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CINCINNATI, OHIO 45227
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27 February 2000

C-Span
400 North Capitol St. NW
Suite 650
Washington, D.C. 20001

Dear Mr. Lamb,

I watched your program on President's Day with interest. I was dismayed because my candidate for outstanding President, Andrew Jackson, didn't do well. I did however console my self by watching the discussion on judging people in the context of their time. It was, from my point of view, the failing of your historians to do so and not a failing of Andrew Jackson that resulted in my disappointment. I believe you must judge people in context of their time, or a discussion what happened, what other people thought of them, and the decisions they made become meaningless. I am writing a short book and Phillip Livingston inherited the Livingston Manor and became Lord of the Manor. Then the eldest son had the right to inherit all. After the Revolution it changed.

I have been a farmer most of my life and my book is called [REDACTED] (I do not have a publisher yet.) It deals with Livingston Manor and what has been called the Anti-Rent War. My tenth great-grandfather built the house I grew up in 1687 in Copake, New York as a tenant of the first Lord of the Manor. What happened there really was about land reform and not just a protest of high rent payments. That movement influenced land policy and the growth of the nation.

If you are looking for an interesting place to cover for the bus you might consider Claremont, the home of Robert R. Livingston. It is run by the State of New York and has the desk that he used in Paris to sign the Louisiana Purchase on. I am sure the people there could help in creating an interesting program.

Another interesting part of your show was the discussion of the poor knowledge of history today. Some weeks ago I wrote a poem on the subject you might use if you like. It is enclosed.

Sincerely yours,

[REDACTED]

America the Beautiful
Was the Patriots stirring song.
It made men stand united,
So straight, so tall, so strong.

Today it meets with nothing
But a blank and staring gaze.
The glue that united us
Is slipping from History's page.

Americas the Beautiful
Has it's fiery past.
Its Civil War united us
With enough death and grief to last.

Together its' youth had marched westward
To build a new tomorrow.
The South to built on its empire,
The North to build on its past sorrow.

The South built with slaves their empire
With its aristocratic past.
It built on King Cotton
Plantations grand to last.

They went westward to the prairies
To carve an empire new.
With houses grand, with slaves, and all
That was their cry and hue.

The North's youth were more humble.
No cotton grew their way.
Building smaller farms is how their
Westward track would stay.

The North's small stony farms
Grew apples, wheat, and hay
They tended cows, pigs, and chickens
That would lead their westward way.

The Ohio River flowed them westward
To the grassy plains.
It was the rich soil that drew them
To lands they farmed the same.

To the rich soils of west Kentucky,
Mississippi, Texas and such,
No one could prosper
Without the planters touch.

South of the Ohio would be Southern,
As they spread across the land.
The North would rule north from there,
In larger numbers they would make their stand.

Then came a new tomorrow
With an election of who to preside
Over this land and its direction.
Of who would walk and who would ride.

The North chose Lincoln over Douglas.
The South chose Beckinridge over Bell.
With the country so divided;
Who would rule they could not tell

The North was more populated
And would have the final say.
The South with a vote for Beckinridge
Had thrown its vote away.

They said there would be no tomorrow,
Unless they had their say.
They said they had enough,
They said they would not stay.

Lincoln loved this mighty nation
And he said it must be one.
He remembered the Revolution
When the divided Colonies were made one.

Then began the bloody battle
That destroyed half the nation.
Its sons fell in the bloodiest war
That was known since our creation.

The North proved victories
When the South had been bleed dry.
The Nation would be one,
The old Union would not die.

Both North and South united
Built monuments grand that stand
To honor dead youth ripped from
The bosom of a loving land.

The death and sorrow had united us
Both North and South were one.
Yet prosperity of the nation
Had only just begun.

As one Nation united
We met challenges great and small.
Of more westward settlement,
More wars, more liberty and all.

But what will new leaders remember
Both great and small,
Of the death, the honor, the sorrow,
That made the nation stand so tall.

If Computers, math and science
Is all they ever hear.
What will they know of all the pain
The older men hold so dear.

What of the common history
That made this nation one.
What of the history of the Patriots
When our Independence was first won.

What of the history of westward expansion
And of death on the wind swept plain.
What of the lonely farmer that toiled there
To grow this nations grain.

It is our history that unites us.
That makes this nation one.
It is our history not our science
That makes this nation run.

