

TENNANT BROTHERS' EXCHANGE BREWERY, SHEFFIELD

Some hundred years ago, when the woods of Nottingham and Yorkshire were infested by that sturdy robber and bold outlaw, Robin Hood and his band of "merrie men," there could have been but few more delightful and beautiful spots the length and breadth of England than that portion of the lovely valley of the Don on which then stood the pretty village, and now stands the large and flourishing, but certainly not remarkably pretty, town of Sheffield. All the world knows on what the fame of Sheffield now mainly depends, for there is not a civilised nation which does not send to the "seven valleys" for its armour-plates of rolled steel; there is scarcely a civilised man who still follows the old fashion of removing the hair from his lip and chin who does not owe a daily debt of gratitude to the Sheffield grinder; and there is not country or a tribe, civilised or uncivilised, in Europe, Asia; Africa, or America, which is not at all times ready to barter its choicest natural products for cutlery bearing the well-known brand of the famous firms who issue their wares from under the protecting ægis of the Master Cutler. But this last-named dignitary (mysterious and weird as his name must ever sound in the ears of foreigners and strangers, and very real as is the authority, and yet more the hospitality he exercises at certain famous dinners, at which, for many years past, we have been accustomed to hear the utterances of that famous Cutler, John Arthur Roebuck,¹ whose caustic wit has not improbably been sharpened by one of Mark Firth's² grinders), by no means monopolises authority over all the productions of the town. From a very early period Sheffield was celebrated for its steel manufactories, and whether it was that grinding was unusually hard work, rendering a gentle stimulant more than ordinarily welcome, or whatever was the cause, it is certain that the district was also celebrated for its beer. As our readers know, there were

in those days no hops, and it would be satisfactory to learn with any degree of certainty what herb or plant was used for the flavouring of the *malt liquors* of the time, for be it remarked there is no question that all beers were malt liquors, although many other substances were used to procure fermented drinks, as honey, sugar, and various plants, but in each of these cases the drink had a distinctive as mead, metheglin,³ etc., etc. Consequently it is only in the use of hops - that is, in the flavouring of our beer, that we differ greatly from our ancestors, and it is only in this respect, and in the improved machinery with which the processes of nature are now assisted, that the beer of Tennant Brothers differs from the potent liquor which furnished courage and endurance to the hearts of the Saxon outlaws in Barnsdale Wood when they prepared to resist the onslaught of Norman sheriffs and nobles. From whatever they were made it is certain that Yorkshire ales were famous before those of Burton had penetrated far beyond the walls of the monastery, and the monks of Beauchieff had an even higher reputation for their brewery than had those of the present Saint Modwen.⁴ Curiously enough, too, we hear of Sheffield also in connection with a famous personage some three hundred years ago, who also has preserved to us a memory of Burton ales. Some of our readers may possibly remember that when Mary Queen o' Scots was imprisoned at Tutbury, Sir Ralph Sadler had a good deal of trouble in arranging for her supply of beer from Burton, and similarly Walsingham had to make some arrangements when the same Queen was confined at the Manor House, near Sheffield, to procure her beer from that town. Indeed, from the constant recurrence of notices to brewers in the State papers relating to Queen Mary's eighteen years' imprisonment, it would seem that that unfortunate princess, like Sarah of the lyric, "was partic'lar fond of

her beer - she was," though if they are not belied, her countrymen and women of the present time prefer their malt in another and more potent form. However, it seems that Queen Mary and her attendants could have had no cause to complain on this point while at Sheffield, as the governor, in a despatch to Walsingham, assures the Secretary that the ales of this district are "famous throughout the country."

