

hands"), would have been claimed by him as his own, even after he had finished the *Paradise Lost*. And Gray would prosecute as a literary poacher the hand that would presume to break into his orchard and appropriate a single epithet in that line, the most beautifully descriptive which ever was written "The breezy-call of incense breathing morn!"

On such authority, a poetaster reclaims the original use of an epithet—The Emerald Isle—is a party song written without the rancour of party, in the year 179-. From the frequent use made of the term since that time, he fondly hopes that it would gradually become associated with the name of his country, as descriptive of its natural beauty and its inestimable value.

William Drennan was a member of the Speculating Society of Edinburgh, and Dr. Drummond furnished the following biographical notice of him for *The History of the Society*, 4to. 1845, p. 123: "Drennan was one of the first and most zealous promoters of the Society of United Irishmen, and author of the well-known Test of the Union. His music also poured forth strains which extorted for their poetry the praises even of those who dissented from their political sentiments. The song of "Erin to Her Own Tune" was on its first publication sung and resung in every corner of the land, and it still continues to enjoy the admiration of its readers. He had the glory of first designating his country as the Emerald Isle—an appellation which will be permanent as it is beautiful and appropriate! He wrote some hymns of such excellence as to cause a regret that they are not more numerous; and in some lighter kinds of poetry showed much of the playful wit and ingenuity of Goldsmith. Though deeply engaged in the political transactions of Ireland, he did not neglect the more tranquil and elegant studies of polite literature. He took a prominent part in the establishment of the Belfast Academical Institution, and published a volume of *Fugitive Pieces* in 1815, and in 1817 a translation of the *Elections* of Sophocles.

Dr. Drennan's epithet will probably remind some of our readers of the clever lines in the *Rejected Address*, in imitation of Tom Moore's gallant verses.

"Bloom, Theatre, bloom, in the roseate  
blushes  
Of beauty illumined by a love breathing  
smile  
And flourish, ye pillars, as green as the  
rushes  
That pillow the nymphs of the Emerald  
Isle!

"For dear is the Emerald Isle of the ocean,  
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the  
wave,  
Whose sons unaccustom'd to rebel commotion,  
Tho' joyous are sober, tho' peaceful are  
brave."

INTERESTING STATISTICS OF THE GLOBE.—There are on the globe 1,288,000,000 souls, of which 360,000,000 are the Caucasian race, 552,000,000 are of the Mongolian race, 190,000,000 are of the Ethiopian race, 176,000,000 are of the Malay race, and 1,000,000 are of the Indo-American race. There are 2,642 languages spoken, and 1,000 different religions. The yearly mortality of the globe is 33,333,333 persons. This is at the rate of 91,554 per day, 3,730 per hour, 62 per minute. So each pulsation of the heart marks the decrease of some human creature. The average of human life is 33 years. One-fourth of the population dies at or before the age of seven years. One-half at or before 17 years. Among 10,000 persons one arrives at the age of 100 years; one in 500 attains the age of 90; and one in 100 lives to the age of 60. Married men live longer than single ones. In 1,000 persons 98 marry, and more marriages occur in June and December, than in any other month of the year. One-eighth of the whole population is military. Professions exercise a great influence on longevity. In 4,000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70 years, 43 are priests, orators or public speakers, 30 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 32 are soldiers or military employes, 29 are advocates or engineers, 27 are professors, and 24 are doctors. Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of that of others die the soonest.

Most persons who write ill, do so because they aim of writing better than they can, by which means they acquire a formal and unnatural style. Whereas to write well, we must write easily and naturally.