



DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

A. E. NEWTON AND S. B. BRITTAN, EDITORS. PRINCIPAL OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, (UP STAIRS,) BOSTON, MASS. TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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MIRACULOUS CURES OF MADAME SAINT AMOUR.

Madame Ehrenborg, a Swedish lady, distinguished by much talent, by years of much experience, by thorough good sense, and genuine piety; who has spent a considerable time both in France, England, and different parts of the Continent, and described her travels there in three very interesting volumes, says in the first volume of her letters from France, Germany and Switzerland, that at Nantes she saw in the house where she lodged the portrait of Madame Saint Amour, a lady who, if still living, is now residing with her son in Algiers. The most wonderful things were related to her of the cures done by this Madame Saint Amour through prayer and laying on of hands, by various persons of the highest character in Nantes, and a narrative of these extraordinary cures was put into her hands, written by M. Edward Richer, the well-known commentator on the writings of Swedenborg. From this narrative we select the following brief particulars, a considerable number of the cures being asserted by M. Richer to have been wrought in his presence. This indeed is one of these cases of extraordinary phenomena, the evidences in proof of which are so abundant and so unexceptionable as to decide the truth of the allegation according to the most stringent rules of evidence, and which must be admitted in any Court of law.

Anna Francisca Johanna Elizabeth de Fremery, the daughter of a distinguished Dutch advocate, was born at Hague on the 1st of October, 1786. Her father died when she was only six months old, and her mother married baron de Rancett a colonel in the Ottoman guard, and died in Paris in 1815.—Her stepfather followed the fortunes of the expelled Bourbons and took her with him. She lived at the exiled court at Coblenz, her father being in Condé's army, and they went with the French princes to England. In 1809 she married Major Renaud de Saint Amour, since major of the 18th regiment of Cavalry in the garrison of Schelestat, in the Lower Department of the Rhine. He had also commanded under general Despirres on the Island of Aix, and of the castle of Angers under general Matis. The family of Madame Saint Amour is highly distinguished in Holland; her uncle, general Dury, was commander at the Hague, both under the Stadtholdership and under Louis Buonaparte. Her cousin M. Van Manu was lately minister of justice in the Netherlands.

In 1826, Madame Saint Amour left Arros where her husband was in command of the garrison, and went to Paris to superintend the education of their son. There she found Captain Bernard, an old friend of her husband's, and a distinguished leader of the Swedenborg Church in France. She became convinced of the truth of Swedenborgianism, and embraced it zealously and openly. She had always had a fervent desire to tend and restore the sick, and under present views, she became persuaded that the gift of healing promised by our Saviour to his Church, and so strikingly practiced by his apostles and his early disciples, was still the inalienable heritage of Christian faith. She prayed earnestly and perseveringly for this gift, calling on the Lord Jesus Christ, as he had promised this gift, amongst others, to those who sincerely desired it, to fulfil his promise, and she determined to deliver herself up entirely to God's will, to do and to suffer everything, in the prosecution of this beneficent mission, that he might lay upon her. On the 11th of May, 1828, she heard the continued complainings of a sick child, and a lamenting mother, in a room adjoining her own lodgings in Paris. She proceeded to the room to learn the occasion of the distress, and found a woman with a sick child in her arms, who said:—"See here!—My child is dying and I cannot get any one to hold it, whilst I go for a doctor." Madame Saint Amour took the child whilst she went, but scarcely was it in her arms, when it ceased to moan, opened its eyes, and smiled at her. By the time that the mother returned, the child was playing on the chamber floor without a sign of suffering, and Madame Saint Amour now perceived that she possessed the promised gift of healing, as had been the case with Grestrakes, in Ireland, and Gassner in Württemberg.—She put her conviction to the test in other cases, and uniformly with success.

