

OUR LITTLE
CARTHAGINIAN
COUSIN OF LONG AGO



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by

CLARA VOSTROVSKY WINLOW





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CHAPTER I

AN ADVENTUROUS VOYAGE

“I am eaten with envy.” “Remember, I am counting on a handful of your spoils.” “Bring me a nice young cannibal.” “May the gods favor you, Hanno.”

These, and other exclamations, shouted more than two thousand years ago, came from a group of boys on a pretty little Mediterranean Sea pleasure-boat, whose gay sails of fine embroidered Egyptian linen showed that it belonged to persons of wealth. They were evidently directed to a good-sized, rounded-beaked Carthaginian merchant vessel, with three banks of oars. This merchant vessel would have been conspicuous to-day not only because of its construction but also because of the huge, staring eyes painted on the high prow. Not satisfied with these for protection, there were also tiny images of war gods called Cabiri, placed at either end. At the stern of the boat stood a curly-haired youth of about twelve years who was not at all backward in answering the shouts as long as the smaller boats remained within hearing, and who afterward continued for some time to wave his arm

so energetically in farewell that there seemed danger of its being hurled as a parting token to those whom he was leaving behind.

It was not until the little boat and all in it looked like a big black speck in the distance that he gave a last quick glance to where Carthage could just be outlined. Then, dropping his arm wearily to his side, he turned with a faint show of interest to studying the scenes through which they were passing.

It was high noon. The sun's rays beat strongly down on the boat from a cloudless, greenish-blue sky, so characteristic of that part of the world; the smooth waves seemed merely the calm rhythmic breathing of the great Mediterranean Sea, so gently did they rise and fall. Now and then a fishing-boat slowly passed, or a vessel laden with those odd shellfish that furnished for the ancient world the famous Tyrian dye. Once the merchant vessel halted to salute gravely the sacred vessel which yearly carried tribute from Carthage to the patron god of the mother city, Tyre.

The pretty villas surrounded by their orange and olive groves, which glimmered and sparkled near Carthage and Utica under the brilliant rays of the African sun, grew more and more infrequent, until the thinly inhabited coast attracted mainly through an occasional

aspiring date-tree and the distant misty spurs and peaks of the Atlas Mountains.

There was something about the warm sea air, and perhaps in the gentle motion of the vessel and the measured strokes of the oars by which it was propelled, that produced a feeling of sleepiness, which, after the afternoon meal Hanno found uncontrollable. A passing sailor laughed at him as he sat nodding beside a basket of fruit that some one had given him as a parting gift. Hanno threw an orange at him, but the sailor escaped, still laughing, while the fruit rolled down on the deck. Hanno jumped up to get it, and, as did so, he saw that there was a mass of canvas folded under the bench.

“That’d make a good bed,” he thought. “Guess I’ll try it,” and, crawling under, he stretched himself down on it and closed his eyes. His uncle, a tall, broad-shouldered man, with long, compactly waved hair, a face not unlike the Jewish cast, and a beard arranged in three rows of tight curls, found his resting-place later, and having smilingly directed a sailor to throw a light blanket over him, left him to pass the night there.

Hanno did not awake until early next morning when, sitting up suddenly, he hit his head so hard against the top of the bench that the fruit still on it was scattered in all directions. It was not until then that he remembered

where he was. Crawling out and rubbing the sore spots on his head he bade a passing slave pick up the oranges, figs and grapes with which the basket had been filled, and turned away for his morning wash and breakfast.

“I slept out-of-doors all night,” he gleefully told his uncle, whom he found carefully finishing his toilet.

“Yes,” his uncle answered, fastening the three collars which he wore over a loose tunic, and arranging a necklace of artistically worked gold over the collars, “it was a good beginning. This voyage is going to make a man of you.”

“Make a man of him!” Hanno’s face showed some surprise at the expression. He had felt as if he were already one ever since ten days ago when it had been definitely decided that he should accompany his rich adventurous uncle on one of his commercial trips to the distant and little visited Cassiterides or Tin Islands, away near Britannia. And, as if this were not enough, he could not forget that his uncle had whispered to him: “We may go still further this time,—yea, even into the glorious amber fields in unknown Northern waters,” which was a secret so wonderful, and made him so important in his own eyes, that it was only through fear of his uncle’s anger, that he kept himself from openly boasting of it.

Hanno now found that the ship had been anchored for

the remainder of the day and night at one of the fortified posts of the Island of Sardinia, and he had an opportunity to take a little trip inland to some copper and lead mines in which his uncle had an interest.

