

*Countrymen passed bristling over with arms, each with a huge bellyful of pistols and daggers in his girdle; fierce, but not the least dangerous. Wild swarthy Arabs who had come in with the caravans, walked solemnly about, very different in demeanor from the sleek inhabitants of the town. . . shops tended by sallow faced boys, with large eyes, who smiled and welcomed you in; negroes bustled about in gaudy colours; and women with black nosebags and shuffling yellow slippers, chattered and bargained at the doors of the little shops.

William Makepeace Thackeray
Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo

*A Turk, dressed in scarlet, and covered all over with daggers and pistols, sat leaning on his little stool, rocking about, and grinning

William Makepeace Thackeray
Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo

*The paddle-wheel is the great conqueror. Wherever the captain cries "Stop her", Civilization stops, and lands in the ship's boat, and makes a permanent acquaintance with the savages on shore.

William Makepeace Thackeray
Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo

*Imagine a person, tall, lean and feline, high-shouldered, with a brow like Shakespeare and a face like satan, a close-shaven skull, and long, magnetic eyes of the true cat-green. Invest him with all the cruel cunning of an entire Eastern race, accumulated in one giant intellect, with all the resources of science past and present, with all the resources, if you will, of a wealthy government - - which, however, already has denied all knowledge of his existence. Imagine that awful being, and you have a mental picture of Dr. Fu-Manchu, the yellow peril incarnate in one man.

Sax Rohmer
The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu

*I am sure the woman must be blind and stupid, who would not prefer a young, handsome, good humored Christian, to an old, ugly ill natured Turk.

Susanna Rowson
Slaves in Algiers

*Someone had come to look at the sunset as she had . . . it was the picturesque white-swathed form and dark-faced, gleaming-eyed, white-turbaned head of a native Indian man-servant--"a Lascar," . . . small monkey he held in his arms as if he were fond of it, and which was snuggling and chattering against his breast. . . She looked at him interestedly for a second, and then smiled across the slates. . . It was perhaps in making his salute to her that he loosened his hold on the monkey. . . He suddenly broke loose, jumped on to the slates, ran across them chattering, and actually leaped on to Sara's shoulder, and from there down into her attic room. It made her laugh and delighted her; but she knew he must be restored to his master--if the Lascar was his master--and she wondered how this was to be done. . . She turned to the Lascar, feeling glad that she remembered still some of the Hindustani she had learned when she lived with her father. She could make the man understand. She spoke to him in the language he knew.

"Will he let me catch him?" she asked.

She thought she had never seen more surprise and delight than the dark face expressed when she spoke in the familiar tongue. The truth was that the poor fellow felt as if his gods had intervened, and the kind little voice came from heaven itself . . . He poured forth a flood of respectful thanks. He was the servant of Misse Sahib.

Frances Hodges Burnett
A Little Princess

*Shall I say, further, that thee orientals excel in costly arts, in the cutting of precious stones, in working gold, in weaving on hand looms costly stuffs from silk and wool, in spices, in dyes and drugs, henna, otto and camphor, and in the training of slaves, elephants and camels, - things which are the poetry and superlative of commerce.

Ralph Waldo Emerson
Representative Men

