

THE OUR RACE NEWS-LEAFLET



"The King's business requires haste."

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Edited monthly by C. A. L. Totten, New Haven, Conn.

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N. B.—These News-Leaflets take the place of such fugitive articles as were formerly given to the general Press by the author, and constitute a monthly letter to such as are interested in the Signs of the Times.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE PROMISES TO THE FATHERS

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The Hope of Israel
The Planting of Israel in Britain
The Land of the Covenant
Opinions of the Press and of the People

BY

MARTIN LYMAN STREATOR, M. A.

PRICE 35 CENTS

*"The Key that Unlocks the Political Problems
of the World"*

The foregoing is a new book by M. L. Streator, a Gideonite, and with whose work many of us are familiar. He is getting out a second edition of his first volume, *The Anglo-American Alliance*. We would it were his first edition of his second volume, but this, we hope, will come in time. He says of the foregoing new book in a personal letter as follows: "I have printed 2,000 copies of a pamphlet, entitled 'Selections from the Promises to the Fathers.' It contains the preface to the second edition and the chapters on 'The Hope of Israel,' 'The Planting of Israel in Britain,' and 'The Land of the Covenant,' besides various Opinions of the Press and the People. It gives fundamental evidence concerning Anglo-Israel truth. It contains 212 pages and retails at only 35c per copy. The imprint of Our Race Publishing Co. appears on a thousand copies."

We gladly advertise this book, having examined it. It is an excellent one for distribution and quick digestion and may beget a desire to secure the whole book, and at any rate is a most reasonable piece of Anglo-American effort to ally the Race on lines that are bound to come in time. To such as have not been able to afford Mr. Streator's more expensive \$2.00 work, we can certainly recommend this one as a meeting far more than half way.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE RIDDLE OF ESDRAS; EXPLANATION OF THE
CHART, THE BEAST, MISCELLANEOUS; PER-
TURBATIONS; GIDEON'S BAND; CUR-
RENT EVENTS; EASTERN QUES-
TION; OIL; BETHEL; CAIN'S
SIN; DANIEL; THE
ATONEMENT; PYRA-
MID BOOKS; TOT-
TEN ON TO-
TOKET.

THE RIDDLE OF ESDRAS.

A friend and brother writes to another as follows: "I came across the enclosed report of Lieutenant Totten's address of May 17th, 1891, as reported in the New York Tribune, May 18th, and thought it might interest you. * * * Are Mr. Totten's conclusions correct according to this paper? They do not seem so to me."

The latter forwards the original letter and a copy of his own reply to me, for any further addition as to my present attitude upon this topic. The subject under discussion will be found in full under the head of "The Brooklyn Lecture on the Infinite Accuracy of Prophecy" in Study No. 7, pages 55-6. My friend's reply to his brother, acknowledging the Tribune article is as follows:

"The text of the report seems genuine. As to the correctness of the Professor's conclusion, 'according to this paper,' Judge you (who may yet judge angels) if you are able!

The article appeals to me after many years of study (in my poor way) of kindred matters, as entitled to profound respect, as not to be measured by the letter alone, or principally, but by inerrant spirit."

Upon receiving these and the enclosure, I re-examined that lecture of 1891 in the light of current events 1905, and of intermediate ones, and without further detail the following was the gist of my briefly itemized reply.

Introductory: In transmitting the Tribune's article this correspondent makes "N. B." marks, in query (?) against the following sentences: vide Study 7, pp. 57, paragraph 4, line 5, to wit:—"that the current decade will see all things fulfilled," and, paragraph 1, line 5, pp. 63, "Both of these years, the present one 1891, and the coming one 1899, are "Days of the Lord," etc.

Well, 1890 (Sept.), to Sept., 1900 inclusive, is the "decade" referred to, and 1891 was my standpoint. The decade *did* see the tremendous *beginning* of the "End" long spoken of by the Prophets: but not necessarily the *conclusion* thereof—yet! It took a period of at least 18 years, for instance, to *send* Judah into Captivity—more accurately *perhaps* a "month of years" (28-29, 30-31, accordingly as gestative, lunar or solar scales are used), and we may not presume that the span that covers the *terminal* "period" shall be less!—At any rate, enough has already transpired in *that* "decade," 1890-1900, and is being accelerated in the current one (1900 Sept.-Sept. 1910), to more than establish our anticipations and original contention in 1891, as we shall briefly show in the following notes:

I. As the Tribune Report indicates, the System of Chronology found by me—and, ever since 1891 more and more closely verified—has no particular necessity of dependence upon Esdras.

II. The bringing of Esdras and his Riddles into the matter of a chronological solution along its lines was at the instance of an entire stranger, C. G. Dixon of 152 La Salle street, Chicago.

III. Even Mr. Dixon himself did not know (until my calculation brought it out, as the almanac [Jewish] of 1891 shows) that he was actually writing upon "*Purim*" March 25th, the anniversary of the 1st Feast of Purim.

IV. At that very time, as ascertained, I was studying the original Purim date with a view to confidently expecting coming events—from other Reasons and calculations.

