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The following information was transcribed exactly as it was written from Faye Alexander Cochran's book entitled History of Old Tishomingo County, Mississippi Territory.

Love Troubles in Verse

Thomas Parish tells his troubles in verse. In substantiation that true love does not always run smooth, the following poetic effusion, printed in the Rienzi Clipper, April 3, 1858, is cited:

“My Love, my Duck, my darling toy
My dear wife Nancy P. has left her home and her employ
And goes aroving almost too free
If you by chance her face should see
Don't credit her the value of a straw
For you all will surely see
Tom will not pay it—unless by law.”

——Thomas Parish

They Loved Not Wisely

An incident out of the usual order occurred in Corinth on the first day of May 1860. The opening scene of this incident was the matrimonial coming together, about 15 months prior to the above date, of a charming Miss Dwyer, in Lincoln County,

Tennessee, with the warm blood of 16 or 17 summers running riot through her veins, and a Mr. Jacks, a good sort of a good-natured, hard-working fellow, having the patience of Job without the wisdom of Solomon. A little while after this connubial arrangement had been affected, it seems that a “gay deceiver” bearing the euphonious name of “Chillcoat” made his grand entry upon the boards. Chillcoat soon became a favorite with all parties, having access to all the apartments, wardrobes, chests, trunks, money drawers, and so forth, of the house and was the confidential agent, and clerk and general boss and matter of all the free ceremonies about the premises. In the course of some 12 months, it became necessary for Mr. Jacks to take a short trip off to see some relatives, in regard to the purchasing of a slave from the latter; and hard-working Mr. Jacks, honest, industrial soul, couldn’t neglect his crop, and so persuaded the nice young man, the general favorite, Mr. Chillcoat, to accompany his dear wife and take good care of her. It appears that Mr. C readily obtained his own consent to accompany the wife of his industrious friend, the meek and good-hearted Mr. Jacks. After Mrs. Jacks and Mr. Chillcoat left, the former entirely forgot that she left a hard-working husband at home; and Mr. C. forgetting the same thing, the two forgetful creatures were suddenly seized with the remarkable illusion that they were man and wife, and demeaned themselves accordingly. Forgetting also to return home, or even to write home, or to apply their funds to the purchase of a slave, this improvised couple went on their merry way rejoicing; devoting their honeymoon to an extensive bridal tour, around and around and about and about, by rail and steam and coach, until finally they dropped in at Corinth and took rooms at the Corinth House. After being in Corinth about a week, the “nice young man,” renewing an old acquaintance or two, and the “blushing bride,” showing herself in the galleries of the hotel as if to see and be seen, who all at once comes up to hotel just after the arrival of a train throwing consternation and panic in this late so happy couple? It was no other than old man Dwyer himself (the father of the woman), accompanied by two others, in hot pursuit of the loving fugitives. After a brief consultation the newly arrived three took the said amateur husband, Mr. Chillcoat, in a room of the hotel, and after locking it, proceeded to give the dorsal portion of his physical system a most health and telling flagellation with Tishomingo hickories. The weeping Mrs. Jacks, who was forced to witness the ignominious castigation of her inamorata, and who was not allowed even a

“lock of his hair,” was then summarily hurried to the cars, and in a few minutes was on her way to her dear model husband in old Lincoln. Mr. Chillcoat tarried a little while and then left for parts unknown.