#1. Thank you, David. This evening I will display examples of The Art of Sarah Bond Farish Moody, a Yarmouth artist who was active, in the first half of the nineteenth century, before the age of photography began. I also will quote from her writing so as to give a sense of who she was and what she thought. Let me begin by placing her in the context of Yarmouth’s nineteenth-century families. Chronologically, it seems appropriate to begin with the Bond family.

#2. Dr. Joseph Norman Bond was born in 1758, married Elizabeth Bell in 1785, and was the patriarch of Yarmouth’s Bond family. After his arrival at Yarmouth in 1787, he was for sixteen years the only resident physician in all of what is now called Yarmouth County. The Bond’s two eldest children helped to unite the Bond and Farish families in the following way.
#3. Dr. Henry Greggs Farish had been born in 1781 at Brooklyn, NY, and had served as assistant surgeon on several British naval vessels during the Anglo-French war. After peace with France was declared, he was returned to England, and while there looking for employment he met Dr. Joseph Norman Bond, who had taken over his eldest son, James, to begin his medical education. As a result of this meeting, Henry Greggs Farish came to Yarmouth to serve as Dr. Bond’s assistant. He soon entered Dr. Bond’s practice as an equal partner, and in 1806 he married Dr. Bond’s eldest daughter, Sarah.

#4. The Farish Homestead was located in Yarmouth on the harbour side of Main Street at the head of Cumberland Street. It was large enough to accommodate the Farish’s fifteen children.
#5. Of them, **Seven Farish Sisters** were still alive when this photo was taken in 1871 or 72. **Sarah Bond Farish**, the subject of my talk, is second from left and was about 64 years old at the time. Third from left is **Eliza**, who I will mention later in this talk.

#6. In 1830 Sarah had married **Reverend John Thomas Tidmarsh Moody**. In the fullness of time they had nine children. During the early years of their marriage the Moodys lived in Liverpool, NS, but ...
#7. ... In 1846 Reverend Moody became the rector of the old Holy Trinity Church on Church Hill in south Yarmouth, ...

#8. ... which in 1872 was superseded by Holy Trinity Church on William Street, where Reverend Moody served until his death in 1883.
#9. Here is a detail from Ambrose Finson Church’s Map of Yarmouth Township, which was based on information collected in about 1866. The wharves on the harbour are at the left margin; Main Street runs north and south; Forest Street runs east and west. The Farish Homestead is shown at the head of Cumberland Street, but since Henry Greggs Farish had died in 1856, the homestead is labelled “Mrs. Farish.” In about 1856 the Moodys had built a residence, here labelled “Rev. J. Moody,” at the southeast corner of Main and Cumberland streets, where Sarah lived until her death in 1887.

#10. In 1962, to make way for the Nova Scotia Liquor Commission store’s parking lot, the Moody’s House was removed from Cumberland Street to 17 Forest Street, where it still stands. … Now the rest of my talk is primarily concerned with Sarah’s Art. Apparently she and other members of the Bond and Farish families received instruction from an itinerant artist, Joseph Brown Comingo, until his death in 1821.
#11. This Painting of Comingo’s, dated 1819, shows Yarmouth as viewed from the west side of Yarmouth Harbour. Doctor’s Island is at centre-left, the Farish Homestead is on the hill beyond the island’s left (or north) end, and the old Holy Trinity Church on Church Hill in south Yarmouth is at centre-right. Would Comingo’s students have accompanied him on such outings, as part of their instruction in landscape painting? Might Sarah have been nearby, making sketches of this very scene?

#12. What we know is that today the Peter Winkworth Collection of Canadiana, at Library and Archives Canada in Ottawa, has this watercolour painting of Sarah’s, entitled “Yarmouth Taken from Milton,” apparently showing Comingo’s canoe, sailing vessel, animals, and trees, but dated 1829 rather than 1819.
Views of Yarmouth, 1829

Original Works: Yarmouth County Museum
Illustrations: J. Murray Lawson, Yarmouth Past and Present – A Book of Reminiscences, 1902

#13. The earliest surviving examples of Sarah’s art are Views of Yarmouth that date from 1829, when she was 22 years old. Some of these original works are in the collection of the Yarmouth County Museum. Illustrations based on her 1829 Yarmouth landscapes appear also in J. Murray Lawson’s book, Yarmouth Past and Present.

