sophical views, and that she contributed a great deal to his writings, including *The Enfranchisment of Women*, *The Politics of Political Economy*, and *On Liberty*.

In *The Voice of Harriet Taylor Mill*, Jacobs has achieved her goal of creating history imbued with a lively sense of intimacy.

But my reservations stand. While I understand that all history is the result of interpretation and subjectivity, and that all historians shape their material depending on class, race, gender, etc., I like to know what's real. Maybe it's because I'm a journalist.

SETTING THE AGENDA: JEAN ROYCE AND THE SHAPING OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Roberta Hamilton.
Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 2002

REVIEWED BY CLARA THOMAS

Seldom does a book's title fit so well. For decades, from the mid-thirties until the late sixties, Jean Royce, as Registrar, Secretary of Senate and most of the other important committees, did indeed set the agenda for Queen's. She handled admissions — to get a "Miss Royce letter" was an earth-shaking event for decades of students. Behind the screen of "secretary" she also steered the course of Senate's and other committees' discussions and decisions, including graduate studies. In the opinion of many, and certainly all undergraduates, she effectively "ran the place."

This truly remarkable woman was born in St. Thomas, Ontario, in 1904. Her father, David, was a valued employee of Campbell's Flour Mills until his death at 77. He was a staunch Deacon of the Church of Christ (Disciples) that his employer had founded in St. Thomas. Katherine, his wife, was one of the first women to be made Deaconess in the Church of Christ, a notable privilege and responsibility. From the beginning of their schooling, daughters Marion and Jean were outstanding among the couple's six children and Katherine, ambitious for her daughters, was anxious to aid and abet their goals. Marion won a scholarship to McMaster, which was linked to the Church of Christ, and on graduation, began to work for the church as a children's specialist and youth-outreach worker. Jean, who did not win a scholarship, took a job with the St. Thomas Library and with a small grant went to the Ontario Library School, assured of a job after graduation. Through their Collegiate years both girls had been leaders among their classmates; Jean in particular began her long career in administration with positions on the Girls' Club executive, in the Debating Club and in her church's Young People's Club, becoming its president when she was thirteen.

She was bitterly disappointed that she could not go to university as Marion, three years her senior, had done, and this rankled decades later, but she wasted no time in enrolling in Queen's extramural courses, and in 1925 she attended a Queen's Summer School. By 1927 she had saved enough money to attend Queen's as a full-time student, graduating in 1930. Apart from a year teaching at the Ontario Ladies College in Whitby, she spent the rest of her working career at Queen's and the rest of her life in Kingston. Unfortunately, in spite of her extensive research, Hamilton gives us no information on the Ontario Library School, not even its geographical situation. Nor does she give any contextual information on Queen's extramural programme. In fact it was vastly important to the overall picture of Ontario's post-secondary education at the time. Queen's had been the first university to strike out into the extramural field, serving the many many students who could not afford to study intramurally. To an eager Jean Royce and many like her, Queen's extramural study opportunities were crucial.

In 1931, recommended by one of the university librarians for whom she had worked the summer after graduation, Royce returned to Queen's as Assistant to the Registrar, Alice King. Miss King had been made Registrar in 1930; she was now, only a year later, on the verge of a serious breakdown from overwork. Long years later, Jean Royce spoke of her: "she was just worked out, really she was just exhausted from the pressure of work." When Miss King died in 1933, Jean, who had given great satisfaction in the job from the start, was appointed Assistant Registrar, with a warning rider to her letter of appointment: "it is the policy of the trustees to appoint to the Office of Registrar a male, a conclusion I ask you to note but not to approve." Obviously, if a suitable male was found, he was to be the Registrar. However, six months later, Royce was appointed Registrar at a salary of $2500. In return for room and board, she had also taken on the Wardenship of Gordon Hall, a women's residence, a responsibility that she continued for some years.