V. He it was who proposed the solution of the Esdras Riddle—new, until his letter—to me.

VI. Study led me to determine that 3530 A. M. or Circa 466 B. C. Purim was the date of the events described by Esdras as to Esther, Mordecai *et al.* and I perceived that Esdras must either have been conversant with the accurate chronological date, or else (if accurate) to have had his work overruled to the minute!

VII. As a matter of fact; if 3530 years is the Solution of the Riddle, and it certainly satisfies its conditions, then its B. C. Complement, 466 years, is the *balance* of the time, because $3530 + 466$ equals 3996, the date of the Nativity of Jesus the Christ! A date set forth by dozens of lines all independent of Esdras, his riddle, or any such thing. Because if 3530 is 53-60th, 7-60 is 466, and $53 + 7$ divided by 60 is 60-60ths or 1.

VIII. So, whether of knowledge, or not; and whether of deliberate intention, or not; the Riddle was solved! and in the 29th subsequent year to 3530 equals 3559 year, Nehemiah's completion of Daniel and Gabriel's prophecy as to the building of the *walls* of Jerusalem was an accomplished fact, and he back at the Capital of Artaxerxes; and in the 29th year *after* 3996 equals 4026-7 A. M. John and Jesus were completing the 1 year ministry with a Sabbatic—Jubilee year, etc., etc.

IX. Now the second calculation is based merely upon a note at the close of Esdras, which I take to be that of an initiated Jewish scribe writing in the 5001st year of the still current modern Jewish Calendar. It was merely, to me, as it were a suggestion of ideas that led me to connect the note with the riddle itself. And no matter how thus led or why—its test brought out a date 1899-1900 A. D. quite as remarkable with reference to Jerusalem, the Jews, the Restoration, and the end of the times of the Gentiles. For if we add 28-9 years to 1899-1900 we reach 1927-1928 A. D.—the very latest date I am able to regard as the close of Daniel's 1290 years.

X. And, at any rate: 1899-1900 A. D. was therefore regarded by me in 1891 as to be one of note to Jerusalem, the Jews and Restoration, Was it? Well, 1905 A. D. is the 7th year since inclusive, and in these 7 years there have been just 8 meetings of the Zionists! who adjourned this year with no successor to their dead Leader, and with a split that must lead to a new phase in that movement, etc., etc., etc. That is, Jewish Irredentalism forseen and in a

sense predicted in 1891 (Study No. 2) did date from 1899-1900—and *must* continue till realized, and I believe before or by 1928, if not more immediately earlier.

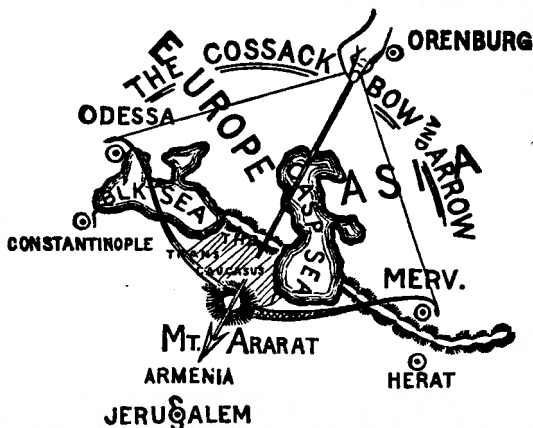
XI. It is now (1891+14 equals 1905) 14 years since the fulfilment of the Scribe's "note" and the last 7 of these years have had 7 Zionistic meetings to balance the 7 previous ones of waiting.

XII. Hindsight is always better than foresight but I am still satisfied both Esdras and the much later Scribe either knew the dates at which *they* were writing (as I do *this one*, Oct. 19th, 1905, at which I am now writing) or else they wrought wiser than they knew. Take your choice; and as to the incidents, etc., that led *me* to this solution, and its astonishing fitness—draw your own conclusions.

XIII. It is more congenial to my mental mood to feel that they knew their own place on the Scale, that Esdras was made intentionally wise as to his Riddle, which came to the nativity "on time"; and that the Scribe, too, was accurate as to his own date; and that both he and Mr. Dixon, and I had our interest overruled enough to reach similar and even more important dates and data and on time.

Yours truly,

C. A. L. TOTTEN.



Watch Russia, Turkey. The Powers: The Jews and Jerusalem.

IMPORTANT QUERIES ANSWERED.

RELATIVE TO THE CHART IN THE LAST LEAFLET—CHRONOLOGY IN COLORS.

“WATSONVILLE, CALIFORNIA, NOV. 2, '05.

“Dear Brother Totten:—

“The charts have come; I got them yesterday. I want to ask you a few questions.

I. “Why do you add ‘or Millennium’ after ‘for we are now in the sixth day’—in the explanation of the chart? You certainly do not so understand it, and it is in opposition to the chart itself. As I understand it, the Millenium is the seventh day, and you seem to have so represented it in your work: so I will have to blot that out of all that I give out, and if you give out any, as my explanation, please blot it out of them.”

