

**The Padgett Sunday Supper Club**

# **Sestercentennial Cookery**

**A cookbook for the semiquincentennial.**

**Celebrating 250 years of American In-  
dependence with great recipes from  
1796, 1876, and 1976.**

*Compiled by Jerry Stratton for the Padgett Sunday Supper Club.*

*“Dedicated to preserving vintage recipes and the joy of eating.”*

*clubpadgett.com/26*

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# All Earthly Tyrants

*Mr. Dearborn, If you think the following lines worthy of notice, please to give them a place in your paper.—Freeman's Journal, August 17, 1776*

Come all you brave soldiers, both valiant & free,  
it's for independance we all now agree,  
Let us gird on our Swords, and prepare to defend  
our Liberty, Property, ourselves and our friends.

In a cause that's so righteous, come let us agree,  
and from hostile invaders set America free.  
The cause is so glorious we need not to fear  
but from merciless Tyrants we'd set ourselves clear.

Heavens blessing attending us, no Tyrant shall say  
that Americans e'er to such monsters gave way.  
But fighting we'll die in Americans cause  
before we'll submit to Tyrannical laws.

George the third of Great-Britain no more shall he reign,  
with unlimited sway o'er these free states again.  
Lord North, nor old Bute, nor none of their clan  
shall ever be honor'd by an American.

May heaven's blessings descend on our united states,  
and grant that the union may never abate.  
May love peace and harmony ever be found  
for to go hand in hand America round.

Upon our grand Congress, may heaven bestow  
both wisdom and skill our good to pursue.  
On heaven alone dependant we'll be,  
But from all earthly Tyrants we mean to be free.

Unto our brave Generals may heaven give skill,  
our Armies to guide and the Sword for to wield  
May their hands taught to war & their fingers to fight  
be able to put british Armies to flight.

And now brave Americans since it is so,  
that we are Independant we'll have them to know  
That united we are, and united we'll be,  
and from all British Tyrants we'll try to keep free.

May heaven smile on us in all our endeavours,  
safe guard our Sea ports, our Towns & our Rivers,  
Keep us from Invaders, by Land and by Sea,  
and from all who'd deprive us of our Liberty.

# Apple Custard Pie

*The Horsford Cook-Book, ca. 1876*



- 2-½ pounds Granny Smith apples
- ⅓ cup butter
- ⅓ cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- 3 eggs
- 1 recipe pie crust, top and bottom

Peel, core, and purée apples in food processor. Stew over medium-low heat until no water pools at bottom when stirring. Or, bake apples whole and use a food mill to strain out the core, seeds, and peel. Let cool.

Blend butter, sugar, and nutmeg into apple. Beat in eggs one at a time. Pour into bottom crust. Layer top crust over, and cut or poke holes for steam vents.

Bake at 375° for 45-60 minutes. Cool to room temperature before serving. Very nice for breakfast.

# Applesauce Pie

Amelia Simmons, *American Cookery*, 1796



- 6 large apples, or about 4 pounds
- 1 tablespoon water
- zest of one lemon
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon mace
- 2 tablespoons rose water (see page [60](#))
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 recipe pie crust, top and bottom

Put the apples and water in a crockpot on low for seven to nine hours until very soft. Strain to remove seeds, skin, and core. Mix in the lemon zest. Mix in the cinnamon, mace, rose water, and sugar, tasting to adjust.

Pour into pie shell and top with pie crust. Bake at 425° for ten minutes. Reduce heat to 350° and bake another 45-55 minutes until golden and bubbling.

# Baked Tomatoes

Mrs. Ella E. Myers, *The Centennial Cook Book and General Guide*, 1876



- 1 medium-large tomato
- $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt
- pinch of pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$  clove garlic (optional)

Clean one tomato per person. Cut stem from each, leaving a small indentation. Sprinkle salt and pepper into opening and top with butter. Add garlic if using.

Bake 50-60 minutes at 350° or in a covered grill.

# Beef Stew with Raisins

Mrs. Ella E. Myers, *The Centennial Cook Book and General Guide*, 1876



- 2 pounds stewing beef, such as chuck roast
- 2 tablespoons lard
- 4 cups beef stock
- 8 ounces golden raisins
- 4 ounces butter
- 3 tablespoons flour (about one tablespoon per cup of remaining liquid)
- 4 ounces unsalted almonds, toasted, chopped
- $\frac{1}{3}$  teaspoon nutmeg
- salt as needed

Brown flour by stirring constantly in a hot dry pan for 5-10 minutes until golden brown. Remove and mix with half of the butter. Cut beef into 1- $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch or so cubes. Brown in lard. Bring stock to a boil and simmer beef, over very low heat, for two hours. Shred beef, return to the stock, and add remaining butter, raisins, and almonds. Add nutmeg, and season with salt as necessary. Add browned flour butter in small chunks. Return to a simmer and simmer until thick, about five to ten minutes.

Serve as soup, stew, or over rice.



# Black Pepper Slaw

Mrs. Hawkins, *The Centennial Buckeye Cook Book*, 1876



- 2 pounds shredded cabbage
- 1-2 tablespoons salt
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon black pepper
- 1 tablespoon ground mustard
- 4 hard boiled eggs, separated
- ½ cup melted butter
- ¾ cup vinegar

Mash egg yolks smooth. Mix butter and yolk thoroughly to make a creamy paste. Mix cabbage, egg, salt, sugar, pepper, mustard, and vinegar.

Slice egg whites and toss into salad. Adjust vinegar, salt, sugar, and pepper as desired.



# Bread & Butter Pickles

Mrs. June Lykens, Thelma Featherstone, *Fruitport Bicentennial Cook Book*, 1975



- 2 tablespoons salt
- 1-½ cup vinegar
- 1-½ cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon celery seed
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- ½ teaspoon turmeric
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1-½ pounds sliced cucumbers

Put salt, vinegar, sugar, celery seed, mustard, and turmeric in a half-gallon or two-quart jar. Shake to mix. Add onions and cucumbers. Swirl gently to mix. Store in refrigerator and swirl (without opening) once per day for three to seven days.

# Cabbage in Cheese Sauce

Betty Moore, *Fruitport Bicentennial Cook Book*, 1975



- 1 large head cabbage
- boiling salted water
- ¼ cup butter
- ¼ cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- a few grains pepper
- 2 cups milk
- 1-½ cup grated sharp cheddar

Shred cabbage. Cover with boiling salted water and cook about eight minutes until crisp-tender. Drain.

Melt butter in a saucepan and then blend in flour, salt, and pepper. Slowly add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. Stir in the cheese until melted, add the cabbage, and mix well.

# Carrot Pudding

Amelia Simmons, *American Cookery*, 1796



- 1 cup cooked and completely mashed carrots
- 5 eggs, separated
- 2 ounces sugar
- 2 ounces butter
- 1 tablespoon rose water (see page [60](#))
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Beat the egg yolks until light. Add sugar and butter and continue beating until smooth. Add carrot mash and beat to completely incorporate. Add rose water and cinnamon and beat in.

Beat the egg whites to stiff peaks, and fold into the pudding. Pour into a lightly-buttered quart baking dish.

Bake at 350° for about 45 minutes until risen and golden brown.

# Cheese Olive Puffs

Betty Moore, *Fruitport Bicentennial Cook Book*, 1975



- ¼ pound grated cheese
- ¼ cup soft butter
- ½ cup flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- 24 stuffed olives

Mix cheese, butter, flour, salt, and paprika to make a dough. Wrap one teaspoon of dough around each olive. Place on ungreased baking sheet.

