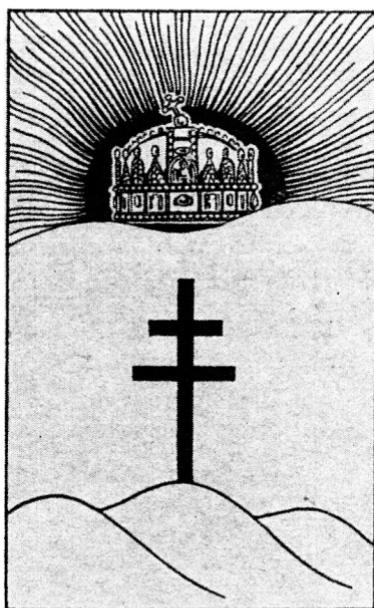


SIX WEEKS UNDER
„THE RED FLAG”



BARONESS T. B. DE KÁSZON



SIX WEEKS UNDER "THE RED FLAG"

BEING THE THRILLING EXPERIENCES
OF A WELL KNOWN HUNGARIAN LADY
DURING THE REVOLUTION OF 1918-1919

BY

BARONESS T. B. DE KÁSZON

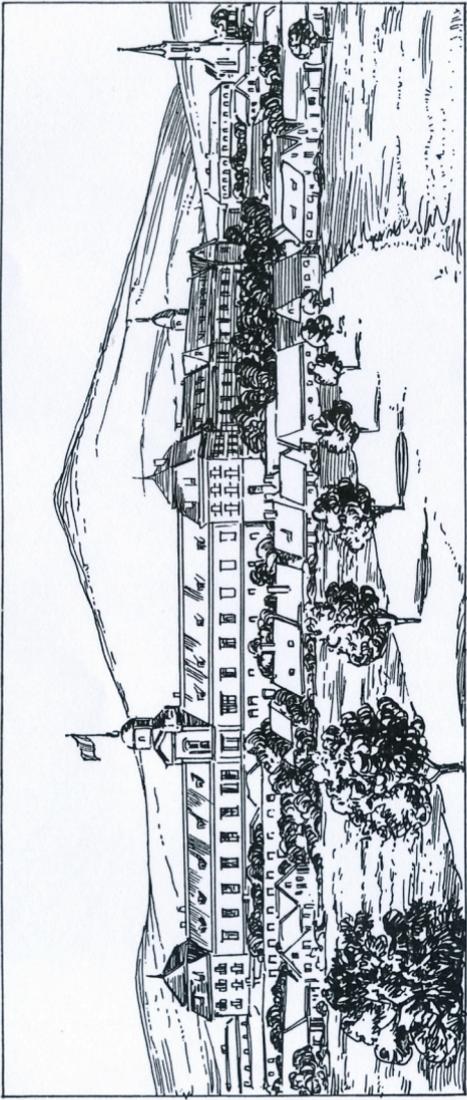


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Baroness Gabriele's father, who was by right of inheritance a Chamberlain at court unfortunately died during the late terrible war.

His ancestors some centuries ago played a historical role in Transsylvania of which country his grandfather, a Count KORNIS was one of the last Chancellors. Their old family castle, bearing the inscription of the 13th. Century, is now occupied by the Roumanians, at whose hands most of these old Transylvanian families have lost their rights and their properties.

The mother of Baroness Gabriele is an American, whose ancestors, belonging to an old English family of Cavaliers, emigrated to the North American Colonies under Cromwell's commonwealth.



THE FIRST REVOLUTION.

It was on a dreary autumn day in November 1918 when the Republic was proclaimed in Hungary (one of the most royalist countries of Europe) and where the tradition of St. Stephen's Holy Crown was glorified by every Hungarian as a blessed symbol of faith and fortune.

The huge castle, the residence of an old Hungarian family, which in olden times was one of the greatest fortresses built against the Turks and which was renovated in the seventeenth century by Prince Eugene of Savoy, was lying deep in mist like a huge phantom. Gazing out of some of its 365 windows which are one of the peculiarities of this tremendous building, the excited inhabitants could discover the first red flag, which ever has been seen in this part of the old world since its existence. The crowd and noise on the market place of the little country town of R... the confusion of shrieks, whispers, loud laughings and

violent discussions made one's nerves thrill.

From time to time the slender figure of the tall fair mistress of this residence, appeared behind the lace curtains of the various big rooms on the front, which dominates the whole market place. Here she could observe this most exciting scene. Her nerves were over- strained and her heart was beating up to her throat, as she knew what this blood coloured flag meant. She, who was a loving wife and mother, knew that all this meant danger for her husband and children, danger for her very happy family life.

Towards evening the mist seemed to evaporate and one could notice already the dim light of some twinkling stars far beyond the clear horizon, where new worlds are rising and others are fighting for their existence. The more beautiful nature is, the more we human beings feel how far away we are from perfection and how weak and helpless we are at such evil moments. Before the night set in, an awful looking villain suddenly flung himself up on the steps of the Roman Catholic church, which is the only raised building on the market place besides the huge castle. With the most fiery speech he began to stir up the very peaceful population of this little

country town. The witnesses of this repulsive scene listened chiefly from curiosity, as no man had ever dared before to insult the “Christian faith” on the steps of Gods house. - Nor would ever anyone before have dared to publicly stir up the population against the Baron who owned the Estate.

His loving wife was still standing like a waxen statue behind the curtains of the nearest window opposite the church, where this terrible agitator was trying by powerful incentives to turn the people against their church and their master, and to get popular feelings on his side. His insults were so unjustified that there were suddenly shouts heard from the crowd: “Throw him off, he is a traitor, he is lying and cheating”: But alas, these shouts were drowned by the coarse shrieks of the exited mob. “He is the deputy of our new socialist Government, who will deliver us from our labourer’s yoke. Hurray: Hurray: who dares to contradict him is to be arrested in the name of the law.” After this there was a silence and this provocative orator, who was nothing but a paid Jew, could go on accomplishing his task. Soon after this disgraceful episode the sublime sounds of the Angelus bells dispersed the excited mob and

overtaken their shrieks and laughter. The night set in with its overwhelming darkness. Saddening presentments were hanging over the inhabitants of the majestic castle which also had disappeared in the great obscurity.

Meanwhile all the shutters of the numerous windows of this old residence were gently closed in order to hide the lights from the sights of the malevolent mob. The fair mistress of the house, Baroness Gabriele, had to vanquish her anxious heart in order to be able to attend to her daily duties.

With her usual smile she went into her children's nursery to see her dear ones go to bed. She calmed the nurse and governess, who were in great excitement over the events of the day. She made them feel at their ease again after giving them some explanations, but when her little golden headed baby knelt and folded her tiny hands while saying her usual evening prayers, her mother's eyes fell, to hide the tears she could not control and she quickly vanished out of the nursery, in order not to betray her anxiety.

That night no one slept except the unconscious children, as the whole time shots were fired off around the castle and some even struck the thick stone walls and iron

shutters of this former fortress, which arises out of the whole surroundings like a mighty fortification. Its aspect has not much changed since the middle-ages, but the inhabitants were no armed knights anymore. Their rusted arms and mailed shirts only decorated the long passages of the old building since centuries.

The present master and mistress were sitting as usual in Baroness Gabriele's boudoir. They both looked extremely worried over these events. She implored her husband to leave the estate with his family as soon as possible and to go abroad until this revolutionary storm was calmed, but he, a man of energy and business would not give in to her request and replied: "It is my duty to remain here and to protect my home and property as long as possible", so that all her efforts were in vain. — Some very exciting days and nights followed.

The president of the young republic elected by the revolutionaries gave the order that all the soldiers were free and could come home as they pleased. In this way the whole Hungarian army floated homewards in a state of dissolution without even having been disarmed. The soldiers felt of course that they were

entire masters; they no longer acknowledged any authority and violently pulled off their officer's badges, many of whom were killed in opposing such degradation. The disorder in the whole country was indescribable. The trains which arrived were commanded by soldiers and were so crowded that civilians could not think of travelling. The overloaded trains came in with great difficulty. Even on the roofs of the cars drunken soldiers were sitting, and it often happened that they had to cling on to the locomotives and lost their lives on the rails. Everyone wanted to get home first, and through absolute disorganisation everybody lost control. One heard of awful fights between officers and soldiers and the officers could only dare to get on trains as common soldiers.

The military hospital in the residence of the Baron, which at his own expense he established at the outbreak of the war, also broken up by itself. A few thousands soldiers had recovered there.

The Baron, who was the president of the Red Cross in the whole district and Baroness Gabriele, who had nursed the wounded with the greatest care, were very grieved to see these disgraceful and unrespectful goings on.

All soldiers who were not confined to their beds left without asking leave. None knew whither, after shooting and shouting for nights in succession from the windows of that wing of the castle, which was used for hospital purposes. One can well imagine that after this long and terrible war the spirits of the soldiers got very low and they became hardened to all cruelty. Therefore no wonder that these guideless bands floating homewards into a country where a socialistic Republic had just been established by a handful of terrorists formed the very best material for the so-called "Red Army", which a few months later was in full strength to fight for Bolshevism. — It was very remarkable that most of the agitators and the heads of the Bolshevist formations were Jews.

The peaceful country people and all better class inhabitants were terrified by that spreading reign of terror.

It was a very dark night in December 1918 when suddenly the murmuring of many excited men's voices were heard on the corridor in front of the Baron's private library. He was surprised to be disturbed at that late hour,

but an important deputation of the excited farmers and leading men of the whole district came to the master of the estate with whom they had always lived in the greatest harmony. They had secretly formed a Christian Social party to protect their homes and families from the threatening danger of Bolshevism. But nobody wanted to be at the head of this association, as under these circumstances it was a most dangerous enterprise. However the Baron agreed to be their President and made an energetic speech to the deputation, after which they all cheered him and left with great enthusiasm. Baroness Gabriele had a sleepless night again, as she foresaw the danger of this undertaking.

On a Sunday after church the peasants, farmers and the mob were gathering in big crowds around the town-hall. It was the most exciting day since the Revolution, on which the first assembly of the newly organized Christian Social party took place. A few hours before the meeting was to begin, the former judge of the town came hurrying into the castle to implore the Baron not to appear officially at the head of this organisation, as he could not take any responsibility for the safety of his life. The mob being more excited

than ever, was hatching a plot against him. The Baron did not tell anything of this danger to his poor wife, whose nerves were already more than overtaxed that day. He lunched with his family in the usual way, making jokes with his children, while outside the crowd was already assembled and the two parties were standing opposite each other in great irritation like two bulldogs. The population was more than nervous as most people did not believe that the Baron would dare to appear openly at the head of this so-called counter-revolutionary party... He looked at his watch, parted from his unhappy wife and children and punctually at 2 o'clock he appeared at the huge castle's iron barred gate, which was opened... and closed behind him. In the meantime, one of his gamekeepers, a faithful servant, rushed to his mistress and implored her not to let his master go to this dangerous meeting. But it was too late... The eyes of the crowd were already fixed upon him as he approached the impatient assembly.

