DURANI WARBURTON IN AFGHAN DRESS.

Chapter XV

MARRIAGES

The Warburtons were, as a whole, what is sometimes called a marrying kind of family.

After the death of his wife when she was only about forty-seven, John Warburton was lonely, and would like to have married again, being very much a family man. While stationed at Sialkot, he came perilously near doing so. The adverb is used advisedly, for his choice was not a wise one - an Irish girl to whom he became engaged on a visit to Lahore, in fact no more than a hotel acquaintance. The super-detective's perceptions were not at their sharpest while she was accepting with eager hands the gifts he lavished upon her in generous Warburton style. Love's blindness ended when she broke off the engagement, having got all she wanted, and departed to Bombay - to the relief of the family. Her subsequent career confirmed their misgivings.

His eldest son, "Bob", after returning to India, obtained an appointment in the uncovenanted Civil Service, and married Ida Louise Maclean Ives. They had two children - a daughter and a son. The daughter, Louise, died at three, but the son, Julian, had a distinguished career in the Punjab Police, winning the O. B. E. and the King's Police Medal. He died at 42, leaving a widow, Lucy, and a six-weeks-old girl, Pamela. They were given a home by "Dani" at Kasauli, but, after a year, Lucy Warburton decided to go out and work, and carrying the family police tradition a step further, joined the Intelligence Bureau, and became a cipher officer. She eventually remarried, and returned to England in 1945.

All "Button Sahib's" children married, with the exception of his eldest daughter, "Dani", the most marriageable of all, one would have said, for her looks were so striking as to earn her the name of "The Lovely Duchess"- a tribute both to beauty and to a regal personality, as though the Afghan Princess lived again.

The man whom she would have married, and who wished to marry her, was an officer in charge of the Fort at Ludhiana. He wrote poems to her in the old style of a romantic wooer, but denied them the happiness they might have known, because there was madness, as well as drunkenness, in his family. Thus, instead of becoming a wife and mother, she became something quite different and more celebrated - a lawn tennis champion.

She was taught the game by one of her father's assistant police officers, who was not a little in love with her himself, but their relationship was almost entirely confined to the tennis court. To be lady champion of the Punjab, in those days, meant to be that of all India, and she won the title five times. Thus "The Lovely Duchess" was given another title: "The Mrs Lambert Chambers of India".

It was the next daughter - Lizzie Selina, six years younger, and soon to be known to all her intimates as Lassie - who made the most surprising marriage. Her family may well have been surprised at her getting married at all, because a growing deafness, caused or accentuated by a bad attack of whooping-cough, drove her into herself, so that she would lie in seclusion (sometimes under her bed, to avoid discovery), reading voraciously. She went out very little, or as little as she could, and consequently met few people, which is not the way to find a husband.

Yet it was precisely through her passion for reading, and to some extent her withdrawal from social life, that she became friends with the man who fell in love with her and eventually married her; and something must be said about him in this chapter, for he was a remarkable man, indeed the most talented man to marry into the Warburton family.

Alfred Edward Martineau was born in London in 1868, the youngest son of a County Court Judge of Sussex, who could hardly have been more different from the young man lately arrived in India.

A "man about town", a bon viveur, and so careless of the legacies that came his way that he ran through them all, and eventually left little for his children to live on, he succeeded in estranging them from the more respectable members of his family.

They had, however, the family home at Fairlight, on what was then a lovely and lonely height between Hastings and Winchelsea, and almost the highest inhabited point on the south coast of England. For his education, however, Alfred Martineau was sent to London, to the University College School, then in Gower Street.

There he attracted the attention of his headmaster, Mr. Eve, a great German scholar, and it was he who first suggested the Indian Civil Service as a career for the growing boy.

His father, "the old Judge" as he came to be called, was curiously lukewarm about the notion, and became more so after the boy's first examination failure at the early age of seventeen.

Mr. Eve, however, was both benevolent and determined, and took the disappointed candidate on a holiday to Germany and Switzerland as his guest. His persistence was rewarded: his protégé passed the examination, with special honours in German, for which he won a medal.

Family finances being strained, a kindly uncle then paid the young Indian Civil Servant's fare to India, where he arrived in 1889, to be stationed in the Punjab, at Hoshiarpur, then deemed so much the best province in India that the I.C.S. men stationed there were referred to as "The Heaven Born".

Alfred Martineau, however, did not think he had got to Heaven. If he had believed in Hell, he would have reversed the name.

He began by disliking India, the Indians, and their countryside, and what he considered their untruthfulness. Everything they said or did seemed to have a hidden meaning, which offended his own utterly straightforward character. His father, reading his letters, expected at any time to receive a cable announcing his return.