This ancient fame has never deserted Sheffield. At the present moment it contains numerous breweries, the principal though not the oldest of which is that whose name heads this column. The Exchange Brewery at Sheffield is, as will presently be seen, one of the largest breweries to be found in England, outside of London and Burton. Yet the brewery is comparatively but newly established, and owes most of its connection and its reputation to the exertions of one man, the present senior partner, Mr. Alderman Moore. The brewery was originally established in what is now the market place, under the name of Proctor and Co. About 1840 it passed into the hands of the Tennant family, and in 1845 Mr. Thomas Moore, who had had no previous experience in the business of brewing, entered the house specially to take charge of its financial affairs, and to endeavour to produce order out of chaos and prosperity out of which was not at the time a very flourishing undertaking. Setting to the task he had assumed with the straightforward energy which, as we shall see, appears to have been his leading characteristic in all the relations of life, Mr. Moore lost no time in making himself fully acquainted with all the details of the business. By incessant labour and untiring devotion the connections of the brewery gradually extended, the balance began to be found on the right side, and although prophecies were never wanting that the struggle could not last, Mr. Moore had confidence in himself, and had the pleasure of finding the output of the brewery constantly and rapidly increasing. An interruption - or rather threatened interruption - to this prosperous career occurred in 1852 in the shape of a "notice of ejection." This arose in the following manner:- The old brewery was held on a lease from the Duke of Norfolk, who had obtained Parliamentary powers to take this, with other property, for the erection of the present markets; but as the lease had but a short time to run he subsequently determined to leave Tennant Brothers in possession until the lease expired to avoid payment of compensation. It will be seen at once that here was a double injustice to the firm,

as they would thus lose all the large amounts that had been expended on buildings and improvements, while at the same time they were hampered in their business by being compelled to remain in premises of which they knew they could not possibly obtain a tenure. Mr. Moore was not the man to submit tamely to an obvious wrong, so the scheme of the duke - or rather perhaps of his agents - was frustrated by a notice from the firm that they would compel him, under the provisions of his Act of Parliament, to take possession at once. This step the duke resisted by resorting to the Court Of Chancery time over time under various pretexts, and eventually his grace, acting on an old and nearly forgotten statute, attempted to eject the firm as trespassers for having "improved his property." This decided the quarrel, for the action in this form was tried at York before the late Lord Chief Justice Campbell, when the very severe remarks made by his lordship on the conduct of the duke or this agents forced them to withdraw from their position, and a compromise was arrived at by which the Duke of Norfolk had to pay £3000 compensation and to allow four months for removal. This was scant time for all the work to be done. But a site was obtained on the banks of the Don, by the Lady's Bridge, on which some tenements were standing that had to be cleared away; but this was done, and the new building was erected in time for the business to be carried on without the loss of brewing.

It need hardly be said that at this period the brewery was not a very extensive one, or the work could hardly have been accomplished in time; but as our duty is with the present rather than the past, we will endeavour to show the reader what it has grown to.

The main brewery buildings and yard, which are entered from Lady's Bridge, and bounded on other sides by the river and by Bridge Street, occupy an area of some 3000 square yards, in a most compact form. But besides these there is a second and very large building by Castle Green, and yet a third piece of ground of considerable size on which an additional plant is proposed to be erected. On entering the yard from the main entrance by Lady's Bridge, the visitor has on his immediate right hand the buildings of the Lady's Bridge Hotel, which is in some sense an appendage to the brewery, and on his left hand the offices and private rooms of the members of the firm. The offices are very extensive and commodious, their size and the number of clerks employed

at once foreshadowing the extent of the brewery itself. Proceeding at once from the absolute central point of every brewery, the mash-tuns, we find that of these there are two, one being a seventy-quarter and the other a thirty-five quarter tun, thus giving 105 quarter plants to the entire brewery independently of the additions and alterations in progress. The mash-tuns which are on the third floor of the brewery have been fitted by Hamilton Woods and Co., of the Liver Foundry, Salford. Mr. Wood, as many of our readers well remember, was formerly with Messrs. Allsopp, and has now a leading reputation for work of this description.⁵ The mashing-machines used are Steele's patent. Below the mash-tuns there is a false floor, and in the space thus obtained are the grain-slides, pipes from the pans to supply the tuns, feeders, etc. The coppers which receive the wort from the mash tuns are three in number, having a capacity, two of them of 100 barrels each and the third of 150 barrels, equal in all to 12,600 gallons, and the hot-water pans for supplying the mash tuns hold 500 barrels. Consequently to some extent, probably from the fact that coal is cheaper in Sheffield than in London or Burton, all the water and the wort are boiled here extensively by coal and not by steam. From the coppers the wort is passed into the hop backs, which being fitted with perforated false bottoms allow the wort to drain itself from the hops. The hop-back here is of rather peculiar construction, and is coupled with a supplementary back, which enables two brewings to be performed the same time. The principal hop-back has a capacity of 9000 gallons, and from here the wort passes at once through the refrigerators, which are among the specialties of the Exchange Brewery. Of these refrigerators there are two, each of them being capable of cooling ninety barrels per hour. These refrigerators are on a principle devised by Mr. Moore himself, which is a modification of an older one. In these the beer instead of passing outside the pipes charged with cold water is conveyed in the pipes which are immersed in a trough of ever-changing cold water, which is pumped from the well on the premises 165 feet deep. This water is only used for the cooling and other kindred purposes, the water used for brewing being supplied by the Sheffield Water Company. From the refrigerators the wort passes into the squares, of which there are in all seventy-six, of varying sizes but with an aggregate capacity of 1440 barrels, or 5,184 gallons; but it should in addition be mentioned that at this moment another and a very large square room is being fitted.