Being satisfied that this gospel power of healing was conferred on her, she determined to go and exercise it in Nantes, where Mr. Barnard, who had been the means of her conversion, had lived so many years, and where the New Church appeared likely to flourish prominently. Accordingly in September, 1828, it became rumoured in Nantes, that a lady had lately arrived from Paris, who cured sickness and chronic ailments by prayer. The whole place was thrown into a state of excitement. Some declared the apostolic times were come again: others that these miracles originated in some occult art rather than religion. The sick who were cured kindled the enthusiasm of those who yet awaited their time. A cripple who had left his crutches with Madame Saint Amour hastened to prostrate himself at the shrine of St. Semilian, exclaiming in an outburst of gratitude—"She cures everything!" A child carried to her in its sister's arms, returned home on foot, followed

by a crowd uttering their astonishment at the miracle. Passengers are stopped by the wondering crowd before Madame Saint Amour's house; there is much questioning, and replies that strike the hearer with amazement. Throngs increase; the street is completely blocked, so that carriages cannot pass.—The very steps up to her door are crowded with sick and maimed, seeking help. From six in the morning till night, the invalids remain waiting their turn. Numbers wait all night, to be among the earliest admitted the next morning.—Wherever she goes, they stand in her way as if nailed to the ground: they are confident that if they can but touch her dress, they shall be cured. Many go even so far as to declare that she is the Virgin Mary herself in disguise.

For three days the excitement continued to increase. From all sides arrived the sick, full of astonishment at the relations which they heard. They came from Tours, Saumur, Rochefort, from Angers, Rennes; from the Maine and Loire, from Vendée, Morbihan, and other distant places. It may safely be asserted that not a place in the lower department of the Loire, but sent some patient to the capital of the district. To escape for a while from the incessant crush of eager people around her dwelling, she accepted invitations which would take her to distant quarters, but the ever augmenting crowds poured after her; and everywhere in her way, you saw sick and curious people, who prayed the favor of addressing her. It was in vain that at night she endeavored to persuade the throngs to disperse; they would remain, in order to secure her services in the morning; and you might see her hands stretched from the window to call down blessings on the immovable crowd. On her very way from place to place, as she could not assist all who sought her, she administered cures from her carriage doors as she drove along. The streets and gateways leading to the houses she visited, were speedily besieged, and four sentinels at every door were not sufficient to keep back the people. Every vehicle in the city on hire, was taken to carry applicants to her; there was no subject of conversation but Madame Saint Amour. Crowds of workmen abandoned their employments to get a sight of her. There was not a circle anywhere of which she was not the subject of discussion. At the exchange, in the college, in the saloons, as well as in the inns and private houses, her cures were the theme, for no one living ever heard of such things but in books.

But on a great triumph follows rapidly a reaction, which as soon grows even to a persecution. The mass is unjust in its prejudice, as it is unreflecting in its admiration. It was quickly declared that the sick who had been so wonderfully cured, had relapsed into their former condition, if, indeed, they were not worse. The spirit of the people was up and it was declared that the cures had not answered the expectations which the feverish multitude had conceived of them. It was like the mood of those wonder-mongers who cried down an eclipse of the sun, because it had not turned out just as their excited imaginations had predicted it. It was declared that the cures had only been of a certain class of complaints; nay, one of the newspapers of Nantes asserted that the whole public had been deceived by an actual piece of trickery; as if a weak woman would have attempted to befoul such a population, and that in the name of Jesus Christ, on which she had called with tears, and in the name of all the virtues which she never ceased to practice. The absurdity of such an accusation was manifest, and another circumstance rendered it impossible, for Madame Saint Amour never would receive a farthing for the labors she endured to cure the sufferers around her. She neither sold her prayers nor her advice, and the benefit attempted from a totally disinterested love of goodness can never be a cheat.

The same paper declared also that Madame Saint Amour, who was here publicly dubbed a witch, was the daughter of an inconsiderable watch-maker in Nantes: and that the miracles fell rapidly in public opinion when it was thought that they had been done by one amongst themselves! The article in the paper was full of contradictions, but no one paused to notice them, and it was successful.

These assertions and a thousand other absurdities still more glaring gave occasion to songs, witless, groundless attacks without point or reason; and that miserable fear of shame which is found everywhere on such occasions, wonderfully augmented the mob of the incredulous. People felt that they should be held to be very profound, if they denied everything, and should be set down as superstitious, if they believed in marvels which so many clever persons could not comprehend. Amongst the learned, some rejected part, others all, that they might not seem to believe in sorcery. Some ascribed what was done, to imagination, others what they heard, to imagination. I say heard, observes M. Richer, for extraordinary enough, not a single person of the educated classes who took part against Madame Saint Amour, had seen anything of her doings. They said that mistrust of themselves had so seized on the strongest minds, that they did not venture to witness her proceedings, lest they might not have courage to declare what they had seen or should feel themselves compelled to follow the judgement of others. I have heard persons in other respects worthy of all credit, making the fullest representations of things they had neither seen, nor had dared to see. People from sheer delusion

may fight against opinion without incurring serious reproach, but when they band together to deny actual and palpable facts, that is a proceeding inconceivable to honorable minds.

