

Chapter 3

Rivalry and Influence: French and English Nineteenth-Century Detective Narratives

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In 1996 an exhibition took place in Paris entitled *Sherlock Holmes est à Paris*. And although ‘Sherlock Holmes, c’est L’Angleterre’ with his deerstalker and pipe evoking ‘Londres au premier coup d’oeil,’ the French nonetheless managed to appropriate him through his ancestry; the well-known quotation from ‘The Greek Interpreter’ has been used with some glee:

‘In your own case,’ said I, ‘from all that you have told me it seems obvious that your faculty of observation and your peculiar facility for deduction are due to your own systematic training.’

‘To some extent,’ he answered thoughtfully. ‘My ancestors were country squires, who appear to have led the same life that is natural to their class. But, none the less, my turn that way is in my veins and may have come with my grandmother, who was the sister of Vernet, the French artist. Art in the blood is liable to take the strangest forms.’¹

This paper is not directly about the French reception, celebration or even denigration of Sherlock Holmes; it explores how, without three hundred years of elaborate and intense French policing, Sherlock Holmes the mythical, world-famous and quintessentially English detective, would not exist.

English interest in continental police systems was a direct result of the newly created Metropolitan Police Force. This was founded in 1829 by Sir Robert Peel, and was followed in 1842 by the creation of the Criminal Investigation Department, where the term ‘detective police’ was first used. It replaced the old system of Night Watchmen and Bow Street Runners, and was the first attempt at an organised institution whose aim was to combat crime and preserve national safety. However, it provoked much debate and anxiety, as many saw it as a threat to individual liberty. This was partly to do with the fact that Sir Robert Peel was closely supported by the Duke of Wellington, who had created his own espionage service during the war with Napoleon, and partly because of the appointment of Sir Charles Rowan, who was Wellington’s close associate, as head of the Police. It was also the example of continental police systems, notably the French, but also the Italian, that gave perhaps legitimate cause for

fear. Writing in *Household Words* in 1850, Dickens described the Italian Spy Police in depth, ending on this note:

Indeed the influence of the Police Spy system (united with other causes) has been such as to convert the whole nation into spies upon each other. As suspicion and want of confidence universally prevail, so there is a deficiency of truthfulness. This cannot be more strongly proved than by the admission of the Italians themselves, who when wishing to conciliate your belief, tell you that they speak 'la parola Inglese,' the word of an Englishman.²

The English attitude towards the French Police was rather more ambiguous. On the one hand this was due to articles and discussions on the actual methodologies practised by French detectives (which were both admired and despised) including literary works, whether memoirs by ex-police agents like Vidocq or novels by authors like Balzac, Hugo, Dumas, Sue. On the other was the stereotype of the snooping personage, the French as spies (Mlle Hortense in *Bleak House*, Mme Beck in *Villette* and later M Chauvelin in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*) which prompted remarks such as this, from 1851:

The boasted skill of the celebrated French police, as it existed under different prefects, was nothing after all but an elaborate system of espionage the post-office was invented in France more as a means of spying over the country rapidly and surely, than for the legitimate transmission of correspondence.³

There was much truth in this somewhat jealous assertion, for the French did have what was called the Cabinet Noir, or Le Secret des Postes, which collected about 60,000 letters. And this was only one of many activities performed by a terrifyingly large scale operation. Not only were the police, in their various guises, posted visibly around the country, but an army of spies, *mouchards*, were planted in all possible social circles, from society salons to prisons, and encouraged to provide evidence of plot or conspiracy. Police kept detailed reports on prostitutes and brothels, noting exactly who went where, hotels kept registers, police could enter private abodes on little pretext. Reports had to be written daily by police from all over the country – the more they reported, the better. Dictionaries, codes, and text-books accompanied the proliferation of police activity until well into the nineteenth century. It was partly a consequence of this frenetic police activity that the first memoirs of the police under various regimes were written.

However, the first memoirs that became an influential bestseller were those produced in 1828-9 by François Vidocq, notorious French Criminal turned head of the Sûreté. His memoirs were immediately translated into English. Indeed, such was their popularity in England that two plays, both entitled *Vidocq, the*

French Police Spy, were written by Douglas Jerrold and John Baldwin Buckstone in 1829. The English reception of the memoirs was surprisingly good. *The Westminster Review* declared him 'the most celebrated thief-taker that the world has ever known', *The Spectator* praised his 'piquance and spirit' and *The Literary Gazette* declared him 'the perfect hero'.⁴ However, much as Vidocq's character pleased, his methods in capturing criminals were hardly different from the methods he used to escape the law.

