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ROYAL BAD TEMPERERS.

NOT ALWAYS DIGNIFIED IN MANNER.

AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST'S AMUSING TARADIDDLES.

VIGOROUS LANGUAGE OF WALES—THE AUSTRIAN RULER'S PASSION.

FOR the most part royal tempers are short. Their possessors are easily put out and angered when anything happens to run contrary to their wishes. Surrounded from their earliest infancy by people whose sole object is to protect them from all subjects of annoyance, and accustomed to have everybody defer to their whims and everything give way to their desires, they are quick to show signs of impatience and resentment when any hitch occurs, and

THOSE WHO KNOW THE PRINCE OF WALES

best will be ready to believe the stories told of his manifestation of displeasure when, by losing her centreboard, the *Viviant* was forced to withdraw from a race with the *Britannia* for which the ordinarily good-humoured heir apparent had remained behind his time at Cowes, abandoning for the purpose a most agreeable visit, upon the payment of which he had set his heart.

The Prince, although he bears the reputation of being the most genial and laughter-loving scion of royalty in

come connected, as that of a victim, with a rather unsavoury scandal in which a beautiful blackmailing adventuress played a leading part.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA IS THE MOST CHIVALROUS AND FORBEARING OF MEN,

very patient and long-suffering. But every now and again his equanimity is disturbed by fits of passionate anger, especially when any mean, disloyal or dishonourable act is brought before his notice, in which case he does not hesitate to express himself in the most graphic manner, and 'schwein,' which may be translated as 'hog,' seems to be the favourite yet least forceful epithet which he applies to the offender. I have heard of his losing his temper during the grand manoeuvres, and of his cursing roundly some of his generals and officers who had been guilty of imbecility sufficient to cause a sneering smile to become apparent on the supercilious faces of the Prussian officers present as his guests. His Majesty is also on record as having

BOXED THE EARS OF HIS NEPHEW, ARCHDUKE OTTO,

for behaviour of a peculiarly shocking and disgraceful character—conduct which included, among other things, an attempt to bring a party of drunken officers at midnight into the apartments where his young wife lay sleeping.

Probably the most violent of all modern sovereigns was the late King William of Holland, father of little Queen Wilhelmina. He once was on the point of

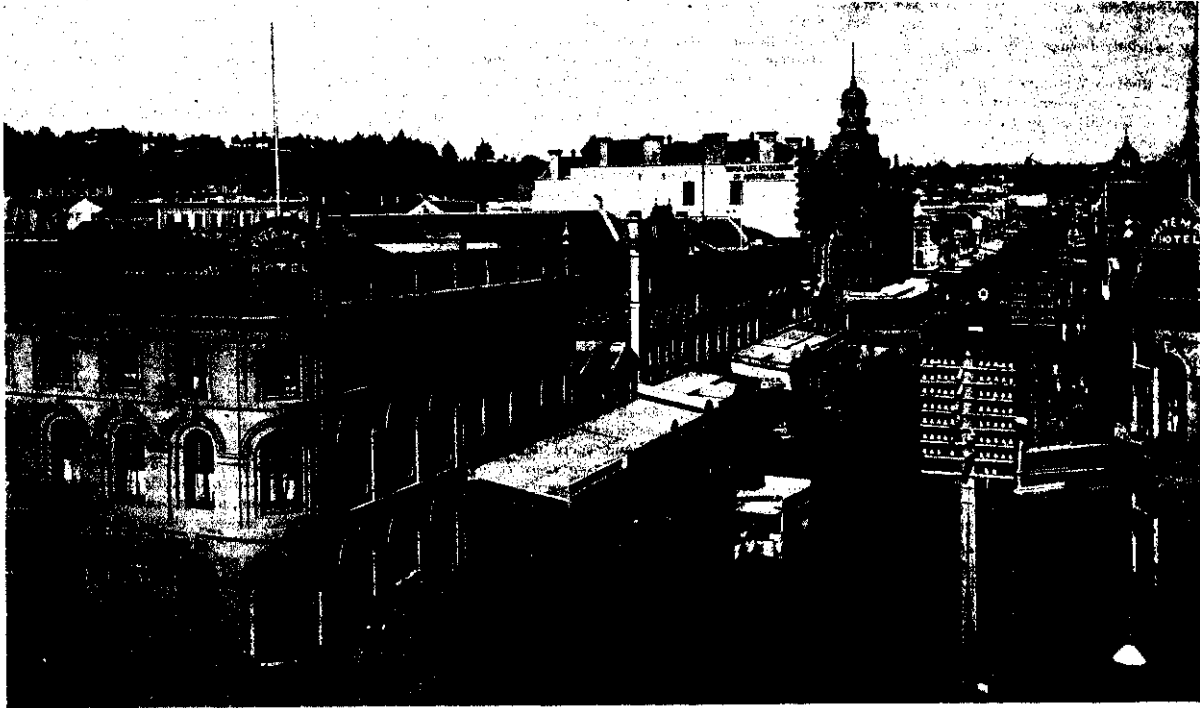
and then said, just as if nothing had happened: 'And now tell me quietly what you've got to say.' An hour later, when the statesman left, he carried with him the monarch's promise to issue within twenty-four hours a proclamation declaring the neutrality of the Netherlands. Had this step not been taken at this particular juncture it is well nigh sure that Holland would have been incorporated along with Alsace and Lorraine in the German empire.