Baroness Gabriele was standing at an open window of the castle's front overlooking this whole scene. She hid herself again behind a lace curtain, and her hands were folded this

time, as she knew that nobody but God could help her now in saving her husband from the hands of this malevolent mob. There was a deep silence and not even a whisper was heard when the Baron started his Speech, but shortly afterwards he was interrupted by the rough shouts of some communists, who most of them were half grown rascals. One heard "Down with the capitalists, down with the Baron, his day is over:" These loud exclamations were distinctly heard by the curious onlookers and the slender figure behind the lace curtains in the castle's window suddenly disappeared, and dropped unto the nearest couch, as she thought the worst would be coming. Luckily however these shouts were drowned by the strong voices of the Christian population, who were in the great majority and all voted for the Baron. The great success of this first election held openly by the newly organized Christian party made quite a sensation in the whole district and many towns followed. There were also civil guards formed to protect the peaceful country towns from plundering bands, who, made up of all kinds of bad elements, were rendering the whole country unsafe. The next two months passed more or less peacefully

in the little country town of R... There was only one great sensation, the ball of the Christian Social party, which was arranged with the Baron as their president at the head. It was a very dangerous enterprise, as the communistic party, who still was in a great minority, tried everything to prevent this successful meeting, for which there was an immense participation. For this reason the communists, who are the greatest enemies of all Christian Associations, sent some of their youthful delegates to the President shortly before the ball and these told him that he had better prevent it, as their party was determined to blow up the building where the ball took place: "We have bombs enough"—they said in their brutal way—"to put an end to all this Christian conspiracy". However the Baron remained firm and the ball took place with the greatest success. The Civil guards no doubt did their duty well, as all plotting on the part of the opponents was prevented. A week later, Baroness Gabriele, who was a great benefactress, also arranged a beautiful Christmas feast for the poor children of the place and the whole population was very grateful to her and to the Baron for all the good they had done during the four years of the terrible war.

SECOND REVOLUTION

In February 1919 the situation got very critical again, as the so-called socialists, who in reality were Bolshewists, had been working secretly. Supported by Russian money and Jewish fortunes, they could found a great party, which was able to subdue their opponents.

They first established great centres in every bigger town, where amongst the factory workers and day labourers they found more partisans than among the quiet and contented peasants. These centres, where the communist party was organized, had mostly at their head provocative Jews, who sent their agitators, also mostly Jews to the various country towns and villages, to stir up the peaceful population against the Christian faith, the landowners and the aristocracy. On this occasion the greatest promises were made to the ignorant people, who in the end like little children believed the fairy stories of these fiendish orators.

It was really shameful to see how common looking Jews with devilish expressions, who lived more or less by unfair means, some of them being even escaped criminals, managed to get the lower class of labourers entirely into their power through their violent and ferocious eloquence.

That was what they were working for, as with the support of the excited mob they knew their power would subdue their opponents and that they could start with their terroristic dictatorship. . . .

It was on an early morning at the beginning of March 1919, when the sensational news of the proclamation of the Sowjet Government spread over the little country town of R... The Jewish doctor of the place was proclaimed head of the dictatorship. Like all Jews in Hungary he had, up till now, not received much consideration from his fellow citizens and revenged himself as soon as he came into power. He at once collected the greatest scoundrels of the place to form the Red Guard, which the Sowjet Government had decreed should be established everywhere to support their' power. The worst of these Bolshevists were sent to the Baron in the early morning,

to tell him, that he was a prisoner from that day, and that he held his life in his hands, — as the doctor expressed it.

The old clock on the castle tower just struck seven, when these villains (all decorated with bright red ribbons) entered the castle's old arched entrance. The first thing they did, was to bribe the porter and to show him their power. From that day he had orders to let that sort of riff-raff go up to the Baron's private rooms, whenever they pleased.

Having passed a sleepless night, the Baron and his distressed wife only fell asleep when the dim morning light was seen through the cracks of the closed shutters. They were aroused out of that deep slumber, which results from exhaustion, by hard knocks at their bedroom door and by loud rough voices. The Baron jumped out of bed and went to the door, where his butler announced to him those early visitors, who came with evil intent. He did not lose his presence of mind, but told these people to come back in the course of the morning, as he did not receive visitors at that early hour. With loud remarks of "those times are over", they left for the time being.

Baroness Gabriele, who knew that her husband had a weak heart and that every excitement ought to be avoided, felt all the more anxious, as she knew the danger to his health of such excitement. She observed everything and noticed how he suffered and how hard it was for him to keep up his strength and dignity in receiving these traitors. She tried hard to remain calm and in her soothing way she made him drink a strengthening draught, which a doctor once gave her to stimulate the heart. It was the first time since their very happy marriage, that they both had to face such appalling danger and there seemed no way out of it at all. Soon after this, the same deputation, which looked like a masquerade, appeared on the corridor again, and were conducted to the private library of the Baron. The latter was more than surprised to notice among the different men, who entered briskly, some of the village workmen, who had been noted before as bad characters. Their manners were more than provocative and they behaved with studied insolence. One of the leaders said at once: "As the chairs and every- thing in this house are common property from to-day on, we mean to sit on them". They suited the action to the word and began to

smoke their rank cigars, thinking thereby to produce a more imposing impression. The baron, who took his seat in the armchair in front of his writing table, was playing with a pencil, that he held in his hand and did not look as if he was taking these men seriously. With an ironical smile he listened to the orders just issued by the new Sowjet Government: The first one was, that he was to regard himself as a prisoner in his own castle, the second order was, that he must deliver up all arms, which were in the castle and in the other houses of the estate, as only the Red Guard had a right to them. Anyone, who concealed weapons of any kind, would be shot instantly when discovered. This included all sporting weapons. Besides depriving the Baron of all rights on his property, all his bank deposits were confiscated. One of these rascals even had the impertinence to say to his former master: "If you behave well from now on, and do not mix yourself up in politics anymore, we wont put you yet into a real prison, which will be the fate of most of the leaders of your party; if you work like we do, you wont starve either, as you can earn your bread with your hands too, as we do. - You can be thankful, that people of your class are not to be guillotined

as they were in the french revolution.”.. After making these declarations, the brutes left the room with a fraternal handshake.

Baroness Gabriele, who was standing behind the door of her adjoining boudoir, was trembling all over. The threatening of these rough and unmannerly boors made an awful impression on her. Her heart sank as she felt that she and her family might fall into a fiendish trap, from which there was no escape. After the Bolshevists closed the door behind them, she rushed into her husband’s study, where she still found him sitting motionless in his armchair before the writing table, but the ironical smile had entirely vanished and his expression was more than serious. The pencil he was playing with before, seemed to tremble on the sheet of unwritten paper, on which his eyes were fix’ed. He only noticed his wife’s presence, as she leaned over him and kissed his hot fore-head. She hoped a tender embrace would help him over this sudden crisis, as usually she could soothe his worries by her affection. This time the situation was too grave for such consolation to have the usual effect. —As well she could not keep up her spirits any longer and broke down with a heart full of pain and anxiety. He only took her in his

arms with a desperate fear as to their future, and she wept like a child over the sudden danger, which seemed like a bad dream to them both.

The Bolshevists had declared that every one must work, and that domestic service did not count as work. All servants had to perform manual work out of doors. Baroness Gabriele always tried to make the best of things and wanted to show her good will by giving a good example to her household, who greatly objected to this Bolshevistic regulation. She went out the next day to work in the garden, but soon she had to give up the attempt, as her work was wantonly interrupted by the younger scoundrels of the village. The Bolshevists of the worst type came with their bright red coloured flag and handkerchiefs and waved them almost in her face, making all kinds of rude remarks, so that they made her work quite unendurable. With a throbbing heart and overwrought feelings she left her work, disgusted by such behaviour. From that day she never was seen in the garden again.

As soon as the Sowjets established themselves, they seized upon all private bank deposits

as well as jewels and all other valuables. In this way the Baron was deprived of his whole fortune overnight. Of course his big property had to be kept up ostensibly for the benefit of the so called "Community". So the stewards of the farms were told, to continue their duties, but from now on the income was to be divided up amongst the "Community". One can well imagine how many obscure individuals were looking forward to participate in the perquisites of so big a concern. The eloquent dictator of the place, the Jewish doctor, with his associates, continually intruded, in order to inspect the farm and the bookkeeping, of which they of course had not the slightest comprehension, having no knowledge of that kind. It money was needed on the farm, to pay labourers and running expenses, the head steward had to go to the dictator's office, where he had to show the list of bills the estate had to pay, and then only did the impudent Jew sign the authorisation by which the money could be drawn from the bank. One evening this steward, who was the most respectable man, came back quite disgusted by this procedure. Having needed money for the next morning, he had to go to this village tyrant rather late in the evening to ask for the favour of his signature, as the funds of

the estate were exhausted and selling cattle or grain was forbidden without permission.

The doctor received him in one of the adjoining rooms of his office, which looked just like a low class tavern. Thick smoke and the smell of alcohol took one's breath away on entering. This disorderly and gloomy spot filled with an evil set of occupants, there the tyrant of this formerly very peaceful little town was sitting with his associates around the table, on which quite a number of empty and half empty bottles were standing. The upset glasses on the table and the tipsy looking, female companions of the Bolshevists showed the condition which the dictator and his unscrupulous men were in, although the order had been given by the Sowjet Government that nobody was allowed to touch alcohol, and that severe punishment would be the result of anyone's taking liquor. Yet it was apparent here, that the doctor and his associates were an exception to this rule: The whole table, around which they were sitting, was inundated with spilled wine and when the respectable looking steward entered, one of the slatternly concubines attempted to clean up the table, by wiping up the mess with a scarlet towel. The party had no doubt been

having a gay time and were in the best of spirits. At any rate they were not in a condition to realize anymore how undignified their behaviour was. On the contrary, they invited this last visitor to join their party, who was clever enough to make use of this good opportunity and after having participated for a short time in this crazy communistic feast, he told the drunken doctor why he had come.

The steward managed to add a few zeros to the sum he came to ask the Jew's signature for, as the occasion was most favourable. Not knowing what he was doing, this dishonourable dictator, who was hardly able to hold a pen, signed the cheque in a very grandiloquent way, not caring how high the sum was. One can well imagine with what disgust the head steward left this evil place. Shaking his head and with grim forebodings as to the future he said to himself: "What will become of the estates and of my master, if such evil spirits dominate." But on the other hand he was pleased that he had in this way secured a much larger sum. Soon after this episode the steward went up to the Baron to relate this incident to him, which only gave further proof of what terrible conditions were prevailing and what danger this evil power was for the whole country.

The same night the Reverend Mother of the little convent of... came secretly to the castle. As the darkness was very great she risked the danger of being caught. She only wanted to speak to the Baroness, who received the old wrinkled nun in a secluded room in one of the towers. The anxious nun was accustomed to bring all the troubles of her community to the sympathetic ears of the Baroness. She did not realize now that the mistress of the castle, who hitherto had given assistance and consolation to all who sought it, was herself in the greatest need. The sister begged her benefactress's advice. Sobbing the old nun told her, that the Sowjets had given out order, that all convents should be dissolved and that no nuns would be allowed to follow their vocation any longer. If they did not return to secular life, they would be condemned to death. With folded hands the aged head of the convent begged the baroness in the name of her community to help them out of this cruel dilemma; "Giving up our veil and habit" - the old nun exclaimed — "means treason to Our Lord and being true to our vocation, means death to us all now!"

