

*The* RYERSON  
POETRY  
CHAP-BOOKS



The Pioneers  
and Other Poems

*by*

H. GLYNN-WARD

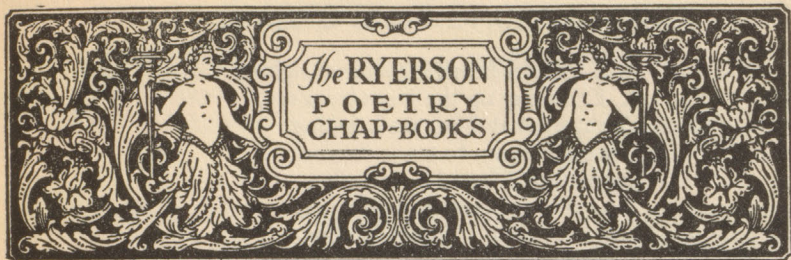
*This is Chap-Book Number Eighty-eight.*

OF THIS EDITION OF *THE PIONEERS AND OTHER POEMS* BY H. GLYNN-HOWARD, TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES ONLY HAVE BEEN PRINTED. THIS CHAP-BOOK IS A PRODUCT OF THE RYERSON PRESS, TORONTO, CANADA.

*Copyright, Canada, 1940, by  
The Ryerson Press, Toronto*

Daughter of W. Glynn Williams, a well-known classics scholar, Mrs. Howard was born and educated in Wales. She travelled extensively and finally came to Canada in 1910. In 1920 she took up free-lance journalism, and since that time has had work published in many of the leading periodicals of London, Toronto and New York. She is also the author of two works of fiction. At present, Mrs. Howard resides in Sidney, B.C.

The thanks of the author and the publishers are due to the following for permission to reprint poems which appeared in their periodicals: *Vancouver Morning Star*; *Canadian Bookman*; *The Star*, Vancouver; *Victoria Colonist*.



# The Pioneers and Other Poems

*By H. Glynn-Ward*



## THE PIONEERS

**S**TATELY ghosts of unknown men  
 Honoured not by name:  
 Silent, sober, shy are they,  
 Marching to the Reckoning Day,  
 But the Lord He knows their valiancy,  
 And the Lord will give them Fame.

Stern the fights they fought withal,  
 Giving of their best:  
 Through storm and drought, through fire and flood,  
 They carved a way with tears and blood,  
 But the Lord He saw their failing strength,  
 And the Lord will give them Rest.

Stooping ghosts of tired men,  
 Filling up the ranks:  
 They made a country. Now they wait  
 Judgment at the Sinners' Gate,  
 But the Lord He watched their poverty,  
 And the Lord will give them Thanks.

*Page One*

## GHOSTS ALONG "THE GREASE TRAIL"

HARK! I heard a sound of sighing  
Blowing up the Naas from sea,  
Can it be that *They* are bringing  
Wealth again to trade maybe?  
Dimly now I heard a stranding  
As of great canoes, perchance,  
Can it be that *They* are landing  
Northward there, by far Ayance?

'Twas the storm-wind in the pine-tops  
Caught my ears in creak and moan;  
Long forgotten is The Grease Trail,  
Long forgot and overgrown.

Surely there, the foot-prints dusty—  
Moccasined, soft-treading feet?  
There *They* go! The braves so lusty  
Bent with burdens in the heat!  
Grease of oolichan for trading  
With the Fur-folk far inland;  
Quickly now—the vision's fading!  
Was it but a whirl of sand?

'Twas the sunlight making patches  
Through the poplar leaves, I saw:  
Long untrodden is The Grease Trail  
For this hundred years and more.

Faintly now I scented seaweed,  
Walrus tusks and sea-shells rare!  
*They* will barter these for moose-hide,  
Marmot robes and pelt of bear.  
See! The long procession winding  
O'er the hills to Kitwanger,  
All the fish-folk now are sending  
Sea-born treasures from afar.

It was but the scent of balsam  
By the summer breezes blown;  
Long forgotten is The Grease Trail,  
Long forgot and overgrown.

## GALIANO AND VALDEZ

WE sailed up north by the Belle Chain Reef and came past  
Mayne by night,  
Far north by east lay the Delta shores beyond our starboard  
light.

I climbed aloft in "the dead men's watch" and looked on a  
moonlit sea:  
I saw two Spaniard ships full-rigged, sail back from eternity.

A ghostly squall from the mainland blew their close-reefed  
mainsails taut,  
Their bellying canvas crackled in the wind, their decks keeled  
hard to port.

