

concealed its dead. The deed, however, had scarce been perpetrated, when a white dove came flying into old St. Peters, at Rome, a full thousand miles away, bearing a scroll in its bill, and, dropping the scroll on the high altar, straightway disappeared. And on the scroll there was found inscribed in Saxon characters the following couplet : —

“ In Clent, in Caubage, Kenelm, kinge-born,  
Lyeth under a thorne, his hede off shorne.”

So marvellous an intimation, — miraculous, among its other particulars, in the fact, that rhyme of such angelic origin should be so very bad, — though this part of the miracle the monks seem to have missed, — was, of course, not to be slighted. The Churchmen of Mercia were instructed by the pontiff to make diligent search after the body of the slain prince ; and priests, monks and canons, with the Bishop of Mercia at their head, proceeded forthwith in long procession to the forest. And there, in what Milton, in telling the story, terms a “ mead of kine,” they found a cow lowing pitifully beside what seemed to be a newly-laid sod. The earth was removed, the body of the murdered prince discovered, the bells of the neighboring churches straightway began “ to rongen a peale without mannes helpe ;” and a beautiful spring of water, the resort of many a pilgrim for full seven centuries after, burst out of the excavated hollow. The chapel was erected immediately beside the well ; and such was the odor of sanctity which embalmed the memory of St. Kenelm, that there was no saint in the calendar on whose day it was more unsafe to do anything useful. There is a furrow still to be seen, scarce half a mile to the north of the chapel, from which a team of oxen, kept impiously at work during the festival of the saint, ran away, and were never after heard of ; and the