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LONDON, August 23.

RAW FLESH EATER.

Account of a man who lives upon large quantities of Raw Flesh, in a letter from Dr. Johnson, Commissioner of sick and wounded seamen, to Dr. Blane.

Somerset Place, Oct. 28, '99.

My Dear Sir,

Having in August and September last been engaged in a tour of public duty, for the purpose of selecting from among the prisoners of war such men as, from their infirmities, were fit objects for being released without an equivalent, I heard upon my arrival at Liverpool, an account of one of these prisoners being endowed with an appetite and digestion so far beyond any thing that ever had occurred to me, either in my observation, reading, or by report, that I was desirous of ascertaining the particulars of it by ocular proof of undeniable testimony. Dr. Cochrane, a Fellow of the College of Physicians at Edinburgh, and our medical agent at Liverpool, is fortunately a gentleman upon whose fidelity and accuracy I could perfectly depend; and I requested him to institute an inquiry upon this subject, during my stay at that place, I enclose you an attested copy of the result of this; and as it may probably appear to you, as it does to me, a document containing facts extremely interesting, both in a natural and medical view, I will beg you to procure its insertion in some respectable periodical work.

Some farther points of inquiry respecting this extraordinary person having occurred to me since my arrival in town, I sent them in the form of queries to Dr. Cochrane, who has obligingly returned satisfactory answers.

These I send along with the above-mentioned attested statement, to which I beg you to subjoin such reflections as may occur to you on this subject. I am my dear Sir,

Your most obedient  
 humble servant,

J. JOHNSON.

To Gilbert Blane, M. D. F. R. S. and one of the Commissioners of sick and wounded seamen.

Charles Domery, a native of Benche, on the frontiers of

Poland, aged 21, was brought to the prison of Liverpool in Feb. 1799, having been a soldier in the French service on board the Hoche, captured by the squadron under the command of Sir J. B. Warren, off Ireland.

He is one of nine brothers, who, with their father, have been remarkable for the voraciousness of their appetites. They were all placed early in the army; and the peculiar craving for food with this young man began at 13 years of age.

He was allowed two rations in the army, and by his earnings or the indulgence of his comrades, procured an additional supply.

When in the camp, if bread or meat were scarce, he made up the deficiency, by eating four or five pounds of grass daily; and in one year devoured 170 cats (not their skins) dead or alive; and says he had several severe conflicts in the act of destroying them, by feeling the effects of their torments on his face and hands; sometimes he killed them before eating, but when very hungry did not wait to perform this humane office.

Dogs and rats equally suffered from his merciless jaws; and if much pinched by famine, the entrails of animals indiscriminately became his prey. The above facts are attested by Picard, a respectable man, who was his comrade in the same regiment on board the Hoche, and is now present; and who assures me, he has often seen him feed on those animals.

When the ship on board of which he was, had surrendered after an obstinate action, finding himself, as usual, hungry, and nothing else in his way but a man's leg which was shot off, lying before him, he attacked it greedily, and was feeding heartily, when a sailor snatched it from him and threw it overboard.

Since he came to this prison, he has eat one dead cat and about twenty rats. But what he delights most in is raw meat, beef or mutton, of which, though plentifully supplied by eating the rations of ten men daily\*, he complains

\* The French Prisoners of War were at this time maintained at the expense of their own nation, and were each allowed the following daily ration: Twenty-six ounces of bread, half a pound of beef, half

he has not the same quantity, or indulged in eating so much as he used to do, when in France.

He often devours a bullock's liver raw, three pounds of candles, and a few pounds of raw beef, in one day, without tasting bread or vegetables, washing it down with water, if his allowance of beer is expended.

His subsistence at present, independent of his own rations arises from the generosity of the prisoners, who give him a share of their allowance.—Nor is his stomach confined to meat, for when in the hospital where some of the patients refusing to take their medicines. Domery had no objection to perform this for them; and his stomach never rejected any thing, as he never vomits, whatever be the contents, or however large.

Wishing fairly to try how much he actually could eat in one day, on the 17th of September, 1799, at four o'clock in the morning he breakfasted on four pounds of raw cow's udder; at half past nine, in presence of Dr. Johnson, Commissioner of sick and wounded seamen, Admiral Child and his son, Mr. Foster agent for prisoners, and several respectable gentlemen, he exhibited his power as follows:—There were set before him five pounds of raw beef, and twelve tallow candles of a pound weight, and one bottle of porter; these he finished by half past 10 o'clock. At 1 o'clock there were again put before him, five pounds of beef, and one pound of candles, with three bottles of porter, at which time he was locked up in the room, and sentries placed at the windows to prevent his throwing away any of his provisions. At 2 o'clock, when I again saw him with two friends, he had nearly finished the whole of the candles, and a great part of the beef, but had neither evacuation by vomiting, stool, or urine, his skin was cool and pulse regular, and in good spirits. At a quarter past 6, when he was to be returned to his prison, he had devoured the whole, and declared he could have eat more; but from the prisoners without, telling him we wished to make some experiment on him, he began to

a pound of greens, two ounces of butter, or five ounces of cheese.

be alarmed. It is also to be observed that the day was hot, and not having his usual exercise in the yard, it may be presumed he would have otherwise had a better appetite. On recapitulating the whole consumption of this day, it stands thus:—

Raw cow's udder	4lb.
Raw beef	- 10
Candles	- - 2
Total	16lb.

besides five bottles of porter.

The eagerness with which he attacks his beef when his stomach is not gorged, resembles the voracity of a hungry wolf, tearing off and swallowing them with canine greediness. When his throat is dry from continued exercise, he lubricates it by stripping the grease off the candles between his teeth, which he generally finishes at three mouthfuls, and wrapping the wick like a ball, string and all, sends it after a swallow. He can when no choice is left, make shift to dine on immense quantities of raw potatoes, or turnips; but, from choice, would never desire to taste bread or vegetables.

He is in every respect healthy, his tongue clean, and his eyes lively.

After he went to the prison, he danced, smoked a pipe, and drank a bottle of porter; and by four next morning, he awoke with his usual ravenous appetite; which he quieted by a few pounds of raw beef.

He is six feet three inches high, a pale complexion, grey eyes, long brown hair, well made but thin, his countenance is rather pleasant and is good tempered.

The above is written from his own mouth, in the presence of, and attested by,

Destabaun, French Surgeon.

La Fournier, Steward of the Hospital.

Revet, Commissaire de la Prison.

Le Flem, soldat de la fer demi-brigade.

Thomas Cochrane, M. D. Inspector and Surgeon of the prison, and Agent, &c. for sick and wounded seamen.

Liverpool, Sept. 9, 1799.

(A True Copy.)

J. Bynon, Clerk in the Office for sick and wounded seamen.

[For "Queries and Answers" See last Page.]