There was not time to go into any of these, but as they reached the mines he saw a gang of wretched beings come up ready for their day's work underground. These were slaves and war prisoners who paid this all to heavy price for the privilege of living. But the sight of such misery was so familiar that it did not occur to the boy to pity them. He did not even shrink when the driver hit a little limping, toothless old man with a leathery skin that hung in folds, a heavy blow between the shoulders, for not keeping abreast with the others. Yet it was to his credit that he did not laugh, as some of his companions would have done. Instead, a puzzled expression crept over his face as the man's sad, hollow eyes happened to meet his own for an instant, but, before he had time to consider anything about it, one of the Carthaginian engineers who directed the work in the mines, came up. He proved to be an old acquaintance, a distant relative of his mother, and Hanno, who had been trained to learn as much as possible wherever he might be, asked many questions about life on the Island and the natives. In answer the

engineer took him to a cave which he said had long been abandoned but was typical of the homes of the natives.

“And doesn’t anybody use it now?” asked Hanno. When he was told that no one did, he continued eagerly, “Oh, I’d just love to stay here and play—”

“Why not? Just miss the boat. You can take the big sea trip some other time. It’s dangerous anyway.” At this the boy shook his head vigorously and ran to join his uncle, who was waving for him to return to the vessel.

Then one morning Hanno awoke to find that they had reached The Pillars of Hercules, (now known as the straits of Gibraltar) the Pillars, he remembered that once it had been thought Hercules had torn asunder, and which were supposed by many to mark the end of the ‘Western world, beyond which it was fatal to venture. This belief did not seem strange to him as he gazed at the two gigantic cliffs which stand guard over the narrow channel between Europe and Africa where they separate the calm tideless Mediterranean from the stormy, and then still practically unknown, Atlantic. Alert boy that he was, Hanno nevertheless had his periods of dreaming, and as he stood on the deck, now looking at the three summits of the promontory on one side and then at the stern forbidding mountains on the other, he imagined himself on that first boat that had ever passed that gate-

way. His whole body grew tense as he felt the fear of what might really be beyond, even while his eyes glowed with the pleasure of risking. As he stood thus deep in his dreams some one laid a hand on his shoulder. So real had his game been to him, Hanno gave a frightened jump aside, only to meet the laughing face of his big uncle.

“You haven’t anything to fear yet,” his uncle remarked. “Why, we haven’t even come to our own settlement of Gadeira (the present Cadiz in Spain) where we are to spend the night. After that, well, even after that, he who has his wits about him need fear nothing. Come, why did I frighten you?”

“Oh,” said Hanno, now ready to laugh at his alarm, “I was only imagining that I was the first to taste of the apple of knowledge, and I thought you were one of the devouring demons who intended punishing me for wanting to know too much!” Both laughed. Then his uncle said: “If all goes well at the Tin Islands (Cassiterides) we may try just that sort of thing. The man who gets to a place first is the one that makes the money. Commerce these days is everything my boy!”

Before noon they reached Gadeira, the remotest colony of the Phoenicians, the last outpost of civilization that they were to see for a long time to come. It lay at the northwest end of an island, which a narrow channel

separates from the continent. At one end the channel becomes a large bay, two islands effectually keeping out the heavy rolling waves of the Atlantic. There were many vessels from all parts of the known world anchored here; Egyptian ships, manned by Phoenicians and commanded by a Phoenician captain in gaudy apparel; Greek triremes, and two graceful Samian ships with prows like swans' necks. When the Carthaginian appeared, a large part of the population gathered at the wharf to bid those on board welcome.

As Phoenician, the language of the Carthaginians, was spoken here, Hanno felt perfectly at home in the small fortified town, and particularly when he accompanied his uncle to the Carthaginian Temples of the great god El, of the god Melkarth, and of the goddess Ashtoreth to pray and make offerings that their voyage might meet with every success.

After Gadeira they were on the unknown sea. How exciting it all was! and how brave and big Hanno felt to be with these daring men. He began to experience a new patriotic pride that he belonged to the one civilized nation who did not fear to risk all for the sake of greater gain. Yet queer little thrills ran through him when the tides rolled and tossed the boat and he found how mighty they were.

At first the vessel did not venture far from land, but felt its way all along what is now the coast of Spain and France. Despite the excitement in seeing strange sea-creatures, and in never knowing what might next be in store for him, as the days passed there was something exceedingly lonely in being in the midst of the boundless waste of waters on the one side and the sparsely inhabited wilderness on the other. Sometimes, for lack of anything better to do, Hanno would count the measured beat of the oars or the strange birds on the shore. Time would have passed even more slowly had it not been for the captain's assistant, a very important personage; called the "Look-out Man." He was an exceedingly active fellow, muscular, although small of stature, with a very sallow face, long hooked nose, and small keen eyes that always seemed to Hanno able to penetrate through everything. He wore his hair and beard very much like Himlicat, Hanno's uncle, but bore no other resemblance whatever, in words, deeds or appearance to that kindly but decidedly pompous individual.

