From Boudry to the Barrabool Hills

The Swiss Vignerons of Geelong

John Tétaz

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In memory

Charles Louis Tétaz
and the early
Swiss vinedressers and vignerons
of Geelong

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John Tétaz

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JOHN TÉTAZ
Melbourne 1995

Foreword

Swiss from the canton of Neuchâtel and from the town of Boudry in particular played a significant role in the establishment of the wine industry in the Geelong region. Prominent among them were members of the Pettavel and Tétaz families.

David Pettavel, from Boudry, and Frédéric Breguet, from Coffrane, established the first vineyard in the Barrabool Hills at Pollocksford on the Barwon River in 1842. There, on twenty-five acres leased from William Clark Haines and John Highett, they planted the first vines in their Neuchâtel Vineyard. They sold their first grapes in Geelong in 1846. Also in 1842, brothers Jean and Alexandre Belperroud, Swiss from Cornaux, began their Berramongo Vineyard a few miles closer to Geelong, near Dewings Ford on the Barwon.

By 1845 these two vineyards together covered only five acres but they gradually increased their plantings. In 1855 Berramongo was big enough to produce 10–12 tons of grapes and 5,000 gallons of wine; in 1861 Neuchâtel had fifteen acres of vines and seven acres of orchard and expected to produce 7,000 gallons of wine. By this time Breguet and Pettavel had dissolved their partnership, with Pettavel buying 585 acres at Waurn Ponds, where he established his famous Victoria Vineyard, which grew to forty-five acres in size. He also developed the Prince Albert Vineyard close by, putting his nephew, Charles Tétaz, the writer of most of the letters in this book, in charge. Breguet continued at Neuchâtel, sometimes in partnership with others, and he also established the Suisse Vineyard in Merrawarp Road.

Finding skilled labour was a continuing problem for the pioneer vignerons, which the gold rushes of the 1850s only exacerbated. They turned to their native land for experienced workers and helped many to emigrate. Pettavel sought migrants in his own family circle, bringing out members of the Barbier, Marendaz and Tétaz families. As soon as they found their feet, some of these migrants established their own vineyards. Names like Dunoyer, Seidel, Nyffenecker, Tribolet,

Aeschlimann and Imer soon featured among the district's vignerons and the number of vineyards grew considerably. By 1867 nearly 500 acres of vines had been planted in the Barrabool Shire alone, more than half in the Barrabool Hills, and 45,000 gallons of wine were produced. There were also vineyards in the Shires of Bannockburn, Corio and South Barwon.

By the late 1870s, however, the acreage under vines had declined. The earliest vignerons were dead or retired; some of their successors lacked their pioneering zeal, and wine had failed to capture the palates of Victorian drinkers. Then the vines were hit by an infestation of *phylloxera vastatrix*, the grape louse, resulting eventually in all vines being eradicated in the early 1880s. It was 1888 before any replanting began, and ten years later only sixty-six acres had been replanted. The grand days of vine growing were over.

The bare bones of this outline take on flesh when one reads the letters which follow. One experiences the satisfaction of producing a good vintage and the frustration of a crop lost to the vagaries of nature. One shares the initial feelings of alienation, the gradual acceptance of life in a new, strange land, the joys and sorrows of family life, and the final devastating loss of everything for which the writer has worked.

IAN WYND
Geelong 1995

Introduction

The most important Swiss migration to Australia followed the arrival of Charles Joseph and Sophie La Trobe and their daughter Agnes in Victoria in 1839.[1] Over the next thirty years, a mass exodus of winemakers and vinedressers from Neuchâtel and its surrounding villages took place. Neuchâtel was familiar to La Trobe; it was where he met and became engaged to Sophie, one of the daughters of Frédéric Auguste de Montmollin, a Swiss councillor of state. The de Montmollin family belonged to the Neuchâtel aristocratic élite.

Most of the Swiss emigrants were from the French-speaking cantons of Neuchâtel and Vaud, and amongst them were Pettavel from Bôle; Barbier, Amiet and Grellet from Boudry; Marendaz from Mathod and Tétaz from Chamblon. Many were related by marriage.

Charles Louis Tétaz (1837–97) arrived in Melbourne in 1856 on the *Evening Star* with his brother and cousin, the Marendaz children and David Pettavel, who was returning after recruiting in Switzerland. In the period 1855–97 Charles Louis wrote over eighty letters to his parents,[2] brother[3] and sister[4] in Boudry. They begin in Boudry and end in 1897 with his death in Colac, Victoria. The letters give details of their journey to Australia in 1855–56, via London, to join David Pettavel at Victoria Vineyard in Geelong; the establishment of Prince Albert Vineyard; their successful vineyards of the 1860s; his marriage to Mary Gundry and the birth of their seven children; the death of David Pettavel in 1871; and the demise of the Geelong vineyards brought about by the onslaught of *phylloxera vastatrix* after 1879. In August 1893, Charles Louis wrote:

> When the vineyards in this district were destroyed, it was a terrible blow to us. We were the first and now we're at the end of the queue.

The finding of the letters is a story in itself. Jules Adolphe had passed them onto his son Charles Emile Tétaz (1881–1970) and grand-daughters Marguerite Werz, née Tétaz, and Yvette Uldry, née Tétaz. In 1977–78, the letters were translated into English by Edward Markee, formerly of the British Foreign Office, and his wife Andrée, née Perrochet.

On completion of the translation, Edward wrote:

> Now that I have finished, I can say it's a pity there weren't more of the letters, for so many of the subjects they mention briefly would be of great sociological interest — how labour was recruited abroad, the Swiss family unit in which young sons appear to have worked as unpaid labourers, bushrangers, the militia and so on. I have found it highly interesting but am glad to have finished, having read each letter an extraordinary number of times. I hope you like the result.

And Andrée had her own comments to make:

> We found these letters interesting and sometimes moving. We often wished Charles had written in greater detail, though if he had, we'd still be translating them. We have tried to stick very closely to the original flavour but the specifically Swiss French and the phonetic spelling can't be rendered into translation. The occasional pomposities of nineteenth-century letter-writing style — the 'I have to inform you', the Biblical quoting and misquoting, and bits of quaint English are his, and so are the double and triple exclamation marks.

Andrée Markee died in October 1993, and her dedicated contribution is very much appreciated. She was a great-grand-daughter of Abram Henri Tétaz[5] (1798–1882), whose three sons journeyed to Victoria to work in the wine industry.

Whilst these letters form the centrepiece of this book, information from Pierre Borel[6] with the names and origins of Neuchâtelois who applied for passports to come to Australia in the 1840s and 1850s have been added together with shipping details and genealogical information on the families of Aeschlimann,[7] Perdrisat,[8] Perrotet,[9] Amiet, Breguet,[10] Grellet, Marendaz, Pettavel, Tribolet, Tétaz and others.

Why Leave Canton Neuchâtel?

The period 1839–70 saw a large emigration of Swiss French vignerons and vinedressers from Neuchâtel and its surrounding villages to Geelong and Lilydale, Victoria. Most migrated in 1853[1] and 1854.[2]

The seven-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Swiss Confederation was celebrated in 1991. From the three original cantons of Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden has grown a united country that today has an area of 41,300 square kilometres (less than one-fifth the size of Victoria), a population of 5.5 million resident citizens and an identity of its own.

Switzerland is made up of twenty-six cantons or states, of which twenty are full cantons and six are half cantons. Jura, west of Neuchâtel, was the last canton to be created (1979) and Neuchâtel the second last (1815).

The Swiss are divided into four language groups — the Swiss German in the country's eastern, northern and central districts; the Swiss French in the Western; the Italian in the southern; and the Rhaeto-Romansch people in the south-eastern Canton of Graubünden.

In the period leading up to the migration, Europe was in turmoil. Neuchâtel, a principality of the King of Prussia, was occupied by Napoleon's army in 1805, and Neuchâtelois men were recruited into 'Le Bataillon de Neuchâtel dit des Canaris'[3] for service from 1807 to 1814. This battalion, composed of men of Neuchâtel, Cortaillod, Bôle, Fleurier, Auvernier, La Chaux-de-Fonds, Travers and Boudry, fought with great distinction in Spain (1810–11) and in Russia (1812–14). Under its new prince Marshal Berthier, it was almost completely wiped out.[4]

After the fall of Napoleon in 1815, the Congress of Vienna confirmed Switzerland's neutrality, a political fact since the sixteenth century. New cantons were added: the French-speaking ones of Neuchâtel and Genève, and a bilingual one, Valais.

The aftermath of the Napoleonic wars and poor crops caused an economic crisis. The Swiss emigrated in large numbers to North

America and Australia. In this period, leading up to the Sonderbund war in 1847, the first of the Neuchâtelois vignerons packed up their belongings and left for Australia.

Two crises probably increased the exodus. First, the Sonderbund war, which resulted from economic differences between the poorer cantons and the more wealthy cities, and from divisions between Protestant and Catholic.[5] This conflict was brought to an end by General Dufour in 1847 and the Sonderbund cantons (a Catholic alliance) were forced to pay six million old francs in reparations. Second, the revolutions in Neuchâtel in 1848 and 1856, which saw the republicans finally overcome pro-Prussian influences in the canton. By May 1857, King Frederick of Prussia had renounced all his titles and his descendants' rights in respect of Neuchâtel.

Of course, there was a particular reason for Neuchâtelois to choose Victoria as a destination — the appointment in 1839 of Charles Joseph La Trobe as superintendent of the Port Phillip District, as Victoria was then called. Charles Joseph was the great-great-grandson of Henri Bonneval La Trobe, a Huguenot soldier who had left his homeland in France in the late seventeenth century to escape religious and civil strife and joined the forces of William of Orange. The following generations of La Trobes maintained their close association with the continent and, as we have seen, Charles Joseph's link with Neuchâtel was a special one.

Records in the Neuchâtel library archives reveal the names and places of origin and domicile of those who, between 1849 and 1861, applied for passports to enter Australia. The list[6] entitled 'Liste des Neuchâtelois appelés par Charles-Joseph La Trobe–de Montmollin gouverneur de l'Etat du Victoria pour y venir planter la vigne' is in Appendix 1. Over 130 people applied; the highest numbers of applicants in 1853 and 1854. Those whose place of origin was outside the canton applied to their own local canton office. The certificate of origin of Charles Tétaz records Chamblon, canton de Vaud, as his place of origin, although the family had been domiciled in Boudry since the 1790s.

Whence They Came

The majority of the Swiss French emigrants to Victoria came from the four cantons surrounding Lake Neuchâtel — Berne, Fribourg, Neuchâtel and Vaud. The places of origin and the surnames[1] of these early emigrants are as follows:

Canton Neuchâtel

Auvernier	*Junod*
Bôle	*Baillot, Pettavel*
Boudry	*Amiet, Barbier, Grellet*
Brot	*Ducommun, Frasse*
Buttes	*Leuba*
Coffrane	*Breguet*
Colombier	*Morel*
Corcelles	*Bourquin, Cornu*
Cornaux	*Belperroud, Clottu, Tissot, Willener*
Gorgier	*Braillard*
Hauterive	*Rossel, Perrotet*
Le Locle	*Jacot, Droz, Dumont*
Montalchez	*Pernet, Rognon, Studi*
Neuchâtel	*Pury*
Onnens	*Perdrisat*
Peseux	*Martin, Paris*
Rochefort	*Beguin, Jaquet*

Canton Berne

Anet	*Gugger, Tribolet*
Langnau	*Aeschlimann*[2]

Canton Fribourg

Fribourg	*de Castella*

Canton Vaud

Chamblon	*Tétaz*[2]
Mathod	*Marendaz*[2]

The canton of Neuchâtel is small in area, 800 square kilometres (2% of Switzerland), with a population of 170,000 inhabitants (less than 3% of the Swiss population). It is divided into four contrasting regions, from the lake (430m altitude) to the mountains around La Chaux-de-Fonds

(1,000–1,300m altitude), situated on the north-western side of Lake Neuchâtel, on the plateau called the Littoral or Bas Pays, which stretches from the Thielle canal in the north to the first range of the Jura mountains in the south. The lake is surrounded by four cantons: Berne, Fribourg, Neuchâtel and Vaud. The vineyards are generally on the slopes around the lake, particularly on the western shore. The proximity of the lake and the presence of the vineyards gives the Littoral a picturesque appeal.

The second plateau includes two valleys, the Val-de-Ruz and Val-de-Travers. The Val-de-Ruz, the shape of an ellipse, has good quality land and is important for cereal cultivation. The Val-de-Travers is narrow, and an elevated and poorer agricultural region. It became an industrial centre around 1750, with watchmaking and textile industries starting along the river, the Areuse, which flows through Boudry into the lake. A major percentage of the vignerons came from this area embracing Auvernier, Colombier, Bôle and Boudry.

One of the charms of Switzerland is its villages and towns, which are known for their character and individuality. The market-town of Boudry, suspended on the side of a steep slope of the Areuse and established before the fourteenth century, is one such place. It was built as a secure location for the defence of the countryside, with a long rising street which was closed, in the past, by extremely large doors and towers at each end. Only one remains: the door of the Vermondins, constructed in the fourteenth century. The castle is built on a hill dominating the town.

Boudry, like Berne and Fribourg, is built on a headland from the plateau which slopes and narrows to the east, where a bridge is built over the Areuse. The Marfaux tower, rebuilt in 1548, stands on top of the hill a short distance from the castle, to which it was once linked. Many of the houses, still there today, had a porch where country people liked to sit after work or take shelter in bad weather. In front of the town hall is the Fountain of Justice, dating from 1610.

Boudry is proud of its excellent vineyards and the inhabitants of this little town, jealous of its reputation, have a proverb about the wine of Cortaillod which, according to them, is a little over-rated:

Cortaillod has the name but Boudry has the quality.

Two famous Neuchâtelois were born in Boudry — Philippe Suchard (1797–1884), a founder of the chocolate industry in Switzerland, and Jean Paul Marat (1744–93), who became a French revolutionary.

Marat, who called himself a friend of the people, was foul of speech and craved for power and the eradication of the aristocracy. He was assassinated.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries Neuchâtel developed into an industrial area. It became the centre for the manufacture and printing of textiles. By 1800 Claude Du Pasquier and Jacques Pourtales (1722–1814) had developed the largest calico printing works in Switzerland; the importance of dyes to the industry[3] laid the foundation for the development of such modern firms as Ciba Geigy, Sandoz and others. The town also made a contribution to the famous Swiss watchmaking industry, being the birthplace of Abraham Breguet (1747–1823), probably the greatest horologist[4] of all time, who revolutionised the technique, design and image of watchmaking. Around 1805, 3,900 workers in the principality were engaged in watchmaking. However, it was not the biggest industry, for 4,600 were employed in lace-making, working long hours to produce lace equal in quality to that of better known lace-making areas.

In this period the people on the shores of Lake Neuchâtel were mainly involved in viticulture. It was from their ranks that the immigrants to Victoria came.[5]

The Tétaz families of Boudry sent five of their menfolk to Australia in the period 1851–58. Their line goes back to Pierre Joseph Tétaz (1738–1816) who had twenty-two children by two wives in Chamblon between 1760 and 1790. After 1790, the family left Chamblon and re-settled in Boudry. Of their fourteen sons, Jean Pierre (1766–1843) established himself as a vigneron in Boudry. He and his wife, Susanne Favarger, had two sons, Abram Henri (1798–1882) who worked as a coach builder in Boudry, and Pierre Louis (1811–92), who was a vigneron.

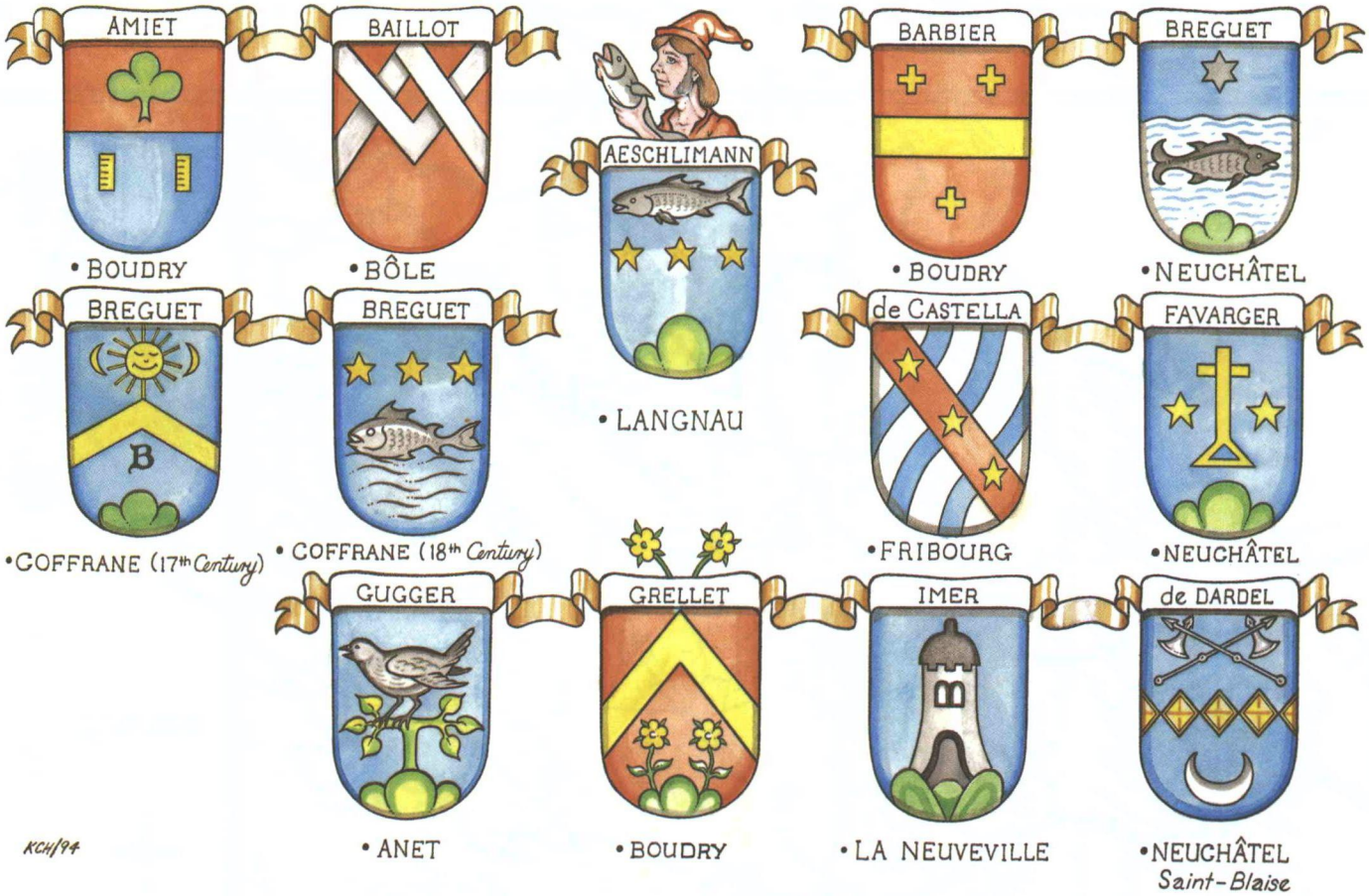
Pierre Louis Tétaz married Marguerite Augustine Pettavel. They had four children: Henri François (1836–56), who was accidentally killed in Geelong; Charles Louis (1837–97), who married Mary Gundry and remained on the Prince Albert Vineyard until shortly before his death; Jules Adolphe (1839–1912), who remained in Boudry as a lawyer and married Rose Henriette Amiet; and Louise Henriette (1843–1907), who remained in Boudry and married David Mabille.

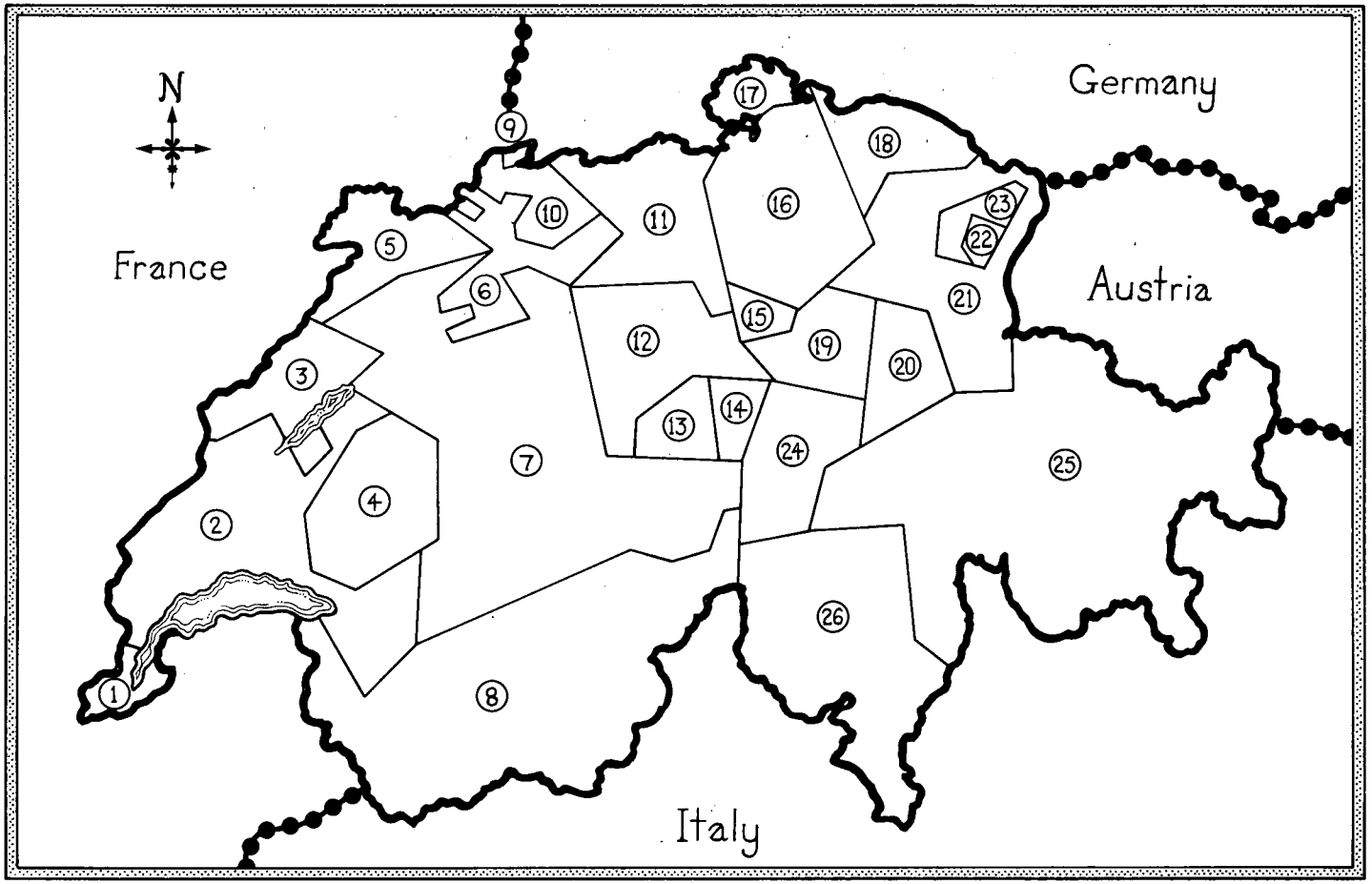
Abram Henri Tétaz married Susanne Marie Eva and had five children. Henri Louis (1823–97) worked as a vinedresser in Nagambie, Victoria, and died there; Jules Frédéric (1825–1907) returned from Geelong in 1871 and married Cécile Françoise Barbier, sister of Frédéric Guillaume, who remained in Victoria; Abram Henri (1826–1904)

remained in Boudry; his descendants started an American Tétaz line; Frédéric Auguste (1830–1905) left his first wife and family in Switzerland and later married Julia Louise Studi from Montalchez: he operated as a wine merchant in Ballarat and Geelong; Jean Pierre (1830–?) emigrated to Egypt.

The Pettavel family of Bôle sent three representatives to Victoria: David Louis (1817–71), who arrived in 1842, married Esther Keanan, and died at the Victoria Vineyard; Henriette Cécile (1815–?), who arrived in 1852 and married Frédéric Marendaz; and Françoise Eugénie (1819–98), who arrived in 1852 and married Frédéric Barbier.

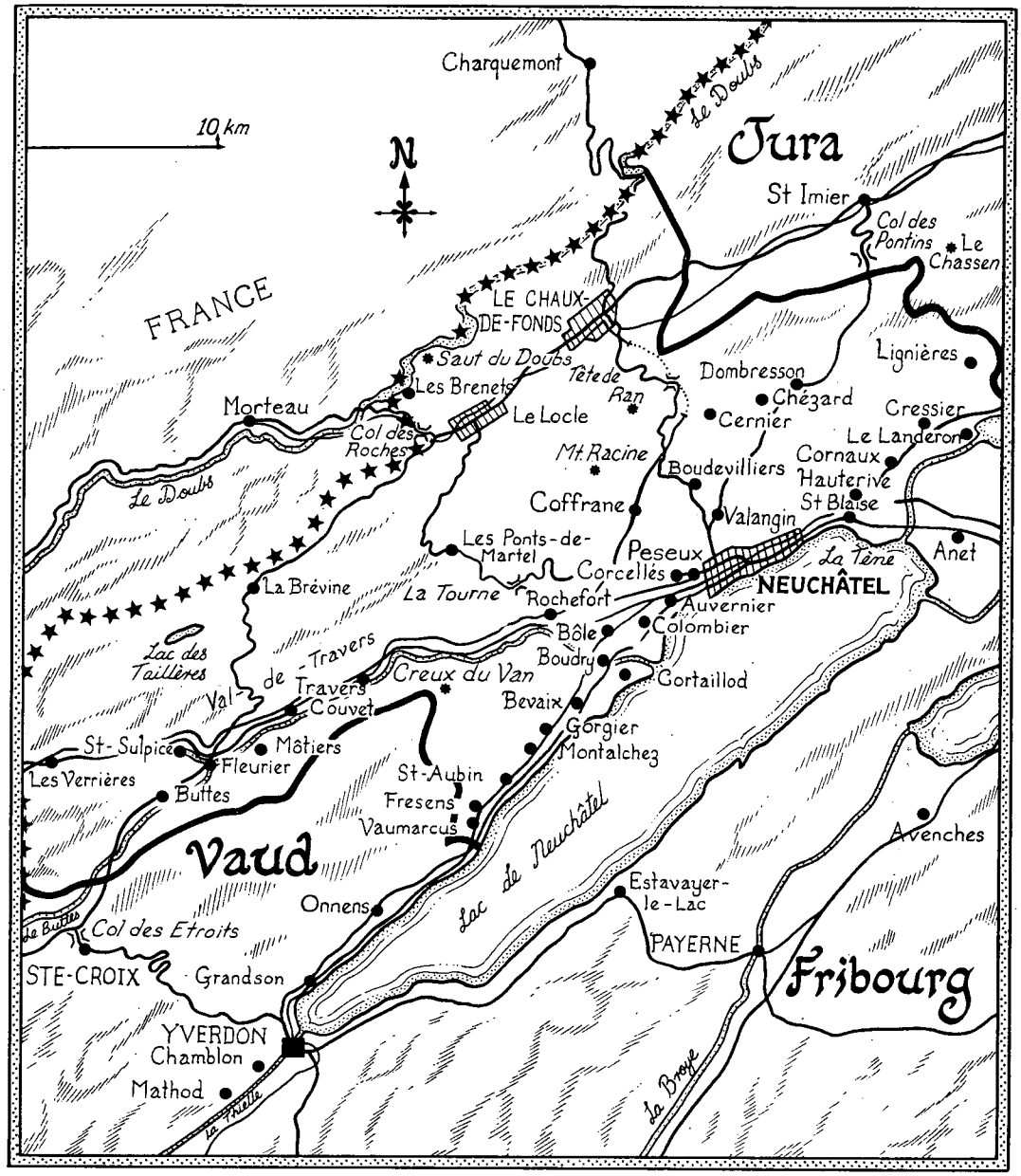
* Swiss Families in Australia *





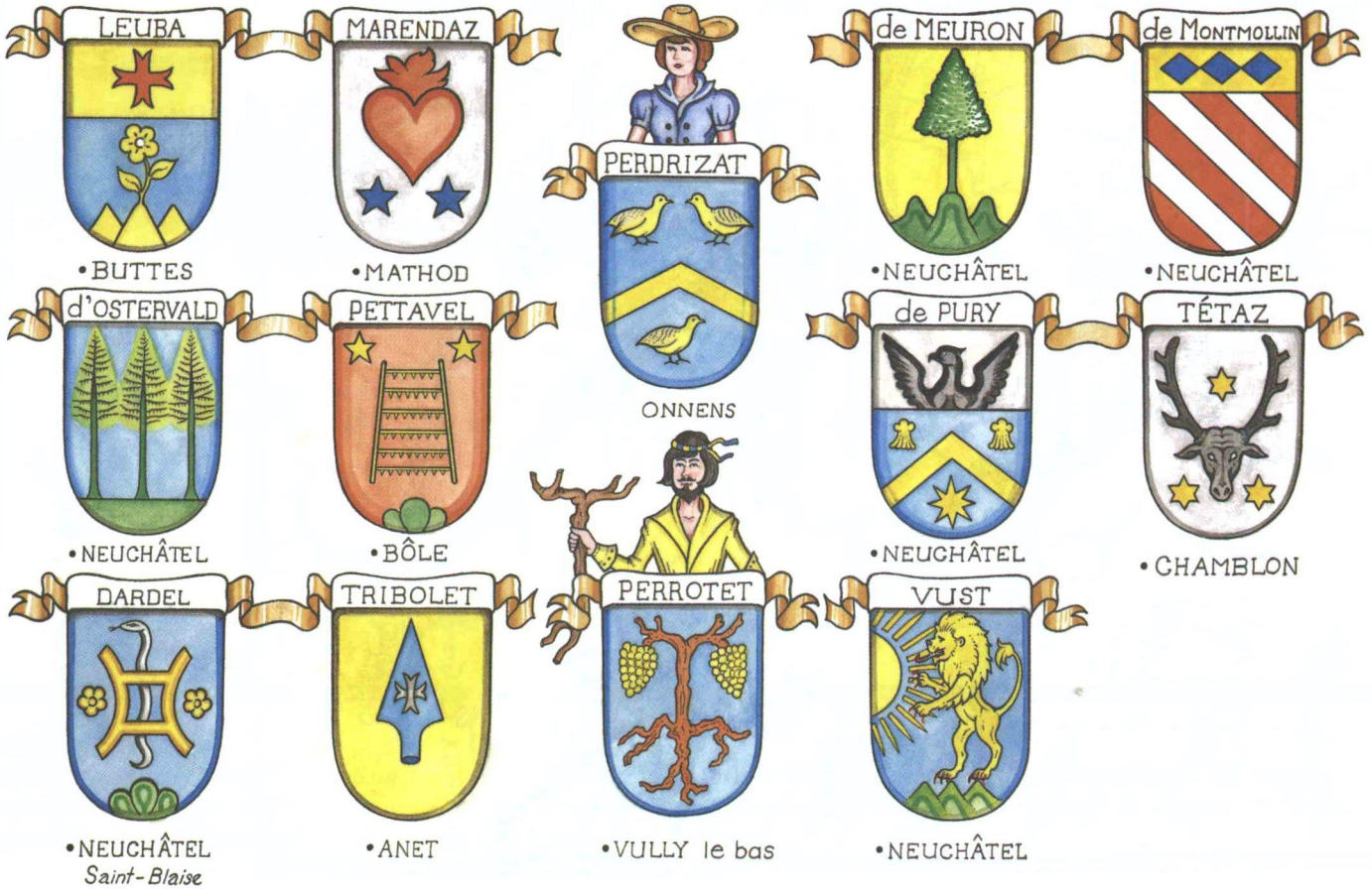
The Cantons of Switzerland.

1. Geneva 2. Vaud 3. Neuchâtel 4. Fribourg 5. Jura 6. Solothurn 7. Berne 8. Valais 9. Basel-Stadt 10. Basel-Land 11. Aargau 12. Lucern 13. Oberwalden 14. Nidwalden 15. Zug 16. Zürich 17. Schaffhausen 18. Thurgau 19. Schwyz 20. Glarus 21. St Gallen 22. Appenzell-I. Rh. 23. Appenzell-A. Rh. 24. Uri 25. Graubünden 26. Ticino.



Canton of Neuchâtel.

* Swiss Families in Australia *



Journey to a New Life

Charles Louis and Henri François Tétaz, along with their cousin Jules Tétaz and family friend Henri Barbier, left their birthplace Boudry late in August 1855 to journey to Australia. They travelled to Rochefort, Travers, Pontarlier, Besançon, Dijon, Paris and then Boulogne, where they met up with David Pettavel and four others from the canton of Vaud. From there they travelled to London to sail on the *Evening Star* in September 1855. Their letters do not mention the three young Marendaz children;[1] presumably they made their way to London separately. Their mother had died in 1850 and they were travelling to join their father in Geelong.

Their letters home to parents, sister and brother were written over a period of forty years (1855–97), mostly by Charles, as François died in 1856. If a letter is written by another person, the name is recorded at the commencement of the letter.

London, 3 September 1855

Now that we have all reached London in good health, I take up my pen to keep you informed of what has happened to us. You must excuse me if I write at some length, and I hope the present letter will find you all in good health.

Once the bend in the road hid our relatives in Rochefort from view, one of the four of us struck up a song, but it didn't catch on, Henri Barbier[2] dropped off to sleep at once and we got talking to a gentleman. We soon lost sight of our native town and of the rocks at Derrière Tremonts. We soon got to Travers, where Henri Barbier had two bottles broken, to his great annoyance.

At the next village Mr Clair left us and we caught a sort of omnibus to the next posting station; we started going up the mountains and soon the Areuse said goodbye to us. At Les Verrières they gave us a charabanc. People trooped up to look at us as if we were some strange animals with our grapes. From there we went to the French Customs and they wouldn't let us take the linsey-woolsey cloth through. We left and soon the fort at Joux came into sight. At 7 o'clock we reached Pontarlier, where we found the fellows from the Vaud. We couldn't leave that evening and to get away even the next morning, we had to give three francs each to the driver. We looked for somewhere to stay. At 5 o'clock the next morning we were at the posting station and we had to walk to a place half a league outside the town where the post bus caught up with us and we got in under the tarpaulin once they'd fixed up a pair of bars, anyone would have taken us for pigeons; we had to go as far as Besançon. Henri was on the seat and he saw a man scything oats and he said 'look, there's Louis Tétaz scything'.... and it was Dad to the life. Half a league from Besançon we had to get out of our cage, it was 10 o'clock when we got to the posting station and they told us we couldn't continue our journey before 11 o'clock that night, 24 hours late. We took advantage of this delay to go over the citadel and, armed with a permit from the Commandant of the fortress, we went in and were mistaken for cannon fodder and Jules[3] told them we were going to the camp at Boulogne. At last we got to the top of the rock; it's marvellous in that citadel. I'll describe it to you some other time.

At 10.30 p.m. we took the post bus again and at 5 o'clock we arrived at Dole where it was foggy and we took the train to Paris. It was very hot. At 1 o'clock we stopped at Dijon and, after half an hour's wait, the train resumed its impetuous progress. Another time if I have time, I'll tell you more about this. At 10 o'clock on Friday, we reached Paris, where James Pouquin met us and took us to the Hôtel du Nord near the arrival platform and at 9 o'clock next morning we left for Boulogne. I wish I could describe the countryside we

went through to you but I haven't got time. As I write today, 4 September, Uncle[4] and four other fellows have gone to see the Crystal Palace three leagues away from here, taking a railway train above the houses of London. I couldn't go because my right leg hurts me badly and it's a bit swollen.

At 3 o'clock we arrived in Boulogne where we found Uncle with the four fellows from the Vaud waiting for us on the arrival platform and they took us to their hotel near the harbour; we couldn't leave until the next morning at 1 o'clock, Sunday morning. Uncle left on the evening of 1 September. We filled in the time by going to see the camp at Boulogne which is all thatched mud huts and the soldiers make little gardens and grassy banks. It is at least two leagues long and there are 70,000 infantry in it and the 2nd Lancers are encamped on the other side of the town. We went to bed. The next day, Sunday, we hung about the streets until midnight and went on board as soon as we got a permit to cross the Channel. Will you tell Ulysse that I couldn't go to Trois Rois and tell him I'm sorry. When we arrived at our ship which was called the *Rhine,* or 'Rhin', it was taking on board the 20 horses which had taken Queen Victoria to Paris. The cranes picked them up like flies, but they couldn't master one of the horses and had to leave him on shore. At last we went on board and when the tide began to go down, off we went. It was then that the war started; once we'd passed the lighthouse, we wished we were back in Bergeresse.[5] François said he wished he had Madame Eva's[6] pear tree to hang on to. A strong north wind was blowing onto the right side of the ship. François began to change colour, if you see what I mean, and so it went on; not one of us escaped except the sailors. The big chap from the Vaud was sorry he'd come and Jules had nothing to say for himself. At 3 o'clock the room looked like a hospital and we were lying flat on the tables. If you went on deck, you had to come in because of the pouring rain; we were all falling about and anybody would have thought we were drunk. The horses were falling down one after the other and the men yelling at

them were making a dreadful noise, we thought every moment that we were going down. Well, as I was lying down on the table, I ran together with an English fellow for the chamberpot. Dawn came and restored us to life and I went up on deck with Jules to see the mess. A wave had carried away 5 feet of the side. At one time, the waves were leaping onto the horses' heads but they weren't as high as they had been an hour before. The sails were spread and the ship's powerful engine drove us forward quickly. The water was the colour of the Areuse[7] when it's very high; if ever I thought I was a gonner, it was then.

At last we saw the coast of rich Albion, with a host of ships of all sizes sheltered by a couple of tongues of land. At 10 o'clock we entered the Thames and we all went up into the point of the ship. A couple of hours later, after seeing a whole lot of ships of all numbers (this is too uninteresting to write to you about, perhaps I could go into a bit more detail but for the moment you'll have to make do with this) we disembarked near a big bridge and here a man tried to get us to enlist in the Legion, telling us Australia was a bad country. Here we found Uncle and we went off through a maze of streets and to a house kept by a good lady who said she was glad to have so many sons; we were very well looked after at her place. On Tuesday, we took our trunks on board; the ship's in dock a league from here and we came back by the elevated railway. On Thursday 5 September, we are to embark and we shall leave when the wind is favourable. When François comes back from the exhibition, he'll write and tell you what he's seen. I've forgotten something; when we left Pontarlier we saw a little haycart and Henri Barbier said 'look, there's Louis Tétaz with his cart'.

And now that I've told you a bit of what happened to us on the way here and François will tell you about it as well, you'll know more or less all the news. You'll have to excuse me if I'm writing very badly but you know I never have been a good writer, so I'll say goodbye for now and thanks to everyone who has asked after us; don't forget to remember me to Grandma

Susanne[8] and to all the uncles and aunts and friends, Mr Jacot, Mr Chapuis, Mr Bonhote and all our friends from the Union and tell them I haven't got time to write. Tell Henri Rouge he wouldn't have been able to dance to D. M.'s violin when we were crossing the Channel and that we could have done without music because we were jumping about like anything.

London, 5 September 1855 (François Tétaz)

I am writing these few lines to give you our news which is reasonably good. After leaving Rochefort we arrived all right at the Customs and here the Customs people went through our trunks, everything went off all right except the length of linsey-woolsey which we sent to you right away; from there we were sent with a light chaise as far as Pontarlier; as we went through Calvy we met cousin Henri[9] Tétaz and drank a couple of bottles of wine with him, it was then we had a bit of bad luck; the carman dropped Henri Barbier's travelling bag, there were two bottles of Estrée in it and they broke and stained everything in the bag. We found the four chaps from the Vaud at Pontarlier, they had been waiting for us since 2 o'clock and unfortunately, in the post bus which was leaving for Besançon that evening, there were only four places and we needed two, so we let the four chaps who had got there before us leave and we stayed behind. We met some swindlers here, especially one fat fellow who was putting his price up and wanted three francs from each of us, saying that if we wouldn't pay we couldn't leave; it was a swindle. We went for a walk in the town and saw some police in smart uniform, and then there was a man who said he'd take us to a hotel which would put us up. When we got there, they told us there wasn't a bed left and we went on somewhere else and had supper there and they took us to our room. We two, Charles and I, were unlucky enough to be with other people in the same room and they had a child with them who never stopped yelling its head off. We didn't get a wink of sleep; well,

morning came at last and Jules and Henri came and joined us. At last we were off to catch our coach; we rushed off to catch it at the square where it was to load up without knowing where we were supposed to sit. Well, after waiting about for a good long while, we were told that we could still go on a bit and we walked for at least half an hour. At last it came along but, oh Lord, all the seats were taken! They told us to get up in front, it was no end of a business, I can tell you, towing along the woman and her children and getting under the tarpaulin. There was one place left, 3 foot wide and there was a lot of straw there, I thought it was a rabbit hutch and all eight of us were crowded in that little space! You can imagine what an ordeal it was; we didn't see much of the landscape. Henri Barbier saw a man reaping corn and he said 'well, if he isn't the image of your father' — we all crowded to look and it was absolutely like him. We arrived in Besançon and saw the two forts but before we got there, we had to get out of our chicken hut because we were contraband, every time they changed horses, we got down a bit to hide. We had to wait till midnight to get the post that was leaving for Dole; it was getting on for midnight when I needed to take my trousers down. I said to Jules 'Where can I go?' and he said 'Go where you like'. I went behind a wall and up comes a man and starts yelling at me; he was going to put me in jug. Jules was laughing his head off seeing me chucked out by this fellow. Well, at last the coach was ready to leave; there was a whole crowd of us waiting and we were with a woman and child who never stopped yelling his head off, it was no end of a nuisance. We got to Dole and caught a train and there we were a bit more comfortable. We went through some lovely country and at last we got to Paris where Mr Bourquin was waiting for us. He got a couple of cabs for us to take our luggage and us to a place near the railway where we were going to put up for the night. We had a drink with Mr Bourquin and we were mighty glad to see him. The next day we caught a train to Boulogne which we reached on Saturday evening and Uncle was waiting for us there and he took us to see the Camp in Boulogne

which was very nice. After that, Uncle thought it would be best for him to leave at midnight for London to put his affairs in order and for us to stay on until midnight on Sunday. The next day we went to have a look at the town and we took our things on board; it was getting on for midnight and the ship wasn't ready to leave because there were about 20 horses to be taken on board. It was embarking them with a crane which picked them up and put them on the ship and that was why they were taking so long. Meanwhile, we all went to have something to eat; they brought us some fish but no salad. Jules, Henri and I kept saying 'If only we had the salad we didn't eat at old Faga's when we had supper before we left.' We wished we had Pierre's wine and the wine at Saint Bourquin that Suzette Amiet gave us to drink at 9 o'clock, not that the wine in Boulogne isn't good but it's dear. Well, we went on board the *Thames*. There were more people than you'd think because not all of them were in the same room. There was a girl who was taken ill right away, before the boat started moving. First of all, she was sick into the pot and that made us feel queasy ourselves. We went up on deck but the weather was horrible; it was pouring with rain and we couldn't stand up on the bridge, the wind was so strong we couldn't stand up. A moment later I said to Henri Barbier 'I'm going to be sick', but the good thing about it was it came up easily. We had a dreadful time, the waves came and splashed up so that we swallowed a few drops of salt water. We felt fine, I don't think, the ship was plunging down at least thirty feet deep and coming up again and we wished we were in Bergeresse and had the big pear tree to hang on to. I kept on saying to Jules 'this weather's doing it on purpose to get us down', but whatever I said the weather didn't get any better. The wind was howling in the rigging and the waves were leaping into the ship. From the cabin, you could see them wetting the horses' heads because only their heads were sticking out and they were bringing up their hay. I went down to the cabin but I thought it would be the death of me. I could hear people groaning all around but because of the rain, you couldn't stand up

on the bridge, so I went up the stairway and I saw a lad there. He was a young chap from the Vaud; he was in pain but he was afraid to go out. I was in a hurry and just as I passed him, he splashed me and since then, my overcoat and trousers stink worse than a couple of polecats. Well, I can't tell you everything. From midnight until 1.30 p.m. on the water was already quite long enough for me.

We found Uncle[10] waiting for us when we arrived and he took us to a house run by a nice old lady where we are very comfortable and the food is good. We get a tremendous lot of meat, huge lumps as big as your two fists, three times as much as we want. We said we liked salad and now she makes us some for all three meals; just think whether that suits me. The old girl says to me 'François, have some vinegar' and we get on like a house on fire! We have herrings for supper, ham and fresh bacon; well, to cut a long story short, we are absolutely at home. In the evenings, we sing the songs composed by Mr Chapuis and a few others besides. Jules sings some which make them laugh because there are several girls here who don't know any French and we tease them, especially Jules. But oh, this damned English! We can't get our blooming tongues around it; when we go out shopping we have to point to what we want. You'd never believe the poverty there is here. There are dirty streets, dirty women and beggars, some of them with only a pair of ragged trousers and a worn jacket on, and no shirt, and you find them begging at every street corner.

6 September 1855 — Uncle was kind enough to take us to see the Crystal Palace[11] which is really pretty. Pity Charles couldn't come but his foot was hurting and made him miss a treat. We saw all sorts of fine things which I couldn't possibly describe. There are several big reservoirs with hundreds of fountains on them which are turned on every day at 4.00 p.m. We saw them working and it was marvellous. I saw a host of plants of all kinds, animals of all kinds, all sorts of machines, especially one for reaping. There'll soon be no need for scythes any more. I wished Adolphe[12] could have been

with us; it would have made him sit up to see all these things. The Crystal Palace is four leagues from our house and we went there in a train which goes above the house; that's very fine too. We also went to see a tower[13] which had a staircase with 400 steps. Well, there's nothing else to tell you; we're expecting to leave any day now. I'm a bit afraid of starting up the same trouble as on the *Thames*; the four chaps from the Vaud and Jules and Henri will be together in one room on the ship and us two, me and Charles that is, will be with some Englishmen. I ask you, how are we going to get on without knowing a word of English? This beastly English is so hard to learn.

Well Adolphe, you old horror, don't make fun of me. I've written very badly but what else can I do? Charles and Jules were always coming bothering me and jogging the table, and I've made mistakes by the cartload, but I suppose my letter will find you all in good health. I've sweated blood to write this letter. I can't tell you everything — I suppose Charles has written all this to you and a lot more, because he can remember things better than I can. Don't show my letter to anybody because they'd make fun of it. Regards to Mrs Bonhote Rouge and her darling daughter, François Ecuyer, Miss Devilfort, Uncle Henri, all the neighbours, all my friends, Mr Chapuis and all his family. Love to Grandma Susie and the uncles, aunts and cousins, Mr Jacot and his family. I can't write down everybody's name so regards to everybody who asks after us.

London, 8 September 1855

As I have not described London at all to you, I shall say a few words about it. Now my leg is a little better I have been able to see London, only a little part of it of course, but yesterday I went to St Paul's Cathedral. Oh, what a magnificent building! Inside there's about 20 marble statues, one of Nelson and some of other famous admirals and other prominent persons, and nearby the statue of the Duke of Wellington on horseback, and

huge buildings belonging to the City. We went along a very fine street but it's not as clean as the French towns and some of the women are very dirty. Some of them are very clean, but there aren't many very clean ones. The houses are black[14] too, and another thing is that we're getting very fine ourselves. Yesterday evening we all trooped along to see the tunnel[15] and three ladies from where we are living took us along. The street was much nicer by gaslight; we came to a round building and this again was very well lit by gas. We went down a lot of staircases and right at the bottom they've put in a panorama and we went into the right-hand one, there were shops in the other one. Just imagine a long avenue 450 paces long, nicely painted white and lit by gas. We went along this and we all had a glass of wine — lovely wine it was too — after which we set off for home again. We also saw the Tower of London which is a very old building, and I think we are going to see the Queen's Palace. This is our last day in town; the food is very good where we are staying, we don't get up till after 8 o'clock and we don't do a stroke of work all day, so we're getting as fat as butter, especially Jules. When François was writing, he was giggling all the time so perhaps you'll get a nice description of us. That's all for now. Tell Fritz that our poor old teeth were chattering when we crossed the Channel. GOD PROTECT US DURING THE VOYAGE! AMEN.