It was not enough to deny real occurrences, and to pretend scientific explanations: an incomprehensible zeal seized on the superstitious and the weak. A report was spread that Madame Saint Amour sought to draw away her patients from the established worship; whilst the fact is, and I call on all who have known her, to witness it, that she never asked any of the sick, what was their religion. No one ever heard her say more than "Do you believe in God? Do you believe that God who created heaven and earth, has power to heal you?" Never did she say "Believe on me! Abandon your opinions." I have many times heard her say how delighted she would be to see a Jew or a Turk appear and demand her mediation, adding, I should not fear on their behalf, to call on God, who sends his sun to shine, and his rain to fall, alike on the just and the unjust. There is no doubt but the religion which Madame Saint Amour professed, was turned against her, and letters concerning her were written to Noirmoutier saying that the general cry against her, in Nantes, was that she believed neither in Christ, nor in the gospel, and there were not wanting plenty of people to put faith in these calumnies.

It was stated that a meeting of the clergy had been called by the Archbishop of Nantes, to take into consideration this important occurrence, and the pastor of St. Similian's was asked whether he had given power to this woman to do these miracles, and on his denying it, a protest was drawn up declaring that these cures, performed under the eyes of so many spectators, had not been done in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. It would have been well to have asked the clergy, what power Madame Saint Amour had employed. They would undoubtedly have answered, that such powers existed only amongst the acadeicians and the doctors. Yet notwithstanding such assurances, however respectable their utterers may be, human affairs do not the less steadily march on their way. The monks of St. Stephens declared to Columbus, on the evidence of the Psalmist, that there could be and was no New World, yet Columbus sailed, and America was discovered. The Inquisition compelled Galileo to recant his assertion, yet the last whispered word of the venerable Florentine was, "E pur si muove!" and the church itself,—some time afterwards, was compelled to admit what in its infallibility it had denied! One of the priests on this occasion told one of the sick that if God was disposed to ward such power, it would be to one of his order, and not a woman! History will probably have to answer that.

We cannot follow all the phases of this remarkable case: they form a volume: but there are a few features of it so universal a kind, that they deserve a brief notice. Those who contended that Madame Saint Amour was an impostor, said "If she had the power she pretended, why did she not visit the hospitals of the sick?" This, says M. Richer, was the very thing that from her first arrival in Nantes, she was earnestly imploring of the Authorities: but in vain. A patient in one of the hospitals determined to get away to Madame Saint Amour, and procured a carriage for the purpose, but was peremptorily ordered back. The Town hall, says M. Richer, was freely allowed to musicians, lecturers, meetings of learned societies, and the like, but was refused to Madame Saint Amour to perform her cures in. Those who had been most enthusiastic in witnessing the wondrous cures, now as strenuously denied them, as though it had been a crime. A Sister of Charity, of St. Clement's, who had avowed the most ardent friendship for Madame Saint Amour, now denounced her as a witch, forgetting that the Saviour himself was accused of performing his deeds of mercy by the aid of Beelzebub. The wealthy of the city, who had struggled with each other for Madame Saint Amour to lionize her in their saloons, now sent hastily to recall their pressing invitations, on the usual facile pleas, that they were going into the country, or the like. The very workmen who had carried to her their mothers, sisters, wives or children, now declared that it was only anxiety to get some possible chance of good for their relatives, that made them do what they should have been ashamed to do for themselves. Even the people who had left their crutches behind them, sent for them again, on one pretence or another. Some maintained that Madame Saint Amour did her cures through an electric ring; others that she was a ventriloquist, as if ventriloquism could instantly set broken legs, which they saw done. One of her most officious admirers, who was proud to serve as her cavalier in the days of her popularity, hurriedly now drew back, saying to his neighbor, that he could not bring himself to sacrifice his reason. The friend replied, "The sacrifice would have been but small." There was another circumstance that stamped Madame Saint Amour's cures as of the genuine Christian character; whilst the majority of those she had benefited were silent amid the rage against her, or still worse, were joining in abusing her, one solitary woman went to the commissary of police, and implored him not to hurt Madame Saint Amour, because she had cured her. Of the ten lepers who had been cured by Christ one only went to give thanks: and Christ said, "There were ten cured, but where are the other nine?"