Hanno often accompanied the "Look-out Man" in his tour of inspection through the vessel and thus received some very valuable lessons in order and neatness. Nothing ever seemed out of place. It was really wonderful how much there was in the boat and how little space it seemed

to fill. A large amount of naval tackling was separately disposed. There was merchandise, weapons, cooking-vessels, great jars in which wine and oil were kept, so arranged that each could be handled without disturbing anything else and all convenient in case of need, yet filling a space no larger than a small room. "It must be so on a boat of Carthage," the "Look-out Man" would say proudly, when Hanno expressed his admiration.

The "Look-out Man" was a famous story-teller, too, and sometimes he and Hanno would get into some corner, and, having given Hanno something to do and keeping his own hands busy, he would spin story after story. Sometimes they would be of the monsters of the deep, but more often of a famous hunter and traveler, who wore the skins of wild beasts, invented navigation, and set up landmarks on distant shores. "Are these still there? Will we see some of them where we are going?" Hanno would eagerly ask. "Perhaps," the "Look-out Man" would answer briefly.

During the first part of the voyage the weather continued fine and clear, but one morning Hanno came on deck to find everything soaked in a thick gray fog. The boat was rocking and tossing so violently that the boy felt sure it must soon be upset. In great anxiety he resolved to seek his uncle, to ascertain why the boat

had gone, as he believed, into deeper water during the night. He found Himlicat in close conference with the captain of the boat. Some sort of paper with lines and marks like a chart was spread before them, over which they were so intent that they did not notice the boy's approach. But, scarcely had he spoken, when his uncle looked up angrily and while the captain hastily folded the paper, exclaimed excitedly: "You are not to come up here without permission!"

Then he paused, and as Hanno's face flushed with the reproof, added more mildly, "Have patience, my boy. You are old enough to understand that to keep our naval supremacy over other lands we have to guard many secrets. When you are older you shall inherit all I know from me, but now—go."

Hanno needed no second bidding. His uncle's reproof, and the violent rocking of the boat, caused him to feel so sick that he threw himself dejectedly down on his bunk. Nausea, pictures of crude maps and charts, visions of the glittering stars by which he knew the boat was generally guided, began to intermingle dizzily through his mind. But ten or fifteen minutes of this was all that he could endure, and again he made his way on deck, where the day which started so badly dragged wearily through.

CHAPTER II
THE VOYAGE CONTINUED

THE next day the sea continued rough but the fog had disappeared. Hanno, still weak, dragged himself up again on deck and looked out toward where he thought land ought to be, but it was nowhere in sight. Evidently the day before they had ventured into deeper water, either through intent or accident. The "Look-out Man" passed him hurriedly without the usual greeting. The boy struggled after him, but the man, only pointing upward to the sky, hurried on.

Hanno turned to gaze where he had pointed. At first he perceived nothing; then he noticed that the fine streaks of clouds on the horizon were being rapidly replaced by thick masses. The sea, too, seemed rising, as if in preparation for a conflict. Dizzy and weak, he struggled to his feet, and, as he did so, a huge billow swept over the deck, wetting him up to his knees. A strong wind began to blow and drive the *Kada*, as the boat was called, before it, while the lightning seemed to set the very sky on fire.

To the young Carthaginian, reared on the mild waters

of the Mediterranean, it seemed like an attack of the gods themselves. He forgot to fear what would happen when the storm actually broke. Sick as he was, there was something that fascinated him in its gathering and made him conscious only that orders were being shouted above the noise of the rapidly rising waves, the howling wind, and the now persistent bursts of thunder. Suddenly some one spoke next to him. "Well, the odds have turned in our favor; the Cabiri have brought us through. We are going to make it all right." Hanno felt grateful to the "Look-out Man" for addressing him, and began to ask eagerly, "How—" The man interrupted him by pointing to a dark mass toward which the boat was slowly but surely being rowed and which soon proved to be a gently sloping sandy shore.

And they did somehow make it, Carthaginian grit and courage counting in their favor. The boat was guided straight on the sand. Then every one, even Hanno's dignified uncle, leaped out, and evidently prepared for just such emergencies, all waded through the low water and helped drag the boat high up beyond the reach of the waves, its flat bottom making this possible.

