

Samples 1: Prose

Sample 1.1

This first sample is the simplest. Its components are all essentially the same as HTML: heading, paragraph, list with items.

From Ben Charles Harris, *Eat the Weeds* (Barre, MA: Barre Publishers, 1977).

Modus Preparandi

If one is to get the most out of the edible herbs, which, as will be shown, do contribute their full share to a much more alkaline-balanced diet, one must apply the same careful rules to their preparation for table use as to garden cultivated foods. Poor preparation, specifically over-cooking, not only tenderizes and discolors greens especially, but what is by far more important, the health-restoring minerals and vitamins are forever being deposited in the pot-liquor which, under the usual procedure of preparing vegetables, contains far more of the nutrients than food recently cooked and which is too often discarded as waste. (Indeed, it would be far better generally to discard the cooked vegetables and drink the pot-liquor.)

In readying the freshly collected herbs for table use, these rules should be adhered to:

1. Collect only as much as is needed for the day's meals.
2. Remove all dried leaves, coarse stalks, and adhering soil.
3. Wash twice with cold water only and allow to drain.
4. Store in a cool place or refrigerator.
5. Use as soon as possible or prepare immediately before mealtime.

Sample 1.2

This second sample includes a wider variety of phrase-level encoding: names, dates, places.
From Nancy Prince, *A Narrative of the Life and Travels of Mrs. Nancy Prince*, 1850.

A Narrative of the Life and Travels, of Mrs. Nancy Prince.

As my unprofitable life has been spared, and I have been, by the providence of God, wonderfully preserved, it is with gratitude to my Heavenly Father, and duty to myself, that I attempt to give to the public a short narrative of my life and travels.

I was born in Newburyport, in 1799. My mother was the daughter of Tobias Wornton, who was stolen from Africa, when a lad, and was a slave of Capt. Winthrop Sargent; and, although a slave, he fought for liberty, and was in the Revolutionary army at the battle of Bunker Hill. My grandmother was an Indian. My father, Thomas Gardener, was born on Nantucket; his parents were of African descent, and when he died of bleeding at the lungs, leaving my mother a widow the second time, with an infant in her arms. She then returned to Gloucester, her native place. My mother soon married again her third husband, by whom she had six children. My step-father was stolen from Africa, and while the vessel was at anchor in one of the Eastern ports, he succeeded in making his escape from his captors by swimming ashore. After a lapse of two years he came to Gloucester, and followed the sea, and was twelve years with Capt. Elias Davis, in the employ of Capt. Fitz W. Sargent. During the war he was taken by a British Privateer, and pressed into their service. He was sick with dropsy a long while, and died in 1813.

Samples 2: Poetry

Sample 2.1

A well-known sonnet by Keats. Think about how many different kinds of line groups there are in this example, and what kinds of functionality you might gain by encoding them.

On first looking into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He star'd at the Pacific and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Sample 2.2

This slightly more complex example includes a bit of introductory prose which you could encode with <argument>. The dialect words could be encoded with <distinct>.

From Penina Moise, *Fancy's Sketchbook*, 1833.

The Rejected Rose.

A gentleman sent, a few evenings since, some splendid roses to his female acquaintance, where a lady and particular friend happened to be present, to whom the compliment was unintentionally not extended. The Donor, on sending next morning an elegant rose to the lady, as evidence of his regret, received his present back with the following lines.

Oh dinna send the rose to me,
I would na' hurt thee wiffully;
But with the tear drops in my e'e.
The flower I must decline.

Against the feeling I have striven,
Yet can't forget that yestereven,
When rosy gifts to all were given,
No fragrant boon was mine.

I may be deemed too sensitive,
O'er things as light as these to grieve,
That fault thou surely wil't forgive,
For it is thine!

Samples 3: Drama

Sample 3.1

This simple bit of drama contains all of the basic bits: headings, stage directions, speakers, and speeches.
From Anon, *A Bit of Foolishness*, 2005.

Scene 2

Lacrimilla at her dressing table, assisted by her maid Primula.

Lacrimilla. La, how quiet the house is tonight! Surely some nonsense is afoot below stairs.

Primula. Yes, Miss. To be sure, Miss.

Lacrimilla. I wonder whether Floristan will be at the play tonight? La, how I shall quiz him! And how discomfited he will be!

She hums a tune..

Primula. Miss, the second measure...surely it should be in dotted crotchets?

Lacrimilla. Hah? How so?

Primula. That tune, Miss. It is Countess Almaviva's last aria from *Figaro*, is it not? The second measure is in dotted crotchets, not in triplets. If I may say so, Miss.

Lacrimilla. Don't be an obsequious dolt, Primula. It's terribly vulgar. You're quite right. I should have looked a perfect fool in front of Floristan! What a narrow escape!