His ignorance of the language set him at a disadvantage, and the first step towards a better understanding was taken by the Deputy Commissioner's wife, who offered to teach him Urdu. He accepted gladly, and, as he was by nature something of a linguist, knowing German, French and Italian, he made rapid progress, and later became as proficient in Indian languages as he was in European.

Physically he was on the tall side, like most of his family, and shared their even-featured good looks and blue eyes. At that time he had auburn hair and a short beard of a kind that led some of his more blasphemous colleagues to call him "The Messiah". There was more in this than met the ear, for, though he held no orthodox belief, there was something Christ-like in his clear discernment of right and wrong, and also in his humility. Despite his father's moral laxity, the hereditary Huguenot in him came out in his unwavering purity of speech and thought. Any jest which related coarsely to sex was met with a cold silence, for his

veneration for women was something rare, even in those days. Indeed, if it were possible to find a flaw in his conception of even-handed justice, it would be in a tendency to treat any offence against women with the utmost severity. He had, nevertheless, a ready sense of humour when the fun was clean, and would fling back his head in unreserved laughter at passages in Gilbert and Sullivan and at the wit of Jerome K. Jerome.

His eldest sister, Edith, had taught him the piano, and he sang and accompanied himself in a manner which made him a welcome guest at people's homes and a favourite at concerts. He was a non-smoker and practically a teetotaller - not so much from principle as from choice. He did not condemn those who liked smoking and drinking, but looked askance at any man who showed an addiction to something noticeably more copious than a chota-peg. He played a good game of bridge, and never lost his temper at the follies of his partners.

He was, at the same time, deeply read, and this provided the basis for his relationship with Lassie Warburton, whom he first met at Sialkot, when acting as Deputy Commissioner for Colonel Montgomery, great-uncle of the man we now know as Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein. Her deafness, though not complete, as it became when she grew old, meant that she made few friends, and went out only with reluctance, so that she was delighted when he lent her books by Gibbon, Darwin, Huxley, and many more, and, on his transfer to Ferozepore, they corresponded, always very seriously, and perhaps in rather pompous vein as one thinks now. Later, they met again, in Lahore, where he had become Registrar of the Chief Court. They went riding together in the early morning, with surprising freedom for those days, and discussed German philosophers and abstract and social subjects in an unusually frank fashion for Victorians. He took her to see the Chief Court, and she ventured to speculate on whether he would be a Judge there one day, but discovered that he had a very poor opinion of his own abilities - a fact which tended to retard his advancement, since he always thought other men cleverer than himself, and would never protest at being passed over, even with flagrant injustice.

The same diffidence characterized his proposal of marriage - which he could only bring himself to make by letter.

Fortunately, there were those who had formed other views of his capabilities. When their engagement was announced, Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick, the Lieutenant-Governor, told her:

> "You are marrying one of the most brilliant judges in the Punjab".

They were married in Lahore in 1895. It was there that their first son was born nearly two years later, and there that Alfred Martineau was destined to meet his death. They spent their honeymoon in Delhi, where they were taken to the wrong hotel, but an enchanting spot it proved. It was a converted Hindu Temple, with a marble pond in the garden, which at night was filled with fireflies, like a bowl of animated jewels.

It is fascinating to speculate on what "Button Sahib", the prince of detectives, thought of this son-in-law when they first met. They were so utterly different, but they shared certain important qualities. One was an absolute integrity, a loathing of corrupt practices: the other was a capacity for unflagging industry. an appetite for work and for sifting out the truth, in their different departments, which was well nigh inexhaustible. Here they met on common ground.

Alfred Martineau was a born judge in the sense that he had a perfect, judicial mind, and his initial dislike of India was rapidly fading before his devotion to the work and his advance in mastering the language difficulty, especially as he had found a wife whom he loved to the point of worship, and who loved him - a marriage of true minds, if of totally different characters.

In 1897, he became a Divisional Judge. There was no Trial by Jury in India, and he was well content that it should be so; in fact, he doubted the justice of such a proceeding anywhere. When the heat of the day wore off in the evening, he would play lawn tennis, at which he was skilfully ambidexterous; but, late at night and in the cool of the small hours, he would write his judgments. Those who heard him in court said that he seemed to have such a grasp of a case that he knew in advance what everybody was going to say!

The brilliant judge was also conscientious to a degree, and there were those who prophesied that his conscience might prove his undoing. This seemed to be borne out when Sir Louis Dane

passed him over for promotion to the Chief Court as being over-conscientious, since he never convicted if he did not feel absolutely sure of the evidence. The great test of his qualities came in 1907, when he had to preside over a riot case in Rawalpindi. The Government badly wanted convictions, and made no secret of the fact.

