Colonel Cowan was a native of Wilmington and was prominent in the politics of the State. No man was more loved and admired than he. His gallantry was unequaled, while his charming personality and graceful manners are well remembered by all who knew him. He was wounded severely at the last of the Seven Days Battles around Richmond, and being disabled from service, resigned in November, 1862.

Col. John L. Cantwell saw active service in the Mexican War, in the War between the States, and subsequently in the Spanish-American War. The records say "that seldom has the flag of a country waved over a braver soldier." His service as colonel of the Thirtieth Regiment, North Carolina Militia, in taking possession of Forts Caswell and Johnston on April 16, 1861, is told elsewhere. On its organization, April 13, 1862, Colonel Cantwell was elected colonel of the Fifty-first Regiment, but resigned and enlisted as a private in Company F, Third Regiment, North Carolina Infantry, Capt. William M. Parsley, on whose promotion after the Battle of Sharpsburg, he became captain of the company, and was a most efficient and gallant officer in that famous regiment. Unfortunately, he was captured in the "Bloody Angle" at Spottsylvania Courthouse on May 12, 1864, along with nearly the entire regiment, during the course of the most terrible engagement of the war. His military training was manifest throughout his civil life, in which, as agent of the Adams Express Company, as a produce broker, as secretary of the Wilmington Produce Exchange, and for many years secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, he maintained a careful and sometimes exaggerated regard for official detail.

During the War between the States he kept a diary of important events in which he, with other Wilmingtonians, was engaged, and this precious little book, which he carefully guarded for nearly fifty years and always carried in his pocket, was a veritable *vade mecum,* or last resort, on any disputed point of military history. It contained particularly a careful record of the names and incidents connected with the Federal retaliation upon six hundred Confederate officers, including Colonel Cantwell and Capt. John Cowan, of the Third Infantry, Capt. Walter G. MacRae, of the Seventh Infantry, Capt. T. C. Lewis, of the Eighteenth Infantry, Capt. J. D. McMillan, of the First Infantry, Capt. F. F. Floyd, of the Fifty-first Infantry, Capt. J. W. Moon, of the Third Cavalry, and Capt. J. H. Bloodworth, of the Fourth Cavalry, from Wilmington, as well as Capt. G. M. Crapon, of the Third Infantry, and Capt. H. Earp, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, from Southport, who, by Secretary Stanton's order, were removed from their quarters in the North as prisoners of war and placed under double cross fire on Morris Island, exposed to almost certain death.

When Chief Justice Clark was completing the fifth volume of his most valuable *Regimental Histories,* he requested me to persuade Capt. Walter G. MacRae, then mayor of Wilmington, to write an account of that expedition for his history. This Captain MacRae consented to do, and when the narrative was completed, he wisely asked Colonel Cantwell to listen to its recital in order that its accuracy might be clearly established. The colonel, who was afflicted with deafness, nodded his approval until, in describing the incident of the separation of the transport from its armed convoy while off Wrightsville Beach, and a hurried discussion by the prisoners of a proposed attempt to escape through the surf and its final rejection because of the great risk of life involved, Captain MacRae fell into a habit he has of quoting obscure Bible characters and said that the counsel of Ahithophel prevailed. Instantly the colonel held up a restraining hand, and, with the other cupped to his ear, demanded to know the name of that man. "Ahithophel" repeated Captain MacRae. "No, no," said the colonel, "there was no such person abroad." "But let me explain," said MacRae. "No explanation can falsify this book," said the colonel, as he ran his fingers down the list of the six hundred. "Ahithophel, Ahithophel! No such person aboard, sir, he was doubtless a rank impostor"; and failing to make his meaning clear, Captain MacRae was obliged to delete his quotation from the sacred book of Samuel.

Colonel Cantwell's old-time affability and gentle courtesy won him many friends, but while he was patient and responsive to polite advances, he was quick to resent a fancied or real affront. A few years before his death he attended with his accustomed regularity a prominent church service in a neighboring city. As no usher approached him, he quietly walked up the centre aisle, looking smilingly from right to left, expecting an invitation to be seated, but, no man regarding him, he turned back at the chancel rail and walked quietly out. Presently he reappeared in the vestibule with a short piece of scantling, which he had found near by, and with this improvised seat