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Novel
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DRAFT 4

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Shattered Harbor

by

Andrew Kass

*When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least...*

-- William Shakespeare (from Sonnet 29)

< *AWAY* >

Thursday, 15 October 1863

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{*London*}

The Crescent hove into view, the crown of Portland Place at Regent's Park.

This is what I wanted, Viola Ross reminded herself: to be of account, not a distaff ornament but disguised as one. Returning from what she hoped was the last reconnaissance of Rebel warship construction in France, she could now resume her work as social secretary for Father's friends Mrs. Abigail Brooks Adams and her husband Charles Francis Adams, the American Minister to the Court of St. James's.

Viola had left London four nights ago to cross the channel. The following day she had presented herself at Arman Shipyards in Bordeaux as Italian merchant's daughter Violetta Rossi. There she had flirted up a young engineer in order to tour the facility and note the completed steel hulls and decking of two Confederate rams under construction for the Emperor's gambit. The young engineer had welcomed her interest, and upon learning of her impending departure yesterday evening attempted to take liberties, requiring her to break his nose and collarbone to

get away. She had left her carpetbag of clothing and toiletries at the hotel and fled on the first train to Boulogne and the Folkstone ferry. She had, after all, been spying.

Viola paid off the hack and strode unencumbered to the door, ignoring the accustomed looks at the lack of crinoline scaffolding under her skirts. Had she been imprisoned in the current fashion she would not have got away from the ardent Frenchman, or France. Father's first lesson of self-defense had emphasized freedom of movement and action. It singled her out, but she was conditioned to respond to anything. At the moment, though, she was mortally exhausted.

Upon closing the door, worn and soiled from travel, she turned to face the specter of Henry Adams, scion and secretary to the Minister.

“Returned already,” he said, “and traveling light, I note. How stand the Rebel works at Arman, Miss Ross?”

“Hulls and decking are complete on two vessels.” Viola stopped, wondered if she could start again and surmount all the stairs to her loft room. “They could be ready to launch in a fortnight.”

Henry registered a small nod.

“I await your report. It is time for Mr. Dayton to expose the plot.”

He turned back to the door of his father's study, leaving her the merest backward glance, a look freighted with – what? Henry Adams always gave the appearance of knowing something one didn't.

The vestibule empty now, Viola sighed and pushed forward. Her relief lasted to the base of the stairs as Thomas Lannan emerged from the hallway.

“That's a fine welcome home, Miss Ross,” he offered in soft Boston Irish. His tentative smile creased the scar on his cheek from the first Liverpool job they'd done together.

“You’re in the habit of overhearing, Mr. Lannan.”

He clasped his bruise-knuckled boxer’s hands before him, shifting to the back foot in his good blue suit.

“Tis a small house, and a hard habit,” he replied, studying her. “You look all in. How was the job?”

Even exhausted, she felt more than his question. There was always more in the words and looks of Thomas Lannan.

“A job. I was forced to abandon some clothing and a bit of perfume on leaving, but,” she drew a deep breath, expelled it, “I have a report to write.”

She started up the stairs.

“When you’re done,” Lannan blurted, then paused to brush back a black forelock with a hand that only partly concealed the blush rising from his collar, “when you’re rested, would you care to join me for afternoon tea?”

Viola paused, too weary to smile or joust.

“Not today, Mr. Lannan. Though...” Fatigue bubbled the question; she went ahead with it: “...one day I must ask how you are able to continue to do these things we do.”

His gaze was suddenly far away.

“There are harder things,” he replied with a tremor in his voice. “Much harder things.” He drew up and inclined his head. “I await your pleasure.”

*

Dearest Father,

London closes to the thickening darkness of October now as we light the lamps and conduct our nation's business over music and punch of evenings. At least there will be that for my first birthday away from home.

Viola paused to consider whether too much of her mood infused her attempt at a poetic opening. She had grown up in Boston seasons, crisp and colorful and sometimes stormy autumn, snowy frigid winters. London, further north and heavy with soot and fog, was all monochromatic gloom.

She tried a change in tone:

The victorious news from July 4th has dimmed the ardor of Rebel sympathizers here, but we must remain ever vigilant.

