In the summer of 1815, a party of English tourists set out by voiture from Brussels to the field of Waterloo, scene of the recent defeat of the Imperial French army under the command of Napoleon Bonaparte. The ten-mile journey afforded numerous opportunities for picturesque reflections on the Flemish landscape; passing through Soignes, for example, the ancient forest whose trees provided a canopy from the glare of the August sun, the travellers may have recalled the literary associations with Boiardo’s Orlando and Shakespeare’s As You Like It.1 As many of the recently published guides to Waterloo took pains to point out, the felt contrast between the pastoral charms of the countryside and the grotesquerie of battle was an especially significant part of the Waterloo pilgrimage.2 Lulled into a state of repose under the shadows of the beech trees, the pilgrims could be forgiven for failing to detect the first bracing evidence of the effects of combat: fragments of paper from service books, torn letters, scraps of clothing, wheel ruts and the sickly, sweet odour of unburied flesh. In due course, however, the tourists would prepare their scented handkerchiefs, taking note, as the guidebook advised, of the affecting contrast between the verdure of Soignes and the coming scenes of despoliation. But standing as a buffer between the bucolic and the tragic is the mart, specifically the benches, tables and groundsheets on which the enterprising villagers of Waterloo displayed their wares. Alighting from the carriage, the tourists would be enticed to purchase a little piece of the battle: buttons,
breastplates, sabres, caps, buckles, and other, less alluring objects: a calcified finger bone, a wooden denture, the tattered remains of a book of French *chanson*. To the would-be consumer of war, the field of battle speaks in broken accents, appealing for narrative completion, invoking a sense of lost totality. As the objects in the mart confirm, pathos is the currency of the battlefield experience, enabling the purchaser to exchange one set of values, the sympathetic detachment of the non-combatant, for another, the empathic identification of the virtual warrior. With that little piece of the real to hand, and with the guidebook and peasant guide to show the way (John Da Costa, Wellington’s guide on the day was the preferred choice), the visitor was now prepared to enter the field of battle.

We shall return to the nature and significance of this experience in due course. The point that should be grasped now, of course, is that Waterloo was, from the outset, presented to the British public as a locus for the realization of national desires. To walk on the very place where Lord Wellington routed the forces of despotism and where the values of consensual loyalism, pragmatism and moderation were decisively affirmed, was to recognise oneself as the embodiment of a triumphant ego-ideal. The problem, however, with this model of identification, was the tendency of those little pieces of the real to make unwelcome returns, reminding the tourist of the precariousness of imaginary integrity. Consider, for example, the following extracts from an unnamed gentleman’s diary, included in the guidebook and offered to the reader as a lesson in civic composure. Visiting the field on 16 July 1815, the diarist records how he climbed the ‘Imperial observatory’ (plate 1) to nail 'the Royal Arms of Great Britain on the pinnacle'. The observatory in question was in fact a trigonometrical tower, erected by the King of the Netherlands, and widely reported to have been used by Napoleon as a vantage point on the day of battle. The act of raising
one’s colours on the very spot where the Emperor had commanded the field is striking, not only as a symbol of the popular appropriation of Waterloo but also as an assertion of individual and national will. Yet in moving from this vantage point to consider the field at closer range, the gentleman encounters an altogether different view of war, a vision that comes uncomfortably close to exposing the difference between the brute actuality of violence from its more pleasurable representation:

Returned [from a visit to a hospital] witnessing a shocking sight, i.e. the dead drawn along by fishhooks. They were going to be buried in the fields, by the peasants.

20 July

Met wagons full of wounded, crying out from extreme suffering. The water every where quite red ... swarms of carrion flies, preying on the carcasses of the horses which still lie unburied.

21 July

[passes] 40 wagons of wounded crying out; and not able to be moved before; many died instantly; others were in a putrid state - a kind of living death!

