

Educational Echoes: Three Black Teachers/Writers in Early Twentieth-Century Louisville

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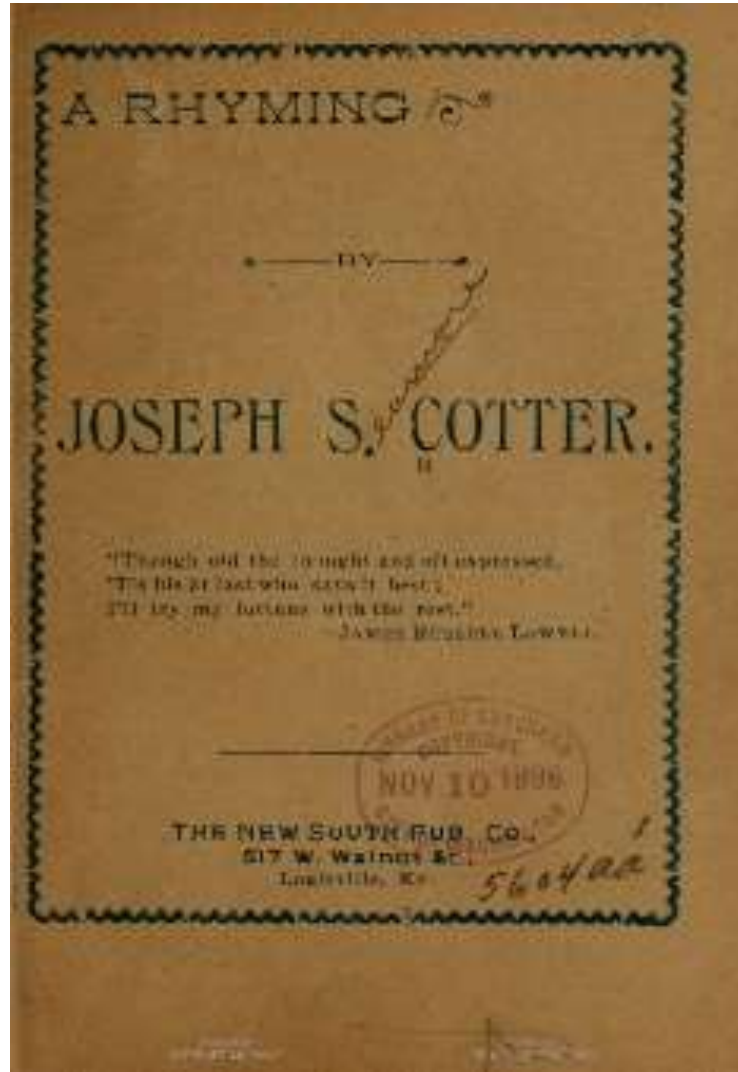
Why Joseph Seamon Cotter, Sr., Nannie Helen Burroughs, and George Marion McClellan?

- This talk celebrates three Louisville educators of the late 19th and early 20th centuries who were also important Black writers of their era, and made significant contributions to either African American literature or African American intellectual history

Joseph Seamon Cotter (1861-1949)



A Rhyming (1895)



The Voice of the Ocean

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THE VOICE OF THE OCEAN

(TO THE REV. JOHN B. FRANK.)

As I stood beside the ocean,
Gazing silently
At the wild waves in commotion,
Thus it spoke to me:

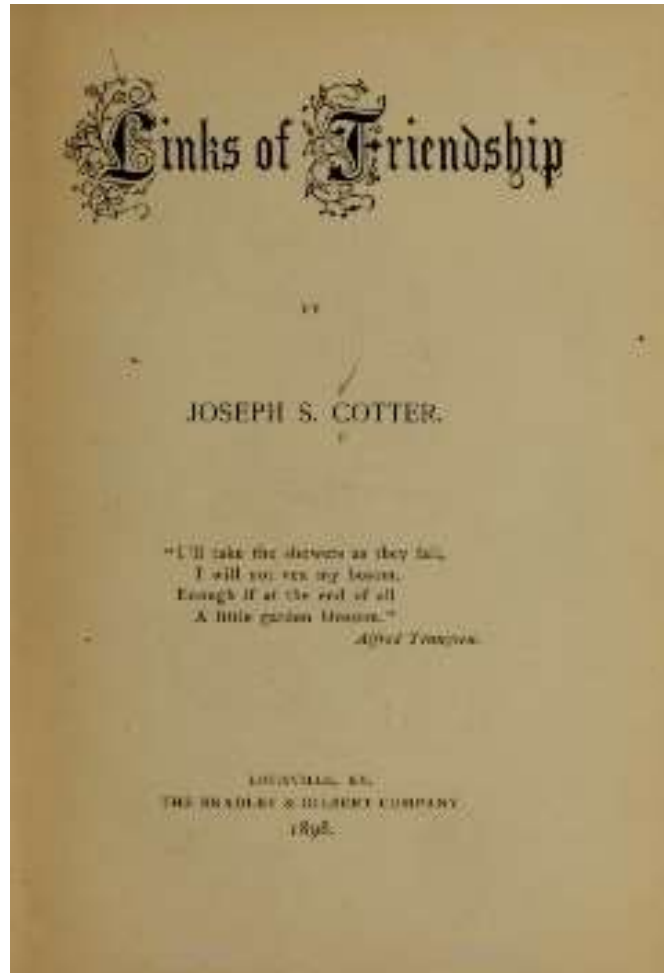
"Thousands now are sweetly sleeping
In my wide embrace,
While my waves are slowly creeping
O'er each silent face.

