

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

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IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers search'd,
From various gardens eull'd with care."

From the Athenian Visitor.
CONFESSION OF A COQUETTE.
I've smiled to see the writhing pain,
Evinc'd by captive hearts;
I've sought the love of all to gain
By false seducing arts.

I've revel'd 'mid the groans of those
Who once have thought me theirs;
I have rejected to see their woes,
And ridiculed their prayers.

I've steeled my heart against their sighs,
Yet lured them to advance;
By kindness bid their hopes arise,
Then crushed them by a glance.

And now, what are my feelings now?
My days of Triumph dead—
Lovers no more before me bow,
None, hapless, and unweid.

In vain I seek a smile from those,
Whose vows I once have spurn'd;
Pity, contempt, and coldness show
Where once affection burn'd.

I'm hated, shunned, despised by all,
My youth and charms are gone;
At home, abroad, at play or ball,
I walk, sit, ride, alone.

No joy from outward source supplied,
Within an aching void,
Oh! maidens shun the fatal pride
That hath my hopes destroy'd.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Mirror.
ONE OF LOVE'S STRATAGEMS.
A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

In the month of December 18—, a young man arrived from Paris at Dieppe, and took up his residence at the Hotel de l'Europe. He was idle, had been fortunate, and the sole object of his stay was some little adventure, some ball-room conquest where-with to be employed, and whereof to be vain. Well, in the hotel, there lodged a lady, young, beautiful, and enveloped in all the undefinable attraction of mystery. No one knew her; she went neither to the baths nor to the balls; and she had not even a servant with her to be bribed. All in the hotel were raving about her beauty, her grace, and her dignified manner. At night they would steal up stairs to catch the tones of her voice, for she sang exquisitely. Our young Parisian's head was completely turned. To have such a neighbor with the face, he doubted not of an angel—he knew she had the voice of one; and yet neither to be able to see her nor to speak to her; it was enough to drive him mad. He bought a guitar, and composed songs, where the word neighbor (*voisine*) served as a rhyme to the word unknown (*inconnue*). It was quite in vain, song and guitar were equally wasted. At length he resolved on writing; a world of cupids, grapes, vases and roses adorned the border of the paper; the seal was of azure blue wax, and bore a dove ready for flight. The whole staccato was perfumed as he bore the scented epistle to the servant he had paid to convey it. But the letter, and its half dozen successors, brought no reply. Our Parisian was stupefied with astonishment: what! had he, the utterly irresistible remained a fortnight under the same roof with a young and beautiful woman, and only learnt that she went by the name of Madame Paul; a name, too, which was not supposed to be her own! Love has many stages, and the young Frenchman had arrived at one very unusual with him, namely, melancholy.

One day he was aroused from a disconsolate reverie by one of the servants, whom he had bribed to observe the motions of Madame Paul, running in to inform him that she was just gone down to the quay, to see a packet which was endeavoring to enter the harbor in the teeth of a contrary wind. In an instant he was on his way to the quay. The sea was writhing under the influence of the stormy wind. The whole town was gathered on the heights which commanded the coast, watching the vessel, which seemed in sheer madness, forcing its way despite the furious wind and the falling

tide. The gale blew so strong, that the colossal crucifix of *Notre Dame de bon Secours* bent like a hazel wand. "Twas a thrilling sight: the noble ship, painted with divers colors lighted up by one of those chance rays which stray o'er darkest seas, while the background was formed by barriers of immense black clouds. Now, the vessel, seemed lost in air, as it rode the ridge of some enormous wave; and then, again seemed lost in the abyss of waters. "It is the Northumberland, an American vessel," said an officer. "By our lady! she carries the stars and stripes aloft with a gallant bearing. Yonder is her captain disputing with a tall man in naval uniform. Faith! but, the captain's right; it is madness to think of entering the harbour in this weather. Still, his tall companion insists; how can they risk such a noble vessel!"