#14. As a bit of context: you can see from this photograph that the Farish Homestead probably had windows on its north and south sides. Here is what Sarah saw from those windows ....
#15. This **Illustration** in *Yarmouth Past and Present* looks north from the Farish homestead in 1829. We can see: **Cliff House** at the corner of Main and Cliff streets; the **First Baptist Church** in the distance; the brig **Rhoda**, owned by Anthony Landers; and the hulk **Bittern**, a prize captured from the Americans in 1814.

#16. **Sarah’s Original Watercolour**, in the Museum’s collection, is more subtle and more detailed.
#17. This Illustration looks south from the Farish homestead in August, 1829. A window sill is in the foreground. In the distance is the old Holy Trinity church on Church Hill in South Yarmouth.

#18. This Illustration looks up Church Hill in 1829;
#19. **Sarah’s Original Pen and Ink Sketch** is in the Museum’s collection.

#20. This illustration, looking west **From White Rocks in 1861**, is from a pencil sketch by Sarah’s 17-year-old son James. In 1902 J. Murray Lawson apparently did not have access to Sarah’s 1829 version.
#21. Sarah’s drawing, entitled From White Rocks 1829, is in the Museum’s collection.

#22. This poster from the Museum’s collection has two views of Main Street. The drawing below, by Marguerite Porter, looks north from Cliff Street in 1932. The one above, by Sarah Moody, looks north from the Farish homestead in 1840. According to J. Murray Lawson, “Sarah’s illustrations of ancient scenes in Yarmouth are invaluable, both on account of their truthfulness to life and also because of their rarity. Without her the present and future generations would have no correct idea of how Yarmouth appeared in the earlier days of its history.”
#23. Last October three members of the Moody family traveled from Ontario to Yarmouth to give the Yarmouth County Museum a **Travel Journal**, which Sarah had maintained in 1843 during a journey from Yarmouth to Toronto and return, along with a privately published book that included Sarah’s sketches and a transcription of the travel journal’s entries.

#24. Sarah, her father, and her sister Eliza made the complete **36-day Journey** from Yarmouth to Toronto and return. On the first leg, from Yarmouth to New York City, they were joined by Sarah’s uncle, George William Bond, and her cousin, Elizabeth Carter Bond, who then travelled from New York City on to England.
I have many sketches to show from the Journal of Sarah Bond Farish Moody, 1843; but I also will quote from Sarah’s fascinating narrative. She begins: “On Friday, the 25th of August 1843, our little party, consisting of my father, sister Eliza, cousin Elizabeth and uncle George Bond, and myself, left Yarmouth Harbour in the [steamer] North America … for Boston. (cont.)
#25. (cont.) Passage partly comfortable, notwithstanding the stewardess proved rather cross and lazy.” On the journey there were many new experiences: for example, after attending the service at Boston’s Trinity Church, Sarah remarked that the dove over the chancel was the first stained glass she had ever seen. The journey by train from Boston to Providence, RI, and on to Stonington, CT, was “quite new to Papa, Eliza and myself. … I cannot justly describe, but never can forget, the scene of confusion at the [Boston] depot. Hundreds of persons hurrying up and down past the cars trying in vain to find a vacant seat and there were we in the midst of this jam. Our baggage all in the baggage cars and we without any hope of getting a seat in the train. We walked past all the cars two or three times looking most imploringly at each well filled window. All were crammed, however, and if any of the passengers had wished, they could not have made room for us. After nearly an hour of anxiety and fatigue and we had given up all hopes of a place in this train, George came running to us through the mob and said if we flew we might get in time for another car that had been added just then—And off we did fly as if our lives were at stake! Had we been one second later we could not have found room. As it was we were entirely indebted to a kind hearted South Carolinian gentleman, Mr. Cohen, and lady who seeing our imploring looks, I suppose, allowed us to crowd in, the gentleman giving up his seat beside his pretty young wife to me. George and he were obliged to stand all the way to Providence, excepting when they chose to squeeze down at our feet on the floor.” But the members of Sarah’s party were quick learners. For the connection in Providence with the train to Stonington, “Mr. and Mrs. Cohen were first, to lead the way, George and I next, and Papa and Eliza bring up the rear. I never ran faster in my life! Eliza and Papa lost sight of us in the dusk, and universal rush, and thought they never would overtake us again. But they were at the door of the car as soon as ourselves. We each secured a comfortable seat and enjoyed a hearty laugh at ourselves and each other for the fine figure we had just cut!”
On Sep. 2nd Sarah, Eliza, and her father boarded a fast Hudson River steamer for the 145-mile Voyage from New York City, at the bottom of their map, to Albany, near the top. They were enchanted by the scenery and intrigued by the passengers. “At one time a whole company of Camp Meetingers got on board—male and female. It really seemed as if they could not exist without singing their exciting hymns for they were no sooner on the promenade deck, than they seated themselves and commenced a regular series of them, perfectly regardless of so many around them, and of the beautiful scenery through which we were passing. … A gentleman nearby told us they had been traversing the country for weeks keeping meetings night and day.”
#27. Now I will show you some of Sarah’s sketches of landscapes on the Hudson River, mainly in the vicinity of the Highlands near West Point, about 50 miles north of New York City. In addition to West Point, these sites include Sugar Loaf, Crow’s Nest, Butter Hill, Bull Hill, Breakneck, and scenes near the villages of Newburgh and Hyde Park.

