

**CONFESSIONS OF A TOO-
GENEROUS
YOUNG LADY. WITH A
LATER CONTINUATION**

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Confessions of a Too-Generous Young Lady. With a Later Continuation by Anonymous

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CONFESSIONS

OF A

TOO-GENEROUS YOUNG LADY.

CHAPTER I.

"CONFESSIONS of a *too-generous* young lady!" my fair readers repeat scornfully: "why the author ought to be ashamed of herself, praising herself, even on the title-page, in that style! I'm sure the book's good-for-nothing, trashy, conceited!"

Wait a minute, amiable ladies, and recollect, if you please—you see I'm disposed to be polite, if you are..... but never

mind, only recollect that people don't *confess* their virtues, but their sins and weaknesses, and therefore to exhibit these same weaknesses before your eyes, is not a proof of conceit. Indeed, I have had ample reason to regard this inconvenient softness and over-benevolence, this absence of firmness and forbiddingness in my character as being very far from meritorious. Have I not been wheedled and coaxed out of my most delicate gloves, my most valuable trinkets, out of ball and concert tickets, out of best places everywhere, and best chances altogether? have I not lost a friend, lost a fortune, lost a lover? and ought I to die and make no confession? I'm not particularly partial to telling my faults, I assure you: I don't care about doing it now, only, as I've very recently renounced all the frivolities as well as

privileges of girlhood, and as I begin to feel myself belonging to a new phase of life, I look upon my past sins as belonging to a more imperfect stage of existence, which cannot shadow with disgrace my new state.

You must know, then, that I'm the eldest, and I may say the handsomest—I'm on my candour, remember—of three sisters. Our dear father and mother resided, and still reside, in a city in the north of England, commercially speaking, almost as busy as London, and where public amusements are by no means scarce; but we were sent to school at a quieter, airier town, some twenty miles distant, where our grandmother dwelt.

Well, upon my twelfth birthday—it isn't worth while to go further back than that, I think—papa and mamma gave a juvenile

ball, it being holiday time, luckily, and we girls were to be all dressed alike, in white muslin with broad pink sashes, except that, as queen of the *fête*, I was to be distinguished by a wreath of flowers; wheat-bine and corn poppies had been selected as being most suitable to such a wild little thing as I, I suppose; and after I was dressed, I was just placing it on my head and smiling as I saw how nicely the scarlet poppies contrasted with my black curls, when my sister Ellen, who was a year younger, approached the mirror.

“Oh, Nelly, look!” I exclaimed; “isn't it a beauty of a wreath?”

To my surprise, Ellen, instead of joining in my admiration, burst out crying. In a minute I forgot my pretty flower-crown, and throwing my arms round her neck, begged to know what was the matter. She