On the Thames, London, 13 September 1855 (François Tétaz)

I'm taking this opportunity before we leave to send you a few lines to give news of ourselves. Things aren't too bad so far, thank God. We left London[16] on Saturday the 8th and were towed by a steamship nearly as far as Gravesend, and are stuck here until God knows when. We have been over to Gravesend town by boat several times, once or twice with Uncle who took us to some fine gardens and several other very nice things which I can't describe to you, and we all come back on board at

night a bit tipsy. Luckily we've got some boatmen, otherwise we'd never find our ship again, there are so many of them. It costs us a packet in fares, a shilling a time and we aren't very far from Gravesend, only a musket shot away. Since 12 September, we've been having a fine time in the evening until 10 o'clock on deck. They ring all the bells and there are fireworks and cannon going off all around. We all sing, each of us has a go, everybody gets together and when we stop singing, Jules gets up and dances; he keeps us amused in every way you can think of. Some of the people look black when they see us carrying on like this the same way every evening. After all this, we retire to our hard beds. We are with some stuck-up bastards who get on our nerves; they've taken their trunks into the cabin, which is against the rules, and they get in our way like anything. There's nothing for it, we have to come to blows. There was one chap throwing his weight about with Charles and Charles kicked him in the stomach and he went down like a log. Lucky for him he grabbed hold of the side of the bed, otherwise he'd have been out for the count. Well, we sleep very well except me, because I've got two or three boils on my arse near the hole and they stop me doing a crap. Lucky I've got the squitters! I've also got one on the shoulder. They hurt like anything and I can't bend down without making a face. My bed is low down, and when I have to make it, I really do have a bad time — that's when I think of you, Mother dear. Charles' foot is hurting him; the doctor often comes to see him and has told him to put plasters on it, and Mrs Paux puts these on every day. We have tea or black coffee with sugar in the morning, with some bread. At midday, we get soup and lots of meat; in the evening we get tea and what remains of the midday meat. Jules and Henri Barbier look after the food supplies; they go and get the meat at 10 o'clock and take it along to be cooked at midday. Jules takes a can for the soup and Henri a dish for the meat. There are 12 of us at the same table, the four chaps from the Vaud, the four of us, and the wife and children[17]. We had a photo taken of us all, probably you've received them. They're not

very good, we look like blacks. When Charles had finished brushing his hair nicely, there was one lock stood up above all the others, and they've been marked as you'll see if you've got them. Things are fine but we'll be glad to weigh anchor. Tell my friends from the Glee Club that they ought to be here to sing, because every evening the captain gets us singing. We do gymnastics, Henri Rouge ought to be here to give us gym lessons — tell him he'd be in his element. Charles started a letter but he made some blots and couldn't go on and he told me to write for him. I don't know what else to tell you; my hand's trembling and I'm sweating like a butter merchant. Give our regards to Sophie Sasse, we forgot to say goodbye to her, Mr Chapuis and family including Edouard Ebengue. Tell him there aren't enough glasses to go round. Regards to Mr Jacot and family, Grandma Susie and all the aunts, uncles and cousins, and Charles Aimé and all my friends. I end this letter with love, dear parents.

On the Thames, 16 September 1855

Here we are, and stuck there more firmly than ever, still on the Thames off Gravesend. We see before us every day a constant coming and going of ships, screw steamers and paddle steamers, and trains going along the banks. Yesterday a ship came along which had all its four main yards and its bowsprit broken. In the evening after sunset we get together on the forecastle and do gymnastics. One of the chaps from the Vaud climbed up a chain from the rigging and Jules comes out with 'look François, look at the lettuce'. He didn't half give us an old-fashioned look and Jules and Henri rolled him on the deck and made us all laugh. Nearly every day we take our bearings. Last Saturday the doctor came and saw me about my leg, which isn't getting any better in spite of the linseed plasters he has prescribed. Mrs Paux is taking your place, Mother, she has looked after me as if I were her son. I'm a little better now; the doctor tells me I've got a nerve out of place in my knee and that's

why I can't stretch my leg out. I think it started up a fortnight ago when we crossed the Channel, because when I was walking along the deck, you either stubbed your feet against the deck when it came up, or found it not there when it went down, but it isn't much. Nobody knows when we shall weigh anchor; they say the owner of the ship is in debt and is having terrible trouble. On Wednesday morning in my little den, I heard them pumping and the sailors singing. I thought they were pumping the anchor and so I went out and found that all they were doing was pumping out bilge water because it was raining. Down below we're not all that comfortable but I've managed to make myself quite at home. We have cabins as big as the room downstairs at home, but there are six people in them. In ours there are three Englishmen and their trunks and some baskets of apples. My bed is 26" wide and high and 6' long, a small mattress, 2 pillows and blankets. That's what we sleep in. We get tea, bread and sugar to eat, now it's biscuit for breakfast, soup in the evening and boiled meat for dinner. François says the only thing we still need is lettuce. Yesterday evening Uncle brought us some from Gravesend and was received with hearty cheers. Today he brought us a little demijohn of beer but five of the fellows had gone off to town. I hope this letter will find you all in good health together with Jean Pierre and Eunier, the two friends. The grapes are ripening splendidly and the apples too; I saw lots when we were going through the North of France and Uncle bought us two baskets of them, three hams, some cheese and some herrings. I suppose you have received our two photographs, in which our worthy François' face is as black as a nigger's. They aren't good but if you don't like them you must do like Uncle, who wanted to play cards with them. I've come to the end of my news, except that we shall be off on Tuesday before dawn. Would you mind telling the Percin family of Cortaillod how late we are? Give our regards to anybody who asks after us, especially Ulysse, Edouard, the two Fritz Barbiers, Jean Ildriet, Louis Nivon and tell them not to forget me, because I remember them. Don't you forget

anybody, don't do as I do, I don't know what's the matter with me. Boudry is only a dream to me now. Jules keeps cheerful, especially when the beer comes along.
[In another hand]
Goodbye everybody in my Paul and Perrin families, goodbye my dear children, we're off on Tuesday morning.

MARIE-PAUL

On the Thames, 23 September 1855 (François Tétaz)

I'm taking the opportunity whilst we are still stuck on the Thames to send you these few lines to tell you that our departure is approaching — fortunately, because we're fed up, we've been confined on board for a fortnight. If only I had one or two vines to look after, what a pleasure it would be! The grapes in Bergeresse must be good this year. If only we could have a few bunches, all we have is bad water. We only wish we had the wine we said no to in Boudry when we left. We often go to Gravesend for a drink of beer; you don't drink wine here, it's too dear. Uncle took us to see the botanical gardens where we saw all sorts of plants, monkeys and black bears, but we're always in difficulties because we never can understand these English. One day we went for a walk and we were hungry so we thought we would like some eggs. We went into an inn and asked for eggs and they brought us a set of clay pipes. Uncle bought us a basket full of lettuce and a bottle of oil and a bottle of vinegar, and that went down very well with our dinner. When these bloody Englishmen serve us with meat, they always give us the bone and it was short weight. We complained to Uncle and he made them give us the meat as it came. We'd have a fine time, I don't think, if Uncle wasn't there. We were given a week's supply of brown sugar and the woman put it in her cabin. Every evening the kids wanted to go to bed early and we

wondered why. Every day the woman had to put less sugar in our tea, and it tastes horrible when there's not enough sugar. One morning they had eaten nearly all of it, we were so angry we nearly burst. They play all sorts of tricks on us; it was just our bad luck to have them with us. Charles's leg is all right now and my boils have gone, thank goodness, and we can do gymnastics again. We can't climb up any of the masts or any of the rigging without paying two or three shillings to the cabin boys and sailors. Charles forgot this and he climbed up the mast nearest the bowsprit, the cabin boys waited until he'd got a bit high up and then two or three of them took a rope and tied him there in spite of all he could do to defend himself. Very funny. Jules always keeps us laughing, what a good thing it is he's with us. He keeps us from getting bored although he's bored enough himself. He often says 'If only I was in Paris and knew what was coming to us, I would have stayed there' — it's awful to be stuck here without knowing when you're going to get off. One evening, Uncle came back a bit upset and said that the ship had been sold, and that the former owner had gone bankrupt. They changed the Captain. The old Captain was nice and Uncle was sorrier about this than about anything else. He went up to London to try and get our money back so that we could go on another ship, but he had no luck. All they were willing to give back was £20 for all of us and he thought it better to leave well alone. We've had a lot to put up with. There is on board a girl of 17 who on Sunday 23 September married a man 23 years older than herself; she's too young. Uncle got our dirty linen washed for us in Gravesend, but they washed it English fashion. Our shirts are dirtier than they were before and there are stains on them that weren't there before.

I think this will be the last letter for some time; you must be getting fed up with us. I think there'll be no more outgoing post. On Tuesday[18] the 25th we weigh anchor, and high time too. Charles has written a 12-page letter to Mr Jacot and he must have told him everything that has happened. I won't go on any longer, love to everyone including Grandma Susie, both aunts, Mr

Chapuis and Edouard and Suzanne, Mr Jacot and family, greetings to François Ecuyer and Louise, Uncle Henri Paul, Miss de Villefor, the Rouge family and tell Henri we saw a pack of 80 hunting dogs, real beauties they were and I said 'Rouge ought to be here to give the view halloo.' Greetings to Laure Barbier, tell her we were very pleased with the shirts. Greetings to all my friends and the neighbours and the Cortaillod crowd and to you, dear parents, love from your devoted son.

On board *Evening Star*, 29 October 1855

A ship has just appeared on the horizon and I think we may be able to hand over our letters and so we hasten to describe our voyage which has been quite nice so far, a few delays apart. Our health is good and we are in good spirits. We are not far from the Equator and we passed the lunar one last Friday. They caught a shark and I ate a bit and it was pretty good. Dad, the star I showed you is high up right in front of us and we look at it every evening. I suppose it must be getting cold in Boudry, but here you can't stay in bed at night. Last week we passed the Cape Verde and on Sunday we saw some whales gambolling in the water. I'm the only one of the whole crowd to have been seasick, but not much. My knee is starting to hurt again. In the Bay of Biscay we had such a storm that it looked as though everything was on fire, and François and I had no end of a surprise in the morning when they told us that, for the last few days and especially last night, we'd had torrential rain. We've been at sea for a month without seeing land (the Canary Islands); today, 29 October, is two months since we left you and here we are still on the Atlantic. I suppose the little cart is rolling along and you've got your grapes in. I must end because a boat has already been lowered. Tell all the ladies and gentlemen who ask after us that we send greetings, especially Mr Chapuis, Mr Jacot, Mr Bonhote and the families and friends. Tell them we send greetings from the tropics. The chaps from the Vaud haven't written so say a few words for

them to Samuel Duvoisin[19] at La Poissine near Grandson.[20] I suppose Jean Pierre is still going strong on his game leg and Grandma Susie[21] too.

On the Great Southern Ocean, 19 December 1855

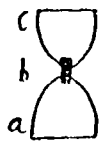
Now that we have left the Cape[22] and are getting near the end of our voyage, I am going to start writing a little chronicle of our voyage and of the various circumstances which went with it. I hope this missive will find you all in good health and I am pleased to inform you that we have been in the best of health. I suppose the ground is once more covered with snow whilst we have a tropical sun. We can't believe that we're getting near Christmas. I hope you received the short letters we sent via the ship from Hamburg; all these little harbingers tell you that we are still alive. All those of you reading this message, please excuse the mistakes in it and as I haven't kept any notes, it will be very far from complete, but it will be completed by what the others write. On 25 September, after waiting 18 days at anchor off Gravesend, and after the ship had changed owners and the Captain, and after the crew, composed of 16 seamen, 8 apprentices, three cooks, two cabin boys, a boatswain, a carpenter, a sailmaker, a doctor, three officers and the captain and his son, the passengers numbering 35 men, 17 women and 10 children, were all on board, together with some fresh provisions, the colossal anchor was weighed by means of a large piece of wood shod with iron placed horizontally, around which is wound the chain, each link of which weighs 9 pounds. The chain is 180 fathoms long and there are two of them on board, together with two large anchors and two small ones. This machine is placed on the forecastle, which is the seamen's quarters, and is moved by means of a handle on the forecastle. When this handle is in use, the sailors sing all the sea shanties they can put their tongues to. A steamship came out to take us in tow in the Thames estuary, we cast anchor twice during the night and on the 26th, we were as firmly anchored as at

Gravesend. The wind was coming from the east, the direction in which we were going, and from the mouth of the Thames as far as Dover, the sea is full of sandbanks, all of which are marked by buoys or old ships on which a beacon is kept burning, besides which the bank has beacons placed on it. Towards noon the pilot, whose job it was to take us onto the high seas, gave orders for the sails to be hoisted. There was a headwind and the manoeuvre therefore needed a lot of hands. As a result, we were roped in and stationed in the bows to adjust the bowsprit and the mizzen. There were other people in the middle and behind and all of them were kept very busy, for every quarter of an hour we had to tack. It was a good remedy for the seasickness we could feel coming on. By tacking, we gained a little distance against the wind. When you have a headwind, you adjust the yards in such a way that they are parallel to the wind so that the wind blows through the sails, and change over after a short time, as if the ship was at Neuchâtel and you wanted to go to Yverdon[23] against a head wind, by arranging your sails in this way, from Neuchâtel you'd go to Port Alban, thence to Chezlebart and then on to Yvonand, Grandson and then Yverdon. Progress is slow but steady, and so by the evening we were in sight of the lights of Dover.

Here the pilot left us and we got into the Channel and lost sight of land which we saw again on Saturday, still the English coast; here we had a dead calm until Monday evening and during the night, we saw the land around Brest. With the west wind driving us towards the Bay of Biscay, the sea was very high and we were seasick. It was raining and we didn't know where to put ourselves so as not to feel the regular forward bound of the ship. We heartily wished for just a bit of ground no bigger than our hand to stand on, but it was no good, and besides we didn't feel it too badly because our famous Channel Crossing had done us good. We easily passed ships going the same way as ourselves. We had a gust of wind which nearly took our masts off; there was nobody on deck and all the ropes let fly. It was a critical moment when you've got 14 or 20 sails and a gust of

wind comes, always together with torrential rain which makes it hard to see ahead. As I said, the wind came prevailingly from the west, bringing with it pouring rain — just like home — and this drove us onto the coast of Portugal, which we approached at a distance of nearly 50 leagues. The ship's course was changed to north-east, towards America.

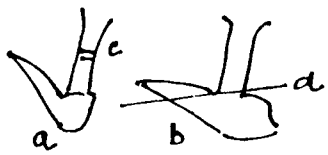
While we were wandering over the Atlantic, you were getting your grapes in. We made hardly any progress because the wind was so irregular, and this rather discouraged us. We had one stormy night in which everything seemed as though it was on fire. They told us the next morning that both of us, François and me, slept like a log. We had a following wind and had lowered all the sails except topsails and these were half furled. We hadn't got enough sails, the sea was raging around us, the waves were coming up from behind and beating the ship's stern, and it seemed as if we were going to be smashed to bits. The main sail and the mizzen sail came down and we went ahead at a good speed for the first time. The next day we set studding sails (side sails) of which the main mast carries four plus the four others usually on it (five on some ships, the fifth is called the skysail). The mizzen mast bears six studding sails and four others, and so with this press of canvas, we did 15 knots, which is another way of saying 15 miles an hour. At every change of watch, soundings are taken with a long cord at the end of which there is a little triangular plank, one side of which is weighted so that it stays vertical in the water without moving either forwards or backwards. The cord is paid out for 14 seconds. It is marked at every knot, the knot being to one mile what 14 seconds is to an hour, so that instead of using a watch, a little bottle is used shaped like this and containing magnetised iron filings in the lower part (a). The time they take to pass through the hole (b) into the upper part (c) is 14 seconds.



We progressed in this way for nine days, after which we had a calm lasting ten days. One morning a shark was announced, a hook with a chunk of bacon on it was thrown overboard and after prowling around it for some time, the shark took the bait. Several men then dragged it on board and it was bellowing like an ox. They dragged it to a hatchway and cut off its tail, so depriving it of life. The English rushed at it like birds of prey, thinking they'd get a number of good meals out of its flesh. This is white and smells strongly of oil. The first officer took its head, which is round with the jaw set well back and well provided with interlocking teeth. The fins of this fish are extraordinarily well developed. I expected to see a monster but that wasn't the case at all; he was 8 feet long and as thick as a man. In the evening, it was served up to the most senior officers and to the English passengers. I tasted it too — it isn't bad.

It was extremely hot and we were plagued with bugs which are a great trial, above all at night, because of their very nice smell. The sea was like a mirror, the sky was cloudless, the sails hanging limply down the masts and the sun was very hot. You can only get in the shade by getting behind a wall and there aren't any walls. At this juncture, a ship came into view on the horizon. It had a bit of wind and we hurriedly wrote a short letter. A boat was lowered and one of the officers in his best uniform got into it with 4 sailors, the captain's son and Uncle. They rowed a league over to the boat and asked if it had enough water and provisions. All they needed was a bit of cord for the sails and they came on board to get it. We had passed the lunar equator. We got some more wind. Sometimes we saw porpoises which are big fish 8 feet long with the girth of a fat pig. What distinguishes them is their pointed jaw with pointed teeth. The crew harpooned one of them; there were at least 200 of them swimming in front of the bows and the negro cook, who had worked on a whaler, used a weapon like this and fitted onto a heavy handle. On my sketch (a) shows it closed and (c) is the barb which is held by a string which comes away when the point enters the flesh; (b) shows the

harpoon once it has entered the flesh, and (d) the skin. He fixed the harpoon handle to a stout rope and plunged it into the brain. The rope paid out and it was hoisted aboard. The English, voracious as ever, rushed at it and the negro took its head and cut it open. The brain cavities were as big as those of an ox. Every time we saw those fish, there was a change in the weather.



We passed the time as best we could. We were on kitchen fatigue for one week a month, and then we made our dinner at midday — a piece of bacon, pea soup and then a pudding, and on one day of the week, meat preserved in tin pots and potatoes preserved in tin cans, biscuit, flour, salt butter, suet for the pudding, raisins, rice, water and a few other things. And with all that, make a meal for yourselves. The pudding didn't catch on much with us, it's too heavy, it was made of flour kneaded with chopped suet until it lost its colour, and raisins. You put this paste into a little bag and cook it in seawater. Talking about the sea, on a real dark night it looks as though it's covered with glow-worms — I think it's because of the salt. The water touching the ship is all shiny, when the ship is doing 15 knots ahead, it's like the Areuse[24] at Pervoux where it goes into a waterfall; it shines so at night, it really is a sight. Well, we were going on and on, slowly but surely, and our star, the Evening Star, which we hadn't lost sight of when we crossed France and were in England, or as far as here, was getting more and more vertical and after a time, we passed it. On the date on which I am writing to you, Christmas Eve, it looks as low on the horizon as it does in Switzerland.

We had been on the high seas for a month and were getting near the anniversary of a conspiracy against the English Parliament by the Irish.[25] It was 5 November; the sailors made a straw dummy, both cannon were loaded and the dummy was carried round the deck and then hanged from the yardarm to a salute from both guns, then he was hauled down and put in a half-barrel full of tar. This was set alight and he was set afloat to the sound of another couple of cannon shot, and off he went. Two hours later, he was still burning and as it was evening, we could see him for a long time. All these festivities were not to the doctor's taste, as he was an Irishman. We kept ourselves to ourselves in this. They started dancing, then had a glass of rum and that was the end of it all.

Our good wind still held and on 7 November, we crossed the line between St Paul's Island and Brazil. On the 10th we thought the crew was going to mutiny because the third officer had hit the doctor, and they wanted to put him in irons, and the sailors threatened to go on strike if he was put in irons. The captain loaded his pistols, but he fired them into the sea. It was decided that the dispute would be settled when we got to the Cape. On the 14th, we were told that we would see Brazil. After dinner, I went and sat on the capstan on the forecastle and saw a blue line on the horizon rising a little above the water, and I called one of the apprentices. He shouted out 'land, land' and at 4 o'clock we could see the coast like you see the other side of the lake. It doesn't look at all unlike it when you've been two months without seeing land and only seeing a wall that always looks the same. It's like when you see a ship, you feel that you're not alone in the world, it gives you a little bit of life and cheer. The next day the sea was covered with negro fishermen, four bits of wood, a mast and a triangular bit of sail; such is their boat and they can stay three weeks at sea. In the evening, we saw the roadstead and the town of Pernambuco, and the next day we said 'Goodbye Brazil, nice to have seen you, we may not be back.' Uncle arranged for me to have some English lessons from a gent who was going on business

to Van Diemen's Land, but we have no book to go by so progress is slow. Henri Barbier has got a grammar but it's hard to get near it. It seems he sets great store on it for sentimental reasons.

As we set off for the Cape, we could have run short of water and other provisions; after two days sailing, we ran into broken weather again and the rain came down in torrents. That's when you catch illnesses easil; your feet are always wet whether you're between decks or on deck, there's water everywhere. You don't find much to talk about, you're fed up or bad tempered; once I bailed out 12 buckets of water from under my bed. We had such a strong north wind and such a raging sea that it was neither fine nor pleasant, I can tell you. The only sail we had was the little top sail and that was half-furled. We had two days of this weather; when we were on deck, great masses of sea water came down on us all the time and we were always wet through. The wind on the water looked like a good strong wind on snow; it was all white, it was absolutely all I needed to think of winter, what with the masts and rigging without any sails up, with the wind howling in them as it does in the walnut tree behind the Castle at home, in weather such as this. You sometimes have to unship the masts and yards, strip the ship bare. The waves are the size of Vaudijon mountain and ships get terribly tossed up and down. They had to get their pumps going two or three times more every day; between decks there were about 12 of us French and the rest were English. All they learned was French swear words and all we learned from the English was English swear words — that's all either side got out of meeting the other.

Meanwhile, we began to catch sight of a few albatrosses and water pigeons which came and settled on the bowsprit and we saw a number of whales blowing water into the air. When we saw these, we were sure that we were going to have rain. It had been estimated that we would get to the Cape in about a fortnight, but we took a month. One Saturday, the anchor chains were got out and on Sunday we passed a ship in the afternoon. We hung the anchors on pieces of

wood projecting from the side of the ship and fastened on the chains, and on Sunday 16 December at 5.00 p.m., we sighted land. It was Table Bay Mountain.[26] This was the season of long days and so we distinctly saw it at 8 o'clock at night; the lantern was lit, the wind from the land was warm and strong at the same time. At 10 o'clock, we were manoeuvering in the harbour, which was far from easy in the dark, especially as you couldn't hear the orders given because of the wind. We were quite near the town and had just gone out and reached our station when a rope from the mizzen mast broke and the sailor went plumb into the sea. Jules was standing at the foot of the mainmast and he went quickly over to the hole to have a look, thinking it was somebody's hat which was taking a dip as we said, instead of which he heard a cry for help from a man who sounded as though he was a gonner. Quick as lightning, he grabbed a pile of rope, felt somebody grab the end and in two ticks there he was, on his feet on deck. But for that rope, it would have been all up for him in that sea. This accident made the ship miss its manoeuvre so we anchored where we were. You could see it was a colonial town because of the lights along the streets.

The next morning, no boats could come aboard because of the wind. The town is small but looks nice; it's surrounded by mountains like Noiraigue but bigger; around the bay are plains covered with crops and windmills. At the north end of the bay is a desert whose sand is as white as snow. On Tuesday boats came aboard, bringing fresh provisions; some of the passengers left and Uncle went too, the Captain went with the Doctor to bear witness against his second and third officers. Uncle gave us two pounds so that we could come in the morning; we made Félix Duvoisin change three times ready to leave by telling him a boat was waiting. On Wednesday morning, François and I took the boat which brought provisions, the wind was making itself felt and the waves were coming over us every second. François was grumbling at me because I made him come out from between his blankets to which

he is very faithful. He spends all day lying down. After getting a good soaking, we reached land in the midst of a crowd of Hottentots[27] who greeted us with cries of 'Good Morning'. The streets are wide and straight. We had been given the address of Uncle's hotel which we found easily. After lunch we went over the town, most of whose population is, I should think, composed of negroes and mulattoes. The farmers were coming in just at that time with their carts harnessed to sixteen or eighteen pairs of oxen whose 6 foot-wide horns made them look pretty formidable. The oxen are small but their horns are put up as ornaments in drawing rooms. Luckily the streets are wide and straight enough to turn these tremendous teams of oxen in. The negro driver keeps them in order with a whip like a fishing rod. We went to see the botanical garden which is surrounded by an avenue of very large oak trees. Inside there are masses of plants which are rare at home; the paths are bordered with myrtles as they are with box hedges in Switzerland. There are palm trees, aloes in flower, palms, vines (which we were very glad to see) and a host of plants we had never seen before, lots of fuchsias, whole bushes of them, very red like Mr Chapuis' shrubbery, and vines bearing grapes of the size you'd get in August at home. If you had such a fine month of December as we have here, we would never have left our native land. As well, there were plenty of oranges, to which we helped ourselves. The wine is excellent here, the best I've drunk, and Uncle says it's better than in Australia. We went back to the hotel and Henri and Jules turned up, but not the chaps from the Vaud because we'd told them off.

I see I'm getting to the end of my notebook and shall have to bring this letter to an end. Besides which yesterday was the turn of the year, so I end wishing you all, dear parents and friends, a Happy New Year and good health, and to us a happy voyage and safe landing. This, I think, is not far off. We are now off to St Paul's Island, so here's heartfelt greetings from your son and friend.

The *Evening Star* arrived at Port Phillip Bay in February 1856 after a journey lasting four months.

Early Days at the Victoria Vineyard

When François and Charles Tétaz arrived in Geelong in February 1856, they were cared for by David and Esther Pettavel.[1] Pettavel's Victoria Vineyard was established in 1848 on 300 acres in Waurn Ponds. Beneath their eight-roomed stone house was a cellar about 40 feet by 30 feet hollowed out of the stone and divided into two compartments, the outer compartment occupied by the wine press and the inner compartment by large casks. The largest cask held 2,500 gallons.

The painting of Victoria Vineyard[2] (see photo insert) was made after a fire in the 1950s had destroyed the homestead. It is a reconstruction showing what the building would have looked like in the middle of the nineteenth century. The vineyard, at its height of production, produced 6,000 gallons of wine in a year and at harvesting time, up to thirty men were employed.

Victoria Vineyard, 24 August 1856 (François Tétaz)

We got your letter dated 23 September 1855 and the one of 28 January 1856 which we received on 20 July and which gave us very much pleasure. I am writing these few lines to let you know of our arrival which went off very well. When we got to the bay with the steamship, there was a crowd of children and grown-ups looking at the ship. When we arrived we saw Louis Amiet's oldest child, and when we set foot on land, we told him to take us home and there we saw Mrs Amiet and her husband. We had all our luggage with us; while we were there, Louis Tétaz came with the children's father. Louis Marendaz is still the same, he hasn't changed much. Uncle Barbier was in town too, but we didn't see him

until the evening. Uncle Louis Pettavel disembarked before we did, so he wasn't in Geelong and we had all his luggage. We asked Louis Tétaz if he knew where Aunt Pettavel's house[3] was and he told us he did. It so happened he had his cart and two horses and we loaded Uncle's luggage into it and off we went, all five of us, to Aunt Pettavel's — all five of us, that is Henri, Jules, Louis and us two.

Uncle Louis had told us 'Be careful when you take my trunks along not to say you are my nephews. We must wait a bit and see how things go with your Aunt', so we told Louis not to say so. When we got in front of the house, Aunt opened the gate of the courtyard and the first thing she did was to ask Louis how her nephews were. He said 'Well, here they are' and she threw her arms around us. Well, we unloaded the luggage and went in and were treated like friends. Pity people don't get on with her. From there, we went back into town to the Amiet's house where Uncle Pettavel and Uncle Barbier were waiting for us to leave for the vineyard[4] which is about seven miles from Geelong. We arrived at the home of Aunt Cécile Marendaz; she is very well and has a little daughter. From there we went on to the vineyard where we went and wakened young Benin[5] and the two Grellet brothers[6] who are all very well and send their best regards to you all. From there we went up to the big house, where Aunt Eugénie[7] was waiting for us. She has two lovely little boys.[8] They are all very well, but the Aunts have aged a lot over here. We stayed the rest of the week, Charles and me, at the vineyard. Jules and Henri stayed too, then we went back into town to Aunt Pettavel's where we stayed 2 or 3 days, and after that, I went to stay with Dunoyer,[9] but Charles stayed with Aunt in town to go to school.

As I was with Dunoyer, I got a job carting in the mines.[10] I went up to the mines with two horses and a load of grapes, peaches and apples weighing about 17 to 19 hundredweight. There were several of us, all Swiss, going up to the mines. We take a tarpaulin, blankets and provisions, and off we go. At midday we stop to give the horses their oats and make a meal, and we camp in the evening, taking care to choose a nice pasture for the night. We unharness the horses and hobble them to stop them going too far away, and

N° 172

TIMBRE ORDINAIRE 75 CENTIMES

CONFÉDÉRATION SUISSE.

CANTON DE VAUD.

ACTE D'ORIGINE POUR UNE PERSONNE NON MARIÉE.

Nous Syndic et Conseil Municipal de la Commune de Chamblon

Cercle de Champvent Canton de Vaud, certifions que le porteur du présent Acte Tétaz Charles Louis

fils de Pierre Louis Tétaz non marié,

âgé de dix huit ans, est bourgeois de notre Commune, et que nous le reconnaîtrons dans tous les temps comme tel.

En foi de quoi nous donnons l'assurance positive que le susdit notre Combourgeois sera toujours et dans toutes les circonstances reçu de nouveau dans notre Commune, déclarant toutefois que le présent Acte ne lui a été délivré que pour faciliter son séjour au dehors, et nullement aux fins de contracter mariage, vu que pour légitimer une telle union il faut se conformer aux lois de notre Canton. En foi de quoi le présent Acte d'origine a été signé, scellé et expédié dans la forme usitée dans notre Commune.

Donné à Chamblon le 1er Août mil-huit-cent cinquante cinq 1855.

Le Syndic,
Henri Tétaz

Le Secrétaire,
Cte Henry Tétaz

Le Juge de Paix du Cercle de Champvent *certifie que le sceau et les signatures ci-dessus sont véritables.*

Fait à Champvent le 1er Août 1855

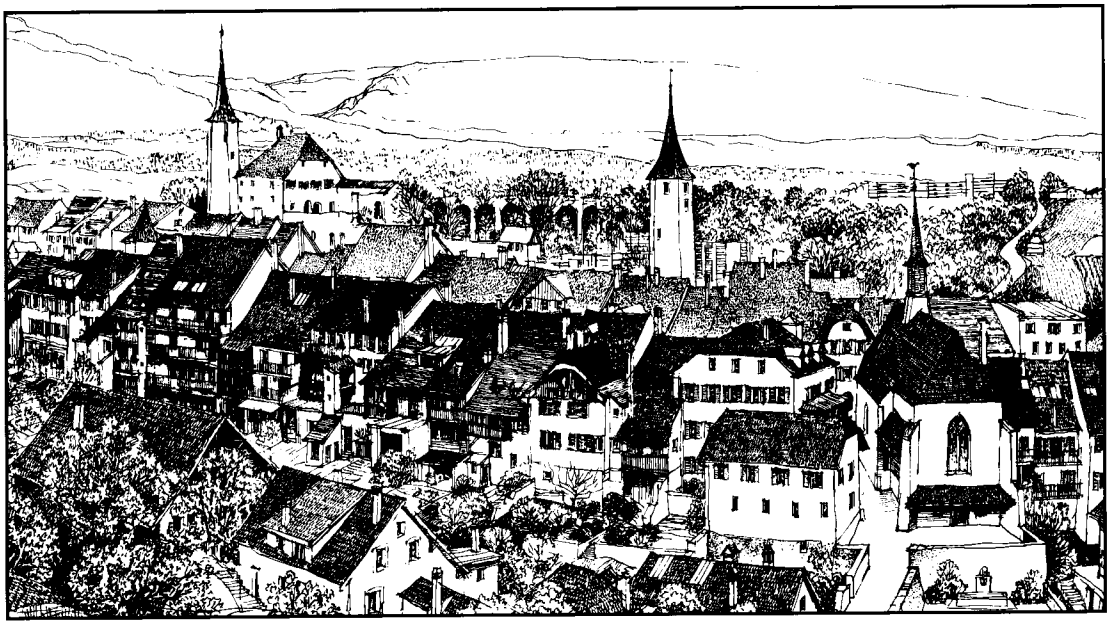
Le Juge de paix,
Baussmes

301. En recommandant instamment le porteur au bon accueil et à la protection des Autorités respectives, nous certifions l'authenticité du sceau et de la signature ci-dessus du Juge de Paix du Cercle de Champvent

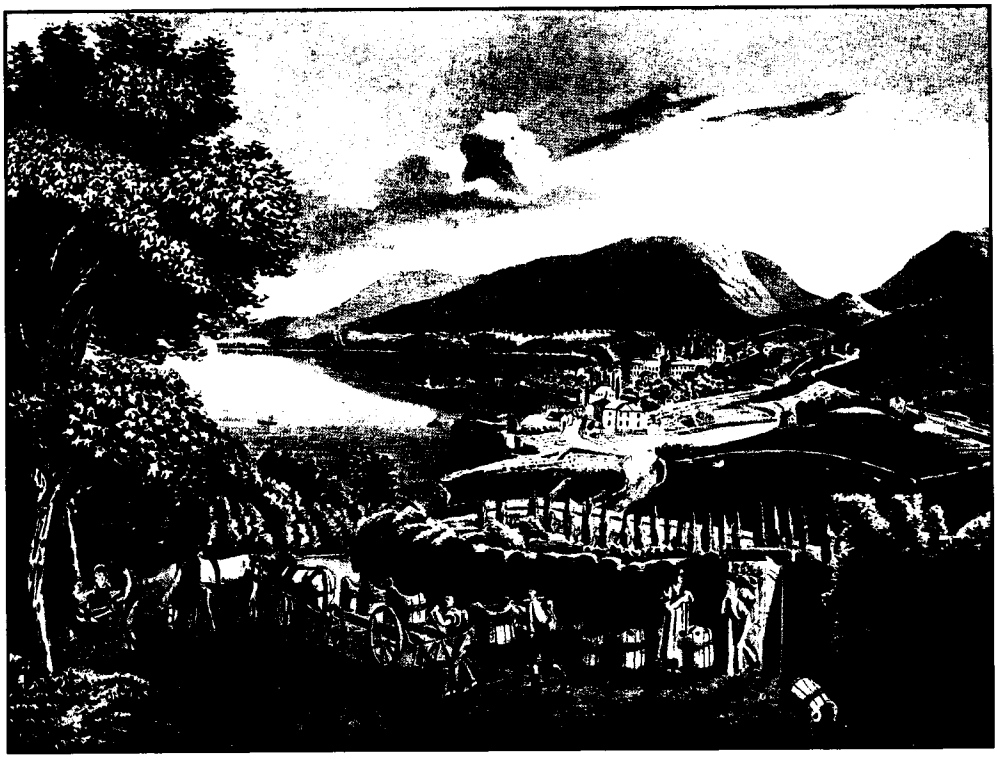
Lausanne, le trois Août 1855.

Pour la Chancellerie du Canton de Vaud.
Le Chancelier,
le Secrétaire rédacteur

Certificate of Origin: Charles Louis Tétaz, 1855.



Boudry (Société de Banque Suisse).

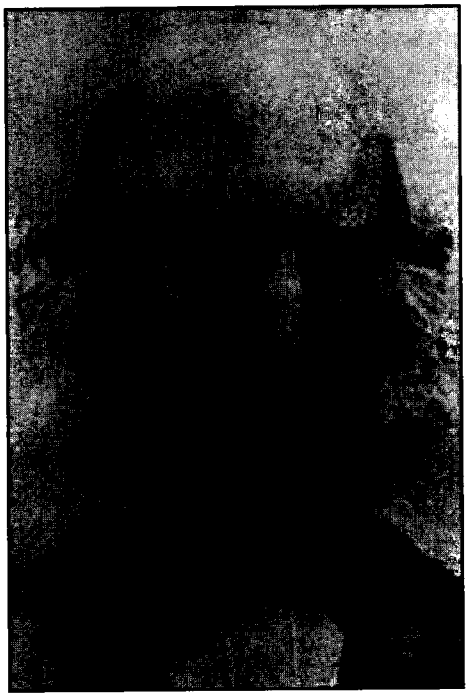


The Vineyards of Neuchâtel (Hirlemann XIXe siècle, Musée d'art et d'histoire, Neuchâtel).

Pierre Louis Tétaz and Marguerite Augustine Tétaz née Pettavel.

David Louis Pettavel.

The Village of Boudry.



Joseph Gundry.

Mary Gundry née Watson.

Victoria Vineyard by M. Kahle.

after that we give them their oats and then set about finding a place to sleep and make a meal. After that, we spread the tarpaulin over the shafts of the cart and put our beds down. The tarpaulin is a waterproof sheet like the one on the big cart. In the middle of the night we get up to look after our horses, and when we've found them again, we take them back to the cart and then we get back between our blankets. Early in the morning, before dawn, we get up and collect our horses together from all over the place, give them oats and make breakfast. When dawn comes, we harness them up and off we go. Normally it takes eight or nine days there and back. We are several Swiss chaps together to camp, and that's a good thing. When one of us loses his horses, another lends him one of his so that he can go and get it. One morning we got up at the same time and there were no horses to be seen. I was jolly glad when one of my pals lent me one of his horses to go after mine; I mounted bareback and went for about a couple of leagues and then in the end, I found them. They were going back home! This delayed us for a whole morning. This was Easter and so we had to be on the road on Easter Sunday. I camped with Frédéric Amiet, Julien Grellet, Fritz Baillot and several other Swiss chaps.

I lodged with the Dunoyers for eight weeks and after that, I went to Uncle's to go to the new place.[11] We came to this new place with Aunt, me and Uncle and a cook. Charles stayed on another three weeks in town to go to school, and there all the women made a fuss of him. We built a fine big hut, Uncle and me; it has three rooms and a kitchen, until we can get the big house built. When the hut was finished, we got Aunt and two of her nieces along as cooks; we are very well looked after. They do our room every day, and even on Sunday when we have nothing to do, they tidy it up. To cut a long story short, we're very comfortable. The area of the place is 40 acres; the road separates the garden, the area of which is 10 acres. Uncle has bought £100 worth of trees from Uncle Barbier and Cousin Louis Tétaz and we planted them — this makes a very big garden. The remaining 30 acres, which are for the vines, have been sown with wheat. We had to plough them up. We ploughed with two ploughs; we had one ploughman and a boy aged 11 whom Uncle paid 30 shillings a week. Charles and I drove the eight oxen we had

harnessed to one plough, but you should have seen the length of the furrows; I held the plough handles and Charles drove the oxen. This week I'm ploughing with two horses, in the garden between the lines of trees, which are far enough apart to be able to plough between them. We want to sow potatoes, we've already sowed some onions.

I've nothing more to tell you for the time being. We have just buried a young fellow who should have left with us but went on ahead. All the Swiss people were to have been there but here you go to funerals on horseback and we went along, the three of us, Uncle with the two black horses, and Tomet (Tommy). I had Tommy, Charles had Byli (Billy) and Uncle had Farme — fine big horses they are too — with a great huge pair of riding boots with spurs on them. Uncle Barbier couldn't come, neither could Louis Tétaz, who had a fall from a horse the day before and hurt his leg, but they lent their two riding horses to Jules and Henri and they came instead. It would have been no picnic to go on foot because there was at least three leagues to walk to the cemetery. When we got back, we had a race with Jules and Henri with our horses — you should just have seen us making tracks with our fiery steeds, and I won the race with my powerful Tommy. Uncle Barbier and cousin Louis have got 11 horses and 16 draught oxen; Jules isn't lodging with them any more, he's with Mr Belperoux. I walked over to Mr Alexandre Belperoux's[12] place and he asked me if I was one of the new arrivals, and I said yes. 'Aren't you one of Louis[13] Tétaz' sons?' he says, and I said I was. He asked after you and whether you still went in for singing. I asked how he knew you and he said that he'd been in barracks with you. He said you had a fine voice then and he sends his regards.

We've trained two horses to plough and they haven't half given us a time. One day, Uncle told me to take one of the young horses and harness him to an old one to draw the plough. I took the mare, she's the hardest to control. I did fine the first three times around, and then, blow me if unfortunately I didn't drop the reins, the mare took fright and dragged the roller, the old horse and the whole shoot to the bottom of the slope. I thought the roller was going over me and that the horses would break their legs, but very fortunately, no harm was done.

I'll tell you too how we get the oxen here — we took six of them. You go out two at a time on horseback after the herd, you put them in an enclosure and take the old oxen and put them in the enclosure too. You take long poles, 16 feet long, and fasten a slip knot onto the end of it and poke the end of the cord through the hole in the stake set up for the purpose. Uncle goes into the enclosure and throws the noose over the head of the ox he wants to catch. When he catches one, four or five of us pull on the rope until the ox's head is near the doorway. No easy job, I can tell you. You put him side by side with an old ox and harness them together, then take them to the plough.

I haven't got much more news, just one thing. Be careful to save some seed of apples, pears and brambles, you know, wild blackberries from the forest, and send them to us for next year. About the money we are going to send you — be patient, funds are going to be low because we are going to build the big house[14] and this has to be ready to be lived in in March. There are several builders and the cheapest wants £1,000 or £900 including all the timberwork. Uncle has to supply the stone, sand and lime only. Frédéric Amiet and Henri Barbier haven't made up their minds yet whether to go over and make a tour of Switzerland.

Victoria Vineyard, 15 March 1857

Who was it said that this was done and that the Lord did in no wise order it so?

I take up my pen today to let you know what happened on 23 January of this year to my poor brother François. He was going about his work in the ordinary way carting, and that day he was going to fetch battens for the new house with a little black horse and a dray, that is a two-wheeled cart on which the battens stuck out right over the horse's head. The horse took fright easily, especially with a load like this which made a lot of noise. Uncle was in town that day and helped him to get through the town, and then he went back to get his saddle-horse from the stable. Poor François went on along the road, which was as steep as the New Bridge, with the cart. It was impossible to put a brake on, the

horse started galloping, François hung on and managed to stop it. Small, the building contractor, caught up with him and gave him his saddle-mare to hold while Small made the load fast on the cart again. So François was holding his Bill and this mare, his horse was frightened by the noise Small was making and broke into a gallop again. The poor lad let the mare go and ran after his horse. In the end he would have stopped it, but the mare started running after the other horse and ran into François and knocked him over with its shoulders, making him fall on his hands and knees in front of the wheel, which ran over his spine about the height of the last rib. He tried to get up from the sand where he was lying, but he couldn't. Uncle came up at this point and had him taken to Geelong Hospital where, thanks to prompt attention, he was soon out of danger. The next day, Sunday, I went to town but I could only see him at 3.00 p.m., when I found him as composed as usual. They hadn't been able to set the bones because of the inflammation which started up right away. He told me what had happened and I am giving you his account now. They could only reset his back at midnight on Tuesday; he had three vertebrae and two short ribs broken, apparently no harm had been done to the spinal cord. It's nearly cured now but it will be a long time before he can walk and get up to go to the lavatory. They let us come and see him whenever we like although hospital rules are only two visits a week. The doctor is excellent, he's the spitting image of Mr Boeueger and takes the very greatest care of him. There are a few people who speak French around him which is a great help. At first they had great difficulty in bringing down his temperature, because the weather was hot although it's January. I know you may feel worried about his being in hospital but there he's always under the doctor's eyes, whereas if we had taken him home, he'd have been a long way from the doctor and the chemist. Whenever we go out and see him, which is as often as possible, he keeps asking for his eternal lettuce.

Last month we received the seed you sent and I was very glad to get the little linen bag. We were delighted to get the two short notes inside it, pity they weren't as long as the mainmast. I think you must have forgotten us; the only news we have had from you has been these two notes you've

given to people coming out here. Don't do that, send them through the post because it's safer. About the seeds, I think only those that come from Praz will be good because they were held up in London; send us some every week. The newspapers say there is unrest in Switzerland about Neuchâtel, which is a very sad thing for the country. Here we are all right, and because of that we don't worry about the government, we just go on our own little way without any trouble.

We've been in this place nearly a year and have been kept pretty busy, first of all building the hut and shack, then ploughing and sowing with the oxen and two ploughs. In the following winter, we had to build a stable for the horses, and then we two, François and I, ploughed two acres for onions and then planted a thousand trees to make a garden and planted nine acres with potatoes. After this, the building of the house started and we went twice a day to Victoria Vineyard with 16 or 20 oxen and four horses for stone, as well as running the farm at the same time. At the New Year, we finished carting the stone, harvest arrived and we had to take up our sickles and go to town now and then to get wood to build the house, sometimes with the oxen, other times with the horses, and it's then that poor François was injured. We did the threshing with Uncle's new machine which had just arrived. It needed four horses to set it going and about fifteen men to look after it, it's no end of a job. Uncle Marendaz[15] has sold everything up or let it out on lease, and if all goes the way he wants it, he will probably go back to Switzerland. A lot of Swiss are deciding to go back. Juno[16] is back after being away for six months, he told me he'd seen you in Colombier. People can't settle down here and there is still talk of going back home. I think it would be best for François to go back to you as soon as he's well enough. From every point of view, he'd be better with you than here with a little pension. He could help Dad with the vines but not carry earth or seedlings in a basket on his back as he used to, or else he could play dominoes in Bergeresse and plant his lettuce in the peat beds. You'll hardly be able to put him at the pole of the little cart to drag it up the banks.

Have a look whether Gilette's little pear tree is still doing well. I'll end this letter because I have to get ready to

go and see François with Aunt. She has always treated François and both of us as if she were our Mother. I must end by telling you not to give in too much to your sorrow, but to put yourselves in the hands of Him who said 'Can a Mother forget her child? Though she should forget him, I shall not forget you, saith the Eternal.'

Geelong, 14 April 1857. Letter to Mr Jacot in Switzerland from David Pettavel

By the mail of 15 February, I told you of the accident which befell our dear François. He lived until yesterday in the greatest suffering that man can bear, which he bore with patience and resignation. Yesterday at 12.30 p.m. I closed his eyes, he is at rest, God be praised for this, because there was no hope for his getting better. The post is leaving at 3 o'clock and we are going to bury him at 4 o'clock. I can't give you any details for cannon has already been fired announcing the mailboat.

Goodbye my dear fellow, I shall write to you on the 25th of this month and give you details.

Victoria Vineyard, 19 April 1857

The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. Yes, dear Parents, my dear brother François has left us. He has left this world of pain and care. As our previous letters informed you, he had an accident which laid him on a bed of suffering for ten weeks and one-and-a-half days, during which he showed unbounded patience and courage. On Good Friday, I went to visit him as usual and found him extraordinarily changed; he talked to me as if he was going to die, and when evening came I had to leave the hospital. The next day Uncle Barbier went to see him with Uncle Pettavel and they found him better. The day after Easter Day, a man came on horseback to tell us that he was worse. I took horse and was with him in less than half an hour. He hardly recognised me, he couldn't speak except for isolated words such as 'Dad', 'Mum', 'my brother', 'Uncle',

'Dad', 'That's enough', 'Why did it happen?', ' I'm dying'. For a time he seemed to think he was in Switzerland, he smiled and spoke of you. Towards evening I left with the Uncles and Cousins who had come to see him; I stayed that night in town and at 10 p.m., I went to see him. His eyes were closed and he was breathing quickly; he didn't recognise me any more and he didn't say anything. I went to bed and went to see him early the next morning. He was more or less the same. The family reached town as early in the morning as possible, the doctor told us he wouldn't last much longer. But with that strong body of his, he was putting up a hard fight against death, but death had to win. Getting on for noon, he was quiet for a moment, then he opened his eyes, and then he died . . . I had a brother and a friend whom I have lost now. He has disappeared from before our eyes, the world is finished for him. He has suffered the penalty fixed by God when the world began for sin. He will never come back to us, but we shall go to him.

The funeral preparations were carried out as respectably as possible and the next day, 14 April 1857, we followed the hearse bearing the mortal remains of our dear François. All the Swiss who were near enough to hear the news soon enough made a point of coming to the funeral. There were 25 horsemen and Julien Grellet driving the cart loaded with friends who were following François to his last abode. So you see, my dear Parents, that even at the ends of the ocean, even there His hand leads us and His right hand doth lift us up.

Last year the colonial fever carried off a young fellow from Ornaux and, not long after, one of the Mayor family from Ornaux, and one of the Probsts was run over in the Ovens Mines. Last New Year's Day, one of the Landrys smashed his head in when he was going too fast on horseback on Mr Castelat's[17] station.

There was an enquiry[18] to find out from the person who was with François[19] how the accident happened, but he wouldn't say anything for certain. In a forthcoming letter, I shall write at greater length and let you know how we balanced our accounts with Uncle.

Regards to all our friends and relatives who deign to remember us. Please accept my friendly and filial greeting from your remaining son and brother.

Victoria Vineyard, 15 July 1857

Only now can I take up my pen again to send you a page or two of news, because the last pages I wrote were painful to write and read. Yes, it's all too true, my brother has passed on . . . as far as the present moment is concerned my health is of the best, thanks be to God, and I hope yours continues good as it was when we had news of you in May, which I was very glad to hear. I hope you will keep on sending me news even if there's only one of us left. I was very glad to hear that you had a good vintage.

