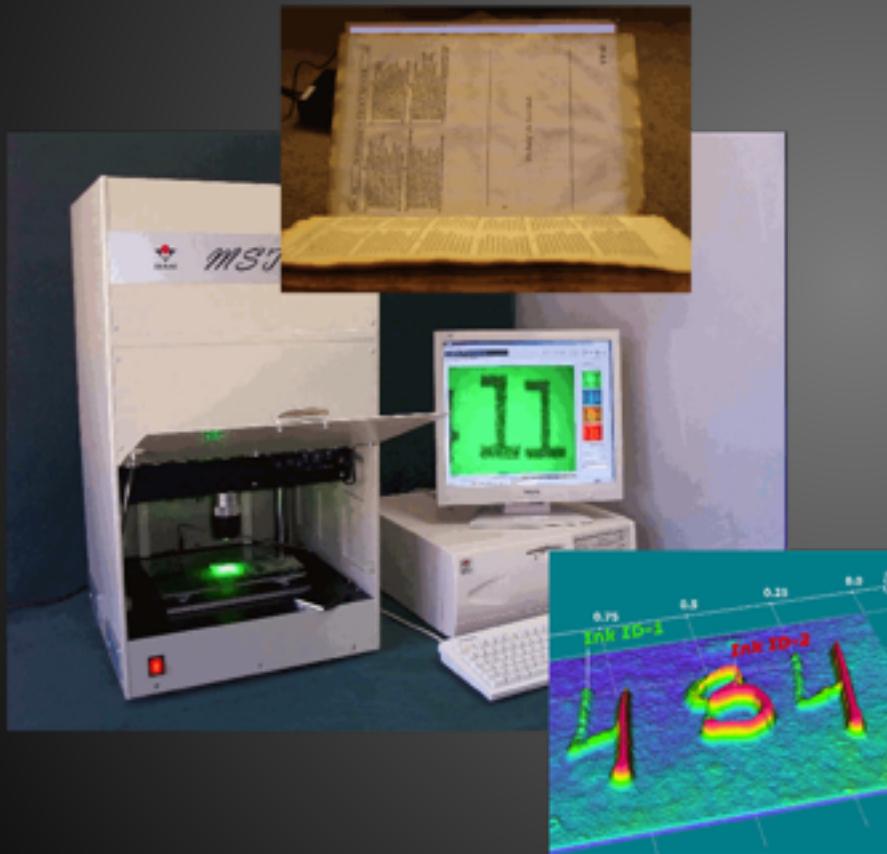


# Data-Driven Humanities



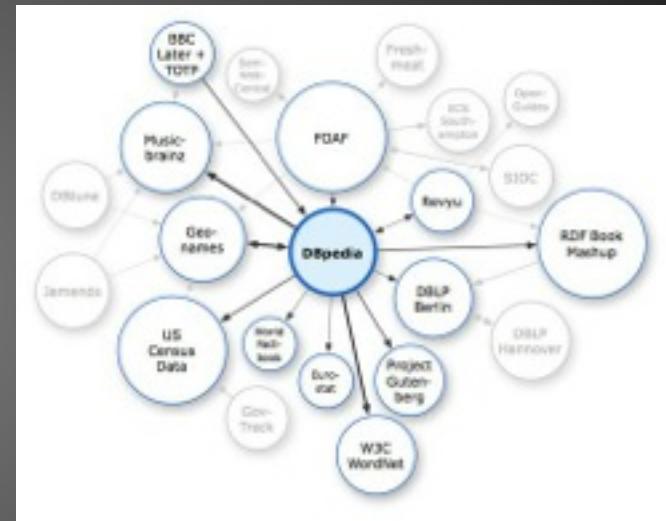
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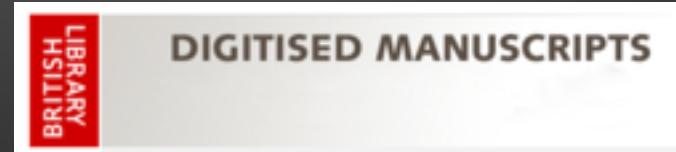
*UCD/LLNL Joint Data Science Symposium  
3 December 2014*

“The Humanities, inclusive of both the arts and the branches of study deriving from classical education, have since the Renaissance been the location for the study of context and its uses and relevance.”



Lynette Hunter

*Critiques of Knowing: Situated Textualities in Science, Computing, and the Arts*





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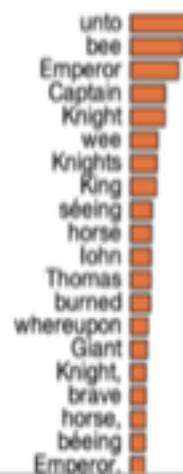
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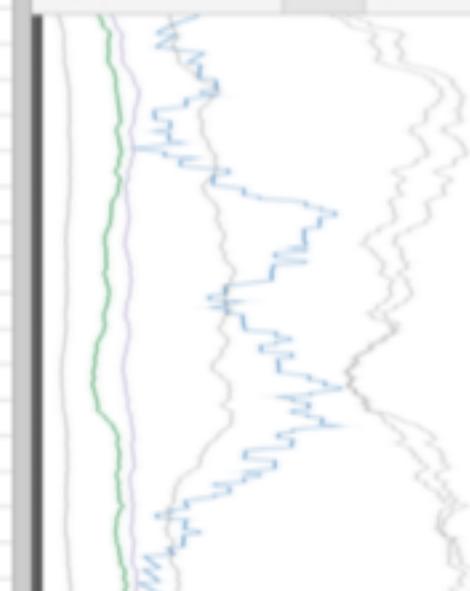
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# St. BERNARD'S Vision: Or,

A brief Discourse (Dialogue-wise) between the soul and body of a damned man, newly deceased, laying the faults one upon the other: with a speech of the devils in hell.

To the Tune of, Flying fame.



The Writer speaketh.

As I lay thumbing in my bed one night,  
A fearful vision did me sore affright,  
Sooth thought I saw a soul departed late,  
By it the body in a poor estate,  
walling with sighs, the soul alread did cry,  
Upon the body in the Coffin by;  
Now then the soul to it did make her moan,  
With grievous woes, and many a bitter groan.

The Soul speaketh.

O sinful flesh, which now so late doth lie,  
Without yesterday the world seem'd so high,  
It was but yesterday the world was thine,  
The sun is set to which yesterday did shine,  
Where is thy train that did accent on thee,  
Where is thy match, where is thy jollity?  
Where are thy sumptuous buildings a thy creature?  
The pleasant boughs wherein thou tookst pleasure,  
Come is the train, thy mind to mourning turn'd,  
Now in a Coffin, in a shroud art ure'd:  
For thy rich cloths thou hast a winding-sheet,  
The high-built roof now with thy mouth doth meet.  
Now I poor soul was fram'd a noble creature,  
In likeness to my God, of heavenly feature,  
But by thy sin while we are earth above,  
I am more souler than a lostless God.  
O wretched field which me that are forsook,  
That hell may wish than never had been born:  
They would never to say one agree,  
For which the evermore shall knowed be.  
I am, and must say ther be in pain,  
No tongue can tell the torments I sufferin';  
But thou and I we must descend to hell,  
Where we in crying lament must ever dwell.

The Body speaketh.

I know thee well my soul which from me fled,  
Which left my body sinewy, cold, and dead,  
Cease then to say the fault was all in me,  
When I will prove the fault was most in thee,  
Thou say'dst that I had seen thee oft astray,  
And from well-doing driven thee quite away:  
But if the flesh the spirit's power can move,  
The fault is thine as I will plainly prove.  
God who so basely created you most fair,  
Gave you poor inheritance gave you there:  
I was your fortune, seem'd of earth and clay,  
You to command, and I say to obey.  
Thus to your power say to restrain my will,  
And not to let me to these things more ill:  
The bodies weys are from the soul derribed,  
And by the soul the body should be guided.  
The love of self so ill both knowen,  
As I did what thou didst, the guidis thine shone,  
For without ther, the body remeth dead,  
The soul commandes, it rules upon the head.  
So to conclude, the guilt exceedeth mine,  
So here the wrongs do take me in my shone;  
And therefore face this well poor sinfull soul,  
The trespasses past mine, though they are few.



The Soul speketh.

Falle felsh remember Dives may besay'd;  
when for one drop of water he so pray'd:  
The question, creatures body, wretched creation  
Redemption now is hopeless, out of season.  
Wilt body go, and rest in bed of clay,  
Until the great and general judgement day?  
Then shall they rise, and be with me condamn'd:  
To Hell's hot lake for ever without end.  
See here ther will I will no longer stay,  
Dark unto the flames of Hell call me away:  
The host of hellish joys tormenteth me,  
Spare then all torments that in Hell can be.

The Devil speaketh.

Ho, are you come, whom we expected long?  
Now we will make you sing another song:  
Howling and yelling still shall be your note,  
And moulded Lead be poured down your throat:  
Such horror we do on our servants load,  
Now thou art worse then is the crawling toad:  
Ten thousand torments thou shalt now abide,  
When thou in flaming sulphre shalt be fry'd.  
Thou art a Soldier of our Camp enowld'd,  
Never henceforth shalt thou the light beheld i:  
The pains prepar'd for thee no tongue can tell,  
Welcome, O wel come, to the pit of Hell.

The Writer speaketh.

