Once upon a time there really was a Romantic Age. In England people read Sir Walter Scott, in Germany, Schiller; and they learned that the swashbuckling Richard Plantagenet was a lion-hearted cavalier, or that the deformed maniac, Don Carlos, was a poetic, highly moral prince. And the readers absorbed the romances, and tried to model their lives on the reported deeds of their favorite story-book heroes.

Justus Erich Bollman was one of these Romantics and, if nothing else, a highly honorable one. His fortune is to be remembered in history as a satellite of greater men, men whose names became household words in both hemispheres, but particularly in ours. To both Lafayette and Aaron Burr, Bollman acted as a true knight-errant should. He risked his life in their behalf and suffered for his loyalty to them. The Marquis de Lafayette himself was a Romantic. As a youth of nineteen, possessed of immense wealth, he left a luxurious home and braved the perils and hardships of warfare in a foreign land to aid us in establishing our independence.

When the ship he had chartered successfully evaded the British blockaders and landed near Charleston at the plantation of Colonel Huger, a descendant of a Huguenot exile, Lafayette was delighted to find people who could speak his native tongue and spent hours playing with his host’s five-year-old son, Francis, who is still another Romantic to appear later on in this story.

Justus Erich Bollman was a Hanoverian-born subject of George III, that tyrant from whom Franklin tore the scepter, as he tore the lightning from heaven. Bollman senior was a well-to-do business man in the electorate of Hanover and gave his son Erich a good education. The

\[1\text{An address delivered at the annual meeting of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania on January 25, 1938. Ed.}\]
latter received degrees in medicine and surgery at Goettingen in 1791 when he was twenty-two years old. Then he started on his travels in Germany and France, stopping at the principal cities to learn the methods of the leading practitioners there. But his faith in his profession was shaken by what he learned. All the doctors pretended to uniform success and all commanded confidence, he noted, by their prudence and dexterity, not by their scientific acumen. So he betook himself to Paris, then the home of the most advanced ideas, medical and otherwise. But Paris, in 1792, was alive with civic commotion: political conferences at salons, rather than surgical clinics, absorbed his attention. He became familiar with some of the leaders of both the dominant parties. The Moderates were the party of Lafayette, Narbonne, Tollendal, and others who had sponsored the activities of 1789 in the name of liberty. Now they were being swept aside by the Radicals under Danton, Péron, Robespierre, and Marat. On August 10, 1792, our young doctor, intent on seeing everything that took place, was an eyewitness to the storming of the king's palace, the Tuileries, by an army of ruffians gathered together from all over France by different Radical leaders. The Swiss guards stuck to their posts and were killed to a man, and the king was hauled off a prisoner to await his trial and execution later on. Bollman roamed round the streets that night and saw groups of half-naked, heavily armed men at important centers. Quiet prevailed generally, broken now and again by an exultant cry, Vive la Nation! All the city barriers were closed and Paris, still somewhat of a walled town, was rendered impossible of exit.

Next day Bollman had a call from a representative of Madame de Staël, easily the most famous woman then living. Her father was the celebrated financier, Necker, who would have saved France from its fiscal cataclysm had he not been removed from office. Her mother had maintained the most renowned of salons in Paris at a time when the salon dominated fashion and philosophy and their offspring, politics. In the decade before the revolution Necker's daughter had made a great name for herself by her books and plays—so great that the king of Sweden promised her that if she would marry Baron de Staël the king would make him ambassador to France for twelve years, or pay her a
pension if de Staël were withdrawn. She married the baron and became ambassadress at Louis XVI’s court. Being French, she of course had a lover, the Count de Narbonne, former minister of war in the Moderate régime.