The following extract relates how he used his former knowledge and status in the criminal world to lure a 'friend' into exposing his crime. Although he himself acts as an *agent provocateur*, he condemns the lack of principles in the one he sets out to entrap:

If you consider this behaviour towards his friends, you can realise what an unprincipled rogue he was. He thought nothing of selling his friends in an attempt to buy the consideration of M. Henry and so purchase his own immunity. Armed with this insight into his nature, I knew him for a greater villain than those he planned to denounce, and it struck me that he was probably the instigator of the crime.

I obtained some fresh information which further convinced me this was the truth of the matter, and I resolved to purge society of such a monster. As a result, I instructed my agents to watch him. And knowing that he had two mistresses, Emilie Simonet and Felicite Renaud, I thought it would only be in the interest of justice that I should try to excite the jealousy of these two women.⁵

He then goes on to get the former mistress drunk and by manipulating her jealousy ascertains for certain that his 'man' committed the crime in question. Through further subterfuge he succeeds in imprisoning him.

Vidocq's memoirs were widely read and influential: Balzac (who admired him immensely) based the character of Vautrin in *Le Père Goriot*, *Illusions Perdues* and *Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes* on him, and Hugo based *Les Misérables* on his story. And perhaps most significantly, Edgar Allan Poe was inspired to create the personage of the Chevalier Dupin. There is, however, a subplot to the publication of these memoirs.

In the foreword to the first volume, Vidocq claims that due to a badly broken hand, he was unable to supervise the production of the memoirs, and agreed to have them checked and amended by a recommended writer. He states his utter surprise, when upon reading the first volume, he realises that his style, full of energy and vigour, has been entirely replaced by another 'dépourvue de vie, de couleur'. In addition, he expresses his shame at 'l'immoralité de certaines actions',⁶ which, he insists, is due entirely to the *style* (not his) in which they are depicted. The facts, he agrees, are consistent.

In the ensuing volumes, however, Vidocq's memoirs were ghostwritten. The editor who bought the rights to the manuscript, a M Tenon, was actually doing so with the intention of serving the interests of the political opposition to Charles X. The opposition to the government of the Restoration had, for some years, used the police as main target for focusing discontent. Using Vidocq as figurehead, the publishers hoped to bias the public with the impression that he represented all the police and was thus responsible for the repression and tyranny that characterised the working of 'la police politique'. Vidocq's manuscript was apparently not quite appropriate for Tenon's purposes (Vidocq did not assassinate his mother and father, sleep with his sister), so he slyly suggested a 'réviseur'. Upon publication, Tenon blamed the 'réviseur' (Emile Morice), apparently soothed Vidocq, and again suggested a different 'réviseur' for the second and third volumes. The person in question was Louis L'Héritier, who purloined enough of the manuscript to publish a fourth volume as well as a supplement to the first, which Vidocq refused to sign. Tenon apparently forged his signature and Vidocq subsequently took him to court. It is hard to prove to what extent Vidocq was hard done by, as all the volumes of the memoirs were enormously successful, although he did try to preserve the original unbiased memoir, which was published, entitled *Histoire de Vidocq, chef de la Police de Sûreté, écrite d'a près lui-même*.

The intrigue surrounding the publication of Vidocq's memoirs was not uncommon and its practice increased, if anything, with the growth of the publishing industry, strictly governed by censorship laws regulated by the Ministry of Police. This was directly linked to the launching of cheap daily papers, such as *La Presse* by Girardin and Dutacq, whose price was extremely low due to the insertion of advertisements or *annonces*. As the feuilletons relied upon advertisements to finance them, a greater lure than that of politics was required in order to guarantee readership and thus the serial novel became necessary to the success of the newspaper – which worked, judging by the tripling of subscribers to 200,000 by 1846.⁷ Authors who provided material for these serialisations were consequently very highly remunerated. Publishers often reserved the right to print manuscripts under different names which successful novelists apparently tolerated. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* commented 'Who knows the titles of all the books written by Alexandre Dumas? Does he know himself? Unless he keeps a ledger with a "Debit" and a "Credit" side, he surely has forgotten more than one of his legitimate, illegitimate, or adopted children.'⁸

