

PENTLANDS,  
DRUMMORE,  
STRANRAER,  
WIGTOWNSHIRE.  
Tel. DRUMMORE 223.

Shawells Book. Co.  
- Mount Fraser  
Tel.

23rd January 1985.

Dear Sir,

The other evening I listened to the programme about James Hogg; the producer - Hugh Douglas - is a relative of my husband, and we have most of his books - including a very fine joint book by him and his old mother Annetta Douglas.

Well; over a year ago - Hugh - "picked" my knowledge about James Hogg with a view to his doing just what he did. He has written much about Burns & I told him that I still believed that Hogg - was just as great

WILTSHIRE  
 WILTON  
 STRAAT  
 DROMMOR  
 CENTLANDS

only - of course - Burns - is now & has been world wide for many years.

The programme has prompted me to write to you - re - Tibbie (Shiels) Richardson the Sun Keeper. I felt the radio programme could have given a better picture - and I did not agree with the actress who played Tibbie - her voice was too high pitched & her manner too flippant. According - to an uncle of my late mother one Geordie Linton (now dead) as a boy he - being related to Tibbie, his sister Helen (my Grandmother) was at the age of 16 - was at the Sun keeping

2  
Jibbie in her old age. — Gordie  
as a very young lad about 6 years  
old on one visit (he was there for a  
few days holiday - having his sister  
Jelen to watch over him) he was  
asked by old Jibbie to hold the  
wool while she wound it into a  
ball - & she told him she would  
give him a nice big apple -  
which she did. My grand-  
mother - Jelen - who was  
descended from Jibbie - said  
she was ~~a~~ quiet spoken - &  
had a quiet sense of humour.  
My grandfather James Scott  
married my grandmother  
Jelen Linton - and lived at  
Henderland - where there is one  
& only child (my father Adam  
Scott was born) - when they  
Jm Keeper Jibbie <sup>son</sup> died - the Jm  
stood empty for just over a year  
- that was the youngest of her  
three sons Wullie - and he died

We had the Bugmore & Knicker of Spinnure & had  
after we left. The day she used  
was broken & nurses


4 On his way to Moffat to visit his aunt  
(his mother's sister) in Moffat the  
traveller by pony & trap. My  
Grandmother having married  
& living in the cottage at  
Henderland then. So after the  
Jm Standen's empty & furnished  
my Grandfather applied &  
took over the Jm - and  
remained running it -  
until my father Adam -  
was a young man - saw  
the potential of the motor  
car. Borrowed £100 from  
his father - and started the  
Selkirk Motor Co. with the  
very first "toast rack" type  
of open charabancs in the  
border - & so he pioneered  
'Border Buses' then went on to  
purchase St Roman's Garage at  
Jmesleithen - & had another  
charabanc - also cars - one  
of which he gave to my

5 Grandmother & Grandfather &  
taught Grandfather to drive.  
I have a photograph with both  
Grandparents in their Open  
Car). My father died from  
Cancer in the year 1922 -  
and my mother - having been  
trained in her young days  
in hotel management and  
catering - & having kept  
run several big Northern  
hotels - including the once  
famous Aviemore before it  
was destroyed by fire -  
after my father's death took  
over at Tibbies Inn as my  
Grandparents were then too  
old - and there - my brother &  
I grew up at Tibbies and  
attended the wee Chapelhope  
School - as did our father &  
we carved our names beside  
his on the same wooden desk.  
As a young woman

6) I too went off + learned catering  
+ specialties at Athol Crescent  
School of Cookery — altho  
it was my grandmother who  
taught me to bake on the  
open peat fire — on a griddle  
hanging on a "Swee" — the  
griddle was a  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick  
<sup>For griddle</sup> iron circle — when once  
heated I could go on + on  
making fancies of Soda +  
Cream scones — + ~~scotch~~  
scotch pancakes. The fire  
was large — + open + wide  
and the back of the "lum"  
or chimney, as maybe you  
would term it — was aye  
white washed each morning  
— + in the peat flame it looked  
lovely. The fine "dogg" were  
always burnished daily  
the 12 pairs of Brass candle  
sticks

These cleaned weekly - as were  
the huge brass preserving pans  
my Mother made all our own  
jams, + jellies - + I made  
(churned in a wooden churn)  
butter each Friday - we kept  
3 cows + a follower. 3 pigs  
+ killed + home cured our  
hams - + then hung them from  
the rafters. We kept sheep +  
killed for the use of the Jam  
- hens - for our own eggs.