At this the groaning soul did very much fast,  
And then the flames with joy did laugh and roar:  
These wretches did ferment; black then pitch or night,  
Whose hoary shapes did looke me affright.  
Sharp steeles foote each in their hands did bear,  
Lashed their teeth like crooked mettacks were:  
Fire and brimstone then they breakeh out,  
And from their nostrills smokes spak'd all about:  
Foul filthy hounds on these black hydes they weare,  
Their nalls were like the tushes of a boar:  
These fiends last hour this wretched soul,  
Did drag him in, who grievously did povel.  
Then straight methought appeared in my sight,  
A beautius young-man cloath'd all in white:  
His face did shone most glorious to behold,  
Wings like the Rain-bow, and his hair like gold,  
With a sweet voice, All hail, all hail quide ye,  
Arise and write what here thou sawdest fer;  
Sooth heartily madde sermen then to play,  
Now in a clowd he banisht quite awa.  
Looking straight, I took my pen in hand,  
To write those lines the young-men did command,  
And so abroad into the world it fane,  
That each good Christian may in time report,  
Then let us fear the Lord both night and day,  
Prestere our souls and bodies to thee pray:  
God grant us may to run this mortal race,  
That we in heaven may have a rehing-place.  
Prestere the King, the Church, and Prophets,  
The Clergy, Counsel, and Mortality:  
Prestere our soul and bodies to thee pray,  
Queen, with me let all good & pittifull say,  
FINIS.



30151-10.jpg

*This image has not yet been catalogued.*

The images below are the result of an automated search of EBBA's Ballad Impressions Archive (BIA) using Arch-V, an automated image search tool developed by EBBA Associate Director Carl Stahmer. Initial development was funded by a National Endowment for the Humanities Start-Up award. Arch-V applies a variety of computer vision and image recognition algorithms to match images based upon feature point and shape analysis. The current accuracy of results is highly variable when searching a mixed library of color and black and white images of varying resolution. Results are significantly better when the seed image is a color image. These initial results (and more fine-tuning of the image association tool, with further funding) allow for more sophisticated and consistent cataloguing of EBBA illustrations under the direction of Megan Palmer Browne, EBBA's Woodcut Impressions Specialist