Alfred Martineau proceeded, as usual, without the least regard for political considerations. He examined patiently and thoroughly more than 300 witnesses, who were giving evidence concerning some 200 men, all charged with rioting. The case, in fact, had been badly prepared by the prosecution, and most of them should have been charged with abetting. In the end, he acquitted the great majority, finding only about 15 men guilty, and among those who escaped conviction was the alleged leader of the riot.

Feelings ran high over this judgment. Counsel for the Defence was so overcome on hearing the verdict that he fainted!

Many of the British population, ignoring legal niceties, considered that they had been badly let down by the Divisional Judge. A Chief Court Judge both deplored his judgment, and declared (but this in private) that it had been absolutely right.

"Button Sahib" similarly told his daughter that it was bad luck on the police when the men they ran in for rioting were let off by her husband; but his sense of fairness compelled him to admit that justice had been strictly upheld.

"We have called you Martineau the Silent", said an Indian. "Now we know that you are Martineau the Just".

It will be recalled that Aristides was similarly named, and that it did not help him politically. Silent or just, Alfred Martineau was kept out of the Chief Court for his pains - at least for another eleven years.

Meanwhile he enjoyed his rare leaves home to England, when he would take his wife to London and indulge her highly extravagant tastes, spending little on himself. He liked the theatre, however, and (the moral tone being incomparably higher than that of to-day) his laughter rang unreservedly through the house if a joke appealed to him, drawing amused glances from other members of the

audience; but he also loved the old home at Fairlight, and would take his son walking over the lonely downs, sometimes singing to him as they passed across a countryside so lovely and peaceful that it is difficult to believe that it ever existed. He knew how and what to sing to children - old, forgotten songs like "The Tin Gee Gee" and "The Muddle Puddle Porter".

The children in India (for others were born in the new century) had German governesses, and the current Fraulein was interned when war broke out in 1914. He protested strongly to the authorities at the poor accommodation she was given, and that also did him little good with those in office. Situated as he was in India at the age of 46, he could hardly offer his services as a soldier like younger men, but he joined the Punjab Light Horse, a body of civilians who performed military exercises in preparation for whatever contingency might arise. Their manoeuvres were watched with no little amusement. Alfred Martineau was no horseman, though, as a member of the I.C.S., he had had, with pain and grief, to pass a riding test.

"What a seat!" snorted a disgusted cavalryman. "But, by God, he never comes off!"

At last, in 1918, Sir Michael O'Dwyer being Lieutenant-Governor, the over-conscientious judge became Mr. Justice Martineau, the Chief Court being now designated the High Court. Eight years later, he died suddenly of small-pox, at the age of 58, with only 18 months to go before retirement. He was supposed to have had it as a boy, and so never troubled to be vaccinated: no doubt the diagnosis had been at fault. As it was, his death was so swift that he had only time to murmur:"my wife...my children..." before he was gone.

The Lahore High Court held a meeting of condolence, in which Mr. Bakhshi Tak Chand, speaking on behalf of the High Court Bar Association, went so far beyond the conventional expressions of grief as to say that this Englishman had "for all practical purposes become a Punjabi": this of the man who had so loathed the country on first acquaintance that he had been expected home at any moment! Sir Shadi Lal, the Lord Chief Justice, referred to him as "the doyen of the Punjab Commission".

The Indians, who had been wont to refer to "His Holiness Mr. Martineau", were perfectly serious, for he appeared to them as a saint, and they liked to think that their saint was a hero too.

On one occasion, an Indian newspaper came out with a vivid account of a victorious battle between him and a cobra. Alfred Martineau was much amused, as the whole story was a complete invention.

"I can only suppose", he wrote home in his usual mildly humorous fashion, "that the editor was short of news at the time". A touch of the ridiculous always appealed to him. A photographer's wife, given to outbursts of extravagant adulation, once exclaimed fervently: "Oh, Mr. Martineau, how beautiful you are!" She was much taken aback when he threw himself down in a chair and gave way to uproarious laughter.

In deference to the sensitiveness of his youngest child, he finally shaved off the beard which had earned him the nickname of "The Messiah". He had already done so once, to please his wife, who immediately told him to grow it again. He treated these demands lightly, for, beyond the ordinary calls of respectability, he took little note of his outward appearance, being the least vain of men.

He ordered his suits from the family tailor in Hanover Square, but, despite their fashionable cut, he never looked fashionable: he liked clothes to be "comfortable", and once at Fairlight his wife gave away one of his favourite suits to a Sussex tramp.

His bearer had once rushed in horror to"the memsahib", to implore her to stop the "Judge Sahib" from riding to Court on his bicycle. He had thought it a nice morning for a ride, and the carriage seemed stuffy. There is some resemblance in this incident to a story of his father, who, finding no carriage to meet him for the Quarter Sessions at Rye, caused himself to be pushed up the cobbled streets of the ancient town in a wheelbarrow; but this was done with conscious humour by a man who liked to be regarded as eccentric.

