



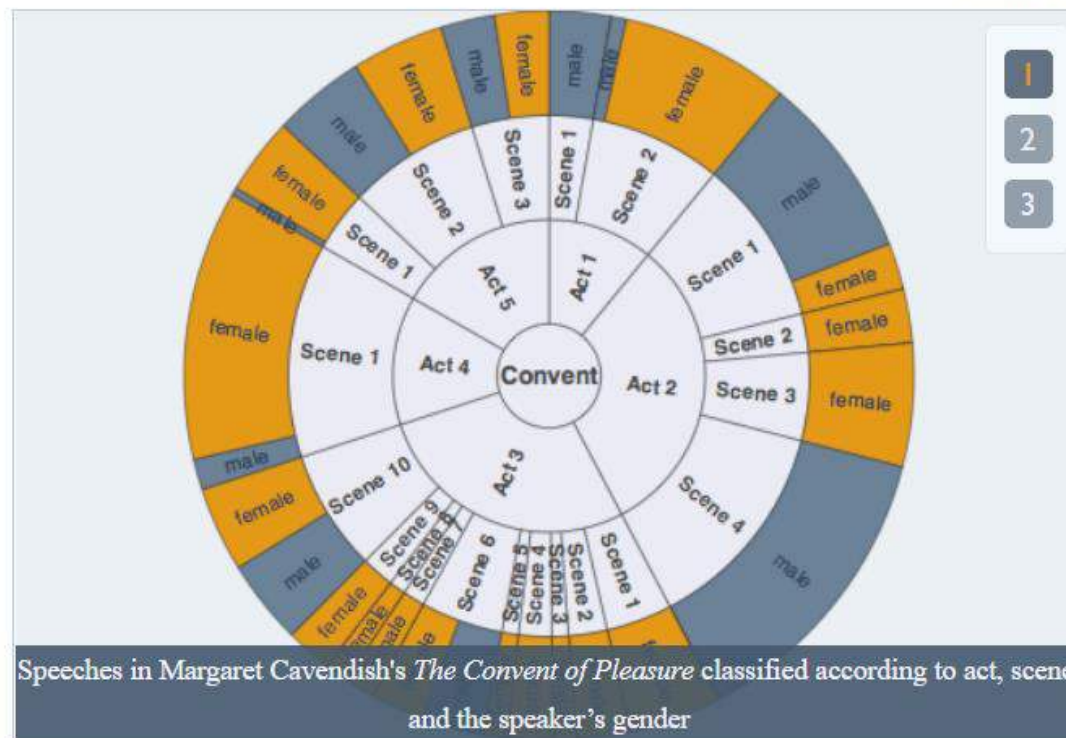
# Representing Race in the Early Modern Archive

+ Cailin Flannery Roles

Women Writers Project at Northeastern University

**The Women Writers Project** is a long-term research project devoted to early modern women's writing and electronic text encoding. Our goal is to bring texts by pre-Victorian women writers out of the archive and make them accessible to a wide audience of teachers, students, scholars, and the general reader. We support research on women's writing, text encoding, and the role of electronic texts in teaching and scholarship.

FEATURED



## ANNOUNCEMENTS

June 17, 2020

Eight New Texts Added to Women Writers Online »

March 2, 2020

## FEATURED QUOTATION

Many illustrious names, which the voice of fame has sounded in far distant countries, demanding for them the respect and admiration of the world, are here inscribed; together with

## UPCOMING EVENTS

MAY 24

Word Vectors for the Thoughtful Humanist: Introductory, Teaching-focused »

MAY 12

Word Vectors for the Thoughtful

# Process

- Recruit team and select sample texts
- Develop framework
- Locate additional texts
- Expand metadata and encoding practices
- Share results



# Team

Sarah Connell

Nicole Aljoe

Julia Flanders

Ash Clark

Patricia Akhimie

Rebecca Y. Bayeck

Susan Brown

Elizabeth Maddock Dillon

Nedda Mehdizadeh

Kirsten Mendoza

Jennifer Morgan

Jennifer Park

Cassander Smith

Jacqueline Wernimont

J. H. 1825

# OURIKA.

This is to be alone, this, this is solitude.  
BYRON.



LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR  
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND  
GREEN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.  
1824.

408

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OURIKA.

“ to be alone—eternally alone in  
“ the world!”

It would be impossible for me to describe the effect these few words produced upon me; lightning could not have been more prompt. I discovered the extent of my misery. I saw what I was—a black girl, a dependant, without fortune, without a being of my own kind to whom I could unite my destiny; belonging to nobody; till now, the plaything of my benefactress, but soon an

dren, she resolved to show off my talent in a quadrille, representing the four parts of the world, in which I was to perform Africa. Travellers were consulted, books of costume resorted to, and works read upon African music and dancing: at last the Comba, a national dance of my own country, was fixed upon. My partner put a crape over his face. Alas! I had no need of any to blacken mine; but this was far from my thoughts, they were wholly engrossed by the pleasures of the

great earnestness: he entreated, he conjured me to renounce it. "Hinder me not, Charles," cried I; "let me seek the only asylum where my prayers for you will be equally pure with the friendship I have ever entertained for you."

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Here the young Nun abruptly ended her narrative. I continued