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know about him." I said: "Gentlemen, you have come to the wrong man, because Mr. Darley is the soul of honor and is as true as steel. He would not do a crime like that, he couldn't do it." And Black cherped up: "Come on, Scott, nothing doing," and off they go. That showed me how much reliance could be placed in either the city detectives or our own Pinkerton detectives, and I treated such conduct with silence and it was for this reason, gentlemen, that I didn't see Conley, surrounded with a bevy of city detectives and Mr. Scott, because I knew that there would not be an action so trifling, that there was not an action so natural but that they would distort and twist it to be used against me, and that there was not a word that I could utter that they would not deform and twist and distort to be used against me, but I told them even then if they got the permission -- I told them through my friend Mr. Klein, that if they got the permission of Mr. Rosser to come, I would speak to them, would speak to Conley and face him or anything they wanted--if they got that permission or brought Mr. Rosser. Mr. Rosser was on that day up at Tallulah Falls trying a case. Now, that is the reason, gentlemen, that I have kept my silence, not because I didn't want to, but because I didn't want to have things twisted..

Then that other implication, the one of knowing that Conley could write, and I didn't tell the authorities. Let's look into that. On May 1st I was taken to the tower. On the same date, as I understand it, the negro Conley was arrested. I didn't know anybody had any suspicions about him. His name was not in the papers. He was an unknown quantity. The police were not looking out for him; they were looking out for me. They didn't want him, and I had no inkling that he