Next week the classic field of Gettysburg will teem with those erstwhile combatants in part, who, fifty years ago, flew at their respective throats—the blue and the gray. The great question has been settled, and settled right, if we are to judge by the blessings which have come to either section, to all, since human slavery is no more. We, the race of Negroes, although viewed too much apart from the general nation, also have cause to rejoice at the nation's wholeness, evidenced through these reunions, when gray merges with the blue. In fact, we are the beneficiaries of their "ancient" quarrel—its fruit—consequently. Gettysburg, or what not, that signifies sectional obliteration, in the sense of strife, is hailed with a gratification in kind to that which will be attested when these representatives of former hostility will sing together and shout for joy like the morning stars.