



OUR STORY OF ATLANTIS

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OUR **STORY** OF **ATLANTIS**

FOREWORD

IT IS NOT necessary for an author in these later days, always to be able to say, he writes of his own knowledge. This has become a recognized fact. He may write from another's experience, in whose honesty and reliability, he has as much, and sometimes more confidence, than in his own personal sense.

This is the case with this little book, treating of a subject of interest to the whole world, to-day. For six years I have had the manuscript almost ready for the printer. Now, with the encouragement and helping hand of my Dear Comrades of the Hermetic Brotherhood, I am bid to let it go forth.

May it be a help to the ONCE ATLANTIAN BORN, wherever they may be.

W. P. PHELON, M. D

FAIR Atlantis, peerless country!
Lulled within the Ocean's arms,
Lying beautiful and shining
Far. beneath the storm's alarms;
Never has a plague come near thee;
In thy halls were love and ease;
Now, above thee lost Atlantis!
Roll the ever restless seas.

In those histories, half tradition,
With their mythical thread of gold,
We shall find the name and story
Of thy cities, fair and old;
Dreaming bard has told in fancy
Wandering minstrel sung of thee,
Now, above thee, lost Atlantis,
Rolls the ever restless sea.

Every heart has such a country;
Some Atlantis loved, and lost—
Where upon the gleaming sand bars
Once life's fitful ocean tost;
Mighty cities rose in splendor
Love was monarch of that clime
Now, above that lost Atlantis
Rolls the restless sea of Time.

Happy he, who looking backward
From a life of larger scope
Deems a youthful idle fancy
His lost continent of Hope;
Or by light of love and gladness,
Find the present home sublime
Glad that over his Atlantis
Rolls the restless sea of Time.

CHAPTER I

THE LOST ATLANTIS

WHY IS THIS book written? is the most pertinent question asked an author at the outset of composition. It is echoed and re-echoed by critic and reader upon its publication. It certainly appears to be a fair question whenever, the subjects seem so much out of the route of ordinary information, as the present volume.

The scattered records of the Past, within the historical period, would apparently yield scarcely enough material to make a short magazine article of any interest, to say nothing of swelling in size, to the dignity of a book.

It is now conceded, however, by our wisest scientists, that every configuration and corresponding circumstance points to the possibility of the existence of an island continent in the neighborhood, if not directly over the great West Indian Archipelago, just as the whole configuration of the North American Continent tells the story of the inland sea that broke through its barriers at the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence river, and hurling itself over Niagara Falls, left the habitable valley of the Mississippi, as a legacy to man for future settlement.

The sacred writings of all nations concur in the same declaration and statement of disaster to some portion of the earth, most generally including all. In a late issue of *Mind*, appears an article headed:

“A Monument to Atlantis,” which says: “A notable discovery of more than ordinary interest for historians, especially those who have a leaning toward antiquities, has lately been made by the well-known archaeologist, Augustus Le Plongeon. This discovery should particularly attract the attention of Americans, since it enables them to lay claim to one of the most important monuments of ancient times. The edifice in question is the Pyramid of Xochicalo, standing 5,396 feet above the level of the sea, and situated to the south-southwest of Cuernavaca, 60 miles from the City of Mexico. For more than a century the pyramid has been occasionally visited by distinguished travelers, including the learned Humboldt; but none succeeded in discovering the purpose for which the monument had been erected, nor in deciphering the mysterious inscriptions on its sides.”

As far back as 1886, Dr. Le Plongeon published his alphabetic key to the Maya hieroglyphs, comparing this with the ancient Egyptian hieratic alphabet. He has now found that the signs on the Pyramid of Xochicalo are both Maya and Egyptian; and a careful study of these decorative inscriptions has made it plain to him that the pyramid was a monumental structure erected to commemorate the submergence and destruction of the great Land of Mu (Plato’s Atlantis), together with its population of 64,000,000 of human beings, about 11,500 years ago.

Dr. Le Plongeon, in his remarkable work, “Queen Moo and the Egyptian Sphinx,” gives four Maya accounts of the same cataclysm. This, then, is the fifth, and, in his own opinion, the most important of all the known records in Maya language of the appalling event that gave rise to the story of a universal Deluge that is found in the sacred books of the Jews, the Christians and the Mohammedans.

These records, on stone, on sun-dried bricks, on papyrus, all tell the same story. The little we know of the Aztecs is also confirmatory of the same fact. Whence came the people of South America, with their advanced civilization and traditions of the Past? What mighty people built the great cities and temples of the now forest-covered cities of Yucatán and Central America, with their carved glyphs, and correspondences to the hieroglyphs of the Valley of the Nile and the East Indian entablatures; and moreover, on almost precisely similar styles of architecture to those of Egypt and India. Is it reasonable to suppose there was no common bond of fellowship between all these? The Ancient Egyptian ideas have dominated the world down to the present day. Instead of a mummy-case, we use a coffin for our dead. The idea is the same—the departed ghost was to be saved the trouble of making a new body, perhaps at short notice, at the great day of the resurrection.