Hanno tried to do his share in helping, but he was still too weak to be of much assistance. As he stood panting at a little distance, he watched the calm, silent, unexcited

mien of those directing the crew, with wonder that no trace of fear was to be detected in their faces.

It was two days before the boat, by strength of arms and levers, was again launched. It now proved possible to hoist the sails and in consequence the rate of travel was more rapid, as Hanno saw in a sort of log book into which his uncle gave him a glimpse. The boat no longer hugged the shore so closely, but made its way boldly from headland to headland.

Scarcely were they well started on this more rapid travel, than the "Look-out Man" called the attention of the captain and Himlicat to something dark on the horizon. The captain's more powerful glasses were at once turned toward the object.

"It is a boat," he finally said. Then, after a moment, he added more excitedly, "I shouldn't wonder if it was the Roman boat that I noticed just outside the Pillars of Hercules. In that case it must have been following us ever since, and must have found safety during the storm not very far from where we have been."

"The spy!" exclaimed Hanno's uncle, turning a glance backward, so terrible in its wrath that Hanno trembled. "They want to steal our trade from us, do they? The Romans would like to call this sea 'Nostrum Marum,' would they, as they do the Mediterranean? And they

hope to learn its secrets from us, eh? Well, we will see!" He glanced around, and then turning to the captain he harshly gave an order.

Immediately the boat turned and again directed its course toward the shore, which was exceedingly rocky. Here they anchored. "What are we going to do?" Hanno ventured to ask.

"Do?" repeated his uncle grimly. "Why, remain here forever, or return to die,—anything, except help a Roman spy!" What could this decision mean? Full of perplexity Hanno sought the "Look-out Man."

"Remain here?" that person repeated after the boy's inquiry. "We may, but I do not expect to, and I guess your uncle doesn't either. Did you notice the length of our cable? That's going to play a big part in freeing us, for, mark you, *there's no such thing on that vessel yonder!*"

"But I don't see—" began Hanno. He stopped, for his friend had taken out his glasses. "It is a Roman," the "Look-out Man" exclaimed almost triumphantly, handing the glasses, with a peculiar gleam in his eyes, to the boy. "And it is anchoring in a worse place than we are in at present."

After that the atmosphere on board seemed to grow actually cheerful. It was the time of the full moon, and, consequently, of high spring tide. The Romans, accus-

tomed to the tideless Mediterranean, had evidently come unprepared for anything of the kind. As the tide rose, the Carthaginians joked and laughed while they kept their eyes fastened on the other boat, which was seen tossed about by the waves. Hanno felt himself trembling violently as he saw the danger which threatened themselves despite the advantage that lay in their long cable, as well as the stranger. "Won't both boats be wrecked?" he asked his uncle in a voice that he could scarcely raise above a whisper.

"As for our boat, perhaps," Himlicat answered sternly. "But as for the other boat, certainly!" and he turned away.

Hanno sat down and covered his eyes. Suddenly a joyous shout from many voices made him raise his head.

There was great excitement on board. Something had happened. Forgetting his prohibition, Hanno rushed to the captain's poop, where he found his uncle who, forgetting to reprove him, silently handed him his glasses. The Roman boat had been dashed against the rocks!

The excitement did not last long. The anchor was raised and the *Kada*, with apparently no thought of possible survivors of the wreck, went rejoicing on her way. Two days later they were able to make a landing at one of the smaller Tin Islands.

Hanno had felt ill at ease ever since the destruction of

the Roman boat, but he entirely forgot it, and the perils through which they had already passed, when his uncle placed his hand kindly on his shoulder, saying, "Come, cheer up. Do you not realize that you are a bringer of civilization to people different from any you have ever seen, a people that but for such as we would remain quite isolated from the rest of the world?"

As he spoke, the crew, which consisted partly of thick-lipped, curly-haired natives of Libya and other parts of Africa, were already arranging the articles of exchange, which had been brought on the boat, in neat piles not far from the shore. One of these consisted of coarse earthenware; another of copper vessels.

Lastly, they brought out a considerable amount of salt, which the natives of these islands had difficulty in procuring, and valued greatly. This done, Himlicat ordered that a great quantity of brush should be gathered near the shore and set on fire as a signal of their presence. Then they returned to the boat.