25 July

(Booth's *Battle of Waterloo*, pp. 122-3)
Since the vast majority of visitors to the field would have surveyed a radically altered prospect to the one described here, we should attend to the structural function of these extracts. For what is genuinely remarkable about this text, apart from the insight it provides into the pain and suffering of war, is the fact that it is presented as part of a gentleman's excursion. As subsequent passages demonstrate, observations of carnage are on a par with details of where the man dined and the quality of the rooms where he slept. Before we rush to conclude, therefore, that the encounter with the materiality of the field qualifies the elevated perspective of the tower we should recall that tourism is itself a structure of being, one that is specifically geared towards the avoidance of permanent shock, whether this comes from the meeting with undesirable facets of landscape or from the repellent matter of the body.

As an instance of this effect in the re-presenting of Waterloo we may briefly consider Murray's *Handbook for Travellers in Holland and Belgium*, a guide popular in the Victorian period. Quoting from Samuel Rogers, the book encourages its readers to perceive themselves as beings who are able to 'proceed' and pass over the 'slightest circumstances' in a way that avoids the disabling effects of an encounter with the tragic and the sublime, the cognitive states most readily associated with the aftermath of a great battle. To the visitors in 1815, support for this mode of being came from two sources. The first was the official map of Waterloo, executed by W. M. Craan, mapmaker to the King of the Netherlands. It was Craan who made good use of the trigonometrical tower prior to its alleged co-optation by Napoleon. The map he produced from this eminence was notable both 'for the accuracy of its detail, and for the exact positions and respective movements it describes of every regiment during the day.' Users or, perhaps more accurately, readers were thus able to orientate
themselves in relation to a truth that could be described as objective and neutral but that was in fact based upon the fictitious view of an ideal observer. In this sense the map did more than simply name, recount and locate. In its assumption of an Ideal-I/eye it also operated as a form of territorial discourse, representing material struggle under the guise of scientific disinterestedness. The 'silent lines' of Craan's plan encouraged readers to locate themselves above the chaos and confusion of battle and thus to consume the field as (to adopt Foucault's terminology) an object of knowledge/power.8

Apparently free, the eye of tourist lent itself well to discourses seeking to condition the subject into a 'detached' or 'objective' view of the field of conflict. This endeavour was reciprocated in the visual imperatives that formed the core of the guidebook narrative. By passing over the horrors of war, comparing what had passed with what was now present, the rhetoric of the battle guide succeeded in filtering out violent, or arresting imagery. On the visual plain, this labour was continued in the form of a foldout panoramic sketch. Stitched into the binding of Booth's guide, the sketch allowed the tourist to compare the scene before them with a fully annotated 360 degree representation: 'Every house, every bush, every tree, every undulation is distinctly copied from nature. There is not a spot on which the eye can rest, that was not immortalized by some heroic deed of British valour' (p. 19). By folding the two plates together (A joining to A, and B joining to B), the viewer is able to form a 'complete circle or panoramic view of the field of battle' (ibid.) one that perfects an otherwise empty sequence of gaps, breaks and partial views. Seen in toto we may begin to apprehend more closely the disciplinary function of this device. Recalling Alan Liu's reading of the politics of the Picturesque, what may at first strike us as 'emancipation from discipline' turns out, after to all, to be secretly dependent on a roll-


call of rules, protocols, and commands. Taken to its logical extreme, the visitor in possession of Murray's guide is shunted along a closely choreographed sequence of viewing positions: 'Leave your carriage at the H. du Musee; ascend Mound; walk down to the main road ... The Mound of the Belgic Lion is by far the best station for surveying the field' (pp. 170-71). In this 1888 version of the battle tour, the rendering of Waterloo into a meaningful sequence of historicized topoi places the subject in a relationship with the truth of post-revolutionary, post-Imperial time. To enforce this position, Booth's guide supplements its panoramic view with a set of detailed historical annotations. As well as providing official knowledge about the conflict, the annotations condition the eye to 'rest' on distinct 'spots' of time. The views depicted in the sketch are thus underwritten by a text that shuts off the potential for dissident readings of the field. Through an act of visual regimentation, the infinite mobility of the tourist's gaze is subjected to specific material constraints; the ground is purged of its connections with arresting images of pain and suffering and is transformed into a site of individual and national re-substantiation.