The Baroness deeply downcast could only advice her nightly visitor to escape with the

other nuns from the convent at the first possible opportunity. These saintly nuns in their convent-walls had not yet realized, that the Baroness could not help or support others any longer and that life had utterly changed for her as well as for them. "I was even told the other day by that horrid Jewish doctor" — the Baroness exclaimed — "who came to look at my children without being invited to do so, that in a few months a Bolshevist school will be established here, where all children over four, after having been taken away from their parents, no matter what their station in life is, will be brought up by the State. "Your children" he added, "will be no exception to this rule". "Now sister", the Baroness continued, "you will readily understand, how a mother feels in such times as these, and you will realize now, how helpless I am in this case to." "The only advice I can give you and to all the other sisters, is to try and flee as soon as possible from your cruel fate. "For us, alas: it is too late." The old nun then quite broke down. Sobbing convulsively she took the icy hands of the kind Lady, who always before was ready with help, when it was needed and wetted them with her tears of farewell. As now she only realized how

desolate and helpless their former benefactress was.

It was a very stormy March evening when Baroness Gabriele sent to the nearest large town to fetch the doctor, who was devoted to the family. For ten days she had nursed her husband, whose health broke down soon after his imprisonment in his own castle. The humiliating treatment he was subjected to by his former dependents was so intolerable, that the retirement which his illness necessitated was the greatest relief to him. During these times all kinds of sensational stories were spread about, as to the Baron's illness. The morning on which the family doctor was expected, there was great excitement in the little country-town. It was found out that out of the 35 rifles, which were hidden in some of the castles dark impenetrable recesses, only 15 had been given up by the Baron. In the shortest possible time a tribunal was formed to condemn the Baron as guilty of this unauthorized action.

Part of this Tribunal demanded death without mercy, but luckily the majority consented to give him one more chance under condition of his giving up all the weapons on the spot. Being unable to get up from his couch, he

was forced to receive these Bolshevist delegates in his bedroom, who came to warn him for the last time. “The next time you offend” our laws — they said, “you will be condemned to death without pardon.” The Baron then told them: “I cannot be made responsible for everything that happens in this castle, or that is found here, as many old weapons may still be lying buried in this great old fortress, of which I have no knowledge whatever. As you say that everything is communized, you may just as well regard all the rifles in the castle as your own. I myself don’t even know Where they are. Probably the gamekeeper will be able to find them for you.”

For the next few days all kinds of Bolshevist detectives came running in and out of the castle, as if they had always been its masters. But as soon as they knew all its ins and outs, their interest in the castle and its inhabitants declined. The family doctor stated, that the Baron’s health was in very bad condition and on grounds of mere humanity he begged the head of the Sowjet Council to spare his patient from his frequent visits, as there was no object in constantly disturbing an invalid in this way.

Since that day the Baron was left more or

less in peace by these most troublesome intruders, but all the same, life became more and more unendurable. Daily new orders were given out by this Government of Terror and although all private property had been legally confiscated, these bloodhounds, as they were called, were not yet satisfied, arresting and imprisoning the better class people, mostly nobles and priests, without reason. In this way thousands of innocent people were thrown into prison and lots of them were tortured to death in the most cruel way. It is a fact that people's limbs were cut open and the wounds filled with salt, then stitched together again. In agonizing pains these unfortunates found a slow death. The nuns and priests who remained true to their vocation, were most cruelly treated. Those who did not find their end by a bullet, were tortured as in the early Christian persecutions. Nuns were found who had a wreath of big rusty nails stamped into their heads; also the bodies of priests were seen who had the emblem of a crucifix' deeply cut into their heads and hands. With their wounds covered with salt, these martyrs had to suffer agonies until death released them. During this dreadful period, it was known by the British Legation in Vienna, that a lot of corpses.

were found floating on the different parts of the Danube. These were some of the victims which the Bolshevists had no time to bury. The whole of Hungary was cut off from all news and communication with other countries. The only newspaper which was spread over the whole land was the "Red Newspaper", the oracle — one may call it — of the Sowjet Government. This was more or less an instrument for inciting and stirring up the population against all the propertied classes. The only connection between Hungary and the outside world was the wireless with Russia, which helped the Sowjet Government of Hungary with advice and money.

On April the 14th. the little town of R... was aroused overnight by a counter-revolution organized by the farmers and peasants of the place, who were determined to get rid of their Jewish dictator, called Doctor Eisen-staedter. He was the little country doctor of the place, who depended formerly on the good graces of his clients and who had now become their bloodthirsty tyrant. He was also increasing his wealth by fishing at present in troubled waters. All Bolshevists improved their situation financially in a similar way. As a crown to their other outrages, the Bolshevists tried to force the nuns of the little

convent school, to lay aside their veil and habit and to become secular teachers. When the nuns refused, their lives were threatened and they escaped in the night to their different families, protected by peasants armed with knives, as they had no rifles. When the Bolshevists discovered the escape of the nuns, they tried to murder the very saintly parish priest, whom they suspected of having assisted them. His life was saved by the armed peasants, led by three handsome young men, sons of well-to-do farmers.

This condition of affairs and the selfish way in which this impudent doctor and his associates managed to tyrannize everybody, determined the farmers and peasants to revolt against him and to get rid of him and his associates.

But the Jew was cleverer than the simple country people. As soon as he became aware of the agitation against him, he telephoned to the revolutionary tribunal of the next larger town for the Red Guard to come at once in order to throw down this movement and to arrest the leaders of the party. In the meantime he said to one of the heads of his party, that as long as the Baron was in the place, there would be no peace, and that he wished to have him captured as soon as possible and

taken to Budapest, where he would be imprisoned as a hostage like many of his class.

During the war the Baron had started a hospital in the castle for wounded soldiers, entirely at his own expense, where his wife had helped in the nursing with great devotion. By the mercy of Providence this request of the doctor, to have the Baron arrested, was overheard by one soldier, who had been there for months and owed his recovery to the Baroness' great care and attention. Although this man belonged to the communist party, he resolved out of gratitude to help his benefactress, if he possibly could, to escape with her family from a cruel fate, as he well knew that death or worse was the most frequent result of such a verdict.

The same afternoon the Red Guard from the nearest town consisting of 50 armed men, arrived at the castle in big freight-motor-cars. They were all decorated with bright red coloured ribbons and looked more like a regiment of rebels than of soldiers. The population at this sight was more than terrified, and the noise they made and the shouts they uttered, were very alarming. The Red Guard drove direct to the dictators house, —who

was already anxiously awaiting them with his confederates - to protect him against the peasants and to carry out his orders. Soon after the arrival of these villains, the three brave young farmer's sons, who had lead the peasants in enabling the nuns to escape, and in saving the life of the priest, were arrested and shot dead in their own courtyards before the eyes of their families. After this crime was perpetrated, the excitement of the people was intense, but they were helpless, as the 50 armed soldiers were soon the masters of the whole place and the famous Dr. E... could continue his dictatorship.

Everybody's nerves were overstrained. Baroness Gabriele was expecting the worst to happen and stood again with trembling hands behind the heavy curtains trying to watch events. She was somewhat calmed from her original fright, as she expected the Red Guard would come at once for her husband, but luckily their first task was to calm down the infuriated inhabitants of the village, so that their attention was for the moment distracted from the unfortunate family in the castle, who were awaiting their doom.

A cold frosty night set in with a clear starry sky, yet one felt the awakening of spring in the breeze. Baroness Gabriele went to close the shutters of her bedroom windows to prevent the light from shining forth. At that moment a sublime feeling overcame her. "What a lovely night this is and how beautiful God's world would be but for the evil doings of men", ...she said to herself. With wistful eyes she gazed at the twinkling stars with longing in her heart: "Oh, could I be beyond there, far away from these earthly miseries'," - - - and she folded her hands in a most devout prayer to Our Lord, who guides our destinies.

The Baron had sufficiently recovered to exchange his bed for a sofa in his library, but he had no peace and began to wander through the empty, lonely rooms, where once only happiness and brightness reigned. He looked at all the pictures and souvenirs with a last glance of love and with the presentiment in his heart, that it would be for the last time; and paid his farewell visit to the private chapel of the castle, where all his three children had been baptized. There he knelt down and prepared himself for the moment, when they would come and fetch him and tear him away from his family. In this way he obtained strength

again to face his fate, however hard it might be... His prayers were disturbed by some strange sounds, which penetrated the old thick walls and he arose from his knees with enough strength to face anything. He had not been surprised to meet the commander of the Red Guard in the corridor, as he had expected his arrest all day. The Baron was therefore astonished, that the man this time came for another reason, namely to find good lodgings for his soldiers. The Baron told him to take what he wanted and that he would see that they had sufficient food and drink. So after this short interview, the commander of the Red Guard who never before had occasion to see the interior of such an old castle, left quite satisfied and very much impressed. After this episode the Baron entered his studio where his wife awaited him motionless. She looked like a ghost and felt as if she were turned to stone. She could hardly help sobbing, but she knew it was not the time to show her feelings, and that only self control would help now, if there still were a chance of help: — — — She only kissed her husband, for she hoped that her tenderness would soothe his anxiety and might help him to bear his fate better. Suddenly a violent knocking at the door aroused them

out of their unhappy reverie as they both had thoughts and presentiments they did not dare to utter.

The man who entered was the wounded soldier, whom Baroness Gabriele had nursed months ago, and of course she recognized him at once. They were both rather surprised that this visitor greeted them in the old respectful manner, to which they were no longer accustomed. Asking what he wanted, the Baron offered him a seat, which this trim looking soldier would not accept, but begged in quite a humble way to have his proposal listened to: "My Lord Baron, he said", I must talk quite frankly with you now, as it is very urgent. You must know yourself, that your life is in great danger, as well as that of your family. From the most reliable source I have heard, that in a few days you will be taken as hostage to the prisons of Budapest. Knowing that your father, who is living abroad is extremely rich, the Sowjet Government hopes to force him to ransom yourself, your wife and your three children for the sum of 3 million crowns per head. Also they still fear the power you have over the country population of this place and its surroundings. For

this reason they want to clear you out of their way. There is but one chance left for you and that is to fly. The only chance for that risky game to succeed, would be to start to-morrow in the early morning. At least for your family's sake you must try this last chance, or it will be too late and then you may be gone forever. The occasion is favourable as nobody thinks anymore of the possibility of your flight with the Red Guard staying in your own house. Besides the village people are aroused and therefore their attention is diverted for the moment from your person." The Baron, whose first thoughts were for his wife and children, said most seriously: "But you know just as well as I do, that one of the Sowjet Government's rigorous laws is, that whoever is caught trying to escape from the country, will be killed on the spot". "Well" the soldier said shrugging his shoulders, "you must risk this danger and I can only assure you that if you remain here, the danger for you and your family here will be far greater, than by taking the chance now and trying to escape without being caught. I am ready to be your guide and to take you over quite a secret path, where most likely we will not meet any soldiers. You must know too, that

the frontier is very well guarded at present, as there were some escapes of late, but still I hope we will manage to get through, if you will only promise to follow my advice". The Baron hesitated, as it really was a most difficult resolution to take, knowing that this young fellow also belonged to the communist party. The Baron feared that he might betray the planned escape and that his proposal might be a trap. Therefore he first asked him diplomatically, if he did not have any fear of getting into trouble, should it be found out that he helped the family at the castle to fly from the power of the Bolshevists. "Well", the soldier answered quite decidedly, "I owe my life to the Baroness, she nursed me while I lay in agony and helped me through the danger of death, so why should I not risk my life for her?" The Baron was quite surprised and touched, that this young fellow though a member of the Bolshevist party, should show such exceptional gratitude, and he and his wife felt sorry for him and believed in his fidelity. There was no time to lose because one had to work out the plan at once for the next morning. The greatest difficulty was to get the Baroness and her 3 children out of the castle without its being conspicuous.

