

1849

## The Tyrol

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# THE COLLEGIAN.

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## THE TYROL.

THE valley of the Tyrol is one of no ordinary interest. The scenery is bold and sublime. Impending cliffs and towering crags surround it on all sides, and from the hills innumerable streams rush downward to the plain: now marking their track with one continued sheet of foam, and now dashing and boiling, they pitch headlong from precipitous heights.

The view that strikes one on entering the Tyrol conveys an idea of the loftiness of mind that characterizes its inhabitants. They unite the *passion* of the Italian with the endurance of the mountaineer. They possess the excellencies of their southern neighbors without their vices. The craftiness of the Italian is wanting, and the Tyrolese is acquainted with treachery and treason, only as he feels their effects from others.

But it is not the beauty of the scenery or the character of its inhabitants that attracts the traveler, but the remembrance of the struggle that here took place for freedom. When the French arms were everywhere victorious, the Tyrolese, deserted by their allies, were left apparently an easy prey to their well-disciplined and veteran troops. They patiently suffered every indignity, until slavery or extermination was presented as the only alternative, and then rose in the majesty of insulted valor and swore to be free. The spirit that glowed in Hofer, an innkeeper of the Tyrol, then burst forth like the pent-up torrent: he came, and by his words and actions infused courage into the hearts of his desponding countrymen, till they planned a stroke for freedom. The French troops came, and as they entered the lonely valley, so soon to be the scene of bloody and terrific strife, silence reigned around. No sound was heard amidst those hills, save the clanking of their iron armor, and the heavy tread of the soldiery, as they advanced in steady columns. A death-like silence had settled on all that, but an hour before, was animated by the labors of the peasantry, as they cut down the huge trees, and rolled up the rocks upon the mountain sides. *Now* all was still. So the air grows still before the coming of the tornado. The French were struck with the impressive majesty of that silence. They were confounded with the very lack of life.



They gazed upon the beauty of the scenery ; and admired the changing color of the foam on the wild torrent that leaped madly from height to height. The Tyrolese observed it too, for the dust upon its surface was the rallying signal of the free. Soon as the dust upon the stream was marked by all, a noble and commanding form arose upon the highest crag that shot its rugged spire towards heaven. The gray beard that floated upon the breeze, and the heron's plume that waved from the chamois cap, proclaimed that it was Hofer. He stood alone, but as the sharp crack of his quick-spoken rifle reverberated from crag to crag, the Tyrolese came forth from every rock and shrub, and filled the air with their fierce battle-cry. There was no silence *then*. But loosening the fastenings of their rocky bulwarks, they dashed them on the foe : the impending crags, toppling from their mountain summits, crushed the ranks of the horror-stricken French, who strove in vain to fly. The Tyrolese rushed down upon them, and with one blow that scarce met resistance, and one shout of victory, Tyrol was free !

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#### THE AUTHORESS.

“O woman, best are all things as the will  
Of God ordained them ;”——

In the progress of humanity, as mankind have thrown off the inhuman customs of the savage state, and become lovers of the truly beautiful and refined, woman has obtained her legitimate position in society ; and, from the mere slave of the ruthless tyrant, she has become sovereign—the subduer of hearts.

While man, in his rude condition, valued only what he considered useful, and more or less indispensable, the fair sex were esteemed only as they approximated his masculine nature, and woman's loveliest traits were then thought imperfections and evidences of her inferiority. As his pursuits constituted their ideal of perfection, she was the less valued as she excelled in her proper sphere, and the less loved as she was the more lovely. Her excellencies were as little appreciated as were the beauties of Milton's works by the profound mathematician, who soberly inquired, “What do they prove?” Under such circumstances, it is not strange that she should leave the graces uncultivated, as they only administered to her dishonor, and should endeavor to exchange her more refined nature for the rougher pursuits of man. But, since the respective provinces of the sexes, which are clearly separate and distinct, are now duly defined and appreciated, woman is valued for her own loveliness ; and the beauty of her own character has secured her the respect and even devotion of man. Though unable to cope in reasoning, and, perhaps, frightened by an argument, her surpassing persuasive power is a fair compensation, which shows her right without need