

covered the secret of his persistenco. It was his boots, polished to the last degree, and as he could not have stepped out without soiling them, he stoutly maintained his position. That so much labor might not be lost, and to spare the boots, I gave way, thinking my over-shoes might better be exposed than such boots! As my look signified what had decided me to yield, it occasioned no little amusement to some bystanders. I suppose the gentleman thought all ladies should stay at home, when the walking is bad, and could not afford to expend his politeness, when it required such a sacrifice.

---

## LETTER LII.

BOSTON.

You can scarcely imagine, dear S——, what emotions of pleasure thrilled me as I neared Boston. It seemed like going home; and that there is no place like home one feels with tenfold force, after trying many other places. It is so delightful to be with those who have known you from childhood, to meet again friends from whom you have been long enough separated for them to grow cold and altogether changed, and still be met by the same glad smile, and hear the same cordial welcome as of old. Assuredly old friends occupy a place in the heart to which new ones in vain seek admittance. There is a most agreeable feeling of security in regard to the former which one never has for the latter. We meet persons very frequently that we admire and esteem, and perhaps consider excellent friends; but it is a long time before they are firmly grounded, and on that even footing in their relation with us, where acquaintances of longer standing are found. They only know us partially, and there is a peculiar satisfaction in feeling that we are known thoroughly. Yes, to my friends I would be transparent; and