of physical consummation) is ably chronicled. Morris' knowledge of his wife's infidelity is suggested as probable, particularly since the Morrises and Rossetti for a time had joint tenancy of Kelmscott House; readers may be astonished to learn how much emotional freedom Jane Morris had in her private life. Yet she paid the price for remaining "respectable" and married to the wrong man by casting herself in the role of the dutiful wife; like Georgiana Burne-Jones she was an integral part of her spouse's professional career, organizing his time and activities and even contributing to the creative component of William Morris and Company. More disucession of this aspect of her persona would have been desirable, as would a few photographs of the embroidery she produced for the workshop. Occasionally Marsh goes a bit far in asserting that, in effect, Jane Morris had two "husbands" because of her two emotional commitments, but this can be forgiven in view of the wealth of critical insight she provides.

The other major character in this cast is Georgiana Burne-Jones, whose cryptic comments and underlying sadness in her "memorial" book about her husband now become more understandable thanks to Marsh's astute examination of her life. Burne-Jones's affair with Marie Zambacco was the sharpest cause of her pain, yet it is now clearly revealed that she found solace in the affection and devotion proffered her by William Morris. As Marsh shows, it was the serious illness of a daughter which finally reunited the parents. Georgiana Burne-Jones too finished up playing the supportive role of running the household and making artistic judgments on behalf of her husband and his career. How much her socialist beliefs may have influenced her friend Morris is alluded to in passing. As with the other women, her own creative activity deserves further attention, but at least her more radical leanings are focused on, and there is the unforgettable image earlier in the text of a young Georgiana eating "mouse pie" on a dare.

The Pre-Raphaelite Sisterhood begins with an apology of sorts and closes with a postcript, the contents of which may well have belonged at the outset, not the end. Indeed, in some ways the final chapter seems written by another hand, for it is fired with a more vociferous feminist rhetoric which casts the women primarily in the roles of victims caught in a web "of silencing, of slander, of double-bind disqualification, of disdain, and of theft." The last few paragraphs of the book attempt to mitigate this sweeping judgment, but the effect nonetheless lingers. On balance, Marsh is doubtless correct in maintaining that these women were "not simply the passive recipients of benefits conferred on them by virtue of their connection with the artists. Nor were they merely 'discovered' by the men and moulded into Pre-Raphaelite shape."

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A. Dwight Culler. *The Victorian Mirror of History*. New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1985. 320 pp. $25.00.

All ages are in a sense ages of transition, but the unprecedented acceleration of change in the Victorian period gave it special claim to that label. To cope with the dislocations of the present, the Victorians turned with striking frequency to the experience of the past. History, as A. Dwight Culler points out in this wide-ranging study, became "the Delphic oracle of the nineteenth century" (p. 280), an authority more responsive to the realities of change than the timeless Christian providence it tended to replace. As the title suggests, Victorians often searched the