

**Authentic particulars of the celebrated Mr. John Stephens, corn-doctor,
No. 98, Fetter-Lane, Holborn / [John Stephens].**

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MR. JOHN STEPHENS,
the Celebrated CORN DOCTOR

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testified by an irresistible fit of laughter, but was soon succeeded by a paroxysm of indignation, producing a general uproar.

The hermit, now detected for the first time, began to tremble. Summary justice growing clamorous, and so near at hand, a back window luckily presented the only outlet whereby to escape the rage of the multitude, animated by the stinging reproaches of a furious female, and the more mortifying reflection of their having been made such egregious dupes.

Jump then was the order of the moment; and jump he did, and so suddenly, that he left in the lurch both seekers and pursuers. Report says, that a gang of sacrilegious robbers eased him in his flight of an accumulated earthly burden of forty pounds, while many true believers assert, that carrying with him nothing but the power of working miracles, he was promoted to that famous station of Irish pilgrims, Lough Derg, or St. Patrick's Purgatory; thus humbly joining his share of reputation, to that of those celebrated virtues of their tutelary saint.

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*Authentic Particulars of the Celebrated MR. JOHN STEPHENS,  
Corn-Doctor, No. 98, Fetter-lane, Holborn.*

THIS extraordinary man, who, it may figuratively be said, gives feet to the lame, was born at Chipstable in Somersetshire, in the year 1732, of honest industrious parents. His relations are still residents at Chipstable, and frequently receive mementos of Mr. Stephens's liberality and affection. In his youth he lived with a surgeon, which probably gave rise to his skill in cutting corns, though he himself declares "it is a gift from God." Be this as it may, it must be candidly acknowledged that no one has ever yet performed the radical cure of these tormenting excrescences with such



perfect ease and facility as the subject of this sketch. He has cured infants from *one* year old and upwards. Some may think it incredible that little children should have corns; we, however, are assured by Mr. Stephens that they are very subject to them, but that they are softer and easier eradicated: we are consequently inclined to think that these painful complaints are not always occasioned by tight shoes, as is generally supposed, but that they are in some degree hereditary, especially as they are most painful previous to rainy weather, which is philosophically accounted for by the celebrated Lord Bacon. As a farther proof that corns do not originate from tight shoes, Mr. Stephens relates a circumstance of his having cured a Scotch highlander, who was afflicted with a most dreadful one, though he never wore shoes or stockings in his life; and it is well known, that the poor class of Irish, who are always running about bare-foot, are very much addicted to corns.

Mr. Stephens, although now 75 years of age, still pursues his business with great attention, and is well known to the nobility and most of the principal physicians. He has attended the late duke of Richmond, and still attends the duke of Clarence, &c. He always pays his visits in a hackney coach, which costs him above a guinea per week. A few years ago he lived in Plough-court, Fetter-lane, opposite to his present residence, which probably he left on account of the inconvenience of walking from thence to his coach.

He is a very strong athletic man, and notwithstanding his age, walks upright, and is remarkable for constantly wearing the same dress, viz. a blue coat with velvet collar, a scarlet embroidered waistcoat, black small-clothes, white stockings, and a white hat. He has always a nosegay in his bosom, consisting of a few select elegant flowers in season, which he generally procures from the gardens of some of the nobility he visits. In his apartment, he has two ad-  
mirable

mirable paintings of himself, particularly a miniature one, drawn when he was a young man.

His operation in cutting corns is entirely performed by instruments; having never used any liquid, as has been erroneously stated. His manner of cutting is, to use his own words, "peculiar to himself," and gives not the least pain.



*ABOLITION of the SLAVE-TRADE; with a Sketch of the Life of IGNATIUS SANCHO, the ingenious African, and Father of Mr. W. SANCHO, the Bookseller, Mews Gate.*

IT is worthy of observation, that the unequivocal symptoms of disapprobation of the Slave-Trade appeared within a short time, in almost every part of the world. The Congress of 1774 declared first juridically against it. The Convention of 1787 required the Congress should tax the importation of slaves. The National Assembly of France in 1789 passed a vote of censure on the trade; and the English minister, with a considerable body of supporters, openly declared their enmity to the trade; and it has at last received its final termination by the patriotic and unwearied labours of Mr. Wilberforce, who has now the satisfaction of seeing his praise-worthy measures crowned by the royal assent.

We are induced, under this article, to record a worthy instance of the propriety of this measure, and an example to ourselves, in the life of an ingenious African, well known a few years ago to the literate part of the community in London—we mean Mr. Ignatius Sancho, a man who really thought and spoke on every subject, whether political, philosophical, or religious, without any narrow prejudice, and whose uncommon character for liberality of sentiment on all topics was remarked by all his acquaintance, and often mentioned by Mr. Garrick, Dr. Johnson, and others.

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His letters have been published, one of which, addressed to Sterne on the depressed state of personal slavery in the colonies, can never be too often read by the admirers of sympathetic writing. The writer of this article has the satisfaction to observe, that this uncommon character, after considerable reading, and much reflection taken up in a state servitude, died a determined friend to genuine christianity, of in its true spirit and practice. A portrait of him, engraved by the celebrated Bartolozzi, is prefixed to his letters, which are in two vols. 8vo. His son, Mr. W. Sancho, was brought up to the profession of a bookseller by Mr. Edward Jeffery, of Pall-Mail, and at present is the worthy successor of Mr. Henry Paine at the Mews Gate in Castle-street. He is also, we believe, librarian to Sir Joseph Banks, and collects literary curiosities with the most unwearied diligence.

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*Memoirs of Mr. JOHN SEWELL, the late remarkable Bookseller
in Cornhill.*

Extracted from the European Magazine.

MR. JOHN SEWELL was born at Oakham in Rutlandshire; we presume, in 1735; as we find he was baptized on July the 27th of that year. Of his family we know no particulars; but learn that he came to London in 1752, and became the apprentice of Mr. James Brotherton, who afterwards received him as a partner; and that connexion continued till 1775, when Mr. Brotherton died, and left Mr. Sewell the whole of his property, with the exception only of a legacy of 30l. to an elderly lady.

Mr. Brotherton was an eccentric sort of man; and Mr. Sewell certainly inherited, with his shop and business, some of his harmless whimsicality. When, in 1779, he was chosen constable for the ward of Cornhill, it was expected that

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