

public notice, became a candidate for the Presidential chair. Mr. Henry E. Wright was chosen the Whig electoral candidate for the Fifth Congressional District. In 1844, Henry Clay being candidate for President, he wrote several poetic strains on Zachary Taylor, and "Harry of the West." When General Taylor was a candidate for President, he delivered a stirring and eloquent address to the citizens of Centreville, endorsing him for President and advocating his claims. His audience was an enthusiastic and appreciative one. Judge Richard Bennett Carmichael and Mr. Albert Troup Emory addressed the meeting on this occasion. "Prince Albert," as his family called him, for his stately appearance and measured step, made a fine speech and was loudly encored. This gentleman, Mr. Emory, was nominated for the House of Delegates, in 1851.

Mr. Henry E. Wright composed several famous hunting songs, which many lovers of the fox chase quote to this day. He was a great fox hunter himself, and has won the brush in many a ride to capture Reynard. One of his poems was called "The Hunt on Eastern Shore." Many of his Baltimore friends visited his old home to enjoy an old time Eastern Shore frolic. The most laughable verses he ever penned were those written on "Tom Potts." Potts shot a formidable looking "Booby Owl" in a tangled wood, not far from Mr. Wright's dwelling, which in endeavoring to get out of his grasp, caught Potts by the nose with one claw. He tried his best to conquer the hawk and make him relax his hold on his nose. When he thought he had conquered in the battle, the hawk stuck his other claw into the right hand of the struggling Potts. The poor helpless man had to abandon his gun and went to Mr. Wright's house for assistance. It was such a laughable sight to Mr. Wright to see Potts completely conquered by a bird, that he was at once inspired to write up the coincidence in a most amusing strain. I regret not being able to reproduce the poem. Mr. Wright was a great adept in breaking dogs. He had some of the most intelligent and handsome pointers that could be found. One of his favorites, named "Charcoal" for his color, seemed to understand every word his master said to him and was in the habit of carrying notes to his neighbor. Wm. Glenn, who lived about a mile from "Guilford." Mr. Wright on one occasion was some distance away from home, when his powder and shot gave out. He was surrounded by a