

**LEVERETT BRADLEY. A SOLDIER-  
BOYS LETTERS, 1862-1865. A  
MAN'S WORK IN THE MINISTRY.  
THE PRIESTHOOD: A SERMON**

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**PHILLIPS BROOKS & SUSAN HINCKLEY BRADLEY**

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Gen Bradley S  
1<sup>st</sup> Regt. Co. B. 1<sup>st</sup> Div. 1<sup>st</sup> Art  
13<sup>th</sup> Brig. 3<sup>rd</sup> Div. 2<sup>nd</sup> Corps.  
Army of the Potomac  
Ws.

[Commissioned 1st Lieutenant July 31, 1865,  
when 19 years of age]

# LEVERETT BRADLEY

A SOLDIER-BOY'S LETTERS, 1862-1865

A MAN'S WORK IN THE MINISTRY

EDITED BY

SUSAN HINCKLEY BRADLEY



THE PRIESTHOOD:

A SERMON BY PHILLIPS BROOKS



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*Profr. F. Peabody.*

. . . "happy is he who finds  
A law in which his spirit is left free."

**THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED TO  
OUR CHILDREN**





## INTRODUCTION

**L**EVERETT BRADLEY, JR., son of Captain Leverett Bradley and Catherine Frye, was born in Methuen, Massachusetts, July 11, 1846, on the ancestral farm, situated on the banks of the Merrimac. The house in which he was born was begun at the time of the Revolution, but not finished, as is shown by the effect of the weather on the frame of hewn oak timbers, which were exposed during the years that the men were absent fighting for independence. In those days it must have been an imposing building, for in Leverett's boyhood it was a landmark for miles around.

The family, on his father's side, living at Haverhill, Massachusetts, was conspicuous in the early struggle of the colony and took an active part in all the movements for its defence. His great-grandfather, Enoch Bradley, was an officer in the Revolutionary War; his grandfather, Brickett Bradley, was a captain of dragoons in the early part of the nineteenth century. The latter was born and lived in the old Bradley homestead, where he is remembered for his energy, good cheer, and hospitality, as being a good friend and wise adviser.

The first son of Brickett Bradley and Hannah Merrill was named Leverett, after a friend, Leverett Saltonstall of Haverhill. When he was twenty-one his father gave him the farm and house which he had bought from the Fryes, and when he married Catherine C. Frye he brought her to the house built by her own grandfather. Leverett Bradley was known for his tenacity and clear-cut expression of thought and purpose. He could plan; he loved the excitement of big enterprises but was impatient of details, and here was perhaps the secret of his never making more than a comfortable living. He was free from all suspiciousness, and he did not reap the benefits of the plans he set in motion. When he was occupied with mechanical work, however, his accuracy was proverbial. He reclaimed and "made" the most valuable parts of the farm. His was a restless, progressive temperament, which rebelled at delay, and, always an optimist, he carried projects to a conclusion that would have staggered more conservative minds. He was very pure-minded, had a fine erect figure, and cleanness of speech. His love of music was one of his keenest pleasures, and he had a sweet tenor voice. As captain in the old Sixth Massachusetts Militia, Mr. Bradley's clear head and executive ability were recognized by his townspeople. When the Pemberton Mill in Lawrence fell he was at once chosen to take command and organize the volunteers to rescue the victims. His measures were at first thought severe, but in the light of further developments were recognized as far-sighted and wise. He had a strong constitution, was a bundle of nerves as far as work was concerned, and knew nothing of rest; but when finally forced to

yield to pain, he bore his sufferings with fortitude till death relieved him, when he was sixty-six years old.

On his mother's side Leverett, Jr., also had the traditions of patriotism, his great-great-grandfather, Col. James Frye,\* having commanded a regiment at the battle of Bunker Hill. His grandfather, Jeremiah Frye, owned many acres of farm-land and sold large tracts, among them part of the site of the present city of Lawrence.

Leverett remembered best his grandmother, Mrs. Jeremiah Frye, who was noted far and wide for her sweet and alert brightness, which spoke from her eyes. All felt the refinement of speech, accuracy of pronunciation, gracious courtesy of manner, of this rare old gentlewoman. With these was blended a charming wisdom, which expressed itself in fascinating epigrams quoted long years afterwards. She was the mother of a large family, and a busy worker. The home stood in the cross-roads opposite the old church in which gathered weekly the large congregations of Methuen. In the long noons of the hot summers and in the cold winters Mrs. Frye's big-hearted hospitality welcomed the fathers, the mothers, the young men and maidens, of the town. Her wisdom was not acquired from book-learning; she studied life at first hand and understood the human heart. Young men admired and respected her; her children adored her; while in her grandsons she inspired a beautiful, chivalrous devotion.

Catherine, Leverett's mother, was Mrs. Frye's second daughter, and was bonnie and strong. Her strength and sunny, cheerful patience enabled her to accomplish an amount of work which would stagger the young mother of to-day. She never lost her gentleness and refinement and beautiful hospitality through long years of hard work in circumstances which required close economy. She took the personal care of her five children, besides the management of the entire household, which at times numbered from ten to twelve "hired men" that Mr. Bradley had engaged in his extensive improvements on the farm. At one time she baked a barrel of flour a week. She invariably met all the trials of her life with placid cheerfulness and never seemed to worry about possible ills; but in looking forward there was always before her mental vision a picture of physical danger and of privation for those she loved. This she often expressed, though ready at the first word to smile over her own apprehensions. She was the sunniest of pessimists. In later years she was often congratulated on the fine characters of all her children, and told that it was unusual to have no bad boys out of four. She invariably replied that she had never had a moment's anxiety in that respect; that they none of them had ever given her the slightest cause to do so; and then, fearing she had not been modest enough, she would add with a light heart, "There's time yet."

Leverett revered his mother more and more as the years went by, and

\* Colonel James Frye was born January 24, 1711, in Andover, Massachusetts. He died January 8, 1776, from the effects of a wound received during the battle of Bunker Hill. He lived in Andover, and was colonel of the Fourth Essex Regiment, of which he was in command at the battle of Bunker Hill.