“Every minute dies a man. Every minute one is born.” I need hardly point out to you that this calculation would tend to keep the sum total of the world’s population in a state of perpetual equipoise, whereas it is a well-known fact that the said sum total is constantly
on the increase. I would, therefore, take the liberty of suggesting that in the next edition of your excellent poem the erroneous calculation to which I refer should be corrected as follows: “Every moment dies a man, And one and a sixteenth is born.” I may add that the exact figures are 1.067, but something must, of course, be conceded to the laws of meter.

– Charles Babbage, letter to Alfred Lord Tennyson, about a couplet in his “The Vision of Sin.”