

**AFTER BREAD, A STORY
OF POLISH EMIGRANT
LIFE TO AMERICA**

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After bread, a story of Polish emigrant life to America by Henryk Sienkiewicz

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HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

**AFTER BREAD, A STORY
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LIFE TO AMERICA**

AFTER BREAD

A Story of Polish Emigrant Life
to America

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"QUO VADIS"
(HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ)

Translated from the Polish by
VATSLAF A. HLASKO AND THOMAS H. BULLICK

and An excursion to Athens I.

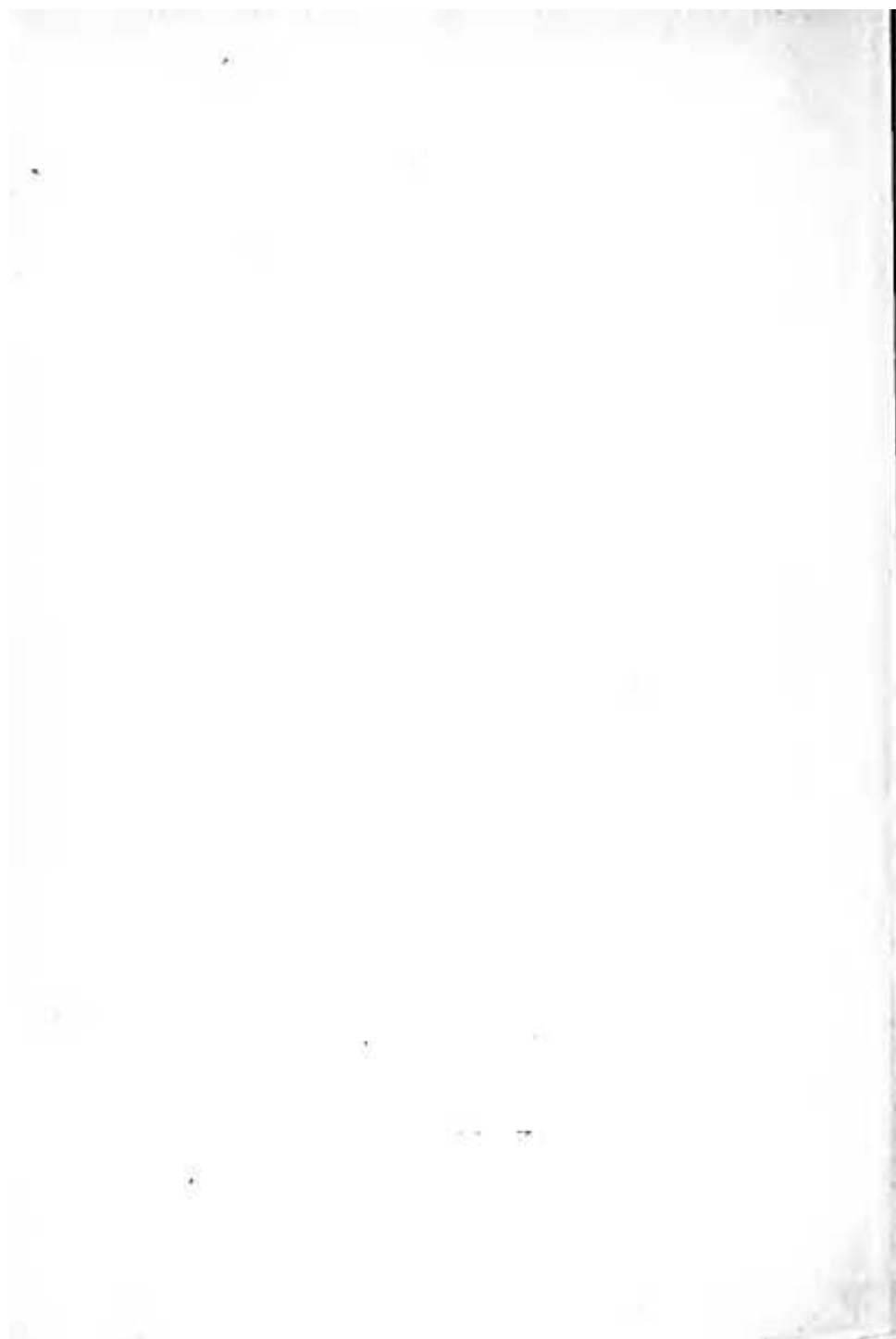
*Translation
of Zachęben.*



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AFTER BREAD.

CHAPTER I.

UPON THE OCEAN—MEDITATION—STORM— ARRIVAL.

ON the waves of the wide ocean rode the German steamer *Blucher*, on its passage from Hamburg to New York.

It had been on its way four days. Two days ago it had passed the green coast of Ireland and reached the broad Atlantic. From the deck, as far as the eye could reach, could be seen the gray and green surface, plowed up in furrows and hollows, rocking heavily, foaming in places, in the distance more dark, where the water joined the sky in a white, cloudy mist.

The reflection from the clouds fell sometimes upon the water, and upon this pearly background was drawn with sharp outlines the figure of the steamer. The ship, with its bow pointing to the west, climbed to the crest of the billows, and then, as if going to drown itself, sank in the trough of the sea; sometimes it disappeared from view, sometimes it was lifted so high on the top of the waves that part of its keel could be seen—still pressed steadily onward. The waves rolled toward it, and it rushed toward the waves and cut them with its prow. Behind it chased, like a gigantic snake, a wide strip of foaming water; several sea-gulls followed in its wake, circling in the air with their wild cries.

The wind was fresh; and the vessel proceeded under half-steam with all its sails set. The weather promised to become finer. In places, between the broken

clouds, could be seen patches of blue, constantly changing form. Since the Blucher had left the port of Hamburg it had encountered strong winds, but no storms. The winds were westerly, but at times they ceased; then the sails flapped and fluttered, to be shortly filled out like the breast of the swan. The sailors, in their blue woolen sweaters, dragged the rope of the lower yard, as they monotonously cried "Yo-hoy! yo-hoy!" bending and straightening themselves, keeping time with the song; and their cries mingled with the boatswain's whistle and the puffing of the funnel.

To enjoy the fine weather the passengers had come out on the deck. In the stern of the ship could be observed the black overcoats and hats of the cabin passengers; in the forward part was a motley crowd of emigrants from the steerage. Some of them sat on benches, smoking short pipes, some

were lying down, others were leaning against the rail, looking into the water.

There were several women with children in their arms and tin platters fastened to their belts; several young men promenaded from the bow to the bridge, trying to keep their equilibrium with poor success. They sang "*Wo ist das deutsche Vaterland!*" and, perhaps, they thought that they would never see their "*Vaterland*" again; but, notwithstanding this, they did not seem downcast.

Among this crowd were two who were most sad and who kept apart from the others: an old man and a maiden. They did not understand German and felt very lonely among strangers. They were Polish peasants.

The man's name was Lorenz Toporek, and the girl, Mary, was his daughter. They were coming to America, and had just now, for the first time, plucked up

courage to venture upon deck. Upon their faces, pale from seasickness, was painted fear, mingled with curiosity. With timid eyes they looked upon their fellow-passengers, the sailors, the ship, the huge smokestack, puffing violently, the formidable waves, throwing spray on the deck, and they dared not speak. With one hand Lorenz held the rail, and with the other he held on his head his odd-fashioned four-cornered cap, so that the wind would not blow it off; and Mary stood close by her father, and as often as the ship lurched from side to side she grasped him, exclaiming faintly from fear. Shortly the old man broke the silence:

“Mary.”

“What is it, father?”

“Do you see?”

“I do.”

“Do you marvel?”