In advance of the crowd, her feet on the wet and slippery rocks, stood a female, immovable, with her eye fixed on the naval officer, whom she could distinctly see by means of a small telescope. Her graceful form told the Parisian it was his unknown. To catch sight of her face, he went knee deep into the water: he stood directly before her; but, so intent was her gaze upon the vessel, she saw him not. Suddenly a dark shadow fell over him; the spectators warned him of his danger; the next moment a gigantic wave burst over his head. He sank, struggled, rose, and, dizzy and dripping, scrambled to the shore, amid the laughter which his safety ensured. The first thing he saw was the beautiful unknown laughing too. He cast upon her a supplicating look of reproach. She extended her hand to him. "Ah, how I blame myself," said she to him, in a low sweet voice; "it is for my sake you came; is it not so? do forgive me." Our young Parisian was now fairly out of his senses. At this moment a general shout announced that the ship had tacked: a-bird she bounded from the shore like a sea-wary over the waters.

"Ah!" said Madame Paul, with a deep-drawn breath and a peculiar expression of countenance, "so much the better. I do not (turning to her companion) ask if you love me, I know you do; I am sure of it. Come at five o'clock to my room; I will order dinner for two. Do not fail; I must speak to you; to-morrow it may be too late."

From that time till five o'clock he was at his toilet. Five struck; he felt he was, as ever, irresistible, and he hurried to his appointment. She was singing a wild sweet song when he entered; and her back turned to the door, gave him an opportunity of observing, as she leaned over her guitar, the most exquisite shoulders, and the prettiest shaped neck and head in the world. She rose with graceful confusion, and her long eyelashes fell over black eyes—black as Gubnare's when their light wakened slumbers of the pirate. She was now dressed in white, her rich dark hair was gathered up by combs of gold, her girdle was of gold also, and so were the massive bracelets on her arm, whose symmetry a sculptor might have modelled. They sat down to dinner, and all restraint floated away with the champagne: coffee, liquors, and confidence came together.

"My name is Allegra," said the beautiful stranger. "I was born at Naples, and the revolution which deprived Murat of his crown, deprived my father, also of his country. He fled to America, carrying with him, however, the best part of his wealth, which, from his solitary habits, accumulated from year to year.—As my evil fate would have it, when I was on the verge of womanhood, he formed an acquaintance with a young Englishman, Sir George Walsingham, who soon acquired unbounded influence over him. My father died. God forgive my suspicions, if unjust, but his death was strange and sudden. On opening his will, it was found that all his wealth was left to me, but on condition that I married Sir George Walsingham, who otherwise inherited my exclusion. I implored his mercy; told him I never could return his affection; and, at last, finding refusal and reproaches in vain, I fled hither with what money and jewels I had. Alas! even here he has pursued me! Sir George Walsingham was the officer who urged the Northumberland to the dangerous trial of to-day; in a few hours he will be here; he will claim me as his wife; and what resource have I! Will you save me from a fate more horrible than death?"

"With my life! only tell me what to do," said Eugene, gazing on a face lovely as a dream.

"You must stay here; I will go to meet him, and be the first to propose a reconciliation. We will send for the priest who will marry us."

"Marry you and Sir George?"

"Yes; you will follow us to church, and as we come out, you will kill him."

"Kill him?"

"Well?"

"But it will be an absolute murder, an assassination."

"Murder, and him! it is a justice—a duty; are you a coward?"

She rose from the table, the veins darkened on her white brow, her cheeks coloring crimson, and her eyes flashing, as if she, at least, knew not the meaning of fear.

"But," said Eugene; pale with contending passions, "what needs this marriage?"

"What! let him revel in my father's wealth, which I can only inherit as his widow?"

He caught the earnest gaze of her large

black eyes, the pleading of her beautiful lips; he caught her small white hands, and swore upon them to do her will.

"You must leave me now," said she, it is late," she led him to the door, and, as it closed, he again met those radiant eyes, and surely love was in their long and lingering look.