Meanwhile, 'serious' periodicals survived and attempted to maintain standards by commenting on the lack of historical precision with which news was published in the newspapers. Subjects from all domains were covered, with the occasional short story or tale, although often the 'original articles'

were from the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Athenaeum*. It was in *La Revue Britannique*, in 1845, that Poe was first published in France in a translation of 'The Gold Bug'. Though the story was followed with an afterword by the editor, it passed virtually unnoticed. A year later, a well-known journalist, who worked on the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, *La Revue Britannique*, *Le Commerce*, and translator, aptly named Forgues (his translations and adaptations were so numerous that he was called *entrepreneur de traduction*⁹) rendered, with only a few additional flourishes, 'A Descent into the Maelstrom' in *La Revue Britannique* followed by the first French article on Poe in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In this, Forgues makes no mention of the extraordinariness of the tales, but labels them simply, 'récits originaux'.¹⁰ Forgues, however, finding himself short of copy, adapted 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue' for a popular daily paper, without giving credit to Poe, merely stating that he adapted a story 'found' in the papers of 'un Américain'. He alters the story by omitting the scientific analysis at the beginning and setting it (oddly enough) in Baltimore. However, another purloined version was simultaneously published in another daily paper,¹¹ also omitting the analysis and Frenchifying the story by changing names, and adding more bloodstains. The coincidence of these two publications was immediately remarked upon, and *La Presse*, a newspaper, that had quarrelled with Forgues in the past, took this opportunity of accusing him of plagiarism.

It was because of the great scandal that ensued – accusations of plagiarism were taken seriously as the press laws of the time were extremely stringent – that Poe's name came to public attention. Editors began to take a greater interest, and a host of translators tackled Poe's tales, until Baudelaire took them upon himself in 1856. But because of Poe's treatment by translators like Forgues, there was only a limited knowledge of his reception and literary reputation in America and he was received as wholly French. In a study of the French influences on Poe himself, Régis Messac traces the influence of Balzac, Eugène Sue¹² and Vidocq, amongst others and explains Poe's artistry through what he defines as a specifically French ability for intelligent selectivity in his sources:

La sûreté de son choix, son doigté, ne sont jamais en défaut. C'est par là qu'il est artiste, et c'est par là qu'il est supérieur.

Oserons-nous dire aussi que c'est surtout par là qu'il est français. Qu'il ait reçu de l'esprit français, au moins en partie, ce goût du choix et de la mesure ... c'est que c'est surtout aux qualités de cet ordre qu'est dû le succès presque illimité qu'il a obtenu en France...¹³

However part of Poe's 'French esprit' meant creating Dupin as the representative spirit of Cartesian rationality, whose methods of investigation

were shown as far superior to that of the French police, even the famous Vidocq, whose memoirs Poe had read.

‘We must not judge of the means,’ said Dupin, ‘by this shell of an examination. The Parisian police, so much extolled for *acumen*, are cunning but no more. There is no method in their proceedings, beyond the method of moment. They make a vast parade of measures; but, not unfrequently, these are so ill adapted to the objects proposed, as to put us in mind of Monsieur Jourdain’s calling for his *robe-de-chambre pour mieux entendre la musique*. The results attained by them are not unfrequently surprising, but, for the most part, are brought about by simple diligence and activity.

When these qualities are unavailing, their schemes fail. Vidocq, for example was a good guesser, and a persevering man. But without educated thought, he erred continually by the very intensity of his investigations. He impaired his vision by holding the object too close. He might see, perhaps, one or two points with unusual clearness, but in so doing he, necessarily, lost sight of the matter as a whole. Thus there is such a thing as being too profound. Truth is not always in a well. In fact, as regards the more important knowledge, I do believe she is invariably superficial. The depth lies in the valleys where we seek her, and not upon the mountain-tops where she is found.¹⁴

If the early translators of Poe chose to leave out the exposition of scientific/logical reasoning, one writer was quick to reincorporate them in more digestible form. He was Emile Gaboriau, the creator of the ‘detective novel’ as a fully fledged genre, who invented a protagonist more human than Dupin, an adventurer capable of intrigue himself (if only romantic), full of ambition and restless energy, and, significantly, part of the police system itself.

