

Nothing ever came of Perrot's assault, unless it brought a cloud over the good name of the baron.

After various vicissitudes, and not until his rights had been disputed by and defended against Dutch buccaneers, English adventurers, and French interlopers, St. Castin firmly established himself at Pentagoet, his fort and trading-post being that which had originally been built by d'Aulney, and the ruins of which exist to this day.

The fort included barracks, storehouse, a small chapel, a guard-house, magazines, and suitable dwellings. It was inclosed by a stockade of huge oaken palisades, the stumps of which, like the roots of ancient molars, are occasionally extracted from the sandy ooze of the shore in which they have been embedded for more than two centuries. Here St. Castin held almost royal court, deified by the savages and surrounded by such luxuries as could be brought from afar by infrequent traders.

The peninsula of Pentagoet, now Castine, was well wooded, and its south-eastern slopes fall gently downward to the silvery tide of the Biguyduce. The crest of the peninsula overlooks the mouth of the Penobscot, which rolls to the west of Castine. The natural conformation of the sunny declivities on which St. Castin's fort was built was favorable for defense from every point, and from his stockaded post he commanded a view of one of the most charming sheets of water in the world. Behind the fort, the land rose gently, dimpling with innumerable hollows, to the ridge from which one gazes on the broad debouchement of the Penobscot. In front of the fort, looking across the Biguyduce, the eye rested on the spruce-covered hills of what is now Brooksville, the dome-shaped summit of Blue Hill, and the far-off and heroic outlines of the peaks of Mount Desert. Here, in the midst of an orchard of apple-trees, and scattering his herds over the grassy slopes around the little fort, the wanderer from the Pyrenees must have sat him down with a sigh of satisfaction. It seemed as if he had finally acquired the right to rest and peace in the security of his home amidst the gentle savages whose love he had gained by subtlety and wise patience. But new troubles came.

Col. Thomas Dongan, Governor of New York, under appointment from the Duke of York, exercised jurisdiction over the Maine possessions of the duke, whatever they might be. Dongan set up, in behalf of his royal master, a claim to a portion of Acadie, including Pentagoet, in 1684. He wrote to St. Castin notifying him that the French must vacate all that part of Maine betwixt the Kennebec and the St. Croix. St. Castin paid very little attention to this mandate; and, two years afterward, Dongan sent fifty men to take possession of Pentagoet, having first seized a cargo