One spot, in particular, was recommended to visitors as offering the best, most advantageous prospect of the field. For Charlotte Eaton, the unacknowledged author of Booth’s guide, the ability of this spot to nullify the effects of war would prove to be decisive. Her account, written early in the tourist season, begins with a description of the disturbing sights and smells of the mass graves:

On the top of the ridge in front of the British position, on the left of the road, we traced a long line of tremendous graves, or rather pits, into which hundreds of dead had been thrown as they had fallen in their ranks, without yielding an inch of ground. The effluvia which arose
from them, even beneath the open canopy of heaven was horrible; and the pure west wind of summer, as it passed us, seemed pestiferous, so deadly was the smell that in many places pervaded the field. The fresh-turned clay which covered those pits betrayed how recent had been their formation. From one of them the scanty clods of earth which had covered it had in one place fallen, and the skeleton of a human face was visible. I turned from the spot in indescribable horror, and with a sensation of deadly faintness which I could scarcely overcome.

While I loitered behind the rest of the party, searching among the corn for some relics worthy of preservation, I beheld a human hand, almost reduced to a skeleton, outstretched above the ground, as if it had raised itself from the grave. My blood ran cold with horror, and for some moments I stood rooted to the spot, unable to take my eyes from this dreadful object, or to move away ... 10

What is this meeting with the unspeakable if not an instance of the intrusion of the body as that which exposes the fiction underpinning the consensual view of Waterloo? Here, at last - or so it would seem - a writer is brought to the point where understanding and signification fail, the point where, at last, the matter of war is actually felt. And yet, at a more cynical level, the moment may be viewed as a pre-programmed disruption; a gothic intrusion built into the psychic economy of the picturesque. Thus, rather than collapsing the account of Waterloo, the skeletal hand seems to upbraid the narrator for lapsing into the habits of a commonplace tourist. To re-establish her sense of commanding identity - to present herself once more as a
‘pilgrim’ - the writer must therefore survey the field from an elevated perspective. The problem, however, is that the escape from the inauthentic activity of the tourist can only be achieved by way of the very discourse that Eaton seeks to resist. It is therefore the picturesque that supplies the subject with appropriate models of self-determination and with symbolic strategies for evading ego-fixation. To this end what could be better or more appropriate than the so-called 'Wellington tree' - the 'immortal' elm from which the Duke was supposed to have commanded the decisive events of the battle? From this vantage point the viewer is able to regain a sense of visual and moral stability. Just as the panoramic sketch, devised by Eaton's sister Jane, had conditioned the viewer to look, as it were, through the 'eagle-like' eyes of Wellington, so the reader is encouraged to perceive the battle as a unified event, no longer subjected to the fragmentary forms of violent actuality. The success of this visual strategy is manifest; so much so that by the end of the _Waterloo Days_, Eaton's sublime inarticulacy at the de-humanizing effects of mass graves and ash piles has been transformed into sublime appreciation for the individual's contribution to the greater good: 'Every private soldier acted like a hero, and thus individual merit was lost in the general excellence, as the beams of stars are undistinguished in the universal blaze of day' (p. 156).