That night the hotel was disturbed by an arrival. The wind had changed, and the packet entered the harbor. Next morning Eugene learnt that Sir George Walsingham had come; he learnt, too, that orders had been sent to prepare the chapel for a marriage. In vain he sought another interview with Allegra. A carriage at length drove to the door. Supported by a tall, dark, stern looking man, Allegra was borne to the vehicle; Eugene followed it, and arrived just as the ceremony was concluding. Sir George held his victim by the arm, and fixed his keen eye upon her with a cold and cruel expression; she was almost hidden by her veil; but she was trembling, and the little of her face that could be seen was white as the marble of the monuments around the chapel.

The ceremony was at an end, and they were departing. Instantly the young Parisian sprang forward and struck the bridegroom on the face.

"Liar, murderer and coward! do you dare follow me?"

The Englishman started, and struck him in return!

"For life or for death—yours or mine!" cried Eugene, offering him one of two pistols.

They retreated a few paces, fired, and both fell; Sir George was killed, the Parisian dangerously wounded. He was carried to his hotel, where he remained some hours insensible. At length he was able to speak. His last recollection was seeing Allegra faint in the arms of the attendants.

"Where is she?" he exclaimed eagerly looking round the room.

"Who, sir?"

"Allegra—Lady Walsingham—Madame Paul—where is she?"

"She left town some hours since."

"Gone!" and he sank back on his pillow.

No message had been left, and no trace of her could be discovered; but one of the servants brought him a locket he well remembered seeing her wear round her neck that fatal evening. It opened with a spring, and contained the miniature of a singularly handsome young man; but it was neither Sir George's likeness nor his own!

A SEVERE BILIOUS ATTACK.—One life certain and perhaps two; saved by Brandreth's pills.—Every body knows who has ever come down the Mississippi river, that there are spots where the bottom is either too near the top, or the keels of the steamboats extend too far down to admit of easy navigation, or to use a more common mode of expression the boats draw too much water or the river is too low.—This has been the case for some time past and was the cause when the staunch light draught, fast running, cabin all-in-state-rooms; wire-tiller-ropes, double engine, and passenger steamboat Rusler, Capt. Go it, left a small village high up on one of the western rivers for this city. She was full of passengers and every thing went on smoothly, the boat only occasionally kissing the bed of the river, until arriving at a treacherous sandbar, where "three feet scant" brought her up as motionless as the oldest snag in the Mississippi.

Every method was used to get her off that the ingenuity of the captain and "hands" had knowledge of. They tried to "jump" the Rusler, over, but the distance was too far; they tried to drag her over, but she would not be dragged, and several days were thus passed in fruitless endeavors to get the boat off. The passengers, in the mean time, began to grow fretful, uneasy and bilious, as all passengers will when confined on board a stationary steamboat; but among them all no one appeared so restless as Col. Bluster, a man with Falstaff's size and with much of Falstaff's love of swaggering and antipathy to fighting.

Sitting one day in the social hall, among a group of passengers, the colonel commenced railing at their ill-success in general and the carelessness of the pilot in running them ashore in particular. "If I was the captain of this boat," said he, "I'd flog the pilot the first thing, and I'd kick him ashore the next."

"You would, would you?" said the exasperated pilot. "It takes a man to do that small job."

"I'd—I'd swallow you alive—I'd tomahawk you," said the colonel, apparently boiling over with rage.

"You be d—d," retorted the pilot, as "cool as a cucumber."

"I'll kill you—I'll throw you overboard," continued the enraged colonel.

"You'd better put it off," ejaculated the pilot, who now began to look Bowie knives and pistols. It was now evident the latter was not the least frightened at the swaggering of the former, but the way he fumbled about his pockets was interesting to desperadoes, although not particularly so to the colonel, whose valor was on a leave of absence, or else like Bob Acres' had oozed out of his finger's ends. "If you want any thing in particular of me," continued the pilot, why don't you manage at once?"

Book who's afraid?" at the same time squaring off.

"You dirty rascal," said the colonel, who now began to haul in a little—"You dirty rascal, I'd annihilate you on the spot if I wasn't sick and bilious: I took a double dose of Brandreth's pills this morning—they've saved your life!"

