

**THE GOOD GENIUS THAT TURNED
EVERYTHING INTO GOLD; OR,
THE QUEEN BEE AND THE MAGIC
DRESS. A CHRISTMAS FAIRN TALE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649595389

The Good Genius That Turned Everything into Gold; Or, the Queen Bee and the Magic Dress. A Christmas Fairn Tale by Henry Mayhew & George Cruikshank

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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HENRY MAYHEW & GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

**THE GOOD GENIUS THAT TURNED
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THE QUEEN BEE AND THE MAGIC
DRESS. A CHRISTMAS FAIR TALE**



The Bee changes a Forest into a Fleet.

THE GOOD GENIUS
THAT TURNED EVERYTHING
INTO GOLD

OR

THE QUEEN BEE AND THE MAGIC DRESS

A Christmas Fairy Tale

BY

THE BROTHERS MAYHEW

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

LONDON
DAVID BOGUE 86 FLEET STREET

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TO

ROBERT RAXTER POSTANS, ESQ.

DEAR BOB,

As the subject of this little story arose out of one of the many evenings' chats that we have enjoyed with you, it is but right that to you it should be dedicated; and we do so with every sentiment of esteem and regard, subscribing ourselves

Your infallible friends,

HENRY AND AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.

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DRAWN AND ETCHED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

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ONCE UPON A TIME

a young Woodman sat on the trunk of a tree that he had just felled.

He'd had a tough day's work of it, no doubt; but still the heart of such

a forest, at such an hour, wasn't exactly the place or time for a body to take his rest in. Yet there the young Woodman sat, as if he had got all the afternoon before him; instead of which, the rising breeze of Sun-down began to make the trees shiver again, and the bright eye of Day was now fast getting bloodshot with the coming cold of Night, while the shadows of things had no longer the jolly plumpness of Noon, but were long, and thin, and miserable-looking, as though they were nipped and pinched up with the growing chilliness of the evening air.

Why, then, does the man continue to sit there?—why doesn't he go home? For see! the sun is flickering in the socket of the east; and as it is, he'll have barely light enough to find his way out of the wood, which is thick and lonely enough, Heaven knows! For there are nothing but trees—trees—trees, as far as the eye can reach; and not a curl of smoke is there to be seen, to tell that the place is tenanted by any human being.

Why *doesn't* the man go home? One can't help feeling an interest in the poor fellow; for there's too little fat and too much muscle in his frame for