



MISS COOTE'S CONFESSION

ANONYMOUS AUTHOR

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MISS COOTE'S CONFESSION

OR, THE VOLUPTUOUS EXPERIENCES OF AN OLD
MAID; IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO A LADY
FRIEND

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Ah! the rod is delicious if skillfully applied after the delights of coition. The dear boy wanted to renew his attack, but I would not permit it, promising he should come to my room at night for another feast of love, but insisting upon his being rested for the present.

I enjoyed a most voluptuous liaison with my page for three or four years, till I was constrained to part with him on account of his manly appearance. By my advice and assistance he married well, entered into business, and became a thriving man. From time to time, as long as he lived, we secretly enjoyed the sweets of each other's society.

You have often wanted to know why I never married; the truth is, two things combined to prevent it. The first being my love of independence, and aversion to being subject to anyone, however I might love him; this I might perhaps have brought myself to give up, but the second reason was insurmountable. I could not get a new maidenhead, and positively gave up all idea of marriage without that article, so essential to all spinsters who enter the hymeneal state.

Poor Charlie died in the prime of his life, at thirty-five, but before his decease gave me a packet of papers relating to his amorous adventures, by which I find he was not very faithful to me, even when in my service, but "de mortuous nil nisi bonum" is my motto, I only know I loved him when I had him.

Perhaps someday I may put his memoirs into some shape for your perusal, but this letter is the finis of these selections from my own experience.

Believe me, Your affectionate friend,

ROSA BELINDA COOTE.
