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ALL ARTICLES of a literary character may be addressed to the Editors of the Southern Weekly Post, Raleigh, N. C. Business letters, notices, advertisements, remittances, &c., &c. should be addressed to W. D. COOKE.

MR. H. P. DOUBT is our authorized agent for the State of ALABAMA, MISSISSIPPI and TENNESSEE.

BATTLE OF THE BOOKS. Had we the genius of Swift, we might be tempted to describe another battle of books.

THE CONFLICT now in progress is waged by an immense number of ephemeral and comparatively worthless publications, against the great classics of our language.

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they go, in black coats, black hats and gloves, each consulting a slip of paper, or it may be, a memorandum book, and each appearing to be oppressed with a sense of formidable duties.

I have done great injustice—consciously—to the New Year's festival of our metropolis. It would require the pencil of a Cruikshanks to do it up as it deserves to be done. I may possibly have succeeded in doing it, and more than this, I could not hope to do.

The Three Presidencies of India, is the title of a handsome octavo volume recently published in London, in the perusal of which I have gained a more thorough insight into the polity and peculiarities of British India, and into the manners, customs and religious doctrines and rites of its inhabitants.

New York has nearly been frightened out of its propriety of late, by two fearful conflagrations, and only yesterday morning, a third terrible fire created a general excitement. It broke out in the Metropolitan Hall, which, together with the new and magnificent Lafarge Hotel, into which the Hall was eventually to be absorbed, is now a mass of smoking reeking ruins!

Before I close this letter allow me to enter a complaint against somebody or somebody else, through whose neglect I have failed to receive nearly all the late numbers of the Post.

CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY. CHARLESTON, Dec. 31st, 1853. MY DEAR MOTHER: I have returned from a visit of ten days in the country, and hasten to give you my first impressions of plantation life.

Why bless my soul, it is time for me to go, I have yet sixty calls to make! Every where the visitor finds a table spread with eatables and drinkables, and the ladies, as in duty bound, are all decked in their best, and wretched with courtesies and smiles.

house were invited. Then we stepped from the steamer to the row-boat and were quickly gliding over the waters, and listening to the songs of the boatmen. This was all new to me, and I enjoyed it exceedingly.

The ensuing week passed rapidly. Sometimes we would ride to the cotton fields; sometimes to a neighboring rice plantation, where we saw the flood-gates and other arrangements for "growing rice" and the stacks of rice, all ready for the threshing floor.

You have never seen a Christmas Tree, nor had I, and although I had often heard them described, I was not prepared to see so beautiful a sight, as greeted my eyes, when the doors of the drawing room were thrown open.

Early Christmas morning the family were awakened by the voices of the servants singing their Christmas hymn upon the piazza, and afterward one of their number—a pious man—prayed fervently for their master and mistress.

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assembly where fashion, beauty, and intellectual characters are found, have been singled out of hundreds, not only as a peculiarly lovely and graceful being, but more as having a soul noble in every sense of the word.

There is in every heart an earnest desire for sympathy! It is a necessity of our common nature, to a greater or less extent. Virginia D—, possessed of quick and generous sensibility, united with a glowing fancy, commenced her letter by thanking the gentleman for a small volume which that day had been received from him, and then progressed as follows: "I recall my earliest sorrow now. It was when I bade adieu first to my forest home, the scene of my joys, my hopes and my endeavours, for school in this city."

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THE HOUSE.—January 6th.—After some desultory and uninteresting conversation on a report from the committee on military affairs.