Bake at 400° for 10-15 minutes.

# Chewy Coconut Pie

*Mrs. Winslow's Domestic Receipt Book for 1876*



- 8 ounces dry grated coconut
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup dry vermouth or white wine
- 2 tablespoons rose water (see page 60)
- 6 ounces butter
- 12 ounces sugar
- 5 egg whites
- 9-inch unbaked pie shell

Mix coconut, vermouth, and rose water. Beat butter and sugar well. Mix in coconut. Whip egg whites to stiff peaks and fold into coconut. Pour into pie shell.

Bake at 325° for about one hour.



# Cocoa-Nut Cakes

Mrs. Ella E. Myers, *The Centennial Cook Book and General Guide*, 1876



- 4 ounces dried, ground coconut
- 1 teaspoon coconut or salad oil
- 2 ounces powdered sugar
- $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt
- 1 egg white

Combine coconut with oil and mix well. Stir in sugar and salt. Beat egg white to soft peaks and fold into coconut. Drop by rounded tablespoons, rolling into a ball, on a sheet covered in parchment paper.

Bake at 250° for 30-45 minutes.



# Coconut Oatmeal Cookies

Phyllis Loughmiller, *Fruitport Bicentennial Cook Book*, 1975



- 1 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon baking soda
- ¾ cup soft butter
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 1-½ cup light brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2-½ cup rolled oats
- 1 cup coconut

Cream butter and sugar. Beat in eggs one at a time. Add dry ingredients, vanilla, oats and coconut. Drop by teaspoons (½ ounce) onto an ungreased baking sheet.

Bake 10 minutes at 375°.

# Coriander Cookies

Amelia Simmons, *American Cookery*, 1796



- 4 ounces sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking soda
- 1 tablespoon milk
- 10 ounces flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon coriander
- 1 ounce butter
- icing (optional, see page 60)

Boil sugar in water over medium-low heat to 220° to make a syrup. Let cool. Mix baking soda into milk and then stir into syrup. Sift flour and coriander into syrup; rub in butter to make a dough. Flatten by hand to half an inch thickness and cut into 1- $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rounds.

Bake twenty to thirty minutes at 325°. Ice if desired.

# Coriander Gingerbread

Amelia Simmons, *American Cookery*, 1796



- 1 pound flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ground coriander
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 ounce butter, melted
- 1 egg white
- 1 teaspoon sugar

Mix flour, salt, cinnamon, and coriander together. Stir baking soda into water and then into flour. Heat the molasses and butter and mix together. Beat molasses into flour to form a stiff dough. Spread into a 9x9 pan.

Whisk the egg white and sugar together and brush over the dough.

Bake for 10-15 minutes at 375°.

# Cranberry Tarts

Amelia Simmons, *American Cookery*, 1796



- 2 pounds fresh or frozen cranberries
- 3 ounces sorghum molasses, maple syrup, or honey
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 recipe pie crust, top and bottom (or double recipe)

Butter or line a 12-serving muffin tin and chill. Roll pie crust to get at least ten 3-½-inch rounds, placing in muffin tin. Refrigerate.

Cook cranberries, molasses, and sugar over low heat until cranberries pop. Fill shells. Bake for about 30 minutes at 350° until pastry is golden brown. Let cool five to ten minutes. Remove to rack and cool completely.

# Creamy Orange Pie

Jean Anderson, *Fruitport Bicentennial Cook Book*, 1975



- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup butter
- 2 cups coconut
- 1 gelatin packet
- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup sugar
- zest and juice of two oranges
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup cold water
- 8 ounces cream cheese
- 1 cup whipping cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped macadamia nuts

Prepare coconut pie crust by stir frying the coconut in the butter until lightly browned. Press into a pie dish and chill.

Prepare filling by mixing gelatin and sugar together. Dissolve in boiling water. Mix in juice, zest, and cold water. Add cream cheese and beat until smooth. Refrigerate until partially set.

Whip cream and fold into filling. Pour into a pre-baked pie crust, or mix with fruit. Chill until firm. Sprinkle macadamia nuts over top.



# Crispy Cranberry Cookies

Mary Starks, *America's Bicentennial Cook Book, Hesperia, Michigan, 1976*



- ¼ cup butter
- ¼ cup lard
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup flour
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- ½ cup dried cranberries
- ½ teaspoon baking soda
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup oatmeal
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- 1-½ tablespoons cold water

Cream together butter, lard, sugar, and egg. Sift flour, baking powder, baking soda, and salt together. Mix into batter alternately with oatmeal. Stir in vanilla and water. Drop by tablespoons onto greased cookie sheet. Flatten with a fork dipped in cold water.

Bake 10 minutes at 375°.



# Eggplant Spaghetti

Frances Wessels, *Our Cookin' Heritage*, 1975



- ½ cup salad oil
- 1 eggplant in half-inch cubes
- ½ cup onion, finely chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
- 2 teaspoons parsley
- 28 ounces chopped tomatoes
- 12 ounces can tomato paste
- ½ cup red wine
- 4 ounces mushrooms
- 2 teaspoons oregano
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 pound spaghetti and Parmesan cheese to taste

Heat oil in skillet. Sauté eggplant, onion, garlic, and parsley in oil until onion is tender, about eight minutes. Stir in tomatoes, tomato paste, wine, mushrooms, oregano, salt, and sugar. Reduce heat to low, cover, and cook 45 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Serve with spaghetti and grated Parmesan cheese.

## For a Muse of Fire

*Francis Hopkinson (signer of the Declaration of Independence), 1788.*

Oh for a muse of fire! to mount the skies  
And to a list'ning world proclaim—  
Behold! behold! an empire rise!  
An Æra new, Time, as he flies,  
Hath enter'd in the book of fame.  
On Alleghany's tow'ring head  
Echo shall stand—the tidings spread,  
And o'er the lakes, and misty floods around,  
**An Æra new** resound.

See! where Columbia fits along,  
And from her star-bespangled throne,  
Beholds the gay procession move along,  
And hears the trumpet, and the choral song—  
She hears her sons rejoice—  
Looks into future times, and sees  
The num'rous blessings Heav'n decrees,  
And with **her** plaudit joins the gen'ral voice.

“Tis done! tis done! my Sons,” she cries,  
“In War are valiant, and in Council wise;  
“*Wisdom* and *Valour* shall my rights defend,  
“And o'er my vast domain those rights extend.  
“*Science* shall flourish—*Genius* stretch her wing,  
“In native Strains *Columbian Muses* sing;  
“*Wealth* crown the *Arts*, and *Justice* clean her scales,  
“*Commerce* her pond'rous anchor weigh,  
“Wide spread her sails,  
“And in far distant seas her flag display.

“My sons for *Freedom* fought, nor fought in vain;  
“But found a naked goddess was their gain:  
“*Good government* alone, can shew the Maid,  
“In robes of **social happiness** array'd.”

Hail to this festival! all hail the day!  
*Columbia's* standard on her roof display:  
And let the **people's** Motto ever be,  
“**United thus, and thus united—FREE.**”

# Fried Apple Slices

*The New Centennial Cook Book, ca. 1881*



- Apples
- Lard

Quarter apples and remove cores. Cut into slices no more than an eighth of an inch thick.

Fry in hot (350°) fat until golden brown and crisp as desired, about 5-8 minutes. Remove to platter and sprinkle with salt.

