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Digital Archives: Electronic Publishing in the 21st Century

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Digital Archives: Electronic Publishing in the 21st Century

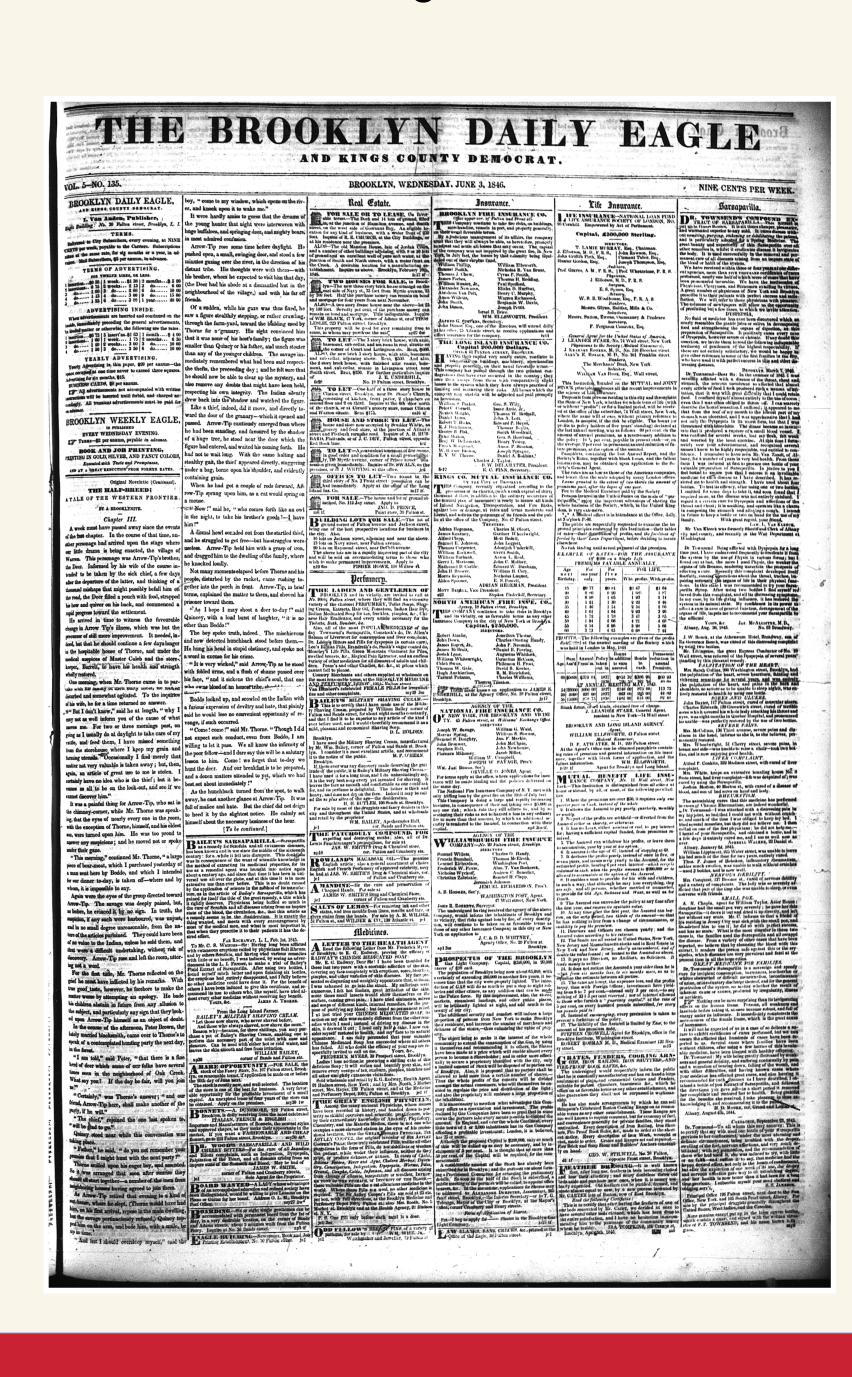
Sara Duke The Walt Whitman Archive

www.whitmanarchive.org

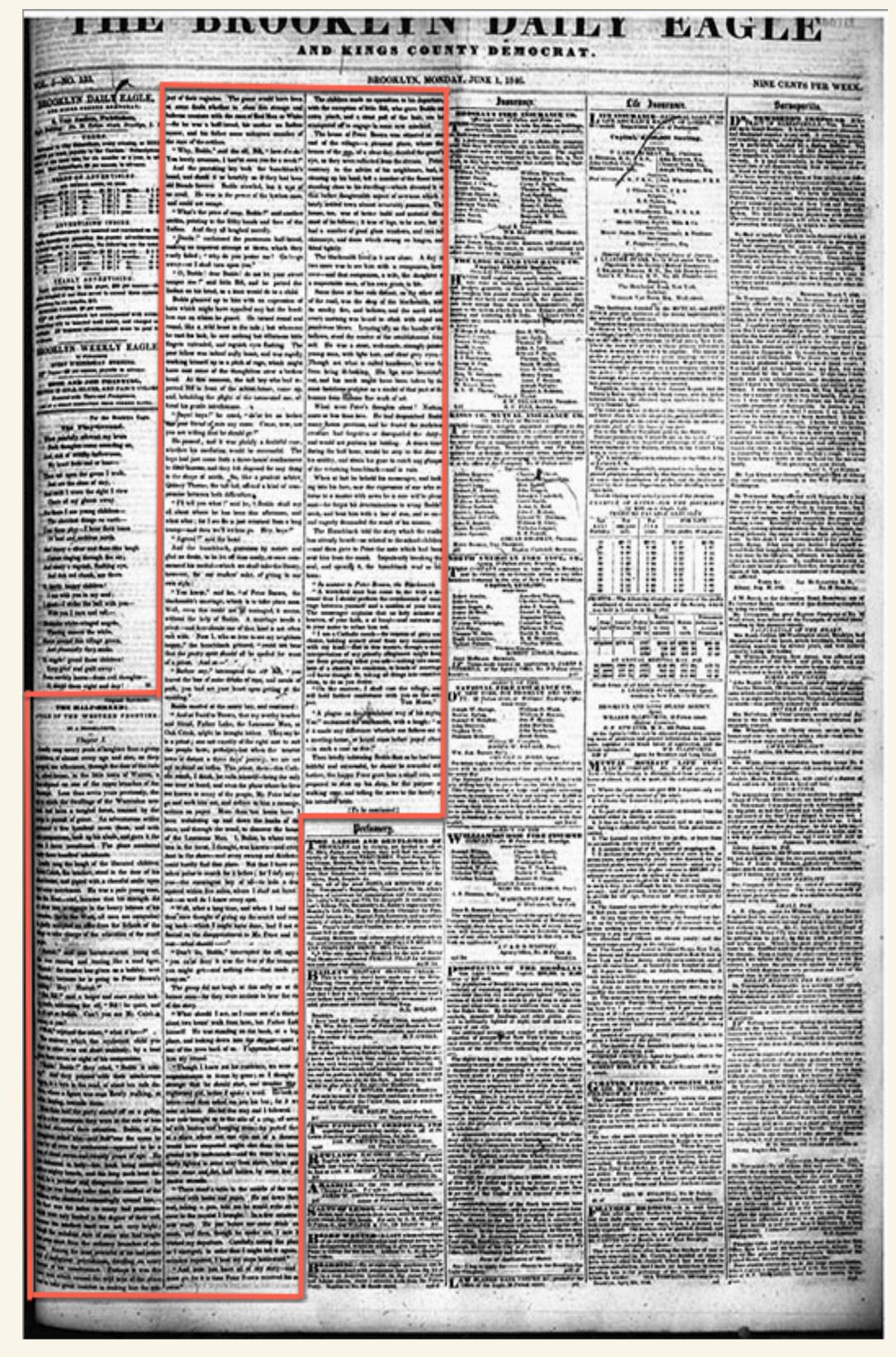
Step 1: Microfilm Scans

(n). A length of film containing microphotographs of a newspaper, catalog, or other document