Uncle told me he had sent you a bill of exchange for £50 sterling; he has overdrawn and so we couldn't send you more. Of this amount, you have to take 25 five-franc pieces for Aunt Suzette Tétaz with our best wishes. We received the carts and vats, all of them in good condition. But these carts can't carry any loads compared with the English wagons and drays. I expected to find something for us but there was nothing doing! The next time you want to send anything, send me a weed lifter and a vineyard plough, secateurs, baskets and a pickaxe, and a few Berne and Vevey Almanachs, and please Mother, send some seeds of two of your best kinds of haricot beans and a nice shawl for Aunt Pettavel, who has always been a mother to us. This is rather a long list and it will put you to some trouble, but above all, be careful not to give the things to somebody coming over here because it is always a nuisance to anyone who has to bring them. Try and put them together with a few things that Uncle will perhaps order, and don't forget to put the address or the same thing might happen as with a little handcart which was found in a big wooden case. James Dardell[20] says it belongs to him and Uncle's not too sure about it because he hadn't been told anything about it. Don't forget to put in the bill for your expenses and I'll pay it back without fail.

I've had to turn ploughman with the oxen; there was a little Scotsman leading, and I can tell you I sweated at it, and afterwards we ploughed trenches for the vines over about five acres with ten pair of oxen and a great iron plough which turned up a trench 20 inches deep; it was a good piece of work done. Now we're making a garden in front of the house. Yesterday, Uncle sent me along to Louis and Jules

with six oxen to break up an acre of new ground which they were going to dig up by hand. Louis wasn't at home that day, so I made a meal of fricassee and then I got on Louis' little horse and went to go and get the oxen a couple of miles off. Then we got together and started; we took it in turns to hold the horns of the oxen and drive the plough — you should have seen us! Benignet would have done a fine piece of work too, but not as good as ours. The ground put up a stout fight against our efforts, but we managed to do it all. Jules fried us up a meal. Louis and Barbier really put their backs into it. Frédéric has left Louis 20 acres of ground, two of which are planted with vines and orchards where there was a hut they had to finish. One wagon with two horses and another horse with its dray, a saddle pony, 200 gallons of wine, 500 lb of flour and £100 sterling; so they live at that place, both of them, with their four students (the horses), the illustrious family (two pigs), Ali Pacha the dog, and Josephine the cat, all in perfect harmony. Uncle Barbier has taken over the farm again for two years, but not as big as it was before and not so dear. Aunt Eugénie Barbier will soon have a third child and Aunt Cécile Marendaz has moved and is now living on her farm.

I suppose the disturbances over the Canton of Neuchâtel are over now, at any rate, there's nothing more about them in the newspapers over here. There was a bit of snow in the last few days at Ballarat, but it's not even cold down here. Winter over here means a few white frosts, cold winds and rain. I must close now because it's getting late, I must go and warm my blankets, for tomorrow I shall hear Uncle's voice booming out like the last Trumpet, telling me to get up and go and get the oxen and take them to town and sell them because we don't need them any more.

And so, my dear Parents,[21] be good enough to give our greetings to all our relatives and friends, especially Mr Chapuis and his family. Also Mr Jacot and everybody who deigns to think of us. And my dear Adolphe, tell Ulysse Udry (and remember me to him) to sell you the little sheep he said he would buy, and then tell me how much he charged you in your next letter.

Victoria Vineyard, 11 October 1858

After not taking pen in hand for twelve months, it is time I replied to you — on four separate occasions I had news from you, given me by cousin Louis and cousin Auguste[22] who have arrived in the colony in perfect health after a good crossing. I learn from this news of the prosperous state in which they left you and am very glad to hear of it, and for which we must be grateful to God who showers his greatest blessings on us.

My health is of the best and I've settled down in this country as if I'd been born here, and except for one or two little advantages only to be found in Switzerland, I shall soon forget Switzerland. Business is doing pretty well, all the mines are very quiet. The government has eight million pounds sterling to spend on railways and recently, some new mines were discovered 800 miles north of Sydney, but from what you can make out, the climate there is extremely hot and lethal. Five Frenchmen went there and four of them are dead. Work on our places is still going on very much as usual. Last winter I went to the mines to sell our things with two horses and the cart made by Pomey, after which I ploughed with a horse plough and then we broke up a bit of land to plant vines. We planted 187 rows at a distance of 4'9" apart one way, and 200 new vine plants at a distance of 3'6" in the row with a 12' wide path running across it. All this has been planted with different kinds of grapes including white Pinot, Chasselas, Petit Noir and De la Gloire. Today I saw that one of the new plants had a shoot bearing four bunches. Now we need 45,000 vine stakes and are going to make them in a forest 30 miles from here; that will keep us busy until Christmas. I think Uncle intends to take over Uncle Barbier's place next year and this will keep his hands full.

We've been doing a bit of rifle shooting which has been a pleasant change; one of these occasions was one the English started last July. Everyone taking part was paid a guinea and had to fire five shots in ranks determined by drawing lots, but all of them — English, Germans and Americans — were beaten by the Swiss with their carbines with telescopic sights as they call them. I've got one now, a present from Uncle; it's very accurate and it gives me something to do. What a pity

François is no longer here to do some shooting, he was so fond of firearms, and learning to use them is a necessary thing. Not long ago, Uncle Barbier was attacked by three men who knocked him off his horse, beat him up and stole his watch and all the money he had on him. His horse went off while this was going on and was stopped by Julien Grellet who was nearly half a mile in front of Barbier. When he saw the horse with no one on it, he came back because he thought he heard somebody call out and he met his master who told him all about it. A week later, some gentlemen who were coming back from a sale a few miles from us were attacked in the same place as Uncle was, by several men who wanted their money. They had £400 hidden in their carriage, but they said they hadn't got any money. Hearing this, one of the men called him a liar and fired at him. Two pistol bullets entered this gentleman's forehead and the horse took fright at the noise and went off at a furious gallop. There were several more shots and the other gentleman was wounded. Two of these thieves were arrested and identified by one of the gentlemen.

Uncle Pettavel made a collection a few days ago among the Swiss in Geelong for the hospital in this town, which realised £60. The day after tomorrow the annual agricultural show opens and it will be very interesting to see it, especially the domestic animals from Europe, Van Diemen's Land and other countries. The Swiss do better than anybody else with fruit, grapes, wines etc.

I received from the cousins the things you sent me. Everything is in good order and I was extremely pleased to have them, especially the trousers which suit me a treat, and the lovely belt which I only wear on great occasions to go and see the girls, which I have to thank Miss Henriette[23] for. And especially you, my dear Dad, you've taken the clothes off your own back to clothe me, forgetting that this country is warmer than yours; all the same, I was very glad to have it for trenching. I also owe dear Mother lots of thanks for the lovely lot of seeds you sent me, all nicely done up in twists of paper. You, cousin Jean Pierre, say I make too many mistakes; lucky for you I wasn't behind you when you wrote that, you'd have got a clump round the ear for your cheek. You say I should send you a photo of myself, but it seems to me it's your turn, not mine.

Auguste and Louis have bought Frédéric Barbier's place for the sum of £700 and they're living there like a couple of hermits. Auguste would like to have his wife[24] and children here; he'd be like me, he'd say goodbye to Switzerland for good and all. She'd do well to come out here to look after him. Today I saw Aunt Cécile Marendaz who says please excuse her for not writing because she is always kept extremely busy, cooking, making butter, having babies and making up loads of wood for sale. Uncle Barbier is also very well, and so is his family, large and small. Some time ago, he bought a nice place at Batesford, near the railway from Ballarat. He's planted it with vines and trees. About 11 months ago, a young fellow was killed by a team of horses from the vineyard, the wheel crushed half of his head and he was dead when they took him to hospital. They buried him near my poor brother (Turin[25] was his name) and lately a fellow called Clotus[26] died in hospital from colonial fever.

I shan't be writing again before next March and I'll send you a bit of money at the same time. As it's getting late, it's time for me to leave you, which I do with regret. Remember me to all my friends and relatives, and to everybody who takes the trouble to ask after us, and to Mr Chapuis who wrote us a very nice letter.

Victoria Vineyard, 7 May 1859

I haven't written to you for the last seven months and have now finally decided to send you my news and, at the same time, to answer the news good old Adolphe[27] was nice enough to write to me, the letter being given me by Cousin A. [Frédéric Auguste] last Sunday.

I am very delighted to learn that you are all getting on well, as for my health, thank God, it is of the best except for four molar teeth which the doctor extracted at a single sitting last Christmas.

As Master Adolphe isn't very talkative about family matters and prefers talking politics, doubtless with the intention of rekindling in my bosom the sacred flame of patriotism which he thinks has been extinguished here, all the same he did tell me about the fine grape harvest you had

(just to make my mouth water), which pleased me very much. On the other hand, Miss Henriette talks of nothing but herself, so that one of them writes like a diplomat to the fingertips, dedicated heart and soul to public affairs and scorning anything else, and the other doesn't fly anywhere as high, but talks of nothing but 'little me'. Well, I can only congratulate myself on their tact and unless you do something about it, my dear Dad, I shall remain shrouded in the completest ignorance.

Jean Pierre, here are a few details to give you an idea of things — it will be up to you to decide if questions of such lofty importance can be discussed with such a copious correspondent as yourself. As I informed you in my preceding letters, we had planted a vineyard of respectable dimensions and we had to provide the necessary stakes for the vines in it without losing time, because here things grow like mad and you need stakes for the second growth of the young vines. David went off to the forest, compass in hand and carried by the mare, the grey horse, or if you prefer, Forny. All this to find some wood. When he met any natives of the country with a spear over their shoulder, he asked them whether they knew a place where there was wood to make spears and right away, one of these men offered to show him a place. Off they went through the bush and after travelling about 30 miles, he showed him a marvellous forest with all the wood he wanted. There was no lack of water and there was also a cattle-raising station[28] which held out the promise of meat. When Uncle returned, we prepared to leave on the following Monday. On that day, before Phoebus[29] had shaken his golden mane, the courtyard rang with a confused clamour. Some fellows were yoking the oxen, others leading the drays, breakfast was being got ready, David was delivering the morning nip of spirits, and I was saddling the horses. When the sun rose, it found our convoy on the march, Uncle and I on horseback leading the way, then the two drays drawn by 16 oxen followed us in good order. The infantry was composed of four Swiss chaps, one Frenchman, one Englishman, one Irishman and two Scotsmen. After going about ten miles, we broke into a gallop for we had to blaze a trail some miles long through the bush. Uncle led the way, compass in hand, and I

followed notching the trees, of which there was no lack, with an axe which I carried at my waist. When we reached the seaside, we retraced our steps to fetch the bulk of the army which had halted where the path ended. We had a snack and a snifter and resumed our march; the infantry had now become a company of engineer sappers, axe in hand, cutting down everything in their path. At noon we came to the banks of the salt water river[30] where it flows into the sea, and lost no time in fording it before the rising tide cut us off. Then we had dinner, for we were hungry. We unhooked the bullocks to let them graze a bit; by this time we had made about half the trail.

We resumed our march and as we had blazed the trail nicely over lots of hills, steep though they were, we set off in front with David to choose a comfortable camping ground. We found a delightful place on the banks of a fresh water river,[31] which was an inestimable help to have nearby. Getting on for 6 o'clock, the carts came up, we hobbled the animals and set them to graze, to their great satisfaction, and we set about making ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night. As there was no lack of wood, we made a good fire and brewed tea for supper.

The next day Uncle, with the bulk of the army, opened fire on the enormous ironbark trees. The cook and I put up the tents, after which we cut down wood of different sizes to build a bridge. A yoke of oxen then dragged the wood to the spot and the next day the bridge was built, but it needed the combined effort of all our soldiers. Once we had overcome this obstacle, we could travel freely everywhere.

We worked with ardour in the following order. Once an expert [David] had passed the tree as good for splitting, I notched it with a good American axe, we got the saw on it and hey presto, there it was in the lumberyard, having come down with tremendous force when we felled it. Two men then got to work on it and took off the rough bark 6 inches thick and sawed it into 4 or 5 lengths which another chap, wielding a mallet and half a dozen wedges, split into stakes with plenty of bad language because the wood was so hard. Three more men cut these down into billets the thickness of vine stakes which could be split into several vine stakes with a suitable knife. No sooner had this been done than they

were taken by dray to the station to avoid the danger of fire. One of us got the grub going. This was our programme for seven weeks, during which we split 45,000 stakes and prepared some hundreds of slabs and posts, and 1,000 rails for fences. On Sundays, we all did what we liked; the fellows who liked fishing went to exercise their patience on the river bank, as there were good fish in the river. I made the plum pudding for dinner, after which we went looking for shellfish along the seaside. We found some pretty queer specimens. The laziest of our bunch just lay down in the grass like sheep. In the evening, we used to roast what we had found. Our neighbours, attracted by the fresh water, used to make us laugh, especially the bears when we were cutting down a tree and the way they came for the fun of seeing it come down, but others of our neighbours were more dangerous and we had to pick up our feet when we were walking to avoid their attentions, which would have been fatal. We only killed three or four of these snakes. There were plenty of birds too, but we hadn't got Nimrod[32] with us.

During the last weeks, we put more oxen into our teams because fires were becoming more frequent with the approach of summer. After three weeks, Uncle returned from one of his visits back home and sent me down to the vineyard. I had to go with Julien Grellet to get some oxen for slaughter. We were three days on the way on horseback. It was a piece of luck for me to go to town again because the soles of my boots were parting company with the uppers; it was a good thing the stirrups stopped them from coming apart altogether. You must think me no end of a bore telling these small details so I'll start cutting things a bit short. When we got back from the forest, Uncle had colonial fever which kept him in bed for seven weeks. During this time, there were over 100 acres to be harvested, at the other place threshing and the vintage followed and kept us pretty busy, especially this last crop which was tremendous. I went up to the mines ten times or more with a two-horse load of grapes, but they were too plentiful to sell at a good price. Now we are kept busy ploughing and sowing and layering in two years' planting of vines. At Victoria Vineyard, which Uncle Barbier is giving up in August, there is quite a lot of work

and worry for us, for there are nearly 40 acres of vines and round about 20 acres of gardens, and this makes a lot of work. Dad, you used to call me 'the inventor'. If you could see me now, ploughing the vineyard with a plough and a horse 5AQ feet high at the withers and big in proportion! I call him '99-Plonk' because he limps, poor beast, from a sprain he got when he was young. He's a good strong animal because to get up a slope like the Gravani at F. Rouge with a plough behind him, he's got to exert himself somewhat. I shall have to invent one with a harness which shortens the swingletree, which will have to be as near the hind legs as possible to prevent any damage to the plants and stake. Instead of harrowing, 99-Plonk will drag an eradicator as wide as the space between two rows of vines. As you see, that simplifies matters a whole lot and simplicity makes perfect, so they say. Like Fulton,[33] I have had my detractors and the only one to approve of this innovation was Uncle, apparently because he's interested in it, but I don't care. So Dad, you see that winegrowing is losing nothing from my attentions and I'm putting into practice what you taught me. When Uncle goes to live at the other place, I shall be in charge here, so that I shall be my own boss. Tell my poor Mother to send me a wench (not a little girl all sugar-and-spice) by submarine telegraph or by the *Great Eastern*.[34] Adolphe, old man, be good enough to give my compliments to Miss L — and tell her that nowadays I wouldn't leave it to her but would bravely take the offensive. You don't say anything in your letter about how your old leg is going; if you're still going 99-plonk, I shall have to give my horse another name. I'm told you're still with the Clerk of the Court's Office but I suppose you'd rather hear the gurgle of a bottle than the clang of the bell summoning you to work, and that you'd rather have a slice of ham than ten pages of your ledger. All the family are pretty well; Aunt Cécile Marendaz had a little boy, Thomas, some time ago and is doing very nicely. Aunt Eugénie, her three boys and her husband are also getting on very well, especially with their pretty little chaise drawn by a couple of ponies three feet high. Cousin Louis and Alphonse are still farming their little place at Bel-air, Jules is at Pollock Ford working as a servant — he's going back to Europe soon. Henri Barbier has gone to India

with a train of horses. My dear Parents and Brother, please accept my filial and fraternal greetings.

The Second Vineyard — Prince Albert

The building of Prince Albert Vineyard began in 1857 with the erection of buildings and the planting of vines. In his series of letters from 1860 to 1863, Charles describes the trials and tribulations of starting and building a new vineyard. Like most pioneers, they had to prosper from the good years and endure the bad seasons of high temperatures, fires, droughts and floods.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 16 January 1860

I haven't had news from you for nearly nine months but I hope no misfortune has befallen you and that your health has always kept well, and I pray to God that he will deign to keep it so. I hope the year we have just started on will be a happy one for you. I can assure you that as far as I am concerned I couldn't feel better. The mail of 5 January brought us the sad details of a shipwreck of the *Royal Charter*[1] which I suppose you heard of, in which four of our countrymen perished. This is very sad, like Henri Prolla who was so pleased about leaving this country to go back to his family at Aubonne; this was the second time he was shipwrecked. According to the reports in the July, August and September mails, you had the war[2] very near you, but it has now died down after a few engagements, which is a very good thing.

Since August, I've been alone at this place with three servants and a woman from Montbeilliard as cook. Things aren't going badly although we've got enough work for everybody. My 15 acres of vineyards were ploughed up with

a plough and two horses harnessed one behind the other; the traces were so arranged that they didn't knock down the vine stakes and this worked splendidly. Then I had a scarifier to replace the point-and-plate vineyard plough and this was a complete success. The vines planted in August 1857 are magnificent. They're bearing a lot of grapes and fine fruit at that. All the crops this year were pretty good. I was forgetting to tell you that I joined the Geelong Rifle Corps[3] about six months ago and I go training two or three times a week in uniform. I have the use of a saddle-horse here any time I like. Since Uncle left this place, he is having a bit of a rough time with his old girl; she's still as unbearable as anyone can be. She keeps on at me to marry her niece, who is a nice girl but I don't want anything to do with her for the very good reason that she is related to her. Besides, I'm still waiting for that nice girl, all sugar-and-spice, that you promised me, my dear Ma. Next time I write, I'll try to send you some money with a list of a few things I need you to send me, such as a good rifle, some instruments and some books of all kinds, of which we have almost none. Pretty well all the seeds you sent didn't come up because we had some pretty dry years, but no matter, keep on sending them, especially sainfoin;[4] the three seeds you put in a letter are the only ones to have come up, but one of our men cut them down by mistake. Cadet, who is with me, asks me to pass on his greetings to his Uncle and Aunt, as he calls you.

Prince Albert and Victoria Vineyards, 23 July 1860

At last, after waiting for eighteen months I received your letter dated April last from which I learned with pleasure of the flourishing state of your health and prosperity, which is more than several people in the Colony here could say, but my health has been of the best, thank God. Uncle Louis has had the gout which has kept him in bed for seven weeks, but now he is getting better every day to my great relief, because I've had to look after both places at the most critical moment of the year, the time of the grape harvest, and six of our men were in their beds or in hospital with fever. The only people left were Julien Grellet, who was continuously travelling

with the fruit, Gustave Amiet, three Englishmen and me. This year has been comparatively bad, just listen.

In my last letter I informed you how things were going pretty well. On 22 January at 9 o'clock in the morning I was with Benin scything weeds in the garden when he turns round and says 'we'd better knock off for a moment, it's too hot'. It's true we were running with sweat, so we did, and then the north-northeaster got up something terrible and blew hard until 4 p.m., and it raised the temperature to 110 degrees at 11 a.m. The grapes were all dried up and so was the other fruit, the ripest suffered the least, but the vines suffered more than anything else and the winegrowers were the worst hit, because the farmers had got practically all their crops in. The next morning, the wind got up again just as strong as before, and several degrees hotter and the men didn't know what to do with themselves to be comfortable. The air was darkened by vapours and the sun was red as blood. Fire was devastating the countryside and filling the air with smoke. It burnt its way for 40 miles where we cut the vine stakes last year as quick as a galloping horse, and burnt itself out near one of our heaps of vine stakes, 25 miles from Gundry station.[5] The heat was so intense that the apples roasted on the tree and even the oldest colonist couldn't remember such a calamity. So the crops were reduced by two-thirds, without a word of a lie, and what was left was hard put to it to finish ripening and of such bad quality that it was almost unsaleable. A few days later, we went out to burn weeds, and when I lifted the top of the heap, a gust of the south wind blew it onto the house. Benin said 'it's all up for us', and so it seemed. I rushed off and called cousins A.T.[6] and Jules but the flames were higher than the house, a heap of straw was on fire. A few men were trying to keep the fire from the stable when I arrived. I placed myself next to a heap of 20,000 vine stakes and did all I could to stop the fire spreading, fighting it inch by inch. We couldn't see what we were doing because of the thick smoke and it took no less than 22 men and all the water in the cistern to put it out. Except for a few burnt whiskers (not mine), a bit of the fence, and a row of peach trees which were scorched, we got away with a fright. If the place had unfortunately been burnt down, I should have been obliged to go back to Switzerland

and start all over again as a labourer in the vineyards. I can still feel that basket on my back and when I think of the little cart, I can still feel my shoulders ache. In March, I was going to help to get in the grape harvest at the Victoria (work at the new place being a bit slack at the moment), when Uncle had to take to his bed and one man went down after another. I can assure you I didn't know which way to turn, and when I asked Uncle what to do, all he could find to say in answer was that Grandpa Jonas died at just the age he was now; that's all he could say. We made nearly 800 gallons of wine which is as good as any old Burgundy; in my opinion it's one of the best wines the Colony has produced to date. We've got a kind of grape called Hermitage which gives a very dark-coloured wine and is turning out to be one of the best for red wine. A month later, we sold it for 5 shillings and sixpence a gallon to the French cellarmen in Geelong. As a rule, we sent two tons of fruit a week to the mines and that kept us pretty busy. After seven weeks Uncle was able to take up the reins again and I was glad to get back to my own. There was a terrible drought, water was short everywhere and this went on until the middle of April. Then one evening, the rain got going and we had a miniature flood destroying everything, carving out channels for itself in the soil with more work for us as a result. So you see that it's no fault of ours if we don't send you any money, besides trade is so bad that there seems to be no money about anywhere. The mines are not producing much either, and that's why there's this slackness in business and everywhere people are finding difficulty in making ends meet, especially those with quite a fair-size business like Uncle. Well, let's hope that good years will come after the bad ones as they do in your part of the world, and they've been pretty slow in coming there too.

It looks as though the English are starting to get interested in winegrowing; there are private winegrowers and a company has been formed to plant 400 acres. They've collected £100,000 sterling, they want a million young plants of which Uncle is supplying 141,000 plus 60,000 for other persons. If things go on on this scale, this will be as much a winegrowing country as it is for pasture and agriculture. The interior is supposed to be better than the areas now inhabited, but all the same, there's something that has to be

taken into account before you start business on that scale, us for instance, there are only 20 adults and 6 children at Davy Druey's table and that's quite a lot for places like this.

On Easter Monday, there was rifle shooting at Geelong and the Swiss Consul presented us with a very nice flag sent by the ladies in Zurich. In the evening, we drank to their health in white wine from the Vaud which seemed to us pretty insipid compared with our good Colonial wine. The Consul said how nice it was of the ladies from Zürich because none of them had a sweetheart among us. He made a speech in three languages; he spoke French with a terrific Bernese accent, but I liked him better when he spoke English. As I said in my last letter, ploughing the vineyards with horses went off splendidly but the plough needs to have a few alterations made to it and so does the hoeing machine. Also, pruning the vinestock has to be done in such a way that it doesn't stick out too much from the row going from top to bottom, being 4'9" wide, which is wide enough to let the biggest horses through, whereas the distance between vines in the same row is only 3'3" which isn't enough for a horse to go between them. My big horse 99-Plonk has fallen very ill again which lets him off duty like you, but we've got a couple of others who can do the work, which is not easy because the soil here is red and very stiff. Next year, I hope to plant a few acres in this way at each place, the great advantage of this is that it stops what they call rush periods. Adding to the number of workmen tires out a place considerably and it's by no means easy to find men who know anything about growing vines.

As my excellent brother hasn't much to say about home I would respectfully ask you, my dear Father and still more you, my poor Mother, to take up your pen if only to write a few lines rather than wait for J-P[7] to send me a letter. Henriette,[8] apart from a few mistakes in grammar, gets her meaning over clearly enough, especially when she's talking about the dances she's been to. It makes me think of Uncle Henri Pettavel who never writes a word to his brother who doesn't know what to make of it. Jules Tétaz says that if Geelong Post Office suddenly collapsed, he wouldn't be found dead in the ruins because he's given up going there to ask if there's any mail for him. His parents ought to know

better, but he's beginning to get used to it. As for you, my poor Adolphe,[9] it seems to be as hard as ever it was to get you to write to your brother — you should try to get out of this bad habit of feeling superior because you're a big brother. If you did, you'd save my little grey horse no end of pricks from the spurs. When the mail comes in, we must rush off to see whether there's nothing for us at the Post Office, and when there isn't anything, we take it out on the horse who is a dumb animal and can't protest. By the way, I bought a horse for £10 and he was the first who's ever thrown me, so he's gone up in my opinion as a result. This is how it happened. I hadn't yet got to know him and I had to take some cattle to the yard for slaughter. I took the saddle on my arm to the paddock where he was grazing, saddled him and put my foot in the stirrup, holding the reins and his mane in my left hand. Before I got my leg over him, he went off at full gallop and there I was, with my hand caught up in his mane, my foot in the stirrup and my right knee on the saddle. I got my foot out and then measued my length in the dust without hurting myself in the slightest. It was the first time I'd ever come off like this; three times when I was on another horse it fell under me and I was thrown out of the saddle like a pebble, but it wasn't my fault.

As I told you, I've volunteered for the Rifle Corps. This isn't a cavalry unit as you think, but something like your carabineers; I have a full uniform which is green and looks pretty good on me. Kindly choose me a good rifle like your soldiers have and send it to me with the hunting knife and bayonet for wearing on a belt, but it must be good enough not to let down the high reputation which Swiss rifles have among the English. Write me down all the instructions on how to use it to best advantage, and a pair of green epaulettes. We paraded in May in Melbourne, the Governor was Commander-in-Chief, there were 1,100 soldiers and they gave us a grand dinner at which the entire Parliament sat down to table with us. We went by train free; it cost us a few pounds, but that doesn't matter when you get keen on it as I am. I was glad to know that you had thought of me when you were choosing names for the children; it proves to me that you haven't completely forgotten me. By the way, I don't know whether you're going to be cross with me, my

dear Ma, but last night I dreamt that I went into your room and after I said who I was, you called me an impostor, that I wasn't your son, and Dad, Mr Adolphe and my dear sister recognised me as soon as they set eyes on me, but after a moment or two, you kissed me and cried — you see, I still remember in spite of the years that have gone by. Adolphe says a lot of nice things, all very polite, but just a little silly about the Swiss girls, so this is where I come in. There's a nice old lady here who says I should marry her daughter (aged only 15) in a year or two.[10] They live at a station[11] twelve miles from here, and I go and prune their vines. They're a very nice family and all the children were born out here. They treat me as one of the family, especially the father and the little girl too. Uncle Pettavel and I have agreed that we shall send you a list of the things we shall need. We'll send you the money for them, £25, by the December mail and then you can negotiate the bill of exchange. You can start getting the things beforehand so that as soon as you get the money, you can send them off. The quickest way would be by the mail, but that would be too expensive. I think the surest route would be via Hamburg or to Mr Mallaieux in London. Mr Jacot would give you his address, besides, as Adolphe is something like an agent, that'll be no trouble to him. Be careful to have the initials L.P. put on and to have the cases numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Mr Gerster will make 50 secateurs, some of them large-size for trees, all of them to be well made and marked, plus 25 baskets, not too big and a dozen pruning knives. For me, a good carbine with accessories, a 'Federal' as they call it, and if you can find a few historical paintings of Switzerland, whether old or new, it doesn't matter. I would also like a good watch but I'm afraid it wouldn't be good. Fill in the little spaces with those little odds and ends which we know are useful. If your portraits aren't far off, it would be a good opportunity to send them; I'll send you mine as soon as I can. Mr Henri Petitjean asks to be remembered to you.

P.S. I've got £100 to send you after the harvest.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 24 November 1860

As I promised in my last letter to write you by this mail, I hasten to keep my promise and to say that our health is of the best, thank God. I hope yours is good too; your letters are fewer and farther between than ever. We got a few letters lately saying your harvest hasn't been all that good, but you've got nothing to complain about when you think of the few really good ones there've been since we left Switzerland. To go on to the other bits of news I can tell you about, I think I mentioned in my last letter about a vine-planting company. They intend planting 400 acres with vines, of which we supplied 164,000 plus nearly 70,000 for other persons, and that adds up to quite a number of snips with the secateurs. The company had 510,000 plants delivered to it from Geelong and half a million from Sydney and Adelaide; they take up 50 acres of nursery beds. The manager is a Frenchman and he'll probably make the whole company go bust because he's better at shooting off his mouth than doing a proper job of work. I mean to go down and see the place soon; it's about 200 miles from here and the journey would take several days on horseback. We were invited to a dinner by the farmers to the winegrowers of the district and we gave a return invitation in the best style we could. We had a few bottles of our good colonial wine and there was singing in three languages. There were several winegrowers from the Rhine there and the Swiss flag was in the place of honour. I'd been to town the night before to get it and I had a real big quarrel with my grey horse who couldn't bear it fluttering above his head, but after bucking about a bit and getting a touch or two of the spur, he went back to his usual steady trot as if there was nothing out of the ordinary. The crops are doing all right so far, the vines are full of flowers and there's quite a lot of fruit, especially at this place here which is prospering marvellously. We ploughed the vineyard with horses and this was a great help because of the quantity of work we have to do; there are only three of us although Uncle comes now and again to lend a hand. Instead of trenching a second time, we went over the ground with a horse and the hoeing machine which I had adapted for the purpose, doing 4 feet each time, which was exactly the free

space between the rows. In three days, it did the whole 14 acres with one horse for hoeing.

I had quite a nasty experience last week. The woman we've got here as a cleaner has got two young children, their father comes from Normandy and the other day, he came and took the little girl away without saying a word to anyone and cleared off quickly. When the mother found out, she called us but it was too late; after all, we couldn't go and take the child out of the father's hands, that would have been asking for trouble. Its mother was in a dreadful state. Anyway, the father went off to where he worked and a couple of days later, I went to see the lie of the land and find out from his employer if there was any chance of the mother being able to come and take the child back. The employer said that was just what he wanted because the little girl was very unhappy with her father, and the best thing we could do would be to come before breakfast while he was at work and the child was still in bed. Well, we had 11 miles to cover, Julien Grellet came with a cart to take the mother along and I was on horseback as escort. We got to the spot at sunrise, the mother got out and tried to get to the house without being seen, and Julien strolled off as if nothing unusual was happening. I was too well known so I stayed on the lookout behind the parapet of the bridge, bridle in hand, keeping the father in sight all the time. All of a sudden, I saw him rushing towards the house where he'd seen his wife. I put my horse in full gallop, the father had overtaken her and was running towards the next village with the child in his arms. I called to the woman to take the child from him; she ran after him but I saw she couldn't catch up with him, so I rushed off after him to cut him off. Here I come, crescendo furioso, and unfortunately, as the path was narrow, the horse's shoulder struck him and sent him sprawling into the dust. I thought they were both killed. When I managed to stop my horse, the child was a little hurt and the man said his back hurt him. The upshot of it was that last Thursday, I had to appear in Court charged with the attempted murder of this man and his daughter, but as I had people to defend me, he was sentenced to give back his daughter to her mother and they didn't do anything more about me because they could see very well that they were dealing with a Rifleman.

I had a big surprise the other evening. I was reading when somebody knocked at the door; I opened it and found myself face to face with Paul Grellet whom nobody had seen for nearly four years. Well, we talked for a bit and then he said, in English 'I will speak to you in English for I cannot speak that cursed French'. I said to him 'Go on, speak'. 'When are you going back to Switzerland?' I said to him. He looked at me as if to say 'Here, are you trying to get at me?' So you see, my dear parents, I'm not the only one who has no intention of returning.

Adolphe, about the consignment, please don't delay and in case my letter of July has got lost, here is the list of things mentioned.

> 50 Gerster secateurs numbered and lettered DLP,[12] good ones of different strength.
>
> 25 vineyard baskets.
>
> A rifle like soldiers have in Switzerland, tested and with all accessories.

Now, all these things mentioned in my previous letter and as well, a box of sainfoin seed; it must be hermetically sealed because otherwise the vermin get at it; you'd do well to ask Mr Chapuis for something which would preserve it. Send some cabbage seed too, as we can't get it here. Uncle would like to have a few grafts, namely of the big apricot plum like the one next to Uncle Pettavel's house, two of Olivette pears, (if you've still got the cherry tree behind the house, send some of this too), a few shoots of Petite Noire des Calames, but from a good plant. Pack them all in dry moss in a box as long as the case and the shoots should be as long as possible in the space available. The box should be marked with a note of the contents and then hermetically sealed. Be sure to send it off properly so that nothing can go wrong. I rely on you for this; make out a detailed bill and send it, and if there's any money left over, use it as follows; half to Uncle Henri and the other half to Father. Pay yourself for the time you take over this; the Hamburg route is the best, I think.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 20 January 1861

I take up my pen today to give you news of myself and enclose the second bill of exchange which Uncle is sending for the things we need. Well, I'll start off by saying that my health is fine thank God, and I hope that yours is flourishing too, and I wish you every kind of prosperity in the New Year which we are now starting.

Last Tuesday, I was hoeing the vineyard with my horse-drawn machine when a man came along and I asked him whether the mail was in. He said it was, and that the letters were being given out. I knocked off work at once, my grey horse was saddled in a trice and within half an hour, I was in town but the post office was already closed. I bought some English newspapers to get news of the war, after that I gave up for the day, and when I found that there were no letters for anybody, I met Frédéric Amiet in the street and grumbled to him that old man Galland wasn't selling writing paper any more in Boudry. But, all the same, it seems to me that I can't go on much longer without getting any news from you. I don't suppose for a moment that anything has happened to you, for it's only in time of misfortune that people find it easiest to write. Jules had a letter from his sister Marie[13] from which we gleaned a bit of news here and there, including some of an exhibition which was held in Colombier; it seems there's been a bit of progress in Switzerland. In Geelong, there are four exhibitions a year for all sorts of things. I hope in March to exhibit some grapes which are already very big. There are enormous grapes in this young vine, especially in the Fontainebleau Chasselas, Mattaros and Carignan, Black Prince and Tokai. I found a few Pontac vinestocks which is the sort cultivated at the Cape; it doesn't need staking. I shall see what I can do with it and perhaps we shall graft it onto that wretched little Swiss white vinestock which bears so little and is so hard to grow.

We are now in the middle of the harvest period, crops are average, potatoes are abundant and fruit is splendid. It's been a very good year for fruit, with rain nearly every week and none of those high winds to blow everything off the trees, so that if things go on like that, we shall have no grounds for complaint.

I don't think I told you in my last letter that I left the Rifle Corps. It cost too much; in the 18 months I did training, it's certainly cost me £20 to £25 in expenses as well as the inconvenience and lost time. A cavalry corps has just been formed in Geelong[14] and it drills all the morning. You won't find me joining it even though I've no lack of horses.

At the New Year, there were celebrations in town and I made the acquaintance of a charming young lady from the Vaud. Last Sunday I went along to see her; she lives quite a way off from here, but with four legs to take me there, that shortens the distance; it's my poor little grey horse that takes the strain. If you haven't sent off the case, would you mind putting in a few things for the young lady. I was half expecting that you would send me your photographs by the last mail, but unfortunately it's the same as for your letters — they don't come too often. I hope to send you my photograph in March if I can. I'd like you to send me a relief map of Switzerland if that sort of thing can still be found. Auguste Tétaz[15] (who has just given me a haircut) sends his regards and says that he soon won't know where to put all the letters he gets from his wife.

P.S. Please ask Mr Chapuis to give a recipe for fortifying new wine with absinthe.

P.S.S. I've stuck on a vine leaf cut in two, because it was too big to be drawn whole. It's a leaf of the kind called Carignon, which is one of the finest there is. Adolphe can draw the whole leaf.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 14 February 1861

I'm sending you these few lines by Mr Chevalier of Champvent[16] who's going back to Switzerland for the second, and probably the last, time. He will give you this letter; treat him like a brother and a fellow-countryman, and talk to him about us once or twice. What he tells you will please you more than what I can write to you, because he has seen things as they are and has several years of experience of life in the Colony. He'll tell you about the vineyards, but if

any praise goes to me on that score, it's to you I owe it, because you did all you could to teach us winegrowing. I say us because I haven't forgotten poor old François,[17] who was our companion for years, some of them pretty hard. Yes, sometimes I remember all that, and several times he set me on the right path with his good commonsense advice, although before taking any decision, he nearly always asked my advice and took it. I do wish he had stayed with you and helped you. Once we were in the vineyard at Bergeresse and I said to him 'Well, what about it, shall we go to Australia?' and he said 'If you go, I go, if you don't go, I don't go'. So I said to him 'I'm going, I've had enough of being here, we've got a chance, let's take it'. And as I said, we did.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 19 July 1861

I was beginning to get a bit impatient at getting no news from you when the July mail brought me a letter on which the last date is 23 April. You lost a fortnight through your own fault; on the 25th of each month, an English mail boat leaves with letters, so that if you're careful about it, I shall get your letters within sixty days. Well, having said that, what about Mr Adolphe — he doesn't start writing, he just ends by saying that your health is excellent which I'm very glad to hear, and I have the pleasure of telling you that I myself am never ill when I drink good wine. Yes, thank God, I feel fine and I pray the good Lord that this letter will find you in good health. Thank you for taking so much trouble for our little consignment. I shall be no end glad to get it because we're pretty badly off for secateurs and we've got a good number of acres of vines to prune and young plants to see to. Here where I am, no less than 5 secateurs are in use in the evening. I'm also looking forward impatiently to getting your photographs and seeing my poor Ma's likeness. Ah, how I shall kiss them since you yourselves are not here. The older I get, the more I think of you and all the trouble I gave you a few years ago through my thoughtlessness. I'd give a whole lot if only I could clasp you in my arms again, both of you. My private life is pretty quiet now that I haven't got any real worries, no love affairs to disturb it because I haven't got a

sweetheart. I am, as Jules says, the commander-in-chief of a peasant army which consists of the five or six men I have to oversee at this place.

As far as work is concerned, it still goes on without a break and there's never a dull moment. When one piece of work is finished, another starts and so on. Our harvests, without being enormous, are pretty good here. We sold 10,750 pounds of grapes and 1,200 gallons of wine and nearly 120 bushels of apples, and we had so many peaches we didn't know what to do with them. All other kinds of fruit were in proportion, and as for potatoes, we've still got nearly 25 tons in hand from both places. We've got nearly 300 sacks of cereals and nearly 90 tons of hay, which isn't at all bad for a new place, but it holds out hope of much better in the future. Victoria is four times the size it was; it's a pity we don't sell that kind of goods for a quarter of the prices they were fetching when we arrived. We'd have made a fortune, but that doesn't prevent our expenses being the same and expenses eat up profits as they say. That's what's happening to us now; what with one place and the other, we nearly always have 28 mouths to feed, and you need quite a lot of beef and bread to do that. Julien Grellet was on the Ballarat road all the time for six months with the fruit, meeting the carts we sent him, three a week and all drawn by two horses. He only came back once in a while and always as fat as butter.

For these last vintages, we put together the iron press at Victoria in the first section of the cellar. It wasn't easy to do but we managed it in the end. For new chums, it wasn't badly done and we had the pleasure of filling it up ten times or so. There were three chaps from the Vaud working it, and we had no room to spare in the barrels. The wine is very good but inferior to last year's, which was scarce but good, and it won first prize in two exhibitions[18] in Melbourne. The Governor, so I'm told, paid £1 per bottle with the intention of sending some to the Exhibition in London next year, but there's none left. This wine is made with a kind of grape called Hermitage; it's very dark in colour and has a nice bouquet and a high alcohol content — in short, it's a wine which can hold its own anywhere. If the wine trade caught on in this country, that would be no end of a good thing for

us poor fools of Swiss. If we can sell the wine we have in our cellars at a good price, we'll trouble you yet again to send us half a dozen containers for next year. Uncle put the Victoria Vineyard in the hands of three vine workers for £14 an acre and fourpence a peg for layering, plus 70 gallons of wine for trenching, which saves him a lot of trouble. Here four of us were layering for two months and we got a tremendous lot done. Next year, we hope to plant still more at both places. Uncle and I get on pretty well together; you couldn't find a nicer man, except that he piles on the agony a bit, charging us up with this and that, but everyone has his faults. He's quite pleased with me; next March I shall no longer be a wage-earner, I think he'll take me into the business as a partner. I shall have been on wages nearly six years. You should come out, Adolphe, to run one of the places here, but I suppose your game leg would stop you from coming. Uncle's health is failing and he's finding things a bit too much for him. You should think it over very carefully.

Aunt Esther Pettavel[19] is the most disagreeable woman alive. Personally, I've got no reason to complain because she lets sleeping dogs lie, but she's pretty ridiculous about her nieces. She'd like to push one of them on to me, but this little boy has no use for any of them whilst there are plenty of pretty English girls about, all of them born here, which adds to their charm. One of them[20] came and called for me here because I promised her father to call on the family, and since, apart from this, I didn't know her, she came and introduced herself, so what could I do but saddle my horse and follow my pretty guide. I say follow, because with horsewomen of her calibre, ditches, fences, tree trunks, we sailed over them at the risk of breaking our necks. You should see Uncle laugh when things like that happen to me. I have hardly got time to finish this letter which I started the other day, but I'll finish it just the same. Cousin Marie did me the honour of sending me a few lines and very nice too; I thought my lovely cousins had forgotten how to write.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 22 September 1861

Charles continues to plead with his parents and his brother Adolphe to write to him. In view of the wealth of information coming from him, it seems unfair that there is so little response from Switzerland.

> It is always a pleasure for me to take up my pen to write to you, even when, as now, my hand is a bit tired because we are trenching the vines (the spaces in between left by the plough). I hope these lines will find you all in good health, as for me, I can thank God that I am still in the best of health.
>
> By the August mail, I sent you a portrait of myself. The man who did it does lots like it; he has an agent in London he sends them to and from there, gets them sent on. You will get yours through this channel, I suppose, in November. The people I've shown it to say it's a good likeness apart from the eyes which I couldn't keep still. My own opinion is that it flatters me a bit, but you'll be able to judge for yourselves if you still remember more or less what I look like. I look forward with some impatience to getting your portraits because my memory of what you look like is getting dim. Adolphe's crutch comes back into my mind now and then, or when Ma used to give me a hiding, and then the big basket on your back. By the September mail boat I received the bill of lading from Wm. Mallalieu Co. which said the case was on the *Washington*,[21] Captain Colbourne, bound for Port Phillip and at anchor in the Port of London on 22 May 1861. Now it's up to me to be on the lookout for this vessel and I shall be very glad to see it in the bay. The prospects for this year's crops look fine and, barring accidents, fruit will be plentiful, grapes have been visible for several weeks past. The whole country is upside down since the discovery of gold mines at Otago, New Zealand, and every week, thousands of miners go out prospecting in spite of the fact that the old mines here are even more profitable than the new ones.
>
> 25 September — No time to be lost. The mail boat leaves tonight and things have to be got ready. The horse is already saddled to take a few letters for Switzerland to the post office. There's one for a fellow called Gugger[22] in Anet[23] who knows Charles Aimé well. Aimé is a man who works for me and he sends his good wishes to Gugger. The

news from Europe is of no great importance; apparently America[24] is in difficulties. That's a pity it will have a sort of Sonderbund war. Here things are pretty quiet. There's too much clay mixed in with the gold, the number of Irish here is enormous[25] so when the elections come round, the priests tell them to vote for so-and-so and as the radicals are few in number, they have to give way, with the result that we chaps don't take much of a hand in it. There's no way of changing things until the immigrants from Europe die out and the native-born chaps take charge. One of them so far has been elected to Parliament, but he's looked on as a boy, which indeed he is. Anyway, the Parliament are a lot of first-class aristocrats; they want everything for number one and nothing for the rest. They've got estates of fifty thousand acres and they run this bit of the country with half a dozen men, and so everything is clear profit for them. There's some of these squatters with five to eight thousand horses in their runs which they sell to India at excellent prices. It's an absolutely feudal system; when they make a fortune, they go to England to play the Gentleman.

I would rather like a letter from my poor mother; she never writes to me but I don't suppose it's out of ill will, she just forgets me, and so I shall drink a glass of wine grown at this place to her health.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 24 November 1861

My health remains of the best, thank God, and I hope you are all well, even though it's already beastly cold in your part of the world for the time of year. Last Tuesday, I was beginning to get really worried about the case when I saw in the paper that the *Washington* was leaving Port Phillip for China so Uncle and I went into town and started looking for it in the Customs, on the quays, the pier and on board the lighters. In the end, the Captain of a lighter told us he had put a case in the warehouse a month before and gave us the address and so one thing leading to another, we found it. It had been opened in the Customs but its contents were intact and in good order. The thing that pleased me most of all was, as you will easily believe, your picture. After six years away

from each other, here you were before my eyes again. I had only a pretty vague memory of you and so I looked at it for a long while, and the Mother came back into my thoughts as cheerful as ever and hardly changed at all, but Dad looked a bit depressed and not how we used to see him in the past. As for Adolphe, the 'fair Misses' say he's no end of a good looker, for as you can well imagine, I took good care not to tell them he's got a game leg. I had a job to recognise you, so you haven't put your collar on but your moustache, as François used to say. I recognised Henriette, especially the brooch she has. Apparently a certain young lady likes to make the best of herself, very right and proper too, for young ladies. Every day, morning and evening, I never miss paying you all a visit and Mother never tells me off even if I have gone on the rampage to the other end of the world. My word, she's never let me off so lightly before and, far from going for me, she looks as though she was always smiling at me.

The portrait of the Barbier family will be given to Frédéric at the first possible opportunity. The rifle is a beauty; I haven't had time to try it yet. The grafts were dead and it's a bit late to sow the seeds. Business is not of the best down here; money's not circulating as it used to, the cereal crops aren't good and we had frosts right up till the middle of the month, they did a lot of damage. The vines are doing pretty well and with a bit of luck, if this goes on we shall need some new barrels, but for that, we shall have to wait till we get a bit of money to send you. The grafts in the case were all dead and we should be very pleased if you would send us some more for the coming season, just a few. You make a little box and then you wrap up the grafts in dry moss or wool, and send them as big as you can. I told you which kinds to send before, and also send some stocks of Petit Noir. Send it off by the mailboat so that it doesn't take too long coming. I should be very much obliged if you would do this.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 24 January 1862

To get away from the burning sun a bit, I've come in to take up my pen which I always like doing, because your portrait

isn't all that talkative, Mother's especially. Although she doesn't write to me much, she'd have plenty to say but she's a bit too far away. We are pretty well, although the good wine has all been sold, but we shall soon have more, good and plenty of it, God permitting. Yesterday I ate some grapes that were starting to get ripe; the vines are looking fine in this great heat, 130 degrees Fahrenheit in the sun. The grapes were a bit hard, but a bit of rain and heavy dew have softened them. The other fruit is coming on quite nicely and the cereals are superb. A company of wine merchants has been formed in Geelong and tonight we have a dinner[26] at Ceres which they are giving us, and we shall take this opportunity of presenting a silver cup to one of the first people who went in for nationalising colonial wine. It would be a good thing all round if the English caught on to drinking wine instead of making beasts of themselves with these strong spirits and it would turn winegrowing into a national source of wealth. All in all, gold doesn't bring every man who mines it as much as ten shillings a day, which is mighty little. Wool pays better but there are only a few who do well out of it. When I finish this letter tomorrow, I'll tell you how things went off.

You ask in your letter of 17 November why I didn't tell you anything about the trouble with Barbier. Well, it was because I don't like sticking my nose into other people's business, but neither do I like people saying things that aren't true. People who say Uncle Pettavel was involved are right up to a point, which is that he has been too good to Barbier[27] and given him too many chances and put himself out to suit Barbier. Well, here's what I think. Barbier has got no one to blame but himself, for pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall, and there's no truer saying than that. It's a great pity for him. One thing has to be said and that is that Uncle Pettavel ought to have been warned by him, because if he needed a helping hand, that was the quarter he ought to have turned to for it; but no, far from it, he never lost a chance of insulting him. For the last two years, he's been doing nothing, just letting the time go by, and when he gets a shilling, he goes and blows it. Personally, I don't get much pleasure out of meeting him, but I don't go out of my way to avoid him. Aunt is a bit to blame

as well, as happens with women, she seems to put up with things bravely. She has just had twins, a boy and a girl, which makes the family up to five[28] and it's lucky for them that Uncle sends them flour, poor kids. If Barbier had only put his back into it, he could have been doing quite nicely by now. He had the chance to for five years, but no — he had to have 25 horses if you please, which was 15 too many. Their harness and the carts and things cost money, and then all the mad things he did cost him a pretty penny. Uncle lost more than £200 by endorsing notes of hand for him as well as other expenses, but let's drop the subject for it's not a cheerful one.

