

## RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF A FREE PRESS.

We take the following paragraphs from the first number of the re-issue of *The Lawrence Herald of Freedom*:

**OUR BUSINESS WANTS.**—On the 21st of May last, our printing office was destroyed. We had three presses, and a very large supply of good type, worth altogether \$10,000. Looking upon our ruin, from our prison, we saw no way open till Mrs. Brown, like a true wife, offered to go and solicit donations to re-establish the press.

She went, and Providence smiled on her efforts. Kind friends greeted her everywhere. Their donations have furnished us with one press, and type for a small office.

Out of this fund, we must supply all our subscribers the arrearage due them. We hope they will consider this, and every one send us a new subscriber, and all the advertisements they can get.

**HERRING'S CHAMPION SAFES.**—On Friday previous to the destruction of our office in May last, the steamer *Lizzie* landed at the levee in Lawrence, for our office, a fire and burglar proof safe of Herring's patent, from the extensive safe depot of Roberts & Davis, in St. Louis. Our workmen removed the safe to our sanctum and deposited in it our subscription books and a few other valuable papers. The mob of hundreds came on Wednesday following, and with axes and sledges demolished type, presses and fixtures. The safe received a share of their attention. Blow after blow was wasted upon it, but all to no purpose. It was invulnerable to such attacks. Its six inch sides were made to resist the depredation of burglars, and come in what shape they would, their efforts were powerless. Our books are safe through the protection thus afforded them.

**SAVED.**—The articles, including the advertisements, which follow on this page, save the poetry on the next column, and the letter-list, were in type, and worked off on the fourth page of *The Herald of Freedom* for May 17.

The whole page of the form for that issue was saved without injury, by being upset on the floor, in the confusion incident to the destruction of the office. A board fell over the form, and hid it from the observation of the Vandals. Hence the result.

**OUR HEAD.**—The engraving and several of the letters at the head of our paper were fished out of the Kansas River after the destruction of the office in May, and were saved to adorn the new issue. For want of an opportunity to get letters to supply the missing ones from a type foundry we have whittled them out with a pen knife. We doubt the ability of the critical to point out the four letters, from the printed impression, thus made.

**MONUMENT TO BORDER RUFFIANS.**—We have erected the heavy iron frames of the two hand-presses belonging to *The Herald of Freedom* office on pieces of New-England granite, of which our imposing stone was made, and which was broken by Border Ruffians, in front of our new office, inscribing on one side of the largest, "Destroyed by Border Ruffians, May 21, 1856." On the opposite side, "Revived Nov. 1, 1856." These presses shall remain as lasting monuments of the infamy of Border Ruffianism. The day will come when those who were afraid of the truth, and who sought to smother it, would willingly give up all their earthly possessions to erase that dark crime from their memory, and the "d---d spot" won't "out."

The friends of Freedom visiting this Territory are expected to look upon the ruins of that Press ere they return East. If they do so, they will have ocular demonstration that the advocates of Slavery were in the wrong, and dared not tolerate a free and untrammelled Press. By subscribing for *The Herald of Freedom*, they will have weekly proof that the Press in Kansas is NOT YET ENSLAVED!

**TRAILING IN THE DUST.**—It is a remarkable fact, worthy of observation, that the red flag, with a solitary star in the center, which waved over us while a prisoner in *Stringfellow's* camp, at Coon Point, on the 19th and 20th of May last, and which waved over our office while press, type, fixtures and library were being destroyed by Vandal hands, was taken from the party which had so long scourged our beautiful State with war and desolation, on the night after the release of ourself and compatriots from a four months' imprisonment, and that it came into town and passed our door in the possession of the victors, virtually "trailing in the dust," just as our friend, Mr. Wattles, drove his team in front of our office building on which was our new printing press and material. The incident was purely providential, and was remarked as the horsemen were bearing the flag past the office.

Col. Titus and Capt. Donaldson led the forces against the printing-offices in Lawrence in May, and the latter boasted to us, the evening after the destruction of our office, that he had the honor of commanding the detachment which broke up our own presses and threw the type in the river. They little dreamed that there would be a "resurrection" of those type; but they did come forth, and reappeared as cannon balls in judgment against them, at the residence of Col. Titus, on the 17th of August, only three months after their burial; and it is said they made an impression, in that form, upon that ruffian horde which no impression with ink and paper could have made. It had been a mooted question with many whether those wretches had brains, but it is a fact that one of the type-metal bullets found brains where none was presumed to exist before. Titus and Donaldson, and in fact their whole command, were taken prisoners, and were confined in the same room where they destroyed the press so short a time previous. Such is the fortune of war.

Since the above was in type we have received from a friend at Topeka the following beautiful lines, which were dedicated to *The Herald of Freedom*, in allusion to the flag which was captured by Col. Harvey's company on the night of the 10th of September last:

### THE BORDER-RUFFIAN FLAG.

BY MARTIN MORRIS.

Trail in the dust the bloody flag,  
On the ground let it lie!  
Never again that flaunting rag,  
Above our homes shall fly!  
Dishonored let the "Lone Star" trail,  
Trampled beneath our feet,  
Nor shall its soul supporters fail  
Their just reward to meet.

It waved abroad in scornful pride  
When fair the Spring sung clear;  
It's fitting that its triumph died  
Ere Summer's leaf was ere.  
And thus shall fall the coward knaves,  
Each traitor, robber, foe,  
Who would pollute our soil with slaves,  
And crush our Freedom low.

Cheerily let the glad shouts peal  
A welcome to our Press;  
Huzza! we'll make the Ruffians feel  
The strength within its breast!  
Huzza! Huzza! For Type and Pen!  
Best soldiers in this fight!  
God bless the Press! God bless the Men!  
That dare maintain the Right.

Persons wishing to see the neatest printing office in the West are invited to call at *The Herald of Freedom* office and see a model establishment. It is small, but there is "a place for everything and everything is in its place."

In another place we have spoken in complimentary terms of our new office. Let us add, in addition, that we have a superior class of workmen, not one of whom chews, smokes, or snuffs tobacco, or uses spirituous liquors or profane language. The consequence is, we are enabled to keep our office in order, and do not expect to be in a "drag" with our paper.