

Ord, who had edited the final two volumes after Wilson's death in 1813. On the other hand, Charles-Lucien became friends with John James Audubon and Thomas Say. Say appreciated his skills and gave him access to skins of new bird species, including the Burrowing Owl, collected on Say's expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1819-1820. William Cooper, secretary of the Lyceum of Natural History in New York, the forerunner of the New York Academy of Sciences, became a close friend and published Charles-Lucien's summary of the Genera of North American Birds in the *Annals of the Lyceum*. After Charles-Lucien returned to Europe early in 1828, Cooper edited and saw through the press the third and fourth volumes of Charles-Lucien's major American work, which appropriated Wilson's title, *American Ornithology*, but carried a more accurate subtitle, *Natural History of Birds Inhabiting the United States*.

Once back in Italy, Charles-Lucien masterminded annual scientific congresses from 1839 to 1847 at Pisa, Turin, Florence, Padua, Lucca, Milan, Naples, Genoa, and Venice, even though each was a political powder-keg. The Naples conference was in fact a precursor to the Italian revolution. He turned his attention away from birds and wrote *Iconography of Italian Fauna*, in thirty parts (1832-1841), and a *Manual of Fishes* (1840). He became a deputy in the Roman parliament in 1848 and vice-president of the constituent assembly in 1849, taking much time away from his work in scientific classification.

Because of his involvement with the republican movement, the royalist turncoat Charles-Lucien was forced to flee Italy in July 1849. A "man without a country," exiled from Italy (though Zenaide stayed) and denied permission to stay in France, he sought sanctuary in England. Resolving to commence work on the great project he had contemplated for 20 years, he travelled to Holland. Without access to his notes and books, which were in Rome, he relied on the Rijksmuseum van Natuurlijke Historie in Leiden. There the great collection as well as the hospitality and guidance of Temminck and Schlegel supported and inspired his work, and there began his last great work, *Conspectus Generum Avium*, which was intended to include all

known species of birds. During his researches he visited collections in Holland and Germany and corresponded with the leading naturalists throughout the world. Volume 2 of the work was never completed, and the portions produced have an extremely complex and uncertain publishing history, yet the work is (apart from Linnaeus' *Systema Naturae*) the greatest single-author source for new species and genera of birds.

In 1850, the French authorities allowed him to move to Paris and six months later, in February 1851, restored his French citizenship. Charles-Lucien died in Paris, apparently of heart failure, on 29 July 1857.

There is far more detail about political intrigues and machinations in this book than one would encounter in a biography of any other naturalist. Sadly, Stroud is not an ornithologist and hence is not in a position to evaluate, criticize or understand Bonaparte's brilliance as a taxonomist and nomenclaturalist. The inclusion of new taxa first named by Bonaparte would have made a valuable addition (Peters' *Birds of the World* includes 141 bird genera and 181 bird species described by Bonaparte and held by Peters to be valid). A further list of new fish and other organisms named by Bonaparte would add greatly to these numbers. Bonaparte, in demonstrating his erudition in Latin, composed some monstrously difficult names, and was criticized by many then and since for his practice of naming new genera and new species without sufficient grounds. In addition, nineteen avian species and one avian genus were named FOR Bonaparte by others. However, he did name the dove, *Zenaida*, for his pretty wife.

This book will be of interest to all ornithologists with a historical bent, and to anyone interested in royalty in general or the Bonaparte family in particular. It belongs in every university and college library.

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John Keast Lord: Materials for a Life

By Donald B. Baker. 2002. Backhuys Publishers, Leiden, The Netherlands. 65 pp. Euro 22.

John Keast Lord, a veterinary surgeon, was one "of many-sided men of action so characteristic of the Victorian age." He was the naturalist on the British North American Boundary Commission from 1858 to 1862*. He arrived at Esquimalt in 12 July 1858, visited Victoria, Nanaimo, and Beaver Cove on Vancouver

Island, and then moved east from the mouth of the Fraser River to Sumas Prairie. In 1859 he collected specimens near and east of present Chilliwack. In 1860, he led a risky journey from Stockton, California, overland to Walla Walla and then Kettle Falls on the Columbia River, to deliver needed mules and bullocks. By April 1862, the 49th parallel had been cleared and completed to the Rocky Mountains; Lord sailed from Victoria back to his native England.