The trinity in unity of God, now universally received, was an Egyptian idea, and the same is wrought into the stone tablets which La Plongeon and his amiable wife have unearthed in the forests of the Maias and Quiches.

If the nation, of which these are but the feeble remnants, had not disappeared by some cataclysmal climax we must certainly have had some later, historical data. As the mind of the present generation is more largely than ever, desirous of Truth, the idea of Astral presentation and perception may not be without its weight, especially as the books of Wisdom of the Past declare, that automatic books of record are kept of all deeds and manifestation, upon the earth.

It may be asked, why, those who have entered into the rest of the Unseen should be at all concerned in the unfoldment and devel-

opment of the race, who are ever toiling over the rocky paths of the planet? If the doctrine of re-incarnation is true, then would it not be to the interest of the coming Egos, for all the race of men to be advanced just as far as possible, so that the re-incarnated from time to time, might receive the highest advantage attainable, from their touch with the earth, at any particular time. Those who are coming back into the present civilization, if they were of the advanced and cultured classes of Atlantis and the most ancient Egypt, would find more advantages of acquirement, through our leisure and experience, than when hurled into life amid the horrors and darkness of the Stone Age.

From time to time, the material and data obtained as hereinafter described, from which this book is made, has been pressed upon my attention, as something that would be of use, and interest to all who are seeking to KNOW. I do not doubt the authenticity of my information, nor the statements given as facts, by those who were so kind and courteous as to make the writer their mouthpiece in this re-collection of the ancient memories.

I do not doubt, that to many readers, will come fleeting glimpses of these scenes, as if they had been part of them. It is a conceded fact, there have never been, since the fall of Atlantis, so many re-incarnated Atlantians upon the earth at the same time, as now. This accounts for the almost universal demand out of the Astral records for the forgotten knowledge of the occult, which they there recorded. This also explains the readiness of the public mind to receive knowledge of the doctrines of Mental Healing, Spiritualism, Theosophy, and occultism in all its branches.

Ignatius Donnelly finds a supporter of his Atlantis theory in Sir

Daniel Wilson, president of the University of Toronto, who declares after a great deal of search, that the lost Atlantis was not a myth, but that it was really a part of the continent of America. He accounts for its disappearance from view in a different way, but that is merely incidental.

Donnelly's theory was that the land was submerged by some great volcanic upheaval, and that from those who escaped to the continents of Europe and Asia came the tradition of the deluge. Sir Daniel rejects this explanation as being disproved by the fact that there are no traces of such volcanic action either on the continent or in the ocean bed. He believes that the ancient Egyptians, the most progressive and adventurous people of ancient times, discovered the continent, but that in the decline both of their learning and power, it became lost to view and existed at the time our knowledge of Egypt begins merely as a shadowy tradition.

It is his opinion that traces of the Egyptians of those days are to be sought in the ruined cities of Central America, whose origin has never been determined nor even been made the basis of any reasonable theory. Such a discovery would furnish a substantial basis for the legend of the lost Atlantis and the theory invests those wonderful ruins with a new interest for the antiquarians.

The St. Louis Republic said: "Atlantis was a continent supposed to have existed at a very early period in the Atlantic Ocean, over against the Pillars of Hercules," but which was subsequently sunk in a cataclysm of which history gives no record. Plato is the first who gives an account of it, and he is said to have obtained his information from some Egyptian priests with whom he had come in contact. Plato's account says: "Atlantis was a continent larger than Asia and Africa

put together, and that at its western extremity were islands which afforded easy passage to a large continent lying still beyond— this last mentioned continent being now supposed to be South America.” Nine thousand years before the time of Plato, according to the tradition, Atlantis was a powerful, thickly settled-country which extended its way over Africa and the major portion of what is now Europe, “even to as far as the Tyrrhenian Sea.” Further progress of the invasion of the Atlantides was checked by the combined efforts of the Athenians and other Greeks. Shortly after the invaders were driven from the continents of Europe and Africa a great earthquake shook Atlantis from center to circumference. First, the outlying islands sank; then great areas of the mainland. Waves ran mountain high across hundreds of square miles of what had the day before been fertile fields. Great temples were racked and riven, and the affrighted populace climbed upon the ruins to escape the encroaching waters. On the second day, after a night of terrors which no pen could possibly describe, the earthquake shocks were of greatly increased violence, ending only after the entire continent had been engulfed. There is no page in history or tradition that records a more frightful catastrophe, and nothing would be of more absorbing interest than a work entirely devoted to giving an account of what is known concerning it.

