

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD

Death of Capt. Scott, the Oldest Man in Ionia County.

Mention was made in these columns last winter of Capt. Enos Scott, living with his sister near Lyons, who would in a few days celebrate his one hundredth birthday. His death occurred on Saturday, Aug. 28th, at the ripe age of 100 years and 6 months. A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press furnishes the following biographical sketch of his life:

The funeral of Capt. Enos Scott took place Monday at the residence of B. F. Faxon, at Lyons. Capt. Scott was born in Lenox, Massachusetts, February 13th, 1775. After maturity and marriage he moved to Lewis County, New York, then a wilderness, and being a man of uncommon physical abilities was efficient in clearing away the forest and making the country what it is now. His active life was spent in Lewis and Jefferson counties at coopering and farming. After adverse circumstances he came to Michigan in 1803, and resided alternately at Detroit and Lyons as long as he could travel, since then in the latter place.

He joined the Free Masons in 1800, and was said to be the oldest Mason in this State. He experienced religion while in Detroit, and since that time he has read the Bible more than any other book. He claimed to be a relative of Gen. Winfield Scott, whom he somewhat resembled, being six feet high, well-proportioned, muscular and daring. His bravery is well-illustrated in the following incident: While residing near Brownsville, New York, a Mr. Evans "squatted" on a farm near him and when ordered by three stout men, the owners of the land, he, Mr. Evans, grabbed the ax, and after killing two and scaring the other so that he left, he coolly deposited the ax under the bed and fell into a sleep. Mr. Scott was sent for the next morning, as no one else dare go to the house. He went very early and told him to "get up and help kill his calf." Mr. Evans opened the door and he was made a prisoner without resistance directly. Capt. Scott has been slowly declining for the past five years, becoming more helpless each year, but until recently had been able to recognize his near relatives and friends. He leaves children, grandchildren and great grandchildren to mourn his loss.

Portland Observer  
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