Viola lay back on the narrow iron bed, setting the letter and stationery box aside. She tried to visualize Boston in mid-October: the bracing northwesterlies cleansing the air, trees paling to a riot of reds and yellows and oranges, Father walking the waterfront to inspect his ships racing off with goods and produce to beat the foul Atlantic winter that would wheel in on Boston from the northeast. The place she had begged and argued her way out of to be here, pining in a garret at twenty-one, almost twenty-two.

She picked up the report she had written for Henry to distract from these thoughts.

Ships identical steel-hulled rams approximately 160 feet in length, 35 feet beam and 12 foot draft, provisioned for two steam screws. Four-inch steel decking in place, awaiting engines and machinery for enclosing gun deck with ports for 8 cannon along with forward and aft small-gun mounts. Two engines per vessel specified at 130 horsepower nominal each.

Henry probably knew all this already. His principal aim in life appeared to be knowing more than anyone else. Viola added expenses for the job, including with food, lodging and transportation the cost of a new carpetbag, a hair brush, two dresses, a camisole and a bottle of Eau du Printemps abandoned at the hotel to get away before official notice of her assault.

With one more glance at the letter to Father she returned it to her stationery box. There would be time to recover and write. She sat up, wondering again how Abigail and daughter Mary and almost every other woman she knew acquiesced to cage themselves in crinoline. Aside from any other consideration, she would never have been able to navigate the narrow garret stair; she could only dress for formal receptions in Mary's room, with help.

The afternoon light was already declining around the entry door and the hall lamps were being lit when Viola knocked on the door of the Minister's study.

“Come!”

Henry's voice sounded brusque as usual. On her entry, he sat in his customary place at the small, cluttered writing table on the inner side of the Minister's grand desk. He blinked up from a file concealed behind battlements of ledgers and sat back, closing the file. His sparse moustache spread slightly in the nearest thing to a smile Viola had ever seen below those deep, dissecting eyes.

“My report,” Viola offered.

Henry accepted it with murmured thanks, scanned it briefly, then set it aside.

“Exemplary work, Miss Ross. Quite up to your standard.”

“I had to leave quickly—”

He waved an ink-stained hand.

“No need to explain. These investigations are rarely as neat as their reports.” Henry sat back again, clasping his narrow hands at his slight belly. He had not yet lit his desk lamp, his wispy brown hair almost vanishing to the shadows gathered about him. “A matter has arisen that I believe you are uniquely qualified to investigate.”

Viola felt her body stiffen. She hoped it didn’t show, but this was Henry, who missed very little.

“Army Intelligence has information concerning a submersible naval vessel,” Henry continued, opening a file. He looked up at her. “The tests are being conducted in Charleston.”

He could not have missed her reaction. She stopped breathing, clasped her hands, gone rigid. He made a show of perusing a file he had undoubtedly memorized.

“Augmenting your unquestioned skills, I see that your mother’s family are well established in Charleston. Let’s see... Aaron and Deborah Halevy, your late mother’s brother and his wife and extended family.”

Now he looked up, the cold gleam of amusement clear.

“Tell me, have you had any contact with your mother’s family since the onset of hostilities?”

“No,” Viola managed to force out. She took a breath. “Even before, we exchanged letters only rarely, once or twice a year.”

“Hm, that’s unfortunate. Your uncle, Aaron, appears to be a colonel on General Beauregard’s staff, and likely knows a great deal about this ... submarine vessel.” He laid his hands on the papers before him. “How would you characterize the state of your relations, then?”

“As removed as they could be,” Viola replied firmly.

“Even before the war?” Henry remarked. “And why is that?”

She throttled her fury.

“My mother married out of the faith,” Viola said. “My father is not Jewish, and I am my father’s daughter.”

If Henry was disappointed, he concealed it well.

“That will need to be revised,” he said. “You have had a change of heart, working in the cold diplomatic machinery of the Union in warmly sympathetic and suffering England, and can bear it no longer. Viola Ross, you are renouncing your loyalty to the Union and returning to the bosom of your mother’s family in order to report to Colonel Sharpe about the city’s defenses in general and this strange new weapon in particular.”

“I... I can’t betray my country!”

“You won’t.” Henry blinked. “Will you?”

“My father,” Viola could not stop, “this would kill him. And my uncle, my aunt would never believe me.”