The mob of August 10 knew of Narbonne’s habits and came to the Swedish embassy to carry him to the guillotine. But he was elsewhere. Madame de Staël told Bollman that she felt herself in some measure responsible for Narbonne and asked the doctor to help her lover escape. Bollman says he promised “to reflect and to return.” He reflected at the British embassy, where Lord Gower, George III’s ambassador, gave him a passport to England and another for an Alsatian of about the same physique as Narbonne, who posed as another subject of George III. Both passports were viséed by Lebrun and Pétion, the people’s idol. Narbonne used the Alsatian’s passport and disguised himself in a blue English greatcoat taken from Talleyrand’s wardrobe. A post chaise was bought for the journey and the two left their Parisian quarters on August 20. At the city gate they were taken into a room where twenty national guardsmen were collected to wait for the final examination of their passports. Narbonne had frequently addressed the National Assembly and must have been known at least by sight to thousands of Parisians. So Bollman in his first attempt at rescuing a friend from the clutches of his enemies was under a considerable nervous strain. He explained that his companion was an Englishman who could not speak French; that they had come over to Paris to witness the glorious triumphs of the revolution; and that pressing business alone prevented them from staying longer in the home of liberty. Then the guardsmen began a discussion of the English view of French affairs. Bollman joined in with animation. Occasionally Narbonne would utter a curse in English, but otherwise he remained quiet. Eventually their passports were approved and off they went for Boulogne.

On the day after leaving Paris, they boarded a packet in the harbor there at three o’clock. A gale was blowing but the weather was fine and consequently they were taking tea at Dover at seven o’clock—a remarkably fast passage for pre-steamer days. Next day they met Tollendal, Talleyrand, and other émigrés at Kensington. Soon came the
news of the terrible massacres at Paris on September 2 and 3. Then word reached them that Lafayette, father of the revolution, had been declared a traitor; that he had abandoned his command of the national guard and fled to Liége where he surrendered himself to the Prussian commandant, the advance guard of the allied sovereigns warring on France. To them Lafayette seemed a dangerous radical, intent on upsetting thrones: to the sans-culottes of Paris, he was a malefactor of great wealth. So between the devil and the deep sea, poor Lafayette was doomed to five years in prison for the crime of being moderately progressive.

Bollman's success in rescuing Narbonne brought him another opportunity for a similar adventure. Tollendal, one of Lafayette's closest friends, urged the doctor to intercede in person with the king of Prussia to secure Lafayette's release. Nothing loath, Bollman journeyed to Berlin where he was coldly received; Prussia held the prisoner in trust for all the allied sovereigns and could release him only with the unanimous consent of those potentates.

En route to London to report his lack of success, he stopped at Hamburg in the leisurely fashion of the eighteenth century, and in that city, to quote his own words, he "formed an attachment for the most accomplished lady there." But her parents opposed their marriage because of the doctor's financial status. The doctor (he always refers to himself thus in his autobiographical sketch) "was disposed to seek distinction and success rather by the prompt means of some romantic effort, than by steady labor in a beaten track." So he returned to London, where he had an uncle who would have aided a pack horse but frowned on a Pegasus. There he learned that Lafayette's friends had lost all trace of him: the marquis had been shifted from prison to prison and, as rumor said, had been turned over to the Austrians for greater security.

Tollendal again asked Bollman to attempt a rescue—this time without the captive's consent. Now the doctor definitely broke away from a medical career. "Increased observation," he says, "convinced him

2 Justus Erich Bollman, account of European experiences published in Philadelphia in 1816.
that he had been brought up to a profession devoid of a solid basis—one in which there was no retreat from harassing perplexities other than a blind adherence to some system, in the pursuit of which a wise and good man—at least while his brain remained unclouded and free—could hope for no greater satisfaction than that of protecting his patients against the evils which the dogmatic hardihood of ordinary practitioners might possibly have inflicted.” This was in the decade in which Washington was bled to death by dogmatic practitioners seeking to cure a cold: so Bollman’s invective may not have been overstated. Also the accomplished lady at Hamburg may have been in his mind—knight errantry might yet win her.

