MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 11.

THE following lines, written by John G. Whittier on occasion of the hanging of John Brown, cannot be too often republished:

"Fitch write with the folly
That wrote, through evil, good.
Long live the generous purpose
Unstained with human blood!
Not the rash deed of daylight swept,
But the fell night which sowed its seed;
Not the caitiff's pride of darting,
But the Christian's sacrifice.

Oh! never may you pine ridged hills
The Northern rifle hear,
Nor see the light of blazing homes
Flash on the negro's spear,
But let the free-wing angel, Truth,
Their guarded passes scale,
To teach that right is more than might,
And justice more than mail!

"So calmly shall Virginia set
Her battle array:
To wish her trampling squadrons kneel
The winter snow with clay.
She may strike the pouncing eagle,
But she care not harm the dove;
And every robe she bars to hate,
Shall open wide to Love!"

A Jersey Heroine.

TRENTON, Feb. 1, 1861.

It is singular how unexpectedly our heroes, and heroines, too, start up into public favor, sometimes by a single stroke of courage or judgment at the perilous moment. Heroes they must have always been, but opportunity was wanting. That present, and at a single bound, they take position in public confidence. We all remember how General Taylor's victorious progress toward Mexico astonished the country, by the sudden discovery of his transcendent military capacity, and how the country, afterward, by general acclamation, heaped upon him its greatest honors. It was just so in the case of Major Anderson. A single glorious act has enabled him to carve his name high upon the shaft of military renown. The reward is yet to come. But Lieut. Slemmer, now in command of Fort Pickens, and his heroic officers, are entitled to more public consideration than they have yet received. This officer and his parents, are all natives of Montgomery county, Pennsylvania. Both his grandfathers fought at Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth. He graduated with honor at West Point, served in Florida against the Seminoles, was there promoted and ordered to California, and, being again promoted, was ordered to Fort Moultrie. He afterward entered the Coast Survey at the invitation of Professor Backe. But he had hardly accepted this duty when the Superintendent of the West Point Academy, knowing his high qualifications, applied to the Secretary of War for the appointment of Lieut. Slemmer as a teacher there. There he remained four years, was then ordered to Fort Moultrie a second time, and thence to Pensacola, where his command embraced Fort Pickens, Fort Barrancas, and Fort McRae.

Here, while here, occupying the barracks, that he performed the brilliant feat of transferring his little command from a weak position to the impregnable one of Fort Pickens. He thus foiled the rebels in their plans against that important position as completely as did Major Anderson. There he is now, commanding the harbor, and by incessant labor in putting the fortress in fighting condition, his little band of heroes may be relied upon to do their whole duty to the Union. Distance has deprived him of much of the notoriety which has attended the movement at Fort Sumter. But Lieutenant Slemmer acted on his own responsibility, and the country will gallantly sustain him in what he so wisely did.

After the barracks had been so hastily evacuated that even Mrs. Slemmer's trunks and clothes were left behind in the hurry, the rebels took possession. Mrs. Slemmer took a boat and returned to the barracks to obtain them. The sentry stopped her and demanded her business, but she pushed bravely on, and entering the barracks, asked that the trunks containing her clothing might be given up. Though no regular officer was present