I can now, after the lapse of more than thirty three years, only call to mind the name of one of these encampments, which was "Camp Johnson". Of this camp my recollection is clear and distinct, for I was on guard on the morning that Genl Felix Houston and Genl Albert Sydney Johnson passed outside the lines to confront each other in single combat, and that I passed them and their friends out.
I received an honorable discharge from the service while the Army was encamped on the Navidad River a short distance below Luxana. As near as my memory serves me, this was about two weeks before the Army was disbanded in 1839, above stated and before my term of service had expired.
I was discharged in consequence of ill health which had rendered me unfit for duty, for the remaining few days of my term of ~~my~~ enlistment, which was for the period of nine months.
I went to the aid of Texas when a very young man, in the morning of life, and now as the evening approaches I may return to her.
It was a matter of no little pride and satisfaction to me, to see an apparent recognition of my services and good will toward the Lone Star Republic, by the Legislature of the present great and prosperous State of Texas, destined as I believe, to be the greatest State in the American Union.
I do not know any man alive now, who knew me in the Army of Texas, except my brother Sand R Mott, who I suppose is