



FRED L. SAVAGE, BAR HARBOR, MAINE.

THE wigwam of the redman was an architectural joy,
 Aboriginal, pre-colonial, not at all a costly toy,
 With formal gardens all around it, and a porte cochere of green,
 And an aperture quite Gothic, where the chimney should have been.
 Neither Renaissance nor English, was its general style and form
 Yet it harmonized the landscape, and kept the little Injun warm.

Where the early savage builded this most workmanlike tepee
 Now designs a modern Savage, for a City by the Sea.
 Where broad stretches of fair country invite the sumptuous summer home
 And they build palaces for pleasure fit for Kings and Queens to own,
 His the art to serve the purpose, to create and to refine
 And to build for rest and pleasure, to appropriate design.

I'll not catalog the "Cottages" that this Savage here has done
 The Gilman's; and the Vanderbilts—the list is just begun,
 But turn away to other things and touch upon in rhyme
 The man himself, a busy man—for Bar Harbor all the time.
 And I'll not intrude his virtues; for like an architectural plan
 They're included in the making of a thorough gentleman.