

## Thomas Foyles Maury

(16 Aug 1835 – 23 Sep 1871)

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*The Evening Star, May 26, 1858*

### A Wedding

Yesterday from noon until four p.m., there was a very large assemblage of carriages on C street, between 4 1/2 and 3d street. The cause was the marriage of Dr. Thomas Maury to Miss "Georgie", the eldest daughter of our well-known, esteemed, and respected fellow-citizen, Mr. George Parker; Dr. M. being the third son of the late ex-Mayor Maury. About two hundred guests were present at the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Dr. Cummins. Many hundreds more attended shortly afterward, until the spacious reception room of Mr. Parker's residence were crowded to overflowing. The bridesmaids were Miss Lizzie Parker, Miss Alice Maury, Miss Sarah Franklin, Miss Smith (a step daughter of Mr. Luke Lea), Miss Abbot, of Georgetown, and Miss Ludlum, of New York; the groomsmen were Mr. John Maury, Doctor Hughes, Dr. Levick, Mr. John Franklin, Mr. Rossiter, and Dr. Trotter.

A long table was visible in one of the apartments decorated with some sixty or seventy valuable presents to the bride from relatives and friends of the two families thus united; costly, rich and rare, as appropriate for such an occasion. Of course, a magnificent entertainment was provided for the entertainment of his guests; for Mr. George D. Parker and his hospitable family are celebrated for the elegance, good taste, and profusion of their generous hospitality.

The happy pair accompanied by the entire bridal party, departed by the evening train for a trip North.

**Maury.** At Mount Holly Springs, Pennsylvania on Tuesday, September 19, Dr. Thomas F. Maury, son of the late John W. Maury of Washington.

With the melancholy days when leaves are strewing earth's bosom, it is fit that we who gaze upon these mournful emblems should mingle our tears and regrets at the fading away of a life shapen with nobility and grace and beautiful in all its attributes -- a life that fond memory must enshrine long after the casket with its mortal remains has been covered with the clods of the valley. It is fit, also, that we lament the departed summer, with its warmth and beauty, flowers and verdure (answering to his sunny smile, buoyant disposition, genial manner and kindly instincts). Knowing that on rapid wing it has borne away our hope and promise, and sealed the death of nature, with another still more sad. O'er the new-made grave many will weep in the true spirit of regret, saying with affectionate tenderness:

"So may we emulate virtue and goodness that when we are called to put on immortality we shall be found worthy of an inheritance of the Kingdom of Heaven."