Primula curtsies and goes to the door. The curtain falls.

Sample 3.2

This more complex example includes a cast list, and also a variety of phrase-level features.
From Anon, *A Bit of Foolishness*, 2005.

Dramatis Personae

Lacrimilla, a young lady of fashion
Floristan, a young man of leisure
Mrs. Noteworthy, *Lacrimilla*'s aunt
Squire Noteworthy, *Lacrimilla*'s uncle

Servants
Primula Vulgaris, *Lacrimilla*'s maid
Lester Bloodlock, the butler

Scene 1

Lacrimilla in her boudoir, behind a screen, assisted by her maid *Primula*.

Lacrimilla (from behind the screen). My dear *Primula*, how quiet the house is tonight! I wonder what the servants can be up to.

Primula. Yes, Miss. To be sure, Miss.

Lacrimilla. I scarcely dare hope that *Floristan* will be at the play tonight. How delightful it would be to see him again. I desire his approbation more than any thing.

She hums a tune.

Primula. How perfectly you sing, Miss, if I may say so.

Lacrimilla. I thank you, *Primula*. My talent is but poor, but if it meet with the approbation of my friends, that is all I seek. (*She sings.*)

Voi che sapete,
che cosa è amor,
donne vedete
s'io l'ho nel cor.

Primula. Perhaps a slight *rallentando* in the last measure, Miss, would heighten the effect?

Lacrimilla. Quite so, *Primula*; just what my dear *Floristan* is always telling me.

Primula curtsies and goes to the door. The curtain falls.

Samples 4: Letters

Sample 4.1

This simple letter sample demonstrates the most basic structure of a letter.

From Penina Moise, *Fancy's Sketchbook*, 1833.

To the Misses Pinckney.

Ladies,

I cannot too frequently express my deep sense of your kindness in permitting this little volume to be addressed to you; an obligation the more enhanced by the very flattering manner in which that sanction was conveyed. In selecting you for this purpose, I only obeyed that instinct of my nature which impels me to offer tribute to Virtue and Talent, whatever be the sphere of their location. The name of Pinckney is the only ornament to which this simple fabric of fancy pretends. Fearing to offend that modesty of which I have already had so conspicuous a proof, I will add no more than that

I am,

Ladies,

Most respectfully,

Yours,

Penina Moise.

Sample 4.2

A more complex example that includes a date line.

From Anon, *A Bit of Foolishness*, 2005.

Margate-on-Wye

1 May 1844

My dear Letty,

Nothing could have been finer than the little piece with which you favored me a fortnight ago. The conception, the execution, every detail a triumph! Allow me to be the first to express what must surely be a universal hope—that this drama may see the stage and receive the public approbation it deserves.

Now permit me a few slight observations, in the person of your advisor and friend—as I trust you will always regard me—which may guide your efforts in perfecting this little gem. A “diamond in the rough,” as perhaps I may call it, for there are here and there some points which I am sure you yourself will wish to adjust when they are once pointed out. The opening scene, in which we surprise Lacrimilla at her *toilette*, has perhaps a touch of indelicacy not perfectly becoming to an author of your tender years and unspotted reputation. Could you not contrive to have her placed behind a screen, from which she may be heard to utter her lines? And it also seems to me that the liveliness of her address, which has something in it of *pertness*, could well be tempered to the advantage of her character and yours.

Please believe me, my dear, your most sincere admirer and friend,

And your most humble,

And most obedient servant,

Arthur Holmes

Sample 4.3

Another complex example with some additional phrase-level features thrown in.

From Anon, *A Bit of Foolishness*, 2005.

Margate-on-Wye

14 May 1844

My dear Letty,

I must confess that your letter took me by surprise. “Arrant prudery and stuffiness” indeed! That fine bond of friendship which you and I have shared heretofore made me confident that I might offer some slight observations in the expectation that you would deign to accept them in the spirit in which they were offered. But I see I was too hasty, and perhaps blinded by the regard I feel for you – alas, unreciprocated, as I now discover. “Il n’est pas aveugle qui se ferme les yeux,” as the philosopher says, and I am not ashamed to have been mistaken.

Go then, and put your play upon the stage unchanged – with all the blemishes to which an untutored fancy may have given birth, all the crudeness of a rank but fertile imagination allowed to romp unchecked. Sophocles may cringe, and Euripides chuckle – and all of London turn aside in disgust from a *folie de jeunesse* which brings no credit to its author. Shall you title the play “Lacrimilla: An Indelicate Farce”? May you be spared Titania’s shame, upon awakening:

My Oberon, what visions have I seen?

Methought I was enamoured of an ass.

Please believe me always

Your sincerest critic,

Arthur Holmes