Commissioner A. M. Jones. Did you report that whipping
five or six times to any officer of this prison? If so, to
whom?

No sir, I did not. I did not report the fact for the
reasons above stated — that
I thought that they knew it
and that it was none of
my business, as I am not
in the habit of taking care
of other people's department
around here. I think I have
got enough to do at my
own.

Is there anything that you
desire to state to the Board
of Commissioners in regard
to anything else connected
with this matter?

No sir. I don't know of any
thing else.
Deputy Warden Benjamin L. Mayhew, being recalled, testified as follows.

Examination by
Commissioner A. W. Jones.

State your name.
Benjamin L. Mayhew.
What position, if any, do you occupy in this prison.
Deputy Warden.
How long have you occupied that position?
Since 1 year ago, the first day of last April.
Warden McLaughly, That is your last term.

A. M. Jones: State to the Board of Commissioners if you know any facts connected with the death of Convict Gus Reid?

I know nothing only what I was told.
In the early morning hours, I was woken by the sound of water splashing against my window. It was then I realized that the city had been struck by a large rainstorm. The rain fell heavily, drenching the streets and turning sidewalks into rivers. Despite the chaos, there was a sense of peace that came with it. I felt grateful for the moment, for being able to witness such a natural beauty, even if it was temporary.

With each drop, the world seemed to come alive, every street light casting a glow of indigo and purple. The night was filled with the sound of raindrops hitting the windows, creating a rhythmic music that echoed through the city. It was as if the world had paused, and for a moment, time stood still.

As the storm passed, the city began to come back to life. The streets were filled with people, all going about their day with a newfound determination. The rain had washed away the dirt and grime, leaving the city feeling fresh and clean.

I stood there, watching as the world continued to move. It was a reminder of the beauty that can be found in the most unexpected moments, a reminder that even in the darkest of times, there is always hope. And with that thought, I walked away, ready to face whatever the day might bring.
State what you know of your own knowledge.

On Monday morning the case was reported to me that two were fighting in the west wing, one by the name of Jesse Reid, and one by the name of Mitchell, I think, but I cannot be positive, and that they were taken over to the solitary on Sunday night sometime in the evening, those men were locked up that evening and the next morning I saw them, and whether I ordered them put in prison or not I think likely I did— I don't recollect I should ordinarily do that with two men that were fighting. Mr. Reed says I did order them in prison and I presume he is correct, I have no distinct recollection about it. Ordinarily cases where two men
[Handwritten text not legible]
got to fighting, I put them in irons. By "in irons," I mean, I stood them at the door with their hands fas- ted through the grating and hand cuffs put on them. I heard us more of this case that I can remember until Tuesday noon. That was the 7th of May. I think I was absent from the Institution in the after- noon. When I returned, Mr. Reed, the day Keeper in solitary, reported to me that Gus Reid had been noisy. I think I said to him, "If he is noisy, stand him at the door and stop his noise." He said to me that he was already at the door. By stopping his noise it is generally un- derscores to use the gag. I think that was the or- der. Late in the afternoon...
I think I asked him if he had gagged him, and he said he had, and stopped his noise. Before the time, which is six o'clock, I heard some noise in the solitary and asked who it was, and he said it was Reid had commenced his noise again. This was between five and half past five in the afternoon. If I recollect right, he wanted to know if I should take him out of there that night, and I told him we, if he continued his noise to leave him standing at the door, he did so. After the count was taken I went to supper, and at the supper table I was called from the table to sign some papers for new men that had arrived in the institution, and while
at the desk I saw Captain McDooge, Captain of the night watch. Captain McDooge's duties are after the whistle blows and the change of officers is made and the night watch is set to take charge of the institution, and report if anything special occurs. It is supposed to be left in his charge so that we can go to bed and go to sleep. I lots him that Reid was in irons, that I had left him in irons because he was noisy, if he made any extra noise to call me. At the same time, I said to him that I had changed my rooms, that they were repairing my house and that he would find me back of the dining room. When I change rooms, I
always notify him where he can find me in the night. I should think about a quarter past seven—it could not have been more than fifteen or twenty minutes from that time—it might have been thirty minutes—some one rapped at the door, and my daughter averted to and opened the door, and said captain McDougall wants to speak to me, but I told him to wait a bit, and he asked me to come out into the hall, and when I went out he said: "Reid is dead." I don't know what questions I asked him. I asked him what the trouble was, or something of that sort, as I naturally should. I don't recollect what I said to him. I went immediately down to the solitary...