Royals and upper-gallants reefed in close and men on the yard-  
arms clung,  
"Tierra 'stal!" I heard them yell in an unknown southron tongue.

The full sails ripped and the stay-sails broke, the rigging moaned  
and sighed,  
Their timbers creaked and their tall masts shook as the crew  
fought death and cried—

"Madre de Dios!" . . . But the ghost ship crashed the  
rocks of the island shore;  
The moonlight shone on her wave-washed bow, "SUTIL" was  
the name she bore.

Two captains bold from Quadra's fleet by a mainland storm  
blown forth.  
Galiano struck by Whalers' Bay, and Valdez foundered north.

The moon sank low and the ghost wind fell and left a dead calm  
sea:  
I saw two galleons far astern sail back to eternity.

## BROTHER, I STAND ALONE

The Townsman—

YOU whom the land has broken,  
Wearied your soul and bent  
With maladroit ease your manhood,  
Leaving you sorry and spent:

When at the Great Redealing  
Fates are given anew,  
Pray that a sheltered leisure  
May be assigned to you;  
Fame and fortune, and servants  
To work for you all your years,  
Ease that a farmer knows not  
Whose only reward is tears.

The Settler—

Brother, I ask of no man!  
Great is the peace of my soul,  
Splendid the joy life gave me,  
Worth all that I paid in toll:

House I built with my sinews,  
Grain I grew with my hands,  
Zest for a fight worth winning,  
Verdure on new-cleared lands.  
Not for ease would I forfeit  
The Freedom and Pride I own;  
I used the strength God gave me,  
Brother, *I stand alone!*

## THE HAIDAS

O LONE is the land by the flame-red west,  
And crude are the laws thereof,  
And hardy was the race by the sea-gods blest,  
Being born through the centuries in wild unrest,  
To conquer and be conquered in their turn.  
Great were the days when the chiefs ruled long  
In the ways that the tribe approved:  
Making love, making life, making battle to the strong,  
Making slaves from the weak, making right from the wrong,  
According to their custom stern.

Far out among the waves on the wind-swept trails,  
From Masset to the Tide-Rip Isles,  
The Wolf, and the Eagle, and the Fin-back Whales,  
In massive war canoes, in the teeth of many gales,  
Made the Glory of the North their own.  
Very fierce were the storms on that sea-wracked coast  
And mighty was the strength thereby  
Of the bygone Tribes with their long-spent boast,  
Setting out from the Isles in a great dread host,  
As "The Terror of the North" were they known.

Where the sun dips low to the cold north lights,  
When the soft summer seas were still,  
The Haidas went to sea along the green-walled heights,  
Making fights, bloody fights, so to demonstrate their rights  
In the days before the townsmen came.  
O lovely is the land where the sun sinks red,  
But sad are the spirits of the tribe,  
For the hard-souled, lily-fingered townsmen bred  
Tore the Glory of the North from the dead—from the dead,  
And forgotten is the splendour of their name.

## ALONG THE ROAD TO HAZELTON

ALONG the road to Hazelton  
The trafficking traders ride,  
With stacks of furs for Hazelton  
And rifles by their side:  
Wolf and beaver and silver fox,  
Mink and marten and bear,  
Ermine pelts for courtly frocks  
And musk-rat for the fair.

Along the road the Indians pass,  
In fringed and beaded leather,  
There's a potlatch down to Moricetown  
Where all the tribes foregather.  
And down they travel from Kispiox,  
And east they come from Usk,  
And north they ride from Kitwanger  
From shadowy dawn till dusk.

Along the road from Hazelton  
The galloping outlaw flies,  
The canyons ring to his clattering swing,  
The spruce trees tell the skies.  
The herder, lost in a cloud of dust,  
Saw more than he dared have seen  
When Gun-a-noot of the Kiskagaas  
Took the trail to Fort Babine.

Along the road to Hazelton  
The patient squaws go by,  
With salmon-roe from Hagweligit  
And berry-fruits piled high.  
And long-time glories half-forgot  
Are told to the rustling trees,  
By the scented breath of cottonwood  
And winds from the far off seas.



## SATURNA: THE MYSTIC ISLAND

THE Romans' god, the father of them all,  
Still haunts his own and chosen isle, Saturna;  
He guards her well, the Islands' virgin queen,  
Jealous of man and scorning mortal favour.  
Alone and lovely, free, inviolate,  
Along her western shores he sets his monsters,  
Grotesquely grim, a Golgotha of rock;  
To eastward cliff and racing tides defend her.