#28. The Palisades are on the New Jersey shore near New York City; but Hyde Park, as we just saw, is about 80 miles north of the City.
#29. I do not know where this Lunatic Asylum is located; but Break Neck and Bull Hill are on the east bank of the Hudson, just north of West Point.

#30. As for the Villa at the top, “The banks are studded with hundreds of retreats where many gentlemen whose business calls them to the city every day have retired with their families. I only wonder there are not more, for who that could afford some of these lovely spots would be content to pass his days amid the incessant din and confusion of such a city as New York.” Sarah described West Point, shown below, as “home of the famous military school of which the Yankees are so proud.”
#31. Butter Hill and Crows Nest are on the west side of the Hudson, just north of West Point, which is depicted below.

#32. Here are Butter Hill and Crows Nest again, but from a different angle.
#33. Sugar Loaf is opposite West Point on the east bank of the Hudson; Newburgh lies on the west bank, several miles above West Point.

#34. At Albany Sarah proved herself to be a prickly conversation-alist. During a short coach ride from Albany to Troy, “A wonderfully fat old gentleman … gave us much local information … and amused us by his warm argument with a Trojan upon the beauties and merits of the two fine cities in the neighbourhood. We passed an arsenal and he, in the pride of his heart, supposing me to be an American citizen, pointed out a whole row of guns we took from the British last war!; and I wonder, said I, how many times longer would be the row we British took from the Yankees?” Later Sarah conceded that “Papa has had occasion now and then during our tour, to give me a slightly reproving look for gratifying my vanity by such remarks; but really I am afraid there is too much of the old Adam in my heart, for I could seldom allow an opportunity to pass without letting them know we were British subjects and giving them a shot.”
#35. On Sep. 4th Sarah’s party departed Schenectady to proceed west on the **Erie Canal** by means of **packet boats**, which were furnished in a “very tasty style. Pretty carpet – drab worsted damask curtains – silk binding and tassels – curtain bends – stuffed damask seats – mahogany mouldings – handsome lamps – books – rocking chairs – and indeed everything to make one comfortable. This mode of travelling is quite new to us all. Every packet boat is drawn by three horses – all other line boats by two and sometimes by only one poor wretch. The two last never trot, but the packet boats move at the rate of 4 miles an hour. The poor horses lead a hard life of it, which however is not long for they are soon worn out in the service. Horses are changed every 8 miles. The boatmen blow a tin horn when within a quarter mile, giving time to have the fresh horses in readiness so that they are hooked to the line in a twinkling, without stopping the boat one moment. … We were continually passing and overtaking boats. There are 4,000 upon the Erie Canal, most of which are always in motion, tho’ some are laid up, as unfit for use. … Most of the boats we saw were laden with produce, especially flour from the western counties. … We also overtook a boatload of **Norwegians** – men, women and children all going ‘far West’ to seek a new home in the wilds of America. There was only one man on board who could speak a word of English. We were quite interested in them, and intently wished they might find, what I dare say each hoped for, a happy and comfortable home.”
"We stopped for a few moments at almost every village, losing and gaining several passengers at every stop – so that we generally kept up our first number of about 70 persons. We could manage well enough by day, indeed the more the merrier then. But at night it was most uncomfortable. So many crowded together in a boat 90 feet by 10 and the mercury at 80 degrees. Most of the sleeping places are hanging cots, which are put up and taken down in a trice by the smart cabin maids and waiters."
