

Carleton, Fannie C. Diary

Fannie C. Carleton Diary

1854

Title Statement

Carleton, Fannie C. DiaryGuide to the Fannie C. Carleton Diary SC 00871

Author: SCRC staff

Publication Statement

Publisher: Special Collections Research Center

William & Mary Special Collections Research Center
Earl Gregg Swem Library
400 Landrum Dr
Williamsburg, Virginia
Business Number: 757-221-3090
spcoll@wm.edu
URL: <https://libraries.wm.edu/libraries-spaces/special-collections>

2010-07-21

Profile Description

Creation: This finding aid was produced using ArchivesSpace on 2025-05-15 12:51:29 -0400.

Language Usage: The collection description/finding aid is written in English

Descriptive Summary

Unit ID

SC 00871

Unit ID

/repositories/2/resources/742

Unit Date

1854

Language

English

Creator

Carleton, Fannie C.

Extent

0.01 Linear Foot

Extent

1 volume, 17cm x 21 cm (92 pp.)

Repository

Special Collections Research Center

Administrative Information

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Processing Information:

Accessioned and minimally described in July 1020 by Ute Schechter, Warren E. Burger Archivist.

Preferred Citation:

Fannie C. Carleton Diary, Special Collections Research Center, Swem Library, College of William and Mary.

Biographical Information:

Further information about this individual or organization may be available in the Special Collections Research Center Wiki: http://scdbwiki.swem.wm.edu/wiki/index.php/Fannie_C._Carleton.

Scope and Contents

Diary and notebook , 1854 of Fannie C. Carleton while attending Judson (Institute) which is most likely what is now called Judson College in Marion, Alabama. In addition to the diary entries (50 pp.) there are essays, poems miscellaneous notes as well (42 pp.) For selected excerpts, provided by the seller, please see finding aid link below.

Keywords

Diaries

Women--Alabama--History

Women--Diaries

Women--Education--Alabama--History

Description of Subordinate Components

Diary

Unit ID id71863

Unit ID /repositories/2/archival_objects/65606

Unit Date 1854

Mixed Materials Small Collections Box 51 (Box)

Container 1 (folder)

Scope and Contents

The following excerpts have been provided by the seller and have not been verified: " 1854 "July 29th, How defected I feel this morning. It appears to me that if my spirit could but take it's flight from this world of woe and soar away to that world of bliss and at the same time leave behind it all the cares and sorrows of this sinful world that I would be willing to sever in one moment every tie that binds me to earth and soar away to that land of ceaseless song of mortals fond desire. The home of all the happy throng of all the angel choir. Where no anguish heaves the breast, no sorry wakes a sigh, no fears disturb the quiet blest, no tear bedims the eye, no storm cloud lingers there to mar thy sweet repose. The skies are always fair, the day shall never close....." "I suppose if I should give anyone permission to read my journal that they would think that I was deranged but oh, if there thoughts are like mine they would not think so." "July 30th,The light hearted boy that you knew in childhood who in the fervency of boyhood glee you loved with a boyish love. He to whom the inmost recesses of the heart were made visible. To whom each secret was confided, each hope and joy confessed, even he, perhaps may live to cast reproach upon your name and

infamy upon your fair fame.....When I first seated myself this morning I thought only of writing the incidents of the morning but thus I recalled my past days and have wrote a great deal that I had no idea of writing so much as I have. I will not write anymore as there is noting of importance." "July 31st, It is impossible for me to realize that I have once more seated myself in order that I may place upon the surface of this pure white page a few of my uncontrolled thoughts. Yet I suppose that it is so. I will endeavor therefore to collect a few of those lovely thought if I may so turn them and note them down. So that perhaps in the future they may be of interest to me. For there is nothing imaginable that I love better to do than to catch some old scrapbook up and as I peruse it to notice the different thought and ideas of the author....." "August 2nd,Well I have just perused this page and I am sorry to say that I have wrote nothing that interesting in the least. The beautiful thoughts that first crowded themselves upon my mind when I seated myself this morning vanished instantaneously and thus I was left without any guide of the intellect. What ever I am surely to say that my mind today has lost it's activity and I feel as though I never had a thought in my life. This old saying is particularly familiar to me especially when I feel so dull. There is nothing of importance in regard to _____" "August 6th, What a beautiful thought presented itself to my mind this morning as the army of remembrances marched down the valley of the past and at the same time encamped themselves before the affectionate gate of the heart. This beautiful idea was that our eyes are the windows from which the soul looks forth on all nature and the heart the silken casement where memory dwells accompanied by imagination....." "August 10th, This evening I feel as one alone, forsaken and forgotten. But I am not surprised in the lest in regard to my feelings. Why should I be when all around appears enrobed in the garb of loneliness. I look in vain for the flowers of spring but they are gone. And this I feel as though I wished not to be an inhabitant of this lonely earth. Nothing interesting." "August 17th,Poor Albert Winton was well and perhaps in possession of all earthly enjoyment that could be imagined. But the same has changed since that evening. The beautiful hopes of the future were overshadowed by the dark mantle of disappointment, unfortunately that poor boy shot himself having been called by his aged mother to come to supper. He got up to obey the aged parent and in the attempt he shot himself. The wound did not prove fatal but it is thought by everyone that sees him that he will never recover. The doctors gave him out when they first examined the wound. Thus we live today and tomorrow die....." "September 7th, Well sweet book would that the gift were mine to weave with quick and skillful fingers a tune suited to thy fair pages. My mind would fair dwell with pleasure on some beautiful thought as deed to note down. Could I but control my thoughts but this I cannot do. Therefore I will endeavor to do the best I can. I have not wrote any in my journal for some days past. This I truly regret. I spent one of the most delightful days yesterday imaginable. Cousin Hattie and my sweet little Julia spent the evening with me. Julia entertained us with dancing. She is the sweetest dancers I ever saw in my life. I was perfectly carried away, we all were highly delighted. Julia is such a sweet little girl that she attracts the attentions and wins the love of every person. Nothing of importance in regard to Marion." "September 10th, Last night after writing for the day in my journal I seated myself at my window to gaze for a minute nay far an hour on the moon. That lovely queen of night. While thus gazing on her mild rays that appear at that time to be the eyes of those bright beings which are thought by some to inhabit the planet, my uninterrupted thoughts were broke in upon by a beautiful strain of music which accosted exactly with my thoughts. At that time I became perfectly enchanted. It's low yet distinct breathings fill so bewitchingly upon my ear that as I have said before I was perfectly carried away. The music that I heard was at the Judson. While seated myself at my window I composed several pieces of poetry....." "September 15th, Once more have I seated myself with feelings quite from what they were when I last wrote. I acknowledge here that my thoughts were very much interrupted. I was so much fretted with my old pen that I did not feel like writing anything at all. Although I do not feel as angry as I did when I last wrote yet I feel lonely....." (Her passage before did have quite the angry tone) "Some people love to live, I live to love." "October 14th, (This is her last diary type passage) Another week, another month and another has passed. Vacation has passed away too on the wings of time and school has made it's appearance accompanied with it's toils and it's troubles."