

could see the roof of the Fanning house. Mrs. Fanning, if we remember, had died a year or two before ; and Miss Fanning was living alone. Captain and Mrs. Cumberland lived at Warren Farm, across the Harbour. Miss Fanning had her men- and women-servants, her horses and carriage, and kept up a good deal of state. She was in her private sitting room that morning, writing for the English mail, when the alarm of fire was given ; and it was with difficulty she could be persuaded to leave the house, Jewell, her waiting maid, was not in attendance as usual. Miss Fanning called and asked for her several times. Some one, not understanding, spoke unkindly to her, and told her she should be thankful to escape with her life, instead of wanting her jewels. Strange to say, when everything had been, as was supposed, removed from the house ; the late John Coll. Macdonald, going in happened to notice a door in the pannelled wall under the the staircase. He broke it open and there discovered and saved the plate chest, with all the family silver and other valuables.

Miss Fanning, with her sister, Mrs. Cumberland, and Capt. Camberland, left for England soon after the house was burned. The stable, in its coat of lavender paint, stood as a monument for many years after. The Fannings had land in other parts of the town ; they owned a large piece on the corner of Prince and Fitzroy streets, where the Baptist Church stands. They had fully quarter of that block. It was called Miss Fanning's field. Sometime in the seventies it was claimed by a descendant of General Fanning's living in the United States, and sold by him. That property which is now the Kensington shooting range and exhibition grounds belonged to the Fannings ; it had in the forties pretty groves and stumps of trees through it, and being situated on the river side was a favorite resort for picnic parties and pedestrians. The Methodists held their annual Sunday School teas there ; it was a pretty sight to see the children walking in procession from their meeting house along Prince and Kent Streets on to Kensington and watch them winding through the trees, with their banners and flags flying, to the place where the tables were spread with a sumptuous tea of which they partook when their games were ended. People of other denominations