- Adjust zoom and placement of images on a microfilm scanner to get a clear, appropriate image of the page
- Upload scans to a private Whitman online Box account for further editing



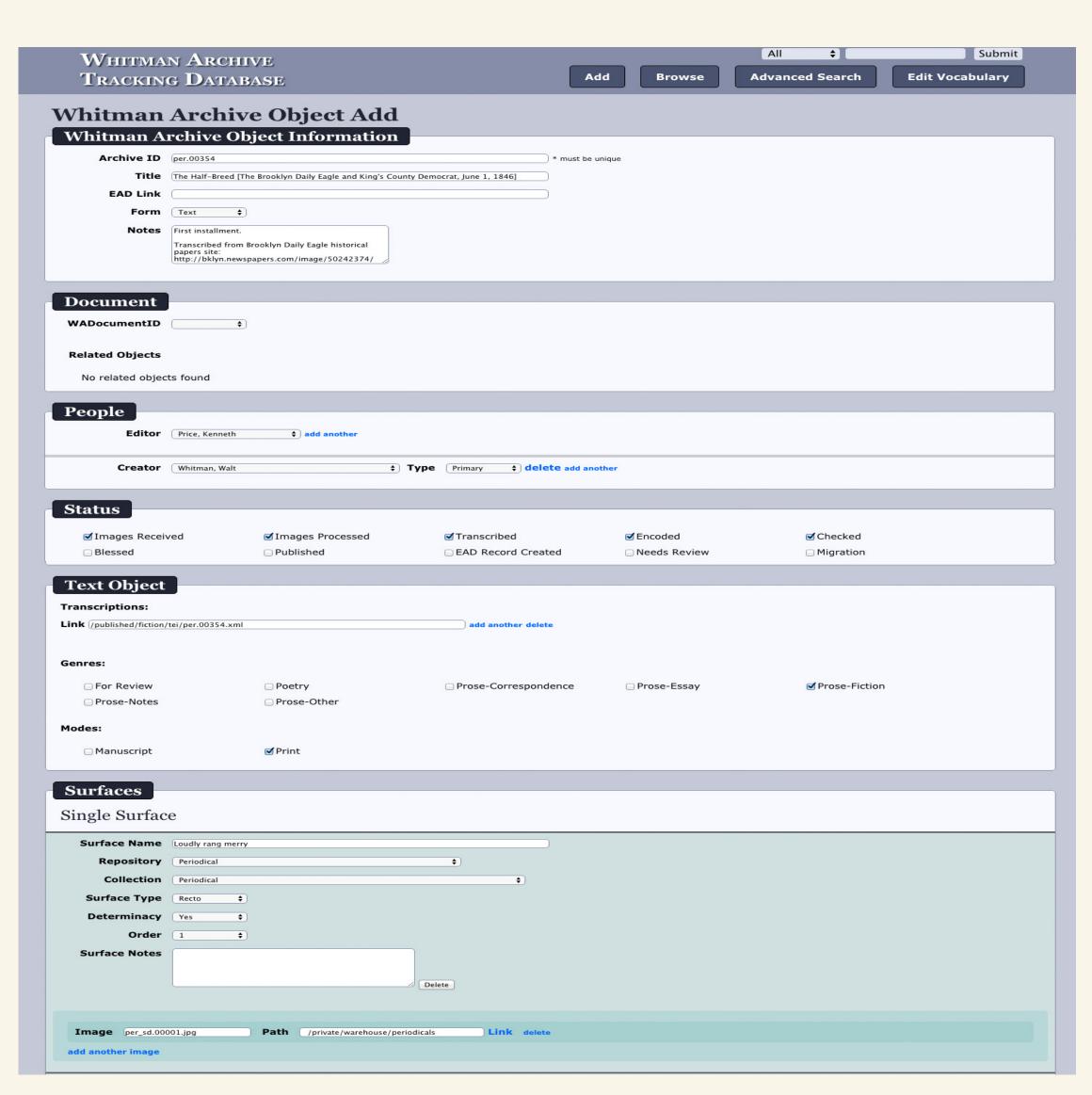
Walt Whitman's Short Fiction "The Half-Breed"