# German Biscuits

Mrs. Ella E. Myers, *The Centennial Cook Book and General Guide*, 1876



- 7 ounces white flour
- 4 ounces whole wheat flour
- 5 ounces butter
- 7 ounces sugar
- 2 eggs, well-beaten
- 4 teaspoons cream
- grated peel of one lemon

Beat butter until creamy. Mix in sugar and lemon peel. Stir in flour. Add cream and eggs. Mix well to a light dough. Drop by teaspoons onto greased baking sheet and flatten with a wet fork.

Bake 6-8 minutes at 425° until golden.

# Gold Cake

*The Horsford Cook-Book, ca. 1876*



- 3 egg yolks
- 1 cup brown sugar
- ½ cup butter
- ⅔ cup sour milk
- 2-¼ cup sifted flour
- ½ heaping tablespoon baking powder
- ¾ teaspoon vanilla

Beat yolks and sugar together. Beat in the butter. Beat in milk and vanilla. Sift flour and baking powder together into the batter. Mix well. Pour into two greased or lined 8-inch round cake pans.

Bake at 350° for about 30 minutes.

# Half-Dollar Meringues

Mrs. Ella E. Myers, *The Centennial Cook Book and General Guide*, 1876



- 4 egg whites, room temperature
- 8 ounces powdered sugar
- 4 ounces coarsely-grated unsweetened chocolate

Beat egg whites to a stiff froth. Continue beating, slowly adding sugar a few teaspoons at a time. Fold in grated chocolate. Drop pieces the size of a half-dollar on parchment paper and bake at 300° for thirty to forty minutes, until done. Makes three dozen meringues.



# Herb Crackers

Mrs. John W. Fowler, Sr., *Garvin County Extension Bicentennial Recipe Book*, 1976



- ½ cup rye flour
- ½ cup fine corn meal
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ½ tablespoon nutritional yeast
- 1 tablespoon caraway seeds
- ¼ teaspoon dill weed
- ¼ teaspoon tarragon
- ¼ cup oil
- 5 tablespoons cold water
- more caraway seeds

Mix rye, cornmeal, salt, yeast, caraway, dill, and tarragon. Mix oil and water. Add to dry ingredients and stir with a fork until a ball forms. Roll onto floured board. Cut into squares or shapes. Top with more caraway seeds.

Bake on a lightly-oiled cookie sheet at 400° for about 8 minutes.

# Indian Pudding with Raisins

Amelia Simmons, *American Cookery*, 1796



- 6 cups milk
- 7 tablespoons cornmeal
- 4 ounces butter
- 7 eggs
- 8 ounces raisins
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 7 tablespoons sugar

Scald the milk with the cornmeal. Beat in butter. Let cool.

Beat in eggs. Mix in raisins, spices, salt, and sugar.

Bake about 60-90 minutes at 350°.

## Jefferson and Adams

The fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence does not appear to have been marked by widespread celebration of the actual fiftieth beyond the general celebrations for it being a Fourth of July. But it was retroactively marked as a special anniversary because both John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died on that July 4. People throughout the country saw this as divine influence.

There were many speeches and poems written in the weeks and months that followed the news. In 1826, Edward Everett (1794-1865) had just been elected the previous year to represent Massachusetts in the House of Representatives. He would serve in the House until 1835, and go on to a distinguished career in politics as governor and later as senator, among other positions—including a two-year stint as the President of Harvard.

As far as I can tell, history doesn't record who the "lady of Richmond" was who penned "Lines on the Death of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams". Given that she signed the poem with three initials, it's likely that the paper's readers at the time knew.



## **The Country is Their Monument**

Edward Everett, August 1, 1826.

The Jubilee of America is turned into mourning. Its joy is mingled with sadness; its silver trumpet breathes a mingled strain. Henceforward, while America exists among the nations of the earth, the first emotion of the fourth of July will be of joy and triumph in the great event which immortalizes the day; the second will be one of chastened and tender recollection of the venerable men who departed on the morning of the jubilee.

This mingled emotion of triumph and sadness has sealed the beauty and sublimity of our great anniversary...

Friends, fellow-citizens, free, prosperous, happy Americans! The men who did so much to make you so are no more. The men who gave nothing to pleasure in youth, nothing to repose in age, but all to that country, whose beloved name filled their hearts, as it does ours, with joy, can now do no more for us; nor we for them. But their memory remains, we will cherish it; their bright example remains, we will strive to imitate it; the fruit of their wise counsels and noble acts remains, we will gratefully enjoy it.

They have gone to the companions of their cares, of their dangers, and their toils. It is well with them. The treasures of America are now in heaven. How long the list of our good, and wise, and brave, assembled there! How few remain with us! There is our Washington; and those who followed him in their country's confidence are now met together with him, and all their illustrious company. The faithful marble may preserve their image; the engraven brass may proclaim their worth; but the humblest sod of Independent America, with nothing but the dew-drops of the morning to gild it, is a prouder mausoleum than kings or conquerors can boast. The country is their monument. Its independence is their epitaph. But not to their country is their praise limited. The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men. Wherever an agonizing people shall perish, in a generous convulsion, for want of a valiant arm and a fearless heart, they will cry, in the last accents of despair, O for a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson! Wherever a regenerated nation, starting up in its might, shall burst the links of steel that enchain it, the praise of our venerated fathers shall be remembered in their triumphal song!

The contemporary and successive generations of men will disappear, and in the long lapse of ages, the races of America, like those of Greece and Rome, may pass away. The fabric of American freedom, like all things human, however firm and fair, may crumble into dust. But the cause in which these our fathers shone is immortal. They did that to which no age, no people of civilized men, can be indifferent. Their eulogy will be uttered in other languages, when those we speak, like us who speak them, shall be all forgotten. And when the great account of humanity shall be closed, in the bright list of those who have best adorned and served it, shall be found the names of our Adams and our Jefferson!

## Lines on the Deaths of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams

*For the Richmond, Virginia Constitutional Whig of July 14, 1826, by A  
Lady of Richmond, E.L.S.*

Scarce had the lingering echo died, that loudly broke upon the ear,  
Waked by the measured cannon's roar, deep thundering o'er the patriot's bier.  
The funeral anthem had not ceased, nor grief it's solemn tribute paid  
Ere the pained ear, the tidings caught—"another patriot low is laid."  
It was bright Freedom's Jubilee, that saw them gently pass away,  
And every heart and every tongue, with double transport hail'd the day,  
When every mountain's soaring brow, was blazing in her beacon light,  
And proudly waving to the wind, her standard sheet in glory bright,  
Unfurl'd a signal to the brave, their toils were o'er, their battles done,  
And Freedom glorying in her sons, a world had from oppression won.

Matur'd in age and ripe in fame, how glorious was their closing day,  
Whose ebbing lives together sunk, amid the splendours of her ray!  
The light that beam'd o'er Freedom's clime, a holier, purer splendour gave,  
Than e'er the torches' midnight glare, shed o'er the pompous, regal grave:  
Their glorious knell the cannon pealed—the shout of triumph bursting loud,  
Sent forth the patriot's proud farewell—and Freedom's banner was their shroud:  
They sunk encircled by the light, whose splendour they had fondly fed,  
And glory of its deathless beams, formed a bright halo for each head.