"In the dark primeval ages
That so long have flown
Holy men and mighty sages
Loved to sleep in stone.

"So vast sepulchres were hollowed
By the hands of slaves,
And by thousands they were followed
To their rocky graves.

"But the loved ones whom my billows
Now are raging o'er
Sank to sleep on briny pillows,
Mid my awful roar."

Links of Friendship (1898)



Sequel to the "Pied Piper of Hamelin"

Linda of Friendship.

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SEQUEL TO THE "PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN."

To THOMAS G. WALKER, Esq.

I.

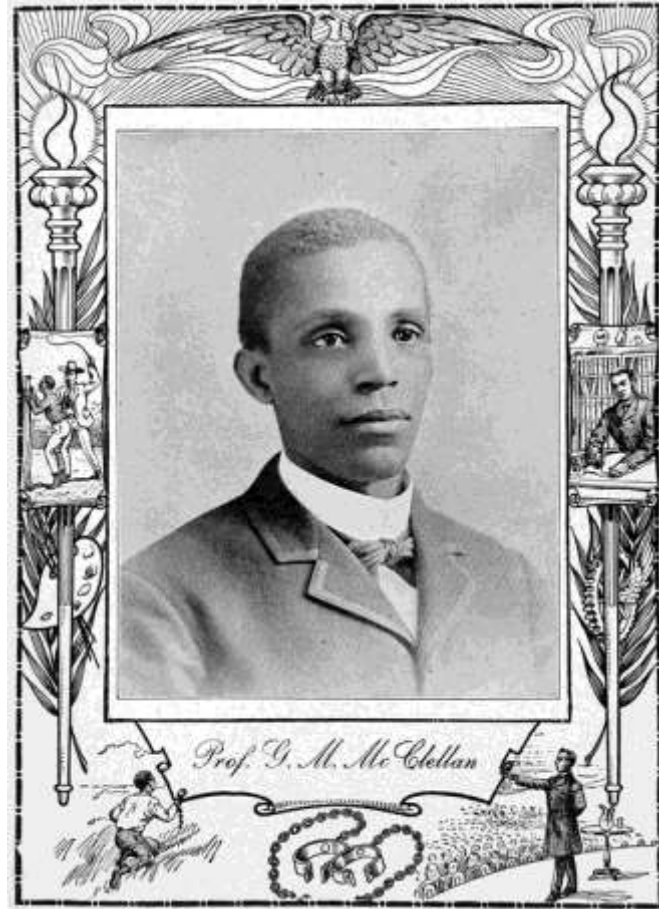
The last sweet notes the piper blew
Were heard by the people far and wide;
And one by one and two by two
They flocked to the mountain side.
Some came, of course, intensely sad,
And some came looking sternly mad,
And some came singing solemn hymns,
And some came showing shaggy heads,
And some came bearing the tool of yew,
And some came wearing wooden shoes,
And some came saying what they would do,
And some came praying (and loudly, too),
And all for what? Can you not infer?
A-searching and lurching for the Pied Piper,
And the boys and girls he had taken away,
And all were ready now to pay
Any amount that he should say.

It seems that just relentless Fate
Remains her ever ample store,
And issues out the roughest ore
To all who basely deignate.