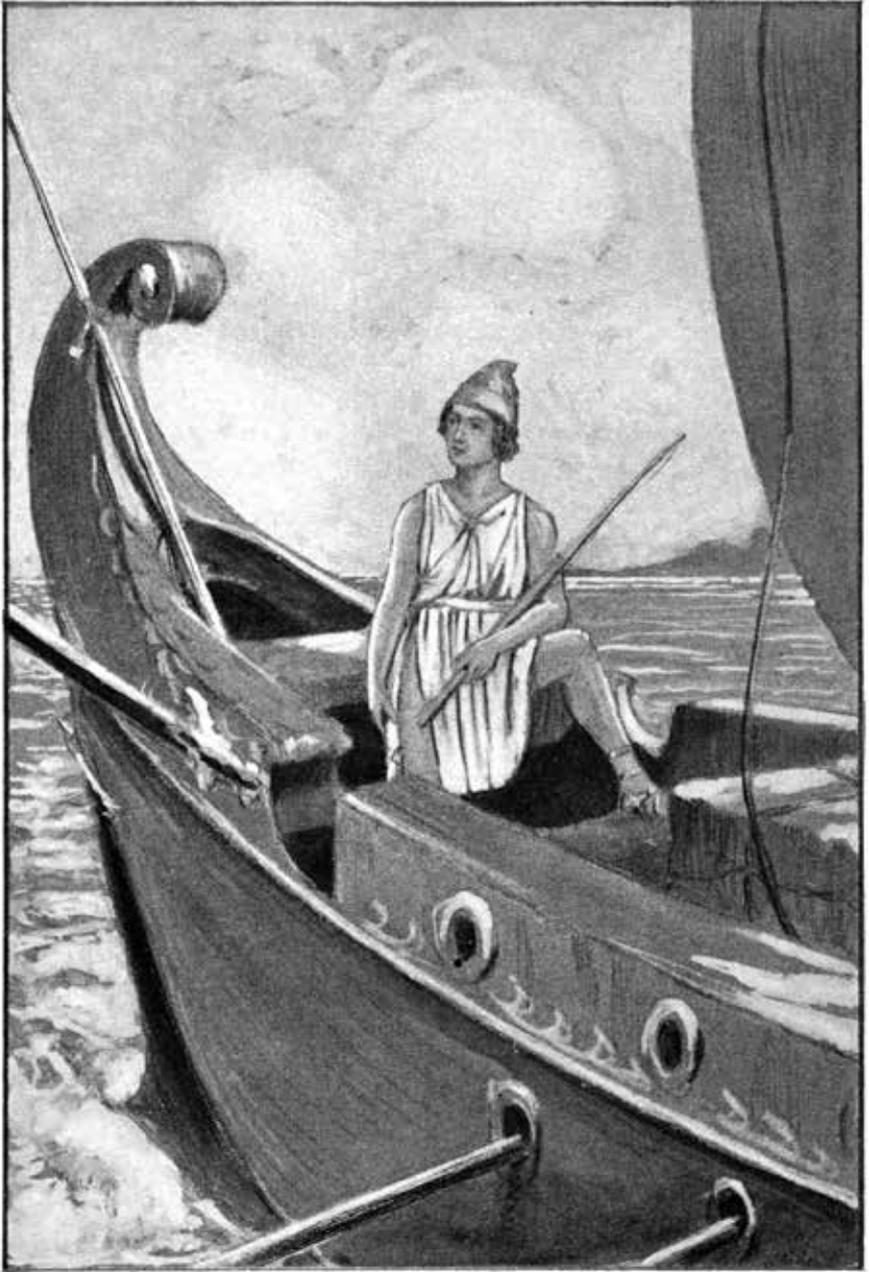
Not long after, the natives, dressed in the skins of wild animals, came trooping up in ever increasing numbers, making wild signs of pleasure. After examining the display, some of them disappeared, but presently returned with donkeys laden with ingots of tin—the commodity for which the Carthaginians had come. This

they arranged opposite to the other commodities, and, signaling to the boat, retired to a distance.

Hanno accompanied his uncle and the officers of the boat to an inspection of what had been left, carrying, at Himlicat's suggestion, his writing tools with him. These were contained in a little elongated case which was generally carried in the folds of the robes. With one of the slender kalem that came with it dipped into ink, Hanno followed his uncle's example of estimating the value of the tin as compared with what they had themselves brought. To the bearded, long-haired barbarians, no doubt watching from a distance, this must have seemed like a magic rite.

"A good lot!" Himlicat exclaimed, when he had looked the tin over. "A very good lot. They must be rich in tin this year. Then why shouldn't we get more? We have brought them what they value more highly—and at great peril to ourselves."

Accordingly they again retired. The savages understood what this meant. After conferring together they sent two of their number away, who returned shortly, bringing a quantity of hides. This still not being satisfactory a few more skins and a small amount of lead was brought. Himlicat, who had been carefully studying the action of the savages through glasses, now decided that



HE WATCHED EAGERLY TO SEE WHAT
THE NATIVES WOULD DO.