

**BABYLON, A HISTORICAL  
ROMANCE IN RHYME OF THE TIME  
OF NIMROD, THE MIGHTY HUNTER-  
KING; THE TOWER OF BABEL AND  
THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES**

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Babylon, a historical romance in rhyme of the time of Nimrod, the mighty hunter-king: The tower of babel and the confusion of tongues by Joseph W. Dorr

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**JOSEPH W. DORR**

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BABYLON

AND

OTHER POEMS



*Yours truly,  
Joseph W. Dorr.*

# BABYLON

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE IN RHYME

OF THE TIME OF NIMROD, THE MIGHTY  
HUNTER-KING; THE TOWER OF  
BABEL AND THE CONFUSION  
OF TONGUES.

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"THE EVERGREEN SHORE"  
"THE HOMESICK PROSPECTOR"  
"THE RIDE OF '42"  
AND OTHER POEMS.

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By JOSEPH W. DORR.

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ILLUSTRATED.

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1897.

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## PREFACE.

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There may be other men in the world who, on the particular subjects touched upon in the story Babylon, have theories as original as those of the writer. There may be men, and women too, who while they have read the old, old story of Adam, of the deluge and of Babel and the King of Salem have been stirred by inspirations as unique and fancies as entertaining as those of sweet Wilda and Gether and their Aryan home. However that may be, the writer has not met with them or heard of them, so his conceptions only owe their existence to the Spirit who gave them paternity. In short Babylon is an inspiration.

This book has not been written for the critics, but for the common people, who are not so cold as they, and more susceptible of sympathy and true affection. Still among the thousands whom I hope will read the story I should be sorry if there should not be some who would apply their minds closely enough to the fabric of the work to discover its fractures of preconceived ideas and legendary notions. It will not require a very close observer to discover the presence of some modern words and terms. The author has a right to enter the plea of ignorance to some extent, if he so desired, of the appellations of archeologists, for he is only a member of the ranks of the common people, but he cares not to take advantage of such a plea and maintains his right to use modern descriptions as he desires. In short, he believes that at the time of the confounding of tongues and building of the tower of Babel that many of the inventions of



#### PREFACE.

peace had reached as high a state of perfection as at the present day, which beliefs must explain away any apparent inconsistency in description of implements and other things.

The author is aware also that from a historic standpoint the name Babylon, applied to the city of the tower, can not be as correct as the shorter one, Babel, but when the reader comes to test the two appellations by sound I am sure he will be willing to allow the latitude, and I believe will also permit in the body of the work the technical application of the name Nimrod to the city which the hunter doubtless founded on the ground where afterward stood the more modern city, Babylon.

As to social conditions, there is no doubt in the author's mind that those which led up to the deluge were repeated just prior to the confounding of tongues. Self-seeking—manifested in the accumulation of power and wealth in the hands of the few, and Self-Sufficiency—made manifest by a forsaking of God as an individual personal creator of power and force, and a seeking to investigate by human learning the forces or integral parts of the source of all power. These elements I say, I believe, united to destroy in the first case, and to disrupt, in the second, the worldly social fabric.

As to the characters and plot of the story, as he must in all other points, the author leaves them to the kind mercies of the reader.

There is no necessity, reader, for me to say much in this introduction of the character or inspiration of the other individual parts of this company. You have them; examine them with love, indifference or dislike, as you feel prompted. If you find anything good ascribe it to the Giver above, who giveth every good gift. If these are not lovely in your sight ascribe the

PREFACE.

unloveliness to the failings of human flesh, of which the author admits his share, and try and remember only the comely parts which he only hopes may leave some good impression somewhere.

JOSEPH W. DORR.

Ex. xxxv. 30-35.

## DEDICATION.

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A tree once grew up by the side of a tall, slender, monument-like rock. It was not so strong as the rock, but it grew and grew until its trunk pressed into the crevasses and its top covered and hid the object which was to be its adamantine supporter. The tree would not have been called beautiful by the thoughtless passer-by, though its fluffy top looked soft and its branches warm and clinging, more like a vine than a tree; and a sweet scented breath blew from it all the while. But one day I planted at its feet the vine of my ideality long-lived and verdant. Soon the rock and tree were hid in the vernal and clinging folds of this new drapery. Upward it grew until it mingled in the dark tresses of the love which it embraced. If there had been anything unlovely before it was hidden now among the green and rustling leaves and clinging tendrils of my ideality, and I thought as I gazed upon the beautiful fabric of this combination: "If the tree should decay to but a single duct to carry up the stream to support the beauty of its head, by clinging to it and the rock the vine of my ideality would bear it up against the strongest blasts; and if it died would hold its lifeless form in its loving embrace so long as its memory could survive." To the wife of my youth I dedicate this little book.

JOSEPH W. DORR.