M. Richer, who went himself and witnessed with extremest

wonder the miracles which she performed: who saw her melted into tears of joy and gratitude to God, in the midst of the miracles that he wrought by her hand; who saw her witness, with rapture, the change from pain and suffering in her patients, to ease and strength; who saw her cast herself upon her knees, in speechless gratitude to the giver of all good, amid the restored invalids around her; and who saw her afterwards calm and unresenting, whilst the fierce mob whistled and hooted under her windows, or were pursuing her carriage with curses, adds,—"Madame Saint Amour has only experienced what all others have experienced in the same path. Apostles, martyrs, have they not paid for the love of their fellowmen with persecutions? In our cool-blooded times, we no longer hang men on crosses for their benefactions, stretch them on the rack, or burn them alive, but we join in the laugh which obliterates a whole life of munificence; we whistle away what we don't want to hear; we annihilate with songs of ridicule, what we cannot overcome by force. Madame Saint Amour one day repeated to us the words of our Lord, in Matthew, c. 10. v. 17—22:—Beware of men for they will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues; and ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles. But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in the same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you. And the brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child; and the children shall rise up against their parents, and cause them to be put to death. And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake; but he that endureth to the end shall be saved!"

This is the eternal story of the martyrdom of Truth, yet the children of this world see it not. Blind as at the first when they slew the prophets, crucified Christ, and killed his apostles; no suspicion that they are once more acting out the same perpetual drama comes to the very wise, the learned and the worldly, when a new act is introduced, and Truth comes, in a new costume, to add one more fearful incident to her history. But the lesson is not for the world at large, but for the servants of Truth. The world, however wise, however witty, however happy in the conceit of its own sagacity, has no eyes for the only real; but the children of truth are thus taught to endure with happy patience, the sneer, the scoff, the merry or the savage sarcasm of *soi-disant* friends but real enemies, perceiving in their treatment by their assailants, the infallible testimonies to their own legitimacy.

VENTILATE YOUR ROOMS.

If the impure air of the Black Hole of Calcutta could, out of 146 Englishmen kill in six hours, no less than 76, leaving in the morning no more than 23 survivors in the whole, the perniciousness of bad ventilation cannot be too much warned against. If you wish to preserve your health and the health of others, ventilate your large rooms and never live in small ones. The following will be read with interest:

People have often said that no difference can be detected in the analysis of pure and impure air. This is one of the vulgar errors difficult to dislodge from the ordinary brain.—The fact is that the condensed air of a crowded room gives a deposit which, if allowed to remain a few days, forms a solid, thick, glutinous mass, having a strong odor of animal matter. If examined by the microscope, it is seen to undergo a remarkable change. First of all it is converted into a vegetable growth, and this is followed by the production of multitudes of animalcules—a decisive proof that it must contain certain organic matter, otherwise it could not nourish organic beings. A writer in Dickens' Household Words, in remarking upon this subject, says that this was the result arrived at by Dr. Angus Smith, in his beautiful experiments on the air and water of towns, wherein he showed how the lungs and skin gave out organic matter, which is, in itself, a deadly poison, producing headache, sickness, disease or epidemic, according to its strength. Why, if a few drops of the liquid matter, obtained by the condensation of the air of a foul locality, introduced into the vein of a dog, can produce death by the phenomenon of typhus fever, what incalculable evils must not it produce on those human beings who breathe it again and again, rendered fouler and less capable of sustaining life with every breath drawn. Such contamination of the air, and consequent hotbed of fever and epidemic, it is easily within the power of man to remove. Ventilation and cleanliness will do all, so far as the abolition of this evil goes; and ventilation and cleanliness are not miracles to be prayed for, but certain results of common obedience to the laws of God.—*Scientific American.*

HUMANITY.—The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man; inasmuch that if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures; as it is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds; inasmuch, as Busbequius reporteth, a Christian boy in Constantinople had like to have been stoned for gagging, in waggishness, a long-billed fowl.—*Lord Bacon.*

SWEDENBORGIANISM.