Among the most significant instances of this mythologizing tendency is the moment where Eaton gains her first panoramic view of the field. Like many observers, she notes a feeling of inarticulacy in the face of the sublime: 'we suddenly stopped - we stood rooted to the spot - we gazed around us in silence; for the emotions that at this moment swelled our hearts were too deep for utterance - we felt that we stood on the field of battle!' (p. 127) From hereon it is possible to reinvent the battle as an object of imaginative as opposed to rational contemplation.
Eaton, of course, was not alone in responding to the field in this manner. From Southey to Scott and from Byron to Croker, all the evidence suggests that most travellers to Waterloo experienced some form of 'strong emotion'. John Scott, who visited the field in the summer of 1815, wrote that the first view of the field 'throws' the observer out of 'his ordinary habits of mind ... The great cause of excitement, however, lies in his being on the point of converting into a visible reality what had previously existed in his mind as a shadowy, uncertain, but awful fancy.' The following narrative veers between pathos - at the contrast between the quiet simplicity of the unmarked graves and the devastation from which they derive - and sublime excitement. Thus the village of Waterloo is 'dull' and 'obscure'; the battle, by contrast, is impressive and 'famous' (pp. 205-6). Like Eaton, the crucial moment for Scott occurs on the top of Mount St. Jean: 'The ascent is easy: you reach the top unexpectedly, and the whole field of battle is then at once before the eye. Its sudden burst has the effect of a shock, and few, I believe, are found to put any question for the first five minutes'. Scott's pleasing pain is salved by the sight of an 'old picturesque tree' (p. 209). Not surprisingly this is the 'Wellington tree'. As an object of picturesque interest it serves to free the mind from its sublime fixation and to place it within a regimented (symbolic) order of seeing. In visual terms, the eye is directed towards the investigation of surface details: the marks of grape and musket shot; the splintered bark and branches. And as with other accounts of the tree, it is used not only to anchor the subject as the apex of a conic field of vision ('the tree ... denotes the centre of our position') but also as an image of fortitude and endurance. For although the tree is damaged, it still retains
the vitality of its growth, and will, probably, for many years, be the first saluting sign to our children, who, with feelings of a sacred cast, come to gaze on this theatre of our ancestor's deeds ... this venerable tree will remain, a long survivor of the grand battle in which it is no slight sufferer, - a monument of its circumstances, - a conspicuous mark to denote and to impress.

(John Scott, *Paris Revisited*, p. 209)

Scott has no difficulty in reconciling the cataloguing of destruction with the concept of sublimity: 'I would set him down, at once, as either diseased or dull, who would object, either in the tone of humanity or philosophy, to the gross exhibitions of these scenes'. For Scott, such scenes can work to reinforce the moral health of the witness: 'the external phenomenon is often grand, when the cause is dark and pestilential: - the effects in those who are influenced belong to the highest order of poetry'. And further: 'What genius can do for some by its exertions in literature and art - a battle can do for all, - namely strengthen the action of the faculties, widen the sphere of the sympathies, and encrease the ardour of the passions.' Finally, 'there is on these occasions a grand community of soul, pervading multitudes, who, in all common cases, and on all common subjects, have scarcely a point of contact, or a clue to sympathy.' (pp. 224-5) War, in other words, is analogous to the work of art - in so far as it facilitates the extension of our sympathies and the honing of our faculties. But even as war mirrors the structure of aesthetic relations, its significance supersedes that of a painting or a poem. The appeal of a great victory exceeds the consensus values
involved in a mere judgement of taste, binding the individual to the nation as a link in an indissoluble chain.

Tourists were of course not the only visitors to the field in the aftermath of battle. Their arrival was preceded by a small group of surgeons, prompted by news of the unprecedented scale and ferocity of the carnage. On the eve of battle, in an area of land measuring just less than three miles from east to west, and less than a mile and a half from north to south, some 50,000 men lay dead and wounded. As the gentleman’s diary testifies, the removal of bodies and the treatment of those wounded who were unable to move from the field was still in process four weeks after the event. Among the first wave of medical men to respond to the call of duty was the eminent surgeon and anatomist Charles Bell, whose groundbreaking work on the human nervous system and the treatment of gunshot wounds would stand him in good stead during the trials ahead. But before we rush to infer that the surgeon’s example stands as a humanizing alternative to the superficial dalliances of the tourist we would do well to consider the eerily familiar account that is Bell’s first impression of the field:

