

**Hubon Family Papers,**

**1802 - 1922**

**MSS.663**

**Hubon, Sarah Allen**



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Sarah Livingston  
Allen Hubon

Irving Allen  
Hubon Miller

Photographed by

D. W. BOWDOIN.

Downing Block, Salem

Sarah Livingstone Allen - Hubon was borne  
in Prince Edward's Island - B. N. A. Oct. 27 - 1829

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My husband (Stephen Frederic Hubon) and I,  
with our five children arrived in San Diego <sup>Calif</sup>  
Sept. 23 - 1868 - coming from Salem Mass. for  
the benefit of my husband's health.

He had been in San Francisco "In The Days of 49"  
and had longed to return.

If it had not been for the cause of our journey,  
I fear I should never have seen our beloved  
San Diego, as I dreaded leaving home and  
friends for an unsettled country so far away.

We went by steamer from New York to -  
Panama, crossing the Isthmus, then took a  
steamer to San Francisco where we stopped for  
four months, my husband looking for a  
situation when he met Mr. W. G. Wheeler and  
a man named Davis who were about to buy  
or had bought a ranch near the Sweet Water River  
in San Diego Co. They wanted my husband to buy  
in as a third partner, he took a trip down by  
steamer, decided to buy and came back to S. F.  
for us. ~~the~~

We came to San Diego on the S. S. Arizaba.

Mr. Wheeler met us and took us to Nash's Store  
which stood on the corner of G. and State Sts.  
where Mr. Davis was waiting.

We started for the ranch in a farm wagon.

In spite of the lonely Sept. day, and the enthusiasm

of my family, I was a sad and lonely woman when we arrived at the ranch, as there was not another house in sight.

Mr. Harten (the father of New Sam Sligo) wanted us to stay in the town, and had offered us the block bounded by C and D (now Broadway) 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> Sts for \$2500 but my husband thought he would like to try farming. He soon found that it was not the life for him, and I was much relieved when he decided to go to Sam Sligo and buy a lot and build us a house.

He paid \$2500 for a lot 50x100 ft. a part of the block that had been offered him for that price three months before.

During our stay at the ranch I saw only one woman, the children were out playing when they saw her in the distance, her skirts blowing in the breeze, they came running to tell say "There's a woman coming mama, there's a woman" but when she came nearer we found that she was an Indian and we couldn't understand each other.

When the men were all away from the ranch I kept the children near the house so that I might get them in quickly if Indians came.

One day I saw an Indian coming very fast on horse-back, I called to the children to come quickly, sent them all up stairs, locked the doors, put down the shades, took the stone poker in my hand and waited.

I peeked out when he came near and saw that he was drunk; he rode around the house

a few times and almost backed his horse through a window, called out something in his language and rode away. What a relief it was when I saw him disappearing in the distance, but the children played in the house the rest of the day. I never shall forget those fearful days at the ranch, my husband was very ill while we were there and no doctor nearer than Old Town, I used to pray that I might keep my senses.

I felt much safer when we were in the town, it was good to see a few houses, and have a little social life.

Families kept coming by steamer and covered wagon, soon the streets were cleared of brush, and we were told that we were told that we were to have a railroad before long, but year after year we kept hoping and waiting in vain.

The Lihgow family camped by our house when they first arrived in San Diego, also the Juck family, In those days we formed friendships that have lasted through life.

Mrs. Juck was the only one of his family who could speak English, the others speaking Spanish and German. They rented a house in the same block with us and when Mrs. Juck was at home I could visit Mrs. Juck as he was our interpreter, until the children learned to speak English and it was surprising how quickly

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They learned, we took our home paper the "Salmon Register" for a number of years, my husband wrote a few articles for it, on some of the strange and startling happenings of the "Wild and Woolly West"

The papers came in handy to use as wall-paper until the town grew large enough to afford such luxuries.

For some time we bought water by the bucket. Imagine doing the laundry for a family of seven using water bought by the bucket. Later we had a well dug but the water was not good for drinking.

After a while we began to have dances and a lot of good times.

I was quite astonished when, at one of the first parties I attended in San Diego, I saw the Spanish ladies smoking cigarettes, but they were so very nice and refined, that I soon realized it was their custom and thought no more of it. The "Twin Houses" on 7 and First streets were the scene of a very large and enjoyable party given before the partition was put between. All of Old Town turned out as well as New Town, there was always a bounteous supper at those parties and dancing until morning.

After Mr. Horton built his hall on the corner of Sixth and 7. Streets all public dances festivals and concerts were held there.

Year after year San Diego grew dearer to me

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and I ceased longing for our Eastern home. My husband grew strong again and lived many years.

We raised our five children to manhood and womanhood. The hardships of the early days have passed and many of them forgotten.

I have lived to see the wilderness of 1868 turn into this beautiful city of San Diego and have seen civilization advance from oil taper lamps and candles to electricity, and from primitive horse drawn conveyances to automobiles and flying machines.

Talked over telephones and heard radios. The pioneers are my tried and true friends.

The Pioneer Society and my church are my favorite entertainments, and about all I need at the age of ninety years.

Sarah Ellen Hubon passed away Oct. 21<sup>st</sup> 1923 at the age of ninety four years.

Fannie Hubon Stedman.