The hearts whose youthful pulses beat, by Freedom's dawning spirit fired;  
Together gave their latest thrub, together on her shrine expired!  
United thus the patriots sunk, and though in life apart they shone,  
Yet Heaven decreed, in death, their fame should form one burning sun alone.  
There was a spell that bound their souls, loved thoughts of youthful days gone by,  
*That charm* stern discord could not break, or wither friendship's tender tie.  
Their *minds* might varying plans pursue—but patriot *hearts* are slow to sever,  
And death with strange, mysterious blow, unites their deathless names forever.

Together on each hallow'd bier, a nation's grateful tears shall fall.  
Together shall a nation's voice in future days, their names recall.  
Each coming festival shall bring to memory's view their noble end  
And blessings on each honor'd name shall from the patriot's lips ascend.  
The sacred Jubilee is theirs, who pillow'd on fond Freedom's breast,  
In honor'd age together slept, and sunk amid her light to rest:  
Their fame must live, while o'er this clime her gentle, glorious sway extends,  
And deathless may that glory prove, that but with Freedom's triumphs end.  
They sleep beneath the sacred sod, the freeman's blood in combat dyed,  
The temple reared by patriot hands, still stands in fresh and towering pride:  
Their spirits join the noble band, who aided in the sacred toil,  
And ne'er may guile or conquering force, the fabric crumble or despoil.

No! when the patriot sleeps in dust, his very grave contains a spell,  
To rouse the brave, and bid the soul, with high and holy valour swell.  
When withering years of night and gloom, have veiled some fam'd but hapless land,  
And the crush'd spirit cowering sunk, beneath a despot's stern command,  
The hero's grave, the patriot's tomb, has roused the dim and struggling flame,  
And every crumbling monument sent forth a stirring call to fame.  
So when o'er Greece a minstrel rov'd—the pride of Freedom and of song,  
His magic numbers from her tombs, called forth a spell so deep and strong,  
That rous'd to madness by the lyre, that bade them seek their fathers' graves  
And from "their ashes snatch the fires" that never beam'd on *trembling* slaves,  
Her sons the cry of Freedom raised, unfurled her banner once again,  
And still unworn, with frantic strength essay to break the tyrant's chain.

And thou blest region, land of Fame! bright Freedom's undeserted home,  
Hast spells to bind her ever here—lov'd spots from which she will not roam.  
For who so lost to generous fame, so careless of the sacred sod  
That wraps the ashes of his sires, where none but freemen ever trod,  
As see a haughty despot print his footsteps on the hallow'd clay,  
Nor burn with fierce indignant rage to wash the stain in blood away!

The wand'ring hunter of the wild, when conquest pours its sweeping tide,  
Grieves not to leave the flying deer, the tangled forest green and wide,  
But while he quits the sylvan haunts with bow unstrung and sadden'd eyes,  
'Tis for his father's honor'd graves, his deepest last regrets arise;  
Some warrior chieftain slumbers there, where rudest sculpture marks the place,  
And ill the fugitive can brook, a conqueror should his tomb deface.  
But oh! a holier fire shall fill, the freeman's noble grateful breast,  
A higher impulse bid him prize the graves where Wisdom, Valour rest,  
And through the burning lights that shone on Freedom's young and dawning day,  
Have left their lov'd and mourning land, and slowly wasting passed away—  
Forever hallow'd is the earth, where sleep the patriot and the brave,  
Whose very ashes have a voice—a warning cry to guard and save.





# Jellied Guacamole

Mrs. Robert Clinton, *Garvin County Extension Bicentennial Recipe Book*, 1976



- 2 packages plain gelatin
- 1 cup cold water
- 2 cups boiling water
- 4 cups mashed avocado
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon salt or to taste
- Hot pepper sauce to taste

Soften gelatin in cold water. Dissolve in boiling water. Mash avocado with lemon juice. Add salt, hot pepper sauce, and gelatin. Chill until it begins to set. Whip well. Chill until firm.

# Lemon Barbecue Chicken

Ms. Mary E. Wilson, *Benton Harbor Bicentennial Cook Book*, 1976



- ½ cup butter
- 2-½ pounds frying chicken
- 1 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon pepper

Cut chicken into pieces. Melt butter in a shallow baking pan. Whisk flour, salt, and pepper together and coat chicken. Place skin down in a single layer in baking pan. Bake 30 minutes at 400°.

- ½ cup lemon juice
- ½ cup vegetable oil
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 tablespoons onion, minced
- 1 teaspoon salt

Mix lemon juice, oil, garlic, onion, and salt. Turn chicken skin up and pour the sauce over. Bake another 20-30 minutes until tender.

# Lemon Marmalade Pie

*The New Centennial Cook Book, ca. 1881*



- six lemons (1- $\frac{1}{4}$  pounds to 1- $\frac{1}{2}$  pounds)
- 1 pound light brown sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup (lemon) water
- double-layer 9-inch pie crust

Boil or steam lemons until very soft. Reserve lemony water for syrup and crust. Chop lemons fine, removing seeds, possibly running through a food mill.

Boil sugar and lemon water until it forms a nice syrup, about 220°. Pour finely-chopped lemons into syrup and let cool to room temperature.

Prepare a double-layer 9-inch pie crust, using reserved lemony water if making from scratch.

Pour filling into lower layer of crust. Top with upper layer. Cut a slit in the center of top. Bake at 425° for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 350° and bake about another 45 minutes.

# Madam B's Molasses Bread

*Mrs. Winslow's Domestic Receipt Book for 1876*



- 1 cup sour milk
- 4 ounces butter
- 1 cup molasses
- 2 tablespoons powdered ginger
- 1 teaspoon caraway seeds
- 3 cups flour
- 1-¼ tablespoons baking soda

Warm the milk and butter together to melt butter. Stir in molasses. Whisk in ginger and caraway. Sift flour and baking soda in. Spread into a lightly-greased 9x5 bread pan.

Bake at 350° for 30-35 minutes.



# Maple Pecan Pie

Mrs. A. W. Brown, *Potter County Bicentennial Cook Book*, 1975



- 2 eggs
- 11-14 ounces sweetened condensed milk
- 8-10 tablespoons maple syrup
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- ½ cup pecan halves
- prepared pie crust

Beat eggs in a saucepan with tall sides. Whisk in the condensed milk, syrup, and chopped pecans. Cook until thick, about 180° to 185°. Pour into prepared pie crust. Top with pecan halves. Cool.

# Mashed Potato Pie

*The Horsford Cook-Book, ca. 1876*



- 13.5 ounces boiled or baked potato
- 6.5 ounces butter
- 1- $\frac{2}{3}$  cup sugar
- 5 eggs, separated
- 1 lemon's juice and zest
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon mace
- 1 unbaked 9-inch pie shell

Rice potato through a colander or potato ricer. Stir in lemon juice. Cream the butter and sugar together and mix in. Beat in the yolks one at a time. Mix in the lemon zest, nutmeg, and mace. Beat slowly until light.

Beat egg whites to soft peaks and fold in. Pour into the pie shell.

Bake at 400° for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 325° and continue baking until golden on top, about an hour.



# Minced Pie of Beef

Amelia Simmons, *American Cookery*, 1796



- 6 ounces raisins
- $\frac{2}{3}$  cup wine
- 12 ounces cooked beef, shredded
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2- $\frac{1}{2}$  ounces suet
- 1 pound peeled and chopped apple
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mace
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{2}{3}$  teaspoon nutmeg
- pastry shell and top

Soak raisins in wine. Mix beef, salt, and suet. Stir in chopped apple. Stir in mace, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Stir in raisins. Pour into a 9-inch pie shell and cover with pastry top.