About half a mile of ascent brought us to the position of Bounaparte ... This is the highest ground in the Pays Bas. A noble expanse is before the eye, and the circumstance of the ground still imprinted with the tyrant's foot, the place where the aides-de-camp galloped to and fro, the whole extent of this important field under the eye, filled the imagination ... I climbed up one of the pillars of the scaffolding ... The view magnificent, I was only one-third up the machine, yet it was a giddy height. Here Bounaparte stood surveying the field. What name
for him but - Macbeth, a man who stands alone! There is something magnificent in this idea; then, exalted to a giddy height; and how much further to fall than to the ground? his friends dispersed, his squadrons broken, all in deroute; and well he knew - for he seems to know mankind well - he knew the consequence ... This position of Bounaparte is most excellent; the machine has been placed by the side of the road, but he ordered it to be shifted. The shifting of this scaffold shows sufficiently the power of confidence and resolution of the man. It is about sixty feet in height. I climbed upon it four times the length of my body, by exact measurement, and this was only the first stage. I was filled with admiration of a man of his habit of life, who could stand perched on a height of sixty-five feet above everything, and contemplate, see, and manage such a scene. Already silence dwells here; for although it is midday, and the sun bright and all shining in gladness, yet there is a mournful silence contrasted with the scene which has been so recently acting. No living thing is here - no kites, no birds of any kind; nothing but a few wretched women and old men, scattered on a height at a distance, and who are employed in gathering balls.  

Here, once again, the tower affords the viewer with an opportunity to indulge in a Napoleonic fantasy of command: to stand in the very place where 'the scourge of Europe' contemplated and managed the partial scenes of reality. As the surgeon's eye monitors the field in a vast panoramic sweep, the dissonant presence of labouring wretches and 'horrid smells' is exchanged for an illusory ideological
totality. Back on the field, however, the vision of command is powerful enough to occlude the visceral disturbances of surgery. But only just. In a letter to Francis Horner, written in the aftermath of his visit, Bell describes how his work in the hospitals precipitated 'an absolute revolution' in his mental 'economy':

It is impossible to convey to you the picture of human misery continually before my eyes [my emphasis]. What was heart-rending in the day was intolerable at night … At six o'clock [in the morning] I took the knife in my hand, and continued incessantly at work till seven in the evening; and so the second and third day.

All the decencies of performing surgical operations were soon neglected. While I amputated one man's thigh, there lay at one time thirteen, all beseeching to be taken next; one full of entreaty, one calling upon me to remember my promise to take him, another execrating. It was a strange thing to feel my clothes stiff with blood, and my arms powerless with the exertion of using the knife! and more extraordinary still, to find my mind calm amidst such variety of suffering; but to give one of these objects access to your feelings was to allow yourself to be unmanned for the performance of the duty. It was less painful to look upon the whole than to contemplate the object.

Bell goes on to qualify this 'gloomy, uncomfortable view of human nature' by recalling 'the sense the world has of victory and Waterloo. But this is transient' for
Their must ever be associated with the honours of Waterloo, to my eyes, the most shocking sights of woe, to my ear accents of entreaty, outcry from the manly breast, interrupted forcible expressions of the dying, and noisome smells. I must show you my notebooks, for as I took my notes of cases generally by sketching the object of our remarks, it may convey an excuse for this excess of sentiment.

*(Letters of Charles Bell, p. 248)*

What blocks the surgeon's rendering of the totality of the battle is precisely his unmanly focus on the 'object' of war; in gazing at the wound, Bell experiences the pre-symbolic, fragmented body that resides at the core of the nation’s claim to integrity. Jacques Lacan outlines the reason for this disturbance in his classic account of ‘the mirror stage’. Briefly, whilst the fiction of wholeness may be a necessary precondition of the entry into the symbolic order, remnants of the repressed *corpse morcelé* or ‘cut up body’ are likely to return in the form of *imagos* ‘constituted for the instincts themselves’:

Among these *imagos* are some that represent the elective vectors of aggressive intentions, which they provide with an efficacy that might be called magical. These are the images of castration, mutilation, dismemberment, dislocation, evisceration, devouring, bursting open of the body, in short, the *imagos* that I have grouped together under the apparently structural term of *imagos* of the fragmented body.15
To strip the subject of its psychic ‘armour’ is thus to engage the observing ego in the fundamental process of ‘death-work’, a mode of repetition in which the unified self figures its fundamental unmaking. As Bell notes, the object before him speaks to the feelings, to sentiments that undermine the honours of war; but, more specifically, they run the risk of permanently disclosing the impossible Real, the hard kernel of perverted desire, around which fantasies of national coherence are formed. Such viewing evokes, I would suggest, a fascination with the erotics of dismemberment, a dialectic of attraction and repulsion in which the eye/I regards an imago of its own fundamental incompleteness. If, in Bell’s case, the civilized ego is born out of the repression of this ‘Real’ body, then his uncovering of the corps morcelé runs the risk of succumbing to ‘that other point where the subject sees himself caused as a lack’. To perceive that other point, as Lacan argues earlier in his seminar, is to encounter oneself as in some way ‘photo-graphed’, subject that is to a ‘gaze that is outside’ and from which ‘I am elided’. Small wonder then that Bell should find, in the view from the tower, a means of regaining a sense of the whole.