Our readers will remember that in previous articles we have described squares of galvanised iron, of zinc, of wood, and even of glass, each brewer seeming to have a special fancy of his own as to the material of which his squares should be made. At the Exchange Brewery the squares are all of stone, a material which, although new to us, is we believe, of pretty general use in this particular part of England, and in this part of the process of brewing again there is a peculiarity at the Exchange. The reader will have noticed that the beer passes direct from the refrigerators to the squares. Then they pitch as soon as possible and leave the liquor for twenty-four hours, from which time they begin to "rouse," continuing the process for another twenty-four hours. Then pumps are put into the bottom of the squares, the liquor is pumped up into the barm back, this process being repeated every two hours until fermentation is complete. When the pumping is finished the barm is skimmed off, the beer is allowed to cleanse itself and is racked off to the casks at once, there being a complete set of pipes from each square room to the racking-room, so that every variety of beer can be racked at the same time. As some testimony to the quality of beer brewed at the Exchange Brewery, we may mention that to Messrs. Tennant Brothers was awarded a medal at the Beer Exhibition of 1873, while at the recent show in the Albert Hall they obtained silver medal. To this we may add our own testimony that the mild and bitter ales which we tasted, not only in the brewery but, also in houses in the town where they were on draught, and where the object of our visit was altogether unknown, were of the very highest quality, in the most splendid condition.

Before quitting the brewery proper it should be mentioned that there is a perfect double plant throughout, and therefore we have merely described one side of the brewery, as the same words repeated will stand for the duplicate. We now ascend to the tower, which has been built to supply the refrigerators with water from the well and from whence there is as good a view of Sheffield as the smoke from chimneys innumerable will allow one to obtain anywhere, while at the foot the waters of the Don rush frantically over the "weir," leaping and tumbling in their anxiety to recall the days when the cutlery works of the great steel metropolis were put in motion by water-power. Times have indeed changed since then, and after lingering a moment to express a desire that water-power might be revived just long enough to enable the smoke to lift and give one a glimpse of the

lovely suburbs and outskirts of the grimy town, we descend and look in at the engine-room, which although adequately supplied with steam power, seems almost insignificant in this locality of thousand horse-power engines and steam hammers of almost unknown force. Who would measure the strength of a Titan in the home of Vulcan?

Close by is a sort of general workshop for the plumbers and engineers and similar craftsmen who are employed on the premises, and a store-room for odds and ends of various kinds, and so we pass on to the malt-stores, where are some six hundred quarters for immediate use, the malting houses and reserves being in the building on the other side, which we shall reach anon. Then again, passing through the Racking-room, we reach the cellars. These are of enormous size, the first portion examined having an area of over 2000 square yards, and being capable of holding several thousand barrels. These are well filled, and on one side we notice the entrance to the cellars of the Lady Bridge Hotel, which can thus be supplied with all requirements without the intervention of cartage, while on the other side is the entrance to a long tunnel, through which we proceed under a street to a second set of stores of about the same size, under the cooperage.

