

**FROM
SOUL TO SOUL**

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From Soul to Soul by Emma Rood Tuttle

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EMMA ROOD TUTTLE

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*Yours Sincerely
Emma Rood Tuttle.*

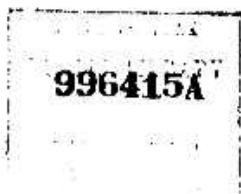
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BY

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

NEW YORK,
M. L. HOLBROOK & CO.

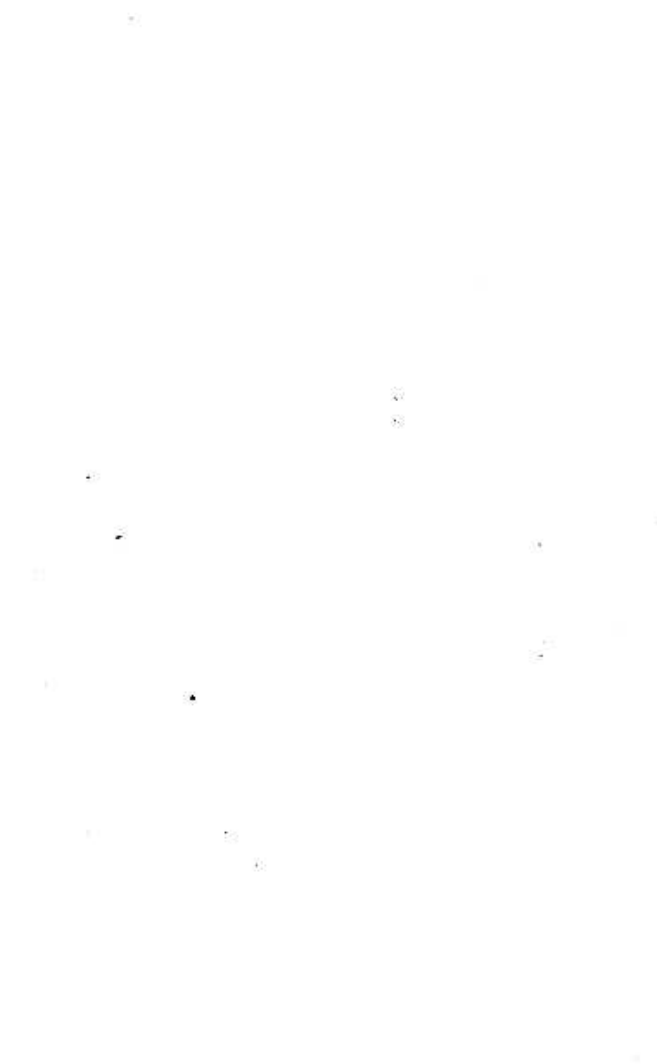
1890.
T. B. P.



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EMMA ROOD TUTTLE

Inscribed
TO
THE FAITHFUL DOERS OF LITTLE THINGS,
WHICH FORM SO LARGE A PART OF
HAPPY AND PERFECT LIVES,
BY
THEIR SYMPATHISING FRIEND AND
ARDENT ADMIRER
THE AUTHOR.

BIEB 19 FEB '36



PREFACE.

These rhymes are selected from my unbound collection, and are not superior, I believe, to the ones still left in the seclusion of my desk to await the encouraging call of my generous friends and readers at some future time.

"Incidents of Life Under the Blue Laws," "A Story of 1810," "Grandmother's Pewter Platter," etc., were written from tales told me by a woman now living, at the age of ninety years, in full possession of her mental faculties, who vouches for the truth of the occurrences told in my verses. I am aware that in matter and diction they are not elegant, but they record the thoughts, manners and laws of times beyond the memory of readers of the present. The sight of the aged one who looked on the strange events is dim with age, and she will never read my rhymes with mortal eyes, but she remembers vividly, and I give you her stories in exact detail.

I have, with some hesitation, included "Would Women Vote? or Columbia Perplexed." It voices the sentiments of thirty influential lady writers of the present time on this living issue, and as they did not hesitate to put themselves on record in *THE SUN*, published Oct. 28th, 1868, at Cleveland, Ohio, I infer they will not demur at the liberty I took in rhyming them.

The music is limited to a few pages, which I regret, as I assure you I would be pleased to give you all my songs and poems in this one volume. Perhaps, however, they might weary you into thanklessness, and it may be best as it is.

My personal poems I have, with two or three exceptions, left to wait; so, if in looking through this book you miss a cut flower I gave you, do not say, "She forgot my blossom!"

To the friends, seen and unseen, who have from time to time sent me encouraging words or friendly criticisms I return my warmest thanks, and trust if my verses fail to brighten your lives they may at least cast no shadow.

E. R. T.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, OHIO,

Sept. 30th, 1890.