But even as the man of feeling balked at the prospect of the uncanny objectivity of the wounded body, the man of science could always be relied upon to restore a sense of decorum. Thus, when presented with so many instances of wounding by gunshot, cannon and sabre, Bell wasted no time in making detailed notes and sketches of his patients. These remarkable studies, later reproduced in water colours, ‘excelled in force and effect’, as one contemporary commentator puts it, ‘any professional paintings hitherto attempted’. Many of them, together with some in oil, were eventually displayed in Bell’s own Windmill Street Museum and later in the College of Surgeons, Edinburgh and at the University College of London. They are
currently on display, in the form of photographic reproductions, at the Wellcome Institute.

On one level the studies are a paradigm of surgical precision; in each case the unstinting portrayal of the effects of violence on the human body allows the mind to comprehend the 'reality' of wounding as a structural element within a manageable analytical system. The same structure of representation that worked in other fields to contain the 'excess' of Waterloo is detectable in Bell's work on two levels: the scientific and the aesthetic. On the scientific level, the drawings translate the recalcitrant matter of bodies into attributes of a higher reality, in this case the universal cause of medical inquiry. At the level of the aesthetic a more subtle process comes into play. As a talented draftsman and as the writer of a reputable treatise on artistic treatments of human expression, the surgeon was well versed in the Burkean discourse of painful-pleasures. Thus, even as Bell accurately presents the reality of the wound, at the same time he cannot avoid gesturing towards the sense of sublimity that this operation affects in him (plate 2). The ‘sad fuscous’ tones of these images fulfil Burke’s criteria for ‘melancholy greatness’, as does the ability of the image to evoke the idea of ‘self-preservation’ in the observer. That the outcome of this encounter with pain should be sublime ‘delight’, rather than fixation, is due in no small measure to the sense in which Bell renders that pain as bearable. The exertion of the muscles in the soldier’s forearm signifies the labour that is required for sublime composure. Overall, what the image produces is a rousing contrast between exercise and languor, wholeness and collapse; the effect of which is ‘a sort of terror tinged with tranquillity’.  

The bearers of these wounds moreover seem imbued with holiness, their facial expressions and the arrangements of limbs evoking the stylised portraiture of the
Here again Bell seems on the verge of qualifying his anatomical view with an appeal to the sentiments. Yet in the context of early nineteenth-century professionalism there is nothing unusual about the mixing of registers in Bell’s work. Prior to the rigid materialism that characterised the official ideology of the Darwinian man of science, an interest in the aesthetic and religious aspects of the human form was not incompatible with the claims of scientific rigour. As a devoted follower of William Paley, Bell believed that the individual human body was a vessel of divine significance. Facial expression, in particular the attitudes of prayer and supplication, was regarded as a direct manifestation of God’s will. Fashioned according to the sacrificial logic of his Renaissance forebears, the wounded soldier is Christ-like and thus, once again, incorporated within an overriding fantasy of national re-substantiation: a willing sacrifice so that we might be free. Still further, it is possible to perceive in the ragged edges of these bodies, their blasted stumps and severed ends (plates 3 and 4), the effects of a romantic aesthetic of fragmentation and decay. For what, after all, do these images remind us of, if not the broken shells of noble buildings? Considered as an architectural ruin, the anatomist's depiction of the wound is perhaps more closely related to the sentimental vision of Hougomont (plate 5) than a totalizing science of pure forms might allow.