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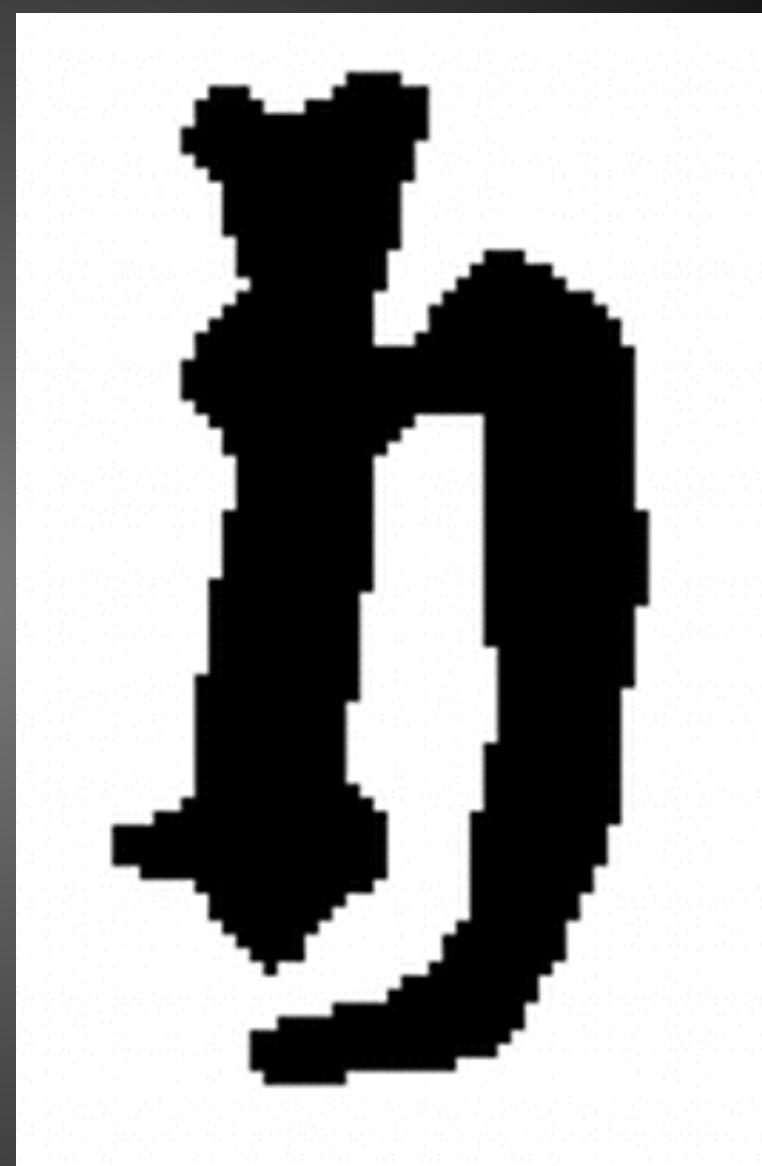
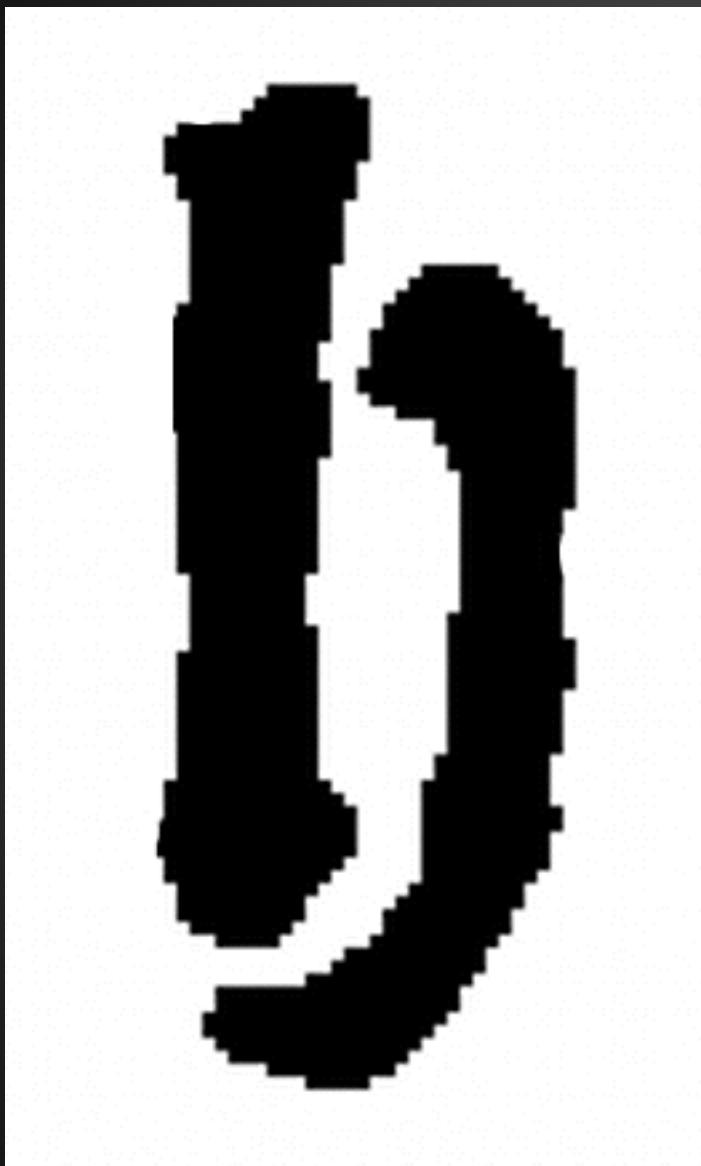
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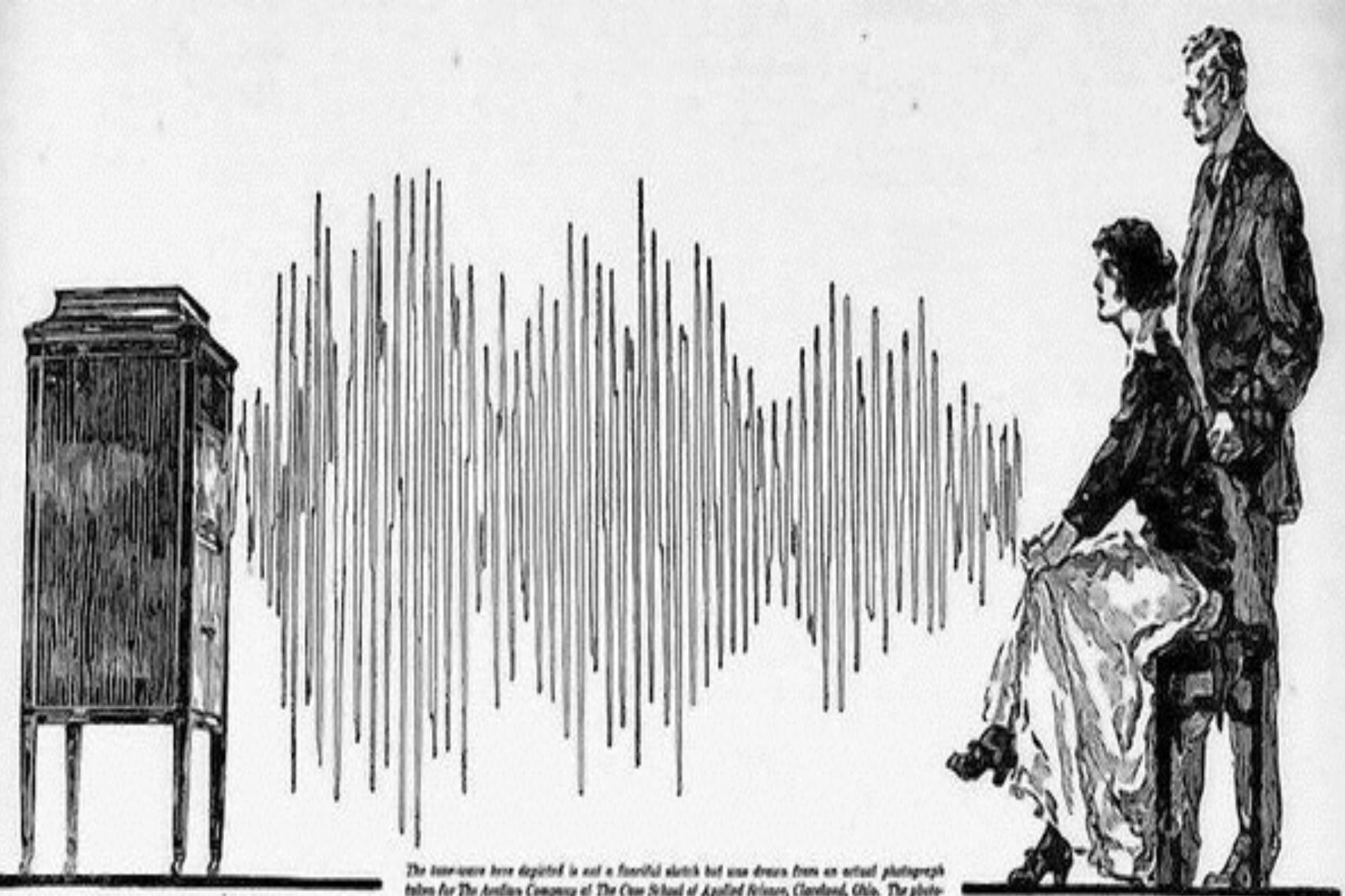
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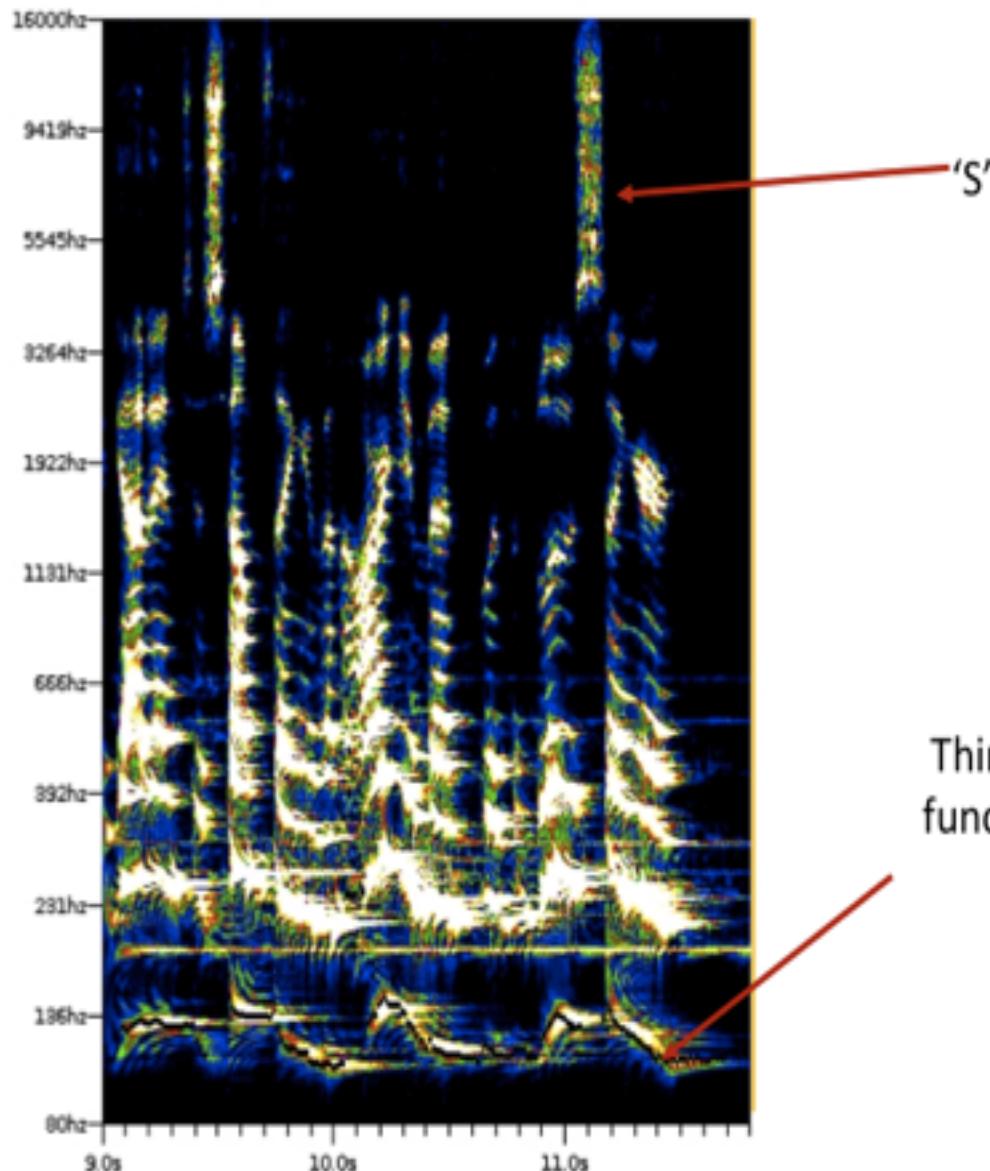