Where the "Judge Sahib" was concerned, ceremony meant little to him. It savoured of pretence: he had a liking for the word pukka, as distinguishing between the genuine and the meretricious.

In his fifties, he had taken to dancing, for which he had not cared before, but, having attended a dance because his elder daughter lacked a chaperone, he became so attracted by the steps of the 1920's that he took lessons, and she had difficulty in persuading him to come home.

To the end, he maintained his veneration for women, as pure and self-sacrificing creatures, to be treated with respect.

A mildly salacious anecdote, intended to enliven the weekly filial correspondence, provoked a chilling rebuke: "I am sorry that your last letter should have contained a story of this kind, particularly as it was addressed to your Mother as well as to me".

It was as well that he did not live to see an England whose girls were widely and successfully encouraged to become cocottes from childhood.

He showed little interest in party politics until the closing years of his life, when possibly influenced by his friend, Hubert Watson, a Harrow and Oxford cricketer as well as a large-minded, upright Indian Civil Servant, he inclined towards Liberalism.

On religion he thought a great deal, but was never able to commit himself to any specific creed. For a time he turned to Theosophy, but very soon resigned from the Theosophical Lodge he had joined, stating bluntly his reason - that Mrs.Annie Besant was using it for political purposes.

Whatever he may have thought of this son-in-law at first, "Button Sahib", whose dress was a complete contrast in its police smartness, though he certainly did not go to a West End tailor, had soon developed an affectionate admiration for him, as indeed had all the family. He knew an honourable man when he saw one, as well as he knew a rogue.

Returning from the funeral, another friend supplied an involuntary epitaph: "That was the most perfect Christian I have ever met - and yet he was supposed to be a non-Christian."

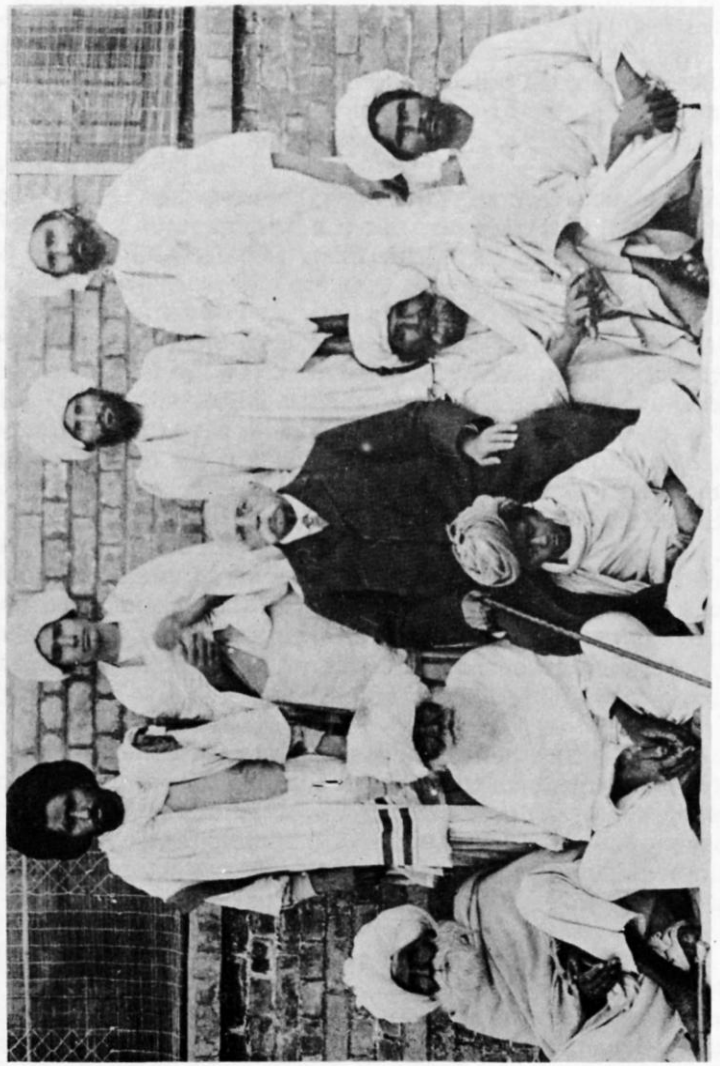
The third daughter, Minna, besides being musical, was the acknowledged wit, mimic, and raconteuse of a family generally gifted in all these respects. She married Arabin Wimberley, formerly of the South Wales Borderers, but eventually Colonel and Cantonment Magistrate both in Jubblepore and Chakrata. The son of a parson, he reacted for some time against much youthful church-going and family prayers, and emerged as a dry-humoured personality, whose solemn expression was belied by a wicked twinkle and a fund of by no means innocent anecdotes.