Her arms outheld, she whispers in her bays,  
Entrancing fair, she lures her lovers onward,  
Drugs them with magic, so she holds them bound  
Till, sometime cold, she flings them from her, broken.  
She sleeps with gods. With man she plays awhile,  
Lends him her trees for sacrificial slaughter  
At Saturn's feet, who laughs at human woes.  
Unspoiled, she waits her tryst with Time—Saturna.

## QUIEN SABE?

TURN my feet to the north again,  
Destiny, mother of Chance!  
Send that I may go forth again  
Where the mountain dryads dance.

Let me go to the river where  
The silvery trout flash by,  
And startled deer aquiver there  
Deep in brown bracken lie.

Let me come to a lake I love,  
Lonely and far and still,  
Where the wolves howl to a moon above  
Over a new-found kill.

Spin thy thread so my feet shall tread  
In the ways my heart shall lead:  
Take me back ere my youth be dead,  
Mother of Chance, I plead!

## THE PROSPECTOR

ALONE I come, alone I go,  
And no man knows the things I know:  
Take your millions, take your ease,  
Take all else, but leave me these:

The whirr of the wings of the night-hawk flying,  
Plaint of a loon on the waters crying,  
Glow in the sky of a day now dying,  
Hush at evening time.

Wild rose scent in the sunshine drifting,  
Blue pine smoke in the tree tops shifting,  
Fragrance sweet of the green bush lifting  
Incense to God on high.

Wonder again of the pale dawn breaking,  
Golden sun in the morning waking  
Far over mountains, a new world making  
Life for a splendid day.

A frosty night. By the bright stars steering  
On through the snow to my lone hut nearing,  
Limb-sound, heart-whole, no man fearing,  
Sleep in the tranquil dark.

Alone I come, alone I go,  
And no man knows the things I know:  
A race well run and a full day spent,  
Leave me these and I die content.

## THE SINNERS ON THE OLD NORTH TRAIL

AS I rode westward, by Barrett's Hat and westward,  
Trotting on the Old North Trail,  
I met a hunted man,  
And he whispered as he ran  
That they searched for him in Bulkley Vale.

I turned in by Telkwa, peaceful little Telkwa,  
Stopping at a well-known door;  
And I heard a woman crying  
That her good man lay adying,  
And her lover was a-flying from the law.

Up the Vale I wandered, deep and long I pondered  
The sinning on the old North Trail:  
I pitied poor humanity  
So lost in brief profanity  
By the God that made the flesh so frail.

Twenty years and more had gone when I rode into Fort St.  
John,  
Journeying the Lord knows whither:  
And there were two I'd seen before  
Looking past me through the door  
For a dead man come to call them hither.

## THE CARIBOO ROAD

FIVE hundred miles to Barkerville,  
The Road began at Yale;  
It rang with the tramp of the travelling hordes  
On the Eldorado trail.  
The Road went down to history  
When they sent for the Queen's R.E.'s  
Who carved out a way through the vast unknown  
By the sweat of the pressed Chinese.

Follow them after, follow them through,  
The Road still runs through Cariboo.

They hurried north by stage express,  
Camel and mule and ox,  
The roar and the rumble of hoof and wheel  
Rang out on the Fraser's rocks.  
By Boston Bar and Spence's Bridge,  
By Lytton and Hope they go,  
Re-echoed the thud of a galloping team  
Or a pack-horse plodding slow.

Follow them after, follow them through,  
The Road still runs through Cariboo.

The Indians stared at fortunes found  
In river, silt, and sand;  
The noise and the shout of a great stampede  
Awoke that sleeping land.  
In every roadhouse lamps were lit,  
Fabulous tales were told  
That whispered a wealth to a wondering world  
Of *Gold—Gold—Gold!*

## THE SLAYER

WHEN I went north by Vanderhoof  
—Sultry the day and calm—  
A girl there was that smiled at me,  
Bright eyes and lips looked sweet to me,  
—Loving, I meant no harm.

Far to the north of Vanderhoof  
—Lonely the world and wide—  
A man there was that followed me,  
Hot eyes and mouth that cursed at me,  
—Fiercely he fought, and died.

When I fled south by Vanderhoof  
—Stormy the night and wild—  
A face there was looked after me,  
A hard white face that hated me—  
The father of her child.

## DANCE OF THE SALISH

I HEARD them in the silence of the night,  
Through the surging of the seas on the shore,  
In the rustle of the wind among the trees—  
The wailing and the moaning and the roar,  
The thud-thud-thudding of the drums,  
The clamour and the throbbing of the drums. . . .