The fact is that there's another lot of trouble going on that I'd like to see cleared up as soon as can be between Uncle David and his old pest of a wife Esther. She turned the house upside down on Christmas Eve and then cleared out, and Uncle won't have anything more to do with her. He says it's been 14 years long-drawn-out agony and he's quite right to send her packing. So you see, people have their little tribulations in this country too and Uncle hasn't missed his share. Well, it isn't the girls that worry me, I haven't got any, they all run away from me. If you can send me one, I shall be grateful to you all my life, but be careful, for the little man is mighty hard to please and that's just what they have against him. Sorry, I've had a bad night; I only just got back this morning from the dinner at Ceres and it was the first time a dinner served only Australian wine which can compete, according to what the experts say, with the best French and Italian wines. The company was numerous and choice, and among the red noses of the Swiss and several other nationalities, there were some Members of Parliament and a man from the Government representing the big exhibition in London. This year it will be exhibiting wines from here. Uncle took this gentleman to Victoria to show him the winegrowing estates, and this morning at nine o'clock, they came and got me out of bed to take him into town after showing him over the vineyards. He said he would mention it in England. I think I will end now, remember me to the family and friends who will soon be starting to forget me. Greetings from all the cousins; Jules says Uncle Louis hasn't forgotten his big thumb in the portrait any more than Adolphe has forgotten his moustache, but Aunt has forgotten

> her snuffbox and Henriette has forgotten her stays. Greetings from Aunt Cécile and also from Uncle Louis; poor chap, I'm sorry for him.

The letters emphasise the problems in David Pettavel's marriage and the relationship between Frédéric Guillaume Barbier and his wife, Françoise Eugénie. Meanwhile, Frédéric Barbier's brother Henri Auguste, who arrived on the *Evening Star* in 1856 with Charles and François Tétaz, has problems of his own on the goldfields.

Susanne Wegmann, who wrote *The Swiss in Australia*,[29] found during the preparation of her work *The Reminiscences of Charles Eberle 1854–1864*, now held in the La Trobe Library. Eberle, born in Lausanne, Switzerland, emigrated to Melbourne on the *Great Britain*, arriving 22 February 1855. Eberle established a mine near Sebastopol (Ballarat) and employed Auguste Barbier. This story involves Henri Auguste Barbier working around 1859–60 at Ballarat.

> Seeing the futility of our efforts to work only two deep lodes, Joseph was talking about getting out when two men from Neuchâtel, whom Mean sent to us with letters of introduction, François Matile and Auguste Barbier,[30] came to see us. In return for a £3 levy on their part for the future, they entered our association. They lived with Joseph in an old hut; as for me, I remained in my hermitage.
>
> Peace did not last long between the newcomers and my ill-humoured Breton, whom they finished by expelling, in return for compensation.
>
> As we needed a lot of wood for our work and as our time during the week was absorbed in the extraction of earth, my new associates resolved to devote Sunday morning to the cutting of wood, contrary to my constant habit since I had been in Australia. I yielded to this infraction of the English law of Sabbath rest, for which I had cause later to repent.
>
> At the end of the winter, we began to gather the fruit of our labours. To augment our chances, we bought for £22 the neighbouring claim, belonging to some Irishmen, who, reaching the bottom without result, believed they had played a good trick on us by making us pay that price. Some time after, by gaining 1oz of gold a day, we were able to have the laughs on our side. Thanks to these good dividends at this period, I rid myself at last of my debt to Hourny, to my great

delight. One day making, by means of a compass, a survey of our gallery in order to know if we had reached our limit, I noticed near a vein of quartz a mass of tin ore loaded with gold. I proposed to open a lateral drift in this spot and as well we did, because in a pocket 2ft square, we found 8 1/2 ounces of gold. That week our profits grew to £12 per man, but this success was not maintained in the same proportions.

'One man's bread is another man's poison' , says an English proverb. Barbier had proof of it. Intoxicated with his good fortune, he set off to visit Woolshed, then Sebastopol, and finally Eldorado, three mines on our creek, and there fraternised so well with friends that in the evening, on returning home, he rolled into a race on the edge of the road and spent the night there. The next day, he returned wounded in the arm and had to go into the Ovens Hospital at Beechworth where he remained two months. During this time, we continued our work and on his return, in order to keep him in check, we resolved not to take the gold out of the tin ore until we had exploited our territory entirely.

After 11 weeks work, we had obtained 47 1/2 ounces of gold, which sold at the Bank of Australasia at the rate of £4 an ounce, and gave us each a dividend of £62. His misadventure had not corrected Barbier, for, as soon as he had his hands on his share, he went to the Paris Hotel, kept then by a Flemish man, Peter Luykz, the successor of Granjik, where he paid for champagne for the whole number present, which the innkeeper took care to maintain at a high level. As a result, the following day, Barbier, not having a halfpenny, quarrelled with the cafe waiter who was urged on by the owner, and was put in prison. He suffered after that from delirium and when he was put out, we advised him to work on a Swiss farm.[31] Recognising at last that a spell in the mines did not suit him, he set out for Geelong. It goes without saying that we had to defray the cost of his trip.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 22 May 1862

Uncle Louis Pettavel is very ill with rheumatism and can't move. Uncle Barbier is ill too with fever, and as after the row with him, his business went from bad to worse, we have had

to take his wife and children in, so that I now have two women and six children living with me. This has somewhat relieved the solitude in which I lived, but which I still like better. Anyway, here I am with a family; it'll get me used to it for when I have to take the plunge. As you see, life isn't all beer and skittles over here, let's talk of something else. This year's crops were good; we had a very warm and dry autumn. This year's wine will be better than the other years in quality and quantity, and we hope it will sell well. Apples we have in quantity and they have sold pretty well, and if it wasn't for our having to pay off arrears, we should be in a position to send you a bit of money, but it goes as soon as we get it. Another couple of years like this and we shall be clear of debt. I suppose Uncle Henri[32] is getting impatient too, but he has got fewer troubles than his poor brother, who not only has his immense business to run, but has to cope with his wife, who, after staying away from home for three months and running up enormous expense, has now forced her way into the house again, full of promises not to sin any more in future. Then he has that dread disease which will keep him in bed for many weeks to come. I hope Uncle Henri hasn't any tribulations to match these. The Government is granting £10,000 to bring hardworking winegrowers[33] into the colony. I'm not too sure how that's going to work out. There are lots of difficulties in the way; besides, unless more vines are planted, I don't know how they're going to find work for a host of winegrowers from any country you like to name.

Adolphe, we've got another favour to ask of you. We'll send you some money and would you get barrels made with it, as many as it will run to, but keep enough by to pay for their carriage to Hamburg, which I think is the best place to ship them from. Also would you go and see Golay in Morges about a winepress for me — not such a big one as we have at present, take one of medium strength. The cooper musn't use too much whitewood, as the sea spoils it. If you know one or two little things we should like, put them in the cases, and also two grape baskets — they must be oval and the width must measure the same as the thread I'm putting in the letter at the bulge, that is, the greatest diameter of the width and the height 18 inches longer than the thread will do. Two that size and the other like one of the biggest ovals we've already

got. In a month or two, we'll send you more money to pay for the winepress and give Dad £100 for the interest and the house.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 23 June 1862

I'm not very cheerful as I sit down to write to you. I haven't had a letter since the one dated 17 November, but I don't know what to think. I hope at least that you are not ill or angry with me. As soon as the mailboat gets in, I gallop off to town but I never have anything to show for it, to the great astonishment of the poor horse who gets jabbed with my spurs for his trouble. Uncle Pettavel's rheumatism is a little better; he is having trouble getting back the use of his left arm but at least he can walk. Uncle Barbier has had a very bad bout of fever but he is a bit better, and I'm all right, thank God. I suppose you're haymaking at the moment; we're layering as hard as we can. The carbine's no good; it throws the bullets sideways and it's impossible to shoot straight with it. I got a Swiss gunsmith to try it and he is not at all pleased with it. The secateurs are nearly all sold, please take care to put a dozen pairs in. Mark the cases containing the barrels made to the measures I sent. Auguste Tétaz left a few weeks ago to work in the big vineyard which was set up recently at Goulburn. Jules is still at the same place and is well. Louis is still in Melbourne. I enclose the second bill of exchange at sixty days and so, my dear little brother, try and see to it that we get these things for the next vintage. I wrote by the last mail all the news I had so I am having rather a job filling up this little sheet of paper. I think Aunt Eugénie Barbier is going to send you a little note, I think she has plenty to tell you too, poor woman. I suppose emigration is not doing too well; I hear the Government is going to issue free tickets from England to here; if the head of the family wants to come out, he gets a ticket, his wife gets one and every other child gets one. It will be up to the winegrowers out here to send tickets to bring their relatives or friends out to give them a job or find jobs for them elsewhere.

I was very pleased to get a letter by the July mail boat from which I learn that you are in excellent health and look

like having a fine harvest, and I hope both health and harvest have continued. Out here things have improved. Both the uncles are fully convalescent and for me, it's the same as ever, but I'm not nearly grateful enough to God who has showered his most precious blessings upon us.

The state of affairs in this country is beginning to be less agitated than it was and is becoming calmer. The Government has just put ten million acres of unoccupied land at the disposal of the public,[34] which can go and choose any allotment it likes. The area of these plots will be from 30 to 600 acres and people will have 30 years to pay at the rate of £1 an acre and 2 shillings and sixpence rent a year. That will make things easier for many families to settle down in the colony and give industrious workmen a chance to make themselves useful, but all that most of the fellows have come here for is to get a bit of gold together and then go and act the gentleman in their home country. Several of our countrymen have already taken advantage of the opportunity. They're quite happy about Swiss people founding vineyards, are these fine Gentlemen, so they can get their hands on the wine trade afterwards, for these English are as smart as you make 'em in business. However, it'll be a good thing for the winegrowers, a company is being formed in Geelong to plant 300 acres of vine and will start work next season;[35] the people behind this and the managers are mainly Swiss. We've never had such a winter, rain nearly all the time, floods, no frost, and this raises hopes that the soil will be very fertile unless there are any accidents which happen to destroy all these fine prospects. The vines are already putting out shoots.

It was my 25th birthday this month and we celebrated with sausages cooked in the oven and one or two bottles from my barrel, which wasn't at all bad, I can tell you. So it's high time I got married, and after thinking it over, took the plunge and proposed to a little English girl I know [Mary Gundry].[36] I had quite a lot of trouble because she thought I was a butterfly flitting from flower to flower (she's not far wrong) but I had to tell her that if she didn't accept me, I'd leave Australia in a year's time to go and look for a girl in Switzerland. The argument brought off the victory; I wouldn't mind telling you a bit more but another time. If

Dad were here in my place, he'd sing 'Goodbye my lovely shepherdess', for she's been a shepherdess since she was a child. I'd made up my mind that if she broke off with me after this year, I'd say to Uncle (and at this point I've treated myself to a couple of glasses of wine to give me the nerve) to give me a couple of hundred pounds sterling to go and see my Dad and give my poor Mother a kiss and at the same time, buy myself a wife. Since she has accepted me, if my little brother still wants to see me, he'll have to come out here. Good Heavens, he's got locomotives and fine steamships all waiting for him no doubt, because in this age of steam, everyone travels by steam.

I suppose you're getting busy about the things we need. Put in as well two baskets for grape gathering and a few taps made of horn for the barrels, 20 or so secateurs, Rieser-brand (we like those best), extra blades and springs to replace breakages. I'll send you the money for the New Year. I'm a subscriber to the *Courier de l'Europe*, a French newspaper published in London, which is good and impartial, and I read in it that a splendid book has been published called *Les Misérables*, one of the finest productions of this century by Victor Hugo; try and get me this. You should go to London to see the Exhibition, it must be interesting. If I was around those parts, I'd give myself that little treat; this country will be represented there.

I've written enough for now and as it's Sunday, I must go and pay a little visit to the cara mia. It's only 12 miles away on no end of a fine road; it's hard going even for a good horse, but I've got long spurs. Uncle Barbier says would you tell his father[37] that he is getting better and better but can't yet write because his ideas are not yet back to normal.

In the next series of letters, Charles takes every opportunity to visit and court Mary Gundry, whom he married in September 1863.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 19 October 1862

I had occasion to pay Mary a visit this week. I was looking for rushes to tie the vines to and I was 12 hours in the saddle

that day and nearly as long the next day too. I had two horses, so you see we're getting a bit into the habit of horse riding, it's almost a necessity in this country. On top of this the journey was useful to me . . . she made me a present of a lively little portrait saying that since I couldn't come and see her very often, at least I'd have the pleasure of looking at her likeness. She's not giving me any peace until she gets one of me, but she hasn't got it yet.

The harvest, especially the vines, are very well forward, and yesterday I found some of the vines had flowered. Some of the vines have had frost which has done them a lot of harm, but for these places here, prospects are very good, and if nothing unfortunate happens, we shall need the barrels you are sending us. It's a pity you haven't got three of them and the press to send at the same time; they could have waited a few months for the other half of their price. I forgot to tell you not to pay for the sea freight; we can pay that here when we get it. Take a medium-strength press, not a huge one like the one we've got already, and be very particular about the screw and nut. The screw must be cold-tempered and made of beaten iron — try and see that it is a nice piece of work because we may put it on show in the exhibition. There will be some space left in the cases you pack it in, so use it to send some shoots of Petit Noir and grafts of pear tree, apple tree, plum tree and cherry tree as I've mentioned before, and a little cabbage seed and make sure it's all clearly labelled.

We delivered this season's wine this week and there is something about it in the Geelong newspaper.[38] It's rare enough to see wine mentioned like that, the English have got no time for anything but beer or brandy. We'd like you to be out here to run the business; I suppose you'd be all right for that. The wine we sell the merchants at 5 shillings a gallon, they sell at 30 shillings a dozen bottles, counting six bottles to the gallon. In a year or two, you'd be up to reorganising the business, because of course, first of all you'd have to get to know the English — they're a cunning lot and businessmen to the fingertips. If you didn't want to stay out here, you'd have money for your passage back. Think over it a bit; you'll have to see whether you can make the long journey with your game leg. If you decide to come out, we'll send you the necessary; once out here, you wouldn't want to go back.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 24 November 1862

Out here it's nice and warm, the grapes are well grown and looking fine, the shoots are seven or eight feet long and we're just shortening them and finally tying them up. Last week I finished raking with the scarifier so that now the vines are clean and the soil around them is nice and light for several inches down. This is a great advantage in this country, because the earth cracks at the height of the hot summer weather, and when the earth is nice and free on the surface, it prevents all that and keeps all the coolness in the earth. When you rake it in the usual way, you don't get as far down as with the machine and besides, the machine's much quicker. In a couple of days, I've been over my 13 acres with a good old big-bellied horse taking one row at a time. It seems to me I'm going to Bergeresse I get on so fast; some people would say 'you're getting too big for your boots', but never mind, forward Charlie my good boy. Lord, when I think of Bergeresse I can still feel the basket on my back and hear noon striking at Bôle;[39] what an appetite I had then! And so I'm not going back to Switzerland for fear of running up against a basket waiting for my back.

Over here, what a difference! I'm a landowner, I've got a nice horse to ride about on, a fine goat and a good dog and I shall soon have a wife, for I'd have you know I shall probably get married after the vintage and then I can say goodbye to Switzerland for good and all. I paid her a visit last Thursday and gave her a little portrait of her lord and master. She seemed to me to be pleased, poor sweetie. Perhaps you'd like to be introduced; well, she's a little slip of a girl, not very pretty but I think she's quite pleasant and good hearted. And now, my dear J.P., you know as much as I do about her. If you don't believe me, come out and see.

Be sure you don't show these few lines to Dad and especially not to Mum; she'd shake her fist at me thinking perhaps I'm not treating young women with the respect they deserve.

This is a good place to come to, you're made very welcome, foreigner or no foreigner, but the word 'Swiss' and especially the word 'winegrower' are sweet to English ears. They're pretty proud to have one of their colonies which can

rival France for its wines. Geelong in a few years' time will be famous for its wine and wool. We've got several big three-masters in the bay now, one of them a French ship, loading wool, and if we had had four times as much wine as we did, we could have sold it all. We shall use the money we are making now to plant vines on a large scale and I know it will pay in time pretty well.

That damned gunsmith who made the butt of the bullet for the carbine too heavy so that it turned over in the air and sometimes hit the mark sideways. The bullet has been made like the Whitworth bullets and they are one-third heavier than the old ones and now we can fire at 1,000 yards range. I should very much like you to send me a good-looking and good quality watch sometime or other, but see it's a good one and is a hunter, and put in some of that good quality gunpowder which you can pack between the articles in the case. We'll be going into the forest this week to cut the wood we need to make a stand for the casks and the press so that we shall be able to use them directly they get here.

In Geelong, they're exhibiting a little girl aged 13 months who's a real giant. She measures 2'6" across the shoulders, 2'4" around the waist, 10" around the arm, 1'5" around the leg and 2'9" in height. It's astonishing to see such strength, grace, intelligence and size added to the greatest beauty. There are few children as agile as she is in spite of her enormous weight of 50 lbs, she can't pronounce words clearly, a deep voice issues from her tremendous chest; in short, she's a miracle of Dame Nature. There are four of them — the Fat Boy aged 10, a real plum pudding so fat he could hardly walk, then the Mountain Man aged 60, a gigantic monster who had a job to walk down the room, and then a girl of 16. Three of them were born here.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 23 January 1863

I take the liberty of writing you this little letter to wish you a Happy New Year and get in touch with you. I don't know how it is but the space between us gets bigger and bigger as the years pass. Our health is of the best, thank God, and I hope yours keeps good, all of you. The weather here is

tremendously hot this summer and for over a fortnight, we've had superb ripe grapes. They're a month ahead this year, and the fruit is ripening faster than you'd think possible. There's one lot of it after another, each lot coming so quickly that we don't get a chance to breathe. The cavalry is on the march all the time, the railway and telegraph are requisitioned two or three times a week. It's been like this for five or six weeks and we've been sending three or four tons of fruit off each week.

The barrels look like coming too late for this vintage. I had the bill of lading from Mallalieu & Co. from which I learnt that they shipped the cases on the *Glendower*[40] which left London on 7 November, now the question is when will it get here? The bill from London amounts to £36.10.6!!! Oh, my very dear barrels, but never mind, plenty of money left. In Christmas week, five of us went to the forest to cut the timbers to bed the barrels on and insert the screw of the press you are going to send us. We had a good time; there were flights of wild pigeons which we roasted in our saucepan, but we had to put our backs into the work.

I hear Julien Grellet[41] has had a letter from Mrs Rouge, we had a good laugh about that marriage. Paul[42] is married too and has been for some months. Well, there always has to be someone putting his head in the noose, I suppose my pals are not lagging behind either. As far as I'm concerned I hope that when the season's over and the vintage is in, I'll go and take my little wife home and settle down to a quiet life instead of the one I've got at present; that'll save my good horse no end of running about. I bought him recently and he wasn't broken in; I've been riding him for the last couple of months and now he's as gentle as a lamb. He's three-quarters Arab and one-quarter English racehorse, and so at the beginning, he didn't half buck and rear, now he ambles well and he's first-class at jumping. He easily jumps over a five-foot barrier which shows how strong he is. He'd easily go from Boudry to Neuchâtel in 15 minutes at the trot and he'd show the horses of the Guides' Regiment a clean pair of heels if he was there.

Each time I've forgotten to get you to put in some grafts of late apples, but do this next time you send us anything. It would anyway be wise of you to send us a collection of them

by the March mail boat but they mustn't have sprouted, that would be no good. You can add to them some seeds of blosses de corncreux, cabbage and turnips, but it must be good seed. You can't cultivate it here because there is an insect which eats up the cabbage. The sainfoin seed you sent me was a complete failure except for six plants which have already yielded a quantity of seed. If you send it by the mail boat, it will cost a bit more but it's safer. Be particular about the packing; don't make too big a parcel because the post office wouldn't accept it.

We've just had a splendid storm accompanied by rain which will loosen up the skin of the grapes; lightning fell in several places near us. By the way, if you haven't already sent off a watch for me, try and get it to me as soon as possible and make sure it isn't a dud. I've already got one of that kind. The other day I met young Baillot,[43] he recognised me at once and I remembered him perfectly too. He seems very quiet and says very little, there's nothing like going to foreign parts to get your corners knocked off. There's a whole lot of those louts from Boudry who'd rather have their heads cut off than leave their miserable village and take off their linsey-woolsey jackets with their brass buttons. Every time we start talking about the home country, we go over the list of those yokels and take them down a peg or two, stuck-up bastards. I shall never forget one of them rapping us on the knuckles because we helped them to take their pump in tow; once they lose sight of their own chimneys, they're capotto like whipped curs. I suppose that by the time you get this letter, the third cask will have been sent off, or at least it will be ready to go. We are sending you some money you'll be needing, and, my dear little brother, keep the accounts as well as possible so there shan't be any misunderstanding. You promised to send me your portrait and I'm looking forward impatiently to getting it. When the time comes to pay the interest on the house, give Dad 100 Frs and give our worthy sister 1 Fr to buy herself some gloves, for I think she wrote to me that she had been a godmother. Give Mother a good kiss for me.

The Barbier family are still living with me, to my great annoyance. I wish this quarrelsome lot of people would find themselves some job or other. I've had little or no news of the

cousins; they're dispersed to the four winds of heaven. Uncle David is not too well, there's always something the matter with him.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 25 March 1863

We've just finished assembling the barrels which have given us a certain amount of trouble and expense. First of all, I went on board twice; it was at Sandridge quay and it cost us about £10 without mentioning the rage you get in through the slowness of the sailors and clerks, they're damned fools; all of it again went off pretty well; the bottom of the little one has been turned upside down, a mistake having been made by Eva — the mark O is on the bottom. They're pretty good-looking, these three oval barrels, they're beauties. The English admire them, and as the English give names to their ships, we've baptized them. But at last the wine is running in torrents and if we had two or three more, we could still fill them. Mr Dardel has offered to sell us two of his own which came by the same ship; the winegrowers are short of them because the crop has been so heavy, and then the rains have spoiled the market grapes. It is estimated that this district alone is producing 150,000 gallons of wine. Putting the barrels together these three are Liberty, Equality and Fraternity — which is a motto the English find easy enough to understand. Their companions in Victoria have cabbalistic names like Bovet, Eva, Scholevaz-Brissac and there's another called Setier — it's Uncle who gave them all these names. We had to pay the agents £36.13.6 freight and £1 to the Customs.

Yesterday I went to see Mr Dardel and there I tasted some St Blaise 1857, 1859 and 1861 red and white wine. I liked the 1859 white, they're good wines but the wines out here are better. I saw a bottle of 1834 wine, it brought back memories of the old country. I'd forgotten the taste of the wine and it came back to me and I think I could drink a few bottles of it now with impunity. Mr dear Dad, you have emptied your workshop and sent it to me; we had a good laugh about that. The vine stakes will, I think, be good but the rats have eaten up the seeds. I'd like to tell you about a journey we made, Uncle and I, to the foot of the Blue

Mountains to see Mr Joe Castella, but there's no time now and there's so much to do that we really can't think of everything.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 25 June 1863

When the last mail boat got in, I went to town to send off a letter to you but when I got to the post office, I tore up the letter because I was so angry at not getting any letter from you, but your long awaited letter has come and mollified my resentment. I am delighted that you are all in good health. We are fine, and it's no time to fall ill when you're just going to get married, especially when you've got good wine, something like 10,000 gallons of it.

In this letter of 19 April which I have received, you tell us you've sent off the press, but you don't say by what company. It might very well happen that those cases get lost on the way, but if you have addressed them to any agents in London or Liverpool, that's fine, but otherwise they will be delayed, so be careful. Uncle is very upset about this Mallalieu; the firm in London has asked us for money so that they can get on with the operations without spending any of their own. We haven't yet replied to this; next time you write you must let us know the state of funds and if you have got any left, please have some casks built for our cellars are still in their infancy compared with the vines.

In Prince Albert Vineyard we have to employ six men, two horses and 26 oxen for 32 days for the ploughing, and this makes nearly 12 acres to be planted. The place is fully equipped, and will be worth all the Bergeresses in the world, except for the big basket for your back which I'm glad to have left behind in Switzerland. I reckon nearly 400 acres of vines will be planted this year in this country; we've got nearly 300,000 shoots to see to this winter in both places. We shall do the planting with dried night-soil, you're more sure it will succeed that way. I've invested £100 sterling at 10% for Dad and will send him the interest yearly. That'll make 250 Francs, 150 of which are spending money, that's better than sending the capital. It's on good securities, I've got the title deeds of a farm to guarantee it. It was pretty stupid of you to

declare a thing like a watch in a consignment like the one you sent. It was of no commercial value; you should come out here and match your wits against all these bureaucrats. You should just see what they make us pay — it's no use being timid with people like that. Sometimes we have tremendous rows with them, but we pay and we want service. Another little thing I'd like to draw your attention to, my young brother, is not to spell Victoria Vineyard with W's, because in English it's pronounced Ouicktoria Ouineyards and it's ridiculous for a chap who spells as well as my worthy younger brother, whom I'd like to see the General of all scribes both English (and as you know they are legion) and French (of whom there is no lack either). But you can transgress the rules of spelling in foreign languages by being too cocksure.

The marriage of the Prince of Wales[44] was celebrated here in a big way, with illuminations, torchlight processions, fireworks, artillery salutes, banquets, donations and I don't know what else; the English respect their royal family very much. This winter has been a very rainy one and this has made woodcutting very difficult, and we've just had a severe epidemic of pleuro-pneumonia in the district. We had to shoot six head of cattle on our farm, one of our neighbours has had to shoot five, and so it goes on. We've just made a postmortem examination of a buffalo with Mr Studi,[45] the veterinary surgeon. The right lung was solidified and three times as big as normal. The disease was an inflammatory one and partly gangrenous, the chest was full of putrified matter but the left lung and the heart were healthy. We have to burn the bodies to stop the disease from spreading, and since we've got nearly 80 head of livestock, you can imagine the loss if the epidemic goes on. The superstitious Irish have got all sorts of remedies against the illness but in my opinion, all these do is to weaken the beast and make it more vulnerable to the disease.

Aunt Eugénie Barbier and children are still here. When Aunt Eugénie lays into the children, I tell them it's absinthe to give them an appetite for dinner, it reminds me of home. This family is very like our own, first of all because of the births, then because of the characters. Emile is absolutely like François, Frédéric is a noisy chap like someone you know,

Henri goes about his business quietly all by himself like someone I remember, and last of all and worst of all the girl, who makes more noise than all the rest put together. They are soon going to run a vineyard for a company we've got shares in and I'm jolly glad because they're beginning to get on my nerves here. Cousin Jules and Cousin Auguste are working Melbourne way, Louis is working on his own account a few miles from here. The father-in-law was very seriously ill recently with brain fever; he's better now but he'll have a job to get completely well again. He's got a prejudice against doctors which is easy enough to understand. About Paul Chapuis,[46] he is asking how the pill business is going. Well, I don't think they are doing very well and nor are the chemists' shops; there are too many of them and you don't have to run far to find one. What we need are good winegrowers, not these yokels' sons who think they know everything but are nothing but louts, and not these clerks and watchmakers who take advantage of the good reputation the Swiss have to pass themselves off with the English as winegrowers and gardeners, and all they do is to spoil things for the chaps who know their job.

Charles Marries Mary Gundry

Charles' letter to his parents on 25 June 1863 announced his betrothal to Mary Gundry, daughter of Joseph and Mary Gundry.

> Now allow me to introduce your future daughter-in-law and sister-in-law, for whose hand in marriage I had the honour to ask a little while ago. I was accepted, needless to say, without any objection, being a well-behaved, goodlooking little boy and in short, a model — a model young man, of course. What have you got to say to that, eh!! In short, Mr Charles Tétaz was unanimously accepted as the future husband of Miss Mary Gundry. She was born in this country and so was her mother, her father has been in the colony for 25 years and was born in 1811, like Dad. They come from Somersetshire. I tried to persuade her to write to you but she wouldn't because she doesn't know French, but don't be annoyed with her for that; I think she'll make a charming little wife. There are extenuating causes which prevent the marriage, but soon I shall have to take the plunge and then we shall see. Henriette wrote me a letter which I found very moving, it made me cry . . . she seems to be labouring under the illusion that I'm still a little greenhorn, but contact with the world rubs the corners off you, so don't lose any sleep over it, my dear sister, I've hardly had time to think about it myself. Anyhow, thank you for your little letter, it tasted like soup thickened with flour and made me think of the old country, so carry on with the good work! And try and get Ma to write to me for once; at least when she makes some salt biscuit and doesn't find anything to say, let her write me that if I was there, she'd still give me a good hiding.

The family background of Mary Gundry is interesting. Joseph Gundry was not, in fact, her father, as birth and marriage certificates attest. She was born at Ouse, Van Diemen's Land, in 1836, the result of an illegitimate union between Mary Watson (1816–1905) and her uncle, John Collins.[1] Mary Watson was descended from Second Fleet convicts, Isaac Williams and Rachel Hoddy (1765–1836). Joseph Gundry, who arrived in Van Diemen's Land on the *Thomas Laurie* in 1832, married Mary Watson (1816–1905) at Ouse in 1837. They had six children, the first born at Ouse, the rest at Jan Juc, Victoria,[2] where Gundry became a squatter in 1839, occupying and later purchasing some 7,000 acres along Spring Creek where the present Bellbrae is situated. His run was known as the Iron Bark Station where he established a school for his own and neighbouring children until the Jan Juc Common School was opened in 1861.[3]

François Louis Arrives

Prince Albert Vineyard, 22 October 1863

We are very well and I've got a host of things to tell you if I don't lose patience in doing so, for I've just covered about 30 miles and as a result, my hand's all trembly and so is my head. We got married on the 10th of last month in Geelong. Uncle Pettavel, Jules and Julien[1] were there; Aunt Pettavel was invited but she wouldn't come because the bride wasn't one of her nieces. That suited me fine in one way, because she's very unpleasant when she's with people and besides, we made as little fuss as possible. When the ceremony was over and after a light meal, we took the train to Melbourne. Jules and my wife's sister accompanied us and we spent an enjoyable week walking about there. We saw the ship which had our cases in it, then we came back and set up house quietly and without fuss, and so here we are!!! I'm perfectly satisfied with the way we went about it for to be honest, I was a bit worried about it. The best thing to do was to avoid all fuss, which is always expensive. If we had thrown a dinner instead of going away, we should have had to invite at least 50 people and get them to know one another, which only leads to quarrels and puts up the bill. We've been married for something like six weeks and I can only say that it suits me splendidly. If this goes on as I hope it will, I shall be as happy as anyone can be on this earth.

We received the five cases shipped on the *Royal Visitor*.[2] The press was in good order and so were the other things, except the grafts which were all done for, to Uncle's regret. He thinks the press is a bit big, but it's better to have a

powerful one than a weak one. All you have to do is to make the necessary change, but once it's set up it won't be too big. We shall have plenty to give it to press when our 25 acres bear fruit. Already this year, if the weather is favourable and things go on as they promise, there'll be quite a lot to do. If only the casks get here for next February!

Thank you, my dear little brother, for your present, which proves that, however far we are from each other, you're still fond of us. I must also thank our worthy sister for the things she sent me, only the horse wouldn't eat the hay and the goat took good care of it. The slippers are so big that, when I come back to Switzerland, I shan't need to take the *Great Eastern* but I shall be able to walk on the waves like St Peter. I'm told she is learning German, and I'm very much afraid that she's going to fall in love with some fellow in a linsey-woolsey jacket with brass buttons from Canton Berne, which would be a pity because I don't like them.

The family are doing pretty well at present. Jules is working here for me for a time, Auguste is over Melbourne way working as a journeyman in a winegrowing company. You can make money at that too if you go about it the right way.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 29 November 1863 (Jules Tétaz)

Dear Cousin Adolphe,

You will no doubt be surprised to get a letter from me but circumstances lead me to write it. I heard your Uncle D. L. Pettavel say that he was going to send some money back home for some new barrels. I wanted to give him five (5) pounds sterling so that you can send me secateurs for that amount, but they have to be Rieser make, two or three little taps, and the engraving of the railway bridge at Boudry, but your uncle said that you had some money over and all I need do was to write to you and settle up with him over here. But they have to be Rieser make. I'll have nothing more to do with the Gerster ones; Gerster secateurs, especially the last ones, are very badly made and very badly finished.

I was hoping for a letter from my parents[3] by this last

mail boat but I didn't get one. I don't know whether they aren't all dead. My brother Auguste got a letter from his wife[4] and your brother Charles got two, on one of which you put the address, and the other from Claude Benein. Julien Grellet has gone to Geelong to sell the first cherries of the year for me; my two front paws hurt like the devil.

You'll be getting a portrait of Charles and his wife and you'll see the imposing airs he's giving himself. He looks like a master rather than a husband and it seems as though he's going to pull her ears.

We're having very wet weather, rain nearly all the time. It promises well for the grapes but badly for the wheat and hay. It is also bringing us a good crop of slugs which are out in their thousands. I've been working at Charles' place for the last four weeks, filling in time until I go back to Melbourne where I was before for a time. I hope, my dear cousin, you will be good enough to excuse the trouble I am giving you and that you will give my greetings to the family and tell them that I saw your portraits, but I at once noticed your father's thumb. You can give the case to Jean Eva so that he can send it to me with the barrels and tell him that I am working at your brother's place.

Adolphe, do as your cousin asks. Your Uncle D. L. Pettavel.

On the same letter (Charles Tétaz)

My dear little brother, I hope you're still alive and in good health. I'm taking advantage of the fact that our worthy Jules is writing to you to send you our news. Everything is going pretty well with us. Would you see whether you can't get another barrel made, capacity 6 or 700 gallons, with the rest of the money, and also a collection of winegrowing tools, all in the best style possible. You needn't trouble to send the big basket for your back or the gaiters — we want to put all this on show at Geelong. You could put in a few taps and a photograph of the viaduct at Boudry as Jules asks. The tools must be absolutely perfectly made because they are going to be looked at by experts. Give my love to Dad and Mum and to the friends. It's a pleasure to write to you, my dear W.[5] This is all for now.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 28 January 1864

Mr Claude Benay has given me the job of finding out about his brother Charles. So far my search has been in vain; he is believed to be living somewhere near Sydney. His brother could ask the Consul in Sydney. The Consul in Melbourne has also written to me about him. In any case, we haven't the least idea where he could have got to. I've lost Claude's address and that's why I'm writing to you, tell him about it, will you? Last week we went and took delivery of the first of the barrels on the quay — we is Jules and I — and today I'm going along for the other and at the same time, those belonging to Baillot. Breughet's are, it appears, not on board the *Glendower*; he hasn't got the bill of lading. I'm pleased to say the whole lot was in good condition, the hoe especially, so I'm keeping it for the little boy.[6]

Tell Dad all the papers were in good order and we were very pleased to read all that. I'm going to stick up the big one at the Swiss boarding house at Geelong,[7] that'll please our countrymen. We've got plenty to do at the moment; we're sending off about 6 tons of fruit to Ballarat a week, which J. Grellet sells; he's got a depot[8] up there. We're going to start building for the press, the vines are doing well and the young plants are getting big, thanks to the rain we had now and then. Jules tells me to write a few words to ask whether his parents are still in existence because they never write. It makes him jealous because I get news and he doesn't.

P.S. Don't forget your W's — it makes the postmaster and the sailors laugh.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 25 April 1864

Our health is of the best and probably we shall have a little rascal bawling his head off in a short time from now, so you can see we're losing no time. I should think my dear Mum will laugh about it; we've been married for nearly seven months now and I've got no reason to complain. Mr Adolphe hasn't written me for a long time; he lets one mail boat after another go without sending a letter, so that I've got very little

news of you at all, but I set my fears at rest about you by thinking that you're in the best of health. Here we are in the middle of the vintage and all the time with rain on our back; it's making the grapes rot quite a lot and the vintage is only an average one. We have fixed the press up, it has been put up very nicely and works very well. We've already pressed 5 fingers' thickness and the must runs off through tubes into the vats. We've built the press next to the house in a stone building big enough to contain four fermenting vats so that, in a couple of years' time, we shall have enough space to deal with the vintage from 25 acres, but we shall need another eight casks like the ones we've got before this cellar is fully equipped. We have sent Julien Grellet 120 tons of fruit (a ton is 2,200 of your pounds). Up to now the crop has been very heavy, especially of apples. We hear a lot of fellows have left Boudry to come out here — we're going to have a good time with all those bumpkins. Uncle will be a bit embarassed, but it doesn't matter, there's a living for everyone. Winegrowing is spreading a whole lot.

We have to deplore the death of Frédéric Amiet,[9] whose leg was crushed by his cart in the mines. Tetanus set in and in a couple of days, he died, leaving four children and his poor wife. I don't think they'll be left in poverty for the time being. That man was my greatest enemy and the way he behaved to me was never anything else than bad. He was a typical citizen of Boudry, and I swear that if I got hold of him before he died, we'd have had words together. It's lucky for his family that things turned out as they did. Louis Amiet[10] asks me to ask why 'the Town Clerk' doesn't write to him at all and at the same time, he sends his greetings and Madame sends her greetings to her relatives and she too asks them to write a bit. I enclose a bill of exchange for £20 of which £10 are the interest on the £100 in question and the others, Uncle asks you to give to Uncle Henri Pettavel; we hear that one of his children died. Madame Grellet[11] is dead too, it seems. We told Julien last Saturday.

The birth of François Louis, the first Swiss Australian Tétaz, at Prince Albert Vineyard on 28 June 1864, was the reason for much celebration, singing and consumption of wine.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 28 June 1864

I have a few hours before the mail leaves so I'll take advantage of them to tell you a whole lot of little things of no great importance which won't interest you very much. First of all, you'll no doubt be pleased to hear that we've got a little boy who's doing very well, little mustard-merchant that he is. He was born on 28 June. His grandmother[12] made the 12-mile journey from her place to come and see her daughter whom she had been told was nearing her time. She arrived at noon, and at 6 p.m. Master François Louis Tétaz entered the world. When they brought us the news, we were getting some wine shoots ready in the pressing house. Cousin Auguste was then paying us a visit and five others; Jules was there too. So we drew several gallons of the best red from a new barrel and started on this. Then I said to Auguste 'What about a song?' He didn't need asking twice and started up as I want to finish, that is with a song 'Béranger à 60 ans'. We kept on with our singing and drinking until it was past midnight, and several of us had difficulties with their centre of gravity. We started wrestling too, which did quite a lot to get the party going.

We went to bed but before I went off to sleep, the women told me to send for a doctor. Baillot saddled Ducommun. As we were all more or less drunk, if you want a thing done properly, you must do it yourself, so I got on the horse and he carried me off without the help of whip or spur. I wasn't travelling over the best road in the world; it was crossed by streams and fences, no less than 10 of them. You'd have laughed to see me galloping hell for leather through the calm night, which was as black as an oven, wearing a big felt hat, a loose coat and high boots — you'd certainly have taken me for Gilpin[13] himself. My horse gets to a ditch which I couldn't see, tries to stop, up goes his hind quarters, he tries to save himself with his front legs at the bottom of the ditch and deposits me gently on the edge of it. To remount was the work of a moment and I resumed my furious gallop. I got to the doctor, who gave me a bottle of medicine, and got back home, still galloping, at 4 a.m., when my mother-in-law told me to go back and call the doctor. Aimé, saddled and bridled, was ready waiting and off I

galloped again. The best of the joke was that I had a boil the size of an egg on my back exit. It did it a whole lot of good to have to hit the saddle hard and it makes me laugh to think of it. I must have made as fine a face as when I was carrying the earth in Bergeresse in 1849 with all those cuts on my feet. Mother and child are doing well now; he's got a huge appetite and sleeps well, and produces enormous quantities of... mustard!!! He's quite a dear; yesterday I bore him off and carried him in his basket into the middle of the courtyard. Mother wasn't at all pleased; these women have such queer ideas. I hope you won't mind our calling him François in memory of our elder brother, and I hope he will take the place which his death has left in our hearts.

Now, let's talk business. We have been informed of the imminent arrival of the Government's winegrowers, on the *Golden Land*[14] which left London on 3 May. I'm looking forward to seeing all these chaps arrive with their linsey-woolsey jackets; we shall have a good laugh. Uncle and Weber[15] are in no end of a state, and Mr Jacot's letter was printed in one of the local papers and in the Melbourne *Argus*, so that these men can find work when they arrive, if possible. In any case, the Government will see to their subsistence until they find work and I trust they'll have no cause for complaint. Now about the spondulicks. I talked it over with Uncle and I think that, as Mr Jacot is holding money for him, you'll be able to have what you need to send the barrel off. I'll try and get you the address of one of these big companies. I may possibly have some big orders for those little metal containers like Baillod's and Breguet's; they're very nice and I've no doubt the English will order several dozen of them; we still need several.

Victoria Vineyard, 23 October 1864 (Jules Tétaz)

I must write to you again to thank you for the 15 secateurs that you were good enough to send me and which I received in very good condition, together with the other things I ordered from you, which I received via Citizen Scholl. He looks a thoroughly nice chap though appearances may be deceptive, but I must say I like him the best out of the whole

lot who've just arrived. He's working at Charles' place and so is old Betrix and his daughter. The son was working there too, but he was clumsy enough to stick a forked hoe into his father's behind, with the result that the other chaps told him off and made things so hot for him that your Uncle Louis put him under my command and he's keeping very quiet for the moment. I don't know whether that'll last but I can tell you he's not going to put anything across me. Charles has also got the daughter; she's very stupid and his wife can't bear her. You should just hear these new chums, how they bless Mr Jacot[16] for his kindness in enrolling them. These poor devils all want to go off home again right away, and they can't because they haven't got a farthing and I always tell them they're here for all eternity. They don't like that in the least, and my God, they are stupid. They've got such lovely little hats; they look as if they're panelled, but felt must be very expensive in Switzerland.

It seems to me that Mr Jacot has sent us a lot of cripples; already three or four of them are in hospital and ever since they've arrived, they haven't left off cursing Australia and praising Switzerland, which I am very sure that most of them will never see again. It's much easier to come here than to go back; it's not that the voyage costs more, but self-respect keeps us far from our homeland. Why should we have to go back when we'd have to work as day labourers for 75 centimes a day and work eight hours longer than we do here? I shall only go back to Boudry when I can live off my savings, but when that will be, never, never.

Today I've got my young brother Auguste here on a visit from the coast. I don't know quite where he wants to go now, but we don't worry about each other very much, each for himself and God for all. You get to be hard as the devil, take pity on no one. Now, my dear cousin, you must have got your vintage in by now, at least I suppose so, and we out here are afraid of the spring frosts. For the moment, we haven't much to fear; it rains all the time but the crops look like being good unless we get bad weather. We've got a tremendous number of slugs and have to go after them every morning with quicklime.

I wish, my dear cousins and Uncle and Aunt, that you could see your grandson and nephew. What a fine boy

Charles has, you couldn't find a finer or nicer boy anywhere. I'm sure you'd love him too; his Daddy is very proud of him, not without cause. I don't know whether Charles told you in his letter that he baptised his lovely little boy François Louis; he's hoping for a letter from you by the next mail.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 23 November 1864

I received your letter by the last mail and learn from it the flourishing state of your health except for minor ailments, but my dear Dad, if you'll take the word of an old troubador like myself who has some experience of such things, my prescription would be for you to wear a good flannel shirt instead of those sailcloth shirts you wear. I had to change over five or six years ago because I was continually in pain with my teeth, but since then I haven't had any more pain. We are all fine; Pond[17] especially is coming along fine under the loving care of his mother and grandma. His grandma would completely spoil him if I didn't stop her; these grandmas are crazy, she's never happy unless she has him always in her arms, and he really is a happy little boy who will be quite like his grandfather as far as his happy nature is concerned.

The band of winegrowers arrived in August last, all looking highly delighted to get off the ship. We kept quite a lot of them here. I've got Scholl, Meillier, old Betrix and his children, and Uncle has seven or eight of them. They seem content enough down here, though some of them complain that things aren't like they are in the old country. We soon cheer them up and put heart into them by telling them they're here for all eternity or at least for 101 years, which makes them pull a long face. Jules is very good at making them wish they were back home again, but when they've been out of Switzerland, even for only nine years like us, they'll laugh at such ideas. The emigrants who came for the Weber family have nearly all left them, they can't have been well treated. Uncle has, I think, distinguished himself on this occasion, not all the old colonials have behaved as well, by any means.

The wine this year hasn't sold as well as in other years and we've had to set up a depot in Daylesford which meant

more work. Julien is there most of the time selling fruit, so if we could manage to sell our wines, that'll be a good market. There are a whole lot of Italians[18] who won't look at anything but red wine, but it's by no means easy getting it there. The roads are awful, but we have to do something. If we didn't, we should have the wine on our hands and couldn't make ends meet. Just think of it, only for rail freight from Geelong to Ballarat we had to pay £350, what do you think of that? More than 140 tons of fruit was sent to Grellet in under eight months, so we've got plenty to think of as you see. I suppose the barrels will soon be here, they left London in August. We shall have no need to import any more for a year or two, our cellars are pretty well equipped to deal with the vines we have. We've got 22 1/2 acres of vines planted in Prince Albert Vineyard now; that means 76,640 vinestocks. Once it's full, that vineyard will be well worth Bergeresse. Just now the plants are flowering and give promise of a heavy crop, the same with the rest of the fruit. Mildew has done a lot of damage in several districts and some farmers have had their whole crop ruined. Their horses are dying from lung disease and so are their other animals, by no means in small numbers.

Young Sheffer from St Blaise made a 500-gallon barrel out of American oak and sold it for £21. That's a good start, for in a year or two, a whole lot of them will be needed. Schefflin has been sent three small presses, one of which he sold to our neighbour. At the exhibition there was a colonial press made on the same principle as ours, but I rather doubt that it's as good as ours, but they're trying to make them and they'll succeed and they'll cost less. A whole lot of craftsmen are grumbling, with good reason, that colonial products such as wool, leather, gold etc. are being exported to England for manufacture, after which they come back here. If some industrial companies were set up here, it would create an enormous number of jobs and the fat of the land wouldn't go to pay for the work of American convicts or make big manufacturers in England rich.

By the way, I think I have found some gypsum; it would be an excellent thing to sprinkle on crops attacked by vermin. I'd like you, my dear little brother, to find out how to prepare it for that purpose and also how to handle the

kind you use for plastering. The gypsum I baked was dazzling white and in powdered form was smooth to the touch. Mr Chapuis might be able to give you some tips, especially for the gypsum to sprinkle on the plants; it's a powerful stimulant. I think we could make a very good business of this when I understand it properly.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 25 May 1865

Our health is fine, especially Baby who is growing and has several teeth, and never fails to dirty his legs as his Daddy used to do when he ate plums in the old days. Our harvest is over and the fruit has all been sold. The season was remarkably fine, the wine's good and if we can sell it at a profit, that'll bring in a little badly needed cash. We've made five thousand gallons of red and two thousand of white from this place, only 17 tons (a ton is 2,200 lbs) of grapes went to Ballarat for sale. I hear certain louts are kicking up no end of a fuss about those fools who came out from Switzerland last year[19] and arguing the toss about this and that. They should just come out here and stick their noses into things for a bit, poor fools that they are. The people who took the trouble to arrange that expedition tried to do things decently, but all they've got out of it is trouble, expense and blame. My God, so much the worse for them, that'll teach them a lesson which I've no doubt will do them a lot of good. Some of them think the colony couldn't get on without them, because the Government was willing to lay out a few thousand pounds. I really don't know what we were like when we landed here, but I doubt that we were such fools as most of the last lot. They'd have done better to stay where they were, they think we should hand everything we have to them. In a few years, I hope they'll get the hang of life in the colonies a bit, but till that happens, we shall have to get on as best we can.

Recently the celebrated bushrangers,[20] four of the biggest of them, were cornered and killed in a gun fight. One of them stopped about 20 bullets and the others got a single bullet through the heart, and serve 'em right.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 20 July 1865

I'm taking advantage of Jules' departure[21] for Switzerland to send by him a few trifles, such as five bottles of new wine on which I'd like your opinion, if ever it gets to you. Also my first gold medal from Ballarat which I won with a collection of 54 kinds of grapes. Inside the case, there are some grains of gold and a ring for Mum. The gold is for Miss, and for J. P., half of my red silk belt. As it was a present, I kept half of it and I have to inform you that I used to wear it when I went running after the girls. There is also a powder horn containing grafts of various fruits and vinestocks which you haven't got in Switzerland; they are immersed in good quality honey to preserve them. Uncle has also sent a box of them for Uncle Henri; as soon as you get them, you must take them out and wash them in cold water, and bury them in salt in the cellar until the spring. My wife has put in a few bits of nonsense which I can't name. Junot[22] from Colombier has been killed and it's not known who his murderers are, not yet at least. It's nearly ten years since we left Boudry and time hasn't improved us.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 24 January 1866

I received your long-awaited letter by the last mail boat in which you tell me of the flourishing state of your health for which I am very pleased. At the same time, I can inform you that we are all quite well, especially Baby who is getting on fine, running about, falling down and grazing his knees just like Uncle David Roquier. He eats plums, and does what I used to do long ago, and Dad used to give me tat-tat for it, or to put it in a nutshell, he's a dirty little mucker. He's on his feet the whole day long and always at the double. In five or six months, I think he's going to have a little brother or sister, if God so wills. Meanwhile, he keeps us on the run. I hope you keep a little place for him in your hearts as a little descendant of yours whom no doubt you love.