Hamilton's further chapter headings indicate her major themes and subject matter—"Keeping a Watching Brief," "The Prime of Miss Jean Royce," "More Than a Registrar," and "Ranging the Universe." She described her own bailiwick to the Commission on University Government in Canada, its report published in 1967, as "the centre of academic housekeeping." In reality it was that and much more: decades later, Dr. Benjamin Scott, retired and in his eighties, recalled his gratitude when, a Jewish boy from Montreal and excluded for that reason from McGill, Jean Royce accepted him. "I vividly recall her quiet demeanour, her efficient but kindly questioning, her reassuring answers and, above all,

the feeling that ... she understood my yearning, my fears." "Keeping a Watching Brief" reports memory after memory of this kind, and also assembles testimony from a number of students who had experience with Royce's academic toughness and her adherence to the rules. But the balance weighs heavily on the side of her ubiquitous and benign influence and the gratitude that women students felt for her efforts on their behalf: "She was the first person I ever met who tried to show me I might see my life in relation to my own self, my own needs and desires. I can still visualize her trying to suggest possibilities for a woman's life that were new and different at the time."

Jean Royce's life was by no means circumscribed by her professional concerns. She was a tireless traveller and her holidays were full of trips all over Europe, North America, and the Caribbean, in later years accompanied by her good friend and companion, Margaret Hooey. For years she was closely involved with the Canadian Federation of University Women, attending a good many conferences of the International Federation at home and abroad. She corresponded faithfully with family members, especially Marion. She cared for her mother in her apartment in Kingston during the final months of Katherine's life. Always, she made lasting friends, both among the generations of students to whom she was a powerful mentor and authority figure, and among her own contemporaries.

Roberta Hamilton, a Professor of Sociology at Queen's, has spent several years researching and writing this biography. She is an able advocate, though the discourse of sociology is not always the most fitting language for the story of her subject. The terms "working class" and "middle class" grate on the ears of one who, like myself, grew up in Royce's era and never heard those terms used. The word "class" was simply not a part of our social awareness; it has been imposed as a part of sociology's and history's descriptive vocabulary and its validity rests solely within those disciplines. David Royce's social status derived from his prominent position in his church, not from the fact that he worked for weekly wages. Hamilton's method, her strong advocacy, also results in some confusion: on the one hand she wants throughout to argue a feminist thesis; on the other hand she is committed to an even-handed biography. As narrator she also feels free to establish her presence within the text: There are many occasions when her comments blur and distort the story she is telling.

She bases her entire narrative on the sad drama of Royce's dismissal by Principal Corry, just one year before her expected retirement in 1968 and on the breakdown which followed. Considering the facts of her predecessor, Alice King's post-retirement breakdown and the abundant evidence that like King, Jean Royce was "worked out," Corry's action, while regrettable, is also, in the context of the times, understandable. In the late sixties Ontario universities faced an unprecedented increase in enrolment and therefore in administrative complexity. Teaching at a newly-fledged York at the time, my colleagues and I were aware daily of the pressures that were building on every university's administration. Furthermore, we were aware that Queen's was recalcitrant, vowing to hold the line against a massive increase in students, a determination that was doomed to fail in the face of the province's pressure.

The story of Jean Royce and particularly of her dismissal needs to be told in that context. Temporarily crushed and broken in health, she was one of a small army of women who, like her, made enormous contributions to Ontario's universities. Dalhousie, it is said, had its "Miss Royce." So did Western in Helen Allison, the Assistant Registrar of my day and later, Registrar. Of course they were exploited; so were the very few women who were tolerated as faculty. An irrepressibly strong woman, Jean Royce regained her health and her undaunted spirit. She lived many good years and happy ones until her death in 1984, certainly aware of the lasting legacy she was leaving to women in general and to Queen's in particular.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE FIRST

Susan Doran
New York: New York University Press, 2003

REVIEWED BY NANCI WHITE

Imagine an historical romance where the helpless female protagonist is born, several months too early for those who can add, into a wealthy royal Renaissance illegal marriage. Before her third birthday her lascivious, powerful father has her mother publicly beheaded. By the time she is four, her new stepmother has produced the sought after male heir but gives her life in the attempt, making little Liza an official bastard. By nine, a second stepmother who produces no male heir is beheaded as well. Dad remarries again only to die four years later, making her younger, tubercular brother king of the realm. When she is sweet sixteen her brother investigates her for treason, imprisons her and keeps her under surveillance until he dies of his illness four years later. At this point, her older wicked Catholic stepsister, no stranger to being a bastard herself, succeeds as queen and has our heroine imprisoned in the Tower of London. For the next five years she lives in seclusion under house arrest while sister Mary tries to decide whether to behead her or not. Finally, her sister, believing herself pregnant by Philip of Spain, dies a painful death from uterine cancer, disguising itself as an heir. Thus, at the tender age of 25, the royal bastard, the last woman