

BIOGRAPHIES

1842. He later built one of the notable residences of Crockett, about one mile west of the town, which was ever after one of the show places of the town, known as "Park Hill," and is now owned by Col. Fain.

Gen. Collins was a man of high ideals. Mrs. Douglas, his daughter, was fond of repeating a statement made by her father, on many occasions, "Truth is such a beautiful thing."

He had a fine sense of humor and employed this in his business advertising. He was partial to the "Crockett Argus" and the following is a specimen of the humor that he mingled with his advertising in that paper:

"Nole Me (or My Property) Tangere, I implore you!

"The State of Texas, Houston County:—Be it known to all men (and the petticoats, also) by these presents that, whereas, certain persons, at the instigation of—I will not name the old rascal—and not having the fear of anything good before their eyes, have, in place of saying their prayers like good boys, concocted and put in circulation reports to this effect, viz: That I have been selling, alienating, enfeoffing and otherwise conveying my lands and hereditaments, and my colored bipeds, vulgarly yclep'd "niggers." Now, although I am a shade over twenty-one years of age; think I have a pretty good modicum of hard horse sense; consider myself strictly compos mentis, as there has not been a writ of "delunatico inquirendo" instituted in the premises, yet I will acknowledge their authority and plead guilty. "I have done the deed," but will promise not to do so pro tempore futuro, unless it suits me! Lest there should be misconceptions, anxieties, tribulations, or other bad feelings, impressed on the minds of my good friends and self-constituted guardians, on my behalf, I conceive it my duty to apprize them that I have had in my noodle, for some time past, some crude notions of peringrinations by "flood and field," and it is highly probable that I shall carry some of them into execution.

"Imprimis: I think of taking my daughter to Live Oak Seminary, in Washington County—a first-rate school—and the principal is a genuine Presbyterian. But hush! Not a word about the pig, for some of my Hard Shell or Methodist friends may be taxing me with sectarianism! Again: In my cogitations and ratiocinations, I have concluded it to be my duty to accompany my wife on a visit to her mother (very old and infirm) in Tuscombia, North Alabama, in November proximo, but fully calculate on achieving the trip within twenty-five days, as business matters will imperiously demand my presence at home, for I am importing a bully stock of goods—you'd better believe it—