“But they don’t know you, do they? Not really, not as a woman.” Henry drew his head back so that, even seated, he appeared to be looking down at her. “As to your father, well, many things occur in war, rumors, mislaid letters. He need never be the wiser until your return in the fulness of time to explain personally, once the conflict is finally resolved. In fact, I encourage you to write several post-dated letters to him of the most routine nature, for your mutual peace of mind.” His brow lowered. “I can dictate the messages if necessary.”

Viola felt herself being swallowed by something vast and monstrous.

“I... I cannot do this.”

“I think you can,” Henry said, rising to Viola’s eye level, “and I think you will. Spy for us, or you will be returned on a prison ship to Washington for trial as a possible spy for the Confederacy.”

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Viola latched and buckled her trunk, sweeping a glance across the room to confirm that nothing more of her remained apart from the trunk and her travel clothes. As she dressed her eyes fell on the box she had refitted to a lampstand and bookcase with a hidden compartment for her diary. Now it was empty but for the lamp, with the books in her trunk, the diary removed to her purse.

She had forgotten the diary in her first mission to Liverpool, had returned to find it secure, yes, but with a thin aroma of smoke that might have been imagined. Now she felt certain that it had been discovered, read and leveraged by Henry as a way to remove her from the household.

Father's voice urged her not to dwell on irremediable negative thoughts: *Find what good may come of this.*

Viola recalled the pull of Mother's family and their faith on the young girl who had journeyed south with Rachel Halevy Ross. It had been autumn, what, fifteen years ago, passing towns and trees with leaves blushing in the frost to another train and then another that found pine forests and fields of cotton and tobacco as the rattling days grew warmer. Then the giant-seeming people in colorful ease, chatting soft accents in rocking chairs on a deep portico that ran the length of the house back from the shady street. Perhaps she belonged with these people, more than she would ever belong here.

The price was a winter crossing of the Atlantic, as a turncoat, to an abhorrent culture of slaveholding and a family of strangers that she must betray.

In the dull wake of this thought, Mother's voice rose unbidden from some deep well of childhood memory.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,

I all alone bewEEP my outcast state

And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries

And look upon myself and curse my fate...

It was this Shakespeare sonnet that she had started reading to Viola on the endless train ride back to Boston from that one visit to Charleston. Viola now lost the voice, could not recall the rest other than Shakespeare's turn to something positive at the end of it.

She would have time to find that text, that thread of Mother, as she prepared to lose Abigail Brooks Adams, who had taken her in hand and seen her through to womanhood. Again, she would not be afforded the opportunity to say goodbye.

Viola rose and slammed an open hand against the wall. Plaster crumbled and fell away from the lathing, draining her energy with it. She leaned against the damaged wall and held up her pendant watch to read. Nearly six, dark beyond the glow of the lamp. Time to go.

She gathered her hat, gloves and purse, opened the door for the last time and stepped out, leaving the trunk and crumbled plaster for all to see in the lonely light of the abandoned garret.

Descending to the family quarters, she found Mary.

"Welcome back, darling Viola! We have much—" Suddenly young Mary took stock of Viola's dress and demeanor and stopped. "Again? So soon?"

Viola saw Mary as her childhood playmate, felt her high spirits. She had to harden her heart to keep from crying.

"I may be some time, Mary. Please give your mother my love."

She dared squeeze Mary's shoulder, harder than intended, and fled downstairs to the Minister's office, entering after the briefest of knocks.

Thomas Lannan was standing facing the hearth behind Henry's desk as Henry looked up from writing.

"You are ready?" Henry asked.

"My trunk is packed," Viola said. She proffered her packet of pre-written letters home.

He studied her for a moment, his eyes falling to her hands, one of which was coated with plaster dust. He took the three lavender envelopes.

"Good. I will have that taken down." He sat back. "Mr. Lannan will accompany you to Liverpool and arrange your passage. You should arrive in Charleston within a fortnight, barring any misadventure on the way."

"That would not be the worst outcome for you," Viola replied, "would it?"

Henry's face went blank for a moment.

"Everyone involved wants you to succeed, Miss Ross," he said. "Myself included."

"What have you told 'everyone,' Mr. Adams?" she pressed.

His eyes cast down to tight lips.