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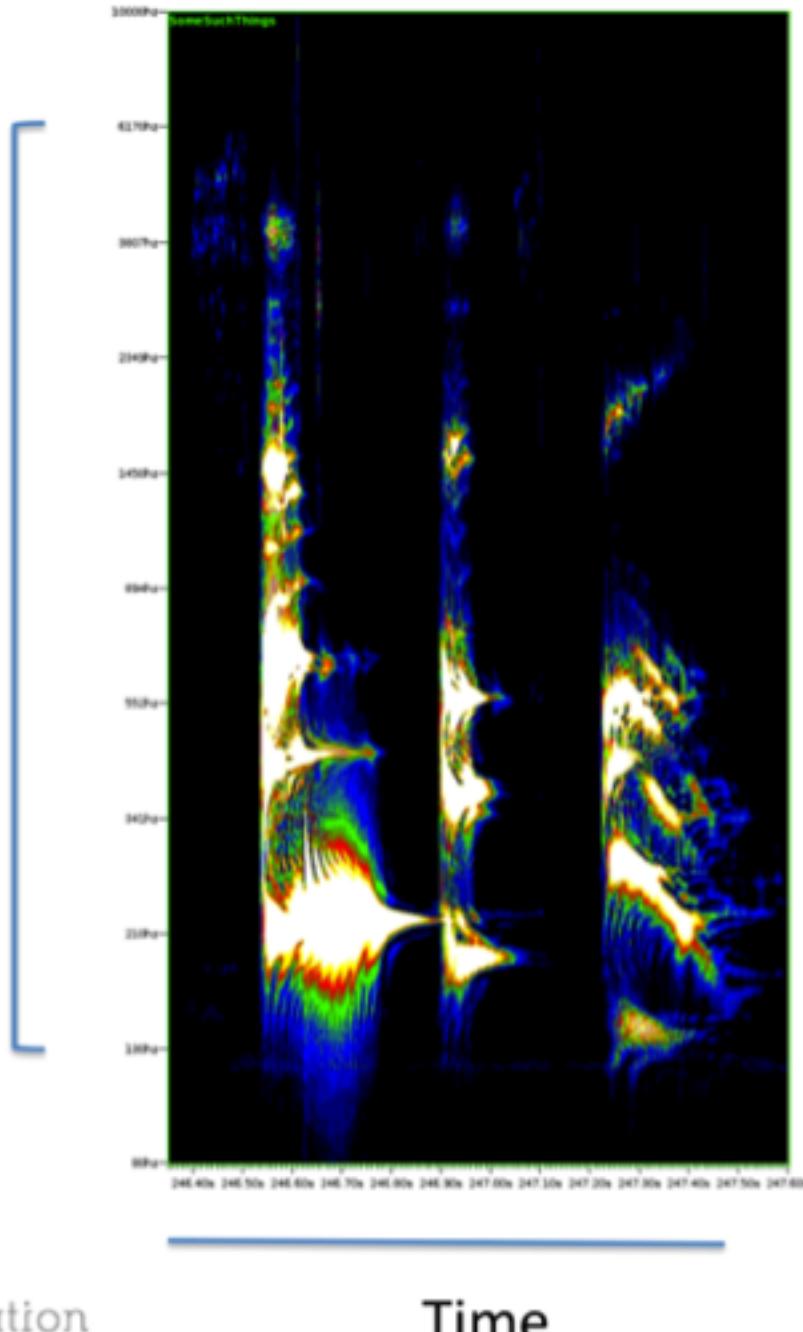
The time-wave here depicted is not a fanciful sketch but was drawn from an actual photograph taken for The Aeolian Company at The Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio. The photograph was of the time-wave created by the photographic record of Tchaikovsky's "Rondo Slav."