So in June, 1794, he again left England, supplied with ample funds by Lafayette’s friends, to attempt a jail delivery. He says he went through Germany in the capacity of a traveler in pursuit of knowledge. Science was then fashionable. Scientific investigators were usually wealthy amateurs beginning to chart out the world of natural phenomena. Hence Bollman excited no suspicion. Lafayette’s recent biographers compare Bollman’s work in ferreting out the place of imprisonment of the marquis with the most abstruse of Sherlock Holmes’s enterprises. But the doctor’s own “Account” does not seem to make the quest so difficult. It was generally known that the Prussians had handed Lafayette over to the Austrians near their frontier, and that the Austrians had marched off with him in the direction of Olmütz. Now Olmütz had been a fortified camp in Roman times and had been so begirt with masonry in the Middle Ages that in the thirteenth century it is said to have defied the followers of Genghis Khan, the Mongolian conqueror, and it successfully withstood a siege by Frederick the Great in the eighteenth century. Its walls, especially those of its dungeon, varied in thickness from five to fifteen feet according to the exuberance of the historian’s imagination. Diagonal slits in those walls allowed feeble rays of light to penetrate into the interior. Rats and other vermin infested its damp cells. Altogether it was a story-book sort of prison—eerie and forbidding enough to make a Blondel tune up his harp on sight or inspire Hercule Poirot to execute his most skillful maneuvers.
Of course Bollman went directly to Olmütz. After seeing the usual town sights he took in the prison hospital and examined everything with critical attention. As a medical man he asked leave to observe the progress of some unusual cases and gave his opinion about them. And so he fell into conversation with Dr. Haberlein, the head surgeon. He believed that Lafayette from his "desire to multiply contacts" would seek medical advice and naturally the head surgeon would have charge of his case. So in talking to Haberlein he adroitly turned the conversation to the effect of moral, or as we now say, psychic, phenomena on the physical body. Suddenly drawing a pamphlet from his pocket he said, "Since we are on the subject, you, of course, attend Lafayette: his health is impaired. Show him this pamphlet, tell him a traveler left it with you: that he had lately seen the persons mentioned in London: they are his particular friends, all of them are well, and their devotion to him continues unabated. That news will do your patient more good than all your drugs."

This shot in the dark took the head surgeon completely by surprise: his manner at once showed Bollman that he had hit the mark. So he quickly ended the interview and did not refer to the subject again until a few days later, when Haberlein of his own accord remarked that Lafayette wished to learn some further particulars about his friends. Bollman then casually pulled a sheet of apparently blank paper out of his pocket—in reality the sheet had been written on with invisible ink—and in Haberlein's presence wrote on it a formal message concluding: "When you read these lines with your usual warmth they will afford your heart some consolation." The hint sufficed. Lafayette warmed the paper over his candle and read the message announcing the arrival of his rescuers. By means of lime juice the marquis fashioned a reply on the margin of the pamphlet he now returned, and so means of communication were established and a plan of liberation concocted.

To avoid suspicion Bollman now took a trip to Vienna in search of a confederate. There he met a young American medical student, Francis Huger, just arrived from South Carolina. Bollman broached the subject of Lafayette's liberation to him. The younger man's memory reverted at once to the scene at his father's plantation seventeen years
earlier: he saw himself a boy of five planted in front of a stranger; he remembered how he had gazed at the lace coat and gold-hilted sword of the fairy prince just risen out of the ocean; how Lafayette had bent down and patted his cheek, dangled him on his knee, shown him his diamond-studded watch, and let him draw out his gorgeous sword. Without a moment’s hesitation, Huger pledged his life to the desperate scheme of raiding the emperor’s dungeon.

They bought a carriage and two saddle horses and hired a groom. One of the horses was trained in short order to carry two riders pillion-fashion. When they got back to Olmütz Bollman received another message from Lafayette: the prisoner was now allowed carriage exercise twice a week; at a certain point near a clump of trees, the marquis was accustomed to get out of the carriage and in the company of a sergeant walk half a mile across lots while the carriage, driver, and the additional guards went round by the highway to the end of the walk.