Ans. It reads all right if you grasp what I and it mean. Millennium merely means 1000; each 1000 years of man is a Millennium or a day; both terms are right. So we (1905) are now in the sixth Millinnium or day of Adam’s Chronology, etc. However, it is customary to call the seventh day “THE Millennium,” just as we might say and do say—1st day, 2nd day, 3rd day, 4th day, 5th day, 6th day, and THE Day—i. e., the 7th or Sabbath, no mater what the scales. Read that sentence therefore, over and over again, until you get its real as well as its grammatical meaning.
C. A. L. T.

II. “If the Edenic dispensation was seven years, why is the end of it marked six?”

Ans. Because in Chronology the first year is reckoned as zero until complete. Hence, the sixth year being ended, equals seven years in all. You were not “one year old,” i. e., chronologically, until you had reached or passed the anniversary of your birthday. So in chronology the count is one year less, while in astronomy the years count as 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, etc.
C. A. L. T.

III. "What do you mean by 'Zech. XL-XLVII' at the close of the scripture verse in red at the head of the chart?"

Ans. It is a typographical error, correct "Zech." to Ezek., i. e., Ezekiel, whose description of the future temple is explicit, wonderful, and has been practically solved by an English architect, whose work we have often advertised.

C. A. L. T.

IV. "After Israel is carried away captive, why do you say 'Our Captivity from which Ezekiel dates'?"

Ans. You will notice that the closing date of the beginning of "Israel's" captivity is referred to opposite 716-5 B. C.—while long afterwards opposite 594-3 B. C. (as a beginning thereof) "Our Captivity" (i. e., Judah's) extends down to 584 to 3 B. C. in its mere Origines. It is from Judah's captivity that Ezekiel consistently dates, See Ezek. xxxiii., 21, etc. This ought to explain.

C. A. L. T.

V. "What do the figures, 6 plus 60 plus 600' mean, and where do they come from?"

Ans. Revelation xiii, 18; and refer to "Time" or the *duration* in years of the Beast, as much as they do to his Name. His number is 666 years. His name is Rome, from whence we obtain "Romi-ith" which like "Lateinos," and so forth, are all recognized by scholars to signify arithmographically 666, in that Hebrew, Greek and Latin letters have numerical value.

C. A. L. T.

"I want to be able to explain everything on the chart intelligently. I have a very interesting and seemingly interested class started, and now that we have the charts we may be able to get on better. May the Lord bless you in your work of spreading the truth. I remain,

Fraternally,

S. C. MURPHY.

HOLLAND, ERIE CO., N. Y., Oct. 31. 1905.

Prof. C. A. L. Totten,

My dear Sir:—There are two Latin fragments from Cicero. The one, "fugit me ad te scribere"—I will nullify by writing. The other, "te hilari animo esse valde me jurat," well expresses the gladness of sympathy with those who see with joy the token in events of coming redemption.

I will write briefly, and enclose a stamp for the return of the ms. if you are willing.

I have studied and pondered Revelation, say for forty years and hold pretty positive opinions, or say, convictions. The *Key to Revelation* is unmistakably Chapter I and verse 10, and in these words in the Greek, *very wrongly rendered*, "I was in the spirit on the Lord's day."

The literal and exact rendering is, "I was in spirit in the Lord-day"—that is to say, John was mentally transferred to the *day of the Lord* at the ending of this age. This could be easily illustrated, but is unnecessary.

The *day of the Lord*, then, is the grand anticipation for us, as in fact now practically at hand. The *whole of Revelation*, after the first three chapters, is located at the end of the age, and in this now imminent *day of the Lord*. All alleged fulfilments in the past must be at the best shadowy and faintly precursory.

Now, with this understanding, I will merely refer to that part of Revelation relating to *anti-Christ*. Take Chapter 13. "All the world wondered after the beast." This is *not* the pope. Impossible! And *no where* in history has there been a fulfilment. "And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God." Is this the pope? I think, *most certainly not*. And he caused all to *receive a mark*, most certainly future. And yet more in this chapter never yet fulfilled. "And all shall worship him," And in Chapter 17, "All shall wonder," etc.

And there are seven heads, *Napoleonic* heads, Napoleon I. and Louis, Joseph, Jerome and Joachim Murat. These five were fallen in 1870, when the woman lost her seat on the beast, and the King of Italy located at Rome. Now what is possible in the present tremendous agitation in Russia. Louis Napoleon, son of the second Jerome, is Governor of Caucasus. Suppose him to be successor of the present Czar Nicholas, by the voice and vote of the socialist world in Russia. I say, *suppose!* I do not predict. Then this Louis would be the *seventh* head, to *continue a short space*.

But what other significant thing is to occur? The sixth head is to *re-appear* and become also the *eighth* or a resurrection head. He must come from real or apparent death. Then we know why "the world shall be astonished, when they behold the wild beast that was and is not and yet is, or shall be." The miracle of Christ's resurrection is satanically repeated, or apparently repeated. The topic is too great and too tremendous for me to try to expand or expound at present.

If the present Louis Napoleon becomes head of Russia then the end is at hand. The beast like a bear is on his feet. True, a Napoleon should be head over France. I do not pretend to indicate an exact order of events, but give merely a hint of a possibility in Russia.

