

A TRIPLE WEDDING.

THREE SISTERS MARRIED AT THE SAME HOUR IN THEIR FATHER'S HOUSE.

From the Cincinnati Gazette, Nov. 18.

The three daughters of 'Squire Albert Phillips were married yesterday morning to three excellent Kentucky gentlemen at the home of their father, four miles south of Butler, among the hills beyond the bluffs of the Licking, Mr. William Piercy espousing Miss Celia, Mr. John Thomas Miss Hettie, and Mr. Alvin Bradford Miss Lucie. One wedding in Kentucky is occasion for excess of gayety, but when a triad of maidens is sacrificed to Hymen on one altar, it is sufficient excuse for a triple measure of hilarity, and an occasion to be remembered for a life-time. Soon after the close of the rebellion 'Squire Phillips, as he is known throughout the county, a soldier in the One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Ohio Regiment, came from Ohio to Northern Kentucky, buying 800 acres of the rich bottoms and picturesque hills and dales that stretch away southward from the Licking. Here he built his house upon one of the commanding hills, and has passed the years peacefully and prosperously, his three daughters growing up to a sweet and lovely womanhood, the pride and delight of their family. About a year ago Mr. Phillips's health failed him, and for five weeks he has been confined to his bed, and his physicians consider his case a very grave one. The family desired to postpone the wedding, but to this the father would not listen. "You have chosen, and chosen wisely," he said. "I will have all my friends and neighbors about me, and give you, with my blessing, to the men of your choice."

The scene of the triple bridal was singularly picturesque and pathetic. The father's room opened upon a wide porch; he was propped up on his pillows, being unable to rise, and on each side of him were a few old friends. The three brides, the only daughters of his house and heart, took their places upon the porch in front of the open door, in full view of the company within, each leaning upon the arm of the man of her choice. The guests gathered around, and the marriage service began, the Rev. Robert Vanhook, of the Falmouth Christian Church, officiating. The service was singularly impressive. The brides are tall and slight, with a profusion of soft brown hair, dressed in the

simplest fashion, and their manner was the perfection of quiet grace. Each wore a dress of snowy Victoria lawn, trimmed with soft lace, with a fichu of lace at her throat, fastened by a cluster of white chrysanthemums, and a long and drooping cluster of white cherry blossoms in her hair. The grooms were in morning costume. Prince Albert coats and dark trousers, and wore boutonnières of white chrysanthemums. A group of young cousins of the bride, the Misses Hoffman, in pretty gowns of dark crimson, preceded the bridal party, and the bride's mother stood upon the right of the group.

The Pastor made a brief general address to them collectively, and then turning to the eldest daughter and Mr. Piercy he recited the marriage service and received their responses. At its conclusion they passed to the left, and then taking their place before the Pastor Hettie and Mr. Thomas plighted their troth and received the benediction. They passed to the right, and Lucie and Alvin Bradford made the promise, old a thousand years ago, but forever new, to love, honor, and comfort each other while they both should live. Mr. Vanhook congratulated the half-dozen happy people before him, and protested he could not tell one bride from the other. Their mother kissed them, and they passed on to the bedside of their father for his blessing. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and gave a touch of pathos to the occasion, though the faces of father and children were radiant with happiness. Later, in the parlor, the guests offered their congratulations.

The ceremony took place at 11 o'clock; at high noon the wedding breakfast was served. Three long tables were laden with all the substantial and delicate dishes that make the pride of Kentucky housewifery, relieved by immense baskets of grapes and bananas. At the head of each table was a bride and groom, and before them a huge wedding cake, crowned by a wedding bell and encircled by a wreath of orange blossoms. Mirth and hospitality took possession of the house. Great wood fires roared up the chimneys in every room, and guests not to the manor born surreptitiously poked the "forestiek" and settled the "backlog," and derived the liveliest satisfaction therefrom. At 3 the guests, to return to their homes by rail, made their adieu and were driven to Butler. The gifts were handsome and in excellent taste. Among the guests were representative families from miles around, including Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, of St. Louis, a sister of Mr. Phillips whom he had not met before in 20 years. The young couples make no wedding journey, but settle down in their own homes at once, one couple at least remaining at the homestead.

The New York Times

Published: November 18, 1882