

**General David Mitchell**, (Died 25 May 1818), Harrisburg Republican, Friday, June 19, 1818.  
Another Revolutionary Patriot Gone.

Died – On the 25<sup>th</sup> May, 1818, in the 77<sup>th</sup> year of his age, at his residence in Juniata Township, Cumberland County, Penn. **General David Mitchell**, one of the fathers of the republic; lamented by all who knew him.

He possessed the noble and generous mind of a soldier. A Whig in principle and practice; a warm defender of his country and his countrymen's rights; friends and companion to Washington; the admirer of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, and a warm advocate of their administrations, he was also the uniform and warm advocate of Mr. Snyder and his administration of the government of Pennsylvania; as he also was of Mr. Findley. He would oft times say "When we can get such men to govern the state, the people will be as happy as falls to the lot of human nature." He served with Messrs. Snyder and Findlay as a representative in the state legislature, many years; and knew them both well.

He was a soldier in Bouquet's campaign, in 1764; and was the intimate friend and companion of the celebrated Indian chief, Logan, who more than once said, "Mitchell, I love you."

From the commencement of the American Revolution to the end of it, he was either a soldier or an officer in active service against the British or Indians, 27 different times he fought the Indians, and how often he fought the British he could not recollect.

He was 23 or 24 years a representative of the state legislature, and was twice elected an elector of the president and vice president. All the artifice, intrigue, and temptations that could be practiced, by those he denominated enemies to his country, could not remove one jot or little of the fast, fixed, democratic principles he possessed. He was an honest, intelligent, and useful legislator, brought up in the school of Dr. Franklin.

When the arrows of malice and envy were again and again hurled at him, in vain he would say: It is the raving of some silly advocate or son-a doting monarch, or pimp or tool of some would-be lord or noble. I pity them. God forgive them; they know not what they do."

He was a faithful public servant, conspicuous as a legislator, generous, kind, affectionate, hospitable, and benevolent; the stranger's friend, the never-failing friend of the war-torn, meritorious soldier. Bold and enterprising as an officer, death before dishonor, was his motto.

As a husband, a father, an officer, a soldier a neighbor, and a friend, all who knew, revered and respected him. – Amer Volunteer.

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