#37. “The Bright Lanterns, which every boat is obliged to show, are placed at the bow of the boat, and lighted in good time every evening. We were very much struck with a custom that seemed so simple and beautiful. As soon as the lanterns were lit, and placed so that they may not shine in the eyes of the steersman, a beautiful snow-white feather is placed just above each in such a manner as to catch the light upon it, serving to show to the man at the helm the very centre of the boat. The boatmen have a particular mode of passing each other so that there is seldom any difficulty, except when a surly fellow chooses to make it. The rope slides under the boat; but if it should by mismanagement come over, it would sweep every person and baggage off the deck. To prevent such an accident, there is to every boat a strong iron blade and hook firmly fastened to the bow, so as to cut or to hold the tow line of the passing boat, should it rise.”
#38. While visiting Rochester, Eliza felt not very well and remained for the day at the Exchange Hotel near the Erie Canal. This is Eliza’s Sketch from the hotel window. Meanwhile, Sarah and her father visited Mount Hope cemetery, just outside the city, where Sarah was reminded of how popular Thomas Chandler Haliburton’s stories about Samuel Slick of Slickville, N.S., had become.

“The kind old gentleman who laid out the cemetery grounds took us to every part of any interest. Our good friend was very chatty and guessed, might he be so bold, if we came from Mr. Slick’s place. Inquired if we were personally acquainted with him, and seemed delighted upon our answering in the affirmative. Asked many questions about him, and ‘guessed he was a real cute man for he had shown off the Yankees pretty well!’”
#39. “After returning to the hotel, and resting awhile, we walked out to view the Genessee Falls – only a few minutes walk from Rochester. This sight was grand, notwithstanding the two months of dry weather they have had in these parts. There was one advantage – we could see more clearly the immense rock itself. It is a wonderful place indeed! The whole bed of the river appears suddenly to have sunk, and the water falls over a precipice of 98 ft.”

#40. On the next day, “Eliza, being better, we all rambled towards the Genessee Falls again. The rain, which had fallen on Wednesday night had so swollen the river, that the whole rocky bed over which Papa and I had walked only yesterday, without wetting our feet, was covered! Indeed the sight made me tremble. Had the water rushed down yesterday, as I thought at the time it might, we must have been swept off. The view was grand indeed today. A sheet of water fell over the whole face of the precipice, in some parts breaking into mist as it reached the lower bed of the river.”
#41. Now I will show you some sketches Sarah made in the vicinity of **Niagara Falls**. In this map of Sarah’s, the **Niagara River** flows from Lake Erie, beyond the right margin, over the falls at centre, and to Lake Ontario beyond the top margin. **Niagara Town** occupies the upper right corner. A **bridge** crosses the rapids to Bath and Goat islands. The **American Fall** lies between the town and Goat Island; the **Horse Shoe Fall** lies between Goat Island and the Canadian side of the river. Sarah made sketches: from the foot of the American Fall, from the bridge to Goat island, from Luna and Goat islands, and from **Table Rock**.
#42. At the Foot of the American Fall “We stood upon the margin of that deep and foaming river which by some wonderful process in nature has (rather quickly) fallen more than 150 feet. It is bounded on either side by a perpendicular wall of rock; which it would be impossible to descend or ascend without artificial steps. … The sheet of water, as it turns the edge of the precipice is in many parts of a lively and beautiful green. As it proceeds, it becomes whitish, and as it reaches the base looks like snowy mist. The spray rises so as, at times, to hide the falls from view—Papa and I got a heavy showering by venturing too near.”