"I have told the Minister, of course, that your mission and your safety require the utmost discretion on our part. If asked, we will say that you have departed on unspecified family business. Unless asked, we will say nothing."

"And your mother?"

Henry almost smiled. He had all the cards in his little folder. All Viola had was a rage she could not exercise, not as a Ross, her father's daughter, even if she had already killed a better man than this.

“You know I cannot tell Mother,” he said.

He drew a paper from a file.

“Hide this in your person. Memorize as much as possible, but under no circumstance is anyone to see any part of this cipher. Your safety depends on it. You will drop encoded messages at the southeast corner of fence surrounding, hm, Kahel Kadosh Beth Elohim, a Hebrew congregation on Hasell Street known to be standing at last report.”

Henry did not look up to gauge her response. Viola realized he didn't have to.

“You will find cipher communications there as well,” Henry continued. “You may be directly contacted by people in the Union network. The shibboleth for verbal communications is ‘parasol’. Remember that: parasol.” He looked up, flatly appraising. “This will be our only opportunity to prepare for the mission. Have you any questions?”

Viola drew herself up and extended a hand for the paper Henry held, which he passed. She scanned a page with words and a brief grid.

Considering the paper in her hands, she pondered where to conceal it on her person. Before she could take a second thought, she undid the buttons of the dress at her neck down to mid-chest, folded the paper, and slipped it between her corset and her camisole. Henry averted his gaze, satisfactorily beet red.

“None whatsoever, Mr. Adams,” she said.

Once Viola's comportment was restored, Henry stood.

“Good. Mr. Lannan will arrange passage with your Fraser Trenholm contact in Liverpool.”

Thomas Lannan hovered at the edge of her vision, his color up too behind a stony mask.

“Any thoughts on how I am to leave Charleston?” Viola asked.

“That will be arranged there,” Henry replied, closing his file. “Very well, Miss Ross.” He offered a hand. “Good luck and Godspeed.”

Viola contemplated Henry’s narrow, ink-stained hand, then her own, coated with bits of plaster and dust. She clasped his hand, and squeezed till Thomas Lannan touched her shoulder.

“Time to go,” he said.

Viola let go, gratified to see Henry’s palpable relief. Then Thomas spoke up again, to Henry, his law school friend.

“I owe Viola Ross my life, Henry. Remember that should anything happen to her.”

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Whenever she looked away from the carriage window Viola found Thomas Lannan studying her face. She would turn back to the dreary prospect of late autumn England passing by rail in the rattling darkness. What did he see in her, to regard her so?

To pass the empty time, she tried to regard herself objectively, as a painting. The compartment lamp touched the curve of her reflected cheek to a fine, firm jaw, the slightly olivine cast of her pale skin framed by hair of deepest umber trailing a stray wisp to where her cheek would dimple if smiling. She was not smiling now, had rarely smiled for him. On those rare occasions, she had seen the effect her smile could have in his eyes.

And now he was studying her as if for the first time, or the last, as though he would paint this moment.

“You don’t have to go,” he croaked through a dry throat.

She regarded him.

“Oh, but I do.” Her gaze swept the first-class cabin and Lannan’s place in it before returning to the rolling night without. “I had always wondered at the desperate and terrible things people do for honor.” Viola closed her eyes and drew deeply of the stale air. “Now I know.”

“Whose honor? I would vouch for yours before any court in this world or the next.”

Thomas composed himself before continuing. “And I am not alone.”

She had to smile at that.

“I thank you.”

Thomas stared out at the night as though he had lost something there important and terrible.

“The Minister holds you in the highest regard you know,” he muttered, almost to himself.

“But Henry...”

She bit off whatever else was in her thoughts and turned sharply to the window, where she saw Thomas’s reflection lean forward.

“You have family in Charleston?”

She nodded to the darkness.

“Many families are divided. There’s no shame or guilt in that.”

When she did not reply, he pressed on.

“Have you been corresponding with them, then?”

“No,” barely audible to herself over the clacking wheels below.

She could bear pain, but not this, whatever it was that Thomas wanted from her.

“Why, then—”

“Thomas!”

She turned as she spoke his name, seeing her error in the light in his eyes.

“I can tell you but the merest parcel of the matter,” she continued, her throat closed around the words, “but I would have you know this: I would under other circumstances wish to see my mother’s family again. But now, if there were any good way to defer this particular visit, I would do so.”

