

**GLORIOUSLY  
BEAUTIFUL, A TALE**

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Gloriously beautiful, a tale by Various

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**VARIOUS**

**GLORIOUSLY  
BEAUTIFUL, A TALE**





W. H. M. Parsons, Lith. S. Ga.

# GLORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL

## A TALE

DEDICATED TO

THE LADY G..... H.

Wage Du zu irren und zu träumen,  
Hoher Sinn liegt oft in kind'schem Spiel.

SCHILLER.

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## GLORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL.

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MANY years ago, two young ladies, named Olivia and Theresa, were together at a school in Germany. They were both very plain ; but Olivia, who was a very good and sensible girl, wisely thought that, if it had been right for her to be beautiful, she would have been made so ; and as she was not, no doubt there was a good reason for her not being so. Theresa, on the contrary, was always making herself miserable because she was plain. She had three grown-up sisters, who were all very good-looking, and though they were good-natured girls, and really fond of her, she quite hated the idea of being seen with them, because she was so ugly and they so pretty. She thought everybody would laugh at her. In vain did Olivia bring forward every argument she could think of to comfort her. No—Theresa would not be comforted. In the same school there was a little girl named Clara, who was very beautiful. The schoolmistress was excessively proud of this child ; and whenever any visitors came, Clara was sure to be sent for, and was always equally sure to be immensely admired. No wonder, then, that admired and petted by all, Clara



thought a good deal of herself. I said admired and petted by *all*, but no—Theresa was an exception. Admire Clara she certainly did, for it was impossible not to do so ;—but she hated her—not because she was conceited, but because she was so beautiful, and Theresa herself was plain, and this made her dreadfully jealous.

“ Only think,” said she to Olivia one day, “ only think what was said of that detestable little creature to-day ! You know we were all sitting under the trees in the garden ; well, two ladies passed by, and they stopped when they came to little Adèle, who, you know, is about *her* height ; and one of them said to the other, ‘ No, that is not the one I mean, the one I mean is quite *gloriously beautiful*.’ Did you ever hear anything so silly in your life, Olivia ? ”

Olivia could not help thinking that Theresa herself was quite as silly as the lady in question, but she merely replied :

“ It certainly was a silly remark to make, but really, Theresa, I cannot think why you should blame poor Clara ; she cannot help being ‘ *gloriously beautiful*.’ ”

“ Oh, but she is so horribly conceited, and it is so absurd to see the fuss Madame and every one makes about her, and her beauty. Oh, how I wish *I* were beautiful ! I think it is very hard that every one should be beautiful but me.”

“ Nonsense, my dear,” said Olivia ; “ you know I am very plain too ; but I do not distress myself about it, and I can’t think why you should either.”

It was now very near the time of the holidays, and Olivia, whose home was in America, was not to return to school. This made

Theresa very unhappy, for she was younger than Olivia, and had still another year to stay, and she thought how dull it would be without her friend.

“ I wish you were not going away entirely,” she said to her one day.

“ So do I, for some things. I shall be sorry to leave you, dear, and besides I have been very happy at school ; but then I have not seen my mother for a long, long time, and she has nobody but me to take care of her now she is ill, so I both ought, and want to go home ; and, besides, you know you will only stay here a year longer, and then you will go home, and be taken out as a grown-up young lady, and you will no longer be dull.”

“ No, but I shall be miserable,” thought Theresa ; for she hated the thought of coming out, as she knew how ugly she would look by the side of her sisters.

At length the holidays came. Olivia set off for America, and Theresa was to travel with her mother and sisters, who, however, wrote to tell her that they could not come for her until two or three days after all the other girls were gone. They begged that if Madame went away herself, she would allow Theresa to remain till they could fetch her. Madame did go away, after making every arrangement for Theresa's comfort. Theresa was sitting in the schoolroom, on her first evening, all alone ; and though there was a cheerful fire and candles, she felt rather dull. Raising her eyes suddenly, she saw her own face reflected in the mirror opposite ; it seemed to her that she was more hideous than ever, and she impatiently exclaimed,—

"Oh! I would give *anything in the world* to be gloriously beautiful!"

"*Anything in the world,*" said a little voice; "that is rather a strong expression."

Theresa started, and looked about her.

"Whoever are you?" she said, "I don't see any one."

"That's very likely," replied the voice, "but I want to talk to you a little. Should you like to be 'gloriously beautiful?'"

"Why, you heard me say so," said Theresa; "but where on earth are you?" she added, impatiently looking round.

"Ah! but you said you would give anything in the world; are you sure of that?"

Theresa now arose, candle in hand, determined to discover from whence this mysterious voice proceeded. For some time she searched in vain; but at length she spied, in the farthest corner of the room, a little creature, and, on advancing to look at it, she beheld the oddest little figure imaginable. It was no larger than a child of three years old, but was formed like a man,—a cocked hat under his arm, and the very thinnest little black legs you ever saw. It was altogether so like the figure of Punch, that Theresa could hardly help laughing. The little man bowed low to her, and said,—

"Well, what do you think of me?"

"Hideous!" said Theresa.

"Well, and I think I might almost return the compliment," said the little man.

Theresa at this was so very angry that she walked away, put the candle on the table, and sat down by the fire. Presently she said,—