

A Toast to Dr. Leon Sterndale, by PJ Sullivan

Offered on the Occasion of the Annual Dinner of the Cornish Horrors

4th November 2023 - Providence, Rhode Island

I present to you one Dr. Sterndale,
Whose adventures were storied and many;
Called Leon, his friends would regale –
Or would, shall we say, had he any.

For he lived in a manner most solit'ry
Hunting lions abroad all his life,
Returning to Cornwall occasion'ly
To the woman he wished was his wife.

But sweet Brenda was slain by her brother.
Roundhay's wire reached Sterndale in time.
Abiding his own law - no other -
He enacted a vengeance sublime.

The Devil's Foot Root provided, they say,
The revenge for which his soul cried.
The Great Explorer cornered his prey,
And Tregennis: "My God! How he died!"

I'll not recount this whole terrible tale,
A tragedy steeped in Cornish gore.
The details – the Horrors – would leave you all pale,
And possibly you may have heard it before.

So a toast now to Leon Sterndale
Who dealt Justice, I'm sure you'll agree;
Whom Watson and Holmes would not denounce,
And nor, I imagine, would we.