

A toast to Dr. Percy Trevelyan
by Richard Krisciunas
before a meeting of the Ribston-Pippins
on May 23, 2020

Here's a toast to the young doctor of Brook Street
Stunned by a man's offer that he couldn't beat.

His study of catalepsy earned him the Pinkerton prize
But it was a Cavendish address that he'd set in his eyes.

Blessington's offer of an office and staff was exceedingly fair
In exchange for his investment, he'd get free medical care.

A furnished home with a waiting room, a maid and a staff
"My dreams are all answered" Percy thought, with a laugh.

Though he worked hard healing patients, his profits diminished
When he met with his benefactor as each day was finished.

And then, how things changed with a visit from two strangers
Events from the past brought intrigue and new dangers.

To exact their revenge, an inside man was needed
Holmes blamed the page, but is this conceded?

The evidence at trial, turned out insufficient at best
Who else could it be? Have you thought? Have you guessed?

Earlier, with no medical bag. Kept instruments in a basket
Who can buy the best, now that Sutton's in a casket?

The doctor always had more in brains than in his pocket
He'll earn three times more with this case off the docket.

Now that the rest of the sordid tale is history
You and I have solved the Brook Street mystery.

Here's to Dr. Trevelyan!