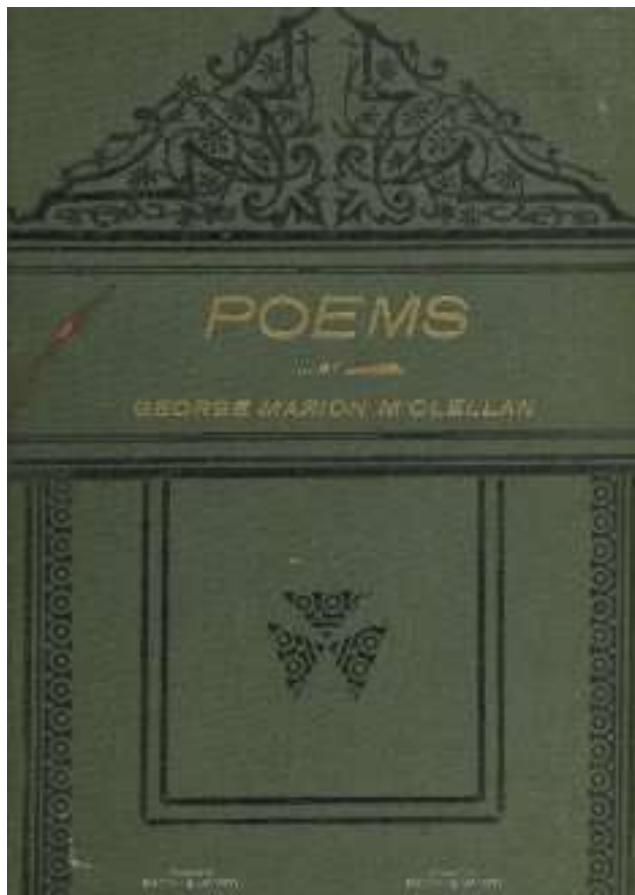
II.

The people stood at the mountain side,
And listened to hear the merry strain
That gathered them from far and wide,
But they listened all in vain.
And if they could have heard his music,

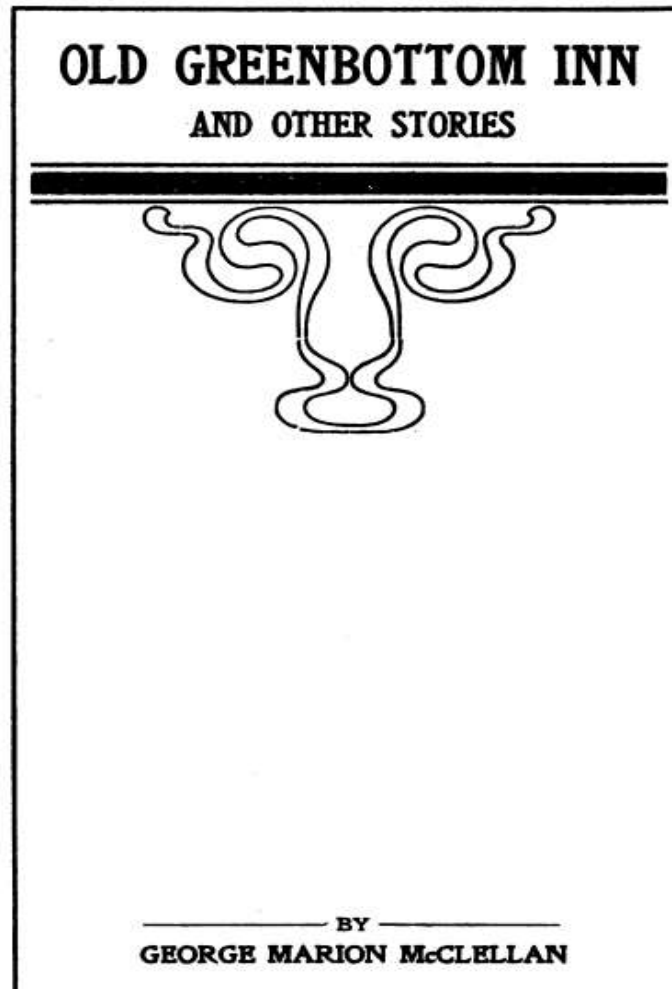
George Marion McClellan (1860-1934)



