

Week 9 - TEI Exercises

Exercise 1 - Common Structure and Elements

Exercise 2 - TEI Header

Exercise 3 - Front & Title Page

Exercise 4 - Prose

Please complete these exercises by Thursday 6th November 2014 and push your answers to your GitHub account.

Exercise 1 - Common Structure and Elements

Using the text excerpt on page 3, encode the following:

1. this text as a paragraph of prose
2. indicate that the language of this paragraph is English
3. indicate that the paragraph is number 7
4. encode any abbreviations with their correct expansions
5. encode names with the appropriate element and attribute

DIGH 400 - Introduction to Digital Humanities Research

Text - Exercise 1

"Good-evening, Mrs. McNab," she would say. She had a pleasant way with her. The girls all liked her. But dear, many things had changed since then (she shut the drawer); many families had lost their dearest. So she was dead; and Mr. Andrew killed; and Dr. Prue dead too, they said, with her first baby; but every one had lost some one these years. Prices had gone up shamefully, and didn't come down again neither. She could well remember her in her grey cloak.

Exercise 2 - TEI Header

Using the image on page 5 add the following information to a TEI Header:

1. encode a title statement
2. encode a publication statement
3. encode a source description

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE

VIRGINIA WOOLF



PUBLISHED BY LEONARD & VIRGINIA WOOLF AT THE
HOGARTH PRESS, 52 TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

1927

Exercise 3 - Front & Title Page

Use the image on page 5 to encode a title page in the front part of a text.

Encode the following:

1. title and author information
2. any stylistic considerations in the font, size, spacing...
3. the graphic
4. any other appropriate information such as edition, publication information...

Exercise 4 - Prose

Using the images on pages 8 & 9, encode the following:

1. the main structures of these pages, such as paragraphs and page breaks, and encode them together as if they were the body of a text
2. any section headings with stylistic characteristics
3. page numbers, page titles...
4. names, abbreviations (and matching expansions), places...

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE

[Here Mr. Carmichael, who was reading Virgil, blew out his candle. It was midnight.]

III

But what after all is one night? A short space, especially when the darkness dims so soon, and so soon a bird sings, a cock crows, or a faint green quickens, like a turning leaf, in the hollow of the wave. Night, however, succeeds to night. The winter holds a pack of them in store and deals them equally, evenly, with indefatigable fingers. They lengthen; they darken. Some of them hold aloft clear planets, plates of brightness. The autumn trees, ravaged as they are, take on the flash of tattered flags kindling in the gloom of cool cathedral caves where gold letters on marble pages describe death in battle and how bones bleach and burn far away in Indian sands. The autumn trees gleam in the yellow moonlight, in the light of harvest moons, the light which mellows the energy of labour, and smooths the stubble, and brings the wave lapping blue to the shore.

It seemed now as if, touched by human penitence and all its toil, divine goodness had parted the curtain and displayed behind it, single, distinct, the hare erect; the wave falling; the boat rocking,

which, did we deserve them, should be ours always. But alas, divine goodness, twitching the cord, draws the curtain; it does not please him; he covers his treasures in a drench of hail, and so breaks them, so confuses them that it seems impossible that their calm should ever return or that we should ever compose from their fragments a perfect whole or read in the littered pieces the clear words of truth. For our penitence deserves a glimpse only; our toil respite only.

The nights now are full of wind and destruction; the trees plunge and bend and their leaves fly helter skelter until the lawn is plastered with them and they lie packed in gutters and choke rain pipes and scatter damp paths. Also the sea tosses itself and breaks itself, and should any sleeper fancying that he might find on the beach an answer to his doubts, a sharer of his solitude, throw off his bedclothes and go down by himself to walk on the sand, no image with semblance of serving and divine promptitude comes readily to hand bringing the night to order and making the world reflect the compass of the soul. The hand dwindles in his hand; the voice bellows in his ear. Almost it would appear that it is useless in such confusion to ask the night those questions as to what, and why, and wherefore, which tempt the sleeper from his bed to seek an answer.