A clear synopsis of Swedenborg's system of theology is given in the *Christian Inquirer*, as follows;

Swedenborg conceives man to be an organized receptacle of truth and love from God. He is an imperishable spiritual body placed for a season of probation in a perishable material body. Every moment receiving the essence of his being afresh from God, and returning it through the fruition of its uses devoutly rendered in conscious obedience and joyous worship he is at once a subject of personal, and a medium of Divine happiness. The will is the power of man's life, and the understanding is its form. When the will is disinterested love, and the understanding is celestial truth, then the man fulfils the end of his being, and his home is heaven; he is a spirit-frame into which the goodness of God perpetually flows, is humbly acknowledged, gratefully enjoyed and piously returned. But when his will is hatred or selfishness, and his understanding is falsehood or evil, then his powers are abused, his destiny inverted, and his fate hell. While in the body in this world, he is placed in freedom, on probation, between these two alternatives.

The Swedenborgian universe is divided into four orders of abodes. In the highest or celestial world are the heavens of the angels. In the lowest or infernal world are the hells of demons. In the intermediate or spiritual world are the earths inhabited by men, and surrounded by the transition state through which souls, escaping from their bodies, after a while, soar to heaven or sink to hell, according to their fitness and attraction. In this life man is free, because he is an energy in equilibrium between heaven and hell. The middle state surrounding man is full of spirits, some good and some bad. Every man is accompanied by swarms of both sorts of spirits, striving to make him like themselves. Now there are two kinds of influx into man. Mediate influx is when the spirits in the middle states flow into man's thoughts and affections. The good spirits are in communication with heaven, and they carry what is good and true; the evil spirits are in communication with hell, and they carry what is evil and false. Between those opposed and reacting agencies, man is an equilibrium: whose essence is freedom. Deciding for himself, if he turns with embracing welcome to the good spirits, he is thereby placed and lives in conjunction with heaven; but if he turns, on the contrary, predominant love to the bad spirits, he is placed in conjunction with hell, and draws his life thence. From heaven, therefore, through the good spirits, all the elements of saving goodness flow sweetly down, and are appropriated by the freedom of the good man; while from hell, through the bad spirits, all the elements of damning evil flow foully up, and are appropriated by the freedom of the bad man.

The other kind of influx is called immediate. This is when the Lord himself, the pure substance of truth and good, flows into every organ and faculty of man. This influx is perpetual, but is received as truth and good only by the true and good. It is rejected, suffocated or perverted by those who are in love with falsities and evils. So the light of the sun produces colors varying with the substances it falls on, and water takes forms from the vessels it is poured into.

The whole invisible world—heaven, hell, and the middle state—is peopled solely from the different families of the human race occupying the numerous material globes of the universe. The good, on leaving the fleshy body are angels; the bad are demons. There is no angel nor demon who was created such at first. Satan is not a personality, but a figurative term, standing for the whole complex of hell. In the invisible world, time and space in one sense cease to be; in another sense they remain unchanged. They virtually cease because all our present measures of them are annihilated; they virtually remain because exact correspondences to them are left. To spirits, time is no longer measured by the revolution of planets, but by the succession of inward states; space is measured not by waymarks and the traversing of distances, but by inward similitudes, and dissimilitudes. Those who are unlike are sundered by gulfs of difference. Those who are alike are together in their interiors. Thought, love, forgetfulness and hate, are hampered by temporal and spiritual boundaries.—Spiritual forces and beings spurn material impediments, and are united or separated, reciprocally visible or invisible, mutually conscious or unconscious, according to their own laws of kindred or alien adaptedness.

LIBERTY OF SPEECH.—It should perhaps be said, in regard to our right of the liberties and the liberalities of speech, that the rule of the positive and superlative is this. As long as you deal with things from your common sense, so long call things by their right names. But every man may be raised to a platform whence he sees beyond sense, to moral and spiritual truth. This is the way prophets, this is the way poets use language; and in that exaltation small and great are as one; the mind strings worlds like beads upon its thought, and size is a mere illusion. The success with which language is used can alone determine how genuine is the inspiration.—*Emerson.*

He who gives pleasure, meets with it. Kindness is the bond of friendship, and the hook of love; he who sows not, reaps not.

