

THE

LAST GREAT

HUMBUC;

OR,

SPIRITUALISM EXPLODED AND EXPOSED.

A SATIRE.

By *PHIL. E. BUSTER, Esq.*

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY:

1867.

INTRODUCTION.

There is an ancient proverb, which
We all have heard or read,
"Familiar as a household word:"
"The fools are not all dead."

And singular as it appears,
It cannot be denied,
That nearly every day, we see
This truth exemplified.

And it is equally as strange,
And equally as true,
Our nation loves humbuggery,
So that it's something new.

But of all the great humbugs, which we
Have seen or read about,
These Spiritual performances
Surpass all others out.

Although repeatedly exposed
As trickery and fraud,
Yet there are multitudes who still
These fallacies applaud;

The Last Great Humbug;

OR,

Spiritualism Exploded and Exposed.

'Twas in the town of Louisville,
In the winter of sixty-seven,
Three men appeared, who claimed to hold
Communion with high Heaven;

To call from the supernal shores,
The spirits of the dead,
Which wonderful phenomena
Turned many a foolish head.

One's name was W. T. CHURCH,
Though no churchman was he,
A young man, too, of medium size,
And a medium claimed to be.

The next was T. M. CHURCH, Esq.
The father of the first,
Who was a healing medium,
In all diseases versed.

Becoming willing dupes of those,
Who practice every art
To turn the minds and hearts of men,
From God and truth apart.

Of late, our citizens have been
The victims of a plot,
Of shameful impositions, which
Will not be soon forgot.

How they succeeded for a while,
And how they came to woe,
And how their dupes were taken in,
The following pages show.



The third and last was JENKINS, an
Ex-minister, and who
Was a cadaverous looking chap,
And agent for the two.

The mission of these three great men,
Was trumpeted around,
How they had come to Louisville,
That Spirits might abound,

And multitudes ran after them,
In wild infatuation,
And swallowed all they saw and heard
Of this new dispensation.

And many men of learning went—
The doctors, lawyers, all,
The men and women, boys and girls,
Old, young, and great and small.

And all the people were amazed
At what they heard and saw,
Believing it as sacred, and
As true as Gospel law.

They held their seances by night,
In darkness most profound,
The people sitting hand in hand,
The medium strongly bound.

And while they thus in darkness sat,
The gentle Spirits came,
And played upon the instruments,
And called them each by name.

The spirit of Nimwaukee came,
An ancient Indian Chief,
Who died a thousand years ago,
According to belief.

And little Swiss likewise appeared,
A maiden young and fair,
Who played upon the instruments
(*Whenever she was there*).

And thus, from night to night, they went
These wonders to behold,
And scorned their friends' opinions, that
They all were being sold.

They said it was self-evident
The thing was genuine,
A glorious institution, which
Was holy and divine.

It was a sweet, consoling thing,
They said, for little Swiss,
Each night, from Heaven to come down,
And give them each a kiss;

Likewise to hear Nimwaukee talk,
In his peculiar way,
Although they scarce could understand
One word he had to say.

But, most of all, they felt their hearts
Superlatively blessed,
In meeting their departed friends,
And by them being caressed.

At last, suspicions seemed to haunt
The anxious minds of some,
Who positively declared the thing
A big "bug" with a "hum;"

And swore they would investigate
The thing, cost what it would;
And if 't was sound 't would do no harm—
If not, a heap of good.

Therefore, upon a certain night,
When the medium supposed
All hunkidori, lights were struck,
And everything exposed.

And, lo! there stood the medium
Before their wondering gaze,
Humbugging them, as he had done
Before, in various ways.

And when they realized the truth,
That they were taken in,
The way they cursed the mediums,
Was certainly a sin,

'Twas mortifying, too, to think
That each caressing kiss
Was given by that ugly cuss,
Instead of little Swiss.

'Twas very evident, indeed,
They felt exceeding cheap,
And that they inwardly confessed
The joke was rather steep;

Their confidence seemed shaken, too,
In spiritual affairs,
And some declared that it was one
Of Satan's wily snares.

They'd nightly frequented the place—
Their money freely paid,
Believing that their Spirit friends
Were there (poor fools) arrayed;

And that, from night to night, they had
Communion with them held,
And cherishing the fond belief,
With joy their bosoms swelled.

Alas! for transitory things—
 For grim misfortune's cup,
 The cherished object of your hearts,
 At last, has busted up.

Poor, weak deluded mortals, ye
 Our sympathy have wakened,
 And ye deserve it, free and full,
 If we are not mistaken.

In mourning let your hearts be draped,
 Let solemn church bells toll,
 While weeping friends shall gather round,
 In sorrow to condole.

Those long, long hours in darkness passed,
 Ye never can redeem.
 The "Greenbacks" ye so freely spent,
 Have vanished like a dream.

The mediums, oh! where are they?
 Poor JENKINS, where is he?
 In Castle Thomas' gloomy cells,
 Now pine the illustrious three;

Deserted by their former friends—
 Nimwaukee, Little Swsss:
 Alas! for human frailty,
 How sad a world is this.

There, martyrs to their fallen cause,
Their fate they must abide,
Until, before the Magistrate,
They are brought forth and tried.

Unless, perchance, the spirit of
Nimwaukee should come down,
And break their iron prison bars,
And help them out of town.

Thus we will leave the luckless chaps,
To the "big Injin's" care,
While we again assure their dapes,
Our sympathy they share.



Part Second.

'Twas on the Wednesday following,
The day was dark and drear,
Yet crowded was the spacious court,
This famous case to hear.

At last, the prisoners arrived,
Those devotees to sin;
The witnesses, then, being sworn,
Their evidence gave in.

The witness who first took the stand,
Was DR. JONES, the chief
Exposer of the thing, which brought
The mediums to grief.

His lengthy testimony showed
That he had once believed,
That he had held communion with
The dead, for whom he grieved;

And that the spirit of his wife,
Had to this world returned,
And daily, more and more, his soul
For this communion yearned.

At last, suspicion whispered what
Was generally supposed,
That it was all a humbug, and
He swore't should be exposed.

Then other witnesses appeared,
Who gave their evidence,
Which showed 'twas all humbuggery,
Performed by the defence.

Then followed the profound debates
Of all the L. L. D.'s,
Which pleased the large and eager crowd,
To listen to their pleas.

The lawyers did their very best,
For clients and for State,
And brought forth telling arguments,
In logical debate.

'Twas very late when they were through,
And it was plain to see,
With all their eloquence, the State
Could not sustain their plea;

As evidence of which, the Judge,
With his accustomed grace,
To the defendant's great delight,
At once discharged the case.

The prisoners' hearts beat high with joy,
To find that they were free,
When, lo! the U. S. Marshall said,
"My friends, you'll go with me."

So, back to Castle Thomas, they
Were sent to stop awhile,
And gloomy disappointment lurked,
Where late was seen a smile.

But brief was their confinement there,
 Within the dungeon's pale,
 For fortunately, they procured
 A friend, who went their bail.



Thus ends my touching narrative,
 Of this great Humbug case,
 And never may the like again,
 Our community disgrace.

And, in conclusion, let me give
 My readers all a slice
 (I ask you nothing for it friends,)
 Of practical advice.

In future, have no more to do
 With Spirits. If your search is
 For Heavenly truth, look not for it
 Among the Devil's Churches;

But turn to the inspired page,
 To Revelation, given
 By God, which shall conduct your souls
 To happiness and Heaven.

RD 16

BF1042
.B8