Bake at 425° for 15 minutes. Drop temperature to 350° and bake for 45 to 60 minutes more. Cool completely before serving.

# Molasses Indian Pudding

Amelia Simmons, *American Cookery*, 1796



- 3 cups very hot milk
- 1 cup cornmeal
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- 2 ounces melted butter
- ½ cup molasses
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg

Mix the cornmeal and salt. Stir hot milk into cornmeal. Cool to room temperature. Beat egg into batter. Stir in butter, molasses, and nutmeg. Pour into a two-quart baking dish. Place into a larger dish and pour hot water around to about ¼ inch.

Bake for about 90 minutes to two hours at 300°.

# No-Bake Chocolate Cookies

Adele Yob, *America's Bicentennial Cook Book, Hesperia, Michigan, 1976*



- ½ cup butter
- 2 cups sugar
- ¼ cup cocoa
- ½ cup milk
- 3 cups oatmeal
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix butter, sugar, cocoa, and milk in a saucepan. Bring to a boil and boil for 1 minute. Add oatmeal and vanilla. Drop quickly from spoon onto waxed paper. Let cool.

# Omelet Snackers

*Duryeas' Valuable Recipes for Cooking, 1876*



- 1 egg
- 2 teaspoons corn starch
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup (scant) milk
- $\frac{1}{3}$  teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{3}$  teaspoon pepper or 1 tablespoon sugar
- spices as desired
- 1 tablespoon butter
- filling as desired

Beat egg(s). Whisk in corn starch. Whisk in milk until smooth. Whisk in salt, spices, and/or sugar. Fry in butter, shaking pan horizontally. When still wet on top, add a savory or sweet filling if desired, and then fold in half or thirds. Remove when still slightly wet inside.

## Proclamation of 1876

The centennial anniversary of the day on which the people of the United States declared their right to a separate and equal station among the powers of the earth seems to demand an exceptional observance.

The founders of the Government, at its birth and in its feebleness, invoked the blessings and the protection of a Divine Providence, and the thirteen colonies and three millions of people have expanded into a nation of strength and numbers commanding the position which then was asserted and for which fervent prayers were then offered.

It seems fitting that on the occurrence of the hundredth anniversary of our existence as a nation a grateful acknowledgment should be made to Almighty God for the protection and the bounties which He has vouchsafed to our beloved country.

I therefore invite the good people of the United States, on the approaching 4th day of July, in addition to the usual observances with which they are accustomed to greet the return of the day, further, in such manner and at such time as in their respective localities and religious associations may be most convenient, to mark its recurrence by some public religious and devout thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings which have been bestowed upon us as a nation during the century of our existence, and humbly to invoke a continuance of His favor and of His protection.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 26th day of June, A. D. 1876, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundredth.

*Signed by the President, U.S. Grant, & Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State.*





# Proclamation of 1976

In the year 1776, the people of our land dedicated themselves in word and deed to the principles of liberty, equality, individual dignity, and representative government. It was a hectic but heroic beginning of a process which led to the creation of a great Republic symbolizing then, as it does today, the hope of the future.

The year 1776 was a year of revolution, not merely in the rejection of colonial rule, but in the thoughtful, eloquent, and enduring expression of a government to foster and perpetuate the development of a free and independent people.

Now, two hundred years later, we have settled our continent and turned our vision to the limits of the universe. We are the richest nation in the world—rich in our resources, rich in our creativity, rich in our strength, and rich in our people—from our Native Americans to those who have come from every country on earth to share in the hope, the work, and the spirit of our Republic.

The challenges faced by our forebears were not only to their physical capabilities but also to their faith in the future. Their response to these challenges affirmed their deep belief that by their actions they could create a better world for themselves and those that would follow. As we enter America's third century, let us emulate in word and deed, their resolve and vision.

**Now, therefore, I, Gerald R. Ford,** President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim the year of our Lord nineteen hundred seventy-six as The Bicentennial Year. Let 1976 be a year of reflection, a year of sharing, and foremost, a year of achievement.

I urge all Americans to reflect, from time to time during this Bicentennial Year, on the historic events of our past, on the heroic deeds of those whose legacy we now enjoy, and on the compelling visions of those who helped shape our constitutional government.

I call upon educators, clergy and labor, business and community leaders, as well as those in the communications media, to review our history and publicize the shaping events, people, and ideas of our historic beginnings.

I call upon every man, woman, and child to celebrate the diversity of tradition, culture and heritage that reflects our people and our patrimony. Let each of us resolve to cherish and protect what we have achieved in the United States of America and to build upon it in the years ahead, not by words alone, but by actions which bespeak a continuing commitment to a heritage of individual initiative, creativity, and liberty.

**In witness whereof,** I have hereunto set my hand this thirty-first day of December, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred seventy-five, and of the Independence of the United States of America the two hundredth.

*Gerald R. Ford*



# Puff Paste for Pies and Tarts

Amelia Simmons, *American Cookery*, 1796



- 10 ounces flour
- 8 ounces butter (two sticks, cold)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 large egg white

Whisk flour and salt together. Cut four ounces of butter into flour. Mix egg white by hand until the dough barely holds together. It will be very dry. Form into a ball and wrap tightly in plastic wrap. Refrigerate for an hour along with the rolling board.

Flatten the dough, by hand, into a rectangle. It will be easiest if covered with wax paper or plastic wrap. Cut half of the remaining butter into about six pats, laying three onto one side of the rectangle. Fold over a third and lay the remaining three pats on top, folding the remaining third over. Roll back into a rectangle and refrigerate. Then repeat with the remaining butter.

Cut into two squares, wrap, and chill in refrigerator for an hour. Press one square into a flat disc for use in an 8- or 9-inch pie pan. Fill with desired filling. Press the other square into a flat disc and lay over the top.

# Rhubarb Crumble

Kathy Stratton, *America's Bicentennial Cook Book, Hesperia, Michigan, 1976*



- 1 cup brown sugar, packed
- ½ cup butter, melted
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup oatmeal
- scant ⅛ tsp salt
- two cups cooked and sweetened rhubarb

Mix sugar well with melted butter. Stir in the flour and salt, and then the oatmeal. Press half of dough into the bottom of a greased 8x8 pan. Spread the rhubarb over the top, and then sprinkle the remaining dough over the rhubarb.

Bake 15-20 minutes at 400° until golden brown on top.

# Rice Krispie Cookies

Jan Pintcke, *Benton Harbor Bicentennial Cook Book*, 1976



- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups flour
- 2 cups crisp rice cereal
- 1-½ cups oatmeal
- 1 cup coconut

Cream shortening. Add sugar and brown sugar gradually. Beat in eggs and vanilla. Mix in baking powder, soda, salt, and flour. Fold in crisp rice, oatmeal, and coconut. Drop by teaspoons onto greased cookie sheet.

Bake at 350° for 10-12 minutes.

# Rice Muffins

*The Horsford Cook-Book, ca. 1876*



- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tablespoon baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup cold cooked rice
- two eggs
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- 1-¼ cup milk

Mix flour, baking powder, and salt. Add rice, eggs, and butter. Add enough milk to make a thin batter. Pour into muffin tins.

Bake 12-14 minutes at 450°.



# Rice Pudding

Mrs. Ella E. Myers, *The Centennial Cook Book and General Guide*, 1876



- 3 eggs, room temperature
- 1 quart milk, room temperature
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup rice
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 tablespoon melted butter

Beat eggs until light. Mix salt and rice into milk. Beat the milk and eggs together. Add sugar, nutmeg, and butter. Pour into a 1-½ quart casserole.

