it was summer time, and twilight. We were sitting on the porch of the farm-house, on the summit of the hill, and aunt Rachel was sitting respectfully blowe our levelm, on the steps—for she was our servant, and colored. She was of mighty frame and stature: she was sixty years old, but her eye was undimmed and her to laught then it is for a brid to sign. She was under fire, now as usual when the day was done. That is tp say, she was being chaffed without mercy, and was enjoying it. She would let off peal after peal