

**THE JUBILEE SINGERS AT THE HOME AND  
TOMB OF LINCOLN.**

[The following interesting letter was written by Miss Ella Sheppard to a friend at home. As it contains much of public interest we have been permitted to publish it.]

LAST night we sung in Springfield, Ill., to a crowded house; the concert was so intensely enjoyed that crowds came up to welcome and congratulate us and to thank us for the good they had received. Among those present was Abraham Lincoln's sister, Mrs. Smith, who said that the next time we came to Springfield she wished to entertain us at her own home. Just before we sang the last piece Mr. Loudin created quite a sensation by telling the people of the prejudice shown us by the St. Nicholas Hotel. Our agent had made application for accommodations for the company, and the proprietors had positively refused us. Mr. Loudin said that the Jubilee Singers had been received kindly and treated well in the civilized countries of Europe and in this country wherever they had appeared, but as

much could not be said at the home of Lincoln, their great martyr friend and benefactor. Where they had least expected it, they had the doors of a public hotel closed in their faces.

At the close of his remarks hisses filled the hall and one man cried "shame." After which, Dr. Grey, the treasurer of Bloomington University, said that he had heard that the Jubilee Singers proposed visiting the National Monument to Abraham Lincoln, and that he hoped that the citizens would take this opportunity and welcome the singers under the shadow of that monument, and show the Jubilees that the Springfield public did not countenance nor sympathize with the St. Nicholas proprietors.

This morning at nine o'clock, accompanied by Dr. Grey, we took carriages for the cemetery, drove through the grounds and assembled at the beautiful white monument, where we were met and welcomed by about three hundred citizens. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Smith and the family of the Governor of Illinois; the Governor could not be present, but his family came to join in the greeting and to welcome us in behalf of the State.

We first visited the tomb and beheld the marble sarcophagus in which rest the remains of our noble friend. Flowers from its top were given us to keep and a tiny bouquet for Fisk University. Next we visited the museum in which the relics of the martyr President are kept; along the wall hung letters of condolence on satin and silk from all parts of the globe to Mrs. Lincoln. A bas relief of the President and a caste of that hand which struck off the fetters of our whole race; an old chair made by the same hand, now covered with wire to preserve it, and the lantern and other implements used by the robbers who a few years ago attempted to steal the body, were in the same case. These seen, and then we assembled on the top, just underneath the bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln. When we had sung the Battle Hymn of the Republic, and "Brothers, are you getting ready for the Year of Jubilee," every one was so thrilled and full of praise it seemed as though we caught a bit of the grand inspiration which filled the soul of that great and good man.

The Rev. W. B. Affleck, a Scotchman, stepped forward and addressed us most beautifully, saying with what happy pleasure he, in behalf of the citizens of Springfield and for the State, bade us welcome and God speed, how much they appreciated our grand work, and how little even we could realize of the comforting assurance our songs gave to all as we journeyed through this world of so much sorrow and that he hoped we might be kept in such a grand work of redemption. He referred to our martyr friend in simple but beautiful words, and of the propriety of our presence in Springfield and visit to the tomb of Lincoln; then he presented to each of us a copy of Lincoln's Farewell Address of 1861, when leaving home for Washington, and a copy of the first memorial service held in Springfield, April 15th, 1880, when an organization of the Lincoln Guards of Honor was established, and a cast from life of the hand of Abraham Lincoln, which is to be placed in the Museum of Fisk University as a loving reminder of the blood shed for our liberation. That whole crowd were in tears as we sung the grand old benediction of Numbers vi., 24-26, then we all sang together, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Never before did a volume of song and sincere praise go up to the throne from more grateful hearts, and if those about the throne are conscious of earth's joys and sorrows they, too, must have caught up the hallelujahs of this morning. My whole soul was full of thanksgiving and song.