Sadly, Lord's obituaries varied "from the inaccurate to the fanciful or wildly untrue," while authors of recent articles about Lord have been guilty of "the facile repetition of statements made by preceding authors without any evident attempt to ascertain the truth."

In addition to 13 pages about the boundary commission, Baker tells us about Lord's travels to Egypt and his final position as manager of the Brighton Aquarium, cut short by illness, and of his untimely death at age 53. Baker lists the six species named for Lord, as well as the British Museum's specimens he collected along the southern Canadian boundary. There are six pages of references, twelve of footnotes, and

two of acknowledgments. This is much the best biographical reference available concerning a little-known naturalist of importance to Canada. It will be of interest to natural historians and belongs in each university library.

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*Lord, John Keast. 1866. *A naturalist in Vancouver Island and British Columbia*. 2 volumes. Richard Bentley, London.

When the Wild Comes Leaping Up: Personal Encounters with Nature

Edited by David Suzuki. 2002. Greystone Books, Vancouver.
235 pp. \$32.95.

When the Wild Comes Leaping Up – what a great title. Different, attention-grabbing, dynamic. Those who spend time in the wild can identify – they've felt it leap up many times, like the sub-title, *Personal Encounters with Nature* suggests.

And so I opened the book with great anticipation, expecting to be swept away by one gripping story after another. I was also hoping it would be a collection of Canadian writing, but it wasn't. And it wasn't always that gripping either, because the pieces were very different. Some grabbed me from the beginning and held onto me all the way through with their splendid stories and excellent writing. Others, more intellectual or more rambling (sometimes quite long), reached out less assertively, making me work to enter into the story, sometimes getting a hold of me, sometimes not. Still others did nothing at all for me, although I read each piece from start to finish.

But I'm not going to talk about those. I'm going to tell you about the two stories that gripped me most strongly, and let you decide on the rest of the pieces for yourself if you end up reading the book.

The first was Bill McKibbin's "A Desperate Clarity," about a an unforgettable and dangerous experience he had hiking in the woods behind his house in the Adirondacks. As he points out, it was not an encounter with a large carnivore, or a poisonous snake, or even poison ivy. He stepped on a nest of yellow jackets.

It happened while he was climbing a very steep slope. He writes, "all of sudden, there was the most unbelievable pain washing up my stomach toward my neck. It came so fast, as pure a splash of feeling as if someone had tossed a pot of boiling water in my direction. And it hurt so much, a purity of pain I've never experienced before or since. In my memory it expresses itself almost as a flash of white light."

He describes his desperate plunge back down toward home — his rapidly swelling torso, his rising panic — only to be seized by what he calls a "remarkable set of emotions" and awareness which blurred the boundaries between himself and the world around him. He describes his reactions to things he perceives along the way, feeling genuinely a part of it all — a "high" — before his trip to the hospital. When he returns, things did not return to normal.

"It was as if the tears of pain had irrigated my eyes," he writes, "and for weeks afterward the world seemed in sharper focus whenever I stepped outside.... The layers of insulation between me and the real world had been removed, and now the breeze was whistling through. You could say this new state has a dreamlike quality, but it would have been more accurate to say just the opposite—that it felt as if I had woken up from a dream."

He finishes the story with the following lines: "It is a sorry thing to admit that you're so thick it takes seventy-six yellow jacket bites to pierce you.... But the lesson was well worth the price — that desperate clarity was one of the greatest gifts the world ever gave me. When I try to imagine the holy spirit, I hear buzzing."

Bill McKibbin writes superbly. And he writes honestly. In his story the wild leaps up, literally and figuratively, to give him an unforgettable, illuminating experience — an epiphany. I could probably say, and you can probably tell, it was my favourite story.

The other story that really gripped me was also about an epiphany. In fact, that word is in the title, "Catching an Epiphany." The story is by the editor of the book, David Suzuki, and it, like Bill McKibbin's piece, is about, as Suzuki writes, "my moment of enlightenment."

It is a charming, autobiographical story about excitement associated with the outdoors, particularly fishing. "My very first childhood memory," Suzuki writes, "is one of almost unbearable excitement — my father and