Born in 1832 and brought up on Ann Radcliffe, Edgar Allan Poe and James Fenimore Cooper, Gaboriau left the Provinces, as Balzac had done, and went to Paris to become a writer. There he met Paul Féval, the sensation novelist, dramatist and publisher, and worked for him as secretary and editor. In 1865, Gaboriau wrote his first *roman judiciaire* entitled *L’Affaire Lerouge*. In it, however, he combines aspects of the *roman judiciaire* – the need to avenge and prove either guilty or innocent an already captured suspect – with something that constituted a new departure in French fiction, for in it a detective is born, albeit late in life, and begins to assemble laws and maxims by which the practice of detection can be improved. He is Le Père Tabaret, a retired clerk who inherited money from his miserly father; he collects books, and through reading discovers his vocation in detective work. He decides to become an amateur detective, and is given jobs by the local police until he proves himself a

real *maître*. *L’Affaire Lerouge* was an immediate success and instantly doubled the circulation of *Le Soleil* in which it was first serialised. Gaboriau was suddenly one of the most popular writers in France. His second book *Le Crime d’Orcival* (1866-7) was printed simultaneously in two papers, and the eight ensuing novels of this kind were a continual success until his early death, just after the Franco-Prussian war, at the age of 41.

He endeavoured to divert his mind; he began to make a collection of old books; he piled up mountains of fattened and wormeaten volumes in immense oaken chests. Vain attempts! he could not shake off his ennui.

He grew thin and yellow; his income of forty thousand francs was killing him, when a sudden inspiration came to his relief. It came to him one evening after reading the memoirs of a celebrated detective, one of those men of subtle perception, soft as silk, supple as steel, whom justice sometimes sets upon the track of crime.

‘And I am also a detective,’ he exclaimed.

It was necessary for him to prove it.

With a feverish interest, which dated from that day, he pursued every book he could find that had any connection with such subjects. Letters, memoirs, reports, pamphlets everything. He was pursuing his education... But these platonic investigations did not suffice long ...¹⁵

The character in question, so intent on pursuing his ‘education’ is Tabaret, who creates the link between the idiosyncratic ‘amateur’, with the leisure and money to indulge his passion, and the young Lecoq, who becomes the star of the French police, a professional who has learnt to curb his eccentricities, or at least to use them within a bureaucratic hierarchy. What is most interesting about this extract is the need to prove vocation just as one must prove innocence or guilt. Revelation comes after a reading of ‘memoirs’ – reflecting the tastes, if anything, of the French reading public. ‘And I am also a detective’ might seem an absurd leap from literary proclivity to professional practice, but it mirrors the movement of the fictional development that Gaboriau himself instigated: the detective, concealed within ‘memoirs, reports, pamphlets everything,’ emerges as the central character, around whom all these ‘literary’ works pivot. The ‘proof,’ of course, is evident in the sheer bulk of narrative inspired by the work of detection. The fact that an ‘education’ is necessary reflects the need pointed out by the Chevalier Dupin in ‘The Murders in the Rue Morgue’. Le Père Tabaret experiences a revelation that frees him from the *ennui* of early retirement and which links him very strongly with characters in previous works (as in Balzac’s *Histoire des Treize*) who have had the part of ‘spy’ or ‘detective’ thrust upon them by a combination of circumstance and boredom. In contrast, Lecoq and later,

Holmes, are detectives who have come to their professions through a gradual recognition of their talents and interests. Le Père Tabaret's epiphany, then, is one that is necessary in justifying the character of both the 'detective' himself, and the detective novel.

Gaboriau's *Monsieur Lecoq*, written in 1869 and translated and published into English in 1887 introduces M Lecoq as a young detective to whom Le Père Tabaret becomes mentor. In this novel, Lecoq proves himself a brilliant detective through his recognition that the 'common' man believed to be the perpetrator of a gory crime in a seedy tavern in Paris is actually a Duke who has been goaded to the perpetration of this heinous murder through a long and dark history of passion, betrayal and blackmail. All the evidence, however, points against him, and the tale is predominantly that of his quest for the proofs of what he, and he alone, is certain of. The young Lecoq is described as 'a man of 25 or 26 years of age, almost beardless, very pale, with red lips, and an abundance of black hair. He was rather small but well proportioned; and his every movement betrayed unusual energy...' The history of his recruitment into the force is detailed through the description of his background. A poor but brilliant mathematician, he is working for a renowned astronomer, but finding he cannot make ends meet:

All reasonable methods being beyond his reach, it was not long before he was engaged in devising the worst expedients. In short this moral and honest young man spent much of his time in perpetrating in fancy the most abominable crimes.

His employer advises with these words: "When one has your disposition, and is poor, one will either become a famous thief or a great detective" and he ruminates thus: 'Police service did not inspire him with repugnance – far from it. He had often admired that mysterious power whose hand was everywhere, which one could not see, nor hear, but which heard and saw everything'.¹⁶

As he pursues the investigation, he begins to create his own *système* (a different one is needed in different investigations) and assembles certain maxims, partly through personal experience, partly through the wisdom of others:

By doing this, he obeyed a maxim which he had fabricated in his hours of meditation, a maxim which was to assure his fame in after days, and which reads as follows: 'In matters of information, above all, regard with suspicion that which seems probable. Begin always by believing what seems incredible.'

