

fed that he was the greatest man he had known. The return to the city was equal in enjoyment to the departure from it. Mr. BROWN was the life of the company during the entire festival, for the arrangement and superintendence of which, those who enjoyed it are much indebted to Mr. PHOENIX TILTON, who was unceasing in his exertions for their happiness, and also to Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, Mr. Beach, Mr. Wheeler, Miss Peaslee, Miss Hall and Miss Whitrey. The only accident that occurred during the day was the upsetting of a small boat, which afforded Mr. ALFRED FOREST an opportunity which he availed himself of successfully of rescuing Miss SMITH from the water. The Island itself would be positively unendurable in the June weather, but for two large wooden sheds, which offer a rude, Robinson-Crusoe-like shelter from the sun. The day, however, was luckily cool and pleasant, and the only fault the delighted children had to find with it, was what they thought its quite unnatural brevity. The twenty-first of June itself would not be long enough to satisfy four hundred "small people" on a strawberry festival. A cheerful sail homeward, more enlivening music, and the sight of a gorgeous golden sunset, ended the excursion as pleasantly as could have been desired, even by the large-hearted pastor himself.

BROOKLYN INTELLIGENCE.

PIC-NIC AND STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL OF PLYMOUTH SABBATH SCHOOL.—Yesterday morning the children of the Sunday-School attached to the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S Church, Brooklyn, accompanied by a large number of his congregation, in all nearly twelve hundred persons, enjoyed a picnic excursion to David's Island. The large and elegant steamboat *Columbia*, and the fine barge, *Poughkeepsie*, left Fulton-street wharf at 8 o'clock. Bands of music were on board of both the boats, and the "trumpets and shawms" joined with the sweet voices of the children in discoursing "most elegant music" on their way down the river. The excursionists all seemed in the liveliest spirits, and exchanged greetings by the waving of numberless white handkerchiefs with every human being who came in sight as they floated along past the populous banks of the river. Even the poor prisoners in the Woman's Workhouse at Blackwell's Island seemed cheered for a moment, and waved their greetings, which were noticed and returned by the happy and innocent children as they glided by the dismal prison-house. Arriving at David's Island, which is a small patch of rocky ground, about as large as the prophet Daniel's den, and has a few stunted, leafless trees, scattered at very wide intervals over its arid surface—the most barren and uninviting place which the eye could possibly rest upon—the company dispersed themselves in pleasant groups to partake of the contents of the various baskets of good things with which they were furnished. There was no tedious ceremony nor rheumatic formality; everybody did what pleased them best, governed only by a desire that their pleasure should enhance the enjoyment of those around them. There was a little tight squeezing while getting on board, but the only serious consequence was a series of jokes and witticisms. One elderly lady, who had never been known to make anybody laugh before, caused great merriment by calling out to her husband, who weighs, (or did weigh at 7 A. M. yesterday,) 237 pounds avoirdupois, and who was very hard pressed upon all sides, as his countenance evinced, "Joseph, I tel'd thee, lad, thee shouldn't a heaten that cold cabbage, so early i' the mornin'." Ham sandwiches, (much better than those Alderman BOWEN and Councilman VAN TINE gave the distinguished Turk,) pies, cakes, and all the *et ceteras* legitimately forming a part of a Sunday-school excursion collation, were drawn from ample baskets and disposed of in strict accordance with the established rule. Then came the strawberries and ice cream, provided by the Committee. They came and went; came by the crate and huge tin can, and went by the basket and spoonful, by the usual route. Then there was sailing in small boats, and walks in the shade; there was scupping and ball-playing. Mr. BEECHER, as soon as he had time, played a game of quoits, and beat the party easily. There were many spectators of the game. One of them, a gentleman recently from Scotland, on seeing Mr. BEECHER "ring the pin," said that he had before formed the opinion that he was the greatest preacher living, and now, from the way he played and enjoyed himself generally, he was satis-