#43. In the foreground are Brig, Ship, and Bath islands; Goat Island lies beyond. “The view of the Rapids from the Bridge is tumultuous and grand in the extreme. More wild and less majestic and graceful than the falls itself. The river comes dashing and foaming along under the bridge and causes you, err you are aware, to cast your eyes toward the strong stone piers that support it.”
#44. The **American Fall** as seen from Luna Island.

#45. The **American Fall**, this time from Goat Island.
#46. The Horse Shoe Fall as seen from Goat Island. “Further on is another winding path down the precipice of earth and rocks to Terrapin Bridge, which leads to the tower. This bridge is so loosely built, and so decayed in many parts that I was glad to set my foot upon the firm rock, altho’ insulated by the rushing waters. The tower is of stone, strongly built, 30 feet in height. We ascended by a winding stairs of 38 steps, and stepping out on the balcony at the top, enjoyed a finer view of the falls than any we had yet seen. The eye at this point looks almost into the great abyss at the base of the horse shoe. After leaving the tower, I scrambled out with the help of hands and feet to the end of Terrapin Bridge, which overhangs the chasm below! Awfully grand indeed! Felt no desire to remain there long, as the projection is formed of only one square beam of timber, and had I grown dizzy, must have fallen into the yawning chasm, 150 feet below.”

#47. The Horse Shoe Fall from Goat Island.
#48. When Sarah viewed the **Horse Shoe Fall from Table Rock** she became ecstatic. “Oh, how sublime and magnificent is the scene! We saw nothing to compare with it, from any other point. The wild and stupendous – the beautiful and graceful, are so wonderfully blended, that the beholder is filled with astonishment, and rooted to the spot, unable to withdraw his eyes from this most magnificent of nature’s works. The immense sheet of water as it comes bending over the edge of the precipice is the most elegant and graceful thing in Nature. In some parts snowy white, in others, of a lovely green. Ere it descends 50 feet it begins to break, and by the time it reaches the base, has become foam and mist, dashing and thundering onward in magnificent confusion! The brilliant rainbow too, whose majestic arch forms so striking a contrast with the tremendous chasm in which one foot of it appears to rest! What a perfect blending of the sublime and beautiful.” If you remember the **contour of Table Rock** here in the foreground, …
#49. You can verify that this is a view of Horse Shoe Fall from under Table Rock. “We ran along a footpath [which] brought us directly under Table Rock. Here the water came down so fast upon us, that I was obliged to wrap myself, bonnet and all, in my shawl, and run as quickly as possible. It was wonderful to look up and see this immense rock projecting over our heads 50 or 60 feet. [But] one does not step upon Table Rock with quite so firm a tread after having been under it and seen its great projection.”
#50. After the completion in 1843 of her journey and journal, Sarah continued to work in art at least into the mid-1850s. In 1902 J. Murray Lawson noted that “Mrs. Moody was widely known in her younger days as an artist of exceptional talent. She took the prize of £7 10s. for the best oil painting exhibited at the Industrial Exhibition in Halifax in October, 1854. … She also received an award of merit for other drawings and paintings at the same exhibition.” After that, however, Sarah slowly sank into the obscurity reserved for dutiful ministers’ wives who leave behind no memorable letters, diaries, or memoirs.

#51. In the end, on May 25th 1887, The Yarmouth Herald noted the death of this talented and articulate woman: “At Yarmouth, on May 20th, Sarah Bond, widow of the late Rev. J. T. T. Moody, in the 80th year of her age.” But elsewhere in this issue …
#51. (cont.) … the Herald remembered Sarah Moody as

“a lady of culture and remarkable artistic talent. Her ability and taste as a painter received wide recognition, and it is pleasing to note that up to within a few weeks of her last brief illness, although in her 80th year, she had been engaged in artistic work which showed the same delicacy of touch and treatment that marked her earlier and most successful efforts. Mrs. Moody will be much missed by a large circle of relatives and friends to whom she had much endeared herself.”

And I hope this evening that you will consider joining the ever-growing circle of those who admire

The Art of
Sarah Bond Farish Moody

Thank you.

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