In later life, and especially after retirement to England, he became a church-goer again, largely under the influence of his wife's High Anglican fervour.

Their two sons both went into the Army, and served with distinction.

Muriel, the youngest daughter, was a hard-riding, all-round sportswoman, courageous to the point of recklessness. She would face a cornered wild cat and hurl it from a branch to the pursuing hounds, or wield a cricket-bat with damaging effect in the narrow confines of an English garden. As a young woman, she sang very well, and she and Captain Kenneth Stenning fell in love over music, as Lassie and her husband had done over books. After his early death, she became a convert to Rome, possibly influenced by a sojourn in Ireland. She and her daughter, who married a Frenchman, survived the ordeal of German occupation in France during the Second World War.

Arthur, the youngest of the family, served in the Boer War, and afterwards in the Burma Police. He had a gay and charming personality, and was extremely popular. In about 1935, he married Molly Macfarlane and lived with her mother at Bexhill, but died of asthma shortly afterwards, leaving no children.



"BUTTON SAHIB" AMONG THE SIKHS.

Chapter XVI
ENDINGS

A Mohammedan to the end, the old Begum had died in Amritsar.

She was buried there in a rose-garden, and left money for a Mohammedan fakir, or priest, to tend the grave. The scent of roses made it a lovely resting-place to visit.

Her second son, Sir Robert Warburton, had returned to England in 1898, a tired man after his "Eighteen Years in the Khyber", which he had little time to write before he died in Kensington in 1899.

Her daughter-in-law, it will be recalled, also died in Amritsar, and this must have happened after the Ludhiana household broke up, for Mrs. Whayman died in Lahore during "Button Sahib's" celebrations of his wedding anniversary (which anniversary is not known), for his wife was much upset at the discovery that these festivities were going on while her mother was lying dead. The date of John Whayman's death is also unknown.

Amritsar should have rich memories of the Warburtons, for it was there that "Button Sahib" joined the Brotherhood of the Sikhs and was ceremoniously dipped in the tank round the Golden Temple, and also presented with an iron bracelet to wear - after the manner of the Sikhs.

He was permitted to take tourists to visit the Temple, and was entrusted with the key to the part where the jewels and sacred books were kept. Once, when he was away in camp, Lord and Lady Brassey arrived with their daughters. "Dani" was accordingly deputed to do the honours, and was invited to luncheon afterwards.

Long after his final retirement from police work, in fact at King George V's Coronation Durbar towards the end of 1911, "Button Sahib" received not only the C.I.E., but - then or at some other time - a more substantial recognition of his work : a grant of land.

This had been refused him before, but now, at last, someone in Government circles felt that greater honour was due to the genius who had performed such unique service for the best part of forty years. What would he prefer? He might possibly have asked for a knighthood, and not asked in vain, but he still cherished his old ambition, which the Punjab Government had denied him back in 1898 -a piece of land to call his own.

This time he was treated more generously, and he was allowed a strip of fertile earth, not far from the banks of the River Chenab and within fifty miles of Lahore, where the village of Warburton grew up. From one source I have heard it referred to as Warburtonpur, but the office of the High Commission of Pakistan informs me that it bears the name of Warburton, and is on the Pakistan Western Railway.* There the family would go to a very pleasant house and garden during Christmas and the winter months, but there, too, a flourishing cotton-market and rich fields of corn developed, so that, in his last years, he laid up some of that treasure on earth which he had never enjoyed during his long service.

"Button Sahib" remained not only a great gentleman in the old sense of the word, but also a man of remarkable simplicity of character, retaining, despite the fact that he spent the whole of his working life in the detection of crime, a very great faith in human nature. He was particularly Victorian in his belief that manly outdoor exercise played a large part in the training of character and was a leading factor in the best sort of education.

Consider the uncomplicated wording of this letter, written in gratitude to his 13-year-old grandson for congratulations on his 70th birthday. The clear, slightly slanting handwriting and concise expression, with words of advice and encouragement, tell us much about the character of the writer:

* At this station, it was once possible to buy a railway ticket for an agreed amount of wheat or cotton or any crop available at the time.

"GILBERT HOUSE",

KASAULI.

1st Septr; 1910.

My dearest Gerard,

Thank you ever so much for your interesting letter of the 10th Aug: which I received on Sunday last the 28th. It was very good and sweet of you to write me such a nice letter for my birthday. I can hardly believe I am 70 years old, at any rate I do not feel it. We were by ourselves and your Aunts Durani and Minna drank to my health.