Thomas met her look, just for a moment. His bruised hands slapped his thighs, gripped his knees.

“How then could we find that way?”

There, he'd said *we*.

She closed her eyes. Viola suddenly saw that in his mind he was about to lose what he had never possessed. She struggled with a feeling totally foreign to her. Thomas had become a friend, someone she could trust and whose trust she had earned. That was all it ever was between them, all it ever could be in her way of thinking. How could she answer that?

“We go where we must,” she told him. “It’s a hard game.”

*

Lime Street Station was eerily still above the chuff of the resting engine as they had Viola’s trunk trundled to a cab.

“Ropewalks,” Thomas told the hackman, with the destination a pub around the corner from his Irish Republican contacts.

One could not be too careful regarding the Brotherhood. Spies were everywhere.

Up at the Brandons’ flat Maureen set out tea as for old friends while Philip went off to bring Howard Norton, the head clerk at Fraser Trenholm and a first Brother of Liverpool. Viola and Thomas sat at the table in the sparsely-furnished room where Viola had first disguised herself as a boy to prowl the waterfront unremarked in the matter of the French Emperor’s agent. Now they were out of words, cradling warm mugs while Maureen washed clothing, humming at the basin.

“You’re not coming back,” Thomas said at last.

She felt with a pang the finality of it.

“I shouldn’t think so, no.”

Maureen, the soul of discretion, said nothing.

With a throat-clearing clomp of boots at the base of the stairs and swift upward steps, the door sounded a coded tap and Maureen opened it to admit Howard Norton to the flat just before midnight. He appeared trim as Viola recalled, his thinning ginger hair secured by a brown cap, neither put out nor surprised by the late night summons. Such things arose in the affairs of the Irish Republican Brotherhood. Philip Brandon followed him like a voluminous shadow as Maureen set out a fresh pot of tea.

“Aye, Philip, well and true, there’s business tonight,” Howard said briskly, his eyes focused on Viola. His look was as searching as at their last parting.

“Business of some urgency,” Thomas replied, “or we would not seek you all out at such an hour.”

“’Tis only the hour most business gets done,” Philip mumbled, affirmed by Maureen’s “Oh, aye.”

“To business, then,” Howard said, taking the seat to Thomas’s right, across from Viola. “What goes?”

Thomas, who Viola surmised had met often with the Liverpool Brotherhood men since the summer, drew himself up to reply.

“Two matters,” Lannan said. “I go to Dublin to look into the doings of Father John Bannon, an Irish Jesuit in the service of the Confederate States. He’s been sent there, we believe, to blunt Union recruiting and boost the South.”

Viola registered the words but found no spark to respond or react. Thomas was sharing Henry’s briefing with the IRB. Maybe their interests would correspond with the Union’s, maybe not. Maybe, beyond trading, he no longer cared.

“I’ve heard a thing or two about our darlin’ Father Bannon,” Norton said. “There’s a couple lads in Dublin can help you sort him out.”

“Thank you,” Thomas said. His scarred face hardened. “The second thing. Miss Ross... requires passage, to Charleston.”

Viola felt the room stop around her. Maybe that was the solution, if everything turned to stone, war would end, passion evaporate, and they’d be found ages hence like the relics of the Roman Empire below Vesuvius. She allowed herself to look up and see this familiar room and Howard Norton as his cheeks flamed and his eyes widened.

“No,” he said.

“She has family there,” Thomas offered.

“But that’s not why you’re going, is it?” Howard said to Viola. “Not the reason that will get you killed.” He shook his head. “No. Ask me anything else.”

This version of Howard Norton pushed off memory of their adventures together through a long night many months ago and brought Viola back into the moment and restored her voice.

“I have family there,” she said. “My choice, Mr. Norton, is between your ship and a prison ship. If the other, I will surely die.”

Howard stared at her till his expression seemed to freeze. Viola was already numb.

“You are resolved then? Right.” His eyes darted to Thomas. “There is risk to me, I’m still being watched. Risk to our people as well. Your Union will need to make this worth our while.”

“Name your price,” Thomas growled.

Howard held his hard gaze and slowly nodded.