But before emerging from the underground department we should mention, as proof of the rapidity with which the brewery has grown, and of additional accommodation which has had to be provided, that the cellars first described were originally the yard of the brewery, the yard being now literally lifted up to the first floor! Ascending some steps we now find ourselves in the cart-shed. Owing to the rapid rise of the thoroughfare in Castle Green, the brewery has the advantage of a carriage-entrance on two stories, one leading into the cart-shed and the other into the cooperage. This last is in every large brewery one of the most important and interesting departments. At the Exchange Brewery it is perfect in every respect. First we have the washing-out yard, where returned casks are cleaned equal to new; the cobbling-shop, where repairs are effected; the cooperage proper, where the new casks are made; the branding-room, in which every cask receives its distinguishing number, by which its history can be traced as long as it lasts. The cask last made was No. 53,867. The process of cleaning out old casks entirely sets at rest any danger in using them. When the casks are returned, any hops,

etc., that may be in them are first brushed out; they are then filled with boiling water, which remains in them for two hours; they are then emptied and placed over pipes supplying steam for half-an-hour. All new casks are also subjected to a process of steaming to drive out any tannic acid there may be in the wood. The process of making new casks is the same everywhere so does not need repetition. Leaving the cooperage we come to a long series of shops, all bearing testimony to the point on which we have many times previously insisted, that of all manufactories in the world none are so self-contained and independent of the world at large as an extensive brewery. The brewer must go to the farmer and the woodman for his malt and hops and for the timber for his casks, but beyond these, when once his plant is in position, he seems to supply himself with everything. Then we pass upstairs to the stable-stores, where we find large quantities of corn and chaff, with a special engine devoted to the work of the chaff-cutting machine, the corn-mill, and the cooperage.

The stables are, at Sheffield, a heavy item in the annual expenditure, and remind one in this respect rather of London than of Burton, for in the latter place nearly all the work of transport is carried on by locomotives, even the largest breweries employing only a few horses, while in the stables of the Exchange, at Sheffield, there are no fewer than fifty-five horses, whose consumption of food, averaged at 13,000 lbs. for each horse, would be considerably over eight hundred thousand pounds annually! Besides the workmen required on the brewery, there are also shops for masons, bricklayers, and others who have to do the repairing, etc., for the various licensed houses connected with the brewery. The hop stores, which are capable of holding 2500 pockets, were well stocked, although this not the time of year to find the largest quantity at hand, by far the largest proportion bearing the White Horse of Kent (though by the way he is always somewhat black on a hop pocket), while Sussex, Farnham, and Worcestershire were well represented, only comparatively a few pockets bearing the brand of Bavaria. Here, too, are the malthouses, covering an enormous space of ground, and consisting of four floors divided by the drying kiln. At the top is the barley store, then the cistern, while descending we reach the working floors. The malting for the present season is now over, so these are vacant, but *en revanche* the bins are filled, as indeed they should be when it is remembered that last year the output of the Exchange Brewery

was in 88,000 barrels, while when the now progressing alterations are completed, the production will be equal to upwards of 2,000 barrels weekly, which may be put down as representing an annual consumption of more than 25,000 quarters of malt.

As the process of malting may not be familiar to most of our readers, we may here describe the processes to which the barley is subjected on its way from the sack to the mash-tun, although the operation had been completed for the season when we visited the Exchange Brewery. First the barley is screened to cleanse it from all extraneous matters. Then it is placed in the "cistern" and "steeped" by being covered some six or eight inches in water. The barley remains in the cistern from two to three days, according to the state of the atmosphere, the water being changed twice a day. It is then drained and thrown into the "couching frame," and remains twenty-four hours, during which time it is gauged by the exciseman and the duty calculated. Next it is "floored," *i.e.* spread thinly over the gypsum floors of the malt-house, when the process of germination gently proceeds, great care having now been taken to preserve a uniform temperature, and to turn the barley regularly so as to procure a uniform rate of progression. In twelve days from the commencement the barley arrives at the kiln, over which it is spread on perforated tiles in layers of several inches, and subjected to a gradually increasing heat. When the necessary colour is obtained, the malt is drawn off the kiln. Altogether sixteen days are thus occupied, and then the malt is passed through a screen, to remove the comb, and stored ready for use. Thus at this particular brewery it is moved from the bins into sacks as required for use, in consequence of the distance from the malthouse to the mash-tun, but this also is one of the inconveniences about to be remedied, and which is due solely to the constant manner in which, owing to the growth of business, the brewery has been from time to time added to, enlarged, and altered. Leaving the malthouses, we proceed to the new ground which is now being cleared for the erection of additional buildings, and where it is the present intention of Mr. Moore to erect a new fifty-quarter plant brewery perfect in itself, and independent, save as to cooperage and the allied trades, of its elder brother. The area is ample for the purpose, and as for years past every addition to the resources of the establishment has always left the brewing unable to supply the demand, there can be little doubt that the expenditure will justify itself.

