

SOME ACCOUNT OF AN INTERVIEW THAT TOOK PLACE RECENTLY BETWEEN DIOGENES, THE CYNIC PHILOSOPHER, AND JOHN ALLEN, "THE WICKEDEST MAN IN NEW YORK."

(Continued.)

DIOGENES is unwilling to weary his readers with more of John Allen's conversation, and will, therefore, conclude in a few words the narrative of Mr. A's career. He was beyond all doubt a consummate hypocrite, and completely bamboozled the philanthropic agents of the Howard Mission. The following extract from the *New York Tribune* will exhibit the full extent of his duplicity and their credulity:—

The culminating point of the prayer meeting yesterday was John Allen's public announcement of his hope of conversion, and his prayer for divine help and guidance. He was deeply moved, and spoke timidly as though he felt his unworthiness. He was John Allen to the last, but a modified and solemnized John Allen. His prayer was simple, but direct. The scene was indescribable,—the emotion overpowering. Every heart seemed to sympathize with John and to put up a prayer for his full salvation. The enthusiasm was so great that, after the meeting had been dismissed, a second one was spontaneously organized, and it was with difficulty that the house could be cleared. Since then John has repeatedly requested his friends to pray with him in private, but until to day he did not seem to have any hope of forgiveness and was downcast and disquieted; but now he believes he has found that peace which passeth knowledge. It is to be hoped that he will be able to hold out in the good work upon which he has so deliberately entered.

What a bitter satire this report now seems to DIOGENES, as he pens the record of Allen's subsequent proceedings! After having duly received the rent for his dance-house, and swindled the great American Showman out of a manuscript lecture, the "Wickedest Man in New York," (once more to quote his own words) "guessed he could run the machine alone, without any help from Mr. Barnum." He accordingly at once proposed to turn his infamous life and unenviable notoriety to profitable account, as a public speaker. A New York reporter who visited him about this time, found him slightly intoxicated, and rather disinclined to speak about his simulated reformation. After saying that "he didn't much like them praying folks any ways," he boldly announced his purpose of appearing in public as a preacher, when "he was goin' to sweep everything in Water Street." He finally acknowledged that he should charge a fee for admission, and expected by his lectures and moral exhibitions to raise the large sum of \$100,000. This sum, he declared he would place in the hands of Mr. Peter Cooper, or William B. Astor, for the purpose of erecting a large Magdalen Asylum on the banks of the Hudson River, a short distance above New York. He, (Allen), was of course to be installed as Chief Manager of the Institution. In pursuance of this magnificent design, he promptly advertised that he and the boy Chester would make their first public appearance, on a stated night, at Stamford, Conn. Tickets, 50 cents; children, half-price. A crowd assembled to hear him, attracted by the sensational accounts that had been published in even respectable New York journals. His "pals," Ikey Slocum, and "Big Dick Marvin," acted as money-takers on the occasion, and transferred into their pockets from the Stamford "gulls" a considerable quantity of shin-plasters. But when time was called, and the expectation of the audience was at his height, John Allen made his *début*, like Andy Johnson, in a pitiable state of intoxication. A row ensued. The duped inhabitants of Stamford demanded back their shin-plasters. Their demand was stoutly resisted by Ikey and his companion, who assured the audience that there was nothing wrong with Allen, and that he was quite ready to go on with the exhibition. The sequel may be imagined.

The news of Allen's *fiasco* was a severe blow to the Howard Mission. Religious zealots were staggered by his iniquity, and Oliver Dyer almost repented having published in *Packard's Monthly* his account of the "Wickedest Man." The moment that his lease with Mr. Van Meter had run out, John Allen painted out the sign above his door, wherein the public were informed that his place was "a home for fallen women." Again his dance-house became a Pandemonium,

and evil spirits, male and female, again thronged to his den. The end soon came. Captain Thorne, of the Fourth Precinct, aided by three officers, made a descent one morning on 304 Water Street, and arrested John Allen and his wife, five women, and "Boston Tom." DIOGENES drops the curtain, while this select Company is before the Police Court.

He has but little more to say. He would not have alluded at all to so odious a subject, had he not believed that a great moral, and one that is little understood, underlies the whole painful narrative. Nobody for one instant doubts the loving-kindness, zeal, and integrity of the New York missionaries. But however well-intentioned, they are notoriously weak-headed; and having now by their blind credulity rendered themselves the laughing-stock of the ruffians and abandoned women of Water Street, it will be long before they can hope to effect another foot-hold in the same foul "rookery." If DIOGENES is correct in his views, they announced their Revival prematurely. They foolishly attempted to sow the seed of Christianity, before the soil on which they had to operate was prepared to receive it. The denizens of the Fourth Ward need moral improvement before their spiritual wants can be successfully attended to. They must be cleansed before they are Christianized. Degraded characters like John Allen, Kit Burns, and Ikey Slocum, should be regarded with strong suspicion, when they are declared by enthusiasts to have leapt, as it were, into Paradise, from the rum-shop, the dance-hall, or the rat-pit.

POLITICAL NURSERY RHYMES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

No. II.

"HUSH-A-BY BABY."

Hush-a-by, Wilkins, go play with your top,
Repeal is "spilt milk," and now leaves but a slop:
When the cry ceases, you'll find that the squall
Has floored your pet project—Vail, Annand and all!

"HUMPTY DUMPTY."

Martin I. Wilkins had a great fall,
With Annand, the "Minute of Council," and all;
All the big Leaders, and all the trained men
Can't set up a costly Convention again!

"A SONG OF SIXPENCE."

Sing a song of sixpence, Repeal has gone to grass,
Wilkins, Vail and Company, each proves himself an ass:
None can stay the havoc that all around is seen—
Isn't it a pretty dish to set before the Queen?

VOX DEI VOX POPULI DEBET ESSE.

The *Evening Telegraph*, of the 26th December, quotes Carlyle on the Jamaica Question as follows:—"A Lord Chief-Justice spoke for 6 hours to prove that there is no such thing, or ever was, as Martial Law, and that any Governor, commanded-soldier, or official person, putting down the frightfullest mob—insurrection, Black or White, shall do it with the rope round *his* neck, by way of encouragement to him. * * * there must have been, and is, and will be, coeval with Human Society, from its first beginning to its ultimate end, an Actual Martial Law of more validity than any Law whatever." Tom Carlyle! DIOGENES agrees with you that all insurrection, rebellion, and sedition *must* be put down—with fire and sword if necessary; but is, what you call, "Actual Martial Law" of more validity than the Law of God? Justice, as dispensed by the paid expounders of the Law of Man, may be faulty, but the Law of God saith, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed."