

banished by St. Patrick centuries ago. So I say we have reason to be proud of our native land.

Go where you will, you will find an Irishman looking back on the green isle, thinking of Kathleen, Mavourneen, Aileen Allannah, Colleen Bawn, and Sweet Belle Mahone:

Wait for me at Heaven's gate,  
Sweet Belle Mahone.

Others will look back and think of the lakes of Killarney:

Where angels fold their wings and rest  
In that Eden of the blest,  
Beauty's home, Killarney.

Others will think of farther south and sing of the Bells of Shandon.

That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

Others will sing the Londonderry Air, and still others will sing of the mountains of Mourne, of Galway Bay, and of Lough Neagh's Banks:

Where the fisherman strays  
When the clear cold eve's declining;  
He sees the round towers of other days  
In the waves beneath him shining.

Thus will memory oft in dreams sublime  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,  
And, sighing, look through the waves of time  
For the long-faded glories they cover.

Others, more vigorous, will sing of the glories of Brian the Brave, and of Malachi:

Who wore the collar of gold  
Which he won from the proud invader,  
When her kings, with standards of green  
unfurled,  
Led the red branch knights to danger.

Still others will sing of the beautiful vale of Avoca:

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
Oh! the last rays of feeling, and life must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or rill,  
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom,  
were near.  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

Several persons have asked me to sing, and if I may be permitted—

**Some Hon. Senators:** Hear, hear.

**Hon. Mr. Quinn:** —I will do so.

Have you ever heard the story of how Ireland got its name?

If you listen you will understand from whence old Ireland came.

No wonder that we love that dear old land beyond the sea,

For here's the way my dear old mother told the tale to me.

Sure a little bit of heaven fell from out the skies one day,

And nestled on the ocean in a spot so far away;  
And when the angel found it, sure it looked so sweet and fair,

He said suppose we leave it, for it looks so peaceful there.

Then they sprinkled it with stardust, just to make the shamrocks grow;

'Tis the only place you'll find them, no matter where you go.

Then they dotted it with silver to make its lakes so grand,

And when they had it finished, sure they called it Ireland.

**Some Hon. Senators:** Hear, hear.

**Hon. Mr. Quinn:** Let me conclude:

O Erin, my country, though broken thou art,  
There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay;  
A spirit that shines through each suffering part,  
And now smiles at all pain on St. Patrick's Day.

**Some Hon. Senators:** Hear, hear.

## INCOME TAX

### ANSWER TO INQUIRY

On the orders of the day:

**Hon. Wishart McL. Robertson:** Honourable senators, on March 1, at page 52 of the Debates of the Senate, the honourable deputy leader opposite (Hon. Mr. Aseltine) asked that the government's attention be brought to two recent decisions of the Income Tax Appeal Board, and the possible effect of these decisions on certain taxpayers. I have made inquiries of the government and am authorized to assure the Senate that the government is currently giving careful consideration to the implications of both the Reinhorn case and the McCool case.

## THE SENATE

### NEWSPAPER COVERAGE

On the orders of the day:

**Hon. Mr. Robertson:** During the debate on the Speech from the Throne yesterday the honourable senator from Halifax (Hon. Mr. Dennis) addressed to me the following question:

Speaking of publication, may I ask the honourable leader of the government if he and honourable senators on both sides of the house are satisfied with the newspaper coverage of this honourable body?

I am not prepared today to answer the question of my honourable friend. As it is of some importance, I wish to reserve the right to give