I have quite recovered from the effects of my riding accident, and I go for my rides as usual. Last evening I went down the Dharampur Cart road, started at 4.30 and returned at 7. p.m. and was $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours in the Saddle.

It rained almost every day throughout August, but since yesterday we are having indications of a break which we are longing for.

I am glad you have taken to playing tennis, and hope you will excel in this as you have done in Cricket. In three or four years you are bound to distinguish yourself as a Cricketer. Can you bowl well - very fast with a break on the ball? You must do your best to become a first-class boxer - continue taking lessons.

I ought to have congratulated you warmly for having passed into Charter House. I am now supplying the omission.

With much love from your ever loving Grandfather.

J.P. Warburton".

Such a full-blooded man could hardly be expected to live in blameless chastity for all the years after his wife had died, and he once shocked his pure-minded son-in-law by maintaining a mistress for a time - sub rosa, as far as possible. Yet he was essentially respectable and a stickler for the proprieties. One day, there was a considerable earthquake-shock when he was in the lavatory.

"Dani" went and banged on the door. "Father! Come out quickly! There's an earthquake! "

"My dear", came the reply, in pained, protesting tones, "do not be so indelicate".

He liked cats, especially a large white Persian, but disapproved of dogs, which he considered obscene.

One day, in October, 1919, he went riding round Kasauli for the last time. Suddenly some boys startled his horse by throwing stones, and, before he could get it under control, it had lost his footing and carried him down a precipitous khud. He fell heavily, a broken rib pierced his lung, and he died in great pain.

Memory sees him as a white-moustached, well-dressed figure, though grown rather stout, wearing a white topi, and sitting in a chair on his lawn, while a little play was enacted before him. It was staged by malefactors from the Jail, whom he had working in his compound, and they were re-enacting their misdeeds. One would play the part of the shopkeeper; and two others would engage him in an argument, which developed into a vociferous quarrel, while the fourth entered from the rear and silently removed the goods.

A later memory still sees him sitting at the head of a long table (members of the family were always coming and going, as they had from the old days at Ludhiana), reading aloud from a newspaper the account of a naval battle in the Russo-Japanese war, deep concern in his voice at the possible outcome.

He could not be unaware of political trends, although almost all his police work was concerned with crimes in which politics played no part. He had his views on affairs of State, even if Government policy was not his business. When he expressed his opinion of a man, he was summing him up as either

honest or dishonest, and his observation was accurate to a degree. He was once asked his opinion of Gandhi. "A rogue", he replied at once, "and a clever rogue". Then he added a prophetic sentence: "but the English will make a saint of him before they've finished". *

He viewed with no little scorn the ideas of social equality which were being imported from the West. Colour and race he might not regard - indeed, how could he? - but the son of the Begum could not fail to recognize class. He himself mixed freely with men of every class and creed (as the tributes to him all testify), but the eyes that could pick a felon out of a crowded bazaar were as quick at detecting the poseur who took unjustifiable liberties.

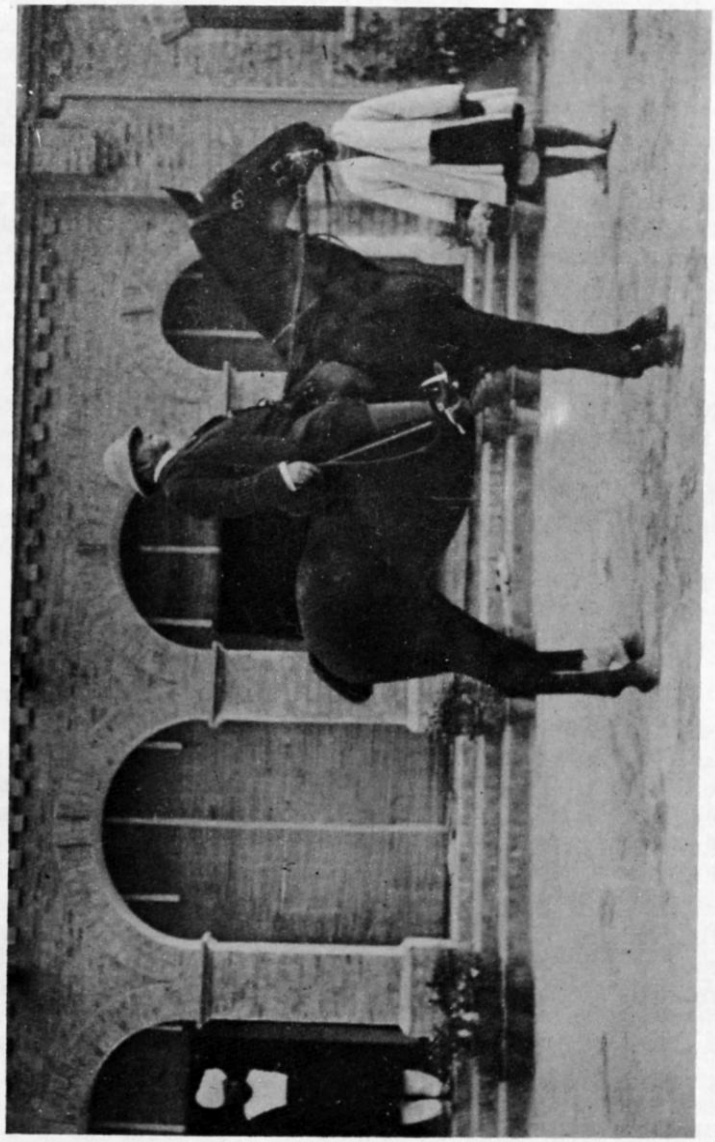
At some social gathering, one of this type was moving across the room with great affability, shaking everyone by the hand as he advanced: "How do you do, Mr so-and-so! " "How do you do! " "How -"

