

MADAME CARZO, THE BRAZILIAN ASTROLOGIST.

No. 151 Bowery.

Boa-constrictors, half-naked savages, eyewoods, Jesu's bark, cork-toots, scorpions and ring-tailed monkeys are not, as we had hitherto supposed, the only contributors to the happiness of mankind afforded by South America, for the Province of Brazil grows fortune-tellers of a very superior quality as to respectability and neatness of appearance. If there be any diabolism in modern witchcraft, the practitioners thereof who have received their education in tropical latitudes ought to be the most worthy of credence and belief, inasmuch as the temperature of their places of residence seems to afford a supposition that they live nearer headquarters, and are therefore most likely to receive information by the directest routes. Reasoning thus, our reporter was prepared to place the most implicit confidence in any revelations of the future that might be made by the mysterious woman who pays for the daily insertion of the subjoined advertisement in *The Herald and Sun*:

"MADAME CARZO, the gifted Brazilian Astrologist tells the fate of every person who visits her with wonderful accuracy, about love, marriage, business, property, losses, things stolen, luck in lotteries, absent friends, at No. 151 Bowery, corner of Broome."

The corner of Bowery and Broome street and vicinity seem to have some kind of a constitutional disorder, and it relieves itself by a cutaneous eruption of low rum shops and pustulous beer saloons, which always look as if they ought to be squeezed and rubbed with ointment of red lead. It always seemed to our reporter as if the city wanted to scratch itself in that particular part to relieve the local irritation, and then ought, for the sake of its general health, to take a large dose of brimstone immediately afterward. The liquors sold at these places are those pure and healthful beverages, "warranted to kill at forty rods," and are the very drinks with which a convivial but revengeful man would wish to regale his friend against whom he held a secret grudge. Madame Carzo, cherishing, doubtless, loving and regretful remembrances of the harmless reptiles of her own Brazilian forests, has taken up her abode in the very thick of the Bowery bar-rooms, as the only things afforded by our frigid climate, at all approaching in life-destroying malignity the speedier venoms to which she has been accustomed in her delightful Southern home. First-rate facilities for dragging a man into a state of crazy madness are offered at the bar across the way; he may avail himself into a condition of benighted stupidity with lager beer from next door below; he may be pleasantly poisoned by degrees with the drugged alcohol in various forms which is sold next door above; or he may be more speedily disposed of with a couple of doses of "doctored" whisky from the festering den just round the corner.

Lucretia Borgia was a novice, a mere babe in toxicology. New-York wholesale liquor dealers could teach her the alphabet in the fine art of slow poisoning. She would no longer need the subtle chemistry of the Borgias; she could learn of them to poison wholesale and do the work by labor-saving machinery.

Madame Carzo, the Brazilian interpreter of Yankee fate and fortune, lives in the third story of house No. 151 Bowery, with her sister, a girl of about fifteen years of age. The two occupy themselves with plain sewing, except when the Madame is overhauling the future and taking a look at the hereafter of some anxious inquirer, who pays her as much for the reliable information she imparts in three minutes, as she would charge him for making three shirts. Our reporter proceeded to house No. 151 Bowery, gave his customary modest ring at the door, and was admitted with as little question as if he had been the taxes, the Croton water or the gas. Up the two flights of stairs walked the gentleman in the pursuit of witchcraft, gave a bashful knock at the door at the side of which was painted, on a small bit of pasteboard, "Madame Carzo"—repented of his temerity before the echo of the knock had died away, but was admitted into the room before his repentance had time to develop itself into running away. A shabby-looking girl, with her hair in as much confusion as if the city had contracted to keep it straight, with one ear-ring in her ear and the other on the table, with her shoes down at the heel, her dress unbooked behind, and her breast-pin wrong side up, was the model young woman who had answered the knock. She had evidently been engaged in an animated single combat with another young woman of about the same quality and age who was seated on a low stool in the corner, for she instantly renewed hostilities by stabbing her antagonist in the arm with a needle, tapping her on the head with a thimble, and kicking her pin-cushion under the table so she could not recover it without crawling on her hands and knees at the feet of our delegate.

Our reporter took an observation. On a small sofa or lounge at the side of the room was a quantity of what ladies call "work," thrown down in a great hurry with the needle yet sticking in it, and the scissors, and the beeswax and the measuring tape, and the bodkin half-concealed inside, as if the knock at the door had startled the needlewoman, and she had flown to parts unknown. It was undoubtedly Madame Carzo herself who had so unceremoniously deserted her colors and her weapons, and our reporter looked at the needle with veneration, viewed the thimble with respect, and regarded the beeswax and the bodkin with concentrated awe. A small cooking-stove was in the side of the room, and immediately over it was a picture of St. Andrew in such a position that he could smell all the dinners; a number of other pictures of Roman Catholic subjects were neatly framed and hanging against the wall—St. Somebody taking his ease on an X shaped cross, St. Somebody Else comfortably cooking on a gridiron, and St. Somebody, different from either of these, impaled on a spear like a bug in an Entomological Museum. There was also an atrocious colored print labeled "Millard Fillmore," which, if it at all resembled that venerated gentleman, must have been taken when he has had the measles complicated with the mumps and toothache, and was attired in a sky-blue coat, a red cravat, yellow vest and butter-nut colored pantaloons. The room was neatly furnished with carpet, table, chairs, cheap mirror and a lounge. The literature in the apartment was assorted, and consisted of the following list: One copy of *The N. Y. Sun*, one ditto *N. Y. Herald*, one ditto *Mrs. Stephens's Monthly* for December, and a copy of a classic novel entitled *The Bold Guerrilla*. While our reporter was taking this observation, the two young ladies before mentioned had continued to spar after a feminine fashion, and had finished about three rounds; the model, who had answered the bell, had got the other one, who was black-haired and vicious, under the table, and was following up her advantage by sticking a bodkin into the tender places on her feet and ankles. When the model had at length thoroughly subjugated and subdued the black-haired one, and reduced her to a state of passive misery, she turned to her visitor with an amiable smile, and asked him if he desired to see the Madame. Receiving an affirmative reply, she gave a sly kick to her fallen foe, stepped on her toes under pretense of moving away a chair, and then disappeared into another room to inform Madame Carzo that visitors and dollars were awaiting her respectful consideration in the ante-room. The "gifted Brazilian astrologist" regarded the suggestion with a favorable eye, for the model soon re-appeared and showed the searcher after hidden knowledge into a bedroom nearly dark, wherein were several dresses hanging on the wall, a bed, two chairs, a table and Madame Carzo. The light was so arranged as to fall directly in the face of the visitor, while the countenance of the Madame was, to a certain extent, hidden in shadow. Nevertheless, in spite of this disadvantage, our reporter by careful observation is enabled to give a tolerably accurate description of Madame Carzo, as follows: She is a tall, comely-looking woman, with unusually large black eyes, clear complexion, dark hair worn à la Jenny Lind, a small head, clean and with the nails trimmed, and she has a low, sweet voice. Her dress was lady-like, being a neat half-mourning plaid, with a plain linen collar at the neck, turned smoothly over; altogether, Madame Carzo, the Brazilian Astrologist,