I hear Switzerland has had a pretty bad time this year suffering from all sorts of evils; we too have had our troubles as you will see by the returning emigrants. Old Betrix[23]

sailed in the *Norfolk*[24] last Saturday. As in your last letter you asked for a few photographs of our places, I ordered them for that day, the 20th. I took the Melbourne train, got to Melbourne at 2 o'clock, walked to Sandridge railway station in ten minutes and was stretching my legs on Sandridge quay when a boat, thinking I was in a hurry, offered to take me to the ships due to sail. When I told him which ship I wanted, he showed me it being towed by a steamship, a gunshot away. So I said goodbye to Switzerland and went home again with my photos under my arm. I had also taken with me, to give to old Betrix, a letter from Switzerland and some certificates which he had forgotten to take away with him from my place, but I was half an hour too late. If Betrix had known, he might have seen me on the quay as he sailed off; mention this to him. He was pretty fed up for the few months he was here, which is understandable. Tell him old Pierre has also left me; I think he was a bit sorry to leave. I'm sorry I couldn't send you those things from here but I'll do so at the next chance I get, if God wills.

I see from your letter that that very honest Don Juan Jules has arrived in Switzerland and that, for a few glasses of wine, he started shooting his mouth off — so much the better for the poor devil and for the bumpkins who listen to him. In my case, I suppose he failed to tell you that Mr Pettavel paid him six weeks in advance to get rid of him, he did his job so well, when he spoke to the boss to get all sorts of good things for the voyage, he was wheedling, polite and even respectful. Well paid as he was, he did nothing and less than nothing, and stopped the others from doing their job. He tired out the horses at night to run after the girls and in the daytime, he had to sleep off his efforts of the night before. That's how he spent the time he was supposed to be working for Uncle, and all that drinking Uncle's good wine and no doubt running down the boss. His bookkeeping was absurd and of course fraudulent, he didn't do a good day's work all the time he was here with us, and as for his larks with the girls, don't believe a word of it. He was absolutely ridiculous, those pictures of Irish girls tell their own story and not one of those girls would have married him, whatever he says to the contrary. Only yesterday, I was reading one of his letters to a girl who wouldn't have anything to do with him, and you

can't imagine anything more stupid or more ridiculous. If he ever had a bit of commonsense, I should've thought he'd lost it. In front of these poor women, he posed as a brave and loyal knight but with their natural shrewdness they saw him as he was — heartless, unprincipled and without any morals, and only good for sowing disorder in other families and in his own, if he had one. I could tell you a little story dating from a few days before he left, which he should be sorry for, because he acted like a real scoundrel by all accounts. This of course, between ourselves, he ought to be ashamed of talking about his conquests. When anybody talks about him to those girls, not one of them will admit to having had anything to do with him, or they smile scornfully. Parasites like Jules are good for nothing but gossip, but of all the people he talks of, there's not one that's not twice as good as he is, especially Uncle and Aunt. If Uncle is a liar as he says, it's not as he himself is to do other people harm. Now he hasn't got a good word to say for the English. Well, I'll tell you something, in all the ten years since I landed here, I haven't seen the insolence I had to put up with in Boudry during the time I lived in that place; we were treated like dogs by those bastards, but the English protect you or at least leave you alone.

I think I've said enough about that good-for-nothing Jules; let him go to America, he won't do any better there than elsewhere. By the time you get this letter, you'll already have had enough of the tall stories he tells you as he drinks up your wine. They're a bit stale, they're the tales of a dirty old man, but this subject makes me tired, so let's talk about the family.

Dad, first of all, and then Mum, forget that they have a little boy in Australia called Charles, and what's more, a grandson called François. We never get a line,[25] never a word from them, it's too bad. You can forgive Henriette, she'd got other things to think of which is very right and proper! Adolphe the scribe is just a little bit lazy, his childhood illness granted, but Dad and Mum, coming from you it's more than I can bear. I should like to see Mum for a moment with Pond, she'd have trouble holding him down, he's so lively. And I'd like to see Dad going to Bergeresse carrying him in the basket on his back like us in the old days

when we went to Belmont and picked a lot of green grapes; we didn't half get through a quantity in those days. You didn't have a very heavy crop last year, from what I could see, it was hot and dry.

Over here, we had a superb drought everywhere. Over a vast area, the animals were dying off in their thousands, especially the sheep. All the fruit stayed small but the cereals are passable. The vines are splendid and it does your eyes good to see their rich foliage, the vintage is splendid and maturity is very near at hand. I hear all the vineyards are not doing so well and fires are ravaging the paddocks for fifty miles at a time. We've sold the fruit, that is 130 tons to Grellet and the Ballarat and Daylesford establishments and the horses and carts. The wine was all sold at a good price in Melbourne (1,833 gallons) and Daylesford (2,000 gallons). I think that thereafter it will take very much the same course as in the old country, Switzerland — a few more years' struggle, then I think we shall succeed.

Mr Adolphe, you talk such a lot about a photograph but it hasn't yet come into your head to send us yours as a visiting card. It seems to me you're like Imhoff — you're waiting for your moustache to grow, and then our little sister too. Now try and send me some pictures of soldiers of the Federal army of different corps, one of each if possible, of my old pals and acquaintances. You can put several in all the letters, I shall be very grateful. You can promise them that I shall send them one of mine in return if they'd like that. That would remind me of the old country. I suppose old Betrix will give you news of us in greater detail and in a more favourable light than our poor old fool of a cousin. Don't be afraid to shut him up now and again; I'm not in the least surprised at his conduct, knowing this double-faced chatterbox as well as I do. He takes it on himself to write English, and you should just see it! He wants Auguste to send him £5 but he can give up hope of getting them. Auguste has lost enough as it is with him, and as for those horses, Auguste can have them when he wants.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 24 February 1866

I hope these few lines will find you in good health, we are all very well. Baby is running about and growing very big, he's very funny and is beginning to say a few words. The fruit is ripening fine and we've already sent off some grapes. In three weeks, I think we shall harvest the spring varieties and if things go on as they are, the grapes should be making good wine in great quantity, at least in our vineyard. The other crops have been more plentiful than expected. We hear that our honest Jules[26] is working as a day labourer, and he must feel the drought after being well paid for doing nothing except gossip, as he was here. It appears that this thief went to the Customs and registered a complaint about Uncle for selling spirits made from lees and white brandy, accusing him of adding sugar, but no attention is paid to fellows who had their hand in it themselves and so this traitor didn't get the £20 reward which he was after. At the same time, he was begging off Uncle a whole lot of things which were granted him without a word of objection. He'd have had something to be proud of if he'd managed to bring about a confiscation, coward that he is. This proves that we've got friends among the cannibals, as the vandal used to like calling them when he was filling up these same filibusters with wine and filling their pockets with bottles of spirits stolen from Uncle to buy favours of their mothers and daughters. I would never have believed that there was a person as mean as that in our family. The Junod affair has been before the Supreme Court for the last three days but there's no light on the matter so far . . .

The Good Years

Prince Albert Vineyard, 24 July 1866

I intended to await the next mail boat to write to you but I can write to you now because, yesterday morning at 3 a.m., I had to be up to take delivery of a little girl. I didn't fancy myself, I can tell you, so I sent Udriet to get a neighbour's wife and when she came along everything was in order, and very pleased I was that the mother and baby were doing very well. François isn't overpleased that his mother should have a baby, but he strokes it, not very gently no doubt. She was born on the same day as her grandmother, but fifty years later, and I went along to tell her grandmother so this morning. She is very pleased; she would have come herself but the grandfather is ill with the same trouble as the one so many young people have been suffering from this winter. Emile Barbier died of it and two of the youngest were ill with it for a long time. I think it's getting better now; I had it too; all it is is a very bad cold which turns into a temperature. I've had a letter from Mr Adolphe and a photograph from which I had difficulty in recognising him because his hair's all different since I last saw him nearly ten years ago. I've also been promised a photograph of Miss Henriette which I shall be glad to get. She'll be present at the ceremony at least by photograph, as godmother. The baby will be called after her two grandmothers, Mary Augustine (Marie), and Augustine is also her mother's name.

Thanks to my little brother also for the nice photograph of the old general with the soldiers all around him; this reminds us of the old country. In his last letter, Adolphe asks

me to send photographs of places but we shan't be able to have them taken until the New Year when the foliage of the vineyard will be at its best. I tried to get little François to stay still and have his photo taken, but after several tries, we had to give up because he moved too much, so that will have to wait till next time when he keeps still a bit more. We hear that old Betrix is back in Switzerland; give him our regards and tell him that François has got a little sister to help him find the bag of sugar in he'll know what room. Tell him that they want to make the Colac Railway run through the middle of the estate near the hut at Watch over Tribolet's[1] cellar, running to the middle of Belperroud's place near Dagon's house and from there to Marendaz. This will take quite a slice out of the vineyard for 400 paces, and they take 66 feet for the width. We hear that you have war[2] in Europe. It'll be a very bad thing for Austria, they'll be caught between two fires. I suppose the other nations will intervene.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 28 August 1866

Having been too late for the last mail boat, I'm starting again. The new baby and her mother are both doing well and so is François, who spent two weeks with his Grandma in the forest.

A huge whale was washed up near there and I went to see it. It's immense, just think, the tail is 20 feet around and the sub-maxillaries are 18 feet long. It's colossal and then it has such a nice smell. I think one of the boys has written something for the Neuchâtel newspaper about it, so you'll be able to read all about it in detail.

We are trenching as hard as we can with the plough and harrow; Etter, Imhoff and Udriet are doing this. The weather's superb, we're having frosts and it has been snowing, the first I've seen for 11 years, funnily enough. I've hardly got time to write any more because the mail boat will soon be leaving. Try not to forget us, there are four of you and only one of me. The Barbier family has suffered terribly from the fevers, especially the children. They've lost the eldest child and the next eldest is still very ill. Uncle Pettavel is not in the best of health either, but with the spring, health will return, please God.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 24 January 1867

I was pleased to get your letter of 25 November in which you inform us that you are all in good health. We are also very well, especially our last little girl who is as fat as butter. François also is doing fine, especially when it comes to messing his breeches or hitting his little sister who can't do anything to defend herself just yet. We still can't get him to sit for his photograph, he won't keep still long enough, but we'll try to send you one by the next mail boat of the little girl, the boy and their mother. I enclose my own photograph; I should've liked to wait for the other so as to send them all off together but the temperature now is 120° Fahrenheit and so I stay in the shade to write to you. We're cutting the vine with hedging shears with Imhoff, Udriet and other fellows. It looks very well, the shoots are very long and the stems are very thick. Old Betrix can tell you something of that if he remembers us occasionally; give him our best regards and tell him Louise has married young 'Tlavouty'.

Thank you very much for your 'visiting cards' [photographs], and as for visits in person, when the Suez Canal is finished, I shall surely see you turn up here. Dad will be carrying Bergeresse in the basket on his back and Jean Pierre will be hobbling along on his game leg, and needless to say, Mum would have the basket of cherished memory and the coffee cake of old times. It was eleven years ago yesterday that we landed at Port Phillip, and to celebrate it, we had our coffee in the vineyard just as if we were under the pear tree at Bergeresse, except that there were a whole lot more locusts and they eat up everything green, the peaches on the tree and the apples too. To return to the subject of the photographs, they're very nice except that you look as though you were angry with me, which I hope you're not. Henriette brings back poor François to memory, she's so like him. Adolphe looks like someone with a high opinion of himself. Henriette, since she left school, is afraid of writing to me and no doubt she has forgotten how to write a letter.

It appears that your vines are bearing well now, or otherwise you do as we used to do, with François in the cellar helping things a bit with the watering can when we wanted to start the grapes fermenting. I went to Melbourne

recently to see the Inter-Colonial Exhibition,[3] which has a fine collection of products of all kinds from the various colonies in Australia. Victoria is well represented with its gold, silver, diamonds, precious stones and minerals of all sorts, wool, timber for carpentry and joinery, machinery of all kinds, merchant navy, Royal Navy, floating batteries, artillery and needle gun. There is a breech-loading calibre 48 gun and even a machine to catch flies and mosquitoes with. The season isn't a very good one for the crops; the cereals have got mildew and there's a general shortage of fruit, but an abundance of potatoes. The grapes are pretty good so far. One day the heat was terrible, we had 140° Fahrenheit in the sun, the apples roasted on the branch. I will close now, wishing you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 27 March 1867

I have here the portrait of the children which I think you will be pleased to have. They've come out pretty well, especially François who is very recognisable. Little Mary is a very nice baby and is wonderfully well and as fat as butter; she's got a tremendous appetite and is always ready for potatoes and soup. François is staying with his Grandma while we're busy with the fruit and grapes. Our health is good, thank God, and I hope that you are all well now that summer is coming on for you and winter for us. Uncle's pretty well too, but is subject to bilious attacks. A lot of people have been disappointed in their hopes for the crops, in several places it's hardly been worth the trouble of getting them in. The grape harvest has been very variable; some of us have had nothing, because what the sun spared, the locusts devoured. If the weather holds good, we shall be able to sell them by the ton.

I had a letter from old Scholl by the last mail boat; it appears that a certain chatterbox[4] said that when poor Charles died, all he had was shared out before he was cold. He's lying, the poor liar, for many weeks went by before we could sort his affairs out; the accounts were seen and gone through by impartial persons whose names old Scholl probably has. In any case, the accusation is not worth

refuting because it is as stupid as the person who made it. People in the old country must be simple indeed to believe anything that a liar like that can say. That same person had the cheek to say that since he left these parts, there's not an honest man left here. He isn't half looking after his good name, but I could mention some accounts which, if people had a good look at them, might make them think him less of a fine fellow than he says he is. If ever he did anyone a good turn in his life, it was by leaving this country. He must be a pretty miserable sight making chocolate, but it's too good for him. That way he hasn't got a hope of earning £20 by reporting his boss to the police, but it didn't do him any good, the wretched Judas Iscariot. It's quite likely that someone will send us an article for one of the Swiss newspapers, for it's a crying shame to see such accusations made about people who are too far from their friends and relatives to clear themselves. To my knowledge, I have nothing to reproach myself or anybody else with in our conduct towards this miserable wretch we looked on as a brother and friend. I would advise you not to believe the tales and slanders he would have you swallow; for a glass of wine, he'd say as much about you all, just remember me and the fellows in Geelong to him.

P.S. Dad, Uncle is going to send Mr Jacot money and he will give you £10, being the interest on the money I told you about.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 22 July 1867

I take up my pen today to reply to your letters, the one my young brother posted to me and the one my little sister sent me, with those which she gave Terrier who faithfully delivered to me the bottles of Bergeresse wine. Also the little things which Adolphe and Henriette were good enough to send to François and Mary, who, as they can't say thank you for themselves, I hasten to do for them. We opened a bottle of the wine for François' third birthday on 28 June; the first bottle was opened at Victoria and everybody on the place took part, 19 of them in all, and it was unanimously voted

excellent. Here, I invited all my people, 10 in all, then I took the rest to town where several people tasted it and everybody said it was good. Although I've been away now for nearly 12 years, I very soon get the taste of it and I can tell you that if my Mother had always given me milk like that, I should never have left her!!

My wife has been ill for several weeks with the colonial fever but now, thank God, she is well again. Naturally, it affected baby's health too because she wouldn't wean her, but now she is very much better. François is never still an instant and he never has anything the matter with him, except that he gets a bang on the head now and then when he falls over, which is pretty often. Today is Mary's first birthday and will be duly celebrated with a stuffed turkey of which I'd very gladly give you a wing each. We shall certainly wash it down with our Hermitage wine since we have no more Bergeresse of glorious memory. We drank a gallon of it when I heard the pear tree in Bergeresse was done for, so perish all who take more than their share of sun. Uncle hasn't been in the best of health this winter and nearly all of us have suffered more or less from colds, but spring is well on the way now; we've got cherry trees in flower.

Uncle wasn't very pleased because Breguet, who is back here, didn't go and see his brother to give him a medal, but left that to Mr Jacot to do.

Aunt Cécile's[5] little boy has burnt his face with a flask of gunpowder and is in a pretty bad state, his hands are burned too. This happened about ten days ago, the doctors hope his sight won't be affected. I saw Aunt Barbier[6] today; Emile's death has affected her very badly, and to make things worse, her husband isn't too well, he's suffering from a kind of exhaustion.

We've heard about the floods in Switzerland which threatened to make one lake of all the three, and it's generally believed that this must have done a lot of harm to some landowners on the shores of the lakes. This will teach the Swiss Government to lay out some money to drain the marshes and lower the level of the lakes. As the old country can't have ironclads [ships] to build or Suez Canals to dig, it could distinguish itself by carrying out this peaceful work which is very important to the countryside and

economically, but it seems to me that my poor little country has enough to do to keep up with the great nations. All the same, if they act up to the national motto, they can do great things.

Business is pretty slack now, because of the winter but also because the crops failed last summer and the farms haven't got much money, nor consequently have the shopkeepers. Those in debt can't get out of it, and their creditors keep sending their bills in and so it goes on. Last year from both places, we sent off a total of 4,000 cases of fruit, half of it coming from Prince Albert Vineyard and in addition, 4,000 cases of grapes to be turned into wine. A case weighs something like 45 to 50 lbs net. The people who bought all that were very satisfied; it produced the sum of approximately £1,400. We made nearly 6,000 gallons of wine and it's good. If only we could sell it, it'd bring in a pretty penny just as it would with you. We've finished staking the vines here, 23 acres of them, which means more than 87,000 stakes. We've cleared away the earth from the base of the vinestocks and pruned them, and we're going to plough shortly. We put Imhoff on to it with the big horse to make a couple of furrows for each line, and another fellow with two horses, one behind the other, who also makes a couple, making four ploughings in each line. There are lines of 360 stocks at three-foot intervals and I wish, Dad, that Bergeresse was as big as this. I'd help you to cultivate it with a plough and the scarifier but we'd leave the hoes at home, though not the bottles. Mum would bring us our coffee under the pear tree and we'd live like lords. When Adolphe had time off from being a diplomat, he could come too and help us empty the bottles. If you see old Betrix, give him our regards and tell him the vineyard now has its full number of stakes, and that when Imhoff turns nasty, Udriet slaps him down. From time to time they make me go down the steep stairs with the half-gallon pitcher, and that François is as fond of sugar as ever, but now he's big enough to help himself but he gives himself away because he's got it all over his face when he comes out of the pantry.

I hear Henriette will soon be getting married. I think it was Adolphe who told me so in a letter, but he says nothing of his own little affairs and I'm beginning to think that he's

about as much in love as the statue of D. Pury in Neuchâtel. Well, everyone looks at things in their own way. All I've got to say is that I hope Henriette will be happy with the husband[7] of her choice, and I would ask her to accept our sincere good wishes for her future happiness. As for her future husband, please assure him we hold out the hand of friendship to him as we would to a brother, but since we don't know him, please be good enough to send me his visiting card [photograph] until we can meet. It's even possible that in two or three years' time, if business is good, I shall bring François to you for his education, and so I shall still have the happiness of seeing you all again. I'm beginning to be quite old; in a few days' time, I shall be 30 years old and the owner of a wife and two little ones.

It only remains for me to send you all my love until I can take a trip through the Suez Canal to come and see you again.

This letter mentions the visit of the Prince of Edinburgh to the Prince Albert Vineyard.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 28 December 1867

Here, so far, we haven't got much to boast about, for in very many places there'll be only half or even a quarter of the usual, the vines look pretty fair. We're all pretty well, our little daughter runs about all day scolding us and arguing and eating cherries for dear life, young François and his mother are both fine. Henriette writes that she's getting married but she forgot to tell us her future husband's name; she musn't forget this next time she writes. There is much rejoicing in the colony for the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Edinburgh, K.G., Captain of Her Majesty's frigate *Galatea*, which is now anchored at Williamstown. He's the second son of Queen Victoria and the first member of the royal family to visit these parts, and so his visit is being celebrated with all the loyalty the English can muster. During a tour of the country, he stopped here with his suite. We were flying a Swiss flag measuring 8' by 12' and a 20-foot pennon bearing the name of the place — Prince Albert Vineyard — with the

English flag, and we sent him some cases of wine on board the *Galatea*.

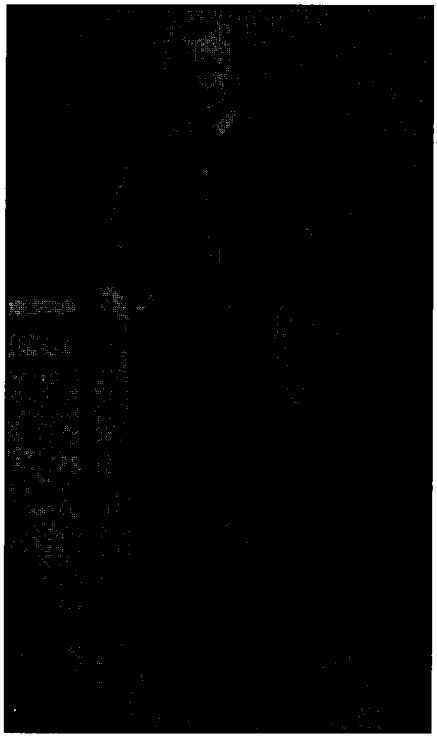
Prince Albert Vineyard, 29 March 1868

We are well, thank God; little Mary is as fat as butter and spends the livelong day running about and rolling in the dust or the mud; she's beginning to speak a little and François, or Pompei as we call him, is getting a big boy and gets up to all sorts of tricks all the time. His mother is pretty well.

On the 14th of this month, Mr Scheffly and Mr Favre left for Switzerland via Great Britain. We gave Mr Favre different things which he will hand to you. There are photographs of our vineyard for various people and museums, you will see which from the addresses. I have sent Boudry museum native weapons from our district which they sold me; a few pieces are still missing, such as the shield etc., but if I can get hold of them, I'll send them on too. I have sawn the spears in two in such a way that you will be able to stick them together again without any trouble; my brother-in-law tells me they are 3′ shorter than they were ten years ago. One of these weapons, which they use against a flock of birds, the Boomerang, would astonish you. When they throw it, they hurl it to the right, it describes an immense ellipse in the air (it's hardly visible at the mid-point of its trajectory), and it comes from the left and falls at the feet of the man who threw it. Sometimes he has to jump out of the way to avoid being wounded by it. My dear Adolphe, just make a little bundle of these things and give them to the museum committee. The photographs are all properly addressed and Favre will give Dad the sum of £10 representing the interest on the money I told you about.

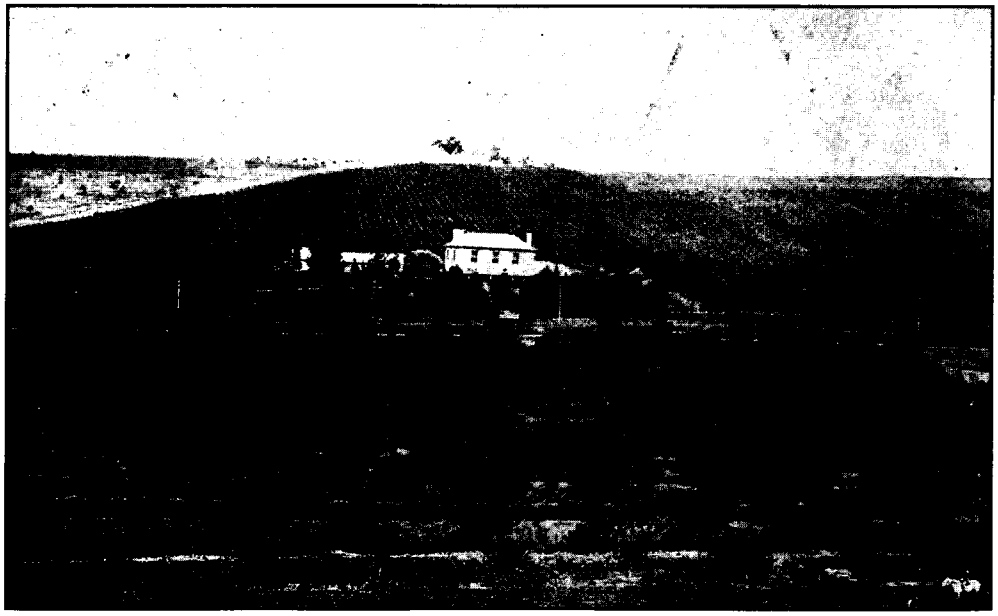
In Sydney, the Fenians took a shot at the Prince with a revolver; the bullet hit him near the spine on the lowest rib and ran along the rib right to the front. He is now out of danger. As those nearest him laid hands on the assassin, he fired at the Prince again but would have hit the Governor of Sydney had he not avoided the bullet by leaping aside. It wounded a gentleman in the foot. The would-be murderer

was beaten up something terrible, his face was a jelly from the punches he got and he hadn't a rag left on him. The police and the sailors of the *Galatea* had no end of trouble in getting him on board, but there he was in great danger because the Prince's sailors had run up a rope to the yardarm to rid the world of this particular Irishman. But the hand of the law intervened, he's awaiting punishment in prison in Sydney. This unfortunate business, of course, stirred up old quarrels in the population and there were several fist fights, some of them even court cases. As a general rule, the people showed great consternation because, although the young man is the Queen's son, he's now only the Commanding Officer of a frigate and he has to do his duty like anyone else. The officers of the *Galatea* had their work cut out to stop the sailors from bombarding Sydney; they ran out the guns in readiness to fire. It would've been a fine game of bowls with 90 lb bullets, but it all calmed down when the doctors said the Prince was out of danger. When the *Galatea* was in Melbourne, we went over it — Aunt, Uncle, Mary and me — and enjoyed ourselves a lot, and as it was the first time we had seen a warship, we were astonished to find such a big crew in such a small space. There were at least 2,500 visitors whom 16 ships brought on board for sixpence. This vessel is a perfect example of up-to-date warship design. There is a single gundeck mounting 26 heavy Armstrong guns and also carbines, sabres, axes and pistols for boarding. The bullets, some round and some pointed, are behind each gun in special racks. On the big deck open to the sky are several heavy breech-loading guns and some little 6-pounders for pursuit. Uncle, remembering his old days in the artillery, couldn't believe his eyes when he saw that those enormous guns were trained and laid by a couple of young fellows. The lower deck is taken up by the crew, food stores, cook's gallery, mess etc. They were having dinner when we saw them and it was quite a sight to see all those tables seating 24 men and suspended from the deck because of the motion of the ship. The kitchens were immense, they make their soup in enormous iron pots. Each man has his nail or hook to hang up his hammock, in the morning when he gets up, he rolls it up and you can see its number at one end. These are piled in the bows in battle to form a redoubt and take the shock of the

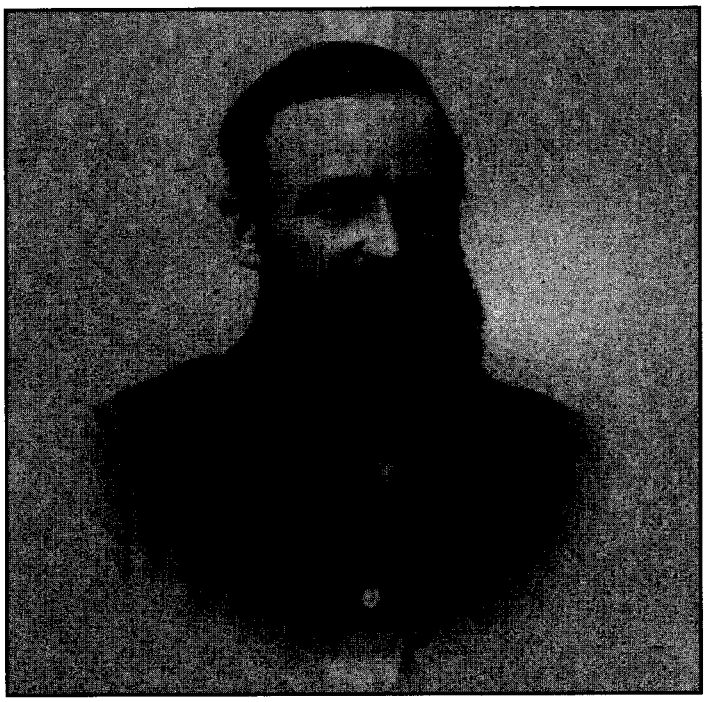


Charles Louis Tétaz (1868).

Julia Louisa Tétaz née Studi.

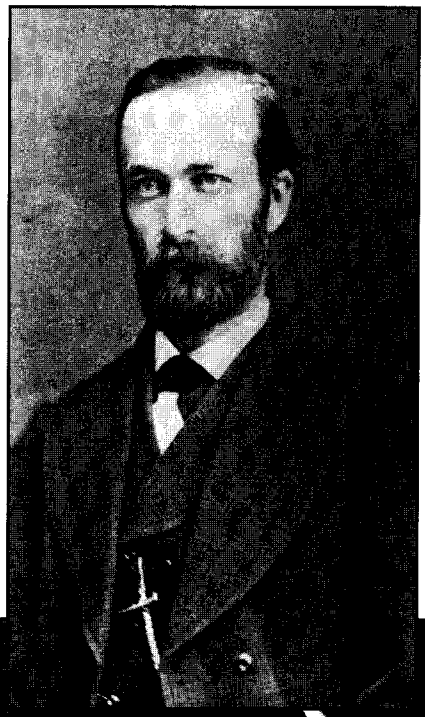


Prince Albert Vineyard (1870).



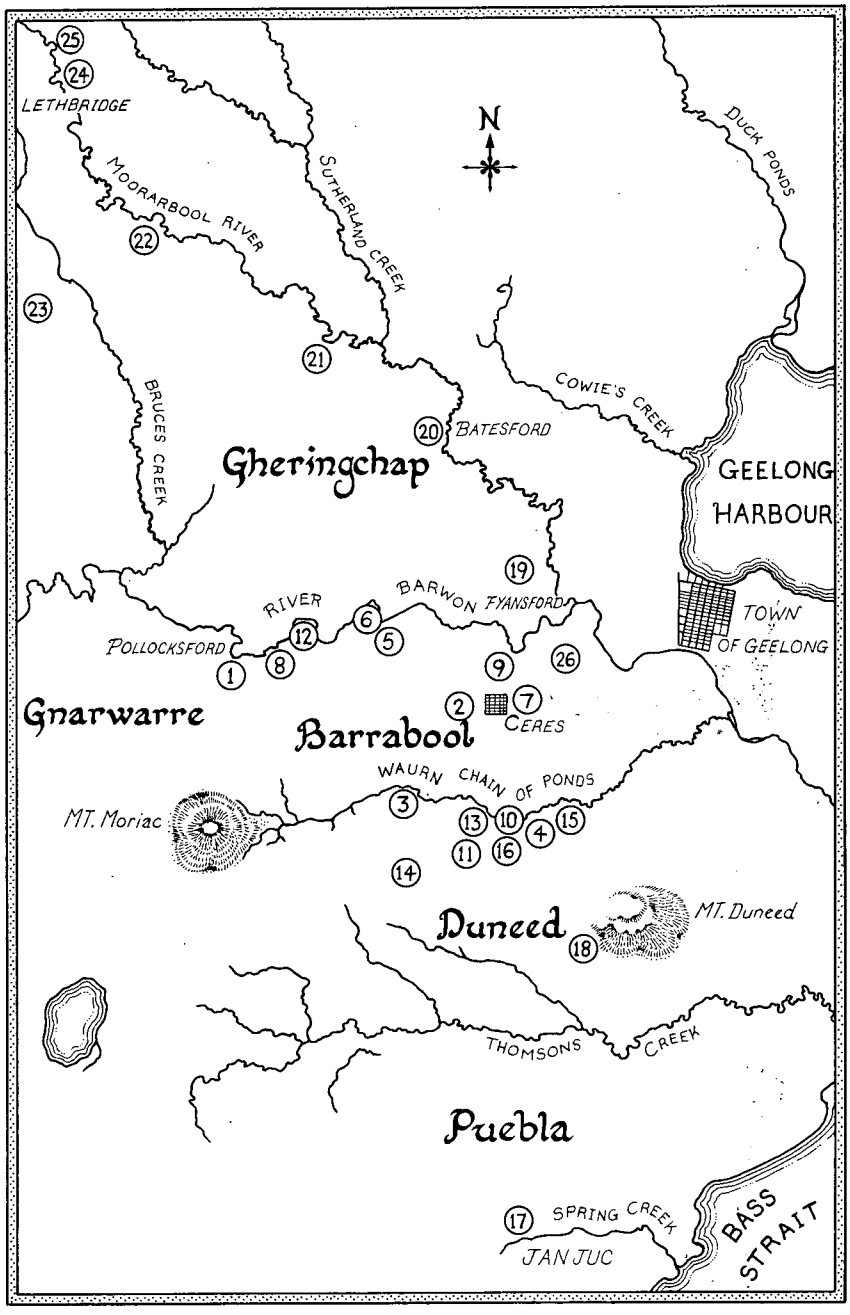
Charles Louis Tétaz.

Mary Tétaz née Gundry.



Jules Adolphe Tétaz (1839–1912).

Rieser secateurs belonging to Mrs Jean Wilkes of Geelong, grand-daughter of Charlotte Julia Schaffer née Marendaz.



The Vineyards of Geelong.
1. F. Breguet, D. Pettavel 'Neuchâtel' 2. F. Breguet 'Suisse' 3. D. Pettavel 'Victoria' 4. D. Pettavel, C.L. Tétaz 'Prince Albert' 5. J. & A. Belperroud (later, J. & R. Gugger) 'Berramongo' 6. J. & A. Belperroud 'Barwondale' 7. Seidel's Vineyard renamed 'Sebastopol' 8. J. Dunoyer 'Chillon', leased by J. & R. Gugger 9. L. Nyffenecker 'Ceres' 10. A. Tribolet 'Milepah' 11. R. Tribolet 12. L. Aeschlimann 'Sugar Loaf' 13. F. Marendaz 14. F. Marendaz 'Colombier' (?) 15. A. Le Cerf 'Baccus' 16. F. & L. Imer 17. Joseph Gundry's farm 18. A. Pierrehumbert 19. S. Hugulmin 20. J.H. Dardell 21. J. Depeller 22. G. Junod 23. L. Pilloud 24. F. Perdrisat 25. F. Depeller 26. C. Marendaz.

wooden splinters flying about. Above this deck are stores and engines, 46 furnaces and a propeller shaft 2' in diameter; the propeller weighs 18 tons and all this is kept spotlessly clean and tidy. In spite of all this hullabaloo, an officer told us that they could be ready for battle or ready to sail in ten minutes if necessary

I must tell you a bit about our crops; we've got good reason to be satisfied with the fruit but I've never seen so few grapes as this season. Several people have already finished their vintage but we haven't started yet, it doesn't ripen at the same speed everywhere. We shall get down to it next week.

Henri Menetrey is going back to Switzerland the day after tomorrow, sailing on the same ship Louis Tétaz went back on. I gave him a book about the Prince's visit to these colonies and the different addresses made to him.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 18 July 1868

François was four last month and little Grandma Lucette[8] will be two on the 23rd of this month. She's a plump little thing who's not afraid of a good meal and who, young as she is, answers back and stamps her foot when I tease her, for I haven't lost the habit of teasing people yet.

Uncle has leased Prince Albert Vineyard to me for five years for half the receipts; the house and furniture, horses, cows, in short everything that was there beforehand such as cows, ploughs, harrows, harness, tools for the vineyard and garden and half a ton of flour go to me as payment for the last five years, during which I've served Uncle. I have to cultivate the said place and keep it in good condition etc., and so here I am, committed to a way of life I know but which the responsibility of wasn't mine, but I expected it and sooner or later, it was bound to come into my hands. Auguste Thetaz and Gustave Martin have similarly leased the Victoria Vineyard on the same conditions, so that Uncle has only the farm and livestock to look after. That takes a load of worry off him and a load of trouble too. Operating expenses alone last year — such as wages, provisions, taxes,

repairs and interest — amounted to nearly £1,400 sterling and to find such a sum as this, you have to keep pretty busy. That's the point of us, to reduce the cost of cultivation as far as possible and the boss couldn't easily do this. He had to have a large staff, half of whom didn't do their job and they had to be paid and fed, and that well. I could see that Uncle gave himself a whole lot of trouble for nothing. I hope that in a year's time, he'll pay you a little visit in Switzerland.

It's now nearly 13 years since I left you, my old friends, that's a long spell. I shall have to try to make a few pounds to try and go and see you when little Pompei is strong enough to hold the plough handles. Meanwhile, I've got every reason to believe that, in spite of the distance and the intervening years, you've still got a little place for us in your hearts, and we too, distant as we are, have not forgotten you.

I've now got three men; we are pruning the vines, it's all we can do to prune two lines each day of the vines you can see behind the house (I suppose the photographs have reached you by now). When the weather's fine, I plough a few lines with the big horse, he goes along like a steam engine with his little plough on top of the lines. Sometimes he goes very quickly; it's pretty hard going. I'd have a day's work at your Bergeresse, my dear Dad, how do you like my Bergeresse? I'm going to uproot about 5,000 five-year-old vinestocks and plant another kind instead. We ploughed the ground to a depth of over one foot as near the line as possible so that we've only got to go over it with the pickaxe and it'll be ready. You must be surprised to see the Swiss going back home but it seems to me that some of them would like to be back here, however bad the colony is. They want everything saucered and blown; I'd like to see the face Mr Jules makes when he sets out for a day's work in the vineyards in one of these nice little north winds. I suppose he can't still do as he used to in Victoria where he used to wangle himself kidney stewed in wine and a nice drop of Hermitage wine for his morning snack, and this was the chap who had nothing but contempt for winegrowers and marriage! Well, he hasn't done himself much good and so much the worse for him.

I see from your last letter that Henriette has got married and made a good match; we are delighted and when you next see her, give them our best wishes and congratulations.

So here we are, two of us married and away from home!

In your last letter you were most surprised at the hearty welcome we gave the Queen's son, it's the least we can do. We are living under the protection of the English flag, now we belong to this country and so do the children, they'll never be Swiss at heart — their country is here and so we owe it to the Royalty to respect them and be faithful to them. In Switzerland, with all your democratic institutions, you're less liberal in your ideas than the English. At least they don't profess to be republicans. For instance, in Cortaillod, one of my friends told me he was at the Town Hall one Sunday, the lads of the village were holding a meeting about a dance (a great event) and tempers were running high!! One of these louts came out onto the steps and shouted out as peremptory as you make 'em and with his ignorant pronunciation 'the locals can come upstairs'!!! and that's the Swiss Republic — liberty, equality and fraternity. Fine words, but what do they mean — practically nothing — especially where they're most in people's mouths. Look at Boudry and Neuchâtel and the Bernese aristocracy in the heart of that republic and the lower communes with their forests which were granted to them to make and maintain roads — have they done it? Yes, with the local people's money. A whole lot of such things still exist in your country and if you left it, then you'd clearly see the abuses you can't see now because you're used to them. They're battening on you at home, but what do they say about you? The 1856 *Punch* said 'Peace has been made in Europe, the storm in the teacup is over' and that's as far as you demagogues matter in the balance of power. Greetings to our friends Favre, Menetrey, Bossa, Scheffly, Charles from Champvent and tell them our half-gallon pitcher goes round now and again.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 6 December 1868

First of all, I must tell you of the birth of a little daughter[9] in September who's getting on very well and takes after the elder daughter. She's a very nice baby, her mother is doing well and so are François and Mary who are getting big now.

The boy is always climbing up the cherry trees to the great detriment of his breeches. He's about as lively as you make 'em and the cane often has to be brought into play. I was very glad to get your last letter; they get more precious as they get fewer. I was very glad to get the photographs which bring back, before your eyes, scenes you can't efface from your memory, of the country we were born and grew up in where, after years of absence, there are still a few dear ones who love us a bit too, and so thank you.

The present will find you seated before a nice warm stove whilst we have blazing sun over our heads and a temperature of 100°F. The season is well advanced; we have more than half the vines tied up and we're picking the cherries at the same time. We didn't get much rain this winter nor in the spring, and the ground is very dry. The cereal crops have suffered a little, but the fruit is abundant, but I fear it will be small. There's a lot of grapes and flowering is nearly over. I've got four men with me and it's not too many to tie them up etc., with the horse coming behind us with the scarifier to break up the soil and so prevent it from cracking, which always causes a lot of evaporation in this dry weather.

A short time ago, Uncle had a campaign in the forest to cut the stakes he has to supply to Thetaz[10] and Martin of Victoria Vineyard. He cut something like 30,000 stakes and for five weeks, there were six of them splitting and carting them. Auguste and Co. are very busy at present with the cherries and gooseberries and tying up the vines. There are eight of them doing it and they have to get a move on.

I went on a journey with my father-in-law[11] and his sons[12] for land allotments at Ondit, 50 miles away. This land is being sold by the Government at £1 an acre but there is such a crowd after it that you have to draw lots. For a piece of land of 300 acres, there were 30 applicants including ourselves. No. 16 got it and that's how it went on. This land is very good for farming or pasture but a little damp for vineyards. From there we went on ten miles where my father-in-law owns some land.[13] I've never seen such broken ground; there are volcanic rocks scattered in all directions, a real labyrinth, and I had a job to drive my tandem through these enormous heaps of stone. There are

swarms of rabbits there, you could kill them by the million — great big fellows. It's a great calamity; you can sit down anywhere and shoot at them as long as you like. They're always within range and this district is as big as the Canton of Neuchâtel, you'd need a whole army to destroy this vermin. I think the noise of the cart frightens them because they are running about on all sides, it was quite funny. It costs some landowners quite a lot to destroy them. They pay so much for an ear and you can do what you like with the animal, but they'll never manage to destroy them as they breed so quickly. There are stockraisers in this area; when they sell it's not less than 100 livestock at a time, they buy 1,500 or 2,000 at a time down Sydney way.

We're surprised that Scheffly and especially Favre haven't written. It wouldn't have been much trouble for them and Uncle would very much like to know whether the money was handed over to the proper people, and if it was not, when he pays this little account to leave him £1 sterling which Uncle couldn't give him when he went on board at Sandridge. Auguste would also like to know if his children got the few little things he sent them by the same messenger — he doesn't want to write for fear his letter falls into the hands of Levrot who is the cause of his wife's abandoning him. Last night he told me, for the first time in the ten years he's been here, how that old devil of a father-in-law treated him, and how, after giving him his daughter, he took her back. He's got nothing against her, on the contrary, she was always a good wife to him, but her old people[14] were always trying to turn her against him and he said that, when he wanted to come out here, if he'd simply said to her 'you're coming with me', he's sure she would have followed him anywhere. He'd have been better off that way and she too, but instead he told her to think it over, and her parents advised her against it. As things are, he's earned a lot of money since he's been out here, but people in his circumstances aren't careful about how they spend it. He's in a good position now, but it's not like being married and having something to work for. Try and get some photographs of his children on the quiet and send them to me. I think he'd be very glad to have them although he doesn't say so, and I think he'd like a photograph of his wife too, but he won't admit it.

When you get the present letter, I'd like you to see about sending me a dozen Rieser secateurs and a dozen baskets, and some school books for François, especially the catechism, some readers, a grammar etc. and some song books like the ones we had at school, anything you think will be useful and good. This winter I shall start giving him a few lessons in French which he understands quite a lot of now. I think you'll be able to give these things to people leaving for Australia from Corneau or thereabouts, either by them or, failing that, by the mail boat or any other way. Favre also promised to send me a few books, that'd be a good opportunity.

About the money, I can't send you any at present because I've got to earn it first. When you start out you have to be careful. I've been on my own now for six months and I've spent £150 to keep things going. True, the work has been done and the money is beginning to come in. Try to arrange matters so that I get these things in May, for I've got no tools left to prune the vines. It has come to my ears that Mum has left house and home to pay a visit to Mrs Canton of Vaud. I'm very pleased and it makes me hope to see her arrive here with bag and baggage (the cane she used to beat me with and her snuff-box).

It will soon be possible to do the sea voyage in 35 days round the Cape of Good Hope, so that if you left after the vintage, you could be back to prune the vines in the spring, so we musn't give up hope of seeing you here.

Victoria Vineyard, 24 April 1869 (Auguste Tétaz)

Dear Cousin Adolphe,

I am very grateful for your kindness in sending me, via your brother, the news concerning me, but I'm very surprised at what you think of me. I know very well that you've only seen one side of the business and only heard one side of it too; if you knew all the facts, I think your opinion would change. If I hadn't got my hands full here with the Victoria Vineyard, I think I'd take the first ship back to Europe, but I've got too much to do at the moment for this to be possible,

especially as I've spent a lot of money to start up on my own and the harvest hasn't been of the best this year. Your brother has been luckier than me; I think he's had the best vintage in the whole district. I am very surprised to learn that my wife is dead, but not to hear that she applied for a divorce and got it, especially as I advised her to do so only six years ago. But I'm very surprised that nobody told me before, because then I would have acted differently towards my children. If it comes to that, I would never have failed to send something every year if my father-in-law hadn't boasted he'd make me pay through the nose for their keep. I just wanted to see how he'd set about doing that. If I had more time, I'd send you a bit of money for them with this letter, but I've got to go up to Ballarat to settle my affairs with my partner for the last twelve months. But by next month's mail I'll send something, and at the same time, a little letter to my dear father-in-law to tell him what I think of him. Anyhow, I don't think he realises that, if it hadn't been for him, I'd never have come to this fine country, Australia, and that if his daughter is dead, it's him and nobody else who sent her where she is. The old f... did all he could to make a whore of her. It's a great pity for the children that things went as they did; if the bugger had only let her come with me to this country, things wouldn't be where they are now and I think I'd be a lot better off and not poorer than I am.

It's eleven years today since I left Boudry and it seems to me I did well, but believe me, I've had enough of travel.

I'd be very grateful if you'd be good enough to write back by next mail boat what you know about my business, and when you see Charles, ask him whether he'd like to come to this country, and tell him I'd very much like to have a letter from him.

P.S. You can write to me either at Main Road, Ballarat or Victoria Vineyard near Geelong.

Besides working at the Victoria Vineyard, Frédéric Auguste was also in the 1860s running a wine vault and cafe, on Main Street, Ballarat. He spelt his surname 'Thetaz' so as to distinguish himself from his cousin Charles Tétaz. At the turn of the century, a journalist observed:[15]

In this important wine house which is situated near the junction of Bridge, Victoria and Main streets, are stored wines of various ages, from 14 years old to those of the last vintage, in price and quality as diverse as their ages, and ranged from three to nine shillings per gallon, and are distributed by retail, family and wholesale business.

The front of the premises is devoted to the cafe, the rear to vaults and bottling division.

All the wines are matured and bottled under the personal supervision of Mr Thetaz, who brings to the task an experience of 50 years and the lore and study of generations of connoisseurs, supplemented by long residence in the various wine districts of Central Europe, by which he has contributed no small quota to the prosperity of the Australian wine trade, and is allowed to be an authority among our experts.

Mr Thetaz attributed the cause of Australians not being such a wine drinking community as the peoples of other vine growing countries to the carelessness of retailers, and will guarantee his wine against every normal vicissitude, provided his directions are carried out in the storing and care of bulk parcels.

The extent of his trade may be guessed by the large consignment of bottles delivered to his order. Here the different vineyards which supply the establishment receive full justice in the scrupulous care which Mr Thetaz devotes to their maturing, which in itself does more to further our wine industry than a world of eulogy.

The cafe is a most comfortable lounge for patrons resorting thither to enjoy a real good glass of Australian wine for a modest three-penny bit, or the older vintages at sixpence per tumbler.

It is a thousand pities that more of our retailers do not embrace the opportunity to learn the management of wine which Mr Thetaz offers his customers, for should they do so, the home consumption of Australian vintages would increase by leaps and bounds.

