

AN INDIAN BRAVE'S IMPRESSIONS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—It will be recollected that Bicente, Chief of the Tejon Indians, recently visited the city. He has returned to Los Angeles, and the *Southern Californian* says that the old savage gives a bitter account of his visit. Instead of receiving that attention due to his position as a Chieftain on a visit to the high place of his White Father, he was treated, to use his own language, like a dog; at sea, sleeping on the deck; on shore, in the yard or in an out-house, at his convenience; a bone or crust of bread, or the refuse from the table grudgingly extended him through the window, or placed beside him behind the house; neglected, forgotten, despised, he wandered about in the neighborhood of his august protector, actually hungering for food. Instead of showing him the sights, and seeking to impress him with the magnitude, the magnificence, the power and the glory of the great nation of pale faces, he was cut off from all intercourse, thrust aside, denied every opportunity, and returned to the hunting grounds of his fathers, inspired alone with the idea of the unmitigated meanness of his white brethren. Had it not been, said he, that I took along with me a little bag of *pinones*, (happy thought of the old man,) I should have starved.—It is his opinion that San Francisco is rather a fine looking rancheria—but no place for a man without money. The old fellow is deeply chagrined at the treatment he received during his absence, so different from what he was led to expect, and which it has ever been the policy of the United States to observe towards these people; no pains or expense have ever been spared to impress the wild tribes with the superiority of our Nation and Government—and our greatest men have not disdained to mingle among the half-clad sons of the forest in the magnificent apartments of the Capitol.—*S. F. Herald.*