three years, or the war, they were called the First Regiment, North Carolina State Troops, and so on; and the Eighth Regiment Volunteers became the Eighteenth, and so on.

In August, 1862, Colonel Meares became commissary of the Sixty-first Regiment. After the war he became a judge. Wilmington never had a truer son than Colonel Meares, and his memory is justly revered.

Capt. E. G. Meares, of Company D, Third North Carolina State Troops, was killed in the Battle of Sharpsburg. He was "a good soldier, a brave man, discharging his duty under all conditions." He was a young man of fine character and was greatly lamented.

Capt. James I. Metts was born at Kinston, N. C., March 16, 1842, but has lived in Wilmington since he was six years old. Early in 1861 he left the State University to enlist in the Rifle Guards, organized in anticipation of war, and on April 15 was with his company in the seizure of Fort Caswell. Soon afterwards his company was assigned to the Eighth Regiment, and he was made corporal and was one of the color guard of the regiment when it was ordered to Coosawhatchie, S. C. After this he was given charge of the regimental colors, which he carried until the twelve months' term of service expired. Reënlisting, he became fifth sergeant of Company G, Third Regiment, Col. Gaston Meares. His bravery and ability won for him distinction in the Seven Days' Battle, and were specially manifested at Cold Harbor, where he re-formed part of the regiment, and when in command of a detail in Chickahominy Swamp. After Malvern Hill, where he was among those receiving the last orders of Col. Gaston Meares, he was promoted to orderly sergeant, and was assigned to the main work of drilling the recruits for his company. During the Maryland campaign he was disabled by illness, but rejoined his company at Bunker Hill, and in the promotions following the death at Sharpsburg of Captain Rhodes and First Lieutenant Quince, Sergeant Metts became senior second lieutenant. At Winchester he was detailed as commissary of the regiment, and after Front Royal he discharged the duties of adjutant. His coolness at Fredericksburg attracted the attention of superior officers. Afterwards he was in the hospital at Richmond ill of pneumonia, but joined his regiment in the fighting around Winchester, where his brigade, Stuart's, did much at Jordan Springs towards the victory over Milroy.



In the Confederate assault at Culp's Hill, on the evening of the second day at Gettysburg, he led his men within seventy-five yards of the Federal breastworks, and here, while hotly engaged, a boy soldier approached him and said, "Lieutenant, my father is killed." He could only answer, "Well, we can not help it," and the brave boy, replying, "No, we can not help it," turned and resumed firing as rapidly as he could at the enemy, which he continued to do until exhausted, and the next day his face was black with powder. In this engagement, while standing with Lieut. Col. William M. Parsley, Adjutant James, and Capt. Edward H. Armstrong, three as brave men as ever stepped to the tap of a drum, Lieutenant Metts was wounded in the left lung, and experienced excruciating pain as he was hauled two miles over a rough road in an ambulance. But for a Sister of Charity, he would have died in the field hospital. Many people from Baltimore and elsewhere visited the wounded Confederates at Gettysburg, bringing clothing and delicacies of food. An elderly lady, accompanied by two charming young lady friends, finding Lieutenant Metts without a sheet, removed her petticoat, tore it in two, and pinning it together, said, "Don't mind me, boys, I'm a mother, and he shall have a good sheet tomorrow." The same kindness followed him in the general camp hospital and in the West Building Hospital in Baltimore, where he found his kinsmen, Col. Thomas S. Kenan and James G. Kenan, also wounded on Culp's Hill. He was transferred to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, where for thirteen months Colonel Kenan was his bunkmate. Their sufferings here during the winter were very severe, with cruel guards, insufficient food, scanty clothing, in houses neither ceiled nor plastered, and with but one stove for about sixty prisoners. During the night of January 1, 1864, when the mercury registered twenty degrees below zero and even the guard was forced to take shelter, Maj. John Winsted and three or four others escaped and made their way across the ice to the mainland, but the excessive cold prevented all but Major Winsted from going farther. He reached Canada, and returned to the Confederacy on a blockade runner. In August, 1864, Lieutenant Metts was selected as one of the most enfeebled and delicate of the prisoners, for exchange, and he soon reached Richmond, rejoicing in a new lease of life, for he had been assured that he could not survive another winter on Johnson's Island. He found that Captain Armstrong, an amiable gentleman, a fine scholar, and one of the bravest of men,