

Turks were bombarded till they fled far from the mountain and rescue could begin.

Under conditions of stupendous difficulties and danger—for the sea was very rough—the people were conveyed to the ships on rafts that had to be specially constructed. Prodigies of valor and resourcefulness were displayed by the French sailors. From morning till late into the night the embarkations continued until the wonder was performed of shipping old men, women and children without a single accident.

At last the strand was emptied. Only the men remained on the hill top fighting to hold the enemy at a distance. Of these one may be sure that Pierre Marson was not the least daring and valiant. What the women, in safety themselves, suffered during that night, their hearts sick with this latest suspense of waiting for the final rescue, is not easily described. Uncertainty and dread combined with the knowledge of her own helplessness to avert any new stroke of a pitiless destiny completely prostrated Veronica.

However, at last the night passed away and with the dawn came courage and hope. The ship guns swept the heights with their fire while on the beach below, divided into groups of twenty, the last of the men were successfully embarked.

They had prepared a huge pile of wood on which everything had been placed that they were unable to carry away. The last to leave set fire to the wood. The giant bonfire was flaming and smoking like a funeral pyre while the French warships steamed away towards Egypt with their living cargo—all saved by the grace of God.

A few days after landing at Alexandria Veronica and