If I am wrong in regard to a revival of Napoleonism, then it is in spite of a long-held conviction, extending through 40 years.

The number of the name is in Napoleon I believe in about 10 different ways.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) C. COLGROVE, M. D.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From a very great multitude of untoward events the period since the issue of the Sept.-Oct. News Leaflet, Nos. 2-3; has been one of constant strain and worry; absence, sickness, death in the house and family (my wife's mother, Mrs. Mathew Bunker, Nov. 4, 1905,) and difficulty as to printing because of the general Typographical Strike, et cetera, has thus interrupted any attempt at my usual programme of business. All whose orders, letters, remittances and urgent correspondence may have been delayed apparently unwarrantedly, must accept our statement and apology therefore, "*Non possumus.*"

The accompanying reprint of a letter written from Totoket will account for one phase of three weeks of this interval during which a bunch of 100 letters accumulated, and all we could do on our return was to fill orders and credit remittances. With this much in preliminary we proceed to scan a few subjects that are of mutual interest at this juncture, and ask you in the meantime to continue towards us your usual courtesy and subscriptions.

Our permanent List of Subscribers is steadily dwindling down to about 300—the veritable muster roll of "Gideon's Band." There seems to be something strangely significant in this. Stay with us to the end!

There is little need to comment upon Current Events—they *speak for themselves!* especially to such as have come along with us to the Camp of Midian. You will notice that they all circulate around events and interests that concern Judah, Judea and Jerusalem. Why is this? It is because we are already within the penumbra, yea, well into umbra of the Time of the end—as to the Gentiles.

The assurance of the Savior that "Jerusalem shall be trodden under foot until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled," is bereft of all "significance" unless it naturally implies that *thereafter* it shall be cleaned of their polluting presence.

"The Eastern Question" is being audibly *answered* in these days! But the Volume of Reply is in the future. This current Jewish year, 5666 M. J., has begun ominously enough. What has the scroll upon its unrolled and still major part?

Remember, my fellow Gideonites, we make no pretensions as to being a Prophet; or the Son of a Prophet, but we do as to being an Interpreter of the Prophecies. The latter is as essential a role as the former, even as "a mere seller of oil" is quite as much a feature of the Parable as the five wise and five foolish virgins. It is silly to point out the necessity of a "tarrying-time" (whence Wm. Miller and John Wilson) and not to see the necessity of oil-merchants! Why the very magnitude of the Oil business of these days is significant and the Oil Trust itself is a sign of the times!

Our contention is: that "Free Masonry," in its ancient and original, pure and simple "rite," is older than Solomon, Hiram or Huram—and this for the very, and by itself all sufficient, Reason that Jacob's "Bethel" or the "House of God" set up at Luz—yea, and Even Auraunah's Floor, which David called "Bethel" centuries later, and which became the site of the Temple and the seat of the Pillow-pillar of Jacob—is older than Solomon's Temple.

We believe that Bethel was the altar upon which Abel's sacrifice was accepted; the one upon which Noah worshipped upon leaving the Ark; the one whereon first, at Luz, Abraham called upon the name of the Lord; the stone upon which Jacob slept; whereon he worshipped twenty years later; the Stone of Israel, which he took down to Egypt with "all of his possessions"; the stone whose safety he consigned to Joseph; the stone which Moses smote and it brought forth Water; the literal stone that followed Israel all through the wilderness, even as its antitype Christ doth follow us; that it was the stone whereat Moses subsequently sinned, and so lost entrance into the Land; that it was the shrine set up by Joshua, near Joseph's bones at Shechem, where the Tabernacle stayed a while; that it went wherever the Tabernacle went; that it was rejected by Solomon as a foundation stone; that none the less it was carried up to the Temple together with all the other paraphernalia of the Tabernacle with great rejoicings, and there upon David's "Bethel" became the veritable Head or Chief corner stone resting upon that very floor—and so became wonderful in the eyes of those gathered to Dedicate that Temple; for, without it the dedication were in vain.

That stone was used as the Altar of Incense, until anticipating Nebuchadnezzar's destruction of the Temple, Jere-

miah became its custodian, together with all of its companion Tabernacle heir-looms and concealed it until, upon a fit occasion after his escape from Egypt, he could and did recover it, and carried it to Ireland—as the Lia Fail—from which time, there in “the Mountains of the height of Israel” it has steadily watched over the fortunes of Our Race.

As surely as “Israel” is the outcome of “the little stone, cut out without hands,” or the so-called Fifth or Stone Kingdom of Daniel, and the latter day Saints so-called by Daniel, so surely is this fitting and constantly associated “Coronation Stone” its patent and apparent companion and concomitant, its type. And, inasmuch as we who are his people, are to that extent his Temple, in just so much is it, “Bethel,” the sign-altar thereof.