"Why, Boddo," said the elf, Bill, "how-d'e-do? You lovely creature, I hav'nt seen you for a week!" And the provoking boy took the hunchback's hand, and shook it as heartily as if they had been old friends forever. Boddo scowled, but it was of no avail. He was in the power of the lawless ones, and could not escape. "What's the price of soap, Boddo?" said another urchin, pointing to the filthy hands and face of the Indian. And they all laughed merrily. "Devils!" exclaimed the passionate half-breed, making an impotent attempt at blows, which they easily foiled; "why do you pester me? Go!8#8212;go away8#8212;go away8#8212;or I shall turn upon you." "O, Boddo! dear Boddo! do not let your sweet temper rise!" said little Bill, and he patted the Indian on his head, as a man would do to a child. he cast his look, he saw nothing but villainous little fingers extended, and roguish eyes flashing. The poor fellow was indeed sadly beset, and was rapidly working himself up to a pitch of rage, which might have cost some of the thoughtless crew a broken head. At this moment, the tall boy who had reproved Bill in front of the school-house, came up, and, beholding the plight of the tormented one, offered his gentle interference. "Boys! boys!" he cried, "do'nt let us bother this poor friend of ours any more. Come, now, are you not willing that he should go?" He paused, and it was plainly a doubtful case, whether his mediation would be successful. The boys had just come from a three-hours' confinement to their lessons, and they felt disposed for any thing in the shape of mirth. So, like a prudent arbiter, Quincy Thorne, the tall lad, offered a kind of compromise between both difficulties: "I'll tell you what!" said he, "Boddo shall say all about where he has been this afternoon, and what after; for I see he is just returned from a long tramp%#8212; and then we'll let him go. Hey, boys?" And the hunchback, garrulous by nature and glad no doubt, to be let off thus easily, at once commenced his recitals#8212; which we shall take the liberty, however, for our readers' sake, of giving in our own style that place. Not that I have ever taken pains to search for it before; for I defy any of you— the cunningest boy of all— to hide a dead squirrel within five miles, where I shall "Well, after a long time, and when I had more than once thought of giving up the search and coming back— which I might have done, had I not reflected on the disappointment to Mr. Peter and the rest— what should—:" "Don't lie, Boddo," interrupted the elf, again, "you ca'nt deny it was the fear of the trouncing you might get— and nothing else— that made you keep on." The group did not laugh at this sally as at the former ones— for they were anxious to hear the end of the story. "What should I see, as I came out of a thicket, about two hours' walk from here, but Father Luke himself. He was standing on the bank, at a high place, and looking down into the stream%#8212; quiet as one of the trees back of us. I approached, and told him my errand. >"Though I knew not his residence, we were old acquaintances in times by-gone; so I thought it strange that he should start, and tremble like a frightened girl, before I spoke a word. He took my letter—and then ked me into his hut; for it was near at hand. He led the way and I followed. A few rods brought us to the side of a crag, all covered with bushes and hanging trees—he parted them at a place where not one eye of a thousand would have suspected aught else than the brown ground to lie underneath—and we were in a room, dimly lighted in some way from above, whose sides were stone and dirt, half hidden by some few domestic. "And now you have all of my story— and I must go, for it is time Peter Brown received his answer." The children made no opposition to his departure, with the exception of little Bill, who gave Boddo an extra pinch, and a stout pull of the hair, ere he scampered off to engage in some new mischief. the advice of his neighbours, had, in clearing up his land, left a number of the finest trees standing close to his dwellings.#8212; which divested it of that rather disagreeable aspect of newness which a lately settled town almost invariably possesses. The house, too, was of better build and material than most of its fellows; it was of logs, to be sure, but it had a number of good glass windows, and two tall chimneys, and doors which swing on hinges, and fitted tightly. The blacksmith lived in it now alone. A day or two more was to see him with a companion, however%#8212; and that companion, a wife, the daughter of a respectable man, of his own grade in life. What were Peter's thoughts about? Nothing more or less than <hi rend="italic">love</hi>. He had despatched Boddo many hours previous, and he feared the malicious creature had forgotten or disregarded the duty— and would not perform his bidding. A dozen times during the half hour, would he step to the door of his smithy, and strain his gaze to catch any glimpse of the returning hunchback— and in vain «p»When at last he beheld his messenger, and looking into his face, saw the expression of one who returns to a master with news he is sure will be pleasant8#8212; he forgot his determinations to wring Boddo's neck, and beat him with a bar of iron, and so on8#8212; and eagerly demanded the result of his mission. The Hunchback told the story which the reader has already heards.#8212; as related to the school-childrens.#8212; and then gave to Peter the note which had been sent him from the monk. Impatiently breaking the seal, and opening it, the hunchback read as follows: cottingText type= letter >coody><opener> <salute>"<hi rend="italic">In answer to Peter Brown, the Blacksmith.</hi></salute></opener> "A wretched man has come to me with a demand that I should perform the ceremonials of marriage between yourself and a maiden of your town. The messenger explains that no holy minister of heaven, of your faith, is at hands#8212; and entreats me, in your name to refuse him not. "I am a Catholic monk— for reasons of piety and choice, holding myself aloof from any communion with my kind. But in this matter, though a strict interpretation of my priestly allegiance might keep me from granting what you ask— uniting two members of a church we condemn, in bonds of marriage— I have thought fit, taking all things into consideration, to do as you desire. "On the morrow, I shall visit the village, and will hold further conference with you on the subject. </pre «p»"A plague on the roundabout way of his saying Yes!" exclaimed the blacksmith, with a laugh: "as if it made any difference whether our fathers sat in a meeting-house, or heard mass before papal altars— in such a case as this!" The briefly informing Boddothat as he had been faithful and successful, he should be rewarded still farther, the happy Peter gave him a small coin, and prepared to shut up his shop, for the purpose of walking over, and telling the news to the family of his intended bride. <trailer>[<hi rend="italic">To be continued.</hi>]<note type="editorial" resp="wwa" xml:id="n30"><ref target="per.00355">Click here</ref> for the next installment of "The Half-Breed."</note></trailer>