Next day the groom was sent forward twenty-five miles to Hof, a post station on the Prussian frontier, to engage fresh horses. All was set for the rescue. Huger watched near the town gate and gave the signal as the prisoner’s carriage approached. Then Bollman got the two saddle horses out and the two rescuers mounted and followed Lafayette’s carriage at some distance. Their pistols were not loaded for they counted on surprise and thought it unwise and unjustifiable to kill innocent guards.

When the marquis with the sergeant got out of the carriage and had gone some distance on foot, and the carriage was a good way off, Bollman and Huger galloped up, Lafayette grabbed the sergeant’s sword and pulled it half out of the scabbard. Bollman then disarmed the soldier. He thereupon set up a tremendous roar for the other guards. Huger stuffed his glove in the sergeant’s mouth to stop the noise. The discreet occupants of the prison carriage hastened back to Olmütz to give the alarm without risking their precious persons. Bollman felled the sergeant to the ground and sat on him, while Lafayette mounted one of the saddle horses—unfortunately the wrong one, the beast trained to carry double. Huger handed the marquis his purse and told him in English to go to Hof. Alas, Lafayette thought that he was merely be-
ing directed to "be off" and trotted away. Bad cess to the cockney aspirate "h"!

Huger and Bollman now got on the remaining horse together. As he had never carried double, he reared and plunged and threw both riders to the ground. Then Huger showed his mettle; he resigned himself to be captured and told Bollman that Lafayette needed the doctor more than he did the American, and Bollman, acquiescing, rode away to Hof. The marquis, however, had taken a different road. At Jägerndorf he offered money to a stranger for a fresh horse, but his foreign accent betrayed him, the stranger promptly turned him over to the police, and in a few days he was back again in Olmütz.

Bollman lingered along the frontier for days in the vain hope of encountering Lafayette. Then the Prussians arrested him and returned him to the Austrian prison.

Huger, on foot, was soon seized by countrymen who had witnessed the affray and he too found lodgment in Olmütz castle. He was chained to the brick floor of an arched cell, eight feet long by six feet wide; no candles were supplied and his only food and drink were bread and water. Every six hours a guard entered and examined each link in his chains, every brick in the floor. No communication of any sort was permitted him. Bollman received the same treatment: his cell was half underground where only an occasional beam of sunlight penetrated through the narrow slits in the five-foot walls. At night he was attacked by thousands of famished vermin. Nevertheless Huger devised a method of communication with his comrade. When his chains were removed the Carolinian scratched a few words with a piece of chalk on a handkerchief and thrust it through the aperture in his cell wall. Bollman was able to drag the handkerchief into the wall opening in his cell and thus learned of the whereabouts of his friend. After a couple of months the scare subsided and the prisoners were allowed to communicate freely with each other.

Then their trial began and proceeded slowly in conformity with the continental practice.

In his account Bollman says: "There are people in Europe animated by a passion, the very existence of which can hardly be conceived in this
country, where the simple relations of society and the general prosperity of the people would prevent it from finding food. We mean the passion for benevolent deeds, of acts of kindness bestowed in a secret and seemingly providential manner on such as are thought to deserve, but who least expect them. The taste for moral gratification such as results from their performance and the luxury of learning belong not to what is termed the Golden Age. Both are the counterpoise to the vices and ignorance inseparable from the throng in a more advanced stage of civilization. Count Paul Nepomink Mitrowsky was a gentleman of this description.” He intervened successfully in the judicial proceedings and was able to secure a reduction of the sentence imposed on Bollman and Huger. Eight months after their confinement their ultimate imprisonment after sentence was only two weeks. Meanwhile Lafayette was languishing in prison and continued so until Napoleon by the Treaty of Campoformido in 1797 exacted his release.

An incident of his trial remained fixed in Bollman’s memory for life. One day he was ordered to step behind the judge to look at a certain paper. It turned out to be a letter to him intercepted by the authorities and, of course, it was from the accomplished lady in Hamburg—the first she had ever written him. The judge had the humanity to let the prisoner read it and then to terminate the hearing for the day without subjecting Bollman to the ordeal of further cross-examination, while Bollman had the good taste not to recite the contents of the letter or to disclose the name of the fair maiden who wrote it.