The beautiful flag stone  
flooring in the Jam kitchen  
was scrubbed daily - +  
pipe clayed. There was a  
huge round scrubbed table  
+ scrubbed chairs and a  
nice 4 seater wooden settle  
which stood in front of the  
box bed (near of the window)  
+ Hog - carved his name  
on it - + Fabio

I had the local joiner make a  
 wheel gate in the back of the  
 "Settle" so that when Fogg  
 was "ready" he fell into the  
 box bed. There was at each  
 side of the "Wigle" a wooden  
 arm chair - one Tibbie's -  
 one Fogg's. Tibbie had a  
 licence to sell - Porter & Ale  
 & had whisky as a 'side'  
 line. The old Board above the  
 Inn door was there in original  
 The small window in the Inn  
 kitchen was thus  in shape  
 and if you notice the small  
 top right hand pane - opens in  
 it is fitted differently from  
 the others. The rafters are  
 original and were never  
 painted or stained - but  
 went that lovely shade over  
 the years - due to the peat smoke.  
 We only polished them. Then

The Box Bed had sliding panels & was  
 made by John & Mary Whitehead.



9<sup>th</sup> there was a gun rack - (spars between two of the rafters -)  
There was a fowling piece that belonged to Frog - & several guns of my father's & grand-father's. Both of them being very good clay pigeon shots. There had a huge glass case inside the Inn packed full of silver cups & other trophies. There was also in the Inn kitchen - a beautiful old dresser on which stood Tibbie's pewter - there was a great quantity of it. My grand-father's fiddle hung from the rafters in its soft green velvet bag. Both my grand-father & father played the fiddle & so many evenings the Inn was full of music. The Inn had 13 Box Beds - & that is the reason

P.S. I have a copy of Frog's gun license -

10 Why Tibbie - kept only male  
visitors - more comed share  
beds that way. The attic's  
were hot - wind me of a storm  
- just skylights - & I as a  
girl slept in a box bed up  
there with my skylight  
looking up towards the  
Oxleuch Burn & Hogg's  
maneuver, this faithful  
dog - Hector. I have a  
very lovely picture taken from  
behind the statue - showing  
it - & looking across to the  
burn - which Hogg - has  
christened 'The Whiskiest'  
(it was so snug - wee, & cosy).  
I also have the oldest visitor  
book - that is supposed to be  
lost. The others I gave to the  
Mitchells of Henderland - they  
too being related. I have a  
Cup & saucer of Tibbie's  
wedding china

" And a very odd-shaped  
dish like a white porcelain  
fine apple. Her small cutting  
pipe, bible were thumbed - &  
the 8 day grandfather clock  
all went to Canada - to the  
Richardson families there  
- one of which is named  
Jibbie Richardson. The old  
Jibbie had 3 sons & 3 daughters  
and 2 of the sons sailed off  
to Canada - to make good - which  
of course they did - they never  
saw their mother again -  
travel so great a distance  
in those days - has forever  
to remain in the far country.

However, Jibbie was a  
very religious woman - & when  
her 2 sons left home - she gave  
each a bible - & then she cut  
the beautiful ribbons off her  
wedding

12 bouquets folded one strand into  
each Bible. Years passed and  
the sons married - and had  
families of their own - and.  
When the eldest daughter in  
each family wed - she wore  
the piece of ribbon on her  
wedding dress - & then it  
was carefully put away  
again - & so on, as the  
years past - the ribbon was  
always worn by the eldest  
daughter on her wedding  
day. Then one, John Richardson  
who had all sons - and  
she had the piece of ribbon  
sent it to me - and I wore  
it when I first married  
in 1942. (I was widowed in  
1949 - alas, no offspring).  
I again married in 1960  
- again no offspring - & she  
had the ribbon - and

3 When Doreen Mitchee married  
last year - I cut my piece &  
sent it to her - and she had  
it on her wedding day. Isnt  
that a lovely story? I also  
have the Richardson family  
tree - in old photographs -  
complete with all dates  
etc. One of the Canadian  
Richardsons was Mayor of  
a county & his wife was  
presented with a replica  
Silver Cradle. Today -  
one of those Richardsons is  
Principal of the University  
of Toronto. and most of the  
male line - are professors -  
or in High Banking. They  
all have lovely homes - and  
proud of their humble  
beginnings in Garrow.  
Jibbie's husband

