

**GOVERNOR
FLOWER.**

The sudden death of the Honorable Roswell P. Flower, formerly congressman, and also a governor of the great state of New York, removed from earthly activities a typical American citizen.

The editor of THE CONSERVATIVE had known Mr. Flower long and intimately. As natives of Jefferson county, N. Y., holding the same political views, and cherishing many mutual friends they had become fast and sincere friends. As host, in his own home, assisted by his faithful and devoted wife, Mr. Flower appeared at his best. Genial and generous, unpretentious and genuine, he attracted and charmed his guests with the delightful simplicity and naturalness of his engaging manners. He made every guest feel at home, at ease and unrestrained by the mere forms of social life.

His rise in the world of wealth was phenomenally rapid even for an American. Under a social and political system which lets the best man win, Mr. Flower began life as a farm laborer at three dollars a week. Down at Flower's Mill in Theresa, Jefferson county, he did all sorts of honorable and hard manual labor. Thence he went to Watertown, the county seat, and clerked at five hundred dollars a year in the post-office and at the end of six years had saved a thousand dollars which he with care invested in business. From that date until the day of his death his life has been politically, financially and socially a complete success. Along his pathway he has flung good and kind acts without number. He has helped all who were trying to help themselves. He has built public roads and given them to Watertown. He has erected churches and schools in commemoration of his worthy father and good mother. He has been a public benefactor. His memory will dwell forever in families whom he has helped and the whole public will recall him as an honest, patriotic citizen who esteemed the welfare of his country above mere partyism.

A recent number of The New York Evening Post remarks:

"The sudden death of Roswell P. Flower will be lamented not only in this state, of which he was once the governor, but by the better part of the democratic party throughout the Union. In the last presidential campaign he surprised his critics (of whom The Evening Post was one) by the independent, manly, and very able speeches which he made against the nominee and platform of his party and in favor of sound money. Governor Flower's argumentative efforts had a telling effect by reason of their intrinsic merits and of his prominence in the former councils of his party. Very few such examples are found. They betoken high moral courage. Each one is a patriotic exam-

ple. Governor Flower's course in this behalf was so bold and outspoken, so free from cant and self-seeking, that even the Bryanites were compelled to respect him. Although Cleveland and Carlisle, Palmer and Buckner, and even David B. Hill (who did not distinguish himself in that campaign) came in for volleys of abuse, Governor Flower was treated with courtesy, which was by no means the silence of contempt, since all the accounts received of his speech-making tour agreed that it was very effective, especially among the farmers of the West. For these reasons we cannot allow the earth to close over Governor Flower's remains without a sincere tribute to his memory."

**NATIONAL
POPULISTS.**

At Kansas City
on the 15th and
16th of May, 1899,

there gathered the members of the National Reform Press association and the national executive committee of the populist party of the United States. These two organizations worked together as harmoniously and patiently as a team of well-broken mules. The political mule is a cross of the crank on either democratic or republican partyism of twenty years ago, and is called a populist.

Mr. Frank Birkett of Okolona, Mississippi, the president of the press association made a red hot speech against democracy and republicanism. He evidently has been a very perverse and malignant member of one of the old parties and obviously reasoned from introspection when he, in the tones of a foghorn, remarked:

"Years ago the destructive policy of the republican party and the deceit and treachery of the democracy, who, pretending to oppose republicanism before the election, always betrayed the trust reposed in them afterwards, created the necessity for a new political organization, which should take the constitution as its guide, 'equal rights to all and special privileges to none' as its slogan and devote its energies to the restoration of the Union as it was and the people of all the states to that prosperity which their indefatigable industry and the blessings of God on their labors merited and received before the two old parties had succumbed to the corrupt and corrupting influence of plutocracy."

How is that for high art in oratory and long breath in sentences? Every idea evolved by the brain dynamo of Mr. Birkett is sentenced for twenty minutes and manacled with a weight of verbiage equal to chains of iron.

Why did the old parties, right at a time when the slogan of equal rights to all and special privileges to none and "indefatigable industry" and "the blessings of God" were mixing together in a paint of indissoluble prosperity with which every domicile in the land was

about to be smeared, go and "succumb" "to the corrupt and corrupting influence of plutocracy?"

Brother Birkett, why will you relate the woes and disasters of the two old parties as detrimental to the country when out of them was evolved populism? What greater boon could have been given the republic than populism and its prophets Donnelly, Bryan, Watson, Sewall, Jerry Simpson, Calamity Weller and Marion Butler?

Brother Birkett modestly proclaims—and admits himself one of them: "Many of the purest and best men in the old parties had noted the trend of political events for many years, but hoping to be instrumental in purifying the party of their fathers, spent their early manhood in the work of reformation inside the party, but finding all their efforts futile, they were reluctantly impelled to abandon old affiliations and lend their energies and abilities to the organization of a new party, which would honestly contend for the true interests of the masses."

Inside the parties to which they belonged these great and good men were as ineffectual for reform as a dose of liver pills in the bowels of the earth. With their fingers in their pockets, with melancholy in their minds, and a vital and well-defined hope of future offices burning in their souls—saith Brother Birkett:

"Moved by the most unselfish and patriotic motives, believing implicitly in the correctness of their principles, firmly relying in the justice of their cause and trusting in God for a favorable result, these men met at Omaha July 4, 1892, and organized the people's party. If the necessity for organizing such a party existed in 1892, the necessity for its perpetuation exists now. If the principles avowed at Omaha were correct in 1892, they are correct today. If the evils of which we complained in 1892 existed then, they have been intensified since that time.

"Sad experience has demonstrated that fusion with the democracy in Kansas and Nebraska and with the republicans in North Carolina means the speedy disintegration and death of the people's party, if longer continued, and it requires no seer to comprehend that the time has arrived when crimination and recrimination among populists should cease. Let the dead past bury its dead and let us reform our lines, in the middle-of-the-road, for a united and harmonious effort in 1900."

If the dead past can secure a disinfectant of sufficient strength to permit the burial of the decomposing elements referred to by Mr. Birkett without general nausea of the public stomach THE CONSERVATIVE trusts that

Middle-of-the-Road.