The *Geelong Advertiser*, 26 April 1969, noted in 'News of the Past — 100 Years Ago 1869':

A fortnight ago, we stated Mr C. Tétaz of the Prince Albert Vineyard, on the Colac Road, anticipated that he would be able to make 5,000 gallons of wine. We now learn from him that he completed this vintage on Saturday, and its result has taken him by surprise. He has made no less than 7,000 gallons. In addition to this, he sold 800 cases of fruit, and forwarded two tons to Ballarat for the purpose of being made into wine in that town. No less than 4,000 gallons are pure Hermitage, being the largest quantity of this wine ever made in one season in any vineyard in the district. There are 2,000 gallons of Burgundy and 1,000 of Riesling and other white wines. It is pleasing to be able to report such an abundant result.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 21 May 1869

In reply to your letter of 2 February, it is a pleasure as well as a duty for me to reply now that the vintage is over. We are all well and except for minor ailments, have no reason to complain. Little Lisy, alias Elizabeth Henriette, is very well, and so are Mary and François. François makes as much noise as 20 soldiers and when the two are together, you can't hear yourself speak; it's almost like the old days in the kitchen, waiting for the potatoes to cook and Ma laying into me.

The crops have been very indifferent because of the great drought which has prevailed in the colony. In several places it's done a lot of harm to the sheep and other animals and they died of hunger and thirst. Many stations with hundreds of thousands of sheep deserted their fine estates to go wherever they could find food, and more often than not, they were disappointed and their flocks were reduced to nothing. Among us winegrowers, some of us have suffered from the drought and locusts, so that the fruit was bad and sales not very good, the fruit having stayed small. My vineyard was passable; I made about 7,000 gallons of wine. It's very good and if sales had been as good as in Switzerland, I should be in funds, but here sales are slow and payment for them slower still. The fruit I sold produced £500 of which half went to Uncle, so that I was left with little to cover the cost of cultivation and other expenses. In any case,

I will send you £10 for Dad and £5 to cover the expenses for the tools you sent me, as soon as I make my first sale of wine.

There was a misunderstanding with Uncle about that money with Favre but it's all cleared up now. In any case, please give Favre our sincere thanks for the long letters he has written to us, but we are used to these setbacks and so don't let's hear any more about it. I much appreciated your letter about our Swiss homeland and what you say is all very right and proper, but it's different for us. The Prince came back here in February and was again greeted by the Swiss flag. Monday 25 May is the Queen's birthday and we shall hoist the Swiss flag again.

I also learned with pleasure that Henriette has a little daughter, Dad must be pleased. Give her our love at the same time as your own. I saw the photographs of Mr H. L. Pettavel in the working dress of a winegrower; he looks a little like his mother in his features. I was very pleased with the photograph of Captain Pomey; don't forget to thank him for it, I remembered him very well. I passed on the message in your letter about Auguste and he was obviously moved by it, although he tries not to show it. I think he wants to write to you about his affairs. My wife asks me to put £1 sterling in the letter to buy something for Henriette's daughter, would you see to this please? I've got nothing much to tell you except greetings to friends and relatives and get them to think about us a bit; we're beginning to forget the old people in Switzerland and becoming old Colonials. Mr Dardel is coming to see you, try and talk to him a bit. He's going through the Suez Canal with the mail boat from here and will be there when the Canal opens.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 11 October 1869

We are all pretty well, the children are getting bigger and naughtier every day, but that's only natural. For over a year now, my kidneys have been hurting; I wish Abram from Ury would come along with his big thumbs and his ointment and cure me. It's a nuisance when you have to look after this damn vine; it's lucky we're not trenching. I cross-ploughed the whole vineyard this year with my big horse and without

using any reins, only a pair of traces. That was a good thing done but my hands suffered by being rubbed against the vine sticks and the skin was taken off the joints. After that, C. Amiet[16] went over the ground with the scarifier from top to bottom and the vines are ready until after tying up.

I received the little case with the tools on 12 September, just as we were finishing pruning. It's a bit expensive but it's always nice to get these little things from Switzerland and I'm very grateful for all these little things you do for me. François was delighted with all those books which I don't think he'll put to good use for a long time to come. Lisy couldn't wear the little coat for the good reason that it was a bit small. We were very pleased with the paintings, especially the one of the Fire Brigade. Mr Udriet seems to me to have aged a bit since we left him and we recognised the chaps we knew at school, but not right away, as you can well imagine. I can't say anything about the tools because I haven't tried them yet, but I will another time. We heard Mr Jacot had died by last mail boat. Dad has got out of the habit of writing to me since he became a grandfather for the fourth time. What a lot of little girls in the family, but he's fond of little girls and Mum is very proud of them too. I wish you could have the noisy little rascals for a day or two, you wouldn't half be giving them a hiding. I bought them a musical box which plays 12 tunes; you should just see them dancing in the evenings. The smallest tries to mark time with her feet and talk.

The winter has gone by with hardly any rain; this did the crops no good, but last week we had some rain, a gentle rain but not enough to fill the reservoirs. In the North, they've had to kill off thousands of lambs and get rid of thousands of sheep in case there is a shortage of water, and therefore of grass, as there probably will be. We're subject to these trials here and the landowners and the Government should try and take proper precautions by making a whole lot of reservoirs in the mines. They can hardly work without an abundance of water and if the mines aren't working, goodbye to trade. Everything is stagnating, the mines are what keeps business going. So far I've not been able to sell my wine and I really don't know when I shall be able to.

You're always having to pay out right and left, and your goods stay in the cellar. But I suppose I have to be patient.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 17 June 1870

François is going to school[17] at the moment he's with his Grandma. Mary also goes to school near here and that's when the last daughter Lizzie, who's just beginning to speak, gets noisy. She wants a packed dinner to go to school too, and she doesn't stop yelling until her sister has disappeared beyond the vineyard, and with all that, she's no bigger than my high boots. In the morning before it's light, she calls out 'Dada bisi Bee' which means 'Dad, the busy bee', which is the nickname her Grandma has given her because of the way she runs about. You'd love to see her in the morning at daybreak having breakfast with the men. You should see how she sets about the fried potatoes, her cheeks are as big as a clenched fist. It reminds me of when you used to go to the new factory, how we liked potatoes in the morning!

It's winter here now and has been cold and rainy for the last few days. There are five of us pruning the vines with the new secateurs. The springs are a bit stiff, it'll take us at least eight weeks' work to do all the pruning. I ploughed about a third of the vineyard with the big horse before we pruned. My wine harvest was much the same as the previous one in quality and quantity, which is something that several winegrowers can't say because they had everything eaten up by the drought and locusts. So I've got no reason to complain this season, but the wine is selling very badly and they intend to take away the little sales there are by parliamentary decree, so prospects are pretty bleak. I'm sending you a draft on London; take care to sign in accordance with the address on the bill of exchange. At the same time, I'm sending Mum a photograph of Aunt Henriette which Uncle gave me; it's a copy of one he got from Switzerland. I'll write by next mail and send the second bill of exchange and a photograph of the children if possible, and perhaps some other things. Meanwhile, please accept my filial greetings and remember me to Mr Adolphe[18] who doesn't write to me any more and to Henriette and her family.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 16 July, 1870

I'm writing you these few words to inform you of the birth of a little daughter[19] on 14 July, mother and child are doing well. So now I'm the opposite of you; you had three boys and a girl, and we've got one boy and three girls. We shall soon be ready to prune the vines; we're having a hard winter for this country, we badly needed rain for the earth hadn't been wet for the last three years and we hope to have a fertile year. Uncle isn't very well at the moment. I'm sending you the second bill of exchange; I haven't got much time to write you a long letter because the mail boat is leaving at once.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 27 February 1871

We are all very well, thank God. The children are going to school for we've built a fine school[20] about a mile away from here where teaching started a couple of weeks ago. The Government is giving half the amount spent to build it, £350 and probably the ground (one acre). Our half was raised by subscriptions, social evenings and meetings of all kinds.

Business in this country is not very brisk, there's not much money about and goods don't fetch any price, especially in our line. But the harvest is good, the vines are fine, the grapes are beginning to ripen and promise a good vintage. I've delivered nearly all the last vintage to Mr A. Gascard of Melbourne; 100 hogsheads, 58 gallons each, and I've distilled 30 so that the seven barrels you know so well are awaiting the vintage, we shall see whether it fills them. I'll send you a photograph of the children by the first mail boat after this one. I haven't had time to get them to sit for their photograph, it won't be easy because they're never still a moment. The youngest daughter is very lively and restless; she's very like François and thin like him. Mary and Lizzie are both as plump as possums. Auguste Thetaz has got married,[21] so we are told, but he hasn't told us anything official about it, he's been at Ballarat for nearly a year. Louis is still as careless of the future as ever and never stays in a job for long.

Unfortunately, all the news we get is not good of events now afflicting France. I'd be glad if you'd take out a subscription to one of the newspapers in French-speaking Switzerland, the best one, we get some of the Geneva and Neuchâtel and other papers. If you think the *Gazette de Lausanne* would be all right, I leave it to you. The English newspapers are a bit partial to the Prussians and we like to compare them so that we can get a better idea of things. Public opinion among the English favours France and the Government has, I think, leanings towards Prussia, I suppose because the royal families have inter-married and so on. You'll have to send off the newspapers under a wrapper and stamp each separately, that'll be 25 by each mail boat, no doubt. I'll send you the money for this. If the *Gazette* has, like here, a weekly edition giving a summary of its daily numbers, that would be simpler to send off. Anyway, as you belong to a literary club, you know better than us which paper is the best, and if there are a few comments to be made when you read them, write them in the margin in pencil. I should be very glad of that, because sometimes we venture to discuss European politics.

Mr Dardel left for Switzerland recently, try and strike up an acquaintance with him and his son; tell him you're my young brother and you can talk a bit about Victoria to him. I will close with love to all and our good wishes for the preservation of your health and better times for poor old Europe, which must be suffering terribly at present.

P.S. I'm enclosing some of our little daughter's hair.

Geelong, June 1871 (Aunt Cécile Marendaz)

Dear Nephew Adolphe,

You must be wondering whether the world isn't topsy-turvy to get a few lines from me. Perhaps you thought I'd forgotten you when I didn't reply to your kind letter which I was glad to get quite a time ago. When I got it, I had a whole lot of worry which drove away every other thought out of my head and took away any desire to write letters, but although

I haven't corresponded with you, I've always had news from your brother of how you were going along and how your perseverance has been crowned with success. In my opinion, you've been very lucky not to come to Australia which is a country of instability and disappointment for many. Anyone who can do well in Switzerland does well to stay there. I've often regretted coming here and if it wasn't for the climate, which suits my health, I should have left this country long ago. Now I've got my children to think about more than myself.

I saw your brother yesterday but I didn't tell him I was writing to you because I wasn't sure that I'd still have time to do so, because the mail boat is leaving tomorrow. He was very well and so was his little family.

P.S. If you favour me with a reply, give me news of all my old acquaintances in Boudry such as De Villefor, Pertet, Jacot and Chapuis, and give my greetings to everybody who remembers me.

The Death of Pettavel

By 1870, the Victoria and Prince Albert Vineyards were producing quality wines in great quantity despite the three years of drought, locust plagues and the stagnation at the mines at Ballarat. By this time, Charles had diversified his market and was selling his wines in Melbourne.

The late 1860s and early 1870s would appear to have seen the peak of their work and development of the vineyards. From then on, there was a decline of the industry in the Geelong district. The seventies start with the death of David Pettavel at the Victoria Vineyard from apoplexy and an epileptic fit, and in the following year Frédéric Breguet died. At the same time, the grape louse, the voracious phylloxera aphid, had started to lay waste to the grape vines of Europe. The demise of the Victoria Vineyard was further accelerated by the will of David Pettavel, which led to the breaking up of the vineyard and his estate.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 14 July 1871

When I wrote to you recently, I didn't think I'd have such bad news to give you today as the death of Uncle Pettavel.

For some years past, Uncle didn't seem to be in very good health. In 1858, he had colonial fever and later in 1860, he suffered from rheumatic gout and more recently, he was complaining of pain in the region of the heart and liver. On several occasions he had attacks and spasms in those parts and he often used to say that one of these attacks would carry him off. He was convinced that he would go the same way as Grandfather[1] and several other members of the family, who died early deaths after a short illness. On Thursday 22 June, he wasn't well but he was still able to see

to what he had to do. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, somebody came to do business with him and Aunt went to call him in the next room, and when he came a minute later, Mr Martin, who was waiting for him, didn't notice anything special about the look of him. After they'd passed the time of day, Uncle said 'Well', and then staggered back and fell on a nearby sofa; he made a few convulsive movements with his arms and legs, and it was all over. Some people were called in at once and tried to bring him back to consciousness by massage, but he was dead. The doctor was sent for urgently, but could only confirm that he was dead, and as Uncle had not consulted any doctor for a long time, he thought it essential to have an inquest. This took place on Saturday, and the verdict was death from apoplexy and epilepsy.

As you can imagine, the shock for all his relatives and friends was as terrible as it was sudden, for he was cordially and deeply loved and respected. His funeral was a proof of this; although the weather was far from pleasant, there were nearly 80 carriages and as many horsemen who followed his coffin, the procession was more than a mile long. He was buried near my poor brother François in Geelong cemetery. The great number of people who followed Uncle's body to the cemetery shows how popular he was, and indeed, in all subscriptions to charity or for the progress of the neighbourhood, his name was always at the top of the list. Only recently, he laid the foundation stone of our school at Waurn Ponds, and he was a member of various agricultural and horticultural societies. If only he'd been willing to be a Councillor for Barrabool Shire, he would have done us a lot of good, because he was always so upright and honest, even when it went against his own interests. Yes, we've lost a great and good man; it's to him that we owe the introduction of the vine into these parts, and no other Swiss has done as much in that line. He planted three vineyards by himself and helped set up many others. Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with his might, his knowledge, his power and glory, and his houses, cellars, presses, vines, his trees of all sorts and all his works bear witness to this in a way there's no getting round. His trees are among the finest and strongest in the district, he pruned them so expertly. After you, Dad, he was the best man I ever had to work for. When

I was on the job with François, we learnt a lot from him, because he was very good at absolutely any of the wide range of jobs which have to be done in new colonies.

Prince Albert Vineyard (Letter undated)

Uncle's will appointed me an executor (trustee) together with Mr Breguet and a Mr T. Martyn who died a few years ago. For several reasons, I thought it would be wise to resign from a task which is always a disagreeable one, especially for a relative, and a Mr Hanson,[2] who is a neighbour and friend of Uncle and us all, agreed to take my place, no doubt with the permission of the Colony, so that Mr Breguet and Mr Hanson are the trustees for Uncle's estate. In accordance with the powers given them by the testator, they can sell his real estate to realise a sum which will be used as follows:

(1) to pay all debts on the real and other estate

(2) to pay a legacy to his widow

(3) all other legacies.

The rest will be for Uncle's eldest son Henri Pettavel. At present, it isn't known what his debts will amount to, and with the various legacies, I think that if the cousin could send £2,000 sterling, he would be able to keep the Victoria estate in the name of Pettavel, as Uncle fervently desired. If he cannot negotiate that piece of business, the trustees have full powers to sell and distribute the proceeds to everyone according to his due, and the sooner the better. The area of the property is about 500 acres, about 20 planted with vines and about the same with fruit trees. It can produce an annual income of £250 to £390, the rest is in arable land and pasture. Needless to say, altogether this place is one of the finest estates in the district and is profitable too, but business is so bad just now that there's no hope of realising its real value. If you have no objection, you can pass on this information to the interested party and give him formal advice of it, but Mr Hanson is going to send him a business letter written in English which will tell him how to set about the necessary formalities.

I'll now go on to tell you about my little family. They are all pretty well thank God, the two youngest are with their Grandma and have been for the last few weeks. I wish you could have them for a few weeks too, to make as much noise as we used to together. François and Mary go to the new school, which has been open since February. They've got less than a mile to walk there and no snow to plod through as there is in your part of the world. I think François would be happy enough to have some; he's never still for a moment. I really don't know how his limbs can stand the strain without breaking. If things go on as they are now, he'll be a real expert gymnast. Uncle had made him a present of a little pony which I broke in recently, but he'll hardly be able to ride it for another year.

I shall have to try and buy the estate where I am so as to have a roof over the heads of all my little tribe. For this I shall be obliged to use the money I had put out at interest, and so I shan't be able to send you those few pounds as usual, but you can be sure that I shall start sending them again with pleasure as soon as I can. Today I'm going to take into town a two-horse load of wood pruned from the vines to make an oyster bed in Corio Bay[3]. Yesterday we buried the wife of Alexandre Belperoux;[4] this gentleman was with Dad in the artillery at Thun. Thank you for the newspapers you sent me.

In his will dated 19 December 1866, Pettavel bequeathed to:

Esther Pettavel all household furniture, linen, china, glass, books, household stores and provisions, a tenement situated at South Geelong and an allotment of land (Crown allotment twelve of Section eighty, town of South Geelong) adjacent to the tenement.

His sister Eugénie Barbier — a parcel of land containing ten acres or thereabouts purchased from William Fisher, situated in the Parish of Barrabool and County of Grant, being part of Portion Number Ten (bought by D. Pettavel 1854).

Legacies were paid to:
Esther Pettavel — £750
Ann Thompson (Esther Pettavel's niece) — £50.
Charles Tétaz — £500

Eugénie Barbier and Cécile Marendaz — £50 each
Charles Albert (the son or reputed son of Jane Bergin, now living with William Shearer) the sum of — £100 sterling.

The remaining net monies — to his nephew Henri Pettavel, son of his brother Henri Edward Pettavel.

At the time of his death, Prince Albert Vineyard in size was 43 acres and 15 perches, estimated value £2,250, and Victoria Vineyard 450 acres or thereabouts, valued at £3,000.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 5 October 1871

I hope the present will find you all in good health; we are all well, the little ones also, thank God. We have not so far had any news from Henri, the cousin; it seems to me he would have had time to write back to the trustees about his intentions regarding Uncle Pettavel's estate. I bought Prince Albert Vineyard for £2,500 sterling. It's a pity I can't get money out from Switzerland because instead of paying 9 1/2% and 8% on it, I wouldn't pay more than 4% a year.

The subject I'm writing to you about, my dear young brother, is to have the text of laws on the distillation of vineyard refuse and spoiled or unsaleable wine. Several of us formed a deputation to the Minister of Finance of the Colony; we were very well received and as the present Government is liberal, it's willing to listen to our grievances, and if we can show them the different laws in wine-growing countries like France, Germany, Switzerland etc., the Assembly will get to work on a new law or amend the old one which is unfavourable to us and in this will be helped by a Committee to be formed by the winegrowers. The tax is 6 shillings a gallon for the winegrowers and 10 shillings for foreign spirits, proof. With this tax, it pays you better to throw the stuff away than to distil it, but we'd make a few pounds every year distilling very cheap wine, which would then pay us double what it pays us at present and this is very important to wine growing. And so, my dear brother, get together printed documents on the subject, if possible from the wine-growing Cantons, and send me them under

wrappers like the newspapers, by the February mail boat if possible, because we shall have our Conference that month. If you can send me a few secateurs, do, and send me the bill, but in a case like the last one it comes too dear, because of Customs duty.

Louis Thetaz came and saw me here this morning and sends his love to his mother and to you all. Yesterday was his birthday and so they had a celebration; he sends a message to his Mother that he has forgotten how to write. The crops are looking well, the vines look very promising and we've got quite a lot of fruit.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 5 December 1871

I'm writing you these few lines to let you know that the October mail boat[5] out from England has gone down and all the letters and papers on it are lost. Uncle's trustees are impatiently waiting for a letter with instructions from Cousin Pettavel or his agent. If they have written, tell them to send a duplicate by this mail as soon as possible, because unless the trustees receive instructions, they will sell Victoria, and at present prices, there'll be very little left for him. If, on the contrary, he can keep this place on, paying the debts and legacies attached to it, he'll make a good position for himself, not without trouble, needless to say, but who hasn't got his troubles? Don't forget the documents about the distilleries and now more than ever, we have to get this outlet for our wines and other products. The fruit will be abundant and sales nil or next to nil, and I hope the legislature will grant the winegrowers rights comparable to those of other winegrowing countries, but there's going to be no end of a struggle to get them. If you can't find any printed laws, write down the ways and customs of winegrowing areas. We are now tying up the vines and picking cherries.

We've had some heavy storms and torrential rain, and with the heat we're getting now, everything is growing fast, including the weeds which are quite a problem. We're all well, the children are always eating cherries. François goes to school, and from time to time I make him pick some cherries, but we all know what basket he fills first, like we did when

we used to go out picking raspberries. I hope the present finds you in good health, smoking your pipe behind the stove. I'd like to know who looks after the heating since I left.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 2 January 1873

I haven't heard from you for nearly a year but I hope your health is good. We are all pretty well, thank God, especially the children who are growing, make a lot of noise, devour their food and get through their clothes, shoes etc. Prospects for the crops are very poor; we've had rain for the whole season and it has damaged the vines and soft fruit. We've had hail, blight, mildew, floods etc. and what with high rates of interest and rents, all this puts us in a very bad way, but prices of products are also very low. Wages are almost the same as before and provisions too, so that you have to be content if you can make both ends meet. We've never had things so bad as they are now, and there doesn't seem much hope of their getting better.

Our young cousin Louis Henri Pettavel[6] isn't raising much of a dust; he's been to see me two or three times since he's been here. Mrs Marendaz acts as his mentor and watches over him like a cat over a mouse; anybody breaking the rules has to look out for himself. I can't tell you how they are going to bring his affairs to a close because they leave me absolutely in the dark and, needless to say, I don't pester them for information. I have bought this place for the sum of £2,500 sterling, on which I have to pay interest of 8% on much of that amount to Mr Breguet[7] who died a little while ago. So we're by no means rich; Uncle's legacy to me is still in their hands. I hear the crops in Europe have failed because of the rain, just like over here. I feel very sad at times at the idea that we can't see each other again. It's nearly 18 years since I said goodbye to you, and I don't know when I shall be able to afford the nice little voyage over. François is always asking me to take him with me whenever I paid you a visit; he likes ships, especially if they've got guns on them.

As the years pass, the letters between Charles and his family in Switzerland become fewer and fewer. The last letter was written on

2 January 1873, and in the intervening time until this letter two more daughters have arrived.

Three years have passed since the death of David Pettavel and the vineyards are clearly in a state of decline; *phylloxera vastatrix* will finally put the nail in the coffin. Times are hard on the land; there have been bad vintages and the squabble over the ownership of the Victoria Vineyard continues.

Geelong, 1 December 1874

It's a very long time since I heard from you and I hope no news is good news, as they say. I can't remember when it was that I last wrote to you. I have two little daughters[8] since, Louise Alberta (the enclosed lock of hair is hers) will be two in February 1875, and the other was three weeks old yesterday, so that we now have five daughters and François. Three go to school and François helps me with the disbudding and picking the cherries. He's very good at shinning up the trees and like his sisters, he doesn't forget to help himself, and so he's beginning to make himself useful. So is Mary, by looking after her little sister, and all of them help each other to make a noise and get through their clothes and shoes and especially the potatoes and other more or less tasty food. For the last few years, things haven't been going too well for me. First of all, the fine trees I had in the garden, which six years ago were producing £500 sterling every year, have nearly all died in the last two or three years, I don't know why. And then the vines; I've lost two vintages through mildew and the rain, and the little wine we've got, we can't sell at a profit, we almost have to give it away. On top of that, operating expenses are heavier than for several years past, and you can't get labour for the vines, so that you skip the work more and more. We're starting to uproot large numbers of vines; it's no joke having to cope almost single-handed with grading about 20 acres of vines and looking after the cellar, the distillery and other things.

I suppose you have known about Uncle's estate for a long time from other sources. Briefly, it comes to this. Aunt Cécile did all she could to get it in the cousin's name, and then he married the daughter and they went into partnership

for the Victoria estate and I think she will get hold of all the profits for her darling son, and then goodbye Jack, as they say here. It's true she had to run all over the place to find the funds and had to take on great responsibilities, but anyway, they've got it now and if poor Uncle could've seen what we've seen, I can assure you that our little cousin wouldn't have needed to take the trouble of coming out here because of the Marendaz family, who Uncle, for good reasons, couldn't bear the sight of.

Try and write me sometimes, it's such a treat for me to read your letters, and if you could send me one or two secateurs now and then, I should be very grateful. My dear Adolphe, if you could send me, under a wrapper, the laws and customs regarding public education in the various cantons, and list the things which teachers are obliged to teach. I belong to a committee for Barrabool Shire in which there has been much talk about the advantages of the Swiss system which they rightly consider one of the best in Europe. It has also been introduced here.[9] I mean, it's been made compulsory and immense sums have been voted and spent for the purpose in the last two years. I will close now with our best wishes for the coming year and don't forget us in your good wishes.

Waurn Ponds, 10 July 1876

My dear Rose,

I have to thank you for the letter you sent me by the last mail boat but one and as you've made such a good start, I hope you will continue to write to us. You say in your letter you suppose I don't remember you, but it seems to me I can see you now as I did more than 20 years ago, and Louise and your brothers to whom please give my best greetings. I congratulate you and so does my wife, on your marriage with the venerable Adolphe Tétaz who, at the ripe age of 36,[10] has managed to find himself a charming girl to take pity on him, and we hope your happiness will continue for ever and ever and for your posterity as well.

Tell my dear Dad and Mum that we are all very well, thank God and that I would like them to be able to see all the little ones around the table, especially if there were fried potatoes on it, but I fear it won't be possible. In any case, we shall try and send them a photograph of them all, which is no easy matter because they won't sit still. I'm sorry to tell you that business is not of the best; I harvested practically nothing last time. The spring hasn't been at all good for the vines and then we had mildew and sales of wine are very bad. I wish I'd never planted vines, and as for the fruit trees, the ones we planted 20 years ago are nearly all dead. In the last five years, I've planted nearly 2,000 apple trees; they'll pay better than the damn vines, at least I hope so. Tell Dad I've uprooted more vines than there are in the whole of his Bergeresse, fine stocks too. It was real vandalism, but what can you do? For the last two months, I've been hard at it with the hoeing fork and the pickaxe with François and another boy to clear more land as we used to do in Bergeresse, and at the moment we've done two acres, both of them planted not with vines, but apple trees and other fruit trees. We shall begin pruning the vines soon; François started pruning last year and broke the blade of his secateur, and he wants me to get it repaired; he does one line to my two. He's still got some time to do at school and so have my three eldest daughters; the other two stay at home and upset everything in their path.

You would do me a great favour if you sent me some newspapers and other papers and pamphlets about the Swiss Federal Rifle Shooting and Jubilee. That'll warm our old hearts up, thinking of our little homeland, Switzerland. Will you also send me the Grandson Cantata — send it under a wrapper as it costs less, and if you send some paints in it for the children, they'll be very grateful. We're enclosing a lock of hair belonging to the two youngest, Louise and Esther, for Mother. I hope you'll excuse me if I shorten this letter, but believe me, I have great difficulty in getting round to scribbling. I will close wishing you prosperity of every kind, and I'm very glad that Mum and Dad find in you a daughter to take our place at their side.

Geelong, 27 November 1877

My dear Rose,

I received your letter of 24 July; we were very pleased to hear that you were all in good health and of the birth of your little fellow.[11] I failed to inform you of the birth of a little citizen bearing the very nice-sounding names of Charles Adolphe, born 12 September 1876. As always, he distinguishes himself by his prowess at table with the cherries and strawberries. No doubt he renders an account of it with interest to his mother and sisters, as far as we can tell he takes after the Tétaz. François is working with me in the vineyard; he has got a Certificate excusing him from going to school, but when I can get on without him, I always send him there for a bit. He speaks a bit of French, or rather murders it, with his cousin Louis Tétaz. Mary and Elizabeth take it in turns to go to school because we need one of them at home. Hannah is with her Grandma Gundry and is making great progress at school; she and François take a lot after the Pettavels. That leaves Louise and Esther who are with their mother and are very useful, especially when food is concerned. Thank God we have all been in the best of health except for the little troubles which are part of human nature. Thank you very much for your photograph, we were very pleased to have it. I only remembered your features vaguely after being away for 22 years. We'll try and send you photographs of the children soon, but it'll be far from easy because you can't get them to keep still. I do wish their Grandpa and Grandma could see them, but it's no use thinking of that.

We were surprised to hear of the damage done by phylloxera in your part of the world, and also we've read in the newspapers recently of another disease which is attacking the crops in France and in several other places. Here we've got mildew and that's more than enough. In addition, we're suffering from a very long drought; there's a shortage of grass and water here in several localities and we're only just beginning the summer. It's already very hot, we're disbudding the vines and the grapes are about to flower. The other crops aren't coming on well, they're dying off.[12] Please give your worthy husband my hearty thanks for

the newspapers and paints he sent us, he's still the same excellent young brother. It's a pity he's got so much work in hand; you're nomads, always changing your address, but at least you don't go too far from the house where you were born. I hope that since you've made such a good start on the correspondence, you'll oblige us by keeping it up, for as you can believe, your news is always welcome.

Prince Albert Vineyard, 7 July 1878 (Letter written in English by François Louis Tétaz)

I take the pleasure of writing you a few lines hoping that they find you quite well; we are all quite well. Louise, Esther and little Charles are in good health when they can get potatoes every morning.

I forward these photographs to you and Uncle Adolphe, my eldest sister and third sister, Marie, Hannah and myself. I was 14 years old on 28 June and Marie will be twelve on 23 July, Hannah will be 8 years old on 14 July. We are going to begin pruning and the government is rooting up the vines quite close to us on account of *Phylloxera Vastatrix*.

And to finish up, Papa and Mamma will forward their photographs with Charles Adolphe, Esther, Louise and Elizabeth by the next mail.

In the same letter was one from Charles Tétaz.

Master François has taken on himself to send you these few lines with the enclosed photos of his two sisters and himself, which are very like them. We shall send you the other little ones hereafter. As he tells you in his letter, we hope that the present will find you all in good health; we are all well, thank God, the children never fail to show a very marked taste for fried potatoes at the break of day. Charles is beginning to imitate the cock crowing and the little girls join in the chorus. This last season has been a bad one, the drought was terrible and it did the vines no good, I only got a couple of barrels of wine.

You may have a visit from Mr T. Imer of La Neuville, who left for Switzerland in May. He's one of my old

neighbours and will be able to give you all details of our circumstances better than I could describe them in writing. In June, a fine ship was wrecked on the coast not far from here and all except two people were lost.

Phylloxera Vastatrix

Prince Albert Vineyard, 6 February 1880

I hope the present will find you all in good health; we are all well here, thank God, big and small, and the children make so much noise that at times it's terrible to hear, just like we used to do in the old days. Well, they have to amuse themselves, the troubles and disappointments of life will catch up with them later and they had better enjoy themselves as much as they can while they're young.

Little Charles Adolphe is in breeches and all their trappings; he's got a gun made of wood and makes a tremendous noise among the rabbits and hares in imitation of his brother, who like Nimrod,[1] is a good hunter. Marie is the head cook and Lizzie helps her, not without some wailing and gnashing of teeth. I told François to write to thank you for the wonderful presents you made him and his sisters. On high days and holidays, they've all been wearing them, François his watch with its chain and trinkets, and the girls with their ribbons and scarves from their Uncle and Aunt in Switzerland. Even Charley has appropriated the medal and ribbon and calls it his tic-toc (watch).

I was very pleased with the book on winegrowing you were good enough to send me; thank you very much for it and keep it up, if it doesn't worry you to do so. It's so long since I wrote to you that I hardly know what to say. So much of my news being now old, I don't know where to start, and then the mail is leaving today so that I shall have to pass over a whole lot of little things which you might have found interesting, but now we have a fortnightly postal service

with Europe, we'll write more often. The crops could hardly be worse; the drought we had for nearly two years has stopped the vines from bearing, especially mine which are getting old and yield little more than a fifth of what they did a few years ago. What's worse we are threatened with phylloxera now only two miles away, so that prospects are anything but reassuring. The other crops are good but the price of products has gone down a lot and they don't pay well. Livestock is going at very low prices, one penny a pound on hoof. But it appears this is nothing compared with the great distress reigning in Europe because of the almost total failure of the crops caused by excessive rain in Ireland and Northern Germany and several other regions where famine reigns as in 1847, when the potato crop was ruined by disease. Here at least, we're in no danger of going hungry, but things could be better, it seems to me.

Henri Pettavel is back and has handed over greetings from you in good condition. Since then, he has gone off to select land at Gippsland[2] where he will have to work a bit harder than when he was here. The fool has gone and sold the place which Uncle had left to him so that it could stay in the hands of a Pettavel!! All that has happened is that he has let a fine place go to rack and ruin, sold it and wasted the money. He's going to find out to his cost what it means to set up a place in a forest, but he'll never do it; if only he had put his back into it a bit, he could've kept it on and he's going to realise this one day.

It seems to me a long time since I left you, more than 24 years I think it is. That's a long time apart.

Waurn Ponds, 9 May 1881

I received your letter of February which you sent out with our young cousin Henri Louis Pettavel, and the different things you presented to us, which were accepted with shouts of joy, especially by the youngest. Charles laid hands on the watch and paraded up and down all day with it in his waistcoat pocket, so please accept our fraternal thanks. We learn with pleasure that all of you are in good health, especially Dad and Mum, I would so like to see them again.

Also that you have a new Charles who I hope is behaving marvellously, thanks to their mothers who are as proud as peacocks of their Charlies. Mary and I are both glad to take on the part of Godfather and Godmother, although we are a bit too far off to discharge this dignity worthily and successfully. We have all kept in the best of health this year thanks to God; the three eldest have got their Certificates of Education and the four youngest are still at elementary school. Charley started there at the New Year; we had to give him a pouch to take his dinner in, he wouldn't go to school without that important matter.

This year's crops have been average as regards the vineyard, but the wine is good. The Geelong district has been condemned by the Government[3] and as a result, in a few month's time they will all be uprooted. Fifty men are now busy uprooting and burning them; we haven't got phylloxera here but we are in the three-mile radius which Parliament has ordered to be destroyed. It will cost £30,000 sterling which the three colonies will pay, pro rata. I don't know yet how much compensation I shall get. The men who are uprooting the vines are complaining that they've been planted too deep — they now come to those planted by Uncle and Co. in 1843–1846, very deep layering etc.

The children have had some little photographs done for one shilling for 30 and are taking advantage of the present letter to send you one each. In the next letter, we will send you some for Uncle Adolphe and Aunt Henriette. The photographs are quite like them, the one of François is the worst. With our next letter we'll also send you our photographs if the photographers haven't gone away. No doubt you will be able to identify the children by their age and find their names.

I'll try and send you a few numbers of the *Illustration*. I had the one about the opening of the Exhibition but the Philistines got hold of it and it was goodbye to that. Saturday 30 April was the last day of the International Exhibition and more than one-and-a-half million visitors. I went to see it in January but as for telling you about it, thanks very much, I'm lost. The value of the exhibits amounts to more than five million pounds sterling. The Swiss courtyard was nice; in the Avenue of Nations the Swiss flag was flying with all the

> others and looked a bit scared among all those double-headed eagles, lions rampant, passant and couchant, leopards, crowns, crosses, bars etc.

The history of the arrival of phylloxera and its effects on vineyards in Victoria is well documented.

Phylloxera is a microscopic insect which originated in eastern North America where it had co-existed with American vine species. About 1860, it arrived in France on live American vines, attacked the European vine species *Vitis vinifera* and devastated the European wine industry. It arrived in Geelong 1875–1876 and led to the total destruction of the vines in the Geelong and Bendigo–Ballarat regions. By the end of the century, it reached north-eastern Victoria via the Goulburn River, and precipitated the decline of Victoria as an important wine-producing state; as late as 1889, Victoria produced more than half of the Australian total.

The effect of phylloxera on the Prince Albert and Victoria Vineyards was a severe blow to Charles Tétaz and his colleagues. As described in his letters of 7 July 1878, 6 February 1880, and 8 May 1881, the only solution was to uproot the vines, burn them and apply severe quarantine restrictions to stop the movement of vines, grapes and soil. Later, one answer to the problem was to graft the European *Vitis vinifera* onto the American root stock.

In a series of articles in *The Weekend Australian*, James Halliday[4] maintains the future story of phylloxera is still to unfold. In many parts of Victoria, and in the Geelong area in particular, non-resistant root stock is still used. There has recently been an outbreak at Brown Brothers Vineyard, north-eastern Victoria, and according to Californian reports, there have been outbreaks in the Napa and Sonoma Valleys. There is another factor to cause concern to the viticulture industry. It is possible that the phylloxera louse is mutating to produce more virulent strains that could affect American root stock that was previously resistant to attack. Not enough is known about the factors that should influence choice in both root stock type and clonal selection of the grape variety, and mention the reaction between root stock and clone. James Halliday may be correct in saying:

> What is certain is that some day, somewhere in Australia, phylloxera will strike again and it's highly probable the response of the authorities will again lead to heated debate.

The phylloxera outbreak in Geelong, starting in the late 1870s, certainly had a traumatic effect on the Prince Albert and surrounding vineyards. The letters continue, this letter being to his brother and sister-in-law, Rose.

Waurn Ponds, 8 August 1884

I take up my pen with a feeling of shame for having neglected writing to you for so long, and also for not having paid you a little visit, but that's not possible for the present. I have had so many setbacks over the past few years, perhaps I might in a year or two, please God. François is now 20 and could take my place for six months at least; well, we must hope for the best. I learn from Rose's nice letter that your health was good except for your legs which aren't as young as they were and suffered quite a lot in their time from the weight of the basket on your back, and from dragging the cart. We are very pleased to know that Mum is always alert, lively and cheerful, which is a sign of good health which I hope will continue. No doubt you want news of the children and I'm pleased to tell you they are in top condition. The eldest, François, is a big strong fellow who looks after the horses and plough and plays the organ on Sunday at church; he's also cultivating a budding moustache with tender care. Marie is 18 and she looks after the kitchen, the cows and the apple fritters. Elizabeth will soon be 16 and is with the local schoolmaster's family looking after the little children. Hannah is 14 and is still with her Grandma. Louise, who is getting on for 12, plays the piano and goes to school, and so do Esther and Charley too. When they all get together around a dish of rice pudding, look out for yourself and ditto when fried potatoes are put in front of them.

My dear Dad, I hope the same won't happen to you as happened to me. They've uprooted all my vines, 80,000 big vinestocks, all because some of them were suffering from *phylloxera vastatrix*. Now I've got no more barrels and I had eight of them; my tanks, press and still have all gone as if the place had been swept by fire, and nobody knows when we shall be allowed to replant again. Over the last few years, I set up a plantation of fruit trees which are doing very well

and are beginning to produce a little. This week, we celebrated my 47th birthday; it's 29 years since I left you, it's a very long time and yet it seems only yesterday to me. What a lot of changes there have been here and everywhere else. Last Easter, I saw Cousin Auguste and he told me his brother Louis had spent some time with him at Ballarat; they're going on well, he said. Louis Pettavel died recently in Bennara; he was with one of the Ducommuns from Champs du Moulin. Henri has settled down in the forests of Gippsland. Aunt Eugénie is living with her son-in-law Eugène Marendaz, son of Aunt Cécile. She cried when she read Adolphe's and Henriette's letter.

Waurn Ponds, 11 August 1884

It is with great pleasure that I am writing to you these few lines to thank you for your charming letters and presents of books, newspapers and paints which you sent and which I assure you are always welcome. The children always want me to share with them; Charley has the envelope with the stamps allowed to him as his share, and the children open their eyes wide when they see me reading all the newspapers. I can't tell you the effect they have on me; they kindle a new fire in me and also some sadness when I think of the time and the space separating us all, but it's God's will and it's not for us to murmur, and it wouldn't be much use anyway. The account you give me of your health and that of our old parents delighted us and we hope this will continue. Our health is of the best thank God, especially the children who sing and play the harmonium every evening, François and Louise taking it in turn to play it, which is a nice way of passing the time for them. Thank you for the offer you make us about the elder children but we hardly think it's possible and in any case, they wouldn't get much good out of it. They're happy as they are, and in Switzerland they would be completely out of their depth, your way of living and customs wouldn't suit them. For me it would be different, because deep down in my old heart, there is still under the ashes a little love left for the old country and the relatives and friends I left behind there.

My dear brother, you ask me to give you details of what we are doing. I really don't know where to begin. When you've stopped writing for a bit, you don't know how to take up the threads or where to end, and so I'll leave it to you to imagine how are affairs are going. In any case, they are neither brilliant nor lucrative. If I had some capital, we could go into the interior and choose some land, François 320 acres, Marie 320 and 320 for me at one shilling an acre a year, and at the end of 20 years, the land belongs to you. With 960 acres, you have a flock of sheep and, according to the regulations, you have to cultivate 30 acres in each allotment, and that pays pretty well if the soil is reasonably good. A new law says you can rent 5,000 acres for a period of 14 years by public Government auction and can retain 320 acres of it. But at the present moment, I'm in very low water because of the destruction of my vineyards and before that, of my garden from which I used to make £500 a year. Now the place itself, minus its trees and vineyards, is on my hands with a heavy mortgage which I'd very much like to be rid of. You needn't mention this to Dad or Mum, it would only worry them for nothing. It only remains for me to send you our best greetings and thank you for all your kindness, and ask you to continue with it and also to write sometimes to the poor exile. Since you're lucky enough to be near our parents, take our place in making their last years on this earth as pleasant as possible. Give your children a kiss from us all in Australia.

Waurn Ponds, 1 August 1887 (Charles Tétaz and daughter Esther)

I've been meaning to write you for a long time but have always put it off, but today I take advantage of a little spare time to send you our news and ask you for yours. Our news is certainly not of the best. My poor wife has been ill for over a year and since Easter, she hasn't uttered a single coherent sentence and her sight has gone. The right side is paralysed and four doctors have been treating her, but they're all agreed that the illness is fatal. It's what they call Bright's disease or consumption of the kidneys; she doesn't seem to suffer much except in her head, she eats very little and she's

very thin, almost like a skeleton. We look after her as well as we can, but the doctor holds out no hope of a cure.

Since I last wrote there has been a bit of a change in the family. First of all, François has entered the Civil Service — he has been in the Post Office in Melbourne for the last 14 months and seems to be satisfied with his prospects. He came to see his mother last week; she's always asking after him. On 12 July, our second daughter Elizabeth got married to a young man who lives nearby, called James Neale, and they have settled down on a farm in the Barrabool Hills. Our third child Hannah is in service in Geelong and seems comfortable there. The eldest daughter Marie looks after the household with Louise, and Esther and Charles are at school.

I've got my trees to look after. So you see, the family is pretty well dispersed, of course they're not children any longer. François is a big fellow of 23, Marie, Lizzie and Hannah are big girls and the three youngest are growing up too. How are you, Mum and Dad? That's what I'd like to know, my dear Adolphe, and if you could write and tell me, I should be very glad to have your news too and that of your little family, and of Henriette and also of friends. Thank you very much for the consignments you send out regularly which I'm very glad to have, and also those for the children. If you'd be good enough to let me have a few documents about winegrowing, new methods of cultivation, the phylloxera and how you combat it in Switzerland, they would be very useful out here. It's two years since we applied for permission to replant but the Government won't allow it, and we've applied for annual compensation for the whole period during which we are refused permission to set up our vineyards again. Last year, the Department of Agriculture ploughed my 25 acres with a tremendous great plough drawn by ten strong horses. They ploughed to a depth of 20" and 14 men uprooted all the roots, big and small, and burned them, and then put carbon bisulphate in each of the furrows left by the plough. There are 130 acres to be treated like this — if only they'd done the job properly in the first place! I have celebrated my 51st birthday and am now among the old 'uns.

The Declining Years

Ceres, Geelong, 30 November 1887 (A letter written in English by Elizabeth Henriette Neale, née Tétaz, to her grandmother in Switzerland.)

It is with very sad news that I have to start this first letter to you, that is the death of our dear Ma. She died on Friday 30 September after a long illness. She had Bright's disease, a paralysis, and was confined to her bed for six months — we had to lift her in and out. Pa had four doctors to her but they could do nothing for her as the disease was incurable. We miss her so much; it was hard for us to see her suffering but it seems worse to lose her altogether, but it was for the best or God would not have taken her.

Dear Grandma, I hope this note will find dear Grandpa and yourself and all the other relatives well as it leaves us all. You don't know how we long to see you all and dear old Switzerland; it must be a very pretty place by the sceneries which Uncle Adolphe sends out to Pa. Pa often tells us about you all at home and we do long to come over and see you, but if we did, you would not understand our talk, for there is only François who can talk French and he does not talk very well, Pa laughs at him. I think we others were too lazy to learn. François is a Government servant now, a letter-carrier in Melbourne. He has been there more than a year now, and he got a fortnight's holiday last month and came home to help Pa to hoe his garden. Marie is home housekeeping for Pa, Louise is helping her, Hannah is in Geelong with a friend, Charles and Esther are still going to school.

We, that is my husband and myself, are living about six miles from home so we can often ride over to see them. My

husband is an Englishman — I send our photos taken two months after we were married so you can judge for yourself what you think of him.

I was going to write before but I was afraid you would not be able to understand it, but Pa says that you will soon make it out. Pa and all the others join with me in sending fondest love to dear Grandpa, yourself and all Uncles, Aunts and Cousins.

Waurn Ponds, 11 December 1887

I have a very sad piece of news for you although I've put off writing to you because I couldn't make up my mind to it. My dear Mary died on the last day of September after a long-drawn-out agony lasting nearly six months. Since my last letter, she was sinking fast and didn't know us except at rare intervals; she hardly ate or said anything and slept a lot. The day before she died, she managed to talk to me a bit about François who was coming home on leave and she was so looking forward to seeing him. The next day Aunt Eugénie came to see her and told me that she was dying and wouldn't last out till the morning. She said I should telegraph to Frank to come, but he got here an hour too late to see her alive; the other children were there and I had gone to meet Frank. We buried her in Highton Cemetery near here and she was followed to the grave by many relatives and friends.

I don't need to say how big a loss her death was to us all. I have lost a good and excellent wife and the children a loving mother. There are now only five of us here — Marie, Louise, Esther, Charley and me. I hope this will find you all in good health and that you sympathise with our tribulations, which we don't doubt, and your tears will mingle with ours in spite of the great distance between us. Please forgive me for not writing at once, but it all seemed so unreal to me that I couldn't make up my mind to send you the sad news. It's dreadful to see someone you love wasting away and suffering in mind and body for months, and we can say with the Scriptures 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord'.

On 25 July 1890, Charles Tétaz' mother, Marguerite Augustine, née Pettavel, died in Boudry aged 77. It was also the year when his eldest son, François Louis, and his wife, Emma Jane, née Ruglen, produced their first born, Mary Emma Tétaz. James Neale and his wife have two children by 1890 — Albert Louis Whitby Neale (1888–91) and Henriette Emily (1890–1976). Another twelve children arrived from 1891 to 1913.

Waurn Ponds, 15 November 1890

We were very sorry to hear the news that our dear Mother has died. I had hopes of seeing her again before long but that has not been granted to us. A week before your letter came, Mr Trevaud gave me the news but I hardly believed him. My first thoughts were for poor Dad left alone after being happily married for so many years. Of course he has you, but it is not the same, as I know to my cost. Do all you can to persuade him to come and live with you, it would take his mind off things a bit. Tell him I saw Mr Petitjean yesterday afternoon and told him of the great loss we have sustained. He asked me to send his best greetings to Dad.

The morning I got your letter, Cousin Eugène Marendaz[1] was found dead of suffocation in his cart near his house, so Eugénie and her young family and poor Aunt Eugénie are in mourning and I hardly know how they're going to manage, but we'll do our best to help. Cousin Louis and Cousin Auguste are all right and send their respects to you all. There are so many things I could tell you but I really don't know where to start.

François and Emma have got a little daughter;[2] at the moment he's at Eagle Hawk, still with the Post Office, and sends his regards until he can write and send you photographs. Lizzie is also married as she wrote and told you; she's got a boy and a girl and they are all well. Marie, Esther and Charles are here with me and Hannah and Louise are still in town; all five are well and send their love. I'm as well as you can expect an old hermit to be, Charles is sending his young cousin a few stamps from the different colonies; he sends his best regards to Emile and asks him to write soon.

I read in the papers about the great damage done by storms in your part of the world; it's a great disaster when

crops are destroyed like that without any hope of saving them. The Government has still not raised the embargo on replanting vineyards, but some winegrowers have replanted, so we shall see what the Department does about that. The crops are coming on pretty well, the cherries are ripening nicely and although there's not a heavy crop of them, they'll bring in a better price than last year. Mr Dardel and his family are taking a trip to Switzerland next March; it's a long journey to make at age 80. I will close with best greetings.

Three years pass until the next letter to his brother commiserating on the loss of their father, Pierre Louis, who died on 25 September 1892, 81 years old. This letter mentions the birth of a son to François Louis and Emma Jane Tétaz, born on 10 June 1893, and named Charles John Tétaz (1893–1973).