Before returning to the office, we are pointed out a mark on the wall bounding the thoroughfare which shows the height reached by the water here in the centre of Sheffield when the reservoir at Bradfield burst with such terribly fatal results. This mark is considerably more than six feet from the ground, and we can now realise the vivid description of the scene Sheffield presented on that disastrous night, which forms one of the finest passages ever written by Charles Reade, while it is also the climax of his powerful story, "Put Yourself in his Place." The brewery on that occasion was of course inundated like its neighbours, and great fears were at one time entertained for its safety; but, fortunately, no permanent harm was inflicted. On reaching the main entrance of the brewery for the second time, we have now more time to look about us, having accomplished the main object of our visit; and we can now notice that beyond the offices on the one side and the hotel on the other, there are towering up into the air huge red-brick buildings, with bridges communicating from one side to the other, landing-stages, cranes, and all other conveniences for loading and unloading, drays delivering malt, others being loaded with casks, and numerous signs of large business which, as we have seen, are fully justified on a closer inspection. Indeed, taken altogether, the Exchange Brewery may be looked on as a model of what an establishment of the kind should be, and when its comparative youth is taken into consideration is perhaps the most marvellous firm of the kind in the world, as even in Burton, the hotbed of brewers, most of the houses of any extent have either been much longer established or have been grafted on parent stems from London or elsewhere. But, as we have shown, the brewery of which we have been writing dates its origin from a period shortly subsequent to 1840, when it was established in the present Market-place under the names of Proctor and Co. Subsequently it passed into the hands of the late Mr. Robert Tennant and his brother, and changed its name to "Tennant Brothers," which it still retains. From this point the history business is mainly the history of the man, so that we will now attempt to give a short sketch of the career of

MR. ALDERMAN MOORE.

Mr. Thomas Moore, though not a native of Sheffield, is a thorough Yorkshireman, having been born at Howden on the 6th of February, 1809. With his early life we have but little to do, as, after his education was completed, he

continued for some time to devote himself to academic pursuits, and it was not until he had reached his thirty-eighth year, in 1845, that he made his first plunge into the affairs of a brewery. Even then he did not consent to take this step until great pressure had been brought to bear upon him by the family connections of Mr. Tennant, who, it is not too much to say, was little better acquainted with the business than himself. We have shown already how he caused the business to prosper by degrees, and, after the enforced move consequent on the erection of the new market by the Duke of Norfolk, obtained the premises at Lady's Bridge, where, in the unprecedentedly short period of four months, were erected the buildings and plant of what for the first time received the name of the "Exchange Brewery." This was in 1852, only twenty-three years ago, and now the Exchange Brewery at Sheffield is a household name throughout Yorkshire and the adjoining counties. Within a few years of this period Mr. Moore was received into the firm as a partner, and the house now consists exclusively of himself and Mr. Robert James Tennant, M.A., who succeeded his father, the late Robert Tennant, Esq.

Mr. Moore soon acquired great popularity and esteem with his fellow-citizens, in consequence of the straightforward manner in which he avowed his own opinions and opposed all movements to which he objected irrespective of persons or position, and he was several times requested to give up some of his time to public affairs. But at this period the brewery had the first claim on his attention. The weight of responsibility and anxiety was quite enough to have borne down many a less energetic and determined man; so though it is certain Mr. Moore must always have had a decided inclination towards public affairs, he resisted the temptation until he placed the affairs of the brewery in such a position that he might fairly hope they were beyond fear of reverses. But in 1862 the appeals of his friends were too pressing to be longer resisted, and he allowed himself to be elected Councillor. This position he held for six years, when he was for the first time chosen as mayor and elected an Alderman. How he fulfilled the duties of his mayoralty is best manifested in the unparalleled fact that in a town containing upwards of quarter of a million of inhabitants, and with large numbers of very wealthy manufacturers anxious to be elected in his room, Mr. Alderman Moore continued in his mayoralty for four years. This is an experience, so far as we have been able to discover after long search, altogether unprecedented in the histo-

