

We will here subjoin a few of the many flattering encomiums which appeared from time to time in the Newspapers.

NEW BRUNSWICK
MUSEUM
THE ARTIST

The following beautiful Poem by Mrs Olive A Stevens, was written on viewing the gigantic Panorama of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers.

Hath he watched for the dawn of early day,
With fever'd and wakeful brain?
And sought from the depths of a wearied mind,
Fresh vigor to toil again?

Hath the o'ertasked frame sunk down to rest,
Subdued by the noonday heat,
While the eye closed heavily o'er its work,
And pulse seemed forgetting to beat.

To the pale high brow, at the close of day,
Hath the burning hand been press'd?
As if it could stay the rushing tide
Of thought, in its wild unrest!

As if, to the sea of unbridled hopes,
He might whisper, "Peace, be still!"
And the raging wave, and the tempest-power,
Should yield to mere human will!

Perchance he hath felt not the toil or care,
Nor counted the flying hours:
For he linger'd on fancy's airy wings,
And rested within her bowers.

On the downy breast of yon feath'ry cloud,
He drank the mild dews of even;
And wrapt in the veil of his own fair dreams,
Oft bask'd, in the glow of Heaven.

Now rest thee, Artist! thy work is o'er—
The triumph of art thou hast won—
Doth the canvas glow in its truthful light?
Then rest! for thy task is done.

The proud blue waves in their beauty rise,
And wash the dew-spangled shore,
While the curling smoke, and the mellow dawl,
Proclaim that thy task is o'er.

The steamer glides like a "thing of life,"
O'er the mighty river's broad;
And the Islet starts from its wat'ry bed,
In its native grandeur drest.

The city her colour'd wing doth spread,
Above the boat-filled shore,
While low beneath, you think you hear
The splash of the Boatman's oar.

The Mound in its sombre beauty stands,
Unlike to its ancient race;
Untouched by the finger of blighting time,
Or the sword of the dread "Pale face!"

With its winding path that lures you on,
Like the streamlet's gurgling flow;
'Till you stand in pride on the topmost height,
And gaze on the world below.

Crag, Cave and Mountain—Brako and Field,
In their varied form appear—
With the Forest dense, and the giant Bluff,
As if nature had placed them here.

Art, art!—thou hast conquer'd; glide on, glide on
Unroll the vast canvas wide,
While we sail o'er the waters unwreck'd by snags,
Unharm'd by tempest or tide.

While we roam thro' n country of golden store,
Or bend o'er the Hero's bed,
Where the mellow tints of the western skies,
Around us, soft lustre shed!—

Where the forest-tree bends o'er the dancing stream,
As if wooing its ripple beneath—
And the Singing branches keep tuneful play,
'To the zephyr's murmuring breath!—

For nature and art with their trains have met,
And blended, seem bounding free;
The Artist hath triumph'd! unroll unroll!
Let millions, the victory see

most interesting portions of our fair country as the subject for his brush. The valleys of these noble rivers now sustain a vast number of our race, and the time is rapidly hastening on when this portion of our heritage will rival in population the old world. And what is better, the artist has selected the most interesting picturesque parts of these magnificent vallies — parts associated with some of the most thrilling events of our history. And what is still better, he has copied nature in all her glorious charms, with a truthfulness and skill that never has been beaten by any of his predecessors in panoramic productions.

The artist, in this work, has not only excelled in coloring and artistic finish, but he has also given a clear and distinct view of every object which his pencil has touched, and presented to the eye as they now really exist on the banks of the glorious streams, whether seen in the glare of the noonday sun or in the mild beams of the Queen of night. If his genius said to his pencil, "Give me a splendid church, handsome mansion house, noble vessels, the beautiful water, the green hill, the Indian mound, the humble cottage, or the bold cliff," these objects come out upon canvas in all their natural beauty under talismanic touch. The truth is, the artist has given us in this work objects just as they are now seen under the most favorable circumstances. The beautiful cities and villages are plain and distinct to the observer as they were to the artist when he sketched them. The buildings and streets are not run into a confused mass, bewildering the mind and troubling the eye to distinguish one from the other, but all are distinctly visible. We might go on and fill several sheets with descriptions of this beautiful Panorama, but our readers will go and see for themselves. Comparisons we know are invidious, but truth compels us to say, that this work excels all others of similar kind ever exhibited in our city. The artist is entitled to, and will receive a good reward for this production of his genius and artistic skill from an appreciating community. May all such enterprises have their due meed of patronage and praise.

A NEW PANORAMA.—This picture presents views of the diversified scenery of twelve different states, in a distance of twenty three hundred miles. It would not do to make comparisons between it and the other popular works of the same kind that have been exhibited in Boston, but it will be no injustice to other artists to say that this is equal in merit to either of them. Nor can we, after once seeing it, only, point out what particular part of it is the best. It is pronounced to be accurate, as a picture of the places intended to be portrayed, by those acquainted with the localities, and it will be an excellent study for persons who have never visited the Western and Southern part of our country, as well as interesting to those who wish to revive former recollections. To scholars in geography it will be of use, and to all it will afford a profitable and pleasant two hours' amusement.—Boston Courier, Nov. 4th, 1848.

"Of all the exhibitions in the city at present, none appear to be more popular than the immense Panorama of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, at Amory Hall Washington street; it is indeed a work of rare merit. Parents and teachers will do well to take their children and pupils to witness this painting, not only as a source of entertainment but of instruction also."

We dropped in to see the Panorama at Amory Hall, on Wednesday evening, and found the place well filled with a goodly company. With the Panorama we were much pleased! It is painted in a bold and effective manner; and while portraying towns, cities, bluffs, natural curiosities, the various craft that enliven the great rivers of the west, and the population of its borders, in vivid and distinct colors, many of the points of interest are invested with a peculiar charm by the introduction of highly artistic effects.

Among the incidents happily introduced, is the burning of the White Rose Steamer, off Cairo, the roofs and spires of which are illuminated by the blaze—and the wreck of the Prairie Bird, snagged in a narrow channel. Perhaps the most beautiful picture in the Panorama, is the moonlight view of Blennerhasset's Island, the cold steely tints of the moon contrasting with the firelight on the shore, and the heavy profile of the woodland, relieved by standing out against the silvery reach of waters through which a noble steamboat is cleaving its bright path. The steamer Brilliant "wooding up" at a wharf, is also finely painted. The cities of New Orleans, Natchez, Cincinnati, Vicksburg and Pittsburg, are admirably represented; indeed we are assured by those who have actually made the tour, which the spectator is supposed to make, that the fidelity of the representation is worthy of all praise. The distance comprised within this painting is 2300 miles, and as all the prominent objects on that line are represented, the reader can form his own estimate of the magnitude of the work, and the cost and labor requisite to produce it. We commend it to our friends as well worthy of patronage, and are convinced that it will meet with brilliant success.—Yankee