Bake uncovered for 60-90 minutes at 400°.

# Sesame Fried Chicken

Mrs. Gwen Roof, *Potter County Bicentennial Cook Book*, 1975



- 1 chicken, cut for frying
- 1 egg, beaten
- ½ cup milk
- 1 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 teaspoons paprika
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ cup chopped pecans or peanuts
- 2 tablespoons sesame seeds
- ½ cup butter

Whisk egg and milk together. Whisk flour, baking powder, salt, paprika, and pepper together. Stir chopped nuts and sesame seed into flour. Melt butter in a shallow baking pan

Dip chicken pieces into the wet and then into the dry ingredients, placing in the baking pan. Bake at 400° until tender and golden brown, about 1-½ to 2 hours. You may wish to drop the temperature to 375° after a while.



# Sour Milk Sugar Cookies

Ursuline Rapes, *America's Bicentennial Cook Book, Hesperia, Michigan, 1976*

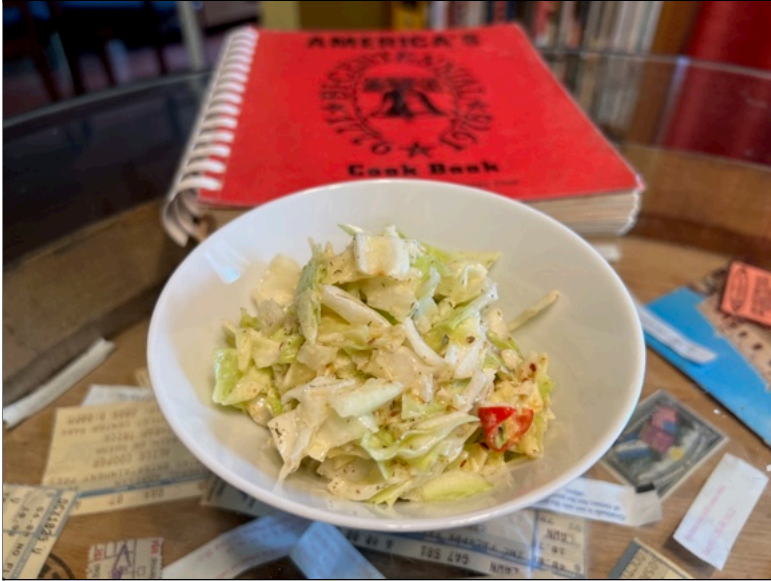


- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1 teaspoon soda
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 2-½ cups flour

Mix ingredients in order. Drop by large teaspoons onto greased baking sheet. Bake at 350° for 10-12 minutes.

# Spicy Cole Slaw

Maryann Bisson, *America's Bicentennial Cook Book, Hesperia, Michigan, 1976*



- ½ head of cabbage
- 1 small jalapeño
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons cider vinegar
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon dill seed
- ½ teaspoon chili powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Shred approximately ½ head of cabbage, depending on size, with the jalapeño. Blend the mayonnaise, vinegar, sugar, and spices thoroughly. Mix with the shredded cabbage and jalapeño.

# Sweet Cole Slaw

Mary Houtz, *Benton Harbor Bicentennial Cook Book*, 1976



- 2 to 2-½ pounds cabbage
- 1 red bell pepper
- 1 yellow bell pepper
- 1 large onion
- 2 tablespoons chopped jalapeño
- salt and pepper
- 1-½ cup sugar
- 1 cup vinegar
- 1 cup salad oil
- 1 teaspoon ground mustard
- 1 teaspoon celery seed

Shred the cabbage into a bowl. Shred bell peppers and onion and lay on top. Sprinkle chopped jalapeño on top. Sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Mix the sugar, vinegar, salad oil, mustard, and celery seed and pour over the vegetables. Cover and let stand two hours.

Mix well and store in refrigerator.

# Tomato Jam

*Mrs. Winslow's Domestic Receipt Book for 1876*



- 5 pounds tomatoes
- 2 pounds sugar
- 2 lemons

Remove skin and seeds from tomatoes, possibly by chopping and running through a food mill. This should produce about 4 pounds tomato pulp.

Steam lemons until soft. Chop fine and strain, or run through food mill.

Combine tomatoes, sugar, and lemons and bring to a low boil. Boil slowly, skimming foam from the top, until smooth and thick, about 220° on a candy thermometer. It will take around three hours.

Seal in sterilized pint or half-pint jars. This recipe will make about 4 to 5 cups of jam.

## Valor of America

*Daniel Webster, Fryeburg, Maine, on the Fourth of July in the year 1802.*

FELLOW-CITIZENS—It is at the season when nature hath assumed her loveliest apparel that the American people assemble in their several temples to celebrate the birthday of their nation. Arrayed in all the beauties of the year, the Fourth of July once more visits us. Green fields and a ripening harvest proclaim it, a bright sun cheers it, and the hearts of freemen bid it welcome. Illustrious spectacle! Six millions of people this day surround their altars, and unite in an address to Heaven for the preservation of their rights. Every rank and every age imbibes the general spirit. From the lisping inhabitant of the cradle to the aged warrior whose gray hairs are fast sinking in the western horizon of life, every voice is, this day, tuned to the accents of LIBERTY! WASHINGTON! MY COUNTRY!

Festivals established by the world have been numerous. The coronation of a king, the birth of a prince, the marriage of a princess, have often called wondering crowds together. Cities and nations agree to celebrate the event which raises one mortal man above their heads, and beings called men stand astonished and aghast while the pageantry of a monarch or the jewelled grandeur of a queen poses before them. Such a festival, however, as the Fourth of July is to America, is not found in history; a festival designed for solemn reflection on the great events that have happened to us; a festival in which freedom receives a nation's homage, and Heaven is greeted with incense from ten thousand hearts.

In the present situation of our country, it is, my respected fellow-citizens, matter of high joy and congratulation that there is one day in the year on which men of different principles and different opinions can associate together. The Fourth of July is not an occasion to compass sea and land to make proselytes. The good sense and the good nature which yet remain among us will, we trust, prevail on this day, and be sufficient to chain, at least for a season, that untamed monster, Party Spirit—and would to God that it might be chained forever, that, as we have but one interest, we might have but one heart and one mind!

You have hitherto, fellow-citizens, on occasions of this kind, been entertained with the discussion of national questions; with inquiries into the true principles of government; with recapitulations of the War; with speculations on the causes of our Revolution, and on its consequences to ourselves and to the world. Leaving these subjects, it shall be the ambition of the speaker of this day to present such a view of your Constitution and your Union as shall convince you that you have nothing to hope from a change.

This age has been correctly denominated an age of experiments. Innovation is the idol of the times. The human mind seems to have burst its ancient limits, and to be traveling over the face of the material and intellec-

tual creation in search of improvement. The world hath become like a fickle lover, in whom every new face inspires a new passion. In this rage for novelty many things are made better, and many things are made worse. Old errors are discarded, and new errors are embraced. Governments feel the same effects from this spirit as everything else. Some, like our own, grow into beauty and excellence, while others sink still deeper into deformity and wretchedness. The experience of all ages will bear us out in saying, that alterations of political systems are always attended with a greater or less degree of danger. They ought, therefore, never to be undertaken, unless the evil complained of be really felt and the prospect of a remedy clearly seen. The politician that undertakes to improve the Constitution with as little thought as a farmer sets about mending his plow, is no master of his trade. If that Constitution be a systematic one, if it be a free one, its parts are so necessarily connected that an alteration in one will work an alteration in all; and this cobbler, however pure and honest his intentions, will, in the end, find that what came to his hands a fair and lovely fabric goes from them a miserable piece of patchwork.