The doctor testified to many acts of kindness received by him after his sturdy justification of his conduct at the trial, and to the mutual self-sacrifice shown by both Huger and himself, each trying to exonerate the other, each willing to bear the burden alone. Perhaps Damon and Pythias did not live in vain in the annals of mythology.

When the pair traveled north through Germany their journey was marked by continual ovations—at every stop they were proclaimed as heroes. But at Hamburg disappointment awaited the doctor. The young lady, he says, had suffered much during his imprisonment and the cordial intercourse with her parents had become interrupted because the parental opposition to their marriage was deemed one of the
causes of his disaster. Then a reaction took place when she learned that he was free and well, and she could not bear to see her parents in pain while she felt herself relieved. They availed themselves of this change in her humor to exact a promise from her never to form any connection against their will. The doctor on his coming to Hamburg "found her affectionate but resigned and calmly determined with regard to her parents to atone by implicit submission to their will for the late aberration in her feelings." Thus ends the chapter of Bollman's European exploits.

The doctor and Huger took passage for America and landed in New York on the first day of the year 1796. Huger's journey from New York to Charleston was a triumphal progress. He seems to have lived happily ever afterward. His descendants or collateral relatives bearing his name are still ranked among the first families of that charming city. Bollman's American experiences, unfortunately, are not related in his "Account." He is said to have called on President Washington in the hope of securing this country's aid in liberating Lafayette, but our government could do nothing effective in that connection. How Bollman spent his time between 1796 and 1805 is not known. The antipathy his story evinces to the pseudo-scientific medicine of that time does not indicate that he would attempt to earn a living in practicing that art. Latzko, the recent biographer of Lafayette, says that Bollman plunged into all sorts of speculations, went restlessly to and fro across the Atlantic, and finally fell a victim to his fever for enterprise. But he gives no details and cites no authorities (though he may have them). Lafayette, he adds, at some time or other gave Bollman a pension, which the latter's creditors managed to absorb.

Our concern now is with Bollman's participation in the western expedition of Aaron Burr. How Bollman met Burr we do not know. Burr's senatorial term expired in 1797, after which his activities centered in New York City. Both that city and Philadelphia were small communities and two such conspicuous men as Burr and Bollman could hardly fail to become acquainted with each other in either town.

Burr and Jefferson were the candidates of the Democratic party in the presidential election of 1800, and each secured seventy-three votes
in the electoral college—many more than the Federalist candidates got. At that time each elector in the college cast two votes, the person receiving the highest number of votes being elected president, and the second highest, vice president. But here was a tie vote; neither candidate had a majority of the whole college. The Federalists could not elect their candidate, Adams, but they held the balance of power between their two opponents. First they sounded out Burr, but he proudly, rather superciliously, refused to traffic with men he had denounced to the public. Then they turned to Jefferson, and from him they received rather direct intimations that he would not remove the minor Federalists from their offices, would not dismantle the new frigates of the navy, and so on. Hence, with Federalist support Jefferson was elected president. It was a close squeak for him. He never forgot the predicament he had been in and never forgave the rival who had brought it about. Like the Turk, he could “bear no brother near the throne.” And he forthwith set about to ruin Burr. Jefferson was a believer in the “Rights of Man,” but the man whose rights he believed in was named Thomas Jefferson. In theory he was a disciple of John Locke, in practice, of Machiavelli. So the political and journalistic machine of the president set to work to thwart the ambitions of Burr. No friend of Burr’s could obtain office: nothing he desired could be accomplished.

Burr, like Jackson and Clay, Pitt and Wellington, believed in the code duello. When Hamilton insulted him, he challenged him and killed him in a fair fight, such as scores of other prominent men in those days had engaged in. The Jeffersonian papers joined with the friends of Hamilton to pour a stream of denunciation on Burr’s head—a stream which has hardly ceased to flow even at this late date. Indictments for murder were found against him; he was in effect exiled from his home and his law practice.

