

**Resource 1:** “after a great many questions, to which I answered truthfully, he left me. Then came other troubles. All night long, the nurses read to the other aloud, and I know that the other patients, as well as myself, were unable to sleep. Every half hour or hour they would walk heavily down the halls, their boot heels resounding like the march of a private of dragoons, and take a look at every patient. Of course this helped to keep us awake. Then as it came toward morning, they began to beat eggs for breakfast, and the sound made me realize how horribly hungry I was. Occasional yells and cries came from the male department, and that did not aid in making the night pass more cheerfully. Then the ambulance-gong, as it brought in more unfortunates, sounded as a knell to life and liberty. Thus I passed my first night as an insane girl at Bellevue.” – Adapted from *Ten Days in a Mad-House*, Nellie Bly

**Resource 2:** “This examination over, we heard someone yell, “go out into the hall.” We latecomers tried to keep together, so we entered the hall and stood at the door where all the women had crowded. How we shivered as we stood there! The windows were open and the draught went whizzing through the hall. The patients looked blue and cold, and the minutes stretched into a quarter of an hour. At last one of the nurses went forward and unlocked a door, through which we all crowded to a landing on a stairway....They looked so lost and hopeless. Some were chattering nonsense to invisible persons, others were laughing or crying aimlessly, and one old, gray haired woman was nudging me, and with winks and sage noddings of the head and pitiful uplisting of the eyes and hands, was assuring me that I must not mind the poor creatures, as they were all mad.” - Adapted from *Ten Days in a Mad-House*, Nellie Bly

**Resource 3:** “We were taken into a cold, wet bathroom and I was ordered to undress. Did I protest? Well, I never grew so earnest in my life as when I tried to beg off. They said if I did not they would use force and that it would not be very gentle....The crazy woman began to scrub me. Rub, rub, rub went the old woman, chattering to herself. My teeth chattered and my limbs were goose fleshed and blue with cold. Suddenly I got, one after the other, three buckets of water over my head - ice cold water...I think I experienced some of the sensations of a drowning person as they dragged me, gasping, shivering and quaking, from the tub.” - Adapted from *Ten Days in a Mad-House*, Nellie Bly

**Resource 4:** “We had not gone many paces when I saw, proceeding from every walk, long lines of women guarded by nurses....Vacant eyes and meaningless faces, and their tongues uttered meaningless nonsense. “Who are they? I asked a patient near me. “They are considered the most violent on the island,” she replied. Some were yelling, some were cursing, others were singing or prying or preaching, as the fancy struck them, and they made up the most miserable collection of humanity I had ever seen.” - Adapted from *Ten Days in a Mad-House*, Nellie Bly