Although Gaboriau was quickly translated and popular in England, his first translated appearance, albeit unacknowledged, was in America. A certain

Henry L. Williams plagiarised one of his novels (*File No. 113*) sentence by sentence, calling it *The Steel Safe; or The Stains and Splendours of New York Life*, renaming M Lecoq as Clayton Newlife. The first official translation appeared in Boston in 1870 and in England in 1883.¹⁷

What stands out most in Gaboriau's *roman policier* is that its hero is almost a caricature of a Frenchman. As Valentine Williams commented:

Here through the jostling, throng of desperately wicked Dukes, incredibly noble maids, ... Monsieur Lecoq, simple agent of the Sureté, comes stepping fresh as a bridegroom, *un beau gars à l'oeil clair, à l'air resolu*, or as a casual visitor saw him in his careful disguise, a sober personality of distinguished appearance, with his gold spectacles, his white tie ... he is as French as the crowing cock, which with his proud motto *Semper vigilans* he chose as his device. His limpid mind, his crystal clear reasoning, his dazzling deductions, his fluttering *panache*, his ups and downs, his hopes and fears, all these are wholly French.¹⁸

The similarities between Lecoq and Sherlock Holmes are many. Suffice it to say that Conan Doyle acknowledged his debt in *A Study in Scarlet*. Watson asks Holmes whether he has read Gaboriau's works:

'Does Lecoq come up to your idea of a detective?' Holmes sniffed sardonically. 'Lecoq was a miserable bungler,' he said in an angry voice, 'he had only one thing to recommend him and that was his energy. That book made me positively ill. The question was how to identify an unknown prisoner. I could have done it in twenty four hours. Lecoq took six months or so. It made a text book – for detectives to teach them what to avoid.'¹⁹

This excerpt is, of course, famously tongue-in-cheek. Holmes's response, however, alludes partly to a publishing tradition that meant that Gaboriau's detective, Monsieur Lecoq, had to take six months to complete an investigation, else there would have been no money in it for Gaboriau. As an example of both rivalry and influence, this comment is also absurdly arrogant, especially given the sorry state, at least as perceived by the British press, of English detectives. But just as the French celebrated Arsène Lupin, *cambrioleur gentleman*, as a larger than life hero in response to their defeat in the Franco-Prussian war, Holmes's comment can be interpreted in response to the notoriously unsatisfactory reputation of the English detective. If a French writer – indeed one whom English jurors had recommended to students wishing to gain quick knowledge of the French legal system –²⁰ could be described as having written a book about how not to be a detective, this is chiefly a challenge to the French reputation for outstanding, if perhaps ethically unsound, methods of detection.

One example is in Wilkie Collins's *My Lady's Money*:

Lady Lydard made one of those bold suggestions with which she was accustomed to startle her friends in cases of emergency. She had heard favourable reports of the extraordinary ingenuity of the French police, and she now proposed sending to Paris for assistance.²¹

Journalistic parallels abound. The following extract, written in 1886, from *Chambers's Journal*, is only one of the many examples of the perceived superiority of these French methods:

It has been my lot, for reasons which need not be entered into here, to see not a little of the French detective system, and of the plans adopted by those employed in discovering crime in Paris. The two systems, those of the London and Parisian detective, differ most essentially. With us, it is as if the general commanding the army in the field was to send spies into the enemy's camp, taking care they were dressed and behaved themselves in such a manner that every one would know who they were. On the other hand, the French system of detection is based on the principle that the enemy – namely, the criminals amongst whom they have to make their inquiries – should never be able to discover who the spies are. Now with some fifty or sixty detectives trained to perfection in the art of disguising themselves, must it not be far more easy to discover the whereabouts of crime and the identity, of the criminals, than can possibly be done under our system? Our detectives are as well known to a Londoner of any experience, and we may presume they are just as well known to the criminal classes, as if they wore uniform.

A French detective has nothing whatever to do with arresting criminals. He is not the sportsman who shoots the bird, but only the dog which points out where the game is to be found. The French agent of police, or detectives – many of whom have been over in England on business, and are well acquainted with our system – say that our regular police who keep order in the streets are the best guardians of peace and order in the world, but that our detective system is the worst and, practically, the most useless in Europe. Nor can any one acquainted with the subject say they are wrong.

