

Comparing france and england at the time of the revolution

[History](#), [Revolution](#)



Infamous among the respected nations of Europe, there exist two neighboring countries, having nothing in common except the hardships that their people suffered on the course of history. This, known to the general public on the basis of each country ruler's strong belief that they should wash their hands off any other country's affairs; and thus declaring blatantly: " We are independent and free! This, in interpretation, signifying freedom from all the bonds that tie us to our human kin and release from all responsibilities concerning what happens to these ' strangers'; and on no account must it be mistaken for any kind of physical or spiritual alleviation. Nevertheless, though the bonds that connect these two countries were deliberately erased from the pages of history, the chronicles of many smaller men are passed down from one generation to the next to these very times, where they act as fuel that keeps these words flowing..

.. Many centuries ago, in the year seventeen seventy five, though Paris had still been the capital of France; and though London had, even then, been the capital of England, the two countries and their prime cities could not have undergone a more shocking change when compared to our modern times. At the setting of the eighteenth century, Paris had been engulfed in the bloody conflicts that ensued between its citizens.

Muddles of poverty were strewn all over the land- dragging whomsoever set foot upon its forsaken soil, without money or authority as backing, to the darkest depths where live human burials are held. Every fleeting hour of the day, the Lords of State were in the presence of their colossal mirrors- framed with golden plates and adorned by the finest jewels- while standing in deep

contemplation of the majestic image reflected before them. Though lost in worship of the beauty and grandeur that their possessions imbue, they fail to see the image of their vulgar, poisonous hearts that never spared a thump for 'unreasonable' emotions such as pity or sympathy for the endless queues of needy people that filled the entire expanse of land. England, on the other hand, had been founded on more equal terms for its people; as no one was protected by the law. Whether aristocrats, noblemen, labourers or beggars; all had been familiar with robbery, murder and arson as dismissible daily occurrences.

Naturally, any complaints made to the police were easily shot down: on the foundation that these incidents were considered charitable to more unfortunate people. Law enforcers and prosecutors- dead drunk in the streets and bars at night: confronted with utter denial for the call of duty. Then, in the following morning, witnessed in deep slumber. So and so, the monotonous days of the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy five went by in both countries, and people continued to strive for survival, even in the pits that their 'beloved homeland' accommodated for them. Though all eyes were set upon nothing; though all ears were deaf to the sound of the desperate pleas and everyone lived holding only themselves in mind, destiny had been ever alert and all knowing: its wheels turning in schematic collaboration, marking the romance and destinations of the many unknown men.