

# **THE BUNCH OF GRAPES**

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The Bunch of Grapes by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

**THE BUNCH  
OF GRAPES**



1882

THE  
BUNCH OF GRAPES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"LITTLE JOE AND HIS STRAWBERRY PLANT,"  
"NORMAN AND ADA," "DONALD'S HAMPER," "WAY TO BE HAPPY,"  
"LITTLE CHARLOTTE'S HOME."

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1888.

E. I.

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# THE BUNCH OF GRAPES.

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## I.

### CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS.

OTHER! do look, what a big carriage! Oh, what splendid big horses! how many are there, I wonder?—one, two, three! How heavy the carriage must be to want so many horses, and how nice it must be to ride in a carriage drawn by three horses! don't you think so, mother?"

“Very nice indeed; but Margery,

my child, you seem idle this afternoon, have you nothing to do?"

"No, mother, nothing; I have really done all my work, and it is so nice to stand here and watch all the funny things coming along the road. See there, what a queer old man that is? I do not like his horse, it is stupid, and goes so slowly. Oh, mother, if I had a horse I would go so fast; there can be no fun in riding unless one goes very quickly."

"Your horse need not go any faster than your tongue does; Margery," said the widow, smiling, "you are a sad chatterbox, child."

"Oh, mother, I like to talk, and it does nobody any harm; but, oh,



you must really stop your wheel, and come and look at this flock of sheep. Mother! mother! are they not beautifully clean? they look as if they had just been washed. And what a nice dog the shepherd has; he has quite a kind face,—I do wish I had a dog like that.”

The widow got up from her seat by the cottage door, and came and stood by her child to see the flock of sheep go by.

“Pretty creatures!” she said; “I like a deal better to see them than so many of the things that have been past here lately. Guns, and horses, and soldiers, and such things, are but sorry sight, and give one

many a heartache when one thinks of all the dreadful work they are going to do. I don't know much about such things, I am thankful to say, and for the matter of that, I think the less one knows the better; but for those guns, I do think they are right wicked things, I am sure. But come away from the gate, child, you will be smothered in the dust. How bad the roads are this summer; I wish some rain would come and lay the dust: but there is no use wishing, for if I begin I shall never end."

"I know where you'd begin, and where you'd end too, mother," said Margery, looking thoughtful.

"Do you? then you're wiser than

I am, child," replied her mother; "times are so bad, there's plenty to wish for."

"Aye, but, mother, you know folks always say it's all owing to the dreadful war; and you yourself always say it's peace and nothing else we want."

"True enough, and we shall wait many a long day before we get it, I fear; that king of ours can't be good for much, from all I hear, or he'd do something to put an end to this wicked war. For wicked sure it is, if ever a war was wicked,—brother fighting against brother, Englishmen against Englishmen, and all for nothing, but because