In practice, therefore, Bell's depiction of the body *in extremis* serves to reinforce one of the dominant visual strategies of the Napoleonic wars: the fascination with loss and ruination as a romantic effect. To present suffering as elegiac or sublime is to subject the source of that suffering – the wounded or abject body – to a steady process of elision. With the fading of this object comes the restoration of war as a struggle between conflicting ideals, with all traces of the involvement of its human participants effectively erased. What Bell’s letters reveal, however, is a residual
concern with the limitations of this aesthetic. Caught between perspectives, the view from the tower and the view from the wound, Bell shifts between the illusory wholeness of the victorious nation and the fragmented or ‘cut up’ condition of its repressed subjects.\textsuperscript{22} That, to my knowledge, no further images exists of the actual human costs of Waterloo adds all the more to the unsettling pathos of Bell’s vision.\textsuperscript{23}
Plates


3. Sir Charles Bell, soldier suffering from a head wound, part of his scalp shaved, watercolour 1815. Copyright © Wellcome Library, London, by kind permission of the Trustees of the Army Medical Services Museum.


Sections of this essay were first published in my *Waterloo and the Romantic Imagination* (Houndmills: Palgrave, 2002). I am grateful to Palgrave publishers for permission to reproduce this material.


2 Popular guide books published in the immediate wake of Waterloo include: Charles Campbell, *The Traveller’s Complete Guide Through Belgium and Holland* (London: 1815); James Simpson, *A Visit to Flanders in July, 1815 Being Chiefly an Account of the Field of Waterloo* (Edinburgh: William Blackwood, 1816); Booth’s *Battle of Waterloo: Circumstantial Details of the Memorable Event: illustrated with an Original Plan, Views. & co […] by a near observer, previous to & after the Battle*. 2 vols. London: J. Booth, 1815. Following on from Robert Southey’s *The Poet’s Pilgrimage to Waterloo* (1816), the second edition of Campbell’s *Guide*, published in 1817, introduced its readers to the notion that ‘Waterloo has become a kind of pilgrimage’. Mention should be made here of the sheer number of publications that appeared in the wake of the battle, from commemorative verses to 'dispatches, memoirs, accounts, denials, rebuttals, lists, military analyses, maps, charts, diagrams, guides, anecdotes, caricatures, engravings and journals'. The *Edinburgh Review*, for example, lists at least thirty-two Waterloo-related publications appearing between July 1815 and March 1817. See Francis Jeffrey, Review of *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage III*, *Edinburgh Review*, 54 (December 1815), 277-310; p. 295.

The impromptu market was soon followed by the construction of a hotel and an ‘official’ museum curated by Sergeant-Major Edward Cotton. In London, Waterloo memorabilia was shown at the following venues: 1 St. James St (Napoleon’s clothes), 97 Pall Mall (Napoleon’s horse), Bullock’s Museum in Picadilly (Napoleon’s carriage). The desire for contact with the ‘real’ objects of Waterloo is indicative of a more pervasive shift away from eighteenth-century systems of knowledge with their reliance on taxonomy to a modernist emphasis on the phenomenological ‘recreation’ of experience.

Extracts from this diary are cited in Booth's *Battle of Waterloo* (see note 2 above), II, 121.


7 Advertised in The Times, 6 January 1817.


11 Charlotte Eaton, Waterloo Days, p. 152.


13 For further details see the Introduction to David Chandler, Waterloo, The Hundred Days (London and Melbourne: Osprey, 1997).


18 Ibid., pp. 106-7.

19 See *The Letters of Charles Bell*, p. 232.


22 For further discussion of the elision of pain and suffering in the representation of war in this period see Mary A. Favret, ‘Coming Home: The Public Spaces of Romantic War’, *Studies in Romanticism*, 28, 2 (Summer 1994), 539-48.

23 Whilst mention should be made of Turner’s *The Field of Waterloo* (1817), Bell’s concentration on the wounded body of the soldier is unrivalled. For more general discussion of the representation of military suffering in the visual arts see Peter Harrington, *British Artists and War: The Face of Battle in Paintings and Prints, 1700-1914* (London: Greenhill Press, 1993).