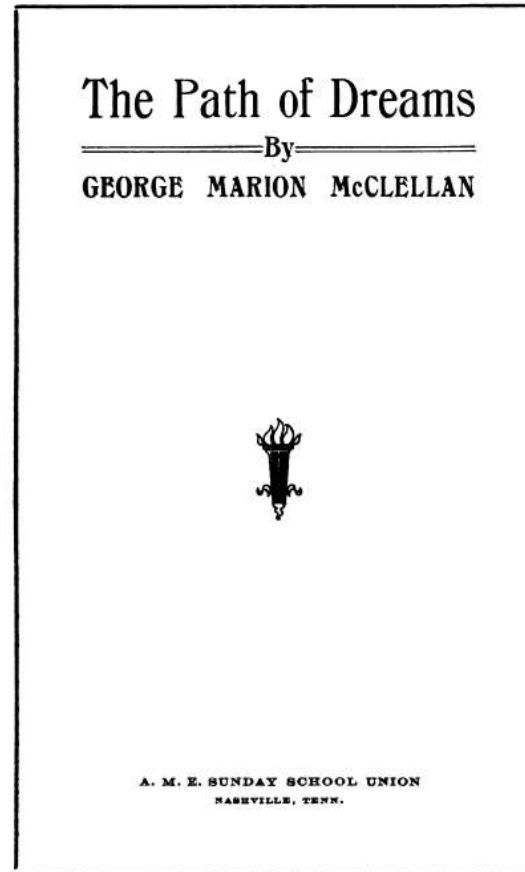
Poems (1895)



Old Greenbottom Inn and Other Stories (1906)



The Path of Dreams (1916)

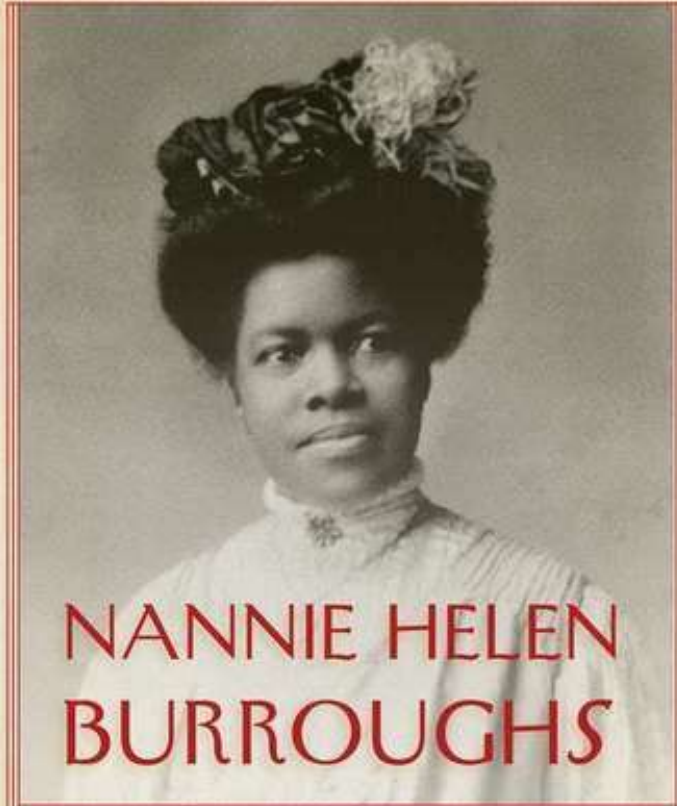


A SEPTEMBER NIGHT.

The fall September comes with its kinds of light,
And all the night's face is gowned with stars
Save where are dropped fantastic shadows down
From symonias and moon-burgypress trees,
With shadowless round the waters' fall asleep
Creep on and on their way, white curdled roads,
Through tunnels and lowlands stretching to the gulf,
Begin with cones of light Argentinian
Half bird-like dancing on low mountainsides
And her spreading tips, and roses still
In bloom with all their spring and summer hues,
Pungent with long with dappled cherries full ripe,
And over all the town a dreamy haze
Drops down. The great plantations stretching far
Away are plates of cotton dewy white.
O, glorious is this night of yucca-roses
Too full for sleep. Arcades wild and sweet,
From mountain-tops, late blowing jessamine,
And roses, all the heavy air suffuse,
Faint lanterns from the alligator swamps
From swamps afar, where sluggish lagoons give
To them a powerful hue. The katydid
Kills crimson ticks. Ten thousand insects' wings
Are in the moonlight, here and there about
As Negro sing and with awake heard by
The white stars. O, glorious is this night,
The summer presence fills our heart with songs
I cannot sing, with lives I cannot speak.

Nannie Helen Burroughs (1879-1961)





NANNIE HELEN BURROUGHS

A Documentary Portrait of an Early
Civil Rights Pioneer | 1900-1959

NANNIE HELEN BURROUGHS
edited and annotated by Kelisha B. Graves