To the objector who urges that the explorers of the world have never discovered any traces of the great city and continent, whose story I have endeavored to give in the following pages; permit me to give a few straws floating on our sea of current literature, which show that the history of past ages may yet be read in the Central part of our continent:

“The recent report that a citizen of the United States has discov-

ered among the mountains of the Mexican State of Sinaloa a long-forgotten city tallies with a curious local tradition of the region. Adjoining the State of Sinaloa on the south is the State of Jallisco, and of this State, Guadalajara is the capital. Living in the mountains of Jallisco, part of the great Sierra Madre or “Mother Range” that extends through Sinaloa and thence northward, are the unconquered Yaquis, a brown-haired people with light eyes and almost fair complexions. Guadalajara is the only civilized town that these Yaquis visit, and it has long been believed there that the Yaquis fastnesses of the Sierra Madre range conceal not only rich mines of silver, but as well the lost city of the Aztec race. No one has hitherto pierced the mountain wilderness, because the naked Yaquis have an effective system of passive resistance that has hitherto successfully closed the sole line of approach. The only human beings other than the Yaquis themselves admitted to the mountains of Jallisco are a few renegade Apaches, murderous wretches, vastly more dangerous to would-be explorers than the peaceful but persistent Yaquis.”

There is no question in the minds of those who have given attention to the subject, that the Aztecs are the lineal descendants of the mighty nation who sought to know beyond the law governing the created. Of the unknown city above mentioned, we add another description from a different source:

“During the frequent visits I have made to Mexico,” said a mining engineer of Philadelphia to an Inquirer reporter, “I have come in contact with many of the Indians resident there and have heard some very singular stories. One which all the Indians unite in telling, is that far in the interior exists an enormous city, never yet visited by white men. It is described as peopled by a race similar to the

ancient Aztecs, who are sun worshipers and offer human sacrifices to their deity.

“The race is said to be in a high state of civilization, and the Indians say that the city is full of huge structures which are miracles of quaint but beautiful architecture, and are situated on broad paved streets, far surpassing those of the City of Mexico.

“One Indian, I recollect, assured me that he had seen the city and its inhabitants with his own eyes, but had been afraid of being captured and had fled. Of course, I did not believe him, but, all the same, it is not a little strange that the accounts of the Mexican Indians, relative to the mysterious and magnificent, interior city agree perfectly.”

These are but of many of the allusions and traditions pointing to the fact, that somewhere in the Southwest, there is a people who undoubtedly hold a complete historical record of the chain of events from Atlantis in its prime, down to the present day. While there is perhaps but a single city inhabited and secluded from the outside world of to-day as keepers of the Ancient Wisdom, we yet find ruins of such magnitude as to impress us more strongly with the idea that the people who built the original structures, could not have wholly disappeared from this Continent. The following from San Diego, Cal., we offer in proof, calling attention to the fact that the dragon is a favorite design in the East Indian sculptures:

“The ruins of a prehistoric city have just been discovered by a party of prospectors from Yuma when on the Colorado desert in search of the Pegleg mine. The wind had laid bare the walls and the remains of the stone buildings a distance of 420 feet in length by 260 feet in width. Gigantic pillars, quaintly carved to represent dragons’ heads

and rattlesnakes, still stood in the sands of the desert, supporting on their tops huge slabs of granite weighing many tons. The frieze ornamentation resembled Egyptian sculptures and exhibited a greater degree of skill than is possessed by the Indian artisans of the present day. Fragments of pottery were found underneath the debris, and together with the crumbled piece of frieze were brought by one of the party, to this city. One of his associates came to San Diego and the others returned to Yuma, nearly two weeks ago. But the story of their discovery was carefully guarded, in the hope that in some way they might profit by it.

“The discoverers, in company with four others, afterwards went to the desert to explore the ruins. They were driven back by a sand storm, reaching this city to-day, but will make a careful examination of the ruins in the season when the conditions are favorable for extensive explorations. From the relics exhibited it is evident that an important archaeological discovery has been made.”

