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THE DAILY BEE.

THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 18.

ENGLAND WHINES.

England is beginning to pay the penalty of her alliance with France. That compact of seeming friendship has enabled France to wax more powerful, to exhibit her irresistible military strength, to augment it by every available resource of science and energy within the sight, and absolutely with the consent of her once formidable rival, and to exercise her despotic instincts towards feebler States without the slightest reference to British sentiment. The affair with Portugal is one of the earliest fruits of the short-sighted policy which placed England in a false alliance with Louis Napoleon. Throughout its delicacy, now crossed by the compulsory surrender of the French slaver, and the payment of a considerable indemnity, the Emperor of the French acted precisely as if the laws of nations were manufactured to suit his special caprices, and with as little apparent consideration for the opinions of the British government, as if the latter were insignificant and powerless. It is not, therefore, surprising that John Bull, seeing himself neglected and almost disdained, growls and grumbles with ill-suppressed wrath, and that the organs of public sentiment are as savage as a lioness who has just been robbed of his bone and kicked into a corner. Let us furnish a new choice specimens of the feeling with which the English press regards the cool assumption of France to bully other nations without regard to British remonstrance.

First comes the quondam Thunderer—metamorphosed for the nonce into a common scold. We mean the London *Times*. That doughty journal speaks in this wise:

Never was the voice of truth and justice more arrogantly overpowered by a mere superiority of physical force—never were the rights of a brave and independent people more recklessly trampled under foot—never was the understanding upon which the affairs of Europe, since the peace of 1815, have been conducted, more entirely cast to the winds. For Portugal nothing is left but to fold her arms and record her protest against the wrong to which she has been forced to submit. For Europe, there remains a prescient foresight with danger. The forcible reason of the French slaver—for such it is now clearly proved to be—from the hands of the Portuguese authorities is one of those events which are sure, sooner or later, to exercise an important influence on the welfare and feelings of mankind. It is the germ, we fear, of much evil, and therefore, here we part with it, before it is effaced for a time by the tide of events that is rushing past us, we must briefly recapitulate its dark character to bequeath to our readers a clear idea of a transaction which we may reasonably expect to reappear in its results before any time has been suffered to elapse.

Henceforth we must, however unwillingly, put it as a matter to be fought for, disputed, or at least battled over. Hitherto we have acted as the right of smaller and weaker powers to that shelter and protection which the law of nations has hitherto thrown around them. Justice is for equals—distinction, menace, and, if necessary, force is reserved for power. The use of a law, as of more especially the law of nations, is the protection of the weak against the strong, and for any weaker nation which is so unfortunate as to have a difference with France that principle no longer exists.

And so on through a column of lamentations and complaints.

The *Daily News*, the *Morning Chronicle* and other liberal sheets echo the objurgations of the *Times*. The liberty of *Morning* puts on a dismal face, and, as it declares its deliberate opinion, to a deeper humiliation to England than a direct assault, or a severer blow to her moral and political influence. (We think so too.) "We forfeit the respect and confidence of the secondary States of Europe at once." "We give them fair warning that our alliance is at an end, and that it is worth the while for England thus to wound the pride of the French Emperor. The lesson will be the safer teaches to the world is that the lesser States of Europe will do well to treat their friendship, and that the great powers risk nothing by defying our enmity." Precisely! They feel the slight most keenly, but all we found out is—The *Morning News* perfectly understands. It discerns no hope of help in the future. It bewails the fact that England in assuming at the Cherbourg celebration. It says that Louis Napoleon must be a Englishmen to be either sufficiently stupid or despicably servile, and it terminates its jeremiad with the following sublime, and we fear, too true, but not at all edifying, reflection:

We have not what we have deserved and what we are. We cannot but hope that the lesson will sink home. Perhaps we have now a better and a truer ground for confidence in ourselves than we ever had since the days when the best and steadiest friends and of a great and enlightened people. Let us abandon all idle boasting, and seek implicit submission at the call of duty to those who honestly and manfully lead us. Let us be content to be great in the public duty at home, and to be content to be great in the public duty at home, and to be content to be great in the public duty at home, and to