It was in this condition of affairs that Burr planned his western expedition and made Bollman a lieutenant in it. Ostensibly, the vast tract known as the Washita Lands west of the Mississippi was to be divided up among Burr and his followers and speedily colonized. This peaceful emigration scheme was a cloak for a buccaneering raid on the Mexican domain in the event of a Spanish-American war. Jefferson
had broadly hinted at such an outcome of our constant disputes with
Spain, and many people believed war to be inevitable: some hoped to
put themselves in position to take advantage of the outbreak of hostil-
ities. However, the war-clouds blew over and left Burr and his com-
panions holding the bag. Jefferson had cleverly closed the door on
Burr’s enterprises, one after another, and was ready now to play his
final trump, a prosecution for treason.

And now enters the double-dyed villain of the piece, General Wil-
kinson, commander of the American army in the West and at the
same time a pensioner of the king of Spain. He was deeply involved in
Burr’s project, either to earn his Spanish salary by betraying the scheme
to the hidalgos or to profit by a war against his corruptor. Burr at any
rate had many communications with him. He wrote to Burr early in
1806 and Burr replied on May 13. Bollman was sent by ship to New
Orleans bearing one copy of Burr’s reply, while Swartwout went over-
land with another copy. Before Bollman reached New Orleans Jeffer-
son issued his proclamation, in effect denouncing Burr and his associates
as conspirators and calling on all officers of the law to thwart the nefari-
ard enterprise.

Wilkinson had before this come to the conclusion that his devious
courses meant trouble for him and had decided to throw Burr over-
board and save his own skin. He had written violently denouncing
Burr, and now, breathing fire, he hastened to New Orleans. He
alarmed the citizens at first by his dire predictions of treason and rapine,
but they soon began to laugh. There came no word of the vandals
Wilkinson had said were coming by thousands to loot the city. Fearful
of ridicule he began a course of lawlessness that had no parallel in our
history. Men were arrested and imprisoned on the general’s orders
without warrant of law. The first to be seized were Swartwout and
Bollman. Their papers were confiscated and counsel was refused to
them. Soldiers carried them to a warship in the river, which at once
set sail for Baltimore. Wilkinson refused to return Swartwout’s gold
watch, which he had previously borrowed; Swartwout was not allowed
to take his clothing with him, and the commander of the ship was or-
dered to put the prisoners in chains during the voyage. Burr, while his
Justus Erich Bollman

As soon as he was released from prison Bollman hastened to the White House. There he talked to Jefferson and Madison. He tried to correct the president’s false impres-
sion concerning Burr's treason; he endeavored to persuade him that war with Spain was highly desirable—with the inevitable corollary that Burr should have a part in it. Jefferson listened sympathetically and then asked Bollman to write out the statements just made by him, "Thomas Jefferson giving him his word of honour that they shall never be used against himself [Bollman], and that the paper shall never go out of his [Jefferson's] hand."  

The too confiding Bollman was taken in by the candor and simplicity of the Great Man. He wrote as requested. The tenor of his letter tended to disprove treason and to show the expediency of war with Spain: but owing to his unfamiliarity with the English language some ineptly expressed phrases in it might have been perverted into a meaning not in the least intended by the writer.

About this time Jefferson and his advisers had decided to try Burr for treason in the federal circuit court at Richmond, because Blennerhasset Island, where twenty of Burr's men had camped, though three hundred miles across the mountains from the seat of trial, was still in Virginia and in the same federal district as Richmond. Hardly had the luckless Bollman, relying on the good faith of the president, handed him his statement than Jefferson turned it over to the federal district attorney, Hay, at Richmond, for use in the Burr trial. If Bollman as a witness, on one side or the other in that trial, should prevaricate, wrote Jefferson, ask him if he did not say so and so to the president and Mr. Madison. "In order to let him [Bollmann] see that his prevarication will be marked, Mr. Madison will forward [Hay] a pardon for him, which we mean should be delivered previously."  

