Castle of Puebla. March 22d.

April 22d.

Dear Mother,

When I wrote you from the Castle of Puebla, I little thought that my next would be from this place so seldom in its appearances so famous in the history of Mexico, the Castle where the unfortunate boasts of prisoners whose so infamous that the bones now lie at one angle of the fort exposed to the various rains of the elements, and where a scene of confinement is shown of the moiety of Texas written on the inner walls. We took possession of the Castle on the 22d. The enemy having left it a day or two before, leaving behind a large number of guns and small arms, and an abundance of ammunition, any thing indicates that they left very precipitately. Their workshops, such as if the workmen had dropped their tools and taken to their heels thinking that we were after them with a sharp stick (which we were), and that the only way to help out of the hands of these northern barbarians was to put out. We found the Colonel waiting to turn over the public property and show us through the different rooms of the Castle explaining their different uses and for what they were appropriated. The poor fellow looked rather sad on the occasion and seemed to
feel his unpleasant duty, and felt unwilling to
with the Cape. And it is not to be wondered at
for it is a magnificent work equaling any thing
of the kind in the world done by all the Engineer
officers of it in the highest terms and although
not so complete as some of ours still say they it
for is famous in the East. Nowhere the return
arrangements on my fire. Particularly the duties
for officers and men. They are my anxiety and care
of meat. The whole of our division is divided into
its, and the number somewhat like twenty four
hundred men. Officers excepted it is about five
guns and the boats something like eight hundred in it
at the time. The evacuant and foul the remainder
and attempted to have departed to be answered had
been more than a month in getting before it.
I am fully satisfied myself of the manner
in which we came before it. I am fully willing
to sacrifice the glory and fame that I might
due sooner to the true manner in which it was
taken. It is used a very neat little Chapel one
of the prettiest. I think I have seen it is celebrated
for containing the remains of President. Victoria one
of the most celebrated men after the Republic.
But I must not lengthen out my description
of this for too much on this is other matter equally
interesting. As I stated in the Newspaper I went
from Vera Cruz as armed man in a day or two for
Vallarta we did not see on the 13th a most gloriously hot
any and a most miserable sorry dusty road which made the march very fatiguing. The men suffered exceedingly and nearly died on the road and any
number did not yet get into camp until the last morning. The officers however stood the March
well, myself remarkably so. The next day it was
of fatiguing the road being much better and
showing signs of improvement. The March however
was not on every one, several men rolling down and
dying on the spot. The following day we encamped at
the Natehue Bridge an immense work built by the
old Spaniards and rises with any of our modern
bridges. It crosses over the Antiguan River on a
cold and rapid stream which is much worse so
during the rainy season. After a day's rest at the
Puente del Rey or Puente National, we joined General
Tunkey's Division. While we left Vera Cruz on the 26th,
seven days before us, we found the same waiting for
us to support him in an attack on the enemy
who were about three miles in advance of him.
and strongly fortified, we had since learned that
it was the strongest fort between Vera Cruz and
the city of Mexico and had it not been for a
slight oversight in them we could certainly have
taken it with any force. Our engineers however
had discovered a path of which we could get
improvement of this river and this cut them off.
This is the same path that Santa Anna took, in
order to dislodge Gutenberg who occupied the