Waurn Ponds, 28 August 1893

I received your letter of 20 July and I'm sorry to have kept you waiting either personally or by letter, for although I received the first sad letter announcing the death of our dear Dad, I didn't reply, thinking that as you had a power of attorney, you could act as you thought best to dispose of the estate. It is not in my power to pay you a little visit at the moment; our season has been disastrous and the financial crisis is making itself felt everywhere, so it will have to be for another and better season. So you can dispose of the property by auction or valuation as best you can. When you get to dividing up the proceeds and sending me my share, send it through the Bank of Australasia, which has held out during the panic crisis.[3] We are all pretty well. Marie, Esther and Charles are with me, Hannah and Louise are still in Geelong, Lizzie has two sons and a daughter, François has a daughter and a boy three months old whom they have named Charles John[4] after his two grandfathers. There's a host of details and events I could tell you about these young people, but it's easier for me to let you imagine them than to write them down; they are another edition of their predecessors whom they give promise of surpassing.

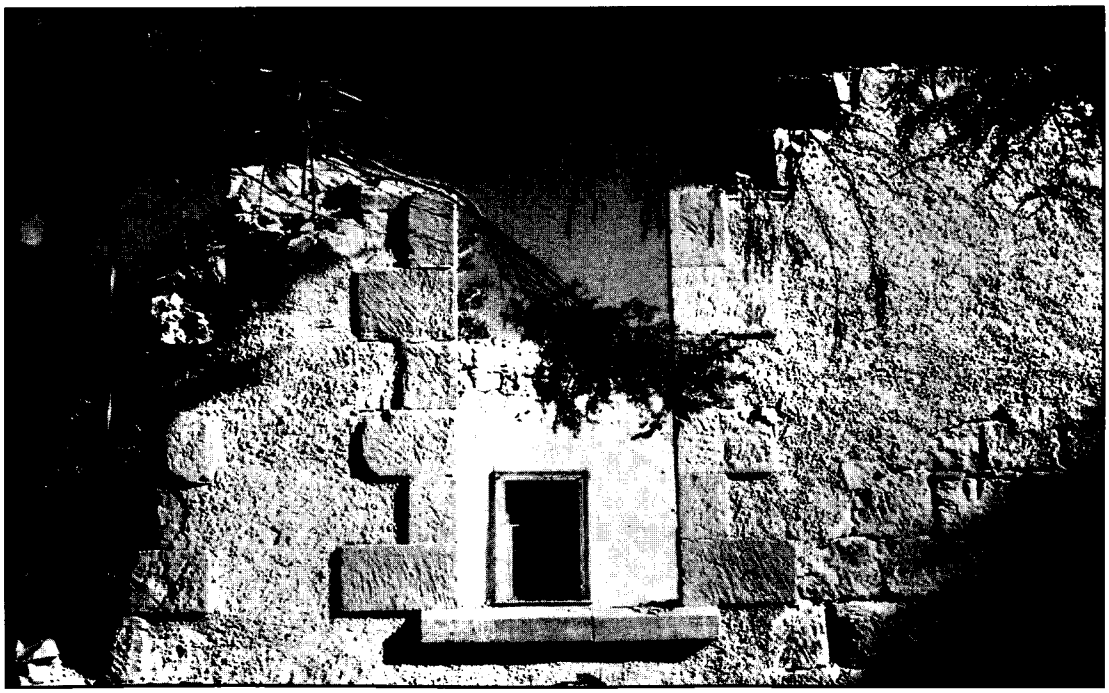
I'm going to replant my vineyard after 11 years when it

James and Elizabeth Neale.

The daughters of Charles Louis and Mary Tétaz. L to R top: Esther, Louise; bottom: Marie, Elizabeth, Hannah (January 1892).

Waurn Ponds Picnic, 1892. Top row: François Louis Tétaz (3rd LHS), Charles Adolphe Tétaz (2nd RHS).
Second bottom row: Rachel Hannah Tétaz (2nd RHS), Marie Augustine Tétaz (3rd RHS), Mary Emma Tétaz (4th RHS).

Victoria Vineyard homestead (1950s).



Prince Albert Vineyard (June 1983).

was destroyed in 1882. I plan to plant four acres, choosing the best stocks such as Hermitage, Chasselas, Meiller, Sauvignon and others, to manufacture best quality commercial wine which is expected to catch on here although I doubt it as far as we on the coast are concerned. The Murray River are better quality and on Saturday, I tasted some which was really good; it was eight years old. Several growers have already replanted[5] and have some of this year's wine not far from Geelong, but they haven't replanted the old vineyards, they planted in virgin soil. When the vineyards in this district were destroyed, it was a terrible blow to us; we were the first and now we're at the end of the queue. As you say in your letter, there we are, all three of us in our fifties, the colour of our hair may change but not our hearts. I often think how nice it would be to see you again and the old country. I ask people who've made the journey how things seem to them on their return to Switzerland, and nearly all of them prefer this country. It seems to them that they're too much crowded together — the world isn't what it was.

Waurn Ponds, 31 July 1894

I received your letter of June and the proceeds of dividing up Dad and Mum's estate and I thank you for the trouble you have been to for us. I presented the cheque to the Bank of Australasia, which honoured it. I was glad to hear you are all well. We can say the same apart from a few minor ailments to which we are more or less subject. Cousin Auguste Thetaz, who keeps the Swiss boarding house in Geelong, asks me to write and ask you to take out a subscription for him to a good newspaper in Neuchâtel, the one you think best for us. Arrange things with the editor so that he sends them every week to Geelong and the cost of the subscription and postage for a year. If it can be paid in advance, please do us the kindness of paying it for us and we shall reimburse you. I hear that there's an excellent newspaper in La Chaux-de-Fonds. Auguste is, I think, doing a brisk business in Geelong[6] in wine, he's got wines of all qualities. The Murray Valley wines are very good and have a high alcohol content,

especially Victoria Port. He has rented a good cellar underneath the Gordon Technical College opposite Geelong Railway Station; he's a first-class cellarman and Charles and he are good friends.

Charles Louis Tétaz died in Colac on 28 August 1897, sixty years old. His eldest daughter wrote the last Tétaz letter to her Uncle in Boudry to announce the death of her father. It was written in English.

Colac, 13 September 1897 (Marie Tétaz)

It is with deepest sorrow I write to let you know the sad news of the death of our dear Father. About twelve months ago, he was not feeling well, he consulted a doctor who told him he had Bright's disease of the kidneys. He attended to his garden until February, when dropsy through a diseased heart set in. He slightly recovered, although the doctor gave us no hope. In May, I brought him to Colac as our old home was sold by mortgagees and Charlie rented a farm a few miles out of Colac close to Lizzie, and Pa wanted to be near him.

We took a cottage in Colac and had the doctor in twice a week, but the dropsy set in again, he just seemed to pine away. He said he had no pain, but we knew when once the dropsy reached the heart, it was the case. He passed away very quietly in his sleep on Saturday morning at half-past two, 28 August. We buried him at Highton, Geelong with our Mother. All the family were present but for Louise[7] who is married and living in South Africa. We feel our loss greatly as he was a good father to us. He often spoke of you and often fancied you were in his room or he was rambling over the mountains of his native land.

Will you kindly let Aunt Henriette know the sad news as I do not know her address. As Esther, Charlie and myself are the only ones left, we intend to remain together and Lizzie being so close, it is company. Frank is still in the General Post Office, Melbourne and Hannah is married and living in Geelong. Cousin Auguste Thetaz and family are living in Geelong — so strange, Auguste's brother Louis died about twenty-four hours after Pa in Nagambie.

I will close this missive. Esther, Charlie join me with fond love to Aunt, yourself and Cousins. Hoping you are all well,

Your affectionate niece,
Marie Tétaz

Epilogue: Vignerons and Vineyards

Geelong poet Mary Finnin, who was born at Ceres, has written a poem which is a fitting memorial to Charles Tétaz and his Swiss countrymen who came to Australia and made a major contribution to the establishment of viticulture in Geelong.

Ghosts upon Moorabool's bastion bridge,
Refreshed with ghostly wines,
With Dardel dream of Paradise,
Among the Batesford wines.

There's Pettavel of Pollock's Ford,
Breguet and Belperroud,
Fownes, Muhlebach and Deppeler,
Neuchâtel's Victor Cornu.

They planted vines and trod the grape,
Out Berramongo way;
And settlers bringing down the wool
Drank Junod's 'Cabernet'.

But vines and vignerons are gone
To time's rich harvest home,
With bullock drays and square rigged ships;
Now only fancies come.

Of Tétaz pouring wine for dukes
In ghostly cellars cool,
Of Dardel building Paradise
Beside the Moorabool.

On the death of David Pettavel in 1871, the Victoria Vineyard was left to his nephew, Henri Louis Pettavel, who came from Switzerland in 1872 to claim his inheritance. He married Rose Cécile Marendaz, a cousin, and for a time he ran the vineyard with F. Marendaz. It was sold in 1879 to Philip McKim, who had twelve children, and it remained in the hands of the McKim descendants for sixty years, with son Thomas and grand-daughter Mrs R. Mack as proprietors. Clifford Matthews was owner for some years and during his occupation in 1954–55, the house was gutted by fire; another fire, on 8 January 1969, did further damage.

Sufficient of the ruins remained until the 1980s to revive memories of what was once a thriving vineyard and winery.

By June 1983, the Victoria Vineyard had been dismantled and the stone adorning the building, including the wine goblets carved into stone over the cellar entrance, removed from the site. Today, on the original site of the Victoria Vineyard, stands a new homestead built by and for Mr and Mrs K. J. Lyons, Kingsbury Lane.

Charles Tétaz and his family sold the Prince Albert Vineyard in May 1897 to Mr Ross, who lived near the Waurn Ponds bridge, for £1,050, and below the original price. The family moved to Colac to take on a small farm, but Charles died on 28 August of that year of Bright's disease. The vineyard fell into a state of disrepair and, in later years, the upper floor of the house was demolished, the roof lowered and a large verandah removed. The house had a large underground cellar and was served with water by two large underground tanks. Photographs taken in 1983 show the size of the underground cellars and the large beams that supported the flooring of the ground floor. The stonework and structure of the Prince Albert homestead were similar to those of the Victoria Vineyard homestead, with cut stone around the windows and walls two feet thick. The walls of the kitchen were plastered and covered with wallpaper. A stone wall two feet thick divided the cellar into two compartments, based on the Swiss principle of building, which in the event of fire in one portion of the house, provides for the probable safety of the other.

As a final chapter, a new Prince Albert Vineyard was established in 1975 by Bruce and Sue Hyett on part of the original property, where they have built a homestead and winery. Bruce Hyett has planted one variety of vines, pinot noir. The first wine was made in 1978, and it will be fascinating to see what the future holds for the vineyard on the site of the first Prince Albert Vineyard, built after 1857 by Pettavel and Tétaz and other Swiss vignerons.

Appendix 1

Liste[1] des Neuchâtelois appelés par Charles-Joseph La Trobe–de Montmollin, gouverneur de l'Etat du Victoria, pour y venir planter la vigne

Noms	Origine	Domicile suisse	Date du passeport
AMIET Abram-Louis	Boudry	Boudry	22 I 1853 l'Australie
AMIET Guillaume, laboureur	Boudry	Boudry	8 II 1849 pour la Nouvelle Hollande
AMIET Jean-François-Guillaume, vigneron	Boudry	Boudry	8 II 1849 la Nouvelle-Hollande
BAILLOT Frédéric-Guillaume	Bôle	Boudry	27 I 1853 l'Australie
BALTSCHUN André-Auguste	Thielle	Auvernier	3 II 1853 l'Australie
BANDERET Paul-Jean-Jacques	Fresens	Fresens	8 IV 1859 l'Australie
BARBEZAT Edouard-Henri	Grand-Bayard	Bôle	15 I 1854 l'Australie
BARBEZAT Louis	Grand-Bayard	Boudry	22 IX 1852 l'Australie
BARBEZAT-COLET Frédéric-Henri	Grand-Bayard	Cortaillod	7 II 1853 l'Australie
BARBIER Henri, vigneron	Boudry	Boudry	9 VIII 1854 la Nouvelle-Hollande
BARBIER Louis-Aimé, vigneron	Boudry	Boudry	12 I 1859 l'Australie
BARBIER Louis-Frédéric	Boudry	Boudry	22 I 1853 l'Australie
BEGUIN Numa, vigneron	Rochefort	Rochefort	24 XII 1853 l'Australie
BELPERROUD Louis, vigneron	Cornaux	Cornaux	2 IX 1854 l'Australie
BENOIT Charles-Gustave	La Sagne	Neuchâtel	20 X 1853 l'Australie
BERGER François-Ulysse, vigneron	Cerneux-Péquignot	Boudry	26 I 1853 l'Australie
BERTHOLET Auguste	Travers	Les Ponts-de-Martel	19 I 1853 l'Australie

BERTHOUD (dit GALLON)	Chézard	La Chaux-de-Fonds	20 IV 1854 l'Australie
BONJOUR Alphonse-Henri	Lignières	Neuchâtel	9 X 1854 la Nouvelle-Hollande
BOURQUIN Charles-Frédéric	Corcelles	Cormondrèche	16 VI 1852 la Nouvelle-Hollande
BOURQUIN Henri-Auguste	Gorgier	Gorgier	14 XI 1853 l'Australie
BOURQUIN Louis-Octave	Gorgier	Neuchâtel	21 II 1854 l'Australie
BOUVIER Alphonse-Henri	Neuchâtel	Neuchâtel	20 XII 1853 l'Australie
BOUVIER Louis, vigneron	Neuchâtel	Neuchâtel	15 I 1853 la Nouvelle-Hollande
BRAILLARD Jacques-Henri	Gorgier	Saint-Aubin	22 XII 1853 l'Australie
BREGUET Frédéric	Coffrane	Coffrane	19 XII 1853 l'Australie
BREGUET Frédéric-Ulysse	Coffrane	Les Planchettes	5 X 1852 l'Australie
BREGUET Julie-Fanny	Coffrane	Coffrane	5 I 1854 l'Australie
de CASTELLA Charles-Hubert	Fribourg	Neuchâtel	30 XI 1853 l'Australie
CHARLES Georges-Alfred	Cornaux	Cornaux	22 VIII 1858 l'Australie
CHARLES Henri-Adolphe	Cornaux	Cornaux	2 IX 1856 l'Australie
CLERC Henri-Louis	Cormondrèche	Corcelles	10 XI 1856 l'Australie
CLERC Henri-Louis	Cormondrèche	Corcelles	29 XII 1853 l'Australie
CLOTTU Charles-Auguste	Cornaux	Cornaux	26 VII 1855 l'Australie
CLOTTU Jean-Edouard (dit CLOTTU, Gros)	Cornaux	Cornaux	26 VII 1855 l'Australie
CLOTTU Jean-Pierre	Cornaux	Cornaux	15 X 1860 l'Australie
COLIN Charles, vigneron	Corcelles	Corcelles	30 IX 1852 la Nouvelle-Hollande
CORNU Victor-Frédéric	Corcelles	Corcelles	27 X 1853 l'Australie
DAVOINE Alexandre	Marin	Marin	27 III 1854 l'Australie
DEBROT Henri-Alexandre	Brot	Fretereules	31 I 1853 l'Australie
DIACON Frédéric-Louis (allié BENOIT)	Dombresson	Neuchâtel	9 II 1853 l'Australie
DROZ-(dit-BUSSET) Paul-Henri	Le Locle	Les Brenets	17 I 1853 l'Australie
DUCOMMUN Emile	Brot	Champ-du-Moulin	8 II 1853 l'Australie
DUMARCHE (Dumarché) Frédéric	Neuchâtel	Neuchâtel	1 II 1854 l'Australie
DUMONT Jules-Frédéric	Le Locle	Cornaux	27 VIII 1857 l'Australie
DUMONT Lise-Marguerite	Le Locle	Cornaux	8 VII 1858 l'Australie
FAVARGER Jules-Auguste, vigneron	La Coudre	La Coudre	14 III 1853 l'Australie
FAVRE Frédéric-Alexandre	Boveresse	Boveresse	3 I 1854 l'Australie

FRASSE Eugène	Brot	Fretereules	31 I 1853 l'Australie
GARO Louis-Aimé	Cortaillod	La Neuveville	10 IX 1855 l'Australie
GIRARDIER Augustin	Rochefort	Auvernier	3 II 1853 l'Australie
GRELLET Julien-Frédéric	Boudry	Boudry	2 II 1853 l'Australie
GRELLET Paul-Frédéric	Boudry	Boudry	2 II 1853 l'Australie
JACOT Ulysse	Le Locle	Le Locle	24 I 1854 l'Australie
JAQUET Alphonse	Rochefort	Montézillon	24 XII 1853 l'Australie
JAQUET Frédéric-Louis	Rochefort	Rochefort	17 II 1854 l'Australie
JEANHENRY Auguste	Marin	Marin	17 III 1853 l'Australie
JEANNERET Jämes	Travers	Boudry	12 III 1859 l'Australie
JEANNET Henri-François	Noiraigue	Boudry	12 III 1859 l'Australie
JEANRICHARD (dit BRESSEL) R.-H.-E.	La Sagne	Les Eplatures	6 VI 1854 l'Australie
JUNIER Charles-Adolphe	Saint-Aubin	Voens	9 XI 1860 l'Australie
JUNIER François-Louis	Saint-Aubin	Marin	27 III 1854 l'Australie
JUNIER Samuel-Henri	Saint-Aubin	Voens	22 IV 1858 l'Australie
JUNOD Gustave-Eugène	Auvernier	Auvernier	19 XI 1860 l'Australie
JUNOD Henri	Lignières	Colombier	28 VIII 1856 l'Australie
JUNOD Louis-Alphonse	Auvernier	Auvernier	14 VI 1860 l'Australie
KRAMER Charles-Frédéric	(suisse alémanique)	Colombier	27 I 1853 l'Australie
L'ECUYER Henri-Louis	Neuchâtel	Colombier	27 I 1853 l'Australie
L'EPLATTENIER Lucien	Geneveys-sur-Coffrane	Neuchâtel	24 II 1854 l'Australie
LAMBELET Frédéric-Henri	Meudon	Les Verrières	27 III 1854 l'Australie
LANDRY Frédéric	Les Verrières	Neuchâtel	11 I 1854 l'Australie
LATOUR Charles-Alphonse	Môtiers	Môtiers	5 VII 1854 l'Australie
LEQUIN Louis-Frédéric	Fleurier	La Chaux-de-Fonds	7 III 1854 l'Australie
LEUBA Louis-Constant	Buttes	Hauterive	11 IV 1860 l'Australie
LEUBA Louis-Constant	Buttes	Hauterive	14 I 1854 l'Australie
LEUBA Louis-Ernest	Buttes	Colombier	15 XI 1853 l'Australie
LOZERON Jean	Gorgier	Le Locle	8 I 1853 la Nouvelle-Hollande
MAILLER Charles-Jean-François	Neuchâtel	Neuchâtel	1 II 1854 l'Australie
MAILLER Madeleine	Neuchâtel	Neuchâtel	30 I 1854 l'Australie
MARTHE Auguste	Gorgier	Neuchâtel	24 II 1854 l'Australie

MARTIN Charles-Alexandre	Peseux	Peseux	10 XII 1859 l'Australie
MARTIN Jules-Auguste	Peseux	Peseux	22 VII 1854 l'Australie
MATHEY Marianne	Le Locle	Neuchâtel	13 I 1854 l'Australie
MATILE Jules-Ernest	La Sagne	La Chaux-de-Fonds	14 X 1853 l'Australie
MATTHEY-de-l'ENDROIT F.-Auguste	Le Locle	Saint-Blaise	31 X 1859 l'Australie
MATTHEY-GUENET Alfred-Henri	Le Locle	Neuchâtel	9 II 1854 l'Australie
MATTHEY-GUENET Philippe-Henri	Le Locle	Neuchâtel	9 I 1854 l'Australie
MENTHA Alexandre	Cortaillod	Vaumarcus	6 IV 1854 l'Australie
MIEVILLE (Miéville) Julien	Colombier	Colombier	6 IX 1852 la Nouvelle-Hollande
MIEVILLE Jacques	Colombier	Colombier	9 IX 1852 la Nouvelle-Hollande
MOREL François-Louis	Colombier	Colombier	3 I 1854 l'Australie
MOREL Gustave-Adolphe	Colombier	Colombier	30 XII 1853 l'Australie
MOREL Henri	Colombier	Colombier	13 IX 1854 l'Australie
NADENBOUSCH Alphonse-Joseph	(allemand)	Peseux	12 XI 1861 l'Australie
NICOLE Samuel-Adolphe	Rochefort	Rochefort	3 II 1852 la Nouvelle-Hollande
NYFFENECKER Charles-Daniel	(suisse alémanique)	Marin	6 X 1853 l'Australie
OTHENIN-GIRARD Fritz	Le Locle	Les Eplatures	6 VI 1854 l'Australie
PARIS Paul	Peseux	Neuchâtel	29 X 1861 l'Australie
PERDRISAT Auguste	Onnens (Vaud)	Neuchâtel	21 I 1852 la Nouvelle-Hollande
PERDRISAT Louis-A.-Auguste, jardinier	Onnens (Vaud)	?	9 II 1849 la Nouvelle-Hollande
PERNET Henri-Louis	Montalchez	Montalchez	22 XII 1853 l'Australie
PERREGAUX Louis-Ulysse	Travers	Colombier	2 V 1853 l'Australie
PERRET Lucien-Ernest	La Sagne	Le Locle	31 III 1854 l'Australie
PERSOZ Jules-Adolphe	Cressier	Cressier	3 IV .... l'Australie
PETITJEAN Louis	Saint-Blaise	Saint-Blaise	29 XI 1853 la Nouvelle-Hollande
PHILIPPIN Abram	Corcelles	Cormondrèche	2 XI 1857 l'Australie
PORRET Charles-Henri, vigneron	Fresens	Fresens	29 V 1855 l'Australie

PORRET Jean-François, vigneron	Fresens	Fresens	8 IV 1858 l'Australie
PORRET Pierre-Louis	Fresens	Cormondrèche	29 XII 1853 l'Australie
PRINCE (dit CLOTTU) Jean-François	Saint-Blaise	Saint-Blaise	7 I 1854 l'Australie
QUARTIER (dit MAIRE) Abram	Les Brenets	Le Locle	21 II 1854 l'Australie
RENAUD Auguste Rochefort et	Corcelles	Neuchâtel	16 XI 1853 l'Australie
RICHARD Eugène	Fontaines	Fontaines	26 I 1854 l'Australie
ROGNON Antoine-Louis	Montalchez	Neuchâtel	3 II 1853 l'Australie
ROGNON Antoine-Louis	Montalchez	Neuchâtel	9 II 1854 l'Australie
ROGNON Charles	Montalchez	Chez-le-Bart	22 XII 1853 l'Australie
ROQUIER Henri-Louis	Neuchâtel	Corcelles	29 XII 1853 l'Australie
ROSSEL Louis	Hauterive	Hauterive	12 I 1854 l'Australie
ROUGEMONT	Saint-Aubin	Chez-le-Bart	22 XII 1853 l'Australie
ROUGEMONT Auguste-Henri	Saint-Aubin	Saint-Aubin	29 XII 1853 l'Australie
ROULET Henri	La Sagne	Saint-Blaise	24 I 1854 l'Australie
RUEDIN Jean-François	Cressier	Cressier	17 II 1855 l'Australie
RUEDIN Louis, vigneron	Cressier	Cressier	17 IV 1855 l'Australie
TISSOT (dit VOUGEUX)W.-H.	Fontaines	Fontaines	13 I 1854 l'Australie
TISSOT Edouard	Cornaux	Cornaux	16 VII 1857 l'Australie
TISSOT Frédéric	Cornaux	Cornaux	20 VIII 1855 l'Australie
TISSOT Frédéric-Edouard	Cornaux	Cornaux	9 VII 1858 l'Australie
TRIPET Auguste	Saint-Martin	Saint-Martin	16 II 1852 l'Australie
TRIPET Jules	Chézard	Chézard	17 XII 1853 l'Australie
VEUVE Henri-Alfred	Cernier	La Chaux-de-Fonds	3 VI 1853 la Nouvelle-Hollande
VEUVE Zélinne	Cernier	Eplatures	21 IV 1854 l'Australie
VUILLEUMIER David-Henri	La Sagne	Marin	24 IX 1857 l'Australie

Appendix 2

Ships and the Swiss who came

The following list of emigrants to Victoria, in chronological order, has been derived from a number of sources.

- The Public Records Office of Victoria index of the shipping arrivals and for the earlier years, the publication *Passengers to Port Phillip from Commonwealth and Foreign Ports (1838–1851)* compiled and published by Ian A. Hughes. This information came from the shipping intelligence columns of newspapers.
- Inward Correspondence to the Superintendent, Port Phillip District (Public Records Office) 1839–51
- Australian Archives Canberra, Records of Naturalisation

Names marked with an asterisk also appear in the list showing approvals for passports in Neuchâtel in the 1849–60 period (Appendix 1).

Ship **From**

Pyramus, barque, 470 tons Sydney 1839
Mr and Mrs Charles Joseph La Trobe; Agnes La Trobe (aged 2).
They travelled from Sydney to Melbourne in the *Fergusson*.

Mary Sydney 1839
Alexandre and Jean Belperroud, both skilled winegrowers from Cornaux near Neuchâtel. Jean married an Irish girl, Catherine Staunton, three days after arrival in Sydney. They travelled overland to Melbourne in December 1839. They were probably the Neuchâtelois winegrowers referred to by La Trobe in his letter to John Macarthur.

Caroline, barque Feb. 1840
James H. Dardel, possibly the third vigneron to arrive in Victoria from Neuchâtel. La Trobe[1] certainly assisted him to obtain cuttings from Van Diemen's Land on the grounds that 'as a native of Mrs La Trobe's canton, we feel an interest in him'.

Neptune London March 1841
John Dunoyer and family (eight members) who established the Chillon Vineyard at Pollocksford in 1845. He returned to Switzerland in 1872 and his wife, Charlotte Elizabeth, died in 1874.[2] Charlotte Pellet (1800–76), with daughter Rose (3), who joined the La Trobes as housekeeper at 'Jolimont'. Rose later married Frédéric William Amiet.

Platina, barque, 333 tons London July 1842
Passengers: fifty-six. Frédéric Breguet, Passport 58 (Coffrane); Auguste Louis Montandon, Passport 56 (Le Locle); Joseph Antoine Auguste Muller, Passport 57; Henri Petitjean, watchmaker; and David Louis Pettavel (Bôle), resident of Boudry.

Rainbow, barque, 177 tons 1848
Listed as vignerons were Jean Tribolet (St Blaise); Louis Nyffenecker (Marin), François Persot (Cressier), Ferdinand Ramseyer (Cressier), Pierre Kaeser (Cressier), Jean Willener (Cornaux), Jean Puernot (Cornaux) and Samuel Perrotet (Hauterive).

Posthumous, barque, 487 tons London August 1849
Mr and Mrs F. Amiet had their fares paid by Frédéric Breguet and later worked on his property 'Neuchâtel'. The Neuchâtel passport records list Guillaume Amiet*, Jean François Amiet* and Louis Auguste Perdrisat* as applying for passports in 1849.

Royal George, ship, 487 tons London Nov. 1849
Paul de Castella who, after his involvement in the Sonderbund — the league of Catholic cantons whose attempt to break away from the Swiss Confederation provoked a one-month civil war in 1847 — was sent to England by his father and later came to Australia.

King William, barque, 465 tons August 1851
Louis Thetaz (Boudry), Frédéric Guillaume Barbier (Boudry) and H. Barbier (Boudry).

Cheapside, barque, 621 tons London July 1852
Passengers: ninety. Auguste Tripet* (Saint Martin) described as an agriculturist.

Ayrshire, barque, 750 tons London July 1852
Two sisters of David Louis Pettavel; Françoise Eugénie (1819–98), and Henriette Cécile (1815–?).

Medina, barque London March 1853
Passengers: 187. Nine foreigners, with five listed as being French, including Frédéric Ulysse Breguet (16).

Earl of Charlemont, 878 tons Liverpool June 1853
Passengers: 347. Including at least forty-three foreigners. The ship was wrecked off Port Phillip Heads on 17 June 1853. Details of this shipwreck were given in the *Geelong Advertiser*, 24 June 1853 (see detail the end of this Appendix). Identifiable as

Neuchâtelois were Auguste Monod* (28) and his cousin Ferdinand Perdrisat (24), Eugène Frasse* (24), Emile Ducommun* (20), Frédéric Marendaz (30), Charles Frédéric Kramer* (40), Alexis Kramer (13), Auguste Bertholet* (28), Abram Louis Amiet* (44), Louisa (27) and children Charles (11), Gaspard (9), Phillip (4) and Alfred (1), François-Ulysse Berger* (28), Julien Frédéric Grellet* (20), Paul Frédéric Grellet* (17), Frédéric Barbezat* (28), Frédéric Baillot, and Henri Alexandre de Brot*. The remaining twenty-three have French names but are not readily identifiable as Neuchâtelois.

Kenan Hasselaar, ship, 723 tons Hamburg via London January 1854
Passengers: thirty. Clement Deschamps (40), Augustus Deschamps (15) and Louis Deschamps (11), all described as Frenchmen. Clement's wife, Susanne Deschamps (née Duvoisin), arrived in 1856.

Marlborough, ship, 1,292 tons London March 1854
Passengers: 133. Including at least seventeen Swiss (of which two females). The Swiss on the *Marlborough* were: Henri Connut (25), Emile Matile (22), Henri Dumont (25), Jules Darvel (20), Julie Milner (20), Louis Petitjean* (22), Louis Martignier (23), Eugène Simond (25), Catherine Simond (21), Adolphus de Meuron (26), Louis Ernest Leuba* (22), Charles Hubert de Castella* (30), James Henri Dardel (42), Paul Dardel (22), Jonas Veber (20), John Veber (20), and Joseph Danely (20).

Lloyd, ship, 1,069 tons London June 1854
Passengers: 108. The passengers' summary list gives eighty-six passengers of whom twenty-nine were English and fifty-seven foreigners (fifty-one adults and six children). All foreigners are listed as vinedressers. Swiss names easily identified are: Joseph (30) and Louisa (27) Studi* with three daughters (5, 3, 1), Phillipe (27) and Rosa (30) Mathey* and Paul Mathey (4), Marian Mathey*, Paul Henri Druz* (22), Jacques Henri Braillard* (24), Albert Rougemont* (28), Auguste Rougemont* (25), Henri Louis Pernet (39), Charles Rognon* (24), Frédéric Beguin (20), François Jaquet (23), Henri Louis Roquier (24), Louis Barbezat* (19), Henri Aeschlimann (27), François Roulet (30), Louis Tripet* (28), Auguste Favre (30), Frédéric Landry* (29), Pierre Louis Porret* (30), Henri (30) and Sophia (40) Clottu, George Perdrisat (30), Louis Favre (24), and many others. Travelling in cabin class were Frédéric Breguet (45) and a Miss Breguet (16), presumably his niece. Breguet left Melbourne in 1853 and returned a year later with a large number of Neuchâtelois vinedressers.

Medina, ship, 959 tons London July 1854
Passengers: 156. Including five Swiss: Louis* (30) and Caroline (32) Leuba, Louis Bouvier*, Alfred Henri Mathey-Guenet (17) and Antoine Louis Rognon* (21).

Edouard Marie, (Dutch) ship, 542 tons London June 1854
Jean Louis Pidoux (27) from Forait, canton Vaud, a cabinet maker.

Asia, ship, 1397 tons London January 1855
Passengers: 426. The records show two Swiss aboard: Guillaume Psum? (22), a printer, and Thomas Drechou (18).

Louise, barque, 340 tons Hamburg February 1855
The passengers were mainly German or Swiss German, amongst them Jacob Deppeler from Tagenfelden, Germany.

Evening Star ship, 811 tons London February 1856
The passengers totalled fifty-six. Among them were thirty-six English and eighteen Swiss vignerons and vinedressers. David Louis Pettavel travelled cabin class, having returned to Switzerland to recruit labour for his vineyard, including his nephews Charles Louis (18) and Henri François (19) Tétaz, and their cousin Jules Tétaz (30). Also on board were three Marendaz children, Charles (9), Fritz (7), and Charlotte (5), joining up with their father Frédéric after their mother Charlotte (née Gera) had died in 1850. Others were Henri Barbier (25), Charles Duhoux (28), Albert Dayon (28), Pierre Louis Dayon (25), Jules Dayon (18), Felix Duvoisin (28), John Galary (20), Alfred Memberes (26), Marleine Pariy (35), and Justin Rumhoff (21).

Blackwall, ship, 838 tons London October 1856
Passengers: forty-seven. Including Samuel de Pury (21).

Scottish Chief, 1052 tons Liverpool May 1858
Passengers: 264. This ship appears to have carried twenty-nine foreigners with Spanish, German, French and Italian names. There is one group of five Swiss Germans, all possibly from the same town, Thayngen, in the Swiss German part of Switzerland. They were Martin Buchter (22), Johannes Bernath (24), Johannes Stam (22), Herman Schenkel (22), and George Keller.

Donald McKay, ship, 2,560 tons Liverpool July 1858
Louis Tétaz (35) arriving for the second time, Frédéric Auguste Tétaz (27), Paul Banderet (27), Frédéric Banderet (23), F. -P. Banderet (27), and Abram Pechon (37).

Golden Land, 817 tons London August 1864
Passengers: 214. The shipping list records thirty-one vinedressers. Auguste Pierrehumbert was accompanied by his wife and two children. Many of the vinedressers were, judging by their names, either Swiss German or Swiss Italian. The Swiss French who can be clearly identified were Paul Gugger (19), Frédéric Pierrehumbert (42), Auguste Pierrehumbert (27), Marie Pierrehumbert (26) and their children Marie (6), Elvina (1), Henri Betrix (42), Jules Betrix (17), Louise Betrix (16) and Louis Betrix (26), and Jacob Duscher (26). Other surnames that appear under the category of vinedressers are Udrich, Bindich (or Bindith), Ribaux, Belperrin, Beaujon, Scheurer, Schwartz, Itter, Scholl and nine others not easily identified.

Hougoumont Plymouth May 1869
Passengers: 352. Twelve foreigners were aboard: Elizabeth Duscher (18), Johannes Duscher (24), Mavis Duscher (26), Frédéric Deppeler (23), Rosina Gugger (24), Rosina Schwab (20), Marie Hanenstein (21), Jules Bouzle (16), Fréd´ric Burthart, Ernst Hepe, Fritz Kirchhoper (18), and John Weber (24). Both the *Hougoumont* and *Percy* had members of the Gugger and Duscher families on board.

Percy Plymouth February 1870
Jean Pierre Belleville (47), Jean Chevalier (49), Bertha Deppler (17), Charles Eglie, Jacob Duscher (23), Jean Duscher (17), Charles Garin (26), Rudolf Gugger (18), Johannes Gugger (20), Auguste Perret, Henriette Perret and Marie Perret.

Bangalor, barque, 1,178 tons Galle (Sri Lanka) January 1872
Passengers: 221. Including twenty-nine foreigners, among them Henri Louis Pettavel, the nephew of David Louis Pettavel.

Northumberland, ship, 2,178 tonsGravesend May 1877
Passengers: 283. The ship contained thirty-eight foreigners mostly of German, Italian and French origins. The only Neuchâtelois clearly identifiable was Justin Braillard (24) from Gorgier, canton Neuchâtel. It is interesting to note that Justin Braillard signed the death certificate of Louis Tétaz at Nagambie (site of Chateau Tabilk) in 1897.

After the 1880s
The mass immigration of the Swiss French vignerons from Neuchâtel had occurred in the 1850s. By 1880, the flow of people from Neuchâtel associated with vine cultivation and wine production had slowed down and almost ceased.
After the 1880s, many of the vignerons left their surroundings and the Barrabool Hills and plunged into the mainstream of colonial life where today you will meet typical Australians bearing their older Swiss names: Amiet, Breguet, Dardel, Cornu, Dunoyer, Junod, Gascard, Imhoff, Imer, Pettavel, Marendaz, Tétaz, Pilloud and Belperroud.
Shipwreck of the *Earl of Charlemont*, 17 June 1853 (extract from the *Geelong Advertiser*, 24 June 1853)

Inward bound from Liverpool with 435 emigrants and a cargo of coal, iron and general merchandise, the Earl of Charlemont hove to at dusk in wet, squally weather on 17 June, and remained a few miles off Port Phillip Heads, Victoria, until 11 p.m. Then the order was given to wear her and steer off shore until 3 a.m. when a course would be set for Port Phillip. At about 4.30 a.m., when they believed the ship was still about fifteen miles off, she ran into breakers. The helm was put hard to port but the ship struck heavily on a reef and, within ten minutes, the foremast had collapsed and the wheel was carried away. At daylight, the foremast stump and rigging were cut away to lighten the ship up forward and get her onto the beach; then the main topmast rigging and back stays followed, leaving the main yard to get the boats out. However, the vessel fell on her starboard where the rising tide made a clean breach over her. Three boats were launched in an attempt to get a line ashore but all capsized, leaving their crews to struggle ashore. Mr Savage, a steerage passenger, also swam ashore with a line from the jib-boom, enabling a strong rope to be attached between the wreck and the beach. An undamaged lifeboat was slung to the rope by the bow and stern like a cradle, enabling the passengers to land — women and children first, followed by invalids, married men, single men and, last of all, the captain. By 8.30 in the evening, all were safely ashore with the exception of a passenger who died from shock shortly after the vessel struck. His body was eventually recovered from the wreck by his son and buried on the bluff near the remains of the ship. Fires were lit, food brought ashore, some sheep and a bullock from a nearby station killed, then all camped on the beach

overnight. Bullock drays were sent from Geelong and within three days, passengers and crew were comfortably billeted around the town. The ship and cargo were sold at auction on 27 June to W. Burrows for £900 and the boats as they lay on the beach brought £25. The Board of Inquiry investigating the wreck came under severe criticism when, after collecting evidence which proved carelessness on the part of the captain and his officers, and doubtful treatment of the immigrants, it issued a report but took no further action. According to the press, the captain seemed indifferent to the dangerous course of the ship, which was poorly conducted throughout the voyage. Provisions were bad, the interior filthy and a regular trade was carried on in spirits, porter and ale which kept passengers in a constant riot and disorder.

The Earl of Charlemont was built at St John, New Brunswick, Canada in 1849 with two decks, a poop and three masts. Of 883 burthen, her dimensions were 147.8 x 30.6 x 22.7. Her master was Captain William Garner.

Appendix 3

Swiss Connections

Appendix 3 provides more detail about the families who came from Boudry and its surrounding districts and their inter-relationships, and genealogy, prior to their arrival in Victoria. In many of the villages one or two families predominated because it had been their place of origin since before the seventeenth century. Amiet, Barbier and Grellet were large families in Boudry, Pettavel in Bôle, Breguet in Coffrane, Marendaz in Mathod (canton Vaud) and Tétaz in Chamblon (canton Vaud). Parts of several families moved from their place of origin to Boudry in the eighteenth century, probably because of the establishment of a large textile printing industry along the shores of Lake Neuchâtel. By the mid-nineteenth century, villages such as Anet, Auvernier, Bôle, Boudry, Colombier, Coffrane, Cortaillod and Neuchâtel had become the source of the vignerons and vinedressers who flooded into Geelong and Lilydale to establish viticulture in Victoria.

AESCHLIMANN (ESCHLIMANN) Christian

b. 10 March 1773, Langnau, canton Berne

d. 26 December 1810, Salamanca, Spain. Soldier in 'Le Bataillon des Canaris', Neuchâtel Battalion. Also Claude Thetaz died 21 February 1811 at Salamanca. Victory of British and Spanish under Wellington over French forces took place in 1812 at Salamanca. The French lost 15,000 men.

AESCHLIMANN Christian

b. Langnau, probably 1790s

m. 28 November 1812, Saint Blaise, **Marie** or **Marianne BERSOT**

AESCHLIMANN Jacob

m. **Marie Louise PERNET**

origin Trachschwald, canton Berne. Settled in Boudry, children born in early 1800s. One son married **Jeannette Louise TETAZ**.

AESCHLIMANN Charles Louis

par. Christian and Marie (Marianne) née BERSOT
b. 5 April 1825, Saint Blaise, canton Neuchâtel
d. 31 January 1879, Geelong
m. 5 May 1866, Geelong, **Margaret McMILLAN** (1841–1929) from Coatbridge, Scotland
arr. Port Phillip in 1854 on the *Lloyd*
issue: Charles Christopher (1867–1912), Adeline Jane (1868–1953), Alice Marion (1869–87), Emily Balantyne (1871–1951), Louis Charles (1873–1951), Margaret Grace (1875–1954), Ernest Constant (1879–1951).

Charlie Aeschlimann (Louis Charles.1873–1951) was born in Geelong and, until the age of six, lived on the Sugar Loaf Vineyard in the Barrabool Hills owned by his father. His father died in 1879 and Margaret attempted to maintain the vineyard, but the record flood of the Barwon River in 1880 and the onslaught of *phylloxera vastatrix* forced them to move first to Dean's Marsh and then to Ruby Park in 1897. Charlie served with the 4th Victorian Bushmen (Mounted) Contingent in the Boer War.

Source: Edgar Charles Hawkes (grandson of Louis Charles).

AMIET

The **AMIET** family from Boudry has a long record of service in Boudry, being there before the 1600s. In the period 1750–1800 there were at least six large Amiet families in Boudry. From two of the families came the emigrants to Australia.

AMIET Abraham Louis

par. Abram and Rose, née BARBIER
b. 1809, Boudry, canton Neuchâtel
d. 1872, Geelong
m. 1st Switzerland, **Susanne Henriette AESCHLIMANN**
issue: Charles Albert (1840), Gustave (1844–62)
m. 2nd Switzerland, **Marie Louise DUCOMMUN**
issue: Louis Phillipe (1849), Alfred Léon (1852)
arr. Port Phillip heads on *Earl of Charlemont*. Accompanied by Marie Louise and four children.

AMIET Frédéric Guillaume

g.par. David Guillaume and Marie, née BARBIER
par. Abraham Guillaume (1792) and Susanne, née RICHARD
b. 1827, Boudry

d. 1864. Frédéric was killed returning from the goldfields. His young widow put a manager into 'The Hermitage' at Murgheboluc and moved to Inverleigh.
m. 1854, **Rose Augustine PELLET** par. Jean and Charlotte, divorced 30 September 1840. Charlotte Pellet (1800–76) became the housekeeper for the La Trobe family at Jolimont.
arr. Port Phillip in 1849 on *Posthumous*
issue: Frédéric (1855), Abraham Louis (1857), Charlotte Sophie (1859) and Edward William (1862).

Frédéric m.	**Sarah NICHOLSON** (8 children)
m.	**Ida Mary ROGERS** (1 child)
Abraham Louis m.	**Ellen CARPENTER** (4 children)
Charlotte Sophie m.	**Alexander McCALLUM** (5 children)
Edward William m.	**Elizabeth BEGLEY** (5 children)

Source: M. Lleonart, Pearce, Australian Capital Territory; Joan M. Ritchie, Bondi, New South Wales; Andrew Amiet, Maribyrnong, Victoria; Mrs Joy Harley, Caulfield, Victoria.

AMIET Jean François
g.par. David Guillaume and Marie née BARBIER
par. Abraham Guillaume (1792) and Susanne, née RICHARD
b. 1823 , Boudry
m. 1854, **Eleonora BIESKE**
arr. Port Phillip in 1849 on *Posthumous*
issue: François (1854), William Charles (1863), Laura (1865), Mary Louisa (1867) and Anna Rosina (1868).

AMIET Louis Philippe
g.par. Abram and Rose, née BARBIER
par. Abraham Louis and Marie Louise, née DUCOMMUN
b. 1849, Switzerland
m. 1870, **Mary Alexandra MUNRO**
arr. Port Phillip in 1856 on *Earl of Charlemont*
issue: Mary Louise (1872), Clara (1875), Agnes (1877), Abram Louis (1879), Adelaide Mary (1881), Charles Albert (1884), Amelia Marguerite (1886).

AMIET Rose Henriette (see TETAZ Jules Adolphe)
g.par. Frédéric Guillaume and Marianne née MAULAZ
par. Daniel Henri (1806) and Marie née MARET
b. 1842, Boudry
m. 1876 Boudry, **Jules Adolphe TETAZ**

issue: Henri Adolphe (1876–79), Marguerite Adele (1878–1968), Charles Emile (1881–1970).

BARBIER

The **BARBIER** families were in Boudry before the sixteenth century. According to birth and marriage records, they were one of the most prolific families in Boudry. Marriage records for Boudry between 1699 and 1823 give an indication of the size of families in Boudry in this period. There were marriages for 159 BARBIER, 101 AMIET, 38 GRELLET, 20 GRETILLAT, 20 MARTENET, 4 PETTAVEL, 30 PERRET, 14 POMEY, 28 RESSON, 3 SUCHARD, 7 TETAZ and 70 VERDONNET. Records show five key Barbier families were in Boudry in the mid-1700s.

BARBIER Frédéric Guillaume

g.par. David and Joanne Salome, née PERRET
par. Jonas Henri (1801) and Rose Marguerite, née AMIET
b. 13 February 1828, Boudry
d. 1874
m. 1853, **Françoise Eugénie PETTAVEL**
arr. Port Phillip in 1851 on *King William*
issue: Emile Frédéric (1854), Frédéric (1855), Jonas Henri (1857), and twins Eugène and Eugénie (1862)

BARBIER David Henri

g.par. David and Joanne Salome, née PERRET
par. Jonas Henri (1801) and Rose Marguerite, née AMIET
b. 1830, Boudry
arr. Port Phillip in 1851 on *King William*

BARBIER Auguste Henri

g.par. David and Joanne Salome, née PERRET
par. Jonas Henri (1801) and Rose Marguerite, née AMIET
b. 1833, Boudry
arr. Port Phillip in 1856 on *Evening Star*

BARBIER Cécile Françoise (see TETAZ Jules Frédéric)

g.par. David and Joanne Salome, née PERRET
par. Jonas Henri (1801) and Rose Marguerite, née AMIET
b. 1840, Boudry
m. **Jules Frédéric TETAZ**
d. 1905, Boudry
issue: Rose Susanne, Jules Frédéric (1878)

BREGUET

The name **BREGUET**[1] comes from 'Brega' or 'Bruit' in French, possibly meaning they were people who spoke loudly. There are two distinct lines, one in Neuchâtel and the other in Coffrane, near Neuchâtel; possibly they were connected before the fourteenth century. The armories of both families are similar, the Neuchâtel family has one star and a fish, the Coffrane line has three stars and a fish.

To the Neuchâtel line belonged Abram Louis Breguet (1747–1823), the celebrated watchmaker, member of Academy of Science and called the 'GREAT BREGUET'. The Australian Breguets descend from the Coffrane line.

BREGUET Frédéric

g.g.par. David (1717–53) and Marie Elisabeth, née PERREGAUX (d. 1783)
g.par. Daniel (1748–75) and Jeanne Marguerite, née THARIN (1748–1826)
par. Abram Louis (1776) and Julianne, née MOREL
b. 21 December 1813, Coffrane
m. 1st 6 June 1849, **Elizabeth OSWIN** at Warringal (Heidelberg). Elizabeth died 3 February 1854 aged forty-one years, whilst Frédéric was on a recruiting visit to Switzerland. There were no children. He arrived back on the *Lloyd* in June 1854.
m. 2nd 1859, **Helen PERRY** in Geelong
arr. 1st arrival Port Phillip in 1842 on the *Platina*
arr. 2nd arrival Port Phillip in 1854 on the *Lloyd*
issue: Mary Helen (1860–1922) and Julian (1866). Mary Helen married **Reverend Robert William THOMPSON** in Geelong in 1880, and Julian married **Emma BOLTZMANN** in 1891.

Source: Donald Murray Thompson, Browlee, New South Wales; Mrs Ruth Dwyer, Hawthorn, Victoria.

BREGUET Frédéric Ulysse

g.g.par. Daniel (1748–1775) and Jeanne Marguerite, née THARIN (1748–1826)
g.par. Abram Louis (1776) and Julianne, née MOREL
par. Justin Felicien and Justine, née LE PLATTENIER
b. 1833, Coffrane
d. 23 June 1914
arr. Port Phillip in 1853 on the *Medina*
m. 1st 1859, **Hannah ARNOLD**, Ceres. Issue: Justine Laura (1861–61) and Gustave Adolphe (1862)
m. 2nd **Catherine BAGLIN** (1843–1904)
issue: Frédéric William (1865–84), Abram Louis (1866–67), Fanny Elizabeth

(1867), Justin Auguste (1869), Mary Helen (1870), Laura Alice (1872), Albert Augustin (1873), Lucy Cécile (1875), Charles Benjamin (1877–1959), Josephine (1878), David Ulysses (1881–1962), Hannah Jane (1883–1968), Frédéric William (1884–1976), Esther (1885–85), and Leslie (1890–1983).

