

cided my future destiny in the drama of life. How strangely and imperceptibly do small events tend to unexpected results. A match may fire a city and lay desolate the work of ages; a single leak may sink a bark and carry desolation to a hundred firesides—and trifles in the daily scenes of human life, give character to our immortality. We cannot, therefore, too carefully watch the influence of small events, especially on young minds.

At Woodstock, famed in the annals of England as the scene of the loves of King Henry and Rosamond Clifford, we quitted our stage companions, and proceeded on foot to Bladen, two miles distant. Our road lay through Blenheim or Woodstock park, which we entered through the triumphal arch, a spacious portal, erected to the memory of John, Duke of Marlborough, by Sarah, his duchess. On entering the park, which is nearly twelve miles in circumference, one of the most beautiful prospects imaginable disclosed itself. Blenheim Palace, which is among the most magnificent piles of architecture in England, appeared in front; on the left were to be seen a part of the village of Woodstock, and on the right a broad and spacious lake, crossed by a superb bridge;* a lofty column on the rising ground, erected in honor of John, Duke of Marlborough,

* Near this bridge is a spring, called Rosamond's Well, where Henry II. is said to have contrived a labyrinth, by which his guilty fair one communicated with the castle.