In connection with the above, there is a peculiarity to be noticed in the occurrence of the sand storm. It has always been so. A storm or some sudden natural event has warded off all efforts to reach these wonderful remains of the prehistoric, or even the existing cities. When men shall be ready to seek them, desiring knowledge and not treasure, there is no doubt the keys for the unlocking of the mysteries of the Past, will be given into worthy hands and what we have herein written will receive ample corroboration. We add still another account of wonderful discovery in proof of the immense population of the old Atlantian kingdom in its prime. This time, it is from the City of Mexico, the center of the modern Atlantian or Aztec civilization:

“What appears to be the verification of an old Aztec fable of a

buried race of cave-dwellers and a hidden city in southwestern Mexico is a matter in which the local scientists are interested at present. L. P. Leroyal, a French engineer, who has lived long in this republic, has just arrived from the wilds of the Southwest and reported that he has discovered in the State of Guerrero a huge natural cave, which he believes to be the greatest in Mexico, if not in the world. He says it is much larger than the famous cavern of Cacahuamilpa, situated some distance south of Guernavaca, which has hitherto been supposed to be the largest natural cave in existence in Mexico. Mr. Leroyal, after penetrating a considerable distance into the cave, determined to make a thorough investigation of it, and accordingly a few days ago furnished himself with food sufficient for a day, provided himself with lanterns, etc., and set out upon his task all alone. As he went along he made a thorough plan of the cave, but did not anticipate that his task would be so arduous as it proved. At the first, the bottom of the cave was a gradual slope downward, then changed upward and afterward alternated for the most part between descents and ascents. Here and there, however, a level bottom of great width was met. The height of the cave varied, as might naturally be expected; in some places it was several hundred feet high. For some distance from the entrance no trace of human beings was found. Occasionally magnificent stalactites and stalagmites, the finest Mr. Leroyal had ever seen, were met with.

“After proceeding for some hours, he came upon what had evidently been an ancient cemetery, as there were at least 400 petrified bodies, together with ancient idols, etc. There was also a fountain of beautiful clear spring water which was found to be excellent. Some of the tools, as well as two or three skulls, Mr. Leroyal brought away with him, and they are now in this city. The appearance of this char-

nel house thus lighted up for the first time for hundreds of years was grew- some in the extreme and well calculated to shake the nerves of the explorer. Mr. Leroyal continued his explorations while hour after hour passed. It was not until after he had traveled a distance of at least twenty-one and one-half leagues that he thought it time to call a halt and proceed on his return journey. So far as he could see the distance still to be traversed might be very considerable, with the chances for the cave opening out, as the floor seemed to be well trodden by human feet. He retraced his steps as speedily as possible, and after being underground for upward of twenty-four hours, found himself once more at the entrance of the cave. Mr. Leroyal promised to make further explorations before long. It is expected that a party fully equipped for the exploration of this wonderful cavern of the dead, will soon be fitted out under the guidance of the discoverer, and the outcome of the investigations will be awaited with interest. The natives of the locality, as, in fact, the Indian population in general, in Mexico, believe that at some place near the southwestern coast of Mexico there exists a great white city with countless treasure which has never been seen by white men, and the approach to which is so intricate and cleverly concealed that a stranger has never entered its solitary precincts."

With all the increasing mass of information on the subject, it seems there should be some effort at collection under guidance, of what is known about Atlantis the Mighty. To make a beginning and thus call attention in this direction is my answer to the question: "Why this book is written."

Out of the dim Past, old memories come to me;
From where the light in all its glory seemed to be,
As the people worshiped 'near the Sun's resplendent rays
And lotus-crowned hailed with joy the festal days.
Golden lyres, sending forth rich, harmonious strains
Sounding the key-note, which o'er the world still reigned.
High above all, the Vestal's song enchanting soars,
Mingling with the ripples on the wave-washed shores.
From the Temple floats the bell's melodious chimes,
So deep and mellow in that old Atlantian time.
Throughout the Ages, linger these old memories still
And hover round me with no effort of my will.
Still in my heart is throbbing with the rhythm of the waves,
Those slumbering waves which, alas, became our graves.
Again. I hear the glad hozannas to the Sun arise.



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OUR STORY OF ATLANTIS

Atlantis, whose name derives from Atlas, the mythical giant that held the world on his shoulders, was a hypothetical and very large continent situated beyond the Pillars of Hercules, in the waters of the present Atlantic Ocean.

The Greek philosopher Plato considered this place the extreme limit of the known world and was the first to speak in his works of the lost continent, which sank suddenly, over a period of a few days, following a terrible cataclysm thousands of years ago.

Even the sacred texts of all nations citing the Flood speak of a catastrophe of great magnitude that struck the earth. The innumerable researches, the stories and the testimonies on this mysterious continent and on its advanced and powerful civilization linked to the cult of the Sun, which probably would have preceded the Aztecs, still fascinate and attract the attention of scholars, archaeologists and adventurers.

What truth hides the myth of Atlantis? The different reflections on the peoples of the past lead to various hypotheses but everything is still shrouded in mystery.

Our adventure begins with the incredible journey of a ship departing from the port of New York whose protagonists will live fantastic revelations full of emotions. The past and the present will meet unexpectedly in a whirlwind of surprising discoveries.



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