BREGUET Julie Fanny

g.g.par. Daniel (1748–1775) and Jeanne Marguerite, née THARIN (1748–1826)
g.par. Abram Louis (1776) and Julianne, née MOREL
par. Justin Felicien and Justine, née LE PLATTENIER
b. 1835, Coffrane, sister of Frédéric Ulysse Breguet
arr. Port Phillip 1854 on the *Lloyd* with her uncle Frédéric Breguet

GRELLET

'La Famille Grellet' in the publication *Patrie Neuchâteloise*, Volume IV, details the history of the **GRELLET** family of Boudry, the opening paragraphs are as follows: *The first Grellet began their rapid expansion in the picturesque market town of Boudry, closed first by doors and towers, on the crest of a spur with roofs inclining towards running water. It is on the banks of the Areuse, they were there well before Marat or Philippe Suchard. The Grellets were in Boudry in 1343 and in Neuchâtel in the 15th century.*

In regional dialect, 'a grelet, grellet or grelot' was formerly a type of goblet, more often of pewter, that one offers in the way of a souvenir. This object, sometimes very elegant, does not appear to have been used in the crest of the Grellet.

Like the Perrochet and other excellent bourgeois families, without splashing any prestige title or wealth, they provided to the country a shower of intelligent and convincing service — 20 mayors, 5 town secretaries, 4 lieutenants of justice and 5 ministers.

Jean Grellet (1852–1918) has compiled a 'Chronology of the family Grellet' containing details of other families related to Grellets, such as Bovet, Vust, Vashon, Baker, Vouga, Robert, Bonhute, Perrin, Du Pasquier and Weyermann.

The genealogical line of Julien Frédéric (1833–91) and Paul Frédéric (1836–?) is as follows:

Guillaume (1615–1706) m.	**Antonia FORNACHON**
Pierre (d. 1719) m.	**Jeanne MARCHAND**
Guillaume (1700) m.	**Elizabeth BARBIER**
Abraham Frédéric m.	**Elizabeth AMIET**
Abraham Guillaume m.	**Domille GRELLET**
Jean Frédéric (1810–43) m.	**Henriette SCHIEFERLI**

GRELLET Julien Frédéric

g.par. Abraham Guillaume and Domille, née GRELLET
par. Jean Frédéric and Henriette, née SCHIEFERLI
b. 7 October 1833, Boudry
d. 1891, Victoria
m. **Hannah HORNE**
arr. Port Phillip in June 1853 on the *Earl of Charlemont*
issue: Julien Frédéric (1865), Auguste Alfred (1868) and Fanny Louisa (1873). Julien Frédéric was born in Ballarat and the others at Ararat.

GRELLET Paul Frédéric

g.par. Abraham Guillaume and Domille, née GRELLET
par. Jean Frédéric and Henriette, née SCHIEFERLI
b. 11 March 1836, Boudry
d. Victoria
m. **Maria PASCOE**
arr. Port Phillip in June 1853 on the *Earl of Charlemont*
issue: Records show children being born at Batesford in 1863; by 1867 births were at Ararat, Moyston and Great Western. Julien Frédéric (1863), Harriet Fanny (1866), Paul Henry (1867), Paul (1870), George Frédéric (1874), Anne Marie (1876), Annie (1877–77), Frédéric (1878), and Louise (1881).

Source: Current family contact Frédéric Charles Grellet, Great Western, Victoria.

MARENDAZ

The place of origin of the **MARENDAZ** was the village of Rances (1446), canton Vaud near Yverdon on the southern tip of Lake Neuchâtel. The main branch came from Mathod established 1500, Mathod being a village adjacent to Rances. Two of the families left Mathod around 1750 and resettled in Colombier. Part of the Colombier Marendaz later moved to Boudry. The Australian Marendaz line comes from Colombier.

Adam Marendaz 1670s,	Mathod
Pierre Abraham m.	**Jeanne PELAU**, Mathod
Jacob (1738) m.	**Marguerite MAIRE**, Mathod
Jean Louis (1763) m.	**Mariane CHUAT**, Colombier
Frédéric (1820) m.	**Charlotte GERA*** (1820–50), Colombier

* daughter of Jean Baptiste GERA from Agogna near Milan, Italy. First wife of Frédéric Marendaz.

MARENDAZ Frédéric

g.par. Jacob and Marguerite, née MAIRE
par. Jean Louis and Mariane, née CHUAT
b. 1820, Colombier
d. Victoria
m. 1st **Charlotte GERA**, Switzerland
m. 2nd 1854 **Henriette Cecile HUMKE**, née **PETTAVEL**
arr. Frédéric arrived in Port Phillip in 1853 on the *Earl of Charlemont* and his three children Charles Frédéric, Frédéric (1848–1930) and Charlotte Julie came, in 1856, on the *Evening Star* with David Pettavel and the Tétaz brothers and cousin.
issue: 1st marriage — Charles Frédéric (1847), Frédéric (1848–1930) and Charlotte Julie (1850–1909). 2nd marriage — Rose Cécile (1856) and Frédéric Eugène (1859–90).

Charles Frédéric m.	**Mary Anne KIDD** (6 children)
Frédéric m.	**Sarah Anne HOBBS** (8 children)
———— m.	**Polly YOUNG** (4 children)
Charlotte Julia m.	**Jean SCHAFFER** (2 children)
———— m.	**Charles MAURER** (4 children)
Rose Cécile m.	**Henri Louis PETTAVEL** (5 children)
Frédéric Eugène m.	**Eugénie BARBIER** (5 children)

Source: Ross Sinclair, Mannerim, Victoria; Jean Wilkes, Newtown, Geelong.

PERDRISAT

The place of origin of **PERDRISAT** is Onnens, canton Vaud. Four children of Jean Louis and Marie Françoise, née POTTERAT applied for passports to Australia.

PERDRISAT Louis Alexandre

b. 1823, Neuchâtel
d. 10 May 1899, Coghill's Creek near Ballarat
arr. Port Phillip in 1849 on the *Posthumous*
Source: Mary M. Perdrisat, Lethbridge, Victoria.

PERDRISAT Auguste

b. 1824, Neuchâtel
d. February 1859 at Steiglitz
m. Not married
Source: Mary M. Perdrisat, Lethbridge, Victoria.

PERDRISAT Sophia

b. 1827, Neuchâtel
d. 16 May 1902, Melbourne
m. July 1859 at Geelong, **Auguste MONOD** born Rolle, canton Vaud, who arrived on the *Earl of Charlemont* June 1853 with his cousin, Ferdinand PERDRISAT.
arr. Port Phillip in December 1856 on the *Marco Polo*
issue: Two sons, Alfred and Ernest. Auguste died aged fifty and Sophia taught music and French to support herself and family.

PERDRISAT Ferdinand

b. 1828, Neuchâtel
d. 14 September 1895, buried at Lethbridge
m. March 1859, Geelong, **Ernestine Pauline BAENSCH** of Germantown.
arr. Geelong, June 1853, on the *Earl of Charlemont*
issue There were fourteen children, eleven of whom reached adulthood.
Source: Mary M. Perdrisat, Lethbridge, Victoria.

PERROTTET

The canton of Neuchâtel was one of civil unrest when Samuel **PERROTTET** of Hauterive and seven of his compatriots left in 1848 to work in Australia. The compatriots were J.-François GUENOT, Pierre KAESER, Louis NYFFENECKER, François PERSOT, Ferdinand RAMSEYER, Jean TRIBOLET and Jean WILLENER.

b. Hauterine
d. 20 August 1907, 'Trangie', New South Wales
m. 7 January 1861, Duneed, Mt Moriac, **Catherine CRAVEN** from County Roscommon, Ireland.
arr. Port Phillip in 1848 on the *Rainbow*
issue: Charles Samuel (1861), John Henri (1863), Charles Louis (1866), Samuel Alfred (1869), Thomas (1870), Mary Anne (1875), Francis Joseph (1878), Catherine Ellen (1881) and Bernard James (1884).

Samuel and Catherine Perrottet started their married life at 'Barwondale' and then moved in 1870 to Glenormiston and later to their property 'Rosewood' in Trangie, New South Wales.

Source: Mrs Jan Ross, great grand-daughter of Samuel Perrottet, Picton, New South Wales.

PETTAVEL

From church records, it is evident that the **PETTAVEL** family were present in Bôle before 1650 with many distinct family lines, indicating that their common ancestors were possibly there in the sixteenth century. David Louis Pettavel came from one family that had settled in Boudry around 1780.

PETTAVEL David Louis

g.par. Jonas (Bôle) and Judith, née VERDONNET (Boudry), in 1775.
par. Jonas Henri (1782–1824) and Elizabeth, née ROQUIER
b. 13 April 1817, Boudry
d. 22 June1871, Victoria Vineyard, Waurn Ponds
m. 1847 Christ Church, Geelong to **Esther KEANAN,** born 1808 County Formagh, Ireland, died 1888 Bannockburn, Victoria.
arr. 1st Port Phillip 1842 on *Platina*
arr. 2nd Port Phillip January 1856 on *Evening Star*
issue: None

PETTAVEL Henri Edward

g.par. Jonas (Bôle) and Judith, née VERDONNET (Boudry) in 1775
par. Jonas Henri (1782–1824) and Elizabeth, née ROQUIER
b. 8 March 1809, Boudry
m. **Susanne Louise BOILLET**
issue: Adele Esther (1849), Henri Louis (1852)

PETTAVEL Marguerite Augustine (see TETAZ Pierre Louis)

g.par. Jonas (Bôle) and Judith, née VERDONNET (Boudry) in 1775
par. Jonas Henri (1782–1824) and Elizabeth, née ROQUIER
b. 19 December 1813, Boudry
d. 25 July 1890, Boudry
m. 1835 in Boudry to **Pierre Louis TETAZ**
issue: Henri François (1836–57), Charles Louis (1837–97), Jules Adolphe (1839–1912), Louise Henriette (1843–1907).

PETTAVEL Françoise Eugénie (see BARBIER Frédéric Guillaume)

g.par. Jonas (Bôle) and Judith, née VERDONNET (Boudry) in 1775
par. Jonas Henri (1782–1824) and Elizabeth, née ROQUIER
b. 29 September 1819
d. 20 August 1898
m. 1854 Geelong to **Frédéric Guillaume BARBIER**
arr. Port Phillip in July 1852 on the *Ayrshire*
issue: Emile (1854–66), Frédéric (1855), Jonas Henri (1857–77), and twins Eugène and Eugénie born in 1862.

PETTAVEL Henriette Cécile (see MARENDAZ Frédéric)

g.par. Jonas (Bôle) and Judith, née VERDONNET (Boudry) in 1775
par. Jonas Henri (1782–1824) and Elizabeth, née ROQUIER
b. 25 April 1815, Boudry
m. 1st Switzerland, **HUMKE**. No issue
m. 2nd 20 September 1854, Christ Church, Geelong, to **Frédéric MARENDAZ**
arr. Port Phillip in July 1852 on the *Ayrshire*
issue: Rose Cécile (1856) and Frédéric Eugène (1859–90)

PETTAVEL Henri Louis

g.par. Jonas Henri (1782–1824) and Elizabeth, née ROQUIER
par. Henri Edouard and Susanne Louise, née BOILLET
b. 1852, Boudry
d. 1884
m. 1873 **Rose Cécile MARENDAZ**
arr. Port Phillip in January 1872 on the *Bangalor*
issue: Eugène or Eugénie (1873–73), Charles Albert (1876–1921), Marie Louise (1875), Timothy John (1878–1918), David Louis (1879) and John Louis (1881). Timothy John is believed to have been William Henri Pettavel killed in action at Villiers, France, 4 May 1918.

Source: Lyle and Kerryn Leach, Toora, Victoria.

TETAZ (THETAZ)

The 'Golden Book of Families of Vaud' (Editions Spec, Lausanne) considers Testaz as being indigenous to the canton of Vaud. This Vaudoise line originated in Bex,[2] a valley east of Lausanne, in the fifteenth century where the name was Testa, Testaz or Teste. Two brothers left Bex before 1550 and re-established themselves in Chamblon (near Yverdon). The spelling **TETAZ** first appears with Henri Elie, born 1687. Chamblon became the place of origin for the Tétaz family and their lineage there can be traced back to David Testaz[3] and Sarah Pillard.

Five generations later, Pierre Joseph Tétaz (1738–1866) had twenty-one children in Chamblon by two wives, Susanne Barraud (2), and Judith Glardon (19), over the period 1760–90. After 1790, the family left Chamblon and re-established themselves in Boudry, in the principality of Neuchâtel. Of their fourteen sons, the second eldest Jean Pierre (1766–1843) established himself as a vigneron in Boudry and another son Henri Louis (1772–1848) worked in the 'Indienne' calico printing industry in Boudry. Jean Pierre (1766–1843) had two sons Abram Henri (1798–1892), who worked as a coach builder in Boudry, and Pierre Louis (1811–92),

who was a vigneron in the region around Boudry. These two brothers sent five Tétaz sons to Geelong as vignerons and vinedressers.

TETAZ Abram Henri

g.g.g.par. Jean Jacques (1655) and Elizabeth, née FLAXION
g.g.par. Henri Elie (1687) and Jeannette, née LAMBERT
g.par. Pierre Joseph (1738–1816) and Susanne, née BARRAUD
par. Jean Pierre (1766) and Susanne Elizabeth, née FAVARGER (d. 1855)
b. 13 April 1798, Boudry
d. 17 November 1882, Boudry
m. Boudry, **Susanne Marie EVA** (1799–1885)
issue: Marie Louise (1821–1905), Henri Louis (1823–97), Jules Frédéric (1825–1907), Abram Henri (1826–1904), Cécile Fanny (1828–78), Frédéric Auguste (1830–1905), Jean Pierre (1833), Susanne Louise (1835).

TETAZ Pierre Louis

g.g.g.par. Jean Jacques (1655) and Elizabeth, née FLAXION
g.g.par. Henri Elie (1687) and Jeannette, née LAMBERT
g.par. Pierre Joseph (1738–1816) and Susanne, née BARRAUD
par. Jean Pierre (1766) and Susanne Elizabeth, née FAVARGER (d. 1855)
b. 24 February 1811, Boudry
d. 25 September 1892, Boudry
m. 1835 at Boudry **Marguerite Augustine PETTAVEL**
issue: Henri François (1836–56), Charles Louis (1837–97), Jules Adolphe (1839–1912), Louise Henriette (1843–1907).

TETAZ Henri Louis

par. Abram Henri and Susanne Marie, née EVA
b. 1823, Boudry
d. 1897, Nagambie, Victoria
m. Not married
arr. 1st Port Phillip in August 1851 on *King William*
arr. 2nd Port Phillip in July–August 1858 on *Donald McKay*

TETAZ Jules Frédéric

par. Abram Henri and Susanne Marie, née EVA
b. 1823, Boudry
d. 7 April 1907, Boudry
m. Boudry, **Cécile Françoise BARBIER**
arr. Port Phillip in January 1856 on *Evening Star*
Returned to Boudry and stayed in Switzerland
issue: Rose Susanne (1863–1947), Jules Frédéric (1878)

TETAZ Frédéric Auguste

par. Abram Henri and Susanne Marie, née EVA
b. 12 September 1830, Boudry
d. 26 December 1905, Mulhouse, France
arr. Port Phillip in July–August 1858 on *Donald McKay*
m. 1st Boudry, **Marie Augustine MADER**
issue: Auguste Louis (1858), Charles Auguste (1855–32), Marie Louise (1856)
m. 2nd Geelong **Julia Louise STUDI** (1852–1915)
issue: Clara Sophie (1872), Albert Henri (1874–1924), Marie Helen (1878), Cécile Maud (1881–1961)

TETAZ Henri François

par. Pierre Louis and Marguerite Augustine, née PETTAVEL
b. 29 April 1836, Boudry
d. 1856, Geelong, by accident
arr. Port Phillip January 1856 on *Evening Star*

TETAZ Charles Louis

par. Pierre Louis and Marguerite Augustine, née PETTAVEL
b. 5 August 1837, Boudry
d. 28 August 1897, Colac, Victoria
arr Port Phillip, January 1856, on *Evening Star*
m. Parish Church of St. Paul's, Geelong, 9 September 1863, **Mary GUNDRY**
issue: François Louis (1864–1920), Mary Augustine (1866–1949), Elizabeth Henriette (1868–1946), Hannah Rachael (1870–1943), Louise Alberta (1872), Esther Pettavel (1874–1958), Charles Adolphe (1878–1947)

TETAZ Jules Adolphe

par. Pierre Louis and Marguerite Augustine, née PETTAVEL
b. 17 April 1839, Boudry
d. 1912, Boudry
m. at Boudry, **Rose Henriette AMIET**
issue: Henri Adolphe (1876–79), Marguerite Adele (1878–1968), Charles Emile (1881–1970)

TETAZ Charles Adolphe

par. Frédéric Auguste and Marie Augustine, née MADER
b. 11 May 1855, Boudry
d. 9 March 1932, Riedisheim, France; his wife died in a bombardment by American forces in 1944.
m. 30 March 1864 to **Emma HAPPE**

issue: René Georges (5 July 1895) at Olten, Switzerland, and Liliane (26 June 1900) at Bôle, Switzerland.

Charles Adolphe was the family genealogist responsible for tracing the Tétaz origins back to 1409. In Mulhouse, France, he established the factory of Wegelin, Tétaz & Company to manufacture dyestuffs.

TETAZ Charles Emile

g.par. Pierre Louis and Marguerite Augustine, née PETTAVEL
par. Jules Adolphe and Rose Henriette, née AMIET
b. Boudry, 1881
d. 1970
issue: Marguerite Esther (1910--89) and Yvette Andrée (1912). Marguerite Esther married **Harry WERZ** and Yvette Andrée married **Raymond ULDRY**.

The letters of Charles Louis Tétaz to his parents and brother Jules Adolphe were kept by Madame Marguerite Werz and Madame Yvette Uldry.

TETAZ Numa Adolphe

g.g.par. Abram Henri (1826–1904) and Marie, née BOLLE
g.par. Henri Adolphe (1851–1934) and Emma, née JUVET
par. Numa Emile (1879–1940) and Helen Terese, née HOPPEN
b. 25 January 1903
d. Genève, 1986
m. 1st **Zelida THIESCH**
issue: Numa Adolphe (1926), Alice Marguerite (1928)
m. 2nd **Inge Borg DRIESCH**
issue: None

The first contact in modern times with a Tétaz in Switzerland was with Helen Terese Tétaz, née Hoppen, aged ninety-three and living in Zürich, and the mother of Numa Adolphe Tétaz, then sixty-nine years old, living in Genève. Numa Adolphe was given the genealogical information on the Tétaz family in 1927 by Charles Auguste Tétaz. From these family charts, Numa located Marguerite Werz and Yvette Uldry, grand-daughters of Jules Adolphe and Rose Henriette Tétaz, née Amiet, who had in their possession the letters of Charles Louis Tétaz from 1856 to 1897.

TETAZ, First Generation Australian

Children of Charles Louis and Mary Tétaz, née GUNDRY
FRANÇOIS LOUIS (1864–1920) married Emma Jane, née RUGLEN. There were

three children, Mary Emma (1890–1973), Charles John (1893–1973) and François Mortimer (1900–52).

MARY AUGUSTINE (1866–1949) was not married.

ELIZABETH HENRIETTE (1868–1949) married James NEALE. Fourteen children were born — Albert Louis (1888–91), Henriette Emily (1889–1976), Charles James (1891), Claude (1893–1951), Elizabeth Jane (1896–1986), Basil (1896), Isabella Grace (1898–1965), Mary Beatrice (1900–59), Edward (1902–40), Eleanor Mary (1904–88), Harold William (1906–80), Stanley Allen (1908–86), Irene Alma (1910) and Esther Abbotson (1913–68).

HANNAH RACHAEL (1870–1943) married Ernest Alexander MACKENZIE in 1897 and had two daughters, Annie Isabel (1899) and Erna Doris (1898).

LOUISE ALBERTA's (1872) life is a mystery. She married James NEVILLE, an architect and mining engineer, and settled in South Africa between 1895 and 1900.

ESTHER PETTAVEL (1874–1958) married in January 1915, Thomas Oliver Lockwood YELEY, birthplace Chicago, United States of America. Thomas Yeley disappeared some time in the 1920s, leaving Esther and her daughter Caroline to fend for themselves.

CHARLES AUGUSTE (1878–1947) enlisted in the 1st AIF (World War I), 21st Infantry Battalion, in France, aged thirty-eight, returned home and married Ada Rosetta, née CHANT in April 1921. There was one child, Frank Lewis (1922–89).

Children of Frédéric Auguste and Julie Louise Tétaz, née STUDI
CLARA SOPHIE, born in 1871, married a Frenchman named LOUBET and there were five children — Roy (died World War I), Gladys, Albert, Lennard and Vivienne (married name TIZZARD).

ALBERT HENRY continued the wine business in James Street, Geelong. He did not marry.

MARIE HELEN (1873) did not marry.

CECILE MAUD (1880–1952) married James Miller Brock CONNOR , son of Joseph Henry Connor, a prominent Geelong councillor and member of the Victorian Government. James and Cécile had two children, Geoffrey (1905–75) and Cécile Phyllis (1910) living today in Toorak.

TETAZ, Second Generation

Children of François Louis and Emma Jane Tétaz, née RUGLEN
MARY EMMA (1890–1973) was head teacher at Bellbrae Primary School (1916–29), taught at West Geelong until 1936 and at Warrnambool School (1936–59). She did not marry.

CHARLES JOHN (1893–1973) married Ethel May, née WEBB on his return from World War I (Australian Field Artillery, 30th Battery France 1917–18). Children born were Nancy Emma (1921), Beryl May (1925–80), Jean Francis (1928) and John Robert (1928).

FRANÇOIS MORTIMER (1900–52) married Jean, née SPENDLOVE in 1939. There were no children.

Children of Charles Auguste and Ada Rosetta Tetaz, née CHANT
FRANK LEWIS (1922–89) married Heather née PYLE of Colac and three children were born — Anne Marie (1967–74), Charles Auguste (1969) and François Louis (1970).

TETAZ, Third Generation

Children of Charles John and Ethel May Tétaz, née WEBB
NANCY EMMA (1921) married Harold Scott AMOS and there were four children born in Canberra — Robin May (1946), Charles Scott (1949), John Robert (1953) and Ian Clive (1955).

BERYL MAY (1925–80) married John Edward MILFORD, a Duntroon army graduate who served in the 9th Division (Tarakan), Japan and Vietnam. They had five children — Susan Elizabeth (1949), Edward John (1952), Peter Charles (1953), Jennifer May (1955) and Michael James (1962).

JEAN FRANCES (1928) married Colin CONRON, public servant, in Canberra and four children were born — Anne Frances (1954), Bruce Thomas (1956), June Elizabeth (1957) and Robert (1960).

JOHN ROBERT (1928) married Thelma Joy née COLLINS in Sydney and there are four children — Timothy John (1954), Helen Joy (1957), Pamela Jean (1959) and Alan Charles (1964).

Children of Frank Lewis and Heather Tétaz, née PYLE
ANNE MARIE (1967–74) died of leukaemia in 1974
CHARLES AUGUSTE (1969) was educated at Geelong Grammar School
FRANÇOIS LOUIS (1970) was educated at Geelong Grammar School

TETAZ, Fourth Generation
Children of John Robert and Thelma Joy Tétaz, née COLLINS
TIMOTHY JOHN (1954) married in Boudry, Switzerland, in 1982, Christianne Marlene (1956) née TETAZ, eldest daughter of Michael and Tosca TETAZ. They have two children born in Sydney, Daniel James (1984) and Corinne Michelle (1986). Christianne Tétaz is a great, great-grand-daughter of Jules Frédéric Tétaz (1825–1907).

HELEN JOY (1957) is a qualified accountant in Melbourne.

PAMELA JEAN (1959) married Russell Arthur MEAD in 1983 and there are three children, Dylan James (1986), Ashlee Nicole (1988) and Courtney Leigh (1990).

ALAN CHARLES (1964) is a qualified accountant in Melbourne.

TETAZ, Fifth Generation
Children of Timothy John and Christianne Marlene Tétaz, née Tétaz
DANIEL JAMES, born Sydney, in 1984.
CORINNE MICHELLE, born Sydney, in 1986.

Notes

Introduction

1 They arrived on the barque *Pyramus* 30 September 1839.
2 Pierre Louis Tétaz (1817–92), Marguerite Augustine, née Pettavel (1813–90).
3 Jules Adolphe Tétaz (1839–1912), who married Rose Henriette, née Amiet.
4 Louise Henriette Mabille, née Tétaz (1843–1907).
5 The brother of Pierre Louis Tétaz.
6 Pierre Arnold Borel, Swiss Genealogical Society, Neuchâtel Branch.
7 Per Edgar C. Hawkes, Blackburn, Victoria.
8 Per Mary Perdrisat, Lethbridge, Victoria.
9 Per Jan Ross, Picton, New South Wales.
10 Per Murray Thompson, *Breguet of Coffrane*, Browlee, New South Wales.

Why Leave Canton Neuchâtel?

1 The *Earl of Charlemont* arrived in June 1853.
2 The *Marlborough* arrived in March 1854, the *Lloyd* in June 1854.
3 *Le Bataillon de Neuchâtel dit des Canaris au service de Napoléon 1807–1814* by Alfred Guye.
4 Deaths at Salamanca in Spain include Claude Tétaz (1811) born in Cortaillod; Christian Aeschlimann (1810) born in Langnau; Henri Leuba (1810) born in Cernier.
5 Several Catholic families of Neuchâtel sent their children overseas, e.g. Paul de Castella.
6 Appendix 1.

Whence They Came

1 The surnames are in italics.
2 Some members of the families of Aeschlimann, Marendaz and Tétaz migrated to Boudry before 1800.
3 The first man-made dye was discovered in England by William Perkins in 1856.

4 Information provided by Mrs Ruth Dwyer — from the *Antique Trader*, April–May 1986, 'Watches and Their Makers' by C. Parker.
5 Appendix 2.

Journey to a New Life

1 Charles Frédéric (9), Frédéric Auguste (7), Charlotte (5). Parents Frédéric and Charlotte (née Gera) Marendaz.
2 Auguste Henri Barbier (1833), son of John Henri and Rose Barbier née Amiet.
3 Cousin Jules Frédéric Tétaz (1823–1907)
4 Uncle David Louis Pettavel (1817–1871).
5 Bergeresse — possibly the Tétaz vineyard at Boudry.
6 Aunt Susanne Marie, née Eva (1799-1885), wife of Abram Henri Tétaz (1798–1882), father of Jules Adolphe.
7 Areuse — the river flowing through Boudry.
8 Grandmother Susanne Elizabeth Tétaz, née Favarger, died 29 November 1855.
9 Henri Louis (1823–97) arrived in Australia first on the *King William* (1851) and later on the *Donald Mackay* (1858).
10 Uncle David Pettavel.
11 The Crystal Palace was originally erected in Hyde Park to house the Great Exhibition in 1851. After the exhibition it was moved south of the Thames and re-erected at Sydenham in 1854. It had a concert hall to seat 4,000, restaurants, displays of rare and tropical plants, and a number of courts displaying the art and architecture of various periods in history, while in the grounds there was a palaeontology display. The building was destroyed by fire in 1936.
12 Jules Adolphe, brother of Charles Louis and Henri François Tétaz. The Swiss often use the second Christian name.
13 This was undoubtedly The Monument. Erected to commemorate the Great Fire of London in 1866, it is 202 feet high and 202 feet distant from where the fire started in Pudding Lane. It has 311 steps, not 400 as François claims.
14 Black from burning coal.
15 No doubt this was the Thames Tunnel built by Marc Isambard Brunel, father of the more famous Isambard Kingdom Brunel. The tunnel was started in 1825 but not completed until 1843; 1,200 feet long, it connected Wapping to Rotherhithe. Today it is part of London's Underground system.
16 *Evening Star*, 811 tons, Master J. C. Dunn. Fifty-six passengers, including sixteen Swiss.
17 Is Charles referring to the Marendaz children?
18 The *Evening Star* left Gravesend 25 September 1855.
19 On board was Felix Duvoisin.
20 Grandson — Canton of Vaud.
21 Charles Tétaz' grandmother Susanne, née Favarger, died 29 November 1855.
22 The Cape of Good Hope.
23 Yverdon is at the southern end of Lake Neuchâtel.

24 The Areuse River flows through Pervoux.
25 The Gunpowder Plot of 1605 was led by English, not Irish, Catholics.
26 Table Mountain dominates the scene at Capetown.
27 A Hottentot was a member of a short stocky indigenous people of the Cape.

Early Days at the Victoria Vineyard

1 Esther Kearnan (1808–88), born County Formagh, Ireland, married David Pettavel in 1848.
2 M. Kahle of Murgheboluc, Victoria.
3 According to the Geelong Town Rate Books, Pettavel's house was a four-roomed iron structure plus shed in Richmond Place, South Geelong.
4 Victoria Vineyard.
5 From canton Neuchatel.
6 Julien and Paul Grellet from canton Neuchâtel.
7 Françoise Eugénie Pettavel arrived 1852 and married Frédéric Guillaume Barbier in 1853.
8 Emile and Frédéric Barbier.
9 John Dunoyer and family of eight established the Chillon Vineyard at Pollocksford in 1845.
10 The Ballarat diggings.
11 Prince Albert Vineyard.
12 Spelt Belperoux in the letters. Alexandre and Jean Belperroud arrived from Cornaux in 1839.
13 Pierre Louis Tétaz — Charles' father.
14 Early in 1857, Charles and François, working for David Pettavel, became involved in building the Prince Albert Vineyard in Waurn Ponds. Vines were planted in 1857 and the first wine was produced in 1861. Underneath the house were large cellars.
15 Frédéric Marendaz arrived on the *Earl of Charlemont* June 1853 and married Henriette Cécile Humke, née Pettavel, in 1854.
16 Henri Junod.
17 Probably refers to de Castella.
18 Coroner's inquest, 1 May 1857, Geelong.
19 Henri François Tétaz died, aged twenty years.
20 James Dardell from Neuchâtel arrived 1840 on the *Caroline*; he set up as a vigneron at Batesford.
21 In his letters to his parents, Charles Tétaz is continually chastising them for not writing to him. As the years pass, this situation does not change.
22 Henri Louis Tétaz (1823–97) arrived, for the second time, with his brother Frédéric Auguste Tétaz (1830–1905) on the *Donald McKay* in 1858.
23 Louise Henriette Tétaz (1843–1907), sister of Charles.
24 Frédéric Auguste Tétaz left his wife, Marie Augustine, née Mader, and their three children in Switzerland because of the refusal of his parents-in-law to allow their daughter and grandchildren to leave the country.
25 Louis Turin (24), a native of Lausanne, died at Geelong Hospital on 26 November 1857 from head injuries received while trying to stop a

runaway horse and wagon. He was an employee of F. Barbier of Victoria Vineyard.

26 Frédéric Henri Clottu (spelt Clothe in the BMD records), 38 years, died in the Barrabool Hills from colonial fever on 3 September 1858. A Charles Auguste Clottu (30), died in 1856.

27 Brother Jules Adolphe Tétaz.

28 Later details indicate that the cattle station was Gundry's Iron Bark Station at what is now Bellbrae.

29 Phoebus Apollo, the Greek god of the sun.

30 Probably Bream or Thompsons Creek.

31 Presumably Spring Creek, judging from its proximity to the Iron Bark Forest mentioned later.

32 Nimrod was a mighty hunter (Genesis x, 8–9); here it may be the name of a dog.

33 Robert Fulton, American inventor; born Pennsylvania 1765, died New York 1815, builder of first successful steamship in America 1807.

34 The *Great Eastern*, designed by I. K. Brunel, was the largest steamship of its time.

The Second Vineyard — Prince Albert

1 The *Royal Charter* was built in 1856 to ply between Plymouth and Port Phillip Bay. It was the first of many ships to be fitted out with 200-horsepower horizontal trunk engines, two blade lifting screws and a full ship's rigging. Leaving in January 1856, the ship took 59 days to Port Phillip, averaging daily 223 3/4 knots or 10 1/2 knots per hour. On her return voyage in October 1859, she was wrecked, with a terrible loss of life, at Moelfre Anglesey, Wales.

2 The war near Switzerland was that between Austria and Piedmont which began on 19 April 1859. The French supported Piedmont in return for the territory of Savoy and Nice. The Austrians' defeat in 1860 is regarded as the first step in the unification of the various states of Italy as one nation.

3 The Geelong Rifle Corps was formed in 1854 during Great Britain's involvement in the Crimean War. The Corps wore green uniforms; privates carried a short sword which also served as a bayonet.

4 Sainfoin is a pink-flowered Eurasian herb which was grown for fodder.

5 Jan Juc, now Bellbrae.

6 Frédéric Auguste Tétaz.

7 Cousin, Jean Pierre, born 1833.

8 Sister, Louise Henriette (1843–1907)

9 Brother, Jules Adolphe (1839–1912)

10 Charles married Mary Gundry, born 1836, living at Jan Juc, in 1863.

11 Gundry's Iron Bark Station, Bellbrae.

12 David Louis Pettavel.

13 Charles refers to Jules' sister Marie Louise (1821–1905), the eldest child of Abram Henri and Susanne, née Eva.

14 The Geelong and Western District Volunteer Mounted Rifles were enrolled

at the Geelong Town Hall on 15 October 1860.

15 Auguste Tétaz is still having problems with his wife, Marie Augustine, née Mader, left behind in Switzerland with three young children Charles Auguste (1855), Marie Louise (1856), and Auguste Louis (1858).

16 Champvent, canton Vaud near Chamblon.

17 Brother, Henri François, killed 1857.

18 One of these was a display of local manufacturers in Melbourne in a building which stood on the site later occupied by the Royal Mint.

19 Esther Keanan from County Formagh, Ireland, married David Pettavel in Geelong in 1848.

20 Charles Tétaz married Mary Gundry on 10 September 1863, so it is possible he is referring to her in this letter.

21 The *Washington* actually arrived in Port Phillip on 16 September 1861, before this letter was penned.

22 Possibly Paul Gugger who arrived August 1864 on the *Golden Land*.

23 The town of Anet on the north-west side of Lake Neuchâtel.

24 The American Civil War started on 14 April 1861 and finished on 26 May 1865.

25 Actually the Irish made up only 16% of the population of Victoria in 1861.

26 The dinner was held at the Wheat Sheaf Hotel, Ceres; growers presented samples of their wines, and a goblet was presented to Louis Kitz in recognition of his work in promoting the sales of colonial wine.

27 Frédéric Guillaume Barbier, married to Françoise Eugénie Pettavel, sister of David.

28 Emile (1854), Frédéric (1855), Jonas (1857) and twins Eugène and Eugénie (1862).

29 Published by Verlag Rüegger, CH-7214, Grüsch, 1989.

30 Henri Auguste Barbier.

31 Auguste Barbier was possibly sent back to the Victoria or Prince Albert Vineyard.

32 Henri Edward Pettavel (1809–80).

33 On 15 April 1861, the Victorian Government issued Regulations for the Introduction of Vinedressers into Victoria. These allowed residents to make application to the Immigration Agent to introduce vinedressers; if successful, an applicant could use an agent to select suitable people and to arrange their passage to Victoria. On arrival, and after approval by the Immigration Agent, an order on Treasury for £10 would be issued for each statutory adult.

34 Under the Duffy Land Act of 1862.

35 The Geelong Vineyard Company was floated in 1863 with a capital of £5,000 in £5 shares; the directors included two Swiss, J. H. Dardell and F. G. Barbier; the others were H. Cordell, I. Hodges and J. W. Roberts. It leased 127 acres at Montpellier (Highton) and Duneed and turned the first sod on 17 April 1863 at the Prince of Wales Vineyard, Montpellier. Eventually twenty-four acres were planted, but the enterprise did not prosper and was sold in 1868.

36 The Gundry homestead, near Bellbrae, was twelve miles from the Prince Albert Vineyard. The Bellbrae area was originally called Jan Juc and was changed to Bellbrae in 1922. The name Jan Juc means, in the language of the

local Aborigines, a 'forest of ironbark'.

37 His parents were Jonas Henri Barbier and Rose Marguerite Amiet.

38 'A large crowd of people collected round the auction mart of Mr M. S. Levy yesterday to see some fifty hogs heads [1 hogs head = about 50 imperial gallons] of colonial wine delivered of last season's vintage. The wine was made by Mr Louis Pettavel, of the Victoria and Prince Albert Vineyards, and was purchased by Mr McMullen, wine and spirit merchant, Ryrie Street ... The wines are of varied character — the principal of which are the Hermitage, Burgundy, Pinau [sic], Riesling, and a kind of Sauterne...' *Geelong Advertiser*, 16 October 1862.

39 Bôle, a village adjacent to Boudry.

40 The *Glendower* arrived in Port Phillip on 26 February 1863.

41 Julien married Hannah Horne and there were three children, Julien (1865), Auguste (1868) and Fanny Louise (1873).

42 Paul Grellet married Maria Pascoe in 1862 and there were nine children.

43 Frédéric Baillot from Bôle.

44 Edward VII married Alexandra of Denmark on 10 March 1863, at St George's Chapel, Windsor.

45 Joseph Studi came to Australia from Switzerland on the *Lloyd* in 1854 with his wife and children. Later, his youngest daughter, Julie, married Frédéric Auguste Tétaz.

46 Mr Chapuis, whom Charles constantly wishes to be remembered to, must have been the local Boudry supplier of pills and potions.

Charles Marries Mary Gundry

1 Transported for seven years, John Collins (17) arrived aboard the *Lord Hungerford* in 1821. John married Elizabeth Williams in 1826. The Hamilton Inn was first licenced in October 1834 to John Collins.

2 The settlement of the Port Phillip District in 1834 was a catalyst towards the large-scale emigration from Tasmania, where the best land had been taken and opportunities to set up larger farms were minimal.

3 One of the head teachers at this school from 1916 to 1929 was Mary Emma Tétaz (1890–1973), grand-daughter of Charles Louis and Mary Tétaz.

François Louis Arrives

1 Julien Grellet.

2 The *Royal Visitor* arrived in Port Phillip on 2 September 1863.

3 Abram Henri and Susanne Marie Tétaz, née Eva.

4 Marie Augustine, née Mader.

5 Charles is constantly making fun of Adolphe's inability to pronounce his Vs.

6 At this time, Mary was four months' pregnant. Their boy was born in June.

7 The Pension Suisse, or Swiss Boarding House, was in business in James Street, Geelong, as early as 1858. It was run by Louis Amiet until his death in February 1872, when his wife took it over.

8 The Grellet family later settled near the Great Western Vineyards.
9 Frédéric Amiet (36), husband of Rose, died at Hermitage, Smythesdale, on 27 February 1864.
10 Abram Louis Amiet married Marie Louise Ducommin. They arrived on the *Earl of Charlemont* in 1853.
11 Madame Grellet, the mother of Paul and Julien Grellet, was Henriette Schieferi; their father, Jean Frédéric, died in 1843.
12 Mary Gundry.
13 William Cowper (1731–1800) wrote *The Diverting History of John Gilpin*, a ballad for children. John and his wife had decided to celebrate their twentieth wedding by a trip to the 'Bell' at Edmonton, he on a borrowed horse, she, her sister and children in a chaise and pair. John's horse started to trot and he lost control. The poem describes his headlong career to Edmonton (London) and ten miles beyond it to Ware and then back again. 'Nor stopped till where he had got up/ He did again get down'.
14 The *Golden Land* arrived from London in August 1864. On board were thirty-one vinedressers.
15 Weber was a vigneron at Batesford.
16 Mr Jacot must have been responsible for enrolling the group of vinedressers in Switzerland.
17 'Pond' was a nickname for Charles' son.
18 There was an extensive settlement of Italian Swiss at Yandoit, near Daylesford.
19 On the *Golden Land*, the Swiss French that we can clearly identify were Paul Gugger (19), Frédéric Pierrehumbert (42), Auguste Pierrehumbert (27), Marie Pierrehumbert (26) and their children Marie (6), Elvina (1), Henri Imhoff (24), Gustave Martin (23), Auguste Tribolet (21), Jas Contesse (27), Henri Betrix (42) Jules Betrix (17), Louise Betrix (16), Louis Betrix (26) and Jacob Duscher (26). Other surnames that appear under vinedressers are Udrich, Bindich (or Bindith), Ribaux, Belperrin, Beaujon, Scheurer, Schwartz, Itter, Scholl and nine others not easily identified.
20 Ben Hall (1837–65) was shot by police on 5 May near Goobang Creek, New South Wales.
21 Cousin Jules returned to Switzerland, and from comments made in the letter, he had fallen into disfavour with David Pettavel and Charles Tétaz. Jules, now forty-one years old, on his return married Cecile Françoise Barbier (1840–1905), who was somewhat younger than he, and sister of Frédéric Guillaume Barbier, living in Victoria. The great-grandsons of Jules Frédéric live in Neuchâtel today.
22 Junot was murdered near Sunbury on 3 July 1865.
23 It would appear that some of the Swiss who arrived on the*Golden Land*, such as Henri Betrix ('Old Betrix' as Charles calls him), did not take long to return to Switzerland.
24 The *Norfolk* cleared the Heads on 21 January 1866.
25 Charles is always lamenting the lack of letters from home.
26 Jules Frédéric Tétaz must have really upset Charles, as his attacks on him continue.

The Good Years

1 Probably Rudolph Tribolet who had thirty acres south-west of the Prince Albert Vineyard.

2 The war in 1866 between the two leading Germanic states, Austria and Prussia, began on 14 July and ended with the defeat of Austria seven weeks later. By the Treaty of Prague, Austria ceded Venice and adjacent territory to Italy.

3 The Intercolonial Exhibition opened at noon on 24 October 1866 and continued into the following month. It was held in a specially built annexe to the Melbourne Public Library and attracted nearly 3,000 exhibitors and more than a quarter of a million visitors.

4 Cousin Jules Frédéric Tétaz.

5 Henriette Cécile Marendaz, née Pettavel.

6 Françoise Eugénie Barbier, née Pettavel.

7 Charles' sister, Louise Henriette (1843–1907), married David Mabille.

8 Mary Augustine Tétaz.

9 Elizabeth Henriette Tétaz later married James Neale.

10 Frédéric Auguste used the spelling Thetaz.

11 Joseph Gundry (1810–78).

12 John William (1838), Joseph James (1840), Charles Edward (1848) and William Richard Gundry (1860).

13 Probably in the vicinity of Beeac, north of Colac.

14 Frédéric Auguste Tétaz arrived on the *Donald McKay* in 1858 and was then twenty-seven years old. Auguste had left his wife Marie Augustine, née Mader, and three children, Charles Auguste (1855), Marie Louise (1856) and Auguste Louis (1858), behind in Boudry. It would appear that his father-in-law was largely responsible for the separation of this family. Auguste was asking, in the letter, for his son Charles, then aged fourteen, to write to him.

15 Thetaz's wine vaults and cafe', quoted in the *Ballarat Courier*, 13 December 1973.

16 Amiet is probably Charles Adolphe Amiet, born in 1840 to Abram Louis and Susan Aeschlimann. Abram Louis, his second wife and family arrived on the *Earl of Charlemont*.

17 François probably attended the Clifford Church of England School, at the junction of Cape Otway Road and Princes Highway, as there was no school at Waurn Ponds between 1866 and 1871.

18 Charles was constantly pleading with his brother, Jules Adolphe, to write to him. As the years pass, the letters decline in number. Nevertheless, the letters from his brother must have meant something to Jules Adolphe, because he kept them and passed them on to his descendants.

19 Hannah Rachel Tétaz.

20 The Waurn Ponds School opened on 1 February 1871 with forty-one pupils and Lewis Walter, chosen from twenty-six applicants, as head teacher. He remained there for twenty-one years. Seven Tétaz children went to this school, the last being Charles Adolphe, born 1877. Charles Tétaz and Oliver Ambler were appointed to the committee of Waurn Ponds School, No. 1040,

in July 1871.

21 Frédéric Auguste Tétaz, after the death of his first wife in Switzerland, married Julia Louise Studi, daughter of the local veterinarian. Julia arrived on the *Lloyd* in 1854 with her parents.

The Death of Pettavel

1 Jonas Henri Pettavel (1782–1824).

2 George Hanson (1828–87) was a teacher at Christ Church School in Geelong and a vigneron in Waurn Ponds.

3 Richard Heath formed a private company in 1871 to establish oyster beds in Corio Bay; 20,000 oysters were laid down in the area now known as Oyster Bay.

4 Mary, née Hickey (1826–71).

5 *Australian Shipwrecks 1871–1900* Vol. 3, by Jack Loney, List Publishing Geelong, reported the wooden sailing ship *Sussex* (1,305 tons) struck a reef near Barwon Heads on the night of 31 December 1871. The *Sussex* had left Plymouth on 9 October 1871. Possibly this is the ship to which Charles is referring, although the date on his letter was one month earlier.

6 Henri Louis Pettavel arrived in January 1872 on the *Bangalore* to take up the inheritance left to him by his uncle.

7 Frédéric Breguet (1813–72) died at his home in Little Malopside, Geelong, of gastric jaundice.

8 Louise Alberta, born February 1873, and Esther Pettavel Tétaz, born November 1874.

9 The Education Act of 1872 made education free, compulsory and secular.

10 Jules Adolphe Tétaz married Rose Henriette Amiet, born in 1842.

11 This letter is written to Rose Henriette Tétaz, née Amiet, who had given birth to Henri Adolphe Tétaz on 30 May 1876.

12 Even before the onslaught of *phylloxera vastatrix*, the grape louse, the vineyards were in decline from low wine prices, years of drought, rain, mildew and shortage of labour.

Phylloxera Vastatrix

1 The Bible, Genesis 10, 8. Nimrod descended from Noah. 'Like Nimrod a mighty hunter before the Lord'.

2 Hazelwood, Victoria.

3 Under the Phylloxera Vine Disease Act (December 1880), the Geelong area was declared a Vine Disease District in January 1881.

4 'California Dreaming all loused up', *The Weekend Australian*, 29–30 August 1992; 'Getting to the root of the Phylloxera threat', *The Weekend Australian*, 11–12 April 1992; 'Killer on the Loose', *The Weekend Australian*, 4–5 April 1992.

The Declining Years

1 Eugène Marendaz (31), husband of Eugénie, died at his residence, the Pettavel Post Office, on 17 October 1890.
2 Mary Emma Tétaz.
3 The 1890s depression in which several banks closed their doors.
4 Father of John Tétaz.
5 F. Marendaz and F. Imer were the first to replant in 1888, but ten years later only sixty-six acres had been planted, about one-eighth of the acreage thirty years earlier.
6 Thetaz wine saloon in James Street, Geelong.
7 Louise Alberta Tétaz married James Neville, a mining engineer, and re-settled in South Africa.

Appendix 1: Liste des Neuchâtelois appelés par Charles-Joseph La Trobe–de Montmollin, gouverneur du l'Etat de Victoria, pour y venir planter la vigne

1 Supplied by Pierre Arnold Borel-de Rougemont, Genealogist, La Chaux-de-Fonds.

Appendix 2: Ships and the Swiss Who Came

1 *Barrabool Land of the Magpies* by Ian Wynd, published by Barrabool Shire 1992.
2 *Housekeeper of Jolimont*, a biographical sketch of Charlotte Pellet (1800–76) by Joan Ritchie MA (Melb.), M.Ed. (Syd.), a great-great-grand-daughter of Charlotte Pellet.

Appendix 3: Swiss Connections

1 Pierre Arnold Borel communication.
2 'La Seigneurie de Bex, son histoire ses habitants'. Ph. Cherix, past, Bex Imprimerie Frédéric Bach, 1931.
3 Work done by Charles Auguste Tétaz (1855–1932), son of Frédéric Auguste Tétaz (1830–1905). Charles remained in Switzerland and founded the factory of Wegelin, Tétaz & Co. in Mulhouse, France, to manufacture dyestuffs.

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Index

Charles Joseph La Trobe's arrival in 1839 with his Swiss wife Sophie de Montmollin as the superintendent of the future colony of Victoria was followed by an influx of vignerons and vinedressers from Neuchâtel in Switzerland.

Resourceful migrants, they settled in Geelong, Lilydale and Melbourne — and promptly began to make wine.

Who were they and why did they come? Among the first were Belperroud, Dardel, Dunoyer, Breguet, Pettavel and Tribolet. They were soon joined by five young members of the Tétaz family from the village of Boudry, a short distance south of Neuchâtel. Charles Louis Tétaz arrived in 1856 with his brother Henri François to work for David Louis Pettavel at the Victoria Vineyard, Geelong. François died soon after.

Recently found and translated, Charles Louis' letters from 1856 to 1897 to his family in Boudry describe their voyage to Geelong and the vineyards, the death of François, the building of the Prince Albert Vineyard, his marriage to Mary Gundry and their seven children, the good vintage years, the death of Pettavel, the scourge of *Phylloxera vastatrix* and the death of the wine industry of Geelong.

Near the end of his life, Charles wrote 'When the vineyards in the district were destroyed, it was a terrible blow to us; we were the first and now we're at the end of the queue.' *From Boudry to the Barrabool Hills* is a story of adventure, of endurance and pride in achievement, of happiness and of sorrow.

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