Thus was the life of the worthy pilot saved through the instrumentality of a dose of pills taken by another man. If proof is wanting of their exceeding efficiency this fact is sufficient.—N. O. Picayune

HINTS TO FARMERS—APRIL.

(This article may appear out of season to some—but others will remember that it is well to think on these matters beforehand.)

During the present month, farmers should endeavor as much as possible to get their land into the best condition for planting, for on this will depend in a great measure the success of the crop.

No pains should be spared to apply manure copiously to corn and potatoe crops—the product will abundantly repay the labor. To the smaller grain crops, as for instance, oats and barley, manure should not commonly be applied, as the benefits in such cases may not overbalance the injury.

Wheat, which has been injured by the heaving of the frost, has in some cases been greatly benefited by passing a roller over it, thus pressing the roots again into the earth.

New meadows should be rolled in the spring to render the surface smooth for mowing.

Plaster, to be beneficial to the greatest extent, should be sown on meadows early in spring.

Green sward, in order to be turned over neatly, should have the furrow slices shut in. Seed barley, by being limed and rolled in plaster has produced crops freer from smut, in consequence of this operation, and yielded larger products.

The planting of locust trees for timber should be more attended to. The seeds when sown, should be previously sealed by pouring hot water on them and suffering it to stand several hours—the swollen ones should then be planted, and the others re-sealed.

Stocks of peach and other fruit trees, should now be cut and trimmed. Every bud should be removed except the one intended to grow.

The soil round fruit trees which do not stand in cultivated ground should be spaded for two or three feet on each side. This is absolutely necessary for young trees.

The roots of peach trees should be examined for the purpose of removing all the worms which may have eaten in the bark, and all the holes which appear should be searched for their termination.

We wish again to urge upon farmers, the great benefit to be derived from the culture of root crops—the amount of cattle food thus obtained is too much overlooked. By good culture, many hundred bushels may be safely calculated on exceeding many times in value a good crop of hay from the same quantity of land. Drilling, instead of sowing the seed, greatly lessens the labor of hoeing.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

Of a truth we are the strongest people! We know every thing by intuition; do everything without care, study or forethought. If we get into a scrape—well, what then? Who suffers? Ask your next door neighbor.

Let a man appear to prosper in a particular kind of business—no matter what—and our lives on it, in a twelvemonth he will have enterprising neighbors, all around him, rushing head over heels into the same business, at the rate of one failure a month. No matter what his pursuit was or theirs. He might be a bookseller, a confectioner, a hatter, a parson, or a distiller—any thing or every thing, and they might have been tailors, or shop keepers, in the dry goods or grocery line, carpenters, or attorneys—it's all the same to them. If there's money to be made, why shouldn't they make it as well as another? And into it they rush, headlong, like bulls into a china shop; and when the smash comes, as come it certainly will, the moment they are found out—then, what have they to say for themselves? Why, just nothing at all. "The times were so hard, and they were so unlucky! How could they help it? Would you discourage enterprise!" The fools! They ought to be set in the stocks.

"Every thing by turns and nothing long!" and this they call enterprise! This they are blockheads to mistake for that far-seeing healthy and generous determination to be something and do something in this world out of which great men proceed, like the stars at midnight, in a continued birth. Hence the waywardness and fickleness of our people. Hence the fact that a son seldom or never follows the occupation of his father. Hence not one man in fifty continues for five years in the same kind of business, in the same partnership or the same shop. And hence the multiplicity, among other things of unprincipled and worthless newspapers—the heaviest too ever imposed upon a free people. Enterprise, forsooth and literary enterprise! whereby all who have any thing to do with them, whether editors, proprietors, printers or paper-makers, are ruined, nineteen times out of twenty, before they are wise enough to give up in despair and go hang themselves in a quiet unobtrusive way.

N. Y. Signal.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—EDUCATION.

We utterly repudiate, as unworthy, not of freemen only, but of men, the narrow notion that there is to be no education for the poor, as such. Has God provided for the poor a career earth, a thinner air, a paler sky? Does not the glorious sun pour down his golden flood as cheerfully upon the poor man's cottage as upon the rich man's palace? Have not the cottager's children as keen a sense of all the freshness, verdure, fragrance, melody and beauty of luxuriant nature, as the pale sons of kings? Or is it in the mind that God has stamped the imprint of a base birth, so that the poor man's child grows with an unborn certainty, that his lot is to crawl, not climb.