Nor are great and striking alterations alone to be shunned. A succession of small changes, a perpetual tampering with minute parts, steal away the breath though they leave the body; for it is true that a government may lose all its real character, its genius and its temper, without losing its appearance. You may have a despotism under the name of a republic. You may look on a government and see it possess all the external essential modes of freedom, and yet see nothing of the essence, the vitality, of freedom in it: just as you may behold Washington or Franklin in wax-work; the form is perfect, but the spirit, the life, is not there.

The first thing to be said in favor of our system of government is that it is truly and genuinely *free*, and the man has a base and slavish heart that will call any government good that is *not free*. If there be, at this day, any advocate for arbitrary power, we wish him the happiness of living under a government of his choice. If he is in love with chains, we would not deny him the gratification of his passion. Despotism is the point where everything bad centres, and from which everything good departs. As far as a government is distant from this point, so far it is good: in proportion as it approaches towards this, in the same proportion it is detestable. In all other forms there is something tolerable to be found: in despotism there is nothing. Other systems have some amiable features, some right principles, mingled with their errors: despotism is all error. It is a dark and cheerless void, over which the eye wanders in vain in search of anything lovely or attractive.

The true definition of despotism is government without law. It may exist, therefore, in the hands of many as well as of one. Rebellions are despotisms; factions are despotisms; loose democracies are despotisms. These are a thousand times more dreadful than the concentration of all power in the hands of a single tyrant. The despotism of one man is like the thunderbolt,



which falls here and there, scorching and consuming the individual on whom it lights; but popular commotion, the despotism of a mob, is an earthquake, which in one moment swallows up everything. It is the excellence of our government that it is placed in a proper medium between these two extremes, that it is equally distant from mobs and from thrones.

In the next place our government is good because it is *practical*. It is not the sick offspring of closet philosophy. It did not rise, vaporous and evanescent, from the brains of Rousseau and Godwin, like a mist from the ocean. It is the production of men of business, of experience, and of wisdom. It is suited to what man is, and what it is in the power of good laws to make him. Its object—the just object of all governments—is to secure and protect the weak against the strong, to unite the force of the whole community against the violence of oppressors. Its power is the power of the nation: its will is the will of the people. It is not an awkward, unshapely machine which the people cannot use when they have made it, nor is it so dark and complicated that it is the labor of one's life to investigate and understand it. All are capable of comprehending its principles and its operations. It admits, too, of a change of men and of measures. At the will of a majority, we have seen the government of the nation pass from the hands of one description of men into those of another. Of the comparative merits of those different men, of their honesty, their talents, their patriotism, we have here nothing to say. That subject we leave to be decided before the impartial tribunal of posterity. The fact of a change of rulers, however, proves that the government is manageable, that it can in all cases be made to comply with the public will. It is, too an *equal* government. It rejects principalities and powers. It demolishes all the artificial distinctions which pride and ambition create. It is encumbered with no lazy load of hereditary aristocracy. It clothes no one with the attributes of God; it sinks no one to a level with brutes: yet it admits those distinctions in society which are natural and necessary. The correct expression of our Bill of Rights is that men are *born* equal. It then rests with themselves to maintain their equality by their worth. The illustrious framers of our system, in all the sternness of republicanism, rejected all *nobility* but the nobility of talents, all *majority* but the majority of virtue.

Lastly, the government is one of our choice; not dictated to us by an imperious Chief Consul, like the governments of Holland and Switzerland; not taught us by the philosophers, nor graciously brought to us on the bayonets of our magnanimous sister republic on the other side the ocean. It was framed by our fathers for themselves and for their children. Far the greater portion of mankind submit to usurped authority, and pay humble obedience to self-created law-givers; not that obedience of the heart which a good citizen will yield to good laws, but the obedience which a harnessed horse pays his driver, an obedience begotten by correction and stripes.

The American Constitution is the purchase of American valor. It is the rich prize that rewards the toil of eight years of war and of blood; and what is

all the pomp of military glory, what are victories, what are armies subdued, fleets captured, colors taken, unless they end in the establishment of wise laws and national happiness? Our Revolution is not more renowned for the brilliancy of its scenes than for the benefit of its consequences. The Constitution is the great memorial of the deeds of our ancestors. On the pillars and on the arches of that dome their names are written and their achievements recorded. While that lasts, while a single page or a single article can be found, it will carry down the record to future ages. It will teach mankind that glory, empty, tinkling glory, was not the object for which Americans fought. Great Britain had carried the fame of her arms far and wide. She had humbled France and Spain; she had reached her arm across the Eastern Continent, and given laws on the banks of the Ganges. A few scattered colonists did not rise up to contend with such a nation for mere renown. They had a nobler object, and in pursuit of that object they manifested a courage, constancy, and union, that deserve to be celebrated by poets and historians while language lasts.

The valor of America was not a transient, glimmering ray shot forth from the impulse of momentary resentment. Against unjust and arbitrary laws she rose with determined, unalterable spirit. Like the rising sun, clouds and mists hung around her, but her course, like his, brightened as she proceeded. Valor, however, displayed in combat, is a less remarkable trait in the character of our countrymen than the wisdom manifested when the combat was over. All countries and all ages produce warriors, but rare are the instances in which men sit down coolly at the close of their labors to enjoy the fruits of them. Having destroyed one despotism, nations generally create another; having rejected the dominion of one tyrant, they make another for themselves. England beheaded her Charles, but crowned her Cromwell. France guillotined her Louises, but obeys her Bonapartes. Thanks to God, neither foreign nor domestic usurpation flourishes on our soil!

Having thus, fellow-citizens, surveyed the principal features of our excellent Constitution and paid an inadequate tribute to the wisdom which produced it, let us consider seriously the means of its preservation. To perpetuate the government we must cherish the love of it. One chief pillar in the republican fabric is the spirit of patriotism. But patriotism hath, in these days, become a good deal questionable. It hath been so often counterfeited that even the genuine coin doth not pass without suspicion. If one proclaims himself a patriot, this uncharitable, misjudging world is pretty likely to set him down for a knave, and it is pretty likely to be right in this opinion. The rage for being patriots hath really so much of the ridiculous in it that it is difficult to treat it seriously. The preaching of politics hath become a trade, and there are many who leave all other trades to follow it. Benevolent, disinterested men! With Scriptural devotion they forsake houses and lands, father and mother, wife and children, and wander up and down the community to teach mankind that their rulers oppress them! About the time when it

was fashionable in France to cut off men's heads, as we lop away superfluous sprouts from our apple-trees, the public attention was excited by a certain monkey, that had been taught to act the part of a patriot to great perfection. If you pointed at him, says the historian, and called him an aristocrat or a monarchist, he would fly at you with great rage and violence: but, if you would do him the justice to call him a good patriot, he manifested every mark of joy and satisfaction. But, though the whole French nation gazed at this animal as a miracle, he was, after all, no very strange sight. There are, in all countries, a great many monkeys who wish to be thought patriots, and a great many others who believe them such. But, because we are often deceived by appearances, let us not believe that the reality does not exist. If our faith is ever shaken, if the crowd of hypocritical demagogues lead us to doubt, we will remember Washington and be convinced; we will cast our eyes around us, on those who have toiled and fought and bled for their country, and we will be persuaded that there is such a thing as real patriotism, and that it is one of the purest and noblest sentiments that can warm the heart of man.