That, however, was not at first known to Bollman. Shortly afterward Jefferson wrote that if the grand jury did not indict Burr, Bollman should not be given his pardon. Then he directed Hay should exhibit the letter so sacredly confided, and Bollman should be asked to acknowledge his handwriting. Bollman, pardoned, would not be an accomplice; his evidence, if Jefferson could suborn it, might convict Burr. In any event the weight


of his evidence with the jury would be sensibly affected by the pardon. But the wretch Bollman, wrote Hay, resolutely refuses his pardon. Then Jefferson: if the court decides that Bollman's refusal nullified the pardon, Hay should move to commit Bollman for treason. Hay told the court that lest Bollman's testimony before the grand jury might incriminate him, the president had sent him a pardon to exonerate him from the penalties of the law. "Will you accept this pardon?" queried the prosecutor. "No, I will not, sir," firmly answered Bollman. Then Hay threatened to indict him. But Bollman could not be frightened. Luther Martin, Burr's chief counsel, spoke up: The doctor wished to have the opportunity of publicly rejecting it. To accept it, added that great lawyer, would be considered an admission of guilt. "Doctor Bollman, sir, knows what he has to fear from the persecution of an angry government; but he will brave it all. Yes! ... the man, who did so much to rescue the marquis la Fayette from his imprisonment, and who has been known at so many courts, bears too great a regard for his reputation, to wish to have it sounded throughout Europe, that he was compelled to abandon his honour through a fear of unjust persecution."

Finally, says Beveridge, the true-hearted and defiant Bollman was sent to the grand jury considering Burr's case without the legal effect of offering the pardon having been decided. Under political pressure that grand jury indicted Burr for treason, hearing, of course, only the prosecutor's witnesses. At the trial itself the government could not prove that Burr himself was at Blennerhasset Island when the assembling of armed men was effected there, and then the chief justice refused to allow the doctrine of constructive treason to subvert the constitutional requirement of proof by two witnesses to the same overt act—and the case collapsed. The trial jury rendered a verdict of not guilty in the treason case against Burr. Hence the accomplice, Bollman, had no need of a pardon to save his life. The remaining indictments for conspiracy suffered the fate of the principal charge, and all the defendants went free.

So Erich Bollman passes from the pages of history. He lived until 1822. From the family papers it appears that he left a daughter, and

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5 Beveridge, Life of John Marshall, 3:452-454.
a few years ago his granddaughter, Miss Ellen Keating, died in Philadelphia at an advanced age.

Erich Bollman's connection with western Pennsylvania is primarily avuncular. He was the oldest of a large family of brothers. One, Lewis, an intimate friend of the great geographer, Baron von Humboldt, settled in Pittsburgh in 1803. Lafayette honored Lewis Bollman's daughter, Justine, by choosing her as his first partner at the ball Pittsburgh gave for him in 1825. She married Horace Weighley. Her brother, Henry Lewis Bollman, was a member of the firm of Bollman and Garrison, founders, and was at one time president of the Merchants and Manufacturers Bank. His son George William was a Civil War veteran, and his grandson, George Pearson Bollman, is remembered by many as the representative of the Otis Elevator Company, who died in May, 1937.

Another brother of Erich Bollman's, Charles, entered Princeton College in 1801 and settled in Monongahela City. Charles's son Harvey lived in Pittsburgh. He was one of that band of devoted Whigs who vowed never to shave until their idol, Henry Clay, was elected president; and as the Kentuckian never achieved that honor his devotee went to the grave unshaven. Some of the older residents of this city may remember Harvey Bollman by his conspicuous dress—patent-leather boots extending to his knees, often supplemented by a green riding-coat. Another nephew of Erich's, Charles, settled in Pittsburgh in 1830 and later became Hanoverian consul here. He was one of the earliest chemists in this vicinity. His wife was a Kleber, and their son, Professor Charles M. Bollman, was prominent in musical circles here.

This list of Bollmans is not intended to be exhaustive; the name of Bollman is and has been for years frequently found in all local directories.