## *The Miracle of Sound*

# ARLO pitch trace in human speech



Hz, a unit  
of  
frequency



Energy represented by  
a heat based color scheme.  
White – hottest, most intense  
Yellow  
Red  
Green  
Blue  
Black – coolest, least intense

Time

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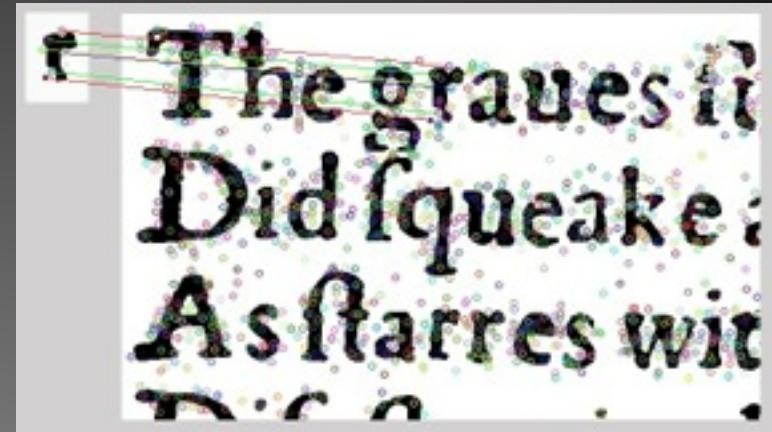
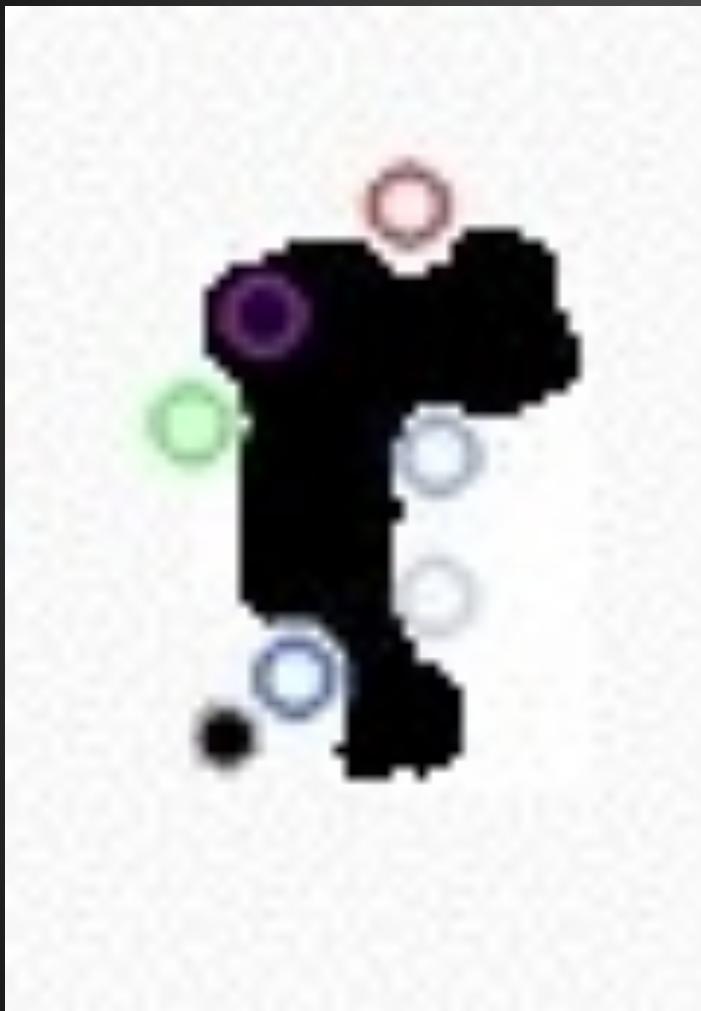
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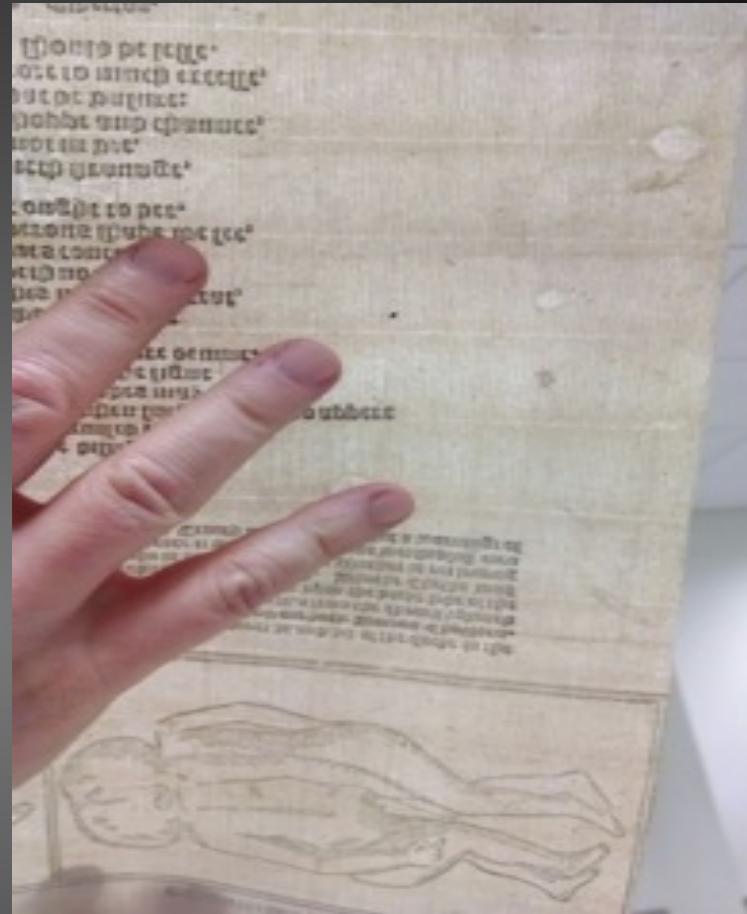
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- 2 blocks per page
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- 2,000 features extracted for each sort of type
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850,000 data points per single printed page

## Poor Robin's Prophesie ; or, The merry Conceited Fortune-teller.

Although the Poet makes no large Apology  
Some insight he may have into All-trology,  
Then buy this Song, and give your Judgement of it,  
Time of *The Delights of the Rarie, &c.*

And then perhaps you'll say he's a small Prophet,  
For he can tell when things will come to pass,  
That you will say is strange as ever was,  
With Allusion, No. 1<sup>o</sup> Strange.



ALL you that delight for to hear a new song,  
Or to see the world turn'd to paradyse so long,  
Come give good attention unto thys my Whimes,  
And never complain of the harshnes of times,  
Nor all will be mended, by this you may find,  
All Golden dais come, when the Devil is blind.

And first for the Shopperper, this I can tell,  
That after long trulking, all things will be well,  
The Gallant will pay him, what ever's his due,  
And make him richer when he finds it is true :  
False weightage, false measures, he then will not mind,  
But honest will prove, when the Devil is blind.

The Country Cleat that comes up to Town,  
Likewise from this Sudien, good news he may leas,  
A benefit which he shall never more leas,



No; Lopers hereafter will plash without fress:  
You shall hate Late fress, if you be trulyn'd,  
Without any charge, when the Devil is blind.

The Warre, open his Coffers full therin,  
And break all his Locks, both above and belaw,  
Get burn all his Parchments, and cancel his Bonds,  
And freely return all his Mortgaged Lands ;  
Young Jeng will be glad to see them so kind,  
But that will not be, till the Devil is blind.

The Learned Philstian who valued his wealth,  
Will now be surer chary of all peoples health,  
And make it his busyness howe'er he bath thybe,  
To pulle his hairs for to keep him alive :  
No; Mountebank Bills in the Secret, you shall find,  
For they keep in their lies, when the Devil is blind.

Your Lady of pleasure that us'd for to rare,  
And Coach it about with her lusty Gallant,  
Will then become modest, and finde a new way  
To like like a Gun in a Cloyster all day,  
Her pride, and her painting, the warker will mind,  
But seem like a Saine, when the Devil is blind.

Ye the Wallies themselves that bid us for to raze,  
And spent great charges in god wine, and a wile —  
Shall leave of their gameing, and fairely take up,  
And searchys will cast of the Gape half a Cup,  
But taste good Canary, and Cloret behind,  
Small Tipple to Drunk, when the Devil is blind.

The Herds, and the Hounds, who used to prey,  
Unt breake abroad for no purchase no pay,  
Shall work for their living, and finde a new trade,  
And never more travell like Knights of the Blaide ;  
Let Newgate stand empty, and then you will finde,  
All this will prove true, when the Devil is blind.

All Tradesmen will strive for to help one another,  
And friendly will be, like to Mother and Mother,  
And kepp up their gynes that money may flou,  
Their charge to maintain, and to pay what they due,  
Then two of a trade shall agree, if you mind,  
And all will be well, when the Devil is blind.

The Tapsters no more shall their Ticklers fresh,  
Nor Coffee men blinde us with their Rynn bath,  
Full measures of liquour shall pass through the Lamb,  
And men without money the same shall command,  
You'll say 'tis a wonder when this you do finde,  
And thus you will fare when the Devil is blind.

Not onely the City shall find this welfare,  
But throughout the country the same they shall share,  
No throtting and cozening tricks shall be us'd,  
Nor by such deceit we have all been about' ; (sic),  
Those men that of late with Duke Humphrey have  
With plenty shall flow, when the Devil is blind.

Then let us be merry and foolish men,  
Since the golden world is returning again,  
We shall be all Gallants as faire as a Gun,  
When this wark is finish'd that's hardly begunne  
Then Poets in both Pockets Quantzys shall find,  
And purchase estates when the Devil is blind.

J. F. N. I. S.  
Printed for F. Cole T. Vire, J. Wright, and J. Clark.

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# The Knitters Jobb

Or the earnest Suitor of WALTON Town to a fair M A I D,

With her modest Answers and Conclusion of their intents

To the Tune of Shackley hey.



VV In the Town of Walton fair  
a Robt Los did dwell

Both Carting, Spinning, Weaving pera  
the could do all full well :

This much the man Barfus had  
some were good and some were bad  
Fa la la la la la.