ry of large towns. There are plenty of obscure country boroughs where the same occupier sits in the civic chair for year after year, simply because there is no other one to take his place, but to be chosen for four years in a town of the magnitude and political and municipal activity of Sheffield is indeed an honour of which any man who values the esteem of his fellow-men may well be proud. During a great portion of his prolonged mayoralty, Mr. Moore was engaged in a bitter and arduous struggle against the gas and water monopolies with which Sheffield, like London, is cursed. In this battle it is true that victory did not at last smile upon him, but even by his allies in the contest it is now loyally acknowledged that defeat was the consequence of overruling Mr. Moore's advice.

Besides being alderman and ex-mayor, Mr. Moore is the Chairman of the Sheffield Improvement Committee, a member of the Town Trust and of the School Board, on which he has served since its establishment in 1870. In addition to these purely public offices, Mr. Moore holds a prominent position on half the committees and corporations in the town appointed for charitable, philanthropic, or beneficial objects of any kind. A fellow townsman who knows well all the public men of Sheffield, and has special opportunities of judging their motives and their actions, described the worthy alderman to us in most eloquent language, as a man who, in the discharge of his public duties, never considered his own interests, but who marched steadily in what he believed the right road, though he himself might be one of the first to suffer. He added further, that he was the most unselfish man with whom he had ever come in contact, honest and straightforward in his dealings with all men, shrewd and capable, with large capacities for organisation administration, of which latter qualities, by-the-bye, his management of the brewery may be accepted as sufficient proof. Privately our informant continued, he was large-hearted and open-handed, one who never turned empty away the deserving suppliant, or lost an opportunity of doing good. "Happily," he concluded, "his means are large: but I wish he had as many millions as he has thousands, for I know he would use them wisely, and continue to increase a thousandfold the good he at present does."

These were no mere words of course, for if we can judge whether there be sincerity in the tones of a man's voice they came straight from the heart, and we confess that,



MR. ALDERMAN MOORE,
(OF TENNANT BROTHER' EXCHANGE BREWERY, SHEFFIELD.)

knowing the speaker occupies a position before the public which, by enabling him to see too much behind the scenes, is more likely to develop cynicism than charity, they went direct to ours. The confidence and trust reposed in Mr. Moore by his fellow-townsmen proves sufficiently that a somewhat similar feeling with regard to his personal qualities is widely spread, and we are only repeating what is widely known in Sheffield, that the request proffered to him at the last general election to become a candidate for the borough would, had he accepted it, have resulted in his certain return to the House of Commons. But he declined for reasons that did honour to his heart. He has always been a firm supporter of Mr. Roebuck, and was the vice-chairman of his committee. Had he stood they would have stood together in open fight with Chamberlain, the champion of the Commune,⁶ and Mundella the Permissivite.⁷ But it came to Mr. Moore's ears that many of Mr. Roebuck's friends feared the double candidature would lessen the chance of the old and faithful servant of the town - John Arthur Roebuck. At once he determined, while not sharing the fears of the timid ones, that he would not afford even the shadow of a chance for disunion among his own party. The result proved beyond all doubt that both might have been returned, and that Mr. Mundella might have been made to share the obscurity of his partner on the poll, Mr. Chamberlain. Now we do not believe that Mr. Alderman Moore has any ambition for a Parliamentary career. In Sheffield is he known and trusted. His appearance on a platform is an unflinching signal for an enthusiastic burst of applause. A certain dry caustic humour which characterises his speeches is familiar to, and thoroughly appreciated by his neighbours; but, strictly speaking, as he would be the first himself to assert, he is not an orator, and it would perhaps take him longer to accustom himself to the atmosphere of the House of Commons than he would care to remain silent. His opponents in local politics assert of him that, in the heat of debate, he does not always choose the mildest word when a stronger one jumps into his mouth, and this peculiarity, forgiven at home where the sterling qualities of the man are known, might meet with severer treatment away. As an instance of the dry humour to which we alluded, we may mention that once in his position as mayor he occupied the chair at a meeting where Mr. Mundella was "rendering an account of his stewardship," as the political slang phrase has it. After alluding to numerous other topics, Mundella at length observed, "And now I come to the