Quickly a wire was written purporting to come from the Baroness's mother and begging her to come to the station with her three children, as the former was just travelling through and would not see them again for a very long time. Of course this was all invented, but it would do to satisfy people's curiosity. It was certain that as soon as this message reached the post-office, the news would spread everywhere within the shortest time. Nobody would suppose that the Baroness would risk escaping alone with her three children.

The Baron's plan was more complicated and far more dangerous, the first difficulty in his case being to get rid of the porter who was one of the Bolshevists spies. It was known, that he was paid for reporting all doings and happenings in the castle and pledged to keep an eye on the Baron. But as such people's private interests always go ahead of everything else, it was possible to get him away on that eventful day by a ruse. This was to send him off in the early morning to one of the neighbouring sugar factories, to bring over a large amount of sugar, which still was due to the farm. As 50 pounds of that very scarce grocery was promised him for the errand, the selfish traitor was delighted

at being chosen as an emissary on this occasion, which was only a blind to get him out of the way. The uncertainty of their plan being successful, caused the most fearful anxiety to the Baron and his wife, but they both had the feeling that this was their last chance. With confidence in God they decided to attempt this most perilous undertaking.

At the same hour a soldier was galloping on horse-back through the dark night as quick as his horse could carry him to the next town. It was the brave and grateful wounded soldier who proved his fidelity. Though he felt the pain again in his wounded chest, and had to struggle hard for breath, his only thought was to send off the telegram, which was to explain the next morning the Baroness' drive to the station with her children. As he had the Red Guard's uniform on, with the bright red stripes on cap and arms, the only distinction of the Bolshevists he got through everywhere and fulfilled his task.

The clock of the old tower just struck seven and Baroness Gabriele had to control herself more than ever this time, because it was the children's bedtime and she had to play her part to the end. She first went to

the two bigger children and told them of the pleasure they were going to have the next morning of seeing their grandmother again, as the news had just come from her, that she was passing through the station and wanted to see them all there. Turning to the governess the Baroness even said in a joking way: "Don't you think we will be eaten up by the Bolshewists on the way?" "At any rate have the children ready tomorrow morning, as I still expect a wire saying when we should start." Then she kissed her son and daughter and telling them not to forget their prayers, she left the room in haste, as she still had a hard task to fulfill. This was to prepare the old nurse, who had reared the three children, of their impending escape. The little child had alarmed her, by the fever having gone up again. She felt more than heart-broken when looking at this poor little thing lying asleep quite unconsciously in her nice fresh bed, not knowing what the next morning would bring and where she would rest the next night. Perhaps in a prison or in a strange country. Everything looked so peaceful still in the comfortable nursery and this poor mother felt too miserable at the thought of dragging her helpless little child

out of its cozy and comfortable home, but alas, this room might shortly become a prison, when all its comfort would vanish. This thought somewhat consoled her and she made the effort to enlighten the old faithful nurse as to their approaching adventure. The Baroness made her realize, that the only way to save the children, was to bring them away as soon as possible, but of course she did not inform her of the great danger they were running. The old nurse first started sobbing, but the Baroness gave her to understand, if she could not keep her countenance during these most critical hours, she would have to abandon her situation and the children would leave without her.

After this explanation the old nurse became sensible and all night she nursed the little one and tried in every way to diminish the fever of the sick child. All night the little lamp was burning in the day nursery, where this faithful old soul was sitting praying and timorously waiting for the mom to set in.

In the meantime the Red Guard and their commander quartered in one of the wings of the old castle, having there the most riotous time. The Baron had well provided them with

all kinds of alcohol, so that they were in the best of spirits, singing and dancing all night. Towards morning only they felt a longing for sleep and were fortunately reposing soundly during the departure of their victims. The master and mistress of the old castle will never forget this last night in their old home. They both knew what they had to undertake the next morning and felt the great responsibility they were taking for their lives and their children's. They only rested on a couch and lay awake all night in a kind of feverish trance. With their hands clasped in each others, with beating hearts and throbbing temples they awaited the dawn of the day, on which they had to risk everything for life or death.

The clock on the old tower soon after had struck eight. Baroness Gabriele came down the stone steps of one of the side entrances of the huge courtyard with her children. It was her usual way of starting for a drive and purposely no preparations whatsoever had been made for the journey. The weather was rainy. Luckily this was a good reason for putting up the hood of the carriage and escaping thereby the gaze of the curious. Since the revolution everything which entered

or departed the big portals of the castle was stared at and criticised in the most amazing way by the people. The exaggerated statements made, even went so far, that one day the news spread all over the place, that the Baron had poisoned himself, which many people believed. It was the greatest piece of luck that nobody in the house besides the old nurse, who of course had to accompany the little child to see its grandmother, had the slightest idea of this dangerous journey. The real truth would not have been difficult to guess, but nobody imagined that the Baroness would undertake a long tiring journey with such a small child without any luggage or food. Such experiments luckily did not seem credible to the inhabitants of R... , who were just that day very much preoccupied and excited by the latest abominations of Dr. Eisenstaedter and his associates. Before the carriage rolled off, with its unfortunate occupants, the Baron came down the steps in his usual country clothes with a smiling face to say good-bye to his family. Joking with the children until they drove off, he really played his part marvellously well— but he avoided looking at his anxious wife, as her sad farewell glances would have broken

his heart and he might have lost control over himself, realizing as he did, that they might be parting forever. Nobody however could notice his state of mind and what he felt at that moment. Soon afterwards he had to escape himself.

Before leaving on this dangerous expedition, he looked once more into the huge courtyard where he noticed some soldiers of the Red Guard, looking about them curiously like wild beasts in a new cage. The others must still have been asleep, after their carousal of the night before. With a last farewell glance at his old home, the Baron hurried down the small staircase leading to the terrace, where he managed to reach the famous old tunnel without being seen by the substitute of the absent porter. This tunnel was one of the most remarkable sights of the old building. It was an underground road which centuries ago also must have been used to get in and out or to bring in food to the celebrated old fortress. To this ancient and secret passage the Baron certainly owed his unnoticed escape from the castle, which was well watched from both sides. When he reached the park, he hastened through the

densest parts of the beautiful plantations like a hunted stag: full of sadness at having to leave his old home. It was mere luck that nobody saw him but the old gardener, who thanks Heaven was too short-sighted to recognize his master, when the latter jumped over the hedge, which divided the park from the castle. Formerly the gardener would have shouted and hurried after any intruder but since the iron gates of the park had been thrown open to the Public by the new regime, the old faithful servant had lost all interest in his duties from the time when the park had been declared public property. The mob abused this freedom and with a spirit of destruction, ruined and crushed under foot the delicate spring flowers and sprouting lawns. The Baron crossed the fields as quickly as possible in order to reach the woods, where in the shelter of their thickets the helpful soldier awaited him, with a little cart. From there they drove at a wild pace for hours and hours until they reached the little village at the frontier, where of course their hardest task began.

The old Victoria still rolled along with the Baroness and her children, but soon the

point came where two roads crossed. The one to the left went to the station, where the coachman had been told to drive, the other to the right led after many hours to the Austrian frontier. Now was the time when the Baroness had to enlighten the coachman and tell him to drive to the right and follow the road as far as it went. The latter was devoted to the family and seemed not at all surprised at this new order, but drove the horses at the top of their speed. He seemed to know into what danger he was driving his young mistress with her three innocent children, as he followed the road to the frontier without allowing the steaming horses to relax their frantic pace. During this awful drive, Baroness Gabriele went through the most dreadful hours of her life, as the great uncertainty of meeting her husband at the frontier Inn nearly drove her mad. She had to use all her strength of mind to keep up her spirits for the sake of her children and of the old nurse who was staring at her with tearful eyes. This poor loving wife and mother would have certainly fainted more than once during these long hours of anxious driving, if she had not luckily thought of putting a bottle of strong brandy into one



of her coat pockets in case of emergency. This revived her and every time she felt like fainting, she took a sip. Her oldest boy of nearly twelve was the only one of the three who observed his mother's anxiety and understood that there was something serious going on. He kept on asking questions until his mother had to explain the facts to him, but of course as quietly and mildly as possible, so as not to frighten him. She leaned out of the carriage as often as she could, to avoid the gaze of her children, pretending to feel sick from the long drive. But the only constant thought which was tormenting her was: "Will he come, or will I never see him again?"

It was about midday, when in a little dark corner of a small country inn the Baron was sitting with his guide,—the brave soldier,— who every five minutes jumped up uneasily to watch if the carriage with his benefactress was not yet to be seen. The inn-keeper, who had the aspect of a good natured and harmless man, must have guessed at once the reason of this anxiety. When he set the simple meal on the table he talked to the man in a very touching way and related to him that only a week ago he had harboured quite a number of fugitives at this inn, who

were escaping from the infamous dictatorship of their unhappy country. But the emissaries of the Sowjet Government soon found this out and sent quite a number of Red Guards into the little frontier town. Military posts were placed everywhere now to prevent anybody getting out of Hungary. With an earnest face the old inn-keeper added, that several people had been caught already and shot on the spot by the Bolshevist soldiers. After hearing these remarks the Baron wanted to listen to no more, as it was too harrowing for him to hear these facts, which showed him how terrible the danger was, which he had to run with his wife and children. Alas, there was no going back anymore. Luckily his wife did not hear the description of the risks they were bound to incur during these fateful coming hours. Soon after this, a carriage drove up to the little old inn, from which Baroness Gabriele descended in haste and helped her children out. Her only thought was still: "Will he be there?" When she met her husband she was greatly calmed. However he felt that a dark cloud was still hanging over their destiny. Everything had to be done now very quickly. No unnecessary words disturbed the seriousness of these moments.

The Baroness tried her utmost to make the children eat quickly the unusual food which was set before them. She herself could not swallow a mouthful. Her anxious husband scolded her for not eating, as she needed her strength for the next hours. However as she tried to follow his advice, she was seized with an endless fit of violent coughing, which was only stopped with great difficulty. It was a sort of a nervous breakdown, but luckily she could still fight against it. It was just one o'clock when their guide, who seemed extremely nervous himself, proposed to start. He explained that the hour was most favourable, being the meal time of the military outposts, when most of these more or less lazy and careless men preferred to lounge about in the woods instead of going up and down the steep mountain parts on their patrols.