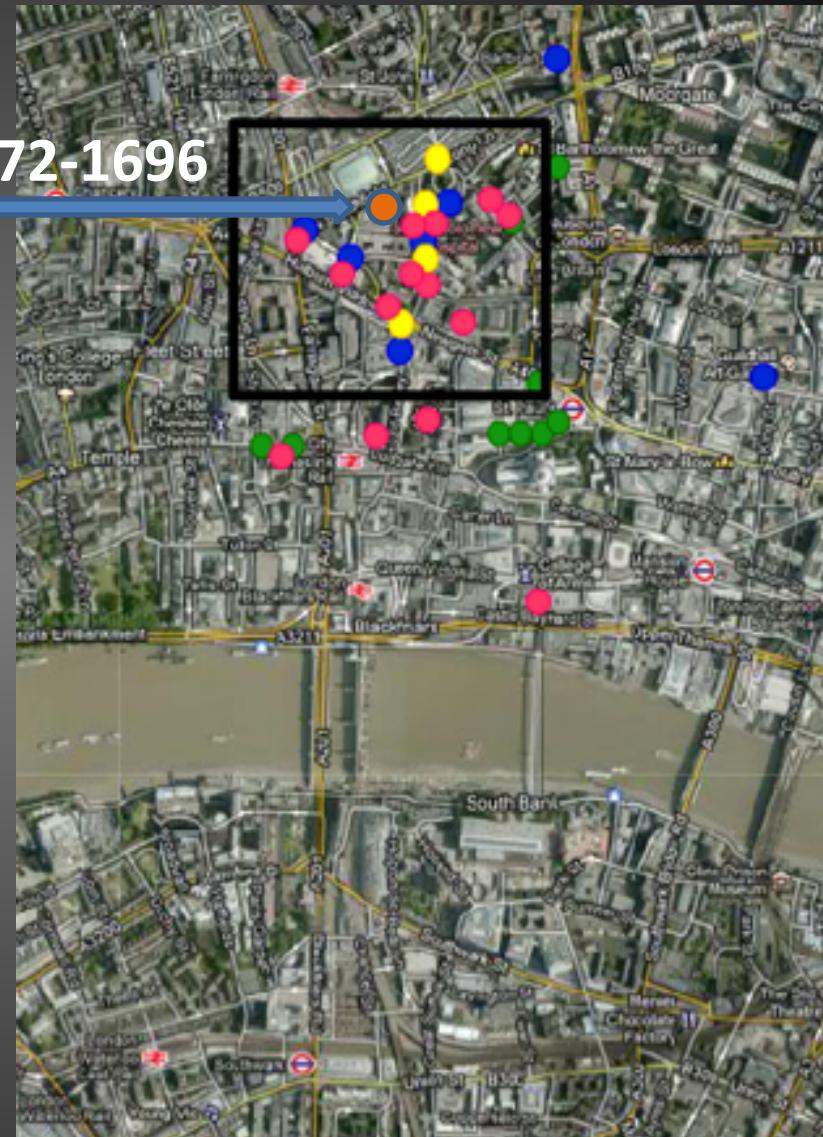
Above the rest one there lived by  
his hear her such god wot  
That, when he fowt to be any'd  
himself they thought he'd kill  
She took no notice of his grief  
he hysle went without crief  
Fa la la la la.

He alwaies spen'd his company  
and from him turn'd away  
This young man knew not what to do  
nor what to her to say :

We knott it was full late opprest  
that night nor day he could take rest  
Fa la la la la.

At length an opportunity  
was off'red unto him  
To break his mind into his Lobe  
he more bold to begin  
god Cupid said he then required  
all things might be as he desired  
Fa la la etc.

1672-1696



# The Knitters Jobb

Or the earnest Suitor of WALTON Town to a fair M A I D,

With her modest Answers and Conclusion of their intents

To the Tune of Shackley hey.



VV In the Town of Walton fair  
a Robt Los did dwell

Both Carting, Spinning, Weaving per-

the could do all full well :

This much the man Busys had  
some were good and some were bad  
Fa la la la la la.

Above the rest one there lived by

his hear her such god wot

That when he founte to be any'd

himself they thought he'd kill;

He took no notice of his grief

he hysle went without care

Fa la la la la.



He alwaies had his company  
and leane him turn'd away

This young man knew not what to do

He was full sore opprest

Night nor day he could take rest

Fa la la.

methen community

He brok his mind into his hebe

He more bold to begin

god Cupid said he then required

All things might be as he desired

Fa la la etc.

1672-1696



# The Knitters Jobb

Or the earnest Suitor of WALTON Town to a fair M A I D,

With her modest Answers and Conclusion of their intents  
To the Tune of Shackley hey.



VV In the Town of Walton fair  
a Knit's Las did ther  
Both Carting, Spinning, Knitting per  
the could do all full well:  
This much the many Duties had  
some were good and some were bad  
Fa la la la la la.

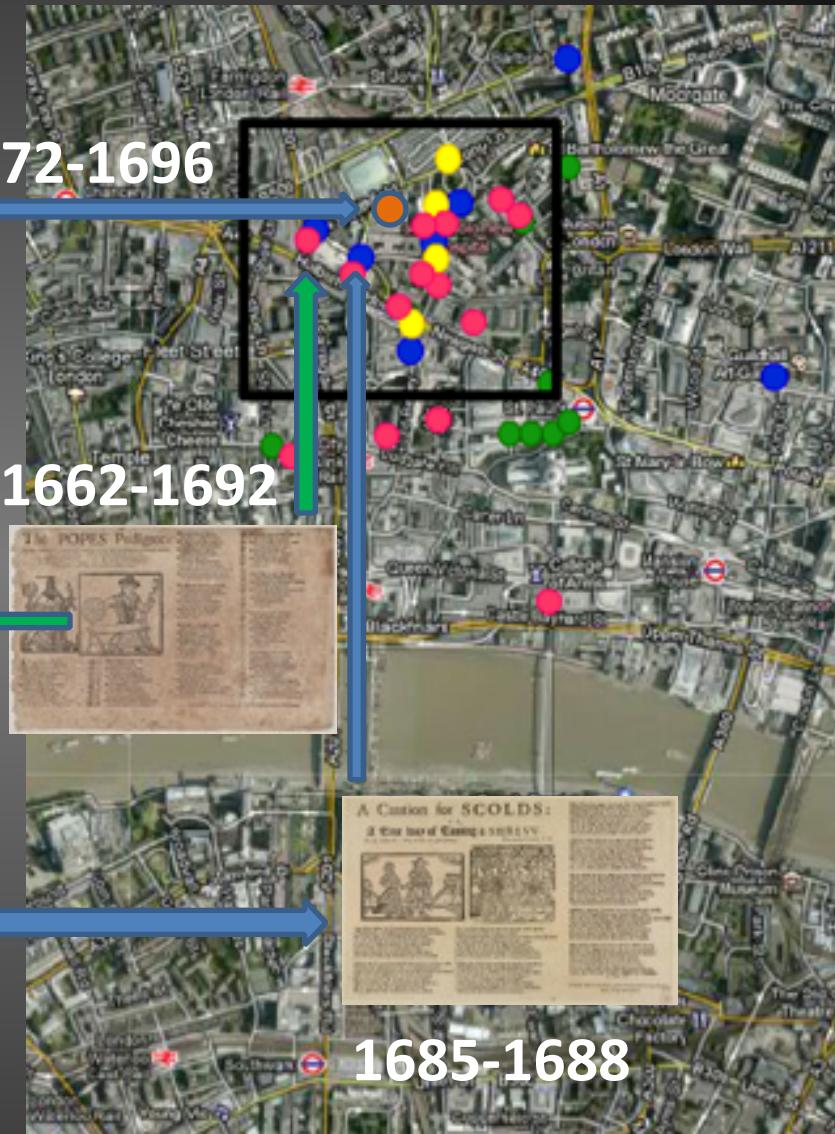
Above the rest one there lived by  
his hear her such god will  
That when he fated to be any'd  
himself they thought he'd kill.  
He took no notice of his grief  
he hysle went without care  
Fa la la la la.



He alwaies ther'd his company  
and leane him turn'd away  
This young man knew not what to do  
He was full sore opprest  
right now day he could take rest  
Fa la la.

in other community  
He took his mind into his he  
He more bold to begin  
god Cupid said he then required  
all things might be as he desired  
Fa la la etc.

1672-1696



1685-1688

# The Knitters Jobb

Or the earnest Suitor of WALTON Town to a fair M A I D,

With her modest Answers and Conclusion of their intents  
To the Tune of Shackley hey.



VV In the Town of Walton fair  
a Knit's Las did therell  
Both Carting, Spinning, Knitting per  
the could do all full well:  
This much the many Duties had  
some were good and some were bad  
Fa la la la la la.

Above the rest one there lived by  
his hear her such god will  
That when he fated to be any'd  
himself they thought he'd kill.  
He took no notice of his grief  
he hysle went without care  
Fa la la la la.



He alwaies ther'd his company  
and leane him turn'd away  
This young man knew not what to do  
What to say to her to say:  
He was full sore opprest  
right now; day he could take rest  
Fa la la.

1672-1696

1672-1685

1662-1692

1685-1692?

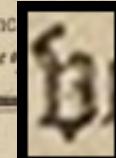
1685-1688



# The Knitters Jobb

Or the earnest Suitor of WALTON Town to a fair M A I D,

With her modest Answers and Concord their intenes  
To the Tunes of the Organ.



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a Knit's Jobb did therell  
Both Carting, Spinning, Knitting per  
the could do all full well:  
This much the many Dutys had  
some were good and some were bad  
Fa la la la la la.

Above the rest one there lived by  
his hear her such god will  
That when he founte to be any'd  
himself they thought he'd kill.  
He took no notice of his grief  
he hysle went without care  
Fa la la la la.