One must needs examine such a topic for himself; it is new and startling upon its first presentment; especially to such as have been taught and are wont from youth to spiritualize all such matters; but they must remember that not a solitary prophecy relative to the Messiah, at the first Advent, needed a mere spiritual explanation or fulfilment, but each and all received a literal one:—so, at this expected literal, and pre-Millennial Second Advent all things must necessarily receive a similar complement, compliment and completion. And, if so, all of the accompanying, current and attendant “Signs” adown the ages must unite us back to our ancestral places and people; and what more honored, evident, dominant, tried and trusted, and wonderful heirloom is there in the midst of us than this very stone?

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WHAT WAS CAIN'S SIN?

To students of Our Race a collateral and important topic is that of the Origin and Destiny of *other Races of Men!* For instance, *what is the relation of the Negro to the White Race along broad lines?* We have biblical evidence that God hath made all men of "one flesh." Nevertheless there are distinctions and bounds not to be broken with impunity, lest the progeny of each result in disaster to *both!* Hence miscegenation, or the going in unto "strange flesh," which has in all ages (Cain, The Flood, Sodom, the Canaanites, Herculaneum, Mt. Pelee) led to condign disaster. It therefore behooves each race to keep within its own lines, so that it may remain unto God to bring his own plan to perfection. In the meantime several works, crude and otherwise, have come to our attention, dealing with this important and *delicate* topic. As already intimated the Sin of Cain seems to have been that of "miscegenation"! and the "mark" (cover) of protection put upon him to have been the changing of his skin! so as to conceal his identity from the men abroad, in the Land of Nod whither he and his wife were driven.

At any rate this has been strongly contended in a work by Rev. Charles Carroll "In the Image of God" (price \$1.50 post paid) and we commend its earnest and prayerful perusal to Our Race, with a view to refutation or support as the case may be. It is by no means a work of our own publication, but it will be ordered for such as desire to *investigate the topic we referred to upon page 5 in the August News Leaflet, q. v.* As a matter of fact, who were "The Sons of God" in contradistinction to "The Daughters of Men"? Read over the foot note on page 5 of the Leaflet above mentioned; and then, if impressed, and a safe and honest reader, send us your order; and thereafter your comments!

N. B.—A reply as to Chas. Carroll's work is now being set up in type at this very office, and of its issue you will be duly informed. In the meantime post yourself upon the "Original Question," so as to be ready to "Reconsider the Motion" when the new work is published.

We were misunderstood as to the Daniel Chart. It is the same one issued in 1896; we have only Style A left (\$1.00 to News Leaflet subscribers). The Chart harmonizes the entire Book of Daniel, but is not itself "a book." It is a

handsome wall chart, in ten colors, some $5\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet in dimensions and is accompanied by a key of similar dimensions intended to be read as one would a newspaper. By means of and upon it the entire book of Daniel can be read word by word to a scale of time extending down its center.

What one needs to know nowadays is the truth—the primary and fundamental teachings of Christianity. To our mind the four Gospels and the Acts contain these; based of course upon the Old Testament. This being so a harmony thereof is of priceless value. The loss of the Diatessaron, supposed to be somewhat such a volume, has always been regarded as irreparable. It was to supply this want that our Harmony of the Gospels was issued, and we urge its possession upon such Giedonites as are still without it. It is Study Nos. 25-26 of the Our Race Series, price \$2.00 post paid. The type is still standing, and all suggestions, corrections, and reported errors of translation receive due consideration here. The second volume is still in M. S. for lack of means. The sale of the first volume (we have about 1000 left!) would supply these to revise the first and issue the second. It is strange that such works go begging for a purchaser. What better for a Christmas present than it, or in fact any one of the Our Race Series, or a subscription to the News Leaflet?

But two copies of Volume I. of Rev. M. L. Streator's "Promises to the Fathers" remain unsold (\$2.00). Does any one want them? Volume II. is not yet issued. It is still in M. S., and its issue is problematical: this is too bad, but its fate seems to follow that of all similar efforts to awaken the interest of a slumbering church upon "Our Race" topics. We have, however, about 50 copies of "Selections" from Vol. I. (Caps. II. and VII., etc.), price 35 cents post paid. If one has never had Vol. I. these books will supply a gap in his library, and satisfy his interest. We also have a considerable stock of Edward Hine's works on hand (\$1.00 per set of 5) and of Dimbleby's "All Past Time" (75 cents till exhausted). We have ceased to deal in Collateral works, but have a miscellaneous lot of them left. A list of them will be found at the back of Study No. 11. In ordering mention several in succession, so that if any are out of print, alternates can be sent instead, and in order of mention. Very very soon all of this sort of rectified oil will be "out of print," particularly the works included in the Our Race Library—

Studies and Leaflets. So again we advise all concerned to look over their stock and fill up the gaps.

William Rennie, lecturer on Biblical Topics, No. 136 West 100th street, New York City, writes as follows: "I would like to send my last booklet No. 2, 'The Atonement,' to as many Gideonites as possible, and would take it very kind of you, if you would send me an abbreviated list of your subscribers, would pay you for same." We have no time to make transcripts, and rather hesitate to give addresses out without permission, but it will be an easy matter for such as desire this excellent exposition to apply therefore as a *bona fide* "subscriber" to the Our Race News-Leaflet. He himself is both a subscriber and a Gideonite.

