

**THE ROSEVILLE BRANCH OF
THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY IN
THE OLD BATHGATE HOUSE,
OPENED JULY 19, 1917**

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The Roseville branch of the Free public library in the old Bathgate house, opened July 19, 1917
by Various

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NEWARK, N. J.
THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
1917

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J. C. DANA, *Editor.*



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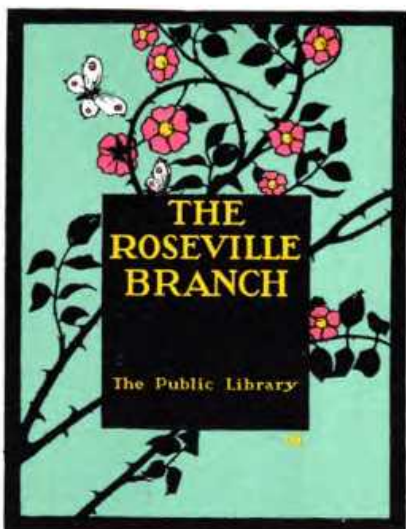
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ROSEVILLE AND ITS BRANCH LIBRARY

THE SEERS.

"A seer is one who sees," says Webster's Dictionary.

But what a seer sees depends not only on what is before his eyes, but also, and very greatly, on what is behind his eyes.

For instance:

John Brown, the real estate man, when he looks across the palings at the New Roseville Branch of the Newark Public Library, sees a valuable business lot with an old frame house on it, and says, "I see a chance for a good investment."

Johanie Brown, aged ten, says to his chum as he looks through the palings into the same house, "Gee! I see they've spoiled a perfectly good place with their old libry. It was a grand empty house, with funny little stairs up an' all, and the queerest little stairs down an' ev'ything. I wish they hadn't of fixed it. It was a heap better unfixed."

The nice young librarian from the West who is visiting eastern libraries says, "I see you have no ambition in Newark for costly presents in the library line. Our branch libraries were given us by Carnegie, and were all built on new and approved plans. You mean to wait and do it yourselves, I see."

"I see," says the lady-who-was-cut-out-for-a-landscape-gardener-only-she-was-born-a-girl-and-married-a-prosperous-person, "in a few years this quaint old-fashioned garden will be as cool and quiet as a cloister, secluded from bustle and dust by a green rampart of Lombardy poplars. How suitable that seems!"

"I see," says Sister Seraphina, glancing out of the corner window of the School of St. Rose of Lima, "I see that our

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children are going to get books for themselves and their parents from that very convenient library. How nice that will be!"

"See, Jack," says the bride from the apartment around the corner, "I shall walk over to Orange Street with you every morning, and do my shopping here in Roseville, and get my books and magazines changed, and go home with food for your mind as well as your body. And at night, when you have eaten your dinner and I have washed the dishes, you will read to me while I sew by the gas log, and next day I will get another book. I shan't mind, for a while, having no neighbors to call on. I will go to that homey house and call on Jane Welsh Carlyle and the Pastor's Wife, and poor old Cleopatra. Doesn't it look cozy?"

"I see," says the mother-in-law who lives over the grocery, "the homelike library on the business street will be like the town pump of olden days in the village where I was born. We will go to it for refreshment, and exchange a bit of gossip on its front stoop."

These are all seers. They see what is there, and what will be there, as it agrees with what is in their own minds.

But the word "Seer" means something more than that. The poet Pope who turned that great Greek poem, the *Iliad*, into English verse, tells us about a seer—

* * whose comprehensive view

The past, the present, and the future knew.

To be that kind of a seer one must look at the Roseville Branch with eyes before which stand such facts as, so many square feet of land, so many cubic feet of house, so many oblong-paned windows, two decadent cedar trees, one large wistaria vine—all being facts set in space, and behind which stand other interesting facts, set in time.

THE SEER SEES THE PAST

I. HIDE-IN-THE-MARSH AND FLOWER-BY-THE-BROOK AND A GOOD BOOK.

It wasn't a very distinct trail. The tree growth was scant, for there had been a fire through the region only a generation before, and the oaks that had invaded the gentle slopes had grown slowly. There was plenty of dogwood in the open spaces, and on this spring day it hung against the dark trunks of the pin oaks like bebies of white butterflies, swayed by the breeze and gleaming in the sunlight.

Curving in and out among the trees, and around an occasional boulder, went the path, its course marked only by absence of tangled brush, and the tall grasses covering it smoothly where it crossed an open space. No one unaccustomed to the pathfinder's life would have known the trail was there.

In and out among the trees, easily following what to him was a clear highway, came Hide-in-the-Marsh, roughly dragging after him a young woman with a child in her arms. A leather thong was about her waist, and Hide-in-the-Marsh pulled her by its loose end. As he reached a fair-sized boulder just below a stout oak sapling, he thrust her down upon it, left her crouching on the gray stone and cuddling the baby, while he seated himself in the grass and fastened his stone-cut moccasin.

Where and when and why was this? It was in May, 1675, at the exact spot where the gate of the Roseville Branch now swings, and the Leni Lenape, Hide-in-the-Marsh, was kidnapping Flower-by-the-Brook and her baby. Flower-by-the-Brook, you must know, was an Indian girl whose husband, of the Hackensack tribe, had been drowned a year ago, and who had been living with her child at the home of Nathaniel Wheeler ever since her husband's death. She was an unwilling captive but a most courageous girl, as you will see.