He alwaies quare'd his company  
and leane him turn'd away  
This young man knew not what to do  
What he had to her to say:  
He was full sore opprest  
right now; day he could take rest  
Fa la la.

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break his mind into his lobe  
he more bold to begin  
god Cupid said he then required  
all things might be as he desired  
Fa la la etc.

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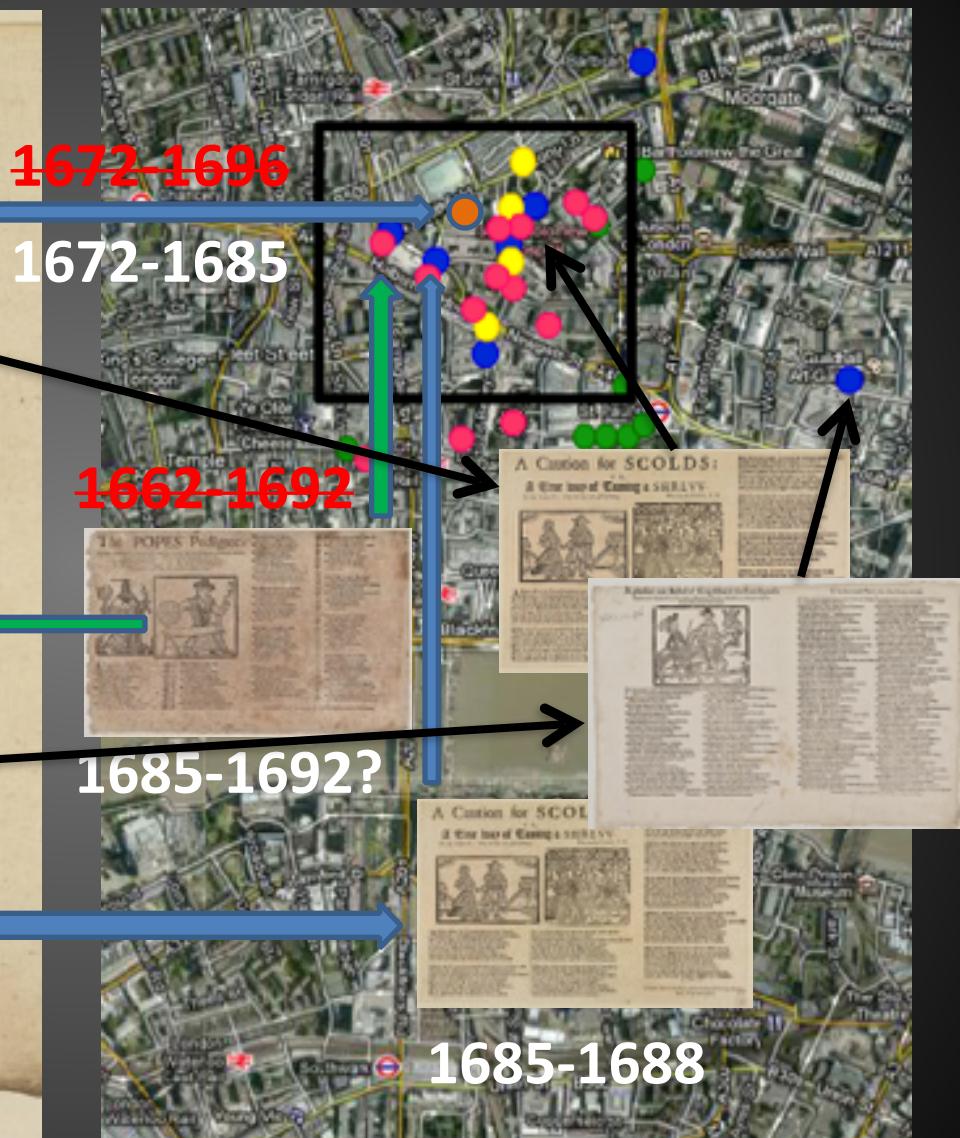
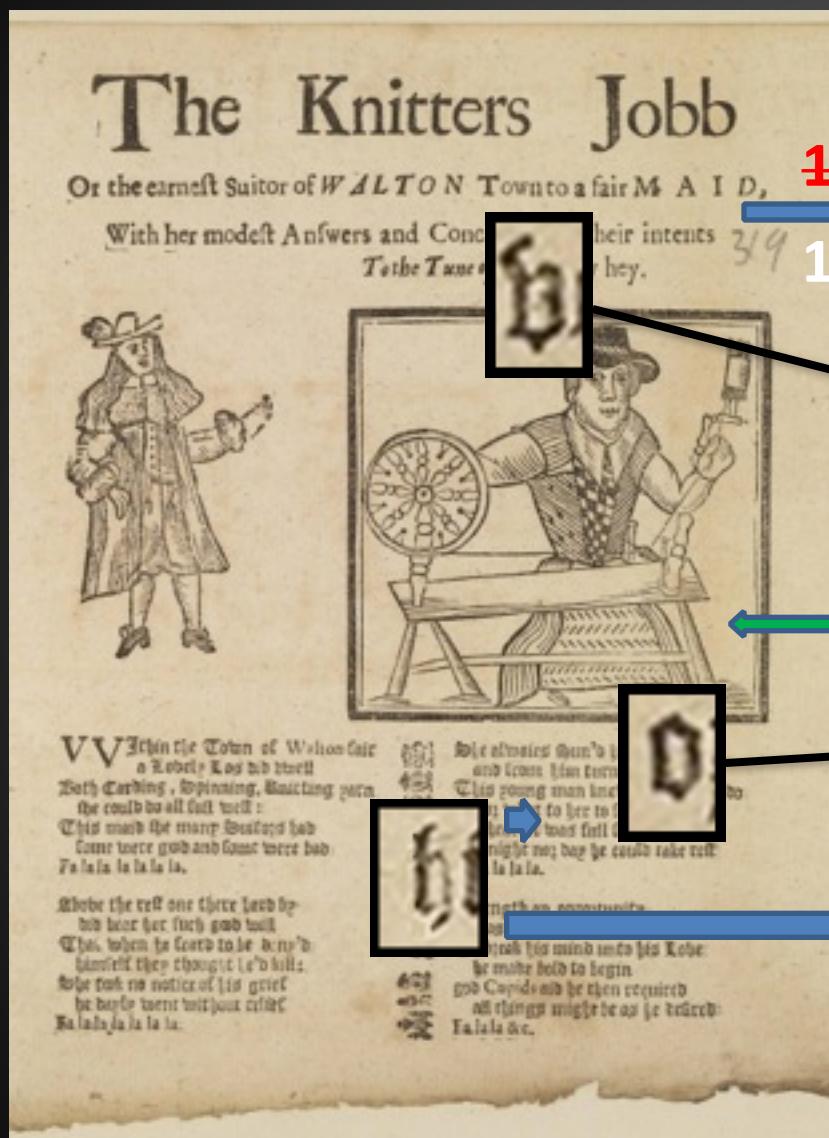
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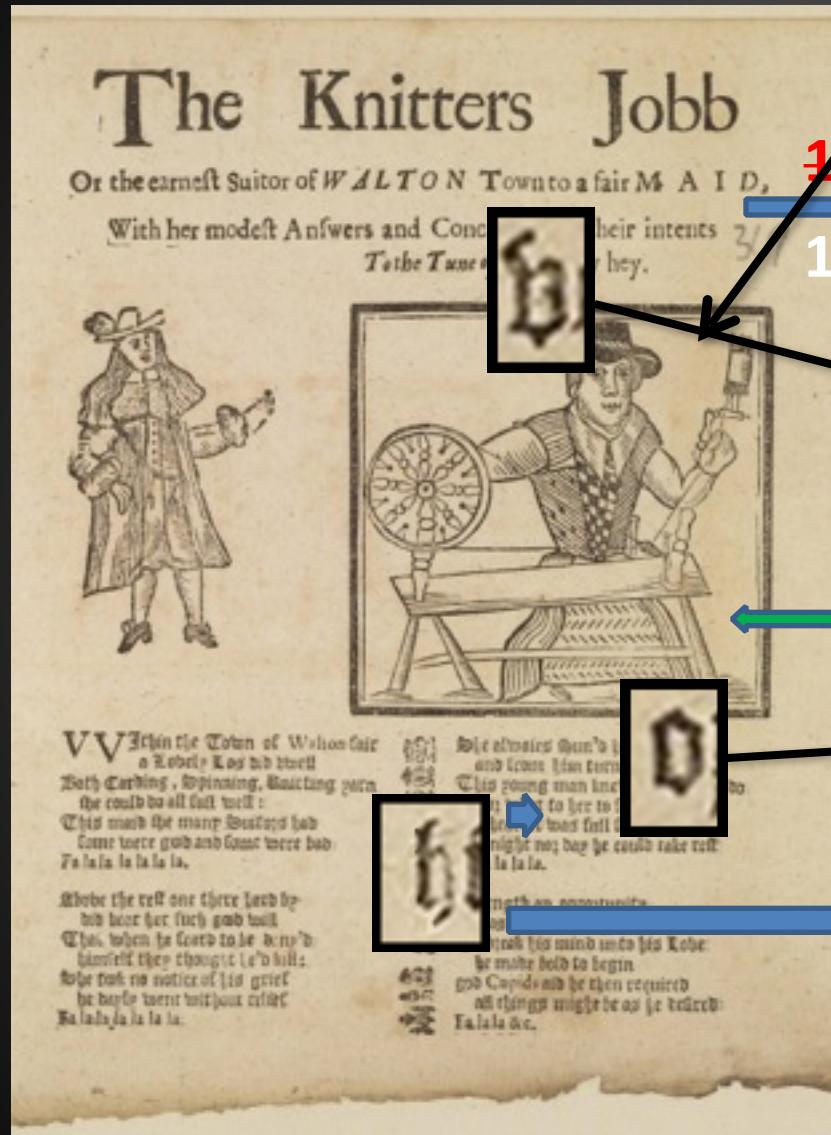
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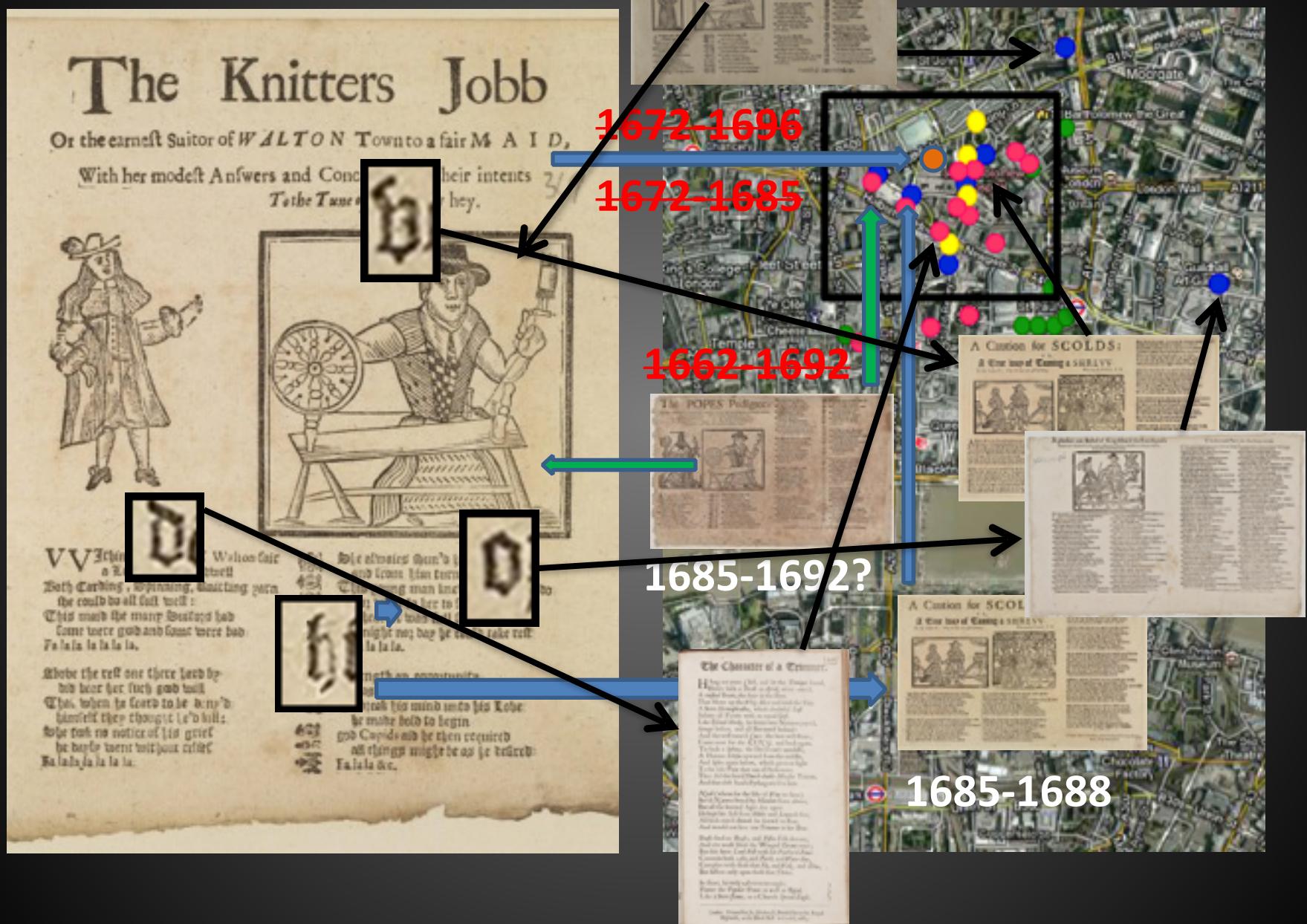
**1685-1692?**