It is not so. God has not done it. Man cannot do it. Mind is immortal. It bears high or low—rich or poor. It needs no bound of time, or place, or rank, or circumstances. It asks but freedom. It requires but light. It is heaven born, and it aspires to heaven. Weakness does not enfeeble—poverty cannot repress it. Difficulties do but stimulate its vigor. And the poor tallow-chandler's son, that sits up all night to read the book which an apprentice lends him, lest the master's eye shall miss it in the morning, shall bind the lightning with a hempen cord, and bring it harmless from the skies. The common school is common, not an inferior, not as the school for poor men's children, but as the light and air is common. It ought to be the best school; and in all works the beginning is one-half. Who does not know the value to the community of the plentiful supply of the pure element of water? And infinitely more than this is the common school, for it is the fountain at which the mind drinks, and it is refreshed and strengthened for its career of usefulness and glory.—Bishop Doane.

ADVICE TO MEN IN DEBT.—Ascertain the whole state of your affairs. Learn exactly how much you owe. Be not guilty of deceiving yourself. You may thus awaken suspicions of dishonesty, when your intentions were far otherwise. Deliberately and fully make up your mind, that come what will, you will practice no concealment, or trick, which might have the appearance of fraud. Openness and candor command respect among all good men. Remember that no man is completely ruined among men, until his character is gone. Never consent to hold, as your own, one farthing which rightly belongs to others. Beware of feelings of despondency. Give not place for an hour to useless and enervating melancholy. Be a man. Reduce your expenditures to the lowest possible amount. Care not to figure as others around you. Industriously pursue such lawful and honest arts of industry as are left to you. An hour's industry will do more to begot cheerfulness, suppress evil rumors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moping. If you must stop business, do it soon enough to avoid the just charge of an attempt to involve your unsuspecting friends. Learn from your present difficulties, the utter vanity of all earthly things.

SINGULAR CASE.—The following narrative of a most remarkable and distressing disease, is taken from the Transcript, a paper published at Amesbury, Mass.

"Miss Lucy Harrington, formerly a resident in Amesbury, recently died in Cornish, N. H. She was sick three years and a half, and confined to her bed two years and five months. Several months previous to her death, her right hip was dislocated by a contraction of the muscles, while she was sleeping quietly in her bed. Immediately after this event, her bones began to break, and before her death they had broken nineteen times or more, in different parts of her body. At first, her ribs, then her collar bones, then her lower limbs, her under jaw, and the bones of her hand and feet. Their breaking was some times attended with a noise, and at others not, and always preceded and followed by the most acute pain. The ends of the broken bones would sometimes for a day or two, grate together on being moved. Upon a post mortem examination, not a sound bone was found. All was so softened as to be easily cut with a knife. When her bones began to break, the muscles of her lower limbs so contracted that they lay directly across her stomach and bowels. In this position, she remained until her death. Her body was so contracted that at one time she measured as she lay in bed only two feet and four inches. She gradually lost all strength in her limbs, until she could only move slightly the ends of her fingers. She was forty-three years of age.

WISCONSIN.—Resolutions have been passed in the legislature of this territory, providing for the holding a convention at Madison, on the first Monday in November, for the purpose of furthering "the adjustment of the southern boundary, and admission into the Union of the state Wisconsin on an equal footing with the original states in all respects whatever."

ANOTHER BOUNDARY QUESTION.—A difficulty is likely to occur between Illinois, and the territory of Wisconsin, concerning the boundary. We observe a call in the Galena papers, for a meeting of the citizens of Jo Daviess county, to take the subject into consideration.—Wheeling Gazette.

I believe that it was not a rib which God borrowed from Adam to form Eve but his tongue, and that it is not our fault if we speak too much. So says a pretty woman.