Our English detective is the exact contrary of his French *compère*. He does not wear uniform, but he might just as well do so, for his appearance and dress proclaim him to be what he is quite as plainly as if he was clad like X 142 of the force. He is a well meaning and intelligent fellow; but both his want of training and the system under which he has to work quite unfit him for the detection of any crime which is hidden in mystery.²²

English fiction, it appears, made up for the deficiencies perceived in fact.

I began this paper by saying that without three hundred years of French police, Sherlock Holmes would not have existed. Were it not for Vidocq's memoirs, Poe would not have had the picture of the French underworld that inspired him to set the Dupin stories in Paris – though he was inspired by Anglo-Saxon crime. 'The Murder of Marie Rogêt' was modelled on that of Mary Rogers in New York, and the solution to 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue' came from a story in an English paper about a baboon trained by house-breakers. But without French literary tradition accustomed to representing systems of tyrannical repression, without the control of the press which led to the very scandals that made Poe's stories sell, but most importantly perhaps, without the French reputation for its super-efficient detective force, the English would not have succumbed to anxieties concerning their own – producing in response an English super-detective, preaching logical methods that constitute an art-form practised with a sportsman-like eccentricity that is wholly English.

Or is it? Perhaps, and this is a Parthian shot, Holmes's stereotypical Englishness is made up precisely by his foreignness, his cosmopolitanism, the French blood (and nose) he inherits perhaps less from his grandmother than from his role-model, Lecoq, with his panache, his 'ups and downs,' his *ennui*. Englishness such as Holmes's is perhaps such an easily exportable commodity precisely because it is made up of an otherness that can be both adopted and adapted to suit the varying *mœurs* of different foreign climes.

NOTES

- 1 Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Complete Sherlock Holmes Short Stories* (London: Murray, 1931), p. 478.
- 2 Charles Dickens, 'Spy Police', *Household Words* 1 (1850), p. 611.
- 3 Anon., 'Crime and Its Detection', *The Dublin Review* 50 (1861), p. 191.
- 4 See Ian Ousby, *Bloodhounds of Heaven: The Detective in English Fiction from Godwin to Doyle* (Boston: Harvard University Press, 1976), p. 55.
- 5 F. Vidocq, *Great French Detective Stories*, ed. T. J. Hale (London: Bodley Head, 1983), p. 278.
- 6 *Ibid.*, pp. i-ii.
- 7 P.T. Bury, *France 1814-1940*, 2nd edn (London: Methuen, 1969), p. 63.
- 8 Quoted in Walter Benjamin, *Charles Baudelaire* (London: Verso, 1983), p. 30.

- 9 Léon Lemonnier, *Les Traducteurs d'Edgar Poe en France de 1845 à 1875: Charles Baudelaire* (Paris: Presses Universitaires de France, 1928), p. 22. Forgues translated *Le Vicaire de Wackfield*, *La Lettre Rouge* and *La Case de l'Oncle Tom*, among others – the last being a huge success.
- 10 *Ibid.*, p. 28.
- 11 See Jacques Dubois, *Le Roman Policier ou la Modernité* (Paris: Nathan, 1992), p. 15.
- 12 Poe's invention of visits abroad includes his claim to have published a book under Eugène Sue's name.
- 13 Régis Messac, *Les Influences Françaises dans L'Oeuvre d' Edgar Poe* (Paris: Picart, 1929), pp. 128-9.
- 14 Edgar Allan Poe, *The Fall of the House of Usher and Other Writings* (London: Penguin, 1986), p. 204.
- 15 Emile Gaboriau, *Monsieur Lecoq* (London: Routledge, 1887), p. 112.
- 16 These four quotations are from *Monsieur Lecoq*, p. 8.
- 17 See E. F. Bleiler, Introduction to *Monsieur Lecoq* (New York: Dover, 1975), p. xix.
- 18 Valentine Williams, 'Gaboriau: Father of the Detective Novel', *The National Review* 82 (1923), p. 613.
- 19 Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Complete Sherlock Holmes Long Stories* (London: Murray, 1929), p. 23.
- 20 See Bleiler, Introduction, p. xxii.
- 21 Wilkie Collins, 'My Lady's Money', in *Three Victorian Detective Novels* (New York: Dover, 1978), p. 136.
- 22 Anon., 'Our Detective Police', *Chambers's Journal*, new series, 1 (1884), pp. 337-8.