Grant, before reaching Sheridan, received a note from General Lee, asking for an interview with a view of surrendering. The Two commanders met immediately, at a mansion of Mr. W. M'Clean, near the Court House. The interview was brief; the business frankly discussed, and soon settled. While the chiefs were in consultation, six or seven generals, from both sides met between the skirmish lines, and talked the matter over in the most friendly manner. While there, firing on the road was heard. General Gordon was much vexed, and stated he had ordered a cessation of the fight; but Sheridan, who was not clearly satisfied with the whole arrangement, exclaimed, "Let them fight; I know what they are about." A single field piece fires a last shot, and a gallant lieutenant of the First Brigade falls the last victim of the Army of the Potomac. Private Hiram Williams, of the One Hundred and Ninety-eighth, at the same time receives a ghastly wound. Soon Grant and Lee rode up; Grant, with his inevitable sugar-loaf hat, open coat, and muddy boots. Lee looked venerable and impressive, dressed in a new suit of grey, *with a new sword by his side.* One of our bands, near by, through the generous impulse of the moment, struck up the appropriate air of "Auld Lang Syne." Three officers were appointed on either side to arrange the details, but the day's work was done by the chiefs, and its result summed up in these concluding letters.

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