14 has a dry stone dyke & mole  
catcher & belonged Westmorland  
- I believe he built many of  
the stone dykes around  
St. Marys - & in the Moffat  
Valley - wonder works of art  
as they go straight up the  
steep hill sides, to beyond  
the sky lines. When Jibbie  
married Robert Richardson  
she did not set up house at  
the Inn. That cottage was  
then known as "St Marys Cottage"  
& belonged to the Napiers of  
Theristane <sup>Ellwick</sup> - they used it as  
a wee shooting lodge, when  
they came over to shoot their  
ground there. Jibbie & Robert  
started married life in a  
wee cottage near Chapelhope  
- the main road <sup>now runs</sup> through the

15 place. All that remains now is  
a stone wall section that looks  
like a dyke built into the hill  
- side. The 6 children were  
born there & then when Robert  
died - Tibbie was destitute  
serving the odd meal to a  
passing traveller on horse -  
back - going or coming from  
Moffat. One of the Chambers  
(of the famous magazine) happened  
to partake of Tibbie's hospitality  
going & coming - & so did  
others as news got abroad -  
& then it was he who asked  
Tibbie if she would like to  
start a Houff (Inn) for  
travellers - & mentioned  
that St Marys cottage at  
the Tail o' the Lanes was  
empty. He said he knew  
Lord Napier well & would put  
in a word - so

16 Tibbie said she would give  
it thought - & then when he called  
for a bite in a few months - she  
said she would do it on  
the understanding that she  
kept only men - that they  
caused less fuss & bother  
than "we women" - & so it  
began - in around 1822-3!

I have age photographs  
of the Inn from when Tibbie  
went in - right up until  
we left. My grandfather  
put on all additions -  
except that awful brown  
part today. It was a  
beautiful black & white  
Inn with a lovely long  
Veranda - where our  
fishermen hung their rods  
& ~~sat~~ sat to drink their  
ale - before changing  
for the evening meal



17. I 'logged' all catches - where  
and time - & with what - &  
of course weight was important.  
Our sitting rooms were old  
fashioned - bright fires - and  
cosy old furniture - as  
were the bedrooms - all  
lighted by lamps of many  
kinds. The annex (wood)  
was not painted but beautiful  
soft natural wood shades.  
Huge wooden beds - with  
matching wash stands - &  
jugs & basins - with such  
lovely designs, great fluffy  
bed covers - on all beds  
& bed runners. There was  
a beautiful old smoking  
room (no ladies allowed)  
now I think it is a modern  
bar? Can the ghosts of Hogg  
- North, Scott, & their cronies

18 and Tibbie - be happy in  
such modern surroundings  
- for of course - there is a ghost  
a pleasant - presence - &  
strangely, my grandfather  
old dog CLARY - who  
walks through the Sun parlour  
& sometimes lies on the "flag"  
rug by the peat fire - The  
picture of the kitchen or  
Sun interior hangs in my  
small dining room - how  
sad that those who came  
in after us - did not care  
for the relics - they would  
have had them if they'd  
gone about it in the proper  
manner & not taken us  
to court in Edinburgh -  
where after 2 days - they  
lost - & had to pay full  
expenses. I only wish

19  
The relics could have remained  
in their original setting  
— alas — they have all gone  
now, except those that I have,  
together with one curling  
stone which belonged to  
James Hogg. It stands  
on my sun room door step,  
and I also have the huge  
meal quern — with plants  
in it now — as also are  
the four huge black pots  
that ~~you~~ used to hang on  
the sweep — bubbling in one  
of them Irish stew — or  
perhaps — a mess of pottage  
boiling for our pigs.  
I have many books — & also

one by Hogg's daughter -  
a Mrs Garden. I have  
also in my head many  
tales told to me by my  
grand father - I ought to  
write things down - but  
alas - time passes - &  
don't. We had lovely old  
stables at back - & a real  
cool stone wine cellar.  
I was saddened to leave -  
but - that is another tale!!  
You will be tired with  
all this no doubt. Many  
people have tried to make a  
go - but there is that word  
something that takes over  
& new owners never stay long.  
I trust you will be more  
fortunate. Yours Sincerely,  
Sibella (Bibi) Scott Shaw