

So shall we serve our peerless GODDESS best,
Receive her sweet approval, and be blest.'

The varied ornamental borders to the amply-broad pages of this 'booklet' are in excellent taste: as attractive to the eye as the matter to the mind.

A BASKET OF CHIPS. By JOHN BROUGHAM. In one volume: pp. 408. New-York: BUNCE AND BROTHER, Publishers, Number 126 Nassau-street.

MR. BROUGHAM, as an actor, is so well known to the public; he has become so popular in the rendition of light, humorous parts upon the stage; and his conception of fun is so transparent, that this book may be said to be well advertised by the very name of its author upon the title-page. But aside from his reputation upon the boards of our metropolitan theatres, Mr. BROUGHAM has been not only a writer of successful plays, but a frequent contributor of pleasant articles to American periodicals and journals, certain of the latter of which he himself projected, and of which he well sustained the direction. So that we need take no farther trouble to introduce Mr. BROUGHAM, '*per se*,' to our readers, but proceed to say a few words touching the volume before us. One thing, at least, might be predicated of the book, in spite of its title: it is not as 'dry as a chip,' although there is a 'basket' of them. '*Some Passages in the Life of a Dog*,' which opens the book, deserves the place of honor which it occupies. Its close is singularly pathetic. There are several burlesques and travesties, for which the writer has evidently a *penchant*, and in the execution of which he shows undeniable skill. The rendering of the opera of '*La Fille du Regiment*,' and the popular play of '*Pauline*' are as faithful to the originals as they are amusing. It was our purpose to have given a 'ballad' or two, with specimens from 'Evenings at our Club,' 'Night-mare,' and 'The BUNSEY PAPERS;' but as we cannot do it, in the crowded state of our pages, we have only to ask for these papers, and the others which make up the contents of the book, the favorable regard of our readers. It is well printed, and contains two or three clever illustrations.

A VOICE TO AMERICA: OR, THE MODEL REPUBLIC: Its Glory and its Fall. With a Review of the Causes of the Decline and Failure of the Republics of South-America, Mexico, and of the Old World, applied to the present Crisis in the United States. In one volume: pp. 404. New-York: EDWARD WALKER, 114 Fulton-street.

THIS '*Voice to America*,' the publisher assures us in his preface, is not the product of any clique: it enforces the opinions of no one party: it has not been prepared under the auspices, nor has it received the sanction, of any set of men organized for political purposes. The subjects treated of concern not only the statesman and politician, but every American citizen, however humble or exalted — whether native or naturalized. They extend over a vast range of valuable facts and historical illustrations, pertaining to the rights and immunities of citizens under a republican government.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PHENIXIANA: OR, SKETCHES AND BURLESQUES BY 'JOHN PHENIX.'—A rare and most amusing volume is in the press of MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY, awaiting early publication, entitled '*Phenixiana: or, Sketches and Burlesques by John Phenix.*' 'In the name of the PROPHET—Figs!' is his motto; but it is too modest by half, if intended to indicate the character of the contents of his volume, which we have had the pleasure to examine in manuscript. A more complete master of that species of wholesome satire which is best conveyed by a dexterous use of the broad burlesque, we have very seldom, if ever, encountered. But it is not alone with his *pen* that this is done. The numerous illustrations, from his own pencil, are master-pieces of art in their kind. In correctness of drawing, naturalness of accessories, and exquisite humor of expression, we know of nothing out of PUNCH better calculated to excite mingled admiration and cachinnation. We proceed to give a few specimens from the 'copy' now in the hands of the printers. The following is an extract from the brief preface:

'THE author does not flatter himself that he has made any very great addition to the literature of the age by this performance: but if his book turns out to be a very indifferent one, he will be consoled by the reflection that it is by no means the first, and probably will not be the last of that kind, that has been given to the public. Meanwhile, this is, by the blessing of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, and through the exertions of the immortal WASHINGTON, a free country, and no man can be compelled to read any thing against his inclination. With unbounded respect for every body,' etc.

The annexed is taken from an account of '*Phenix's Visit to the City of Benicia,*' at which flourishing metropolis he arrived late at night, and before morning had nearly expired from the ravages of 'countless hordes of mosquitoes:'

'BUT every thing must have an end, circles and California gold excepted, and day at last broke over Benicia. Magnificent place! I gazed upon it from the attic window of the Solano Hotel, with feelings too deep for utterance. The sun was rising in its majesty, gilding the red-wood shingles of the United States' store-houses in the distance. Three majestic hulks were riding at anchor in the bay; clothes-lines