

ings on the squat Saxon door-way, — by far the most ancient part of the edifice, — and in straining hard to find some approximation to the human figure in the rude effigy of a child sculptured on the wall, with a crown on its head and a book in its hand, intended, say the antiquaries, to represent the murdered prince, but at present not particularly like anything. The story of Kenelm we find indicated, rather than told, in one of Shenstone's elegies : —

“ Fast by the centre of yon various wild,
Where spreading oaks embower a Gothic fane,
Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguiled ;
There Nature urged her tenderest pleas in vain.
Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
The ambitious maid could every care employ;
And with assiduous fondness crop the flowers,
To deck the cradle of the princely boy.

“ But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown;
Love fires her breast; the sultry passions rise;
A favored lover seeks the Mercian throne,
And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.
See, garnished for the chase, the fraudulent maid
To these lone hills direct his devious way :
The youth, all prone, the sister-guide obeyed;
Ill-fated youth ! himself the destined prey.”

The minuter details of the incident, as given by William of Malmesbury and Matthew of Westminster, though admirably fitted for the purpose of the true ballad-maker, are of a kind which would hardly have suited the somewhat lumbrous dignity of Shenstone's elegiacs. Poor Kenelm, at the time of his death, was but nine years old. His murderer, the favored lover of his sister, after making all sure by cutting off his head with a long-bladed knife, had buried head, knife, and body, under a bush in a “low pasture” in the forest, and the earth