“It is the best moment we can seize” he said “to climb over the high mountains now, when most likely the Red Guards will be resting after their meal instead of being on the prowl”. The most unpleasant part of their road was the way which led from the little inn into the mountains where one had to pass through quite flat country, and from where one could even clearly see the custom house,

which was the meeting place of the dangerous Red Guards. With a throbbing heart this poor mother followed their daring guide and taking both her little girls by the hand, she started on this journey of life and death. Her most anxious husband had to follow them slowly at about 120 feet with their son. This the guide arranged as in case of arrest, the whole party would not have been taken together. The probability was, that if the soldiers discovered the refugees, they would cross-question the lady and the children, who went ahead, and that they might even be persuaded to believe, that they were visiting friends in the neighbourhood. During this time her husband and son would have a chance of escaping, for if the soldiers were to catch the Baron, so near the frontier, they would have shot him at once. At last the guide said: "Now we have overcome the first danger", and they reached the woods without any untoward incident. However, the shelter of the woods was not a great relief, on the contrary: the continual crackling of the dead leaves at every step made the little party of fugitives more nervous, as every little noise had to be avoided.

They had the constant fear, that the guards

were hiding behind the thick woods, awaiting the best opportunity to jump out and seize them. The most dreadful moment came, when the old nurse could no longer struggle under the weight of the little girl of three, who had been so ill the night before. As her poor mother could hardly drag herself forward, the guide attempted to carry the child, but in her fear of this stranger, she began to cry, which caused imminent danger of discovery. There was therefore no alternative but to let this little fragile creature run for the rough mountain tracks. It seemed as if the mothers' great fear was transmitted to her child and a supernatural strength was given the poor little thing to enable her to perform this task so far beyond her strength. Anyone who saw the rough uneven ground covered by this tiny delicate creature, must have believed that her guardian angel helped her. The mountains grew steeper and steeper and these poor fugitives grew more and more breathless. In spite of the wet cold weather the perspiration was pouring down their foreheads and their strength was visibly diminishing. Suddenly the brave brave guide said: "If we get through this last dangerous line, we are saved, as here the Hungarian frontier

stops and the outposts are close by in their huts, looking out like sportsmen for their game. This is the place where a number of people were shot and killed, who were trying to cross the dangerous line.” The intrepid guide made his little flock hide behind the high reeds, which spread around the ditch, forming the frontier between Austria and Hungary. Meanwhile he flung himself on the ground and crept forward on his hands and knees to see if one could risk crossing without being seen. This moment was the most thrilling part of the whole expedition, as it was a case of being free and safe within a few moments, or that of being caught and condemned.

Shortly after this, there was a happy family sitting at a little country inn on Austrian ground. They felt as if they had escaped from hell and entered heaven, as they never believed they would survive their terrible flight. The inn-keeper, a typical good-natured Austrian, who noticed from the drawn faces of his guests the danger they had passed, attempted in a jocose way to enliven the party by relating some comical stories of the red soldiers, who often came to this inn to drink a good glass of Austrian wine. It was just by chance, that at this moment some of these

fellows entered the inn and took their places next to the Baron and his family. They must have recognized the fugitives, as they stared at them fixedly. By the mercy of Providence the fugitives met these fellows, when they were safely on Austrian ground. Had they met the party on the Hungarian side of the frontier, they would not have confined their attentions to staring. One can well imagine how relieved the Baron and his family felt at the thought that these inquisitive soldiers, who a short time ago would have held their lives in their hands, could no longer hurt a hair of their heads. For the first time after weeks of racking anxiety, a wonderful feeling of freedom overcame them. How grand this feeling was, they had never appreciated in their lives before. Tears of happiness were seen in the eyes of these fortunate fugitives. In their great joy, after partaking of some food and wine, they soon regained strength enough to continue their journey. At about six-o'clock in the evening, a carriage was ordered to take them to the nearest country town, where they had to spend the night and from whence they were to take the early train for Vienna the next morning. Here they could get all the things they wanted

as they were entirely without luggage, but that did not trouble them, as the sublime feeling of being safe and free made them oblivious of everything else.

The same night a man was caught in the woods by the Red Guard. As he could not give a satisfactory explanation of his doings, he was ill-treated and taken to the next prison where they left him 24 hours without food or drink. This was the grateful wounded soldier, who had so bravely saved the lives of his benefactors by guiding them so cleverly. He was one of those few among thousands, who, out of gratitude, would have been willing to incur such a risk. The sum of 20000 crowns was subsequently paid for his release by the Baron, through an agent, of the head of the revolutionary tribunal.

The huge castle of R. lay in deep darkness—a cold and frosty wind was howling through the thick walls of the gigantic old building, which increased the presentiments of its numerous inhabitants, who were anxiously waiting for their master's and mistress' return.

The dinner was ordered as usually and ready for hours, and the servants watched attentively and were aroused by every noise—but the hours passed and no sounds of arrival were heard through the thick walls but the mysterious howling of the increasing storm, which made all hearts beat faster and everyone feel still more uneasy.

The most excited of all was Miss B. the governess of the Baron's two elder children, she loved her little pupils, could not restrain herself any longer and in tears rushed over to the head-steward of the estates, for an explanation. The grey haired old gentleman quietly told her the facts, but begged her in the interest of the refugees, to keep as calm as possible, not to excite the people in the castle and simply tell them, that the Baron and his family intended coming back in a few days, after having paid a visit to relations.

By the time the old clock in the tower struck twelve, everyone had gone to bed—but all of them had an unrestful night, as their minds were oppressed with gloomy forbodings!... However after two days it was known throughout the little town, that the Baron had managed to escape with his whole family.

The bloodthirsty Bolshevists were howling with rage; they reproached each other bitterly that they had not imprisoned the Baron long before, and that they were so careless as not to have posted more Red guards round the castle's outlets, to prevent every attempt of escape.

Of course they never would have believed, that the Baron would run the risk of such a dangerous attempt. As soon as this event was made public, all telephones of the district were put into action, to find out where the refugees could be and the strictest orders were given to strengthen the Red guards at the Austrian frontier, in order to prevent anybody's crossing, as it was the only place, where the Baron could get through. Luckily these measures were made a few hours too late, otherwise the Baron and his family would no longer be amongst the living.

Since this event not many more peaceful days were spent in the old castle. The Bolchevists installed themselves as masters and the worst kind of mob had free entrance to all the beautiful halls and rooms, where nothing had been changed or removed yet

since their owners short absence. But after the entrance of these numerous destructive visitors everything soon looked different—All the smaller knickknacks and souvenirs disappeared, as everyone who could, profitted by the occasion and only left the castle with filled pockets. There was great amazement amongst the servants, as one day, the Reds cheekily came down into the kitchen with silver spoons and forks, emerging from their waistcoat pockets, ordering their dinner. The old cook first broke down in tears — but they threatened her to have her locked up in case a good meal was not ready for them within an hours time.—Sometimes she was forced to cook for fifty men and in this way the provisions gradually got scarcer. As well the good wines in the old cellar got less and less—where the Reds used to spend hours and hours after their opulent repasts. “What did they care how many poor children were without bread, as long as they could feast and revel!! This occasion the good old servants took to hide away as much as possible of what was left of articles of value. —Luckily they managed to hide one of the most valuable old tapestries in an unknown dark corner of the old castle.

But soon the Bolshevists got suspicious and locked up all the rooms upstairs; so none of the servants could enter again their masters rooms and they were all officially told, that nothing whatever anymore belonged to the Baron and that they had to obey orders —an amusing fact was, that the Bolshevist leaders wanted to be served at table by the old butler in the same way the Baron had been served, but he simply refused to do so, saying: “I only wait on gentlemen”. Happily his old age prevented his being sent off to prison. But the riotous living of the Reds in the old castle soon stopped, as it ended by quarrelling. Everyone could not be satisfied, therefore the one envied the other for the stolen goods. This showed again that jealousy, one of mankind’s worst qualities, soon overcame the Bolshevists theory of “equality”, of which they abused to suit their evil purposes. One night the old butler, who did not give up his timeworth habit of making a last round through the long dark corridors of the castle, was startled by what might be considered an amusing scene.

In a dark recess of the corridor, where the Baroness cupboards were placed, two

men were fighting over a white brocade dress. It was the first court dress Baroness Gabriele wore, when she was presented at Court, at the early age of “sweet sixteen”. It really was a lovely robe, on which lilies were embroidered in white pearls.

She had kept it ever since as a souvenir of her short girlhood. This was the last article of her clothing still left—as before all the more useful garments had been stolen from her cupboards.

The old butler was quite disgusted at this disgraceful scene in the middle of the night and thought at first, that the combatants were drunk. He could not help going up to them and telling them his opinion. They were very astonished at having been surprised in such a low brawl and they actually seemed ashamed of themselves, these brigands wanting to play the role of gentlemen. At last they stopped, tearing the dress to pieces, one of them quickly poked it into a big bundle lying in a corner and filled with other stolen goods, and they both disappeared in the darkness.

This story was soon made known in the little town, to the disgust of all its decent inhabitants.

The man who had taken the dress brought it first to his wife, who refused to have it, as she said, she could not wear such fine clothes.

Then he carried it off to the village pedlar, who seemed afraid to buy it and also refused to take it. So the end of the Baroness' court dress was, that it was thrown into the mountain brook, by the same Bolshevist who first fought for it. This little romantic stream, which springs out of the rocks in the high mountains, comes rushing down the valleys with great force, so that the current carried the dress off to one of the little village mills, where it was torn to shreds by the old-fashioned waterwheel—"a tragic end for such a smart court dress"!—This episode however which got to be the topic of conversation, increased the great rage of the farmers in the place and they all revolted against the misconduct of the Reds, who had made a hell of their former peaceful village. They had a great secret assembly and were determined not to endure this terrorism any longer.

It was after a fine spring sunset, when the last rays left their reddish golden traces

on the clear horizon. The golden sunlight still prevailed over the approaching silvery light of the rising moon—when the alarm was given to all the antibolsheviks to get ready for their task.

Nature was as beautiful as ever that evening, one could see and feel the germination of spring in the whole atmosphere. In spite of this radiant and glorious beauty, the whole world seemed to go down by an evil spirit!

A very few farmers only had some hidden guns left; however they all managed to have rifles of some kind. As they were in a great majority, they conquered the Reds, whom they attacked unexpectedly, in quite a short time. Their leaders and the worst specimen of the Bolshevists were at once taken as prisoners and driven into the castle's huge courtyard by the excited young peasants. There awful scenes took place and were witnessed by the servants, who, from the castle's windows, looked on terrified at what was going to happen next! The Bolshevist leaders were all thrashed and some of them so rudely, that they crawled on their knees and begged for pardon. The scene came to a climax, when suddenly some of the younger and most

eloquent farmers' sons put up some gallows in the middle of the courtyard and were determined to hang the leaders together with the Jewish doctor, who was their evil genius. There was endless shouting of: "Let's hang these traitors now", and the execution was just going to take place—when the startling news was brought in by one of the farmers that Red troops from the next town were already on their way to fight down this antibolshevik movement. It was very wise that the more sensible farmers hindered these executions, considering their uncertain position—The forthcoming Reds would have taken far worse revenge.