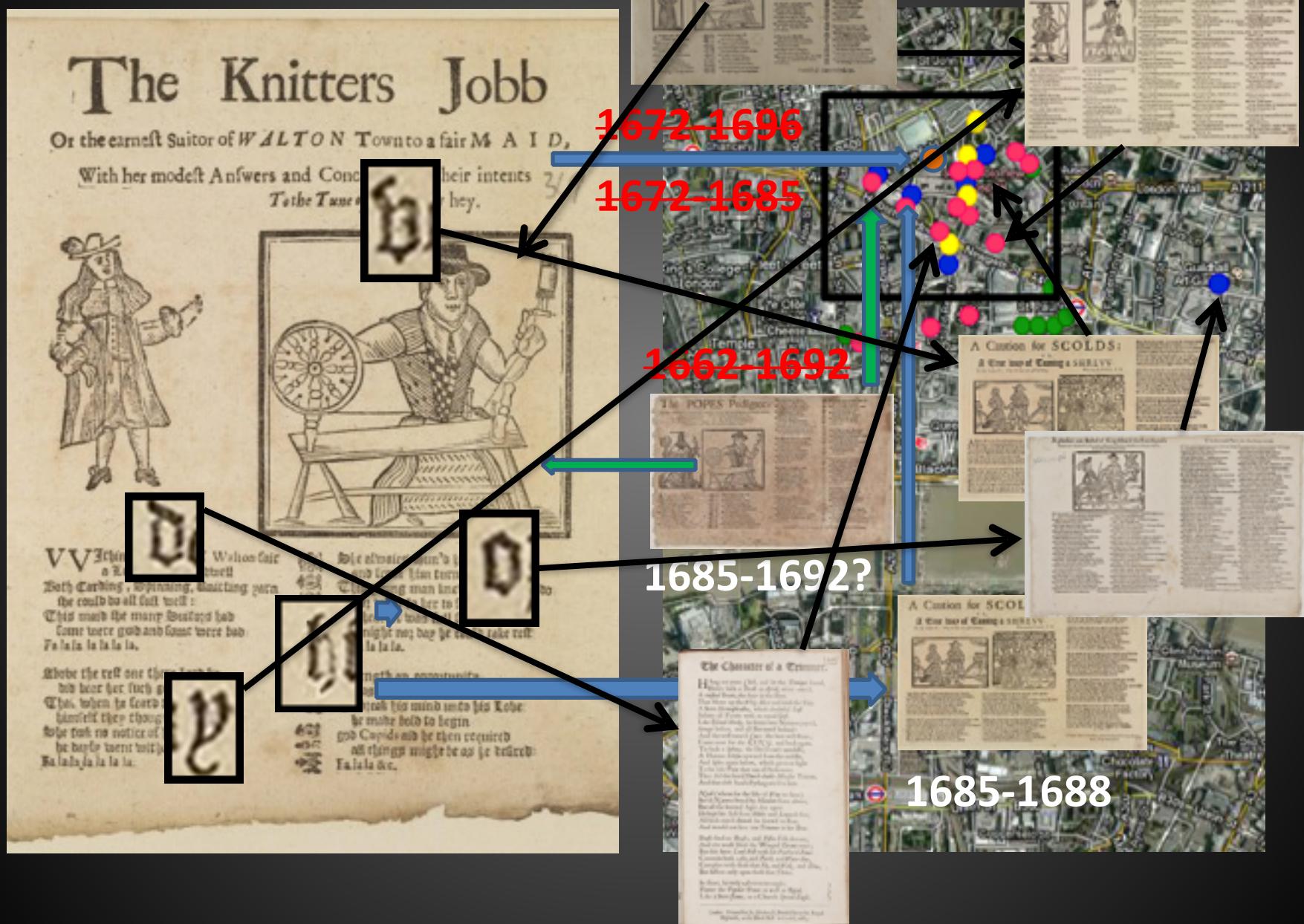
**1685-1688**

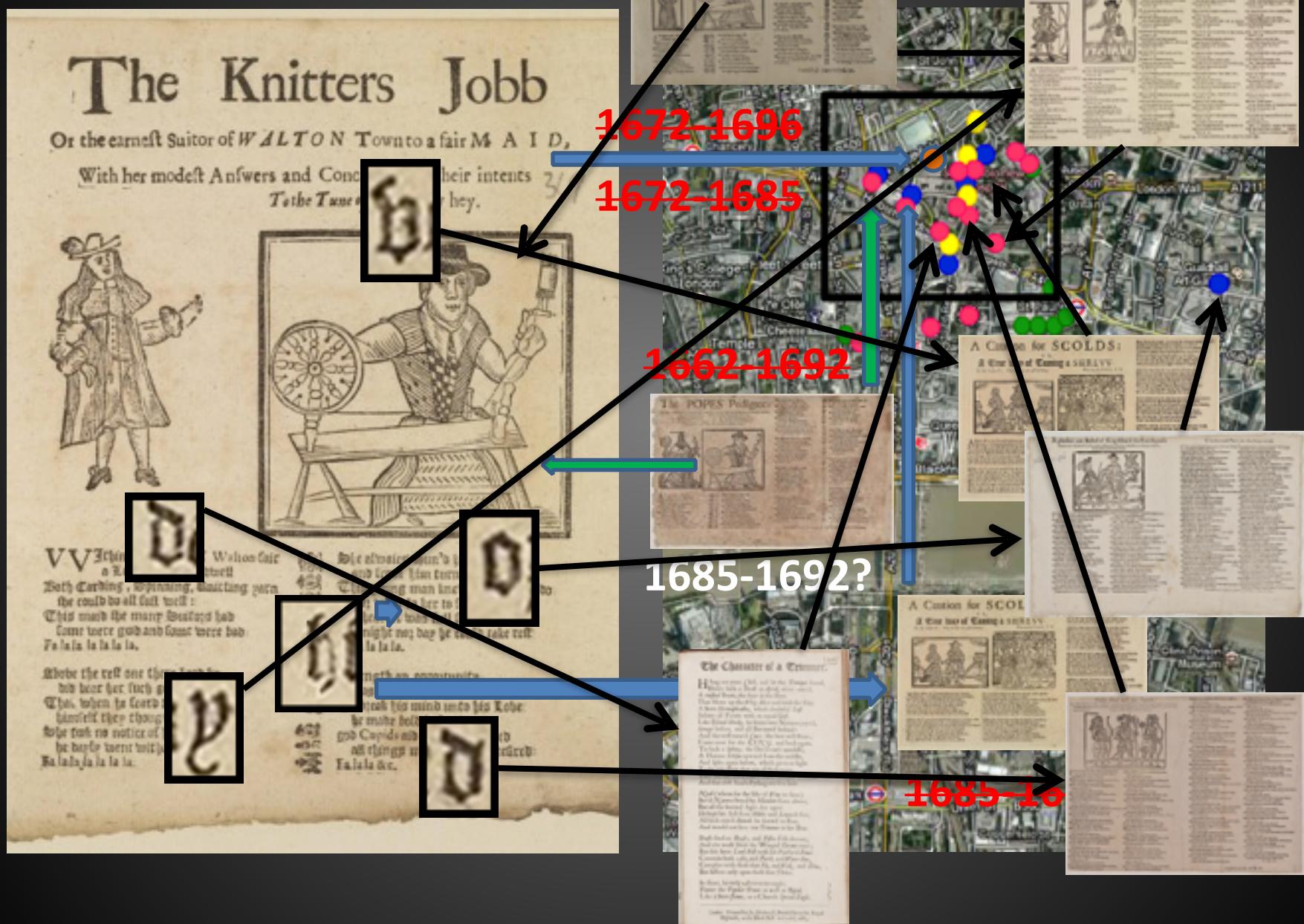












# The Knitters Jobb

Or the earnest Suitor of WALTON Town to a fair M A I

With her modest Answers and Concordant  
To the Times their intentes  
hey.



VV3 Ich am a Knitter, Waltons fair  
Beth Carding, spinning, knitting para  
Dall full wile, and all the world over,  
Many fayres had  
And an hundre were bad  
right no day he cometh take toll  
la la la.

one them fayres  
such g  
fayre  
though  
We took no notice of  
he boyfe went with  
Balala la la la.



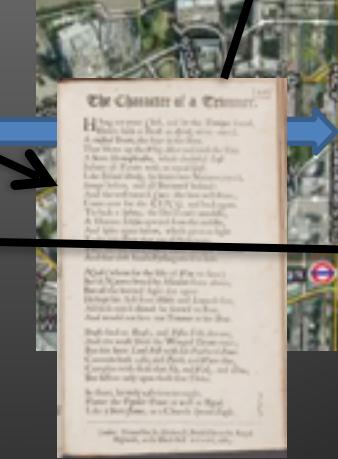
1672-1692



1662-1692



1685-1692?



1685-16



London Wall A1210



## Because I Could Not Stop For Death

Because I could not stop for Death,  
He kindly stopped for me;  
The carriage held but just ourselves  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,  
And I had put away  
My labor, and my leisure too,  
For his civility.

We passed the school, where children strove  
At recess, in the ring;  
We passed the fields of gazing grain,  
We passed the setting sun.

Or rather, he passed us;  
The dews grew quivering and chill,  
For only gossamer my gown,  
My tippet only tulle.

We paused before a house that seemed  
A swelling of the ground;  
The roof was scarcely visible,  
The cornice but a mound.

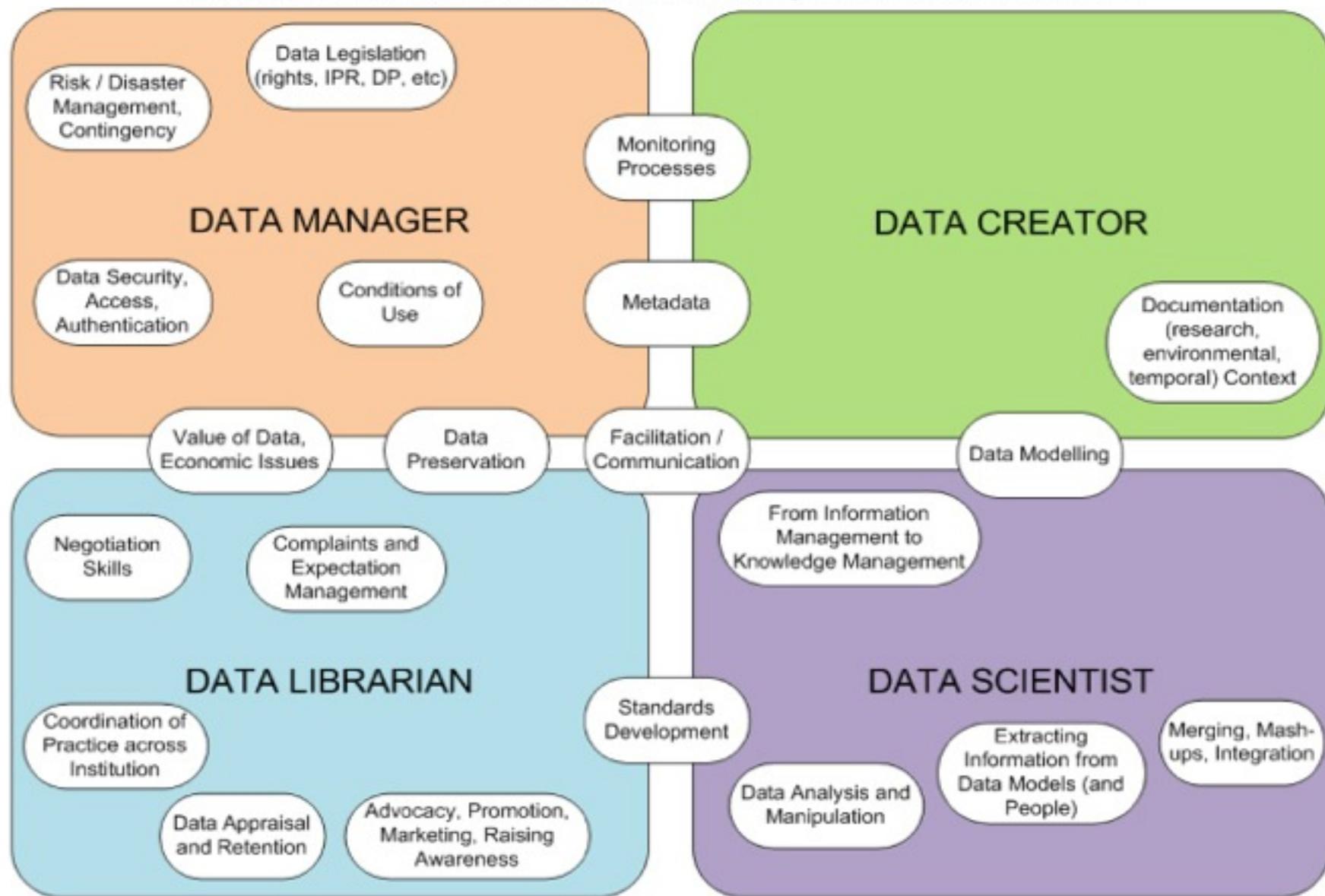
Since then 'tis centuries, and yet each  
Feels shorter than the day  
I first surmised the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity.

By Emily Dickinson

'tis a A And And and and and At away Because  
before but Carriage Centuries Children chill  
Civility Cornice could Day Death Dews drew  
drove Eternity Feels Fields first for for For For  
Gazing Gossamer, Gown Grain Ground Ground  
had haste He He He Heads held His Horses'  
House I I I Immortality. in in just kindly knew  
labor leisure me My my my My no not of of only  
only Or Ourselves passed passed passed passed  
paused put quivering rather Recess Ring Roof  
scarcely School, seemed Setting shorter Since  
slowly stop stopped strove Sun surmised  
Swelling than that The the the the the The the  
The The the the the then Tippet too, toward  
Tulle us visible was We We We We We Were  
where yet

# CORE SKILLS FOR DATA MANAGEMENT

A follow-up from the second DCC Research Data Management Forum (November 2008)



(Donnelly 2008)

# LODLAM

Linked Open Data in Libraries Archives and Museums

About Resources RSS Community

	10-11:30	11:30-12:30pm	12:30-2pm	2-3:30pm	3:30-5pm	6:15pm	7pm DINNER
#1 Sakura	LOD ABC Linked Open Data for BEGINNERS	BUSINESS CASE FOR HM LINKED DATA. 10-10	History - categories change Shut it down and throw it away. Standardized Vocabularies - Tags, Getty, LCC, etc. - STRATEGY FOR LONG-TERM PRESERVATION	LUNCH	Scaling Provenance	↑	TOURS
#2 Sakura	USING VOCAB! People LAM DATA: FOAF, ETC... (name authorities)	TIL A Organization	PUBLISHING LOD ON THE WEB (EXHIBIT, OMeka, ETC.) HOW TO MAKE LOD USEFUL	DH Tech & photography LOD	DORK		PIZZA DINNER
#3 Sakura	Beyond OAI-PMH	Rewriting	Refining archival desc for better data reuse	on-Expert vocabulary Modeling			
#4 D	HOW DO WE GET OUT OF THE	Compatible Data	MUSEUM OPEN	SHORTS			

Thank You!