QUEEN VICTORIA IS NOTORIOUSLY SHORT-TEMPERED AND IMPATIENT OF CONTRADICTION,

a fact due perhaps to her having wielded the sceptre of the greatest empire in the world for more than half a century. While in serious matters she displays the greatest calmness, forbearance and consideration, she is apt to permit herself to become irritated to an altogether unreasonable extent by mere trifles, and it then requires a considerable length of time and all kinds of manoeuvres on the part of her *entourage* to restore her to a pleasant frame of mind. She does not use strong language when she is angry, differing therein from her father and immediate predecessors on the throne, who were renowned for their blasphemy, as is also her cousin George.

THE PRESENT DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, WHOSE EXPLETIVES ARE AS HIGHLY COLOURED

and picturesque as his temper is short. Nothing is more instructive than to hear the old commander-in-chief berating



J. Valentia, photo.

VIEW OF QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND, N.Z.—TAKEN FROM CUSTOM ST.—SEE 'OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.'

Europe, can become very ugly-tempered at times, and that, too, on small provocation. A breach of manners, etiquette or breeding, or one of those pieces of tactlessness which Englishmen are so prone to commit, will have the effect of irritating him to an absolutely inconceivable degree, and he has been known to treat a distinguished military officer with great comeliness because the latter had ventured to appear in a sack coat and Derby in lieu of frock coat and tall hat at some daylight function at which His Royal Highness was present.

WHEN ANGERED HE IS NOT PARTICULARLY CHOICE IN HIS LANGUAGE,

and does not hesitate to follow the example of his grandfather and grand-uncle, whose expletives were of the most picturesque character. But he has never been guilty of the use of profanity or of coarse expressions in the presence of women, an offence which, I am sorry to say, has been laid out a few times at the door of his brother, Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and also at that of his nephew,

THE YOUNG EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

The latter, in particular, does not hesitate to express himself in the most unvarnished and violent expletives when anything goes wrong. Neither Frederick the Noble nor yet old Emperor William would have ventured to address any officer in such terms as those employed some time ago by William II. in censuring an old, gray-haired and distinguished general who had permitted his name to be

BRAINING HIS PRIME MINISTER WITH A PONDEROUS SILVER INKSTAND.

It was in 1870, when King William, in defiance of popular opinion in the Netherlands, which favoured neutrality, was about to accept Napoleon III.'s invitation to join the French in their war against Germany. He had insisted on his Minister telling him exactly what the people were saying about his decision to join the French, and at length extracted from the reluctant Premier, Thorbecke, the admission: 'The Haguers declare that your Majesty has become stark, staring mad as'— Before he could utter another word, William had jumped up, his face purple with fury, and raised the heavy silver inkstand from the table with the intention of throwing it at the head of the old statesman. Fortunately a projecting angle of the inkstand caught in the tablecloth, and, while dragging everything off the table, arrested the flight of the missile. 'Sire,' exclaimed Thorbecke, quietly, stepping close up to the King, but without displaying the slightest trace of emotion either in his speech or attitude, 'if your Majesty does hurl that beautiful inkstand at my head I fear that the Haguers will have been correct in their assertions.'

For a second the fat little King gazed in silence at the lean, lank, phlegmatic Dutchman before him. Neither uttered a word. Then gradually William lowered his raised arm and replaced the inkstand on the table, after which he walked out for about five minutes. Returning to the table he resumed his seat, motioned Thorbecke to another one

generals, colonels and subaltern officers at the close of a field-day, inspection, or review, when anything happens to have gone wrong.

HIS OATHS ARE STRANGE AND AWE INSPIRING,

and there is on record a story as to the manner in which he addressed the principal medical officer of the headquarters staff in Ireland at a dinner given in Dublin by Lord Wolseley, just after the decision of the Government granting to the members of the Army Medical Department regimental rank. This is how the Duke hailed him: 'Good-morning, Surgeon-General, or Field Marshal, or what the ——— they call you now. I'll be ——— if I know how to address you, with your new ——— titles. I don't know what the ——— I am myself. I suppose you expect me to take my ——— hat off to you. What the ——— do you want now?'

Victor Emmanuel of Italy possessed a far better temper than people were wont to believe from the apoplectic and fierce look on his ugly though honest face. Not even when his gigantic gamekeeper, Borretta, while carrying him on his back across an Alpine torrent, rendered impatient by a sudden movement of the King, which almost capered him, growled out: 'Tente su, bourie' (Hold steady, you jackass) did His Majesty betray the least irritation. For he quietly replied: 'You apparently ignore, friend Borretta, that the jackass is the one who carries the load.'