It was quickly decided to lock up the Reds in the large cellars of the castle, where there was sufficient room for several regiments. Then all precautions were taken to prevent every attempt of the Red troops from coming into the little town. The whole night the peasants were busy in making fortifications and through the old park the principal trench was made.

The night was calm and peaceful, while the busily working farmers digged and digged their trenches as long as the friendly moon gave them some light. It was the calmness before

before a thunderstorm and when the dawn appeared and the dew covered the valleys, these brave countrymen, who worked ardently all night, were ready at their posts, anxiously awaiting their stronger enemies. Soon their approach could be noticed, as one distinctly heard shouts and various shots fired off. The feelings of these poor farmers, without hardly any good guns left, standing ready to defend their village and property, could not have been very confident, as they heard continual sounds of machine guns coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly the Reds popped up from all sides like mushrooms and before the farmers had the smallest chance to defend themselves, the numberless machine-guns which were posted against them distributed a penetrating fire on the astonished peasants, who imagined that they would be able to fight face to face with their foes. In this way of course not much fighting could take place, as against machine-guns the bravest men of the Village were helpless. They soon had to surrender and the whole debacle ended in favour of the Reds. Their first act was to set all their prisoners free and to put up a Revolutionary Tribunal. Of course the leaders of the farmers were at

once condemned to death. They tried to escape and some of them hid themselves in unknown recesses in the mountains — but even there they were followed by the Reds by day and night, who shot down everyone they could catch. Amongst them was one of the Barons' most faithful servants, his game-keeper, a brave farmer's son, who also was one of their leaders. He received several shots while running to escape from the murderous hands of the Reds, and fell into a rocky hole. He heard them shout quite near him: "Now we have this dog too"! as they believed him being dead.

He lay motionless until the darkness of the night set in. Fortunately his injuries were not dangerous, so he soon regained sufficient strength and could continue his flight.

At daybreak he reached the Austrian frontier and managed to slip on his hands and knees through the various outposts. He then at once travelled up to Vienna and informed his master of all the terrible events that had happened since his escape.

In this way all antibolchevist movements were suppressed in numerous towns. The leaders were killed and villages burned down by the Red bands.

The result of the Counterrevolution in the little town of R. was, that still stricter rules were made, and a part of the Red troops remained in the place, who terrorized the inhabitants more and more. However the Bolchevists' greatest rage seemed turned towards the Baron, as they imagined, that he, who escaped first, was the instigator of this revolt, in order to persuade the farmers to defend his property. As they could not find the Baron or his family, they took revenge in an other way as far as they could. This was by plundering his beautiful old castle completely. It took them some weeks to empty the huge building and its 200 rooms. The old servants stood crying when they saw the big motorcar full of the most valuable old furniture leave the courtyard. One day it was pouring with rain and the steward watched how these rough Red soldiers carried down the old tapestry Chair's from the great saloon without covering them up and throw them into the open car, as If they were loading coals. He could not look at that destructive work any longer and went up to the barbarians trying to persuade them not to leave such precious goods standing for hours in the pouring rain. The result was that they beat him so hard

that his arms and hands were covered with blood stains and his wife fainted at the terrible sight. He then was threatened, in case he said another word, that they would bind him behind one of the cars and drag him with them into town.

Soon after this event this grey haired steward broke down completely and died after a few months.

After all these terrible events and changes, only a few old servants were still left in the deserted old castle of R. to wait for better times to come, until their master and mistress would come back again...

YVONNE.

In the midst of the city of Budapest just opposite the principal barracks, lay the little apartment of countess Mathilde. It was the spot where the newly established Sowjet Government had just proclaimed its reign of terror. The countess was roused from her sleep in the middle of the night by the most violent sounds of rioting in the street before her house. She quickly flung herself into some clothes and rushed to the window, as from the front windows of her flat she could follow the events, and was terrified as to what would happen.

It was the beginning of the second revolution. When the organized red troops had stormed the main military building, many shots and bombs found their way towards the front of this much exposed house, where the poor countess was sitting up night after night most anxiously awaiting coming events. Nobody would have thought, that this lonely unhappy young woman had a husband in

town, who left her helpless in these terrible times.

Shortly before the outbreak of the war, this most talented young debutante of Budapest society, who had been the greatest belle, got married to a very handsome young nobleman, belonging to one of the oldest families of Hungary. This engagement was quite a society-event, and a surprise to the many others, who had also lost their hearts. The great youth of this most fascinating young girl had made her other admirers postpone their declarations. However she soon learnt the earnestness of life... She was just seventeen when she married, and soon after the war broke out one disappointment followed another in her young life. Her former gay spirits seemed to vanish and the world which not long before seemed so full of happiness and pleasure, had utterly changed for her. She really might be compared to a rose-bud in the shade, longing for some sun, in order to be able to blossom, but the sun did not come and the shadows always got darker and darker. She soon felt ailing morally and physically and following her doctor's advice, she spent some months in the mountains

of the High Tatra. Having reached home after a successful rest cure, in the early spring a terrible revolution broke out, which shook her little world to its foundations.

Countess Mathilde, separated from her husband, lived with her relations during the last years of the war and his rare visits were more or less of an unpleasant surprise. With terror she heard that her husband had joined the Red Army and she was overwhelmed by the longing to escape from this terrible whirlpool. The officers of the British mission, whom she knew, were all very kind to her and ready to help her in case of need, but she first attempted to help herself and to leave the city by legal means if it were still possible...! It was one of the most exciting evenings since the revolution; shots and screams were heard over the whole town. Countess Mathilde's husband suddenly appeared in his usual lackadaisical way, not caring for anything. He asked if he could stay for the evening meal and made fun of his anxious looking wife and mother-in-law; the latter for months had been taking care of her ailing daughter. The two ladies looked extremely worried

over forthcoming events and were more than startled, when the count related, that there was a strong probability that all women, especially of the higher classes would be communized, i.e. that they would be regarded the common property of the Red Guard, and for that reason it was intended to isolate them on the Margit island. There was still only one voice against this new law, "which might come into force any moment". The cruelty of telling this awful piece of news in such an indifferent way to his own wife, killed every remaining feeling for her husband in the young countess' heart and she was from that hour determined to leave him forever.

The next day all communications were broken off between the Sowjet Government of Hungary and foreign countries. The Entente mission organized a direct train to Vienna, and on that occasion numberless excited fugitives tried to flee from the ill fated city. But alas, only very few were able to get out of the hands of these cut-throats. To get a passport for aristocrats or for better class people was quite impossible. Nevertheless countess Mathilde the next morning went to the head-quarters of the Red dictators, who had established

themselves in the King's Palace at Ofen. She managed to get through the many outposts of the Red Guard, who as it seemed, had some sympathy for this helpless young lady. She luckily reached her goal and found herself in the presence of one of the terrorist governors, who asked her at once what she wanted. Her courageous attitude impressed the horrid looking Jew. He was startled when countess Mathilde questioned him as follows: "Is it true what I heard, that members of the aristocracy wont be allowed passports under any circumstances? I cannot believe this injustice would be practised by a Government, which preaches justice and equality... Is it true that a simple woman, such as I, cannot get a passport to go and nurse her sick sister in Vienna? You say that we are all equal, don't you, and pretend to release the whole human race from the yoke of despotism and tyranny, so I cannot believe that you could decline such a natural request as mine..." This uncultured blackguard, who never before had occasion to be in such company, seemed quite puzzled and incapable of any argument with this plucky and straightforward lady. He felt himself conquered. Thanks to the presence of mind, which the countess

showed in confronting him with the theories of the Sowjet Government, he felt himself obliged to give her a paper with which she could get through anywhere and obtain the much longed for passport. Thanks to her energy and self-reliance, countess Mathilde was able to leave that very day with a legal passport. Her friends, who heard of her successful attempt, which was a great exception, tried to follow her example, but not one of them succeeded. Quite a number of society people had to run the risk of escaping from the Red terror without a passport. Many of them were caught and like criminals locked up in prisons.

The Entente train was going at full speed to Vienna. All these passengers seemed very excited over the latest events in Budapest. The train was crowded, all the foreigners and diplomates with their families were on it, as, for them also, life had become more or less unendurable and unsafe under the Bolshewist dictatorship. In one of the reserved compartments of the Entente mission were sitting two British officers. One of them was a typical sailor with blue eyes and curly blonde hair. They were both carrying on a

conversation about the latest events, that had passed in the capital of Hungary. The naval officer, commander of a submarine boat, was a good friend to the countess Mathilde and seemed very relieved, that she had saved herself so bravely and had managed to escape from the iron ring of Bolshevists. He had an unusual amount of luggage and the compartment was crammed with bags and parcels. He smoked more than usual and therefore had to fill his cigarette-case a many times. For that purpose he had to open one of his various bags and his friend, who watched his doings, was rather amused to notice a pink silk jersey emerging from the bag. He cheered, as he further discovered about a hundred pairs of fine silk stockings in all colours and some dainty evening slippers. This and many other portions of a lady's wardrobe formed the contents of his huge leather bag. The bright looking naval officer did still more for his friend: He had her furs sewn as a lining to his coats and thereby saved as much as possible of her worldly goods. She herself was unable to take any of these articles of luxury with her, as it was forbidden to take more than three garments of the same kind out of the country. In this way countess Mathilde

learnt what friendship meant, and it appeared to her, as if that virtue was more fully developed in the Anglo-Saxons than in any other nation. She felt now the truth of the proverb : “A friend in need, is a friend indeed”.

Countess Mathilde was very relieved on arriving in Vienna to find her sister there with her husband and children, who had just arrived after the narrow escape reported in the first chapter of this true story. The two younger children of her sister were so exhausted from what they had been obliged to undergo, that they had to be taken to a sanatorium to recover.

Life in Vienna was neither easy at that time, for all these fugitives from Hungary, who had been despoiled of everything and who had no bank deposits there, had to live more or less on the charity of others. After some weeks of rest, countess Mathilde’s sister left Vienna with her family and they were determined to remain abroad in a peaceful country as long as the revolutionary convulsions kept the world in such agitation, as nobody knew better than they the danger and strength of the disastrous wave, which is trying to over- flood the whole world.

One fine Spring-morning the papers brought the news, that all fugitives, who had no appointments had to leave Vienna within 24 hours. The panic was great among these poor people, who just had had a narrow escape from being murdered or imprisoned. Therefore any temporary position was accepted rather than having to go back to their own country, where they had no home anymore, as all private property had been communized. Countess Mathilde's english friends also remained friends in need and she was able to stay in Vienna under english protection. She started working at the British embassy, where her fortunate I knowledge of foreign languages and type-writing made her much in demand, as a private secretary to the Mission's Representative. With her bright disposition and willingness to work, she was soon "the pet of the office" as they called her there... In the meantime her marriage was annulled in Rome by the Pope. She was most thankful that this could be successfully accomplished, as it freed her from the misery of her married life. She began to enjoy life again and soon after this she began to bloom like a rose.

