

with
Arcadia

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Lord Byron

1788. George Gordon Byron born with a clubfoot.
1791. Byron's father, Captain John "Mad Jack" Byron, dies in France.
Byron living with his mother in Aberdeen, Scotland.
1798. Unexpectedly inherits title and estates of his uncle, Baron Byron of Rochdale ("The Wicked Lord"). Returns with his mother to England and lives in Newstead.
1803. Falls in love with Mary Chaworth (an older, engaged, distant cousin). She rejects him.
1805. Attends Trinity College, Cambridge, and falls in "a violent, though pure" love with chorister John Edleston.
1806. *Fugitive Pieces* printed. First meets John Cam Hobhouse, Baron Broughton, at Cambridge.
1807. First poetry book, *Hours of Idleness* printed. Its bad review in *The Edinburgh Review* leads to his satire *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which draws more attention.
1809. Takes his seat in the House of Lords, and goes off with Hobhouse on tour of Europe: Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malta, Greece, Albania, Constantinople, Troy.
1811. Arrives back in London; his mother dies.
1812. Makes first speech in House of Lords. The first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* are published, derived from his experiences on his own travels. He later says he "awoke one morning and found myself famous." Begins a liaison with Lady Caroline Lamb.
1813. Begins relationship with married half-sister Augusta Leigh, and flirts with Lady Frances Webster.
1814. Marries the "unimaginative and humorless"⁴ Anne Isabella (Annabella) Milbanke.
1815. Daughter Augusta Ada born.
1816. Byron and Annabella legally separated when Augusta is only 5 months old, possibly as a result of Byron's continuing affair with his half-sister. He returns to Europe, visits Percy Shelley, and resumes a previous affair with Claire Clairmont.
1817. Illegitimate daughter Allegra born to Byron and Claire Clairmont. Byron goes to Italy, meets up with Hobhouse, and continues promiscuous practices.
1818. Meets Countess Teresa Gamba Guiccioli. Begins an affair with her, and spends the next few years traveling with her and writing.
1822. Works as co-editor of a radical journal (*The Liberal*) in Italy, with Shelley and Leigh Hunt.
1823. Sends Allegra to be educated in a convent, where she dies at age 8. Agrees to act as an agent of the London Committee, helping the Greeks win independence from the Turks. Goes to Missolonghi, Greece, and spends much of his own money to improve the Greek navy.
1824. Dies of a fever. For his work, he is treated (to this day) as a Greek national hero.

Frankenstein
Claire - stepmother
of Mary S.

Caroline
Lamb's
cousin

Augusta Ada King, Countess of Lovelace

Since Annabella Milbanke separated from Lord Byron only a month after Ada was born, she never met her father. Instead, her mother (whom Byron had nicknamed “The Princess of Parallelograms”) raised her to be unpoetic, giving her tutoring in mathematics and music from William Frend. He, however did not believe in “newer” math (like imaginary or negative numbers), so she studied higher mathematics independently.

Ada met Charles Babbage, Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, at a ball when she was 17, and they corresponded on scientific and mathematical topics. Nine years later, after she married and had children, she translated from Italian a paper written by Luigi Federico Menabrea describing Babbage’s Analytical Engine, an unfinished gear-work decimal-based machine still recognizable as a modern computer. Her translation also included original notes and applications, including a practical algorithm for computing Bernoulli numbers—the first computer program.

Bernoulli numbers arise in one way to compute the sums of powers of consecutive integers:

$$s_p(n) = \sum_{k=1}^{n-1} k^p = \sum_{k=0}^p \frac{B_k}{k!} \frac{p!}{(p+1-k)!} n^{p+1-k}$$

B_k is the k th Bernoulli number, independent of p and n (as long as they’re positive integers). In 1850, Ernst Kummer proved Fermat’s Last Theorem $x^n + y^n \neq z^n$ for cases where n is a regular prime, that is, a prime which does not divide the numerator of any of B_2, B_4, \dots, B_{n-3} .

References

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3. “Ada Byron Lovelace,” <http://www.livezone.com/girltalk/AdaByron.html>. [Accessed May 3, 2004.]
4. “George Gordon Byron, 6th Baron Byron” *Encyclopædia Britannica* from Encyclopædia Britannica Online. <<http://www.search.eb.com/eb/article?eu=18687>> [Accessed May 3, 2004].
5. “Introduction on Bernoulli’s Numbers,” <http://numbers.computation.free.fr/Constants/Miscellaneous/bernoulli.html>. [Accessed May 3, 2004.]
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Darkness

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went--and came, and brought no
day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires--and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings--the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
Forests were set on fire--but hour by hour
They fell and faded--and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash--and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds
shriek'd,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless--they were slain for food.
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again;--a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;

All earth was but one thought--and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails--men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devoured,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress--he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies: they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton
hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects--saw, and shriek'd, and died--
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful--was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless--
A lump of death--a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they
dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge--
The waves were dead; the tides were in their
grave,
The moon their mistress had expir'd before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them--She was the Universe.