

## NEW YORK: THE CITY OF THE YELLOW DEVIL<sup>1</sup>

A GREY mist, densely permeated with smoke, was hanging over land and sea; a fine drizzle was lazily descending upon the gloomy buildings of the city and the turbid waters of the bay.

On board the steamer the emigrants had collected. Silently and gravely they surveyed everything around with the searching gaze of hope and of dread, of terror and of delight.

"Who is that?" inquired a young Polish girl gently, pointing with amazement at the statue of Liberty.

There was a long silence as if none could make up their mind to reply. Then three words rang out:

"The American God."

The massive rugged figure of the woman in bronze was covered from head to foot with verdigris, like mildew. The cold face gazed blindly through the mist into the ocean waste, as if the dark bronze absorbedly expected something bright from afar, which would animate her motionless, lifeless eyes. There was small foothold under Liberty's feet—she seemed heaved out of the ocean—and her pedestal to be the frozen billows. Her hand, raised aloft above sea and masts of ships, lent proud majesty and beauty to her pose. As if that torch, clasped in close fingers, would radiantly flash forth, profusely bathing all around in warm cheerful light.

And around the exiguous piece of ground upon which she

<sup>1</sup> Only English translation authorised by Gorki.