who speaks without a symptom of foreign accent, impressed our reporter as being a transplanted Yankee school ma'am, with shrewdness enough to see that while education and enlightenment would only pay her twenty dollars a month, superstition and ignorance would give her twice that sum in a week.

The arrereas and the anxious inquirer seated themselves face to face, and the following dialogue ensued: "Do you wish to consult me, Sir?" "Yes." "My terms are a dollar for gentlemen."

The expected dollar was handed over, when the 'cate Yankeeism of the Brazilian lady biased out brilliantly, for she instantly produced a "Thompson's Bank-note Detector" from under a pillow and a one dollar note, issued by the President and Directors of the "Quintaplace Bank" of Connecticut, underwent a severe scrutiny. At last the genuineness of the bill, and the solvency of the Bank were certified to the Madame's satisfaction, by Thompson with a "p" in his oracular pamphlet, and Madame Carzo was evidently satisfied that our reporter didn't mean to swindle her, but was good for small debts not exceeding one dollar each. Accordingly she took his left hand, regarded it for some time, apparently delighted with its model symmetry, but at last so far conquered her silent admiration as to speak and say:

"You were born under two planets, Moon and Mars, Moon brings you a great deal of trouble in the early part of your life. Moon has occasioned a great deal of anxiety to your parents on your account. Moon made you liable to accidents and misfortunes while you was a boy, and Moon will give you great trouble until you arrive at middle age. You were born, I should say, across the water, and you will die across the water in a city, but not a great city. You are, I should say, now far away from that city, and from your home and parents and friends, who are, I should say, all now far away across the water. You will be sure, however, I should say, for to see them all before you die, and to die in the city that I told you of. Your line of life runs to 60; you will, I should say, live to be 60, but not much after. Moon will cause you much trouble for many years, but you will be certain for to succeed well in the end, I should say. You will be certain for to have final success and to conquer every obstacle, in spite of Moon, I should say."

It seemed as was our usually mild reporter at the Moon for interfering with his prospects and meddling in his private affairs, he still so far mastered his indignation as to pay careful attention to the request.

On the small stand were two packs of cards of different sizes, and a volume of Byron. Madame Carzo took up one pack of the cards, presented them to the young man, waited for them to be cut three times, after which she said:

"You face up a good fortune I should say, you have had trouble but can now, I should say, see the end of it—you face up money which is coming to you from over the water I should say, and you will be sure for to get it before a great while. You will never have much money from relations or friends, though you will, I should say, perhaps have some—but though you will handle a great deal of money in your lifetime you will make the most of it yourself. I should say—you will not however, I should say, ever be able for to become very rich, for you will never be able for to keep money, although you will have the handling of a great deal in your life. No, I am certain that you will never be rich."

Here our reporter remembered the malicious influence of Moon upon his fortunes, and as he clenched his fists, felt as if he would like to get at the man who resides in that ill-conditioned planet, and have a back-bolt wrestle with him on stony ground. But the Astrologist continued thus: "You face up a letter; you also face up good news which is to come speedily I should say; you don't face up a sick bed, or a coffin, or a funeral, or any kind of immediate bad luck that I am able to see. You face up two men, one dark and one light complexioned. You must beware of the dark-complexioned man, for I should say he will do you an injury if you allow him for to have a chance. You like to study; the kind of business you would do best in is doctor. You face up a light-complexioned lady; you will, I should say, be able to marry this lady, though a dark-complexioned man stands in the way. You must, I should say, be particularly careful to beware of the dark-complexioned man. You will be married twice; your first wife will die, but your last wife, I should say, will be likely for to outlive you. You will have three children, which will be all, I should say, that you will be likely for to have."

She then told our reporter that he might draw thirteen cards, and make a wish, which he did; and she, on carefully examining the cards, told him that he would certainly have his wish. Cheered by this last grateful promise, and bidding a mental adieu to Moon, our reporter left the room. In the reception chamber he found the model and the black-eyed one just coming to time for what he should judge was the twenty-seventh round, both much damaged in the hair, but plucky to the last.

The next visit of our reporter was to Madame Harris, No. 80 West Nineteenth street, near Sixth avenue, and account of whose appearance, surroundings, deportment and intellectual conversation will be given in the article succeeding this one.