

## The Streets of London in 1872

As I slowly walked down the side of the cobblestone road, several horses and carriages passed me. The noise of the horse's hooves made a thundering noise as the wind howled between the stone buildings, lining the street.

The strong smell of horse manure was really irritating to the nose. Even if you had warm clothing the stiff breeze chilled you to the bone.

Even though there were gas lights attached to some of the buildings to light up the streets, London always seemed grey and gloomy.

It was really hard living on the London streets of 1872, particularly if you were only 11 years old.

I was forced there seven weeks ago just after Mother died. I had no relatives in England to look after me and nowhere to live.

It was bitterly cold and all I was wearing was my tattered flour bag dress that my mother had made for me. It may not have kept me warm but it was my favourite dress.

She hand sewed it in bed while she was sick. She made it out of old flour bags just before she died. Over this I wear an old blanket.

My Father had left for Australia in 1870 with some friends to follow the gold rush. He had planned to make good money and then either return to England or send for his family. I had not seen him for at least two years and missed him dearly.

~ From *Meet Penny* by Lauren~