Step 2: Photo Editing

- 1. Rotate, crop, color correct, and save each image
- 2. Rename images with three-digit repository code, editor initials, and five-digit database number
- 3. Convert the TIFF (original) images to 150dpi and 72dpi JPGS
- 4. Upload JPG images to the Whitman Archive Tracking Database, and original unedited images to Rosetta, the UNL Libraries digital repository



Research/Criticism: "The Half-Breed"*

- Novella: first published in *The Aristidean*, March 1845 as "Arrow-Tip"
- Reprinted with its current title in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, 1-6, 8, 9 June 1846
- Whitman's second-longest piece of fiction, second to his 1842 novel Franklin Evans
- Structure: nine chapters, building towards the climax; later action is dependent on early-established character traits

"Whitman strives for some depth, especially in his depictions of Native Americans, whom he seems to take special care in humanizing. Arrow-Tip's teasing sense of humor leads to the confrontation that is his undoing. Accused first of theft and then murder, Arrow-Tip is as silent as Jesus, even as he is hanged. Boddo, the half-breed, is the story's villain, but he is evil because society has made him evil; ostracism has made him antisocial and vengeful. Folsom sees Arrow-Tip as anticipating Whitman's "friendly and flowing savage" in "Song of Myself" (section 39), and William Scheick uses Boddo's physical and moral deformities as evidence of Whitman's strong opposition to miscegenation. In that light, the Native American of "The Fireman's Dream" (1844) may be viewed as Boddo's precursor."

• Possibly written as an implicit attack on capital punishment, or just sensationalism *All criticism derived from J.R. LeMaster and Donald D. Kummings' "Walt Whitman: An Encyclopedia" (1998).

Images taken from microfilm on Inter-Library Loan, Purdue University.

Step 3: Transcription/Encoding

- 1. Encoding: used to mark textual features in ways that allow them to be processed by computers
- 2. Transcription: incorporate the text of the document into the encoded tags
- 3. Upload to the whitman-dev site awaiting publication

"The Half-Breed" Anticipated Release Date: 10/01/2016