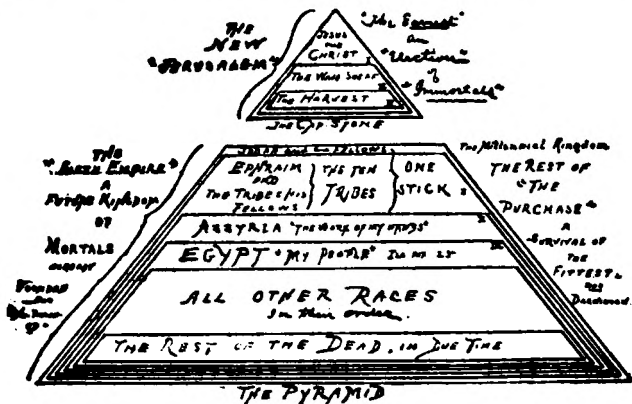
As to Pryamid books, so far as we can learn, Professor Smyth's and Flinders Petrie's works are O. P. (out of print); we have a few Pryamid works by other authors, but no means or time to catalogue and print a list at present.

AS TO "NOTES AND QUERIES."

It is a Monthly Serial and "Historic Magazine" (about 38 pages per issue), of Folk-Lore, Mathematics, Literature, Science, Art, Arcane Matter, Societies, etc., and is my own most valued and welcome "exchange;" and before I became a Publisher myself along similar lines, it was quite as welcome for consultation, and subscription (1.00 per year). "Notes and Queries," is unique in every way; and chiefly because it is without guile or prejudice, as the foregoing unsolicited notice of "Our Race," implies. For what other Serial, Secular or Sacred—has ever volunteered so much about our own work, with so much ingenuous interest." The Magazine is old and "Sage," at its work; is already closing (Dec. 1905) its XXIIIrd Volume. Its lodes are loaded, and its garners full, and happy is the seeker after quaint, curious, and forgotten lore who possesses a complete file (\$35.00) of its rare and reliable Numbers. (Price \$1.00 per year). Its able Editor and Publisher is S. C. Gould of Manchester, New Hampshire. He is a versatile writer, an erudite scholar, and an approachable gentleman. His topics range continuously and everywhere, and his library must be a mine of minuted dates, data, deductions and rich dicta. We obtained our XVI Volumes of Usher's works through "Notes and Queries," and are glad to call the attention of Gideonites to this Serial. In writing to its Editor kindly mention "Our Race," or else send your subscription for a year through us—and we will do the rest.

The December News Leaflet will be a long one, and with it we shall close the XVIIth Set with the year 1905. It is entitled "The Early Story of Ireland, as the Land of Mystery, and the Western Lodge of Primeval Free-Masonry" actually founded there by Jeremiah with all of its essential jewels and equipment. As the old Irish Bard, Cuan O'Cochlain, remarked of Tara's Secret, "It is a mystery not to be uttered" carelessly; nevertheless even pearls may be cast with impunity before those who are worthy to wear and appreciate them. All Gideonites must have neighbors who are Masons, or Orangemen, et cetera. It will be well to bring the matters touched in this December News Leaflet before them, and Solicit their order for a copy.

But if in spite of the interest surrounding this topic one considers "Masons," "Orange-men," "Knights of the Scarlet Thread" "Sons of Saint Andrew," "Knights of St. Patrick," and other similar orders of Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and English origin, to be mere "by way and hedgemen," then it is more than ever one's duty to go out among them, according to the commandment; and, by means of this invitation to compel them to come into a more intimate knowledge of the actual rather than merely symbolical truth. This is a theme with which they are all in more or less familiar touch, and it will enlist their attention at once if you present it to them properly. Try it; perhaps you will have far better success among them than you have had upon the ground floor among the merely moninal Sectarians. Try it! and try it *without prejudice*: indeed here is a most appropriate means and opportunity of enlisting attention as to "the Origin and Destiny of Our Race," among groups of men more earnest for the truth and keen to appreciate its import—in that they have "worked" in these and similar premises—than any others you may have undertaken to awaken. So again I say Try, it!



TOTTEN OUTING ON TOTOKET.

PROFESSOR WRITES ON THE PLEASURES OF THE HUNTER'S MOON.

**Plenty of Game in Connecticut, and Not a Little Incident
in Its Odd Corners—The Old Dick Farm, Once
a Runaway Slave Station.***

Totoket Mountain,
Sunday, Oct. 15, 1905.

To the Editor of The Register, Sir:

Here I am enjoying an "outing" for the first time in 15 years, and it strikes me that a good way to share its pleasures and discomforts with my friends is to sketch my surroundings and employment. It may be summed up shortly as "roughing it"; but I have seen camping in such worse phases that even an army lady would smile at the idea that life here on the mountain is anything but pastime.