To preserve the government we must also preserve a correct and energetic tone of morals. After all that can be said, the truth is that liberty consists more in the habits of the people than in anything else. When the public mind becomes vitiated and depraved, every attempt to preserve it is vain. Laws are then a nullity, and Constitutions waste paper. There are always men wicked enough to go any length in the pursuit of power, if they can find others wicked enough to support them. They regard not paper and parchment. Can you stop the progress of a usurper by opposing to him the laws of his country? then you may check the careering winds or stay the lightning with a song. No. Ambitious men must be restrained by the public morality: when they rise up to do evil, they must find themselves standing alone. Morality rests on religion. If you destroy the foundation, the superstructure must fall. In a world of error, of temptation, of seduction; in a world where crimes often triumph, and virtue is scourged with scorpion,—in such a world, certainly, the hope of an hereafter is necessary to cheer and to animate. Leave us, then, the consolations of religion. Leave to man, to frail and feeble man, the comfort of knowing, that, when he gratifies his immortal soul with deeds of justice, of kindness, and of mercy, he is rescuing his happiness from final dissolution and laying it up in Heaven.

Our duty as citizens is not a solitary one. It is connected with all the duties that belong to us as men. The civil, the social, the Christian virtues are requisite to render us worthy the continuation of that government which is the freest on earth. Yes, though the world should hear me, though I could fancy myself standing in the congregation of all nations, I would say: Americans, you are the most privileged people that the sun shines on. The salutary influences of your climate are inferior to the salutary influences of your laws. Your soil, rich to a proverb, is less rich than your Constitution. Your rivers,

large as the oceans of the old world, are less copious than the streams of social happiness which flow around you. Your air is not purer than your civil liberty, and your hills, though high as heaven and deep as the foundations of the earth, are less exalted and less firmly founded than that benign and everlasting religion which blesses you and shall bless your offspring. Amidst these profuse blessings of nature and of Providence, BEWARE! Standing in this place, sacred to truth, I dare not undertake to assure you that your liberties and your happiness may not be lost. Men are subject to men's misfortunes. If an angel should be winged from Heaven, on an errand of mercy to our country, the first accents that would glow on his lips would be, Beware! be cautious! you have everything to lose; you have nothing to gain. We live under the only government that ever existed which was framed by the unrestrained and deliberate consultations of the people. Miracles do not cluster. That which has happened but once in six thousand years cannot be expected to happen often. Such a government, once gone, might leave a void, to be filled, for ages, with revolution and tumult, riot and despotism. The history of the world is before us. It rises like an immense column, on which we may see inscribed the soundest maxims of political experience. These maxims should be treasured in our memories and written on our hearts. Man, in all countries, resembles man. Wherever you find him, you find human nature in him and human frailties about him. He is, therefore, a proper pupil for the school of experience. He should draw wisdom from the example of others,—encouragement from their success, caution from their misfortunes. Nations should diligently keep their eye on the nations that have gone before them. They should mark and avoid their errors, not travel on heedlessly in the path of danger and of death while the bones of their perished predecessors whiten around them. Our own times afford us lessons that admonish us both of our duty and our danger. We have seen mighty nations, miserable in their chains, more miserable when they attempted to shake them off. Tortured and distracted beneath the lash of servitude, we have seen them rise up in indignation to assert the rights of human nature; but, deceived by hypocrites, cajoled by demagogues, ruined by false patriots, overpowered by a resistless mixed multitude of knaves and fools, we have wept at the wretched end of all their labors. Tossed for ten years in the crazy dreams of revolutionary liberty, we have seen them at last awake, and, like the slave who slumbers on his oar and dreams of the happiness of his own blessed home, they awake to find themselves still in bondage. Let it not be thought that we advert to other nations to triumph in their sufferings or mock at their calamities. Would to God the whole earth enjoyed pure and rational liberty, that every realm that the human eye surveys or the human foot treads, were free! Wherever men soberly and prudently engage in the pursuit of this object, our prayers in their behalf shall ascend unto the Heavens and unto the ear of Him who filleth them. Be they powerful or be they weak, in such a cause they deserve success. Yes, "The poorest being that

crawls on earth, contending to save itself from injustice and oppression, is an object respectable in the eyes of God and man.” Our purpose is only to draw lessons of prudence from the imprudence of others, to argue the necessity of virtue from the consequences of their vices.

Unhappy Europe! the judgment of God rests hard upon thee. Thy sufferings would deserve an angel’s pity, if an angel’s tears could wash away thy crimes! The Eastern Continent seems trembling on the brink of some great catastrophe. Convulsions shake and terrors alarm it. Ancient systems are falling; works reared by ages are crumbling into atoms. Let us humbly implore Heaven that the wide-spreading desolation may never reach the shores of our native land, but let us devoutly make up our minds to do our duty in events that may happen to us. Let us cherish genuine patriotism. In that, there is a sort of inspiration that gives strength and energy almost more than human. When the mind is attached to a great object, it grows to the magnitude of its undertaking. A true patriot, with his eye and his heart on the honor and happiness of his country, hath an elevation of soul that lifts him above the rank of ordinary men. To common occurrences he is indifferent. Personal considerations dwindle into nothing, in comparison with his high sense of public duty. In all the vicissitudes of fortune, he leans with pleasure on the protection of Providence and on the dignity and composure of his own mind. While his country enjoys peace, he rejoices and is thankful; and, if it be in the counsel of Heaven to send the storm and the tempest, his bosom proudly swells against the rage that assaults it. Above fear, above danger, he feels that *the last end which can happen to any man never comes too soon, if he falls in defence of the laws and liberties of his country.*





# Wine & Rose Water

Until the advent of mass market extracts, the most common liquid flavorings were wine and other alcohols, and rose water. Other flowers were also used, but rose water was the eighteenth and early nineteenth century equivalent of vanilla.

Rose water is easy to make, but it can be an odd taste to modern tongues. It's generally a very subtle flavoring. If substituting more powerful flavorings for it, you may wish to dilute the stronger flavoring with water or milk. Vanilla is almost always an easy substitute for rose water.

If you want to give a modern recipe an eighteenth-century flavor, consider replacing modern flavorings with wine or rose water. Among spices, nutmeg and black pepper were common, as were coriander, clove and cinnamon. Black pepper cake is a wonderful experience!

## Making Rose Water

- ¼ cup fresh rose petals
- ¾ cup water

Combine rose petals and water in a small pan. Heat over low heat, stirring, until it starts to steam.

Remove from heat, cover tightly, and steep until cool.

Strain through a sieve or cheesecloth.

Use to flavor pies, icings, and other sweets. Freeze what you won't be using, possibly as ice cubes.

## Rose Water Icing

This makes enough icing for one batch of coriander cookies: about two dozen 1-½-inch cookies.

- ¾ cup powdered sugar
- 1 tablespoon rose water

Mix together and drop or spread immediately onto warm cookies.

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See [clubpadgett.com/bicentennial](http://clubpadgett.com/bicentennial) for more about these recipes. The Padgett Sunday Supper Club will feature even more bicentennial, centennial, and vicennial recipes throughout 2026. Visit [clubpadgett.com](http://clubpadgett.com) for a new recipe every week.

[clubpadgett.com/26](http://clubpadgett.com/26)

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