

his time that eight hours had elapsed before he was found. He had secreted himself in the prison, with the hope of escaping the same night.

The next instance in Boyle's career worthy of note was the planning and execution of the desperate escape from Sing Sing upon the engine "No. 89," as has been related.

In company with Charles Woods, one of the convicts escaping with him on that occasion, Boyle then secured a "kit" of burglar's tools, and the two proceeded to St. Louis, where they began operating upon small safes in real-estate and brokers' offices. They deposited their tools in what they believed to be a deserted carpenter's shop. The proprietors, returning unexpectedly, discovered the tools, and, informing the police, a detail of officers was at once made to lie in wait for the owners of the suspicious goods, who returned, and, before being given time to explain anything, were unmercifully clubbed and taken into custody.

The men, being utter strangers to the St. Louis authorities, were only given six months in the workhouse. Their pictures were taken, however, and, a set coming into my office, that of Boyle was recognised, when, on his being fully identified by my son, William A. Pinkerton, he was returned to Sing Sing, where, fortunately for society in general, he is now serving his unexpired term of twenty years' imprisonment.

In 1870, George White, *alias* George Miles, *alias* George Bliss, made one of the most remarkable brilliant prison escapes on record. He had, in company with one Joe Howard, another burglar, robbed the bank of an interior New York town, and, securing a noted race-horse of the locality in escaping from the place, ran the animal nearly thirty miles at its fullest speed, until it fell to the earth from sheer exhaustion. The man then brutally cut the throat of the horse, leaving it dying. The men were subsequently captured, convicted, and incarcerated in Sing Sing. While here, White made the acquaintance and friendship of a noted character, named Cramer, familiarly called Doctor Dyonissius Cramer, or "the Long Doctor," now a reformed thief, but in his day one of the cleverest known "stalls" of the "bank-sneak gangs." This "Long Doctor" had a peculiarly inventive genius, and I am happy to say that