Some months later a very handsome young

naval officer arrived at the British mission at Vienna as commander of the Danube fleet. He was a hopeful and determined young man, who had learnt to face danger in this war as captain of a submarine and many a time he had to face death. That is why in spite of sunny blue eyes his face had some times a very serious expression. On countess Mathilde his appearance made the deepest impression. When he met her in the office he first wondered at finding a foreign lady working in the British embassy. He soon discovered, that she belonged to one of the oldest "Szekler" families, whose ancestors had once reigned over Transylvania, which is the oldest and most historical part of Hungary. Now alas: this whole district has been devastated and taken possession of by its greatest enemies, the Roumanians. It is not the place here to relate the crimes, that were committed against the unfortunate inhabitants during this invasion, but one event during this period cannot be left unmentioned. This was the most unhuman treatment of a well known Hungarian lady, who was in the service of the Red Cross in the "Szekler Army", that fought with their famous courage for the liberation of the country of

their ancestors. But soon this brave army was overwhelmed by superior forces, as it came between two fires. From one side they were attacked by the Roumanians, on the other side they were badly threatened by the Bolshevists. In this way parts of the Szekler Army unfortunately fell into the hands of their most malevolent and cruel enemies. Amongst the prisoners there was also the “Red Cross sister”, just mentioned before, one of those admirable Szekler ladies, who were willing to die for their country. To get rid of these hated prisoners on the simplest way, the Roumanians had her locked up with all the soldiers in an infected barrack, where the epidemy of spotted typhus was raging. There these most unfortunate prisoners had to drink from the same jugs as the dying soldiers and lie on their infected mattresses. They were tormented in every cruel way and the most grieved and agitated “sister” was even forced to nurse her enemies, until exhaustion. By mere luck she was rescued’ from this hell on earth by an Amecan captain, and it really seems a wonder that she is still living contentedly, as most of her poor compatriots died in this ill-starred captivity from the devastating typhus. Worse

crimes might be related, but some day history will do those victims justice.

Commander C. D., the new member of the British mission in Vienna soon heard the romantic story of countess Mathilde's narrow escape from Sowjet Budapest. Soon he realized, that she was indeed the "pet of the office" and that her work could hardly have been improved. He once declared: "By jove, she works more than we all do together". In fact the countess was busy in her little office from early morning till in the afternoon and if there was any urgent work even until midnight. The officers all found her a marvel of industry, as well as of good nature and even during hard work she kept them all in good spirits with her bright and youthful temperament. She enjoyed her independence now and felt so happy being able to do some useful work and see herself appreciated as she really deserved it. Also she did manage very cleverly to keep away as much as possible from her various friends, who naturally were burning with curiosity to get information from her as to her work. She who had learnt to appreciate english friendship

remained as silent as the grave towards all questions on the part of relations and friends and nothing could have induced her to tell anything about her work at the British embassy.

Countess Mathilde's good looks and great charm captured the heart of the young captain. Several of these young officers endeavoured to win her, but she, who in her extreme youth had already lived through the bitterest disappointment in marriage made up her mind to remain single and free ...

But the power of love is overwhelming and vanquishes all resistance, so in spite of her resolutions, the countess Mathilde lost her heart completely to the handsome newcomer, who commanded the Danube fleet. His real Anglo-Saxon type with fair complexion, blond wavy hair and sky-blue eyes appealed to the heart of this Hungarian beauty, who with her large almond-shaped fiery eyes and dark complexion awoke the passionate emotion of this calm Britain.

It was on a beautiful July evening, when a smart open motorcar with a small Union Jack waving in front of the machine drove

through the avenues of the Prater, Vienna's most celebrated park. Here, before the fearful war, at about the same season, the one smart team used to follow after the other, and the so-called "Vienna fiacres" with their elegant inmates could in some parts move along at pace only. Now all had changed, and the car could race through the broad empty avenues at full speed. The driver was a sweet looking lady, who seemed like a young girl, simply dressed in white linen, quite a beauty unadorned. Close to her sat a young handsome officer, dressed in the summer uniform of the British navy, with its becoming white cap, which though it concealed his eyes, did not prevent anyone from noticing the happy smile on his sunburnt face. The day had been intensely hot and the two inmates of the racing car enjoyed the cool breeze of the approaching night. From time to time the young commander leaned over the lady-chauffeur and whispered something to her. There was really no reason for whispering, as they were all alone and nobody would have heard his words, but love prefers to be expressed in whispers and the oftener his passionate words of love sounded in her ears, the slower grew the pace of the car she was guiding.

Suddenly it stopped entirely. They just had reached a pine-wood, where they quickly decided to alight. There the smart looking englishman assisted his charming companion stepping out, and putting his arm around her, he proposed having a little stroll through the darkness of the pines. She accepted with rapture. The crackling of the dry cones and the distant screams of some wild owl were the only sounds, which broke the deep silence. They soon found the stump of a tree, where they could keep their car in sight. There was only room for one on this stump, so the gallant officer rested at the feet of his adorable little wife, as he called her during the whole trip.

The moon was rising high and sent its bright beams through the pines on this enamoured couple. As the moon shone through the trees, the young officer gazed raptly at his lovely fiancée, whose charms were enhanced by the romantic silvery light. For a while nothing moved in the sublime silence, only some little birds were still flying around in the bushes, trying to reach their nests, as the night had suddenly set in. The deep stillness was only interrupted by the loving words which the happy young couple exchanged, but

their love was too ardent to endure the stillness any longer and in each others arms they forgot the existence of the world. Holding his little wife in a fond embrace, the enamoured captain gave her the new name of “Yvonne”.

It is not difficult to guess, that after this beautiful and memorable evening countess Mathilde was engaged to the brave young commander C. D. and that this event could not be kept secret any longer, as they loved each other too passionately to be able to hide their feelings. This engagement made quite a sensation in Austro-Hungarian society, as well as in London, where the forthcoming marriage was announced in the different papers. The sister of the bride, Baroness Gabriele, who, with her family, had settled abroad for some time, was quite surprised at the news and the following letters were written to her by her sister, who no longer signed herself Mathilde, but “Yvonne”, which was the new name which her fiance had given her.

LETTERS TO A SISTER.

the 10th. of August 1919.

My dearest Gabriele

You will be more than surprised at my telling you, that I am the happiest person in the world. I am engaged to captain C. D., the charming naval officer I often wrote you about. I never believed, that I could ever be so madly in love and my only ambition in life will be to keep up this great happiness and to make my future husband as happy as possible. He is simply ideal, has a very strong will and energetic character, just what I so much admire in manhood. I already have the feeling that I will be quite under his influence, which I love to be and which I find the right thing in a happy marriage. You must also know that Jack, as I call him, christened me Yvonne. I will one day tell you the reason and how it happened, so please don't ask about it, but call me by that name too, which I prefer to my old one, as I want to forget

all the sadness of the past years and to thoroughly enjoy my happiness.

I must still work at the embassy, as there is always lots of work to do there and they have not yet found someone to replace me. So I really cannot leave them in the lurch, as I am so much obliged to them for all their kindness to me on my arrival here. Still I hope that my duties there will soon be over, because when married, I won't have time for that sort of work and want to enjoy my happiness in full. I must close, though I should like to have a longer chat with you about all I have on my mind, but I am too busy now. We hope to be able to get married soon, but there are still some rather difficult steps to be taken before this is possible. But "where there is a will there is a way"... and we won't rest until we are happily united. Heartiest love to you both and the children
 from your most happy sister, Yvonne.

the 7th. of September 1919.

Dearest Gabriele

I am most delighted to send you the thrilling news, that my dear fiance has saved all your jewelry. He really was plucky to do so,

as the bank where the Bolshevists had deposited those, was in the hands of the Roumanians, at the time he got there to save them. There seemed no possibility of getting them out, in spite of the irrefutable proof, that the objects were his property now. There was no other way to get them but by force, so he risked it and told the employe's of the bank, that if they would not deliver the jewelry to him at once, he would call up his armed sailors, who were waiting downstairs for his orders. This harmless threatening was enough to make these formerly so important functionaries run to fulfill his request and soon after, the precious jewel-case was handed over to the officer. Had it not been snatched away that day, most likely you would never have seen these precious jewels again, as most jewelry and silver disappeared in these times from the bank-deposits. I am so awfully glad that Jack could save them for you and he is so happy at it too. We will keep the precious jewels for you here in the embassy, until there will be a suitable opportunity of sending them to you, and I hope you will soon receive the parcel safely.

We are both longing to be soon married, and are every minute awaiting the telegram

bidding us to Budapest, in order to get married there by Hungarian law. There are still some difficulties, as the peace is not signed yet, but we hope an exception will be made for us. At any rate I will let you know the date of my wedding by wire. Fancy, Jack gave me a beautiful Fiat touring car and I greatly enjoy driving it myself. It only took me four hours to learn, and I am able now to drive through the town. It is such fun and we simply fly sometimes. Everybody says I have a talent for it; if one only knows how to fix the right speed, it is quite easy, but the principle thing is some presence of mind and the exact calculation of the speed. You will be surprised to hear that I am still working at the embassy, as yet they have not found a “remplacante” for me. That’s why I have so very little time to write and am rather overtired, but when I am married, I will live my own life and only enjoy our great happiness. With lots of love to you and your family, and hearty kisses for yourself, I am your loving sister,

Yvonne.

the 26th. of October 1919.