He suddenly found himself confronting a short, stout, white-moustached figure, with penetrating brown eyes, trained to look more deeply into a man's heart than any others. Hand and head dropped involuntarily into the ancient salutation:

"Salaam - War-button Sahib! "

Yet this was no overbearing despot but a man loved by all save malefactors - and generally admired by them. These words are Edmund Candler's, and so, too, is the next sentence: "He went through life with a brave heart and clean hands".

*There is some doubt as to whether this prophecy should be accepted verbatim. The words may have been "the sort of rogue the English turn into a saint".



HE RODE COUNTLESS MILES ON HORSEBACK, AND RODE TO HIS DEATH AT THE AGE OF 79.

Chapter XVII

FINAL QUESTIONS

There remain certain questions, which, if they cannot be answered with certainty, are open to consideration.

Was John Paul Warburton half Anglo-Irish, by blood, or wholly Afghan? We come back again to the fact that he was originally Jahan Dad Khan. This need not be regarded as conclusive, for it may have been what he was called by his mother, who would naturally choose an Afghan rather than an English name. Then come the more significant indications of her abductor's calling the second child after himself and of the differences in education given to the two boys.

It is considered that Robert Warburton subsequently changed his mind regarding the matter of paternity, and began to think that, after all, he was the father of both, discerning a likeness to himself in the boy he had named John Paul. This may have been "wishful thinking", but, as the outspoken "Dani" once expressed it, with striking crudity for a Victorian lady of such regal bearing, "they had certainly been shooting grouse before the Twelfth".

The question, therefore, remains open.

Next comes another problem, which also leads us into the world of conjecture: why was the Indian Government so hesitant over rewarding him for his unique service? If any police officer in modern England had made himself such a noted scourge to evil-doers, he would have been assured of a seat in the House of Lords.

Perhaps the answer lies in his antecedents. There, dwelling beneath his roof until her death, with a small Afghan court about her, was his mother, reputed to be the niece of Dost Mohammed, a notoriously pro-Russian and anti-British Amir. True, he had died in 1855, but much of the anti-British feeling which he engendered had not, and there may have been doubts about rewarding a man who was possibly his great-nephew.

This hardly seems credible, in view of the tremendous achievements wrought for law and order by "Button Sahib", particularly in British India, but one can never be sure how minds work in Government circles.

What was his religion? He would probably have replied, if asked, that he was a Christian, without mentioning the denomination. Here, indeed, we are in the realm of speculative deduction: his mother was a Mohammedan, his father's identity not established, and he himself went to a Roman Catholic school. Perhaps the Warburton children provide the nearest clue. The two sons, eldest and youngest of his progeny, cannot be set down as of any positive faith; of the four daughters, "Dani" was always a declared agnostic, referred to by her friend, Bishop Barne of Lahore, as "that splendid Pagan"; Lassie for many years professed agnosticism, but in fact was influenced all her life by the evangelistic teaching of Woodstock. As a young woman, she horrified a Mohammedan servant-girl by trying to persuade her that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and in her last years she was undoubtedly a believer, though a confused one; Minna, the ardent High Anglican, subsequently did much self-sacrificing church work in Thames Ditton and Esher. Muriel, we have already seen, was eventually a Roman Catholic convert.

There was, therefore, a strong diversity of spiritual thought in the family, and this, perhaps is a key to "Button Sahib's" own state of mind.

Lastly - and this offers the possibility of wide debate - was he the greatest detective the world has ever known?

The answer depends very much on how you look at it.

