time when crops
would be put by. They said, "Why didn't you work harder? Look. When the seed is
paid for, and all your food and everything, what food you had just squares the
account." Then they take all the cotton we raise, all the hogs, corn, everything. We
was just about where we was in slave days.

Margrett Nickerson: Ex-Slave Narratives from the Federal Writers' Project 1936-1938

When the big gun fired, I was a young missy toting cotton to the scales at the ginhouse; if the ginhouse was close by, you had to tote the cotton to it, but if it was far away, wagons would come to the fields and weigh it up and take it to the ginhouse. I was still living near Lake Jackson and we went to Abram Bailey's place near Tallahassee. Carr turned us out without nothing and Bailey gave us his hammoc' and we went there for a home. First we cut down saplings for we didn't have no house, and took the tops of pines and put on the top; then we put dirt on top of these saplings and step under them. When the rain would come, it would wash all the dirt right down in our face and we'd have to build us a house all over again. We didn't have no body to build' a house for us, because pa was gone and ma just had us gals and we cut the saplings for the man who would build the house for us. We live on Bailey's place a long time and finally built us a log cabin and then we went from this cabin to Gadsden County to a place name Concord and there I stay until I come here before the fiah.

I was converted in Leon County and after freedom I joined the Methodist church and my membership is now in Mount Zion A.M.E. Church in Jacksonville, Florida.

Rivana Williams Boynton [TR: as in earlier interview, but Riviana, above] was born on John and Mollie Hoover's plantation near Ulmers, S.C., being 15 years of age when the 'Mancipation came.

From: PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SLAVE NARRATIVES: FLORIDA

I remember well when the war was on. I used to turn the corn sheller and sack the shelled corn for the Confederate soldiers. They used to sell some of the corn, and I guess they gave some of it to the soldiers. Anyway the Yankees got some that they didn't intend them to get. It was this way: "The Wheeler Boys were Confederates. They came down the road as happy as could be, a-singing:

'Hurrah! Hur rah! Hurrah!

Hurrah! for the Broke Brook boys.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Hurrah for the Broke Brook boys of South Car-o-li-ne-ah.'

So of course, we thought they were our soldiers singin' our songs. Well, they came and told our boss that the Yankees were coming and we had better hide our food and valuable things for they'd take everything they wanted.

So they helped our Massy hide the things. They dug holes and buried the potatoes and covered them over with cotton seed. Then our Massy gave them food for their kindness and set out with two of the girls to take them to a place of safety and before he could come back for the Missus The Yankees were upon us. But before they got there, our Missus had called us together and told us what to say, "Now you beg for us! You can save our lives. If they ask you if we are good to you, you tell them, 'YES'! "If they ask you, if we give your meat, you tell them 'YES'! " Now the rest didn't get any meat, but I did because I worked in the house, so I didn't tell a lie, for I did get meat, but the rest didn't get it.

We saw the Yankees coming. They never stopped for nothing. Their horses would jump the worn rail fences and they'd come right across the fields and everything. They came to the house first and bound our Missus up stairs so she couldn't get away, then they came out to the sheds and asked us all kind of questions.

***NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF J. D. GREEN,
A RUNAWAY SLAVE, FROM KENTUCKY
CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS THREE ESCAPES, In 1839, 1846, and 1848.
HUDDERSFIELD: PRINTED BY HENRY FIELDING, PACK HORSE YARD 1864.***

SLAVERY AND LIBERTY.

I'm on my way to Canada,
That dark and dreary land;
Oh! the dread effects of slavery
I can no longer stand.
My soul is vexed within me so
To think I am a slave,
Resolved I am to strike the blow,
For freedom or the grave.

CHORUS--

Oh, Righteous Father!
Wilt thou not pity me,
And help me on to Canada,
Where coloured men are free.

I've served my master all my days,
Without one dimes' reward,
And now I'm forced to run away,
To flee the lash and rod.
The hounds are baying on my track,
And master just behind,
Resolved that he will bring me back
Before I cross the line.

Old master went to preach one day,
Next day he looked for me;
I greased my heels and ran away,
For the land of liberty.
I dreamt I saw the British Queen
Majestic on the shore;
If e'er I reach old Canada,
I will come back no more.

I heard that Queen Victoria said,
It we would all forsake
Our native land of Slavery,
And come across the lake:
That she was standing on the shore
With arms extended wide,
To give us all a peaceful home
Beyond the swelling tide.

I heard old master pray one night,
That night he prayed for me,
That God would come with all his might,
From Satan set me free.
So I from Satan would escape
And flee the wrath to come,
If there's a fiend in human shape,
Old master must be one.

