

[Delamater, Cornelius H.]

CORNELIUS H. DELAMATER

Cornelius H. Delamater, whose picture THE GRAPHIC gives to-day and who was the head of the great Delamater Iron Works, died at his home, 424 West Twentieth street, on Thursday evening, after a two days' illness, from pneumonia. Born in Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, N.Y., in 1821, circumstances compelled Mr. Delamater to begin earning his own living when fourteen years old. He came to New York City and entered a hardware store as an office boy.

At twenty-one years of age he secured a clerkship in the Phoenix Iron Works. Three years later, when that firm was dissolved, Mr. Delamater and a fellow clerk, Peter Hogg, formed a partnership and continued the business until 1850. The shops were then moved up town to their present site at the foot of West Thirteenth street. Three years before the breaking out of the war Mr. Hogg retired from the firm to engage in the sugar business. Mr. Delamater carried on the business alone until after the war.

During the war he did a great deal of work for the Government, especially on Captain John Ericsson's celebrated monitors. Mr. Delamater had always been a most intimate associate of Ericsson, whose inventions, in nearly every instance, were put into his hands for construction.

After the war he retired from active management, leaving the affairs of his iron works in the charge of two assistants. A life of quiet did not suit him, however, and in a year he again took the management into his own hands. In 1873 he took his son-in-law, George H. Robinson, into partnership. In 1882 his son William entered the firm and Mr. Robinson retired.

Mr. Delamater has for years been an active member of the Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen. He leaves a widow, one son, and five married daughters. The body will be buried at Woodlawn to-day.

Daily Graphic, New York NY, Mon. 11 Feb 1889

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[Delamater, Cornelius H.]

MOURNED BY RICH AND POOR
Cornelius H. Delamater's Funeral Was Largely Attended

As many people as could crowd into the Church of the Divine Paternity [Fourth Universalist Society of the City of New York], Fifth-avenue and Forty-fifth street, attended the funeral services held over the body of Cornelius H. Delamater, the iron founder, yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Among them were scores of gentlemen whose movements tend in a considerable degree to shape the course of trade. In a body sat over 600 workingmen from the Delamater foundries, each with a band of crape [crepe] about his arm. The General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, of which Mr. Delamater was once President, was largely represented. The rest of the assemblage was composed of friends and relatives, among the latter Mr. Delamater's widow, his son and wife, and his five daughters with their husbands.

The body was brought into the crowded church, incased in a black broadcloth casket with six massive silver handles. As the funeral procession moved toward the altar, "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was sung by Mrs. G. S. Studwell, soprano, and Mrs. Clara E. Stutsman, contralto. Charles L. Southmayd, William H. Fletcher, Charles H. Mallory, Elihu Spicer, Samuel H. Seaman, F. Weed, John Dewsnap, William Hogg, and M. Coryell were the pall bearers. The casket when placed on the bier was surrounded by the floral tributes, which were many and very handsome. From the workingmen in the shops, some of whom had been in Mr. Delamater's employ over 40 years, was a magnificent cross of the choicest flowers, and from the Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen an equally beautiful piece representing a balance weighted on one side. On the casket rested a cluster of delicate roses, tied with purple ribbon, a tribute from Capt. John Ericsson, the great inventor, an intimate friend.

The eulogy was made by the Rev. Dr. Pullman of Lynn, Mass., who when in this city was the Pastor of Mr. Delamater's family. Aside from the usual words of comfort and cheer Dr. Pullman spoke eloquently of the model life Mr. Delamater had lived. Starting with nothing, he had by sheer merit attained a foremost position of honor and affluence. His domestic life had been the equal of the ideal. He had lived to see six children grow to manhood and womanhood, and left them as their proudest inheritance the memory of a wise and loving father.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Bowles, after which "Come, ye disconsolate" was sung. Then the lid of the casket was removed and the great congregation passed up the centre aisle to take a parting look at the face of the dead. It took almost an hour for the procession to pass the bier. A special train was in waiting at the Grand Central Station, on which the body was taken to Woodlawn Cemetery for burial. Extra cars had been provided and 500 of Mr. Delamater's old employes [sic] accompanied the mourners to the grave.

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