ROUTING THE GAMBLERS.—A Vicksburg paper of the 15th ult. says: "There was a great hubbub the night before last in this city. Our city authorities resolved to drive out the gamblers, brought up one P. J. Hearn, before the mayor. He had been keeping a faro table in a room at the Southern House for two weeks, and Marshal George found him out. He was brought up and ordered to jail, in default of security for 3000 dollars, when he made his escape by giving 'leg bail.' Officer Shackney fired after him twice, when he fell, and was caught and lodged in jail. The Southrons turned out to protect the city from a mob; all was soon restored to peace and quietness. A warning is given to those not arrested to 'mizzle.'"

GENERAL LAND OFFICE.—From the Annual Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, it appears that during the year ending December 31, 1839, the quantity of Public Land sold amounted to 3,314,907 acres, the purchase money of which was \$4,305,564. During the first and second quarters of the year 1839, the number of acres sold was 3,771,994, and the purchase money for the same amounted to \$4,768,852.

It will thus be seen that the sales for one half of the year 1839, exceeded those of the whole preceding year. This is the more remarkable from the consideration of the general scarcity of money in the country for the last twelve months. The year 1839 was distinguished for the large amount of sales of public lands. The entire proceeds for that year from this source, amounted to more than twenty five millions of dollars, being about six times as great as the amount received in 1838, and probably five times as great as that received in 1839.

The quantity of land to be surveyed and brought into the market in 1840 and '41, is nearly fifteen million nine hundred thousand acres.

THE BOUNDARY DISPUTE.—Hear both Sides.—The Fredericton, N. B. Sentinel, of the 20th ult. in noticing the reports of warlike preparations, remarks:

"We cannot vouch for the truth of these reports; but there can be little doubt that Her Majesty's Government is determined to exercise a becoming firmness, with reference to the question of boundary; and that the recent examination of the territory in dispute, has satisfied it that the claims of Maine are founded in injustice, and must be promptly and energetically met, —a course the most likely to produce permanent peace between the two nations."

The St. Johns Courier of the 22d, after noticing the charge of duplicity brought by the Maine papers against Mr. Fox, says: "We learn, verbally, that the Legislature of Maine, aware of the advantages of making good the charge of duplicity against the British Minister at Washington, have deputed two of their number to proceed to the points in question, and examine into the facts, under oath, and make report immediately."

While the Americans are taking so much pains to prove that warlike preparations are making by the British, they must be aware that the state of affairs on their part calls for active and decided demonstrations on ours. Not only have they kept an armed force upon the territory, contrary to agreement, and opened roads through it, but up to this time they have been continually strengthening their positions at Fort Fairfield and Fish River, and have been conveying cannon thither on sleds the present winter. With these facts in view, does it behove the British to be idle? A week or two will bring us something more decisive on the subject than we possess at present."

LAZINESS.—One fiery hot day a farmer went into his mowing lot where he had hired a half dozen men to cut down the grass. He came upon them suddenly, and found them all laying down under an apple tree. "Well," said the indignant farmer, "I'll give an extra half dollar to the laziest fellow among you." All jumped upon their feet to claim the reward, but one man, who laid still. "Ah!" said the farmer, "that fellow has won the money." To which indolence replied, "Won't you put it in my pocket?"

Job was a patient man, though his temper was afflicted with divers ingenious torments. But there were no newspapers published in the land of Uz, and Job was never called upon to perform the duties of an editor.

SERENITY.—An Advertiser in a Providence paper, in describing a country seat, which he offers for sale, says—"Amongst the other delights of scenery, the canal meanders through its banks, in lofty and majestic splendor." Oh! hush!

It was a saying of the Jewish Rabbi, that if the sea were ink, the trees pens, and the earth parchment, it would not be sufficient to write down all the praise due to God for liberty.

The Louisville Journal, in describing the death of an inebriate by suicide says he "staggered into eternity."—Where could be found words more awfully expressive of the drunkard?

The N. O. Picayune calls Santa Fe "the little mud built city that stands between civilization and the jumping off place," and says that a kiss is a delicious dish, eaten with scarlet spoons.