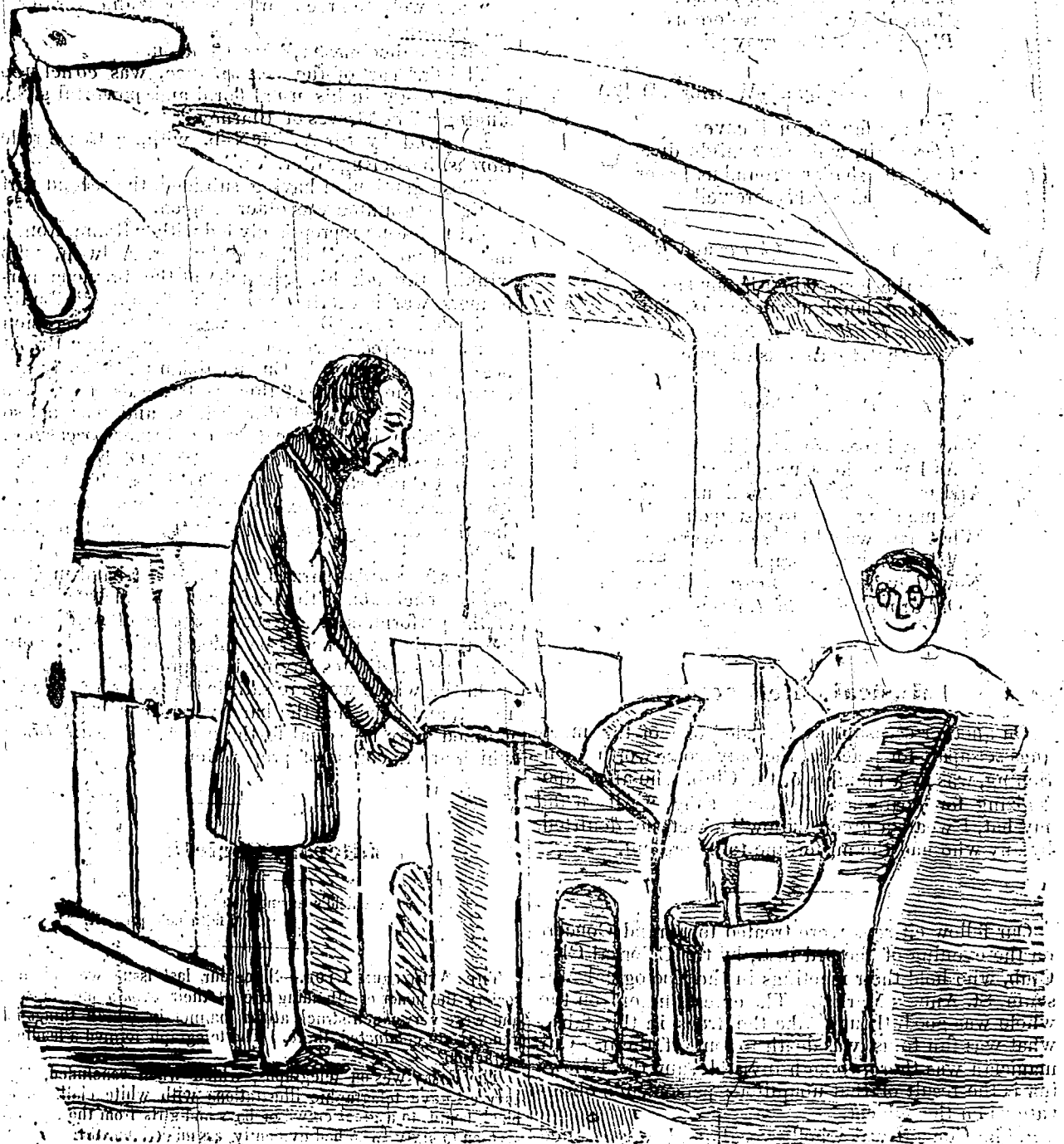


THE MAGIC LANTERN.



(D—ly-sings)

Deem it folly and call me weak,
While the burning-tear starts down my cheek;
I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving, that old arm chair.