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BY WM. H. BAYNE. } FAYETTEVILLE, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1848. { VOL. 9—NO. 483.

From the Scientific American.

AUTOMATON EXTRAORDINARY.

A great number will readily remember what a sensation was created in Europe two years ago, by the appearance of an automaton invented by Professor Faber, of Munich, Bavaria. It could articulate a number of words and perform some very extraordinary feats. The Professor spent some 27 years in the construction of his image, and though it exhibited much ingenuity, still we could not but consider that the Professor had wasted for 27 years his genius and time and wealth upon a trifle light as air. Mechanical ingenuity nevertheless always excites attention, and regret is mingled with admiration for the productions of man although no result of any utility or benefit to the world may be the consequence Who has not heard of the German philosopher who in his desire to create a fellow mortal, created his own evil genii. A late Augsburgh paper announces that Dr Lube of that city, has invented an artificial man, which throws Prof. Faber's in the shade, and seems to be almost life itself. A visitor who writes to the Augsburgh German Gazette, was invited with a friend to visit the Doctor's Sanctum. They beheld him seated at a key board similar that of a piano forte, and nearly in the centre of the room was a fashionably dressed young man, whom the Doctor introduced as a Mr Eisenbrass, who wished the visitors good morning, and remained standing until they were seated. At first the conversation was upon the ordinary topics of the day—Mr Eisenbrass joined in with an occasional remark, but to which the Doctor paid very little attention, and kept amusing himself with the keys of the instrument, at which he was seated yet without producing any sound. This surprised the visitors, and one said, Doctor your instrument does not seem inclined to be musical at present. This brought a laugh from the Doctor, which was echoed by Mr Eisenbrass, in such an unearthly and comical manner that the visitors had to laugh also, although they felt the laugh to be at their own expense. As soon as the visitors became calm, the Dr. rose from his seat, and taking them calmly by the hand said, "Pardon me, my dear friends, for having played an innocent prank upon you.—Mr Eisenbrass is the Automan I invited you here to see; and being the first who has seen it, I could not resist a paternal desire of showing it off, as fond parents always do their first born children. They looked at the Doctor, then at Mr Eisenbrass, and again at the Doctor, to see if he was not quizzing. There sat Mr E. immoveable, with his eyes fixed on the floor, while the Doctor seemed almost bursting with delight. They looked again. "I see," said he, "you are incredulous, let me convince you," and seating himself at the instrument again, and touching the keys, Mr E. immediately became animated and laughed and talked quite fluently

The Doctor then rose and explained the whole affair. When Professor Faber completed his speaking automaton Dr. Lube conceived the idea of constructing an artificial man, and placing within it a modification of the apparatus of Prof. Faber, to be operated by voltaic electricity, but intended to imitate to a greater extent, the power of speech than the Professor had done. The idea once conceived, was immediately acted upon. The bones of a human subject were procured and clothed with a complete muscular system, composed of vulcanized caoutchouc. The consummate anatomical knowledge of Dr. Lube enabled him to do this with great success, at the same time adding a perfect system of nerves made of fine plantinum wire covered with silk. It is undoubtedly known to most of our readers that the muscles of animals act by an enlargement and contraction in the middle, produced by the will acting through the nerves. These efforts are imitated by placing in the centre of each muscle electro magnets, with delicate machinery attached, to be worked by galvanic currents through the platinum wires or nerves, which were connected with the battery, and the key board of the instrument above referred to. So all that was necessary to produce a certain action in the figure or make it give forth particular sounds, was to touch the required key as in certain descriptions of Telegraphs, and the required result was sure to follow. As a matter of course, the accomplishment of all this was a matter of no small difficulty, and ordinary minds would have shrunk from undertaking it. But Dr. Lube, with a zeal and perseverance worthy of all imitation, has mastered every obstacle, and produced a work the most extraordinary, ever constructed mortal man.

PRESENTATION OF A FLAG.

It gives us pleasure to be made the medium of publication of the proceedings which took place on the occasion of presenting the 3d Regiment of U. S. Dragoons with a stand of colors at Mier, on the 12th ult.

This standard, the gift of Mrs Frances Parke Butler, a Louisianian, was this day presented to the battalion of the regiment serving with the Army of Occupation, by Col. E. G. W. Butler, in the Plaza of Mier, who addressed Capt. Caldwell, the immediate commander of the battalion, as follows:

Captain: The 3d Dragoons have been long in the field, and many of them have fallen victims to the climate of the Rio Grande, whilst others have died gloriously upon far distant battle-fields; and yet, no flag has waved over them.

A lady, my honored wife, a descendant of Washington, bids me present them this standard, with her prayers for their safety and honor; and that she feels "every confidence, that when borne aloft among them, like the white plume of Henry IV, it will lead them to honor and to glory."

Though separated for a time from my gallant associates in arms, and assigned to a more extended and responsible command, I have not ceased to watch over their welfare and reputation, and sympathise in their trials and misfortunes; and, the confidence which I repose in their conduct and discipline, authorizes the assurance which I have given, that the standard which I now confine to their protection will never be dishonored.

Capt. G. W. CALDWELL'S REPLY

Colonel: In the name of the 3d Dragoons, I offer through you, to your good lady, their most grateful thanks, for the honor done them by the presentation of this magnificent standard; with full assurance that it will never be stained by any unworthy act of theirs.

No!—that deep felt devotion for their country's cause, which influenced them to leave the land of their birth and all that was dear, to brave the seas, the enemy and the seasons in its defence, would not only protect the American Eagle against any impure blot, but, in the eloquent language of her who bid you give it, inspire a confidence, "that when borne aloft among them, like the white plume of Henry IV, it will lead to honor and to glory."

It is true that this wing of the 3d Dragoons, though long in the field, have had neither flag nor renown of triumphal feats to wave over them; whilst the other has had, if not both, the one most desirable—imperishable fame.

Their assignment, therefore, to the Rio Grande, was an unfortunate one to them, though baited, at the time, and by all, as one of the most eligible, both for military exploits and health; but time has proved it disastrous to both.

They have seen, as you say, many of their brave associates in arms fall; not, however, by any participation in the many brilliant achievements of the war, which have shed so much lustre on the American arms, but as victims to the foul distempers of the climate, whilst in the performance of the most onerous and perilous duties belonging to the service.

But, comrades in arms, be not discouraged by sorrows and disappointments; for recollect that every warrior who falls, will have sacrificed himself to the cause of his country; and, whether it be gloriously on the field of battle, or humbly, on the sick bed, their claims on their country's gratitude will be the same, and their memories will live alike in the heart of every freeman. Be, then, patient, charitable and just, and fear not; your cause is good, and will sooner or later succeed—which will be glory enough for all.

"And should there be any selfish ambition, fling it away; for by that sin fell the angels." Love, then, thyself last; for the cause in which you are engaged is a common cause—your country's cause. Then, if you fall in the service, actuated by such principles, you fall bravely and gallantly.

Should, however, dejection ever overtake you in your trials, look on this flag, and it will bring to memory associations that will rekindle fresh fires, which will nobly sustain you through many struggles that may yet await you. Remember, too, her fervent prayers for your safety and honor; and let that noble and patriotic sentiment impress every bosom and vibrate through every nerve, by which she exhorts you to brave all dangers in vindication of the national honor from insult.

This is no ostentatious show of patriotism for vainglory or self approbation. No! it is that generous and pious attachment to the country, enthusiastically expressed,