

"Stop 'Em!," Boston (MA) *Liberator*, August 19, 1853
<https://stampedes.dickinson.edu/document/boston-ma-liberator-stop-em-august-19-1853>

From the Western Reserve Chronicle.

STOP 'EM!

BY AMINIDAB, THE ELDER.

Such a time was never seen ;
 ' Fugitives' from every station
Run unbridled through the land ;
 Things are loose as all creation !
' Niggers' flit as shadows by ;
 Compromises !—they don't mind 'em !
Rushing off to starve and die,
 Never looking once behind 'em.
All mankind are breaking loose ;
 Seems as if the plague had got 'em ;
Helter-skelter—why the deuce
 Don't somebody go and stop 'em !
White men, too, stark, raving mad,
 Rear and pitch in party traces ;
It's more than Government can do
 To keep them in their proper places.
Legislation aint no use,
 People won't be taught their duty,
But walk right off and act *themselves*,
 And say there's glory in't, and beauty !
All mankind are breaking loose ;
 Seems as if the plague had got 'em ;
Helter-skelter—why the deuce
 Don't somebody go and stop 'em !
Young men are growing up as wild
 As eagles hatched with common chickens,
That peck the roosters on the head,
 And take their own way, like the dickens.
Away they go, with ' Hurrah, boys !'
 No precept or restraint can bind 'em ;—
' Freedom !' they cry ; and first you know,
 In ' Abolition' ranks you'll find 'em.
All mankind are breaking loose ;
 Seems as if the plague had got 'em ;
Helter-skelter—why the deuce
 Don't somebody go and stop 'em !

Time was when Whigs and Democrats
 Could march the people up to battle,
And ' Haw' and ' Gee' them in the ranks,
 As handy as old working cattle ;
But now, they're grown as wild as Cain,
 And headlong as a bull of Bashan,
And how to break them in again
 Puzzles the ' old ones' like the nation.
All mankind are breaking loose ;
 Seems as if the plague had got 'em ;
Helter-skelter—why the deuce
 Don't somebody go and stop 'em !
The country's all a stamping ground ;
 Old things are flying off the handle ;
There's no respect for time or place ;
 E'en Congressmen are ' food for scandal' !
There's bound to be a great stampede ;
 All things appear to alter phases ;
And e'en old ' hacks' are looking out
 To ' catch the bits,' and run like blazes !
All mankind are breaking loose ;
 Seems as if the plague had got 'em ;
Helter-skelter—why the deuce
 Don't somebody go and stop 'em !