

Poem written by Frederick Knapp

Frederick Knapp

Born: 02/17/1842 in Monroe, Monroe County, Michigan

Died: 09/02/1927

Married: 10/01/1865

Wife: Julia Ruhle Born: 01/14/1847 in Baden Baden, Germany

Died: 04/07/1903

For I'm a Cavalry soldier of
The Sixth United States.
I was captured, fellow comrades.
By Union's traitor foe
On the Third July, of Sixty Three,
O'er Eighteen months ago.

I was took in Pennsylvania,
When rebel's marched with Lee,
It was in the town of Fairfield
My traitor foes found me ---
Let me tell more of my capture
For it must be confessed
That the young Fred Knapp was taken
Away from a "Bee's Nest".

I was taken to Belle Island
That Richmond Prison drear
And was after at Camp Sumter
--And heard the traitors jeer--
But I ever kept on hoping
Amid the prison gloom
Though I often wished for freedom
From out the living tomb.

In Georgia, at Savannah,
The sick men knew my care
And I witness'd scenes of sadness
And scenes of sorrow there.
I'll not speak harsh Savannah now
Thou wast not harsh to me
But a lucky star had risen there
I with delight did see.

For came to me the gladsome news
Put new life in my soul
And but a few days afterward
i was at Camp Parole--
But sixteen long and weary months
What troubles I did stand,
And who that's here would again
To go to "Dixie Land".

The Eighteenth of November last
I knew of the exchange
To meet the friends I loved so well
I left the foes so strange --
I spent a golden thirty days
Free from war and the foe
In my own native Michigan
In beautiful Monroe.

I saw the Raisin running on
So beautiful and bright
Ah, Oft since I had left Monroe
Had i Dreamed of the sight --
And there it was before my eyes
My fancy need not roam
For father he was not far off
And not far off my home.

Why is it that the days seem short --
Which pleasure does allow
And that they seem so very long
When care doth crop the brow --
Those thirty days seem'd shorter far
Than one in prison woe
Aye, yes a day in Libby's seems long
As twelve months in Monroe.

Frederick Knapp (Continued)

This poem was composed, at least dated, I'm (RER) convinced, January 5, 1865. Copied from hand written copy -- verses may be in different order than when originally written.

Camp Sumter was the name for the Confederate prison now called Andersonville, in Georgia. Tradition is that Frederick and a drummer boy were the only survivors of his Company E.

His obituary said he was the last surviving member of the Michigan 6th Cavalry Regiment.

He enlisted in the U.S., 6th Cavalry -- a Federal Unit -- I think there's been some confusion between a Federal Unit and a State of Michigan unit designation... his military service records should appear in the federal files rather than the more common state files.

Provided by Reed Romine,
5 Schauer Circle
Medway, OH 45341-9709