Permissive Bill." "Oh!" exclaimed the mayor, "I am sure you cannot get through that subject without a refresher," and so saying, he handed him a pocket-pistol, well filled, to the intense delight of the worthy Sheffielders, and the soft confusion of their member. In politics Mr. Moore allows no party to claim him as their own. He pins his faith neither to Mr. Disraeli nor to Mr. Gladstone; but claims the right to exert his own intelligence, and to retain his own freedom in deciding every question as it arises. There is, however, one political position he holds which should and must endear to the readers of this paper. He is the acknowledged and trusted leader of the Licensed Victuallers of Sheffield, and certainly, had he stood at the general election, would have polled their votes to a man. And by the Licensed Victuallers he is by no means followed because he is feared; for it has always been his object to gather around him a large free trade, rather than to depend on "tied" houses, although our readers will easily understand that the contingencies falling constantly across a brewer with large capital have compelled the firm to become the proprietors, or part proprietors, of not a few of the most valuable licensed properties in Sheffield and the neighbourhood.

Among the honours Mr. Alderman Moore has received we must not omit to mention that the Corporation of Sheffield presented him with a full-length portrait of himself which now hangs in the Council Hall.

It is not our business to follow Mr. Moore into the privacy of his home life, but we may be allowed to mention that he has been a happy and a fortunate man in his domestic affairs, and it is perhaps worth remarking that he seems destined to become in a certain sense one of the fathers of the Church, as he has two sons who are clergymen, a daughter who is the wife of a clergyman, and yet another who is about to be. Of his other sons one is a member of the leading firm of solicitor in Sheffield, while the fourth, Mr. Robert Moore, is destined to follow in his father's footsteps as a brewer, and we venture to prognosticate to acquire, also, no little of that personal popularity which has been one of the most distinguishing features of his father's career.

Mr. Alderman Moore's private residence is Ashdell Grove, near Sheffield, one of those unassuming yet roomy mansions which are not unfrequent among the wealthy traders of the cutlery capital. Here he has a very

choice collection of paintings, and the house is further remarkable for a large reception room, some fifty feet long, which is a recent addition, having been built by Mr. Moore purposely to accommodate the guest's at his daughter's wedding breakfast. In this spacious apartment during mayoralty Mr. Moore entertained the Archbishop of York and some eighty of the clergy of the diocese in order to introduce the new vicar of Sheffield to his brother clergymen. And turning from one phase of society to another, here also he entertained the entire police force of Sheffield in three batches. Mr. Moore is a keen sportsman, and of course, being a Yorkshireman, he is an enthusiastic admirer of horses, a skilful and fearless horseman, riding as straight and as fast to hounds as any man of his age in the many-acred county. He has been quoted in *Baily's Magazine*, for his "riding" to Earl Fitzwilliam's hounds, and a story is told that once, when following Lord Galway's hounds, the noble M.F.H., struck by his *pace*, asked who he was, and being answered, "the Mayor of Sheffield," replied, "Then by Jove! you had better go and tell the Sheffield people they will soon want another mayor." We could fill another column or two with anecdotes illustrative of Mr. Alderman Moore's personal qualities, but space forbids, and we have said enough we trust to convince

our readers that the gentleman whose portrait we give this week is not only a wealthy and enterprising brewer, but a good citizen, a firm friend to those who trust him, a steadfast upholder of the right, and in short in every sense of the word "A fine old English gentleman," one of whom not his neighbours only, but all who have learned to know him, may well indeed be proud.

Published 19 July 1875

Notes

1. John Arthur Roebuck (1802-79), radical politician and M.P. for Sheffield, 1849-68 and 1874-79.
2. Mark Firth (1819-80), industrialist and philanthropist, one time mayor of Sheffield.
3. A mead with additional flavourings.
4. Patron saint of Burton-on-Trent.
5. Hamilton Woods, engineer, (c1818-1876).
6. Joseph Chamberlain (1836-1914), politician and statesman, who at the time this article was written was a radical Liberal.
7. Anthony John Mundella (1825-97), reformer and Liberal Party M.P. in Sheffield from 1868 to 1897.