Modern police experts, studying his cases in detail, may find this or that technical flaw. Here, they may remark, he might have saved himself a deal of trouble. There he might be judged wanting in the acumen which would be expected of a trained investigator to-day. By no means did he always "get his man": he seems to have been content to let certain malefactors slip over the frontier provided they did not come back again. Some were able to pursue extensive careers of crime before he brought them to book; and in other cases his work consisted merely of straightening out the muddle made by raw hands among the police. He is not the only detective who has been psychologically gifted with an eye for a criminal. It must be admitted that he was an adept at training those under his charge - but altogether it is not difficult to imagine the criticisms likely to be levelled by clever people at a legendary figure whom it would be their pleasure to "debunk".

There is, however, another way of considering the question, and that is by the Socratic method of putting other questions:

What other detective in history has purged so vast a country of criminal terrorism, either by tracking down criminals or by compelling them to remove themselves to other territories?

What other has freed a population of as many millions from the shadow of fear?

Where, too, among the police forces of the world, can we find a man able to break up rival religious processions and empty a street by the sheer power of his personality?

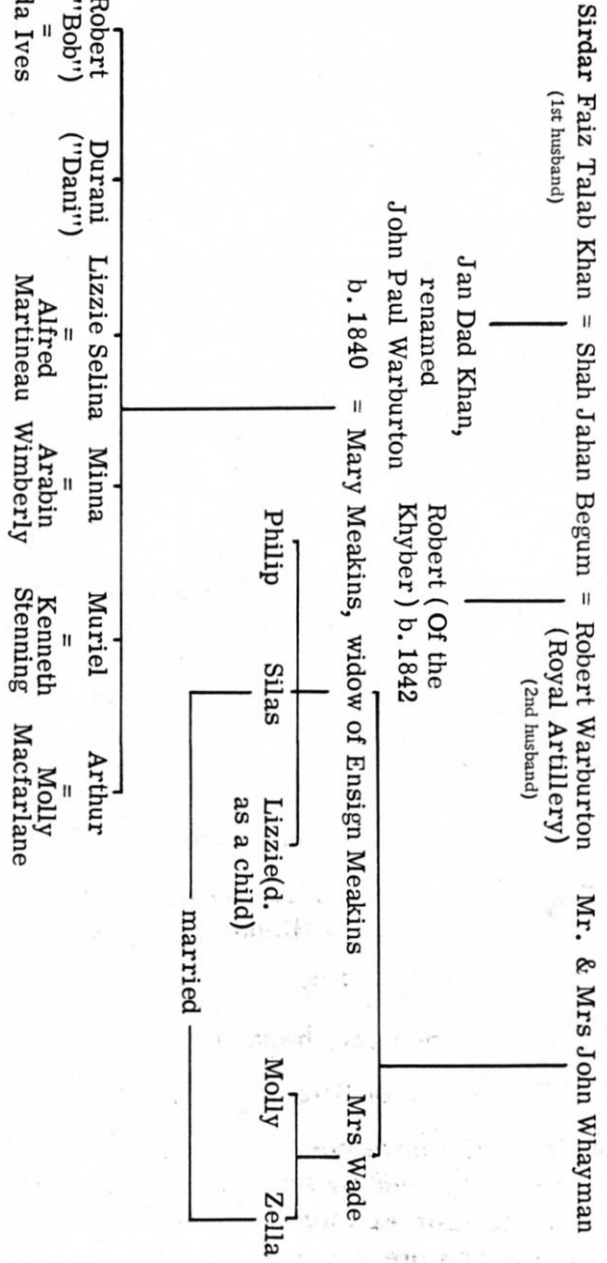
Lastly, a minor but none the less pertinent question may be added: what other police officer, for his work as a detective, has had a village and railway-station named after him?

GLOSSARY

Baipari:	meaning uncertain, but possibly someone interested in commerce.
Banjara:	travelling grain-dealer.
Chudder:	piece of cloth.
Darwesh:	beggar.
Dhoti:	length of cloth festooned down leg.
Gujar:	herdsman.
Gurmukhi letter:	letter written in the Sikh language.
Hasli:	collar of gold or silver worn round neck. (perhaps more correctly Hansli)
Jawar:	grain.
Khurpa:	large-bladed hoe.
Kumhar:	eldest son of Maharajah.
Kurta:	shirt.
Mirzai:	under-jacket
Munshi:	teacher.
Parwana:	special honour or award.
Purbiah:	one of people living originally in Bengal - Hindus.
Seer:	about 2 lb.
Teshildar:	honorary head man of an area.
Thakur:	minor title.

In compiling this glossary, I have been helped by Miss S.Meakins from her convent at Byculla, and by several people retired from India, too many to name, but especially residents in the Lyme Regis neighbourhood. My thanks are due to all of them.

FAMILY TREE



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