I left New Haven at 7:30 a. m. Sept. 28, arrived at Northford station at 7:58 a. m., took the wagon to Northford postoffice, looked up a farmer who knew my destination, and by 10:30 was unpacked in camp. This shows how simple a matter it is to get back into the woods and hills even here in Connecticut. Indeed, I fancy that a 10-mile ride back from the sound anywhere along our coast would place a hunter in a fairly good locality for ordinary gunning and woodcraft sport, and, that the state still abounds in sufficient game to pay a sportsman for

* New Haven Register, Oct. 18, 1905.

his pains has been amply proved by Dr. Morton Grinnell in his most readable book upon "The Native Game and Wild Fowl of Connecticut."

Personally, however, I was particularly fortunate in the way luck laid out my own lines; for I had fallen in with a brace of fellows who were going into the upper timberland for a winter's trapping, and who were only too glad to have their ranks recruited if only for a fortnight—for a day for a year, at the prophetic scale, was about all the time I could see my way clear to afford for the undertaking. They had purchased an abandoned wood choper's cabin upon the top of Totoket Mountain, and had already been making themselves comfortable for the coming winter ever since the Equinox; so, when I arrived, I found myself in quite a permanent establishment. We were also some three days ahead of the opening of the game season, so I at once began to reconnoiter the neighborhood as to roads, ponds, and game resorts.

The locality, like all of our Connecticut back country, abounds in woodcock, partridge, gray squirrels, rabbits, foxes, skunk, mink, coon and muskrats; and already we have had a goodly sting of such game fairly diversified. At present woodcock and squirrel are more easily obtained, for the underbrush is still too thick for partridge, while most all of the quail were lost in last winter's severity.

Fishing in this neighborhood is not good, as the ponds are very low and abound in bait near at hand; still, several black bass have been caught this fall in Paugh pond, and good strings of perch, and pickerel. Trout, I presume, would bite, and bite ravenously, in the low mountain streams—but the law is on for them until next April; so I need not enlighten the game wardens as to whether—when we were out of meat—and woodchuck pork and bacon—we fell back upon a very necessary and good breakfast or not!

We are upon the tip top of Mt. Totoket, a spur of foothills that run way down from the White Mountains, Pistapaugh Mountain, Bluff Head, Fowler, Cunnipaugh, and several other prominences are in sight, or easy of access, and we have hunted over all of them—in fact a party came up from New Haven, on the 2nd and took in all of them in one night on a coon hunt. But I draw the line at a coon hunt even with well trained dogs, so I turned in at 7 p. m., and slept till they returned, empty handed that time, at 7 the next morning! However, coon hunting is quite successful here, and several have already been treed by the Williams brothers, four indefatigable hunters, and one of whom was my original guide into this wilderness.

These well-to-do farmers, about of an age, and settled closely together upon their ancestral lands at Northford Center, are always ready for a hunt, and are most congenial and generous companions, both afield a-stream and at home; and they have put themselves to no little pains to make this camp upon Mt. Totoket a success. Another nimrod of the neighborhood is Malachi Tyler, who is reputed to be so successful with the rod and gun as to make the income of the chase his chief source of livelihood. He has fine dogs, as have the Williamses, and I have run across him several times in my tramps, once only, however, to accost, as he hunts alone.

Another quartet of hunters familiar with this region for several years are the four Hayden brothers. They are a sort of all-round sportsmen, and together with the four Williams brothers make a coon team of eight that it would be hard to match in any section of the state.

If there be other mighty men of gun and rod in this little community of but about 800 inhabitants I am sorry to omit them, and with the apology that though now unmentioned and unknown

to fame, they shall be enrolled in the next edition of this elegy.

The woods abound in walnuts and chestnuts, so that I have easily secured quite a supply of these for winter cracking and reminiscences, and have also plucked a huge mountain-corsage of cedar, juniper, holly, bitter-sweet and wintergreen berries for a corner piece on Thanksgiving day, when I expect to have an "inning" instead of an "outing," at a far more familiar sort of game.

But wild game is more plentiful here in Connecticut than the dearth of it at the stalls in the markets imply, for it is against the law to sell or expose for sale any kind of game. So one must eat or give away to friends what he bags; and even that in a restricted quantity, all of which works considerably to the disadvantage of those whose farms abound with it, in that they cannot even exchange it for what to them would be more desirable barter. The fact is the entire code of game law needs an interstate modification, in that too frequently the law in one state puts a perpetual "close season" upon some animals and birds, while just across the boundary there is no protection at all! Thus, in many instances, one locality which is under protection becomes the mere breeding place and preserve for an adjoining one where one may shoot ad libitum!

And this reminds me of a peculiar feature in the geography of this very neighborhood. Pistapaugh pond, called Paugh pond for short, lies directly north of our camp, about 30 minutes away across country, and 45 by the roads. The pond furnishes a part of the water supply for East Wallingford, and a north and south line through the pond divides that township from that of Durham. In the same way a due east and west line across the southern end of the pond cuts off these two townships from North Branford and North Guilford, so that the four town-

ships right-angle up at a point in the pond just east of the water station.

I have fished at that very point, without luck, however; but the point is, had I caught a four-pound bass there in what township would I have obtained my bounty had one been offered? For instance, Guilford offers a dollar bounty upon every fox, in addition to the state bounty of a dollar, so if foxes were bass I should always give Guilford the benefit of the doubt! I know of but one similar geographical inter-for set of four north-east-south-and-west right-angles in the United States—at least in so far as its state and territorial lines are concerned. At that point four of its main divisions meet. What a place for a road house! Look it up on the map for yourself and stake out your claim!

