**OUT OF OUR FATHER’S HOUSE**By Daniel Schrier *Elizabeth Cady Stanton*

I am Elizabeth Cady Stanton, born in New York State in 1815 . . . The same year my father was elected to Congress. The custom of calling women Mrs. John This and Mr. Tom That, and colored men Sambo and Zip-coon is founded on the principle that white men are the lords of all. I can not acknowledge this principle and therefore I cannot bear the name of another. If the 19th century is to be governed by the opinions of the 18th, and the 20th by the 19th, then the world will always be governed by dead men. I would rather make a few slanders from a super- abundance of life, than to have all the proprieties of a well-embalmed mummy. We must make the voyage *of* life alone. It matters not whether the solitary voyager be a man or a woman. We come into the world alone, unlike all who have gone before us: We leave it alone under circumstances peculiar to ourselves. No mortal ever has been, no mortal ever will be like the soul just launched on the sea of life. Nature never repeats herself, and the possibilities of one human soul will never be found in another. The same individual is not the same at all times. Each individual has a middle self, which is not the one of today, nor of yesterday, nor of tomorrow, but among these different selves. In youth our most bitter disappointments, our brightest hopes and ambitions are known only to our- selves. Even our friendship and love we never .fully share with another. The solitude of individual life: its pains, its penalties, its responsibilities. The solitude of self. It is the height of cruelty to rob the individual of a single natural right. Our inner being which we call ourselves, no eye nor touch has ever pierced. Such is individual life. Who can take . . . dare take. . . on himself, herself, the rights, the responsibilities, the duties of another human soul?