I came to where an ancient smoke-house stands,  
In the dark, in the starlight, by the sea,  
Safe from the White Man's sneering laughter  
The Dying Nation held its heraldry,  
Spell-bound by the memories of the ages,  
And the thud-thud-thudding of the drums. . . .

The dancers in their dancing sobbed and sighed  
For the freedom and the glories that are past,  
And strange shapes circled in the firelight  
Like phantoms by the blazing embers cast.  
No sound came from the watchers by the walls  
But the intermittent beating of the drums. . . .

There was the Swan, the Double-headed Snake,  
And the Bear with the wounded head;  
Here was the Hawk swooping down on its prey,  
And the Cougar with its eyes glowing red.  
And the watchers kept thumping to the music  
Of the rhythm and the throbbing of the drums. . . .

I heard it in the shadowy light of dawn,  
The melancholy wailing of the tribes,  
The last wild cries of a race that is doomed  
By the Interlopers' treachery and bribes.

And the echoes of the night died away,  
The echo of the throbbing of the drums—  
The faint thud-thudding of the drums. . . .

# The Ryerson Poetry Chap-Books

*Lorne Pierce—Editor*

**Number**

- |                            |                                  |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. THE SWEET O' THE YEAR*  | <i>Sir Charles G. D. Roberts</i> |
| 23. SONGS FOR SWIFT FEET   | <i>Gostwick Roberts</i>          |
| 46. THE AULD FOWK*         | <i>William P. McKenzie</i>       |
| 51. TAO*                   | <i>Alfred Goldsworthy Bailey</i> |
| 70. THE THOUSAND ISLANDS   | <i>Agnes Maule Machar</i>        |
| 76. STARS BEFORE THE WIND* | <i>Charles Frederick Boyle</i>   |
| 80. THE WIND OUR ENEMY     | <i>Anne Marriott</i>             |
| 81. REWARD AND OTHER POEMS | <i>Isabel McFadden</i>           |
| 84. EXCUSE FOR FUTILITY    | <i>Charles Frederick Boyle</i>   |

**Fifty Cents**

---

- |                                     |                                   |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 4. THE CAPTIVE GYPSY*               | <i>Constance Davies Woodrow</i>   |
| 7. THE LOST SHIPMATE                | <i>Theodore Goodridge Roberts</i> |
| 20. THE CRY OF INSURGENT YOUTH*     | <i>Guy Mason</i>                  |
| 27. THE POET CONFIDES*              | <i>H. T. J. Coleman</i>           |
| 33. LATER POEMS AND NEW VILLANELLES | <i>S. Frances Harrison</i>        |
| 56. THE ROSE OF THE SEA*            | <i>Lionel Stevenson</i>           |
| 60. RHYME AND RHYTHM*               | <i>Sister Maura</i>               |
| 73. BLIND FIDDLER*                  | <i>J. E. McDougall</i>            |
| 78. SONNETS AND SEQUENCE            | <i>Michael T. Casey</i>           |
| 79. VIPER'S BUGLOSS                 | <i>John Smalacombe</i>            |
| 85. FANCY FREE                      | <i>Carol Coates</i>               |
| 87. DISCOVERY                       | <i>Arthur S. Bourinot</i>         |
| 88. THE PIONEERS AND OTHER POEMS    | <i>H. Glynn-Ward</i>              |

**Sixty Cents**

---

- |                              |                               |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 16. OTHER SONGS*             | <i>John Hanlon</i>            |
| 77. SONGS                    | <i>Helena Coleman</i>         |
| 83. LYRICS AND SONNETS       | <i>Lilian Leeveridge</i>      |
| 86. POET AND SALESMAN        | <i>William Thow</i>           |
| 89. I MET SOME LITTLE PEOPLE | <i>Anne Sutherland Brooks</i> |

**Seventy-five Cents**

---

- |                                     |                           |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 49. THE WANDERER AND OTHER POEMS    | <i>Nathaniel Benson</i>   |
| 50. UNDER THE MAPLE*                | <i>Kathryn Munro</i>      |
| 52. THE NAIAD AND FIVE OTHER POEMS* | <i>Marjorie Pickthall</i> |
| 57. THE BLOSSOM TRAIL               | <i>Lilian Leeveridge</i>  |
| 82. THE MUSIC OF EARTH              | <i>Bliss Carman</i>       |

**One Dollar**

\*Out of Print