It is only 7 p. m., but as I sit here sketching the hounds are running a fox in the open land across the road. They will run it all night unless driven to cover or its hole. The other night these same dogs—they are those of the Williamses—ran a fox up from the lowlands at about this hour, and at 4 a. m. the next day one could still hear their musical cry. Their staying power seems to be unlimited, and this sort of thing is all private sport for them, as they often hunt on their own hook for days at a time, all hands, foxes and dogs, taking an occasional siesta!

By the way, speaking of the open space opposite our cabin. It is known as the Dick Clearing, and has quite a history. Briefly this: In very olden times Connecticut was a slave state. This owner, who was one of the first to find slavery unprofitable, freed his slaves and gave this, quite a large tract of land, to them. They settled there, cleared it, built thereon, and for many years were quite prosperous.

It is said, too, that this very farm was one of the "Stations" on "the underground railroad," so called, or line of operations for runaway slaves from

southern Uncle Tom's Cabins en route to northern New England and Canada. It is all abandoned now, the cellar marks the spot where many a darkey may have lain concealed, and the locality itself is sufficiently secluded still for a lurking place for such as are fleeing from the sheriff; nor would Paugh pond be an insecure place to dodge or paddle between New Haven and Middlesex counties, or from the game wardens of the four adjacent townships!

Well, such is life, and its incidents, some of its anecdotes, and adventures here upon Totoket. We have killed two copperheads not far from camp; they are quite plenty between Fowler and Paugh mountains, and far too deadly to be agreeable encounters. The hounds, they are hunting in brace, have just passed the cabin in full cry, the fox ahead, but it is still too dark to see the run; the moon will not be up above the trees before 8 tonight, but to all appearances I shall get a shot at Mr. Reynard not long hence, for he seems to be merely playing with the dogs all over "the old Dick-farm"; were it daylight I could see the entire sport, and help to "Tally ho the hounds, Sir" myself. But the hunter's moon will soon be up, and is still near enough the full to avail much at this and coon hunting.

And this particular hunter's moon has been a dry one, save at its full for a single and very uncomfortable night. Upon that night, October 11, two of us were sleeping in a shack, or whack up—a mere skeleton "leanto," thatched with boughs, against the cabin. It looked threatening, but we got to bed under rubber blankets quite early and tried our luck. Well it came at about 8, and by 9 one retreated to the cabin. I stuck it out until midnight, but the rain flanked me out by getting into the head of the cot and working down under me until I found myself going down the mountain, as it were, in a torrent. So up I got also and sought the welcome haven of the dry cabin.

It cleared up cold the next morning, but I was uncomfortable until noon, by which time with wind and sun my clothes had at last dried on me. So I escaped a cold by following the old rule "to get dry the way I got wet." Barring this untoward experience October has been as warm and pleasant a month as I have ever spent in the open; frost but thin, and ice in the buckets only twice, with every noon almost uncomfortably hot.

Perhaps it was Clarence S. Thompson's opening sketch on "The Discomforts of Life"—to wit: "In the Woods," that assisted me in determining to try it for myself; at any rate the renewed experience has been delightful, and the discomforts but a passing annoyance. The worst pests have been the mosquitoes and flies. Where on earth the flies come from in such numbers—is a mystery; but on a cold night, when they are numb it is a positive pleasure to reap wholesale slaughter on them as they blacken the hut ceiling—only however to bring the multiple of more upon the morrow. The briars are vicious and of course all mountain paths and short cuts are editions of the rocky road to Babylon. The views are beautiful, and compensate for all, and the autumnal foliage surpassing any attempt at description either in words or on canvas. But I was disappointed in the ferns: so few, and uninteresting; and not a sign of the lovely trailing Connecticut fern with its lace-like fronds that so grace the woodland outskirts of Hartford.

Fortunately our camp is near spring, running brooks, and plenty of waste wood; and the ozone has the snap of new worked sweet cider. But give me a pail of mountain made hot coffee as an eye-opener, and a flask of it for for the day's tramp, and I am ready for any kind of a scrub breakfast that the larder may afford—for dinner is the hunter's meal and there is little left over for entre's, and "scratch platter" dishes.

But, although I have by no means

exhausted the resources of Totoket, I must draw my survey to a close—era, by describing all of its charms in detail, one becomes as weary as in reality he is at the close of each busy day. The chief charm of this woodland life, right out in nature, is the rest, and sense of recuperation that the whole environment begets. It double discounts the seashore, to my mind.

On the top of Totok,

Where the Horned Owl doth hoot
Totoket! Totoket! Too-hoot!

There is rest for the weary
Of both mind and of foot,

Totoket! Totoket! Too-hoot!

My advice is drop care,

And come out in the air;

Let your troubles go hang,

Get a gun, and go bang;

For there's nothing like "outing"

To give "inning" a twang

Totoket, Totoket, Too-hoot!

—C. A. L. TOTTEN.



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