Viola suddenly realized that these were the two men other than Father who cared for her most in the world, negotiating a voyage neither wanted for her. Nothing could change that or her

resolve to see this through as best she could. She clenched against a burst of emotion, fighting the weakness before it might precipitate tears, by reaching across the table, a far longer distance than it first seemed, and grasping Howard's sinewy hand, which engaged hers after a moment's surprise, closing the breadth of the table to nothing at all.

Thomas Lannan rose to his feet.

"I'll see you at the Black Capstan," he told Howard, tearing away for the door and out.

Viola felt him go, a break with something she could not define, could not change, could not undo or do differently even if she could understand Thomas Lannan.

The bells outside tolled midnight before Howard Norton replied to Viola.

"You are brave, darlin'. But I wonder if you are wise."

*

Dawn was still a rumor up the eastern reach of the Mersey when Howard Norton stopped with Viola before a steamer bark. Lamplight etched a bowsprit of a raven-haired woman with arms folded before her and elbows set out as wings and protection against the seas she'd face. Bold white letters along the pitch black prow read *Southern Cross*.

Howard studied the long, three-masted ship, his own face pale in the lamplight.

"Say the word, Viola," he murmured, daring her given name. "I'll hide you away."

Viola studied Howard Norton a long moment: a brief acquaintance who this June past had become in a matter of hours her companion and guide through a night that had changed her life. And led to this. A rare man of strength, subtlety and resolve.

"You know me well enough, Howard, to know that I cannot hide from my duty, any more than you." Her focus drifted to the paddle wheels of the waiting ship, promising departure that allowed her to return his given name. "I must go, with deepest thanks."

He was facing her, the outlines of his shadowed face sharp as he tilted his head back and reached to pull her into an embrace. Viola felt the warmth of him in the way she felt her father's strength. He sighed and held her at arms-length with a look she did not have to see to understand.

“Please forgive my presumption,” he said, “but I could not bear to see the last of you without a token that you're family here too.”

Viola collected her wits. This was why she had to go. She closed her eyes and heard a rumbling, opened them and spied the shape of Philip Brandon trundling his cart down Chapel Street with her trunk. That focus helped her find words as she stepped out of his reach.

“I shall cherish your friendship, Howard. And...” she gripped his hands, “the feelings you have expressed.”

Viola cast her gaze up to the ship, where there were already stirrings about the lines. She squeezed Howard Norton's hands, let them go. He started for the gangway.

“Stand, ho! Who goes there?” a powerful voice called from the deck.

“Howard Norton, of Fraser Trenholm.”

“Aye, what's your business, then? Be quick! We cast off with the tide.”

“I've one more passenger to come aboard.”

“Not possible. We're fully loaded and ballasted.”

Howard leaned on the deck rail.

“Indeed? Is the *Southern Cross* such a delicate machine that eight stone of female plus a like weight of luggage would set her out of trim? I'll have to tell Mr. Prioleau we'll be needing sturdier shipping for our goods. P'raps I should speak with Captain Capewell.”

“He's busy.”

“Oh, indeed? And yet I don’t think you’ll want to be explaining to him why the wet dock gate won’t open till he does, eh?”

The dark shape housing the voice moved aft in a muttered trail of profanity.

“I’m guessing that’s the mate, Getty,” Howard told Viola. “You’ll be wanting to stay out of his way.”

Sailors attending the shore lines seemed to lean in as Howard spoke. He thrust his hands in his pockets and scanned the ship waking before him.

The voice returned.

“Cap’n said come aboard, make it quick. Cabin boy’ll find the lady a berth. Make sure you sign the manifest.”

“Thank you, sir,” Howard said, stepping down on deck to let Viola pass followed by Philip Brandon with her trunk. Howard’s hand emerged from his pocket. “Here is the lady’s accounting and fare for passage, and here a consideration for your inconvenience, Mr. Getty.”

“Come, miss,” said a boy who suddenly appeared.

Viola started after him, turning briefly to see Howard speak briefly to a sailor standing by at the mooring lines before descending the gangplank for the quay without a backward glance. The shadowy mate counted his cash and pocketed a leaf of paper.

“Let’s move along, Miss Ross,” Philip Brandon prompted, hauling the chest down a hatchway. “There isn’t much time, and with the best will in the world, I’ve no wish to go to sea.”

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