Eagles don't catch flies.

To the mind of an American, the eagle is significant of all that is romantic, eloquent and brave. Let Washington doing have occasion to indulge a feeling of romance—and you hear of the eagle wheeling aloft from the rugged handle of the Hudson and breast ing the pure mountain breeze. Let the orator indulge a picture—and on eagle wings his ideas mount to the regions of the sublime. Let dread war deluge our land till hope is ready to hide our ranks a little but raise the eagle in the midst of our foes, and every soul imbued with American blood dreams no longer of death, even though the musket is pointed at his face.

The eagle is still further significant. He has been adopted as the American motto and thus has become indicative of an age of refinement. To a truth familiar that, on English soil, young ladies were wont to hear to battle songs arose for a standard there perhaps a worthye present from their lovers. This we know was ignorance—infatuation. When that race became more intelligent the lion became its adopted motto, one not unworthy still of those whom the world fears. In our time. However, an age