

Let Us Go On -

by James Minton Carson

In Evergreen Cemetery at Jacksonville, Napoleon Broward sleeps - He was Florida's greatest son; his life is now her tenderest memory -

I am writing now by an open window on a Hammock island in the Everglades, the empire which he added to his native state - I am in the county which bears his name -

Once in a generation or a century one truly great rises above the crowd, does his work and passes on to his reward - Such a one was Napoleon Broward -

It seemed that he left us at the very beginning of his broader usefulness; but in the years which are before us, it may be that his beloved Everglades will proclaim that, before his passing, he did for Florida the most that man could do -

His was the larger vision that saw the possibilities

of this great body of fertile land; his the brain that
planned its reclamation; his the genius and the courage
that put the great plan into action -

And now, when there is faltering perhaps it may
be, abandonment of some of the details of his great
plan perhaps, lack of effective action apparently, let
"the sound of a voice that is skilled give us renewed
courage, and eagerness to go on -

Let us complete at the earliest possible time
the reclamation of the Everglades; let us see them
settled with earnest pioneers who will make the
fields to blossom where once was trackless marsh;
and let us develop into achievement the sensitized
film of his larger vision -

Let us go on -