My dearest Gabriele

Thousands of thanks for your dear letter and wedding present. which gave me so much pleasure. I wanted to write you long ago, and tell you all about the wedding, but did not find the time as yet, because,—imagine, — in spite of being already married, I still work at the embassy, my “remplacante” not yet having arrived, and I promised to remain as long as they needed me. For that reason our honeymoon was very short and we did not even get to Venice as we intended to and were back again at our posts in Vienna a few days after our marriage. Isn't that strange to have to sacrifice oneself to one's duties, instead of enjoying one's young married life. But all the more we will enjoy our happiness later. I will send you the clippings from the newspapers about our wedding, but will give you here a few details. “First we had a perfect trip to Budapest on the Admiral's most beautiful yacht. Mother and Mary came with us too of course and enjoyed this trip very much. The steam-yacht was beautifully equipped with all possible luxury. I learned that it belonged to the Ex-Kaiser of Germany. I

never before have been in such a fine steamer. The french admiral was also on board and was as nice to us as could be. We arrived in Budapest in the evening and as the hotels were all crowded, we preferred to remain on board, where everything was at our disposal. We had beautiful cabins with brass beds and even baths. There were big saloons too and even a ballroom. In our honour a most exquisite dinner was given on board that night and I only remember that my arm got quite stiff from lifting my glass, as I was cheered so often, and we all got very gay. The next day before noon we drove in four motors first to the magistrate with our two witnesses, who were the admiral T., the eldest admiral of the english navy and commander Ph. —Mother and Mary followed us in motor-cars with the General G., the new english military representative in Budapest. His staff as well as the admiral's whole staff at-tended the ceremony, in their gala-uniforms and it was a beautiful sight. From the magistrate's in ten motors we drove to the church, where everything was most beautifully decorated with flowers and Union Jacks. You will wonder when I tell you, that the priest's address in church was held in english in

honour of the english bridegroom. That shows again that the Hungarians never have been real enemies, but only were forced into this terrible war, which ruined our beautiful country and upset the whole of Europe. From the church we drove straight to the english mission, where an exquisite lunch was given in our honour. Our happy union was ever so much cheered and many champagne bottles were emptied to our healths. I, who felt so miserable during the last years, felt as if I were in heaven, and I cannot describe you the contented feeling I have now at being the wife of such an ideal husband, who simply adores me and watches over me like a guardian angel. You know what I mean by this and that I missed it so much before. I cannot enough appreciate the wonderful feeling of being so well taken care of and protected. I assure you english husbands must be the best in the world, if they all are like Jack and it is such a pity you have not met him yet. Everybody finds him charming and he really is my ideal of perfection. The English have ideas of life quite different from people here and I know how to appreciate this after having lived through so much unhappiness. Their standard of honour, their

principles and their attention to their wives cannot be compared with the attitude of husbands here. I consider myself now the most lucky of women and never could have believed, that I ever would be so boundlessly happy. His family must be charming according to the kind letters they write me. Jack still has two younger brothers and a sister. They have an estate near the North Sea and it must be a very picturesque place. Our future plans are still uncertain, as we don't know yet how long Jack is going to be able to stay here. At this moment he has a very good post; also we found such a nice comfortable house, where we feel quite at home already. It is a beautiful palace belonging to a princess related to the Austrian court. We were begged to take it and live in it with everything in it, just for the sake of having it under english protection, otherwise it would probably have been confiscated by this very radically socialist Government with all the beautiful things it contained. We are likely to stay here for quite a while, as we are very comfortable; nor do we suffer much from the scarcity of food, as fortunately we have enough supplies still for our english colony here." Now I must close, having so well behaved this time by writing

you such volumes. I will send you some wedding pictures occasionally. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am with fondest love your most happy sister.

Yvonne.

the 7th. November 1919.

My dearest Gabriele

I was delighted to hear that you are all feeling so well at The H... and that you found such a comfortable house. I am so glad that you quite got over the terrible anxiety you went through this spring. When I look back on it all, it seems to me now like a bad dream, and one nearly forgets that all these terrible events were actual reality. It was very plucky how you all saved yourselves out of such terrible danger and it must have been by great good fortune that you succeeded. I believe one really has a guardian angel, who protects one, of course only when one deserves it. Jack quite proves to be mine. Fancy, that during our last stay in Budapest, he saw some of the tortured victims that survived from the Bolshewist terror. He was simply horrified at their appearance, as it really was devilishly cruel, the way these innocent people have been treated. Some men had

been tied up in the shape of a ball and hung up in the air for hours, until their limbs were out of joint and they lost consciousness from pain. Then they were brought to their senses again and had to go through the same agonies again, several times in succession. Of course most of the tortured victims died, only some who had an exceptionally strong constitution, survived and are shown to the public now as proofs of the cruelty of these so-called “World deliverers”. But their aspect is terrifying as they are bodily disfigured, so that in spite of their youth, they look like cripples and withered old men, and never will they recover I suppose you know, that at that time special torturers were brought over from Russia to carry out those barbarous cruelties, after the Chinese system. How happy you must feel learning all this, after having escaped from that terrible danger, you and your husband, who was the leader of the Christian party, and would certainly have been one of their victims.

Thanks to God, everything has changed in Hungary now and the majority of the population mostly consists of peasants, who are longing for a wearer of St. Stephen’s Holy Crown to reign over their country again.

The Red Terror seems to be quite driven away there for centuries, provided external forces (that means Bolshewism coming in from other surrounding countries) do not re-establish it by force. You were very lucky too, to have all your beautiful jewelry saved, thanks to Jack's energy, as otherwise never would you have got it from Roumanian hands, who carried away everything from Budapest, which they could lay hands upon. Tremendously precious goods were stolen from this unfortunate country in those days during the Roumanian occupation. In this way our whole family's silver, which had been deposited in the safes of the first bank of Budapest disappeared Without any possibility of tracing it. Mother is quite desperate about it and Jack has tried all he could, to find out where it was taken to; but most likely it has been stolen without the possibility of recovering it. We should like to come and spend Christmas with you, but journeys are so long and complicated now and we could only take a short leave.

We should like to motor down to R..., your dear old home, for a fortnight, if you would let us do so? Some good country air will do us a lot of good after this exciting

town-life and all our work. Jack would simply love this, as he is so fond of country life and shooting. We would consider this trip as our honeymoon, as hitherto we have had no time to take one yet. It would be a real fun to show Jack the huge castle with all its mysterious towers and corridors and tell him of the good old times we have had there altogether. Also it would be quite thrilling to hear all about the Red Terror there—which thanks Heaven is a thing of the past now. So let me know quite frankly if you like the idea of our going to your estate and if we can do anything for you there. I was so glad to hear, that all those beautiful things stolen out of the lovely castle have been brought back again and restored, thanks to the energy and good management of the new Government. We have had so many invitations and several friends staying with us, that we are often longing for a little change and peaceful country-life. After having refused many invitations yesterday we went to a ball of the countess M. at the French legation. It was very amusing, but we both quite agree in not wanting to go much into society, as it is a great mistake for a young married couple, especially when being

as happy as we are, to go out a great deal. But sometimes we really cannot refuse and one has to accept invitations, in order not to offend one's friends. There was quite an amusing crowd there last night; all the new ambassadors and representatives were present and also a lot of Hungarian and Austrian aristocrats.

You know the english fashion is not to have yourself introduced to everybody in the place. I find this far more agreeable, and so much more natural than our custom of having always to look out for having oneself introduced to everybody. I simply love all english customs and Jack finds Hungary a beautiful country to live in, so I am happy to say, that we are the first Allies in this part of the world and I feel quite proud of it.

Do answer us soon by wire, if we may spend our Christmas holidays in the old home.

Fondest embraces from your loving sister

Yvonne.

R... the 20th. of December 1919.

My dearest Gabriele

We arrived here by motor on the 16th. having left Vienna at ten in the morning

and arriving at midday. The roads were fairly good, only between Sopron and Guns there was a hill which was rather slippery and we had to push the car along as the wheels skidded and did not move. We had a most marvellous reception and were shown into most excellently heated rooms. Our bedroom is arranged in one of the towers, where your children's nursery used to be. We felt awfully comfortable there; beside that room they arranged us a little salon, which is also cosy and warm. As the bathrooms cannot be heated for lack of coals, we have our tub every morning, so we don't miss this luxury. In the day-time we use the big sitting-room, as we enjoy sitting in front of the open fire-place, which heats the room perfectly. Jack enjoys immensely staying here, and the only thing we miss is your and H's company. Our english friends, who came to visit us here, arrived the other day from Budapest and find it charming. They are very well put up in the two red rooms and they also admire the beautiful antique furniture. The dear old castle looks just like in olden times, as if nothing had changed. It is quite marvellous how everything has been restored so quickly, since the downfall of the Red terror. For

english people it is quite natural that the passages are not heated and we have absolutely everything one can think of, and are splendidly taken care of. I have shown them. all around the place and everything is in perfect order again. The first days we looked at the 200 rooms and into all the mysterious corners of the castle and showed them the historical remains of this former fortress. The next days we inspected the farms. The old General, your so-called representative, was invited to shoot at your neighbour's territory, when we arrived, but he came back in the evening. He plays the role of Governor here and certainly leads the life of a little king. He is very obliging and does his best to make us feel at home. We have excellent food and paid already two visits to Betty, your old cook, who really spoils us with all the good things we had not been used to anymore. We also looked at your poor Mercedes car, which has been thoroughly ruined by the destructive Bolshewists, but Jack says one could try to have it repaired in Vienna. We enjoy going into the different stables, which are in the best of order—Jack's great ambition was to milk a cow, but he did not succeed. To drink real milk is really a treat

for us all, as we did not get any in Vienna since our being there. I assure you it tastes better than any champagne. I paid visits to your faithful steward and his wife, who told us all about the frightful times you and all of them went through during the terrifying Government of the Reds, as well as the details of your narrow escape, which must have been too dreadful for words.

I also made the acquaintance of Shugi, your little pet dog, which you had to leave behind. He is quite a dear. Jack was quite interested in the huge wine cellar, which the old butler showed us; there are luckily still numerous wines of the good old sorts left, which were buried somewhere and well hidden from the Bolshewists. We drink apple wine (cider) and some Rhine wine in the evenings, which is a great treat for us. One day we went out shooting, but only frightened two hares. In one of the woods one pheasant was killed, after having been wounded 6 times. As your obliging game-keeper noticed, that these two brave naval officers are no famous shots, he proposed quite an amusing game by giving them practise in game shooting on rolling balls as targets. So in the afternoon a few dozen cartridges were fired off near

the park at these patient wooden balls. Jack, during his life, has had very little chance to shoot, but he loves it and would walk miles to fire off his gun once. I am very glad about it, because I want him to have a lot of exercise in the fresh air. He looks already much better since he has been here, as the air and weather are perfect and we are out of doors nearly all day. The day before yesterday we had a wonderful walk in the woods and scrambled up the high mountains to visit your sheepfold, which interested us very much. Time simply flies here and we only feel sorry that this cosy country life will soon be over. After our outdoor exercise we enjoy having tea afterwards around the open fireplace. My friend and I mostly do some useful sewing and Jack then usually goes to sleep in a comfortable chair, but pretends to read his papers. He brought stacks of "Times" and "Daily Mails" with him, which get thoroughly digested, as in town he had to neglect his reading. In the evenings we enjoy the gramophone so much and often dance. I asked the gardener to get us a little Christmas tree and I brought the trimmings with us. It will be simply charming to spend Christmas here in the country and thank you

ever so much for letting us come. Really we could not have had a nicer stay.

I hope to hear from you soon and before I close Jack wants to add a few words of thanks for the charming visit we are having here. With our heartiest Christmas wishes and lots of love, I am your most happy sister
Yvonne.

R... the 20th. of December 1919.

My dear Gabriele

I hope I may address you in this way, as Yvonne tells me to do so, I must thank you both ever so much for your kindness in giving us such a charming Christmas holiday, and I have enjoyed every minute of the time I have been here. We both only regretted so much that you and your husband could not have been here too. I am perfectly delighted with your old romantic home and Hungarian country-life.

We are so well taken care of and everyone is so kind to us. Yvonne is drinking so much milk, it is quite terrifying, she is now playing the piano and singing. Thanks goodness her voice is returning, since I made her give up smoking.

The admiral offered me the post of being his representative in the Interallied Danube Commission and I am very glad to have the chance now of staying out in this part of the world a bit. I am really very fond of country-life in Hungary and do appreciate Hungarian hospitality.

Wishing you and your family a very happy Christmas and thanking you again very, very much for our charming stay in your dear old home, which I hope you will soon be able to inhabit again, I am yours as ever,

J D

